

Food

Anyone growing up Italian knows how important food was. And it was good. My mother made everything from scratch. Her recipes were the ones she brought with her to America and those shared with friends.

Fruits and vegetables were staples. Along with pasta, they were the mainstay of our diet.

Desserts--cakes and cookies--were reserved for special occasions. Birthdays, Christmas, saints' days, Easter--this was the time to bake mass quantities of sweets to be shared with family and friends.

I have included copies of my mother's recipes written in Italian. She would write the recipe down, try it out, and if the results were not to her liking, she would change it the next time she baked. In her book there were three or four variations of the same recipe.

While our children were growing up, my sisters and I would often bake the "old world" cookies and cakes. We saved the original recipes, modified some of them. They still taste as good as they did fifty years ago. Just baking them brings back such wonderful memories.