



COME SIT A SPELL

An invitation to reflect on faith, food, and family

MARILYN JANSEN

Includes
a collection
of down-home
Southern
recipes



To

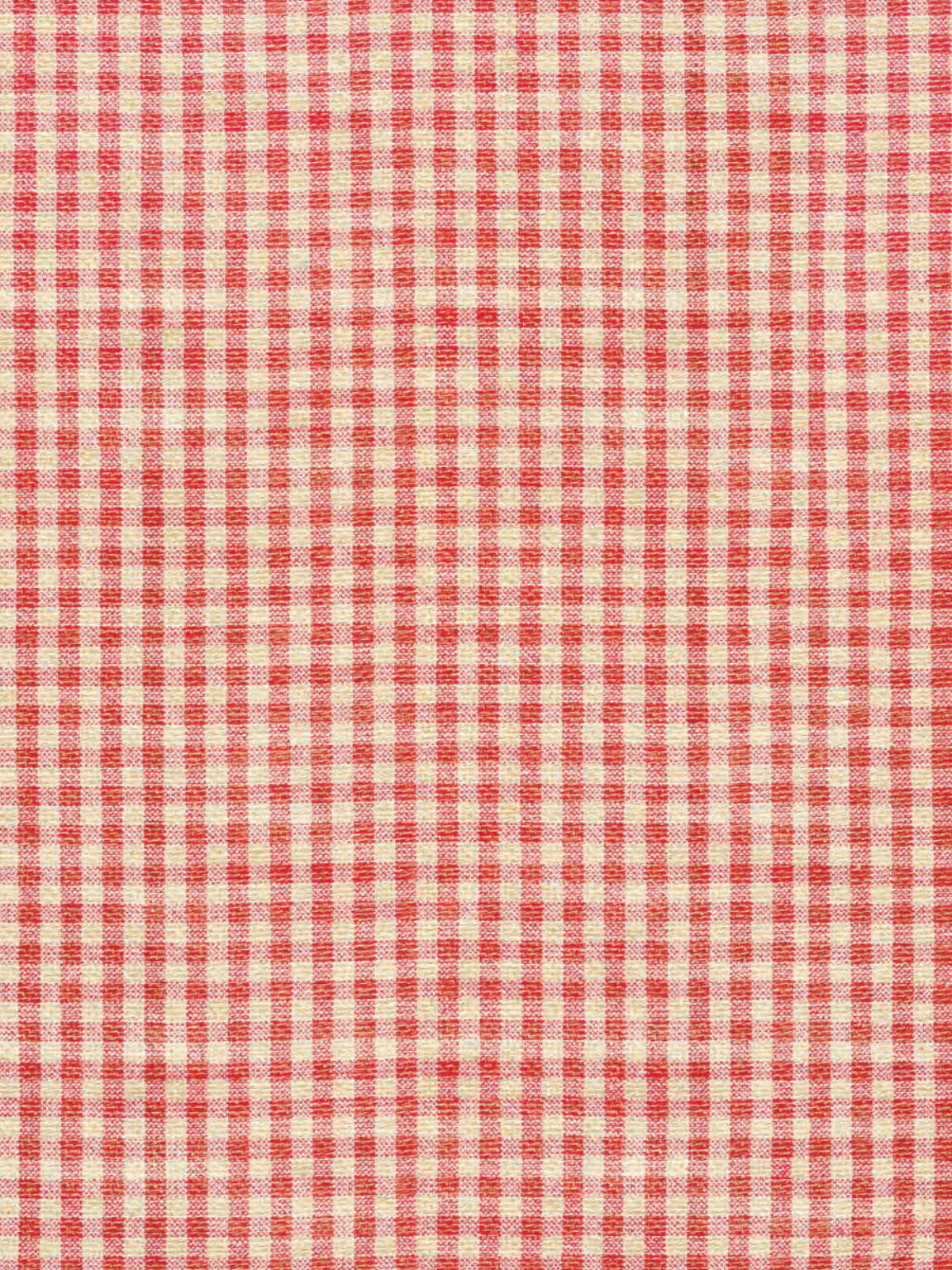
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MARILYN JANSEN



Tyndale House Publishers
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Come Sit a Spell: An Invitation to Reflect on Faith, Food, and Family

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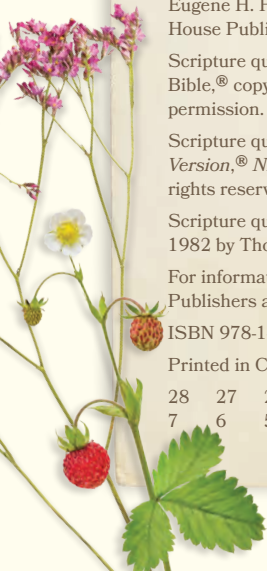
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INTRODUCTION

When We All Get Together

*The kitchen table was loaded with
enough food to bury the family.*

HARPER LEE, *To Kill a Mockingbird*

I grew up a southern Missouri hillbilly. From the time I was eight until I was eighteen, I lived down a long gravel road that crossed through two creeks, snug up against some of the tallest hills in Missouri, deep in the Mark Twain National Forest. My mom, stepdad, two brothers, sister, and I had a home in the same holler as Grandma and Grandpa Dunn's hundred-year-old farmhouse.

We raised vegetables in huge family gardens, slaughtered chickens and pigs every fall, and put up hundreds of jars of vit-tles for the year to come. We rarely wore shoes (except Uncle Bill, who according to Mom was too stuck-up to go barefoot), could spit watermelon seeds might near a mile, and boiled up some of the best maple syrup in the county. Lightning bugs lit up summer nights, and woodstoves warmed winter fingers blue with cold from outdoor chores.

We didn't have much money, but we waded into each new day with faith, joy, and expectation, like it was the last day of summer and the creek might dry up tomorrow. There was always something to discover and someone with a story or two. And oh, how I love stories. I never wanted to miss a thing. I would squeeze between two aunts or sit beside Grandma's




chair, catching every word they dropped during those big Sunday dinners after church.

When people came to Grandma's house—just a hop, a skip, and three jumps from ours—I would run to meet them at her door. On weekends and holidays, Grandma's kitchen was beautiful chaos. The number of aunts, uncles, cousins, and kids in her kitchen at mealtimes rivaled the number of Carnival glass dishes displayed in her curved-front china cabinet. In her kitchen we received “bless your heart” squeezes, wiped away smooches, and tried to avoid the oh-too-often snap on the behind from a wicked dish towel.

The food was abundant and finger-licking good. We enjoyed wafer cookies washed down with spring water gulped from a dipper that hung on a nail just above the sink, where you could grab it without looking. Every Sunday, we would eat in waves, scooching over to make room for more on the bench until we were hanging on with one cheek. I don't remember ever having fewer than four different kinds of food on the table during a meal, often as many as twelve or more. It wasn't fancy food. It was humble and simple and comforted us plumb down to our toes. With so many bowls on the table, I expected it to buckle under the weight. I remember looking at its underside to see if it was bowed in the middle or propped up on cinder blocks.

Grandma, in her housedress and stockings, would be standing near the sink looking around to make sure everyone had something to eat. With her hand supporting her back and a sparkle in her eye, she ruled the roost. I felt part of something special there, like I was known and really, truly loved. My heart was fuller than my belly.






Mom's kitchen was just as welcoming but in a different way. We hosted the city cousins and whoever else wanted to *come sit a spell*. Mom and Aunt Jean would make homemade barbecue sauce, simmering it all day in a tall pan on a grill that alternately charred ribs, pork steaks, and chicken. There were tubs of homemade potato salad; fresh greens wilted with bacon grease; and platters of sliced, fresh-from-the-garden cucumbers and tomatoes. Games of horseshoes would strike up outside and cards at the kitchen table, and when someone showed up with an amplifier, it was a party. It wasn't unusual to have a preacher and some drunk uncle or cousin in the same crowd. Everyone was welcome. We drank gallons of sweet tea, laughed till our sides split, and were happier than foxes in a henhouse.

Because I grew up in that atmosphere of joy and love, I wanted to carry on the traditions. I don't have the clamor nor the china cabinet, but I seem to have perfected the chaos. In my kitchen someone is usually sticking a finger or spoon in whatever is on the stove or opening the oven a smidge to peep inside. Dancing, heart-to-heart talks, unbridled laughter, and put-that-down-and-tell-me-the-whole-story moments often happen when people come sit a spell in my kitchen.

It's not surprising that God wants the same thing. He asks us to come to His table and discover the love, hope, and joy that we were born to find. He knows the value of a good story, the warmth of simply being with family, and the bonds that grow when we sit together over a cup of coffee or a game of Scrabble.

When you boil it down, the kitchen isn't the important



thing, nor is the food (although if you don't like food, I'm not sure we could be friends). Relationships are what bring us to the gathering places—the beautiful soul-knowing that comes from sitting eyeball-to-eyeball and experiencing each other. Knowing and being known.

God is inviting you in (Revelation 3:20). Won't you come sit a spell?





Part 1

COME SIT A SPELL AT GRANDMA'S

It was a good moment, the kind you
would like to press between the
pages of a book, or hide in your sock
drawer, so you could touch it again.

RICK BRAGG,
All Over but the Shoutin'



TIME TO PLUCK THE CHICKENS

If anyone is not willing to work, let him not eat.

2 THESSALONIANS 3:10, ESV

One of the happy places I retreat to in my mind when I'm feeling sad or overwhelmed with work is my Grandma Dunn's kitchen. I practically lived in that kitchen. She almost always had something cooking—a pot of beans, a pan of cornbread, a pineapple upside-down cake, a kettle of chicken and dumplings. And there were always side dishes in some level of preparation, lots and lots of sides: fresh tomato slices, crocks of apple butter, crisp green beans, fried potatoes, coleslaw . . .

She and Grandpa—Mom's parents—lived on a farm that basically rendered them self-sufficient. All Grandma needed was some flour and sugar, an occasional visit from the Watkins man, and a delivery of baby chicks every spring. Those cute babies would come in a cardboard box with holes cut into the top and sides, then go into a small pen on Grandma's porch. They had a light for warmth, a little divided tin bowl for chicken feed, and an upside-down jar with a dispenser lid for water. On cold spring mornings I would find them sleeping away, all huddled together under the light, nary a peep from the whole crew. But the clamor that came when they awoke and fought for a place at the front of the food line was a horse of a different color . . . or sound.



When old enough, the chicks would be moved into the chicken coop, where they would scratch the ground, chase insects, and grow into the birds that would lay eggs and eventually be put up for winter food. I threw handfuls of tiny chicken-pellet food over the fence into their pen and collected their eggs. In the fall, we would gather at Grandma's to butcher the chickens and clean them in her kitchen.

My mom was a champion chicken killer. The idea was to kill them quickly and efficiently. We loved our animals, but we were farmers and poor people who relied on the meat they provided. When it was time, Mom would grab a chicken in each hand and, with one smooth motion, wring both their necks. She was merciful. I tried to do the same, but I was more like a chicken torturer, so I was given other jobs—like cleaning them. I hated the plucking, but I did it without too much whining because I knew we would take one of those big fat hens and boil it up with dumplins.

After the chickens were plucked, we took a match to the remaining little baby-hair feathers to singe them off before washing and freezing the hens. That is not a smell you will ever forget, let me tell ya.

If we wanted dumplins, we had to clean chickens. If I had my druthers, I would have napped with the cat during that part. But my family embraced this idea from the Bible: "If anyone is not willing to work, let him not eat" (2 Thessalonians 3:10, ESV). Though I didn't have a choice, knowing that soon the spewy sound of Grandma's pressure cooker would be ticking away on the stove made it worth it.

The fun part of making chicken and dumplins was the



dumplings. Once the chicken was cooked and the lid came off the pressure cooker, Grandma would start making the pillowy delights. I remember her rolling them out on her counter and seeing wisps of flour dust wafting through the sunshine that streamed in from the window. I pestered Grandma all the time until she let me help her make them. We rolled them out and cut them, then dropped them into the bubbling broth one by one until I thought the pot would overflow.

Grandma's dumplings were incredible. I make her recipe from time to time, and it brings all the memories back. I can never quite capture the taste or feeling that came from her kitchen. I don't have the farm-fresh chickens or the pressure cooker . . . or her.

Plucking chickens did teach me an important lesson: Sometimes you have to work through stinky stuff before you get to enjoy your favorite things. Do the stinky work.

Father, thank You for the work You have given me to do. Lord, help me to do that work—be it easy or stinky—with gratitude and humility.



GRANDMA DUNN'S CHICKEN AND DUMPLINS

This is the recipe I helped Grandma make many times, especially in the fall when we butchered the chickens. I loved dropping the dumplins into the broth and going back to the floury countertop for more.

Ingredients

Broth

- 1 whole chicken, cut into eight pieces (or 8 pieces dark meat)
- 12 cups water
- 1 teaspoon sage
- 1 teaspoon rosemary
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 carrots, peeled and cut into 1-inch chunks
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 2 tablespoons bouillon

Dumplins

- 1 cup broth from pot, cooled
- 2 eggs
- 4 cups of self-rising flour (extra for rolling surface)

Instructions

1. Put all the broth ingredients except bouillon into a large pot and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and skim foam off the top. Cover and simmer for an hour.
2. Using a colander, strain broth. Remove chicken to cool.
3. Set aside 1 cup of broth to cool for dumplins. Return remaining broth to pot. Add water if necessary to make 10 cups of broth.
4. Pull chicken from bones and shred or chop into bite-sized pieces. Set aside. Add bouillon to the broth. Turn heat to a low simmer.
5. Make dumplins. When the set-aside broth is cool, whisk in eggs and stir in flour. It will be sticky but should hold together.
6. Turn dough out onto a floured surface. Knead a few times, adding in flour to make a soft disk.
7. Roll dough out to make a 24-by-24-inch square. Use plenty of flour to keep the dough from sticking. Cut into 2-inch strips. Then cut strips every 1 inch to make 2-by-1-inch rectangles.
8. With your pastry scraper or spatula, drop dumplins into the broth a few at a time, stirring gently after each addition.
9. Stir half of the shredded chicken meat back into the pot (save the rest for another recipe). Simmer for at least 10 minutes. Serves 8.




ENGLISH JOKER

This is my prayer: that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and depth of insight, so that you may be able to discern what is best and may be pure and blameless for the day of Christ.

PHILIPPIANS 1:9-10, NIV

According to the service where I have registered my DNA, I am 100 percent English. That makes sense when you realize the area where I grew up boasts a dialect similar to Elizabethan English. What I would identify as a hillbilly accent, according to some language experts, could be heard at the Globe Theatre in Shakespeare's day. I couldn't imagine Grandma and Grandpa spoutin' lines from *King Lear*. But that would have been something! They apparently had the accent for it.

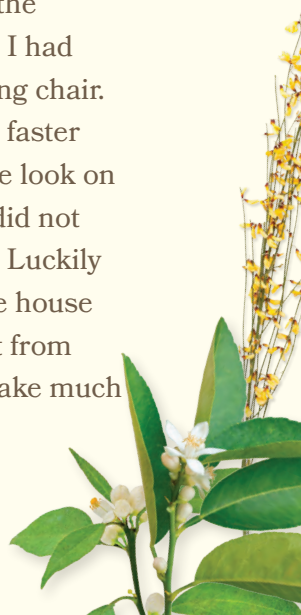
Being rather isolated, my ancestors and their neighbors kept the phrases, accents, and practices of their heritage longer than folks in other places. They were more Old World than the melting pots of urban areas and passed on some Old English customs. One of those, a shivaree, is a tradition rumored to have spread from England to parts of America and Canada. Basically, it is a noisy celebration sprung on newlyweds without warning. Aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, and others swept up in the chaos surprise the unsuspecting couple the first night they spend in their home.



When I was five or six, I partook in my first shivaree. We sneaked into the bride and groom's yard just before dark with pots and pans and every kind of noisemaker. Then on someone's whispered count, we went to whoopin' and hollerin' and bangin' those pots together like we done escaped from the loony bin. We liked to scared the daylights out of those newlyweds. Then in high shivaree fashion, we sang, laughed, and rooted out some food and drink from the beaming couple. It was all in good fun.

I attended another shivaree the summer I was ten years old. The bride was my aunt. I don't rightly remember whether it was my grandpa, one of the uncles, or one of my older cousins, but some guilty party outfitted me with a smoke bomb. I sure wouldn't have had the ability or the funds to procure a smoke bomb on my own. It was early July, so the bomb itself probably came from one of the city cousins who had brought fireworks down for the Fourth of July celebrations. Anyhow, someone put me up to lighting that sucker at the shivaree.

After the whoopin' and singin', I found my way to the screened-in porch, lit that smoke bomb with matches I had found by the woodstove, and rolled it under the rocking chair. Smoke and hillbillies came pouring out of that house faster than you can say scat. It was a sight to behold. But the look on the older folks' faces let me know pretty quick that I did not want to claim responsibility for this birdbrained idea. Luckily for me, no one was really upset once they realized the house wasn't actually on fire. But I felt the heaviness of guilt from being talked into the prank, mostly because it didn't take much convincing.



Discernment is something most of us have to grow into. The more brothers (or ornery grandpas or uncles or cousins) you have, the faster you grow. We're all gullible at first. The blame is with the ones who put us up to no good. They know the truth but withhold it. The blame becomes ours when we refuse to see the truth.

The Bible advises, "Use your head—and heart!—to discern what is right, to test what is authentically right" (John 7:24, MSG). It is easy to lay blame on others. But at some point, we need to take responsibility for whom we listen to and follow.

The smoke bomb wasn't my idea. A few wily knuckleheads tricked me into it. Ultimately, though, it was my choice. As a child, I depended on my kinfolk having good sense. That may have been a slight miscalculation. As an adult, I know to do the research, test the sources, and accept the responsibility of my choices.

I haven't participated in a shivaree since I've become an adult. My Old English roots are now evidenced through Earl Grey tea and Regency romances. But every once in a while, an "I'll swan!" will slip out in a slightly English accent . . .

Thank You, Lord, for the wisdom to make good decisions. Help me to use my background, experiences, Your Word, and prayer to discern Your truth. If others point me in the wrong direction, help me have the sense and strength to follow You instead.



ENGLISH WALNUT SHORTBREAD

This is my favorite cookie recipe. I make it with whatever nuts are available. Pistachios are exceptionally good in this recipe, but more expensive English walnuts celebrate my heritage.

Ingredients

- 1½ cups walnuts
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cardamom
- 1 cup unsalted butter, softened
- 3 ounces cream cheese, softened
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract
- 1 teaspoon orange zest

Instructions

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
2. Coarsely chop $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of the nuts and bake for approximately 5 minutes until the nuts are fragrant. Remove nuts from oven and transfer to a bowl to cool. Turn off oven.
3. In a separate bowl, whisk the flour, salt, and cardamom together. Set aside.
4. Using a hand mixer, combine butter and cream cheese in a medium bowl until light and fluffy, approximately 2 minutes on medium speed.
5. Add the sugar, vanilla, and orange zest, and beat for an additional minute. Reduce speed to low and slowly add in flour mixture until just combined. Using a spoon, fold in the cooled toasted nuts.
6. Form cookie dough into an 8-inch log, rolling into plastic wrap. Seal and refrigerate for 4 hours or overnight.
7. Remove dough from refrigerator. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Finely chop the remaining $\frac{3}{4}$ cup nuts.
8. Unwrap dough and roll the log in the chopped nuts, coating entirely. Slice cookies into quarter-inch rounds. Place sliced cookies on a parchment-covered baking sheet 1 inch apart.
9. Bake cookies for 18–20 minutes, until the edges are slightly golden brown. Remove baking sheet from oven and let cookies rest for a minute or two. Transfer cookies to a rack and cool completely. Makes about 2½ dozen.







Walnuts and pears you
plant for your heirs.
ENGLISH PROVERB



WHITTLIN' AWAY

*These trials will show that your faith is genuine.
It is being tested as fire tests and purifies gold—
though your faith is far more precious than mere gold.*

1 PETER 1:7

Grandpa Dunn had a shady spot behind the washhouse, facing the pond, where he would sit and whittle away the afternoon. On summer mornings while Grandma was feeding laundry through the wringer washer in the washhouse, the area was bathed in sunlight, which was perfect for hanging the clothes out to dry.


But in the late afternoons, the area was a cool, shady haven. Grandpa would search the woodpile for a piece that struck his fancy before heading to the shade. He would sit in a discarded kitchen chair that he leaned up against the washhouse wall, pull out his pocketknife, and start shucking the outer bark. The thought of sitting still for that long bored me to tears. But I did try to sit a spell and watch the process a few times.

“Whatcha making, Grandpa?”

“Whatever the wood tells me.”

“The wood talks?”

“I reckon it does. I kinda whittle away the extra stuff until the shape inside decides what it wants to be.”




It must have taken a long time for that wood to make up its mind, because every time I checked in, it was still a pointy stick. The idea that a work of art was inside a cedar sapling, just waiting to come out, was too complex a concept for me to grasp at the time.

Now I understand art a little better. Layer by layer, an image appears, whether it is through brushstrokes, chisel marks, pencil scratchings, or piping bags. Raw materials give way to the artist's vision, or a close proximity thereof. But everything starts formless.



Grandpa wasn't what you would call a consummate whittler, but it wasn't for lack of trying. Grandma said that he was just *pidmlin' around*. She would shoo him from her kitchen whenever he riled her up. He had a habit of putting his fingers in her pies or cuttin' into supper before the lunch dishes were done. But I like to think of him as an artist who was trying valiantly to find the art within the wood.

Michelangelo said, "The sculpture is already complete within the marble block, before I start my work. It is already there; I just have to chisel away the superfluous material." Sounds like what Grandpa was doing—a hillbilly Michelangelo.

Our family has always been creative. We've been crafters, quilters, painters, writers, and bakers for generations. We know what it is to have a vision and see that vision come to life.



But I identify more with the sapling than the artist most of the time. When I sat there with Grandpa all those years ago, I was a formless block. The real me was yet to be determined. God had a vision for how I was to emerge, and He used daily



life, experience, time, and relationships to shape who I ultimately became.

The Bible uses a variety of illustrations to describe how God molds us. He purifies us like fire purifies precious metals (1 Peter 1:7). He prunes us as a gardener prunes vines that need to be carefully tended (John 15:2). In order to bring out the image that has been hidden inside, He washes away impurities, removes excess, reshapes, builds, and polishes us until we shine.

Sometimes that shaping hurts. Gaining strength by going through fire stings and burns. Getting your bark whittled off leaves scars. But those things “will show that your faith is genuine” (1 Peter 1:7). God loves us too much to leave us in our original form. His tools are varied—pain, joy, loss, gain, failure, success—but the outcome is the same. He is whittling away the extra, unnecessary, encumbering stuff to reveal what we were meant to be. Some of us may still end up resembling a pointy stick—but in the hands of the Father, think what a pointy stick can do.

Heavenly Father, thank You for whittling away the things that keep me from being who You created me to be. Please reshape me into Your perfect image of me. Help me let go of the unneeded so I will have room for what is important.

MOLDED PEANUT BUTTER CANDY

While I was growing up, our family received food commodities, including peanut butter in great quantities. We traded some of it, but there was always enough left to make candy!

Ingredients

- ½ cup creamy peanut butter
- 3 tablespoons salted butter, softened
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate chips or good-quality melting wafers



Instructions

1. Mix the peanut butter and softened butter together in a mixing bowl. Gradually stir in powdered sugar until fully combined. Cover and place dough in the fridge for about 15 minutes to firm up.
2. While the dough chills, melt the chocolate in a bowl in the microwave for 30 seconds. Stir. Continue microwaving in 15-second increments, stirring well until fully melted.
3. Spoon a little chocolate into each cavity of a hard-plastic chocolate mold* (1-inch-or-smaller cavities work best) so cavities are entirely filled. Wait 1 minute; then flip mold upside down over a piece of waxed paper. Let the excess chocolate drip down onto the paper, leaving each cavity with a thin layer of chocolate coating.
4. Flip the mold again and run a scraper across the top, removing any excess chocolate. Pour excess chocolate from paper back into bowl of chocolate. Refrigerate the mold for 5 or 10 minutes to allow chocolate to harden while working with dough.
5. Remove dough from refrigerator. Using your hands, shape it into small balls. Carefully press one ball into each cavity of your mold, atop the hardened chocolate, filling the cavities $\frac{3}{4}$ full.
6. Refrigerate at least 20 minutes. Meanwhile, microwave the bowl of chocolate coating in 15-second increments until melted again.
7. Spoon some melted chocolate atop each cavity, spreading it to the edges so peanut butter is completely sealed in. Scrape off excess. Refrigerate mold at least 15 minutes or until chocolate hardens.
8. To serve, remove mold from refrigerator. Let set for 5 minutes. Place a paper towel or dish cloth on the counter. Turn mold over and position over the towel. Tap mold lightly against the towel-covered counter. Candy should come out cleanly, but if not, tap a few more times. Store in an airtight container.
9. *If not using a mold, use a wooden skewer or fork to dip peanut butter shapes into the melted chocolate. Allow excess chocolate to drip off. Place on waxed paper and store in an airtight container.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

*I know how to live on almost nothing or with everything.
I have learned the secret of living in every situation, whether
it is with a full stomach or empty, with plenty or little.*

PHILIPPIANS 4:12

Grandma got upset when the grandkids played in the creek. She worried herself sick when she knew we were swimming, crawdad hunting, or fishing—which in the summer was nigh on every day. My cousins and I spent massive amounts of time in the creeks; we just didn't tell Grandma. In summers that were often hotter than tar on a tin roof, the cold, clear water was the only thing that kept us cool. On really hot days, I would take a dip in Gunnit Creek, which bordered my front yard, then wade across the concrete slab bridge on Brushy Creek before showing up in her kitchen with water drippin' down my legs.

Grandma didn't need the creek for cooling down. All she needed was ice cream. She loved it—especially the homemade vanilla kind. Suffering with stomach cancer and later Crohn's disease, I don't think she felt well anytime after 1955. Ice cream seemed to make her feel better. Somehow it soothed her. Cooled her.

On most summer weekends, Grandpa would fetch the ice cream maker from the washhouse and set it just outside the screened-in side porch. It looked like a wooden bucket or


barrel with a large metal handle attached to a contraption on top. Inside was a tall metal cylinder housing a plastic-coated paddle that fastened to the lid. Its job was to transform everyday ingredients into something otherworldly.

When Grandma whipped up a batch of her vanilla ice cream mix and poured it into the metal cylinder, we would attach the paddle and lid, pack ice and rock salt into the space between the canister and wood, and start cranking. Everyone took turns. Some of us would crank for a minute or so, and others would crank much longer, depending on their gumption and impatience. It seemed to me it took hours and hours and hours. In reality, it took right near half an hour to get a good freeze.

I have clear memories of Uncle Tooter crouched down on his haunches, turning that crank. My uncles were string beans with joints that bent in all kinds of ways most people's don't. When he took his turn, Uncle Tooter would squat down, frog-like, with his long, skinny legs looking almost as if they were tied in a bow.

All the cousins in the holler would show up when ice cream was a-churnin'. I guess the crank noises echoed off the trees or something. When it was deemed "froze enough," the men would take apart the ice cream maker and set the frozen cylinder on the porch step. Then Grandma, Mom, or one of the aunts would reach in with a long-handled metal spoon and fill bowls of all shapes and sizes with the brain-freezing ambrosia. Balancing our bowls on our knees, we would sit on the grass or chunks of wood—or if we were really lucky, in one of the few aluminum folding lawn chairs—and thank God for giving us such a wonderful life.





We had very little of what most folks counted as wealth, yet we had more than most. Fresh, clean springs and creeks on hot summer days. A cellar full of canned goods that never seemed to run out. A couple of raggedy lawn chairs. Each other. And homemade ice cream.

We were content.

Today, contentment seems as old-fashioned as hand-powered ice cream makers. We want more, bigger, and better. We want to cram our lives full of grand adventures, global purpose, and great wealth. How many times have you heard phrases like “I want to do something important” or “I want to change the world” from people who don’t appreciate the smallest of things?

Maybe going back to the old-fashioned, simple things is important and world changing. Teaching our children simple, new skills—or sitting quietly on a summer day listening to the breeze and sharing a bowl of ice cream—can be sacred and purposeful.

We can’t let restlessness rob us of contentment. “I have learned how to be content with whatever I have” (Philippians 4:11) is the attitude to strive for. We don’t always need more.

Unless it’s Grandma’s homemade ice cream. Then, definitely, have more.

Lord, thank You for always providing everything I need. When I start to want more or bigger or better, help me be content with what I have—small or large. Remind me again of the simple, free things that bring me joy. Lord, fill my life with gratitude and my heart with love.

GRANDMA'S HOMEMADE ICE CREAM

This recipe was handed from Grandma Dunn to Aunt Joan to me. Aunt Joan still makes it every summer. But her ice cream machine now has an electric motor so her family members don't wear out their arm muscles.

Ingredients

- 4 eggs
- 4 cups sugar
- 2 12-ounce cans of evaporated milk
- 2 or more tablespoons of vanilla
- 4-5 quarts of milk

Instructions

1. In a medium bowl, mix together eggs and sugar until sugar starts to dissolve. Whisk in evaporated milk and vanilla.
2. Pour mixture into the cylinder of a 6-quart ice cream maker.
3. Add milk up to the "fill to here" line inside the ice cream maker.
4. Put the paddle and lid in position, attach motor, and turn until ice cream is thick. When it is ready, it will be hard to turn.
5. Top with fruit, caramel, or chocolate syrup if desired.
6. Invite many people over to share the wealth!





Give every day the chance to
become the most beautiful
day of your life.

ATTRIBUTED TO MARK TWAIN

