

It was a Saturday morning and that aroma permeated the whole house. I knew just what was going on. MOM!!!! Her hands were busy kneading the dough, her brow was tense and her nostrils flared. Perfection! That was the aroma. Perfection!

Me and my sisters would sit on the stools facing the kitchen eating our rizogalo fresh from the stove, waiting to see the results of mom's master piece.

The timer rings and a big sigh was heard. Mom opens the oven, places her hard work under a bed sheet and waits. The ticking of the clock grew loud as it was time to taste the first piece.

Mom would let us girls tear into her bread. After all, we were her food critics!

"Oh, mom this is it. You did it!!!", is what I remembered. But, Mom had to try for herself. We all looked closely at every line in her face to see if we would be waking to that special aroma next Saturday morning.

Perfection! That is what I say today about my mother. Perfection!! The quality of her food and not quality because of ingredients, but because she puts so much of herself into it. Her masterpieces reflect her hard work and dedication. And because of her, I too share those Saturday mornings with my boys. And I love watching their little faces as they take that first bite and remembering my own childhood!

Thanks Mom, for giving me something good to taste!

I love you mom,
Chrissa