



four cups of hope

Pesach Haggadah



Happy Passover

The eve of Passover is an opportunity to pause and reflect — to look back at the path we have walked, at the footprints we have left in the sand, and at the road that lies ahead, still untouched.

This year, we stand midway through our journey, and it is impossible not to ask: How do we continue? Will we find the strength within ourselves to repair and rebuild?

From the void that has opened within us this year, something has also begun to heal. A new fabric begins to form each time we encounter moments of grace — the strength of spirit, a stubborn will that refuses to give up. Out of the pain, we have chosen, again and again, to keep moving forward.

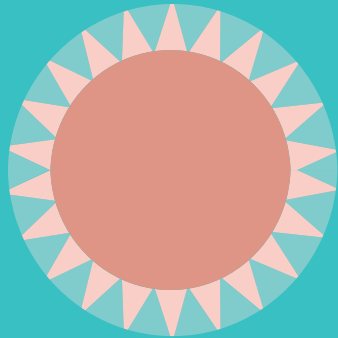
As in every year, we have chosen leading figures in Israeli society to add contemporary blessings to the four cups of the Haggadah, offering their wishes to the people of Israel for freedom, growth, security, and peace.

The Haggadah before us celebrates healing, creation, and solidarity. The four cups reflect the journey we have taken and the road that still stretches ahead — from the liberation and freedom of the hostages, to the regrowth of the fields and the rebuilding of the towns. Through security and protection, we seek to reclaim a place for our lives — and with it, a deep yearning for peace.

This Passover, we honor the strength of the human spirit — in the dedication of the hostages' families, in the resilience of the farmers, and in the tireless efforts of countless people who choose to act, to repair, to connect, and to build.

May we find within the pages of this Haggadah the strength to push forward — from pain and inspired by hope.

Haggadah Team, Tzedek Centers | Nissan 5785



We raise a cup to freedom — the freedom that lies at the heart of our existence: to be free in our own land, to emerge from bondage into liberty, from fear into hope, and from darkness into great light.



Miracles

Poem by Yehuda Amichai

From a distance everything looks like a miracle
but up close even a miracle doesn't appear so.
Even someone who crossed the Red Sea when it split
only saw the sweaty back
of the one in front of him
and the motion of his big legs,
and at most, a hurried glance to the side,
fish of many colors in a wall of water,
like in a marine observatory behind walls of glass.

Translated by Rabbi Steven Sager

Yonatan Shamriz | founder of the "Kumu" (Awaken) movement, a national grassroots movement he founded with families affected by the October 7 attacks and brother of Alon Shamriz who was taken hostage on October 7th | Awaken

I believe that out of the ruins and devastation, out of the inferno, a new generation is rising.

A generation that believes in us — in a reformed and united Israeli society. A generation that believes in the Israeli spirit.

A generation that will rebuild from the rubble and create a country that is better, more just — a country that pursues truth, sanctifies it, and never lets it go.

A country built on collective responsibility, where we do everything for one another — where we do everything to bring home the hostages still held in the tunnels of Hamas.

A country where we will be proud to raise our children.

A country that thrives — for the Jewish people, and for all those who have bound their fate with ours.

(From a speech delivered at the national memorial ceremony marking October 7, one year into the war — 7.10.24)

First Cup

The Cup of Freedom

This year, we learned the true meaning of freedom. When Romi was kidnapped, our freedom was taken with her. And then, collective responsibility revealed itself in full force: we were blessed to receive strength from the community — from people who gave us direction and purpose. Their support allowed us to reclaim our sense of freedom.

It was surprising to discover that personal freedom depends on the strength of the community. Over time, as we grew stronger, the skies began to clear, revealing new possibilities. This is the essence of freedom: the moment we recognize that there is more than one path to walk — that each path is personal, shaped by the choices of the one walking it.

The strength of the community depends on each person's ability to respect the path of another — even when it is different, even when it contradicts our own. It is in that space that we allow freedom of thought, where we discover who we are along the journey to bring our loved ones home from the hands of the enemy.

Freedom manifests in our thoughts, our choices, and our words — whether they are words of love, strength, and empowerment, or painful words that carry heavy burdens and pull us down.

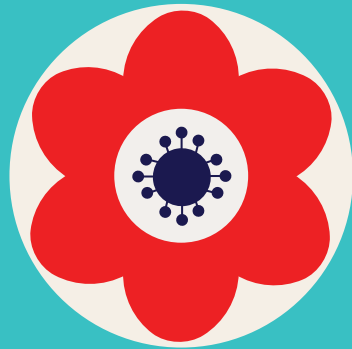
Freedom is in our hands. It is in our hands to shape a new shared reality — will it be one of civil strife, or one of solidarity, friendship, and collective responsibility?

The people of Israel are strong. Our strength lies in community, and from that strength comes the ability to extend freedom to every person. This year, the Cup of Freedom is dedicated to a powerful and resilient people — the people of Israel.



Mother of Romi Gonen who was held hostage and released after 471 days in captivity

Meirav Leshem Gonen



**We raise a cup to growth,
blossoming, and renewal — to
the revival of communities,
cities, and kibbutzim that were
destroyed and those who were
torn from their homes; and
to all who rebuild and replant
each day with deep faith.**

Second Cup

The Cup of Growth

Once, the Western Negev was known for “Darom Adom” (Red South) — a brief time each year when the anemones (Calaniot, national flower of Israel) bloom. But few know that after the Red South comes the Yellow South — the season of mustard and chrysanthemum blossoms — and that it’s no less beautiful. After Passover, everything dries up. The badlands are left exposed, and the only green in sight is the irrigated fields, waiting for the first rains — which don’t always come on time.

Most of the year, the Western Negev is beautiful mainly in the eyes of its residents — tough farmers who have woven an intimate relationship with the land.

Life here still runs according to the schedules and cycles of the crops, and the weather still carries deep meaning. (Anyone who hasn’t seen the vegetable growers gathered at the pub at 10 in the morning on a rainy day has never seen true joy.)

The longing to return to the Negev isn’t just about going home — it’s a longing to return to a rhythm of life so unique, a stranger could never understand it.

Many ask me: How can you possibly want to go back?
And I answer: How could I not?



a member of Kibbutz Nir Oz, was held captive by Hamas and is currently active in the rehabilitation of the kibbutz.

Liat Atzili

With a handful of
heavens in my hand
I would traverse my life.
I would cross the sea
on foot
with a handful of
heavens in my hand.

**With a
handful of
heavens in
my hand**

Avraham Halfi



**We raise a cup to the security
of our home — to those who
safeguard Israel at the borders,
in healthcare, in spirit, in
education, and in welfare.
May we build our home on a
strong foundation of collective
responsibility, solidarity, and
shared destiny.**

Pour Out Your Love Upon the Nations

(as a response or alternative to “Pour Out Your Wrath”)

“Pour Out Your Wrath” is one of the more difficult texts in the traditional Passover Haggadah.

It appears after the meal, made up of verses from Psalms and Lamentations, and was likely added during the Middle Ages — a time of deep suffering and persecution for the Jewish people. In that historical context, the call for vengeance expressed a hidden, powerless longing for justice.

But today, we live in a different reality — one where we can defend ourselves, and where we also have the power to choose a different response.

This alternative passage, first found in a 1521 Haggadah attributed to Rashi’s grandson and preserved by Chaim Bloch in his book *’Heichal Debar Chazal Ve Partagami’* (New York, 1948), expresses that vision:

Pour out Your love upon the nations who have come to know You,
and upon the kingdoms that call upon Your name.
For the kindness they show to the children of Jacob,
and their efforts to protect Your people Israel from those who seek their harm.
May they be worthy to dwell in the shelter of Your chosen ones,
and to rejoice in the joy of Your people.



To Dream, To Sing

Levi Ben-Amittai

Someone must carry a dream in their heart —
a dream the many have forgotten.

Always to dream, to dream.

Someone must guard a dream in their heart,
even if they remain alone.

Someone must sing the dream,
even if their voice is never heard.

Always to sing, to sing.

Someone must go on singing the dream,
even if they are the last one left.

Berl Katznelson | We Are Responsible

... We, the survivors, are responsible for the remnant of Israel.

There are no other shoulders on which to place this burden.

There is no back behind which we can hide.

The very fact that we — who stand here — were carried by the fate of
Israel to this shore, obligates us. It must obligate us.

Each and every day, a person must see themselves as tipping the scale:
toward the Exodus from Egypt or toward the prolonging of exile.

Let all our actions be directed toward the parting of the sea and the
welcoming of those who return.

(From the writings of Berl Katznelson, vol. 12, 1950)

Third Cup

A Cup for Security

"In every generation, there are those who rise up to destroy us."

On October 7, 2023, the State of Israel awoke to the greatest disaster it
has faced since its founding. Towns and military bases were overrun by
 Hamas terrorists, who committed horrifying crimes against innocent
 civilians. People celebrating at a peace festival were brutally murdered.
 Hundreds were kidnapped and taken to Gaza.

Confusion and fear gripped Israeli citizens, while the leadership
 vanished and remained silent for long days. When the full extent of the
 catastrophe became clear, many felt as though we were standing on the
 verge of the destruction of the Third Temple.

And yet, amid the fear and despair, light emerged: civilians and soldiers
 acted with deep commitment and a sense of responsibility, as if the
 fate of the country rested on their shoulders — not waiting for orders
 from above. IDF soldiers, both regular and reserve, rushed to their bases,
 equipped themselves, and stood ready to defend the homeland. Israeli
 society stood united and resolute.

"And you shall tell your child" obligates us to speak of the heroism of
 both civilians and soldiers, and to uplift the social solidarity that is the
 bedrock of our existence.

This Passover, we recommit to securing our freedom, to rebuilding and
 growing anew, and to living by the values on which our country was
 founded. We will continue to fight for the return of all those taken
 hostage. We will stand by their families. We will embrace the families
 of the fallen. We will support the recovery of the wounded. And we will
 nurture the rise of a new generation of leaders — leaders born from the
 generation who rose to meet this war with dignity and courage.



*retired general in the Israel Defense
 Forces and formerly Israel's military
 attaché in the United States.*

Gadi Shamni



**We raise a cup to peace — in
Israel and throughout the world
— with an eternal prayer for
a just, equal, and democratic
society, and for a future built
on partnership.**



Fourth Cup

The Cup of Peace

Realize

Lyrics · Ehud Manor
Translation · Elli Sacks

Realize – that from the clouds a rainbow will embrace us,
Realize – this broken world is only ours to mend.

Realize – that day will bloom from gloom of storms voracious,
Realize – we mustn't lose the gift that's ours to tend,
Realize – from desert, grass will blossom green and spacious,
Realize – that under shade of fig we'll sit as friends.

Realize – no one should hurt and brother should love brother,
Realize – we'll open Eden's gates, knock down the door,
Realize – that East and West will merge and urge each other,
Realize – our days will be renewed as once before.

Realize – that nation won't lift sword 'gainst other nation,
Realize – the path of hope is paved from up above,
Realize – that man can display mercy and have patience,
Realize – that in this world there's still one chance for love.

This year too, Passover is present in our lives in all its meaning. The holiday that symbolizes freedom, arrives following the return of some of the hostages from captivity in Gaza — people now beginning to rebuild their lives.

When I reflect on the story of Passover in biblical times — as in our own time — I choose to focus on the opportunity that follows the crisis. The exodus from Egypt, like October 7th, were moments of immense upheaval that were followed by moments of possibility. Then, it was the arrival of the Jewish people in the Land of Israel.

Today, it is the opportunity to rebuild relationships.

Words like peace, hope, and coexistence have become coarse — difficult to hear, let alone believe. The security situation, along with extremist elements that have long taken hold of the centers of power, have intensified feelings of hatred and fear, instead of security and partnership. These same forces have repeatedly failed in their responsibilities and instead shifted the blame onto the people. We live in a complex and challenging country — and yet, a country worth fighting for. Alongside the hardship, the people — the sane majority — must take the wheel, confront the difficult reality, and begin to address the root causes on both sides.

Only then can we change the future and make it better.

These words may sound like naive clichés, the kind spoken by those chasing after an imaginary peace. And perhaps peace does still feel far off, especially after what we experienced on October 7th. But it is precisely for that reason that we must try even harder — to draw hearts closer.

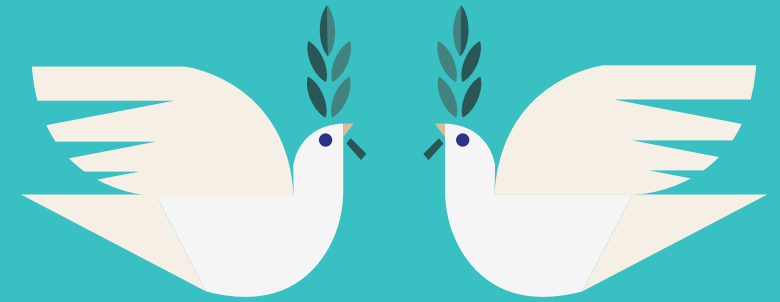
Wishing you a kosher and joyful Passover.



Palestinian-Israeli journalist, senior political reporter for the Israeli Public Broadcasting Corporation.

Suleiman Maswadeh

*Next
year
in
Jerusalem!*



Rejoice | Shaul Tchernichovsky

Rejoice, rejoice now in the dreams
I the dreamer am he who speaks
Rejoice, for I'll have faith in mankind
For in mankind I believe.

For my soul still yearns for freedom
I've not sold it to a calf of gold
For I shall yet have faith in mankind
In its spirit great and bold.

That will cast off binding chains
Raise us up, hold high our heads
Workers will not die of hunger
For souls – release, for poor folk – bread.

Rejoice for I have faith in friendship
I'll find a heart – in this I've faith –
A heart that shares in all my hopes,

A heart that feels both joy and pain.

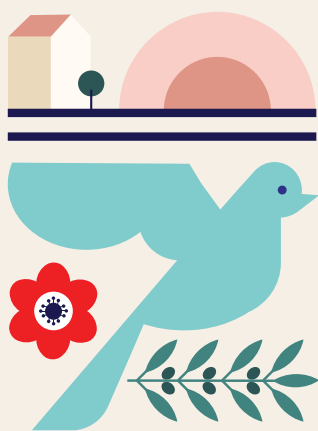
And I shall keep faith in the future,
Though the day be yet unseen
Surely it will come when nations
All live in blessed peace.

Then my people too will flourish
And a generation shall arise
In the land, shake off its chains
And see light in every eye.

It shall live, love, accomplish, labour
In the land it is alive
Not in the future, not in heaven –
And its spirit shall henceforth thrive.

A poet shall sing a new anthem,
His heart aware of beauty sublime
For him, that young man, above my
tomb

Blossoms in a wreath shall twine



מנדחים
לצדק
מברתי

קבוצת
הכצלת
הסודות מרכז ווינגטיל השומר הצעיר