

When my Nani (my mother's mother) sees my face in the corner of my sister's FaceTime calls, she squeals with joy. Her face literally illuminates and she bursts with happiness. My older sister calls my Nani every single day without fail. I am unfortunately not as consistent but when I do manage to call or she sees me on the phone when I am with my sister, she greets me with the generosity of joy and love. She also always asks me "When are you coming home? What can I cook for you?"

Food is the love language of my Nani and of my late Dadu (my father's mother). My siblings and I used to joke that we should never tell our Nani or Dadu which foods we like because they will make an abundance of it for the rest of our lives. When I brought friends to meet my Nani she had cooked a feast fit for 100 kings and when we spent Christmas breaks with Dadu she always worked tirelessly in the kitchen to provide us with a full spread for every meal. We were always grateful for them and their food but I never innately understood their instinct.

As I have entered my twenties, I now do understand them. I find myself wanting to cook large extravagant meals for my siblings, cousins, and friends. I find myself spooning food onto my loved ones plates. Some of my friends from different cultural backgrounds may find it peculiar but I take such joy in knowing the love that pours from my Nani's hands and poured from my Dadu's hands also pours from my hands.

I am so glad to have been met with the generosity of a home cooked meal every time I visited my grandmothers and I am so glad to carry that generosity within me.