There's No "I" in Pasta

FOUR YEARS AGO, my husband, Daniel, and I honeymooned in Italy. One of our favorite adventures was a pasta-making class in Bologna. The course reminded us of the importance of teamwork, an apt concept for two people embarking on a lifelong journey together. When the pasta dough became too tough for me to work, my husband patiently rolled out both our portions. But his hands were too large to make the more delicate and intricate shapes, so I took over and wrapped all of the tortellini around the tips of my little fingers. This picture was taken as he valiantly tried to craft the tiny farfalle that we would soon enjoy eating. The camera was covered in gloppy bits of pasta by the end. I think back to that day quite often. I don't remember all of the techniques we learned, but I will never forget the strength of our team.

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