

The Long Commute Home

Pecan Cup, Anyone?

Another favorite story of mine, is the time Mom made a batch of pecan cups. Pecan cups are a dainty, bite-sized dessert made out of cream cheese, brown sugar and pecans. They are a favorite sweet of all 9 of us kids. We used to scoff them down, hot out of the oven. My mother, being the truly kind hearted soul that she is, decided to make a batch and go visit a summertime neighbor of ours whom she had not seen in a while. Mom made one batch and let it cool on the counter while she went to go change. Now it goes without saying that we had to have been in school still, because Mom never would have made it out of the house with a full batch of pecan cups, otherwise.

Well after changing, Mom wrapped up the pecan cups and headed out for this woman's home. Mom suggested to this neighbor that they have the pecan cups with a cup of tea. Mom took a seat at the woman's kitchen table while our neighbor took down teacups and started the water to boil. While sitting there, Mom noticed an ant scurrying across the table. She reached over and killed it. She thought no more of the ant until a moment later she saw another ant scurrying across the table. She killed this one too. The neighbor had not taken any notice of these two killings because she was talking up a blue streak and still had her back turned to my mother, in preparation of the tea. All of a sudden, Mom noticed ants - and I do mean the plural of the word - marching out of HER pecan cups. My mom started smacking and swatting any ant in sight. Each time the neighbor turned to get a reply to a question she had just asked, my Mom jumped back to an upright, attentive, listening position.

Soon the tea was delivered to the kitchen table. My Mom had all she could do to try to "act" normal. She was only half listening to her friends chatter. She didn't know if she should say something or not. Perhaps all of the ants had departed? Oh God, what if this woman ate an ant? The neighbor took a pecan cup from the plate and before my mother had a chance to do anything, the neighbor popped the pecan cup into her mouth and began to chew. The neighbor just kept right on chatting. My mom just sat there with a grimace on her face, wondering what it was like to chomp on an ant. The woman asked my mom if she was going to partake of the delicious goodies? Mom just said, "Oh no, these ones are all for you. I have the making of another batch (without ants) at home."

How my Mom ever sat through that tea with a straight face is beyond me!