

**Pesach 5779/2019**  
**Our Matzoh, Our Selves**  
**Emily Goldberg Winer - Class of 2022**

Around our Seder tables we evoke the experience of slavery in order to heighten our appreciation for freedom. As we recline against pillows we remember that, *Avadim Hayenu*, we were once slaves. As we lean as we refill our cups of wine, we sing about our days of restrictions and plagues. As we chant *Hallel* late into the night, we see the remnants of maror, bitterness, linger on our plates. Even though our seders are about liberation, they are interwoven with memories of our limitations and struggles and it seems as though our work is to navigate both of those truths at the same time. Most of us are free now, but our seders are our testaments to the arduous and messy transformation from degradation to dignity.

The matzoh that we eat embodies the dual nature of the seder. For a *Chag Ha'cheirut*, we sure spend a lot of time embracing a rather strict diet. As taught in Devarim 16:4,

"לא יראה לך שאר בכל גבלך"

"You cannot see it (bread) or have it be found."

Why is it that we are not permitted to eat or even see chametz on Pesach?

Rambam/Maimonides explains that ridding ourselves of chametz is also a state of mind:

ומה היא השבתה זו האמורה בתורה? היא שביטול החמץ בלבד. ויחשב אותו כעפר וישים בלבו שאין ברשותו חמץ כלל

"What is meant by the biblical term putting away? It means that one should regard the *ḥametz* as nonexistent or as mere dust of the earth, impressing on his mind that he has no *ḥametz* in his possession" (Mishneh Torah, Laws of Leavened and Unleavened Bread 2:2).

According to Maimonides, *biur chametz* is both a physical act and an internal process. In terms of actions, we are compelled to fill garbage bags in our kitchens with half-opened bags of pita chips, and designate shelves on our cabinets to isolate our corn-syrupy condiments. In this way, we merge *biur chametz* with annual spring cleaning. But we must also channel this inwardly: we must think of ourselves as entirely chametz-free.

This mindset of *hefkerut*, or ownerlessness means that our bread does not belong to us. Whether we have sold it through our communities or burned it to a crisp, we must relinquish the chametz which is the convenience that hinders us from truly experiencing *Mitzrayim's* narrowness on our own backs. The fluffy delicacies we consume every other day of the year must be cleared away in order for us to nourish ourselves in the only *kemach* (flour) that we need: the sustenance of Torah. This is the route to the glory of freedom, chosenness, and partnership with God.

In his command to clear away chametz Rambam evokes language of deep humility, comparing that which we own to the dust of the earth. On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur,

we take this a step further and compare ourselves to the dust of the earth. As we recite the *Unetane Tokef* we stand in awe before our own mortality and say *מֵעָפָר וְאֶדָם יֵסָדוּ וְיָשׁוּבוּ לְעָפָר* or “we come from dust and return to dust.”

The dust of the earth is not only the element that we came from and to which we will return; it is the paradigm for our state of mind along the way. We constantly remember that—like the bread we clear from our cabinets and shelves— we were formed from crumbs. If it is our very own chametz that prevents us from this kind of raw humility, then the process of *bedikat chametz* (checking) and *biur chametz* (burning) can be a corrective.

So what does this painstaking process of crouching on our kitchen floors to gather every last crumb lead to? *Achilat Matzah* (Eating of Matzoh). Rebbe Nachman of Breslov refers to matzah as a source of true joy and excitement. According to his teachings on the laws of Pesach:

וְזֶהוּ בְּחִינַת שְׂנֵקְרָא הַמַּצָּה לְחֵם עֲנִי, שְׂעוּבִין עָלָיו דְּבָרִים הַרְבֵּה, הֵינּוּ בְּחִינַת הַקּוֹלוֹת שְׂצוּעֵקִין עַל הַמַּצָּה בְּסִפּוּר הַהֲגָדָה. לְהוֹרֹת שְׂעַל-יַדֵּי הַמַּצָּה יְכוּלִים לְצַעֵק אֶל ה'

“This is why matza is called *lechem oni*, because we answer (*onim*) many things over it, (i.e., the voices shouted above the matza at the recitation of the Haggadah), and this shows us that we can use the Matza to shout out to God” (Likutei Halachot, Orach Hayim, Pesach 3:2)

Our ancestors carried the ingredients of bread on their backs on their way out of slavery without any time for it to rise, but their voices tell their redemption stories through them. Passover is a time for us to relive and experience liberation, but these binding requirements put freedom in check. They command us to ground our freedom in matzoh and literally taste our ancestors’ restrictions with each crunch.

Perhaps Pesach would be easier and more liberating if our bread’s oven time could reflect the hours we dedicate to our seder meal. However, it is the matzoh’s firmness that invites us to do the spiritual leavening as we retell our narrative, holding both the bitterness and joy of our exodus story. Through the restrictions of Pesach, we pause to remind ourselves that God forms life from the things that we let become dust. Through the mitzvah of matzah, we allow our journey to freedom to shout off the backs of our people, through the pages of the Haggadah, and into our hands—complete in their eighteen-minute haste.

May this Pesach and our *achilat matzah* give us the opportunity to rise.



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