

Save me a cream-filled cupcake when I reach the other side

She was there. Growing up, both my mom and my dad's families were as tight as they came. Every holiday meant being at Grandma and Grandpa's house with my mom's sister and her daughters, my cousins. They say that cousins are your first friends, and in my case it's definitely the truth. For a brief few years, my mom's oldest sister also lived in the area, and she and her kids joined the melee on Magnolia Street. Birthdays were another reason to celebrate as a group. My mom's folks were from Southern Illinois, which doesn't seem so far away, but in many ways, especially in

the 60s, was as far away from Chicago culturally as Montgomery, Ala. It was from these roots, passed down from Mammy, my great-grandmother, that the strong family culture arose, to my way of thinking. Graduations, weddings, funerals, camping trips, you name it, and my mom and her crew were hanging out with my aunt and hers. And then, my grandparents passed. And my mom and her sibs got older. And my cousins and I grew up and got into our own things and our time together grew much shorter. For a few years, we hung out at Christmas at her house, but eventually, that too became

Hook, Line and Sinker

By Tony Hooker



difficult as my family grew, both in size and in numbers. My mom and her sisters, jokingly referred to as 'the coven' by us cousins, continued to get together a few times a month, but for the cousins, it became something that only happened once or twice a year, mostly when our out-of-state relatives were visiting. And now, she's gone and I'm not sure what my mom is going to do. She was her sister, but she was also her best friend and confidant, just as she was to her three daughters and to many around Atwood.

She loved her church family, pouring much energy into supporting it and its activities. She could make a mean apple dumpling in addition to her amazing cupcake creations, which she generously shared with others. She was my aunt, and she was cooler than the other side of the pillow, and now she's gone. I am confident that she's in a better place, but our place here is just a bit dimmer with her passing. Although I didn't see her often, we were never at a loss for words. Sometimes she would shake her head when I said outrageous things to try to get a rise out of her, but it was al-

ways with a knowing smile. She was seemingly in on the joke, every time. It's hard for me to articulate what I'm thinking right now. She was my aunt, but she was also my friend at times when I needed her to be, and I would guess that there are a lot of people who could say that. I suppose that's the kind of legacy that we should all strive for, to be remembered fondly by those around us when we're gone. If that's the case, Sandra Carr, consider it mission accomplished. I will see you on the other side, and if you have any of those cream-filled ones, I wouldn't mind having a taste when I get there.

Overnight trip felt like a week-long vacation

Nothing makes you appreciate home more than being away from it. We were gone for only one night, and it was great to get away, but we were both happy to sleep in our own bed the following night. Perhaps the drive time and the exhaustion from it added to our eagerness to be home. It was over 800 miles round trip. You wouldn't think that sitting in a car for six hours would wear you out, but it does. Driving requires a level of alertness that you don't have vegging in front of the TV. We took turns driving, which helped, but a nap in the car is never satisfying slumber. The trip took longer on the way out because we like to avoid the interstates. We chose a route that added an hour to the trip but put us in Sikeston, Mo., around noon, so we could lunch at Lambert's, "home of the throwed rolls."

Ramblin' Man

By David Porter



suggested that we take in a show. I'm particularly fond of Ripley's Believe It Or Not museum, but, as it turned out, we didn't even see Branson. Instead of renting hotel rooms, a couple of houses had been rented for extended family. When we arrived there, we decided there was no reason to leave. It was a huge house on a hill in the woods overlooking Table Rock Lake. It has seven bedrooms, two kitchens, a theater room, two levels of balconies stretching across the back of the house, a pool table, air hockey, arcade games, a hot tub and many more amenities. There was so much to do at the house and so little time to spend there that we decided to forego a trip into town.

would not have minded a couple more days of that. The wedding, as weddings usually go, was the pairing of two people, but it also was a union between two families that have been linked in multiple ways for several generations. The bride and groom's grandfathers were coworkers at the old Murdock Mine. The groom's father and uncles were close in age to several of the bride's uncles and were school friends. Several of the attendees, including the groom and his new brother-in-law, were taught in Kindergarten by my wife. It kinda illustrates just how small our hometown is. On our return trip home, we took the most direct route since we'd be traveling into the wee hours, so there would be nothing to see or

do on the way home. When we arrived home, I commented that it felt like we'd been gone for a week. Jennie agreed. Maybe that's because we stuffed a week's worth of activity into two days. While the wedding, of course, was the highlight, I am thinking about how I can transform our house into the dream house we stayed in. I just need to figure out where to put a hot tub and a pool table and a lake. © Copyright 2023 by David Porter who can be reached at porter@ramblin-man.us. Aw, well. Maybe I can

at least get Jennie to throw some rolls at me. **In response** Submitted in response to last week's column: "The Party told you to reject the evidence of your eyes and ears. It was their final, most essential command" "and if all others accepted the lie, which the Party imposed, if all records told the same tale, then the lie passed into history and became truth." The above quote is from George Orwell's famous book, "1984." Donald Foster, Villa Grove.

basco sauce. The Scoville scale rates how hot chilies are, and Sriracha measures 2,200. Tabasco is rated 3,750 and cayenne pepper has a whopping 50,000. In Thailand and Vietnam, Sriracha is often used as a dipping sauce or condiment. Betcha you didn't know that this tidbit of trivia--this tangy sauce has been used to make cocktails, jams and lollipops! The most popular brand of sriracha sauce is Huy Fong, a company started in California by David Tran, a Vietnamese-born immigrant. If you have a recipe to share, please send it to letscook!@heraldpubs.com or mail it to Mascoutah Herald, PO Box C, Mascoutah IL 62258. Thankyou and Happy Cooking!

Crispy chicken with sriracha sauce

This is a recipe that I printed a few years ago, when I first started writing this column. The recipe comes from my daughter who lives in Nashville, Tenn. She and her husband Cody love this so much, they fix several times a month.

chicken in a large plastic bag, pour marinade mixture over. Toss to fully coat the chicken. Place in the refrigerator for 2 to 4 hours. Heat oven to 375 degrees. Place chicken in a broiler proof baking dish. Pour the extra marinade over the top. Bake until cooked through, about 40 to 45 minutes. Heat broiler to high, cook chicken till crispy



Let's Cook

By Linda Hoskins

Crispy Sriracha Chicken

Submitted by Emily Hoskins
4-6 boneless, skinless chicken breasts
salt and pepper to taste
2 tsp minced garlic
2 Tbsp Sriracha sauce
2 Tbsp chopped fresh rosemary (or 2 tsp dried rosemary, crushed)
juice of 1 lemon
2 Tbsp olive oil
1/4 cup plain Greek yogurt

In a large bowl, combine Greek yogurt, olive oil, lemon juice, rosemary, Sriracha, garlic, salt and pepper. Place the

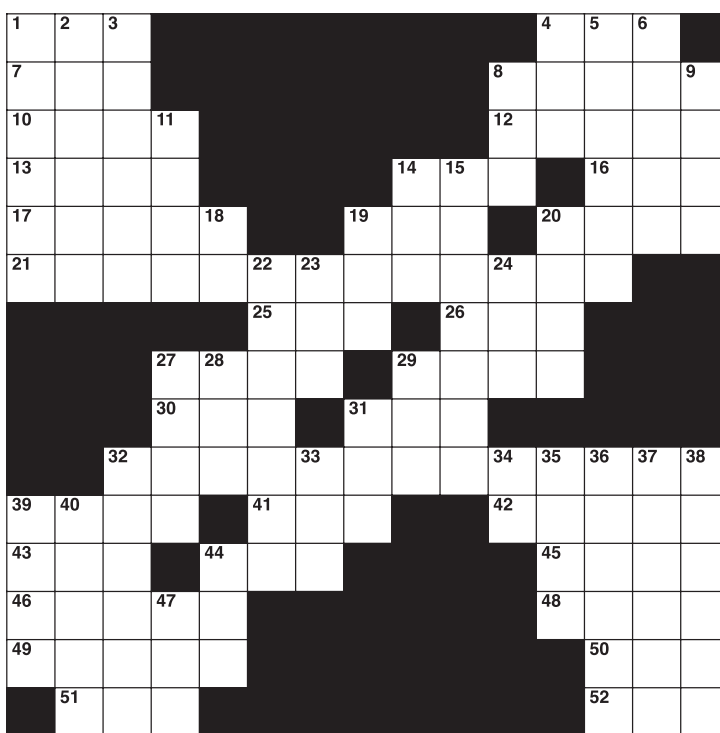
and golden brown, about 5 to 7 minutes. If you like a bit extra heat, add some cayenne pepper to the marinade. Sriracha sauce is a bright red hot sauce of Thai origin. It is made with chili peppers, vinegar, garlic, salt and sugar. It has a tangy taste with a strong garlic flavor. It is spicy but not nearly as hot as Ta-

PUZZLES

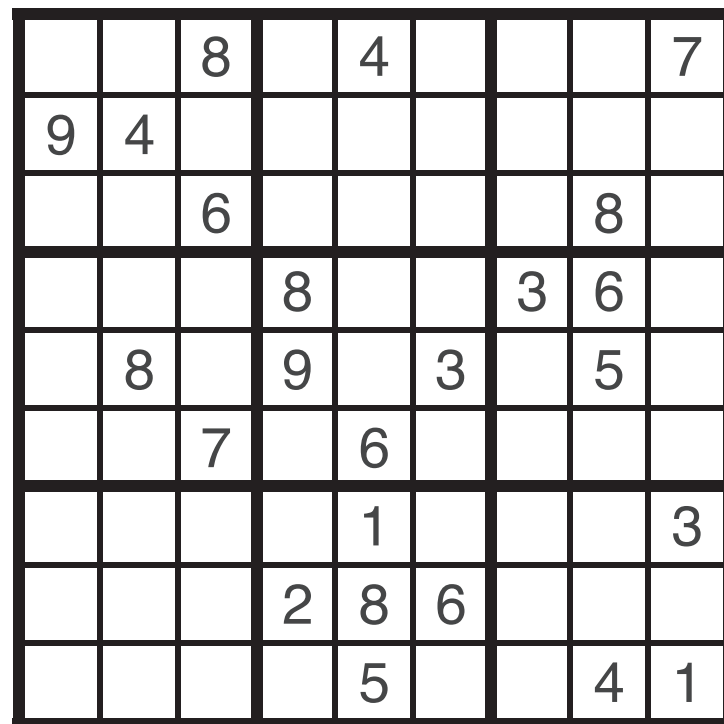
CROSSWORD CLUES

- CLUES ACROSS**
- Second sight
 - Standard electrode potential
 - Type of gibbon
 - John Joseph __: American industrialist
 - Manning and Whitney are two
 - Abrupt
 - Baroque musical instrument
 - Post-burning residue
 - When you hope to arrive
 - Sign up (Brit. Eng.)
 - Sun up in New York
 - Employee stock ownership plan
 - Where people live
 - Method to record an electrogram
 - Angry
 - No longer living
 - Simple
 - Swiss river
 - Portion of a play
 - It's under the tree
 - Wood sorrels
 - No (Scottish)
 - Dialect of English
 - Former Steelers' QB
 - Popular beer
 - It can make you sick
 - Tropical tree and fruit
 - Company officer
 - Contact lens term
 - Your consciousness of your own identity
 - "Ghetto Superstar" singer
 - Piece of turf

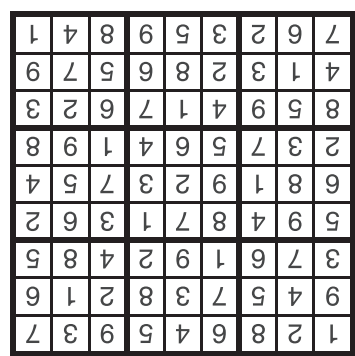
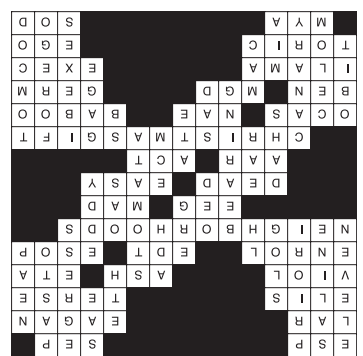
CROSSWORD



SUDOKU



SOLUTIONS



- CLUES DOWN**
- Number of players on each side in a football game
 - Containing salt
 - Reasoning or knowledge: a __
 - Car mechanics group
 - Leave a place
 - Southern Colombian capital
 - Old English letter
 - Tide
 - Walk heavily
 - Chemical compound (abbr.)
 - Artificial openings
 - Luteinizing hormone
 - Unit of energy
 - Circular movement of water
 - A way of holding
 - Popular book of words (abbr.)
 - States' group
 - Dashes
 - Body part
 - Electronic countermeasures
 - Consumed
 - Small bird
 - Unhappy
 - Football's big game (abbr.)
 - Valued object offered in good faith
 - Wild goats
 - Precede in place
 - Small edible fish
 - Notice of death
 - Body cavity of a metazoan
 - Partner to cheese
 - Not around