

I partnered with Carlos's accountants to sign the rental lease and buy insurance; I ordered building permits; and Saumitra helped me find an architect and construction crew. Kitsaun gave notice at Frank's clothing company and came on board full-time. For two months, Saumitra and the architect were busy adapting the building to serve our needs while I created a menu and Kitsaun wrote lists of items we would need for preparation of the vegetarian entrées, soups, salads, and sandwiches we had selected for the menu.

Checkbook in hand, Kitsaun and I stood in Dvorson's restaurant supply store between rows of eight-foot-high metal shelves filled with gigantic stainless-steel whisks, serving spoons, casserole pans large enough to bathe a toddler in, gallon blenders, industrial-size coffee urns, and soup pots up to our knees. Sunlight gleamed on the sides of the pots, flashing silver before us. The restaurant was becoming visible. I savored the excitement and thrill.

"We'll need good knives that we can sharpen ourselves," Kitsaun said, lifting up a twelve-inch-long Hinckel. "And we'll need small spatulas for spreading mayonnaise on bread for sandwiches, as well as one of these Hobart food cutters to chop vegetables." She checked off items on her list, her face serious, her angular cheekbones set high in her sandalwood skin.

I picked up a plate, edges scalloped with a delicate pale green design. "This place setting will look nice with pale yellow walls, don't you think?"

Kitsaun peered closely. "It's difficult to tell. Let's ask if we can take a sample with us to compare with the paint."

I nodded. Kitsaun's business mind and organizational skills

\* (around 1973)  
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were essential to putting the structure of the restaurant together. She had helped me decide to have the restaurant designed cafeteria-style so that we could operate with the small staff of disciples, as there were only five in the Centre who could work in the divine enterprise.

Her artistic mind and impeccable eye for detail supported me as the business moved swiftly forward and I managed construction, people, and a budget.

We climbed into Kitsaun's clunky old BMW, the backseat and trunk holding our cache, and drove to Mom and Dad's on Harold Street. As we opened the garage door and carried soup pots, foot-long cooking spoons, and the sample plate into the hallway outside her bedroom, we saw Dad watching us from the living room window, hands on his hips, whistling "When Your Lover Has Gone."

Mom came home from work just as we finished. "Hi, girls. What do you have there?" She was breathing heavily after her long walk up the hill from the streetcar stop on Ocean Avenue. Her thin face was flushed red. Brunette hair fell softly over her brow. She pulled off her tan jacket and sat on Kitsaun's chair, next to the pile of recipe and management books.

"Hi, Mom," I said, holding a bundle of white aprons in my arms. "We're starting to buy equipment for the restaurant."

She looked around. "Everything is so big!" Mom was a Depression-era minimalist. She had miniature handwriting, wore her clothes until they were almost threadbare, and liked small sizes of almost everything. She smiled wanly and walked upstairs. We could hear Dad's voice booming through the floor, "What are they doing?"