

Preparation for Shabbat Together HaChanah L'Shabbat B'Yachad

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Welcome

Yes, the space between us is scary.
It is odd and at odds,
An area unoccupied where all things exist.
But the space between us is also liminal,
A threshold between old and new.

And so, in this space anything is possible:
To grow without gathering,
To connect without congregating,
To create without convening.

Which means the space between is sacred.

Yes, the space between us is scary.
But scared and sacred are so close –
And we need to make space for both.

(Adapted from www.onetable.org)

A Candle Lighting Prayer ***By Rabbi Rafi Rank***

As we light these candles without the traditional blessing, we are reminded of the role we play in lighting up our lives and the lives of those we love through a day devoted to them and to God. May the light of the upcoming Sabbath empower us to meet the challenges that come our way, and clear the pathway to a world worthy of the Messiah's arrival.

To the Children ***By Mara Topping***

Born to 9/11
Commencing into a plague
These are the children of
A Dark Age

May you find joy and laughter
Notwithstanding the tears
May you feel love and beauty
Notwithstanding the fear

Hold hands and dance
Swim with the whales
Believe in the future
As you unfurl your sails

We love you so deeply
We thought we had tried
But our guts rattle with shame
As we look deep inside

We should have done more
We got lost in the fray
We did not stop the ravages
Polluting your days

May the Earth wield her power
May the Spirits awake
May the bonds - together
Weave, heal, cure the breaks

You are more than you know
You are moonlight and song
You are wondrous and infinite
You are stardust and strong

Pandemic

By Rev. Dr. Lynne Ungar

What if you thought of it
as the Jews consider the Sabbath –
the most sacred of times?
Cease from travel.
Cease from buying and selling.
Give up, just for now,
on trying to make the world different than it is.
Sing. Pray.
Touch only those to whom you commit your life.
Center down.
And when your body has become still,
reach out with your heart.
Know that we are connected
in ways that are terrifying and beautiful.
(You could hardly deny it now.)
Know that our lives
are in one another's hands.
(Surely that has come clear.)
Do not reach out your hands.
Reach out your heart.
Reach out your words.
Reach out all the tendrils
of compassion that move, invisibly,
where we cannot touch.
Promise this world your love - -
for better or for worse,
in sickness and in health,
so long as we all shall live.

To Accomplish

By Chana Eisenberg

I lay awake last night,
And thought about my day,
And then I wondered where I was, for what
was I to say,
If someone asked me what I did
And who I had become
And how many I had helped,
What would I have done?
And then I realized that my day, though long
and hard it was,
Meant nothing if I hadn't stopped
To help someone in need
For that is why we are here,
To stop and help each other
For to be here for ourselves alone
Is self-defeating, purpose lost, unknown
Our purpose here IS to stop, though it
seems a waste of time,
And through this we accomplish more
Than we could have ever dreamed.

Shalom Aleichem

Upon approaching the table, it is traditional to welcome the Sabbath angels with this song whose name in fact means "welcome."

שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁרָת מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמְּלָכִים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא

בּוֹאֲכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמְּלָכִים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא

בְּרַכּוּנִי לְשָׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמְּלָכִים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא

צַאֲתְכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמְּלָכִים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא

*Shalom aleichem mal'achei hashareit mal'achei elyon mimelech malchei
ham'lachim, ha-kadosh baruch hu*

*Bo'achem l'shalom mal'achei hashalom mal'achei elyon mimelech malchei
ham'lachim, ha-kadosh baruch hu*

*Barechuni l'shalom mal'achei hashalom mal'achei elyon mimelech malchei
ham'lachim, ha-kadosh baruch hu*

*Tzeitchem l'shalom mal'achei hashalom mal'achei elyon mimelech malchei
ham'lachim, ha-kadosh baruch hu*

Peace be with you, ministering angels, messengers of the Most High,
messengers of the King of Kings, the Holy One, Blessed be He.

Come in peace, messengers of peace, messengers of the Most High,
messengers of the King of Kings, the Holy One, Blessed be He.

Bless me with peace, messengers of peace, messengers of the Most High,
messengers of the King of Kings, the Holy One, Blessed be He.

Go in peace, messengers of peace, messengers of the Most High, messengers
of the King of Kings, the Holy One, Blessed be He.

My Credo, Part I

By Albert Einstein

"It is a special blessing to belong among those who can and may devote their best energies to the contemplation and exploration of objective and timeless things. How happy and grateful I am for having been granted this blessing, which bestows upon one a large measure of independence from one's personal fate and from the attitude of one's contemporaries. Yet this independence must not inure us to the awareness of the duties that constantly bind us to the past, present and future of humankind at large.

Our situation on this earth seems strange. Every one of us appears here, involuntarily and uninvited, for a short stay, without knowing the why and the wherefore. In our daily lives we feel only that man is here for the sake of others, for those whom we love and for many other beings whose fate is connected with our own.

I am often troubled by the thought that my life is based to such a large extent on the work of my fellow human beings, and I am aware of my great indebtedness to them."

**We Dream The Dream
By Suzanne Sabransky**

Drinking from the wellspring of
life
We are born into this universe
We open our mouths and
breathe
We open our eyes and see
We use our ears and hear
We bare our hearts and feel
Learning from the book of
humanity
We crawl, stumble, and finally
walk
We grasp handholds as we
climb
We continue on despite being
weary
We fumble forward best we can
We reach out for the stars

We search for God's essence
in our lives
We try to understand the
nature of Holiness
We wish to become creations
of Grace
We seek the paths of
Righteousness
We look for strength from Heaven

We face the mountains of Truth

Traveling, always traveling, we
journey on
We seek out our true calling
We search endlessly for deeper
meaning
We strive hard to achieve goals
We find love, we lose love
We find hope and want to keep it

Looking at the book we created
We see the good we do
We see the flaws which we have
We feel the pain of failing
We know the joy of winning
We realize who we truly are

We are the essence of God's
Design
We are the nature of Eternal
Holiness
We are the creations of
Omnipotent Grace
We try to walk the paths of
Solemn Righteousness
We attempt to climb the
mountains of Unrepentant Truth
And always, we dream the
Dream of Heaven

Praying Together as One

There is something about the congregation praying together, as one, that makes me feel more alive than on a brisk winter's day. There is something about all of our voices rising together, as one, which fills me with a quiet happiness that stays with me long after the singing stops. Why is it that here, I can feel separate bodies come together, as one, and hold on to that perfect unity as long as possible? Why, here, am I able to reach out effortlessly, and touch someone's hand, by doing that, touch heaven? There is something about this place that brings out the best in me, for it brings out the best in us all. Surely this place is holy and I did not know it. I give thanks for this new and beautiful finding.

(Adapted from www.princeton.edu Shabbat Reading Database)

Today's Woman of Valor **By Kohenet Ahava Lilith EverShine** **(A Responsive Reading)**

A woman of valor, who can find? Far beyond pearls is her worth.
Today's woman of valor, she and she alone, determines her own worth.

Her husband's heart trusts in her and he shall lack no fortune.
Today's woman of valor trusts in herSelf, and her fortune is found in the size of her heart and how she wishes to share it; whether or not she shares it with a partner, spouse or lover.

She repays his good, but never his harm, all the days of her life.
Today's woman of valor surrounds herSelf with things that are good for her and recognizes those that may do her harm. She focuses on how these things affect her before trying to change things outside of herSelf.

She seeks out wool and linen, and her hands work willingly.
Today's woman of valor gives herSelf the time and space for creative expression, whether she does so by expressing herSelf through her work or through extracurricular activities.

She is like a merchant's ships; from afar she brings her sustenance.
Today's woman of valor knows that she needs to sustain her spiritual being as well as her physical being, her intellectual self as well as her emotional self.

She rises while it is still nighttime, and gives food to her household and a ration to her maidens.
Today's woman of valor seeks a balance between work, rest and play; between the things she does and who she is.

She considers a field and buys it; from the fruit of her handiwork she plants a vineyard.
Today's woman of valor dares to plant her own dreams and tend the garden of her soul.

She girds her loins with might and strengthens her arms.
Today's woman of valor is comfortable with and confident in her sexuality and finds strength in her womanhood.

She senses that her venture is good, so her lamp is not extinguished at night.

Today's woman of valor seeks adventure in her life and can light her way down any path she chooses.

She puts her hand to the distaff, and her palms support the spindle.

Today's woman of valor seeks to do things, whether work or play, that fulfill her in all aspects of herSelf; the maiden, mother, and maven/the child, adult, and wise one within.

She spreads out her palm to the poor and extends her hands to the destitute.

Today's woman of valor is generous of heart and spirit. She shares every facet of her prosperity with others.

She fears not snow for her household, for her entire household is clothed with scarlet wool.

Today's woman of valor defines her own personal space and determines her own boundaries, honoring them as she chooses. She seeks to make her home a sanctuary; a place where she can be replenished and share time and space with those whom she loves.

Fine carpets she makes herself; linen and purple wool are her clothing.

Today's woman of valor crafts her life to meet her needs, as well as her desires in every possible way. The way she speaks and moves, dresses and carries herSelf expresses who she is and how she feels about herSelf.

Well-known at the gates is her husband as he sits with the elders of the land.

Today's woman of valor acknowledges and honors her experiences and the wisdom she has earned over time. She is not afraid of aging and knows that every wrinkle on her skin is a line in the story of her life. She trusts her instincts, does not judge and gives counsel when it is asked of her.

Garments she makes and sells, and she delivers a belt to the peddler.

Today's woman of valor carefully chooses the items she uses in her daily life and the nourishment she takes into the temple that is her body. She is ever mindful of the footprint she leaves upon the Earth.

Strength and splendor are her clothing, and smilingly she awaits her last day.

Today's woman of valor strives to dwell in the here and now of life. She has learned from her past and looks forward to her future.

She opens her mouth with Wisdom, and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue.

Today's woman of valor is ever conscious of her thoughts and actions and the effect they have on herSelf, others, and the world. She considers the way her words taste on her tongue and how they may be digested by those to whom she speaks. She allows the light of her heart to guide her.

She anticipates the needs of her household, and the bread of idleness, she does not eat.

Today's woman of valor works to feed her own needs, as well as she feeds those of others. She knows that neglecting herSelf can lead to neglecting the other vital parts of her life.

Her children rise and celebrate her; and her husband, he praises her:

Today's woman of valor mothers what she wants to nurture in her life. She actively loves herSelf, the people with whom she surrounds herSelf, and the universe. She makes an effort, no matter how great or small, to improve whatever she may want to change about herSelf, her life, the world.

"Many daughters have attained valor, but you have surpassed them all."

Today's woman of valor strives to build a support system of other women in her life. Whether they be friends, sisters, adult daughters or co-workers, she reaches out to the other women in her life.

False is charm, and futile is beauty; a G-d-fearing woman, she should be praised.

Today's woman of valor is comfortable in her own skin. She possesses an inner beauty that radiates so strongly that it is the first thing one sees when they look at her. She is a living embodiment of the Divine Feminine and is aware of and celebrates the divinity within herSelf.

Give her the fruits of her labor, and she will be praised at the gates by her very own deeds.

Today's woman of valor acknowledges and enjoys the fruits of her labors. She feels proud of all that she does in the world, whether great or small; of those whom she loves in the world, one and all. This is how today's woman of valor lives her life. She is you and she is me. Kein y'hi ratzon! So may it be!

- Adapted from Proverbs 31:10-31

A Poem for Shabbat
By Stacey Robinson

And so we stand
On the edge of this week

Pebbles strewn at our feet
The distance between us an
endless heartbeat
The difference like night
Like day
Like light and darkness

Like God
Who separates the days
And brings us
Ever and always
To this holy edge

To this Shabbat

Where we stand
Trembling with effort
Weary from a week filled with
Noise and action and
movement

Restless and driven
From one moment to the next
Until we are brought to this
edge

This endless and always edge
To this Shabbat
Sacred and at peace
We pause
We breathe
At rest
Separate

Together
With God
Together
With one another
In a flickerflame of candle light
The setting of the sun
From one breath to the next
One heartbeat
We stand on the edge and
cross into the infinite
As one
Into peace
Into Shabbat

We Asked 27 Rabbis: What Is The One Lesson Jews Today Need To Learn From The Talmud?

By Forward Staff

Response: *Adina Lewittes, Conservative, Sha’ar Communities:*

O havruta o mituta: “give me fellowship, or give me death” (BT Ta’anit 23a). Usually, “*havruta*” refers to how Jews study in pairs; without another’s perspective, our ability to grow, refine, and evolve our thinking atrophies, and along with it our intellectual and spiritual vitality. From the root h-v-r for “friend,” this also teaches how vital fellowship and empathy are to the refinement of our social and moral lives. Jews need strong bonds to unite us as a people without which we’ll disappear. But we also need to live in deep communion with all of humanity and with the planet, without which everyone will disappear.

That We All May Rise ***By Stacey Zisook Robinson***

God of hidden things –
unseen art,
unheard notes,
unfelt touch.
God of fear and hope
and weary, worried hearts,
hear my questions and cries.
The world is heavy now,
and the light arcs
through a glass so darkly.
My soul wanders,
weighted and alone.
Lift me!
Help me rise
and see,
help me rise
and hear,
help me rise
and feel,
so that hope conquers fear,
so that my weary, worried heart
opens and pours forth love
like water,
like wine.
Comfort me,
that I may comfort those
who suffer and sigh.
See me,
that my eyes are open
to the world around me.
Lift me,
that we all may rise.

A Shabbat Eve Meditation ***By Dr. Evette Nan Katlin***

We are here,
Together,
As one.

One people,
One community.

We've joined
To share in this treasured moment together.
As we transition from the hectic demands of life and daily
routines,

We are invited to leave the week behind.
Let go of what has been,
Let go of what will be,
And enter a place of stillness, a sacred space and time.

As the sun begins to set,
Breathe in the glow of the sunset, and pause,
Breathe out the stresses of the week,
Breathe in the calm of nightfall, and pause,
Breathe out and feel a sense of release.
Breathe in the radiance of the moon and stars, and pause,
Breathe out all thoughts of doing,
And become one with this present moment.
Feel the warmth of relaxation wash over you.

Breathe in the radiant light, and pause,
Feel your mind become open and unfettered.
Breathe out and feel your soul become freed to soar to new
heights,

Breathe in the calm, and pause,
Feel yourself surrender,
Breathe out everything and focus only on Now.
And feel your body, mind, and soul become whole and at peace.

Now we are finally ready,
To graciously accept this present from our loving Creator,
To embrace God's gift of rest and rejuvenation,
To turn our complete attention toward *Shabbat*
To savor all that Shabbat provides,
And become enveloped by holiness,
As we breathe in
And out once more,
We pause,
And welcome in the Shabbat Bride.

Friday Night Kiddush

וַיְהִי עֶרֶב וַיְהִי בֹקֶר
יוֹם הַשְּׁשִׁי. וַיִּכְלוּ הַשָּׁמַיִם וְהָאָרֶץ וְכָל צְבָאָם
וַיִּכַּל אֱלֹהִים בַּיּוֹם הַשְּׁבִיעִי מְלַאכְתּוֹ אֲשֶׁר עָשָׂה. וַיִּשְׁבֹּת בַּיּוֹם הַשְּׁבִיעִי מְכַל מְלַאכְתּוֹ אֲשֶׁר עָשָׂה
וַיְבָרֶךְ אֱלֹהִים אֶת יוֹם הַשְּׁבִיעִי וַיְקַדֵּשׁ אֹתוֹ. כִּי בּו שַׁבַּת מְכַל מְלַאכְתּוֹ אֲשֶׁר בָּרָא אֱלֹהִים לַעֲשׂוֹת
סַבְרֵי מָרְנוּ וְרַבָּנוּ וְרַבּוֹתַי

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה ה' אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרָא פְּרִי הַגֶּפֶן
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה ה' אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְרָצָה בָּנוּ. וְשַׁבַּת קִדְּשׁוּ בְּאַהֲבָה
וּבְרָצוֹן הַנְּחִילָנוּ זְכוֹרוֹן לְמַעֲשֵׂה בְּרֵאשִׁית. כִּי הוּא יוֹם תְּחִלָּה לְמִקְרָאֵי קִדְּשׁ זָכָר לִיצִיאַת מִצְרָיִם.
כִּי בָנוּ בְּחֶרֶת וְאוֹתָנוּ קִדְּשָׁתָּ מְכַל הָעַמִּים וְשַׁבַּת קִדְּשָׁךְ בְּאַהֲבָה וּבְרָצוֹן הַנְּחִילָתָנוּ
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה ה' מְקַדֵּשׁ הַשַּׁבַּת

(Quietly: *Va-y'hee erev, va-y'hee boker.*)

*Yom ha-shishi. Vay'chulu hashamayim v'ha-aretz v'chol tz'va'am.
Vay'chal Elohim bayom hash'vi'i milachto asher asa. Vayishbot
bayom hash'vi'i mikol milachto asher asa. Vay'varech Elohim et
yom hash'vi'i vay'kadesh oto. Kee vo shabbat mi-kol m'lachto
asher bara Elohim la'asot.*

Savri maranan v'rabanana v'rabotai.

L'chaim!

*Baruch ata Adonai, Eloheinu melech ha-olam, borei p'ri hagafen.
Baruch ata Adonai, Eloheinu melech ha-olam, asher kid'shanu
b'mitzvotav v'ratza vanu, v'shabbat kod'sho b'ahava uv'ratzon
hinchilanu, zikaron l'ma'aseh b'reishit. Ki hu yom t'chila l'mikra-ay
kodesh, zaycher l'tziat mitzrayim. Ki vanu vacharta v'otanu
kidashta mikol ha'amim. V'shabbat kod-shi-cha b'ahava uv'ratzon
hinchal tanu. Baruch ata Adonai, mi'kadesh ha Shabbat.*

The sixth day: And the Heavens and the Earth and all they contained were completed, and on the seventh day God desisted from all the work that he had done. And God rested on the seventh day from all the work that he had done. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, for on that day he rested from all the work which he had done in creating the world.

[Reader:] By your leave, rabbis, masters, teachers!

[Responder:] To Life!

Blessed are you, Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe, who creates the fruit of the vine.

Blessed are you, Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe, who has sanctified us with his commandments and favored us, and given us in love and favor his holy Shabbat as an inheritance, as a remembrance of the act of creation. For this day is the beginning of all holy days, a remembrance of the Exodus from Egypt. For you have chosen us and you have blessed us from among all the nations. And you have bequeathed us your holy Shabbat in love and favor. Blessed are you, Lord, who sanctifies Shabbat.

Redemption

By Mark Nazimova

The Israelites walked into the Reed Sea One foot at a time.
(What were they thinking about
as the water rose
up their legs
chilling their hearts
advancing toward their open mouths?)

We continue to walk
here, now.

One foot at a time.
(On our better days, forward.)

Alone

I

cannot reach the far shore
without drowning.

Somehow I don't go under.

The person to my right
holds me up.

Something I cannot see
holds him up.

Blessed is the Source of Help
so often unexpected.

I step forward.

The sea is vast.

Blessed are You, Gracious One, for your miracles that greet us
every day.

Baruch Atah Adonai, al nisecha shebechol yom imanu.

The Salve Which is Shabbat **By Suzanne Sabransky**

It is a covenant as old as our people
A promise carried throughout the ages
"*HaShem* will keep those who keep *Shabbat*."
And yet, today, we struggle to find peace of mind
We struggle to find the inner calm of Shabbat
We struggle to feel the love of the Shechina

We have gained solace in the arms of community
Coming together on Friday and Saturday
Sharing the prayers of one another

The humanity of joining together
Is now absent from our lives
Leaving us to yearn for the hugs and smiles

The salve of Shabbat remains despite social distancing
The words of the *Shema* still define our being
The lessons of Torah are still a Tree of Life.

Though our world has been turned upside down
HaShem still provides Sukkat Shalom
The shelter and peace of the day of rest

Shabbat cares for us as we celebrate Shabbat
We care for Shabbat as it celebrates us
Shabbat is our connection to each other in all times.

Day 47 of the Omer, May 21, 2015
By Rabbi Rachel Barenblat

Near a Woman

On the third new moon after leaving Egypt
we entered the wilderness at Sinai and camped
by the mountain. God called us a holy nation

and claimed us for Her own. Enraptured
we promised we'd do anything, as lovers do.
And God said: *stay pure. Wash your clothes.*

Get ready: something big is coming.

And Moshe said: *don't go near a woman—and zzzt!*
skips the record with an awful scratch, the song

marred now for all generations. I beg
your pardon? Was Moshe so afraid of our bodies?
Is that why he shunned his own wife, to keep himself

at the ready for God? *Stay off the mountain,*
God said, and we understood that: the very air
crackled with electricity, scaring the goats.

When the shofar sounds, then approach,
God said, and we understood that: we knew
the triumphant song of the ram's horn.

But when Moshe said avoid women, we cried out
to his sister Miriam, and her voice reached us
saying *he can't help his limitations, but*

between you and me, the only way Torah comes
is to everyone together. To all of us,
all in one place, all hearing the Voice

which contains all voices.

Don't hold yourself apart from anyone.

The only way to get it together is together.

Wash away your jealousies

and garb yourself in righteousness.

Get ready to listen up. Torah is coming.

Prayer for Hand Washing ***By Trisha Arlin***

As we wash our hands
We pray,
Blessed is the Soul of the Universe,
Breathing us in and breathing us out.
May our breaths continue
And our health and the health of all
Be preserved
In this time of sickness and fear of sickness.
Holy Wholeness,
We take as much responsibility for this as we can
By observing the obligation to wash our hands
Thoroughly:
For as long as it takes to say this prayer.
Amen

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה ה' אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוֵּנוּ עַל נְטִילַת יָדַיִם

*Barukh atah Hashem eloheinu melekh ha-olam asher kidshanu
b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al netilat yadayim*

Blessed are you, our God, Ruler of the universe, who sanctified us with God's commandments and instructed us on washing hands

One: A Poem for the Jewish People

By Shayna Lowenstein

One.
One voice against the world.
One community linked together like the stars forming
constellations in the sky.
One journey.
One thousand journeys.
One million journeys taken from the beginning of time, each
different than the one that came before it.
One nation, a Jewish nation,
Building a foundation with self-determination to grow stronger,
Stronger than we were the day before and stronger than our
ancestors in the desert could have ever imagined.
We are a blank canvas and each journey is a colorful marker.
As we each take our journey we create pictures.
Beautiful lines connecting us, one by one, day by day,
Pictures that will show us the world,
Pictures our grandchildren will one day look at and ask stories
about,
And we will tell them.
We will tell them how we aced a math test,
Won a track meet,
Won the science fair,
Climbed Masada.
We will tell them about the hardships we faced.
How we failed our chemistry final,
Wept as a loved one passed away,
Lost our favorite necklace,
Lost a best friend.
These colored lines of our journeys stretch across thousands of
miles each sharing a different story.

Stories that cause others to show the love and care they are bound to share because life is not fair and we each need someone there.
Someone there to guide us,
Show us good from evil,
Right from wrong.
Someone to take us by the hand and squeeze tight just to show everything will be alright.
Someone who will take our hand and go on our journey with us,
Because everyone needs someone.
Someone to laugh with,
Cry with,
Share memories with.
Every journey comes with memories,
Memories and moments that last forever,
Moments created with the Jewish community that we will keep for a lifetime.
Moments mapped out on a once blank canvas that has magically turned to color showing all of the different journeys we each took no matter where we were.
The colors keep on building because the journeys never end.
We go on day by day creating new memories and new experiences.
Yes, we are one.
We are one community,
One voice,
One people.
But we are also infinite.

HaMotzi

Blessing the bread we eat is a way to acknowledge our interconnectedness, our dependence on each other for the goods that enrich our daily lives.

Nourishment isn't a given, it is a gift. So many around the world are food insecure, so many are facing financial hardships.

Consider giving voice to what you are grateful for at this time, what has brought you joy this week, before reading the blessing (*HaMotzi*) aloud. Share with us in the chat.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה ה' אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם הַמוֹצִיא לֶחֶם מִן הָאָרֶץ

Baruch Atah Hashem Eloheinu melech ha'olam ha'motzi lechem min ha'aretz.

Blessed art Thou, LORD our God, Ruler of the universe, who brings forth bread from the earth.

(Adapted from onetable.org)

Every hand that we don't shake must become a phone call that we place.

Every embrace that we avoid must become a verbal expression of warmth and concern.

Every inch and every foot that we physically place between ourselves and another, must become a thought as to how we might be of help to that other, should the need arise.

---Rabbi Yosef Kamefsky

Queen and King *By Alden Solovy*

Queen and King
Come in peace,
Beloved of *Israel*,
Sabbath Queen,
Bringing sweet bread
And fine wine.
Come with grace,
Faithful King,
Sovereign and loyal,
Bringing hope
And mercy.
Yedid Nefesh
Dearest Soul,
Meet us in the fields of our
days.
Avinu Malkeinu,
Our Father our King,
Bless us with renewal.
Makor Hayyim,
Source of Life,
Show us the wells of living
waters.
El Melekh Ne'eman,
Loyal Sovereign,
Bring your realm of prosperity.

Let the glory of *Shabbat* dwell
with us.
Let the hope of forgiveness
enliven us.
Let the taste of rest comfort
us.
Let the promise of renewal
sustain us.
And we will glimpse the world
to come as you bless us.
And we will become strong
and humble in Your Word.
The Queen is in the field.
The King is in the field.
They have come together,
To bless us,
To see us,
To sustain us
With their sacred power.
Greet them with music,
Greet them with dance,
Loving and keeping the
Sabbath,
Doing the work of prayer and
repentance,
With *Torah* and *mitzvot*,
With humility and passion,
And with songs of praise.

Erev

By Rabbi Annie Lewis

Ha-Ma'ariv Aravim.

God who brings evenings,
You are the Master of transitions
the Artist of *Ma'avarim*,
and we, Your people, we are called *Ivrim*,
those who pass from one place to the next,
who travel to the edge
who seek You in the in-between,
We and You, forever becoming,
rolling dusk into twilight
and darkness into dawn.

As you preside over time
the sun rises up and bows low,
the moon stretches out and curls in,
our bodies wax and wane.

Everything is on the move.

Particles flip and twirl.

Light floods in and fades away.

You offer us sparks of holy
time, soul and space.

When *Shabbat* comes in stillness,
we breathe.

We are whole.

We are here.