FASHION

Super moms and model daughters strut for Recipe for Success

By Melissa Ward Aguilar

Mothers and daughters showed they had fashion in their genes at Recipe for Success’ annual Dress for Dinner event at Tusties. Mom-daughter duos donned their dream designers — Lauren, Alexander, McQueen, Oscar de la Renta — for their turn on the runway. At times, the back-door reunion was uncanny.

Among the Gene A. awards honorees were —Appendix and Bradleys, Liz and Katie Bodeker, Novels and Lindsey Biggs, Holland-Nelson and Laura

Nelson, Kathy and Jennifer McCord, Smith and Lissy McGee, Melissa and Mia Mithoff, and Phoebe and Carson Tudor — showed style and spark as they hit the runway and posed for a phenomenon of family and friends with runway flair.

Former Clifford Pugh shared sage style advice the mothers passed on to their daughters — and vice versa. “You can never wear too much jewelry, and no boots too high,” noted Holland-Nelson.

The pearl of wisdom, daughter Laura said. Melissa Mithoff said she had learned from Mia to be “whimsical and fun and not give it too much thought.”

Cheryl Todd Ficus and Carvin handed out the Lurrie Fashion Gene Awards trophies before bowing. Marchesa gown closed the runway show.

Afternoon, supporters of Recipe for Success, founded by Gracie Conner, were treated to a delicious. delicious meal by master chef Phillip Schmitt. Guest china designs, salmons scallopini, fed breads and a chocolate tart.

Mickey Rosman’s lime boutique was a breathtaking backdrop for the luminous tabletops created by Ficus, featuring pinnacles and calla lilies, all in white. The honorees were joys by Blaine Loney Farb, Michael Mithoff, Michele Vorborughs, Rob Conner, Lauren Beetit, Vonnei Cunningham, Bobby Tudor, Harvey Tudor and Cyndi Mulder, who made excellent dinner companions.

Halee: Devil was probably afraid of Mom

in the collection plate when they ought to be pumping boys to have giggle-fins on us.

So, by the time it was one of the boys to feel guilty, I knew the devil well.

He followed me around, trying every day to get me in trouble.

Once he put in my head the thought that I could acquire a good bicycle.

This old bike was leaning against Mr. Peter’s garage. He’d been ridden in years. Tires flat, Spokes missing from the wheels.

The Devil said to me, “You could fix it up. Make you a good bike. Go on, take it.”

I argued that Mr. Peter would see me riding the bike and recognize it.

“You can paint it,” the Devil said. “He’ll think you got a new one.”

No way you can imagine how much I learned from the Devil.

The Devil kept pushing “Look, that old man doesn’t ride his bicycle. You can fix it up, sell it again, hell, fall off and kill him. Hell, he’ll love having you fix it up. Go, take it.”

He kept saying “take it,” instead of “steal.” If as if there was a difference.

He was sneaky that way.

(My mother) said the Devil always knew what I was thinking and doing. He could put thoughts in my head that ought not to be there.

The bicycle is just a mild example. One of the thoughts that Devil put in my head, honestly, the paper wouldn’t print them.

I once asked my mother if she’d ever had a battle with the Devil. She said no. That there may have been a few here but she’d never let the Devil have a victory, and the reason was that she had God on her side.

Which may sound like a Sunday school lesson, but to this woman, fighting the Devil was more than the practice of religion. It included religion and everything else. The Devil is her, was the source of all bad feelings.

If our house burned, which it once did, that was the work of the Devil. If her purse was stolen, if the cat got sick, if a neighbor borrowed the broom and never returned it, those reverses were nothing but doings of the Devil.

That accounted for almost everything she had in her arsenal. Sickness, homelessness, bitter disappointments and strings of just plain old bad luck. She took it all as nothing but the Devil’s attempt to batter her spirit, and refused to let him win.

When she was in bed with the illness that would kill her in a few years, the Devil said, “No fear of her. She wouldn’t have a tendency to the Devil. Said she hadn’t heard a word from him in a sign of him in two or three years.

By then, I think, the Devil was afraid of her.