

Where have all the spoons gone? Apparently, spoons have gone to the wayside, cast into the “just in case” drawer.

They are an easy utensil in the silverware drawer. They fit so snugly together in the compartment labeled “SPOONS”. Children learn to eat on their own by using the simple concave item. Just hold it in your hand, right or left, scoop up a smidgen of baby fine carrots and put the spoon to the mouth and insert the morsel of food that remains in the spoon. We learned to eat that way, our children followed suit and so too grandchildren easily mimicked us.

Now, spoons are put to rest in the restaurants around the Sound. Sure, they come with the soup bowl. But, they are not usually a utensil added with the order of poached eggs. “Could I have a spoon please?” I ask. “Oh, sure,” comes the reply. “The manager decided to save on cleaning and asks us to not set the tables with spoons.”

Perhaps, that is okay since spoons are not usually taken in hand and used. Sure, the cream in your coffee gets a kick out of the spoon swirling the mixture. Sometimes, though, the coffee mug gets a surprise when the spoon hits it’s sides as the costumer manhandles the tool a little too vigorously. But, that’s okay. Spoons are made to handle the task at hand.

Spoons are a good digging tool, too. They are just the right size for a toddler to scoop up a small amount of sand and transfer it into a pail. A shovel may be a better tool. But, where do you get a shovel when you need it. A spoon is quick to grab. One is resting inside another in the silverware drawer. Mom lost lots of spoons with five children all clamoring for a spoon to dig a hole in the ground. And how would we mix up a batch of mud pies without spoons to fold in the water at just the right texture?

Spoons are necessary. They build our psychological wellbeing. Feeling out of sorts? Have a cup of tea. Use a spoon to stir in the sugar. A fork would never do. Only a spoon will fill the need. A spoon is comforting. It holds the cough syrup, the ice cream, the chocolate pudding. A spoon, occasionally, sits on the nose in order to get a laugh. Would a knife suffice?

Let’s put spoons back on the table. They will come in handy for some of us at all times, if only to fulfill the need of a complete set: a knife, a fork, a spoon.

Leaving out the spoon in a table setting is like napping without a quilt to cover us. It is just not right!

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