



## What's A Caterer To Do?

### What's a Caterer to Do Part 17

September 9th, 2020. 21 Days since we last conversed. I'm not sure where the time goes, but I will say there's a chill in the air. And with that chill, comes harvest season, a favorite time in the life of a caterer in beautiful upstate NY. Rochester and the Finger Lakes area is bursting with homegrown apples, grapes, squash, pumpkins, root vegetables, gourds, sunflowers, mums. The sensory overload from the remarkable colors, the sweet, the tart, the round the oval, the blooms, the vibrant colors, the funny shapes and sizes is almost intoxicating. We're rolling out our ever popular cranberry cake now. Cranberry cake is actually an underwhelming term for what is one of our most amazing homemade desserts. It's moist, it's flavorful, it cuts well, it's addictive. I've had people try to guess the recipe, bribe me for the recipe, beg me for the recipe, but I just can't share.

Sorry!

So 2020 was the year that we were going to get everything in focus. We would see clearly now. Get it? 20/20 vision. It's been anything but focused and clear. Try blurry and fuzzy. Try unpredictable and worrisome. Try daunting and discouraging! But take heart, 2020 is almost 3/4 over!

2021 has to be better, right?

In the midst of all the COVID craziness, there have also been many flare-ups of anger, hatred, despair, judgement, violence and vandalism in our community and beyond. This may sound naïve, but why can't we listen to each other and try to understand other points of view? People just want to be heard. They're not always looking for an immediate answer or solution, but they want to be able to express what's in their heart and on their mind and be heard. When we don't listen to each other, the problems get bigger, not smaller.

I was rambling on at breakneck speed to my husband during our early morning walk about the upcoming election. I can't believe how unkind, snarky, insulting, and mean these adults are to each other, and in public of all things. If our children treated each other that way, they would spend a year in time out, or worse. Again, nobody listens to each other! Just lots of self-promotion and brazen rhetoric. Why can't we be on the same team? Team America! When did we forget who we are and where we are fortunate to live? When did we start losing faith those that keep us safe and secure? When did we stop feeling grateful for our freedom?

When did we lose ourselves amongst all the chaos?

Please indulge me as I share one of my favorite writings. If we all lived this way, life would be much easier and much more fun. Read and enjoy!

Everything that I Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten

by Robert Fulghum, 1990

Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Put things back where you found them. Clean up your own mess. Don't take things that aren't yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Flush.

Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you!

Live a balanced life-learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work every day some.

Take a nap every afternoon. When you go out into the world watch out for traffic, hold hands and stick together. Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the Styrofoam cup: The roots go down and the plant goes up and nobody really knows how or why, but we are all like that. Goldfish, hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the Styrofoam cup-they all die. So do we.

And then remember the Dick-and -Jane books and the first word you learned-the biggest word of all-LOOK.

Everything you need to know is in there somewhere. The Golden Rule and love and basic sanitation. Ecology and politics and equality and sane living. Take any of those items and extrapolate it into sophisticated adult terms and apply it to your family life or your work or your government or your world and it holds true and clear and firm. Think what a better world it would be if all the world had warm cookies and milk about three o'clock every afternoon and then lay down with our blankies for a nap. Or if all governments had a basic policy to always put things back where they found them and to clean up their own mess.

And it is still true, no matter how old you are-when you go out in the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together. I couldn't have said it better myself.

Take good care, stay well.

Till next time, Sandra

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*Listening is often the only thing needed to help someone*  
~unknown

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