

FALL 2020

We Feed Each Other



Out in the Open connects rural LGBTQ people to build community, visibility, knowledge, and power.

We envision a resilient community of communities that works toward the transformation of our economic, social, and political relationships. We are building a multi-issue social justice movement of rural LGBTQ people.

For more information about Out in the Open- visit, weareoutintheopen.org.



Rural LGBTQ Food Traditions

Art work by Molly Castello

Our movements towards social justice are fueled by food, stories, stories shared around food and more. For our Rural LGBTQ+ community connecting around food and stories is healing, joyful, and is a place for us to share together, and to feed each other, both our bodies and our movement.

For the last 5 years Out in the Open has hosted our Pride Family Cookout during June. This year (2020), although could not come together in person, we want to share our stories, memories, and favorite recipes with our rural LGBTQ+ community.

This year, and all years, we know our history of uprising and liberation led by Black Trans women. We are in a movement, historically and presently, fueled by Black Trans Women. We are part of a global uprising fighting for Black lives.

We are part of our history, led by those fueling those in and off the streets with nourishing, healing foods and stories.

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Wood Stacking Turkey Stew cont.

I was able to live alone in a little old schoolhouse in the woods for a year, because I knew the people moving out (through my rural queer community), and they put in a good word for me with the landlord. I moved out when it was sold, to someone I was also connected to through queer community, who called me up a year later because a package arrived at the house for me. I think she dropped it off on the front steps of my new place downtown.

I was able to thrive in that little old schoolhouse because of rural queer chosen family who shared with me many of the tasks and also the joys of the place. I had help mowing the lawn, which had no business being that big and that sloped; I got to borrow a cat who helped chase away dozens of mice who also wanted to live in the house; I had help figuring out the particularities of the wood stove; and I had help in the form of a wood-stacking party in late September before it started getting too cold. I invented this stew for my friends, and had it going in the crock pot while we stacked, ready to serve when we needed a dinner break.

That year was a big one for learning to ask for and accept help, share what I had, create supportive space for people to come together, and, of course, stack wood. I also learned I don't want to live in the woods alone again. I hope next time I get such an opportunity that I have more company and less lawn.

Wood Stacking Turkey Stew

Calvin Rey Moen (he/him/his), Brattleboro, VT

Where did this recipe come from? Made it up!

Ingredients:

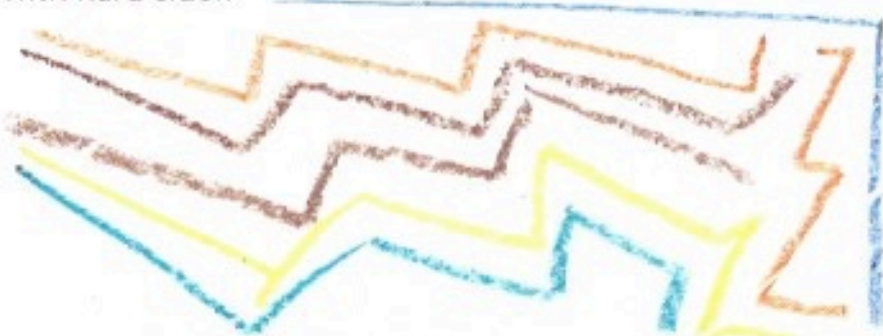
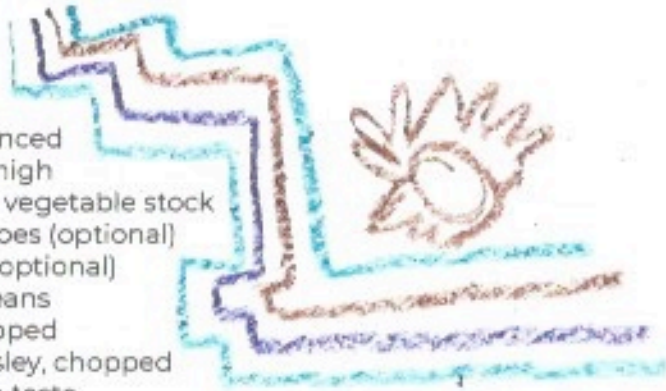
1 onion, diced
4 carrots, diced
4 cloves garlic, minced
1 bone-in turkey thigh
1 quart chicken or vegetable stock
1 can diced tomatoes (optional)
1 cup white wine (optional)
1 can cannellini beans
1 bunch kale, chopped
1 bunch fresh parsley, chopped
salt and pepper to taste

Also these numbers mean nothing; you could basically mess with any of the quantities according to your tastes and it would still be delightful.

Sauté onion and carrots until the onion starts to soften, add garlic and sauté a few more minutes, stirring often.

Put the sautéed vegetables, turkey thigh, soup stock, tomatoes, wine, salt, and pepper in a slow cooker on low for 8 hours or on high for 4 hours or until the turkey is falling off the bone. Take the turkey out of the slow cooker and shred it with two forks. Put the shredded turkey, cannellini beans, and kale in the slow cooker and stir until the kale is wilted and the beans are heated through.

Serve with plenty of parsley on top and a side of crusty bread, or serve over rice. It's also good with diced potatoes in it. Pairs well with hard cider.



HB's fabulous vegan & gluten-free chili

HB Lozito [they/them], Brattleboro, VT.

Where did this recipe come from? I made it up while I was in my 20s!

I have made this chili many times in my life! Including for the 2018 Out in the Open Summit. That's the first time it's been a written recipe. I wrote it down because many board members and community volunteers, in addition to myself, were making batches of this chili for Summit attendees lunch on the Saturday of the Summit. We heated everything up in many crock pots, combined batches, and enjoyed a hearty meal on a cool fall afternoon.

I created this recipe while I was living in collective houses where everyone made a meal for the whole house (and often various partners, sweeties, dates, traveling artists, etc. who were also around) so I needed something that could feed a crowd on a small budget. Over many years, I have found this does the trick.



Ingredients:

- 2, 15 oz cans of black beans (drained) or 30 oz. of dried beans, soaked and cooked
- 1, 15 oz can of garbanzo beans (drained) or 15 oz. of dried beans, soaked and cooked
- 2, 15 oz cans of dark red kidney beans (drained) or 30 oz. of dried beans, soaked and cooked
- 1 15 oz can of great northern bean (or some other exciting bean!) (drained) or 15 oz. of dried beans, soaked and cooked
- 1, 10-ish oz. bag of frozen corn
- 3-4 tablespoons of chili powder
- 2 cubes of veggie bouillon
- 2-3 carrots (diced)
- 2-3 medium potatoes (diced)
- 2 medium onions (diced)
- 1 large can of tomato paste
- 1, 15 oz can of tomato sauce (plain)
- 1 tablespoon of adobo sauce from chipotle in adobo
- 1 tablespoon of cocoa powder (optional!)
- 2-3 tablespoons of masa flour made into a slurry (with a little bit of water) (optional!)
- salt (if using no-salt bouillon)
- water
- olive oil

Optional add-ons:

- serve with sour cream & shredded cheddar cheese for non-vegans
- serve with sauteed ground beef, pork, or turkey for non-vegetarians

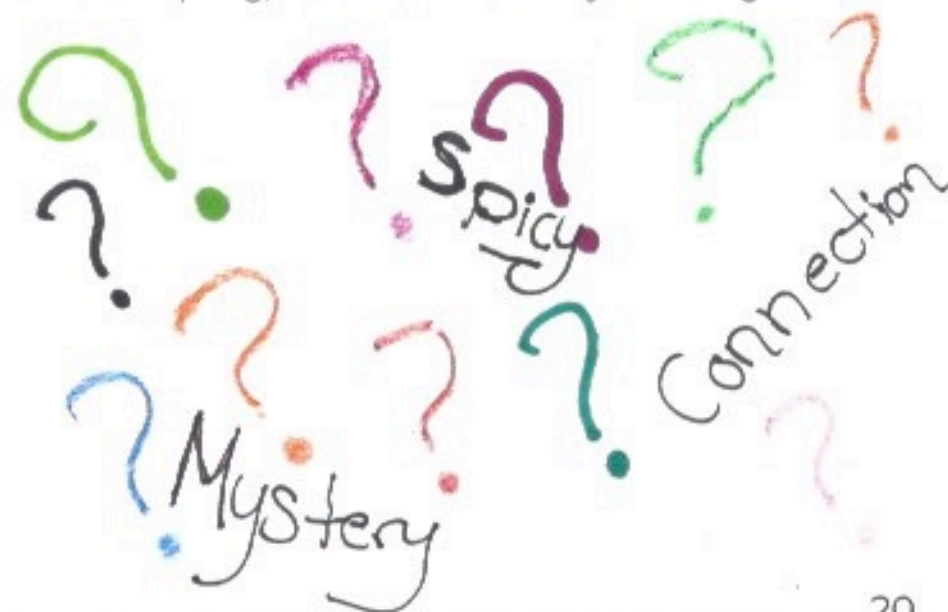
???? (mystery spicy brownies) cont.

My loose-leaf recipe file has this entry handwritten in code on a torn-out journal page. No title, no source, no result note. The journal layout is a Japanese composition book, so it's from 2009 or earlier. The recipe is in my handwriting. I have absolutely no memory of recording it.

I've kept this single clear folder of recipes with me since 2006, and moved house at least fifteen times since. Every time, I went through this file of messy blog printouts and emails from friends, culled the ones I didn't make, and kept the ones I wanted to. This lone handwritten page, a recipe pared down and cut off from all roots by a careless child who I barely remember being, has always made the cut.

Just looking at it gives me a connection to a past me. My brother got all the handwritten family recipes from our great-grandmother, all the traditional Southern cooking, but. I have this.

I baked this recipe with our young neighbors (9 and 3) earlier this spring, for the first time in years. It's good.



???? (mystery spicy brownies)

Eli (they/them), Brattleboro, VT

Where is this recipe from? Personal files...?

11oz dark chocolate ^
2 sticks butter, chopped into 1" pcs ^
1tsp instant espresso powder ^

1.5c granulated sugar
.5c packed lt. brn. sugar
5 lg eggs, room temp
2tsp vanilla

1.25c AP flour *
1 tsp salt *
2 tbsp dark cocoa powder *
1 - 1.5tsp chipotle powder / paprika *
.75tsp cinnamon *
.25tsp cardamom *

- 0) Set oven to 350f. Butter 9"x13" pan.
- 1) Double-boiler melt (^) group ingredients together, simmering, till smooth. Turn off burner, keep pot on heat. Add sugars. Whisk. Remove. Cool to room temp.
- 2) While cooling, whisk (*) group ingredients together in med. bowl.
- 3) Add 3 eggs to (^), whisk till combined.
- 4) Add 2 eggs to (^), whisk till combined.
- 5) Add vanilla, stir just till combined.
- 6) Sprinkle (*) into wet mix, just fold with spatula.
- 7) Bake 30m, rotate halfway.

Steps:

sweat onions in olive oil
add carrots, potatoes and sauté for a few minutes
add bouillon cubes and water to cover
boil until carrots & potatoes are soft/a texture that you want to eat them
add tomato paste and sauce; stir to incorporate paste
add beans, chili powder, adobo sauce, cocoa powder
stir and let simmer for a couple minutes
add masa slurry
add frozen corn.

That's it!

Let cool, package up to freeze or eat immediately!



Rainbow Smoothie

Alissa Hebert, Windsor, VT

Where's the recipe from? -

<https://www.adeservingdandelion.com/blog/rainbow-detox-smoothie>

Ingredients:

- 1 C Frozen Raspberries
- ½ C Frozen Blueberries
- ½ C Frozen Black Raspberries (or use more blueberries)
- ¼ C Frozen Riced Cauliflower
- 1 Banana
- 1 Mandarin Orange, peeled
- Juice of a Lemon Wedge
- 1 tsp Minced Ginger Root
- Small handful of Spinach
- 2 tsp Psyllium Husk powder
- 1 C Milk of choice or water



Place all ingredients in a blender, and blend until all ingredients are fully incorporated.

Serve immediately.



Sweet Potato Quesadillas cont.

What to do:

Boil sweet potatoes

While potatoes are cooking, heat oil in a frying pan over medium heat. Saute onions. Add corn and cook for another 5 mins, until corn begins to brown.

Add garlic and jalapeno and saute for 2 mins. Add beans and hot sauce and mix well. Add salsa and spices, and season to taste with salt and pepper.

Drain potatoes and roughly mash.

Add to pan along with the chopped kale.

Cook for a few mins, until kale is softened and a nice brilliant green.

Add more salsa if mixture is too dry.

Adjust seasonings to taste.

Remove from heat.

Heat a different frying pan over medium heat, with butter to heat up tortillas, add in filling, cheese, and top with second tortillas. Warm until cheese has melted.

This is a recipe I used to cook when I started coming up to Vermont to visit my partner. (before I made the move up here myself a year later) It reminds me of collaboration, coming into my queerness, exploring relationships- and redefining what love and partnership means. This recipe reminds me of warmth on cold spring evenings in rural Vermont. It reminds me of abundance and deep conversation, it reminds me of wood stoves and candle light. It's warming, filling, deep, and nourishing.

Sweet Potato Quesadillas

Eva (she/her), East Dummerston, VT

Where is this recipe from? It's a recipe from my sister and brother-in-law, in their google doc of recipes. It's been a "go-to" for them for years, and has become a "go-to" for me as well.

Ingredients

1 large sweet potato, diced
Olive oil
1/2 onion, sliced
1/2 cup frozen sweet corn
4 cloves of garlic, chopped
1/2 jalapeno pepper, seeded and minced
1 cup canned black beans, rinsed and drained
few dashes hot sauce
1/4 cup salsa
1 tsp chili powder
1/2 tsp cumin
salt and pepper to taste
A couple kale leaves, stalks removed, chopped
tortillas
Sharp white cheddar cheese
Butter

Italian-American Pasta Casserole (aka Lasagna)

Krista Coughlin-Galbraith (she/they), Brattleboro, VT

Where is this recipe from?

When I first decided, as a passionate home cook raised in an Italian-American household, that it was important to know how to make a lasagna from scratch, I found the basic instructions online. That was well over a decade ago, so even if I remembered the specific blog I found it on, the likelihood it still exists is about 50/50. I've adapted it over the years, though, based on my mom's sauce, suggestions from friends, and plain old experimentation.

This is a recipe in two parts: The sauce (which can also just be used as a pasta sauce), and the actual lasagna. And since the sauce has to be done first anyway, it's easiest to list the two separately!

The Sauce

Olive Oil
~4 Anchovies OR ~2 tspn Anchovy Paste (optional)
1 lb Ground Beef (optional)
1 lb Italian Sausage Meat or Italian Sausage removed from casing (optional)
~1 Tblsp Salt
~Tblsp Ground Black Pepper
~5 Cloves Garlic diced OR ~2 Tblsp Garlic Powder
1 Small Onion diced OR ~2 Tblsp Onion Powder
~2 Tblsp Oregano
~1 tspn Anise Seeds
~2 tspn Red Pepper Flakes
1-2 Bay Leaves
1/4 Cup Red Wine OR A generous splash of Apple Cider Vinegar
4 28oz cans of Crushed Tomatoes



Memory + Story:

Food is family. If there's one thing that defines Italian-American culture, it's that. That's partly why we make so much food at once so much of the time, it's meant to either be stored so you have it to enjoy later when you don't have the energy to cook a whole meal; or to be shared with the people you care about. But making food, especially food in bulk, takes money, resources, time, and energy; not just in the cooking of it, but in getting ingredients and in the cleanup afterwards. So when someone gives you food, they're saying that you're worth that money, time, and energy; that they care about you. Sharing food is claiming family.

Food is family.

Lasagna had always been the peak Italian-American dish in my mind – it's the kind of special occasion treat of a meal that it's hard to find someone who doesn't like it, and is just so special when it's homemade BECAUSE of the time and care required to make it. When I finally decided to learn how to make it myself, it was to claim a little bit more of my culture to prove that I'd learned my cooking skills well at my mother's arm, and to make her something I knew she loved but had never had the time or energy to learn to make herself. Since then, it's become my go-to special occasion meal; I've made it for my immediate family, for former roommates, for my partner, for my siblings-in-law ...

And for you. That's right. When we moved to Brattleboro from out of state in 2015, we were a little worried about connecting with people, as you are when you move to a completely new place. But that summer, we saw the Pride Family Picnic advertised in the local paper. My partner baked, and I made two giant trays of lasagna, and by the time we left that evening we'd made friends and connections that have helped us thrive in this town and given us opportunities to help others thrive. And also the lasagna was almost completely gone.

We haven't been able to make it to every Pride Family Picnic since [especially me, I'm just uncomfortable in large groups, I am an awkward wallflower], and haven't been able to cook for all of the ones we have made it to. But we'll always remember that first one, the one that expanded our local family beyond the walls of our little half-basement apartment. That's why it's important to me to share this recipe, because this year, we CAN'T all get together on top of the hill with all of the goodies we love to share with each other. So I'll just put the time and energy I would've spent on making lasagna into writing the recipe out so that anyone who wants to can make it for yourselves and your own pod. Because right after sharing food with the people you care about, the second most important tenet in Italian-American culture is passing on the recipes to them.

So whenever you make this recipe, whether you make it for yourself or to share, whether we know each other or not, even if we've never even met, know that you are part of a family.

Because food is family.

Livestream Hallah

Eli (they/them), Brattleboro, VT

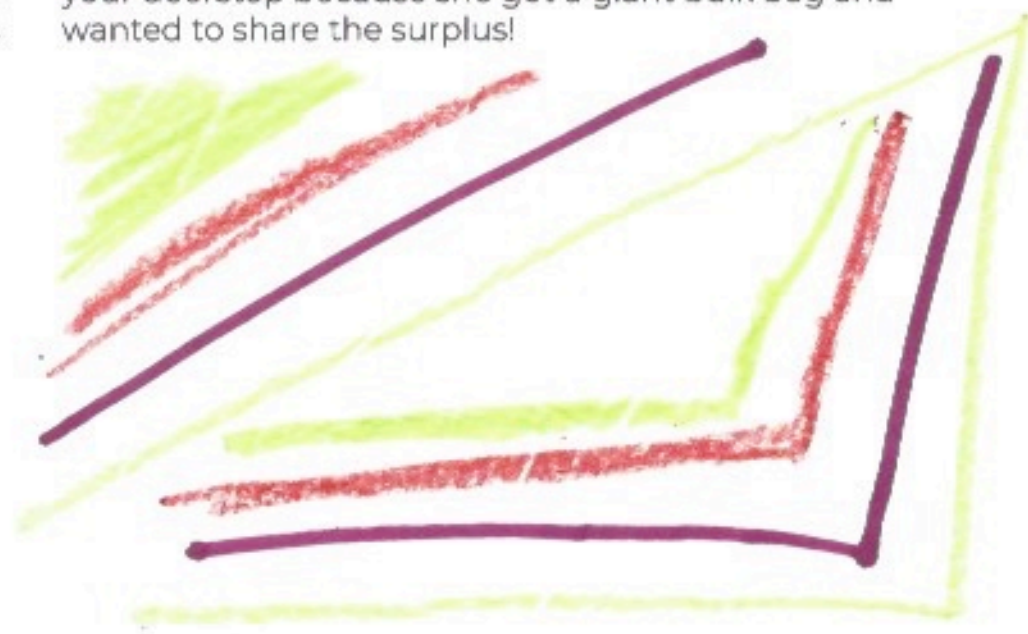
Where is this recipe from? Our friend Negev who comes to chat in our weekly quarantine livestream

Ingredients:

2 tsp dry yeast
3/4 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups warm water
1 large egg, beaten to blend
2 tsp kosher salt
1/2 cup oil
4-6 cups flour

Mix all ingredients. Knead. Cover and let rise until doubled in size, about an hour. Shape. Cover and let rise until puffy, about half an hour. Bake at 325F for 40-55 minutes.

Best made with King Arthur Flour that your friend left on your doorstep because she got a giant bulk bag and wanted to share the surplus!



It was quite a change from desperately avoiding being laughed at for naively saying things that could be turned into sex jokes by boys at my adventure-sports-y high school.

Finding the jokes, rather than /being/ the joke is my preferred sex-joke position.

So many things I didn't think I liked, or would like—so many things I even actively /dis/liked, it has turned out I was meant to learn to love, to study, to understand, and to embrace.

Mine is a hyphenated, unapologetically hungry, hedonistic, and complicated (and sometimes exhausting not gonna lie) existence, that is constantly saying "How about both? Both sounds good."

I once wrote an ode to fake cheese—gooey nacho cheese, melty American. And my family knows my love (my former love? My ex love? My on again off again love? My morally ambiguous and okay-not-that-ambiguous-just-socially-accepted-but-pretty-much-let's-say-it-even-though-it-still-makes-me-cringe—breath—exploit ative love?) of bacon well enough that they have gotten me bacon magnets and specialized as-seen-on TV microwave bacon trays for Christmas. My relationships with both foods have been transforming. This morning I got my melty "cheese" from a vegan breakfast bowl and I still don't know how they did it, but it tasted damn good. And instead of the multiple pounds of bacon I used to keep in my freezer (please don't ask how many I've had in there at a time, I am just one person and the answer is probably over five), I currently have a bag of vegan sausage patties I am regarding with suspicion and cautious optimism. I for one applaud food science and look forward to the new, uncomfortable ambiguities of nascent vegetarian/vegan/plant-based-ness.

Walking out of the grocery store in an oversized fleece with a recently shaved head and a cart full of vegetables, meat substitutes, and Oreos, in a Vermont town that so often feels like a more-rainbow-friendly version of my growing-up-home felt like living into more questions, and also like being a walking stereotype. This is not the me I thought I was. This is not the me I was. And I'm not yet the me I want to be. I've been told the body is a process, not an object, and that we are what we eat. My diet is changing, and so am I.

Cont. Italian-American Pasta Casserole (aka Lasagna)

The Lasagna

Most of the sauce you just made

2 lbs/38 oz Ricotta Cheese

~1/4 Cup Parmesan Cheese (or your grated, salty, hard cheese pasta topping of choice)

1 Egg

~2 Tsp Salt

~1/2 Tblsp Ground Black Pepper

1-2 lbs Sliced Mozzarella (the cheap, low moisture kind that comes in a square) (you can use the expensive fresh mozz if you want, but it doesn't melt the same, and also it's twice as expensive)

1 Box Dried Lasagna Noodles, uncooked (trust me)

Another ~1/4 Cup Parm (or your preference) Cheese



The Sauce (Active cooking time ~30 mins // Inactive cooking time 45 mins)

Heat a large (at least 2 gallon) pot or pan to Medium heat, add olive oil and heat. If using anchovies/anchovy paste, add and stir until it dissolves (about a minute or so).

If using meat, add it to the pan, salt and pepper well, and brown it, cooking it most of the way (~10 minutes). Add garlic/garlic powder, onion/onion powder, oregano, anise seeds, red pepper flakes, and bay leaves, stir well, and simmer for a minute.

Add wine or vinegar, stir.

Add crushed tomatoes, stir well. Adjust seasoning to taste. Simmer on Medium heat until it's bubbling, then lower heat to Low, cover partially with a lid (it's going to splatter, I'm sorry, but this will help) and let cook for ~45 minutes (to really marry all the flavors together), stirring occasionally.

Notes: The cooking time can be much lower if you're not using meat.

Remember to take out the bay leaves before serving, especially if you're making lasagna!

You can substitute veggies for the meat too -- mushrooms, zucchini, whatever you like. Just make sure, especially with softer veggies like zucchini, that you chop them big enough or they might just dissolve in the sauce.

One of the best tricks I learned from my mother about cooking pasta sauce is to take any meat sides you're planning for your pasta, sear them off in the pan/pot, and finish cooking them by poaching them directly in the sauce. Meatballs are a classic, but my favorites were always whole Italian sausages and ribs. If you're a sausage fan, I promise you it's one of the tastiest sausages you'll ever have.

Alexandre M. (she/they), Middlebury, VT

They say food tastes different when your nervous system feels like you're safe.

Once upon a recent time (though who says time is real, nowadays) I spent an evening eating foods I didn't think I liked, in queer company, on a porch, in a town, by a river.

We started with salad feat. strawberries and walnuts and cheese (an eye-ful of trepidation for a guest who wants to seem grateful and a mouthful of confrontation for me who likes my salty food unambiguously salty and my sweet food not-too-sweet). Suddenly, though, it tasted fine—not just fine—decadent, and wonderful.

Last time I remember eating that, I was at a cousin's very straight wedding in rural Michigan. I was not out. I didn't even know at that time there was an out for me to be. I grew up in a town defined by country clubs, farms, and churches, and you were either straight, or you were Ellen, and she was taken.

The main course was vegetarian sausage and grilled zucchini. In another life I'd have turned my nose up—non-foods, suspect. The former a frankenfood, the latter, a flavor-starved quickbread filler at best. That night they tasted just fine. Not just fine, actually. Quite nice. They tasted quite nice.

We wrapped up the evening with watermelon that didn't taste like sand, and a game of 20 Questions during which I laughed my ass off when my card was "a bubble bath," and one of the clues I spoke aloud was, "you can put toys in me." I laughed my ass off in front of two gay men about my dad's age, and a dear nonbinary, ace, and aro friend, who consistently tolerates my antics with aplomb. I laughed my ass off, because in that space, I could. I laughed my ass off, because the whole sentence was a surprise, and probably also because it made me uncomfortable. I'm one of the most knowledgeable and enthusiastic recovering prudes you'll ever meet, and I either go deadly silent, or laugh like a seventh grader in health class when provoked. In that space, I could eat all these strange-to-me foods, and laugh at my own jokes.

I love learning about cultures. Food was typically my foundation for an exploration into other worlds I yearned to know.

In high school, my taste for Indian food led to an interest in some of the music and some of the music led me to films and some of the films led me to long solo rides on public transportation to seek out Bollywood movies and music. The ultimate reward for the trips were the visits to the South Indian buffet afterward.

Memories like these bring me comfort but are also a source of pain because they mark the "time before" (when my mom was still living) but are accessed in the "time after" (when she is corporeally gone).

Recalling such memories isn't a completely reverent experience of tradition and belonging, but I often call upon my past to remind me of my present. Since early childhood, I've been choosing to do whatever I find interesting in the moment even if no one else is doing it. Like deciding to become a vegetarian at age 10 though no one in my family was.

Thankfully, my mom - my link to automatic love - always had my back at family visits to southern Virginia for holiday meals, or when my grandmother might say something ill-informed like, "Maybe her hips will go down" when trying on something handmade that did not fit me.

No matter what I got into (many, varying, sometimes weird interests), or what I got up to (reading poetry by candlelight and creating ceremony around it), she always made space for me at her table.



The Lasagna (~30 mins to prep and build // ~45 mins Inactive Cooking)

Pre-heat oven to 350 F.

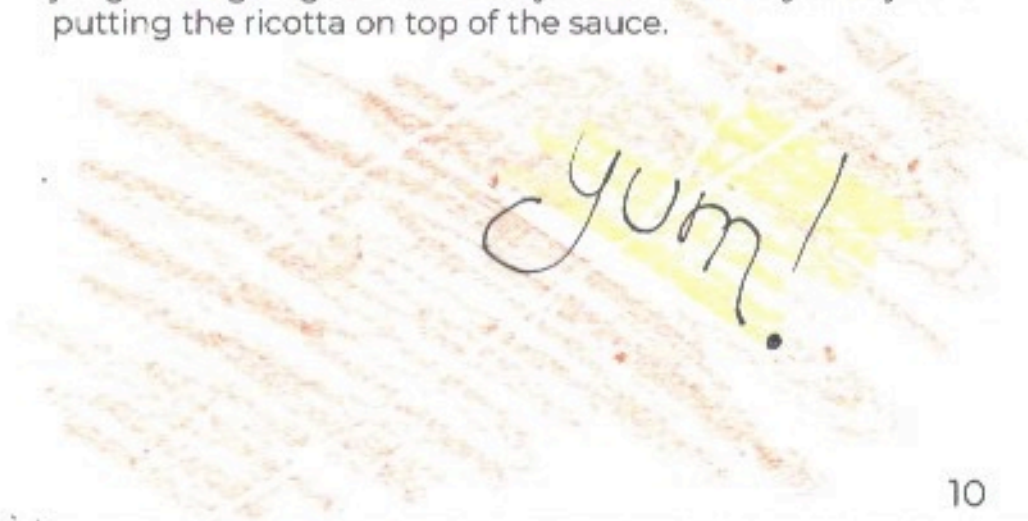
In a medium mixing bowl, combine ricotta cheese, the first round of parmesan (or whatever) cheese, egg, salt, and pepper and mix well.

Slice mozzarella into thin-ish slices.

Gather all of these with your sauce, your uncooked lasagna noodles, and a lasagna pan (like a baking dish, but about 4-5 inches deep, the reusable foil ones are fine, especially if you're making it for an event).

"Grease" the pan by ladling just enough sauce to coat the bottom of the pan.

Then it's time to start building! I'll be honest, I have no idea if there's a "traditional" order for the layers, but I do know that different recipes have all different orders and also ... that it doesn't really matter. This is the order I find easiest, but you do you, Italian-American cuisine was invented by and is based on adapting Italian flavors and dishes to personal skill, preferences, and access to ingredients and a celebrity chef judge isn't going to burst into your kitchen to yell at you for putting the ricotta on top of the sauce.



Right, layers.

1) Noodles, uncooked, laid flat, covering as much area as possible without overlapping (they're not going to fit perfectly, they never do, I'm very sorry). Usually about 3-5 noodles per layer, depending on how big your pan is (you may need to lay some sideways with the foil pans, it's fine, no one cares).

2) ~1/3 of the ricotta mixture spread over the noodles with a spoon. If you prefer to cook your noodles ahead of time, or prefer to layer the ricotta over the sauce, you can just strategically place spoonfuls of it instead of trying to spread it.

3) Mozzarella slices, with ~2 inches of space between them since they will melt.

4) Sauce, and here's where you can be really generous with you.

You'll get about three layers out of this. The final layer goes Noodles > Ricotta > Sauce > Mozzarella, and then you sprinkle the rest of the parmesan (or whatever) over the whole top.

Place in the oven (with a cookie sheet underneath it if the foil pan doesn't feel very sturdy and/or you're worried about overflow because it is going to boil) and cook for ~45 minutes or until the cheese is brown.

Serve immediately by cutting into as big a square as you want, or let cool and then refrigerate. To reheat the whole thing in the oven, bake at 350 F for ~30 minutes or until bubbly.

Notes: The liquid released during baking cooks the noodles the same as if they were boiled ahead of time and saves you a whole step, dirty dish, and headache.

For a veggie variation, substitute your favorite vegetarian cheese product and leave out the egg.

For a gluten-free variation, you can replace the noodles with peeled, thinly sliced, uncooked eggplant or zucchini.

It's strongly recommended to apply any unused mozzarella directly to your mouth.

Aisha Russell (she/her/hers), Greenfield, MA

Making space, searching for place

I'm someone who remembers meals with nostalgia - a word whose origin lies in the concept of returning home, and pain.

Memories feed both functions.

I have a strong connection with memory, my maternal lineage, and food.

My mother always encouraged my interests, including my indelible love of food. She supported and participated in my culinary and cultural experiments.

15 years after her death, I'm still learning how to love myself in her absence. But I'm sure she would be proud of who I am today. And though I came out as queer long after she passed, I know she accepts this part of me too, as she told me so in a dream.

I am a mixed-race child, never feeling like I quite fit in one box or another. I fell in love with cookbooks and other people's cultures around age 9 or 10. This must have also been around the time that I yearned to build parties around a theme.

One year for my father's birthday, I made a Chinese-inspired dish from an Asian recipes cookbook I picked up from my favorite bookstore no longer in existence. I can't remember the dish now, but I do remember the plastic pink and red plates from Chinatown I served it on. Dinner was paired with a trip to see a free Chinese film playing at the museum in the town where I lived.

Another year, for my mom's birthday, I made a cottage cheese stuffed potato dish with Indian spices and paired that experience with an outing to see a black and white Hindi film.

Fast forward to high school sophomore year and you'd find me making biscochitos from my "Celebración" cookbook and getting psyched to watch with my mom the next episode of PBS's American Family, the first drama series to air in the US with an all Latinx cast.