

Cooking Disasters

On the cover of our extremely late newspaper this evening (inserts for Black Friday sales, but really the store did not get their supply until after 6.30) there was an article detailing various peoples mishaps in the kitchen. Invariably, this causes my mind to wander to two incidents that I have heard tell about time and again. They both involve the culinary artistry of my father (who is back to his old self again and we can all be thankful for that). Apparently, long ago either when I was a wee lad or not even born, he **ATTEMPTED** to cook goulash. I say attempted because he began by putting the uncooked macaroni along with the meat and other ingredients into a pot of not boiling water. I guess he was going for the goulash soup.

On another occasion while serving as Assistant Scoutmaster of my brother's Boy Scout troop, he attempted to cook spaghetti on a camping excursion. What the boys eventually were about to consume was a pasty substance that only the Scoutmaster himself would sample.

I think from then on, my mother was the gourmet and dad was left to the everyday hamburger, grilled cheese and the like.

So from all of us to all of you, may you have a blessed Thanksgiving filled with family, friends, blessings, and a day void of cooking disasters. BTW, [taylhis](#), what time did your paper arrive at your doorstep?