



# **COMMUNITY PESACH SEDER**

## ***Supplemental Materials***





## Opening the Passover Seder

Traditional questions of the Iraqi Jews, asked of the children present who come knocking at the door with bags on their backs.

מִיָּיִן בָּאָתָּךְ

Minayin bat?

*Where do you come from?*

מִמִּצְרַיִם

MiMitzrayim!

*From Egypt!*

לָאן הוֹלֵיכָהּ

L'an holeikh?

*Where are you going?*

לִירוּשָׁלַיִם

Liyrushalayim!

*To Jerusalem!*

מָה מִטְעָנֶיךָ

Mah mit'aneikh?

*What are your provisions?*

(kids open their backpacks, show matzoh)

## **Pesach Mash-Up**

### **(to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")**

My dad at every seder breaks a matzoh piece in two  
And hides the afikomen half, a game for me and you  
Find it, hold it ransom for the seder isn't through  
till the afikomen's gone.

Chorus: Don't sit on the afikomen. (x3)  
Or the meal will last all night.

### **(to the tune of "My Favorite Things")**

Matzoh and karpas and chopped up charoset  
Shankbones and Kiddush and Yiddish neuroses  
Tante who kvetches and uncle who sings,  
These are a few of our Passover things.

Motzi and maror and trouble with Pharaohs  
Famines and locusts and slaves with wheelbarrows  
Matzoh balls floating and eggshell that clings  
These are a few of our Passover things.

Chorus: When the plagues strike, when the lice bite  
When we're feeling sad  
We simply remember our Passover things,  
And then we don't feel so bad.

### **(to the tune of "There's No Business Like Show Business")**

There's no seder like our seder, there's no seder I know.  
Everything about it is halakhic,  
Nothing that the Torah won't allow.  
Listen how we read the whole Haggadah!  
It's all in Hebrew, 'cause we know how!

There's no seder like our seder, we tell a tale that is swell.  
Moses took the people out into the heat,  
They baked the matzoh while on their feet.  
Now isn't that a story that just can't be beat?  
Let's go on with the show, let's go on with the show!

## Grace after meals

בְּרִיךְ רַחֲמָנָא, מַלְכָּא דְעֵלְמָא, מְרִיָּה דְהַאי פִּיְתָא

Brich Rachamana, Malka d'alma, marey d'hai pita.

*(Blessed is the All-Merciful, Master of this bread)*

You are the Source of Life for all that is,  
and Your blessing flows through me.

Words: Aramaic from Talmud B'rachot 40b,  
English by Rabbi Shefa Gold

## Miriam's Cup Reading

from *A Night of Questions: A Passover Haggadah*,  
edited by Rabbi Joy Levitt and Rabbi Michael Strassfeld

In the years of wandering in the desert, Miriam's well accompanied the Israelites. According to tradition, Miriam's well is still with us. Every Saturday night, at the end of Shabbat, its waters flow out into wells everywhere in the world.

While the return of Elijah is left to the future and all its potential, Miriam is present with us always. She is here to provide healing, inspiration, and wisdom. She and her waters sustain us as we await Elijah.

There is still a long journey to freedom, a long while before Elijah can herald the messianic age. Miriam the prophet calls us to work for - not wait for - that day.

She sustains us with the most basic substance on earth -- water that cleanses and heals. She lifts our hearts as she leads us once again in song and dance.

# Water in the Well

Debbie Friedman

## Lyrics:

Spring up a well, and sing ye unto it  
Spring up a well, and sing ye unto it

## CHORUS:

Oh the water in the well and the healing in the well The women and  
the water and the hope that's in the well (x2)

When the world was created, there was heaven and dry land  
And all the waters gathered, upon hearing God's command  
There was a bit of water, that was left or so they tell,  
That was the water that became the water from the well

## CHORUS:

It was in Miriam's honor that the first well came to be,  
To celebrate her music, her dance and prophecy,  
The people came to Miriam when their spirits rose and fell  
She nourished all their visions with the water from the well

## CHORUS:

"Spring up a well!" the twelve tribes sang and the rushing waters flowed  
High as pillars, into rivers to the oceans they would go  
Surrounded by the trees and fruits so rich and bountiful  
The Israelites were nourished by the waters from the well

## CHORUS:

When Miriam died, the well dried up, and Moses shed his tears  
And God said, "Moses, touch this rock and water will appear"  
Well Moses raised his staff in anger and upon the rock it fell  
And out came springs of water, it was water from the well

## CHORUS:

## Bridge:

For the memory of the women, for the memory of the well  
For the ones who came before us, their stories we must tell  
We are searching for the water, where we wander, where we dwell  
For Miriam and all of us, who thirst to find the well

## CHORUS:

## Psalm 114

B'tzeit Yisra'eil miMitzrayim;  
beit Ya'akov, mei'am lo'eiz -  
hay'tah Y'hudah l'kodsho;  
Yisra'eil mamsh'lotav.  
Hayam ra'ah vayanos;  
haYardein yisov l'achor.  
Heharim rak'du ch'eilim;  
g'va'ot kivnei-tzon.  
Mah l'cha hayam ki tanus,  
hayardein, tisov l'achor?  
Heharim tirk'du ch'eilim;  
g'va'ot, kivnei-tzon?  
Milifnai adon chuli aretz  
milifnei Eloah Ya'akov,  
hahofchi hatzur agam-mayim;  
chalamish, l'may'no-mayim

בְּצֵאת יִשְׂרָאֵל מִמִּצְרַיִם  
בֵּית יַעֲקֹב מֵעַם לֵעֵז  
הָיְתָה יְהוּדָה לְקֹדֶשׁוֹ  
יִשְׂרָאֵל מִמְשִׁלוֹתָיו  
הַיָּם רָאָה וַיִּנָּס  
הַיַּרְדֵּן יָסַב לְאַחֹר  
הַהָרִים רָקְדוּ כְּאֵילִים  
גְּבְעוֹת כְּבְנֵי־צֹאן  
מַה־לְךָ הַיָּם כִּי תָנוּס  
הַיַּרְדֵּן תִּסַּב לְאַחֹר  
הַהָרִים תִּרְקְדוּ כְּאֵילִים  
גְּבְעוֹת כְּבְנֵי־צֹאן  
מִלִּפְנֵי אֲדֹן חוּלֵי אֶרֶץ  
מִלִּפְנֵי אֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב  
הַהֹפְכֵי הַצּוּר אֲגַם־מַיִם  
חִלְמִישׁ לְמַעַיְנו־מַיִם

When Israel escaped from Egypt, Jacob's family from a people of unfamiliar speech - Judah became God's holiness, Israel God's throne. The sea saw and fled; Jordan turned around. Mountains danced like rams, hills like lambs of the flock. What ails you, sea, that you take flight? Jordan, that you turn away? Mountains, that you dance like rams? Hills, like lambs of the flock? Quake, O earth, in the presence of the Creator, in the presence of Jacob's God, who changes rock to a pool of water, flint to a flowing spring.

From *Mishkan HaSeder: A Passover Haggadah* (CCAR Press, 2021)

# **We Shall Be Known**

MaMuse

We shall be known by the company we keep  
By the ones who circle round to tend these fires  
We shall be known by the ones who sow and reap  
The seeds of change, alive from deep within the earth

It is time now, it is time now that we thrive  
It is time we lead ourselves down to the well  
It is time now, and what a time to be alive  
In this Great Turning we shall learn to lead in love  
In this Great Turning we shall learn to lead in love



## S'firat Ha'Omer—Counting the Omer

לְשֵׁם יְחִוּד	L'sheim yichud
קְדוּשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא וְשְׁכִינְתֵיהּ	Kudsha brich hu ushchinteih
הַנְּנִי מוּכָן וּמְזוּמָן	Hin'ni muchan um'zuman
לְקַיֵּימ מִצְוֹת עֲשֵׂה	L'kayyeim mitzvat aseih
שֶׁל סְפִירַת הָעֹמֶר	Shel s'firat ha'omer

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי	Baruch atah Adonai
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר	Eloheinu Melech Ha'olam
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ	Asher kid'shanu
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ	B'mitzvotav v'tzivanu
עַל סְפִירַת הָעֹמֶר	Al s'firat ha'omer

*For the sake of the unification of the blessed Holy One and Their shekhinah,  
Behold, I am prepared and ready to perform the mitzvah of counting the Omer.  
Blessed are You, Adonai our God Ruler of the universe, Who sanctified us with Their  
commandments and commanded us to count the Omer.*

הַיּוֹם יוֹם אֶחָד לְעֹמֶר  
Hayom yom echad la'omer.  
*Today is the 1st day of the Omer.*

# Quién supiéense

(Ladino version of Echad Mi Yodeia)

**Chorus: Quién supiéense y entiendiéense á lavar al Dío creéense, cualo es el uno?**

*Who knows and understands to praise God believes, which is the one?*

**Uno es el criador, baruch hu uvaruch sh'mo.**

*One is the Creator, blessed are They and blessed Their name.*

**Quién supiéense y entiendiéense á lavar al Dío creéense, cualos son los \_\_\_\_\_**

*Who knows and understands to praise God believes, which are the \_\_\_\_\_*

**2. Cualos son los dos, dos Moshe y Arón**

*Which are the two? Moshe and Aaron are two*

**3. Cualos son los tres, tres nuestros padres son**

*Which are the three? Our fathers are three*

**4. Cualos son las cuatro, cuatro madres de Yisrael**

*Which are the four? Four mothers of Israel*

**5. Cualos son los sinco, sinco libros de la Ley**

*Which are the five? Five books of the Law*

**6. Cualos son los sezh, sezh libros de la Mishna**

*Which are the six? Six books of the Mishnah*

**7. Cualos son los siéte, siéte días de la semana**

*Which are the seven? Seven days of the week*

**8. Cualos son las ocho, ocho días de la mila**

*Which are the eight? Eight days of circumcision*

**9. Cualos son las nueve, nueve mezhes de la preñada**

*Which are the nine? Nine months of pregnancy*

**10. Cualos son los diéz, diéz mandamientos de la Ley**

*Which are the ten? Ten commandments of the Law [Torah]*

**11. Cualos son los onze, onze hermanos sin Yosef**

*Which are the eleven? Eleven brothers without Joseph*

**12. Cualos son los dozhe, dozhe hermanos con Yosef**

*Which are the twelve? Twelve brothers with Joseph*

**13. Cualos son los tredzhe, tredzhe son los ikarim**

*Which are the thirteen? The attributes [of God] are thirteen*

# Holiday in the Streets: The First Anti-Semitic Demonstration (June 2, 1931)

A Poem by Jacobo Glantz

"Drive out the Jews!" (From a poster)

On a broad plaza, lined with trees and planted with flowers,  
Next to the ancient gray cathedral,  
I walk, thinking painful thoughts,  
Avoiding the turbulent press of the crowd.

Has the desperate poverty of the gloomy city districts  
Driven them into the open square?  
Have the starving masses, clothed in shawls, come  
Begging for urbane mercy in the cold?

—No, it's neither the sorrow of hungry days and leprous nights  
Nor the wick of rebellion in the darkness of the masses.  
It's old poison poured into new, clay vessels,  
Like boiling sulfur on stagnant water.

By the rusty old gate of the cathedral,  
Purebred Catholic ladies watch the parade with glittering eyes.  
Pale women in poor blouses lie, faint  
From the sultry, stifling charcoal fumes.

Life strides with hurried, dizzying steps,  
Stops at a point, then it wheels.  
Nearby is an emaciated Jew,  
Who fixes his straying glance on empty heavens.

The tropical noon, fishing-pole in hand,  
Catches shadows on the street, like running deer.  
The shadows over the walls of the cathedral  
Thin out, then disappear.

*continued on next page*

**Holiday in the Streets: The First Anti-Semitic Demonstration (June 2, 1931)**  
***continued***

The Jew—submissive, silent—reads the screeching posters  
And looks at me as though I was a stranger,  
Tired eyes, like two exclamation points, stand out:  
“Each generation seeks to wipe us out!”  
—Translated by A. A.

Jacobo Glantz (b. 1902 Nay Vitebsk, Ukraine; d. 1982 Mexico) was born on an agricultural settlement granted to Jews by Czar Alexander II and began publishing poems in Russian at the age of fifteen. He was shortly imprisoned by the Soviets before emigrating in 1925 to Mexico. Besides several volumes of Yiddish poetry, Glantz’s creative output included poems originally written in Spanish as well as collages, paintings and sculptural works exhibited at national and international venues.

Jacobo Glantz, "Holiday in the Streets: The First Anti-Semitic Demonstration (June 2, 1931)" in *Yiddish South of the Border: An Anthology of Latin American Yiddish Writing*, ed. Alan Astro (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2003), 160.