

Okay. I'd like to share a childhood memory of Thanksgiving. And in my family, Thanksgiving was celebrated with my father's side of the family, and he was one of four siblings. He was the oldest, Arno, and then his next brother was Gordon, and then his first sister was Dorothea, we called her Dotty or Dot, and his youngest sister Lorraine. And they would all get together with their families, usually either at my Aunt Lorraine's house or at our house. And the dining room wasn't big enough for everybody. So the adults got to sit in the dining room, and the kids got to sit in the kitchen, which was a lot more fun.

And we had all the traditional foods. We had turkey and gravy and pumpkin pie and potatoes and the yams that come out of a can with gooey sweet sauce and other things. And, of course, cranberry sauce, because cranberries are a native plant, to North America at least, so they're a traditional food at Thanksgiving. And since then, cranberry sauce has become a really gourmet thing. You make it with jalapenos or whatever, and it becomes very sort of haute cuisine. But at the time cranberry sauce came in a can and you sliced it, and you could see the little ridges of the can on the outside of the cranberry slice.

So when my sister and I have Thanksgiving together, which is not very often, in order to recall our childhood, we insist on having canned cranberry sauce where you can see the ridges of the can on the cranberry sauce. Otherwise, it's just not Thanksgiving.