

My Favorite Meal

An "All you can eat prime rib dinner" sign will stop me in my tracks every time. I have many fond memories of a good rib eye. There's something special about a 12 ounce rare prime rib with a cool-pink center, decorated with beautiful marbling, that seeks to be tasted.

When it arrives, it seems to captivate onlookers, those fumbling over the menu asking about the sirloin tips versus the cajun shrimp risotto. They stop and hesitate, peering over the menu and begin to close it with a silent nod in agreement. It's a culinary experience that highlights whatever reason you're celebrating; a birthday, graduation or just surviving the work week. A touch of horseradish for good measure and a zesty steak sauce marries well with that first mouth-tingling bite.

Slow and steady is my eating mantra. I eat in cycles, tasting the potato, sipping the water, but always returning to the main course. I think of myself as a steak aficionado, or at least an aspiring one, always on the hunt for the next perfect cut of meat.