Italian feast satisfies seniors



More cheese, please: Louise Varlesi holds out her plate for parmesan cheese grated

The aroma of spaghetti and meatballs wafting through the air, the click of silver-ware hitting plates, the din of pleasant conversations and laughter shared at tables. That was the mood when hundreds of senior citizens broke hered together last Thursday at

dreds of senior citizens broke bread together last Thursday at the first annual Italian Feast sponsored by the Farmington Hills Sonior Adult Center. Friends and neighbors 55 and older dined from 5-7 p.m. at the Farmington Hills Senior Center in the William Costick Activities Caster 26000 11 Mile Radd

in the William Costick Activities Center, 28600 11 Mile Road. The menu for the evening was all-you-can-eat apaghetti and meatballs, freshly grated parmi-giano cheese, salad, garlic bread and cannoli straight from Sicily, well - almost.

Candlelight, red-checked

Candlelight, rea-enecked tablecloths and amore set the mood. A sparkling and enter-taining dance showcase followed the dinner. The cost for all that ambisance was a mere \$5 per per-

For more information about events sponsored by the Farmington/Farmington Hills Senior Adult Division, call (248) 473-1862.

The Italian feast was co-sponsored by the Farmington Hills Inn.

Silverware a long history



the wrong fork." -Oscar Wilde

sure that when Mr. Wilde uttered those words, he was speaking generally - figuratively rather than literally. Yet, in our modern world, choosing the wrong fork literally is a problem most people seem to have. In fact, mention the word extraction to the will literally is a problem most people seem to have. In fact, mention the word extraction to the will literally in the literal of the content of the content

sides of the blade had sharp cutting edges. It wasn't until 1003
in France that dinner knives
were reduced to only one cutting
edge and the point was rounded
off mainly because it was not
only being used as a toothpick
but to discourage assassinations
at meals as well. It became illegal for cutters to make pointed
dinner knives or for innkeepers
to lay them out on their tables.
Recently pointed knives are
again used at the dinner table
but only as steak knives and in
he only food for which it should
be used.

Modern fork debuts

Modern fork debuts

And then came the fork. That utterly atrange new implement that was used not only to hold foot still while it was being cut, but to transport it into the nouth. According to research, the first we read of a modern fork was in the early 11th Century when the Greek-born wife of a rich Venetian Doge insisted on cuting with a fork, which at the time was an unheard of innovation. This brought the wrath of the church down on her head and when abe became ill and died it was deemed a diving punishment for the worldly arrogance displayed by her tableware and was God's retribution against her uppityness because she ate with a fork! What's more, the woman also took an occasional bath in fresh water. No wonder God struck her down. Conveniently, it was not mentioned that she and many hundreds perished during the plague.

wonder God struck her down. Conveniently, it was not mentioned that she and many hundred perished during the perished during the perished during the large perished large



Party Friday

Join the Farmington Hills
Senior Center for the annual
Valentine's 'Hearta & Flowers'
party on Friday, Feb. 18.
A special sweetheart lunch
with a valentine dessert as aw
las dancing and door prizes are
planned for the day. Tekets,
limited to 150, are on sale now

at a cost of \$4.

Now that's Italian: Rose Hill, Mary Pandolfo and Bella Pandolfo enjoy their meal at the William Costick Activi-ties Center's senior-sponsored Italian feast last Thursday evening.

Chat room from page B1

saw something greater than themselves, some-thing that spanned any brokenness in their hearts

thing that spanned any discount and lives.

I believe they had a sense of that which is beyond our capacity to understand, something we can only ever feel with gut-level certainty and even then, only once or maybe twice in a lifetime.

I believe my parents were meant to be together in a way only they and God will, or should, ever understand.

Still caretaking

because parents don't always have a lot of

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time, the Observer & Eccentric has created the

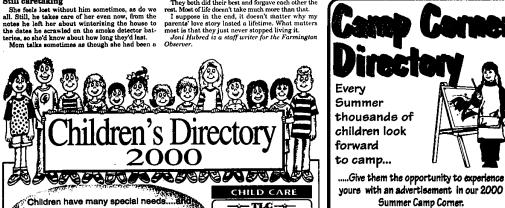
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spoiled child, pampered by his selfless, endless love, by how he cherished and protected her and took care of everything difficult so she didn't have to deal with it.

But if you'd ask him, I'd be willing to bet he was the one who felt cared for, by a wife who made eight or 10 leaves of bread every week and stretched too little money to feed too many children and followed and supported him through half a dozen moves and joblessness and fear, until he finally found his niche.

They both did their best and forgave each other the rest. Most of life doesn't take much more than that. I suppose in the end, it doesn't matter why my parents love story lasted a lifetime. What matters most is that they just never stopped living it.

Joni Hubred is a staff writer for the Farmington Observer.

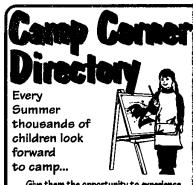


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