

Just When You Thought You Would Never Eat Home Again!



The Silver Cherry Cookbook 2007

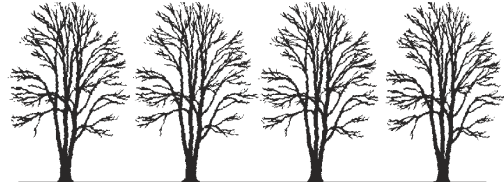


By
James D. Redway

69 Of The Best Recipes That Ever Hit Your Kitchen

Farewell Fannie, Back Off Betty!
Get Ready For A Cookbook That You Will Actually Use!

Learn How To Have Scalp-Sweating Barbecues And Pasta Blowouts!
Everything From Elephant Scabs To Whale Brain!



The Silver Cherry Cookbook
2007

By
James D. Redway

The Silver Cherry Press
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Woodbury, Connecticut
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Liza Redway
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Al Redway
Tad Redway
Carol Bean
Carmello Perillo
Jon Becker
And Of Course

Iron-Clad Guarantee

The Silver Cherry Cookbook 2007 comes with a lifetime warranty. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied with any of these highly advanced recipes packed into this easy-to-read, easy-to-understand, highly-informative, amazing-unique volume, simply return it to the publisher for a smiling, courteous refund of the entire purchase price.

The Small Print

If however you get one drop of spaghetti sauce, one little smear of olive oil, or any stain, wrinkle, smudge, scuff, or in anyway deface any of the pages of this book.

Forget It!!

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To My Mom And Dad
Who Throughout The Years Have Taken A Lot Of Heat About This Cookbook.

My Mom Is Actually A Great Cook!

To My Wife Liza Who Always Is Fun To Cook For.

To My Children Who Will Not Eat Any Of This Food, Who Will Someday Realize
What They Missed By Turning Down Scallops Nantucket For A Ham And Cheese
Sandwich On White Bread.

To My Friends In And Outside The Fire Department
Who Besides My Family Are So Precious To Me.

Introduction

We produced our first cookbook way back in November of 1991. Now after 15 struggling years we are reluctantly ready to introduce our second cookbook. At first we wondered what the heck should we call this cookbook ... **The Revenge of The Silver Cherry Cookbook, The Bride of The Silver Cherry Cookbook, *Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Go Back Into The Kitchen...* THE SILVER CHEERY COOKBOOK II.** None of these titles seem to fit. So after not much thought and very little effort on our part we decided to just reintroduce the old book with updated recipes, a whole bunch of new ones and call it simply ... The Silver Cherry Cookbook. Clever aren't we? This particular version is the 2007 version, and update from our last year's book.

So you can look at this book as, the new and improved, stain fighting, denser formula, lemon scented, light resistant, Y2K updated edition.

Actually this book is all about hardy food for hardy souls. You won't find margarine, Cheese Wiz, Ritz Crackers, Rice Krispies, MSG, corn starch, in any of the recipes. Just real food with great ingredients. We won't make you separate eggs, or use every pan in your kitchen, but this is not a book that has recipes that you whip up in ten minutes. You are going to have to put some effort into this. We think cooking is part of the whole social process. Some of the best parties we have ever had were in our kitchen or at the side of our grill.

This book is dedicated to my friends and family who throughout the years enjoyed throwing down a few cold ones on steamy summer nights while watching ribs smoke on the barby, or whipping up a five star pasta dinner on chilly November nights while watching the Giants lose to almost everyone they played, or to grilling up steaks on the patio out back during the height of a snowy New England NorEaster. Whatever the venue, the results were always the same. Great recipes that we have used for years and years, and some new ones as well.

Bon Appetti --> {Required statement for any cookbook.}

At The Grill

While growing up in New England there seemed to be only one way to cook outside on the family barbecue. Take what you would normally cook inside in your oven, carry it outside and burn it. That is how everyone I knew cooked outside. It seemed it was a New England tradition. Burnt food cooked outside was a “constant” that you could depend on. That is how it was suppose to taste. London Broil looked like London burning.

It wasn't until I opened my little furniture and gift shop **The Silver Cherry** in Woodbury, Connecticut or as my brother calls it, the “**Museum Of Unsellable Gifts**” that I found out how food cooked outside was really suppose to taste. The Silver Cherry sits back off the Main Street in Woodbury Connecticut, known for it's 18th Century character and some 35 Antique Shops. It is a little red barn set in back of a large white house that was split into several apartments. The landlord Dave had told me most of the people who lived in the building were nice, but that I may want to watch out for one fellow named Darrell. He was a bit weird.

It all started on our opening day at the shop, on a cold rainy Saturday morning in March of 1990. I gazed out of the window, and across the driveway that separates The Silver Cherry from the house in front to see a lone person poised for action. He was wearing a white button down shirt, dark pants, and a baseball hat. As the rain streamed down from the sky, I noticed he was attempting to light a Weber-style kettle charcoal grill. I thought this was a bit strange first to be starting a barbecue at 11:00 in the morning, and two to be cooking out in the middle of March. March in New England can either feel like the dead of winter or early spring, depending on what Mother Nature decided on any particular day.

That day was just cold, rainy and raw. I went back to what ever I was doing inside the store. But, about an hour later I saw him again out next to the grill wearing his baseball hat and tending to the grill again. I said to myself, “This guy has to be Darrell, the guy Dave told me about.” Periodically throughout the afternoon I would look out the window, and there he was again standing at his station at the grill like a sentinel.

Throughout the afternoon I watched intermittently. Around 4 o'clock cars began driving up the driveway, and to my dismay they were not coming to the shop. They were parking in the lot between the house and the shop. In fact they started to line up and park on the sides of the driveway leading down towards Main Street. Typical of New England weather, the rain stopped, the sun came out and it became rather pleasant.

The business day came to a close, and now there was rather a large group of people standing outside around the grill with plates. Our “open sign” hangs in the front of the building, and we had to go turn it around so it said “closed” but how to do that without attracting attention? It is a funny thing about people who live in New England, and people who live in the South. In New England, being friendly to people you don't know consists of a quick wave and as little eye contact as possible. Actually saying “Hi” to someone takes an incredible amount of effort and I believe a violation of the blue laws here in Connecticut. Kind of like not being able to buy beer on Sunday. So we followed the New England tradition and gave the quick wave and head nod which was going well and beyond what was expected from us, promptly turned the sign around and started to make a hasty retreat around the corner of the building, when a voice boomed out from the crowd and said, “Hey!, You-All want to taste something

really good.” My first reaction being a good New Englander was to turn around quickly and say immediately, “No thanks, thank you.” But the voice was not from New England and did not take the no for an answer and insisted. “ No come on over here and taste this.”

What to do now? We could not be rude, and we would look silly if we started to run away, so we turned around again to see the source of the voice in the crowd. The large crowd parted slowly on either side of the grill, and that figure who had been standing there, braving the remnants of a New England winter for those long hours in the rain, slowly lifted the lid of his grill, revealing what he had been preparing for hours and hours. We responded well okay, but we don't want to interrupt your party. “Hell you invited to the party,” he responded, and with that he picked up a carving knife and cut a thin slice off the top of one of the two perfectly smoke pork shoulders that he had cooked.

“Taste this,” he said as he offered the slice to my wife and I as he carefully balanced it upon the carving knife, “and tell me if you don't think this tastes good.” Taste good? The pork was absolutely out of this world. A second later he reached out his hand for mine and said in a slow Tennessee accent, “My name is Darrell. You must be James.” He then handed us a couple beers and there we were for dinner. A totally unexpected surprise that has changed the way Liza and I cook outdoors.

We found out that Darrell was not weird at all, he was an excellent chef, and an expert at the grill. Darrell Breeding was from Germantown Tennessee. He was a medical parts salesman. He was one of these guys that goes into the surgery with the actual part, prepare it and hand it to the surgeon. One moment he was at the grill, the next moment he is dressed in scrubs and standing in the operating room.

Darrell was so good, he would have these parties every once in a while, and tons of people would come. But they just did not come from down the street or a few towns over. They would come for miles, flying across the country to attend the barbecue. He once flew his cousin up from Florida just to make the barbecue sauce. After that afternoon, we never missed any of these barbecues, and found ourselves staying after the Silver Cherry closed to cook throughout the spring and summer of that year on The Silver Cherry lawn. Each time, trying to outdo the last. That is when I found out that barbecues in New England were nothing like barbecues in the south. Not even close. Darrell would laugh about how people would cook outside up here. Hamburgers and hot dogs would never see the light of day on Darrell's grill.

The Grill.

If you want to cook food successfully outside you need the right equipment. Your cooking is not going to be the envy of your dinner guests if you're flipping steaks on that \$4.99 Hibachi you bought at *K-Mart*. Forget about gas grills - they just don't hack it for smoking. They are good for cooking Blacken Swordfish, and an occasional burger or steak on a snowy evening. The best grill for cooking anything outside is a kettle grill, and the best kettle grill is made by *Weber*. I'm not talking about the little *Smoky Joes*. They are adequate for grilling hot dogs and hamburgers. But if you want to grill anything you could fit in your oven, you need the big baby, especially if you are going for big game like Whale Brain!

Rosemary Chicken

At our house we never have any prepared foods hanging around in the freezer, except for the token bag of steak fries. No process frozen food stuff. Of course that makes it very difficult on those nights when you just do not feel like cooking, and don't feel like going out or ordering a pizza.

We have in the past attempted the homemade pizza deal, but it became too frightening to remain in the kitchen with my wife when she attempted to prepare it.

Like furniture making, having the proper equipment is key. Not being able to afford a pizza oven we were content to use our Y2K Kitchen Aid Disaster Oven we purchased at the Sears Scratch and Dent Warehouse, of Deranged Electrical Appliances. It was marked way down because of a slight scratch on the handle, but this oven had more deep seated emotional problems than we had ever imagined. The oven has the space-aged push-button light-touch controls. However, it only works for selected family members in our household on certain days of the week or configurations of the planets. If you are not blessed on that day, the oven will not turn on for you or turn off for that matter. You are forced to search the house for another member who may or may not be able to work the oven controls. They and they alone will be the only one who will be able to control this psychotic oven. We also find ourselves going through these mindless rituals in order to "please the oven." For instance opening the door completely and then closing it before attempting to push the "Off button." The situation intensifies during the humid summer months when the oven persistently beeps every 30 seconds and demands that you insert, "The Probe." Well, we don't have a probe, or at least one that would please the oven. It was never supplied to us at the Sears Scratch And Dent Warehouse Of Deranged appliances.

So anyway, we are stuck with the Y2K oven as is, but we did go out and get the pizza stone, the cornmeal, and prepared the dough. I did my part. I made a smart looking giant solid cherry pizza peel like the ones they have in the restaurants. It looked great. I figured if it looked great then heck, how can we lose. We knew you had to let the dough rise and then beat it down for a kazillion times before you could roll it out. We had the perfect thing for allowing the dough to rise. We threw it in the wood kiln for a few hours. It was toasty in there. That worked out really great. Even rolling out the dough worked really great. We thought we were all set, and that's when the situation rapidly started to deteriorate.

The first step was to heat the oven. We knew that pizza places always have really hot ovens, so we decided to follow suit and get our oven is hot as we possibly could without actually setting it to self clean. That was a big mistake. As soon as we threw the cornmeal on to the stone, it was like someone heaved a smoke bomb into our kitchen. Through the shrill of smoke detectors, one thought kept shooting through my mind, - Stop, Drop, And Roll. Crawling on all fours, I managed to locate the kitchen door, open it and ventilate some of the thick smoke that had enveloped the room. Taking a few seconds to get my bearings, I managed to locate my wife who was still hanging tough at the door of the oven trying to negotiate the uncooked pizza on to the pizza stone. And that's when it happened. Using my smart looking solid cherry pizza peel, with me proudly standing over her, she attempted to reposition the pizza on the stone. In one fateful move, that neither of us had ever anticipated, she folded the pizza right in half. Bam, in two seconds she had made our pizza into a giant calzone.

"I could go for calzone tonight", I quietly thought to myself. But before I could calm her she had already planned her next move. In utter frustration and in a fit of rage, my wife shoveled up the inverted pizza on to my smart looking, solid cherry pizza peel, and with the force and speed of a skilled Jai-Alai player, she catapulted the pizza right out the open kitchen door and on to the lawn. So much for pizza or calzone. . . *story continues next page ...*

The Coolest Cookbook On Your Shelf!

If you open up the pages of this book and expect to find charming little country recipes about making bland soups in quaint New England kitchens, you better put this baby right back on the shelf. This cookbook is about the way we all really cook — crashing through life trying to make the ever-so-boring recipes more exciting.

A Light-Hearted Approach To Hearty Food



The Silver Cherry

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