

SING

The Ocean is the beginning of the Earth (x2)

All Life comes from the Sea (x2)

The river is flowing, flowing and growing, the river is flowing down to the sea.

Mother, carry me. Your child I'll always be. Mother, carry me down to the sea.

חַכְמוֹת נָשִׁים / Blessing for Fringes

text compiled by Rabbi Sue Levi Elwell, music by Juliet Spitzer

Hochmot nashim banta veyta

Bo-u sha'areyha betoda

chatzeroteyha bit'hila

חַכְמוֹת נָשִׁים בְּנִתָּה בֵּיתָה

בָּאוּ שְׁעָרֶיהָ בְּתוֹדָה

חֲצֵרֹתֶיהָ בְּתִילָה

Women's wisdom has built Her house (Proverbs 14:1)

Let us come into Her gates with thanks, Her courtyard with praise (Psalms 100:4)

ברכי תורה / Torah Blessings

ALL

Before Reading Torah

בְּרוּכָה אַתָּה יְיָ עַיִן הַחַיִּים אֲשֶׁר מוֹשֶׁה דְּבָרֵי תוֹרָה מִמַּיִם-חַיִּים
בְּרַחֲמִים רַבִּים

*Bruchah At Yah, ein ha-chayim, asher moshah divrei Torah mi-mayim chayim
b'rachamim rabim.*

Blessed are you, Yah, Source of Life, who with abundant compassion draws words of Torah from living waters.

ALL

After Reading Torah

בְּרוּכָה אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ לֵב הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר לֵב אֵלֵינוּ וְשׁוֹמַעַת קוֹל
לְבֵינוּ רַחֲמֵי עָלֵינוּ וְיִשְׁמַע קוֹל דְּמָמָה דְּקָה

*Bruchah At Yah, Eloheinu Lev Ha-olam, asher samah lev eileinu v'shoma'at kol libeinu;
rachami aleinu v'yishama kol d'mamah dakah*

Blessed are You, Yah our God, Heart of the Universe, who attends to us and hears the voice of our hearts; have compassion on us and make audible the still, small voice.

CALL AND RESPONSE

שִׁיר חֲדָשׁ / Blessing for New Songs

Dorshei Derekh Women's Haftorah Group

Bruchah At Yah, Simchat Ha-olam, בְּרוּכָה אַתְּ יְהוָה שִׂמְחַת הָעוֹלָם
asher m'oreret אֲשֶׁר מְאֹרְרֶת
rucheinu la-shir shir chadash רוּחֵינוּ לְשִׁיר שִׁיר חֲדָשׁ.

Blessed are You, Yah, Joy of the Universe, who awakens our spirits that we may sing a new song

SING

Blessings of the Breast and the Womb

Julia Watts Belser

Waters above and waters below, Blessings of the breast and the womb. (repeat)

Birchot shamayim me'al

Birchot tehom rovetzet tachat

Birchot shadayim v'racham

Blessings of the heavens above

Blessings of the deep that crouches below

Blessings of the breasts and the womb

נְקָבִים חֲלוּלִים / Openings and Vessels

QUIETLY

נְבָרְךָ אֶת עֵן הַחַיִּים אֲשֶׁר יָצַר אֶת הָאָדָם בְּחִכְמָה וּבְרָא בּוֹ
נְקָבִים נְקָבִים חֲלוּלִים חֲלוּלִים.
גְּלוּי וְיָדוּעַ לְפָנֶי כֶּסֶף כְּבוֹדְךָ שְׂאֵם יִפְתַּח אֶחָד מֵהֶם אוֹ יִסְתֵּם
אֶחָד מֵהֶם אֵי אֶפְשָׁר לְהִתְקַיֵּם וְלַעֲמוֹד לְפָנֶיךָ.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה רוֹפֵא כָּל בָּשָׂר וּמְפַלֵּיא לַעֲשׂוֹת.

*N'varech et ein hachayim asher yatzar et ha'adam bechochmah uvara vo
nekavim nekavim chalumim chalulim. Galuwi veyadu'a lifney chisey chevodecha she'im
yipate'ach echad mehem o yisatem echad mehem i efshar lehitkayem vela'amod lefanecha.
Baruch ata Yah rofey chol basar umafla la'asot.*

ALL

Let us bless the source of life, who shaped the human being with wisdom, making for us all the openings and vessels of the body. It is revealed and known before your Throne of Glory that if one of these passage-ways be open when it should be closed, or blocked up when it should be free, one could not stay alive or stand before you. Blessed are You, Miraculous, the wondrous healer of all flesh.

FRINGES

I Have Been Living

Jane Mead

I have been living
closer to the ocean than I thought—
in a rocky cove thick with seaweed.

It pulls me down when I go wading.
Sometimes, to get back to land
takes everything that I have in me.

Sometimes, to get back to land
is the worst thing a person can do.
Meanwhile, we are dreaming.

The body is innocent.
She has never hurt me.
What we love flutters in us.

ASSIGNED

CONTRADICTIONS: TRACKING POEMS, PART 18

Adrienne Rich

The problem, unstated till now, is how
to live in a damaged body
in a world where pain is meant to be gagged,
uncured, un-grieved-over The problem is
to connect, without hysteria, the pain
of anyone's body with the pain of the body's world.
For it is the body's world
they are trying to destroy forever.
The best world is the body's world,
filled with creatures, filled with dread,
misshapen so--yet the best we have,
our raft among the abstract worlds,
and how I longed to live on this earth
walking her boundaries never counting the cost

SING

Baruch She'amar

Naomi Janowitz and Margaret Moers Wenig

This is my body/ this is my home

Baruch Hu / Baruch Sh'mo

B'rucha Hi / B'rucha Sh'ma

I have touched and I bless _____

אַהֲבָה רַבָּה / Gatherings

Elliott Femynye bafTzedek

Gather your strengths and gather your failures

Gather your kin and gather your strangers

Gather what you love and what you fear

Gather what you have lost and what you have yet to find

Find the courage to proclaim "All we gather is sacred"

ASSIGNED

from Holy the Firm

Annie Dillard

Every day is a god, each day is a god, and holiness holds forth in time. I worship each god, I praise each day splintered down, splintered down and wrapped in time like a husk, a husk of many colors spreading, at dawn fast over the mountains split.

I wake in a god. I wake in arms holding my quilt, holding me as best they can inside my quilt.

I open my eyes. The god lifts from the water. His head fills the bay. He is Puget Sound, the Pacific, his breast rises from pastures, his fingers are firs, islands slide wet down his shoulders. Islands slip blue from his shoulders and glide over the water, the empty, lighted water like a stage.

Today's god rises, his long eyes flecked in clouds. He flings his arms, spreading colors, he arches, cupping sky in his belly, he vaults, vaulting and spread, holding all and spread on me like skin.

READER

New Religion

Bill Holm

This morning no sound but the loud
breathing of the sea. Suppose that under
all that salt water lived the god
that humans have spent ten thousand years
trawling the heavens for.
We caught the wrong metaphor.
Real space is wet and underneath,
the church of shark and whale and cod.
The noise of those vast lungs
exhaling: the plain chanting of monkfish choirs.
Heaven's not up but down, and hell
is to evaporate in air. Redemption,
to drown and breathe
forever with the sea.

ALL

Show Me the Way to the Ocean

based on texts from Rumi and Antonio Machado

Show me the way to the ocean,
show me the road that leads to the sea,
show me the dreams of pathways,
pathways over the seas.
God is the path and God is the sea ,
and God created the open sea,
and God was born of the open sea,
and God is the anchor in the open sea,
in the open sea.

SING

אלוֹ פִּינוּ / Ilu finu

אלוֹ פִּינוּ מֵ לֵא שִׁיר הַ פִּים

Ilu finu maleh shira kayam

If our mouths were full of song, like the
sea....

READER

from BP by Linda Baldanzi

As weeks passed you were still on the same page
When you should have been on your knees for this

READER

**Sunday Afternoon
as Oil Pours into the Gulf**

Elliott batTzedek

Across a small suburban lawn
a very large man is riding
a very large tractor mower
with a bin so the clippings
won't have to be raked

while his young son is driving
his minature Hummer
around and around the cul-du-sac

and my large ass is planted
in a chair in the house,
AC blasting,
scanning the internet
for photos of the horror,
and feeling sick
as I view them.

READER

from BP by Linda Baldanzi

As weeks passed we were still on the same page
When we should have been on our knees for this

ASSIGNED

What I'm Made Of

Kathy Engel

I am a crab I am
chemical dispersant
spill I am spilled
spilling fish swelter
stone I am slick eyes
burn bleed oil nose
oiled mucous talk
spits from my oil
swollen lips gurgle
and sputter drip from
my ears crude ruts
my cheeks neck scar
leaks oil hair sheens
nipples weep yellow
collostrum oil my
gut gasses hips sling
through oil thighs wrists
calves oiled ovaries
discharge oil ankles
shellac shells feet
smudge oil I cough
up oil skate oil loose
oil bowels dna splits oil
blood scabs oil
bay of oil fin of oil rooster
crowing oil crow cawing oil
oh crab oh oil of bird

READER

from BP by Linda Baldanzi

As weeks passed I was still on the same page
When I should have been on my knees for this

ALL

from House of Poured-Out Waters

Jane Mead

soul,
we will go endlessly
forward together—sometimes
we will call ourselves
beauty, sometimes
we will call ourselves
pain. We will marry ourselves
to the fate of the earth.
sky churning, waves
breaking, notes breaking.

SING

Shifchi kamayim

Linda Hirschhorn , text adapted from Lamentations 2:19

שפכי כמים, כמים לבך
שפכי כמים, כמים לבך

Shifchi kamàyim, kamàyim libéché.

Shifchi kamàyim, kamàyim libéché.

And pour out, pour out, pour out your hearts like water.

Pour out, pour out, pour out your hearts.

And remember, remember, remember, remember.

Show Me the Way to the Ocean

a mosaic with words from Rumi, Antonio Machado, Emily Dickinson, Robinson Jeffers, Amy Clampitt, Walt Whitman, Judah Halevi, Genesis, Philip Appleman, Yvor Winters, Dar Williams, Jane Mead

woven by Elliott batTzedek

ALL: Show me the way to the ocean,
show me the road that leads to the sea,
show me the dreams of pathways,
pathways over the seas.

One: I had lived inland too long,
claiming ceaseless stinging struggles
were a kind of drowning, never admitting I
could not fathom sounding depth,
nor the moment current pulls,
nor the place where my power ends.

Two: I walked the shore where I felt safe,
waded gingerly with trousers rolled—
mocking as crazy, as desperate, those
who dove in naked, under and deeper,
under and deeper and deeper.

Three: I walked the rib of shoreline, begging
my lost soul to surface, until the rip tide pulled me
down to Mother Sea, surging in
my open ears, washing through
my hands, my mouth, pounding in
and sucking out, grating flesh from bone,
until pieces of the soul I'd broken
lay polished greenly glass on sand.

Four: The ocean could have claimed me
as a lover might, so kind. But She,
so long denied, took me like surge
does claim the land, indifferent to
my dunes and fences. To Her I did surrender,
as if surrender could be a choice.

Five: Now how my form is altered!
Send no team to seek for me as I
am not, though my essence remains
the same and the same. On numb land
it may be ashes to ashes, but the ocean
is always the ocean, I am now part
of the ocean my loves,
and this the ocean knows of a body—
the wave that rises from the center of your chest
can drown you and you, drowning, will know
—a gasped truth—
the exultation of the going
of an inland soul to sea.

Six: And in the middle of Mother Sea,
swimming with Her luminous fishes,
I heard the ocean singing.

All: *I was darkness,
dark my face and dark my deep
'til Spirit pulsed upon my waters,
pulsed my salt through all your veins.*

Seven. And so I knew, though this knowing was not new,
I knew because I slid beneath
that all are kin whose pounding blood
is of the saltwater born.

ALL. We were born to the beat of the sea,
the tides the rhythm of our lives,
the tides our veins, our surface mirror
to the stars. This is the diving,
this, the seeking, this, the giving
and the receiving. Of creation
celebrant, yet neither astonished
nor in awe, this is the Ocean
that created God, this the Ocean
that birthed our world, this the sea
that opens to anchor and we
are the pathway over the sea
and we are the sea, the open sea.

SING

The Ocean Refuses No River

The ocean refuses no river, no river (x2)

Alleluia, Allelu... Alleluia (x2)

ALL

בְּרַכּוֹ / Bar'khu

Marcia Falk, Faith Rogow

Leader: As we bless the source of life, so we are blessed

Group: As we bless the source of life, so we are blessed

Leader: *Bar'khu et eyn hachayim*

בְּרַכּוּ אֶת עֵין הַחַיִּים

Group: *N'vareykh et eyn hachayim*

v'khoh nitbareykh.

נְבָרְךָ אֶת עֵין הַחַיִּים
וְכֹה נִתְבָּרְךָ.

Leader: *N'vareykh et eyn hachayim*

v'khoh nitbareykh.

נְבָרְךָ אֶת עֵין הַחַיִּים
וְכֹה נִתְבָּרְךָ.

from Spirit of Love

Barbara Deming

Spirit that hears each one of us,

Hears all that is --

Listens, listens, hears us out --

Inspire us now!

Our own pulse beats in every stranger's throat,

And also there within the flowered ground beneath our feet,

And -- teach us to listen! --

We can hear it in water, in wood, and even in stone.

We are earth of this earth, and we are bone of its bone.

This is a prayer I sing, for we have forgotten this and so

The earth is perishing.

FRINGES

Tell Me

Sandra Belfiore

Tell me who you are,
and what brings you here.
What story breaks with the waves
against your shore?
What storm deposits shells and stones
and jelly-fish
on the soft sand of your being?

In the dark night of your soul,
what whispers to you on the tide?
When the gulls cry to you at daybreak,
what does your heart answer?

What piece of driftwood do you cling to,
bobbing on the swells, and
How do you imagine the raft or boat
you hope will rescue you,
someday?

I wonder,
will you listen
when I invite you, gently,
Dive in, and sink.
You will not drown.
You were born
swimming.

שְׁמַע / Sh'ma

שְׁמַע

SING

Listen, listen, listen to my heart's song
Listen, listen, listen to my heart's song
I will never forget you, I will never forsake you
I will never forget you, I will never forsake you

CONSEQUENCES

AL HET

For the sin I/we have done against the ocean by...

הַבְּרִי תוֹרָה / Blessing of Revelation

ASSIGNED

Lifeguards on Duty Today

Elliott batTzedek

We say we are going to the ocean
but we only go to its edge, wading
where ocean is water and sand and small
evidence of teeming life, shells and plants
and jelly fish we pluck as toys or shrink from
frightened or poke with plastic rakes.

And our floating indifference crashes into us,
trails of our waste washing back
from no-such-place-as-away.

How we pose and play at knowing
what we refuse to know. Stroke
and tumble, dive and roll-- out 100
feet from shore we stand, water
to our chests, triumphant in a spit of sand
irrelevant to the ocean's vast.

Lifeguards there to guard our lives, whistle us back
from deep--as if our lives do not begin the moment
when we find we're in over, deep over, our heads

עֲמִידָה / Amidah

SING

אָנָּא אֵל נָּא / Prayers for Healing

Ana el na r'fah na lah/loh

אָנָּא אֵל נָּא רְפָא נָּא לָּהּ/לֵּה

Please God please heal her/him.

ASSIGNED

מְקוֹר תְּקוּן עוֹלָם / Blessing of Redemption

by Kathleen Dean Moore, excerpted from *Amazing Grace*

...I have come to believe that dam-breaching is not really about dams. It's probably not even about fish. Dam-breaching is America's own exercise in truth and reconciliation. For a hundred years we thought we could have it all -- cheap power, salmon, and alfalfa fields in the desert -- but we were wrong. ...We thought we needed power and wealth, but we discovered to our sorrow that what we really need are health and beauty and a way of life that listens to the land.

What humans destroy, we often destroy forever. ... But a river? A river has the power to forgive. To breach a dam is to admit mistakes, and so to release the power of the river to heal itself, to begin to heal the rift between human and nature, user and used...

...Maybe the people will cheer. Maybe they will pray. Maybe they will weep when they see the pale riverbed, drowned for a very long time. But the first rain will clean the highest rocks, the first flood will cut a channel through the silt. Storksbill and balsamroot will poke up between slabs of mud drying on new riverbanks, and I know from experience that there will come a time -- maybe a very long time, but in our lifetimes if we live right -- when the roots of willows will reach into clear water again.

עֲלֵינוּ / Aleynu L'shabey'ah. It Is Ours to Praise

ALL

from *Several Scenes in Search of the Same Explosion*

Jane Mead

You start some-
where, you
start because you
have to, you

climb without
knowing you climb,
you arrive without
knowing where

you are, and when
you fall there is
no difference
between the dark

and the light
and what you know.

קַדִּישׁ יְתוֹם / Kaddish

ALL / READERS

God's Grief

Ellen Bass

All: Great parent
who must have started out
with such high hopes.

Reader: What magnitude of suffering,
the immensity of guilt,
the staggering despair.
A mind the size of the sun,
burning with longing,
a heart huge as a gray whale
breaching, streaming
seawater against the pale sky.

Reader: Man god or beast god,
god that breathes in every pleated leaf,
god of plutonium and penicillin, drunk
sleeping on the subway grate,
god of Joan of Arc, god of Crazy Horse,
Lady Day, bringing us to our knees,
god of Houdini with hands
like a river, of Einstein, regret
running thick in his veins,

Reader. god of Stalin, god of Somoza,
god of the long march,
the Trail of Tears,
the trains,
god of Allende and god of Tookie,
the strawberry picker, fire in his back,

All. god of midnight, god of winter,
god of rouged children sold
with a week's lodging
and airfare to Thailand,
god in trouble, god at the end of his rope-
sleepless, helpless-
desperate god, frantic god, whale heart
lost in the shallows, beached
on the sand, parched, blistered, crushed
by gravity's massive weight.

קַדִּישׁ יְתוֹם / Kaddish

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְּרַעוּתֵיהּ וְיִמְלִיךְ
מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב יֵאמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.
יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה
וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקַדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכָּתָא וְשִׁירָתָא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא דְּאִמְרֵן בְּעֵלְמָא וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמְרוּ
אָמֵן.
עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל
כָּל יִשְׁמַאֵל וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

*Yitgadal veyitkadesh shemey raba
be'alma divra hiruty veyamliv malhutey
behayeyhon uvyomeyhon uvhayey dehol beyt yisra'el
ba'agala uvizman kariv ve'imru amen.*

Yehey shemey raba mevarah le'alam ulalmey almaya.

*Yitbarah veyistabah veyitpa'ar veyitromam veyitnasey veyit-hadar veyitaleh veyit-halal
shemey dekudsha berih hu le'ela min kol birhata veshirata tushbehata venehemata da'amiran
be'alma ve'imru amen.*

*Yehey shelama raba min shemaya vehayim Aleynu ve'al kol yisra'el ve'imru amen.
Oseh shalom bimromav hu ya'aseh shalom Aleynu ve'al kol yisra'el ve'al kol yishma'el ve'al kol
yoshvey tevel ve'imru amen.*

CALL AND RESPONSE

If Not

Rabbi Hillel, Adrienne Rich, Dane Kuttler

If I am not for myself

who is for me?

If I am only for myself

who am I?

If not now

then when?

If not with others

then how?

If not here

then where?

SING

לא עלינו / Lo Aleynu

Lyrics drawn from Pirkei Avot

Music by Karen Escovitz

Lo aleinyu ham'lacha ligmor,

v'lo anu b'not chorin l'hibateil mimena....

לא עלינו המלאכה לגמור,
ולא אננו בנות חורין להבטל ממנה

It is not upon us to complete the work, neither are we free to desist from it...