

In the early days of the lockdown, panic-buying caused many items to become scarce, including staples like bread, butter, toilet paper, and soap. I was living with my disabled parents at the time and needed to be able to acquire these items somehow. I knew I could make bread already, and we had a small stockpile of toiletries thanks to my mother's survivalist tendencies, but other items were elusive. I decided to research old recipes and methods for creating other things, as I am sure millions of others. I learned through internet searches that I could use my stand mixer to make butter; all I needed was heavy cream and clean, cold water. I was somewhat skeptical at first, unsure of my capability to manage making butter this way. The first batch seemed to take ages; constantly checking what I had in the mixing bowl against what the website indicated, and when the fats finally separated from the buttermilk, I was elated. I had done it! I rinsed the butter carefully in ice water to prevent it from melting and set the buttermilk aside to make biscuits later. I added salt to my butter and stored it in a bowl. The taste of that success was the best thing I'd ever tasted. It couldn't compare to what I'd previously gotten from the grocery store. I believe it is like the difference between store-bought blackberries and the ones I'd plucked from the vine as a child. Without the effort used to obtain the item, the flavors were lacking. I cannot genuinely enjoy butter from the store now that I've made my own.