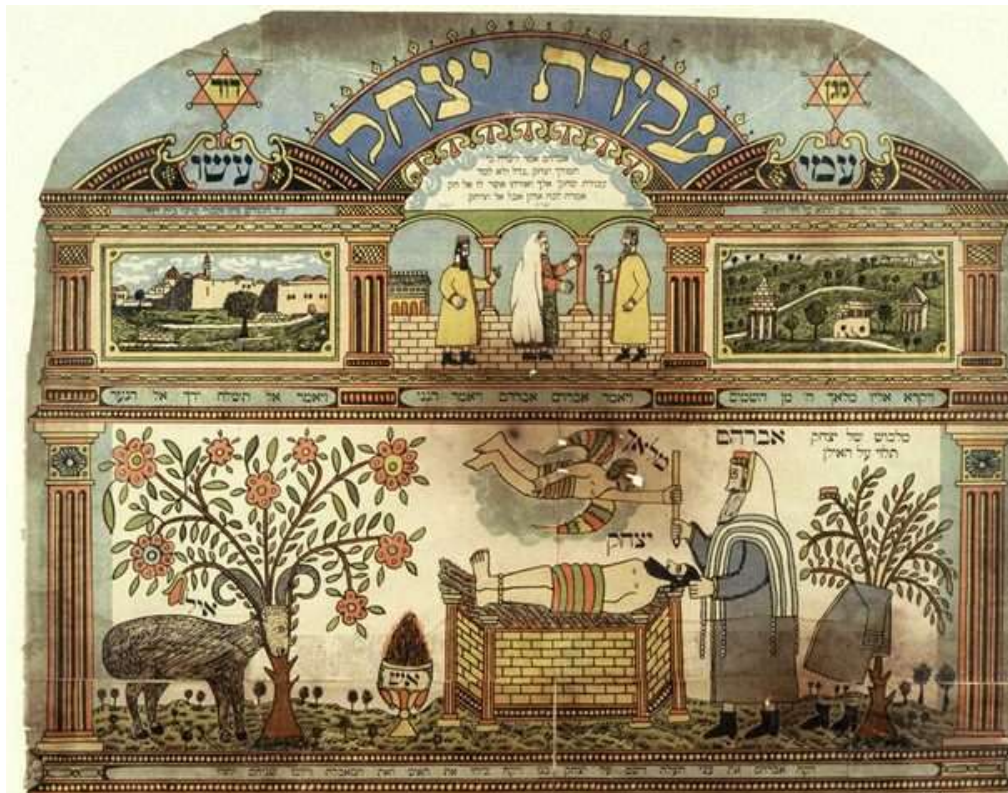




## Rosh Hashanah 5786 Community Text Study Led by Rabbi Debra Cantor

# Is the Akedah Still Binding?



This study session is dedicated to my beloved teacher, Rachel Korazim

### Blessing Before Torah Study

*Barukh Atah Adonai Eloheinu melekh ha'olam asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav  
v'tzivanu la'asok b'divrei Torah.*

Blessed are You, Adonai our God, Ruler of the Universe, who has made our lives holy with Your mitzvot, and commanded us to engage with the words of Torah.



## Heritage - ירושה

by Haim Guri

The ram came last  
 And Abraham did not know that he  
 Came in answer to the boy's request  
 His first strength at the time of the waning day.  
 The old man raised his head.  
 When he saw that he was not dreaming  
 And the angel stood —  
 With the knife falling from his hand.  
 The child, freed of his bonds  
 Saw his father's back.  
 Yitzhak, it is said, was not offered as a sacrifice.  
 He lived a very long time,  
 Seeing the good, until the light of his eyes dimmed.  
 But he bequeathed that hour to his descendants.  
 They were born  
 With a knife in their heart.

הָאֵיל בָּא אַחֲרוֹן.  
 וְלֹא יָדַע אַבְרָהָם כִּי הוּא  
 מְשִׁיב עַל שְׂאֵלַת הַיֶּלֶד,  
 רֵאשִׁית-אוֹנוֹ בְּעֵת יוֹמוֹ עָרַב.  
 נָשָׂא רֵאשׁוֹ הַשֶּׁב.  
 בְּרֵאתוֹ כִּי לֹא חָלַם חֲלוֹם  
 וְהַמְלֵאךְ נָצַב —  
 נִשְׂרָה הַמַּאֲכָלֶת מִיָּדוֹ.  
 הַיֶּלֶד שֶׁהִתַּר מְאֹסוּרָיו  
 רָאָה אֶת גֵּב אָבִיו.  
 יִצְחָק, כְּמִסְפָּר, לֹא הֶעֱלָה קֶרְבֵּן.  
 הוּא חַי יָמִים רַבִּים,  
 רָאָה בְּטוֹב, עַד אוֹר עֵינָיו כָּהָה.  
 אָבֵל אֶת הַשָּׁעָה הַהִיא הוֹרִישׁ לְצִאֲצָאָיו.  
 הֵם נוֹלָדִים  
 וּמְאֲכָלֶת בְּלִבָּם



## Abraham Had Three Sons, Not Just Two by Yehudah Amichai

Abraham had three sons:

*Yishmael*/ Let-God-Listen,

*Yitzhak*/Let-Him-Laugh,

and *Yivkeh*/Let-Him-Cry.

No one has heard of *Yivkeh*, for he was the youngest, the beloved one offered as an offering on Mount Moriah.

*Yishmael* was saved by his mother, Hagar, *Yitzhak* was saved by an angel, but *Yivkeh* was not saved by anyone.

When he was little his father loving called him, *Yivkeh*, *Yiv'k*, *Yeiv'k* my little darling. But he sacrificed him at the Akedah. The Torarh said it was a ram, but it was *Yivkeh*. *Yishmael* never listened to God again in his life. *Yitzhak* never laughed again in his life and Sarah laughed only once, and never again.

Abraham had three sons, *Yishma*/May-He-Listen, *Yitzhak*/May-He-Laugh, *Yivkeh*/May-He-Cry, *Yishmael*, *Yitzhakel*, *Yivkeh-el*. [Let-God-Listen, Let-God-Laugh, Let-God-Cry.]



## I will not Sacrifice - אני לא אקריב by Raaya Harnik

I will not sacrifice

My first born

Not I

At night, God and I

Take stock- who deserves what

I know and acknowledge

Where thanks are due

But not my son

And not

As a sacrifice (*olah*)

## Emergency Call-Up Order 8 by Ran Shayat

All morning I gaze at the halo glowing  
round your head,

as in a Kirlian photography.

My mind is bent, like Uri Geller's spoon,  
waiting for miracles.

I drive you, wrapped, in silence—

as though ascending with you to the  
mountain, a burnt offering.

My hands quiver on the porcelain wheel.

See— the child slips from my palm into  
the roaring street,

the asphalt hard and pressed down like  
grief. Or perhaps

I let go your hand at the edge of the  
sidewalk,

before the draft office in Tel HaShomer,  
like The Irresponsible Adult.

There was no guard שומר there.

## Do Not Lay Your Hand\*

### אל תשלחי ידך

by Esther Maharat Freedman

Do not lay your hand on the door  
Do not do anything  
They are there  
Lying in wait for you  
The shattered fragments of your life  
Scattered in the center of the living room  
On the old couch  
On the stained floor  
The wounds, the scratches, the pain  
They are waiting to sacrifice you  
On the altar  
Do not lay your hand

\* God's angel told Abraham not to sacrifice his son: "Do not raise your hand against the boy, or do anything to him." Gen. 22:12

וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהֵי-תְשׁוּבָה יְדָךְ אֶל-הַנֶּעָר וְאַל-תַּעַשׂ לוֹ מְאוּמָה

## If I were a Jewish Mother

by Ayat Abu Shmeiss

If I were a Jewish mother  
And I needed to send  
My son to the army  
I would fight  
I would bind  
My tongue to his ears  
I would glue my hands  
To his legs  
I would hang my heart  
On his eyes  
Just so he wouldn't go.

## I know a child

by Waddah Abu Jame

I know a child  
Who missed  
His very first computer class,  
Murdered by the war  
With its artificial intelligence.  
I know children  
Who only learned to count  
From one to ten;  
One of their number was killed.  
A number they can't even read.  
I know mothers  
Gathering schoolbags  
For children running late,  
While soldiers ready their cannons  
And drag the entire family  
To their final lesson.

## Dayenu

by Dafna Shen Meishar

If there's a wall – let a gate tear into it,  
And if it's closed – let a lock hang on it.  
And if it's locked -let there be  
A key somewhere  
In the hand of someone who listens.  
And when we cry -- may He hear  
And when He hears -- may He come  
Open and enter  
Like light.

