

For all the Meals I've Cooked

I've fed a lot of people throughout my life.
My husband, seven kids, friends and family
Cowboys, cattle buyers, the vet and his wife.

I tend to recall things people do and don't like.
If I remember their favorite I've hit a gold strike.

Rolly loves some extra brown gravy.
Quinn could eat the sloppy joes daily.

Frank doesn't like frosting with cake.
Dave always likes everything I make.

Randall doesn't care for anything with peas.
But really, most folks are easy to please.

More bacon and eggs, meat and potatoes.
No jello, more rolls, a salad with tomatoes.

I've served food in the wind, sun and rain.
No matter the weather, big appetites remain.

I plan, shop, cook and haul the meal in a truck.
If everything's done on time, I've had good luck.

People fill their plates and say thank you for the meal.
I say you're welcome. It was really no big deal.

One morning I fed pancakes, bacon and eggs to a crew.
Cowboy Adam said this when everyone was through—

"Those are the best pancakes and syrup I've ever had."
I was pleased. It was so kind of him to say that out loud.

For all the meals I've cooked, I don't get a trophy or plaque on the wall.
I just feel grateful I have been able to cook tasty food for you all.



~Sariah K.

