

I know that my life is mine to make, yet much seems beyond my control.

I've thought of doing the right thing, but not acted on my thoughts.

The sound of the shofar stirs my heart.

I've done the wrong thing, under duress.

I've done the wrong thing, by my own choosing.

When I share with others the fact that I have done wrong, I find we all share the same experience and grow together.

I've let friendships deteriorate because I haven't tried to bridge the gap of hurt.

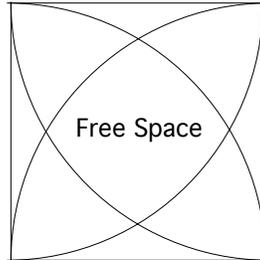
I have not helped when I could.

I've expressed sorrow for my actions, but only when I felt it might prevent worse consequences.

I've been insincere in my responses to others.

Sometimes, even though I sincerely try to change my ways, I fall back into old patterns of behavior.

There is something I didn't do, and now I'm ashamed of that.



When I express sorrow for the wrongs I've committed, it is because of my awe and love of God.

I am sometimes able to recognize my error where and when it occurs and make amends for it there and then.

I've thought: "Since I can't complete it, I won't bother to start."

I have done things to others that I would not want done to myself.

I have attended Selichot services in the past.

At times I've excused myself without seeking to redress a grievance.

I may be ignorant of the wrongs I've done.

I've said: "I won't" but then did.

I persist in doing the same little error.

I've said: "I will" but then didn't.

I told the person I wronged what it was that I did.

I did something for which I'm ashamed.

Ask others you know to sign a square that is true about themselves.

Try to talk to as many people and fill in as many square as you can.