

Social Action Blessing

ברוך אתה יהוה אלהינו
מלך העולם אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו לרדוף צדק.

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melekh ha-olam, asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tsivanu lirdof tzedek

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam, asher kid'shatnu b'mitzvotayha vitzivatnu lirdof tzedek

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

*Dedicated to the reader:
may you find liberation!*

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“Now we turn to memory, we search all the days we had forgotten for a tradition that can support our arms in such a moment. If we are free people, we are also free to choose our past, at every moment to choose the tradition we will bring to the future. We invoke a rigorous positive, that will enable us to imagine our choices, and to make them.”

-Muriel Rukeyser, from *The Life of Poetry*, 1944

Welcome to the Love and Justice Haggadah!

We're so glad you can join us. The word "haggadah" means "telling", and refers to the story of the Exodus that we read at Passover. As you may soon notice, there is a bit more in here than the traditional Passover story. There are stories from some of our friends about what Passover means to them. There is a glossary and a resource list, and lots of commentary. We aimed high and have pulled out quite a bit of hair; fought back the urge to give up, eat Nutella and watch Will & Grace; and learned a lot in the process.

We are both white, Ashkenazi middle-class folks and long-time activists/organizers. We are both queer, Micah is a tranny/alien type. Neither of us grew up in religiously observant households. Most of what we know about Jewish practice, we have learned as adults. We are both familiar with the particular frustration and embarrassment that can arise from not knowing about your own culture, not knowing how or what to ask. And for those of us who are also marginalized because of class, ethnicity, gender, sexuality, etc., Jewish knowledge can be especially hard to come by. We have tried to create a source of information that would be welcoming to people of different backgrounds and knowledge and experience levels.

We see Jewishness as many things – a spiritual practice, and a collection of many deeply connected cultures and ethnicities. We hope that someday there will be many spiritually-resonant, politically progressive multi-cultural, multi-ethnic haggadot. We realize we are far from that point and that this is still a very Ashkenazi-centric document. We hope this is a step in the right direction, and will nudge the door a little further open, for all the beautiful work to come.

Today, as the U.S. has begun/intensified yet another war on poor folks of color overseas and at home, we are all feeling the need for some cultural, spiritual and personal healing. And as the U.S.-backed Israeli war on Palestine continues, many of us American Jews continue to struggle with how to resist the horror of what is done in our name, while also holding dear our Jewish identities. We struggle with how to heal from the centuries of violence our families have carried, in order to be better allies to others and ourselves. As the U.S. Jewish establishment swings further to the right, allying with Christian fundamentalists and warmongers, we refuse to give up our vision of a liberatory Judaism. We refuse to give up the right to engage with, transform and reclaim our traditions, and to create the loving and inclusive cultures we know they can be. And we refuse to do this alone.

This is one of the reasons we have poured ourselves into creating this haggadah: as a tool to help build loving, justice-seeking communities of Jews and allies who will gather around the table and eat, work as agitators for everyone's liberation, rock our traditions with our love and be our truly freaky selves.

This process of cultural transformation is itself an ancient Jewish tradition. "More than 3500 version of the Haggadah have been published since the 13th century, when the first one appeared in book form." (32) We have drawn from many haggadot in the compilation of this text. These sources were inspiring and gorgeous, and we offer our deepest thanks to everyone whose words we have included. Many haggadot we referenced were themselves xeroxed compilations from other works. We have tried to give credit as best we could, and offer our sincere apologies to anyone whose name is not listed.

We wish you the best of Seders. Talk, question, learn, argue, sing. Engage with what we have written and compiled. Reflect on your deepest spiritual beliefs or simply enjoy the food. This is a celebration of freedom, liberation, and a remembrance of slavery and oppression. We live in a time in which all of this feels very close to the surface, and yet out of reach. May we all live next year in a world of justice and peace. And may we all work together to build that world. *Kayn Yihee Ratzon! Inshallah...*

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exodus and after

by cynthia greenberg

1
leaving is the easy part
not where to run, how to get there
children pulling at your hems
so many bags to carry
which way in the dark will you wander
what star use as your guide
stepping out into the uncertain sands
what then

it is more than the worry of food, shelter, water, food
what will become of us
this is what holds you back

2
leaving is the simplest part
to turn, in panic, anger, disdain, passion
rent of all trappings, belonging, owing-ness
to flee

us running, leaping, all gaiety at bonds released
the haze, intoxication, din
will we recognize suffering
notice disequilibrium bedding down among us
as we beat freedom drums
will we turn to the sounds of still-lacking

3
leaving is the onliest part
determinedly setting out through unmapped waters
grasping ourselves, the air, what comes next full in our hands
we are wild joyfully moving as the dream
our mothers, fathers, cousins dreamed for us

even in our haste
history whispers:
bring all you have borne with you
leaving it, you will find no peace

what you make of liberation
that is the trick
can you, unshackled, set someone else free?

My Jewish Anniversary: a liberation story

by Stosh Cotler

I had danced for D before- a leather butch who came into my club with her old school, high femme wife and their entourage. That particular night, the Saturday before Passover, I sat with their crew after my table dance for D, and was shocked when D's lover started talking about Seder arrangements. Immediately, I outed myself as a Jew, which caused a huge burst of excitement at the table- imagine the odds, not only of randomly running into other Jews in a goyim-dominated city like Portland, but of meeting freaky Jews at a sex club. It was beautiful. I was invited to their Seder, and I accepted.

A few days later I wasn't so sure about my decision. A Seder, after so many years of no Seders and few Jewish celebrations, what was I thinking? And with total strangers? I called my dad. "Dad, there was a bunch of leather dykes who came into my club last weekend and invited me to their Seder. What should I do!?" And his response "Of course you have to go! How could you not go? Go already!"

Wavering about my decision until the very last moment, I arrived at D's house feeling nervous and little sorry I had taken his advice. I approached the door and saw the mezuzah, along side the rainbow flags and pink triangle stickers. I walked in and was greeted by the requisite cache of dogs, and then when I looked up I was surrounded by a surreal combination of 40's -something, primarily white, butch-femme couples with a handful of dazzling leather daddy's and Lavender Lesbians thrown in the mix.

I was introduced to everyone and took my seat with the others. We began the evening reading from the hand-made haggadah prepared for the seder, written specifically because so many of these people had been invisibilized, marginalized, traumatized or otherwise neglected by their mainstream Jewish upbringing. As we experienced the meal together, I think I was in shock- it had never occurred to me that Judaism could be contemporary, that my childhood religion and culture could have any relevance in my adult life, or that I could possibly bring my whole self to the table- without having to make excuses or justifications for who I am. It had never occurred to me that being Jewish was a revolutionary spiritual and political path to personal and community liberation.

I cried during the seder itself (you know, those tears that just well up in your eyes and you try to wipe them away before anyone else notices), and then I cried and cried for four days straight. I remember sitting on my bed, talking with my best friend, and not having the words to describe my confusion and grief and anger and desire after that Seder. I was so sad that I had missed out on so much of my Jewish upbringing, resentful that so many Jews are forced to assimilate into a watered down culture, fiercely

bitter that so many Jews get pushed out of our own Jewish spaces because of intolerance within "our" community, and mostly just confused about how I was going to integrate this huge experience into my life. I truly felt like I had found my "home" in those short hours at the seder, and after being gone so long I felt scared and lost.

When something so deep happens, there is no going back. That Seder marked my return to Judaism and the beginning of my conscious and proud identity as a Jew. And for that reason, I think about Passover as my own personal Jewish anniversary as well as the time when we sit together with our loved ones and recount the story of liberation- our personal liberation, our people's liberation, ALL people's liberation.

May this haggadah be a reminder to us all that we are beautiful creatures who have a rightful place within our own tradition, and may we bring the radical spirit and vision of this holiday into our daily lives, minute by minute, as we work for love and justice for all people.

Love,
Stosh

Always a Process

by Deirdre Silverman

For me, the recent meaning of Passover in my life has been a reclaiming of the seder ceremony away from the patriarchal tradition. My children may remember the seders of their early childhood, conducted by their grandfather entirely in Hebrew, incomprehensible to most in attendance, unvarying from year to year, except for how long it took until the children were sent away from the table for giggling. Before that, there were the Vietnam-era seders when we got into fights with relatives about the relationship (or lack thereof) between the oppressions of ancient people and those of our own era.

Our goal now is to create seders that reflect our awareness of the past and present, that change to meet our needs and concerns but remain connected to the positive aspects of our tradition, that welcome newcomers and offer comfort to the regulars, and that are stimulating, comprehensible and of interest to people of varying ages, religions and backgrounds. Always a process; always a challenge.

Love, Deirdre

Making Halaik

by Julie Iny

Some Jews prepare for Pesach by getting rid of all their hametz. Last year, I inadvertently created a ritual for a near reenactment of the 40 days and 40 nights our people spent wandering in the desert when I decided to learn how to make *halaik*, the date syrup that is the critical and divine ingredient of Iraqi charoset.

In years past, my Aunt Rachel, keeper of many Iraqi and Indian-Iraqi culinary and cultural traditions, would, because she loves me, send me a bottle of homemade halaik carefully wrapped for its journey from Montreal to Oakland via Los Angeles. My friends who have tasted Iraqi charoset, made of halaik and chopped nuts, have dubbed this intensely flavorful and hard-to-come-by syrup “liquid gold.” They are typically so enthralled by its sweet taste, that they fail to notice how its appearance serves to remind us of the bricks and mortar of slavery in Egypt.

In these times when many traditional cultures are being lost, I hope there will be people who work to preserve the rich diversity of languages, traditions and practices of non-European Jews. So, with this in mind, I called my Aunt Rachel who happily faxed me “Aunt Rachel and Granny’s Halaik” recipe, which included strategies for avoiding date-syrup scheming squirrels and ants.

I bought 5 pounds of dates from Costco. Then I poured boiling water onto the dates and mashed them in the pot, leaving them uncovered overnight. The next step felt like about 36 of the 40 days and nights. I had to use porous fabric and squeeze date pulp to extract juice – one scoop at a time. I ultimately safety-pinned a contraption together to keep the dates from squeezing out on all sides. Day after day, my roommates would wake up and go to bed with me at the kitchen table squeezing dates.

Finally, I was able to boil the date water, which I then had to pass through a cloth bag yet again. I brought the now pulp-free date juice to a near boil and let it simmer for over an hour as I kept it company. Once cool, I covered it and put it in the sun to thicken - indoors so as to avoid the date-syrup scheming squirrels and ants my aunt warned me about.

As I undertook this journey in pursuit of liquid gold, I had several revelations. Our people probably didn’t work 45-hour weeks and then prepare for holidays. Halaik is good on matza brei. Our people probably organized the process so that a few folks made Halaik for the whole neighborhood. Halaik is good over labne on matzah. Our people would probably be grateful to know that in Oakland, California, this Iraqi Jewish woman didn’t go buy a jar of factory-made date syrup. Oh, and did I mention, Halaik is good.

Julie Iny is an Indian-Iraqi/Russian American Jewish activist in Oakland, California.

Pesach Thoughts

by Lisa/Leah Russ

I dreaded passover growing up. It seemed boring and oppressive and... dreadful with the emphasis on DREAD. I never really named it, but felt somewhere in my hungry gut that this wasn't a great place to be...my grandparents’ overheated undersized apartment in Queens, with these flat books in our hands, these hollow songs, this jelly on my fish.

A couple of years ago I was at a workshop called L'dor V'dor (generation to generation) and I thought about Pesach from my grandparents’ perspective for the first time.

They both came to the US from Vienna in the late 30's, in what would have been their university years. They both lost many family members in the Holocaust; my grandma lost both of her parents in concentration camps.

I got a picture in my head of my grandpa Joe, a 25-year-old newlywed in a new country, New York City (well, it was Jersey actually), getting settled in what would be his lifelong career as a garment cutter - this shy, hopeful, sad young man, this new husband and new dad and recent immigrant and non-english speaker (the guy still sounds like he hasn't been off the boat for long). This guy leading the seder cause nobody else made it and he and my grandma were basically orphaned. Grandma Ruth, leaving Vienna at 17 in a rush, no time to take the recipes she was too young to have really learned, in their ample and loving home where she, the youngest child, hoped to be a doctor and spent her time studying and playing with friends.

Cut to New York. Long gone the lush days of Vienna, or the simple comforts of home and family and the Haggadah they knew, recipes from many generations, the Seder plate and the cousins, and maybe Bubbe cooking and Zadie leading. Here they are, doing their own Seder in their apartment with their two little boys who would grow up to be absolute New Yorkers who don't know any German and, strangely enough, don't identify with Judaism, don't cherish and nourish traditions. These two sons who dread the seder, go only out of a sense of duty and, I think, knowing how dreadful it feels, are too pained to imagine my grandparents going through the motions alone.

Once I imagined the pain or the numbness they must have had around the seder, I was able to wrestle it back. Now I cherish the chance to celebrate with people that I love, to make food, to study the story and seek for application in my life and our world. I cherish the chance to honor Ruth and Joe and their amazing parents and struggles and sacrifices, and consider it my joyous duty to acknowledge, feel and someday move beyond, the sadness that encompassed them.

L'chaim, Leah

Passover in New Mexico

by Rabbi Fred Scherlinder Dobb

Horseradish is hard to find in the hinterlands outside Gallup NM. On this dry bit of Earth, next to what's left of Navajo/Hopi/Zuni lands, Pesach was clearly going to be a new experience. I had taken the year off from Brandeis to join the Global Walk for a Livable World 1990, figuring the truest education would be to "get up and walk the land" (Gen. 13:17), and to "serve and defend it" (Gen. 2:15). We'd started in L.A. two and a half months earlier, and would arrive in New York six months later, "walking our talk" of sustainability.

There were nearly sixty of us crossing the AZ/NM border, when suddenly Passover was upon us. We decided to hold two sederim -- the first as an all-group program, and the second as a Jewish space. We typed up a "freedom seder" on the office bus that accompanied us; worked with that week's cooks on Pesach-friendly foods; took the outreach van into Gallup to copy the haggadah and scout out the basics (no horseradish, but chiles did the trick); picked up specially-delivered matzah from back east. Amid sand and sagebrush, in an interfaith group devoted to protecting Creation, the story of the Exodus took on new meaning:

"This is the bread of affliction...let all who are hungry come and eat" -- our walk had taken us through some of the poorest urban and rural areas in the country already; we knew that social and environmental sustainability were intertwined.

"This year we are slaves; next year may we be free" -- living out of a backpack, and getting almost everywhere on foot, upper-middle-class folk like me quickly realize how enslaved we are to the external trappings that make up our daily lives. We also realize that this is how most people in most lands and through most of history live.

"Blood; frogs; lice..." -- the longest part of our desert sederim was recounting the plagues, noting the environmental relevance of the original ten, and coming up with our own lists. We offered ten plagues of sexism and homophobia, ten plagues of economic injustice, ten plagues of human rights abuses. Over our abuse of Earth, ten simply could not suffice.

"On all other nights, every other vegetable; on this night, bitter herbs" -- the group's favorite reading was Reb Zalman's kavannah over the maror: "We are the Egypt, and we are the Pharaohs whose hearts have been hardened and who refuse to let our Mother the Earth heal. We must shout a "Dayenu" to that, and begin to act.... As we are observant of the laws of Peach, so we must become observant about what is helpful to Earth; and like *chametz* on Pesach, we must avoid what destroys her."

Lessons learned: Tradition gives us not just symbols but also roots, sustaining us in our struggles for justice in the modern world. Seders are at

least as good for bridging across cultures and religions, as they are for bonding within our own communities. To understand the Exodus, walk. And near a desert or not, to understand and relive Pesach as the Torah tells us to (Ex. 12:14ff), celebrate it outdoors.

Rabbi Fred Scherlinder Dobb

Adat Shalom Reconstructionist Congregation, www.jrf.org/adatsmd

Wrestling with Tradition

by Mark Silverman

My early years immersed me in a Judaism of male dominance in life and at the seder table, inevitably enticing me to gulp my glasses of real wine as a way of dulling the scene, blurring the edges, until the final songs sent me off to bed in a not unpleasant stupor. Dayenu!

Later, still a child but more aware, I saw the family kowtow to my father, a Yeshiva boy who went secular except for a few occasions each year, such as presiding over a purely Hebrew escape into the pages of his high school Haggadah/yearbook, carefully preserved along with the class photos of boys (only boys) just off the boat.

Still later, a bar mitzvah boy/man, I felt a certain ownership of the brew that for two nights each year brought together a family always on the verge of breaking up, if not for the shepherdess role my mother played for her orphaned brothers and their families.

When I brought home my new mate during the Vietnam era, the seder became a kind of wrestling match, with occasional call-to-order/cut-the-crap wine glass tapping from my still resolute father, as we worked the generational fault line until the last of the desserts were stuffed in.

As a grownup, the seders began with me mimicking my father, lightly but true. Only after a few years did we manage to slowly begin the process of purging the sexism, homophobia, unthinking support of Israel, all the other oppressions and isms, till finally, like athletes at the finish line, the deity reflex itself came into question only to emerge (for now) as a kind of pantheistic, humanistic, ever loving, merging, surging, pulsing, sometimes splurging, boisterous song-filled celebration of springtime and our resolve to buck all odds in Bush's sodden empire to create a world free of war, injustice, inequality, and poverty. And if not, at least a sense of humor about our barely civilized escapades in life.

Perhaps Passover is, when all is said and done, a kind of wine baptism that transcends our modernity and transports us back to a past we must acknowledge in some meaningful way, and forward beyond the present into a better world we must give birth to - even if once again our destiny floats among the bulrushes of the Nile.

The Journey, In Gerangl

[Yiddish for: In Struggle]

by Margot Meitner

Passover is my favorite chag (holiday). It's the one in which I have always taken the opportunity to make a STATEMENT: Sometimes a political statement about my personal life; other times a personal statement about my political life. There was the time I plopped an orange on the Seder plate (representing the role of women in Judaism), or the time I nervously placed a crust of bread there (representing Queers in Judaism). There was the time I led the Seder in lieu of my father and my uncle (my budding feminism); the time I forced my family to be filmed on Passover (the budding documentary filmmaker); and the time I kept asking questions about my family's experience in the Shoah (Nazi Holocaust).

Who can forget the interracial and interfaith seders, the union seder, and the sweatshop liberation seder? And then there was the time I contaminated my local Bay Area vegan seder with my contribution of gefilte fish (my sassy New Yorker intolerance for West Coast new ageism, which I have since succumbed to). The story of Exodus that we recount at Passover has evolved into a spiritual model that inspires my statement-making (aka, my progressive political work).

The Exodus story of liberation depicts the centrality of the Divine concern for the oppressed. Moving away from a source of oppression seems to be the immediate goal. But the beautiful thing about the Exodus story is that we wander through the desert never to quite reach Eretz Yisrael (the Land of Israel)—our destination. This forces us to focus more on the journey and the struggle. I have come to accept that the world will never be the one I hope for in my lifetime. But heartbreaking as it sometimes is to know that I will never reach my destination, it is the value that Exodus places on the journey and the struggle that sustains my political work. It is my own Eretz Yisrael—my vision of love, peace, and justice that guides me and enables me, each Passover, to continue to make a STATEMENT.

Family Lessons

by Dan Berger

Though my family would never admit it, one of my first lessons in oppression and resistance came at Seders. Sitting around the table with my grandmother, who survived Auschwitz; my mother, who was raised by two survivors; and my father, who teaches Holocaust studies -- Passover had a very political character to it for me. Resistance was portrayed as a natural and necessary outgrowth of brutal oppression. We always talked about the Holocaust and what it meant for us. As I grew up and became aware of white supremacy, patriarchy, and other forms of oppression, I joined the resistance we talked about at Seders. I didn't realize it at the time -- and neither did my parents, who opposed my activism -- but resistance was and is the perfect way to honor Judaism, or at least the liberatory elements in it. Resistance is what I learned at Seders and what I saw everytime I looked at my grandmother's visible scars of her experience. It's funny that my parents and grandmother were so opposed to my radicalism -- they had laid the foundations in me to start to resist. The radical lessons I learned at Seders and Shabbat dinners were threatening to my family, in part because I made connections between Jewish resistance to oppression and the resistance of others. At least implicitly, I challenged them to also Make those connections -- and as my politics led to an interest in animal rights, they were upset that my diet ruined time-honored Passover traditions of dipping eggs in saltwater or eating meat at the main meal. They saw my eating habits as a rejection of Judaism and family tradition.

I saw it as a celebration of those traditions.

Seven years after I first became active, I'm still trying to determine fully what it means to be a Jewish radical in today's world. I've been inspired by other examples of Jewish radicalism that I've found -- in Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, in the white anti-racist allies of the 1960s and 70s movements, of the courageous people in the International Solidarity Movement. At the same time, my parents have become increasingly conservative, particularly in terms of support for Israel's occupation policies. It doesn't help that my mom is Israeli. Growing up, I learned that Israel was "ours" because of the terrible oppression Jews have faced. Meeting other Jewish radicals against colonization I see that things aren't quite that simple. As I try to navigate the difficult territory we find ourselves in -- as Jews, as radicals, as Jewish radicals -- I take comfort in remembering what I learned from Passover: people have a right and responsibility to resist and be free.

Choose Your Own Adventure:

How to use this haggadah

Warning: Do NOT try to do everything in this haggadah at your seder!! (or you will be up all night!)

We have tried to include many options on different themes. When there are several distinct readings provided for any one section, we have lettered them A, B, C... The parts of the seder that are traditionally most important to include, are in **bold type**. However, we encourage you to transform this ritual to make it most meaningful to you. Adapt, cut and paste, skip ahead or behind. Make it your own.

The First of Many Notes- On using this Haggadah



This khamsa symbol indicates core elements of the seder that you want to include if you are doing a traditional seder.



This little book indicates sections that are optional reading. If it appears at the beginning of a section, it means the entire section is optional.

Italics indicate directions (ex: *light candles*)

A), B), C)... These letters indicate different tracks/ options/ adventures on different themes, within the same section. We recommend choosing only one of these adventures within each section.

Reader: This indicates sections we recommend reading aloud. In traditional (patriarchal) seders, there was a "leader", a non-trans man who often read the whole thing, or only shared it with other men in attendance. We encourage you to try rotational reading where one person reads, and then the person on one side (usually to the left...) takes over. Be aware, that even with rotating leadership some people may want to HOG the reading. We encourage sharing.

A Note about the Vast Diaspora of Jewish Cultures!

As mentioned in the introduction, we hope someday to have a truly multicultural haggadah that respectfully includes all of our traditions. We recognize that we are far from that place, and that this zine is still a very Ashkenazi-centric document. (see glossary for definitions)

Transliteration is what happens when you use one alphabet to phonetically sound out words in another alphabet. All the Hebrew blessings and prayers in this haggadah are transliterated into English letters, so that non-Hebrew readers (like us!) can say them.

Depending on where you are from, and what language your peoples speak/spoke, your pronunciation of Hebrew will vary. For example, the "standard" transliteration of Hebrew prayers found in most U.S. synagogues reflects Ashkenazi pronunciation. Judeo-Arabic, Farsi and Ladino speakers, for example, pronounce Hebrew differently, in addition to having different tunes, practices, etc. As Loolwa Khazzoom, an Iraqi Jewish cultural activist has written:

"Ironically enough, the "Mizrahi" pronunciation of Hebrew is the grammatically correct, original pronunciation. Hebrew originally had a different pronunciation for each letter of the Hebrew alphabet...Jews who migrated to Slavic and Germanic countries, however, lost the ability to make many of these distinct pronunciations...Just as Ashkenazi culture came to dominate Jewish life globally, so did the Ashkenazi (mis)pronunciation of the Hebrew alphabet; and so these double letters are the commonly taught pronunciation today."

(see [The Racial Politics of Hebrew](http://www.loolwa.com/politics.html), at www.loolwa.com/politics.html)

We have, somewhat randomly, included transliterations of only Iraqi-Jewish and Ashkenazi pronunciations for most of the blessings. There are many other pronunciations of the blessings that we wish we could offer. We have included the Iraqi transliterations partly because they were available to us, thanks to the amazing work of Julie Iny and Loolwa Khazzoom. We hope that this will be a starting point, that it will open peoples' awareness to the beautiful and huge multiplicity of Jewish cultures. We recognize that because of the various forces of assimilation, Ashkenazi-centrism and racism, many folks from non-Ashkenazi cultures don't know their traditional tunes, customs, etc. We hope that some Iraqi Jewish folks will be able to use these blessings in ways that feel good and appropriate to you.

Please use this haggadah respectfully, and be aware of cultural appropriation. If you are Ashkenazi, don't decide to throw an "exotic" Passover seder using someone else's traditions. For

example, if you are a room full of Ashkenazi Jewish folks, we strongly suggest you don't try and butcher the Iraqi Jewish pronunciation. We advocate generally sticking with your own traditions while learning more about other cultures, and working to be a better ally to Mizrahi and Sephardi (and all other marginalized!) Jewish folks.

Remember:

However you pronounce them, however you sing them, the words of are peoples are beautiful.

A Note about "G-D"

We have observed the cultural convention of replacing the "O" in the word "G-d" with a dash. This is intended to keep the name of the divine holy, in case something bad happens to your piece of paper.

Many of us find the words and concepts used to describe "G-d", to be alienating, oppressive or meaningless. Judaism, like Islam, has many different and ancient words to attempt to describe our most personal experiences of awe and sacredness. We use many of these terms in this haggadah, and encourage you to improvise with this text. Use whatever words resonate for you to describe what is meaningful and holy in the universe.

Hashem- The Name
HaMakom – The Space
Shechina – Indwelling presence, Feminine aspect of the divine
Tsur – Rock
Rhamana – Compassionate One
Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh – I Will Be What I Will Be
Shalom – Peace, Wholeness
Malkah – Queen
Ayn Sof –Infinite One
Yesod - Foundation

A Note about Gendered Language (oy)

The Hebrew language requires one of two word forms, which are called 'feminine' or 'masculine'. (The authors of this haggadah are not sure why exactly these two linguistic cases are referred to in gendered terms, but anyway...) But as the ancient Kabbalists recognized, what is holy clearly transcends the binary gender system. We are doing the best we can with our current language options, by including the blessings in both masculine and feminine forms (rather than the male Hebrew only, in traditional Haggadot). Many people enjoy reading the two variants in unison, each person choosing hir, her or his preferred form. The two sounds easily merge, creating a new wholeness.

(adapted for our wacky transgendered lifestyles from (27))

WELCOME each other

AND create a trans-friendlier space! (multi-tasking for liberation)

Depending on the size of your group, go around the circle and introduce yourself. Everyone should say their name and pronoun preferences.

It can be incredibly stressful for transgender people to have to endure being called by the wrong terms, or to have to choose between being in a trans-friendly space and participating in their own cultural events. By stating our preferences at the beginning of our time together, we take the pressure off individual transpeople to find space and courage to identify themselves to strangers. This is an opportunity to practice loving compassion by listening without judgment and trying to respect peoples' self-identification every time. Even if there are no transpeople at your seder, this is a chance for non-trans folks to think about something they take for granted – that their gender will be seen and respected. And by doing this you are making Jewish practice more loving and inclusive right now!

QUESTIONS

The whole point of the seder is to ask questions. This is your time to ask about things that confuse you, things you don't understand, or even things you don't agree with. There really is no such thing as a stupid question, especially tonight.

-- Joy Levitt (16)

Questions are not only welcome during the course of the evening but are vital to tonight's journey. Our obligation at this seder involves traveling from slavery to freedom, prodding ourselves from apathy to action, encouraging the transformation of silence into speech, and providing a space where all different levels of belief and tradition can co-exist safely. Because leaving Mitzrayim--the narrow places, the places that oppress us—is a personal as well as a communal passage, your participation and thoughts are welcome and encouraged. (26)

We remember that questioning itself is a sign of freedom. The simplest question can have many answers, sometimes complex or contradictory ones, just as life itself is fraught with complexity and contradictions. To see everything as good or bad, matzah or maror, Jewish or Muslim, Jewish or "Gentile", is to be enslaved to simplicity. Sometimes, a question has no answer. Certainly, we must listen to the question, before answering. (8)



BEDIKAT CHAMETZ

~Removal of Chametz: An explanation and ritual

One Jewish tradition in preparing for Passover, is eliminating chametz, or leaven from your house. Traditionally, we go through our cupboards and storage areas to remove all products of leavened grain from our possession. When this task (called *bedikah*) is accomplished, we destroy a symbolic measure of the collected items by burning (*biur*), and a blessing is recited.

This spring-cleaning gives us an immediate opportunity to fulfill the mitzvah (commandment) of *ma'ot hittin* (grains of wheat), or caring for the hungry. Many Jews collect their chametz and donate it to a food bank.

Our rabbis remind us that matzah, the sanctified bread of Pesach, is made of the same grain as chametz, that which is forbidden to us on Pesach. What makes the same thing either holy or profane? It is what we do with it, how we treat it, what we make of it. As with wheat, so to with our lives.

As we search our homes, we also search our hearts. What internal chametz has accumulated over the last year? What has puffed us up? What has made us ignore our good inclinations? What has turned us from the paths our hearts would freely follow?

Everyone writes down some personal chametz of which they want to be rid. When everyone is finished, we put our chametz together in a bowl for burning. Together we recite the blessing for burning chametz:

ברוך אתה יי, אלהי מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו
במצותי, וצונו על בעור-חמץ:

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

**Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha-olam, asher kidshanu
b'mitvotav vitzivanu al biur chametz.**

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

**Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, asher kidshanu
b'mitvotav vitzivanu al biur chametz.**

Blessed is the force of all life, who makes us holy with mitzvot and invites us to burn chametz.

Every sort of hametz in my possession, which has met my gaze or has not met my gaze, which I have destroyed or have not destroyed, let it be null and void, ownerless, like the dust of the earth. (11)

The papers are burned.

Re-Enactment of the Exodus!

It is a Mizrahi Jewish tradition to re-enact the flight from Mitzrayim. One person may tie some matzah in a large napkin, sling it from hir shoulders, and enter the Seder area...

Reader 1: From where have you come?

Reader 2: From Mitzrayim!

Reader 1: Where are you going?

Reader 2: To a place of peace and freedom!

Reader 1: What are you taking with you?

Reader 2 points to the sack of matzah.

Reader 1: This is how our ancestors left Mitzrayim: with nothing but the clothes they were wearing and a sack on their backs.



The Seder

The word Seder means 'order'

Kaddesh – reciting the Kiddish

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 – prayer for the beginning of the meal and blessing for the matzah

Maror – blessing for the bitter herbs

Korech – Hillel's sandwich
Shulchan Orech – the meal

Tzafun – the afikomen

Barech – saying grace

Hallel - praise

Nirtzah – conclusion



THE SEDER PLATE

The entire story of the Haggadah is contained in the Seder plate; everything on it symbolizes an aspect of Exodus:

Zeroa, a roasted bone, beet or “Pashcal yam”. Evokes the offering made at the Temple in ancient times.

Beitza, a boiled egg, symbolizes the circle of life and death.

Maror, a bitter herb, reminds us of the bitterness of enslavement.

Charoset, a mixture of fruit, nuts, wine and spices, represents the mortar our ancestors used to build the structures of Mitzrayim

Karpas, a green vegetable, symbolizes hope and renewal.

Chazeret, the bitter herb for the “sandwich” we eat later, following the custom established by Hillel the Elder, as a reminder that our ancestors “ate matzah and bitter herbs together” (20)

(All the items on the Seder plate also correspond to different kabbalistic sephirot)



The Orange on the Seder Plate



Readers:

Why An Orange on the Seder Plate?

By Susanna Heschel, April 5, 2001

In the early 1980s, the Hillel Foundation invited me to speak on a panel at Oberlin College. While on campus, I came across a Haggadah that had been written by some Oberlin students to express feminist concerns. One ritual they devised was placing a crust of bread on the Seder plate, as a sign of solidarity with Jewish lesbians (there’s as much room for a lesbian in Judaism as there is for a crust of bread on the Seder plate)

At the next Passover, I placed an orange on our family’s seder plate. During the first part of the Seder, I asked everyone to take a segment of the orange, make the blessing over fruit, and eat it as a gesture of solidarity with Jewish lesbians and gay men, and others who are marginalized within the Jewish community (I mentioned widows in particular).

Bread on the Seder plate brings an end to Pesach – it renders everything hametz. And it suggests that being lesbian is being transgressive, violating Judaism. I felt that an orange was suggestive of something else: the fruitfulness for all Jews when lesbians and gay men are contributing and active members of Jewish life. In addition, each orange segment had a few seeds that had to be spit out – a gesture of spitting out, repudiating the homophobia of Judaism.

When lecturing, I often mentioned my custom as one of the many new feminist rituals that have been developed in the last twenty years. Somehow, though, the typical patriarchal maneuver occurred: My idea of an orange and my intention of affirming lesbians and gay men were transformed. Now the story circulates that a man said to me that a woman belongs on the bimah as an orange on the seder plate. A woman’s words are attributed to a man, and the affirmation of lesbians and gay men is simply erased.

Isn’t that precisely what’s happened over the centuries to women’s ideas?

Keep one orange on the Seder plate, and pass out orange slices. As we hold the fruit in our hands, shout out marginalized and invisibilized folks that we want to recognize and fully welcome in to the circle of the loving community we are creating.

Go to the blessing over fruit from trees (next page)

The Olive on the Seder Plate



Reader: This year, our Seder plate has a new symbol – an olive. Why an olive?

Reader: Because, for slavery to be truly over, for a people to be truly free, we must know that we can feed ourselves and our children, today, tomorrow, and into the following generations.

Reader: In the lands of Israel and Palestine, olive groves provide this security. When olive groves are destroyed, the past and future is destroyed. Without economic security, a people can much more easily be conquered, or enslaved.

Reader: And so this year, we eat an olive, to make real our understanding of what it means each time a bulldozer plows up a grove. Without the taste of olives, there will be no taste of freedom. (6)

Keep one olive on the Seder plate, and pass out olives.

All say the Blessing over Fruit from Trees!

ברוך אתה ה' אלוקנו מלך
העולם, בורא פרי העץ.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Bruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-eitz

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha-eitz

(Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Barouch ata Adonai, eloheinu melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-eitz

Blessed are You, Hashem, whose spirit fills all creation and brings forth fruit from the trees.

Since the beginning of the Intifada until February 2002,
34,606 olive & fruit trees uprooted in Palestine.

Source: The Health, Development, Information and Policy Institute (HDIP)

Eat olives and/or oranges.



CANDLE LIGHTING

In lighting the candles at dusk we symbolize the end of an ordinary day and the beginning of a sacred day, a day which reminds us of the first day at Creation, and the first day of our peoplehood.

Candles also symbolize an end of Winter, a beginning of Spring, and also a long history of struggle against oppression. We must join with all oppressed peoples, honoring both our differences and our need to work together for the future of ourselves and our children. (3)

One tradition is for one person to light the candles, then for everyone to lightly extend our arms in front of us, palms facing inward. We then circle hands, a few times, between our bodies and the light. As we do this we imagine gathering the light inwards towards ourselves, and also sending it out to where it is needed in the world. We cover our eyes as we say the blessing over the candles.

'Feminine' form:

ברוך זה שכינה אלהינו מלכת העולם
אשר קדשנו במצותיה וצונו להדליק
נר של (שבת ו) יום טוב.

'Masculine' form:

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם
אשר קדשנו במצותיו וצונו להדליק נר
של (שבת ו) יום טוב.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam, asher kid'shatnu b'mitzvotayha vitzivatnu l'hadlik ner shel (Shabbat v') Yom Tov.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Bruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha-olam, asher kid'shatnu b'mitzvotav v'tsivanu l'hadlik ner shel (Shabbat v') Yom Tov.

We bless the Source of all existence, who shows us paths to holiness, and inspires us to kindle the (Shabbat and) festival lights.

A blessing from the Humanistic Jewish tradition:

Baruch ha-or b'olam.
Radiant is the light in the world.
Baruch ha-or b'adam
Radiant is the light in humanity.
Baruch ha-or b'shalom
Radiant is the light of peace.
Baruch ha-or shel Pesach
Radiant is the light of Pesach.

ברוך הור בעולם
ברוך הור באדם
ברוך הור בשלום
ברוך הור בפסח

Hannah Szenes was a young Nazi resistance fighter. The Nazis captured her and brought Hannah's mother to her. They said that if Hannah didn't reveal the names of the resistance movement, her mother would be killed. Hannah told her mother that she could not betray the resistance. Her mother replied that by not giving in to the oppressor, Hannah had proved her love.

Hannah Szenes was captured, tortured, and put to death at the age of 20. She wrote this poem in prison in Budapest before her execution:

**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.**

- Hannah Szenes, 1921-1944

Poem

We are the generation that stands between the fires:
behind us the flame of smoke
that rose from Auschwitz and from Hiroshima;
before us the nightmare of a Flood of Fire,
the flame and smoke that consume all Earth .
It is our task to make from fire not to end all-consuming blaze
but the light in which we see each other fully.
All of us different, all of us bearing One Spark.

We light these fires to see more clearly
That the earth and all who live as part of it
Are not for burning.
We light this fire to see more clearly
The rainbow of our many-colored faces

Blessed is the one within the many.
Blessed are the many who make the one.

- Rabbi Arthur Waskow



A Prayer for Peace

Attributed to Rabbi Nachman ben Feiga of Braslov, 1773-1810

The following is a Prayer for Peace that is traditionally included in the Shabbat (Sabbath) service. May these words come true:

All say:

May we see the day when war and bloodshed cease
when a great peace will embrace the whole world

Then nation shall not threaten nation
and humankind will not again know war.

For all who live on earth shall realize
we have not come into being to hate or destroy

We have come into being
to praise, to labour and to love.

Compassionate G-d, bless all the leaders of all nations
with the power of compassion.

Fulfill the promise conveyed in Scripture:

"I will bring peace to the land,
and you shall lie down and no one shall terrify you.
I will rid the land of vicious beasts
and it shall not be ravaged by war."

Let love and justice flow like a mighty stream.

Let peace fill the earth as the waters fill the sea.

And let us say: Amen



SHEHECHIANU

This blessing is said whenever we do anything for the first time, and tonight is the first time our particular group is gathered together to celebrate the Seder. Now is also great time to welcome everyone who is at their first Seder!

בְּרוּכָה זֶה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַּת הָעוֹלָם
שֶׁחֲחִיתָנוּ וְקִיַּמְתָּנוּ וְהִגִּיעְתָּנוּ לְזִמְנוּ הַזֶּה.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם שֶׁחֲחִינוּ
וְקִיַּמְנוּ וְהִגִּיעְנוּ לְזִמְנוּ הַזֶּה.

All say together:

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam, shehechiatnu, v'kiyamanu, v'higianu, lazman ha-zeh.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

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.

All sing!

HINEI MA TOV

הִנֵּה מֵה־טוֹב וּמֵה־נְעִים
שֶׁבֶת אַחִים גַּם יַחַד.

Hinei ma tov uma na'im
Shevet achim/achyot gam yachad.

How sweet it is to be with our brothers/sisters,
together in community.



KIDDUSH

~Blessing over the Wine or
Grape Juice

קִדּוּשׁ

NOTE: We drink four cups of wine or juice during the seder, each of which may be focused on a different intention. We have included two different 'tracks' for the dedication of these four cups. The first track **(A)** is focused on cultural healing, and the second **(B)** on political struggle.

Consider the cup of wine which we are about to drink. Countless sets of hands played a role in bringing the wine to our seder: the entrepreneurs and farm-owners who decided to direct their energies and capital into the wine business, the workers who planted and pruned the vines, those who picked the grapes, the vintners who directed the fermentation of freshly harvested fruits into wine, the janitors who kept the winery clean and sanitary, the truck drivers and loading dock workers who transported the finished product, the clerks at the wine shops, and the servers who bring the wine to our tables tonight. (12)

A) A Cup to our Ancestors:

One person reads the directions for this meditation slowly aloud:

Close your eyes and focus on your body breathing/being breathed. Draw to your mind your ancestors – genetic or spiritual. Imagine them in the different places they lived, the lands and seas they traveled, by choice and for their lives, in freedom and enslaved. Imagine them holding what was precious to them, imagine this gift coming down through the generations to you. Imagine the places they were broken and take a moment to feel the body of your ancestors, its stitches and its scars. (29)

Thank them for the parts of your heritage you love and forgive them for the pain. Now visualize yourself as the ancestor of the generations to come. Accept their gratitude and forgiveness.(1)

Everyone open your eyes and read together:

We invite to the room the spirits of our ancestors. We honor you and we forgive you. Thank you for bringing us to this moment. May our lives contribute to the healing of all of our peoples, and all of the worlds.

Say the blessing over the wine

B) A Cup to Action:

As we come together this year the world can seem grim, and at times we are very tired and lose hope of any change occurring, especially with the pace and level of destruction the US government is perpetrating. What we drink to tonight is our community fomenting change together, around this table and around the world. We all are engaged in struggle, personally, in this country, and internationally. This year, we drink to the people around the world who have taken the streets, the buildings, the cities in protest of unjust, racist and classist wars. Tonight we come together to recount the stories from the past, share stories of present struggles, and envision together the future we will build with our allies.

Share stories of active resistance in which you have participated or that have inspired you over the past year. (30)

All say the Blessing over the Wine:

בְּרוּכָה זֶה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַת הָעוֹלָם
בוֹרְאֵת פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא
פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-gafen.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha-gafen.

Blessed is the Source that fills all creation and brings forth the fruit of the vine.

More blessing over the wine...

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר בָּחַר בָּנוּ מִכָּל עַם
וְרוֹמַמְנוּ מִכָּל לְשׁוֹן וְקִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו. וְתַתֵּן לָנוּ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ,
בְּאַהֲבָה (שְׁבֻתוֹת לְמִנוּחָה וּמוֹעֲדִים לְשִׂמְחָה, חַגִּים וְזִמְנִים
לְשִׁשׁוֹן, אֶת יוֹם (הַשְּׁבֻת הַזֶּה, וְאֶת יוֹם) חַג הַמִּצְוֹת הַזֶּה, זְמַן
חֵירוּתֵנוּ, (בְּאַהֲבָה) מִקְרָא קֹדֶשׁ, זְכוֹר לְיִצְיַאת מִצְרָיִם. כִּי בָנוּ
בְּחַרְתָּ, וְאוֹתָנוּ קִדְּשָׁתָּ מִכָּל הָעַמִּים (וְשֻׁבָת) וּמוֹעֲדֵי קֹדֶשׁ
(בְּאַהֲבָה וּבְרַצוֹן) בְּשִׂמְחָה וּבְשִׁשׁוֹן הַנְּחַלְתָּנוּ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי
מִקְדֵּשׁ (הַשְּׁבֻת וְ)יִשְׂרָאֵל וְהַזִּמְנִים.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheynu melech ha'olam asher bachar banu mee-kol
ahm v'roma-manu meekal lashon v'kid-d'shanu b'mitzvotav, vateeten lanu
Adonai Eloheynu b'ah-havah (on Shabbat: shabatot lim-nuchah) u-mo-adim
l'simchah chageem uz'ma-neem l'sason, et yom (Shabbat: Hashabbat
Hazeh v'et yom) chag hamatzot hazeh, z'man cherutaynu (shabat: B'ah-
havah) mikrah kodesh zecher liytzeeyat mitzrayim. Keevanu vachartah
v'otanu kidashtah mikal ha-amim (Shabbat: v'shabat) umo-aday kad'shchah
(Shabbat: b'ahavah uv-ratzon) b'simchah uv-sason hinchaltanu.
Baruch atah Adonai, m'kadesh (Shabbat: ha'shabbat v') yisrael v'haz-
manim.

In Sephardi homes, white wine is often used because of the blood libels which accused Jews of using the blood of murdered Christian children to make matzah and wine. The blood libel was often used as an excuse for violence against Jewish communities around the time of Pesach.

The Long Road

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 a pie for dinner with no
seconds, and hold a fund-raising party.
A dozen can hold 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 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.

-by Marge Piercy

URCHATZ

~ A Hand Washing Ritual

ורחץ

Fill a jug with water and bring it and an empty
bowl to the table.



Reader: One at a time, pour water over each others' hands. As water is poured over your hands, share with us what you would like to let go of right now, what you would like to have "washed away". And after each person speaks, give them support by all saying "Kayn Yihee Ratzon", or "So Be It." (23)

Reader: During the Urchatz, some groups share the names of parents or grandparents or countries or villages of our ancestors (27)

During this time, let us also remember the indigenous peoples that lived on this land before it was stolen by the U.S. government.

If you know the names of the indigenous tribes that lived and live in your area, take a moment to say these names aloud. If you don't know, take a moment to reflect on this.

"The next world war will be over water."
- Ismail Serageldin, former World Bank vice president



by Kristen Zimmerman

KARPAS

~Dipping of the Greens



Reader 1:

Long before the struggle upward begins,
there is tremor in the seed.
Self-protection cracks,
roots reach down and grab hold.
The seed swells, and tender shoots push up
toward light.
This is *karpas*: spring awakening growth.
A force so tough
it can break stone.

Reader 2: Why do we dip karpas into salt water?

Reader 1: At the beginning of this season of rebirth and growth, we recall the tears of our ancestors in bondage.

Reader 2: And why should salt water be touched by karpas?

Reader 1: To remind us that tears stop. Even after pain. Spring comes. (7)

Take some greens and dip them in the salt water, lemon juice or vinegar and say:

בְּרוּכָה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מִלְּפַת הָעוֹלָם
בּוֹרְאֵת פְּרֵי הָאָדָמָה.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא
פְּרֵי הָאָדָמָה.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechina, Eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha'adamah.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, Eloheinu Melekh ha'olam borei p'ri ha'adamah.

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

כַּרְפָּס



BLESSING OVER THE FLOWERS

There is a wonderful Sephardi ritual of going out on Pesach to have a picnic in order to say the blessing over new blossoms in Spring! Jewish tradition honors the delicious and the sensual along with the mystical and esoteric. We are reminded not to feel guilty, but to honor the delights of the earth and the flesh. Enjoying what is beautiful in this life is integral to our political and personal liberation struggles – it sustains us and reminds us of the world that we are fighting for. (29)

If there are flowers on your table, you may want to say this blessing over them, and over the freedom and beauty that is blossoming within the world and within ourselves:

**ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך העולם שלא חסר בעולמו דבר
וברא בו בריות טובות ואילנות טובים להנות בהם בני אדם.**

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai eloheinu melech ha'olam shelo hesair b'olamo davar, u'vara vo bryote tovote v'elanote tovim l'hanote bahem benai adam.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, Eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, shelo hesair b'olamo davar, u'vara vo bryote tovote v'elanote tovim l'hanote bahem benai adam.

Blessed is the Renewing One, who has made the world lacking nothing, and has produced beautiful creatures and trees which delight us.

YACHATZ

~ Breaking of the Middle Matzah

יחז



Take the three matzot and break the middle one in 2 pieces Place the smaller piece of matzah between the two whole matzot. This small piece is called the lechem oni, the bread of affliction. Place the larger half, known as the Afikomen, in a large cloth or napkin, and set it aside.

There are many different traditions: Syrian Jews break the matzah in the shape of the two Hebrew letters, a Daleth (numeric value of 4), and Vav (numeric value of 6) to total 10 (the ten kabbalistic sefirot). Others break it to form the 2 components of the Hebrew letter Heh.

Uncover the matzah and raise it for all to see.

Reader 1: Some do not get the chance to rise and spread out like golden loaves of challah, filled with sweet raisins and crowned with shiny braids.

Reader 2: Rushed, neglected, not kneaded by caring hands, we grow up afraid that any touch may cause a break. There are some ingredients we never receive.

Reader 1: Tonight, let us bless our cracked surfaces and sharp edges, unafraid to see our brittleness and brave enough to see our beauty.

Reader 2: Reaching for wholeness, let us piece together the parts of ourselves we have found, and honor all that is still hidden. (7)

The breaking of the matzah reflects the words of the Chassidic Kotzker Rebbe:

There is nothing more whole than a broken heart.

If your own suffering does not serve to unite you with the suffering of others, if your own imprisonment does not join you with others in prison, if you in your smallness remain alone, then your pain will have been for naught. (13)



The 4 QUESTIONS

Sung in Hebrew by all or by the "youngest child"

מִכֹּל הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה מִכֹּל הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה מִכֹּל הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה מִכֹּל הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה
מַה נִּשְׁתַּנָּה

אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין חֻמֵץ וּמָצוֹת, הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה כֻּלּוֹ מָצוֹת. שֶׁבִּכְל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין שָׂאֵר יֵרַקוֹת, הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה מָרוֹר. שֶׁבִּכְל הַלַּיְלוֹת אֵין אָנוּ מִטְבִּילִין אֶפְלוֹ פְּעַם אַחַת, הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה שְׁתֵּי פְּעָמִים. שֶׁבִּכְל הַלַּיְלוֹת אָנוּ אוֹכְלִין בֵּין יוֹשְׁבֵי וּבֵין מְסֻבִּין, הַלַּיְלוֹת הַזֶּה כֻּלְּנוּ מְסֻבִּין.

Mah nishtanah ha-lai-lah ha-zeh mi-kol ha-layloht, mi-kol ha-layloht?

Why is this night different from all other nights?

Sheh-b'khol ha-layloht anu okhlin chameytz u-matzah, chameytz u-matzah. Ha-lahylah ha-zeh, ha-lahylah ha-zeh, kooloh matzah?

Why is it that on all other nights during the year we eat either bread or matzoh, but on this night we eat only matzoh?

Sheh-b'khol ha-layloht anu okhlin sh'ar y'rakot, sh'ar y'rakot. Ha-lahylah ha-zeh, ha-lahylah ha-zeh, maror?

Why is it that on all other nights we eat all kinds of herbs, but on this night we eat only bitter herbs?

Sheh-b'khol ha-layloht ayn anu mat'bilin afilu pa'am echat, afilu pa'am echat. Ha-lahylah ha-zeh, ha-lahylah ha-zeh, sh'tay p'amim?

Why is it that on all other nights we do not dip our herbs even once, but on this night we dip them twice?

Sheh-b'khol ha-layloht anu okhlin bayn yosh'bin u'vayn m'soobin, bayn yosh'bin u'vayn m'soobin. Halahylah hazeh, halahylah ha-zeh, koolanu m'soobin?

Why is it that on all other nights we eat either sitting or reclining, but on this night we eat in a reclining position?

The Four Questions in Ladino:

Kuanto fue demudada la noche la esta mas ke todas las noches?

Ke en todas las noches non nos entinyentes afilu vez una, i la noche la esta dos vezes?

Ke en todas las noches nos comientes levdo o sesenya i la noche la esta todo el sesenya?

Ke en todas las noches nos comientes resto de vedruras i la noche la esta lechugua?

Ke en todas las noches nos comientes i bevientes tanto asentados i tanto arescovdados i la noche la esta todos nos arescovdados?

The Four Questions in Judeo-Arabic::

B'ma tera-yerath ha-dhee lei-la min kil l'yalee. Fee kil l'yalee les nih'na ram'seen. Lawu-noo mara wahda wa-dhee lei-la mar-ten.

Fee kil l'yalee nih'na ak-leen chmeer ya f'teer. Wa-dhee lei-la ku-loo f'teer.

Fee kil l'yalee nih'na ak-leen ch-dhar ya m'rar. Wa-dhee Leila ku-loo m'rar.

Fee kil l'yalee nih'na ak-leen u-shar-been. Ben ka'a'deen uben min-ti-ki-yeen. Wa-dhee lei-la ki-lit-na min-ti-ki-yeen.



(33)



THE 4 ANSWERS

One custom is for the "leader" to ask for the seder plate to be removed, **as if** the meal were suddenly over. This is meant to prompt younger people to ask the four questions. The refilling of the wine cups is also meant to provoke the young, by implying that a second kiddush is about to be made.

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.



A) Some of the questions people are really asking as they participate in a seder:

1. How many more hours until we eat?
2. Why on this night do some of us traditionally eat balls of reconstituted fish parts?
3. Will G-d strike me down if I get up to go to the bathroom during the maggid?
4. Why on this night do said fish balls always have slice of carrot on top, and is it true that jelled broth is in fact the Jewish people's most enduring contribution to humanity? (2)

B) A little discussion, eh?

Share four questions that are coming up for you at this time. They can be specific (like, why only four questions?) or general (What is the meaning of life and my existence and how did I end up here tonight?)



A little commentary...

The word Yisrael (Israel)

When found in the liturgy (religious text) does not refer to the modern nation/state of Israel, rather it derives from the blessing given to Ya'akov (Jacob) by a stranger with whom he wrestles all night. When the stranger is finally pinned, Ya'akov asks him for a blessing. The stranger says, "Your name will no longer be Ya'akov but Yisrael for you have wrestled with G-d and triumphed." Therefore when we say "Yisrael" in prayer we are referring to being G-d-wrestlers, not Israelis. (1)

The word Mitzrayim

Throughout the Haggadah, we have chosen the term 'Mitzrayim', instead of 'Egypt'. 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. The Passover story is also the story of the birth of the Jewish people, and 'mitzrayim' is the narrow passage we moved through. Leaving 'mitzrayim' also means freeing ourselves from narrow-mindedness and oppression. And in this time of intense anti-Arab racism, we are intentionally differentiating between the "bad guys" in this story and any contemporary Arab places or people. (conceptual credit to 6)

It is told that nineteen hundred years ago, at B'nai Brak (near present day Tel Aviv), Rabbis Eliezer, Yehoshua, Elazar ben Azaryah, Tarfon and Akiva sat all night celebrating the seder. They were stirred by the story of Passover to talk about how to throw off the tyranny of the Roman Empire. They told their students to let them know at once if Roman troops came into the neighborhood, and to let them know by a code phrase about the morning prayers. So the story goes that they planned a rebellion that night. For as long as oppression exists in the world, we must not only talk, but act to overthrow it.



חַמַּת אֲנִי הַחֲמַת

*Uncover the matzot and lift the seder plate for all to see.
All read:*

This is the bread of affliction that our ancestors ate in Mitzrayim.

All who are hungry, let them come and eat.

All who are in need, let them come and celebrate Passover with us.

Now we are here; next year may we be in the land of Yisrael / Freedom.

Now we are slaves; next year may we be free people.

לְחַמַּת אֲנִי הַחֲמַת
 דְּמִצְרַיִם. כָּל דֹּכְפִין יִיתִי וְיִיכַל, כָּל דְּצָרִיד
 יִיתִי וְיִפְסֹת. הַשְּׁתָא הָכָא, לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּאַרְעָא דִּישְׂרָאֵל.
 הַשְּׁתָא עַבְדִּי, לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּנֵי חוֹרִין.



(Ashkenazi pronunciation)

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.

(Iraqi pronunciation)

Ha lahma anya. Dee achaloo ab'hathana be-ar-a de-misrayeem. Kol dichfeen yethei wi-ye-chol. Kol dis-reef ye-thei wi-yifsah. Hasha-ta hacha. Le-shana ha-ba-a be-ar-a de-yisrael. Hasha-ta hacha abdei. Leshana ha-ba-a be-ar-a de-yisrael benei horeen.

This is one of the oldest passages in the Haggadah. It is written in Aramaic, and existed when the Second Temple was still standing, prior to 70 B.C.E.

A) Reader: This is matzah, the bread of oppression and rebellion that our foremothers baked and ate at a time when they had to be organizing and preparing and resisting and running. There was no time for the bread to rise. Each year we eat matzah to remind ourselves of their struggle, and that our struggle continues. When we bake in the fierce heat of our own personal Mitzrayim, mechanically and joylessly, as we do the dull and degrading tasks which are laid upon us by an oppressive society, then we are slaves. When we transform our matzah into journey bread and learn to turn our survival skills towards our goal, our dream, then we become free.

Reader: This is matzah, the bread of affliction and oppression. Let all people who hunger to know and express their nature and strength, all people who seek to find their meanings and place in tradition—come and join our celebration. For the sake of liberation we say these ancient words together:

All: This is the bread of affliction, let all who are hungry come and eat.

Reader: For these words join us with our people and with all who are in need, with those imprisoned, those under occupation, and those forced to live in the streets. For our liberation is bound up with the deliverance from bondage of people everywhere.

Reader: This year we are here seeking a path towards freedom and dignity. Next year, may we live in a world made whole and free, part of a larger community which strengthens and sustains us.
(adapted from 6)

B) This pressed-down bread was the bread of oppression. But sometimes oppression was so deep that even this bread could not be eaten. In Bergen-Belsen death camp, the prisoners said this prayer:

Our Father in heaven, behold it is evident and known to thee that it is our desire to do thy will and to celebrate the festival of Passover by eating matzah and by observing the prohibition of leavened food. But our heart is pained that the enslavement prevents us and we are in danger of our lives. Behold, we are prepared and ready to fulfill thy commandment: "And ye shall live by them and not die by them." We pray to thee that thou mayest

keep us alive and preserve us and redeem us speedily so that we may observe thy statutes and do thy will and serve thee with a perfect heart. Amen.

In the world today there are many who are so pressed-down that they have not even this bread of oppression to eat. We remember people in Iraq, in Palestine, at home and all over the world where the U.S. government, multinational corporations, the world bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF), have caused poverty and starvation. There are so many who are hungry that they cannot come and eat with us tonight. Therefore we say to them, we set aside this bread as a token that we owe you righteousness, *tzedakah*, and that we will fulfill it. (*Set aside a piece of matzah*) And to ourselves we say, not by bread alone. But by everything that is brought forth by the mouth of Hashem, lives the human; share your bread with the hungry, says our tradition. (25, 4)



(21)



THE MAGGID מגיד

~ The Story

Our story is the peoples' story. Our seder, first conducted thousands of years ago, was first conducted in Aramaic. Aramaic was the language of the people. Aramaic was the language of the ancient rabbis in Jerusalem; Aramaic was the language of Jesus ben Joseph of Nazareth; Aramaic was the language of a dispossessed people living on land occupied by a foreign empire. Over the course of centuries, Aramaic faded out of use, the descendents of its speakers learning and living with Greek and Syriac and Arabic and, later, Hebrew. Tonight we reintroduce a sleeping language. Tonight our blessings stretch back two thousand years.

Why is this important?

Just as the first haggadot were composed in Aramaic, the language of the people, our seder is conducted primarily in English, the language which all of us at this table share. It might be our first language or our third; we may feel more at home in Spanish, or Yiddish, or Hebrew. Regardless, sharing our seder in English is a decision entirely in keeping with the tradition that makes Passover the peoples' holiday. We use English, our common language, so that we are all able to question, all equal to participate. (20)

As we tell the story of Exodus, we remember the ways in which this story has inspired communities across the world that are searching for freedom. In particular, the Exodus story forms the core of African-American Protestant traditions. Harriet Tubman was called the Moses of her time because of her ability to deliver her people from slavery through the Underground Railroad to freedom. (2)

The Telling:

This story, the core of the Seder, can be read going around the table, with each person reading one or several paragraphs.

According to the Torah, our ancestor Joseph (who had great fashion) was sold into slavery by his brothers and became valuable to Pharaoh for his astute economic predictions and ability to administer before and during severe famine. Because of his skills, his people were welcomed. When new rulers came to power the Hebrews fell out of favor and were enslaved. Vineyards and fields were confiscated, work quotas were increased, families separated and wages dropped to nothing. Despite these hardships, the Hebrew people survived and grew in numbers. The new Pharaoh became concerned that they would unite with Mitzrayim's enemies.

Miriam was four years old when the Pharaoh said, "There are too many of those Jews—I'm scared of them—they'll take over soon. Kill all their sons! Drown them in the Nile!"

Amram, Miriam's father, said to Yochevet, Miriam's mother, "Dear, there is only one solution. We mustn't make any more babies, and we must tell our people to do the same. If no sons are born, no sons will be killed." Yochevet sighed, but strong, young Miriam cried, "No! You shall not do that! Pharaoh's decree kills only the boys—your decree kills the girls as well. We will find another way." Amram and Yochevet listened to their daughter, Miriam, and Jewish babies continued to be conceived and born.

Pharaoh summoned the Jewish midwives whose names were Shifra and Pu-ah and ordered that the boy babies be killed as soon as they were born. Slyly, they responded "No way! We mean sir, there is no way because the strong Jewish mothers birth their babes so quickly that they are hidden before we arrive."

Miriam was five years old when Yochevet became pregnant. Miriam was a prophet and she said, "Yochevet will give birth to a son who will survive and help our people."

Ah Moses, now comes Moses...teeny-tiny baby boy, cute, but makes a lot of noise, "Whaa, whaa..." What shall we do? If the baby is found, we will all be punished. The baby must be saved! Think Miriam, think; a basket of reeds, one that will float. She said to her brother, "Aaron, we must weave a basket of papyrus reeds," and they did. Smart young people. All night long they worked together. In the morning, tired, hopeful, the family took the new baby, kissed him all over, patted his "tuchas" and tucked him in his basket. Miriam took the basket to the river and while she hid in the tall grasses, floated her new brother downstream past the very place the Pharaoh's daughter went swimming every morning.

And there she was, ready to dive in, when a beautiful woven basket floated by. And in the basket? A tiny perfect Jewish baby, cute and very noisy: Whaa, whaa! Pharaoh's daughter drew him from the water and said with love: "I will raise you but who will feed you?" Miriam, delighted, alert, piped up from her hiding place and said: "I know a good woman, Yochevet, who will nurse him."

"Perfect," said the daughter of Pharaoh. "Bring him to me when he is weaned; he will be as my own son for I have no other. Moses, I will call him Moses because I brought him from the river's water."

History tells is that Moses grew up in the palace and had no awareness of himself as a Jew. But we know that Moses was nursed by Yochevet and had played with Aaron and Miriam and his father Amram, and though he left when he was weaned, the memory of their warmth, their love, their light, was in his head and heart.

Growing up, Moshe is growing up
 Restless, very restless
 Not at ease in his palace home
 not at peace with the Pharaoh
 He goes out walking, is often out
 Watching and listening...
 He's learned all his teachers
 have to offer...
 Lonely, this upper class boy,
 with no peers, heir to the Pharaoh,
 honest and compassionate,
 Moshe tries to ease the burdens
 of the workers

No work,
 however humble,
 dishonors a
 person.

- The Talmud

He has questions
 "Who are these Jews to me?"
 Who are these workers, these slaves,
 so driven in toil
 That the quarries, the cities, the roads,
 and the tombs are built with the blood
 of the Jews in their bricks?
 Why the Jews

I must speak out
 I can't bear this
 Don't you beat him!
 He is dying! She is starving!
 You, overseer,
 why must you be so brutal?

To earn a living
 can be as hard
 as to part the
 Red Sea.

- Pesachim 118a

The Taskmaster says to Moses,
 You mind your own business.
 young Pharaoh-son!
 A slave who can't work here
 is useless, is guilty, is worthless.
 The whip is the master.

But *no!* You can't kill them
 Tho' slaves, they're all people!
 We're all people!
 My just heart is breaking
 My reason is shattered...

And in the fury, in the pain and confusion, young, idealistic, ready, impulsive
 Moses killed the taskmaster who beat the slave. And then he fled to the
 desert, through barren hills and over-dried river beds, to think, and to wait and
 to grow, beyond the Jordan River. Moses arrived at and stayed many years in
 Midian. He married Tzephora and had children. He tended flocks in the
 wilderness. Life there was good, and yet he never forgot Mitzrayim and the
 good people enslaved there under Pharaoh.

One day, while grazing his flock and gazing out on the vastness of the desert,
 he envisioned a bush that burned and burned and did not burn up. And he
 heard a voice, saying to him what he knew to be true—that the people in his
 memories were his own people, that he should return to them, and together
 they would find a way to be free.

Moses left his life and family in Midian, and returned to Mitzrayim.

And what's happening now back in the Mitzrayim of his youth, his crime, and
 his vision?

The Jews are hungry.
 The Jews are tired.
 The Jews are angry.
 The Jews are talking with each other.
 The Jews are beginning to organize!
 Talks of rebellion, talk of escape
 Debate argue struggle
 Unity struggle unity NO struggle unity struggle—community!
 New unity—and a plan evolves:
 First, negotiate with the Pharaoh, and if that doesn't work
 Then, threaten with powerful magic, and if *that* doesn't work
 Then split from Mitzrayim

After all, Pharaoh is not likely to choose to free his entire exploitable labor force
 just like that! (*Snap the fingers.*)

Did ya hear?
 Hear what?
 He's back in town.
 Who's back in town?
 Moses. Remember Moses?
 Never expected to see him again.
 How does he look?
 Older and wiser and...
 He's come out as a Jew!
 He wants to work with us, says he has ideas about
 How we can all get out of here...

So a new committee was formed, the “how to get out of here” committee. They met every Tuesday and Thursday night for two months, down by the fleshpots. At the end of two months, people weren’t sure that much had been accomplished. Some preferred to remain in slavery rather than face the perils of committee life.

They debated questions of violence and non-violence: is property damage acceptable? Causing enemies to suffer? What about the innocent bystanders? How about revenge?

They also debated questions of leadership: “I think Moses has taken too much power. Let’s try rotational leadership—after all, we don’t want him to have a distorted role in history. We’re *all* working very hard for our liberation!”

And they were. But Moses had an “in” with Pharaoh, and the time for negotiations had arrived. Armed with the best speech the propaganda committee could prepare and several support people, Moses proposed that Pharaoh free the Jews, with as little fuss as possible.

Pharaoh, of course, said “No,” and the peaceful negotiation was ended. Then Miriam spoke for the women:
In sadness, we must proceed with our plans,
Pharaoh, do you hear us?
Great suffering will come to the land of Mitzrayim.
We’d rather our freedom be gained without hurting the people of this land.
One plague at a time we will bring you,
And each time we will say: “let my people go!
And Pharaoh didn’t listen.

The Jews marked their doorposts and death “passed over” their homes taking only the children of the people of Pharaoh. And hearing the awful cries of mourning, the grief of all the parents and brothers and sisters, Pharaoh ordered the Jews to leave.

And they did, very quickly, taking only their journey food, matzah. Yet Pharaoh has a change of heart, and mobilized his forces to recapture the fleeing slaves. The chariots reached the Jews when they were nearing the shores of the Red Sea. They turned around to see the army of the Egyptians bearing down on them, and were filled with fear. They turned on Moses for bringing them to this impasse.

But, it is said that one man, Nachson, took a risk and walked into the sea, and the waters divided. In doing this he acted as a free man. Only after Nachson and those who followed him had made their first break with slavery, did the waters divide and drown the army of the Pharaoh.

The Jews never forgot the price that the people of Mitzrayim paid for their freedom. We remember tonight by spilling out a drop of wine from our cups as we recite the plagues one by one. In this way we diminish our pleasure, as the suffering of others diminished our joy. (25)



B) Reader: Now is the time for all of us to tell stories of the making of the world as it was and is, according to various traditions.

In honor of all our cultures’ roots in oral tradition, this Haggadah calls upon those assembled to carry on storytelling based not on a fixed writing but on an evolving text which encourages speaking and listening, attentively to history and flowing warmly from the moment we share.

Someone tell the story of Exodus

Now it is a story free-for-all!

The marvel of creation is an opportunity to celebrate what we have together. The experience of suffering is an opportunity to release oppression that divides us.

So it was for the people of Mitzrayim in the time of Jewish slavery, so it is today for Jews and all people in a time of ongoing inequity. (8)

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



Even though the Torah focuses on the acts of G-d, the redemption of the Jews could not have happened without the acts of resistance on the part of the people. When Pharaoh gives the order to kill all male Jewish babies, Shifra and Pu-ah, two midwives, do not follow the orders. Rabbinical commentary interprets Pharaoh’s actions as declaring war against the Jews, and the midwives’ civil disobedience is the first step of the liberation process. We are also reminded that we must make noise and protest, before G-d will join our side. (15)

A SONG!

Mi Chamocha

מִי כָּמוֹכָה בְּאֵלִים יי מִי כָּמוֹכָה
נֶאֱדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ נוֹרָא תְהִלַּת עֲשֵׂה פְּלֵא

Mi chamokha ba-elim adonai?
Mi chamokha nedar ba-kodesh,
nora t'hilot, oseh feleh.

Who is like You among the powers?
Who is like You, transcendent in holiness,
awesome in splendor, working wonders!



by Reuben Zellman

A Note about the song "Go Down Moses"



Many haggadot include the song "Go Down Moses." It is an excellent song, and a traditional Black spiritual dating back to the mid-nineteenth century. We refrained from including it, because it can sometimes turn into an attempt in primarily white Jewish spaces to create the sound of another culture and people. We respect the tradition this song comes from, the inspiration that the Exodus has been for many, many peoples. We also respect the rights of people to sing it, and be aware of the ways in which we can co-opt a song or an inflection of another oppressed people.



A Midrash (interpretation) on Jewish Identity

by Rabbi Marc Gellman (adapted)

Some say that the reason G-d picked Moses to help free the Jews is because Moses was the only free Jew. Moses had never been a slave and had lived his whole life as a prince in the palace of Pharaoh before he ran away. There was, however, one problem with picking Moses: Moses knew that he was free, but he did not know that he was Jewish.

Moses' mother did her best to teach Moses that he was Jewish. But Moses was just a baby when he was taken from his mother.

Years later, when Moses was a grown man, he liked to take walks at night. One night he wandered into the neighborhood of the Jewish slaves and he saw in a window Shabbat candles. Moses didn't understand what they were doing, but the light seemed familiar to him. He remembered that light from somewhere in his past.

The next night during his walk Moses overheard a Jewish woman telling Torah stories. The stories sounded familiar to him but he was not sure where he had heard them before.

On the third night Moses smelled something that pulled him along. Following the smell he came to the house of a Jewish slave family where the mother was making chicken soup. Moses took a deep smell and then screamed, "MY G-D, THIS IS CHICKEN SOUP! THIS IS THE STUFF MY MOTHER MADE FOR ME WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID! I MUST BE A JEW TOO!"

That night, Moses still looked like an Egyptian, but he felt like a Jew. That night, G-d knew everything would be all right. And so that night G-d lit up the burning bush and waited for Moses.

The Ten Plagues

“...The Holy One sat in judgment over the Egyptians and drowned them in the sea. In that instant, the ministering angels wished to sing before the Holy One, but G-d rebuked them, saying “Those I have created with my own hands are drowning in the sea, and you utter song in my presence?”

-*Babylonian Talmud. Sanhedrin 39b*

Reader 1: The idea of justice embodied in our story is direct and unquestioned—punishment for punishment, murdered children for murdered children, suffering for suffering. The people of Mitzrayim suffered because of their own leader, who is in part set-up by an angry G-d 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 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.

Reader 1: We are about to recite the ten plagues. As we call out the words, we remove ten drops from our overflowing cups, not by tilting the cup and spilling some out, but with our fingers. This dipping is not food into food. It is personal and intimate, a momentary submersion like the first step into the Red Sea. Like entering a mikvah (*a ritual bath*).

Reader 2: We will not partake of our seder feast until we undergo this symbolic purification, because our freedom was bought with the suffering of others.

Reader 1: As we packed our bags that last night in Egypt, the darkness was pierced with screams. Our doorposts were protected by a sign of blood. But from the windows of the Egyptians rose a slow stench: the death of their firstborn.

Reader 2: *Ya Shechina*, soften our hearts and the hearts of our enemies. Help us to dream new paths to freedom.

Reader 1: So that the next sea-opening is not also a drowning; so that our singing is never again their wailing. So that our freedom leaves no one orphaned, childless, gasping for air. (6)

“In Ashkenazic homes, when the ten plagues are recited, each person dips a pinky in the wine and diminishes it by ten drops. Sephardic families are much more superstitious! Often, it is only the leader who recites the plagues so that others will not be ‘contaminated’; As in my house, the leader empties a special cup of wine into a bowl, then washes his or her hands. Among Levantine and Balkan Jews (from Turkey, for instance), nobody even looks at the wine that is spilled out.” (19)

For each plague flick or pour a drop of wine onto the plate.

דָם. צַפְרֵדַיָּה. כְּנִים. עָרוֹב. דְּבַר. שְׁחִין. בָּרָד

אַרְבֵּה. חֶשֶׁד. מַכַּת בְּכוֹרוֹת.



Dam.....Blood
 Tzfardeyah.....Frogs
 Kinim.....Lice
 Arov.....Wild Beasts
 Dever.....Blight
 Shichin.....Boils
 Barad.....Hail
 Arbeh.....Locusts
 Choshech.....Endless Night
 Makat B’chorot.....Slaying of the First-Born

Reader: The Pharaoh of the Passover story is not just a cruel king who happened to live in a certain country. The Pharaoh that our ancestors pictured, each and every year, for century after century was for them every tyrant, every cruel and heartless ruler who ever enslaved the people of his or another country.

And this is why Passover means the emancipation of all people in the world from the tyranny of kings, oppressors and tyrants. The first emancipation was only a foreshadowing of all the emancipations to follow, and a reminder that the time will come when right will conquer might, and all people will live in trust and peace. (24)

Now, we commemorate some of the plagues that ravage our present-day societies.

Everyone may call out current plagues and spill drops.





Ten Plagues of the Occupation of Palestine

This year we take more drops of wine from our cup to grieve the plagues of apartheid, occupation and war being inflicted on Palestine:

1. Home demolitions - Destroying the same homes again and again.
2. Uprooting Olive Trees - Destroying income and heritage for generations of Palestinian families.
3. Blockades and Checkpoints - Subjecting Palestinians to daily humiliation and violence by denying access to work, medical care and seeing their families and loved ones.
4. Destruction of Villages – Destroying over 400 Palestinian towns since 1948.
5. “Administrative detention” – Imprisoning and torturing Palestinian adults and children indefinitely, without trial.
6. The “Security wall” – Limiting movement, destroying homes, and increasing surveillance by building a 30-foot high concrete wall around the West Bank with gun towers and electric fencing.
7. Theft of resources – Destroying the Palestinian economy, exploiting Palestinian labor, and stealing water and fertile land.
8. False Democracy – Denying civil rights to all non-Jews through Apartheid laws, then calling it a democracy.
9. Erasing histories – Invisibilizing the ancient history and culture of Palestine to generations of children.
10. War Crimes – Violating international law, by disabling and torturing children and adults and massacring Palestinians (in Sabra, Shattila, Deir Yassin and others)

(Revised from 17)



10 Plagues of the Occupation on Jewish People

For every lie told in the name of the Jewish people there is also a plague:

1. Distorting and censoring Jewish voices against the occupation, by branding dissenters as self-hating Jews or not “real” Jews.
2. Denying the full civil rights of Mizrahim, (Jews of Arab, Asian, and African Descent) who are over half the population of Israel
3. Suppressing current radical and progressive Jewish cultures of resistance.
4. Selling out the struggles of the Bund (an Eastern European network of Jewish Socialist groups), and other working-class Jews to the highest Imperialist bidder.
5. Dishonoring the memory of all of our ancestors who were murdered, from the Inquisition to the Shoah (Nazi Holocaust).
6. Hardening the hearts of a generation of young Jews all over the world against Jewish tradition.
7. Creating conditions of Palestinian desperation and hopelessness that give rise to violent attacks.
8. Manipulating Jewish fears and histories of persecution and genocide to justify persecution and genocide.
9. Forcing Israeli youth to serve in the military and defend the illegal occupation.
10. Becoming the pawns of the US government and corporations.

(Revised from 17)

“I have concluded that one way to pay tribute to those we loved who struggled, resisted and died is to hold on to their vision and their fierce outrage at the destruction of the ordinary life of their people. It is this outrage we need to keep alive in our daily life and apply to all situations, whether they involve Jews or non-Jews. It is this outrage we must use to fuel our actions and vision whenever we see any signs of the disruptions of common life: the hysteria of a mother grieving for the teenager who has been shot, a family stunned in front of a vandalized or demolished home; a family separated, displaced; arbitrary and unjust laws that demand the closing or opening of shops and schools; humiliation of a people whose culture is alien and deemed inferior; a people left homeless without citizenship; a people living under military rule. Because of our experience, we recognize these evils as obstacles to peace. At those moments of recognition, we remember the past, feel the outrage that inspired Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto and allow it to guide us in present struggles.”

-Irena Klepfisz

Israeli poet Gilgi Hauser wrote, at Passover at the beginning of the first Intifada in 1988:

This spring
is burning tires.
Blossom scent
is blood oranges.
Matzah crumbs
are splayed bullets.
Songs of triumph
are cries of terror.
The Israelites sight of Canaan
is the heavy metal of Gaza.
The taste of honey
is the bitter herb of today.

Where are we?
Why is this year different?
What have we done?
Who will hear a silent prayer
In a land created for the persecuted
In a land creating persecution?

Moses land of milk and honey
is an El Al poster.
The Law of Return
is a road to nowhere.
This ritual of Passover
is a celebration of bondage.

Let my people go home to themselves
to review their vision
on the screens of truth.

Let each dig out his own humanity
from the rubble of rhetoric
so the collective will cease digging trenches

If we cannot hear ourselves
how can we listen to those just
beginning their Exodus?

Annoying Plagues of our Times:

1. Reality TV
2. Thong underwear above the pants line
3. Cell Phones
4. Patchouli on white people
5. Starbucks
6. Dr. Phil
7. Muzak
8. Macrame
9. SUV's
10. 80's retro fashion revival

(revised from 2)



DAYENU

The name of this beautiful prayer is Dayenu, which means “it would have sufficed” or “we would have been satisfied.” Perhaps “grateful” would be a better translation. Dayenu is the song of our gratitude. A Jewish philosopher was once asked, “what is the opposite of hopelessness?” And he said, “Dayenu,” the ability to be thankful for what we have received, for what we are. The first prayer that a Jew is expected to recite upon waking expresses his gratitude for being alive. This holds for all generations, and surely ours. For each of us, every day should be an act of grace, every hour a miraculous offering. (13)

*In many Sephardi and Mizrahi communities, the singing of Dayenu is accompanied by **beating each other with leeks or scallions**. Using bunches of scallions or leeks, Seder participants beat each other (lightly) on the back and shoulders to symbolize the taskmasters whip.*

אֱלֹהֵינוּ הוֹצִיאֵנוּ מִמִּצְרַיִם, דַּיֵּנוּ.

אֱלֹהֵינוּ נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת הַשֶּׁבֶת, דַּיֵּנוּ.

אֱלֹהֵינוּ נָתַן לָנוּ אֶת הַתּוֹרָה, דַּיֵּנוּ.

All Sing:

Ilu hotzi hotzianu hotzianu mi'mitzrayim
Hotzianu mi'mitzrayim dayenu
(If you had only brought us out of Mitzrayim – Dayenu!)

Dai-dai-yenu, Dai-dai-yenu, Dai-dai-yenu
Dai-yenu, Dai-yenu!

(song continues on next page)

Ilu natan natan lanu natan lanu et ha'shabbat
Natan lanu et ha'shabbat dayenu
(If you had only given us Shabbat – Dayenu!)

Dai-dai-yenu, Dai-dai-yenu, Dai-dai-yenu
Dai-yenu, Dai-yenu!

Ilu natan natan lanu natan lanu et ha'torah
Natan lanu et ha'torah dayenu
(If you had only given us the Torah – Dayenu!)

Dai-dai-yenu, Dai-dai-yenu, Dai-dai-yenu
Dai-yenu, Dai-yenu!

Dayenu probably originated in its final form in the 2nd century B.C.E. (27)



Dayenu is the traditional song that has been handed down to us through the generations. However, parts of the song raise hard questions. The song includes harsh passages about the suffering of Egyptians. Also, it celebrates the Jews' entry into the "Promised Land". We are committed to examining our traditions for inspiration and guidance, but also to questioning and speaking out against the parts with which we do not agree. No matter how great the oppression we suffer, we do not believe that there is a land exclusively for Jews. We must engage in the hard work of sharing land and power in a just manner. This is what our histories of oppression and struggle teach us, and this is our hope for liberation and redemption.

We honor our tradition by including Dayenu in this Haggadah, but tonight we will read the English silently to ourselves. We take this time of silence to meditate on our gratitude for all the blessings in our lives, as well as on our visions for justice and peace in Israel/Palestine. (9)

Had You taken us out of Egypt, but not exacted judgments on them, Dayenu! Had You executed judgments on them but not on their gods, Dayenu! Had You executed judgments on their gods, but not slain the first-born, Dayenu! Had You slain the first-born, but not given us their property, which we had to work to create, Dayenu! Had You given us their property, but not torn the Sea apart for us, Dayenu! Had You brought us through it dry, but not sunk our oppressors in the midst of it, Dayenu!

Had You sunk our oppressors in the midst of it, but not satisfied our needs in the desert for forty years, Dayenu! Had You satisfied our needs in the desert for forty years, but not fed us manna, Dayenu! Had You fed us manna, but not given us Shabbat, Dayenu! Had You given us Shabbat, but not brought us to Mount Sinai, Dayenu! Had You brought us to Mount Sinai, but not brought us into Mitzrayim, Dayenu! Had you brought us into Mitzrayim, but not built the house of your choosing, Dayenu!



THE FOUR ADULTS

It is a tradition at the Seder to include a section entitled "the Four Children." We have turned it upside down, to remind us that as adults we have a lot to learn from youth. From the U.S. to South Africa to Palestine, young people have been, and are, at the forefront of most of the social justice movements on this planet. If there is a mix of ages of people at your seder, perhaps some of the older people would like to practice asking questions, and the younger folks would like to respond:

The Angry Adult – Violent and oppressive things are happening to me, the people I love and people I don't even know. Why can't we make the people in power hurt the way we are all hurting?

Hatred and violence can never overcome hatred and violence. Only love and compassion can transform our world.

Cambodian Buddhist monk Maha Ghosananda, whose family was killed by the Khmer Rouge, has written:

It is a law of the universe that retaliation, hatred, and revenge only continue the cycle and never stop it. Reconciliation does not mean that we surrender rights and conditions, but means rather that we use love in all our negotiations. It means that we see ourselves in the opponent -- for what is the opponent but a being in ignorance, and we ourselves are also ignorant of many things. Therefore, only loving kindness and right-mindfulness can free us.

The Ashamed Adult – I'm so ashamed of what my people are doing that I have no way of dealing with it?!?

We must acknowledge our feelings of guilt, shame and disappointment, while ultimately using the fire of injustice to fuel us in working for change. We must also remember the amazing people in all cultures, who are working to dismantle oppression together everyday.

Marianne Williamson said:

"Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate; our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented and fabulous? Actually who are you not to be? You are a child of G-d. Your playing small doesn't serve the world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We were born to make manifest the glory of G-d that is within us. It's not just in some of us, it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give others permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others."

The Fearful Adult – Why should I care about ‘those people’ when they don’t care about me? If I share what I have, there won’t be enough and I will end up suffering.

We must challenge the sense of scarcity that we have learned from capitalism and our histories of oppression. If we change the way food, housing, education, and resources are distributed, we could all have enough.

Martin Luther King said:

It really boils down to this: that all life is interrelated. We are all caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied into a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. We are made to live together because of the interrelated structure of reality.

The Compassionate Adult – How can I struggle for justice with an open heart? How can we live in a way that builds the world we want to live in, without losing hope?

This is the question that we answer with our lives. Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel wrote:

Just to be is a blessing. Just to live is holy. And yet being alive is no answer to the problems of living. To be or not to be is not the question. The vital question is: how to be and how not to be...to pray is to recollect passionately the perpetual urgency of this vital question.

Anne Frank wrote:

It’s really a wonder that I haven’t dropped all of my ideals, because they seem so absurd and impossible to carry out. Yet I keep them, because in spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart. I simply can’t build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery, and death. I see the world gradually being turned into a wilderness, I hear the ever approaching thunder, which will destroy us too; I can feel the sufferings of millions and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end and that peace and tranquility will return again. In the meantime, I must uphold my ideals, for perhaps the time will come when I shall be able to carry them out.

(31)

Each of us bears in our own belly the angry one, the ashamed one, the frightened one, the compassionate one. Which of these children shall we bring to birth? Only if we can deeply hear all four of them can we truthfully answer the fourth question. Only if we can deeply hear all four of them can we bring to birth a child, a people that is truly wise.

(Adapted from 28)



The “Other” Children

It is clear that the traditional four sons are not representatives of our various communities. Therefore, tonight we include in our discussion four additional children.

The Tranny Child:

נֶאֱתָא שׁוֹנְרָא, וְאֶכְלָה לְגִדְיָא, דְּזִבְנָן?

Tranny mah hi omeret? Mah col zeh?

“What is up with this gender essentialist crap?”

The Revolutionary Child:

לְגִדְיָא, דְּזִבְנָן אָבָא בְּתָרֵי זִוְיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא,
וְנֶאֱתָא כְּלָבָא, וְנִשְׁפָּד לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאֶכְלָה?

Revolutionary mah hi omer? Lama lo la’asot ma’shehu?

“Why are we wasting time with all of this religious stuff? Religion is the opiate of the masses. Why on this night are we not instead smashing the state?”

The Gentile Child:

אָבָא בְּתָרֵי זִוְיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא?

Goy mah hi omeret? Eizeh daf?

“What page are we on?”

The Eco-feminist Crusty Punk Rock Vegan Hypochondriac Child:

וְנֶאֱתָא חוּטְרָא, וְהִפְּהָ לְכְּלָבָא? דְּנִשְׁפָּד לְשׁוֹנְרָא, דְּאֶכְלָה
לְגִדְיָא, דְּזִבְנָן אָבָא בְּתָרֵי זִוְיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא, חַד גְּדִיָא?

Eco-Feminist Punk Rock Vegan Hypochondriac eem crust mah hi omer? Ha-haggadah ha-zot cat’va bim’kom union al daf mea-zchuz recycled b’ee’paron soy she’lo buch’na al chaiof v’eifo ha-inhaler sheli?

“Was this haggadah printed in a union shop on 100% post-consumer recycled hemp paper using soy ink that was not tested on animals, and has anyone seen my inhaler?” (2)



THE SECOND CUP

A) A Cup to our Teachers: To those we have known and those whose work has inspired us, and made space for our lives. We are grateful to you who did and said things for the first time, who claimed and reclaimed our traditions, who forged new tools. Thank you to the teachers around us of all ages-- the people we encounter everyday--who live out their values in small and simple ways, and who are our most regular and loving reminders of the world we are creating together. (29)

B) A Cup to Sustenance—We work so hard everyday, to live our beliefs, to build just and loving relationships, and to just get by. And rarely do we pause to savor and appreciate that work. It is good to act for justice and it is righteous to pause and appreciate that work. Abraham Joshua Heschel, a Hasidic rabbi and organizer explains "given the history of the people, this makes sense. A temple can be destroyed; a people dispersed, and so it happened for the Jews many times over thousands of years. But a Sabbath day cannot be burned, smashed or shattered." When we take the time to reflect, to breathe, we are creating the Sabbath or Shabbat in our everyday life. (30)

Meditation: Bring to mind something which sustains you either spiritually or physically. Then imagine what sustains it, and offer that your praises. (1)

Everyone say the blessing and drink the second cup of wine:

בְּרוּכָה הִיא שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַת הָעוֹלָם
בוֹרְאֵת פְּרִי הַגֶּפֶן.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא
פְּרִי הַגֶּפֶן.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha-gafen.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-gafen.

Blessed is Hashem, Sustainer of the Universe,
Creator of the fruit of the vine.



PESACH, MATZA & MAROR

Reader: 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.

PESACH

Point to the beet, yam or shank-bone all say together:

Reader: Why did our ancestors eat the Pesach offering at their seder?

As a reminder that G-d passed over the houses marked with lambs' blood, as it is written , and you shall say , ' It is the Passover offering for G-d, who passed over the houses of the Israelites in Mitzrayim and saved our homes."

MATZAH

Raise the matzah:

Reader: This matzah, this unleavened bread, why do we eat it?

As a reminder that there was not sufficient time for the dough of our ancestors to rise before the Source of strength was revealed and redeemed us. As it is written, "And they baked the dough which they brought from Mitzrayim into matzot." (Exodus 12:39)

MAROR

Raise the maror:

Reader: This maror, this bitter vegetable, why do we eat it?

As a reminder that the Pharaoh embittered the lives of our ancestors, as it is written: "And they embittered their lives with the hard labor in mortar and bricks, with every servitude of the field, with torment." (Exodus 1:14)



All read:

In every generation, each person should feel as if they themselves have gone forth from Mitzrayim.

בְּכֹל דּוֹר וָדוֹר תִּיב אָדָם לִרְאוֹת אֶת עַצְמוֹ
כְּאִלּוּ הוּא יָצָא מִמִּצְרַיִם.

B'chol dor vador chayav adam lirot et atzmo k'ilu hu yatzah mee-mitzrayim.

RACHTZA

~ Hand-washing before the meal
(almost there!)

רחצה



Everyone now washes their hands. Traditionally water is poured twice or three times over the entire surfaces, front and back, of first the right and then the left hand. We then recite the very special hand-washing blessing before drying them.

בְּרוּכָה זֶה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַת הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁתָנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתֶיהָ וְצוּרְתָנוּ עַל נְטִילַת יָדַיִם.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר
קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצוּרְנוּ עַל נְטִילַת יָדַיִם.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha-olam, asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav v'tsivanu al n'tilat yadayim.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam, asher kid'shatnu b'mitzvotayha v'tzivatnu al n'tilat yadayim.

(Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Barouch ata Adonai eloheinu Melech ha-olam asher kid-sha-nu be-mis-wo-thaw we-see-wanu al ni-tee-lath ya-da-yeem.

Adored to us are you Hashem, for reminding us again and again, of the holiness that is our fluid essence, and of our ability to be reminded of that essence and that holiness merely by touching our hands to each other and to water.

MOTZI MATZA

~ Blessing the matzah!

מוציא מצה

בְּרוּכָה זֶה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַת הָעוֹלָם
הַמוֹצִיָאָה לֶחֶם מִן הָאָרֶץ.



בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם הַמוֹצִיָא
לֶחֶם מִן הָאָרֶץ.

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha-olam ha-motzi lechem min ha-aretz. (Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam ha-motzi lechem min ha-aretz. (Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Barouch ata Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha-olam ha-mosee le-hem min haares. (Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Blessed are You, Compassionate One, who has given us the blessing of eating this matzah.

בְּרוּכָה זֶה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַת הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁתָנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתֶיהָ וְצוּרְתָנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מַצָּה.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר

קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצוּרְנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מַצָּה.

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha-olam asher kid-shanu b-mitzvotav vitzivanu al akhilat matzah. (Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam asher kid-shatnu b'mitzvotayha vitzivatnu al akhilat matzah. (Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Barouch ata Adonai eloheinu melech ha-olam asher kid-sha-nu be-mis-wo-thaw we-see-wanu al ahee-lath massa. (Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Blessed are You, Sustainer of all Life, who brings forth bread from the earth.

Feed some matzah to the person to your right. All eat while reclining.



MAROR

~ Blessing the bitter herbs

מָרֹר

We dip the bitter herbs in the charoset and say:

בְּרוּכָה לַיְהוָה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכָּת הָעוֹלָם
 אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתֶיהָ וְצִוְּתָנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מָרֹר.
 בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר
 קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוְּנוּ עַל אֲכִילַת מָרֹר.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adanai eloheinu melech ha-olam, asher kid-shanu b'mitzvotav v'tsivanu al achilat maror.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha-olam, asher kid'shatnu b'mitzvotayha vitzivatnu al achilat maror.

(Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Barouch ata adonai eloheinu melech ha-olam asher kid-sha-nu be-mis-wo-thaw we-see-wanu al achee-lath maror.

Blessed are You, Shaddai, who has shown us paths to holiness, and invites us to eat the bitter herb.

The maror stimulates our senses, let us use it as a stimulus to action to remind us that struggle is better than complicit acceptance of injustice. We taste the bitter herbs and recognize the bitter consequences of exploitation: the loss of lives and the waste of the powerful potential of all people. (9)

We eat the bitter herb without reclining.



KORECH

~ The Hillel sandwich

כֹּרֵךְ

We now take some maror and charoset and put them between two pieces of matzah and give the sandwich to the person on our left.

In doing this, we recall our sage Hillel (head of the Sanhedrin, the supreme council of Yisrael, 1st century B.C.E.) who, in remembrance of the loss of the Temple, created the Korech sandwich. He said that by eating the Korech, we would taste the bitterness of slavery mixed with the sweetness of freedom. This practice suggests that part of the challenge of living is to taste freedom even in the midst of oppression, and to be ever conscious of the oppression of others even when we feel that we are free.

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

A Jew-hater mocked Hillel by asking if he could teach the whole Torah while standing on one foot. Hillel replied, "What is hateful to yourself, do not to another. This is the whole Torah; all the rest is commentary." (27)

Eat the Hillel sandwich

Raise the Seder Plate

In some Mizrahi traditions, the Seder Leader lifts the Seder plate over the heads of all the participants, while chanting:

Bibhilu yasanu mi-Misrayim benei horeem.

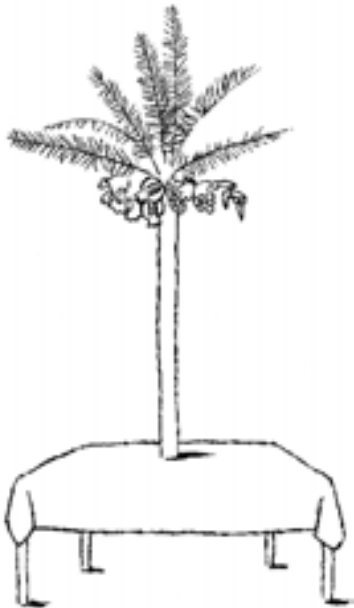
In haste we left Miszrayim, a free people.



SHULKHAN OREKH

~ the Meal! Yay!

Hospitality is an expression of divine worship
– *The Talmud*



At many Ashkenazi seders it is customary to begin the meal with a hard-boiled egg, usually dipped in salt water. The egg is rich with symbolic meaning, for it represents the renewal of spring and the cycle that brings us back, year after year, to the seder table. It is also a reminder of the sacrifice that took place in the Temple. Also, the hard-boiled egg reminds us that the longer things are in hot water, the longer they are cooked, the stronger they become. This is true for us in our struggle against oppression: we gain strength through adversity.

In some Ashkenazi traditions, the Afikomen is hidden during the meal, for the 'children' to find later. This ceremony reminds us that what is broken can be repaired and that what is lost can be regained, as long as we remember it and search for it.



TZAFUN
– Eating the Afikomen



The Seder cannot officially end until everyone has had a taste of the afikomen. In this way, the afikomen will help us conclude the ritual and become whole again. Nothing is eaten after the afikomen, so that the matzah may be the last food tasted. Afikomen traditions vary.

In some Sephardi and Mizrahi traditions:

Take the middle matzah that is under the cloth, give everyone a piece and say:

זָכַר לְקַרְבָּנוּ פֶּסַח אֶפִיקוֹמִין הַנֶּאֱכָל עַל הַשּׁוֹבֵעַ

Zeher lekorban Pesah afikomen ha-ne-ehal al asova

In remembrance of the Pesakh offering which was eaten until we were satisfied.

Eat the afikomen (18)

In some Ashkenazi traditions:

Search for the afikomen. Whoever finds it may demand a reward. Gifts of tzedakah given in honor of the holders of the afikomen are a great reward. When it is found, each person eats a small piece.

“While Sephardi [or Mizrahi] Jews do not usually have a Cup of Elijah or hide the afikomen, symbols from the seder plate are transformed into good omens for year-round protection against the “Evil Eye” No rabbit’s feet here. The Bene Israel Jews in the villages around Bombay still dip a hand in sheep’s blood, impress it on a sheet of paper, then hang it above the doorway as a khamsa, the symbolic, protective hand of G-d. Moroccan Jews follow a similar tradition but with charoset instead of blood. They also strip the shankbone of meat after the seder and leave it in the cupboard all year as a good luck omen. My family stashes away a piece of afikomen an unusually crunchy amulet! We’ve even been known to take that afikomen on plane rides to make sure we leave and arrive in safety.” (19)



A) Reader: “So who has found the afikomen?” we ask. The finders hold the napkin-covered matzah tightly in their hands and are determined to bargain.

It is a part of our lesson plan—this small rebellion. Each year we teach a new generation to resist bondage, to envision someplace better, to savor freedom, and to take responsibility for the journeys of their lives.

And each year with the afikomen ritual, they hold power in their hands, just long enough to say, “yes” or “no” with all eyes on them. With people waiting.

“We can’t finish the seder without it.”

Just long enough to learn to ask for what they want. (26)

B) For two thousand years, the Jewish people have been separated from our families and from our nations, though our ancient culture survives and grows.

For hundreds of years the book of Genesis has been interpreted as justifying human domination and destruction of the earth, though it tells of the beauty of creation.

For decades, Jews and Muslims have been reinforcing the wall between them, though its foundation was laid by colonists and its height is built up to serve foreign military interests.

Let us stop fighting each other for someone else’s profit. Let us remember our kinship and learn how each other has grown in the years since we stopped listening.

May we humble ourselves before history and before one another, and make the world whole again. (8)



BAREICH
- Blessing after the Meal

בָּרֵיךְ

בָּרֵיךְ רַחֲמָנָא מְלִכָא דְעֵלְמָא. מְרִי דְהִי פְתָה.

**Bareich rachamana
Malka d’alma
Marei d’hai pita**

You are the Source of life for all that is
and your blessing flows through me



THE THIRD CUP

A) A Cup to Ourselves, to all of us who are at this seder tonight, to the present moment. We must love ourselves, for we

are holy, and we have been created out of all that is. Let us take this moment to honor our bodies, our lives, and our communities. Let us honor all the things that have made us who we are- the pain and the pleasure. Let us savor our bodies in all their uniqueness: our skins and our bones, all of our different strengths and sizes, the places that look and move in ways unique to us. Note the places that hurt, the places we struggle with, the places that are changing and unfurling. Note the parts that have come down to us from our ancestors, the parts we have been taught to hate, the parts we have been taught to love. We are beautiful. Let us never forget that caring for ourselves, as we would care for our most precious and beloved, is part of creating the world we want to live in. (29)

Brucha at Yah, eloheinu ruach ha’olam she’asani betzalmo.
Blessed are you The Imageless, life of all the worlds, who made me
in your image.

Say the blessing over the wine.

B) A Cup for Hope— Tonight, we hold fast to the belief that people and our actions can change the world. We hold close the stories of resistance, from Tehran to Santa Rosa, from Philadelphia to Nablus, people and communities are building and changing and creating as acts of resistance. Please share these stories now, to remind us of the world we are a part of creating together. (30)

All say the blessing over the wine:

בְּרוּכָה זֶה שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכֵּת הָעוֹלָם
בוֹרְאֵת פְּרִי הַגָּפֶן.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא
פְּרִי הַגָּפֶן.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-gafen.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

**Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha'olam
borayt p'ri ha-gafen.**

(Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Barouch ata Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha'olam boreh p'ri ha-gafen

Blessed is the Infinite, that fills all creation and brings
forth the fruit of the vine.



(29)



ZECHER

~ Remembering

זֵכֶר

**A) Reader: Passover 1943,
The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising**

The first night of Passover, April 19, 1943, is a historic date in modern Jewish history, the date of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. The Nazis had planned to liquidate the Ghetto as a birthday present for Hitler – A Judenrein Warsaw—a Warsaw empty of Jews.

Reader: But the Jews knew of their plans and were prepared. Unable to take the ghetto by military force, the Germans destroyed the Ghetto in desperation, brick by brick. With the Warsaw Ghetto in flames, the fighters turned to guerilla activity and lived in underground bunkers. When the bunkers were dynamited, the Jews fought from the sewers. And when the poison gas poured on the sewers the survivors struggled on amid the charred rubble of the Ghetto.

Reader: On May 16 the Germans announced that the fighting was over and that “the Jewish quarter of Warsaw no longer exists.” But even after the Nazis claimed their victory, there were still hundreds of Jews in the subterranean bunkers of the Ghetto, which was now a heap of ruins. Sporadic skirmishes continued over the next several months. It took Hitler longer to subdue the Jews of Warsaw than to conquer all of Czechoslovakia and Poland.

Reader: One of the most amazing ironies of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising is that it began on the first night of Passover – the celebration of the liberation from bondage, the celebration of spring, rebirth, the gathering of Jewish people to face down tyranny and assert their right to liberty. It is fitting that at our seder we remember and pay homage to those who gave their lives for our honor and freedom. (3)

B) Reader: In this joyous day we remember six million of our people and millions of Poles, Gypsies, gay, lesbian, gender queer people, and others consumed in the Nazi Holocaust. Many of them were not buried and their graves were not marked. They were consumed in flame and their ashes were scattered but their spirit endured.

During Passover of 1943 the remaining Jews of Warsaw defied Nazi power and rose against it. They did not fight to save their lives, but gave them so history would record that tyranny was opposed.

While in a concentration camp Hirsh Glik wrote the poem the following is excerpted from, which became the hymn of partisan bands in the forests of Eastern Europe.

Even as they faced their deaths in the ghettos and concentration camps they sang " I believe in the coming Messiah when righteousness will rule."

We also remember the Armenians in Turkey who walked the stations of genocide before we did; the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; the Black people who came to this land in chains of slavery and the first people of this continent who were free until the US colonized it.

On this Passover we remember again that the bonds of slavery can be broken by both master and slave, the fetters of oppression can be cast off, and in each generation we can re-discover freedom and sing its song. (4)

Observe a moment of silence.

"Do not accept tradition without examining it with your own intellect and judgment."
-Bahya Ibn Paquda*

C Reader: On this Passover, we remember the death and destruction of the past, and also of today. Always, there are mighty Pharaohs, ready to crush the will of the people. Always, there is distrust and fear of movements of resistance. And always, there are explanations which reach beyond reason to justify war.

We remember Jenin, a refugee camp in the occupied territories of Palestine. At this time last year, it was leveled by the Israeli Army and 52 Palestinians were killed. We remember the international condemnation of this assault, the UN Special Envoy's declaration that events in Jenin were "horrific beyond belief" and "morally repugnant".

We remember Netanya, a town in Israel where a bomb was detonated at a Passover Seder last year, killing 27 people, including several Nazi Holocaust survivors. The sadness of these images—is over-whelming.

And we remember that every year, since the beginning of the current Intifada, Jewish and Muslim holidays have meant even tighter restrictions, and more violence for Palestinians in the Occupied Territories

* Ibn Paquda was a rabbi and philosopher who lived at Saragossa, Spain, in the first half of the eleventh century. He was the author of the first Jewish system of ethics, written in Arabic in 1040 under the title "Al Hidayah ila Faraid al-hulub" (Guide to the Duties of the Heart).

To hear the news this year, of renewed military occupation in Jenin and another bombing in Netanya, recalls last year, and many, many years before. Life in a war-torn country is devastating for everyone, and we grieve with the families in Israel and Palestine. And at the same time, we hold the reality that one side has vastly greater military and economic power. Israel, with the backing of the US, has amassed a military force far and beyond Palestine. We also remember to always examine the role of Jews when we are put in the role of visible oppressor to obscure the larger, more powerful imperialist forces.

We remember the fierce fighters of the Warsaw ghetto, in the same breath that we acknowledge the movements around the world, of people struggling to be free. It is our responsibility to witness and to act for change. We must remember that we are not alone, that heartbreak and grieving are necessary for healing and action. (31)

The Mourner's Kaddish

Reader: This is the ancient Jewish prayer for the dead. It is not customary to recite the Kaddish during the seder but tonight we would like to take a moment to remember all those who have been killed in the wars of the past year, and all of our heroes and loved ones who have died. From Spain to Poland, New York to Afghanistan, from Guantanamo Bay to Baghdad, Columbia to Palestine:

Zecher, let us remember.

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'may raba
b'alma di v'ra chirutay, v'yamlich malchutay b'chayaychon uv'yomaychon
uv'chay d'chol beyt Yisrael,
Ba'agala u'vizman kariv, v'imru, Amein.

Y'hay sh'may raba m'varech l'olam ul'almay almaya.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpa'ar v'yitromam v'yitnasay v'yit-hadar v'yitaleh
v'yit-halal, sh'may d'kudsha, b'rich Hu.
L'ayla min kol birchata v'shirata, tush b'chata v'nechemata,
da'amiran b'alma, vimru, Amein.

Y'hay sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael, v'imru,
Amein.

May the Universe be exalted and sanctified, throughout the world, which has been created by the will of Hashem. May peace be established in your lifetime and in your days, and in all of our lifetimes, swiftly and in the near future; Amen

May Adonai, be blessed, forever and ever.

Blessed, praised, glorified, exalted, extolled, honored, elevated and lauded be the Name of the holy one, Blessed is the Universe- above and beyond any blessings and songs, praises and consolations which are uttered in the world; Amen. May there be abundant peace from the Eternal One, and life, upon us all; Amen.

May the One who makes peace in their high holy places, bring peace upon us, and upon all the universe; Amen.

Reader: Although the Mourners Kaddish is the Jewish prayer for the dead, it does not speak of death and grief. In it the blessings and greatness of the Universe are re-affirmed. We know that despair and cynicism are the greatest weapons of our oppressors. So just as we have eaten karpas with the salt water, just as freedom will ultimately triumph over oppression and spring will emerge from winter, let us feel the hopefulness of resistance that continues to blossom all over the world!

For the 150 women who occupied Chevron-Texaco's main oil facility in Nigeria demanding better living and working conditions!

For the youth organizers in Oakland, California who stopped the construction of a new juvenile 'Super Jail'!

For one of the largest hunger strikes in history, when 70 members of the Coalition of Immokalee Workers demanded that Taco Bell agree to their first wage increase in 25 years!

For the over 5 million people who have marched for peace and justice since January 2003!

For all of us who keep fighting against oppression, let us bless and celebrate and renew ourselves, and our struggles. (Revised from 17)

"Eventually, too you must come to believe that life is worth living. Be comforted that even now, with the end of ours slowly approaching, that we know this with a conviction that defeats the executioner! Your lives must teach you, too, that good cannot really flourish in the midst of evil; that freedom and all things that go to make up a truly satisfying and worthwhile life must sometimes be purchased very dearly. Be comforted then, that we were serene and understood with the deepest kind of understanding, that civilization had not as yet progressed to the point where life did not have to be lost for the sake of life, and that we were comforted in the knowledge that others would carry on after us."

-Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

יִתְגַּדַּל וַיִּתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ,
וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ, בְּחַיֵּינוּ
וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ, וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל-בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְנָא קָרִיב,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעַלְמֵם
וּלְעַלְמֵי עַלְמֵיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר
וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא, וַיִּתְהַדָּר
וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ
דְּקַדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא. לְעֵלָא
(לְעֵלָא) מִן כָּל-בְּרַכְתָּא
וּשְׁיֵרְתָא, תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמְתָא,
דְּאִמְרֵן בְּעֵלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמֵיָא,
וּחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו, הוּא
יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל
כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.



Reparations

Reader: In the year 2000, a fund was created for Jews and descendants of Jews who were survivors of the Shoah (Nazi Holocaust) by the German government and a wide-range of German-based companies who had profited during World War II from the slave labor of Jews. Separate funds had already been created and were being distributed in Norway, Switzerland, and other countries for bank accounts that Jews held to which they had been refused access. Around the world, this was recognized as a step forward in the acknowledgement of the Shoah, and an important step in the seeing the effect that a loss of monetary wealth and other benefits can have on one's family and later generations as well.

Reader: As Jews, we know what it is to be persecuted, to have little or no access to education, housing, and jobs; to have our lives regulated and controlled by the government and other military forces. But for many Jews in the US, this is the story we were raised with and taught should never happen again to any people anywhere.

Reader: The enslavement of Africans and the colonization of Indigenous people in the U.S. are atrocities that still go unacknowledged in the dominant historical and political record. There have been countless lies, excuses and cover-ups for the governmental and institutional mistreatment of people of color in the U.S. A few examples:

Slavery - Millions of Africans and their descendents were robbed of their freedom and culture, subject to physical, mental and sexual abuse, and economically exploited for generations.

Stolen Funds - The U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs cannot account for over \$2.4 billion from tribal trust funds.

White Race Riots - There were many race riots throughout the last 2 centuries, including Tulsa, OK in 1921 where over 250 black people were killed, and 1,200 homes were burned.

Genocide - In 1492 there were 80 to 100 million indigenous Americans in the New World. By the end of the century there were only 10 million left.

Reader: Incidents like these are too countless to mention. We support the call for reparations for survivors of the Black Holocaust and members of Indigenous tribes. The legacy of discrimination does not disappear when the act of hatred or bias ends. International reparations for housing, education, businesses, for the loss of voting rights, bearing the brunt of the Prison Industrial Complex, the criminalization of youth and adults of color, etc. are just and fair for the effects of white supremacy and colonialism. We share a piece of the responsibility and we will all work for reparations for the genocide of all peoples. (30)

(See Resources list for where to get more information on reparations.)



The Red Sea

We fill a tray with wine or grape juice to represent the Red Sea. Each person takes a candle and we dim the lights.

Reader: In the story we re-told tonight, we remind ourselves that G-d parted the Red Sea for the Jews as Pharaoh's army was bearing down on them. Before the Red Sea parted, Nachshon was the first person to step into the waters. He walked into the water up to his knees and the Sea did not part. He walked in up to his thighs and still it did not part. He walked in until the water reached up to his nose and finally the Sea parted.

We are inspired by Nachson's act of faith and by his belief that the water would part for him if he took a big enough risk. We think now about the visions of a redeemed world for which we are willing to take risks over the coming year. As each of us says out loud the vision for which we are willing to take risks, we light a candle and place it in the "Red Sea". (9)



Cups of the Prophets

Elijah's Cup

In the ninth century B.C.E., a farmer arose to challenge the domination of the ruling elite. In his tireless and passionate advocacy on behalf of the common people, and his ceaseless exposure of the corruption and waste of the court, Elijah sparked a movement and created a legend which would inspire people for generations to come.

Before he died, Elijah declared that he would return once each generation in the guise of any poor or oppressed person, coming to people's doors to see how he would be treated. By the treatment offered this poor person, who would be Elijah himself, he would know whether the population had reached a level of humanity making them capable of participating in the dawn of the Messianic age.

Miriam's Cup

Reader: The story has always been told of a miraculous well of living water which has accompanied the Jewish people since the world was spoken into being. The well comes and goes, as it is needed, and as we remember, forget, and remember again how to call it to us. In the time of the exodus from Mitzrayim, the well came to Miriam, in honor of her courage and action, and stayed with the Jews as they wandered the desert. Upon Miriam's death, the well again disappeared.

All: With this ritual of Miriam's cup, we honor all Jewish women, transgender, intersex people whose histories have been erased. We commit ourselves to transforming all of our cultures into loving welcoming spaces for people of all genders and sexes. Smash the binary gender system! A million genders for a million people!

Reader: Tonight we remember Miriam and ask:

Who on own journey has been a way-station for us?
Who has encouraged our thirst for knowledge?
To whom do we look as role-models for our daughters and for ourselves?
Who sings with joy at our accomplishments?

*Each person names an act of courage or resistance that they have done in the past year, and pours water into the communal cup until it overflows.
(very adapted from 6)*

You may open the door and turn towards it or step outside and sing. Use the same melody for 'Eliyahu Hanavi' and ' Miriam Hanavia', below.



ELIYAHU HANAVI

All sing:

Eliyahu ha-navi
Eliyahu ha-tishbi
Eliyahu, Eliyahu
Eliyahu ha-giladi

אֱלֹהֵי הַנְּבִיאַ, אֱלֹהֵי הַתְּשֻׁבִי,

אֱלֹהֵי אֱלֹהֵי, אֱלֹהֵי הַגְּלָעָרִי,

Bimheyra b'yameynu
Yahvoh eleynu
Im mashiakh ben David
Im mashiakh bat Sarah

בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ יָבֵא אֱלֹהֵינוּ

עִם מָשִׁיחַ בֶּן דָּוִד.

MIRIAM HANEVIYA

Miriam ha-Neviya, oz v'zimra
v'yada.
Miriam tirkod itanu l'hagdil
zimrat olam.
Miriam tirkod itanu l'taken et
ha'olam.

מִרְיָם הַנְּבִיאָה

מִרְיָם הַנְּבִיאָה עִז וְזִמְרָה בְּיָדָהּ.
מִרְיָם תִּרְקֹד אֶתְנוּ לְהַגְדִּיל זִמְרַת עוֹלָם.
מִרְיָם תִּרְקֹד אֶתְנוּ לְתַקֵּן אֶת־הָעוֹלָם.

Bimheyra b'yameynu
Hi t'vi'einu elmei ha-yishua

בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ הִיא תְּבִיאֵנוּ
אֵל מִי הַיְשׁוּעָה אֵל מִי הַיְשׁוּעָה:



HALLEL

~Praise

הַלֵּל

מִן הַמְצַר קָרָאתִי יְהוָה. עָנְנִי בַמְרִחְבֵּיהּ: יי

Min Hameitzar (psalm 118:5)

*Min hameitzar karati yah
Amani vamerchav yah
Anani (3x)
Vamerchav yah.*

From a narrow place,
I cried out to Hashem.
Hashem answered me with wide expanse.

It is good to give thanks,
Not because G-d needs our praise,
But because we do.
To awaken to wonder,
to holiness, to G-d.
It is good to give thanks
for through thanksgiving comes awakening.
-Rami Shapiro

“One final paragraph of advice: Do not burn yourself out. Be as I am - a reluctant enthusiast...a part time crusader, a half-hearted fanatic. Save the other half of yourselves and your lives for pleasure and adventure. It is not enough to fight for the land; it is even more important to enjoy it. While you can. While it is still out there. So get out there and mess around with your friends, ramble out yonder and explore the forests, encounter the grizz, climb the mountains. Run the rivers, breathe deep of that yet sweet and lucid air, sit quietly for a while and contemplate the precious stillness, that lovely, mysterious and awesome space. Enjoy yourselves, keep your brain in your head and your head firmly attached to your body, the body active and alive, and I promise you this much: I promise you this sweet victory over our enemies, over those desk-bound people with their hearts in a safe deposit box and their eyes hypnotized by desk calculators. I promise you this: you will out-live the bastards.”

-Edward Abbey

SONGS!

OSEH SHALOM

Oseh shalom bimromav
hu ya'aseh shalom aleinu
v'al kol ha'olam,
v'imru, v'imru, Amein.

עוֹשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוּמָיו
הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל
וְאָמְרוּ, אָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

ya'aseh shalom
ya'aseh shalom
shalom aleinu v'al kol ha'olam (2x)

יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם, יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם
שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל.

*May the One who makes peace in the supernal,
grant peace to us, and to all the world. Amen*

LO YISA GOY

**לֹא יִשָּׂא גּוֹי אֶל גּוֹי חֶרֶב
לֹא יִלְמְדוּ עוֹד מִלְחָמָה.**

Lo yisa goy el goy kharev
Lo yilmedu od milkhama.

*Nation shall not lift up sword against nation.
Neither shall they learn war any more.*

*And each 'neath their vine and fig tree,
Shall live in peace and unafraid.*



THE FOURTH CUP

A) A Cup to the Future – To uprooting oppression and transforming all of our living cultures. We refuse to give up our voices, our histories, our blood to the corporations and the governments, to the pharaohs of the present day. We refuse to leave behind any of our people who do not look or desire or move or speak or believe the way we do. We refuse to be left behind ourselves. We are powerful agents of change, and we are transforming our cultures to be so just, so free, so beautiful, that we cannot even fully imagine them right now. Let us savor this taste of the freedom that is to come. Let us never lose our conviction that the world we dream of, the ‘world to come’, is coming, right now, through each of us. (29)

B) A cup for Perseverance and Vision— The war on Iraq, on Palestine, and at home intensifies in different ways everyday. As we build a sit tonight, there are groups all around the country and the world, sitting around tables like this, talking, planning, and moving forward. We drink tonight to the long haul, to the work that must be done now to build a movement of resistance, not only for tomorrow or next week, but far beyond the lives of all of us at this table. (30)

“It is not your duty to complete the work;
neither are you free to desist from it.” *-The Talmud*

All say the blessing over the wine:

בְּרוּכָה יְיָ שְׂכִינָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלַכַּת הָעוֹלָם
בוֹרְאֵת פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם בּוֹרֵא
פְּרֵי הַגָּפֶן.

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, fem.)

**Brucha Yah Shechinah, eloheinu Malkat ha’olam
borayt p’ri ha-gafen.**

(Ashkenazi pronunciation, masc.)

Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha’olam boreh p’ri ha-gafen.

(Iraqi pronunciation, masc.)

Barouch ata Adonai, eloheinu Melech ha’olam boreh p’ri ha-gafen

Blessed is the Infinite, that fills all creation and brings forth the fruit of the vine.



NIRTZAH

~Closing

נִרְצָה

Reader: At the end of the seder,
Jews have always vowed to one another: “L’shana haba-a bi-Y’rushalayim/
Next Year in Jerusalem!” Why does the seder end with this vow?

Reader: For Jews, forced into diaspora two thousand years ago, wandering
always in countries which were sometimes safe harbors and sometimes
nightmares, the dream of Jerusalem was more than the city itself.

Reader: To dream that next year we would be in Jerusalem is to dream of a
land and a time of autonomy, safety, self-determination, the right to one’s own
culture and language and spirituality, to live on land that can’t be taken from
you by the whim of an outside power. To live with the basic right to be who
you are. Jerusalem comes from the same word root as “shalom” which is
usually translated as “peace” but actually means “wholeness.”

Reader: But this year, in Jerusalem, wholeness is very far away, and the news
seems to be worse with each passing day. Still, when we look for the sparks of
resistance, we see them everywhere. Fed by an aching for justice, some sparks
have already grown to small brush fires, and grow in strength each day. (6)

This year we say instead:

לְשָׁנָה הַבָּאָה בְּשָׁלוֹם!

L'shanah ha-ba'ah b'olam b'shalom!
Next year may we all live in a world of peace!

In the Iraqi Jewish tradition:

סַנְתִּיק כְּדָרָה!

Sant-il-khadra!

A year of good fortune!

And in the tradition of our work for social justice:

צְדֵק צְדֵק תִּרְדּוּף

Tzedek tzedek tirdoff!

Justice, Justice We Shall Pursue!

Selections from

The Song of Songs

The Song of Songs is a series of sexy springtime love poems, probably written in the 3rd century B.C.E., about a young woman's sexual awakening. It is traditionally chanted on Pesakh, with different cantillations in the Mizrahi, Ashkenazi and Sephardi traditions.

I.

My beloved is my bunch of myrrh that lies between my breasts.
My beloved is my cluster of henna-blossom from the gardens of En Gedi.

II.

You are my beautiful, my love, you are beautiful; your eyes are dove-like.
You are handsome, my beloved, and pleasant; and our couch is leafy.
The beams of our houses are cedar and our rafters are firs.
I am a rose of Sharon, a lily in the valleys.
Like a lily among thorns, so is my loved one among the maidens.
Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest
so is my beloved among the youths;
in his shadow I long to sit, and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
He brings me to the house of wine, and looks at me with love.
Sustain me with raisins, refresh me with apples, for I am love-sick.
O, that his left hand were under my head
and his right hand were embracing me.
The voice of my beloved!
Here he comes, leaping across the mountains, bounding over the hills!
My beloved is like a gazelle, like a young deer.

III.

You are beautiful, my love, you are beautiful. Your eyes are dove-like;
your hair is like a flock of goats, trailing down from Gilead.
Your teeth are like a flock of sheep all shaped alike...
Your lips are like a thread of scarlet, and your mouth is comely;
your temples...are like a slice of pomegranate.
Your neck is like the tower of David...Your breasts are like two fawns, twins of
a gazelle, pasturing among the lilies.
When the day grows cool, and the shadows flee, I will take myself to the
mountain of myrrh, and to the hills of frankincense.
Your lips, my bride, drip honey; honey and milk are under your tongue.
The fragrance of your garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon.
A garden enclosed is my love, a spring enclosed, a fountain sealed.
Your plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with precious fruits, henna, nard,
saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and
aloes, together with all the finest perfumes.

You are a fountain of gardens, a well of fresh water,
and flowing streams from Lebanon.

Awake, northwind, and come, southwind.

Blow upon my garden, that its perfume may spread. Let my beloved come into
the garden, and eat its precious fruits.

IV.

Dazzling and ruddy is my beloved, distinguished among ten thousand.
His head is fine gold, his locks are curled, and as black as a raven.
His eyes are like doves beside the water-brooks, bathing in milk...
His cheeks are beds of balsam-flower, producing sweet perfumes;
his lips are red lilies breathing the finest of myrrh.
His hands are rods of gold, studded with topaz pink;
his body is polished ivory, inlaid with sapphires.
His legs are pillars of marble, set on bases of fine gold;
his form is like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

V.

I am my beloved's and beloved is mine,
who pastures among the lilies.

VI.

How beautiful are your steps in sandals, O princess;
the curves of your thighs are like ornaments made by an artist.
Your chest is a round goblet ever filled with wine;
your body is like a sheaf of wheat, entwined with lilies.
Your breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle.
Your neck is a tower of ivory;
your eyes are like the pools of Keshbon, at the gates of Bat Rabim;
your nose is like a tower of Lebanon,
overlooking the Damascus.
The stature of yours is like a palm tree, and your breasts are like clusters.
I say, I will climb the palm tree, and take hold of its branches.

~

**Love is strong as death itself... its flashes are flashes
of fire, a flame of the Eternal.
Floods cannot quench love, rivers cannot drown it.**

Chad Gadyo

My father bought a lamb for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Chorus:
Ohhhhhhhhh (*hold for as long or as loud as you can*)
We sing it high we sing it low,
Chad Gad-ya-aaa
Chad Gad-ya

Then came the cat, which ate the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Chorus:
Ohhhhhhhhh (*hold for as long or as loud as you can*)
We sing it loud, we sing it soft,
Chad Gad-ya-aaa
Chad Gad-ya

Then came the dog,
Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

(repeat Chorus between each verse)

Then came the stick, which beat, beat, beat the dog,
Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Then came the fire,
Which burned the stick, which beat, beat, beat the dog,
Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Then came the water, which put out the fire,
Which burned the stick, which beat, beat, beat the dog,
Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Then came the ox,
Which drank the water, which put out the fire,
Which burned the stick, which beat, beat, beat the dog,

Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Then came the Shochet, who slaughtered the ox,
Which drank the water, which put out the fire,
Which burned the stick, which beat, beat, beat the dog,
Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Then came the angel of death,
Who killed the Shochet, who slaughtered the ox,
Which drank the water, which put out the fire,
Which burned the stick, which beat, beat, beat the dog,
Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.

Then came the Holy One, Blessed be She,
And slew the angel of death,
Who killed the Shochet, who slaughtered the ox,
Which drank the water, which put out the fire,
Which burned the stick, which beat, beat, beat the dog,
Which bit, bit, bit the cat, which ate up all the lamb,
My father bought to serve for Seder.
Chad gadyo, chad gadyo.



(29)

You Can Get It If You Really Want

Written By: Jimmy Cliff
Copyright 1970 Island Music from "The Harder They Come"

You can get it if you really want (3x)
But you must try, Try & try, try & try
Til you succeed at last

Persecution, you must bear
Win or lose, you got to take your share
Keep your mind set on your dream
You can get it, tho' hard it may seem

You can get it if you really want (3x)
But you must try, Try & try, try & try
Til you succeed at last

Rome was not built in a day
Opposition will come your way
But the harder the battle you see
It's the sweeter the victory

You can get it if you really want (3x)
But you must try, Try & try, try & try
Til you succeed at last
You'll succeed at last

You can get it if you really want
You can get it if you really want
You can get it if you really want
But you must try,
Try and try, try and try
You'll succeed at last

MORE (very silly) SONGS!

There's No Seder Like our Seder

(Sung to the tune of "There's no Business Like Show Business")

There's no seder like our seder,
There's no seder I know.
Everything about it is halachic
Nothing that the Torah won't allow.
Listen how we read the whole Haggadah
It's all in Hebrew
'Cause we know how.
There's no seder like our seder,
We tell a tale that is swell:
Moses took the people out into the heat
They baked the matzah
While on their feet
Now isn't that a story
That just can't be beat?
Let's go on with the show!

Take Us Out of Mitzrayim

(Sung to the tune of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game")

Take us out of Mitzrayim,
Free us from slavery
Bake us some matzah in a haste
Don't worry 'bout flavor,
Give no thought to taste.
Oh it's rush, rush, rush, to the Red Sea
If we don't cross it's a shame,
For it's ten plagues,
Down and you're out
At the Pesah history game.

Elijah

(Sung to the tune of "Maria")

Elijah!
I just saw the prophet Elijah.
And suddenly that name,
Will never sound the same to me.
Elijah!
He came to our seder
Elijah!
He had his cup of wine,
But could not stay to dine
This year!
Elijah!
For your message all Jews are waiting:
That the time's come for peace
and not hating.
Elijah!
Next year we'll be waiting,
Elijah!

Unshipwrecked Exodus

(sung to the tune of Gilligan's Island)

Recline right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful trip,
That started many years ago, in old ancient Egypt.

Such agony, such suffering, such anguish, such ordeal,
We celebrate the Exodus with a three hour meal, a three hour meal!

(KEY CHANGE!)

Found hundred years of slavery for countless toiling yids
And then at last, to top it off, we couldn't have no kids—we couldn't have
no kids.

The structural injustice in that ancient place was great
If not for the effort of the organizers, what would be our fate, oh what
would be our fate.

Shifrah and Pu-ah's example gave the people hope to flee,
Blight and vermin, lice and darkness, helped the Pharaoh see...
(or at least agree)

(KEY CHANGE!)

Desire blazed within our hearts, a fiery burning bush,
We knew that we could make it, just like the folks from Cush...

Just a Tad of Charoset

(Sung to the tune of "Just a Spoonful of Sugar")

Oh, back in Egypt long ago,
The Jews were slaves under Pharaoh.
They sweat and toiled and labored through the day.
So when we gather Pesah night, We do what we think right.
Maror, we chew,
To feel what they went through.

Chorus:

Just a tad of charoset helps the bitter herbs go down,
The bitter herbs go down, the bitter herbs go down.
Just a tad of charoset helps the bitter herbs go down,
In the most disguising way.

So after years of slavery
They saw no chance of being free.
Their suffering was the only life they knew.
But baby Moses grew up tall,
And said he'd save them all.
He did, and yet,
We swear we won't forget that ...

Chorus

While the maror is being passed,
We all refill our water glass, Preparing
for the taste that turns us red.
Although maror seems full of minuses, It
sure does clear our sinuses.
But what's to do?
It's hard to be a Jew!!!

Chorus

Passover Things

(To the tune of "My Favorite Things")

Cleaning and cooking and so many dishes
Out with the Hametz, no pasta, no Knishes
Fish that's gefilted, horseradish that stings
These are a few of our Passover things.

Matzah and Karpas and chopped up Charoset
Shankbones and Kiddish and Yiddish neuroses
Tante who Kvetches and uncle who sings
These are a few of our Passover things.

Motzi and Maror and trouble with Pharaohs
Famines and locusts and slaves with wheelbarrows
Matazah balls floating and eggshells that cling
These are a few of our Passover things.

When the plagues strike
When the lice bite
When we're feeling sad
We simply remember our Passover things
And then we don't feel so bad.

The Ballad of the Four Sons

(To the tune of "Clementine")

Said the father to his children,
"At the seder you will dine,
You will eat your fill of Matzah,
You will drink four cups of wine."
Now this father had no daughters,
But his sons they numbered four.
One was wise and one was wicked,
One was simple and a bore.
And the fourth was sweet and winsome,
He was young and he was small.
While his brothers asked the questions
he could scarcely speak at all.
Said the wise one to his father
"Would you please explain the laws?
Of the customs of the Seder
Will you please explain the cause?"
And the father proudly answered,
"As our fathers ate in speed,
Ate the paschal lamb 'ere midnight

And from slavery were freed."
So we follow their example
And 'ere midnight must complete
All the Seder and we should not
After 12 remain to eat.
Then did sneer the son so wicked
"What does all this mean to you?"
And the father's voice was bitter
As his grief and anger grew.

"If you yourself don't consider
As son of Israel,
Then for you this has no meaning
You could be a slave as well."
Then the simple son said simply
"What is this," and quietly
The good father told his offspring
"We were freed from slavery."
But the youngest son was silent
For he could not ask at all. His bright eyes were bright with wonder
As his father told him all.
My dear children, heed the lesson
And remember evermore
What the father told his children Told his sons that
numbered four.

GLOSSARY

Ashkenazim – Jews from Central and Eastern Europe. **Yiddish** is the traditional language of Ashkenazi Jews. It is a distinct language which developed from a medieval form of German, plus Hebrew, Aramaic and some Slavic languages. It is written using the Hebrew alphabet.

Binary gender system – the socially constructed Western system that insists on the existence of only 2 sexes and genders, despite biological and personal reality to the contrary.

Ethiopian Jews/ Beta Yisrael (House of Israel) – The history of the Jewish Ethiopian community is ancient, probably stretching back 2500 years. Ethiopian Jews have also been called by the derogatory term "Falasha", which means 'stranger' or 'outsider'. The liturgical language of the Beta Israel is **Ge'ez**, a very old Ethiopian language.

Hametz – Foods which can rise or ferment (such as yeast) are considered leaven or *hametz*, and are forbidden on Passover. Different Jewish cultural traditions have varying definitions of hametz. Mizrahim and Sephardim allow beans, rice, corn, peas and lentils on Passover, while Ashkenazim do not.

Intersex - a person with an intersex condition is born with sex chromosomes, external genitalia, or an internal reproductive system that is not considered "standard" for either male or female. (from www.isna.org, the excellent website of the Intersex Society of North America)

Kabbalah – ‘Kabbalah’ means ‘tradition’. It is an aspect of Jewish mysticism.

Midrash (or ‘drosch) – an interpretation of the Torah, often told as a story.

Mizrahim – Jews indigenous to the Middle East, North Africa and Asia, primarily Algeria, Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Kurdistan, Lebanon, Libya, India, Morocco, Syria, Tunisia and Yemen. The word Mizrahi means *Eastern* in Hebrew. Many Mizrahi Jews spoke/speak **Judeo-Arabic**, a language that developed from Arabic, Hebrew and Aramaic, which is written using the Hebrew alphabet.

Sephardim – Descendants of the Jewish community that flourished in Spain and Portugal, under Arab rule, for hundreds of years. After the Catholic Inquisition and the expulsion of the Jews in 1492, Sephardi Jews were dispersed around the world. Many fled to the Ottoman Empire (current day Egypt, Turkey, Morocco, Greece, etc.). Some Sephardim who were forced to convert to Christianity were called “marranos”, a derogatory term meaning ‘pigs’. **Ladino** (also called Judezmo or Judeo-Spanish) is the language of the Sephardim, and is written using the Hebrew alphabet.

Sephirot - The ten spiritual centers or spheres or divine emanations of the map of the qualities of G-d.

Torah – Most literally, the five books of Moses (what Christians call the Old testament). In the broadest sense, all the sacred learnings of the Jewish people

Transgender and Trans – umbrella terms for folks who cross, bend or otherwise mess with binary gender categories, including transsexuals, cross-dressers, gender-variant and genderqueer people.

Tzedakah – often mis-translated as “charity”, tzedakah literally means ‘righteousness’.

Things you can do to support the Palestinian Liberation Struggle and fight anti-Arab Racism:

1-- Read, get informed. See resource list to get started, but there is so much more. Find out about the history of your people in relation to the Palestinian Liberation struggle. But don't let the fact that you don't know everything keep you from stating what you know to be true.

2-- Write letters to your local paper when you see biased coverage of Arab and Middle Eastern people and events.

3-- Talk to others about your views. Even if you don't know everything there is to know, talk about what you know to be true. Avoid asking Palestinian, Arab or people of Middle Eastern descent to explain the situation or their relationship to it (Ask questions of other people who have done some homework.)

4-- Support your local Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee (ADC) (www.adc.org) Find out about groups in your area that work in solidarity with Palestinian, Arab, and people of Middle-Eastern descent.

5— Notice how people of color and Middle Eastern business-owners are treated in the neighborhoods you live/work/frequent. Since September 11th, there has been a huge up-surge in graffiti and vandalism on merchants of color, and sometimes boycotts. Get to know them, support their businesses, and let them know you value and appreciate them in the neighborhood.

6— Learn about and fight for immigrant rights. Since September 11th there has been a huge increase in the targeting of immigrants, people of color, and any marginalized group in the U.S. Find and support local chapters of the National Network of Immigrant and Refugee Rights (www.nnirr.org), and the National Coalition for Dignity and Amnesty (www.dignityandamnesty.org)

7— Find out about local actions that are being taken by Palestinians and ways to support them (childcare, logistical support, attending events, etc.)

8— Start a discussion/action group at your school, synagogue, community center, etc. Read and explore ideas to understand the history of the Palestinian struggle together. As Jews, there are many holidays and events throughout the year that can be connected to everyday struggles. Check out the Jewish Social Justice Network for examples of groups that are doing this around the US.

Utterly Subjective Starter **RESOURCE LIST**

Jewish authors we really like: Marcia Prager, Irena Klepfisz, Marcia Falk, Melanie Kaye/Kantrowitz, Raphael Patai, Abraham Joshua Heschel, Arthur Waskow, Judith Plaskow, Sarah Schulman, Adrienne Rich, Michael Chabon, Marge Piercy, Lynne Sharon Schwartz, Howard Zinn, Judy Budnitz...

Titles we highly recommend:

After Long Silence, by Helen Fremont

Behind the Veil of Silence: North African and Middle Eastern Jewish Women

Speak Out, ed. by Loolwa Khazzoom (forthcoming)

Bridges, a journal of Jewish feminists and our friends (great issues on Jewish women of color, Mizrahi and Sephardi women, poor and working-class Jewish women – sadly not trans-friendly ☹)

The Debt: What America Owes to Blacks, by Randall Robinson

Fighting Back, a Memoir of Jewish Resistance in WW2, by Harold Werner

Half and Half: Writers on Growing Up Biracial and Bicultural edited by Claudine C. O'Hearn

How [some] Jews Became White Folks, by Karen Brodtkin

The Jewish Catalog, ed. by Richard Siegel, Michael Strassfeld & Sharon Strassfeld

Liberating Memory: Our Work and Working-Class Consciousness, ed. by Janet Zandy

A Promise and a Way of Life: White Antiracist Activism, by Becky Thompson
Should America Pay? Slavery and the Raging Debate over Reparations, ed. by Raymond A. Winbush

Timtum, a jewish trans zine, by Micah Bazant, available through www.panderzinedistro.com

Uprooting Racism, by Paul Kivel

Yours In Struggle: Three Feminist Perspectives on Anti-Semitism and Racism by Ely Bulkin, Minnie Bruce Pratt, and Barbara Smith

Jewish Multiculturalism Websites: loolwa.com, kulanu.org, sephardichouse.org...

Reparations Websites: ncobra.com, transafricaforum.org

Palestinian Liberation~ Authors: Edward Said, Ella Shohat, Noam Chomsky, Stephen Zunes, Suheir Hammad, Amira Hass, Naim Ateek... **Websites:** btselem.org, palestinemonitor.org, jewishvoiceforpeace.org, electronicintifada.net, icahd.org/eng/, rhr.israel.net

Transgender Liberation: Kate Bornstein, Leslie Feinberg, Ivan E. Coyote, www.makezine.org...

Yumminess: The Book of Jewish Food, by Claudia Roden (plus photos and stories from all over the Jewish diaspora!)
Jewish Vegetarian Cooking by Rose Friedman

SOURCES

1. Chochmat Halev Shabbat Siddur by Jhos Singer
2. Comedy Trans/gender Queer Liberation Haggadah, by Reuben Zellman, MC Ettinger, Sierra Springarn and Rachel Kliegman. Their sources: Haggadah Shel Pesach, Temple Isaiah, 1997. Let my People go! Seder in the streets
3. The Courage to Resist: The Boston Workmens' Circle 2002 Haggadah by Alice Rothchild
4. The Cut-and Paste Haggadah plagiarized by Lee Winkleman
5. 18 Belmont St. 2002 Haggadah compiled by Dara Silverman and Mike Grinthal
6. Haggadah by Elliot Bat Tzedek
7. Haggadah compiled by Rachel Timoner
8. A Haggadah for plural identity and plural traditions by Adam Gottlieb
9. Haggadah Shel Pesach compiled and written by Miriam Grant, Jo Hirshmann, and Elizabeth Wilson
10. Hayrut v'Tzelem Haggadah (Freedom and Reflection) 2002/ 5762 compiled by Corinne Lofchie, Talya Husband-Hankin, and Chanel Dubofsky. Supplements by Sarah Hershey, Jen Levine, Moises Chacon, Johanna Fine, Autumn Leonard, and Dara Silverman.
11. A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Sarcasm and Snide Cultural References... lovingly compiled by Naomi Sunshine and Cindy Greenberg. Their sources: A Passover Haggadah compiled by Laura Bailyn and Cindy Greenberg, The Egalitarian Haggadah by Aviva Cantor, and And We Were All There: A Feminist Haggadah by the American Jewish Congress
12. Jewish Labor Committee Haggadah
13. The Jewish Organizing Initiative Haggadah- April 1999/Nissan 5759 compiled and created by the 1st year of the Jewish Organizing Initiative, based in Boston MA.
14. The Jewish Social Justice Network's Passover 2001 Social Justice Resources, compiled and edited by Cindy Greenberg
15. "Next Year in Freedom!" Taking our Seder to the Streets, by Jo Hirshmann and Elizabeth Wilson
16. A Night of Questions: A Passover Haggadah, edited by Joy Levitt and Rabbi Micheal Strassfeld

17. A Palestinian Liberation Haggadah, by MC Ettinger and Micah Bazant
18. Passover Agada/Agada de Pesah- In Hebrew with Ladino and English Translation, according to the Custom of the Seattle Sephardic Community
19. Passover: From Portugal to Persia by Rahel Musleah, www.rahelsjewishindia.com/articles.htm
20. A Passover Haggadah, by Elie Wiesel
21. Illustrations by Mark Podwal (from A Passover Haggadah, by Elie Wiesel)
22. Refuser Solidarity Network, Haggadah Insert 5763/2003, by Laurie Zimmerman and Elliot bat Tzedek, www.refusersolidarity.org
23. The Santa Cruz Haggadah, by Karen G. R. Roekard
24. Silverman Family Haggadah, compiled by Deirdre, Mark and Dara Silverman
25. The Shalom Seders: Three Haggadot, Compiled by New Jewish Agenda
26. A Seder Our Foremothers Could Never Have Imagined, Congregation Beth Simchat Torah's Annual Feminist Seder, compiled by Cindy Greenberg and Erika Katske
27. The Telling: A Loving Haggadah for Passover, by Dov ben Khayyim
28. By Rabbi Arthur Waskow
29. By Micah Bazant
30. By Dara Silverman
31. By Micah Bazant and Dara Silverman
32. The Jewish Book of Why, by Alfred Kolatch
33. Illustration from The Art of Blessing The Day, by Marge Piercy



This symbol is known as a *khamisa* (Arabic), *hamesh* (Hebrew), or as The Hand of the Prophet (Muslim) or The Hand of Miriam (Jewish). It is an ancient symbol of good luck shared by Muslims and Jews.