

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS



ת.נ.צ.ב.ה

Funeral outline
order of service
and graveyard



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Funeral outline

Pre-service		
Pre-service : Kriah	At the funeral home/chapel	Pages from L'chol Z'man v'Et, Mourning section. pg 11
Funeral		
Introduction / welcome	Option F	Pg 15
Reading in Eng followed by Singing (HEB) - Psalm 23	Singing Gerald Cohen / Adonai Ro'i	Pg 25-26
Reading	"Death will come" Option B	Pg 12
Reminiscences offered	1. Lori (on behalf of herself and Carl), 2. A professional colleague 3. A representative of the Alzheimer's association.	
Alter Esa Einai followed by translation	Alter / Esa Einai	Pg. 29
Hesped (Eulogy)		
Interpretive translation of "El male"		Pg. 36
El Male Rachamim	Janowski / El Male	Pg 34
Closing		
L'vayat Hameit	Psalm 15 (pg. 24), Achat Sha'alti (42) Broken hearted Psalm	(recited while accompanying the casket)
Cemetery		
Pallbearers –	"Last hike with Bob"	Lori, Julie, Jim, Carl
Singing (At the graveside)	Eli Eli	Pg. 43
Reading	Option E - The dust returns to the earth	Pg. 45
Lowering the casket		
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Kriah:

ה' נתן ו-ה' לקח, יהי שם האל מבורך

God gives and God takes away. Blessed be the name of God.!

(Job 1:21)

As agreed with the family, each one of you is making their different choice of Kriah.

With the distress felt over a relative's death,
for hearts that are torn,
we tear our clothing, or a piece of cloth or Ribbon.

Performing this act, is called in Jewish tradition קריעה - tearing apart.

When losing a parent – one tears the left side of the garment – closer to the heart.
All others may tear the right side
May God comfort all the mourners .

Please say with me:

ברוך דיין האמת

Blessed is the Source of truth and strength

Welcome:

Thank you all for being here today. I'm honored to share this time with Bob's friends, family, and others in remembering his life.

We remember Bob and join our hearts together, to give comfort and strength to his family. Mourning is a time filled with many emotions and memories, both bitter and sweet. We begin our service with the recitation of psalms and prayers, thus linking Bob's life, with the millennia-old tradition of the people of Israel and the eternity of God.

Psalm 23. Singing. Adonai Ro'i / Gerald Cohen

Reading: (translation). **Psalm 121**

A song for ascents.

I turn my eyes to the mountains;

from where will my help come?

My help comes from Adonai, maker of heaven and earth.

G!d will not let your foot give way;

your guardian will not slumber;

See, the guardian of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps!

Adonai is your guardian, & your protection at your right hand.

By day the sun will not strike you, nor the moon by night.

Adonai will guard your going and coming, now and forever.

Hesped

Thank you Lori, for your beautiful heartfelt words,
Thank you to Shmuel, Bob's colleague, for your reminiscences, and to Charles,
who represented the Alzheimer's association, for honoring Bob's contributions.

Saying goodbye is the hardest thing.
Saying goodbye when it was not yet time for it,
certainly not at age 54, is even harder.

And with heavy heart, we are accompanying Bob Rose today
on his last journey.

Bob loved to hike, he loved life, and we heard the stories of how he appreciated the
beauty of this world, taking it in, making the most out of it, breathing the outdoors,
capturing the beautiful pictures of nature on his hikes.

He liked big adventures,
and he often shared it with the people he loved,
with his siblings Lori and Carl,
his beloved children Jim and Julie
as well as Julie's husband Yoshi,
Bob's mother Marion, his father Asher, and many of you:
his childhood and college friends, and his work friends colleagues.
As you heard in Shmuel's story, Bob was larger than life, committed, prepared,
thinking about the big picture, exploring the terrain, looking at the horizon.

He invested so much in his work,
as well as in his legacy – his kids.

I might have not seen them much in the Synagogue myself,
but it was important for Bob that the kids will get Jewish education and Jewish
values,
respect the tradition and read from the Torah in their Bar and Bat Mitzva services.
One of the most sacred Jewish value is Tzedek – Justice. As a corporate lawyer, Bob
invested his life to it, and both Jim and Julie attended law school, following his path

Calculating and building up for a better and more secure future for his company,
for his family, he couldn't imagine he will depart so soon. While there's no doubt
he could have done so much more, explore more and make a bigger impact, I'd
like to lean on Lori's words, "he enjoyed every step in this trip, and lived life to the
fullest".

Many of you joined Bob on these trails, his own as well as yours,

paths of experiences and memories that made you bond, that made you strong. And sometimes perhaps made you question and wonder.

Paths you left behind, but trails of emotions they have left with you...

Bob loved the outdoors. But more than that, he loved sharing them with you.

Creating experiences together. Some memories are stronger than others, and some continue with us on our paths to come.

May the source of life, the fountain of all being,
open our hearts to compassion, and our eyes to wisdom —
that we might glimpse,
in perfect peace and sadness,
the way of all things.

May Bob's memory be for us a blessing,
and may we never let the light of his love
grow dim in our hearts.

May we remember all his worthy and righteous deeds,
that his memory be forever bound up in the bond of life.

God is our source and our destination,
our beginning and our end.

May Bob's death awaken us to this truth:
that the bond of love we shared
and share

not be severed in sorrow.

May Bob rest in peace.

Together we say: Amen

Singing - Janowski's El-Male rachamim.

Closing words

May the Holy One of Blessing,
from whom all things come
and to whom all things return,
give us light and peace
on this day of grief and mourning.
And may our service of memory for Bob Rose
bring comfort and strength.

We will now escort Bob to his resting place in the graveyard.
Dear Pallbearers, Lori, Julie, Jim, Carl, please join the funeral director, in Bob's last hike.

Escorting the Casket. Chanting psalms on the way:

Psalm 15 (pg. 24); Achat Sha'alti (42); Broken hearted Psalm.

Cemetery – At the Graveyard

Singing

Eli Eli / Chanah Senesh (both Heb & English)

Reading

The dust returns to the earth as it was;
the spirit returns to God who gave it.
It only the house of the spirit which we now lay within the earth;
the spirit itself cannot die.
Receive in mercy, O God,
the soul of our departed, Bob
Grant him that everlasting peace
which You have prepared for us
in the world to come.
Though no human eye has seen,
nor ear has heard,
nor mind has grasped it,
still it is our sure inheritance
and our everlasting portion.

O God, help us to understand that grief and love go hand in hand,
that the pain which loss inflicts
is the measure of a love stronger than death.
Though we cry in the anguish of our hearts,
may we be like children who know that their parent is near,
and who cling unafraid to the trusted hand.
In this spirit, O God,
do we commit all that is precious to us to Your keeping.

Signaling to funeral director to lower the casket

Tzidduk Hadin:

ברוך הוא כי אמת דינו

Blessed be God whose judgment is just,
who sees all deeds and rewards all goodness.
All must acknowledge Your justice

ה' נתן ל-ה' לקח יהי שם ה' מבורך

Adonai has given and Adonai has taken away.
Blessed be the name of Adonai

Kaddish Yatom

May the love, and eternal connection of our souls
give us strength as we turn to recite the words hallowed by time.
Sanctifying the name of God,
we honor the memory of Bob Zohar Rose Ben Asher
with the words of קדיש יתום the Mourner's Kaddish.

Give Daf to Jim who reads Kaddish Yatom

Shoveling dirt. / burial explanation

על מקומו יבוא בשלום

May Bob come to his eternal home in peace.
In Jewish tradition, to shovel dirt into the grave is a mitzvah,
a righteous act which we do without any hope of reward.
With this act, we take on the responsibility
of caring for our loved one until the very end.
Our loved ones deserve to be buried
by kind hands, knowing hands, sorrowful hands.
You are invited to participate in this mitzvah —
a painful act; however, one born of love and compassion
for those who have meant so much to us.

With Job we have said:

ה' נתן. God, You have given.

ה' לקח. God, You have taken away.

יהא שם האל מבורך. Blessed be the name of God.

Closing words

Eternal God, Master of mercy,
give me the gift of remembering.
May my memories of the dead be tender and true,
undiminished by time;
let me recall them, and love them, as they were.
Shelter me with the gift of tears.
Let me express my sense of loss —
my sorrow, my pain, as well as my love,
and words unspoken.
Bless me with the gift of prayer.
May I face You with an open heart,
with trusting faith,
unembarrassed and unashamed.
Strengthen me with the gift of hope.
May I always believe in the beauty of life,
the power of goodness,
the right to joy.
May I surrender my being,
and the soul of the dead,
to Your all-knowing compassion.

May the memory of Bob be a blessing
as we mark that his essence
will never leave our hearts and souls.