

Join Me for a Cooking Class!

January

18 French Country Cooking

February

1 Italian Country Kitchen

15 French Country Cooking

29 Italian Country Kitchen

March

7 Mediterranean Easter Feast

28 Tapas & Finger Food

April

4 Italian Country Kitchen

18 French Country Cooking

May

2 Italian Country Kitchen

16 French Country Cooking

June

6 Summer Salads

Join me in the Kitchen & Around the Table for delicious seasonal food & fun

Details & Menus on the Web

www.susannye.com

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Cooking Couples

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and lots more....

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Private Chef & Catering Services

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At my house or yours.

....too busy or too tired to cook ... let me do it for you!

Contact Susan Nye at

susannye@tds.net

or 603/526 7319

More information the web at

www.susannye.com



When I was seven, my sister, Brenda, and I took up skiing. It was Brenda's idea or maybe my father's. In any case we both received shiny new skis for Christmas and before long we were hooked. As soon as he was three or four, my little brother took up the sport.

February was our favorite winter month. January always started out with a messy, soggy thaw. The weather then took a quick turn and most of the month was bone-chilling cold with arctic winds. Winter turned the corner in February; the days grew longer and were not so frigid. School let out for vacation and carloads of flatlanders headed north to the mountains for a splendid week on the slopes. And yes, our family was somewhere in that crowd of flatlanders that invaded New Hampshire every winter.

Our February ski vacations were always glorious. There was an unwritten rule somewhere which decreed perfect weather and snow for school vacations. It snowed every night but the days always dawned with perfect bright blue skies and brilliant sunshine. The snow gods didn't tease us by dumping a foot of beautiful, fluffy white powder and then douse it with an inch of rain leaving a heavy cement-like slush in its wake. The lift lines could be long and sluggish, but there were lots of kids around and the skiing was always great. It might not have been perfect, but it came pretty darn close.

My Dad insisted on getting us up and out on our skis early. As far as he was concerned we could sleep in or laze around in our pajamas after the snow melted. Throughout the week my Dad yanked us out of bed as soon as it was light. We complained half-heartedly but to no avail. He rushed around making pancakes and hot chocolate determined to get us out of the house and on the slopes sooner rather than later.



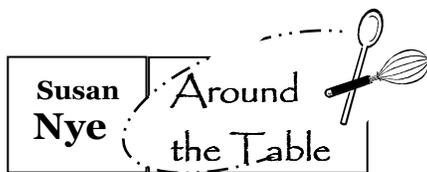
As we climbed into the back of our big blue station wagon he always asked, "Do you have everything?" Invariably I had forgotten something, my mittens or hat. In truth, I could have forgotten my head except that it was firmly attached to my neck. Hey, there's one in every family and I was it. I would run back in the house and race around searching for gloves or goggles. Some mornings it took a couple of trips back and forth before I was ready to go. Finally we pulled out of the driveway and we were off for a day of snow, sun and fun. Except for those days when we got a half mile down the road and had to quickly return home for my ski pass. Of course my sister was perfect and never forgot anything.

After a long day on the slopes, we headed home to ice skate or sled, cross country ski or jump off the deck. By dinner time we were cold, wet and wind burned, not to mention completely worn out and starving. I think that it was all part of my parents' grand plan. They figured if we were busy and playing hard we couldn't get into too much mischief. After a hearty dinner we would fall into bed, looking forward to doing it all over again the next day.

Now history repeats itself. My brother and his family will be here soon for their February vacation. My brother will yank his girls out of bed at first light, feed them pancakes and push them out the door. They will ski and play hard and at the end of the day they will fall into bed, looking forward to doing it all over again.

Whether you ski or not, enjoy some time with family and friends. Have a wonderful vacation and,

Bon appétit! - Susan



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too little time?

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Easy Sticky Buns

I'm not sure if your kids will leap out of bed at first light for these sticky buns, but it's worth the try. Enjoy!

Makes 16 buns

1 tablespoon butter at room temperature
3 tablespoons butter, melted
1/3 cup pecans or walnuts, toasted and coarsely chopped
1/3 cup packed light brown sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/8 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1/8 teaspoon ground cloves
1 (1-pound) loaf frozen white bread dough, thawed

1. Butter the bottom and sides of an 8 by 8 by 2-inch baking dish with room temperature butter.
2. Mix the nuts, brown sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves in a small bowl. Roll out the thawed dough on a lightly floured surface to a 16 by 6-inch rectangle. Brush 1 tablespoon of butter over the dough. Sprinkle the nut mixture over the dough, leaving a 1/2-inch border along the top and bottom.
3. Roll up the dough jelly-roll style, forming a 16-inch long log; pinch the seam to seal. Cut the log into 16 equal pieces. Arrange the buns, cut side down, in the prepared baking dish, spacing evenly; cover the dish with plastic wrap. Let the rolls rise in a warm draft-free area until puffed, about 45 minutes.
4. Position the rack in the center of the oven and preheat to 325 degrees F.
5. Drizzle the remaining butter over the cinnamon rolls; bake uncovered until the tops are golden brown, about 25 minutes. Serve warm.