

TASHLIKH

Whatever falls into the deep is lost forever - The Zohar



As we stand at the water's edge, let's reflect on where we have made mistakes in the past year. We can read the prayer and poem on this card, or take a moment to meditate and reflect on our actions. We can take a walk, sing a song or even wade into the water if it's safe to do so.

Let's pause for a moment. Let's look at the water as we take some crumbs or a list from our pockets. One by one, let's cast them into the water, exhaling and releasing each as we are ready.

מִי־אֵל כְּמוֹךָ נִשְׂא עוֹן וְעֵבֶר עַל־פְּשַׁע לְשִׂאֲרֵית נִחְלָתוֹ לֹא־הֶחְזִיק לְעַד אֲפֹ כִי־חָפַץ חֶסֶד הוּא:

יָשׁוּב יִרְחַמֵּנוּ יִכְבֹּשׁ עֲוֹנוֹתֵינוּ וְתִשְׁלִיךְ בְּמַצְלוֹת יָם כָּל־חַטֹּאוֹתָם:
תִּתֵּן אֶמֶת לְיַעֲקֹב חֶסֶד לְאַבְרָהָם אֲשֶׁר־נִשְׁבַּעְתָּ לְאַבְתָּיִנוּ מִיְמֵי קֶדֶם:

Holy One, who is like You?

You forgive iniquity and remit transgression

You bear no grudge against us, because You are both loving and gracious.

You will take us back with compassion, cover up our wrongdoings

and cast our errors into the depths of the sea

showing Jacob truth and Abraham love just as You swore to our ancestors from the beginning.

Micah 7:18-20

The Offering: A Tashlikh Prayer
Rabbi Jill Hammer

I cast this gift to the water.

It is my past: blessing and regret.
It is my present: reflection and listening.
It is my future: intention and mystery.

It is what I did
and did not;
it is yes and no and silence.

It is what was done
and what arose from what was done
and what arises in this body remembering.

I let it all go. I own
neither the sting nor the sweetness
I hold on to nothing.

The river has no past.
Each moment of rushing water
is a new beginning.

Harm that has been:
Heal in the rush of love and truth of time.
We who are lost:
Let the current take us homeward.

May these waters churn what is broken
into what is whole.
May each separate droplet
reach the ocean that is becoming.

The journey awaits,
I have no power to refrain from it;
only to steer it when I can.

May the One who is
the great Crossroad
guide my turning.

Three times I declare:
It is finished.
It is born.
It is unending.

Three times I listen:
It is love.
It is the river.
It is before me.

May my offering go where it is
meant to go
and may the one who offers it
find the way.

Amen.

