

Write Your Life

A micro memoir writing project

“We turned out okay.” When have you said that or heard it said? Relating to what particular thing? Explore the “then and now” differences.

Fed Up

We ate that stuff when we were kids, and we turned out okay.

This sentiment occurs to me standing in the cereal aisle at Kroger. It's 6:30 a.m. The grandchildren are awake and have vetoed the breakfast their mother recommended: whole wheat waffle and scrambled egg. Tizi asked them what they wanted, because we aim to please. Which occasioned this visit to the grocery store. On the shelves in front of me, the combined genius of food science and marketing comes in two sizes, Large and JUMBO. Frosted Flakes, by request.

I know: highly processed, sugar-heavy refined carb. I can still hear the TV commercial, Tony the Tiger signing off on them. *They're GREAT!!*

A few decades ago Tizi and I were out of town. My parents stayed a night with the kids. They went to the store for a few supplies. When my dad asked the kids what they liked for lunch, our son said Lunchables. Another triumph in food science and packaging, slices of lunch meat, cheese, and crackers hermetically sealed in plastic. I can imagine the conversation.

“You're sure you want this?” my dad asks my son.

“Yes.”

“Do your parents buy this for you for lunch?” I can see my daughter looking at my son. Would he lie? Yes, he would.

“Yes, they do.”

“Do you like these Lunchables in your lunch?” he would ask her.

Five years older, a young lady of the world, she rolls her eyes and shakes her head no.

The next day after school. “How was lunch?”

The boy shakes his head and says, Bad. An unfortunate outcome. And not.

I believe my dad would have liked Lunchables. He would have found the necessary appetite to eat them. His idea of a winning sandwich was white bread, peanut butter, mustard, and pickle slices.

“You're a couple of well-feds,” he said to them. To him it was a joke. But it was also a judgment: You've never been hungry.

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When I pour the boys each a bowl of Frosted Flakes, the milk, I notice, is “developed with pediatricians.” Really. Perhaps with veterinarians, too. At least someone is trying. We’re trying. If our daughter objects when she sees the Frosted Flakes, I have a speech ready for her. We ate that stuff when we were kids, and we turned out okay.

True. But some of us are dead.