

A Golden Girls Thanksgiving

by Jean Teeling

It started with, "Dear Lord. The Robinson family is thankful for many things this Thanksgiving, but we are especially thankful for our guests, Rose, Dorothy, Sophia and Blanche. Bless them and bless this food to benefit our bodies."

Sophia squints at the food and whispers to Dorothy. "If it's as gassy as it looks it's not going to be much benefit to my colon."

"Hush, Ma, I'm sure it will be wonderful."

"Rose would you start by passing the turkey?"

"Oh yes! Did you know that in St. Olaf, we served goat on Thanksgiving? We would pick the fattest goat with the best personality and sacrifice him to the family dinner. Dorothy, would you like dark meat or some breast?"

"I'll take dark. You can give the breast to Blanche. She is more of a breast person than I am."

"Oh Dorothy, that is so not true." Blanche sits up and pushes her breast up and out.

"What do you think Mr. Robinson? Do you think I need more breasts?"

"My dear Blanche, if you needed any enhancement at all, I would suggest a little extra

thigh. I like a well rounded woman."

"Grandpa, you keep your eyes off Blanche's thighs and remember to chew your food.

We don't want you coughing up your food like you did last year."

Sophia mumbles. "More than Grandpa's food will be coming up if Blanche keeps batting her eyes at him. She'd better cool it or Grandpa might have a heart attack."

"Ma might be right, Blanche. Behave yourself."

"That is silly Dorothy." Blanche bends over and kisses Grandpa on the head making

sure he has a close up view of her cleavage.

Rose smiles. "I really loved our Thanksgiving traditions in St. Olaf. We had carrots

stuffed with goat cheese, green beans on a string that we wore around our neck and

dill pickle pudding. It makes my mouth water just thinking about it."

A Golden Girls Thanksgiving

Page

2

Dorothy passes the cranberry sauce. "I remember the first Thanksgiving dinner I ever

cooked. Stan was between jobs and we had no money so I used six cans of Spam

and molded them into the shape of a turkey. My neighbor gave me some frozen

blackberries and I substituted blackberry sauce for Cranberries, and stretched one

potato with milk and butter to feed two ."

Rose wipes a tear from her eye. "Oh Dorothy, that is such a sad sweet story. I bet

you remember it as the best Thanksgiving dinner you ever had."

"Are you crazy? Both Stan and I looked at it, started laughing and threw it all in the

garbage." We ended up eating scrambled eggs that year."

Grandpa falls out of his chair. Sophia says, "I don't think he's breathing."

Everyone jumps up. "Grandpa, are you okay?"

Blanche starts mouth to mouth.

Grandpa moans but winks at Blanche and whispers. "I'm fine kiddo, but don't stop."

Blanche winks back and give him a little tongue.

Thank you, Lord, for another Golden Girls Thanksgiving memory.