

3 Meals

Some of you have been curious about what I eat at home in America, so this is my explanation with photos. The relevant descriptions might be nutrition and simplicity. It is certainly not like Chinese styles that I have observed.

Since I was a child my breakfast has usually been one or more bowls of a commercial breakfast cereal. For many recent years this is exactly the variation. I show two bowls in the illustration, but I only use one. I start with a half bowl of the Fiber One cereal with milk. The fiber is a dietary supplement meant to keep the lower digestive track in good condition, providing bulk to scrape the intestinal walls. The main breakfast is now a full bowl of Granola, a mixture of various grains, almond pieces, sometimes dried fruit, again with milk. In the past I had several bowls of a cereal product that was less dense, therefore needing more fillings of the bowl for the needed energy and nutrition. For several decades I have had a half grapefruit (a very large citrus fruit) for its vitamin content and moisture. The napkin is used to clean up the spray of juice that happens when I use the small spoon on the grapefruit. There are now several pills. I have always taken a pill of vitamins and minerals, even when I was a child. Now as I get old I take one small pill daily for regulation of my heart rhythm. I take another pill every other day to limit pain from arthritis in my big toe joints and elbows. I take a large pill with a content that helps maintain healthy cartilage between bone joints, to slowly reverse arthritis conditions. These two work very well for me and it has been years since I have had any pain in my joints. A final pair of pills provides additional fiber. This is my standard breakfast, year after year, and a good start to my day. I always prepare my own breakfast soon after I rise in the early morning and while my wife sleeps later.



My “standard lunch” began in about October 1962. In high school I ate the lunch provided by the school (for a small fee). At home on the weekend I had sandwiches. For my four years at the University of Rochester I lived at home and drove to the university six days per week. During the first three weeks I experimented with what I brought for lunch. Then I decided on a standard lunch: a piece of cheese, a boiled egg, two peanut butter and jam sandwiches, and an apple. That provided good energy and nutrition. Having the same thing for lunch every day, year after year, eliminated a decision. A couple decades ago I eliminated the egg. The fruit may be a pear (illustrated) or peach or plum or the standard apple. The cheese may be a mild cheddar (illustrated) or a white cheese, or a mixture. The jam varies among various fruits. In this illustration a commercial apricot jam is used. Sometimes honey is used with peanut butter on one sandwich while peanut butter and jam are on the other sandwich. In modern decades my wife makes bread for the family in an automatic machine. She just pours in the ingredients and the machine does everything else: mixing, rising, baking. We need to slice the bread ourselves with that long knife. The bread is twice as dense as commercial bread, so I have only one sandwich by folding the two coated sides together. Apart from my wife making the bread in the machine, I always prepare my own lunch.



When I am on travel status in America I often bring with me the ingredients for both my breakfast and lunch. I bring milk in a powdered form and mix it with water if I anticipate not being able to find or buy it while away from home. I use a restaurant for only one warm meal per day. I typically have that warm meal near noon

because prices are cheaper then, and have my standard lunch for the evening dinner. I do not like restaurants. They involve waiting for the food to be prepared (unless it is a buffet service) and the noise level in a crowded restaurant limits conversations to whoever is right beside, not several chairs away. So I would much rather eat at home.

This is what my wife and I had for dinner this evening. Dinner is the only meal that she prepares for both of us to eat together. (For many years when my wife came home from work in the late afternoon, I was the one who prepared dinner and had it on the table when my wife arrived home.) Preparation time is usually relatively short. We eat at about 5:30 PM. Notice that she places appropriately-sized portions of food on the plate. Only when we have several guests will she serve the different foods in large dishes from which everyone takes what they want. We usually have two vegetables. They are commercial frozen vegetables or commercial salad ingredients during most of the year. When our garden is producing food we eagerly use it instead. This evening three vegetables are from a garden. The dark green is Swiss chard, a botanical relative of beets, some with green stems and some with red stems. It is cooked like spinach. The red is tomatoes that our neighbor gave us from her garden. Our garden has too much shade for good tomato growth. Our neighbor also gave us the yellow squash, though our own garden also produces both yellow and green squash that are Summer varieties. Our garden also grows different types of Winter squash that we harvest and store after the first frost kills the plants. The protein part of the dinner is fish (breaded “fish sticks” in this illustration), or meat, or eggs, or a pasta. I also have a glass of milk. There are two pills. One is required by my doctor for cholesterol control. The other is a “baby” (one-fourth size) aspirin, recommended for the elderly for blood circulation. So the variety in my daily meal comes only for the evening meal. The menu is whatever my wife wants to prepare for us.



I do not mind monotony. This nearly standard diet has kept me healthy throughout life and needs little preparation. We enjoy the food that we eat, but its main purpose is for energy and nutrition for good health. When in foreign countries I usually enjoy most of their local foods. We also have a tradition in our country of eating everything that we are served, leaving nothing edible on our plates, only waste like bones. So by this report you can see that my meals over many decades likely differ from your own meals.

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