



Karen Dudley

This month, our heritage food contributor, Karen Dudley of Woodstock's The Kitchen, remembers a Sunday tradition that turned a feast of meat into the stuff of legend.

## Lunch at Granny's

In the aftermath of Sunday lunch at my Granny's house, you would find Auntie Yvonne draped languidly over a settee here, and Auntie Pat napping on a couch there; one uncle sitting, somewhat dazed, in the sunroom, another uncle washing up. And, always, Auntie Maureen obviously vacuuming around them all. A particular stupor would set in. Lunch was a mammoth affair.

It involved my jovial builder and church planting (?) grandfather Leonard, my mother and her three sisters, their husbands, all the grandchildren, any friends that family wished to bring along, and then sundry great aunts and family friends.

For a typical Sunday lunch at Stonehaven, my granny Caroline would have been preparing for days. On Thursday, the butcher would deliver various pieces of meat wrapped carefully in white butcher's paper, tied with string. (Although the Group Area's Act had forced their move from De Smidt Street, Greenpoint to Church Street, Lansdowne, butcher Napperell from Ebenezer Street still delivered the Ormonds' meat all the way to Lansdowne.)

Lunch involved at least two roast meats. Often, there would be a leg of lamb, a very slow-slow pot-roasted beef topside, a corned tongue perhaps, and always an oxtail casserole or mutton for a beans curry favoured by the sons-in-law. Lunch was so all-consuming that my granny did not even go to church on Sunday mornings! (We grandkids went with Granddad to the Docks Mission Sunday School at Bloemhof Flats in District 6.)

Along with all the meat were vegetables, all cleaned and prepared in a vast enamel bowl the night before, ready for cooking on Sunday morning. There was always proper gravy and roast potatoes, and the ever present signature stewed fresh tomato spaghetti with strong cheese. Pudding would include baked custard

or sago, stewed fruit, pumpkin fritters, crates of sweet cooldrinks (Stork and Bashew's), and my mother's favourite: a ginger beer float!

You understand now that something powerful happened over the course of Sunday lunch!

Butcher Napperell's packages were transformed by chemical reaction brought on by heat and love, rendering something raw and simple into a delicious complex feast that for us was simply lunch at Granny's.

My granny's carefully browned meat and slow cooking had melted fat and transformed muscle fibres, breaking down collagen, tenderising and moistening the meat. The caramelised fatty edges evoking ravenousness in all of us squeezed in around that ball and claw table.

Eating meat is so visceral. We can hardly stop ourselves from devouring it, yet we often barely stop to savour its simple flavour. No other food evokes such powerful emotions and brings us so close to our humanity: death and life, sacrifice and feast. We are more mindful now of where our meat is coming from and how it is being farmed since modern farming methods have come, more often than not, at an inordinate cost to the planet and to our bodies as well.

Those rallying lunches at Granny's are now the stuff of legend, although at the time we thought them the most natural thing in the world. I can almost savour that carved meat and fine gravy and remember the cacophony of family hullabaloo around that table.

Even though my own Sunday lunches are a sadly more convenient affair and our quantity of meat decidedly smaller, we hope to invoke a similar sense of anticipation for the shared meal, gratitude and reverence for the world we live in.

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*This is a delicious  
(and very modern)  
way of making a roast  
leg of lamb. - Karen*

### Marinated seared leg of lamb

- 2.5kg leg of lamb, deboned and butterflied
- your favourite rub or grill seasoning (We used a mixture of salt, white pepper, paprika, dried mixed herbs, a pinch of sugar and a pinch of curry powder.)

#### MARINADE

- 3 long sprigs of rosemary, finely chopped
- 4 cloves of garlic, crushed
- zest of 2 lemons and juice of 3
- 300ml extra virgin olive oil

1 Place the butterflied leg of lamb in the marinade, making sure it's fully covered. Cover and refrigerate for 30 hours or more. Before roasting, remove the lamb from the marinade, allowing it to come to room temperature (an hour or two).

2 Preheat the oven to 200°C. Heat your biggest pan until super-hot. Meanwhile, season the joint generously with the rub or grill seasoning. Pour 1 tablespoon of oil into the pan (it should be smoking hot) and, using good kitchen tongs, sear the whole leg, fat side down first. Be sure to sear the whole leg so you lose minimal juices during roasting.

3 Then place the seared leg on a baking tray, fat side up, and roast at 200°C for 40–45 minutes. Allow the leg to rest before carving it into the thinnest slices you can manage with a long thin carving knife. Arrange the slices on a platter and serve with delicious accompaniments.

### Chermoula

- 30g coriander
  - 30g flat-leaf parsley
  - 30ml lemon juice
  - 5ml paprika
  - pinch of chilli flakes
  - pinch of cinnamon
  - pinch of salt
  - 60ml extra virgin olive oil
- Place all the ingredients, except the olive oil, in the bowl of a food processor and pulse while slowly drizzling in the olive oil to form a rich thick paste. ↑