Lemonade Pie

Glen Wright

glen.wright@aggiemail.usu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all

Recommended Citation

https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all/391

This G1: Groups/Social Customs is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Folklore Fieldwork at DigitalCommons@USU. It has been accepted for inclusion in USU Student Folklore Fieldwork by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@USU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@usu.edu.
“Lemonade Pie”

Foodways

Informant:

Dale Ann Wright is the mother of five children and grandmother of twenty grandchildren. She’s worked in law enforcement as a police officer all of her life up until her retirement two years ago at the age of 68. She started as a field officer, but later turned her focus towards childrens’ safety. Visiting schools all across West Valley City, she became known as “Officer Friendly,” teaching kids safety practices and working with the city’s crossing-guards. Every year, she was in charge of taking all the elementary-aged kids in West Valley to Lagoon; a tradition she hasn’t missed after retirement. She currently lives in West Jordan, where’s she’s called home for 45 years.

Context:

Dale Ann and I keep in regular contact via texting and phone calls. This led me to talk about my folklore class, which led her to share many traditions her family has picked up through the years, half of which I have heard at every family gathering to date. The morning of the 29th, she texts me about my collection project and says she’s willing to help and would have the phone on her from 4:00 to bedtime. I get caught up in a study session until 9:00pm, but when I call, the phone doesn’t even ring once before I hear her voice. It takes a bit of time to get on topic because she goes off and tells a story I’ve heard a few times before. I sit and listen intently anyway. I know that I’ve listened to it many times, but hearing her share her stories and experiences is something I treasure. She brings up a specific recipe multiple times, so I take the opportunity to start asking her questions.

Text:

I have absolutely no idea where the recipe for the Lemon pie came from. I learned to love to cook from the sisters in the Relief Society {organization within the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints}. My grandfather was an army cook during World War I. Despite that, he was a really good cook. I really enjoyed food growing up, but it was the Relief Society that gave me the recipe’s I use today. The first time I had the lemon pie was when Juliette {Dale Ann’s daughter} made it for my birthday. I absolutely loved it! I asked her where she got it and she pulled out a small index card from my grandma Dale’s box of recipes. I don’t make it too often,
especially with all of the kids gone, but when your dad {Jared} was younger, I changed the recipe a little by mixing in ice cream and lemonade and it’s still his favorite dessert; so it’s usually that one that gets made more often. We renamed that one to “Lemonade Pie.” I do still make the old recipe now and again because it brings back memories of grandma. It reminds me that I was her pride and joy. She was my basic caregiver growing up. I honestly spent more time with her than I did with my mom.

**Dale’s Lemon Pie**

3 Large egg yolks

1-14 oz Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk

½ Cup lemon juice

One 9 in Graham cracker crust

Whipping cream

Heat oven to 325 degrees.

Beat eggs with mixer.

Add Eagle Brand and lemon juice.

Pour into crust.

Bake for 30-35 minutes until set.

Cool 1 hour then chill 3 hours.

Top with whipping cream.

Enjoy!
Texture:

As Dale Ann spoke, she would pause and bring up a side story, spend a few minutes telling it, and return to completing her previous train of thought. While expressing her feelings, or halfway through a story, she would pause for three or four seconds and would say “I don’t share this often because of what it means to me,” or “I don’t enjoy thinking of this too often, it’s not the easiest thing to think about. A large portion of her sidetracks were filled with “uhs” and “Ums” while she took time to play though each memory.