Once upon a time there was a very small synagogue in a very small village far far away from here. Even though it was a very small synagogue in a very small village this synagogue had all of the things you would expect to find in a synagogue. There were prayerbooks and yamulkas, their were big wooden benches for the worshipers to sit on during services. Which also made for good places for children to sleep when the services went long past bed time. There was a mezuzah on the door and two Torahs in the ark. And just like every other synagogue every where else in the world, hanging high about the ark was the Ner Tamid the eternal light that never went out no matter what. The Ner Tamid shined a soft light in the synagogue even when all the other lights were off. It kept the Torah's company when no one else was in the Temple to pray, and it was wonderful for children to look at and dream about when they got bored during the service, which would happen from time to time.

In this village lived a little boy named Judah. Judah went to services every Friday night with his parents and would sit on the hard benches and stare up at the Ner Tamid. He One night when the temple was full people for Shabbat services, when the cantor was singing and the rabbi was smiling and all the people were praying. the Ner Tamid, the light that never went out, the light that was always on, always shining its warm glow on the Torahs and on the people, the eternal, never ending always lighting light – went out. Just like that one minute