

Shabbat Readings

Readings about Women or WL Shabbat — For Sisterhood Shabbat on any date

The Power Of Sisterhood

Sisterhood exists.
And it is truly powerful

It's the strength of a united force
One that's immediate with the women you surround yourself with
And one that's universal with your sisters from around the world

Sisterhood creates a space of nourishment and love
A place to celebrate your everyday joys and triumphs
And one to hold one another when joy seems far away

Sisterhood is where you are supported when you are at your most vulnerable
It's a space to listen, and to be heard
For both the laughter
And where you ask for help

Sisterhood is surrounding yourself with women
whose energy ignites your spirit.
A space to grow and flourish.

It is listening without judgement,
Without needing to give advice.
It is allowing women to be beautifully real
And fearlessly be themselves

Sisterhood exists.
And it is truly powerful

It's a force that when it's awakened
has the power to heal

both one another
And the world around us

<https://loveprojectlove.com/new-blog-1/a-message-to-the-next-generation-about-the-power-of-sisterhood>

Take Time

Take time to think—thoughts are the source of power.
Take time to play—play is the secret of perpetual youth.
Take time to read—reading is the fountain of wisdom.
Take time to pray—prayer can be a rock of strength in time of trouble.
Take time to love—loving is what makes living worthwhile.
Take time to be friendly—friendship gives life a delicious flavor.
Take time to laugh—laughter is the music of the soul.
Take time to give—any day of the year is too short for selfishness.
Take time to do your work well—pride in your work, no matter what it is,
nourishes the ego and the spirit.

<https://www.princeton.edu/~kesher/images/shabbatreadingdatabase1.doc>

We Ask Your Blessings

Source of all goodness, as we join in Shabbat worship,
We ask your blessings.

Grant us health enough to perform our daily tasks,
Wealth enough to answer our needs,
Compassion enough to feel the needs of others.

Give us strength enough to recognize our faults,
Wisdom enough to understand Your laws,
Loyalty enough to discharge our duties.

Give us courage enough to be true to the best within us,
Charity enough to see the best in others.

Give us patience enough not to become discouraged,
Hope enough to overcome all fears for the future,
And faith enough to feel your presence. Amen.

<https://www.princeton.edu/~keshet/images/shabbatreadingdatabase1.doc>

Miriam's Song

By Debbie Friedman



*And the women dancing with their timbrels
Followed **Miriam** as she sang her song
Sing a song to the One whom we've exalted.
Miriam and the women danced and danced
the whole night long.*

And Miriam was a weaver of unique variety.
The tapestry she wove was one which sang our history.
With every thread and every strand
she crafted her delight.

A woman touched with spirit, she dances
toward the light.

*And the women dancing with their timbrels
Followed Miriam as she sang her song
Sing a song to the One whom we've exalted.
Miriam and the women danced and danced
the whole night long.*

As Miriam stood upon the shores and gazed across the sea,
The wonder of this miracle she soon came to believe.
Whoever thought the sea would part with an outstretched hand,
And we would pass to freedom, and march to the promised land.
*And the women dancing with their timbrels
Followed Miriam as she sang her song
Sing a song to the One whom we've exalted.
Miriam and the women danced and danced
the whole night long.*
And Miriam the Prophet took her timbrel in her hand,
And all the women followed her just as she had planned.
And Miriam raised her voice with song.
She sang with praise and might,
We've just lived through a miracle, we're going to dance tonight.
*And the women dancing with their timbrels
Followed Miriam as she sang her song
Sing a song to the One whom we've exalted.
Miriam and the women danced and danced
the whole night long.*
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QZdSEsZ8bMo>

For women praying together—Learning from our female ancestors— b'yachad - how we learn from each other, especially the women before us

"Thoughts for My Grandmother" by American Poet Laya Firestone

The sound of your lips beating
Against each other in prayer
Like the flapping of wings
Preparing for flight,
And the power in your stare---
Your every movement was strength.
Even the clenching of your teeth
Was as deliberate a command as I'd ever heard.

But I didn't understand your ways
I cried for days.
Only now do I begin to see
How you boomed,
Vibrated, shouted

In utter self-restraint.

***A Poem to be read before Kaddish is chanted
“Anniversary” by English poet Daniel Weissbort***

The Original family rock is three parts restored
It fits together—
You can almost hear it.

August—
I remember the hot times best
(when you died it was hot).
We walk stiffly, stop
Before your slab.

Each year I try to shape a prayer,
To think of you.
Suddenly I want to shout, like a child.
Then that impulse too is gone.

At last she stoops, places a pebble on the slab—
We follow suit.
She turns, we turn and,
Heads bowed, solemnly, leave you to yourself.

Returning to the car park,
Absently we read
Other inscriptions as we pass,
Remark philosophically,
How the dead are increased.

In the back seat
She who has convened us slumps
Conserving herself
In front, we
Loosen our collars,
Remove our skull caps...
I start the car.

The rock sunders.

**Readings about MLK to be used on Scheduled WLCJ
Shabbat on Jan. 15 , 2022 since it also weekend of Martin
Luther King Jr. Day**



Martin Luther King Jr.

We remember MLK,
Honored on this special day.
He had a dream that we would stand
United together in this land,
That we would strive to find a way
To live as friends in peace today.
He wanted each of us to see
The beauty of equality.
He taught that right overcomes wrong,
That hope can turn the weak to strong,
And showing love instead of hate
Would make our country truly great.
His message, meant to set us free,
Was filled with hope for you and me.
So on this day let freedom ring,
As we remember Dr. King!



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[Martin Luther King Jr. Poem of Remembrance \(lakeshorelearning.com\)](http://www.lakeshorelearning.com)

***Poems about the Environment to be used on Scheduled WLCJ
Shabbat on Jan. 15 , 2022 since it also weekend of Tu B'Shevat***

"Lifelong" by Yiddish poet Rachel Boimwall

All the days of my life
I destroy wholeness.
I bite into an apple
And I break off a twig.
I break the stone into little pieces
And I cut through a mountain.

All the days of my life
I imprison the deer.
I stop the stream from flowing.
I capture the bird
And I harness the wind.

All the days of my life
I create things
That are against nature
And it revenges itself on me.
My wholeness is being destroyed
Through the swift passage
Of time.

"Like a Field Waiting" by Israeli Poet Raquel Chalfi

I am like a field
Waiting.
The earth
Rolls in my roots
And lava streams
Explode at the base of the globe.
I am like a field waiting
Thistles in my flesh
And an olive tree, thick with generations
Feeds off me.

At the fields edge
Small animals lay in ambush for me.

I am like a field waiting.
My crops are meager
What are they
Compared to the lava streaming under me
Or the sediments of time
Heaped one on the other
Like dark mammoths. My
Crops wither
And there are so many things
A field can wait for when
Predators wait at her edge.

“The New Year for Trees”
By American poet Howard Schwartz

All year
They have kept a careful record
Of everything
The waters of the moon
The slow descent
Of every sun
All year
They have charted the course of every comet
Eyes drawn to the center
To the star that supports
The planet
The beam that holds up every arch
The line that continues into the future
Unbroken
Unchanged.

But tonight
As the light descends into sleep
The trees
All lift their branches to the sky
Cradling the moon
That Shines through the night
Like the blossoms of the almond

That have already appeared
To announce
That all fruit that follows
Belongs to the new year
To come.

By Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Honi And The Carob Tree

One day when Honi, the righteous man, was out walking, he came upon a man planting a carob tree. Honi watched as he carried out his work. The man dug a hole for the roots of the small tree and then carefully put the tree in the hole and patted the soil around it. Afterward, he gave it some water from a nearby stream.

"How long will it be before this tree bears fruit?" Honi asked.

"Seventy years," the man replied.

"How do you know you'll be alive in 70 years?"

"Just as I found carob trees when I came into the world," answered the man, "so I am now planting carob trees for my grandchildren to enjoy."

Honi then sat down to have a meal and fell asleep. When he awoke, he saw a man gathering the fruit of the carob tree and he asked him, "Are you the man who planted this tree?" The man replied: "I am his grandson." Honi therefore realized that he had slept for many years. As he watched the man gathering the fruit from the tree, he saw beside him several small trees waiting to be planted in the ground to nourish future generations.

https://israelforever.org/israel/celebrating/tubshevat_readings/

A Tu B'Shevat Poem

of all things alive, we are most like trees each year we begin anew
new branches, new leaves
new hopes

of all things alive, we are most like trees each beginning carries the past
we grow stronger, but less nimble slowed by rings of memory

layers of deeds
weight of words

of all things alive, we are most like trees
we are rooted to the ground that holds us just as it holds us back
like trees, we shed what remains
nourish our souls
seek the light
like trees we give ourselves a new beginning of imagination and wonder and
dreams

https://images.shulcloud.com/1926/uploads/PDF-Libraries/Tubshevat_ResourceGuide-final.pdf

