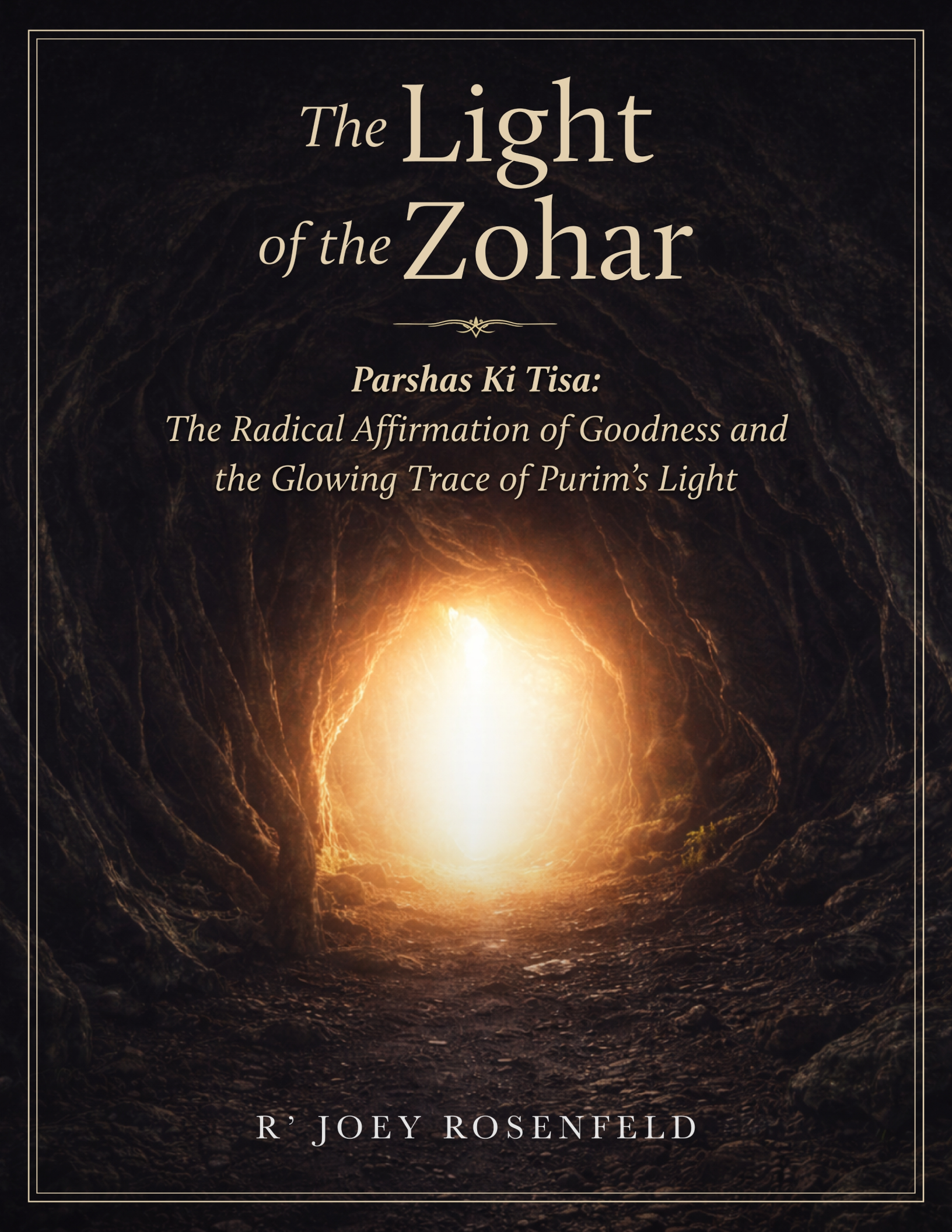




The Light *of the* Zohar



*Parshas Ki Tisa:
The Radical Affirmation of Goodness and
the Glowing Trace of Purim's Light*

R' JOEY ROSENFELD

— *The Light of the Zohar* —

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R' JOEY ROSENFELD

פֿתַח רַבִּי יוֹסִי וְאָמַר, (ישעיהו מ"א:י"א) הֵן יְבוֹשׁוּ וְיִכְלְמוּ כָל הַנִּחְרִים בְּךָ וְגו'. זַמִּין קוּדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא לְמַעַבְד לַיִשְׂרָאֵל, כָּל אֵיגוֹן טְבָאן, דְּקִאָמַר עַל יְדֵי גְבִיאֵי קִשּׁוּט, וַיִּשְׂרָאֵל סָבְלוּ עֲלֵיהוֹן, כְּמָה בִּישׁוּן בְּגִלְוִתְהוֹן. וְאַלְמָלָא כָּל אֵיגוֹן טְבָאן דְּקִאָ מְחַפָּאן וְחֻמָּאן פְּתִיבִין בְּאוֹרֵייתָא, לֹא הָווּ יִכְלִין לְמִיקָם וּלְמַסְכַּל גְּלוּתָא.

אַבְל אַזְלִין לְבִי מְדַרְשׁוֹת, פֿתַחֲתִין סְפָרִין, וְחֻמָּאן כָּל אֵיגוֹן טְבָאן, דְּקִאָ מְחַפָּן, וְחֻמָּאן פְּתִיבִין בְּאוֹרֵייתָא, דְּאַבְטַח לֹוֹן קוּדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא עֲלֵיהוּ, וּמִתְנַחֲמִין בְּגִלְוִתְהוֹן, וְשָׂאָר עֲמִין מְחַרְפִּין וּמַגְדִּפִּין לֹוֹן, וְאָמַרִי אֵן הוּא אֱלֹהִיכוֹן, אֵן אֵיגוֹן טְבָאן דְּאַתּוֹן אָמַרִין דְּזַמִּיגִין לְכוֹן, וְכִי כָּל עֲמִין דְּעֵלְמָא יִכְסְפוֹן מִנֵּיכוֹ.

הָדָא הוּא דְּכַתִּיב, (ישעיהו ס"ו:ה') שְׁמַעוּ דְּבַר יְיָ הַחֲרָדִים אֶל דְּבָרוֹ אָמְרוּ אַחֲיָכֶם שׁוֹנְאִיכֶם וְגו'. מֵאִי הַחֲרָדִים אֶל דְּבָרוֹ, אֵיגוֹן דְּסָבְלוּ כְּמָה בִּישׁוּן, כְּמָה שְׁמוּעוֹת שְׁמַעִי, אֵלִין עַל אֵלִין, וְאַלִּין בְּתַר אֵלִין, וְחֲרִידָן עֲלֵיהוֹן, כְּמָה דְּאַתָּ אָמַר (ירמיהו ל"ה') כִּי וְגו' קוֹל תִּרְדָּה שְׁמַעְנוּ פֶּתַח וְאִין שְׁלוֹם וְגו'. אֵיגוֹן חֲרָדִים תִּדִּיר אֶל דְּבָרוֹ כַּד אֶתְעָבִיד דִּינָא.

אָמְרוּ אַחֲיָכֶם שׁוֹנְאִיכֶם, אֵלִין אֵיגוֹן אַחוּכוֹן בְּנֵי עֲשׂוֹ. מְגַדִּיכֶם, כְּמָה דְּאַתָּ אָמַר (איכה ד':ט"ו) סוּרוּ טָמֵא קְרָאוּ לָמוֹ. דְּלִית עֲמָא דְּקִאָ מְבוּזִין לֹוֹן בְּאַנְפִּי, וּמְרַקְקִין בְּאַנְפֵּיהוּ לַיִשְׂרָאֵל כְּבִנֵּי אָדוּם. וְאָמַרִי כְּלָהוּ מִסְּאָבִין כְּנֻדָּה, וְדָא אִיהוּ מְגַדִּיכֶם. לְמַעַן שְׁמִי יִכְבַּד יְיָ, אֵגוֹן (דְּאַמְרִין) בְּנוֹי דְּאֵל חֵי. דִּי בֶן יִתְיַקֵּר שְׁמִיהּ. אֵגוֹן שְׁלִטְנִין עַל עֵלְמָא בְּגִין הֵהוּא דְּאַקְרִי גְדוֹל. (בראשית כ"ז:ה') עֲשׂוֹ בְּנוֹ הַגְּדוֹל. וּבִשְׁמָא דָּא אָקְרִי קוּדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא גְדוֹל, (תהילים קמ"ה:ג') גְּדוֹל יְיָ וּמְהוֹלָל מְאֹד. אֵגוֹן בְּנֵי הַגְּדוֹל, וְאִיהוּ גְדוֹל. וְדָא לְמַעַן שְׁמִי יִכְבַּד יְיָ.

Rabbi Yosi opened and said:

“Behold, all those who are incensed against you shall be ashamed and disgraced...” (Isaiah 41:11).

The Holy One, blessed be He, is destined to perform for Israel all the goodness that He proclaimed through the prophets of truth. Yet Israel has endured upon themselves many sufferings throughout their exile. And were it not for all those promises of goodness that they await and see written in the Torah, they would not be able to stand or endure the exile.

But they go to the study houses. They open the sacred books, and they behold all that goodness which awaits them, and they see it written in the Torah—how the Holy One, blessed be He, has assured it to them. And thus they are comforted in their exile.

Meanwhile, the other nations mock and blaspheme them, saying:

“Where is your God? Where are those good things that you say are prepared for you? Surely all the nations of the world are stronger than you.”

This is what is written:

“Hear the word of the Lord, you who tremble at His word: your brothers who hate you...” (Isaiah 66:5).

What does “those who tremble at His word” mean?

These are the ones who have endured many hardships. They have heard many troubling reports, one after another, wave upon wave, and they tremble because of them—just as it says:

“For thus says the Lord: We have heard a voice of trembling, of fear and not of peace.” (Jeremiah 30:5).

These are those who constantly tremble at His word when judgment is carried out.

“Your brothers who hate you.”

These are your brothers—the children of Esau.

“Who cast you out.”

As it says: “Depart! Unclean!” they cry to them. (Lamentations 4:15).

For there is no nation that despises Israel openly and spits in their faces as do the children of Edom. They say: "All of them are impure like a menstruant." This is the meaning of "those who cast you out."

*They say: "For the sake of My name, let the Lord be glorified."
For we—so they claim—are the sons of the living God, and through us His name will be honored. We rule the world because of the one who is called great, as it is written:*

"Esau his elder son." (Genesis 27:5)

And by this name the Holy One, blessed be He, is called Great, as it says:

"Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised." (Psalms 145:3)

"We are the children of the Great One, and He is great. Therefore, for the sake of My name the Lord shall be honored."

But you are the smallest of all... (Genesis 27:15).

Drawing Moshe into Rashbi

Be'ezrat HaShem, we're continuing our weekly shiurim on the Zohar haKadosh with a singular, guiding avodah: drawing down the light of Moshe Rabbeinu into the vessels of Rebbe Shimon bar Yochai. In other words, unifying Chochmah and Binah, unifying the radical simplicity of *ein od milvado*, associated with Moshe, with the lived experience of concealment, associated with Rashbi. It isn't enough to "run up" into the illumination of Moshe, and it isn't enough to "remain down" in the concealment of Rashbi. The task is to live with both at once, so that when we find ourselves in the severity of Binah, we know Moshe's light is there; and when we find ourselves in Moshe's clarity, we remember that Rashbi's kelim are there too. The secret is *ani ve'ayin be'vat achat*: Chochmah as ayin, and Binah as yesh, both held together without splitting the soul in two.

The Danger of Splitting Reality

This unity isn't a poetic ideal. The danger of living with separation between these two modalities is painfully real. If a person relates to Chochmah—Moshe's unity—as something that "leaves the scene" the moment they enter Binah, then

concealment becomes not only difficult, but terrifying. The suffering of galus is already a crucible; but when it's experienced as proof of separation from HaKadosh Baruch Hu, it becomes despair itself. Yes, a person descends into Binah. Yes, a person must pass through severity, through the flames of *gevurah*, through the thicket of darkness. But to do so without the awareness that Chochmah is present even there is to stand at the threshold of despair, feeling lost and overwhelmed, as if the pain itself is evidence of abandonment.

Exile as the Incubator of Hidden Chochmah

Therefore, as we descend into Binah—the world of Rebbe Shimon, the world of Torah she'be'al Peh, the world of forgetfulness and the desperate need for memory—we must carry one thing without compromise: Moshe Rabbeinu's light is there. That is the fundamental purpose of exile. We leave redemption, which is Chochmah; we enter exile, which is Binah; and precisely there we must discover that Chochmah was never actually absent. It is humble, silent, patient, concealed enough to allow Binah to do what it must do, but present enough to prevent the soul from collapsing into

meaninglessness. This is the long history of exile: entering *Ir Shushan* where everything feels confounding; enduring concealment within concealment, feeling as though Haman has some element of control; living through the ache of “we ate from the feast of Achashverosh.” And then, slowly, painfully and pleurably, learning that the hidden light was there all along.

The Zohar’s First Consolation: Promises That Sustain Us

This is why the Zohar insists on reminding us, again and again, that Chochmah is always there. This is the light of Purim, whose entire secret is the revelation that the heart of concealment was also a place of deeper connection, and so we begin with the Zohar of this week’s parsha that holds a connection with the trace of Purim’s light. ***Pasach Rebbe Yossi ve’amar:*** Rebbe Yossi, the numerical value of eighty-six who embodies gevurah and din, opens with a future-facing promise, because he knows his din is never actually severed from the light of Chochmah.

He teaches: “*Hein yevoshu ve’yikalmu kol ha’necharim bach.*” HaKadosh Baruch Hu will yet give Bnei Yisrael all the goodness spoken by the true

prophets, and that goodness will be revealed through the suffering we endured in exile. Then the Zohar intensifies the point: if not for the promises of future good, hidden within Torah, Nevi’im, and Kesuvim, we could not survive exile. But what do we do when we can’t find the light of comfort? We go to the *batei midrash* and the shuls. We open up the holy books. We look directly at the promises written there, and in that encounter we receive comfort, the *nechamah* and the strength to endure.

The other nations mock, planting existential dread: maybe HaKadosh Baruch Hu forgot you. But the sefarim testify otherwise. The Ruach ha’Kodesh embedded in Torah becomes our proof that we are not alone. Here is the first nesting of Chochmah inside Binah: Binah is the state of exile and suffering, but the capacity to bear it comes from the concealed light of Chochmah that lives inside the very language of a promised future.

“Vadai”-and Yet the Question Still Burns

The Zohar continues. ***Amar Rebbe Chiya: hachi hu vadai.*** Yes. Certainly. It is true on the level of *vadai* and truth: within Binah there is always the nested light of Yesod de’Abba, the hidden

revelation of *ein od milvado* within everything that feels like “od”, another difficulty, another concealment. We know the secret of faith that enables us to trust, yet Rebbe Chiya voices what the heart screams: enough already. The exile stretches on; tzaddikim and men of spirit come and go; the son of Dovid is still not here.

Rebbe Yossi answers to Rebbe Chiya: the work is precisely to keep returning, to keep entering the batei midrash, opening the holy books, absorbing the promises, receiving nechamah, until we can develop the inner capacity *ulemishbal kol mah de-yeisei aleihu*, to endure whatever passes over us. Without this, we could not tolerate exile at all. The Zohar is not naïve about the length; it is teaching the only way the soul survives: discovering Chochmah *within* Binah, not instead of it.

The Question of Living With Chochmah While in Binah

At this point the teaching becomes acute: what is the ground-level relationship between concealment and Chochmah? When I am in Binah, when I am in exile, suffering and confusion, what am I meant to do with the knowledge that Chochmah is present? Am I supposed to “negate” concealment

by insisting it isn’t real, thereby erasing the pain? Or am I meant to live inside the concealment, taking shape within it, and rely only on a remez, *dai l’chakima b’realiza*—that Chochmah is there?

This is not a philosophical puzzle. It is the question of how a person processes darkness without being destroyed by it. How does one draw down Moshe Rabbeinu’s light, Yesod d’Abba, into lived suffering in a way that is real, responsible, and transformative?

No Father Like HaKadosh Baruch Hu

The Zohar answers through a mashal of father, mother, and child. *Amar Rebbe Yossi: lav havei abba rachman al banei k’Kudsha Brich Hu*. There is no father as compassionate as HaKadosh Baruch Hu. In the mashal, the son transgresses, falls further and further, even into the *beis ha’zonos*—a place of depravity and hopelessness. The king grows angry, seeking correction. The mother pleads for patience: he will return. The king trusts her, and the process repeats: return, relapse, disappointment. Eventually the king sends the mother with the son into exile, hoping her presence will awaken return.

This is the architecture of exile: *Malchut*, *Shechinah*, “the mother,” remains with us. We still have *emunah* that HaKadosh Baruch Hu is with us. But the “father,” *Chochmah*, seems to step aside– so that we experience what it means to live in concealment. The Zohar is about to teach how, precisely there, we come to truly understand that *Chochmah* is never truly gone.

“Lo Nafal”–But Only the Good Words

Rebbe Yossi brings a pasuk: “*Lo nafal davar echad mi’kol devaro ha-tov.*” Not one of the good words HaKadosh Baruch Hu spoke will ever fall away. And the Zohar makes a razor-sharp distinction: had the pasuk said “not one of His words” without qualification, the world would be unbearable. Because then even the words of *din*, every threatened punishment, every harsh decree, would possess eternal persistence as reality. It would be *noach l’alma d’lo itbari*.

But the pasuk says *devaro ha’tov*. Only the good words endure in *nitzchius*. Here the Zohar establishes the principle that protects us in exile: the “bad words,” the *dinim*, the threats, the *retzu’a*, these may be raised, they may be felt, they may structure the *avodah* of *Binah*, but they are not the ultimate

reality of history. The only reality that remains true across all circumstances is HaKadosh Baruch Hu’s goodness. Concealment can feel true inside concealment, but in the circumstance of revelation it will no longer hold ontological weight. *Emet* is what remains true no matter the world you are standing in; therefore the “good words” are *emet*, and the concealment is transient.

The Retzu’a That Rises– and the Right Arm That Holds It Back

And still, the Zohar refuses to let us cheapen the *avodah*. Even if the “bad words” are not eternal truth, they are part of the theatre of exile that forms the soul. The Zohar describes HaKadosh Baruch Hu raising the *retzu’a*–raising *din*– yet *imma* comes and holds it back. *Malchut* awakens the right arm: *chesed*. The *retzu’a* exists, but it does not come down fully. This is the paradoxical simultaneity: *be’eisa chada*– at one time both are happening. The world feels like *Achashverosh*, like *Haman* who stands at the ready, as if the ring was removed, like the threat is real; and at that very same point, *chesed* is being awakened, because the purpose of the entire system is the revelation of Hashem’s ultimate goodness.

This is not denial of suffering. It is a metaphysical framing: *din* is real as process, but not real as final truth. The world is structured so that what overtakes, what remains, what becomes nitzchi, is the chesed, the Chochmah that is always already present within the Binah.

Cheit Ha'Eigel: When Moshe Himself Must Learn Malchut

Then the Zohar shocks us with the example of *cheit ha'eigel*. If this is usually the role of “*imma*”—Malchut holding back the father’s arm— why does it become Moshe Rabbeinu’s role? The Zohar reads the pasuk: “***Leich reid ki shichas amcha.***” Go down, your nation has corrupted itself. HaKadosh Baruch Hu raises the retzu’a. And Moshe, who knows Chochmah but has not yet learned the pathways of Malchut and Binah, is silent. He takes the threat literally.

So HaKadosh Baruch Hu teaches him. “***Ve’ata hanicha li.***” Let go of Me—so I can destroy them. It is a hint, a provocation, an education: Moshe must descend from Chochmah into the territory of concealment to discover the secret that the retzu’a is not the ultimate desire. Moshe then stands up—*k’vayachol* grabs HaKadosh Baruch Hu’s hands, and refuses to let the

punishment descend. He awakens the memory of Avraham, the *chesed d’ava kol yoma*, and the retzu’a does not come down.

Here Moshe learns what the mother usually “knows”: that even when the child fails, the deepest truth is *rachamim rabim*, boundless compassion. The descent is not to validate *din*; it is to reveal the deeper Chochmah that *din* itself is serving.

The Maharal’s Clarity: Mikreh Versus Etzem

This is where the Maharal’s teaching lands like a hammer of truth. Klal Yisrael fears that HaKadosh Baruch Hu will never forget the *eigel*, never forget the fall into Binah. HaKadosh Baruch Hu says: I will forget it. Then they panic: if You can forget the *eigel*, maybe You can forget Matan Torah. So HaKadosh Baruch Hu answers: I will remember Matan Torah, and I will forget the *eigel*.

How can both be true? Because the *eigel* is *bemikreh*—a contingent deviation. Matan Torah is *be’etzem*, an essential expression. The *etzem* of a Yid is Chochmah, Moshe, goodness, *rachamim rabim*. The fall is a momentary lapse that serves one purpose: revealing the depth of divine

compassion. The “forgetting” is not amnesia; it is the metaphysical refusal to grant the contingent fall the status of eternal truth.

The Chevraya’s Question: Why Must Chochmah Descend?

Now the Zohar poses its own question, and it is precisely our question: if Malchut usually holds back *din*, why must Moshe—Chochmah—descend into Binah to teach it? Why can’t Binah ascend? Why can’t Malchut sweeten the judgments of Malchut from within? The chevraya admit: we asked, we thought, and we still don’t know. **We need Rashbi.** Clarity only comes when we stand before *botzina kadisha*.

And this itself is the secret: Rashbi is not merely Binah. Rashbi is Binah that contains Moshe. *Ra’aya Mehemna. Sinai within Sinai.* A living yichud of Chochmah and Binah. Therefore Rashbi can answer why Chochmah sometimes must descend, not as an optional strategy, but as the only rescue when concealment becomes too thick for the inner point of Malchut to break through on its own.

Rechimu: The Gate Into the Answer

When the chevraya come near Rebbe Shimon, they see a sign on his face—*dei*

le’chakima b’realiza. It is not only what he will teach; it is what he is. And his first words are not an explanation. They are an initiation: “*Olu banai kadishin... Rechimin de’Malka... Rechimin d’ili... Rechimin ilin be-ilin.*” Enter, holy children. Those who love the King and are loved by the King. Those who love me and whom I love. Those who love each other.

Before you can hear the answer to why Chochmah descends into exile, you must enter the world where the answer is even intelligible: *chavivuta talia mitta*. Love is not a side theme; it is the condition of perception. Without love, Binah becomes scarcity, jealousy, *kinah*, *ta’avah*, *kavod*—separation that a person cannot survive. Rebbe Abba’s warning is severe: those who do not love one another are removed from the world before their time, because they cannot bear Binah without Chochmah. The Torah itself is damaged when it is learned without *achvah*, because Torah is the unification of opposites: Avraham and Yitzchak held together in Yaakov. Differentiation without unity becomes distortion.

So Rashbi begins by restoring the atmosphere of Chochmah: connection, enoughness, the very opposite of *am mefuzar u’meforad*. This is the light of Purim. Purim is not only the reversal of

decrees; it is the reversal of consciousness from separation into love.

Purim: Yesod d'Abba Descends Into Malchut

Now the teaching sharpens into its Purim core: Purim is the revelation that ***Yesod d'Abba***–Chochmah itself descends all the way into Malchut. Not only into Binah, but into the lowest worlds of concealment, into BY”A, to reveal *ein od milvado mamash* within Shushan itself. This is why it cannot remain only in hints and gestures. There are moments when concealment becomes so self-enclosed that *ein chavush matir es atzmo*– a prisoner cannot free himself. Malchut inside concealment cannot break out of concealment by itself. In those moments, only a descent of Chochmah from above can “poke a hole” through the mirage.

This is what makes the secret dangerous. If a person truly grasps that the retzu’a is not ultimate reality, that punishment is not the eternal word, that distance is imagined, that no act can sever a Yid from HaKadosh Baruch Hu, then fear can evaporate. And if fear evaporates in the wrong way, a person can forget *yirah*, forget avodah, forget the seriousness of Binah. Therefore the

secret is usually whispered. It belongs to Purim light–***bein arur Haman l’baruch Mordechai***– a light so potent it can dissolve the entire grammar of concealment if given at the wrong time.

The Whisper From Gan Eden

This is why Rebbe Shimon cries before revealing it. His tears are Binah–*bechiya*, corresponding to the shem SA”G, the awakening from below. And then he says: *these words were whispered to me from the Rosh Yeshiva in Gan Eden*. Not told openly. Whispered. And because I see love among you, I will say openly what I received in secrecy.

The point is not information. The point is permission. Rashbi grants them access to a level of truth that cannot function as daily consciousness for most of the year. It is a revelation that all threats of exile, all threats of punishment, all the *retzu’a bisha*–are ultimately ***batla k’afra de’ara*** through the lens of Chochmah. The only enduring reality is ***chok ha’tov leheitiv***, and the ultimate purpose is *lhis’aneg al HaShem*, the inner delight of *pnimiyut Chochmah and pnimiyut Atik*.

The Erev Rav and the “Tarnis Shor”

Rashbi then explains why concealment can feel so real: because the thickest concealment comes from the external parts—*Erev Rav*, *irbuvya*, admixture, surplus unrefined elements. In *cheit ha'eigel*, Klal Yisrael loses Moshe and panics, seeking replacement. They forget that the *Shechinah*—the mother—was still with them. They exchange kavod for *tarnis shor*, a form of gevurah that appears independent. The tragedy is not only the sin; it is the metaphysical mistake: treating *din* as if it possesses independent reality, rather than as an outer lip emerging from Chochmah.

And here Rashbi unveils the mechanism: concealment descends from an initial impulse, *botzina de-kardinuta*, the candle of darkness, the “dregs of wine,” *chamra al dordaya*—where limitation potentiates from within itself. From there *din* descends into Binah, into gevurah, into the “*shor*,” until it becomes the world of *nezikin*, destruction that feels like the world’s true face when Chochmah is forgotten. The sin attaches to the “*shor*” because they are trapped in Binah without Chochmah.

Yet even the *shor*, Rashbi hints, only eats *esev*, it feeds on externals. It does

not truly partake of the *lechem*, of the *sheva minei dagan*, of the inner sustenance. Concealment can dominate the outer layers, but it never owns the core.

Why Malchut Was Not Enough There

And now Rashbi answers the central question: in a concealment so thick as the one illicitated by *cheit ha'eigel*, like *Shushan navochah*—Malchut cannot break free from within. *Imma lo havos teman*. The mother cannot “stand there,” because the concealment has swallowed the very perception that would reveal her presence. Therefore Abba must descend. HaKadosh Baruch Hu tells Moshe: you must go down and reveal it *be'vachas achas*—*din* and *chesed* together, Chochmah and Binah together, a sudden illumination of Yesod d'Abba within the lower worlds.

Whispering Secrets

The secret of purim must remain mostly whispered. If it were permanently revealed, the world would lose *yirah*, lose the theatre that forms the soul’s responsibility. The secret is: *tarvayhu be'ita da u'be'ita chada*—both are true at once. Concealment is real enough to demand avodah; revelation is real enough to prevent despair. Purim is the day where the balance tilts

toward revelation—not to abolish avodah, but to renew the soul with certainty that the end of the story is good.

Kachah Ye'aseh: This and That as One

This is the meaning of *kachah ye'aseh la'ish asher ha'melech chafetz bi'yekaro*. “*Kachah*”, undecided and as such this and that at once. Not either/or but rather both/and. The concealment and the revelation are held inside Chochmah, inside Moshe’s radical unity, revealed through Rashbi’s capacity to carry unity down into the world of separation. This is the yichud of Moshe within Rashbi and Rashbi within Moshe, the sweetening of Amalek, representative of *safek*, through a consciousness that refuses to grant concealment the status of final truth.

And from here the arc moves toward Keter: a place where a person no longer needs external reinforcement, where calm strength emerges from the *koach* of the *neshamah*, where one can return into concealment without panic, because the inner memory is stable. This is not escapism. It is the ultimate maturity of avodah: to descend without losing the light, and to rise without denying the descent.

Towards the Redemption of Daas

Be’ezrat HaShem, this is the preparation for Purim as a preparation for everything: the revelation that Chochmah is present within Binah, that Binah is a differentiated iteration of Chochmah, and that the whole movement of history is the unfolding of the Etz Chayim. It demands patience, yes. It demands yirah, yes. But it also demands that we never surrender the deepest truth: the only words that endure are HaKadosh Baruch Hu’s good words. And therefore, even when we are in Shushan, even when the retzu’a rises, even when the world feels like exile—Moshe’s light is there, Rashbi’s vessels are there, and the unity of something and nothing at once is still the most real thing in the room.