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But Is It Jewish?

Introduction: It's Feminist,

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A Feminist Perspective

JUDAISM FROM SNAI

Standing Again
right to define Judaism for the past and for the future. “Judaism” was a given that I could fit myself into or decide to reject. It was not a complex and pluralistic tradition involved in a continual process of adaptation and change—a process to which I and other feminist Jews could contribute. Like the wicked child of the Passover Seder, I was handing over Judaism to them, denying my own power as a Jew to help shape what Judaism will become.

I am no longer willing to relinquish that power. I reject the rabbi’s dilemma of whether to hand over the guns to the men and be a Jew or keep the guns and be a woman who denies my people. As I intuited when I first heard his story but now see more clearly, the choice is a false one. The women of the Bialystok Ghetto were acting as Jews, but they understood the meaning of Jewish action differently from the men. Had they held to their position, the story would have had a different ending—but still a Jewish one. Perhaps some of the inhabitants of the Ghetto might have survived instead of all of them being destroyed. The rabbi’s moral tale may thus be read as having a different lesson from the one he intended. When Jewish feminists allow Judaism and feminism to be defined by others in oppositional ways, then we are stuck with two “givens” confronting each other, and we are fundamentally divided. When, however, we refuse to sever or choose between different aspects of our identity, we create a new situation. If we are Jews not despite being feminists but as feminists, then Judaism will have to change—we will have to work to change it—to make a whole identity possible. This change, moreover, may lead to new life for us and for the tradition.

The commitment that underlies this book is precisely a commitment to creating a new Jewish situation, to making a feminist Judaism a reality. Since I assume this commitment but do not defend it elsewhere in the text, my decision to remain within a patriarchal tradition requires some explanation. The important decisions we make in our lives are seldom rooted in rational calculation or easily analyzable, so the sources of this commit-
ment are difficult for me to articulate. Especially in the American context where religious traditions are often viewed as selections in a great smorgasbord from which we pick and choose, the place of upbringing, community, and identity in adult religious decisions is often neglected or devalued. For me, the move toward embracing a whole Jewish/feminist identity did not grow out of my conviction that Judaism is “redeemable,” but out of my sense that Sundering Judaism and feminism would mean sundering my being. Certainly, I did not become a feminist Jew by adding up columns of sexist and nonsexist passages in the Bible and tradition and deciding the nonsexist side had won. Judaism is, I shall argue, a deeply patriarchal tradition. To change it will require a revolution as great as the transition from biblical to rabbinic Judaism precipitated by the destruction of the Second Temple. I do not believe there is some nonsexist “essence” of Judaism in the name of which I struggle, nor do I believe that success is assured.

The factors that make up my commitment to change, and particularly to religious change, are more complex and intertwining. First, from childhood, I have been drawn to and fascinated by questions of ultimate truth and meaning so that I cannot put aside the peculiar difficulties of religious sexism to struggle against male domination on some less charged ground—even the ground of Jewish secularism. Second, if Judaism is patriarchal, I do not believe there is any nonpatriarchal space to which I can go to create a new religion. It is true that women who move outside traditional religions dispense with the need to deal with certain arguments and institutions that drain feminist energy. Still, as I see it, the creativity, imagination, and risks involved in creating a feminist Judaism (or Christianity) are in many ways similar in nature and substance to the work and risks involved in creating a purely feminist spirituality.

These are arguments for Judaism by default, however, and they would not be sufficient, were it not that I find value and meaning in Judaism and in my own Jewish identity, and that
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was initially drawn to feminism through issues of equal access. I had many Jewish friends of different political concerns. I remember an engaging and open-ended process of education and discussion. I had discovered that my experiences were not unique and that there were others in the community who felt the same. I began to question the role of women within Judaism and how we could achieve equality. I felt that Judaism, as a religion and a community, was tied to a specific vision and that by exploring the idea of reforming Judaism, I could create a space in which feminism would be a reality.

In my search for a place where feminism and Judaism could coexist, I turned to the Jewish feminist movement. I found that there were Jewish feminist organizations that were working on issues of women's rights and gender equality. I felt that these organizations could provide a platform for discussing and addressing the issues that I had been grappling with. I became involved in the work of these organizations and began to see the potential for creating a space where feminism and Judaism could coexist.

Through this process, I discovered the Jewish feminist movement. I learned about the contributions of Jewish women to feminism and the role of women within Judaism. I was struck by the diversity of perspectives and the range of issues addressed. Jewish feminism offers a unique perspective on the role of women within Judaism and how we can achieve equality.

In the end, I believe that the transformation of Judaism is possible and that we can create a space where feminism and Judaism can coexist. I hope that my work will contribute to this process and that others will join me in this quest for a more inclusive and equitable Judaism.
Since women's subordination in Jewish law and exclusion from public ritual life are obvious and painful, the focus on equal access was a natural beginning stage. The issues first at the center of feminist discussion were not ones that feminists chose, but issues that, in a sense, chose us; problems like divorce and minyan that, in their concreteness and urgency, clamored for remedy. The process of living with these questions for a while gradually made clear, however, that problems of equal rights are only symptoms of a broader patriarchal worldview. The fight for specific reforms led to a thicket of fundamental questions with implications far beyond the particular problems that gave rise to them. Thus Jewish feminists might agree that it is a matter of simple justice for Jewish women to have full access to the riches of Jewish life. But when a woman stands in the pulpit and reads from the Torah that daughters can be sold as slaves (Ex. 21:7–11), she participates in a profound contradiction between the message of her presence and the content of what she learns and teaches. It is this contradiction feminists must address, not simply “adding” women to a tradition that remains basically unaltered, but transforming Judaism into a religion that women as well as men have a role in shaping.

The importance of this deeper transformation is highlighted by the changes in non-Orthodox Judaism in the last twenty years: Most of women's civil and religious disabilities have been eliminated. But these changes have not turned Judaism into a feminist tradition. They have simply meant that, as women take our place in Jewish life—as we are called to the Torah, as we are counted in the minyan and lead services, as we act as rabbis and cantors—we function as participants in, teachers, and preservers of a male religion. We become full members of a tradition that women played only a secondary role in shaping and creating. We appear to be equals, but we leave intact the history, structures, images, and texts that exclude and testify against us. When we act as though equal access were the whole feminist agenda, we do not touch the roots of our marginality or the foundations of our subordination.

For me, then, feminism is not about attaining equal rights for women in religious or social structures that remain unchanged, but about the thoroughgoing transformation of religion and society. Feminism is a process of coming to affirm ourselves as women/persons—and seeing that affirmation mirrored in religious and social institutions. As women begin to share with each other our pain as women, we start to see the systematic ways in which social ideologies and institutions have kept us from ourselves. We begin—or should begin—to make connections between our oppression as women and other forms of oppression from which women and men suffer. Feminism, I believe, aims at the liberation of all women and all people, and is thus not a movement for individual equality, but for the creation of a society that no longer construes difference in terms of superiority and subordination. The project of creating a feminist Judaism fits into a larger project of creating a world in which all women, and all people, have both the basic resources they need to survive, and the opportunity to name and shape the structures of meaning that give substance to their lives. In the Jewish context, this means re-forming every aspect of tradition so that it incorporates women's experience. Only when those who have had the power of naming stolen from us find our voices and begin to speak will Judaism become a religion that includes all Jews—will it truly be a Judaism of women and men.

The notion of feminism as a process of radical transformation raises, as a last point, the issue of boundaries. For many Jews, Jewish feminists among them, the notion of women taking power to shape the Jewish tradition provokes not just a sense of contradiction but a feeling of dislocation and chaos. Once women begin radically altering Judaism, where will change
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The history, convulsions, customs, and values can add richness and
peculiar textures to our understanding of the Jewish
community. I do not mean to imply, however, that every aspect of
Jewish life can be understood in terms of Jewish history alone. We
must also consider the many factors that have shaped the
Jewish community throughout its history, including the
influence of non-Jewish cultures, the impact of
emigration and assimilation, and the development of
Jewish institutions and organizations. These factors
have all played a role in shaping the Jewish
community, and understanding them is essential to
fully appreciating its richness and diversity.

In this book, I will explore the
life of the Jewish community in
the modern era, focusing on
how the community has
responded to the challenges of
the 21st century. I will discuss
the role of Jewish institutions,
the impact of modern
assimilation, and the
influence of contemporary
Jewish thought. By examining
these issues, we can gain a
deeper understanding of the
Jewish community and its
place in the world today.
meaning to life; I believe these things are worth preserving—not as frozen forms, but as elements in dialogue with changing social and historical reality.

Second, I assume that, for better and for worse, Jewish history is my history, the texts that record that history are my texts. Abraham and Sarah are my ancestors, as are Elijah and the women who worshiped the Queen of Heaven (Jer. 44:15–19). I went forth from Egypt and danced with Miriam at the shores of the sea. Even where I dissent from biblical or rabbinic teaching, where I find it problematic, unjust, or simply wrong, I still see it as part of a past that has shaped and formed me. As mine, it is a past for me to struggle with, not a past on which I am willing to turn my back.

Third, aside from general discussion of the language of liturgy, I say little in the book about the Sabbath, the holidays, the cycle of the year, or the cycles of individual life. If I leave out of account particular holidays and rituals, it is not because I consider them unimportant but because I take for granted their continuation. Certainly, women need many new rituals for events in our lives and histories that have hitherto gone unmarked. But I assume that these new rituals are additions to rhythms of work and rest, seasons of self-examination, mourning, and rejoicing that Jews have always observed.

Fourth, and on a more strictly theological level, I assume there is a God and that God is one. I devote considerable space to discussing the need to transform the traditional picture of God, including the nature of God's unity, because I believe it is important to find ways of speaking to and about God that reflect feminist experience and make sense in the modern world. I am convinced that a feminist Judaism can restore the viability of God-talk within Judaism, providing the tradition with a language it has lost and sorely needs. The history of the Jewish people is intelligible only as a history of response to the encounter with God in Jewish experience. The question of God is central to Jewish theology and Jewish self-understanding.

Fifth, I assume that to have been a slave in the land of Egypt is the basis of a profound religious obligation to do justice in

the world. I assume that one finds God in the world, in acts of love and justice, and not beyond or outside the world. As a Jew, one enters into relationship with God through membership in the Jewish people. Relationship with God is mediated through community and expresses itself in community. The word of God is not far off; "it is not in heaven" (Deut. 30:12), but in our daily choices, the things we undertake and do. Thus I assume a deep relation between the spiritual and the everyday, between what we say about God and the way we structure our lives.

My last assumption is somewhat different from the others. It specifies my religious location rather than a conscious decision, and marks a limitation rather than a choice. I know that I write as a North American Ashkenazi Jew, beyond that, even as a New York Jew with a certain upbringing. I know that the Orthodox woman in my own city experiences Judaism very differently from me, not to mention the Ashkenazi woman in Israel or the woman from India or Turkey or Iraq. A feminist analysis of Judaism from any one of their perspectives would look very different from this one. I am aware of the danger of specifying my location as a feminist and then continuing to write as if that location were universal. This danger is compounded by the fact that Israeli feminists of all backgrounds, and Sephardic feminists wherever they live, are just beginning to speak up about their lives, and then rarely on religious issues, so that there is not yet a range of voices with which I can be in dialogue. I embrace my own perspective insofar as it is what enables me to write and to express ideas that may be recognizable to others whatever their backgrounds. But I am also aware of the particularity of my perspective—and aware that I will understand the contours of that particularity only as it calls forth correction and discussion from others.

These assumptions, some tacit, some to be elaborated, will find their way into the rest of the book. There, interwoven with discussion of central aspects of Judaism and feminist experience, they provide part of the foundation for a vision of what Judaism might become.
Jewish in America

And Me

Golda

Deborah

Letty Cottin Pogrebin
people, not from kings and queens or gods and goddesses. Remembering our oppression helps us identify with the oppressed. Recalling that “we were strangers in Egypt,” we are enjoined to care for the stranger in our midst.

Long after I knew the story by heart, I kept uncovering layers of its meaning until I now see the Exodus as a radical paradigm—the first “master story” that renders spiritual issues political. The revelation of Jewish law at Sinai brought the covenant into history, as Michael Walzer puts it in his book *Exodus and Revolution*. In other words, the contract between God and the Jewish people requires Jews to imitate God, and since God intervened with Pharaoh to liberate the Hebrew slaves, Jews are expected to intervene in the political world to free the oppressed. Exodus teaches us that history is not incorrigible. For as long as Jews take our mandate seriously and imitate God’s liberation model, we can affect events. We can be the vehicle for social progress and world redemption.

Lately, I have also become quite taken with the Exodus as a framework for black-Jewish understanding (see chapter 14). Both blacks and Jews have known Egypt. Jews have known it as certain death (the killing of the firstborn, then the ovens and gas chambers). Blacks have known it as death and terror by bondage (the Middle Passage, Congo Island, Jim Crow, and the lash). As a rule, blacks try to forget their slavery because enduring it obliterated their identity as a free people; Jews choose to remember our slavery because escaping it gave us our identity as a free people.

Our experiences differ most profoundly once our peoples left bondage behind. Blacks of both sexes escaped from their Egypt but have not yet crossed the Red Sea. The pharaoh’s soldiers are still at their heels. Their Moses has been murdered. They are still awaiting their miracles. As for Jews, the men heard the revelation at Sinai, and entered the Promised Land where they are now living less than perfect lives. But Jewish women are still wandering in the desert, awaiting inclusion in the covenant, awaiting their Sinai.

It took me a long time to notice that when Moses spoke to the Israelites to prepare them to receive the Law at Sinai, he addressed only the men: “Be ready on the third day and do not go near a woman” (Exodus 19:15). Why not “Husbands and wives do not go near each other?” Weren’t women there? If we were not addressed when God’s contract with the Jews was forged, and if we cannot
The story of the Fourth Sons was no interest to me except as a kind

of curiosity. It could be located in a new location.

It was also the interest of the aghoran who and my business was to keep my mind on the mighty

forces that were up against us with power, my own.

It was also the interest of the aghoran who had wrapped in the mighty

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forces that were up against us with power, my own.
And if God only had given us the Sabbath, *dayenu*, each gift would have been enough for anyone. And still, there were more. Secretly, I rewrote the song and dedicated it to my cousin Pris. “If Pris was only pretty, *dayenu*. And if she was only a good jacks player, *dayenu*.” And so on into infinity—with chores in between.

The eating of the *haroset*, a sublime combination of chopped apples, walnuts, cinnamon, and Manischewitz Concord grape wine, carried me through another stretch of boredom. The mixture, which we spread on pieces of matzah, was a dual symbol: first, of the mortar made by Jewish slaves under the Egyptian lash, and second, of the sweetness of God who remembered the Jewish people and put an end to such labors. The bitter/sweet contradiction confounded me. When I asked my father how one thing could represent such opposites, he answered that it typified Jewish experience and I’d better get used to it. Being the Chosen People didn’t mean we were chosen for the best.

I loved my father’s exegeses; his wisecracks and midrashim reminded me of the elucidations of the great rabbis. When I was very small and my grandfather ran the seder, we weren’t supposed to interrupt. But my father encouraged questions, so I asked him whatever popped into my mind—even though my cousins gave me dirty looks because his answers lengthened the service considerably. I accepted his view of the *haroset*, but later, when I helped myself to extra servings, I willed it to be all sweetness and no mortar.

The arrival at the table of a bowl full of hard-boiled eggs signaled the end of the first part of the service and the beginning of the seder meal. Although not officially prescribed, dipping the egg (symbol of rebirth) into a small bowl of salt water (the tears of our enslaved ancestors) is a common practice and one that I took to heart. I used to dip my egg into the water with a quick and gingerly flourish so as not to let it absorb too much sadness. My father, on the other hand, always mashed his egg with his fork, making a soup of life and tears, clouding his salt water with white and yellow lumps. The sight disgusted me—so much so that I had to look away. At the same time, it reaffirmed my childhood view of my father as a man who tempted the fates but came up lucky. His egg seemed to conquer suffering, incorporating it into an earthy stew, while my egg was afraid of the brine.

After a belt-bursting meal, when waves of adult conversation threatened to inundate us children, my mother—always aware of everyone’s needs—would come to the rescue. She would excuse us from the table, and send us up to the bedrooms or down to the rumpus room until it was time to negotiate for the retrieval of the *afikoman*. This transaction accomplished, most of my cousins wanted to take their silver dollars and run. I wanted to sing, and sing, and sing: “Chad Gadya,” “Eliyahu Hanavi,” “Addir Hu,” “Echad Me Yodayah,” “Ki Lo Noeh”—everything in the book.

Those exuberant hymns and story-songs seemed to express what the seder had been driving at all night; they made the whole evening worth the price of endurance. I was grateful to the men who stayed at the table bellowing every last word with me. I had no use for the women. Why were they putting around when they could be singing? Why hadn’t they learned the words after all these years? I never considered the mountains of dirty dishes in the kitchen. I was too busy speed-singing the intricate lyrics in competition with my uncles and male cousins. I was too busy feeling like an honorary son.

The years have seen some dramatic changes in our family seders brought about by births and deaths, the aging of three generations, a new brood of kids, and the influence of feminism. We still use a traditional Haggadah but we revise the male language as we go along and supplement the printed text with special readings about anti-Semitism, sexism, the Holocaust, Soviet Jews, Ethiopian Jews, and other groups in trouble. Nowadays, the men of our family help to serve or clear, and the women read and sing Hebrew and recite the kiddush for themselves.

Our seder leader is still a male, my brother-in-law, Bernie, but he is a reluctant “master” and I suspect he would gladly abdicate if I or any of the other women volunteered to take the job. I have not offered because the tradition-loving side of me still wants one “old-fashioned” seder led by a man wearing my Grandpa’s *kittel*. (This white linen robe enfolds an Orthodox man when he is a groom, a seder leader, or praying on the High Holy Days. It is also supposed to serve as his shroud, but my Grandpa wanted his *kittel* to stay among us, so he gave it to my father who passed it on to Bernie.)

Bernie is almost twenty years older than I. Someday, when he is ready to retire from the head of the table, I will probably take over. But I’m not ready yet. Once I ran a seder for my husband’s side of the
We were told that we were brought out of Egypt from the house of bondage, but we were still our fathers' daughters, obedient wives, and servers of our children, and were not yet ourselves.

On this night, we become ourselves. We speak with grammar of the feminine plural and invoke the Shechina, the feminine essence of the deity, whom you'll remember from the Western Wall. On this night, the ritual hand washing is not a solitary act but a rite of collective nurture. We pass a pitcher of water and a basin and each woman washes the hands of the woman sitting beside her. On this night, one by one, we name our mothers and grandmothers, the women who cleaned, cooked, and served at family seders while the men reclined against their pillows retelling Jewish history—his story, the story of Jewish men.

On this night, we give her story equal time. We remember the five disobedient women to whom are owed the life of Moses and the destiny of the Jewish people: his sister Miriam; Shiphrah and Puah, the midwives who disobeyed the pharaoh's order to murder all firstborn Jewish sons; Moses's mother Yocheved, who defied maternal desires and gave up her baby so that he might survive; and the pharaoh's daughter, a righteous Gentile who disobeyed her father's decree and adopted a Hebrew baby marked for murder. At our seder, we do not praise good girls and polite ladies; we honor rebellious women.

We also remember the unsung heroines of the rabbinic period: Rachel, who labored for twenty-four years so that her husband could study (what man has done that for what woman?). Beruriah, an esteemed teacher of Torah, whose husband Rabbi Meir insisted on proving that women are weak and thus tested her virtue by sending one of his students to seduce her, again and again and again, until she succumbed—and then killed herself. The daughter of Rabbi Gamliel, a wise woman who does not even have a name of her own. And Ima Shalom, another feisty intellect, descendent of Hillel, daughter of a scholar, wife of the head of the Sanhedrin (governing body), the man who left us such aphorisms as "It is better to burn the words of the Torah than to give them to women."

On the third night of Passover, the words belong to women.

Esther, our seder leader, wears her embroidered kipah and luminous spirituality with the grace of a high priestess. When she calls on us to read or when she explains the rituals, it is not in a commanding voice like my father's but in lyrical tones that ennoble every word.

Phyllis Chesler, the psychologist and author, also sits at the head of the table, cross-legged like a wise Buddha. Each year, her inventive rituals and the symbolic objects she brings for all to touch infuse our service with Cabballistic magic and mystical rightness.

Lilly Rivlin, a writer and filmmaker, adds sweet intensity and the power of a perfect quotation to illuminate our theme. One year she filmed the seder, and the resulting short feature, "Miriam's Daughters Now," was shown on public television.

Artists Bea Kreloff and Edith Isaac-Rose and journalist Michele Landsberg bring humor and candor to the proceedings, but more important, they contribute strong ideas and political content that ensure ours is not just a women's seder but a feminist one.

These six women and myself constitute the Seder Sisters, Seder Seven, Seder Makers, or Seder Mothers. Whatever we call ourselves, our job has been to bring the event into being, to plan the service, invite the guests, organize the potluck meal, and choose the seder theme.

Last year, the theme was "Omission, Absence, and Silence." Under that heading, we asked participants to undo men's silencing of women and women's self-censorship. My assignment was to create a feminist midrash on Jephthah's Daughter, a character in the Book of Judges. Jephthah, a military general, promised God that in return for the defeat of the Ammonites, he would sacrifice the first thing that emerged from his house upon his return. The first to open the door and welcome him was his (nameless) daughter, whose perspective on the ensuing tale, unrecorded in the Bible, was the subject of my recitation.

"I am here to break the silence of Jephthah's Daughter," I said.

Now the questions begin. We ask God, Why did you allow an innocent girl to be sacrificed in your name? Why did you save the son and let the daughter die? Why did you let us all the daughters destroyed by their fathers, neglected, abused, exploited and violated by their fathers?

The questions I posed to God, the Israelites, and Jephthah challenged us to reexperience a Torah event from the Daughter's point of view, and in so doing reframed the moral of the story.
With tears in her eyes, Golda remembered the day she had met Adam. She knew then that she had found her true love. They had shared many moments of joy and happiness, and she was grateful for every day they had spent together. As they walked hand in hand through the forest, Golda couldn't help but feel a sense of peace and contentment.

"I remember that day like it was yesterday," Golda said, her voice filled with emotion. "I knew right away that he was the one for me."

Adam smiled, his eyes filled with love. "I felt the same way," he said. "Our love was meant to be."
years to win Rachel, and seven more after he found Leah in his bed; tefillin is bound seven times around the arm.

Phyllis remembered Joseph's dream. She brought us seven ears of corn to get us through the lean years, the Reagan years.

During the seder of 1983, she wrapped us in a "sacred shmatte," a rope of knotted lavender scarves that symbolized our bond, our covenant with each other. It would soon be taken to Israel where it would be worn around Jewish, Christian, and Muslim women in an interfaith peace ceremony. (Five years later, at our Bat Mitzvah seder, Phyllis proposed to burn the sacred shmatte as a sign of our coming of age. Horrified, I plucked it from the fireplace. Symbols of women's power are too rare to be destroyed, I said, even for the right reasons. The sacred shmatte is a part of feminist history. It is still with us.)

For our ninth seder and in honor of the nine months of gestation, we returned to the theme of mothers and daughters. We invited more mother-daughter pairs, talked about daughters leading the mothers as Miriam led the way for Yochev. That year, Phyllis brought tablecloths and bedspreads and we raised a tent over our heads to shelter mothers and daughters from the sandstorms of sexism.

The tenth was our outreach seder. Black women came from the Black-Jewish group of which several of us had been part (see chapter 14). Esther rewrote "Dayenu": "If women bonding, like Naomi and Ruth, were the tradition and not the exception, dayenu." And Phyllis rewrote the Ten Commandments: "IV. Love and cherish your mother and all men who are good to her."

1986 was a hard year for the Seder Mothers. There were misunderstandings, quarrels, betrayals. Would the seder survive? Could women rise above their hurt feelings? It would and we did. The theme for this, our eleventh seder, was "conflict resolution." The symbol Phyllis brought for us to pass from hand to hand was a stone, hard and cold, like the angry heart.

During the following year, several of us experienced the death of someone close: Bella's husband, Martin; Esther's father; my friend Toby who died of a brain tumor the year she turned fifty. So we dedicated our twelfth seder to "Loss and Continuity." As we wept, our daughters dipped their parsley into salt water and promised us a future.

In 1988, our thirteenth seder theme was "Coming of Age." Our Bat Mitzvah year was also the year Israel turned forty, entering middle age in the shadow of the intifada, the Palestinian uprising in the occupied territories. We worried about the Jewish soul. As a mark of our own maturity, the Seder Mothers decided we were ready to let go. Next year, the torch would pass to the daughters.

On April 23, 1989, the fourteenth annual feminist seder took place at the apartment that my daughters, Abigail and Robin, were then sharing on West 86th Street, three flights up. It felt strange to just show up with my pillow and a bottle of wine. After so many years encumbered by lists and chores, at last the Seder Mothers were carefree.

Everything had been taken care of by the daughters. Who could have imagined that those little girls tiptoeing around with their candles and feathers searching out chametz would soon become these strong, self-assured, glowing young women who now welcomed us to their seder? Yet, here they were instructing us: this year a beaker of whisky would represent women's chametz, the stuff we have to get rid of before we can "pass over" into freedom. Along with our customary introductions ("I am Robin, daughter of Letty, daughter of Ceil, daughter of Jenny") each woman was to name her chametz and pour some whisky from the beaker into a large pan to get rid of it.

"My chametz is shyness," said one woman.
"My chametz is loneliness," said another.

And the list grew and the whisky flowed: Jealousy. Hurtful gossip. Obsession with body image. Passivity. Fear of failure. Addiction to pleasing men. When the pan was full, Robin put a match to it and set the liquid ablaze, burning the detritus of femininity.

Then we could begin. Laurie said kiddush in English, Michal, a young rabbinal student said it in Hebrew. Naomi asked the Four Questions from the Haggadah, then all the daughters posed questions to the "elders": What do you want to pass on, and what don't you want us to inherit? Are you ready to let go, not just of the responsibility, but of the power? Will you let the daughters be Jews and feminists in their own way?

The young women worried that passing it on meant we were giving it up. They worried that they might not do justice to our legacy; that they would just glide along on the road we paved for them. They felt guilty about being feminists for themselves but not in the context of a movement. They wanted to know: Could they keep their mother's
Wandering in the Desert

Our sleep is still to come. Because it could happen to them, women's dreams are not complete. Perhaps it was only because they were dreamers, symbols of their lost expression—she was ihu's daughter, his master never found her, his expression—she was, in the darkest day, a Jewess. That was our way, I think.

That was our way, I think.
Bonnie Ellen Baron & Dr. Lawrence Baron

faith was insulating under their consoling back our ears, we felt set free to. The biblical message of continuity - a real or back

Hoshanah, the same High Holiday songs and stories were exuding, Hoshanah. The next Rosh

Jewish and Gender

The following is a collection of Jewish feminist "click stories" of the tikkun Olam.

Jane O'Reilly, The Girl Left Behind

the breeze. The wind, and they never silenced again. Even though they may spin a bit in

When we were young, I was often the child of my door opening in

necessities, encountered, and rather large by all us. I've been

If I am one of those people oppressed, oppresed.

We have all felt that language sensation of the numbers flowing into place in

Click Stories

I hope that these stories of new Hymn's rituals, and ceremony will

impossible. The unspoken part of the verse also expresses the joy

made my narrative model of the "gender made Jews" links, and rituals are

community. Thus, while this "feminine language" does not
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

ABBY LUNA COLLEGE

Everyone recognizes the importance of teaching children about different cultures. In my opinion, it is crucial to expose them to a variety of perspectives and experiences. As aJersey woman, I was fortunate enough to grow up in a diverse neighborhood, where I was able to learn about different cultures and traditions. It helped me develop a strong sense of empathy and understanding, which I believe is essential for building a more inclusive society.

Although I was very active as a participant in my Confucius Class from kindergarten through second grade, I never felt pressured to conform to the expectations of others. I was allowed to express myself freely, which helped me develop my own unique identity. I was also encouraged to explore new ideas and take risks, which helped me grow as a person.

I think that the role of education is to prepare children for the future. It is not just about passing exams or getting good grades, but about fostering a love of learning and a desire to explore the world around us. I hope that my children will have the opportunity to learn from diverse experiences and to develop the skills they need to succeed in the world.

ABBY ANNE EVANS

POLICY: This policy was signed by the President of the School Board, and it is now part of our school's constitution. It was adopted by the Board of Education and approved by the local community. I believe that it is important to have a clear and well-defined policy in place, so that everyone understands what is expected of them.

The policy states that all students must attend school at least 75% of the time in order to be considered eligible for graduation. It also states that students who are absent for more than 10 days in a month will be held back a grade.

It is important to have these policies in place, so that students and their families understand what is expected of them. It also helps to ensure that everyone is held accountable for their actions, which is important for creating a positive learning environment.

ANY ADDENDUM

I believe that there are many benefits to having a well-structured school policy. It helps to create a clear and consistent framework for decision-making, which is essential for creating a positive learning environment. It also helps to ensure that everyone is held accountable for their actions, which is important for creating a positive learning environment.

I think that it is important to have policies in place, so that everyone understands what is expected of them. It is also important to have a clear and well-defined policy in place, so that everyone understands what is expected of them.

THANK YOU,KENNY

WOMEN, JUDEA, AND THE POWER OF PRAYER

I am a firm believer in the power of prayer. I think that prayer can be a powerful tool for change and transformation. It can help us to stay focused on our goals and to find the strength and courage we need to overcome obstacles.

I also believe that prayer can be a way to connect with our higher power and to find a sense of peace and tranquility. It is a way to express our deepest emotions and to find a sense of comfort and solace.

I think that prayer is an essential part of our spiritual journey. It is a way to connect with our higher power and to find a sense of peace and tranquility. It is also a way to express our deepest emotions and to find a sense of comfort and solace.

Thank you for your time and for listening to my reflections on prayer and the power of prayer.
When I opened the door, I found myself faced with a woman I had never seen before. Her skin was a rich golden brown, and her eyes shone with a warmth that I had never seen in another person. She wore a simple, elegant dress that hugged her figure perfectly, and her gold bracelets sparkled as she moved.

"Welcome to my home," she said, her voice soft and soothing. "I am the Queen of this island, and I have been waiting for you." I couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder at her words. I had always been fascinated by stories of foreign lands and the people who lived there, and now I was face to face with one.

"Why have you summoned me here?" I asked, my heart racing with excitement.

"I have a task for you," she replied, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "I need you to help me solve a mystery." I nodded eagerly, my mind racing with possibilities. "What kind of mystery?" I asked.

"It is a puzzle," she said, "but one that requires great skill and knowledge." I felt a surge of pride at the thought of being able to help her.

"Then I will do it," I declared, "no matter what it takes." The Queen smiled, her eyes twinkling with approval.

"And that is why you are so important," she said. "You will be my right hand in this task, and together, we will uncover the truth." I felt a sense of honor and duty, and I knew that I would do whatever it took to help her.

"I will do whatever it takes," I promised, "to help you solve this mystery." The Queen nodded, her approval evident in her eyes. "Thank you, young hero," she said, "I know that you will not let me down." I felt a surge of pride and excitement, and I knew that this was just the beginning of an adventure that I would never forget.
CHILDREN IN THE CLASSROOM

RABBI ELENA SANTH

Let's start this week's class with a reminder of the importance of building a strong foundation in our education. In today's lesson, we will discuss the significance of developing a solid understanding of the values and principles that guide our daily lives. We will explore how these concepts can be applied to various aspects of our lives, including personal growth and community engagement.

The Ten Commandments

The Ten Commandments are a set of moral principles that guide our conduct in life. They are based on religious and ethical teachings and provide a framework for living a virtuous life. In this week's class, we will examine the significance of the Ten Commandments and their relevance to our modern world.

A STRONG FOUNDATION

A strong foundation is essential for building a successful future. In today's world, we are faced with many challenges, and it is crucial to develop the skills and knowledge necessary to overcome them. By building a strong foundation, we can better prepare ourselves for the future and make meaningful contributions to our communities.

The Importance of Education

Education is a fundamental right that empowers individuals to take control of their lives and make meaningful contributions to society. In this week's class, we will discuss the importance of education and explore ways to ensure that everyone has access to high-quality education.

STUDYING THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

The Ten Commandments are a set of moral principles that guide our conduct in life. They are based on religious and ethical teachings and provide a framework for living a virtuous life. In this week's class, we will examine the significance of the Ten Commandments and their relevance to our modern world.

The Ten Commandments

1. You shall have no other gods before me.
2. You shall not make for yourself a carved image.
3. You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.
5. Honor your father and your mother.
6. You shall not murder.
7. You shall not commit adultery.
8. You shall not steal.
9. You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.
10. You shall not covet.
**LIFECYCLES**

Click Storrs

- **RABBI SANDY BERNSTEIN SASSO**

  *WAS I ALL I THOUGHT I’D BE?*

  "Click" is a funny, heartwarming story about a young woman who discovers she has the ability to time-travel back to the moment she was born. It's a story about love, loss, and the power of memory. I highly recommend it for anyone who enjoys a good laugh and a touch of magic in their reading.

- **RABBI NINA CARLIN**

  *ALTERNATIVES TO THE CLICK EXPERIENCE*

  "Click" is a great book, but it's not for everyone. If you're looking for something different, I suggest checking out "Click"

- **ROSE LEVINSON**

  "Click" is a hilarious and heartwarming story about a woman who discovers she can click her fingers and transport herself to a different time. It's a fun read that will keep you laughing from start to finish.

- **RABBI DAN UTLEIN**

  "Click" is a wonderful story about a young woman who discovers she has the power to click her fingers and transport herself to a different time. It's a fun and heartwarming story that will keep you entertained from start to finish.

- **RABBI JANET LITMAN**

  "Click" is a funny and engaging story about a woman who discovers she can click her fingers and transport herself to a different time. It's a great read for anyone who enjoys a good laugh and a touch of magic.