

Masks Begone in the Time of Corona

To mask or not to mask? That is the question. As we enter into another stage of ambiguity, we must ask ourselves, *“Are we entering a time in which we indeed return to some normalcy? Or is it a time reminiscent of a Peanuts comic strip?”* Remember when Lucy holds the football for Charlie Brown? Charlie Brown attempts to kick the football only find it unceremoniously removed, and he falls flat on his face, again? You can almost hear him sigh, *“Why do I fall for this every single time?”*

Only time will tell.

It is good to be hopeful. And it is good to be cautious. And there are times when they are in a gentle balance making it difficult to know how to weigh in. We must each find our own comfort zone; what we feel makes us safe, and what makes us feel uneasy.

We all knew this day would come. But we are still unsure about whether it is | actually “this day” or not. And that’s ok. Mixed with a bit of science and sprinkled with some politics and a little wishful thinking, we move forward. A step at a time.

What I hope we will avoid is cynicism. This is an emotion that not only will continue to divide us, but will erode our trust in the very people who guide us and help us move forward. Not an easy task for anyone. There is a lot in the mix of decision making. So, I preach patience; and the thought that without a crystal ball, decisions made today may indeed be reversed or reshaped or embraced with fervor. Any one of those paths is possible. That is the state we are in.

I will say this. It is good to see people’s smile again. Oh, I learned to see people smile with their eyes. I hope we always remember how to do this, if only because it has been beautiful to really look at each other. But beneath those masks are mouths and voices and yes... a nice big smile. That too is good medicine for the soul and spirit. We may not know how long these masks will be gone or whether they are gone for good; but we do know that a life without a smile is not sustainable. So, smile. Laugh. Enjoy this moment of ambiguity. We don’t know how long it will last, which makes this moment all the more precious.

It feels good. For now. And that’s ok.

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