



Kids take the reins planning dinner

“What should we make?” my kids asked each other in the grocery store the other day.

Tacos. Chicken. Rice. Macaroni and cheese. They ping-ponged between ideas before deciding on a pasta with diced tomatoes, chicken sausage and corn served with a cucumber salad.

My daughter, who’s nearly 8, and my son, who’s 10, are tasked with cooking dinner once per week. It’s been an on-again, off-again chore that began as them contributing a dish to most meals.

For a while, it was fun having them in the kitchen to help with dinner, creating something we’d all enjoy. But with homework and sports and friends, it became a greater burden than benefit to the household. Eventually, I let that chore slide, focusing on other ones: taking out the trash, putting dishes away and picking up after themselves.

Still, I truly believe that cooking and being able to put together a meal are essential skills. So the chore is back again, just in time for the new school year, but this time with a fresh spin: They have to make dinner once per week together — and they have to plan it themselves. It’s more responsibility, but it’s only one night.

Can two kids plan one dinner per week and make it happen? I think so.

As I told my mother over the weekend, I would rather they face the sheer panic of not knowing quite how to put together foods to make a meal now — while I am standing there to help — than have them go off to college and not know how to feed themselves. And really, that’s what I saw in the grocery store the other day. At first, they wanted to make a meal like I do. Then they wanted to rely on convenience foods. But eventually, with a little nudging, they came up with an idea that’s simple and fresh.

My son will cook the pasta, timing it with a kitchen timer and draining it with some help from me. Then they’ll mix in the drained diced tomatoes, sliced pre-cooked chicken sausages, corn and whatever seasonings they choose. My daughter will peel, cut and construct a cucumber salad of some sort.

While this meal may not be slated for a Michelin-starred restaurant experience, it will be special — because they thought it up and made it.

Ultimately, that once per week dinner is really a great big learning experience for them. I’m hoping that with a little time and guidance, they’ll realize how many things they can make with their existing kitchen knowledge. Rice bowls, for example, are as easy as making rice, chopping some veggies and mixing it all together. Breakfast for dinner with eggs, sausage, toast and fruit is just taking foods they know how to make and having them for another meal. And sauces and dressings can turn something ordinary into something extraordinary.

Like this Basil Vinaigrette. It’s among the simplest dressings I

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Valerie Bertinelli : A mother, a son, and a meatloaf

BY NOELLE CARTER
LOS ANGELES TIMES (TNS)

Is Valerie Bertinelli the mother of reinvention? Her life — and her fans — can be divided into several constituencies, many of which overlap: the “One Day at a Time” crowds, the I-Can’t-Believe-She-Married-Eddie-Van-Halen curiosity-seekers, the Jenny Craig true believers, the devotees of “Touched by an Angel” and, more recently, “Hot in Cleveland.”

She is also a mom — on Twitter she’s @Wolfiesmom — and a cook and no stranger to the kitchen. Her cookbook, “One Dish at a Time,” and her new cooking show for Food Network, “Valerie’s Home Cooking,” draw from childhood memories of the kitchen and cooking for her family and friends.

A family favorite? “Wolfie’s Thursday

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After taking “Wolfie’s Thursday night meatloaf” out of the oven and allowing it to cool for 10 minutes, slice and eat.

DON KELSEN | LOS ANGELES TIMES | TNS



Bigelow Brewing Co. opened this year in Skowhegan.

LINDA COAN O’KRESIK | BDN

What’s the new brew?

Beer bounty bubbles across Maine

BY KATHLEEN PIERCE
BDN STAFF

From auto repair shops to barns to farms to warehouses to inns, breweries are multiplying in Maine.

“Like the restaurant scene in Portland, as one closes another opens,” John Golembiewski, a Shipyard employee and head brewer at the Inn on Peaks Island, said.

The former home brewer was hired a year ago to bring “grain to glass” brewing to tourists and islanders looking for small-batch ale to quench their thirsts. Shipyard, which owns the inn on the Casco Bay island, was fermenting beer here and serving its popular styles for years. Now five taps are dedicated to Golembiewski’s creations, such as Gateway Pilsner and Nor’easter IPA. These Shipyard varieties can only be sipped on island.

“This is a new level, what we are trying to do,” Andrew Hobin, assistant general manager at the inn, said. “We’ve gotten a lot of great

feedback. I think it brings a whole different crowd to the inn.”

New crowds are trekking to hidden places across the state, such as Bigelow Hill in Skowhegan, where chocolate chili stout is paired with wood-fired pizza, and to Marsh Island Brewing Co., which is located in an Orono auto repair shop where wheels are aligned and Downrigger IPA is brewed and bottled under the same roof.

Breweries in Maine are revving up so fast and furiously that Sean Sullivan, executive director of the Maine Brewers’ Guild, is having a hard time keeping up with marketing material.

“I just printed the Maine Beer Trail, and new breweries have opened since,” said Sullivan, who was hired in 2013 as the guild’s first employee to help brewers navigate marketing and legislative issues. “We printed more beer trails [guides] this year than ever before, by a long margin.”

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What to do with rose hips

Here is another foraged treat for you that I’m willing to bet some of you already find use for: rose hips from *rosa rugosa*, so plentiful along the shores in Maine. This recipe avoids the unpleasantly itchy part of dealing with rose hips.

Rosa rugosa are the sprawling, thorny, gorgeous, fragrant, pink roses that grow mostly wild in seacoast places — maybe inland, too, though I usually associate them with salty air. Lots of people plant them on purpose, and their prickly nature makes them good barriers. Late in summer, fat orange rose hips form and gradually turn a deeper orange-red hue. The hips are rich in vitamin C, in case you feel a

cold or a case of scurvy coming on

Years ago, I harvested rose hips in Sakonnet, Rhode Island, and made rose hip marmalade with lemons and oranges. The process, however, left my hands an itchy, miserable mess as I scraped plentiful seeds out of the rose hips and encountered the prickly fuzz they are lined with. The marmalade was delicious, but I was cured for life of messing with rose hips. However, this week, a visitor in my household, Janusz Jaworsky, was determined to harvest and process some rose hips. He made jelly.

He picked about 3 quarts. This time of year the rose hips are very ripe, and some have begun to go by. Some have little maggots in them, so pick only the firmest and intact ones you can find. Janusz took off the tops and bottoms with a knife and encountered a little of the itchy hairs, but he reported that it wasn’t bad. The chickens enjoyed scratching through the rejected parts. Then came the customary boiling, mashing and draining to obtain the juice.

For Janusz, who is here as a participant in the World Wide Opportunities in Organic Farming, or WWOOF, eating rose hip jelly spread on bagels in New York City will be a reminder of a morning overlooking Penobscot Bay while filling a basket with wild fruit. And I will spread jelly on my Maine toast and remember Janusz at the kitchen table, with rose hips piled up in front of him.

Send queries or answers to Sandy Oliver, 1061 Main Road, Islesboro 04848. Email sandyoliver47@gmail.com. For recipes, tell us where they came from, list ingredients, specify number of servings and do not abbreviate measurements. Include name, address and daytime phone number. And make sure to check out Sandy’s blog at tastebuds.bangordailynews.com.

Rose Hip Jelly

Yields 5 to 6 half-pints

2 quarts cleaned rose hips
1½ quarts water
½ cup fresh squeezed lemon juice
1 package pectin
¼ teaspoon butter
3½ cups sugar

Wash the rose hips in clean water. Cut off the ends.

Put the rose hips in a pot and add the water. Bring to a boil, then turn the heat down to simmer and cover the pot. Simmer for an hour or until rose hips are soft enough to mash.

Pour the mashed rose hips into a jelly bag or a strainer lined with cheesecloth and set over a bowl and let drip until no more runs out. Squeeze lightly to get remaining liquid.

Measure out 3 cups of juice — add a little bit of water if you don’t have enough — and put juice in a heavy-bottomed, wide pot.

Add lemon juice and pectin and boil to dissolve all of the pectin. Add the sugar; when it has dissolved, add the butter.

Bring to a hard boil and boil for exactly one minute. Remove from heat and fill sterilized canning jars, allowing 0.25-inch head space. Put on lids and process in a boiling water bath for 10 minutes.



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