

# Cut a slice of pure deliciousness from this caramel-glazed apple cake

By Susie Iventosch



Caramel-glazed apple cake

Photo Susie Iventosch

We had a wonderful family reunion in Michigan this past summer, and my cousin, Cindy, brought her famous caramel-glazed apple cake to one of the gatherings. There was a bit of a buildup to this cake, and everyone was absolutely raving about it at the party. I was having such a good time chatting with long lost cousins that it took me forever to get to the dessert table, and when I finally did, there was not a slice of apple cake to be found. In fact, the cake plate had been cleared too! Disappointment

set in, but since I cannot let a great recipe pass, Cindy kindly sent me the recipe for this perfect autumn dessert. Now that I've made it four times, I totally understand why everyone was raving about this cake. It is fabulously delicious.

I have two warnings about this cake, however. The first is that you might not be able to stop eating it once you start, so begin with a small slice so you can go for seconds. And, the second is to be sure to use Crisco to grease the pan, and then dust over the Crisco

with flour. The first time I made it, I used cooking spray and thought that would be just fine, but I ended up with a huge mess when I tried to turn the cake out onto a plate. It came out in crumbles and I had to piece it all back together. As you know, necessity is the mother of invention, and to make it look presentable, I caramelized apple slices to hide the holes, which turned out to be both a pretty and delicious addition to the cake. The next three times using Crisco, the cake turned out perfectly – no problem at all.

## Recipe

### INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 ½ cups canola oil
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ½ tsp. cardamom (the recipe calls for mace, but I prefer cardamom)
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. vanilla extract
- 3 cups diced apples, (peeled and cored) I used Fuji and Honey Crisp, but you can use any apple you like.
- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

### Garnish

- 2 medium apples, peeled, cored and thinly sliced
- 2 Tbsp. butter
- 3 Tbsp. brown sugar

### Caramel Glaze

- 4 ½ Tbsp. butter
- 4 ½ Tbsp. brown sugar
- 3 Tbsp. heavy cream
- ¾ tsp. vanilla

### DIRECTIONS

In large bowl of electric mixer, combine sugar and oil; beat until well combined. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together dry ingredients; add to egg mixture gradually, beating constantly. Add vanilla and combine thoroughly. Sprinkle apples with lemon juice and fold into batter with walnuts. The batter will be very thick. Spoon into well-greased (Crisco) and floured Bundt pan or large tube pan. Bake at 325 F for 65-75 minutes or until cake tests done. Remove from oven and cool in pan on wire rack 15 minutes. Invert onto serving plate and cool completely on wire rack. When completely cooled, glaze with Caramel Glaze (direction follows). Garnish the top of the cake with caramelized apple slices (direction follows). Wrap leftover cake tightly in plastic wrap; keeps unrefrigerated up to two weeks. Makes 16 to 20 small servings.

### Caramel Glaze

In small heavy saucepan, melt butter. Add brown sugar, cream, and vanilla. Bring to a rolling boil and boil rapidly about two minutes or until mixture thickens to coat a spoon. Cool slightly and spoon over cake so that glaze runs down the sides. Makes about ½ cup of glaze.

### Caramelized Apple Slices

Melt butter in a large skillet. Add brown sugar and stir until dissolved. Place apple slices on top of mixture and continue to cook over medium heat, turning halfway through. The sugar will begin to caramelize the apple slices and they will turn a nice golden brown color. Carefully lift each slice and place in a fan-shaped fashion on top of the cake.

## Cooking Term of the Week

### Poêlé

This term comes from the French verb “poêler” (pwah lay) which refers to a cooking method whereby poultry meats are cooked in their own juices, often with aromatic vegetables like carrots and onions, in a covered pot in the oven. Sometimes the meat is basted with butter, so the method is also referred to as “butter roasting.” Toward the end of the cooking, the lid is removed to give the food a nice browned color. The term can also simply refer to a sauté or frying pan.

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www.lamorindaweekly.com Click Food tab.

## Dear America

By Alexandra Reinecke

Last week, I stood on the front porch in the cold cleanness of an early autumn evening. The sky was light, and the air frigid, and in the surrounding trees—redwoods, oaks—a rustling of cool wind against foliage. The cloth of an American flag hangs from a pole tacked at an angle to the front of our house, and in the autumnal coolness, its cloth was shot with white sunlight that illuminated bright lapis and cranberry.

Standing on the porch, looking at the white sun shot through the cloth, I was proud to be an American. I have often felt so proud. This is a feeling, however, that I have had with less frequency since November than I have had these 17 years.

As a child, I was wide-eyed to stories of cornucopias and Plymouth Rock and how, after carving a country from a rocky shoreline, our ancestors sat to long tables of Massachusetts berries and roast corn. I liked Patrick Henry's fiery “Give me liberty or give me death!” I enjoyed the burnt goo of marshmallows on Fourth of July, and the equitable words of Thomas Jefferson in class.

I was proud to be an American, and to be one under our flag. But I have been proud to be one, recently, rather than always, intermittently. I have worn my patriotism not as a skin, but as a sweater, or as the jade necklace I reserve for special occasions.

For 17 years, the America I knew and the American I was aligned. Now, however, I often find those two concepts warring. I want to be proud of my country. I want to love America. I seek reasons to be for and not against the nation I call home. But like the first colony at Roanoke, so often fail my attempts to root myself in this native soil.

Recently, I told my boyfriend that I am ashamed of our country. He told me that I should be ashamed of my shame. He told me that by being loudly critical I am quietly unpatriotic. He told me that I can't together love America and reprimand it. But I argue otherwise. I argue that shame requires passion. I argue that criticism marks the patriot. I argue that reproof calls fidelity home.

I love America. This is something I realize as, from the iMac in the journalism room, I research journalism in Mexico, which is a dangerous job. This is something I realize as I watch a documentary on North Korea, where the government stocks grocery stores with movie-set food and allows such a dearth of infrastructure that the people eat what meals they do take by candlelight or in the dark.

We criticize journalists in

America today, but we do not kill them. We fail in the realm of free and accessible healthcare, but we do not fail to provide our citizens with the necessary sustenance to support their health.

Despite what the current administration or sentiment may espouse, America is great because we are good. We stand for individual freedom and the courage of self-reliance. We stand for a standard of equity and a spirit of competition with which to actionize it. We stand for honesty, and for hard work, and for the secular salvation of personal achievement we, at our best, offer any willing to work after it.

America is the first country mandated by, rather than mandated for the people. It is the unlikely experiment that succeeded. It is the fragile system of democracy that, after establishing itself, in a 17th century miracle, in New England's harsh climate, re-established itself every four years since then.

I'd like to tell my boyfriend that I am ashamed not of what America is, but what it is not. I'd like to tell him that the same mind which lampoons the Senate's attempted Obamacare repeal is the one pushed to a shaking tear at the thought that we are not what we worship ourselves for pretending to be. I'd like to tell anyone who will listen that only those of us impassioned enough to fight for what America might be are those who, when it fails our exalted expectations, fight against it.

It is easy to confuse dissent with dislike, but I don't hate America, and never will. Whenever I fail to love America the country, when I wear my patriotism only intermittently, like a jade necklace, it is not to express mistrust. Whenever I fail to love America the country it is because I love too strongly America the idea.



Alexandra Reinecke is from Westchester, New York. She currently resides in Lafayette, where she is junior at Campolindo High school. She writes every morning at 5 o'clock opposite a print of “View of the World from 9th Avenue” and consumes copious amounts of coffee. Her likes include maple-flavored anything and snow. Her favorite animal is a tiger.

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