

My Heart Is Moved

רָחַשׁ לִבִּי דְבַר טוֹב

Rachash libi davar tov

My heart is moved by goodness. (Psalm 45:2)

When I let down my defenses and make myself vulnerable, then all good things, even small good things, move me. My heart can be moved by a kind word, by a beautiful color, by a fragrant breeze, by compassion for another's suffering, by a grateful smile, by a bird's sudden flight, by a profound thought, by a gentle touch. The trick is allowing myself to feel, letting my undefended heart be moved. I must consent to that feeling rather than resist it, or let it skim over me, or rush to think about it and analyze the feeling or compartmentalize it. When my heart is moved by goodness, I may even be inspired to see goodness in places that I had previously ignored. And, in receiving the goodness of my life, I am cultivating my own inherent goodness.