SUPPLEMENT FOR HIGH HOLIDAYS

ACHOT KETANAH

R' Abraham ben Ishaq ha-Hazan of Girona (Catalonia/Spain), 13th century

Achot ketanah, tefiloteyha	אָחוֹת קְטַנָּה תְּפִלּוֹתֶיהָ
Orchah ve-onah, tehiloteyha	עוֹרְכָה וְעוֹנָה תְּהִלּוֹתֶיהָ
El na refa na, lemachaloteyha	אֵל נָא רְפָא נָא לְמַחֲלוֹתֶיהָ
Tichleh shanah vekileloteyha	**תִּכְלֶה שָׁנָה וְקִלְלוֹתֶיהָ**
Benoam milim, lecha tikra'eh	בְּנֹעַם מִלִּים לְךָ תִּקְרָאֶה
Veshir vehilulim, ki lecha na'eh	וְשִׁיר וְהִלּוּלִים כִּי לְךָ נָאֶה
Ad matai ta'lim, eyn'cha vetireh	עַד־מָתַי תַּעְלִים עֵינְךָ וְתִרְאֶה
Zarim ochlim, nachaloteyha	זָרִים אוֹכְלִים נַחֲלוֹתֶיהָ
Tichleh shanah vekileloteyha	**תִּכְלֶה שָׁנָה וְקִלְלוֹתֶיהָ**
R'eyh et tzon'cha, arayot zaru	רְעֵה אֶת־צֹאנְךָ אֲרָיוֹת זָרוּ
Ushfoch charon'cha, be-omrim aru	וּשְׁפֹךְ חֲרוֹנְךָ בְּאוֹמְרִים עָרוּ
V'chanat y'mincha, partzu ve-aru	וְכַנַּת יְמִינְךָ פָּרְצוּ וְאָרוּ
Lo hishiru, oleloteyha	לֹא הִשְׁאִירוּ עוֹלְלוֹתֶיהָ
Tichleh shanah vekileloteyha	**תִּכְלֶה שָׁנָה וְקִלְלוֹתֶיהָ**
Matai ta-aleh, bit'cha mibor	מָתַי תַּעֲלֶה בִתְךָ מִבּוֹר
U-mibeyt keleh, ulah tishbor	וּמִבֵּית כֶּלֶא עֲלָה תִּשְׁבֹּר
V'tafli fele, b'tzeyt'cha k'gibor	וְתַפְלִיא פֶּלֶא בְּצֵאתְךָ כְּגִבּוֹר
Lehateym vechaleh, mechaloteyha	לְהָתֵם וְכַלֵּה מְכַלּוֹתֶיהָ
Tichleh shanah vekileloteyha	**תִּכְלֶה שָׁנָה וְקִלְלוֹתֶיהָ**
Chizku v'gilu, ki shod gamar	חִזְקוּ וְגִילוּ כִּי שֹׁד גָּמַר
Letzur hochilu, berito shamar	לְצוּר הוֹחִילוּ בְּרִיתוֹ שָׁמַר
Lachem veta-alu, letzion v'amar	לָכֶם וְתַעֲלוּ לְצִיּוֹן וְאָמַר
Solu solu, mesiloteyha	סֹלּוּ סֹלּוּ מְסִלּוֹתֶיהָ
Tacheyl shanah uvirchoteyha	**תָּחֵל שָׁנָה וּבִרְכוֹתֶיהָ**

Translation:

The little sister – her prayers she prepares and proclaims her praises. Please, heal her ailments. **Let the year and its curses conclude!**

With pleasant words she calls upon You, and with song and raises, for such befits You. Why do you avert Your eyes? Look! Enemies devour her heritage! **Let the year and its curses conclude!**

Tend Your sheep that the lions dispersed, and pour Your wrath upon those who say 'Destroy'. Your right hand's foundation-vine they have breached and plucked [its fruit] not even leaving her tiny grapes. **Let the year and its curses conclude!**

When will You raise up Your daughter from the pit; and from the dungeon, [will You] break her yoke? May You act wondrously when You go forth like a hero, to bring an end and conclusion to her ailments. **Let the year and its curses conclude!**

Be strong and rejoice, for the plunder is ended; place hope in the Rock and keep the covenant. You will ascend to Zion to these words: Pave! Pave her paths. **Let the year and its blessings begin!**

CONTINUE ON PAGE 3 OF THE MACHZOR.

BIRCHOT HASHACHAR / MORNING BLESSINGS
APPRECIATION FOR THE RENEWAL OF EACH DAY

CHOOSE EITHER OPENING

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheynu melech ha-olam…	בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם…	*N'varech et m'kor chayyenu ruach ha-olam…*	נְבָרֵךְ אֶת מְקוֹר חַיֵּינוּ רוּחַ הָעוֹלָם…
Translation: Blessed are you, Adonai, sovereign of the universe		**Translation:** Let us bless the source of life, spirit within the cosmos	

…inspiring the rooster to tell the difference between day and night	*…ha-noten la-sechvi vina, l'hav-chin beyn yom u'veyn lailah.*	הַנּוֹתֵן לַשֶּׂכְוִי בִינָה לְהַבְחִין בֵּין יוֹם וּבֵין לָיְלָה:
…linking me to my heritage.	*…she-asani Yisrael.*	שֶׁעָשַׂנִי יִשְׂרָאֵל:
	(nb) / (f) / (m)	
…making me a free person.	*…she-asani [bet / bat / ben] chorin.*	שֶׁעָשַׂנִי בֶּת/בַּת/בֶּן חוֹרִין:
…shaping me in the image of holiness.	*…she-asani b'tzalmeh.*	שֶׁעָשַׂנִי בְּצַלְמָה:
…making me complete.	*…she-asani [shlemeh/shlemah/ shalem].*	שֶׁעָשַׂנִי שְׁלֵמָה/שְׁלֵמָה/שָׁלֵם:
…clothing the naked.	*…malbish arumim.*	מַלְבִּישׁ עֲרֻמִּים:
…freeing the captive.	*…matir asurim.*	מַתִּיר אֲסוּרִים:
…raising up the humble.	*…zokef k'fufim.*	זוֹקֵף כְּפוּפִים:
…spreading the land over the water.	*…roka ha'aretz al hamayim.*	רוֹקַע הָאָרֶץ עַל הַמָּיִם:
…meeting all my needs.	*…she'asah li kol tzorki.*	שֶׁעָשָׂה לִי כָּל צָרְכִּי:
…enabling me to move forward.	*…hameychin mitz'adey gaver.*	הַמֵּכִין מִצְעֲדֵי גָבֶר:
...giving our people courage.	*…ozer Yisrael big'vurah.*	אוֹזֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל בִּגְבוּרָה:
...crowning our lives with beauty.	*…oter Yisrael b'tifarah.*	עוֹטֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּתִפְאָרָה:
...giving strength to the weary.	*…hanoteyn laya-ef koach.*	הַנּוֹתֵן לַיָּעֵף כֹּחַ:

ON ROSH HASHANAH MORNING, CONTINUE ON PAGE 39.
ON YOM KIPPUR DAY, CONTINUE ON PAGE 125.

PSALM 150

Haleluyah *(4x)* **הַלְלוּיָהּ**

Halelu eyl b'kodsho, haleluhu bir'kia uzo הַלְלוּ אֵל בְּקָדְשׁוֹ הַלְלוּהוּ בִּרְקִיעַ עֻזּוֹ:

Haleluhu vig'vurotav, haleluhu k'rov gudlo הַלְלוּהוּ בִגְבוּרֹתָיו הַלְלוּהוּ כְּרֹב גֻּדְלוֹ:

Haleluhu b'teyka shofar,
haleluhu b'nevel v'chinor. הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתֵקַע שׁוֹפָר הַלְלוּהוּ בְּנֵבֶל וְכִנּוֹר:

Haleluhu b'tof umachol, haleluhu b'minim v'ugav. הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתֹף וּמָחוֹל הַלְלוּהוּ בְּמִנִּים וְעֻגָב:

Haleluhu b'tsil-ts'ley shama,
haleluhu b'tsil-ts'ley t'rua. הַלְלוּהוּ בְּצִלְצְלֵי שָׁמַע
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּצִלְצְלֵי תְרוּעָה:

Kol ha-n'shamah t'halel yah halelu (halelu)yah (3x) כֹּל הַנְּשָׁמָה תְּהַלֵּל יָהּ הַלְלוּיָהּ:

Translation:
Halleluyah! Praise Yah in God's holiness! Praise Yah in God's firm strength!
Praise Yah in God's might! Praise Yah according to God's many graces!
Praise Yah with the blast of the shofar! Praise Yah with strings and harps!
Praise Yah with drum and dance! Praise Yah with every instrument, with every organ!
Praise Yah with the ringing sound! Praise Yah with every breath! Halleluyah!

ON ROSH HASHANAH MORNING, CONTINUE ON PAGE 42.
ON YOM KIPPUR DAY, CONTINUE ON PAGE 127.

YISM'CHU

Yism'chu b'malchutecha shomrey (3×) Shabbat, v'korey oneg — Shabbat! **יִשְׂמְחוּ בְמַלְכוּתְךָ שׁוֹמְרֵי שַׁבָּת וְקוֹרְאֵי עֹנֶג**

Am m'kad'shey, m'kad'shey sh'vi-i — ***Shabbat!*** עַם מְקַדְּשֵׁי שְׁבִיעִי

Kulam yisb'u, v'yitangu mituvecha — ***Shabbat!*** כֻּלָּם יִשְׂבְּעוּ וְיִתְעַנְּגוּ מִטּוּבֶךָ

V'hashvi-i ratzitah bo, ratzitah bo v'kidashto — ***Shabbat!*** וְהַשְׁבִּיעִי רָצִיתָ בּוֹ וְקִדַּשְׁתּוֹ

Chemdat yamim oto karatah — ***Shabbat!*** חֶמְדַּת יָמִים אוֹתוֹ קָרָאתָ

Zecher l'ma-asey, l'ma-asey v'reyshit — ***Shabbat!*** זֵכֶר לְמַעֲשֵׂה בְרֵאשִׁית

Translation: Those who are stewards of Shabbat rejoice in your sovereignty, calling Shabbat a delight. A people which makes Shabbat holy, will all be nourished and full of joy, through your goodness. You made the seventh day holy, calling her the most precious of days—a celebration of the acts of creation.

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ANA EL NA

Numbers 12:13

Ana El Na Refa Na La אָנָּא אֵל נָא רְפָא נָא לָהּ

Translation: Please, El, please. I beg… heal her.

ON EREV ROSH HASHANAH, CONTINUE ON PAGE 27.
ON ROSH HASHANAH MORNING, TORAH READING CONTINUES ON PAGE 68.
DURING KOL NIDRE, CONTINUE ON PAGE 115.
ON YOM KIPPUR DAY, TORAH READING CONTINUES ON PAGE 163.

ADIR V'NA-OR

Adir v'na-or, borey dok va-cheled, אַדִּיר וְנָאוֹר בּוֹרֵא דּוֹק וָחֶלֶד **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**
mi el kamocha
Goleh amukot, doveyr tz'dakot, ***mi el kamocha*** גּוֹלֶה עֲמוּקוֹת דּוֹבֵר צְדָקוֹת **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**

Hadur bil'vusho, v'eyn zulato, ***mi el kamocha*** הָדוּר בִּלְבוּשׁוֹ וְאֵין זוּלָתוֹ **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**

Zokeyf k'fufim, choneyn dalim, ***mi el kamocha*** זוֹקֵף כְּפוּפִים חוֹנֵן דַּלִּים **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**

T'hor eynayim, yosheyv shamayim, טָהוֹר עֵינַיִם יוֹשֵׁב שָׁמַיִם **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**
mi el kamocha
Koveysh avonot, loveysh tz'dakot, כּוֹבֵשׁ עֲוֹנוֹת לוֹבֵשׁ צְדָקוֹת **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**
mi el kamocha
Melech m'lachim nora v'nis'gav, ***mi el kamocha*** מֶלֶךְ מְלָכִים נוֹרָא וְנִשְׂגָּב **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**

Someych nof'lim oneh ashukim, ***mi el kamocha*** סוֹמֵךְ נוֹפְלִים עוֹנֶה עֲשׁוּקִים **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**

Podeh u-matzil tzo'eh b'rav ko-ach, פּוֹדֶה וּמַצִּיל צוֹעֶה בְּרָב כֹּחַ **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**
mi el kamocha
Karov l'kor'av rachum v'chanun, ***mi el kamocha*** קָרוֹב לְקוֹרְאָיו רַחוּם וְחַנּוּן **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**

Shocheyn sh'chakim tomeych t'mimim, שׁוֹכֵן שְׁחָקִים תּוֹמֵךְ תְּמִימִים **מִי אֵל כָּמוֹךָ**
mi el kamocha

Translation:
Resplendent and glorious, creator of the gauzy sky and the earth below. Who is like You?
Revealer of the profound, speaker of righteousness. Who is like You?
Garbed in splendor, without equal. Who is like You?
Raising the humble, gracious to those in poverty. Who is like You?
Clear-sighted, dwelling in the heavens. Who is like You?
Subduing sin, attired in justice. Who is like You?
Sovereign over all, wondrous and sublime. Who is like You?
Upholder of the falling, answering the oppressed. Who is like You?
Redeemer and savior, pushing forward powerfully. Who is like You?
Close to those who call out, motherly and gracious. Who is like You?
Who dwells in the high places, supporting the innocent. Who is like You?

—Translation adapted from Rabbi Irwin Keller

CONTINUE ON PAGE 151.

The Ocean

When the veil lifts
from your eyes
and you see that
there are no demons
in this world, only
humans, then there
is no relief from
the suffering, the suffering
becomes an ocean
and there is no shore.
We watch our siblings —
siblings, not demons —
celebrate as our siblings
are hurt and killed,
and they do this because
they are suffering
and they want relief
and we cannot cheer
with them but nor
can we wish them
anything but relief, so
we hesitate to extend
the invitation for them
to join us out here
in the middle of the ocean
of suffering from which
there is no exit, but
we extend it anyway:
join us out here.
Maybe together we will
discover that being
human also means
having gills, shimmering
fins, that maybe after
all we can breathe
better from within
this ocean of salt water,
and we will hold each
other's hands and kick
our tails and follow
the dead where they lead us.

Moriel Rothman-Zecher
October 10, 2023

A State of Siege [Excerpt]

You, standing at the doorsteps, come in
And drink with us our Arabic coffee
For you may feel that you are human like us;

To the killer: If you had left the fetus thirty days,
Things would've been different:
The occupation may end, and the toddler may
not remember the time of the siege,
and he would grow up a healthy boy,
and study the Ancient history of Asia,
in the same college as one of your daughters.
And they may fall in love.
And they may have a daughter (who would be
Jewish by birth).
What have you done now?
Your daughter is now a widow,
and your granddaughter is now orphaned
What have you done to your scattered family,
And how could you have slain three pigeons with
the one bullet?

Mahmoud Darwish
2002

The Diameter of the Bomb

The diameter of the bomb was thirty centimeters
and the diameter of its effective range about
seven meters,
with four dead and eleven wounded.
And around these, in a larger circle
of pain and time, two hospitals are scattered
and one graveyard. But the young woman
who was buried in the city she came from,
at a distance of more than a hundred kilometers,
enlarges the circle considerably,
and the solitary man mourning her death
at the distant shores of a country far across the
sea
includes the entire world in the circle.
And I won't even mention the crying of orphans
that reaches up to the throne of God and
beyond, making a circle with no end and no God.

Yehuda Amichai
1975

Running Orders

They call us now,
before they drop the bombs.
The phone rings
and someone who knows my first name
calls and says in perfect Arabic
"This is David."
And in my stupor of sonic booms and glass-
shattering symphonies
still smashing around in my head
I think, Do I know any Davids in Gaza?
They call us now to say
Run.
You have 58 seconds from the end of this
message.
Your house is next.
They think of it as some kind of
war-time courtesy.
It doesn't matter that
there is nowhere to run to.
It means nothing that the borders are closed
and your papers are worthless
and mark you only for a life sentence
in this prison by the sea
and the alleyways are narrow
and there are more human lives
packed one against the other
more than any other place on earth
Just run.
We aren't trying to kill you.
It doesn't matter that
you can't call us back to tell us
the people we claim to want aren't in your house
that there's no one here
except you and your children
who were cheering for Argentina
sharing the last loaf of bread for this week
counting candles left in case the power goes out.
It doesn't matter that you have children.
You live in the wrong place
and now is your chance to run
to nowhere.
It doesn't matter
that 58 seconds isn't long enough
to find your wedding album
or your son's favorite blanket
or your daughter's almost completed college
application
or your shoes
or to gather everyone in the house.
It doesn't matter what you had planned.
It doesn't matter who you are.
Prove you're human.
Prove you stand on two legs.
Run.

Lena Khalaf Tuffaha
2017

No Pain Like My Pain

That's how it feels, dear God.
That's how it felt to the lamenters exiled and Temple-shorn.
That's how it feels to each grief-wracked mother, father, sister, son, family, nation.

הביטו וראו אם יש מכאוב כמכאובי
"Look carefully and see if there could possibly be pain like my pain, like the one bestowed by You upon me." (Lamentations 1:12)

No pain like my pain,
no exile like my exile,
No land my land,
No desolate city like my desolate city.
No heart like my own aching heart.
No fear like the fear of my people.
No genocide like our genocide.
No humanity like our humanity.
No right like our right.
No wrong like their wrong.
No rage like my rage.

No pain like my pain,
immediate and raw and righteous,
ancient and true and etched in our genes by history's injustices.

Dear God, help us look,
look closer so that we may see
our children in their children,
their children in our own.
Help us look so that we may see You –
in the bleary eyes of each orphan, each grieving childless mother,
each masked and camouflaged fighter for his people's dignity.

Dear God, Divine Exiled and Crying One,
Loosen our claim to our own uniqueness.
Soften this hold on our exclusive right – to pain, to compassion, to justice.

May your children, all of us unique and in Your image,
come to know the quiet truths of shared pain,
shared hope,
shared land,
shared humanity,
shared risk,
shared courage,
shared peace.

In Sh'Allah. Ken yehi Ratzon.
May it be Your will.
And may it be ours.

Rabbi Tamara Cohen
May 14, 2021

Revenge

At times … I wish
I could meet in a duel
the man who killed my father
and razed our home,
expelling me
into
a narrow country.
And if he killed me,
I'd rest at last,
and if I were ready—
I would take my revenge!

*

But if it came to light,
when my rival appeared,
that he had a mother
waiting for him,
or a father who'd put
his right hand over
the heart's place in his chest
whenever his son was late
even by just a quarter-hour
for a meeting they'd set—
then I would not kill him,
even if I could.

*

Likewise … I
would not murder him
if it were soon made clear
that he had a brother or sisters
who loved him and constantly longed to see him.
Or if he had a wife to greet him
and children who
couldn't bear his absence
and whom his gifts would thrill.
Or if he had
friends or companions,
neighbors he knew
or allies from prison
or a hospital room,
or classmates from his school …
asking about him
and sending him regards.

*

But if he turned
out to be on his own—
cut off like a branch from a tree—
without a mother or father,
with neither a brother nor sister,
wifeless, without a child,
and without kin or neighbors or friends
colleagues or companions,
then I'd add not a thing to his pain
within that aloneness—
not the torment of death,
and not the sorrow of passing away.
Instead I'd be content
to ignore him when I passed him by
on the street—as I
convinced myself
that paying him no attention
in itself was a kind of revenge.

Taha Muhammad Ali
April 15, 2006

On a Starless Night

On a starless night,
I toss and turn.
The earth shakes, and
I fall out of bed.
I look out my window. The house
next door no longer
stands. It's lying like an old carpet
on the floor of the earth,
trampled by missiles, fat slippers
flying off legless feet.
I never knew my neighbors still had that small TV,
that old painting still hung on their walls,
their cat had kittens.

Mosab Abu Toha
2022

What is Home?

What is home:
it is the shade of trees on my way to school
before they were uprooted.
It is my grandparents' black-and-white wedding
photo before the walls crumbled.
It is my uncle's prayer rug, where dozens of ants
slept on wintry nights, before it was looted
and
put in a museum.
It is the oven my mother used to bake bread and
roast chicken before a bomb reduced our
house
to ashes.
It is the café where I watched football matches
and played—

My child stops me: Can a four-letter word hold
all of these?

Mosah Abu Toha
2022

Tikkun

The horror
the dreadful disaster
disgrace
fractions of folly
dumb religion
obscurity of eyes
violent despair
won't repair, no officer
no bomb, no airplane
no more blood
heart-wisdom alone will repair
the physician alone will repair
the surgeon, the good teacher
the instructor alone will repair,
the medic, Arab, Jew, will amend
the calm traveller, the bike-rider
the sandwich carrier
crossing the street.
The one who opens the eyes will amend
The one who speaks in compassion
Will heal, the listener will amend,
The enlighted will amend,
awaiting and pausing will amend,
the guide in paths of generosity, of affection,
will amend, the painter will amend, the poet
will amend, disciples of peace will amend,
the gardeners of peace.

Aharon Shabtai
Trans. Helit Yeshurun
& Lilach Lachman
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