

**ALL
OF
US
OR
NONE**



PASSOVER — נֹדֵד

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

• ♥ •

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

• v •

SOCIAL ACTION BLESSING

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ לְרַדֵּף צְדָקָה

*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.

• v •

SHECHEHIYANU

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שֶׁהִחִיָנוּ וְקִיָּמָנוּ
וְהִגִּיעָנוּ לְזֶמֶן הַזֶּה

*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.

• v •

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.

• • •

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שֶׁל (שַׁבָּת וְיִשָּׁל) 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

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.

• • •

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי 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.

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♥ URCHATZ - וּרְחַץ 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 - כַּרְפָּס** **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]

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי 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 לַחֲמַא עֲנִיָּא דִּי אָכְלוּ אַבְהַתְנָא בְּאַרְעָא דְּמִצְרַיִם
כָּל דְּכַפִּין יִיתִי וְיִכֹּל כָּל דְּצָרִיךְ יִיתִי וְיִפְסַח
הַשְׁתָּא הָכָא לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּאַרְעָא דְּיִשְׂרָאֵל
הַשְׁתָּא עַבְדֵי לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּנֵי 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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♥ **MAGID - תִּגְמָל** **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*.

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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?

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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

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בְּכָל־דּוֹר וָדוֹר חַיֵּיב אָדָם לִרְאוֹת אֶת־עַצְמוֹ, כְּאִלּוּ הוּא
יָצָא 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.

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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

מָה נִשְׁתַּנָּה הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה מִכָּל הַלַּיְלוֹת

Ma nishtanah halailah hazeh mikol haleilot?

Why is this night different from all other nights?

שֶׁבְּכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין חֶמֶץ וּמֶצֶה
הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה כָּלוּ מֶצֶה

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.

שְׁבֹכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין שְׂאֵר יְרָקוֹת
הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה מָרֹר

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

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

שְׁבֹכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אֵין אָנוּ מְטַבִּילִין אֶפִּילוּ פַּעַם אֶחָת
הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה שְׁתֵּי פְעָמִים

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.

שְׁבֹכָל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין בֵּין יוֹשְׁבִין וּבֵין מְסֻבִּין
הַלַּיְלָה הַזֶּה כָּל נֹו 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.

• • •

4 RESPONSES

עֲבָדִים הָיינוּ הָיינוּ. עַתָּה בְּנֵי חוֹרִין

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

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]

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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

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

• v •

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

שִׁחִין
Shichin — Boils

צְפַרְדֵּי
Tzfardeyah — Frogs

בָּרָד
Barad — Hail

כִּנִּים
Kinim — Lice

אַרְבֵּה
Arbeh — Locusts

עֲרוֹב
Arov — Wild Beasts

חֹשֶׁךְ
Choshech — Endless
 Night

דֶּבֶר
Dever — Blight

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

DAYEINU – דינו

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

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.

• • •

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי 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.

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♥ RACHTZAH - רְחִצָּה WASHING HANDS

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו
וְצִוָּנוּ עַל נְטִילַת יָדַיִם

*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 - מוֹצִיא 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]

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם הַמוֹצִיא לֶחֶם מִן
הָאָרֶץ

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

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

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ 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.

.....

♥ MAROR - מָרוֹר 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

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

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי 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 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]

•••••

♥ **SHULCHAN ORECH -** **שְׁלֹחַן עוֹרֵךְ — 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]

•••••

♥ **BARECH - בְּרֵךְ** **AFTER MEAL BLESSING**

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

••~••

© 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

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.

• • •

בָּרוּךְ 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.

• • • • •

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.

• v •

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי 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.

• v • v • v • v • v • v •

♥ **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.

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.

• v •

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]

• v •

צֶדֶק צֶדֶק תִּרְדּוּף

Tzedek tzedek tirdoff!

Justice, Justice We Shall Pursue!

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)
- **JUFJ:** Jews United for Justice's Labor & Social Justice Seder Haggadot (bit.ly/jufj-haggadah)
- **JVP:** Jewish Voice for Peace's Liberatory Passover Haggadah (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)
- **L&J:** Micah Bazant and Dara Silverman's Love & Justice Haggadah (bit.ly/lj-haggadah)
- **VR:** The Velveteen Rabbi's Haggadah (bit.ly/vr-haggadah)
- Most of the prayer text and Hebrew is from projects on **Open Siddur** (opensiddur.org).

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

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

Next year in freedom!

xoxo,

Lil Miss Hot Mess

lilmisshotmess.com/haggadah-2020/

