

One often hears Thanksgiving Day called "Turkey Day." That would not have been the case here on Coe Creek this year. Our main course last Thursday was smoked, baked ham. After we had filled our plates and eaten our fill, I spent some time in contemplation of just what it was that we had eaten and where it had originated. I decided to write it all down, and here it is:

Our menu would have read: ham, "smashed" potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, sautéed Brussel sprouts and garlic, coleslaw, and for dessert, chocolate pie with whipped cream on top.

That was what was on our table on Thanksgiving Day. So, where did it come from, and was a sizable portion of our food raised here on Coe Creek Farm?

Here is what came from the farm: Ham from a pig we raised last summer and cured and smoked at home; Satina potatoes from the garden; sweet potatoes from the garden; Brussel sprouts and garlic from the garden; cabbage, onions, and red peppers from the garden; and included in some of these dishes were other ingredients that had traveled no farther than from here to the barn or garden. There was maple sugar in the sweet potatoes, in the whipped cream, in the cranberry sauce, and in the chocolate pudding for the pie. There was milk from Lily in the pie. That same pie, plus the sweet potatoes, "smashed" potatoes, and Brussel sprouts had butter added, and there was home rendered lard in the pie crust.

We purchased the following: salt; pepper, cornstarch; wheat flour; cranberries; olive oil, vinegar, and cocoa.

Later in the day, though, Costa Rican coffee played a big role in our day. We were thankful for all we consumed.