



Congregation Ner Tamid

on the Greenspun Campus for Jewish Life, Learning, and Spiritual Renewal

Rain in the Time of Corona

240 days passed until finally, it rained. The rain started slowly, with little droplets sprinkling on the windshield of my car, just as I was driving back from a funeral at the Veteran's cemetery in Boulder City. The past month I had seen too many funerals. Every week a few more loved ones lost. The only "rain" I had seen it seemed was the droplets slowly streaking down the cheeks of mourners. But this heavenly rain, was different.

When 240 days go by it is easy to forget what the world was like. Easy to assume that the world as I knew it was not going to return. So that day, that slow little sprinkle represented something much, much more. Hope.

For what started as a sprinkle soon turned into an honest to goodness down pour. The cynic in me thought, "*Well, how long will this rain last? Just long enough to dirty my car? Just long enough to make my life worse, rather than better?*" But it lasted much longer than I could have imagined. The sound of the rain followed me all the way home, like a long lost friend, and continued on into the day.

I opened the windows and the doors of my home just so I could hear the sound of the rain. Its familiar sound brought me comfort. All that was missing was a cup of hot chocolate and a good book. Both of those were quickly remedied.

When the world changes, we look for that which is familiar. When the world changes because of the loss of someone dear to us, we find comfort in old photographs, sharing stories, eating foods that brought them joy. Our world may have shifted, but familiarity brings us comfort.

There are times when goodness and comfort seem to have gone in hiding; perhaps for a long, long time. Especially in the Time of Corona, when we are constantly reminded that things are not the same, we may be confused as to when water is here to saturate an arid soul or drown us in sorrow.

But then the rain finally comes and reminds us that we don't need the world to be the same, we just need it to be reassuring. The Psalmist of old taught wisely, "*Those who sow, who sow in tears, will reap in joy.*" [Psalm 126:5] With this knowledge we look for our days to be filled with moments of joy, people who give our lives meaning, and comfort in the knowledge that with the coming of rain, if we are lucky, we are given...

A rainbow.

God's promise. *Our inheritance.*

Rabbi Sanford Akselrad