

Paging Nurse Latke.

It's day four of quarantine. I've had some nasty virus for four days and I am officially over it. When I first started feeling yucky I thought I could pump myself full of Emergen-Cee and multi-vitamins and that that would do the trick. Little did I know that this thing would get so fierce it would land me in the ER on shabbat so dehydrated that they gave me two bags of fluids. The last time I felt remotely this crappy was when I went to Israel in 2008. I landed in Tel Aviv, spent all day Friday with a dear friend and then she headed back to Chicago and I headed to Jerusalem only to be smacked in the face with what I have since self-diagnosed as dysentery. I was rescued then by my very amazing friend, Jessie, who picked me up after a long day at Pardes and took me to Terem (Israel's urgent care) where I was treated by a very brash and very ironically named nurse . . . Simcha Latke (Happy Latke). I kid you not. This nurse's name was Simcha Latke and she could not have been more cold if she tried. I will never forget her handing me a cup, looking at me up and down (the hot mess that I was) and saying, "You go. Make pee pee. Bring back. Now." Yes Nurse Latke.

This time around I was rescued by my dear friend, Dina, who spent an insanely boring four hours with me at the ER and then subsequently, the local Walgreens and let me just tell you, if you need to get sh*t done and you need it done now then you need Dina in your corner. That woman doesn't take crap from no one. The nurse who initially took my temperature took it incorrectly and boy, you better believe the doctor in charge heard about it. Then there was the hour long wait at Walgreen after being told it would only take 20 minutes. Girlfriend was not having any of that either. Seriously, she was/is my hero and I am totally in her debt.



Probably discussing Eli Manning's abysmal 2012-2013 season.

Now being a mommy and being sick means that I haven't left the bedroom in four days (except for aforementioned ER visit) so as not to get any of these germs around the baby. It also means that I haven't been able to hug and kiss my sweet little girl and that my husband has been taking care of me and the baby all by himself and let me just say, he is a rock star. Seriously, this man deserves a medal of some kind; definitely a Purple Heart. He also definitely deserves a vacation of some sort after I'm all better, which we can't afford but something should be worked out. Regardless, what I'm trying to say is I am blessed with a tremendously amazing husband and since we can't afford for him to go on vacation, the next best thing in his eyes are fresh baked cookies, lots and lots of freshly baked cookies. The man loves fresh baked cookies so much he actually told the cookie lady in the maternity ward our baby's name before ANYONE else knew (and before the Simchat Bat) just to score an extra cookie. The cookie lady knew Siona's name before her own grandparents did, that's the kind of power fresh baked goods have over my husband. Therefore, when I get better, there will be freshly baked cookies aplenty in this apartment. One batch will be of what

he has named Kitchen Sink Cookies because I just go ahead and put everything in there except the kitchen sink. The base is from a Smitten Kitchen recipe and the rest is basically everything we like in a cookie packed into one bite.



Butter: The classic frenemy



That's a whole lotta goodness

Kitchen Sink Cookies

What!?

1/2 cup (1 stick, 4 ounces) butter, softened

2/3 cup light brown sugar, packed

1 large egg

1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

3/4 cup all-purpose flour

1/2 teaspoon baking soda

1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1/4 teaspoon table salt

1 cups rolled oats

1/4 cup dried tart cherries

1/4 cup walnuts or pecans, chopped

1/2 cup dark chocolate chips

1/4 cup white chocolate chips

Sea salt for topping

How's That Now!?

In a large bowl, cream together the butter, brown sugar, egg and vanilla until smooth. In a separate bowl, whisk the flour, baking soda, cinnamon and salt together. Stir this into the butter/sugar mixture. Stir in the oats, raisins and walnuts, if using them.

At this point you can either chill the dough for a bit in the fridge and then scoop it, or scoop the cookies onto a sheet and then chill the whole tray before baking them. You could also bake them right away, if you're impatient, but I do find that they end up slightly less thick. Either way, heat oven to 350°F before you scoop the cookies, so that it's fully heated when you're ready to put them in.

The cookies should be two inches apart on a parchment-lined baking sheet. Bake them for 10 to 12 minutes (your baking time

will vary, depending on your oven and how cold the cookies were going in), taking them out when golden at the edges but still a little undercooked-looking on top. Let them sit on the hot baking sheet for five minutes before transferring them to a rack to cool.

Sprinkle with sea salt while they are cooling



Wish I could eat them now