

# Key Lime Cheesecake Popsicles



Well, it's happening. The kid is asking for pink. She wants pink EVERYTHING. She had a fit last week because the pants she wore for the day weren't pink enough. They were of a fabric that were light pink with dark pink hearts and THAT wasn't pink enough!? Good Lord.



The all-in-one-kinda-goodness



After the blend

If you know me, you'll know that I try to fight against gender roles. I fight it so hard that I assigned my bestie, Jackie,

the special task of making sure that if anyone wanted to generously give us a gift for the impending birth of our kid, that said gift should not, pretty please, have the words "princess", "precious", "cutie" or anything like that on it.

It should also not be pink. It's not that I have anything against pink. Heck, I like pink . . . a lot (have you SEEN this website?) it's just that I don't want to shove it down her throat, you know? But then she started daycare at 5 months of age and you can't fight the 8 hours a day that she's called "princessa" or told by her daycare employees that she's cute or given purses and tiaras to play with. You can try to balance that, but you can't necessarily fight it. I'm also tired and I'm not sure it's a fight I'm willing to fight anymore.

Sometimes I feel like Bill Murray's character in Rushmore.

His character, Herman Blume, is this serious intellectual.

He's an educator and prides himself on his intellect.

There's this great scene where he's picking up his teenage twin sons. Bill's in the driver seat and the guys are coming back from wrestling practice, all sweaty and stereotypical 'jock'-like, and they jump into the back of the car. At one point Bill's character kinda gives this roll of the eye like, "How'd my kids end up like this when I'm so that". I picture that scene every time Siona gives a "PINK!" request. It's not to say that if she should grow up to be the girliest of girly girls, I'd be annoyed. I just want to give her every opportunity to like whatever you wants to like, as long as what she likes is healthy (like if she's super into razor blades, I'd have an issue). I want it to be her choice.





In social work school, I had this professor who taught my sex therapy class. She was/is extremely fascinating. She had these friends who gave birth to a baby. Both parents were social scientists and they were determined not to put gender roles onto their newborn. They wanted to give their child and their family the opportunity to love their child and get to know him or her without that added layer of gender-based comments/assumptions. You know, those instant comments folks say as soon as they see a baby boy, "Oh, he looks so strong", or "What a prince!" Or for a baby girl, "She's so beautiful", or "What a little princess". They were so steadfast and determined in their experiment that they wouldn't let anyone change the baby's diaper expect for themselves. Even their own parents didn't know the gender of the baby. But this kind of thing isn't sustainable and by the time the child was 6 months old, they told their family the gender. That story stuck with me on multiple levels but the thing I could never really stop thinking about is, well, how do you know? You have no basis of comparison, right? Like, who knows who that child would have become if folks knew the gender. It all fascinates the hell outta me (#nerdalert). But anyway, long story short,

she'll be 2 in August, my little girl. TWO! She's quickly becoming her own person. She has likes and dislikes (and don't think she's not willing to tell what they are) and it's blowing my mind.



A kiss of lime.

One of her likes is sugar. I mean, she is her father's daughter. I absolutely try to limit this kid's sugar intake but, I'm a firm believer in balance so, she's been known to meal on a cookie or cupcake from time-to-time. One thing I'm gonna start doing this summer is make her healthy, but delicious homemade popsicles. Basically a Kalicious on a stick. But before we get to that uber-healthy thing, I wanted to inaugurate my super cute popsicle holders (they have tails. They're so cute its bordering obnoxious) with a tasty Shavuot-friendly recipe so I made my favorite cheesecake, complete with butter graham cracker crust, into a convenient popsicle. The best part about this recipe is that it's just so stinkin' easy.



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