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ne thing I was not prepared for was when I first returned to my parents' apartment after the shiva for my father. Walking through the door, I naturally and thoughtlessly was waiting to hear my father's joyous welcoming that always greeted me upon my arrival. But all I found was silence. Unconsciously, I began to search for him. I walked through the living room and went into the back rooms and saw the chair that he regularly inhabited in the final years of his life. But he was not there. There are times when sound awakens. But there are other times where the absence of sound is even more startling.

the guttural notes from the shofar as we would every year. But what characterizes the day of Rosh Hashana when it falls out on Shabbat is not sound. it is the absence of sound. Certainly the Rabbinic ruling of not sounding the shofar on this day reflects our profound care and concern for the spiritual and emotional life of every single individual Jew. Perhaps somebody, somewhere, at some point in history will be unaware of the laws of carrying the shofar on Shabbat and would accidentally violate this prohibition on the new year. One can, however, parse an additional layer of meaning from the fact that the midrash interprets the verse of "zichron *teruah"* (remembrance of the blast)

This Rosh Hashana we expect to hear

Music, words, cries, laughter, are the sounds that shape our life experiences and personal relationships. But there are other times when the connection is so deep that no sound needs to be uttered to feel the presence of the other. as applying to the circumstance when Rosh Hashana falls out on Shabbat and there is only a remembrance of sound. Sometimes we need acoustic vibrations in order to communicate. Music, words, cries, laughter, are the sounds that shape our life experiences and personal relationships. But there are other times when the connection is so deep that no sound needs to be uttered to feel the presence of the other.



At first, the tunes and the *tefilot* of the Rosh Hashana service move us to naturally anticipate the sound of the shofar. After all, it is the way that we are accustomed to communicate with God on this holy day. Its absence is startling and perhaps even disconcerting. But Shabbat is so holy, its spirit is so suffused with the presence of Hashem, that upon reflection, one realizes that an even higher level of connection is not through communication but by feeling surrounded and embraced by His holy presence.

In life, we need to learn how to use words and sounds to express ourselves. We need to learn how to listen to the tears, pains, and joys of those who are around us. But we also need to carry with us throughout our lives the embrace of those whom we love, even when they are not physically present.

I have not seen my father in his chair now for close to ten months. But I still see him, and I still feel him. I may not have his "*teruah*," but I have the "*zichron teruah*," and that fills my life with great meaning and love.

May we all feel Hashem's presence and love on this day and throughout our lives.





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