

From: [Rabbi Kara Tav](#)
To: [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)
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5/28

I am taking a break from my "faceless frontline" posts today, to take advantage of this time to write for myself. I hope you understand.

5/27

I guess I hoped that no matter what, I would love my work, but I'm bone tired and sullen and feeling pretty impatient.

I feel exhausted and ragged and so damned angry.

I want myself back!

I want to sink into a book and talk on the phone, and go to shul and plan a vacation and see my girl.

I don't want to feel afraid or anxious or lonely or sad any more.

I need to figure out how to be again. After all of this horror. I don't really want to do the work that's going to take.

A colleague suggested to me that perhaps after all of this, I can identify differently with the Jewish People who wandered through the desert for 40 years and generations of slavery, only to arrive in the Promised Land and have to fight and work savagely hard to make it "home".

Perhaps..

5/28

Today A went home! I knew this day was coming, but I didn't realize how much she meant to me until I went to her room to say farewell. A. was 10 years older than when I first met her, 5 weeks ago. She is my sole survivor. She was a miserable, very sick, diminished old lady with a twinkle in her eye when I first met her. I was covered head to toe with PPE and we couldn't hear each other through her mask and mine. She was on a suicide watch, if you recall. I was indignant that anyone thought she'd actually harm herself. I recall shouting at her doctor that maybe the psychiatrist wanted to do himself in, and he was projecting! I also distinctly remember feeling fearful about Dr.N, who shuck her finger hard at me, and swore "mark my words, Kara. A is going to get better!"

Who's laughing now?!

So I told her Dr N would come tomorrow morning before discharge, but it's a Jewish holiday tomorrow so I won't be at the hospital. I looked in her eyes and asked if I could bless her. "Of course!" She shouts almost indignantly. I had prayed with her a lot these past weeks. She almost expects it, but when I quietly ask "in Hebrew"? She looked kind of perplexed "I won't understand, but okay, go ahead." So I approached her which is unusual, but we have never

touched, so we were both a bit shy. I put my hands on her head, and crouched down on my haunches so we were eye to eye, and I chanted the priestly blessing, caressing her hair, and everything I had been through became clear.

We both cried. "I don't understand what you said, but I felt it. Here (pointing to her chest). I couldn't have done this without you and Dr.N" she whispered.

What she doesn't know is how we couldn't have done this without her.

הג שמח.

Happy, healthy Shavuot.

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