



Congregation Beth Israel
חברות בית ישראל

למען עלייה
For the Sake of Ascent

סדור לעריב של תשעה באב
An Evening Siddur for Tisha b'Av

"The mother has died, sheltering her two babes,
whose clutching fingers have cut into the mother's flesh."

— An anonymous survivor of the atomic bomb
in Nagasaki, Japan, August 9, 1945

"Babes and sucklings languish in the squares of the city.
They keep asking their mothers, 'where is grain and wine?'
as they languish like battle-wounded in the squares of the town,
as their life runs out in their mothers' bosoms."

— Lamentations 2:11-12, attributed to Jeremiah,
witness to the destruction of Jerusalem, 9th of Av, 548 BCE

siddur by Rabbi Rachel Barenblat and Rabbi David Markus

This siddur for Tisha b'Av includes sources both traditional and modern. In the merit of the peacemakers of history and our own day, may this siddur arouse the heart and soul to the power of Tisha b'Av. May all who use this siddur turn the descent of Tisha b'Av into a light-filled ascent of return and renewal.

This siddur contains holy text: please handle it with respect and dignity.

As Tisha b'Av Approaches

We begin our descent
toward the rubble.

Our hearts crack open
and sorrow comes flooding in.

Help us to believe
that tears can transform,

that redemption is possible.
The walls will come down:

open our eyes, give us strength
not to look away.

Rabbi Rachel Barenblat

Entering Tisha b'Av

Tisha b'Av recalls tragedies of Jewish history – destruction of the Temple, the Crusades, repeated exiles, and the "final solution" of the Holocaust. In our own day, Tisha b'Av beckons us into the darkness of inner exile, so we can emerge into the Season of Teshuvah. Enfolded in community, we invoke the depth of Tisha b'Av for the purpose of rising anew. Our descent tonight is for the sake of ascent tomorrow.

The Merciful One will cover iniquity and not forever destroy.
Soon may God withdraw anger; may divine rage not be aroused.

וְהוּא רָחֹם יִכְפֶּר עָזָן וְלֹא יִשְׁחִית,
וְהַרְבָּה לְהַשִּׁיב אֶפְוּ וְלֹא יִעַר בְּכָל חַמְתּוֹ.

"Baseless Hatred," a text study for Tisha b'Av

The destruction of Jerusalem happened through a Kamza and a Bar Kamza in this way. A certain man had a friend Kamza and an enemy Bar Kamza. He threw a party and said to his servant, "Go and bring Kamza." The servant brought Bar Kamza by mistake.

When the man found Bar Kamza he said, "You tell stories about me; what are you doing here? Get out!"

Said the other, "Since I am here, let me stay, and I will pay you for whatever I eat and drink." The man said no. "Then let me pay for half of the party." The man said no. "Then let me pay for the whole party." The man said no, and he threw Bar Kamza out.

Bar Kamza said to himself: the rabbis were there and did not stop him! That shows that they agree with him. I will go and inform against them to the government.

He went and said to the emperor, "The Jews are rebelling against you, and here's how you can tell: send them an offering and see if they offer it on their altar." (And if they do not, you will have license to destroy their holy place.)

The emperor sent a fine calf with Bar Kamza as his offering. On the way to the temple, Bar Kamza made a blemish in a place where we Jews count it as a blemish (thereby making the animal no longer kosher for sacrifice) though others do not. The rabbis wanted to offer it anyway, in order not to offend the government, but Rabbi Zecharia ben Abkulas said to them: "People will say that we are offering blemished animals on the altar!"

Then they proposed to kill Bar Kamza so he couldn't go and inform on them again. But Rabbi Zecharia said, "Is one who makes a blemish on consecrated animals to be put to death?"

Rabbi Yochanan then remarked, "Through the scrupulousness of Rabbi Zecharia our house has been destroyed, our Temple burnt, and we ourselves exiled from our land." (Gittin 55b-56a)

Why was the First Temple destroyed? Because of three things which prevailed there: idolatry, immorality, bloodshed.

But why was the Second Temple destroyed, seeing that in its time they were occupying themselves with Torah, mitzvot, and the practice of charity? Because therein prevailed baseless hatred. This teaches us that baseless hatred is considered of equal gravity with the three sins of idolatry, immorality, and bloodshed together. (Yoma 9b)

The Shema and Her Blessings

Barchu – Call to Prayer

Barchu et Adonai ha-mevorach.

ברכו את יי' המברך:

□ Baruch Adonai ha-mevorach
l'olam va-ed.

ברוך יי' המברך לעולם ועד:

□

Blessed is God, the blessed One.

Blessed is God, the blessed One, now and forever!

from Lamentations 1

אֵיכָה | יִשְׁבָּה בַּלְּדֵה עִירְבָּתִי עִם הַיּוֹתָה בְּאֶלְמָנָה רַבְתִּי בְּגּוֹיִם
שָׁרַתִּי בְּמִדְינּוֹת הַיּוֹתָה לְמַס:

1 Eikhah! How can it be –
that she sat alone,
the city so great / so swelled with people?
She was like a widow.
The one great among the nations,
ministering among the states,
became a slave caste.

בָּלַו תִּבְכֶּה בְּלִילָה וְדָמַעַתָּה עַל לְחֵיה אִינָּלָה מְנַחַם מְכֻלָּאַהֲבָה
כָּלְרַעַלְיָה בְּגָדוֹ בְּהַתִּוְוָה לְאַיְבִּים:

2 Crying, she will cry in the night,
her tear upon her cheek
There is none for her, no comforter,
from all her lovers.
All her companions
played traitor with her.
They became for her enemies.

גַּלְתָּה יְהוֹדָה מָעֵנִי וְמִרְבֵּב עֲבָדָה הִיא יִשְׁבָּה בְּגּוֹיִם לֹא מְצָאָה מְנוֹתָה
כָּלְרַדְפִּיהָ הַשְׁגִּוָּה בֵּין מִפְּאָרִים:

3 She, Judah, was exiled,
by poverty, and by (so) much hard labor
She sat among the nations,
not finding any rest;
All her pursuers caught up with her
between the confined places.

דָּרְכֵי צִוְּן אֲבָלָות מִבְּלִי בָּאֵי מַזְלָעַד כָּל-שְׁעָרֶיךָ שׁוֹמְמִין כְּהַנִּיהָ נְאַנְחִים בְּתוּלְתִּיהָ נְגֻ�ָת וְהִיא
מַרְלָה:

4 Zion's roads are mourning
from being without festival-goers,
all her gates desolated;
Her priests are moaning,
her girls grieving;
And she – it is bitterness for her.

הִיּוּ צְרִיכָה לְרָאשׁ אִיבִּיהָ שְׁלֹו כִּי-הַזָּהָה הַזָּגָה עַל רַב-פְּשָׁעָה
עֹזְלָה הַלְּבָבוֹ שְׁבִּי לְפִנֵּי-צָרָ:

5 Her tormentors were at the head,
her enemies had ease
For YHVH aggrieved her
for the greatness of her sins.
Her babes walked captive before foe;

וַיָּצַא מִבְּתַ-צִוְּן כָּל-הַדָּרָה הִיּוּ שְׁרִיכָה בְּאַיִלִים לְאַמְצָאוֹ מַרְעָה
וַיָּלְכָו בְּלָא-כָחַ לְפִנֵּי רֹזֶף:

6 and all her splendor went out from
daughter Zion!
Her ministers, like deer,
not finding a place to graze;
They walked, without strength,
before a pursuer.

God Has Pity on Kindergarten Children

God has pity on kindergarten children.
He has less pity on school children
And on grownups he has no pity at all,
he leaves them alone,
and sometimes they must crawl on all fours
in the burning sand
to reach the first-aid station
covered with blood.

But perhaps he will watch over true lovers
and have mercy on them and shelter them
like a tree over the old man
sleeping on a public bench.

Perhaps we too will give them
the last rare coins of charity
that Mother handed down to us
so that their happiness may protect us
now and on other days.

Yehuda Amichai

adapted from Lamentations 2 & Psalm 130

Zion sits on the earth, her song silenced. We cast dust on the head, girded as in sackcloth, our heads bowed down to the ground.

Our eyes are spent with tears, our bowels grumble. Our livers are poured onto the dust because of the destruction. Children and babies fall in the streets, their souls poured onto parents' bosoms.

What comfort is there for this, when ruin is great like the sea?

Enemies hiss and gnash their teeth saying, "We will swallow them up. Let them have no pity."

Our hearts cry out to God. Zion's walls of protection lay in ruins.

Our tears flow like rivers. We have no rest in body or soul.

We cry out in the night. We pour out our hearts like water. Our hands rise up for the lives of our young, the poor faint in hunger.

Must we eat our young? Must young and old lie in the streets? Must young men fall by the sword, slain in anger without mercy?

On this appointed day, You call us into the terror at all sides. The walls are smashed. On this appointed day, You call us into the depths. Out of the depths, we call.

Evening

You mix the watercolors of the evening like my son, swishing his brush until the waters are black with paint. The sky is streaked and dimming.

The sun wheels over the horizon like a glowing penny falling into its slot. Day is spent, and in its place: the changing moon, the spatterdash of stars across the sky's expanse.

Every evening we tell ourselves the old story: You cover over our sins, forgiveness like a fleece blanket tucked around our ears. When we cry out, You will hear.

Soothe my fear of life without enough light. Rock me to sleep in the deepening dark.

Rabbi Rachel Barenblat

Ma'ariv Aravim: God of Day and Night

Baruch atah Adonai
Eloheinu melech ha'olam
asher bidvaro ma'ariv aravim
bechochmah poteach she'arim
uvitvunah meshaneh itim
umachalif et hazemanim
umsadeir et hakochavim
b'mishmeroteihem baraki'ah
kirtsono.

Borei yom valaila
goleil or mipnei choshech
vechoshech mipnei or
uma'avir yom umeivi lailah
umavdil bein yom uvein lailah
Adonai tzeva'ot shemo.

ברוך אתה יי',
אלֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
אֲשֶׁר בְּדָבָרֶךָ מַעֲרִיב עֲרָבִים,
בְּחִכָּמָה פֹּתַח שַׁעֲרִים
וּבְתַבּוֹנָה מִשְׁנָה עַתִּים,
וּמְחַלֵּף אֶת הַזָּמָנִים,
וּמְסִידֶר אֶת הַפּוֹכָבִים,
בְּמִשְׁמָרֹתֶיהָם בְּרִקְיעַ בְּרִצּוֹן.
בָּזָרָא יוֹם וְלִילָה,
גּוֹלֵל אֹזֶר מִפְנֵי חִשּׁוֹךְ,
וְחִשּׁוֹךְ מִפְנֵי אֹזֶר,
וּמַעֲבִיר יוֹם וּמַבִּיא לִילָה,
וּמַבְדִּיל בֵּין יוֹם וּבֵין לִילָה,
יי' צָבָאות שָׁמָן.

Blessed are You, Adonai our God, Source of all being,
by Whose word the evening falls.
In wisdom You open heaven's gates.
With understanding You make seasons change,
causing the times to come and go,
and ordering the stars on their appointed paths
through heaven's dome, all according to Your will.
Creator of day and night, who rolls back light before dark,
and dark before light, who makes day pass away
and brings on the night, dividing between day and night;
the Leader of Heaven's Multitudes is Your name!

▫ Eil chai vekayam tamid
yimloch aleinu le'olam va'ed.
Baruch atah Adonai
hama'ariv aravim.

▫ אל חי וקיים,
המיד ימלוך עליינו לעולם ועד.
ברוך אתה יי',
המעריב ערבים:

Living and enduring God, be our guide
now and always.
Blessed are You, Source of All being,
Who makes evening fall.

Psalm 130 (adapted from R. Zalman Schachter-Shalomi zt"l)

From the deepest place within me, I call out to You.
God, hear what is in my voice.
Hear my pleading tone.
Were You to look for imperfection—
who could stand it? Who could stand it?
You are so generous with pardon, but we fear to seek it.
Still I hope, God. My very soul hopes for it:
Please send me Your loving word.
Among the watchers for the dawn, my God,
I yearn for Your grace to end my darkness.
Israel looks to You, God, who are so gracious.
So easily You can free all of us.
Lift us from all our brokenness.

An *Ahavat Olam* for Tisha b'Av (Mixed with Eicha)

You have loved us with an unending love.
How, then, can we understand our dreadful memories:

*the city sitting desolate like a widow
crying in the night, her skirts bloodied?*

You have given us Torah and mitzvot, laws of love
yet we also remember generations of horrors:

*our girls and our boys walking into captivity,
mass graves like gaping mouths, our enemies rejoicing.*

Great like the sea is our shattering.
Why have You veiled Your face in anger?

*We are worn away. Our bellies are bitter as wormwood.
Like women eating their own babies, we become crazed in our fear.*

Help us to make Your words the cornerstone of our days.
Help us trust that You will not forget us.

Ve'ahavatcha al tasir
Mimenu le'olamim.
Baruch atah Adonai
oheiv amo Yisrael.

וְאַהֲבָתֶךָ אֶל תְּסִיר מִמְּנָנוּ לְעוֹלָמִים. בָּרוּךְ
אַתָּה יְיָ אֲזַהֲבָעָמָו יִשְׂרָאֵל:

Your love will never depart from us as long as worlds endure. Blessed are You, Adonai,
who loves Your people Israel.

Shema

- Shema Yisrael:
Adonai Eloheinu
Adonai echad!
(Baruch shem kvod
malchuto l'olam vaed.)

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְיָ אֶחָד:

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבֹוד מֶלֶכְתְּנוּ לְעוֹלָם וְעַד.

Hear, O Israel: Adonai is our God, Adonai is One!
Through time and space Your glory shines, Majestic One!

V'ahavta et Adonai elohecha, b'chol
l'vavcha, uv'chol nafshecha, uv'chol
me'odecha. V'hayu ha-d'verim ha-eileh,
asher anochi m'tzv'cha hayom, al
levavecha. V'shinantam l'venecha, v'dibarta
bam b'shiv't'cha b'veitecha, uv'lech't'cha
vaderech uv'shochb'cha uv'kumecha.
Ukshartam l'ot al yadecha, v'hayu l'totafot
bein enecha, uchtavtam al mezuzot
beitecha uvisharecha.

וְאַהֲבָתָ את יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיךְ, בְּכָל־לְבָבֶךְ
וּבְכָל־גִּפְשָׁךְ, וּבְכָל־מִאָדָךְ. וְהִי
הַדָּבָרִים הָאֱלֹהִים אֲשֶׁר אָנֹכִי מִצְוָה
הַיּוֹם, עַל־לְבָבֶךְ: וְשִׁנְנַתָּם לְבָנֶיךְ,
וְדִבְרָתָ בְּם בְּשִׁבְתָּךְ בְּבִיתְךְ, וּבְלִבְתָּךְ
בְּדֶרֶךְ וּבְשִׁבְבֶּךְ, וּבְקִימָה. וְקִשְׁרָתָם
לְאַזְתָּעַדְתָּה, וְהִי לְטַטְפָּת בֵּין
עֵינֶיךְ, וּכְתִבְתָּם עַל מִזְזֹת בִּיתְךְ
וּבְשִׁערֵיךְ:

You shall love Adonai your God with all your heart, with all your mind, with all your being. Set these words which I enjoin upon you today upon your heart. Teach them faithfully to your children. Speak of them in your home and on your way, when you lie down and when you rise up. Bind them as a sign on your hand. Let them be symbols before your eyes. Inscribe them on the doorposts of your house, and on your gates.

הַשְׁמַרְתָּ לְכֶם פָּנִים-יִפְתָּחָה לְבָבְכֶם, וִסְרָתָם וּבְדָתָם אֱלֹהִים אֶחָדים וְהַשְׁתְּחִווֹתָם לְהֶם.
וְחִרְחָה אֲפִ-יְיָ בְּכֶם, וּעְצָר אֶת-הַשְׁמִינִים וְלֹא-יְהִי מַטָּר, וְהַאֲדָמָה לֹא תַּתְנוּ אֶת-יְבֹאָה
וְאַבְדָּתָם מִהָּרָה מֵעַל הָאָרֶץ הַטְּבָה אֲשֶׁר יְיָ נָתַן לְכֶם:

Watch out! Don't let your hearts turn to serve other gods and bow down to them, for cosmic anger will turn on you. Heaven will close, sustenance will cease, and the earth will not produce bounty. Speedily you will feel chased from the goodness that God gave you.

Adonai Eloheichem emet.

יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיכֶם אֶמֶת:

Your God is a true God.

from Lamentations 3

When a whole people is taken prisoner and downtrodden,
when a man is deprived of his rights,
under the eyes of the Most High,
when a person does not get justice,
does Adonai not see it?
Let us scan and search our lives,
let us return to YHVH,
lifting our hearts up with our hands
to God in heaven.

בַּי לֹא עָנָה מִלְבָזׁוֹ וַיָּגַה בְּנֵי-אִישׁ: לְדַבָּא
תְּחַת רְגָלָיו בְּלֵא סִירִי אָרָץ: לְה לְהֹתֹת
מְשֻׁפְט-גָּבָר נָגֵד פָּנִי עַלְיוֹן: לֹו לְעֹות אָדָם בְּרִיבָז
אָדָנִי לֹא רָאָה: נְחַפְשָׂה דָּרְכֵינוּ וְנַחֲקָרָה
וְנַשׁוּבָה עַד-יְהָה: נְשָׂא לְבָבָנוּ אַל-כְּפָרִים
אַל-אָל בְּשָׁמִים:

Ge'ulah: Redemption

Redemption Poem

What did they think
as the waters rose up their legs,
chilling their hearts,
advancing toward their open mouths?

We continue to walk
here, now.
One foot at a time –
on our better days, forward.

Alone,
I cannot
reach the far shore
without drowning

But somehow I don't go under.
The person to my right holds me up.
Something I cannot see
holds him up.

Blessed is the Source of Help
so often unexpected.
I step forward:
The sea is vast.

Mark Nazimova

Mi chamocha ba'eilim
Adonai, mi camocha nedar
bakodesh, nora tehilot oseh
feleh.

Malchut'cha ra'u vanecha,
bokeia yam lifnei Moshe
u-Miriam. "Zeh eli," anu v'amru;
"Adonai yimloch l'olam va'ed!"

V'ne'emar: ki fadah Adonai et
Ya'akov, u'g'alo miyad chazak
mimenu. Baruch atah, Adonai,
ga'al Yisrael.

מִכְמָכָה בָּאֵלִים יְיָ, מִכְמָכָה נָאָדָר בְּקָדְשָׁו,
נִזְרָא תְּהִילָתָה, עֲשָׂה פָּלָא:

מִלְכָוֶתךְ רָאוּ בְּנֵיכְךָ, בָּזְקָעָם לְפָנֵי מֹשֶׁה וּמְרִים,
זֶה אֵלִי עֲנוּ וְאָמְרָא: יְיָ יְמַלְּךָ לְעוֹלָם וְעַד.

וְנִאָמֵר: כִּי פְּדָה יְיָ אֶת יִצְחָק, וְאֶלְלוּ מִיד חִזְקִיָּה
מִמְּנָנוּ. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ גָּאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל:

Who is like You, among the gods, Adonai? Who is like You, awesome and doing wonders? Your children saw your majesty, splitting the sea before Moses and Miriam. "This is our God," they cried, "Adonai will reign through all space and time!" And it is said: Adonai has saved the people of Jacob, and redeems the weak from the mighty. Blessed are You, Adonai, who redeems Israel.

Hashkivenu: A Shelter of Peace

Too often the world turns upside down:
destruction and exile haunt us again and again.

*Too often aggression and violence dim the human spirit.
Crusades and genocides inflict losses beyond measure.*

Even the thickest walls cannot always protect us.
Even our innermost sanctuaries see devastation.

*We crave to know why, to be protected from onslaught.
We yearn to be tucked in at night and wake to new life.*

We crave the cradle of Your peace and wise counsel.
Shield us: remove from us enmity, plague, sword, famine and grief.

*Remove all blocks to the flow of spirit.
Shelter us in the shade of Your wing, for You are our protector and rescuer.*

Gracious and compassionate One, bless our going and coming,
for life and peace, now and forever.

Rabbi David Markus

Hashkivenu Yah eloheinu l'shalom.
Ufros aleinu sukkat shlomecha.

השְׁכִיבֵנו יְהָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם.
וְפִרְשֵׁ עָלֵינוּ סְכָת שְׁלוֹמָה.

Help us to lie down in peace, Yah our God.
Spread Your sheltering peace over us.

(chant by Rabbi Hanna Tiferet Siegel)

Prelude to the Amidah

My God, so near and tonight seeming so far away,
Be with me during moments of darkness, pain, destruction and exile.
Help me find holy stillness even amidst rubble,
serenity amidst loneliness, hope amidst despair.
Open my mouth and, even now,
My lips will declare Your praise.

Rabbi David Markus

Amidah / Silent Standing Prayer

What do you most need to say to God tonight?

What do you need to pour forth from your heart?

What is your response to the world's brokenness this year?

What healing do you yearn for?

Oseh shalom bimromav,
hu ya'a seh shalom, aleinu
v'al kol yisrael, v'al kol
yoshvei tevel, v'imru
Amen.

עֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמִרְׂמָמָיו הָוָא יַעֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי
טָבֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

May the One Who makes peace in high places make peace for us, for all Israel, and for
all who dwell on this earth, and let us say: Amen.

At the First-Aid Station

You

Who weep although you have no ducts for tears
Who cry although you have no lips for words
Who wish to clasp
Although you have no skin to touch

You

Limbs twitching, oozing blood and foul secretions
Eyes all puffed-up slits of white

Tatters of underwear

Your only clothing now

Yet with no thought of shame

Ah! How fresh and lovely you all were

A flash of time ago

When you were school girls, a flash ago

Who could believe it now?

Out from the murky, quivering flames

Of burning, festering Hiroshima

You step, unrecognizable

even to yourselves

You leap and crawl, one by one

Onto this grassy plot

Wisps of hair on bronze bald heads

Into the dust of agony Why have you had to suffer this?

Why this, the cruelest of inflictions?

Was there some purpose?

Why?

You look so monstrous, but could not know

How far removed you are now from mankind

You think:

Perhaps you think

Of mothers and fathers,

brothers

and sisters

Could even they know you now?

Of sleeping and waking, of breakfast and home

Where the flowers in the hedge scattered in a flash

And even the ashes now have gone

Thinking, thinking, you are thinking

Trapped with friends

who ceased to move, one by one

Thinking when once you were a daughter

A daughter of humanity

Toge Sankichi

(Born in Japan in 1921, Toge Sankichi was 24 when the atomic bomb was dropped. He died at 36, a victim of leukemia resulting from the atomic bomb)

Body Parts

Outside a market, a foot
lies on the ground. An arm,
skin leathery and suntanned, or
slack, with blue cables of veins.
The freckled, the spotless,
the hairy, the smooth.

A rabbi in long coat and black hat
picks them up.
He will save them
for burial with the dead
so that on the last day no one will arise
without feet, arms.

The rabbi puts them
in the plastic bag, mixes
defenders with attackers.
At the last day, all
will stand up together.

Hannah Stein

from A Letter From an Israeli Soldier to His Mother

Moving into Gaza
No Fighters here
A loud question bursts in my chest: What am I doing here?

No fighters here
I am panicked
I had never seen their faces before
Palestinians
Those creatures behind the wall
I had never seen their faces before
What do I do here?

The little girl paralyzed struck to the ground like a wounded rabbit
I looked at her
I just killed your mother
Your father and your brother's son

We are only defending ourselves
These children grow up to be suicide bombers
I am just following orders
And a lingering question
What did I do there?
What am I doing here?

Vivien Sansour

Aleinu

Ein old milvado, Hashem hu ha-elohim.

אין עוד מלבדו, ה' הוא האלוהים.

There is nothing but God; God is God.

from Prayer for Tisha b'Av

May the One who knows our wishes for a better world,
Who sees the longing and sadness that we hold in our hearts
and the brokenness that we encounter in our lives:
dear Yah our God, please comfort us.

Dear Yah, comfort especially those who are so broken by the world
that they've become bitter and alienated from holiness.

Please comfort us Yah, *haEl haGadol haGibor v'haNora*,
with that holy vision of a House of prayer for all peoples.

May it be Your will, dear God, that the souls of all who enter the gates
of the Holy city Jerusalem / al-Quds
may be refreshed with complete ease, doubly consoled.

Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi

from Lamentations ch. 5

השִׁיבָנוּ יְה | אֱלֹךְ וְנִשְׁוֹבָה
חִידָשׁ יְמִינֵנוּ בְּקֶדֶם:
כִּי אִם-מָאֵס מַאֲסָתֵנוּ קָצְפָת עַלְינוּ עַד-מָאֵד —
השִׁיבָנוּ יְה | אֱלֹךְ וְנִשְׁוֹבָה
חִידָשׁ יְמִינֵנוּ בְּקֶדֶם!

Turn us, God, toward You, and we will turn
Renew our days like long ago
For if You were to loathe us, to be enraged over us —
Turn us, God, toward You, and we will turn
Renew our days like the dawn!

Mourner's *Kaddish*

Yitgadal v'yitkadash, shmeh
rabah. B'alma di vra chiruteh,
v'yamlich malchuteh b'chayyeichon
u'v'yomeichon u'vchayyei d'chol
beit Yisrael. Ba'agala u-vizman
kariv v'imru amen.

□ Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varakh l'olam
ol'almei almaya.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach, v'yitpa'ar
v'yit-romam v'yit-naseh. V'yithadar
v'yitaleh v'yithallal shmeh
d'kudh'sha b'rich hu. L'eyla min kol
birchata v'shirata, tushbechata
v'nechemata, damiran b'alma,
v'imru amen.

Y'hei shlama raba min shemaya
v'chayyim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael,
v'imru amen. Oseh shalom
bimromav, hu ya'aseh shalom,
aleinu v'al kol yisrael, v'al kol
yoshvei tevel, v'imru Amen.

יתגָּדֶל וַיְתִקְדַּשׁ שְׁמָה רַبָּא. בְּעַלְמָא דִּי בָּרָא
בְּרַעֲוַתָּה, וַיְמַלֵּיךְ מֶלֶכְתָּה בְּחַיְיכָוּן וַיּוֹמִיכָוּן
וּבְחַיִּי דָּכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל.
בְּעַגְלָא וּבָזְמָן קָרִיב וְאָמָרָו אָמָן:

■ יהָא שְׁמָה רַבָּא מִבְּרָךְ לְעוֹלָם וְלְעוֹלָמִי עַלְמִיא:

יתְבָרֵךְ וַיְשַׁתְּבַח, וַיְתִפְאֵר וַיְתִרְוֹם וַיְתִנְשָׁא
וַיְתַהְדֵר וַיְתַעַלָּה וַיְתַהְלֵל שְׁמָה דָּקְדָּשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הָוּא לְעַלָּא מַן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא, תְּשִׁבְחָתָא
וְנִחְמָתָא, דָּאָמִרָן בְּעַלְמָא, וְאָמָרָו אָמָן:

יהָא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מַן שְׁמִיא וְחַיִּים עַלְינָנוּ וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמָרָו אָמָן:
עַשְׂה שְׁלֹום בְּמִרְזָמָיו הָוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלֹום עַלְינָנוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי טֶבֶל, וְאָמָרָו
אָמָן:

Magnified and sanctified! Magnified and sanctified! May God's Great Name fill the world God created. May God's splendor be seen in the world in your life, in your days, in the life of all Israel. Quickly and soon! And let us say, Amen.

Forever may the Great Name be blessed!

Blessed and praised! Splendid and supreme! May the holy name, Bless God, be praised, far beyond all the blessings and songs, comforts and consolations, that can be offered in this world. And let us say: Amen.

May there be peace and life, great peace and life from heaven above for us and all Israel. And let us say, Amen!

May the One who makes peace in the high heavens make peace for us, for our whole community, and for all the peoples of the world. And let us say: Amen.

After the Fall (Tisha b'Av)

The Mishna says
senseless hatred
knocked the Temple down

not the Romans with their siege engines —
or not only them, but
our ancestors too

who slipped into petty backbiting
ignored Shabbat
forgot how to offer their hearts

we're no better
we who secretly know we're right
holier-than-they

we who roll our eyes
and patronize, who check email
even on the holiest of days

who forget that
a prayer is more than a tune
more than words on a page

after every shooting parents weep
and we're too busy arguing
motive to comfort them

across the Middle East parents weep
and we're too busy arguing
borders to comfort them

in our nursing homes parents weep
shuddering and alone
and we're too busy —

even now what sanctuaries
what human hearts
are damaged and burned

while we snipe at each other
or insist we're not responsible
or avert our gaze?

Rabbi Rachel Barenblat