



Prayers Offered on May 9, 2024 at Minyan M'at's Wrestling with Oct. 7th Panel on Prayer in Our Times

Rabbi Dianne Cohler-Esses: written and translated by Rabbi Cohler-Esses

אֱלֹהֵי הַרוּחַת לְכָל-בָּשָׂר

God, spirit of all flesh

We stand before you broken hearted
crazed

a nation in grief

razed by endless war

with no relief in sight

our people held hostage

to the might of the Other side.

Please my God

Our Father, our Mother

Compassionate one—

Ayeka?

Are you there? Here? Anywhere?

We raise our voices, moan and groan
and hear only stone silence.

O Divine One

maybe You too are held hostage in Gaza
with our brothers and sisters

in a tunnel of despair

עוֹמְדִים אָנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ

בְּלִבּוֹת שְׁבוּרִים

דַּעֲתָנוּ טְרוּפָה

עַמִּינוּ נִתּוֹן בְּצָרָה

בְּפֶחַד נוֹרָא

שְׂרוּי בְּמִלְחָמָה אַרְכָּה

מִשְׁפּוּחוֹתֵינוּ נִקְטָפוּ

וְנִחְטָפוּ לְסִטְרָא אַחֲרָא.

אָנָּה אֱלֹהֵינוּ,

אָב הַרְחָמָן,

אִמְנוּ הַרְחָמְנֵיהּ,

אֵיךְ?

אָנוּ צוֹעֲקִים, זוֹעֲקִים, נֶאֱנָחִים,

נוֹשְׂאִים אֶת קוֹלוֹתֵינוּ.

אָךְ שׁוֹמְעִים רַק דְּמָמָה.

שְׂכִינָתָנוּ,

שְׂמָא נִחְטָפְתָּ לְעֵזָה

narrower than *mitzrayim*, the narrowest of places.

evil's lair beyond repair.

O Shechina, Divine Presence,
right now you are a small girl
sitting in the corner of an endless tunnel
hungry and weak

Your aloneness complete.

Your weeping, in darkness unfurled.

far under the rubble

so deep underground your cries don't
sound,

drowned out by the crying of orphans
and parents who can't feed their children.

And You – You are too meek to help
to seek your unholy people.

The world emptied of Your presence,
is full of the glory of The Other Side,
teeming with demons.

Maybe we are all trapped in an endless maze
of tunnels

wandering lost in hollow arguments–

buried in the endless rubble of self-satisfied
certainties.

Language itself in exile– (*Dibbur be-Galut*)
concealing more than revealing.

There is no redeeming

no redeemer

for You or Your people.

עם אחינו ואחיותינו?

והנה, במנהרה צרה ממצרים

–שבה אין מקום

למקום.

שכינתי,

הנה הילדה הקטנה

החלשה, היושבת בפנה

בוֹדֵדָה, בוכה באפלה.

העולם ריק

משכינתך

העולם מלא

בסטרא אחרא.

את בגלות אתנו

ואין גואל ואין גואלת.

ואין שכינה בלי שוכן ובלי שכינה.

ואין אמונה בלי אומנת.

Ana
Please
Rise up from your destruction!
Enough sitting in your vale of tears,
frozen in your fears.
Shake off your dust—
You must
Arise!
Arise!
Awaken!
NOW!!
Before it's TOO LATE For your people.
We are weary of waiting
for more than 2,000 years.
We pray for another fate,
tired of this trope of violence
of unending tears.
We've lost all hope
deep in our hearts
in our wounded Jewish souls.

We yearn to sing a new song.
We pray—
Please--
become again our Crowning Glory
Ana—El Na-
please—
We long to tell a new story.

אָנָא שְׂכִינָתְנוּ,
קוּמִי צְאִי מִתּוֹךְ הַהִפְכָּה
רַב לָךְ שֵׁבֶת בְּעֵמֶק הַבְּכָא
הַתְנַעֲרִי, מֵעַפָּר קוּמִי
הַתְעוֹרְרִי
הַתְעוֹרְרִי
הַתְעוֹרְרִי
מַחֲכִים לָךְ שָׁנוֹת אֲלֵפִים
וְאַבְדָּה תִקְוַתְנוּ בְּלִבְּ פְּנִימָה
בְּנַפְשׁ הַיְהוּדִית הַפְּצוּעָה.

Rabbi Tali Adler

When God said "Let there be light," it was a command.

But ever after, for human beings, those words have been a prayer.

Let there be light.

Please, please, let there be light.

Rabbi Amichai Lau-Lavie

Prayer written by Rabbi Benny Lau

Adapted and translated by Rabbi Amichai Lau-Lavie and Bonnie Zaben

May it be your will, Adonai our
God, the Hope of our Ancestors,

You who hold all souls and bodies
in Your hand,

May You guard and protect all
those who are captives,

Provide long life to all the
wounded; Heal their souls and
heal their bodies,

Bring them back swiftly, from
darkness to light, and return them
to their families' embrace.

May it be so, and soon.

יהי רצון מלפניך ה' אלהינו ואלהי אבותינו

אשר בידך נפש כל חי ורוח כל בשר איש

שתשמר ותנצר את כל השבויות והשבויים

ותשלח ארכה לכל הפצועים רפואת הנפש
ורפואת הגוף

תוציאם במהרה מאפלה לאורה
ותשיבם לחיק משפחותיהם

השתא בעגלא ובזמן קריב