

Transcript for The Who's Dat Phat Girl Podcast - With Brooke Hoover
EPISODE #32- Quiche, Beans and Wrought Iron

Hey y'all, I'm Brooke Hoover. A Louisiana native, actor, writer and comedian. I've lost 100 pounds through diet and exercise or shall I say "lifestyle changes". My twenty year and counting health journey has taught me that just like taking a diet pill for weight loss, body positivity doesn't magically happen overnight. I'm working on re-gaining my self esteem and re-kindling my love affair with Cajun and Southern comfort food in a healthier way all the while juggling eating as clean as I can, re-establishing myself in the entertainment industry which, as we know, is historically fat phobic all the while showing my inner phat girl some love - that's phat with a PH - pretty hot and tempting. Let me tell y'all a tale or two...

Welcome back, etc.

I had so many shows lined up for September and October. But, those podcasts will come at later dates because aside from today's episode, the whole month of October is going to be dedicated to COSTUMES!!!

But, today's episode is in honor of my Momma Anne because it was initially supposed to be recorded and air on her birthday, September 12. That didn't happen.

I know Mercury was in retrograde basically all of September. And for those of y'all who don't believe in horoscopes, let me ask y'all, if you look at the past month, did you have at least a few technology glitches, some email communication issues (like did you say as per my last email a lot) or did you have a nervous breakdown? THAT is Mercury retrograde, y'all. If you still don't believe in horry scopes (as my Dad calls them) then maybe you're a witch and that's pretty cool because I'm recording this episode in October.

So, without further adieu or ADHD out-takes, let's dive into this week's episode which is called Quiche, Beans and Wrought Iron:

There's a Chumbawamba song that can best sum up how life has been going for me lately - actually kind of how I have always related to life and it could be because of my Cajun ancestry (more on that in a bit). And, if you are inclined, feel free to sing (chant? Shout?) with me:

I get knocked down, but I get up again. You are never gonna keep me down.

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And, then, it keeps repeating itself and then there's something about "Pissing the night away" up in there and then Oh Danny Boy.

But the point is, it relates to my Cajun ancestors. Here's a quick minute history on them (dem - if you speak Cajun, Cher.) So, basically Cajun is slang for Acadian, the French peoples who settled in the Maritime area of Canada, primarily Nova Scotia in the 1600s. Then, in the late 1700s, the Brits come over, as Brits often do and they're like, we're gonna make you bow down to us and if you don't, you're going to be exiled to the most disgusting, hot, humid, unfarmable swampland in the world :

South Louisiana. So, my Cajun ancestors were like, "Vas te faire foutre Angleterre" which means go FART noise yourself, England and away they went to South Louisiana. Instead of the Acadian folk having a hard time finding food and making a life for themselves down in Louisiana like the Brits hoped for, the Acadians - the CAJUNS THRIVED. They were like singing and dancing to that Chumbawamba song (or well, with a washboard and fiddle and playing zydeco music, I'm sure.) So, I have to constantly remind myself of that. ***Especially when life knocks me down.***

When Momma first moved up here to Jersey City with me nearly 13 years ago, that winter was brutal. I was just coming off of a high of doing my first solo Show Wayward Souls and my first co star role for Law and Order SVU and I thought I hoped that that would bring me fame and fortune not because I'm a delusional actor but because I practice the law of attraction...though not very well at times. All it brought me was back to the drawing board and the unemployment line, as is NORMAL for actors.

So, like we just talked about earlier, being from South Louisiana, us Cajun gals are used to making something out of nothing and we are also used to NOT starving to death. I told Momma, times are tough, money is tight - but we will NOT eat Ramen noodles : they have too many carbs, too much sodium and they remind me of cinder blocks that composed my college dorm room walls.

Two foods that are inexpensive but you can do a lot with are beans and eggs - but ew not together. And, shout out to my gurl, Jenny C for getting me into omelet because I used to HATE eggs. I still don't really love them but when you have a lot of vegetables and feta cheese, it really disguises the embryonicness. Inspired by a ham hock we had in the freezer from New Years, we made white beans and, not wanting to waste "the whole hog", I wanted to get creative so I used the other ham pieces to make my first quiche ever. And it turned out delicious. Ham, some cheese, broccoli, piecrust. And embryos. You can't go wrong. I have since adapted my egg and quiche concoctions to make them crust less and Momma and I are nearly meatless now, but since we are Cajun, we still got the flavor. I mean, literally. We put Tony's in the eggs.

The beans were Momma's baby. She would make white beans, pinto beans, red beans, field peas. The list goes on and on like Bubba from Forrest Gump and his shrimp recipes.

When things are down and out - your spirits and your finances. It's often hard to NOURISH yourself - but you have to. You won't be worth anything if you're hungry and depleted. So, we just kept on cooking.

One day while being out of work and cooking up a storm, we hear a commotion outside and this guy is in our front little yard (which I like to call a courtyard when I'm feeling bougie) and he's taking some of our patinaed iron sculptures. I should pause here and let y'all know Louisiana people - at least these Louisiana people - also really like wrought iron and the wood in my old outdoor bench had rotted so

we saved the iron from it and made some sculpture art - in the courtyard. And, this dude is trying to take it.

I run outside barefoot and pissed off and I'm like, "Dude, what the hell are you doing! That's my wrought iron! Get out of here." And he just walks off without a word. Being that my area - especially a decade ago as "pretty rough" as they say - or as real estate agents say "up and coming" - I was kind of taking my life into my hands. I start griping to Momma about how would this guy have the audacity to come into our COURTYARD and start stealing our SCULPTURE ART. I mean, it had gotten to the perfect rust to iron ratio, had a lovely patina. Momma's like, "Baby, he's scrapping that metal for money. Copper is worth a lot right now."

And, the wheels start turning. I'm like, Momma, let's start gathering all of our iron bits and we're gonna find a junkyard! We don't need seven old rusty rake heads to use to hang things on outside, we just need two. And, don't we have some copper wiring from the old refrigerator ?!?!?

We gathered all of our iron sculptures except for the flamingo and the chicken that were made out of old car parts and we go to the junkyard. We made like 50 bucks. But, it felt worth it. Life felt purposeful again. It was something to do to just get through the day - and to buy us more eggs and beans.

At the time, I thought we were doomed. I thought we were broke and joke less. Now, looking back, those were some pretty damn good times. Because, we were just in the present moment. And, doing our best.

It kind of prepared us for the pandemic and the shut down on March 13, 2020.

Lately, as y'all know, I've skipped a few podcasts - okay like five or six weeks of podcasts. And, one day, I may elaborate since it's all health related and health and wellness are the theme of this podcast. But, right now, I'm just not yet ready.

I wrote this in honor of my momma for her 70th birthday on September 12th because it was her and her ancestors who told me to keep powering through. Sometimes you won't always be able to power through and that's okay too. Part of the powering through is having shit days or weeks or month. But, having some good food to keep you company is a must. That's something else Momma and our Cajun ancestors have taught us.

Right now, things are really difficult for my family and I. To say it's a hard time is an understatement. But, I need to remember what got us through just over a decade ago - we were making a point of getting adequate protein, fiber and...wait for it...IRON intake - or really outtake since we were scrapping iron. I don't know right now if protein, fiber and iron are enough. But, I do know that deep down, the fighting spirit in our Cajun roots has got to be enough.

Thanks so much for listening, y'all. It is my hope to inspire, uplift and entertain you

with this Who's Dat Phat Girl podcast. So, if you're HUNGRY for more, you can book me to speak or perform my solo show that inspired this podcast Phat Girl Costumes written by yours truly and directed by my best bud Brian Lady at your virtual or in person event. Please visit Brookehoover.com/fluffybuttproductions or email me at contactbrookehoover@gmail.com for more information. And, let's follow each other on instagram - I'm @Br00keH00ver and those O's are not the letter O but they're ZEROS. Not because I want to be a size 0 but because I guess I'm just so clever with my late 90s Yahoo! self

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