This is a tale of a secret love, one that began, as is so often the case, with a chorizo burrito. You laugh. Don’t. On one of those gray afternoons in May, when it seemed the rains would never end, I took refuge in a little eatery named Mi Viejito Pueblito, sliced into a foodstuff of vast oblongness and was smitten. The burrito’s feathery tortilla casing reacted to my plastic knife as it might a scalpel. Out tumbled a kapok of fluffy rice kernels that perfectly teed up piguant chips of sausage and, under that, a cobblestone layer of broth-cooked black beans. I leaned forward protectively over my treasure, fearful it might become the target of a passing vaquero, before reducing the whole thing to dust in seconds.

The first few weeks were bliss. I went back for the burrito but stayed for the riot of cilantro-and-onion-trimmed, busboys, dishwashers, construction workers, all for the day took jobs as Uber drivers and tree saved. They and their children and their children’s children, all for the day took jobs as Uber drivers and tree saved. They and their children lived in the United States for more than 20 years, and dreamed of running Mi Viejito Pueblito’s founders, Eulogio and Emelia Valerio. Originally from the Mexican state of Guerrero, they’ve lived in the United States for more than 20 years, and dreamed of running a restaurant for 19 of them. Dreamed and saved. They and their children took jobs as Uber drivers and tree trimmers, busboys, dishwashers, construction workers, all for the day.

last fall when Mi Viejito Pueblito, featuring Eulogio’s recipes, finally made its debut. Small wonder it’s so great, right? Food dreamed of for 19 years simply has to be mind-blowing. There’s some rule about that.

Finally, I could keep my passion to myself no longer. “I’m from the newspaper,” I announced after I paid for my final visit. “And guess what, I’m going to tell thousands of people about your restaurant.”

“No thanks,” came the reply from the woman at the counter. She smiled and walked away.

Over the next week, I made several attempts to contact the Valerios, to no avail. More than once I was asked what I was selling (nothing) and how much my reviews cost (ditto). Having my affections spurned was painful, and for awhile I fantasized about slamming the place out of spite.

And then I realized the silver lining to my predicament.

While thinking back to the day I’d slurped my way through the richest, most fortifying soup imaginable, it hit me: The Valerios hadn’t given me the brush off, but a gift. As long as I kept my love on the down-low, I could keep my love on the down-low, the little old town that is Mi Viejito Pueblito would be forever mine.

And so I told no one.