



Luiza's Heart, Luiza's Kitchen

by Diana Raab

In the heart of Luiza kitchen,
flavors danced and love flowed
with a dash of laughter,
gushing memories and blessings from above.
Her hands, worn and wise, would craft each delight,
in the glow of her stove, she brought warmth to each night.

From the simmering sauces to the dough kneaded slow,
her culinary magic was a gift we all know.
We'll never forget the neatly wrapped lasagna
brought during my bedrest
one portion at a time to my little nest.

Her contagious laugh echoed through fragrant air,
a melody mixed with the joy she loved to share.
Each meal had a story, each bite was a rhyme,
the kitchen was her canvas where she painted with time.

From the making of pasta to the nookie or cookie,
her dishes were poems no words could describe.
With every delicious homemade delight,
she wrapped us in love that was pure and just right.

Some recipes we have and we shall do
with her memory and love in mind
will forever ring true.
In the hearth of the kitchen, her spirit remains,
a blend of her joy and her tender refrains.

Though she's left this realm,
in our hearts, she stays near,
her legacy lives on, in each taste, and each tear.

So here's to Luiza, whose love was so vast,
whose kitchen was heaven, where memories are cast.
To her Franko and Serena, Peter, Mike and Danielle,
let's honor her life with each meal that we make,
in the love she infused in each recipe's wake.

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