



Mom's Chili Cup

In her cookbooks, hundreds of dog-eared recipes. Or sometimes she wrote on strips of paper: *I like this because*. Everybody thought she was a redhead; she was the cool mom on the block with shades and wigs. She cooked her favorite five, though her son only remembers three: Hawaiian pork chops, chuck wagon mac, and BBQ spare ribs. How he hated Hawaiian pork chop night. Even Mom's ribs weren't that good. (God bless her.) The first meal she cooked for her husband, chicken à la king, she crushed the whole garlic bulb into the skillet instead of one clove. Mom believed in recipes, the microwave, and Wendy's Chili. (*Belly up to a pot of rich and meaty, award-winning taste.*) She'd buy four or five cups and keep them in the refrigerator. In the new condo, she never turned on the oven; her son found the broiler pan still wrapped inside.