The Cooking Pots:
Ayanda Remembers Her Grandmother

Transcript

Figure 1: Ayanda's grandmother in her twenties

My grandmother's name is Rose Khabonina Mabena. She was a very beautiful spirit. I have so many fond memories of my grandmother.

My whole life I have known my grandmother to cook from these pots, so I was thrilled when I got them. I actually enjoy cooking from them. They are very strong, they are very steady, and they have been around for many, many years. I think everyone in my family knows that they have had a meal from these pots. They just remind me of my grandmother so much. Because if I would walk into the kitchen, I would see the white pots, and knew that there was a great meal that was waiting for us.

Another fond memory is the Sunday lunches that we used to have together. We used to have the classic seven-colour Sunday lunch that a lot of black families do in South Africa. So you would have your staples, your rice, your stew, but then the seven colours are the multi-coloured salads you would have, the beetroot or the pumpkin or the vegetables. And your plate would just be so colourful, and just bursting with flavour. Food was just a great way for us as a family to connect and spend time together, and get to know one another.

She really was the glue that kept our family together. We are all still very close because of my grandmother.

Family is very important to me because we are a big family, and over the years we have lost some people in the family. But for some reason, when that happens, we seem to get closer. And when I am with my family, I just feel this overwhelming sense of love.

In ten years' time I hope I can give to my children what my grandmother and my mother have given to me. I want to have those amazing Sunday lunches, and amazing meals, and creating those memories with my children. And just being there and just giving them that sense of family, that sense of home, and that sense of belonging.

And that is how I remember my grandmother's chicken stew.