

Let Us Open ~ Niftakh ~ נפתח

NIF-TAKH ET HA-SHA-AR

נִפְתַּח אֶת הַשַּׁעַר בְּעֵת נְעִילַת שַׁעַר

B'-ET N'-EE-LAT SHA-AR KEE FA-NAH HA-YOM

בִּי פְנֵה הַיּוֹם.

HA-YOM YIF-NEH HA-SHEH-MESH YA-VO

הַיּוֹם יִפְנֶה הַשֶּׁשֶׁשׁ יְבוֹא וְיִפְנֶה

V'-YIF-NEH SHA-LOM YA-VO

שְׁלוֹם יְבוֹא.

We open the gate at the time of the closing of the gate,
before the day is done. The day vanishes, the sun is setting.

May peace come.

Traditional Mahzor (adapted)

The traditional “ptakh lanu sha’ar” [open the gate for us] has become “niftakh—we open the gate,” understood here as a gate to the human heart rather than a gate of cosmic judgment.

When a person begins life,
Countless gates stand waiting to be opened.

The gates do not stay open forever.
We walk through the years, and they shut behind us.

At the end, they are all closed,
Except the one final gate which we must enter.

Before it is too late,
Let us open the gates that lead to blessing.

Let us enter the gates of tranquility,
Let us enter the gates of kindness and compassion.

Let us open the gates to those things in life that abide eternally
Before the gates swing shut, before all of them close.

Do not remain standing at the outer gate.
The gates are to be entered.

The sun is low, the hour is late:
Let us enter the gates at last.

Rabbi Milton Steinberg

Memories of Love

AH-NOO NO-LA-DEEM OO MEE-YAD
MAT-KHEEL LIS-ROF V'-KHAKH
AD SHEH-HEH-AH-SHAN K'-AH-SHAN YIKH-LEH

אָנוּ נוֹלָדִים וּמִיד מִתְחִיל לְשָׂרוֹף
וּבֶדֶד עַד שֶׁהַעֵשֶׁן בָּעֵשֶׁן יִכָּלֶה.

We are born and immediately begin to be consumed until the smoke, as smoke, ends.

Yehuda Amichai

The Jewish New Year ends with a moment of memory.

As Yom Kippur fades, our thoughts turn to loss. We are here for many reasons. Some have lost a loved one during the year just concluded. Others have mourned for many years. We have all lost someone, someone we loved, someone who loved us. Loss is an inescapable experience of the human condition.

We face two paths: to remember and weep for what we have lost, or to remember and smile at what remains with us. Both paths are human, both are appropriate, both are healthy, and we make space here and now for tears and for consolation. Just as our New Year celebration evolves from joy to self-reflection to mourning and then back into life, so too does the human heart change from day to day, from moment to moment.

We, who live, remember. We, who live, live on.



“A Year of Grieving”

This is the year I grieved anew
always in fear of another loss.
There have been too many lately
to absorb gently into the fabric
of my multiwoven life. I now see
less rosy hues, more muddy grays
knotting mournful
threads into my old survivor soul.

New shoots of grass and flowers
notwithstanding spring and summer
feel shorter in the winter of my life.
Thus the more reason to seek a
welcoming smile, the warmth of
an outstretched hand, the joy
of a child’s laughter, and today
in the early brightness of autumn
to cherish the arrival of a new
Jewish year for all of us here
to share, *L’shana Tova!*

Elissa Burian



Days Pass ~ Hayamim Holfeem ~ הימים חולפים

HA-YA-MEEM KHOL-FEEM	הַיָּמִים חוֹלְפִים
SHA-NA OH-VER-ET	שָׁנָה עוֹבֶרֶת.
A-VAL HA-MAN-GEE-NA	אֶבֶל הַמְּנַגֵּנָה
A-VAL HA-MAK-HAY-LA	אֶבֶל הַמְּקַהֵלָה
A-VAL HA-KHEV-RA-YA	אֶבֶל הַחֲבֵרָיָה
TA-MEED NEESH-EH-RET	תָּמִיד נִשְׁאַרֶת.

Days pass and years go by, ever and ever. (2x)
And as our voices ring, ring out with songs we sing,
Life is a joyous thing ever and ever.

Folk song (adapted)

We learn little from spoken rules and written advice. Words can inspire us, but rarely do they transform our lives. We learn from people, from the living example of living teachers. A father's integrity, a mother's warm encouragement, a famous leader's determination.... People enter our lives and guide us by what they do, not by what they say. They embody the ideal and make it real enough for us to understand.

Memory keeps alive the example of great men and women who taught us through action. It also preserves the behavior of more modest guides who touched our lives in simpler ways.

We, too, shall be examples in a future world that we shall never visit. We are teaching others for a tomorrow that is beyond our grasp. Our actions will move others long after our words are forgotten.

We are the children of love. We are the heirs of generous hope. Parents and peers, family and friends are forever joined to us by bonds of affection and mutual experience. The pain of separation never completely disappears, nor does the fond memory of their lives. They are constantly with us, even when we do not think of them. Their influence brings us here, today, that we may honor them by sharing our memories, silently, as a community of caring friends.

Rabbi Daniel Friedman

On the Hearth - Oyf'n Pripichuk - אויפן פריפעטשיק

OI-FEN PRI-PE-TSHOK BRENT A FIE-E-REL
UN IN SHTUB IZ HAYS
UN DER REB-BE LE-RENT KLAY-NE KIN-DER-LAKH
DEM A-LEF BAYS

אויפן פריפעטשיק ברענט א פייערל
און אין שטוב איז היים
און דער רבי לערנט קליינע קינדערלאך
דעם אלף בית

ZAYT SHE KIN-DER-LAKH GE-DENK SHE TIE-E-RE
VOS IR LE-RENT DOH
ZOGT SHE NOKH A-MOL UN TA-KE NOKH A-MOL
KO-METS A-LEF AW

זעט זשע קינדערלאך געדענקט זשע מייערע
וואס איר לערנט דא
זאגט זשע נאכאמאל און טאקע נאכאמאל
קמין אלף א

By the fireside, where the embers glow
Through the wintry days
There the teacher softly,
With the little ones
Chants the Aleph-Bays.

Learn your lesson well,
Remember precious ones
The letters of the law
Chant ye once again, and yet once again,
Kometz-Aleph Aw.

M. Warshawsky



“That’s what we are all looking for. A certain peace with the idea of dying. If we know, in the end, that we can ultimately have peace with dying, we can finally do the really hard thing.”

Which is?

“Make peace with the living.”

He asked to see the hibiscus plant on the ledge behind him. I cupped it in my hand and held it up near his eyes. He smiled. “It’s natural to die. The fact that we make such a big hullabaloo over it is because we don’t see ourselves as part of nature. We think because we’re human we’re somehow above nature.” He smiled at the plant. “We’re not. Everything that gets born, dies.”

Yes.

“All right, now here’s the payoff. Here is how we *are* different from all these wonderful plants and animals. As long as we can love each other, and remember the feelings of love we had, we can die without ever going away. All the love you created is still there. All the memories are still there. You live on in the hearts of everyone you have touched and nurtured while you were here.”

His voice was raspy, which usually meant he needed to stop for a while. I placed the plant back on the ledge and went to shut off the tape recorder. This is the last sentence that Morrie got out before I did:

“Death ends a life, not a relationship.”

Mitch Albom, “Tuesdays With Morrie”

Listen ~ Sheem’oo ~ שמעו

SHE-M'-OO SHE-M'-OO O-HA-VAY A-HA-VA

שְׁמַעוּ שְׁמַעוּ אֱלֹהֵי אֲהָבָה.

KEE-R'-OO KEE-R'-OO MO-SHEE-AY Y'-SHOO-A

קְרָאוּ קְרָאוּ מוֹשִׁיעֵי יְשׁוּעָה.

KEE AYN Y'-SHOO-A B'-LEE A-HA-VA

כִּי אֵין יְשׁוּעָה בְּלִי אֲהָבָה,

OH A-HA-VA A-HA-VA KAYN T'-HEE

אוֹ אֲהָבָה אֲהָבָה בֵּן תְּהִי.

Listen now, you lovers of love.
Hear this, you seekers of happiness
There is no happiness without love.

Rabbi Sherwin T. Wine

“The Third Wire”

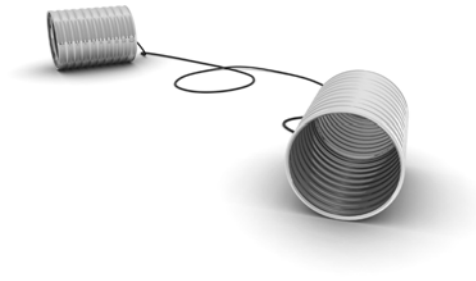
Have you ever noticed how machines
are governed by those three wires that seem
to run the show? Well, it is the third wire,
the one they call the ground,
that brings things down.

It is said that the third wire
goes straight down into the center of the earth
so I believe this is the way
for us to bind to the world.

I mean to all those that we have loved,
that were in the end attached to the respirator,
and to the kidney dialyzer,
to all those Sunday calls,
the voices that spoke to us through the telephone,
or left messages on the machine.

They are all gone now,
but in their years we leaned together on this planet,
and through the third wire
touched our ancient ancestral heart
deep in the middle
of the earth.

Lawrence Levine



Walking to Caesarea ~ Halikha L'keisaria ~ הליכה קיסריה

LEE-BEE, LEE-BEE	לְבִי, לְבִי,
SHEH LO YEE-GA-MER L'-OH-LAM	שֶׁלֹא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם –
HA-KHOL V'-HA-YAM,	הַחֹל וְהַיָּם,
REESH-ROOSH SHEH HA-MIE-YEEM	רֵשׁוּשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם,
B'-RAK HA-SHA-MIE-YEEM, TEEK-VAT HA-AH-DAM	בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם, תִּקְוַת הָאָדָם.

My life abounds with wonders I hope never end:
The sand and the sea, the rush of the waters;
The crash of the heavens, the song of the heart;
The strength of my dreams, the dreams of a people.
The promise of freedom, the hope of my heart.

Hannah Senesh (adapted)

This song now focuses more clearly on the human experience: Eli Eli [my God, my God] becomes Leebee, Leebee [my heart, my heart], and tfilat ha-ahdam [the prayer of humanity] becomes teekvat ha-ahdam [the hope of humanity].



“The Deceptive Present, the Phoenix Year”

As I looked at the poplar rose in the shining air
like a slender throat,
and there was an exaltation of flowers,
the surf of apple tree delicately foaming.

All winter, the trees had been
silent soldiers, a vigil of woods,
their hidden feelings
scrawled and became
scores of black vines,
barbed wire sharp against the ice-white sky.
Who could believe then
in the green, glittering vividness of full-leafed summer?
Who will be able to believe, when the winter again begins
after the autumn burns down again, and the day is ashen,
and all returns to winter and winter’s ashes,
wet, white, ice, wooden, dulled and dead, brittle and frozen,
who will believe or feel in mind and heart
the reality of the spring and of birth,
in the green warm opulence of summer,
and the inexhaustible vitality and immortality of the earth?

Delmore Schwartz



And Perhaps ~ V'oolai ~ ואולי

V'-OO-LAI LO HA-YOO HA-D'-VA-REEM
MAY-O-LAM
V'-OO-LAI LO HISH-KAM-TEE EEM
SHA-KHAR LA-GAN
L'-AV-DOE B'-ZAY-AT AH-PIE?

ואולי לא היו הדברים מעולם,
ואולי לא השפמתי עם שחר לגן,
לעבדו ביעת-אפי?

MAY-O-LAM B'-YA-MEEM AH-ROO-KEEM
V'-YOK-DEEM SHEH KA-TSEER
BEEM-ROW-MAY AH-GA-LA
AH-MOO-SAT AH-LOO-MOT
LO NA-TA-TEE KO-LEE B'-SHEER?

מעולם, בימים ארבים ויוקדים של קציר,
במרומי עגלה עמוסת אלמות
לא נתתי קולי בשיר?

MAY-O-LAM LO TA-HAR-TEE
BEET-KHEH-LET SHOK-TA
OO-V'-TOME SHEH KEE-NEH-RET SHEH-LEE
HOY KEE-NEH-RET SHEH-LEE
HEH-HA-YEET OH KHA-LAM-TEE KHALOM?

מעולם לא טהרתי בתכלת שוקמה
ובתם של כנרת שלי... הוי, כנרת שלי,
ההיית, או חלמתי חלום?

And perhaps these things have never been,
And perhaps I have not risen with the dawn and gone to the garden,
To work it with the sweat of my brow.

Never in the long hot days of the harvest,
From the top of a wagon piled with sheaves,
Have I given my voice to song?

Never have I been cleansed by the quiet blue,
And the purity of my Kineret. Oh, my Kineret,
Are you real, or have I dreamt a dream?

Rahel (tr. Rabbi Daniel Friedman)

“Yom Kippur Without My Father and Without My Mother is Not Yom Kippur.”

From the blessing of their hands on my head
Just the tremor has remained like the
tremor of an engine
That didn't stop even after their death.

My mother died only five years ago,
She is still being processed
Between the offices above and the papers below.

My father who died long ago is already resurrected
In other places but not in my place.

Yom Kippur without my father and without my mother
Is not Yom Kippur.
Hence I eat to remember
And drink not to forget
And sort out the vows and catalogue the oaths by time and size.

In the day we shouted *Forgive us*,
And in the evening we cried *Open to us*.
And I say forget our sins, forget us, leave us alone
At the closing of the gate when the day is done.
The last ray of the sun is splintered,
We are splintered,
The word “splintered” is splintered.

Yehuda Amichai

I Believe ~ Ahnee Ma'ameen ~ אני מאמין

AH-NEE MA-A-MEEN

B'-EH-MOO-NA SH'-LAY-MA

B'-VEE-AT HA-SHA-LOM.

V'-AF AL PEE SHEH-YIT-MA-MAY-HA

EEM KOL ZEH AH-KHA-KEH LO

B'-KHOL YOM SHEH YA-VO.

AH-NEE MA-A-MEEN.

אני מאמין

באמונה שלמה

בביאת השלום.

ואף על פי שיתמהמה

עם כל זה אחכה לו

בכל יום שיבוא.

אני מאמין.

I believe in the coming of peace. And even though it may delay,
Nevertheless I will expect it, whatever day it may come.

I believe.

Maimonides (adapted)

Life continues after loss, though it is never the same. We face a new world, but we face it with the love and support of our family and friends. They celebrate the joyous times, and they give us strength in the difficult moments.

Loss is a part of life. Our lives revolve through joy and sorrow, plenty and lack, loneliness and companionship. At times we determine the course we travel, and at times we find ourselves swept along by the waves.

Let us pause for a moment of reflection on the memory of our loved ones. Loving memory is our greatest tribute.

Recitation of Memorial Names

The Memory of Righteous People ~ Zekher Tsadikem ~ זכר צדיקים

זֶכֶר צַדִּיקִים לְבִרְכָּה

ZE-KHER TSA-DEE-KEEM LEE-V'-RA-KHA

The memory of good people blesses us.

Based on Proverbs 10:7

“Success”

To laugh often and much;
To win the respect of intelligent people
And the affection of children;
To earn the appreciation of honest critics
And endure the betrayal of false friends;
to appreciate beauty,
to find the best in others;
to leave the world a bit better
whether by a healthy child,
a garden patch,
or a redeemed social condition;
to know even one life
has breathed easier because you have lived,
This is to have succeeded.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

No one event can encapsulate a life. No one service can heal the pain of loss. The most to be hoped is that each stage of the journey is a step toward living life anew, a step in favor of love and vitality and the beauty of the world and the people around us.

We who survive are the keepers of memory. Grief may return at unexpected moments—a family event, a special transition, or even an ordinary day can become an instant of sadness. And that is entirely as it should be. For we do not forget our loved ones; at best we become accustomed to the world without their presence.

The light of life burns on.

The Light of Life ~ Or HaKhieyeem ~ אור החיים

YAR-EH OR HA-SHA-LOM

BEE-NAH EH-MET HA-VA-NAH

LOO NO-HAV OR HA-KHIE-YEEM

יְרָאָה אֹר הַשְּׁלֹם בִּינָה אֶמֶת הַבְּנָה .

לֹ נֶאֱהָב אֹר הַחַיִּים .

May the light of peace reveal wisdom, truth, and understanding.

May we cherish the light of life.

Felice Friedman

Message

Concluding Service

Let this New Year be the beginning of a new life in each of us where old things have passed away. Those ideas that remain to encourage our prejudices...let them pass away.

Let them pass away, but not the old thoughts which are still true.

All anger and bitter feeling...let them pass away.

Let them pass away, but not the old emotions that are filled with kindness.

The harsh words, suspicious looks, clenched hands, and unwilling feet...let them pass away.

Let them pass away, but not the compassion and the caring that sustained and helped people.

The new fashions that make us forget those things which hold life together in the unity of good manners...let them pass away.

Let them pass away, but not the old habits that keep us in the straight way.

New associations made from wrong motives...let them pass away.

Let them pass away, but not the old friends who grow more beloved each year because their worth is better appreciated.

Let all loved old things stay, but let the clutter of our heads and hearts be removed, so that new inspirations and new affections may enter to make our lives better.

From the wider movement of Humanistic Judaism, author unknown

Na'ase Shalom ~ Let Us Make Peace ~ נַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם

NA-A-SE SHALOM BA-O-LAM	נַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּעוֹלָם
NA-A-SE SHA-LOM A-LAY-NOO	נַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
V'-AL KOL HA-O-LAM	וְעַל כָּל הָעוֹלָם
V'-EEM-ROO SHA-LOM	וְנֹאמְרוּ שָׁלוֹם

Let us make peace for all the world.

Siddur (adapted)

The traditional “Hu ya’aseh shalom aleinu v’al kol Yisrael [He will make peace on us and on all Israel]” has been modified to “Na’ase Shalom—we will make peace.” And not only on Israel, but on “kol ha-olam [all the world].” And as a sign of our commitment, let us say “shalom [peace].”

In the days and weeks to come, each of us will face the distractions of daily routine and the busy responsibilities of living, which may undermine our resolve. The noblest purposes somehow become lost in the details of our lives. Yet, if what we seek is significance, we need not despair of finding it precisely in the hours and minutes of an average day.

We feel significant when we see good in people, grandeur in the scheme of life, wonders of the earth about us. We feel significant when purpose has filled our minds and the spark of life burns brightly in our spirits.

So, let us turn to the unfinished task. . .with clarity, with energy, and with good will.

Let the Shofar sound today’s final call so that tomorrow, when we enter the New Year, we carry with us wishes of peace, health, and joy for all.

Rabbi Daniel Friedman

T’kee-ah תִּקְיעָה

To a Good Year ~ L'Shana Tova ~ לשנה טובה

L'-SHA-NA TO-VA

SHA-NAH SHEL RA-TSON TOV

SHA-NAH SHEL SHA-LOM

לְשָׁנָה טוֹבָה.

שָׁנָה שֶׁל רְצוֹן טוֹב.

שָׁנָה שֶׁל שְׁלוֹם.

A good year. A year of good resolve. A year of peace.

Traditional



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