



What's A Caterer To Do?

What's a Caterer to do...Part 8

Good Lord, this is turning into a novel, and not a bestseller! It was supposed to just be a couple of statements about where we were and what we were doing in light of the pandemic pandemonium. Here it is 61 days later since the isolation, the lockdown began. Tomorrow the manufacturing and construction companies in NYS are allowed to reopen, with safety and sanitation measures in full force. Yay! Maybe they might want to feed their employees some individually packaged meals! How about a socially distanced catered cookout on the first day of good weather to celebrate? Possibly some fudge favors or welcome back sweets and treats? As businesses begin to open, the hope is that the “trickle down”, the “ripple effect” will help provide some work and business to other businesses, essential or not. This is what we're banking on. Help us thrive, not just survive. We have food, we deliver, we are creative, we are budget conscious...call us, e-mail us, text us.

Help us keep our multi-talented, ambitious, dedicated staff employed.

So the new name for this series should be the Random Ramblings. That's what it is. Just a litany of thoughts, impressions and observations some pertinent, many not, but always therapeutic, at least for me. So what we all need is a surge. No, not a surge of the coronavirus, silly! We've already had that, ad nauseum. It's all we talk about, it's all we think about, it's about the only thing that we hear on the radio or see on the tv. We need a surge of energy, a surge of enthusiasm, a surge of joy, a surge of hope. Yes, the sunshine and warming temperatures can help that surge. But mostly, that surge needs to come from within. Within us! Let's fire up and climb out of hibernation and look around like the big, old bear lumbering out of his den at the end of winter. What needs to be done? Who needs to be helped?

Who's lonely? Who's suffering? Let's kick it in and fill some needs and voids!

I heard on a news clip the other day that people can survive without pretty much everything except for FOOD! I knew we picked this industry for a reason. We need food to live, we plan our days around food, our social life is almost non-existent without food, food brings us comfort especially in times of loss, uncertainty and grief. I like food because it's tangible. I like things that inspire the senses. The colors, the textures, the smells, the tastes, the way it sounds when it's cooking, the way it makes us feel. Others must be fascinated by food too, because it sounds like there has possibly been an overindulgence of food and drink during this order to stay home. We're bored. We're under stimulated. We crave that momentary rush from eating something so delicious, so sinful, so satisfying. Then it's over. Then what? We wash it down with a beverage that is so delicious, so sinful, so satisfying.

Then what? We go back to being bored and under stimulated and we anticipate our next feeding. We promise ourselves every Monday that we'll get a grip on our eating and our drinking. We will exercise. We will walk. We will do our stretches, our lunges, our downward dogs. As we finish up week 8, we lament our unfilled goals, our empty promises. But, we survived! Maybe a little ragged around the edges, not overly pleased that we have to be seen on zoom meetings and face time, but we're still here, and we will continue to plug along, grounded in hope that things will continue to improve.

In the meantime, find joy in the small things. The mama duck that spent 28 days sitting patiently and uncomfortably on a nest of eggs, to finally see many little ducklings emerge. The stately magnolia and flowering trees that are reaching their prime. The bounty of plants and flowers that have been nurtured throughout the winter and are now available for sale at the garden centers and nurseries. The brilliant sunrises and sunsets.

Hang in there! Better days ahead! Stay well! Thanks for traveling this journey with us! And please remember, if you want to talk food for yourself or others, you know who to call.

XOXO Sandra

Once you choose hope, anything's possible

Christopher Reeve

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