



*Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for failing to heed how our reckless burning of fossil fuels is scorching the earth  
and destroying our planet

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

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Dane Kuttler quotations throughout the service are from:

*The Social Justice Warrior's Guide to the High Holy Days, The Book of Solace, and Unlikely Victories: a handbook for the good fight*

available from [www.danepoetry.com](http://www.danepoetry.com)

שַׁחֲרִית

Morning Service

**SING**

יש אֲדֹנָי / Yesh Adonai

chant by Shefa Gold

יש אֲדֹנָי בְּקוֹם הַזֶּה , וְאֲנֹכִי לֹא יָדַעְתִּי

*Yesh Adonai bamakom ha zeh.....Va'anochi lo yadati*

God was in this place and I did not know it.

**LISTEN**

Dane Kuttler

And G!d says: "Awake! Awake! This is the time when nothing can hide, when the leaves are still outstretched on their branches, and even the cornhusks are opening to reveal their sweetness. So too, does the ugliness of the world open - if you have not known it before now, then rouse yourself. It is not too late. There is too much to do; you cannot sleep anymore."

**FRINGES**

**Taking It Off**

Ellie Schoenfeld

Some years are just  
one hair shirt layered onto another,  
each one doing its best  
to fuse with skin.

Now is the time  
I will finally peel them off,  
a slow psychological striptease.  
I examine each one only briefly  
then throw it  
onto an enormous fire,  
that original bonfire  
fueled by grace and forgiveness,  
by the bones  
of a thousand other troubles.

Its tongues of flame  
sing torch songs and the blues, praises  
for every dull, flawed, and disastrous  
thing.

Its flames lick and illuminate wounds,  
leave smoke and spark and new  
mirrors.

Finally the last one comes off.  
I stand here  
naked and perfect,  
just like you,  
just like everyone.

SING

נְשִׁמַת חַיִּי / Nishmat Chayay by Marcia Falk

נְשִׁמַת חַיִּי תִבְרַךְ וְקָרַב לְבִי יִשְׂרָאֵל:  
כָּל עוֹד נְשִׁמָּה בְּקִרְבִּי מוֹדֵה מוֹדֵה אֲנִי

*Nishmat hayay t'vareykh v'kerev libi yashir,  
Kol od n'shamah b'kirbi modah/modeh ani*

The soul of my life will bless, and the innermost part of my heart will sing.  
As long as breath is in my innermost being, I give thanks.

ALL

QUIETLY

נְקָבִים חֲלוּלִים / Openings and Vessels

נְבִרְךָ אֶת עֵינֵי הַחַיִּים אֲשֶׁר יֵצֵר אֶת הָאָדָם בְּחָכְמָה וּבְרָא בּוֹ נְקָבִים נְקָבִים  
חֲלוּלִים חֲלוּלִים. גָּלוּי וַיְדוּעַ לְפָנַי כְּסָא כְבוֹדְךָ שְׂאֵם יִפְתַּח אֶחָד מֵהֶם אוֹ יִסְתֵּם  
אֶחָד מֵהֶם אִי אֶפְשָׁר לְהִתְקַיֵּם וְלַעֲמוֹד לְפָנֶיךָ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ הוֹה רֹפֵא כָּל בְּשָׂר  
וּמְפַלֵּיא לַעֲשׂוֹת.

*N'varech et ein hachayim asher yatzar et ha'adam bechochmah uvara vo nekavim  
nekavim chalumim 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 umafli la'asot.*

ALL

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.

SING

**This Is My Body**

This is my body, this is my home  
This is my body, this is my home

Get your hands up off my body,  
you don't belong here  
Get your hands up off my body,  
this is my home

ALL

## 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 לַשֶּׁכּוֹי בִּינָה לְהַבְחִין  
בֵּין יוֹם וּבֵין לַיְלָה.

*Kol b'rachot nov'ot min Yah, eloheynu, hey ha'olamim, asher natan l'shech'vi vinah 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 לְצַעֵד  
מֵאָרֶץ 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 הַמַּחְשָׁבָה

*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 הָעוֹלָמִים, מַתִּירָה 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 הָעוֹלָמִים, 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 הָעוֹלָמִים, שְׁבַרְאָה 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 הָעוֹלָמִים, הַנּוֹתֵנֶת 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.

**LISTEN**

Dane Kuttler

And G!d says: "You, who are exhausted with the work already. You, with the asphalt-worn boots, with the house full of placards. You, who are always breathing in, preparing to shout, who sees the work everywhere and swallows the impossible sea of it: breathe out, weary ones. Prepare yourselves to go in, and to go in deep. Find the work inside: the work of self-kindness, the work of healing and repair. The work on the street will still be there when you re-enter. The world needs you whole."

**SING**

עֲזִי וְזִמְרַת יְהוָה / Ozi V'zimrat Yah

Shefa Gold

עֲזִי וְזִמְרַת יְהוָה וַיְהִי לִי לִישׁוּעָה

*Ozi v'zimrat Yah va'y'hi li lishuah*

My strength and my God-song will be for me salvation

**ALL**

Dane Kuttler

And G!d says: there is no such thing as a perfect time, which also means there is no such thing as too late. There is no such thing as ready, only willing. There is no such thing as right, only willing. There is no such thing as possible, only the inability to live with the impossible.

**READERS/ALL**

Try to Praise the Mutilated World

Adam Zagajewski, trans. by Clare Cavanagh

Reader: Try to praise the mutilated world.

Reader: Remember June's long days,  
and wild strawberries, drops of rosé wine.

Reader: The nettles that methodically overgrow  
the abandoned homesteads of exiles.

**All: You must praise the mutilated world.**

Reader: You watched the stylish yachts and ships;  
one of them had a long trip ahead of it,

Reader: while salty oblivion awaited others.

Reader: You've seen the refugees going nowhere,  
you've heard the executioners sing joyfully.

**All: You should praise the mutilated world.**

Reader: Remember the moments when we were together  
in a white room and the curtain fluttered.

Reader: Return in thought to the concert where music flared.

Reader: You gathered acorns in the park in autumn  
and leaves eddied over the earth's scars.

**All: Praise the mutilated world**

Reader: and the gray feather a thrush lost,

Reader: and the gentle light that strays and vanishes  
and returns.

**All: Praise the mutilated world.**

**You should praise the mutilated world.**

**You must praise the mutilated world.**

**SING**

**Praises for the World by Jennifer Berezon**

Praises, Praises, Praises for the world

Life can make you bitter, life can turn you cold

It seems I've spent most of my own just trying to crack the code

But if I die tomorrow may the last words that I know

Be praises, praises for the world

**LISTEN**

**We Have a Beautiful Mother / Alice Walker**

We have a beautiful  
mother  
Her hills  
are buffaloes  
Her buffaloes  
hills.

We have a beautiful  
mother  
Her oceans  
are wombs  
Her wombs  
oceans.

We have a beautiful  
mother  
Her teeth  
the white stones  
at the edge  
of the water  
the summer grasses  
her plentiful  
hair.

We have a beautiful  
mother  
Her green lap  
immense  
Her brown embrace  
eternal  
Her blue body  
everything  
we know.

**SING**

**Praises for the World**

Jennifer Berezon

Praises, Praises, Praises for the world

[Some have always preached about a world beyond this place  
dismissed this life as mortal, only sorrow, only waste]  
But the holiest words I've ever read or thought or sung or prayed  
Were praises, praises for the world.

**LISTEN**

Dane Kuttler

And G!d says: "And on this day, you will not be able to turn to another for comfort or escape, but instead must hold yourself. You will surprise yourself with how much enough you are."

**READERS/ALL**

*from Anthem*

Leonard Cohen

Reader: The birds sang at the break of day  
"Start again," I heard them say, "Don't dwell  
on what has passed away or what  
is yet to be."

Reader: The wars they will be fought again

Reader: The holy dove will be caught again,  
bought and sold and bought again. The dove  
is never free.

**All: Ring the bells that still can ring  
Forget your perfect offering  
There is a crack in everything  
That's how the light gets in**

Reader: I can't run any more with that lawless crowd  
while killers in high places say their prayers  
out loud. But they've summoned up  
a thundercloud, and they're going to hear from me.

**All: They've summoned up  
a thundercloud, and they're going to hear from me.**

Reader: Ring the bells that still can ring  
Forget your perfect offering  
There is a crack in everything  
That's how the light gets in

**All: There is a crack in everything,  
That's how the light gets in**

**SING**

Leader: Forget your perfect offering

*All: Forget your perfect offering*

Leader: Ring the bells you still can ring

*All: Ring the bells you still can ring*

Leader: There is a crack in everything

*All: There is a crack in everything*

Leader: That's how

*All: That's how*

Leader: the light

*All: the light*

Leader: gets in

*All: that's how the light gets in*

**CALL AND RESPONSE**

**אַהֲבָה רַבָּה / Gatherings**

Elliott Femynye batTzedek

Gather our strengths

and gather our failures

Gather our kin

and gather our strangers

Gather what we love

and what we fear

Gather what we have done

and what we have left undone

Gather what we have lost

and what we have yet to find

Find the courage to proclaim

“All we gather is sacred”

ALL

### **Blessing for Redemption**

Elliott Femynye batTzedek

Blessed this edge where we wait, balancing, barely.  
Will we choose to liberate or choose  
to leave enslaved? Blessed are we  
whose choosings begin  
to form redemption from  
every fragment from any  
raw material. Sacred, this act  
of taking responsibility for the future  
of the worlds. We wrap ourselves  
in this knowing, carry it  
across silence and sea,  
into worlds determined  
by the very next step we take.

SING

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם /Osah Shalom:

**May She Who Makes Peace**

Holly Taya Shere

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיָהּ הִיא תַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ

*Osah shalom bimromayha hi ta'aseh shalom aleynu*

May She who makes peace shine peace on all of us

## A Body-Prayer for Teshuvah

Holy One of Blessing, we have been stiff-necked: stubborn, angry, resentful.  
Help us to hold our heads high with self respect,  
but not defensiveness,  
to let go of old angers.

We have refused to acknowledge any view but our own.  
We've seen only the negative things, which have fed our despair.  
Help us learn to focus on the fullness of creation.

We have clenched our fists in frustration  
Help our hands to build, change, and nurture.

Our knees have trembled with fear. Our feet have shuffled in indifference.  
Help us have true faith in ourselves and in life,  
to stride with confidence, generosity and clarity of purpose.

We have swallowed injustice, choked on cruelty.  
Give us a deep hunger for change.

We have let our hearts sink and our shoulders sag in discouragement.  
Let us fill ourselves with faith in the presence of the Shekinah,  
faith in ourselves, and in each other.

We have exhausted our bodies with anxieties, resentments, pointless busyness.  
Help us feel Your breath within us, our neshama, breath/soul/spirit.

During these days of teshuvah, we will right the wrongs we've done to each other.  
We will turn again towards harmony.  
Help us to do so in hope and not in despair,  
with insight and not with a closed heart,  
with deep conviction and not with shallow formality.

May we open ourselves body and soul so that this will be a truly new beginning.

**SING**

Makor Hachalomot  
Susan Rothbaum

*Makor hachalomot (x2)*

מִקּוֹר הַחֲלוֹמוֹת,

*Dabri na, (x3)*

דַּבְּרֵי נָא...

*Va'ani eshma, va'ani eshma v'ezkor*

וְאֲנִי אֶשְׁמָע וְאֶזְכָּר

Source of dreams, speak to me... And I will listen and I will remember.

**FRINGES**

Let Them Not Say  
Jane Hirshfield

Let them not say: we did not see it.  
We saw.

Let them not say: we did not hear it.  
We heard.

Let them not say: they did not taste it.  
We ate, we trembled.

Let them not say: it was not spoken, not written.  
We spoke,  
we witnessed with voices and hands.

Let them not say: they did nothing.  
We did not-enough.

Let them say, as they must say something:

A kerosene beauty.  
It burned.

Let them say we warmed ourselves by it,  
read by its light, praised,  
and it burned.



**LISTEN**

Good Bones  
Maggie Smith

Life is short, though I keep this from my children.  
Life is short, and I've shortened mine  
in a thousand delicious, ill-advised ways,  
a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways  
I'll keep from my children. The world is at least  
fifty percent terrible, and that's a conservative  
estimate, though I keep this from my children.  
For every bird there is a stone thrown at a bird.  
For every loved child, a child broken, bagged,  
sunk in a lake. Life is short and the world  
is at least half terrible, and for every kind  
stranger, there is one who would break you,  
though I keep this from my children. I am trying  
to sell them the world. Any decent realtor,  
walking you through a real shithole, chirps on  
about good bones: This place could be beautiful,  
right? You could make this place beautiful.

## עַל חַטָּא / Al chet

We say together:

עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha...*

For the wrong we have done before you...

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for treating the earth as a resource to be mined, instead of remembering our covenant to cherish and sustain it;

*Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for failing to heed how our reckless burning of fossil fuels is scorching the earth and destroying our planet.

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for judging our success by the amount of goods that we purchase, leading us to consume and waste an obscene share of the world's resources;

*Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for focusing on what we each can get for ourselves rather than on how we can all work together for the common good.

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for seeking to protect our own communities from environmental hazards by placing our toxic waste sites in impoverished and disempowered neighborhoods;

*ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for continuing to allow private businesses to manufacture products that poison and deplete the earth and for not forcing our government to make environmental issues a top priority.

וְעַל כָּלֵם אֱלֹהִים סְלִיחוֹת סְלַח לָנוּ: מְחַל לָנוּ: כַּפֵּר—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 / Al chet

We say together:

עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha...*

For the wrong we have done before you...

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for internalizing and accepting racist ideologies;

*Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for endorsing the culture of hate by not speaking out against the racist assumptions of those around us.

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for allowing systems of oppression to continue unchecked;

*Ve'al she'chatanu lifanecha*

for our complicity in regularly profiling, incarcerating, beating, and murdering people of color.

*Al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for denying fair housing, integrated and equal public schools, and greater opportunities for neighborhoods of color;

*Ve'al chet she'chatanu lifanecha*

for offering cliches to communities that have been victimized by police violence without offering just solutions.

וְעַל כָּלֵם אֱלֹהֵי סְלִיחוֹת סְלַח לָנוּ: מְחַל לָנוּ: כַּפֵּר—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.

SING

## 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.

## **Why Jews in solidarity with Palestinians will win the day / For Nakba at 70**

Robert A. H. Cohen

### **All: Why Jews in solidarity with Palestinians will win the day**

Because it's not 1933.

Because the Palestinians are not the Nazis.

Because we have not been here before.

Because this is new.

### **All: Why Jews in solidarity with Palestinians will win the day**

Because you cannot shout about racism here but not there.

Because you cannot care about refugees here but not there.

Because discrimination at the Western Wall matters less than the Apartheid all around you.

Because an Israeli sniper's bullet is a bigger problem than an antisemitic tweet.

### **All: Why Jews in solidarity with Palestinians will win the day**

Because there's no safety won by theft

Because there's no security built on fear.

Because democracy for some is not democracy.

Because a nuclear armed ghetto does not normalise the Jewish condition.

### **All: Why Jews in solidarity with Palestinians will win the day**

Because those we have dispossessed have not disappeared.

Because Palestinians are allowed to resist.

Because you cannot celebrate a catastrophe.

Because your Bar/Bat Mitzvah trees were planted to conceal a crime scene.

### **All: Why Jews in solidarity with Palestinians will win the day**

Because our Jewish leaders have lost their way and cannot be trusted.

Because our relationship with the Palestinian people is the only relationship that matters.

Because the future of Jews and Judaism depends on this.

Because there's only so long you can live in denial.

### **All: Why Jews in solidarity with Palestinians will win the day**

Because Moses said justice

Because Micah said justice

Because Isaiah said justice

### **All: Because if we are the oppressor, then why be Jewish at all?**

# אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ Avinu Malkeynu

English adaptation by Elliott batTzedek based on translation by Rabbi Burt Jacobson and David Cooper

אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ חַנּוּנוּ וְעֵנּוּנוּ כִּי אֵין בָּנוּ מַעֲשִׂים  
עֲשֵׂה עִמָּנוּ צְדָקָה וְחֶסֶד וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ

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

Oh Parent who's given us life  
please know that we come here to try  
to find deep within us the gifts that you gave us:  
compassion and mercy and peace.  
O guide us now to love, to grant justice and mercy to all  
O guide us and teach us that justice and mercy  
Will someday bring freedom to all

## 13 Attributes of Compassion and Forgiveness

English translation by Rabbi Burt Jacobson

י ה ו ה אֵל רַחוּם וְחַנּוּן  
אֶרֶךְ אַפַּיִם וְרַב חֶסֶד וְאֵמֶת  
נִצֵּר חֶסֶד לְאַלְפִים  
נִשָּׂא עוֹן וּפְשָׁע וְחַטָּאָה וְנִקָּה

*Yud Hey Vav Hey ryl raḥum 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

**LISTEN**

**God's Grief**

Ellen Bass

Great parent  
who must have started out  
with such high hopes.  
What magnitude of suffering,  
the immensity of guilt,  
the staggering despair.  
A mind the size of the sun,  
burning with longing,  
a heart huge as a gray whale  
breaching, streaming  
seawater against the pale sky.  
Man god or beast god,  
god that breathes in every pleated leaf,  
god of plutonium and penicillin, drunk  
sleeping on the subway grate,  
god of Joan of Arc, god of Crazy Horse,  
Lady Day, bringing us to our knees,  
god of Houdini with hands  
like a river, of Einstein, regret  
running thick in his veins,  
god of Stalin, god of Somoza,  
god of the long march,  
the Trail of Tears,  
the trains,  
god of Allende and god of Tookie,  
the strawberry picker, fire in his back,  
god of midnight, god of winter,  
god of rouged children sold  
with a week's lodging  
and airfare to Thailand,  
god in trouble, god at the end of his rope-  
sleepless, helpless-  
desperate god, frantic god, whale heart  
lost in the shallows, beached  
on the sand, parched, blistered, crushed  
by gravity's massive weight.

## **The Worst Immorality**

Andrea Dworkin

The worst immorality is in apathy, a deadening of caring about others, not because they had some special claim that because they have no claim at all.

The worst immorality is in disinterest, indifference, so that the lone person in pain has no importance; so that one need not feel an urgency about rescuing the suffering person.

The worst immorality is in dressing up to go out in order not to have to think about those who are hungry, without shelter, without protection.

The worst immorality is in living a trivial life because one is afraid to face any other kind of life-- a despairing life or an anguished life or a twisted and difficult life.

The worst immorality is in living a mediocre life, because kindness rises above mediocrity always, and not to be kind walks one into an ethos of boredom and stupidity.

The worst immorality is in selling out simply because one is afraid.

The worst immorality is a studied ignorance, a purposeful refusal to see or know.

The worst immorality is living without ambition or work or pushing the rest of us along.

The worst immorality is being timid when there is no threat.

The worst immorality is refusing to push oneself where one is afraid to go.

The worst immorality is not to love actively.

The worst immorality is to close down because heartbreak has worn one down.

The worst immorality is to live according to rituals, rites of passage that are predetermined and impersonal.

The worst immorality is to deny someone else dignity.

The worst immorality is to get in, give up.

The worst immorality is to follow a roadmap of hate drawn by white supremacists and male supremacists.

The worst immorality is to use another person's body in the passing of time.

The worst immorality is to inflict pain.

The worst immorality is to be careless with another person's heart and soul.

The worst immorality is to be stupid, because it is easy.

The worst immorality is to repudiate one's own uniqueness in order to fit in.

The worst immorality is to set one's goals so low that one must crawl to meet them.

The worst immorality is to hurt children.

The worst immorality is to use one's strength to dominate or control.

The worst immorality is to surrender the essence of oneself for love or money.

The worst immorality is to believe in nothing, do nothing, achieve nothing.

*from Home*

Warsan Shire

I.

no one leaves home unless  
home is the mouth of a shark  
you only run for the border  
when you see the whole city running as well  
your neighbors running faster than you  
breath bloody in their throats  
the boy you went to school with  
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory  
is holding a gun bigger than his body  
you only leave home  
when home won't let you stay.  
no one leaves home unless home chases you  
fire under feet      hot blood in your belly  
it's not something you ever thought of doing  
until the blade burnt threats into your neck  
and even then you carried the anthem under your breath  
only tearing up your passport in an airport toilets  
sobbing as each mouthful of paper  
made it clear that you wouldn't be going back.

II.

you have to understand,  
that no one puts their children in a boat  
unless the water is safer than the land  
no one burns their palms  
under trains      beneath carriages  
no one spends days and nights in the stomach of a truck  
feeding on newspaper unless the miles travelled  
means something more than journey.  
no one crawls under fences  
no one wants to be beaten      pitied  
no one chooses refugee camps  
or strip searches where your  
body is left aching      or prison,  
because prison is safer  
than a city of fire

III.

and no one would leave home  
unless home chased you to the shore  
unless home told you  
to quicken your legs  
leave your clothes behind  
crawl through the desert  
wade through the oceans  
drown  
save  
be hunger  
beg  
forget pride  
your survival is more important  
no one leaves home until home is a sweaty voice in your ear  
saying-  
leave,  
run away from me now  
i dont know what i've become  
but i know that anywhere  
is safer than here

### **The New Colossus**

Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

# מִנְחָה לַיּוֹם כְּפוּר Yom Kippur Minchah

## Things to Do in the Belly of the Whale

Dan Albergotti

Measure the walls. Count the ribs. Notch the long days.  
Look up for blue sky through the spout. Make small fires  
with the broken hulls of fishing boats. Practice smoke signals.  
Call old friends, and listen for echoes of distant voices.  
Organize your calendar. Dream of the beach. Look each way  
for the dim glow of light. Work on your reports. Review  
each of your life's ten million choices. Endure moments  
of self-loathing. Find the evidence of those before you.  
Destroy it. Try to be very quiet, and listen for the sound  
of gears and moving water. Listen for the sound of your heart.  
Be thankful that you are here, swallowed with all hope,  
where you can rest and wait. Be nostalgic. Think of all  
the things you did and could have done. Remember  
treading water in the center of the still night sea, your toes  
pointing again and again down, down into the black depths.

יזכור  
Yizkor

**LISTEN**

**Then**

Muriel Rukeyser

When I am dead, even then,  
I will still love you, I will wait in these poems,  
When I am dead, even then  
I am still listening to you.  
I will still be making poems for you  
out of silence;  
silence will be falling into that silence,  
it is building music.

**LISTEN**

**Psalm**

Harvey Shapiro

I am still on a rooftop in Brooklyn  
on your holy day. The harbor is before me,  
Governor's Island, the Verrazano Bridge  
and the Narrows. I keep in my head  
what Rabbi Nachman said about the world  
being a narrow bridge and that the important thing  
is not to be afraid. So on this day  
I bless my mother and father, that they be  
not fearful where they wander. And I  
ask you to bless them and before you  
close your Book of Life, your Sefer Hachayim,  
remember that I always praised your world  
and your splendor and that my tongue  
tried to say your name on Court Street in Brooklyn.  
Take me safely through the Narrows to the sea.

## Each of Us Has A Name

Zelda, translated by Marcia Lee Falk

Each of us has a name  
given by God  
and given by our parents  
Each of us has a name  
given by our stature and our smile  
and given by what we wear  
Each of us has a name  
given by the mountains  
and given by our walls

Each of us has a name  
given by the stars  
and given by our neighbors  
Each of us has a name  
given by our sins  
and given by our longing  
Each of us has a name  
given by our enemies  
and given by our love

Each of us has a name  
given by our celebrations  
and given by our work  
Each of us has a name  
given by the seasons  
and given by our blindness  
Each of us has a name  
given by the sea  
and given by  
our death.

**SING**

Ani Nacha  
Susan Rothbaum

*Ani nacha al shaddey shaddai*  
I am resting on the breasts of  
the Holy One

## Yizkor Readings

### Letting Go of What Cannot be Held Back

Bill Holm

Let go of the dead now.  
The rope in the water,  
the cleat on the cliff,  
do them no good anymore.  
Let them fall, sink, go away,  
become invisible as they tried  
so hard to do in their own dying.  
We needed to bother them  
with what we called help.  
We were the needy ones.  
The dying do their own work with  
tidiness, just the right speed,  
sometimes even a little  
satisfaction. So quiet down.  
Let them go. Practice  
your own song. Now.

### After

Eve Grubin

After a loss you live  
with your gasp, your gaze,

with your hungry mouth as you lift  
the fork.

Something Sane. Open the door.  
A guest sits down at the kitchen table.

Washing evening dishes:  
something simple, something sane.  
Water dreams over your wrist,  
your hand, a round  
transparent dish.

Something Simple. Night, rusty fire  
escape.  
Even the rain: sane.

Urgent street voices; screech  
of a hinge. Simple. A clanking  
bang,

somebody is closing a gate  
or opening one.

## The Blue Address Book

Jane Shore

Like the other useless  
things I can't bear  
to get rid of—her  
nylon nightgowns,

his gold-plated  
cufflinks, his wooden  
shoetrees, in a size  
no one I know can use—

I'm stuck with their blue  
pleather address book,  
its twenty-six chapters  
printed in ballpoint pen,

X'd out, penciled in,  
and after she passed away,  
amended in his hand,  
recording, as in a family

Bible, those generations  
born, married, and since  
relocated to their graves:  
Abramowitz to Zimmerman.

Great-uncles, aunts,  
cousins once removed,  
whose cheeks I kissed,  
whose food I ate,

are in this book still  
alive, immortal, each  
name accompanied  
by a face:

Fogel (Rose and Murray),  
47413th St., Brooklyn,  
moved to a condo  
in Boca Raton; Stein

(Minnie, sister of Rose),  
left her Jerome Ave.  
walk-up for the Yonkers  
Jewish Nursing Home.

The baby-blue cover  
has a patina of grease,  
the pages steeped  
in the cigarette smoke

of years spent in my  
parents' junk drawer.  
Though scattered  
in different graveyards,

here they're all  
accounted for.  
Their souls disperse,  
dust motes in the air

that I inhale.

## **Song of Myself: 52**

Walt Whitman

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains  
of my gab and my loitering.

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,  
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

The last scud of day holds back for me,  
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the  
shadow'd wilds,  
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,  
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,  
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,  
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,  
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,  
Missing me one place search another,  
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

**Heavy**  
Mary Oliver

That time  
I thought I could not  
go any closer to grief  
without dying

I went closer,  
and I did not die.  
Surely God  
had His hand in this,

as well as friends.  
Still, I was bent,  
and my laughter,  
as the poet said,

was nowhere to be found.  
Then said my friend Daniel  
(brave even among lions),  
“It’s not the weight you carry

but how you carry it---  
books, bricks, grief---  
it’s all in the way  
you embrace it, balance it, carry it

when you cannot, and would not,  
put it down.”  
So I went practicing.  
Have you noticed?

Have you heard  
the laughter  
that comes, now and again,  
out of my startled mouth?

How I linger  
to admire, admire, admire  
the things of this world  
that are kind, and maybe

also troubled---  
roses in the wind,  
the sea geese on the steep waves,  
a love  
to which there is no reply?

## **Lonely Harvest**

Margaret S. Mullins

As a child, my father helped me dig  
a square of dense red clay, mark off rows  
where zinnias would grow,  
and radishes and tender spinach leaves.  
He'd stand with me each night  
as daylight drained away  
to talk about our crops leaning on his hoe  
as I would practice leaning so on mine.

Years later now in my big garden plot,  
the soggy remnant stems of plants  
flopped over several months ago,  
the ground is cold, the berries gone,  
the stakes like hungry sentries  
stand guarding empty graves. And still  
I hear his voice asking what I think  
would best be planted once the weather warms.

## **Litany for Those Who Are Not Ready for Healing**

Dr. Yolanda Pierce

Let us not rush to the language of healing, before understanding the fullness of the injury and the depth of the wound.

Let us not rush to offer a band-aid, when the gaping wound requires surgery and complete reconstruction.

Let us not offer false equivalencies, thereby diminishing the particular pain being felt in a particular circumstance in a particular historical moment.

Let us not speak of reconciliation without speaking of reparations and restoration, or how we can repair the breach and how we can restore the loss.

Let us not rush past the loss of this mother's child, this father's child...someone's beloved child.

Let us not value a false peace over a righteous justice.

Let us not be afraid to sit with the ugliness, the messiness, and the pain that is life in community together.

Let us not offer clichés to the grieving, those whose hearts are being torn asunder.

Let us mourn black and brown men and women, those killed extrajudicially every 28 hours.

Let us weep at a criminal justice system, which is neither blind nor just.

Let us call for the mourning men and the wailing women, those willing to rend their garments of privilege and ease, and sit in the ashes of this nation's original sin.

Let us be silent when we don't know what to say.

Let us be humble and listen to the pain, rage, and grief pouring from the lips of our neighbors and friends.

Let us listen to the shattering glass and let us smell the purifying fires, for it is the language of the unheard.

LISTEN

## My Mother's Clock

Ellen Bass

In a narrow bed in Philadelphia  
my mother is sleeping  
the welcome slumber  
of the drugged and dying.  
It's 5 a.m. on her large-numbered,  
loud-ticking clock. So loud  
I cannot help but think the volume's  
increasing, as if to call attention  
to the passage of time,  
as if each moment were being  
announced the way elegant guests  
are heralded at balls in English  
novels: the Duke and Duchess  
of This, the Earl and Lady of That.  
Each second a grand couple  
arriving at the palace of her life.  
Soon the company  
will fill the hall, waltzing  
in their black tuxedos, their twilight  
gowns twirling under the candelabra.  
And the great doors will close.

## יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא / Mourner's Kaddish

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ וְיִמְלִיךְ  
מְלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל  
בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב יֵאמְרוּ אָמֵן.  
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.  
יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה  
וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקַדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא לְעָלְמָא לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא  
וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשֻׁבְחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא דְאִמְרֵן בְּעֵלְמָא וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.  
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.  
עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵי הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל  
כָּל יִשְׁמַעְיָאֵל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵיבֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal veyitkadash shemey raba be'alma divra 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

נְעִילָה  
Ne'ilah

**LISTEN**

**Waiting for a Greyhound Bus at the Los Angeles Station**

Cynthia Guardado

A black woman stands with two toddlers hanging off her hips.  
Her balance is perfect as she pushes her luggage with one leg,

the boys curl into her shoulders unaware of how  
they all slide forward. I offer her my help. Her face is serious

when she says, Yes. On the bus, her boys nestle into their shared seat.  
The driver, a white man, begins his headcount:

duck, duck, goose. He asks for her ticket. Says, Only one child is free,  
tells her to pay for the other or get off. It is past 2 AM

and he threatens her with the mention of his superior.  
What goes through his mind as he argues with a mother

juggling her children? Empty seats surround us like  
silent witnesses; this time rules can't be broken.

I stand up to say, One child is with me, but this young mother  
doesn't trust me or the difference between us.

Another woman stands and says the child is with her  
and then another woman says the child is with her.

Something beautiful is happening here, and the driver  
can no longer fight our unity or the energy within us.

**Has my heart gone to sleep?**

Antonio Machado

**All:** Has my heart gone to sleep?

**Reader:** Have the beehives of my dreams  
stopped working, the waterwheel  
of the mind run dry,  
scoops turning empty,  
only shadow inside?

**All:** Has my heart gone to sleep?

**Reader:** No, my heart is not asleep.  
It is awake, wide awake.  
Not asleep, not dreaming--  
its eyes are opened wide  
watching distant signals, listening  
on the rim of the vast silence.

**All:** No, our hearts are not asleep.  
We are listening  
on the rim of a vast silence.

**LISTEN**

**A Poem so that the Weight of this Country does not Crush You**

Yosimar Reyes

Somedays you may wake up sad  
somedays you may wake up frustrated  
somedays you may wake up tired  
somedays you may wonder if its worth it  
somedays you may questioned your own growth  
somedays you may think on how immense the world is  
to be caged in this country  
to be subjugated to all this abuse  
somedays you just want to breathe

And baby I am here  
to remind you to sit in those moments  
to sit in that whirlpool  
but just know that there are people like me  
picking up the load when you can't  
there are people like me pushing  
so the weight of this country does not crush you  
that there are people like you  
who will fight when I can't  
we will take turns  
pushing against these walls

I got your back and you got mine  
and in the scheme of things does anything else matter  
even if our fight is unfruitful  
we will depart  
with our dignity intact  
we will depart knowing  
that this country is losing  
a prized possession

this country is losing  
the gift of our resilience

We will watch them as they tear in to each other's skins  
and thank the heavens  
we never turned beasts  
like them

**LISTEN**

**I'm Alive, I Believe In Everything**

Lesley Choyce

Self. Brotherhood. God. Zeus. Communism.  
Capitalism. Buddha. Vinyl records.  
Baseball. Ink. Trees. Cures for disease.  
Saltwater. Literature. Walking. Waking.  
Arguments. Decisions. Ambiguity. Absolutes.  
Presence. Absence. Positive and Negative.  
Empathy. Apathy. Sympathy and entropy.  
Verbs are necessary. So are nouns.  
Empty skies. Dark vacuums of night.  
Visions. Revisions. Innocence.  
I've seen All the empty spaces yet to be filled.  
I've heard All of the sounds that will collect  
at the end of the world.  
And the silence that follows.

I'm alive, I believe in everything  
I'm alive, I believe in it all.

Waves lapping on the shore.  
Skies on fire at sunset.  
Old men dancing on the streets.  
Paradox and possibility.  
Sense and sensibility.  
Cold logic and half truth.  
Final steps and first impressions.  
Fools and fine intelligence.  
Chaos and clean horizons.  
Vague notions and concrete certainty.  
Optimism in the face of adversity.

I'm alive, I believe in everything  
I'm alive, I believe in it all.

**LISTEN**

**A Ritual to Read to Each Other**

William E. Stafford

If you don't know the kind of person I am  
and I don't know the kind of person you are  
a pattern that others made may prevail in the  
    world  
and following the wrong god home we may miss  
    our star.

For there is many a small betrayal in the mind,  
a shrug that lets the fragile sequence break  
sending with shouts the horrible errors of  
    childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dike.

And as elephants parade holding each  
    elephant's tail,  
but if one wanders the circus won't find the  
    park,  
I call it cruel and maybe the root of all cruelty  
to know what occurs but not recognize the fact.

And so I appeal to a voice, to something  
    shadowy,  
a remote important region in all who talk:  
though we could fool each other, we should  
    consider—  
lest the parade of our mutual life get lost in the  
dark.

For it is important that awake people be awake,  
or a breaking line may discourage them back to  
    sleep;  
the signals we give — yes or no, or maybe —  
should be clear: the darkness around us is deep.

**LISTEN**

**This is the Year (5779)**

Adam Gottlieb

*after Martín Espada, and all visionaries*

*“O sing unto the Lord a new song;  
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth!*

*Let the skies be glad, let earth rejoice,  
Let the sea and all within it thunder praise!”*

- Psalm 96

This is in fact the year that squatters evict landlords,  
as we occupy all streets / all city halls /

This is the year that torture sites  
are painted into Freedom Squares  
Boards of Trade  
are made Room & Board  
Tent cities vanish into sanctuaries  
& homeless humans  
move to human homes

Let the prisoners be freed  
Let the refugees return  
Let the workers get some rest  
Let the organizers sleep  
Let the truth-speakers read novels  
Let the poets write about rivers  
Let the rivers fill with fish!!

Let the land and everything it holds exult!

This is the Year that Water Protectors on horseback  
storm the White House & throw a powwow on the lawn,  
& the youth of D.C. swarm around  
to cover the building’s bloody whiteness over  
with technicolor prophetic graffiti!

This is the year we throw barbecues in every park  
to celebrate the fact that all the legal papers have been lost  
& every blessed family seeking posada has found it

This is the year the only fears that students feel  
walking into school are about whether  
they'll make friends / do well on oral reports  
and pass their classes

This is the year a law is passed prohibiting cops from gathering  
in groups larger than two / unless they trade their guns for hackey sacks

This is the year that Dred Scott resurrects from the Calvary Cemetery  
to lead a seige of martyred ghosts upon the hosts of Capital

This is the year that Moses & the Old Testament prophets  
go toe to toe with Israeli soldiers / turning bullets into olives

This is the year the war engineers  
load their drones with seeds of fruit-bearing trees  
& M16s are melted down to garden shovels

This is the year that churches have a shrine for every person  
Buddha meditates beside a crucifix while Krishna plays

This is the year we use our stolen money to pay off each other's debts  
The year We the People forget to forget  
The year we turn off the reality television show that governs us  
& start to govern our own reality

This is the year Mount Rushmore erupts with native flora & fauna –  
sweetgrass growing out of Teddy Roosevelt's nose  
magpies flocking across George Washington's wig  
& the moutain becomes wild & sacred again

This is the year that banners unravel  
& barbed-wire fences crumble,  
the year wage-slaves take over  
as the stock market topples  
so the last will be first  
and the first will be last

and we'll give what we can  
and take what we need...

This is the year food & clean water are free  
& gas is too expensive for everyone

In fact This is the year we remember?why  
we cannot buy  
or sell the Earth --

(we are Her)

If Occupy began as a Vision  
of people having the debts that crippled them cleared,  
then This is the year...

If #BlackLivesMatter began as a Vision  
of people walking the streets without fear,  
then This is the year...

So,

Let all the trees of the forest sing for joy  
before the Eternal...  
Let the rivers clap their hands,  
Let the mountains sing in chorus!

and if eyes are eyes,  
may every silent mouth,  
dry as thirsty dirt,  
Open  
with the music  
of Justice.

**LISTEN**

**Praise What Comes**

Jeanne Lohmann

Surprising as unplanned kisses, all you haven't deserved  
of days and solitude, your body's immoderate good health  
that lets you work in many kinds of weather. Praise  
talk with just about anyone. And quiet intervals, books  
that are your food and your hunger; nightfall and walks  
before sleep. Praising these for practice, perhaps  
you will come at last to praise grief and the wrongs  
you never intended. At the end there may be no answers  
and only a few very simple questions: did I love,  
finish my task in the world? Learn at least one  
of the many names of God? At the intersections,  
the boundaries where one life began and another  
ended, the jumping-off places between fear and  
possibility, at the ragged edges of pain,  
did I catch the smallest glimpse of the holy?

**ALL**

**blessing the boats**

Lucille Clifton  
(at St. Mary's)

may the tide  
that is entering even now  
the lip of our understanding  
carry you out  
beyond the face of fear  
may you kiss  
the wind then turn from it  
certain that it will  
love your back may you  
open your eyes to water  
water waving forever  
and may you in your innocence  
sail through this to that

## Miriam Ha-N'viah

lyrics by Rabbi Leila Gal Berner

מִרְיָם הַנְּבִיאָה עֵז וְזִמְרָה בְּיָדָהּ  
מִרְיָם תִּרְקֹד אֶתְנוּ לְהַגְדִּיל זְמֵרַת עוֹלָם  
מִרְיָם תִּרְקֹד אֶתְנוּ לְתַקֵּן אֶת־הָעוֹלָם:  
בְּמַהְרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ הִיא תְּבִיאֵנוּ  
אֵל מֵי הַיְשׁוּעָה:

*Miriam hanev'iah oz v'zimrah b'yadah*  
*Miriam tirkod itanu lehagdil zimrat olam*  
*Miriam tirkod itanu letaken et ha'olam*  
*Bimherah veyameynu hi tevi'enu*  
*el mey hayeshu'a, el mey hayeshu'a*

Miriam the prophet, strength and song in her hand  
Miriam dance with us in order to increase the song of the world  
Miriam dance with us in order to repair the world  
Soon she will bring us to the waters of redemption

## Eliyahu Hanavi

אֵלֵיָהוּ הַנְּבִיאַ אֵלֵיָהוּ הַתְּשֻׁבִי אֵלֵיָהוּ הַגְּלֵעֲדֵי:  
בְּמַהְרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ יָבֵא אֵלֵינוּ עִם מְשִׁיחַ בֶּן דָּוִד:

*Eliyahu hanavi, Eliyahu hatishbi, Eliyahu hagiladi*  
*Bimherah veyameynu yavo eleynu im mashi'ah ben David*

Elijah the prophet, come speedily to us hailing messianic days