

Shabbat Shalom.

A few weeks ago, I found an essay by the writer Kelly Sue Deconnick about a ritual she attended, and I wanted to share her story with you. The ceremony's leader had "set up an oil lamp, a pot of oil and a dropper. She invited her congregation to find light in their lives – at a time when so many people are burdened by fear – by focusing on gratitude. For each recitation of thanks, congregants took a drop of oil from the pot and put it in the lamp."

Just one drop, from each person.

Deconnick described:

"A man with a gaggle of children moved oil in gratitude for families, those chosen and those given. A woman who barely survived a car crash gave thanks for her health in a way that reminded [Deconnick] of how [she took her] own health for granted. A man with palsy asked the minister to move oil on his behalf, in celebration of his many helpers. There were others – many others – moving oil for a hundred different reasons."

Those drops accumulated, and the light of their community grew.

Just one drop, from each person.

Tonight, I would move my drop of oil in gratitude for each of you.

Because of you, we are able to pay our Rabbi and our Executive Director, our Education Director and our teachers, not to mention our rent. That's possible only because so many of you express your gratitude through your financial support.

We've placed envelopes for contribution in your prayerbooks and outside in the foyer. I ask each of you to fill one out and leave it with us when you are able to.

Thank you for moving oil to light our community.

Just one drop, from each person.

Gmar H̄atimah Tova.

Ethan Trooskin-Zoller