


I want to share a particular moment from our Congregational Seder that I know will stay with me long after the sting of bitter herbs, sweetness of charoset and errant matzah crumbs have receded until next year. We were blessed with the presence of almost 50 people on Tuesday night; among them were families from our Religious School. As you might imagine, the Afikoman was a matter of great interest for the kids, which is just as it should be. Towards the end of the meal, they ran out of the Social Hall together to start their search. A few minutes later, a kindergarten student ran back in clutching the telltale napkin wrapped piece of matzah. "I found it!" she crowed, jumping up and down. "I found the Afikoman!" On her face was an expression of unadulterated joy. Her excitement lit up the room as she came forward to claim her prize, elevating the already celebratory spirit around the table, and making it a Seder to remember for us all.

How amazing to know that this young girl and her peers will grow up with the intuitive understanding that B'nai Tikvah is a place to share their moments of happiness and accomplishment. That's something I wish for us all.

What a wonderful night, with the presence of the Afikoman.



parts of ourselves that we are ready to get rid of. We re-organize bookshelves, cover the counter tops, throw away broken toys, switch out the dishes, boil the silverware. It takes a very long time, and we all resist it, but in the end it feels so incredible to begin the festival in a house that is literally and spiritually clean.

But it's more than that. As we were schlepping the Passover dishes out of the basement, I had my usual moment of wondering why we go to so much trouble for this one holiday. I always experience a moment of doubt that it's worth it. This year, as I was questioning the effort, I decided to distract myself by looking on Facebook, and found a post on this very topic, taken from Kitchen Table Wisdom by Rachel Naomi Remen. In it, she describes a Jewish woman preparing for Passover in an orthodox kitchen for the first time in her life. She is looking around trying to figure out where to put the milk dishes, wondering what the point of it all is, when she has a sudden feeling of connectedness to the generations of women (and men) who have been asking themselves this very question for hundreds and hundreds of years:

"And suddenly I was not alone...I almost dropped the dishes, because I was so overwhelmed by the sense of connection."