

# A Southern lunch

By Michelle Eubanks

Photography by Daniel Giles

So many of my childhood memories involve big family meals around my grandmother's table.

Although there were chairs around it, there was never enough room to sit with a plate there because it was too full of food – steaming bowls of fresh green beans, just-picked ears of corn, perfectly browned chicken and dressing.

We didn't need a holiday or special occasion to celebrate

with food; a Sunday afternoon was enough to bring us all to my grandmother's Greenhill home for a taste of her delicious cooking.

With seven kids and a husband to feed, my grandmother, Clois Dickerson Manchester, learned early on to make a meal from fresh ingredients and make it stretch.

Those fresh ingredients didn't come from the grocery store, either. The family would work the farm and harvest its bounty, from fresh tomatoes that would be used to make vegetable soup for the winter to bushels of potatoes that made a perfect compliment to homemade kraut when fried with some onions.

Although my grandmother has moved off her small country farm and into the relatively urban setting of Florence, she still maintains a garden that manages to yield more than enough fresh vegetables for her and her famous Sunday dinners.

But don't ask her how to make some of her signature dishes; she honestly doesn't have a recipe.

