



Lowcountry Crab and Macaroni Sallet

For a lighter version of this salad, you can substitute a vinaigrette or Italian dressing for the mayonnaise; omit the hard-boiled eggs, because an oil-based dressing will make them look too messy.

Serves 6 to 8

1½ cups dried macaroni pasta, cooked according to the package directions and cooled
2 cups lump crabmeat
1 teaspoon fresh or dried thyme
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
¼ green bell pepper, diced
¼ red bell pepper, diced
2 tablespoons sweet salad cubes
½ onion, diced
4 hard-boiled eggs, diced
¼ cup regular or light mayonnaise

Put the cooled macaroni in a large serving bowl and add the crabmeat, thyme, pepper, paprika, bell peppers, sweet salad cubes, onion, and eggs. Toss to combine, then gently stir in the mayonnaise. Cover and refrigerate for 30 minutes to 1 hour before serving.

Grandmomma

I sometimes envision my grandmomma Blossom as she stood bow-legged in her field, one hand holding on to her hoe, and wiping sweat from around her face with her handkerchief. She was ready to get busy with her day's work, heading out to her field real early so that she could get most of her chopping done before the sun got high and hot. She liked nothing more than spending countless hours planting and couldn't wait to chop the weeds from round her prize vegetables that were growing so well. I sometime day-dream of her chopping weeds and humming an old folk song . . . thinking of nuttin specially, but getting finished so she can get started on getting something else done.

While her Indian and African genes made her look strong-willed, she had a kind and giving soul. She was always determined to finish whatever she started, and didn't settle for less when it didn't meet her liking. And she would remind us grandchurn that hard work will pay off if you stop thinking about not wanting to do it and just go ahead and get it done.

Grandmomma had good vision and she could see a long way off, but most time she would squint her eyes halfway closed as if she needed glasses. She always wore her dress well below her knees, with her homemade apron that had two big pockets on each side tied around her waist. There were certain things Grandmomma didn't tolerate, and she would be ready to let you know that she wasn't

one to be mess with if yah needed ta know. Grandmomma especially didn't allow anyone to waste her time with foolishness. She had a way with words, and when she spoke, she was long-winded and would keep talking without stopping until she was finished. And after getting in her every word, she would let you know that she done said her piece, and that you had to decide what you were going to do, but in the meantime, just move outta her way.

Grandmomma never showed that she was tired of housework, planting, or doing all that she could to put good food on the table. Each year about a month before time to plant, she would sort through her seeds that were left from the crop of the year before, which she dried and put away for the next planting season.

Sometime before planting season, Grandmomma would pull out her almanac to check for the right moon phase and tide before planting certain vegetables. It was known that some vegetables wouldn't grow right or very little would bear when the moon or the tide wasn't right.

Grandmomma had a real love for all her vegetables, but she loved okra the most and made sure that she planted more of it than other vegetables, in a separate area where they grew best. She would say that her okra needed its own space to grow in order to bear a lot.

Beyond that, when all the planting, tending, and growing was done, and it came time

for picking and gathering, Grandmomma didn't mind sharing with anyone who wanted some. She was generous with food—always willing to give a neighbor some vegetables from her garden. She usually cooked extra food just in case a hungry soul stumbled by. Many times the aroma from her slow-cooked meal would lead folks from the island's main road through a wooded path to her doorstep. She would smile when she saw them coming and didn't mind fixing them up a plate, piled high (she would, though, greet them at the gate so her chickens wouldn't get out and be lost in the woods).

“Comeyah and sit down at me table and get yah hungree belly fill wit me humney,” she would say with a big smile on her face. “No need fo hunah chillen be hungree when da is food around. Now eat up, dares plenty mo in dah pot way dat one come from.”

This sort of hospitality was not unusual on Daufuskie. Most folks who got to sit and eat at a native table on Daufuskie would be overwhelmed by the kindness a stranger from yondah would receive. No sooner they break bread than they were friends, and would be welcomed back in good faith. Kindness and manners were a part of family pride, and stood for the way you were brought up. Folks would never let us forget that manners and respect would carry you places money wouldn't in dissha world, but you had to use and show those manners to see how much difference they made.

