

A KOL NIDRE SERVICE

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Experimental

Institute of Creative Judaism

(Music)

Reader

Yom Kippur is a night to mourn and cry out. It is a day for anguish and pain. It is a time to know the terror of empty existence.

Congregation

Man is a creature of guilt, and guilt is the father of despair. No evil overtakes him but that his innocence is put in doubt. Misfortune raises the spectre of self-accusation.

(Music)

Reader

We are then all one with Job, the man from Uz. Scripture tells that Satan once touched his life. His wealth vanished, his children died, and his body was afflicted. Out of his guilt-ridden innocence, Job's cry of despair is the cry of everyman who stands accused by the presumption of evil.

"Perish the day wherein I was born,
And the night which said, 'A man-child is born.'
May that day be darkness;
May it not be inquired after from above;
May light not shine upon it;
May darkness and the shadow of death claim it,
Because it did not shut the doors of my mother's womb,
And so hid trouble from my eyes.
For now I should have lain still and been quiet,
I should have slept, and been at rest."

Congregation

This is Yom Kippur, and the agony of existence is very near.
 This is Yom Kippur, and no matter the darkness, I must seek
 myself. Let not the pain of discovery keep guilt and anguish
 from my thoughts. For love cannot penetrate the darkness of
 the unknown.

Kol Nidre

Responsive Reading

Great is the work of man, and highly to be praised. Great are
 his cities and his nations. Nothing like him ever was.

Yet man has despoiled Eden, the flowers fade and the
 birds are silent; he has poisoned the earth and laid
 waste the goodness that nature has set before him.

How noble a creature is man. How artful he is in all his ways,
 how wondrous in all his doings. Nothing like him ever was.

Yet man's ways are corrupt on the earth; he lies and
 ravages to gain victory; he devours the land in his
 hunger.

How valiant is man, how glorious are his deeds. His reach ex-
 tends to the furthest boundaries. Nothing like him ever was.

Yet the pomp and glitter of majestic dynasties belong to
 an unreal past; the dead today, on distant battlefields,
 do not tell of glory.

How great is man, highest of life's forms, fittest of the
 evolutionary chain, little lower than the angels. Nothing
 like him ever was.

Yet, we who are the mighty look upon our works in
 sorrow. Is our tomorrow only to descend into the
 valley?

Reader

It's really a wonder
 That I haven't dropped all my ideals;
 They seem so absurd and impossible
 To carry out;
 Yet I keep them.
 Because in spite of everything,
 I still believe that people are really good
 At heart.

I simply can't build my hopes on a foundation
 Of confusion,
 Misery,
 And death.
 I see the world gradually being
 Turned into a wilderness.
 I hear the approaching thunder.
 I can feel the suffering of millions.
 And yet,
 If I look up into the heavens,
 I think that it will all come out right
 One of these days,
 That this cruelty will end,
 And that peace
 And tranquility
 Will return again.
 In the meantime, I must hold on
 To my ideals
 For perhaps the day will come
 When I shall be able to carry them out.

(From the Diary of Anne Frank
 "Letter to Kitty, Saturday, July 15, 1944")

Reader and Congregation

Though life is troubled, we are here;
 Despite the sorrow, we are here.
 We know of pain and failure;
 Still we are here.
 For the sun can shine on a winter day,
 And a warm embrace bring tomorrow's hope.

We have come tonight to be forgiven and to forgive,
 To forgive ourselves, as we would forgive others.
 For this we celebrate the Yom Kippur, to create atonements,

Not to condemn, but to accept,
 Not to dwell on moods bitter and dark,
 But to bring peace to the deep places of the human soul.

(Congregation rises)

Reader

Baruch et Adonai ha-me-vo-rach

Congregation

Baruch Adonai ha-me-vo-rach le-olam va-ed

Singing of Responses

Reader and Congregation

As we free ourselves from the conflicts and fears that estrange
 men one from the other, we seek to become one in fellowship. We
 hear the affirmation of unity in our ancient creed:

Shema yis-ra-el Adonai eloheynu Adonai echad.
 Baruch shem ke-vod mal-chu-to le-olam va-ed.

Singing of Responses

(Congregation is seated)

Reader

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose
 under the heaven:

Congregation

A time to be born, and a time to die;
 A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is
 planted;

Reader

A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;

Congregation

A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;

Reader

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

Congregation

A time to seek, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;

Reader

A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

Congregation

A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time for war, and a time for peace.

Reader

Let us together strive for peace. Let Israel join with the peoples of the earth to seek peace from the eternal source of peace. Blessed be our country that it may ever be a stronghold of peace, and its advocate in the council of nations. May contentment reign within its borders, health and happiness within its homes. Let the bonds of friendship and fellowship be strengthened among all the inhabitants of all lands. Thus will virtue and love hallow every home and every heart. Praised is the source of all being by whose power the community of man brings forth peace. Amen.

(Music)

Reader

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that obtaineth understanding.

Congregation

For her income is better than the income of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Reader

Wisdom is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Congregation

Length of days is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honour.

Reader

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Congregation

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that holdeth her fast.

(Congregation Rises)

(The Ark is Opened)

(Music)

Reader, holding the Torah

Torah is the ground of our dedication to truth. Its power has infused the search of centuries. From its devotion to wisdom we derive the charge to strive for wisdom; from its commitment to the good, we are impelled to seek the good. May the spirit of Torah abide with us as we turn to our lesson of the week.

(Music)

(Lesson)

(Torah is Raised and Dressed)

(Music)

(Sermon)

(Musical Interlude)

(Congregation Rises)

Reader and Congregation

Let us rejoice in the everliving creation, and give praise to the greatness that is manifest throughout the world. In the heavens above and the earth below, the divine glory stands revealed. Yet creation is never ended and the universe never full. Potentialities remain unrealized and promises unfulfilled. Thus even as we affirm the present, we commit ourselves to the future, to the ideal of ever higher being, and to the richness of the coming life.

Va-a-nach-nu ko-re-im u-mish-ta-cha-vim u-mo-dim lif-ne
me-lech mal-che ha-me-la-chim ha-ka-dosh ba-ruch hu.

Reader

On this night of Yom Kippur, above all other nights, we are aware that life is bounded. Guilt and loneliness, weakness and error are always before us. Nothingness threatens every moment of being, and we live with the sorrow of death. Yet all this we must bear, with courage and acceptance, this we must bear. From the eternal source of peace, we have been given the power all this to bear.

In Memoriam

Yit-ga-dal ve-yit-ka-dash she-meh ra-ba
 be-al-ma di-vera-chi-ru-teh
 ve-yam-lich mal-chu-teh
 be-cha-ye-chon u-ve-yo-me-chon
 u-ve-cha-ye de-chol beit yis-ra-el
 ba-a-ga-la u-viz-man ka-riv
 ve-im-ru amen

ye-he she-mah ra-ba me-va-rach le-a-lam u-le-al-me
 al-ma-ya

yit-ba-rach ve-yish-ta-bach ve-yit-pa-ar ve-yit-ro-mam
 ve-yit-na-se ve-yit-ha-dar ve-yit-a-le ve-yit-ha-lal
 she-meh de-ku-de-sha, be-rich hu,
 le-e-la min kol bir-cha-ta ve-shi-ra-ta
 tush-be-cha-ta ve-ne-che-ma-ta
 da-a-mi-ran be-al-ma ve-im-ru amen

ye-he she-la-ma ra-ba min sha-ma-ya ve-cha-yim
 a-le-nu ve-al kol yis-ra-el ve-im-ru amen

o-seh shalom bim-ro-mav, hu ya-a-seh shalom a-le-nu
 ve-al kol yis-ra-el ve-im-ru amen.

(Music)