

# Darcy & Dawn's Impossible Adventures

EXCERPT FROM *The Missing Irish Uncle*

## Sean & the Iced Cream



“Back in the north of Ireland, there is a place frozen in time, we say.” Uncle Sean spread his arms wide in the direction of the mountains beyond. “The north side of the hills never see the sun and are covered with snow and ice until late June. So, I work with Jab & Jasper, the horses to bring back blocks of ice to keep the food in the brick lauder room, cool and fresh. We wrap the blocks in straw to protect them from the sun and the warmth of the day, we do.” Sean looked at the sky considering how much more of the story he should tell. Looking at the girls, he figured they might want to know a bit more.

“My father and his father before him, found this place and try to keep its location just to our own family. When the Lords from England came to our land, they were happy enough to have the cold and not ask any questions. So, they never know how much we bring down. That means I can play to my heart’s content with the combination of cream and cold making the best frozen treat in all of Ireland: iced cream. I proudly relay the story to you, family, as it is dear to my heart,” he said with his cap in his hand across his heart.

“Ah, but I want to share my treasures with my brother Thomas, I do, in the land across the sea.” Reaching deep inside the front pocket of his wool pants, he brought out a crumpled page yellowed with time. “This is where we be going, California,” he said. “A land of green all year long, no heavy winters to ruin the grass. With feed like that for the cows, I can make the best butter as well. And, when I find a source for the frozen waters, I can introduce the best iced cream to America.”

“In America, we call it ice cream,” said Dawn following Sean’s every word.

“Ah Lass, that may be true, but the meanin’ of the word is cream that is iced and that is how it is said in the Isle of green.”

“My father found that when he would be leaving smooth plates of granite rock in the ice, the plate would freeze and hold the icy cold. And that, Lassie, is what I use, and I be pouring the cream on top. It freezes quickly, and I can scrape it off and into a bucket that we bury in the snow. We repeat this over and over until we have what we need.”



“Can’t anyone do it?” asked Darcy. “Sounds pretty simple to me.”

“Do the same action they can, but my Father taught me the secret that the others don’t do,” he said with a wink and a nod. And with that he walked away.

Darcy ran after him, realizing she was missing something special. “Wait Sean, do you have any iced cream we can taste?”

Sean just smiled and continued down the hill.

“Really Sean, I am dying for some iced cream.”

“Sean, do you know the Bennett Family of Bennett’s Ice Cream? They told us they got their cream from you and your Kerry cows.” Dawn was right at Sean’s heels walking back to the hut.

“Aye, they do get their cream from me. And they find that the day that they get it is better than the first day the cow fills the bucket. They make a fine iced cream in their bright red & white shop. Sometimes they mix it with the other flavors of Ireland and they take care that every drop is of fresh ingredients.”

“Some iced cream makers don’t?” asked Dawn trying to keep up with her shorter legs.

“Some just want the look and the reward. They be adding chemicals that taste like cream to be saving on the money. But, Lass, there is nothing like the rich cream to be making the best iced cream.” Sean changed direction and followed around the base of a small hill and came to a door deep inside the fold of the next hill. Unlocking the door, he said, “I’ll be bringing some of my treat to the house, so you can taste the difference for yourselves. It is a small room where we have added the rocks to the walls and that keeps it cold, it does, in the shadow of the hills where no sun ever reaches.” With that, he bent low into the small room and was out in the blink of an eye. “We best be hurrying to my home before it melts.”

Sean with bucket in hand followed another path leading to the back of the hut. “Celia, me darling, Your Love is back with a frozen treat. Bring out the spoons and we’ll feast.”

Celia moved across the room from the butter churn and reaching up, wrapped her arms around Sean’s neck and gave him a big kiss, smiled into his eyes for a moment, then took the bucket from him and set it in the middle of the table.

“How can you not love a man the likes of him?” Celia pointed at Sean with a handful of spoons before setting them down on the table. Dig in, young ones,” she said to the girls.

Darcy and Dawn, each with a spoon, just looked at each other. “Shall I get the bowls?” Dawn asked.

“Ah, we are family you know and we not be having all the graces of so many bowls for company. So, we share the bucket before it melts into soup.” Sean chuckled at his small joke and reached in for another spoonful of the iced cream.

“It is a gift from heaven, he has,” said the proud wife. Taking a smaller scoop, she let the frozen treat melt in her mouth.

Darcy shrugged her shoulders looking at her sister and dug out a scoop with her own spoon. It was a rather big scoop and now painted Darcy’s lips with white with a golden swirl.

“You weren’t kidding. This is the best ever!” Darcy licked the extra cream off her lips and waited for her mouth to thaw from the frozen mouthful.

Dawn looked at the others who were enjoying the iced cream in the communal bucket, and with reservation, gathered a small amount on her spoon and held it in front of her face. Tasting a little sample off her spoon, she took the rest of it in one bite.

“Oh Sean, this is heavenly.” With that, all her hesitations of a simpler way of life left and she enjoyed every bite along with the others.

“See what the world would be missing should we not make it to America?” Celia said as she washed off her spoon and wiped her hands on her apron.

“We have got to get this man to America, actually California for the year-round grass, right?” Darcy said wiping her mouth with her sleeve. “This is the best stuff ever!”

Sean smiled and made a slight bow. “I am glad you like it as it is a love of mine to be creating such smiles.”

He thought for a minute finishing his last bite, “Do you be knowing if there are bees in California.”

Dawn and Darcy looked at each other and blinked, then looked back at Sean. “I know the family has stories of keeping bees in the back country of San Diego where Thomas settled. They called it an ‘apiary’ I think,” said Dawn trying to help Sean.

“It is a sweet nectar that makes something extraordinary. I am thinking to be raising my own with the clover on the hills or the orange blossoms that change the flavor of the honey. It begs the kiss of the angels, it does.” Sean reached up and kissed his fingertips and offered it up to the skies.

“So back to reality,” Darcy chuckled. “What do you have that you will need to take with you? We really need you to be packed and ready to leave at first light.”

“Just my Love and my Irish heart,” he said giving his wife a kiss on the cheek.