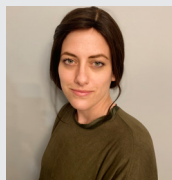


INTRODUCING NEW COLUMN!



Temmi Hadar, born and raised on *shlichus* in Seattle, is now living about a million miles away in Johannesburg. In this new column, she will be pondering the meaning of life

while perpetually sleep-deprived and attempting to juggle the roles of mother, wife, *shlucha*, teacher, writer and human being.

FINDING THE *Joy*

Temmi Hadar

I'm tired. My night was a blur of small children crying about ears, and babies standing, holding onto crib slats, pitifully whimpering mama. I woke up with two children in my room.

Is it morning yet, mama?

I peek through the curtains, it's still dark outside, but it's 5:47 a.m.

Yes, it's morning.

It's 7 a.m. now.

We've had breakfast and coffee and split a bran muffin four ways. We've cried about toast, and the lack of cream cheese in the house. I've wiped tears, noses and more. I've fed a 13-month-old, a three-year-old and a six-year-old. I've sent one child to his room, and picked up about 50 coins off the floor.

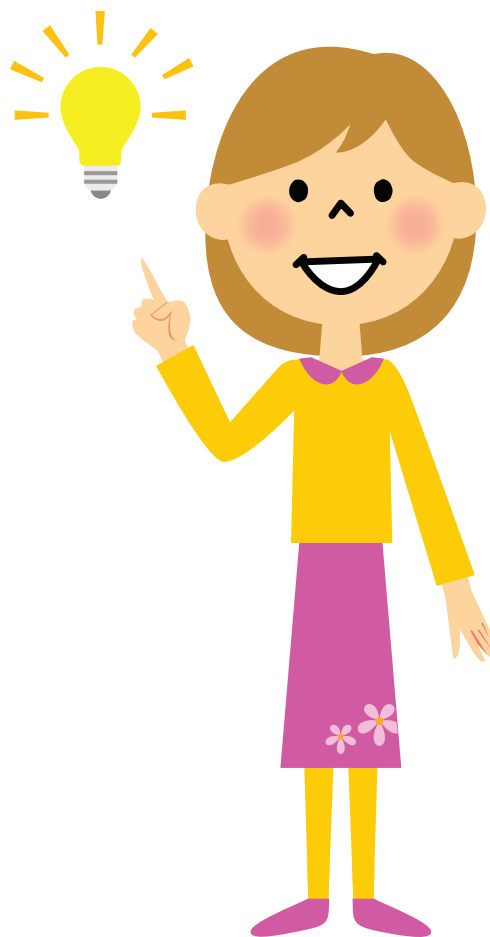
I'm sipping the last bit of my coffee before it's time to face the rest of the day, idly scrolling through my Whatsapp.

It's Gimmel Tammuz, the *yahrtzeit* of the Lubavitcher Rebbe

To my shame, I'm feeling uninspired, yet somehow I want to make this day meaningful for my kids.

I light a *yahrtzeit* candle.

I'm watching a video of the Rebbe.



The words the Rebbe is saying in Yiddish flash on the screen in English.

A chossid's path is to serve G-d with joy.

Somehow these words resonate with me.

This I can do.

I need to learn more *Chassidus*.

I need to *daven* more and say *Chitas*.

As someone who aspires to live up to the Rebbe's ideals, there always feels like there is so much more I am supposed to be doing.

And I am not.

But joy.

I can do that.

Somehow, in this maddeningly mundane routine of parenting young children there is joy to be felt.

I'm watching another video of the Rebbe.

My son joins me.

That's our Rebbe, he points to the screen.

Yes, and do you know what the Rebbe wants us to do? *Mitzvos*, mama.

Yes, and do you know why? Why do we do *mitzvos*?

My six-year-old answers, to bring *Moshiach*, that's why.

Sometimes, the answers we seek so desperately are in the mouths of our children. ❁