



We all know the story... a

little bit of light, only enough oil for one day, miraculously lasting for eight days...just enough time for the Maccabees to make more...so that they could rededicate (Hanukkah=Hebrew for dedication) the Temple by rekindling the Eternal Light in front of the Holy of Holies...

The Maccabees, small in number but mighty in spirit, who bravely summoned their might and courage to defeat the massive Seleucid Empire against all odds...and had just recaptured their beloved Temple, in Jerusalem, that had been overrun by pigs and ancient Greek gods...the battle-weary Maccabees who were trying to sweep it clean from all the broken glass and the remnants of what had once been their sacred and holy space

nal....reaching deep into the depths of one's being to try...to believe...to kindle light...

This is Hanukkah...it is the triumph of the Will... it is the ability to go past one's limits and keep going...it is the faith to kindle Light even when it seems evident that it will be extinguished immediately...it is clinging to hope even when everything is telling you to give up....

Hanukkah...it comes at the darkest time of the year...it is the reminder that when we are bathed in darkness, we must kindle light...when we want to give up, we must push ourselves past our desire to give up and find the strength to search out light...and then to place that light at the window...to share that light with someone else...to remind others, who are lost in the darkness...that miracles are possible...that we have experienced miracles before and that they can