

Cynthia Richter

The Writing Process

Professor Rochelle

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IN THE PURSUIT OF LUNCH

I live a life driven by culinary passion. Restaurants, bistros, and cafés litter and form my memories. My days are planned around meals and their components. My passion for food originated with my mother and father who imparted their insight on me at a young age. From elementary to high school my father normally made my lunch. As the years went on, he would rant about how spoiled I was to not only have my lunch made for me, but also have gourmet food. My dad made chef salads complete with two to three selections of sliced deli meat, chopped carrots and tomatoes, perfectly square chunks of cheddar, crispy romaine spread underneath, and Paul Newman’s Balsamic Vinaigrette on the side. Classmates at my lunch table would often make comments or “Ooh” and “Ahh” at the selection I laid out on the lunch table.

In high school it got even more out of hand. After years of slaving away in the kitchen with hardly any due respect, my father finally decided to make his own labels, his signature. Each morning he would take a few minutes to type and print a little piece of paper to put on top of our sandwiches or salads that described what we were about to ingest. I began looking forward to his “Dad’s Deli” labels almost more than the food they revealed. He created clever acronyms such as the “K.A.T,” which stood for “Kick Ass Tuna,” not your ordinary tuna sandwich but one that would kick your butt. My favorite was when he started making BLTs. My dad would individually bag each component of my favorite sandwich so that I could assemble it fresh at lunchtime.

My training in culinary avarice was formed on family adventures, vacations, and day trips. Our hikes, swims, walks, and other activities were always followed with a visit to an acclaimed bistro or famed ice cream spot. I looked forward to trying new flavors at a place my mom found in her Fodder's or going to our favorite restaurants near home.

On my own now, I passionately seek to fuel the obsession my parents ignited in me. I create my own lunches that are almost as planned out and enviable. I travel hours to eat at my favorite crepe restaurant or leave my apartment early so I can stop at the mom and pop bakery before work. I plan recipes around my week and ask for baking supplies for Christmas. I believe in the perfect crème brûlée and in a well-made cup of cappuccino. I believe in culinary exploration and endeavors to find what food has to offer.