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Many Jews believe that one cannot begin to pray, a process in which the acceptance of God upon oneself is the central experience (through the recitation of the Shema), unless one has first accepted the obligation to recognize the presence of God in each person.

Daniel Siegel

**Welcoming the Angels Shalom Aleychem p. 13 Siddur**

<p>Welcome peace messengers, Angels of Oneness, Majesty that is deep within, Holiness.</p>	<p>Shalom Aleichem Malachei Hasharet Malachei elyon. Mimelech malchei hamlachim Hakadosh Baruch Hu.</p>	<p>שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם, מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁרֵת, מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְלֶכֶת מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְאָכִים, הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:</p>
<p>Come in peace, Angels of Oneness, Majesty that is deep within, Holiness.</p>	<p>Bo'achem l'shalom Malachei hashalom Malachei Elyon Mimelech malachei hamlachim Hakadosh Baruch Hu.</p>	<p>בּוֹאֲכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם, מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁרֵת, מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְלֶכֶת מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְאָכִים, הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:</p>
<p>Bless us with peace Angels of Oneness, Majesty that is deep within, Holiness.</p>	<p>B'rachuni Lshalom Malachei Hashalom Malachei Elyon Mimelech malchei hamlachim Hakadosh Baruch Hu.</p>	<p>בְּרַכּוּנִי לְשָׁלוֹם מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁרֵת, מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְלֶכֶת מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְאָכִים, הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:</p>
<p>Leave us with peace, Angels of Oneness, Majesty that is deep within, Holiness.</p>	<p>Tseitchem l'shalom Malachei Hashalom Malachei Elyon Mimelech malchei hamlachim Hakadosh Baruch Hu.</p>	<p>צֵאתְכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם, מַלְאָכֵי הַשָּׁרֵת, מַלְאָכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן מִמְלֶכֶת מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְאָכִים, הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:</p>

Translation by Herb Levy

L'cha Dodi, p. 41 in siddur verses 1, 2, 5, & 9

<p>Come dear one to welcome the faces of Shabbat and bring Her into our Being.</p>	<p>Lechah dodi, likrat kalah penei shabat nekabelah (x2)</p>	<p>לָכָה דוּדֵי לְקִרְאֵת כְּלָה פְּנֵי שַׁבַּת נִקְבְּלָה:</p>
<p>Notice and remember that All are small pieces of Oneness. Yah is One and the Name of All Things is One, in name, in splendor and in praise.</p>	<p>1. Shamor vezachor bedibur echad hishmi'anu el hameyuchad hashem echad ush'mo echad leshem uletif'eret velitehilah</p>	<p>שְׁמֹר וְזָכוֹר בְּדַבּוּר אֶחָד הַשְּׁמִיעֵנוּ אֵל הַמִּיחָד יְהוָה אֶחָד וְשֵׁמוֹ אֶחָד לְשֵׁם וּלְתִפְאֵרֶת וּלְתִהִילָה</p>
<p>Come and hurry toward Shabbat! She's a blessed taste made holy when the Universe was given its order. The last thing made, unmakingness, the first step in internal connection to Eternity.</p>	<p>2. Likrat shabat lechu venelchah ki hi mekor hab'rachah merosh mikedem nesuchah sof ma'aseh bamach'shavah techilah</p>	<p>לְקִרְאֵת שַׁבַּת לָכוּ וְנִלְכָה כִּי הִיא מְקוֹר הַבְּרָכָה מֵרֵאשׁ מִקְדָּם נְסוּכָה סוֹף מַעֲשֵׂה בְּמַחְשָׁבָה תְּחִלָּה:</p>
<p>Refresh yourself, arouse yourself Light has returned, come be enlightened Wake up, wake up, fill yourself with song Holiness shines from you all the time-Notice it now.</p>	<p>5. Hitoreri, hitoreri, ki ba orech, kumi uri, uri, uri, shir daberi, kevod hashem alaich nig'lah.</p>	<p>הִתְעוֹרְרֵי הִתְעוֹרְרֵי כִּי בָּא אֹרֶךְ קוֹמֵי אֹרֵי עוֹרֵי עוֹרֵי שִׁיר דַּבְּרֵי כְבוֹד יְהוָה עָלֶיךָ נִגְלָה:</p>
<p>Come in peace, Keeper of the Divine Crown Also joy and mirth Amid the faithful, lovers of G!d Come my Shabbat bride, come my Shabbat bride!</p>	<p>9. Boi beshalom ateret ba'alah, gam besimchah uvetzahalah toch emunei am segulah, boi kalah, boi, kalah; toch emunei am segulah, boi kalah, shabat malkah.</p>	<p>בּוֹאֵי בְּשָׁלוֹם עֵטְרֵת בַּעֲלָה גַּם בְּשִׂמְחָה וּבְצִהָלָה תּוֹךְ אֲמוּנֵי עַם סִגְלָה בּוֹאֵי כְלָה בּוֹאֵי כְלָה: Translation by Herb Levy</p>

<p>When the disappointments, aches, and terrors of the day-to-day become too great concentrate like a poison brew in my mind and precipitate out through the skin as an angry rash, through the mouth as harsh words, through the mind as self-defeating thoughts, I call upon the great Reservoir-- Nameless Oneness,</p>	<p>Arising Compassion— You in whom I swim, in which I float, a single cell, a photon, an infinitesimal mote, Rock me, Mother. Stay with me. Carry me as I live this moment of pain as deeply and truly as I can. Help me to enter raw woundedness with a greater love and to reemerge in wonder.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Diane Elliot</p>
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### Beannacht

<p>On the day when the weight deadens on your shoulders and you stumble, may the clay dance to balance you.</p> <p>And when your eyes freeze behind the grey window and the ghost of loss gets in to you, may a flock of colours, indigo, red, green, and azure blue come to awaken in you a meadow of delight.</p>	<p>When the canvas frays in the currach of thought and a stain of ocean blackens beneath you, may there come across the waters a path of yellow moonlight to bring you safely home.</p> <p>May the nourishment of the earth be yours, may the clarity of light be yours, may the fluency of the ocean be yours, may the protection of the ancestors be yours. And so may a slowwind work these words of love around you, an invisible cloak to mind your life.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">John O'Donohue</p>
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### Ayl na refah na la Please God

Please G'd heal her	Ayl na refah na la	אֵל נָא רַפָּא נָא לָהּ
Please G'd heal him	Ayl na refa na lo	אֵל נָא רַפָּא נָא לוֹ
Please G'd heal us	Ayl na refa na lanu	אֵל נָא רַפָּא נָא לָנוּ
Body, heart, mind and soul	Refuah Sh'laymah	רְפוּאָה שְׁלֵמָה
Hanna Tiferet		

ה	All is perfect.
ך	You are loved.
ה	All is clear.
ך	I am holy. Zalman Schachter-Shalomi

Screams in the streets.  
All of the first-born Egyptian sons are dead.

Now we have to pack our things and leave.  
To something called Freedom.  
I don't know what that is.

The Egyptians are chasing after us.  
Why did I leave Egypt?

We've come to water, the Sea of Reeds.  
The chariots are getting closer.  
I'm afraid.

Nachshon walked into the water up to his neck  
and suddenly it began to recede.  
We can walk through.  
But the Egyptians are getting closer.

Their chariot wheels are getting stuck in the mud.  
The water is starting to return.  
We're safe and they're drowning.

Miriam and the women have started to dance.  
I'm beginning to understand  
what this Freedom word means.  
It's joyous!

We're in the desert.  
There's nothing to eat!  
How will we survive?  
Something called manna starts to appear.  
It looks terrible but tastes delicious.

Now we've received a real gift: Shabbat!  
For the first time in my life, I can rest.  
No one is telling me to work, to pack,  
to walk into the desert.  
This is what Freedom is!

We've been walking for almost seven weeks.  
There's a mountain ahead.  
We all hear the same thing,  
the most powerful thing I've ever heard.  
We hear the Aleph!!!  
That we're One, that all is One, that all there is, is G!d!!

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Aleynu p.445 siddur

<p>Aleynu leshabe'ah la'adon hakol          Letet gedulah leyotzer bereshit          shenatan lanu torat emet          vehayey olam nata betohenu</p> <p>Va'anachnu korim, u'mishtachavim,          u'modim, lifnei melech, malchei          ham'lachim, hakadosh baruch Hu.          She'hu noteh shamayim, ve'yoseid aretz,          u' moshav yikaro bashamayim mi-ma'al,          u'sh'chinat u-zo be'gavhei me'romim.</p> <p>Hu Eloheinu, ein od.          Emet malkeinu, efes zulato.          Kakatuv be'torato,          ve'yadata hayom,ve'yadata hayom          ve'hashevota Eil le'vavecha.          Ki Adonai, Hu ha-Elohim,          bashamayim mi-ma'al,          ve'al ha'aretz, ve'al ha'aretz mi-tachad. Ein od.</p> <p>V' nehehmar, v'hawyaw Adoenoy l'melek ol          kole ha'ahretz. B'yome hahoo, b'yome hahoo,          yee-heh-yeah Ahdoenoy ehchad, oo'shmoe,          oo'shmoe, oo'shmoe ehchad.</p>	<p>עֲלֵינוּ לְשַׁבַּח לְאֲדוֹן הַכֹּל,          לְתֵת גְּדֻלָּה לְיוֹצֵר בְּרֵאשִׁית,          שְׁנַתָּן לָנוּ תּוֹרַת אֱמֶת          וְחַיֵּי עוֹלָם נָטַע בְּתוֹכֵנוּ;          וְאַנְחֵנוּ כּוֹרְעִים וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים          וּמוֹדִים, לִפְנֵי מֶלֶךְ, מַלְכֵי          הַמַּלְאָכִים, הַקָּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא.          שֶׁהוּא נוֹטֵה שָׁמַיִם וְיֹסֵד אֶרֶץ,          וּמוֹשֵׁב יְקָרוֹ בְּשָׁמַיִם מְמַעַל,          וְשׁוֹכֵנֵת עָזוֹ בְּגַבְהֵי מְרוֹמִים,          הוּא אֱלֹהֵינוּ אֵין עוֹד.          אֱמֶת מַלְכֵנוּ אֶפֶס זֹלָתוֹ,          כְּכַתוּב בְּתוֹרָתוֹ:          וַיִּדְעַת הַיּוֹם          וְהִשְׁבַּת אֶל לְבַבָּךְ,          כִּי יְיָ הוּא הָאֱלֹהִים          בְּשָׁמַיִם מְמַעַל          וְעַל הָאָרֶץ מִתַּחַת, אֵין עוֹד:          וְנֹאמַר: וְהָיָה יְיָ לְמֶלֶךְ עַל          כָּל הָאָרֶץ: בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא          יְהִיָּה יְיָ אֶחָד וְשֵׁמוֹ אֶחָד.</p>
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Death is Nothing at All. It does not count. I have only slipped away into the next room. Nothing has happened. Everything remains exactly as it was. I am I, and you are you, and the old life we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged. Whatever we were to each other; that we are still. Call me by the old familiar name. Speak of me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was. There is absolute and unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just round the corner. All is well.

Henry Scott Holland

### Epitaph

<p>When I die          Give what's left of me away          To children          And old men that want to die.          And if you need to cry,          Cry for your brother          Walking the street beside you.          And when you need me,          Put your arms          Around anyone          And give them          What you need to give to me.</p> <p>I want to leave you something,          Something better          Than words          Or sounds.</p>	<p>Look for me          In the people I've known          Or loved,          And if you cannot give me away,          At least let me live on in your eyes          And not on your mind.</p> <p>You can love me most          By letting          Hands touch hands,          By letting          Bodies touch bodies          And by letting go          Of children          That need to be free.</p> <p>Love doesn't die.          People do.          So, when all that's left of me          Is love,          Give me away.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Merritt Malloy</p>
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<p>We are the ocean,          but for a short          time          we are the wave.          Honor the ride.</p> <p>We are the air,          but for a short          time          we are the wind.          Honor the gust.</p> <p>We are fire,          but for a short          time          we flame.          Honor the spark.</p>	<p>We are the earth,          but for a short time          we flower.          Honor the bloom.</p> <p>We are a small piece of the          One,          but for a short time          we are.          Cherish that time.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">© Herb Levy</p>
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**Mah ya'feh ha'yom p.828 Siddur**

What a beautiful day. Good Shabbos!	Mah yafeh hayom shabbat shalom Mah yafeh hayom shabbat shalom Shabbat Shabbat shalom Shabbat Shabbat shalom Shabbat Shabbat shalom	מָה יָפֵה הַיּוֹם שַׁבַּת שְׁלוֹם
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