



Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen

PRESIDENT'S CORNER DECEMBER 2015

It sounded rather nice. Thanksgiving dinner for six. My brother's kids were all going to their mother's for Thanksgiving and my daughter's family would be staying in Wyoming. That makes Chris and myself, my brother and his wife. My son and his new girlfriend were the only kids coming to the affair. I know' let's have a quiet little dinner at our house (I said). Should be a huge change from the hectic norm (I said). Six is nice, no make that eight. The two mother-in-laws are always welcome. Eight is enough, a nice peaceful little dinner.

Then comes the "Domino effect". My nephew from D.C. hears we were having dinner at my house, so he really wants to come to Uncle Bill's for Thanksgiving. As long as it's OK with your mother that's fine by me (I said). Then his siblings find out and want to be where he is going. So starts the fall of the Dominos. Eight is now twenty-four. I think we need a bigger turkey... Maybe we need to contact cousins in Fruitland (I said). Twenty-four is now thirty-six. I think we need a second turkey and perhaps a ham too.

So my home, which is not bad for six or eight, is about to be invaded by a small army, but that's alright, it's always good to see family.

Now comes the planning and the phone calls to see what people can bring, and whom they are bringing. A few days of phone-tags later it starts coming together. Several trips to the store later all the menu planning and figuring when to eat come together. All this keeps a mind busy, so really tough on mine, and then I realize the big question. Where are we going to put this hoard?

Out comes the tape-measure and what we have for tables after the planning and measuring we decide as long as we don't need all the furniture in the house we can put them in the garage. That's the furniture, not the guests. Maybe I should have done it the other around.

Thanksgiving Day, preparation begins at 5am for dinner at 3pm. Should be enough time, maybe? Birds in first, we ended up with two. One in the smoker the other in the oven. Now start noshes for those who come early to visit. Watch football that is. That's OK; the early birds get to help with the rest of the cooking. Spuds, Yams, salads, dressing, etc. An endless sea of food it seems. As people mass in the kitchen it kind of makes it hard to finish dinner. You all know I have a living room, do you not?

Finally at 3:30, we're ready to eat. Only a half hour late. I think that's a record best for me. Now's the time to relax and visit and look round to see who actually showed up. Been kind of busy in the kitchen. By 5:30 people start to leave. Now, don't get me wrong I really love to see the family and enjoy each and every one, but after weeks of planning, and days of prep, and hours of cooking it would be nice for more visit time. That's OK though, it's great to see all of them as they file through the door to their cars. Well wishes and great times ring out, then a voice in the crowd yells out... let's do this here next year.....Someone just shoot me now. Please.

Have a happy holiday
Be safe and have fun
Bill Holt-President-SBBCH