

**Olga Polizzi, hotelier and designer** We used to have the most wonderful Christmases; my mother was one of the best cooks I have come across. All six children were expected to turn up for Christmas lunch, with our wives, husbands and children, so there would be 30 of us. My mother would take infinite trouble over what we ate – too much, or at least more than I do. It was quite traditional, really; every year we had wonderful homemade ravioli. She and my aunt would try to follow my father's mother's recipe for stuffing. They took so much trouble, but every year my father would declare, 'It's not quite right.' So, the next year they would try again, using a different bread or making some other adjustment, but get the same result.