



News from Peef & Lo

Our Summer In Briefs

Weird summer we've had, huh? Not that we're complaining. Us hot bodies never complain about good sleeping weather. The more clothing we can wear to bed in the summer, the better, in our opinions.

The ironic thing about reflecting on the lovely cool summer is that we actually turned on our A/C yesterday. It almost seemed WRONG to be doing it when it was so close to September. So close to the days of crisp autumn breezes and dried leaves. But it's hot — now of all times. And we've resolved ourselves to it. The truth is, we've both been lamenting the end of the summer this year — realizing that it's almost time to put away the gardening gloves and reach for the driving gloves... acknowledging that there's far too much to do yet before the snow flies.

Lo in particular has been spending time reflecting. She's had quite the summer herself — and life seems to be in a real state of flux for her all around these days.

First, there was the offer of freelance work — she was hired to develop a design for an online methods course that Marquette will be offering in the next year. The job appealed to Lo's abilities, but she never envisioned how time consuming the project would

be. Fortunately, she took advantage of Paul's evening schedule to start the job, and is making decent progress at this point.

In addition to keeping busy with extra tasks, Lo was offered a promotion at work in July. After years of talking about it the department was finally able to take action and create a brand new position for her — coordinating the graduate programs and taking care of course scheduling. Both Peef and Lo were impressed and astounded at this development... First Paul's job, now Lori's. So many blessings in such a short period of time!!

So Lo moved to her new office and has been settling in ever since. The transition has been anything but smooth (we'll spare you the gory details)... but the promise of something more has kept her going. And there is always a great deal of hope as September rolls around and the autumn leaves begin to fall.

Peef is still having a great time at his job — selling music and meeting great people. He's recently taken on a variety of projects from the District Sales Management team, and so he's never bored even when work gets a bit slow at 8pm on a Tuesday night.

In his spare time, Peef has

been working the phones at home — screening roofers and contractors and talking to mortgage brokers and creative financing professionals. Turns out Peef and Lo need a new roof. And new gutters. And chimney work. Expensive work. And they need it to happen before the snow flies. So... it's been fun. Great fun.

On a lighter note, Peef and Lo were pleased to have out of town visitors this summer— The Browns traveled all the way from FARGO to spend a nice long weekend over the 4th of July. We had a dandy time — feasting and chatting and touring all the farmers' markets in the city. The little house felt full and happy for a short period of time and it was difficult to say goodbye when the weekend was over.

Peef and Lo managed to skip out on ALL (yes, ALL — it's a record or something) of the Milwaukee festivals this year — staying free and clear of consumer culture and focusing on quality activities like mowing the lawn, yanking weeds, and visiting the occasional weekend art fair. It's been a refreshing change of pace... just the sort of low key season we were hoping for. And the perfect kickoff to another great autumn. Mmm. Autumn.

Stay tuned...

We're **NEW**.
and **IMPROVED**.

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"JUST CUZ"

Stuff we can't explain,
but wish we could.

Man Changes Name To Zipardi
Duda

Most people want a name that people cannot usually pick on, but a man from England has recently changed his legal name to Zipardi Duda. The man, Anthony Duda, told local newspapers that he'd taken on the off-beat name to promote a charity for children in Tanzania that he had set up.



Inside this issue:

Our Summer in Briefs	1
Urban Gardening	2
Cat Crashes Closet and Lives	2
A BIG Tomato Sandwich	3
Hamm on Wrye	3

TALES OF URBAN GARDENING: End of Season Report

So, since we rambled on incessantly about our gardening efforts in the last newsletter, we figured we'd better follow up with a report to let you know how things were going.

Our efforts at the square foot gardening method turned out to be quite impressive, despite initial fears that the plants wouldn't have enough room to develop fully. Turns out the plants develop whether or not they actually have the space for it or not (some obnoxiously so). One benefit of this tendency is that the weeds have so little space to sprout that most of them don't bother to grow.

The myth of 864 bush beans came to an end with the donation of two extra tomato plants and some Serrano pepper plants from a colleague of Paul's. With our space significantly altered, we did manage to plant somewhere around 20 bean plants, however, and we had a bountiful harvest in July — just as our taste-buds were beginning to crave a few fresh green beans.

We also experienced quite an impressive harvest of zucchini — enough to make us sick and tired of throwing it in every single breakfast,

lunch or dinner dish we created. To our dismay, however, the poor zucchini plants fell victim to a case of mildew this past week. So, Peef and Lo mercilessly yanked them from their foothold in the garden and planted a (hopeful) late harvest of heirloom beets in their place.

Of everything that we planted, our tomatoes and tomatillos have been the most successful. We have a virtual JUNGLE of tomatoes sprawling every which way in one of the raised beds. Most have vines that hang drape-like over the sides of the bed. Many have grown fiercely enough to knock their cages askew (or bend them into crazy shapes), and there seems to be no stopping their growth and production.

We have scads of fruit — most green at this point, but plenty beginning to ripen. Primary production thus far has been with our two grape tomato plants; we've harvested probably 6-7 pints of tomatoes from the vines already, and there's quite a bit more coming. We also see signs of ripeness among the larger varieties. So, we're gearing up with our tomato recipes and preparing to feast. A recent harvest of Amish paste tomato bides well for a

batch of homemade tomato sauce. And the oxbloods promise to make a few splendid summer salads. And, when you get down to it, it's never a bad idea to eat a few right out of hand.



So, things are hippy dippy when it comes to the garden. And our flowers aren't doing half bad either. The asters are starting to open, and it looks like we'll get some good blooms out of those mums we overwintered from last summer.

Already, our minds have turned to the garden of NEXT summer — when we will practice a bit of crop rotation and see what we can do to fit even MORE of our favorite veggies in a very small space. Plans continue to revamp one of our flower gardens into an herb garden (or possibly even an extension of our veggie patch). And our gardening notebook is filling up with other smashing ideas... so we'll see. It might be a very long winter.

CAT CRASHES CLOSET AND LIVES

It was a Friday in August. Peef and Lo woke up in the morning determined to have a nice leisurely day -- hanging around the house, listening to some jazz, maybe visiting the library, and then cooking a great dinner together in the evening. They both had the day off, it was rainy and cold, and everything seemed perfect.



They had just finished up a delightful brunch when they heard a loud CRASH from the upstairs.

They looked at one another. They winced. They paused, and then headed

upstairs to see what had happened.

Turns out, Zoe jumped up on one of the shelves in our closet, and the whole shebang came OUT of the wall and crashed to the floor. THAT ZOE. We love her so. Anyone want to take bets regarding how much we loved her at that moment?

After assessing the total damage, they determined that there would be quite a bit of work involved. Some of the wallboard was in pretty tough shape and the other side of the closet was threatening to jump from the wall in a similar fashion. So, Peef and Lo set out on a mission to revamp the whole closet. (Really, our closet needed some reinforcement since we moved in; but

things were working just fine and so we hadn't prioritized it).

The first step of course was to take EVERYTHING out of the closet (HA!!! Was that a mountain or a pile of clothes there on the bed??!!). Next, there was the precipitous trip to Home Depot to spend a world of money on a universe of supplies. The remainder of the day was wiled away in activities like drilling holes, setting screws, and leveling shelving.

Now what good could possibly have come from this, you might ask? Well — Peef and Lo now have what appears to be the same closet as they did before — but now the shelves are reinforced 52 times more than they were before. OH, yeah. And they are both down one full day of vacation. *sigh*



A BIG Tomato Sandwich

When you open up Deborah Madison's cookbook, *LOCAL FLAVORS*, you're immediately overwhelmed by the gorgeous photographs. There are pictures of berries, straight from the bush, beautiful farmhands holding baskets of winter squash, savory vats of roasted summer vegetables... the colors alone are enough to give one pause. But it's not until you've tried one of the recipes that you'll really scream with delight.

Peef and Lo have owned this cookbook for more than a year now, I'd guess. But it wasn't until last weekend that they had their first taste of the heaven that it promises.

When they first ran across the page in the book, Lo balked. "A tomato sandwich?? Come ON. Who needs a **recipe** for a tomato sandwich??!!"

Peef didn't make much comment, but he didn't seem impressed either. They hurriedly set the book aside. The book sat on the bookshelf for a very long time. Untouched. Unloved. Until last

Hamm on Wrye

At this point, the excitement of the 2004 Summer Olympics has come and gone. The fervor in Athens has ceased. And all of us in the Fredrich house are really quite OK with that — except for Zoe, who continues to mourn the loss of her once-favorite pastime. Television.

Zoe's last bout of TV watching was a few years ago, when Paul would allow her an hour in the morning to watch *TELETUBBIES* on PBS. He'd work in his office, and she would sit in the living room enrapt. When the show was over, and PBS started in on their little segues, she'd wander away. Like clockwork... So, it's not so weird that Zoe decided to watch the Olympics. It was more the *WAY* she came around to it. She didn't start off caring all that much. In fact, for the first few days she slunk in and out of the family room with nary a glimpse at the television. She completely ignored the opening ceremonies and couldn't care less about watching the PBS specials outlining the history of the Greek

week. For some reason, Lo's mind returned to that page with the BIG tomato sandwich on it. Maybe it was the recommendation from her friend Natasha. It could've been that luscious picture. Quite possibly it was the big Purple Cherokee tomato sitting on the counter, waiting to be sliced and eaten.

Whatever *MOVED* Peef and Lo to go out and buy that loaf of ciabatta — bless it. Bless the men who stomped the grapes to make the aged red wine vinegar. Bless the happy soul from the Wisconsin Herb Society who sold them the oregano and parsley plants. Bless the seed packer who ran the machine that packed the basil seeds they bought and planted. Bless that lovely Napa Valley olive oil. God bless us — every ONE!

The sandwich was amazing. It totally showcased the freshness of the garden fresh tomato. It highlighted the sweet and sour of the fruit, while hinting at the woody notes of the herbs. The gorgeous bread soaked all the flavors

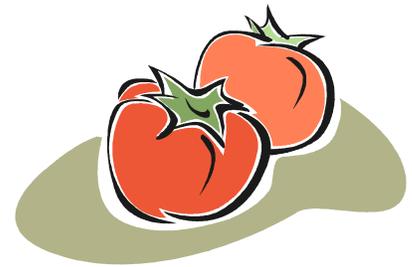


games. The magic, apparently, lies in gymnastics — from high bar to beam to floor exercises.

Her penchant for the sport started out innocently enough — or so it seemed. She was casually strolling past the television, when out of the corner of her eye she spotted the *HAMM* brothers flouncing around on the screen.

Her shoulder twitched. Her head turned. And her eyes affixed to the screen. It wasn't long before she sat on the rug in front of the television set — dead center so she didn't miss a beat.

You could tell she thought the gymnasts looked terribly tasty — so brightly colored and wiggly. Wouldn't those Hamm twins look great sprawled on a slice of rye bread with a pickle? Certainly they would make brilliant little playthings, if nothing else, legs flying through the air, arms spastic.



in, while maintaining a toothsome crust.

To quote Natasha: "The flavors popped."

No lies. It was one of those sandwiches that made you praise God for giving vegetables a season. Something that you could just envision eating once or twice a year — and then just savoring the memory of for the rest of the year. The taste of summer was *RIGHT IN* that sandwich (complete with sun-swept beaches, tropical rains, and playgrounds filled with small children and dogs). Yes, it tasted good.

So — Lo says she is sold. Give her recipes for tomato sandwiches. PB&J sandwiches. Heck, give her a recipe for how to boil water and toast bread. She'll try any of them once... especially if the results are promised to turn out even half so sweet.

It's truly an amazing thing to watch a tiny orange and white cat watching the Olympics with more interest than her owners. She'd sit there and watch for 10-15 minutes at a time. As soon as a commercial hit the screen, she'd yawn and leave the room, only to return a few minutes later when she heard the Olympic theme running.

We're a bit concerned that her TV watching has gotten to be a bit excessive, especially considering the two week stretch of Olympic events. But we're hoping that there will be a gradual drop in her viewing now that they're through.

On another note, we're quite proud that she's taken our lectures about not falling prey to the evil consumer culture to heart. Her refusal to watch commercials is heartening. Even the fun little meow mix commercials barely faze her at this point. But I digress...

We're NEW.
and IMPROVED.

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AMOR SITIS UNITI

