

Choose and cut out your klaf, roll it up and place it inside your mezuzah. Please lovingly recycle the rest!

If you want to buy a hand-written klaf, please visit jvp.org/mezuzah or email mezuzah@jewishvoiceforpeace.org

V'ahavta

Say these words when you lie down and when you rise up, when you go out and when you return. In times of mourning and in times of joy. Inscribe them on your doorposts, embroider them on your garments, tattoo them on your shoulders, teach them to your children, your neighbors, your enemies, recite them in your sleep, here in the cruel shadow of empire: Another world is possible.

Thus spoke the prophet Roque Dalton:
All together they have more death than we,
but all together, we have more life than they.
There is more bloody death in their hands
than we could ever wield, unless
we lay down our souls to become them,
and then we will lose everything. So instead,

imagine winning. This is your sacred task.
This is your power. Imagine
every detail of winning, the exact smell of the summer streets
in which no one has been shot, the muscles you have never
unclenched from worry, gone soft as newborn skin,
the sparkling taste of food when we know
that no one on earth is hungry, that the beggars are fed,
that the old man under the bridge and the woman
wrapping herself in thin sheets in the back seat of a car,
and the children who suck on stones,
nest under a flock of roofs that keep multiplying their shelter.
Lean with all your being towards that day
when the poor of the world shake down a rain of good fortune
out of the heavy clouds, and justice rolls down like waters.

Defend the world in which we win as if it were your child.
It is your child.
Defend it as if it were your lover.
It is your lover.

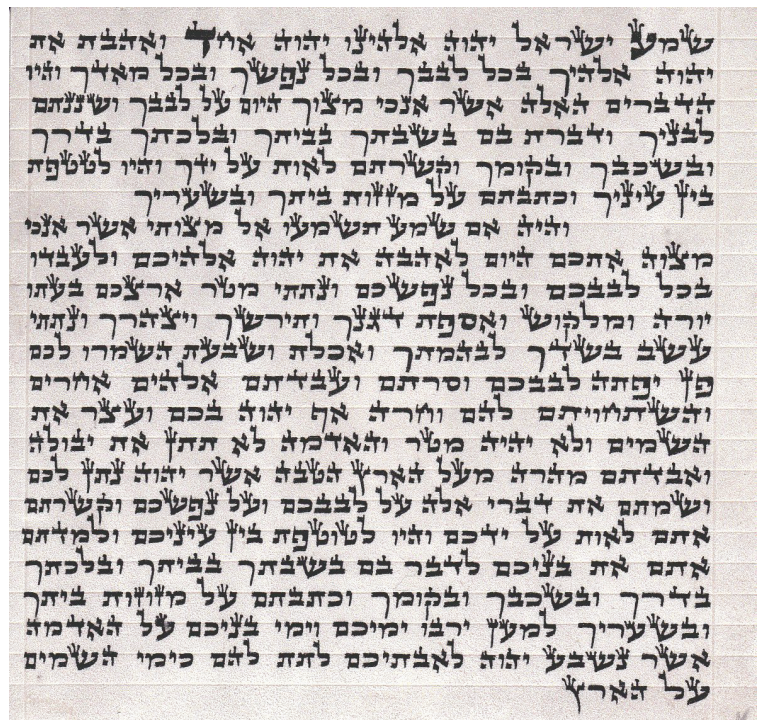
When you inhale and when you exhale
breathe the possibility of another world
into the 37.2 trillion cells of your body
until it shines with hope.
Then imagine more.

Imagine rape is unimaginable. Imagine war is a scarcely credible rumor
That the crimes of our age, the grotesque inhumanities of greed,
the sheer and astounding shamelessness of it, the vast fortunes
made by stealing lives, the horrible normalcy it came to have,
is unimaginable to our heirs, the generations of the free.

Don't waver. Don't let despair sink its sharp teeth
Into the throat with which you sing. Escalate your dreams.
Make them burn so fiercely that you can follow them down
any dark alleyway of history and not lose your way.
Make them burn clear as a starry drinking gourd
Over the grim fog of exhaustion, and keep walking.

Hold hands. Share water. Keep imagining.
So that we, and the children of our children's children
may live

~ Aurora Levins Morales



יְשֻׁב, בְּסִתְרֵי עֲלִיוֹן; בְּצֵל שְׂדֵי, יְתִלְוֶנָּה. אִמֵּר--לַיהוָה, מִחֲסִי וּמִצֻּדֹתַי;
אֱלֹהִי, אֲבִטְחָבוּ.

You who dwell in the shelter of the Most High, and abide in the
protection of the Almighty: I say of the Holy One, my refuge and
fortress, my God in whom I trust.

Psalms 91:1-2

וְעָשׂוּ לִי, מִקֹּדֶשׁ; וְשִׁכְנֹתִי, בְּתוֹכָם.

And let them make Me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them.

Exodus 25:8