Favorite food Article – Julie Boschee RE: DOPE submission

*What’s your Favorite Food Name?*

Favorites. Choosing a favorite is not an easy thing to do. It doesn’t matter what it is, favorites are always hard. It somehow feels like a commitment and even a commitment to cuisine is overwhelming at times.

I will say that I love Mexican food or Thai food, a good old steak with potatoes or just a plate of nachos. It reminds me of a time years ago when we played a game which was to rename ourselves with the name of our favorite food.

Here’s how it all got started. If we are what we eat then most of us would answer to a few different names. It would depend on where we live or grew up. Even the weather, time of day or our mood can determine our favorite food and of course, what name we would answer to in the Food Name Game.

It’s like hearing the name “Mom” being yelled in a toy store. Everyone turns to see if it’s their kid that they may have lost two

aisles ago but hadn’t yet noticed.

I’m going back to a time when my sons were small and food was always a source of conversation. What to eat? Will you eat? What to cook? And of course, most importantly, what were the favorite foods of everyone in the house.

On night I remember so vividly that it still makes me laugh when I think of it. We were in the hospital, visiting a sick grandma. She wouldn’t eat, but needed to. The conversation started with the original [“You are what you eat”](http://www.phrases.org.uk/meanings/you-are-what-you-eat.html) comment. My three kids were little; the youngest was still on the bottle. The expression was new to them and so funny. They took it literally and of course on that night, the favorite food name game came to be.

The boys started choosing names for everyone. Dad, of course was chicken, he loves his chicken. He loves it fried, baked, broiled or grilled. It doesn’t matter, chicken is his name. Maybe I shouldn’t mention how fun it was for the kids to call Dad “chicken” for the night. Let’s just say, we all had a great time and Dad send them to bed as soon as we got home.

My husband called me a taco; I smiled and thought that could be true, depending on the day. I do love Mexican food, but just couldn’t have that conversation as he and I were laughing so hard. It was one of those times of stress where his expression said it all and we needed the laugh. I couldn’t respond at the time, but having your six year old yell, “Hey Mama Taco” down the hall of the hospital as people turned, is something you just can’t easily forget or remember without smiling.

I could hear the boys having a serious, yet animated conversation on the other side of the room. It was 6 year old boy serious. The boys were still in the game and we hadn’t given the baby his food name yet. He only drinks formula so our choice of course would be Milk I thought. But the boys had a different idea. As Tyler yells “BOOB” at the top of his lungs. “That’s what he eats!” he continued “He drinks from your boob’s mom, so we have to call him “Boob”.

So my baby’s name became “Boob.” And “Boob” he was, for a few days. In a short while, he became “Boobas”. I have no idea why, maybe the extra syllable made it flow better, but the name stuck. It kept evolving over the years and eventually was shortened to “Boo Boo” and finally just “Boo”.

I have yelled it at footballs games, and apologized later. I have been asked many times to never speak the name in public and sometimes I listened. That baby is now an adult and grown but still My Boo and he probably always will be thanks to the favorite food name game.