



THE JEWISH
ALLIANCE FOR
FOOD, LAND,
& JUSTICE

Tu B'Shevat Seder



January 23, 2016

The Time is Now

The Time is now
We've gathered 'round.
So bring all your gifts,
And bring all your burdens with you.

No need to hide.
Arms wide open
We gather as one.
To make a *ma-kom ka-dosh*.

We come to tell.
We come to hear.
We come to teach; to learn,
We come to grow.
And so we say,

The time is now.
Sing to the One -
God's Presence is here
Sh'china you will dwell among us.

We'll make this space
A holy place
So separate, so whole,
Rejoice every soul
Who enters here.



Worlds	Element	Character	Direction	Season	Fruit	Wine
Assiyah	Earth	Physical	West	Winter	Hard outer-Soft Inner pomegranate, walnut, coconut, pineapple	White
Yetzirah	Water	Emotional	South	Spring	Soft Outer-Hard Inner olive, avocado, cherry, peach, date	White with red
B'riyah	Air	Cerebral	East	Summer	Soft throughout strawberry, fig, raisin, grape	Red with white
Atzilut	Fire	Spiritual	North	Autumn	Essence	Red

I. Assiyah

Fruit with Shells

Nuts, Etrogs, Pomegranates, Oranges, Grapefruit

(Read the passage on Kabbala and/or a passage for at least one fruit with shells.)

Kabbala

One level of God's creation is the physical world called *assiyah*, the world we know when we use God's gifts to make things. Here, in wood and branch, the spirit, the Divine Spark, is hidden by the shell of its appearance. Fruit, like nuts, with their hard outer shells, remind us that God's presence is often hidden. And, when we eat them with reverence for the beauty and the goodness of their Creator, we become aware of the Divine source of their renewal.

When we say words of praise and thanks to God with kavana, with devotion, we pierce the shell over our own souls and find the Divine sparks in ourselves.

The shell which conceals also protects. In the world of work, of everyday activity, the spiritual requires protection and nurturing. Special effort is necessary to protect it- from indifference, from being forgotten, from unkind influences.

When we say words of praise and thanks to God, with kavana, with devotion, For hard-shelled fruit, we remove its protective covering and release the Divine sparks in ourselves and in the world.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אֱלֹהֵנוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הָעֵץ.

Baruch atah A-donay, Elo-heinu Melech Ha'Olam borei pri ha-aitz.

We praise You, Adonai our God, Ruler of the universe,
who creates the fruit of the tree

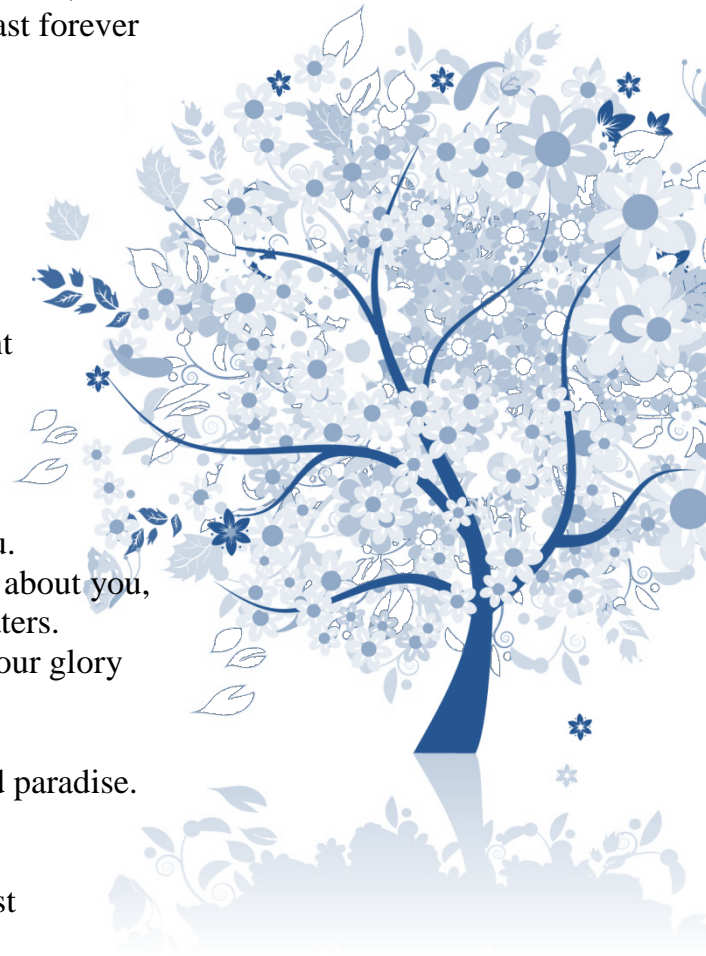
Eat the fruit.

O Lord, how lovely it is to be your guest.
 Breeze full of scents, mountains reaching to the skies;
 Waters like a boundless mirror,
 Reflecting the sun's golden rays and the scudding clouds
 All nature murmurs mysteriously, breathing depths of tenderness.
 Birds and beasts of the forest bear the imprint of your love.
 Blessed. are you, mother earth, in your floating loveliness,
 Which wakens our yearning for happiness that will last forever
 In the land where, amid beauty that grows not old,
 Rings out the cry: Alleluia!

What sort of praises can I give you?
 I have never heard the song of the cherubim,
 A joy reserved for the spirits above
 But I know the praises that nature sings to you.
 In winter, I have beheld how silently in the moonlight
 The whole earth offers you prayer,
 Clad in its white mantle of snow,
 Sparkling like diamonds.
 I have seen how the rising sun rejoices in you,
 How the song of the birds is a chorus of praise to you.
 I have heard the mysterious mutterings of the forests about you,
 And the winds singing your praise as they stir the waters.
 I have understood how the choirs of stars proclaim your glory
 As they move for ever in the depths of infinite space.

You have brought me into life as if into an enchanted paradise.
 We have seen the sky like a chalice of deepest blue,
 Where in the heights the birds are singing.
 We have listened to the soothing murmur of the forest
 And the melodious music of the streams.
 We have tasted fruit of fine flavor and sweet-scented honey.
 We can live very well on your earth.
 It is a pleasure to be your guest.
 Glory to you for the feast-day of life.
 Glory to you for the perfume of lilies and roses.
 Glory to you for each different taste of berry and fruit.
 Glory to you for the sparkling silver of early morning dew.
 Glory to you for the joy of dawn's awakening.
 Glory to you for the new life each day brings.
 Glory to you O God, from age to age.

GREGORY PETROV



Hallelu

כָּל הַנְּשָׁמָה,
 תְּהַלֵּל יָהּ:
 הֶלְלוּ-יָהּ

Kol haneshama
 tehalel yah
 Hallelu halleluyah.

II. Yetzirah

Fruit with Pits

Dates, Olives, Apricots, Peaches, Plums/Prunes

(Read the passage on Kabbala and/or a passage on at least one kind of fruit with pits)

Kabbala

God is the creator not only of the physical world we use, but also of our ability to be creative, our capacity to feel, speak and sing.

God is the source of the artist's eye, the musician's ear, the One who inspires the poet's soul.

The Kabbalists called this the world of *yetzirah* or formation. When we eat fruit containing pits we are reminded that despite all the wondrous expressions of the human spirit, and our efforts to express God's Presence, we are still, deep inside, tied to the world, part of the natural cycles of life and death. Here, the human spirit is disclosed, yet the Divine Spark must still be protected from within.

When we say praises to God before we eat fruit containing pits, we thank the Source of all life, for expressions of the human spirit; and we acknowledge our limitation before our Creator.

Eat the fruit with pits.

Tsa-dik ka-ta-mar yif-rach,
ke-e-rets ba-Le-va-non yis-geh.
She-tu-lim be-veit A-do-nai,
be-chats-rot E-lo-hei-nu yaf-ri-chu.
Od ye-nu-vun be-sei-va,
de-shei-nim ve-ra-a-na-nim yih-yu,
le-ha-gid ki ya-shar A-do-nai,
tsu-ri ve-lo av-la-ta bo.

צָדִיק | כַּתְמָר יִפְרָח,
כָּאֶרֶז בַּלְבָּנוֹן יִשְׁגֶּה.
שְׁתוּלִים בְּבֵית יְהוָה,
בְּחֲצֵרוֹת אֱלֹהֵינוּ יִפְרִיחוּ.
עוֹד יִנּוּבוּן בְּשִׂיבָה,
דְּשֵׁנִים וְרַעֲנָנִים יִהְיוּ.
לְהַגִּיד כִּי יָשָׁר יְהוָה,
צוּרִי, וְלֹא אֶעֱלֶתָהּ בּוֹ.

The righteous shall bloom like a date palm/they thrive like a cedar in Lebanon/
planted in the house of God/they flourish in the courts of our Creator. (Psalms 92)

FRUIT OF GOD'S EARTH

Our God, we voice our praise
for the world You have created,
for the land of our people restored,
for Torah which nourishes our souls.

*We now enjoy the fruits of Your world
with words of thanks and songs of joy.*

Creator of all worlds, the flow of Your spirit
makes all plants sprout, all trees bud.

*We praise You on this day for forming buds
that bring luscious fruit.*

May it be Your will, Adonai our God,
that as we eat this fruit with love for You,
acknowledging Your greatness,
and singing Your praises
Your power will cause buds to form,
beautiful flowers and ripe fruit to grow in abundance
for good and for blessing.

May the land give its plenty
and the trees of the field give their fruit.

(Based on Peri Eits Hadar)

Erets Zavav Chalav

אֶרֶץ זָבַת חָלָב
(4x) חָלָב וְדִבְשׁ
אֶרֶץ זָבַת חָלָב
זָבַת חָלָב וְדִבְשׁ (2x)

E-rets za-vat cha-lav, cha-lav u-de-vash. (4X)
E-rets za-vat cha-lav, za-var cha-lav u-de-vash. (2x)

“... a land flowing with milk and honey.”
(Deuteronomy 11.9)

Garden Song

Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow
All it takes is a rake and a hoe
And a piece of fertile ground

Inch by inch, row by row
Please bless these seeds I sow
Please warm them from below
Till the rain comes tumbling down

Pulling weeds and picking stones
Man is made of dreams and bones
Feel the need to grow my own
Cause the time is close at hand

Grain for grain, sun and rain
Find my way in nature's chain
Tune my body and my brain
To the music from the land

Plant your rows straight and long
Temper them with prayer and song
Mother Earth will make you strong
If you give her love and care

Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow
All it takes is a rake and a hoe
And a piece of fertile ground

Dave Mallet

III. B'riyah

Entirely Edible Fruit

Figs, Raisins, Strawberries, Apples, Pears, Carob

(Read the passage on Kabbala and/or a passage at least one kind of entirely edible fruit.)

Kabbala

While we can participate in the first two aspects of creation, using things and creating works of art, only God is the creator of all.

And it is only with God that all barriers between the physical and the spiritual are eliminated.

This world, called *b'riyah*, is echoed in our dreams and thoughts in which the barriers of the spiritual and physical are blurred.

This is represented by fruit such as raisins and figs in which the seeds and the fruit are interspersed.

When we say praises to God before eating this fruit, we acknowledge a world so close to God that there are no barriers, and the spark of the Divine flows freely.

Eat the edible fruit.

Figs: Symbols of Peace

The Bible speaks of the fig tree in a time of peace when “They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not take up sword against nation; they shall never again know war. But all shall sit under their grapevine or fig tree with no one to disturb them.”

(Micah 4.3-4)

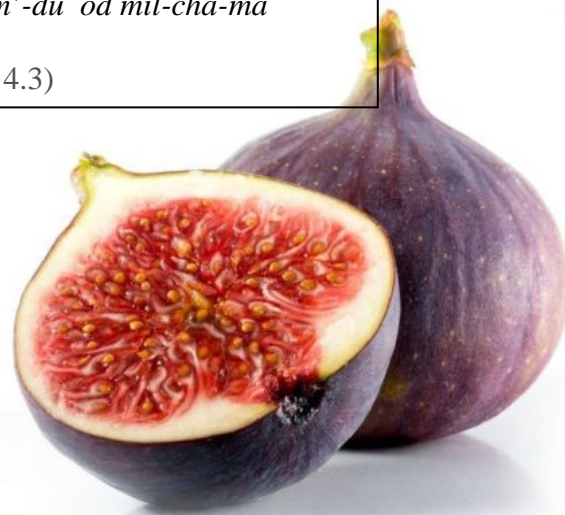
Lo Yisa Goi

לֹא יֵשֶׁא גּוֹי אֶל-גּוֹי חֶרֶב
וְלֹא יִלְמְדוּ עוֹד מִלְחָמָה:

Lo yi-sa goi_el goi che-rev

Lo yil-m'-du od mil-cha-ma

(Micah 4.3)



Our Mother the Earth, blessed is your name.

*Blessed are your fields and forests, your rocks and mountains,
your grasses and trees and flowers, and every green and growing
thing.*

*Blessed are your streams and lakes and rivers, the oceans where
our life began, and all your waters that sustain our bodies and
refresh our souls.*

*Blessed is the air we breathe, your atmosphere, that surrounds us
and binds us to every living thing.*

*Blessed are all creatures who walk along your surface or swim in
your waters or fly through your air, for they are all our relatives.*

*Blessed are all people who share this planet, for we are all one
family, and the same spirit moves through us all.*

*Blessed is the sun, our day star; bringer of morning and the heat
of summer, giver of light and life.*

*Blessed is the moon, our night lamp, ruler of the tides, protector
of all women, and guardian of our dreams.*

*Blessed are the stars and planets, the time-keepers, who fill our
nights with beauty and our hearts with awe.*

*O Great Spirit whose voice we hear in the wind and whose face
we see in the morning sun, blessed is your name.*

*Help us to remember that you are everywhere, and teach us the
way of peace*

HELEN WEAVER

עֲצֵם-יִם הִיא לַמַּחְזִיקִים בָּהּ,
וְתַמְקֶיהָ מֵאֲשֶׁר.
דַּרְכֶיהָ דִּרְכֵי-נֹעַם,
וְכָל-נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹם.

It is a tree of life to those who grasp it,
and whoever holds on to it is happy.
Its ways are pleasant ways,
and all its paths, peaceful
(Proverbs 3.17-18)

*Eits cha-yim hi la-ma-cha-zi-kim ba,
ve-to-me-che-ha me-u-shar.
De-ra-che-ha dar-chei no-am,
ve-chol ne-ti-vo-te-ha sha-lom.*

May all I say and all I think
be in harmony with thee,
God within me, God beyond me,
maker of the trees.

In me be the windswept truth of shorepine,
fragrance of balsam and spruce,
the grace of hemlock.
In me the truth of douglas fir, straight, tall,
strong-trunked land hero of fireproof bark.
Sheltering tree of life, cedar's truth be mind,
cypress truth, juniper aroma, strength of yew.

May all I say and all I think
be in harmony with thee,
God within me, God beyond me,
maker of the trees.

In me be the truth of streamlover willow
soil-giving alder
hazel of sweet nuts, wisdom-branching oak.
In me the joy of crabapple, greatmaple, vinemaple,
cleansing cascara and lovely dogwood.
And the gracious truth of the copper branched arbutus,
bright with colour and fragrance,
be with me on the Earth.

May all I say and all I think
be in harmony with thee,
God within me, God beyond me,
maker of the trees.

CHINOOK PSALTER



IV. Atzilut

Blessings for Creation

Master of the universe,
grant us the ability to be alone;
may it be our custom to go outdoors each day
among the trees and grass,
among all growing things,
and there may we be alone,
and enter into prayer.

*There may we express all that is in our hearts,
talking with the One to whom we belong.
And may all grasses, trees, and plants
awake at our coming.*

Send the power of their life
into our words of prayer,
making whole our hearts and our speech.

RABBI NACHMAN OF BRATZLAV

כִּי-בְשִׂמְחָה תֵצְאוּ, וּבְשָׁלוֹם תּוֹבְלוּ ; הַהָרִים וְהַגְּבָעוֹת,
יִפְצְחוּ לִפְנֵיכֶם רִנָּה, וְכָל-עֵצֵי הַשָּׂדֶה, יִמְחְאוּ-כָף.

Ki be-simhah tai'tzei'un

U-ve-shalom tevulun

He-harim ve-hagva'ot yiftzehu lifneikhem rinah

Ve-khol atzai ha-sadeh yimha'u khaf

For you will go and come in joy and peace

The hills and valleys will burst out before you in song

And all the trees of the fields will clap hands. (Isaiah 55:12)

