

Challah Breakfast Casserole



Today I bring you one of my most favorite recipes of all time. I don't want to oversell anything buuuuuuut, this is so good it'll make you wanna slap your mama (that's a real expression, by the way). I only made this casserole this past Sunday but I subsequently ate it the following 2 days, which brings us to today. Today is Wednesday and we are officially out of challah breakfast casserole leftovers. I'm really not sure how I'm

supposed to go about my days without this beautiful new friend in my life. Seriously. Help!



Sunday has become THE day for cooking now that I'm back at work full-time. After 3 months of maternity leave and 2 months of being back at work I think we're finally into some sort of schedule and rhythm at home. And since we have a baby and a

toddler, my experience tells me that now that we've found a rhythm to our days, it'll all blow up in our faces momentarily. That's how these things work, right? I think the hardest lesson I learned as a new parent when I had my first was that every. single. moment. is a transition. Once I accepted that the only constant in my life as a parent of a small child is that there is no constant, I found a bit of peace. I think it was already having been through that that allowed me to wholly and easily fall in love with my second. But that's what experience does, right? It teaches us that the things we freaked out about and that caused us ample amounts of stress and anxiety didn't really need the 'panic' stage.

And if we're reflective and mindful enough of our processes, we can use those tough lessons to navigate the next potential panic in a more positive way.

As it's late February on this high school campus I work at, my seniors are heavy in the waiting period for college acceptance. Their anxieties are so palpable and so valid and yet, no matter how much my co-counselor and I try to explain to them that this period of anxiety and "living in the gray" will eventually pass, they're just not buying it. They are just SO in 'it' right now. So instead, we help them lean into the process and try our best to help guide them through it with empathy. Man, as much as it's hard to be a parent of two small kids, I am SO glad to be out of high school. Yikes.



Lately, on the Jewhungry Instagram page . . . (TOP L – R: A GIANT bowl of vegetarian spaghetti carbonara, my sweet Eden on a hike. Bottom L – R: Me and a few AMAZING bloggers – Gaby Dalkin, Aida Mollenkamp, and Catherine McCord; my lunch in a jar!).

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