

Three Pancake Stacks. Three Things to Be Grateful For.

What's not to love?



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Last night, we got pancaked—as in, I made a LOT of homemade pancakes & was not afraid to pile them high.



"Fluffy American Pancakes," Photo by McKenzie Lynn Tozan

In honor of three tall stacks, here are three things I'm grateful for, all little & all food-related:

1. **Homemade Pancakes**

While going through some things, *Julie & Julia* remains a **huge** comfort watch for me, & a key moment in the film has become the chocolate pie scene, in which Julie Powell (Amy Adams) says, “I love that after a day when nothing is sure—& when I say ‘nothing,’ I mean nothing—you can come home & absolutely know that if you add egg yolks to chocolate & sugar & milk, it will get thick. It’s such a comfort.” Like Julie Powell and her absolute certainty, when my kids start craving fluffy pancakes, I can say with absolute certainty, “We can have those at home.” I can say with absolute certainty that I have *perfected* the fluffy pancake (even if my flipping skills need work). I have nothing against palačinke (Croatian pancakes), but they are thin & meant to be rolled up, much like a sweet French crêpe). They’re terribly delicious & perfect with berries, but sometimes, you want a thick, outrageously fluffy, & the slightest bit heavy pancake. My kids have started calling traditional Croatian pancakes “palačinke” and mine “American pancakes.” & dang, if I’m not grateful that I can make a great, fluffy American pancake.

2. **Not to Mention... Banana Bread**

I’ve been leaning away from short-form social media/content & leaning into Substack, YouTube, & books in smaller, more thoughtful doses. There’s a YouTuber I’ve followed for about a year who has helped me greatly on my decluttering journey & unpacking my relationship with things after being raised by a hoarder/narcissist combo, & there was an episode where she made a suggestion that really stuck out to me, because for once, I was already doing it. She was diagnosed with ADHD as an adult, & she occasionally posts her favorite ADHD hacks & ways to make her feel like she has her life together. In this particular video, she was working to do things that would benefit her future self & make a hard week easier—& she knew that one thing her family would love & would eat, & that would give her the sensation of having her life together, was to make a loaf of banana bread. That stopped me, because I realized that I’ve heard other moms also take a huge sigh

& say they really should make that banana bread or freeze those bananas. Maybe my recipe is too basic, but banana bread is one of those things where I can stop whatever I'm doing & have that loaf in the oven in 10 minutes (assuming the oven is preheated—if not, a few minutes longer, but you get what I mean). When we have bananas that are a little too far along, I know I'm making banana bread that day, no question. If we've been eating bananas a lot & I haven't made a loaf in a while, I'll specifically buy bruised bananas just so I can make it. It's easy, it's always a hit, & it's something that I just *get*. I guess in that one small way, I totally have my life together. & I'm grateful for it.

3. **I... wrote... a poem?**

For Julia Child & *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, no less, so it was even relatable enough to share with you here; yay!

I won't say that it's anything great. It has its moments, I think, & it's pleasurable at least to ME to read, & I think at this junction, that's something. Writing is something. Seeing something & seeing the art in it is something. So I'll acknowledge that it isn't perfect & be grateful that it exists. Because I am. It gives me hope that there could be more—& that maybe I'll reach the point again where writing a poem is as easy to me as making a loaf of banana bread & editing it is as sure & pleasurable a thing as making “fluffy American pancakes.”

P.S. If anyone wants those pancake or banana bread recipes (& I have a *killer* palačinke recipe, too!), you know where to find me.



"Behind the Scenes," Photo by McKenzie Lynn Tozan

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