

L'dor Vador

by ApollinaV

The Snape family celebrates Passover.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This drabble is about Jewish traditions which may be unfamiliar to some readers, but I've tried my best to make it readable by a wide audience. A nigun is a wordless song. Chametz is bread, or leavening agents not allowed during Passover. And the afikommen is a matzah (like a cracker) hidden and then found at the end of a seder (Passover meal).

Hermione closed her eyes, listening to the magical sound of her husband's nigun fill their dining room. Avi and Lior leant their voices to the wordless tune. Avi's voice was starting to crack; it was becoming rounder, deeper, and more robust – more like his father's. But Lior's voice was perfect – she wanted to bottle his high-pitched, crystal clear young voice and keep it forever. Hermione quietly hummed along with her family, content in where life had taken them.

Once, years ago, Severus had offhandedly remarked, 'I'm not Jewish, but my mother was,' and that had started – everything.

Severus had been looking for... something. Meaning, purpose, direction in his post-Voldemort life, and Hermione had urged him to rediscover his heritage. In hindsight, it wasn't surprising he'd taken on the mantle of a Baal Teshuva – one who returns, one who has repented before God. It was just that at the time, she hadn't expected to find her own spiritual home within Judaism. But as she reclined at their family seder, wiping apple chunks from her daughter Miri's chubby cheeks, Hermione had no complaints.

Well, that wasn't entirely true...

Getting the Headmaster to approve of Severus having every Friday night and Saturday off had been an utter nightmare. Nearly as difficult as getting kosher food in Hogsmeade – which was impossible. And Passover! Passover was the mother of all agonies. It was fruitless to search the entire castle for chametz. Not that she hadn't tried. Their first year Hermione swept the entire dungeons, holding a candle and a feather – determined to do it right – dripping candle wax everywhere, and nearly setting the Slytherin common room ablaze before giving up. They'd just have to settle for keeping their private rooms chametz-free.

The nigun ended, but she knew another would start soon enough – and go all night if she allowed it. The children loved singing, and Severus was an indulgent father. But as she critically eyed Lior's heavily drooping eyelids, she knew it was time for bed. The wine had been cut with plenty of water, but it had been a long night.

"Severus," Hermione whispered across the table. "I think it's time to find the afikommen."

His mouth was open, ready to start another tune, and closed it as he was caught off guard.

"It's late," she stated, nodding towards the boys.

"Ah. Well..." Severus seemed to ponder this for some time, heightening the boys' anticipation. As an infant, Miri was oblivious to the building excitement. "I suppose we could search for the afikommen, but that would bring the seder to a close. You don't want tonight to end, do you?" he asked the boys rhetorically.

Lior's dark eyes widened. "What if it never ends...?" he asked, distressed, in the innocent way that only a six-year-old could manage. "What if we're stuck here forever... I'll

miss school... I'll never get a wand."

Severus nodded solemnly. "And you'll never get the prize I have for the wizard who finds it first."

Lior squeaked.

"But Dad," Avi protested – her level-headed thinker. "That can't happen. Tomorrow is the community seder, and we promised we'd go. We *promised*, Dad."

"This is also true," he conceded. "My love, what do you think?"

"I think you both have five minutes to find the afikommen – starting now."

She grinned as the boys bolted from their chairs and stormed the living room.

Severus threaded his fingers through hers. "It was a lovely meal, Hermione. The finest seder I've ever had."

"Flatterer. You say that every year."

He lifted her hand and kissed it. "It's the truth."

From the foyer a little voice squealed, "I found it! I found it!"

Severus pressed another kiss to her fingertips before turning his attention to the next generation.

A/N:

Prompt from Astopperindeath: "Another Passover story. Someone has to find the afikommen."

L'dor Vador – 'From generation to generation.'

Many thanks and extra charoset to Christev for betaing this.