

## Flame in the Darkness

*by Joe Jencks, ©*

There's a flame in the darkness  
Burning deep within our hearts  
In the love that grows between us  
This is where the journey starts  
There is hope in the stillness  
There is solace in our friends  
In the love that grows between us  
This is where the isolation ends

Come full circle in a moment  
Hold no shame in what you feel  
This old world will keep on turning  
And our broken hearts will heal

When the rain falls around you  
Like your solitary tear  
In the love that flows between us  
Know that thunder holds no fear

In the struggle you hold sacred  
When the arrows pierce you through  
In the love that flows between us

May your courage be renewed

There is music in each silence  
There is promise in each day  
In the love that holds between us  
May we always find our way

Come full circle in a moment  
Hold no shame in what you feel  
This old world will keep on turning  
And our broken hearts will heal

There's a flame in the darkness  
Burning deep within our hearts  
In the love that grows between us  
This is where the journey starts

There is hope in the stillness  
There is solace in our friends  
In the love that holds between us  
The sacred journey never ends

## May Day

*by Susan Freiband, May Day Shabbos, © 2021*

May first,  
its history and lore  
seems forgotten or faded,  
its connection with human rights, social  
justice, fuzzy.  
How to think about this date and time  
in the midst of a global pandemic hanging  
on,  
work and relationships shifted, transformed,  
minds held tight to computer screens.

Spring shows up anyway,  
brings bulbs and flowers,  
warmer breezes, longer daylight hours.  
Shabbos shows up anyway,  
catching rest and prayer, blessing and praise,  
creating space for healing body, heart, mind  
and soul,  
on every seventh day,  
on this May Day, 2021.

## **Eli, Eli**

(Halichah Lekesariyah)

*by Hannah Senesh, ©*

Eli, Eli

Shelo yigamer l'olam:

Hachol vehayam

Rishrush shel hamayim

Berak hashamayim

Tefilat ha'adam

## **My God, My God**

(Walk to Caesaria)

*by Hannah Senesh, ©*

My God, My God

May these things never end:

The sand and the sea

The rustle of the water

The lightning of the sky

The prayer of man

## **A Prayer for Health Professionals**

*by Richard Ruth, © 2021*

God who heals and creates healers:

Please keep Your close Presence  
with those among us who do the work of care and cure.  
Sometimes we only see the strain  
in their tired eyes or quiet perseverance;  
we know we cannot know  
what they see and we don't see,  
where they go that we can't go;  
what they are not allowed to tell us  
of the lives and stories only they get to enter,  
helping more often than they sometimes think they can  
and sometimes reaching their limits,  
when You alone step in.

Creator who heals all flesh and all spirits,  
Source of science and healing arts  
among the expanse of wonders You fashion,  
our prayers for healing rise to You  
with prayers for our communities' healers.

Help us hear what they say and what they hold back from saying.  
Show them glimpses of the ways they repair Your world and ours.  
When they need comfort and nurture,  
let them know we are here, and You are always here,  
close to our healers,  
in their daily walk  
and in ours.

## **I Have Seen Freedom Being Born**

*by Si Kahn, ©*

Would I have gone, had I not seen the newsreels  
Black and white upon the screen  
But I went South, to march beside those heroes  
And tell the world what I had seen

For I have watched the bolls of cotton bursting  
White against the early morn  
The marchers stretched along the bitter highway  
I have seen freedom being born

Would I have known had I not heard their stories  
On shotgun porches bleached by sun  
Would I believe had I not seen the troopers  
Block the bridge with clubs and guns

But I have walked among the people marching  
Singing, "We've been 'buked and we've been scorned"  
And I have seen the waters part before them  
I have seen freedom being born

For there is patience watching from the cotton  
Anger buried in the bone  
Resistance waiting for the morning  
Water hidden in the stone

Nothing I write can make you feel their dignity  
These heroes that I knew by name  
Nothing I do can match their quiet courage  
I will never be the same

For I have heard their songs lift up to heaven  
Rise from faces lined and worn  
And I have seen the gates swing wide to greet them  
I have seen freedom being born

I have seen freedom being born  
I have seen freedom being born

## **Healing 81**

*by Rabbi Adele*

How can we heal the world of its woes?  
It's such a huge job, where should we start?  
Can a Priest heal others where he goes?  
Should governments have a healing part?

What of our near neighbors and close friends?  
Have they a way to help us be healed?  
What means do we have to reach these ends  
With others upon whom we depend?

Or should with family we begin  
To openly talk, discuss, and share?  
How will that help us heal well within?  
Perhaps with full honesty and prayer...

**Dawn**  
*by Joan Goldfarb*

The night moves slowly,  
With little hope,  
As moonless skies reign,  
Hour after hour,  
And the human craving for light  
Goes unfulfilled.  
With a small prayer  
For healing  
We labor  
To hold on.

Staring absently,  
We notice the tiniest of light  
In the distance,  
Silvery at first,  
But later gold,  
Stealing past the furthest reaches

Of the horizon  
And emerging.  
Ever.  
So.  
Slowly.

Until this very moment,  
When the silhouettes of the world  
Gain color,  
Dimension,  
And fullness at last.  
And we see  
Each other  
Standing there,  
A testament to Creation,  
Proof of *Chesed*,  
Messenger of Joy.

**The Recovery in Her Mind**  
*by Harriet Epstein, © 2021*

A medicine she took broke a bone, though meant to make it stronger.

She had surgery quickly,  
but recovery took much longer.

While she healed, she was assisted by diverse and smiling faces,  
Telling stories of their former lives  
in vastly distant places.

In the gym skilled therapists gave her healing exercises;  
She performed them to her best,  
hoping for no more surprises.

Cards and visitors, family and friends, came to cheer her up each day,  
Clergy came to blow the shofar,  
offer wisdom, and together pray.

Welcome support, but best of all  
was the picture constantly in view -

A mental picture of her previous self, doing everything she used to do.

And as the months and seasons passed, there came a great Thanksgiving!

She healed, became herself again,  
and went on living.

## Going Home

by Joe Jencks, © 2010, 2017

A song for the sailor lost out to sea  
A song for the mother who always will grieve  
A song for the soldier who lays down his life  
A song for the woman who once was his wife

A song for the traveler down on his luck  
A circus man plying his trade for a buck  
A song for the child who's lost in the night  
Though she's never seen stars she still clings  
to their light

Going Home  
Going Home

A song for the mistress who dares to believe  
Wiping the tears from her eyes with her sleeve  
A song for the poet who runs out of time  
Before she can finish her famous last...

A song for the miner who digs out the coal  
And dreams of a life somewhere far from this  
hole  
A song for the rebel who gave up the fight  
Haunted by guilt 'cause he still knows he's  
right

Going Home  
Going Home

A song for the lovers who never will meet  
Star-crossed and stumbling out on the street  
A song for the preacher down on his knees  
Praying for answers he never quite sees

A song for the ones who run into the fire  
To put out the flames of this world on its pyre

A song for the driver who runs out of road  
With nobody there to help shoulder the load

Going Home  
Going Home

A song for the drinker who puts down the  
glass  
A song for the jumper who takes a step back  
A song for the wanderer home now at last  
A song for redemption from sins of the past  
A song for forgiveness that opens a door  
A song for the good friends who gather once  
more  
A song for the prisoner finally free  
A song for the veil that is lifted, lifted, lifted...

Going Home  
Going Home  
Going Home

A song for the singer, a song for the dance  
A song for the mystic who yearns for the  
trance  
Going Home

A song for the beggar, a song for the thief  
A song for the hunger that has no relief  
Going Home

A song for the baby who sleeps until dawn  
A song for the birds that will sing on and on  
Going Home

A song for the sunrise, a song for the day  
A song for the veil that is lifted

## From "Wrestling with the Angel"

*by Rabbi Rachel Naomi Remen  
suggested by Cameron Vanore*

Wounding and healing are not opposites. They're part of the same thing.  
It is our wounds that enable us to be compassionate with the wounds of others.  
It is our limitations that make us kind to the limitations of other people.  
It is our loneliness that helps us to find other people or to even know they're alone with an illness.  
I think I have served people perfectly with parts of myself I used to be ashamed of.

## Given Myself to Love

*by Joe Jencks, © 2015, 2017*

I've given myself to flights of fancy  
To see what's around the next bend  
I've given myself to things that are broken  
To put them together again  
I've given up hope and I've given my best  
It all depends on the day  
I've given up so many things that I wanted  
And still the sun rises each day

### *Chorus*

Some measure life by their losses and gains  
For them, there is never enough  
But I measure life by the hearts I have  
known  
For I've given myself to love

I've given the money I had my pocket  
To someone in obvious need  
I've given myself to the kindness of  
strangers  
And I've given thanks for good deeds  
I've given solace and I've given comfort  
I've given a hand to a friend

I've given myself to the things I believe  
Though sometimes I don't know to what end

Some people say that they have no regrets  
Life's just a roll of the dice  
But I say if you live life paying attention  
You see that each choice has a price

I've given some people more than they  
bargained  
And others still cause for concern  
I've given myself to the fire of passion  
And I have been willingly burned  
Just when it seems that the story is over  
And all that remains is goodbye  
There is one thing of which you can be  
certain  
I'll always give love one more try

Yes I measure life by the hearts I have  
known  
For I've given myself to love

## **Limnot Yameinu**

*by Rabbi Yitzhak Husbands-Hankin,*

Limnot yameinu,  
kein hoda v'navi l'vav  
hochmah.

## **Come with Me**

*by Joe Jencks, ©*

I feel the current raging around me  
Try to summon up my strength once more  
I am weary on this journey  
Afraid I will not reach that distant shore

I cry for help feel like I'm sinking  
There is no one near me I can see  
But there you are in the water with me  
You take my hand and guide me graciously

### *Chorus*

Will you come with me on this journey  
With every breath we take keep reaching for the dawn  
I know alone that I will falter  
But with a good friend near me I will carry on

There is a kindness in your smile  
And gentleness within your speech  
You reassure me your love surrounds me  
And I know safety is at last within my reach

It's an illusion we carry with us  
As we wade on through the waters of our lives  
That we must be strong and hold our own here  
But a helping hand will save us by and by

I know alone that I will falter  
But with a good friend near me I will carry on

With a good friend near me I will carry on

## **Teach Us to Treasure Each Day**

*based on Psalm 90:12*

Teach us to treasure each day  
That our hearts are hearts  
To Your wisdom.

## **Bumpy Ride**

*by Susan Freiband, © 2021*

That's what life is,  
a bumpy ride from birth to death,  
number of years in between uncertain;  
but held with pain and suffering, love and  
loss,  
pleasures and joys, laughter and tears.  
Connections with others,  
loose or tight, superficial or deep.  
Words, more words, spoken loudly or  
softly,  
heard or listened to, learned or forgotten.  
Moments of insight and understanding,  
anger or fear,  
kindness and compassion in coming or  
going.  
Sometimes helping or sharing, in balance or  
off balance.  
Gratitude and appreciation for the wonder  
of it all,  
for the holiness infused in it all,  
for being alive even with the bumps.  
Hitting some, missing others,  
not knowing which or how, when or why.  
Struggling to pay attention, hang on, stay  
awake and aware  
through the whole damn ride.

## **Emor**

*by Herb Levy, © 2021*

We're called to be a Nation of Priests,  
mediating between the human and the divine,  
but we often feel that job description is enormous and we're not qualified for the job.

In the part of this Universe where we live,  
we've learned that Energy and Matter are the same thing,  
each constantly changing and becoming the other.

We've been selected for the job  
*because* we meet the qualifications.  
A part of us is temporal  
and another part is immortal.

We're a tiny piece of the One that's always been, is, and always will be.

We're the fulcrum between being human and being divine,  
perfect *because* we always change and shift.  
Always.

We're called to be a Nation of Priests  
unblemished and perfect,  
and yet we know we're bruised,  
marked by hurts learned before we learned words  
and passed as our legacy through the generations,  
wounds crafted to perfection  
even as we seek to heal them.

We mediate between the human and the divine  
at least once per week  
as we take a dip into the Pool of Olam Ha'Bah by receiving the gift of Shabbat.

We mediate between the human and the divine  
tempered by the rhythm of planting and harvesting.  
On Pesach we feel the seed of Freedom that's been planted in us as we leave Egypt.  
On Shavuot, we feel that seed fertilized by the revelation of Torah.  
On Sukkot, we get to harvest what we've planted.

On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur,  
we receive the gift of the time to see ourselves as we actually are,  
charting how the crop this year has blossomed and healed,  
charting where we'd still like to go and grow and heal  
reflecting on our wounds, our blemishes,  
discovering, once again, that our wounds *are* our perfection  
that shaped us and shape us into the wise and caring and loving beings we are.