

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 then 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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Double Chocolate Mint

Hamantaschen



I lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan during two separate time periods in my life. The first time (2007) was to live a quieter, less expensive life during the months leading up to my year in Israel and the second time (2009 – 2011) was to attend Social Work School at The University of Michigan. It was during my first night in Ann Arbor, in 2007, that I met Jackie.

I was biding my time, really. I had just moved in with my extremely patient and loving friend, Joel, who had gotten me a part-time gig as a program director at Michigan's Hillel. I had left everyone I knew and loved behind in Chicago and was excited to get to Israel already. Ann Arbor was quaint and adorable (and freezing) but it had a purpose and that was to offer me a place to bide my time. I had agreed to go with Joel to a Hillel graduate student bar night because I wanted to be a good friend and co-worker (Joel just also happened to be my new boss) but I was in no mood to go out. I hadn't been at the bar more than 15 minutes when Joel introduced me to

Jackie. It was love at first sight. Within minutes we had decided to move on to another bar where we could go dancing (until the wee hours of the night, as it turned out). If it we decided we might be friends while at the bar, it was on the dance floor that we sealed the deal and decided (without saying anything) that we would be friends for ever. From that night on, we were inseparable.



All lined up and ready for baking.



My bestie and her best girl.



Siona showing Violet a few things.

It's been seven years since we met that night in Ann Arbor. Since that night, Jackie agreed to lead a Birthright trip just so she could visit me in Israel (where she counseled me

into attending Social Work School, one of the best decisions of my life). We've been there for each other through heart breaks and finally finding our basherts. We've been there for each other during stressful wedding planning and major career decisions. And now, most recently, we've been there for each other as we brought our daughters into this world.

This past Sunday was the first time our girls got to hang out together and it was one of the sweetest days of my life. Siona could not get enough of 'baby' and Violet just hung out and spent the day being lovely and peaceful. When both girls went down for a nap, it was cookie time. Since Jackie (in partnership with our third Musketeer, Annie) is one of the people who inspired me to start cooking, it only seemed appropriate that we spend some time cooking together. I was inspired to do a hamantaschen based on my favorite Girl Scout cookie, the Thin Mint. My girl Amy over at What Jew Wanna Eat must have the same genius thinking because she just posted a similar cookie today. Mine is a little different as it focuses on that sweet, decadent chocolate and the mint is brought in via a subtle peppermint glaze. And, if peppermint isn't your thing, just leave it out and you have yourself a delicious chocolate hamantaschen that will please all your friends and family.



Just your every day balabusta (Google it).



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Our family