

# August Love Stories: Love Goes Gluten-Free



Getting goofy with my Misty Dawn.

The third guest post in our August Love Stories comes from my beloved sister-in-law, Misty. I honestly can't remember a time in my life when Misty wasn't there. She's been in my brother's life since he was about 22 and I was 19. She's a constant in my life; I rely on her for every piece of advice I could ever need. She's my first call when I have a baby question. I think I must have texted her about 20 times a week when my 1 year-old was first born. Lucky for her, that's gone down to at least five or six times a week now. Her relationship with my brother was the first healthy relationship I ever really had the privilege of watching grow

and mature. Truth be told, I looked up to the relationship Misty shared with my big brother as something to aspire to. It's a relationship filled with love, communication, respect and loads of laughter. Also, my brother is an entire foot taller than Misty. Now that's just too dang cute.

From Misty . . .

I never said yes when he proposed. I didn't go wedding dress shopping. Not even one time. I was 24 years-old when my husband proposed and although we had been dating for three years at the time and I KNEW he was the ONE, it felt surreal. I had just turned 21 when we met. We had a very tumultuous dating relationship. Now, if you go to "Uncle Google" you'll see the definition of tumultuous is exciting, confusing, disorderly. I can guarantee you our relationship was all three of those adjectives with a whole lot of love in between.



Five months before our engagement

My husband, who also happens to be Whitney's older brother, and I met in college. But, of course we didn't go to the same college. That would be way too simple, and honestly we probably wouldn't have stuck together if we did. Our dating relationship was a long-distance one. Our respective colleges were roughly a three-hour drive from one another. This was also fourteen years ago, before the entire world thrived on cell phone usage and text messaging, so we actually had to

really communicate with one another. I would check my Hotmail account once a day praying an email from him would be there.

We would try and call each other as often as possible, but we were college students and long distance phone calls where you spent an hour on the phone weren't cheap, ya'll. To say we had many ups and downs would be an understatement. Long distance relationships are NOT easy, especially when you're in college. There were lots of road trips. I honestly believe though, that because our relationship was long-distance and based on honest open communication while learning HOW to communicate with one another, we figured out some of the hardest parts of a partnership those first 3 years.



Eleven years later . . .

During one of those trips that he drove from Athens late at night, he started to run out of gas. His car at the time constantly needed oil added, and he kept a case of oil in his

trunk. When he realized he wasn't going to make it all the way without adding fuel, he pulled in the gas station and quickly realized he didn't have a single penny on him.

Luckily, he was in South Georgia and the gas station attendant let him trade the oil he had in the trunk of his car for gas! When he finally arrived at my house, he retold the story with me laughing and feeling terrible all at the same time. It was really late, even in college terms, and we didn't have a lot of food in the house. I knew he must have been hungry, so I went in the kitchen and made biscuits, he must have eaten four or five.



Our little family about 4 years ago (you can't see our baby girl. She's strapped to my front).

When I graduated college I moved home to Atlanta and 5 months later he proposed. We were engaged for exactly one year before we married. Three years later we had a little boy, and two years after that a little girl. Ten years of marriage and fourteen years after we met, life is wonderful, hard and busy.

Both of our kids have dietary restrictions, mainly gluten and dairy, so when it comes to cooking I have to get creative.

When we first went gluten free, the thought of not having

biscuits terrified my husband. One evening, I decided that we could have them and set out to make almond flour biscuits.

Now, these biscuits aren't the biscuits my grandmother makes, but they are an amazing substitute for those with dietary restrictions and they are gluten and dairy free! Every time I make biscuits, I think of my man and that long drive in the middle of the night. It makes me smile and remember, just how far we've come.



Biscuits ready to be enjoyed

## **Almond Flour Biscuits**

**adapted from Elana's Pantry**

### **What?**

5 cups of blanched almond flour

1 tsp of celtic sea salt

1 tsp of baking soda

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup of Earth Balance natural buttery spread (soy free)

4 eggs

2 tbsp honey

## How?

Preheat oven to 350. In a medium bowl combine almond flour, salt and baking soda. In a large bowl combine Earth Balance, eggs and honey. I found it easier to mix the wet ingredients if I melted the earth balance a little. Stir dry ingredients into wet ingredients until a nice dough forms. Line 2 baking sheets with unbleached parchment paper. Proceed to drop biscuits onto baking sheets using a large spoon, mine are about 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches tall. This gave me 17 biscuits total. Bake for approximately 15 minutes, until biscuits are browned on the bottom edges. Enjoy!



A biscuits best friend? Coconut-milk soaked fried chicken!