*Mah Jongg Mondays Prologue*

Excitement builds. I’m one tile away from calling mah jongg and winning. I know. It’s just a game. But, don’t we all like the thrill of winning regardless of how old we are?

Hope builds. It's his last chemo treatment. He is the unknowing player invited by the result of an MRI. We say, "Game on." We don't want to lose. A life is at stake, the life of my husband.

*B’shert*, elusive yet certain, knows all the outcomes.

What does this mean and how are these things connected? Let me explain. *B’shert* and mah jongg are two very distinct words in my adult vernacular. Each word comes from a different language, culture, religion, and part of the world. *B’shert* is a Yiddish word that means destiny. It is an enigmatic term that I hold sacred. My sheer existence balanced on the whim of *b’shert*, of my mother and father meeting, marrying and creating me through their union.

Mah jongg is a Chinese word that means sparrow*.* It is a tile game that originated in China two centuries ago, was brought to America in the 1920s, and became the rage along with flapper dresses, pixie haircuts, jazz, and the Charleston.

*B’shert* found mah jongg, or maybe it's the other way around. Perhaps it was through divine intervention or possibly through happenstance. Nonetheless, they have found one another and interlaced themselves in the universe.

Welcome to my story about *b’shert* and mah jongg and how they are threading themselves into the fabric of my life here in modern-day Long Island, challenging me to the game of life where I'm learning to appreciate the precious gifts of time, family, friendship, and love.

Love always; love all ways, for time has no guarantee.