



תִּיקוֹן הַכֶּלֶל
The Light Revealed

WITH REFLECTIONS BY RAV JOEY ROSENFELD
FORWARD BY MENACHEM POZNANSKI



TIKKUN KLALI

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FOREWARD

BY MENACHEM POZNANSKI

Discussion of a mystically oriented tool of repair within the context of recovery challenges perspectives many hold about the appropriate use of religious practice within a recovery/therapeutic process. The world of recovery often separates out the spiritual from the religious. Fear of inviting in old ideas that trigger feelings of shame, as well as memories of past emotional abuse from individuals that represented religious authority, and or others who leveraged the power that religion holds over us as a weapon of control, compels us to keep these two arenas separate from one another. For others, past experiences and associations of trying to use spiritual and religious practice as a magical medicine for what ails us, and the personal failures that followed, makes us flinch at the thought of letting the mystical back in.

For those reasons, and others, within the journey of recovery, as we want to welcome the religion of our youth/heritage back into our lives, it is most safe to limit religious practice to simply being an outward expression of our inner spiritual strength. An avenue to externalize the sense of connection we have fostered in our work of recovery as a vehicle of worship and connection to our Higher Power in a manner that feels at home for our souls. This way of approaching religion is safe. It allows us to take what we like, what speaks to our conviction, and leave the rest for later. It allows us to abandon some of the more complex and unfathomable parts of our relationship with God, and focus

on what fits our understanding. Safe and protected, we can integrate the conception of our higher power, that we uncovered and fostered in our spiritual recovery work, with the God of our forefathers, and the practices of our ancestors. A blending and bonding of our spiritual heritage that brings together the joy of recovery with the illumination of our Jewish souls.

Yet, sometimes and for some things, the possibility of a truer healing of spirit, is worth the risk of stepping out into an unknown arena of the sunlight of the spirit. Tikkun Klali is one such gift. Anyone with an experience of extended and long term recovery knows that the journey of recovery is one of continuous progress and adjustment. Rarely do we find someone who gains a measure of freedom from one addiction, problem behavior, defect of character or mental health challenge, without the seed and kernel of that challenge manifesting itself in some other area of life later on. Recovery from any life problem is not a one stop shop, it is a process that flowers over time and demands constant and consistent evolution. Hashem doesn't give us addictions and other mental health challenges to just get past them; he does so to open the door to a journey of personal fulfillment that brings with it deep meaning and purpose.

Sometimes this work to overcome the different manifestations of what lies deep down on the inside entails simply applying more discipline. The discipline of self mastery - working on our challenges one day, one step at a time - but also the discipline of receiving and instituting the spiritual

wisdom of our mentors as they teach us how to let God discipline us in another aspect of our life. Yet, sometimes the healing that is needed, and the phase of recovery we are up to, is one that doesn't just mean overcoming another symbol of the underlying challenge. Instead it means addressing the underlying "need" head on. Stepping away from the spiritual game of wackamole that progress not perfection often entails, and welcoming in the light of spiritual healing. This aspect of recovery, this juncture of spiritual development, is what we are talking about here in this pamphlet. An attempt to bring to the fore a powerful tool that is available to all, but so many simply don't know about. A revealing of light that so many are desperate for. A tool of healing, a powerful vitamin for spiritual development, that can help us to fulfill our spiritual destiny. This is precisely the kind of tool the Tikkun Klali of Rebbe Nachman of Breslov is.

Yet there is more. There is a powerful principle within the construct of the inner world of Torah that the higher and more potent a spiritual light is the lower down its impact and effect can descend. In this way Tikkun Klali is not just a vital tool for later phase recovery, when we have overcome the initial and most external formations of our dis-ease, and are ready to begin to address the problem that lays under the surface. It also is a vital tool for the person that lacks even the willingness to begin their journey of recovery in general, or a new aspect of recovery in an area not yet addressed. It represents, and can be an expression of, the willingness to be willing, the desire to have a desire. A step before step one, when even the admission of powerlessness evades us.

Over the past 20 years I have experienced and seen the miraculous effect of someone taking on themselves to say Tikkun Klali each day. It might have been to say the whole thing, it might have been to read just a few lines, but the common denominator was a real result, a shift in consciousness about their problem and the beginnings of willingness to take the steps that would lead to real change. The only condition that I found was that the individual had to be willing to recite, read and reflect on its passages not as a magical elixir that would fix what was wrong with them, a toxic affirmation that the individual was broken and not enough, hopeless and gross . The Tikkun coming down to a last ditch effort to curry enough favor to perhaps not be despised by Gd and themselves for the shameful character they had become. (When done in this context the result I observed was dulled and even counterproductive).

Instead when a person was willing to see the Tikkun not as a fix for what was wrong but instead a boost of energy that allows the natural strength within to emerge, they experienced powerful results. In this context these 10 chapters of Psalms are revealed as a powerful spiritual vitamins that can boost our soul immunity to behavior, attitudes and ideas that run contrary to our truest self. A tool that helps reveal the light within, to bring us back to being who we truly are. To act and behave up to our ideals, to live the way that we deserve.

The effect of this sort of utilization is undeniable to me in my experience. I have suggested it many times, and many times it has been

ignored, but when it was not real results followed. Not magical results that can be measured in moments and days, and not a collar and leash which can hold us back for more than a few hours and days from acting out, but instead a slow and steady growth and evolution that is most easily perceived from the outside, long before the person themselves realizes the full extent of the change. Real Spiritual Growth and Development.

I have thought many times of how to share this information with a wider audience, I thought writing a book about it might help. This was the background behind my book "Acceptance" which lays out a framework for understanding addiction, dependency and unwanted behavior and the underpinnings of the spiritual life needed to approach utilizing Tikkun Klali in an enriched and healthy (i.e. non-toxic) manner. Yet that work fell short of fully expressing what needed to be said and it didn't include the Tikkun itself. Lastly I lack the fundamental knowledge and insight to understand why and how the Tikkun works and how to give insight to its depths.

Fortunately for me, and for all of us, I have a true friend who does hold this insight, is a container of such knowledge, and is deeply capable of articulating the source for the mystical strength of this tool. Rav Joey Rosenfeld is a scholar in all ways. His authentic and encyclopedic knowledge of Torah, particularly the inner world of Torah, amazes students all over the world. Rav Joey is also a wise and learned therapist and scholar in the wisdom of psychology and philosophy with a

breadth of knowledge that includes music, science, sociology, poetry and theoretical psychology.

Most of all Rav Joey is a true Mekushar to Tzadikim and especially Rebbe Nachman. Lastly, Rav Joey gets it, he understands the experience of those who need and are in recovery. I doubt if there is anyone alive that is more adept and capable of introducing Tikkun Klali to those who need it most then Rav Joey. I am deeply grateful for his agreement to work on this project.

What you have before you is an essay by Rav Joey. In the essay Rav Joey presents a background understanding of the Tikkun Klali, what it comes to address and how we can use it in a manner that is enriching and healing. You'll notice throughout this pamphlet that we avoid the terms "fix" or "fixing" or place them in quotations. This highlights that what we seek to present here is meant to offer alternative to the idea that anyone who is struggling is broken and needs to be fixed. Instead our focus is on spiritual healing and personal development. Personal challenges are indicators of underlying deviation from our own inner truth. The work we do, both mystically, spiritually and therapeutically is meant to right our inner compass so that we can continue our journey toward our spiritual destiny free from the interruptions of false and or toxic distortions and blockages.

After Rav Joeys essay (starting at the back of the pamphlet, the way a hebrew book would read) we present the Tikkun itself. There you will

find a small idea at the beginning meant to help the reader set intention, followed by the Hebrew text. Following each chapter is another short essay from Rav Joey which frames the particular chapter and what it represents, followed by a transliterated version of the chapter in english letters.

You will notice that we didn't include a translation. This is very much on purpose. While it is useful to have some sense of the intention underlying Tikkun Klali, its also vital to remember the medicinal and prophylactic nature of reciting it. The power it holds is in the surrender to the process and to enunciating the words of King David. When we do this, we become chariots for the emotion, spiritual wisdom and soulful power contained in the words themselves freed from the limits of our current conception.

We allow King David to speak through us, we allow the deepest parts of ourselves to cry out from the depths. This allows the potency of the Tikkun to permeate into the depths of our being allowing the Tikkun to have its fullest healing effect.

Finally, it's most vital to acknowledge that this project would not be a reality without the dutiful effort of Mrs. Zoe Katz. Zoe took it upon herself to nudge and push Rav Joey and myself to complete this project and especially before Rosh Hashana (5785), a day Rebbe Nachman reveals as his day. Zoe not only designed the cover and layout but also was the driving force to make sure it happened. May Zoe and Jack, her

husband, be showered with Shefa, Bracha V'Hatzlacha in all ways, material and spiritual. Also I would be would be remiss not to mention the team behind Zoe, her mentor and supervisor Gittel Follman and the entire TLR team and family.

We hope that you enjoy this small chip of a book and that you take advantage of this potent tool for spiritual growth. On behalf of Rav Joey, we hope we meet someday as we all trudge the road to spiritual destiny and beyond, may this be the final small step that triggers a Geula BeRachamim, immediately and right away.

TIKKUN KLALI REVEALED

BY RAV JOEY ROSENFELD

When it comes to the spiritual journey of personal fulfillment, the challenge that ultimately remains (after any and all progress) is that of the body and its coexistence with our soul. We can spend untold hours contemplating depth upon depth of spiritual awakening, ascending from one new idea to the next, but in the end we must return to our bodies. Operating in a state of seeming diametric opposition, the body and the soul always feel like they are pushing back against one another. An irreducible discomfort that marks the human condition.

While the soul is sourced in unfathomable heights of spiritual refinement, the body is rooted in the fathomable depths of physical thickness. Naturally torn between these two territories, we grapple with the question of how to move forward. If I assume that the soul is most significant, then surely I must suppress the drives of the body which are often seemingly in opposition to the soul's desire. Yet, if I deny the drives of the body for the sake of the soul, the echoes of unaddressed need may prevent me from being present enough to experience any spirituality at all. Even worse, if I accept the common diagnosis of the body as a negative which stands in stark opposition to matters of the spirit, I will likely encounter far worse symptoms of toxicity of the mind down the road. Taught that the body, and all that it represents, is a bad thing, to be avoided and contained, we might develop attitudes towards

our physical self that are shameful and repressive. Instead of integrating the physiological reality of the self into the territory of spirituality, the body is transformed into an enemy that must be defeated and domesticated.

If this approach to being-in-this-world led to an increase in the soul's capacity to thrive that would perhaps be one thing, but in the truth of experience this dark approach of denying the body for the sake of the soul has only perpetuated the suffering with which we struggle. In the hopes of concealing the heaviness-of-the-body to reveal the lightness-of-the-soul, we ultimately conceal the lightness-of-the-soul and reveal the heaviness-of-the-body.

This issue is aggravated when we take note of the body's natural limitation, meaning to say, the inevitability of the body's struggle. As the physical vehicle through which human limitation is expressed, the body is by definition something that cannot be controlled, it is a force that exceeds the soul's grasp. Try as we may to beat it into submission, or even educate it towards consequential thinking and delayed gratification, there will always be an element of the body that escapes the power of the mind, eventually. The success of white-knuckling can only take us so far. Will power is not enough.

Even when one, theoretically, overcomes physical urges through manipulation of the mind, the blindspot of the body persists. It represents a possibility of breakdown. The body functions like a

machine that runs with or without the conscious attention of a the operator. As such, it will always function within the realm of temptation and craving. Even when the intellectual and emotional elements of the physical body are under control, the body continues to have a mind of its own. The all too human sense of impending catastrophe remains. Caught between the shame-inducing repression of the body's reality, on one side, and the body's inevitable susceptibility toward struggle, on the other, we are all but condemned to live a life in an excluded middle between these two unideal options. A toxic realm where anticipatory-shame and anxiety reign supreme.

Compelled to try with all our might to control the urges of our body (out of fear of punishment and guilt, while simultaneously aware of our shame-inducing limitation) the soul remains buried under the immense heaviness of our humanity. Split within the crossfire of mutually frustrating options, every ache and pain of the body awakens the terror of restriction and containment. Every time our body reasserts its power over and above the soul, we are further convinced that any past spiritual awakening was accidental and our transgression is what's essential. Beaten into submission of the inevitable falls that litter our path towards personal mastery and spiritual fulfillment, every momentary struggle is a reminder of our weakness. With the eventual separation of the soul and the body the only reasonable relief to this never ending imbalance, we can fall into the trap of "trying to kill time" with artificial means of escape. A desperate attempt to silence the difficult intensity of being Human. Try as we may to get back up, we become convinced that it is only a matter of time before darkness returns.

Conditioned by this violent approach - which sees the body as an unfortunate symptom of being human - it can be reasonably argued that the history of spiritual discipline itself is one of toxic repression. An ever evolving attempt to deny the body its rightful place at the table of spirituality. Seen through the old familiar lens, the only solution to the impossible condition of being human was to admonish the body, to relegate it to a lower level of significance that must be controlled, manipulated, and domesticated, so as to enable the soul a moment to breathe and perhaps flourish. Both restricting the body in the hopes of calming its force, as well as punishing the self for momentary lapses into pleasure seeking, the body and self are confronted from all sides. Seeking to balance the scales of guilt and shame, self-abusive attitudes develop for the spiritually inclined, while denial and limitation are prescribed for the uninitiated. Seen as the site of sin and transgression, the body was blamed, scapegoated, for the ills of the spirit. While some of these attitudes were necessary stops along the way towards refinement, the general and abiding sense one gets when looking back, is a spiritual doctrine of repression and sadness. Repression in response to the emergence of urges and lived bodily sense, and sadness as a result of denying a fundamental part of ourselves. Just as the darkening territory of exile projected a dark approach to the lightness of the body, so too did the repressive approach to the body lead to a sad hopelessness of the soul, as it came to see itself as locked within a vessel that carried no light.

Yet, within these traumatic winds of time, a revolution began to take

shape, because something needed to desperately change. A reorientation to the body, a new way of looking, that would build up rather than break down. One that understood the destructive symptoms of repression, as well as the spiritual and existential needs of the moment. Far from celebrating the body, or advocating for its full expression, these steps of change began with a simple softening of approach, slackening the grip with which the soul sought to suffocate the drives of the body. Ever aware of the spiritual danger inherent within any path that gives free reign to the body. in its instinctive tendency, the rehabilitation of the body in the realm of spirituality represented a slow and subtle shift that changed everything over time. Welcomed as a necessary neighbor, the needs of the body were elevated to the realm of preparation. No longer able to deny the all too human need to eat and drink, the spiritual masters uncovered a new vision, one that incorporated the body and its needs into something tolerable, unfortunate but refinable, when engaged with proper intentions.

(There is an important distinction that must be made at this point to be clear. Denouncing the repression of the body in the history of spirituality, is most certainly not at the service of physical pleasure. The unimaginable exposure to dopamine through the physical pleasures of the body is not something that we, who seek a spiritual way of life, look to embrace. In fact, the opposite is true, for the perpetual craving towards physical pleasure stands in direct opposition to the yearning of the soul. When we speak of welcoming the body into the spiritual discourse, it is not meant as an allowance for the perpetually

transgressive nature of pleasure seeking. Rather, it is an attempt to reflect anew on the way in which we deal with the fact that, as spiritual beings with a body, we are subject to the ever changing nature of being within a body in the physical world.)

Softening the force in which the sobering of the body was expressed, the discourse shifted to one of tolerance rather than war, acceptance rather than battle. Acknowledging the irreducible shape of the physical vessel, the path of spirituality took a more welcoming approach to the body, highlighting the dangers, while making space for its functioning. After all, so much of lived experience is oriented toward the body. To deny its role would be to rid ourselves of half our spiritual experience. The fact that we exist as self conscious souls within the unconscious vessel of the body is proof enough that it must be incorporated into our spirituality, for who could conceive of ignoring half of what we are. To deny the significance of the body is to deny existence, and to deny existence is to deny "He Who spoke and brought existence into being". The one who brought us to where we are today.

The distance between these two territories is the space where human development has taken shape. While certain spiritual paths seek to deny the body for the sake of the soul, ignore the soul for the sake of the body, or even try to erase the difference between the two; it is the light of the Baal Shem Tov zy"a that revealed to us the path through which we will arrive at the secret of balance. The impossible territory where body and soul are unified, while remaining separate.

The Baal Shem Tov zy“revealed a new and yet ancient truth, that the body must be included within the service of G-d. It is not enough to accept the body as an unfortunate symptom of being human. That remains far too close to the model of complete repression. Having been taught for so long that the physical stands in stark opposition to the spiritual, the mere acceptance of the body is not enough to break our minds free from the confines of shame and disgust. It needs something more potent, a cleaner break from the paths of darkness of the past, to reveal the true light of human spiritual experience. The body and its needs will always work at the service of the soul, but that does not mean that the work of the body cannot be transformed into the work of the soul itself. Eating, drinking, healthy relationships, all of the elements of daily life that had been relegated to the trash heap of experience, are revealed to be points of light where a spiritual being having a human experience might encounter the opportunity of spiritual elevation. Engaging the physical world with newly opened eyes, each pocket of physicality becomes a spiritual opportunity. Engaging the physical element of experience with calmness, distance, and intention we elevate the physical world back into the realm of the spiritual, revealing the light of the spiritual within the physical itself.

While the path of the Baal Shem Tov zy“a revealed a new and yet ancient way of grappling with the question of the body, it did not yet reach the final destination. For despite the fact that repression of physicality was softened, the shame and pain associated with the

transgressive tendencies of the body was still not fully addressed. Yes, the undefined neutral territory of physical existence was revealed to have spiritual power - Yes, the table was transformed from a place of waste to an altar of service - but this type of spiritual work continued to demand physical obedience and order of the body. It did not yet address the irreducible frailty of the body in its cravenous weakness. One could tame the body through the intensive spiritual practice prescribed by the Baal Shem Tov and his students, but the body still remained. Even if the individual had uncovered the path of sober and healthy living, the susceptibility of the body towards "sin" could not be erased. Even when the conscious and wakeful behavior was under control, the body continued to operate in accordance with its unconscious and habituated drives. It seemed, that despite our progress, as long as the soul remained caught up within the body, the possibility, the eventuality, of perpetual failure, of revealed imperfection, and the shame and sadness that followed, remained. The body resists full control so we could never complete the work of the body. Even when 99% of the body was transformed into a channel of spirituality, the one percent that remained could call the entire process into question. No doubt we might be entirely ready to have all limitations and defects of character removed but we could hardly expect perfection for real. If so, wow could one be certain that they had escaped the cravings of the body. If the possibility of relapse into its transgressive nature remained ever present, was any sobriety achieved in the first place even for the 99%?

Nevertheless, because a new path had been charted, the concept of the body was redeemed in various parts. The word parts here is specific, for it was only the particular areas of the body that could be elevated back up to spirituality that were considered redeemed, while the seemingly unredeemable parts remained stuck in darkness and shame. Developing a binary between that which can be redeemed and that which remained irredeemable, human experience was categorized into two aspects: the parts that can be fixed and the parts that are unfixable and therefore hopeless. In truth, because the potency of the Baal Shem Tov's path was so strong, nearly everything was revealed to be "fixable", but there always remained a certain part that could not be "fixed". This reality was particularly true for those aspects of self which touch upon our very sense of self and person. Representing the essential drives at the heart of the human being, the quest towards connection, attachment, relation, bonding, conquest and love, drives filled with soul and meaning. Yet, because they rest at the center of our Being, they can have a tendency to deviate from their appointed task. A possibility of descending into the various shame inducing symptoms that cluster around them.

In addition, unlike other parts of our self, where failure does not come with a such a deep sense of despair, this foundation stone rests at the center, and so if something misses the point, the entire edifice of the self seems called into doubt. As a result, well intentioned protection around these most mysterious drives, notions of concern and fear, persists. Language of inflexibility and shame become fixtures surrounds

our foundation. The sense that there is a part of us that could not be "fixed", perpetuates.

This point of self, highly triggerable, and deeply tied up with questions of shame and despair, seems to make or break our sense of self within our body. The result; the discourse surrounding these areas of spiritual development devolves into a language of severity and "unfixability". The toxically inclined, basing themselves on certain texts (sometimes within, sometimes without, healthy context) make generalized assumptions regarding this foundation which bend towards personal and spiritual destruction and despair. Fasting, punishment, repression, restriction, all of the old ghosts of the body's discourse, come back to life in an effort to haunt the delicate soul that has fallen prey to the physical temptations at the center of self.

Something must be done, and urgently. If the spiritual circumstances of daily living made feeling good and confident about ourselves an easy task, perhaps we could live with this blind spot, but the opposite is true. Caught within the heaviness of a body that continues to carry traces of shame and despair, when encountered with our imperfections, we find a natural proclivity and pull towards toxic self-judgment. This is deeply dangerous. A visit to the realm of hopelessness. To feel that there is something "unfixable" is far more than just a particular point; it quickly becomes a defining perspective of self. It isn't enough to know the particular paths of "fixing" the different parts of our self - a "tikkunai prati" - we need something bigger, something more holistic, something

holistic, something that takes the whole self into consideration, a "Tikkun Klali". Not an approach which looks at each defect, flaw or limitation, in isolation, but rather a general repair that heals all aspects, that goes to the core of the problem, even those manifestations which we become convinced are "unfixable". To see the self from beyond the particular point of struggle, to zoom out, so as to see ourselves from our true shape of goodness.

Though it may seem unlikely or impossible to repair the core and everything of our self, it isn't that difficult. In fact, it is quite simple. It entails an utter surrender of self, and the willingness to follow good suggestions. Rebbe Nachman came along and offered us what we so desperately needed, a simple plan of simple action that would awaken a simple approach to the simplicity of the self in its illumination and unity. Nothing complex, just the radical affirmation of goodness that is unlocked through an essential formula of 10 of King David's Psalms. This is not to say that the discovery of the Tikkun Klali - the general remedy - was a simple thing. We lack ability and context to even begin to grasp the heavy lifting and endless effort of the true Tzaddik to alleviate the burden of the simple souls, but once the heavy work was complete, we are beneficiaries of an emergent technology.

Reducing the complications of self to the simplest form possible, we can receive the gift of the Tikkun Klali. A redemptive calmness of knowing that everything can and will be healed. Nothing is beyond repair, for the very belief in our capacity to destroy is the basis of our belief in the

simple nature of healing. Abandoning the ego and its pessimistic despair, the faithful trust with which we approach the Psalms of the Tikkun Klali is the gateway through which we enter into the palace of healing. Identifying the deepest point of the body and its constriction, Rebbe Nachman revealed the ease and care with which we can approach matters of the body. We no longer need to wallow in the pits of self loathing that are created by feelings of hopelessness and "unfixable" brokenness. We must stand strong with the full awareness that everything, everything, everything can be healed and repaired.

We can no longer take the particular approach to the fixing of the body, for even if we fix 99.9% of the physical, there will always remain a .1% that will remain imperfect. Not because we are bad or sinful or careless, but because we are human and as such are, by definition, an imperfect shadow of perfection. Not imperfect because we are not good enough, but rather because Hashem, The Highest Power, is the only perfect, in all manners of perfection. His Perfect Holiness is always and perpetually just over the horizon of our journey toward personal fulfillment and purpose.

Armed with the newfound ease which Rebbe Nachman's Tikkun Klali brings into the discourse of the body, our imperfection is no longer a confirmation of weakness and frailty. With the confidence of the "General Repair" - the Tikun Klali - we can know and trust that all will be okay. That we are okay. That we are ready to receive, honor and own our inherent perfect-imperfection with joy and confidence, faithfully trudging the road of happy destiny.

Yet, while the essential light of "Tikkun Klali" serves to remove shame induced hopelessness from the territory of the body and its processes, there is another element of light that is revealed by it, one that is far more hidden, concealed away for the future. Rebbe Nachman himself describes the Tikkun Klali as being a full expression of what the holy Zohar refers to as "the simple, double, triple, fourfold song of the future", the one, two, three, four process that equals the ten chapters of Tehillim which make up the Tikkun. The notion of this song is the radical secret that it is specifically within the lower territories of human experience that the loftiest lights of spirituality will be revealed. The simple song (Shir Pashut) represents the soul in its isolation without any pollution or notion of the body. The doubled song (Shir Kaful) is when the soul finds expression in its thoughts, the lofty territories of self beyond the complication of the body. The threefold song (Shir Meshulash) is when the soul finds expression in the emotions of the heart, furthering the congealment of the soul within human experience. Yet, corresponding to the four letters of Hashem's name, (Shir Merubah) it is the fourfold song, that expresses the self in its entirety. Not only in thought and emotion, but within the physical body as well.

Yet, how can this be? How can the loftiest expression of song, revealed in the fullness of the fourfold expression of Hashem's Name, be dependent upon the lowest element of the self, the concealing body? The answer; in the truest truth, the body is in and of itself the loftiest point of revelation. It is the channel through which Hashem has chosen to reveal the soul. As long as we live with untempered temptation and

struggle, the body continues to be caught up in the discourse of weakness and failure, but in the future that body will be revealed to have always been keeping score. Keeping score not only of the past, but of the redemptive future as well. In the future, we are told by our Tzadikim, the soul will no longer teach the body, rather the body will teach the soul. The body, the smallness, the concealment we must go through to reveal Hashem in this world, is the ultimate teacher. The embodied awareness of being a walking paradox rooted in the highest point of faith is the site in which the Infinite light of Hashem will always be most revealed, more and more. The goal is not a soul without a body, if that were the case, then what purpose would there be in the rejuvenation of the dead, a return to the body itself? Rather, the body, this world, is the ultimate goal. The refinement and acceptance of the body is in and of itself the low place in which Hashem desires most deeply to build His dwelling. Not only through the spiritual contemplation of transcendental ideals, but specifically within the practical action of imminent reality. The more we come to terms with the body and its irreducible concealment, the more we transform ourselves into vessels that can receive the highest lights. The more shame we shed, the more redemption comes.

The Tale of the Armor

A story told by Rebbe Nachman regarding the revelation of the Tikkun Klali:

“He continued to speak with us, and he explained that when one goes out to battle they dress themselves in protective armor, nevertheless an arrow can be aimed at the vulnerable point of the body without armor, for the armor can not cover the entire body. If the arrow is aimed directly at the point where the armor ends, or if many arrows are shot to the point that the armor itself is broken, then the individual can certainly be killed. But how can we create an armor that even when a person is killed, they can return back to life, and if they kill him again, he can come back to life again...”

No matter how hard we try to perfect ourselves, there will always be a point of imperfection that remains. The question is not how to become perfect, the question is how do I pick myself back up after I fall? The armor can never be complete, and this awareness itself is where the healing and repair begins. Rebbe Nachman associates the revelation of the Tikkun Klali with the handless beggar from his “Tale of Seven Beggars”. The handless beggar brags of his strength, the speed of his hands, when he explains that his hands are so fast, they can retrieve the arrow even after it has been shot, offering ten forms of healing in the place of the ten forms of suffering. The goal is not to make sure the arrow never gets shot, for we are imperfect, only God is perfect. The goal, rather, is to retrieve the arrow even after it’s been shot, to find the light from within the darkness itself.



טוב לומר זאת לפני אמירת העשרה מזמורים

הריני

מקשר עצמי באמירת העשרה מזמורים אלו
לכל הצדיקים האמתיים שבדורנו. ולכל הצדיקים
האמתים שוכני עפר. קדושים אשר בארץ המה. ובפרט
לרבנו הקדוש צדיק יסוד עולם נחל נובע מקור חכמה
רבנו נחמן בן פיגא. זכותם יגן עלינו ועל כל ישראל
אמן

לכו נרננה ליהוה נריעה לצור ישענו: נקדמה פניו
בתודה בזמרות נריע לו: כי אל גדול יהוה ומלך גדול
על כל אלהים:

הריני מזמן את פי להודות ולהלל ולשבח את בוראי.
לשם יחוד קודשא בריך הוא ושכינתה בדחילו ורחימו
על ידי ההוא טמיר ונעלם בשם כל ישראל:



Reflection: "Gathering the strength to face the self... attaching ourselves to the words of King David... We come to rediscover the deepest part of ourselves that has not yet been revealed..."

מִכַּתָּם לְדוֹד שְׁמֵרֵנִי אֵל כִּי־חֲסִיתִי בְךָ: אָמַרְתָּ
לַיהוָה אֲדֹנָי אַתָּה טוֹבֹתִי בִלְעָלֶיךָ: לְקַדּוּשִׁים
אֲשֶׁר־בָּאָרֶץ הַמָּה וְאֲדִירִי כָל־חֲפָצֵי־בָם: יִרְבּוּ
עֲצֻבוֹתָם אַחֵר מֵהָרֹו בִלְאִסִּיךְ נִסְכֵּיהֶם מִדָּם
וּבִלְאִשָּׁא אֶת־שְׁמוֹתָם עַל־שִׁפְתָּי: יְהוָה מִנְתַּחֲלָקִי
וְכוֹסִי אַתָּה תוֹמִיךְ גּוֹרֵלִי: חֲבָלִים נִפְלוּ־לִי בִנְעָמִים
אֶף־נִחַלְתָּ שְׁפָרָה עָלַי: אֲבָרְךָ אֶת־יְהוָה אֲשֶׁר יַעֲצֵנִי
אֶף־לִילֹוֹת יִסְרוּנִי כְלִיּוֹתַי: שְׁוִיתִי יְהוָה לְנִגְדִי תָמִיד כִּי
מִימִינִי בִלְאִמּוּט: לָכֵן שָׂמַח לִבִּי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדִי
אֶף־בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכֵּן לְבַטָּח: כִּי לֹא־תַעֲזֹב נַפְשִׁי לְשֹׂאוֹל
לֹא־תִתֵּן חֲסִידְךָ לְרֹאוֹת שַׁחַת: תּוֹדִיעֵנִי אֲרַח חַיִּים
שִׁבַּע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצָּח:

BRACHA

Gathering the strength to face the self, even after it has fallen, is quite a task. With our sense of strength having fallen, it is all too natural to develop a spiritual attitude of hopelessness and inauthenticity, various shades of self loathing, which compel us to wallow in our despair. Attaching ourselves to the words of King David, the one who teaches us how to get up from within the fall itself, we develop the courage to face our Higher Power once again. We come to rediscover the deepest part of ourselves that has not yet been revealed until this very moment. We may have fallen, yes, but we have not lost hope. We may struggle, yes, but the light of calmness and sobriety are available to us like never before. Silencing the deafening noise of self doubt and shame, we open our mouths, becoming the vehicle for a strength that comes from beyond us. A power greater than ourselves. Descending into the difficult territory of spiritual courage, we seek out blessing from above. In the process, we come to discover that we are the blessing itself.

TRANSLITERATION

Michtam ledavid, shamerêni El ki chassiti vach Amart ladonai, Adonai áta, tovati bal alêcha Licdoshim asher baárets hêma, veadire col cheftsi vam Yirbu atseivotam, acher maharu, bal assich niskehem midam, uval essa et shemotam al sefatai Adonai menat chelki vechossi, ata tomich gorali Chavalim nafelu li baneimim, af nachalat shafera alai Avarech et Adonai asher iaatsáni, af lelôt yisserúni chil'iotai Shivíti Adonai lenegdi tamid, ki mimini bal emot Lachen samach libi vaiáguel kevodi, af bessari yishcon lavêtach Ki lo taazov nafshi lish'ol, lo titen chassidechá lir'ot shachat Todiêni orach chayim, sóva semachot et panêcha, neimot biminechá nétsach



Reflection: "Supporting our fragile selves upon the unshakeable stones...
No longer held back by the unwillingness to acknowledge our
shortcomings... a strength that is revealed from within the pain itself..."

לְדוֹד מְשֻׁכָּוֵל
אֲשֶׁרִי נְשׁוּי־פָשַׁע כְּסוּי חֲטָאָה: אֲשֶׁרִי
אָדָם לֹא יַחֲשֹׁב יְהוָה לוֹ עֹן וְאֵין בְּרוּחוֹ רַמְיָה:
כִּי־הִחַרְשֹׁתִי בָלוֹ עֲצָמִי בְשֹׂאגָתִי כָל־הַיּוֹם: כִּי | יוֹמָם
וּלְלַיְלָה תִּכְבֵּד עָלַי יָדְךָ נְהַפֵּךְ לְשֹׁדִי בְּחִרְבְּנִי קִיץ סֵלָה:
חֲטָאתִי אֹדִיעֶךָ וְעֹנִי לֹא־כִסִּיתִי אִמְרָתִי אֹדָה עָלַי
פָּשַׁעִי לִיהוָה וְאַתָּה נִשְׁאַתָּ עֹן חֲטָאתִי סֵלָה: עַל־זֹאת
יִתְפַּלֵּל כָּל־חֹסִיד | אֵלֶיךָ לָעֵת מִצָּא רַק לְשֹׁטֶף מַיִם
רַבִּים אֵלָיו לֹא יִגִּיעוּ: אַתָּה | סִתָּר לִי מִצָּר תִּצְרֵנִי רַנִּי
פִּלֹט תִּסּוּבְּנִי סֵלָה: אֲשַׁכֵּלְךָ | וְאוֹרְךָ בְּדֶרֶךְ־זוֹ תִלְךָ
אִיעֲצָה עָלֶיךָ עֵינַי: אֶל־תִּהְיוּ | כְּסוּס כְּפָרֶדֶן אֵין הָבִין
בְּמִתְגַּוְרֶסֶן עֲדִינוֹ לְבָלוֹם בֹּל קָרַב אֵלֶיךָ: רַבִּים
מִכְּאוּבִים לָרָשָׁע וְהַבּוֹטָח בִּיהוָה חֶסֶד יִסּוּבְּנֻ: שְׂמַחוּ
בִּיהוָה וְגִילוּ צְדִיקִים וְהִרְנִינוּ כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל־לֵב:

ASHREI

Supporting our fragile selves upon the unshakeable stones of King David's strength; deep closeness with the Only One, we allow ourselves to courageously show up. No longer held back by the unwillingness to acknowledge our shortcomings, we express our feelings of smallness through the words of sharing. Yes we have fallen to wherever we have fallen. Yes we have fallen prey to the heaviness of concealment, but we also know that You are hidden wherever we find ourselves. You continue to strengthen us, giving us the courage to show up once again. There is pain but there is also strength, A strength that is revealed from within the pain itself. You have carried me until now, so please continue to carry me. Help me uncover the path towards healing, a healing that can only take place in the light of Your Face. I will not fall into hopelessness, I will not let go of my miraculous human strength to praise you from within the darkness. I trust in You, and by trusting in You I know deeply that the light I need is already here.

TRANSLITERATION

Ledavid maskil, ashrê nessui pêsha kessui chataá Ashrê adam lo iach'shov
Adonai lo avon, veen berucho remiia Ki hecheráshti balu atsamai,
beshaagati col haiom Ki iomam valaila tichbad alai iadêcha, nepach leshadi
becharvonê cáyits sêla Chatati odiacha vaavoni lo chissíti, amarti ode alê
feshai ladonai, veata nassáta avon chatati sêla Al zot yitpalel col chassid
elêcha leet metso, rac leshétef máyim rabim elav lo iaguíu Ata séter li mitsar
titserêni, ranê falet tessovevêni sêla Askilechá veorechá bedérech zu telech,
iátsa alêcha eni Al tihui kessus keféred en havin, beméteg varéssen edio
livlom bal kerov elêcha Rabim mach'ovim larashá, vehabotêach badonai
chéssed iessovevênu Simchu badonai veguílu tsadikim, veharnínu col yishrê
lev



Reflection: "Opening my eyes to face myself... yes, I question my strength, but there is a truth that abides above and beyond... You are with me. You lift me up... I am not afraid of the ghosts of despair,"

לְתַנְצֵם מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד: אֲשֶׁרִי מִשְׁכִּיל אֶל-דֵּל בְּיוֹם
רָעָה יִמְלִיטֶהוּ יְהוָה: יְהוָה | יִשְׁמְרֶהוּ וַיַּחֲיֶהוּ יֵאָשֶׁר
[וְאֲשֶׁר] בָּאָרֶץ וְאֶל-תִּתְּנֶהוּ בְּנַפְשׁ אִיבָיו: יְהוָה יִסְעֶדְנִי
עַל-עֶרְשׁ דָּוִי כָּל-מִשְׁכָּבוֹ הִפְכָּת בְּחִלּוֹ: אֲנִי-אִמַּרְתִּי
יְהוָה חֲנֹנִי רַפָּאָה נִפְשִׁי כִּי-חָטָאתִי לָךְ: אוֹיְבֵי יֹאמְרוּ
רַע לִי מָתִי יָמוּת וְאֶבֶד שָׁמוֹ: וְאִם-בָּא לְרֹאוֹת | שׁוֹא
יְדַבֵּר לְבֹו יִקְבֹּץ-אֶנּוֹן לוֹ יֵצֵא לַחוּץ יְדַבֵּר: יַחַד עָלַי
יִתְּלַחֲשׁוּ כָּל-שֹׁנְאֵי עָלַי | יַחֲשֹׁבוּ רָעָה לִּי: דְּבַר-בְּלִיעַל
יִצְוֶק בּוֹ וְאֲשֶׁר שָׁכַב לֹא-יוֹסִיף לָקוּם: גַּם-אִישׁ שְׁלוֹמִי
| אֲשֶׁר-בִּטַּחְתִּי בּוֹ אוֹכַל לַחֲמִי הִגְדִּיל עָלַי עֵקֶב: וְאַתָּה
יְהוָה חֲנֹנִי וְהַקִּימֵנִי וְאַשְׁלֹמָה לָהֶם: בְּזֹאת יֵדַעְתִּי
כִּי-חָפַצְתָּ בִּי כִּי לֹא-יָרִיעַ אִיבִי עָלַי: וְאֲנִי בְּתִמִּי תִמְכָּת
בִּי וְתַצִּיבֵנִי לְפָנֶיךָ לְעוֹלָם: בָּרוּךְ יְהוָה | אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
מִהָעוֹלָם וְעַד הָעוֹלָם אָמֵן | וְאָמֵן:

MASKIL

Opening my eyes to face myself unflinchingly, I come to find the old and familiar ideas. Thoughts of self loathing and despair, a sense of stuckness and darkness, populates my mind. Yes there are difficult feelings, and yes I question my strength, but there is a truth that abides above and beyond the incoming weakness. For it is specifically within the fear of defeat that I come to remember the ultimate source of victory, the Power Greater than myself that can restore me to sanity. While the voices of despair whisper words of hopelessness, your words of strength speak even louder. It is true, I cannot stand strong on my own, but I am not alone. You are with me. You lift me up. You believe in me. I am not afraid of the ghosts of despair, You have shown me my true spirit over and over. You have not abandoned me, even when I felt like abandoning myself. Your love extends from the heights to the depths, from the light to the darkness.

TRANSLITERATION

Lamnatsêach mizmor ledavid Ashrê maskil el dal, beiom raá iemaletêhu
Adonai Adonai yishmerêhu vichaiêhu veushar baártes, veal titenêhu
benéfesh oievav Adonai yis'adênu al éres devai, col mishcavo hafáchta
vecholió Ani amárti Adonai chonêni, refaá nafshi ki chatáti lach Oievai
iomeru ra li, matai iamut veavad shemo Veim ba lir'ot shav iedaber, libo
yicbats áven lo, ietse lachuts iedaber lachad alai yit'lachashu col soneai, alai
iach'shevu raá li Devar beli'íaal iatsuc bo, vaasher shachav lo iossif lacum
Gam ish shelomi asher batachti vo ochel lachmi, higdil alai akev Veata
Adonai chonêni vahakimêni, vaashalema lahem Bezot iadáti ki chafáts'ta bi,
ki lo iaría oievi alai Vaani betumi tamáchta bi, vatatsivêni lefanêcha leolam
Baruch Adonai Elohe Yisrael mehaolam vead haolam, amen veamen



Reflection: "What keeps me stuck?... Yes, there is craving, but it is not for something graspable... I can finally accept my desire... elevating it back up to its supernal source..."

לְתַנְצֵם

מִשְׁכִּיל לְבִנְיָקָרַח: כֹּאִיל תַּעְרָג עַל-

אֲפִיקֵי־מַיִם כֵּן נַפְשִׁי תַּעְרָג אֵלֶיךָ אֱלֹהִים: צִמְאָה
נַפְשִׁי | לֵאלֹהִים לֵאלֹהִי חַי מָתִי אָבוֹא וְאֶרְאֶה פָנַי
אֱלֹהִים: הִיתָה־לִּי דְמַעְתִּי לֶחֶם יוֹמָם וּלְיָלָה בְּאֶמֶר
אֵלַי כָּל־הַיּוֹם אֵיךְ אֱלֹהֶיךָ: אֵלֶּה אֲזַכָּרָה | וְאֶשְׁפָּכָה
עָלַי | נַפְשִׁי כִּי אֶעְבֹּר | בְּסֶךְ אֲדִידִים עַד־בֵּית אֱלֹהִים
בְּקוֹל־רִנָּה וְתוֹדָה הָמֹן חוֹגֵג: מִה־תִּשְׁתַּוְּחִי | נַפְשִׁי
וְתִהְיֶה עָלַי הוֹחִלִי לֵאלֹהִים כִּי־עוֹד אוֹדְנוּ יְשׁוּעוֹת
פָּנָיו: אֱלֹהֵי עָלִי תִשְׁתַּוְּחַ עַל־כֵּן אֲזַכָּרָךְ מֵאֲרֶץ
יְרֵדָן וְחֶרְמוֹנִים מִהֵר מְצָעַר: תְּהוֹם־אֶל־תְּהוֹם קוֹרָא
לְקוֹל צְנוּרֶיךָ כָּל־מִשְׁבָּרֶיךָ וְגִלְיָךְ עָלַי עָבְרוּ: יוֹמָם |
יִצְוָה יִהְיֶה | חֲסִדּוֹ וּבִלְיָלָה שִׁירָה [שִׁירוֹ] עִמִּי תִפְלָה
לֵאלֹהֵי חַיִּי: אוֹמְרָה | לֵאלֹהֵי סִלְעִי לְמָה שְׂכַחְתָּנִי לְמָה־

קִדְרֵי אֵלֶךְ בְּלֶחֶץ אוֹיֵב: בְּרֹצַח | בְּעֲצֻמוֹתַי חֲרָפוֹנִי
צוּרִי בְּאִמְרָם אֵלַי כָּל־הַיּוֹם אֵינִי אֶלְהִידָּ:
מִה־תִּשְׁתַּוְּחִי | נַפְשִׁי וּמִה־תִּהְיֶה עָלַי הוֹחִילִי
לֵאלֹהִים כִּי־עוֹד אוֹדְנִי יִשׁוּעַת פָּנֶי וְאֱלֹהֵי:

LAMNATZEACH

What keeps me stuck? What is it that allows the ups and downs to continue, why do I find myself always crawling back? I know the external reasons, I know the triggers and the habits, but what rests beneath the process that leads me back into the things I so desperately desire to escape? In moments of despair I have blamed the body and its craving, but armed with the strength of King David's words, I know there is something else going on. Yes there is craving, but it is not for something graspable. Yes there is desire, but it is not for the fleeting relief that the pleasures of my "drug of choice" seem to offer. It is a yearning towards spirituality and illumination, a craving desire to come closer to my Higher Power. Depth calls out to depth, the soul cries out to the heavens. My body is not sick with illness, rather my soul is lovesick for You. Hashem, Master of the universe, when I uncover the true source of my desire, two things happen; I can finally stop seeking to satisfy an inside craving with an outside satisfaction, and I can finally accept my desire as a feature of my spirit, elevating it back to its supernal source at the root of my soul.

TRANSLITERATION

Lamnatsêach maskil livnê Côrach Keaial taarog al afikê máyim, ken nafshi taarog elêcha Elohim Tsamea nafshi lelohim leel chai, matai avo veerae penê Elohim Haíta li dim'ati léchem iomam valaila, beemor elai col haiom aie Elohêcha Êle ezkerá veesh'pechá alai nafshi, ki eevor bassach edadem ad bet Elohim, becol riná vetodá hamon chogueg Ma tishtochachi nafshi vatehemi alai, hochíli lelohim ki od odênu ieshuót panav Elohai alai nafshi tishtochach, al ken ezcorchá meérets larden vechermonim mehar mits'ar Tehom el tehom core lecol tsinorêcha, col mishbarêcha vegalêcha alai aváru lomam ietsave Adonai chasdo uvalaila shiro imi, tefila leel chaiai Omera leel sal'i, láma shechachtáni, láma coder elech beláchats oiev Berétsach beatsmotai cherfuni tsorerai, beomram elai col haiom aie Elohêcha Ma tishtochachi nafshi uma tehemi alai, hochili lelohim ki od odênu ieshuót panai velohai



Reflection: "To be in the world means to be chased... When viewing the world through the clouded lens of despair... this is only when I rely on my own strength... You can do for me what I couldn't do for myself"

לְחַנּוּץ אֶל-תִּשְׁחַתֹּךְ לְדוֹד מִכֶּתֶם בְּשִׁלְחַ שְׁאוּל
וַיִּשְׁמְרוּ אֶת-הַבַּיִת לַהֲמִיתוֹ: הֲצִילָנִי מֵאִיְבִי | אֱלֹהֵי
מִמֶּתְקוֹמִי תִשְׁגְּבֵנִי: הֲצִילָנִי מִפֶּעַלִי אֹוֹן וּמֵאֲנָשִׁי
דְּמִים הוֹשִׁיעֵנִי: כִּי הִנֵּה אֲרֹב לְנַפְשִׁי יִגְוְרוּ עָלַי עֲזִים
לֹא-פָשַׁעִי וְלֹא-חָטָאתִי יְהוָה: בְּלִי-עֹוֹן יְרוּצוֹן וַיְכַוְּנוּ
עוֹרָה לְקָרָאתִי וַרְאֵה: וְאַתָּה יְהוָה-אֱלֹהִים | צְבָאוֹת
אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל הִקְיָצָה לְפָקֶד כָּל-הַגּוֹיִם אֶל-תַּחַן
כָּל-בְּגָדֵי אֹוֹן סָלָה: יָשׁוּבוּ לָעָרֹב יִהְיוּ כִכָּלֹב וַיִּסּוּבּוּ
עִיר: הִנֵּה | יַבִּיעֹון בְּפִיהֶם חֲרָבוֹת בְּשִׁפְתוֹתֵיהֶם כִּי-מִי
שָׁמַע: וְאַתָּה יְהוָה תִּשְׁחַק-לָמוֹ תִלְעַג לְכָל-גּוֹיִם: עֲזוּ
אֱלֹהֶיךָ אֲשֶׁמְרָה כִּי-אֱלֹהִים מִשְׁגִּבִּי: אֱלֹהֵי חֲסִדוֹ [חֲסִדִּי]
יִקְדָּמֵנִי אֱלֹהִים יִרְאֵנִי בְּשִׁרְרִי: אֶל-תִּהְרָגֶם
כֹּן-יִשְׁכַּחוּ עַמִּי הִנִּיעֵמוּ בְּחִילְךָ וְהוֹרִידֵמוּ מִגִּבֹּרֹתֵי אֲדָנִי:

חֲטֹאת־פִּימוֹ דְּבַר־שְׁפָתַיִמוֹ וַיִּלְכְּדוּ בְּגֹאוֹנָם וּמֵאֱלֹהִים
וּמִכַּחַשׁ יִסְפְּרוּ: כֹּלָה בְּחֶמָה כֹּלָה וְאֵינָמוּ וַיֵּדְעוּ
כִּי־אֱלֹהִים מִשַּׁל בִּיעֶקֶב לְאַפְסֵי הָאָרֶץ סָלָה: וַיֵּשׁוּבוּ
לָעָרֵב יֵהֱמוּ כִכְלָב וַיִּסּוּבּוּ עִיר: הֵמָּה יְנוּעוֹן [יְנִיעוֹן]
לֹאֲכַל אִם־לֹא יִשְׁבְּעוּ וַיִּלְיִנוּ: וְאֲנִי אֲשִׁיר עֲזָךְ וְאֶרְנָן
לְבָקָר חֲסִידֶךָ כִּי־הָיִיתָ מִשְׁגָּב לִי וּמָנוֹס בְּיוֹם צָר־לִי:
עֲזֵי אֱלֹהֶיךָ אֲזַמְּרָה כִּי־אֱלֹהִים מִשְׁגָּבִי אֱלֹהֵי חֲסִדִּי:

SHIR

To be in the world means to be chased. Always feeling the need to run from or towards something. Always caught in the perpetual state of what might be. Having uncovered the true source of our desire which leads to our internal distress, we come to find that most of the enemies emerge from within the mind itself. This is not meant to minimize the struggle, rather it is meant to frame the process in which we fight for a moment of calm, a moment of OKAY. When I feel low about myself, everything outside of me becomes a threat. When viewing the world through the clouded lens of despair, every face I encounter appears more frightful than the next. Having held a defensive position for so long under the imaginary enemy within, I find myself bending towards the thicket of despair, toward a state of mind which will destroy spiritual progress. Yet, this is only when I rely on my own strength, for

when I remember that Hashem is running the show, I have nothing to fear. Instead of fighting, I can cultivate a mindset of confident trust. A trust that things will be good, a deep knowledge that I am still okay. Hashem, I don't have the strength to fend off the enemies of the mind, but You do. I turn myself over to You, so that You can do for me what I couldn't do for myself.

TRANSLITERATION

Lamnatsêach al tash'chet ledavid michtam, bishlôach Shaul vayishmeru et habáyit lahamito Hatsilêni meoievai Elohai, mimitcomemai tessaguevêni Hatsilêni mipôale áven, umeanshê damim hoshiêni Ki hine arevu lenafshi, iagúru alai azim, lo fish'i velo chatati Adonai Beli avon ierutsun veyiconánu, ura licrati ur'e Veata Adonai Elohim Tsevaót Elohê Yisrael, hakítsa lifcód col hagoyim, al tachon col bogdê áven sêla lashúvu laérev iehemu chacálev vissovevu ir Hine iabiun befihem charavót bessiftotehem, ki mi shomêa Veata Adonai tis'chac lámo, til'ag lechol goyim Uzo elêcha eshmora, ki Elohim misgabi Elohê chasdi iecademêni, Elohim iar'êni veshoreraí Al taharguem pen yish'kechú ami, haniêmo vechelechá vehoridêmo maguinênu Adonai Chatat pímo devar sefatêmo, veyilachedú vigueonam umeala umicachash iessapêru Cale bechema cale veenêmo, veiedeú ki Elohim moshel beiaacov leafsê haárets sêla Veiaashúvu laérev iehemu chacálev, vissovevu ir Hema ieniun leechol, im lo yisbeú vaialínu Vaani ashir uzêcha vaaranen labóker chasdêcha, ki hayíta misgav li umanos beiom tsar li Uzi elêcha azamêra, ki Elohim misgabi Elohê chasdi



Reflection: "When I come to terms with the fact that I am... the one who must relinquish the fantasy of perfect control... You have been here all along, protecting me in the moments of darkness. You are my strength even when I have none left..."

לְמַנְצֶחַם

עַל־יִדִּיתוֹן [יְדוּתוֹן] לְאַסָּף מִזְמוֹר: קוֹלִי
אֶל־אֱלֹהִים וְאַצְעֻקָה קוֹלִי אֶל־אֱלֹהִים וְהֶאֱזִין אֵלַי: בְּיוֹם
צָרָתִי אֲדַנִּי דְרָשְׁתִּי יָדַי | לִילָה נִגְרָה וְלֹא תִפּוּג מֵאֲנָה
הִנָּחֵם נַפְשִׁי: אֲזַכֶּרָה אֱלֹהִים וְאֶהְמִיָּה אֲשִׁיחָה | וְתִתְעַטֵּף
רוּחִי סֶלָה: אַחֲזֹתָ שְׁמֵרוֹת עֵינַי נִפְעַמְתִּי וְלֹא אֲדַבֵּר:
חֲשַׁבְתִּי יָמִים מִקֶּדֶם שָׁנוֹת עוֹלָמִים: אֲזַכֶּרָה נִגִּינָתִי בַלֵּילָה
עִם־לִבִּי אֲשִׁיחָה וַיַּחַפֵּשׁ רוּחִי: הִלְעוֹלָמִים יִזְנַח | אֲדַנִּי
וְלֹא־יִסְיֵף לְרִצּוֹת עוֹד: הָאָפֶס לְנִצָּח חֲסִדּוֹ גָּמַר אָמַר לְדֹר
וְדֹר: הִשְׁכַּח חַנּוּת אֵל אִם־קִפֵּץ בְּאֵף רַחֲמָיו סֶלָה: וְאָמַר
חֲלוֹתִי הִיא שָׁנוֹת יָמִין עֲלִיוֹן: אֲזַכִּיר [אֲזַכּוֹר] מַעֲלִי־יָהּ
כִּי־אֲזַכֶּרָה מִקֶּדֶם פְּלֹאֲךָ: וְהִגִּיתִי בְּכָל־פִּעְלֶךָ וּבַעֲלִילוֹתֶיךָ
אֲשִׁיחָה: אֱלֹהִים בִּקְדָשׁ דִּרְכְּךָ מִי־אֵל גָּדוֹל כְּאֱלֹהִים:
אֶתָּה הָאֵל עֲשֵׂה פֶלֶא הוֹדַעַת בָּעַמִּים עֲזָךְ: גָּאֲלָתָ בְּזִרְעֶךָ

עֲמָךְ בְּנִי־יַעֲקֹב וַיּוֹסֶף סֵלָה: רֹאֲךָ מִים | אֱלֹהִים רֹאֲךָ
מִים יַחֲלוּ אֶף יִרְגְּזוּ תַהֲמוֹת: זֶרְמוּ מִים | עֲבוֹת קוֹל
נָתַנּוּ שְׁחָקִים אֶף־חֲצִצְיֶיךָ יִתְהַלְכוּ: קוֹל רַעְמְךָ | בַּגְלָגֶל
הָאִירוּ בְּרָקִים תִּבֵּל רָגְזָה וַתִּרְעַשׂ הָאָרֶץ: בַּיָּם דִּרְכָּךְ
וּשְׁבִילֶיךָ [וְשִׁבְלֶיךָ] בְּמַיִם רַבִּים וְעִקְבוֹתֶיךָ לֹא נִדְּעוּ:
נְחִית כַּצֵּאן עֲמָךְ בִּיד־מֹשֶׁה וְאַהֲרֹן:

NIGGUN

When I come to terms with the fact that I am mostly chased by my own mind, I am ready to face the frightening realization that follows: the matter is dependent on me. I am the one who must let go and let God. I am the one who must relinquish the fantasy of perfect control and embrace the perpetual imperfection of being human. Progress not Perfection. Turning my gaze from the external enemy towards the inner territory of self, I arm myself for battle. Why do You appear to be so far, Hashem? Where were you when I needed You most, and why are You still not here with me? How is it that after all this time I am still so uncomfortable? The answer does not, and will not arrive in a direct way, for it is the difficult and never ending quest towards the answer that gives life its light. If I can't find You in the present, then I will remember you from the past. I will recollect all of the times that You lifted me out of my

despair, all of the loving kindness that You gave me without merit. You, and only You are the One that split the sea to let me free, You and only You can defeat the enemies that seek darkness rather than light. Ancient, ancient, ancient, You have been here all along, protecting me in the moments of darkness. You are my strength even when I have none left. Reaching back into the memories of time passed, I recall Your kindness, reflecting back on the moments of light, so that I can illuminate the darkness itself.

TRANSLITERATION

Lamnatsêach al iedutun leassaf mizmor Coli el Elohim veets'áca, coli el Elohim vehaazin elai Beiom tsarati Adonai daráshti, iadi laila niguerá velo tafug, meana hinachem nafshi Ezkera Elohim veehemaia, assícha vetit'atef ruchí sêla Acházta shemurot enai, nif'amti velo adaber Chishávti iamim mikédem, shenot olamim Ezkerá neguinati balaila, im levavi assícha, vaichapes ruchí Haleolamim yiznach Adonai, velo iossif lirtsot od Heafes lanétsach chasdo, gámar ômer ledor vador Hashachach chanot El, im cafats beaf rachamav sêla Vaomar chaloti hi, shenot iemin Elion Ezcór maalelê lá ki ezkerá mikédem pil'êcha Vehaguíti vechol paolêcha, uvaalilotêcha assícha Elohim bacódesh darkêcha, mi El gadol kelohim Ata hael ôsse féle, hodáta vaamim uzêcha Gaálta bizrôa amêcha, benê laacov veiossef sêla Raúcha máyim Elohim, raúcha máyim iachílu, af yirguezú tehomot Zoremu máyim avot col natenu shechakim, af chatsatsêcha yit'haláchu Col raamcha bagalgal, heíru verakim tevel, ragueza vatir'ash haárets Baíam darkêcha, ushevilêcha bamáyim rabim, veikevotêcha lo nodáu Nachíta chatson amêcha, beiad Moshe veaharon



Reflection: "Having confronted the chaotic feelings within self... we must first remember that we are not alone in our inner experience... Even Moshe couldn't... because imperfection is the program"

תְּפִלָּה לְמֹשֶׁה אִישׁ־הָאֱלֹהִים אֲדֹנָי מַעֲוֹן אַתָּה הָיִיתָ
לָנוּ בְּדֹר וָדֹר: בְּטָרָם | הָרִים יִלְדוּ וַתַּחֲלֹל אֶרֶץ וַתִּבֵּל
וּמַעֲוֹלָם עַד־עוֹלָם אַתָּה אֵל: תָּשָׁב אֲנוֹשׁ עַד־דָּכָא
וַתֹּאמֶר שׁוּבוּ בְנֵי־אָדָם: כִּי אֶלֶף שָׁנִים בָּעֵינֶיךָ כְּיוֹם
אֶתְמוּל כִּי יַעֲבֹר וְאַשְׁמֹרֶה בַּלֵּילָה: זֶרְמַתָּם שָׁנָה יִהְיוּ
בְּבֹקֶר כַּחֲצִיר יַחֲלֶף: בְּבֹקֶר יִצְיָן וַחֲלֶף לָעֶרֶב יִמּוּלֵל
וַיִּבֹּשׁ: כִּי־כָלִינוּ בְּאַפָּךָ וּבַחֲמָתְךָ נִבְהָלְנוּ: שֵׁת [שִׁתָּה]
עֲזַנְתִּינוּ לְנִגְדֶּךָ עֲלִמְנוּ לְמֵאֹר פָּנֶיךָ: כִּי כָל־יְמֵינוּ פָּנוּ
בְּעִבְרָתְךָ כָּלִינוּ שָׁנֵינוּ כְּמו־הֶגְהָה: יְמֵי־שָׁנוֹתֵינוּ בָּהֶם
שִׁבְעִים שָׁנָה וְאִם בְּגִבּוֹרֶת | שְׁמוֹנִים שָׁנָה וְרֵהָבִם
עָמַל וְאוֹן כִּי־גָז חִישׁ וְנִעְפָּה: מִי־יֹדַע עַז אַפָּךָ
וְכִירָאתְךָ עִבְרָתְךָ: לְמִנּוֹת יְמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדַע וְנִבֵּא לִבִּב
חֲכָמָה: שׁוּבָה יְהוָה עַד־מָתִי וְהִנָּחֵם עַל־עֲבֹדֶיךָ:

שִׁבְעֵנוּ בַּבֶּקֶר חֲסִדָּךְ וְנִרְנְנָה וְנִשְׁמָחָה בְּכָל־יְמֵינוּ:
שִׁמְחָנוּ כִּימֹת עֲנִיתָנוּ שְׁנוֹת רִאֲיוֹנוֹ רָעָה: יִרְאֶה
אֶל־עַבְדֶּיךָ פֶּעֱלֶךָ וְהִדְרֶךָ עַל־בְּנֵיהֶם: וַיְהִי | נָעַם אֲדָנִי
אֱלֹהֵינוּ עָלֵינוּ וּמַעֲשֶׂה יָדֵינוּ כּוֹנֵנָה עָלֵינוּ וּמַעֲשֶׂה
יָדֵינוּ כּוֹנֵנָהוּ:

TEFILAH

Having confronted the chaotic feelings within self, it is all too easy to fall into the trap of self doubt. Sure, I have come to find that the true enemies originate within my own mind and heart, but that does not free me from questioning my self worth. Here, we find a powerful answer to the weakening question that has yet to be asked. Before we allow our inability to overcome the perpetual ups and downs to validate our lack of healthy personal esteem, we must first remember that we are not alone in our inner experience. It is not just me that goes through the ever changing colors of concealment and revelation, rather it is each and every person, up to and including the most righteous of souls, even Moshe Rabbeinu. In remembering that Moshe also went through the unfathomable process of ups and downs, I find comfort in the sudden awareness that my struggle is not my fault. The imbalance of darkness and light, the downs and ups, did not start with me. I am not the cause. Rather, it is reality itself, from the origins of its inception, that forced me into a position of concealment. It is not something I caused, and it is not my fault. If it were just me that struggled with the darkness that seems to extend back to before

the creation of the world, then I would be right to feel the feelings of self doubt and weakness, but if Moshe Rabbeinu experienced this, then I can slacken my grip on the self loathing and sadness. It is clearly not a symptom of some previous fall, for Moshe was as good as a person can be. Rather it is the essential nature of humanity - a spiritual being having a human experience. I lack therefore I am. Even Moshe couldn't access the face of God, not because he wasn't good enough, but because imperfection is the program. In framing my experience in the context of the life of Moshe, I am revealing my innermost truth, that my ups and downs are part of a much larger story, the tapestry of my spiritual destiny, one that I simply play a role in.

TRANSLITERATION

Tefila lemoshe ish haelohim, Adonai, maon ata hayíta lánu bedor vador
Betérem harim iuládu vatecholel érets vetevel, umeolam ad olam ata El
Tashêv enosh ad daca, vatômer shúvu vene adam Ki élef shanim beenêcha
keiom etmol ki iaavor, veashmura valaila Zeramtam shena yihiu, baboker
kechatsir iachalof Baboker iatsits vechalaf, laérev iemolel veiavesh Ki chalínu
veapêcha, uvachamatechá niv'hálnu Shata avonotênu lenegdêcha, alumênu
lim'or panêcha Ki chol iamênu panu veevratêcha, kilínu shanênu chemo
hêgue leme shenotênu vahem shiv'im shana, veim bigvurot shemonim
shana verobam amal vaáven, ki gaz chish vanaúfa Mi iodêa oz apêcha,
ucheyir'atecha evratêcha Limnot iamênu ken hoda, venavi levav chochmá
Shuva Adonai ad matai, vehinachem al avadêcha Sabeênu vaboker
chasdêcha, uneranena venismechá bechol iamênu Samechênu kimot
initánu, shenot raínu raá lerae el avadêcha faolêcha, vahadarechá al
benehem Vihi nôam Adonai Elohênu alênu, umaassê iadênu conena alênu,
umaassê iadênu conenêhu



Reflection: "With a sense of healthy distance... I uncover the singular thing over which I do have power; my ability to acknowledge my powerlessness. Gratitude opens the lock, it breaks down the door..."

הוֹדוּ לַיהוָה קִרְאוּ בְּשִׁמּוֹ הוֹדִיעוּ בְּעַמִּים עֲלִילוֹתָיו:
שִׁירוּ-לוֹ זַמְרוּ-לוֹ שִׁיחוּ בְּכָל-נַפְלְאוֹתָיו: הִתְהַלְלוּ
בְּשֵׁם קִדְשׁוֹ יִשְׁמַח לֵב | מִבְּקֵשֵׁי יְהוָה: דִּרְשׁוּ יְהוָה
וְעֲזֹזוּ בִּקְשׁוֹ פָּנָיו תִּמְיֹד: זְכְרוּ נַפְלְאוֹתָיו אֲשֶׁר-עָשָׂה
מִפְּתָיו וּמִשְׁפְּטֵי-פִיו: זֶרַע אַבְרָהָם עֲבָדוּ בְּנֵי יַעֲקֹב
בְּחִירָיו: הוּא יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ בְּכָל-הָאָרֶץ מִשְׁפָּטָיו: זָכַר
לְעוֹלָם בְּרִיתוֹ דְּבַר צִוָּה לְאַלְפֵי דוֹר: אֲשֶׁר כָּרַת
אֶת-אַבְרָהָם וּשְׁבוּעָתוֹ לְיִשְׁחָק: וַיַּעֲמִידָהּ לְיַעֲקֹב לְחֹק
לְיִשְׂרָאֵל בְּרִית עוֹלָם: לֵאמֹר לְךָ אֶתֵּן אֶת-אֶרֶץ-כְּנָעַן
חָבֵל נַחֲלָתְכֶם: בְּהִיּוֹתָם מִתֵּי מִסְפָּר כְּמַעֲט וְגָרִים בָּהֶם:
וַיִּתְּהֵלְכוּ מִגְּוֵי אֶל-גְּוֵי מִמַּמְלָכָה אֶל-עַם אֲחֵר:
לֹא-הָנִיחַ אָדָם לַעֲשֹׂקָם וַיּוֹכַח עֲלֵיהֶם מְלָכִים:
אֶל-תִּגְעֻנוּ בְּמִשְׁיַחֵי וּלְנַבִּיאֵי אֵל - תִּרְעֻנוּ: וַיִּקְרָא רָעַב

עַל־הָאָרֶץ כָּל־מִטֶּה־לָּחֶם שֹׁבֵר׃ שֶׁלַח לְפָנֵיהֶם אִישׁ
לְעֹבֵד נִמְכָּר יוֹסֵף׃ עָנּוּ בַכֶּבֶל רַגְלָיו [רָגְלוֹ] בְּרֹזֶל בָּאָה
נִפְשׁוּ׃ עַד־עַתָּה בֹא־דִבְרוּ אִמְרַת יְהוָה צִרְפַּתְהוּ׃ שֶׁלַח
מֶלֶךְ וַיִּתִּירָהּ מִשָּׁל עַמִּים וַיִּפְתַּחַּהּ׃ שָׁמוּ אָדוֹן לְבֵיתוֹ
וּמִשָּׁל בְּכָל־קְנִינָיו׃ לְאַסֹּר שָׂרָיו בְּנִפְשׁוֹ וּזְקָנָיו יַחֲכֵם׃
וַיָּבֹא יִשְׂרָאֵל מִצְרַיִם וַיַּעֲקֹב גֵּר בְּאֶרֶץ־חָם׃ וַיִּפֹּר
אֶת־עַמּוֹ מֵאֵד וַיַּעֲצֵמָהּ מִצְרָיו׃ הִפְךָ לִבָּם לְשֹׂנְאֵי עַמּוֹ
לְהַתְנַכֵּל בְּעַבְדָּיו׃ שֶׁלַח מֹשֶׁה עֲבָדוֹ אֶהְרֹן אֲשֶׁר
בְּחֵר־בוֹ׃ שָׁמוּ־בָם דְּבָרַי אֲתוֹתָיו וּמִפְתִּים בְּאֶרֶץ חָם׃
שֶׁלַח חֹשֶׁךְ וַיַּחֲשֹׁךְ וְלֹא־מָרוּ אֶת־דִּבְרוֹ [דִּבְרוֹ׃] הִפְךָ
אֶת־מִימֵיהֶם לְדָם וַיָּמָת אֶת־דִּגְתָּם׃ שָׂרֵץ אֶרֶץ
צִפְרֹדָעִים בְּחִדְרֵי מְלָכֵיהֶם׃ אָמַר וַיָּבֹא עָרֹב כְּנִים
בְּכָל־גְּבוּלָם׃ נָתַן גִּשְׁמֵיהֶם בָּרָד אֲשֶׁר לְהַבֹּת בְּאֶרְצָם׃
וַיָּךְ גִּפְנִם וּתְאֵנֹתָם וַיִּשְׁבֹּר עֵץ גְּבוּלָם׃ אָמַר וַיָּבֹא
אַרְבֶּה וַיִּלֶּק וַאֲיִן מִסִּפְרָ׃ וַיֹּאכַל כָּל־עֵשֶׂב בְּאֶרְצָם
וַיֹּאכַל פְּרִי־אֲדָמָתָם׃ וַיָּךְ כָּל־בְּכוֹר בְּאֶרְצָם רִאשִׁית
לְכָל־אוֹנָם׃ וַיּוֹצִיָאם בַּכֶּסֶף וְזָהָב וַאֲיִן בְּשִׁבְטָיו כּוֹשֵׁל׃
שָׂמַח מִצְרַיִם בְּצֵאתָם כִּי־נִפְל פַּחַדָּם עֲלֵיהֶם׃ פָּרַשׁ

עָנַן לְמַסָּךְ וְאֵשׁ לְהַאֲרִיר לַיְלָה: שָׁאֵל וַיַּבֵּא שְׁלוֹ וְלֶחֶם
שָׁמַיִם יִשְׁבִּיעֵם: פָּתַח צִוֵּר וַיִּזְוְבוּ מֵיָם הִלְכוּ בַּצִּיּוֹת
נָהָר: כִּי־זָכַר אֶת־דְּבַר קִדְשׁוֹ אֶת־אַבְרָהָם עַבְדּוֹ:
וַיּוֹצֵא עַמּוֹ בְּשִׁשּׁוֹן בְּרָנָה אֶת־בְּחִירָיו: וַיִּתֵּן לָהֶם
אֲרָצוֹת גּוֹיִם וַעֲמַל לְאֻמִּים יִירָשׁוּ: בַּעֲבוּר | יִשְׁמְרוּ
חֻקָּיו וְתוֹרֹתָיו יִנָּצְרוּ הַלְלוּ־יָהּ:

HODA'AH

With a sense of healthy distance placed between my essential self and the inessential experience that reveals the expressions of myself, I am ready to enter into the next stage of repair, into the universe of Gratitude. Moving through the various stages of self understanding, I have come to find that my shortcomings are not unique, they are part and parcel of the human condition. Each moment that I have the wherewithal to try to realign myself, to start again, is a gift that comes from beyond me. In acknowledging personal powerlessness over the vibrations of reality, I uncover the singular thing over which I do have power; my ability to acknowledge my powerlessness. Everything in creation bespeaks the glory of the Creator, above and below, inside and out. How can I recall all of the goodness that You have bestowed upon me and existence. From before the beginning, You were the One preparing the beginning, and after the beginning You are still as Infinite as before it began. You combine opposites, draw order out of chaos, revealing lights from within the depths. Your supervision and care are present in each moment, reminding me that while I cant, You

can. Gratitude is the acknowledgment that I could not and cannot do anything on my own, everything is done with and through Your grace. Yes I may have fallen, but how blessed am I to be aware of the fall? How thankful must I be for You allowing my heart and soul to continue yearning even after all of the despair. Thank You Hashem, thank You for all that You have done, all that You do, and all that You will continue to do. I have no certainty and no strength, but I will continue to sing out my praise to You from within the darker corners of my soul. Gratitude opens the lock, it breaks down the door, revealing that even here You can be found. The glory that is revealed in places of distance and despair is far more potent than the light revealed in places of clarity and ease. If I can praise You here, then there is no place devoid of Your light. You are with me in the heights, and You are with me in the depths, thank You, You, You, You, only You.

TRANSLITERATION

Hodú ladonai kir'u vishmó, hodú vaamim alilotav Shíru lo, zamerú lo, síchu bechol nifleotav Hit'halelu beshem codsho, yismach lev mevac'shê Adonai Dirshu Adonai veuzo, bakeshú fanav tamid Zichru nifleotav asher assa, mofetav umishpetê fiv Zéra Avraham avdo, benê laacov bechirav Hu Adonai Elohênu, bechol haárets mishpatav Zachar leolam berito, davar tsivá leélef dor Asher carat et Avraham, ushvuato lexis'chac Vaiaamidêha leiaacov lechoc, lexisrael berit olam Lemor lechá eten et érets Kenáan, chével nachalatchem Bihiotam metê mispar, kim'at vegarim ba Vayit'halechu migoi el goi, mimamlacha el am acher Lo hiniach adam leoshcam, vaiôchach alehem melachim Al tigueú vimshichai, velinviai al tarêu Vayicra raav al haárets, col mate léchem shavar Shalach lifnehem ish, leéved nimcar lossef Inú vakével raglo, barzel báa nafsho Ad et bo devaro, imrat Adonai tserafát'hu Shálach mélech vaiatirêhu, moshel amim vaifatechêhu Samo adon leveto, umoshel bechol kiniano Leessor sarav benafsho, uzkenav iechakem Vaiavo Yisrael Mitsráyim, veiaacov gar beérets Cham Vaiêfer et amo meod, vaiaatsimêhu mitsarav Hafach libam lisnô amo, lehit'nakel baavadav Shalach Moshe avdo, Aharon asher báchar bo Sámu vam divrê ototav, umofetim beérets Cham Shálach chóshech vaiach'shich, velo maru et devaro Hafach et memehem ledam, vaiámet et degatam Sharats artsam tsefardeim, bechadrê malchehem Amar vaiavo arov, kinim bechol guevulam Natan guishmehem barad, esh lehavot beartsam Vaiach gafnam uteenatam, vaishaber ets guevulam Amar vaiavo arbe, veiélec veen mispar Vaiôchal col essev beartsam, vaiôchal peri admatam Vaiach col bechor beartsam, reshit lechol onam Vaiotsiem bechéssef vezahav, veen bishvatav coshel Samach Mitsaráyim betsetam, ki nafal pachdam alehem Paras anan lemassach, veesh lehair laila Shaal vaiave selav, veléchem shamáyim iasbiem Pátach tsur vaiazúvu máyim, halechu batsiiot nahar Ki zachar et devar codsho, et Avraham avdo Vaiotsi amo vessasson, beriná et bechirav Vayiten lahem artsot goyim, vaamal leumim yiráshu Baavur yishmerú chucav, vetoratav yintsôru, halelu lá



Reflection: "Coming to terms with the reality of being a spiritual human...
It is only when we find the strength of togetherness... without exile there
would be no song"

עַל נְהָרוֹת בְּכֹל שֵׁם יִשְׁבְּנוּ גַם-בְּכִינוּ בְּזַכְרֵנוּ אֶת -
צִיּוֹן: עַל-עֲרַבִּים בְּתוֹכָהּ תִּלְיֵנוּ כְּנֵרוֹתֵינוּ: כִּי שֵׁם
שְׁאַלֵנוּ שׁוֹבֵינוּ דְּבַר-יִשְׁרָאֵל וְתוֹלְלֵינוּ שְׂמִיחָה שִׁירוֹ לָנוּ
מִנְשִׁיר צִיּוֹן: אֵיךְ נִשְׁרֵי אֶת-שִׁיר-יְהוָה עַל אֲדָמַת נֶכֶר:
אִם-אֶשְׁכַּח יְרוּשָׁלַם תִּשְׁכַּח יְמִינִי: תִּדְבֹּק-לְשׁוֹנִי |
לְחִכִּי אִם-לֹא אֶזְכְּרֶכִי אִם-לֹא אֶעֱלֶה אֶת-יְרוּשָׁלַם עַל
רֹאשׁ שְׂמִיחָתִי: זִכֹּר יְהוָה | לְבָנִי אֲדוֹם אֵת יוֹם
יְרוּשָׁלַם הָאֲמָרִים עָרוֹ | עָרוֹ עַד הַיָּסוֹד בָּהּ: בֵּת-בְּכֹל
הַשְׂדוּדָה אֲשֶׁרִי שִׁישְׁלֶם-לָךְ אֶת-גְּמוּלָךְ שְׂגִמְלָתָ לָנוּ:
אֲשֶׁרִי | שִׁיאֲחִז וְנִפְּץ אֶת-עֲלִילֶיךָ אֶל-הַסֵּלַע:

MIZMOR

Coming to terms with the reality of being a spiritual human in this world, I am filled with empathy. Empathy for those who struggle like I do, a shared sense of joy and pain that reflects on the intensity of being. How can we sing a song of fullness if we are still not whole? It is only when we find the strength of togetherness, even when we remain in our ownmost solitude. Then, we can climb out together. It is not just me that hasn't been able to find the tune of my personal song of redemption, everyone is struggling. It is not because we are weak, it is because we remain in exile and the Infinite light of Hashem is not yet fully revealed. How can I sing my song? I can learn how to sing it from within my starts and my stops, from within the flow and the interruption. While in exile, I cannot yet sing my song, but without exile there would be no song in the first place, for the song emerges from within the encounter of self at the depths. The voice calls out from within the howling solitude of self when it descends into the territory of hopelessness, for it is here that true music is born. Singing my way out, turning the various shifts of the soul into the musical notes of my return. Redemption will arrive through the vessels of my struggle to overcome despair with joy.

TRANSLITERATION

Al naharot bavel, sham iashávnú gam bachínu bezoch'rênu et Tsiôn Al
aravim betocha talínu kinorotênu Ki sham sheelúnu shovênu divrê shir
vetotalênu simchá, shíru lánú mishir Tsiôn Ech nashir et shir Adonai al admat
nechar Im eshcachêch Ierushaláyim, tishcach iemini Tidbac leshoni lechiki
im lo ezkerêchi, im lo aalê et Ierushaláyim al rosh simchati Zechor Adonai
livnê edom et iom Ierushaláyim, haomerim áru áru ad haïessod ba Bat bavel
hasheduda, ashrê sheieshalem lach et guemulech shegamalt lánú Ashrê
sheiochez venipêts et olaláyich el hassála



Reflection: "The song of redemption... not one way or the other, it is both... A strength that believes so deeply... without the struggle I would have never come to know my true strength..."

הַלְלוּ יְיָ
הַלְלוּ יְיָ בְּקֹדֶשׁ הַלְלוּהוּ בְּרָקִיעַ עֲזֹז:
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּגִבּוֹרֹתָיו הַלְלוּהוּ כְּרֹב גְּדֻלּוֹ: הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתַקְעַת
שׁוֹפָר הַלְלוּהוּ בְּנִבְלָה וְכִנּוֹר: הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתֶהֱמָה וּמַחֲוֹל
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּמִנִּים וְעֹגָב: הַלְלוּהוּ בְּצִלְצְלֵי-שִׁמְעַת הַלְלוּהוּ
בְּצִלְצְלֵי תְרוּעָה: כָּל הַנְּשָׁמָה תְּהִלָּה יְיָ הַלְלוּ-יְיָ:

HALLELUJAH

The song of redemption is not one that comes from unity, rather it emerges from within the disjointed union of body and soul. It is not one way or the other, it is both, and in spite of the contradictions that emerge, it is specifically from there that the comfort will arise. Of course I contradict myself, I contain multitudes. One moment I am in control and the next I have lost it. Instead of denying the unity of the self as a result of the various shifts and changes, let me accept the unity of the self with a newfound perspective on what oneness actually means. The light of unity is not to be found in the simple and unchanging terrain of a life without difficulty. It is

specifically from within the contradictions themselves that the full acceptance of self will begin. The journey of practicing spiritual principles in all my affairs. I am grateful for the struggle because without the struggle I would never have come to know my true strength. A strength that believes so deeply in the goodness and the oneness of it all that it is willing to ignore feelings of despair, to ignore the sounds of silence. Every part of myself will be included within my song, for it is from within my struggle that I have come to discover who I really am, to be grateful that I am who and what I am. Every soul will cry out to You with the simple joy of acceptance and hope, every part of my soul will continue to sing.

TRANSLITERATION

Halelu Iá, hallelú El becodsho, haleluhú birkía uzo Haleluhú vigvurotav, haleluhú kerov gudlo Haleluhú betéca shofar, haleluhú benével vechinor Haleluhú betof umachol, haleluhú beminim veugav Haleluhú vetsil'tselê sháma, haleluhú betsil'tselê teruá Col haneshamá tehalé Iá, halelu Iá

AFTER SAY:

מִי יִתֵּן מִצִּיּוֹן יְשׁוּעַת יִשְׂרָאֵל בָּשׁוּב יְהוָה שְׁבוּת עַמּוֹ יִגַּל יַעֲקֹב
יִשְׁמַח יִשְׂרָאֵל: וַתְּשׁוּעַת צְדִיקִים מִיְּהוָה מְעוֹזָם בָּעֵת צָרָה:
וַיַּעֲזְרֵם יְהוָה וַיַּפְּלֵם וַיַּפְּלֵם מִרְשָׁעִים וַיּוֹשִׁיעֵם כִּי חָסוּ בּוֹ:



תפלה קצרה

רבונו של עולם

עֲלֵת הָעֲלוֹת וְסִבַּת כָּל הַסְּבוֹת, אֲנִי
לְעֵלָא לְעֵלָא מִן כָּלָא, וְלִית לְעֵלָא מִנָּךְ, דְּלִית מַחְשְׁבָה תְּפִיסָא
בְּךָ כָּלִל, וְלָךְ דְּמִיָּה תְּהִלָּה, וּמְרוֹמִם עַל כָּל בְּרָכָה וְתְהִלָּה.
אוֹתָךְ אֲדַרְשׁ אוֹתָךְ אֲבַקֵּשׁ, שְׁתַּחֲתֹר חֲתִירָה דְּךָ כְּבוֹשָׁה
מֵאִתָּךְ, דְּךָ כָּל הָעוֹלָמוֹת, עַד הַהִשְׁתַּלְּשׁוֹת שְׁלִי בְּמָקוֹם
שְׁאַנִּי עוֹמֵד, כְּפִי אֲשֶׁר נִגְלָה לְךָ יָדַע תַּעֲלָמוֹת, וּבְדֶךָ וּנְתִיב
הַזֶּה תֹּאִיר עָלִי אוֹרְךָ, לְהַחְזִירֵנִי בְּתִשׁוּבָה שְׁלֵמָה לְפָנֶיךָ
בְּאַמֶּת, כְּפִי רְצוֹנְךָ בְּאַמֶּת, כְּפִי רְצוֹן מִבְּחַר הַבְּרוּאִים, לְבָלִי
לְחֹשֶׁב בְּמַחְשַׁבְתִּי שׁוֹם מַחְשַׁבַת חוּץ, וְשׁוֹם מַחְשַׁבָה וּבְלָבוֹל
שֶׁהוּא נֶגֶד רְצוֹנְךָ, רַק לְדַבֵּק בְּמַחְשַׁבוֹת זְכוֹת צָחוֹת וּקְדוּשׁוֹת
בְּעִבּוּדְתָךְ בְּאַמֶּת בְּהִשְׁתַּתֵּךְ וּבִתְוֹרַתְךָ. הֵט לְבִי אֶל עֲדוּתֶיךָ,
וְתֵן לִי לֵב טָהוֹר לְעִבְדְּךָ בְּאַמֶּת. וּמִמְצָלוֹת יָם תּוֹצִיאֵנִי לְאוֹר
גָּדוֹל חֵישׁ קַל מְהֵרָה, תִּשְׁוַעַת יְהוָה כְּהָרֹף עֵין, לְאוֹר בְּאוֹר
הַחַיִּים כָּל יְמֵי הַיּוֹתֵי עַל פְּנֵי הָאָדָמָה. וְאַזְכֶּה לְחַדֵּשׁ נְעוּרֵי
הַיָּמִים שֶׁעָבְרוּ בַחֲשֶׁךְ, לְהַחְזִירָם אֶל הַקְּדוּשָׁה, וְתִהְיֶה יְצִיאָתִי
מִן הָעוֹלָם כְּבִיאָתִי בְּלֹא חֶטָּא. וְאַזְכֶּה לְחִזּוֹת בְּנַעַם יְהוָה
וּלְבַקֵּר בְּהִיכָלוֹ, כָּלוּ אֲמִר כְּבוֹד, אָמֵן נִצַּח סֶלָה וְעַד: