I was born in Brooklyn New York on August 21st 1975 in https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brooklyn\_Hospital\_Center Brooklyn Hospital. My mother is named Margaret and her parents immigrated to the USA from Ireland in the 1920’s. My father is named Ron and he was adopted, he searched for his family but he was unable to find them. The only thing he could find out is they were from Puerto Rico. His adopted mother died when he was in his early teens and his adopted father remarried a not so warm wife. This situation I believe had a profound effect on my father and his brother who was also adopted. My mothers father was an abusive alcoholic who got Decompression sickness also called the bends building the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel in NYC. The doctor said he had holes through his femur the size of 1 cent piece. This had a profound effect on my mother , her three sisters and baby brother. All of which had a profound effect on how I was raised. I have a sister who is 16 months older than I am.

I spent my younger years living between Brooklyn and Huntington, Long Island. On Long Island I had the opportunity to spend a lot of time on the water and at the beach. When I was 9, I started mowing lawn around the neighbourhood when I was 10, I bought my first sailboat and by 12 I bought my first motorboat. I spent spring, summer, fall and even winter on the water jumping from iceberg to iceberg. I would fish for Striped Bass, Bluefish, Fluke and Weakfish. I would dig for oysters and clams and set traps for lobsters. My friends and I would water-ski, kneeboard and wakeboard. We had a lot of fun and a lot of crazy adventures.

Unfortunately when I was young my parents split up. My father left my mother for her best friend, lets just say it was a messy situation. However my father did his best to see us as often as he could but usually that meant spending the day hanging out at the bar which I loved because there was video games and I learnt to play pool.

I never liked school, I could never sit still or concentrate on what the teacher was trying to teach so I acted out a lot and got into lots of trouble. I never had problems getting good grades which made my sister crazy. I some how made it to high school but at that point I lost all interest in school and as I look back, I see I was somewhat insane. I didn’t last in high school for long due to what the school called anti-social behaviour and got kicked out. I spent three years with a home tutor from the school district and we didn’t do much schoolwork we would talk about politics and I would cook her breakfast and lunch and she gave me straight D’s (which is just passing). Unfortunately, I was not allowed on school property for my graduation.

Since I was not in school all day I got a job in a restaurant, Washing dishes. After a few months washing dishes, the Chef put me on the Garde Manger station. Which is where cold dishes are prepared such as Salads, Terrines and Charcuterie. This began my interest in cooking and eventually a passion for it. I finally found something I was interested in that I could see myself doing for a profession. I put my heart and soul into my job and started to learn techniques and recipes and moved off Garde Manger an worked my way around the kitchen to all the stations. After 5 years of cooking, I went to culinary school to try to get a diploma so I could rise higher in the ranks of the kitchen.

I spent two years in culinary school and over sixty thousand dollars which in my opinion was a waste I learnt more in two months on the job than I did with two years in the classroom.

After school I had the credentials to become a Executive Chef at a Large Hotel or a corporate restaurant. However I still wanted to learn so I began I