

Yom Kippur Supplement Shir HeHarim-BAJC 5783 ~ compiled by Rabbi Amita Jarmon

Hashiveinu Hashiveinu YHVH Elecha / V'Nashuvah V'Nashuvah / Chadesh Chadesh Yameinu k'Kedem

Return us to You YHVH, and we will return. Renew our days as of old *

(* Kedem קדמ is root for both early/east and forward/future)

(Alternative) Yom Kippur Chant

for Neal

every year it's the same scramble... search for new poems ... discover new melodies... find the right words ...
abracadabra ... open the heart (god knows we try) as we close our eyes retreat under prayer shawls, listen for
echoes

we dress in white (like priestly shrouds or angel gauze) bare our feet ... a costume for a part in an ancient play we've
almost forgotten

only the children remember ... they bow, face east, fall *korim** touch the earth, return to their roots ... our children
(those precious ones) closest to beginnings, they return to purity while we watch

we all play dead; no food or drink, no sex or talk of everyday, only chants (sung in minor tones), those words we
never understood (alone) we sing together

we sacrifice our dailiness; leave reasoning behind raise clouds of song, (a new incense for Jerusalem) this alternative
service 'alters' our 'native' selves, we offer only what we have

sighs (from those deeply hidden places) roused by the shofar's broken call; our tears flow in a cleansing rite that
heals our aching fractured souls

~ Carol Rose

Ana El Na Refa Na La – Please, Please God Heal Her [Nava Tehila melody]

We are as clay in potter's hand, She does contract, she does expand.

So we are Yours to shape at will, we yield to You, our passions still.

Kein anachnu v'yad'cha, chesed notzeir.

Labrit habeit; v'al teifen la'yeitzer!

Like masons shaping rough hewn stone, we are Your stuff in flesh and bone.

You deal with us in death, in life; We yield to You—please heal our strife!

Kein anachnu v'yad'cha, chesed notzeir.

Labrit habeit; v'al teifen la'yeitzer!

[translation by **R. Zalman Schachter Shalomi, z'l** ; pp 102-3 Mishkan HaNefesh]

V'Hasheivota el Levavecha, Ki YHVH hu ha'Elohim (2x);

Ein Od, ein od milvado; ein od, efes zulato

And you will bring it (this intimate knowledge) back into your hearts that YHVH is God, there is nothing else but God.

[Words from the Aleinu, p. 116, melody R. Yosef Goldman]

Encounter with Prophecy for Yom Kippur – Simon & Garfunkle and Isaiah

Hello darkness, my old friend
Because a vision softly creeping
The vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains

Cry out full-throated: don't hold back.
Tell My people how to truly live.
They only pretend to act justly,
And so they fail to hear Me

In restless dreams I walked alone
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night

Is this the fast I asked for?
Bending your heads like marsh reeds?
In public display of your righteousness
Is this what you call a fast,

Fools, said I, you do not know:
Hear my words that I might teach you
But my words, like silent raindrops fell

Then your light will glow like morning
Protection will go before you,
When you call out, God will say, I'm here

I've come to talk with you again
Left its seeds while I was sleeping

Within the sound of silence .

Raise your voice like a shofar.
Though they seek Me daily,
Not-doing what truly is holy.
Within the sound of silence.

Narrow streets of cobblestone
I turned my collar to the cold 'n damp
And touched the sound of silence .

A day for performing your piety?
Sprawling in sackcloth and ashes?
That serves only your narcissism?
Performing the sound of silence?

Silence like a cancer grows
Take my arms that I might reach you
And echoed in the wells of silence.

And your healing will sprout quickly;
God's glory will be your rear guard
In the still small sound of silence .

And the people bowed and prayed
 And the sign flashed out its warning
 And the sign said, the words of the prophets are written on the subway walls
 And tenement halls
 To the neon god they made
 In the words that it was forming
 Whispered in the sounds of silence

If you remove from your midst
 If you reach out to the hungry,
 Then your light will shine in the dark
 You will be a well-watered garden,
 From you will come forth rebuilders,
 You will be lifted even over high places
 For the mouth of God has spoken it.
 Oppression, menace and abuse,
 If you ease the soul of the bruised,
 And your shadows will be like noon.
 A spring of unfailing fresh water;
 To restore your foundations,
 And nurtured in your soul's heritage.

Interweaving and trope by Rabbi David Markus

We long for transformation
 as we cast our voices upward
 on the wings of the day.
 Words pile on words,
 Creating a ladder,
 Ascending to the heart of prayer.

R. Sheila Peltz Weinberg

Forgive
 our frenzied pace, our strident steps
 carving deep footprints in the earth

Forgetting
 we walk on holy ground.

Forgive
 our fear of
 Silence, our endless
 noise and bluster

Drowning out the songs of birds,
 the whisper of angel wings.

Forgive

our endless striving to acquire
 and possess

Harvesting beyond the corners
 but never being satisfied.

Forgive us
 for looking at a broken world
 with tearless eyes

For desperately seeking love
 when Your love
 has already been given.

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Our Father, our King, teach us how to make this year a new beginning.
Our Mother, our Queen, teach us how to grow from the harshness of life.
Our Source and our Destiny, teach us how to accept what we must accept.
Our Guide and our Truth, teach us to change what must be changed.

Our Father, our King, teach us how to face disease and death.
Our Mother, our Queen, teach us how to enjoy the gifts of life.
Our Source and our Destiny, teach us how to make peace with our enemies.
Our Guide and our Truth, teach us how we can best help our people, Israel.

Our Father, our King, teach us how we can best help all humanity.
Our Mother, our Queen, let us find pardon for our wrongdoings.
Our Source and our Destiny, let us return to You, wholly and completely.
Our Guide and our Truth, teach us how to help those who are ill.

Our Father, our King, let us write our names in the Book of Life.
Our Mother, our Queen, help us to find meaningful work.
Our Source and our Destiny, help us to find inner freedom.
Our Guide and our Truth, help us to learn how to love.

Our Father, our King, receive our prayers.
Our Mother, our Queen, teach us how to be good lovers.
Our Source and our Destiny, teach us how to be good parents.
Our Guide and our Truth, teach us how to be good children.

Our Father, our King, teach us how to be good friends.
Our Mother, our Queen, teach us how to be good Jews.
Our Source and our Destiny, teach us how to be good people.
Our Guide and our Truth, teach us how to be one with Your universe.

~ Rabbi Rosalind Glazer
