



I spent many of my younger years trying to be someone else. As popular as Robert. As intelligent as Catherine. As successful as Wilson. As holy as Father Leander. Most people know what I'm talking about and it will come as no surprise that I was unsuccessful in all these ventures.

In his *Tales of the Hasidism* Martin Buber (1878–1965) has a very poignant story.

A rabbi named Zuzya died and went to stand before the judgment seat of God. As he waited for God to appear, he grew nervous thinking about his life and how little he had done. He began to

imagine that God was going to ask him, "Why weren't you Moses or why weren't you Solomon or why weren't you David?" But when God appeared, the rabbi was surprised. God simply asked, "Why weren't you Zuzya?"

I can imagine Buber's God patiently sighing and saying, "I didn't need another Moses, or Solomon, I needed you." So then I ask myself how have I been doing at being me? How have you been at being you? Could it be that there is a serious shortage of Zuzyas in the world?

Brother Toby

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