

The Unconditional Love of Noble C

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257 words

For as long as I can remember, Thanksgiving has been the most vibrant, and exciting holiday of them all. Thanksgiving is about love, and cherishing all of the great things and people that you have right in front of you. When I was a little girl there were two things that made me count down the days until Thanksgiving arrived. The first, was reuniting, and laughing with the family members that I didn't see all year round. Eating Thanksgiving dinner and listening to their joyous loud laughter, or hearing embarrassing memories that bring smiles to everyone's faces. Secondly, it was a time where my very own superhero came to life, my great-grandmother Noble C. She would single-handedly not only make Thanksgiving dinner, but prepare an entire "feast". She made tons of different types of pies, and cakes. She handmade turkey, chicken, beans, and anything that you could possibly think of. What she prepared never felt rushed. She never complained about spending countless hours in the kitchen because she loved the smiles that followed the joy of her Thanksgiving spread. Out of everything my great-grandmother would assemble, one thing stood out from the rest; and that was her poundcake. Her pound cake was not only mouthwatering, it was moist, soft, and when ever I ate it, the warm fuzzy feeling of home spread within my chest. Even though my grandma isn't here to bring joy to all of my family member's faces with her magical cooking expertise, we honor her memory every year with her luscious pound cake.

