Spiced Nuts

by Gary Hardaway

I don't know where the recipe began. The flavor, though, harkens back to Christmases

far back, before marriages and children. Before the complications of adulthood

and independence. Before the sorrows of Alzheimer's and death. There are lines

across time, beyond the tug of elections and fashion, beyond the turbulence of history

and whatever zeitgeist prowls the season. So it is that the recipe in the hands

of one competent, but not the mother, resonates through the fog and mystery of time

to capture something lost and found again through the grace of recipes and ovens.