

Dear Chavraya,

I had hoped to share this week of thoughts that swirled through the lens of *Parashat Korach*, but alas it was not to be. In the time that I had planned to write, I needed to be with my dad who is not well. Stroking his brow, singing softly to him, I felt the nearness of his breath, labored in its emerging, and so his spirit, a smile forming nevertheless when he realized that my sister and I were with him. I thought of the way of Moses' address to God in the Torah portion, calling out to *el elohei ha'ruchot l'chol basar/O, God, God of the spirits of all flesh*. As God's breath forms our own, breathed into our nostrils at birth, we are joined one to another, each of us bearing and breathing God's own spirit as our own, as at the beginning so even until the waning of our days, the breath of life.

Shabbat shalom,
Rabbi Victor