

## **BENJAMIN DERMAN**

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**I** was a camper at Camp Ramah in Wisconsin from 1999–2004, a participant on Ramah Seminar in 2005, and a counselor in 2006.

It was a rather cool Saturday evening, and only a few minutes were left before Shabbat would come to a close. My friend and I were sitting on slightly wobbly benches as we discussed our favorite contemporary musicians. Suddenly, we heard a symphonic crash, and our eyes darted toward the usually calm Lake Buckatagon to find a powerful storm brewing. We were not frightened but rather curious at how nature's display could be so completely out of sync: the dazzling lightning bolts seemed to be completely independent from the booming thunder as the two of them advanced toward camp.

And then I heard a faint note—it was my friend who began to softly hum the tune to one of our favorite *se'udah shelishit* songs. I couldn't help but join in. I no longer felt the wobbly bench, nor did I notice the fact that I had not dressed properly to face the storm that was rapidly approaching. For those last few minutes of Shabbat, I felt an experience more powerful than ever before; a moment when I felt as though there were an everlasting bond between man and the Almighty, but even more so, a perfect harmony between man and his fellow man.