

Green Shakshuka with Riced Broccoli + Feta



Once upon a time there was a little Jewish girl living in the South and doing the best she could with what she had. She knew that bread was forbidden on Passover but didn't quite understand that things like crispy chicken nuggets were still made out of bread products. She realized she was still breaking the laws of Passover the way most not-so-religious kids do -- whilst eating chicken nuggets from McDonald's at an orchestra competition during her sophomore year of high school. She remembers it like it was yesterday -- sitting there in her long, black satin orchestra gown-like uniform, munching on her McNuggets, telling everyone it was Passover so she couldn't eat cheeseburgers (and feeling super holier-than-thou) when another kid looked at her and said, 'You know there's breading on that McNugget, right?' No. No she did not know that. Oh yeah? Well, these French fries are so let's Super Size that, please.



Spoiler alert: that little closer orch. dork was me. Things have changed quite a bit since that time. Not only am I HIGHLY aware of the intricacies of the law of kashrut (especially Passover kashrut), but we don't even eat at McDonald's anymore

(and if you think I didn't mourn the loss of my usual order of a double cheeseburger, you are dead wrong). As my kids are getting older and their tastes getting pickier, cooking for Passover has required an insane amount of research and creativity. While I'm completely fine with a week of salads and the occasional matzah pizza, the kids are not-so-fine with this setup. We eat a decent amount of potatoes (we love a good DIY baked potato bar), but we also eat a decent amount of eggs. The oldest has FINALLY accepted the fact that shakshuka is incredible so last year, I started experimenting with other kinds of shakshuka. I created the recipe below based on my favorite order at our local dairy kosher restaurant except I added riced broccoli from Pardes Farms as a way to bulk it up and add some delicious texture. The addition of feta and cream and a whole load of herbs gives this spring-time treat a French meets Mediterranean flavor. I hope you enjoy!





Green Shakshuka with Riced Broccoli + Feta

Ingredients:

4 tbsp oil
2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 medium onion, diced
3 cups baby spinach, chopped
1 cup Pardes Farms riced broccoli – thawed and dried*
1 cup chopped Italian parsley
1 cup chopped dill
1/4 cup white cooking wine
1 tbsp black pepper
1/2 tbsp kosher salt
1 – 2 cups heavy whipping cream (depending on your liking)
1/2 cup chopped feta cheese
1 tbsp chili flakes (optional)
4 – 5 eggs

Directions:

Place oil in medium size, oven-safe skillet over medium-high heat. Place onions into skillet and cook, stirring occasionally, until onions are translucent (roughly 5 – 7 minutes). Add garlic to skillet and cook for an additional 2 minutes. Next, add the defrosted and thoroughly dried riced broccoli and saute for an additional 2 -3 minutes.

Turn the heat down to medium. Add spinach and stir quickly to make sure the spinach is evenly heated. Remember that spinach shrinks as it cooks so that's why you're adding so much! Immediately add all the herbs to the pan along with the spinach and stir for 2 – 3 minutes. Deglaze the pan by pouring the white cooking wine into it and sauteing the greens for 2 minutes. Season the herbs with salt and pepper and stir for an additional 30 seconds.

Turn oven on to broil. Add 1 cup of heavy cream to the pan and stir to evenly disperse. If you feel like you'd like your

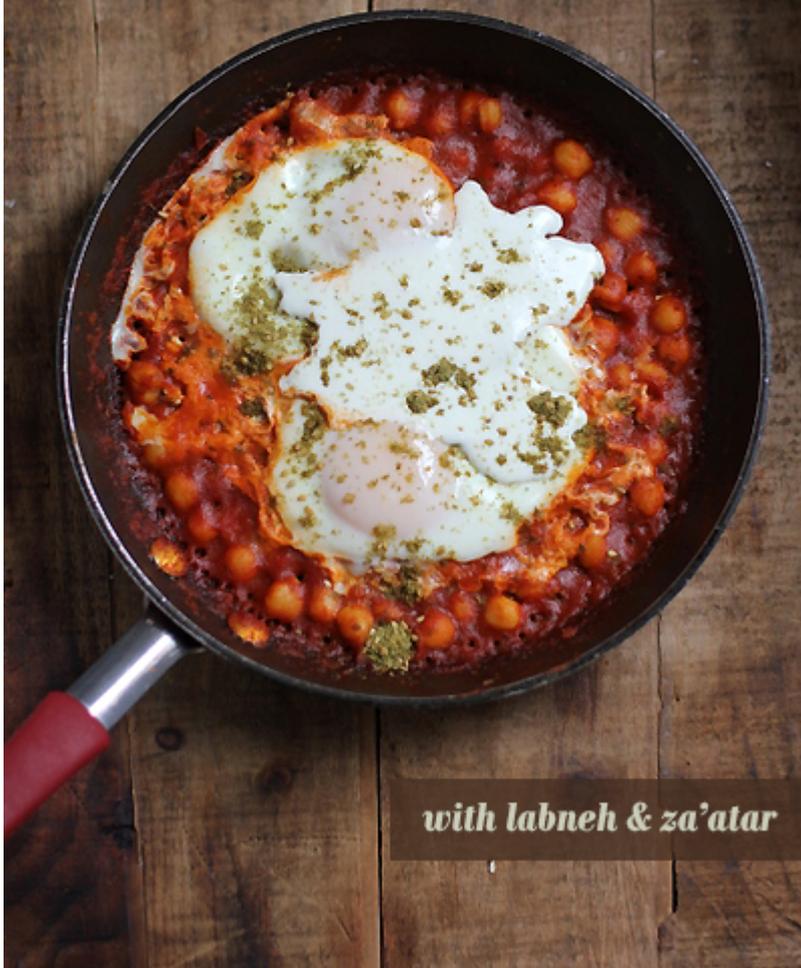
green shakshuka to be a little creamier, continue to add more heavy whipping cream 1/2 cup at a time making sure to stir along the way. Bring mixture to a boil and turn down to a simmer. Make 4 divets into your mixture using the back of a spoon and crack an egg into each one. Cover the pan and let simmer for 5 minutes.

After eggs have simmered on low for 5 minutes, remove cover and place under the broiler for 3 -5 more minutes, checking along the way to make sure your egg yolks are still a bit runny. Too long and your yolks will harden. Promptly remove the pan from the oven. Sprinkle chili flakes on top and serve hot with your favorite matzah!

*Dry your riced broccoli by pouring out thawed broccoli onto a dish towel. Squeeze the dish towel out over a sink as hard as you can.

Garbanzo Bean Shakshuka

GARBANZO BEAN SHAKSHUKA



with labneh & za'atar

I am so very honored to have the talent that is Chani from Busy in Brooklyn as a guest blogger today. If you haven't seen her blog, then I'm assuming you've been living under a rock or are new to solids because homegirl has talent. She also always, ALWAYS takes the most beautiful pictures, which are so obviously on display with this post. I love that she made her variation of shakshuka and one that is quick and easy (and elegant to boot)! It's perfect for my time and food-starved life right now. Thank you so much, Chani!

It's such an honor to be filling in for Whitney here on Jewhungry! I've been a follower from the early days and I love Whit's spunk, both in her food and her writing. We share a love of Middle Eastern food, from tahini to za'atar and

everything in between. Since Whitney is expecting baby #2, I wanted to make one of her favorites, so I'm dishing up my secret to quick and easy shakshuka!

Like many people worldwide, I have a full-blown obsession with everything Ottolenghi. Jerusalem is my favorite of his cookbooks, but they all serve as an inspiration to me and the dishes I create. One of the things I hear often is how his recipes are so complex, with so many ingredients and steps. They are definitely not the quick & easy kind of recipes that I often make for my family of six (yes, I have four kids!).



One of the things I have learned from many years in the kitchen, is how to deconstruct dishes so that they are packed with the same flavor and wow factor as their gourmet originals, while bypassing the detailed steps it takes to layer the flavors. I like to call my style "Fake It Gourmet" and this shakshuka is just the thing to demonstrate how!

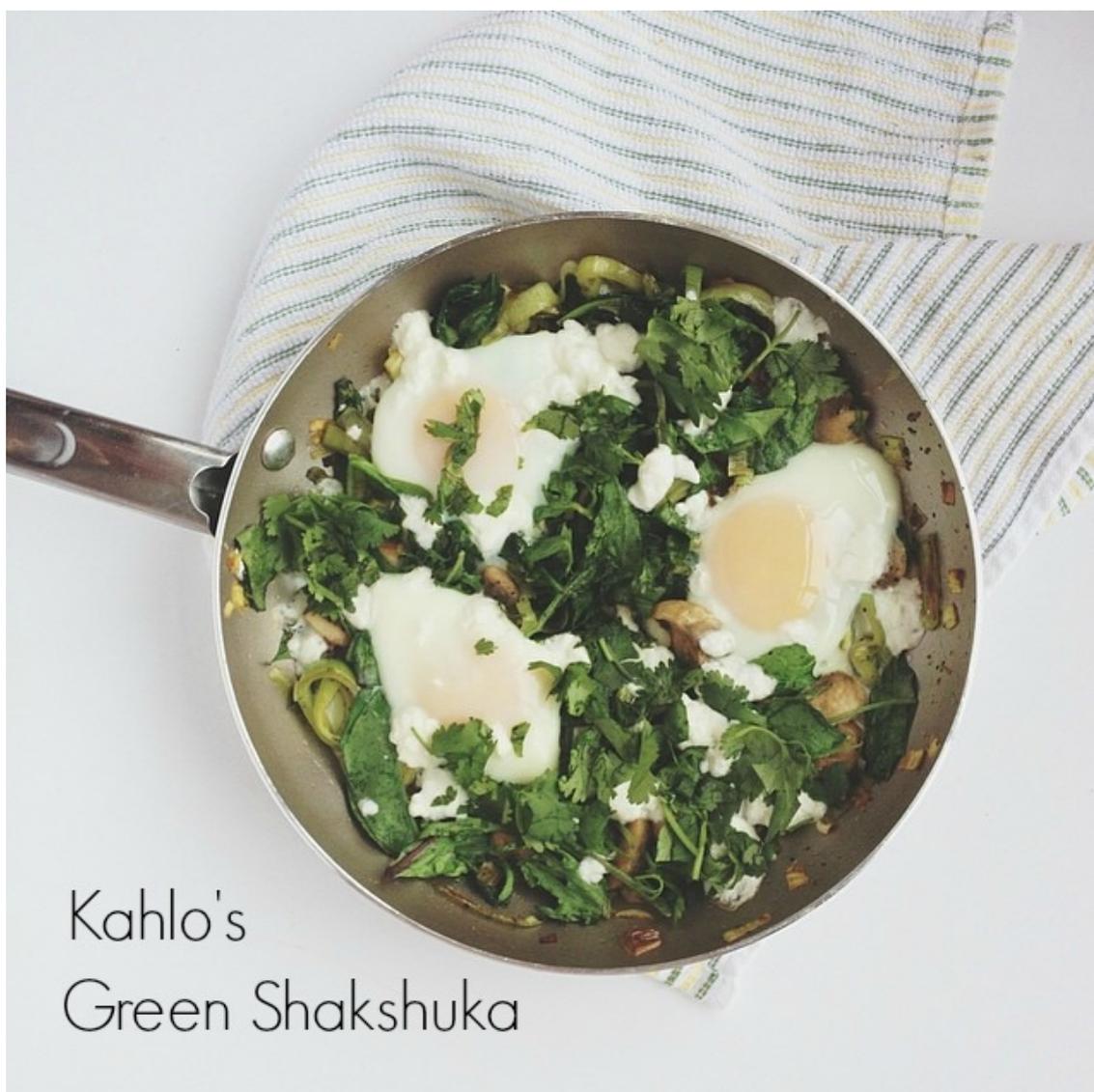


The slow-cooked chickpeas on toast with poached eggs from Plenty More is what inspired this dish. Of course Ottolenghi cooks his chickpeas for FIVE hours with a tomato-based sauce, but who's got that kind of time? Canned chickpeas fill in just fine for me, and store-bought marinara creates a robust base minus all the hassle. *Canned chickpeas and jarred marinara?* – oh the blasphemy! Sounds crazy, I know, but marinara allows me to build on a saucy tomato base, without all the chopping and sauteing. I add a bit of harissa, which deepens the flavor and gives it that oomph it needs so it tastes homemade with a hint of spice. Once you've got your sauce down, it's all uphill from there. Poached eggs practically taste good on cardboard. Same with za'atar. So all in all, you've got a winner – minus 4 hours and 45 minutes. Just don't tell the Israeli's!

B'tayavon!

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Kahlo's Green Shakshuka



(as seen on my Instagram feed like 3 weeks ago – I finally decided to post).

It was 2007 and I was living in Jerusalem. I had moved there for the year so that I could better my Jewish education as well as kinda reassess where my life was going. I landed in Jerusalem in May of 2007. As of June that same year, I had met the man I would eventually marry. I won't bore you with the story of our meeting again, but I thought I'd share the

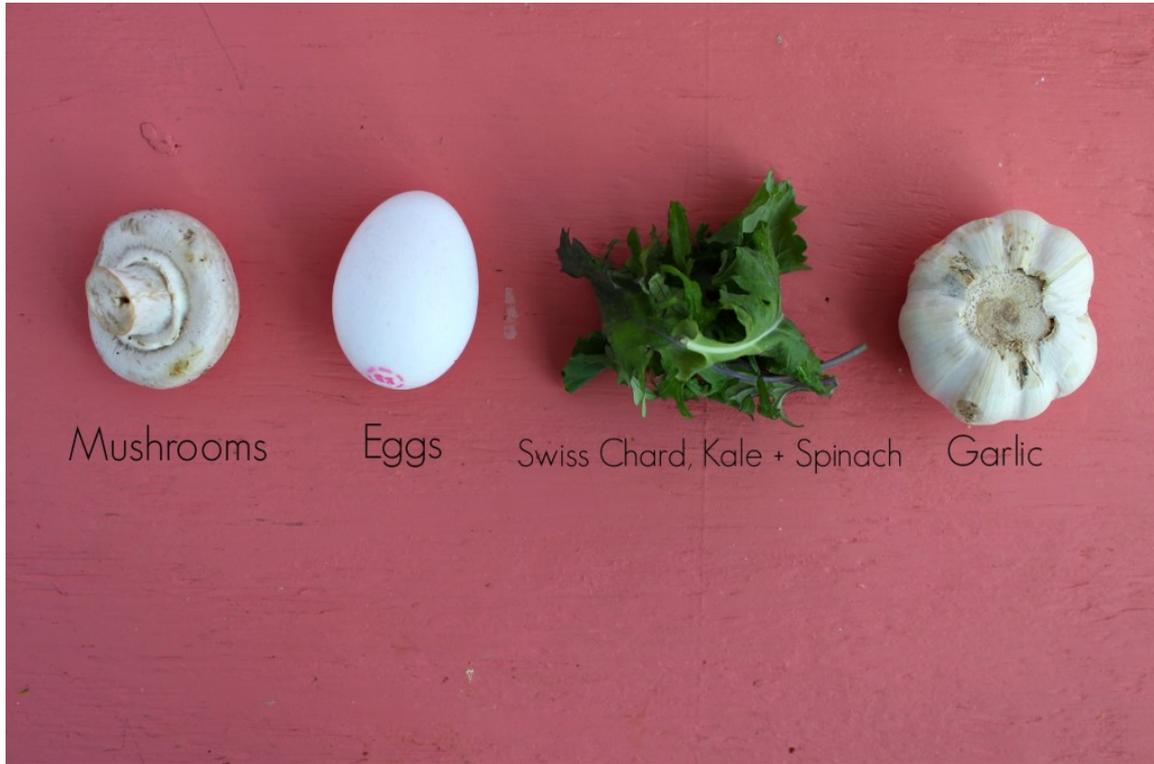
story of meeting his parents . . . The Fisches.

I met the Fisches about 7 months after I started dating their youngest son. They only knew the following about me:

1. 6 years older than their son
2. Non-Jewish dad
3. Born and raised in the Reform movement in Atlanta, GA
4. Currently attending yeshiva
5. Name is Whitney (what kind of Jewish name is 'Whitney'?!).

Oy. Vey. For a traditional family from Modern Orthodox Teaneck, New Jersey, my stats weren't super promising. My only saving grace was that I was in Israel and I was currently enrolled in a yeshiva (Jewish educational institution). I'm positive they had mental images of this giant, Southern girl coming to steal their sweet Jersey boy away. I'm positive because that's what my soon-to-be-husband told me after he finally told his parents about me. To be fair, it was really his Jewish mama who had the biggest concerns. And I get it.

As a Jewish mama myself, I get the expectations and envisioning your future for your child. I've already envisioned my daughter as a powerful (yet kind) Executive Director of some sort of human rights NGO so yes, I get it. It's just harder on the other side, knowing that you are not the person your future spouses' parents envisioned for their beloved son.



Some of your players



That being said, the time eventually came for me to meet the parents. I ended up suggesting one of my favorite cafes in the neighborhood of Talpiot where I was living. I didn't have a lot of money to throw around when I was living in Israel so

there wasn't a lot eating out. However, when I did, I always tried to go to Kahlo. Kahlo, named for Frida Kahlo, was small, busy, and delicious. The coffee was strong and the food was traditional Israeli but with a modern twist. Every time I went I ordered the same thing—the green shakshuka. I have enjoyed traditional shakshuka all over Israel but this was the first time (and only time) I saw green shakshuka on the menu. Once I tried it, I was hooked.

But I digress. Let's get back to the story. The day had come for my meeting of the parents. I made sure to leave my apartment early enough so that I could walk there and still have 20 minutes to spare. Parents hate waiting, right? Sadly, they were already there when I arrived (I say 'sadly' because my idea of winning them over with my punctuality was subsequently squelched). This only exacerbated my nervousness about meeting them. I then hugged them. BIG. MISTAKE. I have since learned that you NEVER hug Modern Orthodox Jewish men. NEVER. But I couldn't help it! I'm Southern. I hug! I'm a hugger! Damnit! OK, so there was mistake number 2. I was really doing a great job (insert eye-roll here). After an awkward exchange of names and introductions, we were then led to our tiny table in the corner. I remember making eye-contact with my man on the way to the table and attempting to have a mental conversation. "They hate me, don't they?", I tried to say with my eyes. "No, no, you're doing great!", is what I was hoping to read from his eyes but instead all I got was, well, nothing. We had to work on our mental conversations. So there we were, just four peas in a pod.

Well, three peas and me. And then something awesome happened. My future father-in-law made a joke. I can't remember how the subject came up but we were talking about their last name and how to spell it—Fisch—when my future father-in-law looked at me and said, "It's like I always tell people, you can't have 'Fisch' without the 'C'. Get it? Fish. Sea. Genius. I laughed. Out loud. A real laugh. It wasn't a 'pleaselikemepleaselikemepleaselikeme' laugh but a real

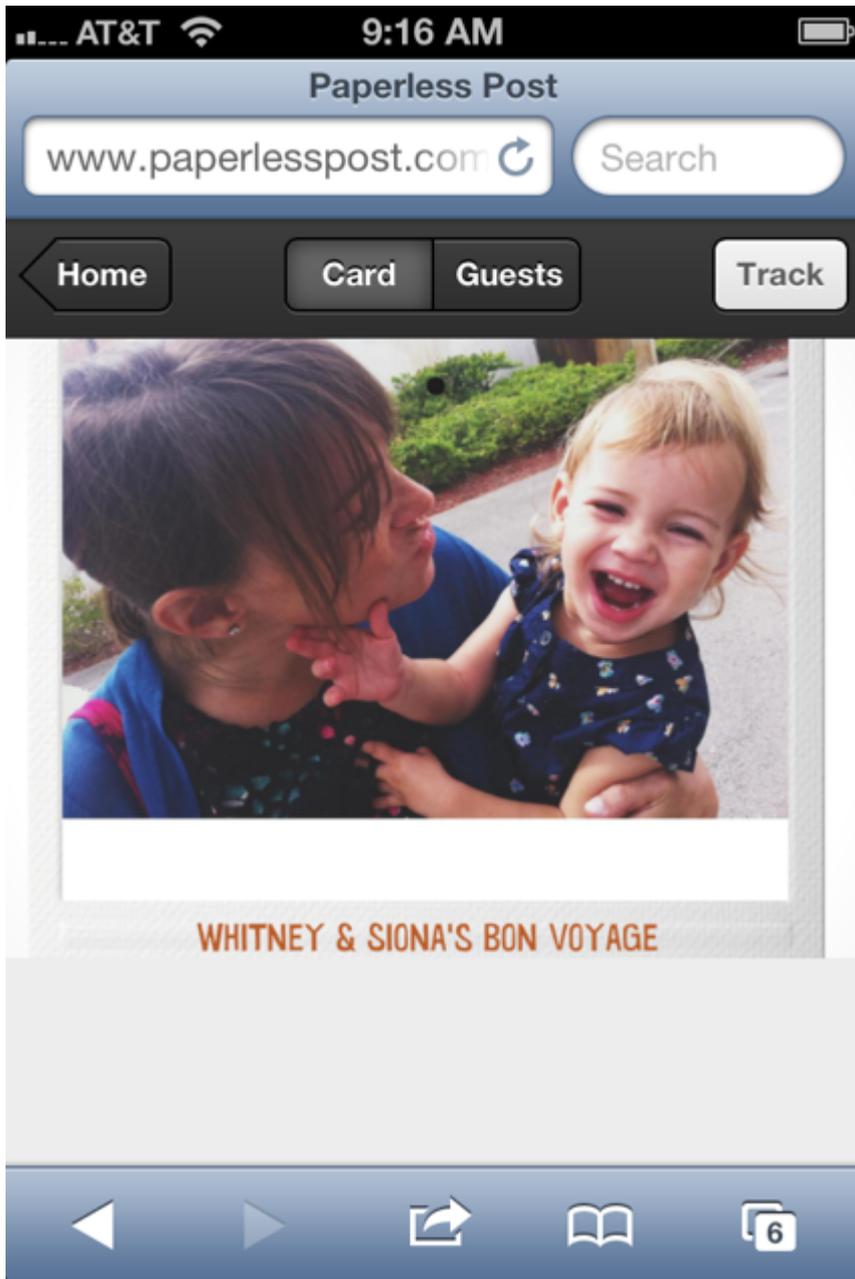
belly laugh. And with that silly joke, deep breaths were had, green shakshuka was ordered and 2 years later, I married their son.



Decisions, decisions. Future-husband and I at the Israeli/Syrian border in 2007.



By the way, this is happening (see below). I signed a lease. I booked the movers. We are officially 6 weeks from moving to LA. Oh. Sh*t.



The recipe below is my interpretation of the Kahlo recipe.

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