



Tish'a Y'may T'shuva, huh? What happened to the tenth day? You couldn't wait? So there she lies. What are you weighing? Her merit? Her worth? I can tell you what she's worth. She's worth a couple of Abrahams and Sarahs; she got her child out of Poland alive without your help and she doesn't laugh at you behind closed doors. She's worth some Ya'akovs; she can see beyond externals and love someone for what's inside. She's worth a couple of Moshes; she's not afraid to speak up and out and do what's right. She's worth all the Jews in Egypt; she never forgot you. She is loving, caring, sweet, gentle, intelligent, and educated -- You don't care? That doesn't count?

Ashamnu again? Why should I ask you for forgiveness?  
And God, impassive. And my grandmother, unmoving. When is it going to end? Don't just sit there!  
Is this what you call "b'sefer chayim"? Who is like you, Av Harachamim?

And as the last blast of Ne'ila died out, the beep matching my grandmother's heartbeat began a long, slow wail.  
Kaddish.

May her name be blessed for now and forever.