



ging each other (I almost wanted to rename us Temple Bet Huggy) because we were so warm and effusive, even our beloved security officer, John Tedder, would greet us with a warm hug when we entered our beautiful synagogue...

One year ago, we were enjoying Temple Bet Yummy's famous onegs as I would gather all of the children together to put their hands on the challah and challenge them to see "who will get the biggest piece?"... And now we look back upon those idyllic days... stunned by their innocence... will we ever feel safe to do any of that again?

One year ago, we gathered for services or chose not to do so... believing that there would be another one a few weeks later... One year

been made possible to us this year- the ability to gather through Zoom across geographic boundaries... to experience worship in a new way... the ability to gather in a way far more inclusive than anything we have ever been able to do before... ability to drive or mobility or other barriers to access suddenly gone... we can each connect to our TBY family from the comfort of our own homes...

The Torah tells us that when the Children of Israel were wandering through the desert, free for the first time in centuries, receiving revelation and being fed miraculous manna that fell from the Heavens, with perfect nourishment and a taste that changed depending on who was eating it... for children it tasted like milk and for adults it tasted like honey... and yet,