



Resources for Talking about Israel in this Time of Crisis

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

<p>There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens:</p> <p>a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance, a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing, a time to search and a time to give up, a time to keep and a time to throw away, a time to tear and a time to mend, a time to be silent and a time to speak, a time to love and a time to hate, a time for war and a time for peace.</p>	<p>א לָכֵן, זָמַן; וְעֵת לְכָל-חֶפֶץ, תַּחַת הַשָּׁמַיִם.</p> <p>ב עֵת לָלֶדֶת, וְעֵת לָמוּת; עֵת לְטַעַם, וְעֵת לְעֻקּוֹר נְטוּעַ.</p> <p>ג עֵת לְהָרוּג, וְעֵת לְרַפּוֹא, עֵת לְפָרוֹץ, וְעֵת לִבְנוֹת.</p> <p>ד עֵת לִבְכוֹת, וְעֵת לְשִׂחוֹק, עֵת סִפּוֹד, וְעֵת רִקּוֹד.</p> <p>ה עֵת לְהַשְׁלִיךְ אֲבָנִים, וְעֵת כְּנוֹס אֲבָנִים; עֵת לְחַבּוֹק, וְעֵת לְרַחֵק מִחֶבֶק.</p> <p>ו עֵת לִבְקֹשׁ, וְעֵת לָאֲבֹד, עֵת לְשָׁמֹר, וְעֵת לְהַשְׁלִיךְ.</p> <p>ז עֵת לְקַרֹּעַ, וְעֵת לְתַפּוֹר, עֵת לְחַשׂוֹת, וְעֵת לְדַבֵּר.</p> <p>ח עֵת לְאַהֲבָה, וְעֵת לְשִׂנְאָה, עֵת מִלְחָמָה, וְעֵת שְׁלוֹם.</p>
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A Man Doesn't Have Time in His Life By Yehuda Amichai

Reprinted from: <http://allpoetry.com/A-Man-Doesn't-Have-Time-In-His-Life>

A man doesn't have time in his life
to have time for everything.
He doesn't have seasons enough to have
a season for every purpose. Ecclesiastes
Was wrong about that.

A man needs to love and to hate at the same
moment,
to laugh and cry with the same eyes,
with the same hands to throw stones and to
gather them,
to make love in war and war in love.
And to hate and forgive and remember and
forget,
to arrange and confuse, to eat and to digest
what history
takes years and years to do.

A man doesn't have time.
When he loses he seeks, when he finds
he forgets, when he forgets he loves, when he
loves
he begins to forget.

And his soul is seasoned, his soul
is very professional.
Only his body remains forever
an amateur. It tries and it misses,
gets muddled, doesn't learn a thing,
drunk and blind in its pleasures
and its pains.

He will die as figs die in autumn,
Shriveled and full of himself and sweet,
the leaves growing dry on the ground,
the bare branches pointing to the place
where there's time for everything.

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