

OHMEK

Intentions for the Seder Table

By Yocheved Sidof

Before each step of the Seder, a family member or guest reads the intention aloud.

KADESH · *(sanctification)*

May I believe in my holiness.
Not the holiness I earn, but the one I was born with —
resting beneath everything I've done and left undone.
This is my kavannah, the inner yes before the act — the inner yes before the outer act.
Help me feel the difference between healthy guilt and toxic shame,
and let the good feel more real than the not-good.
Nothing I do can erase what I am at the core. I am Essence.

Let this cup be a reminder: I am already holy.

URCHATZ · *(washing)*

May I believe in my purity.
Let me try again — even after falling, even after failing, even when I don't feel I deserve to.
Help me hold both truths at once:
I am always already enough, *and* I can always become more.
This is teshuvah, my way home— not punishment, but possibility.
Point me toward the things that make me lighter,
and connect me to the endless flow of renewal— beginning again.

Let this water be a reminder: I can always return.

KARPAS · *(greens dipped in salt water)*

May I believe in my tears.
Let me welcome all the feelings that rise in the long journey from darkness into light —
welcoming them as guests, not mistaking them for the host.
Help me see my struggle as the path to growth,
my fragility as the doorway to something deeper.
And when disruption comes — because it will — grant me the calm to meet it, the space to host it
all.

Let this dipping be a reminder: bitterness and hope live side by side.

YACHATZ · *(breaking the middle matzah)*

May I believe in my imperfection.
Let me see my brokenness not as failure
but as the very shape of my soul.
Help me let go of the myth of perfection, of hustling for my worth —
and see how the broken piece still belongs to the whole.
Let my voice cry from the depths, free from expectation.

Let this breaking be a reminder: wholeness includes the cracks.

MAGID · *(telling the story)*

May I believe in my story.
My story — the one only I can tell.
Give me the courage to take the pen back,
to let the past come alive through the power of my present.
Tonight, every voice at this table gets to speak —
even the youngest parts of us, the one that was never asked — the one who has no words.
Help me find the stories that unburden, words that illuminate.
I am the author. I am unfolding, in real time. And I am free.

Let this telling be a reminder: the story is always still being written.

RACHTZA · *(ritual handwashing)*

May I believe in my cleanliness.
Reveal to me the pathways of health and clarity —
help me hear what my body is telling me.
Let the body and soul move together,
the clenched fist of striving open into a hand that gives.
May I be present. Here. Right now.

Let this washing be a reminder: I can begin again, clean.

MOTZI MATZAH · *(eating the matzah)*

May I believe in my emunah — this inheritance of complete faith.
Let me suspend what I know long enough to trust what I can't see,
to align with the knowing that there is a Creator who loves me,
and that everything that flows from Him is good.
Help me take this bite — and then the next — even without proof.
When my emunah falters, remind me I am falling back into something ancient,
a world of faith that already exists, holding me before I even arrive.

Let this eating be a reminder: sometimes we move forward without knowing where.

MAROR · *(bitter herbs)*

May I believe in my holy bitterness.
Let me really taste it — the ache, the distance, the longing.
And then help me discover the secret:
that the bitterness itself, when met with patience, begins to sweeten.
This is tikkun: repair — the fixing that happens *inside* the feeling.
Only You can help me carry this.
Reveal the light hidden inside the hard thing,
the key concealed within the lock.

Let this bitterness be a reminder: feeling it fully is already part of the healing.

KORECH · *(the sandwich)*

May I believe in my complexity.
I contain multitudes — the sweet and the bitter, the open and the closed, the broken and the whole.

Help me stop choosing between them
and instead, hold them together in shleimut, wholeness.
Show me the oneness beneath the contradictions,
the hidden unity at the heart of every paradox.
The space to hold it all.

Let this sandwich be a reminder: opposites can be held as one.

SHULCHAN ORECH · *(the meal)*

May I believe in my pleasure.
Let me taste the goodness — really taste it.
Help me slow down: chew before swallowing, feel before reaching for more.
Reveal the path where desire and satisfaction coexist,
where the yearning remains even after the having.

Let this meal be a reminder: enjoyment is also a spiritual act.

TZAFUN · *(the hidden matzah)*

May I believe in my hidden power.
There is always more beneath the surface —
more than I know, more than I can see.
Help me trust what is concealed, the nistar, what's hidden,
the irreducible goodness at the center of things.
Let me find gratitude for what remains hidden.
Let me rest in the knowing that the hidden is not lost —
only waiting to be found.

Let this hidden piece be a reminder: the best part is often what hasn't been found yet.

BARECH · *(grace after the meal)*

May I believe in my gratitude.
Free me from scarcity, draw me toward enoughness.
Help me see the blessings that are already here,
waiting for my attention to allow them to land.
Thank You for what is given, hidden and revealed,
in every breath.

Let this blessing be a reminder: there is always something to be grateful for.

HALLEL · *(songs of praise)*

May I believe in my song.
Let me praise You from both the bottom and the top —
from the pit and from the peak, in the shadow and in the light.
You were there in all of it. Only You.
Give me the courage to sing my niggun, my original melody—
the singular tune rising from the depths of my Essence.

Let this singing be a reminder: praise is possible from anywhere.

NIRTZAH · *(conclusion)*

May I believe in *myself*.
I am wanted. I am loved. I am enough.
Tonight we pointed everything toward you, oh Jerusalem —
toward wholeness, toward embodied awareness, toward home.
We are not there yet. And we have already arrived.
Next year in Jerusalem.
Next year, more free.

Let this ending be a reminder: every conclusion is an opening.

Written by Yocheved Sidof of Ohmek, in dialogue with text from Rabbi Joey Rosenfeld and AI.