

## The highest form of flattery

Written by Deb Egenberger  
Thursday, 07 February 2013 14:37 -

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Rearranging storage tubs in my garage the other day, I ran across one of the most prized possessions from my childhood: my Girl Scout sash.

Immediately, the words of the Girl Scout promise came to mind.

On my honor, I will try: To serve God and my country, to help people at all times, and to live by the Girl Scout law.

I couldn't remember the law, which I'm certain I was required to memorize. I know there was something about being friendly, honest and respectful and making the world a better place. I'm still working on that last one.

As I ran my fingers over the many satin-stitched badges and gold pins, my hand came to rest on a special cookie patch.

It's that time of year again, I thought. Thin Mints!

I spent a lot of spring days peddling cookies. Thankfully my best friend's mother drove a station wagon. We needed plenty of space for hundreds of boxes. That special patch came from being the troop's top seller at least one year.

You don't get to be the top seller without knowing exactly what you're promoting, so I tried them all.

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The peanut butter sandwiches weren't my favorite but lots of people wanted them. I liked the peanut butter patties better because, of course, they were covered in chocolate.

Shortbreads were all right, as long as milk was available, and I took a liking to the Caramel DeLites when they came out because they had coconut on them.

But my all-time favorite and undeniable addiction has always been the Thin Mints. Who can argue with the perfect marriage of dark chocolate and peppermint?

According to the Girls Scouts of America, few disagree. Thin Mints have always been the top-selling variety.

When I closed the lid on the Girl Scout sash, I decided I didn't want to wait until the middle of February or later for a Thin Mint. My palate was set now.

I cruised through Pinterest (another undeniable addiction) and found a recipe.

After mixing, rolling and cutting the crispy chocolate discs, I baked them and then dipped the rounds in smooth, minty chocolate.

It was so hard to wait while the coating dried. They smelled just like the foil sleeve of real Thin Mints from the green Girl Scout box.

I held off just long enough and then popped a whole cookie in my mouth, hoping to fool my taste buds into believing they were authentic.

It has been said that imitation is the highest form of flattery.

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Be flattered, Girl Scouts, but don't feel threatened. My version wouldn't pass for the real thing.

If you're selling Thin Mints, I'm still an easy target.