

COLOMBIA SOLIDARITY SEDER HAGGADDAH

Letter to those about to begin a Seder in Solidarity with Colombia.

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

For me it is an honor and a great pleasure for us to be strengthening ties of friendship, solidarity and social commitment to work together for the resistance and sovereignty of the people. Thank you so much for sharing with us this moment in which food converts into symbols, representing the process that we put forward to continue walking together.

We will be holding a Seder April 7th from 4-7PM, and it's good to know that on an international level we will be able to gather, unite, and strengthen each other spiritually.

The Seder is a space to share the historic memory of one people with another, which is important in order to not forget what has happened. If one does not know of the past, how can one resolve the present or future? That's what memory is for. And history is not something dead on the pages of a book, but rather something alive, something living within ourselves. And we must tell it, show it. Just like with art...if I know how to sing but don't sing, how do I show who I am? Thus memory is something that preserves one's identity, and also serves to feed movements of resistance. It gives us knowledge, and with that information we can deepen our studies, and begin to understand another reality—the reality that the people live, but which isn't published—and with that we are able to build a resistance. Music also plays a key role within this, because it is a footprint of the past, a recording of memory. Thus we sing and tell stories to visibilize the situation so the world can understand and see that we are people with memory and with dreams and with a will to live. We are people with plans and projects.

With this seder we have the opportunity to think about where we are now and to reflect on the importance of how we lived in the past. Today there is a different economic ideology that threatens cultures. The system is found everywhere, and therefore—although there are different languages and different thought processes—slavery is the same throughout the world. For that reason, we must use moments such as this one to find the common threads that allow us to unite throughout the world and become stronger. Globalization attacks us with division, making us more individualistic, hurting our community processes and not allowing for communities to work together. We must recuperate community norms and unite in a common force so that the system cannot keep breaking us.

Now, Let us begin together.

--Daira Elsa Quiñones

Prayer: All Read Together

A COLLECTIVE PRAYER FOR EVERYONE

Let us make every day a marvelous one:
 A day full of love and prosperity
 Because we are a family; a team that can achieve anything
 All of us, men and women, have everything that we need; no one and nothing can harm us
 We are strengthened by the Spirit and by our ancestors
 We are sheathed in God's armor, and receive blessings every day
 We pray today for our children and relatives, for our friends, for all of our brothers and sisters across the world who fight [for justice], and for ourselves
 If in the end we are granted all that we long for with regards to the wellbeing of our families and communities for which we fight,
 May we use our lips to spread the spiritual, moral, social, economic and political growth that our big family here in Colombia and throughout the world needs.
 We give thanks to the Spirit for the opportunity to act as a single body to reach this goal.
 Amen

ORACION COLECTIVA PARA TODOS Y TODAS

Haremos de cada día un día maravilloso
 Un día lleno de amor y prosperidad
 Porque somos una familia y un equipo de éxito
 Nosotras y nosotros todo lo tenemos y nada ni nadie nos puede dañar
 Estamos fortalecidos en el Espíritu y por los ancestros
 Estamos revestidos con la armadura de Dios, que nos bendice cada día
 Oramos en este día por todos nuestros hijos y familiares, por nuestros amigos, por todos los hermanos y hermanas que luchan en el mundo entero, y por nosotros mismos
 Afín de que se nos conceda todo lo que anhelamos para el bien de nuestras familias y comunidades por la cual luchamos de tal manera que se nos conceda desplegar nuestros labios para el crecimiento espiritual, moral, social, económico y político que requiere nuestra gran familia de Colombia y el mundo
 Gracias al Espíritu por la oportunidad de permitirnos ser uno solo en este propósito
 Amen

Song: Hineh Ma Tov

Hineh ma tov umanayim
 Shevet achim gam yachad

See how good and pleasant it is
 When brothers dwell together in
 harmony

Ver que bueno y agradable es
 Cuando hermanos convivan
 juntos en armonía

Welcome to Passover

Welcome! Passover is our spring holiday. As you can see by the egg on our Seder plate, Passover, like many traditions that mark the beginning of spring, it is about Rebirth and Fertility and Love. But what is unique is that this is also a holiday about freedom, justice, and social responsibility.

Tonight we gather around the seder table, as Jews have for centuries, as a time to connect to family and community and to reflect and affirm the values of liberation and justice. *Seder* means “order” and we will do things pretty much in the special order of events for Passover. But we won’t do them all in the traditional way. The word *Haggadah* comes from the Hebrew *le-hageed*, “to tell.” Haggadahs all tell the story of Passover, but there are many different ways to tell it.

In the Passover Seder, we remember the ancient Jewish story of liberation from slavery in Egypt. We recount through songs and words both the pain and indignity of slavery, as well as the great sacrifices and bravery required to stand up to oppression. When we set the table for a Seder dinner, we are told that we are not merely telling a story of the past, but we are required to tell this story as if we ourselves, not merely our ancestors, were slaves in Egypt. It is this radical understanding of how memory should be used to speak about the struggles of the present that inspired the first “Solidarity Seders.” Historically, the religious practice of the Passover Seder has been used to make a commitment to struggle. In the Warsaw ghetto, the night before the ghetto uprising against Nazism, Jews held a Seder. The Seder is a space that demands that we open our eyes wide to today’s struggles for freedom and equality, and that we renew our dream for the liberation of all peoples.

Today in Colombia many are engaged in a struggle for justice and life. Three armed groups contribute to the violence that has played out on the lives of civilians for decades: the guerrillas, the paramilitaries, and the U.S.-backed Colombian army which has received billions of U.S. tax dollars. This violence has resulted in the death, disappearance, and displacement of millions of people. In a country where hundreds of thousands of Colombians continue to be forcibly displaced from their land every year¹, millions find themselves with limited access to land, food security, and other resources necessary for daily life. Removed from such securities, people are forced to work under poor conditions for little compensation. Challenging these labor conditions is dangerous and deadly in a country where the number of trade unionists killed every year is higher than in the rest of the world combined². While human freedom is in a precarious situation at best, the freedom of multinational corporations to exploit land and labor makes daily advancements. In the past 10 years, more than 40% of land in Colombia, the second most biodiverse country in the world, has been awarded to or solicited by mining and oil companies, and 87% of all displaced persons originate from these same mining and energy-producing municipalities.³ Despite constitutional guarantees to territorial rights for indigenous, Afro-

¹ In 2010, 280, 041 people were displaced from their land according to the Colombian human rights NGO CODHES, and conservative estimates of the UNHCR put displacement at 118,000 people for 2011.

² SOA Watch, *Colombian Trade Unionists and U.S. Foreign Policy*, available at: <http://www.soaw.org/about-the-soawhinsec/victims-and-survivors/colombia/1331> [accessed 9 March 2012]

³ PBI, "The Mining and Energy "Boom"." *Mining in Colombia: At What Cost?* [Colombia] Nov 2011, Newsletter No. 17 Pg. 6.

Colombian and campesino populations, these are the groups that suffer disproportionately from violence, displacement and exploitation of their natural resources.

Now a note about Solidarity. Some or many of us do not come to this table as Jews or Colombians. Do we risk the violence of cultural appropriation? Can we be fully present, welcome? In the words of the traditional Passover Haggadah, “let all who are hungry come and eat.” We honor the Seder--its Jewishness and its history--when we use it to hear traditionally silenced or marginalized voices from all communities. Equally, we honor Colombian traditions and histories of struggle and joy by bringing and singing them to our tables, especially if it is for the first time.

This Haggadah is the product of collaboration, collaboration between women: Colombian women, North American women, Jewish women, Christian women. This Haggadah is about honoring a multiplicity of histories, positionalities, and languages. There is always power at play in collaboration, but Solidarity seeks to make the way power operates visible and therefore possible to change.

Solidarity is hard work. It means ongoing self-reflection, clear accountability structures, continual learning, and critical thinking. Also: humility, empathy, commitment, hope and love. Solidarity is about communities with different levels of oppression and privilege uniting in the struggle for liberation. It involves community-building, support in struggle, awareness of our own relationship to different forms of oppression, and commitment to action that is accountable to those most directly affected by injustice. Solidarity is not charity because all of us have something to learn, all of us are hungry and need to be fed in different ways.

Not only do we put traditional Pesach foods next to traditional Afro-Colombian symbols, but we put Spanish text next to English translation, and English next to Spanish translation. We have used language that speaks to a Colombian history and language that seems to speak only to Jews; language that talks about complicity and privilege of North Americans alongside the stories of suffering and resilience in Colombia. But tonight we all speak these things in the ‘I’—not to appropriate experiences that are not our own, but in the tradition of radically listening to another’s voice; because “we were once slaves in the land of Egypt.” We read these words with equal reverence and the kind of awe that comes with encountering human stories, but for each of us it will have different resonances. We speak of different ancestors collectively. And we make a commitment: it is not “they” who seek liberation, it is also me, it is not “they” who will make a change in the world, it must also be me.

We must understand the struggle in Colombia as intimately entangled in global struggles for economic, social, and cultural justice. We must understand that the structural inequality faced in the so-called “first world” is the same Pharaoh as the oppression of the “third world.” We understand that the true definition of “solidarity” is an honest understanding that our own liberation is tied up in the liberation of others and that the oppressed must lead the struggle. In the words of COSATU, the largest federated trade union in South Africa, “an injury to one is an injury to all.”

So, welcome! We all have a seat at the table of liberation.

Nizkor et masoret hadorot v'nishzor bah et sarigey hayeynu.

Recalling the generations, we weave our lives into the tradition.	Recolectando las generaciones, tejimos nuestras vidas dentro de la tradición.
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-Marcia Falk, The Book of Blessings

LIGHTING THE CANDLES

We welcome the festival of Pesach as darkness descends. As we kindle these lights, we remember that our Jewish ancestors discovered freedom in the midst of the dark final night in Egypt. We also recognize the significance of the fire as being the space that our Afro-Colombian ancestors used to converse about themes that were of importance to the community. Therefore may the many histories behind these flames allow us to gather as a single community to pursue freedom.

SOCIAL ACTION BLESSING¹

A blessing to mark the purpose of our gathering—to strengthen our commitment to pursue justice together.

N'varech et m'kor chayyenu, ruach ha-olam, asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav, v'tsivanu lirdof tzedek

Let us bless the source of our lives, source of all life, who shows us paths to holiness, and commands us to pursue justice.	Que se bendiga la fuente de nuestras vidas, fuente de toda la vida, que nos muestra caminos sagrados, y que nos manda a buscar la justicia.
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¹ A note about our Prayers: Daira wanted to include traditional Jewish prayers in the Solidarity Seder to recognize that the traditional symbols and prayers of this holiday are not unique to one people but speak to people of all different backgrounds. Traditionally, many Jewish prayers are called “b’ruchas,” because they begin *baruch atah adonai, eloheyinu melach ha-olam, Blessed are you Lord our God, King of the Universe*. But some modern Jews have begun to question why our prayers aren’t as progressive as our politics. Why do we use patriarchal symbols of royalty to give thanks? So we begin prayers with *nevareych et m'kor chayennu ruach ha-olam*, literally, *we bless the source of our lives, source of all life*.

FIRST CUP OF WINE

FILL THE CUP OF THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU WITH WINE OR JUICE.

To the land that feeds all of humanity. May we learn a new way of thinking that allows us to live in harmony with nature.

A la tierra que alimenta toda la humanidad. Que aprendamos una manera distinta de pensar que nos permita vivir en armonía con la naturaleza.

Nevareych et m'kor chayyenu ruach ha-olam, boray p'ri ha-gafen.

We bless the source of our lives, source of all life, creating the fruit of the vine.

Que se bendiga la fuente de nuestras vidas, fuente de toda la vida, que crea la fruta de la vid.

Song: Nuestra Madre Herida de Muerte

Nuestra Madre Herida de Muerta

Este canto es también tu canto
Pa' que juntos y juntas podamos cantar
Quiero decirle al Pacífico y al mundo entero
Que juntos y juntas los problemas los podemos arreglar

Este es un jueguito que debemos entender
Que debemos entender, que debemos entender
Nuestra Madre llora y no queremos aprender (x2)

Observa los vientos que en silencio están (x2)
Todo lo que existe lo dejó mi Dios (x2)
Para que nosotros le encontremos valor
No se respete la vida, se contamina el mar (x2)
Dentro del poco no hay bosque
Ahora vamos a cantar

A la naturaleza vamos a jugar (x2)
Como a ella le gusta vamos a cantar (x2)

Vamos a jugar a la vegetación (x2)
Para que mañana viva la generación (x2)

Todo el mundo lleno, lleno de penuria
Porque no comprende (x2)
Que la naturaleza está herida de muerte (x2)
Está de muerte, está de muerte

Los ríos y la mar también quieren jugar (x2)
No nos contaminen más, no nos contaminen más (x2)

A la naturaleza vamos a jugar (x2)
Como a ella le gusta vamos a cantar (x2)

Our Sick and Wounded Mother

This song is also your song
So that together, as men and women, we are able to sing
I want to say to the Pacific coast and to the whole world
That together, as men and women, we can solve our problems

There is a reality that we should understand
That we should understand, that we should understand
Our Mother is crying and we don't want to learn (x2)

Observe the winds that pass through the silence (x2)
My God left us everything that exists (x2)
So that we might be moved
Life is not respected, the sea is being polluted (x2)
Soon there will be no forest
So now we are going to sing

We are going to give voice to nature (x2)
We are going to sing, because it pleases Her (x2)

We are going give voice to the vegetation (x2)
So that the there can live a future generation (x2)

The world is full, full of hardships
Because we don't understand (x2)
That nature is mortally wounded (x2)
And about to die, about to die

The rivers and the sea also want to have their voices heard: (x2)
"Don't pollute us anymore, don't pollute us anymore" (x2)

We are going to give voice to nature (x2)
We are going to sing, because it pleases Her (x2)

Ya se termina mi canto, escucharé tu cantar (x2) Pa' que nuestra Madre deje de llorar (x2)	My song is ending, I will now listen to your song (x2) So that our Mother stops crying (x2)
A la naturaleza vamos a jugar (x2) Como a ella le gusta vamos a cantar	We are going to give voice to nature (x2) We are going to sing, because it pleases Her

Squash Seeds - A Symbol of Resistance

This year, our Seder plate has squash seeds.
Why squash seeds?

<p>Squash seeds represent the resistance of our ancestors when they arrived here to Colombia from Africa. Women in particular would weave seeds into their hair in order to ensure that their families would always have food and medicine. With these seeds we recognize that something so small has the power to give life to generation after generation. And we commemorate the brave act of bringing what you can carry of home, culture, and memory with you. It is not only food that sustains community.</p>	<p>Las semillas de calabaza representan la resistencia de nuestros antepasados cuando llegaron aquí a Colombia desde África. Las mujeres en particular trajeron estas semillas tejidas por su cabello como propósito para tener siempre la comida y la medicina. Con estas semillas nos reconocemos que algo tan pequeño tiene el poder de dar la vida a generacion tras generacion. Y nos conmemoramos el acto valiente de traer lo que uno puede llevar de la casa, la cultura y la memoria. No es solamente el alimento que sostiene a la comunidad.</p>
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KARPAS: The Greens

The spring is a time of renewal and hope. In ancient days, the coming of spring was a time for festivals and for celebrating the greening of the land and its production of food. Our tradition reminds us to care for the Earth, especially now, when the planet is endangered. We can also take wisdom from the Kenyan proverb, "Treat the world well. It was not given to you by your parents, it was lent to you by your children."

Why do we dip karpas into salt water?

We recall the tears of our ancestors and of all those who face oppression. And we remember the pain of a battered Earth.

Why should the salt water be touched by karpas?

To remind us that the tears stop. Even after pain, spring comes.

--Rabbi Drorah Setel, *Kadima Haggadah*, 2000.

Nevareych et m'kor chayyenu ruach ha-olam, boray p'ri ha-adamah.

We bless the source of our lives, source of all life, creating the fruit of the earth.	Que se bendiga la fuente de nuestras vidas, fuente de toda la vida, que crea la fruta de la tierra.
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DIP PARSLEY IN SALT WATER

SECOND CUP OF WINE

FILL THE CUP OF THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU WITH WINE OR JUICE.

<i>To women, who have always been the life-bearing source, and who have also been the principal victims of this war. The violence against women in the context of war makes it essential to speak about the body, sexuality and power, for it is through the ruthless exercise of patriarchal power that one of the most important rights of human beings is violated: the right to autonomy of body and of thought. May we learn to respect the lives of women, and the lives of all creatures on the planet, so that we might have a better world.</i>	A las mujeres, que siempre han sido dadoras de vida, y que también han sido las principales víctimas de esta guerra. Las violencias contra las mujeres en un contexto de guerra se hace imprescindible hablar del cuerpo, de la sexualidad y del poder; porque es a través del ejercicio despiadado del poder patriarcal que se viola uno de los más importantes derechos de los seres humanos: el derecho de su autonomía corporal y de pensamientos. Que aprendamos a respetar las vidas de las mujeres, y las vidas de todas las criaturas de este planeta, para que tengamos un mundo mejor.
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Nevareych et m'kor chayyenu ruach ha-olam, boray p'ri ha-gafen.

We bless the source of our lives, source of all life, creating the fruit of the vine.	Que se bendiga la fuente de nuestras vidas, fuente de toda la vida, que crea la fruta de la vid.
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MIRIAM'S CUP

The name Miriam has many meanings--prophet, waters of strength, beloved, rebellious. The older sister of Moses in the story of the Exodus, Miriam saves her brother's life as an infant, prophesying that he will lead the people out of slavery. When the waters part for the long walk to freedom, she leads women in song. The first voices to truly mark the moment of liberation are women's voices. It was not only Aaron and Moses but also Miriam who led the people through the desert for forty years. It is said that during the desert wandering a well of fresh water followed Miriam. As long as she was alive, the people never went thirsty.

It has become tradition that we fill Miriam's Cup with water in honor of Miriam the Prophet and her "Living Waters," (*Mayim Chayyim*). We honor the prophetic voices of women and remember that it is often women who understand most intimately, like with the squash seeds of our African mothers, what it takes to nourish our communities.

FILL MIRIAM'S CUP WITH WATER FROM ALL OUR CUPS

Testimony: The Struggle of Women Martha Lucia Rentería Barreíro

I am going to speak about myself, Martha Lucia Rentería Barreíro, an Afro-descendant woman displaced from the municipality of Jamundí in Valle de Cauca. I left Jamundí in 2000 when an attempt was made against my life. I had been working as a human rights defender. At that time, the armed conflict had arrived to Jamundí, which had a population of 110,000 people: there was the guerilla—the FARC and the ELN—, and then the paramilitaries arrived, and there were many massacres in Jamundí. I was forced to leave.

Voy a hablar de mí, de Martha Lucia Rentería Barreíra, una mujer afro-descendiente que viene desplazado de Valle de Cauca, especialmente del municipio de Jamundí. De Jamundí yo salí en el 2000 por un atentado que me hicieron contra mi vida. Yo en Jamundí ejercí a una función de defensora de derechos humanos. Jamundí es un municipio que en ese momento tenía 110,000 habitantes y en el cual había conflicto armado: había guerrilla, había FARC, ELN, y luego llegaron los paramilitares y hicieron muchas masacres en Jamundí. A mí me tocó salir forzadamente.

Initially we arrived [to Bogotá] full of despair because in our territories, in one way or another, we had a calmer way of life in which we didn't have to rely so much on money. We traded food and other things, which allowed us to survive more easily. Friends took care of our children. Here in the city, everything is money, everything has a price. Therefore, it is more complicated for women to organize and resist in the city due to this economic

component because we always have to be thinking about how to survive in this capitalist society.

Inicialmente venimos con desesperanza porque en nuestros territorios, de una u otra manera, teníamos otra forma de vida más tranquila en el sentido de que no podíamos estar esperando a toda hora que todo era dinero. Allí intercambiábamos alimentos o intercambiábamos cosas y podríamos sobrevivir más fácil. ¿Quién cuidaba los niños? Las amigas. Aquí en la ciudad todo es dinero, todo es plata, y todo tiene precio. Entonces las luchas de resistencia de las mujeres en la ciudad son mucho más difíciles por ese componente económico que tenemos porque hay que pensar siempre en como vamos a sobrevivir en esta sociedad capitalista y que es tan cara.

The struggle of women in Bogotá is very tough because the displaced women are re-victimized through racial and gender discrimination, as well as by nature of the condition of forced displacement in which they arrive to the city. Many women are also re-victimized here through the deaths and disappearances of their children, many such cases being linked to the police.

Y la lucha de las mujeres aquí son muy tenaces porque aquí en Bogotá las mujeres desplazadas son revictimizadas por discriminación racial, por género, y por condición de desplazamiento forzado. Y también son revictimizadas muchas mujeres a través de sus hijos, porque aquí en Bogotá les han asesinado y desaparecido sus hijos, muchas veces vinculada con la policía.

Revictimization also takes the form of socio-political violence when political officials realize the vulnerable condition in which we live as displaced women. I don't see any gender equality in political posts, and of the women that are given roles within the government, I don't see any indigenous or Afro-descendant women among them.

Y hay violencia socio-político también cuando muchos políticos se dan cuenta que somos mujeres desplazadas, ellos tratan como de vulnerarlas...hace que nos revictimizan. Equidad no veo en ninguna parte de los puestos políticos, y de las mujeres que son nombrados en altos cargos como ministerio, yo no veo a ninguna mujer afro ni indígena en estos puestos.

Violence against women is very marked by the patriarchy that we have always experienced. As women we undergo socioeconomic violence, especially those of us working with the grassroots and in the territories. It is also important to note that here in Bogotá we are mistreated by other women who have power. Here the women say, "Gather here!" and all the mestizo women gather, while the indigenous and Afro-descendant women are left behind, as if we weren't women. These cruel thoughts that make some feel superior to others are also an effect of the war, and these internal fights between communities affect our ability to organize social processes. I hope that the day arrives when we are all able to come together despite our social, ideological, economic and ethnic differences.

Las violencias contra las mujeres son muy marcadas por el patriarcado que siempre hemos vivido. Aquí vivimos una violencia socioeconómica, sobre todo las mujeres que trabajamos en la base y en los territorios. También es importante decir que en las localidades somos maltratados por otras mujeres que tienen poder. Acá dicen las mujeres, “Vengan para acá,” y se vienen las mujeres mestizas para acá, y las indígenas, las afros y las rom nos quedamos allá como si no fuéramos mujeres. Entonces eso también son efectos de la guerra: esos pensamientos mezquinos que ponen en los seres humanos, y esas luchas internas entre comunidades que afectan todo un proceso social. Ojalá llegue algún día en que todas podamos converger juntas a pesar de las diferencias sociales, ideológicas, y económicas que tengamos.

Yachatz: Breaking of the Matzah

Today, many of us come to this table with broken hearts. We are broken-hearted to know that the health of our planet is being traded in for short-sighted goals of material profit.

We are broken-hearted to live in a society where a patriarchal culture is continually reproduced and affirmed in our science, literature, development model, and daily life, the affects of which are played out on the bodies and lives of women throughout the world.

We are broken-hearted to hold in our thoughts the more than five million people who have been forced off their land in Colombia, making the country home to the world’s greatest ongoing crisis of displacement.

Tonight, we reenact the ritual of Yachatz – the breaking of the middle matzah – to see before us our broken-heartedness, and to break ourselves open for healing and for justice. And we remember the Yiddish teaching of our ancestors: “There’s nothing more whole than a broken heart.” **(In Yiddish: “Es is nitto a gantsere zach vi ah tsiprochene harts.”)**

Raise up the three matzot and break the middle one in 3 pieces; hold it up for all to see.

Let us bless this brokenness in ourselves and in the world. Because when we are broken-hearted we are breaking open, like parched and broken earth ready for rain. Let us not be afraid to speak about it in our homes and in our communities. Let our broken edges be our guide, not in a way that cuts, but in a way that keeps us focused and undulled, in a way that keeps us sharp and ready to create something new and whole.

Song – Caminando, Comparando y Observando

Walking, Comparing and Observing

Walking and observing what's happening, what's happening
with the people (x2)

I would like to ask, what's going on with our environment?

I would like to ask, why do they suddenly kill us?

The earth is a healer for all of us,

It's the source of life for women and men.

And without making conjectures,

She covers all of us.

Governments come and go, but everything stays the same.

I ask everyone if it is important for us to awaken. (x2)

Walking and observing, observing and walking (x2)

So let's go ahead and compare

You will always find

Children dying of hunger and others dying of cold (x2)

Walking and observing, observing and walking (x2)

A people unable to educate themselves

Will never, ever have a good future.

This is a very big challenge

That all of us have a stake in.

If we are able to organize ourselves

We will be able to leave an inheritance to our children.

We take slow steps holding, holding each others' hands. (x2)

Walking and observing what's happening, what's happening
with the people. (x2)

Caminando, Comparando y Observando

Caminando y observando lo que pasa, lo que pasa con la gente.
(x2)

Quisiera yo preguntar, ¿qué pasa con nuestro medio ambiente?

Quisiera yo preguntar, ¿por qué nos matan de repente?

La tierra es madre de todos,

es la vida de mujeres y de hombres.

Y sin hacer conjeturas,

ella nos cobija todos.

Pasan y pasan gobiernos, pero todo siga igual.

Yo pregunto a todo el mundo si es importante despertar. (x2)

Caminando y observando, observando y caminando (x2)

Vamos pues a comparar

Siempre te vas a encontrar

Niños muriendo de hambre y otros muriendo de frío (x2)

Caminando y observando, observando y caminando (x2)

Un pueblo sin educarse

jamás tiene, jamás tiene un buen futuro.

Ésta es un reto muy grande

que a toditos, que a toditos nos conviene.

Si logramos organizarnos

una herencia a nuestros hijos les dejamos.

Pasos lentos vamos dando tomaditos, tomaditos de las manos. (x2)

Caminando y observando lo que pasa, lo que pasa con la gente.
(x2)

Maror

The bitter herbs symbolize the bitterness of slavery. Our Afro-Colombian ancestors suffered greatly when they worked in the mingas; they were treated in a subhuman manner. When they tried to escape, fingers or toes were cut off for every time that they tried to flee. Today we see that although the kind of slavery has changed, more latent forms of slavery persist and are always present in our communities. With the arrival of multinational corporations, our people continue working in a subhuman manner. There is also a mental slavery, a slavery that we have to work to change so that our people can once again believe in themselves and know deep down that we are equal to everyone else, because during these times of slavery we have been treated so poorly that we are made to feel as though we are animals. So 500 years later we still have to work against this mental form of slavery that is deeply rooted in us as individuals, and we must leave it behind through transformative and intensive research, especially pertaining to our history.

Las hierbas amargas simbolizan la amargura de la esclavitud. Nuestros antepasados Afro-Colombianos sufrieron mucho cuando trabajaban en las mingas; se fueron tratados en una manera infrahumana. Cuando ellos quisieron huir, los iban cortando los dedos de las manos, de los pies, cada vez que intentaban huir. Hoy vemos que aunque se ha cambiado la forma de la esclavitud, esta esclavitud sigue latente, siempre está en nuestras comunidades. Con la llegada de las multinacionales la gente trabaja igual de manera infrahumana. También hay una esclavitud mental, una esclavitud que hay que trabajar mucho para que nuestra gente vuelva a pensar en si mismo y pueda entender a profundidad que es una persona igual a los demás porque también en esas momentos de la esclavitud se trató tan mal a nuestra gente que los hacían sentir como animales. Entonces hoy a mas de 500 años nosotros tenemos que seguir trabajando por esa forma de esclavitud mental que esta muy profunda en los individuos y hay que salir de eso haciendo un trabajo de transformación y de profundización especialmente en la historia.

Charoset

Charoset symbolizes the mortar that our Jewish ancestors used to build the pyramids. The sweetness of charoset also reminds us that in the most bitter times of slavery, our people always remembered the sweet taste of freedom. For our Afro-Colombian ancestors, charoset also symbolizes the sweet sound of freedom, heard in the percussive instrument called the bombo, which was sounded as a sign to others in the community that someone was about to escape to freedom.

Charoset simboliza el mortero que nuestros antepasados judíos usaban para construir las pirámides. La dulzura de charoset también nos recuerda que en los momentos más amargos de la esclavitud, nuestra gente siempre recordaba el dulce sabor de la libertad. Para nuestros antepasados afro-colombianos, el charoset también simboliza el dulce sonido de la libertad a través del un instrumento de percusión que se llama el bombo que fue usado para poder mostrar con su sonido a los otros compañeros que iban a huir a su libertad.

Eat a Hillel Sandwich with Charoset²

The Shank Bone

The shank bone represents both the lambs that were traditionally sacrificed for the spring festival, and the lamb's blood that was used to mark the houses of the Hebrews in Mitzrayim so that the Angel of Death would pass over and not take their first born sons.

In the context of a war in Colombia that has been fed for over a decade with over \$7 billion of U.S. tax dollars, the bone on our seder plate this evening is also a tangible reminder of how we are all connected to the unknowable numbers of mass graves that litter the Colombian landscape. This bone on our seder plate reminds us of those who are too easily sacrificed in the game of Power.

Poem—No Nos Creen (They Don't Believe Us)

Yesterday we told them that we are being assassinated, dismembered, disappeared,
displaced, tortured, and battered, and they didn't believe us.
**Ayer dijimos que nos están asesinando, descuartizando, desapareciendo, deplazando, torturando,
maltratando, y no nos creen.**

That we are victims of the state, and they don't believe us.
Que somos víctimas del estado, y no nos creen.

That the army, the police, the paramilitaries are all the same, and they don't believe us.
Que el ejército, policias y paramilitares son los mismos, y no nos creen.

That many mothers weep over their assassinated and disappeared sons. That many children cry
for their disappeared parents, and they don't believe us.
**Que tantas madres lloran a sus hijos asesinados, desaparecidos. Que muchos niños lloran a sus padres
desaparecidos, y no nos creen.**

We told the world that in Colombia there is a war declared against the *campesinos*, and
they don't believe us.
**Les decimos al mundo que en Colombia hay una guerra declarada contra el campesino
y no nos creen.**

That in Colombia people die at the ages of 15, 20 or 30, when they should die at the age of 100,
and they don't believe us.
Que en Colombia la gente muere a los 15, a los 20, a los 30 cuando puede morir a los 100 años, y no nos creen.

That my people still dream, suffer and cry, and they don't believe us.
Que mi pueblo sueña, sufre, y llora, y no nos creen.

That the blackbirds no longer sing, that the sparrows are sad and the trees are devastated,

² A Hillel Sandwich is when you put the *maror* in between two pieces of *matzah*

and they don't believe us.
Que los mirlos ya no cantan, que los gorriones están tristes y los árboles desojados, y no nos creen.

That the lullabies we sing to our children are drowned out by gunshots, and they don't believe us.

Que los arrullos de nuestros niños son traqueteos de metralla, y no nos creen.

That they fumigate our fields that we take care of and that we then have to flee, and they don't believe us.

Que fumigan nuestros campos que cuidamos y que nos desaparecen, y no nos creen.

That we want to sleep on our lands and watch the sunrise, and they don't believe us.

Que queremos dormir en esos campos, viendo un nuevo amanecer, y no nos creen.

That in the cities we face discrimination because we are displaced, and they don't believe us.

Que nos discriminan en las ciudades porque somos desplazados, y no nos creen.

That they judge us, they condemn us as if we were criminals, and they don't believe us.

Que nos juzgan, nos condenan como si fuéramos delincuentes, y no nos creen.

Why can't you see? Is it that you don't believe us?
¿Qué pasa que no lo ven? ¿Por qué no nos creen?

Orlando Bolaños

Nov 3, 2009

Displaced from Argelia, Cauca, Colombia

WELCOMING ELIJAH

"Let all who are hungry come and eat." Traditionally, we open the door to welcome the prophet Elijah to our seder table. In Jewish mythology, he is the messenger for the coming of the Messiah—a time of universal liberation. We open the door to the real possibilities for a healthier, more just world and we set a place for the work of liberation at our table. The open door is also an invitation to welcome all those who don't have enough to sit down and eat with us.

In popular imagery, Elijah is imagined almost as a ghostly figure wandering from seder to seder. Following the Holocaust, many used this part of the Haggadah to commemorate the victims of genocide and particularly the Horror of the Jewish Shoah (Holocaust).

Tonight we remember all those who have been disappeared from our communities. The Disappeared, who always remain between life and death, whose families remain stranded between hope and hopelessness. We open our doors to the wandering souls, we welcome them to rest with us if only for a moment. We open our doors so that someday we may know the truth.

OPEN THE DOOR

Throughout Latin America, and particularly in Mexico, El Salvador, Chile, Bolivia, Guatemala, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay, there exists a tradition of naming the souls of the disappeared and assassinated in commemorative settings, to which those in attendance reply “Presente, Presente, Presente.”

In the United States, this refrain has become adopted by the social movement to close the School of the Americas, today re-named as the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation (WHINSEC). It is commonly known as the School of the Assassins. Since 1946, the SOA has trained over 64,000 Latin American soldiers in counter-insurgency techniques, interrogation tactics, and military intelligence. Since its opening, graduates of the school have used their SOA training to wage a war against their own people, participating in and leading massacres, causing thousands of human rights violations, and in some cases even rising to power through dictatorships.

Colombia has more SOA trained military officers than any other country.

Recording: Canto Alabaos

Canto Alabaos is a Colombian funeral song that can be played in the background while we remember the souls of those departed. These names can be spoken out loud.

In addition to hearkening the names of those that represent a personal loss, here are some names that speak to souls unjustly departed at the hands of violent oppressors in Colombia.

Let us remember those who have worked alongside Daira Quiñones and been killed for bravely organizing in their community, including Yolanda Cerrón, Rafael Valencia Camallo, Francisco Ortado and Armelio Rivera

All: Presente, Presente, Presente

Let us remember some of the tragedies tied to graduates of the School of the Assassins:

The 17 youth from Soacha, Bogota who were disappeared in 2008

All: Presente, Presente, Presente

The 21 indigenous massacred in Caloto in 1991

All: Presente, Presente, Presente

The 49 souls lost over the course of 5 days in the Mapiripan massacre;

All: Presente, Presente, Presente

The victims in the Chocó of disappearances by joint military and paramilitary operations “Operation Genesis” and “Black September” in 1997 *All: Presente, Presente, Presente*

Song: Lo Yisa Goy

Lo Yisa Goy el Goy cherev	Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,	El pais ya no alzar� espada contra otro pais,
Lo Yilmedu od milchama	Neither shall they learn war any more.	Ni tampoco adiestrar� m�s para la guerra.

MAGGID: THE TELLING

The Haggadah calls on us to expand on the story of our people in Egypt and to see its meaning in our own lives. Every year we re-tell the story of the Jewish people’s enslavement, struggle, and ultimate freedom from “narrow spaces” (The literal translation of the Hebrew word for Egypt, Mitzrayim). We remember and honor our history of oppression so that we can struggle against it when it arises in the present. Tonight we remember that we have the choice to act and think like the Pharaohs of our world, or to refuse to act like them. Usually we tell the story from the perspective of the stranger and the oppressed. Tonight some of us must also think of the story from the perspective of those who have power, those who are complicit, those who are silent bystanders.

The Exodus is a story about the slavery and oppression of the Jews, about displacement and insecurity, and about the search for home. It is also a story of resistance and of the courage it takes to assume the risks that liberation requires. Tonight we hear a Colombian story of slavery, displacement and the fight for justice.

Testimony: Daira Qui ones

Ever since I was a child I have greatly enjoyed talking to the elders in my communitiy, and from them I have learned many things. I learned that in their hearts they have always had a lot of sadness, but also much joy—two things that are very significant in the black community. When I went to talk to them, they told me a lot about our traditions, and I felt called to further investigate the issue in such a way that I committed myself as a child to continue studying what has happened to our people. At the age of 14 I moved from the rural part of Tumaco to Cali to study, but in '86 I decided to return to my village because I found out that everything had changed. The crops that had been there for years no longer existed because everything had been transformed into African palm oil plantations. So when I returned to my village and found this situation to be true, I decided to accompany my community and start a community project to examine how we were being left without land because the land was in the hands of people of bad faith who

came to plant palm oil in a very inhumane way. They forced people to sell their land, and some did sell it, but those who did not want to sell their land were killed and thrown into the river with stones on their stomachs. Later on they found mass graves of palm workers who had been killed to avoid having to pay their social benefits and who had been buried in the same palm fields where they worked.

Yo desde niña me ha gustado mucho conversar con los viejos, con los mayores, con nuestros ancianos, y de ellos he aprendido muchas cosas. Aprendí que ellos en su corazón siempre tenía mucha tristeza, pero también mucha alegría—dos cosas que son muy significativa en la comunidad afro. Cuando yo iba a conversar con ellos, me contaban mucho sobre la tradición, y pues me llamó mucho la atención seguir investigando el tema de tal manera que eso me comprometió desde niña a seguir indagando sobre lo que ha pasado en nuestros pueblos. Yo a la edad de 14 años de Tumaco, mi pueblo en la zona rural, me trasladé a Cali y allá estuve estudiando, pero después en el año '86 decidí regresar a mi pueblo porque me encontré que todo se había transformado. Los cultivos que existían hace años ya no existían porque todo se había transformado con palma africana. Entonces cuando yo regresé a mi pueblo y me encontré con esa situación, resolví acompañar a mi comunidad y empezar un trabajo comunitario lo cual hace que cuando nos damos cuenta que no tenemos nada de tierra porque la tierra ya estaba en manos de otros poseedores de mala fe de la gente que llegó a sembrar palma africana de manera muy inhumana. Ellos obligaron a la gente a que les vendiera la tierra y algunos vendieron, otros no quisieron vender y los fueron asesinados y fueron tirados al río con piedras en el estomago. Más adelante fueron encontradas fosas comunes de trabajadores de estas palmeras que para no pagarles sus prestaciones sociales los asesinaban y los enterraban en las mismas fincas de los palmeros.

So a group of us from within the community committed ourselves to fighting for this land, given that it was the land where our grandfathers and our fathers had lived. Our first serious struggle for land involved 120 families along the upper part of the Rio Caunapi. It was a process that took place over 7 years, starting in '94, and by '98 we had become a community council. Because of this process we were threatened and 5 leaders were killed, including José Arestides Rivera, and then to 2 companions killed us and we hung on the Mira River. Then I was placed in a position to shift out after the murder of a colleague supporting the organizational process much in Tumaco and she was a sister, Yolanda called Cerron.

Entonces un grupo de compañeros y compañeras nos comprometimos a luchar por estas tierras teniendo en cuenta que allí habían vivido nuestros abuelos, nuestros papás. Nuestra primera lucha por la tierra así de manera fuerte fue con 120 familias en el Río Caunapi en la parte alta. Fue un proceso de más de 7 años empezando en el '94 y al año '98 nosotros nos habíamos convertido en un consejo comunitario. Este proceso nos generó amenazas y nos asesinaron a 5 líderes, entre ellos a José Arestides Rivera y posteriormente a 2 compañeros que nos asesinaron y que nos colgaron en el Río Mira.

Luego a mi me toco salir en condición de desplazamiento después del asesinato de una compañera que apoyaba mucha el proceso organizativo en Tumaco y ella era una hermana, se llama Yolanda Cerron.

I left for Bogota in 2001 and since then I haven't had an easy life. One of the moments that had the greatest impact on my life and which has caused me many health problems was the murder of my mother. She was a woman who used traditional medicine. She used this knowledge to cure especially children or the elderly when they were ill in the community. She was a woman who sang and clapped with her hands when she couldn't find an instrument. My mother was raped and then murdered and dumped in a well, which is where her body was found. I could not be at her funeral, nor at the funeral of my father who died a natural death. He died at the age of 86...they told me that he had a long, white beard, but I don't have any pictures of her nor of him, nor of my older sister, Modesta, who was also murdered in my parents' home. They killed her with a knife. That I will never be able to see them again is the hardest thing that I had lived. I have no possibility of having a family. I can not see my brothers or my sisters who live in different towns. Today I live alone here in Bogota.

Yo salgo a Bogota en el año 2001 y desde ese entonces, no he tenido una vida tranquila. Una de las afectaciones mas grandes que he vivido que me ha causado muchos malestados de enfermedad ha sido el asesinato de mi mamá. Fue una mujer que maneja la medicina tradicional. Con su conocimiento curó sobre todo a los niños o a los mayores cuando estaban enfermo en la comunidad. Es una mujer que cantaba y tocaba con sus manos cuando no encontraba instrumento. Mi mamá fue violada. La asesinaron y la tiraron en un pozo. Allí fue encontrada pues yo no pude estar en su entierro, ni tampoco en el entierro de mi padre que murió de muerte natural. Murió de 86 años...me decían que tenía la barba muy larga, que la tenía blanca, pero nunca tengo una foto ni de ella ni de él, ni tampoco a mi hermana mayor, Modesta, que fue ella también asesinada en la misma casa de mis padres. A ella la mataron de cuchillo. Nunca los puedo ver, y es lo más duro que me ha tocado vivir. No tengo la posibilidad ni siquiera de tener una familia. No me puedo ver con mis hermanos, con mis hermanas que viven en diferentes pueblos. Hoy vivo sola aquí en Bogota.

I have undergone much persecution because I have not detached myself from working with my people and with Tumaco. Therefore it does not look good to the people who are currently generating the political armed conflict in order to use these lands for other crops such as African palm or even coca leaves for a person like me to be accompanying these community processes over there. I have always struggled throughout the 11 years that I have been here. I have had to leave the country several times, but when I returned in 2005, I promised myself never to leave my country again because I believe that this land is ours.

He tenido mucha persecución, porque no me he desligado del trabajo con la gente y con

Tumaco. Entonces la gente que hoy está generando el conflicto armado y político para usar estos territorios para otros tipos de cultivos como la palma o como incluso la hoja de coca, ellos no ven bien que una persona como yo este acompañando estos procesos comunitarios allá. Entonces después de 11 años, siempre he tenido dificultades. Me ha tocado salir del país varias veces, pero cuando regresé en el 2005, me prometí a mi misma no volver a salir de mi país porque yo considero que esta tierra es nuestra.

Displacement creates injuries so intense that I do not understand how they are able to talk about restitution for a damage so big. I do not understand how money is supposed to be used for restitution when one has a pain so deep that I do not know when it will heal.

El desplazamiento genera unas lesiones muy fuertes que yo no entiendo como hablan de restituirle a uno un daño tan grande. Yo no entiendo si con dinero eso se puede restituir cuando es un dolor que uno tiene tan profundo que yo no se cuando se cura.

For that reason, this dinner for me has been very significant. I read the original Haggadah knowing that it is in another language, but when one contextualizes what other people have lived, we arrive at the conclusion that all the abuse, threats, massacres that occur in the villages, displacement...it all has a specific name, and it is that of those who hold power in the world and are trying to extinguish the people in order to take what is theirs: to take their water, take their traditional products, even to take away the manner in which they think; to take all that is their own. They don't want to leave us anything. They want to force us off our land so that we never return, leaving them with everything that is ours, and this experience is common to all peoples of the world.

Por eso esta cena para mi ha sido muy significativa. Yo leí el documento de la cena sabiendo que es otra lenguaje, pero cuando uno se contextualiza lo que han vivido otros pueblos, nos llega a la conclusión que el maltrato, que las amenazas, que las masacres que se dan en los pueblos, el desplazamiento, todo tiene un nombre propio, y es los que ostentan el poder en el mundo intentan extinguir a los pueblos para quitarle lo que es suyo: para quitarle su agua, quitarle sus productos tradicionales, para quitarle hasta la manera de pensar, para quitarle todo lo que es propio, lo que es suyo. No nos quieren dejar nada. Nos quieren sacar de nuestra tierra y que nunca volvamos allí y ellos apropiarse de todo lo que es nuestro, y eso lo viven todos los pueblos del mundo.

Ten Plagues

Recognizing that the suffering of others diminishes our joy, as you say each plague, remove a drop of wine onto your plate with your pinky.

<p>Displacement & Loss of Land</p> <p><i>Desplazamiento & Perdida del Territorio</i></p>	<p>Forced displacement in Colombia increases by 150,000 people per year; Only 20% of the land stripped from IDP's has been investigated (Caracol News)</p>
<p>Multinational Corporations</p> <p><i>Los Multinacionales</i></p>	<p>In the last 10 years, 40% of the total land mass of Colombia has been solicited by multinationals for titling rights or awarded concessions for mining and hydrocarbon extraction (Peace Brigades)</p>
<p>Fumigations</p> <p><i>Fumigaciones</i></p>	<p>The conservative think tank the RAND institute has said that drug treatment programs are 23% more cost effective than source country eradication of coca. Aerial fumigation with Monsanto manufactured glyphosate was the hallmark of the US' 2000- present day Plan Colombia and successor military aid policies (RAND/ WFP)</p>
<p>Armed Conflict</p> <p><i>El Conflicto Armado</i></p>	<p>Colombia has endured the longest-running internal conflict in the Western Hemisphere (1948- Present) .</p>
<p>Racism</p> <p><i>El Racismo</i></p>	<p>At least 35 indigenous peoples are at risk of disappearing and 12% of the Afro-Colombian population is suffering the impact of forced displacement (OIDHACO) .</p>
<p>Acculturation—loss of culture and identity</p> <p><i>Aculturación—pérdida de cultura & identidad</i></p>	<p>Within the life-span of one generation, 3/4 of the Colombian population became urban-based, losing social ties to traditional territories and livelihoods in the process.</p>
<p>Sicknesses like Cancer</p> <p><i>Enfermedades como el cancer</i></p>	<p>Colombia is Latin America's greatest coal exporter. It is home to the world's largest open-pit coal mine. The 150 km of railroad built by Cerrejon has led to severe spikes in cancer</p>

	due to coal dust contamination.
<p>Revictimization and Violence Towards Women <i>Revictimización y Violencia Contra Mujeres</i></p>	Only 1 in 4 Colombian women believe that they have access to justice (U.N. Study).
<p>Dehumanization resulting from war—becoming accustomed to living among the dead <i>Dehumanización de la guerra—ser acostumbrado vivir entre los muertos</i></p>	An estimated 11,000 children have been recruited into the ranks of Colombia's armed conflict, subjecting them to witnessing or participating in executions, kidnapping, torture, murder, and attacks on civilians (HRW).
<p>Loss of Seeds <i>Pérdida de Semillas</i></p>	Colombia is home to 10% of the world's known diversity. With the passing of the Free Trade Agreement with the United States in October 2011, corporations now have the right to challenge Colombian Environmental Protection Laws as " Barriers to Trade. "

Dayenu (It would have been enough)

Traditionally this song recounts a series of gifts granted by God to the Israelites, proclaiming that any of them alone would have been sufficient (Dayenu), therefore expressing a greater appreciation for them as a whole. Tonight's version of Dayenu asks us to imagine how the world could be different if any of the following were true.

If they had left the indigenous on their lands (**Dayenu**)
Si hubieran dejado los nativos en sus tierras (Dayenu)

If humans didn't have so much greed and desire for power as to enslave people (**Dayenu**)
Si los hombres no tuvieran tanta avaricia y ansia de poder para esclavizar a al gente (Dayenu)

If Court Order 005 [protecting the Afro-descendant internally displaced population in Colombia] had been applied (**Dayenu**)
Si Auto 005 hubiera sido aplicado (Dayenu)

If they had taken into account women's ways of thinking (**Dayenu**)
Si hubieran tomado en cuenta el pensamiento de las mujeres (Dayenu)

If we were able to think collectively and in nature (**Dayenu**)
Si pudiéramos pensar colectivamente y en la naturaleza (Dayenu)

If racism didn't exist (**Dayenu**)

Si no existiera el racismo (Dayenu)

If multinational corporations didn't keep exploiting nature (**Dayenu**)

Si las corporaciones multinacionales no siguieran explotando la naturaleza (Dayenu)

If the cycle of violence didn't continue generation after generation (**Dayenu**)

Si el ciclo de violencia no pasara de generación a generación (Dayenu)

Song: Ilu Finu		
Ilu ilu finu finu maleh shira kayam	Were our mouths as full of song as the sea [still we could not praise God enough]	Si nuestras bocas estuvieran tan llenas de canto como el mar [todavía no podríamos dar suficientes alabanzas a Díos]

THIRD CUP OF WINE

FILL THE CUP OF THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU WITH WINE OR JUICE.

To the organizational processes of communities that make possible a life full of harmony, brotherhood, friendship, hope, and above all, that guarantee our existence as human beings. May we use these processes to stay connected to our histories and to unite in a single voice, mind, and resistance to continue fighting for justice.	A los procesos organizativos de las comunidades que garantizan una vida llena de armonía, de hermandad, de compañerismo y, sobre todo, que garantizan la existencia como seres humanos. Que usemos estos procesos para mantenernos siempre conectados por la historia y para unir en una sola voz, pensamiento, y resistencia para seguir luchando por la justicia.
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Nevareych et m'kor chayyenu ruach ha-olam, boray p'ri ha-gafen.

We bless the source of our lives, source of all life, creating the fruit of the vine.	Que se bendiga la fuente de nuestras vidas, fuente de toda la vida, que crea la fruta de la vid.
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Fish

Tonight the fish on our seder plate represents the community processes and collective ways of thinking that are being threatened with extinction, just like the fish in our oceans. Schools of fish that swim together, reacting as one body, represent a collective mentality that is being lost as our territories are being invaded by economic models that displace both people and a way of life.

Esta noche el pescado en nuestros platos del Seder representan los procesos comunitarios y los pensamientos colectivos que son amenazados con la extinción, igual a los peces en nuestros océanos. Escuelas de peces que nadan juntos, reaccionando como un solo cuerpo, representan una mentalidad colectiva que estamos perdiendo con la invasión de nuestros territorios con un modelo económico que desplaza a la gente y a una manera de vivir.

Afro-Colombian territories (which have been disproportionately affected by violence and displacement) are predominantly on the coast, and therefore have traditions that are intrinsically tied to the sea. One such tradition is "la pesca comunitaria" (community fishing) where everyone in a village goes fishing together and shares what they bring in with the entire community to make sure no one goes hungry.

Los territorios Afros (que han sido afectados desproporcionadamente por la violencia y el desplazamiento) están por mayor parte en la costa, y por esto, sus tradiciones están muy vinculadas al mar. Una tal tradición es la pesca comunitaria donde todo el pueblo pesca juntos y comparten lo que el mar los da para asegurar que nadie en la comunidad tiene hambre.

Shulchan Orech: The Meal

The Haggadah says, "Let all who are hungry come and eat." Traditionally, this is understood to mean not only literally feeding the hungry, but addressing the system that keeps people unable to feed themselves. Both must go hand-in-hand. Some of us live in societies of unprecedented wealth—yet we turn our backs on the hungry, so that even supposedly liberal or progressive political leaders are unwilling to champion any program to seriously end world hunger and homelessness. But the hunger is deeper than a lack of food.

People have hunger for justice, spiritual hunger, hunger to strengthen their knowledge that has been weakened, that they have been made to doubt. We must recover the trust that has not yet been destroyed and use it to continue fighting for our land that not only feeds our bodies, but which also ensures that we are united, because when people cook together, you stand side by side. Therefore, eating allows us to be united, to be together, to converse together, to sing together, and this inspires us with hope.

La gente tiene hambre de justicia, tiene hambre espiritual, hambre para fortalecer su conocimiento que ha sido debilitado, que ellos han sido puestos a dudar. Hay que encontrar la confianza que todavía no se ha sido desmembrada, y aprovechar de ella para seguir luchando por una tierra que nos da no solo los alimentos para el cuerpo, sino nos proporciona que estemos unidos porque cuando uno cocina junto, tiene la posibilidad de tener allí los compañeros a la mano. Entonces la comida para nosotros no es solamente para comer sino que mas allá de eso nos permite estar unidos, estar juntos, conversar juntos, cantar juntos, y eso nos anima con la esperanza.

FOURTH CUP OF WINE

FILL THE CUP OF THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU WITH WINE OR JUICE.

To life, and to the revindication of the fight of all those who died in this war that doesn't allow us to live.	A la vida, y a la reivindicación de la lucha de todos los que murieron en esta guerra interna que viva Colombia que no nos ha dejado vivir.
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Nevareych et m'kor chayyenu ruach ha-olam, boray p'ri ha-gafen.

We bless the source of our lives, source of all life, creating the fruit of the vine.	Que se bendiga la fuente de nuestras vidas, fuente de toda la vida, que crea la fruta de la vid.
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To end our seder, we are going to sing a song called *Homage to Life*. In the following, Daira explains the power and importance of the song:

<i>In Colombia, and in other places in the world, life is threatened every day. One day it occurred to me to do something to resist what was happening. Every time that I sing [this song], many things come to mind that are going on...the massacres, the displacement...all these things motivated me to write this song, because beyond death, beyond displacement, beyond the massacres, life is always present and counters death. So for me, writing this song has been a gift: a gift to myself, and a gift to the world, to every place where people are fighting for their survival, fighting for their children, fighting for their land, for their people. This song is a gift to everyone involved in the fight for justice.</i>	<i>Lo que sucede es que en Colombia, y en el mundo, cada día la vida está amenazada, y un día se me ocurrió hacer algo—resistencia por lo que estaba pasando. Cada vez que la canto, se me vienen a la mente muchas cosas que están sucediendo...las masacres, los desplazamientos, todas esas cosas me motivaron a mí hacer esta canción porque más allá de la muerte, más allá del desplazamiento, más allá de las masacres, está la vida siempre presente en contraposición a la muerte. Entonces para mi hacer esta canción ha sido un regalo: un regalo para mi misma, y un regalo para todo el mundo, en cada sitio, en cada lugar donde la gente está luchando por sobrevivir; luchar por sus hijos, luchar por sus tierras, luchar por su gente. Esta canción es un regalo para toda la gente que lucha.</i>
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Song – Homenaje a la Vida

Homenaje a la Vida

La vida es un gran poema, por eso voy a cantar (x2)
Con cada paso que pisas mides si puedes llegar
Que inclemencias tiene el mundo, que me empiezo a estremecer (x2)

Te pintan rosas de mil colores hasta de que llega la amarga hiel
La vida es un gran poema, y que viva, que viva la vida

Los valores que son grandes, están ocultos sin resplandecer (x2)
Como podamos hacer para romper y vencer
La vida es un gran poema, y que viva, que viva la vida

Hoy damos gracias a Dios por habernos dado la vida (x2)

Por todos los beneficios por el aire que respiro (x2)

Es tan grande tu poder, Señor
Quisiera seguir soñando
Pa' ver si en medio del sueño
Algunas cosas se entiende
La vida es un gran poema, y que viva, que viva la vida

No más violencia yo se lo pido, por favor
Que viva la vida
Porque la vida, la vida se vuelve canción
Que viva la vida

Yo voy cantando, voy caminando, caminando voy
Que viva la vida
[x2]

Porque la vida, la vida es amor, la vida es canción
Que viva la vida
La vida es vida y solo Díos nos la debe quitar
Que viva la vida
La vida es un gran poema, y que viva, que viva la vida

Las mujeres cantan, los niños saltan, que bailen
Que viva la vida
La vida es vida y solo Díos nos la debe quitar
Que viva la vida

Yo voy cantando, voy caminando, cantando voy
Que viva la vida

Un canto de amor, un canto a la eternidad
Que viva la vida
Un canto de fe, un canto a la felicidad
Que viva la vida

Homage to Life

Life is a great poem, that's why I'm going to sing
With every step taken you discover how to carry on
The harshness of the world makes me begin to shiver (x2)

They paint a rosy picture for you, until the bitter reality hits
Life is a great poem, and may we live life, live life to the fullest

The most worthy things are those that you must search for; they don't glisten (x2)
What can we do to break and overcome [oppression]?
Life is a great poem, and we must live life, live life to the fullest
Today we thank God for having given us life (x2)

For all the many gifts, and for the air that we breath (x2)

Your power is so great, God
That I would like to keep dreaming
To see if in the middle of a dream
I will come to understand some things
Life is a great poem, and we must live life, live life to the fullest.

I ask, please, that there be no more violence
That we live life
Because through life we have song
May we live life

I go singing, and walking, walking I go
May we live life

Because life is love, life is song
May we live life
Life exists unto itself, only God should take life away
May we live life
Life is a great poem, and may we live life, live life to the fullest

Women sing, children jump, may all dance
And live life
Life exists unto itself, only God should take life away
May we live life

I go singing, and walking, walking I go
May we live life

A song of love, a song to all eternity
May we live life
A song of faith, a song of happiness
May we live life

<p>Yo voy cantando un canto a la dignidad Que viva la vida porque la vida, la vida es amor la vida es canción Que viva la vida</p> <p>Ay la vida es un gran poema, y que viva, que viva la vida La vida es vida y solo Díos nos la debe quitar Que viva la vida Yo voy cantando, voy caminando, caminando voy Que viva la vida Porque la vida, la vida es amor, la vida es canción Que viva la vida La vida es vida y solo Díos nos la debe quitar Que viva la vida</p>	<p>I go singing a song of dignity May we live life Because life is love, life is song May we live life</p> <p>Ay, life is a great poem, may we live life, live life to the fullest Life exists unto itself, only God should take life away May we live life I go singing, and walking, walking I go May we live life Because life is love, life is song May we live life Life exists unto itself, only God should take life away May we live life</p>
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QUE VIVA LA VIDA!