

The Situation

by Rabbi Heather Miller

My heart breaks into a thousand pieces for the innocence lost and the innocence that will be lost when little kids—some not 120 lbs, some barely 16 years old, not yet able to drive— are called to fire guns and tanks and drones.

Rather they should be home playing video games like Pac-Man or Super Mario Bros. where lives are unlimited as long as you have the time. Where the consequences of your actions are only a change of a pixel's color on a flat screen, not the flesh and blood consequences of lives lost of new mothers in felled apartment buildings, or kids riding bikes in the street.

I grieve for the innocence lost in the perpetuation of violence, and for the hatred bred from the experience of death and the incomprehensible injustice associated.

I grieve for all those in the region.

Everyone who is not looking for violence but looking to feed and clothe and house their families.

The surfers in Gaza.

The Israelis at the music festival.

All those who stroll the beach and marvel at the colors of the seashells on both sides of the border.

Those who would rather celebrate the precious beauty of life, as we all should, than be pulled into war.

Those who would rather sing joyfully at a wedding than mournfully at a funeral.

And, I grieve for the feeling that there isn't anything I can do to make it stop to reverse the trend to achieve peace from here.

I have had this feeling before—when my stepfather was diagnosed with terminal cancer.

This is not an experience I want to sit and watch.

These are not atrocities I want my loved ones to experience.

This is awful.

Please, God, make it stop. And let peace rain down instead of missiles.

Amen.