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## Smoked Almond Tomato Pesto

### INGREDIENTS:

- ½ cup smoked salted almonds
- 1 (14.5 oz.) can cherry tomatoes
- 1 small clove garlic, peeled
- 1/3 cup olive oil (more as needed)
- 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
- ½ teaspoon kosher salt
- Pinch freshly ground black peppercorns

### INSTRUCTIONS:

Place the almonds in a food processor and pulse until coarsely chopped. Add the tomatoes with their juices, garlic, olive oil, and vinegar. Pulse until the mixture is smooth, or slightly chunky, according to your taste. Add salt and pepper and pulse to combine. Add more olive oil if necessary, to make a smooth paste. Smear tomato pesto on delicious bread or roll of your choice. Top with sliced turkey, cold meat loaf, a piece of fish...whatever strikes your fancy. This pesto plays nice with all the kids in the sandbox...or in the air.

## Plane and Simple

**GOT ON A PLANE!** One and a half years since I saw my kids and grandkids. I got my shots and booked a reservation to go to Portland, Oregon. That's a four+ hour flight. Add to that the two hours I should arrive in advance at the airport, and the hour drive to the terminal and you have a good seven hours. I'm constantly declaring I should stop this incessant eating...but seven hours without sticking something in my mouth seemed excessive, even cruel and unusual.

I knew airlines weren't serving food (other than pretzels) and drinks (other than water) on-board, which could be construed as something positive, but I wasn't sure what restaurants were packing for takeout orders. I spent an inordinate amount of time obsessing over this.

When you make an airline reservation, you're assigned a seat. "Put your seat on our seat". What you do with your feet, legs, laptop, excessively large Bose headset, and inflatable neck rest is up to you. Add to this a mask, some wipes, and a plastic shield...just for good measure. I remembered the takeout food I bought in the past. A salad of less

than crisp lettuce packed with a miniscule container of mystery dressing; a sandwich of turkey or ham on dry bread with a sliver of tomato, all packed with a napkin that shredded with the first blot, and plastic forks that shattered. Surely, I could do better.

Plane food should be plain food. Delicious, simple, even simply elegant, but something you can eat in a confined space with limited or no utensils. Going on the assumption that anything good is better on bread, I opted for a sandwich. Seeing as there would be few ingredients, I knew the ingredients would have to be top-notch. I started with a lovely French baguette that I split lengthwise. I purchased beautiful European butter and spread it on the cut sides. Then I draped elegant prosciutto de Parma over the butter. I had some radishes that I knew wouldn't survive until I got home, so I shaved them really thin, and topped them on the prosciutto. They certainly weren't necessary, but they added a pretty color and a nice crunch. This was, in effect, a most delicious ham sandwich.

Everyone knows the best part of Thanksgiving is the sandwich you make later in the day, piling turkey, stuffing, and cranberries on bread. This can only be eaten over a sink. But a plane turkey sandwich with tomato pesto will give you that same thrill, and you can eat it at 30,000 feet or right on the ground, if like me, you can't wait for takeoff. 



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