

Rosh Hashanah 2017 / 5778

ג' בַּתְּשֵׁרִי תִשַׁע"ח



Four Wings Across America. tzitzit on US/Mexico border fence by Mel Alexenberg

Tikkun Olam Chavurah

&

Fringes: a feminist, non-zionist havurah

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SING

מַה טוֹב / Mah Tov

Mah tovu ohalecha ya'akov

mishkenotecha yisra'el.

Mah tovu ohalayich sarah

mishkenotayich riokah.

מַה טוֹב אֱהָלֶיךָ יַעֲקֹב,
מִשְׁכַּנְתֶּיךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל.
מַה טוֹב אֱהָלֶיךָ שָׂרָה,
מִשְׁכַּנְתֶּיךָ רִבְקָה.

How goodly are your tents O Jacob, Your dwelling places O Israel
How goodly are your tents O Sarah, Your dwelling places O Rebecca.

LISTEN

It is my love

Susan Griffin

It is my love I hold back
hide
not wanting to be seen
scrawl of hand
writing
don't guess
don't guess at my
passion
a wholly wild and raging
love for this world.

Listen

Dane Kuttler

And G'd says: "Can you feel the turning? The sun is lower and the trees are beginning to burn; it is time, again. The time is coming. You will not be ready. Even if you have planned each menu for your vegan, gluten-free, macrobiotic Rosh Hashanah lunches. Even if you are expected to lead your community in prayer. Even if you remembered to buy local, organic honey, there is no readiness for the work to come. Only a willingness to show up and dive in."

LISTEN / ALL

**i thank you God for most this amazing
E. E. Cummings**

i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any-lifted from the no
of all nothing-human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

**ALL: (now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)**

SING

מִוְדָּה/מִוְדָּה אֲנִי / Modah Ani

מִוְדָּה/מִוְדָּה אֲנִי לְפָנֶיךָ / לְפָנֶיךָ רוּחַ חַי וְקַיָּם

Modah/modeh ani lefanecha / lefanayich ruach hay vekayam

I give thanks before you, spirit/breath who lives and who endures,
because you have renewed my breath of life

Morning Blessings

new opening formula created by Andrew Shaw
with new wording by Elliott batTzedek

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הָעוֹלָמִים, הַמַּעֲבִירָה שְׁנָה מֵעֵינַי וּתְנוּמָה
מֵעַפְעָפִי.

*Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, hama'avirah shenah mey'eynai
ut'numah me'afapay* All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who
removes sleep from my eyes, slumber from my eyelids.

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הָעוֹלָמִים, אֲשֶׁר נָתַן לִשְׁכּוֹי בִּינָה לְהַבְחִין
בֵּין יוֹם וּבֵין לַיְלָה.

*Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, asher natan l'shech'vi v'inah l'hav'chin
beyn yom uveyn laylah* All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the
worlds, who has given the rooster understanding to distinguish day from night.

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הָעוֹלָמִים, שֶׁהִקְדִּישָׁה אֶת כָּל הַיְצוּרִים

Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, shehik'dishah et kol hitzurim
All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who made all beings holy

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הָעוֹלָמִים, שֶׁנָּתַנָּה לִי אֶת הַרְצוֹן לְצֵדָה
מֵאֲרֶץ מִצְרַיִם

*Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, shenat'nah li et haratzon litzod
meyeretz mitzrayim* All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who has
placed in me the desire to march out of my oppression

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הָעוֹלָמִים, שֶׁפָּתְחָה אֶת הַמַּחְשְׁבָה

Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, shepat'chah et hamach'shavah
All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who opens the mind.

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הָעוֹלָמִים, מַלְבִּישָׁה עֲרֻמִּים.

Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, mal'bishah adumim
All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who clothes the naked.

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הַעוֹלָמִים, מִתִּירָה אֲסוּרִים.

Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, matir asurim

All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who releases the bound.

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הַעוֹלָמִים, זוֹקֶפֶת כְּפוּפִים.

Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, zokefet k'fufim

All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who lifts up the bent.

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הַעוֹלָמִים, שֶׁבְּרָאָה עוֹלָם שֶׁל עוֹשֶׁר

Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, shebar'ah olam shel osher

All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who created an abundant world

כָּל בְּרָכוֹת נוֹבְעוֹת מִן יְהוָה, אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חַי הַעוֹלָמִים, הַנוֹתֵנֶת לַיָּעֵף כֹּחַ.

Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, hanotenet laya'ef ko'ah

All blessings flow from Yah, our God, life of the worlds, who gives strength to the weary.

ALL

נְקֻבִים/ Openings and Vessels

נְבָרְךָ אֶת עֵן הַחַיִּים אֲשֶׁר יֵצֵר אֶת הָאָדָם בְּחָכְמָה וּבְרָא בּוֹ נְקֻבִים נְקֻבִים
חַלּוּלִים חַלּוּלִים. גְּלוּי וְיָדוּעַ לְפָנַי כְּסֵא כְּבוֹדְךָ שָׂאֵם יִפְתַּח אַחַד מֵהֶם אוֹ יִסְתֵּם
אַחַד מֵהֶם אִי אֶפְשָׁר לְהִתְקַיֵּם וְלַעֲמוֹד לְפָנֶיךָ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה רּוֹפֵא כָּל בִּשְׂרָא
וּמִפְּלִיא לַעֲשׂוֹת.

N'varech et ein hachayim asher yatzar et ha'adam bechochmah uvara vo

nekavim nekavim chalulim chalulim. Galuwi veyadu'a lifney chisey chevodecha she'im

*yipate'ach echad mehem o yisatem echad mehem i efshar lehitkayem vela'amod lefanecha. Baruch
ata Yah rofey chol basar umafla la'asot.*

Let us bless the source of life, who shaped the human being with wisdom, making for us all the openings and vessels of the body. It is revealed and known before your Throne of Glory that if one of these passage-ways be open when it should be closed, or blocked up when it should be free, one could not stay alive or stand before you. Blessed are You, Miraculous, the wondrous healer of all flesh.

ALL / FRINGES

Every morning the world is created

Mary Oliver

Every morning
the world
is created.
Under the orange

sticks of the sun
the heaped
ashes of the night
turn into leaves again

and fasten themselves to the high
branches-
and the ponds appear
like black cloth
on which are painted islands

of summer lilies.
If it is your nature
to be happy
you will swim away along the soft trails

for hours, your imagination
alighting everywhere.
And if your spirit
carries with it

the thorn
that is heavier than lead-
if it's all you can do
to keep on trudging-

there is still
somewhere deep within you
a beast shouting that the earth
is exactly what it wanted-

each pond with its blazing lilies
is a prayer heard and answered
lavishly,
every morning,

whether or not
you have ever dared to be happy,
whether or not
you have ever dared to pray.

SING

Hodu L'Adonai

LISTEN

Dane Kuttler

And G'd says: "On the first day of the seventh month, you shall turn into yourself and face the ugly. And you shall take accountability by asking forgiveness in specific and repentant ways because the community can only put up with your crap for so long. So promise to make different mistakes next year and get on with the business of healing."

READERS/ALL

Blackbirds

Julie Cadwallader Staub

Reader: I am 52 years old, and have spent
truly the better part
of my life out-of-doors
but yesterday I heard a new sound above my head
a rustling, ruffling quietness in the spring air

Reader: and when I turned my face upward
I saw a flock of blackbirds
rounding a curve I didn't know was there
and the sound was simply all those wings
just feathers against air, against gravity
and such a beautiful winging
the whole flock taking a long, wide turn
as if of one body and one mind.

All: **How do they do that?**

Reader: Oh if we lived only in human society
with its cruelty and fear
its apathy and exhaustion
what a puny existence that would be

Reader: but instead we live and move and have our being
here, in this curving and soaring world
so that when, every now and then, mercy and tenderness triumph in our lives
and when, even more rarely, we manage to unite and move together
toward a common good,

All: **we can think to ourselves:
ah yes, this is how it's meant to be.**

SING

מַה גְּדֹלוֹ / Mah Gadlu

מַה גְּדֹלוֹ מַעֲשֵׂיךָ יי, מְאֹד עֲמֻקּוֹ מַחְשְׁבֹתֶיךָ.

Mah gadlu, ma'asecha YAH, m'od amku mach'sh'votecha

How great are your works, Yah, how deep are your thoughts

LISTEN

The Sun

Mary Oliver

Have you ever seen
anything
in your life
more wonderful

than the way the sun,
every evening,
relaxed and easy,
floats toward the horizon

and into the clouds or the hills,
or the ruffled sea,
and is gone--
and how it slides again

out of the blackness,
every morning,
on the other side of the world,
like a red flower

streaming upward on its heavenly oils,
say, on a morning in early summer,
at its perfect imperial distance--
and have you ever felt for anything

such wild love--

do you think there is anywhere, in any
language,
a word billowing enough
for the pleasure

that fills you,
as the sun
reaches out,
as it warms you

as you stand there,
empty-handed--
or have you too
turned from this world--

or have you too
gone crazy
for power,
for things?

ALL

**crossing a creek
requires 3 things:**

Martha Courtot

crossing a creek
requires 3 things:

a certain serenity of mind
bare feet,
and a sure trust
that the snake we know
slides silently
underwater
just beyond our vision
will choose to ignore
the flesh
that cuts through
its territory
and we will pass through

some people think crossing a creek
is easy,
but i say this--

all crossings are hard,
whether creeks, mountains,
or into other lives

and we must always believe
in the snakes at our feet
just out of our vision

and we must practice believing
we will come through.

SING

Lead with Love

Melanie DeMore

Chorus:

You gotta put one foot in front of the other
and lead with love
Put one foot in front of the other
and lead with love

Don't give up hope
You're not alone
Don't you give up
Keep moving on

Lift up your eyes
Don't you despair
Look up ahead
The path is there

I know you're scared
And I'm scared too
But here I am
Right next to you

אבינו מלכנו / Avinu Malkeynu

English translation by Rabbi Burt Jacobson and David Cooper

אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ חֲנֵנוּ וְעֵינֵנוּ כִּי אֵין בָּנוּ מַעֲשִׂים
עֲשֵׂה עִמָּנוּ צְדָקָה וְחֶסֶד וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ

*Avinu malkeynu, honeynu va'aneynu, ki eyn banu ma'asim
Aseh imanu tzedakah vaḥesed v'hoshi'eynu*

Oh Mother and Father of life
Please hear us and give us your grace
Our Guide deep within us, O hear us and give us
Compassion and mercy and peace
O guide us through Your grace, justice and mercy to all
O guide us and teach us grant justice and mercy
We shall be free once again

אבינו מלכנו / Avinu Malkaynu - Our Parent, Our Sovereign

Teach us how to make this year a new beginning
Teach us how to grow from the harshness of life
Teach us to change what we cannot accept
Teach us to accept that we must change

Teach us to face disease and death
Teach us how to honor creation
Teach us how to make peace through justice
Teach us how we can best love our own tribe and not fear others

Our Father, our King

Our Mother, our Queen

Our Source and our Destiny

Our Guide and our Truth

Our Past and our Future

Teach us how to pay attention

Teach us how to ask for forgiveness when we have
wronged

Teach us how to grant forgiveness when ready
Let us find compassion and mercy for ourselves
and each other

Let us write our names in the Book of Life
Help us to find meaningful work

Teach us to help those who are ill and suffering
Help us give our love without giving away
ourselves

Receive our prayers and deal compassionately with our shortcomings
Teach us how to be good lovers and partners
Teach us how to be good parents and role models
Teach us how to be good children

Teach us how to be good friends
Teach us how to be good teachers and good students
Teach us how to be good people
Teach us how to find joy even when it seems impossible

Help us to bring full tikkun olam, full healing
Help us to be good Jews
Teach us how to be one with Your universe
Teach us how to be free

1 וַיְהִי אַחֲרֵי הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה וַהֲאֱלֹהִים נִסָּה אֶת־אֲבִרָהָם וַיֹּאמֶר אֵלָיו אֲבִרָהָם וַיֹּאמֶר הִנְנִי:

Some time afterward, God put Abraham to the test. He said to him, "Abraham," and he answered, "Here I am."

2 וַיֹּאמֶר קַח־נָא אֶת־בְּנֶךָ אֶת־יִחִידְךָ אֲשֶׁר־אָהַבְתָּ אֶת־יִצְחָק וְלֶךְ־לְךָ אֶל־אֶרֶץ הַמֹּרְיָה וְהַעֲלֵהוּ שָׁם לְעֹלָה עַל אֶחָד הַהָרִים אֲשֶׁר אֹמַר אֵלֶיךָ:

And He said, "Take your son, your favored one, Isaac, whom you love, and to to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering on one of the heights that I will point out to you.

3 וַיִּשְׁכֵּם אֲבִרָהָם בַּבֹּקֶר וַיַּחֲבֹשׁ אֶת־חֲמֹרוֹ וַיִּקַּח אֶת־שְׁנֵי נְעָרָיו אֹתוֹ וְאֶת יִצְחָק בְּנֹו וַיִּבְקַע עֵצִי עֹלָה וַיִּקֶּם וַיֵּלֶךְ אֶל־הַמָּקוֹם אֲשֶׁר־אָמַר־לוֹ הָאֱלֹהִים:

So early next morning, Abraham saddled his ass and took with him two of his servants and his son Isaac. He split the wood for the burnt offering, and he set out for the place of which God had told him.

4 בַּיּוֹם הַשְּׁלִישִׁי וַיִּשָּׂא אֲבִרָהָם אֶת־עֵינָיו וַיִּרְא אֶת־הַמָּקוֹם מֵרַחֵק:

On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place from afar.

5 וַיֹּאמֶר אֲבִרָהָם אֶל־נְעָרָיו שְׁבוּ־לְכֶם פֹּה עִם־הַחֲמֹר וְאֲנִי וְהַנֶּעֶר נִלְכֶה עַד־כֹּה וְנִשְׁתַּחֲוֶה וְנָשׁוּבָה אֵלֵיכֶם:

Then Abraham said to his servants, "You stay here with the ass. The boy and I will go up there; we will worship and we will return to you."

6 וַיִּקַּח אֲבִרָהָם אֶת־עֵצֵי הָעֹלָה וַיִּשֶׂם עַל־יִצְחָק בְּנֹו וַיִּקַּח בְּיָדוֹ אֶת־הָאֵשׁ וְאֶת־הַמַּאֲכָלֹת וַיֵּלְכוּ שְׁנֵיהֶם יַחְדָּו:

Abraham took the wood for the burnt offering and put it on his son Isaac. He himself took the firestone and the knife; and the two walked off together.

7 וַיֹּאמֶר יִצְחָק אֶל־אֲבִרְהָם אָבִיו וַיֹּאמֶר אָבִי וַיֹּאמֶר הַנְּנִי בְנִי וַיֹּאמֶר הֲנִהּ הָאֵשׁ
וְהָעֵצִים וְאֵיךְ הִשֶּׂה לְעֹלָה:

Then Isaac said to his father Abraham, "Father!" And he answered, "Yes, my son."
And he said, "Here are the firestone and the wood; but where is the sheep for the burnt offering?"

8 וַיֹּאמֶר אֲבִרְהָם אֱלֹהִים יְרַאֲה־לּוֹ הִשֶּׂה לְעֹלָה בְנִי וַיִּלְכוּ שְׁנֵיהֶם יַחְדָּו:

And Abraham said, "God will see to the sheep for His burnt offering, my son." And the two of them walked on together.

9 וַיָּבֹאוּ אֶל־הַמָּקוֹם אֲשֶׁר אָמַר־לוֹ הָאֱלֹהִים וַיִּבֶן שָׁם אֲבִרְהָם אֶת־הַמִּזְבֵּחַ וַיַּעֲרֹךְ
אֶת־הָעֵצִים וַיַּעֲקֹד אֶת־יִצְחָק בְּנוֹ וַיִּשֶׂם אֹתוֹ עַל־הַמִּזְבֵּחַ מִמַּעַל לְעֵצִים:

They arrived at the place of which God had told him. Abraham built an altar there; he laid out the wood; he bound his son Isaac; he laid him on the altar, on top of the wood.

10 וַיִּשְׁלַח אֲבִרְהָם אֶת־יָדוֹ וַיִּקַּח אֶת־הַמַּאֲכָלֹת לְשַׁחֵט אֶת־בְּנוֹ:

And Abraham picked up the knife to slay his son.

11 וַיִּקְרָא אֵלָיו מִלְאָךְ יְהוָה מִן־הַשָּׁמַיִם וַיֹּאמֶר אֲבִרְהָם | אֲבִרְהָם וַיֹּאמֶר הַנְּנִי:

Then an angel of the Lord called to him from heaven: "Abraham! Abraham!" And he answered, "Here I am."

12 וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים אֶל־יִצְחָק וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים אֶל־יִצְחָק וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים אֶל־יִצְחָק וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים אֶל־יִצְחָק
כִּי־יִרְאֶה אֱלֹהִים אֶתְּךָ וְלֹא חָשַׁבְתָּ אֶת־בְּנֶךָ אֶת־יְחִידְךָ מִמֶּנִּי:

And he said, "Do not raise your hand against the boy, or do anything to him. For now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your favored you, from Me."

13 וַיִּשָּׂא אֲבִרְהָם אֶת־עֵינָיו וַיִּרְאֶה וְהִנֵּה־אֵיל אַחֵר נֶאֱחָז בַּסִּבְךָ בְּקַרְנָיו וַיִּלְךְ
אֲבִרְהָם וַיִּקַּח אֶת־הָאֵיל וַיַּעֲלֵהוּ לְעֹלָה תַּחַת בְּנוֹ:

When Abraham looked up, his eye fell upon a ram, caught in the thicket by its horns. So Abraham went and took the ram and offered it up as a burnt offering in place of his son.

14 וַיִּקְרָא אַבְרָהָם שֵׁם־הַמָּקוֹם הַהוּא יְהוָה | יִרְאֶה אֲשֶׁר יֵאמֵר הַיּוֹם בְּהַר יְהוָה
יִרְאֶה:

And Abraham named that site Adonai-yireh, whence the present saying, "On the mount of the LORD there is vision."

15 וַיִּקְרָא מַלְאַךְ יְהוָה אֶל־אַבְרָהָם שֵׁנִית מִן־הַשָּׁמַיִם:

The angel of the LORD called to Abraham a second time from heaven,

16 וַיֵּאמֶר בִּי נִשְׁבַּעְתִּי נְאֻם־יְהוָה כִּי יַעַן אֲשֶׁר עָשִׂיתָ אֶת־הַדָּבָר הַזֶּה וְלֹא חָשַׁבְתָּ
אֶת־בְּנֶךְךָ אֶת־יְחִידְךָ:

and said, "By Myself I swear, the LORD declares: Because you have done this and have not withheld your son, your favored one,

17 כִּי־בָרַךְךָ אֲבָרְכְךָ וְהִרְבֵּה אֲרֻבָּה אֶת־זַרְעֲךָ כְּכּוֹכְבֵי הַשָּׁמַיִם וְכַחֹל אֲשֶׁר
עַל־שֵׁפֶת הַיָּם וַיִּרְשׁ זַרְעֲךָ אֶת שַׁעַר אֹיְבָיו:

I will bestow My blessing upon you and make your descendants as numerous as the stars of heaven and the sands on the seashore; and your descendants shall seize the gates of their foes.

18 וְהִתְבָּרְכוּ בְּזַרְעֲךָ כָּל־גּוֹיֵי הָאָרֶץ עֲקֵב אֲשֶׁר שָׁמַעְתָּ בְּקוֹלִי:

All the nations of the earth shall bless themselves by your descendants, because you have obeyed My command

19 וַיָּשָׁב אַבְרָהָם אֶל־נַעֲרָיו וַיִּקְמוּ וַיֵּלְכוּ יַחְדָּו אֶל־בְּאֵר שֶׁבַע וַיָּשָׁב אַבְרָהָם
בְּבְאֵר שֶׁבַע:

Abraham then returned to his servants, and they departed together for Beer-sheba; and Abraham stayed in Beer-sheba.

ALL

Blessing for Pursuing Justice

בְּרוּכָה אַתְּ שְׂכִינָה בְּתוֹכֵנוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁתָנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתֶיךָ וְצִוִּיתָנוּ
לְרַדֵּף צְדָקָה

B'rucha at Shekhinah, b'tocheynu, ruach ha'olam, asher kidshatnu b'mitzvotaha v'tzivatnu lirdof tzedek

Blessed are you, Shekhinah, who is within us, spirit of the world, who infuses our lives with holiness and commands us to pursue justice

LISTEN

This is what you shall do: Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men—go freely with powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families—re-examine all you have been told in school or church or in any book, and dismiss whatever insults your own soul; and your very flesh shall be a great poem, and have the richest fluency, not only in its words, but in the silent lines of its lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body.

Walt Whitman

LISTEN

I Will Not
Kathy Engel

write about the killing of Troy Davis or
the years he claimed innocence so many times
the words fell from his mouth like drops of honey.
Not about the last minutes when he said
may God have mercy on those who do this thing, or
the penultimate breath as he claimed
innocence. I will not talk about the
executioner or the cheering crowds,
the family he left behind, breakfast
unfinished at the table, the excavation of their
daily yearning, each bite of bread a reminder. I
will not speak about innocence or the sound
of his voice through incarceration, the look in his eye,
the shirt he wore the day he was hauled in or the one
he was instructed to wear on any given court day - was
it prison-ironed, plaid, blue? I will not write about
innocence. I want to look back and write about the day
the killing stopped, how we as animals rose.

כֹּה אָמַר יְהוָה זְכוֹרְתִי לָךְ

כֹּה אָמַר יְהוָה זְכוֹרְתִי לָךְ חֶסֶד נְעוּרַיִךְ אֲהַבֵּת כְּלוּלְתַיִךְ לְכַתֵּךְ אַחֲרַי בִּימֵדְבָר
בְּאֶרֶץ לֹא זְרוּעָה: וְנֹאֲמַר: וְזְכוֹרְתִי אֲנִי אֶת-בְּרִיתִי אִוְתָךְ בִּימֵי נְעוּרַיִךְ וַחֲקִימוֹתִי
לָךְ בְּרִית עוֹלָם: וְנֹאֲמַר: הֲבֵן יָקִיר לִי אֶפְרַיִם אִם יֶלֶד שְׁעִשׂוּעִים כִּי-מִדַּי דַּבְּרִי בּוֹ
זָכַר אֶזְכְּרֶנּוּ עוֹד עַל-כֵּן הָמוּ מֵעַי לוֹ רַחֵם אֲרַחֲמֶנּוּ נְאֻם-יְהוָה:

*ko amar Adonai zakar'ti lach chesed n'urayich ahavat kelulotayik lech'tayk acharay bimid'bar
b'erezt lo z'rua. Vene'emar: vezachar'ti ani et-beriti otach b'may n'urayich vachakeymoti lach
berit olam. Vene'emar: haveyn yakir li ef'rayim im yeled sha'ashuim ki-miday dabri bo zachor
ezkeno od al-keyn hamu me'ay lo rachem arachamenu n'um-Adonai*

Thus says the God of Israel: I recall the love you showed me in your youth, the time you
betrothed yourself to me, following after me across a barren land. I remember my covenant with
you, in days when you were young, and I shall now create for you, an everlasting covenant."
And it is said: "Is Ephraim not my dearest child, a source of joy to me? Truly, whenever I make
mention of it, I am flooded with memories. Therefore, I fill with yearning, and am overcome
with love. So says Adonai."

LISTEN/ALL

Declaration of Inter-Dependence
Richard Blanco

ALL: *Such has been the patient sufferance...*

We're a mother's bread, instant potatoes, milk at a checkout line; her three children pleading for bubble gum and their father. We're the three minutes she steals to page a tabloid, needing to believe even stars' lives are as joyful and bruised.

ALL: *Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury...*

We're her second job serving an executive in a shark-grey suit absorbed in his Fortune magazine at a sidewalk café. We're the shadow of skyscrapers like giant chess pieces in a game he bet his family on, and lost. We're the lost. We're a father who can't mine a life anymore in a town where too much, too little has happened, for too long.

ALL: *A history of repeated injuries and usurpations...*

We're the grit of his main street's blacked-out windows and spray-painted truths. Or a street lined with Royal palms—home to a Peace Corps couple who now collect art and winter in Aruba. We're their dinner-party-talk of wines and picket signs once wielded, retirement accounts and draft cards once burned. We're their knowing it's time to do more than read the New York Times, buy fair-trade coffee and grass-fed beef.

ALL: *In every stage of oppressions we have petitioned for redress...*

We're the canned corn of a farmer who plows into his couch as worn as his back by the end of the day. We're watching news having everything, nothing to do with the field dust in his eyes or his son nested in the ache of his arms. We're his son. And a black son who drove too fast or too slow, talked too much or too little, moved too quickly, but not quick enough for a bullet. We're our dead, our blood-stained blackboards, dance floors, church pulpits.

ALL: *We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor...*

We're the living who light vigil candles and the cop who didn't shoot. We're the inmate with his volunteer teacher diagramming sentences, the Buddhist alongside the stockbroker serving soup at a shelter. We're the grandfather taking a selfie with his grandson and his husband, the widow's fifty cents in the collection plate and the golfer's ten-thousand-dollar pledge for a cure.

ALL: *We hold these truths to be self-evident...*

We're them. They're you. You're me. We're us: a handshake, a smile good morning on the bus, a door held open, a seat we give up on the subway. We tend restrooms or sell art, make huevos rancheros or herbed salmon, run for mayor or restock shelves, work a backhoe or write poems. We're a poem in progress.

ALL: *When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people...*

to fulfill the promise of being one people, necessary to abolish any government that becomes destructive of these ends, necessary to dissolve the political bans that keep us from speaking to each other, necessary to avow our interdependence, to look straight into each other's eyes the way we behold the moon, and declare to one another: *I see you. I see you. I see you.*

SING

Bound for Freedom
Pat Humphries

In Montgomery and in Selma and the streets of Birmingham
The people sent a message to the leaders of the land.
We have fought and we have suffered but we know the wrong from right.
We are family, we are neighbors, we are black and we are white.

Chorus: Here I go bound for freedom, may my truth take the lead
 Not the preacher, not the congress, not the millionaire, but me
 I will organize for justice. I will raise my voice in song.
 And our children will be free to lead the world and carry on.

From a cell in Pennsylvania, no longer on death row,
Mumia had the courage to expose the evil show.
From the court room to the board room in the television's glare
How the greedy live off poor and hungry people everywhere.

Chorus

Bridge: Here I go though I'm standing on my own,
 I remember those before me and I know I'm not alone.
 I will organize for justice. I will raise my voice in song.
 And our children will be free to lead the world and carry on.

From the streets of New York City 'cross the oceans and beyond.
People from all nations create a common bond.
With our conscience as our weapon, we are witness to the fall.
We are simple, we are brilliant,
We are one and we are all.

LISTEN

Let Me Please Look Into My Window

Gerald Stern

Let me please look into my window on 103rd Street one more time—
without crying, without tearing the satin, without touching
the white face, without straightening the tie or crumpling the flower.

Let me walk up Broadway past Zak's, past the Melody Fruit Store,
past Stein's Eyes, past the New Moon Inn, past the Olympia.

Let me leave quietly by Gate 29

and fall asleep as we pull away from the ramp
into the tunnel.

Let me wake up happy, let me know where I am, let me lie still,
as we turn left, as we cross the water, as we leave the light.

קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ וְיִמְלִיךָ
מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעֵגְלָא

וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב יֵאמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמִי וּלְעָלְמֵי עֵלְמַיָּא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה
וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקַדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא לְעֵלְא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמַתָּא דְאַמִּירָן בְּעֵלְמָא וְאֵמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאֵמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵי הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל
כָּל יִשְׁמַאֵל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל וְאֵמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal veyitkadesh shemey raba
be'alma divora hiruty veyamliah malhutey
behayeyhon uvyomeyehon uvhayey dehol beyt yisra'el
ba'agala uvizman kariv ve'imru amen.*

Yehey shemey raba mevarah le'alam ulalmey almaya.

*Yitbarah veyistabah veyitpa'ar veyitromam veyitnasey veyit-hadar veyitaleh veyit-halal shemey
dekudsha berih hu le'ela le'ela min kol birhata veshirata tushbehata venehemata da'amiran
be'alma ve'imru amen.*

*Yehey shelama raba min shemaya vehayim Aleynu ve'al kol yisra'el ve'imru amen.
Oseh shalom bimromav hu ya'aseh shalom Aleynu ve'al kol yisra'el ve'al kol yishma'el ve'al kol
yoshvey tevel ve'imru amen.*

ALL

Mourner's Kaddish

Elliott batTzedek

So often am I lost,
yet through the pall, yet through the tarnish, show me the way back,
through my betrayals, my dismay, my heart's leak, my mind's sway,
eyes' broken glow, groan of the soul—which convey all that isn't real,
for every soul to These Hands careen. And let us say, amen.

Say you will show me the way back, my Rock, my Alarm. Lead the way, Oh my Yah

And yet in shock and yet in shame and yet in awe and yet to roam and yet to stay
and yet right here and yet away and yet —“Halleluyah!” my heartbeat speaks, for You
live, for You live, in all this murk and too in the clear and too in our wreckage.
You are the mirror of our souls, let us say: amen

Life may harm me, rob me, ream me raw, try me, even slay me
Over all You will prevail. And let us say: Amen

Say You shall loan me a tomorrow, Say You shall loan another day to all who are called
Yisrael and all called Yishmael and all called We and They, and let us say, Amen