Julie and I took our nearly four year old granddaughter to **SNAPPY DRAGON** for lunch. We sat at the six seat dumpling counter, where Livia drew with crayons on the Snappy Dragon place mat. "What are you drawing, Livia?" Julie asked.

"Diamonds in the sky." Diamonds in the sky, shiny diamonds in the sky.

"Dumplings on my plate, steamy dumplings made by Fu-Ma! Diamonds in the sky, diamonds in the sky!"

At her work station across the counter from us, Judy Fu labored nonstop, tearing tiny pieces from a hill of dumpling dough. Her fingers flitted like knitting needles as she wrapped each dumpling around its filling and dropped the finished morsel in a bin for later steaming.

Judy's grown son, David, asked Livia her name and age. Then we were all easy friends.

When our dumplings arrived, Julie and I dug in, and Livia, after a glance at the pillows and their dipping sauce, announced that she didn't like dumplings. She agreed to give one a try, but held firm to her opinion.

Five minutes later, David Fu handed a plate to his mother, who set in front of Livia a half dozen steaming breaded shrimp.

"For you!" said Judy.

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David Mahler
Seattle, 12-31-14