

The Bandera PROPHE'T

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Gone Country

Want to Go Bowling?

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The Bandera Prophet

I decided to write a column on bowls, which seem to have taken over my life of late. I did a little research and armed with all that great internet information, I think rather than do a column, I'll just edjuate ya. You're going to be bowled over.

The reason I got to pondering bowls was because this time of year, seems like most of the things I serve are in bowls, not on plates. I've got the bowls that came with my dishes, a set of four green bowls that only cost me five bucks at the dollar store (wait, isn't that \$1.25 each?) and four black and white polka dot bowls that came in a basket of stuff I won at an auction. They don't match my lovely beige plates with the brown barbed wire on them, but they came with these little cloth bowl holder thingies so if you set the bowl in this cloth koozie, it isn't hot in your hand when you pull it out of the microwave. I'm not making any money out of these and there's no buy-it-now link, but you need some of these, trust me.

You're getting smarter with every sentence, aren't you?

But back to bowls. When I bought my dishes, my first thought was (thank you Dearly Demented Mom), "I need a matching set of serving bowls!" After I purchased them, I found I've never used them. Ok, maybe once to display some fruit.

I have all sorts of unused bowls – a lovely, large wooden salad bowl that hasn't seen a crouton in years, a punch bowl which no longer holds

homemade eggnog (those were the days) and an assortment of mix-matched bowls for feeding the masses once a year at Thanksgiving. Turns out in many cultures, the bowl is the most common vessel used and the oldest bowl ever found is over 18,000 years old. Imagine the family fights over who was going to inherit that thing. But we Americans are weird, and we decided everybody needed to eat on a plate and it was pretty bad form to mix up all the food on the plate or, gasp, let it touch. Of course, that trend ended when some fancy chef somewhere decided to pile all the food up on top of itself so you could get that “one perfect bite.” Sigh.

But now that has changed. People are bowl crazy! As my research showed, “bowls now hold things that would have raised eyebrows for older generations like quinoa, hemp nuts, and massaged kale.” I can almost pronounce quinoa, though I’ve never eaten it; what the heck are hemp nuts, and do they get you high; and why would I ever massage kale? I’m the one who needs the massage.

So, I guess the “in thing” is eating weird stuff all piled together in a bowl. We do use bowls for chili, soups and peach crisp with ice cream. But am I supposed to take BBQ brisket, coleslaw and beans and slap them all in a bowl? I’m pretty sure that’s illegal in Texas.

I guess I’ll just stick to a plate for most proper Texas meals and use a bowl when we just feel like sitting on the couch and vegging in front of all my streaming services. Or if we need a haircut.