



Congregation Ner Tamid

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

Changing Seasons in the Time of Corona

Is it my imagination or is it slowly getting a bit brighter, a bit warmer each week, each day? In the morning it's still chilly. And I think I am going to need to grab my jacket or at least a sweat shirt if I have to go out for a bit. But somehow by mid-day, the sun is out, and when I look at the sky it is bright and beautiful.

I suppose the weather has always been this way. Changes of seasons and all. But I am looking at "climate change" in a different way this year. I see it as a metaphor for my outlook of life. For the longest time it seemed we were living in an endless winter. The sky was gloomy. The weather seemed bleak. We were told to stay indoors. It was dangerous to go out and to socialize; and every day was in essence a rainy day.

But, to paraphrase the ever-effervescent *Annie* - "*the sun will come out tomorrow...*" And sure enough, I can see *that* sun and I can even *feel* it, along with the warmth and optimism that is the sun's constant companion.

As much as we focused on the dangers of the virus and the terrible loss of life, for the first time in a long time, it seems, dare I say, that we are beginning to turn a corner. That the vaccine is making its way more and more every day. And the predictions are that we are ahead of schedule. We needed this literally-"a shot in the arm" to give us hope. And an understanding that our long winter is almost over, and that a new season is upon us.

With this feeling comes a change of attitude, and a belief that we can begin to make plans again. To be sure there is still a lot of uncertainty. But there is a strong feeling that next year at this time, it won't look or feel like this year at this time. And that is a good thing.

Even if it hasn't rained in Las Vegas in a long time. I can finally see the rainbow in the sky. And that gives me hope.

Rabbi Sanford Akselrad
