
Torah Portion: P'kudei, Exodus 38:21–40:38
Haftarah: Ezekiel 45:16–25 [historic: Ezekiel 45:16–46:18]

Morning Blessings

Music by Shefa Gold

יְיָ מַתִּיר אֲסוּרִים, יְיָ פּוֹקֵחַ עֵוִרִים,
יְיָ זוֹקֵף כְּפוּפִים, יְיָ אוֹהֵב צַדִּיקִים.

*Adonai matir asurim, Adonai pokeiach ivrim,
Adonai zokeif k'fufim, Adonai ohev tsadikim.*

Adonai frees the captives, Adonai opens the eyes
of the blind, Adonai lifts up the fallen, Adonai loves
the righteous.

Ahal'lah Adonai b'chayai! אֶהְלֵלָה יְיָ בְּחַיִּי.

I will praise Adonai with my life!

The Blessing for the Study of Torah

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו
וְצִוָּנוּ לַעֲסוֹק בְּדִבְרֵי תוֹרָה

*Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech haolam,
Asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav,
v'tzivanu la'asok b'divrei Torah*

Blessed are You, Adonai our God,
Sovereign of the universe, who hallows us
with mitzvot, commanding us to engage with
words of Torah.

Meditation on Mitzvot

By Alden Solovy, This Joyous Soul

It's simple, really,
This list of things we do,
As a people,
This list of things I do,
To live in a good way,
For others and myself,
To leave a legacy of love,
To leave the world
Just a little better each day.

A kind word.
A gentle hand.
A loving voice.
A giving heart.

It's not so simple, really,
To remember to live this way.
Always.
So we arrive early to study Torah
And strive for devotion in prayer,
To remember to honor all beings
With compassion and understanding,
Living a life of mitzvot in joy and service,
So that Torah will resound from our hearts,
Through our words and deeds,
Into the world,
And into the generations to come.

Listen

By Barbara Crooker from Mishkan HaSeder:
A Passover Haggadah published by CCAR Press,
page 105

Listen,

I want to tell you something.

This morning is bright after all the steady rain, and every iris, peony, rose, opens its mouth, rejoicing. I want to say, wake up, open your eyes, there's a snow-covered road ahead, a field of blankness, a sheet of paper, an empty screen.

Even the smallest insects are singing, vibrating their entire bodies, tiny violins of longing and desire. We were made for song.

I can't tell you what prayer is, but I can take the breath of the meadow into my mouth, and I can release it for the leaves' green need. I want to tell you your life is a blue coal, a slice of orange in the mouth, cut hay in the nostrils. The cardinals' red song dances in your blood. Look, every month the moon blossoms into a peony, then shrinks to a sliver of garlic.

And then it blooms again.

Tree of Life

By Rabbi Adina Allen, *The Place of All Possibility*,
page 41

To be a Tree of Life is to be ever-changing and always growing.

***Just as trees are fed by the energy of the sun,
we feed Torah through the light of our
loving attention.***

Just as trees move through many phases — growing branches, dropping leaves, and sprouting new buds —

Torah at times may seem sparse and bare, and at other times, fruitful and fragrant.

Just as we often think of trees as only what's visible aboveground, we are wise to remember:

***Torah is much more than what is visible on the page
it too has depths beneath the surface of the text, like
the fertile darkness of the earth, and the wild places
within our souls.***



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