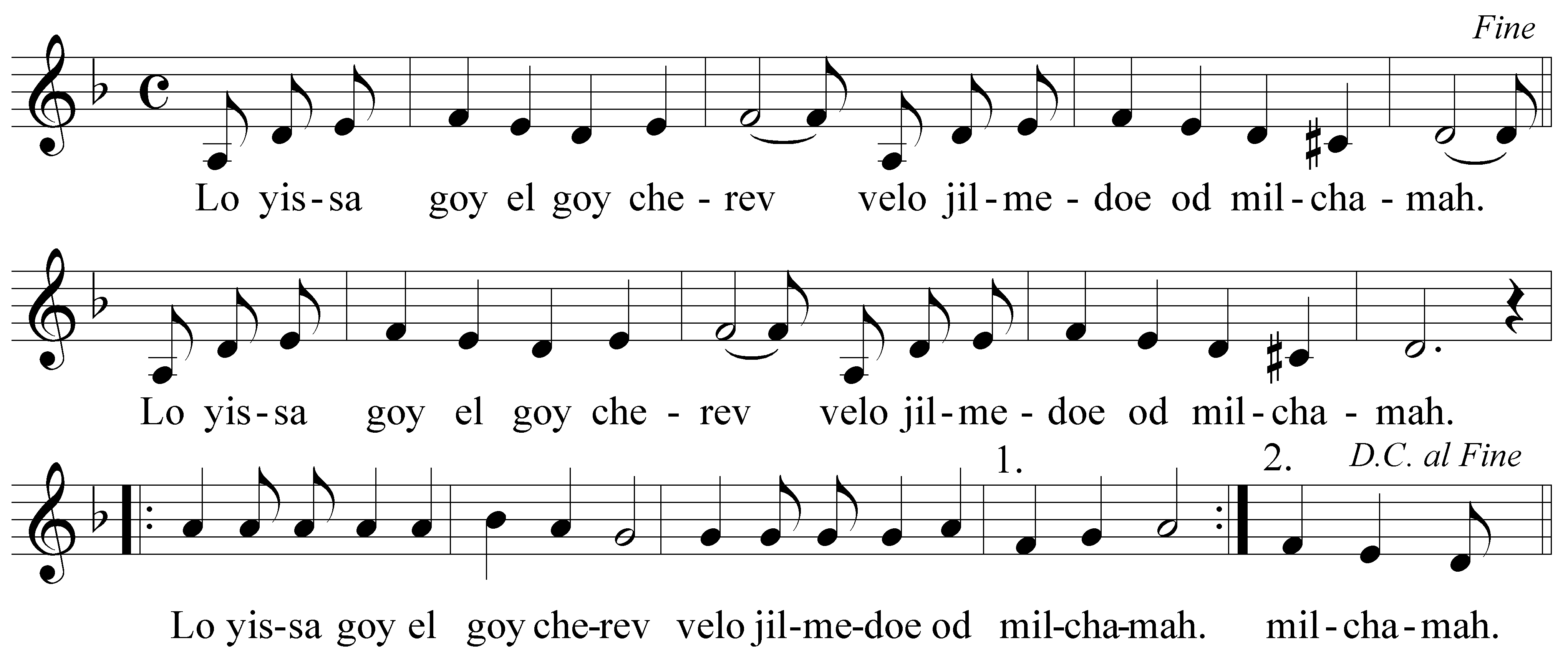
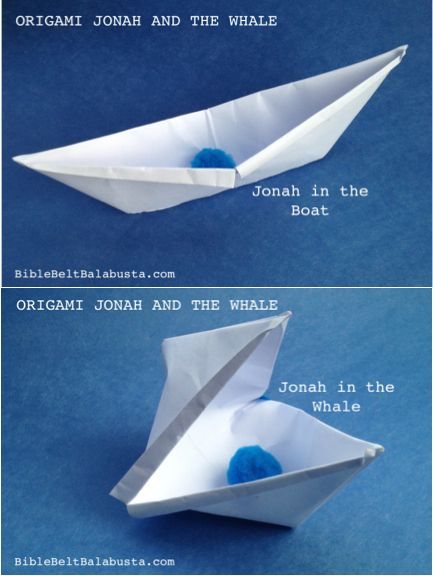
|  |
| --- |
| **Aarons Blessing**  Y’va-re-che-cha Adonai v’yish-mire-cha  Ya-er Adonai panav elei-cha vihu-necha  Yi-say Adonai panav elei-cha  V’ya-sem l’cha shalom (2x)  The Lord bless you and keep you  May the Lord shine His Face upon you ( 2x)  And be gracious unto you  May the Lord look upon you  And give you peace (2x)  **A Hebraic interpretation of the Aaronic Blessing**  With the Hebraic understanding of each of these Hebrew words, we can better understand the true meaning of the Aaronic blessing as it was understood by the Ancient Hebrews.  **YHWH will kneel before you presenting gifts and will guard you with a hedge of protection.   YHWH will illuminate the wholeness of his being toward you bringing order and he will give you comfort and sustenance.   YHWH will lift up his wholeness of being and look upon you and he will set in place all you need to be whole and complete.** |

Lo Yissa Goy

*t.: Jes. 2,4 Micha 4,3*

*m.: Asjkenazich*





Geen volk heft het zwaard meer tegen een ander

en oorlog leren ze niet meer.

John Lennon - Imagine

Imagine there's no heaven  
It's easy if you try  
No hell below us  
Above us only sky  
Imagine all the people  
Living for today...  
  
Imagine there's no countries  
It isn't hard to do  
Nothing to kill or die for  
No religion too  
Imagine all the people  
Living live in peace...  
  
You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will be as one  
  
Imagine no possessions  
I wonder if you can  
No need for greed or hunger  
A brotherhood of man  
Imagine all the people  
Sharing all the world...  
  
You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will live as one

Where have all the flowers gone?   
Long time passing.   
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Young girls picked them every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time ago.Where have all the young girls gone?  
Gone to young men every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the young men gone?  
They are all in uniform.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards every one.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?  
  
  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Covered with flowers every one.When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

*"****Where Have All the Flowers Gone?****"   
is a modern* [*folk*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Folk_music)*-style song.   
The melody and the first three verses   
were written by* [*Pete Seeger*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pete_Seeger) *in 1955.   
Additional verses were added   
in May 1960 by* [*Joe Hickerson*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Joe_Hickerson)*,   
who turned it into a circular song.   
Its rhetorical "where?"   
and meditation on death   
place the song in the* [*ubi sunt*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ubi_sunt) *tradition.   
The song was sung   
at the funeral of* [*Harry Patch*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harry_Patch)*,   
the last British soldier of the* [*First World War*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_War_I)*,  
in* [*Wells Cathedral*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wells_Cathedral) *on August 9, 2009.  
In 2010, the* [*New Statesman*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Statesman) *listed it   
as one of the "Top 20 Political Songs".*

Sag mir wo die Blumen sind,  
wo sind sie geblieben  
Sag mir wo die Blumen sind,  
was ist geschehen?  
Sag mir wo die Blumen sind,  
Mädchen pflückten sie geschwind  
Wann wird man je verstehen,  
wann wird man je verstehen?

Que sont devenues les fleurs   
du temps qui passe   
Que sont devenues les fleurs   
du temps passé   
Les filles les ont coupé   
elles en ont fait des bouquets   
Apprendrons-nous un jour   
apprendrons-nous jamais ?

Waar zijn al de bloemen toch   
Waar zijn al de bloemen toch,  
van lang geleden  
Waar zijn al de bloemen toch,   
waar zijn ze nu  
Waar zijn al de bloemen toch,   
meisjes plukten ze en of  
Wie van ons weet dat nog,  
wie van ons weet dat nog?

Inga blommor finns det mer.  
Det är sommar.  
Ingen sommaräng vi ser.  
Säj vad har hänt?  
Inga blommor finns det mer.  
Flickor plocka blommorna.  
Lär dom sej aldrig nåt?  
Lär dom sej aldrig nåt?

Gdzie są kwiaty z tamtych lat?   
Jasne kwiaty...  
Gdzie są kwiaty z tamtych lat? -   
Czas zatarł ślad...  
Gdzie są kwiaty z tamtych lat?   
Każda z dziewcząt wzięła kwiat...  
Kto wie czy było tak...   
Kto wie czy było tak...

Missä, missä kukat on,  
tullut kesä on,  
kukkaset on kadonneet,  
tiedätkö syyn?  
Kukkaset on kadonneet,  
tyttösen ne poimineet.  
Voi milloin muistat sen,  
voi milloin muistat sen!

Hova tűnt a sok virág,   
mely ott nyílt a réten   
Hova tűnt a sok virág,   
velük mi lett?   
Hova tűnt a sok virág,   
lányok tépnek bokrétát   
Óh mondd ki érti ezt,   
oh mondd ki érti ezt?

Kuhu küll kõik lilled jäid,  
mis on neist nüüd saanud?  
Kuhu küll kõik lilled jäid?  
kaob kiirelt aeg …  
Kuhu küll kõik lilled jäid?  
Neiud tuppa õied tõid.  
Mil ükskord mõistad sa,  
mil ükskord mõistad sa.

Kur ir ziedi, dod man atbildi,   
kur viņi bija?  
Kur ir ziedi, dod man atbildi,   
kur tie aug?  
Kur ir ziedi, dod man atbildi -   
meitene neapmierinātas, un ka tie nav.  
Kad visi saprotam?  
Kad visi sapratīs?

Dove son finiti i fiori,   
se passato il tempo è già?  
Dove son finiti i fiori   
di tanto tempo fa?  
Dove son finiti i fiori? ...   
Li hanno colti le ragazze ora.  
E non han capito ancora?   
Non impareranno mai allora.

Fading away like the stars in the morning   
Losing their light in the glorious sun   
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling   
Only remembered for what we have done   
Only remembered, only remembered   
Only remembered for what we have done   
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling   
Only remembered for what we have done

Only the truth that in life we have spoken   
Only the seed that in life we have sown   
These shall pass onwards when we are forgotten   
Only remembered for what we have done   
Only remembered, only remembered   
Only remembered for what we have done   
These shall pass onwards when we are forgotten   
Only remembered for what we have done

Who'll sing the anthem and who'll tell the story   
Will the line hold, will it scatter and run   
Shall we at last be united in glory   
Only remembered for we hat have done   
Only remembered, only remembered   
Only remembered for what we have done   
Shall we at last be united in glory   
Only remembered for what we have done

**Only remembered**

*Old-English hymn performed by the British a-capella-trio Coope, Boyes en Simpson   
at the peace concert in Passendale "We 're here because we 're here" in 1994.   
The first verses are traditional:   
Dr. H. Bonar of Edinburgh wrote the words of this hymn which Sankey set to music in 1891.   
He sang it as a solo in The Tabernacle in London at the funeral of his friend, C.H. Spurgeon,   
a great London preacher. John Tams, English poet and playwriter, added another verse.   
Hymns were often sung in times of war.   
They were expressions of solidarity and togetherness   
that went beyond rank and condition,   
beyond life and death.*

Zal er ooit een dag van vrede  
zal er ooit bevrijding zijn  
voor wie worden doodgezwegen   
levenslang gebroken zijn?

Zal er ooit een blijvend heden   
vol van goede vrede zijn  
waar geen pijn meer wordt geleden,   
en het leven nieuw zal zijn?

Zie de takken aan de bomen  
waar het jonge groen ontluikt  
tot een stralend nieuwe zomer   
waar de vredesbloesem ruikt.

Zoals bomen mensen tonen  
dat er kracht tot groeien is,  
zal de zoon der mensen komen  
die de boom des levens is.

Will there ever be a day of peace

will there ever be release

for those who are ignored

and broken for a lifetime?

Will there ever be a lasting present

full of good peace

where no more pain is suffered,

and life will be forever new?

See the branches on the trees

where the young greenery is opening

to a brilliant new summer

where the peace blossom smells.

As trees prove to people

that there is strength to grow,

the son of men will come

he who is called the tree of life.

*‘Will there ever be a day of peace’,   
a song by Henk Jongerius,  
born on December 7, 1941 in Utrecht,   
became a priest on July 11, 1966 in Nijmegen,  
lives in the Dominican Monastery in Huissen since 1967,   
cantor, publicist and liturgist.  
The melody, called ‘Goldschmidt ‘,   
comes from the Chorals Book for England,  
1863.*



**SONGS**

**Pieces of PEACE**