

Recipes from the Ridge

by
Jane
Wilkinson

Chicken Again?!

Is anybody out there sick of chicken yet? I'm sure not! The recipes are endless and if you buy it on sale and freeze it, chicken can be quite economical. Try some new flavors to enhance plain old chicken.



Quickie Coriander Chicken

- 4 boneless, skinless chicken breast halves
- 3 T. soy sauce
- 1 T. coriander seeds, crushed
- 1 T. wine vinegar
- 1 t. brown sugar
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 1/4 t. poultry seasoning
- 1/2 t. fresh ground pepper
- 1 T. olive oil



Process the soy sauce, coriander seeds, wine vinegar, brown sugar, garlic and poultry seasoning in a food processor for one minute. Place the chicken breasts in a shallow bowl and pour the sauce on top—turn to coat on

both sides. Sprinkle with ground pepper. In a skillet, heat the olive oil on medium heat, and then add the chicken and cook, turning often until done. Baste with any remaining sauce. Serves four.

Stove-Top 40-Clove Chicken

- 6 chicken breast halves
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/4 t. pepper
- 2 t. olive oil
- 40 peeled garlic cloves
- 1 cup white wine
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1/2 t. thyme



Salt and pepper the chicken on both sides. Heat one teaspoon of oil in a Dutch oven and cook half the chicken at a time using the other one teaspoon of oil for the second batch. Remove the chicken, add the garlic cloves and cook until lightly browned. Add the wine, broth and thyme—scrape the browned bits from the bottom of the pan. Return the chicken to the pot and cook, covered, for 30 minutes. Serves six.

Country Captain (A southern classic)

- 1 chicken cut into parts
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 3 garlic cloves, chopped
- 1 T. curry powder
- 1 (15 oz.) can tomatoes
- 1 t. fresh lemon juice
- 1 t. thyme
- 1/4 t. black pepper
- 1/3 cup raisins
- 1/4 cup toasted almonds

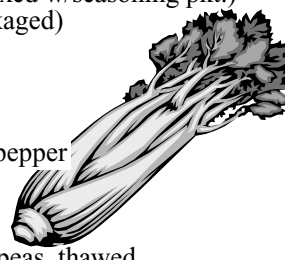


Brown the chicken parts in a little oil—remove and keep warm. To the same skillet (or Dutch oven) add the onions, green pepper, garlic and curry powder—cook until the onions are translucent. Add the tomatoes, lemon juice, thyme and pepper—cook uncovered for 20 minutes. Return the chicken to the pan, and cover and cook it until it is fork-tender (20 to 30 minutes). Stir in

the raisins and cook for five minutes. Serve over cooked noodles or rice—sprinkle with toasted almonds. Serves six.

Two-Rice Chicken Salad

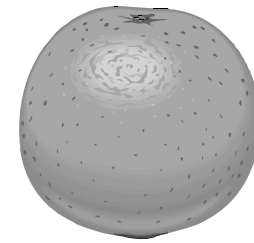
- 1 broiler chicken, cooked & cut up
- 1/2 cup brown rice (or use boxed w/seasoning pkt.)
- 1/2 cup wild rice (or use packaged)
- 1/2 cup chicken broth
- 1/4 cup fresh lemon juice
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/4 t. pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped roasted red pepper
- 3 stalks celery, chopped
- 2 scallions, sliced
- 1/2 cup pine nuts
- 1 (10 oz.) pkg. frozen green peas, thawed



Cook the chicken and cook the two types of rice. Place the chicken pieces in a bowl, pour the broth and lemon juice over them—sprinkle with salt and pepper. In a separate bowl, combine the celery, red pepper, onion and rice—stir gently to combine. Add the chicken and liquids. Add the peas and pine nuts last. Mix well and then cover and refrigerate for one to four hours. Serves six. (Great for potlucks!)

Gypsy Chicken

- 1 chicken, quartered
- 2 t. lemon pepper
- 1/2 t. cumin
- 2 t. olive oil
- 2 cups sliced onion
- 1 bell pepper, cut up
- 1/2 cup black olives, sliced
- 1 T. capers, drained
- 1/4 cup dry sherry
- 1 orange, sliced



Combine the lemon pepper and cumin and coat the chicken parts. Bake skin side up for 45 minutes at 400 degrees or until the chicken is done. Heat the olive oil in a skillet—add the onion, green pepper and sauté for five minutes. Stir in the olives, capers and sherry—allow this to boil. Cook for one minute. Spoon half of this mixture onto a platter. Lay the cooked chicken on top. Spoon the other half of the onion mixture over the chicken. Garnish with orange slices. Serves four.



Observations
from the
F.A.R.M.
(Fresh Air &
Room to Move)

By Karen Pease

The bliss of Papa's lap

Today, I made one of those heartbreaking decisions that every pet owner accepts as being eventual... even—inevitable. I had to have Priscilla, our family dog, put to sleep.

Priscilla was a pound puppy. Of all the dogs I have loved and raised, only one of them was a pure breed... a dog who was purchased rather than saved. Jordan, the Newfoundland, was a gift to myself back in 1992. Excluding that goofy, enormous slobber machine, however, every other dog that has joined my family has been rescued from the pound or adopted from a litter of mixed-breed dogs who were unwelcome and destined for the roadside.

But Priscilla, while adopted from the animal shelter just like Ringo and Sadie, and even though a mixed-breed, like Reuben and Buck, was more of a challenge than those other noble canines. She was the first adult dog I had ever adopted. Her age was unknown, as were her parentage and her history. The humane society's veterinarian speculated that she had some terrier in her genetics, that she was probably between three and five years old, and that she had been over-bred. Her little body and its female parts were a mess. She wouldn't have anything to do with me when I

visited the pound. I walked up to the cage and spoke to her, and she ran behind her little dog house and hid, nose buried in the corner, her hind-quarters towards me. I asked the shelter employee if I could enter the pen, and was given permission. I went inside and closed the door. I found a spot relatively free of poop and sat on the ground, about ten feet away from where she cowered.

And I sang.
“It was no accident... me finding you. Someone had a hand in it... long before we ever knew... I tip my hat to the Keeper of the Stars. He sure knew what He was doing, when he joined these two hearts...”

I can't sing worth beans. But Priscilla didn't seem to know that. I croaked away, ignoring her, my back leaned against the twisted steel of the cage. And after about 10 minutes, I felt a little nudge underneath my arm. I opened it—moved it away from my side—and she slowly climbed up onto my lap and stuck her nose in my opposite armpit. That was all it took to fall in love.

But Priscilla, as calm and sweet and unobtrusive as she was, came with baggage. Our biggest challenge was... we didn't know what that baggage was. What, exactly, had scared her. She was incredibly shy. Painfully so. She was scared of her own shadow. Children made her nervous. Adults were to be avoided. She didn't even show interest in other dogs. She preferred to be left alone. She wouldn't eat if she was being watched. She wouldn't do her business if she felt eyes on her, but at the same time, she wouldn't pee or poop unless she was accompanied outside. She rarely barked. In fact, she surprised us the first time she did. It was almost three months after she'd come home with me. My daughter, Josie, had a friend over to play, and the girls were horsing around on the front lawn. Priscilla saw Sam chasing Josie, and she set off on a bouncing, barking run, as if trying to herd Sam away or protect Josie from this girl who was pursuing her. That type of horseplay, that type of rowdiness between my children and their friends, is one of the few things that ever sparked any life or excitement in the little dog. She didn't particularly want

to be petted or “made of” by Josie and Eli, but she most definitely thought of them as “hers.”

Her nervousness around people was a completely new phenomenon for this woman who has loved and lived with dogs for 43 out of her 46 years. I've always had social pets. Outgoing dogs. Exuberant ones! But Priscilla was scared of her own shadow. She preferred to be left alone, nose first in the corner of the couch—as if we couldn't see her if she couldn't see us—or else hidden in the shadowy safety underneath my bed.

It was weeks and weeks before Steven could even get near her. She would have nothing to do with him. But he is a quiet man, and patient. And one day, as he relaxed in the living room in his recliner, she padded around the corner by the doorway. She stopped. She looked at him, and he looked at her. He patted his knee. And without another second's hesitation, she galloped across the floor and jumped into his lap.

That was it, for Priscilla. That was her human contact. Her only bit of personal heaven with any two-legged animal. Papa's lap. Papa's arm, his shoulder, his knee. Mr. Pease was never a “dog person.” He hadn't grown up with scores of pets like this game warden's daughter had. He could take them or leave them. But Priscilla changed all that. The act of having a cold wet nose inhaling and exhaling quietly underneath his ear, of having a wispy black and white tail thumping on his knee, well. My crusty husband fell in love. And the feeling was mutual.

She didn't evolve into an outgoing or overly affectionate animal. And she didn't always want that closeness. Didn't always want that touch. Wasn't good at letting her guard down. But when she DID crave affection, it was made available. My husband would sit in his recliner. He'd tip the foot rest up just a little bit to make it into a ramp—for with her stumpy legs, she couldn't jump very high—and he would say, “Do you want to cuddle? Do you want to come sit on Papa's lap?” And up she would go, to her bliss. A bliss that Papa shared. Two