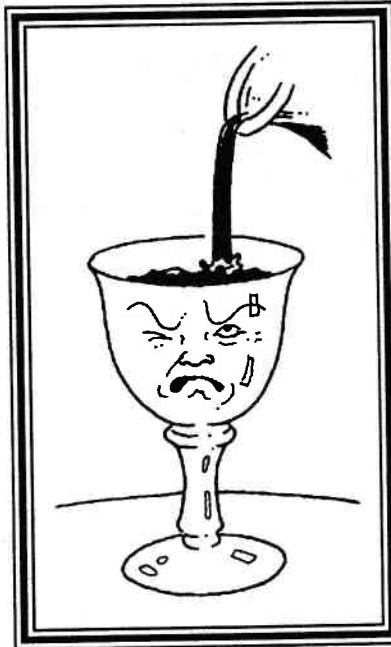


What do Jews have on their table at the Shabbat meal?, see page 99

## The story of Kiddush Cup

**K**

iddush Cup thought that she was very beautiful. She stood on the top shelf all week looking down on the family, waiting for Friday afternoon when she would be taken down and polished. She loved the feel of the soft cloth which soon made her sparkle. She felt proud, standing on the crisp white tablecloth with her friends Shabbat Candles, Challah Cover and Sharp Knife. She enjoyed seeing the family dressed in their best clothes and the boys and men wearing their best kappels on their heads. But there was one part of Shabbat that Kiddush Cup didn't like. She hated the moment when the sweet, red wine was poured into her. It took away her sparkle and left her feeling wet and sticky.



Every Shabbat, Kiddush Cup grumbled about being filled with wine. Her friends – Shabbat Candles, Challah Cover and Sharp Knife – told her that she was very lucky to have such an important place in the Shabbat meal. But still she grumbled and told them that they were the lucky ones.

One Friday morning, Kappel could bear it no longer. He asked Prayer Book, who was very old and wise, how he could stop Kiddush Cup grumbling.

Prayer Book opened his covers and out popped Aleph. First, Aleph put the Shabbat Candles inside Kiddush Cup. Kiddush Cup thought the flickering lights made her shine, but after a while she began to feel very warm, and then hot and then very hot. She did not like being Shabbat Candles. Next, Aleph covered Kiddush Cup with Challah Cover. It was dark under Challah Cover and the crumbs from the matzah made her sneeze. Kiddush Cup did not like being Challah Cover. When Aleph lifted Sharp Knife towards Kiddush Cup and she saw the sharp teeth, Kiddush Cup shivered. She did not like being Sharp Knife. Finally, Kappel asked Kiddush Cup if she would like to be him, sitting high up on the top of Father's head. Kiddush Cup thought for a moment. If she were high, no one would see her. No, Kiddush Cup did not want to be Kappel.

That evening, when Kiddush Cup was taken from the top shelf, polished and put on the Shabbat table, she stood very still and quiet. As the wine bottle was opened, her friends looked at each other and waited for the grumbles to begin. To their surprise, Kiddush Cup smiled as the sweet, red wine was poured into her. She had learned that she wanted to be Kiddush Cup and no one else on Shabbat.