

# Dad's renowned pumpkin pie

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This year, the Thanksgiving feast will take place at our house. As I mentally prepare myself for the food to come, my mind wanders to the pie we're about to make—Dad's Pumpkin Pie. The recipe is special to Dad because his grandma gave it to him before she passed. She made this pie every Thanksgiving when he was a kid, and wanted him to do the same—he did. Dad places his ingredients on the countertop and puts them in the order in which they will be used. He grabs out a bowl, the electric mixer, and we get to work.

“Dad, what makes your recipe so special?” I ask. “Well, it's kind of a secret but...” He pauses as he reaches into the cabinet and places a small spice can in my hand. “Your great-grandma put this in all of our desserts as a kid, shhh. I chuckle a bit. “So, THIS is the special ingredient you've been hiding from me?” Dad laughs. When we finish mixing, we pour the thick, delicious mixture into the pie crusts and place them in the oven to cook.

As they bake, the sweet smell fills the house in a way that candles could not. We set the pies to cool in the fridge as we set up for the dinner. After hours of preparation, including Mom setting the table and Dad cooking the turkey to perfection, we are ready. As planned, the guests arrive with hands full of warm food, each dish wrapped in tinfoil to keep the gusts of wind from cooling them. The waft of the pumpkin pies they have been greeted by each year greets them once again. Everyone is comforted by the savory smell that reminds them of Grandma's presence on this Thanksgiving day.