



All This Power

Work inspired by the Gevurot Blessing of the Amidah

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Gevurot / Strength

Atah gibor l'olam יהו"ה,
 m'hayeih meitim atah rav l'hoshia.
 (**Summer:** Morid hatal.
Winter: Mashiv haru-ah umorid hagashem.)

אתה גבור לעולם יהו"ה
 מחיה מתים אתה, רב להושיע
בקיץ: מוריד הטל
בחורף: משיב הרוח ומוריד הגשם

You are our eternal strength, יהו"ה.
 Your saving power gives life that transcends death.
Summer: You bring the dew of the field.
Winter: You cause the winds to blow & the rains to fall.

M'khalkeil hayim b'hesed,
 m'hayeih meitim b'rah'amim rabim,
 someikh noflim,
 v'rofei holim,
 umatir asurim,
 umkayeim emunato lisheinei afar.
 Mi khamokha, baal g'vurot; umi domeh-lah?
 Melekh meimit um'hayah,
 umatzmiah y'shuah.

מכלכל חיים בחסד
 מחיה מתים ברחמים רבים
 סומך נוֹפְלִים
 ורופא חולים
 ומתיר אסורים
 ומקיים אמונתו לישגי עפר
 מי כמוך בעל גבורות ומי דומה לך
 מלך ממית ומחיה
 ומצמיח ישועה

V'ne-eman atah l'hahayot meitim.
 Barukh atah יהו"ה, mehayeih hameitim.

ונאמן אתה להחיות מתים
 ברוך אתה יהו"ה, מחיה המתים

You sustain the living with kindness,
 in Your great mercy You bestow eternal life.
 You support the fallen,
 heal the sick,
 and free the captive.
 You keep faith with us beyond life and death.
 There is none like You, our Source of strength,
 the ruler of life and death,
 the Source of our redemption.

Our faith is with You, God Who brings eternal life.
 Blessed are You, יהו"ה, Who gives life that transcends death.

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

L'Olam



“you are forever גבור—”

*גבור: strong, brave, boundaried, courageous, mighty, valiant; hero;
central character (in a novel or drama).*

Joanne Fink

Who Brings Life

מִחַיֵּה הַמֵּתִים

“Who brings life to the dead.”

1.

Isaac wrote the Gevurot prayer
because who would know better?
His own father almost killed him –
placed him on the altar,
raised the knife above him
until an angel came to the rescue.
That’s when Isaac wrote
“Who brings life to the dead,”
because for a moment
he was as good as dead.
His father would have done it,
and Isaac knew it,
and he was never the same.

2.

It’s less about the dead
coming back to life
than the dead
having never really left.
It’s like waking out of sleep,
springtime arising out of winter
music drifting out of silence
movement stepping out of stillness
dancing coming out of mourning
weekdays birthing Shabbos.

The Test

My son read the Torah portion
of the near sacrifice of Isaac
for his bar mitzvah.
When he realized what he was reading
he looked up at me and asked
“Dad, if G’d told you to sacrifice me,
and you knew it was G’d
and not some delusion,
would you do it?”
Stunned at the question,
I stammered and answered,
“Ari, if I knew it was G’d
and not some delusion...
If I was absolutely sure
the command was from G’d
and not from my imagination,
I’d say, ‘G’d I...
I would never,
never
take the life of my son,
my first born son.”
Ari looked up at me
with a fragile smile
and a tear in his eye.
I knew at that moment
I had passed the tenth
and final test of Abraham,
and that the Akeida
was written for us.
Some of our sages say
that Abraham passed the test
Because he was willing
to sacrifice his son.
Others say he passed the test
because he didn’t.

R. David Zaslow



Moments of Gevurah

Every time I step out of mundane time
To be present to what I'm actually doing
Instead of dwelling on what I've done before
Or what I might do next
Or what has or will be done to me or around me,
No matter how content, miserable or stimulated I am,
Every time I am fully inside the depth of a feeling
That is truly of now,
Aware in compassion, truth and presence, then
I am raised from the dead.
This is my only super power,
These occasional moments of Holy Wholeness
Scattered amongst the usual blah
Until I die
And there will be no raising me then,
I'm pretty sure.

Trisha Arlin

Gevurot - One One Only Power

My God who is.
Protector, afflicter,
Healer, hater,
Heartbreaking, soothing,
Understanding, enraging,
Right here, completely out of sight,
Silent, ever speaking.
I myself, I hate submitting, but
Whatever you do,
Is.
Amen.

R. Sonja K. Pilz

In A Warming World



Steve Silbert



All This Power

All this power
That we have worshiped and obeyed

And prayed to
For thousands of years,

The power to redeem and forgive,
Create and sustain,

Comfort and heal,
Remember and bless,

All this power is ours to assign
With fear or with familiarity

And ours to wield
With greed or with generosity.

Or perhaps it belongs to no one
Like the dew on the fields,

Like the winds that blow
And the rains that fall.

Amen.

Trisha Arlin

Action Hand



Mike Cockrill



Gevurot

Be there for me forever.

Wake up the parts of me
that have fallen asleep.

When I'm sitting in ashes
you lift me up
with gentle hands.

With you I feel alive.
All I want
is for your beauty
to bloom.

You're the dew that keeps me going
on the aching, thirsty days
when life wrings me dry,
the rain that refills
the emptied cup of my heart.

R. Rachel Barenblat



The Strength to Revive the Burned Out

Blessed are You, G!d, who keeps the faith of those who sleep in the dust
Not only the *dead* dead (them too) —
But maybe even me, face down on my dust-filled carpet
(I really need to vacuum that - add it to the list)
I know that You usually reserve that reviving the dead stuff for the end times,
But do You ever think about how apocalyptic everyday life can be, too?

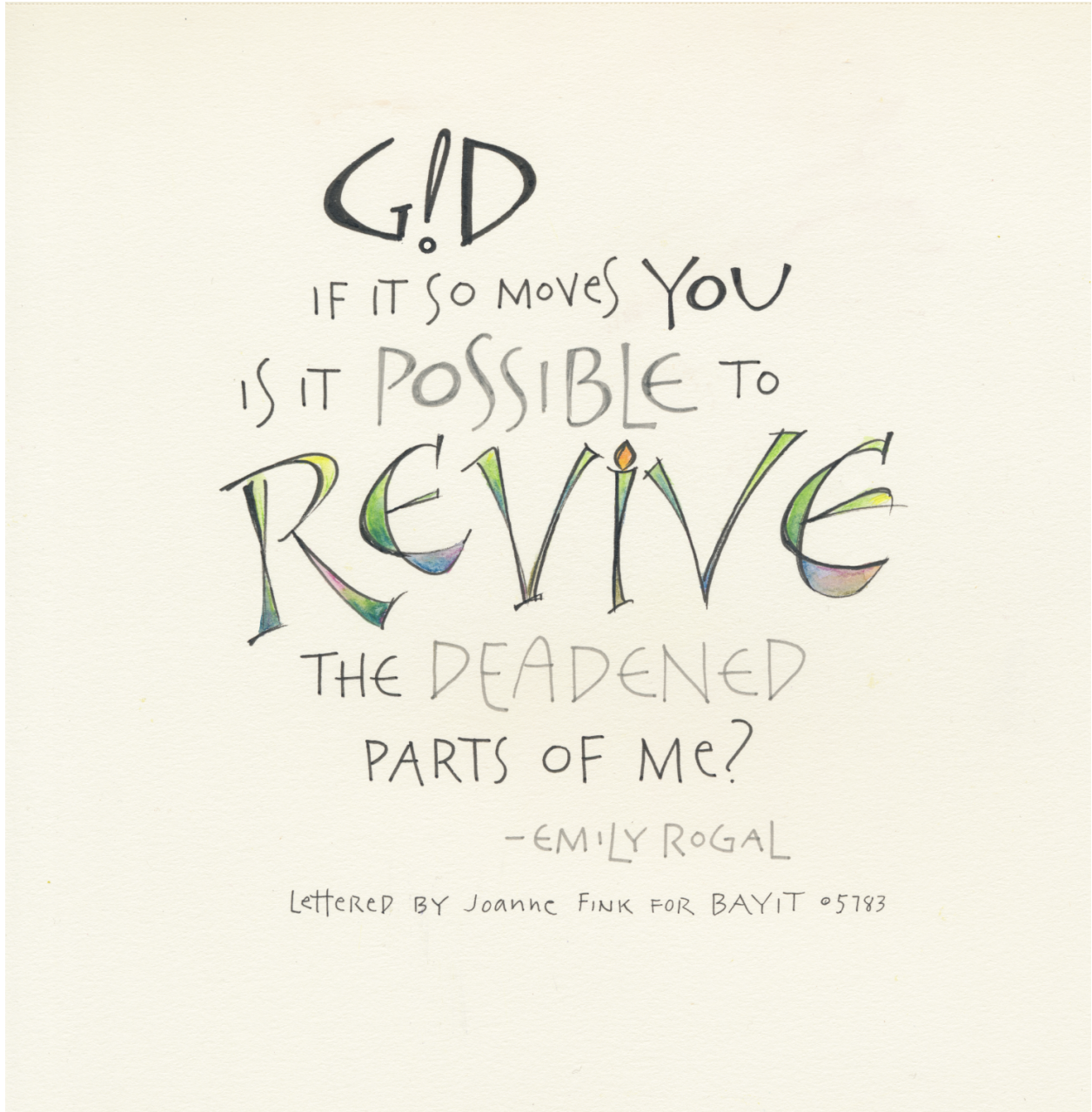
Illness and devastation and heartbreak - personal and global -
A million ways to suffer, to lose, to stumble, to see it all come crashing down
To see myself crash down, to my knees, to my chest -
prostrating more from a place of desperation than true worship
(Though sometimes the two are far more similar than we think)

G!d, if it so moves You, is it possible to revive the deadened parts of me?
My eyes that have ceased to see the enchantment of your universe,
My back that is weary from carrying myself and those that I love,
My heart that bulges beneath the brokenness of this world,
Could you take the ashes of our hearts, cup them in Your palms, breathe life into the flame,
And allow us to blaze forth once more?

Blessed are You, Eternal Flame, who revives the deadened and rekindles that which feels
extinguished.

Emily Rogal

Revive



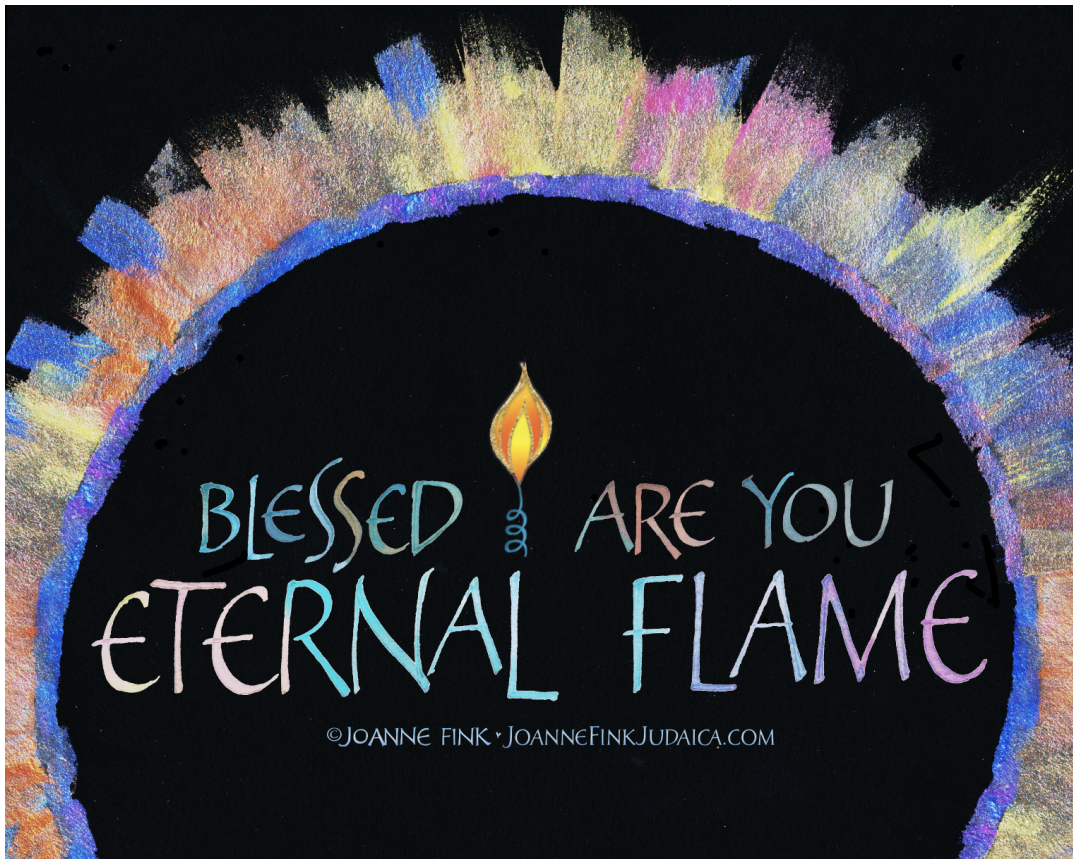
Joanne Fink

Is

Is it possible to revive
The deadened parts of me?
It's like waking out of sleep.
Aware in compassion, truth and presence
Like the dew on the fields,
Like the winds that blow
And the rains that fall.
With you I feel alive.
Whatever you do,
Is.

Ensemble

Eternal



Joanne Fink



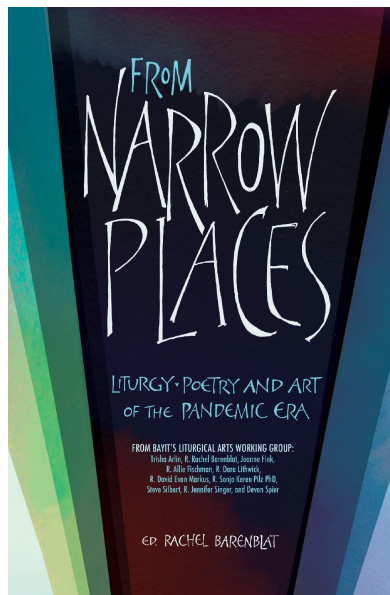
About Us

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