

# Baking the easy way

I've been doing these columns for 11 years, believe it or not.

A popular column I wrote for this paper in June 1997 was about my way to bake better muffins. I was inspired by an acquaintance who had a job with the United States Bureau of Statistics computing everything from the rate of human hair loss in folks over 70 to the rate at which tadpoles turn into frogs given oat bran, instead of a basic diet of insects.

I figured if tadpoles can handle oat bran, so can human beings, so I began baking oat bran muffins and developed my own recipe.

Now I was probably the fastest cook in the West before instant foods and microwaves, so my skills are well-honed. I attribute my speed to two things: I don't use any measurements, and I make up the ingredients as I go.

If you'd like to use my recipe, here it is:

Open the door to the refrigerator and the door to the cupboard. Grab whatever you see minus a no-no list of no fat, no sugar, no milk, no mustard, and no yeast (some would jokingly add, no good).

Toss these things into a bowl. For example, I've added such things as tomato juice and leftover split-pea soup from the refrigerator.

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## Silver Threads

Joyce Rodell



From the cupboard I've added dry bread, a can of pork and beans, and a splash or two of apple cider vinegar. The one thing you are required to add is oat bran. Lots of it.

Stir the mixture, plop into muffin tins and place in oven.

As to where to set the temperature for baking, you have many choices on that dial. Take your pick.

Now you simply bake until something happens. For example, there's a knock at the door, or the smoke alarm goes off. Then take muffins from oven, cool and eat.

Apart from Uncle Herman's half brother Elmer, who claims he split his dentures in two and swallowed half when biting into some loose change I had accidentally thrown into the batter of one batch, folks are generally quite complimentary about my muffin creations.

Shortly, before her passing at 102, Aunt Alfreda Wilhemina was heard to say the best ones she ever ate were the ones that contained the Metamucil.

*Silver Threads is a weekly column written by people who are involved with the Sheridan Senior Center.*