Tisha B'Av is not primarily about the Temple – Chaza"l, the rabbis, figured out how to live without the Temple long ago. Rather, Tisha B'Av is about homelessness, fleeing from war into famine, being thrown into a hostile world without shelter or protection – things all too present in our world. It's an opportunity empathize, to confront the ways we abuse our power, as individuals, as a society, as a people, and as a species, turning other people, and other species, into refugees.

This year, *Tisha B'Av* is especially weighty. Deaths from the COVID plague increase wherever political leadership is slow to face reality. So many suffer the loss of community, wealth, and mental well-being. In the U.S., many believe letting elders die is an acceptable cost for revving the economy. And as the world struggles to face racism, the U.S. government concentrates brown immigrants and refugees in detention camps, where their lives are endangered by COVID, while the corrosive legacy of slavery is still killing Black people in the U.S. And with all this, as Jews we face growing anti-Semitism.

New this year from neohasid: Use the Omer Counter app to count the seven weeks and Sefirot between *Tisha B'Av* and *Rosh Hashanah*. For info go to:

neohasid.org/omer/apps/

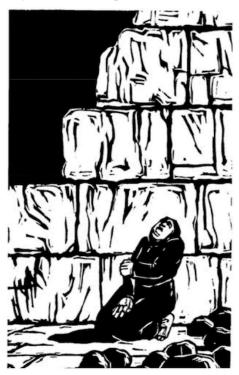
Stop KKL-JNF from making the Sumarin family in East Jerusalem homeless!

Find out more: neohasid.org/sumarin/

## Laments カンド

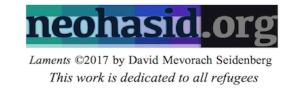
## Translations of Eikhah for our world

http://neohasid.org/resources/laments



Laments 4:1, Margaret Adams Parker www.margaretadamsparker.com used with permission





## Eli Tsiyon, selected verses

Eli Tsiyon v'areha k'mo ishah v'tsireha al ba'al n'ureha

My God, Zion and her towns, like a woman in travail of labor, v'khivtulah chagurat sak like a virgin wearing sackcloth for the husband of her youth

Alei hegyon m'choleha asher damam b'areha V'al va'ad asher shamam uvitul sanhed'reha

For her dancers' concentration whose blood (ran) in her towns and for the mob that destroyed and ended her high court of justice

Alei galut m'shartei El n'imei shir z'mareha V'al kolot m'charpeha b'eit rabu f'gareha

For the exile of God's servants sweet singers of her songs and for her scorners clamoring while the corpses piled up

Alei pesha asher av'tah s'lol derekh ashureha V'al tsiv'ot k'haleha sh'zufeha sh'choreha

For the perversion she twisted paving the path of the well-off and for her amassed community her field workers, her brown, her black people

b'fi kamai m'tsareha

Alei shimkha asher chulal For Your name desecrated in the mouths who stand against her oppressed and for the plea they cry to You

focus and listen to her word

V'al tachan y'tsavchu lakh Kashuv ush'ma amareha.

"The Hope of How" - By Yehudah Webster & Zahara Zahav (via Detroit Jews for Justice)

"My insides are churning" -

A most sacred home, in flames, deemed worthless, disposable; How? Eikhah? A pastor and worshipers slain, heads bowed, in the sanctuary; How?

A mother sits in the street where her son's soul was poured out; How? A world turns its back again, again, again – there is none to comfort her; How?

A people shown their Black bodies, tears, families do not matter; How?

How have we fallen to such disgrace? How long will we slink away from justice? How do we allow? How do we hope? How do we dance when so heavy with grief? How do we turn to face each other?

A woman climbs where no one dared, tears down a flag of hatred; How? A mother refuses to back down, power yields to her demands; How?

A wave of clergy rise up to meet resounding call for a different world; How? A movement plants seeds everywhere, sprouts flowers over burial ground; How?

A black man's cry, "I can't breathe" amplified in the streets for all to hear; How?

With this hope we pray that we do not reach the point of total destruction. We pray that we desist from senseless hatred and brutality. That sacred places remain holy, unstained from the blood of racism. That we do not repeat the mistakes of our ancestors, taking instead honest account of our obligations.

May community, allyship and love forge new bridges of understanding and trust. That we continue to hope and believe in each other. Demanding as one that black lives truly do matter. All these things we pray in solidarity together