

Additional Readings on Healing
Kol Ami Healing Service – June 8, 2019

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GLASS HALF FULL

Wake up and smell the roses
Don't think about which wins or loses
It's alright
Look up and see the sunshine
A side effect when it hurts your eyes
It's alright
When you look on the bright side your vision goes away
But once it's back it's here to stay, oh
Glass half full
Drink it to the bottom, oh
One more try
Till we all get the treasure unlocked
It's worth it all
Wake up, look out the window
Flowers on the windowsill and a rainbow in the sky
You could fly
The dusk gave way to moonshine
As the sun finally closes its eyes
And it's fine

— Sarah Baumgarten

SHALOM, SALAAM, PAZ, PEACE, NAMASTE

Where is it,
all versions of it,
called forth with these words;
naming thought, action, feeling, impulse from the heart,
touching every encounter;
transforming every interaction,
so that both inside and outside worlds
connect with kindness, compassion,
healing and love;
so that the planet shakes off its threats and dangers,
becomes reenergized,
reformed in every sense of the word,
and people along with it.

— Susan Freiband (5/6/2019)

KEDOSHIM

When you look through the eyes of love,
you realize each person you meet
has unlimited potential.
Look with love
and you'll see promise instead of limitation,
and beauty instead of imperfection.
When love fills your heart
there isn't room for fear and negativity.
Look with love, and you'll see
past someone's character flaws
to the spark of holiness inside their soul.
Let love envelope you...
Let love connect and consecrate you...
Let love fill you and flow through you...
Let love make you whole...

— Joanne Fink (2019)

“HOPE” IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS

“Hope” is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -
And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -
I've heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

— Emily Dickinson

THE FIRST STREAK OF ORANGE

the first streak of orange
arrives on top of the pines
reflects on the lake
mirrored blue, black, still
a soft cool breeze wakes me
to the endless possibilities
It's a new day.
It always has been.

— Herb Levy

I RETURN

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I return
To a place I visit every day
To a place I sometimes get lost in
Hoping for teshuvah
To re-turn
To cross the Red Sea
First, by dipping my toes slowly into the cold water
Then my ankles and my calves
Before my knees are immersed
I turn
I cross the Red Sea
By walking around it
Backwards
Today may I have the courage
To dive in
And may you Shekinah make it safe
To part the waters
As they rush from my eyes down my cheeks.

— Herb Levy

COMES THE DAWN

After a while you learn the subtle difference
Between holding a hand and chaining a soul
And you learn that love doesn't mean security,
And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts
And presents aren't promises.

And you begin to accept your defeats
With your head up and your eyes open,
With the grace of an adult, not the grief of a child.
And you learn to build all your roads on today,
Because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain.
And futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight.

After a while you learn that even sunshine
Burns if you get too much.
So you plant your own garden and decorate
Your own soul, instead of waiting
For someone to bring you flowers
And you learn that you really can endure.
That you really are strong,
And you really do have worth
And you learn and learn and learn.
With every goodbye you learn.

— Veronica A. Shoffstall

AN ENCOUNTER IN EDEN

I felt no pain in toppling through those summer branches,
Tumbling down like autumn leaves the wind wrapped in my hair,
The sun itself caught between my fingertips.
Without grace, I fell into a bed of reeds by a stream as clear as day,
And, as the cool fingers, of the crystal stream, washed the filth from my face,
In those moments of fairest thought, I knew I lay at Eden's gates.

I rose with comprehension,
My body bruised and bleeding,
And crossed without detainment,
Swiftly by the scintillating swords,
Brandished by the most eminent protectors,
To find myself in Eden,
My body but a vessel melted away,
Leaving me naked face to face with God.

And in the presence of this boundless God,
I was reduced to but a child.
I reached up in awe to touch God's infinite face,

And I suppose in startled bemusement,
God's lips parted as laughter spread across God's face.
And ring forth in heaven and on earth,
From the very flowers at my feet,
From the trees with their gold and silver leaves,
And from the angels, I saw all about us,
Laughter rang.

God's brilliant eye caught mine,
And for a moment,
I saw God smile

— Tess Achtermann

HUMAN FAMILY

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I note the obvious differences
in the human family.

Some of us are serious,
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived
as true profundity,
and others claim they really live
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones
can confuse, bemuse, delight,
brown and pink and beige and purple,
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas
and stopped in every land,
I've seen the wonders of the world
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women
called Jane and Mary Jane,
but I've not seen any two
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different
although their features jibe,
and lovers think quite different thoughts
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,
we weep on England's moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea,
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,
are born and die in Maine.
In minor ways we differ,
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences
between each sort and type,
but we are more alike, my friends,
than we are unalike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unalike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unalike.

— Maya Angelou

THE SILENT RAIN

The silent rain
And the dappling leaves waving,
as if to beckon you upwards,
improbably,
to leave the heaviness behind,
heart-felt tears seeping into the loam,
as your aerial pupil registers
the intricate, dynamic forest,
the water trickling
between birches, worms, and ferns.
And somewhere as you drift upwards
your thirsty soul takes a drink
of wonder,
and you remember Eternal truth—
that you, your love, and those you love
are still together
now and forever.

— Joan Goldfarb

LOVE IS SHECHINA'S WAY

Love is Shechina's Way of proving we are made in her image.
She gave us love to transcend the isolation of self.
To experience the unity of universe.
She shows us that love is the bounty of the universe,
Available to all, in diverse ways.
Love of child, of parent, of justice, of friend, of beauty,
And the special love of partner,
The special eternal connection when two become one,
While remaining two.
We give Shechina thanks every time we love.

— Herb Levy

SECOND: SYMPATHY

There should be no despair for you
 While nightly stars are burning;
 While evening pours its silent dew,
 And sunshine gilds the morning.
 There should be no despair--though tears
 May flow down like a river:
 Are not the best beloved of years
 Around your heart for ever?

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
 Winds sigh as you are sighing,
 And winter sheds its grief in snow
 Where Autumn's leaves are lying:
 Yet, these revive, and from their fate
 Your fate cannot be parted:
 Then, journey on, if not elate,
 Still, NEVER broken-hearted!

— *Emily Brontë*

YOU WERE THERE ALL THE TIME

You were there all the time,
 you bugger,
 hidden behind the taryag mitzvote,
 but really,
 right in front of my face,
 on all sides of me,
 surrounding my nefesh.
 When I learned to pray,
 I learned you were there
 even before there was time,
 not to answer my prayer,
 not to give me some outcome I requested,
 but to open me,
 to the infinite,
 strength,
 caring,
 peace,
 all that there is.
 To remove the illusion of separation
 and to link me to the only reality, Unity.

— *Herb Levy*

DON'T LAUGH AT ME

I'm a little boy with glasses
 The one they call a geek
 A little girl who never smiles
 'Cause I've got braces on my teeth
 And I know how it feels
 To cry myself to sleep

I'm that kid on every playground
 Who's always chosen last
 A single teenage mother
 Tryin' to overcome my past
 You don't have to be my friend
 Is it too much to ask?

Refrain:

Don't laugh at me, don't call me names
 Don't get your pleasure from my pain
 In God's eyes we're all the same
 Someday we'll all have perfect wings
 Don't laugh at me

I'm the cripple on the corner
 You pass me on the street
 And I wouldn't be out here beggin'
 If I had enough to eat
 And don't think that I don't notice
 That our eyes never meet

Refrain

I lost my wife and little boy
 Someone crossed that yellow line
 The day we laid 'em in the ground
 Is the day I lost my mind
 Right now I'm down to holdin'
 This little cardboard sign, so ...

Refrain

I'm fat, I'm thin, I'm short, I'm tall
 I'm deaf, I'm blind, hey aren't we all?

Refrain

— *Allen Shamblin and Steve Seskin (1998)*
Recorded by Peter, Paul and Mary