

LEGACY KITCHEN

Their recipes, our memories.



Foreword



There is a recipe I love, that instantly takes me back to my childhood. When I smell oxtail slowly braising in the oven, or simmering on the stove, and I am transported back to my nan's table as a young boy.

I remember feeling slightly overwhelmed by the meal, the soft & tender meat falling off the bone, all wrapped in a delicious sticky, rich sauce....a truly great dish.

Once I had finished my plate, and after second helpings, I would run into the living room and tuck into her big box of Quality Street and lay on the floor in front of the telly...full to the brim!

My Nan has been gone for decades now, but the smell & taste of that oxtail brings back so many memories of her with such clarity, every time.

This is one of the great things about making and sharing food. It brings us together and helps us create beautiful memories that can punctuate & pause our busy lives.

Food can be a source of comfort in moments of grief. As someone who has had to sadly deliver some seven eulogies for chef friends over the years, I have often reflected on the role that cooking and eating plays in life, in loss, and in legacy.

Whether it's a secret family recipe passed down through generations, or simply a signature dish that brings the heart a little closer to home, a recipe, jotted down on a scrap of paper, can take on new meaning when the person it reminds us of is gone. It becomes a keepsake, to be cherished, treasured, and enjoyed.

As a nation, we can sometimes struggle to talk about death; it is an uncomfortable topic for many of us, and even when we want to, it can be hard to find the right words. But it is important we do talk about it. Whether planning for our own passing, or grieving a recent loss, conversation almost always helps. Food can lower our guard, slow down busy brains, and make space for difficult but important conversations about mortality.

The twenty recipes in this book are all treasured by the amazing people who have shared their stories. Dishes that have been lovingly passed down, rescued, and recreated to keep cherished memories alive. They are a testament to the powerful connection between food and memory.

I hope reading this book brings some comfort and reflection to those who have lost someone dear to them, and I hope it inspires you to consider the dishes that matter most to you and to save them somewhere they can be easily found, for future generations to enjoy.

Matt Tebbutt.



Cooking was his passion.
His enthusiasm, creativity,
and inspiration continue
to guide me every time
I step into the kitchen.

Reena Patel

Losing our beloved dad to the devastating Covid pandemic was the hardest experience of my life. My heart was broken, and it felt as though my whole world had been turned upside down. Not a day goes by without thinking of him, but I hold tightly to the wonderful memories we shared and the love he gave so freely.

Although time has passed, the sense of loss remains. I miss our daily conversations, sharing recipe ideas, exchanging cooking tips, and simply hearing his voice. Dad was more than a father to me. He was my friend, my mentor, and, as I always liked to remind my siblings, I was undoubtedly his favourite child.

It is a true privilege to carry on his culinary legacy. Following in his footsteps by cooking for family and friends allows me to celebrate his life in the way he would have loved most - bringing people together through food. Cooking was his passion. His enthusiasm, creativity, and inspiration continue to guide me every time I step into the kitchen.

As we gather around the table and enjoy the recipes he cherished, we honour his memory and remember his warm smile, generous spirit, and the joy he found in sharing food with those he loved.

Forever my dad. Forever my hero. Forever my friend. And forever his favourite.

Jayanti's Meat Samosas

Jayanti's homemade meat samosas were a much-loved family favourite, enjoyed by friends and relatives from around the world. They held a special place in the hearts of his grandchildren in the UK, and today, his daughter Reena lovingly carries on his treasured recipe, making them for special occasions and family gatherings, and keeping his memory and legacy alive.

INGREDIENTS

- 500g minced lamb
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 tsp fresh ginger, grated
- 2 green chilli, finely chopped
- 1 tsp cumin seeds
- 1 tsp ground coriander
- 1 tsp garam masala
- 1 tsp salt
- Handful of fresh coriander, finely chopped
- 1 tbsp vegetable oil
- Samosa Pastry Sheets
- 2 tbsp plain flour mixed with 3 tbsp water to form a paste
- Sunflower oil for deep frying

for sealing
(For cooking)

METHOD

Get started by adding a large frying pan to medium heat with one tablespoon of oil.

Once the oil is hot, add the cumin seeds and let them cook for around 30 seconds, until nice and fragrant. Then, add the onion and cook until softened and lightly golden.

Stir in the garlic, ginger and chilli, then add the minced meat, breaking it down with a wooden spoon. Let it cook until nicely browned.

Then, add the ground coriander, garam masala and salt, mixing everything together. Cook for a further 5–10 minutes, until the meat is fully cooked and any excess moisture has evaporated. Stir through the fresh coriander, then take off the heat and leave the filling to cool completely.

Once cooled, take a sheet of samosa pastry and fold it into a triangle shape. Add 1–2 tablespoons of the meat filling, then fold and seal the top edge firmly to keep everything tucked inside. Repeat with the remaining pastry and filling.

Heat the oil in a deep pan to 170°C. Once hot, carefully add the samosas in batches and fry for 6–8 minutes, until golden brown and crisp.

Remove from the oil, drain on kitchen paper, then serve while hot and crispy.



Dave loved every part of cooking – the preparation, the aromas, and most of all, seeing people enjoy the food he'd lovingly prepared, even though he couldn't eat it.



Doug Richardson

Dave was my brother in law and was loved by his many friends and community. He was a special man in so many ways. Our wives are twins and not surprisingly, we became very close. He died in 2023, having battled neck cancer – a cruel blow, given that he loved preparing, cooking, serving and eating food.

This particular memory is from 2019, when Dave and I spent Christmas together when he was unable to go on the big family holiday we'd all planned. One photograph shows the Christmas dinner he prepared just for me. He was unable to eat, and had to

peg-feed. His attention to detail was always incredible, but it's the little things scattered around the table that say so much about him and our relationship - the food, the glass of wine, the guitar capo, the Beatles coaster and the Band of Brothers box set we watched together then. To me it represents not just that special Christmas, but also our whole relationship over 40 years and our shared interests.

He loved every part of cooking – the preparation, the aromas, and most of all, seeing people enjoy the food he'd lovingly prepared, even though he couldn't eat it.

Caprese-style Bruschetta

This recipe reminds me of Christmas 2019, when Dave and I spent two very special weeks together. He made the Bruschetta one memorable night when a couple of friends came round to eat, drink, play cards and play guitar. Some of it was captured on video - what a night!

INGREDIENTS

- 500g small vine tomatoes
- 2 garlic cloves, peeled and halved
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 tablespoon oil
- 1 tablespoon balsamic vinegar
- 1 bunch fresh basil, half finely torn, the other half left as whole leaves
- 1 ciabatta loaf, sliced 2cm thick
- 50g Parmesan cheese shavings
- 1 mozzarella ball, thinly sliced
- Salt and pepper

mixed colours if you like, chopped into small pieces

METHOD

Mix the chopped tomatoes in a bowl with the 2 tablespoons of olive oil, balsamic vinegar and a handful of the torn basil. Season with salt and pepper, cover, then pop in the fridge until you're ready to assemble the bruschetta.

Next, drizzle the remaining olive oil over both sides of the ciabatta slices and lightly char them in a griddle pan. If you don't have a griddle pan you can toast them in a hot oven instead.

Once the bread is toasted, rub the cut side of the garlic over each slice to give it plenty of flavour.

Spoon the marinated tomatoes generously over the toasted ciabatta, then add shavings of Parmesan and a slice of mozzarella.

Finish each one with a fresh basil leaf, then serve.



A photograph of a woman and three children walking a large, shaggy dog on a paved path. The woman, with blonde hair and wearing a white polo shirt, is smiling and holding the dog's leash. A young boy in a blue t-shirt and red shorts stands next to her, also holding the leash. To the left, a young girl in a pink dress is looking towards the camera. To the right, another young girl in a pink long-sleeved shirt and white pants is walking. The path is bordered by a stone wall and lush greenery. In the background, a valley with rolling hills and fields is visible under a cloudy sky. A large tree is on the left side of the path.

Sometimes I feel closest
to her when I'm drinking
a glass of wine, paying a
bill or cooking.

5.3.1974

Elizabeth Connick

I lost my gorgeous mum when I was fourteen years old. She was a total warrior, my best mate and a truly superb parent. I'm biased, of course, but she was genuinely one of those people who could light up any room she walked into.

Mum struggled with depression in her adult life, and after a very unfortunate cancer diagnosis, she wasn't able to keep fighting the demons in her head. We lost her without any warning, which meant there was so much we never got the chance to prepare for, or do together as I got older.

I was very lucky that Mum was at home for most of my childhood, working sporadically, so we had dinner together every weeknight. She was a good 'get the job done' cook. I don't know if she particularly loved cooking, but she loved mealtimes. She loved chatting over food, laughing over food. The kitchen table was a really important place in our house, and she always had a sense of humour in the kitchen.

Having lost her so young, memories of Mum tend to flood in at unexpected

moments now I'm an adult. Sometimes I feel closest to her when I'm drinking a glass of wine, paying a bill or cooking – all those completely ordinary things she would have done all the time, but that I never had the chance to do alongside her as an adult.

Years ago, I was craving beans on toast, but wanted something with a bit more substance. Then I suddenly remembered this thing Mum used to make when I was little: Boston Beans, really, but with whatever she had lying around thrown into the pot.

By then I'd developed my own cooking prowess, if I do say so myself, so I made a slightly fancier version. When I opened the oven later, the smell totally broke me.

I was straight back in Mum's kitchen at ten years old, looking at the bubbling beans and her smiling face, knowing she'd made something a little naughty, a little messy, but completely delicious.

That was when I realised how transportive smells can be. Cooking became a little portal back to her. So now, if I want to feel close to Mum, there's always Boston Beans.

Mum's Boston Beans

Mum was a brilliant 'get the job done' cook, and these Boston Beans capture her perfectly: comforting, unfussy and made with whatever was around. Years after losing her, one mouthful took me straight back to our kitchen table, reminding me just how powerfully food can hold a memory.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 tins Heinz Baked Beans
- ½ onion, finely diced
- 2–3 garlic cloves, minced *or as many as you like :)*
- Bacon
- English mustard
- Ketchup
- Worcestershire sauce
- Tabasco
- Salt and pepper
- Toast, to serve

SWAP OUT

Toast	Soft rolls
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METHOD

Add the bacon to a large oven-proof pot and fry until golden and a little crisp. Remove from the pan and set aside, leaving all that lovely bacon fat behind.

Turn the heat down low, then add the onion and garlic, stirring regularly until softened and making sure they don't catch.

Tip in the baked beans, then add a good dollop of mustard and ketchup, along with a splash of Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco. Give everything a good stir.

Chop the bacon into small pieces and add it back to the pot, then leave everything to cook gently for another 10 minutes or so, until the beans are nice and thick.

Season to taste, then serve over a slice of toast, or with a soft roll for dipping.



I've realised just how much
her influence has shaped
the way I cook. She loved food
from all over the world, but
was also completely in tune
with the seasons.



Vicky Lisham-Peat

I lost my mum, Janine, in 2023, just a few weeks after she was diagnosed with an incurable brain tumour. As a family, we were never very openly affectionate – like many British families, we knew we loved each other, so saw little reason to make a song and dance about it. Mum showed her love through food instead.

She would make cakes for special occasions, fill my freezer with home-cooked meals before maternity leave, and make birthday scones in the shape of your name and age, even well into our thirties. Since she's been gone, I've realised just how much her influence has shaped the way I cook. She loved food from all over the world, but was also completely in tune with the seasons. It feels like innate knowledge to me now that March means nettle soup, June means elderflower cordial and August means bramble jelly.

This cake came from a holiday Mum and I took to Madeira. She tried Bolo de Mel, loved it, and found a very vague recipe

in a gift shop cookbook. Back home, she adapted it, replacing the animal fat and local cane syrup with vegetarian ingredients we could actually get hold of in the UK.

My favourite memory of her making it is of Mum and her then three-year-old grandchild standing outside in the garden, mixing enormous quantities of treacle in an equally enormous bowl. She later rang me to confess she'd eaten quite a lot of the raw mixture while sitting at traffic lights. The image of her spooning cake mix from a bowl on the passenger seat still really tickles me.

It's a four-day process and takes a lot of bicep power, so while Mum was alive, I left it entirely to her. After she died, I used her handwritten notes and that vague cookbook recipe to piece together the finished version.

Now, making "Grandma cake" every year feels like a way of carrying on what mattered so much to Mum: sharing food with the people she loved.

Janine's Spiced Madeira Cake

This rich, darkly spiced Madeira cake began with a Bolo de Mel Mum discovered on a holiday we took there together. She loved it enough to bring the recipe home and adapt it herself. Now known in our family as "Grandma cake", making it each year has become a very special ritual.

INGREDIENTS

Day 1

- 200g white bread flour
- 12g dried active yeast
- 250g plain flour

Day 2

- 1,750g plain flour
- 800g caster sugar
- 600g vegetable shortening (I use Trex brand)
- 400g butter or vegan butter
- 20g fennel seeds, ground in a mortar
- 50g cinnamon
- 10g ground cloves
- 10g ground nutmeg
- 5g ground allspice
- 250g walnuts, almonds or a mix, roughly chopped
- 250g sultanas
- 50g mixed peel
- 4 tbsp bicarbonate of soda
- 1 kg black treacle
- 375 ml red wine, or an alcohol-free alternative, or 250ml sweet madeira wine
- 4 oranges

METHOD

Day 1

Combine the white bread flour with 2g of the yeast and enough water to form a dough. Knead for about 5 minutes, until smooth.

Add 250g plain flour, the remaining yeast and about 150ml warm water, adding a little more if the dough is too dry to

work with. The dough should be quite tight and floury.

Wrap in a clean muslin cloth, place in a bowl and cover with clingfilm to prevent it drying out. Leave overnight at room temperature.

Day 2

This is mixing day. As there are a lot of ingredients, it helps to have everything measured out before you begin.

Mix the nuts, spices and dried fruit in a large bowl. Set aside.

Gently heat the treacle, butter and vegetable fat in a large saucepan, stirring until melted together. Set aside.

Dissolve the bicarbonate of soda in the wine. Set aside.

Zest and juice the oranges. Set aside.

Place the 1,750g flour and sugar in a very large bowl or bucket. Make a well in the centre, add the fermented dough and knead until it is evenly distributed through the flour. The mixture does not need to become completely smooth.

Gradually add the melted treacle, butter and vegetable fat mixture, stirring as you go.

Add the fruit, nuts and spices, followed by the wine mixture, orange zest and juice.

Mix thoroughly with your hands for at least 5 minutes, until the mixture begins to come away from the sides of the bowl rather than sticking to them.

Cover the bucket with its lid, or tightly with clingfilm and a muslin cloth, and leave in a warm place to ferment until Day 4.

Day 3

Leave the mixture to rest.

Day 4

Preheat the oven to 160°C (150°C fan).

Fill as many foil flan tins as will fit in the oven at once, pressing the mixture firmly into the corners. If you like, decorate the tops with extra almonds or walnuts.

Bake for 30–35 minutes, until firm to the touch. Repeat with the remaining mixture. This quantity makes around 16 cakes.

Enjoy with a well-earned cup of coffee.



It was very different to being at home, where I was never really allowed in the kitchen as a child. Gran brought cooking alive for me, and I still have a fascination for old-style cooking, baking and traditional recipes.



Lynne Adams

I lived with my gran on and off because of my mum's health, and we had a very special bond. I don't seem to have many photos of the two of us together, but I have one of her with my mum and sister from a lovely day we spent together before she passed.

Gran loved cooking and had so much patience when it came to showing me how to bake and cook. Everything was made from scratch, and from a young age she made sure I was part of the process. She would lift me onto a stool and let me measure and stir, always saying, "Watch and one day you will be creating."

It was very different to being at home,

where I was never really allowed in the kitchen as a child. Gran brought cooking alive for me, and I still have a fascination for old-style cooking, baking and traditional recipes.

I use many of her classics today, including shepherd's pie, shortbread and, of course, bubble and squeak. She used to make it as one big pan dish, while I tend to make individual portions, but I've kept her basic recipe the same.

Nothing ever tastes quite the way Gran made it. Even now, if a recipe goes wrong, I still find myself thinking: what would my gran do?

Gran's Bubble & Squeak

Bubble and squeak was one of my gran's classics, and somehow always my favourite. She made hers simply, as a one-pan dish, whereas I sometimes add an egg or a little cheese – something I know she would have considered very extravagant. Even now, I still make it using her basic recipe.

INGREDIENTS

- 1lb mashed potatoes (around 2 cups)
- Leftover vegetables
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 tbsp of Lard
- Plenty of salt

Vegetables such as cabbage, peas, cooked swede and carrots

METHOD

Melt the lard in a large frying pan, then add the onion and fry for around three minutes, until browned.

Add the mashed potatoes and leftover vegetables, then mix everything together well.

Fry for around ten minutes, keeping everything moving and turning regularly so it browns evenly, but be careful not to let it burn.

Once nicely browned all over, give the mixture one final press down into the pan.

Cook for another minute, then turn out and serve.



A photograph of a man and a woman standing outdoors on a sunny day. The man in the foreground is wearing a black t-shirt with 'NORTH FACE' printed on it and large, reflective sunglasses. The woman behind him is wearing a white t-shirt with 'CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES PARIS' printed on it and dark sunglasses. A red cup is visible between them. The background shows a paved path, greenery, and a street lamp, with bright sunlight creating a lens flare effect.

Through everything,
Soph never complained,
was never down and never
gave up. I have never seen
resilience like it.

Edd Wilson

I met Sophie while I was living in Bournemouth and studying in my final year at Bournemouth University. When I moved back to Wiltshire, I would travel down most weekends and head back for work on the Monday. Eventually, we moved into a little house in Bournemouth together.

Five years before she died, Sophie was diagnosed with potentially cancerous cells on one of her ovaries. The following year, she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. Over the years that followed, she went through IVF, further surgery and, later, a hysterectomy after being diagnosed with womb cancer.

In August 2024, the cancer returned in multiple places. Through everything, Sophie never complained, was never down and never gave up. I have never seen resilience like it. Even when she was incredibly unwell, she was still thinking of everyone else – reminding me about birthdays and appointments, asking me to check in on friends and making sure I was okay.

On Wednesday 6 November, I got engaged to the most perfect girl. On Monday 11 November, I had the honour of marrying her by her bedside at Poole Hospital. Later that day, my beautiful wife lost her battle with cancer.

We talked about our relationship over the previous nine years, thanking each other for the memories we'd made and everything we'd been through together. We spoke about what might come next, and agreed that whatever it might be, when my time comes, we'll find each other again.

She said something that still breaks my heart to this day: "If you find someone else, don't hold back." I couldn't, and still can't, comprehend how someone so unwell, facing the scariest thing any human being can experience, could still be thinking about me.

I held her hand and every few minutes gave it a gentle squeeze and told her I loved her. She squeezed my hand back every time, right up until the end.

Sophie's Thai Green Chicken Curry

Thai green chicken curry was one of mine and Soph's favourite dishes from Sakuna Thai in Poole, our go-to restaurant for birthdays, anniversaries or eating out locally. When the lockdowns hit, we wanted to make our favourite dish at home, and Soph perfected this version using ingredients from a local Thai grocer.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 tbsp vegetable oil
- 3–4 tbsp green Thai curry paste
- 1 x 400ml can coconut milk
- 450g chicken breast or thigh, thinly sliced
- 1 cup aubergine, cut into bite-sized cubes
- 1 red bell pepper, thinly sliced
- 1 cup green beans or snow peas
- 1 tbsp fish sauce
- 1 tsp brown sugar or palm sugar
- 4–5 kaffir lime leaves*
- ½ cup fresh basil leaves (Thai basil preferred)
- 1–2 fresh green chillies, sliced*
- Cooked jasmine rice, to serve

~ (Thai aubergine if available)

*These are optional

METHOD

Get started by heating the vegetable oil in a large wok or deep frying pan over a medium heat. Add the green curry paste and cook for 1–2 minutes, stirring until fragrant.

Pour in half of the coconut milk and give everything a good stir. Let it simmer gently for 2–3 minutes, until smooth and aromatic.

Add the sliced chicken and cook for 3–5 minutes, stirring so every piece gets nicely coated in the sauce.

Pour in the remaining coconut milk, then add the aubergine, red pepper, green beans and kaffir lime leaves, if using. Bring everything to a gentle simmer and cook for 10–15 minutes, until the vegetables are tender and the chicken is cooked through.

Stir in the fish sauce and sugar, then have a taste and adjust the seasoning if needed.

Take the pan off the heat and stir through the basil and sliced chillies. Leave for a minute or so to let the basil wilt, then serve with plenty of steamed jasmine rice.





Even though she is always in
our hearts and minds, every
time we serve this pudding
it feels like she is, and will
always be, still part of our
family gatherings.

Louise Menedinca

Every Saturday, without fail, our big family would gather at Nan's house for a buffet, finished off with her famous trifle for pudding. It became such a fixture in our family that as my mum grew older, she started making it herself, carrying the tradition forward for her children. Now that I have children, I make this recipe for them, too.

My Nan was beautiful, inside and out, and I was lucky enough to be incredibly close to her, spending countless hours in her company over the years. One of my most treasured memories is a trip away to Anglesey we took in 2023. We spent a few special days together, before she began

to grow frailer with age. Nan sadly passed away in 2025, and not a day goes by that I don't think of her.

Now that I have children of my own, I have carried on the tradition of making the trifle for family gatherings. Making it now feels like more than just preparing a pudding. It's a way of honouring Nan's memory, and how much she gave to make sure her family was well looked after.

Even though she is always in our hearts and minds, every time we serve this pudding it feels like she is, and will always be, still part of our family gatherings.

Nan's Legendary Trifle

Every Saturday, Nan would host the whole family over at her house for a buffet, finished off with her legendary trifle for dessert. This simple, layered classic has been passed down through three generations, from Nan, to my mum, and now me and my children.

INGREDIENTS

- 190g strawberry Swiss roll
- 135g strawberry jelly
- 1 tin mixed fruit cocktail
- 1 packet Bird's Dream Topping
- 1 packet Bird's instant custard powder
- 3 Cadbury Flake bars

Yummy! :)

METHOD

Start with the jelly – make it up according to the packet instructions, using a cubed jelly rather than a powdered or crystal version.

— Grab a glass bowl and line the bottom with slices of Swiss roll.

*this is the base
for your trifle.*

Next, drain the tin of mixed fruit cocktail and scatter it over the Swiss roll. Pour the made-up jelly over the top, making sure it covers the fruit and cake, then pop the bowl in the fridge until the jelly has completely set.

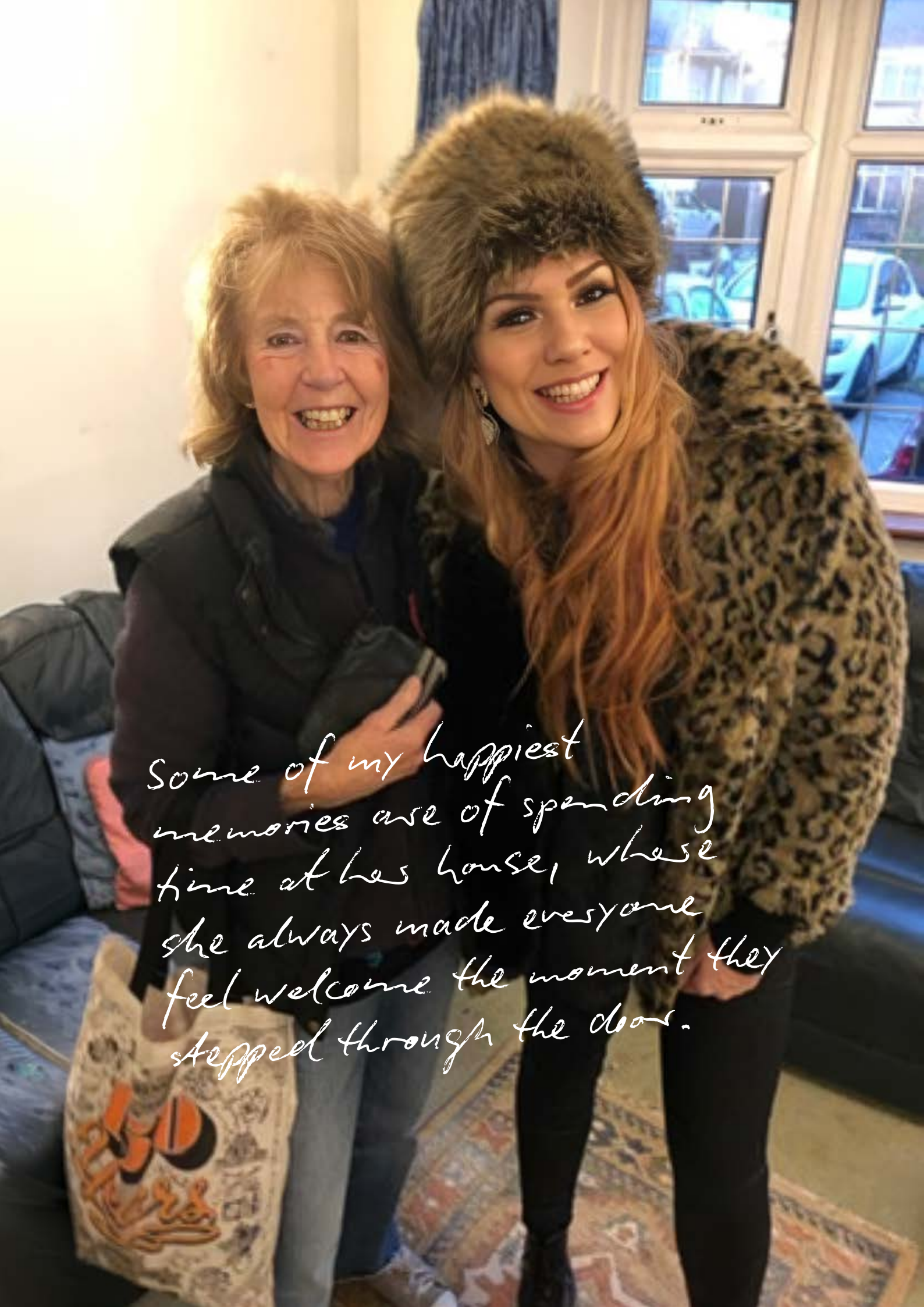
Once set, make the custard following packet instructions. Leave it to cool slightly, but not completely, as you still want it to be easy to pour. Pour a generous layer over the set jelly, giving the bowl a gentle nudge so the custard settles evenly, then return to the fridge and leave to cool and set.

While you wait, whip the Dream Topping according to packet instructions, then spread it evenly over the top.

Finish with a generous scattering of broken Flake.

Cover and chill in the fridge for a few hours, or overnight, then serve it up chilled.





Some of my happiest
memories are of spending
time at her house, where
she always made everyone
feel welcome the moment they
stepped through the door.

Nicola Frapwell

My Grandma meant the world to me. She was such a caring, loving person and played a huge part in my childhood. Some of my happiest memories are of spending time at her house, where she always made everyone feel welcome the moment they stepped through the door.

One of my favourite memories is helping her in the kitchen while she cooked. She never rushed, and everything was made from the heart. Food was her way of bringing the family together, and sitting around the dinner table, eating her homemade meals, is a memory I'll always treasure.

Her spaghetti Bolognese was everyone's favourite, and it became a

tradition whenever we visited – the smell of chorizo and red wine cooking always takes me straight back to being at her house. It's one of my favourite recipes because it keeps these moments alive.

Since my Grandma passed away, it has become more than just a recipe; it's a connection to her. Every time I make it, it transports me to her kitchen, the smell of it cooking, and the love she put into every meal. It's a recipe that has been passed down through the family, and making it keeps her memory alive. I hope to continue sharing it with future generations, so they'll always have a little piece of her too.

Grandma's Spaghetti Bolognese

My Grandma always made the best spaghetti Bolognese. It wasn't your usual 'Spag Bol' as she always added chorizo and red wine, and I've never found one that tastes quite the same. It's one of those meals that always reminds me of home and family.

Good colour on the mince adds loads of flavour.

INGREDIENTS

- 500g beef mince
- 150g chorizo, sliced
- 1 onion
- 2 garlic cloves
- 2 carrots
- 2 tins chopped tomatoes
- 2 tbsp tomato puree
- 200 ml red wine
- 1 beef stock cube
- Mixed herbs
- Salt and pepper
- Parmesan, to serve

METHOD

Get started by adding a large pan to high heat.

While that heats up, chop the onion, crush the garlic cloves and dice the carrots. Once the pan is hot, add the chorizo, cooking until it releases its oils. Then, add the onion, garlic and carrots, and let them soften for a couple of minutes.

Then, add the beef mince, breaking it down with a wooden spoon, and let it cook until nice and brown.

Stir in the tomato puree, then pour the red wine, and bring to a simmer.

Once it has reduced slightly, add the chopped tomatoes straight from the tin, and the stock cube. Season to taste with mixed herbs, salt and pepper, then lower the heat and let it simmer for one hour.

Cook your spaghetti according to packet instructions, drain and split between bowls. Add the beef mince on top, with a grating of parmesan, then serve.

Be generous with the parmesan!





Bread pudding is one of the
treasured handwritten recipes
I have from Mum. It was
inexpensive to make, but
never lacking in love, and
it filled us up whenever we
were craving some pudding.

Helen Coombs

Mum was a lovely, gentle soul, and her presence was larger than life. Looking after a family of five, she was a great feeder, too.

It wasn't until I was ten years old that I found out I was adopted at six weeks old, receiving all the paperwork to go with it. Mum always said I was a scrawny baby, and that she had made up for it ever since by feeding me too much.

Every evening, our family of five would gather around the table, eating dinner and pudding together. I remember getting the giggles when my brother set me off, time and again, until I was sent away from the table to finish my food in peace. Looking back, we still laugh about it now.

One of my favourite memories is of Christmas time, when Mum would decorate oranges with cloves, and there were always satsumas tucked into the bottom of our stockings, without fail.

Bread pudding is one of the treasured handwritten recipes I have from Mum. It was inexpensive to make, but never lacking in love, and it filled us up whenever we were craving some pudding.

These days, I sometimes swap the fruit for dark chocolate, which is better for the heart, but the memory of Mum, and the table full of laughter, stays exactly the same.

Mum's Bread Pudding

Mum was a wonderful feeder, and bread pudding was her way of making something filling and delicious out of leftover loaves. The recipe is inexpensive to make, but packs a lot of flavour and comfort. It was a firm favourite among our family of five.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 loaf of bread
- 2 eggs
- 4 tbsp sugar
- 2 tsp mixed spice
- 226g mixed fruit
- 1/2 pint of milk
- Brown or white sugar for the topping
- Butter, for greasing

SWAP OUT

Sugar for the topping	Orange marmalade
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METHOD

Make sure the large oven-safe dish is big enough to take all the bread pudding.

Pre-heat the oven to 180°C and grease a large oven-safe dish.

Warm the milk gently, then pour into a bowl, soaking the bread in the milk until it turns nice and soft.

Beat the eggs, then mix in the sugar and mixed spice; once incorporated, pour into the bread and milk mixture.

Stir through the mixed fruit and toss everything together until well combined – don't worry about being too precise with the fruit; if the mixture needs a little more, just add it.

Tip everything into the greased dish and pop it in the oven for 35 minutes

When it's nearly done, top with your choice of white or brown sugar, or a brushing of orange marmalade, then pop back in until the top turns lovely and crunchy.



Every visit to India
still meant an
invitation to sit down
and enjoy
has Kusat,
keeping both
the recipe and
the memories close.



Naazish Chouglay

I was born in India, in the city once known as Poona, now Pune. My mum was one of ten siblings, and every summer our whole family would gather at our ancestral home in Bhiwandi. It was a house full of laughter, cousins running between rooms, and the scent of spices drifting from the kitchen. They remain some of my happiest memories.

Kubat was my Aunt Ruqayya's signature dish, and no holiday at her home felt complete without it, alongside her equally beloved Jhinga. She lived on the top floor of our three-storey house, and whenever I returned to India after moving to the UK at twenty-four, one lunch with

her was always non-negotiable. I'd ask for Kubat and Jhinga every single time, and she never once let me down.

Sadly, Ruqayya Mami passed away a few years ago. But her daughter-in-law, Nazneen, had learnt the recipe exactly as she made it, and lovingly kept the tradition alive. Every visit to India still meant an invitation to sit down and enjoy her Kubat, keeping both the recipe and the memories close. Two years ago, we finally decided it was time to write it all down, so this treasured family recipe could be preserved for generations to come. I'm delighted to finally share it with you.

Aunt Ruqayya's Kubat & Jhinga

No summer holiday in Bhiwandi, India, felt complete without Aunt Ruqayya's Kubat and Jhinga at her home. This fragrant prawn and mango curry, simmered in coconut milk, was her signature dish, which filled our ancestral home with warmth, and the comforting feeling of our family gathered close.

INGREDIENTS

- 250g peeled prawns
- 1 kayri (raw mango) — *peeled and quartered*
- 2 tins of 400ml coconut milk
- ½ tsp haldi (turmeric)
- 4 tbsp rice flour
- 3 eggs (optional)
- 1 green chilli
- Coriander, chopped
- Salt

METHOD

In a pan, combine the prawns, raw mango, turmeric, salt and 2 cups of the watery liquid at the bottom of your coconut milk tins. Bring to a gentle simmer and let it bubble away for ten to 15 minutes.

Combine the rice flour with a touch of water to create a paste, then add to the pan and bring to a simmer.

Pour in the thick cream from your coconut milk tins, add the green chilli, sliced in half, along with a tablespoon of roughly chopped coriander.

Leave everything to simmer for one final boil, then take the pan off the heat.

*Season to taste before
serving warm.*



Grandpa was a quiet man,
but very friendly and
welcoming, making me
feel right at home.



Parvinder Kaur

One of my most treasured memories is of visiting my Grandad in India, while visiting my Mum's side of the family. He was a quiet man, but very friendly and welcoming, making me feel right at home.

I remember watching him cook his signature orange dahl for the whole family, a soup-like lentil curry that felt comforting and delicious.

Years have passed, and my Grandad is no longer with us, but his memory carries on through this recipe. My Mum kept it and eventually passed it on to me. Every time I make it, I think of Grandad, cooking for us during those hot summer days in India.

Grandad's Orange Dahl

This bowl of orange dahl brings back memories of hot summer holidays spent in India, when my grandfather would cook for the whole family. Known in our family as “quick dahl” for its twenty-minute cook time, this recipe never disappoints, whether it’s cooking for unexpected guests, or seeking comforting flavours.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup orange split lentils (masoor dal)
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 green chillies
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp turmeric
- 1 tsp crushed chilli flakes
- 1 tsp garam masala
- 1 slice unsalted butter
- 1 small piece of fresh chopped ginger
- A handful of fresh tomatoes or a dollop of canned tomatoes
- A sprinkle of dried fenugreek leaves (methi), optional
- Fresh coriander, to garnish
- Rice or naan, to serve

SWAP OUT

Fresh tomatoes	Dollop of canned tomatoes
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METHOD

Fill a small pan with water, about half full, and bring to a boil.

In a separate bowl, wash the lentils in cold water and rinse several times, until the water turns clear.

Once the water has boiled, add the lentils to the pan, then turn the heat down low.

Stir in the salt, turmeric, chilli flakes and garam masala, as well as the fenugreek leaves, if you have some.

In a separate frying pan on high heat, gently fry the onion until golden brown, then add your tomatoes or a generous dollop of tomato puree. Mix well to combine and let it cook down slightly. *Stir often!*

Add the onion and tomato mixture to the lentils, along with the ginger, green chillies and slice of butter, which will help give the dahl its rich, creamy texture.

Take the pan off the heat, scatter over fresh coriander and serve hot, with rice or naan.



It dawned on me,
as I sifted through
the book, that so many
of the recipes had been
passed to my Grandma
from friends, colleagues,
neighbours and sisters.



Beth Chamberlain

My Grandma Shirley was born on 10 September 1933, the middle of three sisters. She spent her working life as a teacher in Barnsley, and was quietly determined, generous, and armed with a dry sense of humour.

Some of my fondest childhood memories are of being at Grandma and Grandpa's house. After collecting me from primary school, we would walk back through the village, then me and my older brother would be served a selection of snacks while we watched Deal or No Deal, Come Dine with Me and then The Simpsons. I can still see the floral acrylic tray they were presented on and the amber tempered tumblers, which I kept after she died in 2022.

Of all her baked goods, the lemon drizzle cake stands out the most: fluffy,

citrusy, perfectly crusted on top. But when I searched for it in her well-loved recipe book, it came to my attention that what in my eyes was Grandma's famous lemon drizzle cake wasn't her recipe at all. Written on a strip of white card, the title simply reads: "Pam's lemon cake". Pam is her younger sister.

It dawned on me, as I sifted through the book, that so many of the recipes had been passed to my Grandma from friends, colleagues, neighbours and sisters. A quiet archive of female friendships, the urge to share knowledge, swap things and, in this case, pass on food that had been made and perfected with love.

Now, whenever I make this lemon cake, I get a real sense of closeness to my Grandma and am reminded of our time together. It makes me want to write things down for my girlfriends, too.

Shirley & Pam's Lemon Drizzle Cake

There are a few baked goods that come to mind when I think of Grandma, but her lemon drizzle cake stands out more than any other. The wait for the lemon and icing sugar glaze to set was torturous. Whenever I make this now, I feel a real closeness to Grandma.

INGREDIENTS

- 6 ounces of butter
- 6 ounces sugar
- 6 ounces self raising flour
- 2 eggs
- Milk, added till texture seems correct

METHOD

Preheat the oven to 160°C.

In a bowl or stand mixer, cream the butter and sugar together until pale and fluffy.

Bit by bit, sift in the flour and beat in the eggs; mixing the milk in with the eggs makes this easier.

Continue mixing until all of the ingredients have combined, then pour into a loaf tin (non-negotiable) and pop it in the oven until golden and a little bit domed.

Let it cool in the tin for ten minutes, then prick all over with a skewer and pour over the warm lemon juice and sugar syrup. *Lots of holes!*

Once completely cool, drizzle the icing sugar over in horizontal zig-zags.

PS: If it drips down the sides, don't worry - it's rustic, not messy.



I remember the delicious, rich, meaty smell filling the house, and feeling quite overwhelmed by the meal in front of me, this big tender meat falling right off. After clearing my plate, I'd sit in her living room and tick into a big, colourful tin of Quality Street.



Matt Tebbutt

Growing up, every time we visited my grandmother's house, she would treat the family to her signature slow-cooked oxtail dish. I remember the delicious, rich, meaty smell filling the house, and feeling quite overwhelmed by the meal in front of me, this big bone with tender meat falling right off. After clearing my plate, I'd sit in her living room and tuck into a big, colourful tin of Quality Street.

My grandmother was not a trained chef, nor did she know she was training one. When she passed away while I was at

university, she left me a little bit of money as part of her will. I could have spent it on anything. Instead, I used it to come to London, buy a Vespa, and enrol in culinary school – a decision that ended up changing the trajectory of my entire life completely.

In the decades that have passed since I was a little child in grandma's kitchen, I have revisited her recipe and made my own adjustments. Whenever I cook this dish, the smell and aroma take me straight back to my grandmother's house. It brings me so much comfort every time.

Grandma's Oxtail

This oxtail recipe takes me straight back to my grandmother's kitchen table as a child, completely fascinated by the sheer size of the meal in front of me. I have made slight adjustment to the original recipe since, but the smell still takes me right back to grandma's house.

INGREDIENTS

- 3-4 kg jointed oxtails
- 250g streaky bacon cut into pieces
- 4 sliced onions
- 3 peeled and sliced carrots
- 3 sticks of diced celery*
- 2 head of garlic, cut through middle*
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 small bunch of thyme
- 1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce
- Parsley stalks
- 1/2 tsp mace
- 800ml beef stock
- 300ml red wine*
- 2 tbsp tomato purée*
- 400g tinned tomatoes*

** Denotes my updates from the original recipe*

METHOD

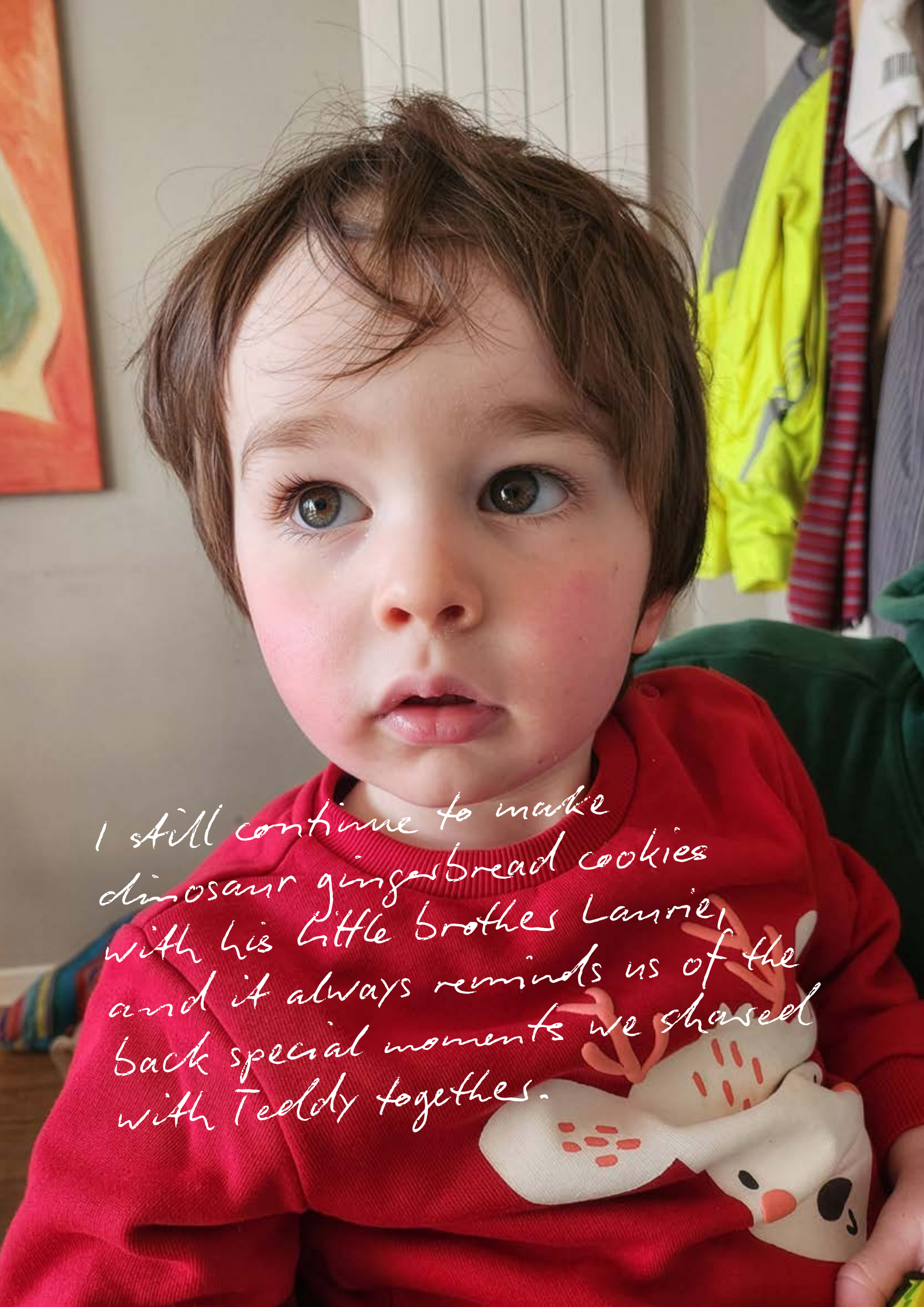
Toss the oxtail pieces in some heavily seasoned flour. Set aside.

Fry the bacon in some vegetable oil or beef dripping to release the fat, add the onion, carrot and celery, cook for 10-15 minutes before adding the seasoned oxtail. Fry in the fat and colour all over. Add the red wine, tinned tomatoes and tomato purée. Reduce by half. Now add the mace, bay, thyme, Worcestershire sauce, garlic and parsley. Pour in the stock and cover the pan. Put into a low oven, 140°C for around 3-4 hours until the oxtail falls from the bone when nudged, tender, but still attached.

Carefully remove the oxtail and set aside. Push the sauce and vegetables through a mouli or colander into another pan. Bring the sauce to a simmer, taste, season as necessary and skim off any fat. Add the oxtail on the bone back to the pan and spoon over the sauce.

Serve with green vegetables, mashed potatoes with a pool of butter and some chopped parsley.





I still continue to make
dinosaur gingerbread cookies
with his little brother Laurie,
and it always reminds us of the
back special moments we shared
with Teddy together.

Georgina Armstrong

Teddy was funny, kind and clever, he loved ice cream, Hot Wheels and going to nursery. In September 2023 he was diagnosed with a brain tumour at just two years old. This happened just weeks after his baby brother, Laurie, was born.

After months of living in hospital, there was a moment where it became clear it would be Teddy's last Christmas. Doctors and nurses and family and friends alike all moved mountains to get us home.

On the 23rd of December, Teddy's uncle dressed up as Santa and visited him in hospital with presents. That afternoon we came home, laden with bags of oral chemotherapy, steroids, anti-sickness medication and painkillers. Teddy had

been lying on his back for weeks and I said 'Would you like to go home for Christmas?' he sat up so quickly and shouted 'Yes!'.

Before Teddy had cancer, we enjoyed cooking together. He loved making gingerbread and eating the dough. So on Christmas Day, I made a batch, but could only find dinosaur shaped cutters. Teddy didn't mind, he took so much pleasure in cutting out the shapes and eating the biscuits.

We sadly lost Teddy a few months later, at three years old. I still continue to make dinosaur gingerbread cookies with his little brother Laurie, and it always reminds us of the special moments we shared with Teddy together.

Teddy's Dinosaur Gingerbread Men

These are Teddy's special dinosaur gingerbread men, which he loved around Christmas time. These always turn out the best when made with help of your little ones. Dinosaur shape preferable – but classic does taste just as good.

INGREDIENTS

- 350g plain flour, plus extra for rolling out
- 1 tsp bicarbonate of soda
- 2 tsp ground ginger
- 1 tsp ground cinnamon
- 125g butter
- 175g light soft brown sugar
- 1 free-range egg
- 4 tbsp golden syrup
- Water icing*
- Cake decorations or raisins*

**Optional but recommended!*

METHOD

Sift together flour, bicarbonate of soda, ginger and cinnamon and pour into the bowl of a food processor. Add butter and process until the mixture looks like fine breadcrumbs, stirring in the sugar as you go.

Lightly beat the egg and golden syrup together, add to the food processor and pulse until the mixture clumps together. Tip the dough out and knead until smooth. Wrap this in cling film and chill in the fridge for 15 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 180°C. Line two baking trays with baking paper. Roll the dough out to a 5mm thickness on a lightly floured surface. Using cutters, cut out the dinosaur shapes and place on the baking tray, leaving a gap between them. Bake for 12–15 minutes, or until lightly golden-brown. Leave on the tray for 10 minutes and then move to a wire rack to finish cooling.

Decorate with the writing icing and cake decorations.

Best when cooled.





What my grandmothers and
my mother instilled in me
was a true love of food
and cooking.

Melanie Booth

When I was a child, I used to love visiting my Grandma Marjorie in Margate – she always brought me and my brother down to the arcades, playing on the 2p machines, and splashing in the water on the beach. The best bit was when we'd head to a lovely sea parlour, on the front, and she would buy us these huge knickerbocker glories!

When it came to cooking, my grandmother wasn't so adventurous, but there were several traditional meals that she made, beautifully well. My mother's favourite recipe of hers was her Shepherds (or cottage pie), that she would always make from the meat leftover from a Sunday roast (whether that was beef, or lamb). She used to use an old-fashioned mincer, to

process the leftover meat. Funnily enough, years later, in the 1970s, my mum became a vegetarian, but she improvised, and followed the same recipe, replacing the meat with lentils.

When the next generation came around, I got the recipe from my mum – making the meat version for when my mum's not there, and lentils when she was, to keep her fed. I cook these regularly, and the whole family loves them.

What my grandmother and my mother instilled in me was a true love of food and cooking. This actually led me to pursuing this love as a career, first becoming a chef, and then a food technology teacher, as I am today.

Marjorie's Shepherd Pie

This is Marjorie's classic Shepherd's pie, best served on a Monday using roast dinner leftovers (if you manage to keep any behind!). Use the same recipe for Cottage pie, swapping lamb with beef where needed. For vegetarians (such as my fab Mother!), switch out the mince for lentils, and use vegetable stock.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 tbsp oil
- 1 x large white onion, diced
- 2 x carrots, peeled and diced
- 2 x Celery sticks, diced
- 100g mushrooms, finely chopped
- 400g leftover roast lamb, shredded
- 1 tsp dried marjoram
- 250ml lamb stock, or leftover gravy
- 160g frozen peas
- 1kg potatoes (Ideally King Edward), peeled and diced
- 60g butter
- Splash of milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tbsp fresh parsley, finely chopped

or put through a mincer, if you have one.

SWAP OUT

Lamb	200g green lentils and double the amount of stock for a vegetarian option
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METHOD

Preheat the oven to 200°C. Fry the onions, carrots, celery and mushrooms in the oil for 10 minutes, until softened. Add minced cooked lamb, marjoram, and stock/leftover gravy, and cook on a low heat, stirring occasionally, until mash is ready. If mixture gets dry during this, add a splash more water or stock.

Bring a large saucepan of water to the boil, peel and dice potatoes. Boil the potatoes for 25 minutes. Drain, return to pan with butter, splash of milk, and salt and pepper- mash until smooth.

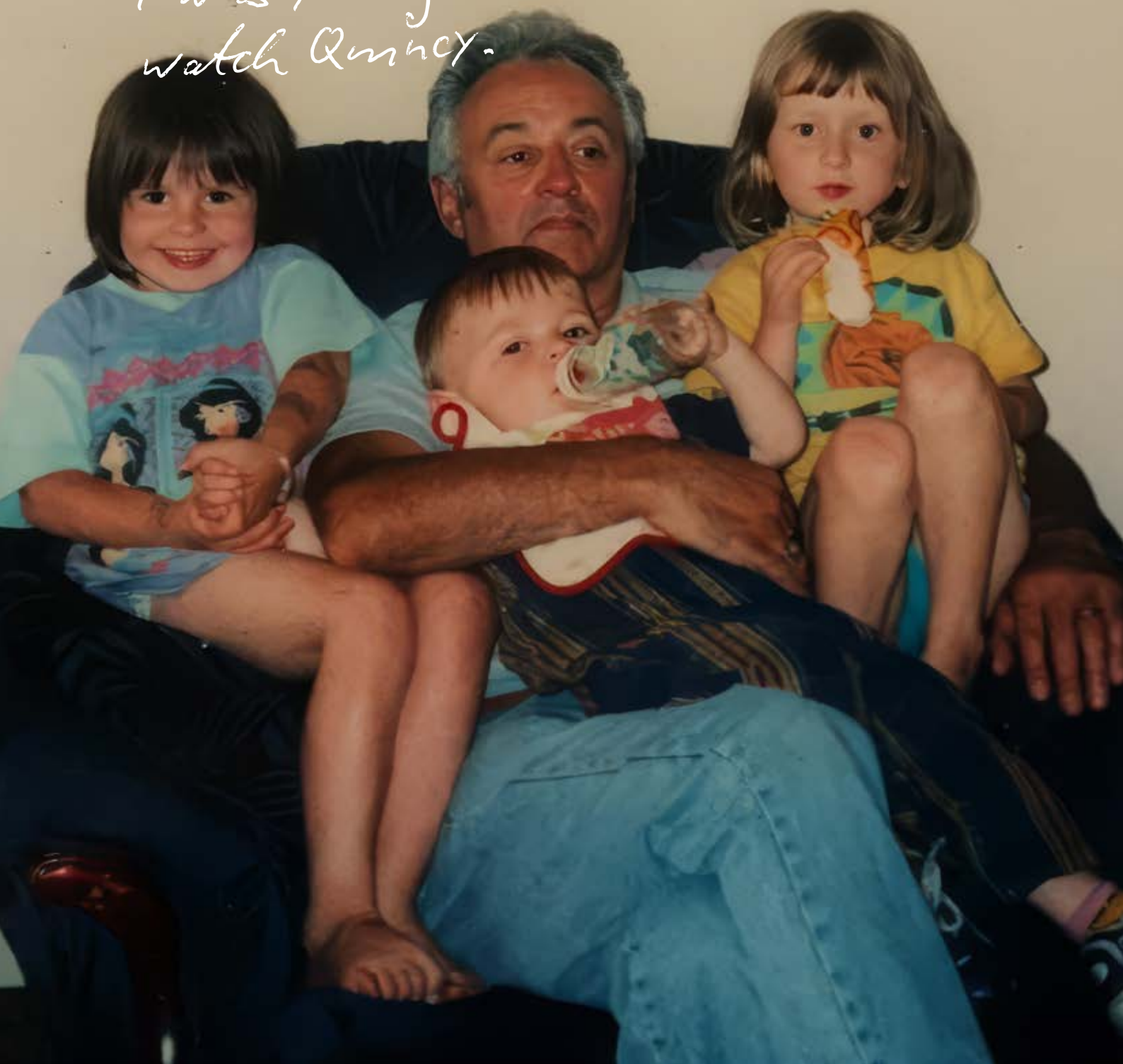
10 minutes before the mash is ready, add the frozen peas to the lamb mixture, and stir well. When the mash is done, check seasoning on lamb mix. Pour into baking dish, top with the mash, smooth over, then score top with a fork (to get crispy edges on top).

Bake this in the oven for twenty minutes, then turn it onto grill for 5 minutes, until the top is nice and crispy.

*Serving suggestion:
By itself, or with
extra vegetables
and gravy on the
side.*



Grampa loved to read, especially
settling down with a crime
thriller. We used to sit and
watch TV together often, when
I was younger we both loved to
watch Quincy.



Carys Wigley

My grandfather's name was Gwyn, which means white in Welsh. He was a very proud Welshman, a fantastic snooker player and he was the most caring Grampa I could have asked for. He loved to read, especially settling down with a crime thriller. We used to sit and watch TV together often, when I was younger we both loved to watch Quincy. He made the best cups of teas, with plenty of biscuits to dunk in them, he would make me two cups as he knew I didn't like to drink the tea after dunking biscuits.

My earliest memories of my Grampa are the walks he used to take us on. We

would walk up the mountains, and he would tell us all about the nature and the history of the Valleys.

He is no longer with us, and I miss him so much, but making his cawl makes me feel like he's still here and keeps a little part of him alive with us. He would make at least once a month and it was the only thing he would cook, my gran did most of the cooking but he took great pride in his cawl and would make enough for all the family. One of my favourite memories was coming home from school, visiting my grandparents, and smelling the hearty cawl coming from the kitchen.

Gwyn's Cawl

Cawl is a traditional Welsh recipe, but every family seems to make it differently. My grampa made it using beef, rather than lamb, as it was more readily available. I now love making it for all my friends and every time I make it, I think of my grampa and how proud he was that we all loved his cawl.

INGREDIENTS

- 500g diced beef
- 1 onion
- 6 medium potatoes
- 2 carrots
- 2 parsnips
- 1 small swede
- 2 leeks
- 1 beef stock cube
- 1 small bunch of parsley
- Salt and pepper
- Flour, to coat the beef

METHOD

Coat the beef in flour and brown in a thick pan in batches. Wash the leeks. Peel and chop the onion, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, swede, and leeks. *to size preference*

When the beef has browned, add the vegetables, crumble in the stock cube and cover with water. Bring to the boil and then simmer for 2-3 hours.

Serve with crusty, buttered bread and a lump of cheese.

*Gwyn's Tip:
The soup can be served straight away,
but it is better the next day.*



My father taught me
both the recipe and the
technique (for satay
sauce), and I've
since passed them on
to my own children.



Peter Finnie

My father, John Finnie, was an Officer and helicopter pilot in the Royal Air Force, flying both operational missions and Search and Rescue (SAR), including a tour in Northern Ireland and deployments overseas. He later became a captain with Bristow Helicopters and then British Airways Helicopters, flying crews to and from the North Sea oil rigs. I also joined the RAF as a pilot, but my training was cut short when I developed Type 1 diabetes.

During a deployment to Malaysian Borneo, my father helped a local Malaysian man learn English, who, in return, gave him a recipe for satay sauce. He brought the recipe home, and it quickly became a family favourite. We would have barbecues throughout the year, even in the middle of winter, cooking chicken pieces on bamboo skewers that had been marinated in light curry powder and oil, served alongside the

satay sauce. It was always a huge hit with family and friends.

My father taught me both the recipe and the technique, and I've since passed them on to my own children. Whenever we make the satay sauce, we think of him. We often send each other photos as the sauce develops in the pan, remembering the many occasions we shared it together.

My father died peacefully in a care home in Adelaide, Australia, in August 2024. I was fortunate to spend time with him before he died and, despite his dementia, we sat together reading through his RAF flying logbook, which recorded the training and missions he had flown. It was remarkable how vividly he could still recall many of those experiences. We also laughed together about our family's "secret" satay sauce recipe.

John's Malaysian Satay Sauce

My father's John's Malaysian satay sauce is far more than a recipe to us, it's one of the ways we keep his memory alive. Best served with chicken, or crudites.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 1/2 tbsp peanut butter
- 3-4 garlic cloves, crushed
- 1 tbsp oil, for frying the garlic
- 1 tsp chilli powder (adjust to taste)
- Zest and juice of 1 lemon
- 1/3 to 1/2 block coconut cream, melted
- 1 tsp brown sugar
- A dash of soy sauce
- Water, as needed to loosen the sauce

*Smooth peanut
/ better is best!*

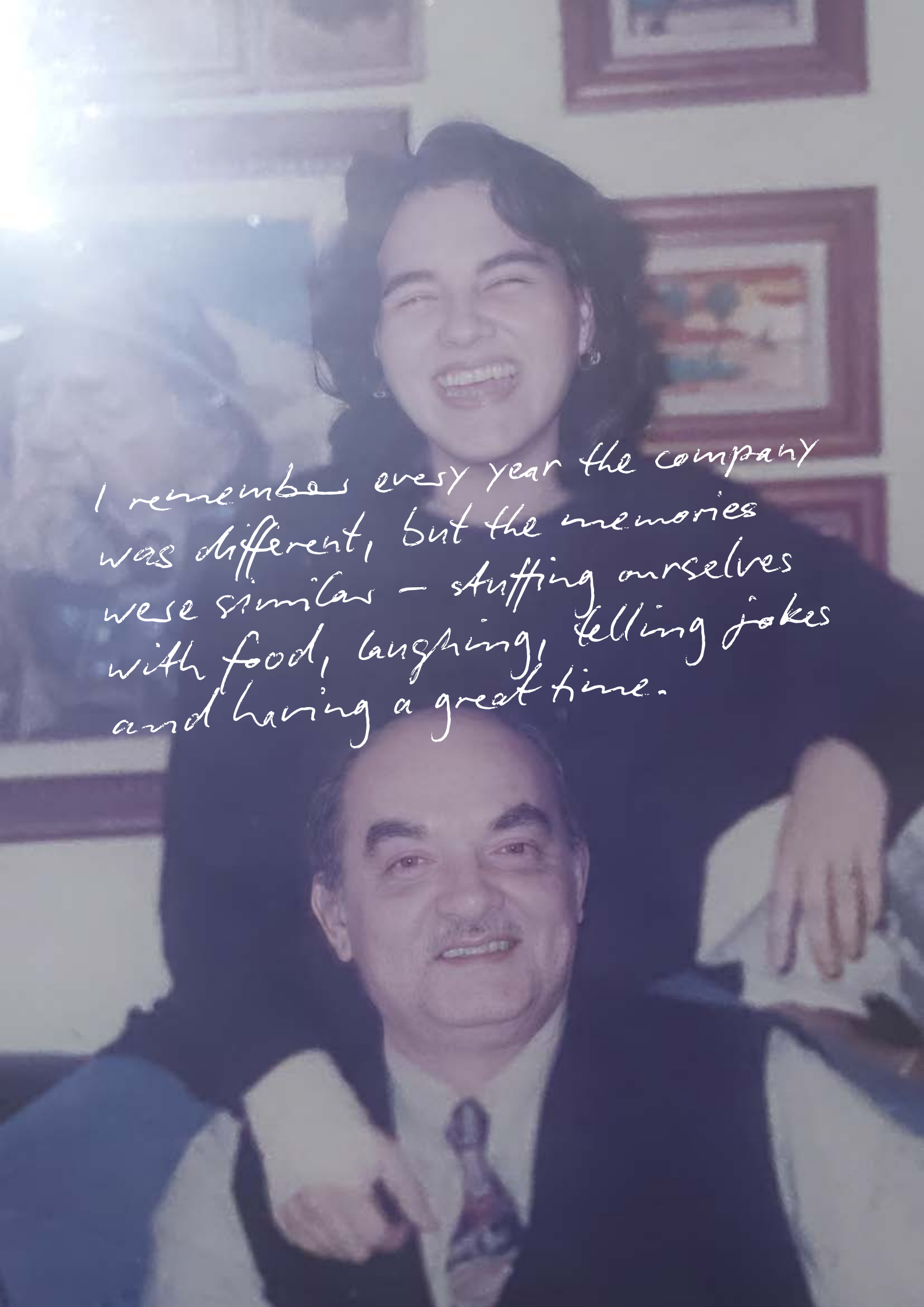
METHOD

Gently heat the oil in a small saucepan or frying pan. Add the crushed garlic and sauté gently until softened and fragrant, taking care not to let it burn. Next, add the peanut butter and allow it to melt into the pan, stirring until smooth. Stir in the chilli powder, lemon zest and lemon juice. Add the melted coconut cream and mix well until everything is combined.

Once combined, add brown sugar and a dash of soy sauce, stirring until the flavours come together. Gradually add water, a little at a time, stirring continuously until the sauce curdles. Taste and adjust the seasoning, adding more chilli, lemon or soy sauce if desired. Best served warm alongside chicken satay skewers.

*Tip from John:
Stir carefully,
so the sauce doesn't
catch and burn.
Curdling is normal
- it'll go smooth
again in no time.*





I remember every year the company
was different, but the memories
were similar - stuffing ourselves
with food, laughing, telling jokes
and having a great time.

Nelly Gonzalez

I was born and bred till 17 in Spain, growing up in a little town just around the outskirts of Madrid. My mother is from Andalucia Cordoba, and my father is from las Palmas De Gran Canaria (known to many as The Canary Island).

My Grandma on my father's side, was a brilliant cook. She really knew how to celebrate the food of the Island.

Her and my grandpa owned and ran a hostel, a busy but rewarding venture. They always cooked huge tables of foods for the guests, ate with them and chatted with them, getting to know people from all walks of life.

Over the holidays, we'd all go and visit.

This tradition didn't stop for Christmas, in fact she would make her spreads even greater. She would make huge table full of traditional recipes from The Canary Island, and my family and the hostel guests used to gather round the table, enjoying her great food together. I remember every year the company was different, but the memories were similar – stuffing ourselves with food, laughing, telling jokes and having a great time.

Every time I cook it, I'm transported back to all of those lovely memories of my father and my grandmother, who have now both passed away. I'm sad, but at the same time I laugh, remembering all the fun we had.

Potaje de Berros

Potaje de berros is a traditional, heart vegetable and meat soup from the canary islands. Every time I cook it, I'm transported back to lovely memories of my time spent at my grandmother's hostel.

This adds a rich depth of flavour to the finished dish.

INGREDIENTS

- 500g white beans
- 2-3 large bags of fresh watercress
- 1 courgette, chopped
- 1 ñame (yam), peeled and chopped
- 1/2 pumpkin, peeled and chopped
- 1-2 sweet potatoes, peeled and chopped
- 2-3 potatoes, peeled and chopped
- 1 corn on the cob, cut into pieces
- 1 pork bone — for flavour
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- 1 whole head of garlic
- 1 ripe tomato, peeled, deseeded and chopped
- 1 tbsp concentrated tomato paste
- 1 vegetable or meat stock cube
- Water, as needed

METHOD

Prepare the vegetables by peeling and chopping the potatoes, sweet potatoes, ñame and pumpkin into medium-sized pieces. Chop the courgette and cut the corn on the cob into smaller portions. Add the white beans, chopped vegetables, watercress, pork bone, olive oil, tomato, tomato paste and stock cube to a pressure cooker.

Cover with enough water to cook the stew, then secure the lid and cook under pressure for approximately 20–30 minutes, until the beans and vegetables are tender. While the stew is cooking, prepare the garlic. Fry the whole garlic head gently in a little olive oil until softened and golden.

Remove the cooked garlic cloves, mash them in a mortar and pestle, then stir the garlic paste into the stew at the end of cooking. Once cooked, check the seasoning and adjust if needed. Serve hot, allowing the flavours of the beans, vegetables, pork and watercress to come together.

Note: White beans should be soaked if dried, or use pre-cooked beans.



Mum kept all her recipes in a diary, a mix of handed down recipes from motheress, friends, and copied from magazines. I love that the pages are still speckled with cake mix.



Rachel Lyne

In 1970s, 1980s Bradford, when dinner parties were a thing, my mum, Celia, always did a fabulous job at entertaining dad's colleagues from work. Mum would cook three courses from scratch, often giving two choices for main & pudding, followed by cheese and biscuits. She managed all this while working full time in her dress shop, her pride and joy.

The evenings started with drinks in the lounge (Campari, gin or martini) and I helped by fetching & carrying drinks.

It was fascinating to see everyone glammed up - think early 80s (Rivals is dead on with the fashion!) and then through to the dining room, usually 8/10 people. This room was a converted garage, with a hatch from kitchen to dining room, and a hostess trolley, warming the best plates. All the finest crockery came out. Laughter got

louder as the night went on. Two electric cafetières would be plugged in and coffee would start gurgling.

Dinner parties meant all normal routine out of the window, I was allowed to stay up late if I made myself helpful, putting final touches on food to be served. Best part was having zabaglione leftovers in the morning for breakfast. It's only just occurred to me I was having alcohol for breakfast!

Mum kept all her recipes in a diary, a mix of handed down recipes from mothers, friends, and copied from magazines. I love that the pages are still speckled with cake mix.

My mum struggled a lot with dementia in her final years, and dinner parties from the eighties were some of the strongest memories we could share. I developed a love for hosting (and pudding for breakfast) from her!

Celia's Italian Zabaglione

Celia's Italian Zabaglione always went down a treat – maybe it was the lashings of sherry! The zabaglione separates overnight, so it has to be served immediately. Enjoyed for breakfast, eating around the pure alcohol now settled in the bottom of the glass.

INGREDIENTS

- 6 large egg yolks
- 3 level tablespoons caster sugar
- 2 sherry glasses of Marsala

SWAP OUT

Marsala	Sweet cooking sherry
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METHOD

Separate egg white and yolks. Beat yolks and sugar until pale and frothy. Stir in Marsala sherry, or sweet cooking sherry if you can't find Marsala. Pour the mixture into a thick pan and cook over slow heat, whisking continuously until it thickens. It must not boil. Pour into glasses, and serve at once.

Tip from Celia: add lemon rind shivers on top, she used a special tool that dragged across the skin for perfect strips of peel





Mum's love of cooking
rubbed off on me and
eventually inspired me to
become a chef myself.

Jono Robson

My mum, Jo, was incredible, full of life and joy. She was a very real person, with absolutely no filter. She ran her own catering company, Treats, and I grew up helping her as a waiter and in the kitchen. Her love of cooking rubbed off on me and eventually inspired me to become a chef myself.

She absolutely loved having the family together at Christmas. Every year, she would make a delicious winter peppered stew, becoming the fabric of our childhood. No matter what was happening, we knew it would be on the table.

I moved back to London when my dad was diagnosed with Alzheimer's. A few years later, my mum was diagnosed with stage-four stomach and liver cancer. She was given two months to live and chose not to have chemotherapy. She wanted to go out on her own terms, with dignity.

Those months were the hardest, but

most incredible months of my life. We took her to the Savoy for afternoon tea and to the ballet, and people constantly came to see her. There was this incredible outpouring of love, and it made me incredibly proud to be her son.

She died on Christmas Day. It was incredibly hard, but it felt fitting. For me and my brother, Oli, Christmas will always be tied to her and that winter peppered stew. My dad sadly died six months later.

Before she passed, we took a trip to the Lake District. Oli's wife, Esme, made a little book of memories from it. We went for walks, meals and to a spa. It was incredibly happy, despite everything. I still have that book, along with mementos around the flat that remind me of them. I'm sad my girlfriend will never get to meet them, but so much of their influence is part of who I am. I think that's the next best thing.

Jo's Winter Peppered Stew

When I was living in Australia, I created my own version of Jo's winter peppered stew as an homage to her: beef cheek ragu with handmade pasta, roasted parsnips and carrots, onions, parsley and salted ricotta. She was still alive then, and I think she really appreciated the thought behind it.

INGREDIENTS

Braised beef cheeks

- 8 beef cheeks, trimmed of sinew
- Salt
- Red wine
- Beef stock

Mirepoix

- Onion, roughly chopped
- Celery, roughly chopped
- Garlic
- Leek, roughly chopped
- Black peppercorns – (use generously)
- Fresh thyme
- Fresh rosemary + Optional: Pink peppercorns

Pasta

- 2 cups 00 (doppio zero) flour
- 4 eggs
- 2 egg yolks
- Olive oil
- Salt

Garnish

- Parsnips, cut into large rounds
- Carrots, cut into large rounds
- Onions, halved through the root
- Fresh flat-leaf parsley, chopped
- Whole parsley leaves
- Salted ricotta, finely grated
- Butter
- Freshly ground black pepper

METHOD

For the meat

Trim sinew from the beef cheeks and season with salt. Heat a heavy-based frying pan over a high heat and sear the cheeks until caramelised on all sides.

Transfer to a roasting tray, pour in red wine to come halfway up the cheeks, then top up with beef stock. Add the onion, celery, garlic, leek, thyme, rosemary and plenty of peppercorns (pink peppercorns optional).

Cover the surface with a cartouche (greaseproof paper) and tightly cover the tray with foil. Cook at 140°C until tender and beginning to fall apart, checking after 1 hour then every 30 minutes. Cooking time is usually 1½–2 hours, depending on size.

Cool the beef cheeks to room temperature in the braising liquor, then remove and shred the meat. Strain out the vegetables and herbs, transfer the liquid to a saucepan and reduce to a glossy jus. This forms the sauce base.

For the garnish

Heat a frying pan over high heat and sear the carrot and parsnip rounds on one side until caramelised, then set aside.

Trim the onions, halve through the root and roast until soft and caramelised. Before serving, warm the onions, carrots and parsnips in the oven.

For the pasta

Combine the 00 flour, eggs, egg yolks, olive oil and a pinch of salt into a smooth dough. Knead until elastic, then wrap and rest.

Roll into thin sheets and cut into rough diamonds to make maltagliati, similar to pappardelle cut on the diagonal.

Finish the dish

Bring a large pan of salted water to the boil and cook the pasta for 2–3 minutes, or until just tender.

Meanwhile, place the shredded beef cheeks in a saucepan with plenty of the reduced braising jus. Add plenty of chopped parsley and freshly ground black pepper, then season to taste.

Stir in a knob of butter, whisking until the sauce emulsifies and turns glossy. Toss through the cooked pasta until evenly coated.

Divide between warmed bowls and arrange the roasted onions, carrots and parsnips around the pasta. Finish with whole parsley leaves and a grating of salted ricotta.



Your Recipes



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RECIPE CARD

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Notes

Thank you to everyone who has so generously shared their stories and recipes with us. Without your contributions, this cookbook would not have been possible.

We would also like to acknowledge our charity partners at Young Lives vs Cancer for sharing Teddy's story, and for helping his family navigate their difficult loss.

To find out more about how Zurich can help you preserve cherished items like family photos and recipes, as well as important documents regarding your estate, please [click here](#).



