

FEBRUARY 13, 1937 — FEBRUARY 26, 2026



CELEBRATION OF LIFE IN LOVING MEMORY

Patricia Chun Tseu

Friday, July 10, 2026 | 3:30 PM | Waioli Kitchen and Bake

Celebrating the Life of Patricia Tseu



MESSAGE OF FAITH

Bishop Cliff Jamile

THE MANY CHAPTERS OF MOM'S LIFE

Mitchell Tseu, Son

BEYOND GOODBYE

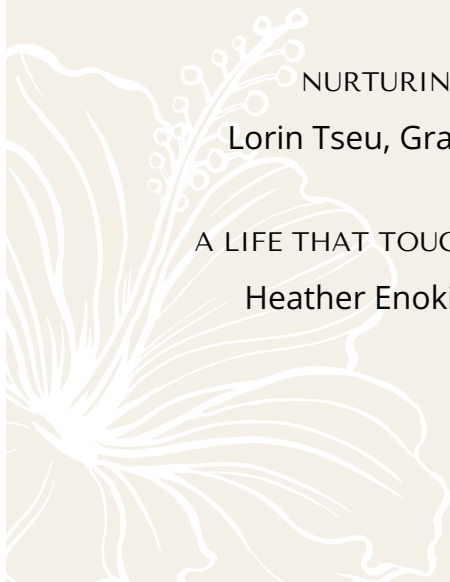
Emi Enoki, Granddaughter

NURTURING LOVE

Lorin Tseu, Granddaughter

A LIFE THAT TOUCHED SO MANY

Heather Enoki, Daughter





Obituary

Patricia Chun Tseu, 89, passed away on February 26th, 2026, peacefully in her Seattle, Washington, home surrounded by her endearing family.

Patricia (Pat) grew up in Kaimuki, Hawaii, and graduated from Roosevelt High School. During her childhood, Pat enjoyed hula dancing, playing marbles and spending time with her friends. After high school, she attended the University of Hawai'i, Drury College, and Kansas State Teachers College. Pat raised five children and prior to retiring worked at the University of Hawaii managing the disbursing office.

In 2006, she moved to Seattle, Washington, where she continued her love for gardening, and loved spending time with her grandchildren, taking day trips to nearby towns, and playing word find and sudoku puzzles. Her favorite color was bright, sunshine yellow and loved everything that color including ducks and popcorn.

Pat was kind-hearted, gentle, and eternally optimistic until her last days with us and we all aspire to have the grace and internal beauty she once held.

Ki Ana

It is difficult to find the right words for someone who meant so much to so many people. How do you capture a life that was built on love, sacrifice, strength, and kindness? How do you summarize a person whose presence felt like home?

Tutu was one of the most selfless people I have ever known. She gave without expecting anything in return. She put the needs of others before her own, not because she had to, but because that was simply who she was. Her love was not loud or demanding. Her love was steady, unconditional, and always there when you needed it.

She had a warmth about her that made people feel safe. Whether it was through her smile, her words of encouragement, a comforting hug, or simply the way she listened, she had a gift for making people feel seen and valued. She had a way of turning ordinary moments into treasured memories, and she taught us that love is often found in the smallest acts of kindness.

But alongside that warmth was incredible perseverance. Life did not always make things easy for her. She faced hardships, disappointments, and challenges that would have overwhelmed many people. Yet she continued forward with grace, courage, and determination. She carried burdens without complaint and met life's difficulties with a quiet strength that inspired everyone around her.

She taught us lessons without realizing it. Through her actions, she showed us the importance of compassion. Through her sacrifices, she showed us what devotion looks like. Through her resilience, she showed us that strength is not about never struggling. It is about continuing to love, hope, and care for others despite those struggles.

Today, while our hearts are heavy, we are also grateful. Grateful that we were blessed to know her. Grateful for the memories she gave us. Grateful for the values she passed on and the lives she touched.

Though she is no longer with us physically, her legacy remains. It lives on in every act of kindness we show. It lives on in the stories we share about her. It lives on in the love she planted in our hearts. And it lives on in the family she nurtured and cherished.

When we think of her, let us not only remember the day we said goodbye. Let us remember the countless days she spent loving us, supporting us, encouraging us, and believing in us. Let us remember her laughter, her wisdom, her strength, and her gentle heart.

Tutu, thank you for everything you gave, for everything you taught, and for the love that will remain with us forever. Your life was a gift, your memory is a blessing, and your influence will never fade.

We will miss you deeply, love you always, and carry you with us for the rest of our lives.

Rest peacefully



Hannah

Thank You for loving me. Thank You for raising me. Thank You for teaching me to count to 10 before I speak, never forgetting a holiday or a birthday, and being someone I know will listen to my frustrations but also tell me when an argument isn't worth the fight. Thank You for showing me what independence looks like and how to enjoy time with myself. Thank You for always having an open bed to string pikake lei's in and watch Days of our Lives. Thank You for always opening up your home when we didn't have anywhere else to go. Thank You for teaching me how fun fashion could be and even gifting me your favorite pair of shoes that I coveted for so long. I wore them into the ground and cried when I had to throw them away. Thank You for taking me to nail appointments and letting me play "bank teller" when you were finishing up work. I'll never forget the clickity clack of your long red nails against the keyboard. My childhood is filled with nostalgia because of you. Thank You for being there for every dance performance that you could be and for making sure I knew you loved me. Thank You for teaching me how to love my babies unconditionally and how to give without expectation or recognition. Thank You for being my Grandma. I'll think of you daily and I'll miss you forever. I love you!



Codell

Dear Mom,
Like beautiful peonies
you loved so much
that brighten our
world, you made our
family so much
brighter with your
love. You will leave a
lasting mark on our
hearts and your
memory will live on
within us.
Love,
Codell



Mitchell



Thank you, Mom, for your
endless love, kindness,
and sacrifice. Your leading
by example shaped our
lives in so many ways.
I love you.
Mitchell

Heather

Food is an important part of daily life. Not only does it nourish our bodies, but it also brings people together, strengthens relationships, and creates lasting memories. For our family, cooking was one of the ways my mom showed us how much she loved us. She was a wonderful cook, and one of the questions she asked most often was, "Are you hungry?" She always made sure we were well fed—not just with food, but with love.

Growing up, she prepared two dishes for dinner almost every night. She might make spaghetti alongside her mother's fried chicken, which was fried and then steamed. Sometimes she packed special lunches for us to take to school. My favorite was rice balls and beef teriyaki. I always looked forward to those lunches.

When I was younger, she made fried rice without green onions because she knew I did not like them. She would always tell me it tasted better with green onions. Our family also joked that she put celery in everything! The funny thing is that now I enjoy green onions in my fried rice, and I include celery in my own cooking. I am not sure whether my tastes have changed with age or whether those ingredients simply remind me of my mom and the food she loved.

Mom made joong in the pressure cooker and always prepared special ones for people who had favorite ingredients, such as extra eggs. She made so many dishes exceptionally well, including kal bi, prime rib, macaroni salad, Swiss steak, spaghetti, fried wontons, wonton soup, beef stew, chocolate cookies, laulau, and especially her famous Chinese squash lily root soup. Her wonton soup was the best, and she often judged a Chinese restaurant by the quality of its wonton soup.

Every holiday, she prepared a table filled with family favorites. Thanksgiving always included turkey tails and shrimp tempura, while Easter and Christmas featured her delicious prime rib. We always had noodles and a wide variety of vegetables. She also had a sweet tooth and especially enjoyed banana cream pie, haupia cake, pumpkin pie, apple pie, and, of course, the corners of my banana cake.

She loved many kinds of food, especially Chinese, Japanese, and Mexican cuisine. Some of her favorites included dim sum ("football"), roast pork, bitter melon with black bean sauce, kau yuk, char siu, chow fun, crispy gau gee mein, Saba, sushi, burritos, clam linguine, and Zippy's chili burrito plate with a yellow chili pepper. For many years, her favorite breakfast was waffles with scrambled eggs and bacon. She also loved See's Candies, Milky Way bars, and dark chocolate. But her all-time favorite snack was popcorn. One time I brought her a bag of movie theater popcorn without realizing she had already eaten dinner and was in bed. I watched her happily eat the entire bag by herself before falling asleep with a smile on her face.

Six years ago, when Mom was diagnosed with dementia, she gradually slowed down and eventually stopped cooking. I took over preparing her daily meals and our holiday dinners. I am not as skilled a cook as she was, but she never complained and always appreciated whatever I made. Even in her final days, she would still offer to help me cook.

Mom taught me that food was never just something to eat. It was a way to care for others, bring family together, and create traditions that would last for generations. Every time I make one of her recipes, I think of her and the love she shared through her cooking.

Mom, thank you for teaching me the importance of food, for sharing your recipes, and for showing me that some of life's greatest expressions of love come from a kitchen. I miss you every day, and I love you always.

As a family, we would like to share some of our favorite recipes that our mom (grandma) made for us over the years. Each recipe is more than a favorite meal—it is a memory of Mom and a reminder of the love she poured into our family. We hope they bring you as much comfort, joy, and love as they have brought to ours.





Mei

Mei's junior year English class essay:

Its sticky and sweet gloss shines in the afternoon sun as warm steam collects within the see-through packaging. They glow in their arrogance. A golden brown beauty stuffed with sweet pork and happiness. Soft and smooth on the outside, baked to perfection on the inside, they patiently await a little Asian girl to pick them up.

Today's Wednesday, steam bun day, the best day of the week. Heart pounding and head spinning, my pink "outdoor shoes" are on my feet as soon as I hear the school bell ring. My classmates haven't even packed their bags yet, but I'm already running out the door to see my grandma. She always waits for my sister and me to finish school in the front most parking spot. It's the easiest to walk to. She never fails to greet us with "Hi, Mei Mei and Emi!!" every time we got into her car in the gentlest voice you can imagine. Deep creases encompass her hazel brown eyes as she smiles at the both of us. Mei Mei was a name given to me when I was in preschool, and now, the name grounds me, and brings me back to my childhood, back to her.

Barely tall enough to open the door by myself, I climb into my grandma's mocha brown Honda CRV, my heart still pounding in my chest. Absorbed by the alluring aroma of the steamed buns, my mind can finally relax. I unclasp the see-through packaging, immediately releasing a beautiful cloud of steam. I pick up one sticky bun with my hand attempting not to squish the other buns for my sister. The biggest smile sweeps across my sister's face as she watches me pick one up. The steam bun doesn't fit in my small hand, so I have to use both to bring it closer to my face. A small bite into the soft bun and I could forget everything wrong that happened that day. The moment it touches my lips, every muscle relaxes as my whole body sighs in relief. I feel like I'm at home.

She gave us these pork buns every week, and she never forgot. But as the years passed, Wednesdays started to feel like any other day. In school, I was no longer learning how to spell "Mississippi" as I used to, but adult things. Racism, climate change, and the American revolution became the focal point of my elementary school education. Sluggishly pulling my shoes over my feet, I haul my backpack over my shoulder and head for the door. The gravel crunches under me as I slowly drag my feet to the car waiting for me in the front parking spot. The same parking spot as always. Lazily shutting the door, I barely hit my sister on her way in. "Hi, Mei Mei and Emi!" my grandma says excitedly as she usually does. "Hi," I responded, saying nothing else. Despite my lack of enthusiasm, my grandma would press on to ask us about our day as she handed the pork buns over her shoulder. I barely mutter, "Good. Thank you, Grandma," if I remember to thank her. A lame excuse for a response. We exit the parking lot without a word spoken. Looking out the window in silence, I only paid attention to the cars passing by as the cold uneaten buns lay by me. Still wrapped in the see-through packaging, untouched, I almost forgot they were there.

Back then, I didn't know. I didn't know that my grandma would be diagnosed with dementia and lose 80% of her memory. I didn't know how much she helped my parents when times were tough. I didn't know that the thought of "what if today is her last day with us" would become relevant. What if tomorrow she doesn't remember who I am? I was only thinking about the present moment, and often, I regret this. If I had matured faster to know that not everyone is forever, would I have changed how I greeted her? Would I run out of school faster? Stay in her car longer? Maybe hug her tighter? I never appreciated how much she loved my sister and me and the effort she put into bringing me steamed buns every Wednesday without fail. Today, I would run around the entire earth if it meant I could see her again every day after school with a package full of steamed buns.

As she once did for me, I now take care of my grandma. Though I haven't graduated high school, am the second youngest cousin, and don't even know simple life things like what a mortgage is, I still take on the honor of caring for my grandma. Every week I walk half a block to her house to make sure she is out of bed and ready for the day. Just like she used to comb my hair into pigtails when I was six years old, I now do it for her with her little hair on her head. I place a box of pork buns on her large dining room table. A box of pork buns which used to warm my six year old heart, I hope does the same for her eleven years later. Her dementia slows her down. She wears a pink long-sleeved shirt with flower-patterned pants and she has a bruise on her left knee. With jet-black eyeliner on her eyebrows instead of her eyelids and her shoes on the wrong way, she occasionally stumbles as she walks around her house. Her hair curves in all different directions, some strands flowing to the side but most of them going up. I look over at her gazing at the news station on the television. I doubt she can comprehend what the

broadcasters are saying, but to think that she would bring me food and take care of me the way I do for her now still blows my mind. "Hi, Grandma! I brought you some steamed buns!" I say enthusiastically with a big smile. I haven't seen her in a few days, so I don't expect much from her.

"Hi! Thank you so much, Heather," she responds hesitantly, calling me by my mom's name, not remembering who I am anymore.

As the clouds of my past actions overcast my mind, I feel like an emotionless and endless void. Like a still lake, early in the morning when the fog gracefully glides over the crest of the water. Or a serene meadow in the night where fireflies light up like stars. A battle of emotions neutralizes my thoughts as I feel the emptiness of tranquility. It's just how life works. I can only learn to grow with life as it bends and sways; to learn to evolve and change. We must move on from the past to focus on the present. Time with her doesn't last forever and I know that only the love I give her will remain.

Trenton

I will always be grateful for the time we had together. Your warmth and love uplifted everyone it touched.

With love,
Trenton



Trevor

I remember when I lived in Hawaii and would hang around her old house with my aunts, uncles, and cousins. I vividly remember the fruit trees, the pool and slide, the nights playing board games, and family gathered around the kitchen catching up and talking story. Moments like these are some of the few memories I have with Grandma. Because when she moved to Seattle, I stayed in Hawaii. In the last 20 years, I have maybe spent time with her only a handful of times. But each opportunity was cherished. In the blink of an eye, life passed us by, and I lost someone who meant a lot to me. It's a reminder of how quickly time moves and how easy it is to believe there will always be another visit, another phone call, another chance to make more memories. I wish there had been more of those moments, but I'm grateful for the ones we did have. They may have been few, but they'll stay with me forever. Thank you, Grandma, for the love you gave our family and for the memories that continue to live on through all of us. I love you and miss you.



Scott

I will always cherish how mom loved to fish, crab, and do outdoors stuff with the family. All the times we went to sandy beach or Kuilima to do some bamboo pole fishing off the rocks, camping, spending weekends at Punaluu, or crabbing off our boat in the marina.

I can't forget the simple but delicious meals she prepared for us.....musubi, fried spam, and her egg with crab and green onions always hit the spot while at the beach, and her beef stew over rice always warmed us up at the end of a long day at the beach. Two things I make to this day that always bring me back to those times.

I'm so grateful that my brothers and I went fishing for salmon and dungeness crab with her a few years ago. The smile on her face when any of us showed her a fish we caught will forever be in my heart. Just to share those moments with her again, just like when we were kids, was so special to me. I love you Mom!

Scott





Pamela

One More Rhyme...

Mom, you're up in Heaven now
your angel flight has taken off

Mom, we just have memories now
but still can feel your love

Mom, you're always supporting us
we remember your every sign

Mom, you showed us how to live
At least, I feel that of mine

Mom, stay close and we'll see you soon
Heavenly Father promises us in time

Mom, families can be together forever
This life is not our last rhyme.

- love, your daughter, Pamela



Janell

Wow, I can't believe time waits for no man. All the memories of our childhood seemed like a blink of an eye. I yearn to bring back those days because of all the memories that are so dear to me-especially those we love! Auntie Pat was a big part of it growing up. I remember always sleeping over their house in Hawaii Kai and how she was such an amazing cook-especially her joong. No one could make it better than her. LOL, I still crave for it! That's how Pam got to be a good cook too! I remember her pet fish that grew soo big. I also remember going with my mom and Auntie Pat to all the orchid farms and my mom would say, "Auntie Pat has a sharp eye for nice orchids. But these memories have been a part of my life that has made me feel grateful that we are family and that families can be together forever!

Auntie Pat, oh how we miss you dearly! God be with you 'til we meet again!

Love You Eternally,

Janell



Katrina

Dear Grandma Pat,

Moments I share with you
Date back when I was young
A house so full of memories
All of the songs I've sung
So many hiding places
Behind the couch, under the stairs
The rooms you used as storage
But till this day your attic scares
Although I'm thirty four
When I think of you, I'm not
I can smell the flowers of your leis
Without a second thought
I can't quite recall the animals
Were they Guinea pigs and hares?
I just know I hear their rustling
See their eyes with distant stares
Or feel the way my little feet
Melded to the grass and dirt
And when I climbed your mango tree
They never seemed to hurt
Except the thousand times
That I'd run around the pool
You'd think I'd learn the lesson
No running is a solid rule
Your slide made me feel daring
Because even with the hose
It felt like it was Velcro
But having fun is all I chose
The two rooms atop the stairs
To the left and to the right
One I thought was more an office
But the other, in daylight
With its window looking down
To the driveway and the road
I'd pretend I was a princess
Stashed in your humble abode
Such a Kingdom built so high
Locked inside the castle tower



And poor Frog Prince Keroppi
Received no kiss with me in power
Oh I can't forget the footage
Where I'm singing to No Doubt
Bottom of the stairs with flashlights
That's what my life was all about
I always loved to make you proud
Hear your cute fluctuating "Hi!"
And I trust those reading this with you
Can hear that just as well as I
You were present, always mindful
No matter how you'd truly feel
You had perfect smiling eyes
And with me you kept things real
I recall when I was blonde
And spent the day alone with you
It was always easy going
Happy no matter what we'd do
Except once food was involved
You always knew what was the best
Know you're by dad each time he cooks
He'd pass your culinary test
Then when precious Roselise
Had her very first birthday
You said my tattoo was so pretty
Words I never thought you'd say
Though I'm sad over these years
I didn't get to see you much
I want you to know I love you
It'll always be as such
Becoming more of an adult
I know that loss creeps closer still
But in my mind you're never far
Because beyond the window sill
I can see you in the chair
Where you first held Juniper
And I knew that in that moment
You'd always mean so much to her
And I'm so sorry if it seemed
That due to lack of company
You thought or felt I didn't care
But you meant everything to me



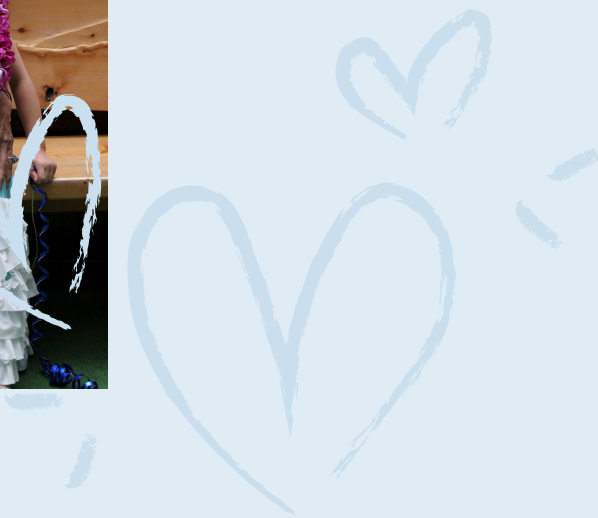
So I replay my childhood
Through my mind every single day
You remind me life is precious
And as long as you're ok
I will also be ok
I trust you
I miss you
I love you



Emi



"Love you forever
and always"



Ethan

I'll always remember when you asked about my family when I visited. Even though you asked me three to four times, I didn't mind answering because it always made you smile. I'll always remember your smile and the way you raised us children. I learned a lot even though I didn't think I did.

Love you Mom



Lorin

To know you is to love you and I will always cherish the days I grew up in your love and kindness. Your heart was so full for me and the rest of the grandkids. I'm lucky I got to learn and be blessed with a Tutu like you. I love you.

Lorin



Pat Tseu's Chinese Squash & Lily Root Soup

Ingredients

- 1–2 pounds chicken bones
- 1–2 pounds pork bones
- Raw shelled peanuts (about 1 cup, or to preference)
- 1 tablespoon dried goji berries (wolfberries)
- 6 dried red dates (pitted)
- 1 tablespoon dried shrimp
- 6 knotted dried seaweed pieces
- 1 Chinese fuzzy squash (fuzzy melon/hairy gourd), peeled and cut into wide slices
- 1–2 lily roots, peeled and sliced
- Salt and pepper, to taste

Directions

1. Place the chicken bones and pork bones in a large stockpot and cover with water. Bring to a boil, then reduce to a gentle simmer to create the soup base.
2. Add the raw peanuts, goji berries, dried dates, knotted seaweed, and dried shrimp. These ingredients can be added at the beginning while the broth develops.
3. Add the sliced lily root and continue simmering until it becomes tender.
4. Just before serving, add the sliced Chinese fuzzy squash. Cook only until tender-crisp (about 5–10 minutes) to preserve its delicate texture and flavor.
5. Season with salt and pepper to taste.
6. Serve hot, with steamed rice if desired.

Notes

- Simmering the broth for 2–3 hours produce a richer, more flavorful stock or you can use an instant pot to speed up the process.
- The fuzzy squash cooks quickly and can become very soft if simmers too long, which is why it's added near the end.
- This soup is even more flavorful the next day after the ingredients have had more time to meld.

This recipe makes approximately 6–8 servings, depending on the amount of water used.

Pat Tseu's Wonton

Ingredients

- 1 pound ground pork
- ¼ pound fresh shrimp, peeled and finely chopped
- Green onions, finely chopped
- Salt, to taste
- Pepper, to taste
- Thin wonton wrappers (for boiled wontons)

Directions

1. Finely chop shrimp, combine with ground pork. Mix well.
2. Add chopped green onions.
3. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix well.
4. Place 1 tsp of filling in the center of each wonton wrapper.
5. Fold the wrapper diagonally to form a triangle, seal edges.
6. Dip the back of a spoon in water and use it to lightly moisten one corner of the wrapper.
7. Bring the two corners together and twist to seal, forming the traditional wonton shape.
8. Arrange finished wontons in a single layer on baking tray.
9. Freeze until firm, then transfer to an airtight container or freezer bag for storage.

To Cook

1. Bring a pot of water to a boil.
2. Add the frozen or fresh wontons.
3. Cook until the wontons float to the surface, then continue cooking for 1–2 minutes to ensure the pork is fully cooked.
4. Serve in a flavorful soup broth with your choice of chopped green onions, cilantro, char siu, and/or noodles.

Deep-Fried Wontons

For deep-fried wontons, use medium-thickness wonton wrappers instead of thin wrappers.

1. Prepare and fill the wontons using the same filling.
2. Heat oil to 350°F (175°C).
3. Fry the wontons until golden brown and crispy, about 3–5 minutes.
4. Drain on paper towels before serving.

Pat Tseu's Kalbi (Korean-Style BBQ Short Ribs)

Ingredients

- Flanken-cut beef short ribs (kalbi)
- 3 cups Aloha shoyu
- 1½ cups sugar
- ¾ cup sesame oil
- 12 cloves garlic, smashed
- Green onions, chopped
- Sesame seeds

Instructions

1. In a large bowl, combine the shoyu, sugar, and sesame oil.
2. Stir until the sugar is mostly dissolved.
3. Add the smashed garlic, chopped green onions, and sesame seeds. Mix well.
4. Pour the marinade over the flanken-cut beef short ribs, turning to coat each piece thoroughly.
5. Cover and refrigerate for at least 4–6 hours, preferably overnight, to allow the flavors to fully develop.
6. Grill over medium-high heat, turning as needed, until the ribs are caramelized and cooked through.

Notes

This recipe makes a large batch of marinade, enough for several pounds of beef short ribs.

For the best flavor, marinate the ribs overnight.

Discard any marinade that has been in contact with raw meat, or boil it thoroughly before using it as a sauce.

Pat Tseu's Macaroni Salad

Ingredients

- 1 (16-ounce) box small elbow macaroni
- 4–6 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
- 1 medium round onion, finely diced
- 1–2 (8-ounce) packages imitation crab meat, chopped (optional, or to taste)
- Best Foods® mayonnaise, to taste
- Salt, to taste
- Freshly ground black pepper, to taste

Instructions

1. Cook the elbow macaroni according to the package directions until just tender. Drain well and rinse under cold water to cool completely.
2. Hard-boil the eggs. Cool, peel, and chop them into small pieces.
3. Finely dice the onion.
4. If using imitation crab, chop it into bite-sized pieces.
5. In a large bowl, combine the cooled macaroni, chopped eggs, diced onion, and imitation crab.
6. Add enough mayonnaise to coat the ingredients well and stir until evenly mixed.
7. Season with salt and black pepper to taste.
8. Cover and refrigerate for at least 1 hour before serving to allow the flavors to blend.

Makes about 8–10 servings.

Pat Tseu's Swiss Steak

Ingredients

- 1 sirloin steak
- 1 green bell pepper, sliced
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 celery stalks, sliced
- 1 medium tomato, chopped
- 2 generous tablespoons ketchup ("two jabs")
- Garlic salt, to taste
- Freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1–2 tablespoons vegetable oil
- Up to ½ cup water

Instructions

1. Season steak generously with garlic salt and black pepper.
2. Heat 1 tablespoon of vegetable oil in a large skillet over medium-high heat.
3. Cook the steak until well browned on both sides. It does not need to be fully cooked through.
4. Remove the steak from the skillet and let it rest for a few minutes. Cut it into bite-sized pieces.
5. If needed, add a little more oil to the skillet. Add the onion and cook until it begins to soften, about 3–4 minutes.
6. Stir in the celery and cook for 2–3 minutes.
7. Add the green bell pepper and chopped tomato. Cook until the vegetables begin to soften.
8. Push vegetables to one side of skillet, add the ketchup. Let it cook for about 1 minute to caramelize slightly.
9. Stir ketchup into the vegetables, then add up to ½ cup of water to create a light sauce.
10. Return the steak pieces to the skillet. Stir to coat everything in the sauce.
11. Reduce the heat to low and simmer for 10–15 minutes, or until the steak is heated through and the vegetables are tender.
12. Serve hot.

Makes approximately 2–3 servings, depending on the size of the sirloin steak.



*Those we love don't go away,
they walk beside us every day.*