



Goldring/Woldenberg
Institute of Southern Jewish Life

On the following two pages you will find two versions of an original reading entitled *The Honey, Still Sweet*. The first version is a poem; the second expands the poem into a more traditional liturgical-style reading. Either may be used in your services or in-home holiday celebrations, and we hope the words help us all to support, connect, and celebrate one another at this season of awe and renewal.

L'shana tova u'metuka!

The Honey, Still Sweet

L'shana tova u'metuka:

May this be a good and sweet new year.

We share these words each Rosh Hashanah ushering in the next year with honeyed hope.

But has this last year been a good one?
And will the next year be a better one?

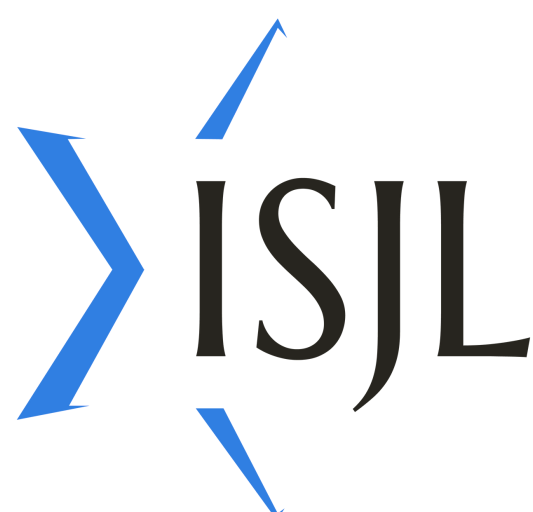
Reflecting at random we might be tempted to shake our heads, bitter taste in our mouths.

But on this holiday we are reminded to seek something sweeter through all of our senses.

Even in a difficult year we dip apples in honey hear the shofar's call, observe a new moon.

Our people withstood trial and tribulation time and time again, and still our tradition prescribes joy.

May we carry that fortitude into the year ahead as the honey, still sweet, lingers on our tongues.



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The Honey, Still Sweet

L'shana tova u'metuka: May this be a good and sweet new year.

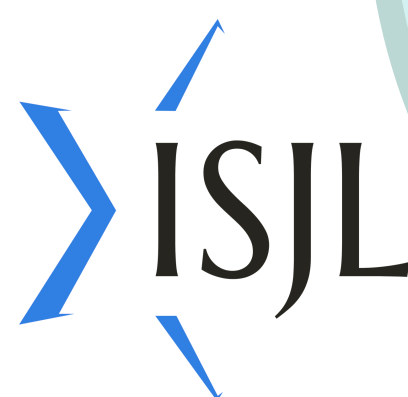
Across the South and throughout the Jewish world, these words are exchanged each Rosh Hashanah. This year, some words will be shared in-person; others over screens, across the distance, in cards and social media posts. No matter what, we share these wishes, ushering in the next year with honeyed hope.

But it is difficult not to heave a sigh as we wonder: has this last year been a good one? Will the next year be a better one?

Reflecting at random we might be tempted to shake our heads, bitter taste in our mouths. We might recall only the worst moments of the year past, and have trouble envisioning a renewed excitement for the year ahead. But on this holiday, as we close out one year and open the door to another, we are reminded to seek something sweeter through all of our senses. We are not simply told to imagine something sweeter. We are given ways to literally taste it.

So whether we are in Mississippi or Texas, the Carolinas or Oklahoma, or wherever this new year may find us—may we engage all of our senses in this opportunity to end a chapter and begin a new one. May we be reminded that over the long arc of history, our people withstood trial and tribulation time and time again... and still our tradition prescribes joy.

May we carry that fortitude into the year ahead, as the honey, still sweet, lingers on our tongues.



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