



BOSTON WORKERS CIRCLE

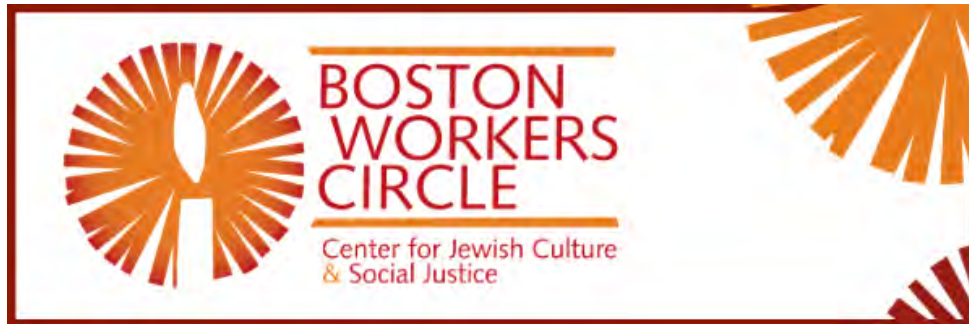
Center for Jewish Culture
& Social Justice



Yom Kippur

יום־כיפור

2021 ~ 5782



**Happy New Year! *Gut Yontef! Anyada buena!*
Welcome to the High Holidays with Boston Workers Circle.**

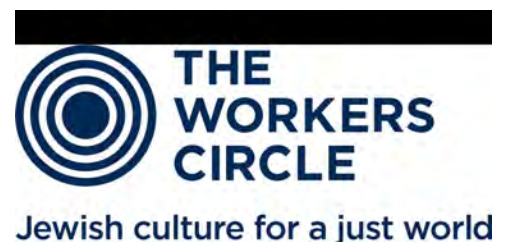
The Boston Workers Circle Center for Jewish Culture and Social Justice is a multigenerational, multiracial, and multicultural community where Jewish identity is rooted in cultural heritage and the pursuit of a better world.

*We welcome your suggestions and comments on this event.
Please see the request for feedback on the last page 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:



1.

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

2.

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.

3.

Candle Lighting

All are invited to light candles.
(*Light candles*)

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

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

4.

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.



5.

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.]

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

6.

(All sing Shehekheyonu)

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

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שֶׁהֵחֵינּוּ וְקִיַּמְנוּ וְהִגִּיעֵנוּ לְזֶמַן הַזֶּה

7.

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.

8.

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.

9.

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

10.

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.

11.

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.**

12.

Kol Nidre *(vocal solo)*

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

13.

Shema *(Listen)*

The Shema is often considered the singular statement of belief in Judaism. Many Jews have lived and died chanting these words. We sing the Shema today with many voices: to express our unity as a community, to honor the principle that we must all stay true to our own beliefs and speak them with pride and dedication.

Listen up and to one another, people!
 Though we are many, we are also one!

14.

(All are invited to rise in body or spirit)

Shema Yisroel Adonoi Elohenu Adonoi Echad

(Be seated)

15.

[The text that immediately follows the Shema in a traditional service says "These words...shall be in your heart. You shall teach them diligently to your children, speaking of them when you sit in your house, when you walk by the way, when you lie down and when you rise up...."]

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

16.

Durme Durme (*Sleep Sleep*)
 (*Ladino lullaby from Bosnia; composer unknown*)

Durme durme izhiko de madre,
 Durme durme sin ansia y dolor,
 Durme durme sin ansia y dolor.

Sienti joya palavrikas de tu madre,
 Las palavras de Shema Yisrael,
 Las palavras de Shema Yisrael.

Durme durme izhiko de madre,
 Con ermozura de Shema Yisrael,
 Con ermozura de Shema Yisrael.

*(Sleep, sleep free from worry and pain.
 Listen to the words of the Shema.
 Sleep with the beauty of the Shema.)*

17.**Unetannah Tokef** (*Let Us Speak of the Awesomeness*)

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 by water and who by fire,
 Who by upheaval and who by plague,
 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*

18.

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 — as individuals, as members of families, and as members of our communities.

19.

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.

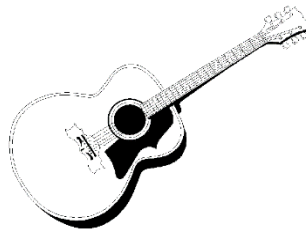
Won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone,
 And the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone,
 Can't be singing louder than the guns when I'm gone,
 So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

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.



20.

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.

21.

We do not request atonement from some supernatural being, but rather we take it upon ourselves to repair and cover our actions, and to begin afresh. And we will take particular responsibility for righting the wrongs specific to our national history, as well as those we wish to repair in ourselves personally.

22.

And so, 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

23.

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

--Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel

Let us renew our commitment to working for the better world we know is possible:

- where Black lives matter always and everywhere,
- where we greet the sacred humanity of all people -- even those who are, or seem, most different from ourselves,
- where we recognize the sacredness of all with whom we share the world, human and other-than-human alike,
- where excellent, respectful, and compassionate healthcare is truly a right for everyone,
- where this COVID pandemic is the last time we see available treatments and health outcomes correlated with people’s skin color, immigration status, wealth, geographic location, or gender,

- where every child has access to a good education that allows them to be their fullest self,
- where no one is ever hungry or homeless,
- where everyone is treasured and precious.

24.

Let us acknowledge and address centuries of injustice to Native American peoples:

- so we recognize that wherever we call home in this country, we live on stolen indigenous land,
- so we know the names of the tribes and native peoples and gratefully acknowledge these rightful stewards of the land we call home, including Boston Workers Circle on the land of the Massachusetts and Wampanoag peoples.
- so we are in relationships of repair and solidarity with those peoples,
- so we remember to be grateful to them and this land, as many of us are descended from those who were also forced to flee land, family, and communities of their own.

25.

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

Do not get lost in a sea of despair. Be hopeful, be optimistic. Our struggle is not the 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.

You must be bold, brave, and courageous and find a way... to get in the way.

--John Lewis

26.

Hof Un Gloyb (*Hope and Faith*) / Lift Every Voice and Sing

(Hof un Gloyb lyrics: Yitskhok Leybush Peretz; music: Eliyohu Hirsch)

Lift Every Voice and Sing lyrics: James Weldon Johnson; music: John Rosamond Johnson)

(All are invited to rise in body or spirit for Lift Every Voice and Sing, often considered the Black national anthem)

Hof! Hof! Hof! Nit vayt iz shoyn der friling.
 Es veln shmeterlingen shpringen.
 Naye nestn, naye feygl veln naye lider zingen!

חאָף! חאָף! חאָף! ניט ווייט איז שוין דער
 פֿרילינג
 עס וועלן שמעטערלינגען שפּרינגען
 נייע נעסטן, נייע פֿייגל וועלן נייע ליידער זינגען

Lift every voice and sing,
 'Til earth and heaven ring,

Ring with the harmonies of liberty;
 Let our rejoicing rise
 High as the list'ning skies,
 Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
 Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has
 taught us,

Naye nestn, naye feygl

נייע נעסטן, נייע פייגל

Sing a song full of the hope that the present has
 brought us;
 Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
 Let us march on 'til victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
 Bitter the chastening rod,
 Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
 Yet with a steady beat,
 Have not our weary feet
 Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
 We have come over a way that with tears has been
 watered,

Naye nestn, naye feygl

נייע נעסטן, נייע פייגל

We have come, treading our path through the blood
 of the slaughtered,
 Out from the gloomy past,
 'Til now we stand at last
 Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

Hof! Hof! Hof! Nit vayt iz shoyrn der friling.
 Es veln shmeterlingen shpringen.
 Naye nestn, naye feygl veln naye lider zingen!

חאָף! חאָף! חאָף! ניט ווייט איז שוין דער
 פֿרילינג
 עס וועלן שמעטערלינגען שפרינגען
 נייע נעסטן, נייע פייגל וועלן נייע לידער זינגען

[Hope! Spring is not far off! Butterflies will flutter. New nests, new birds will sing new songs.]

27.

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 hostility born of fear and insecurity.

From the actual to the metaphorical,
 We take account.

Did we act with accountability to the people who are essential to our lives?
 The homeless office cleaner, the migrant farm worker who harvests our produce, the hospital
 cleaners and aides who help us get well, the grocery workers who risk their lives so we have
 toilet paper and chocolate, the bus drivers who get those essential workers to work?

Did we take action when we learned that Black people and people of color got infected and
 died at dramatically higher rates than white people?

Did we value the children of those workers who endangered their health to help us stay
 healthy?

Did we temper our own complaints about inconvenience by thinking of the many people, a
 majority of them poor and black or people of color, who lost their jobs, got no unemployment
 benefits, and had to depend on the kindness of strangers for food?

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

28.

As we make ourselves vulnerable in these expressions of atonement, *Kippur*, our thoughts naturally turn to those in particular need of healing in our concentric circles of community. We dedicate the next song to those who have family or friends who are ill or in need. May you and your loved ones be supported and comforted in this time of need.

29.

A Refie Shleyme (Get Well Soon)
(Linda Gritz)

A refie shleyme dir man kind,
A refie shleyme, za shtark in gezint.
Ven ikh zol zan a kishef-makherin,
Volt ikh gekisht dus zise kepele,
In geglet dus tayere heldzele,
In alts vet beser zan.

Ya ba ba...

Shkhine-shel-oylem, her tsi atsind,
Shkhine-shel-oylem, helf man kind.
Zolst mir zan a kishef-makherin
Vus kisht dus zise kepele,
In glet dus tayere heldzele,
In alts vet beser zan.

Ya ba ba...

א רפואה שלימה דיר מיין קינד,
א רפואה שלימה, זיי שטאַרק און געזונט.
ווען איך זאָל זיין אַ כּישוף־מאַכערין,
וואָלט איך געקושט דאָס זיסע קעפעלע,
און געגלעט דאָס טייערע העלדזעלע,
און אַלץ וועט בעסער זיין.

יא בא בא...

שכינה־של־עולם, הער צו אַצינד,
שכינה־של־עולם, העלף מיין קינד.
זאָלסט מיר זיין אַ כּישוף־מאַכערין
וואָס קושט דאָס זיסע קעפעלע,
און גלעט דאָס טייערע העלדזעלע,
און אַלץ וועט בעסער זיין.

יא בא בא...

(Get well soon, my child, be strong and healthy.

If I were a magician, I would kiss your sweet head and caress your precious neck, and all will be better.

Mother of us all, listen now, help my child.

May you be a magician that kisses her sweet head and caresses his precious neck, and all will be better.)



30.

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.**

31.

We take this time to remember the names of family or friends who have passed away. All are invited to reflect or meditate as these treasured names wash over our community. To all who are mourning loved ones, we offer our condolences to you, including those who submitted names to display during this musical interlude.

32.

Zokhreynu L'Khayem / Avinu Malkeinu / Etz Khayem
(instrumentals during display of names)

**33.**

Kaddish (Holy)

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

(Be seated)

וַתְּגַדַּל וַיִּתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֵלְמָא דֵּי בְרָא
בְּרַעוּתָהּ. וַיִּמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב.
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמִי וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

וַתְּבָרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא
וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ
הוּא. לְעֵלְא (וּלְעֵלְא) מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנִתְחַמַּתָּא דְאִמִּירוֹן בְּעֵלְמָא. 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:

34.

A Malekh Veynt (*An Angel Weeps*)
(Peretz Hirshbein)

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.

א מלאך וויינט, א מלאך וויינט
און באדעקט די גראַז מיט טוי.
ליבסטער מינער, ליבסטער מינער,
איך בענק נאָך דיר אזוי.

עס איז מיין בעט מיט פּוך געבעט,
און איך וואַלגער זיך אויף שטרוי.
ליבסטער מינער, ליבסטער מינער,
איך בענק נאָך דיר אזוי.

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

*[An angel weeps and covers the grass with dew. My beloved, I long so much for you.
My bed is made with down, but I lie on straw. My beloved, I long so much for you.
A night of waiting, and the day dawns gray. My beloved, I long so much for you.]*

35.

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.]

36.

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 a growing moral crisis. Some of us throw ourselves into this work and others are weary of all the unending misery and turmoil coming from all directions. May we find strength and renewed energy from the following parable.

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.

37.

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?

38.

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").
 --*The Late Mahmoud Darwish,*
 Palestinian National Poet

39.

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 growing antisemitic, racist, Islamophobic, anti-immigrant, homophobic, transphobic, and misogynistic attacks and more and more extreme versions of hate. And let us commit ourselves to ensuring more just and equitable voting systems. Let us examine our own neighborhoods and ask whose voices are not represented and what needs to change.

40.

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)



41.

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.]

42.

Eli Ata (nign)

43.

Greetings to Our Community

44.

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.

45.

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.

46.

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

Hear Tekiah, one long note for the sounding of the alarm, the sound of remembrance.

Hear Shevarim, three sets of two notes, with each low note reminding us that life may bring fear, frustration, tragedy, and sorrow, and each high note of hope that life will also bring us happiness and serenity.

Hear Teruah, nine short notes for 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*)

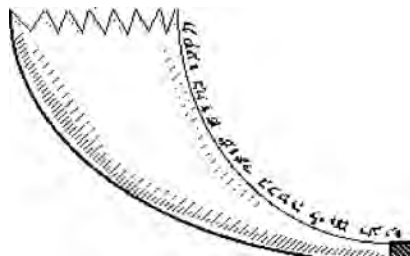
(All)

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.

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

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

48.

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.

49.

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 . . .

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