

# Chocolate Hamantaschen with Tahini + Caramel Drizzle





Alright, alright. I got one more hamantaschen recipe for ya. What can I say? I like triangle-shaped cookies that can indulge my love of toppings or 'fixin's', as we say down South. Oh man, I love fixin's. Gimme alllllll the toppings. Be them sweet or savory, I love toppings. As a kid, I had some weird eating habits that revolved around toppings or condiments. One of my favorites was a baked potato in which I would top with shredded cheese and salad dressing (a



vinaigrette was my preferable dressing for this delicious dish).





I also went through a phase in which I ate lunch foods for breakfast. This included, but was not limited to, microwaveable mac n' cheese and Chef Boyardee spaghetti and meatballs. Have I mentioned I should be 500 pounds? Anywho, for as much as I love condiments (I'll take all the mayonnaise please), there are a few condiments that if you were to put them on my food, I might threaten to shiv you. These include mustard (Only on hot dogs and THAT IS IT), whipped cream (Waste of calories. It's just fluffy air), shredded coconut



(NEVER. EVER. EVER.). But tehina, yes please!! Oh my goodness, just put it on everything, especially these cookies. I based these hamantaschen off of Danielle Oron's Salted Tahini Chocolate Chip Cookies, made beautifully by Molly Yeh. I've been following Danielle on Instagram for a while and truly love what she's doing with food, especially since she brings so much tehina into the mix. So I took the flavors from those amazing looking salted tahini chocolate chip cookies and made them into a hamantaschen. I think it worked out nicely. Maybe you'll make them and let me know?



Me in Middle School, circa 1993, probably

dreaming about something with cheese and  
mayonnaise on it.



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**Flourless      Chunky      Monkey  
Brownie Cookies – Bring. It.**



*Flourless Chunky Monkey*  
**BROWNIE COOKIES**



There's an understanding in the general outside world that

Jews don't celebrate Valentine's Day. Rather, religiously observant Jews don't celebrate Valentine's Day. And this is true though, again, I'm speaking in general. My husband and I aren't big on it. What with the whole "St." Valentine thing and whatnot, it's just generally accepted as something the 'goyim' do. However, I grew up 'celebrating' and loving Valentine's Day and to be honest, I still do. I have rather fond memories from elementary school that have all kind of become jumbled in my head as one big heart-shaped, pink doily.

By the time I reached high school, being a nerd and all, I'm pretty sure Valentine's Day was spent with my beloved girls friends. We probably went to our local Chili's and drowned our love-sorrows in sweet tea and queso dip all the while saying how we didn't need a boyfriend but secretly wishing we could at least experience ONE Valentine's Day with a boy. I do have vivid memories of a Valentine's Day spent during my senior year with my dear friend, Allison. I believe we had dinner at La Madeleine (Do those still exist?!) followed by a romantic viewing of Lethal Weapon 4 (I had a thing for Mel Gibson in high school all thanks to a kilt, a Scottish accent and some blue face paint—shalom, Braveheart. Of course that crush was quickly squelched after the whole Passion of the Christ incident). What can I say? We lived large.



MAKE IT RAIN





As high school came and went and I entered college, Valentine's Day got kicked up a notch. There was this one Valentine's Day my Freshman year when I went to a fancy restaurant with a very sweet guy who proceeded to shower me with gifts so obviously I dropped him the next day. Dating ineptitude-aside, I honestly have to say that my favorite Valentine's Day memory involves my first real boyfriend. We were together for 3 years and our first Valentine's Day together he got me the usual—roses, chocolate, etc. But the piece de resistance came in the form of a homemade card that had pictures of my favorite neo-soul/hip-hop artists from that time on it (read: D'Angelo and Q-Tip) wishing me a happy Valentine's Day. I mean, he nailed it with that one.



But my husband didn't grow up with Valentine's Day and so we just don't get on the Valentine's Day-train. Now, that being



said, it doesn't mean I still don't love the hearts, the doilies and, of course, the fact that food plays a very big role in the celebration of the day. It also doesn't mean that, one day, if my beloved husband decided he wanted to come home with roses or, you know, diamonds on Valentine's Day I'd turn them away. It just means that we share our love for one another each and every day (OK, maybe not EACH and every day) and if it happens to be on a day dedicated to St. Valentine, then so be it.



Presto, change-o: 15 minutes later you have yumminess





Try them with some milk, perhaps?

Ok, this recipe. This recipe! It's quick. It's flourless.  
It's easy. That being said, because it's flourless, they do



become a bit crumbly over time so do try to eat them within a few days of baking, which shouldn't be a problem because they are that good.



Just so we're clear . . .

# Flourless Chunky Monkey Brownie Cookies

## Ingredients:

- 3 cups powdered sugar (use gluten-free if you need)
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup unsweetened cocoa powder
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt
- 2 large egg whites

- 1 large egg
- 1/4 cup dark chocolate chips
- 1/8 cup white chocolate chips
- 1/8 – 1/4 cup crushed walnuts
- 1/8 – 1/4 cup banana chips

## How:

1) Preheat to 350°. Whisk powdered sugar, cocoa powder, and salt in a large bowl, then whisk in egg whites and egg; fold in chocolate chips, banana chips, and walnuts. Spoon batter by the tablespoonful onto 2 parchment-lined baking sheets, spacing 2" apart.

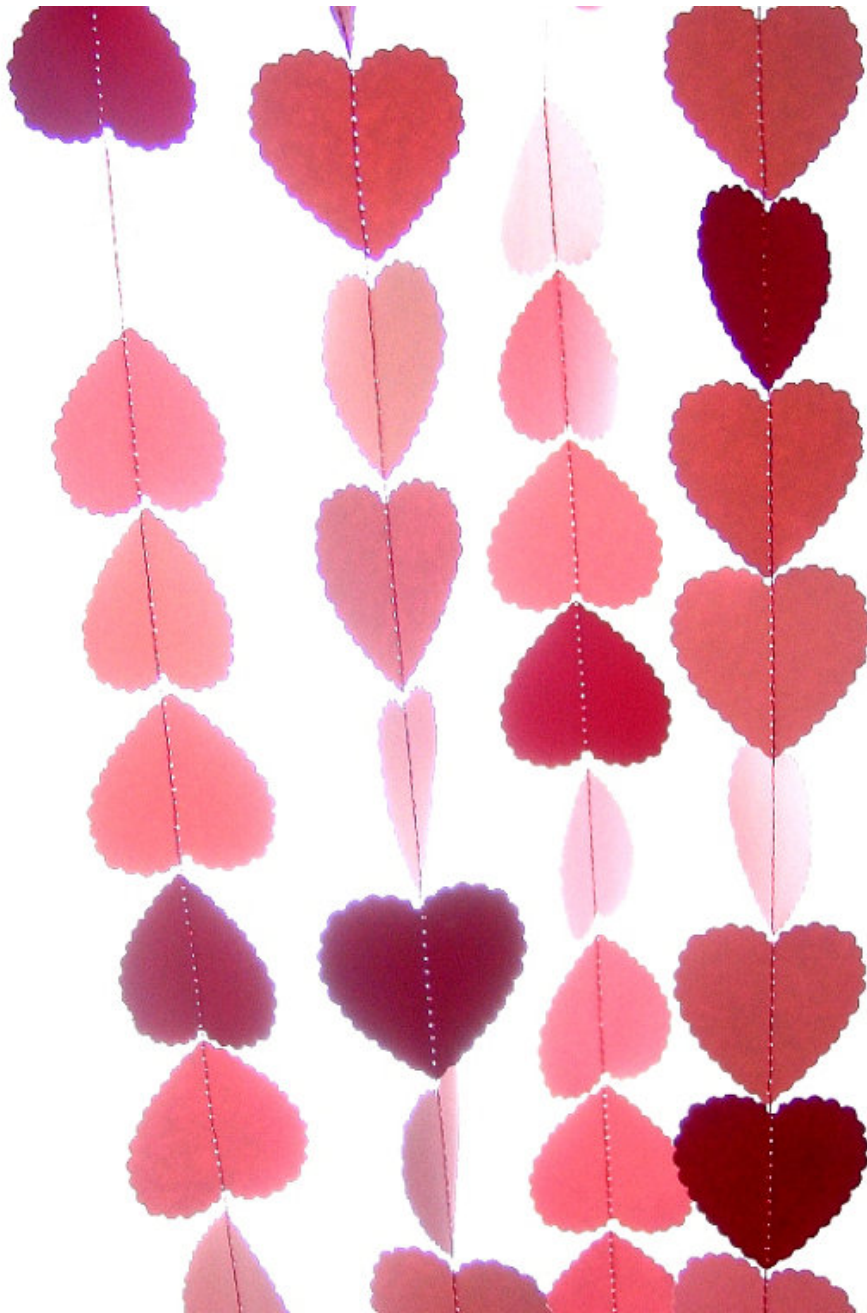
2) Bake, rotating sheets once, until cookies are puffed, cracked, and set just around the edges, 14–16 minutes.

3) Transfer baking sheets to wire racks and let cookies cool on pan (they'll firm up).

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**\*\* (Updated Recipe! ) \*\* Red,  
Pink and Chocolate Chip**





**\*\*Recipe is being revised. Please check back soon! 10/26/13\*\***

Something is happening to me in my old age. I'm loving colors I never really responded to before. Has that ever happened to you? I once asked my husband, the scientist, if there was any correlation that he is aware of between mood-levels and color-affinity. For example, I used to loathe the color red. I mean really and truly hate. I'm not sure if it was the excessive use of red, black and white in 80s home decor (please don't even try to lie to yourself right now. You know you were a part of that 'situation'). Maybe it was the excess of red leather jackets, also occurring in the 80s, that rubbed me the

wrong way? Maybe it was just the 80s in general and what they did to color? Who knows but what I can tell you is that immediately after our wedding I started L-O-V-I-N-G loving the color red. Someone got us a set of red Fiesta ware plates for our wedding and I couldn't stop using the mug. I was so drawn to the color. It just made me so happy so I figured, well, I am so happy in life so maybe red is the color of happiness? From there I started wearing red shoes and started the search for the perfect red lipstick (I am still, in fact, on that search) and my red obsession hasn't stopped.



Just me and my red leather jacket circa 1983

This brings us to pink. When my daughter was born, I felt very strongly about the color pink. Actually, let me correct myself. Before my daughter was born I felt very strongly about the color pink. In fact, I enlisted my bestie, Jackie, to send a message, not literally but rather to be a point person if need be, to let folks know that should they be looking to get us a gift, please please please, do. not. get. anything. pink. Incidentally, I also asked that there should be nothing with the words, "princess", "queen", "cutie", or "sweetie" on it. In case you haven't noticed, I'm somewhat opinionated. Anywho, the point is, no pink. Of course, the inevitable happened and it was like a pink parade. I mean seriously, there was pink coming out of our ears at her Simchat Bat. You can't fight it.



People love giving little girls pink stuff. We've been conditioned to do it. And I tried fighting it. I really, really did. When she was really tiny, I would dress her in as much gender-neutral color as possible while strolling her in her gender-neutral colored stroller or carrying her in her gender-neutral colored Baby K'tan and I would always get comments when we were out. "How old is your little boy?", asked well-meaning Bubbie from across the hall. "What an adorable little boy. What's his name?", asked well-meaning Bubbie at Target. "Oh, your little boy sure is bald", said well-meaning Bubbie at Winn-Dixie. For the record, little boys do not have the market cornered on bald and the color orange. Regardless, the point is. I fought it and Bubbies all across South Florida were pissed. So it came to pass that on the random occasion I dressed her in something pink. Maybe a hand-me-down from a dear friend at work (my fancy friend. Y'all have a 'fancy' friend, right? That one friend who wears designer clothing, drives a luxury car, goes on fancy vacations but can still hang.) who gave us a bunch of clothing from her baby girl and you know, even I had to admit that it looked cute but I was still worried about the 'gender box' so nothing was too frilly. But then it happened. Oh dear. It happened. My sister-in-law, Caitlin, gave us a hand-me-down of a pink polka-dot dress with matching leggings that her dad's neighbor made and oh sweet Lord when it was on, that was it. The pink flood gates opened. Now, OK, I'm not fully embracing pink and you can tell the day care ladies are desperate for me to dress her in more pink since every time I pick her up she's conveniently wearing all of the extra clothing I brought throughout the week that just happens to be pink but still, I love it. In fact, I'm typing this while wearing my new pink and white striped pajamas that I got from scientist husband for Chanukah this year. Hmmm . . . I wonder if they have this in baby sizes?



Embracing our pink

So all this talk of red and pink has me excited for Valentine's Day. And yes, we're Jews, observant-y Jews at that so we don't really "do" Valentine's Day. But, I can still oggle all the pink and red hearts all over Pinterest these days and I will possibly pick up a super cute Valentine's Day mug at Target just for myself because hey, besides my mom, I was my original Valentine. And, of course, with Valentine's Day comes cookies. The following cookie recipe is a healthy one because I care about your heart too!





Getting There

I recently made Paleo cookies for my friend and customer, Dana, and she actually liked them. I want to use the term “cookie” loosely here because I think they’re better described as ‘treat’. A breakfast treat at that. I used coconut flour for this recipe but I had made these a while back with almond flour and much preferred the taste and texture of the almond flour versus the coconut flour. I scoured the internet for recipes but eventually took bits and pieces of several recipes

and created my own. I hope you enjoy! They're best enjoyed in the morning with a hot cup of coffee . . . possibly in a red mug.

## Recipe Updated! – Happy Heart Chocolate Chip Cookies

### What's That!?

- 1 cup of almond flour
- 1/4 cup coconut flour
- 1/2 cup of coconut oil
- 3 tbs of maple syrup
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp of vanilla extract
- 1/8 tsp of sea salt
- 1/2 cup of chocolate chips



A place for everyone and everyone in it's place.



# How's That Now?!

1. Preheat the oven to 375 degrees.
2. Melt the coconut oil on the stove for until runny
3. In a large bowl mix together the coconut oil, syrup, eggs, vanilla extract and sea salt.
4. Stir in the coconut flour and chocolate chips.
5. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper and roll out little tbs size balls of cookie dough. Place on the baking sheet and gently press down so they look pretty once baked ☐
6. Bake for 12-15 or until golden brown.



LET THEM COOL – they'll harden up after a few minutes of cooling.

\*\*\*Scalloped hearts photo taken from [youngheartslove](#) etsy shop. Check them out [here](#).