

BAKED SALMON



**BY PETER SPYROS GOUDAS
& Bernadette Scott**

BAKED SALMON

We know that you do not have all the time in the world to read recipes and stories.

But since we all need a little humor in our life to reduce the wrinkles, hopefully, we are hitting the right spots.

This is a true story.

On January 9, 2007, Mr. Goudas disappeared from his office at around 8:00 p.m.

I was doing my usual stuff



and the cleaning lady was doing her bit: vacuuming and mopping the offices.



Needless to say, half-an-hour later a smell penetrated the environment. In other words, something is cookinggg!

It was almost time to take my break and have a sandwich.

However, the smell meant I was going to have a full meal instead.

After all; it is a known fact, Mr. Goudas never eats alone.

Secretly, I went into the boardroom and set up the table for 3 people: plates, spoons, forks, and the works.

Along with one of the bottles of wine presented

to Mr. Goudas by various people over the Holiday Season.

He is not really a drinker, but he enjoys a small glass of wine now and then.

As predictable as ever, he comes out of the kitchen with a rectangular baking



dish covered in aluminum foil.

We surprised him by telling him to go into the boardroom.

He then said "I have cooked for 3 and I am happy that you set up the table for 3. Let us all have dinner!"

When he removed the foil paper we were very pleased to see what lay in the baking pan.

The picture below says it all: 3 thick, juicy pieces of



Salmon Steak; surrounded by baked onions, whole marinated mushrooms and sliced carrots in a lemony juice.

Mr. Goudas divided up the dinner among the 3 of us.

It was not long after the first bite that we all admitted that it was simply delicious.

And after the first glass of wine, we thanked him and asked what the occasion was, and how he cooked this wonderful dinner.

He appeared to be in happy spirits and a talkative mood and therefore he started the story of how this all came about. We smiled.

He began by revealing the recipe. He placed the 3 salmon steaks on he tray.

He then cut the 9 onions in halves and placed them face down around the steaks, together with three carrots sliced in half across the center, and a cup of marinated mushrooms.

He poured half a cup of olive oil, a glass of water, the juice of one fresh lemon, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons of Trinidad Hot Sauce and a pinch of oregano, over the salmon.



He then covered the tray with foil and baked for 30 minutes at 375 degrees.

When just about ready, he turned the salmon upside down, separated the layers of the onions and allowed them to bake a little bit more, until the water evaporated and his creation obtained a golden colour.

We all agreed, that we were having the most delicious dinner and then he asked for another glass of wine. Then we asked him again what the occasion was and why we were having such a superb dinner, accompanied by the heavenly music of tenor Harry Secombe, in his album "Highway of life".

Then by sipping his glass of wine he told us the following story:

"You know that I have had problems with my back



since I sneezed 6 months ago and dislocated a spinal disc. Now I feel much better and I am trying to walk without a cane. During this period, I met

a very good surgeon by the name of Dr. Joseph McKenna, and although he is one of the best surgeons



in the country, he suggested that I don't have an operation at the present time.

He comes regularly to the office to check on my condition, sometimes even on the weekends, and so last Sunday, at around 11:00 am, I was cooking spaghetti and remembered my doctor friend, and felt like calling him up and inviting him to lunch.

When I called him, his phone went to the answering machine. I left the following message:

"I have cooked the best mincemeat and tomato in the world and would like to know if I should complete the dinner by cooking some spaghetti, or maybe start another dish of baked salmon in the oven with onions and carrots in lemon sauce". Since I was not able to talk to the doctor directly, I continued with the mincemeat dish.

A few minutes later, the phone rang in the office and guess who it was.

He told me he would be there in 20 minutes because he was presently at a church service.

I assumed that Dr. McKennas' cell phone was on vibrate due to the quick response.

I continued cooking and thinking to myself that maybe, although the doctor is a religious man, he probably told them that he had an emergency to go to!

I then pondered on something that happened to me many years ago.

Right then and there I remembered an incident that happened more than 55 years



ago. As an altar boy back in Greece, me and another altar boy were preparing the red wine for the chalice and communion services, and decided to have a couple of glasses of this red wine as our "private" communion. When we finally emerged from the back of the church to the front, to present the minister with the rest of the wine, we started dancing Sirtaki like Zorba the



Greek.

The whole church erupted in laughter and that was the last time I assisted at Sunday mass.

The Doctor arrived just as I was bursting with laughter at this memory.

I told the doctor to set up the table and we had a wonderful lunch and conversation. It was a refreshing start to the New Year!

Dr. McKenna had brought with him a gift, the CD mentioned above. Mr.



Goudas then said that he was thinking to himself and remembered that he had three pieces of salmon in the refrigerator, which, if they were not cooked today, would not be any good for tomorrow.

That is why we were enjoying this superb meal today. And since he was cheerful because he was feeling much better these days, he grabbed his harmonica and he played along with the tenor to "How Great Thou Art".

For anyone who would like to become familiar with the words of this popular Hymn:

"How Great Thou Art"



O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder, Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made; I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art. Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander, And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees. When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art. Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing; Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;

That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing, He bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

We wrapped up the wonderful dinner with the boss, continued on to our various assigned duties, which for me is this article and this story.

So, by now you should be able to cook salmon the Mr. Goudas way.