

Za'atar White Bean Salad on Malawach



How do you know when you're done? Not done with eating, mind you, but done having kids? I thought I knew. I participated in a week-long Positive Psychology workshop last summer and spent the majority of my time digging deep and reflecting on the fact that I thought I was done. Gd had blessed me with two incredible children and that's it. Leave the party while it's not only good but great. I spent the many months since that workshop giving away all of our baby gear to various friends and colleagues who were not done and needed the support. "Put it to good use", I thought, "cause I don't need it anymore". But then something happened (as it always does). My father-in-law died and I turned 37. Suddenly I found myself wrestling with my own mortality and with that, the questioning of

whether or not I was really ready to close this chapter in my life.



My arguments for not having a third have always been the same: With the life we lead (the expenses of daycare costs, being a working-parent household, wanting to live an observant/kosher Jewish life), we can give two kids a great life but three kids? Three kids would be tough. Plus, I don't know what you do for a living but I spend a lot of my day talking with adolescents with mental and developmental health struggles so that coupled with the statistics of giving birth after 35 (i.e. the rise of potential of certain developmental delays), I'm frikkin' freaked. Again, Gd has blessed us with two healthy, developmentally-abled children. LEAVE THE PARTY WHILE IT'S GREAT. But what if it could be greater?

I still have no answer. We are in conversations, clearly. With baby one and two, we were closed up about our family planning but with the potential of baby three I've basically been polling everyone I know (and don't know) on what their thoughts are on how many kids I should have. Yes, that means I sometimes accost strangers in the grocery store with awkward, inappropriate questions like, "Excuse me, hi, you don't know me but, you have lots of kids. How's that working out?"

That's totally normal . . . right? HELP!



So since motherhood and parenting has been constantly on my mind, I made y'all a Mother's Day breakfast/brunch/lunch/dinner recipe using some of my favorite ingredients. If you don't know what malawach is you can read about it and get the recipe for this quick yet super fancy meal over at Interfaithfamily.com. Happy Mother's Day!



Would not be able to parent without my besties!



Supporting our friends, Bear and Bud Bookclub, at the

Babyccino event in LA last weekend.



A Very Quinoa Passover: A recipe round-up



14 Quinoa Recipes for Passover



Not all quinoa is created equal—at least that's the case when it comes to finding Kosher for Passover quinoa. It was only recently that this healthy rice/noodle alternative became a hit amongst healthy eaters and though it's not as popular as

it was a few years ago (every fad must end, no?) it absolutely it still embraced every year in my household come Passover. I remember a few years ago, the Trader Joe's brand of quinoa was one of the few brands that the Orthodox Union had certified as kosher for Passover and you best believe Jews were throwin' some 'bows to get their hands on boxes of the stuff. I mean serious, it was like black Friday at a Wal-mart. You'd think they were giving the stuff away from free the way we hoarded it but no, it's just that it was a better option, FINALLY, than those Kosher for Passover noodles we ate year in and year out (if Jew keep strict kosher during Passover, then Jew know what I'm talking about). Quinoa came at a time where, if I had to look at one more bowl of sad, soppy potato noodles during Passover ONE MORE TIME, I was gonna lose it. The certification process for quinoa is insane and basically, if the OU deems it worthy of it's Passover certification well, let's just say it's like one of my students getting into the Ivies . . . it's a big deal and it's very validating. And so, I bring you a list of recipes from some of my favorite food bloggers out there to help broad your quinoa horizons, whether it being during Passover or any time throughout the year. I hope you enjoy! Just 11 more days until Passover . . .

Quinoa Sushi *with* Matzah Crunch



Quinoa Sushi with Matzah Crunch from Jewhungry



Broccoli and Quinoa Salad with Asian Vinaigrette from Overtime

Cook



Steak and Peppers Quinoa Bowl from Cook with Chef Eitan



Rainbow Quinoa Salad with Honey Citrus Vinaigrette from The Little Ferraro Kitchen



Herby Quinoa Kale Salad (omit olives for Passover if needed) from Kosher Like Me



Butter and Vinegar Infused Mushrooms, Quick Crispy Quinoa and Crispy Parsley from Manu's Kitchen



Lebanese Tabbouleh Salad with Quinoa from The Lemon Bowl



Quinoa Zucchini Pie from Kitchen Tested



Roasted Veggie Quinoa Salad from Busy in Brooklyn



Mushroom, Zucchini & Quinoa Breakfast Muffins from May I Have That Recipe?



ACleanBake.com

Pumpkin Quinoa Chili (remove beans for Kosher for Passover otherwise, Sephardic kosher for Passover) from A Clean Bake



Kale and Quinoa Mac n' Cheese (remove panko and dry mustard for Passover) from What Jew Wanna Eat



Quinoa and Arugula Salad with Lemon Vinaigrette from A Nutritionist Eats



Quinoa Majadra (Sephardic Kosher for Passover) from This
American Bite

Savory Mashed Purple Potato Pie with Garlic Cream Cheese (a.k.a. Galaxy Pie)



Writing about food these days seems extra weird. I mean, I've talked about the privilege of food writing before (and how I struggle with it) but I'm tellin' ya, ever since that election 2 weeks ago . . . boy oh boy, the things I love to do, and I'm talking the trivial things like food blogging and Instagramming, seem soooooooooooooooooo extra silly. I mean, for the love of Gd, some racists a**holes vandalized a playground dedicated to MCA from the Beastie Boys. A young Muslim student

at my graduate alma mater, University of Michigan, was approached by a stranger who threatened to light her on fire if she didn't remove her hijab and a Muslim teacher in Georgia found a letter in her classroom telling her that her "headscarf isn't allowed anymore." The note, scribbled in black ink, also told her to "tie" her headscarf around her neck and "hang yourself with it." I mean seriously, world, WTF!? So yeah, you see what I'm getting at with the food thing?





I've been seriously wrestling with how to make sure I don't stand idly by while all this hate is being spewed. I am not a fan (for myself – good for you, not for me but good for you) of Facebook as a means of protest but have been known to post the occasional shocking article or two. That said, Facebook is already saturated with the same articles and I am trying to be mindful of participating in any armchair advocacy. The day after the election I led 6 guided meditation sessions at work for those colleagues of mine who were struggling with the results and that felt good. That felt purposeful and productive. I've got a list of Senators and State Reps. to call though, to be completely transparent, I'm a little nervous to do so as I've never done that before. I've signed up to bake for a bake sale whose profits will go to support causes I believe in but the thing I'm most wrestling with is whether or not to march and if so . . . do I take my daughter? I always imagine myself marching for something I believe in right alongside my own daughter, if I were blessed to have one and now I have two! I came of age marching against the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. I marched for fair wages in Chicago and for the equal rights of the LGBTQ community in

Marietta, GA. But, truth be told, I'm scared. I'd love to take my oldest but I'm scared that something bad might happen and then what? Was I marching because I need her to have an experience or because *I* need to have an experience? I really don't know the answer to that question just yet.



Before the bake.



The one thing I have done this week is visit the opening night gala for MAZON's extraordinary installation called, This is Hunger. This Is Hunger is an experiential learning tool whose goal is to bring about community engagement, awareness and education around the issues of hunger in the US. Basically, This Is Hunger is a high-impact, experiential installation on wheels—literally, it's a big rig. When the 53-foot-long double expandable trailer is parked and open on both sides, it provides almost 1,000 square feet of interior space to take participants on a voyage of awareness and activism: to help them understand the stark reality of hunger in America and to spark their commitment to taking action that will help end hunger once and for all.

The big rig is touring LA (locations here) and the country. Tickets are free but do need to be reserved. I hope you are able to make it there. It is astonishingly powerful, provocative and creative and I am so grateful for MAZON and especially Emily for inviting me to attend.



But OK, seriously, this pie!! I had to. I just had to make a purple pie with cheese. I mean, why not? And let's just get

something out-of-the-way . . . I did not make the pie crust. Nope. Not at all. Gang, I have 2 kids, an intense full-time job and my husband is prepping to defend his dissertation. Time is the greatest of currencies and our household these days so if I can present you with a tasty pie that came in a ready-made crust, well so be it. The thing to note about purple potatoes is that they are a lot starchier than russet potatoes so you will need to counter act the starchiness with the moisture of the milk, butter and cheese. Do not worry that you'll lose some of the purple of the potatoes with the additions of the add-ins. The purple becomes more pronounced during baking. Oh, also, I call it "Galaxy Pie" because I had made the moon shape on purpose but once it was baked and I sprinkled the coarse sea salt on the pie, I thought it looked like stars along side the moon against the night sky. No?





Savory Mashed Purple Potato Pie with Garlic Cream Cheese

Ingredients:

2 pounds small purple potatoes, peeled
1 frozen pie crust
1/2 cup of whole milk
1/4 cup (half a stick) butter
2 eggs
1 tablespoon kosher salt
1/2 tablespoon ground black pepper
1/2 tablespoon garlic powder
1 5 oz. package garlic and fine herb Boursin
Maldon or other flaky sea salt for topping

Directions:

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Make sure your pie crust is mostly defrosted. Once it is, prick the bottom all over with a fork and set aside.

Cook the potatoes in a large pot of boiling salted water until they are very tender, about 20 minutes. Drain; return the

potatoes to the same pot and mash well. Mix in the milk and melted butter. Season with garlic powder, salt and pepper. Add more seasoning depending upon preferred taste.

Crack the eggs into a small bowl and whisk until well combined. Add the eggs to the mashed potato mixture. Now, here's where you can do 1 of 2 things (or both, it's up to you). I made 2 pies for this recipe. 1 pie has 1/2 of the Boursin mixed in and the other has it lovingly dotted along the side as a moon decoration. You can either dump all that Boursin into the potato mixture for an extra creamy, garlicky potato pie OR you can decorate the top of your pie with the Boursin. I let it soften a bit more and then just dotted it along with sides with my fingers. It's totally up to you. Both are delicious options.

Once you've fully prepped your pie, place it into the oven and bake for roughly 20 – 25 minutes. Add a last sprinkling of coarse sea salt (like Maldon) to the top and serve hot.