



Recipe Corner

Homemade Marinara Sauce

Brenda planted two tomato plants...one the small cherry tomatoes and the other producing giants like the one above. I'm going to wash-blanch-peel and chop and then into freezer bags to be used for my Marinara sauce recipe. I was buying gallon cans of diced tomatoes but they have too many pieces that should have been tossed before canning.

To freeze: wash and cut away stem core. Cut any blemish too. Freeze on a cookie sheet and then place in freezer bags.

The recipe:

Olive oil and garlics bits into large pot. Cook the garlic (*it becomes sweeter with cooking*) and then tomatoes into the pot. Add sugar and Sweet Basil. I then use one of those hand held blender gadgets to puree the tomatoes. Add tomato paste to thicken it. Red wine helps bring out more flavor. Let it simmer for several hours but do not let it boil. The sauce can then be frozen in two cup sizes in freezer bags ready for pizza and many pasta recipes calling for Marinara sauce.

BTW: you don't make holy water by boiling hell out of it.



Dad Joke

THE FRANK REPORT

*All the news I see fit to print.
Freedom of the press belongs to those who own one.
8.25.2018*



Singer Stevie Wonder blamed Global Warming for the cancer that killed legendary soul singer Aretha Franklin.

In other news, slick salesman convinces blind person they should wear sunglasses.

April Ryan (*CNN White House "correspondent"...the chubby one in the middle row*) does not like Omarosa. She now claims that Omarosa started the N-word rumor to over shadow Aretha Franklin's death because Omarosa wasn't invited to Aretha Franklin's birthday party. I'm trying to figure out how April's brain works...the N-word stories a la Omarosa started about ten days BEFORE Aretha Franklin died...was Omarosa clairvoyant?



Let's give April some R-E-S-P-I-C-T?

Betcha a woman wrote this...

Women are like apples on trees. The best ones are at the top of the tree. Most men don't want to reach for the good ones because they are afraid of falling and getting hurt. Instead, they just take the rotten apples from the ground that aren't as good, but easy.

The apples at the top think something is wrong with them, when in reality, they're amazing. They just have to wait for the right man to come along, the one who's brave enough to climb all the way to the top of the tree.

Now Men....

Men are like a fine wine. They begin as grapes, and it's up to women to stomp the crap out of them until they turn into something acceptable to have dinner with.

Doesn't that just warm your heart?

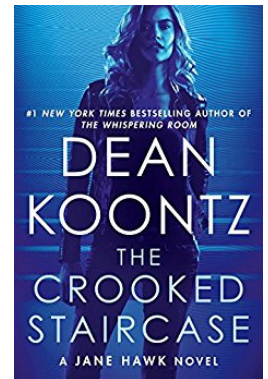
Bon Mots

***My day was going fine until 10am.
That's when I woke up.***



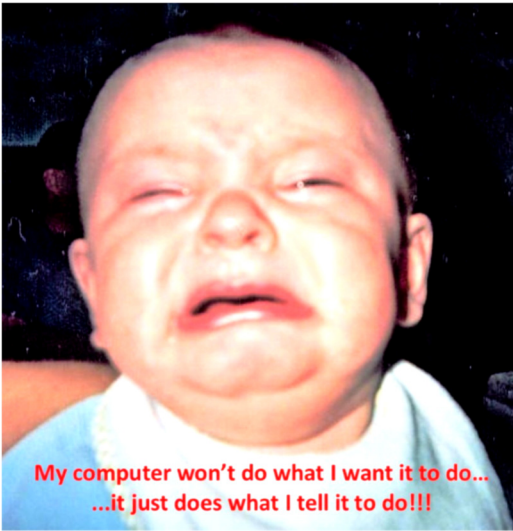
Book Report

My favorite spy novelist...Gabriel Allon hero of Israel secret service. Kim Philby's daughter becomes head of Mi6...whoa!



Koontz suckered me in for the third time! This is the third Jane Hawk thriller and it ends like those serial movies when I was a kid...cliffhangers so you have to buy the next one to find out what happens. So now I'm on the wait list at the library hoping I don't forget the story line...

-more-

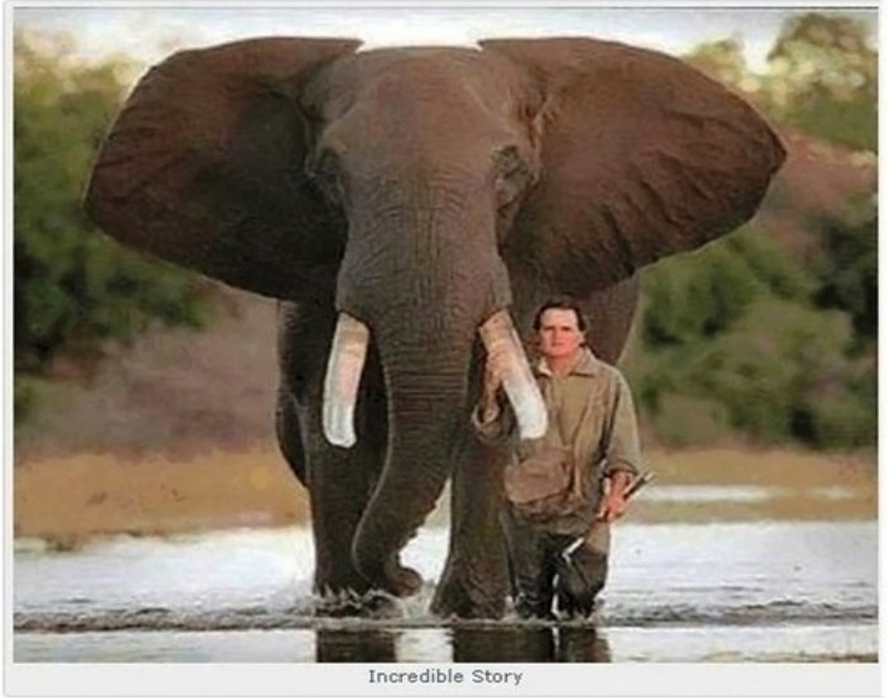


I'm still building my blog website. I've mastered the content aspects of the endeavor but am totally confused by the geek speak for the mechanics. Bought a book that helped up to the point where I wanted to provide navigation to the various sections of the website. Found some tutorials on the internet and almost lost the content when I followed the instructions. Hawk will try to teach me how to finish it and I'll let you know when it's legible. It's been comparable to fishing...enjoyable even though mosquitoes are biting you. I'm working on five major articles for the blog and the editor at whatfinger.com is urging me to finish so he can link to my blog from their website. Lord knows what going to happen when that happens. The kids will probably change their names. I'll probably have to holler for legal help from the Malone clan given the easily offended audience some of the articles are aimed at. Bob Mueller may also come calling. I'm not worried. Margaret has access to my bank accounts for bail money.

Nancy Pelosi's home town is finally addressing their problems:

San Francisco Public Works budget items:

- A \$72.5 million-a-year street cleaning budget
- \$12 million a year housekeeping services for homeless encampments
- \$2.8 million to wash down the camps and remove any biohazards
- \$2.3 million for street steam cleaners
- \$3.1 million for the Pit Stop portable toilets
- \$364,000 for a four-member needle team
- An additional \$700,000 set aside for a 10-member, needle cleanup squad
- The new \$830,977-a-year Poop Patrol to actively hunt down and clean up human waste. Poop patrollers earn \$71,760 a year, which swells to \$184,678 with mandated benefits.*



In 1986, Peter Davis was on holiday in Kenya after graduating from Victoria University.

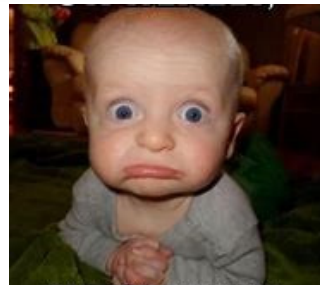
On a hike through the bush, he came across a young bull elephant standing with one leg raised in the air. The elephant seemed distressed, so Peter approached it very carefully.

He got down on one knee, inspected the elephant's foot, and found a large piece of wood deeply embedded in it. As carefully and as gently as he could, Peter worked the wood out with his knife, after which the elephant gingerly put down its foot. The elephant turned to face the man, and with a rather curious look on its face, stared at him for several tense moments. Peter stood frozen, thinking of nothing else but being trampled. Eventually the elephant trumpeted loudly, turned, and walked away. Peter never forgot that elephant or the events of that day.

Twenty years later, Peter was walking through the Chicago Zoo with his teenaged son. As they approached the elephant enclosure, one of the creatures turned and walked over to near where Peter and his son Cameron were standing. The large bull elephant stared at Peter, lifted its front foot off the ground, then put it down. The elephant did that several times then trumpeted loudly, all the while staring intently at him.

Remembering the encounter in 1986, Peter could not help wondering if this was the same elephant. Peter summoned up his courage, climbed over the railing, and made his way into the enclosure. He walked right up to the elephant and stared back in wonder. The elephant trumpeted again, wrapped its trunk around one of Peter's legs and slammed him against the railing, killing him instantly.

Probably wasn't the same elephant.



GPA/DAD/UNCLE/ETC

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