

about The Hulk?!

This Marvel great has been coming to mind because of the combination of power and frustration that I have been feeling both within myself, and in the world around me, as we all come to a place of heavy-hearted acceptance about just how long this new Covid reality is going to be with us. Until a few weeks ago, I had been riding a wave of deep sadness alternating with contentment about how my family is managing this crisis, up and down, as we all try to find our balance within the shifting waters. But lately, as I stare down a season of High Holy Days unlike any other in our collective memory, and as my children envision a year of school behind their laptop screens, the wave has turned into more of a storm within me. My usual techniques of yoga and deep breathing do not seem to be working quite as well. There is only so much that breath can do when what you really want is to open your mouth and yell at the top of your lungs into the night sky.

And so...The Hulk.

When Bruce Banner is going through his transformation, he fights it intensely, not wanting to explode into the creature he inevitably turns into. He has power, rage

the notion of only ONE Temple was honestly a bit foreign to me. But seeing everything for the first time, with a childlike wonder, I came away with just a little more appreciation for the wisdom to spend a day in prayer for what has been lost. What does it mean when something so sacred and holy is destroyed? When everything crumbles brick by brick? There is deep pain. Lamentations are chanted, centuries later. Uncertainty abounds. The new world starts to shift as the old one falls away. So familiar, isn't it? 2000 years later and we find that our own world can still crumble around us. In fact, all we need to do is pick up the newspaper, and evidence of destruction and heartbreak is everywhere. Somedays to me it feels as if everything is crumbling all at once. Other days, I feel as if I am in the middle of a much slower change, the ending coming sometime in the far distant future. As we are all experiencing the challenges of our current world, I wonder if there is there anything that we can learn from our ancestors and the wisdom of our heritage. From pain and loss and piles of crumbled stone, the Jewish people learned new ways to pray and survive. Tisha b'Av, and all of the anguish, sets the stage for our next several weeks.

If you attended a recent Lunch and Learn, Zoom and