

Recipe Remembering



Erica Angela and Shauna Terese



November, 1995

*A Letter to my dearest daughters, Erica and
Shauna ...*

*I started this a few nights ago, always having it in the back of my mind for ever so long. These are the recipes you were raised on. They are from family, a blend of northern Italian and German, your Jewish Bubbe Sara, friends who got from their roots, handed down for generations. They are my own style, which included colossal flops, like when a whole uncooked cheese cake dropped out on the floor. I scooped it up and baked it anyway! Everyone thought was delicious. **Rule:** When flop cooking, "Keep your trap shut." (From Grandpa George Fisk Miller's Book of Proverbs.) I've gotten delights from friends, books and what happened because of accidents. **Rule:** Never stop experimenting. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and you cry alone." (From Grandma Marie Yvonne DeBernardi Miller's Book of Absolutes.)*

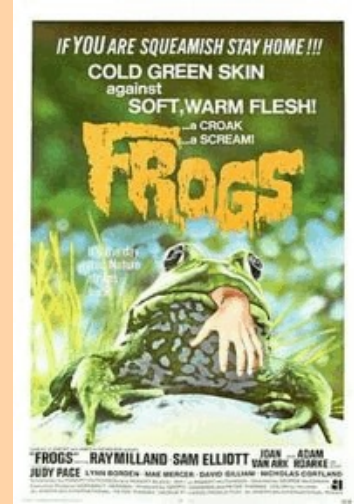


There's got to be a princely prize preparation among a dozen frogs – if you're into frogs, of course. This cooking and collecting have been sautéed in ongoing passion of experimentation, beginning when you, Muffin and Snuggles were growing up. Those ragamuffin dogs were among my best champions, never far away from my feet, looking ever hopeful for handouts.

April 2007

The years have rolled on since I began this letter and getting down the recipe recollections to and for you both. Here it is 2007. Life has passed so quickly without even asking my permission. I've added to this almost complete book - if it can ever be complete - because preparing food for the people we love the most in all the world is always a new and challenging quest. I just know cooking is how women have shown their love for thousands of years. Let's not exclude the men, because Poppert's Hungarian meatloaf is a huge family favorite. This recipe book, you and me - we've all grown up together, like the technology it now sports - digital camera shots, bits of family history recalled that had been forgotten, inserted objects, or secret, old cherished photos scanned. It's a whole lifetime of remembering, spiced with such enduring love. It's my way of setting a lasting table before you, lighting candles and serving this meal of recipe remembering, just for you.

*With all my love,
Momma*



Look what we're having for supper girls!

