

Mix Mistress, Doña Santa

Oh yes, you bet I have another story of my beautiful jibara abuela. You may be thinking, "Oh no, what did she do this week? Or "Did she ruin the tostones...again?" She ruined something, but it was not the tostones, this time.

My grandmother is the biggest pack rat in the world. Lately, she has been putting differing things in bowls and stashing them on top of each other in the kitchen. Each bowl has different things, a slice of bread, an apple, a slice of cheese, a cookie and most times a half ate salami sandwich. Why does she do these things? I don't know, but I don't like it. I tell her in my tore up Spanglish, "Que tu ta doing? And she says, "This is my business." Then I say, "Pero Grandma, no parece como business to me? She does that "I'm-brushing-you-off-like-nothing" laugh and I just proceed with my daily business.

She also has a habit of mixing things. I hate this habit of hers. Picture a half empty bag of Doritos, Ruffles and Pretzels in the pantry. Whenever I get on my chip fix, I look in the pantry to come to find all the chips in one bag mixed together and she does this with food too!

The other day I cooked some gourmet (everything I cook, I entitle it, "gourmet") baked salmon, with linguini and sautéed green peppers and onions. I had to step out for something and when I came back the salmon was mixed with the linguini and the vegetables. Can you say, "Rain on my parade?" because that's how I felt. She messed up my whole "gourmet" set up! Would it be a sin to be angry at this woman? It would, so that's why I resulted to frustration.

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