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**Shabbat HaGadol | Torah Portion: Tzav, Leviticus 6:1-8:36 | Haftarah Portion: Malachi 3:4-24**

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**Passover Miracle**

*By Merle Feld, Mishkan HaSeder: A Passover Haggadah, page 131*

That we find our spring selves again,  
shed the thick protective layers of winter  
that shield but separate us  
from the world out there.

We sit at the seder table  
tired, yes, from all the work of preparation,  
but hoping to be refreshed,  
hoping in spirit to be refreshed.

Sitting at the seder table  
we encounter  
our younger selves,  
wide-eyed, asking questions.

We become each year once again  
the four sons, daughters – child-like,  
spring-like, ready each year once again  
to go out from Egypt

with nothing  
but a pack on our back,  
ready to walk once again  
out into the wilderness

in search of our freedom  
and our God.

**Going out of Egypt**

*By Hagit Dardik Ackerman, Mishkan HaSeder:  
A Passover Haggadah, page 169*

Not with a strong hand  
And not with an outstretched arm  
And not with great awe  
And not with signs  
And not with wonders  
But rather hesitantly  
With small steps  
Terrified by darkness  
Softly  
And with dedication  
And with purpose  
And precision  
And love  
Carrying little marks  
Like the wrinkles of passing time,  
And the transition of seasons,  
My changing body,  
The pearls of my longings.

Going out of Egypt.

**Early April**

*By Jessica Greenbaum, Mishkan HaSeder:  
A Passover Haggadah, page 11*

The cyclists can't help seeming self-important  
and the daffodils can't help interloping  
on the edges of dark gardens; the shaggy birches  
can't help tending them in peeling robes  
and the purple crocuses can't keep from clashing  
with the orange noise of birds; the spring  
can't help its interruptions and the morning  
can't help its illusion of beginning again  
beginning, and the wanderer can't help  
squandering the dimes of her small fortune  
or wish the morning could be at the first line  
of a drawing her daughter began again; what if  
this was our first day and the bulb  
of the heart humming in frost all those months  
came up as you were riding by, the orange  
birds requesting your attention and the first light  
falling on your dark eyes, knowing it was good?

## Psalm 115:1-11

*Translation by Pamela Goldstein, The Complete Psalms*

Not to us, God, not to us,  
but to your name belongs glory—

because of your constancy in our lives.

Why do nations ask, “Where is their Savior?”  
Our God is in heaven; all the Eternal desires has been done.

Their idols of silver and gold lead to sadness,  
craft of a human hand.  
They have mouths, but cannot speak,  
eyes, but cannot see,  
ears, but do not hear,  
a nose, but smell no fragrance.  
They have hands, but do not feel,  
legs, but cannot walk.  
No utterance of wisdom comes from their throat.

Like them will their makers become,  
all trust in false objects of praise.

Israel—trust in God.  
The Creator is your help and your shield.  
House of Aaron, trust in God.  
The Creator is your help and your shield.  
You who behold the Holy with wonder, trust in God.  
The Creator is your help and your shield.



Harriet Tubman (“The Moses of our People”)  
Gary Lee Price, Great Contributors Collection  
at Dallas Arboretum, Spring 2023