



# **Yom Kippur**

**יום-כפור**

**2013 / 5774**



**BOSTON WORKMEN'S CIRCLE  
ARBETER RING**

**Brookline, Massachusetts**



This High Holiday program was created by

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**Sholom Aleykhem**  
(Instrumental, followed by singing)

Gut Yontef. Welcome to our Yom Kippur ceremony. 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**

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**

*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 melek 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 תרועה  
אָנהײבן אַ יאָר פֿון שלום און פֿרייהייט 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.



### Shehekeyonu

*[The Shehekeyonu 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 Shehekeyonu 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  
Shehekeyonu, vekymonu, vehigyonu, lazman hazeh.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שֶׁהֵקִינוּ וְקִיְמָנוּ וְהִגִּיעָנוּ לַזְמַן הַזֶּה

In Yiddish, we say:

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

מיר רופן אויס אונדזער גרויס פֿרייד 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 Shehekhayonu)*

Borukh ato adonoy elohenu melek ho'olom  
Shehekhayonu, vekymonu, vehigyonu, lazman hazeh.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שֶׁהֵחַיָּנוּ וְקִיָּמָנוּ וְהִגִּיעָנוּ לְזֶמַן 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 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 which 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. One meaning is that by making a sacrifice, people can show their desire and willingness to turn towards a better way. Another reason is to remind ourselves that we are capable of self-control. And another reason is to focus the mind on the spirit of the holiday. And another reason is to sense what hunger means, 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**

*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.

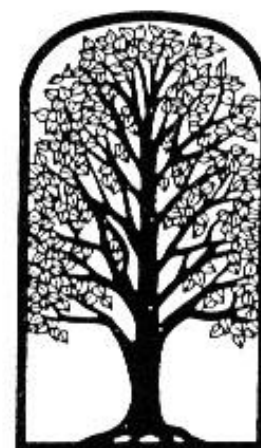
*(Refrain)*

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**

*[Kol Nidre dates back to at least the ninth century as an appeal to be absolved from vows made during the previous year. As we so often hear, promises between people could only be absolved through the people involved. Kol Nidre could only be applied to promises made to God, not to another person. In addition, a twelfth-century change in wording precluded retroactive annulment of vows and focused Kol Nidre only on unfulfilled vows for the future year. 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.]*

Erev Yom Kippur, the evening which starts the holiday, is often called Kol Nidre Night. For centuries, the chanting of the Kol Nidre service has been for Jews an intensely emotional experience. The service has inspired composers, Jewish and non-Jewish, to write musical settings for Kol Nidre. The words "Kol Nidre" mean "All vows." Kol Nidre is actually 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.

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.

**Kol Nidre**  
(Vocal solo)

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*

*(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.

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*

### **Unetanneh Tokef**

*[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.

**Senzeni Na**  
(South African song)

*[Senzeni Na emerged as an anthem of South Africa's anti-apartheid movement in the wake of the 1976 Soweto massacres. Sung at rally upon rally, the song asks, "What have we done?" This question can have four meanings: What have we done as oppressors? What have we done to deserve oppression? What have we done to challenge oppression? What have we done to change ourselves?]*

**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



### **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 of all 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!

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

*(instrumental interlude)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

א, די וועלט וועט ווערן יינגער,  
און דאָס לעבן ליכטער, גרינגער,

יעדער קלאַגער וועט אַ זינגער

ווערן, ברידער, באַלד!

א, די וועלט וועט ווערן פֿרייער,

פֿרייער, שענער, יינגער, נייער.

און אין איר די וואַרהייט טיער,

טייער ווי אַ פֿריינד.

א, די וועלט וועט ווערן שענער,

ליבע גרעסער, שינא קלענער,

צווישן פֿרויען, צווישן מענער,

צווישן לאַנד און לאַנד.

אַלזאָ מוטיק אין די רייען,

אין די רייען, צו באַפֿרייען,

צו באַפֿרייען און באַנייען

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)

## 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.

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

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

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

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

יִתְגַּדַּל וַיִּתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא  
בְּרַעוּתָהּ. וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ. בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן  
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעֶגְלָא וּבְזֶמַן קָרִיב.  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא  
וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ  
הוּא. לְעֵלָא (וּלְעֵלָא) מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא  
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנִתְחַמְתָּא דְּאָמִירוּ בְּעֶלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:  
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל  
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

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

### 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.]*

אַ מלאך וויינט, אַ מלאך וויינט

און באַדעקט די גראַז מיט טוי.

ליבסטער מינער, ליבסטער מינער,

איך בענק נאָך דיר אַזוי.

עס איז מײַן בעט מיט פּוך געבעט,

און איך וואָלגער זיך אויף שטרוי.

ליבסטער מינער, ליבסטער מינער,

איך בענק נאָך דיר אַזוי.

אַ נאַכט געוואַרט, אַ נאַכט געוואַרט,

און דער טאָג, ער קומט שוין גרוי.

ליבסטער מינער, ליבסטער מינער,

איך בענק נאָך דיר אַזוי.



## 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.

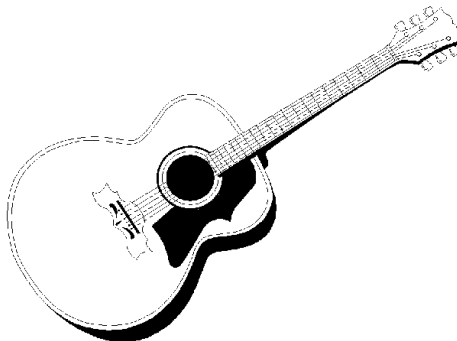
Won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone,  
And the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone,  
Can't be singing louder than the guns when I'm gone,  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

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

### I Opened The Door

I opened my door  
and many, many crowded to come in.  
I therefore pushed back  
the walls of my room  
to welcome all my guests.  
And my room became the home  
of my friends,  
and my room became the world.

*-Amir Gilboa*

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.

At all of our holidays, we speak of the desire for peace. Practicing “tikkun olom,”  
healing the wounds and divisions between peoples all over the world is central to our  
ethical framework. So, as the conflict in the Middle East continues unabated, it is  
particularly agonizing for us as Jews. The blood, fear, and hatred between Jews and  
our Palestinian cousins seem without end. We grieve for the fighting, for the deaths,  
for the pain, and for our own breaking hearts. During this time of honest self-  
reflection, can we consider the possibilities:

- of compromise over victory
- of empathy over anger
- of dignity over humiliation
- of reconciliation over revenge

Though people of good will may differ on the appropriate paths to peace and justice in  
Israel and Palestine, we might consider that neither the Jews of Israel nor the Palestinians  
can fully achieve their security and dignity until the other group is able to achieve the  
same.

Our history is the most emphatic testimony that injustice to some spells doom for all.  
What is called for is not the silent sigh but a voice of moral compassion and  
indignation.

*-Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel*

### 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*

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?" May we have the courage to work for reconciliation, for it might be our only hope.

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*

## One Voice (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.

## Greetings to Our Community



**Eyshes Khayil**  
(*Instrumental*)

**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)*

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

Kinder, ot vel ikh aykh zogn,	קינדער, אָט וועל איך איך זאָגן,
Eyns, tsvey, dray.	
Ven der nayer tog vet togn,	איינס, צוויי, דריי.
Eyns, tsvey, dray.	
Veln mentshn zayn vi brider,	ווען דער ניער טאָג וועט טאָגן,
Vet men zingen naye lider,	
Eyns, tsvey, eyns, tsvey,	איינס, צוויי, דריי.
Eyns, tsvey, dray.	וועלן מענטשן זיין ווי ברידער,
Dos vet zayn di shenste mayse,	וועט מען זינגען נייע לידער,
Eyns, tsvey, dray.	
Shvartse, gele, broyne, vayse,	איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי.
Eyns, tsvey, dray,	
Dan vet zayn far ale fridn,	איינס, צוויי, דריי.
Kristn, makhmedaner, yidn,	
Eyns, tsvey, eyns, tsvey,	דאָס וועט זיין די שענסטע מעשה,
Eyns, tsvey, dray.	איינס, צוויי, דריי.

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.

שוואַרצע, געלע, ברוינע, ווייסע,  
 איינס, צוויי, דריי.  
 דאָן וועט זײַן פֿאַר אַלע פֿרידן,  
 קריסטן, מאַכמעדאַנער, יידן,  
 איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי.

*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.*

איינס, צוויי, דריי.  
 די וועלט וועט זײַן אין גאַנצן שענער,

*That will be the finest story: black,  
 yellow, brown, white — all the world  
 will then be peaceful, peace for  
 Christians, Muslims, Jews.*

איינס, צוויי, דריי.  
 פֿירן פֿרויען, נישט נאָר מענער,  
 איינס, צוויי, דריי.

*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.*

שוועסטער, ברידער, אַלע צוזאַמען,  
 אַזוי ווי קינדער פֿון איין מאַמען,  
 איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי.  
 איינס, צוויי, דריי.

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.

### Blowing the Shofar

On Rosh Hashonah Day  
 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.

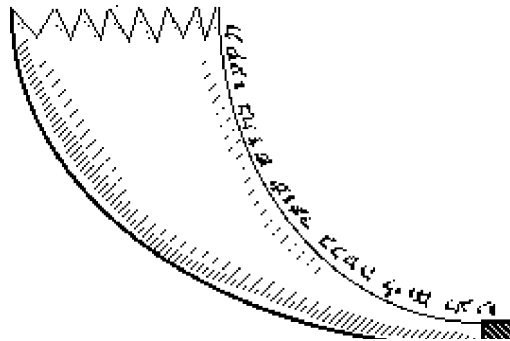
*(All call out together)*

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 muchos 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)

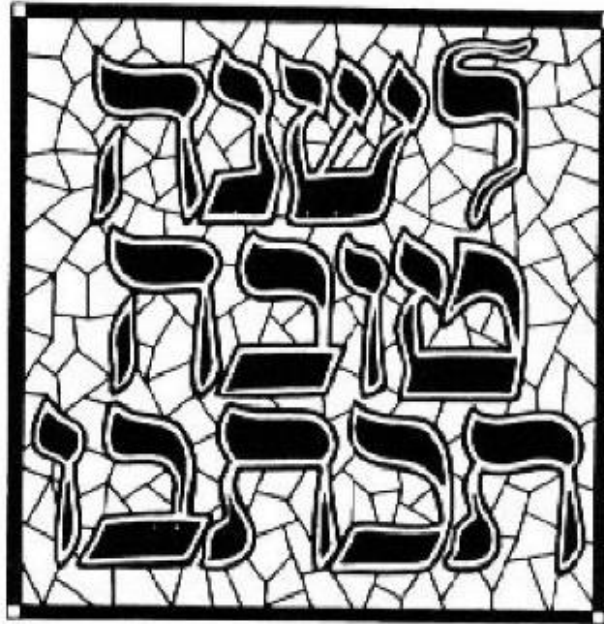
We're gonna keep on walking forward,  
Keep on walking forward,  
Keep on walking forward,  
Never turning back, never turning back.

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 . . .





BOSTON WORKMEN'S CIRCLE  
CENTER FOR  
JEWISH CULTURE  
& SOCIAL JUSTICE

Cultural heritage and progressive values  
inspiring community, learning, and activism

**SECULAR JEWISH COMMUNITY • YIDDISH CULTURE • SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC JUSTICE**

### **Holiday Celebrations and Observances**

Come together as a community on major Jewish holidays and historic anniversaries. Secular programs offered on Rosh Hashonah, Yom Kippur, Sukes, Chanukah, Tu B'Shvat, Purim, Passover.

### **Shule**

A Secular, progressive Jewish cultural school for children ages 5-13. Teaches Jewish culture and history rooted in a universal commitment to freedom and justice, culminating in a collective bar/bat mitzvah ceremony.

### **A Besere Velt (A Better World), Yiddish Community Chorus**

A multi-generational "voice for justice." No auditions and no prior knowledge of Yiddish required.

### **Social Action**

Learn, organize, sing, and march for justice. Ongoing activities include children's protest against sweatshops, Mideast peace, economic justice, and local Jewish-Muslim relations.

### **Circle Playtime**

A monthly program with activities and singing for children ages 0-5 and their parents.

### **Adult Jewish Education**

Courses on Jewish history, thought, and practice from a secular perspective.

### **Sunday Kumzitz**

A bagel brunch featuring speakers and discussion on a variety of social issues and historical and cultural topics.

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Friday Shabes Potlucks**

A monthly gathering to take a breath at the end of the week and share community with friends and family.

### **Young Adult Initiative**

Join folks in their 20s and 30s who, inspired by the history of the Workmen's Circle as a mutual aid society, build new forms of collective support and social action.

### **Inspiring Generations**

A capital campaign to invest in social, environmental, and financial sustainability for future generations of Boston Workmen's Circle.

### **Yiddish Language Classes**

Beginner, intermediate, and advanced levels.

### **Yiddish Lectures**

Stretch your mind – and your Yiddish.

### **Yiddish Vinkl**

Informal monthly conversation groups in a variety of locations.

### **Yiddish Sing**

An informal monthly sing-along for Yiddish and non-Yiddish speakers.

### **Circle Book Group**

Monthly readings and discussion.

### **Klezmer Jam**

A monthly drop-in guided klezmer jam for all instruments, all levels.

### **Teens Acting for Social Change**

A youth group focused on social justice issues and action.

**WE WELCOME YOU!**

Please get in touch for  
more information about  
any of these activities.



**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.

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

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_