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IT'S PESACH! The Powerful Chain of Tradition

By: Shula Bryski

Leah was excited to be at her grandma and grandpa's beautiful Seder. Her mom and dad and brother Josh were there, too. She sat at the end of the table near the window so that she could feel the gentle breeze coming into the dining room from outside. As she made the special Korach sandwich of matzah, lettuce, Marror and Charoset, she wondered what her friends were doing on this Passover night. In fact, she wondered what children were doing all around the world to celebrate Passover. Were they with their grandparents, too? Were they also eating matzah with Romaine lettuce, and maror?

Whoops! Her cup fell and spilled over. She stared at the grape juice spreading and spreading all over her plate. Just as she was going to wipe it up with her napkin, the shiny purple juice formed a small square, like a computer screen! Leah gasped as the screen turned colors...

In it was a picture of a little girl, proudly singing "Dayenu" at a Seder table in Israel. Wow, thought Leah, to think that there are children in Israel, so far away, and yet they are singing the same songs as I am!

Suddenly, the screen switched to another picture of a boy, dipping a potato into salt water at a Seder table in Russia. Amazing, thought Leah, that we don't know each other, and yet, we both do the same customs at our Seders!

Again, the screen switched to another picture of two sisters asking the Four Questions in Thailand. No matter where we are in the world, thought Leah, glancing out of her window into the dark night, we will always belong to the Jewish people, belong with these traditions. And children will always ask these Four Questions, and parents will always answer them, so that every generation of Jews will know what Passover, what being a Jew is all about.

Leah could not believe what she was seeing! The screen kept flashing from picture to picture of people celebrating Passover all

around the world! Now the screen showed a family in America reading the story of how the Jews left Egypt. At the table sat a girl and a boy. Hey, that was her friend Alexa and her brother, Kurt! Her friends were also part of this big celebration all around the world.

We all have different lives, Leah thought, we live in different houses, but we have the same Jewish history, the same story. And by reading and telling the story each year, we will remember it.

"Leah...Leah...Leah!!!!!"

Suddenly the little screen went back to being a puddle of grape juice in the middle of her plate, and Michele heard her mother calling her, louder and louder.

"Yes, Mom!" called Leah from her end of the table as she quickly wiped her plate from all the grape juice.

"We're going outside with the candle to welcome Elijah the Prophet," called her mother.

Leah ran to catch up to her family, and they stood in the dark doorway with their candle, burning bright. As they sang, the twinkling stars seemed to sing with them. Michele thought about all the millions of Jews all around the world who were singing, welcoming Elijah to their Seder table. She thought about all the children she had seen on that magic little 'screen', reading, singing, tasting the very same things she was reading, singing and tasting.

She smiled to think that she belonged to such a big family, making Seders in the houses on her block, and in such far away places, too.

Her whole family walked back to the Seder table together, her brother Josh putting the candle back in its candle-holder. And like millions of others that night, the flame danced and swayed and shone brightly in the night.

