

Grandma’s kitchen

It was Christmas morning, and Grandma Maria’s house smelled of cinnamon, hot chocolate and roast dinner. Every year the whole family gathered there to celebrate, but this year was different. Grandma could no longer do everything on her own, so she had asked for help. When everyone arrived, the kitchen was full of flour, eggs, oranges, honey and all sorts of utensils. The long table was ready for them to cook together.

“This year we are all making the meal!” Grandma announced with a smile.

Martí, the youngest, sat beside his big sister Clara to mix flour and eggs for biscuits. Soon the kitchen was full of laughter, with flour drifting through the air.

“Martí, the flour goes in the bowl, not on the floor!” Clara cried, trying to keep their little mess under control.

Dad stirred the escudella, a traditional Catalan Christmas broth, with Uncle Ramon. They jokingly argued over which ingredient would make it taste best. Mum chopped fruit for Grandma’s cake.

As they worked, Grandma told stories about being young and making the same meal with her brothers and sisters. The grandchildren listened carefully, amazed at how much had changed over the years.

“We didn’t have expensive presents,” she said, pausing to look fondly at her family. “But we always looked forward to making a meal together and sharing it.”

Just then Pau, the oldest cousin, had an idea. He found a notebook and began writing down Grandma’s recipes. He added little drawings so the younger children could understand them too.

“Now we can remember this Christmas for ever,” he said proudly.

When everything was ready, the family sat around the table. The broth was delicious. The biscuits were rather odd shapes, but they tasted magical. The cake had its familiar, lovely smell. Best of all were the smiles and the conversations they shared.

After the meal, they opened their presents: simple, handmade things, including a scarf Grandma had knitted and pictures the children had drawn. One of the most special gifts was the notebook Pau had begun to fill with recipes and memories of their day.

That night, after everyone had said goodbye, Grandma Maria stood in the quiet kitchen. Her heart was full of happiness. This Christmas had been different, but it had also been one of the most special. Her family had discovered that the best gift is the time and love we share.

From then on, Grandma’s kitchen became the heart of every family Christmas. It was a place full of recipes, stories and kindness passed from one generation to the next.

Questions to talk about together

Why does Grandma ask for help? What can we learn from older people?

How would you feel if someone taught you a special family recipe? Which dish would you like to learn?

Which places in your home hold happy memories? Why?

Who would you enjoy cooking with? What would you make together?

Which family tradition would you like to keep when you grow up?