The Zen of PB&J

I have to preface today’s topic by saying that I’ve read all of the whole foods and good healthy mom articles. I attempt to fix good meals for my brood. But you know as well as I do that now and again you just have to live a little. And when you take a bite of that marvelous ‘something’ it makes you just have to take a moment and revel in the sheer glory of the moment. My friend, I have had such a moment today…..eating the classic Peanut Butter and Jelly sandwich.

I can’t remember the last time that I actually ate a pb&j. Oh, let me tell you, I went all out in its construction, too. I put peanut butter on both pieces of bread (so that the jelly wouldn’t soak through) then I happily slathered on a generous application of jelly. Then, to top it off, I cut off the crusts. The dog agreed with my choice to cut the crusts off.

As I was eating the pb&j I started to remember when I was a little girl and I had these sandwiches regularly. I took them for granted then. Now, now I savored every bite. And it made me a little philosophical….of a sticky fingered sort. There are all sorts of lives, just as there are all sorts of people; rich decadent dishes, multiple ingredient casseroles, natural foods, fruits, vegetables, pastas…you name it. The old question: If you were a food what would you be (or a dish) came to me in a gooey mouthful. I could have chosen a steak life, a crème Brule family, or a fine dinging environment. But me? I chose to live a pb&j life…satisfying, simple, equal parts sweet and salty. What you see is what you get, no hidden agenda or spices.

As I finish this last bite it strikes me that you could live a worse life than a pb&j one…..like Brussels sprouts, or liver.