

April 20, 2017

Dear Friends,

I have finally recovered from Pesach! In years past, Passover made me cranky, very cranky. Preparing for and hosting two large Sedarim (not to mention 20 other meals eaten ONLY at home) is so much work. But, as I get older, and my family is, too, I'm able to appreciate what that hard work brings to those seated around my dining room table(s).

Several years ago, I protested: I am NOT making stuffed cabbage this year!! I declared that sweet and sour meatballs would do. I suppose I was hoping for a collective "dayenu!" Well...I didn't get that reaction. Traditions, whether they're wide reaching to us as a people or specific to individual families, are not just important but necessary. This year, as I prepared to make the cabbage, my newly married Barrie was by my side, enthusiastically learning the multi-stepped process as I had from my mother.

Similarly, as I watched my matzoh ball master, Jordan, capably and quickly make over 80 balls (gluten-free batch included!), I kvelled knowing that my daughters will be able, ready and wanting to share our Jewish traditions and our family traditions with the next generation!

Indeed, sharing the massive responsibilities of Passover with my daughters makes me less cranky. Hearing my ten-year-old nephews, Jack, lead us in the Four Questions and Bennett, joyously singing "Who Knows One?" makes my heart soar!

The Sedarim remind us to recognize and appreciate the freedoms that we, as Jews and Americans, enjoy today, and I do!

Like the matzoh meal in Jordan's kneidlach, traditions bind families together! I hope you celebrated a meaningful and delicious holiday!

B'Shalom,

Grace