

Participating Congregations:

Bnai Keshet, Montclair • Congregation B'nai Israel, Emerson
Congregation Beth El, South Orange • Congregation Beth Hatikvah, Summit
Temple Avodat Shalom, River Edge • Temple B'nai Abraham, Livingston
Temple Emanu-El, Edison • Temple Emeth, Teaneck • Temple Ner Tamid, Bloomfield
Temple Sharey Tefilo-Israel, South Orange • Temple Sinai of Bergen County
United Synagogue of Hoboken

Institutional Partners:

Bend the Arc • HIAS • J Street • National Council of Jewish Women
Reform Jewish Voice of NJ • Truah: The Rabbinic Call for Human Rights
The Religious Action Center of Reform Judaism • Torah Trumps Hate

תשעה באב

Tisha B'Av

ט' באב תשע"ט

9th of Av, 5779



A Collaborative Observance

Action Steps: How To Get Involved Today

Inspired to work for change? Here are a few local and national steps you can take to work toward a better world for immigrant, refugee, and undocumented members of our society.

- 1 Sign a petition to expand drivers licenses to undocumented New Jersey residents by texting SIGNPETITION to +19735776388
- 2 Get involved in First Friends – visit detainees or write to them through their “STAMP OUT DESPAIR” campaign.
- 3 Donate to a legal aid organization to help ensure that people get a fair shot. Some ideas include the Seton Hall, the ACLU, or the Latin American Legal Defense and Education Fund, Inc. (LALDEF).
- 4 Visit the next Essex County Freeholder meeting and advocate for universal legal representation to all detainees in the Essex Country Detention Center.
- 5 Call your elected representative in Washington and ask them to support the Shut Down Child Prison Camps Act (H.R. 1069/S. 397)
- 6 Spend time researching on our partners websites for more information and programming. If they are a sanctuary congregation, consider offering to help with meals and rides.

**For other ideas visit this helpful packet by Truah
“How to Help in The Time of Immigration Policy Crises”**

shorturl.at/cdmEK

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'mei raba.
b'alma di v'ra chirutei,
v'yamlich malchutei,
b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon
uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael,
baagala uviz'man kariv. V'im'ru Amen.

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach
l'alam ul'almei almay.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpaar
v'yitromam v'ytnasei
v'yit'hadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal
sh'mei d'Kud'sha B'rich Hu,
l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata,
tushb'chata v'nechemata,
daamiran b'alma. V'imru: Amen.
Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya,
v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael.
V'imru: Amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav,
Hu yaaseh shalom aleinu, v'al kol Yisrael
v'al kol yosh-vei tei-vel, V'imru: Amen.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא.
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרֵעוּתֵיהּ,
וְיַמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ,
בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
יְהִי שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.
יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר
וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל
שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא,
לְעֵלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנִחְמַתָּא,
דְאָמִירֵן בְּעֵלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
יְהִי שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא,
וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵי, הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה
שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל
וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵיבֵל, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

Exalted and hallowed be God's great name
in the world which God created, according to plan.
May God's majesty be revealed in the days of our lifetime
and the life of all Israel - speedily, imminently, to which we say Amen.

Blessed be God's great name to all eternity.

Blessed, praised, honored, exalted, extolled, glorified, adored and lauded
be the name of the Holy Blessed One, beyond all earthly words and songs of blessing,
praise, and comfort. To which we say Amen.

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

May the One who creates harmony above,
make peace for us and for all Israel, and for those who dwell on earth. To which we say Amen.

עַל-נְהָרוֹת בְּבֵל שָׁם יִשְׁבְּנוּ גַם-בְּכִינוּ בְּזִכְרֵנוּ אֶת-צִיּוֹן:
Al nahalot Bavel sham ya-shavnu gam bachinu b'zochreinu et Tzion
By the waters, the waters of Babylon
We lay down and wept, and wept, for thee Zion
We remember, we remember, we remember thee Zion
Music by Don McLean
Psalm 137:1
~~~~~

**Home, by Warsan Shire**  
(British-Somali, poet)

no one leaves home unless home is the mouth of a shark.  
you only run for the border when you see the whole city  
running as well.

Your neighbours running faster  
than you, the boy you went to school with  
who kissed you dizzy behind  
the old tin factory is  
holding a gun bigger than his body,  
you only leave home when home won't let you stay.

no one would leave home unless home  
chased you, fire under feet,  
hot blood in your belly.  
it's not something you ever thought about  
doing, and so when you did –  
you carried the anthem under your breath,  
waiting until the airport toilet to  
tear up the passport and swallow,  
each mouthful of paper making it clear that  
you would not be going back.

you have to understand,  
no one puts their children in a boat  
unless the water is safer than the land.

who would choose to spend days  
and nights in the stomach of a truck  
unless the miles travelled  
meant something more than journey.

no one would choose to crawl under fences,  
be beaten until your shadow leaves you,  
raped, then drowned, forced to the bottom of  
the boat because you are darker, be sold,  
starved, shot at the border like a sick animal,

be pitied, lose your name, lose your family,  
 make a refugee camp a home for a year or two or ten,  
 stripped and searched, find prison everywhere  
 and if you survive and you are greeted on the other side  
 with go home blacks, refugees  
 dirty immigrants, asylum seekers  
 sucking our country dry of milk,  
 dark, with their hands out  
 smell strange, savage –  
 look what they've done to their own countries,  
 what will they do to ours?

the dirty looks in the street  
 softer than a limb torn off,  
 the indignity of everyday life  
 more tender than fourteen men who  
 look like your father, between  
 your legs, insults easier to swallow  
 than rubble, than your child's body  
 in pieces - for now, forget about pride  
 your survival is more important.

i want to go home, but home is the mouth of a shark  
 home is the barrel of the gun  
 and no one would leave home  
 unless home chased you to the shore  
 unless home tells you to  
 leave what you could not behind,  
 even if it was human.

no one leaves home until home  
 is a damp voice in your ear saying  
 leave, run now, i don't know what  
 i've become.

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שְׁמַע וּבְרַכּוֹתֶיהָ

SH'MA UVIRCHOTEHA - SH'MA AND ITS BLESSINGS

בְּרַכּוּ אֶת יְיָ הַמְּבָרָךְ.
Bar'chu et Adonai ham'vorach!

בְּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבָרָךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.
Baruch Adonai ham'vorach l'olam va-ed.

Praise Adonai to whom praise is due forever!
 Praised be Adonai to whom praise is due now and forever!

But You, Adonai are enthroned forever, Your throne endures
 through the ages. Why have You forgotten us utterly, Forsaken
 us for all time? 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; Renew our days as of old!



**הַשִׁיבֵנו ה' | אֵלֶיךָ וְנָשׁוּבָה
 חַדֵּשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֵדָם:**

*Ha-shi-veinu Adonai E-leicha
 v'na-shu-va cha-desh ya-meinu k'ke-dem.*
 Take us back, Adonai, to Yourself,
 and let us come back;
 Renew our days as of old!

עוֹלָם חֶסֶד יִבְנֶה
Olam chesed yi-baneh

I will build this world from love... yai dai dai
 And you must build this world from love... yai dai dai
 And if we build this world from love... yai dai dai
 Then God will build this world from love... yai dai dai

~~~~~

*They took us away from our grandmother and now we are all alone. They have not given us to our mother. We have been here for a long time. I have to take care of my little sister. She is very sad because she misses our mother and grandmother very much... We sleep on a cement bench. There are two mats in the room, but the big kids sleep on the mats so we have to sleep on the cement bench.*

*Male, 8 years old*

### Chapter 5

זָכֹר ה' מִהֲהִיָּה לָנוּ הַבֵּיטָה וּרְאֵה אֶת־חֲרַפְתָּנוּ:  
נִחַלְתָּנוּ נֶהֱפַכְהָ לְזָרִים בְּתֵינוּ לְנֹכְרִים: יְתוּמִים הָיִינוּ  
וְאִין אָב אִמְתֵּינוּ כְּאִלְמָנוֹת: מִיָּמֵינוּ בְּכֶסֶף שָׂתֵינוּ  
עֲצִינוּ בְּמַחִיר יְבָאוּ:

Remember, Adonai, what has befallen us; behold, and see our disgrace! Our heritage has passed to aliens, our homes to strangers. We have become orphans, fatherless; our mothers are like widows.

אֲתָהּ ה' לְעוֹלָם תֵּשֵׁב בְּסֵאֵךְ לְדָר וְדוֹר: לָמָּה לְנֹצַח  
תִּשְׁכַּחַנוּ תַעֲזֹבְנוּ לְאַרְדֹּךְ יָמִים: הֲשִׁיבֵנוּ ה' | אֱלֹהֶיךָ  
וְנִשׁוּבָה חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ בְּקֶדֶם: כִּי אִם־מָאֵס מְאִסְתָּנוּ  
קִצְפָּת עָלֵינוּ עַד־מָאֵד:

הֲשִׁיבֵנוּ ה' | אֱלֹהֶיךָ וְנִשׁוּבָה

חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ בְּקֶדֶם:

*Ha-shi-veinu Adonai E-leicha*

*v'na-shu-va cha-desh ya-meinu k'ke-dem.*

Take us back, Adonai, to Yourself, and let us come back;  
Renew our days as of old!

~~~~~

We are loved by an unending love.

We are embraced by arms that find us even when we are hidden from ourselves.
We are touched by fingers that soothe us even when we are too proud for soothing.
We are counseled by voices that guide us even when we are too embittered to hear.

We are loved by an unending love.

We are supported by hands that uplift us even in the midst of a fall.
We are urged on by eyes that meet us even when we are too weak for meeting.

We are loved by an unending love.

Embraced, touched, soothed, and counseled, ours are the arms, the fingers, the voices;
ours are the hands, the eyes, the smiles;

We are loved by an unending love

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שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, ה' אֱלֹהֵינוּ, ה' אֶחָד!

*Sh'ma Yisrael, Adonai Eloheinu, Adonai Echad!*  
Hear, O Israel, Adonai is our God, Adonai is One!

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מְלֻכוֹתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

*Baruch shem k'vod malchuto l'olam va-ed.*  
Blessed is God's majesty forever and ever.

אֲנִי הַגֹּבֵר רָאָה עָנִי בְשֹׁבֵט עֲבָרָתוֹ: אוֹתִי נָהַג וַיִּלְחָץ  
חֲשֵׁךְ וְלֹא-אִוֹר: אֵךְ בִּי יָשָׁב יַהֲפֹךְ יָדוֹ כָּל-הַיּוֹם:

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

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We are in a metal cage with 20 other teenagers with babies and young children. We have one mat we need to share with each other. It is very cold. We each got a mylar blanket, but it is not enough to warm up. There are benches but we cannot sleep there. Sometimes it is so crowded we cannot find a place to sleep, so they allow a few of us to sleep outside the fenced area. The lights are [on] all of the time.

Female, 16 years old

אֵיכָה יוּעַם זָהָב יִשְׁנֶא הַכֶּתֶם הַטּוֹב תִּשְׁתַּפְּכֶנָּה
אֲבָנֵי-קֹדֶשׁ בְּרֹאשׁ כָּל-חוּצוֹת: בְּגִי צִיּוֹן הַיְקָרִים
הַמִּסְלָאִים בַּפֹּז אֵיכָה נָחֲשָׁבוּ לְנִבְלֵי-חָרָשׁ מַעֲשֵׂה יָדֵי
יוֹצֵר: גַּם-תַּנִּין חִלְצוּ שָׂדֵה הַיְנִיקוּ גּוֹרִיהֶן בַּת-עַמִּי
לְאֲכֹר כִּיעֲנִים בַּמִּדְבָּר: דָּבַק לְשׁוֹן יוֹנֵק אֶל-חִבּוֹ
בַּצִּמָּא עוֹלָלִים שָׁאֲלוּ לָחֶם פָּרֵשׁ אֵינן לָהֶם:

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— 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. The tongue of the suckling cleaves To its palate for thirst. Little children beg for bread; None gives them a morsel.

וְאַהֲבַתְּ אֶת ה' אֱלֹהֶיךָ
בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ וּבְכָל-נַפְשֶׁךָ
וּבְכָל-מְאֹדֶךָ: וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה
אֲשֶׁר אֲנֹכִי מְצַוְּךָ הַיּוֹם עַל-לִבְבְּךָ:
וְשָׁנַנְתָּם לְבָנֶיךָ וְדִבַּרְתָּ בָּם בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ
בְּבֵיתְךָ וּבְלֶכְתְּךָ בְּדֶרֶךְ וּבְשֹׁכְבְּךָ
וּבְקוּמְךָ:
וּקְשַׁרְתָּם לְאוֹת עַל-יָדֶיךָ וְהָיוּ לְטָמְטֵפֶת
בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ: וּכְתַבְתָּם עַל-מְזוֹזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ
וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:

*V'Ahavta et Adonai Elohecha,
b'chol l'vav'cha, uv'chol nafsha'cha, uv'chol
m'odecha. V'hayu had'varim ha-eileh
asher anochi m'tzav'cha hayom al l'vavecha.
V'shinantam l'vanecha v'dibarta bam
b'shivt'cha b'veitecha, uv'lechi'cha vaderech
uv'shochb'cha uv'kumecha.
Uk'shartam l'ot al yadecha v'hayu l'totafot
bein einecha. Uch'tavtam al m'zuzot
beitecha, uvisharecha.*

You shall love Adonai your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your might. Take to heart these instructions with which I charge you this day. Impress them upon your children. Recite them when you stay at home and when you are away, when you lie down and when you get up. Bind them as a sign on your hand and let them serve as a symbol on your forehead; inscribe them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates.

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Open my eyes to truth, Open my hands to give freely  
Open my lips to good words, to pure words  
Open my heart to love

אֲדַנִּי שִׁפְתֵי תִפְתַּח, וּפִי יִגִּיד תְּהִלָּתְךָ:  
*Adonai s'fatai tiftach, ufi yagid t'hilatecha.*

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וְעֵשׂוּ לִי מִקְדָּשׁ וְשֹׁכֵנֶת בְּתוֹכָם.
וְאֲנַחֲנוּ נִבְרָךְ יְהוָה מֵעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם הַלְלוּיָהּ.
*Ve'asu li mikdash, v'shachanti b'tocham
Va'anachnu n'varech Yah, me'atah v'ad olam*

God, prepare me to be a sanctuary, pure and simple, tried and true and in thanksgiving, I'll be a living sanctuary for You.

May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable unto to You, Yah, My Rock and my Redeemer.

Chapter 2

אֵיכָהּ יָעִיב בְּאִפּוֹ | אֲדַנִּי אֶת-בֵּית-צִיּוֹן הַשְּׁלִיף
 מִשָּׁמַיִם אֶרֶץ תִּפְאֶרֶת יִשְׂרָאֵל וְלֹא-יִזְכֹּר הַדָּם-רַגְלָיו
 בַּיּוֹם אִפּוֹ: בָּלַע אֲדָנִי לֹא הַמֶּלֶךְ אֵת כָּל-נְאוֹת יַעֲקֹב
 הָרָם בְּעִבְרָתוֹ מִבְּעָרֵי בֵּת-יְהוּדָה הַגֵּיעַ לְאֶרֶץ חֲלָל
 מִמְּלָכָה וְשָׂרֵיהֶּ: נָדַע בְּחָרִי-אֵף כֹּל קֶרֶן יִשְׂרָאֵל הַשֵּׁיב
 אַחֹר יָמֵינוּ מִפְּנֵי אוֹיֵב וַיִּבְעַר בְּיַעֲקֹב כָּאֵשׁ לְהַכֹּה
 אֶכְלָה סְבִיב: דֶּרֶךְ קִשְׁתּוֹ כְּאוֹיֵב נֹעַב יָמֵינוּ כְּצָר
 וַיַּהֲרֹג כָּל מַחְמַדֵּי-עֵינַי בְּאַהֲלֵי בֵּת-צִיּוֹן שָׁפַךְ כָּאֵשׁ
 חַמָּתוֹ:

Alas! The Lord in His wrath Has shamed Fair Zion, has cast down from heaven to earth the majesty of Israel. He did not remember His footstool on His day of wrath. The Lord 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. In blazing anger He has cut down All the might of Israel; He has withdrawn His right hand In the presence of the foe; He has ravaged Jacob like flaming fire, Consuming on all sides. He bent His bow like an enemy, Poised His right hand like a foe; He slew all who delighted the eye. He poured out His wrath like fire In the Tent of Fair Zion.

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*I'm hungry here at Clint [detention center] all the time. I'm so hungry that I have woken up in the middle of the night with hunger. Sometimes I wake up from hunger at 4 a.m., sometimes at other hours. I'm too scared to ask the officials here for any more food, even though there is no enough food here for me.*

*Male, 12 years old*

## ... מגילת איכה Lamentations

## Chapter 1

אֵיכָהּ | יֹשֶׁבֶת בְּדָד הָעִיר רַבְתִּי עִם הַיְתָה כְּאֶלְמָנָה רַבְתִּי  
 בְּגוֹלִים שְׂדֵתִי בַמְדִינוֹת הַיְתָה לָמָס: כָּלוּ תִבְכָּה בְּלֵילָה  
 וְדַמְעָתָה עַל לְחֵיהֶ אֵין-לָהּ מִנְחָם מִכָּל-אֲהֻבֶיהָ כָּל-רֵעֵיהָ  
 בְּגָדוֹ זָה הָיוּ לָהּ לְאֵיכִים: גָּלְתָה יְהוּדָה מֵעֲנִל וּמֵרַב עֲבָדָה  
 הִיא יֹשֶׁבֶת בְּגוֹלִים לֹא מִצָּאָה מְנוּחַ כָּל-רֹדְפֶיהָ הַשִּׁיגוּהָ  
 בֵּין הַמְּצָרִים: דְּרָכֵי צִיּוֹן אֲבֵלוֹת מִבְּלִי בְּאֵי מוֹעֵד  
 כָּל-שַׁעְרֶיהָ שׁוֹמְמִין כְּהִנִּיחַ נְאֻנְחִים בְּתוֹלְתֶיהָ נוֹגוֹת וְהִיא  
 מֵרָלָה:

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. 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. 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. 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!

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About three days ago I got a fever. They moved me alone to a flu cell. There is no one to take care of you there. They just give you pills twice a day. I also am having an allergic reaction all over my skin. My skin is itchy and red and my nose is stuffed up. Two times they gave me a pill for it but not anymore.

Male, 11 years old