

G*d's Taking My Picture

by Rabbi Zev-Hayyim Feyer

A little girl was walking to school. The weather was questionable, and clouds were forming. As the afternoon progressed, the winds whipped up, along with thunder and lightning.

The girl's mother was concerned that her daughter would be frightened as she walked home from school, and the mom herself feared that the electrical storm might harm her child. Filled with maternal worry, the mother got into her car and drove along the route to her child's school.

She soon saw her daughter walking home. But the daughter's reaction was not at all what the mother expected. With each flash of lightning, the child stopped, looked up, and smiled. As another and another flash followed quickly, the girl repeated her turning to the heavens and smiling.

When the mother's car drew up beside the child, she lowered the window and called to her, "What are you doing? Why do you keep stopping?"

The child answered, "I am trying to look pretty because G*d keeps taking my picture."

In all our lives there are storms. The question is how we face them. What face will we wear to face our fears?