

Dear Charaya,

A prayer, a poem, rough and raw, very much in process, not ready to share, shared now nevertheless as churning from within, coming to Shabbos, the week so full. It is the week of *Parashat Lech L'cha*, of God's call to Avram and Sarai to go forth into the unknown. As God's call to us, may we go forth, hand in hand, giving strength to each other, hands and hearts open to all.

Shabbat shalom,  
Rabbi Victor

Creator of this beautiful, fragile world in whose image all people are equally created, help us to rise toward the sunshine that shines from within ourselves.

Lead us from the valley of despair, there for a time to weep and wail, but then to walk and not to wallow

Stunned and disbelieving, how painful this time, values long struggled for trampled and scorned,

And the scorning of other human beings, blamed in all their vulnerability as the source of our misfortune, a trope we know all too well and of what happens then

Give us the courage to stand with them, to reach out and affirm their presence, to put our bodies on the line if need be, to protect with love all who are most fearful now

Give us the courage as well to reach out to those so angry in this land, long hidden and forgotten; raging now and drawn to words and ways that deep down must shame even them

For they too surely love their family and friends and would readily come to the aid of a neighbor in need, eyes needing to be open to see that neighbor is not simply the one next door or one who is just like me

When the worst of who we are is conjured from the depths, help us to look in the mirror and see the best, our respect for each other as the measure of our respect for You

Of love that is lost amidst the divide of us and them, nurture within us all awareness of a common concern for people, reminding us that as You are one so are we who are created in Your image

Inspire us to act in your name as resisters to evil from wherever it may come, at times called to mass action hand in hand, and at other times in the ways of simple interaction with another

The ways of resistance, simple and strong, in the use of daily language, in the way that we speak with and about each other, remembering that each other means even those with whom we disagree, for us to know as well as them

Even if at times our own anger takes the upper hand, to scream and cry, for we too have been rejected, open then our hearts to channel the pain and be resisters of love and not hate

If at times we take for granted the highest values of this country, even if valued too often in the breach, we fear now for their loss, concern for our country deeply felt as an aching in our hearts.

Seeking strength and hope, help us first to close our eyes and feel the pain and upon the backs of our eyelids to envision all that yet might be, to open then to see the sun shining still, and to feel droplets of rain, of dew, and flakes of snow upon our skin

In the cries of children and their laughter, may we hear your call to go forth, to walk together in hope and not to wallow, knowing we are needed by all the little ones, all of us, too, as children of earth, our mother weeping so. Let a song of hope arise, of resistance and resolve, and living it now in spite of all that day shall come.