

Awaken

עוֹרֵר כְּאוֹר נֹגַח שֹׁשַׁנַּת הָעֲמָקִים

Oreyr k'or nogah shoshanat ha'amakim

Awaken as bright light the rose of the depths. (Yom Kippur Morning Piyyut)

The words from this anonymous ancient poem that is recited on the Holiest day of the year seem to describe our spiritual work so beautifully. There is a bud of love in the heart, buried deep within, often buried beneath our trauma, our hurt, our disappointments, betrayals or despair. Through our practice and careful attention we can awaken that flower in the heart and allow its tightly held petals to unfurl as our love. And then we become radiant, and can shine our transformed presence into the world.