

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

זאג נים קינמאל, אז דו גייסט דעם לעצמן וועג

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*

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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

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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.

E: RabbiFridkis@icloud.com

Mobile/Text: 917-617-3615

Temple of Universal Judaism

TUJ-TorahNYC.org

# Yom Kippur Eve & Morn

## For Ukraine & All Oppressed ם”י

*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 (יהוה). And the Levites would sing:*

*Open O Gates! שְׂאוּ שַׁעְרֵיכֶם!*

*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.*

## By The Fireside עוֹפֵן פְּרִיעַטְשִׁיק

**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 נְדַרְנָא וְאַסְרְנָא

*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*

## Illumine My Soul כִּי אֶתְהַה תְּאִיר נְרִי

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 אֶתְהַה תְּאִיר נְרִי; יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי יִגְיִהָ הַשְׁכִּי.

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*

לְמַעַן יִזְמְרֶךָ כְּבוֹד וְלֹא יִדָּם, יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי לְעוֹלָם אֲוֹדֶךָ

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 כָּל נִדְרֵי

### 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, CCAAR, Gates of Repentance*

**My Hearts Yearnings**    הַגִּיוֹן לְבָי

*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 Rosensaft*

## The Silver Platter      מגש הכסף

“אין מדינה ניתנת לעם על מגש הכסף”  
 “No nation is given to a people on a Silver Platter”

*Chaim Weizman, 1<sup>st</sup> 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*

כָּל נְדָרֵי וְאַסְרֵי וְחַרְמֵי וְקוֹנָמֵי וְכַנּוּיֵי וְקוֹנוּסֵי וְשְׁבוּעוֹת,  
 דְּנִדְרָנָא וְדִאֲשַׁתְּבַעְנָא וְדִאֲחַרְמְנָא וְדִאֲסַרְנָא עַל נַפְשַׁתְנָא,  
 מִיּוֹם כְּפָרִים זֶה עַד יוֹם כְּפָרִים הֵבֵא עָלֵינוּ לְטוֹבָה,  
 בְּלָהוֹן אֲחַרְטָנָא בְּהוֹן, בְּלָהוֹן יְהוֹן שָׁרוֹן, שְׁבִיקִין שְׁבִיתִין,  
 בְּטִלִין וּמְבַטְלִין, לֹא שְׁרִירִין וְלֹא קִימִין. נִדְרָנָא לֹא נְדָרֵי  
 וְאַסְרָנָא לֹא אֲסָרֵי, וְשְׁבוּעָתְנָא לֹא שְׁבוּעוֹת.

Kol ni-drei v'e-sa-rei va-cha-ra-mei v'ko-na-mei v'chi-nu-yei  
 v'ki-nu-sei 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'vi-kin sh'vi-tin,  
 b'tei-lin u-m'vu-ta-lin, la sh'ri-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.

## שמע ישראל Shema Yisrael

### ... 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*

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְיָ אֶחָד:  
בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מְלֻכּוֹתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

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 I'o-lam va-ed.

**Hear O Israel:** for us There Is One and only One!  
Blessed is the Majestic Unity of an Eternal Universe!

## ועל כלם My Wrongs

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*

וְעַל כָּלֵם, אֲלוֹהַּ סְלִיחוֹת, סְלַח לָנוּ, מְחַל לָנוּ, כַּפֵּר לָנוּ.

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)*

ראזשינקעס מיט מאנדלען  
Rozhinkes mit Mandlen

אונטער יידעלעס וויגעלע  
שטייט א קלאר ווייס ציגעלע  
דאס ציגעלע איז געפארן  
האנדלען  
דאס וועט זיין דיין בארוף  
ראזשינקעס מיט מאנדלען  
שלאףזשע יידעלע שלאף.

אין דעם בית המקדש  
אין א ווינקל חדר  
זיצט די אלמנה בת ציון אליין  
איר בן יחידל יידעלען  
וויגט זי כסדר  
און זינגט אים צום שלאפן  
א לידעלע שייין.

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.

Un-ter Yi-de-le's vi-ge-le  
Shteyt a klor vays tsi-ge-le  
Dos tsi-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.

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.

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*

וְאֶהְבֶּתָּ אֶת יְיָ אֱלֹהֶיךָ, בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ, וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ, וּבְכָל-מְאֹדְךָ.  
וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה, אֲשֶׁר אֶנְכִי מְצַוְּךָ הַיּוֹם, עַל-לִבְבְּךָ: וְשָׁנַנְתָּם  
לְבָנֶיךָ, וְדַבַּרְתָּ בָּם בְּשַׁבְּתְךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ, וּבְלֶכְתְּךָ בַדֶּרֶךְ וּבְשֹׁכְבְךָ,  
וּבְקוּמְךָ. וְקִשְׂרָתָם לְאוֹת עַל-יָדְךָ, וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ,  
וּכְתַבְתָּם עַל מְזוֹזֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ.

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    מִי כַמְכָה

**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:*

מִי כְמוֹכָה בְּאֵלִים יְיָ? מִי כְמוֹכָה נֹאדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ?  
נוֹרָא תְהִלָּת, עֲשֵׂה פִלְא?

מְלֻכוֹתֶיךָ רָאוּ בְנֵיךָ, בּוֹקֵעַ יָם לְפָנַי מִשָּׁה  
"זֶה אֱלֹהֵי!" עָנוּ וְאָמְרוּ: "יְיָ? מֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד!"

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 הַשְּׂפִיבְנוּ

הַשְּׂפִיבְנוּ יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם וְהַעֲמִידְנוּ מִלְכָּנוּ לְחַיִּים.

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 יֵשׁ כּוֹכָבִים

יֵשׁ כּוֹכָבִים שְׂאוֹרֵם מְגִיעַ אֶרְצָה  
רַק כְּאֶשֶׁר הֵם עֲצָמָם אֲבָדוּ וְאֵינָם.

יֵשׁ אַנְשִׁים שְׂזִיו זְכָרָם מֵאִיר  
כְּאֶשֶׁר הֵם עֲצָמָם יוֹתֵר בְּתוֹכֵנוּ.

אוֹרוֹת אֱלֹהֵי הַמְּבֹהֵי־קִים בְּחֻשְׁבַּת הַלַּיִל.  
הֵם שְׂמֵרָאִים לְאָדָם אֶת אוֹרוֹת הַדֶּרֶךְ.

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

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

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

Ka-a-she 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*

## תְּפִילָּה: קְדוּשָׁה Tefila: Blessings of Holiness

### And Then וּבְכֵן

*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** **לְדוֹר וָדוֹר**

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*

בְּרֵאשׁ הַשָּׁנָה יִכְתְּבוּן, וּבְיוֹם צוֹם כְּפוּר יִחְתְּמוּן.  
כְּמִה יַעֲבִרוּן, וְכְמִה יִבְרָאוּן. מִי יִחְיֶה, וּמִי יָמוּת.  
...  
מִי יַעֲנֶה, וּמִי יַעֲשֶׂר: מִי יִשְׁפֹּל, וּמִי יָרוּם.

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*

## 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*

## For Healing מִי שִׁבְרָךְ

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'Raḥel  
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*

Prayers of the Heart פונות 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*

אֱלֹהֵי, נִצּוֹר לְשׁוֹנֵי מִרְעַ, וּשְׁפָתַי מִדְּבַר מְרִמָּה.  
 וְלִמְקַלְלֵי נַפְשֵׁי תְדוּם, וְנַפְשֵׁי כְּעַפָּר לְכָל תְּהִיָּה.  
 פֶּתַח לִבִּי בְּתוֹרָתְךָ, וּבְמִצְוֹתֶיךָ תִּרְדּוּף נַפְשִׁי.

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.

Day of Judgement יום הדין

**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!

וּבְשׁוֹפָר גָּדוֹל יִתְקַע! וְקוֹל דְּמָמָה דְּקָה יִשְׁמַע!

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

הַיּוֹם הַזֶּה יוֹם הַדִּיּוֹן!  
 Today is the Day of Judgement!

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

כְּבִקְרַת רוּעָה עָדְרוּ, מִעֲבִיר צֹאנוּ תַחַת שֶׁבֶטוֹ.

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 כַּנְפֵי רוּחַ**

בֶּן-אָדָם:  
עֲלֵה לְמַעְלָה עֲלֵה (3x)  
בֶּן-אָדָם, עֲלֵה לְמַעְלָה עֲלֵה!

כִּי כַח עַז לָךְ,  
יֵשׁ לָךְ כַּנְפֵי רוּחַ (2x), כַּנְפֵי נְשָׁרִים אֲבִירִים!  
אֵל תִּכְחַשׁ בָּם: פֶּן יִכְחָשׁוּ לָךְ,  
דְּרוֹשׁ אוֹתָם, דְּרוֹשׁ בֶּן-אָדָם, וַיִּמְצְאוּ לָךְ מִיד!

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*

**Ashamnu: Confessional אֲשַׁמְנוּ**

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.

אֲשַׁמְנוּ, בָּגַדְנוּ, גָּזַלְנוּ, דִּבַּרְנוּ דָּפִי, הִעֵינּוּ, וְהִרְשַׁעְנוּ, וְדָנוּ,  
חָמְסְנוּ, טָפְלָנוּ שָׁקַר. יַעֲצֵנוּ רָע, כּוֹזְבֵנוּ, לָצָנוּ, מְרַדְנוּ, נֶאֱצָנוּ,  
סָרְדָנוּ, עֵינֵנוּ פִּשְׁעֵנוּ, צָרְדָנוּ, קִשְׁיֵנוּ עָרְף. רִשְׁעֵנוּ, שְׁחָתָנוּ,  
תַּעֲבָנוּ, תַּעֲתָנוּ.

Ashamnu, Bagadnu, Gazalnu, Dibarnu dofi.

Hevinu, V'hirshanu, Zadnu, H'amasnu, Tafalnu sheker.

Yatznu ra, Kizavnu, Latznu, Maradnu, Niatznu,

Sararnu, Avinu, Pashanu, Tzararnu, Kishinu oref.

Rashanu, Shihatnu, 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 **A**nswered in **a**nger  
 we have **B**roken our **b**argains  
 we have **C**ontrolled others, but not ourselves  
 we have **D**oubted our instincts  
 we have **E**nforced our will gratuitously  
 we have **F**reely wasted an abundance of resources  
 we have **G**iven too haughtily  
 we have **H**ated too gladly  
 we have **I**ntruded too frequently  
 we have **J**udged too hastily  
 we have **K**ept far too many grudges  
 we have **L**ied about so many things  
 we have **M**anipulated needlessly  
 we have **N**eedlessly capitulated  
 we have **O**ffered up **o**thers as sacrifices  
 we have **P**laced **p**ossessions over **p**eople  
 we have **Q**uickly turned toward **r**esentment and quietly **r**un from **r**esponsibility  
 we have **R**eacted too **r**easily, **r**efused and been **r**eluctant to **r**emember others  
 we have **S**lowly turned toward evil  
 we have **T**wisted **t**he **t**ruth too **e**ffortlessly  
 we have **U**nnecessarily **u**ndertaken too much responsibility  
 we have **V**ehemently violated all kinds of boundaries  
 we have **W**antonly wished the downfall of others  
 we have been **e**Xceedingly greedy  
 we have frequently said **Y**es when we needed to say no  
 we have far too frequently been **Z**ealous when we might have been patient

. . .

**We** have **A**cquiesced when we might have **A**bstained. . .  
**We** have **C**riticized nearly everything when we might instead  
 have **C**orrected ourselves. . .  
**We** have **W**aited to change our lives even though **w**e wanted to,  
 and **w**asted far too many opportunities for love and kindness. . .  
**We** have lacked **Z**eal 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 תּוֹרָה

*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:*

**כִּי מִצִּיּוֹן תֵּצֵא תּוֹרָה, וְדָבַר יְיָ מִירוּשָׁלַיִם.**

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

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

## Forgive Us: S’lach Lanu סְלַח לָנוּ

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 שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ

שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חוּס וְרַחֵם עָלֵינוּ,  
 וְקַבֵּל בְּרַחֲמִים וּבְרַצוֹן אֶת תְּפִלָּתֵנוּ.  
 אֵל תְּשַׁלֵּכֵנוּ מִלְּפָנֶיךָ, וְרוּחַ קְדוֹשְׁךָ אֵל תִּקַּח מִמֶּנּוּ.  
 אֵל תְּשַׁלֵּכֵנוּ לַעֲת וְזָקָה, בְּכָלוֹת כַּחֲנוּ אֵל תַּעֲזֹבֵנוּ.  
 אֵל תַּעֲזֹבֵנוּ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, אֵל תִּרְחַק מִמֶּנּוּ.  
 כִּי אַתָּה יי עֲזָרְתָנוּ וְנַחֲמָתֵנוּ.  
 כִּי לָךְ יי הוֹחֵלֵנוּ, אַתָּה תַעֲנֵה, אֲדֹנָי אֱלֹהֵינוּ.

She-ma ko-lei-nu, A-do-nai E-lo-hei-nu, ḥus v'ra-ḥem 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,  
 ḥa-desh ya-mei-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 מִלְּכֵנוּ! כֹּל צָר וּמַשְׁטִין מֵעַלֵינוּ.

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 מִלְּכֵנוּ! חֲדָשׁ עָלֵינוּ שָׁנָה טוֹבָה.

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

**Avinu Malkeinu**, bless us with a good new year.

אָבִינוּ מִלְּכֵנוּ! חַנּוּנוּ וְעַנּוּנוּ, כִּי אֵין בָּנוּ מַעֲשִׂים, עֲשֵׂה עִמָּנוּ צְדָקָה  
 וְחֶסֶד וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ḥa-nei-nu va-nei-nu (2x)

ki ein ba-nu ma-a-sim.

A-sei i-ma-nu tze-da-ka va-ḥe-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!

## אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ Avinu Malkeinu

אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ! שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ.

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

**Avinu Malkeinu**, hear our prayers!

אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ! חָטְאנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ.

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

**Avinu Malkeinu**, we have sinned before You!

אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ! חַמּוֹל עָלֵינוּ וְעַל עוֹלָלֵנוּ וְטַפְּנוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ḥa-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 מַלְכֵנוּ! כִּלְהַ דְּבַר וְחָרֵב וְרָעַב מֵעָלֵינוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu, ka-leh de-ver v'ḥe-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*