

Yom Kippur Supplement

Lo Ira

(Psalms 3:7-8)

לֹא אֵירָא מִרְבָּבוֹת עִם אֲשֶׁר סָבִיב שְׁתוּ עָלַי
קוּמָה יְהוָה וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנִי.

*Lo ira mayriveevot am asher saviv, saviv shatu ahlie.
Kumah haShem v'hoshee-eyni*

I am not afraid of the multitude set against me. Arise, God, and save me.

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Blessing for Donning a Tallit

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ לְהִתְעַטֵּף בְּצִיצִית.

*Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu meh'lech ha'o lam, asher kee'd' sha nu b'meetz vo tav
v' tzee va nu l' heet a teif ba 'tzee tzeet.*

Blessed are You, Holy One that connects us to the universe, who sanctifies us with divine precepts and bids that we wrap ourselves in this special garment knotted with symbols of Your ways.

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Candle Lighting

This is an hour of change.
Within it we stand uncertain on the border of light. Shall we draw back or cross over?
Where shall our hearts turn?
Shall we draw back, my brother, my sister,
Or cross over?
This is the hour of change, and within it,
We stand quietly
On the border of light.
What lies before us?
Shall we draw back, my brother, my sister, or cross over?

Leah Goldberg, adapted, Mishkan T'filah

Candle Lighting

(light the candles)

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו להדליק נר של
יום הכפורים

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu melech ha'olam, asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu
l'hadlik ner shel (Shabbat v'shel) Yom HaKippurim.

Blessed are You our God, Ruler of the Universe, who makes our lives sacred with
commandments and bids us to kindle the light of the (Sabbath and the) Day of
Atonement.

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Shehecheyanu

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו, מלך העולם, שהחיינו וקיימנו והגיענו לזמן הזה.

*Baruch atah, Adonai Eloheinu, Melech haolam, shehecheyanu, v'kiy'manu, v'higiyanu laz'man
hazeh.*

Blessed are You, Adonai our God, Sovereign of all, who has kept us alive, sustained us, and
brought us to this season.

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Ma'ariv Aravim

Roll Into Dark

(Noam Katz)

Roll into dark, Roll into light
Light becomes day, day turns to night.

*Borei yom va lailah, goleyl or mip'nei choshech
Goleyl or mip'nei choshech, v'chosech mip'nei or.*

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Alternative Ahavat Olam

**Holy One, You have gifted the Jewish people with the mitzvot, statutes,
judgments, and laws of the Torah.**

It is an amazing and powerful love note that ties us to our heritage.

Holy One, we are humbled by this revelation of love.

As the physical and spiritual descendants of the ancient house of Israel, we affirm the power of our relationship with You as we learn from Torah how to structure our daily lives in Your loving embrace.

Holy One, You are praised in our words, as we are loved in Yours.

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Shema

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְהוָה אֶחָד.

Shema Yisrael, Adonai Eloheinu, Adonai echad.

Listen, Israel - the Eternal is God, the Eternal is one.

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Baruch sheim k'vod malchuto le'olam va'ed.

Blessed is the name and glory of God's realm, forever.

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V'ahavta

וְאָהַבְתָּ אֶת יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ, בְּכָל לִבְבְּךָ, וּבְכָל נַפְשְׁךָ, וּבְכָל מְאֹדְךָ.

V'ahavta eit Adonai Elohecha b'chol l'vavcha uv'chol nafshecha uv'chol me'odecha.

Love your God with every heartbeat, with every breath, with every conscious act.

וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה, אֲשֶׁר אֶנְכִּי מְצַוְךָ הַיּוֹם, עַל לִבְבְּךָ.

Vhayu had'varim ha'eileh asher anochi m'tzavcha hayom al l'vavecha.

Keep in mind the words I command you today.

וְשִׁנַּנְתָּם לְבָנֶיךָ,

V'shinantam l'vanecha,

Teach them to your children,

וּדְבַרְתָּ בָם, בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ, וּבְלֶכְתְּךָ בַּדֶּרֶךְ, וּבְשֹׁכְבְּךָ, וּבְקוּמְךָ.

V'dibarta bam b'shivtecha b'veitecha, uv'lechtecha vaderech, uv'shochbecha uvekumecha.

Talk about them in private and in public, whether you are tired or you are rested.

וְקִשְׁרָתָם לְאוֹת עַל יָדְךָ, וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ.

Uk'shartam le'ot al yadecha v'hayu l'totafot bein einecha.

Let them guide the work of your hands; keep them in the forefront of your vision.

וְכִתְבָתָם עַל מְזֻזֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבִשְׁעָרֶיךָ.

Uch'tavtam al mezuzot beitecha uvisharecha.

Do not leave them at the doorway of your house, or outside your gate.

לְמַעַן תִּזְכְּרוּ וַעֲשִׂיתֶם אֶת-כָּל-מִצְוֹתַי, וְהִיִּיתֶם קְדוֹשִׁים לֵאלֹהֵיכֶם:

L'ma'an teezechru v'aseetem et kol mitvotai, v'heetem k'doshim layloheichem.

They are reminders to do all of My mitzvot, so that you can be holy for God.

אֲנִי יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיכֶם, אֲשֶׁר הוֹצֵאתִי אֶתְכֶם מִמִּצְרַיִם, לִהְיוֹת לָכֶם לֵאלֹהִים,

Ani Adonai Eloheichem, asher hotzeiti etchem mayeretz mitzrayim l'heeyot lachem layloheem

I am Adonai, your God. I led you out of Egypt to become your God.

אֲנִי יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיכֶם.

Ani Adonai Eloheichem.

I am Adonai, your God!

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G'ullah (Emet)

(from *On Wings of Awe*, the Reform High Holiday prayerbook)

True and faithful is all that we have spoken: no one beside You is God and we, Israel, are Your people.

The truth of Your Torah echoes in Your faithfulness through the ages: how often have You rescued us from wicked kings and pharaohs, popes and caliphs, from enemies too numerous to recall!

However cruel their power, ultimately You carried us to safety past their schemes and plots, preserving us in dignity when others would hurl us to disgrace.

Because so many have raged against us, we sometimes think all people are against us; behind well meaning criticism we sometimes see the schemes of evil-doers.

As You have saved us from real conspirators, so may You also save us from the conspiracies we imagine.

May we not, through fear, turn friends to enemies; rather may we, through faith in You, turn enemies into friends.

True redemption will arrive when enemies understand the humanity common to us all, when the praises sung by Israel can be sung by all peoples, forever rescued from their fears and hates, their cowardice and cruelty.

As our forebears sang Your praises all alone by the Reed Sea, so we sing Your praises here, in the hopes that soon, in our days, we may be joined by the great chorus of all the nations of the world.

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Mi Chamocha

מי כַּמֹּכָה בָּאֵלִים יְהוָה, מִי כַּמֹּכָה נֹאדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ, נוֹרָא תְהִלָּת, עֲשֵׂה פֶלֶא.

Mi chamocha ba'eilim Adonai. Mi kamocha nedar bakodesh. Nora tehilot osei feleh.

Who is like You, Eternal One, among heavenly powers? Who is like You, awesome in splendor, doing wonders? - *Exodus 15.11*

מִלְכוּתְךָ רָאוּ בְּנֵיךָ, בּוֹקֵעַ יָם לִפְנֵי מֹשֶׁה, זֶה אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאָמְרוּ

Malchutecha ra'u vanecha bokea yam lifnei Moshe, zeh eili anu v'amru:

Your children behold Your sovereignty as You divided the sea before Moses. "This is my God," they said, declaring:

יְהוָה יִמְלֹךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Adonai yimloch l'olam va'ed.

"The Eternal shall reign throughout all time."

וְנֹאמַר: כִּי פָדָה יְהוָה אֶת יַעֲקֹב, וַיִּגְאֻלוּ מִיַּד חֲזָק מִמֶּנּוּ. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה, גֹּאֲלֵינוּ יִשְׂרָאֵל.

Vene'emar ki fadah Adonai et Ya'akov ug'alo miyad chazak mimenu. Baruch atah Adonai ga'al Yisrael.

And thus it is written: "God has rescued Jacob and redeemed him from those more powerful." Praised are You, Eternal, redeemer of the people Israel.

Alternative Hashkiveynu

A Prayer for Peace *by Rabbi Irwin Keller*

Great Mystery, Loving Shechinah,
Come close. We need you near us now.
Answer our prayers for peace.
Do not turn away from us.

Bless the people of this planet with peace.
May their hearts be inclined toward kindness
and their hands toward service.

May the love of power give way to the power of love.
May wounds heal before they cause more wounds and more wounds.
May peacemakers be protected and empowered; may their voices be sweet and irresistible.

May the people of Gaza be blessed with visionary, game-changing leadership, ample food,
health, and hope.
May the people of Israel be blessed with visionary, game-changing leadership, ample food,
health, and hope.
May all hostages come home.
May all whose lives have been disrupted and uprooted by war find comfort and support.
May all the nations of the world expose their kind heart and generous welcome.

May no harm be done in our name.
May no harm be done in anyone's name.
May no harm be done.

I Am Alive

*I am alive (x4)
And who is this aliveness I am? (x3)
Is it not the holy blessed one?*

Ahavah Raba

*Ahavah raba ahavtanu
A great love you have given us*

Ashrei

*Ashrei yoshvei veitekha, od yehalelukha
selah*

אַשְׁרֵי יוֹשְׁבֵי בֵּיתְךָ עוֹד יִהְיֶה לְלֹד סֶלָה

I sing for you
I sing for what is holy and is true
I sing for all creation, for life and
liberation, everyday anew

To the One Who Demands Justice *by Rabbi Brant Rosen*

To the One who demands justice: inspire us to become *rodfei tsedeq*, pursuers of justice in our lives and in our communities.

Give us the strength to resist power wielded with fear and dread; fill us with the vision and purpose to build a power yet greater, a power rooted in solidarity, liberation and love.

Grant us the courage to dismantle systems of oppression –and when they are no more, let us dedicate our wealth and resources toward the well-being of all.

May we abolish all forms of state violence that we might make way for a world free of racism and militarization, a world where no one profits off the misery of others, a world where the bills owed those who have been colonized, enslaved and dispossessed are finally paid in full.

Inspire us with the knowledge that real justice is indeed at hand, that we may realize the world we know is possible, right here, right now, in our own day.

May our thoughts and our hopes, our words and our deeds, guide us toward a future of reparation, of restoration, of justice, *al kol yoshvei teivel*, for all who dwell on earth. *Amen.*

Ayeka

meh asita
kol d'mei achicha
tzo'akim ey lai min ha'adamah

מֶה עָשִׂיתָ קוֹל דְּמֵי אָחִיךָ צֹעֲקִים אֵלַי
מִן־הָאָדָמָה

(what have you done?
the voice of your brothers blood cries out
to me from the ground)

ayeka,
ayeh achicha
ayeka

אַיִכָּה
אֵי אָחִיךָ
אַיִכָּה

(where are you? where is your brother?
where are you?)

from the ground I
hear them calling
your brother's blood
what can grow here
what have we done?

from the soil I
hear them crying
your sister's blood
what can grow here
what have we done?

from the ground I
hear them calling
your sibling's blood
what can grow here
what have we done?

from the soil I
hear them crying
our family's blood
what can grow here
what have we done?

L'dor Vador

We are gifts and we are blessings, we are history in song
We are hope and we are healing, we are learning to be strong
We are words and we are stories, we are pictures of the past
We are carriers of wisdom, not the first and not the last

CHORUS:

L'dor vador nagid godlecha

(From generation to generation, we will tell of Your greatness)

L'dor vador... we protect this chain

From generation to generation

L'dor vador, these lips will praise Your name

Looking back on the journey that we carry in our heart
From the shadow of the mountain to the waters that would part
We are blessed and we are holy, we are children of Your way
And the words that bring us meaning, we will have the strength to say

Josh Nelson

We shall be known

We shall be known by the company we keep
By the ones who circle round to tend these fires
We shall be known by the ones who sow and reap
The seeds of change, alive from deep within the earth
It is time now, it is time now that we thrive
It is time we lead ourselves into the well
It is time now, and what a time to be alive
In this Great Turning we shall learn to lead in love
In this Great Turning we shall learn to lead in love

Part 1

We shall be known by the company we keep
By the ones who circle round to tend these fires
We shall be known by the ones who sow and reap
The seeds of change, alive from deep within the earth

Part 2

It is time now, it is time now that we thrive
It is time we lead ourselves into the well
It is time now, and what a time to be alive
In this Great Turning we shall learn to lead in love
In this Great Turning we shall learn to lead in love

TORAH READINGS

Genesis 4: 1-5

וְהָאָדָם יָדַע אֶת-חַוָּה אִשְׁתּוֹ וַתַּהַר וַתֵּלֶד אֶת-קַיִן וַתֹּאמֶר קָנִיתִי אִישׁ אֶת-יְהוָה:

Now the Human knew his wife Eve, and she conceived and bore Cain, saying, "I have gained a person with the help of יהוה."

וַתִּסֹּף לָלֶדֶת אֶת-אָחִיו אֶת-הָבֶל וְיְהִי-הֶבֶל רֹעֶה צֹאן וְקַיִן הָיָה עֹבֵד אֲדָמָה:

She then bore his brother Abel. Abel became a keeper of sheep, and Cain became a tiller of the soil.

וְיְהִי מִקֵּץ יָמִים וַיָּבֵא קַיִן מִפְּרִי הָאֲדָמָה מִנְחָה לַיהוָה:

In the course of time, Cain brought an offering to יהוה from the fruit of the soil;

וְהָבֶל הָבִיא גַם-הוּא מִבְּכֹרוֹת צֹאנוֹ וּמִחֲלִבְהֶן וַיִּשַׁע יְהוָה אֶל-הָבֶל וְאֶל-מִנְחָתוֹ:

and Abel, for his part, brought the choicest of the firstlings of his flock. יהוה paid heed to Abel and his offering,

וְאֶל-קַיִן וְאֶל-מִנְחָתוֹ לֹא שָׁעָה וַיִּחַר לְקַיִן מְאֹד וַיִּפְּלוּ פָּנָיו:

but to Cain and his offering [God] paid no heed. Cain was much distressed and his face fell.

Genesis 4: 6-8

וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוָה אֶל-קַיִן לָמָּה חָרָה לָךְ וּלְמָּה נָפְלוּ פָנֶיךָ:

And יהוה said to Cain, "Why are you distressed, and why is your face fallen?"

הֲלוֹא אִם-תֵּיטִיב שְׂאֵת וְאִם לֹא תֵיטִיב לַפֶּתַח חַטָּאת רֹבֵץ וְאֵלֶיךָ תִּשְׁוֹקֶתוּ וְאַתָּה תִּמְשָׁל-בּוֹ:

Surely, if you do right, there is uplift. But if you do not do right, sin couches at the door; its urge is toward you, yet you can be its master."

וַיֹּאמֶר קַיִן אֶל-הָבֶל אָחִיו וַיְהִי בִּהְיוֹתָם בַּשָּׂדֶה וַיִּגָּס קַיִן אֶל-הָבֶל אָחִיו וַיַּהַרְגֵהוּ:

Cain said to his brother Abel ... and when they were in the field, Cain set upon his brother Abel and killed him.

Genesis 4: 9-16

וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוָה אֶל-קַיִן אֵי הֶבֶל אָחִיךָ וַיֹּאמֶר לֹא יָדַעְתִּי הֲשֹׁמֵר אָחִי אָנֹכִי:

יהוה said to Cain, "Where is your brother Abel?" And he said, "I do not know. Am I my brother's keeper?"

וַיֹּאמֶר מָה עָשִׂיתָ כֹּל דְּמֵי אָחִיךָ צֹעֲקִים אֵלַי מִן-הָאֲדָמָה:

"What have you done? Hark, your brother's blood cries out to Me from the ground!

ועתה ארור אתה מן־הָאֲדָמָה אֲשֶׁר פָּצְתָה אֶת־פִּיהָ לַעֲסֹת אֶת־דַּמִּי אֶחָיו מִיָּדָךְ:

Therefore, you shall be more cursed than the ground, which opened its mouth to receive your brother's blood from your hand.

כִּי תַעֲבֹד אֶת־הָאֲדָמָה לֹא־תִסֵּף תֵּת־כֹּחָהּ לָךְ גַּע וְנָד תִּהְיֶה בָאָרֶץ:

If you till the soil, it shall no longer yield its strength to you. You shall become a ceaseless wanderer on earth."

וַיֹּאמֶר קַיִן אֶל־יְהוָה גְּדוֹל עוֹנִי מִנִּשְׂאִי:

Cain said to יהוה, "My punishment is too great to bear!

הֲוֹגֵשֶׁת אֹתִי הַיּוֹם מֵעַל פְּנֵי הָאֲדָמָה וּמִפְּנֵיךְ אֶסְתַּגֵּר וְהָיִיתִי גַע וְנָד בָּאָרֶץ וְהָיָה כָּל־מֹצְאִי יְהַרְגֵנִי:

Since You have banished me this day from the soil, and I must avoid Your presence and become a restless wanderer on earth—anyone who meets me may kill me!"

וַיֹּאמֶר לוֹ יְהוָה לָכוּן כָּל־הֲרַגְתָּ קַיִן שִׁבְעָתַיִם יִקָּם וְיֵשֶׁם יְהוָה לְקַיִן אוֹת לְבִלְתִּי הַכּוֹת־אֹתוֹ כָּל־מֹצְאוֹ:

יהוה said to him, "I promise, if anyone kills Cain, sevenfold vengeance shall be exacted."

And יהוה put a mark on Cain, lest anyone who met him should kill him.

וַיֵּצֵא קַיִן מִלִּפְנֵי יְהוָה וַיֵּשֶׁב בְּאֶרֶץ־נוֹד קִדְמַת־עֵדֶן:

Cain left the presence of יהוה and settled in the land of Nod, east of Eden.

In This Place (An American Lyric)

There's a poem in this place—in the footfalls in the halls, in the quiet beat of the seats.
It is here, at the curtain of day, where America writes a lyric, you must whisper to say.

There's a poem in this place— in the heavy grace, the lined face of this noble building,
collections burned and reborn twice.

There's a poem in Boston's Copley Square where protest chants
tear through the air like sheets of rain, where love of the many swallows hatred of the few.

There's a poem in Charlottesville where tiki torches string a ring of flame
tight round the wrist of night where men so white they gleam blue— seem like statues
where men heap that long wax burning ever higher where Heather Heyer blooms forever in
a meadow of resistance.

There's a poem in the great sleeping giant of Lake Michigan, defiantly raising its big blue head to Milwaukee and Chicago— a poem begun long ago, blazed into frozen soil, strutting upward and aglow.

There's a poem in Florida, in East Texas where streets swell into a nexus of rivers, cows afloat like mottled buoys in the brown, where courage is now so common that 23-year-old Jesus Contreras rescues people from floodwaters.

There's a poem in Los Angeles yawning wide as the Pacific tide where a single mother swelters in a windowless classroom, teaching black and brown students in Watts to spell out their thoughts so her daughter might write this poem for you.

There's a lyric in California where thousands of students march for blocks, undocumented and unafraid; where my friend Rosa finds the power to blossom in deadlock, her spirit the bedrock of her community. She knows hope is like a stubborn ship gripping a dock, a truth: that you can't stop a dreamer or knock down a dream.

How could this not be her city *su nación* our country our America, our American lyric to write— a poem by the people, the poor, the Protestant, the Muslim, the Jew, the native, the immigrant, the black, the brown, the blind, the brave, the undocumented and undeterred, the woman, the man, the nonbinary, the white, the trans, the ally to all of the above and more?

Tyrants fear the poet. Now that we know it we can't blow it. We owe it to show it not slow it although it hurts to sew it when the world skirts below it.

Hope— we must bestow it like a wick in the poet so it can grow, lit, bringing with it stories to rewrite— the story of a Texas city depleted but not defeated a history written that need not be repeated, a nation composed but not yet completed.

There's a poem in this place— a poem in America a poet in every American who rewrites this nation, who tells a story worthy of being told on this minnow of an earth to breathe hope into a palimpsest of time— a poet in every American who sees that our poem penned doesn't mean our poem's end.

There's a place where this poem dwells— it is here, it is now, in the yellow song of dawn's bell where we write an American lyric we are just beginning to tell.

by National Youth Poet Laureate Amanda Gorman