

הגדה של עזר לפסח

The Velveteen Rabbi's Haggadah for Pesach

Assembled by Rabbi Rachel Barenblat;
written, at least in part, by you

Whoever enlarges on the telling of the exodus
is praiseworthy



On God-language

This haggadah uses several different terms and names for God. They include *Adonai* (Lord), *Shekhinah* (a mystical name for the Divine Presence embodied in creation), *ayn ha-chayyim* (source of life), *melech* (king), and *ruach* (breath or spirit), among others.

Jewish tradition teaches that our Creator is beyond language: our words can only approach the Infinite. May our use of different names remind us that our names are only substitutes; that God is beyond any words we can speak.

Following standard Jewish practice, the Hebrew letters of the tetragrammaton are implied by the abbreviation יְיָ, to make it possible for you to recycle this haggadah post-Pesach if you want.

About this haggadah

This haggadah is an open-source resource, available for free download at velveteenrabbi.com. Feel free to use the haggadah, or modify it and use it, or borrow parts of it, or simply be inspired by it. The only caveat is, please credit where appropriate, and please don't sell this—it should be shared freely. The most recent edition is version 8.2.

Welcome / how to use this book

Welcome to the Velveteen Rabbi's Haggadah for Pesach! Here are some 'liner notes' to start you on your journey. (Read these before the seder, not during.) This haggadah can be used anytime during Passover. Traditionally a Passover seder is held on the first night of the holiday; in many Diaspora families/communities, seders are held on the first two nights; and some hold extra seders at other times during the week.

Feel free to use every word in this haggadah, start to finish—or to choose only the parts which are most resonant for you—or to augment this with selections from other haggadot (or other readings/prayers/poems/meditations that move you)—or to use this to augment the haggadah you're accustomed to using. (Please note that this haggadah features a non-traditional *Birkat Hamazon* / Grace After Meals; if you want the full traditional text, it's easily findable online.)

In preparing for your seder, make sure you have:

- a goblet of wine or juice for Elijah and a goblet of water for Miriam;
- salt water on the table (in which participants will dip something green;)
- wine or grape juice for everyone, enough for four symbolic cups apiece;
- matzah (at least three pieces; enough for everyone at the table to taste;)
- a seder plate
- optional: scallions with which to beat each other during Dayenu (Persian custom)

Most traditional seder plates include five items:

- *zeroa*, a roasted shank bone representing the Paschal lamb, the holiday offering made in Temple days (vegetarians today often use a roasted beet for its blood-red color, or a roasted sweet potato for the pun of calling it the Paschal Yam;)
- *beitzah*, a roasted egg (symbol of re/birth)
- *maror*, the bitter herb (usually horseradish), symbolizing the bitterness of slavery;
- *karpas*, the green vegetable, symbolizing spring growth and renewal;
- *charoset*, a mixture of apples/nuts/cinnamon (following a common Ashkenazic recipe) or dates/nuts/honey (following a common Sefardic one), representing the clay or mortar used by the Israelite slaves.

Optional additions include:

- *an orange*, representing the inclusion of all genders and sexualities at the table;
- *an olive*, representing hopes for peace in the Middle East and everywhere;
- and other items; a quick internet search will yield all kinds of ideas!

In this, as in the whole seder experience, do what feels right to you, and don't be afraid to take risks. The Passover story is all about risk and its reward. May your celebration of Passover be meaningful, and may it enrich and expand your sense of yourself, your relationship with your community, and your connection with your Source!

Rabbi Rachel Barenblat

Opening Prayer

We read responsively:

Long ago at this season, our people set out on a journey.

On such a night as this, Israel went from degradation to joy.

We give thanks for the liberation of days gone by.

And we pray for all who are still bound.

Eternal God, may all who hunger come to rejoice in a new Passover.

Let all the human family sit at Your table, drink the wine of deliverance, eat the bread of freedom:

Freedom from bondage *and freedom from oppression*

Freedom from hunger *and freedom from want*

Freedom from hatred *and freedom from fear*

Freedom to think *and freedom to speak*

Freedom to teach *and freedom to learn*

Freedom to love *and freedom to share*

Freedom to hope *and freedom to rejoice*

Soon, in our days *Amen.¹*



[Woodcut by Yaron Livay]

Welcome

In the northern hemisphere, Passover coincides with the beginning of spring: a time for renewal, rethinking, rebirth. We throw open the windows of our houses, we sweep away winter's grit and dust. The story of Passover is a story of liberation and new beginnings: what better time to rethink our liberation than now, as new green appears?

May this Passover spring give us the insight and courage to create ourselves anew.

Order! Order!

Seder literally means order, from the Hebrew לְסַדֵּר / *l'sader*, to arrange, and there's a set order to the proceedings:

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחֵץ. כְּרַפֵּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֵץ. מוֹצֵיא. מַצָּה.
מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלֵחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צְפוּן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh	Recite the kiddush	<i>Initiate special time</i>
Urchatz	Wash the hands	<i>Clear the grime</i>
Karpas	Eat a green vegetable	<i>Open senses to growing green</i>
Yachatz	Break the middle matzah	<i>Separate dessert from need</i>
Maggid	Tell the Pesach story	<i>Tell a tale from your spiritual past</i>
Rakhtzah	Wash the hands	<i>Raise up the energy in your hands</i>
Motzi	Say the Ha-Motzi	<i>Call forth what nourishes you</i>
Matzah	Say the blessing for matzah	<i>Increase faith/prepare to heal</i>
Maror	Eat the bitter herb	<i>Allow the bitter to move you</i>
Korekh	Eat bitter herb with matzah	<i>See the sandwich of both sides</i>
Shulkhan Orekh	Serve the festive meal	<i>Feast and enjoy</i>
Tzafun	Eat the Afikoman	<i>Nourish the self with mystery</i>
Barekh	Say the grace after meals	<i>Bless all nourishings in your life</i>
Hallel	Recite the Hallel	<i>Sing the song that is a prayer</i>
Nirtzah	Conclude the seder	<i>Say "I am loved here today."²</i>

Order

Breakfast on kosher macaroons and Diet Pepsi
in the car on the way to Price Chopper for lamb.

Peel five pounds of onions and let the Cuisinart
shred them while you push them down and weep.

Call your mother because you know she's preparing
too, because you want to ask again whether she cooks

matzah balls in salted water or broth, because you can.
Crumble boullion cubes like clumps of wet sand.

Remember the precise mixing order, beating
then stirring then folding, so that for one moment

you can become your grandfather.
Remember the year he taught you this trick,

not the year his wife died scant weeks before seder
and he was already befuddled when you came home.

Realize that no matter how many you buy
there are never quite enough eggs at Pesach

especially if you need twelve for the kugel
and eighteen for the kneidlach and another dozen

to hardboil and dip in bowls of stylized tears.
Know you are free! What loss. What rejoicing.

(Rabbi Rachel Barenblat)

Origins

Once we had two spring festivals: Pesach, a lambing holiday, and Chag Hamatzah, a holiday celebrating the year's first grain. In the second half of the thirteenth century B.C.E., when tradition tells us our people left Egypt, the two celebrations became one. The name Pesach comes from *pasach*, to "pass over" (as God "passed over" the houses of the Hebrews), and *matzah* came to mean the unleavened bread which represents the haste of our departure.

Passover has four aspects. It is seasonal, rejoicing in spring. It is historical, marking the "birthday" of the Jewish people. It is a festival of freedom. And it is a ritual of preparation for an ultimate redemption, of which our first redemption was a hint and a promise.³

from **Passover**

1.

I set my table with metaphor:
the curling parsley - green sign nailed to the doors
of God's underground; salt of desert and eyes;
the roasted shank bone of a Pascal lamb,
relic of sacrifice and bleating spring.
Down the long table, past fresh shoots of a root
they have been hacking at for centuries,
you hold up the unleavened bread -- a baked scroll
whose wavy lines are undecipherable.

2.

The wise son and the wicked, the simple son
and the son who doesn't ask, are all my son
leaning tonight as it is written,
slouching his father calls it. His hair is long:
hippie hair, hasid hair, how strangely alike
they seem tonight...

3.

What black-throated bird
in a warm country
sings spirituals,
sings spirituals
to Moses now?

4.

One exodus prefigures the next.
The glaciers fled before hot whips of air.
Waves bowed at God's gesture
for fugitive Israel to pass;
while fish, caught then behind windows
of water, remembered how their brothers once
pulled themselves painfully from the sea,
willing legs to grow
from slanted fins.
Now the blossoms pass from April's tree,
refugee raindrops mar the glass,
borders are transitory.
And the changeling gene, still seeking
stone sanctuary, moves on.

(Linda Pastan)

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Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

1. קִדְשׁ Sanctifying the Day

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling flame.
Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret fastness of the heart.
Blessed is the heart with the strength to stop its beating for honor's sake.
Blessed is the match consumed in kindling flame.

(—Hannah Senesch)

May the light of the candles we kindle tonight bring radiance to all who live in darkness. May this season, marking the deliverance of our people from Pharaoh, rouse us against anyone who keeps others in servitude. In gratitude for the freedom we enjoy, may we strive to bring about the liberation of all people everywhere.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם,
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שֶׁל יוֹם טוֹב.

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu ruach ha'olam,
asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu l'hadlik ner shel Yom
Tov.

Blessed are you, Adonai our God, Breath of Life,
who sanctifies us with your commandment
to kindle the holiday lights.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁחַיָּנוּ וְקִיְּמָנוּ
וְהִגִּיעָנוּ לְזֶמֶן הַזֶּה:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam,
shehecheyanu v'kiy'manu v'higiyanu lazman hazeh.



[Woodcut by Yaron Livay]

Blessed are you, Adonai our God, sovereign of all worlds, who has kept us alive, sustained us,
and enabled us to reach this moment.

First Cup of Wine

The following sentence is a kabbalistic "kavanah" or intention, aimed at encouraging us to sanctify and drink our wine with the holy intention of connecting transcendence and immanence, God far above with God deep within.

הַנְּגִי מוֹכֵן וּמְזוּמָן לְקַיֵּם מִצְוֹת כּוֹס רִישׁוֹנָה מְאַרְבַּע כּוֹסוֹת לְשֵׁם
יְחִוּד קוּדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא וְשְׁכִינְתָּיהּ.

Hin'hi muchan u-m'zuman l'kayem mitzvat kos rishonah m'arbah cosot
l'shem yichud kudsha brich hu u-schinteh.

I take upon myself the mitzvah (connective-commandment) of this first
of four cups of wine, in the name of the unification of the Holy Blessed
One with Shekhinah!

Tonight we drink four cups of wine. Why four? The cups can represent our matriarchs—Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah—whose virtue caused God to liberate us from slavery. The cups can represent the Four Worlds: physicality, emotions, thought, and essence. The cups can represent the four promises of liberation God makes in the Torah: I will bring you out, I will deliver you, I will redeem you, I will take you to be my people (Exodus 6:6-7.) And the four promises, in turn, can hint at four stages on the path of liberation: becoming aware of oppression, opposing oppression, imagining alternatives, and accepting responsibility to act.

This first cup of wine reminds us of God's first declaration: "I will bring you out from the oppression..."

Kiddush

Anyone who wishes may chant the kiddush in Hebrew. The words in parentheses are to be added if the seder falls on Shabbat; there's also a havdalah paragraph to add if the seder falls on Saturday night.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר בָּחַר בָּנוּ עִם כָּל הָעַמִּים, וְרוֹמְמָנוּ עִם כָּל-
לְשׁוֹן, וְקִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְתַתֵּן-לָנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ בְּאַהֲבָה (שְׁבֻתוֹת לְמִנוּחָהּ ו) מוֹעֲדִים
לְשִׂמְחָה, חַגִּים וְזִמְנִים לְשִׂשׁוֹן אֶת-יוֹם (הַשְּׁבֻת הַזֶּה וְאֶת-יוֹם) חַג הַמִּצְוֹת הַזֶּה. זְמַן
חַרוּתֵנוּ, (בְּאַהֲבָה), מִקְרָא קֹדֶשׁ, זִכָּר לִיצִיאַת מִצְרָיִם. כִּי בָנוּ בְּחַרְתָּ וְאוֹתָנוּ קִדְּשָׁתָּ
עִם כָּל-הָעַמִּים. (וְשְׁבֻת) וּמוֹעֲדֵי קֹדֶשׁ (בְּאַהֲבָה וּבְרִצּוֹן) בְּשִׂמְחָה וּבְשִׂשׁוֹן
הַנְּחַלְתָּנוּ: בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, מִקְדֵּשׁ (הַשְּׁבֻת ו) יִשְׂרָאֵל וְהַזְּמַנִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheynu melech ha'olam, asher bakhar banu im kol ha-amim, v'rom'manu im kol lashon, v'kidshanu b'mitzvotav. Va-titen lanu Adonai eloheynu, b'ahavah (shabatot limnucha u-) mo'adim l'simkha, hagim u-z'manim l'sason, et yom (ha-shabbat hazeh v'et yom) chag ha-Pesach hazeh, z'man cheruteinu, (b'ahavah) mikra kodesh, zecher l'tziat mitzrayim. Ki vanu vacharta, v'otanu kidashta, im kol ha'amim u-moadei kodshekha (b'ahavah uvratzon) v'simcha uv-sason hin-khaltanu. Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kadesh (ha-shabbat v') Yisrael v'hazmanim.

We praise You, Sovereign of Existence! You have called us for service along with other peoples, and have hallowed our lives with commandments. In love You have given us (Shabbat and) festivals for rejoicing, seasons of celebration, including this (Shabbat and this) Festival of Matzot, the time of our freedom, a commemoration of the Exodus from Egypt. Praised are You, our Eternal God, Who gave us this joyful heritage and Who sanctifies (Shabbat and) Israel and the festivals.

[If the seder falls on Saturday night, continue:]

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא מאורי האש:
 ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, המבדיל בין קדש לחל; בין אור לחשך, בין ישראל
 לעמים, בין יום השביעי לששת ימי המעשה. בין קדשת שבת לקדשת יום טוב הבדלת.
 ואת-יום השביעי מששת ימי המעשה קדשת. הבדלת וקדשת את-עמך ישראל
 בקדשתך. ברוך אתה יי, המבדיל ומגשר בין קדש לקדש:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, borei m'orei ha'esh.

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, hamavdil bein kodesh l'chol. Bein or l'choshech, bein Yisrael l'amim, bein yom ha-shvi'i l'sheishet y'mei ha-ma'aseh. Bein k'dushat Shabbat likdushat Yom Tov hivdalta. V'et-yom ha-shvi'i m'sheishet y'mei ha-ma'aseh kidashta. Hivdalta v'kidashta et-amcha Yisrael bikdushatecha. Baruch atah Adonai, hamavdil v'mgasher ben kodesh l'kodesh.

Praised are You, our Eternal God, who creates the lights of fire. Praised are You, our Eternal God, who separates holy from ordinary: light from dark, the people Israel from other peoples, the day of Shabbat from the six days of work. Who separates the holiness of Shabbat from the holiness of this festival, and Who makes Shabbat and festivals holy time. Just so, you separate Israel in holiness. Blessed are You, Adonai, who both separates and creates connections between holy time and holy time.]

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא פרי הגפן.



[Woodcut by Yaron Livay]

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, borei p'ri hagafen.

Blessed are you, Adonai our God, Ruler of the Universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

[After the blessing, drink a sip or the whole glass, however you prefer, and then refill.]

Three Questions

There is a Sefardic (Iraqi or Afghani) custom of turning to the person beside you, asking these three questions, and offering the three brief answers. Try this, and see what opens in you.

Who are you? (I am Yisrael.)

Where are you coming from? (I am coming from Mitzrayim.)

Where are you going? (I am going to Yerushalayim.)

Meditation: Three Answers

Who are you?

I'm Yisrael. I'm a God-wrestler. I'm someone who wrestles with the holy, with the Source of All Being, with my understanding of ultimate reality, and I expect God to wrestle back. I dance with God. I waltz with Torah. I stay up all night grappling with angels, and even if I come away limping, I know I come away blessed. I'm a wandering Aramean, and I'm wearing my traveling shoes. I'm a child of the house of Israel, and my community and I—and anyone else who hears freedom's call—are walking into the wilderness together.

Where are you coming from?

I'm coming from Mitzrayim. From the narrow place. From slavery. From constriction. From the birth canal. I'm coming from hard labor. I'm coming from the surfeit of sweetness that lulls me into forgetting the world's imperfections. I've been settling for what hurts, too fearful to risk something new. I'm coming from suffering and isolation. I'm coming from addiction to my work, addiction to success, addiction to separation. I'm coming from "if I stopped working, I'm not even sure who I'd be."

Where are you going?

I'm going to Yerushalayim. I'm going to Ir Shalem, the city of wholeness. I'm going to Ir Shalom, the city of peace. I'm going where talking to God is a local call. I'm heading toward my best imaginings of community and connection. I'm clicking my ruby slippers with fervent *kavanah* and moving toward the meaning of home. Maybe I'm going to a place; maybe I'm going to a state of mind. Maybe it's an asymptotic progression toward something that can't be reached. Maybe it's the journey that defines me.

Run that by me again?

I am Yisrael. I am coming from Mitzrayim. And the moon is full: we're packing our bags. Grabbing the flatbread. And setting out. It's time to go.

A Note on Israel

Passover celebrates freedom, exemplified in the story of our Exodus from Egypt. That story leads our entry into Israel—not exactly a simple redemption tale.

“Israel” is the name that was given to Jacob after he spent the night wrestling with an angel of God. “The people Israel” can be interpreted as “Godwrestling people”—“people who take on the holy obligation of engaging with the divine.”

When I see the word "Israel"

When I see the word
Israel
I see
Isra-el
wrestles with God
God is
victorious

When I see the word
I do not see
the chosen few
I see those few who choose

Those few who choose
to wrestle with You,
a contest
in which both wrestlers
are one
and in which the one
is victorious

I see those few who choose,
among the many nations among all people,
those few who choose
to make love
to you
and those who say:
I betroth myself to you
whether it feels like honey
or a thornbush
because even the thornbush
sometimes glows
with fire
of revelation

When I see the world
Israel
I know many claim it as their own
As a title a privilege a status
As if God chose them

they are right in this:
God chooses
but they are wrong in thinking:
only them

God breathes through many begotten sons
and daughters
God wrestles through his glorious perverts
and professors

and as there is only one contestant
for better or for worse...
this wrestling
is an embrace
of recognition
and delight

do you seek God? God seeks you.
Who will you allow
to be victorious?⁴

(—Jay Michaelson)

Preparations

As Passover approaches, we discard *hametz*, food which is leavened (from the Hebrew *l'chimutz*, to ferment). This process symbolizes spiritual house-cleaning: the opportunity to discard the puffery of ego. What, in yourself, do you want to cast away this Pesach?

Spring Cleaning Ritual on the Eve of the Full Moon Nisan

Removing the Hametz
In the month of nisan
with the death of winter
and the coming of spring
our ancient mothers
cleaned out their houses.

They gathered brooms, mops, brushes,
rags, stones, and lime
they washed down walls
swept floors
beat rugs
scoured pots
changed over all the dishes in the house.
They opened windows to the sun
hung lines for the airing out of blankets and covers
using fire
air
and water
in the cleaning.

In the month of nisan
before the parting seas
called them out of the old life
our ancient mothers
went down to the river
they went down to the river
to prepare their garments for the spring.

Hands pounded rock
voices drummed out song
there is new life inside us
Shekhinah
prepares for Her birth.

So we labor all women
cleaning and washing
now with our brothers
now with our sons
cleaning the inner house
through the moon of nisan.

On the eve of the full moon
we search our houses
by the light of a candle

for the last trace of winter
for the last crumbs grown stale inside us
for the last darkness still in our hearts.

Washing our hands
we say a blessing
over water...
We light a candle
and search in the listening silence
search the high places
and the low places
inside you
search the attic and the basement
the crevices and crannies
the corners of unused rooms.
Look in your pockets
and the pockets of those around you
for the traces of Mitzrayim.

Some use a feather
some use a knife
to enter the hard places.

Some destroy Hametz with fire
others throw it to the wind
others toss it to the sea.
Look deep for the Hametz
which still gives you pleasure
and cast it to the burning.

When the looking is done
we say:

All that rises up bitter
All that rises up prideful
All that rises up in old ways no longer fruitful
All Hametz still in my possession
but unknown to me
which I have not seen
nor disposed of
may it find common grave
with the dust of the earth
amen amen
selah . . .⁵

(—Rabbi Lynn Gottlieb)

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחַץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹצָה. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
 מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צָפוֹן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
 Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

2. וּרְחַץ Urchatz: Washing the Hands

This symbolic hand-washing recalls Miriam's Well. This well followed Miriam, sister of Moses, through the desert. Filled with waters of life, the well was a source of strength and renewal to all. One drink from its waters was said to alert the heart, mind and soul, and make the meaning of Torah more clear.⁶ When we wash hands again later, we will say blessings to sanctify that act. This hand-washing is purely symbolic, and therefore the blessing is unspoken.

Peleg Elohim

Rabbi Shefa Gold

Voice

pe - leg e - lo hi - im ma - leh ma - a - yim pe - leg - e - lo - hi - im

Vo. ⁴

ma-leh ma-yim.

(Fountain of God, full of water!)

from Passover

We will spend the night recounting
 Far-off events full of wonder,
 And because of all of the wine
 The mountains will skip like rams.
 Tonight they will exchange questions:
 The wise, the godless, the simple-minded and the child.
 And time reverses its course,
 Today flowing back into yesterday,
 Like a river enclosed at its mouth.
 Each of us has been a slave in Egypt,
 Soaked straw and clay with sweat,
 And crossed the sea dry-footed.
 You too, stranger.
 This year in fear and shame.
 Next year in virtue and justice.

(Primo Levi)

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחֹץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹץ. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צְפוּן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

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3. כַּרְפָּס Karpas: Eat a Green Vegetable

We eat a green vegetable dipped in salt water. The green vegetable represents rebirth, renewal and growth; the salt water represents the tears of enslavement.



בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם,
בוֹרֵא פְרֵי הָאָדָמָה:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu ruach
ha'olam, borei p'ri ha'adamah.

Blessed are you, Adonai, Breath of Life,
creator of the fruit of the earth.

[Illustration by Allan Hollander]

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחֹץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹץ. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
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4. יַחַץ Yachatz: Break the Middle Matzah

Open the door as a sign of hospitality; lift up matzah for all to see.

The reading which follows is in Aramaic, the everyday language of Talmudic-era Jews. Here, it is also given in Ladino, the language spoken by many Sefardi Jews. It is supposed to be understandable by everyone, because it is not a prayer, but an invitation. But are all who are hungry truly able to eat anywhere, let alone with us? How many of us would really invite a hungry stranger into our house today? How can we correct the systemic problems that create hunger, poverty, and oppression?

(Rabbah Emily Aviv Kapor)⁷

The Bread of Affliction

Read this passage aloud: in Aramaic, Ladino, and/or English.

הָא לַחֲמַא עֲנִיא דִּי אֶכְלוּ אַבְהַתְנָא
בְּאַרְעָא דְּמִצְרַיִם.
כָּל דְּכַפִּין יִיתִי וַיִּכּוֹל,
כָּל דְּצָרִיד יִיתִי וַיִּפְסַח.
הַשָּׁתָּא הַכָּא,
הַשָּׁתָּא הַבָּאָה בְּאַרְעָא דִּישְׂרָאֵל.
הַשָּׁתָּא עַבְדִּי,
לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּנֵי חוֹרִין:

Ha lakhma anya, di akhalu avhatana,
b'ara d'mitzrayim.
Kol dikhfin yei-tei v'yeikhol,
kol ditzrikh yeitei v'yipsach.
Hashata hakha,
l'shanah haba'ah b'arah d'yisrael.
Hashata avdei,
l'shanah haba'ah b'nei khorin.

This is the bread of affliction
which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt.
Let all who are hungry come and eat;
let all who are needy come and celebrate the Passover with us.
Now we are here; next year may we be in the Land of Israel.
Now we are slaves; next year may we be free.

leste el pan de la afrisiyon ke komiron
muestros padres en tierra de Egypto.
Todo el ki tiene ambre venga i komer,
todo el ki tiene di minister venga i
paskwe. leste anyo aki, a el anyo el
vienen en tierra de Israël. leste anyo aki
siervos, a el anyo el vienen ijos e ijas
foros.

יסטאיי חיל פאן דהלאחפריסייון קה קומירון
מוחסטרוס פאדרייס אן טיאררה דהאגיפטו. טודו
חיל קי טיאניי אמצרה צאנגה יקומאר, טודו חיל
קי טיאניי די מיניסטאר צאנגה יפאסקוויי.
יסטאיי חניו חקי, א חיל חניו חיל ציאנין אן טיאררה
דה ישראל. יסטאיי חניו חקי סיארצוס, א חיל חניו
חיל ציאנין יגוס חיה יגאס פורוס.

Close the door. Break a middle matzah and wrap the larger half in a cloth; it is the afikoman.

Why three?

Traditionally, seders require three matzot. Why three?
Three are our patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.
Three are the tenses hinted-at in God's unpronounceable Name.
The three matzot can also represent one point of view,
an opposing point of view,
and the compassionate understanding which bridges them both.

Pirkei Imahot 1:1 (Sayings of the Mothers 1:1)

On this night of doorways, the bread of our ancestors waits on our table.

It is easy to think of this round flat bread as a full moon, except the moon was once part of this planet and was ripped away and the seas keep longing for it and leaping upward. The whole is already broken. The ball of the earth has its shifting tectonic plates, the skin has its pores where the air bores in. Everything whole in the world has an edge where it broke off something or was cut away. The bread we are about to break is already broken.

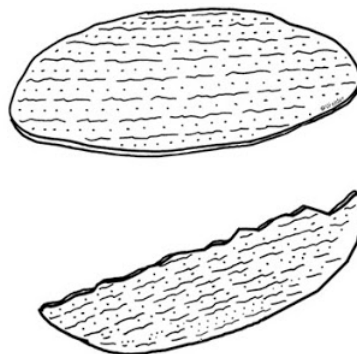
We want to think it and we are perfect, but the loaf is an illusion, a compromise with the shattering of light.

Yet maybe it's in slow breaking that wholeness happens. The bud of the apple tree fragments into beauty and the stem of the iris tears its way through the soil. The heart breaks as it grows. You could call that wholeness: the movement of life toward a fuller version of itself, the egg releasing its core into the world, the tree lurching its way toward branches.

It's the splitting of the sea that lets us out of Egypt: severed from the old self we thought invincible, we run toward a future that shatters the moment we enter it, becoming the multiple and unknown present. Bless the world that breaks to let you through it, Bless the gift of the grain that smashes its molecules to feed you over & over.

This Passover night, time is cracking open. Wholeness is not the egg; it's the tap tap tap of the wet-winged baby bird trying to get out. Break the bread at the feast of liberation. Go ahead. Do it. The whole is already broken, and so are you, and freedom has to have its jagged edges. But keep one half for later, because this story isn't whole, and isn't over.

(Rabbi Jill Hammer)



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קִדְשׁ. וּרְחַץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֻצָּה. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
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5. מַגִּיד Maggid: Tell the Story

Maggid, the Hebrew word for “story,” is at the root of the word *haggadah*. In re-telling the story of the Exodus, we speak ourselves into our communal past.

A Story About Stories

When the founder of modern Hasidism, the Baal Shem Tov, saw misfortune threatening the Jews, it was his custom to go into a certain part of the forest to meditate. There he would light a special fire, say a special prayer, and the trouble would be averted.

Later, when his disciple, the Rabbi Maggid of Mezritch, had occasion for the same reason to intercede with heaven, he would go to the same place in the forest and say: "Master of the Universe, listen! I cannot light the fire, but I know the place and I can say the prayer."

Still later, Rabbi Moshe-Leib of Sasov, in order to save the Jewish people, would go into the forest and say: "I cannot light the fire, I do not know the prayer, but I know the place."

Then it fell to Rabbi Israel of Rizhyn to overcome misfortune. Sitting in his house, his head in his hands, he spoke to God: "I am unable to light the fire and I do not know the prayer; I cannot even find the place in the forest. All I can do is tell the story, and this must be sufficient." And it was sufficient.⁸

*This is the longest section of the seder. Enjoy...
and don't be afraid to fortify yourself with a snack,
and/or to cherrypick texts/songs as needed!*

Maggid

With *maggid* we tell the story,
The exodus
from degradation to dignity,
M'g'nut l'shevach,
From slavery to freedom.

Each of us is to tell this story
and we who do so at length
are surely to be praised.

But this collective story
of the journey from slavery to freedom
is not the entirety of the tale.
Each of us bears our own
stories which relate our journeys,
our paths to freedom.

If each of us must relate our people's story
all the more so
should we be praised
for continuing the story
adding the individual strands
which make our identity,
which explain our journeys.

To journey is
to prepare,
to leave,
to travel,
to wander and wonder.
To journey is
to arrive,
to accustom,
to question,
to change,
to remain as we were,
yet touched by the journey.

What are our journeys
from slavery to liberation
from alienation to community
from afar to within
from foreign to familiar
from anxiety to comfort
from narrow spaces to expanse?

As we answer,
we continue *maggid*.
We tell our stories.

(Lisa S. Greene)⁹

from **Open Closed Open**

And what is my life span? I'm like a man gone out of Egypt:
the Red Sea parts, I cross on dry land,
two walls of water, on my right hand and on my left.
Pharaoh's army and his horsement behind me. Before me the desert,
perhaps the Promised Land too. That is my life span.

(Yehuda Amichai)

Once Were Slaves

עבָדִים הָיִינוּ לְפָרְעָה בְּמִצְרַיִם. וַיּוֹצֵיאֵנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מִשָּׁם בְּיַד חֲזָקָה וּבְזֵרוּעַ נְטוּיָה,
וְאִלּוּ לֹא הוֹצִיא הַקָּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא אֶת־אֲבוֹתֵינוּ מִמִּצְרַיִם, הָרִי אָנוּ וּבְנֵינוּ וּבְנֵי בְנֵינוּ,
מְשַׁעֲבָדִים הָיִינוּ לְפָרְעָה בְּמִצְרַיִם. וְאִפִּילוּ כָּלֵנוּ חֲכָמִים, כָּלֵנוּ נְבוֹנִים, כָּלֵנוּ זְקֵנִים,
כָּלֵנוּ יוֹדְעִים אֶת־הַתּוֹרָה, מְצוּהָ עָלֵינוּ לְסַפֵּר בִּיצִיאַת מִצְרַיִם. וְכָל הַמְרַבֵּה לְסַפֵּר
בִּיצִיאַת מִצְרַיִם, הָרִי זֶה מְשֻׁבַּח:

Avadim hayyinu l'far'oh b'mitzrayim, v'yotzi-ehnu Adonai Eloheynu mi-sham b'yad khazakah
u'vizro'a n'tuyah, v'ilu lo hotzi ha-Kadosh Baruch Hu et-avoteinu mi-Mitzrayim, harei anu u-
vaneinu u'nei vaneinu, m'shuabadim hayyinu l'Pharaoh b'Mitzrayim. V'afilu kulanu
chachamim, kulanu k'vonim, kulanu z'keinim, kulanu yod'im et-ha-Torah, mitzvah aleinu l'saper
b'y'tziat Mitzrayim. V'chol hamarbeh l'saper bitziyat Mitzrayim, harei zeh m'shubach.

We were slaves to a Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Eternal led us out from there with a mighty
hand and an outstretched arm. Had not the Holy One led our ancestors out of Egypt, we and
our children and our children's children would still be enslaved. Therefore, even if all of us
were wise, all-discerning, scholars, sages and learned in Torah, it would still be our duty to tell
the story of the Exodus.

Avadim Hayinu

traditional

Voice

A - va dim ha yi nu ha yi nu. A ta b' nei cho rin b' nei cho rin.

A va dim ha yi nu, a - ta, a ta, b' nei cho rin. A - va dim

ha yi nu, a ta a ta b' nei cho rin b' nei cho rin.

"*Avadim hayinu; ata b'nei chorin.* We were slaves, but now we are free." Though we no longer
labor under Pharaoh's overseers, we may still be enslaved—now in subtler ways, harder to
eradicate. Do we enslave ourselves to our jobs? To our expectations? To the expectations of
others? To our fears?

Tonight we celebrate our liberation from Egypt—in Hebrew, *Mitzrayim*, literally “the narrow
place.” But narrow places exist in more ways than one. Let this holiday make us mindful of
internal bondage that, despite outward freedom, keeps us enslaved.

The Questions

It is traditional for the youngest person at a seder to ask four questions. (It's actually one question with four answers.) We know the question, and we know the answers, but we ask anyway because there is always something to learn. No matter how "wise" we become, we must remember to question.

The youngest child (in years, or "at heart") chants the Four Questions:

Mah Nishtanah-The Four Questions

Israeli tune

Voice

Mah nish-ta-nah ha-lai-lah ha-zeh mi-kol-__ ha-lei-

lot, mi-kol-__ ha-lei-lot, She-b' chol ha-lei-lot

a-nu och-lin cha-meitz-__ oo-ma-tzah, cha-meitz-__ oo-ma-

tzah, ha-lai-lah ha-zeh, ha-lai-lah ha-zeh ku-lo-__ ma-__

tzah-_____ ha-lai-la ha-zeh, ha-lai-la ha-zeh ku-

lo-__ ma-__ tzah.

מה נִשְׁתַּנָּה הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה מִכָּל הַלַּיְלוֹת?
 שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין חֶמֶץ וּמַצָּה. הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה כֵּלּוּ מַצָּה:
 שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין שְׂאֵר יִרְקוֹת הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה מְרוֹר:
 שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אֵין אָנוּ מְטַבֵּילִין אֶפְּלוֹ פֶּעַם אַחַת. הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה שְׁתֵּי פְּעָמִים:
 שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין בֵּין יוֹשְׁבֵין וּבֵין מְסֻבֵּין. הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה כֵּלְנוּ מְסֻבֵּין:

Mah nishtanah halaila hazeh mikol halaylot?

Shebakhol halaylot anu okhleen khamaytz u'matzah, halaila hazeh kulo matzah.

Shebakhol halaylot anu okhleen sh'ahr y'rakot, halaila hazeh maror.

Shebakhol halaylot ayn anu matbeeleen afeelu pa'am akhat, halaila hazeh sh'tay f'ameem.

Shebakhol halaylot anu okh'leen beyn yoshveen u'vayn m'subeen, halaila hazeh kulanu m'subeen.

Why is tonight different from all other nights?

1.

On all other nights we may eat either leavened bread or matzah; tonight, only matzah (that we may recall the unleavened bread our ancestors baked in haste).

2.

On all other nights we may eat a variety of herbs; tonight, we eat bitter herbs (that we may recall the suffering of slavery).

3.

On all other nights we needn't dip our food in condiments even once; tonight we dip twice (in saltwater to remember our tears when we were enslaved, and in haroset to remember the mortar and the bricks which we made).

4.

On all other nights we may eat sitting up or reclining; tonight, we recline (to remind ourselves to savor our liberation).

...and 5.

In addition to the Four Questions, tonight we ask ourselves a fifth:

We are commanded to celebrate as if each one of us were personally liberated from Egypt. In the next year, how do you hope to bring yourself closer to freedom?

Anyone who wishes to may answer the Fifth Question.

The Four Children (Option One)

Four times the Torah bids us tell our children about the Exodus from Egypt. Four times the Torah repeats: “And you shall tell your child on that day.” From this, our tradition infers four kinds of children...

כְּנֵגַד אַרְבַּעַה בְּנִים דִּבְרָה תוֹרָה. אֶחָד חָכָם, וְאֶחָד רָשָׁע, וְאֶחָד תָּם, וְאֶחָד שְׂאִינוֹ
יֹדֵעַ לְשֹׂאֵל:

The Torah speaks of four kinds of children: one wise, one wicked, one simple, and one who does not yet know how to ask.

חָכָם מַה הוּא אוֹמֵר? מַה הָעֵדוּת וְהַחֲקִים וְהַמְשָׁפְטִים, אֲשֶׁר צִוָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ אֶתְכֶם?
וְאִי אֶתָּה אֹמְרֵלּוֹ כְּהַלְכוֹת הַפֶּסַח: אֵין מִפְּטִירִין אַחַר הַפֶּסַח אֲפִיקוֹמֵן:

The Wise One says: “What is the meaning of the rules, laws and practices which God has commanded us to observe?”

You shall tell him the story of the Exodus and shall teach him Torah, midrash and commentary, down to the last detail.

רָשָׁע מַה הוּא אוֹמֵר? מַה הָעֲבֹדָה הַזֹּאת לָכֶם? לָכֶם וְלֹא לוֹ. וְלִפִּי שְׁהוֹצִיא אֶת־עַצְמוֹ
מִן הַכְּלָל, כְּפָר בְּעֶקֶר. וְאִי אֶתָּה הַקְּהָה אֶת־שִׁנְיֹ, וְאֹמְרֵלּוֹ: בְּעִבּוֹר זֶה, עָשָׂה יי לִי,
בְּצִאתִי מִמִּצְרַיִם, לִי וְלֹא־לוֹ. אֱלוֹ הִיָּה נָשָׂם, לֹא הִיָּה נִגְאָל:

The Wicked One says: “What is the meaning of this service to you?”

You shall tell her “I do this because of the wonderful things which God did for me when God brought me out of Egypt.” You shall say “for me,” not “for us,” because in asking what the service means “to you” she has made it clear that she does not consider herself a part of the community for whom the ritual has meaning.

תָּם מַה הוּא אוֹמֵר? מַה זֹאת? וְאֹמְרֵת אֵלָיו: בְּחֻזֵק יָד הוֹצִיאָנוּ יי מִמִּצְרַיִם מִבֵּית
עֲבָדִים:

The Simple One asks, “What is this?”

You shall tell him of the deliverance from the house of bondage.

וְשֹׂאִינוֹ יֹדֵעַ לְשֹׂאֵל, אֶת פֶּתַח לוֹ. שְׁנֵאָמַר: וְהַגִּדְתָּ לְבִנְךָ, בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא לֵאמֹר: בְּעִבּוֹר
זֶה עָשָׂה יי לִי, בְּצִאתִי מִמִּצְרַיִם:

The One Who Does Not Know How To Question, for her you must open the way.

The word for “you,” את, is feminine. From this we may infer, if we choose, that it is the mother who should teach this important lesson. (From *The Silverman Haggadah*.)

Four Children (Option Two)

by Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi

The Torah speaks of Four Children:

One a *lamden* / Sharp Student, one a *chossid* / high Emotional Quotient, one a *tamim* / Good One and one *she-ayn lo shum s'fekut u'b'eyot* / One Who Does Not Doubt or Question.

The Sharp Student, [what do they say?]: (Deut 6:20) “[What are the testimonies, the statutes and the laws] which YHVH our God has commanded you” and so you shall answer them according to the capacity of their sharpness of wit.

The High EQ one, [what do they say?]: (Exodus 12: 26) “[What is] this service to you?” So you will make an effort to reign in their longings, for they also want to be a part of the integrity and perfection that comes with meaningful rituals. If you are loving, then they will understand *devekut* / cleaving, and will get a taste of what it means to feel close to God.

The Good one, [what do they say?]: (Exodus 13:14) “What is this?” and so you shall bear witness to them from your own experience, that the Holy One is assisting you with ‘a strong hand’, to take you out and to take them out of Mitzrayim.

The One who does not question, you will feed them some maror / horseradish, so they will feel their friends’ troubles and so that compassion will be instilled in their heart.

כנגד ארבעה בנים דברה תורה, (נוסח ההגדה של פסח).
אחד למדן, אחד הסיד, אחד תמים, אחד שאין לו שום ספקות ובעיות.

הלמדן (דברים ו' כ') אסר צוה ה' אלוקינל אתכם, אף אתה תשיב לו לפי חריפתו.

הסיד (שמות ו"ב כ"ו) העבודה הזוה לכם, אף אתה תשים לו לתוכן געגועיו שגם הוא רוצה להכנס לשלמות העבודה, ותפתח לו את לבבך להכניסו לדבקות כדי שירגיש טעם קרבת ה'.

תמים (שמות י"ג י"ד) מה זאת, אף אתה תעיד לו שהש"ת עוזר לך כל בחזק יד', להוציאך ולהוציאו ממצרים.

וזה שאין לו שום בעיות האכיל לו ממרור כדי שירגיס צרת חבריו ויכניס חמלה בלבו.¹⁰

The Four Daughters (Option Three)

The daughter in search of a usable past. *Ma hi omeret?* What does she say?

"Why didn't the Torah count women among the '600,000 men on foot, aside from children,' who came out of Egypt? And why did Moses say at Sinai, 'Go not near a woman,' addressing only men, as if preparation for Revelation was not meant for us, as well?"

Because she already understands that Jewish memory is essential to our identity, teach her that history is made by those who tell the tale. If Torah did not name and number women, it is up to her to fill the empty spaces of our holy texts.

And the daughter who wants to erase her difference. *Ma hi omeret?* What does she say?

"Why must you keep pushing your women's questions into every text? And why are these women's issues so important to you?"

"To you," and "not to me." Since she so easily forgets the struggles of her mothers and sisters, you must tell her the story of your own journey to the seder table and invite her to join you in thanking God for the blessing of being a Jewish woman.

And the daughter who does not know that she has a place at the table. *Ma hi omeret?* What does she say?

"What is this?"

Because she doesn't realize that her question is, in itself, a part of the seder tradition, teach her that the Haggadah is an extended conversation about liberation, and tell her that her insights and questions are also text.

And the daughter who asks no questions?

You must say to her, "Your question, when they come, will liberate you from Egypt. This is how it is and has always been with your mothers and grandmothers. From the moment Yocheved, Miriam and the midwives questioned Pharaoh's edict until today, every question we ask helps us leave Egypt farther behind."

(Tamara Cohen, Rabbi Sue Levi Elwell, and Ronnie Horn)¹¹



The Ballad of the Four Sons (Option Four)

(Lyrics by Ben Aronin. Can be sung to the tune of "Clementine"—or any song in 4/4 time! If you want something new, try "Ode to Joy" or "The Yellow Rose of Texas.")

Said the father to the children
"At the Seder you will dine,
You will eat your fill of matzoh,
You will drink four cups of wine."

Now this father had no daughters,
But his sons they numbered four,
One was wise, and one was wicked,
One was simple and a bore.

And the fourth was sweet and winsome,
He was young and he was small,
While his brothers asked the questions,
He could scarcely speak at all.

Said the wise one to his father
"Would you please explain the laws.
Of the customs of the Seder
Will you please explain the cause?"

And the father proudly answered
"As our fathers ate in speed,
Ate the Pascal lamb 'ere midnight,
And from slavery were freed,"

"So we follow their example,
And 'ere midnight must complete,

All the Seder, and we should not
After twelve remain to eat."

Then did sneer the son so wicked,
"What does all this mean to you?"
And the father's voice was bitter
As his grief and anger grew.

"If yourself you don't consider,
As a son of Israel
Then for you this has no meaning,
You could be a slave as well!"

Then the simple son said softly,
"What is this?" and quietly
The good father told his offspring
"We were freed from slavery."

But the youngest son was silent,
For he could not speak at all,
His bright eyes were bright with wonder
As his father told him all.

Now, dear people, heed the lesson
And remember evermore,
What the father told his children
Told his sons who numbered four!



A Story About Seders

In the traditional haggadah, without introduction or explanation, the following account is related:

מַעֲשֵׂה בְּרַבֵּי אֱלִיעֶזֶר, וְרַבֵּי יְהוֹשֻׁעַ, וְרַבֵּי אֶלְעָזָר בֶּן־עֲזַרְיָה, וְרַבֵּי
עֲקִיבָא, וְרַבֵּי טַרְפוֹן, שֶׁהָיוּ מְסֻבִּין בְּבֵנֵי־בְרַק, וְהָיוּ מְסַפְּרִים
בִּיצִיאַת מִצְרַיִם, כָּל־אוֹתוֹ הַלַּיְלָה, עַד שֶׁבָּאוּ תַלְמִידֵיהֶם וְאָמְרוּ
לָהֶם: רַבּוֹתֵינוּ, הִגִּיעַ זְמַן קְרִיאַת שְׁמַע שֶׁל שַׁחֲרִית:

It came to pass that Rabbi Eliezer, and Rabbi Yehoshua, and Rabbi Elazar son of Azarya, and Rabbi Akiva, and Rabbi Tarfon were in Bnei Brak discussing the Exodus from Egypt. They discussed it all night, until their students came to them to say, "Our teachers, the time has come for saying the morning Shema!"

What were these rabbis doing in B'nei Brak, which was the hometown of Rabbi Akiva only? Why didn't their students join them in celebrating the seder? Why didn't the rabbis themselves notice the rising of the sun?

Context is everything. This story takes place during the rule of the Roman emperor Hadrian, who ordered that the Temple be moved so he could put a temple to Jupiter on the Temple Mount. In the year 123 of the Common Era, a guerilla insurgency began, which resulted in a crack-down by the Roman authorities.

B'nei Brak was the headquarters of the rebellion against Roman occupation, a rebellion of which Rabbi Akiva was a leader. Because of rebel activities, the Roman authorities had forbidden gatherings of Jews. The seder described in this passage was a chance not only to discuss the liberation from Egypt—but also to plan a strategy of resistance against Roman occupation. The students were standing guard, ready to caution the rabbis to disband at daybreak, lest they be caught.

This tale may be read as an encouragement to become so joyfully immersed in the seder that we don't notice the passing of time...and it may also be read as a story of how one liberation begets another. Celebrating our freedom from servitude can be a radical act. It was Rabbi Akiva, after all, who famously answered the query, "Which is better, study or action?" with the response, "Study—if it leads to action."

Ready

"So the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading bowls wrapped in their cloaks upon their shoulders." —Exodus 12:34

You'll need to travel light.
Take what you can carry: a book, a poem,
a battered tin cup, your child strapped
to your chest, clutching your necklace
in one hot possessive fist.

So the dough isn't ready. So your heart
isn't ready. You haven't said goodbye
to the places where you hid as a child,
to the friends who aren't interested in the journey,
to the graves you've tended.

But if you wait until you feel fully ready
you may never take the leap at all
and Infinity is calling you forth
out of this birth canal
and into the future's wide expanse.

Learn to improvise flat cakes without yeast.
Learn to read new alphabets.
Wear God like a cloak
and stride forth with confidence.
You won't know where you're going

but you have the words of our sages,
the songs of our mothers, the inspiration
wrapped in your kneading bowl. Trust
that what you carry will sustain you
and take the first step out the door.

(Rabbi Rachel Barenblat)



On Moses...

Moses does not appear in traditional haggadot, for fear that if Moses' role were lauded, we would venerate him like a saint.

At this seder, however, we choose to ensure that the midwives Shifrah and Puah are remembered and honored, and we make the same choice with regard to Moses.

We know he made mistakes. We respect him too much to make him superhuman. In fact, his greatness lies in his very humanity: he was a man like any other, and yet he helped God do wondrous things.

And on Miriam...

Exodus

I Shall Sing to the Lord a New Song

I, Miriam, stand at the sea
and turn
to face the desert
stretching endless and
still.
My eyes are dazzled
The sky brilliant blue
Sunburnt sands unyielding white.
My hands turn to dove wings.
My arms
reach
for the sky
and I want to sing
the song rising inside me.
My mouth open
I stop.
Where are the words?
Where the melody?
In moment of panic
my eyes go blind.
Can I take a step
Without knowing a
Destination?
Will I falter
Will I fall
Will the ground sink away from under me
The song still unformed --
How can I sing?

To take the first step --
To sing a new song --
Is to close one's eyes
and dive
into unknown waters.
For a moment knowing nothing risking all
But then to discover
The waters are friendly
The ground is firm
And the song --
the song rises again.
Out of my mouth
come words lifting the wind.
And I hear
for the first
the song
that has been in my heart
silent
unknown
even to me.

(Rabbi Ruth H. Sohn)



[Woodcut by Yaron Livay]

The Exodus: A Story In Seven Short Chapters

1.

Once upon a time our people went into exile in the land of Egypt. During a famine our ancestor Jacob and his family fled to Egypt where food was plentiful. His son Joseph had risen to high position in Pharaoh's court, and our people were well-respected and well-regarded, secure in the power structure of the time.

2.

Generations passed and our people remained in Egypt.

In time, a new Pharaoh ascended to the throne.

He found our difference threatening, and ordered our people enslaved.

In fear of rebellion, Pharaoh decreed that all Hebrew boy-children be killed. Two midwives named Shifrah and Puah defied his orders, claiming that “the Hebrew women are so hardy, they give birth before we arrive!” Through their courage, a boy survived; midrash tells us he was radiant with light.



[Woodcut by Yaron Livay]

Fearing for his safety, his family placed him in a basket and he floated down the Nile. He was found, and adopted, by Pharaoh’s daughter, who named him Moshe because *min ha-mayim m’shi-tihu*, from the water she drew him forth. She hired his mother Yocheved as his wet-nurse. Thus he survived to adulthood, and was raised as Prince of Egypt.

3.

Although a child of privilege, as he grew he became aware of the slaves who worked in the brickyards of his father. When he saw an overseer mistreat a slave, he struck the overseer and killed him. Fearing retribution, he set out across the Sinai alone.

God spoke to him from a burning bush, which though it flamed was not consumed. The Voice called him to lead the Hebrew people to freedom. Moses argued with God, pleading inadequacy, but God disagreed. Sometimes our responsibilities choose us.

4.

Moses returned to Egypt and went to Pharaoh to argue the injustice of slavery. He gave Pharaoh a mandate which resounds through history: Let my people go.

Pharaoh refused, and Moses warned him that Mighty God would strike the Egyptian people. These threats were not idle: ten terrible plagues were unleashed upon the Egyptians. Only when his nation lay in ruins did Pharaoh agree to our liberation.

5.

Fearful that Pharaoh would change his mind, our people fled, not waiting for their bread dough to rise. (For this reason we eat unleavened bread as we take part in their journey.) Our people did not leave Egypt alone; a “mixed multitude” went with them. From this we learn that liberation is not for us alone, but for all the nations of the earth.

Even Pharaoh’s daughter came with us, and traded her old title (*bat-Pharaoh*, daughter of Pharaoh) for the name Batya, “daughter of God.”

6.

Pharaoh’s army followed us to the Sea of Reeds. We plunged into the waters. Only when we had gone as far as we could did the waters part for us. We mourn, even now, that Pharaoh’s army drowned: our liberation is bittersweet because people died in our pursuit.

7.

To this day we relive our liberation, that we may not become complacent, that we may always rejoice in our freedom.



[Woodcut by Yaron Livay]

There Is A Man Come Into Egypt

There is a man come into Egypt,
And Moses is his name.
When he saw the grief upon us,
In his heart there burned a flame—

In his heart there burned a flame, oh, Lord,
In his heart there burned a flame.

When he saw the grief upon us,
In his heart there burned a flame.

There is a man come into Egypt;
His eyes are full of light,
Like the sun come up in Egypt,
Come to drive away the night—
Come to drive away the night, oh, Lord,
Come to drive away the night,
Like the sun come up in Egypt,
Come to drive away the night.

There is a man come into Egypt;
He's come for you and me.
On his lips a word is singing,
And the word is "liberty."
And the word is 'liberty,' oh, Lord;
And the word is 'liberty.'
On his lips a word is singing, and the word is "liberty."

There is a man come into Egypt,
To stir the souls of men.
We will follow him to freedom,
And never wear those chains again—
Never wear those chains again, oh, Lord,
Never wear those chains again.
We will follow him to freedom,
And never wear those chains again.

(Peter, Paul & Mary)

Freedom. It isn't once, to walk out
under the Milky Way, feeling the rivers
of light, the fields of dark—
freedom is daily, prose-bound, routine
remembering. Putting together, inch by inch
the starry worlds. From all the lost collections.

(Adrienne Rich¹²)

The Ten Plagues

Midrash teaches that, while watching the Egyptians succumb to the ten plagues, the angels broke into songs of jubilation. God rebuked them, saying “My creatures are perishing, and you sing praises?”

As we recite each plague, we spill a drop of wine—symbol of joy—from our cups. Our joy in our liberation will always be tarnished by the pain visited upon the Egyptians.

דָּם.	Dam	Blood
צַפְרֵדִיעַ.	Tzfarde'ah	Frogs
כִּנִּים.	Kinim	Lice
עֲרוֹב.	Arov	Insect swarms
דָּבָר.	Dever	Cattle plague
שָׁחִין.	Sh'chin	Boils
בָּרָד.	Barad	Hail
אַרְבֵּה.	Arbeh	Locusts
חֹשֶׁךְ.	Choshech	Darkness
מַכַּת בְּכוֹרוֹת.	Makat B'chorot	Death of the First-Born

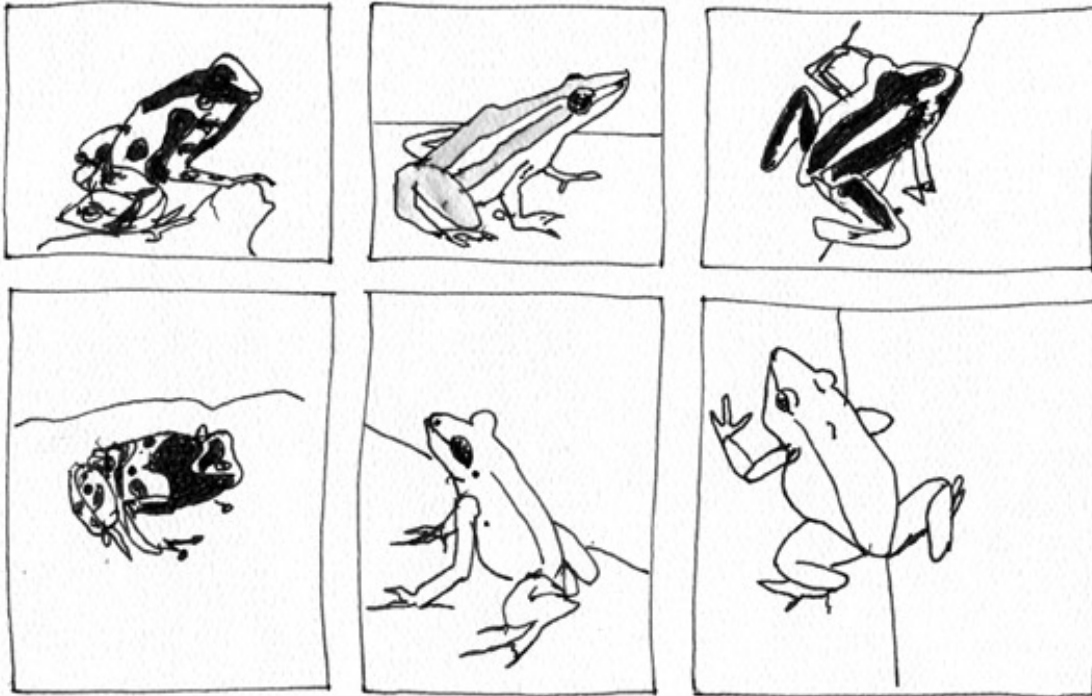
Today's plagues may be less obvious or dramatic, but are no less insidious...and responsibility for their existence lies on our shoulders. They include:

Apathy in the face of evil
Brutal torture of the helpless
Crue! mockery of the old and the weak
Despair of human goodness
Envoy of the joy of others
Falsehood and deception corroding our faith
Greedy theft of earth's resources
Hatred of learning and culture
Instigation of war and aggression
Justice delayed, justice denied, justice mocked...¹³

Shekhinah, soften our hearts and the hearts of our enemies. Help us to dream new paths to freedom, so that the next sea-opening is not also a drowning; so that our singing is never again their wailing. So that our freedom leaves no one orphaned, childless, gasping for air.¹⁴

The Frog Song

One morning when Pharaoh awoke in his bed
There were frogs on his bed and frogs on his head
Frogs on his nose and frogs on his toes
Frogs here!
Frogs there!
Frogs just jumping everywhere!



[Illustration Alison Kent]

Dayenu: It Would Have Been Enough

There is a Persian Jewish custom of beating one another with scallions during this song, as a remembrance of the overseers' cruel treatment. Fun for all ages!

What does this mean, "It would have been enough"? Surely no one of these would indeed have been enough for us. *Dayenu* means to celebrate each step toward freedom *as if* it were enough, then to start out on the next step. It means that if we reject each step because it is not the whole liberation, we will never be able to achieve the whole liberation. It means to sing each verse as if it were the whole song—and then sing the next verse.¹⁵

Had God:

Brought us out of Egypt and not divided the sea for us—*Dayenu*
 Divided the sea and not permitted us to cross on dry land—*Dayenu*
 Permitted us to cross on dry land and not sustained us for forty years in the desert—*Dayenu*
 Sustained us for forty years in the desert and not fed us with manna—*Dayenu*
 Fed us with manna and not given us the Sabbath—*Dayenu*
 Given us the Sabbath and not brought us to Mount Sinai—*Dayenu*
 Brought us to Mount Sinai and not given us the Torah—*Dayenu*
 Given us the Torah and not led us into the land of Israel—*Dayenu*
 Led us into the land of Israel and not built for us the Temple—*Dayenu*
 Built for us the Temple and not sent us prophets of truth—*Dayenu*
 Sent us prophets of truth and not made us a holy people—*Dayenu*
 For all these, alone and together, we say—*Dayenu!*¹⁶



DAYEINU



I - lu ho - tzi ho - tzi - a - nu, ho - tzi a - nu mi - mitz - ra - yim,
 ho - tzi - a - nu mi - mitz - ra - yim da - yei - nu.
 (Chorus) Da - da - yei - nu, da - da - yei - nu, da - da - yei - nu, da -
 yei - nu da - yei - nu da - yei - nu. yei - nu da - yei - nu.

[Translation: Had God freed us from the Egyptians, & not wrought judgement upon them, dayenu!]

Ilu hotzianu mi-Mitzrayim,
V'lo asah vahem shfatim, Dayenu!

Ilu asah va-tem shfatim,
V'lo asah v'eloheyhem, Dayenu!

Ilu asah v'eloheyhem,
V'lo harag et b'choreichem, Dayenu!

Ilu harag et b'choreichem,
V'lo natan lanu et mamonom, Dayenu!

Ilu natan lanu et mamonom,
V'lo kara lanu et hayam, Dayenu!

Ilu kara lanu et hayam,
V'lo he'eviranu b'tocho b'charavah,
Dayenu!

Ilu he'eviranu b'tocho b'charavah,
V'lo sika tzarkenu b'tocho, Dayenu!

Ilu sika tzarkenu b'tocho, V'lo sipek
tzarkenu bamidbar arba'im shanah,
Dayenu!

Ilu sipek tzarkenu bamidbar arba'im
shanah,
V'lo he'echilanu et haman, Dayenu!

Ilu he'echilanu et haman,
V'lo natan lanu et haShabbat, Dayenu!

Ilu natan lanu et hashabbat,
V'lo kerbanu lifnei har Sinai, Dayenu!

Ilu kerbanu lifnei har Sinai,
V'lo natan lanu et haTorah, Dayenu!

Ilu natan lanu et haTorah,
V'lo hichnisanu l'erezt Yisrael, Dayenu!

Ilu hichnisanu l'erezt Yisrael,
V'lo bana lanu et-beit ha'bchira, Dayenu!

אֱלוֹ הוֹצִיאָנוּ מִמִּצְרַיִם,
וְלֹא עָשָׂה בָּהֶם שְׁפָטִים, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ עָשָׂה בָּהֶם שְׁפָטִים,
וְלֹא עָשָׂה בְּאֱלֹהֵיהֶם, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ עָשָׂה בְּאֱלֹהֵיהֶם,
וְלֹא הָרַג אֶת־בְּכוֹרֵיהֶם, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ הָרַג אֶת־בְּכוֹרֵיהֶם,
וְלֹא נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת־מָמוֹנָם, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת־מָמוֹנָם,
וְלֹא קָרַע לָנוּ אֶת־הַיָּם, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ קָרַע לָנוּ אֶת־הַיָּם,
וְלֹא הֶעֱבִירָנוּ בְּתוֹכוֹ בְּחַרְבָּה, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ הֶעֱבִירָנוּ בְּתוֹכוֹ בְּחַרְבָּה,
וְלֹא שָׁקַע צָרֵינוּ בְּתוֹכוֹ, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ שָׁקַע צָרֵינוּ בְּתוֹכוֹ, וְלֹא סִפַּק
צָרְכָנוּ בַּמִּדְבָּר אַרְבַּעַיִם שָׁנָה, דַּיָּנוּ:

אֱלוֹ סִפַּק צָרְכָנוּ בַּמִּדְבָּר אַרְבַּעַיִם
שָׁנָה,

וְלֹא הֶאֱכִילָנוּ אֶת־הַמָּן, דַּיָּנוּ:
אֱלוֹ הֶאֱכִילָנוּ אֶת־הַמָּן,

וְלֹא נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת־הַשַּׁבָּת, דַּיָּנוּ:
אֱלוֹ נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת־הַשַּׁבָּת,

וְלֹא קָרְבָנוּ לְפָנֵי הַר סִינַי, דַּיָּנוּ:
אֱלוֹ קָרְבָנוּ לְפָנֵי הַר סִינַי,

וְלֹא נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת־הַתּוֹרָה, דַּיָּנוּ:
אֱלוֹ נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת־הַתּוֹרָה,

וְלֹא הִכְנִיסָנוּ לְאֶרֶץ יִשְׂרָאֵל, דַּיָּנוּ:
אֱלוֹ הִכְנִיסָנוּ לְאֶרֶץ יִשְׂרָאֵל,

וְלֹא בָנָה לָנוּ אֶת־בַּיִת הַבְּחִירָה, דַּיָּנוּ:

(These are the verses, in Hebrew, which we read in English on the previous page.)

How Much We Have Yet to Understand

We lift the middle matzah and break it in two.

Hear the sound of glass broken at the end of every Jewish wedding.
Hear the echo of stone tablets cast down and shattered at the foot of the
mountain.
Hear the crack of the whip on the backs of slaves.
We carry our brokenness with us.

We lift the middle matzah and break it in two.
The larger piece is hidden.
To remind us that more is concealed than revealed.
To remind us how much we do not know.
How much we do not see.
How much we have yet to understand.

The larger piece is hidden and wrapped in a napkin.
This is the *afikomen*.
It will be up to the children to find it before the seder can come to an end.

In this game of hide and seek,
We remind ourselves that we do not begin to know all that our children
will reveal to us.
We do not begin to understand the mysteries they will uncover,
The broken pieces they will find,
The hidden fragments in need of repair.

"Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet
Before the coming of the great and awesome day of the Lord.
And he will turn the hearts of parents to children and the hearts of
children to parents --
Lest I come and smite the land with utter destruction."

On this night, may the hearts of parents and children turn toward each other.
Together, may we make whole all that is broken.

(Sharon Cohen Anisfield)

The penultimate stanza quotes from the prophet Malachi. This is the haftarah reading assigned to Shabbat HaGadol, "The Great Shabbat" -- the Shabbat immediately before Pesach begins.

Second Cup of Wine

הַנְּגִי מוֹכֵן וּמְזַמֵּן לְקַיֵּם מִצְוֹת כּוֹס שְׁנִיָּה מֵאַרְבַּע כּוֹסוֹת לְשֵׁם
יְחִיד קוֹדֵשׁ אַ בְּרִיךְ הוּא וְשִׁכְיִנְתָּהּ.

Hin'hi muchan u-m'zuman l'kayem mitzvat kos shniyah m'arbah cosot
l'shem yichud kudsha brich hu u-schinteh.

I take upon myself the mitzvah (connective-commandment) of this
second of four cups of wine, in the name of the unification of the Holy
Blessed One with Shekhinah!

The second cup of wine represents God's second declaration of redemption: "I will free you from slavery."

Tonight we may bless wine using several variations on the traditional Hebrew, reflecting different ways of conceptualizing the divine. Choose one of the following two blessings for the second cup of wine: a feminine version, or the traditional.

ברוכה את יְהוָה שְׁכִינָה, רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרְאֵת פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

Brucha At Yah Shekhinah, ruach ha-olam, boreit pri hagafen.

Blessed are you, Shekhinah our God, Breath of Life, creator of the fruit of the vine.

ברוך אתה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, borei p'ri hagafen.

Blessed are you, Adonai our God, Sovereign of space and time, creator of the fruit of the vine.



[art by warszawianka]

Signs and Symbols

רַבֵּן גַּמְלִיאֵל הִיא אֹמֵר: כֹּל שֶׁלֹּא אָמַר שְׁלֹשָׁה דְבָרִים אֵלּוּ בַּפֶּסַח, לֹא יֵצֵא יְדֵי חֻבָּתוֹ, וְאֵלּוּ הֵן:

פֶּסַח מַצָּה וּמְרֹר:

Rabban Gamaliel said: one who has not explained the following three symbols has not fulfilled their duty: **Pesach** (the paschal lamb), **matzah**, and **maror**.

Rabban Gamaliel cherished three symbols; tonight we will explain seven:

The *Maror*, bitter herb or horseradish, which represents the bitterness of slavery.

The *Haroset*, a mixture of apples and nuts and wine, which represents the bricks and mortar we made in ancient times, and the new structures we are beginning to build in our lives today.

The *Lamb Shank* (or: *beet*) which represents the sacrifices we have made to survive. * Before the tenth plague, our people slaughtered lambs and marked our doors with blood: because of this marking, the Angel of Death passed over our homes and our first-born were spared.

The *Egg*, which symbolizes creative power, our rebirth.

The *Parsley*, which represents the new growth of spring, for we are earthy, rooted beings, connected to the Earth and nourished by our connection.

Salt water of our tears, both then and now.

Matzot of our unleavened hearts: may this Seder enable our spirits to rise. ¹⁷

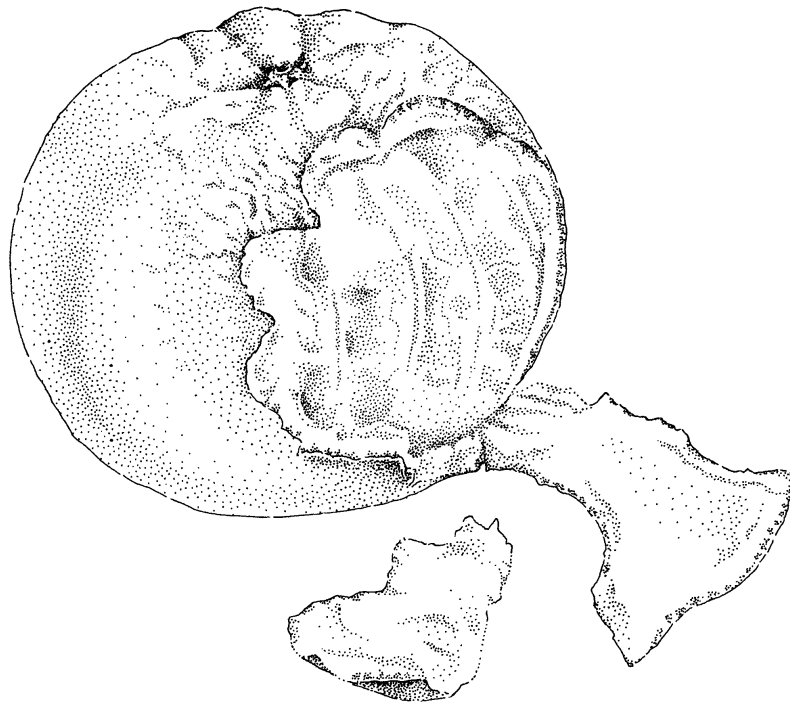
* *Pesach* was the name of the lamb-offering our ancestors brought to the Temple in antiquity at this season. It relates to the word *pasach*, passed-over, as the Angel of Death passed-over our homes during the Tenth Plague; the name of tonight's festival derives from this.

And what about the orange?

In the early 1980s, Susannah Heschel attended a feminist seder where bread was placed on the seder plate, a reaction to someone who had claimed lesbians had no more place in Judaism than bread crusts have at a seder.

Heschel writes, “Bread on the seder plate...renders everything *chametz*, and its symbolism suggests that being lesbian is transgressive, violating Judaism. I felt that an orange was suggestive of something else: the fruitfulness for all Jews when lesbians and gay men are contributing and active members of Jewish life.”¹⁸ To speak of slavery and long for liberation, she says, “demands that we acknowledge our own complicity in enslaving others.”¹⁹

One additional item on our seder plate, therefore, is an *orange*, representing the radical feminist notion that there is—there must be—a place at the table for all of us, regardless of gender or sexual orientation. May our lives be inclusive, welcoming, and fruitful.



[Illustration by Emily Cooper]

And the olive?

Also on our seder plate is an olive. After the Flood, Noah’s dove brought back an olive branch as a sign that the earth was again habitable. Today ancient olive groves are destroyed by violence, making a powerful symbol of peace into a casualty of war.

We keep an olive on our seder plate as an embodied prayer for peace, in the Middle East and every place where war destroys lives, hopes, and the freedoms we celebrate tonight.

In Every Generation

בְּכָל־דּוֹר וְדוֹר חַיֵּב אָדָם לִרְאוֹת אֶת־עַצְמוֹ, כְּאִלּוּ הוּא יֵצֵא מִמִּצְרַיִם,
 שְׁנֵאֵמַר: וְהִגַּדְתָּ לְבִנְךָ בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא לֵאמֹר: בַּעֲבוּר זֶה עָשָׂה יי' לִי, בְּצֵאתִי
 מִמִּצְרַיִם. לֹא אֶת־אֲבוֹתֵינוּ בְּלִבְדָּה, גָּאֵל הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא, אֶלֶּא אַף אוֹתָנוּ
 גָּאֵל עִמָּהֶם, שְׁנֵאֵמַר: וְאוֹתָנוּ הוֹצִיא מִשָּׁם, לְמַעַן הִבִּיא אֹתָנוּ, לְתֵת לָנוּ
 אֶת־הָאָרֶץ אֲשֶׁר נִשְׁבַּע לְאֲבוֹתֵינוּ.

In every generation one must see oneself as if one had personally experienced the Exodus from Egypt. As it is written: "You shall speak to your children on that day, saying, this is how the Holy Blessed One redeemed me from Egypt. It wasn't merely my ancestors who were redeemed, but the Holy Blessed One also redeemed us with them, as it is said, 'And we went forth from there, in order that God might lead us to the land which had been promised to our ancestors.'"



[Drawing by Yosef Dov Sheinson]²⁰

Redemption wasn't a one-time thing that happened to our ancestors in bygone times. It's an ongoing experience, something that can ripple into our consciousness every day. We too were redeemed from Egypt. We too are perennially offered the possibility of living in a state of redemption if only we will open our hearts and our eyes.

This teaching ends with the understanding that God redeemed us from the Narrow Place in order to lead us to the land which had been promised to our forebears. What do we make of that idea? What does it mean to believe that God promised our ancestors a piece of land? Do we, or can we, own a piece of God's earth? Can a piece of earth own us?

What questions does this passage raise for you? How do you understand the notion that we are freed not only from but also toward? Toward what do you see yourself striving this year?

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחֹץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹץ. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צָפוֹן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

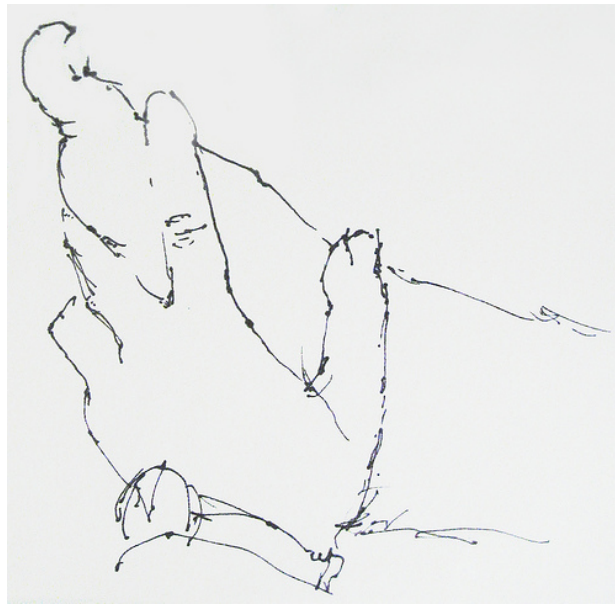
6. רְחֹץ Rachtza: Wash the Hands

Before eating, we wash our hands, thanking God for the commandment which impels us to mindfulness. What does washing our hands tell us? That we can become clean; that our bodies are sacred and deserving of care. Why wash hands, and not feet, as our Middle Eastern ancestors did? Not just because it's impractical for seder guests to doff shoes, but because hands are the instruments with which we work in the world. It is our hands which plant and write, which caress and create—and also our hands which strike and poison and smash. We wash our hands not to absolve ourselves of responsibility, but to affirm the need to make our hands holy. At this season of freedom and rebirth, we consecrate our hands to the task of building freedom for all who suffer.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ עַל נְטִילַת יָדַיִם:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha-olam, asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav, v'tzivanu al n'tilat yadayim.

Blessed are You, Source of all Being, who sanctifies us with Your commandments, and commands us to wash our hands.



[Illustration by Beth Budwig]

Season of the Egg

It's the season of the egg,
older than any named creed:
that perfect shape that signs
a pregnant woman, the moon

slightly compressed, as if
a great serpent held it
in its opened mouth
to carry or eat.

Eggs smell funky
slipped from under
the hen's breast, hotter
than our blood.

Christians paint them;
we roast them. The only
time in the whirling year
I ever eat roasted egg:

a campfire flavor, bit
burnt, reeking of haste
like the matzoh there was no
time to let rise.

We like our eggs honest,
brown. Outside my window
the chickadees choose partners
to lay tiny round eggs.

The egg of the world cracks
raggedly open and the wet
scraggly chick of northern
spring emerges gaunt, dripping.

Soon it will preen its green
feathers, soon it will grow
fat and strong, its wings
blue and binding.

Tonight we dip the egg in salt
water like bowls of tears.
Elijah comes with the fierce
early spring bringing prophecy

that cracks open the head
swollen with importance.
Every day there is more work
to do and stronger light.²¹

(Marge Piercy)

It is customary in many households to eat a hardboiled egg at this time, representing the new life of springtime.



[Illustration by Allison Kent]

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחַץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹצָה. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צָפוֹן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

7-8. מוֹצִיא/מַצָּה Motzi/Matzah: Bless and Eat

Why do we eat matzah? Because during the Exodus, our ancestors had no time to wait for dough to rise. So they improvised flat cakes without yeast, which could be baked and consumed in haste. The matzah reminds us that when the chance for liberation comes, we must seize it even if we do not feel ready—indeed, if we wait until we feel fully ready, we may never act at all.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, הַמוֹצִיא לֶחֶם מִן הָאָרֶץ:
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מַצָּה:

Baruch atah, Adonai eloheinu, melech ha'olam, hamotzi lechem min ha'aretz.
Baruch atah, Adonai eloheinu, melech ha'olam, asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav, v'tzivanu al achilat matzah.

Blessed are you, Adonai, Sovereign of all worlds, who brings forth bread from the earth.
Blessed are you, Adonai, Sovereign of all worlds, who sanctifies us with the commandment to eat matzah.

Everyone eats a piece of matzah.

The Haroset Song

Make haroset, chop chop chop
Apples, nuts, & cinnamon
Add some wine, it's lots of fun!
Make haroset, chop chop chop!

(This song features an Ashkenazic haroset recipe. Sefardic haroset may feature dates, pistachios, dried fruits, cardamom; in Yemen, hot pepper; in Gibraltar, brick dust.)

[Woodcut by Yaron Livay]



from **Imagine the Angels of Bread**

This is the year that squatters evict landlords,
gazing like admirals from the rail
of the roofdeck
or levitating hands in praise
of steam in the shower;
this is the year
that shawled refugees deport judges
who stare at the floor
and their swollen feet
as files are stamped
with their destination....
This is the year that those
who swim the border's undertow
and shiver in boxcars
are greeted with trumpets and drums
at the first railroad crossing
on the other side;
this is the year that the hands

pulling tomatoes from the vine
uproot the deed to the earth
that sprouts the vine....
If the abolition of slave-manacles
began as a vision of hands without manacles,
then this is the year;
if the shutdown of extermination camps
began as imagination of a land
without barbed wire or the crematorium,
then this is the year;
if every rebellion begins with the idea
that conquerors on horseback
are not many-legged gods, that they too drown
if plunged in the river,
then this is the year.
So may every humiliated mouth,
teeth like desecrated headstones,
fill with the angels of bread.²²

(Martín Espada)

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחָץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹצָה. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
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Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

9. מָרוֹר Maror: Bitter Herb

Why do we eat maror? Maror represents the bitterness of bondage. Why do we eat haroset? It symbolizes the mortar for the bricks our ancestors laid in Egypt. Though it represents slave labor, haroset is sweet, reminding us that sometimes constriction or enslavement can be masked in familiar sweetness.

Eating the two together, we remind ourselves to be mindful of life with all its sweetness and bitterness, and to seek balance between the two.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מָרוֹר:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al achilat maror.

Blessed are you, Adonai, Sovereign of all worlds, who sanctifies us with the commandment to eat the bitter herb.

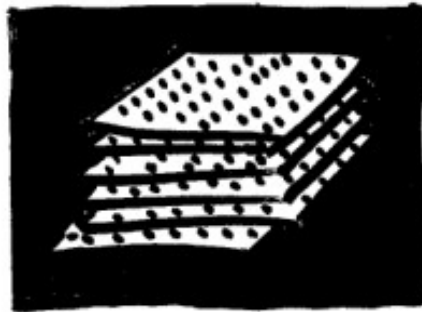
קִדְשׁ. וּרְחַץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֻצָּה. מוּצִיא. מַצָּה.
מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צָפוֹן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

10. כּוֹרֵךְ Korech: The Hillel Sandwich

The sage Hillel originated the tradition of eating matzah and maror together, combining the bread of liberation with a remembrance of the bitterness of slavery.

Everyone eats a Hillel Sandwich: maror between two pieces of matzah.



[Illustration by Yaron Livay]

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחַץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֻצָּה. מוּצִיא. מַצָּה.
מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צָפוֹן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

11. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ Shulchan Orech: The Festive Meal


BON APPÉTIT

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחֹץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחֵץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹץ. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
מְרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צָפוֹן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

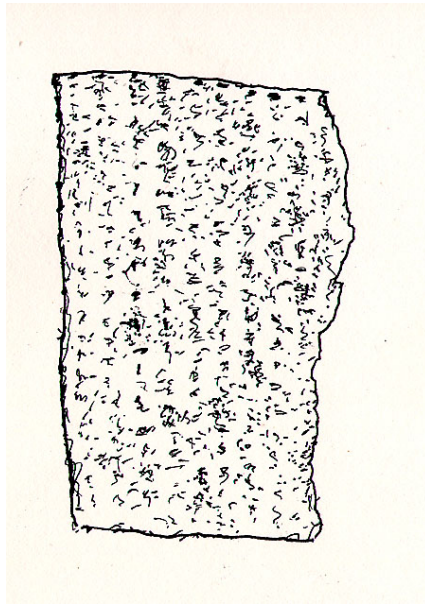
12. צָפוֹן Tzafun: Afikoman

Find the afikoman and distribute it to all who are seated at the table.

When the Temple still stood in Jerusalem, it was customary to make an offering of a paschal lamb at this season. Now we eat the afikoman in memory of the offering.

Tzafun means “hidden,” and the afikoman is usually hidden for children to find. Why end the meal thus? Because we want the dinner to end with the taste of slavery/freedom in our mouths—thus the taste of matzah, rather than some unrelated sweet.

But this explains eating matzah late, not the charade of hiding it. The hiding works on two levels: it intrigues the kids—and it allows us to affirm our sense of the Hidden and Mysterious. On this theory, we hide the larger half of the broken matzah because we are affirming that there is more that is Hidden and Mysterious in the world than any information we can gather.²³



[image by Allan Hollander]

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחֹץ. כַּרְפָּס. יַחַץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹצָה. מוֹצִיא. מַצָּה.
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Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

13. בְּרֵךְ. Barech: Bless the Meal

Here are several poems, readings, and songs which can be used, singly or all together, as our Birkat Hamazon, Grace After Meals. Feel free also/instead to say a traditional Birkat Hamazon if you prefer.

Listen
with the night falling we are saying thank you
we are stopping on the bridges to bow from the railings
we are running out of the glass rooms
with our mouths full of food to look at the sky
and say thank you...²⁴

(W.S. Merwin)

The Birkat Hamazon / Grace After Meals often begins with this psalm.

Psalm 126: A Psalm of Ascents

Shir Hama'alot, b'shuv Adonai
et shivat tziyon hayinu k'chol'mim.
Az Y'male s'chok pinu ulshoneinu rina.
Az yom'ru vagoyim
higdil Adonai la'asot im eleh;
higdil Adonai la'asot imanu
hayinu s'meicheim.
Shuva Adonai et shiviteinu
ka'afikim banegev.
Hazor'im b'dimah b'rinah yiktzoru.
Haloch Yelech uvacho,
noseh meshech hazarah,
bo yavo v'rinah noseh alumotav.

שִׁיר הַמַּעֲלֹת בְּשׁוּב ה'
אֶת שִׁיבַת צִיּוֹן הָיִינוּ כְּחֹלְמִים:
אֲזַי מָלְא שְׂחֹק פִּינוּ וּלְשׁוֹנֵנוּ רִנָּה
אֲזַי אָמְרוּ בְּגוֹיִם
הִגְדִּיל ה' לַעֲשׂוֹת עִם אֱלֹהֵי:
הִגְדִּיל ה' לַעֲשׂוֹת עִמָּנוּ הָיִינוּ שְׂמֵחִים:
שׁוֹבָה ה' אֶת שְׁבִיתֵנוּ כַּאֲפִיקִים בְּנֶגֶב:
הַזֹּרְעִים בְּדִמְעָה בְּרִנָּה יִקְצְרוּ:
הַלֹּדֶף יִלְדֵךְ וּבִכְהָ נִשְׂא מִשֶּׁדֶךְ הַזֶּרַע
בָּא יְבֵא בְּרִנָּה נִשְׂא אֶלְמֹתָיו:

When God returned us to Zion we were as dreamers.
 Then we were full of mirth, and our tongues were full of gladness.
 They said among the nations, "magnified is God, who has done these things."
 We will magnify God, who has done this for us! And we were joyful.
 Turn our captivity, O God, like dry streams in the Negev.
 We had planted seeds in tears, but our harvest was gladness.
 We went forth with crying-out, carrying seeds;
 We return in gladness, carrying God's sheaves.

Here is the first paragraph of the traditional Birkat Hamazon, in Hebrew and in sing-able English that matches the Hebrew's tune.

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech
 ha'olam, hazan et ha-olam kulo b'tuvo
 b'chen b'chesed uv'rachamim. Hu noten
 lechem l'chol basar, ki l'olam chasdo.
 Uvtuvo hagadol, tamid lo chasar lanu, v'al
 yachsar lanu mazon l'olam va'ed. Ba'avur
 shemo hagadol, ki hu el zan um'farnes
 lakol, umeitiv lakol, u'mechin mazon, l'chol
 briyotav asher bara. Baruch atah, Adonai,
 hazan et hakol!

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
 הַזֵּן אֶת הָעוֹלָם כֻּלּוֹ בְּטוֹבוֹ בְּחֶן בְּחֶסֶד
 וּבְרַחֲמִים הוּא נוֹתֵן לֶחֶם לְכֹל בֶּשָׂר בִּי
 לְעוֹלָם חֶסֶד. וּבְטוֹבוֹ הַגָּדוֹל תָּמִיד לֹא
 חָסַר לָנוּ, וְאֵל יַחֲסֵר לָנוּ מְזוֹן לְעוֹלָם
 וְעַד. בְּעִבּוֹר שְׁמוֹ הַגָּדוֹל, כִּי הוּא אֵל זֵן
 וּמְפָרֵס לְכֹל וּמְטִיב לְכֹל, וּמְכִין מְזוֹן
 לְכֹל בְּרִיּוֹתָיו אֲשֶׁר בָּרָא. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה
 יי, הַזֵּן אֶת הַכֹּל:

We bless you now, Wholly One, the power and majesty in all.
 You gave us this food,
 you sustain our lives
 With your grace, with your love, your compassion.
 You provide all the food that comes to us,
 guiding and nourishing our lives!
 Now we hope and we pray
 for a wondrous day when no one in our world
 will lack bread or food to eat.
 We will work to help bring on that time,
 when all who hunger will eat and be filled.
 Every human will know that Your love is a power
 sustaining all life and doing good for all.
 We bless you now Wholly One, for feeding everything!

(translation by Rabbi Burt Jacobson)

Let us praise the Eternal, of Whose bounty we have partaken
and by Whose goodness we live.

On this Festival of Matzot, inspire us to goodness.
On this Festival of Freedom, make us a blessing.
On this Festival of Pesach, preserve us in life.

All-Merciful, You are our Source.
Sustain us with honorable work.
Make us worthy of the promise of a world that is yet to come.

May the One who blessed Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,
Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah,
bless this home, this table, and all assembled here;
and may all our loved ones share our blessing.

May the One who brings harmony into the spheres on high
bring peace to earth for all humanity.

Our rabbis created different blessings for each kind of food. For delicacies, our rabbis said: "Blessed are You who created all kinds of delicacies for delight." For meats and eggs, they said: "Blessed are You who created life to give life." For bread: "Blessed are You, who brings out bread from the earth." While some rabbis taught that only the proper "formula" could be recited over specific foods, others took a more pragmatic view, saying, "If you were to see a loaf of bread and say, 'What a fine loaf this is! Blessed is the Holy One who created it!' you would have fulfilled your obligation to bless."

(Babylonian Talmud: Brakhot 40b)

Prayer After Eating

I have taken in the light
that quickened eye and leaf.
May my brain be bright with praise
of what I eat, in the brief blaze
of motion and of thought.
May I be worthy of my meat.²⁵

(Wendell Berry)

Pote'ach et yadecha / פֹּתַח אֶת יָדְךָ

פֹּתַח אֶת יָדְךָ, וּמִשְׂבִּיעַ לְכֹל חַי רָצוֹן:

Pote'ach et yadecha, u'masbi'a l'chol chai ratzon (x2)

You open Your hand, I open my heart to this abundance (x2)
And all life, all will is satisfied; all life, all will is satisfied.

(Words, psalm 145; melody, Rabbi Shefa Gold)

From Your Abundance

(Sing to the tune of "Amazing Grace")

Tzur mishelo achalnu,
Barechu emunai
Savanu v'hotarnu,
Kidvar Adonai.*

צוֹר מִשְׁלוֹ אָכַלְנוּ
בָּרְכוּ אֱמוּנֵי
שָׁבָאנוּ וְהוֹתַרְנוּ
כִּדְבַר יי

From Your abundance comes our food,
From Your delight, our wine
We've satisfied our hungers, God,
As in Your great design.

With love and thanks we bless Your name
And praise You with our song
May all on earth bless You, the One
To Whom we all belong.

(adapted from Naomi Steinberg)

Brich Rachamana / בְּרִיךְ רַחֲמָנָא

בְּרִיךְ רַחֲמָנָא מַלְכָּא דְעֵלְמָא מְרִי דְהַאי פְּתָא.

Brich rachamana, malka d'alma, marei d'hai pita.*

You are the source of life for all that is and your blessings flow through me.

*"Blessed is the merciful one, sovereign of all worlds, source of this bread." Some regard this one-liner as the briefest blessing one can make while still fulfilling the obligation to bless one's meal.

Blessing of the Stew Pot

Blessed be the Creator
and all creative hands
which plant and harvest,
pack and haul and hand
over sustenance—
Blessed be carrot and cow,
potato and mushroom,
tomato and bean,
parsley and peas
onion and thyme,
garlic and bay leaf,
pepper and water,
marjoram and oil,
and blessed be fire—
and blessed be the enjoyment
of nose and eye,
and blessed be color—
and blessed be the Creator
for the miracle of red potato,
for the miracle of green bean,
for the miracle of fawn mushrooms

and blessed be God
for the miracle of earth:
ancestors, grass, bird,
deer and all gone,
wild creatures
whose bodies became
carrots, peas, and wild
flowers, who
give sustenance
to human hands, whose
agile dance of music
nourishes the ear
and soul of the dog
resting under the stove
and the woman working over
the stove and the geese
out the open window
strolling in the backyard.
And blessed be God
for all, all, all. ²⁶

(Alla Renee Bozarth)

V'achalta, v'savata, u'verachta / וְאַחַלְתָּ וְשָׂבַעְתָּ וְיָבֵרְכְתָּ

chorus: וְאַחַלְתָּ וְשָׂבַעְתָּ וְיָבֵרְכְתָּ (v'achalta, v'savata, u'verachta)

We ate when we were hungry, and now we're satisfied
We thank the Source of Blessing, for all that S/He provides.

Hunger is a yearning, in body and soul
Earth, air, fire, water, and Spirit makes us whole.

Giving and receiving, we open up our hands
From seed time to harvest, we're partners with the land.

We share in a vision of wholeness and release
Where every child is nourished, and we all live in peace (Amen!)

(Hannah Tiferet Siegel)

May all be fed, may all be nourished, and may all be loved.

(source unknown)

קִדְשׁ. וּרְחֹץ. כְּרֵפֶס. יַחֵץ. מַגִּיד. רְחֹץ. מוֹצֵיא. מַצָּה.
מָרוֹר. כּוֹרֵךְ. שְׁלַחַן עוֹרֵךְ. צָפוֹן. בְּרַךְ. הַלֵּל. נִרְצָה.

Kadesh. Urchatz. Karpas. Yachatz. Maggid. Rachtza. Motzi. Matzah.
Maror. Korech. Shulchan orech. Tzafun. Barech. Hallel. Nirtzah.

14. הַלֵּל Hallel: Praise

No one can keep us from carrying God
Wherever we go.

(Hafiz, transl. Daniel Ladinsky)

The traditional Hallel consists of recitation of several psalms. In this haggadah, those psalms have been interspersed with contemporary readings and poetry. Feel free to use all, or only some, of what follows.

Concentrate on the differences between praising God on an empty stomach and a full stomach. How much easier it seems to call forth with the quick *hamotzi* when one is hungry and anxious to eat! And how much easier to forget the important *mitzvah* of praising the Holy One of Being when we are comfortable and sated...

We must find ways to split the roofs of our homes as we sing out in praise. We are redeemed; we are crossing the sea on dry land; we are free to serve God in full glory. Tonight we sing genuinely, knowing and feeling that truth...Tonight, let us bring our voices and rhythms to the praise of the Holy One of Blessing at our seder tables.

(Lorel Zar-Kessler)²⁷



Psalm 113

Halleluyah: hallelu avdei Adonai,
hallelu et-shem Adonai.

Yehi shem Adonai m'vorach
me'atah v'ad olam.

Mimizrach-shemesh ad-m'vou m'hulal,
shem Adonai.

Ram al-kol-goyom Adonai;
al hashamayim k'vodo.

Mi c'Adonai eloheinu hamagveihi lashevet.

Hamashpili lir'ot bashamayim u-va'aretz.

M'kimi me'afar dal; meashfot, yarim evyon.

L'hoshivi im-n'divim; im n'divei amo.

Moshivi akeret habayit em-banim s'mecha:
Halleluyah!

הַלְלוּ-יְהוָה: הַלְלוּ, עַבְדֵי יְיָ;

הַלְלוּ אֶת-שֵׁם יְיָ.

יְהִי שֵׁם יְיָ מְבֹרָךְ

מֵעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם.

מִמִּזְרַח-שֶׁמֶשׁ עַד-מְבֹאֵי מַהְלָל,

שֵׁם יְיָ.

רָם עַל-כָּל-גּוֹיִם יְיָ;

עַל הַשָּׁמַיִם כְּבוֹדוֹ.

מִי כִּיָּה אֱלֹהֵינוּ הַמַּגְבִּיחַ לְשֵׁבֶת.

הַמְשַׁפִּיל לְרֵאוֹת בַּשָּׁמַיִם וּבָאָרֶץ.

מִקִּימֵי מַעַפְרֵי דָל; מֵאֲשַׁפֵּת, יָרִים

אֶבְיוֹן.

לְהוֹשִׁיבֵי עַם-נְדִיבִים; עַם נְדִיבֵי עַמּוֹ.

מוֹשִׁיבֵי עֵקֶרֶת הַבַּיִת אֶם-הַבְּנִים

שֶׁמְחָה: הַלְלוּ-יְהוָה.

Halleluyah: praise, servants of Adonai, praise the name of Adonai!
May the name of Adonai be blessed, from now through all time.
From the rising of the sun to its going-down, God's name is to be praised.
God is high above all nations; God's glory is upon the heavens.
Who is like Adonai our God, enthroned on high
Looking down to see what is below, in the heavens and the earth
Who raises the poor from the dust, and lifts the needy out of the rubbish
To set (the poor/needful one) among princes, among the princes of his people?
The One who seats the barren woman (whose house is empty) as the joyous mother of children!
Halleluyah.

Rain falls

Rain falls
through sunlight
and we drop everything
to stand on the porch
to see how tears
become jewels
in God's eyes

(Kris Lindbeck)

Psalm 114

B'tzeit Yisrael mi-Mitzrayim,
beit Ya'acov me'am loez:
haita y'hudah l'kodsho,
Yisrael mamshelovav:
Hayam ra'ah vayanos,
ha-Yarden yisov l'achor:
heharim rakdo k'eilim.
G'vaot kivnei-tzon:
mah-lecha hayam ki tanus,
ha-Yarden tisov l'achor:
heharim tir'kdu ch'eilim,
g'vaot kivnei-tzon?
Milifnei Adon chuli aretz.
Milifnei eloha Ya-akov.
Ha-hof'chi ha-tzur agam mayim.
Halamish l'maino mayim.

בַּצֵּאת יִשְׂרָאֵל מִמִּצְרַיִם,
בֵּית יַעֲקֹב מֵעַם לֵעֹז:
הֵיְתָה יְהוּדָה לְקֹדֶשׁוֹ.
יִשְׂרָאֵל מִמְּשֻׁלֹתָיו:
הַיָּם רָאָה וַיִּנָּס,
הַיַּרְדֵּן יָסַב לְאַחֹר:
הַהָרִים רָקְדוּ כְּאֵילִים.
גְּבְעוֹת כִּבְנֵי-צֹאן:
מַה-לְּךָ הַיָּם כִּי תָנוּס.
הַיַּרְדֵּן תִּסָּב לְאַחֹר:
הַהָרִים תִּרְקְדוּ כְּאֵילִים.
גְּבְעוֹת כִּבְנֵי-צֹאן:
מִלִּפְנֵי אֲדוֹן חוּלֵי אֶרֶץ.
מִלִּפְנֵי אֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב:
הַהֹפְכֵי הַצּוּר אֲגַם-מַיִם.
חִלְמֵי־שׁ לְמַעַיְנוֹ-מַיִם.

When Israel went forth from Mitzrayim,
The house of Jacob from a people of strange speech,
Judah became God's holy one,
Israel, God's dominion.

The sea saw them and fled,
The Jordan ran backward,
Mountains skipped like rams,
Hills like sheep.

What alarmed you, O sea, that you fled,
Jordan, that you ran backward,
Mountains, that you skipped like rams,
Hills, like sheep?

Tremble, O earth, at the presence of Adonai,
At the presence of the God of Jacob,
Who turned the rock into a pool of water,
The flinty rock into a fountain.

from **Praise wet snow falling early**

Praise
the invisible sun burning beyond
the white cold sky, giving us
light and the chimney's shadow.
Praise
god or the gods, the unknown,
that which imagined us, which stays
our hand,
our murderous hand,
and gives us
still,
in the shadow of death,
our daily life,
and the dream still
of goodwill, of peace on earth.
Praise
flow and change, night and
the pulse of day.²⁸

(Denise Levertov)

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in a stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut falls, finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.²⁹

(Gerard Manley Hopkins)

from **Pequeñas Odas**

Praise be the quick-
ness of what stirs within,
flame standing up to wind.

(Luisa A. Igloria)

from Psalm 115

Adonai, zochreinu, yvarech:
yvarech et beit Yisrael;
y'varech et beit Aharon.

Y'varech yirei Adonai ha-ktanim
im ha-gdolim.

Yosef Adonai aleichem; aleichem, v'al
b'neichem.

B'ruchim atem l'Adonai, oseh shamayim
va-aretz.

Hashamayim shamayim l'Adonai; v'ha-aretz
natan livnei Adam.

Lo ha-meitim y'halleluyah;
v'lo kol yordei dumah

Va-anachnu n'varech Yah me'atah v'ad olam:
halleluyah!

יְיָ, זְכוּרֵנוּ יְבָרֵךְ:
יְבָרֵךְ אֶת-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל;
יְבָרֵךְ אֶת-בֵּית אַהֲרֹן.
יְבָרֵךְ יְרֵאֵי יְיָ הַקְּטָנִים עִם-הַגְּדֹלִים.
יִסֹף יְיָ עֲלֵיכֶם; וְעַל בְּנֵיכֶם.
בְּרוּכִים אַתֶּם, לַיְיָ עֹשֵׂה שָׁמַיִם
וָאָרֶץ.
הַשָּׁמַיִם שָׁמַיִם, לַיְיָ; וְהָאָרֶץ
נָתַן לְבְנֵי-אָדָם.
לֹא הַמֵּתִים, יְהַלְלוּ-יָהּ;
וְלֹא, כָּל-יֹרְדֵי דוּמָה.
וְאֲנַחְנוּ, נְבָרֵךְ יְהוָה מֵעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם:
הַלְלוּ-יָהּ.

Adonai, remember us and bless: bless the house of Israel, bless the house of Aaron.
Bless those who fear Adonai, small ones and great ones.
May Adonai cause you to increase, you and your children
Be blessed of Adonai, maker of heaven and earth.
The heavens are the heavens of Adonai; the earth was given to humanity.
The dead cannot praise Yah, nor can those who descend into silence.
And we will praise Yah, from now and always: halleluyah!

Alluvial

They say God's voice in the city
sounds like a man but in the desert
sounds like a woman. His voice, the spine
of nighttime, sounds like water.
Rock grazed by streamlets long enough
will sunder. One word against my sternum and

I unzip.

(Rachel Zucker)³⁰

from Psalm 116

God is gracious and beneficent;
Our God is compassionate.
God protects the simple;
I was brought low and God saved me.
Be at rest, once again, my soul,
For God has been good to you...
O God, I am Your servant,
Your servant, child of your maidservant;
You have undone the cords that bound me.

i thank You God for most this amazing

i thank You God for most this amazing
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday;this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings:and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

(e.e. cummings)

Passover

"Begin with the disgrace and end with the glory," the rabbis say.
The disgrace was not in being a slave -- that may happen to anyone --
but to remain such.
What was the glory?
To choose the Lord:
that is, the bread of affliction and freedom.

(Charles Reznikoff)

Praise the Contrary and Its Defenders

For the chief musician, on common instrument: a song of rebellion.

Praise rising up. Praise unlawful assembly.
Praise the road of excess and the palace of wisdom.
Praise glass houses. Praise the hand that cradles the stone.
Praise refusal of obedience. Praise the young on Raamses Street.
Praise Galileo. Praise acceleration.
Praise bombshells and en masse.
Praise sit-down strikes. Praise outside agitators.
Praise Red Emma. Praise her pistol and praise her restraint.
Praise living your life. Praise Joan of Arc.
Praise wayward daughters. Praise their wayward sons.
Praise the power of indulgence.
Praise Luther's Ninety-Five Theses. Praise the nail
and the printing press. Praise the First Amendment.
Praise free verse. Praise yellow sunflowers.
Praise red wheelbarrows and transcendental leanings.
Praise illicit beauty. Praise the poets of Guantanamo.
Praise the poets of Burma. Praise the noisy streets.
Praise those who tear down walls and climb fences.
Praise Letters from Prison. Praise those who say yes.
Praise the bound notebook and what is within.
Praise Legal Aid attorneys. Praise kitchen-table conspiracies.
Praise insomnia. Praise our hunger. Praise days
we are the bread. Praise farmers' markets.
Praise Al Gore and quantum physics.
Praise Schrödinger and his cat. Praise jumping in.
Praise talking snakes. Praise history & run-on sentences.
Praise what are the odds? Praise purposeful wandering.
Praise Walt Whitman and the self. Praise the body's
wild intelligence. Praise ACT UP and Vagina Monologues.
Praise getting satisfaction. Praise Gertrude Stein.
Praise cross-dressing. Praise untouchables,
partisans and ruffraff. Praise slackers. Praise those
who talk back. Praise sympathy for the devil.
Praise the oldest profession. Praise mothers of the disappeared.
Praise mothers of the found. Praise mothers not yet mothers.
Praise not looking away. Praise realists and Cubists.
Praise prohibitionists & remorse. Praise hitting your head
against the wall. Praise giving peace a chance.
Praise Zionist conspiracies. Praise free elections.
Praise Selma, Alabama and early voting. Praise mutiny.
Praise backyard whiskey and those who cook with fire.
Praise Priscilla the Monkey Girl. Praise her admirers.
Praise Freud and Marx and Sinatra. Praise Earhardt.
Praise those who remember what they are told to forget.
Praise agnostics. Praise what we are not supposed to praise.
Praise the electrical storm and the still small voice.
Praise all the proverbs of hell. Praise those
who see it coming. Praise those who do it anyway.
Praise whatever happens next.

(Sue Swartz)

from Psalm 117

Hallelu et Adonai, kol goyim!
Shab'chu-hu kol ha-u-mim.
Ki gavaraleyenu chasdo,
v'emet Adonai l'olam. Halleluyah!

הִלְלוּ אֶת יְיָ, כָּל גּוֹיִם,
שִׁבְּחוּהוּ כָּל הָאֲמִיּוֹת.
כִּי גָבַר עָלֵינוּ חַסְדּוֹ,
וְאֵמֶת יְיָ לְעוֹלָם הַלְלוּיָהּ:

Nations, give praise
People, give praise
For strong is your steadfast love in us
And your truth is a durable truth
Without end—
Praise that³¹

(as rendered by Zen abbot Norman Fischer)

from Psalm 118

Min ha-meitzar karati Yah,
anani vamerchav yah.

מִן הַמֵּצָר קָרָאתִי יְהוָה, עֲנֵנִי בְמִרְחַב יְהוָה.

Ozi v'zimrat Yah,
va-y'hi li li-y'shua.

עֲזִי וְזִמְרַת יְהוָה, וַיְהִי לִי לִישׁוּעָה.

Pitchu li shaarei tzedek,
avo vam odeh Yah.

פָּתְחוּ לִי שַׁעְרֵי צְדָק אָבָא בָּם אוֹדֶה יְהוָה.

Zeh ha-sha'ar l'Adonai,
tzadikim yavo-u vo.

זֶה הַשַּׁעַר לַיהוָה, צְדִיקִים יָבֹאוּ בּוֹ.

Even ma'asu ha-bonim,
haita l'rosh pinah.

אֲבָן מֵאֲסוּ הַבּוֹנִים, הִיְתָה לְרֹאשׁ פִּנָּה.

Me'et Adonai haita zot,
hi niflat b'aneinu.

מֵאֵת יְיָ הִיְתָה זֹאת, הִיא נִפְלְאת בְּעֵינֵינוּ.

Zeh hayom asah Yahh;
nahgilah v'nismecha bo.

זֶה הַיּוֹם עָשָׂה יְיָ, נִגִּילָה וְנִשְׂמְחָה בּוֹ.

From the straits I called to You; You answered me with great expansiveness.
God is my strength and my song, and will be my salvation.
Open for me the gates of righteousness, that I may enter and offer praise.
This is the gate of Adonai; righteous people enter through it!
The stone the builders have rejected has become the cornerstone.
This is Adonai's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.
This is the day which God has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.

Psalm

like a skin on milk
I write to you

I hurl the letters of your name
onto every page, one and many

I know you are reading over my shoulder
look each of us possesses a book of life

each attempts to read what the other has scripted
in these almost illegible letters tipped by crowns

what is the story
we want to know

(Alicia Ostriker³²)

from Psalm 136

Hodu l'Adonai kee tov: kee l'olam chasdo.

הודו לַיְיָ כִּי טוֹב, כִּי לְעוֹלָם חַסְדּוֹ:

Give thanks to God, Who is good:
Whose lovingkindness is everlasting.

Give thanks to the supreme God,
Whose lovingkindness is everlasting.

Give thanks to the supreme Ruler,
Whose lovingkindness is everlasting.

Give thanks to God who alone performs great wonders
Whose wisdom made the heavens
Who spread the earth over the waters
Who made the heavenly lights, the sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars to rule by night:

God's lovingkindness is everlasting.

Bless the Lord, O My soul

Bless the Lord, O my soul
Lord my God you are great
 You are clothed with the energy of atoms
 as with a mantle
From a cloud of whirling cosmic dust
as on the potter's wheel
you begin to tease out the whorls of the galaxies
and the gas escapes from your fingers condensing and burning
and you were fashioning the stars
You made a spatterdash of planets like spores or seeds
and scattered comets like flowers...³³

(Ernesto Cardinal)

Nishmat Kol Chai

Nishmat kol chai t'varech et shimcha,
Yahh eloheyntu. V'ruach kol basar,
t'faer u-tromem zichrecha malkeinu tamid,
min ha-olam v'ad ha-olam atah el.

נִשְׁמַת כָּל חַי, תְּבָרַךְ אֶת שְׁמֶךָ
יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ. וְרוּחַ כָּל בָּשָׂר,
תְּפַאֵר וְתִרְוַמֵם זְכָרְךָ מִלְכֵנוּ תָמִיד,
מִן הָעוֹלָם וְעַד הָעוֹלָם אַתָּה אֵל.

The breath of all life praises Your name,
Yah our God. And the spirit enlivening all flesh
offers praises to You, Eternal;
from one world to the next, you are God.

Were our mouths filled with song as the sea
Our tongues with rejoicing as the waves
Our lips with praise like the breadth of the horizon
Our eyes brilliant like the sun and the moon
Our arms outspread as eagles' wings
Our feet as swift as deers'
It would not be enough to thank You, our God of eternity and eternities.

Rabbi Yochanan is responsible for choosing *Nishmat Kol Chai* as an appropriate Hallel prayer (Talmud, Pesachim 118a.) This tiny excerpt offers a taste; the full prayer appears in the Shabbat morning service.

Third Cup of Wine

הִנְנִי מוֹכֵן וּמְזַמֵּן לְקַיֵּם מִצְוֹת כּוֹס שְׁלִישִׁית מֵאַרְבַּע כּוֹסוֹת לְשֵׁם
יְחִוּד קוּדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא וְשְׁכִינָתָהּ.

Hin'hi muchan u-m'zuman l'kayem mitzvat kos shlishit m'arbah cosot
l'shem yichud kudsha brich hu u-schinteh.

I take upon myself the mitzvah (connective-commandment) of this third
of four cups of wine, in the name of the unification of the Holy Blessed
One with Shekhinah!

The third cup of wine represents God's third declaration of redemption: **וּגְאֹלְתִי** / *V'go'alti*—"I will liberate you with an outstretched arm..." Choose one of the following variations for blessing this third cup of wine, Marcia Falk's non-gendered variant or the traditional.

נְבָרֵךְ אֵת עַיִן הַחַיִּים, מְצַמִּיחַת פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

N'varekh et ayn ha-chayyim, matzmichat pri hagafen.

Let us bless the source of life that ripens fruit on the vine.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, borei pri hagafen.

Blessed are you, Adonai our God, Ruler of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

Pour Out Your...

Traditionally the third cup of wine is followed by a prayer called Sh'foch Chamatecha, "Pour Out Your Wrath." On the following pages are three alternative possibilities; choose one or more which speak to you.

The Need For Both (Option One)

At this point in the seder, Jewish communities, beset by persecution during the Crusades, opened their doors and recited the angry plea *Sh'foch Chamat'cha...* "Pour out Your wrath upon the nations who do not know You."

In other communities during the same period, the hope for redemption was so intense that families sang to invoke the Prophet Elijah who, according to legend, would herald an era of Messianic peace, justice, and healing.

We open our doors now with the need to act on both impulses. The crimes of humanity that we continue to see – mass rape and torture, ethnic cleansing, the destruction of entire cities and cultures – cry out for just retribution beyond our limited capacity. And our longings for peace, for healing of earth, body and spirit, still bring the hope-drenched melody of Eiliyahu Hanavi to our lips.

With that melody we bridge our hopes for the future with our commitment to the present. We thus invite to our seders not just Elijah, harbinger of the Messiah, but Miriam, inspiration for the journey.

(From *The Journey Continues: The Ma'yan Passover Haggadah*)³⁴

May Our Anger Be Holy (Option Two)

Oppression breeds anger to which we must attend.

Once, we recited this text out of powerlessness. We asked God to pour forth wrath because we were unable to express our own. But in today's world, where we enjoy agency to an unprecedented degree, we must resist the temptation of perennial victimhood.

And yet we know that rage, unexpressed, will fester. Let us therefore acknowledge our communal pain. Let us recognize the intersecting systems of oppression which ensnare our world, from antisemitism to xenophobia, and feel appropriate anger in response. And let us recommit ourselves to honing our anger so that it might fuel us to create change, so that our wrath may lead us to redemption. In the words of the poet Audre Lorde:

Focused with precision, [anger] can become a powerful source of energy serving progress and change. And when I speak of change, I do not mean a simple switch of positions or a temporary lessening of tensions, nor the ability to smile or feel good. I am speaking of a basic and radical alteration in those assumptions underlining our lives.

And let us say: Amen.

Pour Out Your Love (Option Three)

Shfoch ahavatecha al ha-goyim
asher y'da'ucha
v'al mamlechet asher b'shimcha kor'im
biglal chasadim shehem osim im Yaakov

um'ginim al amcha Yisrael
mipnei ochleihem
yizku lir'ot b'sukkat b'chirecha
v'lishmo'ach b'simchat goyecha.

שִׁפְךָ אֶהְבֵּתָךְ עַל הַגּוֹיִים
אֲשֶׁר יְדָעוּךָ
וְעַל מַמְלְכוֹת אֲשֶׁר בְּשִׁמְךָ קוֹרְאִים
בְּגִלְלַת חֲסָדִים שֶׁהֵם עוֹשִׂים עִם יַעֲקֹב
וּמִגִּנִּים עַל עַמְּךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל
מִפְּנֵי אוֹכְלֵיהֶם.
יִזְכּוּ לְרֵאוֹת בְּסִכַּת בְּחִירְךָ
וּלְשִׂמְחַת בְּשִׂמְחַת גּוֹיֶיךָ.

Pour out Your love on the nations that know You
And on the kingdoms that call upon Your Name
For the loving-kindness that they perform with Jacob
And their defense of the People of Israel
In the face of those that would devour them.

May they be privileged to see
The Sukkah of peace spread for Your chosen ones
And rejoice in the joy of Your nations.

Michael Kagan writes: "This remarkable passage, which is quoted in A Different Night by Noam Zion and David Dishon, is said to have first appeared in a medieval (1521) Ashkenazi Haggadah from Worms. This inclusion may have been due to the fact that there is known to have been close contact at that time between Jewish and Christian mystics and a sharing of mystical traditions."

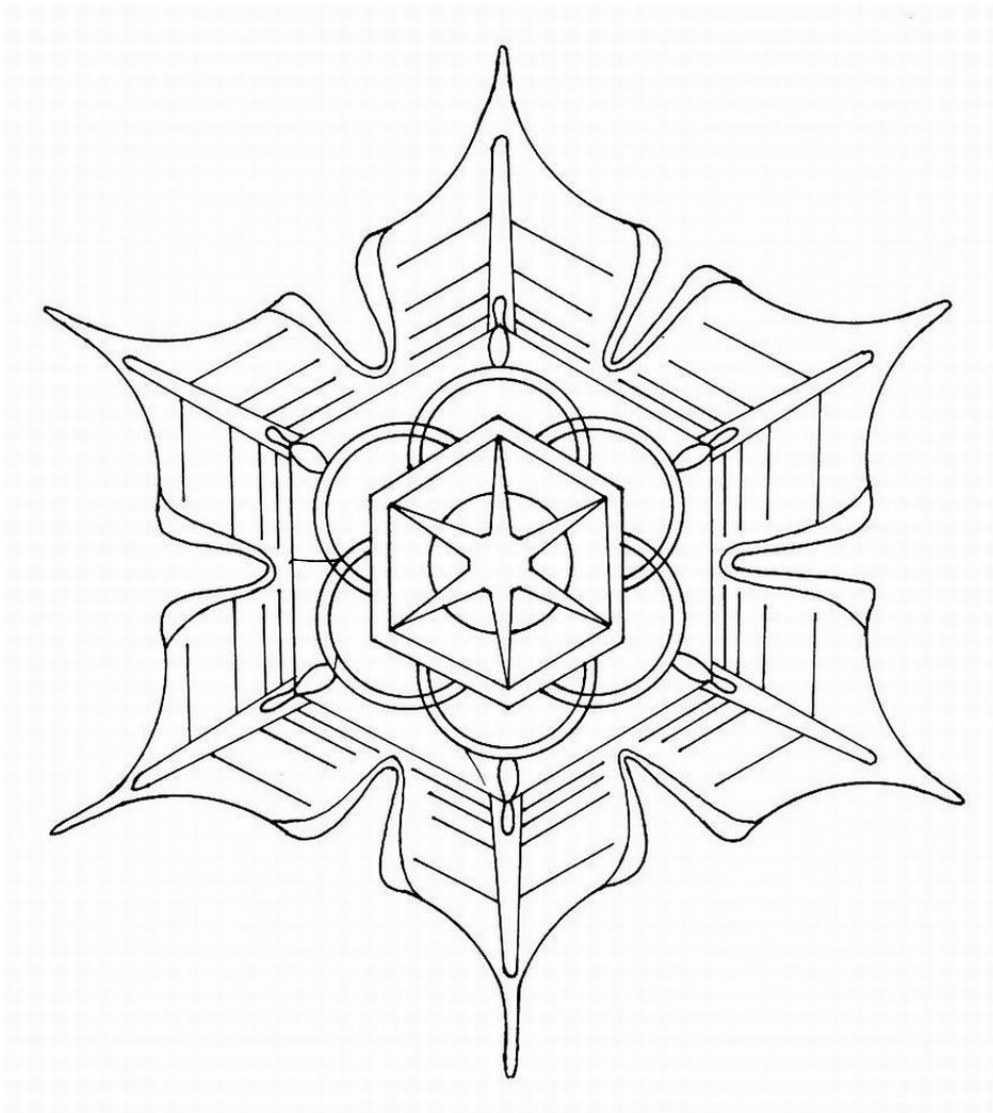
Others argue that this is clearly a 20th-century text. But even if this is a relatively contemporary creation, it may speak to us and our desires even so.

Before We Open The Door

I would like to invite us to do the following in our Seders: Before we open the door for Eliahu Hanavi, sit quietly and ask deep inside, “What questions are so important for our lives going on after Pesach that we would want to invoke the presence of Eliahu Hanavi so that we can pose them to him?”

Then, when we sing “Eliahu Hanavi, Eliahu Hatishby“, and we open the door, we should sit quietly and try to address the questions to Eliahu from within our deepest places; and not rush to resume the Seder. Please wait at this time for what you might hear as Eliahu’s response for us. In this way, we can all experience the wonderful grace of *giluy eliahu* / the revelation that comes to us through Elijah.

(Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi)³⁵



*A six-pointed mandala, intended as a focus for silent meditation.*³⁶

Miriam and Elijah

Three thousand years ago, a farmer arose in the Middle East who challenged the ruling elite. In his passionate advocacy for common people, Elijah created a legend that would inspire generations to come. Elijah declared that he would return once each generation in the guise of someone poor or oppressed, coming to people's doors to see how he would be treated. Thus would he know whether or not humanity had become ready to participate in the dawn of the Messianic age. He is said to visit every seder, and sip there from his cup of wine.

Tonight we welcome two prophets: not only Elijah, but also Miriam, sister of Moses. Elijah is a symbol of messianic redemption at the end of time; Miriam, of redemption in our present lives. Miriam's cup is filled with water, evoking her Well which followed the Israelites in the wilderness. After the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam sang to the Israelites a song. The words in the Torah are only the beginning:

Sing to God, for God has triumphed gloriously;
Horse and driver, God has hurled into the sea.

So the Rabbis asked: Why is the Song of Miriam only partially stated in the Torah? And in midrash is found the answer: the song is incomplete so that future generations will finish it. That is our task.³⁷

Open the door for Elijah and Miriam; rise.

You abound in blessings,
God, creator of the universe,
Who sustains us with
living water. May we,
like the children of Israel
leaving Egypt, be guarded
and nurtured & kept alive
in the wilderness
and may You
give
us
eyes
to
see
that
the
journey
itself holds
the promise of redemption. Amen.

(Adapted from an insert in Lilith Magazine.)

ELIYAHU HANAVI

E - li - ya - hu ha - na - vi E - li - ya - hu
 ha - tish - bi Ey - li - ya - hu Ey - li - ya - hu
 E - li - ya - hu ha - gil - a - di bim - hey - ra v' -
 ya - mey - nu ya - vo ey - ley - nu im Ma - shi - ah
 ben Da - vid im Ma - shi - ah ben Da - vid

Eliyahu ha-navi, Eliyahu ha-Tishbi,
 Eliyahu (3x) ha-Giladi.
 Bimheirah v'yameinu, yavo ei-leinu
 im Mashiach ben David (2x)

אֱלִיָּהוּ הַנָּבִיא אֱלִיָּהוּ הַתִּשְׁבִּי
 אֱלִיָּהוּ הַגִּלְעָדִי
 בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵנו יָבוֹא אֵלֵינוּ
 עִם מְשִׁיחַ בֶּן דָּוִד, עִם מְשִׁיחַ בֶּן דָּוִד!

Elijah, the prophet; Elijah, the Tishbite; Elijah, of Gilead!
 Come quickly in our days with the Messiah from the line of David.

Miriam ha-n'vi'ah oz v'zimrah b'yadah.
 Miriam tirkod itanu l'hagdil zimrat olam.
 Miriam tirkod itanu l'taken et ha-olam.
 Bimheirah v'yameinu hi t'vi'einu el mei
 ha-y'shuah.

מִרְיָם הַנְּבִיאָה עִז וְזִמְרָה בְּיָדָהּ,
 מִרְיָם תִּרְקַד אִתָּנוּ לְהַגְדִּיל זִמְרַת עוֹלָם
 מִרְיָם תִּרְקַד אִתָּנוּ לְתַקֵּן אֶת הָעוֹלָם.
 בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵנוּ הִיא תְּבִיאֵנוּ אֶל מֵי
 הַיְשׁוּעָה!

Miriam the prophet, strength and song in her hand;
 Miriam, dance with us in order to increase the song of the world.
 Miriam, dance with us in order to repair the world.
 Soon she will bring us to the waters of redemption!³⁸

We close the door and are seated.

Cup of Elijah

The cup of Elijah holds wine;
the cup of Miriam holds water.
Wine is more precious
until you have no water.

Water that flows in our veins,
water that is the stuff of life,
for we are made of breath
and water, vision

and fact. Elijah is
the extraordinary; Miriam
brings the daily wonders:
the joy of a fresh morning

like a newly prepared table,
a white linen cloth on which
nothing has yet spilled.
The descent into the heavy

waters of sleep healing us.
The scent of baking bread,
roasting chicken, fresh herbs,
the faces of friends across

the table: what sustains us
every morning, every evening,
the common daily miracles
like the taste of cool water.

(Marge Piercy)



[image by Ruth]³⁹

“I have come to look forward to the opening of the door for an Elijah who is always a no-show, and I have come to believe that precisely by not appearing, that great prophet is showing us something we need to know. What does it mean that there is never anyone at the door?”⁴⁰

(Harvey Cox)

Counting the Omer

סְפִירַת הָעֹמֶר

(skip this on the first night - the Omer count begins on the second night)

“Omer” means “measures.” When the Temple stood, it was customary to bring harvest offerings three times a year, at Sukkot, Pesach, and Shavuot. The tradition of Counting the Omer dates to those days. We measured the seven weeks between planting new barley and harvesting it; then offered a measure, in thanks, to our Source.

Now that few of us are barley farmers, and the Temple no longer stands, practices like counting the Omer must take on new meaning. Shavuot is the anniversary of the day when we accepted the teachings of Torah at Sinai a holiday to anticipate joyfully. We count the Omer the way we count days to birthdays or vacations, eager for what’s coming.

Tonight we celebrate our freedom from slavery; in fifty days we will celebrate our acceptance of the Torah’s teachings. Counting the Omer reminds us that we are freed not only *from*, but also *toward*.

Baruch atah Adonai,
eloheinu melech ha’olam,
asher kidshanu b’mitzvotav v’tzivanu
al s’firat ha’omer.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי,
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ
אֶל סְפִירַת הָעֹמֶר.

Blessed are you, Adonai, Sovereign of all worlds, who sanctifies us with the commandment to count the Omer.

Hayom yom echad la’omer!

הַיּוֹם יוֹם אֶחָד לְעֹמֶר!

Today is the first day of the Omer!



Fourth Cup of Wine

הַנְּגִי מוֹכֵן וּמְזוּמָן לְקַיֵּם מִצְוֹת כּוֹס אַרְבַּע מֵאַרְבַּע כּוֹסוֹת לְשֵׁם יְחִיד
קוֹדֶשׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא וּשְׁכִינָתָהּ.

Hin'hi muchan u-m'zuman l'kayem mitzvat kos arbah m'arbah cosot l'shem
yichud kudsha brich hu u-schinteh.

I take upon myself the mitzvah (connective-commandment) of this fourth of
four cups of wine, in the name of the unification of the Holy Blessed One with
Shekhinah!

The fourth cup of wine represents God's fourth declaration of redemption: "I will claim you for me as a people, and I will be your God." Choose one of the following variations to bless this fourth cup of wine:

בְּהִתְעַסֵּף לְהַדוּר הַיּוֹם, מְתִיקוֹת פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן מְבֻרָחֶת.

B'hit-a-seif la-hi-dur ha-yom, m'ti-kut pri hagafen m'vo-ra-kchet.

Our coming together in celebration blesses the sweetness of the fruit of the vine.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, borei pri hagafen.

Blessed are you, Adonai our God, Ruler of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

To My Haggadah

Over the years your staples have slipped
and pages loosened. Here a faded purple crescent
of ancient wine, there a smudge
from bricks of date paste.

But when you speak I swoon. Tell me again
how we were slaves to a Pharaoh in Egypt
but the Holy One brought us out from there
with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

Sing to me of unleavened bread, of parsley
dipped in bitter tears. Remind me
if I wait until I feel fully ready
I might never leap at all. Waltz me giddy
through psalms of praise. Promise me
next year a world redeemed.

(Rabbi Rachel Barenblat)

Redemption Seemed As Close As The Kitchen Sink

We have reached the end of the seder. We have traveled through sacred time, making the journey from slavery to freedom. We have pushed the limits of our imaginations, embracing the idea that we, too, were slaves in Egypt, and we, too, will celebrate next year's seder in a Jerusalem filled with peace. We have savored the taste of a dry, humble cracker—at once the bread of poverty and the symbol of our redemption. Tonight, we have shared our table with prophets and let the voices of our ancestors mingle with our own songs of praise. And now, that intensity begins to fade away. We look around through tired eyes—there is wine spilled on the table, matzah crumbs cover the floor. It is time to do the dishes.

We are poised, right now, somewhere between Jerusalem and our kitchen sinks. The demands of the ordinary pull us away from the seder's extraordinary delights, and we are faced with the task of keeping the songs of freedom ringing in our ears. There is no easy way to do this; no simple formula can guide every one of us. But each of us needs to reflect: What does it mean to

say that God brought our ancestors out of Egypt? What does it mean to say that we, too, were slaves in that place? What are the consequences of these words? What kinds of responsibilities do they place on us? How do we walk away from this table and still keep the teachings of this evening close to our hearts? Tonight, let's turn away from platitudes and easy answers. Let's acknowledge how hard it is to keep the seder with us, how difficult it is to stay in touch with wonder, gratitude, and the call to justice.

Soon we will clear away the glasses and sweep up the crumbs. But sometime in the coming year, we may notice the smallest crumb of matzah stuck between the cracks in the floor. And if that happens, perhaps we will hold that crumb in our hands and be brought back to this moment, when redemption seemed as close as the kitchen sink.⁴¹

(Deborah Glanzberg-Krainin)

(Optional) Fifth Cup of Wine

We dedicate this fifth cup to our hopes that...

[Insert here hopes for something that seems impossible: peace between Israelis and Palestinians; an end to poverty; healing for all who are sick...]

Isaac Luria taught that, when the world was made, God's infinity was too great to be contained, and creation shattered. The world that we know consists of broken vessels, with sparks of God trapped inside. We bless this cup to remind us of our obligation to find the holy sparks in our broken world, and to fix what must be mended.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא פרי הגפן:

Baruch atah, Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam, borei pri hagafen.

Blessed are you, Adonai our God, Ruler of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

Benedictio

Benedictio: May your trails be crooked, winding, lonesome, dangerous, leading to the most amazing views. May your mountains rise into and above the clouds. May your rivers flow without end, meandering through pastoral valleys tinkling with bells, past temples and castles and poets' towers into a dark primeval forest where tigers belch and monkeys howl, through miasmal and mysterious swamps and down into a desert of red rock, blue mesas, domes and pinnacles and grottoes of endless stone, and down again into a deep vast ancient unknown chasm where bars of sunlight blaze on profiled cliffs, where deer walk across the white sand beaches, where storms come and go as lightning clangs upon the high crags, where something strange and more beautiful and more full of wonder than your deepest dreams waits for you—beyond that next turning of the canyon walls.

So long.⁴²

(Edward Abbey)

Day After

The day after the seder,
reality shoves back in

like a football player
with lowered shoulder.

Dishes to wash:
the browned kugel pan,

chopping knives, the eggbeater
that whipped the whites

for Eppie's matzah balls,
the gravy boats that held

haroset, the glass bowls
encrusted with salt.

All day humming
another list: the Holy One,

Praised be He,
the angel, the butcher,

all the way down
to the fire, the water,

the stick, the dog,
the cat, the one lone kid.

(Rabbi Rachel Barenblat)

Standing on the shores

Standing on the parted shores of history
we still believe what we were taught
before ever we stood at Sinai's foot;

that wherever we go, it is eternally Egypt
that there is a better place, a promised land;
that the winding way to that promise passes through the wilderness

that there is no way to get from here to there
except by joining hands, marching
together.

(adapted from Michael Walzer⁴³)

Next Year In...

It is traditional to end a seder with *L'shanah ha-ba'ah b'Yerushalayim*—Next Year in Jerusalem! The call speaks to a feeling of exile which characterized the Jewish Diaspora for centuries. How might we understand this today? A close look at the word *Yerushalayim* suggests an answer. The name can be read as deriving from *Ir Shalem* (“City of Wholeness”) or *Ir Shalom* (“City of Peace”). No matter where we are or what our politics, we all slip into exile from the state of wholeness and unity that only connection with our Source can provide. Next year, wherever we are, may we be whole and at peace.

We read, or sing:

And then all that has divided us will merge
And then compassion will be wedded to power
And then softness will come to a world that is harsh and unkind
And then all human beings will be gentle
And then all human beings will be strong
And then all will live in harmony with each other and the earth
And then everywhere will be called Eden once again.⁴⁴

(—adapted from Judy Chicago)

And then, and then, all human beings will be gentle!
And then, and then, all human beings will be strong!
And then all will be so varied, rich and free
And everywhere will be called Eden once again!

(— Rabbi Margot Stein's adaptation)

לְשָׁנָה הַבְּאֵה בִּירוּשָׁלַיִם!
L'shanah ha-ba'ah b'Yerushalayim!

Songs

Who Knows One?

אֶחָד מִי יוֹדֵעַ

E-chad mi yo-day-ah? E-chad ani yo-day-ah!
E-chad Eloheinu she-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

אֶחָד מִי יוֹדֵעַ? אֶחָד אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows one? I know one! One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Sh'nay-im mi yo-day-ah? Sh'nay-im ani yo-day-ah!
Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit,
E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

שְׁנַיִם מִי יוֹדֵעַ? שְׁנַיִם אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows two? I know two! Two are Sinai's tablets, One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Sh'lo-sha mi yo-day-ah? Sh'lo-sha ani yo-day-ah!
Sh'lo-sha a-vot, Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit,
E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz

שְׁלֹשָׁה מִי יוֹדֵעַ? שְׁלֹשָׁה אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows three? I know three! Three are our fathers,
Two are Sinai's tablets,
One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Ar-ba mi yo-day-ah? Ar-ba ani yo-day-ah!
Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-sha a-vot,
Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit, E-chad Elo-hey-nu
She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

אַרְבַּע מִי יוֹדֵעַ? אַרְבַּע אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
אַרְבַּע אִמָּהוֹת, שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת,
שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית, אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ
שֶׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows four? I know four! Four are our mothers,
Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets, One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Cha-mi-sha mi yo-day-ah? Cha-mi-sha ani yo-day-ah!
Cha-mi-sha chum-shei To-rah, Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-
sha a-vot, Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit,
E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

חַמֶּשֶׁה מִי יוֹדֵעַ? חַמֶּשֶׁה אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
חַמֶּשֶׁה חוּמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה, אַרְבַּע אִמָּהוֹת,
שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שֶׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows five? I know five! Five are books of Torah,
Four are our mothers, Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets,
One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Shi-sha mi yo-day-ah? Shi-sha ani yo-day-ah!
Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah, Cha-mi-sha chum-shei
To-rah, Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-sha a-vot, Sh'nay
lu-chot ha-brit, E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-
may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

שְׁשָׁה מִי יוֹדֵעַ? שְׁשָׁה אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
שְׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה, חֲמִשָּׁה חוּמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה,
אַרְבַּע אֲמָהוֹת, שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת
הַבְּרִית, אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמִים וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows six? I know six! Six are books of Mishnah,
Five are books of Torah, Four are our mothers,
Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets,
One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Shiv-ah mi yo-day-ah? Shiv-ah ani yo-day-ah! Shiv-
ah ye-may Sha-bat-ta, Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah,
Cha-mi-sha chum-shei To-rah, Ar-ba ee-ma-hot,
Sh'lo-sha a-vot, Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit,
E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz

שִׁבְעָה מִי יוֹדֵעַ? שִׁבְעָה אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
שִׁבְעָה יְמֵי שַׁבָּתָא, שְׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה,
חֲמִשָּׁה חוּמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה, אַרְבַּע אֲמָהוֹת,
שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמִים וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows seven? I know seven! Seven are days of the week,
Six are books of Mishnah, Five are books of Torah, Four are our mothers,
Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets,
One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Sh'mo-na mi yo-day-ah? Sh'mo-na ani yo-day-ah!
Sh'mo-na ye-may mi-lah, Shiv-ah ye-may Sha-bat-
ta, Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah, Cha-mi-sha chum-
shei To-rah, Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-sha a-vot,
Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit, E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-
sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

שְׁמוֹנָה מִי יוֹדֵעַ? שְׁמוֹנָה אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
שְׁמוֹנָה יְמֵי מִלָּה, שִׁבְעָה יְמֵי שַׁבָּתָא,
שְׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה, חֲמִשָּׁה חוּמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה,
אַרְבַּע אֲמָהוֹת, שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת
הַבְּרִית, אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמִים וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows eight? I know eight! Eight are days 'til bris,
Seven are days of the week, Six are books of Mishnah,
Five are books of Torah, Four are our mothers,
Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets,
One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Ti-sha mi yo-day-ah? Ti-sha ani yo-day-ah!
 Ti-sha yar-chei lay-da, Sh'mo-na ye-may mi-lah,
 Shiv-ah ye-may Sha-bat-ta, Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah,
 Cha-mi-sha chum-shei To-rah, Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-
 sha a-vot, Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit,
 E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

תְּשׁוּעָה מִי יוֹדֵעַ? תְּשׁוּעָה אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
 תְּשׁוּעָה יְרַחֵי לְדָה, שְׁמוֹנָה יָמֵי מִלָּה,
 שִׁבְעָה יָמֵי שַׁבָּתָא, שֵׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה,
 חֲמִשָּׁה חֻמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה, אַרְבַּע אִמָּהוֹת,
 שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
 אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows nine? I know nine! Nine are months to birth,
 Eight are days 'til bris, Seven are days of the week, Six are books of Mishnah,
 Five are books of Torah, Four are our mothers, Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets,
 One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

A-sar-ah mi yo-day-ah? A-sar-ah ani yo-day-ah!
 A-sar-ah dib-ra-yah, Ti-sha yar-chei lay-da,
 Sh'mo-na ye-may mi-lah, Shiv-ah ye-may Sha-
 bat-ta, Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah, Cha-mi-sha
 chum-shei To-rah, Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-sha a-
 vot, Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit, E-chad Elo-hey-nu
 She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-etz.

עֲשָׂרָה מִי יוֹדֵעַ? עֲשָׂרָה אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
 עֲשָׂרָה דְּבָרִיא, תְּשׁוּעָה יְרַחֵי לְדָה,
 שְׁמוֹנָה יָמֵי מִלָּה, שִׁבְעָה יָמֵי שַׁבָּתָא,
 שֵׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה, חֲמִשָּׁה חֻמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה,
 אַרְבַּע אִמָּהוֹת, שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת
 הַבְּרִית, אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows ten? I know ten! Ten are commandments,
 Nine are months to birth, Eight are days 'til bris, Seven are days of the week,
 Six are books of Mishnah, Five are books of Torah, Four are our mothers,
 Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets,
 One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

A-chad a-sar mi yo-day-ah? A-chad a-sar ani
 yo-day-ah! A-chad a-sar koch-va-yah,
 A-sar-ah dib-ra-yah, Ti-sha yar-chei lay-da, Sh'mo-
 na ye-may mi-lah, Shiv-ah ye-may
 Sha-bat-ta, Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah,
 Cha-mi-sha chum-shei To-rah,
 Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-sha a-vot,
 Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit,
 E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-may-yim u-va-ar-
 etz.

אֶחָד עֲשָׂר מִי יוֹדֵעַ? אֶחָד עֲשָׂר אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
 אֶחָד עֲשָׂר כּוֹכְבֵי־א, עֲשָׂרָה דְּבָרִיא,
 תְּשׁוּעָה יְרַחֵי לְדָה, שְׁמוֹנָה יָמֵי מִלָּה,
 שִׁבְעָה יָמֵי שַׁבָּתָא, שֵׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה,
 חֲמִשָּׁה חֻמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה, אַרְבַּע אִמָּהוֹת,
 שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
 אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows eleven? I know eleven! Eleven are the stars [in Jacob's dream]
 Ten are commandments, Nine are months to birth, Eight are days 'til bris,
 Seven are days of the week, Six are books of Mishnah, Five are books of Torah,
 Four are our mothers, Three are our fathers,
 Two are Sinai's tablets,
 One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Sh'naym a-sar mi yo-day-ah?
 Sh'naym a-sar ani yo-day-ah! Sh'naym a-sar
 shiv-ta-yah, A-chad a-sar koch-va-yah,
 A-sar-ah dib-ra-yah, Ti-sha yar-chei lay-da,
 Sh'mo-na ye-may mi-lah,
 Shiv-ah ye-may Sha-bat-ta,
 Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah,
 Cha-mi-sha chum-shei To-rah,
 Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-sha a-vot,
 Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit, E-chad Elo-hey-nu
 Shebashamayim uva-aretz.

שָׁנַיִם עֶשְׂרִי מִי יוֹדֵעַ? שָׁנַיִם עֶשְׂרִי אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
 שָׁנַיִם עֶשְׂרִי שְׁבַטֵיָא, אֶחָד עֶשְׂרִי כּוֹכְבֵיָא, עֶשְׂרֵה
 דְּבְרֵיָא, תְּשַׁעַה יְרַחֵי לְדָה,
 שְׁמוֹנָה יְמֵי מִלָּה, שְׁבַעַה יְמֵי שַׁבָּתָא,
 שֵׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה, חֲמִשָּׁה חוּמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה,
 אַרְבַּע אֲמָהוֹת, שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת,
 שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
 אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows twelve? I know twelve! Twelve are the tribes,
 Eleven are the stars, Ten are commandments, Nine are months to birth,
 Eight are days 'til bris, Seven are days of the week, Six are books of Mishnah,
 Five are books of Torah, Four are our mothers, Three are our fathers,
 Two are Sinai's tablets, One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

Sh'lo-sha a-sar mi yo-day-ah?
 Sh'lo-sha a-sar ani yo-day-ah! Sh'lo-sha a-sar
 mi-da-ya, A-chad a-sar koch-va-yah,
 A-sar-ah dib-ra-yah, Ti-sha yar-chei lay-da,
 Sh'mo-na ye-may mi-lah, Shiv-ah ye-may
 Sha-bat-ta, Shi-sha sid-rei Mish-nah,
 Cha-mi-sha chum-shei To-rah,
 Ar-ba ee-ma-hot, Sh'lo-sha a-vot,
 Sh'nay lu-chot ha-brit,
 E-chad Elo-hey-nu She-ba-sha-may-yim
 uva-ar-etz.

שְׁלֹשָׁה עֶשְׂרִי מִי יוֹדֵעַ ? שְׁלֹשָׁה עֶשְׂרִי אֲנִי יוֹדֵעַ:
 שְׁלֹשָׁה עֶשְׂרִי מַדְיָא, שָׁנַיִם עֶשְׂרִי שְׁבַטֵיָא,
 אֶחָד עֶשְׂרִי כּוֹכְבֵיָא, עֶשְׂרֵה דְּבְרֵיָא,
 תְּשַׁעַה יְרַחֵי לְדָה, שְׁמוֹנָה יְמֵי מִלָּה,
 שְׁבַעַה יְמֵי שַׁבָּתָא, שֵׁשָׁה סְדְרֵי מִשְׁנָה,
 חֲמִשָּׁה חוּמְשֵׁי תוֹרָה, אַרְבַּע אֲמָהוֹת,
 שְׁלֹשָׁה אָבוֹת, שְׁנֵי לְחוֹת הַבְּרִית,
 אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבַשְׁמַיִם וּבְאָרֶץ.

Who knows thirteen? I know thirteen! Thirteen are attributes of God,*
 Twelve are the tribes, Eleven are the stars, Ten are commandments,
 Nine are months to birth, Eight are days 'til bris, Seven are days of the week,
 Six are books of Mishnah, Five are books of Torah, Four are our mothers,
 Three are our fathers, Two are Sinai's tablets,
 One is our God, In heaven and on earth.

* The attributes of God according to Maimonides. Interestingly the word *echad* (one) also has a numerical value of 13.

Ken supiese y entidiense (Who Knows One)⁴⁵

Ken supiese y entidiense alavar al Dio kreyense. Kualo es el uno?	Who knows one?
Uno es el Kriador, Baruch Hu Baruch shemo	One is the Creator, praise Him and praise His name.
Kualo es loz dos?	Who knows two?
Dos Moshe y Aron (Uno es el Kriador etc...)	Two are Moshe and Aaron
Kualo es loz tres?	Who knows three?
Trez pardes mustras son, Avram, Itzhak y Yaakov...	Three are the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac & Jacob.
Kualo es loz kuarto?	Who knows four?
Kuarto madrez muestraz son, Sara, Rivka, Leah, Rahel...	Four are the matriarchs: Sarah, Rebecca, Leah, Rachel
Kualo es sinko?	Who knows five?
Sinko livros de la Ley...	Five are the books of the Torah.
Kualo es seish?	Who knows six?
Seish diaz de la semana...	Days of the week without Shabbat.
Kualo es syete?	Who knows seven?
Syete diaz con Shabbat...	Seven are the days with Shabbat.
Kualo es ocho?	Who knows eight?
Ocho diaz de la mila...	Eight are the days until brit milah.
Kualo es mueve?	Who knows nine?
Mueve mezes de la prenyada...	Nine are the months of pregnancy.
Kualo es diez?	Who knows ten?
Diez mandamientoz de la Ley...	Ten are the commandments.
Kualo es onsay?	Who knows eleven?
Onsay trivozin Yosef...	Eleven, our tribes, without Joseph.
Kualo es dosay?	Who knows twelve?
Dosay trivos kon Yosef...	Twelve are the tribes of Israel.

Adir Hu (Traditional)

This acrostic praise song speaks of the wish for redemption; the earliest known music dates to 1644.

Mighty is God (2x)

Adir hu, adir hu

אָדִיר הוּא

Chorus:

May God soon redeem us!
Speedily, speedily and in
our days, soon.
God, rebuild! (2x)
Redeem us soon!

Chorus:

Yigalenu b'karov
Bim'heirah, bim'heirah,
b'yameinu b'karov
Eil b'neih! Eil b'neih!
Yigalenu b'karov!

Chorus:

יִגְאֲלֵנוּ בְּקָרוֹב.
בְּמַהֲרָה, בְּמַהֲרָה,
בְּיָמֵינוּ בְּקָרוֹב.
אֵל בְּנֵה, אֵל בְּנֵה,
יִגְאֲלֵנוּ בְּקָרוֹב.

Distinguished is He, great
is He, exalted is He...

Bachur hu, gadol hu,
dagul hu...

בָּחוּר הוּא, גָּדוֹל הוּא, דָּגוּל
הוּא...

Glorious is He, Faithful is
He, Faultless is He...

Hadur hu, vatic hu,
zakai hu...

הַדוֹר הוּא, וְתִיק הוּא, זָכַאי
הוּא...

Righteous is He, Pure is
He, Unique is He...

Chasid hu, tahor hu,
yachid hu...

חָסִיד הוּא, טָהוֹר הוּא,
יַחִיד הוּא...

Powerful is He, Wise is
He, King is He...

Kabir hu, lamud hu,
melekh hu...

כְּבִיר הוּא, לָמוּד הוּא, מֶלֶךְ
הוּא...

Sublime is He, All-power-
ful is He, Awesome is
He...

Nora hu, sagiv hu,
izuz hu...

נוֹרָא הוּא, סָגִיב הוּא, עִזוּז
הוּא...

Redeemer is He,
All-righteous is He, Holy
is He...

Podeh hu, tzadik hu,
kadosh hu...

פּוֹדֵה הוּא, צַדִּיק הוּא,
קָדוֹשׁ הוּא...

Compassionate is He,
Almighty is He, Omnipot-
tent is He...

Rachum hu, shaddai hu,
takif hu...

רַחוּם הוּא, שַׁדַּי הוּא, תַּקִּיף
הוּא...

Alternative Version of Adir Hu by Rabbi Jill Hammer

This song, "Orah Hi," patterns itself after the traditional Passover closing song "Adir Hu," which is an acrostic poem listing God's many qualities of power, righteousness, oneness, sovereignty, and kindness. "Adir Hu" means "He is mighty." The traditional song speaks of God in majestic terms, celebrating God's power as part of the telling of the story of Passover, and praying for the rebuilding of the Temple.

This alternative version is written in the feminine. Like "Adir Hu," it is a Hebrew acrostic, and it can be sung to the traditional melody. Almost all of its images come from the Bible, from rabbinic literature, and from Jewish mysticism. Yet this song does not dwell on God's power and distance. Rather, it emphasizes God's sharing in human joys and griefs, and God's ability to renew life through the strength of the earth. These are traits that many modern Jews have chosen to ascribe to the Divine as they seek their own ways of understanding God as immanent and embodied. In this version, we can imagine God's house as the Temple, or as our entire world infused with the Shekhinah, the indwelling Presence.⁴⁶

אֶ Orah אֶ Orah hi, orah hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is light, she is light. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

בִּין Binah hi, גִּיל גilah hi, דִּמָּה dimah hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is wisdom, She is joy, She is tears. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

הִדָּר Hadar hi, וֶרֶד vered hi, זֶרֶם zerem hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is splendor, She is a rose, She is a flowing stream. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

חִדּוּשׁ Chiddush hi, תִּבּוּר tibur hi, יְחִיד yichud hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is renewal, She is the center, She is oneness. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

כֶּסֶּה Keseh hi, לֵידָה leidah hi, מַא'יָן ma'yan hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is the full moon, She is birth, She is the fountain-source. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

י Nechamah hi, ד selichah hi, ז otzmah hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is comfort, She is forgiveness, She is strength. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

פ Pidyon hi, צ tzedek hi, ק kodesh hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is redemption, She is righteousness, She is holiness. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

ר Ra'ya hi, ש shonah hi, ת tamah hi, tivnei veitah bekarov,
bimheira, bimheira, beyameinu bekarov,
elah b'ni, elah b'ni, b'ni veiteich bekarov.

She is a beloved companion, She is always changing, She is complete and perfect. May She build her house speedily and in our days. God, build Your house soon- close to us in time and space.

before Had Gadya:

Poem for the Kansas Shootings

Then came the ox
who drank the tears
that fell from the eyes
that saw the slain
who fell from the bullets
shot from the gun
held by the hands
raised by the man
who stoked the hate
that fed the fire
that burned his soul
and theirs
and yours
and mine
and dayenu.
This Passover, may God
finally
give us the strength
to pray, to organize, to act, until
Chad Gadya
is just some
dumb old
song.

(Rabbi Michael Rothbaum, first published in Zeek in response to breaking news of the April 13 2014 shootings in Kansas City.)

Had Gadya: An Only Kid

Had gadya, had gadya!
D'za-vin ab-ba bit-rei zu-zei, Had gadya!

חַד גְּדִיָּא

חַד גְּדִיָּא, חַד גְּדִיָּא!
דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרֵּי זַוּי, חַד גְּדִיָּא, חַד גְּדִיָּא.

An only kid, an only kid! / My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta shun-ra / V'a-hal l'gad-ya
D'zavin ab-ba bit-rei zu-zei, / Had gadya!

וְאַתָּא שׁוֹנְרָא, וְאַכְלָה לְגְדִיָּא,
דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרֵּי זַוּי, חַד גְּדִיָּא, חַד גְּדִיָּא.

Then came a cat / Who ate the kid / My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta hal-ba V'na-shah l'shun-ra,
D'a-hal l'gadya, Diz-van ab-ba bit-ray zu-zei
Had gadya!

וְאַתָּא כְּלָבָא, וְנִשְׁדָּ לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאַכְלָה לְגְדִיָּא,
דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרֵּי זַוּי, חַד גְּדִיָּא, חַד גְּדִיָּא.

Then came a dog / And bit the cat That ate the kid
My father bought for 2 zuzim; An only kid!

V'a-ta hut-ra / V'hi-ka l'hal-ba
D'na-shah l'shun-ra, / D'a-hal l'gadya,
Diz-van ab-ba bit-ray zu-zei; Had gadya!

וְאַתָּא חוּטְרָא, וְהִכָּה לְכְלָבָא, דְּנִשְׁדָּ לְשׁוֹנְרָא,
דְּאַכְלָה לְגְדִיָּא, דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרֵּי זַוּי,
חַד גְּדִיָּא, חַד גְּדִיָּא.

Then came a stick / And beat the dog / That bit the cat /
That ate the kid / My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta nu-ra / V'sa-raf l'hut-ra / D'hi-ka l'hal-ba
/ D'na-shah l'shun-ra, / D'a-hal l'gadya, / Diz-
van ab-ba bit-ray zu-zei; / Had gadya!

וְאַתָּא נוֹרָא, וְשַׂרְף לְחוּטְרָא, דְּהִכָּה לְכְלָבָא,
דְּנִשְׁדָּ לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאַכְלָה לְגְדִיָּא, דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא
בְּתַרֵּי זַוּי, חַד גְּדִיָּא, חַד גְּדִיָּא.

Then came a fire / And burned the stick / That beat the dog
That bit the cat / That ate the kid / My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta ma-ya / V'ha-va l'nu-ra / D'sa-raf l'hut-
ra / D'hi-ka l'hal-ba / D'na-shah l'shun-ra, /
D'a-hal l'gadya, / Diz-van ab-ba bit-ray zu-zei;
/ Had gadya!

וְאַתָּא מַיָּא, וְכַבָּה לְנוֹרָא, דְּשַׂרְף לְחוּטְרָא,
דְּהִכָּה לְכְלָבָא, דְּנִשְׁדָּ לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאַכְלָה לְגְדִיָּא,
דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרֵּי זַוּי, חַד גְּדִיָּא, חַד גְּדִיָּא.

Then came water / And quenched the fire / That burned the stick
That beat the dog / That bit the cat / That ate the kid
My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta tora / V'sha-ta l'ma-ya, / D'ha-va l'nu-ra,
/ D'sa-raf l'hut-ra / D'hi-ka l'hal-ba / D'na-shah
l'shun-ra, / D'a-hal l'gadya, / Diz-van ab-ba bit-
ray zu-zei; / Had gadya!

וְאֵתָא תּוֹרָא, וְשָׂתָא לְמֵיָא, דְּכַבָּה לְנוֹרָא,
דְּשָׂרְף לְחוּטְרָא, דְּהֵכָה לְכַלְבָּא, דְּנִשְׂדָּךְ
לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאָכְלָה לְגַדְיָא, דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרִּי
זוּזִי, חַד גְּדִיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא.

Then came an ox / And drank the water / That quenched the fire
That burned the stick / That beat the dog / That bit the cat / That ate the kid
My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta ha-sho-hayt / V'sha-hat l'to-ra, / D'sha-
ta l'ma-ya, / D'ha-va l'nu-ra, / D'sa-raf l'hut-ra,
/ D'hi-ka l'hal-ba, / D'na-shah l'shun-ra, / D'a-
hal l'gadya, / Diz-van ab-ba bit-ray zu-zei; /
Had gadya!

וְאֵתָא הַשׁוֹחֵט, וְשָׁחַט לְתוֹרָא, דְּשָׂתָא לְמֵיָא,
דְּכַבָּה לְנוֹרָא, דְּשָׂרְף לְחוּטְרָא, דְּהֵכָה לְכַלְבָּא,
דְּנִשְׂדָּךְ לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאָכְלָה לְגַדְיָא, דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא
בְּתַרִּי זוּזִי, חַד גְּדִיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא.

Then came a slaughterer / And killed the ox / That drank the water
That quenched the fire / That burned the stick / That beat the dog
That bit the cat / That ate the kid
My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta malah ha-ma-vet / V'sha-hat la-sho-
hayt, / D'sha-hat l'to-ra, / D'sha-ta l'ma-ya, /
D'ha-va l'nu-ra, / D'sa-raf l'hut-ra, / D'hi-ka
l'hal-ba / D'na-shah l'shun-ra, / D'a-hal
l'gadya, / Diz-van ab-ba bit-ray zu-zei / Had
gadya!

וְאֵתָא מְלַאֲדַי הַמּוֹת, וְשָׁחַט לְשׁוֹחֵט, דְּשָׁחַט
לְתוֹרָא, דְּשָׂתָא לְמֵיָא, דְּכַבָּה לְנוֹרָא, דְּשָׂרְף
לְחוּטְרָא, דְּהֵכָה לְכַלְבָּא, דְּנִשְׂדָּךְ לְשׁוֹנְרָא,
דְּאָכְלָה לְגַדְיָא, דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרִּי זוּזִי, חַד
גְּדִיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא.

Then came the Angel of Death / And slew the slaughterer
That killed the ox / That drank the water / That quenched the fire
That burned the stick / That beat the dog / That bit the cat
That ate the kid / My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

V'a-ta ha-Kadosh Baruch Hu / V'sha-hat
l'malah ha-ma-vet, / D'sha-hat la-sho-hayt, /
D'sha-hat l'to-ra, / D'sha-ta l'ma-ya, / D'ha-va
l'nu-ra, / D'sa-raf l'hut-ra / D'hi-ka l'hal-ba, /
D'na-shah l'shun-ra, / D'a-hal l'gadya, / Diz-
van ab-ba bit-ray zu-zei; / Had gadya!

וְאֵתָא הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא, וְשָׁחַט לְמְלַאֲדַי
הַמּוֹת, דְּשָׁחַט לְתוֹרָא, דְּשָׂתָא לְמֵיָא, דְּכַבָּה
לְנוֹרָא, דְּשָׂרְף לְחוּטְרָא, דְּהֵכָה לְכַלְבָּא, דְּנִשְׂדָּךְ
לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאָכְלָה לְגַדְיָא, דְּזַבִּין אַבָּא בְּתַרִּי
זוּזִי, חַד גְּדִיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא.

Then came the Holy One, Praised Be God, / And smote the Angel of Death,
That slew the slaughterer / That killed the ox / That drank the water
That quenched the fire / That burned the stick / That beat the dog
That bit the cat / That ate the kid / My father bought for 2 zuzim; / An only kid!

Baby Goat

Baby goat (doo doo doo doo doo doo)

Two zuzim

Cat eats goat

Dog bites cat

Stick hits dog

Fire burns stick

Water quenches fire

Ox drinks water

Butcher kills ox

Death kills butcher

God smites death

That's the end!

Sources:

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The artists whose work appears in this haggadah can be found at the following sites:

Natalie d'Arbeloff: www.nataliedarbeloff.com

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Allan Hollander and Alison Kent: www.magpienest.org

Yaron Livay: yaronlivay.com

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1. Adapted from *Gates of Freedom*, (New Jersey: Behrman House, 1982), p. 3.
 2. Adapted from Reb David Wolfe-Blank, z"l; found in Reb Marcia Prager's haggadah for Pesach.
 3. Adapted from *Gates of Freedom*, p. viii.
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 5. By Rabbi Lynn Gottlieb. Found in *On Being a Jewish Feminist*, ed. Susannah Heschel, (New York: Schocken Books, 1983) p. 278-80.
 6. Adelman, Penina V., *Miriam's Well: Rituals for Jewish Women Around the Year*, (New York: Biblio Press, 1986) p. 63-4.
 7. From Haggadah Shir Geulah, by Rabbah Emily Aviva Kapor.
 8. Adapted from The Rheingold Family Haggadah, www.sirius.com/~ovid/haggadah.html.
 9. "Maggid" by Lisa Greene was found in *The Women's Seder Sourcebook*.
 10. Schachter-Shalomi, Rabbi Zalman, from his blog: <http://www.rzlp.org/wordpress/?p=159>

11. The Four Daughters was found in *The Women's Seder Sourcebook*.
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15. *The Shalom Seders*, compiled by New Jewish Agenda, (New York, Adamah Books, 1984) p. 25.
16. This English translation, and the transcription of the melody that follows, come from The Parnes Haggadah, at www-personal.umich.edu/~bparnes/HAGGADAH/. The sheet music for "Eliyahu HaNavi" came from there, too.
17. Adapted from *The Women's Haggadah*, E.M. Broner, (San Francisco: Harper, 1993).
18. Heschel, Susannah, from *The Women's Seder Sourcebook* (Jewish Lights, 2002), p. 209.
19. Heschel, Susannah, from "Orange on the Seder Plate," in *The Women's Passover Companion: Women's Reflections on the Festival of Freedom*, (Jewish Lights, 2002), p. 73.
20. The letter "bet" contains the word "bad" and images of ancient Egypt at top and Nazi concentration camps at bottom. Drawing by Yosef Dov Sheinson from *A Survivors' Haggadah*.
21. Piercy, Marge, from *What Are Big Girls Made Of?*, (Knopf, 1997).
22. Martín Espada, from *Imagine the Angels of Bread*, 1997.
23. Adapted from a text by Rabbi Arthur Waskow, at www.shalomctr.org.
24. W. S. Merwin, from *Earth Prayers* (San Francisco: Harper, 1991), p. 244.
25. Wendell Berry, from *The Country of Marriage*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich 1991, p. 12.
26. Alla Renee Bozarth, from *This Is My Body: Praying for Earth, Prayers from the Heart* (iUniverse, 2004).
27. Lorel Zar-Kessler, excerpted from "We Will Sing A New Song Before You," in *The Women's Seder Sourcebook*, Jewish Lights 2002, p. 249.
28. Denise Levertov, from *Earth Prayers*, p. 222.
29. "Pied Beauty," by Gerard Manley Hopkins.
30. "Alluvial" by Rachel Zucker can be found in *The Bloomsbury Anthology of Contemporary Jewish American Poetry*, 2013.
31. Psalm 117 "translation" (version) from zen abbot Norman Fischer's *Opening to You*, p. 148.
32. Psalm, by Alicia Ostriker, from *The Volcano Sequence*.

33. Ernesto Cardinal, from *Earth Prayers*, p. 224.
34. This alternative reading for "Pour Out Your Wrath," from *The Journey Continues: The Ma'yan Passover Haggadah*, was found at Ritualwell.
35. Schachter-Shalomi, Rabbi Zalman, in his blog, www.rzlp.org/wordpress/?p=162
36. The black and white mandala was found at [/www.freeprintablemandalacoloringpages.com/](http://www.freeprintablemandalacoloringpages.com/)
37. *Miriam's Well*, p. 28.
38. Miriam ha-Neviah by Rabbi Leila Gal Berner.
39. Goblet image from RuthsJewishStamps.com.
40. Harvey Cox, from *Common Prayer*.
41. "Redemption Seemed as Close as the Kitchen Sink," Deborah Glanzberg-Krainin, from *The Women's Seder Sourcebook*, Jewish Lights 2002, pp. 259-260.
42. Edward Abbey, from *Earth Apples* (New York: St. Martin's 1994), p. 110.
43. Michael Welzer, found in *Mishkan T'filah, URJ Biennial Preview Edition*, p. 73.
44. Judy Chicago, from "Merger Poem." Reprinted in a great many places, including *The Women's Seder Sourcebook*, Jewish Lights, 2002, p. 233.
45. Ladino lyrics found at www.jhom.com/calendar/nisan/ken_supiese.htm
46. Alternative "Adir Hu" written by R' Jill Hammer, found in the Tel Shemesh newsletter.