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The Voice of Children

A Siddur for Shabbat

Hebrew/English

Edited by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso
and Rabbi Jeffrey Schein

Illustrated by Joani Rothenberg

Assistant Editor: Rabbi Amber Powers

The Reconstructionist Press
Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

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Introduction

This *sidur* is based on the premise that children have deeply spiritual lives and that our role is to help them find a language to give that spirituality form and expression. Their surprise and delight at the wonder and mystery of the world is already a kind of prayer. We want to capitalize on this innate prayerfulness of children and connect the spontaneous prayer of the heart with the prayer language of tradition developed over several millennia of Jewish experience.

Mordecai Kaplan once remarked that asking why a person prays is like asking why he or she breathes. Both are a part of what it means to be a human being. Abraham Joshua Heschel taught, "It takes two things to make a prayer come to pass—a person and a word. The very essence of prayer is the blending of the two."

In this *sidur*, we help to make the activity of praying as natural as breathing, to blend the words of tradition with the mind and soul of the child. We invite children to speak the words and sing the songs that moved the generations and to give their own voice to what moves them, to express the longings of their hearts. We hope to keep them rooted in their tradition and also to lift them up, to connect them to something everlasting.

Stories from Jewish sources and folklore introduce the different sections in the service, because we believe that children can best access the meaning of prayer through stories. Children respond to the language and flow of narrative. They are able to enter a story and find their own place within it. When we encourage them to explore their own relationship to the narrative, we help them to become aware of their own spiritual experience and to explore their spiritual questions.

The questions in *Siddur Kol Hanavi'im* invite children to engage in a conversation with prayer and with its meaning to them and their lives. The questions presume that we will take children’s thoughts and concerns seriously, and that we are interested in what our youngsters are thinking about life’s big questions.

Acknowledgements

We would like to express our gratitude for the gift given by The Schein Foundation through an anonymous donor in memory of Rabbi Devora Barzilai, z”l. We also are grateful to the many grandparents who have supported the publication of this *sidur* in honor of their grandchildren and whose names appear on the preceding pages.

We are grateful to the campers of Camp JRF and to the children of our congregations across North America who contributed their imaginations from Congregation Beth El Zedeck, Congregation Beth Israel, Oh Hadash, Ramah Shalom, and University Synagogue.

Jeff would like to thank Debby Schein for her numerous suggestions. Sandy is grateful to Dennis Sasso for his keen editorial eye, his appreciation of the Hebrew language and his many insights that are evident throughout this *sidur*. He has been a patient and constructive listener and adviser.

We also want to thank: Jonah Rothenberg for his illustrations; Rabbi Judy Kanner for the meditations; Rabbi Toba Spitzer for some of the English translations in the *sidur*; and Rabbi Amher Powers for her patient and skilled management of many facets of the project.

We are grateful to storytellers Molly Green, Howard Schwartz and Susan Stone, who contributed wonderful folk stories and helped us to track down their sources. Thanks to Peninah Schein for her guidance on the origins of the folk tales.

We thank Rabbi Shai Gluckin and Michael Ross, who have been invaluable assets in shepherding this project through its final stages of development and production. Other staff members at the Jewish Reconstructionist Federation have also been vital to the success of this project. They are Carl Sheingold, Lani Moss, Rabbi Jeffrey Eisenstat, Phil Goldberg, Barbara Borner, Hartie Dunbar, Judy Rosenburg, Phyllis Zeeman and Debbie Liebman.

We also thank Yolanda Martel for the design, typesetting and production coordination, and Gianni Caccia for his artistic advice. Finally, we would like to thank Dr. David Teutsch, Marilyn Silversstein, Rabbi Reena Spiererz, Dr. David Golumba, Chaplain Herzog Marx and directors of education at JRF congregations for their proofreading and manuscript reviews.

Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso, Indianapolis, IN
Rabbi Jeffrey Schein, Cleveland, OH

Eby 5765
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Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso, Indianapolis, in
Rabbi Jeffrey Schein, Cleveland, OH

*Ebd. 5/85*
The translations, stories and poetry in this *sidur* are intended to be clear enough to be understandable, poetic enough to be inspiring, concrete enough to be connected to a child's experience and open to a continuing conversation. They are meant to serve as resources to help the service leader enrich the prayer experience.

Our children's lives are filled with noise. Whenever there is a silence, we rush to fill it up. We need intentional quiet to remain in touch with what is eternal, with the spirit. The *sidur* is designed to make space for silence. Through art and guided meditations, children will have the opportunity to slow down, to take a deep breath and reflect, to commune with the self in the midst of community. Sometimes, inviting the children to close their eyes and to listen to the words of the meditations will help invite the reflective process that is so much a part of the prayer experience.

We have included the writings of renowned poets, such as Chaim Nachman Bialik and Leah Goldberg, as well as the imaginations of children from synagogues across North America. In this way, we hope to communicate that prayer is an evolving tradition in which our children are not merely descendants but ancestors.

This prayer book is designed to be used in an intergenerational context. It was supported by many grandparents across North America who have dedicated *Sidur Kol Hanavi'im* to their own grandchildren. Their hope, along with ours, is that its words, pictures, poetry and stories will serve as an inspiration to all who pray from its pages.
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Shabbat candles." Then she took her hands away from her face. "Listen!" she whispered.

The king listened. He could hear nothing. He listened again. Still, nothing. "It is the sound of the Sabbath," the woman whispered again. "It is the sound of shalom, of peace."

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!" said the king. "The peace of the Sabbath is the sweetest sound of all."

—Afghani folk tale

The Sweetest Sound

“What is the sweetest sound in all the earth?” the king asked the wise men and women of his council. But no one knew the answer. So the king called all the musicians in the kingdom to the palace to play their sweetest melodies. "Each of you play a tune," he commanded, "and I will decide which is the sweetest to my ears."

Early Friday morning, the king sat on his balcony to listen. All day, the violins sang, the flutes fluttered, the harps twanged, the horns blew, the bells rang, the drums pounded, the chimes pealed, the cymbals banged, the gongs rang, the lyres strummed, the trumpets blared, the pipes whistled, the lutes lifted and all the other instruments rattled and beat and gurgled as sweetly as they could.

But the king still couldn’t decide which sound was the sweetest. As the sun was about to set, he clapsed his hands to his aching head. "Stop!" he shouted to all the music makers.

A woman, dressed in her Sabbath best, called out, "O King! I have the answer to your question." And she took two candles from her pocket and placed them on the railing of the balcony. She struck a match. The candle flames flickered up just as the sun began to go down. Covering her eyes with her hands, she chanted, "Blessed are You, Adonay our God, the Source of light, who makes us holy through your mitzvot, and calls us to light the
Shabbat candles.” Then she took her hands away from her face. “Listen!” she whispered.

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KABBALAT SHABBAT

HADLAKAT NEROT

כְּבָלָת שֶבָּת

בָּרוּךְ אֱלֹהֵיכֶם יְהוָה

אֲלָלֹהָנוּ מָלֵךְ עַמּוֹ

אַשְׁרָ קָדָשָׁנוּ בְּמַצָּוִּיתֵנוּ

לְהָדָלֵק עַד שֶבָּתָה

Blessed are You, Adonay
our God, the Source of light,
who makes us holy through your mitzvot,
and calls us to light the Shabbat candles.

Night Psalm

The moon is wrapped in black.
The stars are stored away.
There is from north to south
no single spark of day.

In the secret tent of my heart
light a white candle and say:
In the north and the south
the sun will bloom today.

—Leah Goldberg, adapted
בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה ה' אוֹדוּן הָאָלְפֵּי הָבָרֹקָה מִצְיוֹתְךָ וּרְחֵםָה שֶׁל שֶׁבָּתָה

Blessed are You, Adonay our God, the Source of light, who makes us holy through your mitzvot, and calls us to light the Shabbat candles.

Night Psalm

The moon is wrapped in black,
The stars are stored away.
There is from north to south
no single spark of day.

In the secret tent of my heart
light a white candle and say:
In the north and the south
the sun will bloom today.

—Leah Goldberg, adapted
BIRHOT HAMISHPAAH

To a son:

May God make you like Ephraim and Menasheh.

To a daughter:

May God make you like Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel and Leah.

May God bless and protect you.
May God’s light and grace be with you.
May God’s goodness smile on you and fill you with peace.

May the Merciful One bless all of us together with the blessing of peace.
To a son:

May God make you like Ephraim and Menasheh.

To a daughter:

May God make you like Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel and Leah.

May God bless and protect you.
May God’s light and grace be with you.
May God’s goodness smile on you and fill you with peace.

May the Merciful One bless all of us together with the blessing of peace.
Songs to Welcome Shabbat

כּ בֵּמַ שֵׁבַת שָלוֹם
מֵה חַכָּה הָיוָם שֵׁבַת שָלוֹם
שֵׁבַת שָלוֹם

How beautiful is this day! Shabbat shalom.
A peaceful and blessed Shabbat.

הָנה מָה יְזַעַב וְקָרַע יִי
שֵׁבַת אַחֲרֵי יָמִי
הָנה מָה יְזַעַב וְקָרַע יִי
שֵׁבַת אַחֲרֵי יָמִי

How good it is for us to be together
as brothers and sisters.

כִּבְאוֹנֵינוּ שָלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם.
We bring you blessings of peace.
Songs to Welcome Shabbat

בָּנָה שֶׁלֹּא שְׁלֹא‬
How beautiful is this day! Shabbat shalom.
A peaceful and blessed Shabbat.

נהַה שֶׁלֹּא שְׁלֹא‬
How good it is for us to be together as brothers and sisters.

בָּנָה שֶׁלֹּא שְׁלֹא‬
We bring you blessings of peace.
Creator of sunrise and sunset,
You turn the day into night
And the night into morning.
Dividing the day from the night
So no time is like another.

A thousand starlights write Your name in the heavens.
Source of life, be with us in the dark,
Now and always.

Blessed are You, Adonay, Creator,
who brings in the evening.

God says to me with a kind of a smile.
"Hey, how would you like to be God for a while
and steer the world?"
"Okay," says I, "I'll give it a try.
Where do I set?
How much do I get?
What time is lunch?
When can I quit?"
"Gimme back that wheel," says God,
"I don't think you're quite ready yet."

—Shel Silverstein
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"Gimme back that wheel," says God,
"I don't think you're quite ready yet."

—Shel Silverstein
We thank you God
For all the wonders of the night
For pulling night from day
With the colors of the sunset
For protecting us through
The dark of night
allowing us to see the stars.

—Mason, Samantha, Jeff and Will,
Camp JRF

A Small Star

A small star is shooting through the sky,
but I don't know its name.
Only that it radiates light
through a deep, dark sky.

Through my window you shine.
A stream of light, a nighttime rainbow
lighting up the wandering path.
Don't hide behind a cloud.
Keep shooting, my little star.

—Yonaton Geffen
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—Yonaton Gefen
The Princess of Light

Once upon a time, there was a princess who made her home in the Temple in Jerusalem. She was made entirely of light. Most of the time, the princess was invisible. People could feel her presence, and once in a while they saw her in their dreams. They knew that as long as the princess was with them, they would be protected.

While the Temple stood in Jerusalem, the princess was happy. But when the Temple was torn down, the princess was heartbroken. She went with the Jewish people into exile. She was always with her people, but the people could not find where she was hidden.

One by one, the people set out on a quest to find the princess. Without her, the world was dark. They thought, "Where is the princess of light who is so well hidden, yet at the same time is always with us?"

Where did the princess hide herself? In the words of the Torah. As the people read the Torah and understood the secrets hidden there, they saw the light of the princess, and their eyes were filled with splendor.

Now that the people know where the princess is hidden, they are determined to set her free. On that day, the whole world will celebrate.

— Zohar

What are you looking for in our world that you have trouble finding?
I wonder if there is anything that you can’t see or touch that makes you feel safe and protected.
I wonder if you have a dark place in your life. How might the princess help bring light to that place?
Where in the Torah do you find the light of the princess?
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I wonder if you have a dark place in your life. How might the princess help bring light to that place?
Where in the Torah do you find the light of the princess?
Love God
With all your heart,
With all your soul,
With all that you are.

Learn Torah, live Torah
With words from the heart,
With words from the soul,
With all the words you speak.

Talk of God, God the One.
You and I,
Everyone,
Connected!

Think about this
When you sit and stand,
When you walk and talk,
Inside, outside,
Here and everywhere.
Let godly words fill your house
And live in you.

Listen Israel: Adonay our God, Adonay is One
Blessed is God’s holiness forever.

In every place,
In every moment,
In every breath,
In every action.

Let us connect,
Let us heal,
Let us love,
Let us be.

Let us sing,
Let us dance,
Let us live,
Let us thrive.

Let us build,
Let us create,
Let us learn,
Let us grow.

Let us dream,
Let us believe,
Let us hope,
Let us do.

Let us come together,
Let us stand strong,
Let us move forward,
Let us reach for the stars.
Love God
With all your heart,
With all your soul,
With all that you are.

Learn Torah, live Torah
With words from the heart,
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When you sit and stand,
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Inside, outside,
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Let godly words fill your house
And live in you.
God used the special browns for skin
In every hue and shade,
From palest pink to deepest black.
From golden brown to beige.
God painted hair like sunset reds
And pale as moon, or silver gray
On older, wiser heads.

God painted eyes of green and blue
And black and brown and gray,
And hazel, even violet,
Like sky at close of day.
"My people are so beautiful."
God said with great delight.
"The colors of my whole wide world,
A rainbow come to life."

— Alyson C. Huntly

The Painting of the World

"The painting of the world," said God,
"Is very nearly done.
The forest green, the blue of sea,
The golden gleam of sun.
I've painted tender browns on bears,
Soft gray on minke whales,
And intricate designs of pink
And beige on shells of snails.

"I love the colors of the sky,
As day turns into night.
The red and gold of setting sun,
The way the stars shine bright.
The deepening of shadows
Into gray and violet blue,
The velvet black of midnight
And the moon with its soft hue."

God put away the colors
And God tidied up the paint.
God sighed a little tiny sigh,
Then suddenly said, "Wait!
I love these colors very much.
They really are so fine.
I think I'll paint my people,
Use these colors one more time."
God used the special browns for skin
In every hue and shade,
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Naḥshon

The children of Israel marched from Egypt into the wilderness. After three days, they arrived at the shores of the Sea of Reeds. They looked back, and behind them were the Egyptian chariots. They looked to their left and their right, and beside them were the wild beasts of the wilderness. They looked straight ahead, and in front of them was the raging sea. The people were afraid. Some said that it was better to be a slave than to drown in the sea or to be killed by the Egyptians. Some of the people were complaining, some were weeping. The leaders of the tribes were arguing. Moses was praying.

Just then, Naḥshon ben Aminadav jumped into the water. The people gasped! When the water reached his waist and the sea still raged, Naḥshon could hear the people on the shore shouting at him to return. But Naḥshon did not listen. He kept walking deeper and deeper into the sea. The water came to his neck. When the sea reached all the way up to his nose, the Sea of Reeds parted. The children of Israel began to walk on dry land. To their left and their right were walls of water, and in front of them was God's promise of a land flowing with milk and honey.

—Midrash

When I listen to God,
I listen to my heart.
I hear trees swaying with their leaves.
God is all around.
I hear people praying from Australia to Peru.
I hear a voice coming out of nowhere.
I hear the love of people.

—Students at Or Hadash

To love God
is to really thank God
is to talk to God
is to pray to God
is to play with God
is to be honest with God.

—Fourth Grade, Ramat Shalom
Naḥshon

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is to play with God
is to be honest with God.

—Fourth Graders, Ramat Shalom
Help us to lie down, Adonay, in peace,
and let us wake up full of life.
Keep us safe in your shelter of peace.
Blessed are You, Source of kindness and love,
who spreads a sukkah of peace over us,
over Jerusalem,
and over all who live on earth.

This is the song that Moses, Miriam and the Israelites sang
as they crossed the sea to freedom:

"Who is like You, Adonay?
What can compare to You?
Holy,
awesome,
doing amazing things!"

The Israelites felt God when the sea split in front of them,
and they sang, "Adonay will be with us forever!"

Blessed are You, Adonay, who makes us free.
Help us to lie down, Adonay, in peace, and let us wake up full of life.
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Blessed are You, Adonay, who makes us free.
Prayer of a Breton Fisherman

Dear God,
Be good to me.
The sea is so wide
And my boat is so small.

Dear God,
Can you protect me from the dark,
from sadness and war?
Can you protect me from my nightmares coming true?
Can you protect me from all lightning and thunder?
Don't let me be afraid.
Help me through the night.
Give me peace.
When the sun comes up,
I'll awaken with good thoughts.
My loved ones will be there.

—Third graders,
Congregation Beth Israel
Prayer of a Breton Fisherman

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Shabbat is a stop sign.
Shabbat means
To give thanks for the making of the earth,
Rest and being with family,
Peace,
Time to relax,
Love,
Saying blessings,
Kindness and renewal.
We should stop and enjoy creation.
Shabbat is our stop sign.

—Students from University Synagogue
and Beth-El Zedeck

Let’s make Shabbat,
Let’s keep Shabbat
A holy day, forever and ever,
A day to connect to God,
To all creation.
All week, we create.
We work hard.
On Shabbat, we stop,
take a breath,
and breathe our soul
into the world.
Shabbat is a stop sign.
Shabbat means
To give thanks for the making of the earth,
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into the world.
Finding God

There once was a young boy who always liked to spend his time in the forest. Now, the forest could be a very beautiful and exciting place. But there was no knowing what one would find there. It could also be a place of great danger.

The young boy's father was worried. He was delighted that his son was so full of adventure and curiosity, but he was afraid that something terrible would happen to him in the forest.

Finally, he asked his son, "Why do you always go into the forest?"

"I go there to find God," the son replied.

The father was relieved. Surely, there was a way to convince his son that it was not necessary to go into the forest to find God; he could find God anywhere.

"Don't you know that God is everywhere, one and the same?" he responded.

"Yes," agreed the son, "but I am not."

—Hasidic folk tale

Where do you go to find God?

I wonder if there are places you like to go that are both beautiful and dangerous at the same time.

I wonder how you would answer the father.
Finding God

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Where do you go to find God?

I wonder if there are places you like to go that are both beautiful and dangerous at the same time.

I wonder how you would answer the father.
May the One who makes peace above,
make peace for us, for all Israel,
and for all who live on earth.

The Voice

There is a voice inside of you
That whispers all day long
"I know that this is right for me.
I know that this is wrong."

—Shel Silverstein

Lying in the grass;
Staring at the sky,
Just waiting, just waiting,
For the clouds to go by,
Looking for shapes,
Just lying there,
Wondering how long...
And God is where?

—Alissa, University Synagogue
OSEH SHALOM

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make peace for us, for all Israel,
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Blessed are You, the Source of All, 
for the fruit of the vine, 
for your gift of Shabbat that reminds us 
of the beauty of the world, 
for the joy of mitzvot, 
for the pleasure of rest, 
for the blessing of freedom. 
Blessed are You 
for the holiness of Shabbat.
Blessed are You, the Source of All,
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for the pleasure of rest,
for the blessing of freedom.
Blessed are You
for the holiness of Shabbat.
We Remember

Imagine being in a forest on a sunny day. See the trees around you and feel the sunlight falling on the forest floor. Breathe in the smells of the forest and listen to the sounds around you.

Look for all the life that is in the forest. Birds are chirping, worms are digging down into the earth, animals are moving between the trees. Now the leaves begin to fall to the ground. Flowers fade. Winter comes. It is cold and dark. But slowly the sun appears closer, the ground feels warmer, and spring returns.

We are all part of the great cycle of life and death. Think for a moment of people who are no longer alive. Some of you may know a person who has died, or you may know someone who has lost a loved one. Remember something special about this person's life. Remember what it is you miss the most. Remember something this person taught you.

Send your loving thoughts to those around you who may feel sad as they remember their loved ones.

It is up to us to praise the Source of All,
To sing how wonderful the world can be.

And so we bend our knees, and bow,
And give thanks to the One
who is all around us,
within us,
and beyond us,
Whose Presence is everywhere.

It is said:
“The Source of Hope will fill the earth.
On that day, the One with many names will be One,
and God's name will be One.”
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KADDESH YATOM

Let the Creator's name be made great and holy in the world.
May the Comforter's name be blessed and honored with prayers, songs, thanks and praise, forever and ever.
May the Kind One grant us and all of Israel long life and peace.
May the Peacekeeper who creates harmony above make peace for us, for all Israel and for all people on earth. And let us say, Amen.

לעֶלְּכָּה וְלֹא לְפֶלְּכָּה עַל עֵמֶק
יְהֵא שֵׁמָּה רַבָּה מַבקָּךְ: לְעֵלָּה וְלֹא לְפֶלְּכָּה עַל עֵמֶק
יְהוָה שָׁלוֹם וְהָגָּדֹר וּוְהָרָם וּוְוָאָסְרָה
יְהוָה שָׁלוֹם וְהָגָּדֹר וּוְהָרָם וּוְוָאָסְרָה
כִּי בִּרְכָּה. לֹא לְעֵלָּה מִנָּה בַּרְכָּה
שִׁמְחֵתָה וְשׁוֹבֵיתָ הַﺜַּמְנוֹת דְּאָמְרוּת בָּעָלָה.
אֲמָרֵי אָמֵן
וַיְהֵא שֵׁמָּה רַבָּה מַבקָּךְ:
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עֵמֶק שֵׁלְוֹם וְבְּמוֹרָה וְזֶה יִשְׁמֶחֶת שַׁלֹּמָה
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for all Israel and for all people on earth.
And let us say, Amen.

KADDESH YATOM

יהוה שמע את עולמנו
לעלה ולעלה עלינו: נשמת
殛ר והאור והספירה והתרומת והעברית
יאהר וה علاقة והשלמה שמהدولיא
וישריה ומשבחה וסומקה רכמה שלעלה
אמרו אםperl
יהוה שמע את עולמנו
לעלה עלכל ישראל.
אמרו אםperl
ענשו שלום בברכתינו והות שמות שלום עולמנו
לעלה כל ישראל עלכל ובשבי המב"ל. אמרו אםperl
God over all,
Before all else,
Guiding the world
And us.

The One
Without beginning.
Without end,
My Help,
My Rock,
In times of trouble.

When I sleep
And when I wake,
My soul is in Your large embrace.
I am not afraid.
God over all,
Before all else,
Guiding the world
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Without beginning,
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I am not afraid.
Closing Songs

שתרה

PART II

Kol Haolam Kulo

All of the world is a very narrow bridge; the main thing is not to be afraid.

Shaalu Shelom

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
Let all who love you be comforted.
Closing Songs

שלום רב
SHALOM RAV

God, give abundant peace to your people Israel.
Bless your people Israel with peace.

כל חכום الكلים
KOL HAOLAM KULO

All of the world is a very narrow bridge;
the main thing is not to be afraid.

שלום שלום
SHAALU SHELOM

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
Let all who love you be comforted.
When Is it Morning?

A long time ago, when there were no clocks to tell time and no alarms to wake people from sleep, the rabbis had to decide when it was time to say the morning prayers. “How will we know when night ends and morning begins?” they wondered.

Was it morning when the rooster crowed, when the birds sang or when the dew sparkled on the grass?

Rabbi Eliezer said, “It is morning when one can tell the difference between the color white and the color blue.

But Rabbi Meir disagreed. “You can see the difference between those colors even at night, if you look closely enough. It is morning when you can tell the difference between a wolf and a dog.”

But others disagreed with Rabbi Meir. “We will not always have a dog and a wolf to help us tell when dawn arrives. Then, how will we know when to say our morning prayers?”

They said, “Morning comes when you can recognize the face of a friend.”

—Talmud

Who do you like to see when you first wake up in the morning?

Think of a time when it feels dark, even in the daytime.

I wonder why the rabbis thought that when we see others and recognize them as friends, we are ready to say our morning prayers.
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Was it morning when the rooster crowed, when the birds sang or when the dew sparkled on the grass?

Rabbi Eliezer said, “It is morning when one can tell the difference between the color white and the color blue.

But Rabbi Meir disagreed. “You can see the difference between those colors even at night, if you look closely enough. It is morning when you can tell the difference between a wolf and a dog.”

But others disagreed with Rabbi Meir. “We will not always have a dog and a wolf to help us tell when dawn arrives. Then, how will we know when to say our morning prayers?”

They said, “Morning comes when you can recognize the face of a friend.”

—Talmud

Who do you like to see when you first wake up in the morning?

Think of a time when it feels dark, even in the daytime.

I wonder why the rabbis thought that when we see others and recognize them as friends, we are ready to say our morning prayers.
When we open our eyes to a new day,
When we see people doing a kind deed,
Working to be free, helping others in need,
We know that God is all around us.

Blessed are You, Adonay,
who gives us the promise of each day.

When we stand up after falling down,
When we run and are not tired,
When we are afraid but also brave,
We know that God is in us, too.

Blessed are You, Adonay,
who creates me in Your image.

When we feel we are part of our people,
When we celebrate with all Israel,
When we say how good it is be a Jew,
We know that the God of our ancestors is with us, too.

Blessed are You, Adonay,
who makes me one with all Israel.

---

I Rise with Movements

I rise with movements
Swift as a raven’s wing,
I arise to meet the day
My face is turned from the dark of night,
To gaze at the new dawn whitening the day.

—Native American Prayer
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—Native American Prayer
The Shepherd and the Scholar

There once was a shepherd who prayed every day. He would pray, "O God, if you had sheep, I would take care of them for nothing, because that is how much I love you! And God, if it were raining, I would hold my umbrella over you, so you wouldn't get wet, because that's how much I love you! And if I had a big bowl of jelly beans, I would share half of them with you, because that's how much I love you!"

One day, a scholar was passing by and he heard the shepherd's prayer. "What do you think you are doing?" asked the scholar. "I am praying," answered the shepherd. "That is not prayer," insisted the scholar. "That is foolishness. Let me teach you how to pray." So the scholar proceeded to teach the shepherd the order of the service, the correct Hebrew prayers. "Now," he said, "whenever you pray, these are the prayers you should say." Then the scholar went on his way.

The shepherd quickly forgot all the prayers the scholar had taught him. And so he stopped praying altogether.

Meanwhile, in heaven, God asked the angels to find out what happened to the shepherd's prayer. The angels went down to earth and inquired of the shepherd why he no longer prayed. The shepherd said sadly, "I do not remember the prayers I was taught. I know the words I used before were not the right words, so I say nothing at all."

Blessed is God, whose words create worlds.
Blessed are the words we use to call God:

CREATOR TRUTH FRIEND AWESOME
ETERNAL REDEEMER ONE

We call God by many names.
Listen, my God, to my name for You…

Blessed are You, God.
Blessed are Your many names.
The Shepherd and the Scholar

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Listen, my God, to my name for You...

Blessed are You, God.
Blessed are Your many names.
Ashrei
ASHREY

Ashrei yeshev beitch eu rov yehelok. Selah:
Happy are those who dwell within Your house.
May they continue to give praise to You.

The angels said, “Come up with us to heaven, so you can hear how the angels pray.”

In heaven, the shepherd heard the angels praying, “O God, if you had sheep, I would take care of them for nothing.” And God answered, “Because that is how much I love you.”

—Persian folk tale

Who you are in this story, the shepherd or the scholar?

I wonder what your shepherd’s prayer is.

I wonder if there is a scholar’s prayer that you like, that is your favorite.
The angels said, “Come up with us to heaven, so you can hear how the angels pray.”

In heaven, the shepherd heard the angels praying, “O God, if you had sheep, I would take care of them for nothing.” And God answered, “Because that is how much I love you.”

—Persian folk tale

Who you are in this story, the shepherd or the scholar?

I wonder what your shepherd’s prayer is.

I wonder if there is a scholar’s prayer that you like, that is your favorite.

I stand up to the hills.
From where does my help come?
My help comes from the Creator,
who makes the heavens and the earth.

It is good to thank You, O God,
to sing to Your great name.
It is good to tell of Your kindness every morning,
Of Your faithfulness every night.

Happy are those who dwell within Your house.
May they continue to give praise to You.
Call out to God in God's holy places.  
Shout to the heavens;  
Make a big noise!  
Sing praises!

Blast the shofar and blow the flute.  
Pluck the strings of violin and lute.  
Clap your hands and move your feet.  
With drum and cymbal, play the beat.

Let every breath sing out loud, Halleluyah!
Call out to God in God’s holy places.
Shout to the heavens;
Make a big noise!
Sing praises!

Blast the shofar and blow the flute.
Pluck the strings of violin and lute.
Clap your hands and move your feet.
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Let every breath sing out loud, Halleluyah!
The Circle of Thanks

As I play my drum,
I look around me
and I see the trees.
The trees are dancing
in a circle about me
and they are beautiful.

As I play my drum
I look around me
and I see the sun and moon.
The sun and moon are dancing
in a circle about me,
and they are beautiful.

As I play my drum,
I look around me
and I see the stars.
The stars are dancing
in a circle about me,
and they are beautiful.

As I play my drum,
I look around me
and I see my people.
All my people are dancing
in a circle about me,
and my people, they are beautiful.

—Micmac, Northeast Coast

With the light above us, the grass under us, the flowers and the trees around us, and the helping hand of God with us, we take care of the earth.

As God guides us on the right path, we grow and sing and dance, even if we're different. When the song of the bluebird comes, we see the sunlight. When the cry of the wolf comes, we see the darkness. And when we listen, we hear nature sing.

—Maddie, Beth Israel
Through songs and words, we've been saying:
Watch out, God.
A big wave of praise is coming.
You gave us voices to sing, minds to think and hearts to pray.
Enough of saying we are going to pray.
We're ready.
It is time for every living being to praise God.

With the light above us, the grass under us, the flowers and the trees around us, and the helping hand of God with us, we take care of the earth.
As God guides us on the right path, we grow and sing and dance, even if we're different. When the song of the bluebird comes, we see the sunlight. When the cry of the wolf comes, we see the darkness. And when we listen, we hear nature sing.

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The Circle of Thanks

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The trees are dancing in a circle about me
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The stars are dancing in a circle about me,
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As I play my drum,
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—Micmac, Northeast Coast
Shema Uvirhoteha
Barehu

ברך אלהינו
הMimeType: קורא
כﰊו
来る
לעוש
גוז
Bless Adonay, the Blessed One!
Blessed is Adonay, now and forever.

You, God, are the One,
The One I pray to.
Creating, healing and destroying.
No one or thing compares to you.
No one or thing will stop my believing.

—Arielle, Camp JRF

عال פנו כלא שיריה כים
Were Our Mouths Filled With Song
as the Sea

Think of being outdoors on a lovely day. You are sitting in a
sunny spot. Feel the sunlight on your skin. There is a gentle
breeze, and you can feel it on your skin and blowing softly
through your hair.

There are birds singing in a tree nearby. Imagine what it
might be like to be a bird and to be so filled with happiness
at the beauty of the day that you let your happiness out in a
bird song. Listen quietly to the song of happiness inside you,
and let it fill every part of you.

Imagine being in a forest. Breathe in the smells. Be silent.
Listen to the sounds. Picture one of the animals of the forest.
Is it grateful or sad, happy or hopeful? Imagine what it might
pray for.

Think of the ocean and all the creatures swimming in the
sea, from tiny little fish to big whales. What are their prayers
like? Imagine the ocean itself praying.

Perhaps every part of the world prays. Some parts pray just
by breathing and others pray just by being. Think of a prayer
from your heart that you want to offer to the world.
Shema Uvirhoteha

Barehu

Brenu Ath Hashem Temakr.

Brenu Hashem Temakr Leulam Yade.

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Creating, healing and destroying.
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Alef Pon Malach Shirota Bim
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Adam and Eve's First Sunset

At the end of the seventh day of creation, at the close of the very first Shabbat, the sun began to set. Before long, darkness covered the earth. Adam and Eve were terrified. They had never seen the sun set before and they were afraid that it would never rise again. The Earth would forever be dark. There would be no sun to give warmth or light. It would always be night.

It was then that God taught Adam and Eve to take two flints from the ground and strike them against each other. Light came forth and made fire. Adam and Eve said a blessing over the light they had made.

Now that Adam and Eve knew how to make fire, they were able to get through the night. And when the night was over, the sun rose in the sky and morning came again. They said a blessing for the light and the dark.

—Midrash

I wonder what Adam and Eve were thinking when they saw the sun set for the first time.

When you are afraid, what helps you to get through the night?

I wonder what it must have felt like when morning came again and a new day began.

Butterfly

All the world is drowning in light and song,
Life is richer than I even dreamed around us.
We walk and walk, our path has no end.
Little birds crown us with song.
And here is a butterfly,
caught like a flower at the end of your braid,
Dancing on your vest.
As if winking at me, saying,
"Come on, child, have a kiss.
Be like me, the butterfly."

—Chaim Nachman Bialik
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**Butterfly**

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As if winking at me, saying,  
“Come on, child, have a kiss.  
Be like me, the butterfly.”

---

Chaim Nachman Bialik
A great big love surrounds us,
Bigger than the biggest mountain,
Longer than the longest time.

God is like a great big love
Around us
And in us,
Teaching Torah
To our mothers and fathers
And us.

When we listen and learn,
When we hear and understand,
We feel God around us and in us,
Teaching us to love.
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like us,” they exclaimed, not at all pleased. They foresaw a
time when some people preferred the color of sunlight to the
color of chocolate and some liked sand better than brick.
They foresaw a time when humans would argue about who is
better, who is more important. The angels said to God,
“Perhaps humans will forget how they were made.” “Then
you will help them to remember, they are all part of one
family,” said God. And so it was that the angels taught the
children of Israel a prayer: Listen, Israel: The Eternal is our
God, the Eternal is One.

—Midrash

How God Created Adam

When God decided to create the first human being, God
got to the four corners of the Earth. God went north,
reached down, picked up a handful of dust, and placed it
carefully in the large pocket of the divine robe. God went
east, scooped up some earth from the ground and put it
gently into that same pocket. God’s hand reached down to
the west and gathered earth from that corner of the globe.
Finally, God traveled south to collect dust from that place on
Earth. Then, God said, “Now, I am ready to create Adam, the
first human being.”

The angels were curious. “Why gather earth from the
different corners to make humans? The earth from each corner is
different: chocolate, sand, sunlight, and brick. Wouldn’t
it be better to create the first human from just one color, so
that all who come from Adam will be alike?”

“Everyone who comes from Adam will be different. Make
everyone the same? That would be boring!” God responded.

“Boring, maybe,” sang the angels, “but there would be
less problems, less arguing.”

Then God spoke again: “Because the first human is made
from all the colors of the Earth, people will come in all different
shades, but no one will be able to say he or she is better
than another. Because the first human will be made from all
the colors of the Earth, no one can claim to be more important
than another.” God created Adam from the dust of the
four corners of the Earth and God’s breath filled Adam’s body.
The angels called God’s breath a soul. “Adam looks a little
like us,” they exclaimed, not at all pleased. They foresaw a time when some people preferred the color of sunlight to the color of chocolate and some liked sand better than brick. They foresaw a time when humans would argue about who is better, who is more important. The angels said to God, “Perhaps humans will forget how they were made.” “Then you will help them to remember, they are all part of one family,” said God. And so it was that the angels taught the children of Israel a prayer: *Listen, Israel: The Eternal is our God, the Eternal is One.*

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Listen Israel:
Adonay our God,
Adonay is One.

Blessed is God's holiness
forever.

And you shall love the Holy One
with your whole heart, with your whole self,
with all you have.
Take these words of Torah to heart.
Teach them to your children, and talk about them
when you sit inside your house
and when you walk on the road,
when you lie down and when you get up.
Tie them as a sign upon your hand,
and keep them in front of your eyes.
Write them on the doorposts of your house
and on your gates.
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Write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates.
MI HAMOHAH

This is the song that Moses, Miriam and the Israelites sang as they crossed the sea to freedom:

“Who is like You, Adonay? What can compare to You? Holy, awesome, doing amazing things!”

The Israelites felt God when the sea split in front of them, and they sang, “Adonay will be with us forever!”

Blessed are You, Adonay, who makes us free.
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The Israelites felt God when the sea split in front of them, and they sang, "Adonay will be with us forever!"

Blessed are You, Adonay, who makes us free.
Imagine a huge old tree, standing strong. The trunk is very thick. You try, but your arms can’t go around it. The branches reach high into the sky, too high to climb. The roots go down, deep into the ground. Each family is like a tree, with the generations that came before reaching deep back into history just as the roots of the tree reach into the earth.

There are many kinds of trees and many kinds of families. Whether you were adopted or born into your family, think of the older members of your family, grandparents and great-grandparents, stretching back into history. Think of all those names you know. They are your roots. All of those people in the past wished and prayed for good things to happen for their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Imagine what they prayed for you.

Your parent or parents are like the trunk of the tree, caring for and supporting each child, just as the trunk supports all the leaves. What does your mother or father hope for you? What do you hope for yourself, right now? What do you hope for the future?

Remember your connection with the roots of your family tree, and with its trunk. Remember, too, their prayers and your own.
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The Reminder

Long, long ago, in a far away kingdom, the king died. In order to choose a new king, a strange ritual took place. The royal advisers released a certain bird, known as the Bird of Happiness. When the bird set itself down on someone’s head, that person would become the new king.

It so happened that the bird came to rest on the head of a poor man. Immediately, everyone proclaimed this poor man the new king. He was given royal robes and a crown to wear to replace his old clothes and ragged hat. “There is only one thing that you must promise us,” they insisted. “You must always remember that you are the king.”

The poor man agreed, but asked that a small hut be built near the royal palace where he could keep his old clothes and ragged hat. The people built the hut just as he had requested. Every day, the king would enter the hut for a few moments and then leave, locking the door behind him.

The poor man became a wonderful ruler and his kingdom flourished. But the people were puzzled by his strange behavior. “Now that you are king, why do you go to visit the hut where all that you have there is some old clothes and a ragged hat?”

The king said, “I made a promise to you to always remember that I am a king, but I made a promise to myself to always remember that I was once a poor man. And this hut is my reminder.”

—Angela, Camp JRF

—Iraqi folk tale
The Reminder

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Angela, Camp JRF

Iraqi folk tale
Once upon a time,
Abraham talked with God,
And Sarah talked with God,
And so did Isaac, and Rebekah, too.
And Jacob, and Rachel and Leah—
They each said things to God only they could say
That only God could hear.

Sometimes, when I talk to God,
I feel connected to something from long, long ago,
Something that makes me feel safe,
That lets me know I am never alone.

When I am strong,
When someone is kind,
When I have courage,
When someone cares for me,
I feel close to God.
I think it's God's way of talking to me.
Protector of Abraham,
Sarah's Helper,
Keep me safe,
And help me, too.
Once upon a time, Abraham talked with God, And Sarah talked with God, And so did Isaac, and Rebekah, too, And Jacob, and Rachel and Leah— They each said things to God only they could say That only God could hear.

Sometimes, when I talk to God, I feel connected to something from long, long ago, Something that makes me feel safe, That lets me know I am never alone.

When I am strong, When someone is kind, When I have courage, When someone cares for me, I feel close to God. I think it's God's way of talking to me. Protector of Abraham, Sarah's Helper, Keep me safe, And help me, too.
There is holiness just inside me, and when you and I become we.
There is holiness when we reach up high and when we just look close by.
Holy, Holy, Holy when the world is full with love and good deeds, there is holiness.

We give thanks for surprise and holy times.

Blessed are You, Adonay, Source of holiness.

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God is in all places
And forever.
Even in small spaces.

Max. Judah, Arvah.
Camp JBF

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When we say, God, that you are powerful, that you lift up those who fall, and heal the sick, that you bring freedom and renew life, we make a promise to be strong, to bend down to lift others up, to work for freedom, to begin again.

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First, a small seed planted in the earth, Then the sun, then the rain, Then the hand of the gardner, Then a flower blooms. Blessed are You, Adonay, who gives and renews life.
KEDUSHAH

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GEVUROT

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Max. Judah, Aryeh, Camp JSF

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Then the hand of the gardner,
Then a flower blooms.
Blessed are You, Adonay, who gives and renews life.
AVODAH

We give thanks for words of prayer that come from the past.
We listen while our mothers and fathers from long ago pray.
We give thanks for words of prayer that come from within us.
We listen while we make words in our hearts.

Blessed are You who dwells with us and all the people, Israel.

KEDUSHAT HAYOM

Let us keep Shabbat and make it a delight,
A day of rest, good and bright,
A time to share, study and pray.
Let us rejoice in Shabbat, our most precious day.

Blessed are You, Adonay, source of Sabbath holiness.
בְּעִנְיָנָיו

We give thanks for words of prayer that come from the past.
We listen while our mothers and fathers from long ago pray.
We give thanks for words of prayer that come from within us.
We listen while we make words in our hearts.

ברוך אֶתָּה יְהוָה
domirim akhenu lok
We say thank you
For the wonders that greet us each morning,
For the good things that are with us.

ברוך אֶתָּה יְהוָה דְּמַעְמָךְ
keletal hakol hakodeh
Blessed are You, Adonay, who teaches us how good it is to say thank you.

כִּירֵשָׁת הַיּוֹם

KEDUSHAT HAYOM

ישמעו דinqu להמה דinqu שבת
korei daynu umikra im shabat
כלים dibenni ve'hadarim mishkei
unshchevu zaynu be'korei she
v'mikrae yemdei kranah
v'gor lemaaneh barmeihat
Let us keep Shabbat and make it a delight,
A day of rest, good and bright,
A time to share, study and pray.
Let us rejoice in Shabbat, our most precious day.

ברוך אֶתָּה יְהוָה מַעְמָךְ
berekh akhenah bakodesh
Blessed are You, Adonay,
source of Sabbath holiness.
TORAH

Taking Out the Torah

We say our Torah comes from Zion, Words of God from Jerusalem. Blessed is God’s holiness that comes to us through Torah.

Listen Israel: Adonay our God, Adonay is One.

One is our God, holy is God’s name.

Let us say together: How great it is when we bring God into our world! How great the names we say to speak of God!

BIRKAT HASHALOM

May God bless and protect you. May God’s light and grace be with you. May God’s goodness smile on you and fill you with peace.

Grant us peace when we are angry. Grant us peace when we fight. Grant us peace when there is war. May we be strong to make peace for ourselves, for Israel and for all the world.

Bircha shelem bimomo veish shehalom leno

Let us say together: How great is it when we bring God into our world! How great the names we say to speak of God!
Taking Out the Torah

We say our Torah comes from Zion,
Words of God from Jerusalem.
Blessed is God's holiness that comes to us through Torah.

Listen Israel: Adonay our God, Adonay is One.

Let us say together:
How great it is when we bring God into our world!
How great the names we say to speak of God!
Healing Words

Think of a person you know who may not feel well, or who may be hurting in some way. Think for a moment of the sadness you may feel.

Now, imagine a butterfly in its cocoon. It begins to wriggle and squirm. Finally, after some time, the butterfly comes out of the cocoon. It looks at the world with eyes that are like jewels. It unfolds its wings. Imagine all the beautiful colors. Slowly, the butterfly begins to beat its wings, and before you know it, it is flying up into the air. Imagine what it feels like to be flying free, to float in the air.

Maybe this is what praying for healing is all about—about wishing to become as beautiful and strong and whole as we can be. Send your wishes for strength and wholeness to those people who are not feeling well.

Thank you, God, for greatness, strength, beauty and long-lasting patience!
The sky, the earth and the waters show us that the world was not created by us.

On three things the world stands: on learning, on prayer and on caring deeds.
Healing Words

Think of a person you know who may not feel well, or who may be hurting in some way. Think for a moment of the sadness you may feel.

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The sky, the earth and the waters show us that the world was not created by us.

On three things the world stands:
on learning, on prayer and on caring deeds.
There was once a small village where all the people were sad. Even the children had forgotten how to laugh. One day, a young man decided to visit the rabbi who lived outside the village to see if he might have any advice.

The young man told the rabbi about the sorrow of his town. People did not trust one another; they were rude to each other. The synagogue was closed; the light above the ark was dark. The rabbi said, “I cannot help your village. All I can tell you is that the Moshiah (Messiah) is one of you.”

When the young man returned home, he told his people what the rabbi had said: “The Moshiah is one of you.”

In the days that followed, the people of the village began to think: The Moshiah is one of us? Who could that be? Could it be Chaim the sofer (scribe), Leah the baker? Could it be me?

And just in case one of their neighbors or friends was the Moshiah, they began treating each other with extraordinary respect. And just in case they themselves turned out to be the Moshiah, they began treating themselves with respect as well.

Soon any stranger who passed this village could sense the kindness there. The synagogue reopened: the light above the ark was lit. The laughter of children could be heard again, and the presence of the Moshiah could be felt in the hearts of all those who lived in the village. The village came to be called Ir Hamshohim, the Town of the Messiahs.

—I wonder if you ever feel sad like the people in the village.
—I wonder what made the village change.
—I wonder if you think that the Moshiah could be one of us.

Words of Torah are our life for all our days.
They fill our hearts both day and night.

Torah is a tree of life.
When we hold it close,
we are happy.

Torah ways are pleasant.
Its paths are peace.
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The young man told the rabbi about the sorrow of his town. People did not trust one another; they were rude to each other. The synagogue was closed; the light above the ark was dark. The rabbi said, "I cannot help your village. All I can tell you is that the Moshiah (Messiah) is one of you."

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—I wonder if you ever feel sad like the people in the village.
—I wonder what made the village change.
—I wonder if you think that the Moshiah could be one of us.
Mourner’s Kaddish

Everlasting life is the cycle
That leads from God
back to God.
God’s deep love will be with us
No matter what happens in death
and in life.

—Aryeh, Camp JRF

We know life does not go on forever.
We remember those who have died
and they live in our memory.

It is up to us to praise the Source of All,
To sing how wonderful the world can be.

And so we bend our knees and bow,
And give thanks to the One
who is all around us,
within us,
and beyond us,
Whose Presence is everywhere.

It is said:
“The Source of Hope will fill the earth.
On that day, the One with many names will be One,
and God’s name will be One.”
Mourner’s Kaddish

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That leads from God
back to God.
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And so we bow our knees and bow,
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within us,
and beyond us,
Whose Presence is everywhere.

It is said:
“The Source of Hope will fill the earth.
On that day, the One with many names will be One,
and God’s name will be One.”
Let the Creator's name
be made great and holy in the world.
May the Comforter's name be blessed and honored
with prayers, songs, thanks and praise,
forever and ever.
May the Kind One grant us and all of Israel
long life and peace.
May the Peacekeeper who creates harmony above
make peace for us,
for all Israel, and for all people on earth.
And let us say, Amen.
Let the Creator’s name
be made great and holy in the world.
May the Comforter’s name be blessed and honored
with prayers, songs, thanks and praise,
forever and ever.
May the Kind One grant us and all of Israel
long life and peace.
May the Peacemaker who creates harmony above
make peace for us,
for all Israel, and for all people on earth.
And let us say, Amen.
God over all,
Before all else,
Guiding the world
And us.

The One
Without beginning,
Without end,
My Help,
My Rock,
In times of trouble.

When I sleep
And when I wake,
My soul is in Your large embrace.
I am not afraid.

אֲדֹנָּו אוֹלָם
ADON OLAM

כָּלָלֶלֶו אֱלָמוּת מֶלֶךְ בֵּסְרוּ בְּלִּי צִיר נָכְרָא.
לְעַת נַעֲשֵׂה כְּחֻפָּה כָּלָלֶו מֶלֶךְ שָׁמוֹ נָכְרָא.

וַואָה נִקְתָּה וַאֲדֹּנָו וַאֲדֹּנָו יְהֹוָה יִכְפָּרָה.
וַואָה בְּאֶחָד שָׁנָי לַבְּשֵׂשָׁי לַלַעֲבִיקֵהוּ.
בֵּלָל רָבָּהָ בֵּלָל בֵּלָל וֹלָל צְעָה חִמָּשֵׁה.

וַואָה בֵלָל יִשָּׁה בֵּלָל בֵּלָל בֵּלָל יִשָּׁה בֵּלָל.
וַואָה נַשְׁוֹתָ נָלָ לְמַקְת בְּיוֹם אֲכָרָא.

בִּקְרָא אַמְסֵדָר וַאֲדֹּנָו בֵּעַת אָישׁ נוֹשֵׂה.
וַואָה וֹדְהָיָ נֶקְתָּו יְהוָה לָלַא אֲכָרָא.
God over all,  
Before all else,  
Guiding the world  
And us.

The One  
Without beginning,  
Without end,  
My Help,  
My Rock,  
In times of trouble.

When I sleep  
And when I wake,  
My soul is in Your large embrace.  
I am not afraid.

אָדוֹן עוֹלָם  
ADON OLAM

The One  
Without beginning,  
Without end,  
My Help,  
My Rock,  
In times of trouble.

When I sleep  
And when I wake,  
My soul is in Your large embrace.  
I am not afraid.
**DAVID MELEH**

David meleḥ Yisra'el ḥai vekayam.

David, king of Israel, lives and endures.

—Talmud, B. Rosh Hashanah 25a

**ELEH ḤAMDAH LIBI**

Eleh ḥamdaḥ libi ḥusah na ve'äl na titalem.

This is what the heart desires:
please have compassion and don't hide from us.

—Eliezer Askari

**ELI, ELI**

Eli, shelo yigamer le'olam
hahol vehayam,
rishrush shel hamayim
be'uk hashamayim, refilat ha'adam.

Oh Lord, my God,
I pray that these things never end:
the sand and the sea,
the rush of the waters,
the crash of the heavens,
the prayer of the heart.

—Hannah Senesh

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**SONGS**

**AM YISRA'EL HAY**

Am Yisra'el hay
Od avinu hay.

The people Israel lives
Our father (Jacob/Israel) still lives.

**As We Bless**

As we bless the Source of Life, so we are blessed.
And the blessing gives us strength
and makes our visions clear.
And the blessing gives us peace,
and the courage to dare.

—Faith Rogow

**Circle Chant**

Circle round for freedom,
Circle round for peace.
for all of us imprisoned.
Circle for release.
Circle round the planet.
Circle round each soul.
For the children of our children.
Keep the circle whole.

—Linda Hirschhorn
**SONGS**

**AM YISRAEL HAY**

Our father (Jacob/Israel) still lives.

_The people Israel lives_

**As We Bless**

As we bless the Source of Life, so we are blessed. And the blessing gives us strength and makes our visions clear. And the blessing gives us peace, and the courage to dare.

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**Circle Chant**

Circle round for freedom, Circle round for peace. For all of us imprisoned, Circle for release. Circle round the planet, Circle round each soul. For the children of our children, Keep the circle whole.

_—Linda Hirschhorn_
None is like our God,
none is like our Provider,
none is like our Sovereign,
none is like our Redeemer.

Who is like our God,
who is like our Provider,
who is like our Sovereign,
who is like our Redeemer?

We give thanks to our God,
we give thanks to our Provider,
we give thanks to our Sovereign,
we give thanks to our Redeemer.

Blessed is our God,
blessed is our Provider,
blessed is our Sovereign,
blessed is our Redeemer.

You are our God,
You are our Provider,
You are our Sovereign,
You are our Redeemer.

—Shabbat liturgy
None is like our God,
one is like our Provider,
one is like our Sovereign,
one is like our Redeemer.

Who is like our God,
who is like our Provider,
who is like our Sovereign,
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blessed is our Provider,
blessed is our Sovereign,
blessed is our Redeemer.

You are our God,
You are our Provider,
You are our Sovereign,
You are our Redeemer.

—Shabbat liturgy
HAVAH NASHIRAH
Havah nashirah, shir halleluyah.
Let us sing a song of halleluyah!

LEMA’AN AHAY VERE’AY
Lem’an ahay vere’ay
Adaberah na shalom balu,
Lem’an beyt Adonay
Eloheynu avakshah tov lah.

For my brothers and friends,
For my sisters and friends,
I pray, I ask for peace.
In the name of God,
I wish the best for you.

—Psalm 122

LIMNOT YAMEYNU
Limnot yameynu keyn hoda,
v’enaiv levav hokmah.

Teach us to treasure each day,
that we may open our hearts to Your wisdom.

—Psalm 90

Gather In
Gather in the light,
Gather in the warmth.
Gather in the hope of Shabbos.
Gather in the glow, gather in the calm,
gather in the peace of Shabbos.
Shabbat shalom umenuhah
Shabbat shalom umevorah

—Juliet Spitzer

HATIKVAH
Kol od balevav penimah
Nefesh Yehudi homiyah
Ulf’atey mizrakh kadmah
Ayn leTsiyon tzoftiyah.
Od lo avdah tikvatenu
Hatikvah bat shenot alpayim
Lihiyot am hofshi be’artzenu
Eretz Tsiyon virushalayim.

As long as the Jewish spirit is yearning deep in the heart,
With eyes turned toward the east, looking toward Zion,
Then our hope, the two-thousand-year-old hope, will not be lost:
To be a free people in our land,
The land of Zion and Jerusalem.

—Naftali Herz Imber
Mornor Shir
Mizmor Shir leyom haShabbat.

The whole world is singing.
Singing the song of Shabbat.
—Psalm 92

Morning Blessing
Morning will unfold for us,
Life will rise from dust.

(chorus)
We're rising in remembrance of Your love,
Halleluyah, halleluyah.

You open up our eyes to see,
You have made us free. (chorus)
You lift us up when we are down,
You share with us your royal crown. (chorus)
You guide our steps at every turn,
You teach us what we need to learn. (chorus)
You give us strength when we are weak,
reminding us of what we need. (chorus)
Beyond imagination,
Your Presence fills creation. (chorus)
You lift, the slumber from our eyes,
You signal for the sun to rise. (chorus)

Shefa Gold

Lo Yisa Goy
Lo yisa goy el goy herev
Lo yilemedu od milhamah.

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
they shall not study war anymore.
—Isaiah 2:4

Mah Gadlu
Mah gadlu ma'aseha, Yah (Adonay)
me'od amak ma'oshoteha.

Your acts are amazing,
Your thoughts are incredible!
—Psalm 92

Min Hametzar
Min hametzar karati Yah
anani vamter'avo Yah.

From my pain I called to You, God.
You answered my deepest needs.
—Psalm 118
MORNING BLESSING

Morning will unfold for us,
Life will rise from dust.
(chorus)
We're rising in remembrance of Your love,
Halleluyah, halleluyah.
You open up our eyes to see,
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Your thoughts are incredible!
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Hovah nashirah, shir halleluyah.

Let us sing a song of halleluyah!

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Lema'an ahay vere'ay
Adabera na shalom ba'y.

Lema'an beyt Adonay
Eloheynu avakshah tov la'.

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For my sisters and friends,
I pray, I ask for peace.

In the name of God,
I wish the best for you.

—Psalm 122

L'MINOT YAMEYNU

L'minot yameynu keyn hoda,
venavi levav isterah.

Teach us to treasure each day,
that we may open our hearts to Your wisdom.

—Psalm 90

HA'TIKVAH

cal u'dur kelb b'no'mah
bes' yod'ri tacherah
al'shema dor'shah
un' va' l'vov razmah

ud' al abkab ha' katan
hakikin be' shasa tefil'as
leh' vose' b' mes' va'eretz

u' ziv yir'ashlam.

As long as the Jewish spirit is yearning deep in the heart,

With eyes turned toward the east, looking toward Zion,

Then our hope, the two-thousand-year-old hope, will not be lost:

To be a free people in our land,

The land of Zion and Jerusalem.

—Naf'ali Herz Imber

GATHER IN

Gather in the light,
Gather in the warmth.
Gather in the hope of Shabbos.
Gather in the glow, gather in the calm,
gather in the peace of Shabbos.

Shabbat shalom umenuhah
Shabbat shalom umevorah

—Juliet Spitzer
ROMEMU ADONAY ELOHEYNU
Romemut Adonay Eloheynu
vehishtavu lahadon raglav
kadosh hu.
Romemut Adonay Eloheynu
vehishtavu lehar kadosh
ki kadosh Adonay Eloheynu.

We will praise You, God,
and we bow down before You.
God is holy!

We will praise You, God,
and worship at Your holy mountain.
Our God is holy.

—Psalm 99

TORAH TZIVAH LANU
Torah tzivah lanu Moshe,
morashah kehilat Yaakov.

Moses charged us with the teaching of Torah,
It is a gift for us, the community of Jacob.

—Deuteronomy 33:4

OR ZARU'A
Or zaru'a latzadik,
ulyishrey lev simlah.

Light is planted for the righteous ones,
Happiness for those who are honest of heart.

—Psalm 97

PITHU LI
Pithu li sha'rey tzedek
avo vam odel Yah.
Zeh hash'a'ar ladonay
tzadikim yavo'ru vo.

Open to me the gates of righteousness.
I will enter and praise God.
This is the gateway to God,
the righteous enter here.

—Psalm 118
We will praise You, God, and we bow down before You. God is holy! We will praise You, God, and worship at Your holy mountain. Our God is holy.
—Psalm 99

Moses charged us with the teaching of Torah. It is a gift for us, the community of Jacob.
—Deuteronomy 33:4

Open to me the gates of righteousness. I will enter and praise God. This is the gateway to God, the righteous enter here.
—Psalm 118

Light is planted for the righteous ones, Happiness for those who are honest of heart.
—Psalm 85
USHAVTEM MAYIM

שואבתם מי ב ATI שואבתם מי בשתי
ממשיקי החושעה.

Draw in waters of joy from the well of our help.
—Isaiah 12:3

VETAHER LIBENU

 renters ליבנו ליבנו ליבנו ליבנו
ערתה ליבנו ליבנו ליבנו ליבנו:

Make pure our hearts so that we may truly serve You.
—Shabbat Amidah

YEDID NEFESH

ירד וחס אל חתונא
משוק אברך ואל רצונך.
ינון ערבך בamo על
ישתאבה אל מול תרקך.

You who loves my soul,
draw me to Your will.
Then I can run like a deer,
and bow before You.
—Eliyzer Ashari
USHAVTEM MAYIM
Usavtem mayim besason
min'dayney hayeshu'ah.

Draw in waters of joy from the well of our help.
—Isaiah 12:3

VETAHER LIBENU
Vetaher libenu le'ovdeha be'emec.

Make pure our hearts so that we may truly serve You.
—Shabbat Amidah

YEDID NEFESH
Yedid nefesh av harahaman
meshoh ovdeha, el retzoneha.
Yarutz ovdeha, kemo ayal
yishataveh el mal hadereha.

You who loves my soul, draw me to Your will.
Then I can run like a deer, and bow before You.
—Eliyzer Ashari
"Nahshoni" (page 21). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Barnidbar Rabbeinu 12.16-21, Pesukei De-Rab Kohane 1, 7a-16a, and Pesuke Rabbanai 7. 20b, 28a.

"Prayer of a Breton Fisherman" (page 24). A traditional Celtic blessing.

"Deir God" (page 24). Children’s poem by third-grade students at Congregation Beth Israel, Media, Pa.

"Shabbat is a Stop Sign" (page 27). Children’s poem, written by combined responses from students at University Synagogue, Irvine, Calif. and Beth-El Zedeck, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Finding God" (page 28). Hasidic folk tale.

"Lying in the Grass" (page 30). Children’s poem written by Alisa Dratch, University Synagogue, Irvine, Calif.

"The Voice" (page 30) from Falling Up by Shel Silverstein. Copyright © 1996 by Evil Eye Music, Inc. Published by HarperCollins Children’s Books. All rights reserved.

"When Is it Morning?" (page 43). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Talmud Bavliot 9b.

"I Rise With Movements" (page 45). A traditional Native American prayer.

"The Scholar and the Shepherd" (page 47). This folk tale was adapted from “The Prayer of the Shepherd” in Shefer Hasdim Melkite Nirdamim, edited by Y.H. Witznover, 1899. A version of this folk tale is also attributed to "Moses and the Shepherd" by Rumi Jelaluddin, 13th century.

"The Circle of Thanks" (page 52) from The Circle of Thanks as told by Joseph Bruchac. Published by BridgeWater Books, 1996.

"With the Light Above Us" (page 53). Children’s poem written by Maddle Soffer, Beth Israel, Media, Pa.

"You, God, are the One" (page 55). Children’s poem written by Arielle Cohen at Camp JRF.

"Adam and Eve’s First Sunset" (page 56). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Genesis Rabbah, 11.2.

"Butterfly" (page 57) from Songs From Bialik: Selected Poems and Songs of Hayim Nachman Bialik, edited and translated from the Hebrew by Atazi Hadari. Published by Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, NY 2006.

"How God Created Adam" (page 60). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Megillat Yerahme’eI.

Sources

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"Prayer of a Breton Fisherman" (page 24). A traditional Celtic blessing.

"Dear God" (page 24). Children's poem by third-grade students at Congregation Beth Israel, Media, Pa.

"Shabbat is a Stop Sign" (page 27). Children's poem, written by combined responses from students at University Synagogue, Irvine, Calif., and Beth El Zedeck, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Finding God" (page 28). Hasidic folk tale.

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