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Pepperoni Pizza

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Pepperoni Pizza

Who doesn't love pepperoni pizza? I can testify that I really enjoy pizza. This specific recipe for pizza has a special place in my heart and for my family. This recipe is symbolic of how my husband and I want our marriage to be. We take things from how we were raised and combining them together to make it our own.

My husband's family had a tradition that on Saturday's they would go see a movie and then come home and make pizza. He really enjoyed that time with his family but as his family got older and some family members wanted to explore different food the tradition fell by the wayside. My husband has very fond memories of this time with his family. In my family we grew up eating pizza, but we never made our own dough. My mom claims that she is the worst bread maker in the world, that she can never get the bread to rise, even in a bread maker. Instead of dough we made mini pizzas on English muffins. I remember helping my mom make the pizzas I remember cutting up toppings or grating cheese. This was something I enjoyed. Some of my first memories of helping to make dinner are of helping to put toppings on the little pizzas.

My husband and I both have good memories and experiences with making pizza that soon after we were married we wanted to start making our own pizza. We started by getting the dough recipe from my mother in-law. Since getting the recipe we have done different things and branched out with added seasoning to the dough to having different topping on the pizza but it's something that we really enjoy making together and we make it almost on a weekly basis. We want to continue this tradition that hopefully our future children will have cherished memories attached to pizza. We already have some good memories attached to this pizza. The first time we ever attempted to make pizza was for my parents. They had come to visit us, and we wanted to make them something nice for dinner. I attempted to make the dough but somehow, I messed up on the crust. The dough was so dense and thick not how I had intended it to be. My mom laughed and said that I must have inherited the gene of not being able to make bread. This pizza wasn't bad, but it wasn't the best. Since then I'm a lot better at making the crust.

Pizza has been a part of both me and my husband's life and we have fond memories attached to the dish. This dish is a combination of my husband and my upbringing and it also symbolizes how we want our family to be. This dish has become our own family tradition.

