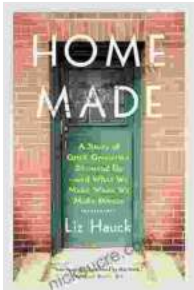


# Story of Grief Groceries Showing Up and What We Make When We Make Dinner



## Home Made: A Story of Grief, Groceries, Showing Up-- and What We Make When We Make Dinner by Liz Hauck

★★★★☆ 4.7 out of 5

Language	: English
File size	: 2252 KB
Text-to-Speech	: Enabled
Screen Reader	: Supported
Enhanced typesetting	: Enabled
X-Ray	: Enabled
Word Wise	: Enabled
Print length	: 401 pages



The groceries arrived unexpectedly, a week after my father's death. I had not ordered them, and I did not know who had. They were simply there, on my doorstep, a strange and unwelcome reminder of a life that had been abruptly ended.

I opened the door and stared at the boxes, filled with the ingredients for some of my father's favorite meals. There were sausages, onions, and potatoes for bangers and mash. There was a bag of flour, a block of butter, and a carton of milk for scones. There were even some fresh raspberries, his favorite fruit.

I felt a wave of sadness wash over me. My father had always been the one to cook dinner. He was a master of the kitchen, and he loved to share his

creations with his family and friends. Now, he was gone, and I was left with these empty boxes, a cruel reminder of what I had lost.

But as I looked at the groceries, I also felt a sense of gratitude. These ingredients were a gift, a way for me to connect with my father one last time. I decided that I would make dinner, just as he would have wanted me to.

I started with the bangers and mash. I peeled the potatoes and boiled them until they were soft. Then, I mashed them with butter, milk, and salt and pepper. While the potatoes were cooking, I fried the sausages in a pan until they were browned and crispy.

For the scones, I mixed together the flour, butter, and milk until the dough came together. Then, I rolled out the dough and cut out circles. I placed the scones on a baking sheet and brushed them with milk. Finally, I baked the scones in the oven until they were golden brown.

As I cooked, I thought about my father. I remembered the way he would always smile when he was cooking. I remembered the way he would tell stories while we ate dinner. I remembered the way he would always make sure that everyone had enough to eat.

By the time I was finished cooking, the house was filled with the smells of my father's favorite foods. I set the table and invited my family to join me for dinner. We ate together, and we talked about my father. We laughed and we cried, and we shared our memories of him.

That night, I realized that cooking dinner was more than just a way to feed my family. It was a way to keep my father's memory alive. It was a way to

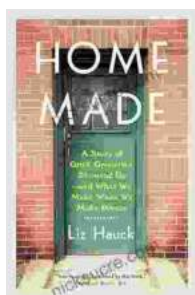
connect with him, even though he was gone.

In the weeks and months that followed, I continued to cook dinner. I made my father's favorite meals, and I also experimented with new recipes. Cooking became a way for me to process my grief and to find comfort and healing.

I am not sure who sent me those groceries, but I am grateful for them. They were a gift, a reminder that my father will always be with me, in my heart and in my kitchen.

Cooking dinner is not just about feeding our bodies. It is also about feeding our souls. It is about connecting with our loved ones, both past and present. It is about creating memories and making our homes a place of love and laughter.

So next time you cook dinner, take a moment to think about the people you are cooking for. Think about the memories you are making. And think about the love that you are sharing.



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