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. Go to: neohasid.org/omer/apps/. See slides at the end for more reflections on Tisha B’Av. Add your own slides to include contemporary readings.
This translation of Laments, the book of mourning poems read on Tish’a B’Av, is inspired by the principles of the Buber-Rosenzweig Bible. It strives to be “concordant”, translating related Hebrew words with related English words and following the order and syntax of the Hebrew where possible. It also focuses on the more physical, earthy meaning of words, in hopes of drawing the modern reader into more ancient ways of seeing and feeling. Sometimes alternate translations are given, indicated by a slash. When reading aloud, simply pick one of the translations. For YHVH, you can read Adonai or Hashem or “the Eternal”.

On Gender: As a somewhat literal translation of a book that is highly gendered, Laments uses “He” and “His” as pronouns for God. But Torah and common sense command us not to make an exclusively male or female image of God. If you are using Laments liturgically, please feel encouraged to change these pronouns, for example by saying God/God’s or the One, or She/Her. For brief essays on the theology of Eikhah, refugees, the Earth, and more, see the end slides.

CHAPTER 1

1 Eikhah! How can it be –

she sat alone,

the city so great / so swelled with people?

She was like a widow.

The one great among the nations,

ministering among the states,

became a slave caste.

2 Crying, she will cry in the night,

her tear upon her cheek

There is none for her, no comforter,

from all her lovers.
3 She, Judah, was exiled, by poverty, and by (so) much hard labor
She sat among the nations, not finding any rest;
All her pursuers caught up with her between the confined places.

4 Zion’s roads are mourning from being without festival-goers,
all her gates desolated;
Her priests are moaning,
hers girls grieving;
And she – it is bitterness for her.

5 Her tormentors were at the head,
her enemies had ease
For YHWH / the Eternal aggrieved her
for the greatness of her sins.
Her babes walked captive
before foe;

6 and all her splendor went out from
daughter Zion!
Her ministers were like deer,
not finding a place to graze;
and (so) they walked, without strength, before a pursuer.

7 Jerusalem remembered the days of her poverty / affliction and her downsliding, all her precious things which were from days long ago, while her people fell into a foe’s hand; and there is no help for her. They saw her, her tormentors, laughing over her becoming stilled.

8 Sinning she sinned, Jerusalem.

3 This work is dedicated to all refuges fleeing war and upheaval, and to our remembering their needs.
8 Sinning she sinned, Jerusalem.

For this an outcast / *nidah* she became.

All who honor her despise her,

for they saw her nakedness.

Also her, she is moaning,

and turned around backward.

9 Her blood / *tum’ah* in her skirts,

she didn’t remember her end after,

she descended wondrously.

There is no comforter for her.

*YHVH*, see my poverty / my humiliation,

for an enemy became great.
10 A foe / Trauma spread out his hand
over all her precious things;
She saw other nations
come within her holy place,
which You commanded her:
“They won’t come in
with the community to you.”

11 All her people are moaning
seeking bread;
They gave up their precious things
for food to restore life.
See, YHVH,
and look (at how) I was despised.

12 Never to you,
12 Never to you, all who pass on the way.
(All of you) look, and see – could there be pain like my pain which was doled out to me, which YHVH caused to grieve in the day of His furious anger?

13 From a height He sent fire in my bones and overwhelmed them.
He spread out a net for my feet;
He turned me / repelled me backward;
He made me desolate,
all day – sickness.
14 The harness of my sins lashed on,
they were tied down by His hand,
brought up onto my neck,
making my strength fail.

Adonai gave me over into (such) hands
that I am unable to stand up.

15 Adonai spurned
all my mighty warriors within me,
He called out over me a feast
for breaking my boys;
a winepress—Adonai stomped—
for daughter Judah’s girl.
16 Over these, I am crying;
my eye, my eye, she drops water.
For so far from me is any comforter,
a restorer for my life.
My children were decimated,
for an enemy overwhelmed / triumphed.

17 Zion spread out with her hands,
there is no comforter for her.

$YHVH$ commanded for Jacob,
surrounding him, his tormentors.

Jerusalem became
outcast / $nidah$ between them.

18 Righteous is $YHVH$,
for His mouth I rebelled (against).
Listen, please—all peoples—
and see my pain!
My girls and my boys
walked captive / into captivity.

19 I called to my lovers.
Those deceived me.
My priests, and my elders,
they wasted away in the city,
while they sought food for themselves
(that) would bring back their life / soul.

20 See YHVH – for mine is torment,
my guts were churning,
my heart overturned within me, for rebelling I rebelled. From outside sword bereaving; In the house, like death itself. 21 They listened – for I am moaning, there is no comforter for me. All my enemies listened for my evil (doom). They rejoiced, for You did it, You brought the day You called for – and let them be(come) like me.
22 May all their evil come before You, and deal to them as You dealt to me for all my sins. For so much are my sighs, and my heart is sickened.

In the real world:
Stop KKL-JNF from making the Sumarin family homeless. Info here and below.

Count the Sefirot from Malkhut to Chesed starting Friday night til Rosh Hashanah. Use the Omer Counter or Omer Count app:

[neohasid.org/omer/apps/](neohasid.org/omer/apps/)
1 Eikha! How can it be –

in His anger Adonai / the Lord
clouded over daughter Zion.

He cast down, from skies (to) earth,
Israel’s glory,
and didn’t remember
His foot’s resting place
in His day of anger.
2 *Adonai* devoured—He had no pity—
all of Jacob’s pastures.

He tore down with His burning
daughter Judah’s fortifications;
He reached to the very ground.
He violated kingdom and her ministers.

3 With ferocious anger He hacked off
all of Israel’s horn.

He turned His right hand backward
before the enemy.
Burning into Jacob, like fire
flaming, consuming (all) around.

4 He worked His bow like an enemy,
He stood firm His right hand
as a foe / a tormentor
and He murdered everything
precious to the eye;
In daughter Zion’s tent
He poured out His wrath like the fire.

5 Adonai was like an enemy;
He devoured / swallowed Israel.
He devoured all her citadels,
undermined His fortifications;
And He multiplied in daughter Zion
grief and groaning.

6 Like a garden, He tore apart His sukkah,
destroyed His feast.

$YHVH$ caused Shabbat and festival
to be forgotten in Zion,

by the rage of His anger
king and priest.

7 $Adonai$ abhorred His altar,
disdained His holy place.

He made shut with an enemy’s hand
the walls of her citadels.
They gave a shout in YHVH’s house like a festival day.

8 YHVH plotted to ruin daughter Zion’s wall, stretched a line, didn’t turn back His hand from swallowing up, and He made rampart and wall mourn, together made made wretched.

9 They drowned in the earth, her gates. He smashed and broke her bars. Her king and her ministers in the nations, there is no Torah / no teaching.
Even her prophets,
found no vision from YHVH.

10 They sat down to the earth, they
stayed silent, daughter Zion’s elders,
they lifted dust over their head,
tied on sackcloth.

They let their head down to the earth,
Jerusalem’s girls.

11 My eyes were used up by the tears,
my guts churned up,
my liver poured out to the ground
over the shattering of
my daughter people,
with exhaustion of babe and suckling in the town’s squares.

12 To their mothers they would say,

“Where is grain and wine?”, stretching themselves out,

like a corpse, in city streets,

with their life-force pouring itself out onto their mothers’ chest.

13 What can I make testify?

What will I liken to you?

O daughter Jerusalem!
What can I compare to you
(that) I may comfort you,
daughter Zion’s girl?
For great, like the sea, is your shattering
– who will bring healing to you?

14 For you did your prophets envision
deception, and irrelevance,
revealing nothing for your wrong
to turn back your destiny / your captivity,
and they envisioned for you
a burden of deceit and dejections.

15 They struck their hands over you,
all who passed on the road,
they hissed and they shook their head over daughter Jerusalem:

"Is this it? The city they said (was) beauty’s completion,
joy’s source for all the earth?"

16 They crack open their mouth over you, all your enemies.
They hissed, and they grit teeth.
They said: We swallowed;
Akh! This day that we hoped for, we found, we saw!

17 YHVH did what He conspired;
He pushed through His saying which He commanded from early days.
He tore down and showed no pity.
He made an enemy rejoice over you;
your tormentors’ horn was exalted.

18 Their heart screamed out to Adonai.

Wall of daughter Zion,
let down a tear like a torrent,

day and night.

Don’t give yourself any break;
Don’t let your daughter eye fall silent.

19 Get up! Sing out in the night
to the first of the nightwatches:
Pour out your heart like water
right before Adonai!
Lift your palms toward Him — for the life of your babies stretched out by famine at every street head!

20 See, YHVH, and look: to whom did You deal thus?
If women will eat their fruit, coddled babies—!
If priest and prophet are murdered in Adonai’s holy place—!
21 Laid down to the earth (in the) streets, young and old, my girls and my boys, they fell by sword; You murdered in the day of Your anger. You slaughtered, You had no pity.

22 You would call, like a festival day, (for) my neighbors from all around; and (so) in YHVH’s day of anger there weren’t any escaped or remaining which I had nursed and raised – my enemy finished them all.
CHAPTER 3

1 I am the man who saw affliction through the rod of His burning anger.

2 Me did He drive and He led – darkness and no light;

3 Akh – Even against me He turned upending His hand, all the day.

4 He wore away my flesh and my skin, He broke my bones;

5 He built against me and surrounded – gall and wormwood.

This work is dedicated to all refuges fleeing war and upheaval, and to our remembering their needs.
6 In darkening-nights He made me dwell like those ever dead;

7 He barricaded against me, and I cannot go out / get away, He weighed down my bronze (shackle).

8 Even when I would cry and plea, He stopped up my prayer;

9 He barricaded my ways with stone blocks; my paths He twisted.

10 For me He was a bear ambushing, a lion in hiding places / stalking;
11 My ways He diverts and He would tear me up; He made me desolate.

12 He worked His bow and made me stand as the target for the arrow;

13 He guided into my kidneys what came from His quiver,

14 I was a laughingstock for all my people, their song all the day.

15 He sated me with bitter herbs, and overfilled me with wormwood;
16 He broke my teeth with gravel, and pressed me into the ashes.
17 My soul was spurned from peace; I forgot goodness,
18 and I said, “I have lost from YHVH my endurance and my hope!”
19 Remember my affliction and my scattering – wormwood and gall;
20 Remembering, she will remember, my soul, and will sink down upon me.
21 (Still) this will I turn toward my heart, for so will I hope:
22 YHVH’s love / kindnesses
— they are never done,
for His mercies were not used up.

23 They are new by every morning;
great is Your trust / faithfulness!

24 My portion is YHVH
— said my soul —
therefore so will I hope for Him.

25 Good is YHVH
to those waiting for Him,

15 This work is dedicated to all refuges fleeing war and upheaval, and to our remembering their needs.
to a soul / person that would seek Him.

26 Good – and he should wait and
be silent, wait for YHVH’s salvation.

27 Good it is for a man
that he carry a yoke in his youth.

28 Let him sit alone and be silent,
since He laid (it) on him;

29 he should put his mouth in the dust –
maybe there is hope;

30 Put out his cheek for the one who
strikes, be satiated with shame.
31 For Adonai would not spurn forever;
32 for if He aggrieved and showed mercy,
it is according to His love’s abundance;
33 for He did not afflict from His heart and aggrieve human beings.

34 To crush under His feet all imprisoned of the land,
35 to make bent a man’s judgment, right to the face of the Highest,
36 to twist / wrong a person in his struggle – wouldn’t Adonai see (that)?
37 Who is this who spoke and it was
– didn’t Adonai so command?
38 From the mouth of the Highest
don’t the evils and the good come out?
39 How could a living person complain,
a man, (if punished) for his sins?
40 Let us search our ways and dig deep,
and let us return until YHVH,
41 Let us lift our hearts
up to our hands (stretching them)
toward God in the heavens.
42 Us, we sinned and rebelled.
   You – You did not pardon.

43 You took shelter in such anger,
   and You would pursue us,
   You murdered without pitying;

44 You sheltered Yourself within a
   cloud, far beyond prayer;

45 Scum and refuse
   You would make us
   in the midst of the peoples.

17 This work is dedicated to all refugees fleeing war and upheaval, and to our remembering their needs.
46 All our enemies crack open their mouth against us;
47 Trepidation and trap were ours, the ruination and the shattering.
48 My eye drops floods of water for my daughter people’s shattering;
49 My eye streams and won’t silence herself, (she cries) with no breaks / no stutters,
50 until YHVH would look down and see from heaven.
51 My eye doles sorrow to my soul over all my city’s daughters.
52 Hunting, they hunted me, like a bird,
(becoming) my enemies for no reason;
53 they sealed off my life in the pit,
and cast stone against me;
54 waters flowed over my head,
“I am cut off,” I said.
55 I called Your name, YHVH,
from a pit far underground.
56 You heard my voice:
Don’t hide / conceal your ear
to my (plea for) relief, to my cry.

57 You were near the day I would call,
You said, “Don’t fear.”

58 Adonai, You struggled (in) my
soul’s struggles; You saved my life.

59 You saw my twisting;
(now) judge my judgment!

60 You saw all their vengeance
all their designs for me.
61 You heard their shaming, YHVH, all their designs against me, the speech of those rising at me, their obsession over me every day, (whether) sitting or rising up — Look! I am their singsong!

64 You will pay them back, YHVH, according to the work of their hands; 65 You will make theirs a heart walled up — let Your curse be for them! 66 Pursue in anger and destroy them from under YHVH’s heavens.
1 Eikhah! How can it be –
gold becomes dull,
the best gold transmuted,
stones of the holy poured / dumped out
at every street head;

2 Zion’s children, precious ones,
weighed against the purest gold –
how can it be that they are counted
as clay jars,
work of a maker’s hands?
3 Even jackals draw out a breast,
would give suck to their cubs.

(But) my daughter people – so cruel,
like ostriches in the wilderness.

4 A suckling’s tongue, stuck
to its palate with such thirst;
babes sought bread –
none break it off for them.

5 The ones who eat for delicacies
were wasted in the streets,
the ones nursed on scarlet
were hugging trash heaps.
6 And my daughter people’s iniquity grew great, beyond the sin of Sodom, the one overthrown, as (in) a moment, and no hands were laid on her.

7 Her Nazirites were pure beyond snow, clearer than milk, red of bone, more than rubies, their cut shape sapphire crystal.

8 (Now) darkened beyond black soot is their form, they are not recognized in the streets, their skin stretched taut over their bone, it was dried out like a stick.
9 Better were the sword-slain
than the famine-slain,
for those drain away, stabbed through
from (want of) produce of the field.

10 Merciful hands of merciful women
stewed their children –
they became provision for them
in the shattering of my daughter people.

11 *YHVH* used up His fury,
poured out His burning anger,
and He kindled a fire in Zion,
and she consumed her foundations.

12 They would not have believed,
12 They would not have believed, rulers of the earth
all the inhabitants of the world,
that tormentor and enemy would come
into the gates of Jerusalem –

13 because of her prophets’ sins,
her priests’ wrongs / iniquities,
the ones who poured out inside her
the blood of righteous people.

14 They were shaking / staggering, blind
in the streets, defiled with the blood,
with none able / none willing (to)
come in contact with their clothes.
15 “Get out! Contaminated! / Tamei!”
they would call to them,
“Get out! Get out! Don't touch!”
For they fled, even staggered.
They said in the nations,
they will no more (be allowed) to dwell.

16 YHVH’s presence / face
divided them, He would no more
look at them / notice them –
(for) priest’s faces they did not lift up,
and (to) elders they did not show grace.

17 Still will our eyes be used up / failing,
toward our help, (which is) emptiness.
In our seeking, we sought / we peered
18 They hunted / tracked our steps,
toward a nation not (able) to save.
19 Swift were they, our pursuers,
more than eagles of the heavens.
Our end draws close, our days filled,
for our end has come.

20 Breath of our nose, YHVH’s anointed,
in the wilderness they laid ambush for us,
the one whom we said, “In his shade
we will live with the nations.”
21 Rejoice and be happy, daughter Edom, dwelling in the land of Utz – a cup will also pass over (to) you, you will drink and strip yourself naked.

22 Complete be your iniquity, daughter Zion, no more to be exiled / exposed. He has charged your iniquity, daughter Edom, exposed (you) for your sins.

23 This work is dedicated to all refuges fleeing war and upheaval, and to our remembering their needs.
CHAPTER 5

1 *YHWH*, remember what was ours.

Look, and see

our abuse / our shame!

2 Our inheritance overturned to strangers,

our houses to foreigners.

3 We were orphans, there is no father,

our mothers like widows.

4 Our water we drank for money;

our wood came (only) with a price.

5 On our neck were we pursued,

weary, and none would let us (rest).
6 Egypt, we stretched a hand,
   Assyria, to satisfy bread.
7 Our fathers sinned and are not,
   and we shouldered their iniquities.
8 Slaves ruled us.
   None can break us out from their hand.
9 For our lives we bring our bread,
   from before the wilderness’s sword.
10 Our skin like a furnace, glowing,
   from before the delirium of hunger.
11 Women in Zion were victimized,
   girls, in Judah’s towns.
12 Ministers by their hand were hung.
   Elders’ faces shown no majesty / respect.

13 Boys would carry a millstone,
   and youths, stumbling with wood.

14 Elders ceased from gate,
   boys from their play.

15 Our heart ceased / stopped any joy,
   our dance overturned into mourning.

16 The crown on our head is fallen;
   Oy for us! For we sinned.

17 For this our heart was sickened.
   For these our eyes darkened.
18 For Mount Zion, that was desolated, foxes went through her.

19 You, YHVH will sit for all world-time,

Your throne (lasts) for generations.

20 Why would you forget us forever?

Abandon us for the span of time’s days?

21 Turn us, YHVH, toward you,

and we will turn.

Renew our days, like long before,

22 for (what) if rejecting you did reject us / loath us, were enraged over us,

so very much—!

25 This work is dedicated to all refuges fleeing war and upheaval, and to our remembering their needs.
We think of *Tish’a B’Av* as a time of mourning, but it is more importantly a call to identify with the experience of refugees who are forced to risk their lives and even their children’s lives in order to escape violence, hunger, devastation. That’s what the Jewish people went through when the Temple, and the nation and society it stood for, were destroyed, when they became “like deer, not finding a place to graze, walking without strength before a pursuer.” (1:6)

Hashiveinu  
*Adonai elekha*  
*v’nashuvah*  
*Chadesh yamenu*  
*k’kedem* 

Turn us,  
*YHVH*, toward you,  
and we will turn.  
Make our days new again,  
like dawn / long ago.

The observances of *Tish’a B’Av*—not wearing fresh clothes, not washing, fasting from eating and drinking and sexual contact, not greeting each other, not sitting anywhere except on the ground—are closer to the experience of being a refugee than to being a mourner. The destruction of the Temple stands not just for the destruction of Jerusalem, but for the city being turned into a war zone, and the people becoming prey to hunger, violence, and death.
Some more songs:

**Shifki kamayim libeikh**
**nokhach p’nei Hashem**
Pour out your heart like water
right before Hashem

**Yehudah l’olam teishev,**
**Yerushalayim l’dor vador**
Judah will dwell for all time,
Jerusalem for generations

By the waters of Babylon
we sat down and wept
for thee Zion
We remember thee Zion

**Nachamu ’ami**
**Anokhi hu m’nachemchem**
Take comfort my people –
I am the one who comforts you

**Eli Tsiyon v’areha**
**k’mo ishah v’tsireha**
**v’khivtulah chagurat sak al ba’al n’ureha**
My God, Zion and her towns,
like a woman in travail of labor,
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 runs in her towns
and for the mob that destroyed
and ended her 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,
hers black people

*Eli Tsiyon...*
The author(s) of *Eikhah* (traditionally Jeremiah) believed that what happened to Jerusalem expressed divine judgment. For our ancestors, the choice was either that the destruction was God’s punishment, or that God no longer cared about them.

Even though *Eikhah* sounds like it’s about God punishing us, it’s not really a theodicy, a justification that explains why evil happens. Rather, it expresses the hope that tragedy proves that God cares about us, instead of proving the opposite. It is easy to imagine people choosing a punishing God over an uncaring God (though the latter possibility is also suggested in the last verse of *Eikhah*).

The real theology of *Eikhah* is summed up in the verse, “What can I compare to you, daughter Jerusalem, that I may comfort you?” (2:13) What images, what words, can help people bear the memory of tragedy? The poet is willing to say whatever is needed to enable the people to find meaning.

Find more *Tisha B’Av* resources, interpretations, teachings, and songs, go to:
http://neohasid.org/zman/tisha_bav/
http://theshalomcenter.org/node/1733

Count from Malkhut to Chesed from Friday night to Rosh Hashanah – get the app:
neohasid.org/omer/apps/
“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
In ancient times, people believed that the Temple existed to promote fertility and abundance. Temple rituals were performed for the sake of the land and for all life, not just for the Jews or even for all humanity. The Temple’s purpose had already been destroyed by the way people treated the land.

There is related way to understand the destruction of Jerusalem. According to Jeremiah, the reason for the exile was that Israel did not let the land rest every seven years after they entered the land. (II Chron. 36:21) Since 490 years had passed without a sabbatical year, Israel had to go into exile for 70 years.

Do you agree that people shouldn’t be exiled and have their homes stolen from them? If so, take action this Tisha B’Av to stop KKL-JNF from stealing the Sumarin family home in East Jerusalem. Go to: neohasid.org/Sumarin/ to learn more.

To make a donation to support this work: go to www.neohasid.org/contribute-laments.html or send via venmo to David-RM-Seidenberg
This Creation is compared to a sacred Temple (Tanchuma Pekudei, P’ri Eitz Hadar). The Zohar teaches, “All who wound God’s works wound God’s image.”

What happens when we ourselves tear down the Temple? We are living in an age when our ecological “sins” are coming home to roost. (Cantor Richard Kaplan’s Kinah L’churban Gan Eden, on neohasid.org, can help you explore this theme.) The crises of this moment, however great they are, are child’s play compared to the disruption of the climate that we are causing by doubling the CO2 content of the atmosphere. When the Jerusalem Temple was destroyed, there were other lands to flee to. If we destroy the Temple that is this Earth, there will be no place to flee.

We can expect more wars over resources, as well as people leave areas that have flooded or become deserts, and as climate change puts more pressure on our ecosystems and our social systems. We need all the spiritual resources we can muster to stay open to the humanity of the refugee and the stranger while also taking care of each other. Eikhah is an invitation to move towards justice for all people, for all species, and for the land herself.

Read David’s most recent publication on Jews and indigenousness, “The Third Promise: Can Judaism’s indigenous core help us rise above the damaging politics of our time?” in Tikkun magazine.