

incremental pace, knowing where the pitch is meant to land, hearing the slow slide towards union, while knowing full well how many half and quarter steps stand between you and alignment.

I read voraciously during the summer, while the days are long and my anticipation is greatest. It is both comfort and escape, release and inspiration. Some of my reading is Jewish and academic, with a clear goal of finding sermon content. Other books are pure pleasure, reading for the sake of the beauty of a well-written sentence. I will frequently read a beautiful passage more than once, just in order to linger on it before I lose it to the next page.

This summer, the books that are calling to me are in one way or another about crossing boundaries, and finding common ground between seemingly different people; about healing and the importance of honest conversation; about faith despite clear evidence of the world falling apart. It would be so easy to spend my time reading articles about our devastatingly broken government and the impact of our fractured system on innocent people. I do spend time on that reading, but it inevitably leaves me in a state of despair and rage, which is not the ideal state in which to write

No mind, the time playing in the dirt is nourishment for the soul and provides a much-needed respite for my anxious brain. In the past, summer has been a time in which my daily rhythm slows, and I can simply pause for a moment. For a variety of reasons, this year has been different, and instead of slowing down, the pace of life has just sped up, so I feel that I can't quite catch a breath. To adjust, I try to remember the wisdom of our shared history and I try to look toward the teaching of our Jewish ancestors. As the month of Tamuz wanes and we approach the month of Av, when the Second Temple was destroyed, I find myself thinking about just how astounding it is that we are now here, making our Jewish lives in America, oceans away from Israel. What a gift that we have nearly 6,000 years of history, and that our ancestors were able to hold their faith close, in books and in the spoken word, and they passed this sacred wisdom onto their children. It is unfathomable, really, and something that fills my mind with wonder and awe.

And so, thousands of years later and continents separated, we make our way as Jews in our own community at B'nai Tikvah. Generations later we carry on with our tradition of community and worship. For our secular calendar, August marks the end of the quieter days at CBT, and we will begin