

From the November 1961 magazine.

Dressing for Dinner

IT was the night before Thanksgiving. The frost was on the pumpkin--and I had quite a load on myself. Inspired by Mother's beautiful fruitcake (glazed and loaded even as I), I decided to try an experience I'd heard about--soak the fruitcake in brandy and let it mellow until Christmas. There wasn't any brandy around just then (there never was) and I realized I'd have to make the twelve-mile trip to the nearest liquor store. The fact that the fifth was getting low didn't have a thing to do with it. Suppose my husband forgot to pick up the liquor for the Thanksgiving company? Somehow I always had to have a reason for trips to the liquor store.

I returned with a quart of brandy and a little extra refreshment. I brandy-soaked the fruitcake, wrapped it in a towel, crocked it (wasn't doing so bad myself) and double-sealed it against temptation. After a few nips out of the spare bottle, I went to work.

I made a big dishpan full of juicy dressing, laced with onions, celery, sage and gobs of melted butter. It was very, very moist. The more I stuffed, the more it took; the more it took, the more I made; and the more I made, the more I stuffed. The bird and I were getting stuffed and loaded at the same rate. Then the dressing and the company liquor ran out. Horrors--the clock showed midnight! The curse of all drinking alcoholics was upon me. Dry, and all the liquor stores were closed!

After long and thoughtful meditation (ten minutes) I figured there was nothing left to do but exhume the brandy-interred fruitcake. Thirst outweighs sentiment every time. I broke the seals on the crock, carefully unwrapped the fruitcake and squeezed the brandy through the towel into a bowl. I sopped out the crock and strained the cloth again and again. Then I drank it. I remember saying, "The quality of brandy is not strained," and giggling, thinking what a pity no one was around to appreciate my wit.

Came the dismal dawn. It was Thanksgiving. I was not thankful. I was sick--very sick. Then there came an astonished, inquiring voice from the kitchen, "What in the world went on out here last night?"

I staggered out of bed, fearfully crept to the kitchen door and raised my bleary eyes in the direction of the pointing finger. I beheld, there on the ceiling, a perfect bas-relief map--a reasonable facsimile of the Swiss Alps--made of dressing. I'd forgotten to truss the neck of the turkey before I stuffed it. Thanksgiving that year was strictly for the birds.

I hope this Thanksgiving, by the Grace of God and AA, to be sober and brandy free, and that "dressing for dinner" will never again be a hazard in my life. It won't so long as I work the AA program to the best of my ability.

-- M. J. U.

Fort Collins, Colorado

This is a preview. To view the full article, use the link below to begin a free 7-day trial!

Try GV's 7 Day Free Trial

SAMPLE ARTICLE

SAMPLE AUDIO

Login or **click here** to subscribe.