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## PLEASE SIR, MAY I HAVE S'MORE?...

In North Georgia, all our families can create beautiful summer-time memories with our children without spending ourselves into debt. I wish to share one of my family's summer traditions that spans back generations. Try it out and you will believe in it too.

So, I was not alarmed last Saturday night when I saw a blaze of amber flames dancing beneath billowing blue smoke in my neighbors' backyard. In fact, the familiar smell of the smoldering hickory mixed with the sent of grilling beef made me smile broadly. I mused that perhaps I will have a backyard blaze of my own next week. At our home, most summer weekends are only complete after we enjoy a simple, outdoor, campfire-type cookout. In these parts, an outdoor campfire cookout is a venerable tradition. In the Gulf states we may join in family fellowship around the glowing embers of our campfire-cookouts well into September.

I am not a pyro-purist, gladly using both my late model Webber<sup>®</sup> gas grill alongside a primitive fire-bowl. Those of the Green Egg<sup>®</sup> cult have my respect for their skill,



as I have not the patience of these smoking masters. For those of us with "Nintendo<sup>®</sup>" kids we especially enjoy it when we can pass along a tradition that is not "plugged-in" but is also more than merely wireless.

For starters, find a safe place without overhead trees in your backyard to set your fire pit. Avoid the wooden deck! WalMart's<sup>®</sup> iron model for \$48 is just as fun as those ten times the price. For best results place a three pound bag of "Kingsford Match Light<sup>®</sup>" in the center of bowl. Stack eight to ten pieces of firewood (from the grocery store) around in a tee-pee shape. Light the bag and enjoy the blaze. I don't bother to try and cook on this primitive contraption, but instead use my dependable Webber<sup>®</sup> for the meat. The fire is just for the experience. Since the mosquitoes also dine with the fading daylight, I abide the smoke in my eyes because the billows seem to keep the beasts at bay.

Since the Webber<sup>®</sup> is not much to look at, we will gather the patio chairs around our previously lit fire-bowl. It's like all the fun of a scout camp with all the comforts of an inn. When the stars come out so do the marshmallows, gram crackers and chocolate bars. Back in the day, under my mom's watchful eye, wire coat-hangers were safe enough to toast marshmallows over the golden embers. On road-trips, grand-pa's pick-up sported a camper-back for additional provisions. Occasionally, a marshmallow would ignite into a fireball, and an excited toaster might flip the molten-mallow around dangerously. By God's grace we never suffered any molten-mallow to the eye or other body part!

A rite of the suburban summer is the camp-fire cookout... coming to a backyard near you to create more happy healthy memories for your growing family.

Doc

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