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THE VOICE OF CHILDREN

A SIDDUR FOR SHABBAT

Hebrew/English



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and Rabbi Jeffrey Schein

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Contents

Dedications	VI
Acknowledgements	VIII
Introduction	IX

KABBALAT SHABBAT and MA'ARIV

☞ THE SWEETEST SOUND ☞	2
KABBALAT SHABBAT	4
Hadlakat Nerot	4
Shalom Aleyhem	6
Birhot Hamishpahah	7
Songs to Welcome Shabbat	8
Lehah Dodi	9
SHEMA UVIRHOTEHA	10
Barehu	10
Ma'ariv Aravim	11
☞ THE PRINCESS OF LIGHT ☞	14
Ahavat Olam	15
Shema	16
☞ NAHSHON ☞	21
Mi Hamohah	22
Hashkivenu	23
Veshameru	26
☞ FINDING GOD ☞	28
AMIDAH	29
Oseh Shalom	30



SIYYUM HATEFILAH	32
Kiddush.....	32
Aleynu	34
<i>We Remember</i>	35
Kaddish Yatom	36
Adon Olam	38
Closing Songs	40

SHAḤARIT

BIRḤOT HASHAḤAR	42
~ WHEN IS IT MORNING? ~	43
Birḥot Hashaḥar	44

PESUKEY DEZIMRAH	46
Baruḥ She'amar.....	46
~ THE SHEPHERD AND THE SCHOLAR ~	47
Esa Eynay	49
Tov Lehodot	49
Ashrey	49
Halleluyah	50
Nishmat Kol Ḥay.....	53
<i>Were Our Mouths Filled With Song</i>	54

SHEMA UVIRḤOTEHA	55
Bareḥu	55
~ ADAM AND EVE'S FIRST SUNSET ~	56
Yotzer Or	57
Ahavah Rabah	58





~ HOW GOD CREATED ADAM ~	60
Shema	62
Mi Hamoḥah	65
<i>Remembering Our Ancestors</i>	66
~ THE REMINDER ~	68
AMIDAH	70
Avot Ve'imot	70
Gevurot	72
Kedushah	73
Kedushat Hayom	74
Avodah	75
Hoda'ah	75
Birkat Hashalom	76
TORAH	77
Taking out the Torah	77
<i>Healing Words</i>	79
Returning the Torah	80
SIYYUM HATEFILAH	81
~ IR HAMSHOḤIM ~	81
Aleynu	82
Kaddish Yatom	84
Adon Olam	86
SONGS	88
Sources	100

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RABBI JEFFREY SCHEIN, Cleveland, OH

Elul, 5765

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 Hano'ar* 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.

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 descendents 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 Hano'ar* 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

קְבֻלַּת שַׁבָּת וּמַעֲרִיב

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 lilted 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

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



3

Is there ever a time when you feel there is too much noise, when you wish everyone would just be quiet so you could think?

I wonder who you are in the story—the king or the woman.

I wonder what you hear when everything around you is silent.

קַבְּלַת שַׁבָּת KABBALAT SHABBAT

הַדְּלָקַת נֵרוֹת

HADLAKAT NEROT

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ
לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שַׁבָּת:

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.

4

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



שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם

SHALOM ALEYHEM

שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם מִלְאֲכֵי הַשָּׁרֵת מִלְאֲכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

בּוֹאֲכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מִלְאֲכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מִלְאֲכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

בְּרַכּוֹנֵי לְשָׁלוֹם מִלְאֲכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מִלְאֲכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

צֵאתְכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מִלְאֲכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מִלְאֲכֵי עֲלִיוֹן
מִמְּלַךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

6



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.

בְּרִחוֹת הַמִּשְׁפָּחָה

BIRHOT HAMISHPAHAH

To a son:

יְשִׁימָךְ אֱלֹהִים כְּאֶפְרַיִם וְכַמְנַשֶּׁה:

May God make you like Ephraim and Menasheh.

To a daughter:

יְשִׁימָךְ אֱלֹהִים כְּשָׂרָה רְבֵקָה רָחֵל וְלֵאָה:

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

7

יְבָרְכֶךָ יְהוָה וַיִּשְׁמְרֶךָ:

יֵאָר יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וַיַּחֲנֶךָ:

יִשָּׂא יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וַיִּשֶׂם לְךָ שְׁלוֹם:

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.

הַרְחֵמֵן הוּא יְבָרְךָ

אוֹתָנוּ כְּלָנוּ יַחַד בְּבְרִיכַת שְׁלוֹם:

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

Songs to Welcome Shabbat

בָּם בָּם שַׁבַּת שְׁלוֹם.

מַה יְפֵה הַיּוֹם שַׁבַּת שְׁלוֹם.
שַׁבַּת שְׁלוֹם.

How beautiful is this day! Shabbat *shalom*.
A peaceful and blessed Shabbat.

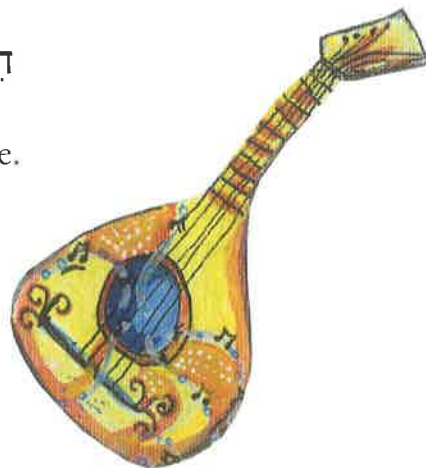
הִנֵּה מַה־טוֹב וּמַה־נְּעִים
שַׁבַּת אֲחִים גַּם־יַחַד.

הִנֵּה מַה־טוֹב וּמַה־נְּעִים
שַׁבַּת אֲחִיּוֹת גַּם־יַחַד.

How good it is for us to be together
as brothers and sisters.

הֵבֵאנוּ שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם.

We bring you blessings of peace.



לְכֵה דוּדִי

LEHAH DODI

לְכֵה דוּדִי לְקִרְאֵת כַּלָּה פְּנֵי שַׁבַּת נִקְבְּלָה:

שָׁמֹר וְזָכוֹר בְּדַבּוֹר אֶחָד הַשְּׁמִיעֵנוּ אֵל הַמִּיָּחָד.
יְהוּה אֶחָד וְשִׁמוֹ אֶחָד לְשֵׁם וּלְתַפְאֶרֶת וּלְתִהְיֶה:

בּוֹאֵי בְּשָׁלוֹם עֵטְרֵת בַּעֲלָה גַם בְּשִׂמְחָה וּבְצַהֲלָה.
תּוֹךְ אֲמוּנֵי עַם סִגְלָה בּוֹאֵי כַּלָּה בּוֹאֵי כַּלָּה:

9

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.



שְׁמַע וּבְרַכּוֹתֶיהָ SHEMA UVIRHOTEHA

בְּרַכּוֹ BAREHU

בְּרַכּוּ אֶת יְהוָה הַמְּבָרָךְ:
בְּרוּךְ יְהוָה הַמְּבָרָךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

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

God's Wheel

10

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



מַעְרִיב עֶרְבִים

MA'ARIV ARAVIM

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר בְּדָבָרוֹ מַעְרִיב עֶרְבִים.



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.

11

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.

אֵל חַי וְקַיִם תָּמִיד
יְמַלֹּךְ עָלֵינוּ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה
הַמַּעְרִיב עֶרְבִים:



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 Geffen



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?

אַהֲבַת עוֹלָם

AHAVAT OLAM

אַהֲבַת עוֹלָם בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל עִמָּךְ אָהֲבָת.
תּוֹרָה וּמִצְוֹת חֻקִּים
וּמִשְׁפָּטִים אוֹתָנוּ לְמִדָּת:

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.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אוֹהֵב עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל:



שְׁמַע

SHEMA

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל
יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
יְהוָה אֶחָד:

בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ
לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

Listen Israel: Adonay our God, Adonay is One

Blessed is God's holiness forever.

16

וְאֶהְבֶּתְךָ אֵת יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ
בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ וּבְכָל-מְאֹדֶךָ:
וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה
אֲשֶׁר אָנֹכִי מְצַוְּךָ הַיּוֹם עַל-לִבְבְּךָ:
וְשָׁנַנְתָּם לְבִנְיָהּ וּדְבַרְתָּ בָּם
בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ וּבִלְכֻתְךָ בַּדֶּרֶךְ
וּבְשֹׁכְבְּךָ וּבְקוּמְךָ:
וּקְשַׁרְתָּם לְאוֹת עַל-יָדְךָ
וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ:
וְכָתַבְתָּם עַל-מְזוֹזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:



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.



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.

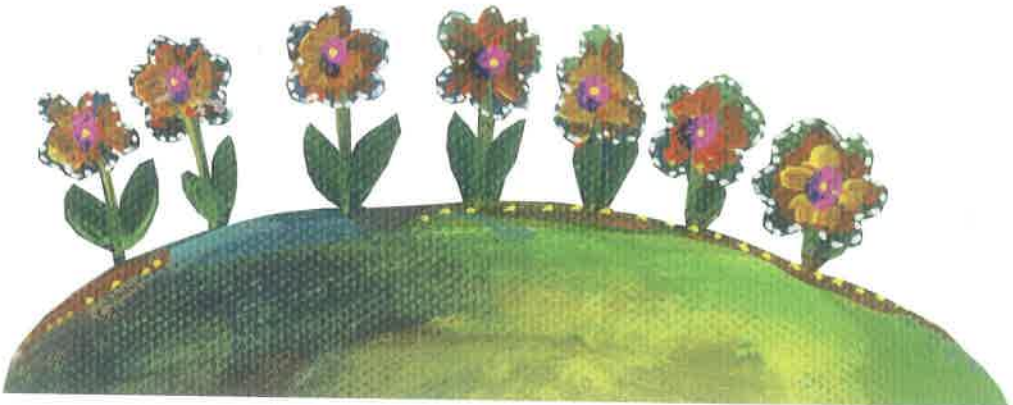
“I love the colors of the sky,
As day turns into night,
The red and gold of setting sun,
The way the stars shine bright.
The deepening of shadows
Into gray and violet blue,
The velvet black of midnight
And the moon with its soft hue.”

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





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

20

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

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

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.

מִי־כַמְכָּה
MI HAMOHAH

מִי־כַמְכָּה בְּאֵלִים יְהוָה
מִי כַמְכָּה נֶאֱדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ
נִזְרָא תְהִלַּת עֲשֵׂה פְלֵא:
יְהוָה יִמְלֹךְ לְעֹלָם וָעֶד:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה גָּאֹל יִשְׂרָאֵל:

This is the song that Moses, Miriam and the Israelites sang
as they crossed the sea to freedom:

22

“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.



הַשְּׂפִיבֵנוּ

HASHKIVENU

הַשְּׂפִיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם
וְהַעֲמִידֵנוּ מִלְּכָנוּ לְחַיִּים
וּפְרוֹשׁ עָלֵינוּ סִבַּת שְׁלוֹמָה:

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.

23

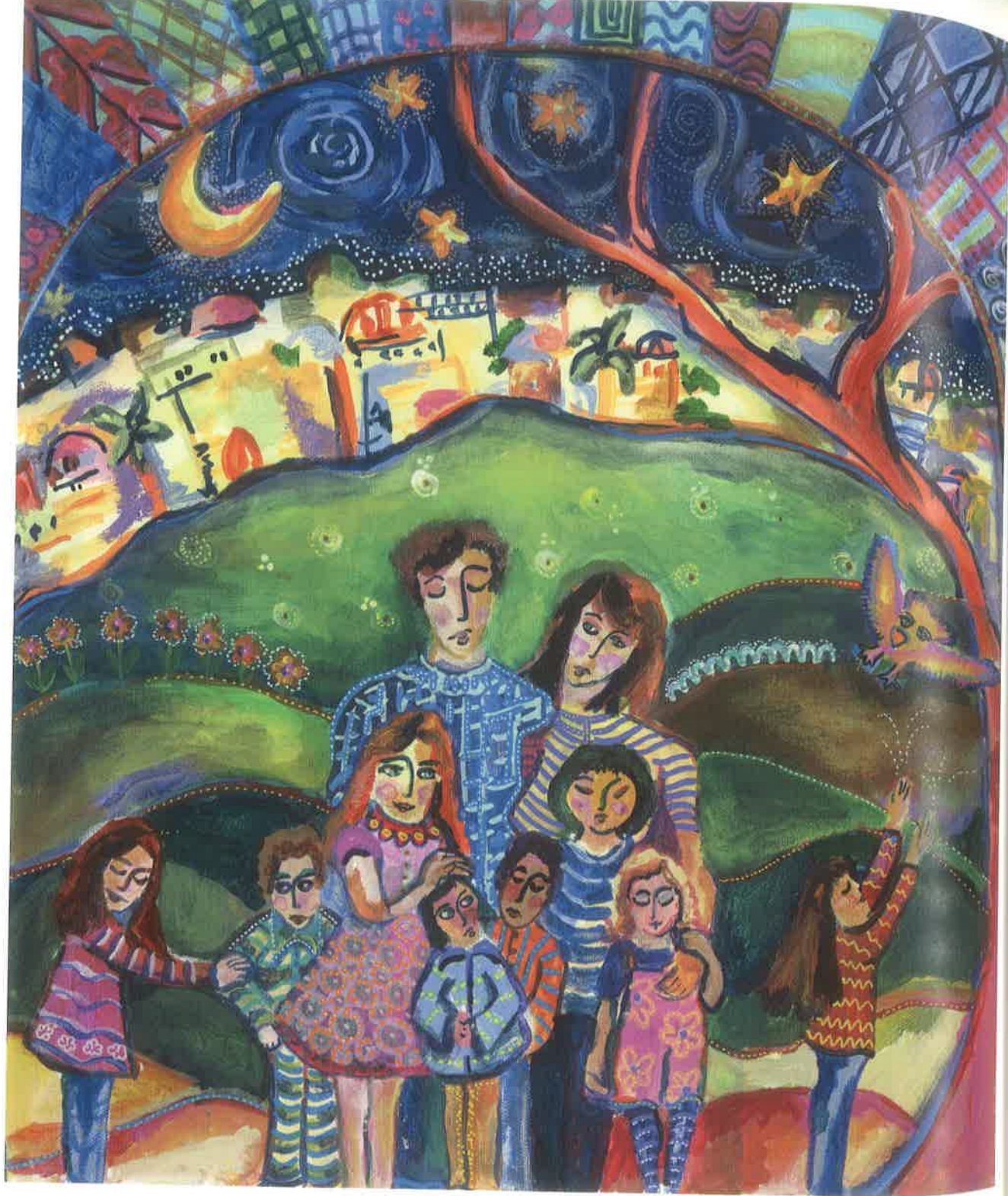
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה
הַפּוֹרֵשׁ סִבַּת שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל יְרוּשָׁלַיִם:



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.



וְשָׁמְרוּ
VESHAMERU

וְשָׁמְרוּ בְּנֵי-יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶת-הַשַּׁבָּת
לַעֲשׂוֹת אֶת-הַשַּׁבָּת לְדֹרֹתָם
בְּרִית עוֹלָם:
בֵּינִי וּבֵין בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
אוֹת הִיא לְעוֹלָם
כִּי-שֵׁשֶׁת יָמִים עָשָׂה יְהוָה
אֶת-הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֶת-הָאָרֶץ
וּבַיּוֹם הַשְּׁבִיעִי שָׁבַת וַיִּנְפָּשׁ:

26

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



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.

עֲמִידָה AMIDAH

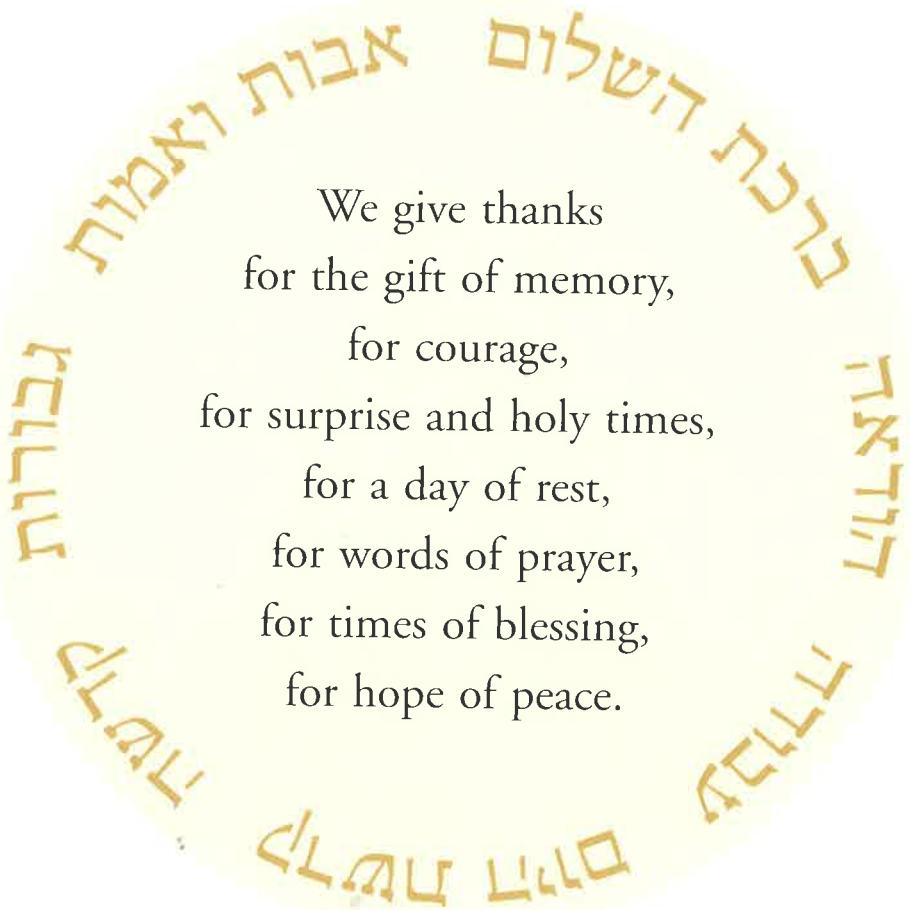
The Silent Prayers of Our Hearts

אֲדַנִּי שְׁפַתַי תִּפְתָּח וּפִי יִגִּיד תְּהִלָּתְךָ:

Open my lips, Dear One, and let my mouth praise You.

29

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.



עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם

OSEH SHALOM

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

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



סיום התפילה SIYYUM HATEFILAH

קידוש

KIDDUSH

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
בוֹרֵא פְּרִי הַגָּפֶן:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְרָצָה בָּנוּ
וְשִׁבֵת קִדְּשׁוֹ בְּאַהֲבָה וּבְרָצוֹן הַנְּחִילָנוּ
זְכוֹרֹן לְמַעֲשֵׂה בְּרֵאשִׁית.
כִּי הוּא יוֹם תְּחִילָה לְמִקְרָאֵי קֹדֶשׁ
זְכוֹר לִיצִיאַת מִצְרַיִם:

1 כִּי אֵלֵינוּ קָרָאתָ וְאוֹתָנוּ קִדְּשָׁתָּ
לְעִבּוֹדְתֶךָ. וְשִׁבֵת קִדְּשָׁךְ
בְּאַהֲבָה וּבְרָצוֹן הַנְּחִילָתָנוּ:

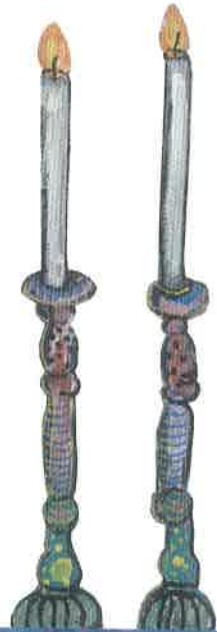
— or —

2 כִּי בָנוּ בְּחִרְתָּ וְאוֹתָנוּ קִדְּשָׁתָּ
מִכָּל הָעַמִּים. וְשִׁבֵת קִדְּשָׁךְ
בְּאַהֲבָה וּבְרָצוֹן הַנְּחִילָתָנוּ:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה מְקַדֵּשׁ הַשַּׁבָּת:



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.



עֲלֵינוּ

ALEYNU

עֲלֵינוּ לְשַׁבַּח לְאֲדוֹן הַכֹּל
לְתַת גְּדֻלָּה לְיוֹצֵר בְּרֵאשִׁית.

וְאֲנַחְנוּ כּוֹרְעִים וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים וּמוֹדִים
לְפָנֵי מֶלֶךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים
הַקָּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא.

וְנֹאמַר: וְהָיָה יְהוָה לְמֶלֶךְ עַל-כָּל-הָאָרֶץ.
בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יְהָיָה יְהוָה אֶחָד וּשְׁמוֹ אֶחָד:

34

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.”

בְּחֵיכּוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכּוֹן

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.

קדיש יתום

KADDISH YATOM

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא
בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.
וַיִּמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל
בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא
וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקָדְשָׁא
בְּרִיךְ הוּא. לְעֻלָּא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא
וְשִׁירְתָּא תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמְתָּא דְאַמִּירָן בְּעֻלְמָא.
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא
וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֶל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:



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.



אֲדוֹן עוֹלָם ADON OLAM

אֲדוֹן עוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר מֶלֶךְ בְּטָרָם כָּל יַצִּיר נִבְרָא.
לַעֲת נַעֲשֶׂה בְּחַפְצוֹ כֹּל אֲזִי מֶלֶךְ שְׁמוֹ נִקְרָא:

וְאַחֲרֵי כִכְלוֹת הַכֹּל לְבַדּוֹ יִמְלוֹךְ נוֹרָא.
וְהוּא הָיָה וְהוּא הוֹיָה וְהוּא יִהְיֶה בְּתַפְאָרָה:

וְהוּא אֶחָד וְאֵין שְׁנַי לְהַמְשִׁיל לוֹ לְהַחֲבִירָה.
בְּלִי רֵאשִׁית בְּלִי תַכְלִית וְלוֹ הָעֵז וְהַמְשָׁרָה:

וְהוּא אֵלֵי וְחַי גּוֹאֲלֵי וְצוֹר חֲבֵלֵי בְּעַת צָרָה.
וְהוּא נָסִי וּמְנוּס לִי מִנֶּת כּוֹסֵי בְיוֹם אֶקְרָא:

בְּיָדוֹ אֶפְקִיד רוּחֵי בְּעַת אִישָׁן וְאַעִירָה.
וְעַם רוּחֵי גּוֹיְתֵי יְהוּה לִי וְלֹא אֵירָא:



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

שָׁלוֹם רַב SHALOM RAV

שָׁלוֹם רַב עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל עִמָּךְ תָּשִׁים לְעוֹלָם:
כִּי אַתָּה הוּא מֶלֶךְ אֲדוֹן לְכֹל הַשָּׁלוֹם:
וְטוֹב בְּעֵינֶיךָ לְבָרֵךְ אֶת עַמָּךְ יִשְׂרָאֵל
וְאֶת כָּל-יוֹשְׁבֵי תְּבֵל
בְּכֹל יַעַת וּבְכֹל שָׁעָה בְּשָׁלוֹמָה:

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

40

כָּל הָעוֹלָם כָּלוּ KOL HA'OLAM KULO

כָּל הָעוֹלָם כָּלוּ גֵּשֶׁר צָר מְאֹד
וְהַעֲקָר לֹא לִפְחָד כָּלֵל:

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

שְׂאֲלוּ שָׁלוֹם SHA'ALU SHELOM

שְׂאֲלוּ שָׁלוֹם יְרוּשָׁלַיִם יִשְׁלִי אֶהְבִּיךָ:

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
Let all who love you be comforted.



PART II

שְׁחֵרִית

בְּרִחוֹת הַשַּׁחַר BIRHOT HASHAHAR

מוֹדָה / מוֹדָה אֲנִי
MODEH/MODAH ANI

מוֹדָה / מוֹדָה אֲנִי לְפָנֶיךָ
מֶלֶךְ חַי וְקַיִם שֶׁהַחַיּוּת בִּי
נִשְׁמָתִי בְּחַמְלָה. רַבָּה אֲמוּנָתְךָ:

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



מַה־טֹב
MAH TOVU

מַה־טֹב אֵהְלִיךָ יַעֲקֹב מִשְׁכְּנֹתֶיךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל:

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

אֱלֹהֵי נִשְׁמָה
ELOHAY NESHAMAH

אֱלֹהֵי נִשְׁמָה שְׁנַתַּתְּ בִּי טְהוּרָה הִיא:

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.



בְּרִכּוֹת הַשַּׁחַר

BIRHOT HASHAHAR

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים פּוֹקֵחַ עוֹרִים:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים מְתִיר אֲסוּרִים:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים זוֹקֵף כְּפוּפִים:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים הַמְכִּין מַצְעָדֵי גֶבֶר:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים שֶׁעָשָׂה לִי כָּל צְרָכֵי:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים שֶׁעָשָׂנִי בְּצִלְמוֹ:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים שֶׁעָשָׂנִי יִשְׂרָאֵל:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חַי הָעוֹלָמִים הַנּוֹתֵן לִיעָף כַּחַ:



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 to 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



פְּסוּקֵי דְזִמְרָה PESUKEY DEZIMRAH

בְּרוּךְ שְׂאֵמַר

BARUH SHE'AMAR

בְּרוּךְ הוּא:	בְּרוּךְ שְׂאֵמַר וְהָיָה הָעוֹלָם.
בְּרוּךְ שְׁמוֹ:	בְּרוּךְ עוֹשֶׂה בְּרֵאשִׁית.
בְּרוּךְ הוּא:	בְּרוּךְ אוֹמֵר וְעוֹשֶׂה.
בְּרוּךְ שְׁמוֹ:	בְּרוּךְ גּוֹזֵר וּמְקַיֵּם.
בְּרוּךְ הוּא:	בְּרוּךְ מְרַחֵם עַל הָאָרֶץ.
בְּרוּךְ שְׁמוֹ:	בְּרוּךְ מְרַחֵם עַל הַבְּרִיּוֹת.
בְּרוּךְ הוּא:	בְּרוּךְ מְשַׁלֵּם שְׂכָר טוֹב לִירְאָיו.
בְּרוּךְ שְׁמוֹ:	בְּרוּךְ חַי לְעַד וְקַיָּם לְנֶצַח.
בְּרוּךְ הוּא וּבְרוּךְ שְׁמוֹ:	בְּרוּךְ פּוֹדֶה וּמַצִּיל.



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 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.”



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 you are 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.



אֶשָׂא עֵינַי

ESA EYNAY

אֶשָׂא עֵינַי אֶל־הַהָרִים מֵאֵין יְבֵא עֲזָרִי:
עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יְהוָה עֲשֵׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ:

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.

טוֹב לַהֲדוֹת

TOV LEHODOT

טוֹב לַהֲדוֹת לַיהוָה וּלְזַמֵּר לְשִׁמְךָ עֲלִיוֹן:
לְהַגִּיד בְּבֹקֶר חַסְדְּךָ וְאֶמּוֹנֶתְךָ בַּלַּיְלוֹת:

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.

אַשְׁרֵי

ASHREY

אַשְׁרֵי יוֹשְׁבֵי בֵיתְךָ עוֹד יְהַלְלוּךָ. סְלָה:

Happy are those who dwell within Your house.
May they continue to give praise to You.



הַלְלוּיָהּ

HALLELUYAH

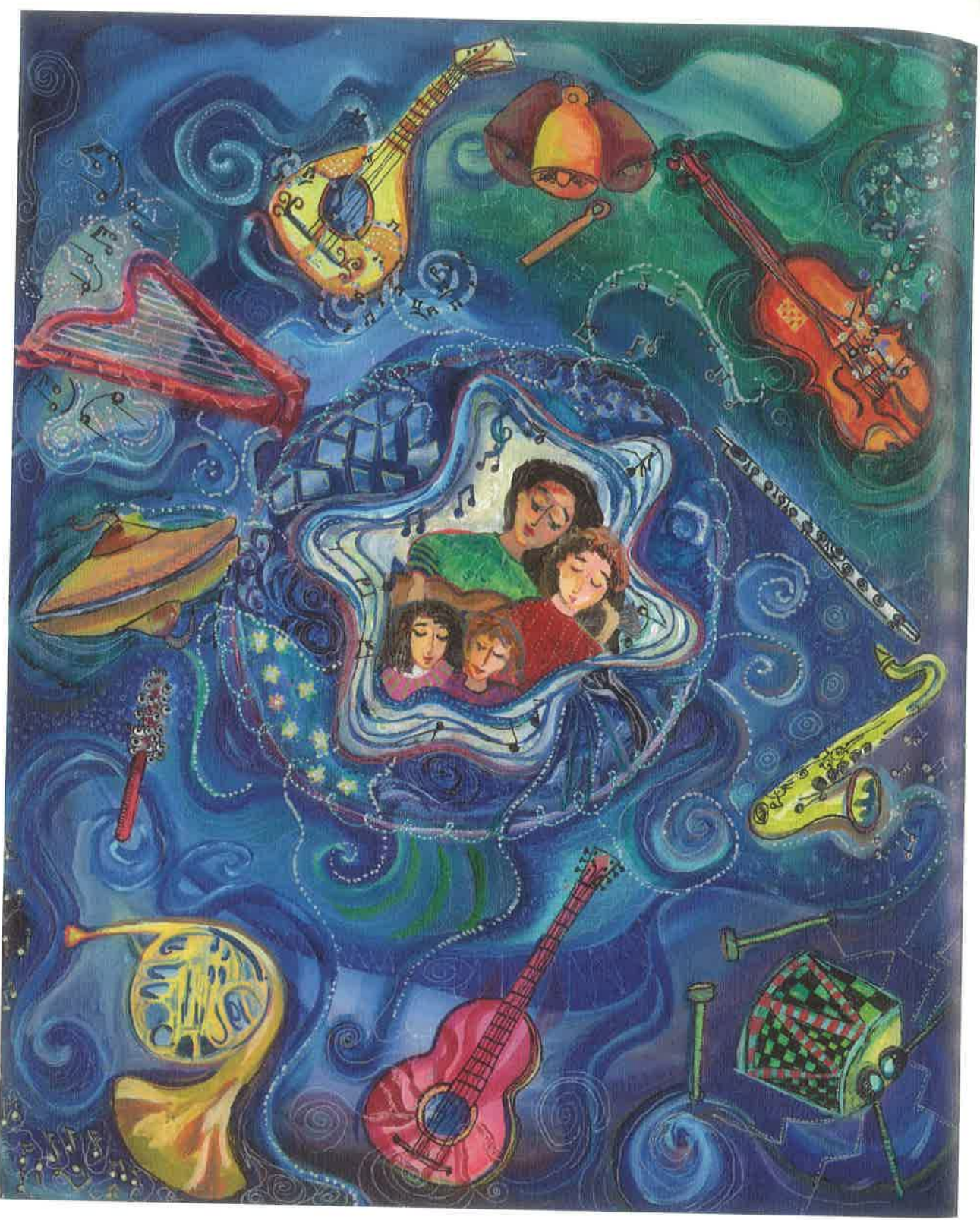
הַלְלוּיָהּ. הַלְלוּ-אֵל בְּקִדְשׁוֹ
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּרִקיעַ עֲזוֹ:
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּגְבוּרָתוֹ
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּרֹב גְּדָלוֹ:
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתַקַּע שׁוֹפָר
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּנִבְל וְכִנּוֹר:
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתֹף וּמַחֹל
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּמִנִּים וְעִגָּב:
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּצִלְצְלֵי-שָׁמַע
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּצִלְצְלֵי תְרוּעָה:
כֹּל הַנְּשָׁמָה תְהַלֵּל יָהּ.
הַלְלוּיָהּ:



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!



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



נְשִׁמַת כָּל חַי
NISHMAT KOL HAY

נְשִׁמַת כָּל חַי תְּבָרֵךְ אֶת שְׁמֵךְ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֵל מֶלֶךְ גָּדוֹל
בְּתַשְׁבְּחוֹת אֵל הַהוֹדָאוֹת
אֲדוֹן הַנִּפְלְאוֹת הַבּוֹחֵר בְּשִׁירֵי זְמֵרָה
מֶלֶךְ אֵל חַי הָעוֹלָמִים:

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

אֵלֹהֵינוּ מְלֵא שִׁירָה בְּפִיָּם

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.



שְׁמַע וּבְרָכוֹתֶיהָ SHEMA UVIRḤOTEHA

בְּרָכוֹ

BAREḤU

בְּרָכוּ אֶת יְהוָה הַמְּבָרָךְ:
בְּרוּךְ יְהוָה הַמְּבָרָךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

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



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.

יוצֵר אֹר

YOTZER OR

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
יוצֵר אֹר וּבוֹרֵא חֹשֶׁךְ
עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם וּבוֹרֵא אֶת הַכֹּל:

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.

אֹר חֲדָשׁ עַל צִיּוֹן תָּאִיר
וְנִזְכָּה כָּלֵנוּ בְּמִהְרָה לְאוּרוֹ:
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה יוֹצֵר הַמְּאוֹרוֹת:

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,
caught 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."

—Chaim Nachman Bialik




אַהֲבָה רַבָּה AHAVAH RABAH

אַהֲבָה רַבָּה אַהֲבַתְנוּ יהוה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
חֲמֵלָה גְדוֹלָה וַיִּתְּרָה חֲמֵלַת עֲלֵינוּ:

וְהָאֵר עֵינֵינוּ בְּתוֹרָתְךָ
וְדַבֵּק לִבֵּנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתֶיךָ
וַיִּיחַד לְבַבְנוּ לְאַהֲבָה וּלְיִרְאָה אֶת שְׁמֶךָ
וְלֹא נִבּוֹשׁ וְלֹא נִכָּלֵם
וְלֹא נִכָּשֵׁל לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:
כִּי בְשֵׁם קְדֻשָּׁתְךָ הַגְּדוֹל וְהַנּוֹרָא בְּטַחְנוּ:
נִגִּילָה וְנִשְׂמַחָה בִּישׁוּעָתְךָ:

כְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יהוה אוֹהֵב עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל:





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.



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



I wonder who are the people you argue with the most.

I wonder if there is anyone who helps you remember that we are all part of one family.

What do you think is the most important part of this story?



שִׁמְעַ
SHEMA

שִׁמְעַ יִשְׂרָאֵל
יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
יְהוָה אֶחָד:

בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מְלֻכּוּתוֹ
לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

וְאָהַבְתָּ אֶת יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ
בְּכָל-לְבָבְךָ וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ
וּבְכָל-מְאֹדְךָ:
וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה
אֲשֶׁר אָנֹכִי מְצַוְךָ הַיּוֹם עַל-לְבָבְךָ:
וּשְׁנַנְתָּם לְבִנְיָהּ וּדְבַרְתָּ בָּם
בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ וּבְלַכְתְּךָ בַדֶּרֶךְ
וּבְשֹׁכְבְךָ וּבְקוּמְךָ:
וּקְשַׁרְתָּם לְאוֹת עַל-יָדְךָ
וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ:
וּכְתַבְתָּם עַל-מְזוֹזוֹת
בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:





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.





מִי־כַמְכָּה

MI HAMOHAH

מִי־כַמְכָּה בְּאֵלִים יְהוָה
מִי כַמְכָּה נֶאֱדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ
נֹרָא תִהְלֵת עֲשֵׂה פְּלֵא:

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!”

יְהוָה יִמְלֹךְ לְעֹלָם וָעֶד:

צוּר יִשְׂרָאֵל קוֹמָה בְּעֶזְרַת יִשְׂרָאֵל:
וּפְדָה כְּנֶאֱמָרָה יְהוּדָה וְיִשְׂרָאֵל.
גְּאֻלָּנוּ יְהוָה צְבָאוֹת שְׁמוֹ קְדוֹשׁ יִשְׂרָאֵל:

Blessed are You, Adonay, who makes us free.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה גְּאֹל יִשְׂרָאֵל:



זְכוֹר חֲסֵדֵי אֲבוֹת וְאֵמוֹת

Remembering Our Ancestors

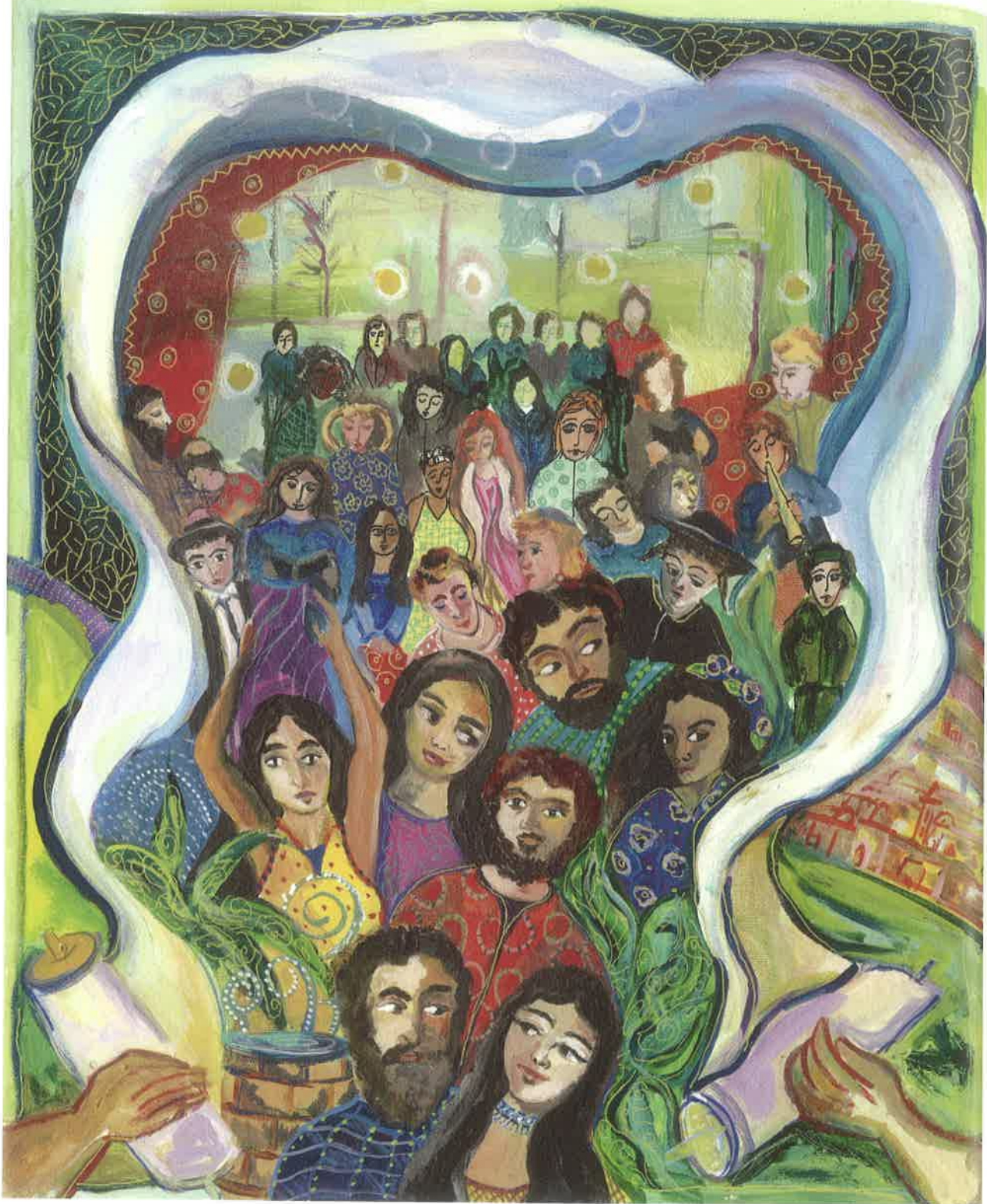
Imagine a huge old tree, standing strong. The trunk is very thick. You try, but your arms can't go around it. The branches reach high into the sky, too high to climb. The roots go down, deep into the ground. Each family is like a tree, with the generations that came before reaching deep back into history 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."

—Iraqi folk tale



I wonder if there is a special place where you go to be alone.

I wonder what you might put in a hut to help you remember what is most important to you.

What are the places and times that remind you that you are a Jew?



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.

—Angela, Camp JRF

אָבוֹת וְאִמּוֹת

AVOT VE'IMOT

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ וְאִמּוֹתֵינוּ
אֱלֹהֵי אַבְרָהָם אֱלֹהֵי יִצְחָק
אֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב.
אֱלֹהֵי שָׂרָה אֱלֹהֵי רַבֵּקָה
אֱלֹהֵי רַחֵל וְאֱלֹהֵי לֵאָה.



הָאֵל הַגָּדוֹל הַגִּבּוֹר וְהַנּוֹרָא אֵל עֲלִיוֹן
גּוֹמֵל חַסְדִּים טוֹבִים וְקוֹנֵה הַכֹּל.
וְזוֹכֵר חַסְדֵי אָבוֹת וְאִמּוֹת
וּמְבִיא גְּאֻלָּה לְבָנֵי בְּנֵיהֶם
לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ בְּאַהֲבָה:

מֶלֶךְ עוֹזֵר וּמוֹשִׁיעַ וּמַגֵּן:
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה
מַגֵּן אַבְרָהָם וְעִזְרַת שָׂרָה:

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.



גְבוּרוֹת GEVUROT

אַתָּה גְבוּר לְעוֹלָם אֲדַנִּי רַב לְהוֹשִׁיעַ:

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.



בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה מְחַיֶּה כָּל חַי:

– or –

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה מְחַיֶּה הַמֵּתִים:

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.



קְדוּשָׁה
KEDUSHAH

קְדוּשׁ קְדוּשׁ קְדוּשׁ
יְהוָה יְבָאוֹת מְלֵא
כָּל-הָאָרֶץ כְּבוֹדוֹ:

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.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה הָאֵל הַקְּדוֹשׁ:

Blessed are You, Adonay, Source of holiness.

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

*Max, Judah, Aryeh,
Camp JRF*



קְדוּשַׁת הַיּוֹם

KEDUSHAT HAYOM

יִשְׂמְחוּ בְּמִלְכוּתְךָ שׁוֹמְרֵי שַׁבָּת
וְקוֹרְאֵי עֲנֹג. עִם מְקַדְּשֵׁי שְׁבִיעֵי
כָּלֶם יִשְׁבְּעוּ וַיִּתְעַנְּגוּ מִטּוֹבָךָ:
וְהַשְּׁבִיעֵי רְצִיתָ בּוֹ וְקִדְּשָׁתוּ
חֲמֻדַּת יָמִים אוֹתוֹ קָרָאתָ
זִכְרָ לְמַעֲשֵׂה בְּרֵאשִׁית:

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.



בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה מְקַדֵּשׁ הַשַּׁבָּת:

Blessed are You, Adonay,
source of Sabbath holiness.



עֲבוּדָה

AVODAH

רְצֵה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ

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.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה
הַמְחַזֵּיר שְׂכִינָתוֹ לְצִיּוֹן:

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

הוֹדָאָה

HODA'AH

מוֹדִים אֲנַחְנוּ לָךְ

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

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה הַטּוֹב שְׂמֵךְ
וְלֵךְ נְאֻה לְהוֹדוֹת:

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



בְּרַכַּת הַשָּׁלוֹם

BIRKAT HASHALOM

יְבָרְכֶךָ יְהוָה וַיִּשְׁמְרֶךָ:
יָאֵר יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וַיַּחַנֶּךָ:
יִשָּׂא יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וַיִּשֶׂם לְךָ שָׁלוֹם:
כִּן יְהִי רְצוֹן:

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.

שֵׁים שָׁלוֹם טוֹבָה וּבְרָכָה

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.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה עוֹשֵׂה הַשָּׁלוֹם:

עוֹשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֶל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:



תּוֹרָה TORAH

Taking Out the Torah

כִּי מִצִּיּוֹן תֵּצֵא תּוֹרָה וּדְבַר־יְהוָה מִירוּשָׁלַיִם:
בְּרוּךְ שְׁנַתַּן תּוֹרָה לְעַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּקִדְשָׁתוֹ:

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



שִׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד:

Listen Israel: Adonay our God, Adonay is One.

אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ גָדוֹל אֲדוֹנֵינוּ קְדוֹשׁ שְׁמוֹ:

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

גָּדְלוֹ לִיהוָה אֲתֵי וּנְרוֹמְמָה שְׁמוֹ יַחְדָּו:

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!

לְךָ יְהוָה הַגְּדֹלָה וְהַגְּבוּרָה
וְהַתְּפָאֶרֶת וְהַנִּצְחָה וְהַהוֹד
כִּי כֹל בַּשָּׁמַיִם וּבָאָרֶץ
לְךָ יְהוָה הַמְּמֹלָכָה
וְהַמְּתַנַּשֵּׂא לְכֹל לְרֹאשׁ:

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.

עַל שְׁלֹשָׁה דְבָרִים הָעוֹלָם עוֹמֵד
עַל הַתּוֹרָה וְעַל הָעֲבוּדָה
וְעַל גְּמִילוּת חֲסָדִים:



On three things the world stands:
on learning, on prayer and on caring deeds.



אֵל נָא רַפָּא נָא לָהּ

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

כִּי הֵם חַיֵּינוּ וְאַרְךָ יָמֵינוּ
וּבְהֵם נִהְגָה יוֹמָם וּלְיָלָה:

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

עֵץ־חַיִּים הִיא לַמַּחְזִיקִים בָּהּ
וְתִמְכֶיהָ מְאֹד:
דְּרָכֶיהָ דְרָכֵי־נֹעַם
וְכָל־נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹם:
הַשִּׁבְנוּ יְהוָה אֵלֶיךָ
וּנְשׁוּבָה חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ בְּקֶדֶם:



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

Torah ways are pleasant.
Its paths are peace.



סיום התפילה SIYYUM HATEFILAH

Ir Hamshoḥim

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 Moshiaḥ (Messiah) is one of you."

When the young man returned home, he told his people what the rabbi had said: "The Moshiaḥ is one of you."

In the days that followed, the people of the village began to think: The Moshiaḥ 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 Moshiaḥ, they began treating each other with extraordinary respect. And just in case they themselves turned out to be the Moshiaḥ, 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 Moshiaḥ could be felt in the hearts of all those who lived in the village. The village came to be called Ir Hamshoḥim, 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 Moshiaḥ could be one of us.



עֲלֵינוּ

ALEYNU

עֲלֵינוּ לְשַׁבַּח לְאֲדוֹן הַכֹּל
לְתַת גְּדֻלָּה לְיוֹצֵר בְּרֵאשִׁית.

וְאֲנַחְנוּ כּוֹרְעִים וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים וּמוֹדִים
לְפָנֵי מֶלֶךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים
הַקָּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא.

וְנֹאמֵר: וְהָיָה יְהוָה לְמֶלֶךְ עַל-כָּל-הָאָרֶץ.
בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יְהִיָּה יְהוָה אֶחָד וְשִׁמוֹ אֶחָד:



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.*



קדיש יתום

KADDISH YATOM

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.
וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא:



יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא
וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא
בְּרִיךְ הוּא. לְעֵלְא מִן כָּל בְּרַכָּתָא
וּשְׂרִתָּא תִשְׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא דְאַמִּירָן בְּעֵלְמָא.
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמֵיָא
וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֶל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:



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.



אָדוֹן עוֹלָם

ADON OLAM

אָדוֹן עוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר מֶלֶךְ בְּטָרֵם כָּל יַצִּיר נִבְרָא.
לַעֲת נַעֲשֶׂה בְּחַפְצוֹ כֵּל אֲזִי מֶלֶךְ שְׁמוֹ נִקְרָא:

וְאַחֲרֵי כִכְלוֹת הַכֹּל לְבַדּוֹ יִמְלוֹךְ נִוְרָא.
וְהוּא הָיָה וְהוּא הוֹה וְהוּא יִהְיֶה בְּתַפְאָרָה:

וְהוּא אֶחָד וְאֵין שְׁנַי לְהַמְשִׁיל לוֹ לְהַחֲבִירָה.
בְּלִי רֵאשִׁית בְּלִי תְּכֵלִית וְלוֹ הַעֲזֹ וְהַמְשָׁרָה:

וְהוּא אֵלִי וְחַי גּוֹאֲלִי וְצוֹר חֻבְלִי בְּעַת צָרָה.
וְהוּא נְסִי וּמְנוֹס לִי מִנֶּת כּוֹסֵי בְיוֹם אֶקְרָא:

בְּיָדוֹ אֶפְקִיד רוּחִי בְּעַת אִישָׁן וְאַעִירָה.
וְעַם רוּחִי גּוֹיְתִי יִהוּה לִי וְלֹא אִירָא:





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.



שִׁירִים SONGS

עַם יִשְׂרָאֵל חַי אִם יִסְרָאֵ'ל חַי

AM YISRA'EL HAY

עַם יִשְׂרָאֵל חַי *Am Yisra'el hay*

עוֹד אָבִינוּ חַי: *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



דָּוִד מֶלֶךְ DAVID MELEḤ

דָּוִד מֶלֶךְ יִשְׂרָאֵל *David meleḥ Yisra'el*
חַי וְקַיִם: *ḥai vekayam.*

David, king of Israel, lives and endures.

—Talmud, B. Rosh Hashanah 25a

אֵלֶּה חַמְדָּה לְבִי ELEH ḤAMDĀH LIBI

אֵלֶּה חַמְדָּה לְבִי *Eleh ḥamdah libi*
חֹסֶה נָא וְאַל נָא תִּתְעַלֵּם: *ḥusah na ve'al na titalem.*

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

—Eliezer Azkari

אֵלִי, אֵלִי ELI, ELI

אֵלִי, שְׁלֵא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם *Eli, shelo yigamer le'olam*
הַחֹל וְהַיָּמ, *haḥol vehayam,*
רִשְׁרוּשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם *rishrush shel hamayim*
בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם תְּפִילַת הָאָדָם: *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

אֵין כְּאֱלֹהֵינוּ

אֵין כְּאֱלֹהֵינוּ
אֵין כְּאֲדוֹנֵינוּ,
אֵין כְּמַלְכֵנוּ
אֵין כְּמוֹשֵׁיֵנוּ:

מִי כְּאֱלֹהֵינוּ
מִי כְּאֲדוֹנֵינוּ,
מִי כְּמַלְכֵנוּ
מִי כְּמוֹשֵׁיֵנוּ:

נֹדֶה לְאֱלֹהֵינוּ
נֹדֶה לְאֲדוֹנֵינוּ,
נֹדֶה לְמַלְכֵנוּ
נֹדֶה לְמוֹשֵׁיֵנוּ:

בָּרוּךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ
בָּרוּךְ אֲדוֹנֵינוּ,
בָּרוּךְ מַלְכֵנוּ
בָּרוּךְ מוֹשֵׁיֵנוּ:

אַתָּה הוּא אֱלֹהֵינוּ
אַתָּה הוּא אֲדוֹנֵינוּ
אַתָּה הוּא מַלְכֵנוּ
אַתָּה הוּא מוֹשֵׁיֵנוּ:

EYN KEYLOHEYNU

*Eyn kEyloheynu,
eyn kadoneynu
eyn kemalkeynu,
eyn kemoshi'eynu.*

*Mi hEyloheynu,
mi hadoneynu
mi hemalkeynu,
mi hemoshi'eynu.*

*Nodeh lEyloheynu,
nodeh ladoneynu
nodeh lemalkeynu,
nodeh lemoshi'eynu.*

*Baruh Eloheynu,
baruh adoneynu
baruh malkeynu,
baruh moshi'eynu.*

*Atah hu Eloheynu,
atah hu adoneynu
atah hu malkeynu,
atah hu moshi'eynu.*



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

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 umenuḥah
Shabbat shalom umevorah

—Juliet Spitzer

הַתְּקוּוָה

HATIKVAH

כָּל עוֹד בְּלִבְבֵנוּ פְּנִימָה
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמִיָּה
וּלְפָאֵתֵינוּ מִזְרַח קְדִימָה
עֵינֵינוּ לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפֵיָה

*Kol od balevav penimah
Nefesh Yehudi homiyah
Ulfa'atey mizrah kadimah
Ayin leTziyon tzofiyah.*

עוֹד לֹא אָבְדָה תְּקוּוֹתֵנוּ
הַתְּקוּוָה בֵּת שְׁנוֹת אֲלָפִים
לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֶפְשֵׁי בְּאֶרְצֵנוּ
אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

*Od lo avdah tikvatenu
Hatikvah bat shenot alpayim
Lihiyot am hofshi be'artzenu
Eretz Tziyon 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



מִזְמוֹר שִׁיר MIZMOR SHIR

מִזְמוֹר שִׁיר לְיוֹם הַשַּׁבָּת: *Mizmor shir leyom 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)



לֹא-יִשָּׂא גּוֹי LO YISA GOY

לֹא-יִשָּׂא גּוֹי אֶל-גּוֹי חָרָב
לֹא-יִלְמְדוּ עוֹד מִלְחָמָה:
*Lo yisa goy el goy herev
lo yilmedu od millhamah.*

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
they shall not study war anymore.

—Isaiah 2:4

מַה-גְּדֻלוֹ MAH GADLU

מַה-גְּדֻלוֹ מַעֲשֵׂיךָ יְהוָה
מְאֹד עֲמָקוֹ מַחֲשֵׁבֹתֶיךָ:
*Mah gadlu ma'aseha, Yah (Adonay)
me'od amku mahshevoteka.*

Your acts are amazing,
Your thoughts are incredible!

—Psalm 92



מִן-הַמֵּצָר MIN HAMETZAR

מִן-הַמֵּצָר קָרָאתִי יְהוָה
עֲנֵנִי בְּמַרְחָב יְהוָה:
*Min hametzar karati Yah
anani vamerhav Yah.*

From my pain I called to You, God.
You answered my deepest needs.

—Psalm 118

הָבָה נְשִׁירָה HAVAH NASHIRAH

הָבָה נְשִׁירָה שִׁיר הַלְלוּיָהּ: *Havah nashirah, shir halleluyah.*

Let us sing a song of halleluyah!

לְמַעַן אַחֵי וְרַעֵי LEMA'AN AḤAY VERE'AY

לְמַעַן אַחֵי וְרַעֵי *Lema'an aḥay vere'ay*
אֲדַבְּרָה-נָא שְׁלוֹם בְּךָ: *Adaberah na shalom bah.*

לְמַעַן בֵּית-יְהוָה *Lema'an beyt Adonay*
אֱלֹהֵינוּ אֲבַקֶּשׂה טוֹב לָךְ: *Eloheynu avakshah tov lah.*

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 122

לְמִנּוֹת יְמִינוּ LIMNOT YAMEYNU

לְמִנּוֹת יְמִינוּ כֵּן הוֹדַע *Limnot yameynu keyn hoda,*
וְנִבֵּיא לְבַב חָכְמָה: *venavi levav ḥohmah.*

Teach us to treasure each day,
that we may open our hearts to Your wisdom.

—Psalm 90

אור זרע OR ZARU'A

אור זרע לצדיק
ולישר־לב שמחה:
*Or zaru'a latzadik,
ulyishrey lev simḥah.*

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

—Psalm 97

פתח־לי PITHU LI

פתח־לי שערי צדק
אבא־בם אודה יה:
זה־השער ליהוה
צדיקים יבאו בו:
*Pithu li sha'arey tzedek
avo vam odeh Yah.
Zeh hasha'ar lAdonay
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



רוֹמְמוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ

ROMEMU ADONAY ELOHEYNU

רוֹמְמוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
וְהִשְׁתַּחֲוּוּ לְהַדָּם רַגְלָיו
קְדוֹשׁ הוּא:

*Romemu Adonay Eloheynu
vehishtahavu lahadom raglav
kadosh hu.*

רוֹמְמוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ
וְהִשְׁתַּחֲוּוּ לְהַר קְדָשׁוֹ
כִּי־קְדוֹשׁ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ:

*Romemu Adonay Eloheynu
vehishtahavu 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

תּוֹרַה צִוָּה־לָנוּ

TORAH TZIVAH LANU

תּוֹרַה צִוָּה־לָנוּ מֹשֶׁה
מוֹרָשָׁה קְהֵלַת יַעֲקֹב:

*Torah tzivah lanu Moshe,
morashah kehilat Ya'akov.*

Moses charged us with the teaching of Torah.
It is a gift for us, the community of Jacob.

—Deuteronomy 33:4

וּשְׂאֲבַתֶּם־מַיִם USHAVTEM MAYIM

וּשְׂאֲבַתֶּם־מַיִם בְּשִׁשׁוֹן Ushavtem mayim besason
מִמַּעַיְנֵי הַיְשׁוּעָה: mima'ayney hayeshu'ah.

Draw in waters of joy from the well of our help.

—Isaiah 12:3

וְטַהַר לִבֵּנוֹ VETAHER LIBENU

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

—Shabbat Amidah



יְדִיד נֶפֶשׁ YEDID NEFESH

יְדִיד נֶפֶשׁ אֵב הָרַחֲמָן Yedid nefesh av harahaman
מְשׁוֹךְ עִבְדֶּךָ אֶל רְצוֹנֶךָ. meshoh avdeha, el retzoneha.
יְרוּץ עִבְדֶּךָ כְּמוֹ אֵיל Yarutz avdeha, kemo ayal
יִשְׁתַּחֲוֶה אֶל מוּל הַדָּרֶךְ: yishtahevah el mul hadareha.

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

—Eliezer Azkari

Sources

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

“Dear God” (page 24). Children’s poem by third-grade students at Congregation Beth Israel, Media, Pa.

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“Finding God” (page 28). Ḥasidic folk tale.

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