

Susan  
Nye

Around  
the Table



## It Take's a Circle

Summer 2007/volume 44

### Cooking Parties & Classes

July & August

I'll take a break from open sessions; special programs are always available on request.

Looking for a fun, new way to spend an evening or afternoon?

The possibilities are endless -

Girls' Night Out

Cooking Couples

Customer Appreciation

Kids Kook

and lots more....

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To-Go!

....because summer should be fun and carefree!

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Visit the web at

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Contact Susan Nye at

[susannye@tds.net](mailto:susannye@tds.net) or

603/526 7319

My sister Brenda was 6 and I was barely 4, when our family moved from Connecticut to Massachusetts. My parents tackled the house hunting nightmare with specific instructions from Brenda; find a neighborhood with lots of kids. She even offered some helpful advice to find the perfect neighborhood; look for swing sets. My Mom and Dad took her advice and Jackson Road was a wonderful place to grow up with lots of kids and dogs. Woodlands abutted the back yards of all the odd numbered houses and Longfellow Pond was just down the street. We roamed the neighborhood and woods looking for fun and adventure. We were definitely more giggling gaggle than gang.



Whether we were down in the suburbs of Boston, or later on Pleasant Lake or in the surrounding woods and hills, we were never far from watchful and caring eyes. Not just our parents and grandparents; my sister, brother and I were protected by a whole network of neighbors who acted as surrogate relatives. The Moms in our neighborhood were mostly stay-at-home. They knew each other's children and all our quirks. They knew who took jelly with their peanut butter, and who took fluff. They even knew that I was the only kid in the United States who didn't like peanut butter. They knew who was having trouble with math and who needed to work on the bean bag toss. They applauded the successes of each and every kid in the neighborhood. And they still do.

The Moms kept an eye on each other's children and made sure we stayed on the straight and narrow. If we strayed, there was always someone to give us and our conscience a nudge. If we fell, there was someone there to pick us up. Whether we were throwing crab apples at the new kid, trying to cut the ski lift line at King Ridge or hitchhiking, someone's mother would show up to ask gently but firmly, "Does your Mother know what you are doing?" Or in the case of hitchhiking, it might have been phrased as "Get in this car this minute; does your Mother know what you're doing?" When we were teenagers, we thought they were nosey and prying. Many years later, we know they were just looking out for us.

In the summer on Pleasant Lake, my Mother and her friends gathered every afternoon at the beach. Known as The Ladies of the Beach, they pulled their beach chairs into The Circle to chat and share ideas large and small. Summer is a great time to kick back and relax; but even in the summer, they followed our progress, our triumphs and mishaps. We could run, but we couldn't hide.



The Ladies knew us well. As we got older they worried about who we were dating and if we were sneaking a few beers on the beach at night. They knew where we were going to college and our majors. Keeping track of our jobs has been a little bit more difficult with all the changes in technology and economic booms and busts, but they do their best. They continue to keep track of each others sons- and daughters-in-law and grandchildren.



For 40 years, we have been lucky and blessed to have The Ladies of the Beach in our lives. They have encouraged us, cheered us on and celebrated with us. An African proverb tells us that it takes a village to raise a child. On Pleasant Lake, it takes a Circle. I wish you all a wonderful summer surrounded by friends and family,

Bon appétit! - Susan

*One of my Mother's dearest friends and a charter member of The Ladies of the Beach died last week. Thank you Sally for your kindness, your care and your beautiful smile. From all the Nye's, we love you and miss you; you are a one of a kind, special Lady.*

### Cooking Parties

Learn & Laugh

### Try a Picnic or Dinner To-Go!

...because summer should  
be fun and carefree!

### Private Chef Services

Like to entertain?  
Too busy to cook?  
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### Peanut Butter Brownies

*My nieces are part of the new generation of children on Pleasant Lake. These brownies get high marks from the girls. Enjoy!*

1 cup peanut butter  
1 stick butter  
½ cup granulated sugar  
½ cup brown sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
2 eggs  
2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
8 ounces milk chocolate, chopped

1. Preheat oven to 350°. Butter and flour a 13"x9" inch baking pan.
2. In a medium bowl, whisk together flour, baking soda and salt.
3. With an electric mixer, beat the peanut butter, butter and sugars on medium-high speed until creamy; beat in eggs and vanilla until combined.
4. Reduce speed to low, and mix in dry ingredients until just combined. Spread batter evenly in prepared pan.
5. Bake until edges begin to pull away from sides of pan and a toothpick inserted in center comes out with just a few moist crumbs attached, about 20 minutes. Top with chopped milk chocolate. Return to the oven for 1-2 minutes. Remove from the oven and spread chocolate evenly over the pan. Cool completely in pan.