

Sacred Waiting

I remember well when I started contributing articles to Agudas Achim's Monthly Bulletin. I was still in England, waiting for my visa, with all the promise and potential of becoming your Rabbi. Those months felt excruciatingly long and I know it did for you too. Limbo is an emotionally difficult place to be in and writing those articles made our relationship tangible. It allowed us to build a connection across that vast distance of oceans and continents.

I remember scouring the Bulletin for updates. Was there news on my visa? Would we even be able to successfully conclude this audacious project of hiring an overseas Rabbi? Once I arrived here, I heard that many of you held the same fears as I did; a mirror image of each other's hopes.

That process now started four

story. Building up emotional reserves and deep relationships for what came next during these tumultuous times. Counting the days, relishing the road and its respites, pitching our proverbial tent en route to that ever-shimmering ideal. This is not just my family's story. It's the story of all of our lives; it's the Jewish story and the American story.

None of us could ever predict that we would be where we are now. Isn't it strange how some things continue as they are while other things have been existentially upended? My green card process continues at good pace: the USCIS (United States Citizenship and Immigration Services) has asked us to submit the prerequisite medical exam, which we will be doing in a few weeks. This is one of the last stages in the green card process and we are both grateful and hopeful that we are approaching its finalization. Becoming permanent residents will

solidify the intention that we expressed four years ago, by