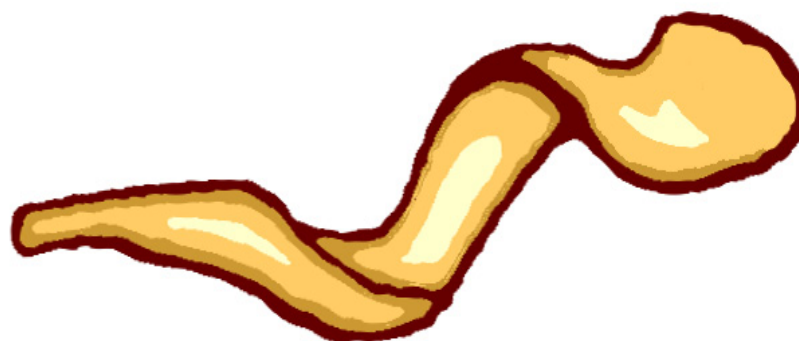


Shofi

the

Shy

Shofar

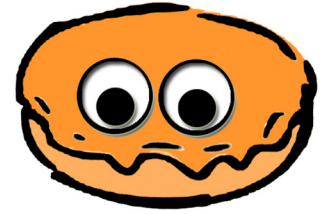


Most of the time I am the star of the holidays—

WHAT?

You don't know who I am?

I am **Teiglakh**, the yummy, honey, sticky-gooney Rosh Hashanah treat.



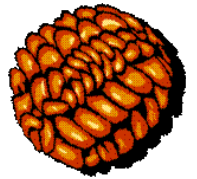
But that isn't important now—I want to tell you a story about another *Rosh HaShanah* star—

And what a story it is...

You would think that  
the month of *Elul* would be her favorite time of the year...  
and the month of *Tishre* would be even better!

What could be better than the month of  
*Tishre* and *Rosh HaShanah*!

With *Rosh HaShanah* comes the sweet smells of the round challot baking and the chicken  
soup simmering away on the stove...



The beautiful silver that the *Sifre Torah* wear that have been polished until you can see your  
face smiling back at you...



and the white clothes and tablecloths that have been ironed until they are as stiff as a board.  
But **NO**, even with all the sights, smells and sounds that make *Elul* and *Tishre* the very best  
time of the year,  
Shofi preferred *Heshvan*—

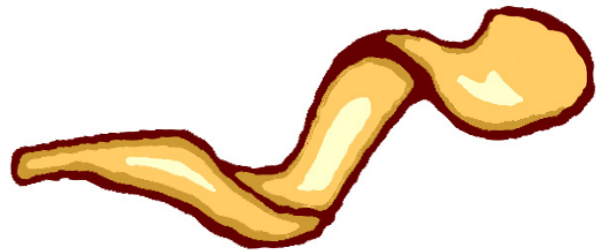
the *onnnnnnnnly* month in the Jewish year  
that a holiday does not call home.

Shofi did not like *Tishre*.

No soup  
No silver  
No services in the synagogue

And

SHE IS A **SHOFAR!**



Imagine that—a *shofar* that didn't like *Elul*, the month when the *shofar* is tooted to remind everyone to  
begin to get ready for a new year,

and *Tishre*, when we celebrate *Rosh HaShanah* with blasts of the shofar,  
and *Yom Kippur* when with one final *shofar* note, the new year is officially in our hands.

*Tishre* is Shofi's time to shine!...

How could Shofi not like this time of year?

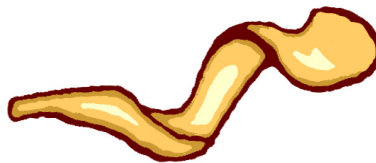
Funny you should ask...

And even if you didn't, here is Shofi's story:

Shofi looks like a lot of other *shofarot* you may have met...

She was made in the Yemanite tradition—

you know the kind—



they are *loonnng* and *squiggly*

with beautiful brown, red and black streaks  
throughout their body.

Shofi has a wide end and a very smooth mouth piece to blow to make the shofar notes.

The only difference, really, between Shofi and other *shofarot* you may have met is that no matter who tries  
to sound Shofi,

from the *Ba'alat tekiah*—the shofar blower for the synagogue,

to the youngest child in the *beit sefer*, school, the same thing happens.

The only noise that comes out of Shofi is a

soft,  
quiet,  
woosh-like  
toot.



Shofi sounds the notes—  
the *tekiah* short blast,  
the *shevarim* broken 3 notes  
and the *teruah*, 7 short note combination—

but Shofi's *shofar* sounds are so quiet that...

the boys and girls in the playground don't hear her,  
the students in the hallway don't stop and listen  
even the aunt farm in the classroom  
doesn't notice a noise...

Shofi is a shy *shofar* and she is so embarrassed.



Can you believe that?  
A shy *shofar*!  
Who would have heard of such a thing!

But there is more to the story...

Last *Yom Kippur* at the *Neilah* service, the concluding service of *Yom Kippur*, everyone was preparing to end the fast with one last reflection on the previous year.

As the service neared the end, everyone began to anticipate the final giant

**TEKIAH GEDOLAH**  
blast of the *shofar*.

But as the service ended and the *Ba'alat tekiyah*, the *Shofar* blower, looked for his *shofar* the only one he could find was Shofi the shy *shofar*.

"OH NO" he said to himself  
"How can we end *Yom Kippur* with this *shofar*?  
No one will even be able to hear the final  
*tekiyah gedolah* *shofar* blast!"

But, as Shofi's luck would have it, there was no time to find another *shofar* and the *Ba'alat tekiyah* took Shofi the shy *shofar* in his hands and walked onto to the *bimah* into the middle of the sanctuary.  
The room got real quiet.

**"TEKIAH GEDOLAH!"** The rabbi called out.

Everyone in the room leaned forward with anticipation to hear the shofar blast

Shofi made a long, very hushed

†oooooooooot.

It sort of sounded like the fluttering of butterfly wings or the tapping of aunt legs...

it was very very quiet



Shofi was so embarrassed.

The *Ba'alat Tekiah* put Shofi down on the *bimah* and the service was over.

But the strangest thing happened...

As people walked out of the sanctuary everyone was talking about Shofi the *Shofar*—

not at how quiet she was, but how unique the *tekiah gedolah* sounded.

Some even said it was the best *tekiah gedolah* they had ever heard!

The congregants really had to listen and concentrate on the *Shofar*—the noise didn't fill the room—everyone really had to focus on the final note of *Yom Kippur*.

The still, small voice of Shofi the Shy *Shofar* was the best *tekiah gedolah* ever!

"So you see," said Teglakh,

"There was more to the story...

Because Shofi the Shy *Shofar* used to not like the months of *Elul* and *Tishre*—but now it is her favorite time of the year.

And she cannot wait to toot her shy *shofar!*"