When you love someone like yourself, the thought of parting is unbearable. It’s as if the two of you are the same person. But what happens when you have to part? How can you remain together even though separated by time and space?

When you give something of yourself to that person — something that is not peripheral to you but which represents your very core, your very essence — you are never separate from that person. You travel together no matter how far apart you go.

When people wish to be joined, they create an expression of that desire. In Hebrew — a bris (covenant).
When Hashem ‘cut’ a pact with Avraham, He made that bris on the part of the body which expresses the essence of a person; the place from which flows the life-force and progeny. Avraham took that essential part of himself which expressed his very continuation — the symbol of everything he would ever be through his children’s children — and he gave it to Hashem.

A bris needs two sides. What, then, did Hashem give to Avraham? What was the gift of His essence which was to bind the Jewish People to Hashem in an everlasting pact? Hashem gave Avraham His Will, His desire that it would be only Avraham’s offspring who would be the agency through which He would direct the events of the world. The entire future of the world would be orchestrated through the progeny of Avraham.

The Torah is called a bris. That was the pact cut at Sinai.

Hashem, the Torah and the Jewish People are one. The Torah is the Will of Hashem. The will is the expression of the self. When Hashem gave the Torah to the Jewish People at Sinai, He ‘cut’ from Himself His essence and gave it to the Jewish People. And what did the Jewish People give? They gave themselves. They said “We will do it and we will hear it.” We will give ourselves exclusively to Hashem, to be His people.

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**IF CARS**

If cars could scream,  
They would cry out in voices  
That no man has heard —  
“Shabbos!”

They would shout to the world.  
Their engines would tear their hair  
Muscle-bound  
mighty valves shrieking,  
Banshee wailing  
Shabbos Kodesh

In fluent Honda.

If cars could cry,  
Their production lines would be a cortege  
Far into Friday night.  
With robots weeping on their metal arms,  
Desolate.  
No one to comfort them,  
Despairing of the light.

One day soon,  
Our ears will be all opened  
To hear the screaming cars,  
The weeping robots.  
The crying tears will dry their eyes,  
And all the world will hear  
The final broadcast.  
“Today is Shabbos.”  
“Today is Shabbos.”

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Sources:  
This Month’s Sign - Rabbi M. Glazerson; Giving Yourself - The Vilna Gaon, Perush L’Sefer HaYetzirah; If Cars - Yalkut Shimoni