 appeared on the first page of Tikvah Talk. This year we've each chosen a different one, with a reflection on how each invites us forward into a meaningful Elul.

What follows are the concluding lines of a poem by Marge Piercy. It's one I've often turned to before Rosh Hashanah, for its rich imagery and gentle reminders that like all living things, we journey forward imperfectly, as best we can. If we're fortunate, then even the wounds and missteps of the past year might regenerate into something that can teach and nourish us. That is part of the sacred work of this season. May we lean on each other as the time draws near, and in Piercy's own words, may wherever we wake up be the right place to be, where we start again.

continued on page 7


PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Dan Lapporte



Shalom B'nai Tikvah family –

As the summer winds down and we begin to prepare for the High Holy Days in October, I

 weave into the upcoming High Holidays. It may seem early to many to be thinking about holidays that this year fall in early October, but ask any Jewish clergy friend in your life and you will hear that their hearts and minds have been preparing for weeks already. It's as if I find myself spinning deeper and deeper into my most quiet center, building a cocoon from which I will reemerge on Erev Rosh Hashanah.

I was sitting across from my spiritual director this morning, talking about one of the themes of my spiritual life that comes circling back again and again. I called this topic one of my 'broken records', the phrase laden with a healthy dose of self-recrimination. She stopped me to talk about this idea of a personal struggle being somehow a *broken* part of ourselves, just by virtue of it repeating itself throughout our lives. We all probably have a top ten list of themes--not just one broken record!--that we come back to as we age, themes that keep us company, that force us to confront the stickiest parts of ourselves. On the one hand, these repetitive topics can feel heavy and burdensome, something we wish to shed finally if we can just figure out how. But--and this is the secret--these cyclical melodies can be a portal to our liberation if we stop demonizing them, and instead stay in *conversation* with them. If you hold up a mirror