



Toosa's Colander

To furnish a kitchen: Of knives and forks there must be half a dozen of each, a broiler, a toaster, and a colander. A native Mobilian, Toosa had a privileged Victorian-era upbringing. She knew everyone in polite society, could tell you three or four generations back who was family. A slender velvet bow upswept her snowy white hair. When she drove her late 1950s Chevy, she planned her routes so she'd make only right turns—her neck so arthritic, she couldn't look to the left. This humble pitted colander, its diamond pattern of small holes—it's this everyday object her great-niece cherishes more than the strand of amethyst beads Toosa bought at the Chicago World's Fair. Let the liquid drain through, but retain the solids.