

- Life in Grenada can be exotic, the proverbial life in paradise or it can be downright rustic. In my formative years, I particularly remember nights so dark that while walking the dirt roads you will physically bump into someone or an animal tied up grazing by the roadside and did not know who or what it was. Of course that gave considerable fright to all parties concerned and the fleet footed ones would hastily make an exit. On the contrary, moonlit nights were phenomenal. The bright, cool white light of the moon positively influenced everyone and many night games were played, namely hide and seek...most favourite amongst kids but quite alarming for the parents. They kept their eyes deliberately focused on us` during those night games making sure no one got up to any mischief or misadventures.
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- Then trips to the city were quite an adventure...we called it `Going In Town` It was amazing to us as kids seeing the beautiful French and English Colonial buildings with their rugged slate roofs, the hustle and bustle of the market vendors, the old vintage cars or walking at the water`s edge on the Carenage looking at the clear blue waters with an abundance of fish swimming or the inter island schooners docked closely together loading or unloading various produce from other islands...the stevedores busy using pulleys and loudly but amicably swearing at one other in their local lingo or vernacular. It was awe inspiring to us as kids.
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- The rustic parts were visiting relatives in the country in the northern parts of the Island. There were no electricity, street lights or running water in the homes but the inhabitants were remarkably happy and contented with their rudimentary lifestyle. It was a joy to visit and be part of that environment. The lads would go fishing in the rivers then come home and cook their catch on an open fire consisting of three stones and sticks gathered from the forest as wood burning fuel. The pot was an actual can that was primarily used for importing lard from England. The menu was wild yams or potatoes dug up from the mountainside and breadfruit stolen from anybody`s tree that was nearby. And everyone gaily sat around the fire, boisterously singing or telling stories while waiting for the meal to be cooked. Those country trips were very memorable.
- The way my grandmother did her baking was another phenomenal source of local inspiration. All the equipment and baking utensils were locally made. The outer part of the baking oven was of closely nailed wood strips with the inner part of metal or tin. Racks of metal were installed to place your goodies on for baking. A coal pot was at the bottom of the oven to generate surprising all-around heat which provided excellent baking conditions. The baked treats came out astonishingly well and tasted wonderfully local.
- I say bring back the good ole days.... Peter