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A Scrumptious Morsel of Love

As I stroll into the kitchen, the fantastic smells of scrumptious empanadas waft through the door, enchanting the senses. A tangy, fresh peach filling is tucked inside the sugar-dusted treat, waiting to be devoured. My grandmother's soft, welcoming hands have created these masterpieces, consistently massaging the dough until it is as soft as a blanket. In an instant, we are gently folding creases into the bread together, sliding the treat into the oven. As I share these memories with my grandma, my love for baking grows more each day. Patiently, I learn new tricks and skills, increasing my knowledge of my passion each day.

The first time I fell in love with baking was at a cozy café with my grandma. I was about seven years old, and the icy, frigid wind blew ferociously, freezing me to the bone. A dim, flickering light sparkled in the distance, and we quickly rushed toward the shining beacon of hope. As we stepped into the comfortable shop, I realized it was a homey Mexican bakery. Wondrous smells of heavenly pan dulces filled the air, drawing customers into the warm shop. As I stared around the bakery in awe, shelves upon shelves of mouthwatering treats lined the wall, made fresh each day. Sugary conchas lined with intricate patterns fill vacant spots along with traditional capirotada, a nutty, spiced Mexican bread pudding with a soft, pillowy texture. As my grandma ordered dozens upon dozens of desserts, I began to fall in love with the sounds and aromas of a beautiful bakery at work.

As I continue to bake today, I pour my full heart and passion to every pastry created. Through each fold, massage, and mix, my grandma stands beside me. She guides me to work my hardest, and to share my love through creating scrumptious desserts. With her by my side, I will continue to share these heart-warming treats with my family and loved ones.