



No Time To Celebrate!

Jews Remember the Nakba

Passover Haggadah Supplement, 5768 / 2008

Introduction

Welcome to the No Time To Celebrate! Jews Remember The Nakba Haggadah Supplement. We have come together with all our sadness, our rage, our compassion, our complexity and our creative genius as anti-zionist Jews to bare witness to the 60th anniversary of al-Nakba. The next 20+ pages are not a complete haggadah, but rather supplemental readings that will provide opportunities for reflection, emotion, healing and transformation. We hope they will also inspire us to continue transforming our communities, creating new traditions, and working for justice in Palestine.

Contents

Why Is This Passover Different From All Other Passovers?	3
Opening Meditations on Ancestors	4
The Legacy of the Olive	5
Pesach	6
Karpas	7
Kiddush	8
Shehekhyanu	9
Urchatz	9
Yachatz	10
Maggid	11
Ten Plagues	16
Dayenu	17
Rachatz	18
Motzi Matzah	20
Korech	20
Tsafun	22
Hallel	22
Afikomen	22
Nirtzah	23

Acknowledgements

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Why is this Passover Different from All Other Passovers?

All: Why is this passover different from all other passovers?

Reader 1: Tonight we commemorate the 60th anniversary of *al-Nakba*, the catastrophe, and 60 years of Palestinian resistance to the displacement from their land and the devastating occupation that is *al-Nakba*'s legacy.

Reader 2: Tonight we call special attention to the 534 destroyed Palestinian villages, the 7 million Palestinian refugees, the uprooted olive trees, the demolished homes, the 10,000 Palestinian political prisoners and especially, we call our attention to the people of Gaza, who have been imprisoned on their own land without sufficient access to water, food, health care, quiet and calm.

Reader 3: Tonight we think about the catastrophes in our own cities, in New Orleans, and on this planet. We think about the effects of environmental racism in our communities and the plagues it has and will bring.

All: Why is this passover different from all other passovers?

Reader 1: Tonight we gather around the seder table, as Jews have for centuries, as a secular celebration, as a time to connect to family and community, or as a part of a religious practice to reflect and affirm the Jewish values of liberation and justice. Tonight across the world Jews will have seders that celebrate the diaspora and reject Zionism, just as Jews have done since 1897, the year Der Bund (General Union of Jewish Workers in Lithuania, Poland and Russia) passed a condemnation of Zionism.

Reader 2: This year we take a moment to grieve, knowing that on all Jewish holidays the Israeli army is more violent, and the checkpoints are more severe, throughout the West Bank and Gaza. It is unjust to tell our story of freedom and simultaneously condone the persecution of others. So this year, we publicly recognize that one reason this is not a time to celebrate is that Israeli passover celebrations bring with them increased suffering for Palestinians.

Reader 3: This year we make an intentional decision to focus our energy on the collective liberation of Palestinian and all people. Through *kavanot*, blessings, and ritual innovation - please join us on a journey to honor, commemorate and reject *al-Nakba* as a justification for Jewish security and recognize it as an imperialist project that perpetuates trauma, racism and slavery.

All: *Why is this passover different from all other passovers?*

Reader 1: Tonight we acknowledge al-Nakba as part of Jewish history, and fuse our history of struggle and liberation with the histories of Palestinian struggle and liberation. We also acknowledge that it is our responsibility as Jews to work for justice and to be in solidarity with Palestinian liberation struggles. Just as our history of Jewish culture has been shaped by our experience of oppression, it is now also shaped by experience as oppressors. Through this seder, we continue the Jewish tradition of standing against injustice and commit to ending the recent legacy of apartheid and ethnic cleansing.

Include as many Nakba related passages as you feel inspired. It is our hope that the readings are vivid, visceral, factual and compassionate. Please offer the words with respect for the legacies they represent and the legacies we are creating.

Opening Meditation on Ancestors

Draw to your mind your ancestors – from your many families and communities. Imagine them in the different places they lived, the lands and seas they traveled, by choice and for their lives, in freedom and enslaved.

Imagine them holding what was precious to them, imagine this gift coming down through the generations to you. Imagine the places they were broken and take a moment to feel the bodies of your ancestors, their stitches and their scars.

Thank them for the parts of your heritage you love and forgive them for the pain.

Now visualize yourself as the ancestor of the generations to come. Accept their gratitude for what you can do, and their forgiveness for what you cannot.

All: *We invite into the room the spirits of our ancestors. We honor you and we forgive you. Thank you for bringing us to this moment. May our lives contribute to the healing of all of our peoples, to our beloved planet, and to all of the world.*

All: *Nizkor et masoret hadorot v'nishzor bah et sarigey hayeynu.
Recalling the generations, we weave our lives into the tradition.*

-Marcia Falk, **The Book of Blessings**

Alternate Opening Meditation

“PASSOVER, 2002”

Instead of scalding
your pots and plates,
take steel wool
to your hearts:
You read the Haggadah
like swine, which
if put before a table
would forage about in the bowl
for parsley and dumplings.
Passover, however,
is stronger than you are.

Go outside and see:
the slaves are rising up,
a brave soul
is burying its oppressor
beneath the sand.
Here is your cruel,
stupid Pharaoh,
dispatching his troops
with their chariots of war,
and here is the sea of Freedom,
which swallows them.

-Aharon Shabtai

The Legacy of the Olive – A Symbol of Resistance

This year, our seder plate has an olive. Why an olive?

Because, for slavery to truly be over, for a people to truly be free, we must have know that we can feed ourselves and our children, today, tomorrow, and into the following generations.

In Palestine, olive groves provide this security. When olive groves are destroyed, the past and the future are destroyed. Without economic security, a people can much more easily be conquered, or enslaved. Olive trees are treasured like family members, often planted hundreds of years ago, they continue to bear fruit and to bear witness.

Since 1948, millions and millions of olive and fruit trees have been destroyed in Palestine in an effort to destroy villages and all evidence of their existence. Many have simply been uprooted and sold for a huge profit (to the seller) to Israelis and settlers. And so livelihood and wealth have gone, once again, from the powerless to the powerful.

And so this year, on the 60th anniversary of al-Nakba, we eat an olive and we savor the richness of their legacy in Palestinian culture, and commit to replanting olive trees throughout Palestine.

All: *B'rucha at Shekhinah, b'tocheynu, ruach ha'olam, borayt p'ri ha-eitz.*

Blessed are you, Shekhinah, who is within us, spirit of the world, who brings forth fruit from the trees.



Pesach
The Shank Bone

The shank bone represents both the lambs that were traditionally sacrificed for the spring festival, and the lamb's blood that was used to mark the houses of the Hebrews in Mitzrayim. Today, we too often think of sacrifice in emotional or financial terms, forgetting that it was a bloody, public action. How easy it is, in our own time, to avoid knowing the true costs of our choices, to not see the effects of policies enacted in our names or with our money.

Starhawk, writing from occupied Nablus, calls to us:

“And if I could, I would send you a bone. Not to call you to war, but away from it. Something you cannot avoid seeing, touching. Something to make the blood on our hands visible, unmistakable. A limb, a shoulder, a hunk of flesh dripping real blood, from the rubble beneath the bulldozer, the doorstep, from the child shot dead in the gunfight or buried under the house, from the bomb shelters of Baghdad and from the bloody buses of Tel Aviv. A bone red with blood to say, This is what colonization requires: blood soaked sand, holy earth defiled with death, human sacrifice.”

And so this bone on our seder plate reminds us of those sacrificed in al-Nakba, and the 60 years of Palestinian resistance.

Karpas
Dipping the Greens in Salt Water

“There Was No Farewell”

We did not weep
when we were leaving -
for we had neither
time nor tears,
and there was no farewell.
We did not know
at the moment of parting
that it was a parting,
so where would our weeping
have come from?

We did not stay
awake all night
(and did not doze)
the night of our leaving.
That night we had
neither night nor light,
and no moon rose.
That night we lost our star,
our lamp misled us;
we didn't receive our share
of sleeplessness -
so where
would wakefulness have come from?

-Taha Muhammad Ali

Born in rural Galilee in 1931, Muhammad Ali was left without a home when his village was destroyed in 1948. he fled to Lebanon along with most of the village's residents, only to return a year later and settle with his family in Nazareth - one mile away from the village of his childhood. A souvenir salesman by trade and a devotee of old Mickey Mouse cartoons, Muhammad Ali is self-taught in the arts of poetry and short fiction.



Expulsion from Kafr Aylut, July 1948.

Kiddush **Blessings over Wine**

The *kiddush*, sanctification, a blessing over wine or grape juice, is recited at the start of meals during Jewish holidays and holds the sanctity of the gathering.

As we lift our cups, recalling the exodus from *mitzrayim*, a narrow place, we are reminded that liberation is possible but also that pharaohs are real. We are challenged to locate ourselves and our inspiration in the Passover story: as if you yourself came forth from Egypt, and as if you yourself have been a pharaoh.

Traditionally, four cups of wine are drunk at the passover seder, linked to the promises made by God to the Israelites in the biblical narrative:

“I will bring you out from under the burdens of Egypt. I will deliver you from bondage. I will redeem you with an outstretched arm and great judgments. I will take you to be my people and I will be your God.” (Exodus 6:6-7)

Tonight as we remember the Nakba, we will connect each cup of wine to a promise we will make in the coming year to support the 60+ years of Palestinian resistance, to realize the Palestinian Right of Return, to reject celebration of this 60th anniversary, and to support the Palestinian call for boycott, divestment and sanctions against Israel.

Cup 1: Supporting the 60+ years of Palestinian resistance to Zionism

Turn to someone beside you and share how supporting Palestinian resistance is part of your Jewish history and liberation

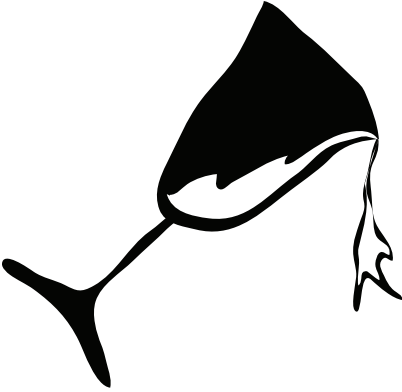
Cup 2: Toward realizing the Palestinian Right of Return to their land lost in 1948

Turn to someone beside you and share what home means to you

Cup 3: Rejecting celebration of the 60th anniversary of the establishment of the State of Israel

Turn to someone beside you and share what you wish to celebrate as a diaspora Jew in the coming year

Cup 4: Supporting the Palestinian call for boycott, divestment and sanctions against Israel



For the fourth cup we will refrain from drinking. Just as we will spill some wine from our cup as we recall the devastation of the ten plagues, we acknowledge how it is important to withhold and take away as a sign of our dissent. As we don't drink the fourth cup, turn to someone beside you and share how you plan to support the Palestinian struggle for liberation this year

Shehekhyanu

This is the blessing that honors life cycles and seasons and first times. It is complicated as Jews to bless a seder that coincides with the 60th anniversary of al-Nakba. How do we understand our gratitude for arriving at this moment?

As we say the *Shehekhyanu* over the first cup of wine, we honor the growing voice of anti-zionist, non-zionist and diasporist Jews who refuse to be complicit in the ethnic cleansing and displacement of Palestinians. And who instead insist on telling the story of al-Nakba, as we are commanded each year to experience the seder as if we are ourselves were slaves in Egypt, or Palestine, or the Super Dome. We honor anti-zionist Jewish community as part of a legacy of Jewish resistance that comes from a deep commitment to pursue justice.

All: *Baruch Ata Adonai Eloheynu Melekh Ha-Olam, shehekhyanu, veh'kimanu, veh'higgianu la zman ha zeh.*

Blessed is the Eternal for giving us life, for sustaining us and for bringing us to this time.

Urchatz **Hand Washing**

Having blessed and tasted our first cup of wine, we take this moment to pause and purify.

In washing without a blessing, we shift the emphasis from God to ourselves.

We acknowledge our physicality and fallibility, our insecurities and contradictions, and remind ourselves of the work that we are able and obligated to do.

As water is a source of life and continuous motion, so too must we be guardians of life and in continuous, forward-moving motion.

A symbolic separation between where we were before and where this journey will take us, water calls us to our source—and to action.

This water touches our hands, and our hands touch the world...

Yachatz **Breaking of the Middle Matzah**

Reader 1: Today, many of us come to this table with broken hearts. We are brokenhearted because today, Israel and the U.S. continue the apartheid and ethnic cleansing that began over 60 years ago in Palestine.

Reader 2: We are brokenhearted because of the over 7 million Palestinians in diaspora from their homeland, and the 4 million Palestinians living under apartheid in the West Bank and Gaza.

Reader 1: We are brokenhearted over what has been done in our names and the names of our ancestors. We are brokenhearted because Jews are doing to others what has been done to us, and the words “Never Again” ring hollow because they have come to mean “Never Again – to the Jews”.

Reader 2: We are brokenhearted because in less than 100 years, millennia of Jewish culture have been reduced to a bloodthirsty and absolutist Zionist ideology.

Reader 1: Tonight, we reenact the ritual of *Yachatz* – the breaking of the middle matzah – to see before us our brokenheartedness, and to break ourselves open for healing and for justice.

And we remember the Yiddish teaching of our ancestors: “There’s nothing more whole than a broken heart.” (In Yiddish: “*Es is nitto a gantsere zach vi ah tsiprochene harts.*”)

*Raise up the three matzot and break the middle one in 3 pieces,
hold it up for all to see.*

Reader 2: Let us bless this brokenness in ourselves and in the world. Because when we are brokenhearted we are breaking open, like parched and broken earth ready for rain.

Let us not be afraid to speak about it in our homes and in our communities. Let our broken edges be our guide, not in a way that cuts, but in a way that keeps us focused and undulled by the privilege of life in the United States. That keeps us sharp and ready to create something new and whole.

Maggid

Every year we re-tell the story of the Jewish people's enslavement, struggle, and ultimate freedom from "narrow spaces" (*Mitzrayim*). We remember and honor our history of oppression so that we can struggle against it when it arises in the present. We celebrate our own freedom in the hopes that other groups might have the opportunity to do the same.

This year, we are painfully aware that the interpretation of freedom by one group of Jewish people has caused a modern-day exodus. From late 1947 through early 1949, hundreds of thousands of Palestinian people were forced to leave their homes and their lands.

*We have provided four stories, one from Ilan Pappé and three from **Homeland: Oral Histories of Palestine and Palestinians**. Please read aloud in small groups as many as you have time for.*

• • •

On April 21, 1948, Passover eve, Zionist military brigades began an operation they called, "Cleansing the Leaven" (Bi'ur Hametz). In this case, the "leaven" was the indigenous Palestinian population of the city of Haifa. One military leader, later to become Israeli army Chief of Staff, ordered his troops to "[k]ill any Arab you encounter; torch all inflammable objects and force doors open with explosives."

Pappé writes: "When these orders were executed promptly within the 1.5 square kilometers where thousands of Haifa's defenceless Palestinians were still residing, the shock and terror were such that, without packing any of their belongings or even knowing what they were

doing, people began leaving en masse. In panic they headed towards the port where they hoped to find a ship or a boat to take them away from the city. As soon as they had fled, Jewish troops broke into and looted their houses.”

We are taught that if we do not heal from our wounds and learn from our experiences, history often repeats itself. In one ancient moment in Jewish history, Jewish people fled slavery for freedom. In one modern moment in Jewish and Palestinian history, Palestinian people fled home for exile. This year, let us honor, celebrate, and mourn the various parts of our history and let us commit ourselves to working for true freedom in Palestine.

• • •

“Until this day, we don’t know where they buried them.”

I am seventy years old. We had a very nice house in Deir Yassin.

Before 1948, my father had a cement block factory. We also used to work on stone, breaking the stones.

We had much land before 1948. It was divided into plots. Some plots had olives. Other plots had fresh figs, almonds and grapes. One plot was where we used to work breaking the stones.

Deir Yassin was a small village outside Jerusalem. Before the massacre, we had 650 individuals from the youngest to the oldest. Deir Yassin was high and it was surrounded by valleys in which there were other villages. The Israelis came through the valleys from all sides and they surrounded Deir Yassin. They came with tanks and with automatic weapons.

You must understand what type of weapons we had. We had an Italian rifle, an old British rifle, and a German rifle. They were single shot. They could not defend a village. We asked the British government for better weapons. They gave us six British “parachute” rifles. The clip on each was ten bullets. What could ten bullets do?

About twenty of us from Deir Yassin were working as house servants for the British army at the Allenby Barracks, not more than two kilometers from Deir Yassin. We heard the news on the radio that the Zionists were attacking Deir Yassin. I, personally, went to the officer in charge of us and told him, “We have heard that the Jews have attacked our village. We’re going.” He said, “Goodbye. Go.”

I went to a village, Ein Karem, that was in a valley below Deir Yassin. I found my uncle in Ein Karem and I asked him, "Where is my father?" He said my father was killed. "Where is my mother?" She was killed. "My brother?" He was killed also.

My sister was in her own house. She had six children. They did not see much because they were hiding at the time of the invasion. They were very, very scared. They came out at night from the lower floor and walked a few steps. The Israelis had already tied dogs to all the different corners of the village. As soon as the dogs saw them, they started barking. My sister and the children hid against the fence for a time. There was one narrow back road from Deir Yassin to Ein Karem that was left open, and so they were able to come to Ein Karem.

When the Israelis first came, the resistance that they found consisted of about one hundred young men. Those hundred young men were taken and shot. Until this day, we don't know where they buried them. Others whom they saw in the street were snipered down. They did not distinguish between pregnant and not pregnant, holding a boy or holding a girl: whoever came before them, they killed. The first people that heard the gunshots, if they were lucky, fled. Of the Zahran family - the mother, the father, the brother, the child, the entire family - not one part of their family tree remains.

After there was no more resistance in town, the Israelis brought buses and took the remaining residents of Deir Yassin and Ein Karem to a place in Jerusalem near the Italian Embassy, next to where the Russian Compound is today.

I found my wife in Jerusalem on the second day. She had her dress on. Except for that, she left as God brought her. I didn't have any idea where she was when I was coming to Jerusalem.

We went to Em Yabrud, another village near Ramallah, where I had an uncle. We went from Jerusalem to Ein Yabrud in a car. At Shoufat, the Israelis were blocking off the road. A tank was blocking the street. We were escorted by British tanks to go through that area which the Israelis had blocked off as a "fire zone."

I had one child at that time. On the trip from Jerusalem to Ein Yabrud, I lost my daughter because of the bad health conditions: no food; no water like normal people should have. What could I have done?

When we got to Ein Yabrud, the United Nations began helping us by giving us essential foods: flour, bread and so forth. We stayed for more than one year in a storage facility that my uncle had in Ein Yabrud. Then work became available. They opened a road from Ramallah to Tibeah and we paved it.

I went back to see Deir Yassin a few years ago. The house of my family is still standing. In the fields next to our houses they have built a mental hospital for their mentally sick.

We have no notion where our parents were buried. The Israelis go to the Sinai and have a big operation to search for one of their dead, but my mother, my father, my sister, my brother, we don't know where they are. When an Israeli dies they build a memorial at the place and the whole world knows about it. We have one hundred young men from our village and, to this day, we still don't know where they were when they were killed.

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"I brought back some dirt and I let my kids step on the dirt so that they can be tied to the land."

I come from Jaffa, a coastal city near Tel Aviv. Before 1948 it was the largest port in Palestine. I was a baby in 1948 but I will tell you what my father told me.

My father left with the hope of returning soon. He had chickens. When he left he covered the chickens because he thought he could keep them warm for seven days. He thought he would be back. But his hopes were empty.

I work as a manual laborer, both inside the '48 area and here. There are special places where you can go and get work if you have the right papers. When we work inside Israel, the rights that we get as workers are nowhere near the rights that the Israeli workers get and we do a lot more difficult work than they do. We receive about 30 shekels from a 50 shekel job.

In 1969 I was arrested. I received my certification as a teacher during the nine months I was in prison. But it is in my file that I was a prisoner so I have not been able to teach ever since.

My wife is from Jordan. She was required to return to Jordan when our first child was 40 days old. For eight years she had to go back and forth in this way. We had a marriage by mail.

I returned to my village after the '67 war. A military base prevented us from getting close to it. I brought back some dirt and I let my kids step on the dirt so that they can be tied to the land.

“We Slept in the Fields”

In 1948, when our people heard shooting in the next village, we left. We piled into cars. We took nothing with us. We had no time.

It was not a straight road. We left to the next village south. The following day, people didn't see a war so we went back to our village. When the shooting started again, we left for a second time. It was back and forth from village to village until finally we found ourselves on the border of Gaza without even knowing that we were coming here.

We slept in the fields. Those families who had friends or family in nearby villages would go and sleep with the people they knew. We had no relatives outside the village, so we ended up sleeping homeless.

My family was the last pocket of resistance that they found in Ikbebe. My two brothers and my father and my uncle and two friends stayed fourteen days fighting in Ikbebe until they finished all of their ammunition. When the last people left, my relatives left with them, and caught up with us.

We stayed in Majdal, which is now called Ashkelon, for three months. My uncle was a rich man in our village and made a deal for us to stay there.

From Majdal we came directly to Rafah. My father had a car. We were able to come here. But there were people who died from starvation in the streets, died from the heat, from walking too much. People dropped dead while they were trying to get down here. We had it easy.



*graffiti on the Apartheid
Wall in Bethlehem*

Ten Plagues of al-Nakba

There were 24 villages occupied in 1948 during the week of that coincides with Passover this year. Ten of those villages were occupied during the first two days of Passover, April 20th and 21st. Tonight, we read the names of those ten villages, and keep in mind the 14 other villages that were occupied in the coming week. And we keep in mind the 510 villages that we will not name tonight, but they are not forgotten.

As we remove a drop of wine (or grape juice) from our glass, we are urged to think of the people who lived in these villages, the fruit trees that grew on their land, the vineyards, the schoolyards, the homes that have all since been destroyed or occupied. Moreover, we are aware that destroyed villages are one form of plague brought on by the formation of the State of Israel.

(village name and district)

1. al-Mansura (Ramla)
2. al-Mukhayzin (Ramla)
3. Sarafand al-Kharab (Ramla)
4. Birket Ramadan (Tulkarem)
5. Miska (Tulkarem)
6. 'Arab al-Zubayd (Safad)
7. al-'Ulmaniyya (Safad)
8. Ghuwayr Abu Shusha (Tiberias)
9. al-Samra (Tiberias)
10. al-Husayniyya (Safad)

Ten Plagues of the Occupation of Palestine

This year we take more drops of wine from our cup to grieve the plagues of apartheid, occupation and war being inflicted on Palestine:

- 1. Ethnic cleansing** of Palestinians to settle Palestine as a ethnically exclusive, Jewish state
- 2. Destruction of Villages** – Destroying over 400 Palestinian towns since 1948
- 3. Home Demolitions** - Destroying the same homes again and again and uprooting olive trees
- Destroying income and heritage for generations of Palestinian families
- 4. Blockades and Checkpoints** - Subjecting Palestinians to daily humiliation and violence by denying access to work, medical care and seeing their families and loved ones
- 5. Israeli Apartheid Wall** – Limiting movement, destroying homes, and increasing surveillance by building a 30-foot high concrete wall around the West Bank with gun towers and electric fencing
- 6. “Administrative Detention”** – Imprisoning and torturing Palestinian adults and children indefinitely, without trial
- 7. Theft of Resources** – Destroying the Palestinian economy, exploiting Palestinian labor, and stealing water and fertile land
- 8. False Democracy** – Denying civil rights to all non-Jews through Apartheid laws and administrative systems
- 9. Erasing histories** of the ancient history and culture of Palestine to generations of children
- 10. War Crimes** – Violating international law, by disabling and torturing children and adults and massacring Palestinians (in Sabra, Shattila, Deir Yassin and others)

– *the International Jewish Solidarity Network’s Liberation Seder Haggadah*

Dayenu

For tonight's Dayenu, let us all stand. The JATO Dayenu is call and response—if you are so moved to read one of these statements, speak up. An uneven chorus of voices, a lone voice and periods of silence are all acceptable. The italicized “We should have said enough” responses we all say together.

When the Etzel and the Stern Gang massacred 250 Palestinians at Deir Yassin, outside of Jerusalem – *we should have said enough.*

When in villages throughout Palestine, Jewish brigades implemented a procedure of expulsion – *we should have said enough.*

When soldiers rounded up Palestinian men and massacred them collectively – *we should have said enough.*

When other men were forced to dig their neighbors' graves – *we should have said enough.*

When women and children were ordered to walk towards Arab countries, while Jewish soldiers fired shots over their heads – *we should have said enough.*

When Palestinian men were forced into labor camps, where their labor included destroying Palestinian homes – *we should have said enough.*

When on the Eve of Passover, in an operation called, “Cleaning Out Chametz” the Haganah shelled the Palestinian residential quarters of Haifa, forcing 70,000, 90% of the city's Palestinian residents, to flee – *we should have said enough.*

When similar operations were carried out in Jaffa, Tiberias and Safad – *we should have said enough.*

When the 10,000 Palestinian residents of Majdal, now Jewish Ashkelon, were enclosed for two years in a ghetto, or closed militarized area, and later forced on trucks and transferred to Gaza – *we should have said enough.*

When the IDF forced the inhabitants of the cities of Lud and Ramle out of their homes at gunpoint and forced them to march west towards Jordan – *we should have said enough.*

When, after villages were depopulated, they were obliterated by the IDF, houses and mosques bombed and bulldozed, all signs of former life destroyed – *we should have said enough.*

When Palestinian homes were confiscated by Israel and repopulated with Jews – *we should have said enough.*

When the Haganah used live fire to prevent villagers from returning to their homes – *we should have said enough.*

When Israel continues to deny that the forced expulsions happened –

When Israel and the American Jewish community continue to deny the Right of Return to the refugees of 1948 –

We say: ENOUGH!

Rachatz **Hand Washing**

We have just discussed in depth Israel's faces of oppression, its many hands and its lengthy reach. We have on our minds 60 years of displacement and mourning. We are swallowing sorrowful questions of crisis and atrocity to make room for the rising answers of resistance and community.

We are nearing the time for feasting and festivity. But first we wash.

We take this small amount of water and as it cools and cleanses our palms, we think of the water imprisoned and prevented from running its natural course... down through the fields crying out in thirst, to the Palestinians held hostage by its theft.

We wash—and we bless. Where before we cleansed in introspection, now we cleanse in preparation for action. This water touches our hands, and our hands touch the world...



Motzi Matzah
The Bread of Affliction

Each year we say *Ha Lachma Anya*, this is the bread of affliction. This year we begin a new tradition that recognizes that the affliction of Palestinians is done in our names, as Jews and as U.S. tax payers. As we eat the matzah, it is a remembering in as much as it is also a responsibility.

Korech
Holding the Contradictions, Maror and Charoset

“Revenge”

At times ... I wish
I could meet in a duel
the man who killed my father
and razed our home,
expelling me
into
a narrow country.
And if he killed me,
I'd rest at last,
and if I were ready—
I would take my revenge!

But if it came to light,
when my rival appeared,
that he had a mother
waiting for him,
or a father who'd put
his right hand over
the heart's place in his chest
whenever his son was late
even by just a quarter-hour
for a meeting they'd set—
then I would not kill him,
even if I could.

Likewise ... I
would not murder him
if it were soon made clear
that he had a brother or sisters
who loved him and constantly longed to see him.
Or if he had a wife to greet him
and children who
couldn't bear his absence
and whom his gifts would thrill.
Or if he had
friends or companions,
neighbors he knew
or allies from prison
or a hospital room,
or classmates from his school ...
asking about him
and sending him regards.

But if he turned
out to be on his own—
cut off like a branch from a tree—
without a mother or father,
with neither a brother nor sister,
wifeless, without a child,
and without kin or neighbors or friends,
colleagues or companions,
then I'd add not a thing to his pain
within that aloneness—
not the torment of death,
and not the sorrow of passing away.
Instead I'd be content
to ignore him when I passed him by
on the street—as I
convinced myself
that paying him no attention
in itself was a kind of revenge.

- Taha Muhammad Ali, Nazareth, April 15, 2006

Tsafun **Raising Consciousness/Raising Funds**

In honor of this passover and the 60th anniversary of al-Nakba, we are asking people to take part in a collective donation to help send aid to Gaza through the Middle East Children's Alliance. Visit www.mecaforpeace.org — please be sure to earmark your donation for Gaza.

Hallel

“My address is really a cry of anguish from the depth of my heart, an impassioned plea to my spiritual relatives, the offspring of Abraham like me: please, please hear the call, the noble call of your scriptures, of our scriptures, to be with the God of the Exodus who took the side of a bunch of slaves against the powerful Pharaoh...”

*– Archbishop Desmond Tutu, speaking on Palestine and Apartheid,
at the Friends of SABEEL Conference, October 27th, 2007*

Afikomen

It is the custom to divide the middle Matzah in two. One part we keep here with the rest of the matzot. The second part, called the afikomen, we hide. When we hide the afikomen we are reminding ourselves that the Exodus from Mitzrayim was only the beginning of the process of redemption and that a part of our redemption is hidden and up to us to make manifest.

This year, we also break the matzah to acknowledge those who must flee their homes without even the time to make unrisen bread. In Palestine, families must flee with only a few moments notice and watch as their homes are destroyed. In our country, thousands of families have been torn apart when people are detained and deported, on no notice and with no recourse.

After the meal, we will hunt for the afikomen and the finder will demand a reward. When the hidden part is found, we will put the two halves together again, and this will be a sign that what is broken can be repaired through our hard and necessary work.

Nirtzah Closing the Seder

This year Palestinians are refugees. Next year all Palestinians will have the right to return to their home lands and to Jerusalem!



A demonstration in the UK in the late 1960's by Matzpen, an anti-Zionist Jewish and Palestinian Israeli group.