Rosh Hodesh Story Rabbi Geela Rayzel Raphael

Feb 2004

In the dark days, with a just a little light

I can see the moon peaking in the night;

So I know it’s the time to celebrate

The new moon, and I can’t wait.

We’ll start a new month, on the Rosh Hodesh date

And the circle will gather at quarter to eight;

My mother begins to clean the room

She’ll light her special candles soon.

Mom bakes cookies, with all kinds of shapes

But the ones with the moon are the best on the plate;

She’ll pour the tea, she’ll cut the cake

Set the table and decorate.

Her girlfriends arrive, they scurry in

They’ll sip tea, and then begin;

I’m supposed to be sound asleep

But I just have to stay awake and peek.

They wear moons on their sweaters

And moons on hats in all kind of weather;

Moons on jackets, shirts and pants

Is it the moon that makes them dance?

They’ll sing a song, they’ll share their tales

While I’m peaking through the stairway rail;

Then we enter a magic time

There’s always laughter and some crying.

I learn of Lilith and her wings

I can almost hear Miriam sing;

They tell of Judith and her sword

On Rosh Hodesh I’m never bored.

My mother says it’s the pull of the tide

Her friends ometimes howl outside!

Sometimes with drums and sometimes with timbrel

The noise they can make, may make you tremble. (Howwlllllll)

And when its all over and done

And they leave one by one….

I’ll know the new month is coming soon

Cause we can tell by the light of the moon.

Elul, Tishrei, and Heshvan

Kislev, Tevet, Sh’vat and on

To Adar, Nissan, Iyar

Sivan, Tammuz and Av so far.

I’ve watched them come and I’ve watched them go

And one day I’ll be in the flow..

Standing in the light of the moon’s glow

Howling my own way- fast or slow…

Sip tea with my friends and eat cookies too

Tell stories and laugh and bless the new-

But now I think I’ll go to bed

And call my mother to kiss my head....