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With White Chocolate Cream

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 2004

MG PG VA

OJ Gets Squeezed

Can the Icon of the American Breakfast Table Compete in a Low-Carb World?

By JUDITH WEINRAUB
Washington Post Staff Writer

What highly nutritious food is defending itself to American consumers—even though they've consumed it happily for decades?

What drink is full of potassium, folic acid, vitamin C and a slew of antioxidants?

What longtime American favorite has slipped enough in sales that its industry is now mounting a major advertising campaign?

The answer to all these questions is orange juice.

Shunned by the low-carb diets for its concentrated carbohydrates and pummeled by a drop in sales, orange juice is having to polish up its image for the American public. Instead of being hailed for its many health benefits, orange juice has become an easy carbohydrate to forgo. And the orange juice industry is worried.

Orange juice consumption is at an all-time low, according to Florida Citrus Mutual, a trade association of 11,000 citrus growers. In the past two years, orange juice consumption has dropped about 5 percent. Last year, Americans drank about 4.7 gallons of orange juice. In 1997, the figure was 5.8 gallons. Since 1999, overall orange juice consumption has dropped 10.8 percent.

In the past year—the time that corresponds to the growing popularity of the South Beach Diet—that drop has been particularly notice-

See OJ, F4, Col. 1



BY TIM HAWLEY—GETTY IMAGES

DIET SMART

Katherine Tallmadge

Berry Bonanza

The coming of summer is wonderful for many reasons, not the least of which is the return of fresh ripe berries.

Every Sunday, I hustle to my farmers market to see what is waiting for me.

There are very few foods that match the beautiful color and intense flavor of berries. And, fortunately, these fruits are nutrition superstars.

For many years, most berries were regarded as nutritionally inferior because of their lack of traditional essential nutrients such as vitamins A and C. But that was before scientists discovered the presence of large amounts of beneficial phytochemicals.

Apparently, each berry is a repository of at least 100 nutrients and phytochemicals, the plant compounds with potent powers of healing. Some of the most important phytochemicals in

See TALMADGE, F5, Col. 3



From the Kitchen, a Family Farewell for My Father

By MAUREEN ABOOD
Special to The Washington Post

The Lebanese cook their grief. Illness and death call the Lebanese to their kitchens, to their lists on the fridge, to their huge pots and pans that they can lean on, sighing, stirring, spicing, clicking their tongues over the need to make this food now, so heart-breakingly rich and warm.

Other cultures have their responses. But for the Lebanese, the crosses pressed into platters of kibbe are a little deeper, the Arabic blessings over the hands of the cook more fervent. It's our way of saying: We will not go without a proper send-off, without this day spent in the kitchen kneading the sadness into the dough, boiling the sorrow into the milk and preparing a full stomach for the journey.

For weeks after my father was diagnosed with terminal illness four years ago, family, friends and neighbors crossed our threshold bearing gifts of food. Relatives whose exact connections I have never been sure of came to the house in a steady stream, whis-

See FATHER, F2, Col. 2



BY CINDY HO FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

For every major family event, from nuptials to burials, large cuts of meat are a typical Abood response. . . . Uncle Fred hoisted his ham onto our kitchen table, with a look of accomplishment behind his tears.

Don't Mess With My Shortcake

By CANDY SAGON
Washington Post Staff Writer

The waitress at the Reston restaurant was going through her dessert spiel: *Blah, blah, blah, creme brulee, blah, blah, chocolate walnut cake, blah, blah, peach shortcake. . .*

Wait. Peach shortcake?

That sounded good. It was a warm day and we were eating outside. Something summery like peach shortcake would be the perfect ending to a relaxed meal. So my husband and I ordered one (with two spoons, of course) and waited.

A few minutes later, the waitress appeared with a little white dish of baked peaches topped with what looked like a beige hockey puck dusted with cinnamon.

Uh, this was not shortcake. This was a cobbler with a doughy, day-old

See SHORTCAKE, F5, Col. 1



BY RENEE COMET FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Roast Chicken and Hashwe

8 to 10 servings

Hashwe (HUSH-wee) goes by several spellings, pronunciations and variations, but in Lebanese cuisine it consists of a sauteed rice and ground lamb dish that is subtly scented with cinnamon. Traditionally, it was used to stuff roast chicken, but my family now roasts the chicken separately and adds the meat to the dish. When time is tight, simply purchase a roasted chicken.

Serve with pita bread, strained plain yogurt and a salad of romaine lettuce with tomato, lemon and oil.

For the chicken:

3- to 4-pound chicken, giblets removed

2 stalks celery, leaves attached, halved crosswise

1 large onion, peeled and quartered

Olive oil

Paprika

Garlic powder

Salt and freshly ground black pepper

1 cup water

For the hashwe:

1 pound lean ground beef or lamb

1 teaspoon cinnamon

Salt and freshly ground black pepper

1½ cups long-grain white rice

4½ tablespoons butter

3 cups chicken broth

¾ cup pine nuts (may substitute slivered almonds or cashews)



The author with her father at the family's kitchen table in the spring of 1998.

A Fitting Farewell

FATHER, From F1

pering "hello, honey" with their Arabic accents, and giving a kiss on each cheek.

One day when I went out for the mail, I found a loaf of banana bread in the mailbox. Our cousin Suaad rang the doorbell one quiet early evening and marched in with Tupperware containers of cookies, red Jell-O with whipped cream and freshly baked *fatayar*. The scent of these golden brown little triangles of dough filled with meat transported me to Sitto, my grandmother gone many years by then. I could see her pushing rosary beads through her fingers like worry beads, and praying, dear God, this should never happen.

There was so much food that our neighbors—Italians who know how to handle large quantities of anything—rented a refrigerator for our garage. Every shelf bulged with containers.

The showstopper in this procession was the largest ham I have ever seen. Uncle Fred baked the 28-pound hunk of meat in his own huge oven, slowly and with plenty of basting. For every major family event, from nuptials to burials, large cuts of meat are a typical Abood response. The bigger the emotion, the more enormous the cut of meat. Uncle Fred struggled as he hoisted the ham, covered in aluminum foil, onto our kitchen table, with the look of accomplishment behind the tears running down his cheeks.

My father's illness and death had brought about a kind of reconciliation among his brothers, who for years had a fractious and mercurial relationship. They had inherited their mother's passionate temperament, one that refused to be stifled in anger or in love. The brothers' success in their family law firm was the happy backdrop to the drama of their disputes, ending in an explosive dissolution of their partnership. In the weeks of his short illness, my father's two living brothers could not stay away. They came to our house with an outpouring of love—and food.

Faduh, Uncle Fred said, as he walked in. "Come to the table." He pulled back the foil, letting the savory scent fill the kitchen, and asked for a sharp knife. Slicing away the juicy pink pieces, he offered whoever stood or passed by a piece to sample, enumerating the steps one takes to perfect such a ham.

"You go to Goodrich's," he began, looking my sister Peggy right in the eye. "Goodrich will get you whatever cut of meat you want, and it will be the best.

"Then you have to get one of these foil baking pans. This makes

He seemed to be recalling the history of meals placed before him just like this one.

it easy to take to someone's house. No pan to retrieve.

"Pour your pineapple juice over top," he demonstrated this with an imaginary container of juice. "Every half-hour or so, you've got to baste it good with the juices. And, sweetheart, add some more when you see it getting low."

Uncle Dick, the youngest brother, came to my father's bedside again and again and sat for hours. He brought groceries, including

quantities of thick strip steaks from the butcher. My grandfather had been a butcher, and the Abood brothers knew and loved meat without apology. Their father taught them to grind the reddest, leanest lamb for raw kibbe, eaten in our family on all special occasions. Before we grilled Uncle Dick's steaks, he cut off a corner just as my father would have and ate it with a slice of onion. The raw meat was not unlike the brothers, and their sisters, too, in their approach to life: They must taste it raw, to be sure it's genuinely good.

Father's Day fell during the last week of my father's life. He was fighting the weakness caused by cancer but still wanted to eat with the family at the table. He asked for Lebanese chicken and *hashwe* for his Father's Day meal, a dish he knew would fill the house with the comforting scent of roasting chicken and the *hashwe's* buttery mixture of rice, toasted pine nuts and ground beef. We sat together to eat—my three brothers, my sister and me. My father came in on my mother's arm and sat at his place quietly, slowly. He looked over the table of steaming Sunday dinner and seemed to be recalling the history of meals placed before him just like this one.

That long, narrow cherry kitchen table and its chairs make up the one set of furniture in our house that never underwent a major facelift or replacement. The table has many leaves and stretches its thin muscles when we're all at home together. The chairs are bentwood, their cream paint chipped in places to reveal my mother's love of yellow years ago. You can fit eight easily around the table when it's not in full leaf, and you don't much notice the chairs. Their role is simply to hold up the family and the food.

Mom filled my father's plate with small portions of everything. He listened to us all talking and never did raise his fork to his mouth. After a short time, he whispered, in a most somber manner, that he needed to lie down again. We shared his sorrow in leaving the table. He would not sit with us at the table again.

Once he was settled on the couch, without speaking, we each took our plates into the family room and sat together, eating, around him.

Maureen Abood is a food writer living in Chicago. One of her favorite pastimes is cooking with her extended Lebanese family. She can be reached at aboodsfoods@aol.com.

MARKET WATCH 6/16

American Ginseng

This week's look at what's new, bountiful or mysterious in the produce aisles:

For more than 3,000 years, the root of the perennial herb ginseng has been a key element in traditional Asian medicine. But ginseng also finds its way into the kitchen.

There are two varieties; *panax*, or Asian ginseng, and *panax quinquefolius*, American ginseng. In Asian culture it's believed that Asian ginseng has a heating effect of *yang*, while American ginseng has a cooling effect of *yin*. The proper use of both is believed to bring balance. Dried American ginseng has been exported to China since the mid 1700s, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce.

The wide price range of fresh American ginseng, from \$20 to more than \$150 per pound, reflects the age of the plant and how and where it's grown. Native American ginseng grows naturally in mature hardwood forests of the eastern United States, from Maine to Alabama, and in the Midwest. Wild ginseng is a protected species that must be harvested, according to state rules approved by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. "Wild" ginseng is also the name given to plants grown by seeding forested areas. More than 400 landowners in Virginia grow wild ginseng, according to Andy Hankins, an extension specialist in alternative agriculture at the Virginia State University in Petersburg. Ten-year-old, woods-cultivated roots currently sell for approximately \$140 per pound.

The plant is also field-cultivated in a number of states. The leader is Wisconsin, particularly around Wausau, where there are more than 1,000 growers. The far less expensive fresh roots available at area Asian markets are field-grown American



BY JULIA EWAN—THE WASHINGTON POST

ginseng. We found beautiful, fresh roots at Super H Mart in Fairfax (10780 Lee Hwy; call 703-273-0570.)

HOW TO SELECT: Choose plump, firm, light-colored roots, avoiding darker shades and roots that are bruised, mushy or shriveled.

HOW TO STORE: Keep in a sealed plastic bag in the vegetable bin of the refrigerator for no more than 10 days.

HOW TO PREPARE: Ginseng has a slightly bitter taste that may not appeal to everyone. Its culinary uses are somewhat limited. With that said, boil sliced ginseng root alone or with fresh ginger for a tea. Flavor honey by adding a whole, steamed root to a honey bottle. For an herbal liquor, submerge a slender, whole fresh root in a bottle of vodka.

In China, a ginseng salad is made of seasoned, thinly sliced root that has been soaked in water overnight. A Korean favorite is *kyesamt'ang*—a Cornish game hen stuffed with sweet rice, dates, chestnuts and ginseng long-simmered in chicken broth.

—Walter Nicholls

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