

NEWS & VIEWS

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Blog Edition
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Our Children Are Leading the Way

By Rabbi Sharon Cohen Anisfeld President-Elect of <u>Hebrew College</u>



Last Shabbat, in cities across the United States, hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people gathered to march against gun violence. The demonstrations were galvanized by the extraordinary leadership of the high school students in Parkland, Florida, who have responded to their own personal tragedy by taking action with a sense of clarity and courage that has sort of taken our collective breath away.

The protests were diverse—parents and grandparents, teachers, mentors, employers, public officials, supporters from all walks of life joining these young people in an effort that, somehow, seems to be jolting even the most jaded among us out of our skepticism about the possibility of real change on this issue. And everyone knows what makes it feel different this time: *our children are leading the way*.

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Posts from this **Hebrew College-hosted blog** is published weekly in **Patheos**.

Bring More Liberation to Your Seder Table: A Song of Complaints

Parashat for First Day of Pesach



By Rabbi Minna Bromberg, Rab`10 Israel Program Coordinator, Rabbinical School of Hebrew College

The students in my singing and songwriting class—"consumers" at a hospital that offers inpatient services for people with serious mental illness—came into the chapel and began complaining before I could even say hello. One told me that her laryngitis won't go away and the doctor won't listen to her. Another said her back was really bothering her. A third said he really didn't want to be in this class because he didn't feel he was getting anything out of it, and he meant no disrespect, but he was talking to people about switching classes. With each complaint, I found myself feeling more and more excited: that morning I had decided—inspired in part by a radio story about the Philadelphia Complaint Choir—that today we would be harvesting our complaints and bringing them as the grist to our song-finding mill. Every complaint was "music to my ears."

First we sang the sea chanty "Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her," itself a song of complaint about the difficult conditions under which the sailors have been toiling. Then we talked a bit about the complaints in the chanty's lyrics, like "rotten meat and weavelly bread." I asked my students to come up with at least one complaint that they would like to use to write our song, using the melody of the chanty but our own words. One student helpfully said that she didn't know who "Johnny" was or why we were singing about him. I asked her what she thought we should sing instead and she said, "Help me, won't you help me." So that became the chorus of our "Song of Complaints."

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