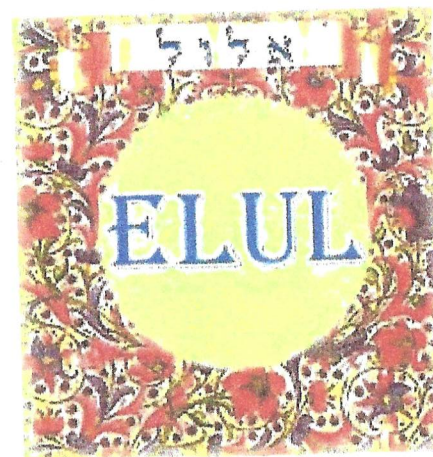


ELUL & S'LICHOT PRAYERS



Temple Emanu-El
Irondequoit, New York

The materials in this booklet are excerpts from *Mishkan HaLev: Prayers for S'lichot and the Month of Elul*, published by the Central Conference of American Rabbis, 2017. This booklet is solely for the liturgical use of Temple Emanu-El, Rochester NY and may not be sold or redistributed.

Dodi Li

Dodi li, vaani lo, haro-eh bashoshanim. דודי לי ואני לו הרעה בשושנים.
Mi zot olah min hamidbar, מי זאת עלה מן-המדבר
m'kuteret mor ulvonah? מקטרת מור ולבונה.
Libavtini, achoti chalah — libavtini. לבבתיני אחתי כלה — לבבתיני.
Uri tzafon! Uvo-i teiman! עורי צפון, ובואי תימן.

My beloved is mine, and I am my beloved's—
feasting among the lilies.

Who comes now from the wilderness,
rising like fragrant myrrh and frankincense?

You have captured my heart, my beloved.
Awake, north wind! O south wind— come!

I HONOR THE GIFT of stillness and rest:
a day devoted to peace.
Peace within my soul—
on this day I have everything I need.
Peace with those around me—
on this day I seek no quarrel or strife.
Peace of earth and sky, green trees and quiet water.
I give thanks that I am present in this world.
I celebrate the miracle of existence—
the breath within me, the beating of my heart,
the love that blesses my life.

HOLY IS TWILIGHT—the realm of in-between.

And so our sages taught: pray in the moments when light and darkness touch.
We are all twilight people, beyond categories and labels.
May the sacred in-between of this evening suspend our certainties,
soften our judgments, widen our vision.
Let it illumine our way to the God who transcends all boundaries and definitions.
Blessed are You, God of all, who brings on the twilight.

SHABBAT MOMENT

A scarf trailing
over the lilac sunset,
fair weather clouds,
cirrus uncinus
silk chiffon.

Twilight softens the air,
whispering, come,
lie down with me.

Untie the knots of the will.
Loosen
your clenched grip
barren hills of bone.
Here, no edges to hone,
only the palm fallen
open as a rose about
to toss its petals.

What you have made,
what you have spoiled
let go.

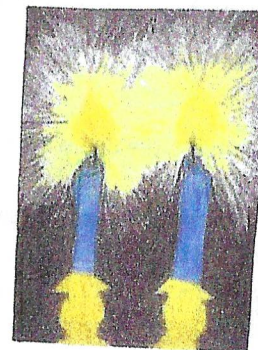
Let twilight empty
the crowded rooms
quiet the jostling colors
to hues of swirling water
pearls of fog.

This is the time
for letting time go
like a released balloon
dwindling.

Tilt your neck and let
your face open to the sky
like a pond catching light
drinking the darkness.

Before Candle Lighting

IN THE BEGINNING: emptiness and chaos;
a great darkness over the deep.
The spirit of God moved over the waters.
Explosion of light—
the long chain of emerging life;
behold: it was very good.
These candles evoke the very first light.
Out of the darkness came reason, purpose,
consciousness of beauty;
the power to discern and do what is right.
Let us hold the light in our hearts.
Let us bring it with us into the darkest corners of creation.
Where there is pain and fear, let us offer the light of love.



TWO ANGELS follow me home:
Chesed and *G'vurah*
Kindness and Judgment,
Love and Discipline.
May both dwell within me—
Gentleness and generosity that expand my soul;
Firmness and self-restraint, the strength to say "no."
On this day of shalom, may I be *shalem*—well-balanced and whole.

V'AHAVTA FOR ELUL

You shall love the ones who are close
with all your heart,
with all your spirit,
with all your strength.

Remember these words; inscribe them on your heart:
love them when they struggle,
when they sadden and disappoint you;
love them when they fail.

See the good within them, even when they can't.
Look at them, and listen, even when it's hard.
Be grateful for their guidance (even their reproof)
when they save you from yourself.

Love them when they give you joy,
and love them when they don't.
When you lie down, let go of anger.
When you rise up at dawn, begin again.

Praise them for their deeds at home;
speak to them in public with respect.

Bind yourself to the ones you love
with promises kept and vows fulfilled.

Open to them the gates of your heart, the doorway of your soul—
and let them know you.
So shall the ones you cherish feel your love, your presence, and your care.

LOVE THE STRANGERS among you;
love them as yourself.
See yourself in their eyes;
with your own hands, bind up their wounds.
Teach your children to unlock their hearts
and share their wealth.

Inscribe words of welcome at your gates and ports of entry—
for you have been strangers in every corner of the world.

Elul: An Island in the Year

Before we slip too quickly into the Season of the Soul —
let there be a Sabbath of Sabbaths for the heart.

Before the music of Creation's majesty —
let there be a silent praise of existence.

Before the feast of sanctified words —
let there be a poetry of solitude.

Before we enter the palaces of prayer —
let us find within ourselves a place of calm.

Before we revel in the wondrous and sublime —
let there be an honest, inward gaze.

Before the rites and ceremonies of Awe —
let there be quieter days,
an island of attentiveness.

ONE FORM OF PRAYER is what I call prayerful reading. I decided that I'm not a good meditator; I do not have the kind of brain for abstraction or "centering" that says I should seek a voice, that I should, in classical language, stare at God face-to-face and seek the vision of God. . . . Meditation doesn't do it for me. What I do therefore—it's kind of a crass-sounding term—is "hitchhike." I hitchhike using the vehicles, the instruments, of people who are better at devotion than I am. . . . I'm not a prayerful genius like the religious philosopher and scientist Pascal. I am not even someone who could edit and expound Pascal. But I can read him prayerfully, and the thoughts he inspires will convey me to different levels of being, to new depths. So I spend a lot of time with anthologies of prayer, with quotations, sourcebooks . . . and so on. Whether all those trips produce the language of "I" and "Thou" I'm not sure, but I am a book person, and therefore if I draw close to God, it is likely to be through reading.

WALK WITH ME into the woods
Leave the edge of the forest behind —

Come deep into the green
until the shafts of
sunlight are lost.
Feel the stillness of
the center.

Walk with me to the top
of the hill
Leave the broad path
behind.
Up — up beyond where
the trees grow.
Hear the quiet of
the heights.

Walk me into
this New Year —
Into its demands
Into its joys
Into the clamor of
its unfolding.

Walk alone
each of us on our own right
path
With the echoes of the
blasts of the *shofar*
With the stillness of the
center
With the help of our God.

THE TREE in the twilit street —
the pods hang from its bare symmetrical branches
motionless —
but if, like God, a century were to us
the twinkling of an eye,
we should see the frenzy of growth.

Coming up on September

White butterflies, with single
black fingerpaint eyes on their wings,
dart and settle, eddy and mate
over the green tangle of vines
in Labor Day morning steam.

The year grinds into ripeness
and rot, grapes darkening,
pears yellowing, the first
Virginia creeper twining crimson,
the grasses, dry straw to burn.

The New Year rises, beckoning
across the umbrellas on the sand.
I begin to reconsider my life.
What is the yield of my impatience?
What is the fruit of my resolve?

I turn from my frantic white dance
over the jungle of productivity
and slowly a niggun slides,
cold water down my throat.
I rest on a leaf spotted red.

Now is the time to let the mind
search backwards like the raven loosed
to see what can feed us. Now,
the time to cast the mind forward
to chart an aerial map of the months.

The New Year is a great door
that stands across the evening and Yom
Kippur is the second door. Between them
are song and silence, stone and clay pot
to be filled from within myself.

I will find there both ripeness and rot,
what I have done and undone,
what I must let go with the waning days
and what I must take in. With the last
tomatoes, we harvest the fruit of our lives.

AND WILL THEY EVER COME

And will they ever come, days of forgiveness and grace,
when you'll walk in the fields, simple wanderer,
and your bare soles will be caressed by the clover,
or the wheat-stubble will sting your feet, and its sting will be sweet?

Or the rainfall will catch you, its downpour pounding
on your shoulders, your breast, your neck, your head.
And you'll walk in the wet fields, quiet widening within
like light on the cloud's rim.

And you'll breathe in the scent of the furrow, full and calm,
and you'll see the sun in the rain-pool's golden mirror,
and all things are simple and alive, you may touch them,
and you are allowed, you are allowed to love.

You'll walk in the field. Alone, unscorched by the blaze
of the fires, along roads stiffened with blood and terror.
And true to your heart you'll be again humble and softened,
as one of the grass, as one of humankind.

ALL OF THEM are travelers—

bodies in motion, obedient servants of celestial laws:
moons orbit planets;
planets circle stars;
stars spin around galaxies;
galaxies cluster, drawn by dark matter;
super-clusters flow, driven by dark energy.

All of us are travelers—

bodies in motion, unwitting servants of the flow of time:
within us, atoms vibrate, electrons whirl;
and we are changing, aging,
spinning our own orbits,
drawn together, drifting apart,
driven by forces we barely understand.

Particles of matter in perpetual motion,
we yearn for clarity and calm,
strength to master our own dark energies,
and to counter the darkness in our world.
As we lift our gaze to the starlight,
may we lift ourselves to embrace a higher law.

The Late Year

I like Rosh Hashonah late,
when the leaves are half burnt
umber and scarlet, when sunset
marks the horizon with slow fire
and the black silhouettes
of migrating birds perch
on the wires davening.

I like Rosh Hashonah late
when all living are counting
their days toward death
or sleep or the putting by
of what will sustain them—
when the cold whose tendrils
translucent as a jellyfish

and with a hidden sting
just brush our faces
at twilight. The threat
of frost, a premonition
a warning, a whisper
whose words we cannot
yet decipher but will.

I repent better in the waning
season when the blood
runs swiftly and all creatures
look keenly about them
for quickening danger.
Then I study the rockface
of my life, its granite pitted

and pocked and pickaxed
eroded, discolored by sun
and wind and rain—
my rock emerging
from the veil of greenery
to be mapped, to be
examined, to be judged.

Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,
you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.
You must wake up with sorrow.
You must speak to it till your voice
catches the thread of all sorrows
and you see the size of the cloth.

Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,
only kindness that ties your shoes
and sends you out into the day to mail letters and purchase bread,
only kindness that raises its head
from the crowd of the world to say
It is I you have been looking for,
and then goes with you everywhere
like a shadow or a friend.

I ASKED MYSELF:

who's listening to these words of confession?
Magnificent Ear of the universe,
are You my personal confidant?
Or am I just talking to myself?
Then I got it:
the question is a diversion —
to distract me
from hearing who I really am.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO STRUGGLE for a day,
and they are good.
There are those who struggle for a year,
and they are better.
There are those who struggle for a life-time:
they are the indispensable ones.

NOTICE THE RIVER

at break of dawn —
a braid of streams, creeks, and brooks,
a dance of insects near the shore.
Notice how brackish,
where the river meets the sea,
how with grace the river
hugs the shore —
fierce in its rising,
fiercer when it falls.
Notice it all —
how it bends,
how it tells
the time of year,
and how smooth the boulders are
that guide its course

Notice the Holy One
in blessing and in beauty,
in acts of repair,
in the unearthing of truth,
in eyes that meet,
in the tumult of change,
in words of forgiveness,
in the bridges we build to those we hurt,
in the flow of a year,
in the course of a journey,
in rising and falling,
in the bend of a river,
in the hand we hold out to those who hurt us,
in the life we are living
in blessing and in beauty.

OUR MISSION is to plant ourselves at the gates of Hope—not the prudent gates of Optimism, which are somewhat narrower; nor the stalwart, boring gates of Common Sense; nor the strident gates of Self-Righteousness, which creak on shrill and angry hinges (people cannot hear us there; they cannot pass through); nor the cheerful, flimsy garden gate of "Everything Is Gonna Be All Right." But a different, sometimes lonely place, of truth-telling about your own soul first of all and its condition; the place of resistance and defiance, from which you see the world both as it is and as it could be, as it will be; the place from which you glimpse not only struggle but joy in the struggle. And we stand there, beckoning and calling, telling people what we're seeing, asking them what they see.

A SHORT TESTAMENT

Whatever harm I may have done
In all my life in all your wide creation
If I cannot repair it
I beg you to repair it,
And then there are all the wounded
The poor the deaf the lonely and the old
Whom I have roughly dismissed
As if I were not one of them.
Where I have wronged them by it
And cannot make amends
I ask you
To comfort them to overflowing,
And where there are lives I may have withered around me,
Or lives of strangers far or near
That I've destroyed in blind complicity,
And if I cannot find them
Or have no way to serve them,
Remember them. I beg you to remember them
When winter is over
And all your unimaginable promises
Burst into song on death's bare branches.

THE DISTANCE

Prayer, as in:
my silence approaches
God's silence.
The distance to be covered
is so immense
that there is time
to live my life
peacefully.

TO SHAPE THE WORLD ANEW

The sea pushes back off the shore,
yielding to gravity with a sigh,
not a leaving but a letting go,
a retreat into its own deep fullness.
The sun relinquishes its hold on the sky
only to rise once more at daybreak
as the tide rolls back in,
a different kind of letting go,
an unspooling across the expanse.
And we creatures of earth are granted a fresh start,
a chance to gather the debris
and shape the world anew.

Wholeness is a kind of holiness,
the stasis of perfection.
But brokenness demands re-creation,
a churning cycle of endings and beginnings,
the act of pulling hope and brightness from the wreckage,
taking the jagged shards and making of them,
if not wholeness, a new sort of sacred splendor.

GOD BREATHED INTO US a living soul—
the gifts of respiration, inspiration, aspiration.
May we sanctify this day by breathing deeply.
Attentive to all gifts,
we taste the sweetness of the world that could be.

IN BLACKWATER WOODS

Look, the trees
are turning
their own bodies
into pillars
of light,
are giving off the rich
fragrance of cinnamon
and fulfillment,
the long tapers
of cattails
are bursting and floating away over
the blue shoulders
of the ponds,
and every pond,
no matter what its
name is, is
nameless now.
Every year
everything
I have ever learned
in my lifetime
leads back to this: the fires
and the black river of loss
whose other side
is salvation,
whose meaning
none of us will ever know.
To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.

FOR ALL THESE GIFTS . . .

For the gifts I received today:
air in my lungs;
pulse in my veins;
my restless mind, alive and curious,
awakening suddenly to beauty.
For love, and the memory of love;
forgiveness
when I didn't deserve it;
another chance at life.
*Let my soul give thanks to You—
Let me not forget Your kindness.*

IMAGINE how our lives might be if everyone had even a bit more of the Wisdom that comes from seeing clearly. Suppose people everywhere, simultaneously, stopped what they were doing and paid attention for only so long as it took to recognize their shared humanity. Surely the heartbreak of the world's pain, visible to all, would convert everyone to kindness.

PEACE COMES with the sunset
Cool breezes ease the heat of day
All things settle into stillness
Gentle song of crickets
Moonrise and the silence of night . . .
Give us shelter in Your presence
Bring peace to those who yearn for peace
Enfold us in Your quiet
Let our fears find rest in You.

The Place Where We Are Right

מן המקום שבו אנו צודקים,
לא יצמחו לעולם
פרחים באביב.

From the place where we are right
flowers will never grow
in the spring.

The place where we are right
is hard and trampled
like a yard.

But doubts and loves
dig up the world
like a mole, a plow.
And a whisper will be heard in the place
where the ruined
house once stood.

Olam Chesed Yibaneh

עולם חסד יבנה ...

Olam chesed yibaneh, dai dai dai dai dai...

Olam chesed yibaneh, dai dai dai dai dai...

I will build this world from love ... dai dai dai dai dai ...

And you must build this world from love ... dai dai dai dai dai ...

And if we build this world from love ... dai dai dai dai dai ...

Then God will build this world from love ... dai dai dai dai dai ...

Return again, return again,
return to the land of your soul.

Return to what you are, return to who you are,
return to where you are

Born and reborn again.

THE VOICE OF THE SHOFAR



Achat shaalti mei-eit-Adonai;

otah avakeish:

shivti b'veit-Adonai kol-y'mei chayai,

lachazot b'no-am-Adonai,

ulvakeir b'heichalo.

אחת שאֲלֵתִי מֵאֵת־יְיָ,

אוֹתָהּ אֲבַקֵּשׁ:

שְׁבִיתִי בְּבֵית־יְיָ כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי,

לְחַזֹּז בְּנֹעַם־יְיָ,

וּלְבַקֵּר בְּהֵיכָלוֹ.

Just one thing I have asked of God;

only this do I seek:

to dwell in God's House all the days of my life,

to behold divine sweetness and beauty,

and to gaze in delight at God's Temple.

Before the Sounding of the Shofar

Hear, O Israel!

Hear now the heartbeat of Israel

in the quiet space between a year that is ending and a year that begins.

Hear the call of hope and joy,

and hear the call of repentance and renewal.

Hear the call to create and embrace;

hear the call to restore and to heal.

Hear the call to atone and perfect,

to search the soul and account for every deed.

Hear the call to wrestle with sins and flaws,

to fight injustice and serve the suffering.

Hear the call to gather in the scattered sparks of divinity,

and hear the call to seek the core of our humanity.

Hear the call of compassion and forgiveness.

Hear the call to return —

to Torah,

to our People,

to the One who teaches love and patience, mercy and truth.

Hear the commanding sound of *t'shuvah*.

Hear the urgent call of *tikkun*.

Meditations for the Sounding of the Shofar

The shofar curves upward.

Its name means Beauty;

its essence is ascent.

Sound of the ram's horn —

lift us from lethargy;

shatter despair.

Beauty beckons;

tomorrow's door is open —

and we can be better than we are.

Summon the energy to

sound the horn;

muster the strength to change.

Move from judgment to compassion;

shift your perspective, and heal.

Be the first to apologize;

offer the hand of forgiveness.

Open your heart to hear the horn;

believe in your power to change.

Baruch atah, Adonai,

shomei-a t'ruah.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ,

שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּרוּעָה.

Blessed are You, Adonai,

who hears the sounding of the Shofar.

The shofar is sounded.

תִּקְיָה שִׁבְרִים־תְּרוּעָה תִּקְיָה

T'kiah Sh'varim-T'ruah T'kiah



SONGS FOR ELUL

From Psalm 27

Achat shaalti mei-eit-Adonai;

otah avakeish:

shivti b'veit-Adonai kol-y'mei chayai,

lachazot b'no-am-Adonai,

ulvakeir b'heichalo.

אֶחָת שְׁאַלְתִּי מֵאֵת-יְיָ,

אוֹתָהּ אֲבַקֵּשׁ:

שְׁבִיטִי בְּבֵית-יְיָ כָּל-יְמֵי חַיִּי,

לַחְזוֹת בְּבָעִם-יְיָ,

וּלְבַקֵּר בְּהֵיכָלוֹ.

Just one thing I have asked of God;
only this do I seek:
to dwell in God's House all the days of my life,
to behold divine sweetness and beauty,
and to gaze in delight at God's Temple.

MAGNIFIED BE YOUR NAME—here and now,
in the life we are living.
May we expand Your presence in this world;
extend the light of Your goodness;
make visible and tangible Your love.
Summoned to a purpose beyond ourselves,
we bend our knees and bow.

Hashiveinu

Hashiveinu, Adonai, eilecha — v'nashuvah.

Chadeish yameinu k'kedem.

הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ, יְיָ, אֵלֶיךָ - וְנָשׁוּבָה.

חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם.

Take us back, Adonai —
let us come back to You.
Renew in our time the days of old.

From Psalm 118

*Pit-chu-li shaarei-tzedek;
avo-vam, odeh Yah.
Zeh-ha-shaar l'Adonai—
tzadikim yavo-u vo.*

פִּתְחוּ־לִי שַׁעֲרֵי־צֶדֶק,
אֲבֹא־בָם, אֹדֶה יְהוָה.
זֶה־הַשַּׁעַר לִי —
צַדִּיקִים יָבֹאוּ בוֹ.

Open for me the gates of righteousness —
as I enter them I will praise God's name.
This is the gateway to the Eternal —
here the righteous shall enter.

Psalm 121:1-2

*Esa einai el-heharim;
mei-ayin yavo ezri?
Ezri mei-im Adonai,
oseih shamayim vaaretz.*

אֶשָּׂא עֵינַי אֶל־הַהָרִים,
מֵאֵינן יָבֹא עֲזָרִי.
עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יְיָ
עֲשֵׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ.

I lift my eyes to the mountains:
From where will my help come?
My help comes from the Eternal,
Maker of heaven and earth.

From Psalm 34

*Mi-ha-ish hechafeitz chayim,
oheiv yamim, lirat tov?
N'tzor l'shon'cha meira,
usfatecha midabeir mirmah.
Sur meira vaaseih-tov;
bakeish shalom v'rodfeihu.*

מִי־הָאִישׁ הַחֲפִיץ חַיִּים,
אוֹהֵב יָמִים לְרִאיוֹת טוֹב.
נֹצֵר לְשׁוֹנְךָ מֵרָע,
וּשְׂפָתְךָ מִדַּבֵּר מְרֻמָּה.
סוֹר מֵרָע וְעֹשֶׂה־טוֹב,
בֹּקֵשׁ שָׁלוֹם וְרֹדְפֵהוּ.

What is the way of a person who delights in life,
who loves each day and yearns to see goodness?
Guard your tongue from evil,
your lips from cunning speech.
Turn your back on immorality
and do good without delay.
Seek shalom and pursue it.

Od Yavo Shalom

*Od yavo shalom aleinu
v'al kulam!*

*Salaam, aleinu v'al kol haolam
Salaam — Shalom.*

Peace will yet come
for us and everyone.
Peace —
for us and all the world.
Salaam — Shalom

עוֹד יָבֹא שָׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כּוֹלָם!

סֻלָּאָם, עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל הָעוֹלָם
סֻלָּאָם — שָׁלוֹם.

Or Zarua

*Or zarua latzadik;
ulyishrei-lev simchah.*

Light is sown for the righteous,
radiance and joy for the pure of heart.

אוֹר זָרַע לְצַדִּיק,
וּלְיֹשֵׁר־לֵב שִׂמְחָה.

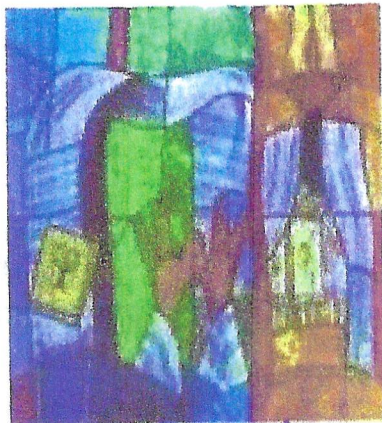
Those Who Sow

Hazorim b'dimah — b'rinah yiktzoru. הַזֹּרְעִים בְּדַמְעָה, בְּרִנָּה יִקְצְרוּ.

Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

OPEN UP OUR EYES

Open up our eyes, teach us how to live
Fill our hearts with joy and all the love You have to give
Gather us in peace
As You lead us to Your Name
And we will know that You are One.

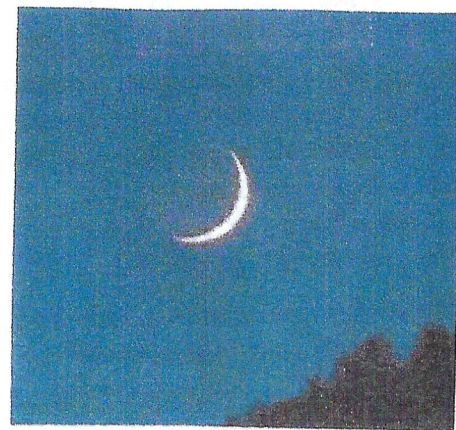


דְּשִׁיחוֹת

Selichot

LAST SLIVER of the moon —
the waning crescent,
small and slender, glowing in the east
at the end of the journey.
A curve of silver, barely there,
that fades away with the dawn.
Faintest light the eye can discern —
like the soul within me, barely there;
waning and weary as the year winds down.

At the end of the journey,
the old moon flickers out
and darkness awaits the new.
Now, in the stillness,
we can feel it being born.
Remind us: the horizon will be bright again;
the waxing crescent will rise.
Heal our hearts.
Gather us in
from the darkness.
Restore the light within us.



*Hineih El y'shuati—evtach v'lo efchad;
ki-ozī v'zimrat Yah Adonai, vaihi-li lishuah.*

*Ushavtem-mayim b'sason,
mimaaynei haishuah.*

L'Adonai haishuah —

al-am'cha virchatecha selah.

Adonai Tz'va-ot imanu,

misgav-lanu Elohei Yaakov, selah.

Adonai Tz'va-ot, ashrei adam botei-ach bach.

Adonai hoshiah!

HaMelech yaaneinu v'yom-koreinu.

Laihudim haitah orah

v'simchah v'sason vikar.

Ken tiyeh lanu.

Kos-y'shuot esa, uvshem Adonai ekra.

Behold, God of my deliverance —
full of trust, I am not afraid,
for Adonai is my strength and the song of my soul,
my salvation, now and always.

May you, as well, draw water with joy,
be refreshed by wellsprings of deliverance!

Liberation is a gift from God — a blessing upon Your people.
You are the God of all we can perceive, our haven, the God of Yaakov.
And You are the God of all that is beyond our perception;
the one who has faith in You is fortunate.
Show us the way to freedom!
On the day we call You, answer us with strength.

The Jews of old knew light and gladness, honor and joy —
may we, their descendants, know them as well!

I raise a cup of deliverance; I proclaim the name *Adonai*.

הִנֵּה אֵל יְשׁוּעָתִי אֲבִטָּח וְלֹא אֶפְחָד.
כִּי-עֲדִי וְזִמְרַת יְהוָה יִי, וְיִהְיֶה-לִּי לִישׁוּעָה.
וּשְׁאַבְתֶּם-מַיִם בְּשִׂשׁוֹן,
מִמַּעַיְנֵי הַיְשׁוּעָה.

לִי הַיְשׁוּעָה —

עַל-עַמֶּךָ בְּרִכָּתְךָ סֵלָה.

יִי צְבָאוֹת עִמָּנוּ,

מִשְׁגַּב-לָנוּ אֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב, סֵלָה.

יִי צְבָאוֹת, אֲשֶׁר־יְאֹדֵם בְּטָח בָּךְ.

יִי הוֹשִׁיעָה,

הַמֶּלֶךְ יַעֲבֹד בְּיוֹם-קִרְאָנוּ.

לַיהוּדִים הִיטָה אוֹרָה

וְשִׂמְחָה וְשִׂשׁוֹן וִיקָר.

כֵּן תִּהְיֶה לָנוּ.

כּוֹס-יְשׁוּעוֹת אֲשָׂא, וּבִשְׁם יִי אֶקְרָא.

Wine

Baruch atah, Adonai,

Eloheinu melech haolam,

borei p'ri hagafen.

Adonai, our God and Sovereign, Source of blessings,
You create the fruit of the vine.

Spices

Baruch atah, Adonai,

Eloheinu melech haolam,

borei minei v'samim.

Adonai, our God and Sovereign, Source of blessings,
You create spices of every kind.

Lights

Baruch atah, Adonai,

Eloheinu melech haolam,

borei m'orei ha-eish.

Adonai, our God and Sovereign, Source of blessings,
You create the lights of fire.



Shavua tov, shavua tov,

shavua tov, shavua tov (2x)

A good week, a week of peace —
May gladness reign and joy increase. (2x)

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ,
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
בוֹרֵא פְרֵי הַגֶּפֶן.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ,
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
בוֹרֵא מִיְּנֵי בְשָׂמִים.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ,
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
בוֹרֵא מְאוּרֵי הָאֵשׁ.

שָׁבוּעַ טוֹב, שָׁבוּעַ טוֹב,
שָׁבוּעַ טוֹב, שָׁבוּעַ טוֹב

*Eliyahu hanavi, Eliyahu haTishbi,
Eliyahu, Eliyahu, Eliyahu HaGiladi.
Bimheirah v'yameinu yavo eileinu
im mashiach ben-David,
im mashiach ben-David.*

Elijah the Prophet,
Elijah of Tishbi,
Elijah of Gilead:
may he come soon, and in our time;
and with him our dream:
a world perfected and redeemed.

*Miryam han'viah —
oz v'zimrah b'yadah.
Miryam tirkod itanu
I'hagdil zimrat olam;
Miryam tirkod itanu
I'takein et haolam.*

*Bimheirah v'yameinu hi t'vi-einu
el mei haishuah.*

Miriam the prophet —
the power of song is in her hand.
Miriam will dance among us
and the music will be heard far and wide.
Miriam will dance among us
to mend our world of suffering.
May she lead us, in our time, without delay,
to the waters of help and healing.

Shavua tov!

A good week!

אֱלִיָּהוּ הַנָּבִיא, אֱלִיָּהוּ הַתִּשְׁבִּי,
אֱלִיָּהוּ, אֱלִיָּהוּ, אֱלִיָּהוּ הַגִּלְעָדִי.
בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ יָבֹא אֵלֵינוּ
עִם מָשִׁיחַ בֶּן־דָּוִד,
עִם מָשִׁיחַ בֶּן־דָּוִד.

מִרְיָם הַנְּבִיאָה,
עַד וְזִמְרָה בְּיָדָהּ,
מִרְיָם תִּרְקֹד אִתָּנוּ
לְהַגְדִּיל זִמְרַת עוֹלָם.
מִרְיָם תִּרְקֹד אִתָּנוּ
לְתַקֵּן אֶת הָעוֹלָם.
בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ הִיא תְּבִיאֵנוּ
אֶל מֵי הַיְּשׁוּעָה.

שָׁבוּעַ טוֹב!

בְּגֵדֵי טָהָר

Bigdei Tohar · Vestments of Purity

The Elders

We rise now to honor them,
Our elders
from whom we have learned stories and lessons,
with whom we have studied and worshiped
and celebrated the passages of life
and time,
Our elders
who have taught us goodness, honesty, and the sanctity of life,
whose mantles are woven with threads of memory,
embroidered with silver and gold,
majestic folds of silk and velvet,
in royal hues befitting their rank,
as brilliant as the sun.

We rise now to honor them,
as they put aside these every-day mantles of splendor
and don their sacred garments,
the vestments of purity and holiness
befitting the Days of Awe so soon approaching.
Each in its turn is fitted with wimple, mantle, and crowns,
each more stunning than the last.
Majestic folds of velvet and silk to clothe the holy words;
a canvas of purest white,
as brilliant as the moon.

The holy season has now begun,
and the elders, in their yontif clothes,
stand proud and tall before us,
beacons of wisdom and light,
reminders of the holiness we seek
on this new day
in Elul.

Adonai, Adonai — El rachum v'chanun;
 erech apayim, v'rav-chesed ve-emet;
 notzeir chesed la'alafim;
 nosei avon vafesha v'chataah;
 v'nakeih.

יְיָ, אֵל רַחוּם וְחַנוּן,
 אָרֶךְ אַפַּיִם, וְרַב־חֶסֶד וְאֱמֶת.
 נֹצֵר חֶסֶד לְאַלְפִים,
 נוֹשֵׂא עוֹן וְפֹשֵׁעַ וְחַטָּאָה,
 וְנָקָה.

Adonai, Adonai —

God, compassionate, gracious, endlessly patient, loving, and true;
 showing mercy to the thousandth generation;
 forgiving evil, defiance, and wrongdoing; granting pardon.

A Tree of Life

Ki lekach tov natati lachem:
 Torati. Al-taazovu.

Etz-chayim hi lamachazikim bah;
 v'tom'cheha m'ushar.

D'racheha darchei-no-am,
 v'chol-n'tivoteha shalom.

Hashiveinu, Adonai, eilecha — v'nashuvah.
 Chadeish yameinu k'kedem.

כִּי לָקַח טוֹב נָתַתִּי לָכֶם:
 תּוֹרָתִי. אַל-תִּעְזְבוּ.
 עֵץ-חַיִּים הִיא לַמַּחֲזִיקִים בָּהּ,
 וְתִמְכֶּיהָ מֵאֲשֶׁר.
 דַּרְכֶּיהָ דַּרְכֵי-נֹעַם,
 וְכָל-נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹם.
 הָשִׁיבוּנוּ, יְיָ, אֵלֵינוּ — וְנָשׁוּבָה.
 חַדֵּשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם.

A precious teaching I have given you:
 My Torah. Do not forsake it.
 A Tree of Life to those who hold it fast:
 all who embrace it know happiness.
 Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
 and all its paths are peace.
 Take us back, Adonai —
 let us come back to You.
 Renew in our time the days of old.

The shofar is sounded.

תְּקִיעַה גְּדוּלָה
 T'kiah G'dolah

תְּקִיעַה
 T'kiah

תְּקִיעַה
 T'kiah