

# Supplement for Yom Kippur

5781/2020



**TEMPLE BETH HATFILOH**  
— A CENTER FOR JEWISH LIFE —



## For Shema

### “V’ahavta” by Aurora Levins Morales

Say these words when you lie down and when you rise up,  
when you go out and when you return. In times of mourning  
and in times of joy. Inscribe them on your doorposts,  
embroider them on your garments, tattoo them on your shoulders,  
teach them to your children, your neighbors, your enemies,  
recite them in your sleep, here in the cruel shadow of empire:  
Another world is possible.

Thus spoke the prophet Roque Dalton:  
All together they have more death than we,  
but all together, we have more life than they.  
There is more bloody death in their hands  
than we could ever wield, unless  
we lay down our souls to become them,  
and then we will lose everything. So instead,

imagine winning. This is your sacred task.  
This is your power. Imagine  
every detail of winning, the exact smell of the summer streets  
in which no one has been shot, the muscles you have never  
unclenched from worry, gone soft as newborn skin,  
the sparkling taste of food when we know  
that no one on earth is hungry, that the beggars are fed,  
that the old man under the bridge and the woman  
wrapping herself in thin sheets in the back seat of a car,  
and the children who suck on stones,  
nest under a flock of roofs that keep multiplying their shelter.  
Lean with all your being towards that day  
when the poor of the world shake down a rain of good fortune  
out of the heavy clouds, and justice rolls down like waters.

Defend the world in which we win as if it were your child.  
It is your child.  
Defend it as if it were your lover.  
It is your lover.

When you inhale and when you exhale

breathe the possibility of another world  
into the 37.2 trillion cells of your body  
until it shines with hope.  
Then imagine more.

Imagine rape is unimaginable. Imagine war is a scarcely credible  
rumor  
That the crimes of our age, the grotesque inhumanities of greed,  
the sheer and astounding shamelessness of it, the vast fortunes  
made by stealing lives, the horrible normalcy it came to have,  
is unimaginable to our heirs, the generations of the free.

Don't waver. Don't let despair sink its sharp teeth  
Into the throat with which you sing. Escalate your dreams.  
Make them burn so fiercely that you can follow them down  
any dark alleyway of history and not lose your way.  
Make them burn clear as a starry drinking gourd  
Over the grim fog of exhaustion, and keep walking.

Hold hands. Share water. Keep imagining.  
So that we, and the children of our children's children  
may live.

## **For Amidah**

### "On Our Feet We Speak to You" by Marge Piercy

We rise to speak  
a web of bodies aligned like notes of music.

Bless what brought us through  
the sea and the fire; we are caught  
in history like whales in polar ice.

Yet you have taught us to push against the walls,  
to reach out and pull each other along,  
to strive to find the way through  
if there is no way around, to go on.

To utter ourselves with every breath  
against the constriction of fear,  
to know ourselves as the body born from Abraham  
and Sarah, born out of rock and desert.

We reach back through two hundred arches of hips  
long dust, carrying their memories inside us  
to live again in our life, Isaac and Rebecca,  
Rachel, Jacob, and Leah. We say words shaped  
by ancient use like steps worn into rock.

Bless the quiet of sleep  
easing over the ravaged body, who quiets  
the troubled waters of the mind to a pool  
in which shines the placid broad face of the moon.

Bless the teaching of how to open  
in love so all the doors and windows of the body  
swing wide on their rusty hinges  
and we give ourselves with both hands.

Bless what stirs in us compassion  
for the hunger of the chickadee in the storm  
starving for seeds we can carry out,  
the wounded cat wailing in the alley,  
what shows us our face in a stranger,  
who teaches us what we clutch shrivels  
but what we give goes off in the world  
carrying bread to people not yet born.

Bless the gift of memory  
that breaks unbidden, released  
from a flower or a cup of tea  
so the dead move like rain through the room.

Bless what forces us to invent  
goodness every morning and what never frees  
us from the cost of knowledge, which is  
to act on what we know again and again.

All living are one and holy, let us remember



As we eat, as we work, as we walk and drive.  
All living are one and holy, we must  
make ourselves worthy.

We must act out justice and mercy and healing  
as the sun rises and as the sun sets,  
as the moon rises and the stars wheel above us,  
we must repair goodness...

We will try to be holy,  
We will try to repair the world given us to hand on.  
Precious is this treasure of words and knowledge and deeds that  
moves inside us,  
Holy is the hand that works for peace and for justice,  
Holy is the mouth that speaks for goodness  
holy is the foot that walks toward mercy.

Let us lift each other on our shoulders and carry each  
other along.  
Let holiness move in us.  
Let us pay attention to its small voice,  
Let us see the light in others and honor that light.

Remember the dead who paid our way here dearly, dearly  
and remember the unborn for whom we build our houses.

Praise the light that shines before us, through us, after us, Amen.

## For the Repetition of the Amidah

FOR THE EXPANDING GRANDEUR of Creation,  
worlds known and unknown, galaxies beyond galaxies,  
filling us with awe and challenging our imaginations,  
*Modim anachnu lach.* מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ.

For this fragile planet earth, its times and tides,  
its sunsets and seasons,  
*Modim anachnu lach.* מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ.

For the joy of human life, its wonders and surprises,  
its hopes and achievements,  
*Modim anachnu lach.* מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ.

For human community, our common past and future hope,  
our oneness transcending all separation, our capacity to work  
for peace and justice in the midst of hostility and oppression,  
*Modim anachnu lach.* מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ.

For high hopes and noble causes, for faith without fanaticism,  
for understanding of views not shared,  
*Modim anachnu lach.* מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ.

For all who have labored and suffered for a fairer world,  
who have lived so that others might live in dignity and freedom,  
*Modim anachnu lach.* מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ.

For human liberties and sacred rites:  
for opportunities to change and grow, to affirm and choose,  
*Modim anachnu lach.* מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ.

We pray that we may live not by our fears but by our hopes,  
not by our words but by our deeds.

Blessed are You, Adonai, Your Name is Goodness, and You are worthy of thanksgiving.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, הַטוֹב שְׁמֶךָ וְלָךְ נִאֲחָה לְהוֹדוֹת.

Baruch atah, Adonai, hatov shimcha ul'cha na-eh l'hodot.

### Thirteen Attributes of Mercy

Yod Hay, Vav Hay,  
Compassion and Tenderness,  
Paitiene, Forbearance, Kindness, Awareness,  
Bearing love from age to age,  
Lifting guilt and mistakes and making us free

*Ahavnu* - We have loved,  
*Bachinu*- we have cried,  
*Gamalnu*- we have given back,  
*Dibarnu yofi*- we have spoken great things!  
*He'emanu*- We have believed,  
*v'Hish'tadalnu*- and we tried to give our best effort,  
*Zacharnu*- we have remembered,  
*Chibaknu*- we have embraced,  
*Ta'amnu Sefer*- we have chanted Your book!  
*Yatzarnu*- We have created,  
*Camahanu*- we have yearned,  
*Lachamnu avurha tzedek*- we have fought for justice!  
*Mitzinuetha-tov*- We have exhausted all the good we could do.  
*Nisinu*- We have tried,  
*Sarnulirot*- we have turned aside to see,  
*Asinu asher tzivitanu*- we have done as You have commanded us!  
*Peirashnu*- We have expounded Torah.  
*Tzadaknu, lifamim*- We have been righteous, sometimes,  
*Karanu b'shimcha*- we have called out in Your Name!  
*Ratzinu*- We have been steadfast in our will,  
*Samachnu*- we have rejoiced,  
*Tamachnu*- we have supported one another.

“HaVidui Ha-Mashlim” ~ Ahavnu, We Have Loved Complimentary Confession by  
Rabbi Binyamin Holtzman inspired by HaRav Kook to balance the Vidui  
Translated by Rabbi Joseph B. Meszler, adapted by Rabbi Riqi Kosovske

## For Havdalah

1.

Oh Lord prepare me  
To be a sanctuary  
Pure and Holy  
Tried and True  
And with thanksgiving  
I'll be a living  
Sanctuary  
For you

*Pitchu Li*  
*Sha'arei Tzedek*  
*Avo Vam*  
*Odeh Yah*  
*Zeh Ha'sha'ar*  
*L'Adonai*  
*Tzadikim*  
*Yavo'u Vam*

2.

*Olam Chesed Yibaneh*, tai dai dai... (4x)  
I will build this world from love, tai dai dai  
And you must build this world from love, tai dai dai  
And if we build this world from love, tai dai dai  
Then God will build this world from love, tai dai dai

3.

*Od yavo Shalom aleynu* (3x)  
*V'al kulam*  
*Salaam!*  
*Aleynu v'al kol ha'olam*  
*Salaam! Shalom!*