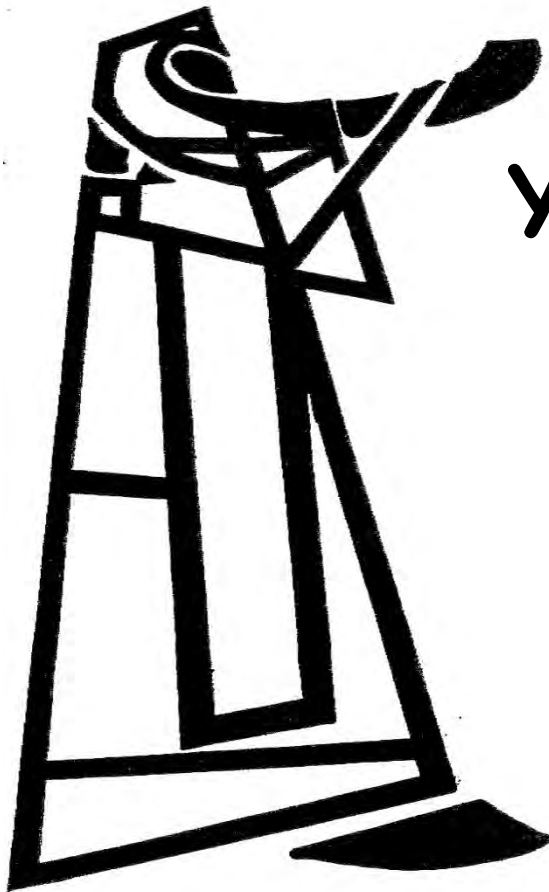




BOSTON WORKMEN'S CIRCLE

CENTER FOR  
JEWISH CULTURE  
& SOCIAL JUSTICE

[www.circleboston.org](http://www.circleboston.org)



# Yom Kippur

יום-כפור

2019 ~ 5780



**Happy New Year! *Gut Yontef!***  
**Welcome to the 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.

Hello, my name is:

My pronouns are:

#### **Why name tags with pronouns?**

Boston Workmen's Circle strives to be a more welcoming and 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, or other comments on this event?*

*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 to this richly moving annual community event.

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AN AFFILIATE OF:



**Sholem Aleykhem** (*Peace Be With You*)  
(instrumental, followed by singing)

Gut Yontef. Today we end the ten Days of Awe, the period from Rosh Hashonah to Yom Kippur. It is a time for honest self-reflection, forgiveness, and healing, a time of cleansing, reconnection, and re-aligning with each other and our best selves, a time of turning anew to better hit the mark.

**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**

Members of this year's Zayin class, the B'nai Mitzvah class, light the holiday candles and teach us about Yom Kippur.

May these lights kindle reflection and introspection. May they guide us towards forgiveness, compassion, and meaningful connections in this New Year.

(All) For the Hebrew blessing, we say:

Borukh ato adonoy elohenu melekh ho'olom asher kidishonu b'mitzvosov vetsivonu  
I'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 באגריסן דעם ניי יאר. זאל דער קלאנג פֿון תרועה  
אָנהייבן אַ יאר פֿון שלום און פֿרייהייט פֿאַר אַלע מענטשן.

In Ladino, we say:

Mos bendishimos la anyada nueva en la tradision de muestra djente.

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** (*Who Has Given Us Life*)

*[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 become B'nai Mitzvah.

(All) For the Hebrew blessing, we say:

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

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם שהחיינו וקיימנו והגיימנו לזמן הזה

In Yiddish, we say:

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

מיר רופן אויס אונדזער גרויס פרייד און דאנקשאפט פאר אונדזער לעבן צוזאמען.

In Ladino, we say:

Komo en la tradision, de muestra djente, avlamos mos alegria i gracias  
 porke mozotros podemos bivar muchos anyos mas enjuntos kon komunidad.

In English, that means:

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

(All sing Shehekheyonu)

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

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם שהחיינו וקיימנו והגיימנו לזמן הזה

### **The Meaning of the Holiday**

Tradition holds that on Rosh Hashonah the Book of Life is opened and on Yom Kippur it is sealed. Tradition holds that our reflection on the year concluded and our turning toward the year ahead during the past ten days has inscribed, or not, our names in the book of life. Today we understand this inscription metaphorically, as a call to right action and justice, to love and humility, to staying awake to our lives and the hearts of those around us.

Some of us fast on Yom Kippur. For some, the sacrifice of fasting can show desire and willingness to turn towards a better way. Sacrifice can also remind us that we are capable of self-control. Some fast to focus the mind on the spirit of the holiday. Some fast to sense hunger, to feel a fraction of the suffering of 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.

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*

*(Class sits)*

**Eli Ata** (*nign*)

### **Kol Nidre** (*All Vows*)

Kol Nidre is not a prayer. Rather, it is a legal formula whose purpose is to void 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.

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*)

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

We invite all to 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*)

*[Unetannah Tokef, central to the meaning of Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur, is found in the traditional Makhzor, or High Holiday Prayer Book.]*

On Rosh Hashonah will be inscribed,  
And on Yom Kippur will be sealed:  
How many will pass from the earth and how many will be created,  
Who will live and who will die,,  
Who will rest and who will wander,  
Who will live in harmony and who will be harried,  
Who will enjoy tranquility and who will suffer,  
Who will be impoverished and who will be enriched,  
Who will be humbled and who will be exalted.

At the turning of the year we look  
back, look ahead, see that we are  
always in the days between.

- Marcia Falk

What we are, shapes what we become. Unetannah Tokef tells us that the child is parent to the adult. But it tells us also that we are capable of changing the outcome, through Tefillah, Tsedokah, and Teshuvah.

Tefillah, called prayer, derives from the word for honest self-reflection. Tsedokah, commonly called charity, derives from the word Tsadik, a person who acts justly towards others.

Teshuvah, commonly translated as repentance, refers to repentance from Khet, the Hebrew word for sin. This word has its origins in archery, where it 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.

But there is another way to understand Teshuvah. The word can be translated to mean “turning:” turning to hit the mark, turning back to ourselves and our values and our capacities to act justly in community and in the world.

Our Jewish tradition calls us to honest self-reflection, justice, and turning. We must ask ourselves if we have hit the mark. Whether we look for answers through prayer or as members of a progressive secular Jewish community, the question remains important and relevant for all of us — as individuals, as members of families, and as members of our communities.

**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 are invited to 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

In a free society, some are guilty but all are responsible.

--Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel

This year is the 400th anniversary of the arrival of the first Africans to be sold into bondage in North America.

May we remember that our nation was built on the labor of enslaved African people.

May we recognize that we are on stolen indigenous land, and that this land we now call home has been and continues to be cared for by the Mashpee Wampanoag Tribe.

May we remember to be grateful to them and this land, as many of us are descended from those who were forced to flee land, family, and communities of their own.

May we proclaim that Black Lives Matter and build a world where all of us are free.

May we celebrate our differences and resist the forces that try to isolate and divide us.

May we commit to courageously staying in struggle together, even and especially when it is messy and hard.

All are invited to read together in **bold**:

### 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





## Self Reflection

Today we peer into the mirror,  
Unsettled, squirming, poking at the soft underbelly of our lives,  
The kaleidoscope of feeling, thought, action, experience,  
Tangled together to make the thorny, blossomed, leafy vine that is us.

Exposed in this private public space,  
We conjure up the uncomfortable.  
The impatient moment with a toddler,  
The harsh word with a teenager,  
The angry outburst at family or friend,  
The insensitivity towards a coworker,  
The rally missed, the letter unwritten,  
The cause unsupported,  
The blindness born of fear and insecurity.

From the actual to the metaphorical,  
We take account.

Did we see the invisible people that ghost our lives,  
The homeless family, office cleaner, migrant worker, striker in hard hat and overalls?  
Did we value the children of Flint, of Guatemala, of Gaza City, as our own?  
Did we search for the sounds of children separated from their families at the southern border,  
the traumatized, the powerless, the hopeless?  
Did we act with personal or collective bravery in the risky quest for social justice?  
Did we embrace our passionately held differences with respect and openness to each other's  
pain and beliefs?

On this day, we squirm, prod, and pick at our wounds, weak links, moments of shame,  
On this day, together, we inch forward, zigzagging, hoping, mending,  
Searching for an honest face and an honest friend in this private public reflection.

*--Adapted from Alice Rothchild June 9, 2003*



**I'm Gonna Walk It With You**  
*(Brian Claflin and Ellie Grace)*

Well, it looks like it might be a hard road  
But I'm gonna walk it with you  
And you know you might have a heavy load  
But I can carry some too.  
I will lift you up when they push you down  
I will raise my voice, hold my ground  
Well, it looks like it might be a hard road  
But I'm gonna walk it with you.

And it looks like it might be a long night  
But I ain't going nowhere  
And I know it's gonna be a hard fight  
But I will stay right here.  
I will shine a light in the darkest hour  
I will face the man in the tallest tower  
Well it looks like it might be a long night  
But I ain't going nowhere.

I will work, I will fight,  
I will strive in the name of love.  
I will speak, I will shout,  
I will sing it to the skies above.

Well it looks like it might be a perilous climb  
But I will follow your lead  
And I know it might be a long time  
Until the last one of us is free.  
But I will hold on tight, stay by your side  
I will be with you for this whole damn ride  
Well it looks like it might be a perilous climb  
But I will follow your lead.

I will walk. I will climb.  
Shine the light the whole night through  
Because it looks like it might be a hard road  
But I'm gonna walk it with you.

### Yussel's Prayer

*(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)*

Yussel 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!  
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.

*(instrumental interlude)*

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

*(O, the world will grow younger.  
Every complainer will soon become a singer.  
Let the people become wiser and chase away the traitor.*

*O, the world will become more beautiful.  
Love will grow greater between people, between nation and nation.  
O, the world will become freer. And truth will be precious, valued as a friend.*

*O, the world will get bolder  
And there will be no master, no crown, no purse, no soldier's sword.  
So let's have courage to liberate and renew our old world.)*

א, די וועלט וועט ווערן יינגער,  
און דאס לעבן לייכטער, גרינגער,  
יעדער קלאגער וועט א זינגער  
ווערן, ברידער, באלד!  
לאז דאס פאלק נאר ווערן קליגער,  
און פאריאגן דעם באטריגער,  
אים, דעם פוקס, און אויך דעם טיגער  
פון זיין שיינעם וואלד.

א, די וועלט וועט ווערן שענער,  
ליבע גרעסער, שינא קלענער,  
צווישן פרויען, צווישן מענער,  
צווישן לאנד און לאנד  
א, די וועלט וועט ווערן פרייער,  
פרייער, שענער, יינגער, נייער.  
און אין איר די ווארהייט טייער,  
טייער ווי א פריינד.

א, די וועלט וועט ווערן דרייסטער  
און עס וועט ניט זיין א מייסטער,  
ניט די קרוין און ניט די טייסטער,  
ניט דעם זעלנערס שווערד.  
אלזא מוטיק אין די רייען,  
אין די רייען, צו באפרייען,  
צו באפרייען און באנייען  
אונדזער אלטע 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** (*Who Blesses*)

*[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 rise in body or spirit as we play the music for Mi Shebeyrakh. May you and your loved ones be supported and comforted in this time of need.

*(instrumental, followed by nign)*

*(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** (*Remembrance*)

*[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.]*

**I Recall** (*Marcia Falk*)

interwoven with

**We Remember Them** (*Jack Riemer and Sylvan D. Kamens*)

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

I call them to mind and heart,  
the texture of their life,  
its presence in mine.

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.**

Images rise up  
and fall away,  
moments in the current of time—

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.**

tender, harsh,  
extraordinary,  
mundane,

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.**

May the threads of memory be woven  
into the fabric of my life  
and bring healing

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.**

**A Malekh Veynt (An Angel Weeps)**  
(Peretz Hirshbein; arranged by Polina Shepherd)

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

א מלאך וויינט, א מלאך וויינט

און באדעקט די גראַז מיט טוי.

ליבסטער מייןער, ליבסטער מייןער,

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

איך בענק נאָך דיר אַזוי.

עס איז מיין בעט מיט פּוך געבעט,

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

און איך וואַלגער זיך אויף שטרוי.

ליבסטער מייןער, ליבסטער מייןער,

איך בענק נאָך דיר אַזוי.

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

א נאכט געוואַרט, א נאכט געוואַרט,

און דער טאָג, ער קומט שוין גרוי.

ליבסטער מייןער, ליבסטער מייןער,

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

איך בענק נאָך דיר אַזוי

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

We take this time to remember 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, as you are able, 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.

All are invited to reflect or meditate as the sounds of these treasured names wash over our community

*(Call out names row by row)*

Olev hasholem, May they rest in peace.



**Avinu Malkeinu**  
(instrumental)

**Kaddish (Holy)**

It is an ancient custom to kindle a yortsayt candle and recite Kaddish for the departed.  
We invite you to rise in body or spirit 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; v'imru 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 וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְרָא  
כְּרֻעֻתָּהּ וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתָּהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן  
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמָּן קָרִיב.  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא  
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ  
הוּא. לְעָלְמָא (וּלְעָלְמָא) מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא  
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנִתְמַתָּא דְאָמִירוֹ בְּעֶלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.  
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל  
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵי הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ  
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

**Blessed is the Match**

(All)

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling flame.  
Blessed is the flame that burns within the heart.  
Blessed is the heart with strength to stop for honor's sake.  
Blessed is the match consumed in fire.

-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)



### **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**

As in years past, we continue to grapple with the ongoing question of peace and justice for Palestinians and Israelis. We come together now with our own country in increasing moral crisis. For some of us, we throw ourselves into this work and for others, we are weary of all the unending misery and turmoil coming from all directions. May we find strength and renewed energy focusing on these words together.

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 sibling, then that is when the night is truly over.

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?

Adrienne Rich added,

If not with others, how?

### Think of Others

As you prepare your breakfast, think of others  
(do not forget the pigeon's food).

As you conduct your wars, think of others  
(do not forget those who seek peace).

As you pay your water bill, think of others  
(those who are nursed by clouds).

As you return home, to your home, think of  
others

(do not forget the people of the camps).

As you sleep and count the stars, think of others  
(those who have nowhere to sleep).

As you liberate yourself in metaphor, think of  
others

(those who have lost the right to speak).

As you think of others far away, think of yourself  
(say: "If only I were a candle in the dark").

--Mahmoud Darwish, *Palestinian National Poet*



### **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*

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 increasing anti-Semitic, racist, Islamophobic, anti-immigrant, homophobic, transphobic and misogynistic attacks and more and more extreme versions of hate.

### **Peace Salaam Shalom**

*(Pat Humphries; additional lyrics and arrangement by Lisa Gallatin)*

### **V'ahavta (And You Shall Love)**

Say these words when you lie down and when you rise up,  
when you go out and when you return. In times of mourning  
and in times of joy. Inscribe them on your doorposts,  
embroider them on your garments, tattoo them on your shoulders,  
teach them to your children, your neighbors, your enemies,  
recite them in your sleep, here in the cruel shadow of empire:  
*Another world is possible.*

Thus spoke the prophet Roque Dalton:  
*All together they have more death than we,  
but all together, we have more life than they.*  
There is more bloody death in their hands  
than we could ever wield, unless  
we lay down our souls to become them,  
and then we will lose everything. So instead,

Imagine winning. This is your sacred task.  
 This is your power. Imagine  
 every detail of winning, the exact smell of the summer streets  
 in which no one has been shot, the muscles you have never  
 unclenched from worry, gone soft as newborn skin,  
 the sparkling taste of food when we know  
 that no one on earth is hungry, that the beggars are fed,  
 that the old man under the bridge and the woman  
 wrapping herself in thin sheets in the back seat of a car,  
 and the children who suck on stones,  
 nest under a flock of roofs that keep multiplying their shelter.  
 Lean with all your being towards that day  
 when the poor of the world shake down a rain of good fortune  
 out of the heavy clouds, and justice rolls down like waters.

Defend the world in which we win as if it were your child.  
 It is your child.  
 Defend it as if it were your lover.  
 It is your lover.

When you inhale and when you exhale  
 breathe the possibility of another world  
 into the 37.2 trillion cells of your body  
 until it shines with hope.  
 Then imagine more.

Imagine rape is unimaginable. Imagine war is a scarcely credible rumor.  
 That the crimes of our age, the grotesque inhumanities of greed,  
 the sheer and astounding shamelessness of it, the vast fortunes  
 made by stealing lives, the horrible normalcy it came to have,  
 is unimaginable to our heirs, the generations of the free.

Don't waver. Don't let despair sink its sharp teeth  
 into the throat with which you sing. Escalate your dreams.  
 Make them burn so fiercely that you can follow them down  
 any dark alleyway of history and not lose your way.  
 Make them burn clear as a starry drinking gourd  
 Over the grim fog of exhaustion, and keep walking.

Hold hands. Share water. Keep imagining.  
 So that we, and the children of our children's children  
 may live.

*~Aurora Levins Morales*

### 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*



**Brudershaft Lid** (*Song of Brotherhood [and Siblinghood]*)  
(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 אייך 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.
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. שוועסטער, ברידער, אלע צוזאַמען, אזוי ווי קינדער פֿון איין מאַמען איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי. איינס, צוויי, דריי.
(Children, let me tell you, one, two, three, when the new day comes, all people will be [siblings]. We will sing new songs.	שוועסטער, ברידער, אלע צוזאַמען, אזוי ווי קינדער פֿון איין מאַמען איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי.
The world will be better When led by women, not just men, Siblings, all together, Just like children of one mother.)	איינס, צוויי, איינס, צוויי. איינס, צוויי, דריי.

**D'var** (Word)

[Traditionally, the d'var is a commentary on the week's Torah portion.  
In our d'var, a member of our community is invited to provide personal reflections.]

### **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. (2x)

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. (2x)

This is the sound of voices three  
 Singing together in harmony  
 Surrendering to the mystery  
 This is the sound of voices three. (2x)

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. (2x)

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. (2x)

### **Greetings to Our Community**

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**

We declare the utter sanctity of this day  
 for it is an awe-filled day.

A great Shofar is sounded  
 and a voice of slender silence is heard.

The voice is one's own --  
 a reed in the chorus,  
 a breath in the wind.



These are the final moments when the gates stand open, when the Book of Life is not yet sealed. Between blasts we hear an aching silence. And in each blast we hear a deeper silence, our own silence of yearning and craving and striving to live justly. The Days of Awe have asked us to hear that sound, to turn and act and respond.

In these final blasts of the Shofar, hear all of our sounds.

Hear, Tekiah, the sounding of the alarm, the sound of remembrance.

Hear, Shevarim, the low note reminding us that life may bring fear, frustration, tragedy, and sorrow, and the high note of hope that life will also bring us happiness and serenity.

Hear, Teruah, the call to action, the call to the never-ending struggle for peace, justice, and human decency.

Hear, finally, the last shofar call. Tekiah gedola is held for as long as possible. While the shofar sounds, the gates and the book remain open. Until the final blast ends, the gate of possibility is open.

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 just and beautiful place.

Call out the Shofar's notes and it will answer.

*(Shofar blasts after each part is named)*

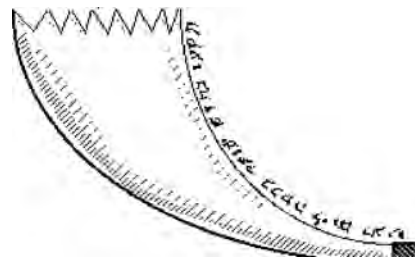
*(All)*

**Tekiah**

**Shevarim**

**Teruah**

**Tekiah**



The Shofar has called us Awake. With its sound in resonance with our own, we remember the world we strive to create, we remember what we have resolved to become.

**Ne'lah** (*The Gates Are Closing*)

(All)

The gates of the Days of Awe are closing.  
We have gathered together in ritual, in contemplation, in song.  
We have knocked on our hearts, imploring them to open.  
We have tried with all our might to forgive ourselves our missed marks.

And now the gates are closing.

But there is still work to be done, with our hearts and with our hands.

The gates are closing.  
This is the moment when we make the turn --  
teshuvah, turning our lives around, returning to our highest selves.

Bring more light to the world. More sustenance. More shelter.

For those in darkness. For those in need. For everyone.

*- adapted from Rabbi Rachel Barenblat's blog The Velveteen Rabbi*

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, 4th verse by Roger Rosen*)

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

We're gonna keep on moving proudly . . .

We're gonna light the way together . . .

We're gonna show our children courage. . .

We're gonna keep on moving 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, Boston Workmen's Circle, 6 Webster St., Brookline, MA 02446.

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

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

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

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

The Ritual Committee creates and updates Boston Workmen's Circle rituals, currently including Rosh Hashonah, Yom Kippur, Tu B'Shvat, and Passover. We welcome new members!

If you are interested in participating in this work, please check this box: ☐

YK2019

