

Return by Rachel Barenblat

How to make it new: each year the same missing of the same marks, the same petitions and apologies.

We were impatient, unkind. We let ego rule the day and forgot to be thankful. We allowed my fears to distance us.

But every year the ascent through Elul does its magic, shakes old bitterness from our hands and hearts.

We sit awake, itemizing ways we want to change. We try not to mind that this year's list looks just like last.

The conversation getseasier as we limber up. Soon we can stretch fartherthan we ever imagined. We breathe deeper.

By the time we reach the top we've forgotten how nervous we were that repeating the climb wasn't worth the work.

Creation gleams before us. The view from here matters not because it's different from last year but because we are and the way to reach God is one breath at a time, one step, one word, every second a chance to reorient, repeat, return.

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