

OCTOBER SIX

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I wish it was October Six
To have a feeling other than sick.

To be free of despair and outrage too
To feel alive instead of so blue.

To be stuck in the ordinariness of Friday
To see life in color, not a constant gray.

On October six my day was the norm
Of work, of food prep, of pre-Shabbos storm.

Of marinating chicken hours ahead
Of a vase full of roses, not empty instead.
Of a longer hug to express my love
Of lighting candles to thank the one above.

Did I give my clients my personal best?
Did they truly get everything off their chest?
Would my challah taste better than the week before?
Did I grab that wine as I dashed out the store?

That usual day my biggest worry was dinner
would the sukkah hold up on the eighth night, the roof much thinner.
Would our guests prefer zucchini or tomato soup?
Would conversation flow in our eclectic group?

On October six I had only four days to go
Until I would fly to Israel to be with my child and her new life to show.
On October six I thought I had friends on my street
We exchange cookies and cards in December, so sweet.

On October six I felt proud to be a professor
at a public school
And not be accused that I'm some Jewish fool.
On October six I could drive past city hall
And not fear for my life as the traffic light stalls.

While those who hate for the sake of hate
Protest for "freedom" or that kind of fate.

On October six my world was routine, safe and small
How could we have known that Israel would fall?
Prey to terror and barbaric acts
A war of feelings and not even facts.

9:50pm on October six
My daughter called and I thought it's a trick!
There's rockets falling and terrorists outside
And not even a bomb shelter to run and go hide!

Silence fell over our sukkah ever so quick
Sudden fear and confusion resounded so thick.
My friend's apple cake no longer tasted so good
And the almond milk lattes got cold like they should.

All at once, dinner guests stood up to leave
And suddenly on October six we had no reprieve.
From war, and terrorists and antisemitic hate
The threat to Israel for her very state.

No doubt in my mind, she will win
And life will resume and healing will begin
And now I know who my friends truly are
So proud to be Jewish, I count my David's star

For there are days that I wish would never end
On October six I would defend.
That ordinary and mundane means all is well
And there is no threat as far as I could tell.

So I close my eyes and wish and pray
That October six was here to stay.
That for once in my lifetime the number seven
Is a desperate number now reserved for those in heaven.

And in my dream I wake up on October eight
Now I'm 2 days away from boarding at the gate.
To go to Eretz Israel, my soul, my heart
To be in the Zionist dream from the start.

My child and I would walk hand in hand

Along the Mediterranean on soft white sand.
A l'Chaim to her courage and desire for peace
Falafel, shakshuka and shawarma grease!

God bless each of Israel's defenders so strong
And help us all to get along
United we stand and our spirits don't break
Our history shows that they can't take

Our land, our values, our desire for life
No matter all that we must strife.
Am Yisrael Chai for we are one
Our secret weapon: we have nowhere to run.

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