

“THE PIE” REDUX
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Well the pie that Penny made did not go away, at least in my mind. It went way away as far as eating goes and is gone, gone beyond going, completely gone, and so on. But the memory remains. I know, Patrul Rinpoche says “Don’t prolong the past,” but in this case I have made an exception.

And as it turns out I am not the pie maker in this home. My wife Margaret makes wonderful pies and knows how, but she is gone on retreat to the monastery for whole month. And this leaves me all alone with our dog and pie-less.

I don’t know how to make a pie but I want pie. I want to relive the pie that penny made so I went to the grocery and bought one of those pie shells. I know, they are terrible (Margaret would not approve) but what is a pie-less lad to do? And I bought two bags of frozen mixed berries.

I put the berries in the pie shell, added some real maple syrup, stirred well, and put the pie in the oven and baked. And the second slogan of Patrul Rinpoche comes to mind: “Don’t invite the future.” Well I did. I invited the future of this pie.

What can I say? The picture of the pie is better than the pie. This is no “Penny Pie.”

End of story.



