

There is something deeply comforting in all that remains the same as one High Holiday season follows another. Many of us carry these sensory memories from our childhood: the first mournful notes of Kol Nidre, the sacred drama of standing to face the Ark as Avinu Malkeinu begins. The sharp tang of autumn in the air, the leaves crunching underfoot (at least on the East Coast!) and the feeling of excitement as a New Year beckons... its potential untested, its promise yet to be revealed.

And yet. These Yamim Noraim (Days of Awe) do change as we get older. One of the most affecting parts of Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Kotzk's words is his conclusion: "... in God's eyes, nothing is more whole than a broken heart." As we move through life, we come to realize that we all miss the mark in some way. We have all absorbed losses, and we will again. We have all known the pain of being humbled or disappointed. The broken notes of the shofar echo the brokenness each of us carries somewhere inside.

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Reflections...

By Cantor Jennie Chabon



I had an experience with a friend lately that was quite troublesome, but helpful, too, in that it offered a glimpse into the themes of the approaching High Holidays. I was reminded of the need to prepare for *teshuvha* -- for returning to ourselves -- long before we walk into the sanctuary to pray together on Rosh Hashanah.

This experience happened, in all places, on Facebook. The details are irrelevant except to explain that one person's