

Intentions *for the Seder*



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Intentions for the Seder



Kadesh: may I believe in my holiness

Urchatz: may I believe in my purity

Karpas: may I believe in my tears

Yachatz: may I believe in my broken wholeness

Magid: may I believe in my story

Rachtza: may I believe in my cleanliness

Motzei Matzah: may I believe in my hunger

Marror: may I believe in my holy bitterness

Korech: may I believe in my complexity

Shulchan Orech: may I believe in my pleasure

Tzafun: may I believe in my hidden power

Barech: may I believe in my gratitude

Hallel: may I believe in my song

Nirtza: may I believe in my yearning and desire

Kadesh:

May I believe in my holiness. Let me forgive myself for all that I feel I have done, and help me see my true self that rests beneath the concealment. Give me the strength to see myself as You see me and allow the good things to feel more real than the not good. Please give me the wherewithal to always remember the difference between healthy guilt and toxic shame. Let me understand that there is nothing that I can do that could ever erase my inherent holiness that exists at the heart of my soul.

Urchatz:

May I believe in my purity. Let me allow myself to try, to get up again even after the fall. Help me understand my responsibility towards change, and give me the wisdom to contextualize it within the framework of acceptance. Give me the strength to push myself towards the light even when I don't feel I deserve it. Let me understand that I can always become more than I am even though I am always already enough. Direct my mind towards the things that make me feel lighter in this world, and attach my heart to the perpetual flow of renewal that drips down from Gan Eden.

Karpas:

May I believe in my tears. Let me open myself to all of the feelings that emerge in the endless transition from exile into redemption. Let me welcome them as guests who know they are not the host. Give me the strength to see my struggle from within the framework of growth, to experience my smallness as the pathway to a greatness that is always already on the verge of emerging. Allow me to be patient with myself, to be mindful of the twists and turns along the way. Help me remember that disruption can always appear so that I am less surprised when it does, and grant me the calmness needed to sweeten all things.

Yachatz:

May I believe in my imperfection. Let me accept my lack as the origin of my selfhood and help me direct the desire that emerges from there directly to You. Give me the courage to see my brokenness in the right way, not as a symptom of human failure but rather as the very condition of the soul. Let my voice cry out from the depths of the depths, let it break free from all expectation and resentment. Allow me to forget the myth of perfection, to throw off the garments of perfectionism. Help me see myself as a part that comes directly from the whole, thereby revealing the fractal like wholeness of my broken heart.

Magid:

May I believe in my story. Let me be confident in my ability to reorient the narrative. Show me the path of return where my past comes alive through the power of my present, and accept my desire to retroactively reveal the light that was always already present in a hidden way. Help me emancipate myself from mental slavery, for none but myself can free my mind. Grant me the gift of language, words that unburden and words that illuminate. Help me speak to you along every step of the process, telling new tales about myself rooted in the depths of my soul. Give me the strength to begin again, to break free over and over and over. Protect me from the burden of disappointment and arm me with the tool of never ending narrative. Let me speak, let me open up my mouth to tell the story of how the light swallowed the darkness.

Rachtza:

May I believe in my cleanliness. Let me live within the refinement of my body. Reveal to me the pathways of health and clarity, and give me the strength to listen to what my limbs tell me. Help me carve out a path of lightness where the body bends towards the soul, where the two coexist in the unity of opposites. Allow me to remember the inherent holiness of the body in its refined state, and grant me the ability to share the spiritual delights with my physical form. Sanctify my hands, transform the clenched fists of production into the open hands of blessing. May I feel the patient silence, and may I be present, here, right now.

Motzi Matzah:

May I believe in my faith. Let me suspend my wisdom, let me forget how to know, let me eat even though I don't know what. Place me back in that place where there was no option other than faith, give me the strength to choose faith in each and every moment. Help me focus on the task at hand, let me chew and swallow, chew and swallow. Close my eyes so that I can begin to see the rays of faith that shine forth with each bite. Free me to remember the pain of exile so that I may choose faith again and again. Let this Matzah transform me back to a place beyond myself, to the place of those who came before me. Give me faith in their faith so that when my faith struggles in its faithfulness, there is always already a preexisting world of faith that I am falling back into.

Maror:

May I believe in my holy bitterness. Let me feel the intensity of yearning that cannot be satisfied, and draw me into the process of refinement that is always already split between wholeness and fragmentation. Allow me to taste the bitterness and reveal to me the secret of sweetening the harshness of reality. Give me the courage to chew it, to really feel the bitterness of the other and myself. Grant me patience to wait, to know through faith that the real meal is just around the corner of my mind. Help me see how the chewing and tasting is already part of the fixing and let the sadness of the past and the anxiety of the future fall apart into bite size manageable pieces. Let me encounter the distance at the heart of the pain so that I may feel the secret of transforming the bitter into sweet. Help me carry this, only You can help me carry this. Reveal to me Your Infinite Light that rests hidden within the concealment. Transform the limitation into a gateway and reveal the key that is hidden within the lock itself.

Korech:

May I believe in my complexity. Help me realize that as a human being with a soul, I contain multiple layers within me. Let me uncover the path of acceptance where all the various expressions of self join together revealing a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. Give me vision to see beyond the splitness of all things, the good and the not good, the sweet and the bitter, and show me how to hold them together as one. Reveal to me the oneness of it all, the secret of faith in the impossible unity that rests at the heart of the paradox itself. Let me move beyond the fragmentation and grant me the strength to see it all as one. Master of the Universe, give me the words to praise you, to sing of Your Power in the light and in the dark.

Shulchan Orech:

May I believe in my pleasure. Help me allow myself to enjoy, to let go of the baggage for a moment so that I may taste the goodness of all things. Let me feel my hunger, the craving towards fullness, and let me wait an extra moment before fulfilling the drive. Give me the strength to eat without rushing, to chew before swallowing. Reveal to me the taste of the food wherein the body gives way to the soul. Help me focus, help me draw my attention to the experience itself. Reveal to me the path of yearning and having, where the desire remains even after satisfaction has arrived. Give me the strength to believe in my eating, to understand the hidden pathways of refinement and the fixing that rests within each and every bite.

Tzafun:

May I believe in my hidden power. Reveal to me all that rests beneath the surface, so that I may come to know that I am more than I think I am. Help me know that there is always more, a moreness that exists at the center of my soul. Let me abandon the knowing of that which is revealed for the faith in that which is concealed. Master of the Universe, hidden in all manners of concealment, reveal to us Your hidden light, redeem us from concealment through the revelation of concealment itself. Give me eyes to behold the secret of Your presence hidden within and around all things. Help me believe in what is not seen, the irreducible goodness that rests at the center of it all. Accept the endless yearning of my soul as if it were an action, listen to the cry towards Your Name that emerges from the heart of the world. Please, reveal Yourself, reveal Your hidden glory. Take the wordless prayer from the silence of my heart and place it upon Your crown of concealment. Let us taste a light far beyond our awareness, a light of allrightness and of comfort, a darkness that shines, the never not receding horizon of faith where only silence speaks. Please, Hashem, let me be ok.

Barech:

May I believe in my gratitude. Let me thank You for all that You give me, let me open my mouth to proclaim Your praise. Free me from a perspective of scarcity, draw me towards a spirit of enoughness. Help me reflect on the Source of all things, the endless light that rests above, beneath, and around this world and its blessings. Raise my eyes upwards towards the blessings that descend in each moment, waiting to be seen by the mind's eye in order to be revealed. Reveal to me the miraculous foundation of the natural and the limitless light of enoughness that is always available. Thank you for all that You give, for all that You provide, both hidden and revealed in each moment's breath. May the blessings only continue in a clear and revealed way, and may redemption arrive immediately now.

Hallel:

May I believe in my song. Let me flow with the waves of my soul in its endless ascent and descent. Give me the ears to hear the hidden sounds of connection that echo silently throughout all things. Let me praise You, let me look and see the possibility of it all, the freedom of the self from the confines of despair. When I was at the bottom You were there, and when I was at the top You were there. You are there in the darkness and in the light, the struggle and the breakthrough. Whether the pits of hopelessness or the peaks of hope, You are there with me. You, You, You, only You. I thought I knew but I didn't, I thought I grasped but it was Nothing. Every breath is praise to You, concealment within concealment. Each step reveals Your unity, every movement is another revelation. Please, give me the courage to sing my song, the song of my soul, the irreducibly singular tune that ascends from the depths of my heart.

Nirtzah:

May I believe in myself. Let me accept that I am wanted, that I am beloved, that I am needed. Let me direct my desire towards that which always remains unrevealed, the limitless light of the Infinite that always exceeds that graspability of the mind and heart. Show me the hidden pathways of justice and righteousness and reveal to me the ungraspability of it all. Let me sing songs of complexity that always lead me back to simplicity, the Oneness that exists at the heart of all things. Open my eyes towards the endless love You have for me so that I may come to believe in even a fraction of the soul's true strength. Teach me the secret of a yearning that contains satisfaction so that I may finally arrive at the secret of a satisfaction that contains a yearning. Help me accept that as a human I will always want, and help me remember that I am always free to direct the wanting upwards towards the Infinite One, blessed be He.