

שבת גוט!
SHABBAT SHALOM!
GUT SHABES!
BUEN SHABAT!
GOOD SHABES!



KEEP ON MOVING FORWARD
SHABES PROGRAM

11.6.2020



BOSTON
WORKERS
CIRCLE

OPENING NIGN

WELCOME

BLESSING OVER THE SHABES CANDLE

The Lighting of the Shabes candles marks the transition from the every-day to a special day, from struggling to create the world as it should be to enjoying the beauty in the world as it is.

We celebrate Shabes in some of the languages Jews have spoken throughout our history.

In Hebrew we say:

Boruch Atah Adonoi Eloheiinu Melech ho'olom
asher kedshanu b'mitzvasov vetsivanu l'hadlik ner shel shabbat

In Ladino we say:

Bendicho tu Adonay, nuestro Dio, Rey de el mundo
Ke nos santifiko kon sus enkomendansasi nos enkomendo por ensender los
kandelas de Shabbat

In Yiddish we say:

Likhtik iz di shayn fun der velt, Likhtik iz di shayn fun mentshlekhekayt, Likhtik iz di
shayn fun sholem, Likhtik iz di shayn fun shabes.

In English this means:

Radiant is the light in the world,
Radiant is the light in humanity, Radiant is the light of peace,
Radiant is the light of Shabes.

May these candles remind us that in the midst of chaos and uncertainty, we can continue to find hope and warmth in our community.



SONG: OLAM CHESED YIBANEH

All are invited to sing along, while remaining muted:

Olam Chesed Yibaneh

We will build this world from love



THOUGHTS FROM JEN KIOK, BWC DIRECTOR

In the midst of hate, I found there was, within me, an invincible love. In the midst of tears, I found there was, within me, an invincible smile. In the midst of chaos, I found there was, within me, an invincible calm. I realized, through it all, that in the midst of winter, there was, within me, an invincible summer. And that makes me happy. For it says that no matter how hard the world pushes against me, within me there's something stronger – something better, pushing right back.

- Albert Camus

Our struggle is not a struggle of a day, a week, a month or a year. It is the struggle of a lifetime. Never, ever be afraid to make some noise and get in good trouble, necessary trouble.

- John Lewis



BLESSING OVER THE WINE

In Hebrew we say:

Boruch Atah Adonoi Eloheinu Melekh ho'olom
Bo're pri hagofen.

In Ladino we say:

Bendicho el Dio alto con su grasia mos manque vino
a nos y a todos Yisrael

In Yiddish we say:

Tsum sof-vokh, freyen mir zikh tsu nemen
a glezele vayn tsuzamen.

In English this means:

As we come to week's end, we are grateful that
we can share the fruit of the vine together.

As we drink this wine, may it remind us that even during hard times we can cherish the sweetness of connection.

[Optimism does not require belief] that everything will be fine, but as an embrace of the uncertainty about what will happen and a commitment to try to shape it, to bend that arc toward justice. In that uncertainty is room to act. And maybe try to keep a sense of confidence in your own power and capacity to respond as situations arise, and whatever helps you remember that tens of millions share our views about this situation and will rise to the occasion, as needed.

It is indeed anguishing watching this terrible threat to the democratic process and integrity of law, and not knowing how it will all unfold, but we just have to hold fast and persevere, and help each other through it, and remember why it matters.

[Continued on next page]



I believe that we can win. I do not believe it will be easy, if we do. It will be because tens of millions strove to make a future that is better than the present, because they were stubborn, because they were committed, because they were willing to try in the face of terrible uncertainty. The outcome of the election is, to a great, extent in our hands too.

As Alexandria Ocasio Cortez told us last month: **"Instead of asking, 'where do we find hope?', we should ask 'how can we BE hope?' in how we show up and live our lives."**

– Rebecca Solnit

SONG: THIS IS THE SOUND OF ONE VOICE

All are invited to sing along, while remaining muted:

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



"We will not go back to normal. Normal never was. Our pre-corona existence was not normal other than we normalized greed, inequity, exhaustion, depletion, extraction, disconnection, confusion, rage, hoarding, hate and lack. We should not long to return, my friends. We are being given the opportunity to stitch a new garment. One that fits all of humanity and nature."

- Sonya Renee Taylor, Author, Poet and Social Justice Activist

BLESSING OVER THE CHALLAH

In Hebrew we say:

Boruch Atah Adonoi Elohenu Melekh ho'olom
hamotzi lekhem min ha'aretz

In Ladino we say:

Bendicho sos Tu, Sinyor, ke azes salir pan de la tierra.

In Yiddish we say:

Loytn yidishn mineg, teyln mir khale, di frukht fun der erd.

In English this means:

In the tradition of our people, we share bread, the fruit of the earth.

This bread is a symbol of our labor, the work of our bodies, our hearts, and our minds. For the gifts of our labor and the labor of others we are thankful.

"Strike" by Gioconda Belli, who fought with the Sandinistas to overthrow Somoza in 1979.

I want a strike where we can all go out

A strike of shoulders, legs, hair, a strike born in every body.

I want a strike of workers, of drivers, of technicians, of doctors, of doves, of flowers, of children, of women.

I want a big strike that includes even love.

A strike where everything is shut down: the watch, the factories, the nursery, the schools, the bus, the highway, the hospitals, the harbors,

A strike of eyes, hands, and kisses

A strike where breathing is banned, a strike where silence is born in order to hear the departing footsteps of the tyrant.



SONG: DI TSUKUNFT (THE FUTURE)

Lyrics by Morris Winchevsky. Composer unknown.
All are invited to sing along, while remaining muted:

LYRICS

O, di velt vet vern yinger,
Un dos lebn laykhter, gringer,
Yeder kloger vet a zinger
Vern, brider, bald!
Loz dos folk nor vern kliger,
Un faryogn dem batrigger,
Im, dem fuks, un oykh dem tiger
Fun zayn sheynem vald.

O, di velt vet vern shener,
Libe greser, sine klener,
Tsvishn froyen, tsvishn mener,
Tsvishn land un land.
O, di velt vet vern frayer,
Frayer, shener, yinger, nayer,
Un in ir di varhayt tayer,
Tayer vi a fraynd.

O, di velt vet vern dreyster
Un es vet nit zayn a mayster,
Nit di kroyn un nit di tayster,
Nit dem zelnere shverd.
Alzo mutik in di reyen,
In di reyen, tsu bafrayen,
Tsu bafrayen un banayen
Undzer alte velt.

TRANSLATION

O, the world will become younger
And life lighter, easier,
Every complainer will
Become a singer soon, brothers!
Let the people become wiser
And chase away the traitor,
The fox, and also the tiger
From their beautiful forest.

O, the world will become more beautiful.
Love will grow, hate less,
Between women and men,
Between nation and nation.
O, the world will become freer.
Freer, more beautiful, younger, newer,
And truth will be precious,
Valued as a friend.

O, the world will become bolder
And there will be no master,
No crown and no purse,
No soldier's sword.
So have courage in the ranks,
In the ranks, to liberate
To liberate and renew
Our old world.



AND STILL I RISE, Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
but still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.
Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

[cont. on next page]





Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

SHEHECHEYANU

**Baruch atah Adonai, Elohenu melekh ha'olam
shehecheyanu veKiyemanu vehigi'anu lazeman hazeh.**

The shehecheyanu reminds us to give thanks for having arrived at this particular moment, in spite of all that might have deterred us. We are here, in solidarity with each other and people everywhere.

Hatred does not cease by hatred, but only by love; this is the eternal rule."

– The Buddha



CONCLUDING TALK: Chris Messenger

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SONG: KEEP ON MOVING FORWARD

All are invited to sing along, while remaining muted:

Gonna keep on moving forward (x3)

Never Turning Back (x2)

SMALL GROUP INTRODUCTION

(Small groups to follow are optional)

SONG: LET JUSTICE ROLL DOWN

All are invited to sing along, while remaining muted:

**There is no freedom,
the wise one said,
Let justice roll down, roll down,
When the poor cry out for shelter and bread.
Let justice roll down like a mighty stream.**

[Refrain]

**Oh, children, don't you get weary,
Walk together, believe in the dream.
When the way gets rough, we will make a new way.
Let justice roll down like a mighty stream.**

[Cont. on next page].



When brutality threatens our daughters and sons,
Let peace roll down, roll down,
May our voices ring out above the guns.
Let peace roll down like a mighty stream.

[Refrain]

Oh, children, don't you get weary,
Walk together, believe in the dream.
When the way gets rough, we will make a new way.
Let peace roll down like a mighty stream.

Step by step, and one by one,
Let love roll down, roll down,
They can kill the prophet but the dream lives on.
Let love roll down like a mighty stream.

[Refrain]

Oh, children, don't you get weary,
Walk together, believe in the dream.
When the way gets rough, we will make a new way.
Let love roll down like a mighty stream.

[Refrain - repeat, with ending]

Oh, children, don't you get weary,
Walk together, believe in the dream.
When the way gets rough, we will make a new way.
Let love roll down like a mighty stream.
Let peace roll down like a mighty stream.
Let justice roll down like a mighty stream.



Now is the time for those who must leave to wave goodbye while those of us who are staying will be sorted into breakout rooms. For those who are staying, we invite you to join Bob in singing Olam Chesed Yibaneh again as we prepare the small groups.



AS THE GREAT DOORS OF NIGHT
ARE OPENING,



WE ARE WELCOMED INTO THE
CLEAN QUIET ROOM OF SHABES.

Program by the Shabes Committee and Jewish Muslim Solidarity Committee, along with contributions from the wider BWC community.

We encourage those who are able to make an online donation of \$10 per person/\$15 per family for this Shabes, or to renew your BWC membership if you haven't already for 2020-2021. Your support allows us to continue the important and accessible community programming that we all cherish - thank you.

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