

Shofar Service

The shofar curves upwards.
its name means Beauty;
its essence is ascent.

Sound of the ram's horn--
lift us from our lethargy;
shatter despair.

Beauty beckons;
tomorrow's door is open--
and we can be better than we are. *Mishkan Halev*

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר
קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ לְשִׁמּוֹעַ קוֹל שׁוֹפָר
Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu melech haolam
asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav, v'tzivanu lishmoa kol
shofar.

Blessed are You, Adonai our God, ruler of the
universe, who makes us holy with commandments,
and commands us to hear the sound of the Shofar.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,
שֶׁהַחַיִּינוּ וְקִיְּמָנוּ וְהִגִּיעָנוּ לְזֶמֶן הַזֶּה.

Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu melech haolam
sheheheyanu v'kiyemanu v'higiyanu lazman hazeh.
Blessed are You, Adonai our God, ruler of the
universe, who has given us life, sustained us, and
brought us to this moment.

Shofar Blasts

Today, the world is born anew.

This day, the whole of creation stands before you to be judged.

As we are Your children, love in the way of parents.

We are Yours in service, guide us by the light of Your justice, grace and holiness.

Mishkan Hanefesh

Sovereignty מְלֻכּוּיּוֹת

We are stiff-necked and stubborn;
teach us to bend before you.

Convinced we're right,
entrenched in our own perspective,
we resist Your call to repent.

Convinced we're self-sufficient,
entrenched in the illusion of control,
we resist Your call to humility.

Convinced we can have it all,
entrenched in the dream of mastering the world,
we resist Your call to wake up.

Today You summon us out of our arrogance,
out of rigidity, fantasy, shallowness, self-deception.

Teach us to bend our knees,
to bow our heads before the Mystery;
to realize our frailty and our finitude.

Teach us to make You *melech* –
Sovereign in our life;
To align ourselves with Your goodness and truth.

We would not bow before Pharaoh.
We would not bow before the Persian lord.
We would not submit to any power on earth
Or give ourselves to any material thing.
But we, the Jewish people—
stiff necked, stubborn to the end—
Today we bow before You. *Mishkan Hanefesh*

The Peace of Wild Things

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may
be,

I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron
feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.

And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Wendell Berry

Shofar Blasts

אַרְשֶׁת סִפְתֵּינוּ יֵעָרֵב לְפָנֶיךָ, אֵל רָם וְנִשְׂאָ,
מִבֵּין וּמֵאֲזִין מִבֵּיט וּמִקְשִׁיב לְקוֹל
תְּקִיעָתֵנוּ וּתְקִיבֵל בְּרַחֲמִים וּבְרָצוֹן סֵדֶר
מַלְכוּתֵינוּ.

Areshet sefateynu ye'erav lefanecha, el ram venisa,
meivin uma'azin mabit umakshiv lekol tekiyateinu
utekabeil berachamim uveratzon seder
malchuyoteinu.

Remembrance זְכוֹרֹנוֹת

As You remembered Noah and with the wind
dispersed the waters of the flood,
So too remember us upon the flood of cruelty that
threatens the frail ark in which we live.

As in Egypt we cried out and You remembered there
Your promise to our ancestors,
So too remember us as we recognize how we are
still enslaved and oppressed.

As we sat in Babylon and wept at our exile and You
remembered Rachel's weeping,
So too remember us as we weep for all we have lost
in the past year.

As we endured exiles, pogroms, and oppression it
sometimes felt that You did not remember us.
Today, we also feel unremembered and unseen.

In times past our ancestors looked to You; may we
remember the tragedies they endured.
May those remembrances give us strength in the
difficult times ahead.

And, when it feels You are absent,
may we turn to one another.
May we work to comfort those who mourn, see
those who are invisible, reach out in friendship to
those who are struggling, and strengthen those who
fall.

Through our remembrance may our burdens be
lightened.

On Wings of Awe, adapted

The Seven Of Pentacles

Under a sky the color of pea soup
she is looking at her work growing away there
actively, thickly like grapevines or pole beans
as things grow in the real world, slowly enough.
If you tend them properly, if you mulch, if you
water,
if you provide birds that eat insects a home and
winter food,
if the sun shines and you pick off caterpillars,
if the praying mantis comes and the ladybugs and
the bees,
then the plants flourish, but at their own internal
clock.

Connections are made slowly, sometimes they grow
underground.

You cannot tell always by looking what is
happening.

More than half the tree is spread out in the soil
under your feet.

Penetrate quietly as the earthworm that blows no
trumpet.

Fight persistently as the creeper that brings down
the tree.

Spread like the squash plant that overruns the
garden.

Gnaw in the dark and use the sun to make sugar.

Weave real connections, create real nodes, build real
houses.

Live a life you can endure: Make love that is loving.

Keep tangling and interweaving and taking more in,
a thicket and bramble wilderness to the outside but
to us
interconnected with rabbit runs and burrows and
lairs.

Live as if you liked yourself, and it may happen:
reach out, keep reaching out, keep bringing in.
This is how we are going to live for a long time: not
always,
for every gardener knows that after the digging,
after the planting,
after the long season of tending and growth, the
harvest comes. *Marge Percy*

Shofar Blasts

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זְכְרוֹנוֹתֵינוּ.

Areshet sefateynu ye'erav lefanecha, el ram venisa,
meivin uma'azin mabit umakshiv lekol tekiyateinu
utekabeil berachamim uveratzon seder zichronteinu.

Hope

שׁוֹפְרוֹת

Hope

Our mission is to plant ourselves at the gates of
hope--not the prudent gates of Optimism, which are
somewhat narrower; nor the stalwart, boring gates
of Common Sense; nor the strident gates of self-
righteousness, which creak on shrill and angry

hinges; nor the cheerful, flimsy garden gate of
“Everything is gonna be all right,” but a very
different, sometimes very lonely place, the place of
truth-telling, about your own soul first of all and its
condition, the place of resistance and defiance, the
piece of ground from which you see the world both
as it is and as it could be, as it might be, as it will
be; the place from which you glimpse not only
struggle, but joy in the struggle--and we stand there,
beckoning and calling, telling people what we are
seeing, asking people what they see.

Victoria Safford

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 both men and women will be gentle
And then both women and men will be strong
And then no person will be subject to another's will
And then all will be rich and free and varied
And then the greed of some will give way to the
needs of many
And then all will share equally in the Earth's
abundance
And then all will care for the sick and the weak and
the old
And then all will nourish the young
And then all will cherish life's creatures
And then all will live in harmony with each other
and the Earth
And then everywhere will be called Eden once
again.

Judy Chicago

Shofar Blasts

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שׁוֹפְרוֹתֵינוּ.

Areshet sefateynu ye'erav lefanecha, el ram venisa,
meivin uma'azin mabit umakshiv lekol tekiyateinu
utekabeil berachamim uveratzon seder shofroteinu.

Dwell on each sound of the shofar;
contemplate its meaning:

T'kiah

One whole note

Sh'varim-T'ruah

Three broken notes; nine staccato notes

T'kiah

One whole note

My return to the right path has the power to make
me whole again.

T'kiah

Once I was whole

Sh'varim-T'ruah

In the wear and tear of living, I have become broken
and shattered.

T'kiah

My *t'shuvah* has the power to make me whole
again.

Mishkan Hanefesh

לְשָׁנָה טוֹבָה תִּכְתְּבוּ, תִּכְתְּבוּ וְתִחַתְמוּ.

L'shanah tovah tikateivu, l'shanah tovah tikateivu
tikateivu v'teichateimu.