At the Wailing Wall

I figure I have to come here with my kids, though I’m always ill at ease in holy places, the wars, for one thing – and it’s the substanceless that sets me going: the holy words. Though I do write a note – my girls’ sound future (there’s an evil eye out there; you never know) – and then pick up a broken-backed siddur, the first of many motions to go through. Let’s get them over with. I hate this women’s section almost as much as that one, full of men wrapped in tallises, eyes closed, showing off. But here I am, reciting the Amida anyway. Surprising things can happen when you start to pray. We’ll see if any angels call my bluff.