Nageela Seder

A Kid Friendly Weekly Publication of Nageela West Coast Joyfully Jewish Experiences

Think to Thank

By Rabbi Dani Locker

"Clap along if you feel that happiness is the truth!"

Those words might not have been written by King David.

Yeah. Those words were definitely not written by King David. Here's something he did write: "Praise God because He is good. His kindness is forever."

Marvin's hand was getting tired. It was only his first day as a professional ping pong player; his cramps were not from years of table tennis. It was the autographs! He must've signed at least a hundred today alone! Marvin was

not going to complain. He was truly grateful to the fans who supported him, and who wore his number proudly on their Segways. "Isn't this amazing?" He shouted to his teammate, Kevin, as he plunged his sore hands into a bucket of water. "These fans are amazing! They love us, and it's wonderful that they're so supportive! "Thank you, sir!" "Sure I can sign your Power Rangers umbrella!" Kevin, who had been a table tennis star for years, grumbled and walked away quickly.

"I have no interest in these annoying people. Just because they want to make money off my signature doesn't make them special. Harumph!"
"Did you actually just harrumph? Nobody harrumphs."
"Well, I just did. Harrumph, harrumph, harrumph.
Seriously, Marvin. Why should I thank these people? They can never do anything for me."

Marvin is a grateful person. He truly appreciates when someone does something small for him. If a fan asks for an autograph, Marvin rakes that as a compliment and he's genuinely happy about it. Kevin, not so much.

Things people do for him don't matter a bit. He doesn't care about the fans. Or his children, wife or the AAA guy who changed his tire this week. Now let's fast forward a week.

"Marv, I'd like you to meet Mr. Van Hoisen who runs a huge company for athletic clothing. Mr. V and his group were so generous last year in offering me an endorsement deal. He now manufactures Ping Pong shoes (they have uncomfortable little bumps in the sole) with my name on it! Thank you so much, Mr. V! Please thank your board, your president, and anyone else from your company whom you happen to ping."

"wow, Kevin. You sound really appreciative of the van Hoisen company. I didn't realize you were such a grateful person!"

"Don't get me wrong, Marvin. I don't really care that van Hoisen helped me out. That's just business... he did it to help himself just as much. I'm just thanking him so that he'll KEEP wanting to help me!"

King David reminds us that there are two types of people who express gratitude. Some people are truly grateful, and appreciate things that others do for them. Others, like our friend Kevin, are not grateful people. They only thank when they think it will help them in the future.

"Praise God, because He is good. His kindness is forever." This line is meant to encourage people who are not grateful people to still appreciate God. Rabbi Jacob Kranz, known as "The Maggid" of Dubno, explains what this means. God's kindness is forever. You're gonna need him next week, and next year and even your great- grandchildren will need Him, so be grateful now.

I think perhaps, King David is telling us the

exact opposite. God's kindness is forever. He's not going to stop being kind to you because you forgot to say thanks. Therefore, we should make sure to thank Him sincerely, with thoughts and feelings of real appreciation. Instead of being a Kevin who only thanks when the future is uncertain and he thinks the thanks will help, be a Marvin, who thanks without the hope of things getting

better. He thanks because he realizes he got

something good.

we got good stuff. God took a group of slaves and set us free. He gave us the Torah, he gave us the land of Israel... day-dayeinu. Let's just appreciate it and thank him tonight at the seder. Not because we want Him to do more good things. We know He will, anyway. Just because what he's done for us so far is so awesome! "Clap along if you feel like singing dayeinu..."

We had a contest piling matzah on the window sill.

My pile was the highest.

It was a windough.