

Miracle on 34th Street



Hey reader, wanna pizza me? (Since I'm so rough and tough, your answer should be, no.) Then, don't get between me and my Salvation Pizza. When I'm headed there, nothing better get in my way or it will get ugly. Traffic? Guadalupe better give me every green light, or you will sense my frustration (Lisa knows- thanks for driving!). In fact, when dining in the adorable back patio on Friday evening, my heels were a poor selection for the stone-covered ground. So, off went my shoes for easier navigation between picnic tables of friends so I could have easy access to my favorite Austin pizzas as they arrived fresh from the wood-fired oven.

Every bite of the thin, massive, fresh, tasty, FLAVORFUL, not rubbery, quality pizza pies being baked fresh in a wood-fired oven in a little house on 34th street truly is a miracle. When you can taste every ingredient, down to the spiced flour dusting the dough that touches your tongue first as you take each bite, you know this is serious pizza business.

If my Rebeccamendation isn't convincing enough, let me point out that I have written about it here and here. And, spunky friend and food blogger Sarah also wrote about our dinner on Friday.

Even Mom and Dad were smitten by it. (Look, Mom can't take her eyes off of it!)



When I took them to Salvation on their visit a few months ago, they were just as in love as I was. In fact, the next morning at brunch, Dad (yes, the man who used to tell me the bedtime story about the elephant who ate too much pizza) mentioned he had something important to talk to me about. I was curious to know what caused this serious tone. He replied, "Dinner was PHENOMENAL last night!"

If you're still thinking about your dinner from the night before, or the week before, or months before, you know you've experienced a culinary miracle. It's simple, it's delectable, it's stolen a pizza my heart. Okay, enough cheesiness for one post--ha! Experience the miracle that is Salvation Pizza.