

We grieve for our democracy, for our children, our grandchildren, and for ourselves. For and with all whose bodies and rights are threatened by ignorance and indecency, callousness, and cruelty. For and with all who believed in the promise of this country, who have yearned for and fought for a fair, just, and equitable future, for and with all who held the dream of a redemption story, which now feels more elusive than ever.

And even as we grieve, we must remember: the allure of tyranny is that we go numb, we capitulate. We forget who we are, and that there is another way. We stop dreaming.

When the political reality clashes with our deepest hopes for humanity, we must practice resistance—through compassionate listening. Through tender presence. Through curiosity. Through deep awareness of one another’s humanity. Through truth-telling. We must practice resilience. Patience. Fairness. Humanity. We must remember that we were born to love one another. That showing up for one another is a profound act of courage. That peace is possible. That cynicism is a choice, and so is hope.

In the days ahead, our deepest spiritual work is to make our homes the quiet calm in the storm.

To make our dinner tables a bastion of hospitality and grace.

To make our shuls and our churches and our mosques and our schools true sanctuaries—a light in the darkness.

To make our communities and our neighborhoods oases of love and justice.

Our values are our bedrock, no matter who owns the public square. Even as we grieve, we must be exactly who we were yesterday, but even more so.

As the world gets harder, we must get more tender. The more ruthless our culture and our politics, the more we must embody empathy, curiosity, and care. This is what it means to practice resistance: to work to survive—not only physically, but also spiritually. To remember, always, who we are. Because our most audacious dreams are born in the dark—and one day, when we emerge (because we will emerge!), we will be called to rebuild in the image of our boldest dreams. Let’s make sure we have dreams to guide us.

- Rabbi Sharon Brous