



Imperfectly Ready to Begin Again  
By Rabbi Aaron Weininger

Your hug held me with the words I needed to hear

Your tears assured me I could be real

Your hands fed me when I was empty

Your heart kept pace with mine.

You reached with humanity not reasons first

So I could hold on, my friend

You revealed no stash of magic words

But listened close instead.

For the sake of my humanity

And yours

We will share hugs and tears

Hands and hearts.

For that is how we grieve

And how we heal

And wake up each day

Imperfectly ready to begin again.