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Summer 2008

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or

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or

Tapas

Or a

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Contact Susan Nye at

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

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More information the web at

[www.susannye.com](http://www.susannye.com)

To say that it has been a rainy summer could be construed as a gross understatement. We are smack dab in the middle of what could become New Hampshire's rainiest summer ever. Vacationing children get cranky, mildew and mold threaten to attack and weeds are firmly entrenched in the garden.

Throughout the years we have all battled rain during our summer vacations. As a kid I played enough games of Monopoly to last a lifetime. And that was only after putting together countless puzzles of old barns, lighthouses, Bruegel's landscapes and Monet's water lilies. I also have bicycled in the rain, hiked in the rain and sailed in the rain. If I had a decent voice, I might have sung in the rain. But forget singing, a little more about sailing in the rain.

A few years before he retired my dad was able to realize a lifelong dream. He bought a catboat. It wasn't his first. He bought his first catboat, a fixer-upper, in 1948. No, it wasn't his first but it had just about everything he had ever wanted. At thirty feet, it was large enough to take a slew of friends for a day sail or even the weekend. I suppose if he had wanted to, and my mother had let him, he could have sailed it around the world. Or at least up to Nova Scotia or down to the Caribbean. It had a tiny kitchen or galley, a miniature bathroom or head and enough room to sleep two sort of comfortably or cram six in like sardines.

The catboat was docked in Rhode Island, near Newport. Docking in Newport was a real plus with the posh restaurants and stores and lots of people watching. Newport was a great back drop for a lively weekend with family or friends, especially during the Americas Cup. But Newport was only the home port. There were lots of trips to the Cape, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. It was all sunny skies and clear sailing. Except when it rained. The cabin immediately shrunk and the glamour of Newport faded to become just another soggy tourist trap with overpriced t-shirts and souvenirs.

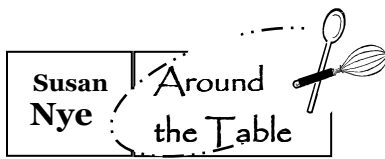
And then of course, there were the times when rain or shine we were forced to sail. I remember one particular trip. It started bright and sunny with a perfect breeze. Dad took his girls, my mother, my sister and her daughter and me for an overnight sail to Menemsha. Our goal was to enjoy a glorious sail, have a lobster and return the next day. All went well until we woke up to the pitter-patter of rain on the deck. Except it was more like a pounding rain than a gentle pit or pat.

The merits of staying put versus sailing through a downpour were briefly debated. In the end we agreed to a speedy return rather than spend a soggy day in the tiny cabin. And speedy it was. Not just rain, there was a full-out gale blowing as we headed back to Newport.

Only the Skipper and his First Mate, my mother, had rain gear. The rest of us improvised. Decked out in oversized trash bags, my sister, Brenda, her daughter, Gillian and I became the Glad family. It might have been our nerves, except for Dad; none of us were seasoned sailors. Tearing through the dark grey waves at top speed and pounded by rain we had a good, slightly hysterical, laugh over our dilemma, our fashionable attire and our new nickname.

Now every time I see someone caught in the rain, clad in a trash bag, I remember the Glad family. And it still makes me giggle. I wish you all a happy August ... and hope that you can find something to smile about on the next rainy day.

Bon appétit! - Susan



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**Joe Nye's Recipe for Perfect Boiled Lobster**

*This recipe should really be called "some kid on the docks in Menemsha Harbor's recipe for perfect lobster". Whether it is in a boat's galley or at home in the kitchen, my dad has always been the lobster cook in the family. For years the results were hit or miss, sometimes perfect, sometimes under- or over-cooked. After lots of investigation and trials he found this method. His source? Some kid on the docks in Menemsha Harbor. It guarantees a perfect lobster every time.*

Serves 4

4 lobsters, 1-1 1/2 pounds each  
4 tablespoons butter

1. Fill a heavy, 8 quart kettle about 1/3 full with water, bring to a boil.
2. Put the lobsters, tail down, into the pot, cover and return to a boil. As soon as the water is boiling again, uncover and cook for exactly 9 minutes.
3. Meanwhile, melt the butter in a small sauce pan over low heat. Pour the melted butter into 4 small cups.
4. Remove the lobsters from the pot and serve immediately with melted butter.