

# חדש ימיו

YIZKOR BOOK

5784 ♦ 2023–24



## A MESSAGE FROM RABBI BORIS

After a difficult few years of pandemic life, it seems like our world is slowly starting to heal. We remember those years as we do our best to try to make sense of what we have lived through, and hope that we as individuals and as a society have learned important lessons from the experience. Yet we know that no matter how much things might normalize in our lives, no matter how much time passes, we will never be the same.

Similarly, after the loss of a loved one, the path of healing and growth is unending. Our lives are forever different. We miss the moments of love and connection as we feel the loss of our loved one every day. Yet, hidden within the moments of darkness, light, hope and meaning can start to emerge. We can find new ways of understanding our own lives and relationships and even gain new perspectives to guide us forward.

Jewish tradition reminds us that, no matter how much things return to normal, we can never forget our past. In fact, the entire Jewish calendar of holidays and rituals keeps us in a constant flux of celebration and memorial, reminding us that we honour life best when we can experience both the joys and challenges. We will never be the same after loss, yet we can take the growing wisdom gained from that experience to help us live our lives fully and do our best to inspire others to do the same.

Connected to each of the names in this Yizkor book are eternal reminders of the individual stories of our loved ones. As they dwell on these pages with so many other names, they can be a reminder of the power of community and of the many ways that we support each other and do our best to live our lives with intention as we hold on to their memory.

Let us remember our loved ones as we make their stories forever a part of ours.

Rabbi Boris

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This is the 6th edition of the Dorshei Emet Yizkor Book. When we started this project we were looking for a suitable way to honour the people we loved and who have left us, as well as filling an ongoing need in our community. We have achieved both objectives, and we thank all those who have worked on this project as well as all those who have honoured their loved ones.

The 5784 edition was made possible through the excellent work of Bernie Weinstein (chair), Rabbi Boris Dolin, Liora Adler, Mona Baumgarten, Ellayne Kaplan, Yolande Martel, Rebecca Morris and Dorothy Stober. We also acknowledge the support of our office staff, especially Cynthia Weinstein (Executive Director), Davina Shapiro (Coordinator of Office Services) and Linda Axler (Bookkeeper).

This Yizkor Book represents the efforts of many individuals, from the book's conception in 2018 to its current state. Initially including only basic prayers and a small selection of readings, the Dorshei Emet Yizkor Book has been enriched by many new texts – prayers, poems and practical guides to fulfilling the many acts that relate to loss and mourning.

So much of this richness was contributed by Rabbi Jonathan Cohen z"l. Jonathan first presented a reading in 2019 and soon after that became the Chair of the Content Subcommittee. Having served as a pulpit rabbi, Jonathan was sensitive to the varied needs experienced by mourners and, due to his breadth of knowledge, he was able to continue to provide relevant material year after year. In addition to being a source of wisdom, Jonathan performed his role as Chair with humility and humanity, ensuring that each committee member, as well as the members of our community, felt valued. We will always appreciate Jonathan's contribution to our Yizkor Book.

Many texts in this Yizkor Book are taken from Rabbi Ron Aigen's *Hadesh Yameinu Siddur* and *Maḥzor*.

The following selections are from *Kol Haneshamah: Prayerbook for the Days of Awe*, © 1999, The Reconstructionist Press, <JewishReconBooks.org>: "For a Grandmother" (Lea Goldberg, translated by Marcia Falk, p. 1019-1020); "For a Grandfather" (Dana Shuster, p. 1021); "For a Parent" (author unknown, p. 1023); "For a Suicide" (Adrienne Rich, p. 1026); "On Healing" (Marjorie Pizer, p. 1026).

The following selections are from *On the Doorposts of Your House – Al Mezuzot Beitecha: Prayers and Ceremonies for the Jewish Home*, edited by Chaim Stern, © CCAR Press, 1994, 2010: "On Returning Home After a Funeral"; "At the Grave of a Loved One"; "For Lighting a Yahrzeit Candle"; "After a Stillbirth or Upon the Death of a Young Child".

Les extraits suivants sont de Delphine Horvilleur, *Vivre avec nos morts*, © Éditions Grasset & Fasquelle, 2021: « La bougie »; « Sous terre et au ciel »; « La mort et la vie »; « Kaddish »; « Les pierres sur la tombe »; « *Shema Israël* ».

*Kri'ah* – Initialement publié en décembre 2015 dans la revue *Tenou'a* – Accessible sur <[www.tenoua.org](http://www.tenoua.org)> – Reproduit avec l'autorisation de l'auteure.

"A Candle in a Glass," by Marge Piercy, from *The Art of Blessing the Day: Poems with a Jewish Theme*, Alfred A. Knopf, 2000.

"Separation," by W. S. Merwin, from *Migration: New and Selected Poems*, © 1963, 2005 by W. S. Merwin. Reprinted with the permission of The Permissions Company, LLC on behalf of Copper Canyon Press, <<https://www.coppercanyonpress.org/>>.

"Praise Me (*Loyb mikh*)," by Aaron Zeitlin, English translation by Emanuel S. Goldsmith, from *I Really Love Yiddish*, © 1998 by Emanuel S. Goldsmith, The Workmen's Circle Publishers.

"I Will Take with Me (*Khvel mitnemen*)," by Rokhl Korn, from *Farbitene vor, lider* (Altered Reality, Poems), Yisroel-bukh, Tel Aviv, 1977 (with permission of the author's family). Translated by Sheva Zucker and Mayer Landau, *Rachel Korn Selected Poems Translated from Yiddish*, by Mayer Landau, 1986.

« Hashkiveinu », du *Siddour Sefat Hanechamah*, Rabbin François Garaï (éditeur), Genève, 2000, <[siddour\\_sefat\\_hanechamah.pdf](http://siddour_sefat_hanechamah.pdf) (beth-hillel.org)>.

« Psaume 23 », de la *Bible du Rabbinate*, 1899.

« Un temps pour tout », de la *Bible du Rabbinate*, 1899.

"A Time for Everything," from *The Holy Scriptures: A New Translation*, JPS, 1917.

"Psalm 90," by Stephen Mitchell, from *A Book of Psalms*, © 1993 by Stephen Mitchell. Used by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Excerpt from *Man's Search for Meaning*, by Viktor E. Frankl, © 2006, reprinted by permission of Beacon Press, Boston.

Excerpt from *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*, by Harold S. Kushner, © 1981, reprinted by permission of Penguin Random House.

"Life is a Journey," by Rabbi Alvin Fine, from *Gates of Repentance*, edited by Chaim Stern, © CCAR Press.

"To Begin Again," by Rabbi Naomi Levy, from *To Begin Again, the Journey Toward Comfort, Strength, and Faith in Difficult Times*, by Rabbi Naomi Levy, © Penguin Random House.

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## יִזְכֹּר MEMORIAL SERVICE

*Traditionally, Yizkor is recited only by those who have lost one of the following immediate relatives: father, mother, husband, wife, sister, brother, son or daughter. It is also permissible, however, to recite the memorial prayers for other relatives or friends. While it is the custom in many communities for those who are not reciting Yizkor to leave the room, we encourage everyone to stay, including children, in order to experience how their parents honour the memory of loved ones.*

### PRELUDES TO YIZKOR

All things from the earth return to the earth,  
But the Eternal's spirit lives on.

All that is false and unjust is destroyed,  
But what is true abides forever.

Wealth unjustly gotten comes to an end like a torrent,  
And like a watercourse that is mighty in a thunderstorm.

But kindness shall never be undone,  
And righteousness is established forever.

Our lives number days but few,  
But the life of Israel will endure for eternity.

Lay up for yourself a treasure of righteousness and love,  
And it shall profit you more than all that you have.

יהוה מָה-אָדָם וַתִּדְעֵהוּ בֶן-אָנוּשׁ וַתַּחשְׁבֵהוּ:  
Eternal One, what are mortals that you regard them?  
What is humanity that you take account of it?

אָדָם לְהֵבֵל דָּמָה יָמָיו כְּצֵל עֹבֵר:  
We are like a breath,  
Our days like a fleeting shadow.

*Psalm 144*

...בְּחֶצִיר יִחְלֹף: בְּבֹקֶר יִצִּיץ וְחֹלֶף לְעָרֵב יִמּוּלֵל וַיָּבֶשׁ:  
We are like new-grown grass;  
in the morning it flourishes and sprouts afresh,  
in the evening it is cut down and withers.

לְמִנּוֹת יָמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדֵעַ וְנִבֵּא לִבֵּב חֲכָמָה:  
So teach us to number our days  
that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

*Psalm 90*

שְׁמֹר-תָּם וְרֹאֵה יֵשׁוּר כִּי-אַחֲרִית לְאִישׁ שָׁלוֹם:  
Mark the innocent one, and behold the upright;  
for there is a future for the peaceful one.

*Psalm 37*

אֲנִי-אֱלֹהִים יִפְדֶּה נַפְשִׁי מִיַּד שָׂאוֹל כִּי יִקְחֵנִי סָלָה:  
God will redeem my soul from the grasp of the grave;  
God will receive me.

*Psalm 49*

כָּלָה שְׂאִירִי וּלְבָבִי צוּר-לִבִּי וְחֹלְקִי אֱלֹהִים לְעוֹלָם:  
The flesh and the heart fail,  
but God is my strength of heart and my portion for ever.

*Psalm 73*

וַיֵּשֶׁב הָעָפָר עַל-הָאָרֶץ כְּשֶׁהָיָה  
וְהָרוּחַ תָּשׁוּב אֶל-הָאֱלֹהִים אֲשֶׁר נָתַתָּה:  
The dust returns to the earth as it was,  
but the spirit returns unto God who gave it.

*Ecclesiastes 12*

# YIZKOR

## *Memorial Service*

### *THE GIFT OF MEMORY*

We turn our thoughts to yesterday...to a world that lives only in our memory.

As we recall the days gone by, we know the past is irretrievable. Yet — through the gift of memory, we recapture treasured moments and images.

We are thankful for the happiness we knew with those no longer here, with whom we lived and laughed and loved.

We praise the Eternal wellspring of life who links yesterday to tomorrow. We affirm that despite all the tragedy bound up with living, it is still good to be alive.

We understand that there can be no love without loss, no joy without sorrow. May we have the courage to accept the all of life — the love and the loss — the joy and the sorrow, as we remember them.

*Evelyn Mehlman*



### *BLESSED ARE YOU*

Blessed are you who has given each man a shield of loneliness so that he cannot forget you. You are the truth of loneliness and only your name addresses it. Strengthen my loneliness that I may be healed in your name, which is beyond all consolations that are uttered on this earth. Only in your name can I stand in the rush of time, only when this loneliness is yours can I lift my sins toward your mercy.

*Leonard Cohen*



Reader:

Our God and God of our ancestors, we have come to sanctify our fleeting lives by linking them with Yours, O Life of the Ages. In You the generations past, present and future are all united in one bond of life. In our communion with You, we call to mind the lives of those through whom we have come to know of Your abounding grace and love. All the wisdom, beauty and tender affection that have enriched our lives are the garnered fruits of our communion with other souls. Many of those to whom we owe all the spiritual treasures that we most value are alive with us today, and we pray that we may be able to reward their goodness and their devotion to us by acts of love and loyalty. But others have passed forever from our midst, leaving us a heritage of tender memories which crowd into our minds on this sacred day.

Reader and Congregation:

Some of us recall at this hour the image of beloved parents who, even before we were born, had prepared a secure home for us in which we could find shelter during our years of helplessness and dependence, who watched over us with solicitous care, nursed us, guided us, and taught us to know You, to trust You as our Divine Parent and to commit ourselves to Your law of righteousness. Some of us call to mind a wife or a husband with whom we were so united by the sacred covenant of marriage that we became one flesh and one spirit. Some of us remember brothers and sisters, who grew up together with us, sharing in the play of childhood, in the youthful adventure of exploring life's possibilities, bound to us by a common heritage of family tradition and a faithful comradeship that enhanced the joys and mitigated the sorrows of life through the divine power of love. Some of us cannot forget children, entrusted for a while to our care but called away by death before they had time even to reach the years of maturity and

fulfillment, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received that trust and confidence which enriched our lives. All of us recall some beloved persons whose friendship, affection and devotion elicited the best in us, and whose visible presence will never return to cheer, encourage or inspire us.

Reader:

No longer can we express by deeds, which might do them good, our appreciation of all that they have done for us or meant to us. Only by thinking of their lives as part of Your eternal life and of their love as part of Your infinite love can we express our gratitude for the blessings that we enjoyed in our communion with them. Only by shedding love about us as freely as love was bestowed upon us can we discharge the debt we owe them. We are sustained and comforted by the thought that the integrity, generosity and courage they displayed are an enduring blessing which we can bequeath to our descendants. We can still serve our dead by serving You, by bringing to fruition those holy purposes and pious intentions which they cherished in life but could not carry to completion. We can show our devotion to them by persevering in the pursuit of those ideals which they acknowledged but which they, being human like ourselves and, like us, subject to weakness, error and sin, could not in their brief lifetime achieve.

Reader and Congregation:

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 holy love on all whose lives touch ours. Give us strength to live faithfully, and, when our time comes, to die bravely, cheered by the confidence that You will not suffer our lives to be wasted, but will bring all our worthy strivings to fulfillment. Amen.

Recited silently in memory of father, brother, husband, son:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמַת	May God remember the soul of
אָבִי מוֹרִי . . . .	my father, my teacher . . . . .
אָחִי . . . .	my brother . . . . .
בְּעָלִי . . . .	my husband . . . . .
בְּנִי . . . .	my son . . . . .
שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.	who has gone to his eternal home.
אָנָּה תְּהֵא נַפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה	May his soul be bound up
בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים	in the bond of life,
וְתֵהָא מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד.	and may he be at peace,
שֶׁבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ	with fullness of joy
נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמִּינְךָ נִצָּח:	in the comfort of your eternal Presence.
אָמֵן:	Amen.

*Psalm 16*

Recited silently in memory of mother, sister, wife, daughter:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמַת	May God remember the soul of
אִמִּי מוֹרֵתִי . . . .	my mother, my teacher . . . . .
אָחוֹתִי . . . .	my sister . . . . .
אִשְׁתִּי . . . .	my wife . . . . .
בָּתִּי . . . .	my daughter . . . . .
שֶׁהָלָכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.	who has gone to her eternal home.
אָנָּה תְּהֵא נַפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה	May her soul be bound up
בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים	in the bond of life,
וְתֵהָא מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד.	and may she be at peace,
שֶׁבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ	with fullness of joy
נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמִּינְךָ נִצָּח:	in the comfort of your eternal Presence.
אָמֵן:	Amen.

*Psalm 16*

אל מלא רחמים	<i>EL MALEI RAHAMIM</i>
אל מלא רחמים	God, full of compassion,
שוכן במרומים	dwelling on high,
המצא מנוחה נכונה	grant perfect rest
תחת כנפי השכינה	under the wings of the Shekhinah,
במעלות קדושים וטהורים	among the holy and pure
בזהר הרקיע מזהירים	who shine as the light of the firmament,
את נשמות כל אלה	to the souls of all our beloved kin
שהזכרנו היום לברכה:	whom we recall with blessing on this day.
אנא בעל הרחמים	Master of compassion,
הסתירים בסתר כנפיה	gather them forever
לעולמים	in the shelter of your wings;
ויצרר בצרור החיים	may their souls be bound up
את נשמותיהם.	in the bond of life.
יהוה הוא נחלתם	The Eternal is their inheritance,
וינוחו בשלום על משכבותם:	may they rest in peace,
ונאמר אמן:	and let us say: Amen.

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El malei rahamim, shokhein ba-meromim, hamtzei menuḥah nekhonah taḥat kanfei ha-shekhinah, be-ma'alot kedoshim u-t'horim ke-zohar ha-raki'a' mazhirim, et nishmot kol eilleh she-hizkarnu ha-yom li-vrakhah.  
 Anna ba'al ha-rahamim hastireim be-seiter kenafekha le-olamim; u-tzror bi-tzror ha-hayim et nishmoteihem. Adonai hu naḥalatam ve-yanuḥu ve-shalom 'al mishkevotam. Ve-nomar amen.

## ADDITIONAL READINGS

### *MEDITATIONS FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE*

But what is a human being? Are we simply skin, flesh, blood, veins, nerves, muscle and tissue? No! That which constitutes the real person is the soul, the rest being only the garments that cover our inner essence. When a person departs this earth, she puts off her outer coverings and continues to live by virtue of her soul, which is immortal.

*Zohar*



My mother once said to me, “When one sees the tree in leaf one thinks the beauty of the tree is in its leaves, and then one sees the bare tree.”

*Samuel Menashe quoting  
Sarah Brana Barak*



One wears his mind out in study, and yet has more mind with which to study. One gives away his heart in love, and yet has more heart to give away. One perishes out of pity for a suffering world, and is the stronger therefore. So, too, it is possible at one and the same time to hold on to life and let it go . . .

*Milton Steinberg*



When we are dead, and people weep for us and grieve, let it be because we touched their lives with beauty and simplicity. Let it not be said that life was good to us, but, rather, that we were good to life.

*Jacob P. Rudin*



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*

## *KRI'AH*

Le premier signe juif du deuil est appelé la *Kri'ah*, la déchirure. Il s'agit d'un arrachement, d'une encoche faite dans un tissu. À travers ce geste, les endeuillés que nous sommes disent sans recourir aux mots ce qu'est la mort : une fracture brutale des liens qui nous unissent, une rupture dans la fabrique de nos existences. Et le tissu arraché porte à jamais une marque, une absence que rien ne pourra combler, le trou, le manque de tout ce que ces femmes et ces hommes auraient dit, créé, pensé, engendré.

*Rabbine Delphine Horvilleur*

## *LA BOUGIE*

La tradition juive veut qu'entre le décès et le moment de l'inhumation, on place près du corps du disparu une bougie qui symbolise la présence de son âme, restée vive. Ce rite énonce une vérité profonde : quelque chose de la vie de celui ou celle qui nous quitte est incandescent pendant ces quelques jours. C'est un temps où la vie qui part étincelle d'une manière particulière, et tous ceux qui s'en approchent le perçoivent, cette lumière peut mettre le feu au monde ou au contraire aider à voir ce qui jusqu'alors restait dans l'obscurité la plus totale.

*Rabbine Delphine Horvilleur*

## SHEMA ISRAËL

C'est alors qu'autour du lit de mort d'un être cher, des hommes et des femmes prononcèrent les mots que les juifs se murmurent encore, à chaque génération, à chaque départ :

« *Shema Israël, Adonai Elohenou Adonai Eh'ad.* »

« Écoute Israël, l'Éternel notre Dieu l'Éternel Un. »

« *Shema Israël* » – Écoute, toi Jacob que l'on appelle aussi Israël, sache que celui que tu nommes Dieu, « *Adonai* » – qui a guidé tes pas et ceux de tes ancêtres, « *Elohenou* » – ce Dieu est aussi le nôtre, « *Adonai Eh'ad* » – ton Dieu et le nôtre ne font qu'Un.

À chaque génération qui part, ces mots résonnent encore. Ils disent que malgré tous les combats qu'il a fallu mener, toutes ces « gémellités qui luttent en nous », tout ce qui nous fait passer à côté les uns des autres ou de nous-mêmes, il existe une possibilité de faire Un.

Tel est l'engagement solennel que les juifs prennent à l'heure du passage, faire que quelque chose de celui qui part intègre leur vie pour s'unir à ce qu'ils deviendront.

Ils disent à celui qui meurt : Fils ou fille d'Israël, écoute ce qui de toi va continuer à vivre en nous, uni à nous pour toujours.

*Rabbine Delphine Horvilleur*

## ON RETURNING HOME AFTER A FUNERAL

*In Jewish tradition, a mourner is identified as being a child, spouse, sibling, or parent of the deceased. Others, however, may also wish to use the following prayers and meditations.*

Out of the depths I cry to You, Eternal One,  
hear my supplication.

A heavy burden has fallen upon us and sorrow has bowed our heads. And now we turn to You, the Source of life, for comfort and help. Give us the eyes to see that pain is not Your will, that somewhere there weeps with us One who feels our trouble and knows the suffering of our souls. We seek the light that will dispel the darkness that has overtaken us. Let us find it in the love of family and friends, in the sources of healing that are implanted within all the living, in the mind that conquers infirmity and trouble. Grant us the strength to endure what is inescapable, the wisdom to accept what cannot be undone, and the courage to go on without bitterness or despair. Amen.

נֵיר לְרַגְלִי דְבָרְךָ, וְאוֹר לְנִתְיָבְתִּי. בְּאוֹרְךָ נִרְאָה אוֹר. *Neir l'rag-li d'va-reh-cha, v'or li-n'ti-va-ti. B'o-r'cha-nir-eh or.*

Your word, O God, is a lamp to my feet, a light to my path.  
By Your light shall we see light.

## THE MEMORIAL LIGHT IS KINDLED

נֵיר יְיָ נִשְׁמַת אָדָם. *Neir Adonai nish-mat a-dam.*

Your light, O God, burns in the human soul.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ, נוֹטֵעַ בְּתוֹכֵנוּ חַיֵּי עוֹלָם. *Ba-ruch a-ta Adonai, no-tei-a b'to-chei-nu cha-yei o-lam.*

We praise You, O God: You have implanted within us eternal life.



## SOUS TERRE ET AU CIEL

À chaque enterrement juif, juste avant de lire le kaddish, on accompagne le disparu jusqu'à sa tombe en chantant un poème liturgique nommé « *el male rah'amim* ».

Au cœur de ce texte poignant, dialoguent des voix et des histoires contraires, des images inconciliables mais qui forment ensemble une prière ancestrale.

On y prie ainsi pour que Dieu offre « en ce lieu » un repos à nos disparus, et dans un même souffle, pour qu'ils partent reposer au jardin d'Éden. Leur âme « rejoint les hauteurs sublimes du firmament » mais simultanément reste ici-bas, « accrochée aux vies » de ceux qui leur survivent.

Ainsi, les juifs au cimetière disent dans une seule et même prière: les morts sont sous terre et ils sont au ciel, ils sont ici et ailleurs, leur âme immortelle s'unit au divin, mais les disparus n'existent plus que dans nos souvenirs.

Pour chercher nos morts, il faut être capable de regarder simultanément dans toutes ces directions, sous terre comme au ciel, à la fin de l'histoire comme à son tout début.

Ainsi s'explique l'incapacité juive à définir une croyance et une seule, un langage et un seul, pour évoquer l'après-vie.

Pour le judaïsme, l'impossibilité de la dire est ce qui raconte la mort. Elle est un au-delà du mot, qui exige pour en parler de n'utiliser que la langue de l'inconciliable: accepter qu'elle soit ceci et cela à la fois, qu'elle habite un monde où les mots n'ont pas leur place.

*Rabbine Delphine Horvilleur*

## KADDISH

« *Yitgadal veyitkadash shemei rabba...* »

Le kaddish n'est pas la prière des morts, contrairement à ce que pensent certains. C'est une liturgie qui ne parle ni de disparition ni de deuil, mais qui glorifie Dieu, chante ses louanges et énumère sous la forme d'une longue litanie tous les aspects de Sa grandeur.

« *Veyitadar veyithale veyitalal...* » – « Il est élevé, et haut, et digne de louanges... »

On y entend comme un mantra de sonorités très répétitives, des mots murmurés dans une langue qui n'est pas de l'hébreu, mais de l'araméen.

Selon la légende, les anges, messagers du divin, ont le pouvoir d'intercepter toutes nos prières pour les porter vers les sphères célestes. Ils seraient capables de comprendre tout ce que l'humanité formule, dans toutes les langues et les patois qui couvrent la Terre, à l'exception d'un seul : l'araméen. Allez savoir pourquoi, cette langue-là, ils ne la maîtrisent pas.

Si notre prière araméenne ne peut être interceptée, c'est qu'elle peut donc parvenir directement au Créateur. Cette petite histoire, parmi tant d'autres, contribue à donner au kaddish un statut à part, celui d'une prière presque magique.

D'autres légendes talmudiques lui prêtent d'étranges pouvoirs et affirment qu'elle constitue la plus puissante des liturgies ascensionnelles. Réciter le kaddish à la mémoire d'un disparu contribuerait à l'élévation rapide de son âme, propulsée vers les hauteurs sublimes de sa réunification avec son Créateur.

*Rabbine Delphine Horvilleur*

## לויב מיך

לויב מיך, זאָגט גאָט,  
וועל איך וויסן, אַז דו האָסט מיך ליב.  
שעלט מיך,  
וועל איך וויסן אַז דו האָסט מיך ליב.  
לויב מיך אָדער שעלט מיך,  
וועל איך וויסן אַז דו האָסט מיך ליב.

זינג אויס די גנאָדן מיינע,  
זאָגט גאָט.  
הייב פֿײַסטן קעגן מיר און לעסטער,  
זאָגט גאָט.  
זינג מיינע גנאָדן אָדער לעסטער –  
אויך לעסטער איז לויב, זאָגט גאָט.

נאָר אויב דו זיצסט  
אין דיין גלייכגילט פֿאַרצוימט,  
אין דיין וואָס־אַרט־מיך פֿאַרגרענעצט,  
זאָגט גאָט,  
אויב דו קוקסט אויף די שטערן  
און גענעצסט,  
זאָגט גאָט,  
אויב דו זעסט יסורים  
און שטורעמסט נישט אויף;  
אויב נישט דו לויבסט און  
נישט דו לעסטערסט,  
האָב איך אומזיסט דיך געשאַפֿן,  
זאָגט גאָט.

## PRAISE ME

Praise me, says God,  
I will know that you love me.  
Curse me,  
I will know that you love me.  
Praise me or curse me,  
I will know that you love me.

Sing out my graces,  
says God.  
Raise your fist against me and revile,  
says God.  
Sing my graces or revile,  
Reviling is also praise, says God.

But if you sit  
Fenced off in your apathy,  
Entrenched in "I don't give a damn,"  
says God,  
If you look at the stars  
and yawn,  
says God,  
If you see suffering  
And don't cry out,  
If you don't praise and  
don't revile,  
Then I created you in vain,  
says God.

*Aaron Zeitlin, trans. Emanuel S. Goldsmith*

## AT THE GRAVE OF A LOVED ONE

*Either of the following might be said silently or aloud.*

God of all generations, what are we, that You care for us? What is our worth, that You take account of us? We are a breath, a passing shadow. But You are the God of heaven and earth; none who trust in You shall be forsaken.

Standing at the grave of \_\_\_\_\_, I give thanks for all that was good, true, and beautiful in his (her) life. May his (her) memory be a source of blessing and comfort to us all.

- or -

To this sacred place I come, drawn by the eternal ties that bind my soul to yours. Death has separated us. You are no longer at my side to share the beauty of the passing moment. I cannot look to you to lighten my burdens, to lend me your strength, your counsel, your faith. And yet what you mean to me neither withers nor fades. For a time we touched hands and hearts; still your voice abides within me, still your tender glance remains a joy to me. For you are part of me for ever; something of you has become a deathless song upon my lips. And so beyond the ache that tells how much I miss you, a deeper thought compels: we were together. I hold you still in mind, and give thanks for life and love. The happiness that was, the memories that do not fade, are a gift that cannot be lost. You continue to bless my days and years. I will always give thanks for you.

## LES PIERRES SUR LA TOMBE

Les juifs n'ont pas l'habitude de fleurir les tombes mais ils y placent ces petites pierres, si emblématiques. La plupart des gens en ignorent la signification.

Il y a longtemps, lorsque les morts étaient enterrés sur le bord des routes ou dans les champs, il fallait à tout prix signaler la présence d'une sépulture à ceux qui voyageaient là, et plus particulièrement à une catégorie de la population qu'on appelle les « Cohen ». Ces membres de la famille sacerdotale ont, selon la loi biblique, interdiction de s'approcher d'un cadavre. Entrer en contact avec la mort les rendrait impurs et incapables de remplir leurs fonctions de prêtre au Temple. Les pierres posées sur une tombe signalaient donc à ces Cohen de passage qu'ils devaient s'éloigner du lieu.

Avec le développement des cimetières clos, la tradition des cailloux a perduré, mais d'autres sens plus symboliques s'y sont greffés. Contrairement aux fleurs qui fanent, les cailloux restent et disent la force du souvenir. Ils racontent la place inaltérable qu'occupent les disparus dans la vie de ceux qui leur survivent.

Et puis, le caillou, en hébreu, porte un nom particulier, dont le signifiant caché a valeur de puissant symbole. Un caillou se dit *Ebben*, et ce mot une fois fendu, en révèle deux qu'il semble avoir fait fusionner, « ab » et « ben » – « le parent » et « l'enfant ».

Poser un caillou sur une tombe, c'est déclarer à celui ou celle qui y repose que l'on s'inscrit dans son héritage, que l'on se place dans l'enchaînement des générations qui prolongent son histoire. La pierre dit la filiation, réelle ou fictive, mais toujours véritable.

*Rabbine Delphine Horvilleur*

## LA MORT ET LA VIE

Dans cette langue, le cimetière porte un nom a priori absurde et paradoxal. Il s'appelle *Beit haH'ayim*, la « maison de la vie » ou la « maison des vivants ». Il ne s'agit pas d'une tentative de nier la mort ou de la conjurer en l'effaçant, mais au contraire de lui adresser un message clair, en la plaçant hors du langage. Lui faire savoir que sa présence évidente en ce lieu ne signe pas pour autant sa victoire, et affirmer que, non, même ici, elle n'aurait pas le dernier mot.

Les juifs prennent très au sérieux un verset de la Thora, formulé dans le livre du Deutéronome, sous la forme d'un ordre divin : « J'ai placé devant toi la vie et la mort, dit l'Éternel. Et toi, tu choisiras la vie ! » (Deutéronome 30,19) Alors, pour prouver qu'ils appliquent le Commandement à la lettre, ils la convoquent en toute circonstance.

*LeH'ayim*, « À la vie ! », disent-ils chaque fois qu'ils lèvent un verre, en un pied de nez au morbide. La mort a beau toquer à leur porte très souvent, tenter de s'inviter fréquemment dans leur histoire, les juifs s'obstinent à faire comme s'ils pouvaient ne pas lui ouvrir, et avaient les moyens de lui dire : « Désolé, on n'est pas là. Repassez plus tard ! » Même au cimetière, ils la chassent et lui lancent : « Va voir là-bas si on y est. »

*Rabbine Delphine Horvilleur*

## FOR LIGHTING A YAHRZEIT CANDLE

*The family is gathered at dusk, on the evening before the anniversary of the death.*

### A GROUP SAYS:

At this moment, in memory of our beloved \_\_\_\_\_, we join hands in love and remembrance. A link has been broken in the chain that has bound us together, yet strong bonds of home and love hold us each to the other.

We give thanks for the blessing of life, of companionship, and of memory. We are grateful for the strength and faith that sustained us in the hour of our bereavement. Though sorrow lingers, we have learned that love is stronger than death. Though our loved one is beyond our sight, we do not despair, for we sense our beloved in our hearts as a living presence.

### AN INDIVIDUAL SAYS:

At this moment, I pause for thought in memory of my beloved \_\_\_\_\_.

I give thanks for the blessing of life, of companionship, and of memory. I am grateful for the strength and faith that sustained me in the hour of my bereavement. Though sorrow lingers, I have learned that love is stronger than death. Though my loved one is beyond my sight, I do not despair, for I sense my beloved in my heart as a living presence.

*The 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm, pages 82–83, or another favorite passage from the Bible or Prayer-book, might now be recited.*

Sustained by words of faith, comforted by precious memories, we (I) kindle the Yahrzeit light in remembrance. As this light burns pure and clear, so may the blessed memory of the goodness of our (my) dear \_\_\_\_\_ illumine our souls (my soul).

THE LIGHT IS KINDLED

FOR A MALE

זְכוֹנוֹ לְבִרְכָּה.

*Zich-ro-no li-v'ra-cha.*

His memory is a blessing.

FOR A FEMALE

זְכוֹנָהּ לְבִרְכָּה.

*Zich-ro-nah li-v'ra-cha.*

Her memory is a blessing.

TO BEGIN AGAIN

In the years since my father's death, I have learned to trust, to hope, and to laugh again. After my first marriage, I somehow learned how to open my eyes, my heart, and my arms again. Throughout our lives we will, we should, feel the pain of our losses, the scars still present even after much time has passed.

But we will also feel the strength of our spirit, the ability to persevere in the face of pain. The power to dream despite the many nightmares of existence. The stamina to push forward into the future carrying our past with us all the while. This is the power of God within us. This is our hope, our salvation. This is how we begin again.

*Rabbi Naomi Levy*



## השכיבנו

הַשְׁכִּיבֵנוּ יְהוָה  
אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם  
וְהַעֲמִידֵנוּ מִלְכָּנוּ לְחַיִּים  
וּפְרוֹשׁ עָלֵינוּ סֶכֶת שְׁלוֹמְךָ  
וְתַקְנֵנוּ בְּעֶצֶה טוֹבָה מִלִּפְנֶיךָ  
וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ לְמַעַן שְׁמֶךָ:  
וְהִגֵּן בְּעֵדְנוּ וְהָסֵר מֵעָלֵינוּ  
אוֹיֵב דָּבָר וְחָרֵב וְרָעָב וְיָגוֹן  
וְהָסֵר שָׁטָן מִלִּפְנֵינוּ וּמֵאַחֲרֵנוּ  
וּבְצֵל כְּנָפֶיךָ תִּסְתִּירֵנוּ  
כִּי אֵל שׁוֹמְרָנוּ וּמַצִּילֵנוּ אַתָּה  
כִּי אֵל מֶלֶךְ  
חַנּוּן וְרַחוּם אַתָּה:  
וּשְׁמֹר יְצִאתָנוּ וּבֹאֵנוּ  
לְחַיִּים וּלְשָׁלוֹם  
מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם  
וּפְרוֹשׁ עָלֵינוּ סֶכֶת שְׁלוֹמְךָ:  
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה  
הַפּוֹרֵשׁ סֶכֶת שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ  
וְעַל כָּל עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל  
וְעַל יְרוּשָׁלַיִם:

## HASHKIVEINU

Eternal One our God,  
cause us to lie down in peace,  
and raise us up to life, our Sovereign.  
Spread over us your shelter of peace,  
guide us with your good counsel;  
save us for your name's sake.  
Shield us and remove from our path all  
enmity, disease, war, famine and sorrow;  
remove all obstacles from before and behind us,  
and shelter us in the shadow of your wings.  
For you are a protecting and saving Power;  
truly, a sovereign Power,  
gracious and compassionate are you.  
Guard our going and our coming  
in life and in peace  
now and for all eternity.  
Spread over us your shelter of peace.  
Blessed are you, Eternal One,  
who spreads your shelter of peace over us,  
over all your people Israel,  
and over Jerusalem.

## *HASHKIVEINU*

Éternel notre Dieu,  
fais que nous nous endormions dans l'apaisement  
et que nous nous réveillions pour la vie.  
Dresse au-dessus de nous Ton pavillon de paix.  
Inspire-nous de hautes pensées  
et entoure-nous de Ta protection.  
Préserve-nous des conflits et des luttes,  
de la disette et de la détresse,  
éloigne de nous les causes de la faute et de l'erreur,  
écarte de nos pas la pierre d'achoppement  
et abrite-nous à l'ombre de Tes ailes.  
Car Tu es notre Gardien et notre Sauveur,  
le Dieu tendre et compatissant.  
Que le Seigneur protège tes allées et venues,  
pour la vie et la paix,  
désormais et durant l'éternité.  
Dresse au-dessus de nous Ton pavillon de paix.  
Béni sois-Tu Éternel,  
qui dresse Ton pavillon de paix au-dessus de nous,  
au-dessus de tout Ton peuple Israël  
et de Jérusalem.

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Hashkiveinu adonai, eloheinu le-shalom ve-ha'amideinu malkeinu le-ḥayyim. U-fros 'aleinu sukkat she-lomekha, ve-takneinu be-'eitzah tovah milfanekha; ve-hoshi'einu le-ma'an she-mekha. Ve-hagein ba-'adeinu ve-haseir mei'aleinu oyeiv, dever, ve-ḥerev ve-ra'av ve-yagon; ve-haseir satan milfaneinu u-mei-aḥareinu u-ve-tzeil ke-nafekha tastireinu. Ki eil shomreinu u-matzileinu attah; ki eil melekh, ḥanun ve-raḥum attah. U-sh'mor tzeiteinu u-vo'einu le-ḥayyim u-le-shalom, mei'attah ve-ad 'olam. U-fros 'aleinu sukkat she-lomekha. Barukh attah adonai, ha-poreis sukkat shalom 'aleinu ve-'al kol ammo yisrael ve-'al yerushalayim.

## *A TIME FOR EVERYTHING*

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill and a time to heal, a time to break down and a time to build up;

A time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to seek and a time to lose, a time to keep and a time to cast away;

A time to rend and a time to sew, a time to keep silence and a time to speak;

A time to love and a time to hate, a time for war and a time for peace.

*Ecclesiastes 3:1-8*

## *UN TEMPS POUR TOUT*

Il y a un temps pour tout, et chaque chose a son heure sous le ciel.

Il est un temps pour naître et un temps pour mourir, un temps pour planter et un temps pour déraciner ce qui était planté;

un temps pour tuer et un temps pour guérir, un temps pour démolir et un temps pour bâtir;

un temps pour pleurer et un temps pour rire, un temps pour se lamenter et un temps pour danser;

un temps pour jeter des pierres et un temps pour ramasser des pierres, un temps pour embrasser et un temps pour repousser les caresses;

un temps pour chercher et un temps pour perdre, un temps pour conserver et un temps pour dissiper;

un temps pour déchirer et un temps pour coudre, un temps pour se taire et un temps pour parler;

un temps pour aimer et un temps pour haïr, un temps pour la guerre et un temps pour la paix.

*L'Ecclésiaste 3:1-8*

*PSALM 90 (interpretive version)*

Lord, through all generations  
  you have been our strength and our home.  
Before the mountains were born  
  or the oceans were brought to life,  
  for all eternity, you are.  
A thousand years in your sight  
  are like yesterday when it passes.  
You return our bodies to the dust  
  and snuff out our lives like a candleflame.  
You hurry us away; we vanish  
  as suddenly as the grass:  
in the morning it shoots up and flourishes,  
  in the evening it wilts and dies.  
For our life dissolves like a vision  
  and fades into air like a cloud.  
We live for seventy years,  
  or eighty, if we are strong—  
years filled with pain and suffering;  
  they pass, and we fly away.

Teach us how short our time is;  
  let us know it in the depths of our souls.  
Show us that all things are transient,  
  as insubstantial as dreams,  
and that after heaven and earth  
  have vanished, there is only you.  
Fill us in the morning with your wisdom;  
  shine through us all our lives.  
Let our hearts soon grow transparent  
  in the radiance of your love.  
Show us how precious each day is;  
  teach us to be fully here.  
And let the work of our hands  
  prosper, for our little while.

*Stephen Mitchell*

## *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.

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*

### SEPARATION

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

*W. S. Merwin*

There are stars whose radiance is visible on Earth though they have long  
been extinct. There are people whose brilliance continues to light the world  
even though they are no longer among the living. These lights are particu-  
larly bright when the night is dark. They light the way for humankind.

*Hannah Szenes*

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הָעוֹלָם מָלֵא זְכִירָה וְשִׁכְחָה  
כְּמוֹ יָם וַיִּבָּשָׁה. לַפַּעַמִּים הַזֵּכֶר  
הוּא הַיִּבְשָׁה הַמוֹצֵקֶת וְהַקִּימָה  
וְלַפַּעַמִּים הַזֵּכֶר הוּא הַיָּם  
שֶׁמְכַסֶּה הַכֹּל  
כְּמוֹ בַּמָּבּוּל וְהַשִּׁכְחָה הִיא יִבְשָׁה  
מַצִּילָה כְּמוֹ אֲרָרַט.

The world is full of remembering and forgetting  
like sea and dry ground. Sometimes memory  
is the dry ground, solid and enduring,  
and sometimes memory is the sea that covers  
everything  
like the Flood; and forgetting is the dry ground,  
that rescues like Ararat.

11

כְּשֶׁאָדָם מֵת, אוֹמְרִים עָלָיו,  
נֶאֱסַף אֶל אֲבוֹתָיו.  
כָּל זְמַן שֶׁהוּא חַי, אֲבוֹתָיו  
נֶאֱסָפִים בּוֹ,  
כָּל תַּא וְתָא בְּגוּפוֹ וּבְנַפְשׁוֹ  
הוּא נִצְיָג.  
שֶׁל אֶחָד מֵרַבְּבוֹת אֲבוֹתָיו  
מִתְחִלַת כָּל הַדּוֹרוֹת.

When a man dies, they say of him, "He was  
gathered unto his ancestors."  
As long as he is alive, his ancestors are gathered  
within him;  
each and every cell of his body and soul  
is an emissary  
of one of his countless ancestors from  
the beginning of all the generations.

*Yehuda Amichai*

## *LIFE IS WORTH LITTLE UNLESS. . .*

Lately I have been thinking about what the goal of life should be. At best, one's life is short. Our life may be kind or harsh, easy or difficult, but the time passes before we realize it. An old person wants to live no less than a young person. The years of life do not satisfy the hunger for life. What then shall we do during this time?

We can reach either of two conclusions. The first is that since life is so short we should enjoy it as much as possible. The second is that precisely because life is short and no one can completely enjoy it (for we die with half our desires unsatisfied), therefore we should dedicate life to a sacred and worthy goal, to sacrifice it for something which will be valued above life. At times the first feeling is stronger and at others the second one. Of late, however, I think that the second feeling is dominant. It seems that I am slowly coming to the conclusion that life by itself is worth little unless it serves something greater than itself.

*Eldad Pan (killed in Israel's War of Independence  
at the age of twenty)*

We must never forget that we may also find meaning in life even when confronted with a hopeless situation, when facing a fate that cannot be changed. For what then matters is to bear witness to the uniquely human potential at its best, which is to transform a personal tragedy into a triumph, to turn one's predicament into human achievement. When we are no longer able to change a situation...we are challenged to change ourselves.

*Viktor E. Frankl*



לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

*EACH OF US HAS A NAME*

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

Each of us has a name

שֶׁנָּתַן לוֹ אֱלֹהִים

given us by God,

וְנָתַנוּ לוֹ אָבִיו וְאִמּוֹ

and by our father and mother.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

Each of us has a name

שֶׁנָּתַנוּ לוֹ קוֹמָתוֹ וְאִפֶּן חִיוֹכוֹ

given us by our stature and smile,

וְנָתַן לוֹ הָאָרֶיג

and by the clothes we wear.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

Each of us has a name

שֶׁנָּתַנוּ לוֹ הַהָרִים

given us by the mountains

וְנָתַנוּ לוֹ בְּתֻלָּיו

and the walls within which we live.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

Each of us has a name

שֶׁנָּתַנוּ לוֹ הַמַּזְלוֹת

given us by the planets

וְנָתַנוּ לוֹ שְׁכֵנָיו

and by our neighbours.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

Each of us has a name

שֶׁנָּתַנוּ לוֹ חַטָּאִיו

given us by our sins

וְנָתַנָּה לוֹ בְּמִיָּהָתוֹ

and by our aspirations.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

Each of us has a name

שֶׁנָּתַנוּ לוֹ שׂוֹנְאָיו

given us by our enemies

וְנָתַנָּה לוֹ אֲהֻבָּתוֹ

and by those we love.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

Each of us has a name

שֶׁנָּתַנוּ לוֹ חֲגֵיוֹ

given us by our feast days

וְנָתַנָּה לוֹ מְלָאכְתּוֹ

and by our work.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם	Each of us has a name
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ תְּקוּפוֹת הַשָּׁנָה	given us by the seasons
וְנָתַן לוֹ עִוְרוֹנוֹ	and by our blindness.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם	Each of us has a name
שְׁנָתָן לוֹ אֱלֹהִים	given us by God
וְנָתַנוּ לוֹ אָבִיו וְאִמּוֹ	and by our father and mother.

לְכָל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם	Each of us has a name
שְׁנָתָן לוֹ הַיָּם	given us by the sea
וְנָתַן לוֹ	and by the way
מוֹתוֹ.	we die.

*Zelda  
trans., Chaim Stern*

Strange is our situation here on Earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose. From the standpoint of daily life, however, there is one thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men — above all for those upon whose smiles and well-being our own happiness depends.

*Albert Einstein*

## *LIFE IS A JOURNEY*

Birth is a beginning  
And death a destination.  
But life is a journey,  
A going – a growing  
From stage to stage.

From childhood to maturity  
And youth to age.  
From innocence to awareness,  
And ignorance to knowing.  
From foolishness to discretion,  
And then, perhaps, to wisdom.

From weakness to strength  
Or strength to weakness –  
And often, back again.  
From health to sickness  
And back, we pray, to health again.

From offence to forgiveness,  
From loneliness to love,  
From joy to gratitude,  
From pain to compassion,  
And grief to understanding –  
From fear to faith.

From defeat to defeat to defeat –  
Until, looking backward or ahead,  
We see that victory lies  
Not at some high place along the way,  
But in having made the journey,  
Stage by stage –  
A sacred pilgrimage.

Birth is a beginning,  
And death a destination.  
But life is a journey,  
A sacred pilgrimage  
Made stage by stage –  
From birth to death  
To life everlasting.

*Rabbi Alvin Fine*

God, who neither causes nor prevents tragedies, helps by inspiring people to help. As a nineteenth-century Hasidic rabbi once put it, “human beings are God’s language.” God shows His opposition to cancer and birth defects, not by eliminating them or making them happen only to bad people (He can’t do that), but by summoning forth friends and neighbors to ease the burden and to fill the emptiness.

*Harold S. Kushner*

## LOVE SONG

You didn't want to leave me,  
But you had no choice  
You whispered my name,  
With tear drops in your voice,  
You slammed the ball with vigor  
I loved to watch you play  
How was I to know  
You weren't here to stay  
I kissed your steady hand  
Still warm and strong,  
Your scent caressed me,  
All night long  
I don't know how to tell you  
Just the way I feel  
I write it down on paper  
And pretend you're real  
You'll always be my love  
No matter where you are  
On a tennis court, or on a brilliant star

*Aviva Ravel*

## כל הדורות שלפני

כל הדורות שלפני תרמו אותי  
קמעה קמעה  
בדי שאוקם כאן בירושלים  
בבת אחת, כמו בית תפלה  
או מוסד צדקה.  
זה מחייב. שמי הוא שם תורמי.  
זה מחייב.

אני מתקרב לגיל

מות אבי. צואתי

מטלאת בהרבה טלאים.

אני צריך לשנות את חיי ואת מותי  
יום יום כדי לקיים את כל הנבואות  
שנבאו אותי. שלא יהיו שקר.  
זה מחייב.

עברתי את שנת הארבעים. יש

משרות שבהן לא יקבלו אותי

בשל כך. אלו הייתי באושוויץ,

לא היו שולחים אותי לעבוד,

היו שורפים אותי מיד.

זה מחייב.

## ALL THE GENERATIONS BEFORE ME

All the generations before me  
donated me, bit by bit, so that I'd be  
erected all at once  
here in Jerusalem, like a house of prayer  
or charitable institution.  
It binds. My name's my donors' name.  
It binds.

I'm approaching the age  
of my father's death. My last  
will's patched with many patches.  
I have to change my life and death  
daily to fulfill all the prophecies  
prophesied for me. So they're not lies.  
It binds.

I've passed forty.  
There are jobs I cannot get  
because of this. Were I in Auschwitz  
they would not have sent me out to work,  
but gassed me straightaway.  
It binds.

Yehuda Amichai  
trans., Harold Schimmel

## FOR A GRANDMOTHER

My mother's mother died  
in the spring of her years,  
and her daughter forgot her face.  
Her portrait, engraved  
on my grandfather's heart,  
was erased from the world of images  
when he died.

In the house, just her mirror remained,  
sunk with age in its silver frame.  
And I, the pale grandchild  
who does not resemble her,  
peer into it today as into a lake  
that hides its treasures underwater.

Deep behind my face,  
I see a young woman—  
pink-cheeked, smiling,  
a wig on her head—  
threading a long-looped earring  
through the tender flesh of her lobe.

Deep behind my face,  
shines the bright gold of her eyes.  
And the mirror passes on  
the family lore:  
She was very beautiful.

Lea Goldberg (translated by Marcia Falk)

מִתָּה אִמָּה שֶׁל אָמִי  
בְּאֵיב יָמֶיהָ. וּבִתָּה  
לֹא זָכְרָה אֶת פָּנֶיהָ. דִּיּוּקָנָה הִחְרוּט  
עַל לְבֹ שֶׁל סָבִי  
נִמְחָה מֵעוֹלָם הַדְּמוּיוֹת  
אַחֲרֵי מוֹתוֹ.

רַק הָרָאִי שְׁלָה נִשְׁתִּיר בְּבֵית.  
הַעֲמִיק מֵרֵב שָׁנִים בְּמִשְׁבָּצַת הַפֶּסֶף.  
וְאֲנִי, נִכְדָּתָה הַחֲוָרֶת. שְׁאִינָנִי דוֹמָה לָהּ,  
מִבִּיטָה הַיּוֹם אֶל תּוֹכוֹ כְּאֵל תּוֹךְ  
אֲגָם הַטּוֹמֵן אוֹצְרוֹתָיו  
מִתַּחַת לַמַּיִם.

עֶמֶק מָאָד, מֵאַחֲוֵרֵי פָנִי,  
אֲנִי רוֹאָה אִשָּׁה צְעִירָה  
וְרֵדֶת לְחַיִּים מְחֻכָּת.  
וּפֹאָה נִכְרִית לְרֹאשָׁה.  
הִיא עוֹנֶדֶת  
עָגִיל מֵאַרְךָ אֶל תְּנוּף אֲזָנָה. מִשְׁחִילָתָהּ  
בְּנֶקֶב בְּפֶשֶׁר הָעֶנֶג  
שֶׁל הָאֶזֶן.

עֶמֶק מָאָד, מֵאַחֲוֵרֵי פָנִי, קוֹרֶנֶת  
זְהוּבִית בְּהִירָה שֶׁל עֵינֶיהָ.  
וְהָרָאִי מִמְּשִׁיף אֶת מִסְרָת  
הַמִּשְׁפָּחָה:  
שֶׁהִיא הִיתָה יָפָה מָאָד.



## FOR A GRANDFATHER

My grandfather was a farmer.  
The day before he died  
he planted a garden  
A garden that nourished his family  
through the sunless season of  
mourning  
far into the golden season of harvest.

My grandfather was a farmer.  
Before he died  
he planted a lifetime of seeds.  
Diligently he planted honesty and  
reverence;

Inadvertently he planted gentleness and  
humor—  
Bounty enough to nourish me  
all the seasons of my life  
far into the planting season of my child.

*Dana Shuster*

## FOR A PARENT

In many houses  
all at once  
I see my mother and father  
and they are young  
as they walk in.

Why should  
my tears come,  
to see them laughing?

That they cannot  
see me  
Is of no matter.

I was once  
their dream;  
now  
they are mine.

*Author Unknown*

## HEIRLOOM

My father bequeathed me no wide estates;  
No keys and ledgers were my heritage;  
Only some holy books with *yahrzeit* dates  
Writ mournfully upon a blank front page —

Books of the Baal Shem Tov, and of his wonders;  
Pamphlets upon the devil and his crew;  
Prayers against road demons, witches, thunders;  
And sundry other tomes for a good Jew.

Beautiful: though no pictures on them, save  
The Scorpion crawling on a printed track;  
The Virgin floating on a scriptural wave,  
Square letters twinkling in the Zodiac.

The snuff left on this page, now brown and old,  
The tallow stains of midnight liturgy —  
These are my coat of arms, and these unfold  
My noble lineage, my proud ancestry!

And my tears, too, have stained this heirloomed ground,  
When reading in these treatises some weird  
Miracle, I turned a leaf and found  
A white hair fallen from my father's beard.

A.M. Klein

## כ'וועל מיטנעמען

כ'וועל מיטנעמען מיט זיך די לאַנקעס גרינע  
און פֿון מיין טאַטנס סאַך דעם ריח פֿון וויינשלאַצוויט,  
די שמאַלע סטעזשקע צווישן תבואה־לאַנעס,  
וואָס געדענקט נאָך מייע קינדערישע טריט.

כ'וועל מיטנעמען די פּוכיק ווייסע כמאַרעס  
ס'זאָל ווייכער זיין דעם קאַפּ אַוועקצולייגן  
און מיין מאַמעס מידן, אויסגעצערטן שמייכל  
ער זאָל זיין צוקאַפּנס פֿון דעם גרויסן שווייגן.

כ'וועל מיטנעמען מיט זיך דעם אַטעם פֿונעם וואָרט  
אין זיין לויטערסטן טרויער און שטילסטן פֿאַרקלער —  
כ'וועל מיטנעמען מיט זיך מיין ערשטע ליבע  
און מיין לעצטע טרער.

## *I WILL TAKE WITH ME*

I will take with me the green meadows  
And from my father's orchard, the scent of cherry blossoms,  
The narrow path between the fields of wheat,  
That still remembers my childish footstep.

I will take the fluffy white clouds  
To rest my head more softly  
And my mother's pinched and weary smile  
To lay at the head of the great silence.

I will take with me the breath of the word  
In its purest grief and most quiet reflection –  
I will take with me my first love  
And my last tear.

*Rokhl Korn, trans. Sheva Zucker*

## *WE MOTHERS*

We mothers,  
we gather seeds of desire  
from oceanic night,  
we are gatherers  
of scattered goods,

We mothers  
pacing dreamily  
with the constellations,  
the floods  
of past and future,  
leave us alone  
with our birth  
like an island.

We mothers  
who say to death:  
blossom in our blood,  
we who impel sand to love and bring  
a mirroring world to the stars —

We mothers,  
who rock in the cradles  
the shadowy memories  
of creation's day —  
the to and fro of each breath  
is the melody of our love song.

We mothers  
rock into the heart of the world  
the melody of peace.

*Nelly Sachs*  
*trans., Ruth and Matthew Mead*

## FOR A SUICIDE

...transcripts of fog...  
speak your tattered Kaddish for all suicides:

Praise to life though it crumbled in like a tunnel  
on ones we knew and loved

Praise to life though its windows blew shut  
on the breathing-room of ones we knew and loved

Praise to life though ones we knew and loved  
loved it badly, too well, and not enough

Praise to life though it tightened like a knot  
on the hearts of ones we thought we knew loved us

Praise to life giving room and reason  
to ones we knew and loved who felt unpraisable

Praise to them, how they loved it, when they could.

*Adrienne Rich*

## AFTER A STILLBIRTH OR UPON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD

מִמַּעַמְקִים קְרָאתִיךָ, יְהוָה.  
אֲדֹנָי, שְׁמָעָה בְּקוֹלִי.

Out of the depths I call to you, Eternal One. O God,  
hearken to my voice. [Psalm 130:1-2]

We looked for joy,  
and now, suddenly,  
birds sing  
but not our child.

We looked for life  
and now, suddenly,  
trees bloom,  
but not our child.

How our laughter has turned into grief, our mirth to tears! Hope was full within us: now it is turned to sorrow and lamentation. O God, from You we come, to You we go; You have been our refuge in all generations. Take our grief, and make us whole again, as it is written: You shall forget your misery, and remember it only as waters that pass away. [Job 11:16]

### MEDITATION

A woman lost her child and came to a teacher for comfort. She poured out her grief as he listened patiently. Then he said to her: My dear, I cannot wipe away your tears. I can only show you how to make them holy.

מִמַּעַמְקִים קְרָאתִיךָ, יְהוָה.  
אֲדֹנָי, שְׁמָעָה בְּקוֹלִי.

Out of the depths I call to you, Eternal One. O God,  
hearken to my voice. [Psalm 130:1-2]

Mimma'amakkim ke-ratikha adonai. Adonai, shim'a ve-koli.

## 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 grief 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.

*Rabbi Bob Saks*



## ON HEALING

I had thought that your death  
Was a waste and a destruction,  
A pain of grief hardly to be endured.  
I am only beginning to learn  
That your life was a gift and a growing  
And a loving left with me.  
The desperation of death  
Destroyed the existence of love,  
But the fact of death  
Cannot destroy what has been given.  
I am learning to look at your life again  
Instead of your death and your departing.

*Marjorie Pizer*

## *WHEN WILL I BE MYSELF AGAIN*

“When will I be myself again?”  
Some Tuesday, perhaps,  
In the late afternoon,  
Sitting quietly with a cup of tea  
And a cookie;  
Or Wednesday, same time or later,  
You will stir from a nap and see her;  
You will pick up the phone to call her;  
You will hear her voice – unexpected advice –  
And maybe argue.  
And you will not be frightened,  
And you will not be sad,  
And you will not be alone,  
Not alone at all,  
And your tears will warm you.  
But not today,  
And not tomorrow,  
And not tomorrow’s tomorrow,  
But some day,  
Some Tuesday, late in the afternoon,  
Sitting quietly with a cup of tea  
And a cookie  
And you will be yourself again.

*Rabbi Lewis John Eron*

# YOM HA-SHO'AH

## *Holocaust Remembrance Day*

We rise.

### *PRAYER*

We remember our six million dead, who died when madness ruled the world and evil dwelt on earth. We remember those we knew, and those whose very name is lost.

We mourn for all that died with them; their goodness and their wisdom, which could have saved the world and healed so many wounds. We mourn for the genius and the wit that died, the learning and the laughter that were lost. The world has become a poorer place and our hearts become cold as we think of the splendour that might have been.

We stand in gratitude for their example of decency and goodness. They are like candles which shine out from the darkness of those years, and in their light we know what goodness is — and evil.

We salute those men and women who were not Jews, who had the courage to stand outside the mob and suffer with us. They, too, are your witnesses, a source of hope when we despair.

Because of our people's suffering, may such times never come again, and may their sacrifice not be in vain. In our daily fight against cruelty and prejudice, against tyranny and persecution, their memory gives us strength and leads us on.

In silence we remember those who sanctified God's name on earth.

*Forms of Prayer*

# אפיטאָפֿן

י"ד

אין מינדאָנעק, אין דער קאַמער  
וואו מען האָט פֿאַרגאַזט מיין שטאַם –  
אַ תנ"ך אַן אַמסטערדאַמער  
ליגט ניט-אַנגערירט פֿון סם.

איך, דער זינגענדיקער אָבֿל  
אויף אַ שניטערדיקער שפראַך –  
צערטל, עפֿן אויף דעם טאָוול  
פֿון געפֿונענעם תנ"ך.

בלעטער דורכגעשטויבטע, גראַע  
נעמען אויפֿלעבן אין האַנט.  
און אויף איינער – אַ צוואה  
אויסגעציקלט ביי דעם ראַנד:

– ברודער טייערער, באַפֿרייטער,  
דאָס איז אַלץ וואָס איך פֿאַרמאָג  
נעם דאָס ספֿרל, טראָג ווייטער,  
ביז אין אייביקייט – דערטראָג!

# EPITAPH

NO. 14

In a chamber in Maydanek  
Where my breed was gassed —  
An Amsterdam Bible  
Lies untouched by gas.

And I, the mourner, singing  
In the language of the burnt,  
Caress and open up  
The Bible I once learnt.

Grey and dusty pages  
Come to life in hand,  
And on one a will and testament  
In a margin, finely penned.

Dearest brother take this book,  
This is all of me.  
You who are free must carry it,  
Carry it on for eternity.

*Abraham Sutskever  
trans., Emanuel Bach*

## מאַך צו די אייגעלעך

## MAKH TZU DI EYGELAKH

מאַך צו די אייגעלעך  
אַט קומען פֿייגעלעך  
און קרניזן דאָ אַרום  
צוקאַפנס פֿון דיין וויג.  
דאָס פעקל אין דער האַנט  
דאָס הויז אין אַש און בראַנד  
מיר לאָזן זיך מנין קינד  
זוכן גליק.

Now close your eyes, my dear,  
the little birds are here,  
they're circling round  
at your cradle's head.  
We'll take our bags in hand,  
burnt homes no longer stand;  
let's go, my child,  
to find salvation's stead.

מען האָט אונדז נאָקעט בלויז  
פֿאַריאַגט פֿון אונדזער הויז  
אין פֿינצטערניש  
געטריבן אונדז אין פֿעלד  
און שטורעם, האַגל, ווינט  
האָט אונדז באַגלייט מנין קינד  
באַגלייט אונדז אין דעם אָפּגרונט  
פֿון דער וועלט.

They stripped us to the bone  
and drove us from our home,  
in total darkness  
driven into the field.  
And storm and hail and wind  
accompanied us, my kin,  
into the dark abyss  
of the cold world.

---

Makh tsu di eygelakh, ot kumen feygelakh  
Un krayzn do arum, tzukopns fun dayn vig.  
Dos pekl in der hant, dos hoyz in ash un brand,  
mir lozn zikh mayn kind, zukhn glik.

Men hot undz naket bloyz, faryogt fun undzer hoyz,  
In fintsternish, getribn undz in feld.  
Un shturem, hogl, vint, hot undz bagleyt mayn kind,  
Bagleyt undz in dem opgrunt fun der velt.

Di velt hot Got farmakht, un umetum iz nakht  
Zi vart oyf undz, mit shoyder un mit shrek.  
Mir shteyen beyde do, in shverer, shverer sho,  
Un veysn nit vuhin es firt der veg.

די וועלט האָט גאָט פֿאַרמאַכט	God's world is nowhere near
און אומעטום איז נאַכט	and night is everywhere.
זי וואָרט אויף אונדז	The night awaits us now
מיט שוידער און מיט שרעק	with terror and with dread.
מיר שטייען ביידע דאָ	We stand here both of us
אין שווערער, שווערער שעה	in desperate times, I fear;
און ווייסן ניט וווּהין	we don't know what will be
עס פֿירט דער וועג.	the road ahead.

*Isaiah Spiegel  
Lodz Ghetto*

### *THE UNTHINKABLE*

Never say that society will not do this or that; it will. Never seek shelter in convenient illusions that history will know when to stop so as not to destroy itself; it will not. This is a lesson I have learned years and massacres ago.

I belong to a generation traumatized by mass-murder, considered at that time a normal event. Whoever has seen a death-camp will tell you: the impossible does become possible; the unthinkable does come to pass. It is too late for the dead. Is it too late for the living as well? It may be, it will be — if we forget.

Is there anything we can do? There must be. Surely apathy is not the answer; nor is silence. Despair is not the solution; despair is the question.

*Elie Wiesel*

## נדר

## A VOW

על דעת עיני  
 שראו את השכול  
 ועמסו זעקות  
 על לבי השחוח,  
 על דעת רחמי  
 שהורוני למחל,  
 עד באו ימים  
 שאימו מלסלח,  
 נדרתי הנדר: לזכר את הכל.  
 לזכר – ודבר לא לשכח.  
 דבר לא לשכח – עד דור עשירי,  
 עד שף עלבוני,  
 עד בלם, עד בלהם,  
 עדי יכלו כל שבטי מוסרי.  
 קונם אם לריק  
 יעבר ליל הזעם,  
 קונם אם לבקר  
 אחזר לסורי  
 ומאום לא אלמד  
 גם הפעם.

In the presence of eyes  
 which witnessed the slaughter,  
 which saw the oppression  
 the heart could not bear,  
 and as witness the heart  
 that once taught compassion,  
 until days came to pass  
 that crushed human feeling,  
 I have taken an oath: To remember it all,  
 to remember, not once to forget!  
 Forget not one thing to the last generation  
 when degradation shall cease,  
 to the last, to its ending,  
 when the rod of instruction  
 shall have come to conclusion.  
 An oath: Not in vain passed over  
 the night of the terror.  
 An oath: No morning shall see me  
 at flesh-pots again.  
 An oath: Lest from this we learned nothing.

*Abraham Shlonsky  
 trans., Herbert Bronstein*

## אל מלא רחמים

אל מלא רחמים  
שוכן במרומים  
דין אלמנות ואבי יתומים.  
המצא מנוחה נכונה  
תחת כנפי השכינה  
במעלות קדושים וטהורים  
בזהר הקיע מזהירים  
לנשמות רבות אלפי ישראל  
אנשים נשים וטף  
שנהרגו ונשחטו שנחנקו ונשרפו  
ושנקברו חיים  
על קדוש השם:  
אנא בעל הרחמים  
הסתירים בסתר כנפיה  
לעולמים  
וצרר בצרור החיים  
את נשמותיהם  
יהיה הוא נחלתם:  
זכר עקדתם  
ותעמד לנו ולכל ישראל צדקתם.  
ארץ אל תכסי דמם  
ואל יהי מקום לזעקתם:  
בזכותם ישובו  
נרחי ישראל לאחזתם  
יעמדו הקדושים לגורלם  
לזכרון לפני יהיה תמיד  
וינוחו בשלום על משכבותם.  
ונאמר אמן:

## MEMORIAL PRAYER FOR THE SIX MILLION

God full of compassion,  
dwelling on high,  
defender of widows, father of orphans,  
grant perfect rest  
under the wings of the Shekhinah,  
among the holy and pure  
who shine as the light of the firmament,  
to the souls of the six million of Israel —  
men, women and children who were murdered,  
slaughtered, gassed and burnt;  
whose lives were destroyed  
for the sake of your Name.  
Master of compassion,  
gather them forever  
in the shelter of your wings;  
may their souls be bound up  
in the bond of life.  
The Eternal is their inheritance.  
Remember their sacrifice,  
that their righteousness sustain us and all Israel.  
The land shall never conceal their blood,  
nor shall their agony ever find rest.  
For their sake let the dispersed of Israel  
be restored to their portion,  
let the righteous be sustained for their destiny  
as a lasting memorial before the Eternal One.  
May they rest in peace;  
and let us say: Amen.



פֶּאַרְטִיזאַנער־הימען HYMN OF THE PARTISAN

זאָג ניט קיין מאָל! Zog Nit Keynmol!

זאָג ניט קיין מאָל אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,  
כאָטש הימלען בלענענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג;  
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה,  
ס'וועט אַ פּויק טאָן אונדזער טראָט – מיר זינען דאָ!

Never say that there is only death for you  
Though leaden skies may be concealing days of blue —  
Because the hour we have hungered for is near;  
Beneath our tread the earth shall tremble: We are here!

פֿון גרינעם פֿאַלמענלאַנד ביז ווינטן לאַנד פֿון שניי,  
מיר קומען אָן מיט אונדזער פֿיין, מיט אונדזער וויי,  
און וווּ געפֿאַלן ס'איז אַ שפּריץ פֿון אונדזער בלוט,  
שפּראַצן וועט דאָרט אונדזער גבורה אונדזער מוט.

From land of palm trees to the land of distant snow,  
We have come with our deep sorrow and our woe.  
And everywhere our blood was innocently shed,  
Our fighting spirits will again avenge our dead.

ס'וועט די מאָרגנזון באַגילדן אונדז דעם היינט,  
און דער נעכטן וועט פֿאַרשווינדן מיטן פֿיינט,  
נאָר אויב פֿאַרזאַמען וועט די זון אין דעם קאָיאָר –  
ווי אַ פֿאַראַל זאָל גיין דאָס ליד פֿון דור צו דור.

The golden rays of morning sun will dry our tears,  
Dispelling bitter agony of yesteryears.  
But if the sun and dawn with us will be delayed —  
Then let this song ring out the call to you instead.

דאָס ליד געשריבן איז מיט בלוט און ניט מיט בליי,  
 ס'איז ניט קיין לידל פֿון אַ פֿויגל אויף דער פֿריי,  
 דאָס האָט אַ פֿאַלק צווישן פֿאַלנדיקע ווענט  
 דאָס ליד געזונגען מיט נאָגאַנעס אין די הענט.

Not lead, but blood inscribed this song which now we sing,  
 It's not a carolling of birds upon the wing,  
 But a people midst the crashing fires of hell,  
 Sang this song and fought courageous till it fell!

טאָ זאָג ניט קיין מאָל אַז דו גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,  
 כאָטש הימלען בליינענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויז טעג.  
 קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה –  
 ס'וועט אַ פֿויק טאָן אונדזער טראַט – מיר זיינען דאָ!

So we must never lose our courage in the fight,  
 Though skies of lead turn days of sunshine into night.  
 Because the hour we have hungered for is near;  
 Beneath our tread the earth shall tremble: We are here!

Hirsch Glick  
 trans., *Forms of Prayer* (adapted)

Zog nit keyn mol az du geyst dem letztn veg,  
 Khotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg,  
 Kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenk-te sho,  
 S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot mir zaynen do.

Fun grinem palmenland biz vaytn land fun shney,  
 Mir kumen on mit undzer payn, mit undzer vey,  
 Un vu gefaln s'iz a shpritz fun undzer blut.  
 Shprotzn vet dort undzer gvure undzer mut.

S'vet di morgnzun bagildn undz dem haynt,  
 Un der nekhtn vet farshvindn mitn faynt,  
 Nor oyb farzamen vet di zun in dem kayor —  
 Vi a parol zol geyn des lid fun dor tzu dor.

Dos lid geshribn iz mit blut un nit mit blay,  
 S'iz nit keyn lidl fun a foygl oyf der fray,  
 Dos hot a folk tsvishn falndike vent,  
 Dos lid gezungen mit naganes in di hent.

To zog nit keyn mol....

## WE REMEMBER THEM

At the rising of the sun and at its going down,  
we remember them.

*At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,  
we remember them.*

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring,  
we remember them.

*At the shining of the sun and in the warmth of summer,  
we remember them.*

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,  
we remember them.

*At the beginning of the year and at its end,  
we remember them.*

As long as we live, they too will live;  
for they are now a part of us,  
as we remember them.

*When we are weary and in need of strength,  
we remember them.*

When we are lost and sick at heart,  
we remember them.

*When we have joy we crave to share,  
we remember them.*

When we have decisions that are difficult to make,  
we remember them.

*When we have achievements that are based on theirs,  
we remember them.*

As long as we live, they too will live;  
for they are now a part of us,  
as we remember them.

*Sylvan Kamens and Jack Riemer*

## MEMBERS WE LOST IN 5783\*

Dora Morrow z”l  
Damien Goldman z”l  
Beryl Goldman z”l  
Vivian Silver z”l  
Selma Corobow z”l  
Donald Goldberg z”l  
Ernest Chonchol z”l  
Judith Kenigsberg z”l  
John Harrod z”l  
Rabbi Jonathan Louis Cohen z”l  
Perry Meyer z”l  
Micha Karpfen z”l  
Marilyn Caplan z”l  
Harvey Lawrence Levitt z”l

We remember with deep gratitude our rabbis, Rabbi Lavy Becker z”l and Rabbi Ron Aigen z”l. Rabbi Lavy was the founding rabbi of the Dorshei Emet community and through his strong leadership and humble personality helped create the roots for the community we know so well. Rabbi Ron was the congregation’s first full-time rabbi, and served Dorshei Emet for nearly 40 years. In this time, he helped grow the community and, as our spiritual leader, guided us with a powerful intellect, a peaceful spirit and a truly welcoming presence. Both Rabbi Lavy and Rabbi Ron will always be an important part of our congregational family.

\* As of going to print on August 10, 2023.

# THE PATH OF JEWISH MOURNING

*By Rabbi Boris Dolin*

Jewish tradition provides a meaningful path through the journey of death and mourning. The rituals, prayers and traditions can help a mourner encounter the pain of loss with strength, allowing space for the complicated emotions which are inherently part of this time, and leaving room for a slow but intentional return to life. Additionally, the opportunities for the community to provide support and healing for mourners are an important reminder of the blessing of having a congregational family in times of need.

As a Reconstructionist community, we believe that the traditions and rituals of death and mourning are here to guide us through this difficult time, and that these traditions are a valuable and helpful part of the mourning process, regardless of our beliefs or participation in synagogue life. Both on a psychological and a spiritual level, there is great power to prayer, ritual and the act of sitting *shiva*. Nevertheless, as a liberal community, we also know that everyone has different needs and responds differently to the rituals and traditions, and flexibility is important. As with so much of Jewish tradition, if a ritual “works” and provides a sense of healing and comfort, then I invite you to hold on to it and explore how it can help you. Yet if something simply doesn’t fit your values or your beliefs, you should feel free to do what feels most comfortable. As Reconstructionists, while we don’t just give up on something because it is inconvenient or challenging, especially with death, we need to do what is best for the healing process.

## **The Funeral**

Traditionally Jewish funerals take place as soon as possible after a person’s death. There are many practical issues to consider during this time, such as planning the funeral and informing loved ones and the community about the death. This time, called *aninut*, can be especially difficult, and the mourners have no religious obligations except to prepare for the funeral.

During the funeral various prayers and readings are offered, usually concluding with *El Malei Raḥamin*, the memorial prayer. The primary goal of

the service is to offer eulogies and memories of the person who died and to provide an opportunity for mourners and community members to gather. While it is common for the rabbi to offer a eulogy, often close family and loved ones do so.

The burial service follows at the cemetery. Dorshei Emet's cemetery is located in the beautifully landscaped Eternal Gardens Memorial Park in Beaconsfield, Quebec. After the casket is lowered into the ground, people are invited to place a few shovelfuls of earth into the ground, as a final act of *kevod ha met*, honouring the dead. It is traditional to use the back of the shovel to show the reluctance to perform this painful act, and the shovel is also put back in the ground instead of given to the next person for similar reasons. Some families choose to fill the grave completely themselves, yet most often, once the casket is covered with earth, the service concludes with the mourner's *Kaddish*. As the family leaves the graveside, the community forms two lines as they offer condolences to the mourners.

## ***Shiva***

After the funeral the formal seven-day *shiva* begins, usually in the home of the deceased, a time to mourn and receive visitors who come to offer condolences and comfort. Immediately after the funeral it is traditional for the family and friends to prepare a simple meal, an affirmation of life, and to ensure that the mourners are served. The tradition is to eat hard-boiled eggs or other round foods which symbolize the circularity of life and death.

Jewish law prescribes that one observe *shiva* for a parent, sibling, child or spouse, although in our community we invite people to sit *shiva* for extended family if they feel called to do so. As people gather together, it is traditional to have at least ten people present. This group is a reminder that the community will always be there to support the mourner.

During this week, it is traditional to hold a *shiva minyan* each evening consisting of a short prayer service and time for sharing of reflections and memories by the family and community. While the *shiva* service is often led by the rabbi, anyone who is able and willing can lead. It is considered a *mitzvah* and an act of compassion to assist the family in this way.

In a liberal community such as Dorshei Emet, flexibility is important when leading a *shiva minyan*. Many people are deeply comforted by the traditional prayers and readings, but others who are not familiar with the traditional prayer services may actually be made more uncomfortable by such a service. It is important to check in with the family and mourners to determine what is desired and then plan accordingly.

At a minimum, a *shiva minyan* service should have at least a few prayers and readings, and conclude with the mourner's *Kaddish*. It is also suggested that at the end of the service mourners and visitors have an opportunity to share stories and memories. This often becomes the core experience of the *minyan*, and it is important to ensure that there is enough time for this. This section of the service can be introduced simply by saying "And now we want to leave some time for anyone to share stories or memories of the deceased".

It is also important that the person leading the *shiva minyan* do their best to maintain a respectful atmosphere and try to not participate in too much informal schmoozing or conversation which is not related to the mourners. While practically this can often be quite challenging, a *minyan* leader sets the tone for what is appropriate behavior.

The many traditions associated with this time remind the mourners to focus on remembering their loved one, and not the "vanities" of daily life. Mirrors can be covered, mourners sit on low chairs and some do not shave or cut their hair.

While mourners often feel an obligation to become "hosts" during *shiva*, providing food, drinks and making sure that guests are comfortable, it must be remembered that this time is meant primarily to provide healing and support for the mourners. While some people might find comfort in welcoming guests, there is no need to do anything which adds to the mourners' stress or causes unnecessary work. It can take a lot of effort to open up one's home during this difficult time, and visitors should respect this. Ideally a *shiva* home is not a place to have idle conversations; the focus should be on offering condolences to the mourners and sharing memories.

On the morning at the end of *shiva*, after the *Shacharit* service, it is traditional for family to gather for a walk around the block to symbolize the slow re-entry into daily life.

### **Shiva Minyan Service Outline**

(Page Numbers in *Ḥadesh Yameinu* - Sections in Bold are “Required”)

- 101 *Hinei Mah Tov* or opening song
- 433 Leonard Cohen Reading (Optional)
- 435 *V’Hu Rachum*
- 435 *Barchu***
- 435 *Ha Ma’ariv Aravim***
- 437 *Ahavat Olam*
- 438 *Shema***
- 442 Interpretive *Ga’al Yisrael*
- 444 *Hashkiveinu*** (A reminder that each day we need to move forward step by step. We pray to go to bed, to welcome evening as an opportunity to take in all experiences, good and bad, and know that we will wake up the next day to slowly make our way forward.)
- 448 *Ḥatzi Kaddish*
- 449 *Amidah*** (Invite people to read the English or Hebrew or take a few moments of silence. Options are to begin out loud, or do entirely in silence.)
- 475 *Aleynu*
- 480 *Mourner’s Kaddish***  
Invite mourners and guests to share stories and memories.

### **Next Steps – *Shloshim*, the Unveiling and *Yahrzeit* Observance**

The next stage of mourning is *shloshim*, the 30 days after the funeral. During this time mourners go back to work but try to avoid parties, concerts or other kinds of entertainment. Formal mourning continues for 11 months, during which time people often say *Kaddish* each day or each week during Shabbat services.

The unveiling of the tombstone, *Hakamat Matzeivah*, usually occurs after *shloshim* and before the first *yahrzeit*, the anniversary of a person’s death. This brief ritual involves removing a cover from the gravestone and includes



brief readings and prayers, including *El Malei Raḥamim* and the mourner's *Kaddish* if a minyan is present. This is also a meaningful time to reflect on the experience of mourning, and again share memories and stories. A rabbi is not needed for this ritual, although many families prefer to have the rabbi present.

The liturgy for an unveiling includes *El Malei Raḥamim* (the memorial prayer), the mourner's *Kaddish* and other appropriate psalms and poems such as Psalm 23.

After the unveiling, it is appropriate for family and friends to gather informally for a meal.

On the *yahrzeit* it is traditional to light a special candle. Additionally some people like to attend services, where their loved one's name is mentioned; they may be honoured with an *aliyah* to the Torah.

\* \* \*

Many of these mourning rituals are simple yet powerful ways to encounter loss, and they have helped many people make their way back into life after losing a loved one. Yet, especially in a liberal context, it is important to remember that flexibility is important. Learn about the traditions and try what feels comfortable, but know that each person, each family, needs to chart their own path. By honouring our loved ones, and by recognizing the inherent need both to take the time to mourn and to provide comfort to others, we can hopefully find more blessing from life.

I recommend the following books for more information on the mourning process, and for spiritual guidance when encountering loss: *Saying Kaddish: How to Comfort the Dying, Bury the Dead, and Mourn as a Jew*, by Anita Diamant; *Grief in Our Seasons: A Mourner's Kaddish Companion*, by Rabbi Kerry M. Olitzky; *Mourning and Mitzvah: A Guided Journal for Walking the Mourner's Path Through Grief to Healing*, by Rabbi Anne Brener; *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*, by Harold S. Kushner; *To Begin Again: The Journey Toward Comfort, Strength, and Faith in Difficult Times*, by Naomi Levy.

## תהלים כ"ג

מזמור לדוד.

יהוה רעי לא אחסר:

בנאות דשא ירביצני

על-מי מנחות ינהלני:

נפשי ישוב

ינחני במעגלי-צדק

למען שמו:

## PSALM 23

A psalm of David.

The Eternal is my shepherd; I shall not want.

The Eternal settles me down in green fields  
and leads me by quiet waters.

My soul is restored.

I am guided by paths of righteousness  
for the sake of God's name.

גם כי-אלך

בגיא צלמות

לא-אירא רע כי-אתה עמדי

שבטך ומשענתך המה ינחמני:

Though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death

I fear no harm for you are with me;

your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

תעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שֹׁלֶחַן

נֶגֶד צָרָי

דִּשְׁנֶת בְּשֶׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי

כּוֹסִי רוֹנֶה:

You spread a table before me

in the presence of my enemies.

You soothe my head with oil;

my cup overflows.

אֵךְ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד

יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל-יְמֵי חַיִּי

וּשְׁבַתִּי בְּבֵית-יְהוָה

לְאָרֶךְ יָמִים:

Surely goodness and lovingkindness

shall pursue me all the days of my life,

and I shall dwell in the House of the Eternal  
for all the days to come.

## PSAUME 23

Psaume de David.

L'Éternel est mon berger, je ne manquerai de rien.

Dans de vertes prairies, il me fait camper,

il me conduit au bord d'eaux paisibles.

Il restaure mon âme,

me dirige dans les sentiers de la justice,

en faveur de son nom.

Dussé-je suivre

la sombre vallée de la mort,

je ne craindrais aucun mal, car tu serais avec moi;

ton soutien et ton appui seraient ma consolation.

Tu dresses la table devant moi,

à la face de mes ennemis;

tu parfumes d'huile ma tête,

ma coupe est pleine à déborder.

Oui, le bonheur et la grâce

m'accompagneront ma vie durant,

et j'habiterai de longs jours

dans la maison du Seigneur.

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Mizmor le-david. Adonai ro-i, lo eḥsar. Binot deshe yarbitzeni 'al-mei menuḥot ye-nahaleni. Nafshi ye-shoveiv yanḥeni ve-ma'gelei-tzedek le-ma'an shemo. Gam ki-elekh be-gei tzalmavet lo-ira r'a ki-attah imadi shivtekha u-mish'antekha heimah ye-naḥamuni. Ta'arokh le-fanai shulḥan neged tzorerai. Dishanta vashemen, roshi kosi re-vayah. Akh tov va-ḥesed yirde-funi kol-ye-mei ḥaya ve-shavti be-veit-adonai le-orekh yamim.

אל מלא רחמים

*EL MALEI RAḤAMIM*

אל מלא רחמים

God, full of compassion,

שוכן במרומים

dwelling on high,

המצא מנוחה נכונה

grant perfect rest

תחת כנפי השכינה

under the wings of the Shekhinah,

במעלות קדושים וטהורים

among the holy and pure

בזוהר הרקיע מזהירים

who shine as the light of the firmament,

את נשמת . . . .

to the soul of . . . .

שהלך לעולמו.

who has gone to his place in eternity.

(שהלכה לעולמה.)

(who has gone to her place in eternity.)

אנא בעל הרחמים

Master of compassion,

הסתירהו / הסתירה בסתר

gather him / her forever

בנפיק לעולמים.

in the shelter of your wings;

וצרר בצרור החיים

may his / her soul be bound up

את נשמתו / נשמתה

in the bond of life.

יהוה הוא נחלתו

The Eternal is his inheritance,

וינוח בשלום על משכבו.

may he rest in peace;

(יהוה הוא נחלתה)

(The Eternal is her inheritance,

ותנוח בשלום על משכבה.)

may she rest in peace;)

ונאמר אמן:

and let us say: Amen.

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El malei raḥamim, shokhein ba-meromim, hamtzei menuḥah nekhonah taḥat kanfei ha-shekhinah, be-ma'alot kedoshim u-t'horim ke-zohar ha-raki'a' mazhirim, et nishmat . . . she-halakh le-'olamo. (she-halekha le-'olamah.)

Anna ba'al ha-raḥamim hastirehu / hastireha be-seiter kenafekha le-'olamim; u-tzror bi-tzror ha-ḥayim et nishmoto / nishmatah.

Adonai hu naḥalato ve-yanuah be-shalom 'al mishkavo. (Adonai hu naḥalatah ve-tanuah be-shalom 'al mishkavah.) Ve-nomar amen.

## קדיש יתום KADDISH DES ENDEUILLÉS

יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא  
 בעלמא די ברא כרעותה.  
 וימליך מלכותה  
 בחייכון וביומיכון  
 ובחיי דכל בית ישראל  
 בעגלא ובזמן קריב.  
 ואמרו אמן:

Les personnes en deuil

Que le Nom de Dieu soit exalté et sanctifié  
en ce monde qu'il a créé selon Sa volonté.

Que Son règne soit établi  
dans notre vie  
et celle de toute la maison d'Israël,  
rapidement et bientôt;  
et disons tous: Amen.

יהא שמה רבא מברך  
 לעלם ולעלמי עלמיא:

La congrégation et les personnes en deuil

Béni soit le Nom de Dieu  
dans tous les mondes et à jamais.

יתברך וישתבח ויתפאר  
 ויתרומם ויתנשא  
 ויתהדר ויתעלה ויתהלל  
 שמה דקדשא

Les personnes en deuil

Soit béni, loué, célébré,  
honoré, exalté,  
vénéré, admiré et glorifié,  
le Saint Nom,

בריך הוא  
 בריך הוא

La congrégation et les personnes en deuil

béni soit-Il,

לעלא \* (ולעלא)  
 מכל ברכתא ושירתא  
 תשבחתא ונחמתא  
 דאמירן בעלמא.  
 ואמרו אמן:

Les personnes en deuil

(\*Durant les *Yamim noraïm* ajouter: bien) au-delà  
de toute prière et chant,  
louange et consolation,  
qui peuvent être prononcés en ce monde  
et disons tous: Amen.

יהא שלמא רבא מן שמיא  
 וחיים טובים עלינו  
 ועל כל ישראל.  
 ואמרו אמן:

Que la paix céleste

se répande sur nous  
et tout Israël;  
et disons tous: Amen.

עשה שלום במומי  
 הוא יעשה שלום עלינו  
 ועל כל ישראל.  
 ואמרו אמן:

Que Celui qui fait régner l'harmonie dans les cieux  
amène aussi la paix sur nous  
et pour tout Israël;  
et disons tous: Amen.

## קדיש יתום MOURNER'S KADDISH

*The Mourner's Kaddish, like every Kaddish, makes no reference to death. It is rather an affirmation that God's name and Godly attributes abide in the world. The primary attribute invoked is that of shalom — "wholeness," "peace," "well-being." When a human being, "created in God's image," dies, then God's image is also diminished. Our re-affirmation of God's presence and shalom is therefore as much for God's sake, as it were, as for our own.*

Mourners:

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא	Magnified and sanctified be God's great name
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָּהּ.	in this world, created as God willed.
וַיְמַלִּיךְ מַלְכוּתָּהּ	May God's sovereignty be established
בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן	in your lifetime,
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל	and the life of the entire House of Israel,
בְּעִגְלָא וּבְזִמָּן קָרִיב.	speedily and soon;
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.	and let us say: Amen.

Congregation and Mourners respond:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ	May God's great name be blessed forever,
לְעֵלָם וּלְעֵלְמֵי עֲלָמֵיָא.	in all worlds, unto eternity.

Yitgaddal ve-yitkaddash shemeih rabba, be-<sup>¢</sup>alema di vera khir<sup>¢</sup>utei. Ve-yamlikh malkhuteih be-<sup>¢</sup>hayyeikhon u-ve-yomeikhon, u-ve-<sup>¢</sup>hayyei de-khol beit yisrael; ba-<sup>¢</sup>agala u-vizman kariv, ve-imru **amen**.

**Yehei shemeih rabba mevarakh, le-<sup>¢</sup>alam u-le-<sup>¢</sup>alemei <sup>¢</sup>alemayya.**

Yitbarakh ve-yishtabakh ve-yitpa'ar ve-yitromam ve-yitnassei ve-yit'haddar ve-yit'<sup>¢</sup>allah ve-yit'hallal shemeih dekudsha **berikh hu**, le-<sup>¢</sup>eilla (u-le<sup>¢</sup>eilla) min kol birkhata ve-shirata, tushbe<sup>¢</sup>hata ve-ne<sup>¢</sup>hemata da-amiran be-<sup>¢</sup>alema, ve-imru **amen**.

Yehei shelama rabba min shemayya, ve-<sup>¢</sup>hayyim tovim <sup>¢</sup>aleinu ve<sup>¢</sup>al kol yisrael, ve-imru **amen**.

<sup>¢</sup>Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya<sup>¢</sup>aseh shalom <sup>¢</sup>aleinu ve<sup>¢</sup>al kol yisrael, ve-imru **amen**.

Mourners:

יְתַבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר	Blessed, praised and glorified,
וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא	extolled and honoured,
וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל	adorned, exalted and acclaimed,
שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא	be the name of the Holy One,

Congregation and Mourners:

בְּרִיךְ הוּא      the blessed,

Mourners:

לְעֵלָא* (וְלַעֲלָא)	(*On <i>Yamim Nora'im</i> add: far) beyond
מִן כָּל בְּרַכָּתָא וְשִׁירָתָא	all prayer and song,
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא	praise and consolation
דְּאֵמִירֵן בְּעָלְמָא.	that may be uttered in this world;
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:	and let us say: Amen.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמִיָּא	May there be abundant divine peace,
וְחַיִּים טוֹבִים עָלֵינוּ	bringing good life for us
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.	and for all Israel;
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:	and let us say: Amen.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו	May the One who creates heavenly peace
הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ	create peace for us
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.	and for all Israel;
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:	and let us say: Amen.

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God is that aspect of reality which elicits from us the best that is in us and enables us to bear the worst that can befall us (*Mordecai M. Kaplan*).



## YOM KIPPUR

September 25th, 2023

## SHEMINI ATZERET

October 17th, 2023

## PESACH - YOM HA-SHO'AH

April 29th, 2024

## SHAVUOT

June 12th, 2024



CONGREGATION DORSHEI EMET

בית הכנסת דורשי אמת

THE RECONSTRUCTIONIST SYNAGOGUE OF MONTREAL