

Psalm for Anne

1.

" "It is of Little worth
what I offer you,
Pluck roses on earth,
and forget me not."

--Anne Frank, 10 years old
writing in the autograph book of
Henny de Bie-Scheerder, her classmate,
March 4, 1940.

-

March 21, 1995

Dear Anne,

I begin writing to you near the first day of Spring 1995. Purim, the holiday in our Jewish tradition where we wear masks, is over. Now Passover approaches with its universal symbols of renewal, and oh, so many additional rules, questions, and answers. Now begins the season where our bread contains no leavening. We, as well, get down to essentials. We do our best to make passage out of our personal eqypts.

Forgive me for forgetting you. I feel very sad that it has taken me so long to be in touch. This morning, for the first time, I saw the note you wrote in your friend's autograph book. It is on display near the admission counter of the Simon Weisenthal Museum of Tolerance in Los Angeles. I didn't have it in me to walk through the whole museum. I could not contain my unspeakable pain, nor was I ready to understand it fully. Alan Hier, the manager of the Gift Shop, accepted one dozen of my Passover Horseradish cards on consignment. Something deep from my past and future came together in that instant in a silent tear drop. Nearing home, 100 miles away, my tear was embraced by rain that had fallen the entire day, watering fragrant roses emerging from winter. From this day forward, I will name my rose garden Anne's rose garden.

The message inside the Passover card reads--"May you find beauty, even in bitter herbs." How, Anne, this Holy season, can I, can we all, turn the bitter experience that happened to you and so many others into something beautiful. How can we make this Passover the Spring time of our whole lives?

Anne, I have good news that sounds bittersweet at first. May I share some of my story with you?

A lot of our Jewish brothers and sisters died in the Holocaust, but for some of our parents, the Holocaust never ended in 1945. It kept going. They passed the Holocaust on to us--through the way they demanded we be Jews. They had no idea how to love us into being Jews.

Maybe it was the fear of losing one more Jewish child that caused many parents and teachers to be unavailable and restrictive. Maybe it was their own unspoken pain that made

them appear angry. They brought us commandments. Something in the joyful deliverance was missing. I was propelled, as many others of my generation born around 1947, to not deepen love toward Judaism, but run out the door for dear life. I avoided my Jewish experience, as if it were one of the plagues.

Faced with a breakdown in my own family, I learned to receive love from people in other races, creeds, and colors. I learned to see God through other eyes. I found an oasis of healing experiences.

I fully embraced all these experiences that strengthened me; yet a time came when I no longer felt fulfilled. Friday nights at Sunset, I did not know where I belonged. Something deep called me. I came home to make peace with my roots.

This is a time when some of our most freedom-loving Jews are returning as spiritual adults, capable of deep appreciation for Judaism and all God's people! We come home to renew compassionate Judaism. We bring visions of a peaceful earth that we as Jews can contribute to our own people and to earth-loving communities.

Who cannot say this was not God's ordered plan for many in my generation, the generation that comes, Anne, immediately after yours?

In friendship,
Leslie

ii. THE ENCHANTED GARDEN
WELCOMES YOU!

March 27, 1995

Dear Anne,

This Passover, as every Passover, we begin anew our personal journey to the Promised land.

Anne, I want to tell you about the Promised land as I have discovered it, because this is the place where I choose to live. The place I live, my actual home and land, is called the Enchanted Garden, but the vision of the Enchanted Garden is much greater and larger than the physical place where I live. It is a world with more fragrant roses than any of us imagine possible.

The Enchanted Garden is a place of coming to--after a long, and sometimes difficult but eventful journey. It is a chosen place--a place other than the warring world we can leave behind, where we each have been boxed up. It is not Egypt where we held ourselves tight because we feared someone was out to get us. or a plague-ridden world where someone attempted to dominate, rather than give us free reign to find our freedom.

The Enchanted Garden is a name for the new earth we can grow. It is also another name for Canaan, the promised land, that Moses, on some deep inner level imaged for the tribes who had the courage to walk so long through the hot desert and

become ONE nation. Is it the place for the people who choose to live in God, for God, and aspire to be ONE with God. It is coming home to our home land.

The Enchanted Garden grows in Israel, a truly holy land, a place with a recorded history that is past, and an even greater peaceful history that we can each contribute. The Enchanted Garden is also a place that can be grown in our own backyard.

Anne, I know your spirit is still young at heart! I know in addressing your eternal, ageless spirit, this will help me explain to others what the Enchanted Garden is! I know what I have to say is a mouthful! For too long, I've been beating around the bush, rather than taking my stand in front of it!

The Enchanted garden, Anne, cannot be explained just in words--it has sounds, scents, sights, tastes, and touches. It has birds. Sunshine. Rain. Clouds. Mornings and sunsets. It has fragrances. Butterflies. Earthworms. Skunks that walk through the carrot patch, and possums you seldom see that perpetually turn over the compost. It has a little mouse that sneaks into your private space in the middle of the night to eat a share of the unplanted crop you haven't found time to anchor in the present.

Where is the Enchanted Garden? The Enchanted Garden grows out from us, as much as it grows inside us. Although it is a garden you can breathe, you have to have it inside you first, before you can inhale it, Anne.

To step into the garden, we need a ticket that says Admit ONE: World Peace Celebration. This ticket is our birthright. It is our ticket to heaven on earth. This ticket expresses our commitment to find peace. The land of peace grows out from us being peaceful inside, as much as it grows outside us.

Anne, I know when you were 10, you had the Enchanted Garden inside you, and yet it is a place we often lose and never see again. To see it, asks that we can be filled with awe, a smile, and the wisdom to say no to the broken things in the world that look important and steal us away from the happiness we may find inside that we go out to get.

The Enchanted Garden? Where is it? It is a state of consciousness inside us to accept. It is the place inside where we feel very, very reverent for unceasing, unbroken wholeness in flowing movement. We cannot fully contain this movement or control it. There is no place to be in this movement and get stuck. When we do get stuck, we fall out of the unbroken wholeness; yet by grace, remembering our childlike-capacity, and with continued movement, we are home again in it!

The Enchanted Garden is a state of mind, a state of heart, a place when heaven and earth say hello. Anything that is possible when they say hello happens! Even a cactus that blooms once a year can decide to bloom! Just at the very special moment, Just when you need a special friend to show up to remind you the world is more than it appears, it blooms!

How can we grow the Enchanted garden?
It is a world so simple to grow, that any child can grow it. It is a world to grow that is so simple, that we need to contain a child within us, so we can grow it! To really see it, we need child's eyes; yet, unless, we are grown up and grounded we forget to water the little seedlings in pots. They dry out without constant care. I am personally responsible. If I don't take care of my plants and my planet, who will?

What does it take to grow the Enchanted Garden? This is a riddle. It can only be grown by each one of us; yet by our self we cannot grow it because it takes many of us to grow it! To grow it asks balance. We are called to be independent in Soul, and interdependent in Spirit.

How can we grow the Enchanted Garden?

To grow the Enchanted Garden we are each asked to take up plant parenthood. To grow ONE plant is to enter plant parenthood!

The growth of the whole Enchanted Garden itself and peace on its way into our whole world is embodied in something as simple as one living seed growing, one plant growing, expressed through the harvest of one simple green leaf of lettuce on a Seder plate.

Plants are teachers. To grow a plant is to step to the front of Mother Nature's classroom and receive pats on the back. To grow a plant is to dig into the soil of our being and set our Soul free! To plant is to take up gardening tools that help us learn "lots of let go--Things may turn out as we imagine, and nothing exactly as we thought! To plant is to practice saying goodbye and having disappointments. Blooms come and go with each season. They have beginnings and ends.

The journey to grow the garden is not always peaceful. It asks we pass over rocky terrain of inner desert and prickly pear. It asks that we move on from feeling less to feeling more! The world today has been in a Desert Storm. This does not mean we are not on our way back home. As long as we are heading home to the garden, why not take a few herbs along to plant?

Anne, this is the good news I bring you. The seeds that grow the Enchanted Garden are growing now! This very Spring our seeds grow more Promised Land than ever! Lots of new plants are growing! A new world is being planted, a new earth we can each call the Enchanted Garden.

It' is time now, Anne, for all the children of the world to come home, to come out of hiding, to stop running. We, as grown ups, have it in our power to create this different future where we land and fulfill the promise of our existence, as we learn to go slow quickly. We are taking a stand to go deeper inside, and come out deeper. The place we land is the Enchanted Garden.

Our journey to grow the earth beautiful begins from where we are, from inside out, one human plant at a time, one little step at a time, one plant at a time. one seed at a time. There is exodus and homecoming in this redemptive simple act. If there is only so much beauty in the world now, and we plant more beauty, more beauty will be here tomorrow.

Once upon a time, Adam and Eve left Eden. Upon a foundation of understanding and wisdom--the wise domain--let

us proceed to grow our miraculous planet everywhere as the new
Eden,
our Enchanted Garden.

--Your Friend,
Leslie

iii. TONIGHT IS A FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM
FOR THE WHOLE EARTH

As we sit down in Seder this Passover in the fragrance of Spring, may this be a festival of freedom for the whole world! As one among us walks this year through the gates of Jerusalem, walking in the footsteps of the kings, the prophets, and the sages, may we all be redeemed out of the house of bondage.

May we walk through the gates of Jerusalem with a holy spirit equal to any that has entered through these gates before!

May we walk this Spring beyond tolerance to open hearted acceptance of the inalienable human right for each person to live on this earth in peace and safety.

May all holy sites exist side by side in our heart and in the world. May a holy site for anyone be a holy site for all, and every holy day, a day of honoring by all! May this world be so filled with sacred days, the entire calendar is full of blessing. May every day become a holiday spent in paradise. All land is now holy land. Let no one feel homeless. No one feel a lack of holy land. May we all take up residence now in the Enchanted Garden.

AMEN

*"Let us seek truth
everywhere; let us
cull it wherever we
can find its blossom
or its seed.
Having found the seed
let us scatter it to
the winds of heaven.
Whencever it may
blow, it will germinate.
There is no lack
in this wide universe
of souls that will form
the new ground."*

*Romain Rolland,
1917*

iv. PLANTING ABRAHAM'S NEW SEEDS

Into a pot of small fertile soil on my Seder table, may I plant a new seed. As I plant this seed, I begin renewing myself inside. I recognize more now that new order in the world grows one seed at a time, one plant at a time, beginning with me.

The Divine Order deep inside me, underneath outer appearances and surface tension, will grow out, beyond any chaos--and war-- that exists now.

I will water my seed with the love we share here tonight.

We, of the land of Israel are by God's will all the Children of Abraham. Abraham, Sarah and Hagar are our forebears. We are their offspring as much as Isaac and Ishmael. We are Abraham's new seeds spread everywhere around this world, diverse, yet family by God's holy intent with all nations of this earth!

Planting this seed reminds me I am Abraham's new seed. May I be renewed to grow more and more love inside me. May I become tonight more a conscious gardener of my own whole being.

Into the crack between all people of the world, into the place where peace has waited to be grown out, I plant more of Abraham's new seeds.

May all people of the world, hungry and starving for family love, experience that Abraham's new seed is growing in the world.

As I eat lettuce greens this Passover, may I and the earth be fulfilled as this plant grows. \

May we all chant, lettuce grow together!

iv. OUR SEDER HAS DEEP PERSONAL MEANING

May our Seder table tonight be filled with deep personal meaning as we awaken old and new symbols of Passover.

On our Seder table this year, may I place an orange to celebrate all women who prepare this sacred time. May I recognize that for the well being of the earth, all women, and the feminine creative aspect of the garden, is expressed through each of us.

*“Egypt, in the philosophy
of a dynamic universe,
is the aspect of man
when the free flow of this
vital energy is obstructed.
From the moment of his
birth until death
there is always some obstruction.
But there is also an exodus,
a way out of this chain of Egypts.”*

*Edmond Bordeaux Szekely,
in “Moses, Prophet of the Law,”
1951*

May the fertility of Spring be embodied in the egg on each seder table, if it be our custom to place an egg on our seder plate. May we crack open with new life, as we accept the earth is reborn, and is blessed now through our own rebirth.

As I eat the Seder horseradish, may it remind me that inherent sweetness and kindness in people often emerges after bitter experience.

May we place a rose for Anne on our Seder table. May the flower of youth never again be cut short, nor the capacity for any of us to dream and see our life fulfilled. May more flowers grow now on the earth than she ever imagined possible, and may we each be one of them.

vi. OH ELIJAH!

Oh, Elijah, prophet of good tidings who comes to usher in the coming of holiness in this world, let us all open the door for you this Passover and proclaim that a great and awesome day

has come to the earth now. The earth shall not be cursed. I and others join your Elijah'ô's minyan determined to live as blessings upon the earth.

Elijah, this very Passover, as we drink the four cups of wine and set a fifth cup for you, may you rejoice as never before at every Seder and every holy day meal celebrated by all, without drinking a drop.

Elijah, may the coming of holiness into the world now be past tense. May we no longer stand in line, nor wait for this eventful day. Through the good feeling we now create, may we counter-balance the violation that reverence for life has endured in our century, and through the capacity for forgiveness, ground a new world.

\

Not with armaments, but with outstretched arms, we take a stand now to sit down with each other and truly create Seder--universal order--in our world, not only at Passover, but every day.

May we each balance discernment with mercy that we might take down the walls of stone within our own hearts. May our hearts melt to our own kind, and create more living room to bless the differences we have with all people.

Each of us, are now adding to the history of peace on earth. We are secure enough within our personal borders. We can extend ourselves in love without fear of losing who we are. We are allowing the earth to move on. We are planting a new earth that is no longer the warring world we are leaving behind.

We can no longer, for the sake of the earth,
hold back our kindness and care for each other.
Through our love, we bring in the long awaited moment when
God finds himself/herself mirrored in every human heart.

AMEN

vii. ANGEL BLESSINGS

With Angel Michael, who proclaims God's unique miracles, at my right, this holy season may we each come to accept our new earth everywhere as the Enchanted Garden. The Enchanted Garden is the Promised Land we have spoken about in year's past. It is the Jerusalem where we imagine we might be next year. We are now growing the peaceful Jerusalem we imagine possible, a bright and beautiful future we are planting as a gift to the here and now in our own lives and homes.

This Passover, may I renew my journey to the promised land through partaking in this Seder meal. I am bringing the Promised Land closer to home as I accept my body as a temple where God dwells!

Angel Gabriel, emissary of God's power standing at my left, I recognize that in the darkness of my own fertile soil, I and the earth grow together. May I release all that stands between me and being who I truly am. May I grow more beauty in the world as I accept myself as one of Abraham's new seeds, and plant myself in the world!

Oh Angel Ariel, bearer of God's light, let me accept myself and everyone as a center of light. The candles on our Seder table call to me, drawing me out to garden paradise here and now. May I feel light and warmth on my own soil. May your spirit join with our own and emanate, as these lights, from each of our Seder table's!

Oh Angel Raphael, who brings God's healing, let this be the Passover when the hearts of children turn to their parents,

and the hearts of parents to their children. Let me extend my heart to all my human relations, and to all cousins who appear differently but share a common humanity.

May all children, all father's, mothers, and grandparents feel our love this Holy Season as we share love with the person who sits across the table from us this very moment.

Anne, may you remind us that however short life is, we can make the most of how we live. With the Sh'china, the female essence of God, above our head, may we all find the safety to come out of hiding and rejoice in being who we are in the Enchanted Garden. May we express endless, never-before seen creation.

May we accept that growth takes time, and need not be rushed. May we have time to grow. All is well for ourselves and the world.

AMEN

ABOUT: REKINDLING OF FAITH

Leslie Goldman's poetic Statement of Purpose

Early writings leading to his Jewish Renewal

Self-Published in small quantities, signed and numbered,
second edition. \$40.00 including mailing. Place orders now.

"Leslie has breathed life into physical pain and rejection. He speaks for those who suffer, entrapped by silent blocked emotions.

His gift is to evoke within each reader both the joyful and the painful memories of the past. In so doing, Leslie brings to his audience the light of understanding and the cure of forgiveness. Like the Bodhisattva, Leslie Goldman's journey is not over; yet Rekindling of Faith is a psalm that absorbs some of life's suffering for all of us."

--Paul Brenner, M.D. '85

"Urban Shaman, Leslie Goldman, communes with God in his Magic Garden, coaxing healing from herbs and plants and writes verse blossoms that lift the heart, touch the soul and somehow gladden the wounded spirit weeping in us." --Rabbi Zalman M. Schacter-Shalomi, '94

"When I hear you, I hear the prophets, their words, their teachings, their passion, flowing through you, speaking through you. You, you are not their mouthpiece. You are their mouth, a living, alive wholly human person. Your words, your poems, intuitively, inherently speak an old new voice from deep within our tradition and our faith. You share your very personal dialogue with God, and touch the deeply personal in each of us."--Rabbi Stan Levy, B'nai Horin Community, '91

"When the Messiah comes, Leslie will be his M.C.!"-- Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach,, '83

"Oh Lord, as I work silently, show me the stars that never waver in their purpose. Remind me I am not forgotten or alone, but richly felt. Let me find the love of friends long passed out of sight in new faces. Breathe into me the force that moves the pen, returning all to you."--Leslie Goldman, from *Rekindling of Faith*, '84

Where is the Enchanted Garden? It is a state of consciousness inside us to accept. Although it is a physical garden where you can breathe heavenly scents, you have to make a commitment to have it inside you first, before you can inhale it, Anne.

To step into the garden, we need to accept that we were born with a ticket that says Admit ONE: World Peace Celebration. To live in Peace is our birthright. Our birthright is heaven on earth.

Anne, I know when you were 10, you had the Enchanted Garden inside you, and yet it is a place we often lose and never see again, through events in our lives and in the world. To see it, asks that we constantly return to the place where we can be

filled with awe, a smile, and the wisdom to say no to the broken things in the world that look important and steal us away from the happiness we may find inside that we go out to get.

The Enchanted Garden? Where is it? It is the place inside where we feel very, very reverent for unceasing, unbroken wholeness in flowing movement. We cannot fully contain this movement or control it. There is no place to be in this movement and get stuck. When we do get stuck, we fall out of the unbroken wholeness; yet by grace, remembering our childlike-capacity, and with continued movement, we are home again in it!

What do we do with all the pain and agony in the world? In the crack, plant a new seed.

There is little more we can do, but continue to grow the Enchanted Garden, one seed, one plant, one person at a time, from inside out. Life continues--the plants come up again. The journey of the Soul is an immortal journey.

Our liberation is not only in remembering what happened to us, but in what we can grow from it.

The only way to grow a new world, is to grow ourselves as a new seed within it...

So many seeds have been lost...so many never came to flower. What can be do but become better gardeners?

is this the way to go to Jerusalem...I saw them looking at
me...why don t you dance?

"...In the last
remaining synagogue
in Krakow--
I made up this march
for the sixmillion
but then, while I was singing
this sad melody
I looked through all the tears.
I could see them,
the six million,
looking back at us,
and saying--
""Is this the way, to go to Yerushalayim
Why don'`t you dance?"

--Rabbi Schlomo Carlebach--

All of Israel,(world of)
Dont ever forget ALL of ISRAEL (world of deepest)

take every opportunity to BLESS--

what organization are you with?

Yerushalayim--
Kalmin Green--
Abe Natan--peacemaker--
13 years--

june 30--

Jewish National Fund--

gary--
La Mesa to palm..right lamesa pharmacy---
rt turn--green awning--cross spring palm--4731

Influenced... by

I often...

it 's transportable--

in spite of planes...I want to let them know I am--

There feels like so little time to put out so much
beauty in the world!!!

How much can I do in a week!

The way to bring in the Mosaicach
is plant more beauty in the cracks of our broken world when it is
whole enough...the wholless of mosiach will meet us--
we do our part, mosiach will do his /her part.

The way

o

Can we call this a great life, matzah and all, !