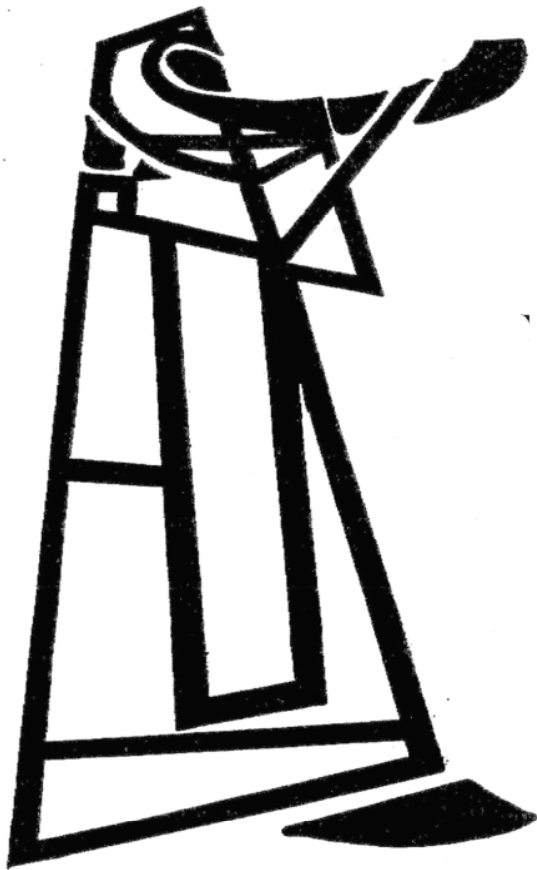




BOSTON WORKMEN'S CIRCLE

CENTER FOR
JEWISH CULTURE
& SOCIAL JUSTICE

www.circleboston.org



Yom Kippur

יום-כפור

2016 / 5777



Happy New Year! Gut Yontef!

Welcome to High Holidays with Boston Workmen's Circle.

As we gather in community today, let's make an effort to get to know each other's names.

<p>Hello, my name is:</p> <p>My pronouns are:</p>
--

Why Name Tags with pronouns?

Boston Workmen's Circle is working to be a more welcoming & inclusive community. Not everyone identifies as a man or woman and is comfortable being referred to using "he/him/his" or "she/her/hers". In order to make the space welcoming and accessible to everyone, regardless of their gender identity, we ask that you make yourself a name tag with your preferred pronouns (she/her, he/his, they/them, ze/hir, etc.)

Do you have other suggestions for how we could be a more welcoming and inclusive community? Please fill out the feedback form at the back of this program.

We gratefully thank countless sources and the many individuals who provided inspiring and thoughtful text, poems, art and music, contributing to this richly moving annual community event.

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AN AFFILIATE OF:



Sholem Aleykhem

(instrumental, followed by singing)

Gut Yontef. Today we end the Ten Days of Awe, the period from Rosh Hashonah to Yom Kippur. It is the most important time in the Jewish calendar — a time for honest self-reflection, forgiveness, healing, and turning anew to better hit the mark and live a life of doing justice to others.

Lo Yisa Goy

(A Nation Shall Not Raise)

Lo yisa goy el goy kherev lo yilmedu od milkhama.

(Nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore.)



Lighting the Candles

This year's Zayin class, the Bar/Bas Mitzvah Class, lights the holiday candles and teaches us about Yom Kippur.

Each holiday begins with candle lighting. This custom brings feelings of happiness, warmth, and a sense of unity with our sisters and brothers throughout the world with whom we are celebrating Yontef. It represents bringing light into darkness, hope into despair.

(All)

For the Hebrew blessing, we say:

Borukh ato adonoy elohenu melekh ho'olom
asher kidishonu b'mitzvosov vetsivonu l'hadlik ner shel yom tov.

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו להדליק נר של יום טוב

In Yiddish, we say:

Mir bagrisn dem nay yor. Zol der klang fun trua
onheybn a yor fun sholem un frayhayt far ale mentshn.

מיר באַגריסן דעם נײַ יאָר. זאָל דער קלאַנג פֿון תּרועה
אָנהײבן אַ יאָר פֿון שלום און פֿרײַהײט פֿאַר אַלע מענטשן.

In English, that means:

We welcome the New Year in the tradition of our people.
May the sound of the shofar begin a year of peace and freedom for all people.

With these lights
We welcome the Yontef.
In their glow of contrasting colors
We discern
The light and dark of our days.
We recall
All the disappointment and joys we
have shared,
And the hopes and intentions
We now nurture for the New Year.



Shehekheyonu

[The Shehekheyonu is traditionally said upon starting any holiday. More broadly, it is said as a statement of gratefulness at reaching an important point in our lives.]

This year we are the graduating class, Zayin. With the words of the Shehekheyonu we celebrate this New Year that will bring us to our graduation as we complete our B'nai Mitzvah.

(All)

For the Hebrew blessing, we say:

Borukh ato adonoy elohenu melekh ho'olom
Shehekheyonu, vekymonu, vehigyonu, lazman hazeh.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שְׁהֵחַיֵנוּ וְקִיַמְנוּ וְהִגִיעֵנוּ לְזִמְן הַזֶּה

In Yiddish, we say:

Mir rufn oys undzer groys freyd un dankshaft far undzer lebn tsuzamen.

מיר רופֿן אויס אונדזער גרויס פֿרײַד און דאַנקשאַפֿט פֿאַר אונדזער לעבן צוזאַמען.

In English that means:

In the tradition of our people
we voice our joy and gratitude for our continuing life together.

(All Sing Shehekheyonu)

Borukh ato adonoy elohenu melekh ho'olom
Shehekheyonu, vekymonu, vehigyonu, lazman hazeh.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שֶׁהֵחַיְנוּ וְקִיְּמָנוּ וְהִגִּיעָנוּ לְזִמְן הַזֶּה

The Meaning of the Holiday

On Rosh Hashonah, we began our celebration of the Days of Awe, ten days in which we reflect on the year we have just concluded, and prepare for the new year before us. For us, as for our ancestors, this ten-day period presents us with time and space for self-examination, personal judgment, and thoughtful reflection. Yom Kippur concludes this very special period.

What is Yom Kippur?

In ancient times, before the Babylonian exile, Rosh Hashonah, Yom Kippur, and Succos were all linked together as a harvest festival. In the diaspora, there was a change in the observance of the holiday, and Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur took on separate roles.

Why do we return ten days after Rosh Hashonah? Didn't that holiday allow us enough time for reflection?

Reflection and change are lifelong endeavors. The Ten Days of Awe repeat our lifelong commitment to making the world whole. Tradition holds that on Rosh Hashonah the book of life is opened and on Yom Kippur it is sealed. We may think of this as a period that requires us to first present a challenge and then have time to reflect on how we can meet that challenge.

Why do some people fast on Yom Kippur?

Let us consider the many meanings of fasting. By making a sacrifice, people can show their desire and willingness to turn towards a better way. We can remind ourselves that we are capable of self-control. We can focus the mind on the spirit of the holiday. We can sense hunger, so that we will understand and be compassionate toward those who are always hungry. The Talmud says that after people eat, they have one heart, for themselves alone. When people fast, they have two hearts, one for themselves and one for all who are hungry.

If this holiday is about personal reflection and personal change, why do this in public?

One answer is that it's not easy to make change, and we need to work together to do so. Sometimes, it is hard to say that we have missed the mark and that we need to turn. When we say this with others, it reminds us that we are not alone. We recognize that we are not just separate individuals, that we live in relation to others. We are on a lifelong journey with other people. We derive strength from our community. Together, we help one another find the courage and time to turn.

(Class sits)

Turn, Turn, Turn
(Pete Seeger)

Refrain:

To everything, turn, turn, turn,
There is a season, turn, turn, turn,
And a time for every purpose under heaven.

A time to be born, a time to die.
A time to plant, a time to reap.
A time to kill, a time to heal.
A time to laugh, a time to weep.

(Refrain)

A time to build up, a time to break down.
A time to dance, a time to mourn.
A time to cast away stones.
A time to gather stones together.

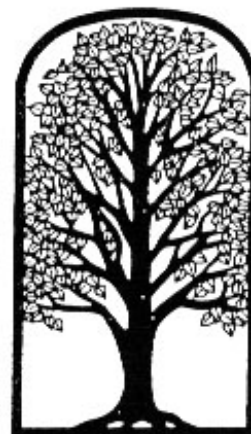
(Refrain)

A time of love, a time of hate.
A time of war, a time of peace.
A time you may embrace.
A time to refrain from embracing.

(Refrain)

A time to gain, a time to lose.
A time to rend, a time to sew.
A time to love, a time to hate.
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late.

(Refrain)



Yom Kippur is known as the Day of Atonement, when people reflect on the wrongs they have done the past year. It is also a day of forgiveness, where we forgive those who have wronged us. If we put these two actions together, we realize that Yom Kippur is also a day of accountability. How do we hold ourselves and each other accountable for our actions while at the same time offering forgiveness? Let us recognize our own limitations as we remind ourselves how our own actions — individual and communal — affect the world around us. On this day, we contemplate the pain we might have caused others, and we forgive those who have hurt us.

Is this the fast I have chosen?

The day for people to suffer?
Is it bowing the head like a bulrush
And lying in sackcloth and ashes?

Is this what you call fasting?

No, this is the fast that I have chosen:

To remove the chains of wickedness
And the yoke of injustice,
To let the oppressed go free.
It is to share your bread with the hungry
And to open your home to the homeless.
When you see the naked, to clothe them,
And not to ignore your own kin.
Then shall your light burst through like the dawn.

Is not this the fast that I have chosen?

-adapted from Isaiah 58:5-7

Eli Ata
(*nign*)

Kol Nidre
(*All Vows*)

Kol Nidre is not a prayer. Rather, it is a legal formula whose purpose is to cancel vows of the coming year that we will not be able to fulfill. It has been said that Kol Nidre was used to release Spanish Jews, who had been forced under pain of death to convert to Catholicism, from the vows they were required to make as part of the conversion.

For us, we can learn from Kol Nidre that while it is a powerful thing to promise something, and we should strive to live up to it, when we cannot, we need to forgive ourselves.

Let us make vows only for good.
 From this Day of Atonement to the next,
 let us act on our vows not only
 because we made them
 and they therefore bind us,
 but because we are free to continue
 to pursue the good.

- *Charles Newman*

Kol Nidre reminds us that there are abiding values of the utmost importance to each of us, that sometimes we cannot maintain faithfulness to these values, and that we are not isolated and alone in this very human situation.

— *Rabbi Allen S. Maller*

Kol Nidre has inspired composers, Jewish and non-Jewish, to write musical settings.

Kol Nidre
(vocal solo)

(All read together)

All vows, promises, and commitments we make
 Between this Yom Kippur and the next Yom Kippur
 May we have strength to keep them.

Unetanneh Tokef
(Let Us Speak of the Awesomeness)

[One thousand years ago a prayer, central to the meaning of Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur, was written. It is called Unetanneh Tokef and is found in the Makhzor, or High Holiday Prayer Book.]

Unetanneh Tokef tells us that what we are shapes what we become — the child is parent to the adult. But it also says that we are capable of changing the outcome, and this is done by Tefillah, Tsedokah, and Teshuvah.

Tefillah, commonly translated as prayer, is really derived from the word for honest self-judgment.

Tsedokah, commonly translated as charity, is derived from the word tsadik, a just person. It means justice to others.

Teshuvah is commonly translated as repentance, usually meaning repentance from a sin, or Khet. The word Khet has its origins in archery, and the term originally meant missing the mark. Such is the Jewish concept of sin — the missing of one's goal, losing sight of the important things in life and to oneself.

Teshuvah, then, really means turning, turning to hit the mark, to achieve what is important in life and to ourselves.

These images — honest self-judgment, justice to others, and turning — form the central theme of our holiday.

In keeping with Jewish tradition, on Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur we ask ourselves if we have hit the mark — as individuals, as members of our families, and as members of our communities.

By joining together today, we embrace a tradition over 3000 years old and benefit from a conviction that the New Year can be a creative moment.

Express Your Wish for the World

The next year is currently a blank slate. What would you like to write on it? During this next instrumental, please write or draw a wish for the coming year on the blank card under your seat. Later in the program, we will collect the cards in baskets. When you leave today, please take a card from a basket so that each wish will be shared with another person.

Zemer Atik
[Old Tune]
[instrumental]

The Meaning of "Kippur"

The word kippur is commonly translated as atonement, but a more literal translation is covering sin. This means that there is no abstract forgiveness or absolution. Our actions cannot be undone. Instead, we repair or cover the action and begin afresh. We can make amends. We can seek to do better in the future, understanding that true forgiveness is between people.

All join in each time on “*Let us be forgiving.*”

For words of hurt,
 For kind words not said,
 For pettiness and hasty judgment,
Let us be forgiving.

For impatience and arrogance,
 For disrespect and hypocrisy,
Let us be forgiving.

For self-absorption and lack of compassion,
 For remaining silent when our voices might have made a difference,
Let us be forgiving.

For withholding our love from those who depend on us,
 For neglecting our heritage that teaches that our fate is bound with the oppressed of all the world,
Let us be forgiving.

For not doing what we could to keep alive and vibrant our people's culture,
 For not rising to fulfill the best that is in us,
Let us be forgiving.

- Jeffrey Kaye/Hershl Hartman

May we remember that our nation was built on the labor of immigrants, including the enslaved.
 May we proclaim that Black Lives Matter and build a world where all lives truly matter.
 May we celebrate our diversity and resist the greedy hands that try to divide us.

Deportees
 (Woody Guthrie)

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
 The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;
 They're flying 'em back to the Mexican border
 To pay all their money to wade back again.

My father's own father, he waded that river,
 They took all the money he made in his life;
 My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,
 And they rode the truck till they took down and died.

REFRAIN:

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,
 Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;
 You won't have your names when you ride the big airplane,
 All they will call you will be "deportees."

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted,
 Our work contract's out and we have to move on;
 Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,
 They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,
 We died in your valleys and died on your plains.
 We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes,
 Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

REFRAIN

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
 A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills,
 Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
 The radio says, "They are just deportees."

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
 Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
 To fall like dry leaves to rot on my topsoil
 And be called by no name except "deportees"?

REFRAIN

Opening the Heart

At the year's turn
 in the days between

we step away
 from what we know

*wall and window
 roof and road*

into the spaces
 we cannot yet name

*cloud and sky
 cloud and wings*

Slowly the edges
 begin to yield

the hard places
 soften

*wind and clover
 reed and river*

The gate to forgiveness
 Opens

-Marcia Falk

Yussel's Prayer: A Yom Kippur Story
(adapted from Barbara Cohen's retelling of a Yom Kippur story)

In a small town in Poland, Yom Kippur was beginning. Everyone was on their way to temple, where they would fast and pray all day.

Actually, one person was not going to shul, Yussel, the orphan boy who worked in Reb Meyer's dairy barn. He had never been taught anything, but he did know that this was a special day. Yussel stood in the courtyard, waiting for Reb Meyer, who came out with his sons, wearing long black coats and large fur hats.

Yussel tugged at Reb Meyer's sleeve and asked him, "Please, may I go to shul and pray with everyone else?"

"No," replied Reb Meyer. "The cows must be tended. They don't know it's Yom Kippur. Besides, what good would it do you to go to shul? You can't read, so how could you pray?"

So Yussel went off to the barn. He picked up his reed pipe and played so the cows would follow him to the river. Yussel didn't stop at the kitchen to beg a piece of black bread from the cook as usual. If he couldn't pray, at least he could fast.

Reb Meyer and his sons, wealthy leaders of the community, sat in seats of honor by the eastern wall of the synagogue. Reb Meyer spoke the words of the prayers, but wasn't really concentrating. His mind was on his business. "If I can buy a thousand bushels of grain in Lublin next week, I can store it in my barns until deep winter sets in, and then sell it at a great profit."

Reb Meyer's oldest son also mouthed the words, but was daydreaming about asking his father to allow him to visit Warsaw. He thought to himself, "What a boring town this is. It will be so exciting to visit the theaters and restaurants of Warsaw."

All day Reb Meyer and his sons prayed and fasted, along with the whole congregation. The day seemed endless. There were many times when instead of praying for forgiveness of their sins, Reb Meyer and his sons prayed only for darkness.

When they saw the sun sinking in the west, they were sure that the closing prayers were near so they would be finished. But the rabbi kept up his prayers. Reb Meyer began to think that if the rabbi didn't start the closing Ne'lah prayer in two minutes, he would leave anyway.

Yussel also had a long day in the pasture. His cows ate and drank, but Yussel didn't even touch water to his lips. When the sun sank in the west, he picked up his reed pipe and cried out, "O God. I don't know any prayers. But I do know how to play the pipe. Since I can't give you my words, I give you this tune instead." On his pipe, Yussel played a song he made up, stemming from deep inside him.

(instrumental)



He felt at peace with the earth, the stars, and the animals. Most of all, he felt at peace with himself.

At that very moment, the rabbi began to chant the Ne'lah prayers, asking God to seal the people in the Book of Life. He picked up the shofar and blew a long blast echoing far out into the streets of the town. Yom Kippur was over.

Reb Meyer went to the rabbi and wished him L'shone toyve, Happy New Year. "I have a question, Rabbi," Reb Meyer said. "Why did you wait so long to begin Ne'lah and bring Yom Kippur to an end?" The rabbi replied, "I had a vision. In my vision I saw that the gates of heaven were closed. Our prayers weren't reaching God. They were not acceptable to him."

"Why?" asked Reb Meyer. The rabbi shrugged. "I'm not sure," he said. "I think because they didn't come from the heart. And how could I end Yom Kippur when I felt that God wouldn't grant us forgiveness and mercy because he hadn't heard us ask for it?"

"But then you did," Reb Meyer said, "you did end Yom Kippur." The rabbi nodded. "I had another vision. I heard a melody, a simple melody played on a reed pipe. I saw the gates of heaven open up. All our prayers went in to God, because he had opened the gates to admit that melody."

"But why?" asked Reb Meyer. "Why just a tune on a reed pipe and not all the holy words we were saying?"

"Because," said the rabbi, "whoever sent that melody sent it with his whole heart. It was a true prayer."

Reb Meyer left the shul, with his head down and eyes thoughtful. On his way home he met Yussel, coming back from the pasture with the cows. By the light of the moon that shone above them, Reb Meyer saw the little reed pipe in Yussel's hand.

"L'shone toyve, Yussel," said Reb Meyer.

"L'shone toyve, Reb Meyer," Yussel replied. He could hardly believe that this important man was wishing him a happy new year.

"Will you come into my house, Yussel?" asked Reb Meyer. "Will you break the fast with me and my family?"

Father!" exclaimed Reb Meyer's eldest son. "He's so dirty and so ragged. How can you let him in the house?"

"Very easily," spoke Reb Meyer. "Through the front door." He put his arm around Yussel's shoulders. Together they walked up the moonlit street, all of Reb Meyer's sons and all of Yussel's cows trailing behind.

(instrumental)

Di Tsukunft
(*The Future*)
(words by Morris Winchevsky)

O, di velt vet vern yinger,
Un dos lebn laykhter, gringer,
Yeder kloger vet a zinger
Vern, brider, bald!

אָ, די וועלט וועט ווערן יינגער,
און דאָס לעבן ליכטער, גרינגער,
יעדער קלאַגער וועט אַ זינגער

O, di velt vet vern frayer,
Frayer, shener, yinger, nayer,
Un in ir di varhayt tayer,
Tayer vi a fraynd.

ווערן, ברידער, באַלד!

(*instrumental interlude*)

אָ, די וועלט וועט ווערן פֿרייער,

O, di velt vet vern shener,
Libe greser, sine klener,
Tsvishn froyen, tsvishn mener,
Tsvishn land un land.

פֿרייער, שענער, יינגער, ניייער.
און אין איר די וואַרהייט טייער,
טייער ווי אַ פֿריינד.

Alzo mutik in di reyen,
In di reyen, tsu bafrayen,
Tsu bafrayen un banayen
Undzer alte velt.

אָ, די וועלט וועט ווערן שענער,
ליבע גרעסער, שינא קלענער,

*(O, the world will grow younger, and life
will be lighter, easier. Every complainer
will soon become a singer.*

צווישן פֿרויען, צווישן מענער,
צווישן לאַנד און לאַנד.

*O, the world will become freer. And life
will be easier, newer. And in it, truth will
be precious, valued as a friend.*

אַלזאָ מוטיק אין די רייען,

*O, the world will become more beautiful.
Love will grow greater, hatred less between
people, between nation and nation.*

אין די רייען, צו באַפֿרייען,
צו באַפֿרייען און באַנייען

*So let's have courage to liberate and renew
our old world.)*

אונדזער אַלטע וועלט.



L'dor V'dor
(From Generation to Generation)

Unto all generations, we remember.
 We trace the names, shreds of books,
 Faded Hebrew calligraphy on tombstones,
 Marks of settlements,
 Remnants to rebuild with.

In religious tradition, God writes our names in the Book of Life,
 To determine our next year,
 To number our days.
 We may also think in another way
 About the names in the Book of Life.
 The Jewish people have much history to remember,
 Many journeys to document, many relatives to locate,
 As we have moved through the countries, empires, and epochs.

And so, we have always listed names,
 From the Bible on forward,
 To see where we have come from.

To know who we are, we must know where we come from.
 It is our duty to mark and remember and tell.
 Let us recount the stories of our ancestors and our families
 We are a small part of a long journey
 That we can tell to our children
 To tell to theirs.

-Phil Brown

Mi Shebeyrakh

[Mi Shebeyrakh is that part of the traditional service where the rabbi calls up those wishing to have healing and supportive words said for the sick.]

All those who have family and friends who are ill or in need, we invite you to stand as we play the music for Mi Shebeyrakh. May you and your loved ones be supported and comforted in this time of need.

(instrumental)

(Mi shebeyrakh avoteynu, m'kor habrokha l'imoteynu. May the love we shared with those who came before us help us find the courage to make our lives a blessing.)

(Be seated)

Yizkor

[At Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur, we set aside a special time for remembering the dead. We recite Yizkor to remember those who have gone before, to remind ourselves how we should live.]

All join in each time on “**we remember them.**”

In the rising of the sun and in its going down, **we remember them.**

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, **we remember them.**

In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring, **we remember them.**

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, **we remember them.**

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn, **we remember them.**

In the beginning of the year and when it ends, **we remember them.**

When we are weary and in need of strength, **we remember them.**

When we are lost and sick at heart, **we remember them.**

When we have joys we yearn to share, **we remember them.**

So long as we live, they too shall live,

For they are now a part of us, **as we remember them.**

-Jack Riemer and Sylvan D. Kamens

We take this time to call out in memory the names of family or friends who have passed away. All who wish to call out a name, please stand up together one row at a time, then take turns and call out the name so all can hear and share in your memory. Please be seated after you have called out the name.

(Row by row, stand and call out names, then be seated)

Olev hasholem, May they rest in peace.

May our lives be worthy of remembrance and provide sustenance and purpose to others after we die. Thus the lives of those before us, our own lives, and those who live to continue the work after us will be linked for all time.

Avinu Malkeinu (instrumental)

[Baskets will be passed around to collect cards with wishes for the new year. When you leave today, please take a card from a basket so that each wish will be shared with another person.]

Kaddish

It is an ancient custom to kindle a yortsayt candle and recite Kaddish for the departed. We invite you to rise and say Kaddish.



Yis'ga'dal v'yis'kadash sh'mey rabbo,
b'olmo dee'vro khir'usey v'yamlikh
malkhu'sey, b'khayaykhon uv'yomey'khon
uv'khayey d'khol beys yisroel, ba'agolo
u'viz'man koriv; v'imru omeyn.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא
כְּרִיעוּתָהּ וְיִמְלִיָּהּ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב.
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Y'hey shmey rabbo m'vorakh l'olam
ul'olmey olmayo.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

Yisborakh v'yishtabakh v'yispoar
v'yisromam v'yisnasey, v'yishador
v'yis'aleh v'yisalal, shmey d'kudsho, brikh
hu, l'eylo min kol birkhoso v'sheeroso,
tush'bekhoso v'nekhemoso, da'ameeron
b'olmo; v'imru omeyn.

יְתְבָרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִסְפָּאָר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ
הוּא. לְעֵלְא (וּלְעֵלְא) מִן כָּל בְּרִכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנִתְחַמְתָּא דְאִמְיָרוּ בְּעֵלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Y'hey shlomo rabbo min sh'mayo,
v'khayim oleynu v'al kol yisroel; v'imru
omeyn.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Oseh sholom bimromov, hu ya'aseh
sholom oleynu, v'al kol yisroel; v'imru
omeyn.

Blessed is the Match

(All)

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling the flame.
 Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret fastness of the heart.
 Blessed is the heart with strength to stop its beating for honor's sake.
 Blessed is the match consumed in kindling the flame.

-Hannah Senesh

[Hannah Senesh wrote "Blessed is the Match" just before entering Nazi-occupied Hungary on a mission to rescue Jews. She was captured, tortured, and killed.]

(Be seated)

A Malekh Veynt

(An Angel Weeps)

(Peretz Hirshbein)

(Instrumental)

A malekh veynt, a malekh veynt
 Un badekt di groz mit toy.
 Libster mayner, libster mayner,
 Ikh benk nokh dir azoy.

Es iz mayn bet mit pukh gebet,
 Un ikh valger zikh oyf shtroy.
 Libster mayner, libster mayner,
 Ikh benk nokh dir azoy.

A nakht gevart, a nakht gevart,
 Un der tog, er kumt shoyngroy.
 Libster mayner, libster mayner,
 Ikh benk nokh dir azoy.

[An angel, weeps, an angel weeps,
 And covers the grass with dew
 My beloved, my beloved,
 I long so much for you.

My bed is made with down,
 But I lie on straw.
 My beloved, my beloved,
 I long so much for you.

A night of waiting, a night of waiting,
 And the day dawns gray.
 My beloved, my beloved,
 I long so much for you.]

א מלאך וויינט, א מלאך וויינט
 און באַדעקט די גראַז מיט טוי.
 ליבסטער מייןער, ליבסטער מייןער,
 איך בענק נאָך דיר אזוי.
 עס איז מיין בעט מיט פוך געבעט,
 און איך וואַלגער זיך אויף שטרוי.
 ליבסטער מייןער, ליבסטער מייןער,
 איך בענק נאָך דיר אזוי.

א נאַכט געוואַרט, א נאַכט געוואַרט,
 און דער טאָג, ער קומט שוין גרוי.
 ליבסטער מייןער, ליבסטער מייןער,
 איך בענק נאָך דיר אזוי.

Kaddish

Memories are the stones and mulch,
That shape the gardens of our lives.

Sophie, Hannah, Moishe, Gittel,
Susan, Harold, Miriam, Glen,
The naming of the dead
Wraps us in the shroud of their presence,
And the thread of memories
Binds our voices and visions together.

The gnarled, tremulous hand; the tight white bun, braided meticulously,
The angry yelling; the morning davening,
The proud face; the far away look of eyes that have long stopped seeing,
The defiant Communist; the suburbanite, two car garage and perfect 50s lawn.

"It was his heart, it just gave out."
"Breast cancer, she was so young."
"His mind wandered and wandered until it just wandered away."
"My brother, he drowned, it was so terrible."
"The car swerved on the ice, they didn't have a chance."

We bear so many losses,
And each year there are more.
Some hacked abruptly from our lives.
Some fading away with the pain and infirmity that says, enough already, it's
time to let go.

For some, the Kaddish holds us and rocks us with a sound and comfort that is
hundreds of years old.
For some, the bearing of witness amongst friends, the communal shedding of tears,
Floats us in the sea of grief and survival.

And as we look up,
We see the faces of our lost ones,
Twinkling in the eyes of our children.

-Alice Rothchild

When I'm Gone
(Phil Ochs)

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone,
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone,
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

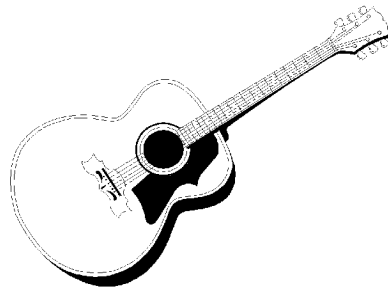
Won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone,
And the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone,
Can't be singing louder than the guns when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

All my days won't be dances of delight when I'm gone,
And the sands will be shifting from my sight when I'm gone,
Can't add my name into the fight when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm gone,
And I can't question how or when or why when I'm gone,
Can't live proud enough to die when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

(instrumental interlude)

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone,
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone,
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.
So I guess we'll have to do it while we're here.



Making Peace, Working for Justice

A learned rabbi was asked,

Rabbi, how can you tell exactly when the night is over and day has begun?

Is it when you walk in the forest and can tell the difference between a wolf and a dog?

No, the rabbi replied.

Is it when you walk in town and can see where the roof of one house ends and the roof of the next house begins?

No, the rabbi replied.

So how can you tell when the night is over?

And the rabbi answered, When you can see the face of a stranger and recognize a sister or a brother, then that is when the night is truly over.

Daily we should take account and ask:

What have I done today to alleviate the anguish, to mitigate the evil, to prevent humiliation?

Let there be a grain of prophet in every human being!

Our concern must be expressed not symbolically, but literally;

not only publicly, but also privately;

not only occasionally, but regularly.

What we need is the involvement of every one of us as individuals.

What we need is restlessness,

a constant awareness of the monstrosity of injustice.

--Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel

Religion and Race Speech

January 14, 1963

The Talmud says, "Who is a hero? The one who turns an enemy into a friend." The essence of our Jewish heritage is the love of justice and the moral concept of human freedom and dignity. May that heritage guide us in our behavior toward those with whom we have conflict, not just our friends. The great sage Hillel said, "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? But if I am only for myself, who am I? If not now, when?" May we have the courage to work for peace with justice in Israel/Palestine, around the world, and at home, where our national soul is threatened by institutional racism and blatant Islamaphobia.

Swimming to the Other Side

(Pat Humphries)

We are living 'neath the great big dipper,
We are washed by the very same rain,
We are swimming in this stream together,
Some in power and some in pain.
We can worship this ground we walk on,
Cherishing the beings that we live beside,
Loving spirits will live forever,
We're all swimming to the other side.

I am alone and I am searching,
Hungering for answers in my time,
I am balanced at the brink of wisdom,
I'm impatient to receive a sign.
I move forward with my senses open,
Imperfection, it be my crime,
In humility, I will listen,
We're all swimming to the other side.

On this journey through thoughts and feelings,
Binding intuition, my head, my heart,
I am gathering the tools together,
I'm preparing to do my part.
All of those who have come before me,
Band together and be my guide,
Loving lessons that I will follow,
We're all swimming to the other side.

When we get there we'll discover
All of the gifts we've been given to share
Have been with us since life's beginning
And we never noticed they were there.
We can balance at the brink of wisdom,
Never recognizing that we've arrived,
Loving spirits will live together,
We're all swimming to the other side.

We are living 'neath the great big dipper,
We are washed by the very same rain,
We are swimming in this stream together,
Some in power and some in pain.
We can worship this ground we walk on,
Cherishing the beings that we live beside,
Loving spirits will live forever,
We're all swimming to the other side.

A Prayer for the World

Let the rain come and wash away
 The ancient grudges, the bitter hatreds,
 Held and nurtured over generations.
 Let the rain wash away the memory
 Of the hurt, the neglect.
 Then let the sun come out and
 Fill the sky with rainbows.
 Let the warmth of the sun heal us
 Wherever we are broken.
 Let it burn away the fog so that
 We can see each other clearly,
 So that we can see beyond labels,
 Beyond accents, gender or skin color.
 Let the warmth and brightness
 Of the sun melt our selfishness,
 So that we can share our joys and
 Feel the sorrows of our neighbors.
 And let the light of the sun
 Be so strong that we will see all
 People as our neighbors.
 Let the earth, nourished by rain,
 Bring forth flowers
 To surround us with beauty.
 And let the mountains teach our hearts
 To reach upward to the sky.
 Amen.

-adapted from Rabbi Harold S. Kushner

How can you protect the people with guns and soldiers?
 If peace does not come from the heart, how will it come?
 If we want to trust each other, we have to build love, to build peace.
 After we build this, then peace will come.

*-Um Elias, age 64
 Palestinian mother of 8,
 grandmother of 12
 Bethlehem (1994)*

I Had a Box of Colors

I had a box of colors —
Shining, bright and bold.
I had a box of colors,
Some warm, some very cold.

I had no red for the blood of wounds.
I had no black for the orphans' grief.
I had no white for dead faces and hands.
I had no yellow for burning sands.

But I had orange for the joy of life,
And I had green for buds and nests.
I had blue for bright, clear skies.
I had pink for dreams and rest.

I sat down
and painted
Peace.

-Tali Sorek, age 13, Beersheba, Israel

Peace Salaam Shalom *(Pat Humphries)*

Greetings to Our Community



One Voice

(Ruth Moody/The Wailin' Jennys)

This is the sound of one voice
 One spirit, one voice
 The sound of one who makes a choice
 This is the sound of one voice.

This is the sound of voices two
 The sound of me singing with you
 Helping each other to make it through
 This is the sound of voices two.

This is the sound of voices three
 Singing together in harmony
 Surrendering to the mystery
 This is the sound of voices three.

This is the sound of all of us
 Singing with love and the will to trust
 Leave the rest behind it will turn to dust
 This is the sound of all of us.

This is the sound of one voice
 One people, one voice
 A song for every one of us
 This is the sound of one voice
 This is the sound of one voice.



One Today

(excerpts)

One sun rose on us today, kindled over our shores,
 peeking over the Smokies, greeting the faces
 of the Great Lakes, spreading a simple truth
 across the Great Plains, then charging across the Rockies.
 One light, waking up rooftops, under each one, a story
 told by our silent gestures moving behind windows.

My face, your face, millions of faces in morning's mirrors,
 each one yawning to life, crescendoing into our day:
 pencil-yellow school buses, the rhythm of traffic lights,
 fruit stands: apples, limes, and oranges arrayed like rainbows
 begging our praise. Silver trucks heavy with oil or paper—
 bricks or milk, teeming over highways alongside us,
 on our way to clean tables, read ledgers, or save lives—
 to teach geometry, or ring-up groceries as my mother did
 for twenty years, so I could write this poem.

One ground. Our ground, rooting us to every stalk
 of corn, every head of wheat sown by sweat
 and hands, hands gleaning coal or planting windmills
 in deserts and hilltops that keep us warm, hands
 digging trenches, routing pipes and cables, hands
 as worn as my father's cutting sugarcane
 so my brother and I could have books and shoes.

One sky: since the Appalachians and Sierras claimed
 their majesty, and the Mississippi and Colorado worked
 their way to the sea. Thank the work of our hands:
 weaving steel into bridges, finishing one more report
 for the boss on time, stitching another wound
 or uniform, the first brush stroke on a portrait,
 or the last floor on the Freedom Tower
 jutting into a sky that yields to our resilience.

We head home: through the gloss of rain or weight
 of snow, or the plum blush of dusk, but always—home,
 always under one sky, our sky. And always one moon
 like a silent drum tapping on every rooftop
 and every window, of one country—all of us—
 facing the stars
 hope—a new constellation
 waiting for us to map it,
 waiting for us to name it—together.

-Richard Blanco
(recited at President Obama's second inauguration ceremony)

Bruderschaft Lid
(Song of Brotherhood [and Sisterhood])
(words by Martin Birnbaum)

Kinder, ot vel ikh aykh zogn, Eyns, tsvey, dray. Ven der nayer tog vet togn, Eyns, tsvey, dray. Veln mentshn zayn vi brider, Vet men zingen naye lider, Eyns, tsvey, eyns, tsvey, Eyns, tsvey, dray.	קינדער, אָט וועל איך איך זאָגן, איינס, צוויי, דריי. ווען דער נײַער טאָג וועט טאָגן, איינס, צוויי, דריי. וועלן מענטשן זײַן ווי ברידער, וועט מען זינגען נײַע לידער, איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי. איינס, צוויי, דריי. דאָס וועט זײַן די שענסטע מעשה, איינס, צוויי, דריי.
Dos vet zayn di shenste mayse, Eyns, tsvey, dray. Shvartse, gele, broyne, vayse, Eyns, tsvey, dray, Dan vet zayn far ale fridn, Kristn, makhmedaner, yidn, Eyns, tsvey, eyns, tsvey, Eyns, tsvey, dray.	שוואַרצע, געלע, ברוינע, ווייסע, איינס, צוויי, דריי. דאָן וועט זײַן פֿאַר אַלע פֿרידן, קריסטן, מאַכמעדאַנער, יידן, איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי.
Di velt vet zayn in gantsn shener, Eyns tsvey dray, Firn froyen, nisht nor mener, Eyns tsvey dray Shvester, brider, ale tsuzamen, Azoy vi kinder fun eyn mamen Eyns tsvey, eyns tsvey, Eyns tsvey dray.	די וועלט וועט זײַן אין גאַנצן שענער, איינס, צוויי, דריי. פֿירן פֿרויען, נישט נאָר מענער, איינס, צוויי, דריי.
<i>Children, let me tell you (one, two, three): when the new day comes, all people will be brothers (and sisters). We will sing new songs.</i>	די וועלט וועט זײַן אין גאַנצן שענער, איינס, צוויי, דריי.
<i>That will be the finest story: black, yellow, brown, white — all the world will then be peaceful, peace for Christians, Muslims, Jews.</i>	פֿירן פֿרויען, נישט נאָר מענער, איינס, צוויי, דריי.
<i>The world will be better When led by both women and men, not just men, Sisters, brothers, all together, Just like children of one mother.</i>	שוועסטער, ברידער, אַלע צוזאַמען, אַזוי ווי קינדער פֿון איין מאַמען,

Whether we dip apples in honey or in sugar or in sweetened ground sesame seeds to usher in a healthy and sweet new year, Jews around the world share a common bond. As we say in Ladino, todos los dedos de la mano no son unos. All the fingers of the hand are not the same.

Many of you had the opportunity to take home a stone on Rosh Hashanah to focus your thoughts on the past year and create a physical representation of those reflections. Our reflections are both personal and individual, but we express them as a community. With that in mind, we invite you to take home someone else's stone when you leave today, to remember the reflections and commitments you have made for this year, and to remember that you are not alone in the struggles to fulfill them. Our shule students made extra stones, so feel free to take one even if you did not bring one today.

Blowing the Shofar

On Rosh Hashonah
We listened
And we heard
The sounds of the Shofar
Calling to us,
To listen!

To remember!
To think and dream
Of all that we have done,
And of things we might do.

Now, we hear again
The sounds of the Shofar
This time telling us
To go from these holiday services
Into the days of the New Year.

With love in our hearts,
Understanding in our thoughts,
And a promise and a wish
To make each day of the New Year
One of challenge and growth.

A time for bringing
Hope into our lives,
Brightness into the lives of
Those we love,
And pleasantness into the lives
Of friends, strangers,
And people everywhere.



Tekiah: This is the sounding of the alarm, the sound of remembrance. Another year of life has slipped away and we must ask ourselves what we have accomplished in that year.

Shevarim: The low note is a reminder that life may bring fear, frustration, tragedy, and sorrow. The high note is a note of hope that life will also bring us happiness and serenity.

Teruah: This is a call to action, a call to the never-ending struggle for peace, justice, and human decency.

The final shofar call is tekiah gedola, a note held for as long as possible. Tradition holds that while the shofar sounds, the gates remain open. For some, they are the gates of heaven. For others, they may simply be whatever obstacle stands between where we are and where we would like to be.

Having contemplated the year that has gone by, our failings, our weakness, we acknowledge some of those empty places in our lives and resolve to do better.

Let us, each of us, in our own way, with our own words and thoughts and with whatever energy we can muster, resolve to live honestly, true to our beliefs and values, take that final step through the gates and meet on the other side together as a community, dedicated to life, to peace, to making our lives better, and to making the world a better and more beautiful place.

We again blow the shofar to awaken ourselves to the tasks facing us.

(All call out together)

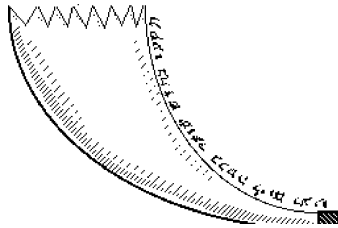
Tekiah

Shevarim

Teruah

Tekiah

With the sound of the shofar, we take with us the memories and hopes we have spoken of, and enter the New Year.



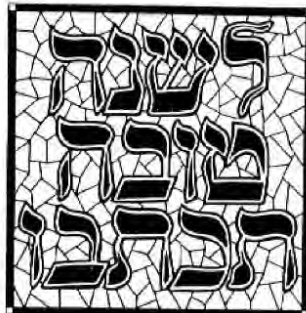
This is the Beginning of the New Year

(All)

**This is the beginning of the New Year.
 We have this year
 To use as we will.
 We can waste it,
 Or grow in its light
 And be of service to others.
 But what we do
 With this year is important
 Because we will have exchanged
 A year of our lives for it.
 The next year is now.
 May we not regret the price paid for it.**

Gut yontef, gut yor. A happy and healthy new year to all.
 Ke tengas munchos anyos! May you have many years!

May we all turn to hit the mark for a more beautiful world. A shenere velt.
 And a better world. A besere velt.



Never Turning Back
(*Pat Humphries*)

We're gonna keep on walking forward,
Keep on walking forward,
Keep on walking forward,
Never turning back, never turning back.

We're gonna keep on walking proudly . . .

We're gonna light the way together . . .

We're gonna show our children courage. . .

We're gonna keep on walking forward . . .



Please share your thoughts and ideas on this holiday program!!

Please use this page to make comments and suggestions on this ritual and/or to volunteer to help with our holiday celebrations. If you fill out this page, please give it to one of the Workmen's Circle volunteers or mail it to Linda Gritz, Chair, Ritual Committee, Workmen's Circle, 1762 Beacon St., Brookline, MA 02445-2124.

Thank you very much for attending our holiday celebrations and for taking the time to share your thoughts and ideas.

This program was created by the Workmen's Circle Ritual Committee and is updated each year. We welcome your comments and suggestions for next year's rituals.

The Ritual Committee creates and updates Workmen's Circle rituals, currently including Rosh Hashonah, Yom Kippur, Tu B'Shvat, Passover, and Shabes. If you are interested in participating in this work, please sign up below. We welcome new members!

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NUMBER: _____

EMAIL ADDRESS: _____