Though it would be the hardest shiva call he ever made, he was determined to control himself but it wouldn't be easy. Ten young yesomim, whose whole world had gone black, would now have to learn to live without a father. He scanned the faces of the children, the infinite pain they spoke of crushed his heart but with supreme effort he held back his tears. Suddenly, he noticed the youngest, the two-year-old, cheerfully playing with his toys in the side room, too young to comprehend that his life would never be the same. And then... he could hold them back no longer, and with unstoppable strength the tears burst forth.

As we fulfill the three weeks of mourning over the destruction of the Beis HaMikdash, we sometimes struggle to feel the pain. We know Hashem is our Father Who loves us infinitely and cares for us much more than we care about ourselves. We know how sad it is that we no longer feel His presence as we did when the Beis HaMikdash stood. But having never experienced that period in time ourselves, we can't really feel the pain, and we sit in mourning now 2000 years later struggling to feel the loss. Is there a greater reason than not really appreciating the loss, for us to shed a tear?!