

## Violet Ice Cream

*By Marie O'Donnell*

All of the hot weather reminded me of some of the summers at Kentland. My grandparents and I would spend days picking black raspberries (which were just in season a few weeks ago) and Uncle Otis and my grandmother would make ice cream.

Being Uncle Otis, he never did anything half-way. He had an ice cream machine like you would find in a restaurant. It was huge. He and my grandmother would mix up the ingredients and pour them into the ice cream freezer and turn it on. Then, we would wait.

It seems like it took all day, but, I'm sure it was just a few hours. The result was heavenly. The ice cream was a beautiful color; a light violet. And, the flavor.....oh, my! I can still taste it every time I even see raspberries. It was creamy and sweet, and so delicious.

We'd go out on the back steps of the mansion and sit down and eat until we couldn't hold anymore. It would get dark, and the lightning bugs would come out, and, I'd go chasing them until I caught one. It took me a while to learn that you can't squeeze a lightning bug. The evening usually ended with me curling up on my grandfather's lap and falling asleep, and he would carry me down to our house and tuck me in bed, full of ice cream and resting up for another day.

But, even more, was just us, sitting around and being together. You just can't beat family.

