

When Is It?

By Barbara Snyder

When is it?

When was it that I was amazed at the world? That the stars gave life to the sky, shooting across and dazzling quietly. That the moon boasted of its brightness as it sailed across the cloudless sky, in various sizes and shapes, whether it is full, half or only a sliver.

When was it that I had dreams of kindness and friendship and generosity. That we worked for our pride and challenged others to care about the quality and output of their endeavors. When did that end?

We raised our children to care and be the best that they can be. We might have been helicopter parents and that might not have given them the skills to think past the easy. When did we let them fly on their own? How did they do?

Oh no, the topic is not when is it, it is where is it. I misplaced the where with the when. Where is it? Where is what?

I know that I have misplaced so much, lost so many, left others behind. You can't carry so much with you, whether baggage or feathers. Years turn into decades and decades turn into the winter of our life. We then hold on more dearly to the people who matter. And they may be few, but they sure are special and dear.

So where is it? It is in our heart and in our memory and in our laughter and in our tears. For it is our soul, our being, in Judaism we call it our neshama. The best of who we are.