



Tomorrow is Not Promised

By Pam Morris, Early Learning Center director

I have a morbid thought to share. In the not-so-distant future, when I hear of a high school or college friend who has died, while sad, it will seem inevitable. As I get older, as is typical, people I know will end their time on Earth, in this life, and will go to be with G-d. Now that future is not for another 20-30 years, I hope, but I am closer to this reality than to the beginning of life.

But, I haven't entered this phase yet and am not looking forward to it.

So when I hear of a high school friend or a college friend, whose time has come, I have trouble processing the information. I can't imagine that the boy with whom I joked about the 1989 Mets, Robert Siegel, is no longer around. His life was taken in 2015, just two months shy of his 45th birthday. I can't imagine that my junior prom date's time has come either. Both lost their lives way too soon.

This past weekend, while scrolling through Facebook, a not so noble use of my time, I came across a post that the USY group from New York, METNY region, sadly shared. David Dryerman, *zikhrono livrakha*, was killed in a car accident with his wife and teenage daughter. At just 54 years old, he and his wife left this world; his daughter was only 17. They are survived by their 19-year-old son, Max, a college sophomore.

Now, full disclosure, I haven't spoken to David since my senior year of high school and I haven't thought about him for almost as long. But that doesn't lessen the sadness and the despair I feel knowing that such a kind, caring individual has lost his life much too soon.

Life and death is a delicate balance. Death is a natural part of the human experience and we all need to find ways to accept the inevitable. When it was my 90-plus year old grandmother, this made sense. Even my dad, who died at the age of 74.5 gave him the ability to be with HaShem and breathe again. His death was very tough for my family



and me. We feel his loss very deeply and feel it happened too soon but know that he lived a long life and can accept he was needed with G-d.

But someone my age? The hostages, the music concert attendees, the kibbutz residents that were slaughtered, no. Just no!

I do believe that HaShem has a plan and who am I to request that he shares it?

It is hard to accept that these tragedies really are meant to occur. These premature deaths, they rock my world. They test my faith. They sadden me to no end.

No one knows how long we each will live. We must treat each day as a blessing and live it to the fullest, hugging our loved ones, seizing the moment today to tell them how we feel.

Every moment is a blessing. Tomorrow is not promised, so let us love and appreciate those who are dear to us.

#Shabbat Shalom