

Mediterranean Diet Enterprises

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What every Italian - American, and everyone with such a friend, knows

You spent your entire childhood thinking that sandwich was pronounced "sangwich.?"
Your family dog understood Italian.
Every Sunday afternoon of your childhood was spent visiting your grandparents and extended family.
You've experienced the phenomena of 150 people fitting into 50 square feet of yard during a family cookout.
You were surprised to discover the FDA recommends you eat three meals a day, not seven.
You ate pasta for dinner at least three times a week, and every Sunday.
You grew up thinking no fruit or vegetable had a fixed price and that the price of everything was negotiable through haggling.
You watched Lawrence Welk and Ed Sullivan every Sunday night.
You were as tall as your grandmother by the age of seven.
You thought everyone's last name ended in a vowel.
You thought nylons were supposed to be worn rolled to the ankles.
You were surprised to find out that wine was actually sold in stores.
You never ate meat on Christmas Eve or any Friday for that matter.
You ate your salad after the main course.
You thought Catholic was the only religion in the world.
You were hit at least once with a wooden spoon.
You thought every meal had to be eaten with a hunk of bread in your left hand.
You learned to play bocce before you went to school.
You can understand Italian but you can't speak it.
You have at least one relative who came over on the boat.
You grew up calling the bathroom the baccausa. And you only had one.
You were surprised to learn most kitchen utensils had another name which didn't end in a vowel.
All of your uncles fought in a World War.
You have at least one relative who wore a black dress every day for an entire year after a funeral.
You have relatives who aren't really your relatives.
You have relatives you don't speak to.
You drank wine before you were a teenager.
You grew up in a house with a yard that didn't have one patch of dirt that didn't have a flower or a vegetable growing out of it.
Your grandparent's furniture was as comfortable as sitting on plastic.
What?!!! You WERE sitting on plastic. You thought that talking loud was normal.
You thought cookies and the Tarantella were common at all weddings.
You thought everyone got pinched on the cheeks and had money stuffed in their pockets by their relatives.
Your mother is overly protective of the males in the family, no matter what their age.
Every lunchmeat you ate ended in a vowel.
There was a crucifix in every room of the house, including the cellar.
There was a saint somewhere in the yard.
Boys didn't do house work because it was women's work.
You couldn't date a boy without getting approval from your father.

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You know what lemon ice is.

You called pasta limacaroni."

You have at least one irrational fear or phobia that can be attributed to your mother.- UNKNOWN