



Shana Tova

“Times of counting are times of remembering; here amidst showers
Of shiny fruits, both the sweet and the bitter-tasting results,
The honey of promises gleams on apples that turn to mud
In our innermost of mouths, we can sit facing westward
Toward imminent rich tents, telling and remembering.

... — so, at this time, our counting begins,
Whirling all its syllables into the circling wind
That plays about our faces with a force between a blow’s
And a caress, Like the strength of a blessing, as we go
Quietly on with what we shall be doing, and sing
Thanks for being enabled, again, to begin this instant.”

(Poem by John Hollander, *At the New Year*, in Steven J. Rubin, ed. *Celebrating the Jewish Holidays*. Brandeis University Press, 2003.)

Shabbat Shalom wishes you a happy and sweet New Year.