

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I pulled together this makeshift haggadah in 2019 — I wanted something simple, politically engaged, relevant to the moment, and filled with poetry.

Because this was originally made for hasty home use, nearly everything is a copy-paste job from other liberation-oriented haggadot (themselves often echoing the work of many). I've included references where possible to these sources:

- **IJAN:** The International Jewish Anti-Zionist Network's Legacies of Resistance: An Anti-Zionist Haggadah ([bit.ly/ijan-haggadah](http://bit.ly/ijan-haggadah))
- **JUFJ:** Jews United for Justice's Labor & Social Justice Seder Haggadot ([bit.ly/jufj-haggadah](http://bit.ly/jufj-haggadah))
- **JVP:** Jewish Voice for Peace's Liberatory Passover Haggadah ([bit.ly/jvp-haggadah18](http://bit.ly/jvp-haggadah18)), with thanks to their inclusion of Aurora Levins Morales's poem!
- **KVD:** Kavod's Seder For and By Us: Jews of Color, Indigenous Jews, Mizrahim, & Sephardim ([bit.ly/kavod-haggadah](http://bit.ly/kavod-haggadah))
- **L&J:** Micah Bazant and Dara Silverman's Love & Justice Haggadah ([bit.ly/lj-haggadah](http://bit.ly/lj-haggadah))
- **VR:** The Velveteen Rabbi's Haggadah ([bit.ly/vr-haggadah](http://bit.ly/vr-haggadah))
- Most of the prayer text and Hebrew is from projects on **Open Siddur** ([opensiddur.org](http://opensiddur.org)).

And sources for the poetry (used without permission but with much respect and admiration).

- Alarcón: [bit.ly/alarcon-lost-everything](http://bit.ly/alarcon-lost-everything)
- Lorde: [bit.ly/lorde-survival](http://bit.ly/lorde-survival)
- Ali: [bit.ly/ali-no-farewell](http://bit.ly/ali-no-farewell)
- Shire: [bit.ly/shire-home](http://bit.ly/shire-home)
- Piercy: [bit.ly/piercy-low-road](http://bit.ly/piercy-low-road)
- Espada: [bit.ly/espada-angels](http://bit.ly/espada-angels)
- Levins-Morales: [bit.ly/levins-morales-red-sea](http://bit.ly/levins-morales-red-sea)
- O'Meara: [bit.ly/omeara-pandemic](http://bit.ly/omeara-pandemic)

Next year in freedom!

xoxo,  
Lil Miss Hot Mess  
[lilmisshotmess.com/haggadah-2020/](http://lilmisshotmess.com/haggadah-2020/)

ALL  
OF  
US  
OR  
NONE



PASSOVER — פֶּסַח

2020 / 5780

## ♥ SEDER - סֵדֶר THE ORDER

The word Seder means “order.”

**Kadesh** – welcoming & sanctifying the gathering

**Urchatz** – washing the hands

**Karpas** - blessing for the green vegetable

**Yachatz** – breaking of the middle matzah

**Maggid** – telling the story

**Rachtzah** – washing the hands before the meal

**Motzi Matzah** – blessings for the beginning of the meal and the matzah

**Maror** – blessing for the bitter herbs

**Korech** –Hillel’s sandwich of charoset + bitter herbs

**Shulchan Orech** – eating the meal

**Tzafun** – the afikomen

**Barech** – blessing after the meal

**Hallel** – praise

**Nirtzah** – conclusion

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## ♥ KADESH - קִדְּשׁ SANTIFICATION

### LAND ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We recognize the [insert names of] nations, on whose territory we are gathering, acknowledging them as the past, present, and future caretakers of this land. By acknowledging them, in this small way, we honor the history, wisdom, and resistance of indigenous communities whose land we occupy. And the many peoples who made possible our presence here today.

—Adapted from: *Ida Assefa and the Kavod Jewish Life & Ritual Team*

.....

And when the danger passed, and the people joined together again, they grieved their losses, and made new choices, and dreamed new images, and created new ways to live and heal the earth fully, as they had been healed.

.....

Tonight we have acknowledged our ancestors. We vow that we will not allow their stories, their experiences, their wisdom to fade. These are our legacy, which we will study and teach to our friends and children. The task of liberation is long, and it is work we ourselves must do. As it is written in Pirke Avot, a collection of rabbinic wisdom: “It is not incumbent upon us to finish the task, but neither may we refrain from beginning it.” [VR]

Traditionally the Seder concludes with the words, “*l’shana ha-ba b’yerushalayim*: next year in Jerusalem.” This tradition predates Zionism and the state of Israel. Before political Zionism, “Jerusalem” was sometimes interpreted to be a conceptual place symbolizing a future condition of peace and freedom. With awareness of how this metaphor of freedom has been exploited for the political projects of establishing Israel on Palestinian land, we call for peace and justice in Palestine and all over the world and end by saying:

לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּחֵירוּת

*L’shana ha-ba b’heroot!*

Next year in freedom!

[IJAN]

.....

צְדֵק צְדֵק תִּדְרֹף

*Tzedek tzedek tirdoff!*

Justice, Justice We Shall Pursue!

This time we're tied at the ankles.  
 We cannot cross until we carry each other,  
 all of us refugees, all of us prophets.  
 No more taking turns on history's wheel,  
 trying to collect old debts no-one can pay.  
 The sea will not open that way.

This time that country  
 is what we promise each other,  
 our rage pressed cheek to cheek  
 until tears flood the space between,  
 until there are no enemies left,  
 because this time no one will be left to drown  
 and all of us must be chosen.  
 This time it's all of us or none.

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ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם בורא פרי הגפן

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu melech ha'olam borei pri hagafen.*

Blessed is the Eternal, determiner of the universe,  
 who creates the fruit of the vine.

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## ♥ NIRTZAH – נִרְצָה CONCLUSION

**In the Time of Pandemic**  
*by Catherine M. “Kitty” O’Meara*

And the people stayed home.

And they read books, and listened, and rested, and  
 exercised, and made art, and played games, and  
 learned new ways of being, and were still.

And they listened more deeply. Some meditated,  
 some prayed, some danced. Some met their  
 shadows. And the people began to think differently.

And the people healed.

And, in the absence of people living in ignorant,  
 dangerous, mindless, and heartless ways, the earth  
 began to heal.

## To Those Who Have Lost Everything

*by Francisco X. Alarcón*

crossed  
 in despair  
 many deserts  
 full of hope

mountains  
 will speak  
 for you

carrying  
 their empty  
 fists of sorrow  
 everywhere

rain  
 will flesh  
 your bones

mouthed  
 a bitter night  
 of shovels  
 and nails

green again  
 among ashes  
 after a long fire

“you’re nothing  
 you’re shit  
 your home’s  
 nowhere”—

started in  
 a fantasy island  
 some time ago

turning  
 Natives  
 into aliens

· · ·

## SOCIAL ACTION BLESSING

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם אשר קדשנו  
 במצוותיו וצונו לרדף צדק

*Baruch atah adonai eloheinu melekh ha-olam asher  
 kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tsivanu lirdof tzedek.*

Blessed is the source who shows us paths to holiness  
 and commands us to pursue justice.

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## SHECHEHIYANU

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם שחיינו וקיימנו  
 והגיענו לזמן הזה

*Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melekh ha-olam,  
 shehecheyanu, v'kiyamanu, v'higianu, lazman ha-zeh.*

Blessed is the Eternal, for giving us life, for sustaining  
 us and bringing us to this time.

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## CANDLE LIGHTING

### Blessed is the Match

by Hannah Szenes [L&J]

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling the flame.

Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret fastness  
of the heart.

Blessed is the heart with strength to stop its beating  
for honor's sake.

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling the flame.

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בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ  
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שָׁל (שַׁבָּת וְשָׁל) יוֹם טוֹב

*Baruch atah adonai eloheynu melech ha'olam asher  
kidshanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu l'hadlik ner shel  
(Shabbat v'shel) yom tov.*

Blessed is the spirit of freedom in whose honor we  
kindle the lights of (Shabbat and) this holiday.

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## © FIRST CUP OF WINE SURVIVAL

### A Litany for Survival

by Audre Lorde

For those of us who live at the shoreline  
standing upon the constant edges of decision  
crucial and alone

for those of us who cannot indulge  
the passing dreams of choice  
who love in doorways coming and going  
in the hours between dawns  
looking inward and outward  
at once before and after  
seeking a now that can breed  
futures

like bread in our children's mouths  
so their dreams will not reflect  
the death of ours;

For those of us  
who were imprinted with fear  
like a faint line in the center of our foreheads  
learning to be afraid with our mother's milk  
for by this weapon

## ♥ HALLEL - הַלֵּל PRAISE

### Min Hameitzar (Psalm 118:5)

From a narrow place,  
I cried out to Hashem.

Hashem answered me with wide expanse. [L&J]

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## © FOURTH CUP OF WINE PROMISE

### Red Sea: April 2002

by Aurora Levins Morales

This Passover, who reclines?

Only the dead, their cupped hands filling slowly  
with the red wine of war. We are not free.

The blood on the doorposts does not protect anyone.  
They say that other country over there  
dim blue in the twilight  
farther than the orange stars exploding over our  
roofs  
is called peace.

The bread of affliction snaps in our hands like bones,  
is dust in our mouths. This bitterness brings tears to  
our eyes.

The figs and apples are sour. We have many more  
than four questions. We dip and dip,  
salt stinging our fingers.

Unbearable griefs braided into a rope so tight  
we can hardly breathe,

Whether we bless or curse,  
this is captivity.

We would cross the water if we knew how.

Everyone blames everyone else for barring the way.

Listen, they say there is honey swelling in golden  
combs, over there,  
dates as sweet and brown as lovers' cheekbones,  
bread as fragrant as rest,  
but the turbulent water will not part for us.  
We've lost the trick of it.

Back then, one man's faith opened the way.  
He stepped in, we were released, our enemies  
drowned.

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,  
the hands canning tomatoes  
are named in the will  
that owns the bedlam of the cannery;  
this is the year that the eyes stinging from the poison  
that purifies toilets  
awaken at last to the sight  
of a rooster-loud hillside,  
pilgrimage of immigrant birth; this is the year that  
cockroaches  
become extinct, that no doctor  
finds a roach embedded  
in the ear of an infant;  
this is the year that the food stamps  
of adolescent mothers  
are auctioned like gold doubloons,  
and no coin is given to buy machetes  
for the next bouquet of severed heads  
in coffee plantation country.

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.

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בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרִי הַגָּפֶן

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu melech ha'olam borei pri hagafen.*

Blessed is the Eternal, determiner of the universe,  
who creates the fruit of the vine.

· · ·

this illusion of some safety to be found  
the heavy-footed hoped to silence us  
For all of us  
this instant and this triumph  
We were never meant to survive.

And when the sun rises we are afraid  
it might not remain  
when the sun sets we are afraid  
it might not rise in the morning  
when our stomachs are full we are afraid  
of indigestion  
when our stomachs are empty we are afraid  
we may never eat again  
when we are loved we are afraid  
love will vanish  
when we are alone we are afraid  
love will never return  
and when we speak we are afraid  
our words will not be heard  
nor welcomed  
but when we are silent  
we are still afraid

So it is better to speak  
remembering  
we were never meant to survive.

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בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרִי הַגָּפֶן

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu melech ha'olam borei pri hagafen.*

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## ♥ URCHATZ - וְרַחֵץ HAND WASHING

As we help each other to wash our hands, we reflect  
on the mutual dependence that water creates. We  
commit to work for justice with others rather than in  
isolation. [JVP]

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## ♥ KARPAS – כָּרְפָס GREENS + SALT WATER

“Those who plant tears will reap joy.” (Ps. 126) [JUFJ]

We dip a spring vegetable into salt-water – reminding us of potential and promise and of the tears and the pain along the way. This is an invitation to hold complexity – a reminder that change is possible even in what seems like endless darkness. As you dip the green vegetable into the salt water, [JVP]

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פָּרִי הָאֲדָמָה

*Baruch atah adonai eloheinu melech ha'olam borei pri ha'adamah.*

Blessed is the One, who sustains all life, and brings forth fruits from the earth.

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## ♥ YACHATZ – יַחַץ BREAKING THE MATZAH

Systems of oppression break our world in so many ways large and small. They shatter bodies, families, communities, sometimes whole nations. What is broken can never be what it once was. But it can be repaired. [JVP]

הָא לַחְמָא עֲנִיָּא דִּי אָכְלוּ אַבְהַתְנָא בְּאַרְעָא דְּמִצְרַיִם  
כָּל דְּכַפִּין יִימֵי וְנִכְל כָּל דְּצָרִיד יִימֵי וְיִפְסַח  
הַשְׁמָא הָכָא לְשָׁנָה הַבְּאָה בְּאַרְעָא דְּיִשְׂרָאֵל  
הַשְׁמָא עֲבָדֵי לְשָׁנָה הַבְּאָה בְּגֵי חוֹרִין

*Ha lachma anya di achalu avhatana b'arad'Mitzrayim.  
Kol dichfin yeitei v'yechol. Kol ditzrich yeitei v'yifsach.  
Hashata hacha lashanah haba'ahb'ara d'Yisrael.  
Hashata avdei lashanah haba'ah b'nei chorin.*

This is the bread of poverty which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. All who are hungry, come and eat; all who are needy, come and celebrate Passover with us. This year we are here; next year we will be in a land of freedom. This year we are slaves; next year we will be free.

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## © CUPS OF THE PROPHETS

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... 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... 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. [VR]

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## © THIRD CUP OF WINE RESISTANCE

Imagine the Angels of Bread  
by Martín Espada

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 police revolvers,  
stove-hot, blister the fingers  
of raging cops,  
and nightsticks splinter  
in their palms;  
this is the year that darkskinned men  
lynched a century ago  
return to sip coffee quietly  
with the apologizing descendants  
of their executioners.

This is the year that those  
who swim the border's undertow  
and shiver in boxcars

ourselves about the struggles of the past - and to learn that our pain is ultimately inseparable from the oppression experienced by all peoples. [JVP]

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו  
במצותיו וצונו על אכילת מרור

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

Blessed is our God, determiner of the universe, who has made us holy through commandments and has commanded us to eat maror.

.....

## ♥ KORECH - כּוֹרֵךְ HILLEL SANDWICH

If I am not for myself, who will be for me? But if I am for myself only, what am I? And if not now, when?

—Hillel

And if not with others, how? —Adrienne Rich [L&J]

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## ♥ SHULCHAN ORECH - שֻׁלְחַן עֹרֵךְ — THE MEAL

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## ♥ TZAFUN - צָפוּן AFIKOMEN

We now take the matzah we broke earlier in the seder and reunite the two pieces. We affirm that while the brokenness caused by systems of oppression cannot be undone, it can be repaired. [JVP]

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## ♥ BARECH - בָּרַךְ AFTER MEAL BLESSING

May all be fed, may all be nourished, and may all be loved. —Traditional blessing at Elat Chayyim [VR]

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## ♥ MAGID - מַגִּיד TELLING THE STORY

Rabbi Gamaliel said that those who do not mention three things on Passover, did not fulfill the obligation to tell the story: *pesach*, *matza* and *maror*.

.....

### There Was No Farewell

by Taha Muhammad Ali

We did not weep  
when we were leaving-  
for we had neither  
time nor tears,  
and there was no farewell.  
We did not know  
at the moment of parting  
that it was a parting,  
so where would our weeping  
have come from?  
We did not stay  
awake all night  
(and did not doze)  
the night of our leaving.  
That night we had  
neither night nor light,  
and no moon rose.  
That night we lost our star,  
our lamp misled us;  
we didn't receive our share  
of sleeplessness-  
so where  
would wakefulness have come from?

.....

### THE SEDER PLATE + TABLE

Point to each item and describe it:

**Maror and chazeret**, bitter herbs to represent the bitterness of slavery

**Haroset**, a mixture of fruit, nuts, and wine which represents the mortar we made in Mitzrayim

**Pesach**, a lamb shank (or beet), the blood of which marked Jewish doors so the Angel of Death would pass over our homes, which acknowledges the sacrifices we have made to survive

**Beitza**, a boiled egg, which symbolizes creative power, life, and rebirth

**Karpas**, parsley, which represents renewal, hope, and the new growth of spring

An **Orange**, symbolizing the need for inclusion of women, femmes, queers, trans people, and that diversity adds sweetness to our lives

An **Olive**, in solidarity with Palestinians and the injustices being done in our names

**Salt water**, to represent our tears, then and now

**Matzah**, unleavened bread, a symbol of our rushed exodus and a desire for our spirits to rise

· v ·

בְּכָל־דּוֹר וָדוֹר חַיֵּב אָדָם לְרַאוֹת אֶת־עַצְמוֹ, כְּאִלוּ הוּא יֵצֵא מִמִּצְרַיִם

*B'chol dor vador chayav adam lirot et-atzmo, k'ilu hu yatzav mimitzrayim.*

In every generation, everyone is obligated to see themselves as though they personally left Egypt.

· v ·

**A narrow passage:** “Mitzrayim comes from the root *tzar*, meaning narrow or constricted. It can refer to the geography of the Nile valley, but also to a metaphorical state of confinement... a narrow passage.” [L&J]

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#### 4 QUESTIONS

מה נִשְׁתַּנָּה הלַיְלָה הַזֶּה מִכָּל הלַיְלֹת

*Ma nishtanah halailah hazeh mikol haleilot?*

Why is this night different from all other nights?

שֶׁבְּכָל הלַיְלֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין תְּמִיז וּמַצָּה  
הלַיְלָה הַזֶּה כִּלּוּ מַצָּה

## ♥ RACHTZAH - רְחִצָּה WASHING HANDS

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלִךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל נְטִילַת יְדַיִם

*Baruch atah adonai eloheinu melech ha'olam asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al netilat yadayim.*

Blessed is our God, determiner of the universe, who has sanctified us with commandments, and commanded us to wash hands.

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## ♥ MOTZI MATZAH - מוֹצֵיא מַצָּה — MATZAH

We dedicate ourselves to fighting oppression in all its forms so that never again shall anyone have to eat this bread of affliction. [JVP]

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלִךְ הָעוֹלָם הַמוֹצֵיא לְחֶם מִן הָאָרֶץ

*Baruch atah adonai eloheinu melech ha'olam ha'motzi lechem min ha'arets.*

Blessed is our God, determiner of the universe, who brings forth bread from the earth.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלִךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מַצָּה

*Baruch atah adonai eloheinu melech ha'olam asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al achilat matzah.*

Blessed is our God, determiner of the universe, who has made us holy through commandments and has commanded us to eat unleavened bread.

· v · v · v · v · v · v ·

## ♥ MAROR - מָרֹר BITTER HERB

As we eat the bitter herb, we acknowledge that no one people have a monopoly on pain and oppression. The only way to liberation is to educate



can't walk, can't remember, they can  
take your child, wall up  
your lover. They can do anything  
you can't stop them  
from doing. How can you stop  
them? Alone, you can fight,  
you can refuse, you can  
take what revenge you can  
but they roll over you.

But two people fighting  
back to back can cut through  
a mob, a snake-dancing file  
can break a cordon, an army  
can meet an army.

Two people can keep each other  
sane, can give support, conviction,  
love, massage, hope, sex.  
Three people are a delegation,  
a committee, a wedge. With four  
you can play bridge and start  
an organization. With six  
you can rent a whole house,  
eat pie for dinner with no  
seconds, and hold a fund-raising party.  
A dozen make a demonstration.  
A hundred fill a hall.  
A thousand have solidarity and your own newsletter;  
ten thousand, power and your own paper;  
a hundred thousand, your own media;  
ten million, your own country.

It goes on one at a time,  
it starts when you care  
to act, it starts when you do  
it again after they said no,  
it starts when you say *We*  
and know who you mean, and each  
day you mean one more.

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בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגֶּפֶן

*Baruch atah Adonai Eloheinu melech ha'olam borei pri  
hagafen.*

Blessed is the Eternal, determiner of the universe,  
who creates the fruit of the vine.

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*Sheb'khol haleilot anu okhlin hametz umatzah; halailah  
hazeh, kuloh matzah.*

On all other nights we eat leavened products and  
matzah, and on this night only matzah.

שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין שָׂאֵר יִרְקוֹת  
הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה מָרוֹר

*Sheb'khol haleilot anu okhlin sh'ar y'rakot; halailah  
hazeh, maror.*

On all other nights we eat all vegetables, and on this  
night only bitter herbs.

שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אֵין אָנוּ מַטְבִּילִין אֶפְּלוֹ פַּעַם אַחַת  
הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה שְׁתֵּי פְּעָמִים

*Sheb'khol haleilot ein anu matbilin afilu pa'am ehat;  
halailah hazeh, shtei f'amim.*

On all other nights, we don't dip our food even once,  
and on this night we dip twice.

שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין בֵּין יוֹשְׁבֵין וּבֵין מְסֻבִּין  
הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה כָּל נוֹ מְסֻבִּין

*Sheb'khol haleilot anu okhlin bein yoshvin uvein  
m'subin; halailah hazeh, kulanu m'subin.*

On all other nights we eat sitting or reclining, and on  
this night we only recline.

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## 4 RESPONSES

עֲבָדִים הָיינוּ הָיינוּ. עֲתָה בְּנֵי חוֹרֵין

*Avadim hayinu hayinu. Ata b'nei chorin.*

We were slaves to Pharaoh in Egypt. Now we are free.

**All:** On all other nights we eat leavened bread and  
matzah. Why on this night only matzah?

**Reader:** *Avadot hayinu.* We were slaves. We were  
slaves in Mitzrayim. Our mothers in their flight from  
bondage in Mitzrayim did not have time to let the  
dough rise. With not a moment to spare they  
snatched up the dough they had prepared and fled.  
But the hot sun beat as they carried the dough along

with them and baked it into the flat unleavened bread we call matzah. In memory of this, we eat only matzah, no bread, during Passover. This matzah represents our rush to freedom.

**All:** On all other nights we eat all kinds of vegetables. Why on this night do we make certain to eat bitter herbs?

**Reader:** *Avadot hayinu.* We were slaves. We eat maror to remind us how bitter our ancestors' lives were made by their enslavement in Mitzrayim.

**All:** On all other nights we do not usually dip food once. Why on this night do we dip twice?

**Reader:** *Avadot hayinu.* We were slaves. The first time we dip our greens to taste the brine of enslavement. We also dip to remind ourselves of all life and growth, of earth and sea, which gives us sustenance and comes to life again in the springtime. The second time we dip the maror into the charoset. The charoset reminds us of the mortar that our ancestors mixed as slaves in Mitzrayim. But our charoset is made of fruit and nuts, to show us that our ancestors were able to withstand the bitterness of slavery because it was sweetened by the hope of freedom.

**All:** On all other nights we sit on straight chairs. Why on this night do we relax and recline on pillows during the seder?

**Reader:** *Avadot hayinu.* We were slaves. Long ago, the wealthy Romans rested on couches during their feasts. Slaves were not allowed to rest, not even while they ate. Since our ancestors were freed from slavery, we recline to remind our selves that we, like our ancestors, can overcome bondage in our own time. We also recline to remind ourselves that rest and rejuvenation are vital to continuing our struggles. We should take pleasure in reclining, even as we share our difficult stories. [L&J]

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## 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 [and the technicolor dreamcoat] had

## DAYEINU – דִּינּוּ

אלו הוציאנו ממצרים

*Ilu hotzi- hotzianu, Hotzianu mi-mitzrayim Hotzianu mi-mitzrayim, Dayeinu*

If God had only taken us out of Egypt, that would have been enough!

אלו נתן לנו את השבת

*Ilu natan natan lanu, natan lanu et ha-Shabbat, Natan lanu et ha-Shabbat, Dayeinu*

If God had only given us Shabbat, that would have been enough!

אלו נתן לנו את התורה

*Ilu natan natan lanu, natan lanu et ha-Torah, Natan lanu et ha-Torah, Dayeinu*

If God had only given us the Torah, that would have been enough.

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### Three conclusions from the Exodus story:

1. Wherever you live, it is probably Mitzrayim.
2. There is a better place, a promised land.
3. The way to this promised land is through the wilderness – there is no way to get there except by joining together and marching.

—Michael Waltzer, *Exodus and Revolution* [L&J]

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## © SECOND CUP OF WINE SOLIDARITY

**The Low Road**  
by Marge Piercy

What can they do to you? Whatever they want. They can set you up, they can bust you, they can break your fingers, they can burn your brain with electricity, blur you with drugs till you

forget pride  
 your survival is more important  
 no one leaves home until home is a sweaty voice in  
 your ear  
 saying-  
 leave,  
 run away from me now  
 i dont know what i've become  
 but i know that anywhere  
 is safer than here

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**TEN PLAGUES**

The idea of justice embodied in our story is direct and unquestioned—suffering for suffering. The people of Mitzrayim suffered because of their own leader, who is in part set-up by an angry God eager to demonstrate his own superiority. In our story, all of this was necessary for freedom.

Jews have been troubled by this for generations, and so, before we drink to our liberation, we mark how the suffering diminishes our joy by taking a drop of wine out of our cup of joy for each of the ten plagues visited on the people of Mitzrayim.

May the next sea-opening not also be a drowning; may our singing never again be their wailing. We shall all be free, or none of us shall be free because our liberations are intertwined. [JVP]

דָּם  
 Dam — Blood

שָׁחִין  
 Shichin — Boils

צְפַרְדֵּי  
 Tzfardeyah — Frogs

בָּרָד  
 Barad — Hail

כִּנִּים  
 Kinim — Lice

אַרְבֵּה  
 Arbeh — Locusts

עֲרֹב  
 Arov — Wild Beasts

חֹשֶׁךְ  
 Choshech — Endless Night

דֶּבֶר  
 Dever — Blight

מַכַּת בְּכוֹרוֹת  
 Makat B'chorot —  
 Slaying of the First-Born

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.

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'shitihu*, 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. 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. [VR]

## Home

by Warsan Shire

no one leaves home unless  
home is the mouth of a shark  
you only run for the border  
when you see the whole city running as well  
your neighbors running faster than you  
breath bloody in their throats  
the boy you went to school with  
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory  
is holding a gun bigger than his body  
you only leave home  
when home won't let you stay.  
no one leaves home unless home chases you  
fire under feet  
hot blood in your belly  
it's not something you ever thought of doing  
until the blade burnt threats into  
your neck  
and even then you carried the anthem under  
your breath  
only tearing up your passport in an airport toilet  
sobbing as each mouthful of paper  
made it clear that you wouldn't be going back.  
you have to understand,  
that no one puts their children in a boat  
unless the water is safer than the land  
no one burns their palms  
under trains  
beneath carriages  
no one spends days and nights in the stomach of a  
truck  
feeding on newspaper unless the miles travelled  
means something more than journey.  
no one crawls under fences  
no one wants to be beaten  
pitied

no one chooses refugee camps  
or strip searches where your  
body is left aching  
or prison,  
because prison is safer  
than a city of fire  
and one prison guard  
in the night  
is better than a truckload  
of men who look like your father  
no one could take it  
no one could stomach it  
no one skin would be tough enough  
the  
go home blacks  
refugees  
dirty immigrants  
asylum seekers  
sucking our country dry  
niggers with their hands out  
they smell strange  
savage  
messed up their country and now they want  
to mess ours up  
how do the words  
the dirty looks  
roll off your backs  
maybe because the blow is softer  
than a limb torn off  
or the words are more tender  
than fourteen men between  
your legs  
or the insults are easier  
to swallow  
than rubble  
than bone  
than your child body  
in pieces.  
i want to go home,  
but home is the mouth of a shark  
home is the barrel of the gun  
and no one would leave home  
unless home chased you to the shore  
unless home told you  
to quicken your legs  
leave your clothes behind  
crawl through the desert  
wade through the oceans  
drown  
save  
be hunger  
beg