

- My mom told me grandma would be happy that I'm making this. I hope she would be.
- Mom and my aunts appreciate the domestic side of what grandma did so much. I wonder if it's because they're women too? Would they have had that same dynamic if they were men?
- I barely ever have the energy to even measure these ingredients, how did she do this every day and not go insane?
- Our beater broke halfway through (it's older than me), surely this isn't a bad omen?
- Daisy keeps staring at us as we're doing this, I'd better not spill the egg whites on the floor... did grandma have this problem with toddlers?
- Separating egg yolks is actually kind of fun. Maybe grandma stayed sane by looking for joy in the little things?
- (While in the oven) something is definitely wrong here, it isn't even solid after 20 minutes. Are we gonna have to do this again without a beater tomorrow? I already miss that beater :(
- Now mom keeps saying she should've asked grandma about this recipe because she doesn't know what to do and we're improvising. I gotta ask her for her recipes.
- I heard that Indian cookbooks are vague but jeez. What does "until done" mean???? How many times did grandma burn or over-salt this stuff before she figured it out?
- My mom never directly used the word "poor" to refer to my grandparents until I asked her directly if it was ok to refer to them that way in my artist statement. I wonder how much subliminal and direct stress grandma felt while doing all this work, knowing they could possibly lose their house?
- (While doing the dishes) I already appreciated what my parents did for me, but this makes me love them even more.
- (Trying it with my family) it tastes so good, and mom says it reminds her of her childhood. I can't stop smiling. I hope grandma is smiling somewhere.
- We're already talking about ways we could make the recipe better next time we try it. I hope this becomes a family thing.