

Ketchup and eggs

by Estelle Bruno

As a young baby, perhaps a year old, I have a memory of sitting on my

fathers lap, in front of a coal stove to keep us warm, while my mother

cooked soft boiled eggs for him every morning. He would break off

a piece of his toast, dip it in the egg, and feed it to me. This was our egg ritual.

Now, seventy somewhat years later, my very grown up daughter calls

me many mornings to check if I am eating an egg -"you must have protein

to begin every day" she reminds me.

I think I am starting to hate that egg ritual. Do I really need this in my golden

years? Does it ever stop?

