

Research Question:

How does the experience of cooking peanut soup with my Grandmother bring us together by creating feelings of connection, belonging, and love despite generational and geographic distance?

Action word: Connection

Sentiment: Love/Belonging

Central Metaphor: The kitchen becomes a bridge between Pasadena and Ghana.

Deeper Meaning:

This research question is meaningful to me because cooking peanut soup with my Grandmother is one of the few moments when our generational and geographic distance fades away, and I feel close to my Grandmother. Standing in the kitchen with my Grandmother and learning how to cook peanut soup creates deep connections that go beyond our locations. Even though my Grandmother lives in Ghana and I live in Pasadena, memories of making the soup together unite us.

5W/1H

Who: This story is about me and my grandmother. My grandmother lives in Ghana, while I live in Pasadena, California. Because we live so far apart, we do not get to spend everyday moments together often. When she visits, cooking becomes one of the most important ways we reconnect. This story is told from my perspective.

What: This story focuses on cooking Ghanaian peanut soup with my grandmother. Peanut soup is made with roasted peanuts, spices, broth, and vegetables, and it is a dish connected to Ghanaian family cooking. In my story, the soup becomes more than food; it becomes a way my grandmother teaches me, comforts me, and passes down family memory.

When: The main story takes place during my grandmother's visit from Ghana in July 2023. The artifacts also connect to different time periods: the Ghanaian pitcher connects to older Ghanaian pottery traditions, the Anansi stories connect to West African oral storytelling traditions, and the recipe card connects to the continuing tradition after my grandmother returns to Ghana.

Where: The story takes place in my family's kitchen in Pasadena, California. Although the physical space is in the United States, my grandmother's ingredients, stories, cooking style, and presence transform the kitchen into a space that feels connected to Ghana.

Why: I chose this story because cooking peanut soup with my grandmother is one of the few moments when the distance between us fades. Through cooking, I feel close to her even though we live on different continents. I wanted to understand how food can create emotional connection, belonging, and love across generational and geographic distance.

How: The connection forms through shared action. My grandmother invites me into the kitchen, teaches me how to crush peanuts, corrects my mistakes gently, tells stories, and eventually leaves behind a recipe I can use on my own. Through repetition, sensory cues, oral history, and trust, the soup becomes a way of carrying her presence with me.

The Story

The Recipe that Crossed an Ocean: Cooking Towards Connection, Belonging, and Love

Section 1: When Grandma Arrives

Whenever my grandmother visits from Ghana, the house changes before she even steps inside. Her visits are rare, once every few years, yet the moment she arrives, everything feels familiar again. She walks through the doorway with her suitcase in one hand and a bag of roasted peanuts wrapped tightly in cloth in the other, as if she never stopped carrying her kitchen with her.

The first night, she insists on resting and catching up on my life and hearing about all of the small events that she has missed. But by morning, my grandmother moves towards the kitchen like it's an instinct. "Today, we are cooking," she announces, tying one of my mom's aprons behind her back. I find myself drifting toward her, not because she asks, but because her presence draws me in.¹ Before touching the ingredients, she turns on [Ghanaian highlife music](#), and bright guitar rhythms begin to fill the kitchen. The music makes the room feel warmer, as if the cooking has already started before the pot is even on the stove.

Bustling around the kitchen, my grandmother unpacks the ingredients she brought: peanuts from the Ghanaian market, dried red pepper, and a small jar of spices whose labels wore off long ago.² Beside the stove, the [Ghanaian clay pitcher](#) sits quietly on the counter, its painted

¹ Reward Value 1: [My grandmother's commanding presence](#) makes me want to cook with her. Since I haven't seen her in so long, I am eager to connect with my grandmother and learn how to cook peanut soup with her. A reward value is the measure of the motivation to do or interact with someone with something.

² The roasted peanuts and spices my grandmother brings act as subconscious environmental triggers in my story. Before my grandmother and I can speak they already make my house feel like Ghana connecting us together over shared culture (the shared set of beliefs, values, customs, behaviors, and artifacts that characterize a group or society.) Additionally, the nonsocial signals (sensory input and environmental stimuli that do not involve social interaction) of the spices and peanuts reveal how food can create belonging and unity, allowing love to be felt through smell and taste.

fruit and wide rim catching the kitchen light. My grandmother fills it with cool water before we begin, and its presence makes the kitchen feel less like Pasadena and more like a small piece of Ghana. The kitchen fills slowly with the scent of roasting peanuts warming in the pan, as I stand to the side, carefully watching my Grandmother's every move. It's a smell that doesn't belong in my everyday life, but when my grandmother is here, it becomes the center of the house.

I hover near the counter at first, watching her move with the calm purpose of someone who knows exactly what the dish should feel like before it's even begun. She nods toward the cutting board. "Come," she says gently, "Soup tastes better when we make it together."³

And just like that, the distance between continents shrinks to the size of our kitchen.

Section 2: The Craft My Grandmother Carries

Cooking peanut soup with my grandmother doesn't feel disorganized. It feels like settling into a rhythm, one that belongs only to the two of us. In the background, the highlife music keeps time with us, its steady beat matching the sounds of crushing peanuts, stirring broth, and my grandmother's calm instructions.

My grandmother taught me to crush the roasted peanuts by hand first, using a stone mortar. The sound of soft, steady thuds fills the kitchen as she corrects my grip, "Not too hard," she'd say. "You want them to soften, not disappear." I would nod, even when I wasn't sure of what that meant.

There were moments of silence between her instructions, but they never felt empty. They felt like they were a part of the lesson. Sometimes she fills the silence with Anansi stories, telling me about the clever spider who outsmarts stronger animals through wit and patience. As she speaks, the story and the cooking blend together, teaching me that Ghanaian culture is carried not only through recipes, but through voice, memory, and moral lessons. The stew simmered loudly, bubbling as if offering encouragement. My grandmother leaned over the pot, letting the steam waft upward, filling the room with a warm, nutty aroma. She tastes a spoonful of the peanut soup with the same ceremony every time, eyes closed, inhale, swallow, nod. The first time I tried to stir the peanut paste into the broth, the mixture clumped instantly, the peanuts quickly beginning to caramelize on the sides of the pot. I panicked, wanting to fix it before she noticed, but my grandmother touched my arm gently. "It's okay," she said, gently scraping the burned peanuts off

³ The moment my grandmother invites me to cook with her is a powerful social signal that transforms cooking from a solitary task to a shared experience, increasing the reward value of this experience. Her invitation reinforces my desire to be close to her, as her invitation communicates acceptance, belonging, and trust. This connects to my research question because through this invitation connections begin to form and love is communicated through our actions and words. By inviting me to join her, my grandmother builds our relationship through cooking food together.

the sides of the pot.⁴ She slowly folded the paste into the broth, showing me how the thick mixture relaxed when you moved with it rather than against it.⁵

This became our routine. I made small mistakes, and my grandmother patiently corrected them, teaching me new ways of doing things. The soup slowly thickened in its own time, the aroma depended, and the rhythm grew familiar: slice, stir, taste, wait. Cooking became something quiet and grounding, a conversation without many words.⁶

I can still picture my grandmother tilting her head while tasting the soup, never commenting on the taste, just adjusting the salt or adding one more spoonful of crushed peanuts, trusting the recipe she carried in her memory.

Section 3: A Recipe that Recreates Memory

When the soup is finally ready, the kitchen falls into a peaceful hush. The vibrant scent fills every corner of the house, settling into the curtains, floorboards, and even the sleeves of my sweatshirt. We ladle the soup into bowls and sit at the table, just the two of us, letting the steam rise between us.

The first spoonful is always my grandmother's. She tastes it with her eyes closed, considering quietly, before giving a slight approving nod. Only then do I take my own spoonful.⁷

⁴ When my grandmother reassures me after making a mistake, this moment most likely releases oxytocin in my brain. Oxytocin is a hormone closely linked with trust, bonding and emotional closeness. My grandmother's physical touch paired with verbal reassurances signals safety to my brain, calming my stress response and strengthening attachment. Instead of feeling shame for my mistake, I felt supported and loved. This release of oxytocin connects to my research question because food connects my grandmother and I, not just through taste, but through moments of trust and human connection that stem from a single touch.

⁵ When my grandmother corrects my stirring, the moment already becomes a learning experience created not through pressure or stress, but through warmth and patience. Being in an enriched environment, a recreation of Ghana through non-social signals including the vase and recipe card, and surrounded by traditional foods and my grandmother's detailed teaching, enables me to learn more quickly. Consequently, my brain stores these moments as a positive, repeatable memory. Over time, this gentle correction strengthens my procedural memory, making the rhythm of cooking feel natural. This experience of learning and memory connects to my research question because it demonstrates how connections and belonging can be forged through learning experiences. Each shared moment becomes a lasting positive and loving memory that unifies us.

⁶ Reward Value 2: My grandmother's approval of my cooking and her unconditional support unite us.

⁷ When I wait for my grandmother to taste the soup before I do, the movement reflects more than politeness, it reflects traditional values encoded through the role of culture in my life. In Ghanaian culture, elders taste food as a sign of honor, wisdom, and respect. This act becomes biological through memory and reinforcement, as following cultural norms becomes instinctive. In the context of my research question, the biological role of culture demonstrates how cultural

The warmth spread through me instantly, comforting, familiar, and slightly spicy. The peanut soup tastes like my grandmother's familiar Ghanaian cooking, and it feels like home.

Later, after we clean the kitchen together, my grandmother folds the apron and places it on the counter. "Next time," she says, "you will try making this yourself." My grandmother says it calmly, as though she's talking about something simple and expected. But I know my grandmother means more than the soup; I know she means that every visit ends with something she hopes I'll carry forward. Before she leaves, she writes the recipe on a handmade card, her instructions uneven but careful, shaped by memory more than measurement. The card becomes more than a list of ingredients; it is a physical reminder that her knowledge can stay with me even when she returns to Ghana.

A few days later, my grandmother picked up her suitcase again. The house feels different after she leaves, not empty but quieter. The peanut she bought remains in a small jar on the shelf, and the apron she wore hangs by the oven. The scent of the soup lingers faintly, as if the house itself is reluctant to let go.

One afternoon, long after my grandmother had left for Ghana, I found myself making peanut soup again. I place her handmade recipe card beside the pot, its familiar handwriting guiding me the way her voice once did. My first attempt isn't perfect; the broth reduces too quickly, and the spices aren't balanced, but as I stir, I remember the way my grandmother guided my hands, the way she moved, and made the kitchen feel alive.

And suddenly, it's not just me in the room. It's the memory of my grandmother humming, the warmth of her patience, and the rhythms she taught me without ever writing anything down. What my grandmother leaves behind isn't just the recipe, it's the connection. The kitchen becomes a bridge between Pasadena and Ghana, between her world and mine. And each time I cook the soup again, that bridge grows a little stronger, one bowl at a time.⁸ The pitcher, the Anansi stories, and the recipe card remain as pieces of that bridge: one holding water, one holding memory, and one holding the steps of a tradition I am learning to carry forward.

norms carry love and respect across generations, as my respect for my elders by eating after them becomes engrained in me through my experiences with food.

⁸ Reward Value 3: Cooking the soup alone brings back positive memories of my grandmother cooking with me.

Story Artifacts

Artifact 1: Ghanaian Pitcher

Type: Visual/Material Artifact

Time & Place: Displayed in my daily kitchen in Pasadena, California; originally brought from Ghana by my grandmother years earlier, July 2023

Story Connection: Beginning



At the beginning of my story, before the peanuts road and before the soup simmers, there is a Ghanaian clay water pitcher sitting near the stove. The pitcher is an integral part of the cooking process and always present when my Grandmother cooks. We carefully fill it with cool water, using it to fill the pot we simmer the peanuts in, and pour ourselves cool glasses of water as we simmer the peanut soup.

The pitcher has a rounded base that narrows into a tall neck and opens into a wide, flared rim, with a curved handle extending from the side. Its glossy surface is painted in warm earth tones, featuring detailed fruit and leaf designs in shades of orange, gold, and green against a cream-colored background. The upper rim is painted a deep black with gold accents. The smooth glazed ceramic reflects the kitchen light, making the colors appear vibrant and alive. Sitting quietly on the countertop, the pitcher visually anchors

the space, connecting my Pasadena kitchen to the artistic and cultural traditions my grandmother brings with her from Ghana.

The pitcher represents continuity across geography. It was originally purchased in Ghana and transported across the Atlantic, just as my grandmother travels between Ghana and Pasadena. Its presence transforms my American kitchens into a diasporic cultural space. When my grandmother begins cooking peanut soup, the pitcher becomes part of the sensory field, a visual cue that signals cultural familiarity and safety.

Primary Source:

The Ghanaian pitcher in my kitchen reflects a long tradition of pottery in Ghana that dates back thousands of years. Archaeological evidence shows the pottery production in the region began as early as the Neolithic period (around 3000-2000 BCE), when early farming communities used clay vessels to store water, prepare food, and preserve agricultural products (Adjei, M. *History of pottery in some communities in Ghana* (MPhil thesis, Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology)). Anthropological research on indigenous Ghanaian pottery also explains that pottery remained an essential household craft through the pre-colonial and colonial periods, particularly among Akan communities, where women traditionally shaped clay vessels by hand and fired them in open kilns (Asante & Afful, *Indigenous Ghanaian Pottery and Cultural Heritage*). These vessels were commonly used for carrying water, cooking stews, and serving communal meals, making them central to everyday life. Ghanaian pottery, including pitchers, also held religious significance as they were commonly dedicated to the gods and were used in religious ceremonies. The pitcher in my story reflects this long historical tradition of clay vessels that supported cooking and family life in Ghanaian households for generations.

The pitcher's structure can also connect to traditional Ghanaian religious beliefs, especially in Akan communities where pottery was sometimes used in rituals honoring deities and ancestors. Its clay material comes from the earth, which connects it to Asase Yaa, the Akan earth goddess associated with fertility, nourishment, and the land. Its hollow body can be seen as a container of life-sustaining elements like water and food, while its open rim allows these elements to be poured out in acts of sharing, cleansing, or offering. In this way, the pitcher is not only a household object, but also reflects a belief that everyday materials can connect people to gods, ancestors, and the spiritual power of the earth.

Sources:

- [History of Pottery | afrilanguagegh](#)

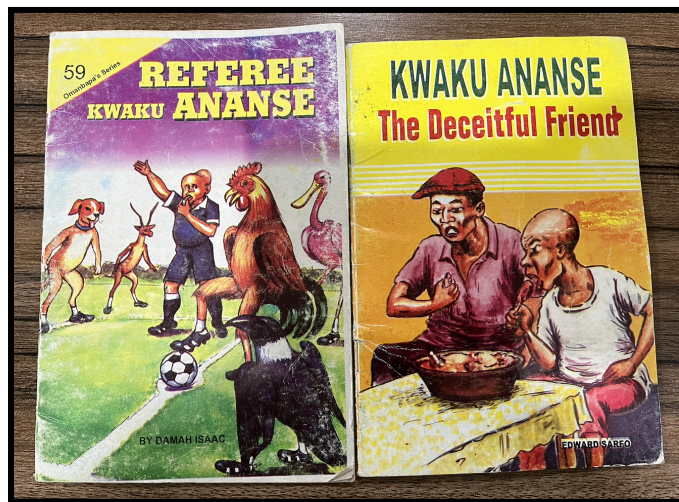
- [The Nature of Indigenous Ghanaian Pottery and Its Moral and Religious Scope | Rudolf | Arts and Design Studies](#)

Artifact 2: Story Telling and Oral history of Anansi stories and memories of making this soup for my Dad and his siblings

Type: Audio/ Oral Artifact

Time & Place: Evening conversations while cooking peanut soup in Pasadena, July 2023

Story Connection: Middle



In the middle of my story, as the soup simmers and the peanut paste thickens, my grandmother tells Anansi stories and shares childhood memories of cooking peanut soup for my father and his siblings in Ghana. This oral storytelling is an artifact because it preserves history without being written down; it is transmitted through my grandmother's voice, tone, and memory. My grandmother often tells them while stirring the soup, her hands moving instinctively as she speaks. As we sit at our kitchen table, carefully monitoring the simmering soup and adding in spices, she entertains me by retelling my favorite Anansi stories from the books she always brings from Ghana in her suitcase and reminisces about cooking the soup with my father. The Anansi stories include clever twists and moral lessons about resilience and wit, while her personal memories describe her life in Ghana. These oral histories are a living archive of family and cultural history.

Anansi stories are a foundational element of Ghanaian oral tradition. They teach resilience, cleverness, and communal values. When my grandmother tells these stories of a tracker spider named Anansi on his adventures, she layers cultural inheritance onto the act of cooking. She also recounts making this same soup decades earlier for my father as a child. In that moment, time folds, as the kitchen holds three generations at once.

Primary Source:

The Ananasi stories my grandmother tells while we cook peanut soup come from a long West African oral storytelling tradition that originated among the Akan people of southern Ghana between the 16th and 19th centuries, when storytelling was one of the primary ways communities preserved cultural knowledge.

Research in *Legacies that Survive: Anansi Stories and African Oral Tradition* by G.Sarita explains that these stories were traditionally told by elders during evening gatherings in family compounds, where children learned social values through the clever trickster spider Anansi. These stories often portray Anansi outsmarting stronger animals such as the tiger or snake, illustrating lessons about intelligence, responsibility, and community behavior (*Legacies that Survive*, 2023). Because these stories were transmitted orally rather than being written down, they allowed cultural traditions and historical knowledge to be preserved across generations during the pre-colonial and early colonial period in West Africa. When my grandmother tells Anansi stories and memories of cooking peanut soup for my father and his siblings while we stir the soup together, she continues the centuries-old Akan storytelling traditions of passing cultural knowledge and family history through spoken narrative.

Anansi stories have helped preserve and spread Ghanaian culture because they carry Akan values through memorable characters and lessons. Since these stories were passed down orally from elders to children, they allowed ideas about cleverness, responsibility, resilience, and community behavior to survive across generations. Even when families move away from Ghana, retelling Anansi stories keeps the culture alive by turning everyday moments, like cooking peanut soup, into opportunities to teach history, language, humor, and moral values.

Source:

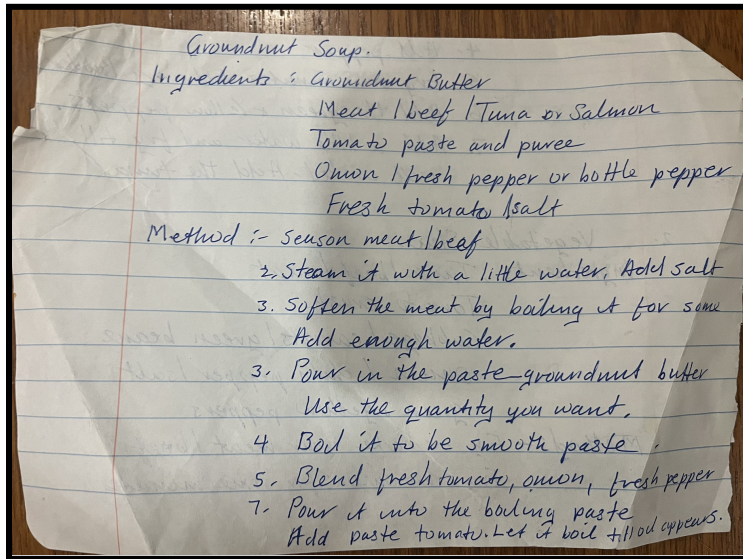
- [Legacies that Survive Across Time and Space: A Critical Reading of The “Trickster” Character Anansi from West African Folklore Sarita G](#)

Artifact 3: Recipe Card

Type: Text Artifact

Time & Place: Written by my grandmother and left for me in Pasadena before she returned to Ghana, July 2023

Story Connection: End



At the end of my story, after my grandmother returns to Ghana, she leaves behind a handwritten recipe card for peanut soup. The ink is slightly faded in some places, and the handwriting curves gently, mixing precise measurements with small notes in the margins, such as “stir gently” and “taste before adding salt.” Some lines are written smaller where my grandmother tried to fit in extra reminders, and faint smudges of tomato paste or oil suggest its use. The card lists roasted peanuts, tomato base, spiced, and step-by -step guidance, but it does not capture the full rhythm of cooking.

This artifact marks a transformation, the movement from shared experience to independent continuation. While the soup was once taught through demonstration and oral correction, the recipe card allows the tradition to persist beyond my grandmother’s physical presence.

When I cook alone for the first time, I rely on the recipe card. Clutching it in my hand, I carefully review the list of ingredients and steps for cooking the peanut soup. I dice, stir, and simmer, checking the recipe card twice before adding each ingredient to make sure I follow my grandmother’s instructions correctly.

The small handwritten notes guide my movements in the kitchen, reminding me when to crush the peanuts, when to stir slowly, and when to taste the broth. Even though my grandmother is not standing beside me, the recipe directs my actions the same way she once did, helping me recreate the rhythm of cooking we shared together.

Primary Source:

The handwritten recipe card my grandmother leaves behind reflects a long historical tradition of recording and sharing recipes through written manuscripts. Historians note that manuscript cookbooks, and handwritten recipe collections were commonly used in households from the early modern period (1600-1900) to preserve cooking knowledge and domestic practices. These handwritten recipe books often contained personal notes, cooking instructions and remedies that were passed down through families and social networks over generations. Scholars studying these manuscripts explain that recipes were frequently gifted and passed among households, showing how culinary knowledge circulated through everyday social relationships rather than formal publications. For example, historian Elaine Leong describes a seventeenth-century notebook belonging to the Fairfax family in England that was continually expanded as different family members added new recipes and remedies over time, turning the manuscript into a shared archive of household knowledge. (*Leong, Collecting Knowledge for the Family*) When my grandmother writes down the recipe for peanut soup, she continues that historical practice of preserving cooking knowledge through handwritten instructions that allow family traditions to survive beyond a single moment of cooking together.

Source:

- [Collecting Knowledge for the Family: Recipes, Gender and Practical Knowledge in the Early Modern English Household - PMC](#)

Reflection Related to Experiential Reports

The four experiential reports that I completed over the course of the semester helped me form connections with others and better understand the ways in which food can create belonging, memory, and care across cultures. Each report gave me a new perspective that deepened my understanding of my own research question and helped me tell my story about cooking peanut soup with my grandmother with more depth.

Report 1: Armenian American

In my Armenian American experiential report, I was able to imagine the ways in which comfort foods can carry family care across generations. While making panrkhash, I learned that the dish is often considered a grandmother-style comfort food and a food deeply connected to home and family. This reminded me of the way peanut soup functions in my own family. Like panrkhash, peanut soup is not just a dish to eat, but something that carries memory, tradition, and affection. I also made a connection to the idea of food being especially meaningful in the home rather than something that is easily bought or consumed casually. This helped me better understand why cooking peanut soup with my grandmother feels intimate and emotionally significant.

Report 2: Asian American

In my Asian American experiential report, I visited Saladang Garden and observed how food could create a welcoming and communal social environment. The shared platters, the long tables, and the conversations between family members reminded me of the way food can bring people together and make a space feel warm and inclusive. This connected to my own story because when my grandmother cooks peanut soup, my kitchen becomes more than just a place where food is prepared. It becomes a shared cultural space where belonging is created. The communal atmosphere of Saladang Garden helped me think more deeply about how food environments, whether in a restaurant or at home, can shape emotional connection and make people feel included.

Report 3: African American

In my African American experiential report, I was able to see the connection between food, history, and cultural continuity through making grits. Learning about the West African roots of grits and then preparing and sharing the dish with my younger brother reminded me that simple foods can hold much larger historical meanings. This made me reflect on my own story because peanut soup also connects everyday cooking to a deeper cultural history. Just as grits reflect continuity between African foodways and African American traditions, peanut soup connects me to Ghanaian traditions that have been passed down across generations. This report helped me better see my family's cooking not only as personal, but also as part of a broader cultural history.

Report 4: Latin American

Finally, in my Latin American experiential report, I was able to cook rajas con queso and reflect on how learning new techniques can strengthen family connections. Roasting and peeling the poblano peppers required patience, attention, and trust in the cooking process. This reminded me of the patience my grandmother showed while teaching me to make peanut soup. I formed a strong connection between that report and my story because both experiences involved learning through guidance, making mistakes, and being gently corrected. Just as preparing rajas con queso

helped me appreciate the relationship between cooking and shared experience, my peanut soup story shows how love and belonging can be built through instruction, repetition, and time spent together in the kitchen.

Reflection after writing story

Before starting this project, I appreciated cooking peanut soup with my grandmother because it felt special and rare. I know I loved those moments, but I hadn't thought about their significance and how they shaped my connection with my grandmother. Writing this story showed me that the significance of our time cooking together in the kitchen was more than an emotional memory, but is a form of communication, learning, and cultural inheritance that draws us closer together. As I reflected, I began to see how my interest in cooking first formed through my grandmother's presence, as I noticed the way she moved confidently in the kitchen, the fragrant aromas of roasted peanuts, and the quiet authority she carried. Over time, this initial pull grew into something deeper. My grandmother's gentle corrections and unwavering love, and patience made me feel free to make mistakes. What I once understood as simple cooking was actually the building of connection, belonging, and love between us as we were unified over our shared love of cooking.

Now, when I cook peanut soup by myself, I feel my grandmother's presence. Cooking alone is proof of my grandmother's persistence in passing on her skills and culture to me. Overall, this project changed how I viewed human interaction, as I now see how the shared act of cooking peanut soups with my grandmother united us despite generational and geographic distance. Cooking the peanut soup together created connection, belonging, and love between us, uniting us as a family.

Reflection informed by artifacts and neuroscience

Through researching and writing this story, I have been able to see the significance of peanut soup not only in my family but also in my culture as a whole. Researching Ghanaian pottery, Anansi storytelling, and handwritten recipe traditions helped me understand that the objects and practices in my story are part of a larger history of preserving cultural knowledge. The pitcher, the stories, and the recipe card all show different ways that memory can be carried across time. This helped me form a stronger connection to the history of my culture and a deeper understanding of why cooking with my grandmother feels so meaningful.

The neuroscience connections also helped me understand why cooking peanut soup with my grandmother creates such a strong feeling of love and belonging. One neuroscience element is reward value. In my story, the smell of roasted peanuts, the warmth of the steam, the sound of stirring, and my grandmother's calm voice all act as environmental signals that make me want to move closer to her and continue interacting with her. These sensory and social cues create reward value because they make the kitchen feel safe, familiar, and loving. A second neuroscience

element is **oxytocin**. When my grandmother gently touches my arm after I make a mistake, her touch and reassurance communicate trust instead of criticism. This likely helps calm my stress and makes me remember the moment not as embarrassing, but as a moment of closeness. Together, reward value and oxytocin organically deepen the sentiment of my story because they explain how food, touch, and repeated cooking actions help my brain connect peanut soup with safety, connection, belonging, and love.

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KR: excellent, thoughtful, and deeply reflective work! I learned much from it

This paper explores how cooking Ghanaian peanut soup with the author's grandmother bridges the generational and geographic distance between them, creating feelings of connection, belonging, and love. The grandmother, who lives in Ghana, visits the author in Pasadena, California, transforming the family kitchen into a shared cultural space through her presence, ingredients, and the playing of Ghanaian music. The cooking process is framed as a rhythm of shared action where the grandmother patiently teaches the author, using a stone mortar to crush peanuts, gently correcting mistakes. While the soup simmers, the grandmother transmits cultural inheritance through oral history by telling Anansi stories and sharing memories of cooking the same soup for the author's father, blending the lesson of the recipe with moral lessons and family history.

The significance of the experience persists even after the grandmother returns to Ghana, leaving behind a handmade recipe card. This card, along with the Ghanaian clay pitcher and the Anansi stories, functions as a tangible artifact that preserves memory and allows the tradition to continue independently, reflecting a long history of cultural knowledge transfer. The author's reflection shows that the shared act of cooking is a powerful form of communication and cultural inheritance, grounded in neuroscience elements: sensory and social cues like the smell of peanuts and the grandmother's calm voice create reward value, and her gentle touch releases oxytocin, linking the soup-making process with safety, belonging, and love. Ultimately, cooking the peanut soup alone is proof of the tradition's continuation, with the kitchen permanently transformed into a "bridge between Pasadena and Ghana".