

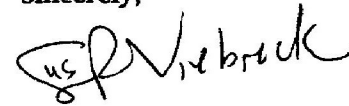
June 26, 2005

To Whom It May Concern:

The circumstances were unusual. A move to a new home coincided with our 16th anniversary on June 24. My husband Clint and I were already stressed from trying to eliminate the detritus of 13 years of living in a very large home. What remained had to be boxed. On top of that, I was in the throes of my busy summer festival season. As the cultural writer for the local paper, that meant 25 stories in June alone. In other words, I was not up to cooking and too tired to dress up and go out. How could two exhausted lovers find romance amidst that chaos? Hilary Borget to the rescue. Our request was as unusual and challenging as our situation: a sensuous meal delivered to our doorstep, but no one else present for the festivities. No caterer, just the goods please. In a blink, Hilary came up with a menu that was decadent and deliverable. Our job: heat and eat. The first course was - can you guess? - oysters with a delicate dipping sauce. The second course: pasta with chanterelles (ours), sun-dried tomatoes and fava beans in truffle oil topped off by some special cheese - I forget the name - sharper than parmesan. Delicious. The third course was organic salad greens and the *piece de resistance*, a hazelnut/chocolate torte. We supplied the candles and the appetites.

Clint and I dived into the dinner after unpacking the last box of the day, around 10 p.m., toasted each other - and the chef.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Susan Viebrock". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looped initial "S" and "V".

Susan Viebrock