



I Left My Heart

By Pam Morris, Early Learning Center director

Scrolling through Facebook specifically, although I am sure it is similar on other social media sites, there are numerous posts about the first day of school. But while the ones that are labeled as the first day of kindergarten or 5th grade are sweet and poignant, it's the ones about dropping the child off at college that really get me.

This year is a rough one. I dropped the youngest off for sophomore year in high school and that one was easy. The second was moving my first into her new home as she begins her next step in her educational journey but out of our home. And then today, I drove several hours away after saying goodbye to my middle.

My heart is split in three. Those giggles coming from down the hall have disappeared. Those screams from the hall about whose shirt or scrunchie it is have also disappeared. In all honesty, I am less upset about the second but nevertheless it means that two are gone.

Now I am proud of their achievements and the paths they have chosen but does it have to hurt so much?

I am feeling guilty though. These separations, no matter how gut-wrenching aren't permanent, are by choice and have definitive breaks built in. There is FaceTime and WhatsApp. There is texting, emojis, Shabbat dinners, sometimes. There are phone calls with questions about textbooks and probably ones to come later about laundry.

What if I was the mom of a hostage? No end in sight. No built-in breaks. No contact. No word even from the Red Cross since they have given up requesting to bring in medical supplies or medication or even to see their treatment.



The news reports have the U.S. putting pressure on Israel. Israel has to agree to demands. Israel has to give up thoughts of not being able to prevent this from happening again.

So, I have left my heart in the West Valley and in Flagstaff. But I know my heart will come home.

Shabbat Shalom.