

Salsa Lessons

A few nights ago we decided to have a picnic in our living room. As with most things in my life, our little living room floor adventure was clouded with the kind of comedy that most people only see in movies. It was supposed to be a picnic outside with friends but Fall weather intervened and everyone cancelled. I know. You'd think that a little nice Fall weather would get people excited. Instead we visited with the weather through windows. We gathered humus, cheese, carrots and crackers along with my famous (ha!) black bean salsa and whatever else we could scrounge together and settled in for an evening of emptying the DVR.

I got my recipe for black bean salsa from Paula Deen's cookbook. No, butter is not required. It might actually be the healthiest thing she makes. It's also so completely easy that I make it without thinking. Don't you love it when you find a recipe like that? A recipe that is instantly memorized and requires little to no thought to prepare? It's awesome.

So I made my salsa in a huge bowl and we sat down and got caught up on our DVR. Somewhere in the middle of watching the season finale of True Blood? My husband (ever the drama queen) starts complaining of a stomach ache. It get worse. There are moans from his chair. Then he's convinced that he's dying of a appendicitis. The pain is so great that he takes to our bed. I'm rolling my eyes as usual. Then it hits me too. The only difference is that I'm not planning my funeral. I'm frozen on the couch with the worst gas pain ever. EVER. I tell him, "YOU HAVE GAS, YOU'RE NOT DYING." We giggle a bit and then take turns in the bathroom. Yes, friends. We had a great bout of wind. Dare I say it? We were farting up a storm. It was hilarious and awful.

Somewhere in the middle of laughing ourselves to tears my husband comes to me with a sassy face complete with arched

eyebrows. He hands me a bottle of red wine vinegar. The same bottle of red wine vinegar that I had used to make our black bean salsa. "Check out the expiration date, Mr. Paula Deen." Um...you guys? Apparently? Apparently red wine vinegar expires. Who knew. The expiration date on the vinegar was FEBRUARY 2010. Yeah. Check your calendar. It's SEPTEMBER 2011. I poisoned my family!! Who even looks at expiration dates? Not I. As much fun laughing ourselves blind was, I'll never not check the expiration of anything again. I suggest you do the same.

WHAT?

1 can of black beans

1 can whole kernel corn

1 cup edamame

1 medium red onion diced

1 can diced tomato

1 tablespoon red wine vinegar

1 lime (juiced)

salt and pepper to taste.

How?

Wash and drain the cans of beans and corn. Toss in a large bowl. Add your edamame. Dice your onion and throw that in the bowl. Add the tomato, lime juice, red wine vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. You can add extra flavor by getting the canned diced tomatoes that are seasoned with garlic or whatever flavor that your grocery store has that you like.

You could also spice it up a bit by adding a can of Rotel or even a dash or two of Louisiana Hot Sauce. I find that I like more than the one table-spoon of red wine vinegar that is called for in this recipe...and that's what got me into trouble.