



Delicious eats at
El Farito Beach
Restaurant
in Seaview.

David Campiche

Dining out in Seaview

Couple serves up
homespun Mexican dishes

BY DAVID CAMPICHE

I admire those who dedicate themselves to a small business. Here in Seaview, Washington, alongside several longtime favorite restaurants including The DEPOT, 42nd St. Cafe and Bistro, the Shelburne Pub and others rests El Farito Beach Restaurant, a new, inauspicious cafe serving home style Mexican fare. Run by husband and wife Fernando and Ana Avelar, who hail from Veracruz and Guadalajara, Mexico, the cafe serves favorites from both sides of the border for both

breakfast and lunch.

After 20 years of long days, the couple now spend evenings with their three children, ages 4, 12 and 14, but still offer up a pleasant addition to a number of south of the border establishments that dot the coastline. The Avelars serve both breakfast and lunch six days a week, letting the smells, redolent with spice, flow from the small kitchen and then around the cafe. The restaurant is homey, comfortable and well appointed.

The smells, flavors and atmosphere of the cafe transported me back to my own visit to Mexico. Though the menu offers American alternatives, including bacon and eggs, potatoes, toast, and yes, pancakes, I found

El Farito Beach Restaurant

3728 Pacific Ave., Seaview

Open 8 a.m. to 3 p.m., closed Wednesdays.

www.facebook.com/El-Farito-Beach-Restaurant-110089611528839

a number of pleasant surprises from their homespun and classic Mexican recipes.

For breakfast, I chose the tostadas rancheras. This dish features two corn tostadas with beans, one egg on each, and topped with cream, queso fresco and avocado. My friend ordered the chilaquiles with carne asada. It was a hard choice among a long list of savory looking dishes. The plates were attractive and full, and the rich smell of spice, tomato and peppers heightened our appetites.

A pastor friend of mine and I share our

writing with each other frequently, and often over breakfast. On one sunlit morning when the café was slow, we read, visited and engaged in conversation with our hosts. As she poured our third cup of coffee, Ana Avelar poured out her heart.

The Avelars moved from Mexico to the United States 20 years ago, have raised children and come to love their new home. "Home is here now. We feel safer here," Ana Avelar said. There is more to Ana Avelar's story than the food and the kind reception we received. The cuisine of the United States is an immigrant story, a book of many chapters, dependent on the contributions of people who arrive here from around the world.

On another visit, as I selected a lunch from the many options, I thought of the United States' promise to immigrants. And that plate of albondigas, a beef and rice meatball soup. I could make a habit of this.