

אני לדודי לדודי לי

The pain seared through the very depths of Solomon's heart, he just could not believe that people could stoop so low. Just two years ago, his marriage had been the envy of the entire town and now everything was lost. A year after his marriage he had embarked on a lengthy business trip and due to matters beyond his control, he had only been able to return home one week ago. It was then that he discovered their treachery. Relatives of his wife Rachel, who had always been jealous of him, had spread vicious lies about him. They had spent months using all kinds of methods of persuasion until finally succeeding in turning even his wife's heart against him and the love that was once the envy of all had turned to hate. "If I could only speak to her for a few minutes I would explain to her how false the accusations against me are," he thought. "She refuses to see you! She hates you!" her relatives told him with glee, taking great pleasure in their success at turning her against him. "Please, I beg of you, just ask her if she's willing to see me even just for a moment." After speaking to Rachel, the relatives returned to Solomon with a look of satisfaction on their faces. "What can we do? She insists that she doesn't want to see your face for even a second." It was then that he hit upon a plan. Feigning to lose his temper he screamed, "How could she turn against me like that?! I'll get my revenge, I'll get my hands on her and she'll feel what pain is." Upon hearing this, Rachel's relatives thought they finally had their chance to forever solidify the hate they had inspired in her and they said: "You know what, if you swear that all you'll do is give her a slap and immediately run out of the house we'll let you in." Solomon agreed to swear to this and immediately was let in to Rachel's room, where upon he gave her a hard slap and immediately ran out the door. However, the evil smiles on the faces of Rachel's relatives immediately turned to shock, as they beheld Rachel jump from her chair and run after Solomon with tears in her eyes crying, "Solomon, how did I ever forsake you! How did I fall for all the lies they told me about you! Please don't leave me now, I'm sick with love for you!" "Rachel! Have you lost your mind?!" her relatives said, "Mere seconds ago you were so filled with hate for him that you refused his pleas to even set eyes upon him for a moment. Then you received a ringing slap from him!" "That is true," she sobbed as she ran out into the street, "but I saw that hand, that hand of the man that deep down in my heart, despite all your lies and brainwashing, I knew loved me so much and this reignited that flame that burst through the layers of lies with the depth and clarity of the ultimate truth of my dear husband's eternal love for me. And now nothing will stop me! I'll find no rest until I bring him back home!" With those words she turned around and ran out into the night.

Shir HaShirim describes to us how, even when we have become so distanced from Hashem that it seems we aren't willing to even open up the door to see him for a moment, when we see Hashem's hand, the eternal and infinite love for Him buried deep within the heart of even the most distanced Jew is awakened, whereupon we run after Him.

