

On one of our trips to Israel, we walked part of the Stations of the Cross in Jerusalem. We saw the place Jesus is supposed to have stumbled, now rubbed smooth by human touch. I understood the need to stroke this special place, as I had spent many days saying to myself that I was walking where David had walked. My footsteps echoed his footsteps, as the Christian Pilgrims felt their touch echoed Jesus' touch.

In this week's parsha, we learn that the first set of tablets, those destroyed by Moses after the incident of the Golden Calf, was written by the finger of God. God's finger?

What might it mean to touch that which God has touched? Would it transform us?

Elevate us? Help us understand how puny we really are?

When I was a small child, my father taught me that this place, the spot between our noses and our mouths, was where God marked us as perfect. I had a childish image of an assembly line of infants, each brought before God for God's imprimatur. For days after, I looked for a person without God's marking, without the divot that establishes each of us as holy. I couldn't find one.

So I believed that each of us was touched by God.

I confess that, for me, humans are holier than tablets, life is holier than history. I would rather look at other people and see God's imprimatur than look at places and things and see God's past presence. I only wish that I could remember to see the holiness in others with the same intensity that I see other, physical aspects of our lives. I hope I can keep the image of God's touch with me as I deal with people, God's last and holiest creation.

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