

Dayenu - Today's Refugees

Contributed by [HIAS](#)

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Um.

Photo credit: Mercy Corps/Sumaya Agha.



Sajida.

Photo credit: Mercy Corps/Sumaya Agha.



Dowla.

Photo credit: UNHCR/Brian Sokol.



Muhammed.

Photo credit: Mercy Corps/Sumaya Agha.

Take turns reading aloud before Dayeinu:

Dayeinu. It would have been enough. But would it have been enough? If God had only parted the sea but not allowed us to cross to safety, would it have been enough? If we had crossed to freedom and been sustained wandering through the wilderness but not received the wisdom of Torah to help guide us, would it have been enough?

What is enough?

As we sing the traditional "*Dayeinu*" at the Passover Seder, we express appreciation even for incomplete blessings. We are reminded that, in the face of uncertainty, we can cultivate gratitude for life's small miracles and we can find abundance amidst brokenness. Just as the story of our own people's wandering teaches us these lessons time and time again, so, too, do the stories of today's refugees. The meager possessions they bring with them as they flee reflect the reality of rebuilding a life from so very little.

For Um, the blessing of being alive in Jordan after escaping violence in Homs in the company of her husband with only the clothes on her back – *Dayeinu*: it would have been enough.

For Dowla, the wooden pole balanced on her shoulders, which she used to carry each of her six children when they were too tired to walk during the 10-day trip from Gabanit to South Sudan – *Dayeinu*: it would have been enough.

For Farhad, the photograph of his mother that he managed to hide under his clothes when smugglers told him to throw everything away as he escaped Afghanistan – *Dayeinu*: it would have been enough.

For Sajida, the necklace her best friend gave her to remember her childhood in Syria – *Dayeinu*: it would have been enough.

For Muhammed, scrolling through the list of numbers on his cell phone, his only connection to the people he has known his whole life – *Dayeinu*: it would have been enough.

For Magboola, the cooking pot that was small enough to carry but big enough to cook sorghum to feed herself and her three daughters on their journey to freedom – *Dayeinu*: it would have been enough.

Even as we give thanks for these small miracles and incomplete blessings in the world as it is, we know that this is not enough. We dream of the world as it could be. We long for a world in which safe passage and meager possessions blossom into lives rebuilt with enough food on the table, adequate housing, and sustainable jobs. We fight for the right of all people fleeing violence and persecution to be warmly welcomed into the lands in which they seek safety, their strength honored and their vulnerability protected. When these dreams become a reality, *Dayeinu*: it will have been enough.