

The Lost Haggadot

Sort of based on a true Passover story...

by Alex and Jessica Weinberg

“Arghhh! Where can they be?”
Grumped a bewildered Grampy.

“I’ve searched high and searched low.
and Passover is ready to GO!”

We had cleaned the whole house though
you could no longer tell!
Grampy was searching, but not very well.

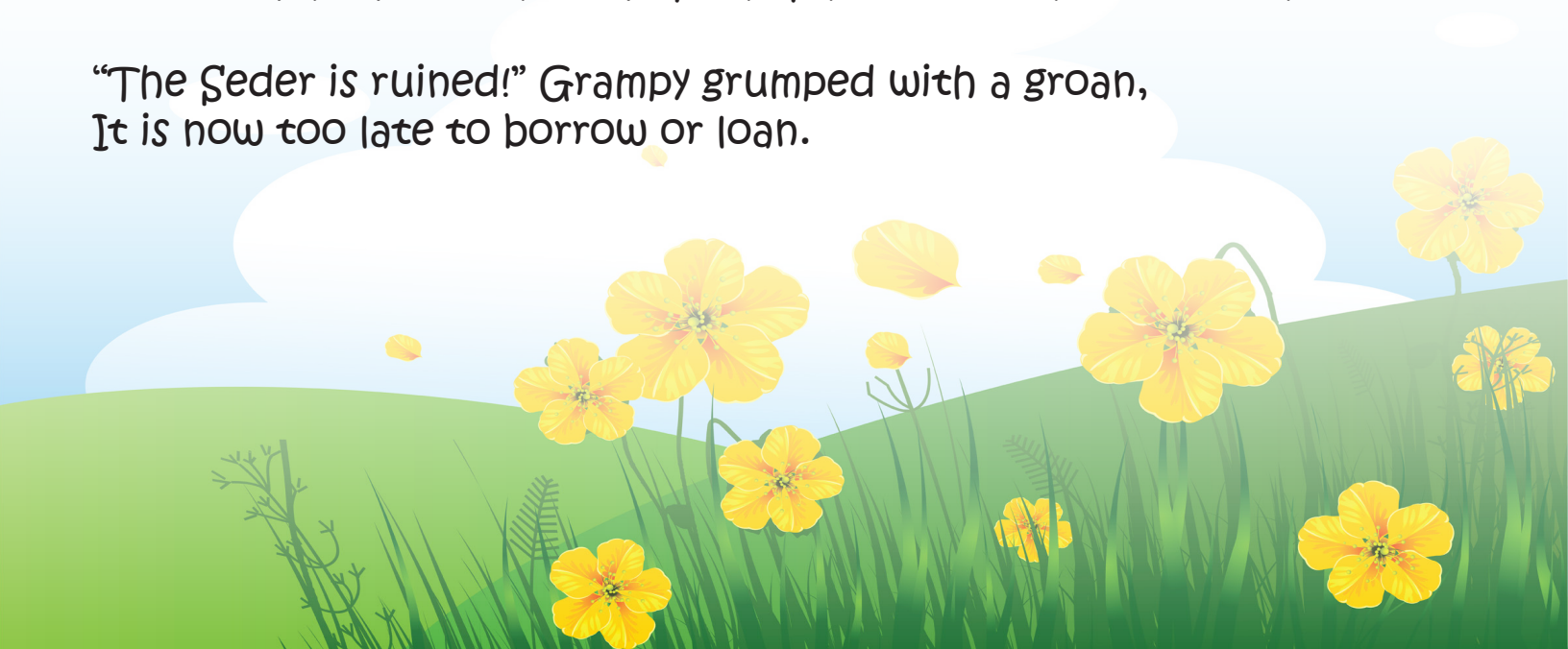
“Gerumphhh!” Grampy said and glared with a look.
“Where are the Haggadot?
there is no Seder without the book!”

Grampy had been looking for the Haggadot for hours
He’d found keys, plastic frogs, and even some flowers

but no Haggadot, not one to be had!
and the mess from his searching was getting real bad!

The sun was setting and they began to fear
that there was no hope as Passover’s start drew near

“The Seder is ruined!” Grampy grumped with a groan,
It is now too late to borrow or loan.





Grampy stomped past the tables and the folding chairs shook
“I just can’t remember where I stuck those books!”

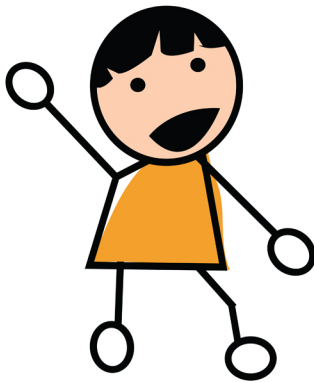
“Where were the Haggadot last seen?
It’s been a whole year, I don’t know where they’ve been.

Then ___ piped up with a voice strong and true

“Your attention please!

I know just what to do!

It is up to us kids to save the day!”

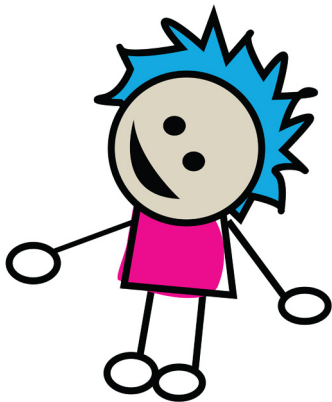


“We know the seder order and can show you the way

No books is no reason to ruin our night
We know the order in which to do everything right!”

“We cannot find the Haggadot—they are nowhere to be found—we will just lead our Seder in the round!

Each of us will have a turn you will see
To tell the story of our Egyptian slavery”



Then the guests began to arrive and find seats, as they scanned the tables for their favorite Passover treats.

Grandparents, cousins, aunts, and uncles all squeezed into the tables and chairs where they pleased.

The oldest of guests to the youngest of tots, squished and squoozed and squiggled into their own special spots.



The room was alight-anticipation filled the air...
White cloths, silver cups, seder plates set with care.
but no Haggadot not even one to share!



Grampy stood up with a smile on his face,
pushed back his chair and stared round the place.

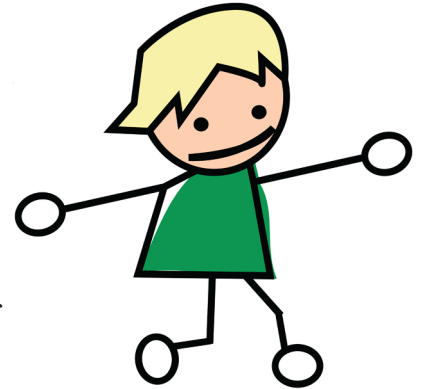
“This year” he announced “we will try something new,”
“___, ___, ___, and ___ too
will be telling us exactly what to do.



You see, there is a mystery at our Seder table—
We have searched for our Haggadot
but have not been able,

To find the books that would show us the way
To order the parts of our celebration today.

So listen to the children’s instructions tonight—
they are going to help us through our Passover
plight.”

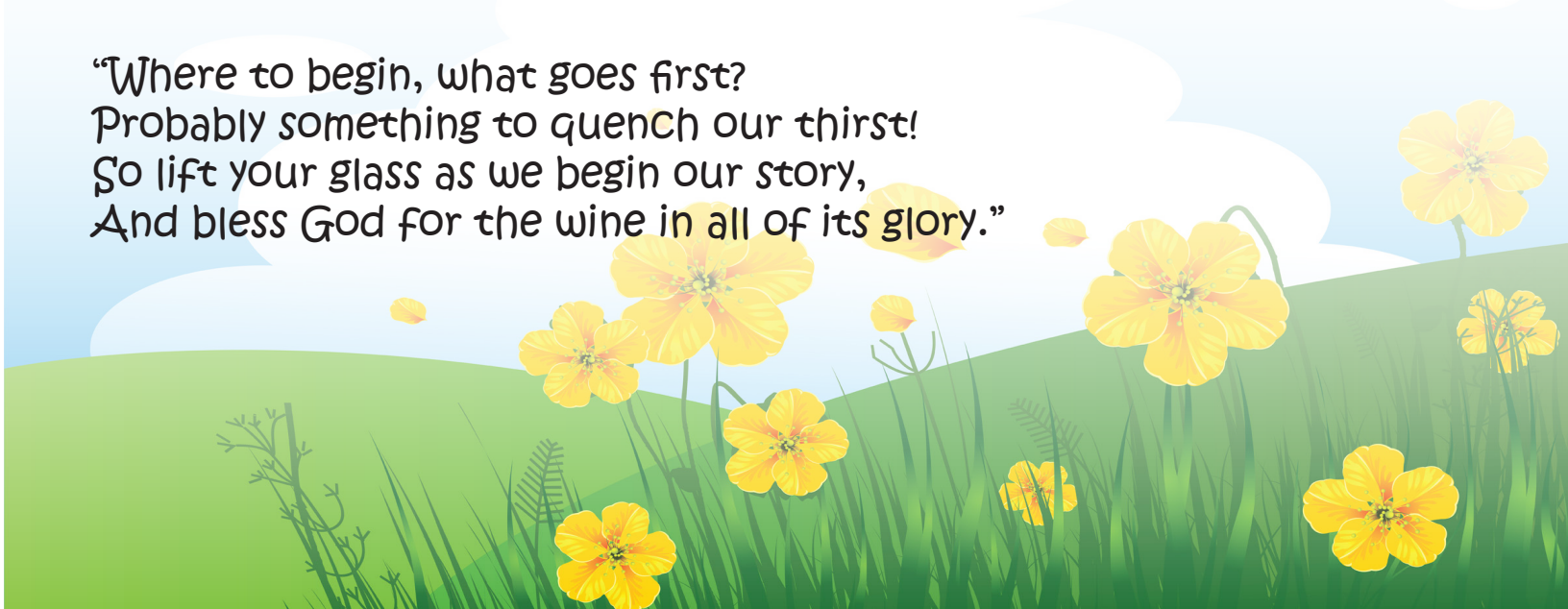


___, ___, ___, and ___ too
got big smiles on their faces they knew just what to do!

They jumped up on their chairs for all to see
They stood up and said, “Everyone look at me!”



“Where to begin, what goes first?
Probably something to quench our thirst!
So lift your glass as we begin our story,
And bless God for the wine in all of its glory.”





The guests began pouring the wine
leaving spots on the cloth that used to be
fine!



Grampy smiled then and began to sing
The special Kiddush for Pesah—the sound did ring.

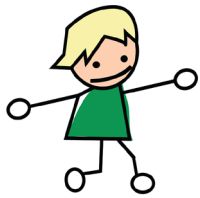
___ said, “If this dinner was any other meal...”
“HaMotzi!” interrupted ___ with a squeal.

“But this night is much different than all of the rest.
Tonight our meal starts with a bit of a test.



Our job is to remember that now we are free—

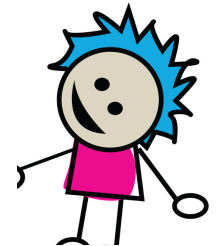
If it were not for our brave ancestors we would not be.”



___ raised the Karpas vegetables green:
Spring is coming as you all have seen

“Tonight is different as we start with a green treat—
a snack that reminds us our freedom is not complete.”

___ held up a bowl of water and salt,
and ___ said it was the Pharaoh’s fault:



“let’s all dip our veggies into salt water tears
To remind us that our lives in Egypt were full of fear.”



Everyone joined ___ and ___ for a round
of the blessing for foods that grow from the ground.

Now the Seder momentum was in full swing
and everyone took turns picking prayers to sing.

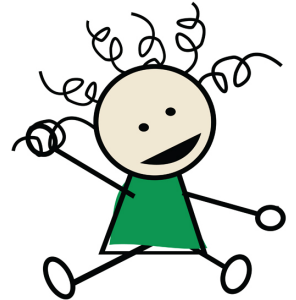
The four questions were next to be asked...
followed by an answer which is a much harder task.

“Mah Nishtana?” Why is this night different from all of the rest...
We eat Matza, Maror, dip twice and lean whichever way is best

“Avadim Hayinu, we were slaves,” Grampy started to say
now we each pray to God in our own special way.

Passover is about the Exodus of the Jews,
but it is also about our people learning how to choose.”

“When we crunch on the Matza,
and burn our tongues on the Maror,
we remember our story of Pesah m'Dor l'Dor*.”



*From generation to generation
we must tell each one
Or our future as a people will surely be done.



So it went that the kinder (children)
filled their Grampy with pride
As that year they helped lead the Seder
by his side.

Hag Sameah--Happy Passover!

