



Yizkor Service

5781

Temple Beth Shalom
New Albany, Ohio





Yizkor · Memorial Service

These are the lights that guide us . . .

These are the ways we remember.

—HANA SENESH (1921–1944)

Opening Words

Meditations

THIS IS the hour of memory —
 and this is our house of comfort.
 Wounded by loss, we retreat from life;
 our synagogue gathers us in.
 Into this place we bring stories and prayers,
 unanswered questions,
 tears that need to be shed.
 Lives recollected and carried within us —
 moments of courage and laughter and pain —
 this day embraces them all;
 this place embraces us all.
 Now the heart opens in sorrow,
 for we are time's subjects,
 and all that we love we must lose.
 So let us hold fast to the love that remains,
 and cherish the light of the sun.
 Today all of us walk the mourner's path;
 together may we find strength.

ETERNAL GOD, we ask Your help, for our need is great.
 Our days fly past in quick succession,
 and we cannot look back without regret, or ahead without misgiving.
 We seek to understand the mystery of our own lives,
 but our effort is in vain.
 And when suffering and death strike those we love,
 our faith all but fails us, and we forget that we are Your children.
 God, help us now to feel Your presence.
 When our own weaknesses and the storms of life
 hide You from our sight,
 help us to know that You are with us still.
 Uphold us with the comfort of Your love.

WE ARE TIME'S SUBJECTS. William Shakespeare, from *Henry IV, Part II*.

From Psalm 16: Secure in the Presence of God

Shiviti Adonai l'negdi tamid;

ki mimini: bal-emet.

Lachein samach libi, vayagel k'vodi;

af-b'sari yishkon lavetach.

Ki lo-taazov nafshi lish-ol;

lo-titein chasid'cha lirot shachat.

Todi-eini orach chayim,

sova s'machot et panecha,

n'imot bimin'cha netzach.

שִׁוִּיתִי יי, לנגדי תמיד

כי מימיני בל־אמוט.

לכן שמח לבי ויגל כבודי

אף־בשרי ישכן לבטח.

כי לא־תעזב בפשי לשאול

לא־תתן חסידך לראות שחת.

תודיעני ארח חיים

שבע שמחות את־פניך

נעמות בימינך נצח.

Keep me, Eternal One, for in You I find refuge,

and in You my soul finds its peace.

Guardian of all my days,

You are my cup from which I drink,

and the portion of my life.

I thank You for guiding my steps,

for the inner voice that instructs me.

I have set You before me always;

with You beside me I cannot fail.

So my heart is glad, my soul rejoices,

and all of me can rest secure:

for You will not abandon me in death.

You show me the path of life,

and Your presence is fullness of joy.

KEEP ME, ETERNAL ONE שִׁוִּיתִי יי. This psalm, one of ten designated by Rabbi Nachman of Breslov (1772–1810) for their special healing qualities, radiates a sense of quiet confidence, serenity, and joy. The capacity to discern God's presence in ordinary things — to experience the Divine "close at hand" at all times — helps us heal from grief and restores us to the path of life.

פתח דבר
Peltach Davar

כוונות
Kavanot

AT BIRTH, a miracle:

You light the spark in every human soul.

Emerging into light, we breathe it in —

the *n'shamah*, Your sacred gift of life.

And every day, every breath

comes to us as a miracle.

The light within us — unique and precious,

is with us always, while we live.

When breath has ceased and life has gone,

the *n'shamah* returns to You.

And the spark that lived inside the ones we love,

unique and precious, beautiful and good,

is theirs no more.

Their light is ours; their radiance now burns in us,

eternal flame of memory.

So we light candles, to keep our love alive,

to bring their light into the world;

A light unique and precious,

ours to treasure, while we live;

A *ner tamid* that lights our days

and gives us strength to journey through the nights.

MORE PRECIOUS was the light in your eyes than all

the roses in the world.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

כִּי יִי יְהִי־לְךָ לְאֹר עוֹלָם, וְשָׁלְמוּ יְמֵי אֲבִלְךָ.

Adonai shall be your everlasting light,

and your days of mourning shall be ended.

Isaiah 60:20

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FIRST CANDLE

On the Loss of Loved Ones

Words of Faith and Tradition

As a deer yearns for streams of water,
so I yearn for You, O God.

My whole being thirsts for God,
for the living God.

Psalm 42:2

Hear my prayer.

Let my cry come before You.

Do not hide from me in my time of sorrow.

Turn Your ear to me.

When I cry, answer me soon.

Psalm 102:2–3

My God,
my soul is downcast.

Therefore I think of You.

Psalm 42:7

THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE is the most profound of all sorrows. The grief that comes with such a loss is intense and multifaceted, affecting our emotions, our bodies, and our lives. Grief is preoccupying and depleting. Emotionally, grief is a mixture of raw feelings such as sorrow, anguish, anger, regret, longing, fear, and deprivation. Grief may be experienced physically as exhaustion, emptiness, tension, sleeplessness, or loss of appetite.

Grief invades our daily lives in many sudden gaps and changes, like that empty place at the dinner table, or the sudden loss of affection and companionship, as well as in many new apprehensions, adjustments, and uncertainties.

The loss of a loved one throws every aspect of our lives out of balance. The closer we were to the person who died, the more havoc the loss creates. Love does not die quickly. Hence to grieve is also “to celebrate the depth of the union. Tears are then the jewels of remembrance, sad but glistening with the beauty of the past. So grief in its bitterness marks the end . . . but it also is praise to the one who is gone.”

Judy Tatelbaum

We Die

I

We die despite appointments and feuds,
while our toddler,
who has recently learned to say No,
opens and shuts drawers
a hundred times a day
and our teen braces
for the rapids of romance.

We die despite the contracts
and business trips we planned,
when our desk is untidy,
despite a long list of things to do
which we keep simmering
like a rich broth.

We die despite work we cherish,
marrying whom we love,
piling up a star-spangled fortune,
basking on the Riviera of fame,
and achieving, that human parteciple
with no known object.

II

Life is not fair, the old saw goes.
We know, we know, but the saw glides slow,
one faint rasp, and then at length another.
When you died, I felt its jagged teeth rip.
Small heartwounds opened and bled,
closing as new ones opened ahead.
Horror welled, not from the how but the when.

You died at the top of your career,
happy, blessed by love, still young.
Playing by evolution's rules, you won:
prospered, bred, rose in your tribe,
did what the parent gods and society prized.

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Yet it didn't save you, love or dough.
Even when it happens slow, it happens fast,
and then there's no tomorrow.
Time topples, the castle of cards collapses,
thoughts melt, the subscription lapses.
What a waste of life we spend in asking,
in wish and worry and want and sorrow.

A tall man, you lie low, now and forever,
complete, your brilliant star eclipsed.
... Lost friend, you taught me lessons
I longed to learn, and this final one I've learned
against my will: the one spoken in silence,
warning us to love hard and deep,
clutch dear ones tighter, ransom each day,
the horror lesson I saw out of the corner of my eye
but refused to believe until now: we die.

Diane Ackerman

Shir hamaalot:

Mimaamakim k'raticha, Adonai.

Adonai, shimah v'koli.

Tiyenah oznecha kashuvot

I'kol tachanunai.

שִׁיר הַמַּעֲלוֹת:

מִמַּעֲמָקִים קָרַאתִיךָ, יי.

אֲדֹנָי, שְׁמָעָה בְּקוֹלִי

תְּהִינָה אוֹזְנֶיךָ קָשׁוּבוֹת

לְקוֹל תַּחֲנוּנָי.

A poem for reaching up

Out of the depths, I cry to You:

Hear me, hear my voice.

Let my plea reach Your ear.

Psalm 130:1–2

My Dead

הם בלבד נותרו לי, רק בהם בלבד
לא ינעץ המוות ספינו החד.
במפנה הדרך, בערב היום
יקיפוני חרש, יליוני דם.
ברית אמת היא לנו, קשר לא נפרד
רק אשר אבד לי – קניני לעד.

They alone are left me; they alone still faithful,
for now death can do no more to them.

At the bend of the road, at the close of day,
they gather around me silently, and walk by my side.

This is a bond nothing can ever loosen.
What I have lost: what I possess forever.

Rachel

Together

Together
We were like
two guy wires
supporting a fragile
sapling.

Our tenuous lives,
dreams, fantasies
entwined as one.

Slowly, the sapling
flourished, rooted,
produced two sons.

One day, after forty-two years,
without warning,
you let go.

Dora Kushner

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The Death of a Parent

Move to the front
of the line
a voice says, and suddenly
there is nobody
left standing between you
and the world, to take
the first blows
on their shoulders.
This is the place in books
where part one ends, and part two begins,
and there is no part three.
The slate is wiped
not clean but like a canvas
painted over in white
so that a whole new landscape
must be started,
bits of the old
still showing underneath —
those colors sadness lends
to a certain hour of evening.
Now the line of light
at the horizon
is the hinge between earth
and heaven, only visible
a few moments
as the sun drops
its rusted padlock
into place.

Linda Pastan

Separation

Your absence has gone through me
Like thread through a needle.
Everything I do is stitched with its color.

W. S. Merwin

Lo Ira (Psalm 3:7)

*Lo-ira meiriv-vot am
asher saviv shatu alai.*

I have no fear of the myriad forces
arrayed against me on every side.

לֹא־אֵירָא מִרְבֻּבוֹת עִם
אֲשֶׁר סָבִיב שְׁתוֹ עָלַי

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Words of Healing

Adonai is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Psalm 23:1

For personal reflection . . .

For whom do I grieve?

In my grief, what is it that I need?

What kinds of moments make me most aware of what I have lost?

Blessed are those who give meaning to our lives;
holy and precious is the example they leave behind.

We pray:

May our sorrows diminish as we recall their strength.

May their wisdom protect us and help us to live.

Let our grief be transformed into tenderness toward those
who are still with us.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.

FORCES ARRAYED AGAINST ME. The righteous are called living even in death;
the wicked are called dead even when alive. (Talmud B'rachot 18a)

DIE WHEN I MAY, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always
plucked a thistle and planted a flower, when I thought a flower would grow.
(Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1865)

Psalm 121

Shir lamaalot:

Esa einal el-heharim:

mei-ayin yavo ezri?

Ezri mei-lm Adonai —

oseih shamayim vaaretz.

Al-yitein lamot raglecha;

al-yanum shom'recha.

Hineih: lo-yanum v'lo yishan

shomeir Yisrael.

Adonai shom'recha;

Adonai tzil'cha al-yad y'minecha.

Yomam hashemesh lo-yakeka,

v'yarei-ach balailah.

Adonai yishmorcha mikol-ra —

yishmor et-nafshecha.

Adonai yishmor-tzeit'cha uvo-echa,

mei-atah v'ad-olam.

A song for reaching up

I turn my eyes to the mountains;

from where will my help come?

My help comes from the Eternal,

maker of heaven and earth.

God will not let your foot give way;

your guardian will not slumber.

See, the guardian of Israel

neither slumbers nor sleeps!

The Eternal is your guardian,

The Eternal is your protection

at your right hand.

By day the sun will not strike you,

nor the moon by night.

The Eternal will guard you from all harm;

God will guard your soul.

The Eternal will guard your going and coming now and forever.

שִׁיר לַמַּעֲלוֹת:

אֶשָּׂא עֵינַי אֶל־הָהָרִים,

מֵאֵין יָבֹא עֲזָרִי.

עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יי,

עֹשֶׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ.

אֲלִי־תֵן לַמּוֹט רַגְלְךָ

אֲלִי־נוֹם שְׁמֶרְךָ.

הִנֵּה לֹא־יָנוּם וְלֹא יִישָׁן

שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל.

יי שְׁמֶרְךָ

יי צֶלֶךְ עַל־יַד יְמִינְךָ.

יוֹמָם הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ לֹא־יִכָּבֵה

וְיָרַח בַּלַּיִלָּה.

יי יִשְׁמְרְךָ מִכָּל־רָע

יִשְׁמֹר אֶת־נַפְשְׁךָ.

יי יִשְׁמֹר־צִאֲתְךָ וּבֹאֲךָ

מֵעַתָּה וְעַד־עוֹלָם.

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IN MY DARKNESS, be a light to me,
in my loneliness help me to find
a soul akin to my own.
Give me strength
to live with courage;
and give me courage
to draw blessing from life,
even in the midst of suffering;
to hold fast against the storm,
and to smile at a loved one's glance.

Rabbi Chaim Stern

THEY SAID in the name of Rabbi Meir:
With clenched fists an infant enters this world,
as if to say:
The whole world is mine to acquire.
With hands wide open we leave the world,
as if to say:
I have acquired nothing in this world.
For so it is said:
Naked came I from my mother's womb,
and naked shall I return.

Midrash Ecclesiastes Rabbah 5.20

DO NOT GRIEVE for me too much. I am a spirit confident of
my rights. Death is only an incident, and not the most impor-
tant which happens to us in this state of being. On the whole,
especially since I met you, my darling one, I have been happy;
and you have taught me how noble a woman's heart can be.
If there is anywhere else, I shall be on the look out for you.
Meanwhile look forward, feel free, rejoice in Life, cherish the
children, guard my memory. God bless you.

Winston Churchill, from a letter to his wife: "In the event of my death . . ."

UNNAMABLE GOD, I feel You
with me at every moment.
You are my food, my drink,
my sunlight, and the air I breathe.
You are the ground I have built on
and the beauty that rejoices my heart.

Psalm 16:8–9 (adapted)

Words of Healing

God makes me lie down in green pastures,
leads me beside the still waters.

Psalm 23:2

I SAT DOWN in the middle of the garden . . . and leaned my back against a warm yellow pumpkin. . . . The earth was warm under me, and warm as I crumbled it through my fingers. . . . I kept as still as I could. Nothing happened. I did not expect anything to happen. I was something that lay under the sun and felt it, like the pumpkins, and I did not want to be anything more. I was entirely happy. Perhaps we feel like that when we die and become a part of something entire, whether it is sun and air, or goodness and knowledge. At any rate, that is happiness; to be dissolved into something complete and great. When it comes to one, it comes as naturally as sleep.

For personal reflection . . .

What are my sources of inner strength?
How have I survived loss and its pain?
Where do I find “green pastures” and “still waters”?

Blessed is the life force within us even in the worst of times.
Like dew on the grass, it renews and restores.
We pray:
May courage come.
Let dark fears be gone with morning’s light.
Let grief give way to confidence and new hope.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.

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I SAT DOWN. By Willa Cather (1873–1947). In Cather’s novel *My Antonia*, a boy in his grandmother’s garden is surrounded by tall prairie grass. As in Psalm 23, it is an image of lying down to rest outdoors: an expression of peace, abiding in the whole — the deepest longing of humanity.

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THIRD CANDLE

On the Holiness of Memory

Words of Faith and Tradition

I will preserve your memory forever. . . .

Psalm 45:18

The Echo of Your Promise

Based on Psalm 77

When I cry my voice trembles with fear
When I call out it cracks with anger

How can I greet the dawn with song
when darkness eclipses the rising sun

To whom shall I turn
when the clouds of the present eclipse the rays of tomorrow

Turn me around to yesterday
that I may be consoled by its memories

Were not the seas split asunder
Did we not once walk together through the waters to the dry side

Did we not bless the bread
that came forth from the heavens

Did your voice not reach my ears
and direct my wanderings

The waters, the lightning, the thunder
remind me of yesterday's triumphs

Let the past offer proof of tomorrow
Let it be my comforter and guarantor

I have been here before
known the fright and found your companionship

I enter the sanctuary again
to await the echo of your promise

Rabbi Harold Schulweis

HaN'shamah Lach

Han'shamah lach, v'haguf po-olach: הנֶשְׁמָה לְךָ וְהַגּוּף פָּעֵלְךָ,
chusah al amalach. חוֹסֶה עַל עֲמַלְךָ.

The soul is Yours, the body is Your work;
 have mercy on Your creation.

My Father

זָכַר אָבִי עֵטוּף בְּנִיר לֶבָן
 כְּפְרוֹסוֹת לִיּוֹם עֲבוֹדָה.

כְּקוֹסִים, הַמוֹצִיא מְכֻבָּעוֹ אֲרָנָבוֹת וּמִגְדָּלִים,
 הוֹצִיא מִתּוֹךְ גּוּפוֹ הַקָּטָן – אֶהְבָּהּ.

בְּהֵרֹת יָדָיו
 נִשְׁפְּכוּ לַתּוֹךְ מַעֲשָׂיו הַטּוֹבִים.

The memory of my father is wrapped up in white paper,
 like sandwiches taken for a day at work.

Just as a magician takes towers and rabbits out of his hat,
 he drew love from his small body,

and the rivers of his hands
 overflowed with good deeds.

Yehuda Amichai

My Mother

In her last sickness, my mother took my hand in hers
 tightly: for the first time I knew
 how calloused a hand it was, and how soft was mine.

Charles Reznikoff

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Mavo

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HAN'SHAMAH LACH. These lines, excerpted from a medieval poem for Yom Kippur, declare that both the soul and the body are God's handiwork. Both are precious and worthy of care. At this moment — aware of our physical exhaustion, weakness of will, and mortality — we do not celebrate body and soul; rather, we ask for compassion, simply because we belong to God.

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Seventh Candle:
Finding Peace

I Needed to Talk to My Sister

I needed to talk to my sister
talk to her on the telephone I mean
just as I used to every morning
in the evening too whenever the
grandchildren said a sentence that
clasped both our hearts
I called her phone rang four times
you can imagine my breath stopped then
there was a terrible telephonic noise
a voice said this number is no
longer in use how wonderful I
thought I can
call again they have not yet assigned
her number to another person despite
two years of absence due to death

Grace Paley

Prayer for the Dead

The light snow started late last night and continued
all night long while I slept and could hear it occasionally
enter my sleep, where I dreamed my brother
was alive again and possessing the beauty of youth, aware
that he would be leaving again shortly and that is the lesson
of the snow falling and of the seeds of death that are in everything
that is born: we are here for a moment
of a story that is longer than all of us and few of us
remember, the wind is blowing out of someplace
we don't know, and each moment contains rhythms
within rhythms, and if you discover some old piece
of your own writing, or an old photograph,
you may not remember that it was you and even if it was once you,
it's not you now, not this moment that the synapses fire
and your hands move to cover your face in a gesture
of grief and remembrance.

Stuart Kestenbaum

I DREAMED MY BROTHER / WAS ALIVE. The author's brother, Howard, died in the destruction of the twin towers of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001.

A Candle in a Glass

When you died, it was time to light the first
candle of the eight. The dark tidal shifts
of the Jewish calendar of waters and the moon
that grows like a belly and starves like a rabbit
in winter have carried that holiday forward
and back since then. I light only your candle
at sunset, as the red wax of the sun melts
into the rumpled waters of the bay.

The ancient words pass like cold water
out of stone over my tongue as I say kaddish.
When I am silent and the twilight drifts
in on skeins of unraveling woolly snow
blowing over the hill dark with pitch pines,
I have a moment of missing that pierces
my brain like sugar stabbing a cavity
till the nerve lights its burning wire.

Grandmother Hannah comes to me at Pesach
and when I am lighting the sabbath candles.
The sweet wine in the cup has her breath.
The challah is braided like her long, long hair.
She smiles vaguely, nods, is gone like a savor
passing. You come oftener when I am putting
up pears or tomatoes, baking apple cake.
You are in my throat laughing or in my eyes.

When someone dies, it is the unspoken words
that spoil in the mind and ferment to wine
and to vinegar. I obey you still, going
out in the saw toothed wind to feed the birds
you protected. When I lie in the arms of my love,
I know how you climbed like a peavine twining,
lush, grasping for the sun, toward love
and always you were pinched back, denied.

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It's a little low light the yahrtzeit candle
makes, you couldn't read by it or even warm
your hands. So the dead are with us only
as the scent of fresh coffee, of cinnamon,
of pansies excites the nose and then fades,
with us as the small candle burns in its glass.
We lose and we go on losing as long as we live,
a little winter no spring can melt.

Marge Piercy

Footprints

Everything will remember that I was here.
The ships will be the color of my clothing.
The birds will use my voice for singing.
The fisherman on the rock will ponder my poem.
The river will follow my footprints.

Rajzel Zychlinsky

My Father

That every night my father
shone like the window in the ark.

That every night I was like a shadow
clinging to the wings of his light.

Tonight my father sweeps over me
as over a candle the dark.

שֶׁבֶּכַל הַלֵּילוֹת הָיָה אָבִי
מֵאִיר כְּצֶהַר בַּתְּבָה.

שֶׁבֶּכַל הַלֵּילוֹת הָיִיתִי כְּצֶל
נֹאחַז בְּכַנְפֵי אוֹר.

הַלֵּילָה הַזֶּה גּוֹהֵר מֵעַלִּי
אָבִי כְּחֶשֶׁךְ עַל נֵר.

Tuvia Rubner

Promised Land

At the edge
Of a world
Beyond my eyes
Beautiful
I know Exile
Is Always
Green with hope —
The river
We cannot cross
Flows forever.

Samuel Menashe

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Ner 4:

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Words of Healing

God restores my soul. . . .

Psalm 23:3

נר ה'

על אֶבְדָן ועל קבלה

Ner 5:

Al Ovdan V'al

Kabbalah

For personal reflection . . .

What memories of my loved one(s) do I cherish most?

Do some of my memories still hurt?

How do my memories help me to live a better life?

נר ו'

הודאה

Ner 6:

Hodaah

Blessed are the memories,

holy and cherished the love they reveal.

We pray —

May our sorrows soften and diminish in strength.

May the pains of past bereavements grow gentler with time.

Let memory bring us nearer to the loved ones in our midst.

נר ז'

שלום

Ner 7:

Shalom

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.

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FOURTH CANDLE

Our Most Precious Relationships

Words of Faith and Tradition

Yeish kochavim she-oram magia artzah

rak kaasher hem atzmam

av'du v'elnam.

Yeish anashim sheziv zichram mei-ir

kaasher hem atzmam elnam od

b'tocheinu.

Orot eileh hamavhikim

b'cheskat halayil.

Heim heim shemarim laadam et

haderech.

יש כוכבים שאורם מגיע ארצה

רק כאשר הם עצמם

אבדו ואינם.

יש אנשים שזיו זכרם מאיר

כאשר הם עצמם אינם עוד

בתוכנו.

אורות אלה המבהיקים

בחשכת הליל.

הם הם שמראים לאדם את

הדרך.

There are stars up above,
so far away we only see their light
long, long after the star itself is gone.
And so it is with people that we loved —
their memories keep shining ever brightly
though their time with us is done.
But the stars that light up the darkest night,
these are the lights that guide us.
As we live our days, these are the ways we remember.

Hana Senesh

my uncle

my grandmother

my father-in-law

I miss

my loved one

I am sorry

my grandfather

I promise

I ask forgiveness

my aunt

I wish

my grandchild

my niece

I regret

my mother

my spouse

my child

I cherish

my brother

my father

my wife

my daughter

יִזְכוֹר אֱלֹהִים

May God Remember

I remember

my brother-in-law

my teacher

I forgive

I honor

my friend

my companion

I hope

my nephew

I hold close

my mother-in-law

my sister-in-law

I grieve

I am grateful

I mourn

my sister

my husband

my son

Yizkor Elohim

The Yizkor Prayer

“Love is strong as death.” Song of Songs 8:6

For a Man or Boy

Yizkor Elohim et nishmat

shehalach l'olamo.

Hin'ni nodev/nodevet tz'dakah

b'ad hazkarat nishmato.

Ana t'hi nafsho

tz'rurah bitzror hachayim

ut-hi m'nuchato kavod —

sova s'machot et panecha,

n'imot bimincha netzach.

May God remember the soul of

who has gone to his eternal home.

For the sake of *tikkun olam*, I freely give *tzedakah* in his memory.

For the sake of his precious soul, let my memories, my prayers,

and my acts of goodness bind him to the bond of life.

May I bring honor to his memory by word and deed.

May he be at one with the One who is life eternal;

and may the beauty of his life shine forevermore.

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת

שֶׁהִלָּךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.

הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב וְנוֹדֵבֶת צְדָקָה

בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתוֹ.

אֲנִי תְּהִי נַפְשׁוֹ

צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים

וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד,

שׁוֹבֵעַ שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת פָּנֶיךָ,

נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמִּינְךָ נֹצֵחַ.

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נר ה'

עַל אֲבָדֵן וְעַל קִבְלָה

Ner 5:

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For a Woman or Girl

Yizkor Elohim et nishmat
shehal'chah l'olamah.

Hin'ni nodev/nodevet tz'dakah
b'ad hazkarat nishmatah.

Ana t'hi nafshah
tz'rurah bitzror hachayim
ut-hi m'nuchatah kavod —
sova s'machot et panecha,
n'imot bimincha netzach.

May God remember the soul of
who has gone to her eternal home.

For the sake of *tikkun olam*, I freely give *tzedakah* in her memory.
For the sake of her precious soul, let my memories, my prayers,
and my acts of goodness bind her to the bond of life.
May I bring honor to her memory by word and deed.
May she be at one with the One who is life eternal;
and may the beauty of her life shine forevermore.

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת
שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.
הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב וְנוֹדֵבֶת צְדָקָה
בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמַתָּהּ.
אֲנִי תְּהִי נַפְשָׁהּ
צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים
וְתְּהִי מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד,
שׁוֹבַע שְׂמֻחוֹת אֶת פָּנֶיךָ,
נְעִימוֹת בִּמְיֻנְךָ נֶצַח.

Yizkor Meditations

WHEN WE ASK GOD to remember the souls of our departed at *Yizkor*, we request more than a mere mental act. We pray implicitly that by focusing on our loved ones' souls, God will take action on their behalf and save them from whatever pain they may be suffering, wherever they may be. At the same time, the implication is that this act of remembrance also constitutes a guarantee of Jewish continuity — well beyond just those we remember, and far beyond us as well. In remembering and in asking for God's remembrance, we request divine help in continuing our people's trajectory beyond ourselves, to achieve the ultimate aims of our people's history.

Yizkor is, in the end, not a prayer for the dead, but a promise by the living.

Rabbi Aaron Panken

MAY THESE MOMENTS of meditation link me more strongly with my closest companion in life — my soulmate, my friend, my confidant, my helping hand, my listening heart, my compass, my shining light.

In spite of death, our deep bonds of love are strong.

May I always be worthy of that love.

May the memory of our companionship lead me out of loneliness; may it awaken in me gratitude for that which still endures.

And may you rest forever in dignity and peace.

BLESSED IS THE ONE who is far beyond all the blessings and hymns, all the praises and words of comfort that we speak in the world. And blessed are those who are now far beyond my words, my praise, my voice — even my silence.

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For an Infant or Child

God of hope, God of strength —

As my heart aches in silence

I turn to You on this holy day for healing and comfort.

I pray to You, God of life, for renewal of spirit.

I long for the shelter of Your love.

May the soul of my beloved

be embraced by You forever with love and tenderness.

May the promise of this innocent young life

teach me to cherish sweetness and beauty,

and not give in to the bitterness I have tasted.

May the gift of memory bless each of my days.

Weep with me, God, Creator of life,

for the precious life whose songs were left unsung.

Weep with me, God, for the loss of my child —

a loss that is like no other.

Shelter me,

that I may be a source of care and shelter for those who need me.

Strengthen me,

that I may be a source of strength.

Be with me

in sorrow and joy, in moments of emptiness, and in the fullness of life.

REFLECTING ON THE DEATH of his 20-year-old son Uri, an Israeli soldier who died in the final hours of the 2006 Lebanon War, novelist David Grossman (b. 1954) said: "You have to understand that when something like this happens to you, you feel exiled from every part of your life. Nothing is home again, not even your body."

For One Who Died by Violence

קוֹל דָּמִי אֶחָיִךְ צִעֲקִים אֵלַי מִן־הָאֲדָמָה.

"Your brother's blood cries to Me from the ground." Genesis 4:10

Creator of life, Source of healing,
grant peace in Your great shelter of peace
to my loved one
whose life ended abruptly through an act of senseless violence.

With sadness I recall the joy that brought into the world;
that voice and face I will never forget.
May these precious memories console me.
Let there be light —
to guide my way through the shadow of loss.

I long with all my being
for an end to baseless hatred, war, and violence.
May a time come soon
when no one will suffer or die at the hands of another.

May my loved one's soul be embraced by You —
free of pain now, held in tenderness and love.
I will cherish forever this life now lost:
a blessing in the bond of life everlasting,
a blessing here and now.

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In Memory of a Parent Who Was Hurtful

Dear God,

You know my heart. Indeed, You know me better than I know myself, so I turn to You in these quiet moments of Yizkor.

My emotions swirl as I recite this prayer. The parent I remember was not kind to me. His/her death left me with a legacy of unhealed wounds, of anger and of dismay that a parent could hurt a child as I was hurt.

I do not want to pretend to love, or to grief that I do not feel, but I do want to do what is right as a Jew and as a son/daughter.

Help me, God, to subdue my bitter emotions that do me no good, and to find that place in myself where happier memories may lie hidden, and where grief for all that could have been, all that should have been, may be calmed by forgiveness, or at least soothed by the passage of time.

I pray that You, who raise up slaves to freedom, will liberate me from the oppression of my hurt and anger, and that You will lead me from this desert to Your holy place.

Rabbi Robert Saks

אֶל־תִּסְתֵּר פָּנֶיךָ מִמֶּנִּי, אֶל־תִּטְּבֹאֵר עֲבֹדָךְ, עֲזָרְתִּי הָיִיתָ.
אֶל־תִּטְּשֵׁנִי, וְאֶל־תַּעֲזֹבֵנִי, אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל.
כִּי־אָבִי וְאִמִּי עֲזָבוּנִי, וַיִּי יֹאסֶפְנִי.

Don't hide your face from me —
Don't push me away;
I depend on you.
I've looked to you for help —
please don't abandon me.

Adonai, may I find safety in You.
Though my mother and father forsake me,
the Eternal will take me in.

DON'T HIDE YOUR FACE, Psalm 27:9–10, with an interpretive translation.

Psalm

I am still on a rooftop in Brooklyn on your holy day.
 The harbor is before me, Governor's Island, the Verrazano Bridge
 and the Narrows.
 I keep in my head
 what Rabbi Nachman said about the world being a narrow bridge
 and that the important thing is not to be afraid.
 So on this day
 I bless my mother and father,
 that they be not fearful where they wander.
 And I ask you to bless them,
 and before you close your Book of Life, your Sefer Hachayim,
 remember that I always praised your world and your splendor
 and that my tongue tried to say your name on Court Street in Brooklyn.
 Take me safely through the Narrows to the sea.

Harvey Shapiro

YOU ARE NOT beautiful, exactly.
 You are beautiful, inexactly.
 You let a weed grow by the mulberry
 and a mulberry grow by the house.
 So close, in the personal quiet
 of a windy night, it brushes the wall
 and sweeps away the day till we sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:
 "Things that are lost are all equal."
 But it isn't true. If I lost you,
 the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.
 Someone would pull the weed, my flower.
 The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,
 I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.

Marvin Bell

מבוא

Mavo

נר א'

אֶבְדָן אֲהוּבִים

Ner 1:

Ovdan Ahuvim

נר ב'

כחות הנפש

Ner 2:

Kochot HaNefesh

נר ג'

קדשת הזכרון

Ner 3:

K'dushat HaZikaron

נר ד'

היחסים המקדשים

שלנו

Ner 4:

Ha-Y'chasim

Hamkudashim

Shelanu

נר ה'

על אֶבְדָן ועל קבלה

Ner 5:

Al Ovdan V'al

Kabbalah

נר ו'

הודאה

Ner 6:

Hodaah

נר ז'

שלום

Ner 7:

Shalom

Introduction

First Candle:
The Loss of
Loved OnesSecond Candle:
Inner Strength
and SurvivalThird Candle:
The Holiness
of MemoryFourth Candle:
Our Most Precious
RelationshipsFifth Candle:
AcceptanceSixth Candle:
GratitudeSeventh Candle:
Finding Peace**What Happens after Death?**

I find it hard to believe that all we are simply vanishes. I don't think we go to a physical place. After all, the essence, the soul, is not physical. As the Israeli scholar Adin Steinsaltz once remarked, to ask "where the soul goes is a nonsense question. The soul is not physical. Where does a dream go once it has been dreamt? Where does love go when it disappears?"

We cannot conceive of what life might be like if it is not material like this life. In this life we are tied to the tangible, except our deepest experiences tend to be things that are not really physical, like love, like memory. We cannot imagine what happens after death, but the poverty of our imagination does not prove that the world is not more creative than we know.

It is lovely to think that the loss of this world is a ticket price to the inheritance of the next. Maybe we step through this world as if through a corridor. A beautiful comment by Bronson Alcott, friend of Emerson and father of Louisa May Alcott, ties together the themes of failing memory and the world to come. As he grew older, Emerson started to lose his memory. He tried to get around it—once, forgetting the term "umbrella," he called it "the thing that strangers take away" — but it troubled him. He was consoled by Alcott, who made reference to the Platonic legend that human beings know all about this world but lose that knowledge the moment we are born. Likewise, he said that as we get older, we start to lose knowledge of this world in the form of failing memory, to prepare us for the next one. Each time we cannot remember something about this world, it is not a failing but a letting go.

Rabbi David Wolpe

Words of Healing

... and guides me in straight paths
for the sake of God's name.

Psalm 23:3

For personal reflection . . .

How do my feelings of grief differ for each person I have lost?

What is my personal prayer for each one?

What would I like each of them to know about me now?

Blessed is the life of every soul,
pure and bright the breath of God within us.

We pray —

Help us know the Infinite Wisdom that gives life and takes
it away.

Forgive us for anger, bitterness, and selfishness.

Teach us the language of healing.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.

מבוא

Mavo

נר א'

אֲבָדָן אֲהוּבִים

Ner 1:

Ovdan Ahuvim

נר ב'

כַּחוֹת הַנֶּפֶשׁ

Ner 2:

Kochot HaNefesh

נר ג'

קִדְשַׁת הַזִּכְרוֹן

Ner 3:

K'dushat HaZikaron

נר ד'

הַיְחָסִים הַמְקֻדָּשִׁים

שְׁלָנוּ

Ner 4:

Ha-Y'chasim

Hamkudashim

Shelanu

נר ה'

עַל אֲבָדָן וְעַל קִבְלָה

Ner 5:

Al Ovdan V'al

Kabbalah

נר ו'

הוֹדָאָה

Ner 6:

Hodaah

נר ז'

שְׁלוֹם

Ner 7:

Shalom

TEACH US THE LANGUAGE OF HEALING.

How shall the heart be reconciled
to its feast of losses?

(Stanley Kunitz, 1905–2006)

Introduction

First Candle:
The Loss of
Loved OnesSecond Candle:
Inner Strength
and SurvivalThird Candle:
The Holiness
of MemoryFourth Candle:
Our Most Precious
RelationshipsFifth Candle:
AcceptanceSixth Candle:
GratitudeSeventh Candle:
Finding Peace*Words of Healing*

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;
You have anointed my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

Psalm 23:5

For personal reflection . . .

What blessings were bestowed on me by the loved one(s) whom I have lost?
In what ways have I been cared for and sustained by others?
Who deserves my gratitude? Who is a blessing in my life today?

Blessed is the pilgrimage from grief to gratitude;
precious are the sights along the way.

We pray —

for humility: to see in all things the great Artist of Eternity;
for generosity: to respond to the gift of life by giving of ourselves;
for strength: to hold on to life — and let it go.

בָּרֻךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.

Introduction

*The 23rd Psalm*First Candle:
The Loss of
Loved OnesSecond Candle:
Inner Strength
and SurvivalThird Candle:
The Holiness
of MemoryFourth Candle:
Our Most Precious
RelationshipsFifth Candle:
AcceptanceSixth Candle:
GratitudeSeventh Candle:
Peace

No other psalm—perhaps no other prayer but the *Kaddish* itself—is as inseparable from our experience of grief and mourning as the twenty-third. One phrase, so simple and direct yet emotionally profound, has made it so: *ki atah imadi* (“For You are with me”). Or in the language of an earlier age: “for Thou art with me.” To arrive at those words after passing through “the valley of the shadow of death” is to know, in the words of Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman, that God “contains and supports us as a mighty ocean contains and supports the infinitesimal drops of every wave.” To arrive at those words is to feel at home in the cosmos—held and comforted, cared for and serene.

The twenty-third Psalm does not make promises that cannot be kept: the end of all evil; the eradication of suffering and pain; sunshine instead of shadows. It makes but one promise—only this: you are not alone.

*Mizmor l'David.**Adonai ro-i; lo echsar.**Binot deshe yarbitzeini;**al-mei m'nuchot y'nahaleini.**Nafshi y'shoveiv;**yancheini v'mag'lei-tzedek l'maan sh'mo.**Gam ki-eileich b'gei tzalmavet,**lo-ira ra, ki-atah imadi.**Shivt'cha umishantecha — heimah y'nachamuni.**Taaroch l'fanai shulchan neged tzor'rai.**Dishanta vashemen roshi;**kosi r'vayah.**Ach tov vacheses yird'funi kol-y'mei chayai;**v'shavti b'veit-Adonai l'orech yamim.*

מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד.

יְיָ רֹעִי, לֹא אֶחְסָר.

בְּנִאוֹת דֶּשֶׁא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי,

עַל מֵי מְנוּחוֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי.

נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב,

יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְּלֵי צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ.

גַּם כִּי אֵלֶךְ בְּגֵי צַלְמוֹת

לֹא אִירָא רָע כִּי אַתָּה עִמָּדִי.

שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הֵמָּה יִנְחֵמֵנִי.

תַּעֲרוֹךְ לִפְנֵי שֻׁלְחָן נֶגֶד צוֹרָי,

דִּשְׁנָתְךָ בְּשֶׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי,

כּוֹסֵי רוּחַ.

אֲךֹּ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי,

וּשְׁבַתִּי בְּבֵית יְיָ לְאֶרֶךְ יָמִים.

I

A Psalm of David.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul;

He guideth me in straight paths for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

II

With God as my shepherd I shall not want.

The Eternal makes me lie down in green pastures,

leads me beside the still waters,

restores my soul,

guides me in straight paths for the sake of God's name.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff — they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;

You have anointed my head with oil; my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

and I shall dwell in the house of the Eternal forever.

מבוא

Mavo

נר א'

אֶבְדָן אֲהוּבִים

Ner 1:

Ovdan Ahuvim

נר ב'

כַּחוֹת הַנֶּפֶשׁ

Ner 2:

Kochot HaNefesh

נר ג'

קִדְשַׁת הַזִּכְרוֹן

Ner 3:

K'dushat HaZikaron

נר ד'

הַיְחָסִים הַמְקֻדָּשִׁים

שֶׁלָנוּ

Ner 4:

Ha-Y'chasim

Hamkudashim

Shelanu

נר ה'

עַל אֶבְדָן וְעַל קַבְלָה

Ner 5:

Al Ovdan V'al

Kabbalah

נר ו'

הוֹדָאָה

Ner 6:

Hodaah

נר ז'

שְׁלוֹם

Ner 7:

Shalom

Memorial Prayer

*El malei rachamim,
shochein bam'romim,
hamtzei m'nuchah n'chonah
tachat kanfei hash'chinah —
im k'doshim ut-horim
k'zohar harakia mazhirim —
l'nishmot yakireinu
shehal'chu l'olamam.
Baal harachamim yastireim
b'seiter k'nafav l'olamim;
v'yitzror bitzror hachayim
et nishmatam.
Adonai — hu nachalatam.
V'yanuchu b'shalom al mishkavam.
V'nomar: Amen.*

Merciful God,
God Most High:
Let there be perfect rest
for the souls of our loved ones who have gone into eternity.
May they find shelter in Your presence among the holy and pure
whose light shines like the radiance of heaven.
Compassionate God, hold them close to You forever.
May their souls be bound up in the bond of life eternal.
May they find a home in You.
And may they rest in peace.
Together we say: *Amen*.

אל מלא רחמים,
שוכן במרומים.
המצא מנוחה נכונה
תחת כנפי השכינה
עם קדושים וטהורים
כְּזֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ מְזִהִירִים
לְנִשְׁמוֹת יִקְרִינוּ
שֶׁהֲלָכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.
בַּעַל הָרַחֲמִים יִסְתִּירֵם
בְּסֵתֶר כְּנָפָיו לְעוֹלָמִים,
וַיִּצְרֹר בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים
אֶת נִשְׁמָתָם.
יְיָ הוּא נַחֲלָתָם.
וַיַּנְחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכָּבָם.
וְנֹאמַר: אָמֵן.

הזכרת נשמות
Hazkarat N'shamot

אל מלא רחמים
El Malei Rachamim

כונות לקדיש
Kavanot LaKaddish

קדיש יתום
Kaddish Yatom

Preparing for Kaddish

1

May God's name be sanctified and praised.

May God's design for this world, for us and our people, lead us to justice and good.

May God, who decreed that all who live must die, teach us to accept death, yet with all our hearts desire life.

May God, whose plan for us is sometimes hidden, reveal the way to become stronger, having faced the trials of life — and may God, *Oseh Hashalom*, be for us a source of comfort, strength, and peace.

Together we say: *Amen*.

Rabbi James Kaufman and Rabbi David Frank (adapted)

2

We miss them at celebrations,
when there's an empty seat at the table.

We miss them when the community gathers,
and there's an empty place beside us.

We miss them today, and every today,
with every year that passes,
as our life goes on without them.

Their faces, their voices, the feel of our arms around them —
these are with us forever.

For so it is written:

Love is strong as death.

The love that we gave, the love we received —
these endure amid the pain of loss.

הזכרת נשמות

Hazkavat N'shamot

אל מלא רחמים

El Malei Rachamim

כונות לקדיש

Kavanot LaKaddish

קדיש יתום

Kaddish Yatom

LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH, Song of Songs 8:6.

הזכרת נשמות
Hazkavat N'shamot

אל מלא רחמים
El Malei Rachamim

כונות לקדיש
Kavanot LaKaddish

קדיש יתום
Kaddish Yatom

Mourner's Kaddish

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba,
b'alma di v'ra chiruteih.
V'yamlich malchuteih b'chayeichon
uvyomeichon,
uvchayei d'chol beit Yisrael —
baagala uvizman kariv;
v'imru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach
l'alam ul-almei almaya.
Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpaar
v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yit-hadar
v'yitaleh v'yit-halal sh'meih
d'kudsha — b'rich hu —
l'eila ul-eila mikol birchata v'shirata,
tushb'chata v'nechemata
daamiran b'alma;
v'imru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya,
v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael;
v'imru: Amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav,
Hu yaaseh shalom aleinu,
v'al kol Yisrael
v'al kol yoshvei teiveil;
v'imru: Amen.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרֵעוּתֵיהּ.
וְיַמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ
וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ,
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזְמַן קָרִיב.
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עֲלֵמְיָא.
יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר
וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלֵּל שְׁמֵהּ
דְּקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא,
לְעֵלָא וּלְעֵלְא מְכַל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא,
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא
דְּאִמִּירָן בְּעֵלְמָא.
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא,
וְחַיִּים עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְמֵי
הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל
וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל.
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

Yizkor List 5781

We remember our loved ones called to rest during 5780:

Martin Alper
Jaxson Axelrod
Randy Bank
Zissel Chana Bat Yitta Rivka
Lewis Bernard
Serita Blau
Archie Caplan
Clare Chait
Jeffrey Cohen
Steven Coleson
Rabbi Sissy Coran
Doug Cram
Jean Epstein
Ellen Garfield
Meryl Goldman
David Granatir
Norman Hecht
Edith Hill
Ernestine Holbin
Norman Kahn
Craig Kleiman
Haylee Kornbloom Shalaby
Dan Kothe
Herbie Leibovitz
Sanford Lowe

Fred Luper
Norma McCombs
Dolores Meltzer
Ron Miles
Randi Ostroff-Sass
Destine Penix
Enrique Perez
Matthew Perlstein
Evelyn Pevtzow
Michael Philips
Seymour Phillips
Fanya Rudkevich
Shaela Savage
Bob Schulte
Betty Seicol
Noel Seicol
Ada Slavin
Lori Sobul
David Sokol
Estelle Solomon
Alfred Spiegler
Michael Weeks
Jerome Wolf
Heidi Young



*May Their
Memories Be
A Blessing*