

Attending

Saturday, June 20, 2026

Monthly Havdalah w/ L'Chaim Collective
Jory's House in Burlington
6-8:30pm

NOTE: Please make sure there is only ONE name per line. Thanks! :)

Name	Email Address	Potluck Dish Bringing (not required! Do what you can!)
Jory Hearst	jory.hearst@gmail.com	Samosa Chaat Challah
Jennifer Cohen	jcohen@vermontcommons.org	hmm, big salad? Are nuts okay?
AJ Lilian Menashe	asher.joy.lilian.menashe@gmail.com	Fresh fruit
emily levine	emilyastinlevine@gmail.com	thinking...stay tuned!
Isabelle Lourie-Wisbaum	Isabellelw@gmavt.net	roasted cabbage and sweet potatoes with chickpeas
Jude Hawthorne	tapestrythey@protonmail.com	rolls
Flannery Hawthorne	flannery.raabe@gmail.com	seltzer
Judy danzig	jdanzig118@gmail.com	dessert
	gary.visco@gmail.com	
Rory		Some sort of dessert
Holly Hauser	Hollhaus@gmail.com	Hearty salad
Lizzy		
Carly		
Elle		

Please email jory.hearst@gmail.com if you'd like to join! She'll check email again later today.

Songs

L'Chaim's Core Values

Peace - We tend Judaism outside of nationalism, out of commitment to *betselem elohim*, the sacred notion that there is that of G!d in all people.

Justice - We hold activism as inseparable from our spirituality, hearing the call of '*tzedek, tzedek tirdof*' or 'justice, justice you shall pursue.' (Deuteronomy 16:20)

Earth - We understand Judaism at its core as a land-based lifeway. We trust that re-rooting our practices in the land will continue to nourish us and grow meaning, grounding, connection, community, resilience, and gratitude for 'times such as these' (Esther 4:14).

Learning - We wrestle, engage, debate, listen, and seek to ask more questions than offer answers, committed to the core technology of Talmud Torah.

Ritual - We cherish the rich well of rituals— liturgical, cultural, folk, and collective— that can bring us back into sacred relationship with the divine, with the earth, and with each other.

Collective - We use consensus based decision making, trusting that we are all together smarter than any one of us alone. We are all teachers, all students, and function with clear roles, but in a non-hierarchical manner.

Song - We raise our voices in community for joy and healing, rejoicing in our lineage of Miriam singing the people through the parted sea.

Nourishment - We gather around food as healing, joyful, safety, ritual, holy offering, remembering the wisdom of our grandmothers' tables and soup pots.

Relationship - We value supporting inter-generational community, reciprocity, mutual aid, care, community, and hold intentional space for repair and healing.

Doikayt - diaspora - We celebrate Jewish practices all over the globe, outside of nationalism, and cherish our "hereness."

Healer of the Broken-Hearted

הַרְפָּא לְשִׁבּוּרֵי לֵב אֶמְחִיֵּשׁ לְעֵצְבוֹתָם
מוֹנֶה מִסָּפָר לְכוֹכָבִים לְכֹלָם, שְׁמוֹת יִקְרָא

Harofei lishvurei lev umkhabesh l'atz'votam
Moneh mispar lakokhavim, l'khulam shemot yikra.

Healer of the broken-hearted.
Binder of our wounds. Counter of uncountable stars.
You know who you are. Ana el na ra fa na la. (x2)

Peonies by Mary Oliver !A poem for Summer Solstice!

This morning the green fists of the peonies are getting ready
to break my heart
as the sun rises,
as the sun strokes them with his old, buttery fingers

and they open ---
pools of lace,
white and pink ---
and all day the black ants climb over them,

boring their deep and mysterious holes
into the curls,
craving the sweet sap,
taking it away

to their dark, underground cities ---
and all day
under the shifty wind,
as in a dance to the great wedding,

the flowers bend their bright bodies,
and tip their fragrance to the air,
and rise,
their red stems holding

all that dampness and recklessness
gladly and lightly,
and there it is again ---
beauty the brave, the exemplary,

blazing open.
Do you love this world?
Do you cherish your humble and silky life?
Do you adore the green grass, with its terror beneath?

Do you also hurry, half-dressed and barefoot, into the garden,
and softly,
and exclaiming of their dearness,
fill your arms with the white and pink flowers,

with their honeyed heaviness, their lush trembling,
their eagerness
to be wild and perfect for a moment, before they are
nothing, forever?