

Tisha b' Av



A time to mourn, a time for hope

August 12, 2024

*8 Av 5784
at 7:00 pm*

Al Naharot Bavel (By the Waters)

Music: William Billings, c. 1780

Text: Psalm 137:1

By the waters, the waters of Babylon,
we sat down and wept, and wept for thee, Zion.
We remember, we remember, we remember thee, Zion

עַל נְהָרוֹת בָּבֶל שָׁם יִשְׁבְּנוּ גַם-בְּכִינוּ בְּזַכְרֵנוּ אֶת-צִיּוֹן:



Eicha 1:1-4

Alas!

Lonely sits the city

Once great with people!

She that was great among nations

Is become like a widow;

The princess among states

Is become a thrall.

אֵיכָהּ | יְשֻׁבָה בְּלֹד הָעִיר רַבַּתִּי עִם הַיְתָה כְּאַלְמָנָה רַבַּתִּי
בְּגוֹיִם שָׂרְתִי בְּמַדִּינֹת הַיְתָה לְמָס:



Eicha 1:1-4

Bitterly she weeps in the night,
Her cheek wet with tears.
There is none to comfort her
Of all her friends.
All her allies have betrayed her;
They have become her foes.

בְּכוֹ תִבְכֶּה בַּלַּיְלָה וּדְמָעָתֶיהָ עַל לִחְיָהּ אֵין-לָהּ מְנַחֵם
מִכָּל-אֲהָבָיהָ כָּל-רֵעֶיהָ בִּגְדוּ בָּהּ הָיוּ לָהּ לְאִיבִים:



Eicha 1:1-4

Judah has gone into exile
Because of misery and harsh
oppression;
When she settled among the nations,
She found no rest;
All her pursuers overtook her
In the narrow places.

גְּלִתָּהּ יְהוּדָה מֵעֲנִי וּמֵרַב עֲבֹדָה הִיא יָשְׁבָה בַּגּוֹיִם לֹא
מְצָאָה מְנוּחַ כָּל־רֹדְפֶיהָ הַשִּׁיגוּהָ בֵּין הַמְצָרִים:



Eicha 1:1-4

Zion's roads are in mourning,
Empty of festival pilgrims;
All her gates are deserted.
Her priests sigh,
Her maidens are unhappy—
She is utterly disconsolate!

נִדְרָכֵי צִיּוֹן אֲבֵלוֹת מִבְּלִי בָּאֵי מוֹעֵד כָּל-שְׁעָרֶיהָ שׁוֹמְמִין
כִּהְגִּיהָ נְאֻנְחִים בְּתוֹלְתֶיהָ נוֹגְוֹת וְהִיא מֵר-לָהּ:



We Are All Mourners

By Rabbi Elie Kaufner

On Tisha B'Av, we are all mourners, and we all join together in the recitation of communal laments.

In fact, Eicha, the biblical book we read in synagogue on the holiday, was originally called Sefer Kinot, a fact that is reflected in its English name: the Book of Lamentations.



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The purpose of reciting Eicha was to “arouse one’s heart to mourn,” according to one rabbinic teaching.

But apparently Eicha wasn’t enough. Toward the end of the talmudic period, poets began writing special pieces for Tisha B’Av.



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The scholar E. Daniel Goldschmidt claims that originally the poems were added into the middle of the Amidah prayer, in the blessing about rebuilding Jerusalem. Sometime later, the poems shifted to later in the service, after the special Torah reading for Tisha B'Av.



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That spot in the service was expansive, and the number of poems grew. It is not uncommon for some communities to recite 40 or more kinot during the Tish'a B'av morning service. Later still, the kinot's effectiveness and popularity led them to be included in the evening service for Tisha B'Av as well, following the reading of Eicha.



Eli Tziyon

Unknown

Mourn Zion and her
cities, like a woman in
her birth pains,

And like a maiden
wrapped in sack-cloth for
the spouse of her youth

אֵלֵי צִיּוֹן וְעָרֶיהָ, כְּמוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּצִיּוֹרֶיהָ,
וְכַבְתּוּלָה תִּגְוַרֶת-שָׂק, עַל בְּעַל נְעוּרֶיהָ



Eli Tziyon

Unknown

Mourn the palace that was abandoned in the sheep's negligence of its flock, and for the coming of the revulsion of God within the Temple's rooms.

עֲלֵי אַרְמוֹן אֲשֶׁר נִטַּשׁ, בְּאַשְׁמַת צֹאן עֲדָרֶיךָ,
וְעַל בִּיאַת מְסַרְפֵי אֵל, בְּתוֹךְ מְקוֹנֵשׁ סְדָרֶיךָ.



Eli Tziyon

Unknown

For the exile of the
servants of God, who
sing her songs,
and for their blood that
was spilled like the
waters of her rivers.

עֲלֵי גְלוֹת מְשַׁרְתֵי אֵל, נְעִימֵי שִׁיר זְמַרְיָה,
עֲלֵי גְלוֹת מְשַׁרְתֵי אֵל, נְעִימֵי שִׁיר זְמַרְיָה,



Eli Tziyon

Unknown

For Your name which was
desecrated in the mouths of
those who stood up against her
distressed ones,
and for the supplication they
will cry out to you, give
attention and hear her speech.

עֲלֵי שִׁמְךָ אֲשֶׁר חָלַל בְּפִי קָמִי מִצָּרֶיךָ,
וְעַל תַּחֲנוּן יְצֻנְחוּ לָךְ קְשׁוּב וְשִׁמַּע אֲמָרֶיךָ.



Eicha 2:1-5

Alas!

Adonai in God's wrath
Has shamed Fair Zion,
Has cast down from heaven
to earth the majesty of Israel.
Adonai did not remember
Adonai's footstool
On Adonai's day of wrath.

אֵיכָה יָעִיב בְּאַפּוֹ | אֲדַנֶּה אֶת-בֵּית-צִיּוֹן הַשְּׁלֵיף מִשָּׁמַיִם
אֶרֶץ תִּפְאָרֶת יִשְׂרָאֵל וְלֹא-זָכַר הַדָּם-בְּרַגְלָיו בְּיוֹם אַפּוֹ:



Eicha 2:1-5

Adonai has laid waste without pity
All the habitations of Jacob;
He has razed in His anger
Fair Judah's strongholds.
He has brought low in dishonor
The kingdom and its leaders.

בִּלְעַד אֲדֹנָי (לֹא) [וְלֹא] חָמַל אֶת כָּל־נְאֻת יַעֲקֹב הַרְס
בְּעִבְרָתוֹ מִבְּצֻרֵי בֵּת־יְהוּדָה הִגְיַע לְאַרְץ
חֵלָל מִמְּלָכָה וְשָׂרֵיהָ:



Eicha 2:1-5

In blazing anger He has cut down
All the might of Israel;
Adonai has withdrawn
Adonai's right hand
In the presence of the foe;
Adonai has ravaged Jacob
like flaming fire,
Consuming on all sides.

גָּדַע בְּחַר־יָאֵף כָּל יְקָרוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל הַשֵּׁיב אַחֲזֹר יְמִינֹו מִפְּנֵי
אוֹיֵב וַיִּבְעַר בְּיַעֲקֹב כְּאֵשׁ לִהְבֵּה אֲכָלָה סָבִיב:



Eicha 2:1-5

Adonai bent Adonai's bow
like an enemy,
Poised Adonai's right hand like a foe;
Adonai slew all who
delighted the eye.
Adonai poured out Adonai's wrath like
fire in the Tent of Fair Zion.

דָּרַךְ קִשְׁתּוֹ כְּאוֹיֵב נָצַב יְמִינוֹ כְּצָר וַיִּהְרֶג כָּל
מְחַמְדֵי-עֵינָיו בְּאֵהָלִי בֵּת-צִיּוֹן שָׁפַךְ כְּאֵשׁ חֲמָתוֹ:



Eicha 2:1-5

Adonai has acted like a foe,
Adonai has laid waste Israel,
Laid waste all her citadels,
Destroyed her strongholds.
Adonai has increased within
Fair Judah
Mourning and moaning.

הָיָה אֲדֹנָי | כְּאוֹיֵב בָּלַע יִשְׂרָאֵל בָּלַע כָּל-אַרְמוֹתֶיהָ
שָׁתַת מִבְצָרָיו וַיָּרֵב בְּבֵת-יְהוּדָה תִּאֲנֶה וְאֲנִיה:



Yerushalaim

From Psalm 137

Music by Ramond Smolover

If I forget you, O Jerusalem,
let my right hand wither;

אִם-אֲשַׁכַּחְךָ יְרוּשָׁלַם תִּשְׁכַּח יְמִינִי:



We Are People of the Desert

Cantor Lizzie Weiss

We are people of the desert
Vulnerable
Wandering amidst the dunes

We are people of the desert
Walking through our holy land



We Are People of the Desert

Cantor Lizzie Weiss

Ben Gurion told us to seize the expanse of openness
But it left us vulnerable, even at our best...

Running from the Nova
Or from our beds



We Are People of the Desert

Cantor Lizzie Weiss

Raging Chariots of Hamas

This time bulldozing our fences instead

Nothing to stop them but the fruits of our land

Taking advantage of the peaceniks

Trusting humanity at hand



We Are People of the Desert

Cantor Lizzie Weiss

So Where is our Splitting of the sea?

Who will be the hero that we need to set us free?
When will it be our turn to ask God how a
miracle occurred?



We Are People of the Desert

Cantor Lizzie Weiss

How can we be sure that our cries will be heard?
Will the world stop and listen and not just “hear?”

Or will we just be complicit in our own stratosphere

Dizzy with questions
No conclusions are clear



We Are People of the Desert

Cantor Lizzie Weiss

We can't stop asking why and how
our sorrows will disappear.

But we stop in the midst of the desert breeze
We find our hearts connected, pumping our Jewish
blood with ease



We Are People of the Desert

Cantor Lizzie Weiss

We are people of the desert, wandering through one obstacle at a time...

Waiting for the next hill, we're ready to climb



Eicha 3:1-5

I am the man who
has known affliction
Under the rod of Adonai's wrath;
Me Adonai drove on and on
In unrelieved darkness;

אָנִי הַגֵּבֶר רָאָה עֵינַי בְּשֹׁכֵט עֶבְרָתוֹ:
אוֹתִי נָתַג וַיִּלְךְ תַּחֲשֹׁךְ וְלֹא-אֹר:



Eicha 3:1-5

On none but me Adonai brings down
Adonai's hand
Again and again, without cease.

Adonai has worn away
my flesh and skin;
Adonai has shattered my bones.

אָדֹנָי בְּי יִשָּׁב יְהַפֹּךְ יָדוֹ כָּל־הַיּוֹם:
בְּלֵה בְּשָׂרִי וְעוֹרִי שִׁבֵר עֲצָמוֹתַי:



Eicha 3:1-5

All around me Adonai has built
Misery and hardship;

כָּנָה עָלַי וּבִקֵּר רֹאשׁ וּתְלָאָה:



Tears, Too Close: A Prayer of Consolation

Alden Solovy

These tears are too close to my eyes
Ready to burst forth
For the sorrow that surrounds us.

These tears are too close to my heart
Ready to burst forth
For the pain that surrounds us.



Tears, Too Close: A Prayer of Consolation

Alden Solovy

These tears are too close to my soul
Ready to burst forth
For the heartbreak that surrounds us.

Comfort, oh comfort My people,
says your God. (Isaiah 40:1)
For God will comfort Zion. (Isaiah 50:3)



Tears, Too Close: A Prayer of Consolation

Alden Solovy

Well of compassion,
Comfort of generations, let us cry together
For all that has been lost,
For all that might have been.

It is I, it is I who comforts you, (Isaiah 51:12)
And great shall be your children's peace. (Isaiah 54:13)



Tears, Too Close: A Prayer of Consolation

Alden Solovy

Yearning,
Still yearning,
For solace and consolation,
Yearning,
Still yearning,
With hope and faith,
Yearning,



Tears, Too Close: A Prayer of Consolation

Alden Solovy

Still yearning,
For healing to flow more freely
Than these ripened tears.



Tears, Too Close: A Prayer of Consolation

Alden Solovy

Arise, shine, for your light has dawned, (Isaiah 60:1)
For mountains may move and hills be shaken
But My kindness shall not be removed from you.
(Isaiah 54:10)



Tears, Too Close: A Prayer of Consolation

Alden Solovy

And the angel of God delivered them,
In love and mercy God redeemed them. (Isaiah 63:9)



Eyli, Eyli

Words by Hannah Senesh

Music by Cantor Rachelle Nelson & Rebecca Nelson Saunders

Eli, Eli

Shelo yigamer l'olam

Eli, Eli,

Shelo yigamer l'olam

**The sand and the sea
The rush of the waters
The crash of the heavens
The prayer of the heart.**



Eicha 4:1-6

Alas!

The gold is dulled,

Debased the finest gold!

The sacred gems are spilled

At every street corner.

The precious children of Zion;

Once valued as gold—

איכה יועם זהב ישנא הכתם הטוב תשתפכנה

אבני-קודש בראש כל-חוצות:

בגי ציון היקרים המסלאים בפז איכה נחשבו

לנבלי-חרש מעשה ידי יוצר:



Eicha 4:1-6

Alas, they are accounted as
earthen pots,
Work of a potter's hands!

Even jackals offer the breast
And suckle their young;

But my poor people has turned cruel,
Like ostriches of the desert.

בְּגִי צִיּוֹן הַיְקָרִים הַמְּסֻלָּאִים בַּפֶּז אֵיכָּה נִחְשְׁבוּ
לְנֹבְלֵי-תָרַשׁ מַעֲשֵׂה יְדֵי יוֹצֵר:
גַּם- [תַּנִּים] (תַּנִּין) תִּלְצוּ לֶעֱד הַיְנֻקוֹ גּוֹרֵיהֶן בַּת-עַמִּי
לְאֶכָזָר (כִּי עֲנִים) [כִּי־עֵינִים] בַּמְדָּבָר:



Eicha 4:1-6

The tongue of the suckling cleaves
To its palate for thirst.

Little children beg for bread;
None gives them a morsel.

Those who feasted on dainties
Lie famished in the streets;
Those who were reared in purple
Have embraced refuse heaps.

The guilt of my poor people
Exceeded the iniquity of Sodom,
Which was overthrown in
a moment,
Without a hand striking it.

הָאֲכָלִים לְמַעַד נְזִים נִשְׁמוּ בַּחוּצוֹת הָאֲמָנִים עָלַי
תוֹלַע חֲבָקוּ אֲשַׁפְתוֹת:
וַיִּגְדְּלִי עֵנוֹן בַּת-עַמִּי מִחֲטָאֵת סֶלֶם הַהַפּוּקָה
כְּמוֹ-רֶגַע וְלֹא-תָלוּ בָּהּ יָדַיִם:



Nachamu

Music and English text by Elana Arian
Lyrics from Isaiah 40:1-3

Nachamu, nachamu ami, yomar Eloheichem

Comfort us, comfort us in our wilderness

Comfort us, as we struggle to take care of one another

Comfort us, comfort us in our wilderness

Comfort us as we struggle with this world



For Weeks I've Been Bleeding Poems

By Iris Eliya Cohen

I name the file "sorrow"
I delete Name it
"October" Change it to "7"
Replace it with "chasm"
Change: "chasms"
Name it "hell-like"
I name it "hope"
Command the computer to remember
It responds, "saving hope."

אָנִי קוֹרֵאת לְקַבֵּץ "יְגוֹן"
מוֹחֶקֶת
קוֹרֵאת לוֹ "אוֹקְטוֹבֶר"
מִשָּׁנָה לְ"שִׁבְעָה"
מִחֲלִיפָה לְ"תְהוֹם"
מִשָּׁנָה: "תְּהוֹמוֹת"
קוֹרֵאת לוֹ "כְּשֵׁאוֹל"
קוֹרֵאת לוֹ "תְּקוּנָה"
מוֹרָה לְמַחְשָׁב שֶׁיִּזְכֹּר
הוּא עוֹנָה לִי "שׁוֹמֵר אֶת תְּקוּנָה"

Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

At times ... I wish

I could meet in a duel
the man who killed my
father

and razed our home,
expelling me
into a narrow country.
And if he killed me,
I'd rest at last,
and if I were ready—
I would take my revenge!

Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

But if it came to light,
when my rival appeared,
that he had a mother
waiting for him,
or a father who'd put
his right hand over

the heart's place in
his chest
whenever his son was late
even by just a quarter-hour
for a meeting they'd set—
then I would not kill him,
even if I could.



Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

Likewise ... I
would not murder him
if it were soon made clear
that he had a brother
or sisters who loved him
and constantly longed to
see him.

Or if he had a wife to
greet him
and children who
couldn't bear his absence
and whom his gifts
would thrill.



Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

Or if he had
friends or companions,
neighbors he knew
or allies from prison
or a hospital room,
or classmates from his
school ...

asking about him
and sending him regards.



Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

But if he turned
out to be on his own—
cut off like a branch from
a tree—
without a mother or father,
with neither a brother nor
sister,

wifeless, without a child,
and without kin or
neighbors or friends,
colleagues or companions,



Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

then I'd add not a thing to
his pain

within that aloneness—
not the torment of death,
and not the sorrow of
passing away.

Instead I'd be content
to ignore him when I
passed him by on the
street—as I
convinced myself



Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

then I'd add not a thing to
his pain

within that aloneness—
not the torment of death,
and not the sorrow of
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Instead I'd be content
to ignore him when I
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Revenge

Taha Muhammad Ali

that paying him no
attention

in itself was a kind of
revenge.



Shomer Yisrael

Music by Shlomo Carlebach

Text from the Liturgy

Shomer Yisrael.

Sh'mor Shearit Yisrael.

V'al Yovad Yisrael.

Haomrim Shma Yisrael.

*O Guardian of Israel, guard the
remnant of Israel, and suffer not Israel
to perish, who say, Hear, O Israel.*

שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל
שְׁמֹר שְׂאֲרֵית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאַל יָאֲבֹד יִשְׂרָאֵל,
הַאֲוֹמְרִים "שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל".



Eicha 5:16-22

The crown has fallen from our head;
Woe to us that we have sinned!

Because of this our hearts are sick,
Because of these our eyes
are dimmed:

Because of Mount Zion, which
lies desolate;
Jackals prowl over it.

נִפְלָה עֲטֹרַת רֹאשֵׁנוּ אֲוִי-נָא לָנוּ כִּי חָטָאנוּ:
עַל-זֶה הִזָּה דָוָה לִבְנוֹ עַל-אַלֶּה חֲשָׁכוּ עֵינֵינוּ:
עַל הַר-צִיּוֹן שִׁשְׁמָם שׁוֹעֲלִים הִלְכוּ-בּוּ:



Eicha 5:16-22

But You, Adonai, are
enthroned forever,
Your throne endures through
the ages.

Why have You forgotten us utterly,
Forsaken us for all time?

אַתָּה יְהוָה לְעוֹלָם תִּשָּׁב כְּסֵאֶךָ לְדוֹר וָדוֹר:
לָמָּה לְנִצָּחַת תִּשְׁכַּחֵנוּ תַעֲזֹבֵנוּ לְאַרְךָ יָמִים:



Eicha 5:16-22

Take us back, Adonai, to Yourself,
And let us come back;

Renew our days as of old!

For truly, You have rejected us,
Bitterly raged against us.

Take us back, Adonai, to Yourself,
And let us come back;

הַשִּׁיבֵנו יְהוָה | אֵלֶיךָ [וְנִשׁוּבָה] חַדֵּשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקִדְמָה:
כִּי אִם-מְאֹס מְאֹסֵתָנוּ קִצְפָתָ עָלֵינוּ עַד-מְאֹד:
הַשִּׁיבֵנו יְהוָה | אֵלֶיךָ [וְנִשׁוּבָה] חַדֵּשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקִדְמָה:



Hashiveinu

Eicha 5:21

Music by Micah Shapiro & Aaren Alpert

Hashiveinu/Hashiveinu

V'nashuva/v'ashuva

Chadesh, chadesh, yameinu

K'kedem

Turn us/me back,
Divine Presence to You
and we/I will turn, and we/I will turn
renew, renew our days as before

הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְנָשׁוּבָה סִדֵּשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם:



Thank you to the clergy and community participants

Rabbi Gayle Pomerantz, Temple Beth Sholom

Rabbi Robert Davis, Temple Beth Sholom

Rabbi Jessica Jacobs, Temple Beth Sholom

Cantor Juval Porat, Temple Beth Sholom

Musical Director Alan Caves, Temple Beth Sholom

Rabbi/Cantor Julie Jacobs,
Center for Jewish Life at Beth David

Rabbi Jesse Charyn, Bet Shira

Cantor Ronit Rubin, Bet Shira

Rabbi Robyn Fisher, Beth Or

Rabbi Rachel Greengrass, Temple Beth Am

Cantor Joseph Flaxman, Temple Beth Am

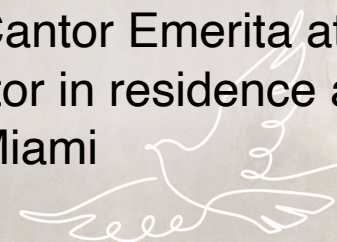
Cantorial Soloist Jessica Bass, Temple Beth Am

Rabbi Judith Siegal, Temple Judea

Cantor Lisa Segal, Temple Judea

Rabbi Barbara Goldman-Wartell,
Temple Israel of Greater Miami

Cantor Rachelle Nelson, Cantor Emerita at
Temple Beth Am and Cantor in residence at
Temple Israel of Greater Miami



Thank You
to our Community Partners

