

every year,
even every day,
the words change...
yet One is always One...

Student: "But Rabbi Kaplan: you said the opposite yesterday!"

Rabbi Kaplan: "But that was yesterday."

How can we give thanks when we remember Treblinka? Only silence speaks loudly enough for our millions who were marched into the abyss.

We have been where we did not find You, O Hidden One! Yet even there, even there, our people sang:

אני מעמץ - Ani Ma-amin: I believe in redemption. And they sang again:

וְאֵגֶנִית קַיִינְמָאָל, אָו דּוֹ נִיְסְטַ דַּעַם לְעַצְמָן וּוְעַג

Never say you walk the final road!

And even then, this deathless people was renewing itself, its life.

Whose faith is equal to this people's? Whose will to live? The storm ends. In the sky, a rainbow signals hope and new life. Again, and yet again, there is a song to sing.

CCAR, Gates of Prayer

Supplementary Words & Song for Yom Kippur 5783

We fell in battle for the Czar; a hundred thousand died at Babi Yar.
And yet no monument will mark their deaths,
just here in Bucha, more slaughter yet.

Chorus 2:

We are leaving Mother Russia :we've held on so many years.
We are leaving Mother Russia: , when they come for us, we'll be here.

Too many centuries we've feared them, thought we must.
Yet so few of them were much stronger men than us.
Still their iron curtain kept us within their reach.
Now we've a vision of an everlasting peace.

My friends we know what weakness brings:
another Stalin waiting in the wings!
So stand up now and shout it to the sky:
They may come for us again, but we'll never die!

Chorus 2:

We are leaving Mother Russia :we've held strong for many years.
We are leaving Mother Russia: , when they come for us, we'll be here.

Chorus 1 (3x) :

We are leaving Mother Russia: we have waited far too long.
We are leaving Mother Russia: when they come for us, we'll be strong.

*Words and Music: Robbie Solomon
English Adaptation Honoring Ukraine: Ari Fridkis*

Supplement compiled by Rabbi Ari Fridkis

Elul 5782 / September 2022

With gratitude to the three-millennia Jewish textual tradition as well as the myriad of gifted, liturgical poetry excerpted from the prayerbooks of the Central Conference of American Rabbis and elsewhere. All remaining passages were written, translated and edited by Rabbi Fridkis and are the author's intellectual property.

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Temple of Universal Judaism

TUJ-TorahNYC.org

Yom Kippur Eve & Morn

For Ukraine & All Oppressed ⚡

Never again? Again . . . and again . . . and again . . .

Leaving Mother Russia

They called me Anatole in prison I did lie.
My little window looks out on a Russian sky.
For nearly nine long years secluded and in pain:
and all my people know the charges were a frame.

See my accuser standing in the hall - he points his finger at us all.
You now must pay the penalty for the crime of daring to be free.

Chorus 1:

We are leaving Mother Russia: we have waited far too long.
We are leaving Mother Russia: when they come for us, we'll be strong.

For all those centuries they called our land their home.
They craved our fertile soil and saw it as their own.
In countless armies our young boys have fought their wars.
But never did they call us "friends," they only asked for more!

Neila: The Gates נְעִילָה

The Ark of the Covenant - containing Ten Divine Words given by God to Moses at Mount Sinai - was carried forty years through the wilderness. Finally, it came to rest in King Solomon's Holy Temple in Jerusalem.

As we heard earlier this Yom Kippur Afternoon, the Temple was rebuilt in the 3rd century and the High Priest would open the Gates. Entering the Inner Precincts and then the Ark itself, he would utter God's four-letter Holy Name (תְּבָרֶךְ). And the Levites would sing:

Open O Gates! שְׁאֵן שַׁעֲרֵי מֶלֶךְ!

At the moment the High Priest came out - and all Israel was purified the men and women standing in the Temple Courts would exclaim:

"Blessed be Eternal's One's Holy Name forever and ever!"

We recall that ritual during Neila: the Opening of the Gates of Heaven just as we open of our Ark before sunset late Yom Kippur Afternoon. As we proclaim the Oneness of our World and the Divine, we celebrate our own spiritual elevation during these Days of Awe.

The Havdalah Candles are lit, the Shofar is sounded one last time -,and we reenter our world with a new spirit.

"Open the Gates -be lifted up, O Everlasting Doors" Psalms 24:7

Voices קולות

We begin tonight, by tradition the holiest night of the year, with Jewish voices of resilience and Torah. Among both riches and struggles, days of horror and nights of peace, our people has succeeded like few others. We've thrived and survived - both physically and spiritually - through it all. Let's celebrate that great miracle of our people's faith.

עויפן פריפעתשיך

Oy-fen pri-pe-tshok, brent a fai-yerl, un in shtub iz heis,
Un der rebbe lernt klei-ne kin-der-lach, dem Alef-Beis.

Zeh-tzhe kin-der-lach, ge-denkt tzhe tai-ye-reh, vos ihr lernt doh,
Zog-tzhe noch a-mol, un ta-keh noch a-mol: Koh-mets A-lef: "aw."

By the fireside, where the embers glow, in a cozy place,
There the rebbe with the kleine kinderlach (*children*) chant the Alef-Beis.

Learn your lessons well, O my little ones, letters of God's law.
Chant this once again and yet once again: Koh-mets A-lef: "aw."

When you grow older then, O my little ones, you will come to know:
How many dreams, how many promises, in these letters glow.

*Words and Music: M.M. Warshawsky;
English Adaptation: Ari Fridkis*

We would assemble in the darkness. To light a candle there, or even a match, would have brought immediate disaster upon us. We spoke about matters of the spirit and eternal questions, about God, about Jews around the world, about the eternity of Israel. In the midst of the darkness I sensed light in the unlit room: the light of Torah.

Rabbi Leo Baeck

Vows & Promises

נדרנא ואסרננא

I am a flawed individual. Just like you and every man or woman on the planet. That is what makes us human. According to Midrashic lore, God created another world before our own. But it was destroyed, for the Holy One had forgotten one thing: the ability to change, to do Teshuva - to forgive and be forgiven..

*As I forgive those who have wronged me,
may the many I have angered and hurt,
harmed or wronged,
be that of body or soul, honor or property,
whether I was forced or did so willingly,
deliberately or inadvertently*

*by accident or intent,
by word or by deed.
May each understand
I too am human
May no person feel guilty
on my account.*

Traditional Jewish Confessional, adaptation: AF

כִּי אַתָּה תְּאֵיר נֶרְיִ

O God make my light burn bright.
Eternal God will lighten my darkness.

The Holy One who is blessed said to me.
Your light is in my hand
and my light is in Your hand

The light of God is the hand,
Your light is the Human Soul.
To cause a light to burn continually.

The Holy One who is blessed said:
If you illumine my light,
I will illumine your light.

כִּי אַתָּה תְּאֵיר נֶרְיִ יְהוָה אֱלֹהִי יְגִיעַת חֶשְׁבִּי.

Ki a-ta ta-ir nei-ri, A-do-nai E-lo-hai ya-gi-a hosh-ki.

Words and Music: Bonia Shur (based on Psalms 18:29)

So My Soul May Sing

What we hope, what we dream,
Our dearest prayers, can't be broken.
What we deny, what we discard,
Our deepest fears, can't be spoken.
But our love and our joy,
with our hearts, can be woken...
To You, to You, to You.

Chorus

למַעַן יִזְמַרֵּךְ כִּבְוד וְלֹא יִדְמֶם יְהוָה אֱלֹהִי לְעוֹלָם אָנוֹךְ

L'ma-an y'za-mer cha-vod v'lo yi-dom, (2x)
A-do-nai E-lo-hai l'o-lam o-de-ka.

Let Your love, and Your joy,
From Your heart, be my emotion.
So my soul and my voice will rise up
To be spoken... To You, to You, to You.

So the weight of these wrongs
that I've done won't define me.
While the pain of these sins
that I recall won't confine me.

What we hope, what we dream,
Our dearest prayers, can't be broken.

Words: Alden Solovy (based on Psalms 30:13); Music: Erin Frankel and AJ Luca

All the Vows on Our Lips

All the vows on our lips, the burden in our hearts,
the pent-up regrets about which we brooded and spoke
through prayers without end on last Atonement Day,
did not change our way of life, did not bring about deliverance.

From mountains peaks of fervor we fell to old ways at the close of the fast.
Will You hear our regret? Will You open our prison, release us from habit?
Will You accept our prayers, forgive our wrongs, though sin again and again?

In moments of weakness, we forget the promises of last Yom Kippur.
Recall that we easily forget, take only our intent.
Forgive us, pardon us.

Zev Falk

kol nidre

The Heavenly Court

By the decree of the heavenly court
and with the authority of the
earthly courts,
with the permission of God
the Ever-Present, and
the permission of this congregation,
we who have ourselves transgressed
declare it lawful to pray with others.

Those who have wronged either God
or human beings:
the keeper of Shabbat who,
by her silence, allowed gossip
to flourish among her associates,

consents to pray with the
supporter of the oppressed who
neglected his family.
The one who gave tzedakah but
cheated at work, consents to pray
with the one who worked hard
for Israel but exploited his friend.

Joined in the recognition
of our own failings
we pledge to pray
both for ourselves
and for the others around us
who have fallen short.

B'nai Brith Hillel, On Wings of Awe

Our House of Life

If you wish to know the fortress
to which your fathers bore their treasure,
their scrolls of Torah, their Holy of Holies;
if you would know the place of their deliverance;
if you would find the refuge
which kept your people's mighty spirit safe,
whose age – despite years of degradation –
did not disgrace its gracious youth.

Then turn to the ancient, battered house of prayer.
There, to this day, your eyes may see
Jews with faces lean and lined,
Jews of the Exile, bearing the scrolls' heavy weight,
forgetting their toil in a Talmud's tattered page,
their cares in chanted Psalms.
How drab and strange a sight
to those who do not understand!

So listen carefully as you visit,
as your feet touch the threshold of our house of life -
their prayers and voices will tell you:
that God's spirit remains!

And if a spark of hope for better days
illuminates the darkness in which you dwell,
mark well and hearken, my sister and brother:
this house of prayer is itself but a spark, a remnant saved
by a miracle, from the great fire
kept by our fathers, always, upon their altars.

Who can say? Did not the torrents of their tears
carry us safely to this shore?!

Perhaps their prayers were the price of our salvation.
And was it not their deaths that bequeathed us life,
life enduring, life without end?

Chaim Stern, CCAR, Gates of Repentance

הגיאון לבי My Hearts Yearnings

Our hearts will always yearn for those we love who now live within us. Our poignant Yom Kippur Yizkor prayers and meditations are recited immediately preceding Neila: Yom Kippur's Closing Service recalling the ancient "reopening and closing of the ancient Ark of the Covenant and heaven's Eternal Gates."

"I used to be part of you, belong to you, the extension of your being ... but now the time is mine and alone I must be more than myself: your child has become your heir, has become you."

Menahem Rosenshaft

The Silver Platter מגש הכסף

"אין מדינה ניתנת לעם על מגש הכסף"

"No nation is given to a people on a Silver Platter"

Chaim Weizmann, 1st President of the State of Israel

The earth grows still, as the fiery-lurid sky
quiets slowly on the smoky horizon of the new nation.
Heartsick, yet remarkably alive, a people rises
to witness the long-awaited, awesome miracle.

As the ceremony draws near, the crowd stands in
the moonlit night, enwrapped in both trembling and elation.
From across the stage a young man and woman hesitantly
march forward, on tiptoe, before the waiting nation.

Drably clad in battle gear, grimy and heavy-shod
they approach in complete and utter stillness.
Still dressed in the thread of combat, faces unwashed from the
dust and grime of toilsome, aching days - and long, fire-filled nights.

Exhausted above and beyond, consecrated to a fatigued endurance,
but wearing youth like the morning dew,
the two come into view, silhouettes frozen in place,
without any sign if they are among the living or the fallen.

The nation stares, betwixt with welling tears and wonder.
Bewildered, they ask: "Who are you?" . . .
And the silent two reply: "We are the Silver Platter
upon which the Jewish state has been delivered to you."

And in speaking, the two fall into the shadows of the nation's destiny,
as the rest is told in the unfolding Chronicles of the Generations of Israel.

Original Hebrew: Natan Alterman, Translation: AF

כָל נְדִירִי וְאַסְרִי וְחַרְמִי וּקֹנֶמִי וּכְנוּמִי וּקְנוּסִי וּשְׁבִיעוֹת,
דִּבְרֵנָא וְדַאֲשְׁתְּבֻעָנָא וְדַאֲחַרְמָנָא וְדַאֲסִירָנָא עַל נְפִשְׁתָנָא,
מִיּוֹם כְּפָרִים זֶה עַד יוֹם כְּפָרִים הַבָּא עַלְיוֹנוֹ לְטוּבָה,
בְּלַהֲזָן אֲחַרְטָנָא בְּהֵזָן, בְּלַהֲזָן יְהֹזָן שְׂרוֹן שְׁבִיקִין שְׁבִיתִין,
בְּטַלִין וּמְבַטְלִין, לֹא שְׁרִירִין וְלֹא קִימִין. נְדָרָנָא לֹא נְדִירִי,
וְאַסְרָנָא לֹא אַסְרִי, וּשְׁבִועָתָנָא לֹא שְׁבִיעוֹת.

Kol ni-drei v'e-sa-rei va-cha-ra-meい v'ko-na-meい v'chi-nu-yeいⁱ
v'ki-nu-seい u-sh'vu-ot, di-n'dar-na u-d'ish-ta-ba-na
u-d'a-ha-rim-na v'di-a-sar-na al naf-sha-ta-na, mi-yom
ki-pu-rim -zeh ad yom ki-pu-rim ha-ba a-lei-nu l'to-va, kul-hon
i-ha-rat-na v'hon, kul-hon y'hon sha-ran, sh've-kin sh've-tin,
b'tei-lin u-m'vu-ta-lin, la sh'rei-rin v'la ka-ya-min. Ni-dra-na la
ni-drei, v'e-sa-ra-na la e-sa-rei, u-sh'vu-a-ta-na la sh'vu-ot.

All vows, oaths, and promises which we made to God from last Yom Kippur to this Yom Kippur and were not able to fulfill - may all such vows between ourselves and God be annulled. May they be void and of no effect. May these vows not be considered vows, these oaths not be considered oaths, and these promises not be considered promises.

Shema Yisrael**שמע ישראל****... from the Kingdom of Night**

In the barracks, several hundred Jews gathered to celebrate Simhat Torah... But there was no Sefer Torah. So how could they organize the ritual *hakafot* - the traditional processions - without the sacred scrolls? As they were trying to solve the problem, an old man ... Old? The word had no meaning there... An old man noticed a young boy - who was so, so old - standing there, looking on, dreaming. "Do you remember what you learned?" asked the old man. "Yes, I do," replied the young boy. "Really?" said the old man, "you really remember *Shema Yisrael*?" "I remember much more," said the young boy. "*Shema Yisrael* is enough" said the old man. And he lifted the boy from the ground and began dancing with him as if he were the Torah! And all joined in: they all sang and danced and cried. They cried, but they sang with fervor: never before had Jews celebrated Simhat Torah with such fervor.

Elie Wiesel, The Jews of Silence

שמע ישראל, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יי אֶחָד:
ברוך שם קבוד מלכותו לעולם ועד.

She-ma Yis-ra-el, A-do-nai E-lo-hei-nu, A-do-nai E-had.

Ba-ruch Shem K'vod Mal-chu-to l'o-lam va-ed.

Hear O Israel: for us There Is One and only One!

Blessed is the Majestic Unity of an Eternal Universe!

My Wrongs**על כלם**

Am I there for those who need me?
Giving of my heart completely
Have I been caring and have I been patient?
Have I forgiven without reservation?
Do I take my days for granted?
Treated others even-handed?
And shown compassion to the homeless stranger?
Have I been humble before my creator?

Chorus

על כלם, אלוה סליחות, סלח לנו, מחל לנו, כפר לנו.

V'al ku-lam E-lo-ha S'li-hot,
S'lah la-nu, m'chal la-nu, ka-per la-nu.

(*For all these, O God of mercy, forgive us, pardon us, grant us atonement!*)

I tread lightly on this planet. I held fast to your commandments.
But have I raised my voice against injustice?
Have I been giving, or have I been selfish?

Chorus

Words and Music: Michael Hunter Ochs
(based on words from the High Holy Day Mahzor)

ראושינקעム מיט מאנדלען

Rozhinkes mit Mandlen

אונטער יידעלען וויגעלע
שטייט א קלאר ווים ציגעלע
דאם ציגעלע אויז געפארן
האנדלען
דאם וועט זיין דיין באָרוֹף
ראושינקעム מיט מאנדלען
שלאָפּוּשׂ יידעלע שלאָפּ.

In dem Beis Ha-mik-dosh
In a vin-kl chey-der
Zitst di al-mo-neh,
bas-tsi-on, a-leyn.
Ihr ben yo-khid-l Yi-de-le
Vigt zi k'sey-der
Un zingt im tzum shlo-fn
a l'Yi-de-le sheyn.

In a crumbling Temple,
in the Holy City,
Dreams a young daughter
of Zion alone.
There rocks her son Yi-de-le,
visions of Torah
and wisdom 'n study
for Yidele lost.

אין דעם בית המקדש
אין א ווינקל חדר
זיצט די אלמנה בת ציון אלין
אַיר בֵּן יְחִידָל יַידְעָלָעַן
וַיִּגְתֵּן זַי כְּסֶדֶר
אוֹן זִינְגַּט אִים צָום שְׁלָאָפּן
אַ לְיַדְעָלָעַן שִׁין.

Un-ter Yi-de-le's vi-ge-le
Shteyt a klor vays tsig-ge-le
Dos tsig-ge-le iz
ge-forn hand-len
Dos vet zayn
dayn ba-ruf
Ro-zhin-kes mit man-dlen
Slof-zhe, Yi-de-le, shlof.

But in Yidele's little crib
Sleeps a soft sweet little kid
This small goat will be
a strong and fine man.
So shall you also be:
Raisins, Almonds and Torah:
Sleep my little one, sleep.
Sleep, mayn Yidele, sleep.

*Yiddish Words and Music: Abraham Goldfaden
Interpretive English Verse: Ari Fridkis*

וְאַהֲבָתְךָ אֶת יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ, בְּכָל־לְבָבֶךָ, וּבְכָל־נֶפֶשֶׁךָ, וּבְכָל־מַאֲדָךָ.
וְהִיא הַדְּבָרִים הָאֶלְيָהָה, אֲשֶׁר אָנֹכִי מַצְרִיךُךְ הַיּוֹם, עַל־לְבָבֶךָ: וְשַׁנְגַּתְךָ
לְכָנִיךָ, וְדִבְרָתְךָ בְּשְׁבָתְךָ בַּבִּיתְךָ, וּבְלִכְתָּבְךָ בַּהֲרֵךָ וּבַשְּׁבָבֶךָ,
וּבְקוֹמֶךָ. וְקִשְׁרָתְךָ לְאַוְתָּה עַל־יְדֶךָ, וְהִיא לְטַطְפָּת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ,
וְכִתְבָּתְךָ עַל מִזּוֹזֶת בַּיּוֹתֶךָ וּבַשְּׁעָרֶיךָ.

V'a-hav-ta et A-do-nai e-lo-he-cha, b'chol l'va-v'cha, u-v'chol naf-sh'cha,
u-v'chol m'o-de-cha. V'ha-yu ha-d'va-rim ha-ei-leh, a-sher a-no-chi
m'tza-v'cha ha-yom, al l'va-ve-cha. V'shi-nan-tam l'va-ne-cha, v'di-bar-ta
bam, b'shiv-t'cha b'vei-te-cha, u-v'lech-t'cha va-de-rech, u-v'shoch-b'cha,
u-v'ku-me-cha. U-k'shar-tam l'ot al ya-de-cha, v'ha-yu l'to-ta-fot bein
ei-ne-cha. U-k'tav-tam al m'zu-zot bei-te-cha u-vish-a-re-cha.

And thou shalt love the One your God with all thy heart,
with all thy soul and with all of thy might.
And all these words which I command you on this day -
shall be in thy heart (2x).
And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.
And thou shalt speak of them when thou sittest in thy house,
when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down,
and when thou riseth up (2x).
And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand.
And they shall be forever between thine eyes.
And thou shalt write them on the doorposts of thy house,
and upon thy gates (2x).
That ye may remember and do all My commandments
and be holy . . . unto thy God (3x).

*Words: Deuteronomy 6: 4-9; English Translation: CCAR, Union Prayer Book
Music: Debbie Friedman*

Shores of Freedom's Sea מֵ כָּמָכָה

Not without suffering
 did we win our way through the deadly waters
 to the shore of refuge and new life.
 The oppressor's fury grows as his grip begins to weaken.
 In his rage he pursues us, even to his own destruction.

In his drowning, part of us is lost as well.
 The remnant sings songs, yet a sadness remains.
 So many must die, slave and master alike,
 before a few can sing.

CCAR, Gates of Prayer

*Our lives too are difficult.
 We are pursued by ideals and our imperfections.
 We too must choose between life and death,
 between slavery and freedom.
 We sway between listening for hope
 and succumbing to anguish and despair,
 the death of our spirit.*

But we are not abandoned nor alone.
 We search the distant past and our own days
 and find the courage to enter our struggles,
 to wrestle with the Pharaohs in our hearts
 and those in the world around us,
 and to slowly free ourselves from bondage.
 We are companions who help each other rise from the dust.

Rabbi Burt Jacobson, adapted

*From Egypt, the house of bondage, we were delivered.
 At Sinai, amid peels of thunder, we bound ourselves to the Torah.
 Inspired by prophets and instructed by sages,
 we survived oppression and exile,
 time and again overcoming the forces that would destroy us.*

Our People Live עַם יִשְׂרָאֵל חַי

This afternoon we revisit 5783 years - according to ancient Jewish tradition that is - from the afternoon before the 1st Rosh Hashanah through this very day. And as we do, we walk through over 3,000 years of Jewish tradition: from Abraham to our own great period, as Judaism flourishes throughout the Diaspora - and the Children of Israel celebrate their magnificent existence in the Land of Israel, the birthplace of our people.

"If you will it: it is not a dream!" Theodore Herzl

Yom Kippur Afternoon

After the long nights,
after the days and years when our ashes blackened the sky,
it remains our privilege to bear witness to this Exodus,
and to keep alive in both light and dark ages
the vision of a world redeemed.

CCAR, Gates of Prayer

*From age to age the tale has been told,
how Moses and Miriam brought us forth from Egypt.
Commanding staff and timbrel,
they led us out from slavery to freedom
and from narrow-mindedness to Torah.
So we too raise our voices together in song,
just as yesterday, the Children of Israel sang
at the shores of freedom's sea:*

**מי קמְכָה בַּאֲלֹם יִי? מֵי קְמְכָה נָאָדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ?
נוֹרָא תְּהִלָּתָךְ עִשְׂה פָּלָא!**

**מַלְכּוֹתְךָ רָאוּ בְּנֵיךְ בּוֹקָע יִם לְפִנֵּי מֹשֶׁה
"זֶה אֱלֹהִים" עֲנוּ וְאָמְרוּ: "יְיָ יְמַלֵּךְ לְעוֹלָם וְעַד!"**

Mi kha-mo-cha ba-ei-lim A-do-nai! Mi ka-mo-cha ne-dar
ba-ko-desh! No-ra t'hi-lot o-seh fe-leh!

Mal-chu-t'cha ra-u va-ne-cha, bo-kei-a Yam lif-nei Mo-she.
"Zeh Ei-li!" a-nu v'am-ru: "A-do-nai yim-loch l'o-lam va-ed!"

Who is like You, Eternal One, among the gods who are worshipped?
Who is like You, filled with goodness?
Awesome in splendor, doing wonders?

In their escape from the sea, Your children saw Your Awesome Might.
"This is my God!" they cried: "The Eternal shall reign for ever and ever!"

Standing at the parted shores of history
we still believe what we were taught
before ever we stood at Sinai's foot:

that wherever we go, it is eternally Egypt,
that there is a better place, a promised land;
that the winding way to that promise
passes through the wilderness.

That there is no way to get from here to there
except by joining hands, marching
together.

Michael Walzer, adapted, CCAR, Mishkan T'filah

A Night of Peace *הַשְׁבִּיבָנוּ*

הַשְׁבִּיבָנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם וְהַעֲמִידֵנוּ מֶלֶכְנוּ לְחִים.

Hash-ki-vei-nu A-do-nai E-lo-hei-nu l'Sha-lom.
v'ha-a-mi-dei-nu Mal-kei-nu l'Ha-yim.

Spread the shelter of your peace over us.
Guide us in wisdom, compassion and trust.
Save us for the sake of your Name.
Shield us from hatred, sorrow and pain

Hebrew Words: Traditional; Music & Translation: Dan Nichols

If It Be Your Will

If it be your will
That I speak no more
And my voice be still
As it was before.

I will speak no more.
I shall abide until
I am spoken for
If it be your will.

If it be your will
That a voice be true
From this broken hill
I will sing to you.

2x:
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will
To let me sing.

If it be your will
If there is a choice
Let the rivers fill
Let the hills rejoice.

Let your mercy spill
On all these burning hearts in hell
If it be your will
To make us well.

And draw us near
And bind us tight
All your children here
In their rags of light.

In our rags of light.
All dressed to kill
And end this night
If it be your will (2x).

Words and Music: Leonard Cohen

There Are Stars Up Above**יש כוכבים**

**יש כוכבים שאורם מגיע הארץ
רק כאשר הם עצם אבדו ואינם.**

**יש אנשים שזיו זכרם מאייר
פאשר הם עצם יותר בתוכנה.**

**אורות אלה המבاهיקים ביחסות הליל.
הם שמראים לאדם את אורות הדרכך.**

Yesh ko-cha-vim she-o-ram ma-gi-a ar-tzah.

Rak ka-a-sher heim atz-mam av-du v'ei-nam.

Yesh a-na-shim sheh-ziv zich-ram mei-ir.

Ka-a-sher heim atz-mam ei-nam od b'to-chei-nu.

O-rot ei-leh ha-mav-hi-kim b'hesh-kat ha-la-yil.

Hem, hem, she-ma-rim la-a-dam et ha-de-rech.

There are stars up above,
so far away we only see their light
long, long after the star itself is gone.

And so it is with people that we loved:
their memories keep shining ever brightly,
though their time with us is done.

But the stars that light up the darkest night,
these are the lights that guide us.

As we live our days, these are the ways we remember.

Hebrew Words: Hannah Senesh. English Words and Melody: Jeff Klepper

תפילה: קדשה**Tefila: Blessings of Holiness****ובכן***Chorus*

U-v'chein, u-v'chein, and then, and then,
when wholeness and peace are restored.
U-v'chein, u-v'chein, and then, and then,
remembering what all life is for.

In awe and afraid, taking stock of our days,
healed by forgiveness and love,
We pray a time will come as we return to the One,
that we can become truly one.

Chorus

When reverence for life is the prayer that unites
all people as one family.
Remembering our light as a spark of the divine
in our selves and all living beings.

Then, and then, just the sound of it
gives wings to hope, lays fear to rest.
To feel the open wings of possibility,
and then, and then, imagine...

Chorus

Words and Music: Alisa Fineman, based on Holy Day Mahzor

L'dor Vador לדור ודור

We are gifts and we are blessings,
 We are history in song,
 We are hope and we are healing,
 We are learning to be strong.

We are words and we are stories,
 We are pictures of the past,
 We are carriers of wisdom,
 Not the first and not the last.

Chorus

L'dor va-dor, na-gid god-le-cha ,

(Eng translation: "From generation to generation, we will tell of Your greatness")

L'dor vador, we protect this chain
 From generation to generation,
 L'dor vador, these lips will praise Your name.

Looking back on the journey
 that we carry in our heart,
 From the shadow of the mountain
 to the waters that would part.

We are blessed and we are holy,
 We are children of Your way,
 And the words that bring us meaning,
 We will have the strength to say.

Chorus

Words and Music: Josh Nelson

Pandemic

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 soul 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.

*Rev Lynn Ungar, UUC
 March 11, 2020*

The days will run together
 and stream into years
 as rivers freeze and burn
 and I ask myself and you:
 Which of our visions will claim us?

Which will we claim?
 How will we go on living?
 How will we touch?
 What will we know?

What will we say to one another?

Adrienne Rich

בראש השנה יכתבון, וביום צום כפור יחתמוון.
כמה יעבורו, וכמה יבראון. מי יחיה, ומי ימות.
...
מי יעננו, ומי יעשנו: מי ישפלו, ומי ירומו.

On Rosh Hashanah it is written, on Yom Kippur it is sealed.
How many shall pass, how many come to be. Who shall live and who shall die.
...
Who shall be poor, who wealthy? Who shall be humbled and who exalted.

Who By Fire

And who by fire, who by water,
Who in the sunshine, who in the night time,
Who by high ordeal, who by common trial,
Who in your merry merry month of May,
Who by very slow decay,
And who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip, who by barbiturate,
Who in these realms of love, who by something blunt,
And who by avalanche, who by powder,
Who for his greed, who for his hunger,
And who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent, who by accident,
Who in solitude, who in this mirror,
Who by his lady's command, who by his own hand,
Who in mortal chains, who in power,
And who shall I say is calling?

Words and Music: Leonard Cohen

Evening | Morning

If I Had Known

If I had known.
What troubles you were bearing,
What griefs were in the silence of your face,
I would have been more gentle and more caring,
And tried to give you gladness for a space.
I would have brought more warmth into the place.
If I had known.

If I had known.
What thoughts despairing drew you -
Why do we never understand?
I would have lent a little friendship to you,
And slipped my hand within your lonely hand,
And made you stay more pleasant in the land,
If I had known.

Author Unknown

מי שברך

Mi sheh-bei-rach A-vo-tei-nu, Avraham, Yitzhak v'Ya'akov
Mi sheh-bei-rach I-mo-tei-nu, Sarah, Rivka, Leah v'Rahel
May the One who blessed our Mothers,
May the One who blessed our Fathers,
Hear our prayer, hear our prayer,
hear our prayer, hear our prayer . . . and bless us as well.

Bless us with the power of Your healing,
Bless us with the power of Your hope.
May our hearts be filled with understanding
and strengthened by the power of Your love.

Words and Music: Lisa Levine

Evening | Morning

Prayers of the Heart כוונות הלב

In this moment of silent communication
a still, small voice beckons me:
to pursue my life's work with full attention
though no eye is upon me;
to be gentle in the face of ingratitude,
even when slander distorts my nobler impulses;
to meet the end of the day with the certainty
that I've used my gifts well and with dignity.
Like my ancestors who entered the sea not knowing,
let me become even braver,
facing life's trials with distinction.
May I live on in deeds that bless others,
and offer the heritage of a good name.

CCAR, Mishkan T'filah

אֱלֹהִי, נְצֹר לְשׂוֹנִי מַרְעָע, וְשֶׁפְתִּי מִקְבֵּר מִרְמָה.
וְלִמְקַלְלִי נְפֵשִׁי תְּדֻם, וְנְפֵשִׁי בַּעֲפָר לְבָל תְּהִיה.
פְּתַח לְבִי בְּתוֹרַתְךָ, וּבְמִצְוֹתֶיךָ תַּرְדוֹף נְפֵשִׁי.

E-lo-hai, n'tzor l'sho-ni mei-ra, u's'fa-tai m'da-ber mir-ma.
V'li-m'kal-l'ai naf-shi ti-dom, v'naf-shi k'a-far la-kol t'hi-yeh.
P'tah li-bi b'To-ra-te-cha, u-v'Mitz-vo-te-cha tir-dof naf-shi.

My God, guard my tongue from evil and my lips from words of deceit.
Help me stay quiet in the face of derision, humble in the presence of all.
Open my heart to your Torah and may Your Teachings engage my soul.

יום הדין יום הַדִּין

Let us proclaim the sacred power of this day:
It is awesome and full of dread!
For on this day You reign
as Judge and Arbiter,
Counsel and Witness.
You write and you seal,
You record and recount.
You remember deeds long forgotten.
You open the book of our days,
and what is written there proclaims itself,
for it bears the signature of every human being!

ובשופר גָּדוֹל יִתְקַעַן וְקוֹל דְּמֻמָּה דְּקָה יִשְׁמַעַן!

The great Shofar is sounded! A still, small voice is heard!
The angels, gripped by fear and trembling, declare in awe:

הַנָּה יוֹם הַדִּין!

Today is the Day of Judgement!

For even the hosts of heaven are judged, as all who dwell on earth.

בְּבָקָרֶת רֹועֶה עָזָרוֹ, מַעֲבִיר צָאנוֹ פְּתַח שְׁבָטוֹ.

As the shepherd seeks out his flock, and makes the sheep pass under his staff,
so do You muster and number and consider every soul,
setting the bounds of every creature's life, and decreeing its destiny!

On Spirits' Wings**כָּנֶפי רֹוח**

בָּן־אָדָם:
עַלְהָ לְמַעַלָּה עַלְהָ (3x)
בָּן־אָדָם, עַלְהָ לְמַעַלָּה עַלְהָ!

בֵּי כְּחֵזֶק לְהָ,
יִשְׁלַׁךְ כָּנֶפי רֹוח (2x), כָּנֶפי נְשָׁרִים אֲבִירִים!
אֶל תִּפְחַשׁ בָּם: פָּנָן יִפְחַשׁ לְהָ,
דָּרוֹשׁ אֹתָם, דָּרוֹשׁ בָּן־אָדָם, וַיִּמְצָאוּ לְךָ מִידָּ!

Ben-A-dam:

A-lei l'ma-la, a-lei, (3x)

Ben A-dam, a-lei l'ma-la, a-lei!

Ki ko-ach az l'cha,

Yesh l'cha kan-fei ru -ach (2x), kan-fei n'sha-rim a-bi-rim!

Al t'ka-hesh bam: pen y'ka-ha-shu l'cha,

D'rosh o-tam, d'rosh Ben A-dam, v'yi-matz-u l'cha mi-yad!

Raise yourself up, O Son of Man, arise! You have been blessed with great strength, with Spirits' Wings, to soar, majestic as an eagle!
Do not forsake your wings – lest they lose sight of you!
Reach for your wings – and they will find you!

Words: Rav Kook; Music: Avigail Uziel-Amar; English Translation: AF

אֲשָׁמָנוּ Ashamnu: Confessional

Our God and God of our mothers and fathers, may our prayers come before You: do not ignore our pleas! We are neither so brazen nor so stubborn as to declare that we are righteous and have not sinned; for, indeed, we have sinned.

אֲשָׁמָנוּ, בְּגָדָנוּ, גָּזָלָנוּ, דִּיבָּרָנוּ דָּofi. הָעִינָה, וְהַרְשָׁעָה, זָקָנָה
חַמְסָנָה, טָפְלָנוּ שָׁקֵר. יַעֲצָנוּ רָע, קְזָבָנוּ לְצָנָה, מְרָדָנוּ נְאַצָּנָה
סָרָרָנוּ, עֲוִינָה, פְּשָׁעָנוּ, צָרָרָנוּ, קְשִׁיןָנוּ עֲרָף, רְשָׁעָנוּ, שְׁחָתָנוּ
תְּעַבְנָה, תְּעִינָה, תְּעַתְּעָנָה.

Ashamnu, Bagadnu, Gazalnu, Dibarnu dofi.
Hevinu, V'hirshanu, Zadnu, Hamasnu, Tafalnu sheker.
Yatznu ra, Kizavnu, Latznu, Maradnu, Niatznu,
Sararnu, Avinu, Pashanu, Tzararnu, Kishinu oref.
Rashanu, Shiḥatnu, Tiavnu, Tainu, Titanu.

We have trespassed;

we have dealt treacherously;
we have spoken slander; we have robbed;
we have acted perversely; we have done wrong;
we have acted presumptuously; we have counseled evil;
we have spoken falsehood; we have scoffed; we have revolted;
we have blasphemed; we have rebelled; we have committed iniquity;
we have transgressed; we have oppressed; we have been stiff-necked;
we have done evil; we have dealt corruptly; we have committed abomination;
we have gone astray; we have led others astray.

Traditional

Ashamnu: From A to Z . . . And Again

Of these things we are guilty:

We have Answered in anger
 we have Broken our bargains
 we have Controlled others, but not ourselves
 we have Doubted our instincts
 we have Enforced our will gratuitously
 we have Freely wasted an abundance of resources
 we have Given too haughtily
 we have Hated too gladly
 we have Intruded too frequently
 we have Judged too hastily
 we have Kept far too many grudges
 we have Lied about so many things
 we have Manipulated needlessly
 we have Needlessly capitulated
 we have Offered up others as sacrifices
 we have Placed possessions over people
 we have Quickly turned toward resentment and quietly run from responsibility
 we have Reacted too readily, refused and been reluctant to remember others
 we have Slowly turned toward evil
 we have Twisted the truth too effortlessly
 we have Unnecessarily undertaken too much responsibility
 we have Vehemently violated all kinds of boundaries
 we have Wantonly wished the downfall of others
 we have been eXceedingly greedy
 we have frequently said Yes when we needed to say no
 we have far too frequently been Zealous when we might have been patient

...

We have Acquiesced when we might have Abstained. . .

We have Criticized nearly everything when we might instead
 have Corrected ourselves. . .

We have Waited to change our lives even though we wanted to,
 and wasted far too many opportunities for love and kindness. . .

We have lacked Zeal to create a better world for ourselves,
 for our children, and for future generations.

... and we are clearly poorer for all of it.

Ari Fridkis

Like the flame

which rests atop the Holy Ark -
 a symbol of the Great Light
 in the wilderness -
 this Torah too is forever.

Within this Sanctuary, just as
 in the inner recesses of our hearts,
 You have set the ways of justice,
 love and peace.
 They too are forever.

And like You at the Bush, the flame
 which burns in us may flicker,
 but can never be spent.

That flame, Your ways of Justice,
 and this Torah
 were once Yours.
 Now they are ours!

This Torah is Everything -
 And Everything is in It !!!

You inspired our people Israel
 to raise parts of ourselves -
 and hold both Word and Light aloft.
 To minister to Truth,
 to become a Nation of Priests
 and a holy people:
 the very meaning of our existence!

Now, generations later,
 we descendants of Abraham,
 redeemed from slavery, stand *here*
 again at Sinai to receive this Torah.

The ancient promise is fulfilled!
 The ancient covenant affirmed!
 To bind all generations!

*Ari Fridkis, with words from
 CCAR, Gates of Repentance*

Torah תורה

We mustn't forget how blessed we are to be back at synagogue once again. And like the generations that came before us, we are blessed with a magnificent privilege: watching the Torah taken from the Holy Ark to bear witness to the ancient Covenant.

...when the glorious Scroll of the Law is opened...

How does one explain the magic in the eye of the beholder when the ancient dark letters on parchment appear? For generations of our people, the Torah was a source of strength and courage. To its stalwart, it was a "lamp" - a guidepost on life's journey. But to poet and mystic, Torah would forever be "a fountain of light!"

There is a legend that "In The Beginning," each Hebrew letter stood alone, merging only at the dawn of creation. Just as the letters congregate as living words – garlands of hope and meaning – we too take on new life as we gather close, finding enlightenment in Torah's wisdom. Only then is the Written Word uttered - and the Torah's radiance unfolds before us in all its splendor!

Ari Fridkis

The Torah is taken from the ark:

בַּיְמָצִיאֵן תֵּצֵא תּוֹרָה, וְדָבָר יְיָ מִירוּשָׁלָם.

Ki mi-tzi-yon te-tzei To-rah, u-d'var A-do-nai Mei-ru-sha-la-yim.

From out of Zion hall go forth the Torah - and the word of the One-Who-Is-All from Jerusalem.

Forgive Us: S'lach Lanu סליחה לנו

Though we all have been hurt, though we all have hurt each other,
Let us all forgive, let us all be forgiven.
Though we all have caused pain in our words to one another,
Let us all forgive, let us all be forgiven.

Chorus

S'lach la-nu, m'chal la-nu, ka-per la-nu.

Though we all have regret for the words that we have spoken,
Let us all forgive, let us all be forgiven.
Let now be the time to repair what has been broken,
Let us all forgive, let us all be forgiven.

Chorus

Though we never can change all the times we've been mistaken,
Let us all forgive, let us all be forgiven.
Let us try to rebuild all the trust we have forsaken,
Let us all forgive, let us all be forgiven.

Chorus

For the gates are always open.

Words and Music: Josh Nelson, based on Holy Day Mahzor

Hear Our Prayers שִׁמְעַ קָלֵנוּ

שִׁמְעַ קָלֵנוּ, ייְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חֽוֹס וּרְחַם עֲלֵינוּ,
וּקְבָל בְּרָכִים וּבְרוּצָן אֶת תְּפִלָּתֵנוּ.
אֶל תְּשִׁלְיכֵנוּ מִלְּפָנֵיךְ, וּרוּחַ קָדְשָׁךְ אֶל תְּקַח מִמְּנוּ.
אֶל תְּשִׁלְיכֵנוּ לְעֵת זָקָנָה, בְּכָלּוֹת כְּחֵנוּ אֶל תְּעֻזֵּנוּ.
אֶל תְּעַזֵּנוּ ייְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, אֶל תְּرַתֵּק מִמְּנוּ.
בַּי אַתָּה ייְ עֹזֶרֶתֵנוּ וּנְחַמְּתֵנוּ.
בַּי לְךָ ייְ דָּוחַלֵּנוּ, אַתָּה תְּעַנֵּה, אָדָני אֱלֹהֵינוּ.

She-ma ko-lei-nu, A-do-nai E-lo-hei-nu, þus v'ra-hem a-lei-nu,
v'ka-bail b'ra-ha-mim u-v'ra-tzon et t'fi-la-tei-nu.

Ha-shi-vei-nu A-do-nai ei-le-cha v'na-shu-va,
ha-desh ya-me-i-nu k'ke-dem.

Hear our voice, O Holy One, the contrition of our souls.
Have compassion upon us, and receive our prayers with lovingkindness.
Help us return to You, One-That-Is-All: illumine the path to our renewal,
so our days will shine with the radiance and glory of our people's past!

We consider our words: become conscious of our innermost thoughts.
Help us find the winding road to our return to our True Selves.

Do not cast us away from Your Presence.
Do not take from us the Holy Spirit.
Do not cast us away when we are old,
As our strength diminishes.
Do not abandon us, O One-That-Is-All.
Do not let all that is Holy within us be lost.
Be our Strength and our Consolation.
Upon You, O Holy One, do we depend.
Answer our prayers, O One-That-Is-All!

אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ! כָּלֵה כָּל צָר וּמִשְׁטִין מַעַלְינוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ka-leh kawl tzar u'mas-tin mei-a-lei-nu.

Avinu Malkeinu, bring an end to all oppression and evil.

אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ! חֲדֵש עַלְינוּ שָׁנָה טוֹבָה.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ha-deish a-lei-nu sha-na tov-va.

Avinu Malkeinu, bless us with a good new year.

אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ! חַפְנוּ וְעַנְנוּ, בַּי אֵין בָּנוּ מַעֲשִׂים, עֲשֵׂה עָמָנוּ צְדָקָה
וְחִסְדָּךְ וְהַשְׁעִינָנוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ha-nei-nu va-nei-nu (2x)
ki ein ba-nu ma-a-sim.

A-sei i-ma-nu tze-da-ka va-he-sed (2x)
v'ho-shi-ei-nu.

Avinu Malkeinu, be gracious to us, answer us, even when we have little merit. Treat us generously and with kindness, and be our help!

Avinu Malkeinu**אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ****אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ!** שְׁמַע קֹלֵנוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, she-ma ko-lei-nu.

Avinu Malkeinu, hear our prayers!**אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ!** חֲטָאָנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ha-ta-nu l'fa-ne-cha.

Avinu Malkeinu, we have sinned before You!**אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ!** חַמּוֹל עַלְנוּ וְעַל עַזְלֵלָנוּ וְטַפֵּנוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ha-mol a-lei-nu v'al o-la-lei-nu v'ta-pei-nu.

Avinu Malkeinu, have compassion upon us and upon our children.**אָבִינוּ מֶלֶךְנוּ!** כֹּלֶה דָּבָר וְחַרְבָּה וְרַעַב מַעֲלֵינוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ka-leh de-ver v'he-rev v'ra-av mei-a-lei-nu.

Avinu Malkeinu, bring an end to sickness, war and famine.**Book of Life: Uncertainty**

I wanted a perfect ending,
So I sat down to write the book
with the ending in place before
there ever was an ending.

Now I've learned the hard way,
that some poems don't rhyme,
and some stories don't have
a clear beginning, middle and end.
Like my life, this book has ambiguity.
Like my life, this book is about
not knowing, having to change,
taking the moment and making the
best of it, without knowing
what's going to happen next.

Gilda Radner, *It's Always Something***This** is an hour of change.

Within it we stand uncertain on the border of light.
Shall we draw back or cross over?
Where shall our hearts turn?

This is *the* moment of change,
and within it, we stand quietly, on the border of light.
What lies before us?

*Shall we draw back,
my brother or sister,
or cross over?*

Leah Goldberg, adapted, CCAR, *Mishkan T'fila*