

I stand in shul listening to the prayers come from my mouth as my mind wanders.

What is the measure of a man's life when standing before Hashem?

We are but flecks of dusts blowing in the wind with our trivial thoughts and half-hearted measures to do better.

We were created in the image of Hashem and yet we lose ourselves in violence and chaos.

When we will open our eyes to understand our true purpose?

Hashem calls out to us to listen, but we do not hear.

Hashem calls out to us to stand, but we do not rise.

The piercing blast of the shofar shatters our stupor for a moment if we would only listen.

Listen to the call to do better and be better oh humanity.

Build not destroy. Help not hurt.

Rise. Rise. Rise.