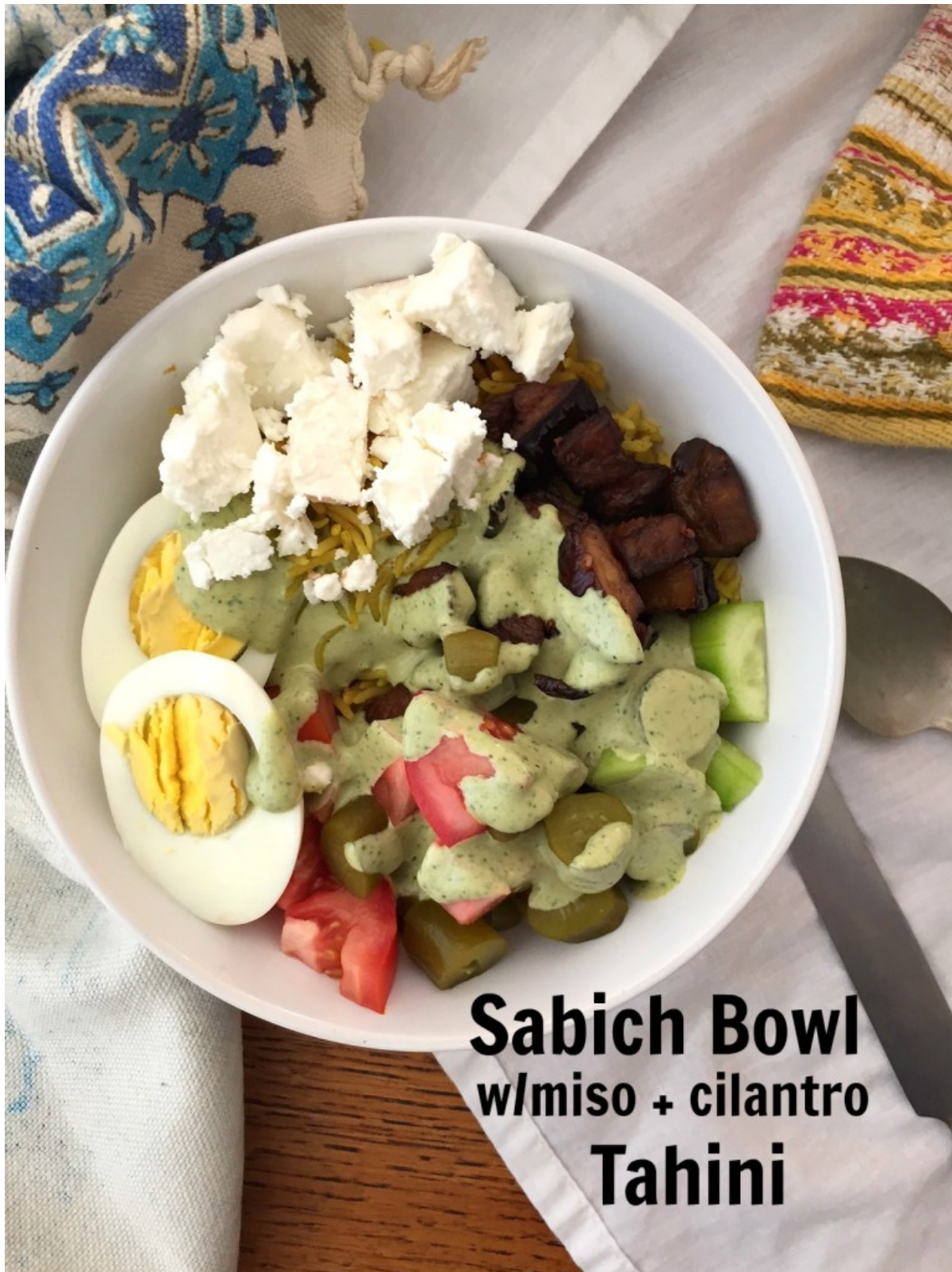


Sabich Bowl with Miso + Cilantro Tahini



Sabich Bowl
w/miso + cilantro
Tahini

It's hard to really care about something as superficial as

pretty food these days. Last weekend, when the world was in shock after the devastating murder of 49 innocent *neshamas* (souls) in Pulse nightclub in Orlando, my family and I were welcoming day 2 of a 3 day holiday (Shabbat into *Shavuot*). Because we are pretty observant, we observe the letter of the law when it comes to Jewish holidays. Not only do we enjoy our festive meals (hey, just doing our part to follow the mitzvahs commanded of us!), but we also don't operate electricity on those days as well, which means we had no idea this brutal act had occurred since we weren't opening our phones or turning on TVs and computers. It wasn't until some friends mentioned something in passing on Sunday night that we knew something had happened. By Monday night, when the 3-day holiday was over, I braced myself for what I knew was going to be an onslaught of terrible news. Little did I know it would be as gut-wrenching as it was. In reading all the news, I felt so incredibly grateful for the 3 days of comfort we had created in our holiday bubble. We went into the holiday praying for the relief of peace after the disgusting murder of Israelis in a Tel Aviv restaurant that occurred on Thursday. But, and I know this is so troubling, as a Jewish family, we've grown accustomed to the news that our people were attacked. We're so used to praying for peace that it's an automatic prayer. I don't even really think about when I pray for peace. It just is what it is. But I woke up on Tuesday morning, after reading news article after new article on the events that occurred that fateful night in Orlando nearly a week and a half ago, and I felt darkness. I called my best friend, Jackie, and we talked it out, as we do with everything. "Jackie", I said, "I feel sad. I feel so, so sad". She listened. She validated. She tried to give me comfort but I knew any comfort I would get would need to come from within. I still haven't quite found it yet and I'm pretty sure I never truly will. We live in a world where, as a school employee, I had to sit through "active shooter" training because going into education is now a dangerous job. When my nearly 4 year-old daughter plays school, she pretends to check bags before you can enter into

the 'school', just like the security team does before we can enter her early childhood center. She has no clue what she's 'checking' for, but the whole thing is so disturbing. My heart hurts.





I will continue to pray for peace because it gives me some sort of solace. I will also continue to cook, caring a little less each day about silly things like how many Instagram followers Jewhungry has or how many page views this post will get. I will call my Congress people and I will sign petitions and I will pray that peace will come.





Speaking of food, have you ever heard of sabich? Sabich and shakshuka are in contention for being my favorite dish to eat in Israel. In my book, it definitely out-ranks falafel. It's all about the perfect fried eggplant (my favorite vegetable), the right amount of salty tahini and a generous helping of crisp Israeli salad mixed in with Israeli pickles and loads and loads of cilantro. I like to add a little lot of feta cheese to my sabich sandwich cause it's feta cheese and why wouldn't I? But to save myself some fullness from the pita, and because my oldest doesn't eat sandwiches, I've been putting all my sabich fixin's onto a fluffy pile of rice spiced with all those flavors of the Mediterranean. I'm talkin' cumin, coriander, tumeric and, of course, salt. I hope

you try this out and truly enjoy! Have a wonderful day!





[and -

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Chocolate Almond Flour Donuts with Egg Creams

Chocolate Almond Flour Donuts *with* EGG CREAMS



I am an extremely scheduled person. I need my routine and schedule to feel 'contained'. I need it to feel safe. I'd like to be all, 'I go wherever the wind takes me', but with a full time job, 2 kids, a husband and a hobby or two, my structure and routine is what gets me through the day. When I studied adolescent development and learned more about attachment theory and how structure and boundary-setting is not only beneficial for child development but also for caregiver attachment, I didn't quite understand just how much it is needed until I had kids of my own. Heck, I didn't realize how much I needed it as an adult until I had two little people and myself to care for. I recently started yet another side gig (this one in the home decor side of life – you can find my yarn art and boho mobiles [HERE](#) and see more pictures below) and when talking to a friend about it she asked me how I find the time. I reflected on that question a lot for some reason and realized it wasn't so much that I was 'finding' the time as 'creating' the time via my daily routine. By the time I get home, it's 'go' time. My husband and I are switching off between bathing children, doing laundry, cooking dinner, cleaning dinner, playing with children and then getting children ready for bed. Every afternoon/evening is a sprint but it's worth it because by 8pm, the kids are in bed and that's when I get my 'me' time. That's how I find the time. I create it in order to take care of myself so that, in the end, I can take care of them.





Speaking of time, I am finally on spring break and am loving every second of it. I also finally went camping with the kids for the first time. I had been kind of dreading camping with kids for a long time. I used to have this giant fear of being tired. It so consumed me, this fear of being tired, that it actually prevented me from doing things like camping with my husband and Siona. But a person learns a lot about themselves

after a year of solo-parenting while pregnant, including that one can survive and function on very little sleep and massive amounts of coffee. So, with that in mind, I told husband I was ready to give camping with kids a try . . . so long as he packed all the coffee in the world. Next thing you know, we're packing up the car and headed for Anzo Borrego, CA. It's not every day your husband plans a camping trip for you in the desert during a heat wave. Hot doesn't even begin to describe what this was. Sadly, because it was as hot as it was, our camping trip was cut short by a night and we ended up only staying one night. BUT, we truly made the most of it and the girls were friggin' champs. We also saw a real live roadrunner and heard coyotes howling at the moon so . . . worth it (pics from the trip are below).





Anyway, I wanted to bring you a chocolatey treat before you finish your Passover meal-planning. I also wanted to send a friendly reminder that egg creams are completely kosher for Passover and should absolutely be enjoyed. I had my first egg cream when I visited my now in-laws in 2009 and it is now a family tradition to enjoy one (or several) each Passover. It's honestly a simple thing and, truth be told, I would not really enjoy someone adding seltzer to my chocolate milk but for some reason, during Passover, it's so frikkin' delicious. I hope

you enjoy! Happy Passover!

P.S. This recipe is dedicated to my friend, David Wolkin, who is part Jewish Hipster superhero extraordinaire and part grouchy ol' Jewish zaidy who just wants to be left alone with his egg creams and his white fish. This is for you, buddy. Also, your wife is AWESOME. Seriously, how'd you score that one!?



Saying 'good night moon' in the Anzo Borrego desert.



My squishy face, Ed.



Sunrise in the desert



The last of the blooming cacti for the season.



One of my wall-hangings – found on my Etsy shop,
LadyPops Shops



A customizable mobile – found on my Etsy site.

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**Chocolate
Hamantaschen**

Cheesecake



Friends. I'm going to be real honest with you. Every year there are unspoken latke and hamantaschen 'wars' between Jewish/Kosher food bloggers. And yes, I have fallen victim to these 'wars' ever since starting this blog. I've tried to create the next great latke or the next great hamantaschen. I've spent hours carefully crafting, photographing and editing posts in the name of this 'competition'. It was kinda fun, but mostly exhausting. This year, however, I just wanted to make some cookies with my kiddo for no other reason than it's fun and we like cookies. Plus, this year there are some AMAZING hamantaschen out there like this one and this one. Oh, and THIS one! The savory ones are really having a moment. It's awesome. So, in the name of the kiddo's latest obsession,

pixie dust, we made these guys. They are tasty and they have TONS of sprinkles on them, but they aren't the prettiest hamantaschen I've ever made.







I'm not quite sure what started her new obsession with pixie dust but it is deep and it is real. We even made pixie dust necklaces one Sunday, which was just a little bit of pink sand in a tiny glass bottle on a sparkle lanyard. It's funny the obsessions that preschool-aged children have and how they come to be. Be it wanting to wear the same shirt every day or watch the same episode of Jake and the Neverland Pirates or wanting the same book every. single. night, there is a comfort in the

familiar for this age. I work very hard on being mindful of just how much newness she's encountered with on a daily basis being on 3 years old. It's hard as a parent; you get so sick of all the redundancy. But they need the familiarity of it all. They're little brains are taking in so much newness that the safety they find in the familiar is an easy and necessary comfort. And so, armed with every ounce of pink sprinkles and edible sprinkle hearts we had in the cupboard, we set out to make 'pixie dust' hamantaschen (which I later decided would need a name change for fear that if I advertised a recipe for 'pixie dust hamantaschen', I might get some seriously confused readers looking for a different kind of cookie, ifyouknowwhatimean). #saynotodrugs.



Cooking with my ladies.



Our pixie dust necklace – 1 tiny glass jar + pink sand + super glue + shimmery gold lanyard string.



My assistant being extremely intentional with every. single. sprinkle.

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