

I'm very happy to announce that this year ... I did not kill anyone.

Not even once.

So I've got that going for me.

That's one less thing I need to be forgiven for ... and I'll take it.

Because I do and continue to do something that profoundly tarnishes my soul.

This year I ask forgiveness for the sin of living in a bubble, surrounded by such opulence and wealth and thinking it's normal.

I live in a community where a home sells for \$47M and I have the audacity to find myself envious.

I create two companies and sell them, but I curse my luck for not selling them for more money, not making them larger, bigger, better, faster.

What is wrong with me?

How did I get here?

I know of three young families in my community stricken by life threatening illnesses. I'm sure there are countless others that I don't know and will never meet.

Their pain gives me pause; and for a moment I am able to clearly see through the poisonous fog that clouds my vision and envelopes my life.

But the fog rolls back in.

It always does.

It actually only seems to part during moments of profound beauty, joy and pain.

So this Yom Kippur I ask to be forgiven for the sin of ingratitude and pray for the ability to more frequently see ... that although I may live in a world busy quantifying wealth ... I am rich beyond measure.