Le Simplegadi ISSN 1824-5226

Vol. XVII-No. 19 November 2019 DOI: 10.17456/SIMPLE-121

Riane Eisler

Not to Worry, Not to Be Unduly Concerned

On the eleventh day of July sixteen years into the twentieth century, Isak Maimonedes Glanzman ran away from home. He was thirteen years old, a tall thin boy with round brown eyes, strong hands and arms, and straight black hair. He had cut it short for the journey, like that of a peasant, and on his head he wore his older brother's favorite cap. He knew his brother would miss it and he was sorry, but it made him look older and he thought more experienced. He avoided the roads and houses, keeping by the river, which would eventually take him to the provincial capital of Chernowitz. He carried with him a few shirts and handkerchiefs, turnips, cheese and bread to last four days, and his most precious possession, a book of verses by the poet Heinrich Heine. As he walked, he thought of a verse the poet had written about a lonely tree standing silent and sad in the rain, tossing its leaves, moist as if from tears of grief, and he suddenly understood the sadness of the tree and of the poet. He felt sad too, leaving the village where he had lived all his life, and his father and his brothers, and the green woods that would soon be only memories of home. Although he had often walked through the fields and meadows, he had never been this far. There were young saplings along the banks of the river, and behind them, in the distance, black and white cows and brown-roofed houses. He stumbled. When he caught his balance a man got up in front of him, blocking his way.

"Clumsy ox", he shouted in a German that was not the dialect of the province. "That was my face you almost stepped on".

Isak thought of running, but he had dropped the parcel with the book, and there would not be time to pick it up. He spoke instead.

"Excuse me", he said. "I did not see you lying on the ground. Excuse me".

The man grabbed his arm and took a good look at him. "Then your cap must have been over your eyes", he said with a quick laugh. "It is certainly much too big for your head". Isak turned his face and said nothing.

"You are younger than I thought", the man said and let go of Isak's arm. "A runaway, aren't you? And what will they do when they catch you?"

"They won't catch me", Isak said, and quickly picked up his parcel. "I am too far now. It has been months since I left".

The man laughed again. "You have been gone for no more than a day by the looks of you, and they're probably after you right this minute. But never mind. If they catch you, it won't be because of me. I'm a runaway of sorts too, you might say".

"You had better not follow the river any more", he went on. "There is a town coming up, and if they want you back they will be looking for you there. You better go up that hill and stay hidden in the woods for the night".

Isak put his bundle back on his shoulder, and the man licked his lips. "You don't by

any chance have some bread and cheese in there, do you? I'd give anything for a good piece of cheese or some bread. I've had nothing but frogs and roots for weeks and my stomach is aching".

Isak broke off a piece of his bread and the man swallowed it in one bite. He was not very tall and Isak now saw that he was dressed in a ragged grey uniform. He was a young man of perhaps twenty, but his hair and the stubble of his beard were almost white.

"You're not from here", Isak said. "Where do you come from?"

"From far away", the man said, looking greedily at the package. "From Germany".

Isak gave him another piece of bread. "From Germany?" He chose his words carefully because he had never spoken to anyone about these things. "That is a country ruled by the King Frederick". The German laughed. "Yes. Fifty years ago".

"Fifty years ago?" It had never occurred to lsak that the poet Heine might have lived in another time and that he too might be dead.

"Your history lessons are a little out of date", the man said.

"History lessons?" Isak did not know what that meant. He had been sent to school briefly to learn to read and write and to add and subtract, and except for the cheder, where every afternoon the rabbi taught him to read the Torah and the Talmud in that strange language he did not fully understand, that had been all.

"Well, at least you've heard of Germany", the man said. "I bet that's more than a lot of the types around here have. But we'd better get you to the hills before night. Come on". They walked silently until Isak could not stand it anymore. "Heinrich Heine, is he dead too?"

"Who?"

"The poet Heinrich Heine".

The young man stopped and looked at Isak again, very carefully. "What a strange boy you are. What does it matter?"

"Is he dead?"

"I don't know, I imagine so. What difference does it make?" Isak did not answer or ask him anymore, but the man seemed annoyed.

"What does it matter?" he muttered again. "What the devil does it matter?"

He turned, and Isak saw that his face was flushed with anger. "The death of one man more or less is no longer a matter of consequence. Not to me or to anyone else".

Isak had never seen anyone die. He knew about death, that there were different kinds of death, death from illness, death from murder and war and violence, and if he was to believe the poet Heine, death from a broken heart. He looked at the man walking with him and began to suspect that the poet had written the truth about that after all.

"What happened to you?" he asked. "What was it?"

The man looked at Isak for a moment and then turned his head away. "It was the war".

"The war?" Isak had heard there was a war someplace. "But there is no war here".

"There will be soon, sooner than you think".

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I know".

"You are a soldier?"

"Not anymore. I deserted. Two months ago".

"Won't they shoot you when they find you?" The question flew out before he could stop it.

"Yes". The soldier's voice was indifferent. "When they find me".

"Have you been hiding in the woods all this time?"

He shook his head yes. "But I am thinking it might be just as well if I go back".

"But you said they will shoot you".

"That is true. But there is nowhere to go".

"Why don't you come with me", Isak said on impulse. "Come with me to Chernowitz. I am told it is a big city. They will not find you there".

The man shrugged and Isak took it to mean he agreed. His name was Gunther and he knew where to camp for the night and how to make a fire from sticks and shelter it in the earth so it could not be seen from afar. Isak taught him what berries and mushrooms were safe to eat and which were poisonous and a few words of the local dialect. They spent the night in the hills beyond the river, and the next morning they set out again. They walked most of the day, avoiding houses and dogs, and before dark they again found a sheltered place to spend the night. Isak shared his bread and cheese and turnips with the soldier, and after they had eaten they again made a small fire in a hollow in the ground and Isak took out his book and read to himself.

"Will you read to me from your book?" Gunther asked.

Isak hesitated. He was afraid the soldier would make fun of him. He leafed through the book and chose the poem about the weeping tree. The soldier did not laugh.

"Will you read me some more", he asked when Isak was through, and the boy read on in his thin child's voice. When they came to the Hebrew Melodies, Gunther was surprised.

"So Heine was a Jew", he said.

"How do you know that?"

"Only a Jew would speak well of Jews".

"Are Jews bad then?"

"Yes", Gunther said.

"My father is not bad and he is a Jew", Isak said after a while.

"Then why did you run away from home?"

"I was not running away from home", Isak tried to explain, as he had to himself. "I had to go somewhere else and I could not stay and do that too. I love my father. My father is a good Jew and a good man".

The soldier looked at him indifferently. "There are always exceptions to the rule".

"But my mother was Jewish and she was good, and my brothers, they are Jews and they are good. It is the others, the ones who hate us and persecute us who are bad".

The soldier shrugged. "The Jews killed God", he said.

"But God is not dead", the boy said. "God is not dead".

The soldier began to laugh. It was a thin bitter laugh, like the sound of breaking twigs. "If you had seen what I have, you would know there is no God". He got up and began to

pace back and forth. Suddenly he threw himself on the damp earth pounding the ground with his fists. Isak tried to calm him, but the soldier pushed him off. He kept beating the earth, shouting as he pounded, until Isak was afraid someone would hear him and they would be discovered. At last, the soldier's arms went limp and he sprawled out on the grass. Isak sat down next to him.

"We must try to sleep", he said. "It is late and we have little food left and still a long way to go".

The soldier rolled over and looked at him. "So you believe In God". Isak nodded his head.

"In that case", the soldier said, "he must be, in the words of your poet, dying slowly of a broken heart". Isak shuddered at the blasphemy against the Lord.

"The fire has gone out", the soldier said. "We will never survive the night without fire. Go and get more twigs. But remember, take only the dry ones. Be as quiet as you can".

Isak did as he was told. The winter had made the branches of the trees brittle and there were many twigs on the ground. He walked quietly on the soft pine needles under the fallen snow until he saw a red flash in the sky and then another. He ran. He stopped when he saw the men. There were half a dozen of them, with drawn axes and scythes, and Gunther was crouched in their center, trying to shield his face with his arms. When he saw Isak he screamed and reached out his hand to stop him. One of the peasants chopped at him with his axe, and the others threw themselves on his body, cursing him for the fire that was coming out of the sky. They ran when they heard the hoof beats, but the bullets cut them down, one by one. A tall man in a grey uniform got off his horse. He walked over to where Gunther was lying and bent down.

"He's not from our regiment", he said. He turned to an orderly who had followed him. "Can you tell where he belongs?"

"It's hard to tell, sir". The man was trying not to look at Gunther's wounds. "I think it's the M Battalion".

"But that battalion is deployed on the western front", the officer said. He shrugged. "In any case, he is obviously a deserter".

"Shall I finish him off, sir?"

The officer climbed back on his horse. "Do as you like", he said, kicking his mount to start. "We have to move on".

The orderly touched his gun, but when he looked at Gunther again he too jumped on his horse and followed the officer into the woods. When they were gone, Isak ran to his friend. He thought the soldier was trying to say something and bent very close. There were gurgling noises coming out of his mouth with the blood, but he could not make out the words. Isak ripped off his shirt and tried to bandage his wounds, but there were too many. He covered him with his coat. Suddenly the soldier spoke a distinct word. "God". He said nothing after that.

Isak stood up. It was quiet in the forest now and the soft russet of the fires was beginning to fade into the grey smoky night. He buried the soldier in the place where he had been killed. The others he left as they had fallen, strewn around the grave. When he came

to Chernowitz, which had also been heavily shelled, the authorities were rounding up stray children. As soon as he entered the city, he was taken to an orphanage. He knew that he should not tell them he was a Jewish runaway. So he said his name was Isak Phrotzkanovich and that his parents had been killed in the shelling. The orphanage was like a prison, with bars on little windows, and monks in long black robes with huge chains of keys hanging from their waists. Most of them were old and took little interest in him or in the other boys. But one night a young monk with a shaven head and a brisk way of walking, bent over him.

"I see you reading that little book all the time". He reached out. "Show it to me".

It was an order, and Isak obeyed.

"Heine". The monk took one of Isak's hands. "You have the hands of a peasant".

He laughed then. "Those are your hands. They can be seen. But who can see into another's heart?"

The next day the young monk, whose name was Gregor, took the boy with him to the library. It was a large room, the largest room Isak had ever seen, and every inch was filled with books. Under the tutelage of Gregor, Isak began to read them. They were mostly books about God, commentaries and interpretations of the Bible, histories of the Church, the writings of St. Paul, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas of Aquinas. But there were also stories of the lives of the saints, and a whole section on mysticism, which Gregor, who was very interested in these matters, said were other paths to God. Gregor always talked with Isak about the books he gave him to read. Sometimes their conversations lasted into the night, so that the next day the boy was barely able to stay awake. As it was the custom of the monks to punish their charges by beatings, they cost him dearly. But Isak dug his nails into the cushions of his palms until he drew blood, and repeated to himself that each beating was, as the books and Gregor said, only another opportunity to come closer to his God.

He knew his God was the Jewish God, and as far as he could tell, Gregor's God was one and the same. But Gregor said that because his only son had been killed by the Jews, God was now only the God of the Christians. Isak did not see how this could have happened. He thought about it a great deal, but he knew it was not a subject he could ever discuss with the young monk who had become his only friend.

"Do you think, Isak", Gregor asked one day when the city was again severely shelled, "that God was here this morning when the bombs fell?"

"He must have been", Isak said without hesitation. "For God is everywhere". The shelling went on almost every day now, and the monastery also became an emergency hospital. Because of the shortage of trained people, the monks took over the duties of nurses and sometimes even of doctors. When a typhoid epidemic broke out in the city, Gregor worked day and night with the sick and the wounded.

After that he did not seem the same anymore. Isak saw how troubled he was, how every day he grew thinner and more haggard. He was saddened by the change in his friend but he did not know what to do. One day when Isak had been in the orphanage almost half a year, Gregor asked him what he wanted to do when he grew up. The question caught the boy by surprise, but he did not hesitate. "I want to learn".

Gregor laughed. "That is good", he said, "because I have arranged for you to take the state examinations in the fall. You will have to study very hard to prepare yourself".

Gregor had obtained special permission, and Isak was excused from all his duties. He studied from early morning until late at night. The books the monk now brought him were about another world, a world where instead of angels there was in the heavens a planet called earth that rotated around a star called sun, a world where animals and people were dissected into bodily components called spleens and livers and veins and muscles. It was a world of discoveries, where numbers, which Isak had until then used only to count potatoes and sheets and to add and subtract, came together in perfect geometric formulations. It was a world not of spirit, but of matter, a world of continents and oceans and statesmen and generals, a world where Isak learned that when the soldier had said history lessons he had meant the cataloging of past events into battles in many places and for many reasons that Isak still did not understand.

And where is God in all of this? he kept asking himself. But he did not ask the question of Gregor, partly because he was afraid, and partly because he suspected that his friend, who had not been well, might not know the answer. Late one night while Gregor was helping him with his Latin declensions, the young monk collapsed. The doctor said he had tuberculosis and a few days later he was taken away to a retreat in the country. Isak took his tests and was admitted to the gymnasium and given the scholarship Gregor had applied for on his behalf.

He saw the monk one more time, during the Easter vacation of his first year, when he went to visit him in the sanatorium. The war was still going on, but the land through which his train passed was peaceful and unaltered and in the fields the new green grass was growing. Gregor's skin was as thin as the old yellow parchments they used to read together in the library, and Isak knew that he would soon die.

"It must be God's will", the monk said in a flat thin voice. "You must never lose your faith in the Lord, Isak, even if His ways are inscrutable and His will sometimes wanders like a yearling in the spring".

He spoke on like that, and Isak tried to hold back his tears. But when he embraced him for the last time and felt how light his body had become, he ran out of the room. When he tried to come back, the nun would not let him in. In the end, he had to leave without ever seeing his friend again. Isak finished gymnasium and went on to the university. He had a larger scholarship now, so that he had enough left to return to his father's house every summer. There he was treated like an important person, an honored visitor from another place, in short, like a stranger. He rolled up his sleeves and worked with his brothers in the fields, but they thought the way he did things very peculiar and laughed at him for his awkwardness and his lack of knowledge of even the simplest of things.

Every summer that passed his father was more silent and more distant, until it became clear to Isak that to the old man his visits brought no joy. Perhaps he has never forgiven me for leaving, he thought. But whenever he overheard his father speaking about him to other people, it was with such pride that at first he could hardly believe that it was he that was being talked about. So if he is not angry, then what is it, he asked himself again and again at night, tossing and turning on the straw bed he now no longer found comfortable. Perhaps if I go back to the cheder, he thought, and again study the ancient texts, perhaps that will ple-

ase him. But when Isak told his younger brother he wanted to come with him to the cheder, Yankel, who was usually quiet and obedient, jumped up and raised his voice in a loud no.

"But why?" Isak insisted.

"I will not go", the boy shouted. "If you come to the cheder, I will not go".

"But you go every afternoon".

"Not if you come".

"But why?"

Yankel sat down and stared at the wall.

"Come on, Yankel. Why?" Isak was the one shouting now. "I want the truth".

Finally their father came in to deal with the quarrel.

"What is this?" the old man said, turning sternly to his youngest son. "What has gotten into you? I order you to go with your brother at once".

Yankel did not turn his eyes from the wall.

"You will disobey your father!" The old man lifted his hand to strike his son.

"I can't", the boy screamed. "I can't. They say he's not a Jew anymore, even the rabbi, that he's a goy". He burst into tears and ran outside.

Isak's father dropped his hand and avoided his son's eyes.

"Are you angry at me, Papa?"

The old man's voice was still harsh. "Angry? Should I be angry at you?"

Isak had never told his father what had happened at the orphanage, how he had lied about being a Jew, or about the monk, Gregor. He now saw that even without that, to his father he was no longer a good Jew, perhaps no longer a Jew at all.

"Should I be angry with you?" the old man asked again, and Isak saw that he was really asking himself the question. "Have you done anything that I should be angry about?"

"No, Papa" Isak said quickly, and his voice trembled, as it had when he was a child caught in a lie. "No, Papa".

"Then Yankel was wrong", the old man said in a hard voice.

"Yankel is right", Isak said quickly. "It is hard enough for him if they say that I am…" His father would not let him finish. "If you think of yourself as a good Jew, if you are righteous and if you observe the Jewish laws, that is all that matters before God".

Isak felt closer to his father then than he had ever before in his life, and for a few days after that he was happy. But after a while it seemed to him that his father avoided him even more now, and instead of better, everything had somehow become much worse. The following spring Isak wrote his father that he might not be able to come home for the summer. He could tell from the letter his family wrote back that they were less hurt than relieved. He continued his studies at the medical faculty in Bucharest, which for a Jew was almost unheard of, and when he graduated he was first in his class. He practiced medicine not only in the tradition of Hippocrates but also in that of Maimonides. He soon became one of the most sought-after medical men in Europe. Some of his colleagues suspected him of unorthodoxy and accused him of being a charlatan, but even they could not deny that his methods brought results, often in cases where more eminent doctors had failed. Isak still studied, not only all the new methods and theories about the human body and healing, but about everything.

He read voraciously, science, history, philosophy, poetry. Sometimes he went back to the old books he had discovered in the library of the monastery, of St. Catherine and St. Thomas of Aquinas. As he read he discovered a whole Jewish strain of mysticism, the Kabbala, the Hasidic fables and prayers, and later the philosophy and writings of Martin Buber.

Although he was often invited, he rarely attended social events. He had warm friendships, but no close ones, and through the years, a number of bittersweet love affairs, most of them with women somewhat older than he. He did not know why, but the tenderness of women caused him pain. Although in many ways he preferred their company to that of most men, and although he missed the pleasure they could give his body, he began more and more to avoid them.

He had never felt very close to his mother, who died when he was three, except in his dreams when he was a boy, where she always cried bitterly. He did not like to think of fear or pain, and although his mother still sometimes appeared in his dreams he rarely remembered them in the morning. He was in practice in Bucharest for two years when he was invited to join the faculty of the most famous medical school in Vienna. Since he never married or developed any other ties that would keep him in one place, he accepted right away. It was a time in Europe when people were still talking of humanism, but more and more the thoughts of the multitudes and their leaders were turning to politics and to power. In the thirties in Germany, anti-Semitism, which had for some time been dormant in the west, flared up into a violence resembling the pogroms of the Russians and the Poles.

A few months after the Germans entered Vienna, Isak received a letter relieving him of his post in the University and in the hospital where he was chief of staff, and he decided that the time had come for him to leave. He had learned to like Vienna, its old buildings, its parks, the charm of its people and its music, but his entire life had been so taken up with his work that when that was taken away from him there was no real reason to stay. I will go home, he thought, I will go away from this place, back to the country where it is still quiet and peaceful, back to the land. Since these matters were of no consequence to him, he had never given up his original citizenship, which after the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire during the First World War, had become Romanian. As a citizen of that country, he did not even need a visa to enter it, and therefore he had little trouble getting out of Nazi Austria, even though he was a Jew.

They are right, he thought on the train crossing the border. He saw things differently now, from a new perspective. He looked at the people in the train stations, at the peasants working in the fields, at the elegant men and women sipping wine in the dining car. These are not my people, I do not belong with these people, I am not one of them. Isak had stayed in touch with his family and he always wrote to them for the Jewish High Holidays, exchanging with them wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year. His older brother had emigrated to America. But his younger brother Yankel and his father still lived on the same farm in the little village of Strojinitz. He was surprised how little it had changed. In twenty years the houses had become a little more shabby and the church, which once had been so grand and large, had shrunk to no more than a little white house with a small onion-domed tower. Yankel he would not have recognized, he had grown so large and tall. But like the

church, his father seemed to have shrunk. There were tears in his eyes when he embraced his son at the train station. "I thought I would not live to see you", he said, and kissed him on both cheeks, something Isak could not remember since he was a child.

They brought him home from the station to a laden table, and Isak saw that they were using their best dishes though it was not a holiday and that half the barnyard had been slaughtered in his honor. But the gaiety of the table was forced and there hung over them all, over his father and Yankel and his wife and their two children, a sadness. He thought at first that it was his presence that affected them so, but as the days went on he realized that it was a gloom, a greyness of mood that hung over all the Jews, and that while they rarely mentioned it by name, it was the old fear of death by Christian hands. When they heard that a famous doctor from Vienna had come to the Romanian provinces, the aristocracy of the region flocked to see him. Soon their friends and relatives came from other parts of the country and even from the capital. He listened carefully to their complaints as they each in their turn filed into the small cottage on the outskirts of the village where he had set up his dispensary and where he also lived. He treated them all the same, the Jews, the peasants, and the ladies and gentlemen. They were surprised at the simplicity of his equipment and at the absence of the usual surgical tools and knives.

"I have not operated in years", he explained when pressed. "I have come to believe the human body can heal itself, given half a chance. In any case", he added, "I am not a surgeon. For that one needs to know how to cut and sew and I was never very good at either".

Some thought he was crazy, or worse. But since he helped many, they came back, sometimes simply to say thanks, with words or with food or with another gift. His favourite present had been a cake baked by an old peasant woman he had treated. She had made it especially for him the one time when he had become sick himself during a flu epidemic. It was a large yellow cake on which she had managed to cram in the inscription, 'Not to Worry, Not to Be Unduly Concerned', which was what he always said to everybody who came to see him.

There were days when the line in front of his office spilled out into the street and it became almost a social gathering, so much so that when an enterprising Jew opened a coffee house across the street, it became an overnight success. Sometimes Isak thought of Vienna, of his students at the University, and he missed their eager questions and their awe of the human body. He remembered the concerts, the opera, the parks, the museums. At times he felt a certain regret for the loss of his friends, more than he had thought he would. But on the whole, he was happy in Strojinitz. He worked hard and long hours, but he had done that all his life. He enjoyed the walks he took early every morning and at dusk, his reading, the daily writing of his journal, and most of all, a new and unexpected pleasure, the company of his brother's small daughter and son. The boy was called Jehuda and his little sister's name was Ruth, and they always reached for his hands and called him Uncle Doctor and would have asked him questions from morning until night.

"Uncle Doctor, where do potato pancakes disappear after we eat them?"

"Why do sparrows fly?"

"Why are clouds white?"

"Is God angry when it thunders?"

They often came with him on his walks, and he spent every Shabbat with them and told them stories, sometimes read them a poem, answered all their questions, and every day he gave thanks to God for bringing these two children that he loved so very much into the world. Sometimes now he dreamed about his mother and when he woke up in the morning, he remembered her sad and lovely face. There were also strong memories of women he had loved when he was young, of cities he had seen, of large discoveries, and of little pleasures. He found himself thinking a great deal of the young monk Gregor, of his mother when he was small, and of God. His father liked to speak to him of God, of the God of Israel, of Abraham, and of Jacob. He was afraid, his father, afraid of the rumblings of war, afraid of the stories that were beginning to reach the village, afraid of the Germans and of what they were doing to the Jews.

"Why", he said to Isak one day, "is God permitting this thing to happen? Why won't He look after His people? Why is He letting us die?"

"He must be busy", Isak muttered absently, and only then did he become aware of what he had said.

"But if God is too busy to help", the old man asked, "who will?"

"That was a foolish thing I said, Papa. God is never too busy. If there is suffering in this world it is surely because it is God's will, because it must be so. God would not permit it otherwise".

The old man looked at him, as a child to its father.

"It is God's will", he repeated, and his voice was calm. "It was God's will that you go away, that you become a famous doctor, and that you come home again. It was God's will that you make people feel good, and so it must be God's will that our people suffer and die at the hands of our enemies". They walked silently for a while.

"Have you heard, Isak, that the Germans have entered Chernowitz?" Isak nodded.

"A woman who escaped from Poland said that they are rounding up all the Jews of Europe and burning them in ovens", the-old man said and his voice began to shake. "Do you think that is God's will?"

Isak reached out to steady his father. When he touched his arm, he felt the pounding of his heart and saw that the old man was gasping for air. He helped him lie down on the grass and opened his coat and shirt.

"I am going to die", the old man said.

"No, Papa, you're not going to die, you're going to be fine", Isak began to massage his heart.

He clutched his son's hand. "Help me". Isak continued to massage his father's chest, but he could feel the heart becoming weaker and weaker, until the beat was like a whisper coming from far away.

"I am dying", the old man gasped and his face became convulsed with terror.

"You will be fine, Papa", Isak heard himself say. "Everything will be fine". But the old man would not be comforted and his body shuddered and heaved for breath. Isak put his mouth on his father's and tried to give his breath to him. At last he let himself believe that

his father was dead. He let his lips touch his one last time and stood up. He pulled his father's eyelids over his frightened dead eyes and looked at his face. It did not look peaceful in death. Isak looked away and for the first time in many years he remembered the young soldier who had died not far away so long ago. He stood for a long time, thinking of his dead father, and of Gregor and the soldier, and of his brother and his wife and of Jehuda and Ruth who were still alive, and he raised his eyes to God. The sky was grey red and behind the clouds the sun was beginning to go down. He felt an overwhelming heaviness, a weight of insupportable sadness, a hollowness of hopelessness and loss.

Suddenly he remembered the words the mutilated soldier had spoken the night when he was killed. "If there is a God, He must be dying slowly of a broken heart". He was surprised to hear that someone was laughing. "Don't worry. God", he heard himself say, and he realized that it had been his own laugh that he had heard before. "Don't worry God, everything is going to be all right".

Riane Eisler holds degrees in sociology and law from the University of California Los Angeles (UCLA). She has taught at UCLA, The California Institute of Integral Studies, and the University of Alabama, and is Editor in Chief of the Interdisciplinary Journal of Partnership Studies, an online, peer-reviewed, free-access publication inspired by her work housed at the University of Minnesota. She is president of the Center for Partnership Studies (CPS), dedicated to research and education. Her books include *The Chalice and The Blade. Our History, Our Future* (Harper & Row 1987) now in its 56th U.S. printing and 26 foreign editions, *The Real Wealth of Nations: Creating a Caring Economics* (Berrett-Koehler Publishers 2007), which inspired the development of Social Wealth Economic Indicators as realistic measures of economic health, and *Nurturing Our Humanity: How Domination and Partnership Shape Our Brains, Lives, and Future*, co-authored with anthropologist Douglas Fry (Oxford University Press 2019).
center@partnershipway.org