

Autumn Balsamic London Broil Salad w/Non-Dairy Ranch



Hello from the West Coast! It's been quite a while since my last post but I'm so grateful for those who keep coming back! Thanks you! I've been finding it increasingly difficult to find the time, or rather, motivation to go through the whole process of cooking, taking pictures, editing pictures and then editing it a post. It's strange because lately I've been seized with a very strong urge to craft that the food blogging process is not really satisfying. It's not helping that my Instagram feed currently contains a hodgepodge of super creative women who somehow have the time and money to craft like there's no tomorrow. My beloved friend, Jessie, and I have created a semi-weekly holiday of "Wine Down Wednesday", which consists of the following activities:

1. Watching the latest episode of The Mindy Project.
2. Drinking (cheap) wine – no box wine is too good for us!

3. Dreaming up crafting projects that most likely will never happen (our current project is what is called a “silent book”, an activity book for the kid made entirely of felt),
4. Waxing poetic about the state of the world.
5. Drinking more wine.







It's these little made up holidays that are getting me through this time and helping me remember that I gotta take care of myself by giving myself little outlets that allow me to be me and not just "mom" me or "school counselor" me. And yet, the biggest news in my world is not the invention of the greatest mini-holiday ever (aside from Fancy Coffee Friday). Nope, the biggest news is that, at 34 years of age, I have finally established and am living on (and understand!) a real budget. Friends, there are many things I can say that I'm good at

however, money is not one of them. Without getting too personal or divulging more than my genteel Southern upbringing would allow me, let's just say that money managing has never been my strong suit. That being said, this year of paying for 2 lives and Jewish Day school has meant that my family has no choice but live on a very strict budget and damn it but if it isn't the strangest mix of freedom and restriction I've ever felt. I now have visions of sipping coffee with Suze Orman and discussing the development of a teen girls money managing campaign where we teach teenage girls (as they are the population who are most targeted by the advertising world and thus more likely to spend, spend, spend as they try to buy their confidence rather than develop it internally). There's so much freedom and privilege in having money and knowing how to manage and maintain it. I get it now it (Mom, are you listening! It finally happened!)



So speaking of budgets, another way in which budgeting has helped me is by forcing me to get creative with grocery shopping and cooking. My favorite thing to do is to make one focus in a meal (like roasting a London Broil) and then remixing it in several different ways. Thus, this recipe. I made Jamie Geller's Balsamic London Broil recipe for her

latest cookbook, "Joy of Kosher: Fast, Fresh Family Recipe", for lunch on Sukkot. I then remixed it on the Sunday following that Shabbat and made it into a sumptuous open face sandwich for my husband and the salad featured in this post for myself.

The salad dressing I made for my salad was also used as a delicious sauce for the hubby's sandwich. The dressing consists of only a few simple ingredients and ultimately costs me way less than if I purchased bottled dressing. The recipe is very Shabbat-friendly and kid-friendly too. Plus, you know, it's really delicious. Have a great week!

Autumn Balsamic London Broil Salad with Non-Dairy Ranch

Recipe and instructions for London Broil found [here](#).

Dressing Ingredients:

1/2 Cup mayonnaise

1/2 Cup almond milk

Handful of fresh dill, finely chopped

3 Tbsp of finely chopped chives

1/2 Tsp salt

1/2 Tsp pepper

1 Tsp garlic powder

Dressing Instructions:

Combine dressing ingredients in a medium-sized bowl and mix very well. Add more mayo or almond milk based upon your preference of dressing thickness.

Salad Ingredients:

3 Cups of kale, chopped

2 sweet potatoes, chopped small and roasted (I roast mine

seasoned with olive oil, salt, and pepper at 400 degrees for 40 minutes)

1/2 Cup shredded carrots

Roasted garlic and onions from broil

1 Cup of green beans, blanched

Several slices of London Broil, sliced to 1/8 inch thickness (which basically means sliced thin enough to chew but not too thin that you can't find it in the salad).

*Assemble salad ingredients, pour on that dressing and enjoy!

Sweet Potato + Black Bean {Beer} Chili

SWEET POTATO + BLACK BEAN CHILI



I'm writing this post from several thousand feet in the air as I am on a plane bound for LA, my family's future home. This is just one of many little incidences that are screaming, "Sh*t's getting real! Pay attention!" We are T minus 6 months away from our big family change and I'm really starting to feel it. I notice when I'm hanging with close friends or dear colleagues here in Miami, that I keep telling myself to soak it all in; pay attention to them as well and keep building these relationships. I tell myself that, no matter how overwhelmed or busy I might become once the move happens, I will need these faces and these friendships more than ever. It's so hard to attempt to be present when half of me is already 8 months in the future wondering how I'm gonna do this.

So here I am, on a flight, which I've paid WAY too much money for internet usage on but I'm only 2 hours in with 3.5 hours to go so that \$7 for one hour of Internet seemed worth it. Have I mentioned I hate flying? I LOVE travel. I hate flying. Maybe one day I'll open that wound and talk about why I hate

flying but for now I'm feeling way too vulnerable. Therefore, I will instead try to focus on finding my "happy place". I do this on every flight. If I can't sleep or get lost in a book or there's no movie playing, then it's up to me to take my mind off the fact that I'm in the air, which, after ALL the dang travel I've done you'd think I'd be used to by now but I'm not. I once sobbed like a wee baby out of pure fear while flying over the Alps on my way to Italy (did I mention I was 19 at the time?). I've been known to grab onto the hands/arms of complete strangers while going through rough turbulence as my fear is that intense. For several days before a flight, I get into a bit of a dark place as my fear and anxiety start to take over a little bit. But, I'm proud to say, that even with all this fear of flying, I still get on the G. D. plane. What gets me through is a lot of praying and a lot of "happy" list making. My "happy" list is exactly as it sounds; a list of things, big or small, that make me happy. I don't usually include the obvious things like my beloved daughter and husband because, well, if it's not obvious by now that they are number one on that list I got some 'splainin' to do.

So here's my latest list of the most recent top 6 items making it to my "happy" list. I hope y'all have a great week. Sending love and Bloody Mary's from 10,000 feet. xox

Happy List:

1. Le Creuser/This American Bite/My first win – If you follow Jewhungry on Facebook, you might have seen that I won the 2013 Most Inspiring Recipe contest being hosted by Yosef over at This American Bite. I'm not sure who nominated me but it shockingly wasn't myself and even more shocking? I won! I've never won anything before so that fact that I won a recipe contest still blows my mind PLUS the fact that I won a 5 qt. Le Creuset Dutch Oven! I'm still so grateful/excited I could pee a little.

2. The hubby and I saw The Secret Life of Walter Mitty on my

last day of winter break. We were exhausted and a little vulnerable due to the fact that the kiddo had a bout of sleep-regression, which I'm happy to report is no longer an issue. We were hoping to see a "feel good" movie and this one absolutely fulfilled our expectations. Go see it. You will not regret it.

3. It dipped down into the 40s last week in Miami. I made potato leek soup. We pulled out the down comforter, put on a movie and snuggled on a school night. 'Twas awesome.

4. I signed on the dotted line and hired a real life designer, Sara Bee Jensen, to upgrade the blog. She's super talented and inspiring. I "met" her through my girl Maggie over at The Rural Roost. Sara redesigned Maggie's site and the work was so beautiful I knew I needed to get over myself and hire her. For inspiration, Sara asked me to make a board on Pinterest of colors, fonts, textures, styles that inspire me. I had so much fun with that I can't even describe it. It was like a creativity high. It also is very clear to me that I shouldn't fight it anymore, I love neon pink. Thank you Miami.

5. Collaborations are coming. More cooking. More opportunities. It's such an honor and such a privilege. Gets me giddy just thinking about it.

6. Beer in food.



THE CHOP



VEGGIES IN THE POT



Sweet Potato + Black Bean {Beer} Chili

Ingredients:

- 4 Tbsp of olive oil
- 2 Sweet potatoes, peeled and chopped small
- 1 Medium purple onion, chopped
- 3 Cloves of garlic, diced
- 1 Orange, yellow or red pepper, chopped
- 1 Bottle of beer
- 2 Cans of diced tomatoes
- 1 Can of black beans
- 1/2 a Cup of frozen corn
- 2 Tbsp Cumin
- Kosher salt
- Pepper
- Sriracha
- Juice of half a lime
- Handful of cilantro. Chopped
- Cheddar cheese
- Sour cream



Before the toppings

How

Place oil in a large stock pot over medium heat. Place onions in pot and sauté for about 3 -4 minutes or until translucent. Add the garlic and sauté another minute. Next, add the peppers and sauté for another 2 minutes. Add sweet potatoes, cumin, salt and pepper and sauté for roughly 5 – 6 minutes or until sweet potatoes start to turn a bit golden.

Once you've sautéed your veggies and spices together and they've become nice and fragrant, add the entire contents of the beer (aside from the obvious sips you've taken to "test" it out. If you don't want to include beer, feel free to deglaze with 2 cups of veggie broth instead). Stir the veggies and beer and let sit for a minute. Next, add your canned tomatoes and beans. I do not strain my beans but that's up to you. Mix all together. If you want more of a "soupy" chili, add a cup of water. Let the chili simmer on low for about 10 – 12 minutes, stirring occasionally making sure to taste along the way to adjust seasoning to your liking. After 10 – 12

minutes, add your frozen corn and a hit of Sriracha, stir and continue to let simmer over low heat for another 10 – 12 minutes. After a total of 20 – 25 minutes of simmer time, check your sweet potatoes for softness. If potatoes are still a bit hard, let sit another 5 minutes or so until desired softness. This will vary depending on how small you chopped your potatoes.

Once chili is almost done, go ahead and squeeze the juice of half a lime in there to give it a hit of acid. Scoop completed chili into bowl and top with your favorite fixin's (or "toppings" for you Yankees), which is my favorite part of chili.



Ahh yes, the fixin's.

The Gospel of Curry Garbanzo Fries w/Cilantro Lime Yogurt



Let's talk for a minute about gospel choir. I love gospel music. I love hip hop, soul, funk, R&B, and basically anything that played on V103 in the 90s (Atlanta folks, you know what I'm talking about). I didn't discover gospel music though until I went to college, which I get is a weird place for a Jewish girl to pick up gospel music, considering the fact that I went to a private, Presbyterian liberal arts college located in the middle of Amish country, Ohio. But pick up gospel music I did. Just how much did I pick it up? So much that I ended up getting a solo during my freshman year called, Near the Cross.

Now, before you start hurling knishes at me in the name of

blasphemy, let's back up a minute or two to dissect how it is a Jewish girl finds herself singing about Jesus in a large church auditorium in front of hundreds of people.

I grew up loving music. As a children of the 80s, my brother and I listened to everything from Run DMC and the Beastie boys to Michael Jackson and Madonna. However, we also were raised by a Jewish mother and if you think we went through life without listening to Barbra Streissand's The Broadway album, you'd be crazy wrong. A direct result of listening to this album on repeat during the 7 hour car ride from Atlanta to Louisville, KY where our grandparents lived (there was also some Neil Diamond and Dan Fogelberg thrown in there to spice things up), was my undying love for show tunes and of course, Stephen Sondheim. When it was discovered that I had a decent voice and I loved singing, my mom started me with piano lessons and eventually voice lessons. The piano didn't stick but I loved my vocal coach, who looked a lot like Annie Potts' character from Ghostbusters, Janine Melnitz. My coach also happened lived in what can only be described as a gingerbread house that was shrunk in the wash and had an affinity for Yorkshire Terriers so visiting her once a week was a trip. It was like visiting your weird Aunt that never had kids and spent all her money on crap from the Home Shopping Network (before it was dubbed, HSN) and portraits of her dog dressed as various historical figures but who also just happened to be crazy talented too. She taught me amazing technique and to appreciate my alto voice, which led me to gospel music.



Nowadays I relegate my singing to Israeli karaoke bars and the shower.

In choral music, the alto is rarely going to get a solo. It's not quite high enough and most popular choral arrangements are written to showcase the soprano or highest female vocal range. When I entered college and wanted to fill my need for singing, I joined the regular ol' choir. It was nice enough. We sang traditional hymns and the like but it just wasn't doing it for me. Then a friend told me about the gospel choir and I figured I was already singing hymns in the regular choir and neither we're going to take me up on my offer to try out "Light One Candle" or even Barbra's version of Jingle Bells so what does it matter? Might as well give gospel choir a shot. Well my friends, let me tell you, even the warm-ups during gospel choir rehearsal were soul-shattering. I mean the first time I heard all of our voices in that soulful harmony I gotta admit, I got a little teary-eyed. This was exactly what I was looking for. And, to top things off, by the fifth or sixth rehearsal, our Director asked me to audition for a solo that required an alto. When she told me the name of the song I hesitated a bit and then decided to quietly mention that I am, in fact, Jewish and would she mind that. Well, of course she didn't mind that

because yes, the song was about Jesus but more than anything, the song was about faith, which led her to ask me if I felt comfortable singing a song about faith. That, I did not have a problem with. Of course, I was a little concerned that folks might think I had converted. I also, quite inexplicably, felt very strongly that somehow, my childhood rabbi would find out about this and haul me back to Sunday School so I wore the biggest Star of David necklace I could find come performance day, you know, just to be clear about things.



Garbanzo fries, a close up

I don't really remember what happened to the gospel choir or why I stopped attending rehearsals after my freshman year but that solo was to be my one and only foray I to gospel music stardom. I have no real connection between my need to tell you the story of my onetime solo except that lately, I've been thinking about all those little incidences of life that add up to make the person we are today. I think about the person I was in college or in high school or even in my twenties and

the person I am today and I can see some stark differences--mainly in the fact that I have a child, I'm married and I have a bit more confidence/sense of self--but there are also a lot of similarities. I would still get up on a stage and belt out a song about faith that just so happened to also be about Jesus. I'm just not sure I'd do it at synagogue . . . or at the Jewish Day School I work at . . . or my kid's Jewish day care center . . . or Shabbat dinner . . .



Garbanzo flour and water



The mixture should be thick like cement.

Curry Garganzo Fries with Cilantro Lime Yogurt

(Adapted from a Colicchio & Sons recipe)

Ingredients

Nonstick vegetable oil spray
2 1/2 Cups chickpea flour
1 Tsp. kosher salt, plus more
4 Cups low-sodium veggie broth
1 Garlic clove, finely grated
2 Tbsp. curry powder

1 Tbsp. Turmeric
1/2 Tsp. Ground coriander
1 Tsp. Sriracha
Vegetable oil (for frying, about 1 1/2 cups)

How:

1. Lightly coat a 13×9" baking dish with nonstick spray. Whisk chickpea flour and 1 tsp. salt in a large bowl, breaking up any clumps in flour. Make a well in the center and gradually pour broth into well, whisking to incorporate dry ingredients; add garlic, spices and Sriracha and whisk until batter is smooth.

2. Transfer mixture to a large heavy saucepan and cook over medium-high heat, whisking constantly, until bubbling and very thick (you will be able to see bottom of pan when whisking), 8–10 minutes.

3. Pour chickpea mixture into prepared baking dish and smooth top. Press plastic wrap directly onto surface and chill until firm, at least 3 hours.

4. Turn chickpea mixture out onto a cutting board and cut into 3×1½" pieces. Pour oil into a large skillet, preferably cast iron, to a depth of ¼" and heat over medium-high heat until oil bubbles immediately when a small piece of chickpea mixture is added. Working in batches, fry until fries are deep golden brown and crisp, about 2 minutes per side; transfer to a paper towel-lined plate and season with salt.

DO AHEAD: Chickpea mixture can be made and poured into baking dish 2 days ahead. Keep chilled.

See below for yogurt recipe



Using his brute-force to press down the mixture.



One more shot just cause.

For Yogurt Sauce:

Ingredients:

1/2 Cup, Greek Yogurt

1 Tbsp, Lime juice

Handful of cilantro, finely chopped

How:

Place all ingredients into a small mixing bowl and whisk together until well-combined. Add additional lime or cilantro per taste.



Curry and Greek yogurt = yum!

