

upper when I heard Papa offer Phil "some of the best fruitcake he'd his mouth—guaranteed!" Here's the thing, this man and I have been over three decades now. I know full well that he is not a fruitcake uldn't help but grin when I heard Phil agree to try a slice, and I literally t loud when Papa served Phil a generous slab of fruitcake and added, t and I'll get you a bigger piece." Nice doesn't always pay.

me later, Phil and I were driving home when I asked him if he'd like to out for our own dinner and pick it up on our way through town.

fine," Phil said, "but I'd rather go on home and get back out for it s okay with you."

ed him I didn't mind waiting.

' Phil said, "I'm not very hungry. I had to eat fruitcake."

en, almost like an afterthought, Mr. Nice Guy added under his breath, e fruitcake."

my man, y'all, healing the Fruitcake Divide one slice at a time.

This pie comes compliments of my oldest sister, Cyndie. We call her CynCyn. It's a fitting contribution from her, too, seeing as how she lives on Buttermilk Road in northern Arkansas. (I can't make that up!) I told Cyndie she could call it her Crème Brûlée Hack because it tastes just like the fancy dessert—without all the fuss! CynCyn reminds us that this recipe needs to be cooked for one hour, no more, no less, to produce a pie that's semifirm but still moist. Oven temps vary, however. With mine, it takes about 45 minutes. Bottom line, just watch the pie those last few minutes to make sure it sets up without burning!

- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3 tablespoons flour
- Pinch salt
- ½ cup (1 stick) butter, melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 (9 inch) deep-dish pie shell

Beat eggs separately. Fold in dry ingredients. Stir in melted butter, vanilla, and buttermilk. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to 1 hour.

