

Kavvanah for Tekiah G'dolah
Rabbi Geela Rayzel Raphael '05

The shofar calls out ! Tekiah!

Wake up!! wake up!! to the pain in your heart and in the world.

Shvarim- it is broken, the heart is broken

Teruah- no, it is shattered- into a thousand pieces.

The shofar blast rings out again- calling me from some ancient mountaintop -
To rise up and come home again.

Return from my numbness, my exile.

Come and sit with your pain. Come and bring your pain to be healed!

Come home again to God- to Shechinah who will sit with me while I cry my tears.

Her arm around me, comforting me while I blow my nose and my eyes well up.

I sit with my pain- it is the pain of the past year.

The pain of shattered dreams, of loss.

It is the pain of broken hearts and grief the pain of torn families.

The pain of the destruction a drunk driver causes.

It is the pain of the watching the evening news.

It is the pain of poverty in America caused by callousness and greed.

The pain caused by religious institutions that were meant to heal.

Pain of seeing the Holy Land still so disturbed by violence and turmoil.

It is the pain in the tsunami wake, the earthquakes path, the
hurricane's wrath.

The pain of the teenager who's parent don't understand

The pain of the children who don't know their mothers.

The pain of the single who is alone and the married who are also lonely.

The pain of infertility and distance from family.

It is the pain of the earth as she is paved and exploited

The pain of the animals who have lost their homes because the ice has melted or humans have moved in.

It is the pain of the abandoned -those in jails or homeless or just because they are old.

It is the pain of Africa- Rwanda, Dafur, places of pain I don't even know much about.

It is the pain of my helplessness.

Yet I am called to wake up to it -to sit with others with their wounds

As we wash away our aches with the balm of prayer and forgiveness.

I cry out to God- Be with me now!- Heal me so that I may help others!

Help me feel but don't let me wallow. There is too much work to be done!

Tekiah g' dolah! I rise to greet the new year, my heart cleansed.

I open to do my part in helping the world heal from its pain. I am blasted into action.

Tekiah g'dolah.