

Shloshim marks the end of a thirty-day period of mourning. Our self-imposed restrictions are eased. But what of the emotional restrictions: the nightmares, fear, insomnia and trauma?

Who ends those? Where do we turn when our faith is shaken to its core? In times of tribulation, we have always turned to the Psalms: I turn my eyes to the heavens; from where shall my help come? My help comes from God, Maker of heaven and earth.

The outpouring of compassion and love, not just from fellow Jews, but people of all faiths throughout the world, has been a soothing balm. It has reassured not just our synagogue, but the entire Jewish community, that we are not alone at this time, that all good people stand with us. This renews our faith in all humanity.

I turn to You, Almighty Comforter, in my time of need, to gently cradle me toward a restful sleep, to be my porter and ease my burdens, to reassure me with Your Divine Presence to boldly and confidently face day thirty one and beyond. Thus, one day may I once again fervently proclaim: You turned my mourning into a dance for me; You undid my sackcloth and girded me with joy.

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