

John Pearson

The Greatest Barbeque Ever

Some of the most memorable times in one's life are of times spent with family and friends. Memories of when I baked cookies with my grandmother and the smell was so inviting I could hardly wait to eat them, or when I went to the amusement park with a group of friends and the ride was so fun I never wanted it to end. I feel this is true, because some of my fondest memories are of the times I spent with my father.

A summer I will always remember is when my father decided to build a patio and buy a rotisserie for a summer barbeque. When my dad decides to do something, he calls it a "project." Fixing the gutters is a "project," fixing the ear is a "project." One summer my father came to me and said, "Son, we have a new project this summer." I didn't like how he said, "We have new project," because whenever my father said "We have a new project" it meant hard work for me. "This summer we are going to have the greatest barbeque ever," he said. "We're going to build a patio and get us a rotisserie." At that time I had no idea what a rotisserie was, so I just smiled. The next day we went to Home Depot to buy materials to build the patio and to purchase the rotisserie. My father said "We need bricks and cement to build the patio." We picked up five hundred bricks and a couple hundred pounds of cement. After that we went to where they kept the rotisseries, and asked a clerk, "What is the best rotisserie you have for sale?" We paid for everything and went home to unload all that we had bought in our backyard. My father and I were very excited that we had everything for the project. The day came when we started the project; the excitement was in the air. There were bricks and cement everywhere. I thought to

myself this is what it must have looked like to watch the pyramids being built. Soon all of my father's friends began to gather in our backyard. My father's friends were all giving him advice on how to build the patio; all of them were experts or so they thought. I was sure that the patio was going to take twice as long to build if my dad listened to all of the experts' advice. Weeks later we were just about finished with the patio, except for the lights, the storm drain, the fence, and the steps to the backyard. We did however have a really nice dirt path. I realized that summer was almost over, so I asked my father when we were going to have the barbeque. He said, "Don't worry, Son, we are going to have the greatest barbeque ever." The day finally arrived for the big barbeque. My mother and father had invited all of our family and friends. My father was in a good mood; he picked me up and smiled. "Look," he said, and pointed at my mother. There was my mom bringing out the biggest pork roast I had ever seen. Our Labrador was jumping up and down like a rag doll on a trampoline. My father put the pork roast on the rotisserie, and flicked a switch. In less than a heartbeat the roast began to turn and sizzle. Everybody watched the meat roasting with awe. My mother and father gathered the guests in to the house to serve the many kinds of food that everyone had brought for the barbeque. I was all alone with the pork roast. I thought, boy, does it smell good, and I couldn't take my eyes off of the roast. For me the spinning pork roast was an amazing spectacle. Juices were dripping, the fat was sizzling, and the rotisserie was making little metallic noises as it turned. I was dying to taste it, so I grabbed one of the rotisserie forks my father was using for the barbeque. I started to stick the fork into the cooking roast to get a little bit. Then the worst thing happened; by poking at the roast I had loosened it and it began to slowly fall off of the rotisserie. When it finally broke free, it fell to the patio floor. It bounced once before our dog caught the roast and ran away with it in to the dog house. I was shocked at what had just happened. At that moment my father came back

outside in time to see the roast fall to the patio floor and the dog catching it and running away with it. He asked what had happened; I told him what I had done. Despite it all, he wasn't mad. He just laughed at the thought of what he had seen. He looked at me and said, "I told you we were going to have the greatest barbeque ever."

That summer was one of the most memorable times I have spent with my father. Although the project seemed to take a life time to finish, and it seemed that we would never have a barbeque before the summer ended, everything came out all right in the end. I will always remember the time I spent in the backyard with my father and all of the experts building a patio for a barbeque, and how good humored my father is to not let a little thing like a fallen pork roast ruin "the greatest barbeque ever."