

Shabbat Stories

My Most Memorable Shabbat Experience

Myles Simpson

It was a special Friday morning for the Simpson family. My wife Gail and I were visiting my son Ian and his wife Lisa, who had just been blessed with their first child – our first grandchild -- a precious and beautiful baby boy named Jack. We were all glowing with the joy of a new life as everyone finally came home from the hospital that morning. After a long and exhausting delivery, Lisa was in no condition to cook any meals so Ian asked Gail if she would prepare Shabbat dinner. Gail and I were delighted to see that in the midst of everything else going on, Ian would want to have not just a dinner that night, but a Shabbat dinner.

I shouldn't have been surprised by this, because I knew that all of our sons enjoyed our Shabbat dinners while they were growing up. After they left home for college and beyond, they always looked forward to being home when it coincided with the traditional Friday night meal. But Gail and I had not had the opportunity of visiting Ian and Lisa on a Friday evening after they were married and then moved 3000 miles away, so we didn't know if they had embraced the Shabbat dinner tradition. On that day, I was particularly pleased that Ian turned down my offer to lead the prayers, indicating that he could certainly do that himself.

And then a mystical moment occurred. With everyone gathered around the Shabbat table, Ian went over to the bassinet where Jack was lying and he recited the blessings over his new son. As the tears welled up in my eyes, I glanced at Gail and we shared that look that happens between two people when they know what each other is thinking: *We must have done something right!* Isn't this the dream of most parents who raise their family in a Jewish home, that their children will also maintain a Jewish home? Yes, we did something right – we instilled in our kids a love of Shabbat!