

leave be the

LITTLE ratty COOKBOOK

I have a small notebook-type cookbook which I received as a shower gift in 1981 ~ the kind you write in as others pass along recipes. It's ratty-looking with dog-eared and faded torn pages, and scraps of paper are taped in and falling out. The tabs are ruffled and it's generally a ratty mess.

The cookbook should be copied over then trashed. But I can't. Copying the recipes would not result in the same "feel" of my favorite little recipe book that I've owned for 27 years ~ filled with recipes from people I love and others who aren't in my life any longer. Re-doing the book would lose its familiarity, individuality, its warmth and sentimental value.

We sometimes want to re-do people. Copy them over, change them, update them, reorganize them, "fix" them, or give up on them totally by trashing the relationship. Yet we have to remember the consequences of wanting someone else to "clean up" for us. The result wouldn't be the same.

Who would that person be? Someone we've molded, controlled? Someone who might resent us for it ever after? Let's leave our little cookbooks alone. Let them exist the way they want to exist, ratty and all. They are originals. Familiar. Individual. Warm. Valuable.

we can love them better that way