inspired by Reb Ahrele Roth, z"1, the Hungarian Hasid

Change bullies us, upsets the balance of our ways, conspires to drive a man outside himself. Familiarity clings, a child hanging on his mother’s skirt, her every word. Lowering a shoulder, rummaging in every breath, the dust that all things will become enters the lungs. Born with our finite store of words, each utterance a holy gift, we pray we might dispense them wisely. Prayer defends us from the harm men speak against us. Like water blessings cross the lips, a scorching desert of accord. *What comes from the heart enters the heart.* May those ready to hear now hear and those not ready listen.