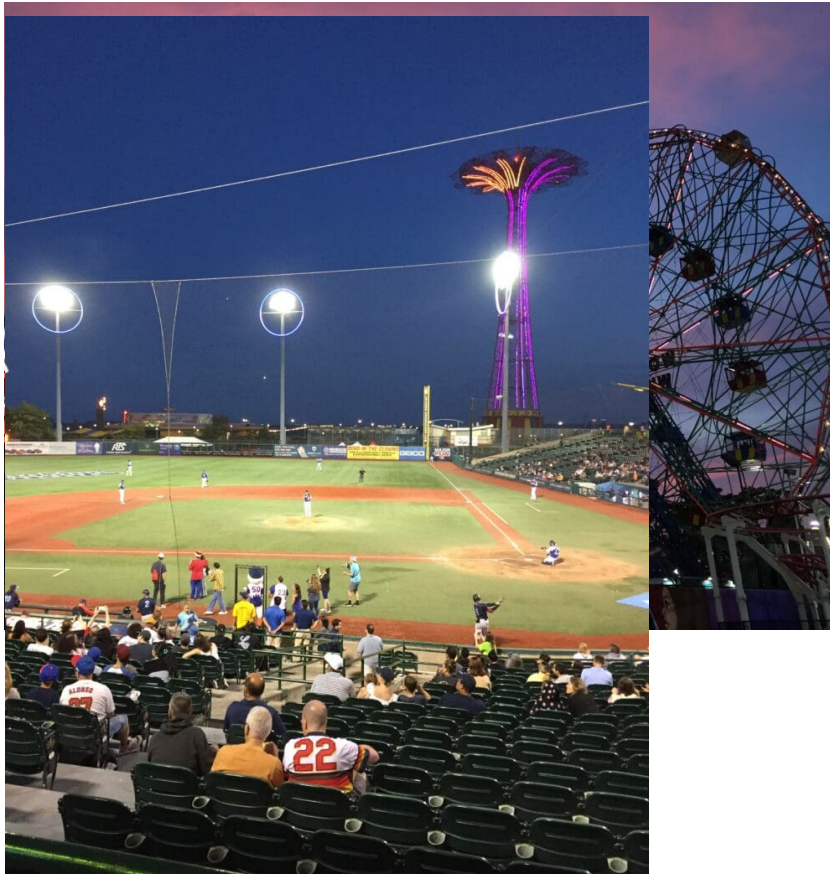


ONE LAST GASP OF SUMMER



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And the place for all of that is my beloved Coney Island. Over the years it has managed to revive itself without losing its tacky, old school charm. Even though they've installed insane new rides that seem to threaten to hurl you into the ocean with one push of the wrong button, you can still go to Nathan's and get fries that have probably been soaked in the same oil they've been using since 1945. Don't get me wrong, aged oil has its charms.

After the grease has fully coated my intestines, my hubby and I walk down Surf Avenue to catch a Brooklyn Cyclones game. They are our home minor league baseball team affiliated with the New York Mets. For twenty-five bucks we can sit behind the plate, watch a very quick game because no one ever seems to get on base, and look out at the landmark parachute jump that my parents used to ride. But the best parts of the game are the quick entertaining breaks between innings. Last Friday night they featured a dance by The Pacemakers, a senior citizen version of the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders with walkers, a race between a bottle of catsup, relish and mustard mascots sponsored by Nathan's, (catsup won), a toilet plunger toss, and a guy who proposed to his girlfriend only to be mortified when she said no and started screaming expletives at him. This is the local flavor of Brooklyn that I love. Not to mention the greasy knish I ate on the way out of the ballpark, walking as quickly as I could to beat the rush to the boardwalk for the final fireworks display of the season.

And it did not disappoint. Although I can still smell the smoke in my hair from the falling ash, there's nothing better than being right under the fireworks as they blaze against the sky. As their cascading sparks reach back down to kiss the beach, I snuggle with my husband to stay warm from the cool ocean breezes. I can feel autumn trying to sneak its way in, but here in Brooklyn, all we have to say about that is

“fuhgeddaboudit.”

ROASTED TOMATO SOUP

It's harvest time, so that means the neighbors have way too many tomatoes to know what to do with them. So, being the lucky recipient of their abundance, I'm putting this year's bounty to good use with this creamy roasted tomato soup. There's nothing better than making tomato soup from fresh garden ingredients.

Wait, oh yes, there is one thing better—creamy homemade garden tomato soup with a grilled cheese sandwich. Gotta go – I've got some sandwiches to make.

INGREDIENTS

1 dozen ripe plum tomatoes (or whatever tomatoes you have from the garden)

1 onion, thickly sliced

1 head of garlic

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon red pepper flakes

1 Tablespoon olive oil

2 cups of chicken stock

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream

salt and pepper to taste

FOR GARNISH

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated Parmesan

fresh basil leaves

□

PREPARATION

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place aluminum foil on the bottom of a baking sheet.

Slice a $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick cross in one end of each tomato. This will make it easier to peel the tomatoes once they are roasted. Wrap a small piece of aluminum foil around the base of the garlic head to hold it together.

Place the tomatoes, onion slices and foiled garlic head on the baking sheet. Drizzle all with olive oil and season with salt and pepper. Using your hands, gently massage the oil and spices to cover all sides of the vegetables. Place in oven and roast for 30 minutes.

After thirty minutes, turn the vegetables over and roast for an additional 30 minutes. Allow to cool.

Peel the skin off of the tomatoes and discard skins. Pressing the base of the garlic head, squeeze the roasted garlic out, discarding the skin. Place the tomatoes, onions and roasted garlic in a dutch oven. Add the chicken stock and red pepper flakes. Re-season with salt and pepper. Bring to a boil, then lower to a simmer for forty-five minutes, stirring occasionally. Allow to cool down.

Using an immersion blender, puree the soup. When you're ready to serve, reheat and add the cream.

Pour into bowls and garnish with parmesan and basil leaves.

THE ELUSIVE PEACH

As I kid, I couldn't wait for summer peaches—those fuzzy, succulent, sweet treats that promised pies and jams and some weird concoction my mom made with sour cream. You knew you had a good one when you bit into it and the juice dripped down your arm, making you sticky for the rest of the day.

But something happened to peaches. I know it must be some diabolical conspiracy fraught with chemicals, black market deliveries from eco-busting distances, or crate overcrowding, because I just can't find a good peach anymore. They either are bruised, too hard, too sour, or the worst crime—mealy.

I go out of my way to farmers markets, overpaying for my inevitable disappointment. I once had my cousins ship them from Georgia, and okay, they were very good, but like an idiot, I ruined most of them by attempting jam and adding in too much clove.

But I won't give up. I'm on a mission now. And, please, if you have a good source, send them my way.

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT FOOD?

It's 5:30am and I'm hunched over a burning hot *imu* pit, an underground steamer being prepped to hold a 250-pound pig. Two Hawaiian workers, the size of sumo wrestlers, are stoking hot lava rocks in preparation for a big *luau*, just as their ancestors have done for generations. The sun is just rising over the Pacific, soft flicks of morning light dance over the water. I can taste the salt coming in with the ocean breeze. I breathe deeply, suspecting that this will be my only moment of

peace in paradise. Breaking my reverie, one of the burly men taps my shoulder and says, "It's time."

My blood pressure starts to rise and my jaw clenches as I scan the area anxiously wondering, "Where the hell is everyone?" Just at that moment, the production truck sputters into the parking lot with my crew in tow. They know they are late and they know I won't be happy. They burst out of the van filled with excuses, coffee cups in hand.

"Listen. 5:30 means 5:30—not 6:00! You've already missed the lava rocks going in and now they need to lay down the *ti* leaves. The whole point of coming to Hawaii was to capture this *luau*. You think this is supposed to be a vacation?" I shriek.

As my shamed Keystone Cop-crew scrambles with their cases and cables trying to set up to videotape this process, I realize that for all the fun I'm having, I might as well be in Newark.

It sure sounds glamorous from the outside looking in: an all-expenses-paid trip to Hawaii with America's most popular chef, eating and cooking our way across the islands. But here's the catch—and there's always a catch—I have to shoot three broadcast hours of mouth-watering, hunger-provoking food porn on three different islands at fifteen locations in six days. And just to make matters worse, both my crew and my star resent that we're here in Hawaii and I am actually making them work.

There have been days like this. There have been many. And there have been some good ones too. After all, it's the good days that sustain me. I've been a television producer my entire career. I've seen actors I've admired behave as if they were reliving their terrible twos. I've nearly had a live show shut down by a bribe-seeking union foreman. I've run up Sixth Avenue in the middle of gridlocked traffic from 14th Street to 34th Street, the final show master in my hand, with only four

minutes left before it's supposed to hit the air. The stress and chaos are the only things consistent about the work I do. The rush comes from being assigned an impossible task and making it possible.

That was all before the Food Network called. They want me to be the executive producer for a hot new chef out of New Orleans. His name is Emeril Lagasse. I think to myself, "What the hell—cooking has got to be better than this. I'll give it a shot for six months."

Those six months turned into thirteen years and over 1500 hours of food television. Eyewitness to the scrappy early days of the fledgling TV Food Network, I was one of the many that worked on the transformation of cooking shows from sleepy on-air instructional manuals to glitzy must-watch TV. And during that time, I came to understand why the food we eat is so much more than just something to fuel our bodies. It's about love and comfort and pleasure.

Whether it's scrounging the farmer's market for the sweetest heirloom tomatoes with just the right amount of acidity or learning how to cook *à la minute*, almost everything I know about food, I learned from TV. I've had the pleasure—and sometimes trauma—of witnessing some of the country's top chefs in action from a front row seat. It has made for some vivid storytelling at parties (and perversely made me a popular guest). Some of these culinary stars may not remember me, but I remember them. I remember their precise insight into the perfect ingredients, their ability to share their passion to the point of contagion, and most importantly, their generosity of spirit—give or take an egomaniacal tantrum or two. All of them in their own way have taught me not only how to cook, but how to cook with love and enthusiasm.

But as much as they may have influenced my personal culinary techniques, I have to give credit to the family and friends early in my life who truly inspired my zeal for food. From

learning how to make my Nana's apple pie to realizing there's no point in ever making my mother's Lipton Onion Soup semi-homemade glazed brisket, most of my strongest memories have food as my co-star. It has shaped me, in more ways than one.

My home today has two kitchens. No, not one for milk and one for meat like some of my ancestors, but one for sweets and one for savory foods. I have a thermostat controlled wine cooler, and a culinary library of over 500 books. My next-door neighbor and I have been trying to perfect all five mother sauces by cross-referencing my copy of Julia Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* with his copy of The Culinary Institute of America's *The Professional Chef*. We're up to velouté. The tomato and *espagnole* were big hits, but we still have to conquer *hollandaise* and *béchamel*. My husband and I have gotten so much praise for our own cooking that we are no longer invited to our friends' dinner parties for their fear of disappointing us. (*My specialty is grilled white pizza with a melange of mushrooms, shallots, garlic and pancetta beneath a bed of taleggio cheese finished with a drizzle of truffle oil.*) When I go into a restaurant "announced" the red carpet is rolled out and I roll out with a sated smile, extended stomach, and Tums standing by in my purse. It's been a long journey from a childhood sponsored by Kraft and Mrs. Paul's to three-star Michelin dinners. I can honestly say I've lived a good life very much thanks to food. If only I could dig an *imu* pit in Brooklyn, I could die a happy woman.

My culinary awakening is forever entangled with the evolution of food television becoming our national comfort pastime. I like to think we grew up together, learning from our mistakes and trying to push the boundaries of how we think about food and cooking. At times my story might seem a little half-baked, sometimes a bit overdone, but at its heart, it's one deep dish of a delicious journey.

—Excerpted from *GETTING SAUCED—How I Learned Everything I Know About Food from TV*

NEVER CAN SAY GOODBYE

I was only 5 years old at the time, but the memory of my first trip into “the city” is so vivid I can still taste the cinnamon raisin sticky buns from Horn and Hardart. I can hear the city tuning up as the sounds of blaring sirens, screaming cab drivers and jackhammers blend together, rising to a crescendo. I can feel the sidewalks burst with energy as people hustle from place to place, brushing up against each other, and scattering in all directions.

Just moments before, as I stand on the seat of a Long Island Railroad car, watching the split-level houses whiz by the window, my mother and grandmother remind me, “When we get to the city, you can’t run off. You need to stay close and pay attention at all times, you hear me?” We are on a mission. It is time to buy me a big girl bedroom set and someone named Macy or Gimbel will have just the right one.

Exiting Penn Station, they each grab one of my hands, daring anyone to try to break our chain. They are both native New Yorkers and they know the rules: don’t look anyone in the eye, walk as if you know where you’re going, and always hold your purse with a death grip. There is danger at every turn.

This was the mid-sixties and New York was going through a tough time. While my mom waxed poetic about the city of her youth when the subway cost a nickel and she swooned to Frank Sinatra performing at the Paramount, something had changed. With drugs, crime, and poverty on the rise, the city had become dirty, unsafe, and congested. It was no place to raise a family. I’m a third generation New Yorker and the goal of the first two generations was to do everything they could to get out. The exodus plan of the New York Jew was to head east

to Long Island. For my generation, we would spend our youth trying to get back in.





Broadway sign and red stop light in New York City at night

By the mid-seventies, I was old enough to venture into Manhattan with my theater geek high school friends. We were an eclectic mix of kids who shared one thing in common; we didn't seem to fit in anywhere. We were nerds, un-athletic, unpopular, and starved for attention. The city seemed to not only welcome misfits; it celebrated them. This was a few years before the AIDS epidemic would ravage the theater community, and New York was on fire with creativity and energy. The music scene was changing as folk music and jazz made way for punk and disco. In theater, the classics by Rodgers and Hammerstein were eclipsed by rock musicals like *Hair*, *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

With our bell-bottom jeans brushing along the dirty sidewalks of Times Square, we became one with an endless sea of strangers. We stopped at HoJos for a quick bite and spent all of our babysitting money for tickets to see the original cast in *A Chorus Line*. We spent hours in Colony Records looking

through old cast recordings of obscure Broadway shows. We imagined our grown up lives here and knew that while the lights of Broadway beckoned, there was also a seedy side, complete with peep shows and hustlers. It gave us a rush of something forbidden and dangerous. We loved all of it and wanted to be part of it.

After college, I was determined to make my way in New York. Through some contacts, I landed my first job working as an office manager for a television producer. I was really his secretary, but I gave myself the title “office manager” to sound more important. I moved into a funky apartment I couldn’t afford on Bleecker Street, hung up a big wooden “K” on my wall, and never looked back. This was the beginning of my four-decade love affair with New York.



Like any true love affair, it has had its share of joy,

heartache, exhilaration, pain, passion and betrayal. As a kid, I remember walking up Sixth Avenue and looking at the trio of skyscrapers across from Radio City, hoping that someday I'd have an office in one of them. And one day I did. It didn't matter that the building next to me blocked my view and I could see into the office of a man who liked to eat his lunch at his desk without his pants on. I was living the New York dream and accepted all the good, the bad, and the ugly that came with it.

I quickly learned about street smarts and how to size up situations in an instant. To this day, as I am smashed against a smelly sea of humanity, I scan about the subway car assessing who will exit at what stop. I plant myself in front of "commuter girl," and as she leaves the train at 34th Street, I settle into her seat for the rest of my ride home, only to be one-upped by the pregnant woman who knows how to play the same game.

People who don't live in New York always wonder how we can put up with it: the crowds, the noise, the hustle, and the high cost of everything. They don't understand what it's like to play hooky from work and sunbathe in Central Park. They haven't shared a first kiss while standing beneath the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center, just as the first snowflakes of winter fall from the sky. They can't walk out the door, and within two blocks, pick up everything they need to make a gourmet meal, including sea urchin and truffle oil. They haven't experienced the community and camaraderie that happens during a black out, or a snow day, or the worst day we'll ever remember. New York gets under your skin in such a deep way that it's hard to imagine leaving.

But, I do try to imagine it, only to be sidetracked by the usual questions. Where would I go? Who would understand my humor? Where would I fit in? I've traveled and worked all over

the world and have yet to find any other place that I can call home. My ancestors migrated to the wilds of West Palm Beach, but I hate humidity and the smell of mildew. I worked in LA, but spent more time in traffic than at work. The Midwest is too cold, the Southwest too hot. Europe has its spots, but I speak no other languages. I've tried country living, but I'm convinced there are hatchet murderers lurking in the woods. I briefly lived and worked in Singapore where you'd think the dim sum would be better, but I still prefer the Nam Wah Tea Parlor down on Doyers Street in Chinatown.

I'm starting to get older now, not quite ready for retirement, but not far from it. When we moved into our neighborhood in Brooklyn, my husband and I were the cute couple at the end of the block. Now we're the sage elders who help the newlyweds find the best plumbers and electricians. Like the oak trees that have grown higher and block our view, we are rooted here. We often walk these familiar streets as I drive my husband crazy with thoughts about where we could live, or how we might want to shake things up. We pass some neighbors and shoot the breeze, making plans for a roof deck barbecue. We admire the brownstone repair at #110, speculating if they were happy with their contractor. We pass our front garden, wondering when the irises will come up.

Too busy pondering life's big questions to have shopped for dinner, we cross the street to our favorite sushi bar. I'm still going on about where we might go when we can no longer walk up our four flights of stairs. My ever-patient husband gently interrupts me, and simply says, "What's wrong with here?"

As we enter the sushi restaurant, we hear the familiar Japanese welcome, "Irasshaimase!" We don't have to order; the sushi chef knows what we like. We settle in, chatting with some of the regulars at the bar. Our waitress brings over our personal chopsticks that are kept in an old dented tin above the counter. We order our favorite sake, and as I pause to

make a toast, snapshots of our life here in New York flood my mind; bumping into old friends on the boardwalk at Coney Island, asking my next door neighbor to remove the dead squirrel from the roof drain because I can't deal with rodents, dancing to Donna Summer's "Love to Love You Baby" at the Heartbreak on Varick Street, fighting with the city about who is going to pay for the sidewalk they just tore up, holding down Big Bird in the Thanksgiving Day Parade, helping remove fallen branches from a neighbor's walkway after a freak tornado, walking through the park at twilight, begging the sanitation guy to not plow in the corner I just shoveled, exchanging vows at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, having our hearts broken as a procession of ash covered fellow New Yorkers walk past our house, grabbing a gyro from a street cart vendor because I have no time to go to lunch, grazing through Sunday's Smorgasburg, exploring Christo's saffron colored "The Gates" in Central Park, searching for zeppoles at the Heaven on Seventh street fair, waiting for the cable guy, protesting side-by-side with nearly every woman in New York, bringing a hysterical neighbor and her kid to the emergency room after she accidentally dropped her daughter on her head, (she was fine), ordering my bagel and schmear at the corner deli, listening to the quiet of the city after a three foot snow dump, applauding New York health care workers every night at seven, watching the New Year's fireworks from our roof, standing at JFK's customs as the agent says, "Welcome Home."

As I savor these memories, I raise my sake cup to my husband's and say, "You know, there's nothing wrong with here."

TURKEY BONE BROTH

To me, soups are all about the broth. I have yet to find a canned or boxed soup that can come close to a homemade stock or broth. Rather than using a whole bird to make a stock, my preference is using only bones for the broth. Bone broths are much less fatty and supposedly support the production of anti-aging molecules, so I'm all for that.

□ This doesn't have to be just a post-Thanksgiving broth. If you can find turkey backs or turkey necks, they work just as well. In a pinch, you can substitute chicken bones. Since this takes a minimum of eight hours from start to finish, I usually make this on a cold, rainy day when I'm not tempted to go outside. Promise me you won't leave your house while you make this. You do need to keep an eye on it.

INGREDIENTS (makes about 3 quarts)

1 turkey carcass (or four turkey necks or 2 turkey backs)

8 chicken feet

1 onion, skinned and quartered

2 stalks celery, washed, then rough chopped

2 carrots, skinned and rough chopped

1 parsnip, skinned and rough chopped

1 turnip, skinned and rough chopped

$\frac{1}{2}$ bunch parsley

1 tsp red pepper flakes

salt & pepper to taste

PREPARATION

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Lay bones and chicken feet on baking sheet. Generously sprinkle with olive oil, salt and pepper. Using hands, make sure olive oil and spices are well distributed. Roast in oven for 45 minutes. (This can be done the night before. Just let cool and place in fridge overnight).

Place roasted bones and chicken feet into a 7-quart pot. Fill pot with water, covering the bones, making sure to leave about one inch below the lid. Bring to a boil, then lower heat to simmer. Crack the lid so that the steam can escape and the flavors reduce. Leave to simmer for at least seven hours. Every two hours, check water level and add more water if necessary, up to one inch below lid.

After seven hours, add vegetables, pepper flakes, and salt and pepper. Continue to simmer for 90 minutes. Turn heat off and allow to cool on stove. Place the pot in the refrigerator overnight.

The next morning, thanks to the gelatin extracted from the bones and chicken feet, the liquid will have probably congealed. Heat the pot on the stove top, just long enough so that the stock becomes liquefied again, about five minutes.

Strain the broth through a chinois or a fine-mesh sieve. Discard bones and vegetables. It should make a minimum of 3 quarts of broth. I store the broth in quart Chinese food containers and freeze them until needed.

ZEPPLES

Whenever there is a street fair in town, I go on the hunt for *Zeppoles*. I purposely wear a dark t-shirt just so I can get it

covered with sugar dust. I want people to know I am a *Zeppole* aficionado. But, there just aren't enough street fairs each year to satisfy my cravings, so I've had to resort to making my own. I really like them when they're hot, just out of the oil. But be forewarned—you can really burn your mouth if you're not careful.

INGREDIENTS

1/2 cup water

1/2 cup whole milk

8 Tbsp unsalted butter

1 tsp granulated sugar

1/4 tsp salt

1 cup all-purpose flour

4 large eggs, room temperature

oil for frying, such as peanut oil or vegetable oil

1/4 cup confectioners sugar, to dust

PREPARATION

In a 3-quart saucepan, combine the water, milk, butter, sugar, and salt. Over medium heat, stir while bringing mixture to a boil. Remove from heat and stir in flour. Once incorporated, place the saucepan back over medium heat and stir constantly for another 1 1/2 to 2 minutes. It's important for the flour to cook and the dough to be smooth.

Transfer the dough to a large mixing bowl and beat on medium speed for 1 minute using an electric mixer. Add 4 eggs, one at a time. Wait until each is fully incorporated before adding the next. Beat dough another minute until it is smooth. It should form a thick ribbon when you pull out the beaters.

Transfer dough to a piping bag with a 1/2-inch opening. You could also use a large zip bag and cut a 1/2-inch opening at the tip.

Heat oil to 375°F in a large pot. The oil will expand when you add the dough, so make sure you only fill the pot halfway with oil. Better yet, use a deep fryer if you have one. Use a thermometer to test the temperature. Once the oil is at temperature, pipe 1-inch lengths into the hot oil, cutting the dough quickly as it enters the oil. Pipe close to the surface of the oil to avoid splashes. Fry 4-5 minutes in total, turning them over after two-minutes. Using a spider, remove the zeppoles and place them on a cookie sheet covered with paper towels to absorb the excess oil. Dust with powdered sugar and serve warm.

If you can't eat them all at once, I've found reheating them in an air-fryer almost brings them back to their original yumminess.☐☐

☐☐

MOM'S RUGELACH

My mom is not much of a cook and she'll be the first to admit it. But, thanks to her sweet tooth, there are a few things she can bake. Her repertoire is small, but the few things she does make are top notch. Although this recipe first came to her through a German friend, she's adapted it to her liking. It takes a little muscle to beat the cream cheese and butter, so get ready for some upper-arm strength training.

PASTRY INGREDIENTS

8 ounces Cream cheese, room temp
8 ounces Unsalted butter, room temp
2 cups All-purpose flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking powder

FILLING INGREDIENTS

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup raisins, chopped
1/2 cup walnuts, finely chopped
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
jam or preserves

PREPARATION

Beat together cream cheese and butter until light and smooth. (NOTE: Butter should be a little harder than the cream cheese. When combined, mixture should be cool to touch.) In a separate bowl combine flour, salt and baking powder. Add to cream cheese/butter mixture and mix well. Divide dough into four portions and shape like large hamburger patties. Wrap individually and chill over night.

The next day, mix together sugar, raisins, walnuts & cinnamon – set aside. Remove one portion of dough at a time. (Let start to come to room temp, but it should still be on the cold side.) On lightly floured surface, roll out each ball to a 10-inch circle. Smear on jam in a thin layer. Using a sharp knife, cut into 12 wedges. Sprinkle with 1/4 of the filling. Roll up each wedge, starting at the wide end, into a crescent.

Place on ungreased cookie sheets and bake at 350 degrees for

25 – 30 minutes or until pastry is set or starting to brown.

Makes about 48 pieces.

DULCE DE LECHE PROFITEROLES

Profiteroles are one of my favorite desserts. Whenever we're in a French bistro, I look at the dessert menu first just to make sure they have them. Over the years, I've put my own spin on them, reserving the right to make them with any ice cream of my choosing. Feel free to substitute your own favorite.

PROFITEROLES INGREDIENTS (Makes about 2 dozen)

1 cup water

6 tablespoons unsalted butter, cut into pieces

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

1 cup all-purpose flour

4 large eggs

Dulce de leche ice cream (Haagen Dazs is best).

CHOCOLATE SAUCE INGREDIENTS

1 cup heavy cream

12 ounces semisweet chocolate, chopped

1 tablespoon honey

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pure vanilla extract

PREPARATION

Heat oven to 425 degrees F.

Line a baking sheet with parchment paper or a silpat and set aside.

In a small saucepan, bring water, butter, and salt to a boil. Stir until butter is melted. Reduce heat to medium, add flour, and cook, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. You want to see the mixture pull away from side of pan, forming a ball. This should take about 30 – 45 seconds. Remove from heat, transfer to a bowl, and let cool slightly, 2 to 3 minutes.

With a hand mixer, add eggs, one a time, beating well after each addition. Transfer warm batter to a pastry bag fitted with a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch plain tip. Pipe mounds (about 1-inch high and 1 1/2-inches in diameter). Place them at least 1-inch apart on the prepared baking sheet.

Bake 20 to 25 minutes until golden. Remove from oven. Pierce the bottom of each profiterole once with a skewer, to help prevent sogginess. Prop the oven door open an inch or so and return them to the oven to dry for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and cool.

Using a melon baller or 1-inch ice cream scoop, scoop out balls of ice cream and place on parchment paper. Freeze for 20 minutes.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Simmer water in a pot. Place a medium heatproof bowl on top of the pot and combine the cream and chocolate. Stir until chocolate is melted. Add honey and vanilla and stir until smooth. Keep warm, covered.

PLATING

Using a serrated knife, halve profiteroles horizontally and fill with ice cream balls. Serve 3 profiteroles on each plate and drizzle with chocolate sauce.

MAPLE ROASTED BRUSSELS SPROUTS

My mother ruined Brussels sprouts for me. I grew up thinking they were boring, flavorless, little mushy cabbages because she boiled them into submission. It wasn't until I tried one in a restaurant that I discovered the joy of eating those well-seasoned, slightly charred *al dente* buds. Once discovered, I've tried them in a variety of ways—grilled, grated into a hash, and sautéed. This is one of my favorite ways to prepare them.

INGREDIENTS (serves 6-8)

2 pounds of Brussels sprouts, cleaned, ends cut off and cut in half

3 tablespoons olive oil

1/4 cup maple syrup, plus 3 tablespoons

salt and pepper to taste

4 slices bacon

1 onion, diced

1 carrot, diced

1 celery stalk, diced

2 cloves garlic, minced

PREPARATION

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Place Brussels sprouts in a

baking dish making sure there's only one layer of vegetables. Toss with olive oil and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup maple syrup. Season with salt and pepper. Roast in oven for 45 minutes, turning sprouts half-way through.

In a skillet, render bacon. Remove bacon, crumble and set aside. Sauté onion, carrot and celery in bacon fat for 10 minutes. Add garlic, sauté for one more minute. Add in roasted Brussels sprouts and bacon and toss.

Serve in baking dish. Drizzle remaining 3 tablespoons of maple syrup on top.