

Author Guest Blog for Moonlight Rendez-Vous
By Christin Brecher, Nantucket Candle Maker Mysteries



Christin Brecher, author of Nantucket Candle Maker Mysteries, writing to you today from Nantucket's Downyflake, where they make and serve the best donuts in the world. Inspired by my sleuth, Stella Wright, I decided to do some investigating of my own this morning. My quest: Why are the Downyflake donuts just that good?

I've ordered one of each. I'd like the readers to appreciate this sacrifice, as my family last night decided I've been packing on the pounds. After getting to know Stella, however, I feel that something so trivial as hips should not get in my way. Also, I don't feel too guilty, since a vintage sign on the wall promises me that the flour is enriched, and therefore healthy for me.

I have been served five donuts: Chocolate-glazed, maple-glazed, sugar, old-fashioned, and coconut. Warm. I will give a bit of advice to all readers. Time your visit to the arrival of a new tray of these freshly-baked treats. Given that the line for a table in the summer can take up to an hour, there's a good chance you'll see one coming out of the kitchen. Don't wait until you are seated. Grab it while it's hot. You won't regret it.

Since this is a quasi-science experiment, I had intended to use fork and knife, but my fingers accidentally grazed the chocolate glaze, so what the hell? Pulling apart each donut, I am struck by how they are crisp on the outside, and yet retain their cake-like quality on the inside. All three are rich in flavor – sweet, but not too sweet; moist, but not greasy.

Finally, there is the intangible element that seems to come with everything I eat on Nantucket. Food here tastes sublime. Is it the fresh sea air? The friendly and patient service of servers who are still considered new to the establishment after ten years? The unexpected way the donut is offered as part of the meal - eggs benedict and a donut, anyone? The fact that these guys have been in business for eighty-four years in a town which is changing so quickly it's sometimes hard to keep track?

I believe it is due, in part, to the philosophy of a donut poem which hangs in the restaurant for all to ponder when they make their purchase:

As you ramble on through life Brother,
Whatever be your goal,
Keep your eye upon the doughnut,

And not upon the hole.

After years convinced that the chocolate-glazed was my favorite, I've made a shocking discovery today. Maple-glazed is delightful. It is a happy medium between an old-fashioned and a sugar. And, whereas there's only room in me for one chocolate-glazed, I could probably toss back an extra maple-glazed. That said, we have a family photo taken outside of the Downyflake, and it's my favorite picture because I know our fingers are spotted with chocolate.