

This month Simcha takes a well deserved break from deadlines.

## From Chaviva's Kitchen...



### "Some Like it Hot!" Kabli Channa (whole chickpeas)

#### Ingredients

225g dried chick peas *soaked overnight and drained*  
600 ml water  
1 tsp salt  
50 ml peanut oil  
2 medium onions, *sliced*  
2 garlic cloves, *chopped*  
Two and a half centimetres or 1 inch piece of fresh ginger, *peeled and cut into thin strips*  
1 tsp turmeric  
1 tsp ground cumin  
2 tsp whole coriander seeds  
4 green chillies *slit open and deseeded*  
1 400g can Indian Spiced Tomatoes  
1 green pepper – *pith and seeds removed and cut into strips*  
Juice of one and a half lemons  
1 tsp garam masala  
2 tbs chopped coriander leaves

#### Preparation

- Bring the chickpeas to the boil in the water, then simmer over a low heat for one and a half hours. Drain and reserve 300 ml of the cooking liquid.
- Heat oil in frying pan and when hot add onions and garlic and fry, stirring occasionally until onions are golden brown.
- Add ginger and fry for 1 minute. Stir in spices except garam masala and fry for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add a little water if mixture becomes too dry.
- Add chillies, canned tomatoes and green pepper and cook for 5 minutes
- Stir in chickpeas and cook for 7 minutes.
- Stir in reserve cooking liquid, salt and lemon juice and bring to boil.
- Cover frying pan and reduce heat to low. Simmer 15 minutes, uncover and simmer for a further 10 minutes.
- Transfer the mixture to a warm serving dish and sprinkle over garam masala and coriander before serving.

This recipe is really good served with buttered potatoes.

If a milder taste is preferred use long red chillies in place of green chillies.  
*A shortcut:* An 800g can of chick peas may be used in place of dry chick peas. No soaking or cooking required. Drain and use 300ml water instead of reserved cooling liquid for recipe.

*Trishia*

### Continued from page 9 Meet Our Members... Trishia Jeffares

me my first *Aleph-bet*, and she still helps me prepare Torah readings when she's not in Israel. What a friend! During that time I sought medical help and was confronted with the results of my childhood. Completely unprepared. I became conscious again of everything I thought I had escaped, hating every second of it, but it resulted in my discovering again the latent artist within. As I worked on healing my psyche, I designed, exhibited and sold hand-knitted jerseys, shawls and children's dresses. My developing '*turangawaewae*' (sense of my place to stand), my close friends, and my artistic work enabled me to work through this bleak period.

It was clear I could not affiliate with the Jewish community until I stopped hating. I also developed an appreciation for the shrewd and slick little operator who had used her intellect and wits to out-fox the tormentors and survive. I now laugh at some of the things I did. I really was naughty!

As my sense of well-being became established, a friend told me he had met his birth parents and that he is Jewish. He wanted to find out about Judaism without being "heavy". My Israeli friend was in Israel, so we came to an Open Day at Temple Sinai and never left. With three others I did Kabbalat Mitzvah in 1998, adopting Chavivah as my name, 21 years after being told I'm Jewish.

Joining Temple Sinai was the second big decision in my life, and the best. I have enjoyed warmth, humour, and

happiness in measures I could not have dreamt about. Support and encouragement for my learning endeavours has, quite frankly, floored me. Who wouldn't want to come back for more?

Although not being in paid employment due to medical problems for some years, this has not really stopped me. I admit to being reclusive, but if I am not creating, asleep, or at Temple Sinai, I may be found protesting, teaching English to an Iraqi refugee or sneaking drinks into the Basin Reserve on the first day of a Test. I have also been spotted collecting for a variety of causes, doing Benefit Rights Advocacy, and answering a telephone help-line. Some people think they saw me at the ballet, or at the movies, or in the theatre, or was that at a concert? Although some may not believe it, I do remind myself sometimes that Beethoven isn't a god.

I regard myself as a veteran partisan from the war of the hearth. Unable to develop a protective shell against the hurts of the world, I can become incandescent with anger when I think injustice is being done, and especially when children and animals are hurt by cruelty or neglect.

Otherwise, I am very happy. Things could be much worse; they have been. Everyone here has contributed to my sense of well-being and I feel very rich indeed!

Today rabbah maod! B'shalom,

*Trishia Eleanor Jeffares, aka Chavivah*