

Reflections on 9.11.27 Erev Rosh Hashanah 5787 by Rabbi Lisë Stern
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Twenty-five years ago, September 11 was a Tuesday
A Tuesday with a sky so blue it almost hurt the eyes to look up

I dropped my kids off at their respective schools
Three different campuses
I returned home,
And got a call
Something is happening in New York
I turned on the television
Because that's how I got news 25 years ago
And saw a smoking World Trade tower
Heard the confused voices of reporters
The second tower standing tall and secure
Watched on my small screen as what looked like a fly
Buzz into the second building
And everything fell apart

In every generation
There seems to be the life changing event
The war to end all wars
And then the next one
Personal losses and communal experiences
A marathon bombing
A pandemic

Those of us who were adults then
Everyone over the age of 20
Can tell you exactly where we were
The moment we heard
And for most of us
There are far fewer than six degrees
Separating us from the tragedy.
Thousands lost
And thousands heroic

Today, for the first time, Rosh Hashanah begins on the anniversary of that day
An added layer of introspection as we look back in order to look forward.

We honor the nearly 3000 who perished on this day, those in the buildings, the planes, the first responders, and the additional thousands who died in the subsequent battles. May their memories always be for a blessing.