

Foodways Journal Entry by Carlie Hanlon

October 3, 2017

Most of the food that I eat I prepare myself as cooking is something that I enjoy doing, especially when I am the one who gets to enjoy what I make. I typically prepare my own food because it has actually become a hobby of mine; at the end of the day it is a nice way for me to destress, forget about all my other responsibilities and really focus on one thing. I also like knowing exactly what is in my food, which has definitely percolated in part from my desire to cut down on my sugar intake. Since my week-long cleanse I have continued to pay attention to the food I buy (for ingredients and price) and what I am putting into my food when I am making it. I also like the sense of control I have when I am the one preparing my own food.

For this assignment, I chose to focus on the preparation of the food for Tuesday, October 3; however, the preparation started the Saturday before. Saturday afternoon, I went with my parents, who were visiting and my brother and I, to the Farmer's Market that is right near my house. Our conversation there was definitely dominated by the food we were surrounded by, mostly in the form of my mother asking me what I wanted so as to quicken my selection process. The display at Acme was rather simple, it was a white sign with the name of the produce and the price written in black sharpie. The food was in a box, likely the one it was picked in, that was placed on a collapsible table. I don't know if the display was simple either to signal its authenticity, or was simply because it was run by local farmers that could not afford any fancier signs. Regardless, I think the simple design was a nice midway point to appeal to the hipster college kids as well as the low-income families in the area. One way they also achieved this was with the sign

in the front: one side was written in English and the other in Spanish. Each language was clear and apparent. The sign advertised that they accept food stamps and debit cards, also to appeal to students and low-income families.

On Sunday afternoon, I went with my parents and grandparents to the local Acme grocery store to pick up other food items. This store is located down the street, a little further away from campus, and serves a significantly more affluent community. Not that the townspeople of Milltown are lavishly wealthy; however, an advertisement for acceptance of food stamps would seem out of place here. I did not buy any produce here; however, the display was much more elaborate than the Farmer's Market. There was a drawing of the produce itself with a separate, bigger, printed sign with bright yellow background, and no Spanish. Many of the signs and banners around the shelves included buzzwords such as, "fresh" and "organic." The trend sort of continued as we weaved in and out of the aisles; the buzzwords and the printed signs with multiple colors did not go away.

I usually prepare my breakfast and lunch the night before (typically 10 or 11 pm), so I unfortunately forgot to take pictures of the preparation. However, for breakfast I made overnight oatmeal, for which I used rolled oats, milk, Greek yogurt, chia seeds, mashed bananas (mashed with a spoon), some scoops of peanut butter (scooped with the same spoon I used to mash the banana), all mixed together (also with the same spoon) in a plastic Tupperware container that I can easily transport with me. For lunch I made a turkey, cheese, lettuce, and tomato sandwich on wheat bread. I could not see the actual making of the turkey and cheese, but I did see the deli person slicing it with gloved hands and a deli slicer. I did a little research on the making of deli meats, which

kind of disgusted me, but it's seasoned, intensely tenderized, pressed, cooked, and then vacuum sealed, all done in a factory mostly by machines.

Tuesday morning at about 8 am I made myself coffee as I always do, using a single-cup coffee pot with Starbucks brand grounds from the grocery store and water from the tap. I did not know this before buying the coffee, but Starbucks claims to



sustainably and ethically buy their coffee by investing in the Sustainable Coffee Challenge and Global Farmers Fund as well as their Farmer Support Centers that help local farmers and encourage environmentally friendly farming practices. I drank my coffee in a reusable mug that I use almost every morning. I had breakfast in class

that morning because I was running late. My friend that I sit next to in lecture asked me what it was and I talked a little bit about my overnight oatmeal recipes. After class we went to the Starbucks truck where I also had my coffee in my

reusable mug. There I couldn't see how they were making my coffee; however, from ordering Americanos before, I presumed they used an espresso machine and just added hot water from some sort of hot water dispenser. My coffee was then served to me from a window.

While waiting on line at the Starbucks truck, my friend and I talked mostly about the situation going on in Puerto Rico, before one of our other friends joined us. After we received our



orders my one friend commented on the other's Berry Hibiscus lemonade, which she teased her by saying she wasn't sure if it was vegan since our friend recently became vegan. For a snack that afternoon I had a granola bar made by my cousin. She owns a granola bar company in northern California and at the beginning of every school year sends me a care package of them. I know she gets her ingredients from local farms in the Bay Area and makes and packages everything at an industrial kitchen where she rents out space.

For dinner I made myself shrimp and chicken sausage in red lentil pasta with squash, zucchini, and carrots. The shrimp was bought at the grocery store a few days earlier and the vegetables were bought at the farmer's market. I actually don't know where the chicken sausage came from; when I left for school for the semester my mom gave me a bunch of food to freeze, including the sausage. I do know she grilled it a little so it wasn't totally raw, and I found a YouTube video on chicken sausage making, which is pretty much the same as any sausage. The pasta came from a package my mom also bought me; I didn't realize it was meant as a meal already and had a powder mixture for "Southwestern" sauce, but it went well with what I was making.

To prepare this dish I first made my own Cajun seasoning by combining salt, cayenne pepper, cumin, and chili powder. I then boiled water in a large pot and added the pasta which I set aside when done. I pan fried the shrimp in canola oil and my seasoning in a skillet, that I then put in with the pasta. In the same oil-seasoning mixture I sautéed onions, the sausage, and vegetables that I chopped with a chef's knife, which then got added to the pasta mixture. I added some milk then stirred and let everything simmer.



During my dinner preparation I was not alone in the kitchen. One of the only other people in my house who also cooks was there making his dinner as well. I had my headphones on so for most of the time I was pretty isolated, and he went back and forth between his cooking and homework, so there was not a whole lot of verbal communication between us, but there was a lot of non-verbal communication. When he

would come over to the stove to get something, I would move out of his way without him really needing to ask me aside from occasionally pointing to his food that he was checking on. At one point I moved to one side, then moved to the other side when he gestured for something behind me. When he was taking his food out of the oven, my pot was still on the stovetop and I saw him looking around for a place to put his food, which prompted me to move my pot for him. We frequently cook around the same time so this dance of moving around each other without saying much has become almost routine.

While eating dinner at about 9 pm, I began preparing my breakfast for the next day. I had made enough of my dinner so I planned to eat that instead of preparing my lunch. I made overnight oatmeal again but this time I cut up an apple and put some cinnamon in. The apple was cut with the same knife on the same cutting board used for the vegetables, after I rinsed each. I mixed everything with the measuring spoon I used



to measure out the chia seeds and yogurt. I covered the dish and put it in the fridge for the next morning.