My earliest memories of being in temple were sitting in the pews on the High Holy Days, looking up at the big domed ceiling in my home congregation in San Francisco and dreaming. Perhaps some of you are doing the same thing now? I would lean back and count the knot holes in the pine planks of the roof. I would try and count how many light bulbs ringed the sanctuary, always loosing count as I tried to calculate those that I could not see over people's heads. The words of the Rabbi, the songs of the Cantor would waft in and out of my ears I would hear them, but not really hear them. Perhaps some of you are experiencing that feeling as well. But the sounds, the familiar setting, the tush numbing hours of services they all contributed to wonderful day dreams, to terrific personal conversations with God. Today I realize that what I doing was praying, both in my imagination and my conversation I was offering a prayer, but back then I thought I was just imagining, having a familiar and comfortable talk with God, and that didn't seem like a prayer to me, a prayer was in Hebrew, it was printed in the book, it had a special formula and pattern to it, and prayers like that, as far as I had observed, never got answered, but my dreams, my imagined conversations with God, those I thought might actually came true.

I remember some of those conversations with God, on a particularly hot Yom Kippur, I remember asking God to make the Rabbi invite everyone to come back for the afternoon service in our bathing suits. God said no, or at least it never happened but the thought of it and the images it induced made me laugh in my seat, which got me taken out to the foyer by my Mom, where the air conditioning worked much better so maybe my prayer did get answered.

I remember wishing to God that the entire San Francisco Giants baseball team would come to temple one year so they couldn't play in the playoff game on Rosh Hashanah, this way, I reasoned I could go to the game the next day. It was a great dream, they would all come in, in uniform of course, sit right next to me and pray with us. That didn't happen either, but the Giants haven't been the playoff much since then, so maybe God is solving the problem in a less obvious way?

One year, after my grand father died, I prayed that God would bring him and all the people on the kaddish list back for the Neilah service at the end of Yom Kippur. To me it meant that I wouldn't have to wait outside during Yizkor, because there would be no one to say kaddish for, and I was sure that my parents would like it too. That also didn't happen, but to be honest I haven't given up on that one yet.

Those were the dreams of childhood, the unfettered, unencumbered ruminations of a little boy who thought anything was possible if the grown ups would let it happen. I had a wonderfully simple relationship with God, He was all powerful, all knowing, and he was my friend. He heard my prayers and though he didn't always answer them, sometimes he did and I just had to look carefully to figure out how.

We don't dream like that anymore, one of the things that comes with growing up is that we loose our sense that anything is possible, that things don't have to stay the way they are. Now it is all calculated, we know, or at least we think we know what is possible and impossible, what can happen and what won't. It has always struck me as unfortunate that as we get older and our vocabulary of words starts to expand, our vocabulary of dreams and ideas starts to diminish. Think about it for a moment, how many ways can you say that something is, 'impossible'. How many ways can you kill an idea with a single sentence or a single word.