

Roasted Beets + Swiss on Rye

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(*my
favorite
sloppy
veggie
sandwich)



So here I am, writing about food in a world that has gone completely mad. Has it ever been this bad? Seriously, I'm 36 years-old and I don't remember the world ever being like this. I wish I was able to write about my baller staycation that I'm currently enjoying (thanks be to the privilege of having a job, a good one at that). I'd like to talk about what it's like to be able to be a working mom and actually be home for a month (it's exhausting and wonderful and confirms the fact that I am not made for staying-at-home mom-ing). Or, I'd like to be able to talk about my recent obsession with the shows, *UnReal* and *The Good Wife* (I am using some of my staycation time to do what I used to do when I was single and in my 20s . . . lay on the couch while eating chips and cheese dip and watching TV for HOURS ON END . . . or until I have to go pick up the girls from camp/gan). But I can't.

COLE SLAW

PICKLES

SWISS
CHEESE

ROASTED BEETS





I'm confused on what to do about the deaths of Hallel Yaffa Ariel, Alton Sterling, Philandro Castile. I'm honestly so sick of reading article after article on Facebook from well-meaning friends who seem to be playing to the same crowd. I don't want to be an arm-chair/Facebook-activist. I want to do something. I want to make sure I'm about something other than delicious food. I don't want to forget that I'm a Social Worker and Community Organizer by training. I'm also a Jew who is in need of a global-community to give a sh*t about dying Jewish teenagers and the rise of anti-Semitism and I want to make sure I model the same support that I'm asking for. But how do I do this? I truly want to know? How do I do this with two little kids from Encino, California?



In the meantime, while I ponder these questions and look for outlets, I found this really great site called, "Campaign Zero". It has an amazing team behind it and seems to be running on real grassroots community organizing. It's inspiring. I wonder if they're looking for Jewish lady community organizers living in The Valley!?

CAMPAIGN ZERO

WE CAN LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE THE POLICE DON'T KILL PEOPLE
BY LIMITING POLICE INTERVENTIONS, IMPROVING COMMUNITY INTERACTIONS
AND ENSURING ACCOUNTABILITY.



WE CAN LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE SYSTEMS AND STRUCTURES DO GOOD, NOT HARM.

JOINCAMPAIGNZERO.ORG

So I made a sandwich. I made a really, really good sandwich. I roasted some beets and made some tangy cole slaw while I toasted some rye bread (and put a little slab of butter on those little slices of bread before putting them in the oven). The result was so frikkin' good that though I had no plans to turn it into a post, I ended up making it a second time so that I could post it (but also because my husband begged me to make it again, he liked it that much. He actually like it so much that he high-fived me after finishing it). This sandwich would be a great little build-it for a Shabbat lunch or picnic or a Tuesday.



[and -

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Baked Sweet Potato + Pimento Cheese



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I'm not sure if you've noticed, but it's summer time. We moved from the Westside of Los Angeles to the Valley in January and it's fair to say that it feels like we officially live ON THE EQUATOR. Holy cow, it's HOT! Last weekend it was a balmy 110 degrees. The husband was out of town and so entertaining 2 kids while not really being able to go outside was challenging, to say the least. We finally settled on a local mall that, lucky for us, was super fancy and so had installed

an outdoor splash fountain that kids were allowed to play in. Not so lucky for them (them being the fancy outdoor mall we were at), was the site of my oldest attempting to strip down to her undies so as to really get the full cool-down experience that the fountain had to offer. Luckily, we were with our girl, Aunt Jessie, who quickly and loudly pointed out to us that there was a GIANT sign close by the read, "All patrons must remain clothed". Oops.







Summer brings on a lot of goodness – vacation/break from work, an excuse to eat ice cream every day, and, most especially for me as I get older, LOTS of memories of growing up. I don't know why but every summer for the last couple of years, I have been getting strong hankerin's for the South. I'm talking fireflies and fishing excursion, sweet tea and ski-tubing at the lake, and Southern food. This week alone saw some Southern dishes emerging during meal time. I started Monday off with biscuit making. Then mid-week brought us a peach cobbler (on request from the husband) and, of course, pimento cheese! Sweet merciful Lord, I L00000VE me some pimento cheese dip. When I was living in Athens, GA for a hot minute (working at the University of Georgia's Hillel), I used to hit up a little local cafe and order the same thing – their homemade pimento cheese. I have yet to be able to replicate their perfect cheese dip until I found Sean Brock's recipe in Garden & Gun. Sean Brock is the chef at McCrady's and Husk, in Charleston, South Carolina as well as Nashville so I think it's safe to say he knows a thing or two about about Southern food. I've changed a few things but really, very little of his recipe. In

my mind, if it ain't broke, don't fix it. You can use this recipe as a basic recipe for both the sweet potato and the dip and eat them separately or independently. We ate the dip all week-long. We had it with cut vegetables and pita chips as well as on this here sweet potato. And hey, it's a gluten-free recipe so, I guess you can kinda consider it healthy, right?

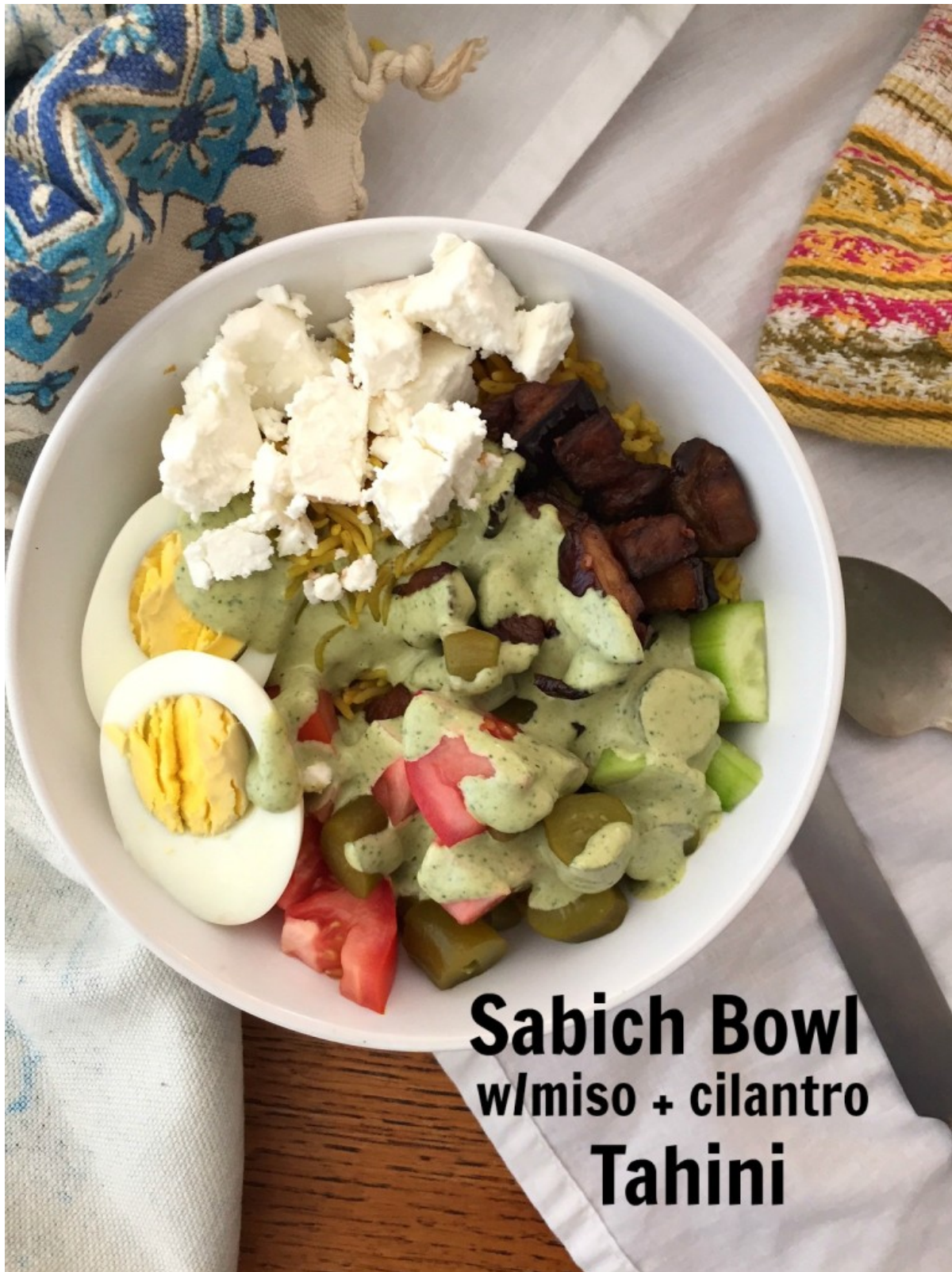


Lately, on the Jewhungry Instagram page.

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Sabich Bowl with Miso + Cilantro Tahini



Sabich Bowl
w/miso + cilantro
Tahini

It's hard to really care about something as superficial as

pretty food these days. Last weekend, when the world was in shock after the devastating murder of 49 innocent *neshamas* (souls) in Pulse nightclub in Orlando, my family and I were welcoming day 2 of a 3 day holiday (Shabbat into *Shavuot*). Because we are pretty observant, we observe the letter of the law when it comes to Jewish holidays. Not only do we enjoy our festive meals (hey, just doing our part to follow the mitzvahs commanded of us!), but we also don't operate electricity on those days as well, which means we had no idea this brutal act had occurred since we weren't opening our phones or turning on TVs and computers. It wasn't until some friends mentioned something in passing on Sunday night that we knew something had happened. By Monday night, when the 3-day holiday was over, I braced myself for what I knew was going to be an onslaught of terrible news. Little did I know it would be as gut-wrenching as it was. In reading all the news, I felt so incredibly grateful for the 3 days of comfort we had created in our holiday bubble. We went into the holiday praying for the relief of peace after the disgusting murder of Israelis in a Tel Aviv restaurant that occurred on Thursday. But, and I know this is so troubling, as a Jewish family, we've grown accustomed to the news that our people were attacked. We're so used to praying for peace that it's an automatic prayer. I don't even really think about when I pray for peace. It just is what it is. But I woke up on Tuesday morning, after reading news article after new article on the events that occurred that fateful night in Orlando nearly a week and a half ago, and I felt darkness. I called my best friend, Jackie, and we talked it out, as we do with everything. "Jackie", I said, "I feel sad. I feel so, so sad". She listened. She validated. She tried to give me comfort but I knew any comfort I would get would need to come from within. I still haven't quite found it yet and I'm pretty sure I never truly will. We live in a world where, as a school employee, I had to sit through "active shooter" training because going into education is now a dangerous job. When my nearly 4 year-old daughter plays school, she pretends to check bags before you can enter into

the 'school', just like the security team does before we can enter her early childhood center. She has no clue what she's 'checking' for, but the whole thing is so disturbing. My heart hurts.





I will continue to pray for peace because it gives me some sort of solace. I will also continue to cook, caring a little less each day about silly things like how many Instagram followers Jewhungry has or how many page views this post will get. I will call my Congress people and I will sign petitions and I will pray that peace will come.





Speaking of food, have you ever heard of sabich? Sabich and shakshuka are in contention for being my favorite dish to eat in Israel. In my book, it definitely out-ranks falafel. It's all about the perfect fried eggplant (my favorite vegetable), the right amount of salty tahini and a generous helping of crisp Israeli salad mixed in with Israeli pickles and loads and loads of cilantro. I like to add a little lot of feta cheese to my sabich sandwich cause it's feta cheese and why wouldn't I? But to save myself some fullness from the pita, and because my oldest doesn't eat sandwiches, I've been putting all my sabich fixin's onto a fluffy pile of rice spiced with all those flavors of the Mediterranean. I'm talkin' cumin, coriander, tumeric and, of course, salt. I hope

you try this out and truly enjoy! Have a wonderful day!





[and -

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