

# Rosh Hashanah Far Away from Home

– A High Holy Day Story from Danielle Samuels

---



I was backpacking across America when I was 21 and had never had Rosh Hashanah away from home before.

I managed to find a Liberal Shul in Los Angeles and begged to be let in to their service.

They had me sit on a bench outside for half an hour to see if they had room and then agreed to let me in.

I was clearly a foreigner, and as most of the service was read aloud in English and my accent drew glances from others. Despite being a stranger, there was no welcome from anyone, no kiddush after the service, or an offer of an invite back to anyone's house for lunch.

I recall getting the bus back to the hostel after the service and really missing a new year celebration with family.