



תפילות חיים

PRAYERS of LIFE



VALLEY BETH SHALOM

*The families of Valley Beth Shalom
wish you strength and comfort in the embrace of loved ones,
in the support of community, and in the wisdom of your tradition.*

*May God comfort you along with
all the mourners of Zion and Jerusalem.*



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KEY TO HEBREW TRANSLITERATION

- a** is pronounced “**ah**,” as in exalt
- ai** is pronounced “**eye**,” as in Baruch ata Adonai
- ay** is pronounced as in pray: **Yehay shmay raba**
- e** is pronounced as in red: **Yeladeem**
- i** is pronounced as in **Boray pri ha-gafen**
- ei** is pronounced as in May: **Ashrei**
- ch** is pronounced gutturally, as in **Chanuka**
- o** is pronounced “**oh**,” as in Yom Kippur
- u** is pronounced “**oo**,” as in Yom Kippur

JEWISH TRADITIONS OF MOURNING

Fear not death, for we are all destined to die. We share it with all who ever lived and all who ever will. Cry for the dead, hide not your grief, do not restrain your mourning. But remember that endless sorrow is worse than death. When the dead are at rest, let their memory rest, and be consoled when a soul departs.

—The Wisdom of Ben Sirach

*W*e, the families of Valley Beth Shalom, extend our deepest feelings to you on the loss of your loved one. We understand that your world has been torn and your faith shaken. At this difficult moment, we offer you this booklet of prayers and reflections. We hope that these words — ancient and modern — provide wisdom, hope, strength and meaning. Around you stands a synagogue community of compassion and care. Please call upon us if we can be of help.

The traditions of Jewish mourning reflect two moral principles: *K’vod Ha-met*, honoring the deceased, and *Nichum Avayleem*, comforting the mourner. The careful preparation of the body for burial, the maintenance of the body’s dignity in a closed casket, the funeral service and the eulogy retelling the story of the individual’s life — all these traditions express our respect for the deceased. The compassion of friends, family and community at the cemetery and at the home express our desire to share strength and love with the mourner.

Following the funeral service, the family returns to their home for “*Shiva*,” which means “seven.” For seven days (the day of the funeral counts as the first day, and the seventh day concludes in the morning.) the mourners remain at home. On the Shabbat, they may attend synagogue service. They

are to be treated not as hosts but as guests in their own home. Compassionate friends, family and community visit bringing warmth, strength and comfort. A service is held in the home. The purpose of *Shiva* is to provide a retreat from the obligations of business and social life, so that the mourner may move through the feelings of numbness, pain and loneliness at home, without having to “make an appearance” or “put on a good face.” Traditionally, mirrors are covered in the house during *Shiva* so that the mourners need not worry about how they look to others. All they need do is feel their feelings as they slowly regain a sense of life’s worth and meaning. The Jewish tradition sets out a scheme of gradual, unrushed transitions in the mourning process.

The balance of the 30-day period from the funeral which remains after the conclusion of *Shiva* is a period called “*Shlosheem*” “thirty.” Although the mourner returns to work after the end of *Shiva*, he or she should not participate in celebrations and other festive events for the duration of *Shlosheem*. *Shlosheem* provides psychological room for the mourner’s continuing feelings of loss and grief. For those mourning a spouse, a brother or sister, or a child, the Mourners’ Kaddish is recited at the burial service, during *Shiva*, and during *Shlosheem*. For those mourning a parent, Kaddish is recited for 11 months following the death. Kaddish must be recited in the presence of a minyan — a quorum of ten Jews — as a way of bringing the mourner back into contact with the community.

These customs represent the accumulated wisdom of the Jewish tradition. They provide light in the darkness of the mourner’s world and a way for friends and family to help bring the mourner home from the graveside back to the world of meaning and joy.

It Is Never Too Late

*The last word has not been
spoken the last sentence
has not been written
the final verdict is not in*

*It’s never too late
to change my mind
my direction
to say “no” to the past
and “yes” to the future
to offer remorse
to ask and give forgiveness*

*It is never too late
to start all over again
to feel again
to love again
to hope again*

*It is never too late
to overcome despair
to turn sorrow into resolve
and pain into purpose*

*It is never too late
to alter my world
not by magic incantations
or manipulations of the cards or
deciphering the stars*

*But by opening myself
to curative forces buried within
to hidden energies
the powers in my interior self.*

*In sickness and in dying,
it is never too late
Living, I teach
Dying, I teach
how to face pain and fear*

*Others observe me,
children, adults,
students of life and death
Learn from my bearing,
my posture,
my philosophy.*

*It is never too late—
Some word of mine,
some touch,
some caress may be remembered
Some gesture may play a role
beyond the last
movement of my head and hand.*

*Write it on my epitaph
that my loved ones be consoled
It is never too late.*

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Holdiᅡ On and Lettiᅡ Go

*Hold on and let go—
On the surface of things, contradictory counsel.
But one does not negate the other.
The two are complementary, two sides of one coin.*

*Hold on — for death is not the final word. The grave is not
oblivion. Hold on — kaddish, yahrzeit, yizkor.
No gesture, no kindness, no smile evaporates.
Every embrace has an afterlife
In our minds, our hearts, our hands.*

*Hold on — and let go.
Sever the fringes of the tallit and
The knots which bind us to the past.
Free the enslaving memory which sells the future
to the past.
Free the fetters of memory which turn us passive,
listless, resigned.
Release us for new life.*

*Lower the casket, the closure meant
To open again the world of new possibilities.
Return the dust to the earth,
Not to bury hope but to resurrect the will to live.*

*We who remember are artists, aerialists
On a swinging trapeze
Letting go one ring to catch another.
Hold on and let go—
A subtle duality which endows our life
With meaning, neither denying the past
Nor foreclosing the future.*

*We are part of the flow of life,
The divine process which gives and takes,
creates and retains.*

*We, too, must give and take, seize hold, and release.
The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh.
Blessed be the Name of the Lord.*

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Help Me Pray

*Lord of the Universe, Master of Prayer,
Open Your lips within me, for I cannot speak.*

*Send me words to help me shape Your praise,
To bring peace and blessing to my days.*

*Too often the world has stifled
All words of blessing within me.*

So much has threatened to break my spirit.

*Help me, Lord, for I have been so very low,
And You heal the broken in spirit with joy.*

*In Your compassion, in Your boundless love,
Give me words of prayer; then accept them from me.*

*May my words, Your words, be sweet and whole before You
As the words of King David, sweet singer of psalms.*

*I am so often weary, empty, dry.
In thirst, in hunger, I seek comfort, even joy.*

*Transform my sorrow, Lord.
Help me to renew my faith, my hopes,
As I raise my soul toward You.*

*Open Your lips within me, Lord,
That I may speak Your praises.*

—Adopted from Nachman of Bratzlav

Alone Together

No one knows my grief,
Treasures my private memory.
I mourn alone.

The grief is my own.
Of my flesh and bone
I mourn alone.

Yet I mourn in the midst of my people,
In the minyan of mourning
With others who cry and remember
Their own loss.

Alone together,
An individual in community,
Present to each other,
We are each other's comfort.

Alone together
We are each other's consolation.
Alone we are mortal, together immortal
A community does not die.

The kaddish requires community.
A kaddish must be answered.
A kaddish calls for response.
Together we answer: Yehay shmay raba m'vorach.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

The Shiva Candle Is Lit

Closer to the grave
the nearness changes us.
Do we think we will live forever?

Speech, acts, gestures
that once enraged seem foolish now.

Before the images of shrouds,
envies, jealousies,
sworn vindictiveness
all shrivel into nonsense.

Before the shovel of dirt,
the sound of pebbles on the casket,
the angers and gnawing regrets
are strangely petty.

How did the Rabbis put it?
At the end of time, when the Evil Impulse will be slain,
people will look at its corpse and wonder
that this small hill seemed so hard to climb,
that this impulse as thin as a hair was
so difficult to conquer.

Awareness of death may bring courage to live.
Knowing our mortality,
how dare we be afraid?
Before whom, and of what afraid?
Before what choices do we tremble?
What questions are we afraid to ask?
What doubts will we not seize with both hands?

The wise counseled
that each of us should live as if this day
were our last.
And if it were, each breath would be deeper,
each step would be firmer,
each dream would be bolder.
Standing in the shadow of death,
a brave new light shines.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

What is left to be done after the dying is over?
 After the earth has covered the grave
 the casket lowered
 the ribbon cut
 the tears shed
 the last kaddish recited
 the farewells over
 the closure formed?

But there is no final closure in death.
 Life and death are locked in embrace.
 So intimately intertwined that the “Kree-a”
 of the cloth cannot tear them apart.
 Something important remains intact.

When the dying is over,
 a different kind of memory takes over.
 Not the memory that is obituary.
 Not the memory that records the past indiscriminately,
 but an active memory that sifts through
 the ashes of the past to retrieve isolated moments,
 and that gives heart to the future.
 That memory is an act of resurrection.
 It raises up from oblivion the glories of forgotten years.
 Even the memories of failure,
 the recollections of frustration and regret, are precious.
 Broken memories are like the tablets Moses shattered,
 placed lovingly in the holy Ark of remembrance.
 Memories are saved --
 those immaterial, disembodied ghosts that endure.

What is left after death?
 Pointers, ensigns, marking places
 that raise us up to life and give us a changed heart,
 perhaps a life lived differently,
 better, wiser, stronger than before.
 What is left after death? The life of the survivor.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

The *Evening (Ma'ariv) Service* is recited after nightfall. As the shadows on the earth lengthen, we accept the night but recall that there is a dawn to follow. The tradition urges us to remember the light in the midst of the darkness.

וְהוּא רַחוּם יְכַפֵּר עוֹן וְלֹא יִשְׁחִית,
 וְהַרְבֵּה לְהִשִּׁיב אָפּוֹ וְלֹא יַעִיר כָּל חַמַּתּוֹ.
 יְיָ הוֹשִׁיעָה הַמֶּלֶךְ יַעֲנֵנוּ בַיּוֹם קָרְאָנוּ:

בְּרַחוּ אֶת יְיָ הַמְּבָרֵךְ:

Barchu et Adonai ham-vo-rach
 Praise the Lord, Source of blessing.

בְּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבָרֵךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

Baruch Adonai ham-vo-rach l'olam va-ed
 Praise God, Source of blessing, throughout all time.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר בְּדַבְרוֹ
 מַעְרִיב עַרְבִים, בְּחֻכְמָה פּוֹתַח שְׁעָרִים, וּבַתְּבוּנָה
 מְשַׁנֶּה עֵתִים, וּמַחְלִיף אֶת הַזְּמַנִּים, וּמְסַדֵּר אֶת
 הַכּוֹכָבִים, בְּמִשְׁמְרוֹתֵיהֶם בְּרַקִּיעַ כְּרָצוֹנוֹ. בּוֹרֵא יוֹם
 וְלַיְלָה, גּוֹלֵל אֹר מִפְּנֵי חֹשֶׁךְ, וְחֹשֶׁךְ מִפְּנֵי אֹר.
 וּמַעְבִּיר יוֹם וּמְבִיא לַיְלָה, וּמְבַדֵּיל בֵּין יוֹם וּבֵין
 לַיְלָה, יְיָ צְבָאוֹת שְׁמוֹ. אֵל חַי וְקַיִם, תָּמִיד יִמְלֹךְ
 עֲלֵינוּ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַמַּעְרִיב עַרְבִים:

☉ Ayl chai v'ka-yam, tameed yeem-loch alaynu
 L'olam va-ed, Baruch ata Adonai, ha-ma-areev ar-aveem.

Praised are You, Lord our God, whose Presence fills the Universe, and whose word brings on the evening dusk. You open the gates of dawn with wisdom, moving the days with understanding, set the order of seasons and arrange the stars in the sky according to Your will. You create day and night, rolling light away from darkness and darkness away from light. Eternal God, may Your rule embrace us forever. Praised are You, Lord, for the evening dusk.

אֶהְבֵּת עוֹלָם בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל עִמָּךְ אֶהְבֵּת,
 תּוֹרָה וּמִצְוֹת, חֻקִּים וּמִשְׁפָּטִים, אוֹתָנוּ לְמִדָּת
 עַל כֵּן יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, בְּשֹׁכְבֵנוּ וּבְקוּמֵנוּ נִשְׁיחַ בְּחֻקֶיךָ,
 וְנִשְׁמַח בְּדַבְּרֵי תוֹרָתְךָ וּבְמִצְוֹתֶיךָ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.
 כִּי הֵם חַיֵּינוּ וְאַרְךְ יָמֵינוּ, וּבָהֶם נִהְגֶה יוֹמָם וְלַיְלָה,
 וְאַהְבַּתְךָ אֶל תַּסִּיר מִמֶּנּוּ לְעוֹלָמִים. [⊗]
 בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אוֹהֵב עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל:

[⊗] V'ahavat-cha al taseer mee-menoo l'olameem.
 Baruch ata adonai, ohev amo yisrael.

You faithfully love Your people Israel, teaching us Torah and mitzvot, statutes and laws. Therefore, Lord our God, when we lie down to sleep and when we rise, we shall reflect upon Your law, always rejoicing in Your Torah and mitzvot. For they are our life and the length of our days. Day and night, we will meditate on them. Never remove Your love from us. Praised are You, Lord, who loves the people Israel.

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יי אֶחָד:

Sh'ma Yisrael Adonai Elohaynu, Adonai Echad.
 Hear, O Israel: The Lord is our God, the Lord is One.

בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.
 Praised be God's glorious sovereignty throughout all time.

וְאַהְבַּתְךָ אֶת יי אֱלֹהֶיךָ, בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ, וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ,
 וּבְכָל-מְאֹדְךָ. וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה, אֲשֶׁר אֲנֹכִי
 מְצַוְךָ הַיּוֹם, עַל-לִבְבְּךָ: וְשָׁנַנְתָּם לְבִנְיָךָ, וְדַבַּרְתָּ
 בָּם בְּשַׁבְּתְךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ, וּבְלִכְתְּךָ בְּדַרְךָ וּבְשֹׁכְבְךָ,
 וּבְקוּמְךָ. וְקִשְׁרַתָּם לְאוֹת עַל-יָדְךָ, וְהָיוּ לְטֹטְפֹת
 בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ, וְכִתְבַתָּם עַל מְזוֹזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:

V'a-hav-ta Et Adonai Eh-lo-cheh-cha,
 B'chol L'vav-cha, Uv'chol Naf-sheh-cha,
 Uv'chol M'o-decha.
 V'ha-yu Ha-d'vareem Ha-ayleh,
 A-sheer A-no-chee M'tzav-cha Ha-yom Al L'va-vecha.
 V'shee-nan-tam L'va-necha, V'dee-barta Bam,
 B'sheev-t'cha B'vay-techa,
 Uv'lech-t'cha Va-deh-rech,
 Uv'shoch-b'cha, uv'ku-mecha.
 Uk'shar-tam L'ot Al Ya-decha,
 V'ha-yu L'to-ta-fot Bayn Ay-necha,
 Uch'tav-tam Al M'zu-zot Bay-techa u-vee-sha-recha.

Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your might. And these words which I command you this day you shall take to heart. You shall diligently teach them to your children. You shall recite them at home and away, morning and night. You shall bind them as a sign upon your hand, they shall be a reminder above your eyes, and you shall inscribe them upon the doorposts of your homes and upon your gates.

—Deuteronomy 6:4-9

וְהָיָה אִם-שָׁמַעַתְּ תִשְׁמְעוּ אֶל-מִצְוֹתַי, אֲשֶׁר אֲנֹכִי מְצַוֶּה
 אֶתְכֶם הַיּוֹם, לְאַהֲבָה אֶת יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיכֶם, וּלְעֲבֹדוֹ
 בְּכָל-לְבַבְכֶם וּבְכָל נַפְשְׁכֶם. וְנָתַתִּי מִטַּר-אֲרָצְכֶם בְּעֵתוֹ,
 יוֹרֵה וּמְלַקוֹשׁ, וְאֶסְפַּת דְּגַנְךָ וְתִירְשְׁךָ וּיְצַהֲרֶךָ. וְנָתַתִּי עֵשֶׂב
 בְּשַׂדְךָ לְבַהֲמֹתֶיךָ, וְאָכַלְתָּ וּשְׂבַעְתָּ. הַשְּׁמְרוּ לָכֶם פֶּן-יִפְתָּה
 לְבַבְכֶם, וְסָרְתֶם וְעַבַדְתֶּם אֱלֹהִים אֲחֵרִים וְהִשְׁתַּחֲוִיתֶם
 לָהֶם. וְחָרָה אָף-יְיָ בְּכֶם, וְעָצַר אֶת-הַשָּׁמַיִם וְלֹא-יִהְיֶה
 מָטָר, וְהֶאֱדָמָה לֹא תִתֵּן אֶת-יְבוּלָהּ וְאֲבַדְתֶּם מֵהָרָה מֵעַל
 הָאָרֶץ הַטֹּבָה אֲשֶׁר יְיָ נָתַן לָכֶם וּשְׁמַתֶּם אֶת דְּבַרֵי אֱלֹהֵי
 עַל-לְבַבְכֶם וְעַל-נַפְשְׁכֶם וּקְשַׁרְתֶּם אֹתָם לְאוֹת עַל-יְדְכֶם,
 וְהָיוּ לְטוֹטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֵיכֶם וּלְמַדְתֶּם אֹתָם אֶת-בְּנֵיכֶם,
 לְדַבֵּר בָּם, בְּשַׁבָּתְךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ, וּבְלַכְתְּךָ בְּדֶרֶךְ, וּבְשֹׁכְבְךָ
 וּבְקוּמְךָ; וְכִתְבְתֶם עַל-מְזוּזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ; לְמַעַן יִרְבוּ
 יְמֵיכֶם וַיְמִי בְנֵיכֶם עַל הָאֲדָמָה אֲשֶׁר נִשְׁבַּע יְיָ לְאַבְתִּיכֶם
 לָתֵת לָהֶם, כִּימֵי הַשָּׁמַיִם עַל-הָאָרֶץ:

Impress these words of Mine upon your heart. Bind them as a sign upon your hand, and let them be a reminder above your eyes. Teach them to your children. Repeat them at home and away, morning and night. Inscribe them upon the doorposts of your homes and upon your gates. Then your days and the days of your children on the land which the Lord swore to give to your ancestors will endure as the days of the heavens over the earth.

—Deuteronomy 11:13-21

וַיֹּאמֶר יְיָ אֶל-מֹשֶׁה לֵאמֹר: דַּבֵּר אֶל-בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
 וְאָמַרְתָּ אֲלֵהֶם: וַעֲשׂוּ לַהֲם צִיצֵת עַל-כַּנְּפֵי בְגָדֵיהֶם
 לְדֹרֹתָם, וְנָתַנּוּ עַל-צִיצֵת הַכַּנֹּף פְּתִיל תְּכֵלֶת. וְהָיָה
 לָכֶם לְצִיצֵת, וּרְאִיתֶם אֹתוֹ וַיִּזְכַּרְתֶּם אֶת-כָּל-מִצְוֹת
 יְיָ, וַעֲשִׂיתֶם אֹתָם, וְלֹא תִתּוּרוּ אַחֲרַי לְבַבְכֶם וְאַחֲרַי
 עֵינֵיכֶם, אֲשֶׁר-אֹתָם זֵנִים אַחֲרֵיהֶם:
 לְמַעַן תִּזְכְּרוּ וַעֲשִׂיתֶם אֶת כָּל-מִצְוֹתַי, וְהִייתֶם
 קְדוֹשִׁים לְאֱלֹהֵיכֶם: אֲנִי יְיָ אֱלֹהֵיכֶם, אֲשֶׁר הוֹצֵאתִי
 אֶתְכֶם מֵאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם, לִהְיוֹת לָכֶם לְאֱלֹהִים, אֲנִי יְיָ
 אֱלֹהֵיכֶם: אָמֵן

Ⓢ L'ma-an Teez-k'ru Va-a-see-tem et Kol Meetz-vo-tai,
 Ve'he-yee-tem K'do-sheem L'ay-lo-hay-chem.
 A-nee Adonai Eh-lo-hay-chem,
 A-sheer Ho-tzay-tee Et-chem May-eh-retz Meetz-ra-yeem, Lee-hyot
 Lachem Lay-lo-heem. A-nee Adonai Eh-lo-hay-chem, emet.

So that you will remember and do all My mitzvot and live a life of holiness. I am the Lord your God who brought you out of Egypt's slavery to share My creation. I am the Lord God."

—Numbers 15:37-41

אָמֵת וְאִמּוּנָה כָּל זֹאת, וְקִיַם עֲלֵינוּ, כִּי הוּא יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאִין
 זִלְתּוֹ, וְאִנְחֵנוּ יִשְׂרָאֵל עַמּוֹ. הַפּוֹדֵנוּ מִיַּד מְלָכִים, מְלַכְנוּ
 הַגּוֹאֲלֵנוּ מִכַּף כָּל הָעָרִיצִים. הָאֵל הַנִּפְרָע לָנוּ מִצְרַיִם,
 וְהַמְשַׁלֵּם גְּמוּל לְכָל אִיבֵי נַפְשֵׁנוּ. הָעֹשֶׂה גְדֻלוֹת עַד אֵין
 חֶקֶר, וְנִפְלְאוֹת עַד אֵין מִסָּפֵר. הַשֵּׁם נַפְשֵׁנוּ בְּחַיִּים, וְלֹא נָתַן
 לְמוֹט רִגְלֵנוּ, הַמְדַרְכֵּנוּ עַל בְּמוֹת אוֹיְבֵינוּ, וַיִּרֶם קַרְנֵנוּ, עַל
 כָּל שׁוֹנְאָנוּ. הָעֹשֶׂה לָנוּ נִסִּים וּנְקָמָה בַּפְּרָעָה, אוֹתוֹת
 וּמוֹפְתִים בְּאֲדַמַּת בְּנֵי חָם. הַמַּכֶּה בְּעַבְרַתּוֹ כָּל בְּכוֹרֵי
 מִצְרַיִם, וַיּוֹצֵא אֶת עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל מִתּוֹכָם לְחֵרוֹת עוֹלָם.
 הַמַּעֲבִיר בְּנָיו בֵּין גְּזְרֵי יַם סוּף, אֶת רוֹדְפֵיהֶם וְאֶת
 שׁוֹנְאֵיהֶם, בְּתֵהוֹמוֹת טֶבַע וְרָאוּ בְנָיו גְּבוּרָתוֹ, שְׂבָחוּ וְהוֹדוּ
 לְשִׁמּוֹ. Ⓢ וּמְלֻכוֹתוֹ בְּרָצוֹן קִבְּלוּ עֲלֵיהֶם, מֹשֶׁה וּבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
 לָךְ עֲנוּ שִׁירָה בְּשִׂמְחָה רַבָּה, וְאָמְרוּ כָלֵם:

When God's children beheld God's might they sang in praise of God, accepting God's sovereignty. Moses and the people Israel sang with great joy to the Lord:

מי כְּמֹכָה בְּאֵלִים יי, מי כְּמֹכָה נֹאדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ, נוֹרָא
תְּהִילַת, עֲשֵׂה פִּלְא.

Mee chamocha ba'ayleem adonai, Mee kamocha neh-dar
ba-kodesh Norah teheelot, oseh felleh.

Who is like you, Lord, among all that is worshipped? Who is
like You, majestic in holiness, awesome in splendor, working
wonders?

מִלְכֹּתֶיךָ רָאוּ בְּנֵיךָ, בּוֹקֵעַ יָם לִפְנֵי מֹשֶׁה, זֶה אֱלֹהֵי עַנּוּ
וְאָמְרוּ: יי יִמְלֹךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעַד.

Adonai yeemloch l'olam vaed.

Your children beheld Your sovereignty as You divided the sea
before Moses. "This is my God," they responded, declaring:
The Lord shall reign throughout all time.

וְנֵאמָר: כִּי פָדָה יי אֶת יַעֲקֹב, וְגָאֵלוּ מִיַּד חֹזֵק מִמֶּנּוּ.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, גֹּאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

And thus it is written: "The Lord has rescued Jacob; God
redeemed him from those more powerful." Praised are You,
Lord, Redeemer of Israel.

OPEN THE GATES

"Open the Gates of Righteousness for me." (Psalm 118:9)

At the Time of Judgment in the World to Come, everyone will be
asked: "What was your occupation?"

If the person answers, "I used to feed the hungry,"

They will say to him, "This is God's gate, you who fed the hungry,
may enter" ... "I used to clothe the naked,"

They will say to him, "This is God's gate, you who clothed the
naked, may enter"...

and similarly with those who raised orphans,

and those who performed the Mitzvah of Tzedaka,

and those who performed acts of caring loving-kindness."

—Midrash Tehilim

הַשְּׁפִיבֵנוּ יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם, וְהַעֲמִידֵנוּ מִלִּפְנֵי לְחַיִּים.
וּפְרוֹשׁ עָלֵינוּ סֶכֶת שְׁלוֹמְךָ וְתִקְנֵנוּ בְּעֵצָה טוֹבָה
מִלִּפְנֵיךָ וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ לְמַעַן שְׁמֶךָ, וְהַגֵּן בְּעַדְנוּ, וְהַסֵּר
מֵעָלֵינוּ אוֹיֵב, דָּבָר, וְחֶרֶב, וְרָעַב וְיָגוֹן, וְהַסֵּר שָׁטָן
מִלִּפְנֵינוּ וּמֵאַחֲרֵנוּ. וּבְצֵל כְּנָפֶיךָ תִּסְתִּירֵנוּ, כִּי אֵל
שׁוֹמְרָנוּ וּמְצִילֵנוּ אַתָּה, כִּי אֵל מְלֹךְ חַנוּן וְרַחוּם אַתָּה.
וְשׁוֹמֵר צִאתָנוּ וּבּוֹאֵנוּ, לְחַיִּים וּלְשָׁלוֹם, מֵעַתָּה וְעַד
עוֹלָם. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, שׁוֹמֵר עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל לְעַד.

U'sh'mor tzay-taynu u'vo-ay-nu l'chaim ul'shalom, may-ata v'ad olam, Ufros
alaynu sukkat shlom-echa. Baruch ata Adonai, shomer amo yisrael l'ad.

Help us, O God, to lie down in peace; and awaken us to life again. Spread
over us Your shelter of peace. Guide us with Your wisdom. Shield us from
enemies and pestilence, from starvation, sword and sorrow. Remove
the evil that surrounds us, shelter us in the shadow of Your wings. You,
O God, guard us and care for us. For You are the Source of grace and
lovingkindness. Guard our comings and our goings, grant us life and
peace, now and always. Praised are You, Lord, eternal guardian of the
people Israel.

PEACE

This we know:

Fear can yield to faith, hope can reignite

Rage can cease, hatred can be melted. . . .

Merciful One, illumine the sight of your children

To see You in each other's eyes.

Merciful One, spread the canopy of your peace over us,

Over all who dwell on earth.

O God, Source of Life, Creator of Peace. . .

Help Your children, anguished and confused,

To understand the futility of hatred and violence

And grant them the ability to stretch across

All their boundaries and division

So they may confront horror and fear

By continuing together

In the search for justice, peace and truth. . . .

With every fiber of our being

We beg You, O God,

To help us not to fail nor falter.

בְּרוּךְ יְיָ לְעוֹלָם, אָמֵן וְאָמֵן. בְּרוּךְ יְיָ מִצִּיּוֹן שְׁכֵן יְרוּשָׁלַיִם הַלְלוּהָ. בְּרוּךְ יְיָ אֱלֹהִים אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל, עֲשֵׂה נִפְלְאוֹת לְבָדוֹ. וּבְרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹדוֹ לְעוֹלָם, וַיִּמְלֵא כְבוֹדוֹ אֶת כָּל הָאָרֶץ, אָמֵן וְאָמֵן. יְהִי כְבוֹד יְיָ לְעוֹלָם, יִשְׁמַח יְיָ בְּמַעֲשָׂיו. יְהִי שֵׁם יְיָ מְבוֹרָךְ, מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם. כִּי לֹא יִטַּשׁ יְיָ אֶת עַמּוֹ בְּעַבּוּר שְׁמוֹ הַגָּדוֹל, כִּי הוֹאִיל יְיָ לַעֲשׂוֹת אֲתָכֶם לֹו לְעַם. וַיֵּרָא כָּל הָעַם וַיִּפְּלוּ עַל פְּנֵיהֶם, וַיֹּאמְרוּ: יְיָ הוּא הָאֱלֹהִים, יְיָ הוּא הָאֱלֹהִים. וְהִיא יְיָ לְמִלְךָ עַל כָּל הָאָרֶץ, בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יְהִיָּה יְיָ אֶחָד וַשְּׁמוֹ אֶחָד. יְהִי חֲסִדְךָ יְיָ עִלְיָנוּ, כְּאֲשֶׁר יַחַלְנוּ לָךְ. הוֹשִׁיעֵנו יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, וְקַבְּצֵנוּ מִן הַגּוֹיִם, לְהוֹדוֹת לְשֵׁם קִדְשְׁךָ, לְהַשְׁתַּבַּח בְּתִהְלִיתְךָ. כָּל גּוֹיִם אֲשֶׁר עָשִׂיתָ יְבָאוּ וַיִּשְׁתַּחֲווּ לְפָנֶיךָ אֲדֹנָי, וַיִּכְבְּדוּ לְשִׁמְךָ. כִּי גָדוֹל אַתָּה וְעֲשֵׂה נִפְלְאוֹת אַתָּה אֱלֹהִים לְבָדָד. וַאֲנַחְנוּ עַמְּךָ וְצִאֵן מִרְעִיתְךָ, נוֹדָה לָךְ לְעוֹלָם, לְדוֹר וָדוֹר נִסְפָּר תִּהְלִיתְךָ. בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בַּיּוֹם, בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בַּלַּיְלָה, בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בְּשִׁכְבְּנוּ, בְּרוּךְ יְיָ בְּקוּמָנוּ. כִּי בְּיָדְךָ נִפְשׁוֹת הַחַיִּים וְהַמֵּתִים, אֲשֶׁר בְּיָדוֹ נִפְשׁ כָּל חַי וְרוּחַ כָּל בֶּשֶׂר אִישׁ. בְּיָדְךָ אֶפְקֵיד רוּחִי, פְּדִיתָהּ אוֹתִי יְיָ אֵל אֱמֶת. אֱלֹהֵינוּ שְׁבִשְׁמַיִם, יַחַד שִׁמְךָ, וְקִיַּם מַלְכוּתְךָ תָּמִיד, וּמְלוּךְ עִלְיָנוּ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

יִרְאוּ עֵינֵינוּ, וַיִּשְׂמַח לִבֵּנוּ, וְתִגַּל נַפְשָׁנוּ, בִּישׁוּעַתְךָ בְּאֱמֶת, בְּאִמּוֹר לְצִיּוֹן מְלֶכֶךְ אֱלֹהֵינוּ. יְיָ מְלֶכֶךְ, יְיָ מְלֶכֶךְ, יְיָ מְלֶכֶךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

☪ כִּי הַמַּלְכוּת שְׁלֶכָהּ הִיא, וּלְעוֹלָמִי עַד תִּמְלוּךְ בְּכְבוֹד, כִּי אֵין לָנוּ מְלֶכֶךְ אֶלָּא אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַמְּלֶכֶךְ בְּכְבוֹדוֹ, תָּמִיד יְמְלוּךְ עִלְיָנוּ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד, וְעַל כָּל מַעֲשָׂיו:

Praised is the Lord by day and praised by night, praised when we lie down and praised when we rise up. In Your hands are the souls of the living and the dead, the life of every creature, the breath of all flesh. Into Your hand I entrust my spirit; You will redeem me, Lord, God of truth. Our God in heaven, assert the unity of Your rule; affirm Your sovereignty, and reign over us forever.

May our eyes behold, our hearts rejoice, and our souls be glad in Your sure deliverance, when it shall be said to Zion: Your God rules. The Lord rules, the Lord has ruled, the Lord shall rule throughout all time. All sovereignty is Yours; unto all eternity only You reign in glory, only You rule. Praised are You, Lord and glorious Ruler. May you rule over us and over all creation.

The **Afternoon (Mincha) Service** may be recited any time during the afternoon until sunset. The rabbis observed Mincha takes place in the midst of the turmoil of our activities and that one should, if but for a few moments, remove oneself from the pressures of the marketplace in order to recall who we are as children of a loving God. The **Mincha Service** begins here, with **Ashrei (page 15)**, and continues with **Chatzee Kaddish (page 17)**, **Amidah (page 25)**, **Kaddish Shalem (page 35)**, **Aleinu (page 36)** and the **Mourners' Kaddish (page 29)**.

אֲשֶׁרִי

אֲשֶׁרִי יוֹשְׁבֵי בֵיתְךָ, עוֹד יְהַלְלוּךָ סְלָה:

אֲשֶׁרִי הָעַם שְׁפָכָה לּוֹ, אֲשֶׁרִי הָעַם שְׁנֵי אֱלֹהֵינוּ:

תִּהְלֶה לְדוֹד,

אֲרוּמְךָ אֱלוֹהֵי הַמְּלֶכֶךְ,

וְאֲבָרְכָה שְׁמֶךָ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

בְּכָל יוֹם אֲבָרְכְךָ, וְאֶהְלֶלְךָ שְׁמֶךָ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

גָּדוֹל יְיָ וּמְהֵלָל מְאֹד, וְלִגְדֹלְתוֹ אֵין חֶקֶר:

דוֹר לְדוֹר יִשְׂבַּח מַעֲשֶׂיךָ, וּגְבוּרַתֶיךָ יִגְיִדוּ:

הַדָּר כְּבוֹד הוֹדֶךָ, וְדַבְּרֵי נִפְלְאוֹתֶיךָ אֲשִׁיחָה:

וְעִזּוֹז נוֹרְאוֹתֶיךָ יֹאמְרוּ וַיִּגְדֹּלְתְךָ אִסְפְּרָנָה:

זֶכֶר רַב טוֹבְךָ יִבְיָעוּ, וְצַדִּיקְתְךָ יִרְנְנוּ:

חֲנוּן וְרַחוּם יְיָ, אֲרֹךְ אַפַּיִם וְגָדֵל חַסֵּד:
 טוֹב יְיָ לְכֹל, וְרַחֲמָיו עַל כָּל מַעֲשָׂיו:
 יוֹדוּךָ יְיָ כָּל מַעֲשֵׂיךָ, וְחִסְדֵיךָ יְבָרְכוּכָה:
 כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתְךָ יֹאמְרוּ, וְגִבוּרְתְּךָ יִדְבְּרוּ:
 לְהוֹדִיעַ לְבַנְי הָאָדָם גְּבוּרָתוֹ,
 וְכְבוֹד הַדָּר מַלְכוּתוֹ:
 מַלְכוּתְךָ מַלְכוּת כָּל עוֹלָמִים,
 וּמִמְשַׁלְתְּךָ בְּכֹל דָּר וְדָר:
 סוֹמֵךְ יְיָ לְכֹל הַנְּפֹלִים, וְזוֹקֵף לְכֹל הַכְּפוּפִים:
 עֵינֵי כָל אֱלֹהִים יִשְׁבְּרוּ,
 וְאַתָּה נוֹתֵן לָהֶם אֶת אֲכֻלָּם בְּעֵתוֹ:
 פּוֹתֵחַ אֶת יַדְּךָ, וּמִשְׁבִּיעַ לְכֹל חַי רְצוֹן:
 צַדִּיק יְיָ בְּכֹל דְרָכָיו, וְחֹסֵד בְּכֹל מַעֲשָׂיו:
 קְרוֹב יְיָ לְכֹל קְרָאִיו, לְכֹל אֲשֶׁר יִקְרָאֵהוּ בְּאֵמֶת:
 רְצוֹן יִרְאִיו יַעֲשֶׂה, וְאֵת שׁוֹעֲתָם יִשְׁמַע וְיוֹשִׁיעֵם:
 שׁוֹמֵר יְיָ אֶת כָּל אֱהָבָיו,
 וְאֵת כָּל הַרְשָׁעִים יִשְׁמִיד:
 תְּהִלַּת יְיָ יִדְבֹר פִּי,
 וַיְבָרֶךְ כָּל בָּשָׂר שֵׁם קִדְשׁוֹ, לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:
 וְאַנְחֵנוּ נְבָרֶךְ יְהוָה, מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם, הַלְלוּיָהּ:

חצי קדיש ○ CHATZI KADDISH

יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא.
 בעלמא די ברך כרעותה, וימליך מלכותה
 בחייכון וביומיכון ובחיי דכל בית ישראל.
 בעגלא ובזמן קריב ואמרו אמן:
 יהא שמה רבא מברך לעלם ולעלמי לעלמיא:

Yeh-hay shmay raba mevarach, l'alam ul'almay al'maya yit-barach

יתברך וישתבח, ויתפאר ויתרומם ויתנשא
 ויתהדר ויתעלה ויתהלל שמה דקדשא בריך
 הוא
 לעלא (בעשי"ת ולעלא מכל) מן כל ברכתא
 ושירתא, תשבחתא ונחמתא, דאמירן בעלמא,
 ואמרו אמן:

Hallowed and enhanced may God be throughout the world of creation. May Your sovereignty soon be accepted, during our lifetime and the life of all Israel. And let us say: Amen.

May God be praised throughout all time.

Glorified and celebrated, lauded and worshipped, acclaimed and honored, extolled and exalted may the Holy One be, praised beyond all song and psalm, beyond all tributes which mortals can utter. And let us say: Amen.

We Remember Them

In the rising of the sun and in its going down

We remember them.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter

We remember them.

In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring,

We remember them,

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer,

We remember them.

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,

We remember them.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends,

We remember them

When we are weary and in need of strength,

We remember them.

When we have joys we yearn and share,

So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us

As we remember them.

—Sylvan Kamens & Rabbi Jack Reimer

Playing with Three Strings

We have seen Yitzhak Perlman

*Who walks the stage with braces on both legs,
On two crutches.*

He takes his seat, unhinges the clasps on his legs,

*Tucking one leg back, extending the other,
Laying down his crutches, placing the violin under his chin.*

On one occasion one of his violin strings broke.

The audience grew silent but the violinist did not leave the stage.

He signalled the maestro, and the orchestra began its part.

*The violinist played with power and intensity on
only three strings.*

With three strings, he modulated, changed and

Recomposed the piece in his head

He re-tuned the strings to get different sounds,

Turned them upward and downward.

The audience screamed with delight,

Applauded their appreciation.

Asked later how he had accomplished this feat,

The violinist answered

It is my task to make music with what remains.

A legacy mightier than a concert.

Make music with what remains.

Complete the song left for us to sing,

Transcend the loss,

Play it out with heart, soul and might

With all remaining strength within us.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Consolation

*Let not the last hours eclipse the entire life.
Let not the pain, the forgetfulness, the suffering
negate the joy, the memory, the exaltation of life.*

*Nothing decent, nothing noble,
no gesture of love, no smile of encouragement
is swallowed up by death.*

*In memory there is a resurrection of the life of the spirit.
Memory is our hold on the past,
Our solace in the present,
Our hope for the future.*

*Memory has a life of its own,
an afterlife,
a transfusion of meaning
from one life to others.*

*The beloved who gave you life
passed on to you
a miraculous spark.
May it illumine your path
and brighten your way.*

*Honor those recalled with your life.
Immortalize them with your undying spirit.
Sanctify their memory
by sanctifying the world with the blessings of
Godliness.*

*They are loved by their children
and loved by children's children.
One generation flows into another.
The river remains eternal.*

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

A MEDITATION ON THE AMIDAH

ur ancestors worshiped You. Abraham and Sarah, Rebecca and Isaac, Jacob, Rachel and Leah, stood in awe before You. We too reach for You, infinite, awesome, and transcendent God—source of all being—whose truth shines through our ancestors' lives. We, their distant descendants, draw strength from their lives and from Your redeeming love. Be our help and our shield, as You were theirs. We praise You, God, Guardian of our ancestors.

Your power sustains the universe. You breathe life into dead matter. With compassion, You care for all that lives. Your limitless love lets life triumph over death, heals the sick, upholds the exhausted, frees the enslaved, keeps faith even with the dead. Who is like You, God of splendor and power incomparable? You govern both life and death, Your presence brings our souls to blossom. We praise You, God who wrests life from death.

Help us to find our way to Your truth again, to obey You with trusting faith, to attain wholeness in Your Presence. We praise You, God who is always ready to help us start anew.

Forgive our failures with a parent's love, overlook our shortcomings with regal generosity, for You are gentle and gracious. We praise You, God of mercy and forgiveness.

See our suffering, sustain us in our struggles, save us soon. We praise You, God, our people's hope of redemption.

Heal us, O God, and keep us in health. Help us, that we might help ourselves. Send true healing for all our pains, for You are the source of healing and compassion. We praise You, God from whom all healing comes.

Bless this year for us with prosperity. May the wealth of the earth and the rhythms of the seasons yield us a good harvest in abundance. We praise You, God whose blessings are as certain as the seasons.

Let freedom resound like a mighty ram's horn. Let our spirits soar, sustained by Your promise. May all Your scattered people find wholeness and renewal. We praise You, God who brings home the lost and the lonely.

May our ancient sense of justice be renewed, our classic sources of wisdom rediscovered. May sorrow vanish from our midst. May Your tenderness and pity, justice and compassion govern our lives always. We praise You, God of kindness and justice.

May malice abate and ill will perish; may hatred cease and arrogance wither. We praise You, God whose power helps good triumph over evil.

For the loving and the righteous, for the learned and the wise, for us and our loved ones, may Your mercy appear and Your justice be made manifest. May we be counted among the good, may we never regret having trusted in You. We praise you, God, strength of the just, root of our confidence.

May my tongue be innocent of malice and my lips free of guile. In the presence of adversity, teach me to calm my soul and remain truly humble to all. Open my heart with Your teachings, that I may be guided by You. Hear my words and help me, God, because You are compassionate, because You are almighty, because You are holy, because You are loving, because You reveal Your Torah. May You find delight in the words of my mouth and in the emotions of my heart, God, my strength and my salvation. As You maintain harmony in the heavens, give peace to us and to the Jewish people, and to all humanity. Amen.

—Rabbi Jules Harlow

Prayers That No One Can Write for Me

There are prayers that no one can write for me

Tears that no one can shed for me

Judgements that no one can render for me.

In the silent Amidah, we turn to the inner recesses of our being,

confront that which we hide from ourselves,

discover the muted inner voice

and open the lips that have been sealed from praise.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

AMIDAH עמידה

אֲדַנִּי שְׁפָתַי תִּפְתַּח וּפִי יִגִּיד תְּהִלָּתְךָ:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ, אֱלֹהֵי אֲבֹרָהּם, אֱלֹהֵי יִצְחָק, וְאֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב, אֱלֹהֵי שָׂרָה אֱלֹהֵי רַבְקָה אֱלֹהֵי רַחֵל וְאֱלֹהֵי לָאָה, הָאֵל הַגָּדוֹל הַגִּבּוֹר וְהַנוֹרָא, אֵל עֲלִיוֹן, גּוֹמֵל חֲסָדִים טוֹבִים, וְקוֹנֵה הַכֹּל, וְזוֹכֵר חֲסָדֵי אֲבוֹת, וּמַבִּיא גּוֹאֵל לְבָנֵי בְנֵיהֶם לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ בְּאַהֲבָה:

(בעש"ת: זְכַרְנוּ לְחַיִּים, מְלֶכֶד חֶפְצַ בְּחַיִּים, וְכַתְּבֵנוּ בְּסִפְרֵי

הַחַיִּים, לְמַעַנְךָ אֱלֹהִים חַיִּים.)

מְלֶכֶד עוֹזֵר [וּפְקֹד] וּמוֹשִׁיעַ וּמַגֵּן:

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מַגֵּן אֲבֹרָהּם וּפְקֹד שְׂרָה:

אַתָּה גִבּוֹר לְעוֹלָם אֲדַנִּי, מְחַיֶּה מֵתִים אַתָּה,

רַב לְהוֹשִׁיעַ:

בַּחוּרֶיךָ: מְשִׁיב הַרוּחַ וּמוֹרִיד הַגֶּשֶׁם:

מְכַלְכֵל חַיִּים בְּחֶסֶד, מְחַיֶּה מֵתִים בְּרַחֲמִים רַבִּים, סוֹמֵךְ נוֹפְלִים, וְרוֹפֵא חוֹלִים, וּמַתִּיר אֲסוּרִים, וּמַקְיֵם אַמוּנָתוֹ לִישְׁנֵי עֶפֶר, מִי כְמוֹד בַּעַל גְּבוּרוֹת וּמִי דוֹמֵה לָךְ, מְלֶכֶד מֵמִית וּמְחַיֶּה וּמַצְמִיחַ יְשׁוּעָה:

(בעש"ת: מִי כְמוֹד אֵב הַרְחֲמִים,

זוֹכֵר יְצוּרֵי לְחַיִּים בְּרַחֲמִים:)

וּנְאָמֵן אַתָּה לְהַחֲיוֹת מֵתִים. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי,

מְחַיֶּה הַמֵּתִים:

אַתָּה קְדוֹשׁ וְשִׁמְךָ קְדוֹשׁ וְקְדוּשֵׁים בְּכֹל יוֹם יְהַלְלוּךָ, סְלָה.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, הָאֵל הַקְּדוֹשׁ

(בעש"ת: הַמְּלֶכֶד הַקְּדוֹשׁ.)

Open my mouth, O Lord, and my lips will proclaim Your praise.

Praised are You, Lord our God and God of our ancestors, God of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebecca, and of Jacob and Leah and Rachel, great, mighty, awesome, exalted God who bestows lovingkindness, Creator of all. You remember the pious deeds of our ancestors and You promise redemption for their children's children because of Your love.

*Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur:
Remember us that we may live, Ruler who delights in life.
Inscribe us in the Book of Life, for Your sake, living God.*

You are the Ruler who helps and saves and shields. Praised are You, Lord, Shield of Abraham and Sarah.

Your power, O Lord, is boundless. You are author of life and of death, and in You, death is conquered by life.

*From Sh'meenee Atzeret to Pesach:
You cause the wind to blow and the rain to fall.*

Your lovingkindness sustains the living, You transform death into life. You support the falling, heal the sick, free the bound. You keep Your faith with those who sleep in the dust. Whose power can compare with Yours? You are the Lord of life and death and deliverance.

Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur: Whose mercy can compare with Yours, merciful Lord? In mercy You remember Your creatures with life.

Faithfully, You vanquish death with life. Praised are You, Lord, Source of life and death.

Holy are You and holy is Your name. Holy are those who praise You daily. Praised are You, Lord, holy God.

Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur: Praised are You, Lord, Holy Ruler.

KEDUSHA ◉ קְדוּשָׁה [מנחה]

נְקַדֵּשׁ אֶת שְׁמֶךָ בְּעוֹלָם, כְּשֵׁם שְׁמִקְדִּישִׁים אוֹתוֹ בְּשָׁמַי מְרוֹם,
כְּכַתוּב עַל יַד נְבִיאֶךָ: וְקָרָא זֶה אֶל זֶה וְאָמַר:

קְדוּשׁ, קְדוּשׁ, קְדוּשׁ יְיָ צְבָאוֹת, מְלֵא כָל

הָאָרֶץ כְּבוֹדוֹ.

לְעַמְתֶּם בְּרוּךְ יֵאמְרוּ: בְּרוּךְ כְּבוֹד יְיָ מִמְקוֹמוֹ. וּבְדַבְרֵי קְדֻשְׁךָ
כְּתוּב לֵאמֹר: יִמְלֶךְ יְיָ לְעוֹלָם, אֱלֹהֶיךָ צִיּוֹן לְדֹר וָדֹר, הַלְלוּיָהּ.
לְדֹר וָדֹר נְגִיד גְּדֻלָּךְ, וְלִנְצַח נְצַחִים קְדֻשְׁתֶּךָ נְקַדִּישׁ, וְשִׁבְחֶךָ,
אֱלֹהֵינוּ, מִפִּינוּ לֹא יִמוּשׁ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד, כִּי אֵל מְלֶךְ גָּדוֹל וְקְדוּשׁ
אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הָאֵל הַקְּדוּשׁ (בְּעֵשִׂי"ת: הַמְּלֶךְ הַקְּדוּשׁ).

**אַתָּה חוֹנֵן לְאָדָם דַּעַת, וּמְלַמֵּד לְאֹנוּשׁ בִּינָה. חֲנֹנוּ
מֵאַתָּךְ דַּעָה, בִּינָה וְהַשְׁפֵּל. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, חוֹנֵן הַדַּעַת.**

[בְּמוֹצָאֵי שַׁבָּת] אַתָּה חוֹנֵן לְאָדָם דַּעַת, וּמְלַמֵּד לְאֹנוּשׁ בִּינָה. אַתָּה
חוֹנֵנֵתָנוּ לְמַדְעַת תּוֹרַתְךָ, וְתַלְמִדְנוּ לַעֲשׂוֹת חֻקֵי רְצוֹנְךָ, וְתַבְדֵּל יְיָ
אֱלֹהֵינוּ בֵּין קְדֻשׁ לְחוֹל, בֵּין אֹר לְחוֹשֶׁךְ, בֵּין יִשְׂרָאֵל לְעַמִּים בֵּין יוֹם
הַשְּׁבִיעִי לְשֵׁשֶׁת יָמֵי הַמַּעֲשֶׂה. אָבִינוּ מְלַכְנוּ, הַחַל עֲלֵינוּ הַיָּמִים
הַבָּאִים לְקַרְאֵתָנוּ לְשָׁלוֹם, חֲשׂוּכִים מִכָּל חֲטָא, וּמְנַקִּים מִכָּל עוֹן,
וּמַדְבְּקִים בְּיַרְאֵתְךָ. וְחֲנֹנוּ מֵאַתָּךְ דַּעָה, בִּינָה וְהַשְׁפֵּל. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ,
חוֹנֵן הַדַּעַת.

**הַשִּׁיבָנוּ אָבִינוּ לְתוֹרַתְךָ, וְקַרְבָּנוּ מְלַכְנוּ לְעִבּוּדְתֶךָ, וְהַחְזִירָנוּ
בְּתַשׁוּבָה שְׁלָמָה לְפָנֶיךָ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַרוֹצֵה בְּתַשׁוּבָה.**

**סֶלַח לָנוּ, אָבִינוּ, כִּי חֲטָאנוּ, מִחַל לָנוּ, מְלַכְנוּ כִּי פָשַׁעְנוּ, כִּי
מוֹחַל וְסוֹלֵחַ אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, חֲנוּן הַמְרַבֵּה לְסֶלַח.**

**רְאֵה נָא בְּעֵינֵינוּ, וְרִיבָה רִיבָנוּ, וּגְאֹלָנוּ מֵהַרָּה לְמַעַן שְׁמֶךָ, כִּי
גּוֹאֵל חֲזַק אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, גּוֹאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל.**

KEDUSHA

Recited During Mincha Only

We proclaim Your holiness on earth as it is proclaimed in heaven above. We sing the words of heavenly voices as recorded in Your prophet's vision:

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole world is filled with God's glory.

Heavenly voices respond with praise: Praised is the glory of the Lord throughout the universe. And in Your holy psalms it is written: The Lord shall reign through all generations; your God, Zion, shall reign forever. Hallelujah. We declare Your greatness through all generations, allow Your holiness to all eternity. Your praise will never leave our lips, for You are God and Ruler, great and holy. Praised are You, Lord, holy God.

Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur: Praised are You, Lord, Holy Ruler.

On other evenings:

You graciously endow mortals with intelligence, teaching us wisdom and understanding. Grant us knowledge, discernment, and wisdom. Praised are You, Lord who graciously grants intelligence.

At the conclusion of Shabbat or a Festival:

You graciously granted us knowledge of Your Torah, teaching us to fulfill the laws You have willed. You set apart the sacred from the profane, even as You separated light from darkness, singled out the people of Israel from among the nations and distinguished Shabbat from all other days. Avinu Malkenu, may the coming days bring us peace. May they be free of sin and cleansed of wrongdoing; may they find us more closely attached to You. Grant us intelligence.

Our Father, bring us back to your Torah. Our King, draw us near to Your service. Lead us back to You, truly repentant. Praised are You, Lord who welcomes repentance.

Forgive us, loving God, for we have sinned; pardon us, for we have transgressed. You forgive and pardon. Praised are You, gracious and forgiving Lord.

Behold our affliction and deliver us. Redeem us soon because of Your mercy, for You are the mighty Redeemer. Praised are You, Lord, Redeemer of the people Israel.

Heal us, O Lord, and we shall be healed. Help us and save us, for You are our glory. Grant perfect healing for all our afflictions. For You are the faithful and merciful God of healing. Praised are You, Lord, Healer of Your people Israel.

Lord our God, make this a blessed year. May its varied produce bring us happiness. Grant (in summer): blessing (in winter): dew and rain upon the earth, satisfy us with its abundance, and bless our year as the best of years. Praised are You, Lord who blesses the years.

רְפָאנוּ יי, וְנִרְפָא, הוֹשִׁיעֵנו וְנוֹשְׁעָה, כִּי תִהְלֵתְנוּ אִתָּהּ, וְהִעֲלֵהָ רְפוּאָה שְׁלֵמָה לְכָל מְכוּתֵינוּ. כִּי אֵל מֶלֶךְ רוֹפֵא נֶאֱמָן וְרַחֲמָן אִתָּהּ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, רוֹפֵא חוֹלֵי עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל.

בְּרַךְ עֲלֵינוּ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, אֶת הַשָּׁנָה הַזֹּאת וְאֶת כָּל מֵינֵי תְבוֹאֲתָהּ לְטוֹבָה (בְּקִיץ) וְתוֹן בְּרֵכָה (בַּחֶרֶף) וְתוֹן טַל וּמָטָר לְבִרְכָה עַל פְּנֵי הָאָדָמָה, וְשִׁבְעֵנו מִטוֹבָהּ, וּבְרַךְ שְׁנֵתְנוּ כְּשָׁנִים הַטּוֹבוֹת. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מְבָרַךְ הַשָּׁנִים.

תִּקַּע בְּשׁוֹפָר גְּדוֹל לְחַרוֹתְנוּ, וְשֵׂא נֶס לְקַבֵּץ גְּלוֹיֹתֵינוּ, וְקַבְּצֵנוּ יַחַד מֵאַרְבַּע כְּנָפוֹת הָאָרֶץ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מְקַבֵּץ נְדָחֵי עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל.

הַשִּׁיבָה שׁוֹפְטֵינוּ כְּבָרָאשׁוֹנָה וְיוֹעֲצֵינוּ כְּבִתְחִלָּה, וְהַסֵּר מִמֶּנּוּ יָגוֹן וְאַנְחָה, וּמְלוֹךְ עֲלֵינוּ אַתָּה, יי, לְבַדְּךָ בְּחֶסֶד וּבְרַחֲמִים, וְצַדִּיקְנוּ בַּמִּשְׁפָּט. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מֶלֶךְ אוֹהֵב צְדָקָה וּמִשְׁפָּט (בַּעֲשִׂיַת הַמֶּלֶךְ הַמִּשְׁפָּט).

וּלְמַלְשִׁינִים אֵל תְּהִי תִקְוָה, וְכָל הַרְשָׁעָה כְּרָגַע תֵּאבֵד, וְכָל אוֹיְבֶיךָ מֵהֵרָה יִכְרַתוּ, וְהַזִּידִים מֵהֵרָה תִעַקֵּר וְתִשָּׁבֵר וְתִמְגַּר וְתִכְנִיעַ בְּמֵהֵרָה בְיָמֵינוּ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, שֶׁבֵר אוֹיְבִים וּמְכַנְיַע זֵדִים.

עַל הַצְדִּיקִים וְעַל הַחֲסִידִים וְעַל זַקְנֵי עַמְּךָ בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל פְּלִיטַת סוֹפְרֵיהֶם, וְעַל גְּרֵי הַצֶּדֶק וְעֲלֵינוּ, יְהִמוּ נָא רַחֲמֶיךָ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, וְתוֹן שָׂכָר טוֹב לְכָל הַבוֹטְחִים בְּשִׁמְךָ בְּאַמֶּת, וְשִׁים חֶלְקֵנוּ עִמָּהֶם וּלְעוֹלָם, וְלֹא נִבּוֹשׁ כִּי בְךָ בְּטַחְנוּ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מִשְׁעָן וּמִבְטָח לְצַדִּיקִים.

וְלִירוּשָׁלַיִם עִירְךָ בְּרַחֲמִים תָּשׁוּב, וְתִשְׁכַּח בְּתוֹכָהּ כָּאֲשֶׁר דְּבַרְתָּ, וּבָנָה אוֹתָהּ בְּקִרְוֵב בְּיָמֵינוּ בְּנֵן עוֹלָם, וְכִסָּא דָּוִד מֵהֵרָה לְתוֹכָהּ תִּכְוֵן. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, בּוֹנֵה יְרוּשָׁלַיִם.

אֶת צִמַח דָּוִד עַבְדְּךָ מֵהֵרָה תִצְמִיחַ, וְקִרְנוֹ תִרוּם בִּישׁוּעָתְךָ, כִּי לִישׁוּעָתְךָ קָוִינוּ כָּל הַיּוֹם. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מִצְמִיחַ קֶרֶן יִשׁוּעָה.

שְׁמַע קוֹלְנוּ, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חוּס וְרַחֵם עֲלֵינוּ, וְקַבֵּל בְּרַחֲמִים וּבְרָצוֹן אֶת תְּפִלָּתְנוּ, כִּי אֵל שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּפִלוֹת וְתַחֲנוּנִים אַתָּה, וּמְלַפְנִיךָ מִלְּפָנֵינוּ, רִיקָם אֵל תִּשְׁבִּיבֵנוּ. כִּי אַתָּה שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּפִלַּת עַמְּךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּרַחֲמִים. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּפִלָּה.

Sound the great shofar to herald our freedom, raise high the banner to gather all exiles. Gather the dispersed from the ends of the earth. Praised are You, Lord who gathers our dispersed.

Restore our judges as in days of old, restore our counselors as in former times. Remove from us sorrow and anguish. Reign alone over us with lovingkindness; with justice and mercy sustain our cause. Praised are You, Lord, Ruler who loves justice.

*Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur:
Praised are You, Lord, Ruler of judgment.*

Frustrate the hopes of those who malign us; let all evil very soon disappear. Let all Your enemies soon be destroyed. May you quickly uproot and crush the arrogant; may You subdue and humble them in our time. Praised are You, Lord who humbles the arrogant.

Let Your tender mercy be stirred for the righteous, the pious, and the leaders of Israel, devoted scholars and faithful proselytes. Be merciful to us. Reward all who trust in You, cast our lot with those who are faithful to You. May we never come to despair, for our trust is in You. Praised are You, Lord who sustains the righteous.

Have mercy, Lord, and return to Jerusalem, Your city. May Your Presence dwell there as You have promised. Build it now, in our days and for all time. Reestablish there the majesty of David, Your servant. Praised are You, Lord who builds Jerusalem. Bring to flower the shoot of Your servant David. Hasten the advent of Messianic redemption. Each and every day we hope for Your deliverance. Praised are You, Lord who assures our deliverance.

Lord our God, hear our voice. Have compassion upon us, pity us, accept our prayer with loving favor. You listen to entreaty and prayer. Do not turn us away unanswered, our Ruler, for You mercifully heed Your people's supplication. Praised are You, Lord who hears prayer.

רצה, יי אלהינו, בעמך ישראל ובתפלתם, והשב את העבודה לדביר ביתך, ותפלתם באהבה תקבל ברצון, ותהי לרצון תמיד עבודת ישראל עמך.

בראש-חדש

אלהינו ואלהי אבותינו, געלה ויבא, ונגיע, ויראה, וירצה, וישמע, ויפקד, ויזכר זכרונו ופקדונו, וזכרון אבותינו, וזכרון משית בן דוד עבדך, וזכרון ירושלים עיר קדשך, וזכרון כל עמך בית ישראל לפניך, לפליטה, לטובה, לחן ולחסד ולרחמים, לחיים ולשלום, ביום ראש החדש הזה. זכרנו, יי אלהינו, בו לטובה, ופקדנו בו לברכה, והושיענו בו לחיים, ובדבר ישועה ורחמים, חוס וחסנו, ורחם עלינו והושיענו, כי אלקי עניינו, כי אל מלך חנון ורחום אתה.

ותחזינה עינינו בשובך לציון ברחמים. ברוך אתה יי, המחזיר שכנינו לציון.

מודים אנחנו לך, שאתה הוא, יי אלהינו ואלהי אבותינו, לעולם ועד. צור חיינו, מגן ישענו, אתה הוא לדור ודור נודה לך ונספר תהלתך. על חיינו המסורים בינך, ועל נשמותינו הפקודות לך, ועל נסיד שבכל יום עמנו, ועל נפלאותיך וטובותיך שבכל עת, ערב ובקר וצהריים. הטוב כי לא כלו כחמיק, והמרחם כי לא תמו חסדיך מעולם קוינו לך. ועל כלם יתברך ויתרומם שמך, מלכנו, תמיד לעולם ועד. (בעשי"ת: וכתוב לחיים טובים כל בני ברייתך.)

וכל החיים יודוך סלה, ויהללו את שמך באמת, האל ישועתנו ועזרתנו סלה. ברוך אתה יי, הטוב שמך ולך נאה להודות.

שלום רב על ישראל עמך ועל כל יושבי תבל תשים לעולם, כי אתה הוא מלך אדון לכל השלום. וטוב בעיניך לברך את עמך ישראל בכל עת ובכל שעה בשלומך.

(בעשי"ת: בספר חיים, ברכה, ושלום, ופרנסה טובה, נזכר ונכתב לפניך, אנחנו וכל עמך בית ישראל, לחיים טובים ולשלום.. ברוך אתה יי, עושה השלום.)

ברוך אתה יי, המברך את עמו ישראל בשלום.

ON ROSH HODESH — Our God and God of our ancestors, show us Your care and concern. Remember our ancestors; recall Your anointed, descended from David Your servant. Protect Jerusalem, Your holy city, and exalt all Your people, Israel, with life and well-being, contentment and peace on the *Rosh Hodesh* day.

Grant us life and blessing, and remember us for good. Recall Your promise of mercy and redemption. Be merciful to us and save us, for we place our hope in You, loving and merciful God.

May we witness Your merciful return to Zion. Praised are You Adonai, who restores the Divine Presence to Zion.

We proclaim that You are Adonai our God and God of our ancestors throughout all time. You are the Rock of our lives, the Shield of our salvation in every generation. We thank you and praise You for our lives that are in Your hand, for our souls that are in Your charge, for Your miracles that daily attend us, and for Your wonders and gifts that accompany us, evening, morning, and noon. You are good, Your mercy everlasting; You are compassionate, Your kindness neverending. We have always placed our hope in You.

It Is A Fearful Thing To Love

*It is a Fearful thing to love
what death can touch.*

*A Fearful thing to love,
hope, dream: to be-*

*To be,
and oh! To lose.*

*A thing for fools, this
and a holy thing, a holy thing to love.*

*For your life has lived in me,
your laugh once lifted me,
your word was gift to me.*

To remember this brings a painful joy.

*'Tis a human thing, love, a holy thing,
to love what death has touched.'*

—Chaim Stern

אֱלֹהֵי, נִצּוֹר לְשׁוֹנֵי מִרְעָ. וּשְׁפָתַי מְדַבֵּר מִרְמָה: וְלִמְקַלְלֵי
נַפְשֵׁי תְדוּם, וְנַפְשֵׁי כְּעַפְרָ לְכָל תְּהִיָּה. פָּתַח לְבִי בְּתוֹרַתְךָ,
וּבְמִצּוֹתֶיךָ תִּרְדּוּף נַפְשִׁי. וְכָל הַחוֹשְׁבִים עָלַי רָעָה, מִהֲרָה
הִפֵּר עֲצָתָם וְקַלְקַל מַחְשַׁבְתָּם. עֲשֵׂה לְמַעַן שְׂמֹךְ, עֲשֵׂה
לְמַעַן יְמִינְךָ, עֲשֵׂה לְמַעַן קִדְשֶׁתְךָ. עֲשֵׂה לְמַעַן תּוֹרַתְךָ. לְמַעַן
יִחַלְצוּן יְדִידֶיךָ, הוֹשִׁיעָה יְמִינְךָ וְעֲנֵנִי. יִהְיוּ לְרָצוֹן אֲמָרֵי פִי
וְהִגִּיוֹן לְבִי לְפָנֶיךָ, יְיָ צוּרֵי וְגוֹאֲלֵי. עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו,
הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

A Prayer When a Parent Dies

*I miss you. You gave me my life. You were my protector, my teacher,
my moral compass, my comfort. I feel so alone without you. No one
worries about me the way you did. No one loves me the way you did.*

*Please forgive me for the times I caused you pain, and for the times
I took you for granted. I can't begin to fathom all the sacrifices you
made for my sake.*

*I want to thank you for all the ways you blessed my life. Nothing
can replace the gaping hole your death has left in my life. But mixed
together with all my sadness, there is a great joy for having known you.*

*I will remember your smile, your touch. I will remember your
laughter, your kindness, your generosity, your determination, your love.*

*Thank you for the time we shared, for the love you gave, for the
wisdom you spread. I will always treasure the lessons you taught me.
I will carry them with me all the days of my life. I am so proud to be
your child.*

*May God watch over you and bless you, with gentleness and with
love. As you blessed me. Rest in peace. Amen.*

—Rabbi Naomi Levy

Accept the prayer of Your people Israel as lovingly as it is offered. Restore worship to Your sanctuary. May the worship of Your people Israel always be acceptable to You.

*Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur:
Inscribe all the people of Your covenant for a good life.*

May every living creature thank You and praise You faithfully, our deliverance and our help. Praised are You, beneficent Lord to whom all praise is due.

Grant true and lasting peace to Your people Israel and to all who dwell on earth, for You are the supreme Sovereign of peace. May it please You to bless Your people Israel in every season and at all times with Your gift of peace.* Praised are You, Lord who blesses God's people Israel with peace.

*Between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur:
May we and the entire House of Israel be remembered and recorded in the book of life, blessing, sustenance, and peace. Praised are You, Lord, Source of peace.*

My God, keep my tongue from evil, my lips from lies. Help me ignore those who slander me. Let me be humble before all. Open my heart to Your Torah, so that I may pursue Your mitzvot. Frustrate the designs of those who plot evil against me. Make nothing of their schemes. Do so because of Your compassion, Your power, Your holiness, and Your Torah. Answer my prayer for the deliverance of Your people. May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable to You, my Rock and my Redeemer. May the One who brings peace to the universe bring peace to us and to all Israel. Amen.

A TIME TO LIVE A TIME TO DIE

*To everything there is a season,
And a time for every purpose under heaven.*

*A time to be born, and a time to die,
A time to plant and a time to uproot;
A time to slay and a time to heal,
A time to tear down and a time to build up;
A time to weep and a time to laugh,
A time to cry and a time to dance,
A time to throw stones and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace and a time for solitude,
A time to seek and a time to lose;
A time to keep and a time to discard,
A time to tear and a time to sew;
A time for silence and a time to speak.*

—Ecclesiastes Chapter 3

KADDISH SHALEM ◉ קדיש שלם

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ,
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמֵי עֵלְמַיָּא:

Yeh-hay shmay raba mevarach, l'alam ul'almay al'maya, yeet-barach

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקַדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא לְעָלְמָא
(בעשי"ת ולעלא מכ"ל) מן כל ברכתא ושירתא,
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא, דְאִמְרוּן בְּעֵלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

תִּתְקַבֵּל צְלוֹתָהוֹן וּבְעוּתָהוֹן דְכָל (בֵּית) יִשְׂרָאֵל קָדָם
אֲבוּהוֹן דִּי בְשְׁמֵיָא וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

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

Oseh shalom beem-romav, hu ya-aseh shalom alaynu, v'al kol yisrael
v'eemru amayn.

עלינו ◉ ALEINU

עלינו לשבח לאדון הכל, לתת גדלה ליוצר בראשית,
שלא עשנו כגויי הארצות, ולא שמנו כמשפחות
האדמה, שלא שם חלקנו בהם, וגרלנו ככל המונם

A-laynu L'sha-bay-ach La-a-don Ha-kol,

La-tayt G'dula L'yo-tzer B'ray-sheet.

Sheh-lo A-sa-nu K'goyay Ha-ara-tzot,

V'lo Sa-ma-nu K'meesh-p'chot Ha-a-da-ma.

Sheh-lo Sam Chel-kay-nu Ka-hem, V'go-ra-lay-nu K'chol Ha-mo-nam.

ואנחנו כורעים ומשתחוים ומוזים,

לפני מלך, מלכי המלכים, הקדוש ברוך הוא.

Va-a-nachnu Koreem, U-meesh-ta-cha-veem, U-mo-deem,

Leefnay Melech Malchay Ham-la-cheem, Ha-ka-dosh Baruch Hu

שהוא נוטה שמים ויסד ארץ, ומושב יקרו בשמים

ממעל, ושכינת עזו בגבהי מרומים, הוא אלהינו אין

עוד. אמת מלפנו אפס זולתו, ככתוב בתורתו: וידעת

היום והשבת אל לבבך, כי יי הוא האלהים בשמים

ממעל, ועל הארץ מתחת, אין עוד:

It is up to us to hallow Creation,

to respond to Life with the fullness of our lives.

It is up to us to meet the World,

to embrace the Whole even as we wrestle with its parts.

It is up to us to repair the World

and to bind our lives to Truth.

Therefore we bend the knee

*and shake off the stiffness that keeps us from the subtle
graces of Life and the supple gestures of Love.*

With reverence and thanksgiving

we accept our destiny and set for ourselves the task of redemption.

—Rabbi Rami Shapiro

על כן נקוה לך יי אלהינו, לראות מהרה בתפארת
עזך, להעביר גולים מן הארץ והאילים פרות
יפרתנו. לתקן עולם במלכות שדי, וכל בני בשר
יקראו בשמך. להפנות אליך כל רשעי ארץ. יכירו
וידעו כל יושבי תבל, כי לך תכרע כל ברך, תשבע כל
לשון. לפניך יי אלהינו יכרעו ויפלו, ולכבוד שמך יקר
יתנו. ויקבלו כלם את עול מלכותך, ותמלך עליהם
מהרה לעולם ועד. כי המלכות שלך היא, ולעולמי עד
תמלוך בכבוד. ככתוב בתורתך, יי ימלך לעולם ועד:
וְנֵאמַר, וְהָיָה יי לְמֶלֶךְ עַל כָּל הָאָרֶץ, בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא
יְהִיָּה יי אֶחָד, וְשֵׁמוֹ אֶחָד:

Ⓢ V 'neemar, v'hayah Adonai l'melech al kol haaretz, ba-yom hahoo yiyeh Adonai echad, o-shemo echad.

AND THEN ALL THAT HAS DIVIDED US WILL MERGE

And then compassion will be wedded to power

And then softness will come to a world that is harsh and unkind

And then both men and women will be gentle

And then both women and men will be strong

And then no person will be subject to another's will

And then all will be rich and free and varied

And then the greed of some will give way to the needs of many

And then all will share in the Earth's abundance

And then all will care for the sick and the weak and the old

And then all will nourish the young

And then all will live in harmony with each other and the Earth

And then everywhere will be called Eden again.

—Judy Chicago

A Psalm of David

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

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

God restores my soul.
God guides me on the paths of righteousness for the sake of
God's holy name.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil, for You are with me.
Your rod and Your staff give me comfort.

You prepare a table for me in the face of my adversity;
You anoint my head with oil; my cup runs over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Affirming Our Love

When Kaddish is recited, we affirm our love of those so near and
dear who have physically left us.

*Our love, however, does not rest on physical survival; it is deeper
than that.*

When we love, we love the inner being of the beloved, the quality
that makes for uniqueness, the spirit that creates personality and
character.

*That love does not ever disappear. It remains within us as long as
we live.*

With time we learn to handle the never-ending pain of loss, but
that does not erode the affection and emotions we feel for the one
who no longer moves about in our midst.

*We know that whatever lives, must someday die. That, however, is
true only of the material world. The spiritual can endure forever.*

When we lose one who is dear, we mourn but we must not mourn
excessively. We must be grateful for what we have had and find
comfort in our memories.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

קדיש יתום ○ **MOURNER'S KADDISH**
יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְרָא
כְּרַעוּתָהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעִנְיָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Yit-gadal V'yit-kadash Shmay Raba. Amayn.
B'alma Deev'ra Chee-rutay, V'yam-leech Mal'chutay,
B'cha-yay-chon Uv'yo-may-chon, Uv'cha-yay D'chol Bayt Yisrael,
Ba-a-gala U-veez-man Kareev, V'eem-ru, A-mayn.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמֵי עֲלַמְיָא: ○

○ Y'hay Shmay Raba M'varach L'alam Ul-almay Almaya.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ
הוּא לְעָלְמָא (בעש"ת ולעלא מכל) מִן כָּל
בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא, תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמַתָּא, דְאָמִירָן
בְּעֶלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Yit-barach, V'yish-tabach, V'yit-pa-ar, V'yit-ro-mam,
V'yit-na-say, V'yit-hadar, V'yit-a-leh, V'yit-ha-lal,
Shmay D'kudsha, B'reech Hu L'ayla Min Kol Beer-chata
V'sheer-ata, Tush-b'cha-ta, V'neh-cheh-mata, Da-a-meeran
B'alma, V'eem-ru, A-mayn.

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

Y'hay Sh'lama Raba Min Shma-ya, V'chai-yeem A-laynu V'al Kol
Yeesrael, V'eem-ru, A-mayn.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Oseh Shalom Beem-ro-mav, Hu Ya-a-seh Shalom A-laynu V'al
Kol Yisrael, V'eem-ru, A-mayn.

The Mourners' Kaddish has no reference to death. It is a pathway to an affirmation life and the promise of tomorrow.

Hallowed and enhanced may God be throughout the world of creation. May Your sovereignty soon to be accepted, during our life and the life of all Israel. And let us say: Amen.

May God be praised throughout all time.

Glorified and celebrated, lauded and worshipped, acclaimed and honored, extolled and exalted may the Holy One be, praised beyond all song and psalm, beyond all tributes which mortals can utter. And let us say: Amen.

Let there be abundant peace from Heaven, with life's goodness for us and for all the people Israel. And let us say: Amen.

May the Source of peace in the universe, bring peace to us and to all Israel. And let us say: Amen.

An Unending Love

*We are loved by an unending love.
We are embraced by arms that find us
Even when we are hidden from ourselves.*

*We are touched by fingers that soothe us
Even when we are too proud for soothing.*

*We are counseled by voices that guide us
Even when we are too embittered to hear.*

*We are supported by hands that uplift us
Even in the midst of a fall.*

*We are urged on by eyes that meet us
Even when we are too weak for meeting.
We are loved by an unending love.*

—Rabbi Rami Shapiro

MEMORIAL PRAYER FOR THE DEPARTED

אל מלא רחמים

Male

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים. המצא מנוחה
נכונה על פני השכינה. במעלות קדושים
וטהורים כזהר הרקיע מזהירים את נשמת
שהלך לעולמו, בגן עדן תהא מנוחתו. לכן בעל
הרחמים יסתירהו בסתר כנפיד לעולמים.
ויצור בצרור החיים את נשמתו. יי הוא נחלתו:
וינוח בשלום על משכבו, ונאמר אמן:

Female

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים. המצא מנוחה
נכונה על פני השכינה. במעלות קדושים
וטהורים כזהר הרקיע מזהירים את נשמת
שהלכה לעולמה, בגן עדן תהא מנוחתה. לכן
בעל הרחמים יסתירה בסתר כנפיד לעולמים.
ויצור בצרור החיים את נשמתה. יי הוא נחלתה:
ותנוח בשלום על משכבה, ונאמר אמן:

Loving God, who dwells on high, shelter the soul of our beloved beneath the wings of Your holy Presence. Protect this soul among all the holy and the pure whose shining light fills the firmament. Source of all life, bind this soul into the bonds of eternal life. Grant peace to this soul who has come home to You. And let us say, Amen.

Fear of Death

Fear-not of death or dying but of not having lived.

Fear-not of suffering but of suffering for no cause.

Fear-not of extinction of life but of having left no trace upon the earth.

Fear-not of finitude but of being forgotten.

Take heart-make this a life not lived in vain.

Take heart-make this a life not lived for naught.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Homecoming

If life is a pilgrimage, death is an arrival, a celebration.

The last word should be neither craving nor bitterness, but peace, gratitude.

Our greatest problem is not how to continue, but how to return.

The Psalmist asks: "How can I repay unto the Lord all His bountiful dealings with me?" When life is an answer, death is a homecoming.

This is the meaning of death: the ultimate self-dedication to the divine.

Death so understood will not be distorted by the craving for immortality, for this act of giving away is reciprocity on our part for God's gift of life.

—Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel

HAVDALLAH ◉ הבדלה

הנה אל ישועתי, אבטח ולא אפחד, כי עזי וזמרת יה יי, ויהי לי לישועה. ושאבתם מים בששון ממעיני הישועה. ליי הישועה על עמך ברכתך סלה. יי צבאות עמנו משגב לנו אלהי יעקב סלה. יי צבאות אשרי אדם בטח בך, יי הושיעה המלך יעננו ביום קראנו. ליהודים היתה אורה ושמחה וששון ויקר, כן תהיה לנו. כוס ישועות אשא. ובשם יי אקרא.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא פרי הגפן.

Baruch ata Adonai elohaynu melech ha olam boray p'ree ha-gafen.

Praised are You, Lord our God, whose presence fills the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא מיני

בשמים:

Baruch ata Adonai elohaynu melech ha-olam boray mee'nay V'sam'eem

Praised are You, Lord our God, whose presence fills the universe, creator of fragrant spices.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא מאורי האש:

Baruch ata Adonai elohaynu melech ha-olam boray m'oray ha-aysh

Praised are You, Lord our God, whose presence fills the universe, creator of the fire's light.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, המבדיל בין קדש

לחול, בין אור לחשך, בין ישראל לעמים, בין יום

השבועי, לששת ימי המעשה: ברוך אתה יי, המבדיל

בין קדש לחול:

Baruch ata Adonai elohaynu melech ha-olam ha-mav'deel bayn kodesh

l'chol, bayn or l'choshech, bayn yisrael l'ameem, bayn yom

ha-shevee'ee l'shay'shet y'may ha-ma'aseh. Baruch ata Adonai

ha-mavdeed bayn kodesh l'chol.

Praised are You, Lord our God, whose presence fills the universe, whose teaches us to distinguish the holy from the ordinary, light from darkness, Israel from the nations, the seventh day from the workweek. Praised are You, Lord, who distinguishes the holy.

For Those Beloved Who Survive Me

Mourn me not with tears, ashes or sackcloth.
Nor dwell in darkness, sadness or remorse.
Remember that I love you, and wish for you a life of song.
My immortality, if there be such for me, is not in tears, blame or
self-recrimination.
But in the joy you give to others, in raising the fallen
and loosening the fetters of the bound.
In your loyalty to God's special children - the widow, the orphan,
the poor, the stranger in your gates, the weak - I take pride.

The fringes of the tallit placed on my body are torn, for the dead
cannot praise You, O Lord.

The dead have no mitzvot.

But your tallit is whole and you are alive and alive you are called to
mitzvot.

You can choose, you can act, you can transform the world.

My immortality is bound up with God's eternity, with God's
justice, truth and righteousness.

And that eternity is strengthened by your loyalty and your love.

Honor me with laughter and with goodness.

With these, the better part of me lives on beyond the grave.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Where Is Grandma?

The young child asked,
“Where is Grandma?”
And the adult gasped,
not knowing what to say.

Not in the earth,
buried, covered over with soil and small rocks.
Not in the heavens,
distant, far off, a fantasy of the imagination.

Closer than earth, closer than heaven,
Grandma, dear child, is within us all.
In our memories of her kindness and goodness.
Not faint echoes, but memories, resonate in us.

Grandma is in our tenderness with each other,
in our loyalty to family and friends, in our love of our people.

Nothing noble dies with death.
Warm embraces, wise counsel, celebrations of the spirit
do not evaporate into the air.

Grandma is not “where” but “when.”
Whenever we gather together to celebrate festivals,
whenever we offer help to the poor,
the homeless, the sick,
whenever we defend the innocent,
raise our voice against injustice,
Grandma's influence is present.

Grandma stood for noble purposes,
Raised her voice against injustice.
Grandma stood for ideas and ideals.
Grandma stood for care and concern and comfort of the other.

What she stood for, we now stand for,
Even as we stand for the kaddish in her memory,
in her honor, with our love.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

A Woman of Valor

*A woman of valor is treasured above rubies.
Her husband trusts her in his heart
For she does him only good every day of her life.*

*She brings food and clothing for her household,
Rising before dawn and working into the night to provide for
them.*

*Her garden flourishes by her efforts and by her good judgment.
She girds herself with strength.
She stretches out her hands to the needy
With her gifts and deeds.
She honors her husband in his home
Like an elder of the land.*

*She clothes herself with strength and splendor
And faces the future with cheer.
She opens her mouth to speak wisdom,
To speak the teachings of kindness.*

*She manages her household and does not enjoy idleness.
Her children declare her happy and her husband praises her:
“Many women have done valiantly,
But you surpass them all.”*

*Charm is false and
Beauty is fleeting.
But a woman who respects God will be praised.*

*Set before her the fruit of her hands, and
Let her deeds praise her.*

—After Proverbs 31

Epitaph

*When I die
If you need to weep
Cry for someone
Walking the street beside you.*

*And when you need me
Put your arms around others
And give them what you need to give me.*

*You can love me most by letting
Hands touch hands, and
Souls touch souls.*

*You can love me most by
Sharing your joys
Multiplying your good deeds.*

*You can love me most by
Letting me live in your eyes
And not in your mind.*

*And when you say Kaddish for me
Remember what our Torah teaches,
Love doesn't die
People do.*

*So when all that's left of me is love
Give me away.*

—Merrit Malloy

Vertical and Horizontal: Two Worlds

Evening and morning, two worlds.
This world and the next world, two worlds.
Rabbi Hanoch once pondered,
 “What is the difference between us and the others?”
We and the other nations both believe that there are two
worlds.
They, too, say, *“In the other world.”*

The difference lies in this:
They think that the two worlds are separate and severed.
We profess that the two worlds are in their essence one,
 “and shall one day become one.”

How do they imagine these two worlds? For some
Vertically:
One world below, the other above.
One world here and the other there.

For others two worlds
Horizontally.
One stretch of time and place,
Side by side one world alongside another.
One time, one world entering into another.
One world partially achieved, one world yet to be
accomplished.
One world actualized, and the same world to be realized.
Both worlds are one, bound to each other
 memory and history was, is and ought to be.
One world, yesterday, today and tomorrow, linked in
yearning and work, Linked in dreams and effort, horizontally.

–Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Strange Envy

Envy
Those who stand bent before the casket
 wiping away their tears.

Envy memories of
 warm embraces, gentle humor,
 birthdays, anniversaries,
 joyous meals around the Sabbath table.

Pity those who cannot cry
 tears long
 dried into resignation,
 surrendering the promise.

Pity the dry-eyed sadness
 of those who can only dream of that
 which could have been, or should of been.

Pity those who regret what should have been said
 or left unspoken -
 loves lost, joys missed,
 hopes abandoned.

Pity memories in subjunctive moods -
 “if only he had, of only she had, if only I had.”

Envy the mourners
 who with sweet-bitter nostalgia
 slowly recite the Kaddish.

–Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

My Hereafter

Do not come when I am dead
To sit beside a low green mound,
Or bring the first gay daffodils
Because I love them so,
For I shall not be there.
You cannot find me there.
I will look up at you from the eyes
 Of little children;
I will meet you in the swaying boughs
 Of bud-thrilled trees,
And caress you with the passionate sweep
 Of storm-filled winds;
I will give you strength in your upward tread
 Of everlasting hills.
I will cool your tired body in the flow
 Of the limpid river;
I will warm your work-glorified hands through the glow
 Of the winter fire;
I will soothe you into forgetfulness to the drop, drop
 Of the rain on the roof;
I will speak to you out of the rhymes
 Of the Masters;
I will dance with you in the lilt
 Of the violin,
And make your heart leap with the bursting cadence
 Of the organ;
I will flood your soul with the flaming radiance
 Of the sunrise,
And bring you peace in the tender rose and gold
 Of the after-sunset.
All these have made me happy; they are a part of me;
I shall become a part of them.

—Juanita De Long

YIZKOR

Death is a mixture of moods,
 Fear of abandonment, separation, being left alone,
 brooding anger,
 fists shaken against the sky,
 voices shouted against the grave,
 Regrets over things that could have been,
 that should have been,
 but that were not,
 Bittersweet nostalgia,
 ugly scenes transmuted into memories of mere mischief
Sharp quarrels softened by the passing of time,
words of stone smoothed by perspective,
tears, salt of self pity, brine of resentment
 And remembrance of that gray day,
 of a tear in the cloth, of a handful of earth,
and now this moment,
when together we cling to courage,
we who mourn
for others and for ourselves.
 It is the dignity of the soul
 to hold on to the past;
 it is the dignity of the spirit
 to take hold of the future,
to love and to forgive
others and ourselves,
to rise from grief,
to sew the torn garment,
to live, to love, even to laugh again,
and at the same time to remember —
always to remember,
always.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Where to Place the Broken Tablets

When Moses descended the mountain, the Tablets of the Law held firmly in his arms, he came upon the infidelity of his people, groveling before an image of gold. Disheartened, his grasp weakened and the Tablets fell from his hands.

What to do with the broken Tablets? What to do with the shattered words of God? Moses heard again a voice urging him to return to the mountain, to go up again to hew two tablets of stone like the first. He rose, girded his loins, ascended the mountain a second time to deliver a second revelation.

This time the revelation would not come with lightning, thunder and storms. This time there was collaboration between God and Moses, who carved into the stone upon which the finger of God inscribed Ten Words. The second revelation, the second Tablets of The Law, came after a deep disillusionment about the children of Israel. These Tablets came with a truer understanding of human reality. The people who will receive these laws are not perfect. While the ideal is powerful it must be tempered with the recognition of the imperfection of the human species.

What shall be done with the broken Tablets, with our failures, our stumblings, our errors?

Do not discard them, forget them or deny them. The shattered Tablets are real and within them lies the sanctity of truth. The broken Tablets are to be placed in the Ark of Holiness alongside the whole Tablets. They, too, belong there. For transgression and failure teach a sacred lesson. The sparks of sanctity lodge in what had once been profaned.

At night I rehearse the broken promises, the past filled with remorse and sorrow. I will not deny the brokenness. It reminds me of my imperfection, and from that I learn to hew a second set of laws. From my discontents with myself I engender the strength to repair my life.

—Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

Exile

Adam and Eve were exiled from the Garden of Eden. They lived together, east of Eden, tilling the earth and raising children, and struggling to stay alive. After the years of struggle, when their children were grown, they decided to see the world. They journeyed from one corner of the world to the other. In the course of their journeys, wandering from place to place, they found themselves standing before the entrance to the Garden of Eden, now guarded by an angel with a flaming sword. They were frightened and they began to flee when God spoke to them:

“Adam, you have lived in exile these many years. Your exile is finished. Return to the Garden.”

Suddenly the angel disappeared, and the way to the Garden opened.

“Come in, My children, welcome to Paradise!”

But Adam had grown wary these many years.

“Wait,” he replied, “It’s been so many years. Remind me, what it’s like in the Garden.”

“The Garden is paradise!” God responded. “In the Garden there is no work. You need never struggle or toil again. In the Garden there is no pain, no suffering. In the Garden there is no death. Day after day, life goes on for eternity. Come my children, return to the Garden!”

Adam listened to God’s words —no work, no struggle, no pain, no death. An endless life of ease. And then he turned and looked at Eve. He looked at the woman with whom he had struggled to make a life, to take bread from the earth, to raise children, to build a home. He thought of the tragedies they had overcome and they joys they cherished.

And Adam shook his head, “No, thank you, not now... Come on Eve, let’s go home.” And hand in hand, Adam and Eve turned their backs on Paradise and walked away.

—Rabbi Edward M. Feinstein



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