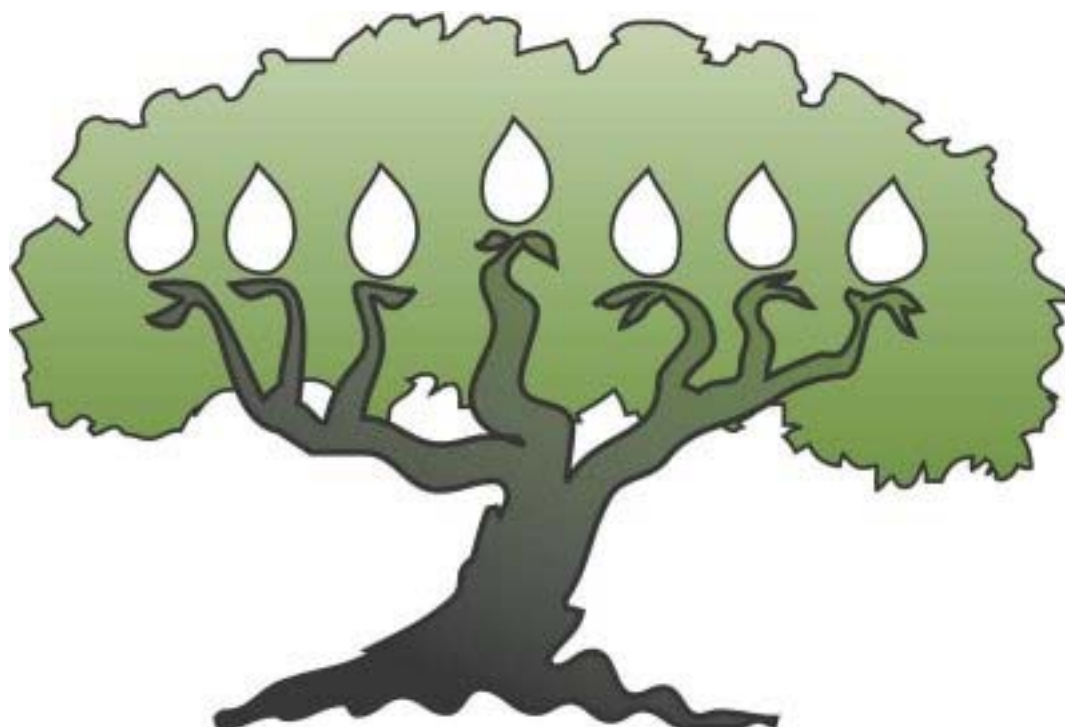


Haggadah For Tu B'Shvat

Boston Workmen's Circle/Arbeter Ring
Mo'ishe/Kavod House
2011



SONG: Hi Ney Ma Tov
(How Good and Pleasant It Is for People to Live Together in Unity)

Hi ney ma tov u-ma-na-im
Shevet achim gam ya-chad.

Hi ney ma tov u-ma-na-im
Shevet achim gam ya-chad.

Hi ney ma tov
Shevet achim gam ya-chad.

Hi ney ma tov
Shevet achim gam ya-chad.

Oy vi gut un vi voyl es is
Brider un shvester tsuzamen.

Oy vi gut un vi voyl es is
Brider un shvester tsuzamen.

Oy vi voyl es iz
Brider un shvester tsuzamen.

Oy vi voyl es iz
Brider un shvester tsuzamen.

Welcome!

Tu B'Shvat has been celebrated many different ways in Jewish history, changing to meet the needs of each generation. It has been a pagan festival, a tax deadline, a kabbalist mystical observance, and Jewish Arbor Day. Today we mark our third annual Boston Workmen's Circle Tu B'Shvat seder, adapting it to our needs as secular progressive Jews in the 21st century. This year we welcome Moishe/Kavod House as cosponsors and collaborators.

Tu B'Shvat means the 15th day of the Hebrew month of Shevat, with Tu representing the Hebrew letters *tes* and *vo*v, which also represent the numbers 9 plus 6. You can do the math!

As with many of our holidays, Tu B'Shvat has pagan origins and dates back to worship of Asherah, the goddess of fertility, whose spirit resided in trees. There was a special festival in honor of Asherah halfway between the winter solstice and the spring equinox, which usually occurred during the month of Shevat.

In Temple days over 2000 years ago, Tu B'Shvat was literally the birthday of the trees for accounting purposes, determining which year the tree's fruit could be harvested and which fruit would be tithed as a Temple offering.

The idea of a Tu B'Shvat seder was developed by 16th-century kabbalists in Palestine. They took the New Year for Trees and turned it into the New Year for the Tree of Life.

Similar to a Passover seder, the Tu B'Shvat seder includes four questions, four cups of wine, and ritual foods. It has been adapted for modern times, initially by early Jewish

settlers celebrating the planting of trees in Palestine, and more recently as an opportunity to highlight environmental issues and the destruction of Palestinian olive trees by the Israel Defense Forces and Jewish extremists. Now it's our turn. We will consider some of the traditions that still resonate today, intermingled with modern-day issues that scream out to us for action.

Our 21st century Tu B'Shvat acknowledges the unity of all people and calls on us to learn, to reflect and to take action. This Tu B'Shvat we listen both to ancient calls from our Torah, about the Tree of Life and Tree of Wisdom, and to our own generation's understanding of environmental, political and social justice. We come prepared to take on the responsibility of *tikkun olam*, the work of repairing our broken world. On this holiday, then, we have gathered to consider trees -- what trees have meant to our environment, what trees have meant in Israeli history, and what trees mean today in the land of Israel/Palestine.

In this *seder*, we will taste the fruits and nuts and juices that come from trees. We will also be tasting of the Tree of Life and the Tree of Wisdom, which grow within us when we act for deep justice. And because all wisdom carries responsibility, we will be asked to take action while the flavors are still bitter and sweet in our mouths.

The kabbalists ate different foods to represent four levels or worlds of existence. The first world is *Assiyah*, or Action, the physical world around us. The second is *Yetzirah*, or Formation, the world of feelings and emotions. The third is *Beriyah*, or Creation, the world of intellect and the mind. The fourth is *Atzilut*, or Emanation, the world of spirituality.

SONG-Turn The World Around

We come from the **mountain**, living in the **mountain**,
Go back to the **mountain**, turn the world around.
We come from the **mountain**,
Go back to the **mountain**, turn the world around.
We come from the **mountain**,
Go back to the **mountain**, turn the world around.

We come from the **water**, living in the **water**...

We come from the **fire**, living in the **fire**...

Water make the river, river wash the mountain,
Fire make the sunlight, turn the world around.
Heart is of the river, body is the mountain,
Spirit is the sunlight, turn the world around.

We are of the spirit, truly of the spirit,
Only can the spirit turn the world around.

We are of the spirit,
 Only can the spirit turn the world around.
 We are of the spirit,
 Only can the spirit turn the world around.

THE FIRST WORLD

Assiyah - the first world, is the world of action. It is the physical world represented by earth and the season of winter. In the world of *Assiyah*, we drink white wine and eat fruits with hard outer shells and soft insides.

The white wine symbolizes the sleep that descends upon nature when the sun's rays begin to weaken. In winter the earth is sometimes barren, covered with snow. In winter we layer ourselves in clothing, blanketing ourselves from the cold just as the earth covered in snow is insulated.

Let us say together:

We are grateful for our beautiful, bountiful earth, that shelters and sustains us, thrills us with beauty, and challenges us with the mysteries of nature. May we be wise shepherds of this precious gift, nurturing her as she nurtures us, replenishing her as she replenishes us, guarding this green earth for the generations who come after us.

(Drink the first cup.)

Assiyah is represented by fruit with tough shells on the outside for solid protection, such as pomegranates and oranges. Removing the hard shells exposes a fleshy vulnerable inside. The shell which conceals also protects.

Some of us are like this fruit. We are hard on the outside, difficult to get to know, protected against possible hurt. But underneath our hard shell is a soft and sweet heart filled with compassion and love.

Fruits that are strong on the outside and sweet on the inside can also represent our own sweat and efforts to build a better world.

Together: As we eat the fruit of *Assiyah*, the physical world of action, may we have the courage to acknowledge our strength that protects us and allows us to act in the world, but may we also have the strength to reveal ourselves, to be vulnerable, to grow, to connect with others in compassion and love, and to repair and help heal.

(Eat from among the first fruits, such as oranges and pistachio nuts.)

Every seder tells a story in response to four questions. Today we ask the following questions at our Tu B'Shvat seder:

1. What do I know about the place where I live?
2. Where do material things come from?
3. How do I connect to the earth?
4. What is my purpose as a human being?

What do I know about the place where I live?

Trees are particular about the place in which they live. A tree can tell us a lot about the history of its place and how humans have acted upon it. In the tree, we can see the effect of human settlement and industry as well as natural events, like storms or fires.

I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.
 A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
 A tree that looks at God all day
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
 A tree that may in Summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair;
 Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
 Who intimately lives with rain.
 Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.
 ~Joyce Kilmer, "Trees," 1914

I think that I shall never see
 A billboard lovely as a tree.
 Perhaps, unless the billboards fall,
 I'll never see a tree at all.
 ~Ogden Nash, "Song of the Open Road," 1933

How much do we really know about the places we live? Try as we might to make every city and suburb the same, each physical locale in which our communities are built has a geological, biological and cultural story. This question should make us learn and tell those stories. Then we can become rooted where we actually live, work and play.

SONG: Holy Ground (Woody Guthrie/Klezematics)

Take off, take off your shoes.
 This place you're standing, it's holy ground.
 Take off, take off your shoes.
 This spot you're standing, it's holy ground.

These words I heard in my burning bush.
 This place you're standing, it's holy ground.
 I heard my fiery voice speak to me
 This spot you're standing, it's holy ground.

Every spot, it's holy ground.
 Every little inch, it's holy ground.
 Every grain of dirt, it's holy ground.
 Every spot I walk, it's holy ground.

Where do material things come from?

Everything we eat, everything we wear or use has its roots in the natural world. Who made them? Where did the materials come from? How were they processed? What is the environmental cost of our expecting to buy any product from anywhere in the world delivered to our front door? What is the true cost of our being able to eat fresh vegetables all year round? How can we eat more food that is locally grown rather than shipped at great ecological and financial cost from far away?

Strawberries are too delicate to be picked by machine. The perfectly ripe ones even bruise at too heavy a human touch. It hit her then that every strawberry she had ever eaten--every piece of fruit--had been picked by calloused human hands. Every piece of toast with jelly represented someone's knees, someone's aching back and hips, someone with a bandanna on her wrist to wipe away the sweat. Why had no one told her about this before?

~Alison Luterman, "Every Piece of Fruit"

The artificially low costs of food have a hidden price that comes with in the form of insufficient labor regulations and wages. What are some of the ways that we can reduce the human and environmental cost of the food that comes to our tables? What are ways we can help improve the systems we have in place? What does Fair Food mean to you?

Take a card, take a moment to imagine the history of that fruit, where it may come from, and if it can be grown in Massachusetts.

The recent fight for fair food has gained steam. In Immokalee Florida, after a decade of fighting, farm workers have won an extraordinary agreement with local tomato growers and several big-name buyers, including the fast-food giants McDonald's and Burger King, and food service companies such as Aramark and Bon Appetit. The contract ensures that the pickers will be paid roughly a penny more for every pound of fruit they harvest. This seemingly small increase will add thousands of dollars to the income of these workers bumping an average yearly earning from from \$12,000 to \$17,000. This change is huge progress, but to make sure all workers get paid better, it's time for the supermarket industry to catch up to the fast food and food service companies and the growing movement for Fair Food.

One month ago, fifth-grade students from Boston Workmen's Circle Jewish Sunday School (Shule) led more than 100 parents and peers on a march to the Stop & Shop supermarket in Brookline. The students have been learning about the sweatshops their Jewish ancestors toiled in when they first arrived in the United States, and are outraged that such injustice still exists today. The students carried signs that read, "One more

penny per pound,” and delivered a letter to the store’s manager, asking the chain’s parent company, Ahold USA, to work with the Coalition of Immokalee Workers to address the sub-poverty wages and abuses faced by the farm workers who pick the tomatoes sold at the store. The Coalition of Immokalee Workers, a community-based worker organization that helped expose a half-dozen slavery cases and trigger the freeing of more than 1,000 workers, advocates on behalf of seasonal workers in Florida for higher wages, better living conditions, respect from the industry and an end to indentured servitude.
~adapted from Peter Rothberg, in *The Nation*, January 12, 2011

(note the Call to Action on the last page of this program)

How do I connect to the earth?

The first human was called *Adam*: earthling. We can never leave that original name. All that we are, all that we are made of, all that we live on, comes from the earth. We may try to separate ourselves from the rhythms of nature. We may heat and air condition our houses and cars, but we cannot live separate from the earth. We may shape the earth but we can never completely control it. We belong to the earth; the earth does not belong to us.

The words of early American Indians who were displaced from the land by European settlers resonate today.

Chief Luther Standing Bear, of the Oglala band of Sioux, from *Land of the Spotted Eagle* (Standing Bear):

We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and winding streams with tangled growth, as "wild." Only to the white man was nature a "wilderness" and only to him was the land "infested" with "wild" animals and "savage" people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with the blessings of the Great Mystery. Not until the hairy man from the east came and with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families we loved was it "wild" for us.

The Lakota was a true naturalist--lover of Nature. He loved the earth and all things of the earth, the attachment growing with age. The old people came literally to love the soil and they sat or reclined on the ground with a feeling of being close to a mothering power. It was good for the skin to touch the earth and the old people liked to remove their moccasins and walk with bare feet on the sacred earth. Their teepees were built upon the earth and their altars were made of earth. The birds that flew in the air came to rest upon the earth and it was the final abiding place of all things that lived and grew. The soil was soothing, strengthening, cleansing, and healing....

Solomon Ibn Gabirol

11th century Sephardic Jewish poet during the Golden Age of Spain:
Earth's Embroidery (translated from the original Hebrew)

With the ink of its showers and rains,
 with the quill of its lightning, with the hand of its clouds,
 winter wrote a letter upon the garden, in purple and blue.
 No artist could ever conceive the like of that.
 And that is why the earth, grown jealous of the sky,
 embroidered stars in the folds of the flower-beds.

What is my purpose as a human being?

One might also ask: What is the purpose of a tree? A tree does not live to be a resource. It has a worth and a meaning beyond our needs. And so we have a purpose and a worth beyond our roles as producers and consumers. Let us each think about what our own purpose is here, and what we each can do to repair the world.

As the prophet Isaiah said: “I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the acacia tree, the myrtle and the olive tree; I will set in the desert the cypress, the plane tree and the larch together that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together.”

We might wonder what miniscule difference we as individuals or community members and activists can make in the vast scheme of things. Maimonides teaches us that we should consider the entire world as if it were exactly balanced between acts of righteousness and of evil. The very next action we take, therefore, can save or condemn the world.

Again, a tree serves as a metaphor - the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Bad. It is through our interaction with this tree that we come to be aware of the implications of our actions - of the positive and negative consequences of our acts. How can we structure our lives to create the greatest harmony among people, and between people and the environment?

All around the world—and all over the U.S.—there are people and groups working to repair our physical world, to reverse the harm we humans have unknowingly done to our precious earth, through education, political action, and sustainable farming, to name just a few of the myriad environmental efforts now being made.

May the world’s trees be filled with the glory of their ability to renew themselves for new blossoming and growth, from the beginning of the year to its end, so that our lives too will be renewed and filled with compassion, concern for the earth and each other, and freedom, justice and peace.

SONG: Di Verbe (Bialik/Yofis)

Nit baytog un nit baynakht,
 Gey ikh arum fartrakht.

Nit oyf barg un nit oyf tol
Shteyt a verbe fun amol.

A g'virte a groyse,
Iz di verbe, altzding veyst zi.
Bay der verbe vel ikh vegn
Mayn bashertn take fregn.

*(Day and night, I wander deep in thought.
Between a mountain and a valley
There stands a willow tree.
The willow tree is wise,
The willow knows everything.
I will ask the willow my destiny.)*

THE SECOND WORLD

Yetzirah, the second world, is the world of Formation. It is the world in which we cause a transformation of raw materials, such as making bricks from clay. It is the emotional world represented by water and the season of Spring. In the world of *Yetzirah*, we drink white wine with a dash of red and eat fruits with soft outsides and hard inner cores.

We drink the white wine with a dash of red that symbolizes the gradual deepening of color, the reawakening of colors in nature as the sun brings them back to life.

Together: As we drink the second cup of wine, we remember to treasure those soft and unprotected people and fruits of the earth. We are especially mindful of the olive, which has played an important role in our history, and which is the raw material we transform into food, soap, and the ancient sign of peace. May we restore olive trees that have been uprooted in Israel and Palestine.

(Drink the second cup)

Yetzirah is represented by fruit with pits to protect the heart of the fruit, such as dates and olives. The pits, far from being a useless by-product, can represent planting seeds and sharing our values with others and with the next generation.

Together: As we eat the fruit of *Yetzirah*, the emotional world of formation, may our hearts be open to the feelings and needs of ourselves and others, allowing the warmth of our caring to flow throughout the world.

(Eat from among the second fruits, such as olives, dates, and cherries.)

The olive tree is a sign of hope that, despite the enormity of destruction, life can be restored. When the great flood began to subside, Noah sent out a dove. "The dove came

back to him toward evening, and there in its bill was a leaf it had picked from an olive tree." (Genesis 8:11)

The trees planted in our tradition grew and blossomed, yet have been different for each generation. Tonight we focus on one such blooming, the Zionist dream of returning to an ancient homeland, of greening the desert, of creating a Jewish nation. Early Zionists, including those early leaders of the Jewish National Fund charged with acquiring land in Palestine, regarded tree planting as a sacred activity that would lead to the redemption of the land. Tu B'Shvat provided an ideal annual opportunity for teaching about trees, and tree planting became a central patriotic ritual of this holiday. Though we now know that this dream of trees and nationalism had consequences both intended and unintended that are still with us today, we pause here to honor those who dreamed and worked for their dreams.

We are engaged in a creative endeavor the like of which is not to be found in the whole history of mankind: the rebirth and rehabilitation of a people that has been uprooted and scattered to the winds. Here something is growing in every dimension deep within, like a tree growing out of its own seed. Here, in Palestine, is the force attracting all the scattered cells of the people to unite into one living national organism. We seek the rebirth of our national self, the manifestation of our loftiest spirit, and for that we must give our all.
~A.D. Gordon, "Our Tasks Ahead" (1920))

From its inception, the Jewish National Fund raised money in US Jewish communities for to buy land in Eretz Yisrael to create a homeland for the Jewish people. In 1903, the JNF made its first purchase of 800 acres. As the JNF purchased property for the new Jewish homeland, it also raised funds to develop that land, and planted more than 220 million trees.

From the age of about 12 on, I went out with the Jewish National Fund boxes into the Brooklyn subways to collect money for Israel. The technique was to get on a train with a box in each hand and stand in front of the doors. As soon as they closed, I would shout, "Open the doors!" Everyone would look up -- at which point I'd continue: "Open the doors of Israel to new immigrants!" It was a great attention getter.
~Myrna Katz Frommer and Barry Frommer, "Zionism Yesterday"

SONG: Zum Gali Gali

Zum gali gali gali
Zum gali gali

Hekhalutz leman avoda
Avoda leman hekhalutz.

(Pioneers all work as one, work as one all pioneers)

We honor the hopes and good intentions of all those who planted trees for every birth and bar mitzvah and memorial for so many decades. For their good intentions, we eat of the

fruit of trees that represented the fertility and plenty, the abundance that was intended as the Promise of the ancient Holy Land. And we drink the fruit of the grape, to honor the dedication and hard work of all who dropped pennies into Blue Boxes for the dream of making the desert bloom.

We now know that the founding of Israel, and all the planting of trees before and after its founding, had consequences for Palestinians and for the land itself. While most of us were taught that Israel was a barren desert, “a land without people for a people without land,” writing from the time of Israel’s settlement tells another story.

We abroad are used to believing that Eretz Israel is now almost totally desolate, a desert that is not sowed, and that anyone who wishes to purchase land there may come and purchase as much as he desires. But in truth this is not the case. Throughout the country it is difficult to find fields that are not sowed. Only sand dunes and stony mountains that are not fit to grow anything but fruit trees -- and this only after hard labor and great expense of clearing and reclamation -- only these are not cultivated.

~Ahad Ha-Am [Asher Ginzberg], 1891

Once there was an Arab village here. The clouds of Sasa floated high over other people one year ago. The fields we tend today were tended by others – one year ago. The men worked their plots and tended their flocks while women busied themselves baking their bread. The cries and tears of children of others were heard in Sasa one year ago. And when we came, the desolation of their lives cried to us through the ruins they left behind. Cried to us and reached our hearts, colored our everyday lives . . . It isn’t difficult to imagine how life must have been. Here a slipper, there a mirror, here a sack of grain, there a family portrait, a child’s toy. . . . What gives us the right to reap the fruits of trees we have not planted, to take shelter in houses we have not built . . . On what moral grounds shall we stand when we take ourselves to court?

~Passover letter from a resident of Kibbutz Sasa, Spring 1949

On the Trunk of an Olive Tree

I shall carve my story
and the chapters of my tragedy,
I shall carve my sighs on my grove
and on the tombs of my dead.
I shall carve the number of each deed of
our usurped land,
the location of my village and its boundaries.
The demolished houses of its peoples,
my uprooted trees.
And to remember it all,
I shall continue to carve
all the chapters of my tragedy
and all the stages of the disaster
from the beginning to the end
on the olive tree

in the courtyard
of the house.

~Tawfiq Zayyad (b. 1932 Nazareth, d. 1994)

Jewish villages were built in the place of Arab villages. You don't even know the names of these Arab villages, and I don't blame you, because these geography books no longer exist. Not only do the books not exist, the Arab villages are not there either. Nahalal arose in the place of Mahlul, Gvat in the place of Jibta, Sarid in the place of Haneifa, and Kfar-yehoshua in the place of Tel-shaman. There is not one single place built in this country that did not have a former Arab population.

~Moshe Dayan, Ha'aretz interview, April 4, 1969

If the olive trees knew the hands that planted them, their oil would become tears.

~Mahmoud Darwish, renowned Palestinian poet

My Trees in Israel
by Alice Rothchild

My trees in Israel,
Were rooted in the ashes of Treblinka,
Watered by the tears of refugees,
Each quarter in that blue and white box,
Rolled back another grain of sand in the Negev,
Greening the Galilee,
With orchards and olive groves,
Every Bar Mitzvah boy, a seedling waving in the Mediterranean sun,
Two hundred forty million strong, gracing the dream of Zion.

But there is blood in my trees.

The poison and rot of every bulldozer,
Ripping out the ancient olive groves of Jayyous and Nablus,
Wrenching from the terraced land a thousand cumulative years of bounty,
While scarved women yell, weep, and gather the crop shaken loose,
And angry young men taste the bitterness of loss and despair,
Hearts straying to revenge on cataclysmic bus rides to Jerusalem,
While kippah'd, bearded settlers shake their angry fists.

In this same tiny plot of earth,
Tu B'Shvat brings new trees,
Saplings dropped into the graves of their ancestors,
Uprooted hills in lost Bedouin villages,
Burst with the verdant promise of a new future.

How did it happen that the trees of Israel
Went to battle?

Reclaiming the Jerusalem Hills and the Martyr's Forest,
 Clear cut for the bypass road to the settlement of Zufin,
 Like an ugly gash on an old and ravaged face.
 How did it happen that the gnarled and twisted trunks and the yellow green saplings,
 Lost their shared place in the glorious sun?

My trees in Israel,
 Are rooted in all that has happened and all that will happen.
 But are we not, the gardeners, responsible for this crop?
 For watering the hungry roots and protecting the hard green olives and
 sweetened oranges?
 On this day, let us turn our hands to this battered and tortured earth,
 Honoring all that grows and all that may flower in this land of milk and honey.
(inspired by a poem from the First Intifada)

We remind ourselves of the delicate balance we walk between our peoples and others,
 between truths in competition, and between justice and mercy.

From the seeds of the fruits we eat, what can we harvest? How do we separate what can
 nurture ourselves and others from what must now be cast aside? From the harvest, the
 farmer sets aside seeds for the next generation's planting. From what we have harvested,
 what will we shelter and tend and plant for the future?

We are told this ancient Jewish story: Two men were fighting over a piece of land. Each
 claimed ownership and bolstered his claim with apparent proof. To resolve the dispute,
 they went to the rabbi. The rabbi listened but couldn't come to a decision. Each one
 seemed to be right. Finally, the rabbi said, "Since I cannot decide to whom this land
 belongs, let us ask the land." He put his ear to the ground and after a moment
 straightened up. "Gentlemen, the land says it belongs to neither of you, but that you
 belong to it."

~Richard H. Schwartz, *Judaism and Global Survival*

Our task now is to engage in the work of repairing the damage done across the land
 called Israel and Palestine, and to create conditions in which Jews and Palestinians can
 make new relationships within and between their communities. All over the world,
 people of conscience, both Jews and non-Jews, have begun this work in so many ways,
 symbolized by the planting of olive saplings in fields destroyed in the course of the
 occupation of Palestinian lands and the building of the Separation Wall.

Simon bar Yochai taught in the second century that "if you are holding a sapling in your
 hand, and someone says that the Messiah has drawn near, first plant the sapling, and then
 go and greet the Messiah."

~Avot d'Rebbe Natan 31b

SONG: Peace Salaam Shalom (Pat Humphries)

THE THIRD WORLD

Beriyah, the third world, is the world of Creation. It is the world of thoughts represented by air and the season of summer. In the world of *Beriyah*, we drink red wine with a dash of white, reminding us that as the land becomes warmer and the colors of the fruits deepen as they ripen, we too become warmer and more open.

Together: As we drink the third cup of wine, red with a dash of white, may we dedicate ourselves to the work of making peace—in our homes, our communities, our nation, and the world. If each of us is a peace maker, who will be left to make war?

(Drink the third cup)

Beriah is represented by fruits with no shells or pits, such as figs. Such fruits, which have no protection inside or out, can represent peace, which is also fragile and requires great care and attention.

Together: As we eat the fruit of *Beriyah*, the world of thoughts and creation, may our thoughts and actions be integrated. May we create harmony in our lives and in the world.

(Eat from among the third fruits, such as figs, strawberries, and grapes.)

The carob has a special place in Jewish life; during the war with Rome, the Israelites lived under a siege and managed to survive by eating the fruit of the carob tree.

A Talmudic story is told about Honi, who saw an old man planting a carob tree. Honi laughed. "Foolish man", he said, "do you think you will still be alive to eat the fruit of this tree?" The old man replied, "I found trees in the world when I was born. My grandparents planted them for me. So, too, I am planting for my grandchildren."

Just as the old man planted for his children with no expectation of reward or recognition, we can also seed hope in others with small, selfless actions. We can perform acts of kindness for neighbors, use encouraging words with our siblings, take care of the environment, and give *tzedokah*. Each deed is like a tiny seed, destined to nurture good feelings and serve as an example for others to follow.

We eat fruits with many small seeds—such as carobs, figs, strawberries, kiwis, pomegranates, and bananas—to represent the small and important actions we can take every day to instill goodness and hope.

Notice that there is no relationship between the size of the seed and the size of the tree into which it grows. We learn from this that we can't anticipate how much our small actions can mean to another person.

SONG: Healing River (Fran Minkoff and Fred Hellerman)

Oh healing river, send down your waters,
 Send down your waters upon this land.
 Oh healing river, send down your waters,
 And wash the blood from off the sand.

This land is parching, this land is thirsting
 No seed is growing on the barren ground
 This land is parching, this land is thirsting
 Oh healing river, send your water down.

Oh seed of freedom, awake and flourish,
 Let the deep roots nourish, let the tall stalks rise.
 Oh seed of freedom, awake and flourish,
 Proud leaves uncurling unto the skies.

Oh healing river, send down your waters,
 Send down your waters upon this land.
 Oh healing river, send down your waters,
 And wash the blood from off the sand.

THE FOURTH WORLD

Atzilut, the fourth world, is the world of Emanation. It is the purely spiritual world represented by fire. In the Autumn world of *Atzilut*, we drink deep red wine and eat no fruit, for this world cannot be represented by any fruit. However, it can be suggested by the scent of a fragrant fruit. A pleasant scent delights and benefits the soul, rather than the body.

(Pass around fragrant fruits such as lemon for all participants to smell.)

The pure red wine represents the full bloom of nature before the cold winter. As nature expends its last bit of energy, a full cycle is completed.

Together: As we drink the fourth cup of pure red wine, may we become strong, like healthy trees, with solid roots in the ground and with our arms open to the love that is all around us.

(Drink the fourth cup)

We have come to the conclusion of our Tu B'Shvat Seder—the Seder for the Trees, the Birthday of the Trees. Let us commit ourselves to exploring this celebration of our ancient and rich Jewish heritage, shaping it with our own secular vision.

And let us commit ourselves to Tikun Olam, healing the earth, in honor of Tu B'Shvat.

Together:

We build on foundations we did not lay.
 We warm ourselves at fires we did not light.
 We sit in the shade of trees we did not plant.
 We drink from wells we did not dig.
 We profit from persons we did not know.
 We are not alone in the work that lies before us.
 We are ever bound in community.
 We build the land of peace and justice together.
 ~Christine Robinson, adapted by Mark Harris

We close our Tu B'Shvat seder with Lo Yisa Goy:

Nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore.

SONG: Lo Yisa Goy

Slow version:

Lo yisa goy el goy kherev
 Lo yil medu od milkhama.

Fast version:

And everyone 'neath their vine and fig tree
 Shall live in peace and unafraid.
 And everyone 'neath their vine and fig tree
 Shall live in peace and unafraid.

And into ploughshares beat their swords
 Nations shall learn war no more.
 And into ploughshares beat their swords
 Nations shall learn war no more.

Lo yisa goy el goy kherev
 Lo yil medu od milkhama.



Call to Action:

The Moishe/Kavod House Farm to Shul Initiative has been working for the past 3 years to increase support for more ethical sustainable food system by supporting local agriculture in the Jewish community in Boston, starting with a Tu B'Shvat Seder two years ago, educational workshops on food and Judaism and a campaign to increase membership in CSA farm shares among the Jewish community.

Farm to Shul has joined with other faith, labor and environmental groups throughout Boston to support the workers who pick the majority of fresh tomatoes in the U.S. These workers of Immokalee, Florida, work at poverty wages, sometimes under slave labor conditions.

After fighting for more than a decade for better wages, the Immokalee farm workers have won an extraordinary agreement with local tomato growers and several big-name buyers, including the fast-food giants McDonald's and Burger King, and food service companies like Aramark and Bon Appetit, that will pay the pickers roughly a penny more for every pound of fruit they harvest. This seemingly small increase will add thousands of dollars to the income of these workers.

This change is huge progress, but to make sure all workers get paid better, it's time for the supermarket industry to catch up to the fast food and food service companies and the growing movement for Fair Food.

The parent company of Stop and Shop, Ahold, is one of the remaining supermarket chains who has not agreed to fairly compensate the pickers. We are asking them to pay a penny more per pound. So far, Stop and Shop has refused.

On February 27, Moishe/Kavod house, along with other faith, labor and environmental groups we will be holding a rally in Boston near Ahold headquarters. For more information please contact aliza.wasserman@gmail.com.

Source Materials:

www.humanisticjews.org/tubshvat

Seder by Mitchell Thomashow, author of *Ecological Identity*.

<http://www.jewishvoiceforpeace.org/artman/uploads/tubshvathaggadahrevised.pdf>

Trees of Reconciliation Seder by Jewish Voice for Peace

<http://www.citycongregation.org/celebrations/holidays.html#tu>

The City Congregation for Humanistic Judaism

<http://www.shalomctr.org/>

The Shalom Center, founded by Rabbi Arthur Waskow

The Nation

<http://www.ciw-online.org/> (Coalition of Immokalee Workers)

Please share your thoughts and ideas on this holiday program!!

Please use this page to make comments and suggestions on this ritual and/or to volunteer to help with other holidays, such as the High Holidays or Passover. If you fill out this page, please give it to one of the Workmen’s Circle volunteers or mail it to Linda Gritz, Ritual Committee Chair, Workmen’s Circle, 1762 Beacon St., Brookline, MA 02445-2124.

Thank you very much for attending our holiday celebrations and for taking the time to share your thoughts and ideas.

This program was created by the Workmen’s Circle Ritual Committee and is updated each year. We welcome your comments and suggestions for next year’s rituals.

The Ritual Committee creates and updates Workmen’s Circle rituals, currently including Rosh Hashonah, Yom Kippur, Tu B’Shvat, and Passover. If you are interested in participating in this work, please sign up below. We always welcome new members!

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NUMBER: _____

EMAIL ADDRESS: _____