

YIZKOR

יזכור

Yizkor, which is recited on Pesach, Shavuot, and Shemini Atzeret, as well as on Yom Kippur, is a time set aside to formally include in our thoughts and prayers family and friends who have passed away. During these days, we stop to remember those we love - a parent, a spouse or partner, a sibling, and in some cases, we mourn the tragic death of a child. In reciting Yizkor, the veil between the worlds of the living and the dead becomes more transparent.

Literally, yizkor means “remember.” During the Yizkor service, we take time to reflect on the lessons – taught through both word and deed – that we have learned from those who came before us. We draw upon those lessons for inspiration to improve our lives. We also commit ourselves to take action through pledging tzedakah (charity) in honor of our departed. The gift of tzedakah is a beautiful and tangible act of remembrance. Our tradition teaches that the merits for the tzedakah that we give are credited to the souls of those whom we recall. Participating in a Yizkor Service thus provides an opportunity both to remember, as well as to have our souls touch the souls of those we have lost.

Some of us were born Jewish, some of us have chosen Judaism, and some of us are not Jewish. All of us today remember parents, friends, and family who are Jewish and not Jewish. We embrace each other with love and care, building community and sharing dreams.

As a community, we recognize that no one who has lived has escaped hurting another, whether intentionally or inadvertently. Some of us may still be carrying wounds that were made by those we once loved and now have lost. Just as we can be angry with God and still pray, so do we affirm our capacity to remember and mourn despite our complicated feelings.

Some people whose parents are living have a custom of leaving the service at this time, but even those who do not yet need to say the personal prayers of remembrance might remain and recite prayers for others as well as join in communal prayers.

May the memories of those we recall be a blessing in our lives.

יהוה מָה אָדָם וַתִּדְעֶהוּ, בֶן-אָנוֹשׁ וַתַּחֲשִׁבֵהוּ.

Adonai mah adam vateda'ehu, ben-enosh vat'chash'vehu.

אָדָם לְהֵבֵל דָּמָה, יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר.

Adam lahevel damah, yamav k'tzel over.

בַּבֹּקֶר יִצְיֵץ וְחָלַף, לָעֶרֶב יְמוּלֵל וְיָבֵשׁ.

Baboker yatzitz v'chalaf, la'erev y'molel v'yavesh.

לְמִנּוֹת יָמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדַעַ, וְנָבֵא לְבַב חֲכָמָה.

Limnot yameinu ken hoda, v'navi l'av chokhmah.

ADONAI, what are human beings that You take account of them,
mortals that You care for them?

Humans are as a breath, their days like a passing shadow.

In the morning they flourish anew, in the evening they shrivel and
die.

Teach us to count each day, that we may acquire a heart of wisdom.

—PSALM 144:3–4, 90:6, 90:12

For Yom Kippur:

On this solemn day we each make judgments about the quality of
our life.

*We re-examine our deeds and relationships with our community and
with others.*

We express our yearnings for a new year, a new beginning, a year
during which we commit ourselves to work toward bringing
health and peace to all.

*We long for a year when individually and communally we shall strive to
live in a way that is more reflective of the ideals that we cherish.*

Now, in the midst of looking at our life and assessing its quality, we
pause to reflect and to remember, and to dedicate ourselves anew.

For Festivals:

There is a time for everything, for all things under the sun:

*A time to be born and a time to die,
a time to laugh and a time to cry.
a time to dance and a time to mourn,
a time to seek and a time to lose,
a time to forget and a time to remember.*

This day in sacred convocation we remember those who gave us life.

*We remember those who enriched our lives with love and beauty,
kindness and compassion, thoughtfulness and understanding.*

We renew our bonds to those who have gone the way of all the earth, to those whose memory moves us this day.

As we reflect upon them, we seek consolation, and the strength and the insight born of faith.

The service continues here:

שְׁוִיטִי אֲדוֹנָי יְהוָה לְנֶגְדֵי תָמִיד, כִּי מִיְמִינִי בַל-אֲמוּט.

Shiviti Adonai l'negdi tamid, ki mimini bal-emet.

לֵבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדִי, אֶף-בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכַּן לְבַטָּח.

Lakhen samach libi vayagel k'vodi, af-b'sari yishkon lavetach.

God is always before me, at my right hand, lest I fall.

*Therefore I am glad, made happy, though I know that my flesh will lie
in the ground forever.*

—PSALM 16:8–9

The deaths of those we now recall left holes in our lives, but we are grateful for the gift of their love. May their memory, recalled this day, be a blessing for us and all who come to know us.

WE RECALL

Some of us recall parents who watched over us, nursed us, guided us, and sacrificed for us.

Some of us lovingly call to mind a wife, husband, or partner with whom we were truly united—in our hopes and our pains, in our failures and our achievements, in our joys and our sorrows.

Some of us remember brothers and sisters, who grew up together with us, sharing in the play of childhood, in the youthful adventure of discovering life's possibilities, bound to us by a heritage of family tradition and by years of togetherness and love.

Some of us call to mind children, entrusted to us too briefly, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust that enriched our lives.

So many of us recall beloved relatives and friends whose affection and devotion enhanced our lives, and whose visible presence will never return to cheer, encourage, or support us.

Though they are gone, we are grateful for the blessings they brought to our lives. We are sustained and comforted by the thought that their presence in our lives remains an enduring blessing that we can bequeath to others.

We can show our devotion to them by our devotion to those ideas that they cherished.

O God of love, make us worthy of the love we have received by teaching us to love You with all our heart and with all our soul and with all our might, and to spread the light of Your divine love on all whose lives touch ours.

Give us strength to live faithfully, for we are cheered by our confidence that You will not permit our lives to be wasted, but will bring all our worthy strivings to live on, even as we may not see their fulfillment.

—MORDECAI M. KAPLAN, EUGENE KOHN, AND IRA EISENSTEIN
(adapted from Mahzor Hadash)

MY PEACE

My peace is tied by a thread to
yours.

And the beloved holidays
and glorious seasons of the year—
with the wealth of fragrances,
flowers,
fruit, leaves, and winds,
the fog and the rain,
the sudden snow
and the dew—
are suspended on a thread of
longing.

I and you and the Sabbath.
I and you and our lives
in the last incarnation.
I and you
and the lie.
And the fear.
And the breaches.
I and you
and the Creator
of the heavens that have no shore.
I and you
and the riddle.
I and you
and death.

—ZELDA
(*trans. Marcia Falk*)

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

Looking backward, we recall our
ancestry.

*Looking forward, we confront our
destiny.*

Looking backward, we reflect on
our origins.

*Looking forward, we choose our
path.*

Remembering that we are a tree
of life, not letting go, holding
on, and holding to, we walk into
an unknown, beckoning future,
with our past beside us.

—HAROLD SCHULWEIS (*ADAPTED*)

YESH KOCHAVIM

Yesh kochavim ... there are stars
whose light reaches earth

Only when they themselves are
no more.

And there are people whose
radiance illumines our
memory

When they themselves are no
longer in our midst.

These lights that shine in the
darkest night

They light the way for humanity.

—HANNAH SENESH

IN MEMORY OF THOSE WE HAVE LOST

We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following and adding appropriate names as indicated. Personal prayers may be added.

In memory of male friends and relatives:

May God remember the soul of יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נַשְׁמַת

my father _____ אָבִי מוֹרִי

my husband _____ אִישִׁי

my partner _____ בֶּן זוגִי

my brother _____ אָחִי

my son _____ בְּנִי

my grandfather _____ סָבִי

my relative _____ קְרוֹבִי

my friend _____ חֵבְרִי

(other) _____

שְׁהֶלֶף לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֵבֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נַשְׁמָתוֹ.
אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתִהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע
שְׁמֵחוֹת אֶת-פְּנִיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life, I pledge *tzedakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may his soul be bound up in the bond of life.

May I prove myself worthy of the many gifts with which he blessed me. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties that link me to his memory. May he rest in peace forever in God's presence. *Amen.*

IN MEMORY OF THOSE WE HAVE LOST

We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following and adding appropriate names as indicated. Personal prayers may be added.

In memory of female friends and relatives:

May God remember the soul of יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נַשְׁמַת

my mother _____ אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי

my wife _____ אִשְׁתִּי

my partner _____ בֵּת זִוגִי

my sister _____ אַחֹתִי

my daughter _____ בָּתִּי

my grandmother _____ סֶבֶתִּי

my relative _____ קְרוֹבָתִי

my friend _____ חֵבְרָתִי

(other) _____

שְׁהֵלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֵבֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת
נַשְׁמָתָהּ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצְרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתִהִי מְנוּחָתָה
כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמֵחוֹת אֶת-פְּגִיחָהּ, נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמֶּינָהּ נֶצַח. אָמֵן.

who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life, I pledge *tzedakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may her soul be bound up in the bond of life.

May I prove myself worthy of the many gifts with which she blessed me. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties that link me to her memory. May she rest in peace forever in God's presence. *Amen.*

A MAN DOESN'T HAVE TIME

A man doesn't have time in his life
to have time for everything.
He doesn't have seasons enough to have
a season for every purpose. Ecclesiastes
was wrong about that.

A man needs to love and to hate at the same moment,
to laugh and cry with the same eyes,
with the same hands to throw stones and to gather them,
to make love in war and war in love.

And to hate and forgive and remember and forget,
to arrange and confuse, to eat and to digest
what history
takes years and years to do.

A man doesn't have time.
When he loses he seeks, when he finds
he forgets, when he forgets he loves, when he loves
he begins to forget.

And his soul is seasoned, his soul
is very professional.
Only his body remains forever
an amateur. It tries and it misses,
gets muddled, doesn't learn a thing,
drunk and blind in its pleasures
and its pains.

He will die as figs die in autumn,
shriveled and full of himself and sweet,
the leaves growing dry on the ground,
the bare branches already pointing to the place
where there's time for everything.

—YEHUDAH AMICHAI

IN EVERYTHING

In everything there is at least an eighth part
that is death. Its weight is not great.
With that secret and carefree grace
we carry it everywhere we go.
On lovely awakenings, on journeys,
in lovers' words, in our distraction
forgotten at the edges of our affairs
it is always with us. Weighing
hardly anything at all.

—LEA GOLDBERG
(translated by Rachel Tzvia Back)

A YIZKOR MEDITATION 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 before I rise for Kaddish.

My emotions swirl as I say 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 grieve that I do not feel, but I do want to do what is right as a Jew and as a child.

Help me, O 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.

—ROBERT SAKS

IN MEMORY OF CONGREGANTS:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמוֹת יְדִידֵינוּ חֲבָרֵי הַקְּהָל הַקְּדוֹשׁ הַזֶּה שֶׁהָלְכוּ
לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תַּהְיֶינָה נְפִשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתֵהִי
מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׂבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת-פְּנִיָּה, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָךְ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of our friends, members of this holy congregation, who have gone to their eternal home. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties that link us to their memory. May they rest in peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

Exalted, compassionate God, comfort the bereaved families of this congregation. Help us to perpetuate everything that was worthy in the lives of those no longer with us, whom we remember this day. May their memory endure as a blessing. And let us say: Amen.

IN MEMORY OF MARTYRS:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמוֹת כָּל-אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת נַפְשָׁם עַל
קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. הַנְּגִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֵבֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְּכָרָת נְשָׁמָתָם. אָנָּה
יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַד גְּבוּרָתָם וּמְסִירוֹתָם וַיִּרְאֶה בְּמַעֲשֵׂינֵינוּ טָהוֹר לְבָבָם
וְתַהְיֶינָה נְפִשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתֵהִי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד,
שְׂבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת-פְּנִיָּה, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָךְ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of the martyrs of our people, who gave their lives for the sanctification of God's name. In their memory do I pledge tzedakah. May their bravery, their dedication, and their purity be reflected in our lives. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

**IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED IN DEFENSE OF THE
STATE OF ISRAEL AND IN ACTS OF TERROR**

יִזְכֹּר עַם יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶת בְּנָיו וּבָנוֹתָיו, הַנָּאֲמָנִים וְהָאֲמִיץִים, חַיְלֵי צָבָא-
הַגָּנָה לְיִשְׂרָאֵל, וְכָל לִוְחָמֵי הַמַּחְתָּרוֹת וְחֲטִיבוֹת הַלְּוַחְמִים בְּמַעֲרֻכּוֹת
הָעַם, וְכָל אַנְשֵׁי קְהִילוֹת הַמּוֹדֵיעִין וְהַבִּטְחוֹן וְאַנְשֵׁי הַמִּשְׁטָרָה אֲשֶׁר
חָרְפוּ נַפְשָׁם בְּמַלְחָמָה עַל תְּקוּמַת יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְכָל אֵלֶּה שֶׁנִּרְצְחוּ
בְּאַרְץ וּמְחוּצָהּ לָהּ בְּיַד מְרַצְחִים מְאָרְגָנֵי הַטָּרוֹר.
יִזְכֹּר יִשְׂרָאֵל וְיִתְבָּרַךְ בְּזִרְעוֹ וְיֶאֱבֵל עַל זֵיו הָעֲלוּמִים וְחֻמַּדַּת הַגְּבוּרָה
וְקִדְשַׁת הָרָצוֹן וּמִסִּירוֹת הַנֶּפֶשׁ אֲשֶׁר נִסְפוּ בְּמַעֲרָכֵי הַכְּבֵדָה. יִהְיוּ
חֲלָלֵי מַעֲרֻכּוֹת יִשְׂרָאֵל עֲטוּרֵי הַנֶּצְחוֹן חַתוּמִּים בְּלֵב יִשְׂרָאֵל לְדוֹר
דוֹר.

May the people of Israel remember their sons and daughters who
exposed themselves to mortal danger in those days of struggle prior
to the establishment of the State of Israel and may they remember the
soldiers of the Israeli Defense Forces who fell in the wars of Israel, as well
as all those inside and outside the land who have fallen in terror attacks.
May the people of Israel keep them in their memory; let them mourn
the splendor of youth, the charm of valor, the holiness of will, and the
devotion of sacrifice which came to an end in the heavy battles. May the
loyal and valiant heroes of freedom and victory be sealed forever within
the hearts of Israel.

The light of life is a finite flame. Like the Shabbat candles, life is kindled.
Like the Hannukah candle, it is enough for one day yet a beacon through
the ages. It burns, it glows, it radiates warmth and beauty, and then it
fades and is no more.

We must not despair. We are more than a memory vanishing in the
darkness. With our lives we give life. With our light we illumine the
darkness. Something of us can never die; we move in the eternal cycle of
darkness and death, of light and life.

The human spirit is the light of God, penetrating one's most intimate
being. (Proverbs 20:27)

EL MALEI RACHAMIM IN MEMORY OF THE SIX MILLION:

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמְצִיא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת
כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה, בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים, כְּזֹהֵר הַרְקִיעַ מְזֵהִירִים,
לְנַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם שֶׁל רַבּוֹת אֲלֵפֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁנִּשְׁבְּחוּ בְשׂוֹאָה, אֲנָשִׁים
וְנָשִׁים, יְלָדִים וְיְלָדוֹת, שֶׁנֶּחֱנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ וְשֶׁנֶּהְרְגוּ, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן תְּהִי
מְנוּחָתָם. אֲנָא בְּעַל הָרַחֲמִים, הַסְתִּירָם בְּסִתְרֵךְ כַּנְפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים.
וְצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. ייִ הוּא נַחֲלָתָם. וַיְנוּחוּ בְשָׁלוֹם
עַל מִשְׁכַּבּוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמֵר אָמֵן.

Exalted, compassionate God, grant infinite rest in Your sheltering Presence, among the holy and the pure, to the souls of the millions of Jews: men, women, and children who were slaughtered, strangled, and burned in the Shoah. May they rest in paradise. Master of mercy, may they find perfect peace beneath Your sheltering wings, and may their souls be bound up in the bond of life. Adonai is their portion. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

EL MALEI RACHAMIM IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD:

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמְצִיא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת
כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה, בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים, כְּזֹהֵר הַרְקִיעַ מְזֵהִירִים,
לְנַשְׁמוֹת חַבְרֵי קְהַלֵּת סִינַי וְאֵת כָּל-אֵלֶּה שֶׁהִזְכַּרְנוּ הַיּוֹם לְבִרְכָה,
שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן תְּהִיא מְנוּחָתָם. אֲנָא בְּעַל הָרַחֲמִים
הַסְתִּירָם בְּסִתְרֵךְ כַּנְפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת
נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. ייִ הוּא נַחֲלָתָם. וַיְנוּחוּ בְשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבּוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמֵר
אָמֵן.

Exalted, compassionate God, grant infinite rest in Your sheltering Presence, among the holy and the pure, to the souls of the members of Congregation Sinai, along with all those whom we recall today. May their memory be a blessing, and may they rest in paradise. Master of mercy, may they find perfect peace beneath Your sheltering wings, and may their souls be bound up in the bond of life. Adonai is their portion. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

PSALM 23

תהלים כג

MIZMOR L'DAVID

מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד

Adonai ro-i, lo echsar.

יהוה רעִי, לא אֶחָסֵר.

*Binot desheh yarbitzeini,
al mei menuchot yenhaleini.*

בְּנֵאוֹת דֶּשֶׁא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי,
עַל מֵי מְנוּחוֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי.

*Nafshi yeshovev,
yancheini v'ma'g'lei-tzedek l'ma-an shemo.*

נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב,
יִנְחֵנִי בַמַּעְגָּלִי-צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ.

*Gam ki elekh b'gei tzalmavet,
lo ira ra ki ata imadi,
shivt'cha u'mishantekha hema y'nachamuni.*

גַּם כִּי אֵלֶךְ בְּגֵי אֲצַלְמוֹת,
לֹא אִירָא רָע כִּי אַתָּה עִמָּדִי,
שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הֵמָּה יִנְחַמְנִי.

*Ta'aroch l'fanai shulchan neged tzor'rai,
dishanta vashemen roshi, kosi r'vayah.*

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שֻׁלְחָן נֶגֶד צָרָרִי,
דִּשְׁנַת בִּשְׁמֵן רֹאשִׁי, כּוֹסֵי רוּיָהּ.

*Ach tov va-chesed yird'funi kol-y'mei chayai,
v'shavti b'veit Adonai l'orekh yamim.*

אֵךְ טוֹב וַחֶסֶד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל-יְמֵי חַיָּי,
וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבַיִת יְהוָה לְאָרְךָ יָמִים.

A PSALM OF DAVID

Adonai is my shepherd, I shall not want.

God gives me repose in green meadows, and guides me over calm waters.

God will revive my spirit and direct me on the right path—for that is God's way.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no harm, for You are at my side.

Your staff and Your rod comfort me.

You prepare a banquet for me in the presence of my foes,

You anoint my head with oil, my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and kindness will follow me all the days of my life,

And I shall dwell in the house of Adonai forever.

קדיש יתום

Mourners:

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,
בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְרָא, כְּרַעוּתָהּ,
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵיהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב,
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Congregation and Mourners:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

Mourners:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם
וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל
שְׁמֵהּ דְקַדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא,
לְעָלְמָא (בעשי"ת לְעָלְמָא מְכַל) מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמַתָּא דְאִמְרוּן בְּעָלְמָא,
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמֵיָא,
וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

MOURNER'S KADDISH

Mourners:

*Yitgaddal v'yitkaddash sh'meih rabba, b'alma di v'ra, ki-r'uteih, v'yamlikh malkhuteih b'chayyeikhon u-v'yomeikhon u-v'chayyei d'khol beit yisra-el, ba-agala u-viz'man kariv, v'imru **amen**.*

Congregation and mourners:

Y'hei sh'meih rabba m'varakh l'alam u-l'almei almayya.

Mourners:

*Yitbarakh v'yishtabbach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnassei v'yit-haddar v'yit-alleh v'yit-hallal sh'meih d'kudsha, b'rikh hu, l'eilla [l'eilla mi-kol] min kol birkhata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechamata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru **amen**.*

Y'hei sh'lama rabba min sh'mayya v'chayyim aleinu v'al kol yisra-el, v'imru **amen**.

Oseh shalom bi-m'romav hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-el, v'imru **amen**.

May God's great name be exalted and hallowed throughout the created world, as is God's wish. May God's sovereignty soon be established, in your lifetime and in your days, and in the days of all the House of Israel. And say: *Amen*.

May God's great name be blessed for ever and all time!

Blessed and celebrated, lauded and worshipped, exalted and honored, extolled and acclaimed be the name of the Holy One, who is blessed, beyond any blessing and praise, or any expressions of gratitude or consolation ever spoken in the world. And say: *Amen*.

May there be abundant peace from heaven, and life for us and all Israel. And say: *Amen*.

May the One who brings peace on high bring peace for us and all Israel. And say: *Amen*.

FOUR POEMS BY YEHUDA AMICHAI

UNTITLED

Forgetting someone is like
forgetting to turn off the light in
the backyard
so it stays lit all the next day

But then it is the light that makes
you remember.

UNTITLED

The world is filled with
remembering and forgetting
like sea and dry land. Sometimes
memory
is the solid ground we stand on,
sometimes memory is the sea that
covers all things
like the Flood. And forgetting
is the dry land that saves, like
Ararat.

[. . .]

And every person is a dam
between past and future.
When he dies the dam bursts, the
past breaks into the future,
And there is no before or after. All
times becomes one time
like our God: our time is one.
Blessed be the memory of the
dam.

AN ETERNAL WINDOW

In a garden I once heard
a song or an ancient blessing

And above the dark trees
a window is always lit, in memory

Of the face that looked out of it,
and that face too

Was in memory of another
lit window

UNTITLED

When a man dies, they say
“He was gathered unto his
fathers.”

As long as he is alive, his fathers
are gathered within him,
each cell of his body and soul
a delegate from one of his
thousands of fathers
since the beginning of time.