



RECIPES  
*to*  
REMEMBER



GENERATIONS HELPING  
**DOROT**

GENERATIONS HELPING

# RECIPES *to* REMEMBER

An initiative of Lasting Impressions: DOROT's Legacy Project





# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The creation of this book would not have been possible without the generosity of those who contributed their recipes and stories:

Muriel Asnis, Roger Barth, Sheila Bellen, Pola Schell Birman, Judy Borkowsky, Marsha Cohen, Barry Cross, Barbara Cutney, Joyce Derrow, Adele Dressner, Carol Finkelstein, Laura Funaro, Arnon Harari, Jerry Hattem, Shirley Henschel, Toshiko Kobayashi, Florence Kranitz, Victoria Rosenthal Kristy, Lorene Leembruggen, Lili Levy, Marian Lewis, Linda Long, Sharon Ludlow, Rachel Makleff, Yocheved Muffs, Nasrine Nasr, Earlene Nesbit, Marion Oliner, Sheila Palevsky, Rose Paris, Roslyn Raskin, Tulsi Reynolds, Rita Rosenkranz, Sipra Roy, Susan Sandler, Sara Shabto, Sharon Silberfarb, Stella Stufano, Sandy Warshaw, Irene Weiser, Marguerite Yates, Shirley Young, and Sol Zalgendler.

We would also like to thank David Martin, Katherine Noire, Lorraine Siegel, and Deborah Sudran who, at the time of publication, are no longer with us. May their memories be a blessing.

DOROT is grateful to the Robert & Toni Bader Charitable Foundation for its generous support for this project.

We would like to express our gratitude to the Keller-Shatanoff Foundation for their steadfast support of Lasting Impressions, DOROT's Legacy Project.

Thank you also to the Lasting Impressions Department interns - Isabella Mancini, Julia Scatenato, and Summer Hood - for their hard work and dedication to this project. We would also like to thank Andrea Strongwater for the beautiful Illustrations that make the text come alive.

Finally, we wish to extend a heartfelt thank you to Lena King, Program Administrator for DOROT's Lasting Impressions department, who shepherded every aspect of Recipes to Remember with care.

# INTRODUCTION

You may notice that this book is filled with much more than recipes. It is a keepsake of stories and food and pays homage to the lives, legacies, and food memories of those who make up our DOROT community. Food has the power to evoke powerful memories. An initiative of Lasting Impressions: *DOROT's Legacy Project*, this book seeks to celebrate and uplift the memories that we have, and the stories that we tell, about the food that we eat—the simple, the festive, and the sweet.

Over the course of the day at DOROT, as our staff works to alleviate social isolation among older adults and provides additional supportive services, we meet older adults from many walks of life. We serve the Jewish and wider community, bringing the generations together in a mutually beneficial partnership of older adults, volunteers, and community members.

*Recipes to Remember* speaks to the diversity of our agency, and of our catchment area. In this book you will find stories and recipes that transport us across oceans, to Israel, Iran, India, and Malaysia. We'll also travel to specific streets and neighborhoods in New York, where most of us have our homes. You'll find recipes for foods traditionally made for Jewish holidays like Passover and Rosh Hashanah, and stories that celebrate the traditions of individual families —those we are born into, and those we chose.

There are treasures within these pages. We invite you to come and gather around a collective table, and join us. Be with us as we tell of the journeys we've been on and share the tastes that help to define our legacies. We invite you to give some of our recipes a try in your own kitchens!

We are grateful for you, we welcome you, and bon appetit.

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alphabetized by the name of the dish.*

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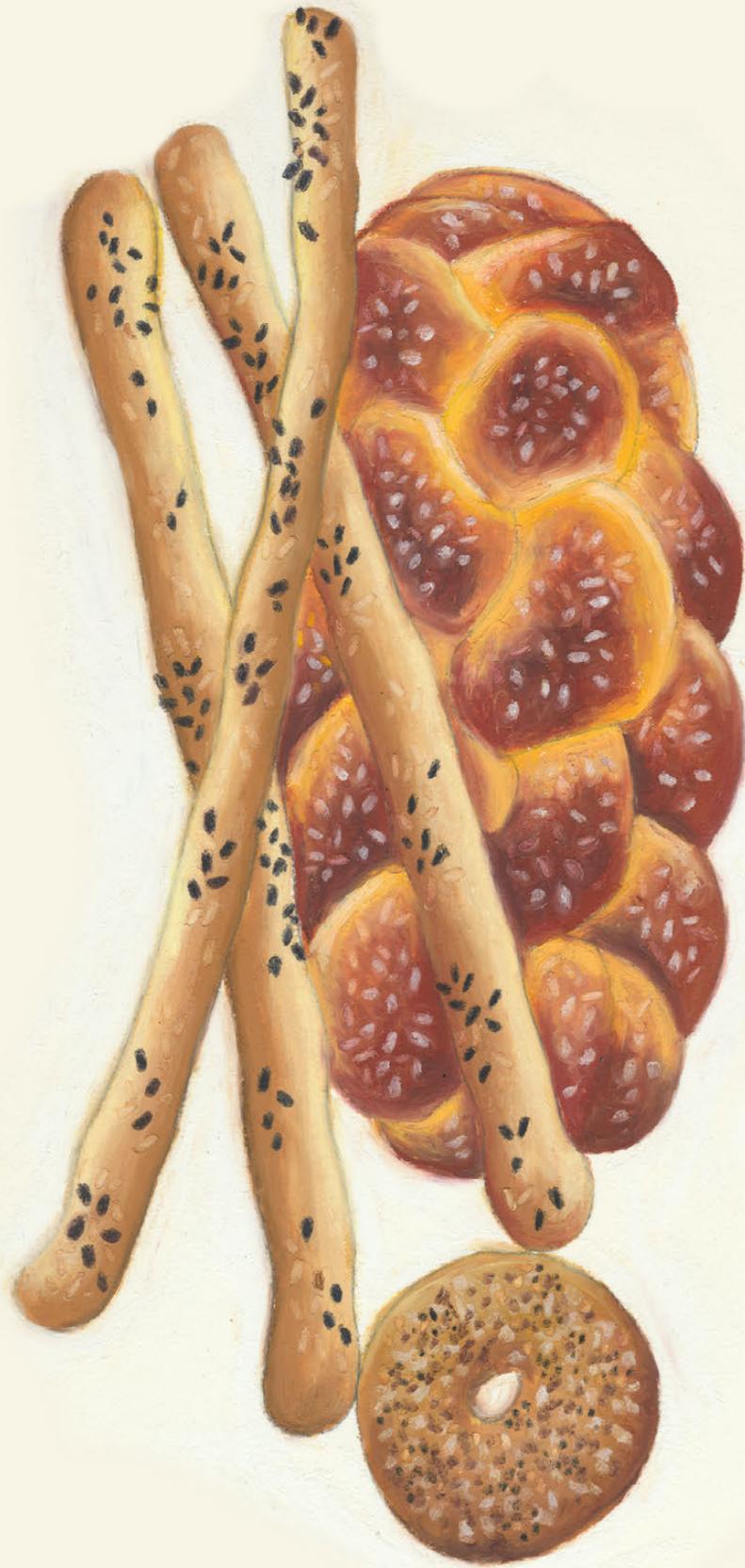
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BREADS

# ARNON HARARI

## TOURISM IS FOOD



I come from Israel. I have travelled all over the world and eaten at so many restaurants. The best meal I ever had in Israel was in a Druze village, in the area between Israel and Syria. They have a very interesting way of eating. They start with 18 different plates of salad! Sure, you have some of the famous things; the hummus, the tabbouleh, but then after that it's a whole new story. One plate was made of dates and peanuts, really mixed up, almost like a spread, and it was deliciously sweet and crunchy. Another was a plate of sardines mixed into cream cheese. By the end of the salads I needed to lay down. But then the main meal came, a Mediterranean fish that was practically a piece of steak. I tried to be polite but I couldn't handle it. My wife, who is very little, finished it all!

In Jerusalem two things will shock you. First, the bread bakeries. On one table you will find hundreds of different breads. Some are filled with olives, some with cheese, others with herbs like parsley and coriander. Others still are topped with greens or sesame seeds. Round rolls, flatbreads, pitas, one flat and one hollow. Never in your life will you see so many breads! All the breads have a wonderful smell and they are always hot! The whole block smells! You may have just finished a meal, but you walk by the bakery and you have to eat some bread! You just have to.

The second thing that will shock you is the sweets. Baklava is the famous one. They have 60 different types. There are many shapes, some look like eggs, some like a piece of cake. The sauce is usually honey and some are filled with nuts, coconut, or dates. Back in the day Dunkin Donuts had something like 25 different types of donuts. It is similar with the baklava. You end up buying a huge box because there are so many types and they all look delicious and then you eat two pieces and you are full!

I travelled Europe, from one end to the other. I remember the antipasti in Rome in particular, which you eat before the meal begins. It is small, but honestly, it is the best part of the meal. The pizza all over Italy is special. It has a skinny crust and I really enjoy it. In Austria they have wonderful marzipan. In Germany it is all about the sausage and the delicious black bread. It's like a stone. In France everything comes with a sauce, even eggs in the morning- eggs benedict! I live part of the time in Brazil and they like to do a lot with corn, ground and baked in a cake, with a leaf, sweetened with honey and sugar. Others have oil and chicken or cheese or fish inside. They will blow your head off!

We are lucky to live here in New York. The best chefs in the world are here. Once I was out walking with my wife and she asked me if I remembered that it was our anniversary. I cannot tell you the fear and panic that coursed through me. Luckily, we happened to be in front of the Iron Chef Morimoto's restaurant! I told my wife I remembered and played it real smooth. We were lucky we got in. The food was so good and he was the actual cook that night because they had a reviewer coming in. Each dish was something else, all based on Japanese food, in the way that they eat things one piece at a time. There were rolls, but they were different than regular sushi rolls. One had a mushroom in it that was out of this world! And there was a teeny tiny omelet that when you put it in your mouth was an explosion of taste, all over different parts of your tongue. I don't know how those guys do that.

Funny thing is, I like White Castle just as much as a fine restaurant. I love Taco Bell! But my wife loves to eat at nice places so we go out together. Once we went to a place on Park Avenue with no sign that you can only find if you know where it is. They showed us three menus. One was \$100, one was \$200, and the other was \$300. My wife picked up the \$300 one and off we went. We were the only guests that night and the cook served us. My wife always offered very informed opinions about the food and this chef loved it. He brought out an ice cream he had made that he wanted her to test. The secret ingredient was mustard. She was thrilled!

I have enjoyed the foods in all the different places I have travelled. For me, tourism is food. Food is the way I experience a place. And the way food has been mixed up over the last twenty-to-thirty-years is so interesting: before you wouldn't find Brazilian food here in New York but now, the world is a smaller place.

# SHEILA BELLEN

## WARM MEMORIES OF MY GRANDMOTHER



*Mollie Katz, my grandmother*

Grandma Mollie Katz was my mother's mother. She came to live with us in 1937 when I was five years old. She shared my room and I was in awe when she first arrived and I watched her dress. She wore a corset that had two sets of laces which she wound around the bed post to help tighten them in order to squeeze her figure. Within a week of her arrival my mother had bought her floral cotton "house dresses," which you wore before getting dressed to go out. My mother showed my grandma that there was no longer a need for corsets and they were never seen again.

Grams was a very special person. For a woman of her age she was ahead of her time. It didn't matter what race or religion you were, she welcomed and accepted everyone. She loved to watch television, and thought that since she could see the people onscreen, they could hear her. So when the dancers came on in costumes that showed their legs, she shouted at them, in Yiddish, "the naked ladies!" And when she watched the wrestlers, her favorite program, she chose one to root for and advised him, in Yiddish. But those were the only times she didn't speak English. Consequently, I had a limited Yiddish vocabulary.

I used to just look at her and marvel at how the world had changed in a lifetime. There weren't any airplanes when she was born. No one had walked on the moon. That was hard to believe for all of us but she was there to witness these changes. She also witnessed me getting married. Even walked down the aisle in the ceremony!

Friday in our house growing up was always special: baking day. By the time I came home from school, the apple pie was already out of the oven and the aroma permeated the house. I can still see that large oblong pan with the square cut piece and the brown sugar and honey on the inside. Grams used the largest pan in hopes that the dessert would last the weekend. We also baked challah. Grams would wait for me to come home so that, after she made the dough, she could cut off a piece for me. I would imitate her and make a mini twist. Grams was a great cook. Friday night meant chopped liver, chicken soup with homemade noodles, boiled chicken, vegetables, mashed potatoes, and pie and tea for dessert. Dad said the prayer over the wine and then over the challah, which he cut and passed around to everyone except me. With my grandmother's help I enjoyed my own mini challah and I hold that warm memory of her all these years later.



# SHARON LUDLOW

## LORA STOVER'S OATMEAL BREAD



Kneading dough and wedging clay are not so different. Both are a matter of learning to feel and both meant a great deal to me. I had five kids under the age of five at one point. When they started to enter their teen years and I was getting them all out the door in the morning, instead of yelling I would go down to our basement and wedge clay. It was therapeutic, and at pottery school the other mothers talked about what they were going through and it helped me.

My mother was a good cook. Her cooking was simple. When I was one year old we moved from the plains of North Dakota to Portland, Oregon. I watched her make bread and I can still see the big loaf she'd make, cooling on the rack in our old kitchen.

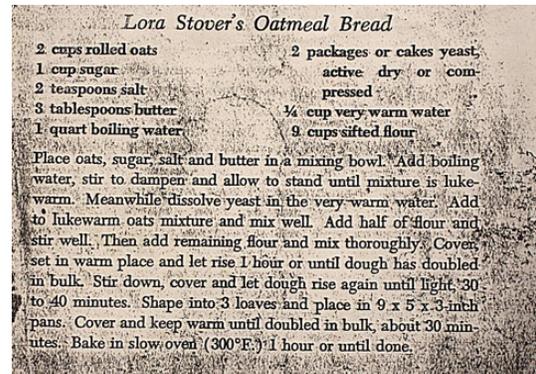
This recipe for oatmeal bread came from a little paper cookbook I saw advertised in a family magazine. I've had it for almost 60 years. It has been trial and error. Instead of oats I used cracked wheat, which was a bit heartier, and I'd heat orange juice and use that instead of water. My kids would come home from school to fresh bread and be delighted.

# SHARON LUDLOW

## LORA STOVER'S OATMEAL BREAD

### INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 quart boiling water
- 2 packages or cakes yeast,  
active, dry, or compressed
- ¼ cup very warm water
- 9 cups sifted flour



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Place oats, sugar, salt and butter in a mixing bowl.
2. Add boiling water, stir to dampen and allow to stand until mixture is lukewarm. Meanwhile, dissolve yeast in very warm water.
3. Add yeast to lukewarm oats mixture and mix well. Add half of flour and stir well.
4. Then add remaining flour and mix thoroughly.
5. Cover, set in warm place and let rise 1 hour or until dough has doubled in bulk.
6. Stir down, cover and let dough rise again until light, 30-40 minutes.
7. Shape into 3 loaves and place in 9x5x3- inch pans.
8. Cover and keep warm until doubled in bulk, about 30 minutes.
9. Bake in slow oven (300 degrees) for one hour or until done.



SOUPS & APPETIZERS

# YOCHED MUFFS

ALL AROUND THERE ARE HILLS



A long, long time ago, I grew up in Queens and went to Hebrew School. In the 1940's one of my Hebrew teachers was a real dynamite and connected me to the Zionist movement. I went to what was then called Palestine and lived on a kibbutz for two years from 1947-1949.

A kibbutz is all about the collective and my role was to cook for 100-150 people. I was comfortable in it and I was not a bad cook. We cooked in big pots in kitchens with no electricity. We used stoves that were about two feet off the ground and the heat source went below. Most of what I made in those big pots was soup!

We were a religious community and kept kosher. We mostly ate dairy, but every once in a while, we had a chicken. The chicken came from the shochet (person officially certified to kill cattle and poultry in the manner prescribed by Jewish law). Besides that, there were lots of vegetables. Soups made of many vegetables, or soups made from many of one vegetable. Ha! There was always enough to eat, and when there were yontifs (good days or holidays), there was wine.

We lived in the south of the country and the summers were so hot I couldn't walk without shoes. But I learned- drink lots of water, don't walk in the sun if you don't have to. During that time the Israel Independence War took place so when I wasn't cooking I was running. A "runner," to be specific. When an attack was coming I ran from the border and warned the community. Some nights I slept with my clothes and shoes on. We all did.

I went to the kibbutz with the intention of living my life there, in that way, but things happened differently and, after two years, I returned to New York City. Kibbutznik, "the spirit of community," has always stayed part of who I am. I became very involved in Young Judaea, educating kids about Israel and about Zionism. I was with the organization as a manager and a director for many, many years.

I've returned to Israel for a few months every year and I have many friends there. Jerusalem is beautiful, just beautiful. All around, there are hills, and you can look out into the sky. I am a citizen of Israel. It is part of my life.



*Yocheved Muffs (Top row, third from the right) and fellow Kibbutz members*



# SIPRA ROY

## BENGALI LENTIL SOUP



Lentil soup is a very traditional meal in India that was made all of the time when I was growing up. It used to be called “the poor man’s protein” because many could not afford fish or other meats. My recipe is very simple but it has much flavor thanks to the finishing touches of turmeric and onions. Bengali style lentil soup is nutritious for the sick because turmeric is a spice known to kill germs and detoxify the liver. It is a spice in Indian dishes that is as common as salt in other cuisines. The world is realizing the benefits of lentils for protein and fiber instead of meat. This is just a regular daytime food in India, like rice. It is easy to prepare with rice or vegetables and has many healing qualities. It can either be a side dish with bread to dip in it, or it can be a bigger meal for many guests. I sometimes will add carrots or tomatoes to have a mix of color and flavor, but it is not necessary.

There are so many colored lentils that all have different purposes, textures, and flavors. Some have earthier flavors than others. In Indian cooking we most commonly use panch phoron (a mix of five different seeds), moong dal (yellow lentils) that you can roast, and masoor dal (red lentil) which quickly become soft. Coriander is also a common herb used in cooking, similar to cilantro. The finishing touches of the soup are necessary to give the food its smell. The lentils are cooked separately and added to a bigger bowl. I add the water that the lentils were soaked in too, because I believe that it is valuable and adds flavor to the soup.



There are many different kinds of lentils and seeds that are used for cooking but also for hair and skin treatments. Methi (fenugreek) is a seed that I take in water every morning for my hair, and many may be surprised to learn that lentils can be used as a soap or paste. This reminds me that when I was young, we used what we had for cosmetics and everything was homemade. My sisters would always have the lentils stuck on their faces after using them as soap. My mother would make a paste out of sandalwood for me and my sisters' skin. Nowadays there are so many harsh chemicals that girls put on their skin. We used simple ingredients.

I live with my daughter in our New York City apartment and I still enjoy cooking simple Indian dishes – like this lentil soup – which I have carried with me from India. It is very comforting.



*My husband, me, my daughter, and son.*

# SIPRA ROY

## BENGALI LENTIL SOUP

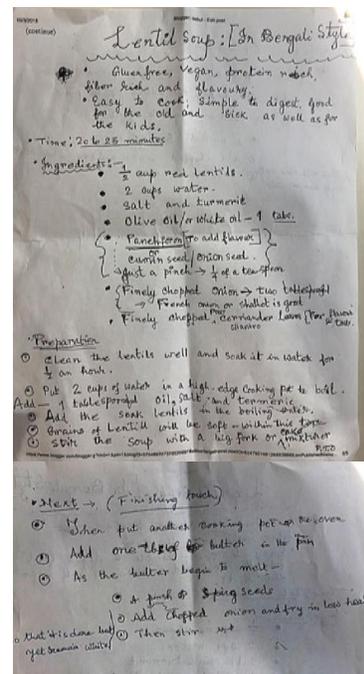
### INGREDIENTS

- ½ cup lentils
- 2 cups water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon turmeric
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 tablespoon butter
- A pinch of panch phoron, cumin seed, or onion seed
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion or shallots
- Finely chopped coriander or cilantro

### INSTRUCTIONS

Ready in 20-25 Minutes

1. Clean lentils and soak in water for 30 minutes.
2. Boil 2 cups of water.
3. Add oil, salt, and turmeric.
4. Add the lentils to the boiling water until soft.
5. Stir with large fork.
6. In separate pot, add butter, onions, and seeds.
7. Fry butter, onions, and seeds and stir on low heat.
8. Combine into large bowl with lentils.



# SHIRLEY YOUNG

## GUMBO FILÉ



When I was growing up in New Orleans, Louisiana, we were taught that if you could cook for two you could cook for six. Somebody was always going to be coming by asking to eat. We lived near the railroad and we never locked the door. People came as they pleased and the only ones who knocked were people we didn't know. If we weren't in the house, someone might come by and take a cup of sugar, leave a note, and bring us something the next time they passed through. I meet a lot of people and they all want a taste of New Orleans cooking so I keep food in the house for when somebody comes by.

My great-great-grandmother showed me how to make this gumbo filé. Gumbo is a soup and the filé is a powder that comes from the sassafras leaf, first used by the Choctaw Indians who were some of the first people to live on the land that is now New Orleans. This particular gumbo has seafood and is good for Lent, when we aren't eating meat as part of our Christian tradition leading up to the Easter Holiday that honors the story of Jesus going out into the desert for 40 days. But you can make any kind of gumbo you like - chicken, sausage, okra! I teach my grandkids how to make it too. When they come over, we prep. Eventually I'll go on over to their houses and have a taste of their version.

# SHIRLEY YOUNG

## GUMBO FILÉ

### INGREDIENTS

1 ½ pounds of large shrimp  
2 crabs, scalded and cleaned and  
separated into sections (claws, middle, legs)\*  
1 small can tomatoes  
1 tablespoon butter (oil or lard also work too)  
1 tablespoon white flour  
1 large onion, chopped  
1 bay leaf  
Salt (to taste)  
1 teaspoon chopped parsley  
Dashes of cayenne, thyme, and black pepper  
2 teaspoons of filé  
2 quarts water  
Rice (to serve)

\* The whole crab (including shell) goes into the soup so you really need to scrub it with special instruments to make sure it is clean. Filé will thicken the soup. You can use okra instead; it will do the same thing as filé, but be sure you bake the slime out of it first.

If you are not making a seafood gumbo for Lent, you can also include 1 slice of lean ham and ¼ pound of veal. If you are including the meat, then add it at the very beginning of the cooking process.

# SHIRLEY YOUNG

## GUMBO FILÉ

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Scald the shrimp in a pot of boiling water highly seasoned with the bay leaf and salt.
2. Let shrimp cool in water before shelling.
3. Make simple roux by frying white flour in a hot skillet in the fat of your choosing (butter, oil, or lard). Keep the skillet hot and just stir it and stir it until the flour is brown. (If you are trying to be health conscious, you can make a roux without any fat too, just fry the flour).
4. When the roux is brown, start adding your tomatoes, parsley, cayenne, thyme, black pepper.
5. Cook for a few minutes and transfer into soup pot with about 2 quarts of water.
6. Bring soup to a boil then a slow simmer.
7. Put in the shrimp and the crabs.
8. Serve with rice. As you cook your rice, test it by trying a kernel here and there. When it's finished run water over it. Every grain should be to itself.

You know your gumbo is the right thickness if it stays on the rice when you serve it.

\*If you are cooking seafood gumbo, it will probably take you an hour or less because the seafood cooks so quickly. The meat version takes a bit longer, between 1-2 hours. In any case, when the gumbo is really cooking, you will smell it.

# SHIRLEY HENSCHEL

## LEAH HENSCHEL'S TOMATO SOUP



I remember my mom's gefilte fish. She always made her own. She used the onion skins in her broth, which gave it a rich and delicious taste. I loved to cook, too. I especially enjoyed entertaining - I'd have a small group on the weekend maybe, and then sometimes I'd make a big party for 40 guests, too - all in my apartment. My menu would always include some exotic dishes. I would study different cookbooks to compare recipes of those dishes, choosing the one that sounded the best to me, and adapting it.

For a big party once, I cooked for two straight weeks every night after work and then some more on the weekends. I would ask my neighbors if I could borrow space in their fridge for what didn't fit in my own (of course I invited those neighbors to the party - I had to!). Sometimes I made my own pickled herring, adapting my mother's recipe and combining it with ones I found in my books. I would make caviar pies...so good.

For my big parties, I'd move all the furniture out of the center of my living room, and then I'd set up the bar in my bedroom. I did hire a few people to help me serve and clean, which made things easier.

My mom's tomato soup recipe is delicious and not hard to make. Over the years, I've made it a lot - for my brothers, for friends - everyone really likes it. I think the caraway seeds add the extra flavor. I've never seen another tomato soup recipe using them. The beef base also adds lots of depth. You can serve the soup with brisket, or with a salad. It's also good on its own.

My mom never wrote the recipe down for me, but I remember how she made it. When her cognition declined and she was no longer cooking, I wrote the recipe out, along with some of my mother's other favorites, and gave it to her caregiver so she could make the foods that my mom really enjoyed.

# SHIRLEY HENSCHTEL

## LEAH HENSCHTEL'S TOMATO SOUP

### INGREDIENTS

3 pounds or more cut of beef suitable for slow cooking  
1 large can of tomatoes, separated into pieces  
¼ cup rice  
2 tablespoons caraway seeds  
Salt and pepper (to taste)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Put beef in a soup pot, cover with water and bring to a boil.
2. Skim as needed.
3. Let beef simmer for 1 hour.
4. Add can of tomatoes. Stir.
5. Add rice and caraway seeds, salt and pepper.
6. Let cook for another hour or more until meat is tender.
7. Remove beef from pot. The beef is used to flavor the soup. Now, you can use beef for sandwiches, with horseradish, or your own favorites.
8. Season soup to taste.
9. When soup is cool, skim fat off the top as wanted.
10. Enjoy!

# MURIEL ASNIS

## MINISTRONE



I lived in Italy with my husband Martin who was attending medical school. It was so affordable to study there – about \$100 per year. Our home was situated in the small town of Padua, among the beautiful statues, art, and the Basilica of St. Anthony, a lovely place to raise two of our children, Saul and Eric. We didn't know any Italian at first, but quickly picked up conversational skills by listening to language learning discs on repeat. We were very close to Venice, about 30 minutes by train, which made for frequent trips to the beach. I always admired how well the Italians treated the children; they truly spoiled my oldest with treats. They were very family-oriented people.

The minestrone recipe is easy to adjust, depending on what vegetables you have on hand. I just throw together whatever is in the fridge or what's in season. It's very versatile and can be made all year round. I cook the pasta separately, that way people can decide how much they want in the soup. I've found everyone likes different ratios. My grandson, who lives with me during the summers in NYC, likes a lot of pasta in his. You can also add meat, like chicken, but that's only something I do occasionally. I top it with fresh basil or oregano, which are essential spices in Italian cuisine.

I feel connected to Italian and find that the best way to remember it is to keep speaking – I still participate in Italian conversation groups. I actually recently found old letters I had written to my family on onion skin paper when I was in Italy and it was nice to reminisce about what was going on in my life at the time. I am truly grateful for those precious years in Padua with my husband and children. I carry memories of our time in Italy with me today.

We lived in a middle-class neighborhood. I wouldn't call my neighbors very friendly, but one did come over to share her minestrone recipe with me. I collected many recipes during my time in Italy including desserts and pasta dishes that I still make today. We hardly ever ate in restaurants, maybe two or three times total during the four years we spent there.

# MURIEL ASNIS

## MINESTRONE

### INGREDIENTS

2 cups cannellini or kidney beans (canned or dry)  
1 quart soup stock  
3 tablespoons olive oil  
1 large onion  
2-3 large carrots  
2-3 stalks of celery  
1 cup shredded cabbage  
1 cup cooked tomatoes  
1 diced potato  
Elbow pasta (or similar-sized pasta)  
Grated parmesan (enough for garnish)  
Herbs of your choosing (oregano, thyme, and/or basil)  
Chicken (optional)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. If using dry beans, soak the beans overnight.
2. Chop up the onion, celery, and carrots, and sauté in the olive oil for 5 minutes.
3. In a large pot, add stock and bring to a boil.
4. Add the kidney beans and throw all sautéed vegetables and cooked tomatoes in the pot.
5. Cook 30-45 minutes.
6. Prepare pasta separately (add to boiling water and cook until it is ready), and add at end.
7. Serve soup and top with grated parmesan and herbs of choice.

# NASRINE NASR

## NASRINE'S WINTER SOUP



I come from a family and a country of storytellers. When I was born it was still called Persia. My mother would have friends and aunts come over and they'd sit around the table, de-stringing the celery, cutting the ends off of the string beans, and telling stories. They'd tell me what they were making, too. This was how I began to learn.

With the celery, they made a beef and celery dish. The string beans would be mixed with ground sirloin and eaten alongside a crispy rice dish called tadir (bottom of the pot). None of us can make it like our Persian mothers. My mother was an incredible cook. And my father, well, after he cooked you couldn't get into the kitchen. He used all of the dishes.

We moved from Persia to the United States when I was two-and-half years old. When they retired my parents went back home to Persia, though by then it was being called Iran. They were part of a very patriotic group and loved their country. In 1979 the Revolution came and I brought them back here to the United States as fast as I could.

My whole life we went back and visited. We'd gather together in the morning there and have sobhaneh (breakfast). Someone would go out for Persian bread fresh out of the oven and we'd wrap it around feta cheese and have that with tea and a fruit that was like honeydew melon.

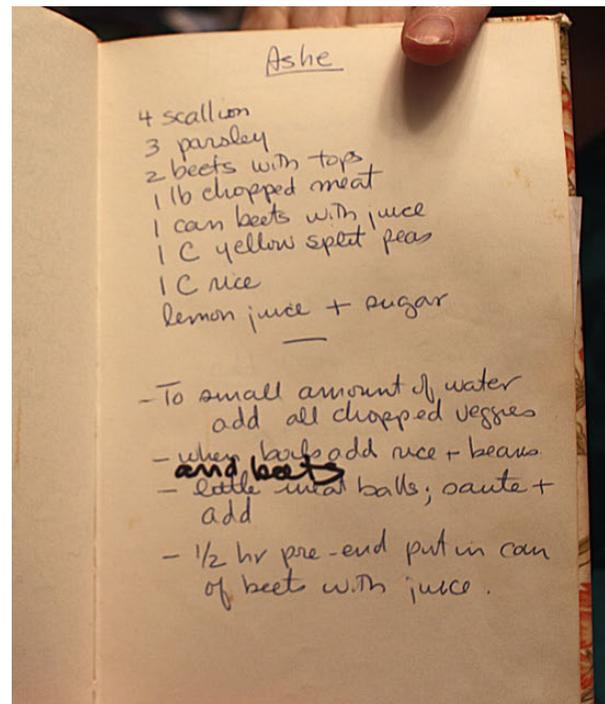
We always had fenugreek, saffron, salt, and pepper in our kitchen and our dishes include things like pomegranate and pistachios. Our eggplant is legendary. The recipe here is for winter ashe (thick soup). The winter ashe is often even better the second day, after the flavors have had time to all settle together. My mother showed me how to make this one.

# NASRINE NASR

## NASRINE'S WINTER SOUP

### INGREDIENTS

- 4 bunches scallions
- 3 bunches parsley
- 2 bunches beets, with the tops
- 1 pound ground meat (of your choosing)
- 1 can beets with juice (either chopped or sliced)
- ½ cup yellow split peas (I have 1 cup written down, but I only use ½ cup)
- ½ cup rice (I have 1 cup written down, but I only use ½ cup)
- Lemon juice, as needed
- Sugar, to taste
- Salt, to taste
- Pepper, to taste
- ½ onion, finely chopped
- 1 tablespoon turmeric
- Bread: Naan, Pita, or French (optional)



# NASRINE NASR

## NASRINE'S WINTER SOUP

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Stem the scallions (cut each end), wash them, chop into 2-inch pieces, and wash again.
2. Wash and de-stem the parsley.
3. Wash the beet tops many times (they are often full of sand). Chop into 2-inch pieces.
4. Put scallions, parsley, and beet tops in a pot with 3-4 cups of water and simmer covered for about 1 hour.
5. Add the rice and the yellow split peas and simmer for an additional 30 minutes.
6. Peel the bunches of beets and cut into quarters and dump them on top of the soup.
7. Add salt and pepper to taste as you go along, you can also add a squirt of lemon juice to the mix.
8. Put the onion and turmeric together on a plate.
9. Roll the ground meat into little meat balls, using the onion and turmeric as coating for the meat balls. Mix them up well.
10. Sauté meat balls in a frying pan.
11. Dump out grease and add meatballs to soup.
12. Add can of beets with beet juice and cook for 30 additional minutes .
13. Enjoy with naan, pita, or French bread!



# ROSE PARIS

## PASTÉIS



I was 26 when I moved to the United States from Brazil. I wanted to learn how to speak English, and coming to a country where the majority of people spoke the language made it possible. My husband used to tell me, “the best way to learn English is to read the newspaper.” So, I read every newspaper I could get my hands on. I also watched the television; I used to watch George Bush Sr. give speeches. I liked the way he spoke because he made the language easy to follow.

English still gets me sometimes since it is a difficult language to learn. When speaking with my daughter-in-law, I tell her that it is confusing (...in the fridge? On the fridge? Who knows?). In Brazil, we have many dishes. I have the strongest connection to a dish we call pastéis. Pastéis was always at my home; I grew up eating it, and it became my favorite dish to eat. I learned it from my mother who always enjoyed cooking. Together, my mom and I cooked every day. I did what she asked me to do. If I messed up, she would tell me that I was wrong, and we would fix it together.

Cooking was something special, but it was also a necessity. Without cooking food, we wouldn't have survived. My mom was helping me be ready for the day that I had to live on my own. She was helping me for the day that I had to start and support my own family. Brazil is not like New York. When I came to America alone, I felt lonely. I missed my family. I missed the closeness Brazil gave me. It was easy for someone in Brazil to do things for you. We helped each other. Simply, it was easy to have and feel a connection to others. It was easy to have that contact.

I started making pastéis when I missed home and it made me feel closer despite being so far. My husband and I had a family of our own. I made pastéis for birthdays, parties, visitors, or any special holidays.

They were delicious and everyone else loved it. I wanted to share this dish with others because it was a piece of me. It was a piece of my country which made me who I am. Eventually I didn't make pastéis because I missed home, I made pastéis because I wanted others to know what my home was like. When I used to make pastéis, the key ingredient to giving it a keen taste was the green olive, without the seed of course!

Unless you would like to be biting seeds! What's also great about this dish is you can make small or big portions. It depends on how much you want to make. My mother once made a portion for thirty people!

Everyone has their own touch with food. Everyone has a different way of cooking. I know for sure, when I cook a meal again, it never tastes the same as the first time. The personal touch is different, every single time.

# ROSE PARIS

## PASTÉIS

### INGREDIENTS

Dough: Discos Dough for Turnover Pastries

by Goya

Filling:

1 pound chopped meat

½ small jar tomato sauce

2 cloves garlic

½ onion

½ red or green pepper

½ jar Goya pitted green olives

Oil (to fry)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Sauté garlic, onion, red peppers, olives in pan.
2. Add the meat and tomato sauce. Cook well.
3. Then, let it rest till it cools a little. In the meantime, prepare the dough.
4. Cut the dough into small circles, and fill with the cooked meat and filling. Close the dough so that when you fry it doesn't open.
5. Have a pan ready with hot olive oil to fry your pastéis. Fry until crispy and browned.

# TULSI REYNOLDS

## SOUPE À L'OIGNON GRATINÉE

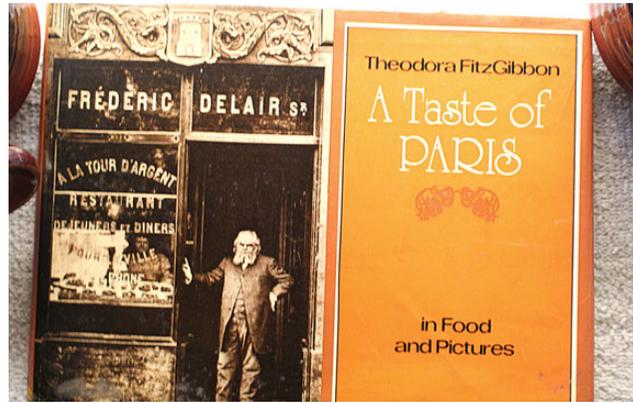


I began performing as a child and I performed mostly in cabarets beginning in my teens. I sang jazz but was also classically trained. Someone once told me, "if you train the instruments, you can use them any way you want."

In my twenties I also worked as a singer on the cruise lines. The ships were very elegant. The brass was polished, the wood was polished, the ceilings were very high, and the staircases were the loveliest. Even the crew were elegant in their very crisp white attire. Every night at midnight they put out a buffet spread. It was wall-to-wall food! It was a wonderful job that took me to places all over the Caribbean and Europe.

During my travels, I pursued a lifelong quest to find great onion soup. The answer came in Paris. I traveled alone, but I never felt alone. Paris is truly a rich city. There is always a sight to see. In fact, I saw as much as I could. Paris is the kind of city that you just walk everywhere. It's full of statues, beautiful bridges, parks, sidewalks, cafes, and most importantly, the river Seine, which runs right through the city. The architecture is so imaginative; it shows that the architects paid a great amount of attention to detail. There's a feeling of timelessness in this city. Its beauty is well preserved. You could be there right now, in this moment, and it would feel like you were there from its beginning.

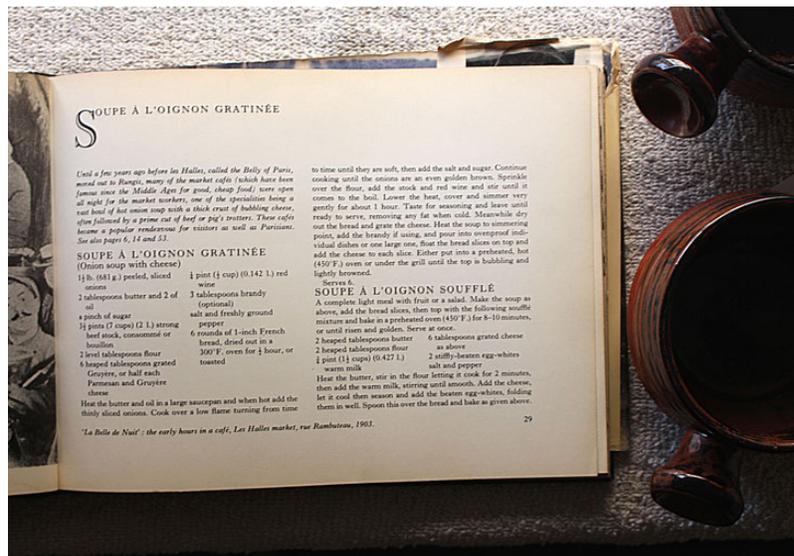
One day at a bookstore on the river bank, I came across a recipe book: *A Taste of Paris*. It was inscribed to someone on Valentine's Day of 1975, which made it all the more special. The recipe I found is called Soupe À L'oignon Gratinée (onion soup with cheese).



I think this is the best recipe I've found for good onion soup. However, the most authentic onion soup can be found at the all-night restaurants in the produce markets in Paris. It's the most popular dish at all the little restaurants. It's a very simple dish; it is not at all a gourmet dish. Onion soup is the people's food.

Mostly I make onion soup in the winter because it is a winter soup. I feel warm when I eat it. It does the same thing to your body that roast beef does. The combination of the onions, brandy, and beef stock are what give the soup this warm feeling, I think. Some people make it without the brandy, but I think that it is the secret to the perfect onion soup. With all the ingredients together, onion soup feels like winter. Its whole essence is winter.

I still make this soup for myself, always in small batches. The bowls I use help with that. I love them. When I put the cheese on top of the soup and put it in the oven to bake, it melts and forms a shell. My favorite part is taking my spoon and breaking it into the shell and pulling the cheese out.



# TULSI REYNOLDS

## SOUPE À L'OIGNON GRATINÉE

### INGREDIENTS

1 ½ pounds peeled, thinly sliced onions  
2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons oil  
1 pinch sugar  
3 ½ pints  
(7 cups) strong beef stock, consommé or bouillon  
3 tablespoons brandy (optional)  
½ cup red wine  
2 level tablespoons flour  
6 heaped tablespoons grated Gruyère, or 3 tablespoons Parmesan and 3 tablespoons Gruyère  
Slices of bread (baguette or loaf of choice)  
Brandy (optional)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Heat the butter and oil in a large saucepan. When hot add the thinly sliced onions.
2. Cook over a low flame turning from time to time until onions are soft, then add the salt and sugar.
3. Continue cooking until the onions are an even golden brown.
4. Sprinkle the flour on top of the onions, add the stock and red wine and stir until soup comes to a boil.
5. Lower the heat, cover and simmer very gently for about 1 hour.
6. Taste for seasoning and leave until ready to serve, removing any fat when cold by skimming the top of the soup.
7. Dry out the bread and grate the cheese.
8. Reheat the soup to a simmering point, add the brandy if using, and pour into ovenproof individual dishes or one large dish.
9. Float the bread slices on top of the soup, and add the cheese on top of each slice of bread.
10. Put soup into a preheated (450 degrees) oven, or under the grill until the top is bubbling and lightly browned.



MAINS

# MARSHA COHEN

FOOD, FRIENDS, & LANDSCAPES: MEMORABLE MEALS IN ITALY



When I think of food, I think of eating it, not cooking it. And the best food I have ever had in my life was when I was vacationing in Italy, something I have done many times. The combination of great food, good friends, and Italy has led to some of my most memorable meals. For my 50th birthday, I rented a house on top of a mountain in a corner of Tuscany that overlooks the sea and the white marble mountains of Carrara. I lucked into this house – a friend knew someone who knew someone who owned the house and had renovated it with her architect husband. She was a well-known American chef and cookbook author, specializing in Italian breads. I knew the house would be magical when I saw that the guest book on the dining room table had an entry from none other than Julia Child, extolling the joys of her visit there the previous year, and the delight she had taken in cooking a meal in the kitchen.

My favorite eating experience at the house on the top of the mountain did not require any cooking. Every morning, we would walk through our garden, smelling of rosemary and basil and other herbs, and sit at a small table on the edge of the cliff overlooking the sea. Above our heads were three fig trees, ripe for the picking in the early September sun. We had our choice of green figs and black figs. We took a handful of whatever was ripe that day, and with crusty bread and prosciutto from the tiny village down the road, herbs from the garden, and our choice of olive oils from the well-stocked larder, we would begin our day. It was pure magic.

A few years later I was back in Italy. A friend and I spent memorable days in Venice and then rented a car and drove to a farmhouse other friends were renting near Cortona, just on the Umbrian-Tuscany border. Two young men, friends of my friends' son, were also staying at the house and the six of us had one of the great meals of all time.

We drove to Lake Trasimeno, a short distance away, and found a small hotel restaurant on the shore of the lake. All the outdoors tables were taken but we would not be dissuaded, so the staff carried out a table from inside especially for us. Our waiter seemed to be especially for us as well. He spoke excellent English and was charming and movie-star handsome as so many Italians are.

First, the waiter presented us with a large copper platter covered with fish and described the properties of each one and asked us to make our selections. We simply smiled and shook our heads. He decided to choose for us – one large fish for all of us, which the kitchen would filet to make our lives so much easier. We had course after course of seafood and vegetables and pasta and salad and the fish and fantastic desserts, each course accompanied by wine. The beautiful spring evening – it doesn't get really dark until close to 10 at night at that time of year – the food, the wine, and the conversation all just flowed seamlessly together. We stayed for hours and when the bill was presented, we just laughed – it came to \$28 a person, tip included! Impossible to separate the food itself from everything else that made that meal so special.

Just a few years ago, I was back in Umbria, this time on top of another mountain. One of my friends had bid on a house on an online auction and won, and now eight of us were occupying a large house, actually two stacked on top of each other. Each house had several bedrooms and bathrooms and its own large kitchen. The downstairs was our breakfast kitchen and the upstairs was the de facto dinner kitchen. We made arrangements to have a cooking lesson given by the American woman who managed the house and a local lady who worked with her. First, we went into the charming town of Umbertide and shopped the outdoor markets, buying all the ingredients we would need for our many course dinner – except for the lamb, which the local lady was getting direct from a farmer. We were then instructed to go have fun being tourists and come back later in the afternoon to begin our cooking.

The lamb was roasting in our six-burner chef's stove when we returned. The American woman prepared some fried zucchini for us to have while we sipped our wine on our terrace overlooking the mountains, not another house or person in sight. Then the real work began. We made bundles of asparagus wrapped in prosciutto and sautéed in butter and olive oil. We made pasta dough from scratch that became stuffed raviolis. We made the tomato sauce for the raviolis. We roasted potatoes, and poached pears in red wine for dessert. When the lamb was ready, we feasted. We toasted our chefs, and ourselves. We reveled in the experience, the camaraderie, and the food. And there was so much of it, we got to eat it all again the next night.

So, it is impossible to separate the food, the friends and the location. It takes all three to make a most memorable meal.

# CAROL FINKELSTEIN

## BORSCHT WITH SHORT RIBS AND GARLIC



This recipe comes from my sister-in-law, Gert. She was a real character. She loved people and had absolutely no interest in cooking - none. But she agreed to cook this borscht and short ribs because her mother liked it so much.

One of Gert's favorite meals was to cook some pasta and douse it in ketchup - her version of marinara sauce. At age 60 she fell in love with an Italian man, Bill. When he came over to her house he was horrified that she had no pots and pans, no spatula, not even a salt shaker. He taught her how to cook Italian food and went out and bought her dishes. They were mad for each other but he was Catholic and a widower so they didn't marry. He got sick three or four years later and she visited him every night at the hospital. When he died she was devastated.

Something beautiful happened, though. His daughter called and invited her to the wake, and when she arrived, the family invited her to sit in the front row with them. This was huge and unheard of, and for them to honor her in that way was very special.

We honor Gert by making her borscht and short ribs recipe every year for Rosh Hashanah. It's easy, naturally, and delicious!

# CAROL FINKELSTEIN

## BORSCHT WITH SHORT RIBS AND GARLIC

### INGREDIENTS

- 14 meaty short ribs with bones
- 2 jars of borscht
- 10-12 cloves of garlic - thinly sliced

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Simmer short ribs in water and cover in a large pot for 1.5-to-2 hours until meat feels tender on a fork and is falling off the bones.
2. Drain short ribs and set aside - trim excess fat from meat.
3. Pour borscht into meat pot and add sliced garlic .
4. Bring to a simmer for about 15 minutes.
5. Add short ribs and simmer another 15 minutes.
6. Enjoy!

# LORENE LEEMBRUGGEN

CHAR MEE



*My mom, Jessie Goh Saw Kean Leembruggen*

I come from Penang, Malaysia, nicknamed “the Pearl of the Orient,” an island famous for its soft sandy beaches and fondly regarded as the food capital of our country. My father was Dutch and my mother was Chinese, and as such, each year we celebrated Chinese New Year along with many other traditional Malaysian festivals like Christmas, Hari Raya, and Diwali. Food is usually one of the highlights of each festival and one of the dishes we ate was a traditional noodle dish called Char Mee (fried noodles). This noodle dish is also served for birthdays as it signifies long life. In my family, recipes are handed down from mother to daughter. Each daughter in turn is responsible for sharing the recipe with the next generation. Today, I share the recipes with my sons and my daughter-in-law in hopes that they will carry on the tradition of sharing, so the recipes will never be forgotten.

On the first day of Chinese New Year, my siblings and I would wake up early, get dressed in our brand-new clothes, and greet our family members, starting with the oldest, by saying "keong hee fatt choi," which is Hokkien (our Chinese dialect) for "Happy New Year." Each married family member would then hand us a little red packet with money in it as a blessing for a prosperous year ahead. I remember, as a young child, very traditionally kow towing (acting subserviently) to the grandparents in our family, bending our knees and touching our hands to the floor as a sign of respect. Today, in lieu of traditional kow towing, children are expected to bow three times as a sign of respect to their married elders.

Chinese New Year is celebrated for 15 days. At the end of the first day, the traditional family meal is served, with many courses - soup, vegetables, fish, chicken, and the noodles - and each food is symbolic. Chicken represents togetherness and rebirth. Shrimp represents fortune and wealth. Noodles represent long life. The length of the noodles refers to longevity of life, so it is superstitious to cut them. We believe that the longer the noodles, the longer your life will be! This is why we usually slurp the noodles full length, instead of cutting them into small bite-sized pieces.

The last day of the New Year is called Chap Goh Mei (Fifteenth Night). One of the traditional things that takes place on this night includes the throwing of oranges into the sea by young single women. It is, without a doubt, the most popular and colorful moment of Chap Goh Mei. It is believed that by throwing oranges into the sea, young women would find themselves a good husband. Throwing oranges into the sea also signifies that these single young women are available and ready for marriage. Many people believe that this tradition originated in China, but it actually originated from the little island of Penang, Malaysia, where I was born.

# LORENE LEEMBRUGGEN

## CHAR MEE

### INGREDIENTS

#### Noodles:

1 package fresh yellow egg noodles, purchased from an Asian grocery store.

#### Sauce:

1 tablespoon each soy sauce, oyster sauce, dark soy sauce

½ teaspoon sugar

2 tablespoon water

#### Other Ingredients:

2-3 tablespoons oil

3-4 cloves garlic

1 onion, diced

4 ounces chicken, cut into pieces

10 medium shrimp, shelled and deveined

½ cup shredded cabbage

½ cup grated carrots

½ cup bean sprouts

6 stalks scallions, cut into 2-inch strips

Fried shallots (topping)

# LORENE LEEMBRUGGEN

## CHAR MEE

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Rinse fresh noodles in cold water, drain noodles well in colander.
2. In small mixing bowl, mix the sauce, put aside.
3. Heat up wok with oil. Add onions and garlic and stir fry until aromatic.
4. Add chicken, then shrimp, and fry until cooked through and browned.
5. Add cabbage, carrots and bean sprouts and stir to mix ingredients.
6. Add the noodles, stir then add soy sauce mixture.
7. Continue to stir fry until well combined and cooked through.
8. Add chopped scallions, stir to mix.
9. Dish and serve hot. Sprinkle with fried shallots.



# JUDY BORKOWSKY

## CHICKEN FRICASSEE



I grew up in an Orthodox Jewish home with my older brother in Rochester, NY. My parents married during the Depression. Shortly afterwards, my father lost his job and life was quite difficult for our family. However, we all enjoyed the delicious kosher meals that my mom prepared every day. To this day, certain aromas vividly remind me of the sweet scent of whatever she was cooking or baking as I opened the kitchen door - the most delicious cookies, brownies, and, my favorite, chocolate cake.

The divine ritual of Shabbat began when I would accompany my mom to the "Chicken Lady," who raised her own chickens in her backyard. Mom would choose the "perfect" chicken. It was butchered and plucked before our very eyes! My mom consistently prepared chicken soup, chicken fricassee, stuffed cabbage, or brisket. Sometimes the chicken soup included rare egglach: the tiny eggs that would still be in the chicken after it was butchered. They flavored the soup and were a real treat. After I left for college, I never returned to live at my parents' home. Still, no matter when we visited, my mom would make all our favorites for us and her two grandchildren. Along with her delicious chicken soup, I always requested her stuffed cabbage and chicken fricassee.

I always wanted my mom to give me the fricassee recipe. But, she said, "I don't really have a written recipe - just what I remember from my mother" (my grandmother). I finally was able to get her to write it down. There are many "abouts." The 3x5 index card is yellowed and covered with food stains. Nothing gave my mom more pleasure than cooking for her family. For her, food was her gift of her love to us. I'm sharing her recipe for chicken fricassee.

# JUDY BORKOWSKY

## CHICKEN FRICASSEE

### INGREDIENTS

Giblets (chicken neck, pupick, heart, feet)

2 pounds of chicken wings

2 or 3 onions, diced

Salt and pepper, to taste

About ½ teaspoon (maybe more)

Paprika

1 egg

About ½ cup matza meal

2 pounds ground beef

Small amount of flour



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Barely cover onions, giblets, wings, paprika, salt, and pepper with water and bring to a boil. Lower heat.
2. Combine ground beef, egg, chopped onion, salt, pepper, and matza meal and form into small meatballs.
3. Add meatballs to pot and simmer gently for about 1 hour. To thicken sauce, mix gravy with small amount of flour and add to gravy and cook 5 more minutes.
4. Serve with mashed potatoes (made with schmaltz of course).

# BARBARA CUTNEY

## CHICKEN PAPRIKASH AND HALUSHKI



*Slovakian Doll*

Chicken paprikash comes from my Slovak heritage. Like the Jewish people on the Lower East Side and the Italians in Little Italy, there was a Slovak neighborhood on the East Side from the 1950's to the 1970's. There is still a church there where one mass each Sunday is conducted in Slovak. There weren't many of us, though. I think I met one other Slovak in all the time I was in public schools in Astoria, Queens. As a kid, I remember going to the East Side with my parents to a bohemian hall where they played basketball in the back. I think it was one of my mother's proudest achievements to have played on that team.

My grandparents were teenagers when they walked across Europe to get on a boat to come to the United States. We were a Catholic family that met with my mother's sisters' and brothers' families (17 grandchildren in all) on holidays like Christmas and Easter, at her father's home to have chicken paprikash. My mother and her siblings made this dish frequently and I do, too. It was everywhere in the community, a staple the way hamburgers are today. The dish does not get ruined easily. It is a one pot meal that can be made in a big thick cast iron pot with a lid or a pressure cooker, like the one my mother got when I was 10 years old. The neighbors came over and gathered round to see. They were all a bit afraid of it.





There is a simplicity to the chicken paprikash. One chicken feeds a family of about five. The onions are sautéed in the fat of the meat. It is good cooking when you can use the parts to make a whole. In the beginning, there is no need for water; the vegetables and the juices of the chicken are all that's needed. You taste it, and you add more salt if you need. Cooking is like that, a feeling, a little bit of this, a little bit of that.

Halushki is a food that comes from Slovaks too, and it goes great with chicken paprikash. Halushki is like spaetzle. You mix water, some milk, some salt, and flour, to create a blob of dough. You put this mushy stuff on a board, cut it into smaller pieces, and scrape each one off the board into boiling water, and bingo, it becomes a dumpling. If the water is really boiling, and good, the dumplings sink to the bottom, then rise to the top. You taste them, and if they need more salt, you add more salt to the dough. You can make them softer by adding water to the dough, and harder by adding flour. And you can make them smaller or bigger depending upon how much dough you drop into the water at a time, and how much patience you have.

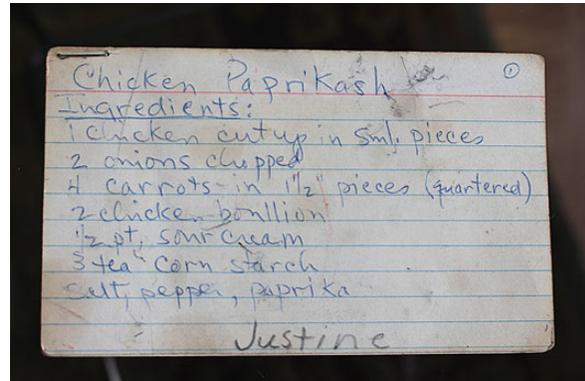
I usually make rice or noodles to go with the chicken paprikash, but my mother was always up for the labor that went into the halushki. Sometimes she'd make a batch and exclaim, excitedly, "Look at how tiny they are today!"

# BARBARA CUTNEY

## CHICKEN PAPRIKASH

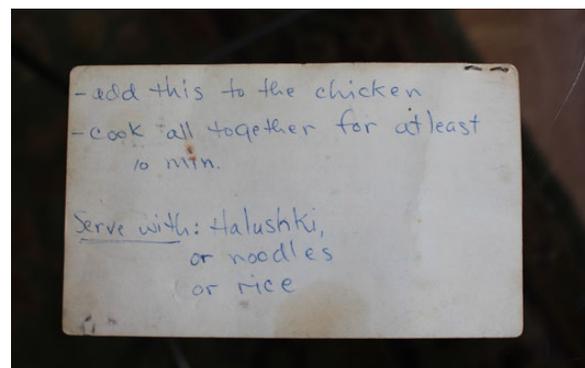
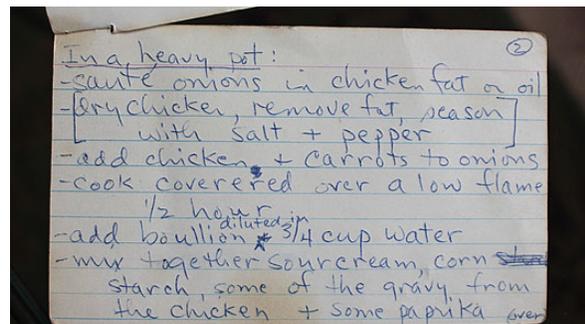
### INGREDIENTS

- 1 chicken cut up in small pieces
- 2 onions, chopped
- 4 carrots in 1 ½ inch pieces (quartered)
- 2 chicken bouillons
- ½ pint sour cream
- 3 teaspoons cornstarch
- Salt, pepper, and paprika



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Dry chicken; remove fat, season with salt and pepper.
  2. In a heavy pot: Sauté onions in chicken fat or oil.
  3. Add chicken and carrots to onions.
  4. Cook covered over a low flame for 30 minutes.
  5. Add bouillons diluted in ¾ cup water.
  6. Mix together sour cream, corn starch, some of the gravy from the chicken, and some paprika.
  7. Add this to the chicken.
  8. Cook all together for at least ten minutes.
- Serve with: Halushki, noodles, or rice.



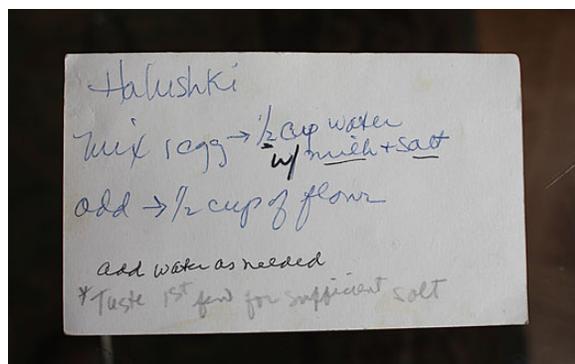
(Written out by my daughter Justine)

# BARBARA CUTNEY

## HALUSHKI

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 egg
- ½ cup water
- Pinch of salt
- ½ cup of flour



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Mix egg, cup of water, and pinch of salt.
2. Add ½ cup of flour.
3. Add water as needed.
4. Taste for sufficient salt.
5. Cut the dough into a shape like string cheese, about 1 inch wide.
6. On a cutting board, slide a knife over the end of the 'string cheese,' cutting a small piece off the end.
7. Flick it into the boiling water- it will go to the bottom and then float back to the top.
8. Fish out with a slotted spoon.

# DEBORAH SUDRAN

## COQ AU VIN



Home was a haven; a place of nurture. It's where my mom would have a tasty surprise awaiting us after school in our spacious kitchen, or where company would gather in the evenings over wine and dinner prepared by my father. Both my parents relished cooking and were members of a couple's gourmet cooking club in Kansas City, where I grew up. Each time they met, there was a different theme. Couples took turns hosting to share ingredients and explore a new cuisine. To my delight, the children were allowed to come in and eat whatever was left over in the kitchen.

My mother went by Kio; she despised her real name, Mildred. She was a wonderful cook, able to follow recipes closely, and a very warm person. I still have her tin recipe boxes stuffed with a combination of her recipes and mine. Her Coq au Vin (chicken in red wine), was one I remember her making most often in grade school. I still use her recipe, but add my own flare to it. The chicken was very juicy and tender, surrounded by flavor adding onions and mushrooms.

I was not much of a cook until I lived on my own in graduate school, when I had a kitchen and really let myself explore. Coq au Vin has become one of my most cherished recipes, and when I prepare this dish, I am reminded of my dear mother and my childhood home. I wish I would've gotten to know my mother more, she was very kind. I know she loved me dearly.

# DEBORAH SUDRAN

## COQ AU VIN

### INGREDIENTS

Chicken cut up (4 breasts and 4 legs)

½ stick butter

2 cloves garlic

1 tablespoon Kitchen Bouquet

2 cups dry red wine

Salt & pepper (to accent)



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Melt butter in large casserole.
2. Brown chicken on all sides in butter.
3. When browned, add 2 cups wine, 2 cloves garlic, salt, pepper, accent and 1 tablespoon Kitchen Bouquet.
4. Simmer over slow fire 1 hour or until chicken is done.



# EARLENE NESBIT

## FISH AND SHRIMP



*The neck bones my mother used to make her famous lima beans and neck bones.*

My sister Pat makes the best buttery homemade biscuits. My sister Phyllis made the best fried pork chops and the best cake I've ever tasted. My sister Kathy's lasagna, you won't find anything like it. My fish and shrimp are the best you'll ever taste. My grandmother's sweet potato pie was the best. Don't ask me how she made it, because if I knew I'd be making it. My mom's lima beans and neck bones was the talk of her funeral. Her funeral was held at a big church here in Harlem, and she was a well-loved and respected woman by lots of people. It got so full and hot in there at one point I had to step outside.

My parents met in Harlem. They both came here from the South when they were teenagers. My mom from Georgetown, South Carolina, and my dad from Richmond, Virginia. Harlem is home. Cooking is every day. Whatever comes to mind, you just do it. A lot of people in my African American culture make fish on Fridays. Sundays are for a bigger meal like Cornish hen, collard greens, and baked mac n' cheese.

I learned to cook on my own, around age 12. But I did love to watch my mother cook, and I learned how to make her lima beans and neck bones. It makes good gravy over rice, and if you really know what you are doing, you will have a party going in your mouth.

My mother and I were very close. Her name was Sarah Nesbit, and we could finish each other's sentences. She had seven children and cooked for all of us, and she put so much love into her cooking. I put so much love into my cooking, too. I make sure my hands are clean. And when I tell my aunt I'm making my fish and shrimp, she comes right on over.

# EARLENE NESBIT

## FISH AND SHRIMP

### INGREDIENTS

Whitey's fish (comes already de-boned)  
Lawry's seasoned salt (enough to season)  
Goya sazón seasoning (enough to season)  
Olive Oil (to fry)  
Flour (enough to cover fish, to fry)  
3-4 eggs (enough to coat pieces of fish)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. When you bring the fish and shrimp home clean them off.
2. To clean the shrimp, you have to take the vein out. Cut them down the middle, sometimes the vein will just come right out with the knife, sometimes you have to use your fingers.
3. Lay the fish and shrimp flat on a plate and season with pepper, Lawry's seasoned salt, and Goya sazón seasoning. It gives it color.
4. I rub in the seasonings and then flip the fish over and do the same as I did on the first side. I season the shrimp the same way.
5. Take a pot. I use Mazola with Omega 3 oil (no cholesterol). Let the grease get hot.
6. Dip the fish in flour then drop the fish in the oil. Deep fry for about 4 - 5 minutes, over medium heat.
7. Turn the fish one or two times. The fish should come out a nice golden brown.
8. Mix up some egg in a bowl and dip shrimp in it, then dip the egged shrimp in flour. The shrimp don't need as much time as the fish. Be careful.
9. Cook in the oil again on low heat. The shrimp are done right when they turn brown.
10. Enjoy.

# ROSLYN RASKIN

## KUFFTALLIS



My family lived in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, across from the Ocean Parkway Jewish Center. We were culturally Jewish, though not particularly religious, and our social life revolved around the temple where we went for Rosh Hashanah. Ocean Parkway is a very wide street in Brooklyn with six lanes of traffic, including a service road, a bike path, and at that time in the 1940's and 1950's, a bridle path where people rode horses from the nearby stable. My parents took us for lessons, and, occasionally, we rode the horses by our own house.

My grade school and friends were a block away, so when I was old enough, I was walking to school and my friends' houses, and taking the bus to the big famous Erasmus Hall High School I attended, that my parents had attended as well. I had heard of other parts of Brooklyn, but there was never a reason to go. Williamsburg, which is so famous now, was never mentioned.

My grandmother was from Romania, and she came and lived with us from 1943-1961. I remember sitting at the kitchen table with her. Her hair was white and she was giving me Sanka—one of the first decaffeinated coffees. She had an accent, but I always understood her. She used to make this kufftallis recipe, and I've never had anything since that combines meatballs and borscht. My father loved them so much he would eat them cold out of the refrigerator.

This recipe evokes happy memories of being in Brooklyn and getting ready for Pesach. We had a small family, my mother had no siblings, and I had one aunt on my father's side who lived across the street from us with my uncle. When we got together, we were our own little group. My grandmother made the kufftallis, my aunt would cook Hungarian goulash, we'd get chicken from the chicken guy, and there were always lots of canned green peas. My childhood memories are 100% happy ones and still bring me joy.

# ROSLYN RASKIN

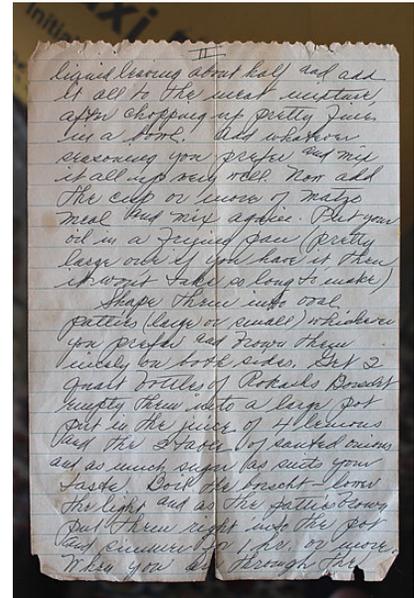
## KUFFTALLIS

### INGREDIENTS

- 3 pounds ground lamb
- 4 eggs
- 4 large onions
- 4 or 5 leek stalks
- 2 quarts Rokeach borscht
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- Juice of 4 lemons
- 1 cup or more matzoh meal
- Oil (to fry)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Put lamb in large bowl.
2. Break in the four eggs and mix well.
3. Cut up the onions pretty fine and sauté in oil.
4. Add a little paprika when you sauté the onions- that makes them nice and brown.
5. Add sauce to meat in bowl, leaving about two tablespoons to put into the borscht.
6. Add about two tablespoons of sugar.
7. Clean leeks well and cut into chunks and place it in a pot of boiling water.
8. Boil for about five minutes, then turn off the heat and let it steam for about 15 minutes.
9. Drain off the liquid, leaving about half, and add it all to the meat mixture after chopping pretty fine. Add whatever you prefer and mix it all up very well.
10. Now add the cup or more of matzoh meal and mix again.
11. Put your oil in a frying pan.
12. Shape meat into oval patties and brown them nicely on both sides.
13. Get two quarts of Rokeach borscht and empty them into a large pot.
14. Put in the juice of the four lemons and the two tablespoons of sautéed onions and as much sugar as suits your taste.
15. Boil the borscht - lower the light, and as the patties brown, put them right into the pot and simmer for 1 hour. Good hot or cold. Hearty appetite to all!



# VICTORIA ROSENTHAL KRISTY

## LASAGNA AND COMPOTE



Lasagna is my party dish. It's large and filling and not so expensive. We used to have a block association party once a year, and I would make the lasagna, and everyone would eat it. A friend I worked with at the New York Diabetes Association shared her recipe with me. We went shopping for the ingredients together, she came to my house, we stood side by side at the counter, and she taught me how to make it. She'd been taught by her mother to break the egg and whisk it into the ricotta cheese, so I've always done that. The beaten egg holds the cheese together and makes a custard of sorts.

I used to get the meat for the recipe from the butchers on Ninth Avenue. I'd buy a coil of sweet sausage and take it out of the casing. I made the sauce, too, and that went on the bottom, as the first layer. Then the cooked lasagna followed. My husband and I were driving to Florida one year, and we knew we were going to eat along the way, so I cooked up the lasagna and cut it into small servings and wrapped it up in aluminum foil. It was like a little sandwich. I don't like to do road trips with no food in the car. You never know! My husband used to laugh at me, but once we got stuck between two exits for three hours. We had the lasagna, water, and I had made a pound cake, too, so there was dessert. We were living the life.

For the Jewish holidays, like Rosh Hashana and Passover, which I usually spend with good friends, I make compote from dried fruits that are cooked very slowly. I think everybody's mother used to make compote. I use a wide variety of dried fruits: prunes, pears, apricots, peaches, cherries, golden raisins, and apples. All of the dark fruits go in one pot and all the light fruits in another one. When serving it, I lay it out in segments, alternating the dark and the light. It looks quite beautiful.

I cook the compote for a long time and I use a diffuser between the bottom of the pot and the top of the burner to keep it from burning. We eat it at the end of the meal as a little course of its own, and in a way it's a digestive, providing roughage after the heavy meal. It helps in particular at Passover because matzoh can really knot you up for a while!

I've been making these foods for such a long time I don't need a recipe. But I can tell it to you from my memory.



# VICTORIA ROSENTHAL KRISTY LASAGNA

## INGREDIENTS

- 1 box (package) Lasagna noodles with the curly edges. Boil them so that they are pliable.
- Prepared tomato sauce (or make your own sauce if you prefer)
- 1 pound Ricotta cheese (preferably whole milk)
- 2 eggs (for every 1 pound of cheese, I mix in 2 eggs.)
- 1 block whole milk mozzarella (for top of lasagna)
- 1 package of sweet pork sausage links (use as much as you'd like to have in the dish)
- Garlic bread (optional)
- Olive Oil (to coat bottom of pan)

## INSTRUCTIONS

1. First, cook your noodles and make sure you have your sauce prepared.
2. Put the olive oil in a large lasagna pan and add a thin coat of tomato sauce on the bottom, on top of the oil.
3. Then place a layer of noodles.
4. Next, add another layer of sauce, then a layer of meat, then a layer of mozzarella. And repeat, until you run out of something.
5. Cut the mozzarella into little pieces so that it melts on the top.

Serve it warm if you can, but don't worry about it if not. Eventually, it will cool. Because it is baked, the flavor will go through the whole thing. And, if you like, you can serve it with some buttered Italian garlic bread!

# VICTORIA ROSENTHAL KRISTY COMPOTE

## INGREDIENTS

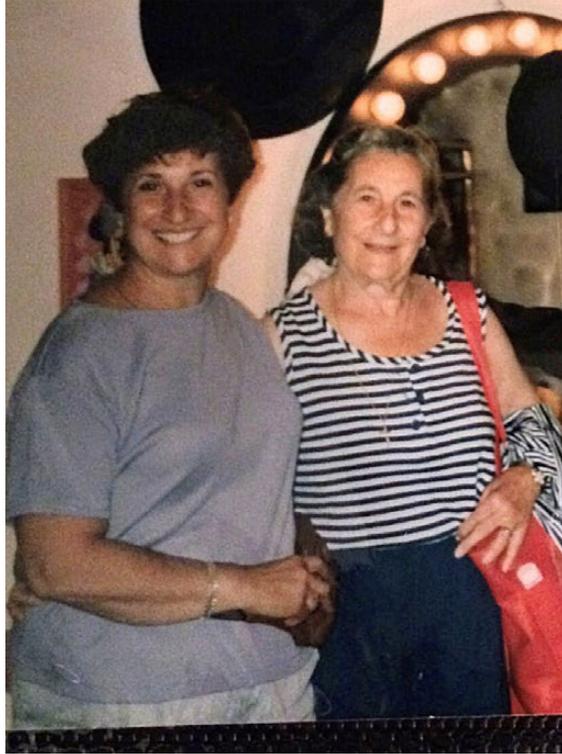
Dried fruits (prunes, pears, apricots, apples, peaches, cherries, golden raisins),  
as much fruit as you would like to add.

## INSTRUCTIONS

1. Separate the fruits by color.
2. Run water through a colander, enough so that a bit of water stays on the outside of the fruit.
3. Place the light fruits in one pot, the dark fruits in another.
4. I use a diffuser between the flame, which is very, very low, and the bottom of the pot. This helps it to not burn.
5. The only water in the pot is whatever is sticking to the fruit. I like the compote to come through without fluid. As it releases its heat it sort of bathes itself.
6. Serve at room temperature.

# STELLA STUFANO

## MEATBALLS



My granddaughter always asks if we can make meatballs together, but somehow we never find the time, so I wanted to be sure it was put down here. My mom, Nonnie, as she was called by the grandchildren, made the best meatballs. She used to work in the meat department at Finest, a grocery store in White Plains where she was able to get the best cuts of meat. That was her secret. It was the top sirloin cut of meat, freshly ground for her, that made the meatballs taste all the better. She made them on Saturday mornings, and I can still remember the aroma. I could never sleep late because she'd have the tomato sauce bubbling away for Sunday dinner. We'd pop down and dip bread into the sauce, to test it, of course!

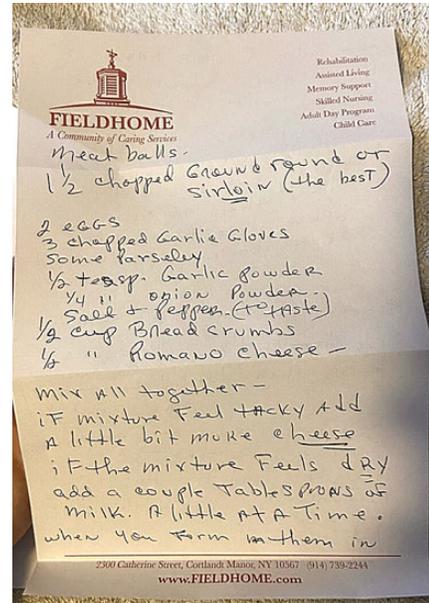
I found a family-owned grocery store where I get my fresh chopped ground meat for the meatballs. When it says ground sirloin, I know that's what I'm getting, and it is really good quality. Nonnie's meatballs will always be the best, though.

# STELLA STUFANO

## MEATBALLS

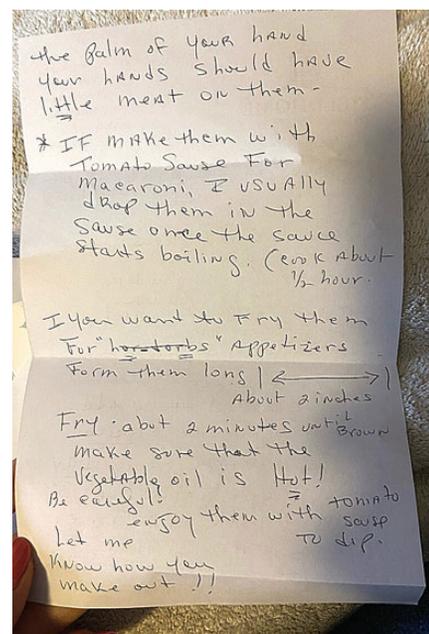
### INGREDIENTS

- 1 ½ pounds ground round or sirloin (the best!)
- 2 eggs
- 3 chopped garlic cloves
- A handful of parsley
- ½ teaspoon garlic powder
- ¼ teaspoon onion powder
- Salt and pepper (to taste)
- ½ cup bread crumbs
- ½ cup Romano cheese
- Tomato Sauce
- Several tablespoons milk
- Vegetable Oil (to fry)



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Mix all ingredients together into small ball
2. If mixture feels tacky, add a little bit more cheese. If mixture feels dry, add a couple of tablespoons of milk--a little at a time.
3. When you form the balls, the palms of your hands should have a little meat on them (so that the meatballs do not stick to your hands).



# LAURA FUNARO

## SPAGHETTI SAUCE BOLOGNESE



Sergio, age 16 and his cousin Enrico, age 17, came to this country in 1938, when they were sent by their parents because of fascism and laws against the Jews in Italy. When I started dating Sergio, I wanted to impress him by cooking a wonderful Bolognese sauce I found in the *New York Times*. I read the recipe and took it to the local Italian grocery store. Pointing to a word that I could neither pronounce nor knew, I asked the proprietor what it was. He replied, "ham." I said: "No, I don't want ham, I want cheese." He repeated: "but lady - it is ham." I again repeated what I said. I did not wish to bring a pork product into my mother's house. Our banter went on and finally he said: "you want cheese, ok," and cut off a quarter-pound of cheese.

The mystery word was prosciutto. I sautéed what he gave me (cheese) with onions, continued to follow the recipe, and there was an unpleasant odor in the house. I thought when I added the tomatoes, it would improve. It did not, and the final blow was when my niece came in, sniffed and asked if someone was sick in the house. The man had sold me the smelliest cheese he had. Sergio arrived and I pointed at the word and asked, "What is that?" He said, "ham." And I exclaimed with indignation, "how do you like that guy, he sold me smelly cheese." I laughed then, and conceded, "bravo, he really got me. I deserved it."

It is still the best Bolognese I have ever eaten. Sergio and I ended up getting married. His family lived in Livorno a half-hour away from Pisa and one hour from Florence. I love Florence for the art, history, and that it is a walking city. For me, Florence starts at the Ponte Vecchio (Old Bridge) not only because we drove in from that direction, but also because there are many jewelry shops on it. Even after we were divorced, I continued to visit his relatives, and we have remained close to this day.

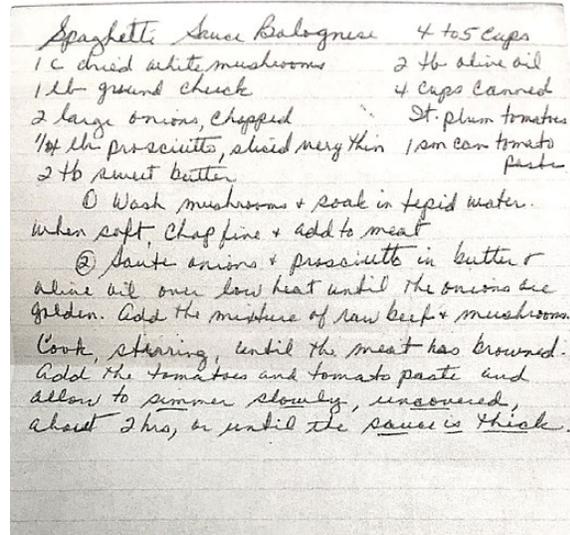
# LAURA FUNARO

## SPAGHETTI SAUCE BOLOGNESE

### INGREDIENTS

Makes 4-5 cups

- 1 cup dried white mushrooms
- 1 pound ground chuck (steak)
- 2 large onions, chopped
- ¼ pound prosciutto, sliced very thin
- 2 tablespoons sweet butter
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 cups canned sweet plum tomatoes
- 1 small can tomato paste



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Wash mushrooms and soak in tepid water. When soft, finely chop and add to ground chuck.
2. Sauté onions and prosciutto in butter and olive oil over low heat until the onions are golden. Add the mixture of raw beef and mushrooms.
3. Cook, stirring until the meat has browned. Add the tomatoes and tomato paste and allow to simmer slowly, uncovered, about 2 hours, or until the sauce is thick.

Notes: Use dried mushrooms that you can buy in the supermarket  
Don't change anything, no salt, no pepper

# SOL ZALGENDLER

## WE DID NOT EAT EGGPLANT (AND OTHER STORIES)



When I was young we all lived in Brooklyn, first in Brownsville, and then in Flatbush. My father, who was called Avram, worked as a butcher in Williamsburg. The shop was run by three brothers, and he made very little money. He told me the reason he had no scars on his hands was because they were never in the cash register. He was often paid in meat. For a long time I thought rib steak was the only kind of meat. We'd have them broiled, and they were so good I could eat two-and-a-half in one sitting at times. It sounds like a lot now!

He knew the value of different cuts of meat. That's why we never had salami, bologna, or frankfurter in the house. He saw all the cheaper meats that went into making them. On Thanksgiving, my father didn't want his payment in turkey, because he knew it was the cheapest poultry, so instead each year he was paid with a giant duck, and my mother prepared it deliciously. We didn't have many vegetables besides the peas and carrots from the Del Monte cans. Any day I was home for lunch I had tuna fish and chocolate pudding.

The first time I had eggplant I was 22, living in Albany, New York. I said to my mother, "Ma we never had eggplant?" And she said, "Yes, and we never will." My mother and father met in Shanghai, China, and they ate eggplant almost every day for five years. My mother and her parents had fled to Shanghai in 1939 from Germany.

They were able to buy a small apartment in Shanghai. My father had left Lithuania with the Mirr Yeshiva (Orthodox Jewish seminary) and had taken the Trans-Siberian railroad through Russia, and then a ship to Kobe, Japan. The Japanese had an agreement with Germany in which they agreed to consolidate all of the Jewish people under their control to Shanghai. This is how my father came to be the mashgiach (one who supervises the kashrut status of a kosher establishment) in the restaurant where my mother was working as a waitress. The restaurant was below her apartment. It was a tiny place, maybe four tables. One week went by, then two, and finally, my mother approached him and asked if he was interested. He said yes.

In Shanghai everyone had to boil the water before drinking it, and my father carried this habit with him, long after they left China and came to live in the United States. Now I drink boiled water in the evenings, too, just like him. We do become like our parents.



*My father, Avram, on the right, in the first Empire Chicken kosher meat advertisement.*

# SIDES



# ONE HUNDRED BLINTZES

JOYCE DERROW



*My father, Barnet Golan, and mother, Clara Ester Golan*

I remember my mother, Clara, sweating in her house dress, in the kitchen on the second floor of our house, which was not air-conditioned, on a hot summer day in 1947 in Chelsea, Massachusetts, making one hundred blintzes. First, she would spread a white bed sheet on the kitchen table. Then, she would make the batter and pour it into a small but heavy iron skillet, making individual crepes. They would be placed on the sheeted kitchen table when fully cooked. The filling was pot cheese, and she would wrap each blintz up individually. They were absolutely delicious. She would give all but ten away and we would say, "Mom, why did you give them all away?"

My mother's family came from Odessa, Russia. My grandfather came first and started a business with his brother, and then the rest of the family came over. He was Orthodox and very involved with his synagogue. My grandmother spoke Yiddish and understood English. I imagine she was the one who taught my mother how to make the blintzes.

At that time, Chelsea was full of Jewish people. Today, synagogues go to the neighborhood to take historical tours. Friends and relatives who were visiting in the area and looking for a place to stay would come to our house. My sister and I would have to give up our bedroom and sleep in the attic and we would say, "Mom why are we running a boarding house?" And she'd say, "We aren't, these people just need a place to stay."

All of her brothers and sisters lived nearby. Nobody lived far apart. They would all say, "Clara when are you going to make more blintzes?" even though she made them at least four times a year. She was a big influence on all of us. She kept us all together.

# THE BIG BLINTZ

## BARRY CROSS



I was born and raised in England. When I was 13, we moved to America, right after the war in 1949. I went to school and was very athletic, but I found the schooling to be much more comprehensive in England than America. When I was bored in school I read other things that interested me. Cooking became the activity I was interested in outside of academia. I watched my own mother cook after school. I realized that one day I would be on my own and needed to learn.

When my grandmother was 33 years old, my grandfather died at the young age of 37, leaving her to raise seven children alone. She had no experience, and she had to learn how to feed everyone with little money. She learned to make short cuts. It was amazing how she managed to feed everyone. To this day, I cannot understand how she was able to do it. Blintzes didn't require much money. The most integral ingredient, cottage cheese, was three cents a pound at the time. For nearly a dime, you could make 15-20 blintzes. When my mother made it for us the first time, my sister called it "The Big Blintz." It was funny to us because blintzes are usually small, and this recipe that my grandmother created and passed down to us makes a huge blintz. It's still funny to this day.

Now, I make the big blintz for various occasions. I just made one for Rosh Hashanah! This time, I put raspberries in the cheese, and it was delicious! There is nothing inauthentic in this recipe. There is no ingredient that does not belong. I think I might make one again tomorrow! I often think about how I could've been a salesman...but I love cooking. I love making blintzes, as they remind me of my grandmother. Everyone always says there is a special ingredient in cooking. Well, my special ingredient is love. Without love, the meal never comes out right.

# THE BIG BLINTZ

BARRY CROSS

## INGREDIENTS

### Batter

½ pound melted margarine

1 cup flour

½ cup sugar

2 eggs

3 teaspoons baking powder

¼ cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

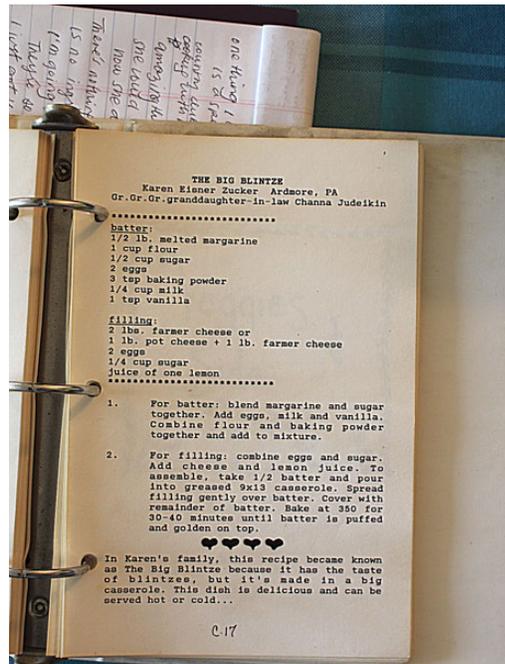
### Filling

2 pounds farmer's cheese or 1-pound pot  
cheese + 1-pound farmer cheese

2 eggs

¼ cup sugar

Juice of 1 lemon



## INSTRUCTIONS

1. For Batter: Blend margarine and sugar together. Add eggs, milk, and vanilla. Combine flour and baking powder together and add to mixture.

2. For Filling: Combine eggs and sugar. Add cheese and lemon juice.

3. To Assemble: Take ½ batter and pour into greased 9x13 casserole dish. Spread filling gently over batter.

4. To Bake: Cover with remainder of batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 30–40 minutes until batter is puffed and golden on top.

# SUSAN SANDLER

## BLINTZES

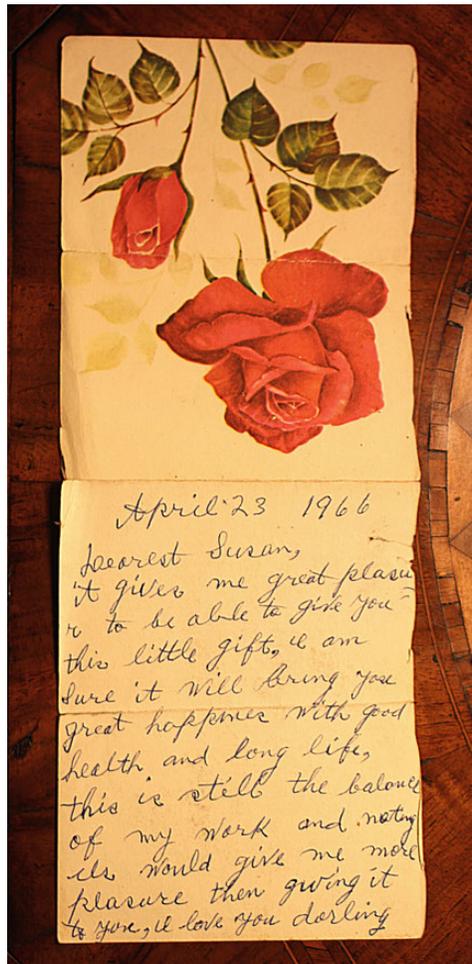


My grandmother, Esther, came to the United States from Ukraine when she was 16. She used to spend her winters in Florida, and her summers up here in suburban New York with our family. When she was in New York, we used to share a room. She was my father's mother, and my mother was a very good daughter-in-law to her. We had a regular refrigerator and freezer, and then a second box the size of a standing fridge that was all freezer space. My grandmother would fill the whole thing with knishes, rugelach, fruit pies, and blintzes, and my mother would be embarrassed if any of it was still there when my grandmother returned the following summer.

We ate cheese blintzes as a lunch food, and they had egg in the pancake, and sour cream on top. Unlike most blintzes today, they were not sweet. The milk came to our door every day in those days, and in general our dairy products were fresher, so the pot cheese and the farmer cheese inside the blintzes were delicious.

That way of eating is lost. These days, I wouldn't eat leftover salad with sour cream and cottage cheese as a lunch. I don't really have the taste for it anymore, and we know much more about cholesterol now. But back then we ate a lot! We were tall and ate enormous amounts, and really enjoyed our meals. My grandmother showed me how to rotate the pan as she made the blintz, how to tilt it, and how to turn it over.

My mother recorded the blintz recipe because my grandmother was only able to spell phonetically. Here is a note she wrote to me:



My aunt, who was a handwriting analyst, took a look at the note and said it revealed my grandmother to be independent, not a blabbermouth, someone who could hold something in confidence, patient, economical, thrifty, not pessimistic or worrisome, someone who had been through a lot, generally in a good mood, and, self-taught.

For the most part this all really was true.

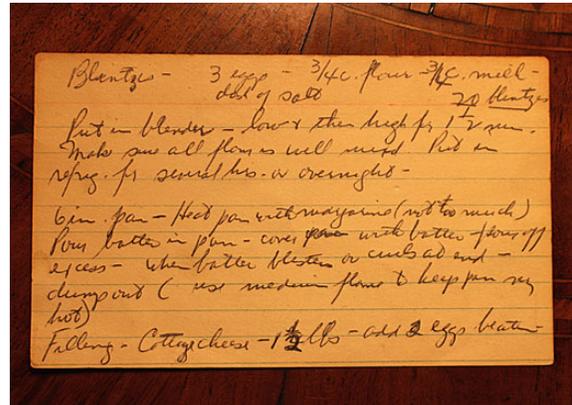
# SUSAN SANDLER

## BLINTZES

### INGREDIENTS

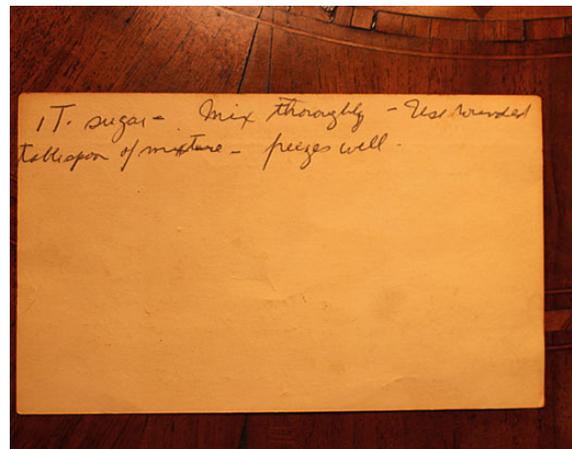
Serves 20

- 5 eggs
- 3/4 cups flour
- 3/4 cups milk
- 1 1/2 pounds cottage cheese
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Margarine (enough to coat the pan)



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Put 3 eggs, flour, and milk in blender, low and then high for 5 minutes. Make sure all flour is well mixed. Put in refrigerator for several hours or overnight.
2. Heat 6-inch pan with margarine (not too much margarine).
3. Pour batter in pan enough to cover bottom of pan, pour off excess (use medium flame to keep pan hot).
4. Filling: Add the cottage cheese, sugar, and 2 eggs (beaten). Mix thoroughly - use wooden tablespoon for mixture - freezes well.



# IRENE WEISER

## BROCCOLI CASSEROLE AND BLINTZ SOUFFLÉ



I used to enjoy looking through cookbooks for different recipes to pass the time. A good friend of mine lived out in Roslyn, Long Island, and her children attended the high school there. She bought a cookbook that they had put out and recommended it highly to me. So, I bought one, and she was right, it was a good one. That was about 25-30 years ago now, and I'm still making the recipes from it. My friend and I are still in touch, too, though she now lives in Florida.

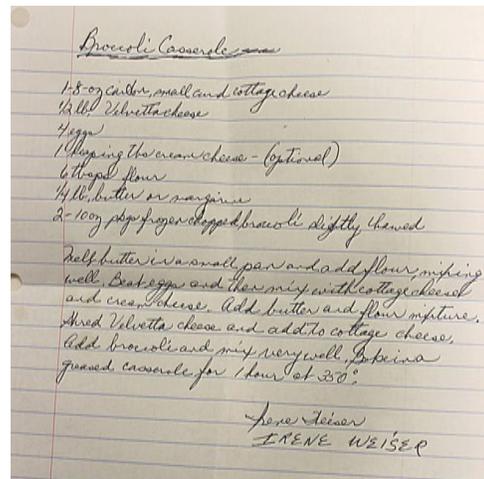
The recipes are festive. I make the broccoli casserole in a round Pyrex dish and it puffs up real nice, and you have to dish it out with a spoon. People rave about it. I serve the blintz soufflé on Yom Kippur, as a part of the dairy meal when we break the fast. I'm not religious or Orthodox, but I still make it on that day. The idea is that after fasting, you want a meal that is light, which is where the appetizing foods like lox, tuna salad, and whitefish come in. They are foods your body can handle after not eating for a while. I top the blintz soufflé with sour cream or blueberry sauce. It's delicious!

# IRENE WEISER

## BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 8-ounce carton of small curd cottage cheese
- ½ pound Velveeta cheese
- 4 eggs
- 1 heaping tablespoon cream cheese (optional)
- 6 tablespoons flour
- ¼ pound butter or margarine
- 2 10-ounce packages frozen chopped broccoli, slightly thawed



### INSTRUCTIONS

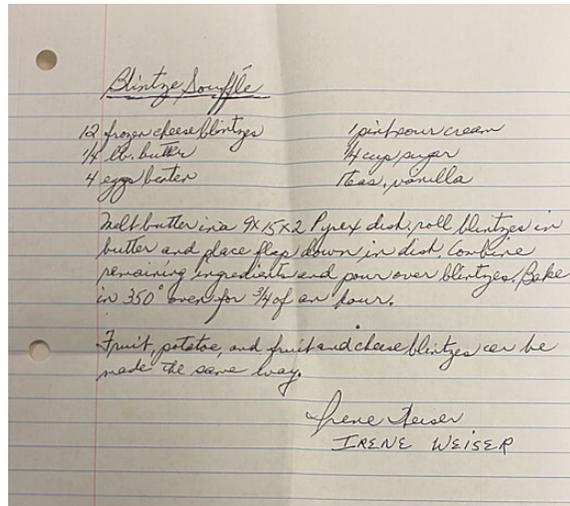
1. Melt butter in a small pan and add flour, mixing well.
2. Break eggs and then mix with cottage cheese and cream cheese.
3. Add butter and flour mixture.
4. Shred Velveeta cheese and add to cottage cheese.
5. Add broccoli and mix very well.
6. Bake in a greased casserole dish for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

# IRENE WEISER

## BLINTZ SOUFFLÉ

### INGREDIENTS

- 12 frozen cheese blintzes
- ¼ pound butter
- 4 eggs beaten
- 1 pint sour cream
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Optional: serve with blueberries  
or strawberries on top



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Melt butter in a 9x15x2 Pyrex dish.
2. Roll blintzes in butter and lay flat, flap down in the dish.
3. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over blintzes.
4. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.
5. Serve with sour cream on top or blueberry sauce.

To note: Fruit, potato, and fruit & cheese blintzes can be made the same way.

# LORRAINE SIEGEL

## CORN CASSEROLE



When I was 18 I got married, and that was when I started to learn how to cook.

My husband was a rabbi, and we lived in an old mill town in Rockville, Connecticut. I didn't know how to cook, and the ladies in the community took pity on me and shared their recipes. When you start out cooking, you need recipes. If you can read, you can cook! That year I hosted Thanksgiving for all my family, including my parents, my aunts, and my uncles. I hosted Thanksgiving for many, many years. My husband didn't like stuffing so I found this corn casserole recipe online and it was a hit. My kids love it and they still ask for it when they come over.

When I got married they said I wouldn't finish college. This was just what I needed to hear to ensure I did finish! We had four kids, and I thought I would be happy to be home and cooking, but I wasn't, and I went back for my Master's in Social Work. I practiced a few years and then went and got a Ph.D. I taught at Fordham, and my cooking changed to the quick kind. I threw things into a crock-pot, turned it on in the morning, and when I came home at the end of the day, dinner was ready.

I loved to entertain, and even when my kids were all moved out I continued to do it. I stopped using recipes as much. I like to think of myself as imaginative. In entertaining, the most important element I have found is to have a compatible group of people who get along well. Having a relaxing environment so that people feel comfortable is important, too, and good wine and hors d'oeuvres help with that.

In my opinion, the food is actually the least important part. When people are enjoying each other, they have a good time. Though I still did go to a lot of effort to make great meals.

While working as a *maître d'* at a Hilton hotel, my younger son learned to make a great Caesar salad. My oldest son is a great cook and a fantastic baker, and he says I am his inspiration, though I don't know if that is true or if he is just saying it to be nice. My daughter loves to entertain, too. I used to get lunch with a group of friends, and we would all bring our daughters. The mothers—my friends—are all gone now, but about once a month the daughters come to my apartment. One lives in London, but she travels to New York often enough and we usually plan around her. They bring the food, and I provide the wine and dessert.



# LORRAINE SIEGEL

## CORN CASSEROLE

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 can (15.25 ounces) kernel corn, drained
- 1 can (15.25 ounces) creamed corn
- 1 8-ounce box corn muffin mix
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 stick melted butter
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Mix all of the above together (except shredded cheddar cheese) and pour into a 9x13 pan (greased).
2. Bake at 350 degrees over for approximately 45 minutes.
3. Remove from the oven and top with 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese.
4. Bake for about 5-10 more minutes, or until the cheese is melted.
5. Remove from oven. Let stand for about 5 minutes and then serve.

# MARGUERITE YATES

## CURRIED PUMPKIN



As a young girl, I was an active member of the Young Women's Christian Association (YWCA) in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The YWCA was a faith-based organization and sought to enrich children and the local community. My family played an active role.

I was given the opportunity to be a guest counselor at a summer camp for the YWCA outside Prague, in what was then called Czechoslovakia. I enjoyed this global friendship. Being an American camp counselor showed the international reaches of a community, which is what America wanted to achieve during that time. Would you believe an American organization in Prague in the late 1940's? It was an amazing accomplishment to think about!

I also went to graduate school in Europe, and these experiences blended into who I became. The man I went on to marry was the son of a diplomat and he had lived in other places and spoke five languages. In New York I became involved with Mary Rockefeller's International YWCA Committee. Many of the members were international, and I related to their broad perspectives. We hosted festive luncheons where we gathered to discuss outreach for communities in other countries. For the autumn luncheon I would make curried pumpkins. I always liked pumpkins because they are a basic staple. However, this staple often goes to waste. You've got a big pumpkin that nobody uses...maybe for decoration? Curried pumpkin is clever; it's an efficient way to utilize the leftovers, and I never had to purchase centerpieces to decorate the numerous tables because the curried pumpkins looked autumnal!

The curry seasoning is one of the primary flavors and is delicious to inhale! It is a complete meal, vegetarian friendly, and a comfort food...comfort for a broken heart, comfort for an illness, or just to share with friends.

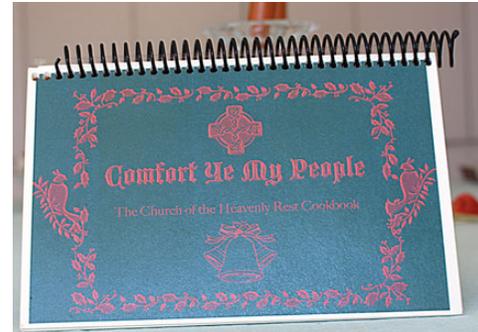
Some recipes call for the pumpkin to be cooked thoroughly. However, the best curried pumpkin is softened. Therefore, it is very important to put the pumpkin in last! It allows you to keep the pumpkin from becoming a sauce. This is a dish that you can cook whenever and it will provide you with warmth.

# MARGUERITE YATES

## CURRIED PUMPKIN

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon freshly grated ginger root
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon curry powder, more or less to taste
- 1 cup tomatoes, canned or freshly mashed until nearly pureed
- 2 cups pumpkin, peeled, thinly sliced and cut in small pieces
- 1 whole pumpkin



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Fry the chopped onion in the oil and butter over medium heat until it starts to brown.
2. Add ginger and salt, stirring well.
3. Stir in curry powder.
4. Stir in tomatoes and add pumpkin. Reduce heat.
5. Simmer about 20-30 minutes, stirring occasionally.
6. Cut the whole pumpkin in half cross-wise and hollow it out to make a bowl.
7. Use one half of the pumpkin for the recipe and the other half for an Autumnal centerpiece and serving dish.
8. Place all of the combined ingredients in the half-pumpkin bowl, cover with aluminum foil, and bake in the oven at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to 1 hour, depending on size, until the pumpkin is tender.

# LINDA LONG

## FLUFFY WHITE MASHED POTATOES

My family had restaurants in Pennsylvania, so food has always been part of my life. I taught home economics where both food and clothing were emphasized. Although I went on to make a long career in the New York fashion industry, my food interests remained.

When I was teaching home economics in the 1960's, all the nutritional information came from the meat and dairy industry. I used to joke that the carrot industry must not have much money. I realized the way we were being taught to eat didn't make sense - we didn't have to hurt animals, we could just eat what the strong animals ate and take them out of the equation. This was the beginning of my questioning usual ways of eating.

Then, in 1976, I met famous civil rights activist Dick Gregory. He was traveling with Muhammad Ali, who was training for a Yankee Stadium fight at The Concord Hotel, where I lived while married into the family. Dick was to keep Ali's immune system up with powerful nutrients he studied during jailed hunger strikes for protests. Dick validated my thinking with a nutrient book that showed how one can be even healthier without meat and dairy. I became vegan overnight, and am talking about it 44 years later!

Upon retirement from the fashion industry, I returned to food professionally, learned food photography, and wrote *Great Chefs Cook Vegan*. *Great Chefs Cook Vegan* is a chronicle of 25 of the gods of culinary creating vegan cuisine, internationally awarded, and translated into French. I then wrote *Virgin Vegan: The Meatless Guide to Pleasing Your Palate*, for becoming vegan, which was Cornell University approved.

Each time I went back home to Pennsylvania for the holidays I was never without a big bowl of mashed potatoes. The Fluffy White Mashed Potatoes recipe is the highlight of my food life, even now. Every time I knew I was about to have the best dish in the whole world...to me! They could have been served at the top restaurant in the world. My family always used red potatoes to make them even though many recipes suggest russets. When I heard the sound of the Sunbeam mixer they used to fluff the potatoes, I knew it was time to head to the table! Once, my father set the whole bowl on my plate as a joke. Oh, to have such a moment again.



*The knife and fork used by my parents in their diner to cut potatoes and test for doneness.*

# LINDA LONG

## FLUFFY WHITE MASHED POTATOES

### INGREDIENTS

3-3 ½ pounds red potatoes, sometimes referred to as new potatoes

(about 8 medium-large sized)

2 quarts water

2 teaspoons salt

¼ cup plant-based butter (Earth Balance or Miyoko's are two good brands)

organic unsweetened soy milk, or other plant-based milk. (Consider that soy has a light flavor and tends to be slightly creamier)

1 teaspoon salt, or to taste

Note: Consider that salt can be quite personal, and the butter can sometimes have salt, and it was already added to the boiling water. Usually, a little more needs to be added.

# LINDA LONG

## FLUFFY WHITE MASHED POTATOES

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Peel the potatoes cleanly, rinse and cut into quarters for faster cooking. Pieces should be about the same size for even cooking.
2. In a large pot, add 2 quarts of water, 2 teaspoons salt, and potatoes. Bring to a boil over medium-high heat for 20 minutes. Test with a fork for doneness. Fork should have no resistance. Be very careful not to overcook as they can become too soft and fall apart.
3. While the potatoes cook, remove the soy milk and plant-based butter from the refrigerator to be less cold when ready to use, although not essential. Prepare electric stand mixer with paddle attachment or electric hand beaters.
4. Drain cooked potatoes in a colander, or if lidded, create a pour-lip and simply drain over the sink. Keep the potatoes in the hot pot and place on a hot pad on the counter for beating.
5. Some people think to use electric beaters creates gummy mashed potatoes, and they are right. However, that means they have been overly beaten. Light and fluffy potatoes are done with the following method (using electric hand beaters in this case).
6. Use the hand beater, before turning on, to roughly press the potatoes into soft pieces. Dot the potatoes with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup plant-based butter and beat on highest speed for about 8 seconds only. This will coat, add air, blend, and soften the potatoes in preparation for the soy milk.
7. Pour  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cup soy milk over the potatoes and blend, this time, on low and building to medium to fully blend, but for about 8 seconds only.
8. Taste for salt and add pinches at a time to taste. If you like a more buttery taste, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of soy milk as well. Blend on low and building to medium again for 8 seconds only. If the potatoes still seem too stiff add another  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soy milk here as well and beat a few seconds.
9. To complete and for the maximum fluffiness: When you think the texture is perfect, add one more  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soy milk and beat on the highest setting of the beaters for 6-8 seconds to incorporate air and allow the extra liquid to be absorbed while waiting for serving. Otherwise, mashed potatoes can become stiff from kitchen to table. Potatoes love to soak up the milk thus be mindful in advance.

Now, the applause!

# SANDY WARSHAW

## SPINACH CASSEROLE



In 1994 I was working for SAGE, an organization dedicated to improving the lives of lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender older adults. I attended the American Society on Aging conference and there met the founder of Senior Net, an online senior community. I joined an online chat room with people who I chatted with every day and we became very friendly. Around that time, for my 60th birthday, my family sent me on a trip to Japan. While I was there my friend Jerry from the chatroom invited me to stop in California on my way back to meet her and her family, so I did!

The family threw me a great big party and it was wonderful to meet people I had only known online. Jerry's daughter, Marcy, and granddaughter, Sarah, came to stay with me in New York City. In the years since we have all stayed fast friends. They are very good cooks and we exchange recipes. That is where this Spinach Casserole comes from. My family loves it and I make it every Passover (I'm not kosher). I also serve it for about thirty people for the break-fast on Yom Kippur, which is a dairy meal. Everybody loves it!

Jerry and I still keep in touch to this day through Facebook and email.

# SANDY WARSHAW

## SPINACH CASSEROLE

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 ½ cans artichoke hearts (in water), sliced and drained
- 5 packages frozen chopped spinach
- Bread crumbs (to cover dish)
- 1 8-ounce tub soft butter or butter substitute
- 1 8-ounce tub Temptee (or other brand) whipped cream cheese
- Kosher salt (to taste)
- Fresh pepper (to taste)
- Garlic powder (to taste)
- Grated parmesan cheese (to cover dish)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Cook spinach lightly.
2. Put spinach in a colander and mash out all of the liquid.
3. Return the spinach to the pot and add the cream cheese and butter. Stir until they are dissolved.
4. Stir in salt and pepper and garlic powder.
5. Layer a 9 x 13-inch pan with the artichokes and then the spinach.
6. Sprinkle the top heavily with bread crumbs and cheese.
7. Bake the casserole for 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

To note: Can be frozen, but you need to freeze it without the bread crumbs and cheese. If frozen, thaw, add the toppings, and then bake.

# DAVID MARTIN

## STRING BEANS WITH TOMATOES AND ONIONS



I moved to New York from Chicago when I was 15. In my early 20s I lived on the East Side, and was trying to become an actor. At that time, eight friends and I formed a gourmet food group. Two of us would pair up and cook a banquet for everyone else each month. It was a lot of fun! We all tried to outdo each other and I used a whole lot of cookbooks.

Then I got married. We had the ceremony in Chicago and lived together on the East Side. When we met, my wife couldn't boil water, but she was determined to learn. Her mother had been a great baker and maybe, by osmosis, she took it in.

My mother used to make the most delicious Cheese Chicken. She would skin the chicken and dip it in cheese crumbs and then bake it in the oven. It was so good, and she taught my wife to make it. Any time we felt like it, or were having guests over, we would make that chicken. My specialty was string beans with tomato. I bought the green beans fresh and cut the ends off. I sautéed the onions, then threw in the tomato, canned or fresh, and bacon, and let it all simmer in the juice. Everybody ate them.

# DAVID MARTIN

## STRING BEANS WITH TOMATOES AND ONIONS

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 white onion, grated
- 1 package bacon (about 16 oz)
- 1 pound string beans, washed and with ends cut off
- 1 can crushed tomatoes

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Cook bacon in the pan on medium heat.
2. Add grated onions and cook in the bacon grease.
3. Throw in the string beans and can of tomatoes.
4. Mix it up and let it simmer like crazy!
5. Dish is ready when the string beans are softened and the bacon is cooked to your preference.



DESSERT

# ROGER BARTH

## A WHOLE BOOKCASE OF COOKBOOKS



I was born in 1932 in New Jersey. I learned to cook out of self-defense from Italian and Kosher cookbooks, which was what I was eating in restaurants. I went to a small private high school on 85th Street that is no longer there. Mr. and Mrs. Brown made us gourmet lunches there. When I left to study at Temple University in Philadelphia, I cooked a bunch of food and froze it so my mother wouldn't starve the first month I was away.

Before getting married I spent a lot of time in Chinatown, here in New York City. I had many Chinese friends and loved to play their games, like Mah Jongg, and even went on to cook in a Chinese restaurant for a spell. Later, I owned a seafood restaurant called the Little Shrimp, on 23rd Street. When I bought the restaurant, it was in bad shape, and we really pulled it back together. I had to clean it out from the old fish. This was when the Fulton Fish Market, one of the most important wholesale fish markets in the country, was at the South Street Seaport.

When I needed a cook, I called an agency and they said they had somebody. An hour later who walked in, but Mr. and Mrs. Brown! We hugged and they cooked for me for some years.

The first day we were open, the only customer who came in was a priest. Most of the active patrons were union leaders, and one day a guy picked up the phone receiver and started beating up another guy, with the priest sitting right there. He didn't come back after that. Life was so different back then. Most of the lunch customers paid \$1.25 for lunch, which included a piece of fish, salad, fries, and coffee. My favorite customers bought an alcoholic drink to go along for \$1.

One day, all of a sudden it seemed, I had a whole bookcase of cookbooks. I cooked for my wife and three sons and my kids ate everything except lobster, which was a good thing because it was expensive. We used to spend a month on the Jersey Shore, and I'd buy a lobster for my wife and I, and the kids would be sitting in the backseat petting the lobsters as we drove back to the house. Kids are funny, though, and one day something switched and I was buying five lobsters instead of two.

When my oldest got his nose above the edge of the table, he started doing some cooking himself with me standing by just to make sure nobody got hurt. Whatever he made, it was horrible. He didn't know the difference between a large T and a small t and he would throw in tablespoons of salt when he ought to have been doing teaspoons and the like. Being loving parents, we told him it was delicious.



# JERRY HATTEM

## BISCOCHOS



The cookie has many names depending on what city you come from. My family calls them biscochos, but I've heard other names like culacurica or talorico. My people originate in Spain and they kept their Spanish language as they moved around. When I visit my family in Turkey, they all speak Ladino there. My grandmother lived with us in a two-family house in East New York, Brooklyn. At that time, it was a very Sephardic neighborhood, lots of people from the Balkans moved there. Thursday night was the baking night. The food always tasted better at grandma's house. We would have the biscochos all the time, after dinner with coffee. They were a staple in our house. It's a very simple recipe, and my wife's grandmother used to make something similar, though her side of the family are Ashkenazi and came from Poland and Russia.

We didn't know the quantities for this recipe until my wife stood there with a measuring cup and wrote it all down.

Before that it was:

*"Why do you do it this way?"*

*"Because Nonna does it that way."*

*"Nonna, how do you know when the dough is ready?"*

*"You feel this part of your arm (holding the part below her shoulder)? If it feels like this, it's ready."*

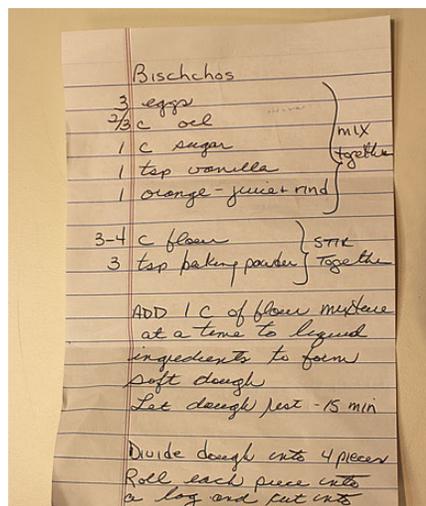
You can add anything you want at the end, too—sesame seeds, raisins. If you are doing the raisins, boil them first to plump them up! My granddaughter has a nut allergy, so when I make them for her I give them a cinnamon sugar coating.

# JERRY HATTEM

## BISCOCHOS

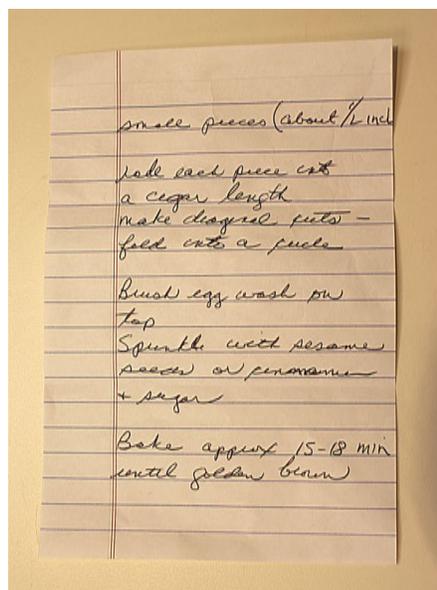
### INGREDIENTS

- 3 eggs
- 2/3 cups oil
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 orange (juice and rind)
- 3-4 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- Cinnamon and sugar (to taste)



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Mix together eggs, oil, sugar, vanilla, and orange juice and rind.
2. In a separate bowl stir together flour and baking powder.
3. Add 1 cup of flour mixture at a time to liquid ingredients to form soft dough.
4. Let dough rest for 15 minutes.
5. Divide dough into 4 pieces.
6. Roll each piece into a log and cut into small pieces (about 1/2 inch).
7. Roll each piece into a cigar length. Make diagonal cuts and fold into a circle.
8. Brush egg wash on top.
9. Sprinkle with sesame seeds or cinnamon and sugar.
10. Bake approximately 15-18 minutes, until golden brown.



# LILI LEVY

## BLACK FOREST CAKE



At a young age I lost so much to the Holocaust, and I knew that I wanted children to call my own. When I met Leon through the barbed wire fence in the concentration camp, I told him that even if we couldn't have children, we would adopt. We survived the camp, and we got married, and we started a new life in Brighton Beach, in the borough of Brooklyn. We raised two beautiful and successful sons and have wonderful grandchildren and great-grandchildren that we see often.

I love to bake for the family. They, in particular, love my chocolate cookies. My father was a professional cake decorator in Poland before World War II uprooted our family's peaceful and harmonious life. I might have been too young to absorb his skills, but I do love to make cakes of my own. When my family is not around to enjoy my sweet treats, I give them away to the doormen of the building, friends, and to anyone I meet around town. When they ask me how I make such delicious treats I say I use the best ingredients. That's the secret! For this chocolate cake, it's all about the cocoa powder.



# LILI LEVY

## BLACK FOREST CAKE

### INGREDIENTS

The flavors blend best if you assemble this cake one day ahead.

#### Chocolate Cake

2 cups all-purpose flour  
1 cup unsweetened cocoa  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup margarine or butter (2 sticks), softened  
2 cups granulated sugar  
4 large eggs  
1 ⅓ cups milk  
2 teaspoons vanilla extract

#### Cherry Filling

2 cans (16 ½ ounces each) pitted dark sweet cherries (Bing) in heavy syrup  
1/3 cup Kirsch (cherry brandy)

#### Cream Filling

1 ½ cups heavy or whipping cream  
½ cup confectioners sugar  
2 tablespoons Kirsch (cherry brandy)  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
Chocolate curls

# LILI LEVY

## BLACK FOREST CAKE

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease three 9-inch round cake pans. Line bottoms with waxed paper; grease paper. Dust pans with flour.
2. Prepare cake: in medium bowl, combine flour, cocoa, baking powder, baking soda, and salt. Set aside.
3. In large bowl, with mixer at low speed, beat margarine and granulated sugar until blended. Increase speed to high; beat until creamy, about 2 minutes. Reduce speed to medium-low.
4. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition.
5. In small bowl, mix milk and vanilla. At low speed, add flour mixture alternately with milk mixture to margarine mixture, beginning and ending with flour mixture. Beat until batter is smooth, occasionally scraping bowl with rubber spatula.
6. Divide batter evenly among prepared cake pans; spread evenly. Stagger pans on two oven racks, placing two on upper rack and one on lower rack, so that pans are not directly above one another. Bake until toothpick inserted in each layer comes out almost clean, about 25 minutes.
7. Cool in pan on wire racks 10 minutes. Run thin knife or small metal spatula around edges to loosen cake layers from sides of pans. Invert onto wire racks. Remove and discard wax paper; cool layers completely.
8. Meanwhile, prepare fillings: Drain cherries well in sieve set over bowl. Reserve ½ cup syrup; stir in Kirsch. Set syrup mixture aside. In small bowl, with mixer at medium speed, beat cream, confectioners sugar, Kirsch and vanilla until soft peaks form when beaters are lifted.
9. Assemble cake: Place 1 layer on cake stand or serving plate; brush with one-third syrup mixture. Spread with one-third whipped cream mixture, then top with half of cherries. Place second layer on top of cherries. Brush with half of remaining syrup mixture. Spoon remaining cream mixture onto center of top layer, leaving a border of cake around the edge. Pile chocolate curls on top of whipped cream in center of cake.
10. Cover and refrigerate cake overnight.

# SHEILA PALEVSKY

## CHAROSES



*My Bubbe, brother, and me*

My bubbe came to New York from Russia in the early 1900s. When I was a child, she and my zayde lived in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn in a one-bedroom apartment with a small galley kitchen. The best meals I had with my paternal grandparents were take-out delicatessen – pastrami and corned beef – made into sandwiches – served along with coleslaw and pickles and Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray tonic. This was usually on the days we went to the boardwalk in Sheepshead Bay/Coney Island to watch the fireworks in the summertime. My bubbe was not known for her cooking – most dishes were overcooked, the meats with a burnt crust. But I do have wonderful memories. I remember her making toast on a wire-standing toaster rack placed over the gas burner on the stove. The fresh char was special. But, bubbe's charoses were special. She made them each year when we gathered for Pesach in their apartment.

Using a big wooden bowl and old curved meat chopping knife whose U-shape matched that of the bowl, she chopped walnuts and apples so finely that they became a smooth paste. She added sweet kosher wine used for the Seder meal along with cinnamon and ginger, giving it a heady aroma. This dark paste was so different from the chunky varieties I had elsewhere. She did this all by hand; no electric appliances used at all. She and my zayde spoke Yiddish and when I asked for a recipe, and she'd say a "t'shit of this, t'shit of that" as she never measured anything. The sweet, dark colored paste is meant to represent the mortar used in building the pyramids, and comes from cheres, the Hebrew word for clay.

# SHEILA PALEVSKY

## CHAROSES

### INGREDIENTS

(Please note that this is not an exact recipe, but all to taste, so more or less of anything and everything)

2 apples - almost any kind works, sweet, crisp, I try to use more heirloom varieties - I tend to stay away from Red Delicious, as I find them pretty tasteless and mealy.

½ to ¾ cup chopped walnuts

1 teaspoon cinnamon

1 dash of ginger powder

2 teaspoons of sweet red wine -since this is for Passover, it is usually a kosher concord grape or Malaga grape wine

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Chop the apple and walnuts until fine.
2. Mix in the other ingredients.
3. Adjust to taste.

# KATHERINE NOIRE

## CHOCOLATE NUT TORTE



I am a true Yiddishe mama, taught by my own real Yiddishe mama! She was a fantastic cook and from her we learned how to cook, knit, sew, everything. I like to knit scarves for my loved ones and cook and bake traditional Jewish dishes for family gatherings.

I was born in Hungary. We weren't rich, we weren't poor. We kept a Kosher home and observed the holidays. In the winter, we went snowshoeing and ice skating. We got brand new coats and dresses before the Jewish high holy days. We had everything we needed. I was never a picky eater. My sister, Susie, would complain about our mother's cooking and refuse to eat. My father would say, "do you know there are children who go hungry and have nothing to eat?" We were always taught to be thankful.

When the Nazis rounded my family up and took us to the camps we were always hungry. We worked all day for a slice of bread and a glass of water. I remember one of the girls I was working with started talking about gefilte fish, which was my favorite. I didn't want to talk about it because we couldn't have it.

I remember the day at the camp when we heard trumpets, boots marching, and people screaming "the Americans are coming!" It was the happiest moment of my life. My family and I came to America after that, and I couldn't believe the abundance here. How could a country be so rich? How could there be so much food in the market? My favorite thing was ice cream and there were so many flavors I didn't know how to choose! I was never a coffee drinker, but coffee ice cream is my favorite.

For Passover I always make my own gefilte fish, which I learned to make from my mother's sister, and it is so delicious that everyone loves it! To start, you have to take the fish and clean all the scales off, then clean the inside of the fish and take the guts out. It all has to be extremely clean.

Another favorite recipe I make for Passover is the Chocolate Nut Torte. Some of my fondest memories are from the kitchen of my childhood where I used to watch my mother make this cake for our family. Now I make this and more memories with my daughter in the kitchen. It brings us so much joy!



# KATHERINE NOIRE

## CHOCOLATE NUT TORTE

### INGREDIENTS

10 eggs, separated  
1 ½ cups sugar  
6 ounces semi-sweet chocolate, grated  
1 cup walnuts, grated  
2 golden delicious apples, peeled and  
grated  
1 orange peel, grated  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
¾ cup matzoh meal  
Powdered sugar (to dust)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Beat the egg yolks and add 1 cup of the sugar until it's lemon colored.
2. Add in vanilla, orange peel, walnuts, chocolate and apples until combined.
3. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Slowly add the ½ cup of sugar while beating.
4. Alternately fold some egg whites and then some matzoh meal into the egg mixture, until combined.
5. Bake in an angel food pan or Bundt pan (spray with Pam) at 350 degrees for 1 hour.
6. Invert to cool. Dust with powdered sugar.

# SARA SHABTO

## COOKIE DOUGH



I was born in Przasnysz, Poland, near Warsaw, and was sent to Siberia during the Holocaust. I am one of the Tehran Children, a group of Jewish orphans who fled from Poland to Tehran, the capital of Persia, now called Iran. The locals welcomed us as we arrived, waving our arms out of the train windows. It was a haven. Many of my extended family are in Israel, and I visit them every year. Israeli cuisine is an interplay of Jewish traditions and the Mediterranean region. During my visits I've enjoyed the traditional pita with falafel and hummus, and other simple yet nutritious foods such as vegetable salads, olive oil, chickpeas, and whole grains.

I am very close with my two children, Uri and Randie, and I have many beautiful grandchildren. My daughter Randie was a fast learner and independent. When she was young, she would watch closely as I baked the cookie dough, and soon enough she was proudly doing it herself. This recipe—simply called “Cookie Dough”—was given to me by a friend, and it is a family favorite because it's just so good!!

It can also serve as the crust for a cheesecake recipe. We made it casually, but also for when family members would visit, like my cousin who lives in Florida. I hosted all of the holidays like Rosh Hashanah and Passover at my apartment. My daughter and I would prepare traditional Jewish foods as my grandchildren gathered at my dining room table to celebrate! It is a space of comfort and tradition, and I have always welcomed my family in with open arms.



# SARA SHABTO

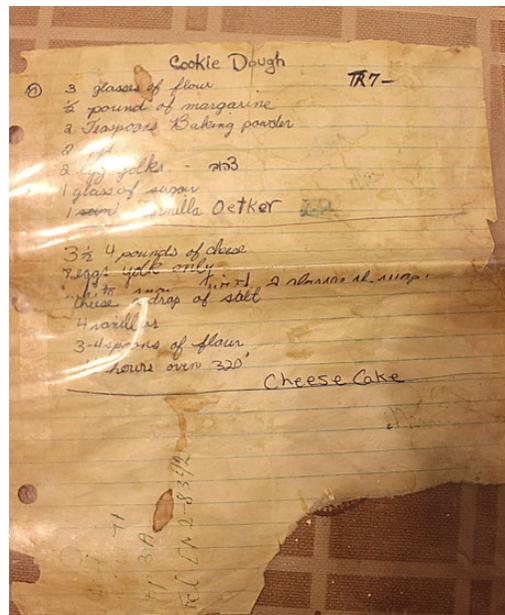
## COOKIE DOUGH

### INGREDIENTS

- 3 cups flour
- ½ pound margarine
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Mix all ingredients in large bowl.
2. Press into medium sized glass baking pan.
3. Bake in oven at 350 degrees for 20-25 minutes.



Copied down by my daughter, Randie

# MARIAN LEWIS

## LEMON MERINGUE PIE



This was always a special treat served for dessert in my family. There were six of us: mom, dad, two sisters, a brother, and me. Born in 1901, mom had briefly attended “domestic science” classes after completing high school to prepare herself for marriage and raising a family. She passed on her baking skills to her three daughters. Given the times, my brother wasn’t expected to cook or bake. Eventually, my oldest sister, Martha, shared what she’d learned with my sister Helen and with me. We had fun in the kitchen.

*My Most Successful Recipes*, by Lulu Thompson Silvernail (1877-1968), was the cookbook we used the most. We just called it “the Silvernail.” It was published in 1925 and my mother, not yet married, probably got it then. By the time I used it, the binding had fallen apart and the pages were like parchment, brown and ragged at the edge.

One evening, Martha, 16 at the time and famous in our family for her outstanding desserts, made the Silvernail Lemon Meringue Pie. After dinner, she went to the refrigerator and brought it out triumphantly. Helen, then nine, and I, two years younger, rushed to clear the table and put out dessert plates. Martha set the pie down on the table and started cutting the first slice, not realizing that the pie pan was slightly off the table’s edge. Then it happened! In a flash, the pie pan flipped off the table, flew through the air, and landed on the floor upside down with a big splat!

We all gasped! Martha put her hand over her mouth. Then she cried out and ran out of the kitchen. The rest of us stared at the upside-down pie oozing onto the kitchen linoleum. My mother yelled after her, "it's all right, it's all right!" The rest of us chimed in, "it's OK!" Martha did not come back. We let her be.

Mom took the metal pan off the pie mess and there was the crust with the soft filling all gooey and spread around it. The meringue was flattened underneath. Mom and Helen scooped the crust and filling into a bowl (The meringue couldn't be salvaged; it was too stuck to the floor). Then the five of us got our spoons and took turns eating. We enjoyed every bite, and the tale of the splattered pie became one of our famous family stories, told over and over, with laughter.

When, many years later, I left my home in Brentwood, Missouri, and moved to New York City, I realized I didn't have the recipe for the famous lemon meringue pie. Martha copied it out on index cards and mailed it to me for my recipe file. After all, my pie section would not be complete without it. She had to use a second cookbook for the meringue instructions. Either there was another section for that in the Silvernail, or it was assumed that every home cook knew how to make a meringue.

While my lifestyle and eating habits have changed (these days my treats are usually gluten- and dairy-free), I still bake the pie occasionally with some of my own substitutions -- an almond flour crust, coconut milk and maple syrup. It's a recipe dear to my heart and just as delicious.

# MARIAN LEWIS

## LEMON MERINGUE PIE

### INGREDIENTS

3 eggs (whites and yolks separated)

1 ½ cups water or substitute with whole milk

1 cup sugar

6 ½ tablespoons flour

A pinch of salt

1 ½ tablespoons butter

1 lemon, juiced

½ lemon rind, grated

¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

1 baked pie shell



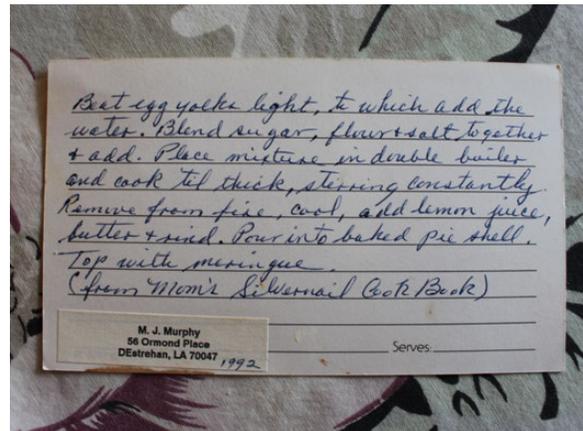
# MARIAN LEWIS

## LEMON MERINGUE PIE

### INSTRUCTIONS

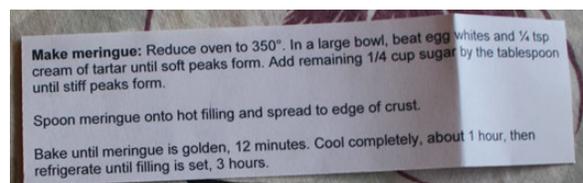
#### For Filling

1. Beat egg yolks lightly.
2. Add water or milk.
3. Blend  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar, flour, and salt together.
4. Place mixture in double boiler and cook until thick, stirring constantly.
5. Remove and let cool.
6. Add the lemon juice, butter, and rind.
7. Pour into baked pie shell.
8. Top with meringue.



#### For Meringue

1. Heat oven 350 degrees.
2. In a large bowl, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until soft peaks form.
3. Add remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar by the tablespoon until stiff peaks form.
4. Spoon meringue on to hot filling and spread to edge of crust.
5. Bake pie until meringue is golden (12 minutes).
6. Cool completely for about 1 hour.
7. Refrigerate until filling is set for 3 hours.



# ADELE DRESSNER

## COFFEE CAKE



Mrs. Berkowitz and her family rented the downstairs apartment in the two-family home I grew up in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. She and her family were Orthodox, but modern, and I used to babysit for their two young children sometimes. It was like going to another world because they had no TV. In other ways they were very normal kids.

Mrs. Berkowitz survived Auschwitz. She told us that when she was in the camps she said to herself "if I get out of this alive I will never ask for anything else." She was a beautifully dressed woman, and it was hard for me to imagine her the way that she described herself in the camp. Her hair never grew back after they shaved it off in the camp, so she always wore a beautiful wig. We learned a lot from her. Connecting with someone who lived through the Holocaust was very different than reading about it.

My mother had come from Russia and was older and a more Americanized Jewish person than Mrs. Berkowitz. The two of them bonded through food and exchanged recipes. I remember Mrs. Berkowitz making this coffee cake and bringing it to us. She really loved my mother. When my uncle died, I drove the Berkowitz family to Manhattan, where my mother was sitting shiva for her brother. The relationship between our families was much more than renter and landlord. We were friends.

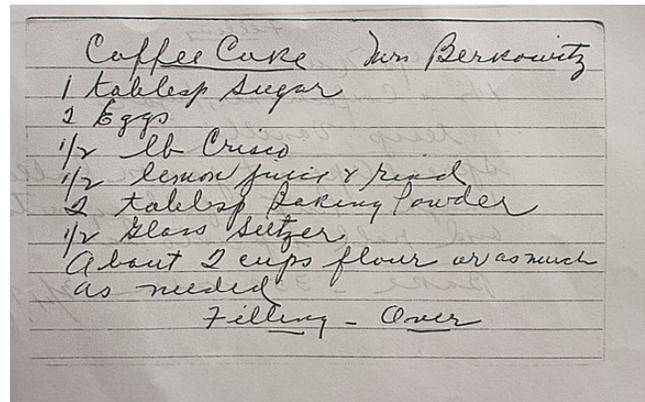
# ADELE DRESSNER

## COFFEE CAKE

### INGREDIENTS

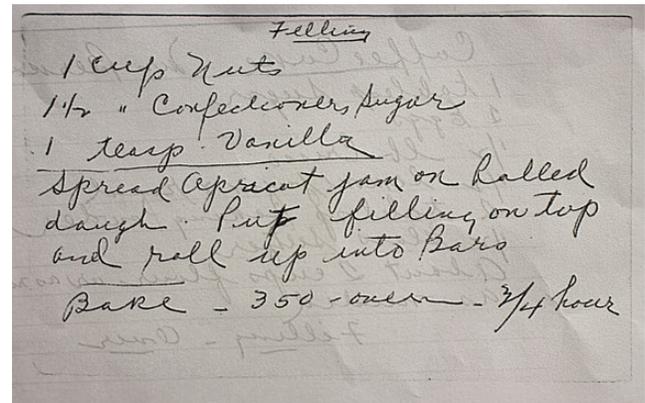
#### Dough

- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 egg
- ½ pound Crisco
- ½ lemon juice and rind
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- ½ glass seltzer
- About 2 cups flour, or as much as needed



#### Filling

- Apricot jam, as much as the cook wants to fill the strudel
- 1 cup nuts
- ½ cup confectioners sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Combine all the ingredients for the dough and roll out flat like a pizza crust.
2. Spread apricot jam on rolled out dough. Use as much jam as is desired to taste.
3. Put the rest of the filling on top and roll up into bars (like a spiral).
4. Bake at 350 degrees in the oven for 45 minutes.

# MARION OLINER

## PARCEL TORTE



This parcel torte is melt-in-your-mouth chocolate! The name is German and translates to a flourless chocolate cake suitable as a good dessert for Passover. On Passover we do not eat anything leavened, in commemoration of Jewish freedom from Egyptian slavery. When the Israelites left Egypt, they did so in such a hurry that the bread they baked for the journey was unable to rise properly. And we honor that story.

I make this dessert every year for the holiday. My husband is not keen on Passover, but parcel torte makes it possible for him. It's so good that every time I make it, the whole dessert disappears! Three quarters of the mousse gets baked, making it like a bed for the quarter of the unbaked mousse on top. If you're following this recipe and the middle of the cake collapses, don't think you did something wrong. That is exactly how the dessert is supposed to be. This is the space for the unbaked mousse. It is important to use "German" or sweet baking chocolate instead of milk chocolate.

# MARION OLINER

## PARCEL TORTE

### INGREDIENTS

8 ounces butter  
8 ounces sugar  
8 eggs, separated  
8 ounces sweet baking chocolate  
Chocolate shavings (optional)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs yolks one at a time and beat.
2. Add melted chocolate and beat for 25 minutes.
3. Whip the egg whites; fold into the mixture in a way that retains as much air as possible.
4. Put  $\frac{3}{4}$  of this mixture in spring form pan and bake about 30 minutes, until a toothpick comes out clean. The center is going to fall but this does not matter.
5. Let it cool a bit and then fill it with the remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  mixture.  
(Optional: I decorate it with chocolate shavings).

# FLORENCE KRANITZ

## PASSOVER SPONGE CAKE



When I was 12 years old, my sister Beverly, who was ten years older than me, got married. My mother was never much of a cook, so some of my earliest and favorite food memories are from time spent attending family dinners at the home of Beverly's in-law's, Meyer and Sarah Waterstone.

Sarah and Meyer lived in a big house on Fullerton Boulevard, a lovely street in a beautiful part of Detroit. I remember going to their home for Passover Seder, a tradition we maintained for years. Sarah set a beautiful table (the first time I'd ever seen such a thing), the whole family was so warm and welcoming, and the house smelled so good! My family wasn't very observant of Jewish tradition, so sometimes the Seder felt so long to me - probably because I knew how delicious the food would be as soon as it was time to eat! I remember reciting the Four Questions every year because I was the youngest one, which I found to be a little embarrassing. I couldn't wait until Beverly and her husband Alvin had children who could take over the job some day!

Because I didn't grow up with much traditional Jewish cooking, I tasted lots of new foods at the Waterstone's table. Sarah was a talented cook and it was all so delicious, but what I really fell in love with was her Passover Sponge Cake. She served the cake with a perfect lemon sauce.

Fast forward many years to the time I made my first Seder for my own family and friends. My husband and I were living in Akron, Ohio, and had two of our three small children by this time. I was searching for a spectacular Pesadich dessert to serve everyone, and remembered Sarah's sponge cake. While Sarah passed away many years before, I reached out to her daughter to see if she still had the recipe I remembered and would be willing to share it with me. I was thrilled when I received this note in the mail. Sarah's sponge cake was as delicious as I remembered, and everyone loved it - especially the lemon sauce.

# FLORENCE KRANITZ

## PASSOVER SPONGE CAKE

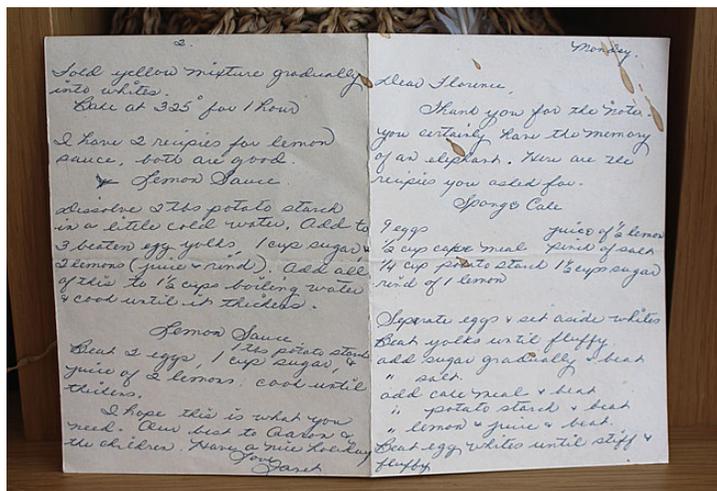
### INGREDIENTS

#### Cake

- 9 eggs
- ½ cup Passover cake meal
- ¼ cup potato starch
- Juice of ½ lemon
- Pinch of salt
- 1 lemon rind
- 1 ½ cups sugar

#### Sauce

- 2 tablespoons potato starch
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 lemons (juice and rind)
- 1 ½ cups water



### INSTRUCTIONS

#### Cake

1. Separate eggs and set aside whites.
2. Beat yolks until fluffy.
3. Add sugar gradually and beat; do the same with the salt.
4. Add cake meal and beat.
5. Add potato starch and beat.
6. Add lemon juice and beat.
7. Beat egg whites until stiff and fluffy.
8. Fold yellow mixture gradually into whites.
9. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour.

#### Lemon Sauce Recipe

1. Dissolve 2 tablespoons of potato starch in a little cold water.
2. Add 3 beaten egg yolks, 1 cup sugar, and 2 lemons (juice and rind).
3. Add all of this to 1 ½ cups boiling water and cool until it thickens.

# SHARON SILBERFARB

## PUMPKIN PIE



My maternal grandmother, Jenny Feller, lived to be 103. I don't think in her whole life she ever ate a raw vegetable. All the axioms of living a good life, like exercise and that sort of thing, she didn't do them. She came to this country because there were pogroms going on in Europe and life was very difficult.

She did nothing but cook- up at five a.m. every day. My Aunt Roselyn used to say about her that "Mama is a terrible cook, but everything tastes delicious." I think that is exactly true. She cooked with chicken fat. She made stuffed cabbage in a cast iron pot lined with marrow bones. I can still remember the taste. Her latkes were grated by hand and were eaten up so quickly that they never reached the table. Wonderful!

I remember her buying crates of eggs, and if they had a red spot in them, it meant they were fertilized, and we, as Jewish people, could not eat them. Sometimes she'd throw crates and crates of them out. Nowadays, you don't see the blood spots because the chickens are not free range. My mother, her daughter, had a real eye. She could go into a room and tell you afterwards every single object inside. This translated into food for her, and when we had buffets and parties, the platters were works of art. As for my grandmother, abundance came first and presentation was ignored. If we were having a big meal, maybe 20 people for the Seder or something like that, we only ate one thing at a time because it took so long for the platters to get passed around.

When I was a little girl, I didn't like the way my mother cooked my eggs. I wanted them to not be browned, and for nothing to be loose. My mother was working and didn't have that kind of time, so at age six, I started cooking my own eggs. A lot of the burden of feeding us fell to my older sister, but the cooking I did was to my fancy.

I make a pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving that has no dairy milk because we don't mix. Milk makes the pie very light. This is an original recipe that I figured out from collected Halloween pumpkins. I don't have a lot of written recipes, but I wrote this one down because it worked and I wanted to remember it. Sometimes I cook something and forget how I made it!

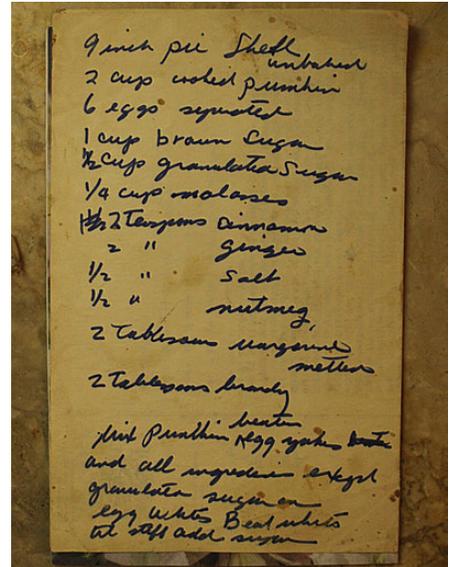
I think it's easier to cook things you've tasted, so that when you taste yours, you have something to compare it with. Start with what you know.

# SHARON SILBERFARB

## PUMPKIN PIE

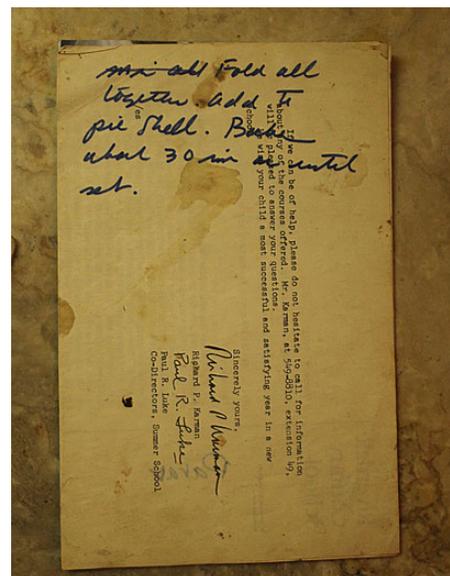
### INGREDIENTS

- 9-inch pie shell, unbaked
- 2 cups cooked pumpkin
- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 cup brown sugar
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ¼ cup molasses
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 2 teaspoons ginger
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons margarine, melted
- 2 tablespoons brandy



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Mix pumpkin, beaten egg yolks, and all ingredients except granulated sugar and egg whites.
2. Separately, beat egg whites until stiff and then add sugar.
3. Fold all together.
4. Add to pie shell.
5. Bake 30 minutes at 400 degrees, or until set.



# SOL & SALLY ROSENKRANZ

(SHARED BY RITA ROSENKRANZ)

## HONEY CAKE



*My father (Sol) and I (Rita), in Woodstock, NY*

My father, Sol, in his retirement years, was a perfect sous chef, helping my mother with dicing and stirring. My parents were naturally gifted cooks, and my father never shied away from what was traditionally thought of as a woman's role. When he was a child in pre-World War II Poland, he helped his mother prepare for Shabbos, beginning on Thursdays. He later showed a natural affinity for the kitchen. My mother and father would do the grocery shopping together and bring home fresh fish and produce, and would prepare simple and tasty dishes such as stews and blueberry pie.

My parents met in Stuttgart, Germany, and were married for 50 wonderful years, before my mother died in 1996. When my parents came to America in 1946 after being liberated, they initially used canned ingredients, which was what many American recipes called for, but they quickly switched back to using fresh ingredients. The food they prepared required patience and skill, and was always made with love.

I learned to cook by being close to my mother's apron strings. When I was a child, on occasional Sundays, my parents and I would travel from our home in Brooklyn to the Essex Market in the Lower East Side. This indoor market specialized in meat, fish, cheese, and produce. We'd stop by Economy Candy, which still exists, to pick up some sweets. I also have distinct memories of accompanying my mother to the live chicken market where we would pick the live chicken we wanted and they would handle the rest.

Using as much of the skin we could save, she would stuff the skin with flour, gribenes (fried chicken skin), and salt and pepper, and bake the pouch slowly so that the skin would be golden brown as the fat from the chicken soaked through the flour mixture. I remember helping my mother sew up the skin.

I was in the kitchen at a very young age. I started by learning how to precisely crack an egg and separate the yolks and whip the egg whites for sponge cake. The first step in learning to cook is to build confidence in the kitchen.

My parent's honey cake is a festive dessert traditionally served on Rosh Hashanah. The original inspiration came from *The Art of Jewish Cooking* by Jennie Grossinger. We tweaked the recipe by adding more oil, and adjusted other ingredients until we were satisfied. My written recipe shows crossed-out measurements capturing this history. I enjoy making this cake for holidays and for drop-in guests. Honey does not spoil so it stays fresh for a long period of time, and the loaves can be frozen and used as needed.

My mother learned traditional Jewish cooking and baking from her Aunt Toby. I respect their dedication to mastering both classic and exotic culinary dishes. My father was a museum educator at the Museum of Jewish Heritage for 20 years. A woman named June Feiss Hersh reached out to the museum's members and others to compile *Recipes Remembered: A Celebration of Survival*, which honors survivors of the Holocaust through family stories and cherished recipes. My parents' honey cake is featured in this book, too.



*My father at age 100 meeting a Heschel student.*



*My father and my nephew (his grandson), Daniel at Sol's 100th birthday celebration at the Museum of Jewish Heritage.*

# SOL & SALLY ROSENKRANZ

(SHARED BY RITA ROSENKRANZ)

## HONEY CAKE

### INGREDIENTS

3 ½ cups sifted flour  
¼ teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
1 ½ teaspoon cinnamon  
¼ teaspoon nutmeg  
¼ teaspoon cloves  
1 ½ teaspoon ginger  
4 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup vegetable oil  
2 cups dark honey  
½ cup brewed coffee  
1 ½ cup chopped nuts (walnuts or almonds)

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Preheat oven to 325 degrees and grease a 9-inch pan.
2. In a medium bowl, sift flour, salt, baking soda, baking powder, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, and ginger.
3. In a large bowl, beat the eggs and gradually add sugar until the mixture is a light yellow.
4. Beat in the oil, honey, and coffee.
5. Stir in flour mixture and beat on low speed for several minutes until batter is thick.
6. Stir in chopped nuts.
7. Fill the pan halfway with batter and bake at 325 degrees for 1-1 ¼ hours until brown.
8. Cool on rack before removing from pan.

# POLA SCHELL BIRMAN

## SUNSHINE CAKE



I was born in Poland in 1923, but left for Sweden after World War II. I didn't know what to expect of life in Sweden, but I knew I did not want to return to Poland. I had no family left. I once read a book by a Swedish author and was fascinated by the famous "white nights," so I went there. I lived in Sweden for 15 years after the war and became a Registered Nurse at the Swedish Red Cross Hospital in Stockholm. I was the only foreigner, the only Jew in my class, and I became fluent in Swedish. Everyone treated me very well. I first met my Swedish friend, Francis, for coffee in 1966 with mutual friends. Our friendship flourished two years later when we had dinner together. When Francis' husband was sick and she needed to be with him at the hospital, I cared for her children. Her five-year-old son told her I didn't know how to cook. That was a valid statement. I needed to learn to cook. I was rooming with an Irish girl but I didn't particularly like the heavy food she cooked, so I started learning a few recipes. One of them was this Swedish recipe that Francis shared with me called sunshine cake.

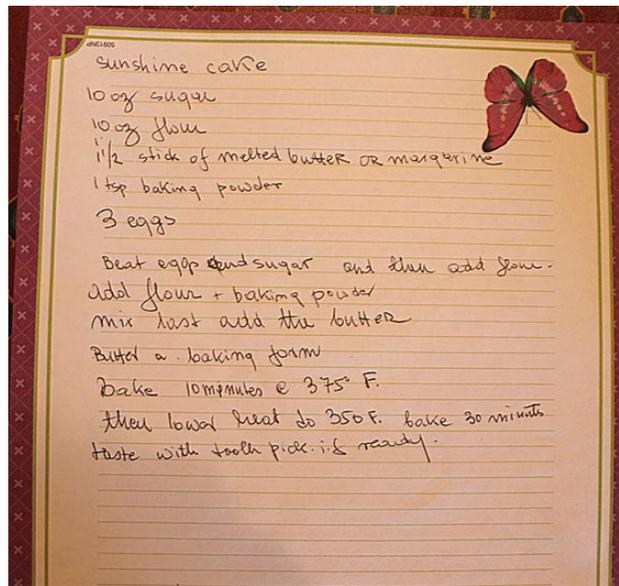
When I came to New York, I worked with two Filipino nurses at a hospital in Manhattan and they would bring in seven-course meals for the staff. I learned a dish from them with fish, pineapple, and vegetables. I also had an Italian friend who taught me how to make veal rolls with prosciutto and mushrooms, with melted mozzarella on top. She took me to three different places to pick up the ingredients, including a cheese market that had fresh products. The first and last time I made this recipe I was brave enough to invite two friends over for dinner that night. They absolutely loved it and asked for seconds! I've made sunshine cake every year for my friends here and they called it "Pola's cake." I made a point to visit Sweden every year since I left. Francis settled in California and we've kept in contact ever since.

# POLA SCHELL BIRMAN

## SUNSHINE CAKE

### INGREDIENTS

- 10 ounces sugar
- 10 ounces flour
- 1 ½ sticks melted butter or margarine
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3 eggs



### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Beat eggs and sugar.
2. Add flour and baking powder.
3. Mix and add butter.
4. Grease a Bundt cake pan with butter.
5. Bake 10 minutes at 375 degrees.
6. Lower heat to 350 degrees and bake for 30 minutes.
7. Test with toothpick to see if it's ready.

# RACHEL MAKLEFF

## TEIGLACH



When I was first married we lived in New Haven, and I knew a courageous woman there who ran a liquor store in the student neighborhood. It might have been 1969 when she gave me my first taste of teiglach. It is a traditional dish for Rosh Hashanah, but you can make it anytime of the year.

There is an Italian version that uses sugar rather than honey, and I think it is better that way. Italian and Jewish cuisine do overlap. We both make our own pasta. Once, in grade school, I visited a very traditional Jewish family's home, where one person worked as a circumciser and another koshering chickens, and they had noodles drying over the back of the chairs in their living room.

I haven't made the teiglach since my kids were in elementary school. They loved it of course: it is sticky and makes a mess and is full of goodies like nuts and candied fruit. I used to put it in little paper muffin cups and each child could get his own little clump. I might make it again. There is a Pakistani grocery store down on Lexington in the 20s, and I have been eyeing their candied fruit.

I share this recipe because it is something you can make today that tastes like it did back then. Not a lot of things do anymore. The ingredients for the teiglach haven't changed that much, and you can still buy them.

I find that many foods don't taste like they used to. My relatives ran kosher bakeries in the heart of the Jewish neighborhoods in Detroit, and I used to go in and watch them bake the bread. They did it with such care. Today, I look at the box of Streit's Matzoh Meal, and the recipe on the box for matzoh ball soup calls for oil. My mother tried to cook American style dishes, but she would make matzoh ball soup with the schmaltz (rendered chicken fat)! It is funny to me that you buy chicken fat in a store today. Lots of people used to use it, but the rendering does take time, and people don't have as much of that today. You have to melt the fat out and add onion for flavoring and really keep a close eye because it burns easily.

I remember getting strange recipes that called for one glass of walnuts, half a glass of water. "Glass" meant the Yahrzeit mourning candle. The candles were so common that it was a measuring unit! For baking powder, we used to sometimes use ammonium carbonate. Pickles were homemade and whoever was making them was not afraid to use expensive spices. I remember my mother putting citric acid into cabbage soup, and once, not too long ago, I went all over the city with a friend trying to find it.

That is the beauty of Russ & Daughters. When everyone else wanted to do something like be a doctor or lawyer, they still wanted to serve appetizers.



# RACHEL MAKLEFF

## TEIGHLACH

### INGREDIENTS

1 tablespoon extra virgin olive oil (+ more for frying). You can use regular oil that doesn't have unusual flavor.

3 large eggs, lightly beaten

1  $\frac{2}{3}$  cups all-purpose flour

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon kosher salt

1  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup honey

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar

Ginger (to taste)

Lemon zest (to taste)

1 tablespoon lemon juice

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup toasted and coarsely chopped walnuts or hazelnuts

Optional: 1 cup whole maraschino cherries or any small piece of beautiful candied fruit that hasn't dried out.

# RACHEL MAKLEFF

## TEIGHLACH

### INSTRUCTIONS

1. Line cupcake liners in a cupcake tray. Set aside.
2. In a medium mixing bowl, whisk together eggs and oil. Add flour, baking powder and salt and mix until soft dough forms. Knead the dough for 2 minutes or so, until dough is firm.
3. Fill a frying pan with 2-inches of oil and heat over medium-low until oil reaches 350 degrees.
4. While oil is heating, lightly dust work surface with flour, roll out dough into ¼-inch thickness. Slice into long strips, 1 inch thick and then slice across, to make small squares of dough.
5. Roll into circles.
6. Fry circles of dough until golden brown, 3 minutes or so. Remove from pan using a slotted spoon and drain on paper towels.
7. Bring the honey, sugar, ginger, lemon juice and lemon zest to a boil in a 4-quart pot, simmer for 5 minutes until mixture thickens slightly. Add the fried dough and cook an additional 2 minutes.
8. If using maraschino cherries, add in mixture and cook 1 minute more.
9. Using a soup ladle, pour mixture to generously fill muffin tins.
10. Store covered at room temperature, up to 72 hours.

# TOSHIKO KOBAYASHI

## ORIGAMI IN MANY PLACES



I was born in Japan, shortly after World War II ended. My mother cooked both Western and Japanese food for us. There were not a lot of toys around at the time, and to entertain ourselves we used origami.

I visited Jerusalem around 30 years ago with a Japanese healthcare NGO. There was a journalist covering our work there, and he took me to the only sushi shop in town. It was alright, but I was more interested in eating the Arabic and Jewish foods that were indigenous to the place. I loved chopped liver and gefilte fish. We make a similar fish paste in Japan, and our cuisine also involves lots of ginger and horseradish. On that trip, I met a woman who had lived in Gaza her whole life, and she showed me how to fold a hat and boat from a newspaper. Origami was not a familiar word to her, but she had paper. Her son and grandson folded airplanes, too. This was when I began to think about origami as something that could help traumatized people, which would become my life's work.

Origami and the Japanese Healthcare NGO took me all over the world, as did my father's work when I was young, and my husband's career later on. I've traveled to the Middle East, South America, and North and South Africa. I lived in Indonesia and Singapore for three years each, and in the United States first as a little girl, and now have been here for 20 years.

Wherever I went I always ate what the people there ate, and cooked using fruits and vegetables I found in the markets. Here in New York City, I love the green markets. I had never used kale or collard greens or rainbow chard before. I love the different kinds of squash - there are so many! Apples, too! I also receive Meals on Wheels each day. I am innovative with them.

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