

The Last Time I Baked Chocolate Chip Cookies

by Judy Diehm

Let me begin by saying that I hate to cook, but even more than that I hate to bake. On a scale of 100-1 with 100 being the thing I like to best and one the thing I like the least, baking is a minus one.

However, I'd been mooching off my Bible study group for several months and suddenly, without knowing it, my mouth began to move and the familiar voice said, "Let me bring chocolate chip cookies next week." Oh my gosh, what had I done? Was I mad, had my train fallen off the track, was my crayon box one crayon short, was I CRAZY?

Being the honest person that I am and a bit inhibited I was afraid to say, "Who said that? Surely not me, I don't bake."

Last night was the night before Bible study. The time had come. Okay, first I assemble all the ingredients. I remember that from 4-H club. Mix it all up in the Kitchen-Aid mixer, looks good so far. Turn on the oven in my "new" house. We'd only been here less than a year and the oven hadn't seen much use. Put the cookie dough on the new cookie sheets. The old cookie sheets wouldn't fit in the "new" oven. Okay, now for the moment of truth.

Into the oven the cookies went. Ten minutes later out they came. So far, so good. I use a spatula to take them off the cookie sheet. Oh my gosh, they're falling apart, they have huge holes in them! That's okay. Chill out, maybe the next batch will be better. Let the cookie sheet cool before you take them off next time. Do the spoon thing again, bake and voila – perfect cookies - not! Now the cookie dough has spread out all over the pans and I have four or five *really* big, *really* flat cookies.

I guess I should have told you I doubled the recipe - or did I just double part of the ingredients? Who knows!

There's always Walmart. They have good cookies. I'll put them on a pretty plate with a doily. They'll never know.