

Easter Memories - Good Friday

By Christina Aberle Long, Berlin, North Dakota

When our kids were growing up, our Good Friday dinner was always potato soup and a Judas rope. Judas rope was a piece of dough rolled into a long roll, then shaped in the shape of a hang mans knot to remind us of the "Judas" in all of us. Each one got just one Hangman's knot. On Holy Saturday we had Hot Cross buns. On Easter Sunday, we had Easter Roll. It was a sweet dough rolled out in a rectangle shape, spread with beaten egg white, then added chopped dates and nuts, rolled-up, put on a cookie sheet in a circle, when baked it was frosted and decorated with marshino cherries and nuts

By David Kirschenman, Omaha, Nebraska

My German-Russian family tradition that I remember, and we still practice today, is the meal we ate on Good Friday. The meals on Good Friday were suppose to be meatless. My mother, who grew up around Gackle, North Dakota and being a German-Russian, was no stranger to dough dishes. The meal was very simple which consisted of homemade egg noodles (they were rolled out in the morning, dried, and cut) and stewed prunes. There was no sauce or anything put on the noodles except for butter and fried bread crumbs for croutons. Of course, there was the usual prune humor at the end of the meal, and since the prunes had pits, the number someone ate could easily be calculated, and that person reminded of possible consequences