

**YESHAYAHU/ ISAIAH 58**  
**Haftarah for the Fast of Yom Kippur**

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Created together  
Originally for Kehilla Community Synagogue, Yom Kippur 5781

Cry Out, Shout out! Our voice is the Shofar.  
Speak it out loud: that we all miss the mark

Day after day, we have been seekers after the Infinite,  
and asked how to travel this path,  
As if we have not abandoned the sacred work of justice.  
We are hungry to be good and so we show off our deeds.  
We plead for a just way, begging to get closer to Source:

“Why, when we fasted, didn’t you witness us?  
When we deprive our bodies, didn’t you recognize?”  
The still, small voice in us knows,  
We fast from food yet we still uphold oppression.

We refrain from eating but not from our reactivity.  
In fasting this way, we don’t fully connect to Source.

Is this the fast that the Sacred inside us longs for, a day to afflict our souls?  
Are we here only to bow our heads in mourning and humiliation?  
To lie down in rags and ashes?  
Is this the whole fast? Will this be a day that our divinity accepts?

No! Imagine: this is the fast that the sacred wants:  
Bust open the chains of oppression,  
knock down the prison walls, unlock the cages until all oppressed are free  
Dismantle all systems of injustice.

Share our bread with all who are hungry,  
open our homes to those on the streets;  
wrap warmth around those who are cold;

turn towards our kindred siblings.

At that moment, we will break through, illuminating like the dawn  
and our healing will bloom quickly  
and we will be led by justice and backed up by the Sacred.

Then, when we call out, Source will respond,  
when we cry, the Infinite will say:  
Hineni! Here I am.  
If we end oppression amongst us, the claws and the cruel speech,

And find compassion for all hungry souls, bear witness to affliction  
then we will be sparks in the night, we will shine like midday, as bright as a blessing

And the Sacred will continuously guide us  
and quench the parched places of our souls  
and strengthen the knowing in our bones.  
We will be like a garden forever watered, like an endless flowing spring.

Out of the ruined places, we will rebuild.  
And the generations to come will rise up from our foundation  
And we will be called "Those who repair what is broken,  
those who clear a path that all can inhabit."

When we turn towards holy rest, and practice the sacred pause,  
when we choose to honor the Infinite over chasing productivity,  
and we don't try to negotiate with the Sacred

Then, we will experience that Unnameable Source, drawing us closer,  
and we will share, among all creatures, a land without borders,  
that the still, small voice in us knows.

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