

《情以食牵 妈妈的爱伴我留学旅途》

你的妈妈也喜欢用食物来表达爱意吧。让我们看看这个暖暖的故事。



On the last evening of my mom's most recent trip to visit me in London, she sat across the table peeling pomegranate seeds into a big bowl.

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"Eat this tomorrow after I'm gone, you lazy bee," she teased, dismissing the piles of books, clothes and electronics across the table waiting to be packed into her luggage.

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Mom knows me too well: pomegranate seeds are my favorite. They never appear on my food schedule though, as I lack the patience to peel them properly.

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Mom doesn't have the patience either, except when it comes to feeding me.

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Her hand moved gently and swiftly, while her eyes looked carefully at the small watery little seeds, attentively trying not to crush them.

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When I woke up the next day and opened the fridge. Sure enough, waiting for me was a clear jar of perfect smooth and shiny pomegranate seeds.

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Ever since I left home to study in London ten years ago, food is a big part of mom's London visits.

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With each trip, she would be sure to fill the entire fridge with hand-made dumplings, rice cakes, rice puddings, sesame filled sweet dumplings and many other sweets I struggle to find English translations for.

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I love watching her knead the dough, turning the loose flour into individual circular layers of dumpling wraps, like little flower pedals. Her hand would effortlessly fold up these wraps into moon-shaped dumplings, and place them neatly into a tray.

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Whenever it's time to say goodbye, mom would never say that she misses me, or that she loves me. Instead, she'll remark casually: "don't starve yourself while I'm not with you".

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Mom belongs to a generation where food is an expression of love.

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Born in the 60s to parents who were accountants in a factory at a time when China was still a planned economy, food meant everything.

