

And this week...

This will be a slightly discombobulated weekly recap, with no recipes to round out my prose.

This week's Massachusetts nor'easter of Wednesday early AM left me without heat and power for the better part of two days and without internet for three, which didn't allow me to generate much of substance in terms of cooking, eating or documenting meals. The electric company trucks that eventually parked the length of my street felt like a modern day cavalry come to rescue us. (And I am among the lucky ones; neighbors two streets over still do not have power as I write this at 11PM on Saturday evening)

My garden took a beating and I still have an enormous tree branch taking up lawn space, having crashed through my bamboo grove and missed my barbeque by three inches. Tomorrow will be fun and games with a power saw to get it dump-ready. I have already made a HUGE pile of all of the branches that I collected from pretty much everywhere outside.

The cats were surprisingly nonplussed by the heavy rains and the eighty-five miles an hour gusts of wind and only decided that they needed my company when the temperature took a rapid nose-dive with no thermostat to kick in. They also seemed a bit surprised when I went to bed at 6:30PM on the first night for lack of anything else to do once my phone died but joined in the fun and games of dealing with dinner in the dark with a flashlight on night #2. Thank goodness for my very kind neighbor with a back-up generator and excellent chicken and wild rice soup.

I have a visitor this weekend so I overcompensated for my lack of cooking opportunities last week -- and to show my happiness that I had a friend kind enough to come even knowing that power might go out again -- by making a huge pot roast last night, not exactly a meal on point for the theme of this blog, but certainly one into which the two of

us made embarrassingly large inroads. As soon as my friend has gone, I will post the recipe -- definitely a dinner and freezer fodder recipe!

All this to say, sit tight, I will be back on track next week unless something else comes along to curtail my culinary endeavors. As the lady sitting next to us at lunch with whom I discussed the storm happily said when leaving: "Let's see what number comes up next for us all on the Apocalyptic bingo card!"

This seemed a good sentence with which to end this week's missive and to wish you all a Happy Halloween as well.