The Voice of Children

A Siddur for Shabbat
Hebrew/English with transliteration

Edited by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso and Rabbi Jeffrey Schlein
Illustrated by Joani Rothenberg
Assistant Editor: Rabbi Amber Powers

The Reconstructionist Press
Elkins Park, Pennsylvania
2005
The Voice of Children

A Siddur for Shabbat

Hebrew/English with transliteration

Edited by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso and Rabbi Jeffrey Schcin

Illustrated by Joani Rothenberg

Assistant Editor: Rabbi Amber Powers

The Reconstructionist Press
Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

2005
Contents

Dedications ........................................ vi
Acknowledgements ................................ viii
Introduction ....................................... ix

KABBALAT SHABBAT and MA'ARIV

- THE SWEETEST SOUND - .......................... 2

KABBALAT SHABBAT ................................. 4
Hadlakat Nerot .................................... 4
Shalom Aleichem ................................... 6
Birḥor Hamishpahah ............................... 7
Songs to Welcome Shabbat ....................... 8
Leḥiḥ Dodi ........................................... 9

SHEMA UVIR’OTEHA ................................ 10
Barēču ................................................ 10
Ma'ariv Aravim ..................................... 11
- THE PRINCESS OF LIGHT - .................... 14
Ahavat Olam ....................................... 15
Shema ............................................... 16
- NAJSHON - ....................................... 21
Mi Hamohab ........................................ 22
Hashkivenu ........................................ 23
Veshameru .......................................... 26
- FINDING GOD - .................................. 28

AMIDAH .............................................. 29
Oseh Shalom ........................................ 30
# Contents

Dedications ................................................................. vi
Acknowledgements ....................................................... viii
Introduction ............................................................... ix

**KABBALAT SHABBAT**
and **MA'ARIV**

- *THE SWEETEST SOUND* .............................................. 2

**KABBALAT SHABBAT** .................................................. 4
- Hadlakat Nerot .......................................................... 4
- Shalom Alehym ............................................................. 6
- Birhor Hamishpalah ..................................................... 7
- Songs to Welcome Shabbat ........................................... 8
- Leolah Dodi ............................................................... 9

**SHEMA UVIRHOYHEHA** ................................................. 10
- Barelu ................................................................. 10
- Ma'ariv Aravim .......................................................... 11
- *THE PRINCESS OF LIGHT* ......................................... 14
- Ahavat Olam ............................................................. 15
- Shema ................................................................. 16
- *NAHSHON* ............................................................ 21
- Mi Hamohab ............................................................. 22
- Hashkivenu .............................................................. 23
- Veshameru ............................................................... 26
- *FINDING GOD* ........................................................ 28

**AMIDAH** ............................................................... 29
- Oseh Shalom ............................................................ 30
The Shefa Fund • Anonymous in memory of Rabbi Devora Bartnow, z”l

Grandparents Honoring Grandchildren

David and Estelle Alper • Samuel Joseph Alper, Sara Joseph Alper, Morton Rae Alters, Moshe Yehi’el y Alper, Malka Janet Alper, Alina Napoleon

Dorres Berger and Robert Pinsky • Miles Jacob Berger, Addison Zoe Berger, Ethan Philip Klein, Spencer Logan Klein

Judy and Alvin Bider • Russell Henry Wygate Beber, Elisa Brode Friedman, Gary Robert Jacobs, Allee Paige Jacobs

Ted and Paula Bier •Beatie Samara Bier, Danielle Shaya Bier, Ian Jason Miller

Carol Bloomfield in memory of Sam Bloomfield, z”l • Zachary Jamieson, Joshua Joniezel, Benjamin Zall, Charlotte Zoll, Thomas Tracy, Joshua Trace

Leona and Murray Bradich • Emily Bradich, Arlette Broidon, Jordan Brauch, Samuel Bradich, Ethan Bradich


Peter and Wally C. Buchhandl • Hannan Lily Buchhandl, Ethan Cale Buchhandl, Celia Laurenne Buchhandl, Vivian Hope Buchhandl

Morton and Bernard Cadoffman • Jacob Joseph Cadoffman, Samuel Goldman Cadoffman, Louis Isaac Cadoffman, Dahlia Esther Cadoffman

Deanna and Ed Drucker • Rebecca Belle Drucker, Adam Lee Drucker, Maya Rall Foks, Zachary Mathew Foks

Max Dolins in memory of Rolyn Dolins, z”l • David Samuel Dolins, Cary Edward Dolins, Hannan Eve Dolins, Madelina Augusta Dolins, Jessica Arielle Dolins, Daniel Cole Dolins, Mark and Rosa Edlin • Lindsey Elaine Edlin, Aaron Matthew Edlin, Natalie Benjamin Edlin

Robert and Jean Falcon • Kenneth J. Falcon, Rebecca N. Falcon, Jonathan Z. Falcon

Harrriet and Sidney Feiner • Jennifer Richmond Felden, Dorck Felden, Jonathan Adam Richmond, Sara Ian Sprach Fenster, Anna Jo Sprach Fenster, Scott Evan Fenster

Vivian and Issel Feldstein • Sophie Wunderlich, Sarah Feldohn, Isac Van der Reijs, Jack Van der Reijs and in memory of Isabella Bryan Feldstein, z”l

Carmel and Alina Freidlander • Adjibig Rosi, Max Rose, Rally Ross, Leslie Row, Isabel Beckson, Anna Beckson, Miriam Beckson, Ben Rose Friedlander, Melanie Arfeld Friedlander


Ronald and Linda Glanzman • Elise Hall Goldberg, Daniel Hurz Goldberg, Benjamin Michael Goldberg

Renee and Richard Goldman • Jacob Goldman, Ben Friedmann, Gabe Friedman, Maya Friedman

Allan and Last Goodman • Nan Horn Eason, Ilana Sara Eason, Zelig Jacob Eosan

Alan & Sallie Grach • Stephanie Grach, Rebecca Grach, Simon Grach, Helen Grach, Amos Grach, Solon Grach, Nicholas Grach, Caleb Carles, Robert Carles, Sabrina Caries

Doris and Hans Gratt • Allan Charlotte Kleinman, Zachary Himas Kleinman

Selma and Ralph Gwaltney • Kathrine Gwaltney, Samuel Gwaltney, Janie Newman, Halie Newman

Steve and Marlene Hillikowska • Mia Hillikowska, Jack Hillikowska

Jack and Bunny Hoffinger • Kate Hoffinger, Will Hoffinger, Margaret Hoffinger, Rebecca Fobbe, Alice Fobbe, David Shapiro, Noah Shapiro, Benjamin Shapiro

Irre and Les Irving • Joseph Shepkin, Avi Shepkin, Nathane Blifi, Manny Blifi, in memory of James Blifi, z”l

Julie and Jack Koller • Lesa Rothschild, Ben Tamir Rothschild, May Rothschild, Tal Rothschild, Isabel Keller, Lucy Koller, Venus Rat Sefel

Kenneth and Aldy Kriegstein • Raisa Midas Kriegstein, Joshua Maximilian Kriegstein

VII
Introduction

This siddur 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 siddur, 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 Haotzar 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 Shufu Fund through an anonymous donor in memory of Rabbi Devora Bartnoff, z"l. We also are grateful to the many grandparents who have supported the publication of this siddur 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, Or Hadash, Ramat Shalom, and University Synagogue.

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

We also want to thank Joani Rothenberg for her illustrations; Rabbi Judy Kummer for the meditations; Rabbi Toba Spitzer for some of the English translations in the siddur; and Rabbi Amber Powers for her patient and skilled management of many facets of the project.

We are grateful to storytellers Molly Goss, Howard Schwartz and Susan Stone, who contributed wonderful folk stories and helped us to track down their sources. Thanks to Peninnah Schram 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 Borrner, Hattie Dushar, Judy Rosenberg, Phyllis Zecman and Debbie Lieberman.

We also thank Yolande Marcel for the design, typesetting and production coordination, and Gianni Caccia for his artistic advice. Finally, we would like to thank Dr. David Teutsch, Marilyn Silverstein, Rabbi Reena Spiechandler, Dr. David Golomb, Chayim Herzog-Max and directors of education at JRF congregations for their proofreading and manuscript reviews.

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

Ehhd. 5785
Introduction

This *siddur* 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 *siddur*, 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 Hanedar* 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 Shufa Fund through an anonymous donor in memory of Rabbi Devora Bartooff, z"l. We also are grateful to the many grandparents who have supported the publication of this *siddur* in honor of their grandchildren and whose names appear on the preceding pages.

We are grateful to the campers of Camp JRIF and to the children of our congregations across North America who contributed their imaginations from Congregation Beth El Zedeck, Congregation Beth Israel, Or Hadash, Ramat 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 *siddur*. He has been a patient and constructive listener and adviser.

We also want to thank Joani Rottenberg for her illustrations; Rabbi Judy Kaminer for the meditations; Rabbi Toba Spitzer for some of the English translations in the *siddur*; and Rabbi Amber Powers for her patient and skilled management of many facets of the project.

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

We thank Rabbi Shai Glucks 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 Shingold, Lani Moss, Rabbi Jeffrey Eisenstat, Phil Goldberg, Barbara Bornter, Hattie Dutshak, Judy Rosenberg, Phyllis Zeeman and Debbie Lieberman.

We also thank Yolande Marcel for the design, typesetting and production coordinations, and Gianni Caccia for his artistic advice. Finally, we would like to thank Dr. David Taubes, Marilyn Silverstein, Rabbi Reena Spielberg, Dr. David Golub, Chayim Herzig-Marx and directors of education at JRIF congregations for their proofreading and manuscript reviews.

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

Ehk. 5765
The translations, stories and poetry in this siddur 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 siddur 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 imaginings 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 Siddur Kol Housar 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.
PART I

The translations, stories and poetry in this *siddur* 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 *siddur* 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 imaginings 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 *Siddur Kol Housar* 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.
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 clasped 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, Adonai 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.

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."

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!" 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 clasped 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
KABBALAT SHABBAT

HADLAKAT NEROT

Baruch atah Adonay
Eloheynu melekh ha'olam
asher kideshanu bemitzvotav vetzivanu
lehadlik ner shel Shabbat.

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
Barukh atah Adonay
Eloheynu melekh ha’olam
asher kideshanu bemitzvotav
vetzivanu
lehadlik ner shel Shabbat.

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 HAMISHPAHAN

To a son:

Yismeh Shelome Elohim
ke'effrayim ve'etMenasheh.

May God make you like Ephraim and Menasheh.

To a daughter:

Yismeh Shelome Elohim keSarah
Rivkah Rahel veLeah.

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

Yevarecheha Adonay rishonoreha.
Ya'er Adonay panav elecha vishuneka.
Yisa Adonay panav elecha veyasem lecha shalom.

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.

Harahaman hu yevareh
otana kulani yochad bevirkat shalom.

May the Merciful One bless all of us together with the blessing of peace.

SHALOM ALEYHEM

Shalom aleyheem malaye
tshavaret malaye elyon
mimaaleh malaye hamelahtim
hakadosh bara'h hu.

Bo'ahem leshalom malaye
hashalom malaye elyon
mimaaleh malaye hamelahtim
hakadosh bara'h hu.

Barekumi leshalom malaye
hashalom malaye elyon
mimaaleh malaye hamelahtim
hakadosh bara'h hu.

Tzet-heim leshalom malaye
hashalom malaye elyon
mimaaleh malaye hamelahtim
hakadosh bara'h hu.

Welcome among us,
Angels of shalom.
Come in peace.
Bless us with peace.
Leave us feeling at peace.
Quiet now,
We enter the peace of Shabbat.
BIRHOT HAMISHPAHAN

To a son:

Yisme'eh Elohim
ke'Efrayim vehi Menasheh.

May God make you like Ephraim and Menasheh.

To a daughter:

Yisme'eh Elohim ke'Sarah
Rivkah Rachel ve'Sarah.

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

Yevare'eha Adonay ve'yishmere'ha.
Ya'er Adonay panav ele'ha vi'yuteka.
Yisa Adonay panav ele'ha
ve'yasem le'ha shalom.

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.

Harahaman hu yevare'eh
otana kulana yir'ah be'irkat shalom.

May the Merciful One bless all of us together
with the blessing of peace.

SHALOM ALEYHEM

Shalom aleyhem mala'hay
hasharet mala'hay elyon
nimaleh mala'hay hamelahah
hakadosh baruh hu.

Bo'aheim leshalom mala'hay
hashalom mala'hay elyon
nimaleh mala'hay hamelahah
hakadosh baruh hu.

Barekhuni leshalom mala'hay
hashalom mala'hay elyon
nimaleh mala'hay hamelahah
hakadosh baruh hu.

Tzet-heem leshalom mala'hay
hashalom mala'hay elyon
nimaleh mala'hay hamelahah
hakadosh baruh hu.

Welcome among us,
Angels of shalom.
Come in peace.
Bless us with peace.
Leave us feeling at peace.
Quiet now,
We enter the peace of Shabbat.
LEHÁH DODI

Leháh dodi likrat kalah
Peney Shabat nekabelah.
Shamor veza'hor bedibur ehad
Hishmi'ana el hamay'had.
Adonay ehad ushmo ehad
Leshem ulifteret velit-hilah.
Bo'i veshalom ataret balah
Gam besimlah avtzolah.
Toh emuney am segalah
Bo'i halah bo'i halah.

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

A day to remember, a day to keep,
If we listen closely, silent and deep.
We each call God by a different name
But One God, just the same.

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride,
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

Come in peace, like a beautiful bride
Into the palace of time, we’ll go inside.
With joy and love and sweet song,
Come in Shabbat, here we belong.

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

Shabbat shalom.
Mah yafeh hayom Shabbat shalom.
A peaceful and blessed Shabbat.

Hevenu shalom alehém.
We bring you blessings of peace.
LEHÁH DÓDI

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

A day to remember, a day to keep,
If we listen closely, silent and deep.
We each call God by a different name
But One God, just the same.

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride,
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

Come in peace, like a beautiful bride
Into the palace of time, we'll go inside.
With joy and love and sweet song,
Come in Shabbat, here we belong.

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride
To bring Shabbat peace inside.
MA’ARIV ARAVIM

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.

El hay vekay'anim tumid
imlach aleynu le'olam va'ed.
Baruch atah Adonay
hamu'ariv aravim.

SHEMA UVIRHOTEHA

כברע

Bareh!

Bless Adonay, the Blessed One!
Blessed is Adonay, now and forever.

God's Wheel

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
MA’ARIV ARAVIM

榭르ך אנתו יהוה
אלוהים מלך עולם
אשרברך פארבר ערבים.

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.

אל ח’y וקיות פנים
יימלו’ עליונ ולעמל ויוץ:
榭르ך אנתו יהוה
בארך אנתו ערבים.

SHEMA UVIRHOTEHA

בברך
בארך אנתו יהוה ממקבו
榭르ך יהוה ממקבו
לעמל ויצא.

Bless Adonay, the Blessed One!
Blessed is Adonay, now and forever.

God’s Wheel

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
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 Gelfen
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 Gelfen
AHAVAT OLAM

With a great love, we are loved.
Like arms that hold us,
We are wrapped in words of Torah,
In ways that are good and true.

We listen to words of Torah:
They are the story of our life.
They bring us closer to You.

May Torah be with us always,
Making us happy,
Filling our days,
Connecting us to our past,
Pointing us to our future.

Blessed are You, Adonay, our Teacher,
Who loves Your people, Israel.

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?
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 knew 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?
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.

Ve’ahavta et Adonay Eloheha
be’hol levaveha wehol nefsheha
wehol me’odeha.

Vehaynu haderorim ha’eileh
asher ano’hi metzaveha hayom
al levaveha.

Veshinantam levaneha vedibarta b’am
beshivteha baveyta
welyeheha vadereh
woshiteha woskumeha.

Ukshartam le’ot al yadeha
veholu letolotof beyn eyneha.
Uftavtam al mezuot baveyta
woshiteha.
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.

Ve’ahavta et Adonay Eloheha  
beḥol levavecha twḥol nafshecha  
wḥol me’odecha.

Vehayu ha’avaran ha’elohim  
asher anohi melavecha hayom  
al levavecha.

Vesh’inantam le’avanah v’edibarta bam  
beshivteha beveyeisha  
wle’ateha va’derech  
wsheholeha ws’umeha.

Uskharatam le’ot al yadecha  
vehayu le’totafot beyn eynecha.  
U’tsivratam al mezuza beyteha  
wishareha.
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, 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
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."
Nahshon

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, Nahshon ben Aminadav jumped into the water. The people gasped! When the water reached his waist and the sea still raged, Nahshon could hear the people on the shore shouting at him to return. But Nahshon 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 Grader, Ramat Shalom

What is the most courageous thing you ever did?
I wonder: What might you have said when you reached the sea? I wonder what it must have felt like to be Nahshon, to be free. I wonder how God is in this story.
Nahshon

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, Nahshon ben Aminadav jumped into the water. The people gasped! When the water reached his waist and the sea still raged, Nahshon could hear the people on the shore shouting at him to return. But Nahshon 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 Grader, Ramat Shalom

What is the most courageous thing you ever did?
I wonder: What might you have said when you reached the sea?
I wonder what it must have felt like to be Nahshon, to be free.
I wonder how God is in this story.
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.
HASHKIVENU

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.

Baruch atah Adonay
hakoren sukka shalom aleynu
ve'el kol yisrael
ulei yerushalayim.

MI HAMOHAB

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.
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

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
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

VESHAMERU

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,
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

VESHAMERU

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.
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.
We give thanks
for the gift of memory,
for courage,
for surprise and holy times,
for a day of rest,
for words of prayer,
for times of blessing,
for hope of peace.

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.
OSEH SHALOM

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

Oseh shalom bimromav
hu ya'aseh shalom aleynu
ve'al kol Yisra'el
ve'al kol yoshvei tevel. Ve'imru amen.

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
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.

KIDDUSH
Baruľ atah Adonay Eloheynu meleḵ ha’olam
borey peri haqafen.

Baruľ atah Adonay Eloheynu meleḵ ha’olam
asher kideshamu bemitzvotav
veretzah vanu veShabbat kodesh
be’ahavah uwratzon hinḥilamnu
zikaron lema’asey vereishit.

Ki hu yom tehilah
lemikra’ey kodesh
zeher litz’at mitzrayim.

1 Ki eleynu karata ve’otamu kidashta
la’avodateha, veShabbat kodesha
be’ahavah uwratzon hinḥilamnu.

or –

2 Ki vanu vaḥarta ve’otamu kidashta
mikol ha’amim, veShabbat kodesha
be’ahavah uwratzon hinḥilamnu.

Baruľ atah Adonay
mekadesh haShabbat.
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.

KIDDUSH

Barukh atah Adonay
Eloheynu melech ha'olam
borey peri ha'agen.

Barukh atah Adonay
Eloheynu melech ha'olam
asher kideshanu b'mitzvotav
veratzah vanu veShabbat kodsho
be'ahavah u'vratzon kin'hatanu
zikaron lema'asey vereishit.

Ki hu yom tehila
lemikra'ey kodesh
zeher litz'at mitzrayim.

1  Ki eleynu karata ve'otenu kidashta
la'avodateha, veShabbat kodsheha
be'ahavah u'vratzon kin'hatanu.

2  Ki vanu va'kharta ve'otenu kidashita
mikol ha'amim, veShabbat kodsheha
be'ahavah u'vratzon kin'hatanu.

Barukh atah Adonay
mekadesh haShabbat.
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. 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.”
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.
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 Peacekeeper who creates harmony above
make peace for us,
for all Israel and for all people on earth.
And let us say, Amen.

KADDOISH YATOM

Yitgadal ve’yitkadosh shemey raba
be’alma di vera hirutey
ve’yamli’h mal’hutey
behaye’yhon uv’omye’yhon
uv’hayey de’kol Beyt Yisra’el
ba’agala av’nian kariv. Ve’imru amen.

Yehey shemey raba mevarah
le’alam ulal’ney almaya.

Yitbarah ve’yish’tabah ve’yitpa’ar
veyitromam ve’yitnasey
veyit-hadar ve’yitaleh ve’yit-halal
shemey de’kadsha beri’i hu
le’ela min kol bir’hata
veshirata tushbehata vene’hemata
da’amiran be’alma. Ve’imru amen.

Yehey shelama raba min shemaya
vehayim aleynu
ve’al kol Yisra’el. Ve’imru amen.

Oseh shalom b’ni romovin
hu ya’aseh shalom aleynu
ve’al kol Yisra’el
ve’al kol yoshwey tevel. Ve’imru 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.
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.
Closing Songs

**SHALOM RAV**

Shalom rav al Yisra’el ani ha’atso’ot le’olam.

Ki atah hu melekh

Adon lev’ol ha’shalom.

Vetov be’eyneha levareh,

Et ani ha’Yisra’el

Ve’tov kol yishvei tevel.

Be’olah et orho shua’ah, bishalom.

God, give abundant peace to your people Israel.

Bless your people Israel with peace.

**KOL HA’OLAM KULO**

Kol ha’olam kulo, gesher tsar me’od.

Veha’akah lo lefarah k’lal.

All of the world is a very narrow bridge;

the main thing is not to be afraid.

**SHA’ALU SHELOM**

Sha’alu shelem Yerushalayim

Yishlayu ohalayi’y.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

Let all who love you be comforted.
Closing Songs

**shalom rav**
Shalom rav al Yisra’el an’ha tasim le’olam.
Ki atah hu melah
adon lev’ol hashalom.
Netov be’eyneha levareh,
et an’ha Yisra’el
ve’et kol yoshvey tevel.
Behol et ur’ol shu’a’ah, bisholomeha.

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

**kol haolam kulo**
Kol ha’olam kulo, gesher tzar me’od.
Ve’ha’kad lo le’ol’ad khol.

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

**sha’alu shelom**
Sha’alu shelom yerushalayim
yishlayo ohatayih.

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.

---

BIRHOT HASHAHAR

modoḥ / modoḥ ani
modoḥ / modoḥ ani lefaneḥa
modeḥ hay vekeyun
sheheheḥeyta bi nishmati behemlah
rabah emunateh

I give thanks to You, Kind One, for helping me to wake up to this day. How great is your love.

mah tovu
mah tovu ohaleh Ya'akov
mishkenoteh Yisrael

How beautiful are your tents, Jacob.
How fine are your places to rest, Israel.

elohay neshama
elohay neshamah shenata bi
tehorah ha'is

My God, the soul you gave me is pure.
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.

BIRHOT HASHAHAR

MODEH/MODAH ANI

Modeh/modah ani lefanah

moleh hay vekayyenu

shehehezarta bi nishmati behemlah

rabah emunateh.

I give thanks to You, Kind One, for helping me to wake up to this day. How great is your love.

MAH TOVU

Mak tovu ohaleta Ya’akov

mishkenoteh Yisra’el.

How beautiful are your tents, Jacob.

How fine are your places to rest, Israel.

ELOHAY NESHAMAH

Elahay neshamah shemata bi

tehorah hi.

My God, the soul you gave me is pure.
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
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

---

BIRHOT HASHAHAR

Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim poke’an irvim.  
Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim matir asurim.  
Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim zokef kefufim.  
Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim hameḥin mitzadey goyver.  
Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim she’asah li kol tzarki.  
Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim she’asani betzalme.  
Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim she’asani Yisra’el.  
Baruḥ atah Adonay Eloheynu   
ḥey ha’olamim hanoten laya’sef koo’ah.
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 is 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

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 is 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 sheepherd 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 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 are you 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.

Ashrey
Ashrey yoshvey veyetша
od yehaleša selah.

Happy are those who dwell within Your house.
May they continue to give praise to You.
I lift my eyes 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.
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.
With drum and cymbal, play the beat.

Let every breath sing out loud,
Halleluyah!
Hallelujah

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!
NISHEMAT KOL HAY

ushmeh kol day tahor
ai tesem day rodel

Barukh atah Adonay el melekh gadol
batsha'batov, el hahoda'ot,
adon hanifla'ot,
haba'er beshiriy zimrah,
melekh el hey ha'olamim.

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.

—Maddie, Beth Israel

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
NISHMAT KOL HAY

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.

—Maddie, Beth Israel

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
BAREHU

Barehu et Adonay hamvorah!
Barukh Adonay hamvorah
le'olam va'ed.

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

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.
BAREHU

כִּי בְּרֵאֵשׁ הָאֱלֹהִים בְּרָאָם אֱלֹהִים מְנַעֲצִים;
כֹּזֶה גִּלְגֵל הָאֱלֹהִים;
לֵוֹלֶם וּלְעֹד.

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

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.
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.
YOTZER OR

Barúh atah Adonay
Eloheynu melekh ha'olam
yotzer or wovrey ḥošeḥ
oshe shalom wovrey et ḥakol.

Thank you God for creating the day and the night.
For the light and the dark.
Thank you for the sunset and sunrise.
Blessed are You, God, Creator of all.

Or ḥadash al Teiyon taʿir
venizkhe ḥalantu bimherah le'oro.
Barúh atah Adonay
yotzer hane'orot.

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

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,
catched 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.”

—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.
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.
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.
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 went 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 four corners to make humans? The earth from each corner is a different color: 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.*

—Midrash

*How God Created Adam*

When God decided to create the first human being, God went 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 four corners to make humans? The earth from each corner is a different color: 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
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.

Shema

Shema Yisra’el
Adonay Eloheynu
Adonay ehad.

Baruch sham va-malchuto
le’olam va’ed.

Ve’aharta et Adonay Eloheha
be’hol levaveha uw’hol nafsheha
uw’hol me’odeha.

Vehaya hadavarim ba’aleh
asher ano’hi metzaveha hayom
al levaveha.

Veshivanta’am levaneha vedibarta bam
beshivteha beveyteha
uwletseha vadereh
uwsholpeha uvkumeha.

Uksharata’am le’ot al yadeha
vehaya letotafot beyn ene’eha.

Uftavta’am al mezoset beyteha
uwishareha.
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.

**SHEMA**

Shema Yisra’el
Adonay Eloheynu
Adonay ehad.

Baruḥ shem kevod malḥuto le’olam va’esed.

Ve’aharta et Adonay Eloheha beḥol levaveha uwhol nafsheha uwhol me’odeha.

Vehaya hadavarim ba’eleh asher anoḥi metzaveha hayom al levaveha.

Veshinantam levanaha vedibarta bam bešivteha beveyeha vušešteha vadereh uvušholbeha urkumeha.

Ukshartam le’ot al yadeha vehaya letotafot beyn eyneneha.

Uvtavtam al mezezot beyeha vušhareha.
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.
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.
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.
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.
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
God, please let me honor you.
You have been the God of all the people before us.
You were the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.
You were the God of Sarah, Rebekah,
Rachel and Leah.
You are my God.
I praise you, God.
Listen to my prayer.

—Angelo, Camp JRF

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."

—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.
KEDUSHAH
Kadosh kadosh kadosh Adonay tzava’ot melo hol ha’aretz kevoda.

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.

Baruch atah Adonay ha’el hakadosh.
Blessed are You, Adonay, Source of holiness.

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

Max, Judah, Aryeh,
Camp JRF

GEVUROT
Atah giber le’olam Adonay
rav lehoshi’a.

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.

Baruh atah Adonay mehaye’y kol hay.
—or—
Baruh atah Adonay mehaye’y hametim.

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

Kadosh kadosh kadosh
Adonay tzvea'ot
melo hol ha'aretz kevoda.

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.

Baru'h atah Adonay ha'el hakadosh.

Blessed are You, Adonay, Source of holiness.

GEVUROT

Atah giber le'olam Adonay
ra'v lehoshi'a.

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.

Baru'h atah Adonay
me'hayey kol hay.

or -

Baru'h atah Adonay
me'hayey hametim.

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.
AVODAH

בזברך אדוננו רצויتبعחרת

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 אתה אדוננו

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

KEDUSHAT HAYOM

ויהוה באהלוהו


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.

HODA'AH

ומתריכים את עトップ

We say thank you.
For the wonders that greet us each morning.
For the good things that are with us.

ברוך אתה אדוננו

Blessed are You, Adonay, who reaches us how good it is to say thank you.

מטוקש התורה

Yisme'lu bemalchutah

shomrey Shabbat ve-korey oneg,

am mekadeshey shevi'i

kulam yishe'u ve-yitanegu mitavehah.

Yehashevi'i ratzita bo ve-kidesha

hemdah yamin oto karata

zeher lema'asey veryeshit.

Baruch atah Adonay

Blessed be You, Adonay, source of Sabbath holiness.
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

Yisme'hu bemal'he'teha
shomrey Shabbat ve'korey oneg.
am mekadeshey shevi'i
kulan yise'hu veyitanegu miture'ha.
Yehashevi'i ratzita bo ve'kedashto
hemdat yamin oto karata
ze'eh lema'asey vereyshit.

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.

HODA'AH

We say thank you
For the wonders that greet us each morning,
For the good things that are with us.

Blessed are You, Adonay, who reaches us how good it is
to say thank you.
TORAH

Taking Out the Torah

Ki mi'tziyon tetzey Torah
urdvar Adonay murushlayim.
Baruk shenatan Torah
le'am Yisra'el bikkushato.

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

Shema Yisra'el
bidden Adonay ve'Adonay ehad.

Listen Israel: Adonay our God, Adonay is One.

Ehad Eloheynu gadol Adoneynu
kadosh shemo.

One is our God, holy is God's name.

Gadlu Adonay iti
unrememah shemo yahdav.

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

Yevarecheha Adonay veishmeara.
Ya'er Adonay panav lecha vihunea.
Yisa Adonay panav lecha
veyssem lecha shalom.

Ken yehi ratzon.

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.

Sim shalom tovah uvrachah

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.

Barukh atah Adonay osey hashalom.

Oseh shalom bimromav
hu ya'aseh shalom aleynu
ve'al kol Yisra'el
ve'al kol yoshvei tevel. Ve'imru amen.
Taking Out the Torah

Ki mi'Tziyon tetzey Torah
udvar Adonay mirushalayim.
Baruk shenatan Torah
le'am Yisra'el bikhushato.

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

Shema Yisra'el
Yehude Eloheynu Yehude Yisra'el.

Listen Israel: Adonay our God, Adonay is One.

Ehad Eloheynu gadol Adonaynu
kadosh shemo.

One is our God, holy is God's name.

Gadlu Adonay iti
unrememah shemo yahdav.

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

Yevare'ehu Adonay ve'yishmere'ha.
Ya'er Adonay panav eleh v'yi'nenu.
Yisa Adonay panav eleh
veyasem leha shalom.
Ken yehi ratzon.

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.

Sim shalom tovah u'vr'ahah

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.

Baru'h atah Adonay oseh hashalom.

Oseh shalom bimromav
hu ya'aseh shalom aleynu
ve'al kol Yisra'el
ve'al kol yoshvei tevel. Ve'imru amen.
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.

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.
Returning the Torah

Ki hem hayeynu ve'oreh yameynu
wahem negeh yomam valaylah.

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

Eitz hayim hi lanahoatzikim ba
vetonheka me'asher.
Daraheha darhey no'am
vehol netivotehah shalom.
Hashivenu Adonay eleyha
venasheveh hadesh yameynu kekedem.

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

Torah's ways are pleasant.
Its paths are peace.

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 Hamsho'im, the Town of the Messiahs.

—Folk tale

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.
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 Hamsho'Jim, the Town of the Messiahs.

—Folk tale

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.

ALEYNU

Aleynu leshave’ah la’adon hakol
latet gedolah leyotzer bereyshit.

Va’anahnu korim
umishta’avim umodim
lifney melech malkei hamela’im
hakadosh barukh hu.

Vene’emar: Vehayah Adonay lemelekh
al kol ha’aretz.
Bayom haku yihyei Adonay echad
usmo echad.

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

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.

ALEYNU

Aleynu leshabe'ah la'adon hakol
latet g'dolah leyotzer bereyshit.

Va'anahnu korin
umishtahavim unmodim
li'ney meleḥ malkey hamelaḥim
hakadosh baruk hu.

Vene'ema: Vehayah Adonay lemeleḥ
al kol ba'aretz.
Bayom ha'ku yihyei Adonay ehad
usmo 'ehad.

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.”
Kaddish Yatom

Yigadal veytikdash shemey raba
be'alma di vera hirutey
veymolh malhutey
behayeyhon avyeyhon
whayey dehol Beyt Yisra'el
ba'agala avizman kariv. Ve'imru amen.

Yehay shemey raba mevraha
le'alam ulalmey almaya.

Yithara veyishtahab veyitpa'ar
veytromam veyitnasey
veyit-hadar veyisateh veyit-hadal
shemey dekucksha berihi hu
le'ela min kol birhata
veshirata tushbehata venuhemata
da'amiran be'alma. Ve'imru amen.

Yehay shelamsa raba min shemaya
vehayaim aleynu
ve'al kol Yisra'el. Ve'imru amen.

Osh shalom bimromav
hu ya'aseh shalom aleynu
ve'al kol Yisra'el
ve'al kol yosheve tevel. Ve'imru 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 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 Peacekeeper who creates harmony above
make peace for us,
for all Israel, and for all people on earth.
And let us say, Amen.

KADDDISH YATOM

Yigadal veytikdash shemey raba
be'alma di vera hi'ruley
veymilh malhutey
be'heyeyhon avyoneyhon
whayey de'hol Bet Yisra'el
ba'agala wizman kariv. Ve'imru amen.

Yhe'hey shemey raba mevarah
le'al'om alamey almaya.

Yitbareh veyishtakah veyitpa'ar
veyitromam veyitnasey
veyit-hadar veyisaleh veyit-halal
shemey de'kuksha beriy hu
le'ela min kol birhata
veshirata tushbehata venememata
da'amiran be'alma. Ve'imru amen.
Yhe'hey shelama raba min shemaya
ve'hayam aleynu
ve'al kol Yisra'el. Ve'imru amen.

Osh shalom bimromav
hu ya'aseh shalom aleynu
ve'al kol Yisra'el
ve'al kol yoshvey tevel. Ve'imru amen.
ADON OLAM

Adon olam asher malah,
beteren kol yetzir nivra.
Le'et ne'asah veheftzo kol,
azay meleh shemo nikra.

Vehu hayah vehu hoveh,
vehu yihye betifarah.

Vehu ehad ve'eyn sheni,
lehamshil lo leha'bitrah.
Beli reshit beli tahlit,
velo ha'oz vehamsarah.

Vehu eli vehay go'ali,
vetzur hevli be'et tsarah.
Vehu nisi umanos li,
menat kosi beyom ekra.

Beyado afkid ruhi,
be'et ishan ve'a'irah.
Ve'im ruhi geviyati,
Adonay li velo ira.

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
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.
**David Meleḥ**
David meleḥ Yisra'el
ha'ei yekayam.

David, king of Israel, lives and endures.

—Talmud, B. Rosh Hashanah 25a

**Eleh Hamdah Libi**
Eleh hamdah libi
husah na ve'el na titalem.

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

—Eliezer Azkari

**Eli, Eli**
Eli, Eli shele yigamer le'olam
ha'ol vehayam,
rishrush shel hamayim
berak hashamayim, tefilot 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

**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
**David Melech**

David melech Yisra'el
he' yekayem.

David, king of Israel, lives and endures.
—Talmud, B. Rosh Hashanah 25a

**Eleh Hamdah Libi**

Eleh hamdah libi
husah na ve'il na titalem.

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

**Eli, Eli**

Eli, Eli shelo yigamer le'olam
ha'yol vehayam,
rishur shel hamayim
berak hashamayim, tefilat 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

**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
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,
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

EYN KEYLOHEYNU
Eyn kEyroheynu,
eyn kadoneynu
eyn kemalkeynu,
eyn kemosh'i'eynu.

Mi ḤEyroheynu,
mi Ḥadoneynu
mi Ḥemalkeynu,
mi Ḥemosh'i'eynu.

Noded lEyroheynu,
noded ladoneynu
noded lenalkeynu,
noded lemosh'i'eynu.

Baruḥ Eloheynu,
baruḥ adoneynu
baruḥ malkeynu,
baruḥ moshi'eynu.

Atah hu Eloheynu,
atah hu adoneynu
atah hu malkeynu,
atah hu moshi'eynu.
HAVAH NASHIRAH
Havah nashirah, shir halleluyah.
Let us sing a song of halleluyah!

LEMA'AN AHAY VERE'AY
Lema'an ahay vere'ay
Adaberah na shalom ba'al.
Lema'an beyt Adonay
Eloheynu avakshah tov la'y.

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 132

LIMNOT YAMEYNU
Limmnot yameynu keyn hoda,
venavi levav kohymah.

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 umenu'ah
Shabbat shalom umevorah

—Juliet Spiner

HATIKVAH
Kol od balevav penimah
Nefesh Yehudi homiyah
Ulfis'atey mizra'ah kadimah
Ayun leTsyyon tsafiyah.

Od lo avdah tikvatenu
Hatikvah bat shenot alpayim
Lihiyyot am hafo'shi be'artzenu
Erets Tsyyon 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
HAVAH NASHIRAH

Havah nashirah, shir halleluyah.
Let us sing a song of halleluyah!

LEMA’AN AHAY VERE’AY

Lema’an ahay vere’ay
Adaberah na shalom bah.
Lema’an beyt Adonay
Eloheynu avakshah tov lahy.

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 132

LIMNOT YAMEYNU

Limnot yameynu keyn hoda,
venavi levav kohymah.

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 uveverah

—Juliet Spiner

HATIKVAH

Kol od balevav penimah
Nefesh Yehudi homiyah
Ulfs’atey mirzah kadimah
Yiyn leTsiyon tzofiyah.

Od lo avdash 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.

—Nafsiy Hek. Imber
MOR SHIR
Mizmor shir leym 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 yilnedu 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, Adonay (Yah)
me’od amku makhshovotenu.
Your acts are amazing,
Your thoughts are incredible!
—Psalm 92

MIN HAMETZAR
Min hametzar karati Yah
anani samerjavah 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,
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
ROMEMU ADONAY ELOHEYNU
Romemu Adonay Eloheynu
vehishtalya vahadom reglave
kadosh hu.
Romemu Adonay Eloheynu
vehishtalya lehar kodsho
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 simhah.

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

—Psalm 97

PITHU LI
Pitu' li sha'arey tzadek
avo vam odeh Yah.
Zeh hasha'ar laAdonay
tzadi'kim yavo'u 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
ROMEMU ADONAY ELOHEYNU
Romemu Adonay Eloheynu
vehishlalav lahadom raglav
kadosh hu.
Romemu Adonay Eloheynu
vehishlalav lahar kedosho
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,
morshah 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
Aor 'ru'a
Lehishrey lev simhat:
light is planted for the righteous ones,
Happiness for those who are honest of heart.
—Psalm 97

PITHU Li
Pithu li sha'reey tzedek
avo vam odeh Yah.
Zeh hash'a'ar l'Adonay
tzadikim yavo'u 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
USHAVTEM MAYIM

Ushavtem mayim besason
mi'ma'ayney hayeshu'ah.

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

VETAHER LIBENU

Vetaher libenu le'avdeha be'emet.

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

YEDID NEFESH

Yedid nefesh av haraymon
mesholt avdeha, el retzoneha.
Yametz avdeha, kemo ayal
yishtahveh el nol hodoreha.

You who loves my soul,
draw me to Your will.
Then I can run like a deer,
and bow before You.
—Eliyzer Azkari
USHAVTEM MAYIM

Ушавтем майим бисон
имна'уней хайешу'ах.

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

VETAHER LIBENU

Ветахер либену левделу бимерет.

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

YEDID NEFESH

 Yosemite вар харахем
мешолт ардела, эль рехона.
Яравт ардела, кено а yal
yishtalchav el mel hadareha.

You who loves my soul,
draw me to Your will.
Then I can run like a deer,
and bow before You.
—Eliezer Azkari
“Nahshon” (page 21). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Bamidbar Rabbah 12.16-21, Penina De-Rab Kahana 7a-10a, and Penina Rabbahai 7, 26b, 28a.

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


“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.


“The Voice” (page 30) from Falling Up by Shel Silverstein. Copyright © 1986 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 Brachot 9b.


“The Scholar and the Shepherd” (page 47). This folk tale was adapted from “The Prayer of the Shepherd” in Sefer Hasidim Melkite Nirdamim, edited by Y.H. Wiatryzcki, 1891. A version of this folk tale is also attributed to “Moses and the Shepherd” by Rashi Melechim, 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 Maddie Soffer, Beth Israel, Media, Pa.

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

“Adam and Eve’s First Sunset” (page 56). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Genesis Rabbah 11:2.


“How God Created Adam” (page 60). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Megillat Yerahm’e’el.

Sources

The Hebrew typography was edited from digital files graciously donated by Rabbi Ron Aizen from Congregation Dorsher Emet: The Reconstructionist Synagogue of Montreal. These files were originally created for his Siddur HaMideh Yamenu: Review Our Days.

Every effort has been made to obtain the necessary permissions. Any oversights or errors will be corrected in future editions.

“The Sweetest Sound” (page 2) from Who Knows Tree: Children’s Tales of the Ten Commandments by Molly Cone. Published April, 1999 by Rebound and Sagebrush. Adapted and reprinted with permission from Molly Cone. This folk story was adapted from “What Melody is the Sweetest?” (Afghanistan) Israel Folktales Archives (10311182) as told by Zulaln Kort.


“God’s Wheel” (page 10) from A Light in the Attic by Shel Silverstein. Copyright © 1981 by Evil Eye Music, Inc. Published by HarperCollins Children’s Books. All rights reserved.

“We Thank You God” (page 12). Children’s poem written by Mason Korb, Samantha Moore, Jeff Mayer and Will Minzel at Camp JFF.


“The Princess of Light” (page 14) from Next Year in Jerusalem by Howard Schwartz. Published by Viking 1996. Adapted and reprinted with permission from Howard Schwartz. The Princess of Light (Spain) is based on the myth of the exile of the Shehina in Zohar 1:202b-203a and “The Lost Princess” from Sippuray Maysiot by Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav, edited by Rabbi Nathan Sternhartz of Nemirov, 1881.


“When I Listen to God” (page 20). Children’s poem by students at Or Hadash, Fort Washington, Pa., and Ramat Shalom, Plantation, Fl.

“To Love God” (page 20). Children’s poem by a fourth-grade student at Ramat Shalom, Plantation, Fl.
“Nahshon” (page 21). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Bamidbar Rabbah 12.16-21, Penikts De-Rab Kahana 1, 7a-10a, and Penikts Rabbatai 7, 26b, 28a.

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


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


“The Voice” (page 30) from Falling Up by Shel Silverstein. Copyright © 1986 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.


“The Scholar and the Shepherd” (page 47). This folk tale was adapted from “The Prayer of the Shepherd” in Sefer Hasidim Mekevei Neridam, edited by Y.H. Wiatruski, 1891. A version of this folk tale is also attributed to “Moses and the Shepherd” by Rami Melchizedek, 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 Maddie 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.


“How God Created Adam” (page 60). Midrash adapted by Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso from Megillat Yehoshu’a.

Sources

The Hebrew typography was edited from digital files gracefully donated by Rabbi Ron Aigen from Congregation Dorchei Emet: The Reconstructionist Synagogue of Montreal. These files were originally created for his Siddur Meudeh Yameinic Review Our Days.

Every effort has been made to obtain the necessary permissions. Any oversights or errors will be corrected in future editions.

“The Sweetest Sound” (page 2) from Who Knows Tree: Children’s Tales of the Ten Commandments by Molly Cone. Published April, 1999 by Rebound and Segebrush. Adapted and reprinted with permission from Molly Cone. This folk story was adapted from “What Melody is the Sweetest?” (Afghanistan) Israel Folktales Archives (IFA182) as told by Zvulaan Kort.


“God’s Wheel” (page 10) from A Light in the Attic by Shel Silverstein. Copyright © 1981 by Evil Eye Music, Inc. Published by HarperCollins Children’s Books. All rights reserved.

“We Thank You God” (page 12). Children’s poem written by Mason Korb, Samantha Moore, Jeff Meyer and Will Miser at Camp JRF.


“The Princess of Light” (page 14) from Next Year in Jerusalem by Howard Schwartz. Published by Viking 1996. Adapted and reprinted with permission from Howard Schwartz. The Princess of Light (Spain) is based on the myth of the exile of the Shelihus in Zohar 1:202b-203a and “The Lost Princess” from Sippurei Ma’ayiot by Rabbi Nachman of Breslev, edited by Rabbi Nathan Sternhartz of Nemirov, 1881.


“When I Listen to God” (page 20). Children’s poem at Or Hadash, Fort Washington, Pa., and Ramat Shalom, Plantation, Fla.

“To Love God” (page 20). Children’s poem by a fourth-grade student at Ramat Shalom, Plantation, Fla.
"The Reminder" (page 68). This folk story was adapted from "A Servant When He Reigns" (Iraq) Israel Folk Tales Archives (IFA230), Collected by Zvi Moshe Haimovitch from Josef Shmuli of Harsa, Iraq.

"God, Please Let Me Honor You" (page 69). Children's poem written by Angela Ribbler at Camp JRF.

"God is in All Places" (page 73). Children's poem written by Max Stern, Judah Levenson, Aryeh Stein-Azen at Camp JRF.

"Ir Hamishlohim" (page 81). Adapted and reprinted with permission from Susan Stone. This folk story was retold and adapted from the oral tradition. Variations of this folk tale are attributed to Ramana Maharshi in the Hindu tradition, and to Saint Paul in the Christian tradition. Connections have also been found to the Sufi masters in the Muslim tradition.

"Everlasting Life" (page 83). Children's poem written by Aryeh Stein-Azen at Camp JRF.

"As We Bless" © Faith Bogow.

"Circle Chant" © Linda Hirschhorn, as recorded on Roots and Wings, Oyster Productions, 1992. P.O. Box 3929 Berkeley, Calif., 94703.

"Gather In" © 1995 Juliet S. Spitzer, as recorded on A Moon Note, Red Thread Records, 1995.

“The Reminder” (page 68). This folk story was adapted from “A Servant When He Reigns” (Iraq) Israel Folk Tales Archives (IFA280). Collected by Zvi Moshe Hairovitch from Josef Shmuli of Basra, Iraq.

“God, Please Let Me Honor You” (page 69). Children’s poem written by Angela Ribbler at Camp JRF.

“God is in All Places” (page 73). Children's poem written by Max Stern, Judah Levenson, Aryeh Stein-Azen at Camp JRF.

“El Harisho(b)im” (page 81). Adapted and reprinted with permission from Susan Stone. This folk story was retold and adapted from the oral tradition. Variations of this folk tale are attributed to Ramana Maharshi in the Hindu tradition, and to Saint Paul in the Christian tradition. Connections have also been found to the Sufi masters in the Muslim tradition.

“Everlasting Life” (page 83). Children’s poem written by Aryeh Stein-Azen at Camp JRF.

“As We Bless” © Faith Rogow.

“Circle Chant” © Linda Hirschhorn, as recorded on Roots and Wings, Oyster Productions, 1992, P.O. Box 3929 Berkeley, Calif. 94703.

“Gather In” © 1995 Juliet J. Spitzer, as recorded on A Moon Note, Red Thread Records, 1995.