

Recipes from the Ridge

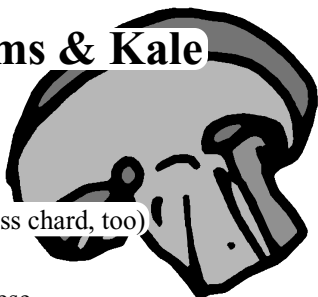
by
**Jane
Wilkinson**

Kale —Not just a Garnish

No one ever knows what to do with kale or any late-season green for that matter. I don't grow it only because I couldn't eat it all myself. But I buy it at local farmers' markets and enjoy the crunchy green (or purple!) that packs a lot of nutrition. Try it soon!

Mushrooms & Kale

3 garlic cloves, chopped
2 T. olive oil
1 cup sliced mushrooms
3 T. stock (or water)
2 lbs. spinach & kale
(mix it up with Swiss chard, too)
1/4 t. black pepper
1/2 t. salt (or to taste)
1/3 cup crumbled feta cheese
Sauté the garlic in the olive oil until it is soft. Add the mushrooms and cook for one minute —stirring once.



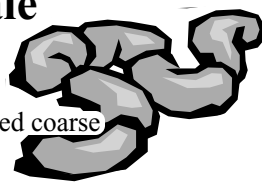
Add the liquid, and spinach and kale —with tongs, toss the greens to coat well. Add the feta cheese when serving. Serves four as a side dish.

Tip: chop the kale and add it earlier than the spinach as it takes longer to cook.

Italian Kale

1 lb. sausage or kielbasa
1/4 cup white wine
1/4 cup water
8-10 kale leaves, washed & chopped coarse
1 fresh tomato, chopped
Grated fresh Parmesan cheese

Slice the sausage and place it in a skillet along with the wine and water —simmer for half an hour. Meanwhile, steam the kale until just wilted —about five to six minutes. Place the kale on a serving platter and top with the sausage, tomato and Parmesan cheese. Serves four.



Acorn Squash & Kale Soup

4 strips bacon, cut up
1 onion, minced
1/2 lb. kale, leaves only, chopped fine
4 cups acorn squash purée
3 cups chicken stock
Salt & pepper

Peel and boil two acorn squash (or halve and steam). Mash the pulp of the squashes or purée in a blender. Meanwhile, cook the bacon in a heavy pot until crisp. Remove the bacon to a paper bag or paper towel. Add the onion to the bacon fat and cook until softened. Add the kale and cook for five minutes or until soft. Stir in the squash purée and the chicken stock (or water) and bring to a boil —season with salt and pepper. Garnish the soup with the reserved crisp bacon. Serves four.



Plain Jane Kale

4 lbs. kale
6 cups boiling water
2 t. salt



(continues)

1/4 cup butter (or olive oil)

Cut off the coarse stems and rinse all the dirt off the leaves. Place in a large pot and pour boiling water over the top of the kale —keep the water boiling. Add the salt, cover and cook for 20 minutes —drain and chop. Toss with butter or any favorite salad dressing —delicious!

Late Fall Stew

1 ham bone
1/2 cup raw rice
4-5 bunches kale, chopped
1 onion, chopped
2 carrots, sliced
2 cups new potatoes (or small ones)
1/2 t. salt
1/2 t. pepper
1 cup heavy cream

Cover the ham bone with water and boil for one hour. Remove the bone and add the meat to the stock. Add the rice, kale, onion, carrots, potatoes, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes and then add the cream and heat through. Serves eight.



Here's an old recipe I found in a Wyoming rancher's cookbook —talk about different!

Kale with Oatmeal

6 cups shredded kale
Boiling salted water
1/2 lb. diced bacon
1 onion, chopped fine
Old fashioned oatmeal
Salt & pepper

In a large pot, pour the boiling water over the kale and bring to a boil —cook for five minutes. Add the bacon and onion —cook for one hour. Measure the kale and liquid and add a quarter-cup of oatmeal per cup of kale and liquid. Lower the heat and cook for a half hour or until the oatmeal is cooked —stirring often to prevent sticking. Season with salt and pepper. Serves four. *(I have never actually tried this, just thought I'd share it with you.)*



F.A.R.M.
(Fresh Air & Room to Move)
By Karen Pease

Teenagers!

Who invented them, anyway?

It's true —I currently have a pair of the little rascals in the house at the moment. Josie-Earl is 14, and my baby, Eli, just turned 13 a few days ago. Two teens. Whew!

I've done it before, you know. My oldest son is 26, so the teenage "experience" is not a new one for me. But just as the pain of labor and delivery disappears with a "poof" the moment you hold that precious newborn... so did the agony of adolescence vanish once Guy left the nest. And while I'm an old hand at navigating upstream through a torrent of hormones, it doesn't seem to be any easier, this time around. In fact, it's doubly hard! Perhaps even triply!!!

Because, you see... one of them is a GIRL. I was SURE that raising a girl would be a piece of cake. After all, I'm a girl! I was charming, helpful, respectful of my parents... a joy to raise! Just ask my folks! They'll confirm it, I'm sure. Why, just recently I overheard a certain man telling a friend that he'd always hoped I'd have a daughter that was JUST LIKE ME! What a sweet wish for a father to have for his precious middle child!

Alas, Josie has proven to be stubborn, willful, and much, much smarter than her mother is. I'd never realized just how stupid I was until I saw myself reflected in a gorgeous pair of blue and rolling eyes. I'd also never realized that a human's orbital muscles had such a range of motion! Sometimes, I'm so exasperating and disgusting, that only a slender crescent of Josie's iris is visible. Wow. To think I can do THAT!

Don't get me wrong. My daughter is amazing. She's

beautiful, intelligent (especially in comparison to her pitiful excuse for a mother), and kind-hearted. Jose-Earl has empathy for the poor and downtrodden; whether a plant, an animal, or a human being.

Except for me.

When Jose and I interact, she employs a tone of voice that would be unrecognizable to the rest of the inhabitants of her world. It's aggressive, and yet, it contains a distinct and melodious whine. It's loud. Abrasive. Sometimes scornful. And occasionally, it's even sarcastic.

I love it.

See... the world can be a tough place. Stuff can —and often DOES— happen to mow a person down, pummel them to bits, chew them up and spit them out. A person has to be tough to make it in life... or at least, to make it and to also THRIVE. And I want all three of my children to be happy and to flourish. That's every mother's utmost dream.

Without testing her boundaries, without pushing her limits and pulling her mother's strings ... without seeing what power lies at her disposal, my daughter would never be able to discover her independence. Never know that she is capable. More than capable! She HAS to try her mother's patience. She has to stomp out her disagreement up and down the halls. She has to dissolve into tears at the slightest hint of "no." Because perhaps— those tears hold the key. Perhaps that display of weakness is actually the greatest weapon in her arsenal. And she'll never know unless she tests the (salty) waters!

Sometimes, I back down and give in to her requests, or even—to her demands. I choose my battles, and acquiesce when I feel the potential obstacles are least dangerous. Not because that's the easiest route (for it IS! As God is my witness, it IS!), but because she NEEDS to win once in a while. She needs to know that she can succeed, sometimes, when she puts such a huge amount of effort into something. It is also essential that she feels like I trust in her ability to make wise choices. I DON'T...because she is, after all, only 14. Fourteen-year-olds are idiots. It's a fact of life. For every responsible decision she makes, she'll make an irresponsible one. A foolish and rash one. The key, I believe, is to ACT like I trust her... while keeping an eagle eye on her at the same time. In case she needs me... to rescue her, to catch

her, to haul her home and give her heck. That's my job. Just like what she's doing is hers.

As the years go by, I'll grant her more privileges. I'll let her get her way more often. She will show me, through the choices she makes, what areas she's gotten a handle on, and where her weaknesses still lie. As she gains those small freedoms, her attitude will improve. She'll realize that I don't say "no" to be mean, or to ruin her life, or to keep her from being as cool as her friends. Those are all things I've been accused of, naturally... but my shoulders are broad. They have to be. I'm the mother of teens.

And I love it.

Yes, Josie's hype and hyperbole will even out, and she will begin to see the world through adult eyes. She'll realize that I had good reason to be strict about some things. She'll understand that I made her life miserable and unbearable because I love her so darned much. She'll eventually learn to appreciate me.

Some day, I might even be smart, again!

Yes, raising a teenage daughter is a challenge, but I welcome it. And... I hope Josie grows up to have one just like her!

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