

## **Hoquiam Farmer's Market News - Christmas Edition**

### **Local News**

Posted by: Anonymous

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Season's Greetings to you from the Hoquiam Farmers Market! Why, even the weather has been glorious! As the special days of Christmas and Hanukkah are grow closer, everyone is scrambling to create a memorable holiday. I'm happy to report that I have not seen one person who seemed frayed or out of temper- this is a very, very good sign. Naturally, we wish only to make your plans progress smoothly. To wit; all of the wreaths and swags are now on sale! We were particularly lucky this year to find a local wreath weaver who makes wreaths in the shape of a cross. We also have evergreen candy canes, lots of swags, big round wreaths, medium round wreaths, and tiny round wreaths! The tiny ones are ideal for your holiday table setting. Nancy has her order book ready- have you placed your pie and roll order yet? Let the pie expert take care of your baking! Nancy makes it possible to present an elegant dessert table while you, relaxed host, gets to enjoy your guests. Cookies, Scandinavian Sweet Bread, Cardamom Bread- all made with the finest ingredients, by the best baker.

A few of you have experienced technical difficulties in making the Oslo Kringle recipe, I am happy to help out. Let's see now. Do not use an air bake cookie sheet- my favorite is an old battered pizza pan. The dough will puff up a lot while baking- do not open the oven door- then it will deflate while it cools. That's exactly what is intended. The outer crust will be crispy, leaving a creamy interior. Let the water, butter, flour mix cool a few minutes before adding the eggs. Be sure to beat the batter well ( a wooden spoon is my favorite) with each addition of an egg. Really, until your arm aches a bit. I hope this helps. If not, give me a call or email with your question. Once you get this recipe down, it will become a much beloved family tradition. Today is a special day for me- our anniversary! Joe and I were married on December 14th, 2002. If I had been a smarter woman, we would have been married in 1980. Picture me here slapping myself. You do the math- I wasted twenty two precious years! Those lost years sometimes haunt me. I try instead to focus on each and every day that we have been blessed to share. But I still go back to certain pivotal moments of lost opportunity. For instance, back in the 1980's. I have to provide some background for this story. Way, way back when I took Drivers Ed, Mel Thompson was my instructor. I really wanted to be a good driver and memorized every word he said. I always look to the left, then to the right, then look left again before making a turn. I never look at the passengers in cars on the road, I only pay attention to what the car itself is doing. Even as a teenager when friends would honk and wave I maintained my focus, watching only for signs of erratic driving. That was my downfall. Naturally I have no memory of this incident, but Joe recalls it vividly. I was driving along Riverside ( a one way street with two lanes) when Joe and his buddy spotted me. They pulled up alongside, honking and waving madly, trying to get my attention. My eyes did not waver from their focus on the road. I paid them no heed- undoubtedly I expected a sudden traffic jam up on the bridge. That's the way my overly intent driving mode works. Thanks a lot, Mel! It was at that point that Joe decided that I must hate him. And who could blame him? I was oblivious of the pain I had caused. Somehow, though, I knew that the next step was up to me. Oh, you're going to love this- I finally got up the courage to stop by ( casually) and knock on his door. Sheer agony, especially when no one answered the door. Not knowing if he was 'in a relationship', I

had a flimsy story all ready in case I needed to beat a hasty retreat. Standing on the doorstep, considering my options, I simply left a business card tucked into the doorframe. There, that was innocent enough. When he called the next day I had just returned from having my 22 year old cat euthanized and was sobbing uncontrollably. You can feel the romance in the air right now, can't you? Distraught woman, dead cat, mascara running down the face? Most merely mortal men would've hung up the phone. Not my Joe. He came right over and helped me bury my cat. The Perfect Man is the guy who does the thoughtful things that make every day so much easier. He's the guy who surprised me by having the lights strung on the Christmas tree yesterday, knowing that I was going to come home tired. He's the one who rescues baby animals, wakes me up in the middle of the night just because the stars are shining so brightly, knows the best hidden picnic spots, turns the bathroom heater on before I shower, always asks me in the morning "how did you sleep"?, and really means it. Happy Anniversary, my love. Barbara Bennett Parsons, proudly and happily married to Joe Parsons. The Grays Harbor ( Hoquiam) Farmers Market is open every day from now until Dec. 25th! Give Nancy a call at 538-9747 to place your bakery order or ask us advice on gift giving. We have a resident elf on duty for gift giving advice.-- Grays Harbor Public Market [info@ghpublicmarket.com](mailto:info@ghpublicmarket.com)