

My Grandson's Bar Mitzvah

*M*y grandson, a Bar Mitzvah
Child of my child called to the Torah
Bringing one face to face with the future.

Geography has distanced us
I have not raised him
Nor given him instruction
Bound his wounds, absorbed his sobs
Rallied him to victory.

Yet from the distance
I have heard and imagined
His defeats and triumphs.

Now here he is
For me to see
I listen to a chant, a prayer, a benediction
I too once sang.

Now
Before family and friends
I receive unmerited blessing.

In him
I am continued
In his chanting
Is confirmation of my immortality.

A grandson in the presence of our community
Alone, on his own two feet
We are bound together as never before
My grandson and I.

