



can't accompany a particular prayer. One of his most enigmatic yet telling proverbs was

this one: "As your answers have become my questions, so may my questions become your answers."

Clearly there are any number of ways to interpret this. One of them is that Rabbi Nachman may have been reflecting the very nature of Jewish learning and teaching in this brief saying. From the beginning, our tradition has been built upon questioning, debating and interpreting over and over. We may start with a particular premise, and from there we turn to what various commentators have said about that premise over time. Answers give way to more questions, and new questions to new answers. The beauty of this process is the extent to which it has been recorded and preserved. Even minority opinions or traditions that have fallen out of use have their place on the page. And all these years later, ours remains a heritage with room for multiple voices... including our own.

As a rabbi, one pattern I've noticed over the years when it comes to questions and answers is the extent to which adults in synagogue communities use phrases like, "this may be a stupid question, but..." or "I apologize if I'm the only one who doesn't know this..." Nothing could be further from the truth. What



community as we come to the end of 2016.

I have a question for us all to consider, and it's a real question: What are we all doing here today? What are YOU doing here today? Have you stopped to consider what you hope to get out of Yom Kippur this year? I asked the choir before Rosh Hashanah services to offer a word that they are hoping to give to the congregation this year. They offered so many beautiful words to help hold our sacred space together: connection, awe, hope, community. But how many of you came in with an intention, a *kavanah*, for yourself?

For me, my prayer every year, and really, every day, is to be allowed to be a vessel for God's light. To allow God's spirit to flow through me as I pray. To release my critical mind so that I can become *klei kodesh*, a holy vessel. For what higher high is there than union with the One you are longing for?

When I was in cantorial school, we had to show up for minyan every day at 7:30 am. In the summer heat and in the winter snow, we had to drag ourselves out of bed to *daven together as a cantorial community*. You can imagine that most of us weren't very enthusiastic about doing this every day. Most days I was happy that I had done it in the end, but it was rare for the