

כל נדרי

Kol Nidre

5779 / 2018



Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for blockading 1.8 million Gazans inside an open air prison; and for unleashing
devastating firepower on a population trapped in a tiny strip of land

Tikkun Olam Chavurah *and*
Fringes: a feminist, non-zionist havurah

Kol Nidre 5779 *with* Tikkun Olam Chavurah *and* Fringes: a feminist, non-zionist havurah

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LISTEN

Moment Vanishing / Elizabeth Spires

Now, in the quietude of evening, the dove comes.
It does not flash its feathers, does not
make a sound, but feeds on what the finches
leave behind. How little it needs.
A few hard seeds. A drop of water.

It is late summer. It is always
late summer here. The air is hot and dry.
Brown leaves lie like hands in the yard.
There is no place to turn. No place to stop.
We are hurried along, pushed farther into our lives.

Moments are vanishing all over the earth
as bombs explode, the victim is hooded,
great populations scatter on endless dust roads.
It is too much. We avert our eyes.
We wait like children for the coming of the dove.

And if I were allowed a question,
one question, of the evening dove
who asks for nothing, whose pleasure
is a few small seeds, whose heart I covet,
I would ask, O what will I become?

The Wall

Words and music by Anais Mitchell

Why do we build the wall?
My children, my children,
Why do we build the wall?

Why do we build the wall?
We build the wall to keep us free.
That's why we build the wall;
We build the wall to keep us free.

How does the wall keep us free?
My children, my children,
How does the wall keep us free?

How does the wall keep us free?
The wall keeps out the enemy
And we build the wall to keep us free.
That's why we build the wall;
We build the wall to keep us free.

Who do we call the enemy?
My children, my children,
Who do we call the enemy?

Who do we call the enemy?
The enemy is poverty,
And the wall keeps out the enemy,
And we build the wall to keep us free.
That's why we build the wall;
We build the wall to keep us free.

Because we have and they have not!
My children, my children,
Because they want what we have got!

Because we have and they have not!
Because they want what we have got!
The enemy is poverty,
And the wall keeps out the enemy,
And we build the wall to keep us free.
That's why we build the wall;
We build the wall to keep us free.

What do we have that they should
want?
My children, my children,
What do we have that they should
want?

What do we have that they should
want?
We have a wall to work upon!
We have work and they have none,
And our work is never done,
My children, my children,
And the war is never won.
The enemy is poverty,
And the wall keeps out the enemy,
And we build the wall to keep us free;
That's why we build the wall.
We build the wall to keep us free.
We build the wall to keep us free.

LISTEN

Dane Kuttler

And G'd says: "And lo, let us go. Go deep. Go in. You have done what you can. And now is the time to face yourself. Go with courage, for you are doing the work of the righteous. Go with comfort, for you have not given up. Go with trembling, for though you are small, you are an indispensable part of the greatness. You are necessary. You are essential. You are here."

שְׁמַע / Sh'ma

Ariadne Joy Lieber

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל הַשְּׁכִינָה בְּקִרְבָּנוּ הַשְּׁכִינָה אַחַת

Sh'ma Yisrael, ha-Shekhinah b'Kirbainu ha-Shekhinah Ahat

Listen, Israel, the Shekhina is in our inmost being, the Shekhina is one

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד

Baruch shem kevod malchuto le'olam va'ed.

וְאַהֲבָתָּה / V'ahav't

**וְאַהֲבָתָּה אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, בְּכָל לִבְבֵּנוּ וּבְכָל נַפְשֵׁנוּ, וּבְכָל מַאֲדֵנוּ. וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים
הָאֵלֶּה, אֲשֶׁר אֲנִי מְצַוְתְּךָ הַיּוֹם, עַל לִבְבֵּנוּ. וְשִׁנְתָּם לְבִנְיָנוּ וּלְבִיתְךָ, וְדַבַּרְתָּ
בָּם, בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ, וּבְלִכְתְּךָ בַּדֶּרֶךְ, וּבְשֹׁכְתְךָ, וּבְקוֹמְךָ. וְקִשְׁרָתִים לְאוֹת עַל
יָדְךָ, וְהָיוּ לְטַטְפֹּת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ. וְכִתְבָתִּים עַל מְזוֹזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ.**

V'ahav't et adonay elohay'ich b'chol l'vavech uv'kol naf'shech uv'kol m'odech. V'hayu hadevarim ha'eleh asher anochi m'tzavatech hayom, al l'vavech. V'shinantim livnotayich ul'vanayich, v'dibaret bam, b'shiv'tech b'vaytech, uv'lech'tech baderech, uv'shach'tech, uv'komech. Uk'shartim l'ot al yadeych, v'hayu l'totafot bayn eynay'ich. Uch'tav'tim al m'zuzot baytech uvish'aray'ich.

And you must love The One, your God, with your whole heart, with every breath, with all you have. Take these words that I command you now to heart. Teach them intently to your children. Speak them when you sit inside your house or walk upon the road, when you lie down and when you rise. And bind them as a sign upon your hand, and keep them visible before your eyes. Inscribe them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates.

Tikkun Olam Chavurah & Fringes: a feminist, non-zionist havurah

Kol Nidre 5779/2018

LISTEN

V'ahavta

Aurora Levins Morales

Say these words when you lie down and when you rise up,
when you go out and when you return. In times of mourning
and in times of joy. Inscribe them on your doorposts,
embroider them on your garments, tattoo them on your shoulders,
teach them to your children, your neighbors, your enemies,
recite them in your sleep, here in the cruel shadow of empire:

ALL: Another world is possible.

Thus spoke the prophet Roque Dalton:
*All together they have more death than we,
but all together, we have more life than they.*
There is more bloody death in their hands
than we could ever wield, unless
we lay down our souls to become them,
and then we will lose everything. So instead,

imagine winning. This is your sacred task.
This is your power. Imagine
every detail of winning, the exact smell of the summer streets
in which no one has been shot, the muscles you have never
unclenched from worry, gone soft as newborn skin,
the sparkling taste of food when we know
that no one on earth is hungry, that the beggars are fed,
that the old man under the bridge and the woman
wrapping herself in thin sheets in the back seat of a car,
and the children who suck on stones,
nest under a flock of roofs that keep multiplying their shelter.
Lean with all your being towards that day
when the poor of the world shake down a rain of good fortune
out of the heavy clouds, and justice rolls down like waters.

**ALL: Defend the world in which we win as if it were your child.
It is your child.
Defend it as if it were your lover.
It is your lover.**

Tikkun Olam Chavurah & Fringes: a feminist, non-zionist havurah
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When you inhale and when you exhale
breathe the possibility of another world
into the 37.2 trillion cells of your body
until it shines with hope.
Then imagine more.

Imagine rape is unimaginable. Imagine war is a scarcely credible rumor
That the crimes of our age, the grotesque inhumanities of greed,
the sheer and astounding shamelessness of it, the vast fortunes
made by stealing lives, the horrible normalcy it came to have,
is unimaginable to our heirs, the generations of the free.

**ALL: Don't waver. Don't let despair sink its sharp teeth
Into the throat with which you sing. Escalate your dreams.
Make them burn so fiercely that you can follow them down
any dark alleyway of history and not lose your way.
Make them burn clear as a starry drinking gourd
Over the grim fog of exhaustion, and keep walking.**

**Hold hands. Share water. Keep imagining.
So that we, and the children of our children's children
may live.**

הַשְּׂכִיבֵנוּ Hashkiveinu / Let There Be Love by Noah Aronson

Let there be love and understanding among us
let peace and friendship be our shelter from life's storms

*Hashkivenu Ehiyeh elohaynu
Hashkivenu l'shalom
veha'amidenu shom'reynu lechayim,
ufros aleynu sukkat shelomecha.*

הַשְּׂכִיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
הַשְּׂכִיבֵנוּ לְשָׁלוֹם
הַעֲמִידֵנוּ שׁוֹמְרֵנוּ לְחַיִּים
וּפְרוֹשׁ עָלֵינוּ סִכַּת שְׁלוֹמָךְ:

RESPONSIVE

On Joy and Sorrow
Khalil Gibran

Then a woman said, *Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.*
And he answered: *Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.*
And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises
was oftentimes filled with your tears.

All: And how else can it be?

The deeper that sorrow carves into your being,
the more joy you can contain.
Is not the cup that holds your wine
the very cup that was burned in the potter's oven?
And is not the lute that soothes your spirit,
the very wood that was hollowed with knives?
When you are joyous, look deep into your heart
*and you shall find it is only that which has given you
sorrow that is giving you joy.*
When you are sorrowful look again in your heart,
*and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for
that which has been your delight.*
Some of you say, "Joy is greater than sorrow,"
and others say, "Nay, sorrow is the greater."

All: But I say unto you, they are inseparable.

Together they come, and when one sits alone with you at your board,
remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.

Lest in the Future our Silence be Held as Witness Against Us

Elliott batTzedek

Lest in the future our silence be held as witness against us we say:

It is wrong to turn away people fleeing violence.

It is wrong to imprison people whose only crime is wanting a better life

It is wrong to deny shelter to those in most dire need

It is wrong to replace asylum with incarceration.

It is wrong to steal children to force parents to comply.

It is wrong to steal children.

It is wrong to force parents.

Chorus

It is wrong to name as "good" those who seek to do evil.

It is wrong to feed the mouths of corruption rather than the mouths of the hungry.

It is wrong to use the public trust for personal gain.

It is wrong to prioritize greed over need.

It is wrong to prioritize wealth over health.

Chorus

It is wrong to lie.

It is wrong to lie and to lie again.

It is wrong to lie and to lie and to be proud of the lying.

It is wrong to destroy an office you took an oath to protect.

Chorus

It is wrong to trap people behind walls.

It is wrong to trap people behind walls and deny them basic human needs.

It is wrong to trap people behind walls and deny them hope.

It is wrong to trap people behind walls and use them as living targets as you advertise your newest weapon systems.

It is wrong that we even have to say aloud that this is wrong.

Chorus

Each of these is wrong and lest in the future our silence be held as witness against us, as the Gates of Life stand open this day we say, loud and clear:

All of these things are wrong.

Chorus

אֲדֹנָי שְׁפֹתַי תִּפְתָּח וּפִי יַגִּיד הָאֱמֶת

Adonai sefatie tiftach ufi yagid haemet

Adonai, open my lips and my mouth
will declare truth

SING

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם /Osah Shalom: May She Who Makes Peace

Holly Taya Shere

Osah shalom bimromavha

hi ta'aseh shalom aleynu

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוּמֶיהָ
הִיא תַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ

May She who makes peace shine peace on all of us

13 Attributes of Compassion and Forgiveness

English translation by Rabbi Burt Jacobson

יְהוָה אֵל רַחוּם וְחַנוּן
אֶרֶךְ אַפִּים וְרַב חֶסֶד וְאֵמֶת
נֹצֵר חֶסֶד לְאַלְפִים
נִשְׂא עוֹן וּפֶשַׁע וְחַטָּאָה וְנִקָּה

Yud Hey Vav Hey eyl rahum v'hanun

Ereh apayim v'rahv hesed ve'emet

Notzer hesed l'alafim

Nosey avon vafeshah v'hata'ah v'nah'key

Shehina, Shehina, Compassion and Tenderness

Patience, Forbearance, Kindness, Awareness

Bearing love from age to age

Lifting guilt and mistakes and making us free

FRINGES

today I am
sitting with empire
Tema Jon Okun

this feels familiar
the simple, singular
claim on my
white skin,
on my terrorized
sex, on my
hammered heart

the unmistakable problem
of begging the
crazy bastard America
of resisting the jackboot
assault of penetration
into my pleading
soul,
the weary rejection
of preachers and teachers
of hell

I am telling you this,
the woods, the villages,
the cities, the very continent
is crazy from the
cost of this
daily desire of the
monster armies of America,
fighting for false
freedom, forced status,
incarceration
of hair and head and gender
and hearts, of skin,
of our children,
and our children's children,
of the evening sky

and our rattling teeth
we need a kind of surgery,
we need words and walking
and silence and stars and smashing,
idiosyncratic proof, glorious
proof that we are not
the problem, we are
the very kinsmen of
our self-determination,
we are the books and
the claims and the
indisputable fuck you
of the problem

we are the streets and
the rain and the workers,
we are the sanctity
of god and
we know the difference
between wrong and
reasonable, we can name
our own geographic,
we are the familiar
everybody and we
love the stars and
we love our feet
in our shoes
and we turn
towards the
soul and disclose
the very why
of the world
and we are no
longer afraid

no matter
what
comes

יעלה / Ya'aleh

יעלה תחנונו מערב
ויבוא שועתנו מבקר
ויראה רנונו עד ערב

*Ya'aleh tahananeynu mey'erev
V'yavoh shavateynu miboker
V'yeyra'eh rinuneynu ad arev*

May our supplications rise at nightfall
our pleas approach Your presence in the morning
and our exultation come at dusk

יעלה קולנו מערב
ויבוא צדקתנו מבקר
ויראה פדיונו עד ערב

*Ya'aleh koleynu mey'erev
V'yavoh tzidkateynu miboker
V'yeyra'eh pidyoneynu ad arev*

May our voices rise in prayer at nightfall
our righteousness shine forth in the morning
and let redemption come to us at dusk

יעלה ענוינו מערב
ויבוא סליחתנו מבקר
ויראה נאקתנו עד ערב

*Ya'aleh inuyeynu mey'erev
V'yavoh sliḥateynu miboker
V'yeyra'eh nahkateynu ad arev*

May our penitence rise to You at nightfall
our forgiveness in the morning
and our cry be heard at dusk

יעלה מנוסנו מערב
ויבוא למענו מבקר
ויראה כפורנו עד ערב

*Ya'aleh m'nuseynu mey'erev
V'yavoh l'ma'ano miboker
V'yeyra'eh kipureynu ad arev*

May our trust in You rise up at nightfall
our hope be granted in the morning
and let atonement cleanse us all at dusk

יַעֲלֶה יִשְׁעֵנוּ מֵעֶרֶב
וַיָּבֹא טָהָרֵנוּ מִבֶּקֶר
וַיֵּרָא חֲנוּנֵנוּ עַד עֶרֶב

*Ya'aleh yisheynu mey'erev
V'yavoh tohareynu miboker
V'yeyra'eh hinuneynu ad arev*

May our deliverance rise up at nightfall
our cleansing wash over us in the morning
and our beauty be revealed at dusk

יַעֲלֶה זְכוֹרֵנוּ מֵעֶרֶב
וַיָּבֹא וְעוֹדֵנוּ מִבֶּקֶר
וַיֵּרָא הַדְרָתֵנוּ עַד עֶרֶב

*Ya'aleh zihroneynu mey'erev
V'yavoh vi'udeynu miboker
V'yeyra'eh hadreteynu ad arev*

May our remembrance rise at nightfall
our meeting with You in the morning
and our glory shine forth at dusk

יַעֲלֶה דִּפְקֵנוּ מֵעֶרֶב
וַיָּבֹא גִילֵנוּ מִבֶּקֶר
וַיֵּרָא בִקְשָׁתֵנוּ עַד עֶרֶב

*Ya'aleh dofkeynu mey'erev
V'yavoh gileynu miboker
V'yeyra'eh bakashateynu ad arev*

May our knocking at the gates rise up at nightfall
our joy come to us in the morning
and our petition be granted at dusk

יַעֲלֶה אֲנִקְתָּנוּ מֵעֶרֶב
וַיָּבֹא אֵלֶיךָ מִבֶּקֶר
וַיֵּרָא אֵלֵינוּ עַד עֶרֶב

*Ya'aleh enkateynu mey'erev
V'yavoh eyleha miboker
V'yeyra'eh eyleynu ad arev*

May our cry rise up to You at nightfall
our pleas reach You in the morning
and You answer us with mercy at dusk

עַל חַטָּא / Al Chet

עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטָּאנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha...

For the wrong we have done before you...

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for using sacred Jewish spiritual tradition to justify political nationalism and militarism;

Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for promoting an image of Jews as history's only victims, entitled to all of Palestine, leading to the Nakba and the occupation of Gaza and the West Bank.

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for blockading 1.8 million Gazans inside an open air prison; and for unleashing devastating firepower on a population trapped in a tiny strip of land;

Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for our complicity in framing the occupation and collective punishment of Palestinians as security issues.

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for our complicity in demonizing the Palestinian population and blaming them for the conflict;

Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for not speaking out against the Israeli government's repression of dissidents and allowing ourselves to be intimidated by others within the U.S. Jewish community.

וְעַל כָּלֵם אֱלֹהֵי סְלִיחוֹת סְלַח לָנוּ: מְחַל לָנוּ: כִּפּוּר—לָנוּ:

Ve'al kulam eloha selichot selach lanu. Mechal lanu. Kaper lanu.

For all these, source of forgiveness, forgive us, pardon us, receive our atonement.

עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטָּאנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha...

For the wrong we have done before you...

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for forgetting that we were all once strangers in a strange land;

Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for advocating militarized fences and walls instead of open borders.

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for supporting trade policies and murderous regimes that uproot people,
families, and communities;

Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for drawing lines and turning away those who come to our country seeking a
better life.

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for demonizing migrants as threats to be feared;

Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for labeling human beings as "illegal."

Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for ripping families apart and stealing children,

Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha

for the billions of dollars in profit made by all these acts.

וְעַל כָּלֵם אֱלֹהֵי סְלִיחוֹת סְלַח לָנוּ: מְחַל לָנוּ: כִּפֹּר—לָנוּ:

Ve'al kulam eloha selichot selach lanu. Mechal lanu. Kaper lanu.

For all these, source of forgiveness, forgive us, pardon us, receive our atonement.

LISTEN

My Dead Friends

Marie Howe

I have begun,
when I'm weary and can't decide an answer to a bewildering question

to ask my dead friends for their opinion
and the answer is often immediate and clear.

Should I take the job? Move to the city? Should I try to conceive a child
in my middle age?

They stand in unison shaking their heads and smiling—whatever leads
to joy, they always answer,

to more life and less worry. I look into the vase where Billy's ashes were —
it's green in there, a green vase,

and I ask Billy if I should return the difficult phone call, and he says, yes.
Billy's already gone through the frightening door,

whatever he says I'll do.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שֵׁמֶה רַבָּא בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְּרֻעוּתָהּ וְיִמְלִיךְ
מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעָגְלָא
וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שֵׁמֶה רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדַּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה
וְיִתְהַלַּל שֵׁמֶה דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא לְעָלְמָא לְעָלְמָא מְכָל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמַתָּא דְאַמִּירָן בְּעֵלְמָא וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עוֹשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵי הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל
כָּל יִשְׁמַעְיֵאל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵּבֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal veyitkadash shemey raba
be'alma divra hiruty veyamliah malhutey
behayeyhon uvyomeykhon 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

אֲדוֹן עוֹלָם / Adon Olam

She Carries Me

Jennifer Berezan

She is a boat, she is a light
High on a hill in dark of night.
She is a wave, she is the deep.
She is the dark where angels sleep.
When all is still and peace abides
She carries me to the other side.
She carries me, she carries me,
She carries me to the other side.

And though I walk through valleys deep,
And shadows chase me in my sleep,
On rocky cliffs I stand alone;
I have no name, I have no home.
With broken wings I reach to fly;
She carries me to the other side.
She carries me, she carries me,
She carries me to the other side.

A thousand arms, a thousand eyes,
A thousand ears to hear my cries.
She is the gate, she is the door;
She leads me through and back once more.
When day has dawned and death is nigh,
She carries me to the other side.
She carries me, she carries me,
She carries me to the other side.

She is the first, she is the last,
She is the future and the past.
Mother of all, of earth and sky,
She carries me to the other side.
She carries me, she carries me
She carries me to the other side.
She carries me, she carries me,
She carries me to the other side.