



Ivey's on News 12 Westchester
Magic Oil Making Weeknight Dinners

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nx7sgz4cjU8>



Ivey's on CT Style using Magic Oil
The World's Greatest Thanksgiving Turkey
Marinade

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mohREzgOo7g>



Ivey's Holiday Rib Roast

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w76KICS_ObA



Ivey's Showin' Ya A Little Leg, ...Of Lamb

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FqpQ1OIBNHg>



Ivey's Hudson Valley Roasted Garlic

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T6LV8cdoncY>



Ivey's Biologically Better Beef Bone Broth

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0Pig828kPVs>



Ivey's Roasted Beef Bones For Broth

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UMJ8m8MxbEM>



Ivey's Got A Great Rack... Of Lamb

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ifj-e8i5kUg>



Ivey's Bacon Baked Clams (GF)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eaMz7SzC9bQ>



Ivey's Cocktail Croutons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m8LIH2SCxqM>



Ivey's Classic Roasted Turkey

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vQCz6hiVbly>

Ivey's In My Kitchen™

email: Cook@Iveysinmykitchen.com
website: Iveysinmykitchen.com

This Two Is For You

Promises fulfilled is what I wish I could call this summer column.

I made a promise. John wanted two things, (three actually, but one is personal) two articles re-published. We discussed it intensely in our last conversation before he passed away, way too soon for me. His argument was that it had been too long since I introduced myself properly to new readers, which are continually arriving, as well as not promoting my Magic Oil or even explaining it to new readers who have no idea what it is (other than an ingredient in my recipes that I refer to). He wanted me to do my "thing". We plotted a course and I will stay true. However, since both articles were published in Boating on the Hudson issues from a long time ago (2004/2005-ish) there is just some updating I simply must do. I have to. Current commentary may be bolded. So much has evolved in twenty years. So, without further procrastination, I first give you Don't Call Me Martha.

Don't Call Me Martha.

Being of my generation (born in the sixties and conscious during most of the nineties) if you so much as made a muffin you were "such a Martha!". People would squeal with delight at the sight of a luscious rack of lamb, and as thanks for my effort and hospitality, would compare me to some woman they were doing bad Saturday Night Live sketches about. (This was WAY

before Enron and Snoop Dogg, by the way people!)

I mean no disrespect; the woman built an empire on a canapé. S#!t, that's hard to do. I was built strangely, a bit of a different breed. I had always been involved in some sort of shenanigans, never conformed much to propriety, used foul language, was incapable of writing an appropriate thank you note and at the time, when you came to my house for dinner, you sat on the floor. I just wasn't anywhere near a "Martha". I was more like a culinary Howard Stern.

For the whole of the 90's I was a hard working - and even harder playing - New York City party princess. After falling in love with my best friend, I migrated up to Westchester almost immediately after returning from my honeymoon. I then proceeded to experience what I like to call The Seven Stages of Leaving Manhattan. You know the five stages of grief? It was a lot like losing a limb and gaining a walk-in closet.

Cooking had always been my thing. I loved giving cooking lessons. To my friends mostly, then it was friends of friends. Little did I know that my passionate hobby was going to help me save my newly married marbles.

When I lived in the city, my friends went to the gym, some went to a shrink; I went to the grocery store. When I had a bad day, I would always seem to find the nearest food store. Something about mindlessly wandering up and down those aisles; the colors and smells would just relax me. Every time I saw something new

I'd get excited little visions of all the wonderful things it could make. By the time I got up to the checkout counter, not only did I have a little more pep in my step, but a lot of goodies in my basket. (I still do!)

Well, now what to do? I wanted to experiment with my new treasures, but on whom? I needed guinea pigs to gobble up the proceeds of my fun therapy. Besides, I hated cleaning up. Everyone was always so gracious about that part. That's when it happened: I would invite a few friends over for dinner and they were always so surprised that I had made it myself.

I guess it made sense; most of the people I knew were single and living in shared apartments. The term "kitchenette" often applied. Most of us ate from dating, eating out and delivery. There weren't too many home-cooked meals. I didn't even have a real kitchen in my very first apartment. In the beginning, all I had was a college fridge, stacked with a microwave and a toaster oven with a burner on top. Nice huh? I had dinner parties and afterwards, I'd be washing and scrubbing the dishes on my knees, over the bathtub.

When I would see everybody after that, the conversation was always the same "I told so and so about your great food, can I bring them next time?" Next time? Are you kidding? Don't you people know how to cook? That was just it, they didn't.

My peers are the children of the latchkey generation; they grew up on whatever Mom could whip up in a hurry. My house was a little different, my whole family cooked. From immediate residents to visiting relatives, if you wanted

to make something special, you practically had to negotiate kitchen time in advance. How sweet, a cooking family. Sounds nice in theory, doesn't it? What's that old adage...too many cooks in the kitchen can send you into therapy??? Yeah, that's it.

While I lived in the city, my clients were mostly young people who thought cooking would land them a mate (or at least convince their latest contender how perfect they were for the job). I hate to sound like a relic but I always thought there was a little teensy bit of truth in the way to a person's heart is through their stomach. Call it chauvinism, call it Madonna/whore syndrome, not PC, call it whatever you want. It's a real thing. I like to call it "The Allure of the Apron". And no, I'm not kidding. And yes, any apron.

Hungry people just love the look of their mate in an apron, anyone in an apron, even if they can't cook, however, it's especially effective if they can. Not getting enough attention at home? Strap on an apron and a smile while you present food. It can be food that you cooked, food that you bought, food that you just put onto plates from delivery, try the apron. Everyone has their kink. Getting it done in the kitchen is not easy.

Folks that don't cook have the single-worst home court advantage: their own kitchens. When they moved into their home, some sweet friend or banished-by-assignment relative unpacked the boxes marked 'kitchen'. They kindly placed everything where it made sense...to them. You (the homeowner) just adjusted. That's the reason why it's not working. It not set up for YOU. There's crap on your counter you do not need. You probably have kitchen gifts still in the boxes that you don't know how to use and all you know is that Chinese, pizza and pasta aren't going to cover you for long.

If you want to cook, your kitchen needs to be set up for you, for how you really live. Your kitchen should be setup like your desk at work. In your own home, you should be able to come down at 3 in the morning, half asleep, and make an edible bite for you and or your family. That's why I have a job.

Things are so different now; no one prepares you for this coupling/parenthood/adulthood thing.

Trying to be a good parent, partner, caregiver can drive you nuts. Feeding your family is a big part of that. Forgive me for sounding like the Home-Ec teacher but everyone should know how to make a chicken.

The "homemaker" of today is not a Donna Reed, she's not even necessarily a she. The homemaker of today is a bird of a different color from the generation before. They had a job, an apartment, most likely managed their own finances before they ever even had a partner. Today's homemaker is smart, has a kid

or two under their belt and wants to do what any good partner/parent/person would want to do: feed their family and themselves on more than just take-out, pasta and TV dinners. Fake food sucks.

What's nice is that usually, during the process, our client discovers that they really like to cook. Once they master the process, they recognize that they have a little twisted foodie interest of their own now. Once these individuals conquer the kitchen, making dinner is easy and fun for them. That's when they get comfortable and begin to become a little adventurous. In the kitchen I mean, in the kitchen.

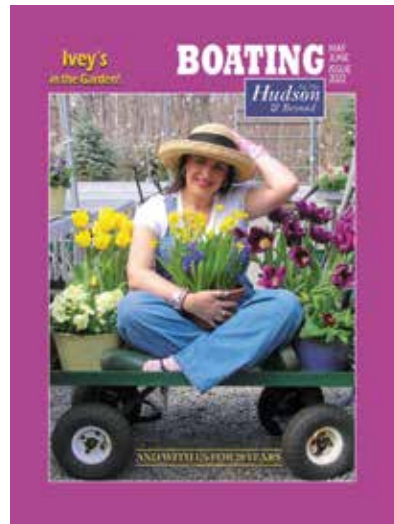
There is a catch though - isn't there always? It's not a one person project. In the early years it was not uncommon for a partner to be the one who calls me first; I was a big gift, this person plays a huge role in their partners success. In a way, it's almost up to them how long the homemaker sticks to cooking. If the partner gives cooking lessons as

a gift then they have to play ball just as the student has to learn. A homemaker will keep cooking nice dinners as long as they are noticed and getting the right reaction to it. Things like compliments and praise. Real ones. It makes them feel appreciated and want to do it more often. I always say "Don't be fake about it; just make sure to mention all the little things that you do notice". And by the way, clean up afterwards.

The homemaker planned the week's menu, they shopped for the groceries, prepped the ingredients, cooked the meal, set the table. The least you could do is clear the dishes and load the dishwasher. It really is the most effective way to say 'thank you

for dinner'. Such a small task in comparison, don't you think? Remember what I said about the "Allure of the Apron"? Well, that's nothing in comparison to the "Power of the Knight". Are you not getting enough attention at home? Try uttering these few words with a smile after you've eaten and mean it..."You made dinner, why don't you sit down and let me take care of that Honey". Again, whammo! It works, try it. F#@k flowers. Anyway, I digress...

We have come full circle to the stage where home-making is back in vogue. There are book clubs, magazines and even entire networks devoted to it. (podcasts, TikTok...) (There was the pandemic.) Now, more than ever, people are curious about the kitchen, cooking for themselves, but they are still hesitant. There is a stigma attached. Our Homemaker role models are too uptight, too stiff, and most of us just can't relate to them. People today do not want to follow 17 steps to make salad dressing. Especially not from a woman so stiff they wouldn't invite her to stay and hang out for



dinner. They want someone real, a girlfriend who will whisper all of her make-it-easy secrets in their ear. That's the whole point of my job.

My job is to teach recipes that normal, everyday people can make; there are no tricks (that are not listed) and there are no smoke and mirrors (unless you want them to impress your guests). I have filled my company with easy recipes and simple ideas that provide delicious results. The theory is that it should be fun, otherwise, don't bother, just go ahead and we'll order in, I'll get you a drink. Just don't call me Martha. Or Rachel Ray either! I am a big Momma with a big heart and a big mouth. I love feeding people, oh I love making it easy.

So the original article, with a few bold changes has now been read. Here's how it continued.

In addition to going into clients homes to teach them how to cook, I took a job writing for Boating on the Hudson as their food girl in January of 2002. Through the magazine I ended up reaching hundreds of thousands of people. This column, the radio show we used to have for two summers, the endless events all summer long, all of the adventures on the river. I have gotten to meet so many of my readers in real life and some have become dear friends. I have watched the expansion of the Hudson River community, I have been on network TV, have a YouTube channel for two decades of videos and a website that is a little under loved. Boating on the Hudson has brought me attention from all over and I have been proud to stand amongst international journalists and promote our magazine very loudly. Every issue I receive more new readers mail, each letter, email and message means a great deal. Thank you, I treasure our correspondence. If I have gotten you to a good restaurant or if I have made you laugh or my most fervent wish, gotten you to cook, then I have done my job and I am grateful to do it.

Love, Ivey

OK John, this one makes two. What is Magic Oil?

I believe I've known you all long enough to impose a favor upon you? I'm going to tell you a long, boring, drawn out story and you are going to pretend to be interested. It's easy, trust me; my Husband Michael does it all the time, just, nod a lot.

Once upon a time, (1990) on an island far far away (Manhattan) there was a young girl who traveled great distances to escape horrible evils and to find her future. When she arrived, she was overwhelmed by all the glorious riches of the land. She was welcomed by the island villagers and introduced into all that their world had to offer. One of those miraculous places was the Green Market at 14th Street and Union Square.

If you have never been, the Green Market is to New York City what a good, local farm market is to us.

At that time, gourmet stores were rare and New York supermarkets didn't have the kind of quality that's readily available to us at any given farm stand. So, it's easy to understand, why I would take the subway downtown twice a week to go food shopping. Or at least, it was to me.

One day, at the Green Market, I come across this organic garlic. I didn't give a who-ha about organics back then, I bought it because it smelled good and the skin was purple. It came from upstate. I love garlic, my family loves garlic and I put it in just about everything that doesn't require sugar. When I got home and began to make dinner, I was in heaven; this garlic smelled and tasted nothing like the stuff I was used to, it was so good. I was in trouble, I was hooked and now, I was back on the number 6 train.

I bought all of the garlic that grumpy woman had left. Hey, it's a root vegetable, right, it'll keep. You should have seen it, me on the subway; two shopping bags full of garlic. They were directly from the farm, so the long green stalks, all 3 feet of them, were sticking out of my big brown bags like little palm trees. I reeked of garlic. No one would sit anywhere near me. Talk about your safety measures on the subway. I'm nothing, if not fully dedicated to my cause.

Kept in the right conditions, garlic lasts a considerably long time, but not forever. When I noticed it starting to go bad, I was a little upset, I used this stuff everyday and I really liked it, what to do?

Well, I'll tell you what to do, make flavored cooking oil out of it. I figured there are so few recipes that require garlic and do not use oil, so, I created a way to preserve the flavor of the organic garlic into the oil. That way, I'd never be without it. The fresh herbs joined the family later on.

The oil tasted great, I kept it by the stove and used it every day and on everything. Whenever I was cooking, I used my oil in place of extra virgin, veggie and any other oil in a non sweet recipe. It became a staple in my kitchen. Haven't used anything else since.

Without realizing it, I had actually changed the way that I was cooking. I have always been one to make a huge mess and take forever in the kitchen. When I cook, there truly is no pot left unturned. But, all of a sudden, cooking dinner was so simple and much faster. It makes sense, I was no longer chopping, mincing, peeling, whatever it was that I had to do to the garlic before I threw it into the pan, the oil was already flavored with it. There was no fussing, no seasoning, all I needed was a main ingredient and my oil would magically turn it into dinner. See, magic...oil.

I had group dinner at my house weekly. Whenever someone would compliment my yummy dipping oil, I would tell them the story, point out all the dishes on the table that it was in and send them home with a cleaned salsa jar full as consolation for enduring my enthusiastic tale. Then they started



Ok, let's get down to the BOLD STATEMENTS:

- MAGIC OIL HAS ALWAYS BEEN MADE FROM ORGANIC HUDSON VALLEY GARLIC. SEVERAL VARIETIES ALL ARE GROWN IN THE USA, HUDSON VALLEY NY. NOT CHINA.
- MAGIC OIL IS MADE WITH NATURAL, 100% PURE OLIVE OIL.
- MAGIC OIL IN A SPRAY BOTTLE, AIR FRYERS BEST FRIEND.
- MAGIC OIL IN A SPRAY BOTTLE, YOUR BEST FRIEND.
- MAGIC OIL'S HERBS ARE ORGANIC & LOCALLY SOURCED
- MAGIC OIL HAS NO CHOLESTEROL
- MAGIC OIL HAS NO SODIUM
- MAGIC OIL IS 100% NATURAL

calling for refills.

When I went to a new client's home, I would always bring a little with me. It was a great tool for teaching. I get divine inspiration in the kitchen, but, the clients who are coming to me are just learning, this made their job easier, not to mention mine. They didn't have to be fancy or creative in the kitchen. All they needed was a little Magic Oil and a main ingredient...poof, there was dinner. They loved it. And, the rest as the say, is a ****ing miracle.

I have worked very hard to turn Magic Oil into a real product, one that can be sold in a retail marketplace. And trust me, that's no easy task. I never dreamed that I would be making my product in a professional plant, bottling it in something that doesn't have another food's name on the label and selling it to people I've never even had a conversation with. It blows my mind. When I think about it, I'm truly humbled. I don't know how I ever got so fortunate. Must be the Magic.

I didn't plan on the built in alarm, it was an unexpected result. Magic Oil has a built in alarm that tells you when the pan is ready. When you can smell Magic Oil's heady garlic-laden aroma, your pan is the correct temperature to add the food. This is such a great aid for people who are afraid of over/under cooking. Now you pan tells you. And you're food is pre-seasoned without the use of salt. Not bad as the result of foolin' around in my kitchen?

So now, here I am at the end of my long boring

story. I've wanted to tell it to you so many times, but it didn't have an ending until now. Or at least, it didn't have the ending that I wanted. Now it does. Magic Oil is being made and our oldest orders will be fulfilled first of course. However we are now officially taking orders for Magic Oil. Reach out to me at Cook@Iveysinmykitchen.com for more detailed information.

I like to bring a bottle of Magic Oil to people's homes when I'm invited for dinner; not being a big drinker, I'm always lost on what type of wine to buy. This way, I never look stupid, at least not in the wine department. Sometimes I pick up a crusty loaf of bread and introduce my oil by dipping. Makes for a great communal, social, snack! And, you will never have the bottle you brought get lost in the sea of other wine bottles with our distinct hot pink (and Federally approved) label!

You will notice our colorful picture page, these recipes have all been brought to you by our Magic Oil. Please use your phone to scan the provided QR codes to take you directly to these recipe videos. If you are reading this issue from our website then you will notice the YouTube links underneath. I genuinely hope you watch these great recipes and see how Magic Oil fits into your future cooking.

I can't get through a grilling session, a salad, a good crusty loaf of bread or roast anything without my Magic Oil, and neither will you after you get just a little bit onto the tip of your tongue. And remember, a little bit goes a long way.

Enjoy!

ODE TO JOHN H. VARGO - A TRUE RENAISSANCE MAN

We send you our Love today -

Because you know that rainbows
Are more precious than gold....

We send you our Love today -

Because you know blue skies
Will always break thru
And dry away
Tear-stained clouds...

We send you our love today -

Because you know daisies
Are more beautiful free,
Reflected on canvas,
Catching the first morning sunlight,
Swaying gently to a soft breeze
And then nodding goodnight
In the twilight
Of a wide open field
And a pillow of stars...

We send you our Love today -

With butterflies to color your day
And heighten your senses,
To celebrate the specialness of YOU
That floods from our heart
With LOVE for YOU far beyond today...

COPYRIGHT, NANCY TAYLOR 2023