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the steele fork:



goin' home to randy's

by jarrett steele

**DOES ANYBODY EVER
HAVE WHOLE FAMILIES
OVER FOR DINNER ANYMORE?**

Even if you and yours haven't recently, you can probably remember at least one big event your entire clan went to when you were a kid, involving the indignity of dressing up with a junior-sized striped clip-on tie (yeah, I wore one) or those white saddle shoes and accompanying hose (my sister wore them, not me, bub). Your family then dutifully piled into your van, station wagon or obscenely large sedan and trekked over for Sunday dinner at the Thompsons' or Smiths' or Whites' house.

When you got there, you ran wild with the other kids until the adults quelled the hurricane and everyone sat down to supper, and you were "encouraged" to be on your best behavior under Mom's occasional evil eye, the original "jump back Jack" look.

Strolling onto the painted wood plank porch and turning the handle of the old heavy antique door of Randy's Steakhouse, felt just like I was going to someone's home for dinner again. The restaurant "lobby" could pass for your grandmother's pristine living room, with formal parlor chairs and mantled fireplace; a narrow wooden staircase leads up to the second story.

Randy's is actually a 135-year-old house, although it has undergone some quality renovation since it was relocated from its original spot where longhorn cattle once passed by on the Shawnee Trail. As we passed through hallways, we noticed family room-sized dining rooms where several groups of 12-16 diners seated in U-shaped tables talked and laughed over their meal.

Our table awaited in an elegant main dining room during our weeknight visit. The mix of wood paneling, wall sconces and large gold-framed mirrors made for a formal but relaxing setting for our evening out, while crystal chandeliers

dimly illuminated black-and-white family pictures (all this, a definite upgrade over my place at the kids' table back at the Thompson's).

My dining companion's soup of the day, a wild mushroom and onion (\$6) was probably intended to be subtle, because it was not overly flavorful. We spotted an occasional mushroom but the onion was MIA. I fared much better with a mixed green salad (\$7) that featured petite peach slices, creamy strips of fresh mozzarella and crunchy bacon bits. The vinaigrette dressing, a punchy poblano and lime provided a refreshing cool sweetness and slight tinge of heat.

Calamari with remoulade sauce (\$8.50) was served over regular old romaine, but was lightly breaded with a hint of spiciness. Each tender ring simply melted away, although a table of four could have shared the serving. While we enjoyed it, we also wondered what the portabella mushroom stuffed with crab (\$9) two tables over tasted like. It didn't last long there.

Nonetheless, hand-cut beef was why we came to Randy's. Our server meticulously detailed the different cuts, from the most flavorful 28-ounce bone-in rib eye (\$39) to the petite 8 oz. filet my dining companion chose (\$24). She would subsequently mull over a steak that seemed very alone on its plate compared to the 12 oz. filet with Randy's crawfish stuffing and cognac bordelaise sauce (\$33) that rapidly disappeared from mine. The seasoned mudbug tails matched pretty well with a nicely seared cut, revealing a juicy, rosy center. Randy's also offers a blue cheese and roasted walnut stuffed filet (\$28) and Australian lobster tails (market price), which can be combined for the ridiculously named surf and turf (also market price).

Sides are for sharing; I was thrilled that the cream osage spinach (\$6) was neither creamy nor tasting of spinach; it was more or less a molten offering of cheddar cheeses (with some spinach pieces mixed in). My dining companion frowned but I loved it, suggesting that all our green vegetables get this treatment. Likewise, the layonaise potatoes (\$5) brought back memories of my Nana's salted potato rounds and onions from the magical iron skillet. Other side selections include steamed broccoli (or asparagus), potatoes au gratin or sautéed onion.

If you're doing really well on your diet, you should probably skip ahead. Randy's desserts (\$6-7) are enough reason to make



Jarrett Steele is a writer living on the verge of Frisco. When his fork isn't busy sampling new and interesting restaurants in town, you'll find him kicking back and grilling out.

the trip. These delectables range from the expected cheesecake and key lime pie to the unique Randy's Famous Bread Pudding (with Jack Daniels sauce and cinnamon ice cream) and caramelized lemon chiffon cake filled with crème brulee. A couple on the other side of the dining room even enjoyed their own special wedding anniversary cake for two (with candle).

My "Randy Alexander" was a silky smooth adult ice cream drink of brandy, crème de cacao, Amaretto and vanilla ice cream. Her crème brulee was presented beautifully, a bowl of sweetness and sugar torched just right. Surrounded by raspberry sauce, blackberries and generous scoops of full-fat creamy vanilla ice cream, the single purple and white Hawaiian orchid bloom that adorned it looked perfectly in place.


We went for the record, clocking in at just less than two and half hours; yet from appetizers to entrées to desserts, we never felt rushed. The black tied and cummerbund wait staff was excellent, presenting the meal at a nearly perfect pace. The genuinely accommodating Chef Randy even visited us (and the other diners) during our visit to make certain we were enjoying the spoils of his grill skills and our visit to his marvelous house-turned luscious dining restaurant.


***Randy's
Steakhouse***


7026 Main St.
Frisco
(972)335-3066


Dinner
Sun-Sat(reservations
recommended)

V, MC, AmEx,
Disc, DC

Food 

Service 

Atmosphere 

Value 

(scale of five forks)