

Saint Valentine
02-20-2017 by Harry Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun date 34704

Writers of Windsor Gardens know that many attendees often ignore the "topic" selected each week. Have their own agenda. I ignored Last week's suggestion, "Favorite Recipe". For in fact, I must have began liking food in the womb, as I never lost an appetite for whatever is served. And I would not criticize the preparer, or recipe. In fact a favorite recipe, often begins with the sound of the can opener. I am that particular.

Another favorite recipe, begins with Barbara's announcement "Let's go out and eat". You must have some principles, understanding, longevity in marriage, to know the things I treasure.

To complement this appreciation for recipes, food, eats, luxuriating, delight, there is another word that excites on this subject.
"Free".

As a fact, if it weren't for the offer of a free meal, I may not have met my wife. In my first Denver 1948 days, my buddy and I were invited by a mutual friend to his home which he shared with his mother, brother and two sisters. The enticement, a free dinner. There was no way Harry or I could have expected that in that crackers and cheese fest, we would become brothers-in-law. Of necessity that's another early chapter in the life of six eating in that kitchen, for in time I wed our host's sister Barbara in 1951, and later, same year, my friend Harry S., married his other sister Betsy, that simple meal making the better use of the finite days of those seven lives, each spent as if pieces in a generous reverse savings accounts. Which, naturally or not, leads me to Saint Valentine.

Everyone should be blessed to experiences a kindness from an unknown person.

Not that many years ago, a letter to Mr and Mrs Harry Zirkelbach arrived, was opened. It asked for nothing.

It was an invitation from Denver ChopHouse & Brewery, announcing

**IN HONOR OF YOUR YEARS OF MARRIAGE
WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO BE OUR GUEST
AT A SPECIAL DINNER,**

then the time, date, location Caboose Room. And an RSVP request.

We did reply. We went. We enjoyed. Since then, invited again,
have gone back yearly. Neither disappointed.

In fact, we look forward to this invitation.

A significant moment in Denver history arrived with the Union Pacific Railroad.

When UPRR created the first continental Rail line

it went through Cheyenne and Wyoming, avoiding Colorado.

Later UPRR built a spur to Denver, from Cheyenne. And opened a handsome, red
brick, corporate Office, at 19th and Wyncoop, their ~~UP~~ logo a keystone marker
over the 19th Street entry. Later after vacated by Union Pacific, it became one of

downtown Denver's largest eateries, little change to the exterior,

but inside, restaurant, bar, separate eating rooms.

Haven't eaten here? Treat yourself. Dress. Use Valet parking.

They know every martini recipe ever imagined!

We never learned of the individual who submitted our name. Our secret friend.

Equally appreciated was the kindness given by the management of
Denver ChopHouse & Brewery who do this without fanfare.

They, the generous benefactor to a few dozen married couples,
who now have time, enjoy a meal, share experiences in ambience, quiet,
only the gentle tingling of metal on wine or martini glass heard above
conversation between elderly friends
on Saint Valentine's feast day.