

## Cinnamon Rolls

by *Marietta Arce*

My children's school year is over. After months of structured weekdays, we eagerly begin our vacation. I woke up this morning and reveled in the leisure I would enjoy today. A whole day with nothing scheduled.

I decided I would make cinnamon rolls – from scratch. As an avid cook and baker, I own many cookbooks and set out to find my favorite recipe. After fruitlessly searching through several books, I remarked aloud that I knew the recipe was somewhere, but where? My daughter looked at me, puzzled. She said simply: “Mom, just go on the internet!”

I chuckled inwardly, her father's daughter for sure, going from novice to expert on any subject with a few clicks on the mouse! Alas, I am old-fashioned; I actually look up telephone numbers in the book, and prefer to receive letters in the post office, written by hand hopefully and with colorful stamps. I continued my search and found the item.

As I read the recipe over, I remembered why I hadn't made these rolls again in over five years. I sighed deeply and realized that by the time the yeast had worked its magic on the dough, I could have gone to PriceSmart and back with store-bought ones. Or better yet, driven a kilometer to Kay's Gringo Postres (yummy stuff) and saved myself all that work. I am not one to go back on a commitment so I got to work.

I gathered my ingredients and equipment and let the dough rise the first time. An hour later, I punched it down, kneaded again and set it aside for the second rising. Half an hour later would find me rolling, shaping, filling and setting aside for the third and final rising.

My daughter came over, eagerly anticipating that in just a few minutes, she would taste the cinnamon! I apologized, taught her a new cutting technique, and explained that it would be another hour before we would eat the rolls. She went back to her latest episode of M.A.S.H., disappointed but stoic.

The time came to put the rolls in the oven. Some of them had risen so much, they looked a little strange. But we know that a 'rustic' appearance is not necessarily a bad thing and into the oven they went. In a few minutes, the aroma of the cinnamon permeated our kitchen. I looked at the time...2:30 p.m.; I had started at 10:00 a.m.!

Finally it was 3 p.m., the time of the day when I usually take my coffee break. The rolls were ready and there were plenty and generously sized! I drizzled the glaze and we had our first taste. The look on my daughter's face told all I needed to confirm that in spite of the time it took, it was an activity worth doing and repeating.

Sometimes, there is nothing like the old-fashioned way. I know that my daughter will never forget that there are things worth waiting for, working for and enjoying more because of the time and effort we invested in getting them. We had fun; we bonded and savored something made by us. We were able to share with our friends and family because we had made a generous amount. Some things just can't be done with a few clicks on a mouse!