

The  
Lanzetta & Murko  
Heirloom Family  
Cookbook



# The Lanzetta-Murko Heirloom Family Cookbook

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Carole Murko

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the  
HEIRLOOM  
meals™  
Recipe  
Project



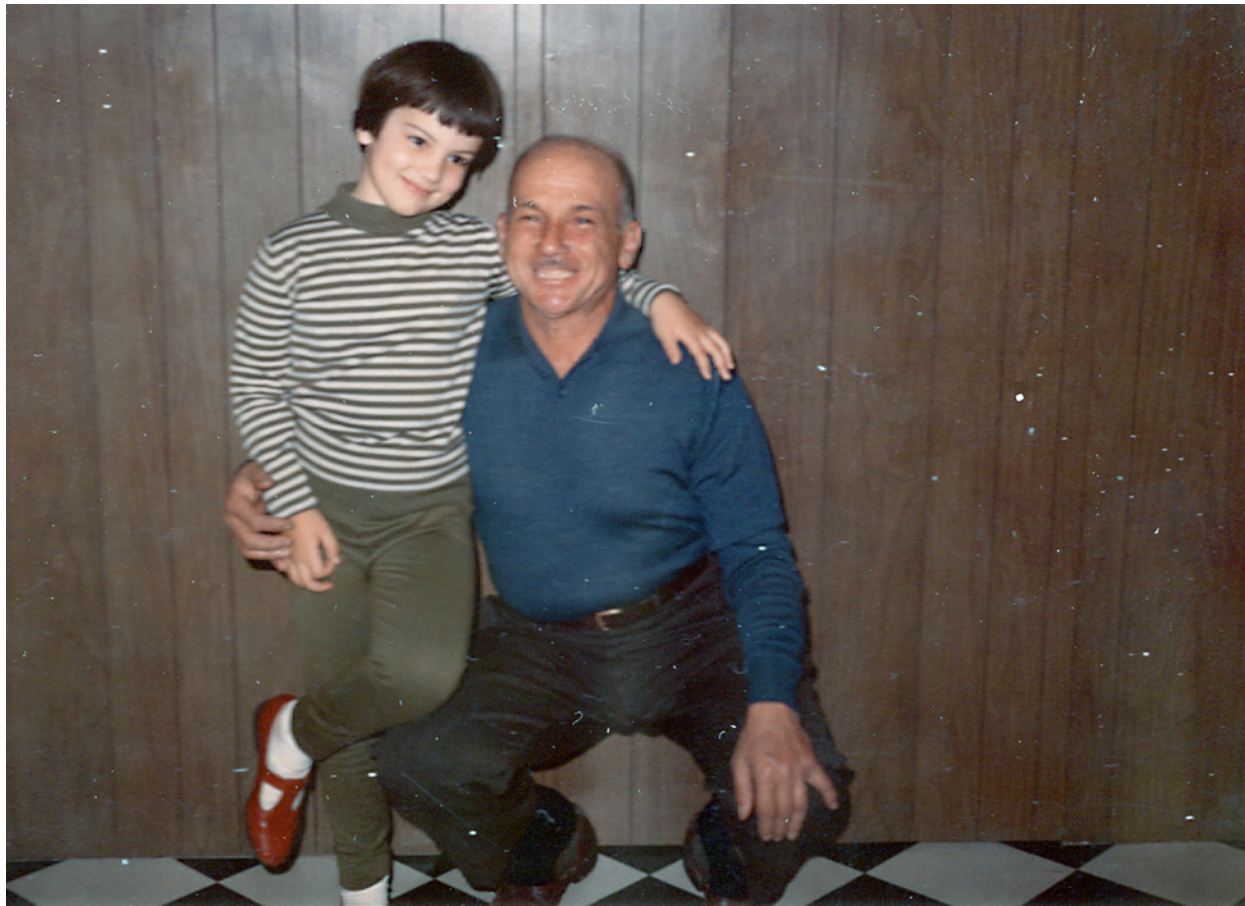
# Breakfast

*What takes a million years  
can happen in a day.*

—Jo Murko



# 1



# The Breakfast Maker

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Having a lovely log cabin on a pristine lake in Connecticut was a magnet for family and friends. Our kitchen was constantly busy; but it was weekend mornings that it really bustled. While there were copious amounts of fresh bagels, rolls, and buns, it was a little girl about five years old, taking the orders for eggs—scrambled, sunny side up or once over—that caught my attention. An experienced short order cook could not have performed better. I often reflect on those mornings and I have derived much pleasure. If you have not yet guessed who this star performer is, let me enlighten you – a dimpled, smiling, beautiful Carole. She has not strayed from her calling to make people happy, welcome, and fully satiated.

—Jo Murko

# Bacon and Eggs

If it were a Sunday after church when I was a kid, we'd warm up Kaiser rolls in the oven, slice them open, butter them, and place the egg with 2 slices of bacon to create the perfect egg sandwich. Today, I just eat them with toast.

Either way -- the smell of bacon, the taste of eggs fried in bacon fat takes me back to all the breakfasts of my youth.

## INGREDIENTS

eggs  
bacon

## DIRECTIONS

Heat frying pan, add as many slices of bacon as you plan to make. Keep a watchful eye and keep flipping them as they should be well done but not burnt -- my technical term is "crispy." Remove when crispy and place on a plate with a paper towel to absorb the excess fat.

Meanwhile, in the bacon fat, crack open the eggs (again 2, 3, 4+ –depends on how many people you are cooking for.)

Top the pan and collect the bacon fat and baste it over the top of the eggs to cook the top of the eggs. Once they are to desired doneness—I like them lightly cooked which is the stage between runny and hard. Just perfect. The Baby Bear of fried eggs.



Breakfast before church 1967 – me, August and mom in our robes.

# French Toast

French toast was a weekend treat. Daddy loved French toast – it had to be well-soaked, not dry, and cooked to perfection. Whenever we went out for breakfast at the Thruway Diner he would order challah French toast with a side of sausage, split in the middle and cooked well done.

## INGREDIENTS

4-6 pieces bread (any will do, try white bread or sourdough for a great treat!)

2-3 eggs

½ cup milk

¼ tsp nutmeg

Salt and Pepper

2-3 Tbsp butter for cooking

## DIRECTIONS

Combine all ingredients except bread until well-mixed. Soak the bread, one piece at time until liquid is fully absorbed.

Heat butter in large sauté pan. Place soaked bread in pan. Cook until browned and then flip. Monitor heat because you want the middle to be well-coated and not soggy.

Serve with a dollop of butter and real maple syrup.

# Eat Breakfast Like a King

Breakfast was clearly an important meal in our house. We were told to eat breakfast like a king, lunch like a prince and dinner like a pauper. Somehow, I feel like we ate all meals like kings; it was just in our DNA. That being said, our kingly breakfast have stayed with me. I always eat breakfast. Lately I have been having smoothies, but I love my poached eggs, oatmeal, sunny side up eggs and pancakes. Pancakes are reserved for weekends. Breakfast for dinner is a fun indulgence too!!

Jim and I experimented with operating our house as a B and B; we also owned one for 2 years. Guess who was the breakfast cook? Me!! Reminiscent of my youth - serving up eggs benedict, berry french toast, frittatas with ginger scones, blueberry and raspberry muffins and so many other fun dishes. I actually love making breakfast. When Jim’s kids were little, they loved my canadian bacon and cheesy eggs. When we got chickens at Boulderwood, the fresh eggs elevated breakfast to new heights.





*Favorite family cookbooks including the pink and purple striped covered Joy Of Cooking.*

## Eggs in a Cup

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Mom made breakfast for us everyday before school. One of my absolute favorites was egg in a cup. I guess the more formal name is coddled eggs. We had beige-colored coddling cups. Mom would drop a dollop of butter with some salt and pepper in the bottom, add the egg, and top it with another dollop of butter and salt and pepper. She would screw the lid on and immerse the cups in a saucepan filled with boiling water and simmer on low-medium heat for 5 or so minutes.

She would peek to make sure they were done by plucking it out of the water with a dishtowel and unscrewing the top while she embraced the towel-covered cup. If it was done, she served it to us immediately with buttered toast points. Yum!

## Pancakes

I know this was from Mom's Joy of Cooking book. Her book was wrapped in a pink, purple and red book jacket cover to protect it. I adored pancakes as a kid. In fact, I loved pancakes for dinner. Yum! I was the breakfast maker in the family and loved making the batter from scratch. They were decidedly lighter and tastier than any pancake mix. If it were summer, I usually added blueberries.

### INGREDIENTS

1 ½ cups flour  
3 ½ tsp baking powder  
1 tsp salt  
1 ¼ cups milk  
1 egg  
3 Tbsp butter, melted

2-3 Tbsp butter for  
cooking

### DIRECTIONS

In a large bowl, sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Make a well in the middle and pour in the milk, eggs and melted butter. Mix until smooth. At this point, if I were organized and doing it the night before, I would cover the bowl and put in fridge overnight. I found, like crepes, it sets up the batter and the pancakes come out lighter.

Heat skillet over medium heat. Add 1 Tbsp butter. When melted, coat the pan and then do your first batch of pancakes. The first batch is generally sketchy - it's like the pan is getting seasoned and the second patch forward come out perfectly!! Keep an eye on the heat - sometimes you have to manage the temperature to make sure it's not too hot or too cool.

If I were making them for a crowd and wanted to serve everyone at the same time I would have a large bowl over boiling water. As the pancakes were done, I would add them to the bowl and cover with a lid. This keeps them moist and warm.

Serve with real maple syrup and extra butter if you dare!





## Poached Eggs

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Poached eggs are perhaps the perfect way to enjoy the essence of an egg. Mom’s egg-maker of choice was always poached. She liked cutting them up. I would actually eat them whole and then place the yolk on one half of my toast and eat it “open-faced” in one bite. If the yolk oozed out, I had extra toast to wipe up the yolk, but I saved the second half of toast for a little jam.

## Easy Onion Frittata

Want to whip up a quick lunch, brunch or light supper? Frittatas are the answer. They are simple, yet elegant. This is one of my favorite go-to recipes for brunch.

SERVES 8



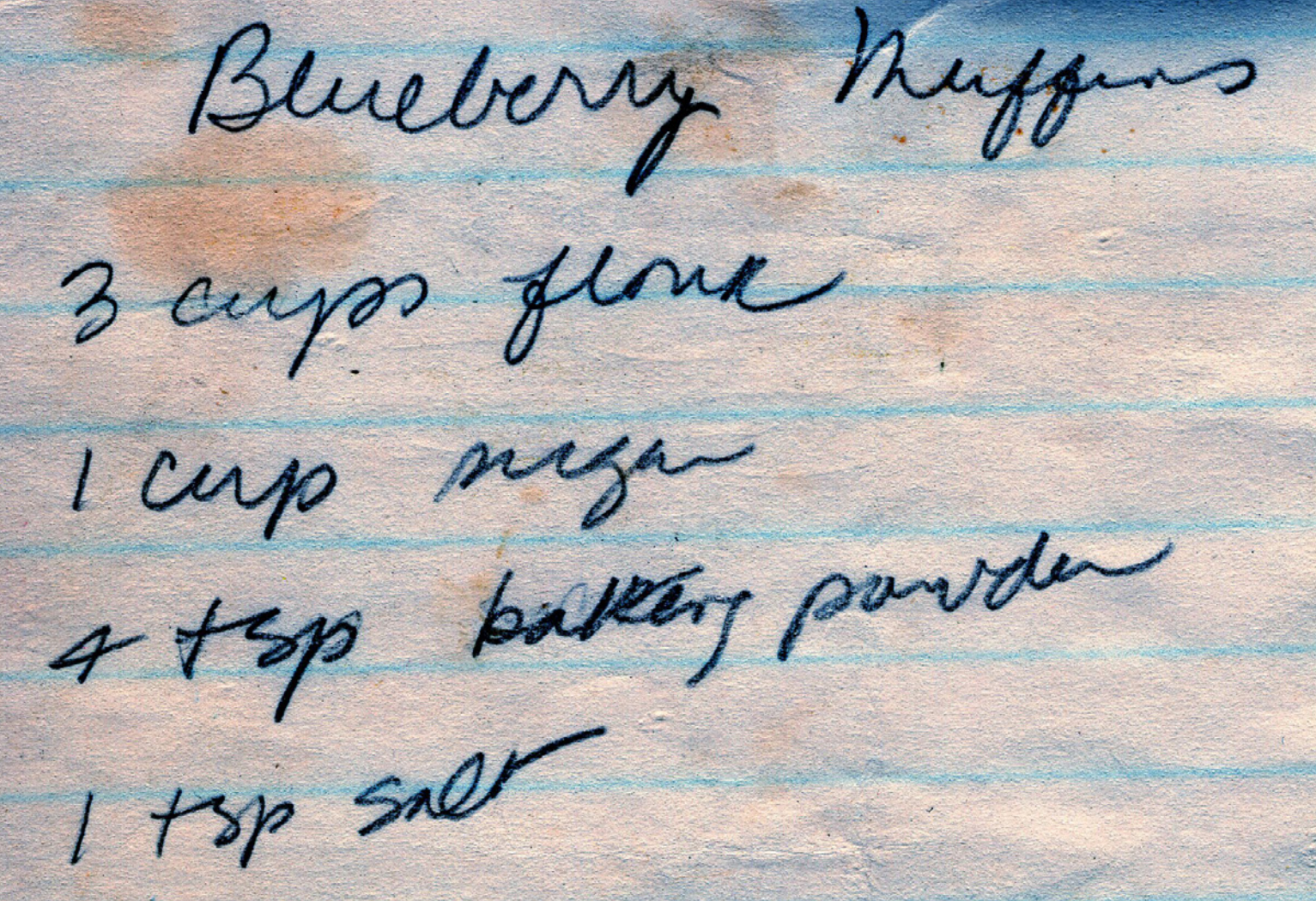
### INGREDIENTS

- 1 red onion, sliced thinly
- 1 sweet onion, sliced thinly
- 2 tbsp extra-virgin olive oil
- 1 bunch scallions, diced - use the white and some of the green
- 4 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/4 tsp sea salt
- 1 tbsp tarragon, minced
- Chives for garnish
- 6 eggs, well-beaten

### DIRECTIONS

- Preheat oven to 400 degrees.
- In a medium frying pan, add the olive oil and swirl so the entire pan is covered, including the sides. Heat the olive oil on a medium flame. Add the red and white onions and cover. Stirring occasionally until soft, about 10 minutes, add the scallions.
- Meanwhile, muddle the garlic, salt and tarragon together to form a paste. Add to onions and cook for 1-2 minutes until aromatic.
- Pour the eggs to cover the onions and continue to cook on top of the stove until the eggs set up a bit (around 3 minutes).
- Place frying pan in middle of preheated oven for 10-15 minutes until the top is golden.
- Remove from oven and using a spatula, carefully remove the frittata from the pan, cut into sixths, sprinkle with chives and serve warm or at room temperature.





## Blueberry Muffins

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There was something always deep inside me that loved to cook or bake for people. I think I saw the pleasure people derived from eating something made from scratch. Well, really with love. I specifically remember making blueberry muffins in the summer when those tiny wild blueberries were available. The summers during college were active years or entertaining family and friends in Rhode Island. Blueberry muffins were one of my specialties. As an early riser, I took pride in whipping these up, and then knowing that the enticing aromas of coffee and fresh baked muffins was wafting through the house tantalizing family and friends to awaken and enjoy the day.

## Blueberry Muffins

I had scribbled the ingredients down and have used this as my recipe for over 40 years. No written instructions. So I left it like that below. I recommend, however that you mix the dry ingredients together first, then add the wet ingredients, and then fold in the blueberries, just saying.

**MAKES 2 CUPS**



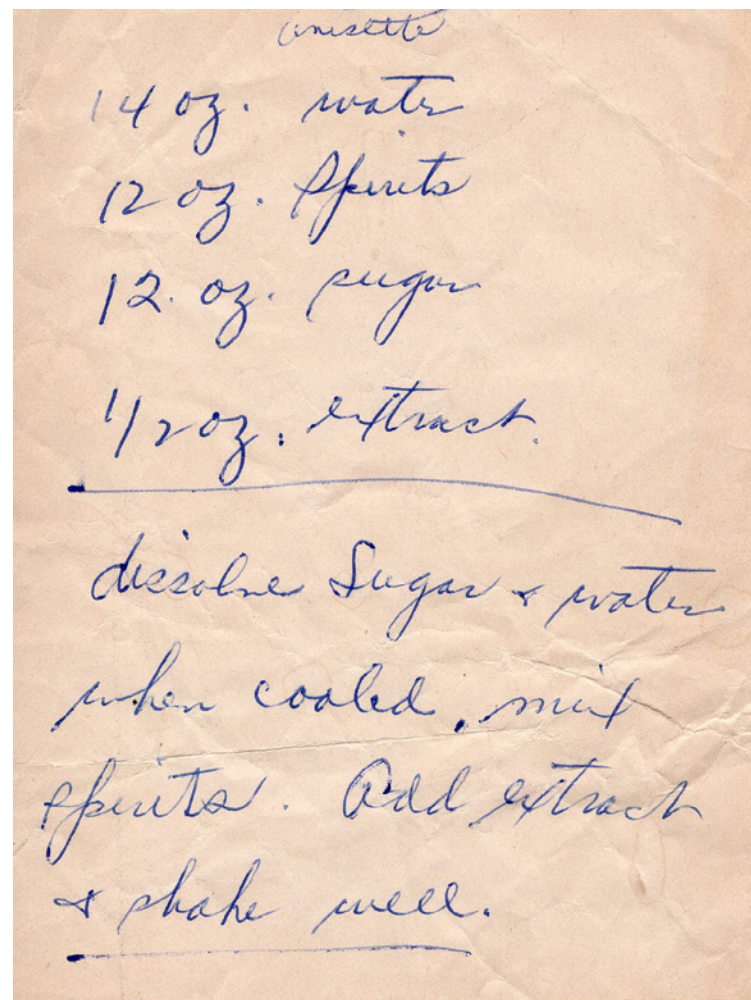
### INGREDIENTS

- 3 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 tsp baking powder
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup oil
- Blueberries

### DIRECTIONS

- Combine ingredients, divide among lined muffin tins.
- Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes.





## Anisette

Baba never has his coffee without Anisette. It seems like an Italian right of passage! Whenever I smell just a hint of anise, I think of Baba adding his spirits and then sipping his coffee. A ritual that made him happy.

### INGREDIENTS

14 oz water  
12 oz spirits  
12 oz sugar  
1/2 oz anise extract

### DIRECTIONS

Over medium heat, dissolve sugar in the water.

When cooled, mix in the spirits.

Add extract and shake well! Salute!

Nana and Baba



## Making liqueurs

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Making liqueurs was not something I remember, per se. Although I do know Nana, Baba and the Italian relatives made red wine and all sorts of liqueurs including limoncello. By the time we were around, it seemed my grandparents were okay with buying Anisette and the other liqueurs. I remember they were stored in the cabinet to the right of the dishwasher.

I love that I found this recipe in Nana's pile of recipes. While I never made it with her, it provides a way for me to re-create it and then to think about Baba and his love of it. These old handwritten recipes are a gift!

Oh and yes, it's in the breakfast chapter because Baba always took his morning Joe with a little splash of Anisette.

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