

Favorite Foods



Charleston Chews



Charleston Chew was always Matt's candy bar of choice. No doubt the primary reason being the price per linear inch. No other bar in the candy section stretches out quite like the Charleston Chew. It comes in three stunning flavors: strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla. It is a sweet tooth's dream. Anyone that knew Matt, knows he treasured his Charleston Chews. Frozen or room temperature he enjoyed this super stretch of a candy bar. Even today as I pass the candy section at the grocery store I search for the famous Chews. They remind me of Matt. Every now and then I even throw a few in the basket. I too love my Charleston Chews.



Minestrone Soup



The best part about working at Plush Pippin was sampling the free food: chocolate shakes, chili sizes, hot fudge sundaes, etc. Best of all for our brother Matt was the famed minestrone soup. It was most often his preference at the long awaited lunch hour. Even more notable was that Matt always ate it categorically. First he ate all the carrots, then the potatoes and then the beans and so forth. It was his routine. Never finishing too quickly it made the lunch hour last a little longer. Matt had his ways about digesting food. As you know, when he ate chocolate chip cookies he always ate around the chocolate chips and then ate them last. And of course everyone remembers how he ate oranges. That's a story in and of itself.



The Forbidden Potato Chips



Matt absolutely loved potato chips! Unfortunately his mom never bought them. It made life difficult for the young taste buds of this Doritos and Ruffles fan. On special occasions mom would break down. She would buy the coveted treats. Matt would sport his patented smile - and then get to work with his salty friends. He loved his crispy, greasy spuds. As a teenager Matt worked at Thriftway. After each shift he would buy a big bag of chips. He would then stay up all night watching TV and eating chips!

Now to the story of the "forbidden chips". Matt had just finished his second trip to Mayo for open heart surgery. He was 14 years old and came home on Christmas Eve with Mom and

Dad. Most of the family was together preparing for the big Christmas meal. Unfortunately, Matt couldn't eat any of it. Most importantly, he was strictly forbidden from eating salt and sodium. It was 100% taboo. Matt was feeling good to be home but now suffering the aroma of holiday food. Kelly walked in the kitchen to see Matt with his face buried in a big bowl of potato chips. He was there to stay. He was not coming up for air anytime soon. His nose was busy at work smelling as hard as it could. He was savoring the sweet smell of the forbidden chips.



The Dessert King



Sunday afternoons in the Bullock home were always a time for good food and family bonding. The afternoon meal was most often prepared by the entire family. David would be busy with the mashed potatoes, Kelly working on the salad, and Lori whipping up the powdered milk. John's specialty was setting the table. Mark was not to be found. Mom was always in the forefront coordinating the show. Everyone was busy and slaving away trying to help make it a great event. In the mix of all this commotion, the "Dessert King" was busy doing his thing. Matt was seated at the far end of the counter absorbed in a cookbook. He was studiously trying to decide what dessert to make.



The 911 Foot Long



911 had already responded to the Bullock home a few times for Matt's racing heart. They had quickly come to help with his heart and chest pains. Fortunately both previous times had been more or less false alarms. Their third visit would be the biggest false alarm of all. It was the middle of the day and Matt was having heart symptoms again. It was chest pain, a racing heart, difficulty breathing, etc. Mom instinctively called 911. The fire truck and the medical unit raced to our home. With their sirens still flashing they parked in our driveway. The medics rushed inside to monitor Matt. Unable to find anything wrong they begin to ask questions. First on this list is what he had eaten recently. Matt begins to mumble... a few cinnabons, a subway footlong, a little pizza and a couple of cookies. It turns out the big scare was a minor case of heartburn. The heartburn sent Matt into a panic attack making his heart race and difficult to breath. The medics gave the junk food junkie a big lecture on dietary habits and went on their way. A few minute later Matt still laying there on his bed and finally able to relax mutters..... "Ahhh, but it was so worth it!"



The Stairway Slurpee



Matt loved his slurpees. The Boones Ferry 7-11 was just around the corner and one of his favorite locations. Older sister Kelly would often make special evening trips to help him get his icy fixes. At the sound of the word 7-11 Mark, Matt and Diana would light up like Christmas Eve. One day Kelly had promised them an evening trip. She kept saying, "Not now, we'll go later." Before "later" actually arrived mom decided it was bedtime. Matt was ticked! As Matt was headed to bed, Kelly whispered a promise to him. She would wake him up later when she went so he could go too. Hours later and I mean hours later Kelly headed for bed. As she headed up the stairs to go to bed, there was Matt at the top of the stairs sheepishly sitting close to the wall. He looked up and smiled and said, "Is it time to go to 7-11 yet?"



Barf it out the Door!



As you know Matt loved to order a "mini burger and a cup of minestrone soup" every time he went to Plush Pippin. And it was always sour cream lemon pie to finish the meal. One summer evening in 1984 Matt made the restaurant visit with newly married Bruce and Kelly. Diana and Mark were along as well and Aunt Julia was the lucky waitress. Matt ordered his usual mini-burger and minestrone soup and we were all enjoying our meals. Aunt Julia came over to take our dessert order and they were out of Matt's sour cream lemon pie. Julia went and got a sliced piece of sour cream raisin pie and brought it over to our table. She presented he best sales pitch possible to Matt trying to persuade him with this substitute. He was buying it at all. He hardly gave her the time of day. He finally looked her in the eye and muttered, "Barf it out the door." Everyone got a good laugh.



Banana Squash



Matt hated squash! With the same passion he loved slurpees he also hated squash. He especially hated the mushy pumpkin squash that mom used to fix and force everyone eat. Good old mom always turned a little militant around the dinner table. Mom would not let anyone leave the table until their food was gone. If you decided you would not eat something

that same thing would be waiting for you at breakfast time. One evening to everyone's dismay mom cooks up her famous but dreaded pumpkin squash. Lori, Matt, Mark, and Diana just sat at the table and stared at the stuff for hours. Finally with the help of butter and salt, everyone was somehow able to eat their portion. Everyone except for Matt. To his credit, he tried every trick possible to get out of it. Finally, mom grew impatient. She set the timer. Matt panicked and immediately took the biggest bite of squash he could. He then tried to wash it down with a his glass of milk. After getting it all in his mouth... his eyes began to get big. He began to gag and the squash came back up his throat and temporarily filled his mouth. Lori, across the table, started laughing because she could sense the eruption about to occur. Mom then warned, "you better not throw it up!". Well, Matt couldn't hold it, and he literally exploded. He sent the yellow squash laced with milk back across the kitchen table.



Split Pea Soup



Matt also hated split pea soup. So did Mark. On one Sunday while Matt and Mark were in high school, mom left for a church meeting with instructions about dinner. The dinner would be her special split pea soup. It was still in the refrigerator from a few days before. Just before she left she told us to finish off the leftover split pea soup. There was no way Matt and I were going to eat that stuff. However, we couldn't leave it in the refrigerator after her last minute orders. We were afraid that mom would be able to detect the remnants in the disposal, so we dumped it over the fence in the backyard. So much for the Sunday split pea soup.



The Sacred Orange



I am sure that you already know that Matt loved oranges. He would take an orange and spend a couple of hours peeling it, making sure to remove every white spec before eating it. It was a religious experience for him. He used to talk to his oranges before eating them. The last orange he peeled was a day or two before he died. He spent hours peeling it. It was absolutely clean of any little white pieces. When he finished peeling it, he walked over to dad and handed it to him to eat and said, "I'm too tired to eat it."

It Just Came Out

Tonight, Matt and Diana were both fussing about their dinners. Matt was standing in the family room chewing one bite of his dinner for an extended period of time. I was trying to coax

him to swallow it so I could feed him the rest of his dinner. Suddenly, he spit it out on the carpet. I was so exasperated at him and asked, "What did you do that for?" He calmly answered, "I don't know. It just came out!" I couldn't even stay mad.



Two Big Slugs



As a ten year old Matt arrived at the dinner table to find a huge bean conglomeration for the evening meal. No pizza, no tacos, no spaghetti but just beans, beans, and more beans. It looks disgusting. Even mom admitted later that it looked very unappealing. She had used some very dark black beans and they had issues. There were lots of fresh mushrooms in it, too, which were not popular with Matt. He took one look at the soup and asked, "May I go out to the backyard and find the two biggest slugs I can find?". "I would prefer to eat them instead of these beans?" He thought he was pretty funny.



IHOP Baby!



One Saturday morning, dad and mom took Matt and Diana to the Pancake House for breakfast. Matt was a little over zealous and ordered a huge omelet served with 3 pancakes. He then proceeded to amaze everyone by eating every last bite. Twelve hours later it was 9:30 pm and Matt had not eaten a single thing the rest of the day. He declined when mom suggested he might want dinner!



Slurpees

Matt loved slurpees more than anybody I've ever known. At any given time he could tell you what flavors were where and which ones were the best. I went on many a midnight slurpee run with Matt and sometimes all the way across town depending on where the best flavors were. I remember once him calling me just to tell me that he had just had a peach slurpee that was awesome. We went later that night to get one together. If you remember Matt was kind of a "weird" eater, and I swear it was almost like a religious experience for him when he drank his slurpees, enjoying every sip to its fullest. LORI.



The Dreaded Mushroom

You also couldn't pay Matt to eat a mushroom!