

Ein Keiloheinu

אין בַּאלֹהֵינוּ, אֵין כַּאדוֹנֵינוּ, אֵין כְּמַלְכֵנוּ, אֵין כְּמוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.
מִי בַּאלֹהֵינוּ, מִי כַּאדוֹנֵינוּ, מִי כְּמַלְכֵנוּ, מִי כְּמוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.
נוֹדֶה לְאֱלֹהֵינוּ, נוֹדֶה לְאֲדוֹנֵינוּ, נוֹדֶה לְמַלְכֵנוּ, נוֹדֶה לְמוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.
בְּרוּךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, בְּרוּךְ אֲדוֹנֵינוּ, בְּרוּךְ מַלְכֵנוּ, בְּרוּךְ מוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.
אֲתָה הוּא אֱלֹהֵינוּ, אֲתָה הוּא אֲדוֹנֵינוּ, אֲתָה הוּא מַלְכֵנוּ, אֲתָה הוּא מוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.
אֲתָה הוּא שֶׁהִקְטִירוּ אֲבוֹתֵינוּ לְפָנֶיךָ אֶת קִטְרֵת הַסַּמִּים.

Ein kei-lo-hei-nu, ein ka-do-nei-nu, ein k'mal-kei-nu, ein k'mo-shi-ei-nu.
Mi khei-lo-hei-nu, mi kha-do-nei-nu, mi kh'mal-kei-nu, mi kh'mo-shi-ei-nu.
No-deh lei-lo-hei-nu, no-deh la-do-nei-nu, no-deh l'mal-kei-nu, no-deh l'mo-shi-ei-nu.
Ba-ruk h e-lo-hei-nu, ba-ruk h a-do-nei-nu, ba-ruk h mal-kei-nu, ba-ruk h mo-shi-ei-nu.
A-ta hu e-lo-hei-nu, a-ta hu a-do-nei-nu, a-ta hu mal-kei-nu, a-ta hu mo-shi-ei-nu.
A-ta hu she-hik-ti-ru a-vo-tei-nu l'fa-ne-kha et k'to-ret ha-sa-mim.

There is none like our God, there is none like our Lord, there is none like our Ruler, there is none like our Savior.

Who is like our God, who is like our Lord, who is like our Ruler, who is like our Savior?

Let us thank our God, let us thank our Lord, let us thank our Ruler, let us thank our Savior.

Blessed is our God, blessed is our Lord, blessed is our ruler, blessed is our Savior.

It is You Who are our God, it is You Who are our Lord, it is You Who are our Ruler, it is You Who are our Savior.

You are the One before whom our ancestors burned the incense of spices.

D'rash

There is none like our God, there is none like our Lord, there is none like our Ruler, there is none like our Savior—Our devotion to the Holy One is not out of habit or sentimentality, but because the Holy Name stands for all we hold dear, the justice and compassion we cannot forsake. **Who is like our God, who is like our Lord, who is like our Ruler, who is like our Savior?**—We have found nothing-gods that divert us, but none to which we are devoted dor l'dor (generation to generation): none are the Author of history and humanity. **Let us thank our God, let us thank our Lord, let us thank our Ruler, let us thank our Savior**—At the margin of love and loneliness, work or uselessness, life or death, there is but One God Who receives our spontaneous gratitude. **Blessed is our God, blessed is our Lord, blessed is our Ruler, blessed is our Savior**—There is no other god in whose image we seek to live our lives. **It is You Who are our God, it is You Who are our Lord, it is You Who are our Ruler, it is You Who are our Savior**—We admit it, we acknowledge it, we proclaim it: You are the One in Whom we find salvation. **You are the One before Whom our ancestors burned the incense of the spices**—Withal, throughout the generations, we have returned to Your altar to share the sweet savor of our love for You.

Iyun Tefilla

PAPER GOD

Isn't it embarrassing
Though,

To get caught
Bowling to stone?
Everyone knows
It's not cool.
Who wants to say:
This thing of stone
Has power over me?
And, after all, a thing
Of so little substance.
Me, an individual!
I have power.
But oh paper,
Little green paper!
Nothing embarrassing
About that.
It's mostly not
The thing itself,
Of course,
The consciousness
Of thousand dollar bills
Floating on the brain
Like ticker tape.
It's mostly not
The bowing down.
No, the main problem with
Worshipping idols is
That they require
So little.
You think not?
Remember the time
We worshipped
The calf?
Remember the orgy?
Remember the incest?
Remember that was when
We murdered Hur.

Go to <http://www.gatherthepeople.org> for more congregational development and organizing tools.