







Daily Harvest

BAKERY & DELI COOKBOOK

TERESA GORDON



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GRETNA 2008

To my husband, Johnny Gordon, who has supported me in every project I have attempted even when some of those projects were a little crazy. Johnny has always been by my side.

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Acknowledgments

First, I would like to thank the people who make the bakery and deli a huge success — my employees and customers. Without a caring staff, quality products, and faithful clients, I would be at my house watching soap operas. Now that would not be good, because I would be calling my husband, Johnny Gordon, every hour on the hour telling him how bored I was, and he would eventually sin by lying and saying he was having dropped calls on his cell phone. So, you all are great for my marriage, as well as Daily Harvest.

Second, I would like to thank my mama, Odeal Smith, who taught me little about cooking but a lot about life. My parents were in ministry, which means I'm a preacher's kid, and I have testimonies that I could share, but won't, that would reveal I've lived up to that title. As a child growing up, my mama said I could worry the horns right off a billy goat, and that was okay because she *truly* believed that if you spare the rod, you spoil the child. Believe me when I say my brother Rickey and I were not spoiled! We must have tried to act spoiled because she sure did use the rod on us. Somehow she always convinced us that it was for our own good, and it hurt her more than it did us. After my brother and I became adults, we laughed and picked at her about our stern upbringing and tried to get her to admit she really enjoyed spanking us. She never really answered us on that one.

I have seen my mama survive hardships that most of us could not have endured. Her faith in God has always been strong. She

taught me to pray and when nothing happens, how to keep praying. She trained me to always treat people with respect and to make the best of a bad situation. She instilled the belief in me that if you want something and you don't get it, well, you just didn't want it bad enough.

About twelve years ago, my mama was stricken with the life-draining disease Alzheimer's and is now in stage four, the final stage. It breaks my heart to know that she will never read this cookbook. But I would still like to say, "Thank you, Mama. Just look at what you and God helped this aggravating preacher's kid accomplish."