

Esther Pittman writes,

Ken and I made our very first tuna casserole together in our over 30 years of marriage. He has mentioned over the years how much he had loved it in his poverty stricken graduate school days. However, because I'm not fond of canned tuna, I've never made it. We decided that we would make it for him once in our marriage.

Our preparation was a comedy of errors! In order to decide which size casserole dish to use, Ken filled one up with water to see how much it would hold. When he went to dump the water out, he gave it such a heave that the 2 quarts of water went everywhere. Suddenly, we had the chore of wiping down every surface in the kitchen, including drying the fronts of our cherished cherry kitchen cabinets.

In the midst of that chaos, I turned on the oven to 400 degrees to preheat it. After about 10 min. we smelled something burning! I had forgotten to take out all the fry pans and the plastic microwave cover we store in there. Imagine the current shape of my microwave cover!

Next, we found the oven wouldn't give us Fahrenheit readings - only Centigrade - and it wasn't going past 137 C. We started searching through our office files for the stove manual, but to no avail. Finally, smart Ken sat down in front of the oven and figured out how to fix it.

Not having my usual timer because I brought as little down to FL with me as possible (since we had only 1 car), I had set the timer on my phone to 7 min for cooking the noodles. After about 20 min. I was puzzled as to why my phone had not beeped. Lo and behold, I had set it for 7 hours!

You can see that we screwed up in every way possible. We did laugh about it! And despite all the havoc, Ken loved the tuna casserole. I won't mention what I think of it."