

recharging

- I was told to let the battery
on my lap top computer
drain completely before recharging
it has a memory of where empty is
needs to be taught this point
if recharged too soon, too often
while there is time left

it will become dependent
on charging at that place
run down, refuse to operate beyond it
demand a fix
destroy itself
its battery which, when fresh and new was capable
of three hours of power dwindles to only one
if I train it to believe

- I heard this is true for my cordless phone too
now I do not return it to its nest each time
to suckle at the little silver nipples
hidden at the bottom of the cradle
leave it lying alone on the desk
half hungry
until it learns where hunger is

- as though a glass
filled with water each time it is half empty
remembers that point as empty
will not yield a drink
though yet half full
demands to be refilled
to the brim
then again gives you only half

- my life is crowded, never still
filled and constantly refilled with words,
people, schedules, objects, music,
driving, pictures, thoughts, machines, food
I do not know where empty is
cannot recall the sound of silence

I come to the north shore of the ocean lake
to become empty
drained to my place of powerlessness
locate the bottom

I write in a small shed
nine feet square
pale amber pine walls and desk
three other women write also
in identical sheds spaced among pines and birch
we turn our backs to the highway and
cities below
face the endless water

wait for emptiness
for nothing to do
for excuses to sluff off
free us
a vow of silence
seven hours each day the constraint
the liberation
imposed by our agreement

we decide on a bright warm morning
to make an exception
to drive at 2:00
to hike up a mountain bathed
in the red-orange glow of autumn maples
and to talk

- at 9:30 out of a clear blue sky
thunder rolls across the lake
I climb down to the shore
stand on wide flat rocks
look deep into the west
into a dark blue storm
return to close windows in the lodge
pick up an umbrella

for hours the rumbling comes closer
though morning sun still
illuminates my desk
then rain begins slowly
settles in without wind
by noon it falls straight down
thunder quiets

- here I stay
writing
☺

home

Zihuatanejo, Mexico

I.

we lean over the railing
over the ocean
hang on every breaking wave

wave after wave pounds
us to sleep at night
breathing slows
to the waves' pausing rhythm
pulse in our
necks moist with sea mist
barely perceptible
thrumming at the level of the tropics
enough to sustain life

in shadows of early light
we walk into the sea
waves break before us
foam surges between our thighs
stirring sand
creatures skittering
across the tops of our feet
I do not want to know
who they are

huge morning surf crashes like thunder
sprays salt mist onto cool pimpled skin
sends a great wind past our ears
blows our hair straight back
eyes squint against it and the sun
glancing off water
rising now behind us over the mountain



every day we talk about home
try to understand it
make lists of what it means
sunlight, open space, access to nature
decide what to do next
unsettled always unsettled where we live

we left behind
rotting doors burst water pipe
expenses
I was barely free of the doctor
the scare leaves us shaken
wanting only to write draw read
be filled with music

we gravitate toward the equator
never northward
to rest
wear wide brimmed hats
cling to slivers of shade
beside brick buildings
soft peach skin too soon out of winter
wounded by the sun

each day we fight about whatever we can
shopkeeper shortchanging us a peso
overtipping the waitress
your finger cut on a broken pop bottle
I carelessly placed
embarrassing ourselves
struggling for control

seizing opportunities for anger
we question the significance of everything
always come back to home
in vulnerable weariness
we remember

walking cobblestone streets
our fingers reach and touch
at the fruit market we choose
the smallest papaya—three kilos
haul its weight in a shoulder bag
sweating up the steep hill
to our cliffside bungalow

high above the sea
we open to its red smooth flesh
perfect round black seeds slide easily out
one half too heavy to hold
I rest the back of one hand on my knee
cradle it like a baby
scoop sweet meat out with a spoon
swallow fast keeping up with juice
dripping off my forearm

on a terra cotta balcony
I admire your hair shimmering silver
in blazing sun wonder why
in winter's cold light I
wished it dark again

all around us it is bright
your eyes here surrounded
by heavy tangled plants
shine more green than amber
you look at me softly as before
I have not seen you for so long
on our lists of what home means
each of us writes "you"



II.
if we stayed a year not a week
watching seasons change
from warm to hot and back
plumeria leaves sprouting
bare stubby branches
gone from dead to flower
the flower of leis
scenting all around them

what would we write
who would we become
as our Spanish improved
adding a word each day
would our skin acclimate to the sun
darkening from the inside out

would we awaken one morning
to hair turned black and silky
eyes deep brown
tongues suddenly light with rolling r's
would we open our door for warmth at night
not thinking of the wonder of it

would we like nomads seek home
ahead in the future
looking only forward
moving or settling depending on
the food supply and
inspiration for poems

would we measure value
by where all are going
by possibility
not the past

understand at last home
is not what one goes back to
embracing what was
would we forget we once believed
people are where they come from

3.

comfort in hard times



drowning

I.
she lives, after all
recovers completely
for this I get more credit
than I deserve

from the beginning
I love to swim
complete every
Big Trout Lake Bible Camp
Life Saving program

in high school I
enroll in a Water Safety Instructor class
at the University
attend winter nights
twenty below

desperately want a paying job
at a Pennsylvania summer camp
near my first love,
hope to teach swimming in the Fall
move out on my own
independent college freshman

first, I need experience
Mother asks me to lifeguard
her Sunday School children's swim party
my first assignment
I am 17

at Ober Boys Club
a ceramic tile box
houses the swimming pool
crowded with screaming children
who cannot swim
nothing can be heard above the din

splashing safely in the shallow end
packed shoulder to shoulder
pool, inner city kids
without swimming lessons
plunge into water
with visceral familiarity

I watch carefully
make sure they stay
on my side of the buoys
strung along plastic rope
safely away from the steep downward slope



the deep end is empty
I pay no attention
give it not even a glance until
a small boy, no more than six
pulls on the sleeve of my light wrap

looking down into a terrified face
I follow his gesture beneath the diving board
where a young girl sinks motionless
nearly touching the ten foot floor
she is his sister

I perform as taught
dive straight and deep
eyes wide open
grab the little body
hug her tightly against my side
shoulder under my arm
right hand gripping her left armpit
my feet flat on pool floor
squat momentarily
tight thigh muscles
wound springs release

flying toward air above
I grip the pool edge
pitch her to the cold deck
land beside her on my knees
a single motion

look into her still, chocolate brown face
startling blue eyes rolled back
clear vomit from her mouth with my fingers
my lips seal around hers
breathe into her once
wait
she coughs
I pause
she gasps



I turn, weeping
scream at the gathered crowd
adults stand among children
my own Sunday School teacher stares
I shout at her, furious
“Keep everyone out of the pool!”
she nods, stunned

I carry the stirring child gently
to the quiet of a locker room
find a bench to sit on
my knees give way beneath us

quickly rearranging my face into
a smile to greet her awakening
I feel a bump rise
on the back of her head

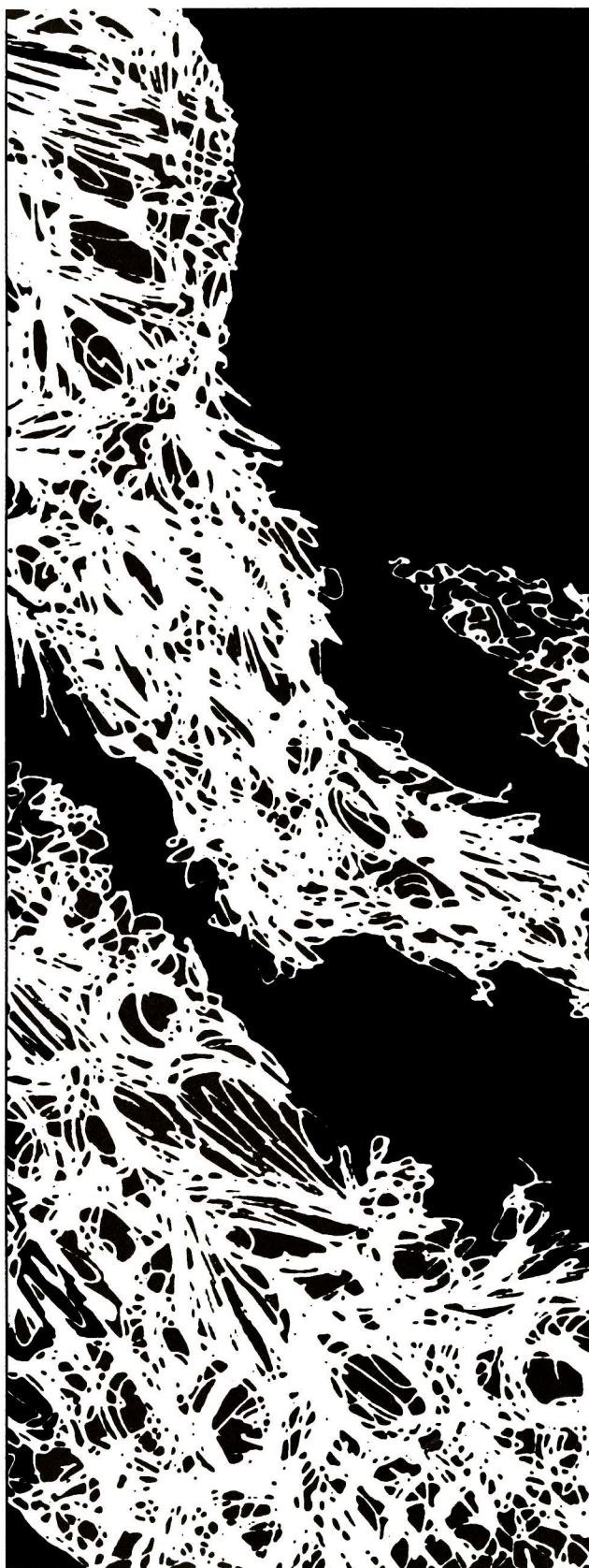
running on slick tile floor
near the diving board
she slipped
smacked her head
fell into the pool
unconscious

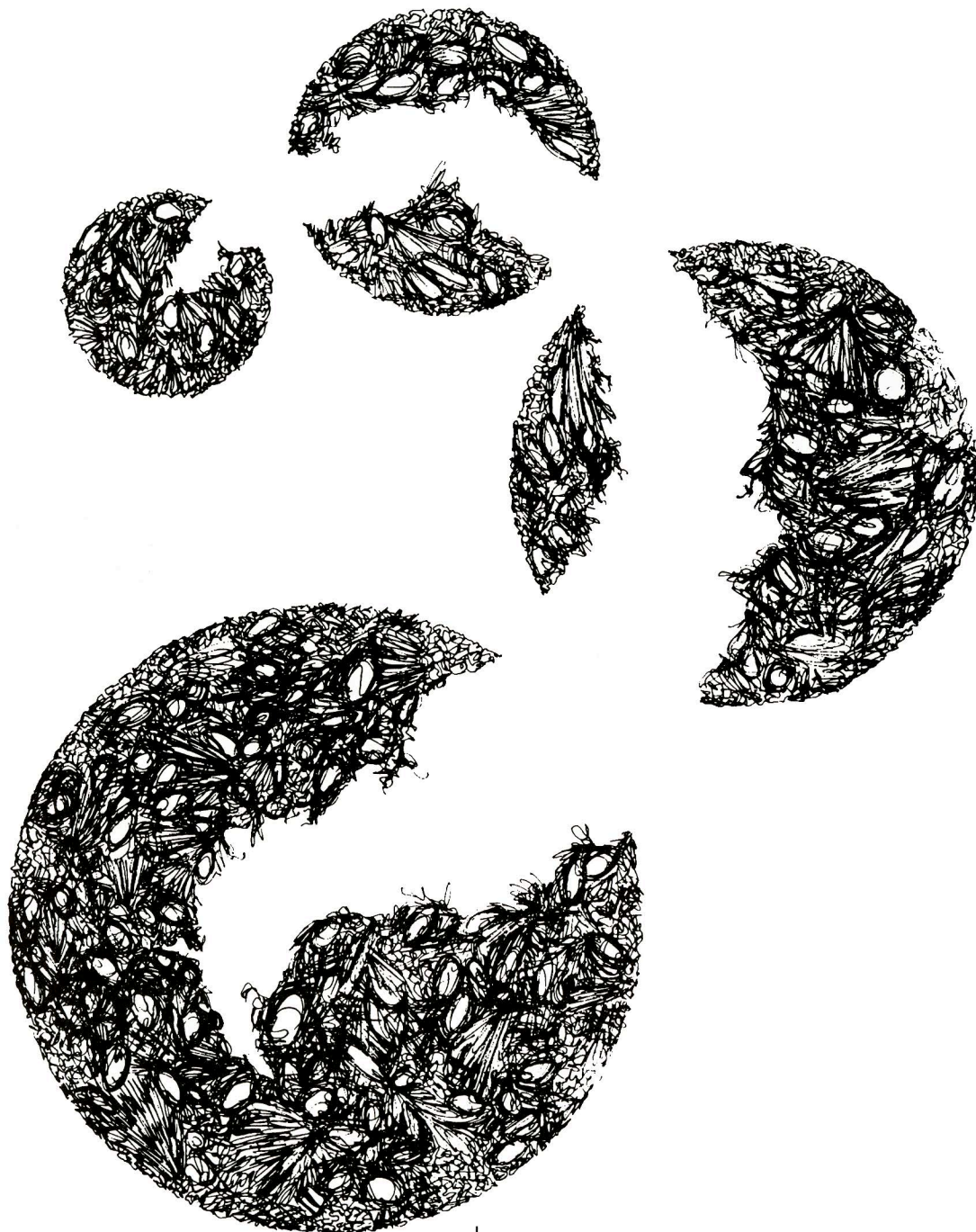
I never saw her
wasn't looking
would have lost her
but for her little brother

knew only to rescue her from drowning
not to prevent it
a life saver
but not a Life Guard

Mother and I visit her home the next day
her mother welcomes us
thanks me

I sit on the edge of a living room chair
hands clasped tightly between my knees
her daughter dashes past us
out the front door
I look down
say nothing





II.
I scrutinize life guards now
recognize inattention
spot those who
do not know that
children drown
in safe, clean, bright pools
in the city

this morning
I swim in a thin
benign/dangerous space
where incompatible oxygens meet
breathe into a safe pocket created by
motion where the hollow of my shoulder
cups one bite of air

afloat between
rainbow beams
make waves
disperse sunlight streaking
through high windows splashing
in disarray to the aqua ceramic tile
ten feet below
constantly in motion
it illumines every corner above
below the surface

two young children jump off the diving board
swim in the clumsy, unself-conscious manner of children
to their grandfather
who holds the side
elbow in the gutter
extends one leg
they grab his toes, laughing

with each lap I check for them
scan, count
know how many swimmers are in the pool
where each was last time
I made this turn
with me counting
no one can be lost
there is no life guard on duty this morning
this is not my job

I count swimmers in pools
members of an audience
panes of window glass
street lights
remembering to breathe
count myself lucky



survivor's seafood soup

INGREDIENTS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped celery, including some leaves
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped onion
olive oil
2 quarts fish stock, seafood stock, or de fattened
chicken stock
2 tsp. chopped chives
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sliced mushrooms
2 cups cooked corn kernels
2 large ripe tomatoes, cut into small chunks
1 cup sour cream (light or regular)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup medium or hot salsa
2 cups imitation crabmeat (surimi seafood), cut
or torn into small pieces
Cajun spices, Seafood Magic and/or lemon pep
per to taste

DIRECTIONS

In 5 quart pot, sauté onions and celery with
minimal olive oil.
Add stock and remainder of vegetables, except
tomatoes, and bring to a boil.
Reduce heat to low.
Stir in tomatoes, sour cream, salsa, seafood and
seasonings.
Cover and simmer for 45 minutes.
Salt sparingly, at the table, as salt will curdle
sour cream.
Makes about a dozen servings.
For a great sense of comfort, serve with warm,
whole grain bread.



north pole song
for ann bancroft, arctic explorer
1986

I. The Connection

all this in common
one line of longitude reaching south
and north to you at the Pole

the air we breathe
a cloud from Chernobyl
the atmosphere fragile
elements mean
seventy below
you sled to the Pole

teenagers die hiking in Oregon
trapped in a blizzard
wearing spring jackets
you live to smile from
a picture in Time
frostbitten cheeks chapped
by cold Arctic sun

each day I travel with you
understand the connection
but not the journey

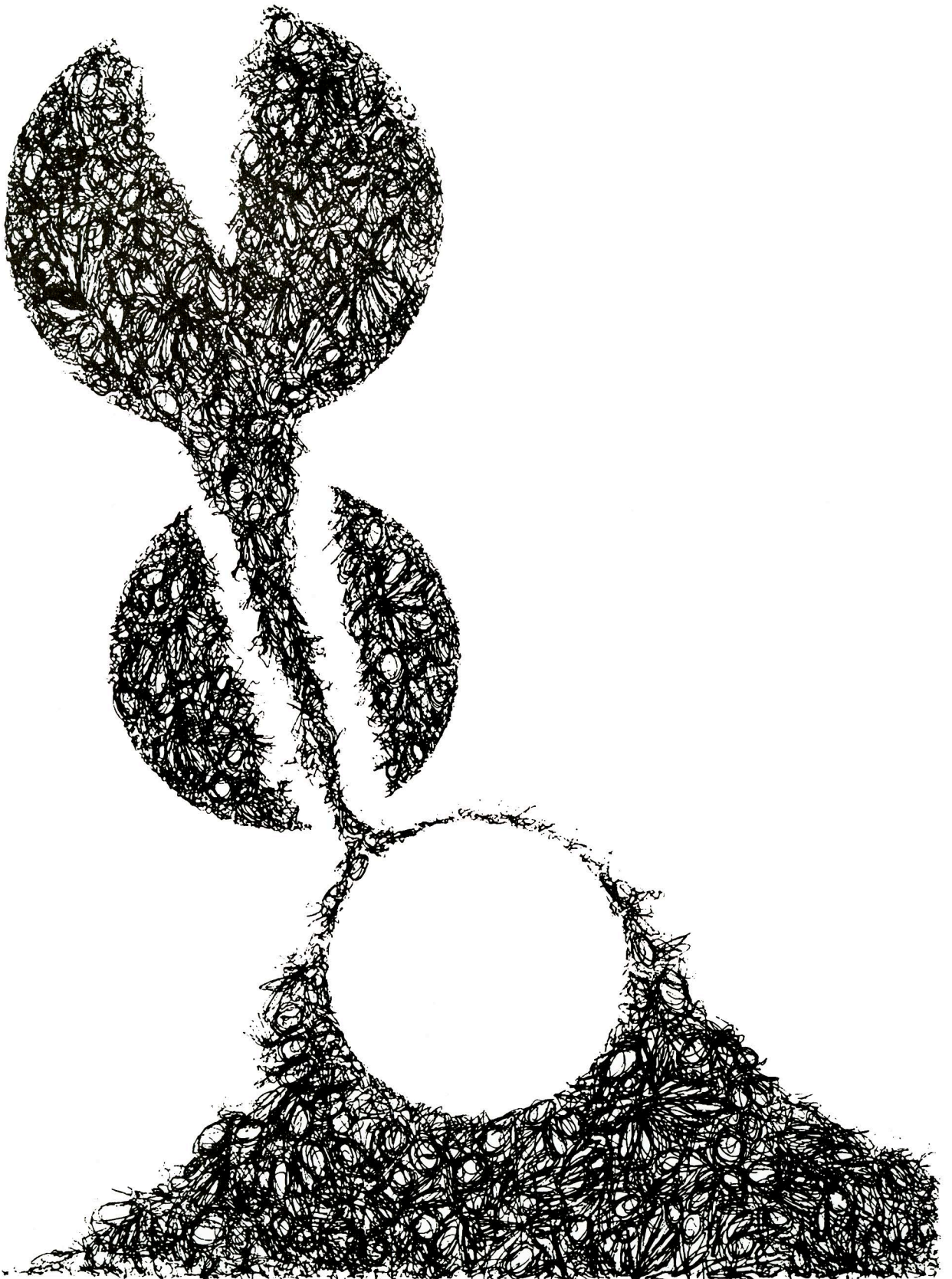


II. The Explorers' Prayer

our prayer is to survive
to go ahead in a straight line
there is no peak we ascend
no summit or pinnacle
from which we assess
the whole of earth
looking down to say
“this is the top
from here we understand what it means
to live on the planet”

the top of our world
is a rough craggy ocean
we crawl across
thanks to the blessing
the curse of cold
the ice a thin, breathing skin
floats at the surface
shreds our mukluks
with clear, frozen blades

our prayer is to stay afloat
that the ice will not separate
suddenly, silently
in the dead of night
swallow a tent whole
engulf us little people
trapped in our bags



III. The Journey

looking into the face of a deadly journey
leaving a lover in warmth at home
stepping onto the frozen skin
of Arctic Ocean
facing a horizon pointing
to the top of the world
trusting everything
to strength and spirit
of woman, men, dogs
trusting everything

what does it mean to a woman
inching through the sheer zone
ice pressure ridges rise up
bluffs thirty feet tall
frozen sea bashed against land
solid ice shifts underfoot

moving by sheer will
by fear of not being able to
where bare skin freezes in an instant
nights last forever
five short miles are a long day's triumph

you do not speak
except to the dogs
work consumes all energy
no time to stop for lunch
you constantly doubt whether you can make it
what you are doing out here
what you are going after

IV. The Pole

sleds too heavy
you must dump gear
leave it on the ice
to sink to the bottom in Spring
sleeping bags
heavy with perspiration frozen solid
parkas, tools
you must not let people down at home

moving north, leaving bluffs behind
terrain flattens
giving you at last
a chance to sprint
racing against the sun
facing Spring break-up
open water blocks the way

airlift carries away two injured men
pressing forward the end in sight
the dogs your great, constant comfort
just at the end, one dies
exhausted, sad, the whole team sleeps
from ten in the morning until ten at night
in the comfort of sleep, dark, hopeless moods
gradually lighten

awakening with new force
one last push propels you northward
four thirty in the morning
when your body says
"I've had enough"
it turns out the Pole is here
and so are you
you hear it on the radio

later, you tell a reporter,
"You get into a rhythm out there.
It becomes your way of life.
I don't really know what's ahead of me."



polar cups

Ann and other members of the North Pole Expedition needed high-fat foods to keep them going. Although they didn't take Polar Cups or Chip Chocs with them, both recipes meet the fat requirements.

CUPS:

INGREDIENTS

- 24 small paper candy cups (white or silver)
- 6 oz. vanilla flavored candy coating

DIRECTIONS

In double boiler, heat candy coating over hot water until melted.
Spread about 1 tsp. coating to cover bottom and sides of each cup.
Let stand until hard.

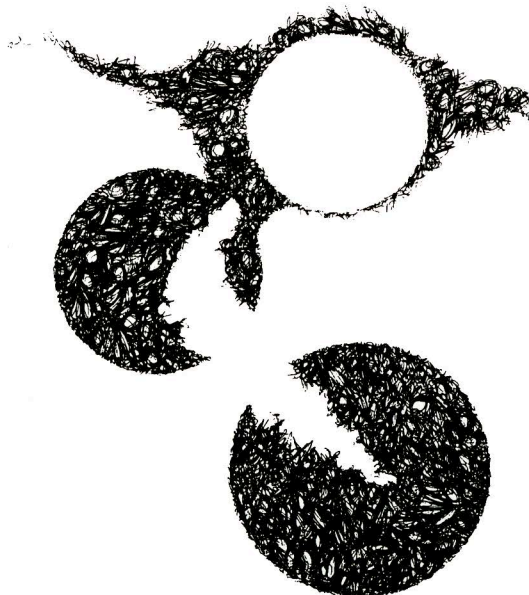
FILLING:

INGREDIENTS

- 4 oz. vanilla flavored candy coating
- 3 oz. cream cheese
- 24 macadamia nuts
- 24 silver candy balls for decoration

DIRECTIONS

Melt candy coating in double boiler.
Add cream cheese and stir until smooth and well blended.
Let stand at room temperature until cool.
Place 1 macadamia nut in each candy lined cup, then spoon in filling.
Decorate with 1 silver ball on top.
Refrigerate.
Serve cold.



CHOCOLATE INTO COARSE PAPER CUPS
 CHIPS IN A DOUBLE BOILER CHIP
 CRUMBS MIX TOGETHER
 SEMISWEET CHIPS AND RIPLE
 SWEET POTATO CHIPS
 MOLT 12 OUNCES



waiting for the dough

It was June of 1966, and I had just graduated from the University of Manitoba Medical School in Winnipeg. A short reprieve for a dignified graduation ceremony accented by purple satin collars and multitudinous congratulations was quickly followed by a trip to Minneapolis to get a place to live.

My internship at Hennepin County General Hospital began in July. Looking back, it seems just as well that there was no break in momentum. Youth and adrenalin were called for. A vacation at that point might have indulged the former but jeopardized the latter. Besides I had no money. This would be my first real paying job, at age 24. Hennepin offered interns \$300 a month for a 90–100 hour working week. There was also free food in the hospital cafeteria and a sleeping room for brief cat naps while on call. Call often lasted 24, 36 or 48 hours. Twice that year I did 60 straight hours of call while rotating through critical care. It seems astounding that nobody died because of my fatigue, though perhaps I was just too tired to notice.

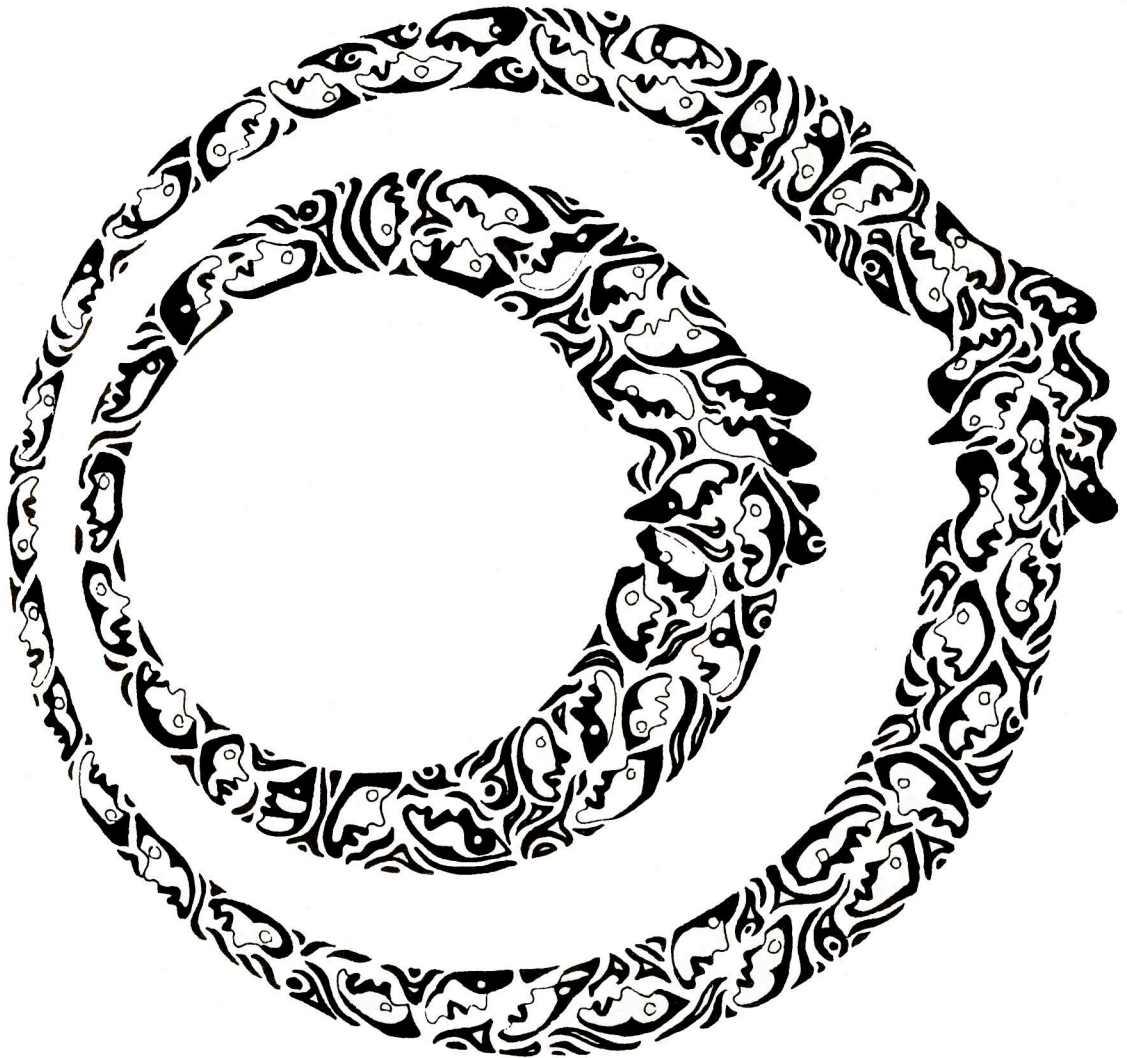
When the dead of winter came in late January, I was assigned to the Emergency Room. For several weeks I would be on the front line to rescue some of the Twin Cities' sickest, drunkest, most wounded. Hennepin General was long respected as the receiving hospital for the cities' indigent population or anyone needing swift medical intervention. In January of 1967, temperatures dipped to 30 below zero plus wind chill. Several times daily the ambulances were called out. A couple of attendants and I would rush out, sirens blaring full blast. My starched white doctor's uniform with knee-length skirt and short-sleeved, double-breasted jacket confirmed me as one of the coldest people on earth. No coat protected me from the winter wind's ascent up the funnel of that skirt. Subliminally, I experienced this as another in the long line of tests of attitude and commitment to the noble calling of Medicine. Plenty of cafeteria peanut butter fortified my energy while coating my vessels for these frigid crises. I disliked most of the other food, especially the ham loaf that made Spam seem like gourmet paté.

Often, the ambulance runs went to sleazy hotels on Hennepin Avenue in downtown Minneapolis just blocks from the hospital. Over and over again, my nostrils absorbed the stench of excrement, urine and the rotting potatoes that regularly appeared on the staircases of these rancid, old buildings.

One day I was called out on a case of singular gravity. As the ambulance spun out of the garage we knew we were heading for a hotel on Hennepin Avenue to rescue a man of middle years

who had just received a bullet to his chest in the area of his heart, evidently the result of a little tiff with an old buddy. As we raced through the snowy streets, the full chill of responsibility overtook me.

Moments later we arrived at the sturdy brick facade, jumped out and rushed in. I toted my faux alligator doctor's bag, followed by the attendants with a stretcher. The news of the shooting had clearly taken the avenue by storm. People crowded the narrow lobby and staircase.



Potatoes were no doubt pushed into corners on the stairs, quite invisible. Above the din a voice rang out, "The doctor is here!" People compressed themselves to make a tiny path to the second floor landing where the victim lay.

"Stand back and give him air!" I commanded with a doctorly determination that had become second nature. Air was rare in places like this. Heat, however, was a plentiful byproduct of the gathered mass.

I kneeled down to examine the man we were here to

save. He lay on the floor with robust color and an obvious hole between his left fourth and fifth ribs where the bullet had entered. He was full-throated, as well. Claspng my hands between his, he pleaded with thick Italian accent, "Doctor, you sava my life, I giva you my fortune." Visions of an endowment of wrinkled potatoes crossed my mind. I took a normal blood pressure reading. His heart sounded strong, regular and motivated by adrenalin. This homicide victim, by all measures, seemed vibrantly alive.

Nevertheless, he received a small dose of analgesic and a

chocopeanutza

Quick energy for a winter ambulance ride.

INGREDIENTS

- 1/4 lb. margarine
- 3 cups finely-ground ginger snaps
- 1 1/2 cups shredded coconut (sweetened or unsweetened)
- 12 oz. peanut butter chips
- 12 oz. chocolate chips
- two 14 oz. cans sweetened condensed milk

DIRECTIONS

- Preheat oven to 350°.
- Melt margarine and mix well with crushed ginger snaps. Press firmly into a 14-inch deep-dish pizza pan (or 11 x 17 x 1" deep cookie pan).
- Layer evenly, in order: coconut, peanut butter morsels, chocolate chips. Dribble sweetened condensed milk in a ribbon pattern to cover evenly.
- Bake at 350 for 30-35 minutes until goldinbrown.
- When nearly cool, cut into 1 1/2 inch squares with a pizza cutter (or sharp knife).
- Refrigerate, serve cool.
- Freezes well.



stretcher ride through the crowd, down to the ambulance. On the way back to the hospital his gratitude and promises to be my benefactor persisted. At the hospital, a surgical team had been hastily assembled and our victim was spirited off to the operating room.

I was one of the last to learn the outcome. Perhaps that was the day I was called to the Salvation Army to treat a seizure victim writhing on the floor in front of a bunch of unshaven guys huddled on weathered benches, flicking their cigarettes at

Maxwell House coffee cans on the floor. In any case, I finally learned that the bullet didn't enter my would-be benefactor's chest cavity at all. Rather, it took a freakishly innocent journey along a rib and lodged under the skin on the victim's back from whence it was easily and almost bloodlessly extricated.

To this day, I have not received a single potato of the promised fortune. And I am not waiting for the dough.



nobody know the truffles i've seen

INGREDIENTS

- 12 oz. semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1/3 cup rum
- 1/3 cup strong, hot coffee
- 1/2 lb. butter, cut into pieces & softened
- 1 3/4 cups finely crushed ginger snaps
- powdered instant coffee for coating (your choice of flavor)
- small paper candy cups (optional)

DIRECTIONS

In large pot or casserole (glass or stainless steel), stir together chocolate chips, rum and coffee. Heat over very low burner until chocolate is melted. Mix with hand held mixer, adding butter piece by piece, followed by ginger snaps, until ingredients are well mixed.

Cover and chill until firm.

Roll truffles by hand, coating each in powdered instant coffee as you go.

Place in paper candy cups if desired.

Store in covered container with plastic wrap between layers.

Refrigerate or freeze.

Serve cool.

Makes about 75.

NUTRITION FACTS: Don't even think about it.



flower

In November, 1984, Sparks Hospital in Fort Smith, Arkansas, becomes a gathering place for our family. Parents, aunts, uncles, cousins, siblings, spouses and children travel from across the country to sit together with Grandmother in the last days of her life.

In the bed next to Grandmother's lies Flower, a tall, sinewy woman. Flower is in the hospital because she got sick, not because she is a hundred and some years old. She is energetic and will go home in a few days. She recognizes Aunt Verda. Happy to see someone she knows, Flower shouts to us in a loud voice that they knew each other at church, many

As night falls, I take a turn sitting with Grandmother. My relations drift down the hall to the family lounge where they play checkers, read the paper, listen to the old, familiar stories without interrupting. From my seat in the still room, I hear their quiet laughter.

At midnight Dad relieves me. I walk to the lounge to get some rest. He takes his place on the folding chair facing his mother. Both women sleep. As the quiet hours pass, he reads *Readers' Digest* in dim light. Suddenly, Flower calls out from behind him in a loud southern drawl, "I think my heart has

banana walnut pie

In Arkansas, where Flower's heart beats, pecan pie is a favorite. Here's a variation that reduces conventional amounts of corn syrup and fat and produces a mouth-watering treat.

INGREDIENTS

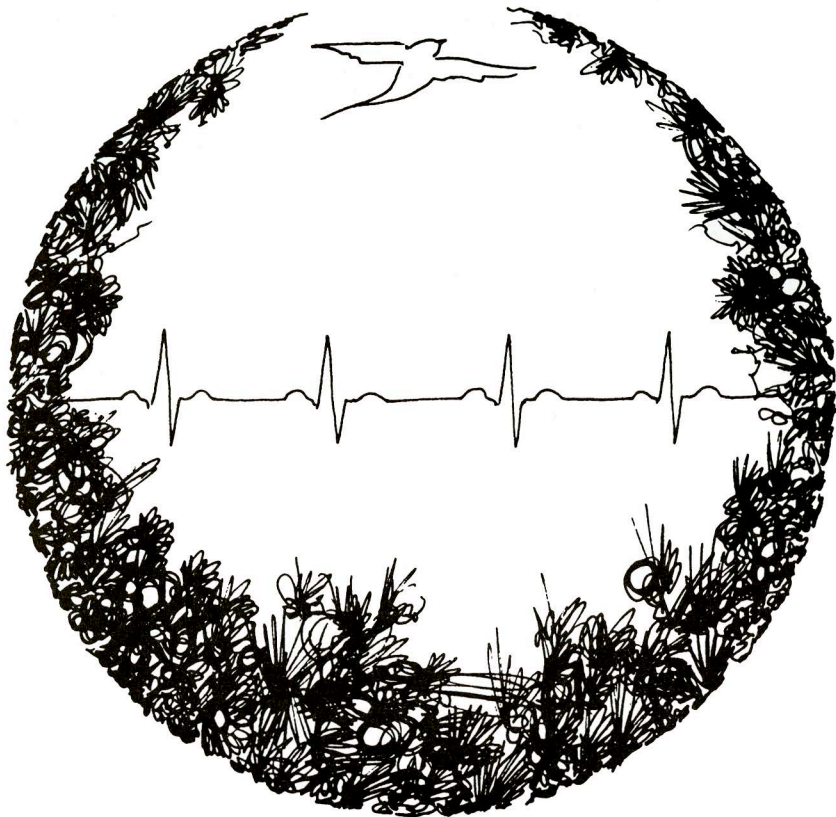
9-inch pie plate lined with standard pie crust (see recipe at right)
3/4 cup mashed ripe banana
3 eggs
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup margarine (regular or light), melted
1/3 cup corn syrup
2 Tbsp. molasses or sorghum
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. ground cloves
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg

3/4 cup chopped walnuts (you may substitute pecans, raisins, or chopped, dried apricots)

years ago. We smile and nod, since talking is impossible. Flower is stone deaf.

Unlike Grandmother, who has gotten steadily shorter approaching her ninetieth year, Flower is long and lean. The bones of her angular shoulders and the ribs of her flat chest are clearly outlined beneath a thin nightgown.

stopped beating. Will you come and see?" Hoping she is talking in her sleep, Dad does not turn around, listens. Refusing to be ignored, or perhaps thinking he is deaf too, Flower shouts again, "I think my heart has stopped beating. Will you come and see?" Now Dad turns to see her looking at him, her eyes shining.



DIRECTIONS

Pre-heat oven to 375°. Beat all ingredients (except walnuts) in large mixing bowl until well blended. Stir in walnuts. Pour into crust-lined pie plate. Bake 40 to 50 minutes until set and crust is nicely browned. Serve at room temperature with whipped topping or ice cream. Serves 8 to 10. Freezes well.



no-problem pie crust

INGREDIENTS

1/2 cup unbleached flour
1/2 cup whole wheat pastry flour
1/2 tsp. ground cardamom (optional)
1/2 tsp. salt
1/3 cup butter-flavored Crisco
1/8 cup cold water

DIRECTIONS

Mix flour, salt, and cardamom well. Work in Crisco briskly, by hand, until all flour is moistened. Add just enough of the water to make a ball. Roll out between two pieces of plastic wrap (turn from time to time to reposition plastic). Line pie plate by removing one piece of plastic, using top piece to position in pie plate. Then remove plastic and trim and crimp edge.



He stands and turns smoothly, carefully lays his magazine, open pages down, on his chair, glances at his mother, who still sleeps. He takes two short steps across the space to Flower's bed. Gently placing his large, warm palm on her bony chest, he taps his thumb lightly on her breastbone once, twice. Her face brightens. "Yes! Yes!" she says, "That's it. Thank you. Thank you!" Dad smiles down at her,

never says a word, returns to his vigil.

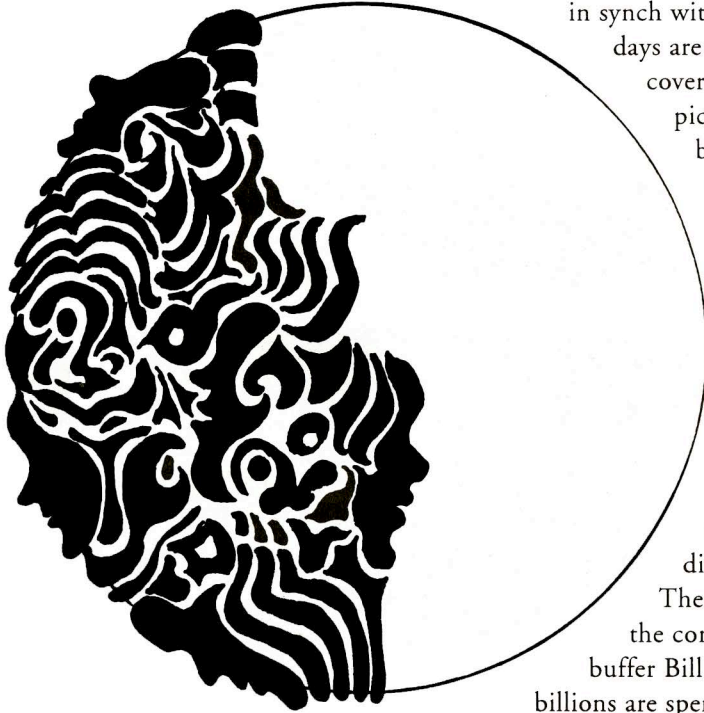
When he tells this story to his cousin Grady, Grady says, "Ain't you afraid the boogie man will come get you for fooling an old woman like that?"



going
down
easy

I visit Bill frequently these January afternoons. Today, I know in advance, has been terrible for him—periods of dreary sleep counterpointed by relentless fogs of confusion, possibly delirium. He is somewhat lucid as he tells me he doesn't know what time it is now or has been all day. I reply, "You were in a toxic state, Bill." "New Jersey," he quips lethargically. Then, "Louisiana." Even in the final stages of AIDS there are vestiges of his quick wit and vibrant sense of humor.

I abhor this illness and the vacuum it is creating in my rich-spirited friend. We have been soul mates from the beginning and this, I know, is exceedingly rare. When thoughts of his death cross my mind, frequently now, my grief is reminiscent of a grief of thirty years ago when a car accident took another friend—the first great loss of my life.



What troubles me most is Bill's dying process. It is occurring in synch with the Persian Gulf War. His more energetic days are spent in front of the TV, absorbing non-stop coverage of the war—everything from fuzzy, aerial pictures creating an illusion of U.S. precision bombing, to night fires in Baghdad, to Israelis wearing gas masks, huddled in fear that a Scud missile will poison them. This seems a painfully surreal diet for Bill, trying to cling to joy and meaning in the final stretch.

We have all lost our appetites in the face of this war, but for Bill it is serious. His thin body resembles a holocaust victim. Not much of the small portions he is able to eat will stay down. I bake him bread pudding, especially his favorite, cinnamon raisin. These go down as easily as anything. Somehow, the comfort of food, friends and family needs to buffer Bill from a world that is hard to swallow, where billions are spent to subdue a minor dictator in order to ensure a cheap oil supply, where primitive fears lead us down a path overgrown with weapons of war, and where homophobia prevents commitment to finding a cure for AIDS.

In March, Bill dies at home. I still carry his gentle spirit within me—a balm against life's savagery.



steamed harvest pudding

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. sliced white or whole grain bread (need not be fresh)
1 cup mashed potato flakes (your choice of flavor)
1 cup salsa (medium)
4 eggs
4 cups skim milk
one 11 oz. can of corn kernels (or 1 1/2 cups cooked corn)
8 oz low fat sour cream and 3/4 cup finely chopped green onions (garnish)

DIRECTIONS

Place large pan with 1/4" warm water on bottom rack of oven. Preheat oven to 350°. In large mixing bowl, tear bread into small pieces. In another large mixing bowl combine potato flakes, salsa and eggs. Add bread and mash with spoon. Add milk and corn and mix. Pour into 9" x 13" glass baking dish. Place on middle rack of oven. Bake for 50 minutes. Serve warm with a dollop of sour cream and sprinkle green onions on top.

Serves 12.



bread pudding

INGREDIENTS

18 slices of bread (white or whole grain) torn into little pieces (older bread is better than fresh)
6 cups skim milk
6 large eggs
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp. ground ginger or cloves

DIRECTIONS

Heat oven to 350°. Beat eggs with spices, sugar and salt. Mash in the bread. Add milk. Pour into greased 9" x 13" pan. Place pan in large, rectangular roasting pan filled with 1/4" hot water. Bake for 1 hour until knife inserted in center comes up clean.

VARIATIONS

1. RAISIN: Add 1 1/2 cups raisins, chocolate chips, chopped walnuts or pecans, or any mixture of these.
2. PUMPKIN: Substitute 2 cups puréed pumpkin for 2 cups milk. Add 1 1/2 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips.
3. CHOCOLATE APRICOT: Heat milk slowly, with 6 oz. semi-sweet chocolate chips (or 3/4 cup cocoa), until chocolate is melted and mixed. Add to bread mixture, along with 1 1/2 cups chopped, dried apricots.
4. BERRY: Substitute 2 cups cooked, pureed, fruit for 2 cups milk. Add 1 1/2 cups blueberries or other small berries. Substitute 1 tsp. ground cardamom for cinnamon, nutmeg ginger and cloves. Bake longer to eliminate moisture.
5. JALAPEÑO: Eliminate sugar and spices, except for 1 Tbsp. sugar and 1 tsp. ground ginger. Add 1 finely diced jalapeño pepper and 1 1/2 cups cooked corn kernels.
6. INVENT your own.

Bread pudding may be served warm or at room temperature. The sweet ones are good with whipped topping, ice milk, frozen yogurt or sauces of your choice. Store in refrigerator or freezer.





angel bill

OFFICE OF GOD
P.O. BOX INFINITY
THE UNIVERSE
U C Y U R

A special career opportunity with NWA (No Want Airlives) is indefinitely available for

ANGEL BILL

LOCATION: A COMMUNITY OF CONSUMMATE BEAUTY, with garden views in every direction in a climate of balanced perfection. This community boasts marvelous population variety and noiseless air traffic.

RESPONSIBILITIES: THIS POSITION REQUIRES a very capable soul of extraordinary patience and unique humor to coordinate the inter-universal flights of the choruses known as NOTES OF NIRVANA and HOT HEAVEN. (The latter is a Barabbashop Quartet.) The candidate must be familiar with the chorus members listed below.

NOTES OF NIRVANA

BASSES: Sitting Bull, Ruth, Liberace, Buddy Holly, Alice B. Toklas, Abraham, Naomi, Mishak

TENORS: Rock Hudson, Rebecca, Eve, Mark Twain, Esther, Shadrak

ALTOS: Abednago, Aaron Copland, Adam, Gertrude Stein, Elvis, Lucille Ball, Moses

SOPRANO: Paul Robeson

HOT HEAVEN

Janis Joplin, Leonard Bernstein, Hiawatha, Truman Capote

SALARY: IN KEEPING WITH REVISIONS of the First Millennium, reflecting an affirmative action plan introduced by the Lost Tribe of Israel, all salaries are consistent and non-negotiable as follows: No more want, no more pain.

BENEFITS:

One-time wash your sins away

Totally free relocation

Bountiful health and spirit

SPECIAL SIGHTS:

Pearly gates

Streets of gold



looking back

1.

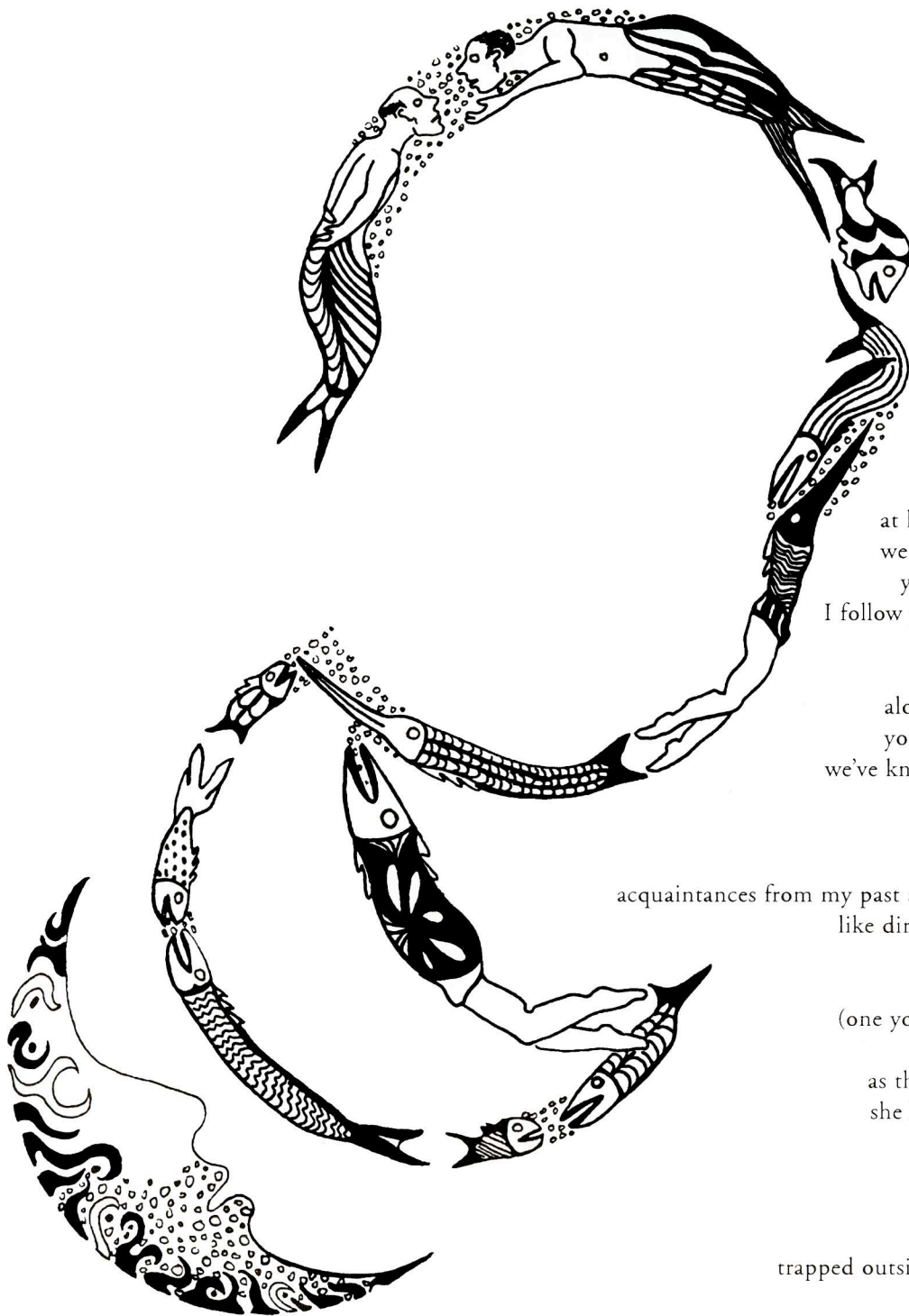
since our divorce
I imagined that as an old woman
I would hear one day
that you died
my heart would falter
in a deep, quiet place
I would cry alone

over a dream we held
together for a moment
in our youth
that love and friendship would bind us
poorly matched
hopeful

we kept the friendship in a way
I always loved you even
when our truths came out
both of us gay and scared
I hated the fates
the inevitability of our failure
not having you around
hearing of you from others

after the moving
and crying
we sometimes met for dinner
with our new lovers
settled
happy to have landed safely

then for years you went silent
oh we still kissed at high school reunions
but couldn't get together
I had business near you in California
you were tied up
you visited family in Minnesota
they kept you occupied



2.
at last on a trip to L.A.
we four meet for lunch
your lover is not well
I follow you into your house
from the patio
ask you face to face
alone in a dim hallway
you say, "we have HIV
we've known for eight years"

3.
at a garden party
acquaintances from my past arrive out of context
like directors doing cameos
in their own movies
your old girlfriend
(one you tried on after me)
overly familiar
as though we are friends
she knows all about you

excusing myself
I escape the house
no place to go
trapped outside on city sidewalks
re-enter defeated
your sister is there
all grown up
I say I know
she cries

4.

at thirteen
each of us out of place
without class in a classy school
you befriended me
playful with a teasing sense of humor
blond hair blue eyes
my size
you fit me

I tried to fit the in crowd
you did not care
as it turned out, they liked you
you were kind
old friends ask after you still
with fond affection

at sixteen you had a little Honda 50
(before Honda was a car)

I spent the summer
sitting in your driveway
watching you
rebuild the engine
when you finished
there was a box of leftover parts which
since it ran ok
you threw away

at seventeen I broke up with you
to see if I could
dated no one but you
cried when you found another girlfriend

at eighteen after working
as a camp life guard for the summer
I came home to find only you
waiting at the airport
hair grown long
bare feet
my first lover that
hot August night
every day

we went to college
protested the Vietnam war
at twenty we married
to the music of guitars



honeymooned by canoe
in the Boundary Waters
hiding from the rain
hunched over
in a tiny tent
laughing at Willie Sutton's autobiography
(who robbed banks because "that's where
the money is")

baked Bisquick biscuits on sticks
over an open fire
poured honey into the hole
on my shelf lies
the wooden spoon you carved

on a Honda 450
we rode to New York City
Niagara Falls
crossed into Canada
under cool September skies
shared the driving
came home through
Sault Ste. Marie
buzzing with vibrations of the road

near your Mom's
Balsam Lake cabin
we danced polkas to a country band
at Eagle Lounge
every summer Saturday night
people said we looked alike
you could have been my brother

for five weeks we trekked across Africa
from the west where you lived your childhood
in the land of elephant grass
and midnight drums
to the east camped
among lions and giraffes
on the great Serengetti Plain

in sleep your fingertips
lightly rubbed the satin
blanket edge for comfort
as you did as a baby



5.

for 21 years we made
separate lives
finished growing up with others
apart, connected, remembering

I meet your sister for lunch
she says you are well
have been all this time

your lover is hospitalized
lymphoma in his spine
not responding to radiation
afraid of not knowing
I ask her to call if he dies

the radio reports one strain of HIV
may grant immunity from
the more virulent strain
maybe some prisoners of this war
will come home

I am spared by luck
the random chance of timing
and circumstance

the call comes June 19, 1995
my heart breaks for you
widowed
in your tender middle years
who will care for you

you return to Minnesota with his ashes
your family
and we embrace you
his turns their backs
his funeral is in the same week
you and I were married 24 years ago

wearing a jet black suit
tailored, hair still blond
trimmed neatly above your ears
with one arm soft across my shoulders
you whisper "happy anniversary"

the obituary does not mention your name
nor does the priest
nor does your picture appear with his grinning face
anywhere in the church foyer
on the table of memorabilia
(where lie his Eagle Scout badges you return to his parents)
as though you do not exist
who love him most

where do we go from here

we could not have known
it was our destiny to live in tragic times



sweet and juicy

4.



thanksgiving

What shall we do
with an old Waldorf salad
when dinner is over
the guests long gone
cold turkey
big as life on the counter
hardly smaller than when we started

half-burned candles on the table
blown out (like us)
half-a-pot of too-strong coffee
and cats sacked out
on a rug?



waldorf salad

INGREDIENTS

2 cups diced apples
1 cup diced celery
1 tsp. ground or whole caraway seed
1/2 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
1/2 cup light mayonnaise (or 1/4 cup light mayonnaise plus skim milk to make 1/2 cup)

DIRECTIONS

Mix all ingredients together in large bowl.



waldorf kugel

INGREDIENTS

2 or 3 cups Waldorf salad
1 10-oz. pkg. wide egg noodles
3 eggs
1/2 cup low-fat cottage cheese
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp ginger
1/4 cup honey
sour cream (optional)

DIRECTIONS

Boil noodles according to package directions, drain and cool for a few minutes.

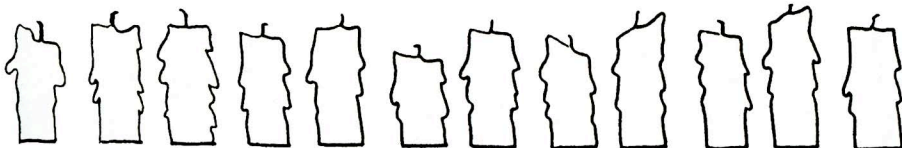
Mix together well: eggs, cottage cheese, spices and honey.

Mix in noodles and Waldorf salad.

Pour into greased 1 1/2 quart baking dish

Bake 40 minutes at 350°.

Serve warm, topped with sour cream (if desired).



a stranger in this place



the bull in the china shop is cursed
by being a bull
and by being in the china shop



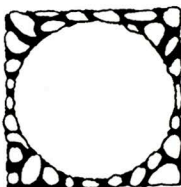
how he got there we don't know
that he cannot change being a bull
we know
attempting it is a triple curse
to change the nature of bullishness
a dilemma



he tries
loving the china shop
its brightness
the excitement
the people who attend receptions there



the women are beautiful
as the bone china cups and saucers
decorated with little flowers
colors primary and pastel
fine gold edges
porcelain so thin light shines through it



they recognize him as they enter
greet him warmly
with the grace taught to them as youngsters
not to discriminate
not to reveal that they notice his bullishness
his mass, clumsiness, heavy fur
his horns in particular
they notice but avoid gently
converse with him politely



men in cashmere sweaters
pretend he is a guy
though they know he's different from them
he listens when the men discuss cars or sport
or the ruggedness of nature
they act as though this is common ground



the people talk too much, tell stories with excessive detail
reveal things they never meant to say
(the dope they smoked in college, youthful affairs they regret)
they interrupt each other
laugh too loudly



all the while pretending the bull is one of them
 the china shop guests and the bull know it isn't so
 say nothing about it
 too much about other things
 politics, weather, their lives so far



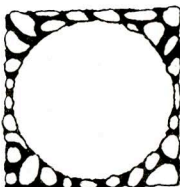
the bull drinks too much, loses his inhibitions
 he believes that some of the people are fond of him
 appreciate his manifest presence, his sense of humor
 his ability to move through the aisles without breaking
 too much merchandise



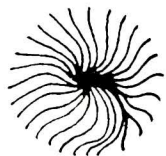
sometimes they extend an invitation
 though he knows they get together without him
 not intentionally
 but because they like a smaller group
 or they think it is too much trouble for him
 to get around



the loneliness of knowing this frightens him
 they would be surprised to hear it
 he has lots of friends
 always busy
 the center of attention everywhere



on his own he appreciates his strength and intelligence
 greets most days feeling confident
 but entering the china shop
 makes him ill at ease
 anxious on the inside about being a bull

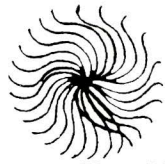
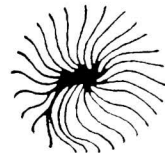
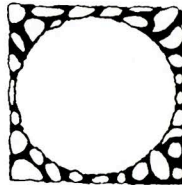
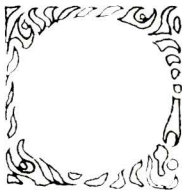
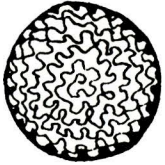


the bull is the last to leave
 tired, sober, thirsty and sad
 he stands at the door looking back
 near the window crystal goblets
 cast shadows in the moonlight



•





salmon party patties

INGREDIENTS

- 1 can pink salmon, 14.5 to 15 oz.
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- bread or cracker crumbs
- olive or canola oil

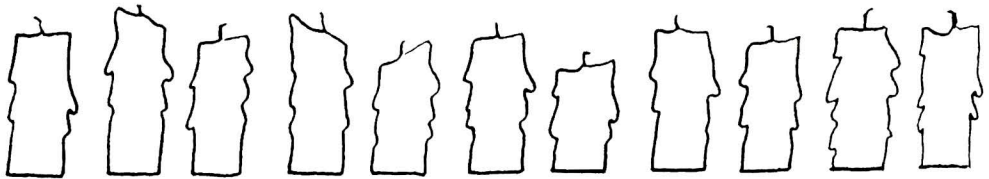
DIRECTIONS

Drain salmon, save juice for Survivors Seafood Soup or Garbage Soup. In a large bowl, mash salmon well with a fork (mash or remove the bones). Add eggs, salt and pepper and mix well. Mix in onions and enough bread or cracker crumbs so that mixture can be handled. Heat a large frying pan with a small amount of oil on medium to medium high burner. Form mixture into small patties and fry on both sides until goldenbrown. Serve warm or at room temperature with horseradish sauce (see below). Makes about 16.



horseradish sauce

Mix horseradish sauce with horseradish beet relish to make a lovely pink sauce.



cool cucumber soup

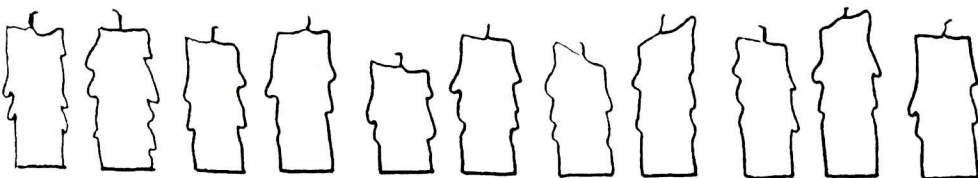
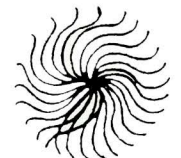
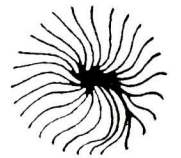
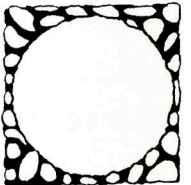
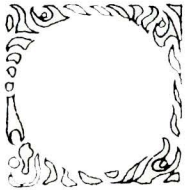
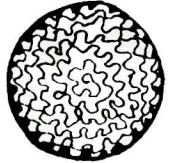
INGREDIENTS

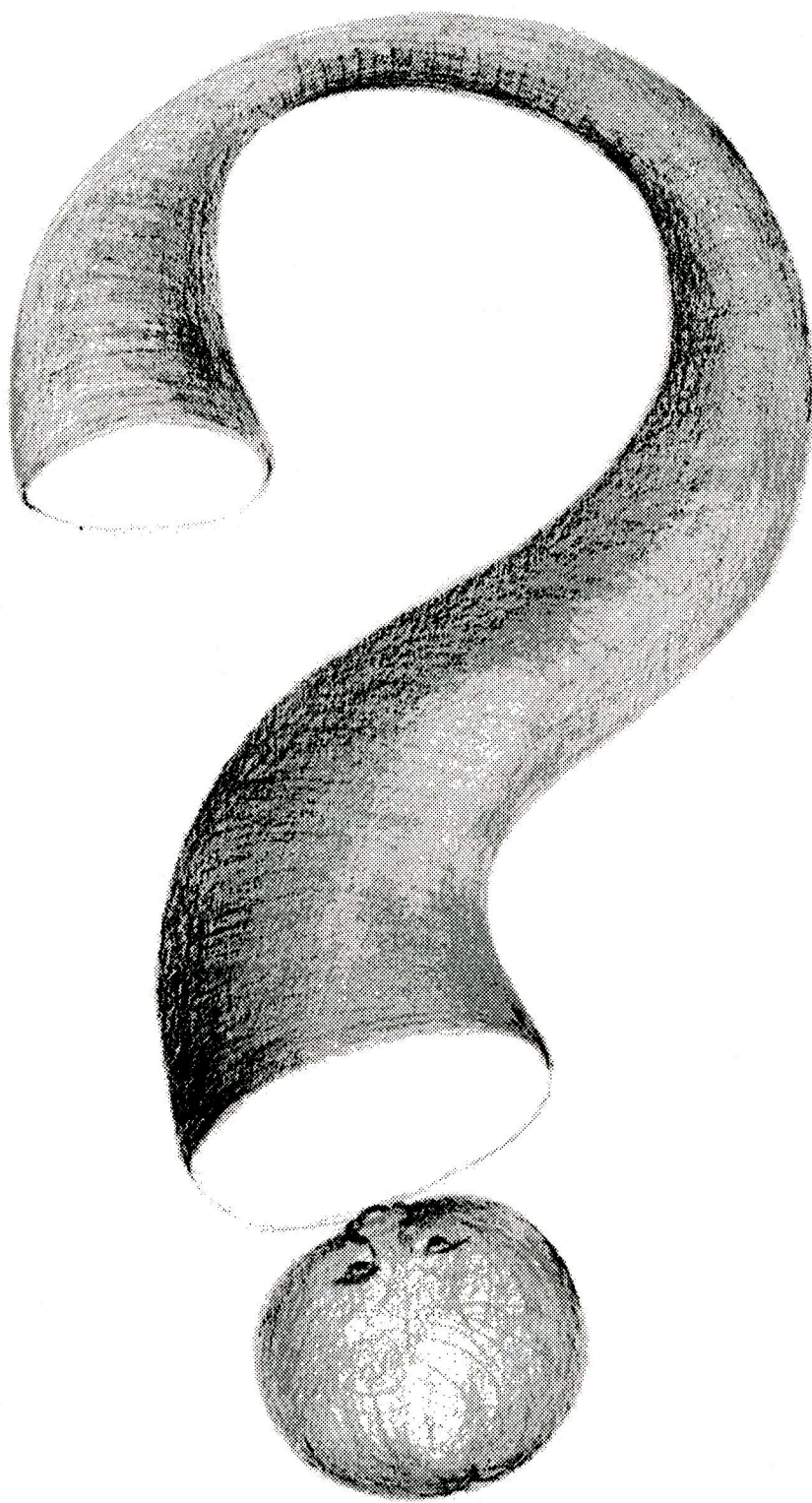
- 32 oz. carton plain, non fat yogurt
- 2 medium cucumbers, peeled and cut into quarters
- 1 small clove garlic
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. lemon pepper
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts or pecans

DIRECTIONS

In a food processor*, purée cucumbers and garlic.
Add yogurt, salt and pepper and puree thoroughly.
Pour into a large bowl, stir in water, raisins and walnuts.
Cover and chill.
Before serving, stir raisins, as they will settle.
Serves 12.

*If you don't have a food processor, grate cucumbers and mince garlic.





waiting for **96** the dough

waiting for the dow

In an unprecedented free fall today Wall Street responded to news of an outbreak of Mad Cow Disease in Montana. The Dow Jones surrendered 5,241 of its recently acquired points as investors scrambled to milk what they could from their bovine linked holdings. Leather and gelatin stocks were especially hard hit. A consortium of midwest turkey growers quipped, "How now mad cow?"

In a related story, the Nikkei Index soared as Japanese investors expressed a surge of confidence in the dramatic export value of tofu.

Pollsters galloped to harvest the response of millions of distressed investors. When reached for comment, Phyllis Goldin beefed, "It's time you asked us little folks. We're the ones losing sleep. Why, there's an epidemic of Mad Dow Disease out there."

⊙



free las vegas

free deal inside
free pull on the world's loosest slot machine
you could win millions
topless girls of Glitter Gulch
free admission
no cover
free and easy covered parking
free self parking
free t-shirt

it takes only seconds, it's free
The Sands Bonus Slot Club
just step in

free chocolate factory tours
free coffee
free Sands ceramic collector mug
free gamblers fun book
free good luck charm key chain
totally smoke free casino Silver City
win free rooms
get a free chance on room discounts
\$5 off, \$10 off, or 1 free room

free issue of the Las Vegas Investment Report
free win your dream vacation
free maps
buy 11 get 1 free
free party pack and super savings book
worth more than \$1,000.00
free hamburger and fries
free lunch or breakfast, really!

free shrimp cocktail
free bag of popcorn
\$10 casino match play
\$11 for \$10 slot coupon
free drink, champagne split
free photo of yourself in the Vegas World Casino
free Excalibur visor
free deck of authentic Excalibur playing cards
free Cadillac
free Saturn
free truck
win me free, inside!



mocklava

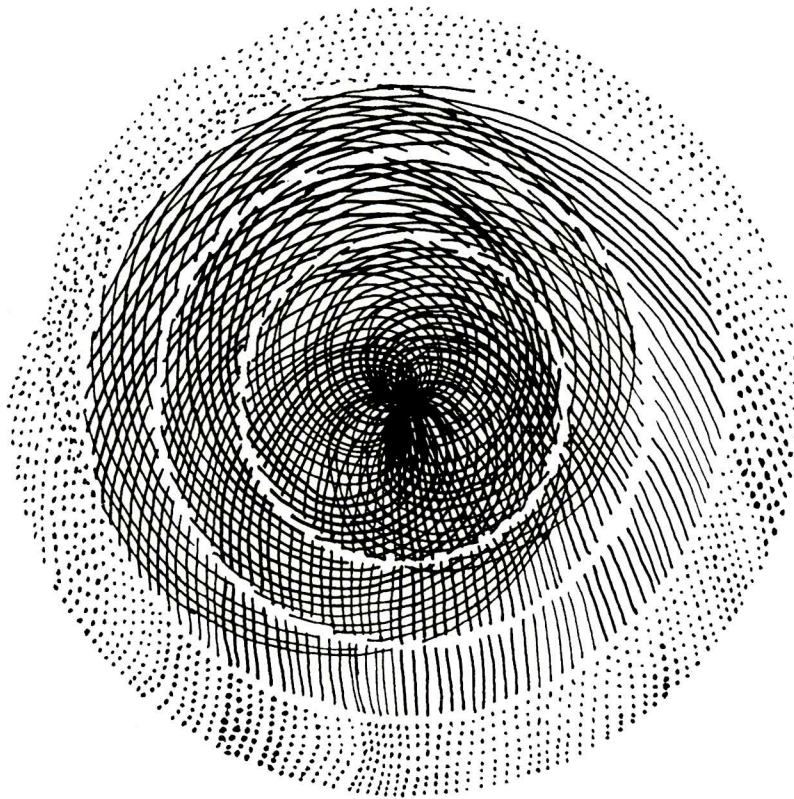
INGREDIENTS

$\frac{1}{8}$ cup honey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ground cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ground nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. finely grated orange peel (optional)
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup Grape Nuts cereal or crushed walnuts
8-oz. tube refrigerated crescent dinner rolls

DIRECTIONS

Heat oven to 375°.
In a small bowl, mix honey, cinnamon, nutmeg and orange peel.
Mix in Grape Nuts or walnuts.
Unroll and separate crescent roll dough into 8 triangles, with short side closest to you, stretching middle of each piece a little.
Place a heaping teaspoon of filling close to middle of bottom edge.
Roll dough toward point, making sure to completely enclose filling in dough.
Bend finished rolls to make crescents.
Bake on non-stick cookie sheet for 11 minutes.
Serve warm or at room temperature.





the menu *1-800-infinity*

Thank you for calling Heaven

If you are calling from a touch tone phone you may select from the following options

For a current report on the Father, Son, Savior, King of Kings

Lord of Lords, Counselor, Good Shepherd, Lamb of God,

Immanuel, Great Redeemer and Holy Ghost, press 1

For a digital sample by the Angels and Heavenly Hostesses press 2

For a review of the Ten Commandments press 3

For rules regarding Salvation and Redemption press 4

For up to the minute information on the Second Coming press 5

For a recorded message on contraception by Mary and Joseph press six

For traffic conditions at the Pearly Gates press 7

For events on the Streets of Gold press 8

To obtain your Eye For an Eye or Tooth For a Tooth beanie press 9

For today's arrivals and departures press 0

If this is a true emergency hang up and dial 911



waiting for **100** the dough

a menu for raspberry lovers

The following recipes include this home made raspberry sauce, which is also delicious over ice cream, frozen yogurt, or sherbet.

raspberry sauce

3 cups ripe raspberries
(domestic or wild), rinsed
3 tsp. lime or lemon juice
3 Tbsp. brown sugar

In medium saucepan, bring all ingredients to a boil.
Reduce heat to low.
Cover and simmer 10 minutes.
Cool to room temperature.



rum raspberry chocolate bundt cake

INGREDIENTS

- 1 dark chocolate cake mix
- 1/4 cup rum
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup raspberry sauce
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup canola oil
- powdered sugar
- 8" paper doily (or cut your own)

DIRECTIONS

Preheat oven to 350°.

Grease and lightly flour 12 cup bundt cake pan.

Beat all ingredients in a large bowl on low speed until moistened, then on high speed for 2 minutes. May also be beaten by hand.

Pour into pan.

Bake 35-45 minutes until cake springs back when lightly pressed in the center and separates slightly from edge of the pan.

Cool 10-15 minutes before turning on to cake plate.

When cake has cooled, place doily on top, sprinkle with powdered sugar, remove doily carefully.



chocolate dipped raspberry coconut cookies

INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter, softened
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- 1 cup raspberry sauce
- 6 oz package chocolate chips

DIRECTIONS

Preheat oven to 400°.

Sift together first 4 ingredients and set aside. Cream butter and sugar, then add egg and beat until light.

Stir in coconut.

Add dry ingredients, alternating with raspberry sauce and mix well.

Drop by heaping teaspoonsful onto greased cookie sheet.

Bake 10 minutes.

Melt chocolate chips in double boiler. When cookies are cool, dip half of the top of each cookie in chocolate.

Makes 60.



brownie raspberry pie

INGREDIENTS

CRUST:

one 10-inch pie crust—See recipe for No-problem Pie Crust.

FILLING:

1 chocolate brownie mix, approximately 1 lb. 6 oz.

1 cup raspberry sauce

1/4 cup vegetable oil

1 egg

2 Tbsp. powdered sugar and

8" round paper doily (for decoration)

vanilla ice cream (optional)

DIRECTIONS

Heat oven to 350°.

Line a deep 10" glass pie plate with crust.

Flute edge.

In large bowl, combine Brownie Mix, 1 cup raspberry sauce, oil and egg.

Mix by hand until no dry mix is visible and only small lumps remain.

Distribute filling evenly in pie crust.

Bake 40 minutes.

Cool for 15 minutes.

Lay doily flat on top, sprinkle with powdered sugar, then remove doily carefully.

Serve at room temperature, with side scoop of ice cream, if desired.

Spoon additional raspberry sauce over ice cream.

Makes 16 servings.

VARIATIONS

instead of raspberry sauce,

for BROWNIE BANANA PIE substitute:

1 cup ripe, mashed bananas

1 Tbsp. strong coffee

1 tsp. ground nutmeg

1/4 tsp. ground cloves

for BROWNIE PINEAPPLE PIE substitute:

1 cup crushed pineapple with juice (8 oz. can)



halloween storm

1991

Winter hits fast and hard
Halloween afternoon little trick or treaters
bundle up early
protesting coats put on over
perfect costumes
leave brightly lit houses
and brothers too big to go out
assigned now to handing out candy
to friends a year behind them in school

Big brothers, embarrassed to dress up in costumes
grown ups would ask, "Aren't you a pretty tall ghost?"
embarrassed to stay home answering the doorbell
rung by children they know
embarrassed to be thirteen
and still living at home
voices cracking
wanting to be cuddled at night
anonymously

They hate little brothers
for dressing up and going out
torment them for ridiculous costumes
remind them that Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
are not for teenagers but for babies
laugh when they cry over their coats
later dig into their candy bags
bidding, bartering, negotiating
always ending up with the Milky Ways

Tonight's fierce storm
makes adventurers of the young ones
every house has lights on
beacons across the snow
drifts sweep at sharp angles with the wind

We wish for children to come early
escape the worsening weather
parents bring them to the door
stand back down on the sidewalk
so the children appear alone
independent
grown up witches and clowns
at last we blow out the Jack O'lantern candle

For three days all are confined by the blizzard
blowing wildly through cedars
the weight of snow drags branches to the ground
we hear them snapping in the storm
as we finish the M & M's



malloweens

INGREDIENTS

50 marshmallows

50 round toothpicks

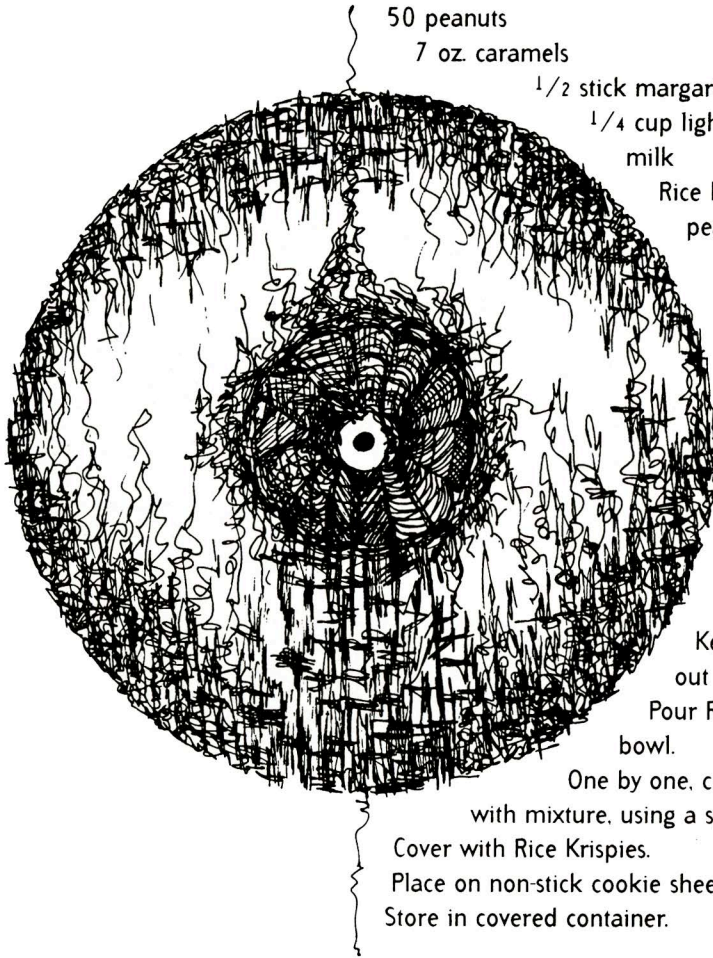
50 peanuts

7 oz. caramels

$\frac{1}{2}$ stick margarine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup light sweetened condensed milk

Rice Krispies (or crushed peanuts)



DIRECTIONS

Press a peanut into each marshmallow. Anchor each marshmallow with a toothpick.

Melt caramels, margarine and condensed milk in top of a double boiler.

Keep heat low throughout process.

Pour Rice Krispies into a bowl.

One by one, cover marshmallows with mixture, using a spoon.

Cover with Rice Krispies.

Place on non-stick cookie sheet to cool.

Store in covered container.

We make these at Halloween, handing them out at the door to children and parents who enjoy a treat to eat "on the road."



1.
Tomorrow Jacob goes away to college
his parents talk about it as though they are ready
the three of them driving to Oberlin
from Minneapolis
into the rising sun
the back of their car packed with
things which cannot be found in Ohio
Kleenex, laundry detergent, shampoo

For eighteen years he never gave them any trouble
never left home 'til now
went away to Grandma's once
for a week
otherwise has slept at home
his whole life
what was there to leave for
until now?

We all laugh over him
the boy I have not met
we drink wild rice beer
at a Labor Day party
his mother the old socialist
his father the lawyer
they spin stories out slowly
listening
not stepping on each other's lines

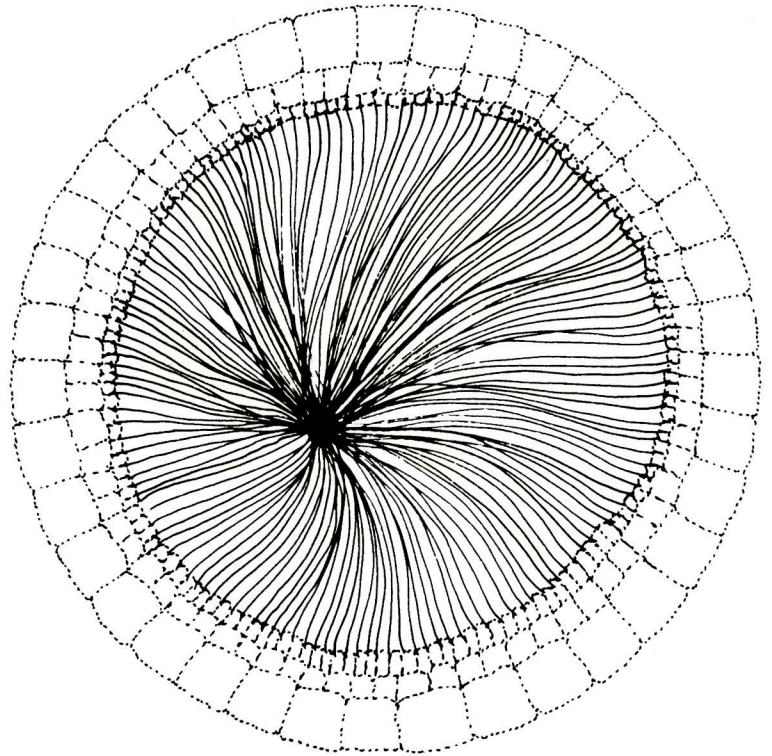
2.
Even as a baby
Jacob has his father's hair
fine, soft blond curls
his father's body
tall and thin
his father's voice
clear, smiling

At age two Jacob goes to day care
long blond ringlets caress his shoulders
mistaken for a girl, he protests to the teacher,
"Can't you tell I'm a boy?
Can't you tell by my voice?
Can't you tell by my curly hair?"

Tomorrow Jacob goes away to college.



jacob



There is a sharpness and depth
in the bright whiteness of the sun
as it shines through leaves on branches
and casts a spotted shadow on my face and arms.

children on a string A maple grows outside, one summer old
with a pole beside and tied to it
and leaves too big
like a kitten's paws and ears.

Each noon a group of children
walks by on a string
one teacher in front, one behind
instructions are simple and clear
hold on to the string.

I hold a cheer in me
for the simplicity of sunlight in the tree
and the children on a string.



coffee apricot brownies

For the college Freshperson, leaving home.

INGREDIENTS

one 21 1/2-oz. package brownie mix
1/2 cup strong coffee (cooled)
1 cup vegetable oil
1 egg
3/4 cup chopped dried apricots

DIRECTIONS

Heat oven to 350°.
Grease 13"x 9" pan.
Mix brownie mix, coffee, oil and egg in large bowl.
Beat 50 strokes by hand, until batter is well moistened.
Stir in chopped apricots.
Spread in greased pan.
Bake at 350° for 33 to 35 minutes. Do not over-bake.
Cool completely before serving.
Store covered.

Makes approximately 30 two-inch square brownies.



turning thirty

Dear Cousin,

For thirty years I trusted no one over thirty—my parents, your parents, our saintly grandmother, our sisters (as they outgrew us, one by one). Now you are turning thirty and four days later, so am I.

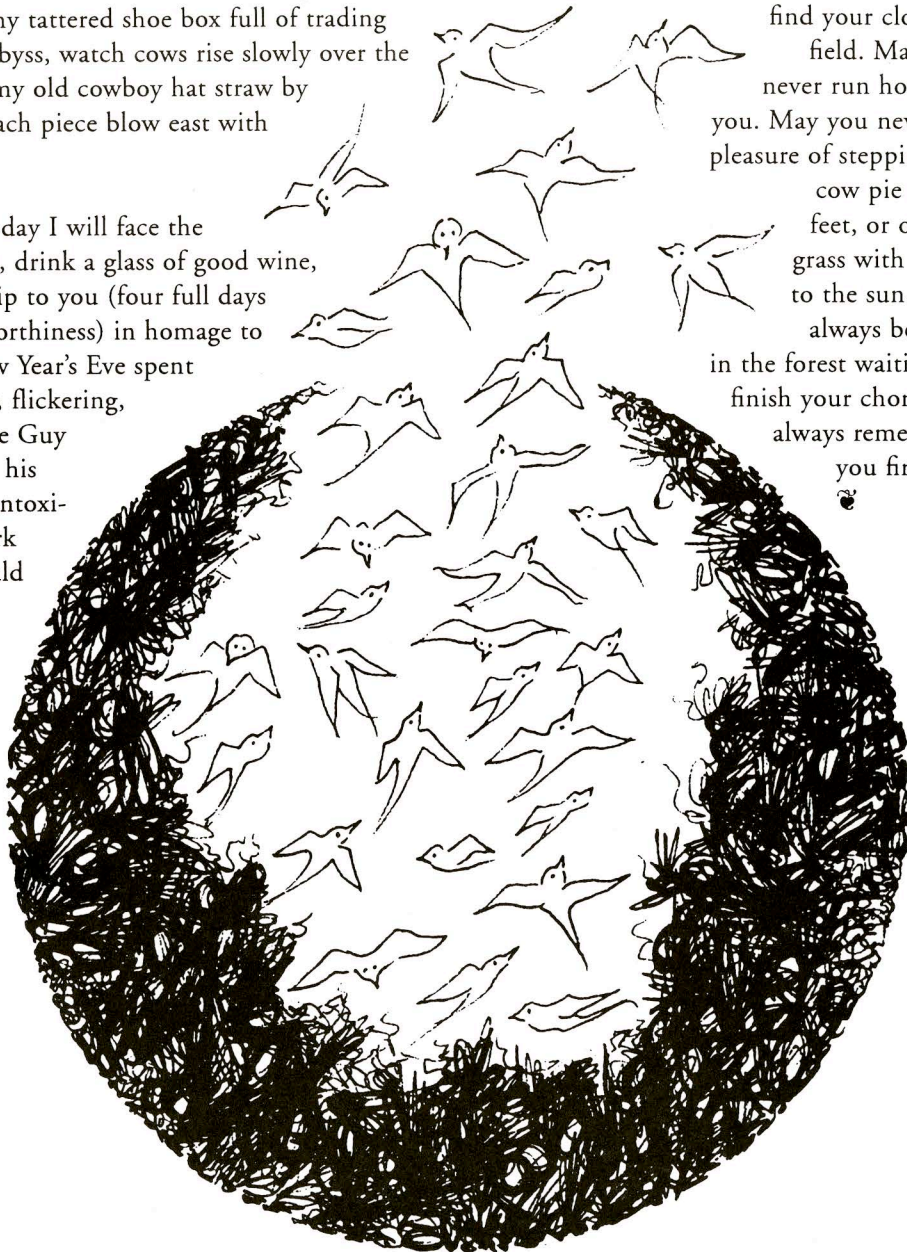
To celebrate, I will ride bareback on an albino mare across a field of alfalfa, sit naked at the edge of the dump, throw my tattered shoe box full of trading junk into the abyss, watch cows rise slowly over the horizon, shed my old cowboy hat straw by straw, letting each piece blow east with the wind.

At the close of day I will face the northern lights, drink a glass of good wine, toast the first sip to you (four full days into un-trustworthiness) in homage to a long-lost New Year's Eve spent watching fuzzy, flickering, black and white Guy Lombardo and his sophisticated, intoxicated, New York crowd sing "Auld Lang Syne," remember our own concoc-

tion of concentrated lemon juice mixed in a liquor-free farmhouse at midnight, with which we rang in the New Year, 1962, while everyone else slept as though it was just another winter night.

Here's to you! Now you're a grown up—too bad.

May you never get lost trying to find your clothes in a corn field. May your horse never run home without you. May you never lose the pleasure of stepping on a warm cow pie in your bare feet, or of lying in the grass with your bare ass to the sun. May there always be a secret fort in the forest waiting for you to finish your chores. May you always remember I loved you first.





lemon aid

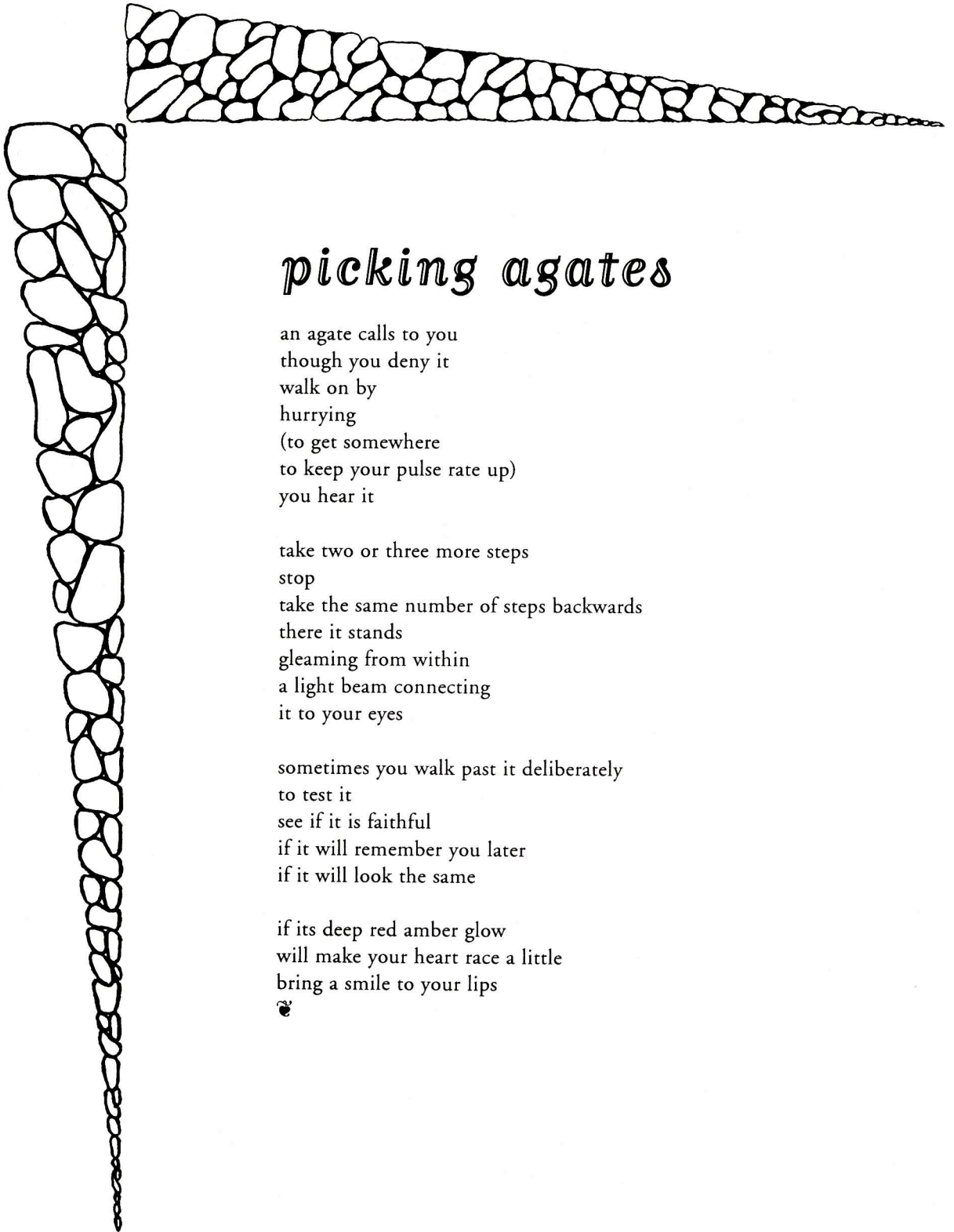
Chill large glasses in freezer.

INGREDIENTS

12 ounce can frozen lemonade
Large bottle carbonated water or club soda
Lemon, lime, or orange sherbet
Fresh lemon

DIRECTIONS

Prepare 12 ounce can of lemonade according to package instructions, except substitute carbonated water or club soda for water.
Put a large scoop of sherbet in each chilled glass.
Slowly pour carbonated lemonade over sherbet.
Garnish with a slice of fresh lemon on the side of each glass.



picking agates

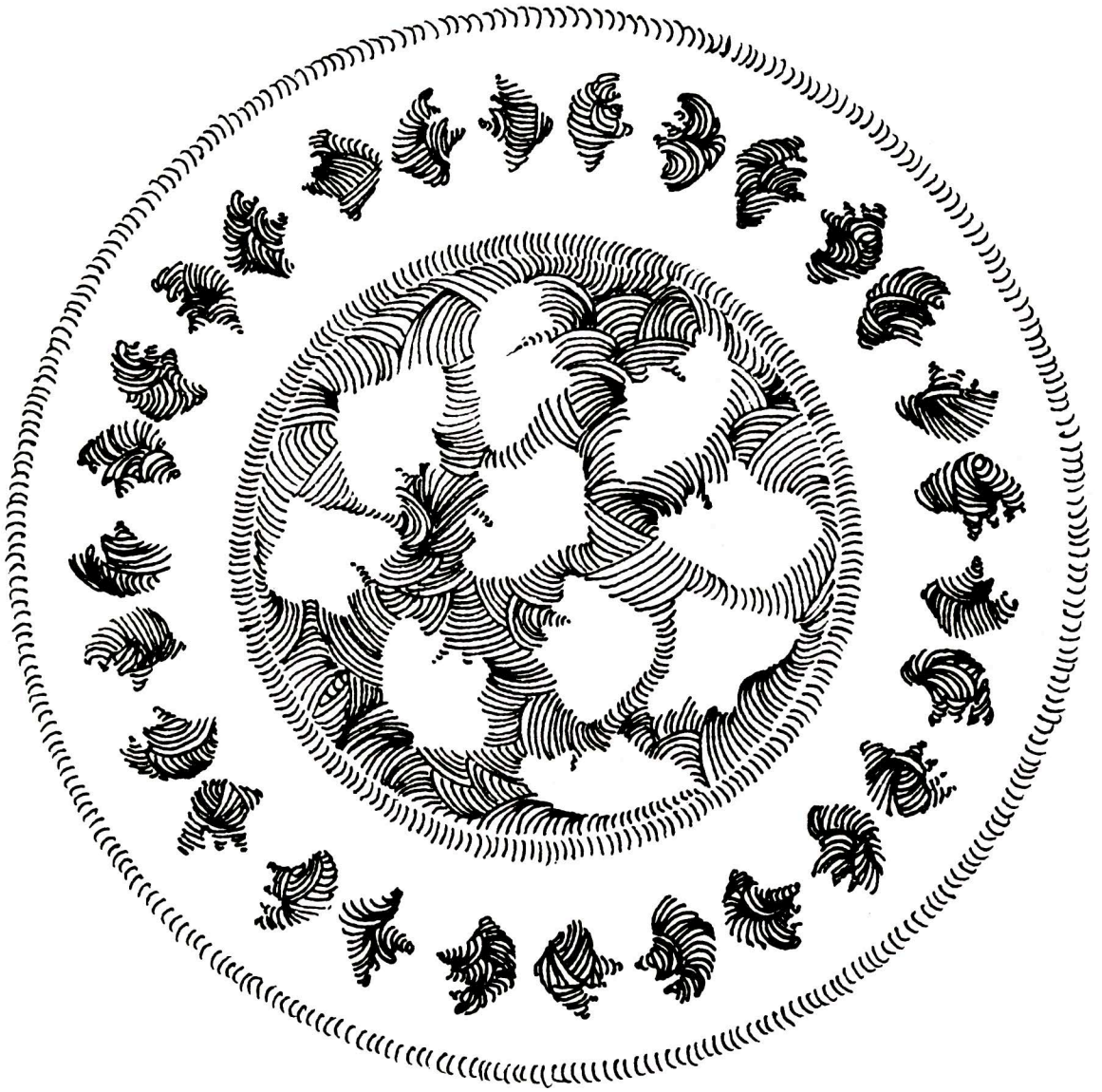
an agate calls to you
though you deny it
walk on by
hurrying
(to get somewhere
to keep your pulse rate up)
you hear it

take two or three more steps
stop
take the same number of steps backwards
there it stands
gleaming from within
a light beam connecting
it to your eyes

sometimes you walk past it deliberately
to test it
see if it is faithful
if it will remember you later
if it will look the same

if its deep red amber glow
will make your heart race a little
bring a smile to your lips





tips for creative cooking and conservation

When a recipe calls for water, consider a substitute such as fruit juice, skim milk, coffee, or meat, fowl, fish, seafood or vegetable stock. When cooking rice, barley or other grains, flavor the boiling water with turmeric, saffron, hot sauce, or other herbs and spices.

To reduce fat in stir fry vegetables use just enough olive or canola oil to cover the bottom of your pan without excess. After vegetables have browned slightly, add a little water, cover the pan, reduce heat to low and they will steam nicely.

Many reduced fat or nonfat products are wonderful. In most recipes fat or oil can be reduced substantially or substitutions can be made to serve the function of fat. For example, applesauce or cooked, pureed pumpkin or squash are possible substitutes for oil in baked things.

After roasting a chicken, turkey, or other meat, save drippings in a jar and refrigerate. The fat will congeal at the top and can be removed. Save the jelly to use as a base for stir fry sauce, gravy, or soup.

Whole wheat regular or pastry flour may be used for at least half of the white flour called for in most recipes.

Lemon or lime juice will prevent sliced fruits and vegetables from discoloring and contribute a flavor bonus.

Let herbs and spices assist you with salt reduction and creating your own culinary signature. Parsley will freshen dated herbs. Make your own herb combinations to keep in shakers at the table.

Graham cracker or cookie crumb crusts are enhanced by adding any of these ground spices: ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves or cardamom.

For an interesting aroma, simmer whole cloves in water on the stove or in a pot pourri pot.

Poke around in exotic grocery stores. Try things one at a time. Creative and healthful skills are developed in bite sized increments. Avoid tin cans from Asia and South America, however, as some of them have been found to contain high lead levels.

Plastic containers are useful for storing leftovers. Some are microwave safe or recyclable. Cooperative groceries are usually grateful for clean glass or plastic containers with lids, or egg cartons. Bring home your unused shower caps from hotels. They come in handy as bowl covers, instead of plastic wrap, and are re-usable. Conservation spares our burgeoning landfills.

Look around your kitchen with a poet's eye. Some ingredients fall together in a poetic tangle which makes things taste good. Mix it up.

May your sensory pleasure be surpassed only by your expanding creativity.



after-



bite

Over the years, loyal friends have insisted that some of the preceding recipes should be prize winners. Can you imagine Rhapsody in Brew on a tomato sauce can? Such flights of gastronomical creativity are seldom found gracing popular grocery items.

Did your mom say, as mine did, “Don’t play with your food”? Ever since I was a toddler concocting miracles in a soup bowl, I have disobeyed her instruction. Most everything we have dished up in this book is some form of play. We hope to be playing with food, words, pictures and life itself for its duration.



Thanks to Carol Masters for her thoughtful editing and to Paul Chillman for his beautiful book design.

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