NIGGUN

Opening Song: ANI V’ATAH

WELCOME/PURPOSE

A PRAYER FOR COMPASSION By Trisha Arlin

Baruch Atah Adonai
Brucha At Shechinah
Blessed One-ness, Blessed Connection,
Kadosh Baruch Hu:

We pray for all who are in pain
And all who cause pain.

We pray for those of us
Who are so angry
That we have lost compassion for the suffering
Of anyone who is not a member of our group.
And we pray for those of us
Who cannot see the suffering
behind the loss of that compassion.

We pray for the strength
To resist the urge to inhumanity
That we feel in times of fear and mourning.
We pray for the courage
To resist the calls to inhumanity
That others may make upon us in times of crisis.
Baruch Atah Adonai
Brucha At Shechinah
Blessed One-ness, Blessed Connection,
Kadosh Baruch Hu:

May we find relief from our hurts and fears.
And may we not, in our pain,
Lose our empathy
For the hurts and fears of others.
We pray for all who are in pain
And all who cause pain.
Amen

SONG: Amar Rabbi Akivah

LOVERS OF LIGHT by Suzanne Sabransky
In our current days,
As in days gone by,
The world
Has been filled
With darkness.

We are Jews,
We are survivors,
We have been
Through the dark,
Still we find the light.

Light comes in,
Light enters,
Light fills the space,
Fills our souls,
Infuses our beings.

Through song and dance,
With Torah and Tallit,
In the words which we speak,
In the prayers of our hearts,
We are lovers of light.

The world now,
Seems to have lost
The light of promise,
The light of future,
The light of wonder.

We are Jews,
And we are duty-bound
To remind the world
That light never dies
As long as we all seek it.

COVID MI SHEBEIRACH
A Mi Shebeirach for Those Suffering in Mind, Body, and Soul during the COVID-19 Pandemic
By Rabbi Sonja K. Pilz, PhD

This is a Mi Shebeirach for those who climbed daily into
their cars, buses, subways, and trains;
For those who lost their jobs, homes, and food;
For those anxiously waiting for what the future will bring.

This is a Mi Shebeirach for those who lost loved ones,
colleagues, and friends,
In loneliness, in helplessness,
Without us noticing.

This is for the addicts, the ones in need of medications,
The ones in need of group support and therapy,
Who struggle with the absence of healthy habits.

This is for the children, the elderly, and the ones with
intellectual disabilities.
Who do not understand
Why their lives suddenly and so drastically changed.

This is for the ones who faced
Hells of violence and abuse in their homes,
Without us being able to hear their screams.

This is for the ones our free meals did not reach;
The ones whose big dreams had to shrink;
The ones whose futures are forever altered.

This is for the ones who needed to stay home,
Coughing and gasping for air;
The ones so often lonely in their hospital beds...

While others could rest.
This is a Mi Shebeirach.
May the God Who is a Source of Blessing

Remember the crying voice of God’s children (Exodus 3:9),
Suffering, anxious, and numb in their pain.
God, heal our pain.
God, heal our pain.
El na r’fa na la (Numbers 12:13).

HEAL US NOW

WRAP ME UP: A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO ARE OVERWHELMED
by Rabbi Rachel Bearman

Ezrat Nafsheinu—Soul sustainer,
I’m tempted to go get my tallis, sit with my legs tucked up underneath me, and wrap myself in fabric and string.
I feel small and vulnerable. I feel exposed. I feel like my nerves are raw, and I jump at the sound of every notification, every phone call. My brain is telling me that these sounds are what will come before I am forced into a new chapter of my life, a chapter that I would rather excise from my book entirely, a chapter that I would wish on no one.

And so, I’m tempted to go get my tallis and swaddle myself in its symbolism, in its protection.
I imagine that the cloth would blunt the intensity of the world outside of my body and would help me contain the fear that threatens to escape.

I ask You, Sustainer of our Souls, to spread Your comfort over me.
I ask You to wrap me up in Your love and Your strength.
I ask that You help me to feel the comfort of the tallis that I always wear—the tallis woven from the threads of my tradition, my community’s support, and my family’s love.
Amen

THE BROKEN TABLETS by Roger Kamienetz
The broken tablets were also carried in an ark.
Insofar as they represented everything shattered
everything lost, they were the law of broken things,
the leaf torn from the stem in a storm,
a cheek touched in fondness once but now the name forgotten.
How they must have rumbled, clattered on the way
even carried so carefully through the wasteland,
how they must have rattled around until the pieces
broken into pieces, the edges softened
crumbling, dust collected at the bottom of the ark
ghosts of old letters, old laws. Insofar
as a law broken is still remembered
these laws were obeyed.

And insofar as memory preserves the pattern of broken things
these bits of stone were preserved
through many journeys and ruined days
even, they say, into the promised land.

**SONG: Shiru Shir Amen**

**TO RISE** by Stacy Zisook Robinson
Let me rest this body
that has known pain
yet still it slips into numbness.
Let me rise,
Your right hand to guide me
and place healing on my lips,
tasting of sweetness and sky.
Oh, let me rise!

I want to soothe this caged-wing soul,
loose feathered and desperate,
let go the moments that slip through
withering and dull,
so that I can no longer feel
the glory of You,
though its shadow rests
upon me like a kiss.

I want to fly with the larks
who rise in exaltation.
They know Your secret name
and sing it, each one, an ascension
into the vastness of sky and wind,
a psalm,
a song,
a glory,

Oh! Let me rise,
so that my heart rejoices,
so that my being exults,
my body rests, secure
But let me rise and be whole.

READING: SHARDS OF WEDDING GLASS by Michelle Shapiro Abraham
A friend once told me
that we smash a glass at a wedding
to bring a bit of sadness into a joyous moment; so that
we know how to bring a bit of joy into the sad ones
I come from sturdy stock who know how to keep our sorrow on our fingertips
So our feet are free to dance
My people have celebrated New Years when the food is old and stale
And Freedom when none is in sight
My people leave the house of mourning to celebrate the Sabbath
And my people find a 100 blessings a day even
when the days are thick with smoke
And you can barely find yourself in the darkness
Remind my tired soul, I beg You
My kitchen is far too clean and the china is still in the basement
Remind me how to stop the mourning
for tables that don’t need extensions
and quiet synagogues with no children to be shushed
Help me to shake the sadness to my fingertips
and free my feet to dance across the family room floor
Let me embrace my blessings
Let me drink deep of gratitude for all I have
Let me shake off this foolish melancholy
and help me find the broom so I can sweep away
the tiny shards of glass left alone under the wedding canopy

SONG: ??

READING: IN UNITY AND HOPE
By Rabbi Ilene Harkavy Haigh and Alden Solovy
How fair are your tents, O Jacob,
When we stand together,
In unity and love,
In the name of hope and harmony.

How fragile are our tents
When our fears divide us
When we allow outside winds
To blow within.

Who but You, Ruach Elohim,
Can define who we are?
What keeps us strong.
What keeps us whole.

Who but us, K’lal Yisrael,
Can shield us,
Carrying each other
As one against the storm?

How fair are our tents, O Israel,
When we stand together,
In the name of unity,
In compassion in strength,
For our children,
And for our children’s children.
Kein Y’hi Ratzon.

SONG: ??

CLOSING WORDS, SCHEDULE, ETC.