

Quinoa Sushi with Matzah Crunch



Passover was different for me as a kid than it is for me as an adult. With the best of intentions and tradition at heart, my mom set out to make sure we celebrated and observed Passover as best she could. There was no looking for chametz and certainly no mysterious final search complete with feathers and a candle (Do me a favor and try to explain that tradition to someone who isn't Jewish. "Oh, we go around the house with a feather, a candle and a paper bag looking for pieces of bread that we've intentionally laid to be found. It's totally normal." Trust me. We don't. seem. normal).

But anyway, I digress. My point is we didn't grow up with a lot of observance but we definitely grew up with a lot of tradition. For example, as a young kiddo, my beloved grandpa would say, in a clear, booming voice, "LO! This is the bread

of affliction!" He was so loud that I'm positive our Christian fundamentalist neighbors heard us (and loved it!). But, as we got older and our grandparents couldn't travel, that job fell to my brother. The Seder meal food was always the same. Every year, every attendant received an elegant dish full of the saltiest water and one hardboiled egg, which at no other time in life seems good but during an incredibly long Seder seems akin to eating a bagel and lox. It's that good (and Seder is that long).







My beloved brother and my girls

But now that I'm an adult and living a bit more of an observant life and my oldest is finally old enough to actually have memories and like, keep them and stuff, I've been thinking a lot about what Passover memories she'll take with her as an adult. Maybe it'll be that time last Passover when

we drove from Asheville, NC to Atlanta to visit family and had to stop at a local mountain gas station so that I could make us a Kosher for Passover meal of egg salad and matzah (the locals thought we were craaaaaaaaay). Or maybe it'll be this year as she sits through her first Seder (or at least some of her first Seder). Who knows? Whatever those memories are though, I hope they bring her happiness as mine do for me.



My little loves. What memories will they take with them?



So, the recipe! One glorious thing that the health food world has given us is quinoa and though the Rabbis TRIED to take it away from us by deeming only certain kinds of quinoa Kosher for Passover, I have clung to it like white on Sephardic rice. The recipe for this post can be eaten with or without the matzah crunch. I just LOVE sushi with tempura crunch so thought, why not matzah!? Fry it up in some butter and let those bad boys sing! Also, Kosher for Passover nori DOES exist so before you write me telling me it doesn't, know that I've done my research.

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