

Dear Readers,

Just wanted to share some feelings from Israel where I am with my family this week.

Only in Israel can one feel the full spectrum of Jewish existence. We arrived in the midst of a national tragedy. A former neighbor in our home neighborhood of Bayit Vegan, Jerusalem, was one of the three tragic losses of the "tractor terrorist", a mother 33 years old with her 4 month old playing in the back seat, unaware that she would never see her mother again. The loudspeaker announcement sent tremors throughout the streets of Bayit Vegan, chilling our hearts to the core.

Then came the next day - the brisses, weddings, the simchas. Life continuing, returning back to normal, moving ahead. The digging continuing to complete the train tracks in the same spot the tractor veered off the day before to take its little "foray", wreaking havoc throughout the country. The remarkable resilience of the Israelis, of the Jewish people. The incredible emunah, belief, of the Jews that ultimately the Al-mighty will protect us. So, come what may, let's move on with life.

Today I took my family up to the border of Lebanon, the "Good Fence". Today it is quiet, not so long ago the site of so much havoc. It reminded me of the waxing and waning of Jewish history, our travels in the Diaspora, with all its surprises, some good, and some...

After packing our rental van and finally ready to go north, everyone inside and ready to go, I opened the van door into my forehead, creating a serious gash. A guy in the store next door called a neighborhood nurse who say to come right over. After fixing and treating the wound with 3 butterfly stiches and all the warnings to keep it dry, she sent me with blessings for a safe trip. I was protesting her refusal to take any payment, and she firmly smiled and refused-saying it's a "gemach", it's a mitzvah! Oh yes, make sure to come back at the end of the weel so she can check how it's doing. Giving me her cellphone number in case she's not home. Only in Israel!