



18 Nisan 5777 / April 14, 2017

Dear Shir Tikvah:

This Passover, I'm reflecting on what it means to be vulnerable: to acknowledge the limitations of our power, to realize that loving people means we can get hurt, to embrace our mortality.

There is something powerful, then, during this festival of Passover, to eat matzoh—such a vulnerable food, cooked so briefly, never given the ingredients nor the opportunity to rise, always ready to crumble and break apart.

Matzoh. The bread of our affliction. The bread of our liberation.

Matzoh. Like being vulnerable human creatures. Formed imperfectly, terrified knowing we can break, tasting both the danger of freedom and the blessing of responsibility on our tongues in the same instant.

We kvetch that matzoh is bland.

We don't love being vulnerable—knowing deeply, in our DnA, that we can experience both searing ache alongside ecstatic joy—sometimes in the same moment.

But if vulnerability is one of the ingredients of real love, authentic love, love that compels us to be responsible and committed and present even when we're terrified of crumbling; if vulnerability is like matzoh and we must gulp down the bitter with the sweet, the bland with the savory—then I'll eat every crumbly morsel with gusto and without regret.

Shabbat Shalom,
Michael