



Congregation Beth Israel
חבורת בית ישראל

למען עלייה
For the Sake of Ascent

סדור למעריב של תשעה באב
An Evening Siddur for Tisha b'Av

"The mother has died, sheltering her two babes,
whose clutching fingers have cut into the mother's flesh."

— An anonymous survivor of the atomic bomb
in Nagasaki, Japan, August 9, 1945

"Babes and sucklings languish in the squares of the city.
They keep asking their mothers, 'where is grain and wine?'
as they languish like battle-wounded in the squares of the town,
as their life runs out in their mothers' bosoms."

— Lamentations 2:11-12, attributed to Jeremiah,
witness to the destruction of Jerusalem, 9th of Av, 548 BCE

siddur by Rabbi Rachel Barenblat and David Markus

This siddur for Tisha b'Av includes sources both traditional and modern. In the merit of the peacemakers of history and our own day, may this siddur arouse the heart and soul to the power of Tisha b'Av. May all who use this siddur turn the descent of Tisha b'Av into a light-filled ascent of return and renewal.

This siddur contains holy text: please handle it with respect and dignity.

As Tisha b'Av Approaches

We begin our descent
toward the rubble.

Our hearts crack open
and sorrow comes flooding in.

Help us to believe
that tears can transform,

that redemption is possible.
The walls will come down:

open our eyes, give us strength
not to look away.

Rabbi Rachel Barenblat

Entering Tisha b'Av

Tisha b'Av recalls tragedies of Jewish history – destruction of the Temple, the Crusades, repeated exiles, and the "final solution" of the Holocaust. In our own day, Tisha b'Av beckons us into the darkness of inner exile, so we can emerge into the Season of Teshuvah. Enfolded in community, we invoke the depth of Tisha b'Av for the purpose of rising anew. Our descent tonight is for the sake of ascent tomorrow.

The Merciful One will cover iniquity and not forever destroy.
Soon may God withdraw anger; may divine rage not be aroused.

וְהוּא רַחוּם יְכַפֵּר עֲוֹן וְלֹא יִשְׁחִית,
וְהִרְבָּה לְהָשִׁיב אִפּוֹ וְלֹא יַעִיר כָּל חַמָּתוֹ.

"Baseless Hatred," a text study for Tisha b'Av

The destruction of Jerusalem happened through a Kamza and a Bar Kamza in this way. A certain man had a friend Kamza and an enemy Bar Kamza. He threw a party and said to his servant, "Go and bring Kamza." The servant brought Bar Kamza by mistake.

When the man found Bar Kamza he said, "You tell stories about me; what are you doing here? Get out!"

Said the other, "Since I am here, let me stay, and I will pay you for whatever I eat and drink." The man said no. "Then let me pay for half of the party." The man said no. "Then let me pay for the whole party." The man said no, and he threw Bar Kamza out.

Bar Kamza said to himself: the rabbis were there and did not stop him! That shows that they agree with him. I will go and inform against them to the government.

He went and said to the emperor, "The Jews are rebelling against you, and here's how you can tell: send them an offering and see if they offer it on their altar." (And if they do not, you will have license to destroy their holy place.)

The emperor sent a fine calf with Bar Kamza as his offering. On the way to the temple, Bar Kamza made a blemish in a place where we Jews count it as a blemish (thereby making the animal no longer kosher for sacrifice) though others do not. The rabbis wanted to offer it anyway, in order not to offend the government, but Rabbi Zecharia ben Abkulas said to them: "People will say that we are offering blemished animals on the altar!"

Then they proposed to kill Bar Kamza so he couldn't go and inform on them again. But Rabbi Zecharia said, "Is one who makes a blemish on consecrated animals to be put to death?"

Rabbi Yochanan then remarked, "Through the scrupulousness of Rabbi Zecharia our house has been destroyed, our Temple burnt, and we ourselves exiled from our land." (Gittin 55b-56a)

Why was the First Temple destroyed? Because of three things which prevailed there: idolatry, immorality, bloodshed.

But why was the Second Temple destroyed, seeing that in its time they were occupying themselves with Torah, mitzvot, and the practice of charity? Because therein prevailed baseless hatred. This teaches us that baseless hatred is considered of equal gravity with the three sins of idolatry, immorality, and bloodshed together. (Yoma 9b)

The Shema and Her Blessings

Barchu — Call to Prayer

Barchu et Adonai ha-mevorach.

בָּרְכוּ אֶת יְיָ הַמְּבֹרָךְ:

□ Baruch Adonai ha-mevorach
l'olam va-ed.

בָּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבֹרָךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

□

Blessed is God, the blessed One.

Blessed is God, the blessed One, now and forever!

from **Lamentations 1**

אֵיכָה | יְשֻׁבָה בְּדָד הָעִיר רַבָּתִי עִם הֵיטָה כְּאַלְמָנָה רַבָּתִי בְּגוֹיִם
שְׂרָתִי בְּמַדִּינֹת הֵיטָה לְמָס:

1 Eikhah! How can it be –
that she sat alone,
the city so great / so swelled with people?
She was like a widow.
The one great among the nations,
ministering among the states,
became a slave caste.

בָּכוּ תִבְכֶּה בְּלַיְלָה וְדַמְעָתָהּ עַל לַחֲיָהּ אִין לָהּ מְנַחֵם מִכָּל־אֲהָבֶיהָ
כָּל־רֵעֵיהָ בְּגָדוּ בָּהּ הִיוּ לָהּ לְאִיבִים:

2 Crying, she will cry in the night,
her tear upon her cheek
There is none for her, no comforter,
from all her lovers.
All her companions
played traitor with her.
They became for her enemies.

גָּלְתָה יְהוּדָה מֵעֲנִי וּמְרַב עֲבֹדָה הִיא יְשֻׁבָה בְּגוֹיִם לֹא מְצָאָה מְנוּחָה
כָּל־רֵדְפֶיהָ הַשִּׁיגוּהָ בֵּין הַמְּצָרִים:

3 She, Judah, was exiled,
by poverty, and by (so) much hard labor
She sat among the nations,
not finding any rest;
All her pursuers caught up with her
between the confined places.

דַּרְכֵי צִיּוֹן אֲבֵלוֹת מִבְּלִי בָּאֵי מוֹעֵד כָּל־שְׁעָרֶיהָ שׁוֹמְמִין כַּהֲנִיָּה נְאֻנָּחִים בְּתוֹלְתֶיהָ נוֹגֹת וְהִיא
מֵרֶלֶה:

4 Zion's roads are mourning
from being without festival-goers,
all her gates desolated;
Her priests are moaning,
her girls grieving;
And she – it is bitterness for her.

הָיוּ צָרֶיהָ לְרֹאשׁ אֵיבֵיהָ שָׁלוֹ כִּי־יִהְיֶה הַזֶּה עַל רַב־פְּשָׁעֶיהָ
עוֹלָלֶיהָ הָלְכוּ שָׁבִי לִפְנֵי־צָר:

5 Her tormentors were at the head,
her enemies had ease
For YHVH aggrieved her
for the greatness of her sins.
Her babes walked captive before foe;

וַיֵּצֵא מִבֵּית־צִיּוֹן כָּל־הַדָּרָה הָיוּ שָׂרֶיהָ בְּאֵילִים לֹא־מְצָאוּ מְרֻעָה
וַיֵּלְכוּ בְּלֹא־כֹחַ לִפְנֵי רוֹדֵף:

6 and all her splendor went out from
daughter Zion!
Her ministers, like deer,
not finding a place to graze;
They walked, without strength,
before a pursuer.

God Has Pity on Kindergarten Children

God has pity on kindergarten children.
He has less pity on school children
And on grownups he has no pity at all,
he leaves them alone,
and sometimes they must crawl on all fours
in the burning sand
to reach the first-aid station
covered with blood.

But perhaps he will watch over true lovers
and have mercy on them and shelter them
like a tree over the old man
sleeping on a public bench.

Perhaps we too will give them
the last rare coins of charity
that Mother handed down to us
so that their happiness may protect us
now and on other days.

Yehuda Amichai

adapted from **Lamentations 2 & Psalm 130**

Zion sits on the earth, her song silenced. We cast dust on the head,
girded as in sackcloth, our heads bowed down to the ground.

*Our eyes are spent with tears, our bowels grumble. Our livers are poured onto the dust
because of the destruction. Children and babies fall in the streets, their souls poured
onto parents' bosoms.*

What comfort is there for this, when ruin is great like the sea?

*Enemies hiss and gnash their teeth saying, "We will swallow them up.
Let them have no pity."*

Our hearts cry out to God. Zion's walls of protection lay in ruins.

Our tears flow like rivers. We have no rest in body or soul.

We cry out in the night. We pour out our hearts like water.
Our hands rise up for the lives of our young, the poor faint in hunger.

*Must we eat our young? Must young and old lie in the streets? Must young men fall by
the sword, slain in anger without mercy?*

On this appointed day, You call us into the terror at all sides. The walls are smashed.
On this appointed day, You call us into the depths. Out of the depths, we call.

Evening

You mix the watercolors of the evening
like my son, swishing his brush
until the waters are black with paint.
The sky is streaked and dimming.

The sun wheels over the horizon
like a glowing penny falling into its slot.
Day is spent, and in its place: the changing moon,
the spatterdash of stars across the sky's expanse.

Every evening we tell ourselves the old story:
You cover over our sins, forgiveness
like a fleece blanket tucked around our ears.
When we cry out, You will hear.

Soothe my fear of life without enough light.
Rock me to sleep in the deepening dark.

Rabbi Rachel Barenblat

Ma'ariv Aravim: God of Day and Night

Baruch atah Adonai
Eloheinu melech ha'olam
asher bidvaro ma'ariv aravim
bechochmah poteach she'arim
uvitvunah meshaneh itim
umachalif et hazemanim
umsadeir et hakoachavim
b'mishmeroteihem baraki'ah
kirtsono.

Borei yom valaila
goleil or mipnei choshech
vechoshech mipnei or
uma'avir yom umeivi lailah
umavdil bein yom uvein lailah
Adonai tzeva'ot shemo.

ברוך אתה יי ,
אלהינו מלך העולם,
אשר בדברו מעריב ערבים,
בחכמה פותח שערים
ובתבונה משנה עתים,
ומחליף את הזמנים,
ומסדר את הפוכים,
במשמרותיהם ברקיע כרצונו.
בורא יום ולילה,
גולל אור מפני חשך,
וחשך מפני אור.
ומעביר יום ומביא לילה,
ומבדיל בין יום ובין לילה,
יי צבאות שמו.

Blessed are You, Adonai our God, Source of all being,
by Whose word the evening falls.
In wisdom You open heaven's gates.
With understanding You make seasons change,
causing the times to come and go,
and ordering the stars on their appointed paths
through heaven's dome, all according to Your will.
Creator of day and night, who rolls back light before dark,
and dark before light, who makes day pass away
and brings on the night, dividing between day and night;
the Leader of Heaven's Multitudes is Your name!

□ Eil chai vekayam tamid
yimloch aleinu le'olam va'ed.
Baruch atah Adonai
hama'ariv aravim.

□ אל חי וקיים,
תמיד ימלוך עלינו לעולם ועד.
ברוך אתה יי,
המעריב ערבים:

Living and enduring God, be our guide
now and always.
Blessed are You, Source of All being,
Who makes evening fall.

Psalm 130 (adapted from R. Zalman Schachter-Shalomi zt"l)

From the deepest place within me, I call out to You.
God, hear what is in my voice.
Hear my pleading tone.
Were You to look for imperfection—
who could stand it? Who could stand it?
You are so generous with pardon, but we fear to seek it.
Still I hope, God. My very soul hopes for it:
Please send me Your loving word.
Among the watchers for the dawn, my God,
I yearn for Your grace to end my darkness.
Israel looks to You, God, who are so gracious.
So easily You can free all of us.
Lift us from all our brokenness.

An Ahavat Olam for Tisha b'Av (Mixed with Eicha)

You have loved us with an unending love.
How, then, can we understand our dreadful memories:

*the city sitting desolate like a widow
crying in the night, her skirts bloodied?*

You have given us Torah and mitzvot, laws of love
yet we also remember generations of horrors:

*our girls and our boys walking into captivity,
mass graves like gaping mouths, our enemies rejoicing.*

Great like the sea is our shattering.
Why have You veiled Your face in anger?

*We are worn away. Our bellies are bitter as wormwood.
Like women eating their own babies, we become crazed in our fear.*

Help us to make Your words the cornerstone of our days.
Help us trust that You will not forget us.

Ve'ahavatcha al tasir
Mimenu le'olamim.
Baruch atah Adonai
ohev amo Yisrael.

וְאַהֲבַתְךָ אֶל תִּסִּיר מִמֶּנּוּ לְעוֹלָמִים. בְּרוּךְ
אַתָּה יי, אֹהֵב עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל:

Your love will never depart from us as long as worlds endure. Blessed are You, Adonai,
who loves Your people Israel.

Shema

□ Shema Yisrael:
Adonai Eloheinu
Adonai echad!
(Baruch shem kvod
malchuto l'olam vaed.)

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְיָ אֶחָד:

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Hear, O Israel: Adonai is our God, Adonai is One!
Through time and space Your glory shines, Majestic One!

V'ahavta et Adonai elohecha, b'chol
l'avcha, uv'chol nafshecha, uv'chol
me'odecha. V'hayu ha-d'varim ha-eileh,
asher anochi m'tzv'cha hayom, al
levavecha. V'shinantam l'vanecha, v'dibarta
bam b'shiv't'cha b'veitecha, uv'lech't'cha
vaderech uv'shochb'cha uv'kumecha.
Ukshartam l'ot al yadecha, v'hayu l'totafot
bein enecha, uchtavtam al mezuzot
beitecha uvisharecha.

וְאַהַבְתָּ אֶת יְיָ אֱלֹהֶיךָ, בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ,
בְּכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ, וּבְכָל-מְאֹדְךָ. וְהָיוּ
הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה, אֲשֶׁר אֲנֹכִי מְצַוְךָ
הַיּוֹם, עַל-לִבְבְּךָ: וְשִׁנַּנְתֶּם לְבַבְיֶיךָ,
וְדַבַּרְתָּ בָּם בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ, וּבְלֶכְתְּךָ
בַּדֶּרֶךְ וּבְשֹׁכְבְּךָ, וּבְקוּמְךָ. וְקִשַּׁרְתֶּם
לְאוֹת עַל-יְדֶיךָ, וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת בֵּין
עֵינֶיךָ, וְכַתַּבְתֶּם עַל מְזוּזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ
וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:

You shall love Adonai your God with all your heart, with all your mind, with all your being. Set these words which I enjoin upon you today upon your heart. Teach them faithfully to your children. Speak of them in your home and on your way, when you lie down and when you rise up. Bind them as a sign on your hand. Let them be symbols before your eyes. Inscribe them on the doorposts of your house, and on your gates.

הִשְׁמְרוּ לָכֶם פֶּן-יִפְתָּה לְבַבְכֶם, וְסַרְתֶּם וְעַבַּדְתֶּם אֱלֹהִים אֲחֵרִים וְהִשְׁתַּחֲוִיתֶם לָהֶם.
וְחָרָה אַף-יְיָ בְּכֶם, וְעָצַר אֶת-הַשָּׁמַיִם וְלֹא-יִהְיֶה מָטָר, וְהָאֲדָמָה לֹא תִתֵּן אֶת-יְבוּלָהּ
וְאֲבַדְתֶּם מִהָרָה מֵעַל הָאָרֶץ הַטְּבָה אֲשֶׁר יְיָ נָתַן לָכֶם:

Watch out! Don't let your hearts turn to serve other gods and bow down to them, for cosmic anger will turn on you. Heaven will close, sustenance will cease, and the earth will not produce bounty. Speedily you will feel chased from the goodness that God gave you.

Adonai Eloheichem emet.

יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיכֶם אֱמֶת:

Your God is a true God.

from Lamentations 3

When a whole people is taken
prisoner and downtrodden,
when a man
is deprived of his rights,
under the eyes of the Most High,
when a person does not get justice,
does Adonai not see it?
Let us scan and search our lives,
let us return to YHVH,
lifting our hearts up with our hands
to God in heaven.

כִּי לֹא עָנָה מִלְּבוֹ וַיָּגֵה בְּיַד אִישׁ: לֹד לְדָבָא
תַּחַת רַגְלָיו כֹּל אֲסִירֵי אֶרֶץ: לֵה לְהַטּוֹת
מִשְׁפָּט־גָּבֵר נִגְדַּת פְּנֵי עֲלִיוֹן: לוֹ לְעוֹת אָדָם בְּרִיבוֹ
אֲדַנִּי לֹא רָאָה:
נִחַפְּשָׁה דְרָכֵינוּ וְנִחַקְרָה
וְנִשׁוּבָה עַד־יָהּ:
נִשְׂא לְבָבֵנוּ אֶל־כַּפְּיֵם
אֶל־אֵל בַּשָּׁמַיִם:

Ge'ulah: Redemption

Redemption Poem

What did they think
as the waters rose up their legs,
chilling their hearts,
advancing toward their open mouths?

We continue to walk
here, now.
One foot at a time –
on our better days, forward.

Alone,
I cannot
reach the far shore
without drowning

But somehow I don't go under.
The person to my right holds me up.
Something I cannot see
holds him up.

Blessed is the Source of Help
so often unexpected.
I step forward:
The sea is vast.

Mark Nazimova

Mi chamocha ba'eilim
Adonai, mi camocha nedar
bakodesh, nora tehilot oseh
feleh.

מִי כְּמֹכָה בְּאֵלִים יְיָ, מִי כְּמֹכָה נֹאדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ,
נֹרָא תְהִילֹת, עֹשֶׂה פְלֵאָ:

Malchut'cha ra'u vanecha,
bokea yam lifnei Moshe
u-Miriam. "Zeh eli," anu v'amru;
"Adonai yimloch l'olam va'ed!"

מְלֻכּוּתְךָ רָאוּ בְנֵיךָ, בּוֹקַע יָם לְפָנַי מֹשֶׁה וּמִרְיָם,
זֶה אֱלֹהֵי עָנּוּ וְאָמְרוּ: יְיָ יִמְלֹךְ לְעֹלָם וָעֶד.

V'ne'emar: ki fadah Adonai et
Ya'akov, u'g'alo miyad chazak
mimenu. Baruch atah, Adonai,
ga'al Yisrael.

וְנֵאמַר: כִּי פָדָה יְיָ אֶת יַעֲקֹב, וּגְאָלוֹ מִיַּד חֲזָק
מִמֶּנּוּ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ גֹאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל:

Who is like You, among the gods, Adonai? Who is like You, awesome and doing wonders? Your children saw your majesty, splitting the sea before Moses and Miriam.

"This is our God," they cried, "Adonai will reign through all space and time!"

And it is said: Adonai has saved the people of Jacob, and redeems the weak from the mighty. Blessed are You, Adonai, who redeems Israel.

Hashkivenu: A Shelter of Peace

Too often the world turns upside down:
destruction and exile haunt us again and again.

*Too often aggression and violence dim the human spirit.
Crusades and genocides inflict losses beyond measure.*

Even the thickest walls cannot always protect us.
Even our innermost sanctuaries see devastation.

*We crave to know why, to be protected from onslaught.
We yearn to be tucked in at night and wake to new life.*

We crave the cradle of Your peace and wise counsel.
Shield us: remove from us enmity, plague, sword, famine and grief.

*Remove all blocks to the flow of spirit.
Shelter us in the shade of Your wing, for You are our protector and rescuer.*

Gracious and compassionate One, bless our going and coming,
for life and peace, now and forever.

David Markus

Hashkivenu Yah eloheinu l'shalom.
Ufros aleinu sukkat shlomecha.

הַשְּׂכִיבֵנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם.
וּפְרוֹשׂ עָלֵינוּ סֻכַּת שְׁלוֹמְךָ.

Help us to lie down in peace, Yah our God.
Spread Your sheltering peace over us.

(chant by Rabbi Hanna Tiferet Siegel)

Prelude to the Amidah

My God, so near and tonight seeming so far away,
Be with me during moments of darkness, pain, destruction and exile.
Help me find holy stillness even amidst rubble,
serenity amidst loneliness, hope amidst despair.
Open my mouth and, even now,
My lips will declare Your praise.

David Markus

Amidah / Silent Standing Prayer

What do you most need to say to God tonight?

What do you need to pour forth from your heart?

What is your response to the world's brokenness this year?

What healing do you yearn for?

Oseh shalom bimromav,
hu ya'aseh shalom, aleinu
v'al kol yisrael, v'al kol
yoshvei tevel, v'imru
Amen.

עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי
טֶבֶל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

May the One Who makes peace in high places make peace for us, for all Israel, and for all who dwell on this earth, and let us say: Amen.

At the First-Aid Station

You
Who weep although you have no ducts for tears
Who cry although you have no lips for words
Who wish to clasp
Although you have no skin to touch
You
Limbs twitching, oozing blood and foul secretions
Eyes all puffed-up slits of white
Tatters of underwear
Your only clothing now
Yet with no thought of shame
Ah! How fresh and lovely you all were
A flash of time ago
When you were school girls, a flash ago
Who could believe it now?
Out from the murky, quivering flames
Of burning, festering Hiroshima
You step, unrecognizable
even to yourselves
You leap and crawl, one by one
Onto this grassy plot
Wisps of hair on bronze bald heads
Into the dust of agony Why have you had to suffer this?
Why this, the cruelest of inflictions?
Was there some purpose?
Why?
You look so monstrous, but could not know
How far removed you are now from mankind
You think:
Perhaps you think
Of mothers and fathers,
brothers
and sisters
Could even they know you now?
Of sleeping and waking, of breakfast and home
Where the flowers in the hedge scattered in a flash
And even the ashes now have gone
Thinking, thinking, you are thinking
Trapped with friends
who ceased to move, one by one
Thinking when once you were a daughter
A daughter of humanity

Toge Sankichi

(Born in Japan in 1921, Toge Sankichi was 24 when the atomic bomb was dropped. He died at 36, a victim of leukemia resulting from the atomic bomb)

Body Parts

Outside a market, a foot
lies on the ground. An arm,
skin leathery and suntanned, or
slack, with blue cables of veins.
The freckled, the spotless,
the hairy, the smooth.

A rabbi in long coat and black hat
picks them up.
He will save them
for burial with the dead
so that on the last day no one will arise
without feet, arms.

The rabbi puts them
in the plastic bag, mixes
defenders with attackers.
At the last day, all
will stand up together.

Hannah Stein

from A Letter From an Israeli Soldier to His Mother

Moving into Gaza
No Fighters here
A loud question bursts in my chest: What am I doing here?

No fighters here
I am panicked
I had never seen their faces before
Palestinians
Those creatures behind the wall
I had never seen their faces before
What do I do here?

The little girl paralyzed struck to the ground like a wounded rabbit
I looked at her
I just killed your mother
Your father and your brother's son

We are only defending ourselves
These children grow up to be suicide bombers
I am just following orders
And a lingering question
What did I do there?
What am I doing here?

Vivien Sansour

Aleinu

Ein old milvado, Hashem hu ha-elohim.

אין עוד מלבדו, ה' הוא האלהים.

There is nothing but God; God is God.

from **Prayer for Tisha b'Av**

May the One who knows our wishes for a better world,
Who sees the longing and sadness that we hold in our hearts
and the brokenness that we encounter in our lives:
dear Yah our God, please comfort us.
Dear Yah, comfort especially those who are so broken by the world
that they've become bitter and alienated from holiness.
Please comfort us Yah, *haEl haGadol haGibor v'haNora*,
with that holy vision of a House of prayer for all peoples.
May it be Your will, dear God, that the souls of all who enter the gates
of the Holy city Jerusalem / al-Quds
may be refreshed with complete ease, doubly consoled.

Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi

from **Lamentations ch. 5**

הַשִּׁיבֵנו יְהוָה | אֵלֶיךָ וְנִשׁוּבָה
חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֹדֶם:
כִּי אִם־מָאֵס מְאַסְתָּנוּ קִצְפָּתָ עָלֵינוּ עַד־מָאֵד —
הַשִּׁיבֵנו יְהוָה | אֵלֶיךָ וְנִשׁוּבָה
חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֹדֶם!

Turn us, God, toward You, and we will turn
Renew our days like long ago
For if You were to loathe us, to be enraged over us —
Turn us, God, toward You, and we will turn
Renew our days like the dawn!

Mourner's Kaddish

Yitgadal v'yitkadash, shmeh rabah. B'alma di vra chiruteh, v'yamlich malchuteh b'chayyeichon u'v'yomeichon u'vchayyei d'chol beit Yisrael. Ba'agala u-vizman kariv v'imru amen.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא
כְּרַעוּתֵיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל.
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

□ Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varakh l'olam ol'almei almaya.

□ יְהִי שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמִי וּלְעָלְמֵי עֲלְמֵיָא:

Yitbarach v'yishtabach, v'yitpa'ar v'yit-romam v'yit-naseh. V'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithallal shmeh d'kudh'sha b'rich hu. L'eyla min kol birchata v'shirata, tushbechata v'nechemata, damiran b'alma, v'imru amen.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקַדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הוּא לְעֵלְא מִן כָּל בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא, תְּשֻׁבְחָתָא
וְנַחֲמָתָא, דְּאִמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהִי שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Y'hei shlama raba min shemaya v'chayyim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael, v'imru amen. Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya'aseh shalom, aleinu v'al kol yisrael, v'al kol yoshvei tevel, v'imru Amen.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי טַבַּל, וְאִמְרוּ
אָמֵן:

Magnified and sanctified! Magnified and sanctified! May God's Great Name fill the world God created. May God's splendor be seen in the world in your life, in your days, in the life of all Israel. Quickly and soon! And let us say, Amen.

Forever may the Great Name be blessed!

Blessed and praised! Splendid and supreme! May the holy name, Bless God, be praised, far beyond all the blessings and songs, comforts and consolations, that can be offered in this world. And let us say: Amen.

May there be peace and life, great peace and life from heaven above for us and all Israel. And let us say, Amen!

May the One who makes peace in the high heavens make peace for us, for our whole community, and for all the peoples of the world. And let us say: Amen.

After the Fall (Tisha b'Av)

The Mishna says
senseless hatred
knocked the Temple down

not the Romans with their siege engines —
or not only them, but
our ancestors too

who slipped into petty backbiting
ignored Shabbat
forgot how to offer their hearts

we're no better
we who secretly know we're right
holier-than-they

we who roll our eyes
and patronize, who check email
even on the holiest of days

who forget that
a prayer is more than a tune
more than words on a page

after every shooting parents weep
and we're too busy arguing
motive to comfort them

across the Middle East parents weep
and we're too busy arguing
borders to comfort them

in our nursing homes parents weep
shuddering and alone
and we're too busy —

even now what sanctuaries
what human hearts
are damaged and burned

while we snipe at each other
or insist we're not responsible
or avert our gaze?

Rabbi Rachel Barenblat