

CLEANING OUT THE PANTRY

So it's summer and I actually have Time. What to do with it? Clean my pantry? Share my pantry cleaning experience? Well...let's do both! Now you will ALL continue reading. Ha! Ha! So here goes, only because this seemingly mundane task slowly turned into an eerie psychoanalysis of my entire persona.

It began harmlessly enough with the discovery of too many opened yet unfinished boxes of crackers. Note to myself : it's not because it's on special AND organic that I have to buy, taste, store and delete from memory before my next Alzheimer induced trip to the supermarket. Next among the shambles of collapsed food packages a near finished bag of white chocolate chips. You heard right. WHITE chocolate chips. Such heresy. Comfort food should NEVER go gourmet. And then it became troubling. Since when had I become a serial cornstarch purchaser? And what exactly is cornstarch even used for? Gladly a brief moment of respite followed. I DO have baking soda AND baking powder. Just too many of each. Try not to forget. Try. Try. Try. And as I tried to log that into my brain cells bags of undistributed Halloween chips from bygone years tumbled out only to unveil a mysterious, dark, brick-like package. A hidden jewelry box? (Laden with gold and silver of course.) Or a final will and testament from a long lost and very rich relative? But the result was humbling enough with the discovery of a long lost but hardly valuable brick loaf of expired pumpernickel bread. My spirit went as flat as the slices.

But then my friends I began to tremble. Vintage Tupperware. Whatever was inside was surely dating from the last millenium during the era when Tupperware was more venerated than fine China. Breathe, remove the lid and breathe again. Buckwheat flour. What the what? When exactly had I been flirting with cuisine from the Middle Ages? By then I was free falling. How deluded do I become at supermarkets to bring back one and then two boxes of make your own falafel mixes. Not to mention shredded coconut with a teaspoon in the bag. (So THERE was my teaspoon). But WHY did I have shredded coconut in the first place?

I tried to stay positive. Go. Go. Go. I was determined to make this into one of those best-selling learn and grow experiences. But losing all self-respect was inevitable. It came in the form of pouches. Pouches and yet more unused, unopened, most probably lifeless pouches of, wait for it, bacterial culture. Well that was that. I must have unknowingly been dropping acid to bring back ingredients for the preparation of, wait for it again, homemade kefir. The obvious stared me in the face. And by rereading all of this I expect my first consultation to be for free.

