

Today I cooked for my host family. I am sure my close family and friends are gasping right now. I am also shocked myself. When I met my host sister she raved about how she liked to cook and how she knows Americans are great cooks. I then informed her that I could not cook.

Still the idea of cooking continued and my host mother requested that I make an American dish. An American dish! Most of my day was spent thinking about what is considered an American dish and what can I cook using the ingredients that I have. I originally wanted to make honey mustard chicken, but to my dismay I could not find honey or honey mustard. So after reviewing the ingredients that were available, I settled on making deviled eggs, cooked apples with homemade caramel. My host sister assisted me as I prepared the dish. She added bread and salad to the dish to make it more fulfilling. I served my host mom first, and then everyone else. I waited and finally asked, "What did you think?" My host mom responded, "I am satisfied, I am happy to have my first American meal." Deep down I smiled and responded, "Ke a leboga" (thank you).