

KOACH @ COLUMBIA/BARNARD HILLEL

HAGGADAH SUPPLEMENT

PASSOVER 2020
פסח תש"פ





The 2020 KOACH Haggadah Supplement

Every year, as we sit down at our *Seder* tables, we engage in a communal act that stretches through time and space, both connecting us with our ancestors and with Jews around the world. We read the words of our *Haggadot* not only with our families and close friends, but alongside our ancestors throughout time, our companions across the religious spectrum, and our global Jewish community that spans the entire world. With our KOACH community, we're used to greeting you at the door each and every Friday night, welcoming Shabbat together in space and time, and living our complex and full Jewish lives in a spatial community with one another. With the changing and scary developments of our world, that's become impossible. However, the unifying themes of the redemption, liberation, compassion, and remembrance of the *Haggadah* bind us together closer than ever before, in spite of our physical distance from our treasured KOACH *kehila* (community). It is our hope that this *Haggadah* Supplement will be another thread in the majestic tapestry that we create together as a community, another reminder that wherever you go, KOACH lovingly follows.

This project is not the work of one person, but rather the result of the efforts of numerous people working together to create something new. In the following pages, you will not find a full and complete *Haggadah*, with guides to all of the sacred rituals of the *Pesach Seder*. Rather, you'll find a thoughtful supplement to your *Seder* experience. As you flip through the following pages, you'll find art, history, music, and poetry that will bring something new and exciting to your *Seder* table. Just as foreign objects on our *Seder* plates are meant to spark conversation, so too is this supplement meant to bring the communal and conversational spirit of KOACH to your *Seder*. It is our hope that when you read through this supplement, you'll think of all those that love you in KOACH.

Chag Sameach,
Gabe Pont & Ilana Schwartz
Co-Chairs

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DUST of the EARTH

The process, not the product -
That is the goal
Of things creative, and the Task
Of the Season.

To rid every corner of things
Puffed up by yeast
Shmutz is not chametz
But it's hard to remember

that

As you're crouched

Down on all

Four

with the vacuum attachment
you use - once a year.

Where does all this hair come from,
anyway?

But there are limits - and this year,
trapped with nothing but the process

Limits

Limits

Limits

But feel the rooting down, down
Down as you search, as you

Find it

Let it go

Speak it into dust

In a whisper by night,

by candle lit family room Kitchen
Or by primal scream,

Ancient

Eternal

Unhinged, just beyond your door.

Opened for Eliyahu,

Who has washed his hands,


As you've asked.

BREAKING OF THE MIDDLE MATZAH

Yachatz/יחי'

In Kabbalah, the middle matzah signifies the heart.

YACHATZ IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO HOLD OUR BROKEN HEARTS AND TO SIT WITH OUR SADNESS.



YACHATZ IS AN ACT OF BREAKING, BUT IT'S THIS ACT THAT ALLOWS US TO ENJOY THE AFIKOMAN LATER ON.

As we sit with this feeling, may we also remember the blessings that can come from brokenness.

The Lead Plates at the Rom Press, by Abraham Sutzkever
Vilna Ghetto, September 12, 1943

Arrayed at night, like fingers stretch through bars
To clutch the lit air of freedom,
We made for the press plates, to seize
The lead plates at the Rom printing works.
We were dreamers, we had to be soldiers,
And melt down, for our bullets, the spirit of the
lead.

At some timeless native lair
We unlocked the seal once more.
Shrouded in shadow, by the glow of a lamp,
Like Temple ancients dipping oil
Into candelabums of festal gold,
So, pouring out line after lettered line, did we.

Letter by melting letter the lead,
Liquefied bullets, gleamed with thoughts:
A verse from Babylon, a verse from Poland,
Seething, flowing into the one mold.
Now must Jewish grit, long concealed in words,
Detonate the world in a shot!

Who in Vilna Ghetto has beheld the hands
Of Jewish heroes clasp weapons
Has beheld Jerusalem in its throes,
The crumbling of those granite walls;
Grasping the words smelted into lead,
Conning their sounds by heart.

This poem spoke to me in a way that was altogether surprising. It tells the story of the Rom Press, a renowned publishing house in Vilna, which produced editions of the Talmud as well as modern works of Yiddish and Hebrew literature since the end of the 18th century. The Jewish underground in Vilna planned to use the lead of the printing press to make bullets. The revolutionaries were transferring Jewish “grit” from the words of Babylon and Poland into the “liquified bullets” that would stock their arsenal.

When I read this poem in my Yiddish Literature class this week, I immediately thought of Passover. The grounding theme of this holiday is liberation through time, and the power of Jewish communal memory. I am Jewish, therefore I walked the sands out of Egypt and passed through the Red Sea. I heard Moshe’s voice, and beheld God’s awesome power at the moment of revelation. Our power comes not from our fists or special lead. Lead is lead, after all. Rather, the perpetuating force of Jewish peoplehood is an understanding that there is power in our stories, that our tradition holds multitudes. In each of us, we contain both the entirety of Jewish history and the potential of a Jewish future. Just like these five Rabbis in B’nai Brak, we are enamored and captured by our stories in a way unique to our people. May we find strength and solace in our stories this year. *Chag Sameach.*

--Gabe Pont

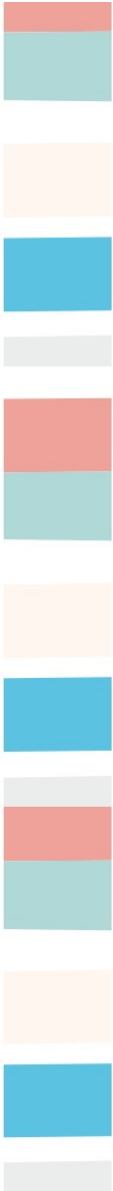
Memories of Miracles

We have a mitzvah to remember the exodus every day of our life. In devarim 16 3 we're told

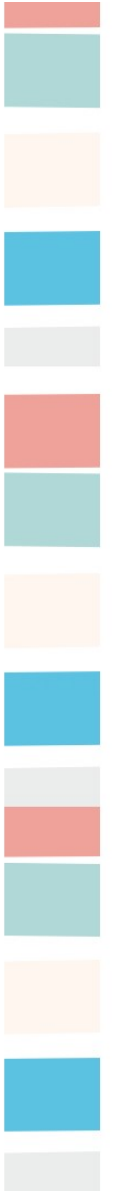
לְמַעַן תִּזְכֹּר אֶת-יוֹם צֵאתְךָ מֵאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם כָּל יְמֵי חַיֶּיךָ: so that you may remember the day of your departure from the land of Egypt every day of your life. And we do. Every day in our recitation of the shema. What's interesting to me about this mitzvah is its contrast to the way we think memory functions today. All of our slogans of Never Again and Never Forget are retroactive. But this mitzvah, is proactive. There is no worry of forgetting the exodus. Because it's a part of our every day. One of my earliest memories is saying the shema with my dad every night. He would turn off the light and then count down, "and a one, and a two and a one, two, three" and my sisters and I would cover our eyes and begin chanting in our high clear voices "shema yisrael adoni..." It's how I end my days still. What's amazing about this mitzvah is it has two components. The daily and the yearly. They work together. The seder infuses life into the daily mitzvah. We have this one night where we stay up and talk the whole night about yitziyat mitrayim and we do all these rituals and we begin our calendars and it rejuvenates our daily mitzvah. I don't always remember to think about the exodus when I mumble shema as I climb into bed every night. But after pessach I do think about it. And I notice the other times in davening where we talk about. Because the seder gives us our own memory of the exodus. I think about looking for the afikomen, falling asleep during shulchan arech, insisting on singing my favorite song in nirtza, and all the beautiful memories of sedarim I have. We get two types of memory. Personal and communal. Familial and intergenerational. In our yearly seder we tap into our intergenerational memory of the exodus. We talk about the maccot, the sea splitting, the miracles. And in our daily mitzvah of shema we can remember that. Or we can remember pesach. Our personal memories. Then we have this story in the haggada. Right at the beginning of maggid. We have these 5 rabbi's: Rabbi Eliezer, Rabbi Yehoshua, Rabbi Elazar ben Azariah, Rabbi Akiva and Rabbi Tarfon. They stay up the whole night retelling the story of the exodus. Now their whole next year can be filled with memories of the exodus and their seder. And then their students come and tell them "Rabbi's! It's time to say the morning shema!" Do you see it? They have just finished their annual mitzvah but they haven't fulfilled their obligation. Because the mitzvah to remember the exodus is every single day. The first thing they do after retelling the exodus the whole night is say shema and retell the exodus. It's like how we ask for forgiveness in our first prayer the second yom kippur ends. It's a cycle. A never ending cycle of memory. Wishing you all a year infused with memories of miracles and matza.



The Wise daughter understands that not everything is as it appears. She is the one who can take the tradition and ritual that is placed before her, turn it over and over, and find personal meaning in it. She is the one who can find the secrets in the empty spaces between the letters of the Torah. She is the one who claims a place for herself even if the men do not make room for her. Some call her wise and accepting. We call her creative and assertive. We welcome creativity and assertiveness to sit with us at our tables and inspire us to act.



The Wicked daughter is the one who dares to challenge the simplistic answers she has been given. She is the one who asks too many questions. She is the one not content to remain in her prescribed place. She is the one who breaks the mold. She is the one who challenges the status quo. Some call her wicked and rebellious. We call her daring and courageous. We welcome rebellion to sit with us at our tables and make us uneasy.



The Simple daughter is the one who accepts what she is given without asking for more. She is the one who trusts easily and believes what she is told. She is the one who prefers waiting and watching over seeking and acting. She is the one who believes that the redemption from Egypt was the final act of freedom. She is the one who follows in the footsteps of others. Some call her simple and naive. We call her the one whose eyes are yet to be opened. We welcome the contented one to sit with us at our tables and appreciate what will still to come.



Last is the daughter who does not know how to ask. She is one who obeys and does not question. She is the one who has accepted men's definitions of the world. She is the one who has not found her own voice. She is the one who is content to be invisible. Some call her subservient and oppressed. We call her our sister. We welcome the silent one to sit with us at our tables and experience a community that welcomes the voices of women.

Plague-list

1. Blood- "Glory" by Pippin

"Blood! Blood, yes indeed! Blood is red as sunset, Blood is warmer than wine, Warmer than wine, a taste of salty summer brine"

2. Frogs- "It's Not Easy Being Green"

"It's not that easy bein' green, having to spend each day the color of the leaves"

3. Lice- "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of my Hair" from *South Pacific*

"I went to wash that man right outa my hair, and sent him on his way."

4. Wild Beasts- "Wild Thing"

"Wild thing, you make my heart sing, You make everything groovy, wild thing"

5. Cow Disease- "Over The Moon" Rent:

"asked if she had anything to drink she said I'm forbidden to produce milk In Cyberland we only drink Diet Coke "

6. Boils- "The Black Death" from *Something Rotten*

"It's gonna hit ya with those blisters, oozing like syrup, that pesty little pestilence is killing half of Europe"

7. Hail- "It's Raining Men" *The Weather Girls*

"It's raining men, hallelujah, it's raining men, amen, I'm gonna go out to run and let myself get Absolutely soaking wet"

8. Locusts- "Day of the Locusts" Bob Dylan

"Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance, Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me"

9. Darkness- "I wear my Sunglasses at Night"

"And I wear my sunglasses at night so I can, so I can see the light that's right before my eyes"

10. Death of the Firstborn- "Close Every Door" Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

"Close every door to me, Keep those I love from me, Children of Israel are never alone"

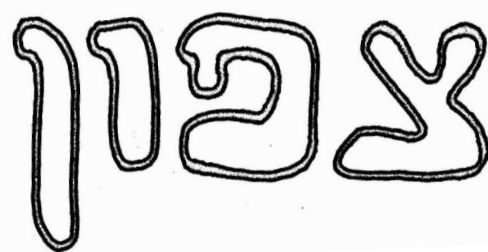
By Alyx
Bernstein
and Rachel
Fischer

DAYENU, the song, ends at the construction of the **TEMPLE.** It ends on a moment of triumph, joy, and redemption, the culmination of a long, intergenerational journey from **Mitzrayim**, a narrow place, to freedom. But as we know, our story, our journey, goes on. **DAYENU** imagines our past as a chain of memories - and that chain extends to us today. We have our own moments of joy and gratitude, our own chain of **DAYENU** in our lives. **DAYENU** offers us time to **reflect** and give thanks for all the good in our lives - even in our narrow places.

***Korech* כורך**



Follow the link, or click [here](#), to watch a FANTASTIC music video made by Jeremy and Elliot!

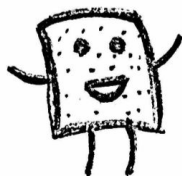


A Brief History of The Afikomen

What could this strange custom possibly have to do with remembering the Exodus?

The Afikomen ritual, a split matzah is designated at the beginning of the seder to be hidden and later found by the children at the seder, often as a device to keep children engaged and awake.

The Ashkenazic custom that children should ‘steal’ the afikomen is only a few hundred years old and comes from Hassidim, but the broader idea of Tzafun and the Afikomen¹ dates back to our Mishnah.

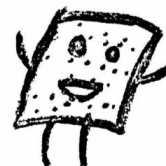


Mishnah Pesachim 10:8

וַאִין מִפְּטִירִין אַחֲרֵי הַפֶּסַח אֶפִּיקוֹמֵן. יִשְׁנוּ מִקְצָתוֹ, יֹאכְלוּ. כָּלֵן, לֹא יֹאכְלוּ. רַבִּי יוֹסִי אוֹמֵר, נִתְּנָמְנוּמוּ, יֹאכְלוּ. נִרְדְּמוּ, לֹא יֹאכְלוּ

“One may not conclude the Pesach meal with an afikoman. If some of them fell asleep, they may eat [the pesah when they wake up]. If all of them fell asleep they may not eat. Rabbi Jose says: if they napped, they may eat, but if they fell asleep, they may not eat.” (Translation from Sefaria)

This ritual is a substitute for the ‘Korban Pesach,’ or ‘Paschal lamb,’ the sacrifice from the period of the Temples and even the Tabernacle, which was eaten at the end of the seder. Since the destruction of the Temple, the Afikomen has replaced the barbequed lamb. This mitzvah actually comes from the Torah, in part as a means of thanking God for taking us from Egypt and for remembering the blood of the lambs on our doorposts that saved us from the malach hamavet (Angel of Death).



The Afikomen is an interesting example of remembering our rituals during the Temple that is not a form of prayer.

Interesting fact

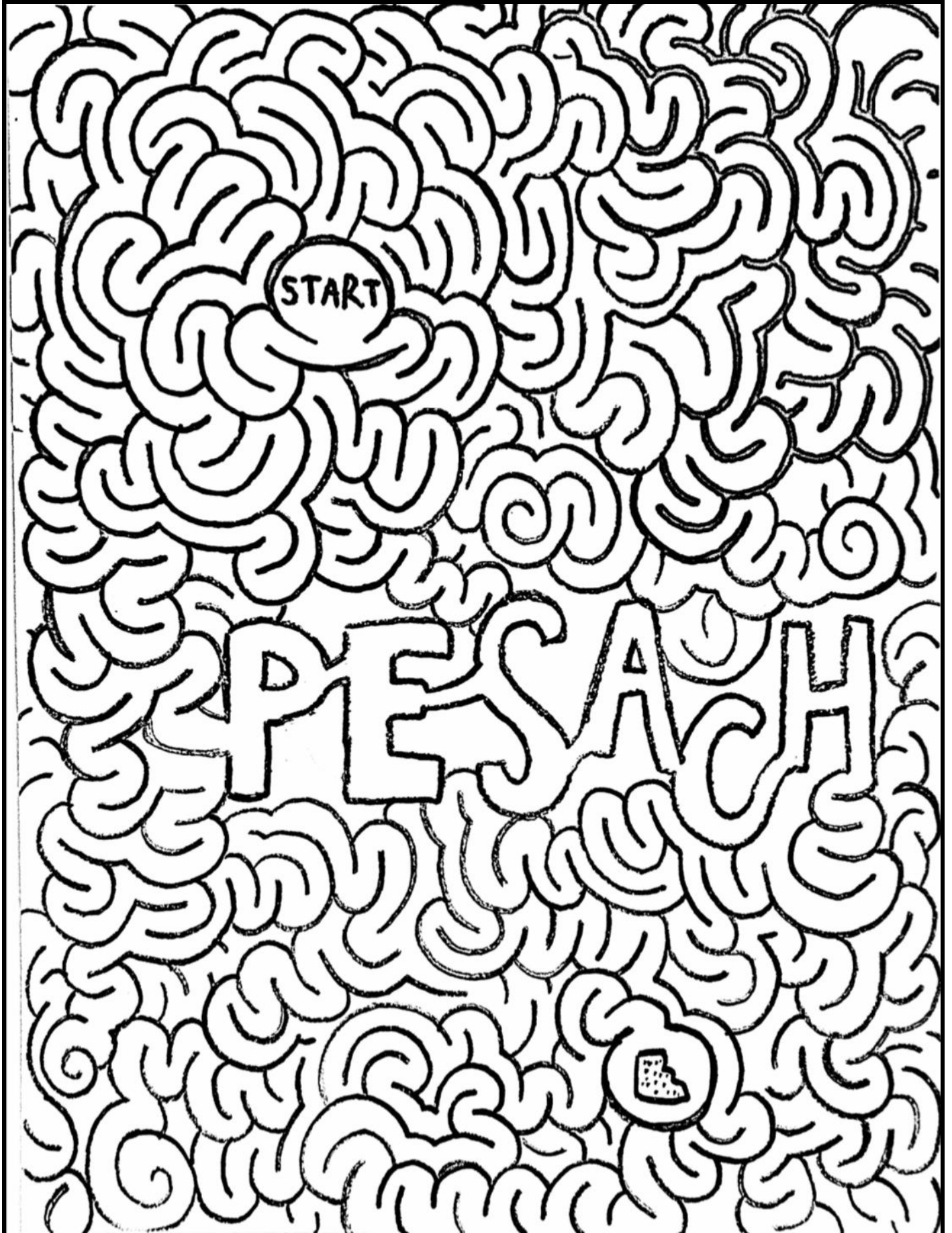
In general, the Korban Pesach is a ritual Jews around the world remember, not a ritual anyone practices. There are two groups who have attempted to continue the Korban Pesach.

¹ Afikomen is a Greek word for ‘dessert’

In Israel, there are religious fundamentalists who have attempted to continue sacrificial customs near the Temple Mount. This has been a controversy, not only because the government has made this illegal to maintain peace, but also amongst animal rights groups who have sued those who try to resurrect this ritual.

The Samaritans, who maintain an ancient, biblical religion that they believe descends from the Northern Israelite kingdom, celebrate most rituals in Mount Gezerim in Nablus, which they believe to be holy. Each year during Pesach, they take a pilgrimage to the mountain and commemorate Pesach by sacrificing lambs there.

Trace through the maze on the next page to find the afikomen!



Hallel הלל



Follow the link, or click [here](#), to listen to “Lo Amut,” by Jonathan and Tehila! Find the accompanying sheet music below.

Lo Amut

Jonathan Kapilian and Tehila Cherry

Pslams 118 15:18

A
♩ = 70

Em C G D

Kol ri nah v' shu a B' a halei Tza dikim Ymin A do nai o sa cha yil

5 Em C G D

Ymin A do nai ro mei ma Ymin A do nai o sa cha yil

9 **B** C G Am Em

Lo a mut ki - ech yeh v' a sa per ma' a sei yah.

13 C G Am7 Em

Lo a mut ki - ech yeh v' a sa per ma' a sei yah.

17 **C** C G Am Em7

Lo a mut ki - ech yeh v' a sa per ma' a sei yah.

21 C G Am7 Em

Ya a sor yis ra ni yah v' la ma vet lo n' ta na ni.

rit

Nirtzah נרצה

Jesse: For me, “next year in Jerusalem,” is all about hoping and imagining that next Pesach I will be able to celebrate in the streets of my homeland. Tied to this future reality is the promise that I will be able to freely, joyously and fully celebrate my Judaism. Up until this point, I sang “next year in Jerusalem” without fully realizing the words. I was fully content with my Pesach experience, and I theoretically had the option of returning to Israel to celebrate if I so chose. Yet now, in the midst of Covid-19 and “social distancing,” I deeply identify with these lyrics. I yearn to next year have a big, boisterous Seder with my whole family. By meditating on our current situation in quarantine, I think we can give “next year in Jerusalem” a more applicable significance. Many Jews constantly feel unsatisfied or excluded doing religious occasions. For those of us that are just now feeling that distance from our Jewish identity, we should remember those among us who infrequently feel accepted or literate enough to participate in the festivities. Next year, we should each make our homes and communities like Jerusalem; we should welcome in the outsider, the estranged and the timid Jew and involve them in our joyous and robust Pesach celebration.

Ilana: The end of the seder is something that I eagerly look forward to each year. The never-ending Maggid stories along with the blandness of eating matzah leave me hoping that Nirtzah will always come sooner in the night. In considering the words “L’shana Haba’ah B’Yerushalayim” this year, a different sentiment arises for me. While I would love to be in Jerusalem next year, and have the world progress to being able to celebrate this holiday of remembering the Exodus from Egypt, I feel stuck inside my home dreaming just of being able to gather with my friends. Hearing the words “L’shana Haba’ah” reminds me of an Israeli folk song I often heard growing up at camp -- Bashana Haba’ah. The song, translated to English, goes like this:

“Next year, we’ll sit on the porch, counting the migrating birds.

Children on vacation play tag between the house and the fields.

You will see, you will see how good it will be Next Year.”

The picture painted in the lyrics has invoked the longing I feel to be at peace, immersed in nature without care. While the tradition of the seder is completed in Nirtzah, it finishes with a call to action. Yes - we have been taken out of Egypt, but that does not mean the work is done.

