



100 Days

By Pam Morris, Early Learning Center director

This past weekend we marked 100 days. 100 days since people were taken, kidnapped at a music festival, ripped from their homes and worse. 100 days since Omri Miran held his two daughters. 100 days of mourning for Daniel Weiss who lost both parents to the atrocities of Hamas. 100 days since baby K'fir and his 4 year old brother, Ariel played in their playhouse. 100 days since Shiri and Jordan hugged Ariel. 100 days since Shiri and Jordan hugged K'fir. 100 days since Shiri and Jordan knew peace.

I ask myself what I have done over the more than 100 days. Did I hug my daughters each and every day? Did I hold my husband's hand and tell him that I love him each and every day? Did I take advantage of the freedom and blessings that I have in my life? I am ashamed to say I didn't.

I take for granted that they will always be there. It is OK if I don't get something done at this moment in time; I can always do it later. But on Oct. 7, we learned that isn't true. The families of the hostages had this very thought on Oct. 6 only to be horrified on Oct. 7. They, too, thought their loved ones would be there. They too thought the world would continue as planned.

Since high school, and I am sure earlier than that, procrastination defined my life. I was famous for "pulling an all nighter" for a cognitive psychology exam at Binghamton. My daughters know that if Mommy says she will pick them up at 3:45, they should put a 15 minute (at least) buffer on that. It's not that I don't pay attention or am fully invested in my obligations. It's that I always think, "There will be time for that later" and then I don't leave on time or plan as well as I should. Even now, I am compiling my thoughts at the last minute so I can get this W.O.W ready for publication. I judge how my week is going by what I have accomplished by Wednesday. If my W.O.W. is complete by Wednesday and the staff schedule and memo are ready as well, then I have had a successful week. This week, not so much. And I try to give myself a pass; there is always next week.



But isn't that what K'fir and Ariel's parents thought? I do try to live in the moment and be present so I don't miss anything; so I don't have any regrets. When my father of blessed memory died, this was more important than ever. When we shut down the world for COVID, it was a shock to my reality, as well as everyone else's, I am sure. But March of 2020 was a reality check. Oct. 7 was a reality check. Procrastination doesn't cut it anymore.

And I don't always get things done ahead of time. I am often working until the very last minute. But I do try to plan ahead so the last minutes can be savored, not rushed through.

100 plus days is a long time when you can't be with the ones you love. How have you used your 100 days? #sendthemhomenow

Shabbat Shalom.