



# TIME FLIES ON A SUMMER DAY AT MOMMY CAMP

GOLDIE GROSSBAUM



## MOMMY WAKES UP EARLY ON MONDAY.

She opens her eyes, says *Modeh Ani* and asks, “Is it bedtime yet?”

“Not yet!” giggle her kids as they dance and jump and climb into her bed. “First we need to have breakfast in Mommy Camp!”

So Mommy washes *negel vasser* and staggers out of bed, ready to start her day.

She serves cereal and milk and scrambled eggs and flat eggs and soymilk and almondmilk and almost everyone has breakfast.

“Is it bedtime yet?” asked Mommy.

“No, mommy!” reply the laughing kids. “First we have to *daven!*”

And so everyone runs off to get *siddurim* and then they sit together on the couch and, in perfect harmony, all start *davening* together.

Just kidding.

Everyone runs off to get *siddurim* and heads back to the couch.

"That's my spot!"

"I was here first!"

"You always sit there and I never get a turn!"

"Mommy, he's *davening* too loud and it's mixing me up!"

"Mommy, he's singing off tune on purpose!"

All Mommy is trying to do is clean up breakfast but it will have to wait.

Mommy heads to the couch and assigns everyone a spot to *daven*, mostly in closets and corners so they can *daven* in peace.

"Is it bedtime yet?" asks Mommy.

"No, Mommy!" the kids all laugh together. "We didn't even do anything fun yet, and it's only 9:15!"

"Oh right! Of course!" says Mommy, although she's wondering why it feels like it's 9:15 p.m.

Mommy heads to the supply closet to see what activity the kids can do.

Ugh, the play dough is hard. Someone didn't close it. Scratch that idea. Chalk. That's a great idea, sidewalk chalk.

Mommy hands the gleeful children a bag full of sidewalk chalk and tells the kids to decorate the backyard with a surprise picture for her.

Then Mommy sneaks inside to get her long-awaited three-minute shower.

Mommy hurries back out in time to see the chalk morphing into face paint.

"Is it bedtime yet?" sighs Mommy.

"Oh no, Mommy!" giggle all the kids. "We're hungry!"

Mommy looks at the clock on the wall that seems to be broken because it's definitely moving too slowly today. Only 47 minutes have passed since breakfast!

"Let's have a snack!" says Mommy cheerfully.

So Mommy goes inside and brings out raisins, fruits, and crackers.

"That's not a snack!" the kids recoil in horror. "We want chips!"

Mommy is outvoted and chips it is.

"It's time to go to the park!" says Mommy cheerfully.

"Get your water bottle and shoes and use the bathroom

before heading to the van!"

Everyone is off and running and only 26 minutes later, after Mommy had to go back inside four times to retrieve forgotten shoes and water bottles, they are off to the park.

"Not this park!"

"We went here last week!"

"This is the dumbest park!"

With a bit of negotiating and cajoling, everyone gets out of the car and heads to the playground equipment.

Mommy breathes a sigh of relief and takes out her phone to catch up and see what friends, family, and complete strangers are doing.

Time passes too quickly and too slowly and everyone is hungry and it's time for lunch.

"Is it bedtime yet?" asks Mommy.

"No, Mommy!" the kids shout together. "We are starving! What's for lunch?!"

So Mommy serves bagels and cream cheese bagels and peanut butter bagels and pizza bagels and scrambled eggs and flat eggs and hard boiled eggs and yogurt and carrot sticks and sliced cucumbers, even though Mommy had originally said she was only serving pizza bagels.

"Is it bedtime yet?" wonders Mommy out loud, as she cleans the tables, the chairs, and the

floor, and wonders how a glob of peanut butter landed on the refrigerator door. Mommy glances at the clock and knows the answer.

Everyone goes outside to play in the sprinkler but then they change their mind and come back in because there was a bee. Mommy gets out towels for everyone and then everyone decides to go back outside again and get wet and then they change their minds and then they get wet again. And they then need more towels because their other towels are wet.

"Is it bedtime yet?" asks Mommy, as she glances out the window to make sure no one is seriously injured.

Everyone goes outside to play in the sprinkler but then they change their minds and come back in because there was a bee.





“Not yet,” says Tatty, as he walks in the door.

“What’s for supper?!” reply some voices as everyone appears in the kitchen and everyone is once again starving.

So Mommy serves supper; some like the meatballs with the spaghetti, some want only spaghetti, some want only meatballs and some want both but they cannot touch each other. And one kid only wants challah.

Mommy cleans the table from supper and enjoys a moment of silence at the kitchen table as she sips her next coffee.

“Is it bedtime yet?” asks Tatty.

Mommy looks at the clock. “Yes, Tatty! Now it is bedtime!”

“I love bedtime,” says Tatty.

“So do I,” says Mommy.

“Okay, then you can do it,” they both say together.

It takes teamwork and patience, but after 65 minutes, four stories, and three songs, everyone has brushed their teeth, gotten their *negel vasser*, accidentally spilled their *negel vasser* and refilled it and is finally tucked into bed.

“I’m thirsty.”

“I need just one more teeny drink.”

“I’m hungry.”

“I didn’t eat anything today!”

Mommy and Tatty take a deep breath and usher everyone back to bed.

“Good night, everyone,” says Mommy.

“Good night, everyone,” says Tatty.

“Good night!” they all say together. “We can’t wait to see what we will do tomorrow at Mommy Camp!”

“Me, too,” says Mommy. “Me, too.” ❁



*Goldie and her husband, Rabbi Yossi Grossbaum, direct Chabad of Folsom & El Dorado Hills in Northern California, with the able help of their 11 children ka”h. Goldie blogs about being the mom of nine boys and two girls, ranging from newborn to teens, and finding the humor in the ups and downs, leaps and lurches, of raising kids. Read more of Goldie’s writings at [www.littleyellownotepad.com](http://www.littleyellownotepad.com).*

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