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"I Believe"

Jessica L. Hubert

Gettysburg College, hubeje01@gettysburg.edu

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"I Believe"

Author Bio

My name is Jessica and I'm an English major, Women, Gender, Sexuality studies minor at Gettysburg College. I'm not very good at writing bios about myself. Reading is one my favorite activities since it allows me to travel wherever I want. I also enjoy editing and dissecting other texts to see how they were constructed and why. As a creative writing author, I haven't written that much but as a student, I'm sure I could fill a lengthy book with essays. I consider analytical writing to be my forte as well as my favorite.

I Believe

Jessica Hubert

I believe in the power of a hot, gooey, creamy bowl of macaroni and cheese. Hold on; don't stop reading yet--bear with me. Macaroni and cheese has a power that most people don't understand. It's not just a food that tastes really really good, it is also medicine, a conversation starter, and much more.

Food has always been used for making a person smile when they are down and to relieve any emotional tensions. For example, when a family moves into a new neighborhood and doesn't know a single person, odds are if you walk into their house, there are four or five casseroles or pies clustering their counter given to them as house-welcoming favors. Or, if a loved one passes away, there are always cookies or cupcakes strategically placed in corners of the room for people to pick at. Food has a way of connecting all of us in some unspoken bond. It provides a pathway for people to connect with each other, whether it is talking around the dinner table or sharing what they did today while drinking coffee and munching on a scone.

My favorite exit on the Road of Food is the delectable cul-de-sac called Comfort Food. Now, this street has a bad reputation for being unhealthy and full of decadence, but I don't care. I believe Comfort Food soothes the soul in a way that other foods can't. The residents on the street are some of the best people you could meet. On the left is the Potato family. The family to the right is the hostest-with-the-mostest come barbecue season. And the Noodle family lives at the end of the street with my dear old friend Mac 'n Cheese.

This past summer, I visited Comfort Food quite a bit. My grandmother was as fit as a fiddle, they said, and suddenly passed away. She was one of those grandmothers that constantly tried to feed you. After I just ate breakfast she would ask, "What do you want for lunch?" She made the best grilled cheese sandwiches and chocolate chip cookies. My family thinks, breathes, and obviously eats food. When I visit them, my schedule revolves around the next meal. When the heart of our family passed away, we ate and ate. I tried to swallow all the counterfeit grilled cheeses and cookies, but they were never satisfying. People tried to console me with hugs and kisses, but I didn't want any of that. All I wanted was my grandmother's chocolate chip cookies and a grilled cheese. Comfort Food is the best place

to visit when you're feeling emotional. No one judges you for what you eat; they just offer you the sweet goodness of a bowl of cheese covered noodles.

Grilled cheese with tomato soup, spaghetti, casseroles, cookies, chocolate, hamburgers, hot dogs, beans, ice cream, meatloaf, corn on the cob, macaroni and cheese. All of these foods connote some sort of a memory. Grilled cheese and tomato soup equal a book and blanket on a rainy day. Hot dogs and hamburgers equal fireworks and flags on the Fourth of July.

Comfort foods have magical powers. They are medicines in times of need; they are time portals to memories long past; they are carpenters of friendships. I believe in macaroni and cheese and cookies and chocolate and whatever foods make you feel like a million dollars. I believe in the power of macaroni and cheese.