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## Love

*When asked when my husband Hyim and first I met, I say “I have known him since before I was born.” Our families are old friends. We have photographs together from when we were both toddlers. He was one of my first playmates, but during our childhoods, our families grew apart. We shared a common summer camp, where we both continued to return year after year, but where we always seemed to miss one another. Then, one winter night, I was working and he had come to visit. We shared a dance. We found ourselves trapped in a rainstorm together, and we experienced the spark of authentic connection.*

*The following summer, I was a counselor at the camp and he was not, but circumstances allowed him to come and visit on several occasions. We spent enough time together for me to convince him that he should accept a job there for the last weeks of the summer. He did. We flirted, courting as teenagers do.*

*The night that I consider our night of soul recall remains one of my most profound moments of spiritual encounter. Hyim and I had been spending an increasing amount of time together, but we were not yet romantically involved. The following is what I remember. At the time, the*

*experience felt as though it transpired outside of the confines of time and space. It was magical and God was there.*

*I had fallen asleep. I awoke for no reason at 2:00 AM and was compelled to go and look for Hyim. I did not need to look. We met at the crossroad of the camp, each of us approaching simultaneously from opposite directions. He had been with some friends of ours, and they were going to bed.*

*We spent the night sharing our beliefs and our dreams. He was also looking for his soul mate. After hours of talking, we began to doze off, one at a time, each watching the other sleep. During one of my short naps, I had a vivid dream. I dreamt of a place I had never been. I was with Hyim, his brother, and several others whom I did not know. The sights, smells, and tastes of the dream were far more vivid than my usual dream state. I awoke and told Hyim the details, feeling that it was somehow significant. We talked until sunrise. The dream came to pass two weeks later, after we had professed our love. I had dreamt of the most important people in Hyim's life and of my acceptance by them.*

*I have only been blessed with two moments in my life when I have had the direct awareness of God's presence. At each one, and at no other time in my life, I have experienced a memory of something to come, a seeing enabled by the compression of time and space that characterizes the Divine realm.*

*During our first year in Israel, Hyim and I went on a weekend trip with our school community. The trip was to the north of Israel, visiting the ancient town of Tzipori, the city where many of the great early rabbis lived. On the trip, I experienced my second moment of soul-memory.*

*Our group was touring a series of caves that made up the system of aqueducts for the ancient Jewish community of the area. As we moved through the caves, I was overcome with the most overwhelming sense of déjà vu, such that I was forced to exclaim to my walking companion, "I know I have been here before." The feeling was overwhelming, silencing. I spent the morning in awe. I was touring a place where I know I have lived before. At the end of the morning, I approached Hyim. With a few words, we both understood that we were sharing the same memories. The experience was startling.*

*In that moment, my sense of time and my precise location in it broke open. Our knowing, our loving extended far beyond here and now, beyond any capacity for memory I possessed. I knew then that I would walk this lifetime, too, with this soul mate of mine.*