



Out of Sorts in the Time of Corona

"Happy Birthday Rabbi! Tough having a Birthday with everything going on"

"Thank you for the thought, but my Birthday is in October"

"Honey, its time to take out the trash. Trash day is tomorrow"

"Today is Wednesday. Trash day is Tuesday"

"Hey, Rabbi, looking forward to seeing you online at services tonight"

"Today is Monday, services will be Friday night"

"Mommy, Daddy when will all this be over"

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We are all a bit out of sorts right now. Perhaps a bit confused as to what day it is. What activity is when. I even wore a shirt inside out. (And no one said anything...)

No, its not daily life as usual. We are disrupted from our daily routine. Our kids are going to virtual schools. We are excited when we see rolls of toilet paper in the grocery store... Some have lost their jobs.

Perhaps the only one really excited right now are our dogs. Mine woke me up so early to go for a walk. And then mid day, looked at me again. And then early evening. This dog Daisy has never gotten so much exercise or company in her life!

So we make new routines.

I saw one posting on facebook from a family of ours celebrating the fact that she has so much family time now. Usually she and her husband are stretched from early morning until evening to put food on the table and rushing here and there to get the kids to all their activities that family dinners or family time have suffered.

Who would have think there would be a run on puzzles? Or board games? Art supplies? And baking supplies? ... as people look for new ways to keep busy, develop new hobbies, and create new routines.

And then there are the dozens upon dozens of congregants who have reached out and said, "Rabbi, we want to help. What can we do?" Some have offered to pick up groceries. Others to make phone calls of reassurance. (We hope to call every member of our community at least once a week). Where can we donate money to help people who need help during this difficult time? (We will be setting up a limited emergency fund in partnership with Jewish Nevada...more about that soon- THANK YOU JEWISH NEVADA!)

And today I got a letter. An honest to goodness letter. My neighbors and I—even six feet apart—have never been closer. We talk. Know each other's name. Working out plans for a party of some kind when all of this is over... (*please God, let this be soon*).

Some questions we don't have answers for. At least not yet. But we will.

And until that time, perhaps it is up to us to shape new routines, create new points of connection, new ways of helping others. Perhaps, these new routines will become habits that will carry over beyond the present crises. And a new way of life will emerge, where we realize we were rushing too fast, not spending enough time with those we love, and spending too little time actually living our lives.

Yes, we are all a bit out of sorts right now. Perhaps, just a little bit, this isn't such a bad thing.