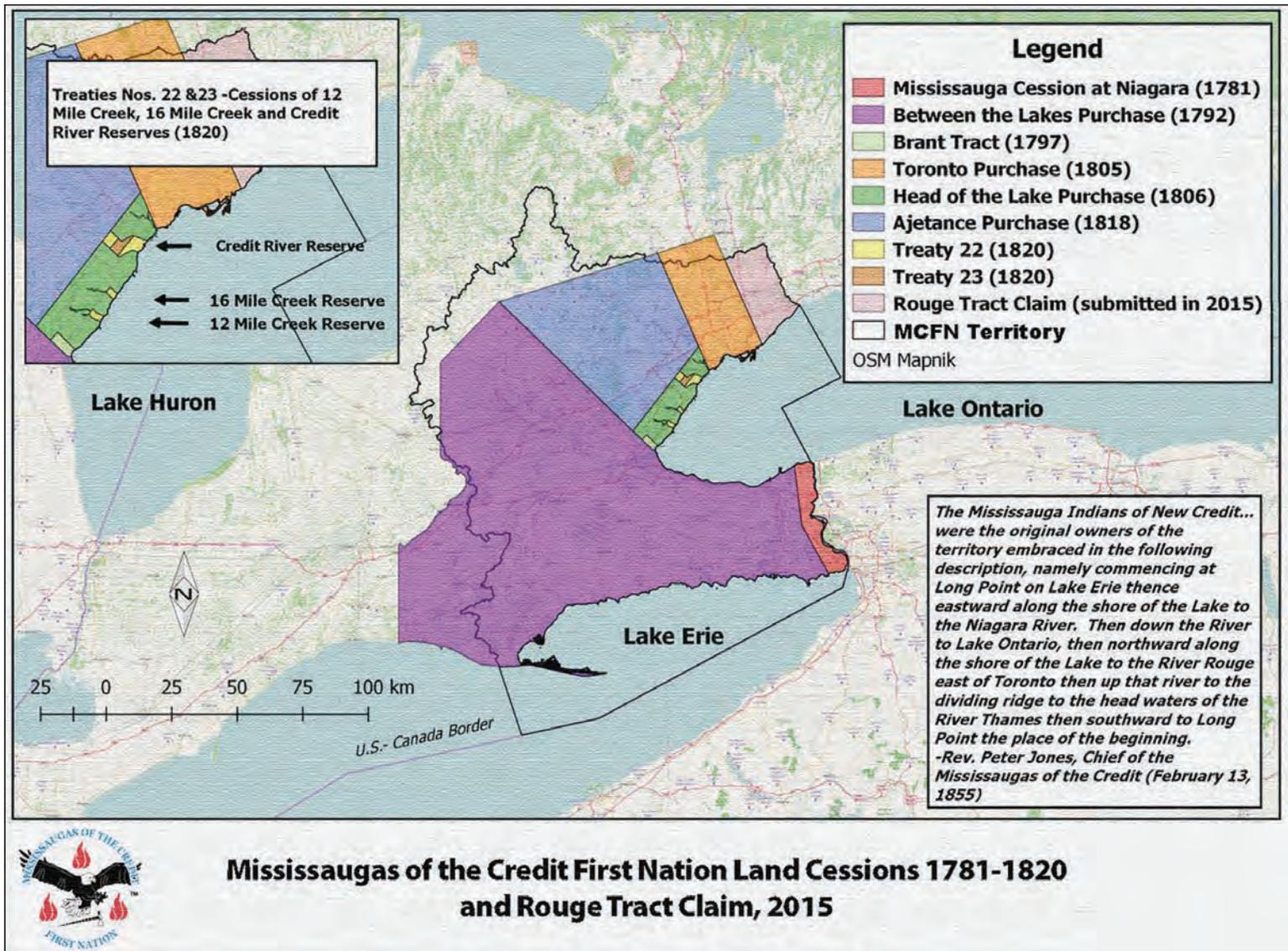


Welcome to the UJPO/MWS ANNUAL THIRD SEYDER 5782/2022



Justice Justice We Shall Pursue
SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 2022



To learn whose land you're on: <https://native-land.ca>

Learn more about treaties:

<https://watershedsentinel.ca/articles/know-your-treaty-rights>

<https://libguides.lakeheadu.ca/c.php?g=412911&p=4046260>

A SONG OF WELCOME



Lomir Alemen Bagrisn

Lomir alemen bagrisn
Lomir alemen bagrisn
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir alemen bagrisn.

Lomir di kinder bagrisn
Lomir di kinder bagrisn
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir di kinder bagrisn.

Lomir di eltern bagrisn
Lomir di eltern bagrisn
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir di eltern bagrisn

Lomir dem Peysakh bagrisn
Lomir dem Peysakh bagrisn
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir, lomir, lomir
Lomir dem Peysakh bagrisn.

*Let us all welcome everyone.
Let us all welcome the children.
Let us all welcome the parents.
Let us all welcome Passover.*

First Glass of Wine: Freedom from all Forms of Oppression



Red Sea: April 2002

Aurora Levins Morales

This Passover, who reclines?
Only the dead, their cupped hands filling slowly
with the red wine of war. We are not free.

The blood on the doorposts does not protect anyone.
They say that other country over there
dim blue in the twilight
farther than the orange stars exploding over our roofs
is called peace.

The bread of affliction snaps in our hands like bones,
is dust in our mouths. This bitterness brings tears to our eyes.
The figs and apples are sour. We have many more
than four questions. We dip and dip,
salt stinging our fingers.
Unbearable griefs braided into a rope so tight
we can hardly breathe,
Whether we bless or curse,
this is captivity.
We would cross the water if we knew how.
Everyone blames everyone else for barring the way.

Listen, they say there is honey swelling in golden combs, over there,
dates as sweet and brown as lovers' cheekbones,
bread as fragrant as rest,
but the turbulent water will not part for us.
We've lost the trick of it.

Back then, one man's faith opened the way.
He stepped in, we were released, our enemies drowned.

This time we're tied at the ankles.
We cannot cross until we carry each other,
all of us refugees, all of us prophets.
No more taking turns on history's wheel,
trying to collect old debts no-one can pay.
The sea will not open that way.

This time that country
is what we promise each other,
our rage pressed cheek to cheek
until tears flood the space between,
until there are no enemies left,
because this time no one will be left to drown
and all of us must be chosen.
This time it's all of us or none.

To Freedom from All Forms of Oppression!

Keeping Quiet

Pablo Neruda

Translation: Alastair Reid

Now we will count to twelve
and we will all keep still

for once on the face of the earth,
let's not speak in any language;
let's stop for a second,
and not move our arms so much.

It would be an exotic moment
without rush, without engines;
we would all be together
in a sudden strangeness.

Fishermen in the cold sea
would not harm whales
and the man gathering salt
would look at his hurt hands.

Those who prepare green wars,
wars with gas, wars with fire,
victories with no survivors,
would put on clean clothes
and walk about with their brothers
in the shade, doing nothing.

What I want should not be confused
with total inactivity.
Life is what it is about;
I want no truck with death.

If we were not so single-minded
about keeping our lives moving,
and for once could do nothing,
perhaps a huge silence
might interrupt this sadness
of never understanding ourselves
and of threatening ourselves with death.
Perhaps the earth can teach us
as when everything seems dead
and later proves to be alive.

Now I'll count up to twelve
and you keep quiet and I will go.

Little Fires

Jaguar Jonze

Keeping quiet in the dark
Always was the hardest part
Felt like nobody believed
Thinking I was all alone
In this battle on my own

'Cause I couldn't see little fires all around
Still alive but underground
We can fan these flames to make a change
And burn this whole thing down

One little spark that started a flame
One little story carried the blaze
You're gonna try, but you'll never tame these
little fires

We had to stand up and carry the pain
Over and over and over again
I'm gonna make you remember my name
These little fires, little fires

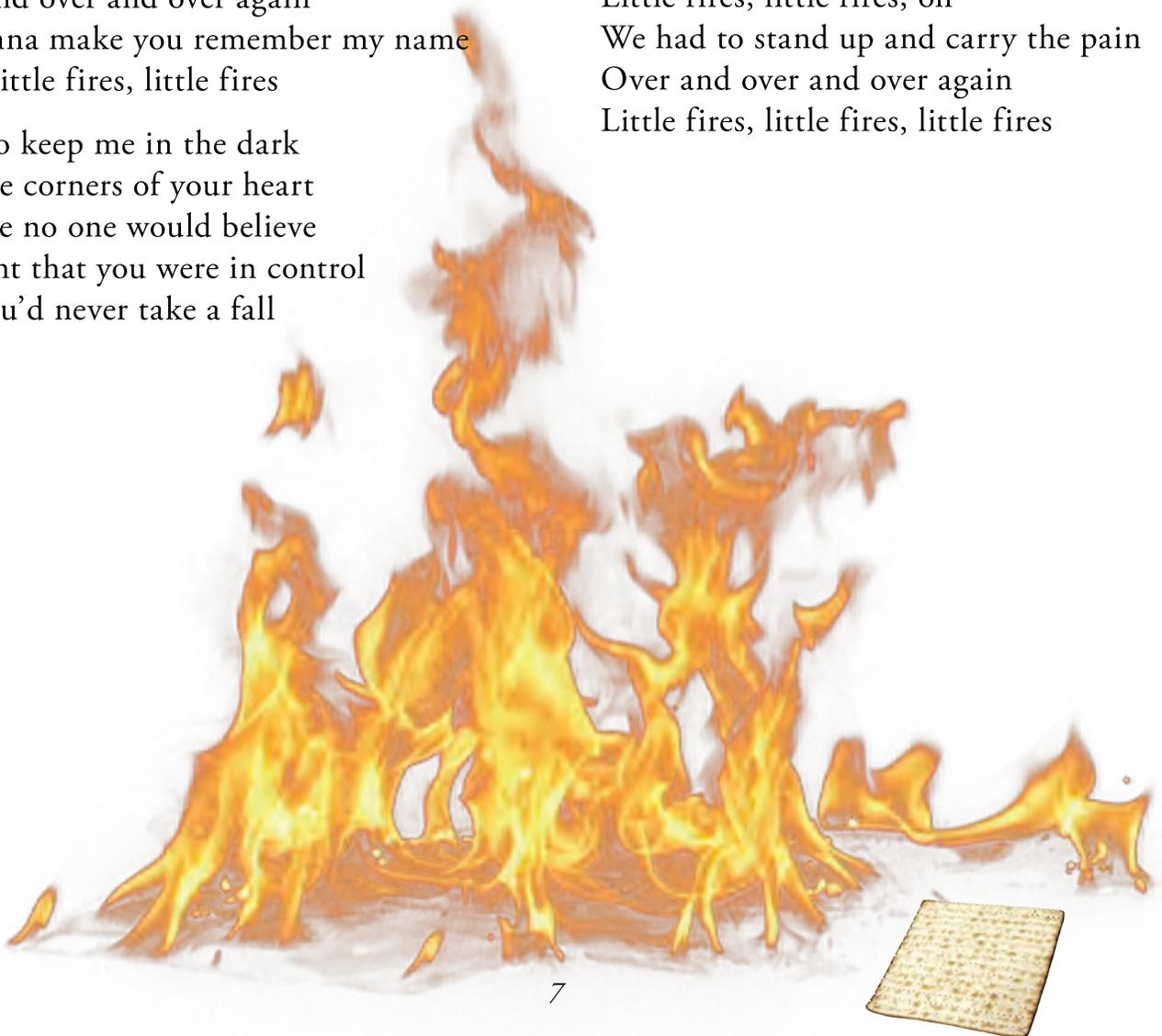
Tried to keep me in the dark
Like the corners of your heart
Told me no one would believe
Thought that you were in control
And you'd never take a fall

But you couldn't see little fires all around
Still alive but underground
We can fan these flames to make a change
And burn this whole thing down

One little spark that started a flame
One little story carried the blaze
You're gonna try, but you'll never tame
these little fires

We had to stand up and carry the pain
Over and over and over again
I'm gonna make you remember my name
These little fires, little fires, oh

One little spark that started a flame
One little story carried the blaze
Little fires, little fires, oh
We had to stand up and carry the pain
Over and over and over again
Little fires, little fires, little fires





*2022 Seyder plate by
MWS Teaching Assistant and 2021 Shule Grad
Sadie Kopyto Primack*

The Passover Seyder Symbols: Food and Freedom

Matze — The Hebrew slaves, in their haste to flee Egypt, had no time to wait for their bread to rise, so they baked it in the sun while traveling.

Maror — or horseradish is the bitter herb reminding us of the bitterness of slavery and oppression. Additional symbols used in many seyder plates to symbolize the bitterness of slavery and oppression have been: a potato to symbolize the suffering of Ethiopian Jews in Israel; and a banana to remind us of Aylan and Galip Kurdi and refugee children everywhere.

Kharoses — made from dried fruit and nuts, symbolizes the mortar from which the slaves were forced to make bricks for the Pharaoh in Egypt.

The Shankbone — a symbol of how Jews celebrated the exodus from Egypt with great rejoicing and feasting, whether they were carnivores or vegetarians. An additional symbol used on many seyder plates to symbolize celebrations of freedom is okra for Black liberation.

Karpes — parsley and other green vegetables remind us that Passover is also the holiday of spring, and the renewal of life. An additional symbol used on many seyder plates to symbolize our connection to the land and its preservation is a tomato for farmworkers' rights.

Egg — symbolizes the end of winter, and the rebirth of the earth in the spring.

Olive Tree — among the oldest species in Israel/Palestine. When olive groves in Palestine are destroyed, the past and future is destroyed. We eat this olive, mindful that olive trees, the source of livelihood for Palestinian farmers, are regularly chopped down, burned and uprooted by Israeli settlers and the Israeli authorities. (*Modified from IfNotNow*)

Orange — historically symbolizes the recognition of gay and lesbian folks in Jewish communities; however, at Winchevsky and UJPO each segment of the orange also represents those marginalized within the Jewish community: specifically, Jews of colour, queer, trans, and non-binary people. An additional symbol used on many seyder plates to symbolize Jewish diversity is an artichoke for interfaith families.

Salt Water — reminds us of the tears of the Jewish slaves and all those enslaved in the past and the present.

Afikoimen — is the name of the middle matze of the three matzes that are broken at the seyder. The search for the Afikoimen symbolizes that the world is incomplete, and that there is hope to complete and fulfill the promise of the world. (Don't forget to look out for the hidden matze tonight!)

Spoon — a spoon is placed on the seyder plate to represent valuing elder, sick, disabled and fat people's lives. The spoon honours the need for everyone to tend to their energy and the fight for disability justice.

Cup of Eliyohu — an extra cup of wine is placed on the table to honour the Prophet Eliyohu (Elijah) - the messenger of peace and goodwill, who visits every home where a seyder is being held.

Cup of Ruth — a cup of wine is placed on the table to honour Ruth who is considered to be the first Jewish person by choice. We open the door to signify our welcome of Ruth and all who follow in her footsteps—those who become part of Jewish diversity.

Cup of Miriam — Miriam is Moses' sister and her healing powers and spring water sustained the Jewish slaves during their forty years in the desert.

All these symbols remind us of the millions of migrants fleeing war, climate crises, and oppression. They remind us that we are happy to be celebrating together. They remind us that we are reaching out to support all those who need us. And they remind us that spring is coming.

Maggid

Marge Piercy

The courage to let go of the door, the handle.
The courage to shed the familiar walls whose very
stains and leaks are comfortable as the little moles
of the upper arm; stains that recall a feast,
a child's naughtiness, a loud blattering storm
that slapped the roof hard, pouring through.

The courage to abandon the graves dug into the hill,
the small bones of children and the brittle bones
of the old whose marrow hunger had stolen;
the courage to desert the tree planted and only
begun to bear; the riverside where promises were
shaped; the street where their empty pots were broken.

The courage to leave the place whose language you learned
as early as your own, whose customs however dan-
gerous or demeaning, bind you like a halter
you have learned to pull inside, to move your load;
the land fertile with the blood spilled on it;
the roads mapped and annotated for survival.

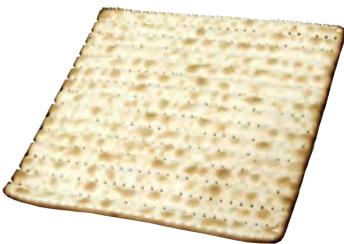
The courage to walk out of the pain that is known
into the pain that cannot be imagined,
mapless, walking into the wilderness, going
barefoot with a canteen into the desert;
stuffed in the stinking hold of a rotting ship
sailing off the map into dragons' mouths,

Cathay, India, Siberia, goldenh medina
leaving bodies by the way like abandoned treasure.
So they walked out of Egypt. So they bribed their way
out of Russia under loads of straw; so they steamed
out of the bloody smoking charnelhouse of Europe
on overloaded freighters forbidden all ports—

out of pain into death or freedom or a different
painful dignity, into squalor and politics.

We Jews are all born of wanderers, with shoes
under our pillows and a memory of blood that is ours
raining down. We honor only those Jews who changed
tonight, those who chose the desert over bondage,

who walked into the strange and became strangers
and gave birth to children who could look down
on them standing on their shoulders for having
been slaves. We honor those who let go of every-
thing but freedom, who ran, who revolted, who fought,
who became other by saving themselves.



Chika Morena

Music: Roberto Rodriguez

Lyrics: Sarah Aroeste

Ladino:

So la chika morena
La de kaveyos largos
La de los ojos duros
Ama de korason kontente.
Tengo mas de mil anyos
He traversado mares i fronteras
Un dia tornaré a mi tierra
Ke el kalor de mi madre me aspera

Koro:

Morena me llaman
Blanca yo naci
De pasear galana
Mi color perdi

So la chika morena
A los reyes he sigido
Suvido eskaleras de oro
Kazado kon el mundo i bivido
Bezado los pies de mis hijos
I las manos de mis ermanos
Sigiendo la boz de mis padres
A topar la guerta de mi madre

English:

I am the dark beauty
The one with the long hair
And the strong eyes
But with a happy heart.
I have lived more than 1000 years
I have crossed seas and borders
One day I will return to my land
Where the warmth of my mother awaits me.

Chorus:

They call me the dark beauty
But I was born quite fair
Parading about
I have lost my color

I am the dark beauty
Who has abided by many kings
Climbed ladders of gold
Married into the world and lived.
I have kissed the feet of my children
And the hands of my brothers
I am following the voices of my ancestors
To return to the garden of my mother.



Hymn of Exile

Taras Shevchenko, Translated by A. J. Hunter

The sun goes down beyond the hill,
The shadows darken, birds are still;
From fields no more come toilers' voices
In blissful rest the world rejoices.
With lifted heart I, gazing stand,
Seek shady grove in Ukraine's land.
Uplifted thus, 'mid memories fond
My heart finds rest, o'er the hills beyond.
On fields and woods the darkness falls
From heaven blue a bright star calls,
The tears fall down. Oh, evening star!
Hast thou appeared in Ukraine far?
In that fair land do sweet eyes seek thee
Dear eyes that once were wont to greet me?
Have eyes forgotten their tryst to keep?
Oh then, in slumber let them sleep
No longer o'er my fate to weep.

1847, Orsk Fortress



Why Is This Night Different From All Other Nights?

מה נשתנה הלילה הזה מכל הלילות

Ma nishtanah halaylah hazeh mikol haleylot?

פֿאַרוואָס איז די נאַכט פֿון פֿסח אַנדערש פֿון אַלע נעכט פֿון אַ גאַנץ יאָר

*Farvos iz di nakht fun peysekhn andersh
fun ale nekht fun a gants yor?*



On all other nights, we eat either bread or matze.
Why, on this night, do we eat only matze?

שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין חמץ ומצה הלילה הזה כלו מצה

*She-b'khol ha-ley-lot a-nu okh-leen hametz u-matzah,
ha-lay-lah ha-zeh ku-lo-matzah?*

אַלע נעכט פֿון אַ גאַנץ יאָר מעגן מיר עסן סיי חמץ סיי מצה
אַבער אין דער דאָזיקער נאַכט פֿון פֿסח נאָר מצה

On all other nights, we eat all kinds of vegetables.
Why, on this night, must we eat bitter herbs?

שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין שאר ירקות הלילה הזה מרור

*She-b'khol ha-ley-lot a-nu okh-leen sh'ar ye-ra-kot,
ha-lay-lah ha-seh maror?*

אַלע נעכט פֿון אַ גאַנץ יאָר עסן מיר אַלערליי גרינסן
אַבער אין דער דאָזיקער נאַכט פֿון פֿסח נאָר מרור

*Ale nekht fun a gants yor esn mir alerley grinsn,
ober in der doziker nakht fun peysakh nor maror?*

On all other nights, we do not usually dip vegetables even once. Why, on this night, do we do so twice?

שבכל הלילות אין אנו מטבילין אפלו פאם אהת
הלילה הזה שתי פעמים

*She-b'khol ha-ley-lot eyn a-nu mat-bee-leen afee-lu pa-am e-chat,
ha-lay-lah ha-zeh sh'tey pe-ameem?*

אלע נעכט פון א גאנץ יאָר טונקען מיר ניט איין אַפּילו איין מאָל
אַבער אין דער דאָזיקער נאַכט פון פסח טונקען מיר איין צוויי מאָל

*Ale nekht fun a gants yor tunken mir nit ayn afile eyn mol,
ober in der doziker nakht fun peysakh tunken mir ayn tsvey mol?*

On all other nights, we eat either sitting up or reclining. Why on this night, do we eat reclining?

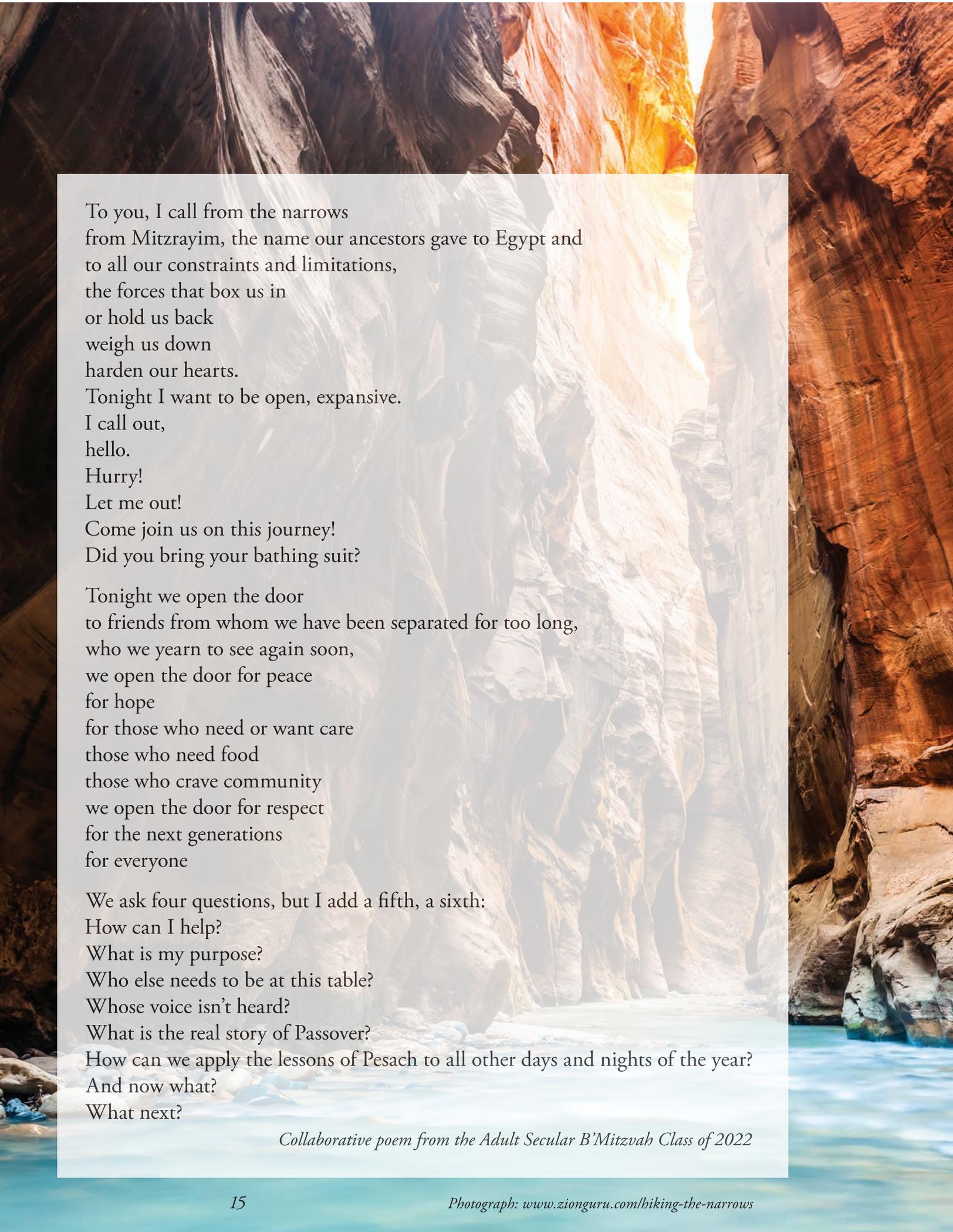
שבכל הלילות אנו אוכלין בין יושבין ובין מסבין
הלילה הזה כלנו מסבין

*She-b'khol ha-ley-lot a-nu okh-leen beyn yosh-veen u-veyn m'su-
been, ha-lay-lah ha-seh ku-lah-nu me-su-been?*

אלע נעכט פון א גאנץ יאָר קענען מיר עסן סיי זיצנדיק גלייך סיי
אַנגעלענט אַבער אין דער דאָזיקער נאַכט פון פסח נאָר אַנגעלענט

*Ale nekht fun a gants yor kenen mir esn say zitsndik glaykh, say
ongelent, ober in der doziker nakht fun peysakh nor ongelent?*





To you, I call from the narrows
from Mitzrayim, the name our ancestors gave to Egypt and
to all our constraints and limitations,
the forces that box us in
or hold us back
weigh us down
harden our hearts.

Tonight I want to be open, expansive.

I call out,
hello.

Hurry!

Let me out!

Come join us on this journey!

Did you bring your bathing suit?

Tonight we open the door
to friends from whom we have been separated for too long,
who we yearn to see again soon,
we open the door for peace
for hope
for those who need or want care
those who need food
those who crave community
we open the door for respect
for the next generations
for everyone

We ask four questions, but I add a fifth, a sixth:

How can I help?

What is my purpose?

Who else needs to be at this table?

Whose voice isn't heard?

What is the real story of Passover?

How can we apply the lessons of Pesach to all other days and nights of the year?

And now what?

What next?

Collaborative poem from the Adult Secular B'Mitzvah Class of 2022

Second Glass of Wine: To Our Children



This glass of wine is To Our Children. For this glass we are going to listen to a poem by Khalil Gibran, performed by Sweet Honey and the Rock. For some of you this is likely an old favourite, and for others you may be hearing it for the first time.

On Children

Kahlil Gibran

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,
Which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them,
But seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

To Our Children!



Photo of Sweet Honey in the Rock: Dwight Carter

The Ten Plagues Rap

Words: Matt Bar, Music: DJ Ray, Performed by Ely T.

Moses at the Red Sea, said “who’s gonna follow me?”
Pharaoh’s in the tide, we gonna ride, to our destiny,
In back of me, so sad to see, them bodies in the Red Sea
Chariots get buried, b-b-buried in the Red Sea
Pharaoh sat and laughed when a staff became a snake,
Too long we’ve been your slaves, just let us go and pray,
Said: “don’t make this mistake,”
No pardon his heart was hardened,
So started what we regard as: the days of 10 plagues

ONE:

Blood in the river gonna shiver, gonna freak out, lips take a sip — now there’s blood in your mouth!

TWO:

Frogs on your beds in your house on your plate, don’t matter what’s for dinner — better like frog legs!

THREE:

Gnats buzz buzz watch the dust turn to bugs, itch itch hard to think — with all the lice in your mugs!

FOUR:

Beasts roam your streets when you step outside, there’s a tiger on your tail — nowhere to hide!

FIVE:

Death of your livestock, their flesh dries up, bodies in your barn — Pharaoh when you gonna wise up?

(Chorus)

Moses at the Red Sea, said “who’s gonna follow me?”
Pharaoh’s in the tide, we gonna ride, to our destiny,
In back of me, so sad to see, them bodies in the Red Sea
Chariots get buried, b-b-buried in the Red Sea
Pharaoh sat and laughed when a staff became a snake,
Too long we’ve been your slaves, just let us go and pray,



SIX:

Boils on your flesh no less than torture, careful ‘bout the ash in the air ‘cause it’ll scorch ya!

SEVEN:

Hail rains down - beats your brains down, like a message from the heavens — better lay our chains down!

EIGHT:

Locusts from the coast you can hear their wings click, eating crops, eating trees — til’ they’re used as toothpicks!

NINE:

Darkness — dispatch — 3 days pitch black, remember when this started — and you thought it was just witchcraft
Death of the first born how did it come to this? TEN is what it took — so we all would remember it!

(Chorus)

Moses at the Red Sea, said “who’s gonna follow me?”
Pharaoh’s in the tide, we gonna ride, to our destiny,
In back of me, so sad to see, them bodies in the Red Sea
Chariots get buried, b-b-buried in the Red Sea
Pharaoh sat and laughed when a staff became a snake,
Too long we’ve been your slaves, just let us go and pray,
Said: “don’t make this mistake,”
No pardon his heart was hardened,
So started what we regard as: the days of 10 plagues

Third Glass of Wine: Hopes and Dreams for the Future



Image from a 1972 Sephardic Hagaddah by Rabbi Asher Suissa.

The third cup of wine is about hopes and dreams for the future. With this cup of wine, we recognize the people of Palestine, who continue to face an illegal and brutal occupation and ongoing violence, often unrecognized and unsupported by the international community.

What I Will

Subeir Hammad

I will not
dance to your war
drum. I will
not lend my soul nor
my bones to your war
drum. I will
not dance to your
beating. I know that beat.
It is lifeless. I know
intimately that skin
you are hitting. It
was alive once
hunted stolen
stretched. I will



Image of Subeir Hammad: <http://tiny.cc/judotz>

not dance to your drummed
up war. I will not pop
spin break for you. I
will not hate for you or
even hate you. I will
not kill for you. Especially
I will not die
for you. I will not mourn
the dead with murder nor
suicide. I will not side
with you nor dance to bombs
because everyone else is
dancing. Everyone can be
wrong. Life is a right not
collateral or casual. I
will not forget where
I come from. I
will craft my own drum. Gather my beloved
near and our chanting
will be dancing. Our
humming will be drumming. I
will not be played. I
will not lend my name
nor my rhythm to your
beat. I will dance
and resist and dance and
persist and dance. This heartbeat is louder than
death. Your war drum ain't
louder than this breath.

Dayeynu

Chorus

Day-day-ey-nu, day-day-ey-nu
Day-day-ey-nu
Day-ey-nu, day-ey-nu, day-ey-nu. (*repeat*)

Ilu, ilu hotzianu
Hotzianu mi Mitzrayim
Mi Mitzrayim hotzianu
Day-ey-nu.

Volt Yokheved nit gevezn
Volt kayn Moyshe nit gevezn
Voltn Yidn fray gevezn?
Day-ey-nu.

Volt kayn Peysakh nit gevezn
Volt kayn Seyder nit gevezn
Volt undz freylekh yo gevezn?
Day-ey-nu.

Volt kayn Seyder nit gevezn
Kayn Haggodeh nit gevezn
Ober kneydlekh yo gevezn?
Day-ey-nu.



*Had Moses only brought us out,
Had he brought us out of Egypt
Saved us from Egyptian bondage,
Day-ey-nu.*

*If Yocheved had not been,
If Moses had not been,
But if the Jews had been free,
Day-ey-nu.*

*If Passover had not been
If the Seyder had not been,
But if we had been joyful,
Day-ey-nu.*

*If the Seyder had not been,
If the Haggodeh had not been,
But if there were kneidlach,
Day-ey-nu.*

Warsaw Ghetto Uprising

“I have concluded that one way to pay tribute to those we loved who struggled, resisted and died is to hold on to their vision and their fierce outrage at the destruction of the ordinary life of their people. It is this outrage we need to keep alive in our daily life and apply to all situations, whether they involve Jews or non-Jews. It is this outrage we must use to fuel our actions and vision whenever we see any signs of the disruptions of common life: the hysteria of a mother grieving for the teenager who has been shot, a family stunned in front of a vandalized or demolished home; a family separated, displaced; arbitrary and unjust laws that demand the closing or opening of shops and schools; humiliation of a people whose culture is alien and deemed inferior; a people left homeless without citizenship; a people living under military rule. Because of our experience, we recognize these evils as obstacles to peace. At those moments of recognition, we remember the past, feel the outrage that inspired Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto and allow it to guide us in present struggles.”

— Irena Klepfisz



Jewish resistance fighters Rachela Wyszogrodzka or Rukhele Lauschvits (at left edge of photo), Bluma Wyszogrodzka, and Malka Zdrojewicz Horenstein in captivity in Warsaw, Poland, April-May 1943

Zog Nit Keyn Mol

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg
Ven himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg
Kumen vet nokh undzer oisgebenkte sho
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot, mir zaynen do. (x2)

Fun grinem palmen land biz vaysn land fun shney
Mir zaynen do mit undzer payn, mit undzer vey
Un vu gefaln s'iz a shpritz fun undzer blut
Shprotzn vet dort undzer gvure, undzer mut. (x2)

S'vet di morgn-zun bagildn undz dem haynt
Der shvartzer nekhtn vet farshvindn mitn faynt
Un oyb farzamen vet di zun in dem kayor
Vi a parol zol geyn dos lid fun dor tzu dor. (x2)

Geshriben iz dos lid mit blut un nit mit blay
S'iz nit kayn lid fun zumer foygl af der fray
Nor s'hot a folk tzvishn falndike vent
Dos lid gezungen mit naganes in di hent. (x2)

To zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg
Ven himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot, mir zaynen do. (x2)

*Never say this road
will be the last for you.
Though leaden skies
may be concealing days of blue.
Because the hour that we have
hungered for is near,
Beneath our tread
the earth shall tremble:
We are here!*

*From land of palm-trees
to the far-off land of snow
We are here with all our torment
and our woe
And wherever our blood
was shed in pain,
Our fighting spirit
will resurrect again.*

*We'll have the morning sun
to set our day aglow
And our yesterdays
shall vanish with the foe.
And if the time is long
before the sun appears
Then let this song go
like a signal through the years.*

*With blood, not lead
we wrote this song we sing.
It's not a caroling of birds
upon the wing.
But 'twas our people
midst the crashing fires of hell
That sang this song,
and fought courageous
till it fell!*

Fourth Glass of Wine: Remembrance and Continuity



*Ring the bells that can still ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in*

Years after composing this song, Leonard Cohen said that the cracks mentioned in the song are places of confrontation with the brokenness of things. Through them we grow, we acknowledge what is broken forever and what can still be fixed.

The cracks are the places where we can see the light on the other side. That we can widen to let in even more light.

In this moment, what are the cracks that we can widen to let in more light?

To Remembrance & Continuity & A More Just World!

Anthem

Leonard Cohen

The birds they sang
At the break of day
Start again
I heard them say
Don't dwell on what
Has passed away
Or what is yet to be
Yeah the wars they will
Be fought again
The holy dove
She will be caught again
Bought and sold
And bought again
The dove is never free

Chorus:

Ring the bells (ring the bells) that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack in everything (there is a crack in everything)
That's how the light gets in

We asked for signs
The signs were sent
The birth betrayed
The marriage spent
Yeah the widowhood
Of every government
Signs for all to see
I can't run no more
With that lawless crowd
While the killers in high places
Say their prayers out loud
But they've summoned, they've summoned up
A thundercloud
And they're going to hear from me
(Ring, ring, ring, ring)

Chorus

You can add up the parts
You won't have the sum
You can strike up the march
There is no drum
Every heart, every heart to love will come
But like a refugee
(Ring, ring, ring, ring)

Chorus

Ring the bells that still can ring (ring the bells that still can ring)
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything (there is a crack in everything)
That's how the light gets in
That's how the light gets in
That's how the light gets in



Drawing of Leonard Cohn by Dennis Eriksson.

Poem for Passover

Bruce Black

Have you noticed how we try to remove
all the hametz from our lives
during Passover

as if hametz was another word for
pride, puffing us up like fools
so we are unable to see
the truth (or falsehood)

of our own life?

Maybe that's the lesson of Passover
or maybe it's about learning how to
walk along an unfamiliar path
where no path existed
before



or how to walk into darkness
and sandstorms
and heat
and a blinding
sun

how to keep walking toward
some unknown future
even if you can't see
the horizon

knowing—just knowing—
you'll find your way, and
it will work out,

if not for you, then for your
children, and your children's
children.



Photograph by Marco Aurelio; pixabay.com

To Life

Lyrics: Sheldon Harnick; Music: Jerry Bock

To life! To life! L'chai-im!
L'chai-im, l'chai-im, co life!
If you've been lucky, then Monday was
No worse than Sunday was,
Drink l' chai-im, to life.

To life, l'chai-im!
L'chai-im, l'chai-im, to life!
One day it's honey and raisin cake,
Next day a stomach ache,
Drink L'chai-im, to life!

Our great folks have written words of
Wisdom to be used
When hardship must be faced;
Life obliges us with hardship
So the words of wisdom
shouldn't go to waste.

To us and our good fortune
Be happy be healthy, long life!
And if our good fortune never comes
Here's to whatever comes,
Drink l'chaim, to life!m

To life, to life, l'chai-im,!
L'chai-im, l'chai-im, to life!
Life has a way of confusing us
Blessing and bruising us,
Drink l'chaim, to life,

To life, l'chaim!
L'chaim, l'chaim, to life!
A gift we seldom are wise enough
Ever to prize enough,
Drink l'chaim, to life!

God would like us to be joyful
Even though our hearts lie panting on the floor;
How much more can we be joyful,
When there's really something
To be joyful for.

To life, to life, L'chai-im!
L'chai-im, l'chai-im, to life!
It gives you something to think about,
Something to drink about,
Drink l'chai-im, to life! L'chai-im!





חג פסח שמח

عيد فصح سعيد

HAPPY PASSOVER!

Artwork by Ricardo Levins Morales