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Area firm key in holding migrants

Woodlands-based owner of detention site in South Texas could collect millions in profits

By Eric Dexheimer and Neena Satija
STAFF WRITERS

A Houston-area company has quietly become a central player in the Trump administration's aggressive effort to round up migrant families and children —

many of them longtime residents of their communities — and detain them for weeks or months in the Lone Star State, often hundreds of miles from their homes.

As owner of the sprawling secure facility about an hour south of San Antonio known as the

"I've seen the food — it is highly processed, heavily sauced and generally unappealing to young children."

Leecia Welch, Children's Rights attorney who has visited the Dilley Immigration Processing Center numerous times

Dilley Immigration Processing Center, Target Hospitality last year signed a contract to collect a quarter-billion dollars over the next five years to house and feed families the government alleges are in the country illegally.

It was welcome financial news for the company, headquartered in an office park in The Woodlands. Less than two years ago, Target was forced to lay off nearly 100 workers when

the Biden administration closed the Dilley facility, then known as the South Texas Family Residential Center.

But when President Donald Trump revived it months later, the company saw an opening. "I'll tell you we've never, in my 30-year career, had this many real opportunities in front of us," Target's CEO, Brad Archer, said in a fourth-quarter 2024 earnings call. **Migrants continues on A10**

HOUSTON LIVESTOCK SHOW AND RODEO



Jason Fochtman/Houston Chronicle

Jacqueline Herrera toasts the team after turning in their final entry on Feb. 28 at the World's Championship Bar-B-Que Contest.

Morality of ICE actions under debate

Christians on both sides say Bible backs them on deportation

By Haajrah Gilani
STAFF WRITER

As federal immigration officers ramped up their presence in Minneapolis in January, the Rev. Chris Seay of Ecclesia Houston considered flying north to support immigrant communities who had been swept up in the operation.

Then a phone call changed his plans — one of those community members needed him in Houston.

A fellow pastor asked for help locating a 23-year-old from Minnesota, who, despite entering the U.S. legally, was picked up by immigration agents and transferred to Houston. The man, Ibrahim Abakar, was expected to be released without a charged phone, money or fresh clothes.

Seay took an Uber ride to the detention facility, and the pastor brought Abakar back to his home. They ate, exchanged stories and waited until church members flew down to drive the Minnesota man back home.

"I know what the Scriptures have told me to do, and that is to care for an immigrant as though they're a member of our own family," Seay said. "So that's what we'll try to keep doing."

Seay says his Christian faith compels him to help immigrants caught up in federal enforcement operations. But influential figures in President Donald Trump's orbit, like House Speaker Mike Johnson and Defense Secretary Pete Hegseth, argue that stricter immigration policies align with biblical values.

While some on the Christian right see their beliefs reflected in **Christians continues on A11**

When the smoke clears

A cook-off team bounces back in a year of change

By Aviva Bechky
STAFF WRITER

Jacqueline Herrera needed a break. But she also needed to hire a band. She needed to order merch. She needed to finalize a bartender team, to talk with sponsors, to coordinate the team schedule, to set up planning meetings, to figure out food orders.

She needed, in short, to get into the fight to compete in the World's Championship Bar-B-Que Contest from Feb. 26-28. And that didn't just mean making a pristine plate for a panel of judges. She also had to construct a **Barbecue continues on A8**

Auction records set as champion steer sells for \$1.5M, reserve winner goes for \$750K



Raquel Natalicchio/Houston Chronicle

Mason Grady presents his grand champion junior market steer, Zinger, at the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo on Saturday.

By Amber Elliott
STAFF WRITER

Zinger didn't just win big. He made history.

The grand champion junior market steer sold for a staggering \$1.5 million on Saturday at the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo, smashing the auction's old record.

Trinity River Land & Cattle Co. made the winning bid. Zinger, an Other Cross II steer exhibited by Mason Grady of Grandview, was named grand champion at the rodeo on Friday evening.

"We've been here for nearly 30 years," Trinity's Tyler Kolek told **Auction continues on A6**





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BARBECUE

From page A1

mini popup restaurant — complete with bar, stage and kitchen — in a tent, in a parking lot.

But at that point in early January, Jacqueline couldn't focus.

For the last eight years, she'd thrown herself into running Brett's BBQ Shop in Katy with her friend and business partner, Brett Jackson. But foot traffic declined. The lease felt untenable. On Dec. 28, Jacqueline and Brett closed the doors.

Jacqueline grieved. She left a friend's party when people asked how she was doing. She made an impromptu stop at a tattoo parlor and left with script inked on her arm, spelling out, "Everything happens for a reason."

And as she stared down her to-do list, she got a call from a friend.

Get your ass in gear, Andrew Mulder said on the other end of the line.

For Andrew, running a team at the barbecue cook-off is a family tradition, one he's shouldered since 2016. This year, Jacqueline would bear some of that weight.

This thing is in a month and a half, Andrew continued, *and we've got a lot to get done. Let's go.*

Cook-off is a massive undertaking that kicks off the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo. It's a dead-serious, invitation-only, highly regulated cooking competition among 250-plus teams. It's also one of Houston's biggest, booziest parties. And it's among the most exclusive. Each year, 50-odd new teams sign up to join, and typically no more than one gets off the waitlist and into the makeshift tent city in the shadow of NRG Stadium. Each group feeds and entertains hundreds of guests, while simultaneously smoking flavor-drenched bites of meat for judges to score. Margins for winners come down to the decimal point.

But after three days, when the smoke clears and the tents collapse, the immense pride of the competitors remains — no matter who takes home a banner. It's not really about winning, at least not how Andrew's family talks about it. Since 1989, the cook-off has been home to their childhood memories, their high school parties, their traditions.

This year, however, Andrew planned a shake-up. With Jacqueline as co-organizer, they'd rechristened the family's team. It had gone by Majors for more than a generation, but in February, the sign on the tent would change.

It would read Brett's BBQ Shop.

29 days to cook-off

Jacqueline and Andrew walked into an office bedecked with taxidermied birds and deer heads. It was just after 4 p.m. That afternoon, they'd already called the meat supplier and tweaked a custom cup design. And now, they were ready to talk with Turtlebox's leadership to confirm details of a sponsorship with the speaker company.

Jacqueline was "off to the freaking races." She was "back online." Take your pick of her idioms. Either way, Andrew's call to action worked.

The cook-off — an event that hosts more than 200,000 guests — demands that drive. Every tent needs at least one Jacqueline. The cooks handle the meat, and she and Andrew handle everything else. Just to run one relatively small tent, Jacqueline and Andrew would bring in \$72,000, plus in-kind donations like speakers, vodka and tent setup.

But the cook-off wasn't born a behemoth when it launched in 1974. And it wasn't nearly so complicated when a man named Larry Martin joined in 1989.

A firecracker of a restaurant owner, Larry smoked



Keith Brenton, the Brett's BBQ Shop team's volunteer contest supervisor, hugs Brett Jackson with the team's 2026 finalist banner draped around his shoulders after the team's chicken entry was named a finalist on Feb. 28 during the World's Championship Bar-B-Que Contest.

ribs and beef for customers at Cafe del Rio and Majors Catering, and for competitions. In 1988, he finished first at the Harris County barbecue cook-off. It earned him a place at the rodeo competition for the following year.

He took the spot and never left.

As children, his daughters, now Lindsay Mulder and Lauren Pillen, spent each rodeo season roaming the grounds, past a colorful carnival and into the hazy, overheated air of cook-off. They slept in a trailer by the Majors tent. When their father needed to focus, he gave them money for rides.

To this day, the smell of smoke reminds Lindsay and Lauren of their father.

Lindsay brought her high school boyfriend to the event around 2005, and he stuck around, too. Five years later, they married.

And one cold night at the 2015 cook-off, smoking briskets at 3 a.m., her husband turned to Larry.

Look, Larry, when you're ready to be done with this, Andrew said. *I'll take it over.*

Larry threw up his hands and declared, with comical relief, *I'm out.*

Andrew took over the next year. Then a neighbor helped recruit a whole new team of people — including Brett, a laid-back culinary school graduate who learned the trade from the legendary Louie Mueller Barbecue.

In 2018, Brett helped cook the brisket that secured Majors a finalist banner, its last one to date.

That year, he also opened Brett's BBQ Shop. He'd met Jacqueline at a Katy horse show, and ended up working at the same events and catering business as her. The duo became friends with a yin-and-yang dynamic: one intense, one calm. Jacqueline said she'd help Brett get the restaurant up and going.

She meant to leave after a few months. Instead, she stayed for eight years.

Together, they landed on the Texas Monthly's Top 50. They established themselves as a Katy barbecue destination. And they built up a wealth of regulars — among them both Andrew and the Turtlebox president.

So as Jacqueline sat on a couch in Turtlebox's office, CEO Russell Laeding launched into a tale about one of the many times he went to Brett's. Jacqueline pulled out her sparkly silver phone.

"Wait, can I video this?" she said. "You gotta start over then. Hold on."

Russell obliged: He got to Brett's. He saw a line of people in Chicago sports gear. "I'm like, why did all the Chicago people come?" he said. "Well, that summer,



A couple of racks of ribs are tagged to ensure teams cook only two of each meat for the competition.

"I have literally been the happiest and the saddest I've ever been in my life in the past three months."

Jacqueline Herrera

Brett, every week, had done a sandwich from —

"Oh my god, that was our first summer of sandwiches."

"Brett was doing the Chicago Italian meat sandwich," Russell agreed. "And everybody from Chicago in Houston was like, 'I gotta go.'"

Jacqueline grinned. "Here's the thing, though, that's what barbecue does," she said. "Barbecue brings people together that you would never find together any other time."

Andrew had already left, but Jacqueline stuck around. She toured the Turtlebox office. She learned that an NFL player who once sponsored the Majors tent was, in fact, a well-known Hall of Famer.

And once the conversation returned her to the parking lot, she clambered back into her black Jaguar to drive home.

The license plate read: "KATY BBQ."

8 days to cook-off

Wearing polka dots and big hoop earrings, the only woman among a group of mostly middle-age men in a low-lit Katy brewery, Jacqueline got right to the point.

"Welcome to Brett's BBQ," she announced over murmurs and laughter. She rattled off the schedule: Tent set-up next Wednesday. Food service starting Thursday night. Competition turn-ins Friday and Saturday.

Then Jacqueline paused. Brett kept chattering.

"Brett," she asked, "how do you know what's going on if you're talking?"

Jacqueline had an agenda for the cook-off team's first meeting of the year. The dozen or so men in attendance, however, had their own. Together, they felt like a high school coach and a team of rowdy boys, more interested in taking potshots than learning the game plan. They even call each other nicknames: Andrew Bell is "Taco," a name he earned for a memorably shaped hat he wore 16 years ago.

A little under a decade ago, though, Jacqueline had been more like the team rookie. Born in Boston, she'd worked first in restaurants and then in D.C. event planning. She didn't move to Texas until 2016.

When Brett brought her to cook-off soon after, she stared wide-eyed at the "debauchery" of it all. She met

Andrew briefly. Then he began popping up at Brett's, a casual hangout where regulars could wander behind the bar to pour their own drinks. (Jacqueline said all were state-certified, so technically, no rules were broken.) Over meat-loaded potatoes, Andrew got to know her.

So Andrew was ready to listen when Jacqueline made suggestions to refine the cook-off tent a few years ago: Hide the beer. Get tablecloths. Let me help. He'd witnessed her run a restaurant, so he knew she could pull off a tent, too.

At the Katy bar, Andrew watched from a table while Jacqueline corralled the team. They each had designated positions. Next week, Brett, as head cook, would prepare the competition meat — chicken, pork ribs and brisket — with Taco and Michael Briseno. Jacqueline would make pork belly buns for the "open" category, where most teams serve up surf and turf. And everyone would help smoke and serve the meat to hundreds of guests.

Everyone, that is, except Brett's childhood friend Fred Buttaccio, a former vegetarian. He interjected, riffing profanely about his role in handling the pickles, his teammates' wheezing laughter bouncing off the room's corrugated metal walls.

Jacqueline rolled with it and rolled on, telegraphing frustration one moment and delight the next. She knew she needed to be a taskmaster, but she also loved this team. She wanted to make sure their work would be worth it.

1 day to cook-off

"We got a big problem," Jacqueline said.

She'd just begun slashing open the plastic wrapping on a pallet of food when she noticed the issue: a crate of eggs up top. She knew she hadn't ordered it. What else might have gone wrong?

Brett, carrying in tubs full of striated seasonings, strode over to help. Box by box, they checked off the items they needed: beef ribs, oranges, bread, utensils.

Emergency averted. All they had to do was return the eggs.

The cook-off started tomorrow. The bones of the operation were all set up: Andrew had towed in the 1,000-gallon barbecue pit. A sponsor erected the white tent, complete with swinging saloon doors.

But food boxes still covered the floor. Brett and Taco squeezed beef ribs and briskets into a cooler big enough to fit a body or two, but still not big enough to house all the meat. Cocktail tables remained packed away.

And when Jacqueline pulled out the electric candles, she found one more problem: missing batteries.

She typed "AA batteries" in a Notes app list under four blaring siren emojis and shared it with Brett and Andrew.

"We should be way further ahead," Jacqueline said, before getting back to work.

11 a.m. Day 1

Raw wagyu beef sloughed off to the side as Brett sliced an 18-pound brisket, his shoulder-length hair curling in the heat.

"She is not pretty," Taco said, peering over. The duo worked in the tent's cramped "kitchen": a table, some shelves, coolers and the pit.

The brisket looked all but shredded, Brett cutting deep into the fat to tease out the leanest part. Tan and red juices pooled on the table, leaking over from where Michael snipped through a chicken spine.

Bit by bit, Brett tossed 14 pounds of premium beef. He stabbed the remaining neat, rounded slab with a knife, and Michael helped him thread a numbered metal strip through the slit.

This is what's known as the tag-in: an anti-cheating protocol to ensure teams cook only two of each meat for the competition.

In an orange vest, Keith Brenton clocked every move. The team's volunteer contest supervisor, he has to confirm that the team's final, ready-for-the-judges barbecue bears the same tags as the raw cuts.

The team finished tagging. Keith wrote down six lists of digits on a meat-stained page.

Brett signed. The contest officially began.

7 p.m. Day 1

The air smelled like oregano and vinegar, like mustard and post-oak smoke, *Barbecue continues on A9*



Andrew Bell, second from right, helps prepares various meats to be tagged alongside Michael Briseno, second from left, as Brett Jackson, left, trims brisket and contest supervisor Keith Brenton enters their tagged entries into his log book.

BARBECUE

From page A8

like crisped bacon and chewy lamb chops.

Partygoers snaked up to the feast of a buffet, holding out lunch trays for the Brett's BBQ Shop team to fill with brisket, lamb, bacon-wrapped jalapenos, pork ribs, boudin, sausage, cole slaw and beans. Fred, the former vegetarian, manned the pickles. Bartenders passed out vodka sours and Miller Lites. A couple twirled as the three-person band shook the floor with a Dwight Yoakam cover.

"This is the first moment that I'm able to exhale," Jacqueline said.

But she kept circling the tent in her jean jacket and comfy red cowboy boots, shouting over the country music about where to move chairs.

Everything felt full, from the cocktail cups to the high-top tables. But someone was missing.

After Larry — Majors' founder and patriarch — passed the tent on to Andrew, he still attended. An Alzheimer's diagnosis about three years ago didn't stop Larry from visiting the tent, even if just for set-up, before the crowds thickened.

But this year, for the first time, the disease kept him away.

Andrew and Lindsay wanted to hold a place for him here. So at 7:30 p.m., as guests devoured piles of barbecue, Andrew paused the band and climbed on stage.

"I don't know if you know this, but my father-in-law, Larry, started this in 1989," Andrew began, to whoops and cheers. "We're still here. We're still doing it."

Brett lifted his cup from the kitchen. Jacqueline zeroed in. Lindsay teared up as her husband continued, "It's a family affair. He couldn't be with us tonight. He couldn't make it out. But in honor of Larry, and Majors Catering, we are dedicating this pit."

Andrew thrust one arm in the air, hoisting a small metal sign, and strode over to the 1,000-gallon smoker. He balanced the laser-cut sign — the pit's new name — next to the firebox door. Reflecting the tent's dim light, it spelled out, "The Major."

"As long as the smoke's going up there," Andrew said later, "he's with us."

And that night, as meat roasted and the party roared on, the pit's stack blew smoke all around.

1:45 p.m. Day 2

Pork belly jiggled and oozed. Jacqueline lifted the slices into an open-faced bao, layering them atop the fluffy white dough and a creamy gochujang sauce.

Brett stood sentry on her right. Taco and Michael took the left. Jacqueline spoke to them in short, brusque commands. They only had 15 more minutes to plate six smoked, Asian-inspired pork buns for the judges. Every second, every syllable counted.

But even as Jacqueline prepped the buns, the team also trimmed meat for that night's dinner, and rubbed raw pork racks with orangy spices, and got the turkey smoking. Meats constantly rotated in and out of the pit, the temperature dropping each time Brett levered open the doors. People had to rotate, too, angling their way in and out of the single-file-only space where Jacqueline needed to focus.

The team choreographed its rhythms — and reactions — with full understanding of those constraints. No hard feelings, just good barbecue.

The pitcher, Jacqueline demanded, give me the pitcher of spicy-sweet glaze. Taco passed it over. Brett brushed it on.

"Don't touch bare bun," Jacqueline ordered. "Don't touch bare bun. No!"



Lindsay Mulder looks on as her husband, Andrew, dedicates the barbecue pit to Lindsay's father, Larry Martin, during the World's Championship Bar-B-Que Contest. Martin, who has Alzheimer's, earned a spot in the contest in 1988 and later passed the tent on to Andrew.

Photos by Jason Fochtman/Houston Chronicle

A dark smear marred the steamed bun.

No matter: Jacqueline could hide it with the plateful of condiments before her. She layered in cucumber, peanuts, cilantro. She lowered the stuffed bun into a tinfoil pan.

Jacqueline loved this recipe. She loved bao. She found a place to get them in Houston just after she moved. She thought Asian food and barbecue meshed perfectly, and the first time she and Brett put this gochujang pork belly bun on the menu, they sold 150 in preorders alone. Brett had insisted this was the item they had to make for cook-off's "open" category.

"If we placed in this, with this," Jacqueline said, "I'd probably need a strait-jacket."

In her "kitchen," she put the finishing touches on the dish. Keith arrived to observe. Taco and Michael held the buns upright in a tinfoil pan.

Then Michael picked one up. Jacqueline shouted, "No no no!" She didn't like how he was about to position the food in the official "turn-in" styrofoam box.

Once the buns had all gone in — facing the right way — Keith pulled out orange tape and secured the box closed. Jacqueline, shaking, couldn't carry it.

So Taco grabbed the box with steadier hands. He paraded it down their tent aisle and to the left, toward the judges, as the people he passed shouted, "Good luck!"

11 a.m. Day 3

With his right hand, Brett laid the knife across the spatchcocked chicken. With his left, he pressed down on the blade.

The bone cracked. Brett pulled away half of the chicken, its insides dripping juice. Over three hours in a barrel smoker that morning, its skin had roasted into a rust-red, the wing tinged dark.

Brett cut the second chicken, too. Then he popped a piece of meat in his mouth: sweet, moist and smoky.

In a hoarse, almost unusable voice, he managed to say, with an emphatic curse: That tastes pretty good.

It would taste even better soon, or at least more intense. Where most restaurant barbecue today focuses on the quality of its ingredients, competition barbecue highlights pure flavor. Judges take one bite of each submission, and that bite needs to be salty, sweet and rich.

Keith stood to attention and observed from the end of the table, as Michael squirted sticky glaze atop the better-looking half of each chicken. He and Taco returned them to a smoker,



A plaque sits on the barbecue pit after it was named in honor of Larry Martin, founder of the Majors team.

"There's nothing like it. You don't understand it until you experience it. And then once you come, you want to come every year, because you can't match it."

Lindsay Mulder

baking the glaze into a hard sheen. They pulled out the meat and picked one half to submit. Michael dusted it using a small cylinder full of garlicky spices. Taco tweezered off the last bristles, and Michael cut the tag.

"Box?" Michael asked. Keith handed it over. Michael plated the chicken inside, let Keith tape it, marched it over to the judges and whooped.

Taco's take: "Might be the best one we've ever done."

5:55 p.m. Day 3

Perched in a little white chair outside the tent, Jacqueline waited.

After the teams finish turning in their meats, after judges sample umami-laden bites, contest supervisors like Keith will stroll through the aisles of cook-off tents. They'll bear signs and banners, ready to bestow on the lucky few finalists.

Jacqueline thought she heard drums a few rows over — perhaps the harbinger of a finalist announcement?

But no, false alarm. A few minutes later,

though, Keith appeared, sans drums, at the end of the aisle of tents, holding a "2026 FINALIST" sign high.

He walked past one tent. Then past the next. Jacqueline spotted him.

"I wonder who that's for," she said.

Keith kept moving, past the point where he might have angled toward Brett's BBQ Shop. And then he made a sharp right turn and dove into the tent's side door.

The tent erupted.

Brett, Taco and Michael embraced Keith amid a hubbub of claps, whoops and wolf whistles. The trio high-fived each other; they high-fived the team members mobbing their way to the back. Michael's mouth hung open. Taco started crying.

The rest of the tent could barely see the banner declaring them a chicken finalist, with so many hands waving in the air.

"Now it's gonna be a fun night," Andrew said, pushing through the crowd to congratulate Brett.

The three cooks posed for a photo with Keith and their victory banner. Jac-

queline cut in to talk to Brett, waving her hands about.

He nodded as she exclaimed above the noise, "Do you realize how good the chicken must have been?"

6:30 p.m. Day 3

Packed into a jostling crowd, Jacqueline stared up at the stage. The sun set to the right; the moon rose on the left. A band blasted trumpets. White and yellow strobe lights cut through the haze.

"I have literally been the happiest and the saddest I've ever been in my life in the past three months," Jacqueline hollered. "I can't believe this."

The trumpets kept blasting.

Then the practical demands of cook-off struck Jacqueline. Dinner needed to be served at the tent. She rounded up the team, and most of them ran back to turn the serving utensils around and tell guests to self-serve.

They squeezed their way back into the crowd before Brett filed on stage with the rest of the finalists.

"This," Andrew said, "is the culmination of everything. This is what actually matters."

"There's nothing like it," Lindsay agreed. "You don't understand it until you experience it. And then once you come, you want to come every year, because you can't match it."

The announcers kicked off the ceremony. Third place in chicken, they declared: Roughriders BBQ.

Second place: Be Somebody Cooking Team.

Brett, up on stage, kept his hands in his pockets. Jacqueline clutched her water bottle of cherry limeade vodka. Andrew closed his eyes.

Either the team had come between fourth and tenth place, or they'd won.

First place: Kings BBQ. Jacqueline swore.

The announcers moved on to ribs. Brisket would

follow, and then the overall awards, which combined the three meat scores. But since the team had only been a finalist for chicken, Andrew and Jacqueline knew their night was over.

They threaded their way out of the crowd and back to feed people in the tent. They could find out their exact ranking in chicken the next day.

Ten minutes later, a buddy of Andrew's sprinted to the tent, faster than Andrew had ever seen him run.

Andrew, Andrew, he gasped. *Y'all placed third overall.*

Jacqueline started texting people in a panic. Andrew rushed toward the stage. Brett, who'd heard the announcement on stage, tore out the side door and back to the tent in a state of shock.

Brett's BBQ Shop hadn't just become a finalist for chicken. Their cumulative brisket, rib and chicken scores placed them third out of 247.

Brett slipped back into the tent to a hero's welcome: "Brett! Brett! Brett!"

8 p.m. Day 3

Jacqueline hustled the team back through the stage's side entrance for an official photo. Press personnel there mostly looked baffled.

"What did you win?" one asked.

Third place, it turned out, didn't come with a trophy. Nor did it require a team picture in front of the formal backdrop for the World's Championship Bar-B-Que Contest.

"Guys, they feel bad for us," Jacqueline joked. Finally, they snapped a shot.

And as the adrenaline wore off, they ambled back to the tent, interrupted by handshakes, back pats and "Great job." In almost four decades, the team had never finished this high.

The man who started it all wasn't there. But for three days this year, the fires Larry first lit glowed bright. Brett's BBQ Shop had closed. But under a white vinyl roof, Brett and Jacqueline fed a crowd again. And through it all, smoke curled into the night sky above NRG Park, just as it has for more than 50 years.

Under that same sky, Andrew and Lindsay posed for a celebratory photo. Jacqueline chatted with a friend, then got ready to duck back into the tent.

For one long moment, though, she lingered in front of the swinging doors. She surveyed the partygoers outside, downing beers, polishing off final plates of barbecue, reveling in the crisp evening air.

Then she turned and walked back inside.



Michael Berinoto celebrates after the team's chicken entry was named a finalist. The Brett's BBQ Shop team, in a surprise, won third place overall.