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## PLANNING MENUS

January 27, 2012

I get teased a lot for some of what others might call my eccentricities.

That is not to say I consider myself eccentric. Anything but.

Still, by a certain age, one's personality traits have pretty much had time to gel and, OK, I do confess to being somewhat set in my ways. If nothing else, I have discovered what works for me and tend to stick to that.

One example being the dice.

Much of what I do is determined by the roll of a die. I confess it. I also aver it makes my life much easier for then my mind has room for all the major decision-making while the easier things just fall into place.

Those who don't do it may think me odd.

I'd recommend it to all – though remember as I write that I have met some who are not even list makers. OK, I do spend too much time looking for the list I've just made – but that's a subject for another day.

Dice.

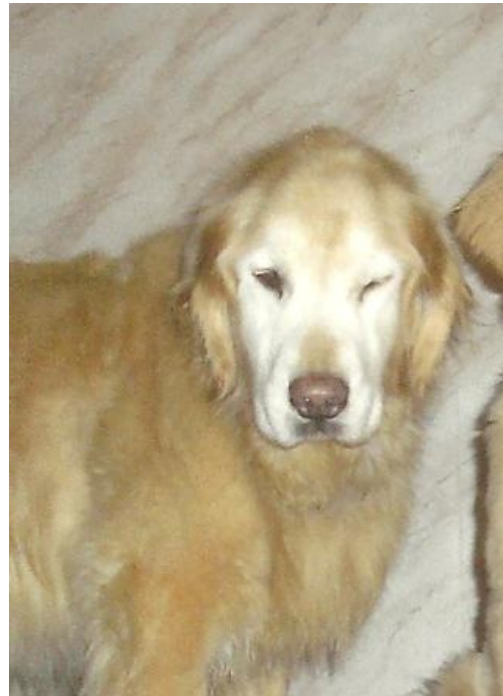
Before breakfast is over, I've made a list of what I hope to accomplish during the day. There may be priorities that have to be done. Those go first. But then the rest – while accepting the knowledge I seldom get through all so know it's all right if a few get pushed to tomorrow (perhaps then moving up to the priority list).

So what first?

I number those left, roll my trusty dice and attack that numbered item.

Sure, I've made a game out of housework and whatever else has to be done but I don't remember anyone saying it would hurt to add a bit of sport to one's daily routine.

Same for meals.



This I inherited (though not the dice, I assure you). I remember long years of my mother complaining she didn't know what to have for dinner. Cupboards full and a great grocery store just a block and a half from home (those were the days!), her variety was admittedly limited by her cooking skills, possibly a reason I welcome a large variety of suggestions.

So a "use up" list gets made and out come the dice.

Details are unimportant but my six items could include refrigerator, freezer, cupboards up plus the overflow down below . . . well, you get the idea. And I have to say the variety of fare is fantastic, sometimes even surprising me. I get no complaints (other than using my pick-of-the-day in a new recipe which turns out to be less-than-good) and certainly enjoy the challenge.

Mentioning new recipes reminds me that could also be served by rolling dice. I keep ripping suggestions from papers and magazines and have too many under-utilized cookbooks to go with all my good intentions. Once in a while I do try something new and once in a while it's even good.

Maybe trying some of those recipes I've tucked away should be added to one of my lists. Not yet . . . but I'll give it some thought. (Thinking also does not require a spot on any list.)

Take away my dice (and I have lost at least one) and I don't know how I'd function – except I'm sure it wouldn't be long till I invented a new game.

Written October 23, 2011