Kabbalat Shabbat Ekev

7 August 2020

18 Av 5780

OPENING TO SHABBAT

OPENING TO WILL and EVOLUTION

Will

Three generations back

my family had only

to light a candle

and the world parted.

Today, Friday afternoon,

I disconnect clocks and phones.

When night fills my house

with passages,

I begin saving my life.

Marcia Falk

Psalm 95:1

לְ֭כוּ נְרַנְּנָ֣ה לַיהוָ֑ה

L’chu n’ran’nah l’Adonai

Come, let us sing joyously to the LORD,

Shefa Gold

Psalm 96:1

שִׁ֣ירוּ לַ֭יהוָה שִׁ֣יר חָדָ֑שׁ שִׁ֥ירוּ לַ֝יהוָ֗ה כָּל־הָאָֽרֶץ׃

Shiru l’Adonai shir chadash

Shiru l’Adonai kol ha’aretz

Sing to the LORD a new song, sing to the LORD, all the earth.

Psalm 99:9

רֽוֹמְמ֡וּ יְה֘וָ֤ה אֱלֹהֵ֗ינוּ וְ֭הִֽשְׁתַּחֲווּ לְהַ֣ר קָדְשׁ֑וֹ

כִּֽי־קָ֝ד֗וֹשׁ יְהוָ֥ה אֱלֹהֵֽינוּ׃

Rom’mu Adonai Eloheinu v’hishtachavu l’har kodsho

Ki kadosh Adonai Eloheinu

Psalm 29:11

יְֽהוָ֗ה עֹ֭ז לְעַמּ֣וֹ יִתֵּ֑ן יְהוָ֓ה ׀ יְבָרֵ֖ךְ אֶת־עַמּ֣וֹ בַשָּׁלֽוֹם׃

Adonai oz l’amo yitein

Adonai y’varech et amo v’shalom.

May God grant strength to our people,

May God bless our people with peace.

I Say

I say to the Almighty:

Ever-homeless wanderer

I would—

if but my heart were pure—

invite

you in, to spend the night.

Malka Heifetz Tussman, translated by Marcia Falk

Psalm 92:13-16

צַ֭דִּיק כַּתָּמָ֣ר יִפְרָ֑ח כְּאֶ֖רֶז בַּלְּבָנ֣וֹן יִשְׂגֶּֽה׃

Tzadik katamar yifrach, k’erez balvanon yisgeh

The righteous bloom like a date-palm; they thrive like a cedar in Lebanon;

14 שְׁ֭תוּלִים בְּבֵ֣ית יְהוָ֑ה בְּחַצְר֖וֹת אֱלֹהֵ֣ינוּ יַפְרִֽיחוּ׃

sh’tulim b’veit Adonai, b’hatzrot Eloheinu yafrichu

planted in the house of the LORD, they flourish in the courts of our God.

15 ע֭וֹד יְנוּב֣וּן בְּשֵׂיבָ֑ה דְּשֵׁנִ֖ים וְרַֽעֲנַנִּ֣ים יִהְיֽוּ׃

Od y’nuvun b’seivah, d’sheinim v’ra-aninim yihyu

In old age they still produce fruit;they are full of sap and freshness,

16 לְ֭הַגִּיד כִּֽי־יָשָׁ֣ר יְהוָ֑ה צ֝וּרִ֗י וְֽלֹא־עלתה [עַוְלָ֥תָה] בּֽוֹ׃

l’hagid ki yashar Adonai, tzuri v’lo avlata bo.

attesting that the LORD is upright, my rock, in whom there is no wrong.

Then

When I am dead, even then,

I will still love you, I will wait in these poems,

When I am dead, even then

I am still listening to you.

I will still be making poems for you

out of silence;

silence will be falling into that silence,

it is building music.

Muriel Rukeyser

In our own lives, we can face the unknown with fear or faith. It’s all a matter of how we use our imagination. When we allow fear to take hold of our imagination, we stop ourselves from venturing into the unknown. When we use our imagination in the service of our faith in the unknown, our lives and our consciousness expand. This is what it means to leave one’s tent open to the stranger and the unknown. It means continually opening oneself to the possibility of change and evolution.

Estelle Frankel, from *The Wisdom of Not Knowing*