

Praying Us Into Being

Work inspired by the Avot V'Imahot Blessing of the Amidah

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Avot v'Imahot / Ancestors

Baruch atah יהו"ה Eloheinu vElohei avoteinu v'imoteinu, Elohei Avraham, Elohei Yitzchak, Elohei Ya'akov; Elohei Sarah, Elohei Rivkah, Elohei Leah, vElohei Rachel. HaEl hagadol hagibor v'hanora El elyon, gomeil chasadim tovim v'koneih hakol v'zocheir chasdei avot v'imahot, umeivi goeil livnei v'neihem I'maan sh'mo b'ahavah. בּרוּדְ אַתָּה יהוייה אֱלֹהֵינוּ וֵאלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ וְאִמוֹתֵינוּ, אֱלֹהֵי אַבְרָקָם, אֱלֹהֵי יִצְחָס, וֵאלֹהֵי יַעֲסִב, אלֹהֵי שָׁרַה, אלֹהֵי רִבְסָה, אלֹהֵי לַאַה, וֵאלֹהֵי רַחֵל. הָאֵל הַנָּדוֹל הַגְּבּוֹר וְהַנּוֹרָא, אֵל עֶלְיוֹן, גּוֹמֵל חֲסָדִים טוֹבִים, וְסִנֵה הַכּּל, וְזוֹכֵר חַסְדֵי אָבוֹת וְאִמַהוֹת, וּמֵבִיא גוֹאֵל לִבְנֵי בְנֵיהֶם,

Blessed are You, יהו"ה our God and God of our ancestors, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob; God of Sarah, God of Rebecca, God of Rachel and God of Leah; the great, mighty, and awesome God, God on high, who does deeds of loving kindness, who is the Source of all, and who remembers the steadfast love of our ancestors, who lovingly brings redemption to their children's children for Your name's sake.

Melech ozeir umoshia umagen. Baruch atah יהו", magein Avraham v'ezrat Sarah. מֶלֶדְ עוֹזֵר וּמוֹשִׁיעַ וּמָגֵן. בָּרוּדְ אַתָּה יהוייה, מָגֵן אַבְרָהָם וְאֶזְרַת שָׁרַה.

Ruler, Helper, Redeemer, and Protector: blessed are You, Abraham's shield and Sarah's strength.

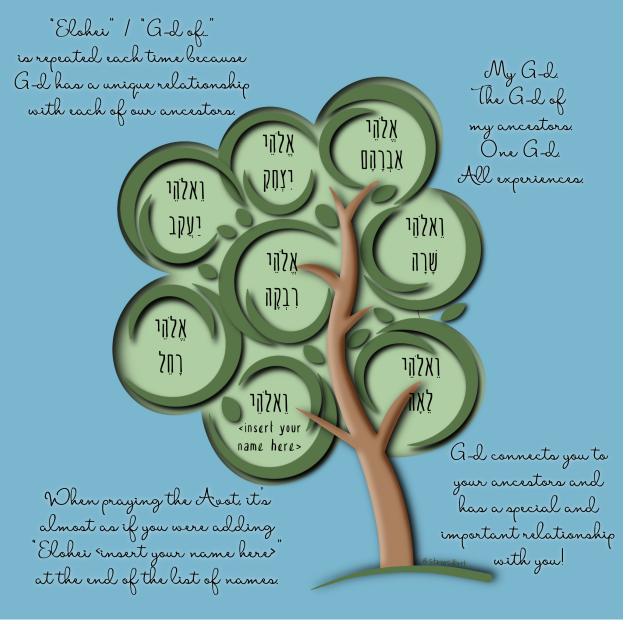
We've chosen not to translate or transliterate the ancient name יהו", which can be understood as a permutation of the verb "to be." Its untranslatability points us beyond all words.

Jewish tradition teaches that our Creator is beyond language: our words can only approach the Infinite. May our linguistic choices remind us that our names are only substitutes, and that our Source is beyond any words we can speak.

Liturgy excerpted from Beside Still Waters, Bayit & Ben Yehuda Press, 2019.



God Of...



Steve Silbert



Generations

God of our generations – God of my parents now buried in the earth and their parents before them

and their parents, journeys scribed across the sea all the way from the Old Country, (whichever Old Country) –

God of our beloved dead all the way back to Ur where Avram and Sarai began, back to Australopithecus –

Notice us. Remember what we've forgotten. Some of us can't believe in hope anymore. Shield us

from apocalypse. Help us as You help every nursing mother who survives to sustain the generations to come.

R. Rachel Barenblat



Ancestors



Mike Cockrill



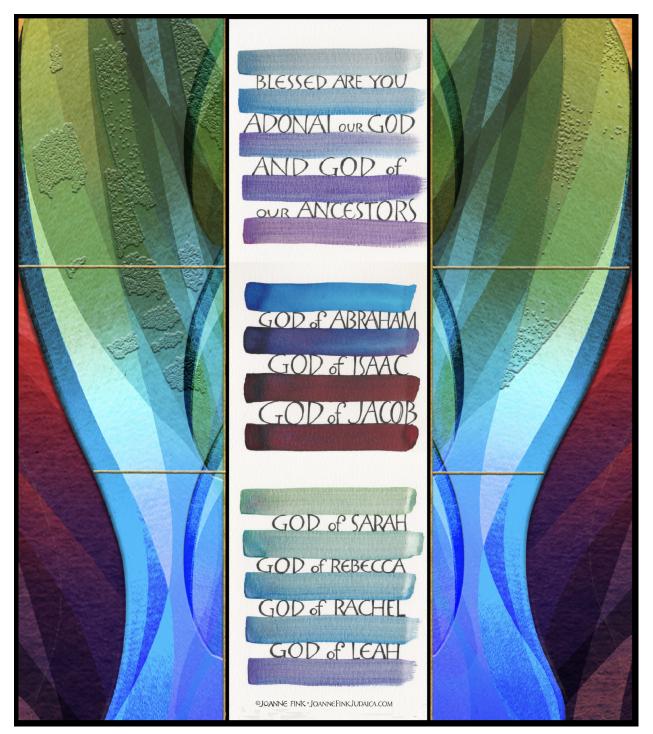
Ancestors

Our ancestors taught that Whatever we do We leave traces on high The vibrating humming star dusty footprints Of our thoughts and actions Shaping and reshaping God's face. I look at my own footprints The way I put my feet on the ground The way I touch The way I listen to You. I see all the moments I arrived too late Or never At the destination. I see my ancestors Stumbling, racing, in all their imperfections Drafting the map of your face With their bare and broken skin. I am still making my own steps. I am still leaving my own traces. I am still layering my own dances on top of theirs. At times, I don't know how to apologize to God For all the missed steps and corrections, In this forever movement Between beginning and end. And then I see God's smile, Wrinkly, pimply, and shimmering, The sum of all our traces And so much more.

R' Sonja K. Pilz, PhD



Blessed Are You



Joanne Fink



Names

This image can be used as a focus for meditation on these four qualities of the Divine.

ָמֶלֶ**רְ** ereign (\mathbf{O}) עוזר er ומושיע וּכְגוֹ

Steve Silbert



אבות ואמהות Fathers and Mothers

It's less about me reaching back in time to all my fathers and mothers from Abraham and Sarah in Mesopotamia all the way to Sam and Jean in Brooklyn. It's more about tuning in to that Place where in special moments my parents, and the ancestors before them, reached forward in time as they thought and prayed about what the future would bring for their descendants, including me, my children, and grandchildren who they could only dream would even be born.

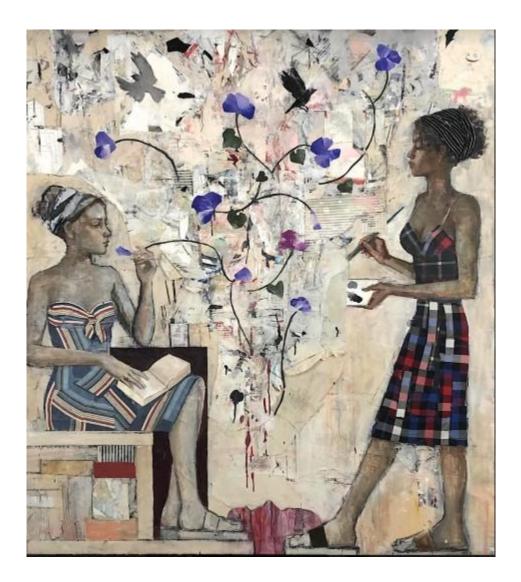
It's that reaching forward, those prayers, hopes, and dreams, somehow stored and live streaming in the form of some kind of Supernal Memory Light from the very First Day forming a continuous loop in what my life downloads each moment now. I don't invoke my ancestors as much as I try as best I can to tune into that Place where they are invoking me into being now even though those invocations were spoken and prayed so long ago by my parents, and the parents of my parents, all of them uncertain as to what the future would bring.

Yet their prayers are coming down and being answered now. As my mothers and fathers are praying me into being, I do the same – casting my own prayers, uncertain where they will land, onto an unbroken Ray of Light that I subscribe to with my life. I am praying my descendants into being a hundred years and more from now. I pray that the children of my children's children will do the same when they download this, my prayer, and cast their own prayers for their children's children. Amen.

Rabbi David Zaslow



Excavation



It's difficult to tell from a photograph, but the central part of the painting has had several layers of canvas collage cut away. Many different iterations that were collaged or painted over were removed. I see the women as excavating back through time to reinterpret or reveal a new flowering truth.

Mike Cockrill



Our History

Bless our inventive ancestors, Who gave us

The Daddy God of the Torah and The Lawyer God of the Talmud,

The Dreaming God of immigrants and The Pediatric God of children,

The Unlimited God of the mystics and The Unmoving God of the philosophers,

The Many Gendered God of community and The Personal God who is each of ours, alone,

The non-existent god of our skepticism and The Holy Whole-ness of our adult searching.

The Loving God of our births and The Redemptive God of our deaths,

With our imaginations and creations, With our memories and traumas,

With awe and concern for those who came before And with fear and love for all who will come after,

We stand within the One-ness. Blessed Was•Is•Will Be,

Our shield Our doubt

Our history. To this God we pray.

Amen

Trisha Arlin



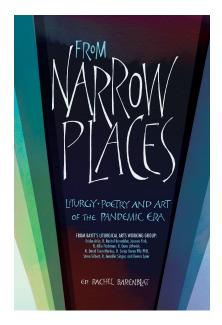
About Us

Co-created by members of Bayit's Liturgical Arts Working Group, 2023.

Bayit is building a soulful, inclusive and meaningful Jewish life for all ages and stages. Our visionary teams of clergy, liturgists, artists, educators and other thought leaders across and beyond denominational life develop, test, refine and distribute tools for a Jewish future always under construction.

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Bayit, 2022