



A Truly 'Rare' Treat

In the small town of Molidorf life was chock full of the demands of working the land and keeping homes and farms functioning. Each season had its own rhythm and tasks which kept everyone fully occupied.

Yet time was also set aside for those special traditional celebrations such as the Kirchweih which had been handed down through the generations. Winter evenings were special times of story telling when the older family members had an opportunity to pass along their experiences to the youngsters.

It was one of those quiet evenings that my father heard about the revolution of 1848 which had brought soldiers into his hometown. With these soldiers also came an outbreak of cholera which caused the deaths of about thirty Molidorf townsfolk. This was a heavy loss for this small community to bear.

Dad loved hearing stories like this from the old times but most of all he loved the rare and very special treat that he had to work hard to earn. In the fall when the harvest gathering was completed and the family fields cleared then his grandfather would take a trip to the market in Kikinda.

Dad would make sure all his chores were done properly in good time. Preparations for the journey began in earnest before daybreak. To earn his grandfather's approval, dad would help brush the horses until their coats were shiny. Of course then the wagon would need a bit of sprucing up too. Soon enough the horses were hitched to the wagon and they were ready to depart. Grandmother would provide a basket of goodies and provisions.

Grandpa loved showing off his good horses and Dad loved this time with his grandfather but most of all they both looked forward to their stop at the 'Gasthaus' in Kikinda.

This Gasthaus (Restaurant) was famous for their Szegediner sausage which was a solid meal for the hungry travelers. For a young, small-town boy a trip to the market in Kikinda was exciting in itself. To have this wondrous experience topped by a great meal in a real restaurant was more than dream come true.



Dad never forgot the special times he shared with his grandfather and that wonderful privilege of the trips to the Kikinda market. So many years later dad still recalled the sublime taste of the Szegediner sausage in the Kikinda Restaurant. He fondly shared this remembrance with the next generation.

Postscript: Many many years later and in a place so very far from Molidorf his daughter was delighted to discover Szegediner sausage for sale in the local grocery store.

Dad was quite surprised to be presented with a package of his favorite sausage, shrink wrapped in plastic as is the custom in our modern world. Of course the taste of our modern commercial version is a far cry from the flavor of the original.