

Read me first!

Welcome to the Passover Hagada Toolkit, version 02. This toolkit is published under the General Commons license. Where noted, the authors must be credited whenever the materials herein are used.

The goal in creating this toolkit was to put a *non-traditional* Passover Hagada into electronic form. You are reading the update to the ASCII version of the New Jewish Agenda seder that I created with many other people back in the 1980s. About 10 years ago, there being no general standard for Hebrew, I added non-standard Hebrew to the ASCII, using Quark XPress 3.x on the Mac and created the first PDF version. I have now imported the XPress files into Adobe InDesign 3 ME 3 (from the wonderful folks at FontWorld) and have recomposed the Hebrew using Unicode encodings and OpenType fonts.

The goal of the original Toolkits was that people would *print* the text out, and then cut and paste into their own Haggadahs as needed. There being no standard way to encode the Hebrew, that was the best that could be reasonable done. Now we have Unicode, so if you are using a word processor or desktop publishing software that understands Hebrew, and understands Unicode, you should be able to cut and paste *electronically* using the text tool in Acrobat Reader. (If both of these conditions cannot be met, feel encouraged to print out the existing text and to cut and paste physical paper as seems appropriate!). For more about Hebrew Typography, see my Hebrew Type blog, <http://www.ivritype.com/hebrew/> .

With Passover only a couple of weeks away (when else do I think about this, but when I get the first support e-mails of the season?), I have decided to put up what I can reformat quickly in the hope that it will be somewhat useful to some people this year. Feedback, to ari@ivritype.com is welcome.

For those who wonder at the juxtaposition of Hebrew and English, the way you see it done here is the way it has generally been done since people started writing Hebrew and other languages. We are no longer limited by technology or by a lack of access to those earlier works. This will look odd, but it appears to be the best way to work with people who wish to use both Hebrew *and* English. Spread the word!

Alternative forms of the prayers

There has been considerable discussion over the years about “feminizing” the prayers so that G-d is not always referred to in the masculine gender. In the Jewish conference on the WELL, the most satisfying formulation that we have seen is that written by Marcia Falk*. Substituting for the phrase:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי *Barukh ata adonai,*
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם *eloheinu melekh ha-olam,*

which begins each prayer, Marcia chants:

נְבָרֵךְ אֶת עַיִן הַחַיִּים *N'varekh et 'eyn ha-khayim,*
Let us bless the source of life...

or

נְבָרֵךְ אֶת מַעַיִן חַיֵּינוּ *N'varekh et ma-ayan khayeinu,*
“Let us bless the flow of life...”

If you have questions, corrections, or materials that you would like to add to future versions of this toolkit, please contact me:

ari@ivritype.com

**The Book of Blessings: A Feminist-Jewish Reconstruction of Prayer*, HarperCollins Publishers, 1996.

Introduction

It is about 15 years since Pam Wax (now a rabbi!), Jeff Brody, Susan Freeman and I sat down and decided to compile our own Hagadah. It was the thing to do in those days. We had a slight advantage in that I was a typesetter and could easily typeset passages when we revised the words. As this sank in, our discussions got deeper as we tried to find just the right words to convey what the seder meant for us in that year.

A year or two later, I left Santa Cruz, first for Berkeley, and now points further East. For several years, I would revise the Hagadah each year, gradually incorporating more and more traditional elements. I came to feel that I wanted to tell *our* story on Passover, to focus more on our Exodus. As secular Jews, or as primarily secular Jews, the religious arguments about how many plagues or in what order were less important than in acknowledging the Exodus as a primal event that informed how we all lived in the society around us. Without focusing on our story as Jews, I felt that we were losing sight of what grounded us.

Eventually, the Hagadah reached a point of balance. In the last couple of years, having left California, and undergoing changes, myself, I know that it is going to go through changes again. In addition, I don't have the old Hagadahs—they are still packed away with a huge box of other Hagadahs, some stapled together, some lovely reproductions of Hagadahs from hundreds of years ago. So, I don't have the anchor of what I did last year.

This year, I am just reprinting what was, largely as it was, adding a bit of Hebrew where I had time and/or energy. Next year, who knows? The commandment will remain to tell the story of the Exodus “in our time.”

Write me, and tell me what you think: ari@ivritype.com.

Ari Davidow
29 March, 1998
2 Nisan 5758

Revision Note: It is now 2005. I am redoing the Hebrew using Unicode to enable electronic cut and paste. Next year, will I finally revise the text?

A Liberation Haggadah for Passover

פסח פדס

(Hebrew from the Hertz siddur
English from the Bay Area New Jewish Agenda Haggadah)

Blessing the Candles

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling flame.

Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret fastness of the heart.

Blessed is the heart with the strength to stop its beating for honor's sake.

Blessed is the match consumed in kindling flame.

—Hannah Senesch

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי	<i>Barukh ata Adonai,</i>
אֱלֹהֵינוּ, מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם	<i>Eloheinu melekh ha-olam</i>
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו	<i>asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav</i>
וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר	<i>v'tzevanu le-hadleek ner</i>
שֶׁל- (שַׁבָּת וְשֶׁל) יוֹם טוֹב	<i>shel-(Shabbat v'shel) yom tov.</i>

Blessed are You, Adonai, Ruler of the Universe, who sanctifies us by your commandments and commands us to kindle the lights of the (Sabbath and) Festival.

It is now the first night of Passover, our Festival of Freedom. During this ritual, we will drink four cups of wine. And we recall that the vine, which is always pruned as nothing else that bears fruit, has every branch cut away, leaving an old, gnarled stump. Yet, in the spring, as do all living things, it grows again. Thus we learn from the vine that what appears to be death is not an ending, but a resting and a regathering of strength for a new beginning.

We are told that each one of us is to regard ourselves as if we personally had gone out of Egypt. The Hebrew word for Egypt stems from the root word for narrow, constrained. Thus to say that we must leave Egypt is to say that all of us must struggle to break out of our narrownesses, to free ourselves and to grow.

The First Cup of Wine: The Cup of Beginnings

בָּרַךְ אֲתָהּ יי, *Barukh ata Adonai,*
אֱלֹהֵינוּ, מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, *Eloheinu melekh ha-olam*
בוֹרֵא פְרֵי הַגֶּפֶן. *borai p'ree ha'gafen.*

We Praise You, O God, Majesty of the Universe, Who creates the fruit of the vine

We praise You, God, Sovereign of Existence! You have called us for service from among the peoples, and have hallowed our lives with commandments. In love You have given us festivals for rejoicing, seasons of celebration, this Festival of *Matzoth*, the time of our freedom, a commemoration of the Exodus from Egypt. Praised are You, O Lord our God, Who gave us this joyful heritage and Who sanctifies Israel and the Festivals.

→ Verses from Shir Ha-Shirim

We now read from *Shir Ha-Shirim*, the Song of Songs. In so doing, we honor Spring and the renewal of all living things. And renewed, we honor the love we share with each other, as members of this Jewish community and as human celebrants of Liberation.

דוּדִי לִי וְאֲנִי לוֹ *Dodi li va'ani lo*
הָרוּעָה בְּשׁוֹשַׁנִּים. *haro'eh ba-shoshanim* (2x)

מִי זֹאת עוֹלָה מִן הַמִּדְבָּר *Mi zot ola min hamidbar*
מִי זֹאת עוֹלָה *Mi zot ola*
מִקְטֶרֶת מוֹר וּלְבוֹנָה *M'kuteret mor ul-vona.*

דוּדִי לִי ... *Dodi li ...*

לִבַּבְתִּינִי אַחֹתִי כָּלָה *Libavtini achoti kala*
לִבַּבְתִּינִי כָּלָה *Libavtini kala*

דוּדִי לִי ... *Dodi li ...*

עוּרֵי צָפוֹן וּבֹאֵי תֵימָן *Uri tzafon uvo'i teiman*
וּבֹאֵי תֵימָן *Uvo'i teiman*

דוּדִי לִי ... *Dodi li ...*

My beloved is mine and I am his
That feedeth among the lilies
Who is that going up from the wilderness
Burning myrrh and frankincense?
You have ravished my heart
My sister, my bride
Awaken, north wind,
And come, O south wind.

Symbols of the Seder

Each reader holds up, or points to, the symbol as she or he reads

→ Matzoh

This is the bread of affliction, the poor bread which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. May all who are hungry come and share our matzoh; may all who struggle for freedom come and share our spirit.

→ Eggs

The eggs are a symbol of springtime fertility, the giving of life and the triumph of life over death.

During the meal we will eat the egg dipped in salt water to combine our memory of oppression with our hope for rebirth.

→ Salt Water

This represents the tears our ancestors shed while in slavery; and the tears we shed each day for those around the world who are still oppressed.

→ The Shankbone (or roasted beet)

Tradition directs us to hold up a roasted lamb bone. (z'roa), which is symbolic of the animals sacrificed during the exodus. Today there is no temple, nor do we tonight sacrifice animals for our meal. Therefore, we have roasted this beet as a reminder of the blood of the sacrifice, and of the blood spilled in every generation in the name of freedom.

→ Maror

The bitter herbs symbolize the bitterness of slavery and oppression. Later tonight, when we eat these herbs, we will rejoice in the heroic spirit which trials have developed in our people. Instead of becoming embittered by them, we are sustained and strengthened.

→ **Charoset**

Charoset is a mixture of apples, nuts, wine and spices made into a paste. It symbolizes the mortar that our ancestors used to build the pyramids. The sweet taste of the Charoset also reminds us that in the most bitter times of slavery, our people have always remembered the sweet taste of freedom.

→ **Karpas (Greens)**

The parsley and the salt water remind us that both the tender greens of the earth and the salt of the sea are joined together to sustain life.

We recite the blessing together, in English and in Hebrew:

Blessed is the force of life, that brings forth the fruits, grains, and vegetables from our bountiful earth.

Brukha Yah Shekkinah, Eloheynu malkat ha-olam borayt p'ree ha-adamah.

Dip the parsley in salt water, pass to everyone, and eat.

The story is told of a pious Jew whose whole life was lived in expectation of the coming of the Messiah. One day while at work he heard the sound of a shofar. He rushed into the street, very excited, assuming that the shofar had signaled the arrival of the Messiah. As he ran he happened to pass a farmer beating his mule.

“Ah, I must have been mistaken,” he thought, “If the Messiah were truly here such a thing could never occur.”

I haven't yet had a chance to typeset Hebrew from here on to the end. Next year a typeset Hagada?

Mageed – Narration

The next reader uncovers the matzah, and lifts the plate for all to see.

הָא לַחֲמַא עֲנִיא דִּי אַכְלוּ	<i>Ha lakhma anya di-akhalu</i>
אַבְהַתְנָא בְּאַרְעָא דְּמִצְרַיִם.	<i>avahatana b'ara d'mitzrayeem</i>
כָּל־דְּכַפִּין יִיתֵי וְיִכְּלוּ.	<i>Kol dikhfin yetey v'yekhol;</i>
כָּל־דְּצָרִיךְ יִיתֵי וְיִפְּסַח.	<i>kol ditrikh yetey v'yifsakh.</i>
הַשְּׁתָּא הַכָּא.	<i>Hashata hakha;</i>
לְשָׁנָה הַבְּאָה בְּאַרְעָא דִּישְׂרָאֵל.	<i>l'shanah ha ba-ah b'ara d'yisrael.</i>
הַשְּׁתָּא עַבְדֵּי.	<i>Hashata avdai;</i>
לְשָׁנָה הַבְּאָה בְּנֵי חוֹרִין.	<i>L'shanah ha ba-ah b'nai khorin.</i>

This is the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. All who are hungry—let them come and eat. All who are needy—let them come and celebrate Pesakh with us. Now we are here; next year may we be in a land of peace. Now we are slaves; next year may we all be free people.

- **Avadim hayinu**
Avadim hayinu, hayinu
Ata Bnei khorin, b'ney khorin.
Avadim, Hayinu
Ata, ata b'nei khorin.
Avadim, hayinu,
ata, ata, b'nei khorin, b'nei khorin.

We were slaves
Now we are free people, free people.

Blacks in the underground railroad which brought slaves to the North created spirituals using Biblical references as code words by which they could signal to each other. Many American Jews have made a tradition of singing the song "Go Down Moses" at Passover in honor of both the emancipation of Black slaves in the United States and in honor of the emancipation of the Jews from slavery in Egypt.

All join in singing:

→ **Go Down, Moses**

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go;

(Chorus)

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt's land;
Tell ol' Pharaoh,
Let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead;
Let my people go!

We need not always weep and mourn,
Let my people go;
And wear these slav'ry chains forlorn,
Let my people go!

Yachatz – Break the Middle Matzoh

We break the matzoh as we broke the chains of slavery, and as we are breaking chains which bind us, today. We will no more be fooled by movements which free men only, and leave women in slavery. Nor will we be fooled which free only those of the majority cultural or sexual preference, and leave others in slavery. And we pledge further to be no more fooled by movements which seemingly free ourselves, yet whose freedom rests upon the enslavement or embitterment of others.

As we remember this struggle, we honor the midwives who were the first Jews to resist the Pharaoh. Our legends tell us that Pharaoh tried to get the Jews to collaborate in murdering their own people.

He summoned the two chief midwives, Shifra and Pu'ah, and commanded them to kill newborn Jewish males at birth, and to report the birth of Jewish females so they could be taken away and raised as prostitutes. He threatened the midwives with death by fire if they failed to follow his commands.

But the midwives did not follow orders. Instead of murdering the infants, they took special care of them and their mothers. When Pharaoh asked them to account for all the living children, they made up the excuse that Jewish women gave birth too fast to summon midwives in time.

The midwives' acts of civil disobedience were the first stirrings of resistance among the Jewish slaves. The actions of the midwives gave the people courage both to withstand their oppression and to envision how to overcome it. It became the forerunner of the later resistance.

Thus Shifra and Pu'ah were not only midwives to the children they delivered, but also to the entire Jewish nation in its deliverance from slavery. Our sages affirmed this when they said: "The Jews were liberated from Egypt because of the righteousness of the women (Talmud, Sota 11b). We take one piece of matzoh and wrap it in a napkin and hide it. This is called the afikomen, and after dinner we will have a prize for the child who finds it, so that we may share it for dessert. When

the afikomen is found, we will be reminded that what is broken off is not really lost to our people, so long as our children remember and search.

Second cup of wine—To Liberation

We are now ready to drink the second cup of wine. This cup is dedicated to liberation. Liberation is not possible until we become aware of our oppression. It is said that the Children of Israel had become content to stay in Egypt. Until they realized that they were slaves, they could not free themselves. It is for this reason that tonight we tell the story of our liberation—without remembering and retelling our own story, we run the risk of forgetting the sweetness of freedom, and the risk of losing our dedication to fight for the liberation of all peoples.

→ **A meditation upon tradition**

The traditional Haggadah relates "... of Rabbi Eliezer, Rabbi Joshua, Rabbi Elazar the son of Azariah, Rabbi Akibah, and Rabbi Tarphon that they once met on the night of Passover in B'nai-Brak and spoke of the departure from Egypt all that night, until their disciples came and said thus: 'Masters, the time hath arrived to read the morning Sh'ma'."

Why is this paragraph significant? Because, according to tradition, the discussion was not on the Exodus from Egypt, but because the Rabbis were then planning the Bar Kochba revolt, the last Jewish stand against Roman Imperialism. And we read about them on this night to remember that we are not yet free.

And this is why this year, as in other years, our Haggadah reflects the struggles going on around us now. Because we must not only discuss the liberation from Egypt, but we must discuss liberation in these times. As it is written: "Therefore, even if we were all of us wise, all of us people of knowledge and understanding, all of us learned in the Law, it nevertheless would be incumbent upon us to speak of the departure from Egypt; and all those who speak of liberation are accounted praiseworthy.

I.
 Sh'ma Yisrael
 Listen Israel
Ani batekh
 I am your daughter
 Ani Yehudiah
 I am a Jewess
Sheh'pa'am sharti Itakh
 who once sang with you
B'k'ev
 In pain
uv'r'nan'nah
 and in joy.
Ani y'khola lirkod
 I can dance
Et ha'stav
 the fall
v'ha'aviv
 and the spring
mavet
 death
v'khayim
 and life
k'moh yehudiah
 as a Jew.
va'ani yekhola liv'kot
 And I can cry
k'moh yehudiah
 as a Jew.

sheh'lo ma'aminah
 who doesn't believe
she'at sho'ma'at
 that you are listening
li yoter
 to me anymore.

II.
Sh'ma Yisrael
 Listen Israel
Hayeti shelakh
 I was yours
L'shanim raboth
 for many years
b'li she'eyloth
 without questions.

Aval akhshav
 But now

Yesh li shlosa
 I have three.

Oolai k'var shakhakht et Hillel:
 Perhaps you already forgot
 Hillel:

(1) *Eem eyn ani li me li?*
 "If I am not for myself, who
 will be?

(2) *u'ksheh'ani l'atzmi mah ani?*
 "And when I am only for
 myself, what am I?

(3) *v'eem loh akhshav ey'mahtai?*
 "And if not now, when?

III.
Sh'ma Yisrael.
 Listen Israel
ko'evet li
 It pains me
lomar lakh et zeh
 to tell you this
bekol sheli
 in my voice,
bekolaynu sheh'mitromemet
 in the collective voice that
 rises
aval aht rak l'atzmekh
 but you seem only for
 yourself.

mah aht?
 What are you?

IV.
Sh'ma Yisrael
 Listen Israel

Poem by Pam Wax,
 American Jew

We dedicate ourselves tonight to the freeing of body and soul of all human beings. And we commit ourselves anew to remembering and joining in our own continuing struggles as a people.

Blessed art thou, Spirit of Freedom, which bringest forth the fruit of the vine.

Brukha Yah Shekhinah, Eloheynu malkat ha-olam, borayt p'ree ha-gafen.

Drink the wine.

The Four Questions

A child reads the Four questions in Hebrew, then another in English.

What makes this night different from all other nights?

On all other nights we may eat bread or matzoh:

On this night we may only eat matzoh.

On all other nights we eat many kinds of herbs and spices: On this night we may eat only bitter herbs.

On all other nights we do not dip food in salt water even once:

On this night we dip our food in salt water twice.

On all other nights we eat either sitting or reclining:

On this night, we all recline.

Ma nishtana halaila hazeh meekol halaylot?

*Sheh b'khol halaylot anu okh'leen khamaytz u'matzah,
halaila hazeh kulo matzah.*

*Sheh b'khol halaylot anu okh'leen sh'ahr y'rakot,
halaila hazeh mahrer.*

*Sheh b'khol halaylot ayn anu matbeeelen afeelu pa'am ekhod,
halaila hazeh sh'tay p'ahmeem.*

*Sheh b'khol halaylot anu okh'leen beyn yoshveen u'vayn m'subeen,
halaila hazeh kulanu m'subeen.*

The Torah speaks of four children—one wise, one wicked, one simple, and one who knows not how to ask. Our tradition understands that each person comes to the Seder with a different viewpoint and different feelings about Jewishness. All of us are on journeys, changing in our growth as people, as Jews, as human beings.

→ **The Song of Questions**

Mother, asks the clever daughter,
Who are our mothers?
Who are our ancestors?
What is our history?
Give us our name. Name our genealogy.

Mother, asks the wicked daughter,
If I learn my history,
will I not be angry?
Will I not be as bitter as Miriam
who was deprived of her prophecy?

Mother, asks the simple daughter,
if Miriam lies buried in sand,
why must we dig up these bones?
Why must we remove her from sun and stone
where she belongs?

The one who knows not how to question
she has no past,
she can have no future
without knowing her mother,
without knowing her angers,
without knowing her questions.

From A Women's Haggadah by E.M. Broner and Naomi Nimrod, Ms Magazine, 1971,
as reproduced in The Jewish Women's Newsletter, Vol. 1, No. 6, April 1986

→ **Lo Yisa Goy**

*Lo yisa goy el goy kherev
Lo yilm'edu od milkhama.*

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation.
Neither shall they learn war any more.

Mageed – The telling

This is the Passover story, as told in the Torah. This is the story of our enslavement in the land of Egypt long ago.

Joseph, the son of Jacob, was sold into slavery by his brothers, and taken to Egypt. But there he became a wise and mighty advisor to Pharaoh, ruler of Egypt. And the children of Israel also came to Egypt to live and trade in peace. So it was for many, many years.

Then there came a time when a new ruler arose over Egypt, one “who knew not Joseph.” He oppressed the Hebrew people and enslaved them. But the children of Israel continued to multiply. Pharaoh feared this and ordered that every Hebrew son that is born be drowned in the river.

There was a husband and wife from the house of Levi that gave birth to a son. The mother hid her son in a basket and put it in the river. The daughter of Pharaoh found the baby and named him Moses, for she had drawn him out of the water.

One day, when Moses was a grown man, he walked out among his people. He saw an Egyptian taskmaster beat a Hebrew slave, and killed the taskmaster. Fearing for his life, he fled from Egypt. He came to the land of Midian and married Zipporah, the daughter of Jethro. Zipporah bore a son. Moses named him Gershom, for he said: “I have been a stranger in a strange land.

While tending the flock of Jethro, Moses came to Horeb, the mountain of God. There the God of Abraham and Sara, of Isaac and Rebecca, of Jacob, Leah and Rachel spoke to Moses, and out of a burning bush, told him that he must go back to Egypt and demand of Pharaoh that the Hebrew people be set free.

And so Moses, Zipporah, and their sons went to Egypt, where they

were met by Aaron, the brother of Moses. Moses and Aaron spoke to the elders of the children of Israel. Afterward, they went to Pharaoh and said: "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel: Let My People Go." Pharaoh refused and multiplied the burdens of the Hebrews and oppressed them further.

And the Lord God caused there to be nine plagues of death and destruction over the Land of Egypt, but still Pharaoh would not free the children of Israel.

But then came the tenth plague: the Angel of Death smote all the first-born of Egypt, from the first born of Pharaoh to the first-born of cattle. But the children of Israel were saved, for they had been warned by God to stay in their houses and to put the blood of lambs on their doorposts. This they did, and the Angel of Death passed over the houses of Israel.

Only then did Pharaoh call Moses and Aaron to him and say: "Rise up, get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel.

And so did the Hebrew people, men, women, children, and their flocks leave Egypt after having dwelled there for four hundred and thirty years. And Moses said to his people: "Remember this day, in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

But the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh and made him regret that he had set the children of Israel free. And so Pharaoh sent his charioteers and horsemen after the Hebrew people. The host of Pharaoh came upon Israel on the shore of the Red Sea. Moses stretched out his hand over the waters of the Red Sea. Then waters of the Red Sea parted, and the Hebrew people crossed on dry land. But when Pharaoh followed, Moses again stretched forth his hand, and the waters came down on the charioteers and horsemen of Egypt, and they were drowned.

And the children of Israel, free from slavery, began their long journey back to a land they had not seen in almost five hundred years.

→ **The Ten Plagues**

We now read the names of the ten plagues that were visited upon Egypt. As we read the name of each plague, we spill a bit of wine out of our cups. As a result of our struggle for liberation, not only Jews suffered and died. In memory of the human cost, both Jewish and Egyptian, our joy is diminished.

דָּם	<i>Dam, Blood</i>
צַפְרָדֵּי	<i>Tzfardeyah, Frogs</i>
כִּנִּים	<i>Kinim, Lice</i>
עָרוֹב	<i>Arov, Wild Beasts</i>
דֶּבֶר	<i>Dever, Blight</i>
שֹׁחִין	<i>Sh'khin, Boils</i>
בָּרָד	<i>Barad, Hail</i>
אַרְבֵּה	<i>Arbeh, Locusts</i>
חֹשֶׁךְ	<i>Khoshekh, Darkness</i>
מַכַּת בְּכוֹרוֹת	<i>Makat B'khorot, Slaying of the First-Born</i>

Dayeinu

*Ilu hotzi hotzi-anu hotzi-anu
mi-Mitzrayim
V'lo asah bahem shefatim*

If He had only brought us out of Egypt, and not judged the Egyptians, it would have been enough.

Dayeinu

*Ilu natan natan lanu
natan lanu et ha Torah
v'lo hikhnisanu l'eretz Yisrael*

If He had given us the Shabbat and not brought us to Mt. Sinai, it would have been enough.

Dayeinu

*Ilu natan natan lanu
natan lanu et ha Shabat
v'lo karvenu lifnay har sinai*

If He had given us the Torah and not brought us to the Land of Israel, it would have been enough.

Dayeinu

→ To a Jewish Friend

Don't ask me the impossible

Don't ask me to hunt stars,
walk to the sun.

Don't ask me
to empty the sea
to erase the day's light
I am nothing but a man.

Don't ask me
to abandon my eyes, my love
the memory of my childhood.

I was raised under an olive tree,
I ate the figs
of my orchard
drank wine from
the sloping vineyards
Tasted Cactus fruit
in the valleys
more, more.

The nightingale has sung
in my ears
The free winds of fields and cities
always tickled me
My friend
You cannot ask me
to leave my own country.

Fouzi El Asmar
March 1971

Motzi Matza – Bless the Matzoh

Blessed is the labor which has brought us this bread from the earth.

Barukh atah Adonai, Eloheynu melech ha-olam ha-motzee lekhem meen ha-aretz

Blessed is the Creator who has given us the blessing of the eating of the matzah.

Brukha Yah Shekhinah, Eloheynu malkat ha-olam asher kidshatnu b'mitzvotaiha v'tzivatnu al akheelat matzah

Eat the matzah.

→ **Bitter herbs (Maror)**

Tonight we taste the bitter herb and remember the bitterness of our slavery. Why do we combine the maror with the charoset? Because only when the Children of Israel realized the bitterness of their slavery were they able to begin the struggle towards freedom.

Bless the maror

Blessed is the Creator who has sanctified the eating of this bitter herb.

*Barukh atah Adonai, Eloheynu melekh ha-olam asher kidshanu
b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu al akheelat mahror*

We eat the maror dipped in Charoset.

→ **The Hillel Sandwich**

We now make a sandwich after the practice of Rabbi Hillel who in the time of the Second Temple combined the two foods in sandwich form to observe the precept, "You shall eat the Pascal lamb with matzah and maror together." Again we are mixing joy and sorrow: matzah (liberation) with maror (slavery).

Break the bottom matzah, pass it around the room, make a maror sandwich and eat it.

Now the first part of the seder has come to an end. It's time to eat!

The meal is eaten

Tzafoon (hidden)

Tzafoon means “the hidden. It is time to search for the missing half of the middle matzah (the afikomen – desert). When a child finds it, we will all have a piece for dessert, and will then be able to continue with the seder. This is the last food eaten except for the remaining cup of wine. It is traditional to finish all eating by midnight.

In my house, we tried one year to do the entire seder before dinner, or at least not get back to it after dinner. It just didn't satisfy. It wasn't a seder. After all, all Jewish meals at least end with a grace after meals, and maybe some more singing....

Oseh Shalom (grace after meals)

May the One who makes peace in high places
Make peace for us
and for all of Israel
and we say, “Amen.”

*Oseh shalom bimromav
Hu ya'aseh shalom aleynu
V'al kol Yisrael
V'imru Amen*

The Third Cup of Wine: The cup of Prophets

**We fill our glasses for a third time.
The door is opened for Elijah the Prophet.**

Now it's time to welcome the prophets. Elijah the just, who denounced King Ahab and Queen Jezebel for murdering Naboth in order to steal his rich orchards. Elijah the Beloved, whose death was a whirlwind of fire. Each Passover we set a place for him and fill his cup, and tradition says on this night he enters each Jewish home and takes a sip.

We also honor Miriam tonight, prophet of the time of the Exodus. When Pharaoh decreed the death of all male babies born to the Jews, Miriam's parents and many other couples decided to get divorced so that they would have no children to give up to the executioners. Miriam spoke out angrily against this decision saying: “You are more cruel than Pharaoh! If we

have children, we will be able to hide some of them and as long as we are united we have hope. But what you have done destroys all our hope." It was Miriam who prophesied the birth of Moses, and when Moses was born, it was Miriam who hid him in the rushes, and watched until he was picked up by Pharaoh's daughter.

In our tradition the prophets have played an important role. It has been the prophets who have called us back to the task when we strayed. They spoke out against dishonesty and injustice wherever they saw it. They were often our political leaders, our teachers, our healers and midwives. And by their examples, we learned not only to speak out against injustice, but to take action to overcome it.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord Our God, who bringest hope and who has brought forth the fruit of the vine.

Barukh ata Adonai, Eloheynu Melekh ha'olam, boreh p'ri ha'gefen

→ **Eliyahu Hanavi (Elijah the Prophet)**

*Eliyahu ha-navi
Eliyahu ha-tishbi
Eliyahu, Eliyahu
Eliyahu ha-giladi*

*Bimheyra b'yameynu
Yahvoh eleynu
Im mashiakh ben David
Im mashiakh bat Sarah*

Eliyahu, the prophet,
Eliyahu, the Gileadite
Come quickly in our days
With the Messiah, son of David, daughter of Sarah

→ **Ain't Gonna Let Nobody**

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round
turn me round, turn me round
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round
I'm gonna keep right on a-walkin'
Keep right on a-talkin'
Walkin' to the Freedom Land.

Ain't gonna let no oppressors....
Ain't gonna let no racism/sexism/etc....

The Fourth Cup of Wine: The cup of Renewed Struggle

Remember.

As we retell the story of the Jews' enslavement to Pharaoh, we remember other times in history when a leader wished to annihilate our people. The story of the Holocaust is a story too recent and too painful for many to comprehend. It is our story. We are not free to ignore it or to forget.

Let us recite the names of some of the death camps in which six million Jews and five million other people were killed:

Auschwitz
Maidanek
Treblinka
Mauthausen
Buchenwald
Dauchau
Sobibor
Ravensbruck
Bergen-Belsen

It is our tradition to say Kaddish, a prayer of praise and peace, for a loved one who has died. During the Holocaust many died with no one to remember them; tonight we remember. Tonight we recite the Kaddish for those people.

Please stand

→ **Mourner's Kaddish**

Read the translation silently, if desired.

Magnified and sanctified is the name of God throughout the world, which is created according to God's will. May the kingdom of God be established during the days of our lives and during the life of all the house of Israel. Speedily, yes, and soon. And we say Amen.

May God's great name be blessed for ever and ever. Exalted and honored is the name of the holy one, blessed in glory, transcending all praises, hymns and blessings we can offer. And we say Amen.

May there be abundant peace from heaven and life for us and for all Israel. And we say Amen.

As there is peace in the heavens, grant there be peace for us and for all Israel and for all the peoples of the world. And we say Amen.

Yis-gadol v'yis-kadash sh'mey rabah. B'almah di-v'rah khirusay, v'hamlikh mal-khusay. B'khai-yeykhon uv-yo-mehykhon uv-khayei d'khol beys Yisroel ba-agalah v'vizman kariv. V'imru Ameyn.

Y'hey sh'mey rabah m'vorakh, l'olam ul-almey al-mayah. Yis-borakh v'yish-tabakh, v'yispo-ar, v'yis-romam, v'yis-nasay, v'yis-hadar, v'yis-aleh, v'yis-halal sh'mey d'kudesha. Brikh hu.

L'elah u'l'elah min kol bir-khasah v'shirasah, tush-b'khasah v'nekheh-masah, da-amiran b'almah. V'imru Ameyn.

Y'hey sh'lamah rabah min sh'mayah v'khayyim aleynu v'al kol Yisoel. V'imru Ameyn.

Oseh shalom bim-romav, hu ya-aseh shalom, aleynu v'al kol Yisrael, v'al kol amim ba-olam. V'imru Ameyn.

It was not bloodless in the dark months of 1942 when Emmanuel Rengelblum wrote from the Warsaw ghetto: "Most of the populace is set on resistance. It seems to me that people will no longer go to the slaughter like lambs. They want the enemy to pay dearly for their lives. They'll fling themselves at them with knives, staves, coal gas. They'll permit no more blockades. They'll not allow themselves to be seized in the street, for they know that work camp means death these days. And they want to die at home, not in a strange place."

A shot on Nalevki street at dawn of April 19, 1943, the first day of Pesach, was the signal for the revolt. The fighting units, concealed in nearby bunkers, attics, and cellars, began firing at Nazi patrols. The Germans retreated. On that day Mordechai Anielewicz, the commander of the Jewish Fighting Organization, wrote: "The dream of my life has come true. I have had the good fortune to witness Jewish defense in the ghetto in all its greatness and glory."

As the days passed, the situation grew more and more desperate. One by one, the defense positions were wiped out. On May 8th the leadership of the Jewish resistance perished in the bunker at 18 Mila Street. No one surrendered. But for weeks thereafter small groups battled the Nazis from behind rubble and wreckage. Not until September, 1943, six months after the uprising began, was the area of the Warsaw ghetto finally silent.

And although the Germans were certain that not one Jew would escape from the ghetto, several hundred did succeed in making their way through the underground sewers and eventually joined the Partisan bands in the woods and forests. Similar acts of resistance took place in Minsk, Vilna, Bialystock, and in cities and towns in Poland; in the death camps of Treblinka and Sobibor and Auschwitz.

We were slaves in Egypt and slaves in fascist Europe. We resisted and we fought back. We remember the heroism of the Jews and our allies—men, women, and children who fought in the ghettos, in the camps, in the forests, on the war fronts. We have much to remember.

But it is not only the past that we must think of. Tonight,

while we celebrate, we cannot forget that in many nations, people are fighting and dying for their liberation from oppression. And we will stand by them. That is the true meaning of Passover—struggle and liberation and solidarity. Yet, not every struggle is measured only in blood or in force of arms. Blessed are those who have organized unions, who have set up safe houses for battered women, who take care of those with AIDS, who teach, who serve, who also keep the struggle alive.

Let us drink our next toast to those who have resisted, who have fought back; to those who are resisting, who are fighting back; to those who will resist, and who will fight back. Let us renew our commitment to the struggle against oppression. Read together in English and Hebrew

Blessed art thou, Giver of Strength,
who bringeth forth the fruit of the vine

*Brukha Yah Shekhinah, Eloheynu malkat ha-olam,
boreit p'ree ha-gafen.*

Drink the wine.

→ **Zog nit keynmol (The Partisans Song)**

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letstn veg,
Khotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg.
Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho—
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot=mir zaynen do!

Fun grinem palmenland biz vaysn land fun shney,
Mir kumen on mit undzer payn, mit undzer vey,
Un vu gefaln s'iz a shprits fun undzer blut,
Shprotsn vet dort undzer gvure, undzer mut.

Every year when I read this paragraph, I find myself asking aloud, "Can you tell this was worked out by committee?" These paragraphs, too, define the telling of the Exodus in our times, and must change every year to reflect the struggles current in the here and now.

S'vet di morgnzun bagildn undz dem haynt,
Un der nekhtn vet farshvindn mitn faynd,
Nor oyb farzamen vet di zun in dem kayor—
Vi a parol zol geyn dos lid fun dor tsu dor.

Dos lid geshribn iz mit blut un nit mit blay,
S'iz nit keyn lidl fun a foygal af der fray,
Dos hot a folk tsvishn falndike vent
Dos lid gezungen mit naganes in di hent!
Repeat first verse

Never say that you are going your last way,
Though lead-filled skies above blot out the blue of day.
The hour for which we long will certainly appear,
The earth shall thunder 'neath our tread that we are here!

From lands of green palm trees to lands all white with snow,
We are coming with our pain and with our woe,
and where'er a spurt of our blood did drop,
Our courage will again sprout from that spot.

For us the morning sun will radiate the day,
And the enemy and past will fade away,
But should the dawn delay or sunrise wait too long,
Then let all future generations sing this song.

This song was written with our blood and not with lead,
This is no song of free birds flying overhead,
But a people amid crumbling walls did stand,
They stood and sang this song with rifles held in hand.

Words by Hirsh Glik, Music by Dmitri Pokrass
Translated by Elliot Palevsky

Tonight we have acknowledged our parents and ancestors. We vow that we will not allow their stories, their experiences, their wisdom to be stolen from us. It is our legacy and we will study it and teach it to our friends and children.

The task of liberation is long, and it is work we ourselves must do.

As the Talmud tells us: "We may not live to complete the task, but neither may we refrain from the beginning.

בָּרַךְ אַתָּה יי,	<i>Barukh ata Adonai,</i>
אֱלֹהֵינוּ, מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם,	<i>Eloheinu melekh ha-olam</i>
שֶׁהַחַיָּנוּ וְקִיְמָנוּ	<i>she-hekhiyanu, v'ki-ye-manu</i>
וְהַגִּיעָנוּ לְזֶמַן הַזֶּה:	<i>v'hi-gi-anu la-zman ha-zeh.</i>

Blessed are Thou, Creator of the Universe
and its seasons, who has given us life, and sustained us,
and brought us to this time. Blessed are You, Lord our God,
Ruler of the Universe, Who has kept us alive, sustained us and
enabled us to reach this season.

Next year may we live in a world of peace.

L'shanah ha-ba'ah b'olam b'shalom

This Haggadah was compiled by Ari Davidow, with help from Stan Gurfinkel for the Bay Area Chapter of New Jewish Agenda, 5747. We invite you to join our chapter if you are not already a member, and especially to continue to be active if you are already a member.

Much of the material was taken from other Haggadahs, compiled by ourselves and others over the years. We especially thank Carol Delton of Bay Area Chapter; Pam Wax, Jeff Brody, and Susan Freeman of Koleynu/Santa Cruz NJA, 1985; Aviva Kantor; Dov ben Khayyim (z"l); David Cooper; Auroro Levins Morales; Karen Zeitlin; E.M. Broner, Naomi Nimrod; the Jewish Catalogs; The New Book of Yiddish Songs; the UJA Book of Songs and Blessings; and ourselves. A very special thanks is extended to Ira Steingroot, of Cody's Book Store, who's enthusiasm for Hagadoth and Judaica, and the 200+ Hagadoth that Cody's stocks as a result of his labors, makes preparing this Hagaddah each year such a pleasure. Finally, many thanks to those whose names we do not know, or have forgotten over the years, whose prayers we continue to say, and whose thoughts remain with us.

For those interested in the major source Hagaddahs from which we have drawn over the years, we most recommend the following: The Shalom Seders, 3 seders compiled by New Jewish Agenda (once upon a time this began as the third seder in the book); The Telling: A loving Hagadah for Passover by Dov Ben Khayyim (delightful, and blessings in both masculine and feminine genders); An Egalitarian Hagada by Aviva Cantor (A special edition of Lilith magazine—every year I incorporate a little bit more); The Bay Area Jewish Forum Hagadah, illustrated by Bezalel Schatz, published by Benmir books (this year's most prized discovery). For authoritative reference to tradition, I refer to Adin Steinsaltz' The Passover Haggadah for its clear explanations of tradition and modern kabbalistic insights.

Since the original credits were written, Ira Steingroot has published *Keeping Passover*, the absolute, most amazing collection of customs, readings, and information about Passover and about doing a seder. Esther Broner has also redone *The Telling*, which is now available as a Hagadah booklet, as well as an extended book.