Is Your Home Sticky From Purim Teiglach?

BY VERA MILLER

The recording companies seem to have a record album for everything. Perhaps the occasion of Purim could generate interest in mood albums. There are albums to fit the mood of any situation.

For Purim how about “Music To Make Hamantaschen By” or “Melody To Take Poppy Seeds Out Of Your Teeth By.”

Included in this market should be such offerings as “Music For Fathers” or “Put A Wrinkled Shirt On By” while in the next room Mother listens to “Music To Make Cardboard Crowns By.”

What would be more appropriate for the Sunday school Purim party, as the toothless, overindulged daddies approach the stage, than “Melody From The King and I?” After the party is over and the refreshments are spilled all over the place: “Music to Calm Losing Queen Esthers By” and on the flip side, “Music To Coerce Grandparents to Buy Tickets for Queen Esther Contest By.”

SURE-FIRE HIT

Let us not forget what would be a sure-fire hit, “Music to Right Off Losing King Akaxus By.” This is great for the chairman of the parent-teacher organization, especially if her son was in this category.

A suggestion for the Monday morning following the Purim party: “Music to Wash Torn Sheets By,” or “Music to Rip Sheets for Rags By.”

“Do you remember way back when you started to prepare for Purim? She bought out her favorite grocery to buy whole poppy needs. Remember sitting by the table doing your homework and listening to the favorite radio program after school?”

SURE-BOIL

Somewhere between “The Story Telling Lady” and “Captain Midnight” Ma would put the whole seed in the pot and “give them a boil.” Then she’d strain them in the house elote, put them in the sieve to remove the particles, and put them in a Newfoundland and freedom, laboriously make them into a dry meal.

There were no room sprays to dispel odors then and how lucky! No one worried if the wooden carpet or the damask drapes absorbed food odors. So far days of the house smelling—well—smelled! It was days of golden, thick dough baking, golden, thick, warm honey and the fragrance of poppy seeds.

It smelled in the afternoons of cold, crisp air as the back door pushed open after school and the gentle neighbor kids came in for a “Hummingtash” from the brown-covered baking tin.

And you didn’t mind even Purim when Ma had you make the rounds of the neighbors. You were given a big knife filled with Hamantaschen which was covered with the linen kichen towel (“... shouldn’t forget to bring back with you”) and in the other hand you held a Mason jar filled with teiglach.

And who could know? So you kicked the neighbor’s back door with the toe of your foot and stood there, real proud of having such a Ma while a big tisim was made of your kindness in doing such an errand.

THICK AND GOOEY

Remember teiglach? Ma made little balls of theyer kichel and dipped them in thick, gooye honey. And after Shul, after Shil everyone got together at the house for a gloucher wine to drink a L’chair. On the table was the oversized, thick-brained chale, and as fingers were dipped into, the bowls were constantly replenished with mounds of aschent and the lime beans that were boiled in the salt water.

There were the never ending pyramids of Hamantaschen and bowls of sticky teiglach. Teaspoons dipped in honey residue of the teiglach bowl were splatted onto the tongues of the too-little ones.

And all over the house there was honey. The doorknobs, bed posts, chair backs and toilet pulls were all sticky for days.

And, of course, somewhere during the period of Purim Ma and/or Pa had a tooth to the dentist. Poppy seeds caught under lower plates or maybe a cracked, bit toot from an over-enthusiastic bite of a teiglach.

And this Purim, is there some diplomatic way in this modern world of today, that you can tactfully tell someone they’ve got a poppy seed stuck on their front teeth?