

New Year's Eve Party

What a great New Year's Eve party we had. The food was great, the music was great, the guests were great. So great, in fact, granma's planning to do it again this year. Most of the food was catered. We had chicken marsala, flounder stuffed with crab meat, ribs, broccoli rabe, roasted red potatoes, penne with vodka sauce, fried chicken, collard greens, rice, black eyed peas and pork neck bones. For appetizers, we had shrimp cocktail, cheese and crackers, deviled eggs and some other things I can't remember. I got very happy when granma told everyone (as only granma could) that she didn't think she would have room for the neckbones on the banquet table to that if they wanted a neckbone, they could just yell "neckbone" and she would come running out of the kitchen with their neckbone on a plate. You know, like they do at some restaurants. You say "neckbone" and granma would say "one neckbone coming up". I was pretty sure that she would drop something like she usually does or at least spill a little neckbone gravy on the floor. But then she said "never mind", because she found room for them on the table. I was really disappointed because I got absolutely nothing. NOTHING. Granma said that Black people have to eat greens, black eyed peas and pork (neckbones) on New Year's Eve so that they'll have good luck for the New Year. So, you know she has my mama believing that ish too. What I believe, quite frankly, is that granma (and my mom) would much rather feast on lobster (stuffed with crabmeat), baked potato (with butter and sour cream) and "lovely" grilled asparagus. IF only they could afford it. But, then you know how dawgs think. Always wanting something they can't afford. Thank God granma ain't like that. She'll only spend a little more than she can afford, so everyone brought their own bottle of wine and she supplied the champagne toast. Anyway, the party-goers ate, drank and were merry. As the evening wore on some of the ladies started drinking tequila shots and sipping on gin and juice. No, that was Snoop Dogg. The ladies sipped on Champagne. Oh what a nii---ight. Everyone left rather early, including Aunt K and her hubby. But not, Aunt Serenity and not Uncle Billy Dee. They stayed and helped granma keep George and Barb company. Boy, could George talk. He was such a nice man and very entertaining and by the time, the night was over we knew everything there was to know about Hillsboro, North Carolina. That's where he had come from as a young boy and returned every Summer to visit kin folk. Boy, did he remember everything. I could hardly believe my little ears when he said it was time to cook breakfast. I thought for sure someone will drop something this late in the game. But, no way. Granma jumped up and said she couldn't keep her eyes open another minute. She told Aunt Serenity she better not mention Hillsboro one more time or anyplace else in the South. George could've talked forever, I think. For sure, until the next afternoon. Anyone for lunch?