

## Perdone, Forgiveness and Yom Kippur

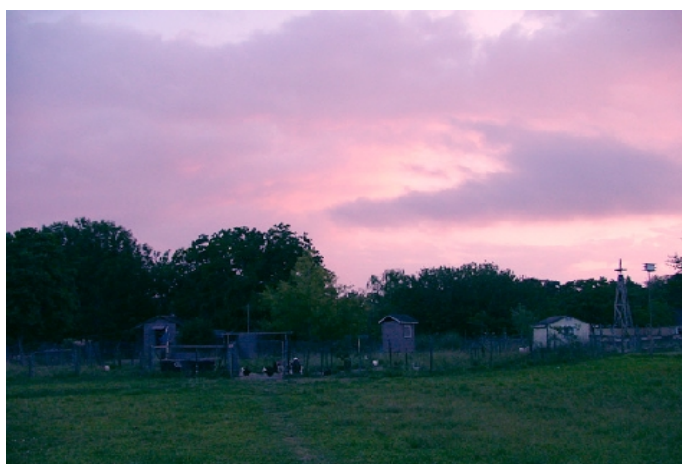
This evening, thirty minutes before sunset, marked the beginning of [Yom Kippur](#), one of the two [Jewish High Holy Days](#), a very sacred and solemn holy day of spiritual reflection, atonement and renewal. While I am not Jewish, and really not a follower of a single religion, I have felt a strong attraction and reverence for [Yom Kippur](#). I first learned of it shortly after moving to Houston in the early 1990's, from my friend Linda Bachrach, from whom I learned many treasured things.

### יום כפור

To give you my gentile understanding, Yom Kippur is a time of [forgiveness](#) and [atonement](#). A time to dedicate an entire 25 hour period to reflecting upon your actions of the past year and seeking forgiveness so that you can start the coming year with a cleaner slate. But, the deeper more soul grabbing aspect of this for me is that the forgiveness one seeks is that of the creator, G\*d, that power greater than yourself that you consider divine. For me that is a quite a different type of slate cleaning than I would do with an earthly being or creature.

To atone to the [divine](#) for where one has not kept commitments to the divine, not lived to one full potential, not conducted oneself in a way that honors the life given me and shines of the miracle that is called me, Suzanne King, [Chickadoo Suz](#). This concept shakes me to my core!! It stirs me to a depth of profundity that quite subtly and gradually resonates to crescendo beyond my human comprehension.

Well, for me, this kind of reckoning calls for a "whole different conversation", as the saying goes.



Sunrise over the chicken yard

So what does this have to do with chickens and who or what is "Perdone"? Let me share a moment of chicken spiritual profundity and I believe you will understand.

One morning, I awoke with a troubled heart. Overwhelmed by what, at that moment, seemed an "unforgivable transgression against me." As I walked toward the chicken yard, I looked into the gracefully unfolding sunrise of delicate blues, purples and pinks. From the depth of my sorrow I asked for a [miracle](#) – A way to forgive what troubled me so.

Little did I know that what I sought was going to be so immediate. Upon entering the chicken house, my miracle tangibly awaited. During the night a baby chick hatched and was being very gently loved and cared by its mother. A more precious answer to my plea could not have existed.

Deeply moved by the experience, I named the precious little chick Perdone (per-DO-ne), from the Spanish verb for to forgive.



Adult Pedone with her heart-shaped spangles

And as Perdone grew to adulthood, my awe and wonder over this soul touching moment swelled when I saw spangles on Perdone's cape feathers grow into tiny hearts, instead of the usual ordinary ovals.

Today and tomorrow during Yom Kippur, as well as everyday when I see Perdone in the chicken yard, I am reminded of the [power of forgiveness](#). Whether as the giver or the seeker, child or the creator, it is life affirming and soul realigning.

And, what would the world be like if everyone, yes everyone, regardless of spiritual or religious persuasion, or the absence thereof, simultaneously stopped for just 25 hours to [reflect, forgive and atone](#). Just try to comprehend the energy and miracle of that!

Wishing all a blessed Yom Kippur. Shalom.

To my Jewish friends/readers, I hope I have respectfully presented Yom Kippur and written with peaceful expression. May your journey be gentle and uplifting.