

Shir HeHarim-BAJC Rosh Hashanah Supplement 5783

~ compiled by Rabbi Amita Jarmon

Coming Up on September by Marge Piercy

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

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

The New Year rises, beckoning across the umbrellas on the sand.

I begin to reconsider my life.

What is the yield of my impatience? What is the fruit of my resolve?

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

I rest on a leaf spotted red.

Now is the time to let the mind

search backwards like the raven loosed to see what can feed us.

Now, the time to cast the mind forward to chart an aerial map of the months.

The New Year is a great door that stands across the evening
and Yom Kippur is the second door.

Between them are song and silence, stone and clay pot to be filled from within myself.

I will find there both ripeness and rot,

What I have left done and undone,

What I must let go with the waning days and what I must take in.

With the last tomatoes, we harvest the fruit of our lives.

Opening song for Rosh Hashanah Day

Create a pure heart in me, Great Spirit

And renew a true soul within me (Based on Psalm 51:12)

Lev Tahor Bara Li Elohim

V'Ruach Nachon Chadesh B'Kirbi ~ music by Nava Tehila (Yoel Sykes and Daphna Rosenberg)

Ahavat Olam - Unending Love

We are Loved by an Unending Love
We are embraced by arms that find us
even when we are hidden from ourselves.
We are touched by fingers that soothe us
even when we are too proud for soothing.
We are counseled by voices that guide us
even when we are too embittered to hear.
We are loved by an unending love.
We are supported by hands that uplift us
even in the midst of a fall.
We are urged on by eyes that meet us
even when we are too weak for meeting.
We are loved by an unending love.
Embraced, touched, soothed, and counseled,
Ours are the arms, the fingers, the voices;
Ours are the hands, the eyes, the smiles;
We are loved by an unending love.

~ Rabbi Rami Shapiro

ALEINU – It's Upon Us

May we feel Your holy power
May we feel Your holy strength
May we feel Your holy presence
Surround us in this holy place
May we feel the earth beneath our feet
As we bend and bow to You
May our bodies rise to greet You
As we feel Your presence pouring through
It is upon us, it's upon us...
... to feel Your holy ground,
...to hear Your holy sound.
...to feel the love inside,
...to face You and not hide.
...to think to act to do,
... to do what's right and true.
...to reach up to the sky,
...to take our wings and fly

- ***Aleinu I'shabeyach I'adon hakol***
(4x)

--Cantor Shayndel Kahn

Limnot Yameinu (psalm 90:12)

Limnot ya-mei-nu (2x)
Limnot yamei-nu, kayn hodah, v'navee l'vav chochma. (2x)
Teach us to treasure each day (2x)
That we may open our hearts to Your wisdom; O Teach us to treasure each day. (2x)
Treasure each day, teach us to treasure each day (2x)

~ melody by Reb Yitz Husbands-Hankin

Psalm 27 - (The psalm of this season, 1st of Elul through Hoshanah Rabbah, said twice daily for 51 days) interpretive translation by Rabbi Sheila Peltz Weinberg

לְדוֹד וְיְהוָה | אוֹרֵי וַיִּשְׁעֵי מִמִּי אֵיגָא יְהוָה מְעוֹז-חַיִּי מִמִּי אֶפְחָד:

Awareness is sunlight in the mind. No one can take that from me. Awareness is my life's stronghold. It absorbs all fear.

בְּקָרֵב עָלַי | מִרְעִים לְאֶכְל אֶת-בְּשָׂרִי צָרִי וְאֵיבִי לִי הֵמָּה כְּשִׁלּוֹ וְנִפְלוֹ:

The hindrances and defilements are as close as my flesh and mind, but they dissolve in the light of being known.

אִם-תַּחֲנֹה עָלַי | מִחֲנֹה לֹא-יִירָא לִבִּי אִם-תִּקְוִים עָלַי מִלְחָמָה בְּזֹאת אָנִי בּוֹטָח:

Even though I feel assaulted by hostile forces, my heart remains confident, balanced and patient.

אֶחָת | שְׂאֵלְתִי מֵאֵת-יְהוָה אוֹתָהּ אֲבַקֵּשׁ שְׁבֹתִי בְּבֵית-יְהוָה כָּל-יְמֵי חַיִּי לְחַזוֹת בְּנֶעַם-יְהוָה וּלְבַקֵּר בְּהִיכְלוֹ:

I seek only one thing, one thing alone: to connect to this moment. Nowhere else. Only this. Nothing less. My palace in time.

כִּי יִצְפְּנֵנִי | בְּסֶלֶה בְּיוֹם רָעָה יִסְתַּרְנִי בְּסֶתֶר אֶהְלוּ בְּצֹר יְרוּמָמְנִי:

When difficulties arise, I have a hiding place in my own heart—a secret tent where I can go and feel safe, a rock to rest my head upon.

וְעֵתָה יְרוּם רֹאשִׁי עַל אֵיבִי סְבִיבוֹתַי וְאֶזְבַּחַתָּהּ בְּאֶהְלוּ זִבְחֵי תְרוּעָה אֲשִׁירָה לְאֶזְמְרָה לִיהוָה:

Greed, hatred, and delusion don't stop coming, but when they are met with a spacious heart, they don't stick around. Leaving me so grateful, I want to sing out loud:

שְׁמַע-יְהוָה קוֹלִי אֶקְרָא וְחַגְנִי וְעַנְנִי:

Listen, world! The power of love sets me free.

לֵךְ | אִמְרָ לִבִּי בְקִשׁוֹ פָּנָי אֶת-פְּנֵיךְ יְהוָה אֲבַקֵּשׁ:

When I turn to face my heart—then everyone and everything is revealed.

אֶל-תִּסְתֵּר פְּנֵיךְ | מִמֶּנִּי אֶל-תִּט-בְּאֵף עֲבָדְךָ עֲזַרְתִּי הֵייתָ אֶל-תִּטְשֵׁנִי וְאֶל-תִּעַזְבֵּנִי אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל:

Let this truth not be hidden from me. If only I could remember always what seems so clear right now. Wisdom would guide my every moment.

כִּי-אָבִי וְאִמִּי עֲזָבוּנִי וְיְהוָה יֵאֱסָפֵנִי:

Awareness and compassion would be a father and a mother to me.

הֲוֹרֵנִי יְהוָה דֹרְכֶךָ וְנַחֲנִי בְּאֵרַח מִישׁוֹר לְמַעַן שׁוֹרְרִי:

I can follow the guidance of those who have walked this path before.

אֶל-תִּתְנֵנִי בְּנַפְשׁ צָרִי כִּי קָמוּ-בִי עֲדֵי-שֹׁקֵר וַיִּפַּח חֲמָס:

Trying to stay alert to the obstacles along the way because delusion and hatred aren't disappearing so fast.

לוֹלֵא הָאֱמֻנָתִי לְרָאוֹת בְּטוֹב-יְהוָה בְּאֵרֶץ חַיִּים:

Still, I affirm my faith in the power of goodness.

קוֹה אֶל-יְהוָה חֲזַק וַיֵּאֱמַץ לְבַבְךָ לְקוֹה אֶל-יְהוָה:

May we take courage; may we be strong; may our hearts be so filled with love there is no room for anything else!

May we see the arising and passing of all conditioned things. May we open to the Unconditioned:

Y*H*V*H

Sounding the Shofar in a post-Roe World

Tekiah.

One blast.

Pay attention. This is not a test.

Shevarim.

Three sounds, the sound of weeping.

The weeping of a pregnant child forced to carry a baby to term.

The weeping of a person for whom it was not the right time.

The weeping of a mother of four who has nothing left to give.

The weeping of young girls and women unable to move out of poverty.

The weeping of family members whose loved one died having an illegal abortion.

The weeping of doctors forced to make medical choices that go against their oath to do no harm.

The weeping of a generation that fought for rights only to see them lost in their lifetime.

The weeping of a generation of women whose autonomy is denied.

A weeping for all who will be put in harm's way.

Teruah.

Nine staccato sounds. The fierce urgency of now.

Let the shofar wake us up so that we speak out, vote, stand up and volunteer.

Let us shake off complacency!

Let us fight for dignity, freedom and justice.

~ Rabbi Lauren Grabelle Hermann

Galeh Galeh K'vod Malchutcha Aleinu -

Reveal to us the Honor/Glory of Your Sovereignty

Hayom Harat Olam – Today the world is conceived, pregnant, born!

This day of Rosh Hashanah we honor the *kol-d'mamah dakah* – the “still small voice” that reverberates – the heartbeat or inner wisdom - the inner voice of the heart that comes both before and after the sound of the shofar, when we can hear the echo and potential of eternity, of infinite creativity. ~ Perhaps our own birth cry. Perhaps the breath of freedom, empowerment, emotion, history, future; of knowing ourselves in the hollowed out space where we and God can birth a new universe, can alter the one we have, can decide this is the one we are keeping – this is the one we can commit to, the one we will work on and cherish. ~

Every time we hear the shofar, it gives us a moment when we can, if we choose, reflect on what we are doing to this earth which is both our home and our womb. When hearing the shofar within and without and in-between, in our ears, our hearts, our bones, what is awakened, nurtured, guided to fruition inside? What will you do to nurture our planet and society? Your community and family? Your self?