

Acknowledgments

My mother, Karena Slate, worked late. A single mother who commuted sixty miles to teach in a public school, she did not have much time to cook. Around the age of twelve, I began to prepare meals for my mom and for myself. No matter how simple the meal—a spaghetti sauce spiced only with salt and pepper, a “soup” that was nothing but water and boiled vegetables—my mom always raved about my culinary genius. My love for cooking owes everything to her kindness.

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