

It Can Happen to Anyone

By Emily Gatlin

I was a bit shocked when my husband of just a few months told me "We're having the big family Easter Dinner at our house this year!" My husband's family was big ... really big, and I decided several



casseroles would be the best way to try and fill everybody up. Cooking times varied, so I had a rotating schedule happening. I was prepared! When the last casserole went in, I closed the oven. Oh wait, no ... I tried to close the oven and the darn door fell off. I had 30 minutes to go, a house full of hungry giants, and no oven door. A major holiday meal fail loomed ominously. What's a girl to do?

Yup. I held the oven door in place with my posterior until the casseroles (or as they were called that Easter

Sunday, "asseroles") were ready. It was hot as heck. I still had my heels on from church. And like any newlywed surrounded by her in-laws would do, I John Daly-ed my Arnold Palmer (which is code for I put vodka in my sweet tea & lemonade) and took the pain like a champ.