



The voice of my beloved is knocking: “Let me in, My own, My darling, My faultless dove! For my head is drenched with dew, My locks with the damp of night.” (Shir HaShirim 5:2)

In this week’s *Parshah* (19:17) we are commanded to rebuke our fellow Jew who has strayed from the righteous path. The explanation of the *Zohar* on the above *passuk* in *Shir HaShirim* sheds light on the correct approach to carrying out this mitzvah.

Despite all of Moshe’s reprimanding of Klal Yisroel all his words were with love, as the pessukim state: “For you are a people consecrated to Hashem, your G-d, of all the peoples on earth the Hashem your G-d chose you to be His treasured people... You are children to Hashem your G-d... And you, the ones who cling to Hashem your G-d... Therefore, you will listen to Hashem... because out of Hashem’s love for you...” this is as the passuk states: “Open up for me, my sister, my wife.” (Zohar Ha’azinu 86b)

When Hashem wishes to rebuke Klal Yisroel in their most dreadful spiritual state, in the depth of their *Galus*, when they seemingly have no interest in Him, He says: “Open up for Me! My sister! My beloved! My dove! My faultless one! For my head is drenched with dew, My locks with the damp of night.”

