



# SHOPPING FOR TOYS THE SMART WAY...

**Goldie Grossbaum**

For a moment I forget that this is baby number nine. See, I love the little stationery “car” with a seat for one baby. Closed in on four sides and with enough knobs, horns and bells to keep a baby sitting and busy, it is just so cute.

But then I remember. I have other children at home. This is not my first.

I take a deep breath and allow reality to settle in.

The joy would last ten seconds, 12 if I’m lucky. My two-year-old would squeeze his way into the little seat, right on top of my ten-month-old. My four-year-old would try to join in. My five-year-old would take matters into his own hands and try to remove all the buttons and whistles and gadgets. My eight-year-old would probably take up the disciplining and successfully lift it over the kids’ heads and walk off with it. Everyone and everything will come tumbling down and there will sit my ten-month-old, on the rug, with nothing to play with. And the stationery car will disappear into someone’s room indefinitely and be upgraded to some high-powered supersonic gadget.

Right. So no, I will not buy this toy.

When it’s your ninth, you shop differently. Sometimes

it feels like you're smarter than everyone and sometimes it feels like you're the party pooper.

But I love this particular consignment sale. It's twice a year and it's huge and has every toy and baby object imaginable.

I continue with my browsing. I'm determined to buy at least one thing.

Race tracks. Train tracks.

Anything that can be turned into a dagger, sword or gun is blacklisted.

That eliminates A LOT of stuff.

And besides, so much of the stuff I see for sale are things we've already owned, used, broken and gotten rid of.

But I do admit, I like stuff.

I am not a minimalist.

Don't tell Marie Kondo, but I keep stuff even if it doesn't spark joy inside of me.

I keep it if I know it sparks joy in someone else in my house. I keep things for many different reasons. Some are nostalgic, some are functional, and some are just because.

The opposite of a minimalist is not hoarder. It's just plain normal people.

I enjoy the process of buying and bringing home good stuff. And most importantly, the difference between a hoarder and plain normal is knowing when something needs to be tossed.

I'm being prudent in my choosing, but I do want to bring something home.

Then comes the pink. And more pink. And dolls. And more dolls. And dollhouses. All the things I love but don't have time to play with.

And all the things my 13-year-old daughter doesn't play with either.

I browse just so I can touch it all and continue on my quest.



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I am a seasoned mommy. I will not be fooled by noisy toys that don't have an off switch.

By toys with a gazillion pieces.

By toys that won't fit into any bin or shelf.

By toys that will not withstand the use of multiple children.

By toys that can't be used without adult assistance.

My years of experience have taught me serious lessons. Years of lost sleep but gained knowledge.

Then I spot it. It's a one piece, self-contained, no-additional-pieces, easy-to-fold-and-unfold racetrack.

It is perfect.


It is approved by a seasoned mom.

It makes a lot of noise. They will love it! 🐘



Goldie Grossbaum and her husband Rabbi Yossi Grossbaum are the directors of Chabad of Folsom | El Dorado Hills in Northern California and the proud parents of nine children ka"ח – their brigade of junior shluchim. To read more of Goldie's writings, visit [littleyellownotepad.com](http://littleyellownotepad.com) or make sure

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