

**COZY SCRIBE NEWSLETTER**

**VOL. 13, APRIL 2026**

**DEAR COZY READERS:**

***HAPPY EASTER!***



Easter Sunday is April 5<sup>th</sup> this year. The sun is warming the land; trees are budding, the yellow forsythia bush is in bloom and flowers are popping up through the soil.

Easter brings to mind so many things to me. It symbolizes new beginnings. Spring. Faith. Easter means fond memories of childhood celebrations and traditions. Do you all recall Easter egg hunts as a child? Peeking under bright yellow daffodils or among fragrant pink and purple hyacinths in search of the pastel colored eggs. Searching in the grass and under bushes. Such joy and squeals of delight when you found one and added it to your basket. Do you now hide eggs for your grandchildren? I did when they were little; now they are all college age!

Growing up during the 1950s, Easter also meant shiny patent-leather shoes worn with white ankle socks adorned with lacy tops and a new dress to wear to church and of course that special Easter bonnet. In school, we had an Easter parade to show off our fancy hats – but not your traditional silk chapeau. Oh no! These were hats decorated with chicks or bunnies, grass and flowers, feathers and bird cages. Anything you could imagine. One boy even wore a top hat made out of a tall cardboard box, painted black

and trimmed in ribbon, which covered his entire body! So much fun and of course we all received a prize!

We wore short white gloves and proudly carried tiny purses containing our rosary beads and prayer missal. Sunday church service, sitting in the back of our Catholic church (scared half to death), my younger sister and I watched the priest and nuns, in awe of the ceremony. Afterwards, we would wait on the street corner for our father to pick us up and take us home where special treats of cinnamon buns or crumb cake from the local bakery awaited. The delicious aroma of an Easter ham baking filled the kitchen.

Our baskets were filled with goodies brought by the Easter Bunny – jelly beans, marshmallow peeps, Hershey kisses, and the best treat of all ... a coconut cream Easter egg from Duffy's Candy Store. Duffy's was a small, family owned & run confectionary in my hometown that only opened for select holidays: Easter, Mother's Day, St. Patrick's Day, and Christmas. My mom would always order our eggs ahead of time – white chocolate for me and milk chocolate for my sister with delicate flowers and our names drawn in icing atop the smooth eggs. Years later, when I married and moved away, my mother still mailed me a Duffy's egg for Easter. Duffy's Fine Chocolates is still in business with two locations in south Jersey, although I believe under new management.

We dyed hard-boiled eggs and used a white or clear waxed crayon to draw designs on the shells before plunging them into the pots of bright food coloring liquids. The smell of vinegar tickled my nose as we balanced eggs on those wire cradles. Mom used to cringe at the mess we made. Honestly, we tried to be careful, but that liquid sloshed about all over. Likely, our fingers sported more color than the eggs.

What are some of your childhood Easter traditions? Have you continued to carry on those traditions with your own family?



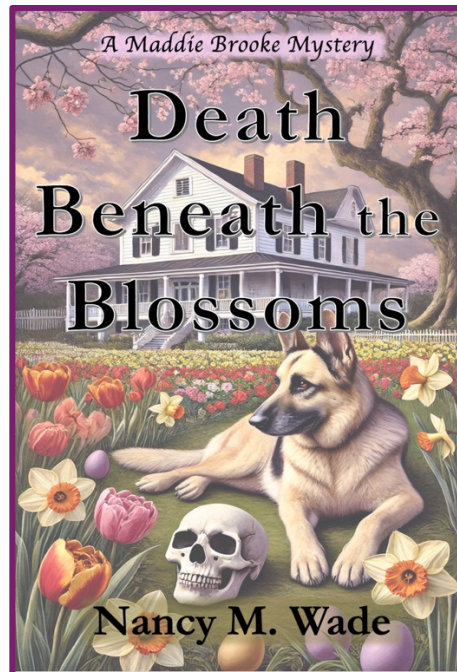
Duffy's coconut cream filled milk chocolate eggs.

***DEATH BENEATH THE BLOSSOMS***  
***MADDIE BROOKE MYSTERY***

Of all my cozy mystery titles, only one story takes place during Easter ... a Maddie Brooke Mystery called “Death Beneath the Blossoms”.

Maddie hosts an Easter egg hunt on the farm with guests of the Magnolia Blossom Inn. The children scatter around the yard to find the gaily colored eggs and search for the special gold foil-wrapped egg that wins a unique prize. Everyone is in the hunt, including Luke. He’s Maddie’s German shepherd but he digs up a bone from a buried skeleton instead of an egg.

The ancient skeleton unearthed beneath Magnolia Blossom Inn cherry trees plus an Iraq war veteran later found dead on the property, tangles amateur sleuth, Maddie, in a decades-old mystery rooted in jealousy, secrets, & revenge. With the help of her ghostly grandmother, a wise-cracking Southern belle, Maddie navigates a cast of suspicious soldiers, federal agents, and a Yankee detective determined to learn the truth.



## **April Recipe:**

My mother was a good cook, but a plain cook. A no-nonsense, no frills type of cook that used whatever canned goods, vegetables, or meat she had on hand. She knew how to take a recipe and stretch it to feed a large family. So it surprised me one day, years later when we were all adults and out of the house, that she served a fancier type of dish for an Easter brunch. She had experimented with a flaky pastry filled with an egg mixture and baked like a pie. Mom was quite proud of her delicious entrée. Here is a recipe similar to what she had baked.



## **QUICHE LORRAINE**

### **INGREDIENTS:**

- 9 inch pastry dough
- 5 slices cooked bacon, chopped
- 4 large eggs
- 2 cups half & half cream
- 1/8 tsp freshly grated nutmeg
- Kosher salt & ground black pepper
- 1 Tbsp chopped chives
- 8 ounces Swiss or Gruyère cheese, grated (2 cups)

### **DIRECTIONS:**

Preheat oven 375 degrees, rack on bottom position.  
Roll out pastry dough and fill standard 9-inch pie plate, bottom and sides. Fold over edges and crimp. Freeze pie dough 20 minutes.

Line piecrust with foil or parchment paper and fill with pie weights, rice or dried beans. Blind Bake empty shell 25 minutes. Remove weights and paper/foil. Bake additional 12-15 minutes until pastry is golden brown. Cool pastry in pie pan on wire rack.

Cook bacon until crisp. Chop into pieces. Drain and cool bacon on paper-towel lined plate. Whisk together 4 eggs in large bowl. Add half & half cream and nutmeg. Whisk. Season with salt and pepper. Whisk in cooked, chopped bacon and chopped chives. Spread 1 1/2 cups of cheese on bottom of piecrust. Pour egg mixture on top, then add remaining 1/2 cup of grated cheese on top.

Bake egg filling until just slightly wobbly in center of pie – about 30-35 minutes. Let rest 15 minutes before serving.