

# Shabbat Parashat

Lekh L'kha

October 27, 2012



*L'khi lakh*, to a land that I will show you.  
*Laykh l'kha* to a place you do not know.  
*L'khi lakh*, on your journey I will bless you,  
And you shall be a blessing  
You shall be a blessing  
You shall be a blessing  
*L'khi lakh*.

*L'khi lakh*, and I shall make your name great.  
*Laykh l'kha* and all shall praise your name.  
*L'khi lakh*, to a place that I will show you.  
*L'simhat hayim*  
*L'simhat hayim*  
*L'simhat hayim*  
*L'khi lakh*.

Debbie Friedman

מי יַעֲלֶה בְּהַר יְהוָה וּמִי יִקּוּם בְּמִקְוֹם קִדְשׁוֹ

**Mi ya'aleh behar adonay umi yakum bimkom kodsho.**

Who shall ascend God's mountan? Who rises to God's holy place? (Ps.24)

## ***The Road Not Taken***

Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

הורני יהוה דרךך אצלך באמתך נחד לבבי לראתה שמך :  
לאנסוג אחר לבנו ותט אשרינו מני ארתך :  
דרךך יהוה הודיעני ארחותיך למדני :  
חדריכני באמתך ולמדני פראתה אלהי ישעי אותך קויתי פליחום :

## **Psalm 86:11, Psalm 44:19, Psalm 25: 4-5**

Teach me Your ways, O Lord;  
I will walk in Your truth;  
Let my heart be undivided in worship of Your  
name.  
Our hearts have not gone astray,  
Nor have our feet swerved from Your path.  
Let me know Your paths, O Lord;  
teach me Your ways;  
guide me in Your true way and teach me,  
for You are God, my deliverer;  
it is You I look to at every moment.

THIRTY-TWO

*A Song of Endings and Beginnings*

Let us sing of our completions, smooth, round,  
Silvered voices to praise Your Name.

Every season holds starts and stops,  
Years of trees and spirits and souls,  
Circled, cycled, to order our lives.

Inside each completion,  
We hear Your creation;  
Inside our creations,  
We resound with Your voice.

Let us mold a new shape for our completions,  
Fluid and longing, subtle limbs  
That lead us onward to praise Your Name.

Every season casts away its jagged edges,  
Rubs away the torn moments  
To rejoice in the realignment  
Of old ways made straight.

Inside each refitting,  
We renew again Your creation,  
Pulling it taut against us,  
A firm bound shield of Your affection.

Let us sing of our completions.  
Your hand hovers, blesses,  
Bids us move to new beginnings.  
Your hand moves us forward,  
Toward unimagined completions.

Debbie Perlman

## Why This Starting Point?

*The initial mystery that attends any journey is: how did the traveller reach his starting point in the first place? How did I reach the window, the walls, the fireplace, the room itself; how do I happen to be beneath this ceiling and above this floor? Oh, that is a matter for conjecture, for argument pro and con, for research, supposition, dialectic! I can hardly remember how. Unlike Livingstone, on the verge of darkest Africa, I have no maps to hand, no globe of the terrestrial or the celestial spheres, no chart of mountains, lakes, no sextant, no artificial horizon. If ever I possessed a compass, it has long since disappeared. There must be, however, some reasonable explanation for my presence here. Some step started me toward this point, as opposed to all other points on the habitable globe. I must consider; I must discover it.*

Ruth Limmer, Journey Around My Room: The Autobiography of Louise Bogan

Love your God with every heartbeat,  
with every breath,  
with every conscious act.  
Keep in mind the words I command you today.  
Teach them to your children,  
talk about them at work:  
whether you are tired or you are rested.  
Let them guide the work of your hands;  
keep them in the forefront of your vision.  
Do not leave them at the doorway of your house,  
or outside your gate.  
They are reminders to do all of My mitzvot,  
so that you can be holy for God.  
I am Adonai your God.  
I led you out of Egypt to become your God,  
I am Adonai your God!

From Mishkan T'filah: A Reform Siddur

Not all those who wander are lost.

- J.R.R. Tolkien

Leaving home in a sense involves a kind of second birth in which we give birth to ourselves.

- Robert Neelly Bellah

A good traveler has no fixed plans, and is not intent on arriving.

- Laozi (Lao Tzu)

You may wonder, 'How can I leave it all behind if I am just coming back to it? How can I make a new beginning if I simply return to the old?' The answer lies in the return. You will not come back to the 'same old thing.' What you return to has changed because you have changed. Your perceptions will be altered. You will not incorporate into the same body, status, or world you left behind. The river has been flowing while you were gone. Now it does not look like the same river.

- Steven Foster

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking, that is, of taking walks—who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering: which word is beautifully derived "from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going à la Sainte Terre," to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, "There goes a Sainte-Terrer," a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander . . . Some, however, would derive the word from sans terre, without land or home, which, therefore, in good sense, will mean, having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere.

- Henry Thoreau  
("Walking," from *Walden and Other Writings*)

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening  
by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.