

חדש  
ימינו

YIZKOR BOOK

5781 ♦ 2020-21



## A MESSAGE FROM RABBI BORIS

Comfort comes in many forms during the time of mourning. It is in the kind words and actions of a friend who offers a helping hand, or the humble sense of friendship gained from seeing your community gather for a *shiva minyan*. It is in the cards, the messages, the phone calls and emails, and all the many ways that we take care of each other when we need it most.

Jewish community and ritual can give us the strength we need to move forward during tough times. It is especially during such a challenging year as this, living through a pandemic which has separated us and caused us to question so much, that we need the strength and hope offered by community and ritual.

This Yizkor book reminds us of the power of holding on to memories. Whether it is a parent, sibling, child, family member or friend, the memories of our loved ones can give us strength to move forward on our own journeys. We can continue to grow and learn from the lives they lived, and by listing and recalling their names we can do our part to make sure that their lives remain a part of ours.

As we continue to make our way through these challenging times, may we all know that we are not alone. The strength of community can shine through during times of pain and sadness, and it can inspire and give hope to all those who are in need of healing. Let us all move forward together and continue to care for each other, bringing into this world much needed blessings of healing and strength.

Rabbi Boris

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1. Selections from Psalm 90 (p. 1017-1018).
2. For a Grandmother (Lea Goldberg trans by Marcia Falk, p. 1019-1020)
3. For a Grandfather (Dana Shuster, p. 1021)
4. In many houses (Author Unknown, p. 1023)
5. For a Suicide (Adrienne Rich, p. 1026)
6. On Healing (Marjorie Pizer, p. 1026)

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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 מה־אָדָם וַתִּדְעֵהוּ בֶן־אָנוּשׁ וַתַּחֲשְׁבֵהוּ:  
Eternal One, what are mortals that you regard them?  
What is humanity that you take account of it?

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

*Psalm 144*

...כִּחְצִיר יַחֲלֹף: בַּבֶּקֶר יֶצֵץ וְחֻלְף לְעָרֵב יְמוּלֵל וַיִּבֶשׁ:  
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 בֵּן הַיּוֹדֵעַ וְנִבְא לִבֵּב חֲכָמָה:  
So teach us to number our days  
that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

*Psalm 90*

שְׁמַר־תָּם וְרֵאֵה יֵשֶׁר כִּי־אַחֲרִית לְאִישׁ שְׁלוֹם:  
Mark the innocent one, and behold the upright;  
for there is a future for the peaceful one.

*Psalm 37*

אֲר־אֱלֹהִים יִפְדֶּה נַפְשִׁי מִיַּד שְׂאוֹל כִּי יִקְחֵנִי סֶלֶה:  
God will redeem my soul from the grasp of the grave;  
God will receive me.

*Psalm 49*

כִּלָּה שְׂאֵרֵי וּלְבָבִי צוּר־לִבְבִי וְחֻלְקֵי אֱלֹהִים לְעוֹלָם:  
The flesh and the heart fail,  
but God is my strength of heart and my portion for ever.

*Psalm 73*

וַיָּשׁוּב הָעֶפְרָר עַל־הָאָרֶץ כְּשֶׁהָיָה  
וְהָרוּחַ תָּשׁוּב אֶל־הָאֱלֹהִים אֲשֶׁר נָתַנָּה:  
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*



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.

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 מוֹרֵי . . . .	my father, my teacher . . . . .
אָחִי . . . .	my brother . . . . .
בַּעְלִי . . . .	my husband . . . . .
בְּנִי . . . .	my son . . . . .
שֶׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.	who has gone to his eternal home.
אָנָּא תְּהֵא נַפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה	May his soul be bound up
בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים	in the bond of life,
וְתֵהָא מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד.	and may he be at peace,
שְׂבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ	with fullness of joy
נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמִּינְךָ נְצַח:	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 מוֹרְתִי . . . .	my mother, my teacher . . . . .
אָחוֹתִי . . . .	my sister . . . . .
אִשְׁתִּי . . . .	my wife . . . . .
בְּתִי . . . .	my daughter . . . . .
שֶׁהֶלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָה.	who has gone to her eternal home.
אָנָּא תְּהֵא נַפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה	May her soul be bound up
בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים	in the bond of life,
וְתֵהָא מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד.	and may she be at peace,
שְׂבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ	with fullness of joy
נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמִּינְךָ נְצַח:	in the comfort of your eternal Presence.
אָמֵן:	Amen.

*Psalm 16*

אל מלא רחמים	<i>EL MALEI RAḤAMIM</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
בזוהר 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,
הסתירם בסתר כנפיך	gather them forever
לעולמים	in the shelter of your wings;
וצרר 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 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 nishmot kol eilleh she-hizkarnu ha-yom li-vrakhah.  
 Anna ba'al ha-raḥamim hastireim be-seiter kenafekha le-olamim; u-tzror bi-tzror ha-ḥayim et nishmoteihem. Adonai hu naḥalatum ve-yanuḥu ve-shalom 'al mishkevotam. Ve-nomar amen.

## *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*

## 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*

בְּחַיֵּי בְּחַיֵּי

from "I SWEAR ON MY LIFE"

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הָעוֹלָם מְלֵא זְכוֹרָה וְשִׁכְחָה  
כְּמוֹ יָם וַיַּבֶּשֶׁה. לְפַעְמִים הַזְּכוֹרָה  
הוּא הַיַּבֶּשֶׁה הַמוֹצֵקֶת וְהַקְּיֵמֶת  
וְלְפַעְמִים הַזְּכוֹרָה הוּא הַיָּם  
שֶׁמְכַסֶּה הַכֹּל  
כְּמוֹ בַּמְבּוּל וְהַשִּׁכְחָה הִיא יַבֶּשֶׁה  
מִצִּילָה 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.

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כְּשֶׁאָדָם מֵת, אוֹמְרִים עָלָיו,  
נֶאֱסַף אֶל אֲבוֹתָיו.  
כָּל זְמַן שֶׁהוּא חַי, אֲבוֹתָיו  
נֶאֱסָפִים בּוֹ,  
כָּל תַּא וְתָא בְּגוּפוֹ וּבְנַפְשׁוֹ  
הוּא נֶצִּיג.  
שֶׁל אֶחָד מֵרַבּוֹת אֲבוֹתָיו  
מִתְחִלַּת 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)*

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

שֶׁנִּתְּנָן לּוֹ אֱלֹהִים

וְנִתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ אָבִיו וְאִמּוֹ

*EACH OF US HAS A NAME*

Each of us has a name

given us by God,

and by our father and mother.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

שֶׁנִּתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ קוֹמָתוֹ וְאִפְּן חִיוֹכוֹ

וְנִתְּנָן לּוֹ הָאָרֶיג

Each of us has a name

given us by our stature and smile,

and by the clothes we wear.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

שֶׁנִּתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ הַהָרִים

וְנִתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ בְּתָלָיו

Each of us has a name

given us by the mountains

and the walls within which we live.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

שֶׁנִּתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ הַמְּזֻלּוֹת

וְנִתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ שְׁכֵנָיו

Each of us has a name

given us by the planets

and by our neighbours.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

שֶׁנִּתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ חַטָּאָיו

וְנִתְּנָנָה לּוֹ כַּמִּיהָתוֹ

Each of us has a name

given us by our sins

and by our aspirations.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

שֶׁנִּתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ שׁוֹנְאָיו

וְנִתְּנָנָה לּוֹ אֶהְבָּתוֹ

Each of us has a name

given us by our enemies

and by those we love.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם

שֶׁנִּתְּנָנוּ לּוֹ חֲגָיו

וְנִתְּנָנָה לּוֹ מְלֹאכְתּוֹ

Each of us has a name

given us by our feast days

and by our work.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנַתְנוּ לוֹ תְּקוּפוֹת הַשָּׁנָה  
וְנָתַן לוֹ עִוְרוֹנוֹ

Each of us has a name  
given us by the seasons  
and by our blindness.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנַתְּנוּ לוֹ אֱלֹהִים  
וְנָתַנוּ לוֹ אָבִיו וְאִמּוֹ

Each of us has a name  
given us by God  
and by our father and mother.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנַתְּנוּ לוֹ הַיָּם  
וְנָתַן לוֹ  
מוֹתוֹ.

Each of us has a name  
given us by the sea  
and by the way  
we die.

*Zelda  
trans., Chaim Stern*

## SELECTIONS FROM PSALM 90

My protector, you are our abode,  
one generation to the next,

since before the mountains came to birth,  
before the birthpangs of the land and world.  
From eternity unto eternity, you are divine.

Truly, a thousand years are in your eyes  
like yesterday—so quickly does it pass—  
or like the watchman's nighttime post.

You pour upon them sleep, they sleep.  
When morning comes, it vanishes like chaff.

At dawn, life blossoms and renews itself,  
at dusk, it withers and dries up.

Years of our lifetime are but seventy  
—perhaps, among the strongest, eighty years—  
and most of them are toil and fatigue,  
then quickly it all ends, we fly away.

Who knows the full strength of your fury?  
Is our fear of you the equal of your wrath?

Oh, let us know how to assess our days,  
how we may bring the heart some wisdom.

Let your accomplishment be visible to those who serve you,  
let your beauty rest upon their children,

let our divine protector's pleasure be upon us,  
and the labor of our hands, make it secure,  
the labor of our hands ensure!

אֲדַנִּי מֵעוֹן אַתָּה הִיִּיתָ לָנוּ  
בְּטָרִם הָרִים לָדוּ  
בְּדַר וְדָר:  
וּתְחַוֵּל לְאַרְץ וּתְבַל  
וּמֵעוֹלָם עַד-עוֹלָם אַתָּה אֵל:  
וּמֵעוֹלָם עַד-עוֹלָם אַתָּה אֵל:

כִּי אֵלֶּךָ שָׁנִים בְּעֵינֶיךָ  
וְאִשְׁמוֹרָה בְּלִילָה:  
כִּיּוֹם אֶתְמוֹל כִּי יַעֲבֹר

וְרַמְתָּם שָׁנָה יִהְיֶה  
בְּכַקֵּר יִצִּיץ וְחִלָּף  
בְּכַקֵּר כְּחֻצִיר יִחֲלֶף:  
לְעָרֹב יְמוֹלֵל וְיָבֵשׁ:

יְמֵי-שָׁנוֹתֵינוּ בָּהֶם שִׁבְעִים שָׁנָה וְאִם בְּגִבּוֹרוֹת שְׁמוֹנִים שָׁנָה:  
וְרַחֲבָם עֲמַל וְאֶוֶן  
כִּי-גַז חֵישׁ וְנִלְעָפָה:  
מִי־יֹדֵעַ עַז אֶפֶךָ  
וְכִירָאֲתָךְ עֶבְרָתְךָ:  
לְמַנּוֹת יָמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדַע  
וְנָבִיא לְבַב חֻכְמָה:  
וְהִדְרֶךְ עַל-בְּנֵיהֶם:

יִרְאֶה אֶל-עֲבָדֶיךָ פֶּעֶלֶךָ  
וְיִהְיֶה נֶעַם אֲדַנִּי אֱלֹהֵינוּ עָלֵינוּ  
וּמַעֲשֵׂה יְדֵינוּ כּוֹנֵנָה עָלֵינוּ  
וּמַעֲשֵׂה יְדֵינוּ כּוֹנֵנָהוּ:

## 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)

מֵתָה אִמָּה שֶׁל אָמִי  
בְּאֵיב יָמֶיהָ. וּבִתָּה  
לֹא זָכְרָה אֶת פְּנֵיהָ. דְּיוֹקְנָה הַחֲרוּט  
עַל לְבוֹ שֶׁל סָבִי  
נִמְחָה מֵעוֹלָם הַדְּמוּיוֹת  
אֲחָרֵי מוֹתוֹ.

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

עֲמַק מְאֹד, מְאַחֲרֵי פָּנִי,  
אֲנִי רוֹאָה אִשָּׁה צְעִירָה  
וְרֵדַת לְחַיִּים מְחֻכָּת.  
וּפְאָה נִכְרִית לְרֹאשָׁה.  
הִיא עוֹנֵדַת  
עָגִיל מְאָרָךְ אֶל תְּנוּךְ אֲזָנָהּ. מִשְׁחִילֵתָהּ  
בְּנֶקֶב בְּבֶשֶׁר הָעֵנֵג  
שֶׁל הָאֵזֶן.

עֲמַק מְאֹד, מְאַחֲרֵי פָּנִי, קוֹרְנַת  
זְהוּבִית בְּהִירָה שֶׁל עֵינֶיהָ.  
וְהָרָאִי מִמְּשִׁיךְ אֶת מִסְרָת  
הַמְּשֻׁפָּחָה:  
שֶׁהִיא הִיתָה יָפֵה מְאֹד.

## 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

## 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*

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 if 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*

# YOM HA-SHO'AH

## *Holocaust Remembrance Day*

### *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*

מאַך צו די אייגעלעך

*MAKH TZU DI EYGELAKH*

מאַך צו די אייגעלעך

Now close your eyes, my dear,

אַט קומען פֿייגעלעך

the little birds are here,

און קרניזן דאָ אַרום

they're circling round

צוקאַפנס פֿון דיין וויג.

at your cradle's head.

דאָס פעקל אין דער האַנט

We'll take our bags in hand,

דאָס הויז אין אַש און בראַנד

burnt homes no longer stand;

מיר לאַזן זיך מנין קינד

let's go, my child,

זוכן גליק.

to find salvation's stead.

מען האָט אונדז נאַקעט בלויז

They stripped us to the bone

פֿאַריאַגט פֿון אונדזער הויז

and drove us from our home,

אין פֿינצטערניש

in total darkness

געטריבן אונדז אין פֿעלד

driven into the field.

און שטורעם, האַגל, ווינט

And storm and hail and wind

האַט אונדז באַגלייט מנין קינד

accompanied us, my kin,

באַגלייט אונדז אין דעם אַפּגרונט

into the dark abyss

פֿון דער וועלט.

of the cold world.

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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  
און אומעטום איז נאַכט  
זי וואַרט אויף אונדז  
מיט שוידער און מיט שרעק  
מיר שטייען ביידע דאָ  
אין שווערער, שווערער שעה  
און ווייסן ניט וווּהיין  
עס פֿירט דער וועג.

God's world is nowhere near  
and night is everywhere.  
The night awaits us now  
with terror and with dread.  
We stand here both of us  
in desperate times, I fear;  
we don't know what will be  
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*



## אל מלא רחמים

## MEMORIAL PRAYER FOR THE SIX MILLION

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

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.

פֶּאַרְטִיזאַנֶער־הִימֶען *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 פּינן, 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 מאַרגנזון באַגילדן אונדז דעם הינט,  
און דער נעכטן וועט פֿאַרשווינדן מיטן פֿינט,  
נאָר אויב פֿאַרזאַמען וועט די זון אין דעם קאַיאָר –  
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 בלינ,  
ס'איז ניט קיין לידל פֿון אַ פֿויגל אויף דער פֿרינ,  
דאָס האָט אַ פֿאַלק צווישן פֿאַלנדיקע ווענט  
דאָס ליד געזונגען מיט נאַגאַנעס 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 בליענע פֿאַרשטעלן בלויע טעג.  
קומען וועט נאָך אונדזער אויסגעבענקטע שעה –  
ס'וועט אַ פּויק טאַן אונדזער טראַט – מיר זינען 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)*

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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*

# 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, but 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 mourners' *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 respectable 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), *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.

For more information on the mourning process, and for spiritual guidance when encountering loss, I recommend the following books: *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

## PSALM 23

מזמור לדוד.

A psalm of David.

יהוה רעי לא אחסר:

The Eternal is my shepherd; I shall not want.

בנאות דשא ירביצני

The Eternal settles me down in green fields

על-מי מנחות ינהלני:

and leads me by quiet waters.

נפשי ישוב

My soul is restored.

ינחני במעגלי-צדק

I am guided by paths of righteousness

למען שמו:

for the sake of God's name.

גם כִּי-אֵלֶּךָ

Though I walk

בגיא צלמות

through the valley of the shadow of death

לא-איִרָא רַע כִּי-אַתָּה עִמָּדִי

I fear no harm for you are with me;

שִׁבְטֶךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתֶּךָ הֵמָּה יִנְחֲמֵנִי:

your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שֻׁלְחָן

You spread a table before me

נֶגַד צָרָרִי

in the presence of my enemies.

דִּשְׁנַת בְּשֵׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי

You soothe my head with oil;

כּוֹסִי רוֹבֵף:

my cup overflows.

אֵךְ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד

Surely goodness and lovingkindness

יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל-יְמֵי חַיִּי

shall pursue me all the days of my life,

וּשְׁבַתִּי בְּבֵית-יְהוָה

and I shall dwell in the House of the Eternal

לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:

for all the days to come.

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,

הסתירה / הסתירה בסתר

gather him / her forever

בנפיה 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 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 בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.	in this world, created as God willed.
וַיְמַלִּיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ	May God's sovereignty be established
בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן	in your lifetime,
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל	and the life of the entire House of Israel,
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן 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,
לְעָלָם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:	in all worlds, unto eternity.

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

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

Yitbarakh ve-yishtabakh ve-yitpa'ar ve-yitromam ve-yitnassei ve-yit'haddar ve-yit<sup>ʿ</sup>alleh ve-yit'hallal shemeih dekudsha **berikh hu**, le-<sup>ʿ</sup>eilla (u-le<sup>ʿ</sup>eilla) min kol birkhata ve-shirata, tushbe<sup>h</sup>ata ve-nehemata da-amiran be-<sup>ʿ</sup>alema, ve-imru **amen**.

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

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

Mourners:

יְתַבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר	Blessed, praised and glorified,
וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא	extolled and honoured,
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל	adorned, exalted and acclaimed,
שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא	be the name of the Holy One,

Congregation and Mourners:

בְּרִיךְ הוּא      the blessed,

Mourners:

לְעֵלָא * (וּלְעֵלָא)	(*On <i>Yamim Noraim</i> add: far) beyond
מִן כָּל בְּרַכָּתָא וְשִׁירָתָא	all prayer and song,
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא	praise and consolation
דְּאִמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא.	that may be uttered in this world;
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:	and let us say: Amen.
יְהוּא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא	May there be abundant divine peace,
וְחַיִּים טוֹבִים עָלֵינוּ	bringing good life for us
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.	and for all Israel;
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:	and let us say: Amen.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו	May the One who creates heavenly peace
הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ	create peace for us
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.	and for all Israel;
וְאִמְרוּ 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*).

## KADDICH DES ENDEUILLÉS

Les personnes en deuil  
יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא Que le Nom de Dieu soit exalté et sanctifié  
בעלמא די ברא כרעותה. en ce monde qu'il a créé selon Sa volonté.  
וימליך מלכותה Que Son règne soit établi  
בחייכון וביומיכון dans notre vie  
ובחיי דכל בית ישראל, et celle de de toute la maison d'Israël,  
בעגלא ובזמן קריב; rapidement et bientôt;  
ואמרו אמן: et disons tous: Amen.

La congrégation et les personnes en deuil  
יהא שמה רבא מברך Béni soit le Nom de Dieu  
לעלם ולעלמי עלמיא: dans tous les mondes et à jamais.

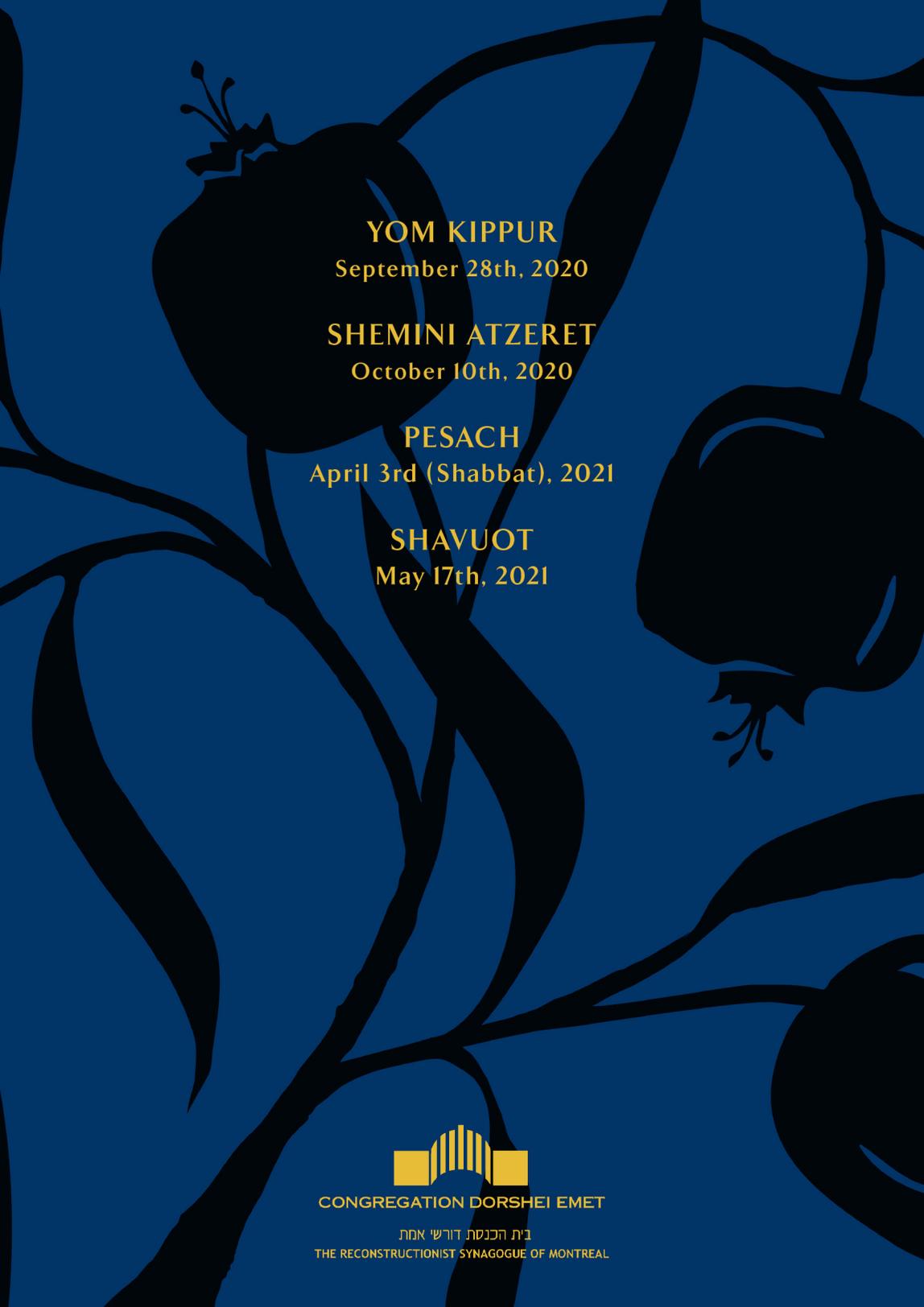
Les personnes en deuil  
יתברך וישתבח ויתפאר Soit béni, loué, célébré,  
ויתרום ויתנשא honoré, exalté,  
ויתהדר ויתעלה ויתהלל vénéré, admiré et glorifié,  
שמה דקדשא le Saint Nom,

La congrégation et les personnes en deuil  
ברוך הוא béni soit-Il,

Les personnes en deuil  
לעלא \* (ולעלא) (\*Durant les *Yamim noraïm* ajouter: bien) au-delà  
מכל ברכתא ושירתא de toute prière et chant,  
תשבחתא ונחמתא louange et consolation,  
דאמירן בעלמא. qui peuvent être prononcés en ce monde  
ואמרו אמן: et disons tous: Amen.

יהא שלמא רבא מן שמיא Que la paix céleste  
וחיים טובים עלינו se répande sur nous  
ועל כל ישראל; et tout Israël;  
ואמרו אמן: et disons tous: Amen.

עשה שלום במרומיو Que Celui qui fait régner l'harmonie dans les cieux  
הוא יעשה שלום עלינו amène aussi la paix sur nous  
ועל כל ישראל; et pour tout Israël;  
ואמרו אמן: et disons tous: Amen.



**YOM KIPPUR**  
September 28th, 2020

**SHEMINI ATZERET**  
October 10th, 2020

**PESACH**  
April 3rd (Shabbat), 2021

**SHAVUOT**  
May 17th, 2021



CONGREGATION DORSHEI EMET

בית הכנסת דורשי אמת  
THE RECONSTRUCTIONIST SYNAGOGUE OF MONTREAL