

Life Buoy: Love + Venetian Pizza

The second in our August Love Stories comes from Katia Bishops, the incredibly talented creator and blogger of IAMTHEMILK. I was blessed to discover Katia through several avenues, one being that of fellow blogger and my sister-in-law, The Joy of Caitlin. Katia speaks from the soul and does so with humor and authenticity. She doesn't try to push any agenda but rather, wants to tell a story; her story.

Katia is a mother of two boys, 4 Year Old and 11 Month Old, currently on mat leave, fulfilling a lifelong dream of writing and making people laugh. And cry, which was not her dream nor intention. Katia writes about her children and occasionally about her husband, 37 Year Old. The serious stuff she writes about includes infertility, miscarriage and immigration. You can find her blogging at IAMTHEMILK (<http://iamthemilk.wordpress.com>) and on Twitter @KatiaDBE.

When I emailed Katia to ask her if she'd write for the series, I never thought she'd say 'yes'. Not because she doesn't seem incredibly kind in her writing, but because she's like, famous and stuff in the blogging world. I admire her honesty and where she's taken her blog so for her to agree to contribute and to add a recipe, well, we're in for a treat folks.



Katia and Husband

A Life Buoy

A life buoy thrown to me in moments of deep all encompassing darkness. Moments that represented my ultimate failure. Moments that represented my ultimate vulnerability. Moments when I felt most exposed to the elements, usually in the form of people, were cushioned by you.

I'm sure you know by now that my Achilles Heel is the need to avoid conflict and to please all in the name of being accepted, being embraced. Some of the worst moments in my life were when I failed at that. Like the time when I lost that opportunity in London after much abuse from my millionaire brat of a boss. You know what I'm talking about. Failure at excelling, failure at independence, failure at the hopes built around this. I felt like I was quickly falling into a dark and very deep and wide pit. I'm not sure that you know that it was your life buoy that pulled me out.

I'm sure you remember October 2011 when we've received the devastating news about my second pregnancy, the one we were fighting so hard for. You drove home from work and we sat side by side on the sofa. I was sobbing, no – bawling, and you were comforting me, us. In a sea of comforting words from everyone who knew, words that failed to achieve their purpose, you told me that night that you've already spoken to him. We knew it was him. And that you've asked him to come back strong and healthy. I'm not sure that you know that it was your life buoy that I put my head on, rested for a while and then kept swimming.

I know you know how much I like food and travelling. I'm not sure you know my favourite trip was the one we took back in the year 2000 to Italy. I know you remember Venice, wandering around for a while in search of where we would eat lunch. You probably remember walking into that busy restaurant that felt more like a huge, noisy dining room, the mature waiter running around like a headless chicken and seeming bothered by the fact that the patrons were interfering with his work. Remember how we walked back out into the rain and decided to look for some place else? You remember the little “hidden cove” of a restaurant under the tiny bridge, I know you do. It looked more like a room in somebody's home with two tiny tables and it probably was. We sat down at one of them and the server came up to us and instead of handing us menus she said “Pizza. With everything”. Half asking, half confirming. I know that you know how much I appreciate important decisions being made by someone else. I know you remember that we agreed. I'm not sure that you know that pizza was the best meal I ever had.

Quattro Formaggi Venetian Pizza with Everything Recreated by me For New

Year's Eve When Ben Was 7 Months Old

- Pizza dough: I can't remember the specific recipe I've used but this seems very close.
http://www.simplyrecipes.com/recipes/homemade_pizza/

Ingredients:

Sauce: Instead of tomato paste I use one of the **pasta sauces** you can find at grocery stores- Marinara, Bolognese – you can go as fancy or simple as you like. I usually go for the tomato basil one.

Cheeses: I always use more than one. Grated **Parmesan** (I prefer an actual slice of Italian Parmigiano cheese to the pre grated ones you buy at stores), **mozzarella**, **feta** and/or **blue** (don't overdo it, they are both pretty salty).

Egg: One of my favourite things about the Italian pizza was the sunny side up. Add the egg 5-6 minutes before you finish baking.

Herbs: **Parsley** and **Basil**. I sprinkle them at the very end, about 3 minutes before you take the pizza out of the oven.



How:

I know you know how to make pizza and I don't need to tell you the order in which you put the ingredients on. Make sure to preheat the oven to 450°F for at least 30 minutes.

Before the pizza goes in the oven, lightly sprinkle it with olive oil.

Bake for 10-15 minutes until the crust is browned and the cheese is golden.