

Tisha B'Av - The 9th of Av
Destruction & the Road to Renewal

• *Ma'ariv*, Sim Shalom Siddur p. 281, Up to Havdalah

<p>Eli Tsiyon v'aréha, k'mo isha b'tziréha, v'chivtulah chagurat sak, al ba'al n'uréha.</p> <p>Alei armon asher nutash, b'ashmat tson adaréha, v'al biat m'charfei El, b'toch mikdash khadaréha.</p> <p>Alei galut m'shár'tei El, ni'imei shir z'maréha, v'al damam asher shupach, k'mo meimi y'oréha.</p> <p>Alei hegyon m'choléha, asher damam b'aréha, v'al va'ad asher shamam, uvitul sanhedréha.</p> <p>Alei zivchei t'midéha, ufidyonei b'choréha, v'al chilul k'li heichal, umizbe'ach k'toréha.</p>	<p>אֵלֵי צִיּוֹן וְעָרֶיהָ, כְּמוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּצִרְיָהָ, וּכְבִּתּוּלָה חֲגוּרָת-שָׁק, עַל בַּעַל נְעוּרֶיהָ</p> <p>עַלֵי אַרְמוֹן אֲשֶׁר נִטַּשׁ, בְּאַשְׁמַת צֶאֱן עֲדָרֶיהָ, וְעַל בִּיאַת מְחַרְפֵי אֵל, בְּתוֹךְ מִקְדָּשׁ חֲדָרֶיהָ. עַלֵי גְלוֹת מְשָׁרְתֵי אֵל, נְעִימֵי שִׁיר וְזַמְרֶיהָ, וְעַל דָּמָם אֲשֶׁר שִׁפְךְ כְּמוֹ מֵימֵי יְאוּרֶיהָ.</p> <p>עַלֵי הֶגְיוֹן מְחֹלָיָהּ, אֲשֶׁר דָּמָם בְּעָרֶיהָ, וְעַל וְעַד אֲשֶׁר שָׁמָם וּבִטּוּל סְנֵהֲדָרֶיהָ. עַלֵי זִבְחֵי תְּמִידָהּ וּפְדִיּוֹנֵי בְּכוֹרֶיהָ, וְעַל חִלּוּל כְּלֵי הַיֵּכָל וּמִזְבֵּחַ קַמְוֹרֶיהָ.</p>
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Mourn Zion and her cities, like a woman in her birth pains,
And like a maiden wrapped in sack-clot h for the husband of her
youth

[א] Mourn the palace that was abandoned in the sheep's negligence of its flock,

[ב] and for the coming of the revulsion of God within the Temple's rooms.

[ג] For the exile of the servants of God, who sing her songs,

[ד] and for their blood that was spilled like the waters of her rivers.

[ה] For the chatter of her dancers which was silenced in her cities,

[ו] and for the gathering that destroyed and canceled her Sanhedrin .

[ז] For the periodic sacrifice s and redemption of her firstborns,

[ח] and for the desecration of the vessels of Temple and the altar of her incense.

Alas! The Lord in His wrath
 Has shamed a Fair Zion, Has cast down from heaven to Earth
 The majesty of Israel. He did not remember His Footstool
 On His day of wrath. The Lord has laid waste without pity
 All the habitations of Jacob; He has razed in His anger
 Fair Judah's strongholds. He has brought low in dishonor
 The kingdom and its leaders. In blazing anger He has cut down
 All the might of Israel; He has withdrawn His right hand
 In the presence of the foe; He has ravaged Jacob like flaming fire,
 Consuming on all sides. He bent His bow like an enemy,
 Poised His right hand like a foe; He slew all who delighted the eye.
 He poured out His wrath like fire In the Tent of Fair Zion.
 The Lord has acted like a foe, He has laid waste Israel,
 Laid waste all her citadels, Destroyed her strongholds.
 He has increased within Fair Judah Mourning and moaning.
 He has stripped His Booth like a garden, He has destroyed His Tabernacle;
 The LORD has ended in Zion Festival and sabbath;
 In His raging anger He has spurned King and priest.
 The Lord has rejected His altar, Disdained His Sanctuary.
 He has handed over to the foe The walls of its citadels;
 They raised a shout in the House of the LORD
 As on a festival day. The LORD resolved to destroy
 The wall of Fair Zion; He measured with a line, and refrained
 not From bringing destruction. He has made wall and rampart to mourn,
 Together they languish. Her gates have sunk into the ground,
 He has smashed her bars to bits; Her king and her leaders
 are in exile, instruction is no more; Her prophets, too, receive
 No vision from the LORD. Silent sit on the ground
 The elders of Fair Zion; They have strewn dust on their heads
 And girded themselves with sackcloth; The maidens of Jerusalem
 have bowed Their heads to the ground. My eyes are spent with tears,
 My heart is in tumult, My being melts away
 Over the ruin of my poor people, As babes and sucklings languish
 In the squares of the city. They keep asking their mothers,
 "Where is bread and wine?" As they languish like battle-wounded
 In the squares of the town, As their life runs out
 In their mothers' bosoms. What can I take as witness - or liken
 To you, O Fair Jerusalem? What can I match with you to console you,
 O Fair Maiden Zion? For your ruin is vast as the sea:
 Who can heal you? Your seers prophesied to you
 Delusion and folly. They did not expose your iniquity
 So as to restore your fortunes, But prophesied to you oracles
 Of delusion and deception. All who pass your way
 Clap their hands at you; They hiss and wag their head
 At Fair Jerusalem: "Is this the city that was called
 Perfect in Beauty, Joy of All the Earth?" All your enemies
 Jeer at you; They hiss and gnash their teeth,
 And cry: "We've ruined her! Ah, this is the day we hoped for;
 We have lived to see it!" The LORD has done what He purposed,
 Has carried out the decree That He ordained long ago;
 He has torn down without pity. He has let the foe rejoice
 over you, Has exalted the might of your enemies. Their heart cried out -
 I to the Lord. O wall of Fair Zion, Shed tears like a torrent
 Day and night! Give yourself no respite, Your eyes no rest.
 Arise, cry out in the night At the beginning of the watches,
 Pour out your heart like water In the presence of the Lord!
 Lift up your hands to Him For the life of your infants,
 Who faint for hunger At every street corner. See, O LORD,
 and behold, To whom You have done this! Alas, women eat their own fruit,
 Their new-born babes! Alas, priest and prophet are slain
 In the Sanctuary of the Lord! Prostrate in the streets
 lie Both young and old. My maidens and youths
 Are fallen by the sword; You slew them on Your day of wrath,
 You slaughtered without pity. You summoned, as on a festival,
 My neighbors from round about. On the day of the wrath of the LORD,
 None survived or escaped;
 Those whom I bore and reared
 My foe has consumed.

א איכה לעיב באפו | אדני את-בת-ציון השליך משמים ארץ
 תפארת ישראל ולא-זכר הדם-רגליו ביום אפו: ב בלע
 אדני לא [ולא] חמל את כל-נאות יעקב הרס בעברתו מכברי
 בת-יהודה הגיע לארץ חלל ממלכה ושריה: ג גדע
 בחר-אף כל קרן ישראל השיב אחור ימינו מפני אויב ויבער
 ביעקב כאש להבה אכלה סביב: ד דרך קשתו כאויב נצב
 ימינו כצור ויהרג כל מחמד-עין באהל בת-ציון שפך כאש
 חמתו: ה היה אדני | כאויב בלע ישראל בלע
 כל-ארמנותיה שחת מכצרו וירב בבת-יהודה תאניה ואניה:
 ו ויחמס בגן שפו שחת מועדו שפח יי | בציון מועד ושבת
 וינאץ בזעם-אפו מלך וכהן: ז זנת אדני | מזבחו נאך
 מקדשו הסגיר ביד-אויב חומת ארמנותיה קול נתנו בבית-יי
 כיום מועד: ח חשב יי | להשחית חומת בת-ציון נטה קו
 לא-השיב ידו מבלע ויאכל-חל וחומה יחדו אמללו:
 ט טבעו בארץ שעריה אבד ושבר בריחיה מלכה ושריה בגוים
 אין תורה גם-נביאיה לא-מצאו חזון מיי: י ישבו לארץ
 ידמו זקני בת-ציון העלו עפר על-ראשם חגרו שקים הורידו
 לארץ ראשן בתולת ירושלים: יא כלו בדמעות עיני
 חמרמרו מעי נשפך לארץ כבדי על-שבר בת-עמי בעטף
 עולל ויוזק ברחבות קריה: יב לאמתם יאמרו איה דגן ויין
 בהתעטפם כחלל ברחבות עיר בהשתפך נפשם אל-חיק
 אמתם: יג מה-אעידך מה אדמה-לך הבת ירושלים מה
 אשור-לך ואנחמך בתולת בת-ציון כיי-גדול כיום שברך מי
 ירפא-לך: יד נביאך חזו לך שוא ותפל ולא-גלו על-עונך
 להשיב שביתך [שבותרך] ויחזו לך משאות שוא ומדוחים:
 טו ספקו עליך כפיים כל-עברי דרך שרקו וינעו ראשם על-בת
 ירושלים הזאת העיר שיאמרו כלילת לפי משוש לכל-הארץ:
 טז פצו עליך פיהם כל-אויביך שרקו ויחרקו-שן אמרו בלענו
 אך זה היום שקוינהו מצאנו ראינו: יז עשה יי אשר זמם
 בצע אמרתו אשר צוה מימי-קדם הרס ולא חמל וישמח עליך
 אויב הרים קרן צריך: יח צעק לפם אל-אדני חומת
 בת-ציון הורידו כנחל דמעה יומם ולילה אל-תתני פוגת לך
 אל-תדם בת-עינך: יט קומי | רני בליל [בלילה] לראש
 אשמרות שפכי כמים לבך נכח פני אדני שאי אליו כפיך
 על-נפש עולליך העטופים ברעב בראש כל-חוצות: כ כראה
 יי והביטה למי עוללת כה אם-תאכלנה נשים פרים עללי
 טפחים אם-יהרג במקדש אדני כהן ונביא: כא שכבו
 לארץ חוצות נער וזקן בתולתי ובחורי נפלו כחרב הרגת ביום
 אפך טבחת לא חמלת: כב תקרא כיום מועד מגורל מסכיב
 ולא היה ביום אף-יי פליט ושריד אשר-טפחתי ורביתי איבי
 כלם:

- How did Titus, who destroyed the 2nd Temple, die at such a young age (42)?

A Divine Voice issued forth and said to him: Wicked one, son of a wicked one, grandson of Esau the wicked, for you are among his descendants and act just like him, I have a lowly creature in My world and it is called a gnat. The Gemara interjects: Why is it called a lowly creature? It is called this because it has an entrance for taking in food, but it does not have an exit for excretion. The Gemara resumes its story about Titus. The Divine Voice continued: Go up on dry land and make war with it. He went up on dry land, and a gnat came, entered his nostril, and picked at his brain for seven years. Titus suffered greatly from this until one day he passed by the gate of a blacksmith's shop. The gnat heard the sound of a hammer and was silent and still. Titus said: I see that there is a remedy for my pain. Every day they would bring a blacksmith who hammered before him. He would give four dinars as payment to a gentile blacksmith, and to a Jew he would simply say: It is enough for you that you see your enemy in so much pain. He did this for thirty days and it was effective until then. From that point forward, since the gnat became accustomed to the hammering, it became accustomed to it, and once again it began to pick away at Titus's brain.

- What is the reason the Rabbis create this story to explain Titus' death?
- What does this story suggest about the relationship between the Jewish people and the Roman empire?
- Is this type of story similar to Mel Brooks spoofing Torquemada & Hitler?

Wicked Titus (the name the Rabbis gave),
Commander-in-Chief
of Roman arms,
strategist of bloody harms,
took Jerusalem in fief,
razed the Temple to its grave,
and Zion brought to grief.
The flame of the Ark
brutally he blew to dark
shaped of its tapestry a sleeve,
loaded it with loot.
For holy Zion, no reprieve.
Then homeward went the Roman boot.
At sea, up sprang a gale.
It shook the Roman masts to sticks.
"This God of theirs can play these tricks
on water, but the land is dry,
On land He can't prevail.
Just let Him try!"
Thus spake that master of detritus,
Zion's ruin, Wicked Titus.
Then came a Voice, a Voice on high,
trembling like a spider on a thread
let down from the mighty sky.
"Sinner," it said,
"shake thou in dread.
Soon your brain
will entertain

a tiny jot, a living dot, a very gnat.
Its home will be your head.
Make what you will of that."
Now through the warrior's nostril skipped
the lightfoot tidy tread
of a speck so small it seemed not there.
Its legs were thinner than a hair.
It tickled and it whipped;
it meant to tease,
though ill at ease
in the cavern of the nose.
Upward then it rose
on wings infinitesimal,
a fluttering decimal,
until it could attain
the barren plain
that spread before
the inmost door
of the Roman's nasty brain.

And there it jumped,
and there it bumped,
and there it humped
its little back,
and knocked and thumped
whack after striving whack.
For seven years it waged its war
with vast Rome's military master,

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sometimes beating lazily,
sometimes faster,
like hail against a windowpane,
knocking knocking crazily
like fists against the door
of the Roman's wicked brain.

Seven years Titus fled
the hasty hammer in his head.
But it pursued him where he stood,
a pecker in his wood,
a chopper at his block,
knock knock knock!
He passed one noon a blacksmith's forge,
and heard the anvil drown
the gnattish noise. "By George,"
said he, "I've got the cure!
Let the blacksmith's work endure!"
So every day they scoured the town
to find a willing banger.
For thirty days the gnat was stunned:
amazed, or numb with anger,
it ceased to shiver or to dance;
it lay in quietude and trance,
and every movement shunned.

Huge was the glee
of Wicked Titus.
"A remedy!
I'm free, I'm free!
No foolish flea
can long affright us!"
But the diminutive thing
soon budged a wing
and tentatively put

a wee and sleepy foot
down upon the brain,
trying out a tap,
rapping out a rap,
restoring Roman pain.
And on and on it beat
with energetic feet—
though small and fragile,
see how agile,
hear the hammer drumming,
high and low, loud and dull,
within the Roman skull,
until, succumbing,
the gnat's reluctant host
at last gives up the ghost.

It wasn't a lion
that defended Zion!
Instead it took a gnat
to knock the tyrant flat,
a veritable mite,
a mote that smote on the side of right,
a virtuous midge of a tittle,
a flea as proud as it was little,
no wider than a needle's prick,
a gnat resolved to kick
injustice down.
As happened with Titus,
even a gnat
can right us,
Great is that
good gnat's renown!
-Cynthia Ozick
June 11, 1982

From Lamentations, Chap. 5...

<p>The crown has fallen from our head; Woe to us that we have sinned! 17Because of this our hearts are sick, Because of these our eyes are dimmed: 18Because of Mount Zion, which lies desolate; Jackals prowl over it. 19But You, O LORD, are enthroned forever, Your throne endures through the ages. 20Why have You forgotten us utterly, Forsaken us for all time? 21Take us back, O LORD, to Yourself, And let us come back; Renew our days as of old! 22For truly, You have rejected us, Bitterly raged against us. Take us back, O LORD, to Yourself, And let us come back; Renew our days as of old!</p>	<p>טז נפלה עטרת ראשנו אוי-נא לנו כי חטאנו: יז על-זה היה דוה לבנו על-אלה חשכו עינינו: יח על הר-ציון ששמים שועלים הלכו-בו: יט אתה יי לעולם תשב פסאך לדור ודור: כ למה לנצח תשפחנו תעזבנו לארך ימים: כא השיבנו יי אליך ונשוב [ונשובה] חדש ימינו כקדם: כב כי אם-מאס מאסתנו קצפת עלינו עד-מאד: השיבנו יי אליך ונשובה חדש ימינו כקדם</p>
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Psalm 137

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat, sat and wept, as we thought of Zion.

There on the poplars we hung up our lyres, for our captors asked us there for songs, our tormentors, for amusement,

“Sing us one of the songs of Zion.”

How can we sing a song of the LORD on alien soil?

If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my right hand wither;

let my tongue stick to my palate if I cease to think of you,

if I do not keep Jerusalem in memory even at my happiest hour...

By the rivers of babylon
where we sat down
and there we wept
when we remembered zion
'cause the wicked
carried us away - captivity
required from us a song
how can we sing the Lord's song
in a strange land?

(Bob Marley version of Psalm 137)

We pray together:

May it be Your will, Source of Hope, to help us recognize
the common bond I share with all human beings.

May it be Your Will, Source of Strength, to help us to use this
understanding to create goodness in the world.

We give thanks to You, Shechinah, who loves us, for Your presence in our lives.

Covenant of the Soul (WRJ)

How good and pleasant it is for us all to be together. (Psalm 133)	Hineh ma tov u'mah na'im shevet achim gam yachad.	הנה מה טוב ומה נעים שבת אחים גם יחד.
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