

Sunday Dinner

Sundays were sho'nuff days to remember. Yeah we ate Monday thru Saturday but nuthin' quite satisfied us like supper after church. Taste buds be dancing just waiting to taste Momma's soul food. Bar-B-Q chicken smothered with rice and gravy was our favorite. Collard greens with them tasty field peas also covered the plate. And nuthin' washed them buttermilk biscuits down better than Momma's homemade lemonade.

Dad sat at the head of the table while Mom was right by his side. He always had something important to talk about, from them folks on his job to what we were gonna do next weekend. Mom never said much, so he would ask us about different things that went on with us. And no matter how depressing the news, he would always quote some scriptures from the bible and say, "Just give it to God."

Sunday was the day we all waited for for more reasons than one. Sure the food hit the spot each time and conversations bounced from one person to the next. But what really made our Sunday dinners so special was knowing we were gonna get more than just food. We got love.

