

Prayers for Graveside Visits During the High Holy Day Season

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How to use this booklet:

1. Read the opening meditation
2. Choose one or more Readings
3. Pause for your own personal meditation and reflection
4. Recite El Malay Rachamim – The Memorial Prayer
5. Recite Psalms
6. Mourner's Kaddish
7. Choose one or more concluding English readings
8. Place a stone on the headstone before leaving

We Come to Remember and to Ask

It is customary that we visit the graves of our loved ones before Rosh Hashanah or between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. We come to their gravesides to let them know that we still feel their presence in our hearts. It is our opportunity to honor them for all that they accomplished in life and for the impact they had on our lives. We also come to draw strength and comfort from the memory of our loved ones as we approach the new year.

Jewish tradition teaches that our loved ones who passed on before us still shower us with their love. They still watch over and protect us. They even act as our advocates before the Heavenly Throne, urging God to forgive us for our sins and trespasses, and to grant us blessing in the New Year. We are here at their graveside seeking that help. We hope that – even if we are not fully worthy of God's forgiveness and blessing – God will nonetheless forgive and bless us for their sake, because they were worthy. This idea is known in our tradition as *Zechut Avot* – the merit of our ancestors.

As you recite the prayers in this booklet and in your hearts, may you feel the comforting presence of your loved ones in your heart. May your memories give you joy, strength and inspiration to guide you as you enter the New Year.

Opening Meditation

When I stray from You, Adonai, my life is as death; but when I cleave to You, even in death I have life. You embrace the souls of the living and the dead. The earth inherits that which perishes. The dust returns to dust; but the soul, which is God's, is eternal.

Adonai is compassionate to all creation, granting us a share in unending life. God redeems our life from the grave, joining us forever in the unending chain of life.

May we preserve the memory of those we love and are now gone, through charity in deed and in thought.

May we live unselfishly, in truth and love and peace, so that we will be remembered as a blessing, as we lovingly remember, this day, those who live on in our hearts.

Amen.

Life Is a Journey

By Alvin Fine

Birth is a beginning and death a destination;
But life is a journey.
A going, a growing from stage to stage:
From childhood to maturity and youth to old age.
From innocence to awareness and ignorance to knowing;
From foolishness to discretion and then perhaps, to wisdom.
From weakness to strength or strength to weakness and often back again.
From health to sickness and back we pray, to health again.
From offense to forgiveness, from loneliness to love,
From joy to gratitude, from pain to compassion.
From grief to understanding, from fear to faith;
From defeat to defeat to defeat, until, looking backward or ahead:
We see that victory lies not at some high place along the way,
But in having made the journey, stage by stage, a sacred pilgrimage.
Birth is a beginning and death a destination;
But life is a journey, a sacred pilgrimage,
Made stage by stage...To life everlasting.

Fault Lines: For The Ones Who Need Healing *(By Suzanne Sabransky)*

Cracks form as we survive grief
They start with sharp broken edges
Eventually dulled when worn by time
The crevasses remain but they narrow
And rather than fall into them
Hope and light begin to emerge

We can never completely avoid them
They can reappear when least expected
Yet with each day that passes
We learn to appreciate their evocations
The sharp stabs become less and fewer
The colorful memories grow more vivid

Without the gift of deeply loving
The sorrow of grief can't abide
And without the sorrow of grief
The depth of love remains silent
We all heal in our own time frame
May Adonai speed your healing now...

Separation *(By W.S. Merwi)*

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

Four poems by Yehuda Amichai

translated by Chana Bloch, Stephen Mitchell and Chana Kronfeld

Untitled

Forgetting someone is like forgetting to turn off the lights in the back yard so it stays lit all the next day
But then it's the light that makes you remember.

An Eternal Window

In a garden I once heard a song or an ancient blessing and above the dark trees a window is always lit, in memory of the face that looked out of it, and that face too was in memory of another lit window.

Untitled

When a man dies, they say, "He was gathered unto his fathers." As long as he is alive, his fathers are gathered within him, each cell of his body and soul a delegate from one of his thousands of fathers since the beginning of time.

Untitled

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

Mourner's Kaddish for Everyday

By Debra Cash

Build me up of memory
loving and angry, tender and honest.
Let my loss build me a heart of wisdom,
compassion for the world's many losses
Each hour is mortal
and each hour is eternal
and each hour is our testament.
May I create worthy memories
all the days of my life.

The Journey Through Grief *(By Deborah Greene)*

The journey through grief
So vast, dark, and uncertain
Where is my compass
God, are you with me?
I search, eyes closed, heart open
Oh Source of comfort
I cry out in tears
A primal ache in my soul
Help me to find you
Prayer is hard for me
How do I speak to you God
Tears flow down my cheeks
They carry in them
All the words I cannot say
Hear them God, hear them...
I ask, Ayekah?
In the still quiet moments
The wind whispers back
I listen closely
Hineni, the wind calls out
Here I am, with you
The journey is long
The gentle breeze carries me
Forward with God's grace

The Sonnets to Orpheus, II #28 *(by Rainer Maria Rilke)*

Silent friend of many distances, feel
how your breath enlarges all of space.
Let your presence ring out like a bell
into the night. What feeds upon your face

grows mighty from the nourishment thus offered.
Move through transformation, out and in.
What is the deepest loss that you have suffered?
If drinking is bitter, change yourself to wine.

In this immeasurable darkness, be the power
that rounds your senses in their magic ring,
the sense of their mysterious encounter.

And if the earthly no longer knows your name,
whisper to the silent earth: I'm flowing.
To the flashing water say: I am.

Sea Canes

By Derek Walcott

Half my friends are dead.
I will make you new ones, said earth
No, give me them back, as they were, instead,
with faults and all, I cried.
Tonight I can snatch their talk
from the faint surf's drone
through the canes, but I cannot walk
on the moonlit leaves of ocean
down that white road alone,
or float with the dreaming motion
of owls leaving earth's load.
O earth, the number of friends you keep
exceeds those left to be loved.
The sea-canes by the cliff flash green and silver;
they were the seraph lances of my faith,
but out of what is lost grows something stronger
that has the rational radiance of stone,
enduring moonlight, further than despair,
strong as the wind, that through dividing canes
brings those we love before us, as they were,
with faults and all, not nobler, just there.

Relearning Loveliness

By Galway Kinnell

The bud stands for all things,
Even for those things that don't flower.
For everything flowers from within of self-blessing.
Though sometimes it is necessary to re-teach
A thing its loveliness.
To put a hand on the brow of the flower and to tell it,
In words and in touch,
It is lovely,
Until it flowers again from, from within, of self-blessing.

Love After Love *(By Derek Walcott)*

The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.

Majority -- Grieving a Lost Pregnancy or Child *(by Dana Gioia)*

Now you'd be three,
I said to myself,
seeing a child born
the same summer as you.

Now you'd be six,
or seven, or ten.
I watched you grow
in foreign bodies.

Leaping into a pool, all laughter,
or frowning over a keyboard,
but mostly just standing,
taller each time.

How splendid your most
mundane action seemed
in these joyful proxies.
I often held back tears.

Now you are twenty-one.
Finally, it makes sense
that you have moved away into your own afterlife.

Epitaph for a Victim of Suicide (*Anna Margolin, from Yiddish by Ruth Wallach*)

Tell him this: she couldn't forgive herself
for her dark depressions.
She walked through her life
with apologetic steps.

Tell that until her death
she faithfully guarded the fire
entrusted to her, with pure hands,
and is burning in that same fire.

How in her hours of bravado
she battled hard with God,
how deeply her blood sang,
and how lightweights destroyed her.

A Meditation in Memory of a Parent Who Was Hurtful (*Robert Saks*)

Dear God,

You know my heart. Indeed, you know me better than I know myself, so I turn to You
before I rise for Kaddish.

My emotions swirl as I say this prayer. The parent I remember was not kind to me.
His/her death left me with a legacy of unhealed wounds, of anger and of dismay that a
parent could hurt a child as I was hurt.

I do not want to pretend to love, or to grief that I do not feel, but I do want to do what is
right as a Jew and as a child.

Help me, O God, to subdue my bitter emotions that do me no good, and to find that
place in myself where happier memories may lie hidden, and where grief for all that
could have been, all that should have been, may be calmed by forgiveness, or at least
soothed by the passage of time.

I pray that You, who raise up slaves to freedom, will liberate me from the oppression of
my hurt and anger, and that You will lead me from this desert to Your holy place.

Reconciling Our Emotions *(by Rabbi Harold Schulweis, adapted)*

Death for us 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 have the right to mourn for others and for ourselves.

It is the dignity of the soul to hold onto the past;
It is the dignity of the spirit to take hold of the future,

To love again 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.

Do Not Stand At My Grave and Weep *(by Mary Frye)*

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there.

I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;

I am not there.

I did not die.

In Blackwater Woods

By Mary Oliver

Look, the trees
are turning
their own bodies
into pillars
of light,
are giving off the rich
fragrance of cinnamon
and fulfillment,
the long tapers
of cattails
are bursting and floating away over
the blue shoulders
of the ponds,
and every pond,
no matter what its
name is, is
nameless now.
Every year
everything
I have ever learned
in my lifetime
leads back to this: the fires
and the black river of loss
whose other side
is salvation,
whose meaning
none of us will ever know.
To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.

They Had Names Like Auntie Bea *(By Susan Glickman)*

They had names like Auntie Bea and Aunt Laura and wore tight corsets.
When you put your arms around them you could feel the wires.
They had papery skins; cheeks like moth's wings that trembled
when you kissed them.

Their husbands were dead, or they were called Sam, or Arthur,
and wore hats even in summer.
They smoked cigars that always went out and they let them go out.
The old people had candies in their pockets, and Kleenex; they carried
pictures of grandchildren and knew all the stories about who was related to
whom, and why, and remembered them.

When I was a child, I was told all the stories again and again, who was
related to whom, and why, and who died and why, but I always forgot.
Years later, I have no one to tell me the stories. I remember the ladies' perfumes: lilac,
carnation and rose; they smelled like sachets.
And I remember arthritic fingers, wedding bands sunk in the flesh.
I always imagined they'd have to cut them off.
They kept trying to decide whose eyes I had, whose nose,
what were my talents. I didn't listen.

Now I want to know, I want to know where I fit in that long line
of descendants from the country of the old.

When I die I want your hands on my eyes *(Pablo Neruda from the Spanish)*

When I die, I want your hands on my eyes:
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved hands
to pass their freshness over me one more time
to feel the smoothness that changed my destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want for your ears to go on hearing the wind,
for you to smell the sea that we loved together
and for you to go on walking the sand where we walked.

I want for what I love to go on living
and as for you I loved you and sang you above everything,
for that, go on flowering, flowery one,

so that you reach all that my love orders for you,
so that my shadow passes through your hair,
so that they know by this the reason for my song.

If I be the First of us to Die *(by Nicholas Evans)*

If I be the first of us to die,
Let grief not blacken long your sky.
Be bold yet modest in your grieving.
There is a change but not a leaving.
For just as death is part of life,
The dead live on forever in the living.
And all the gathered riches of our journey,
The moments shared, the mysteries explored,
The steady layering of intimacy stored,
The things that made us laugh or weep or sing,
The joy of sunlit snow or first unfurling of the spring,
The wordless language of look and touch,
The knowing,
Each giving and each taking,
These are not flowers that fade,
Nor trees that fall and crumble,
Nor are the stone,
For even stone cannot the wind and rain withstand
And mighty mountain peaks in time reduce to sand.
What we were, we are.
What we had, we have.
A conjoined past imperishably present.
So when you walk the wood where once we walked together
And scan in vain the dappled bank beside you for my shadow,
Or pause where we always did upon the hill to gaze across the land,
And spotting something, reach by habit for my hand,
And finding none, feel sorrow start to steal upon you,
Be still.
Close your eyes.
Breathe.
Listen for my footfall in your heart.
I am not gone but merely walk within you.

May Time Soften Your Pain

In times of darkness, love sees...
In times of silence, love hears...
In times of doubt, love hopes...
In times of sorrow, love heals...
And in all times, love remembers.
May time soften the pain
Until all that remains
Is the warmth of the memories
And the love.

The Riches of a Good Name (for a man)

Honor a man for what he is;

But honor him more for what he does.

Honor not a man for his possessions;

Honor him for the right use he makes of them.

If one is blessed with wisdom as well as riches;

His wisdom will guide him to share his blessings with others

Riches often make themselves wings,

Like an eagle that flies toward heaven;

For riches are not everlasting;

Even the crown of royalty does not endure forever.

Man heaps up riches,

And knows not who shall gather them.

Store up for yourself a treasure of righteousness and love,

And it will be your most priceless possession.

Better than the fragrance of precious oil

Is the fragrance of a good name.

A good name is to be chosen above wealth,

And character rather than silver and gold.

Blessed is the one

Who bequeaths a good name to his descendants.

There are three crowns:

The crown of Torah, the crown of priesthood, and the
crown of royalty,

But the crown of a good name excels them all.

Even a long life ends too soon,

But a good name endures forever.

Blessed is he whose noble deeds remain his memorial

After his life on earth is ended.

The righteous need no monuments;

Their good deeds are their memorials.

When man departs this world,

Neither silver nor gold nor precious stones accompany him;

He is remembered for his love of learning and his good deeds.

Happy is the man who is rich in Torah and in good deeds,

For he shall be honored in life,

And be remembered long afterwards for his goodness.

The Riches of a Good Name (for a woman)

Honor a woman for what she is;
But honor her more for what she does.

*Honor not a woman for her possessions;
Honor her for the right use she makes of them.*

If one is blessed with wisdom as well as riches;
Her wisdom will guide her to share her blessings with others

*Riches often make themselves wings,
Like an eagle that flies toward heaven;*

For riches are not everlasting;
Even the crown of royalty does not endure forever.

*Man heaps up riches,
And knows not who shall gather them.*

Store up for yourself a treasure of righteousness and love,
And it will be your most priceless possession.

*Better than the fragrance of precious oil
Is the fragrance of a good name.*

A good name is to be chosen above wealth,
And character rather than silver and gold.

*Blessed is the one
Who bequeaths a good name to her descendants.*

There are three crowns:

The crown of Torah, the crown of priesthood, and the
crown of royalty,

But the crown of a good name excels them all.

*Even a long life ends too soon,
But a good name endures forever.*

Blessed is she whose noble deeds remain her memorial
After her life on earth is ended.

*The righteous need no monuments;
Their good deeds are their memorials.*

When a woman departs this world,

Neither silver nor gold nor precious stones accompany her;

She is remembered for her love of learning and her good deeds.

*Happy is the woman who is rich in Torah and in good deeds,
For she shall be honored in life,
And be remembered long afterwards for her goodness.*

Teach Us to Number Our Days

Lord, You have been our dwelling-place in all generations.

From when the mountains were brought forth,

From when the earth was made,

You have been, as You will always be, God everlasting.

You return mortal beings to the earth,

Saying: "Return, O children of humanity."

The days of our years are but seventy,

Or by reason of strength, even eighty;

And though most of them are spent in toil and trouble,

Life is soon gone by and we are no more.

Teach us to number our days correctly,

That we may get us a heart of wisdom.

Is it our desire to live well,

To have a long life filled with joy?

Then let us keep our tongue from evil

And our lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil and do good;

Seek peace and pursue it.

In the way of righteousness is life;

In the pathway thereof there is no death.

He has told you, O mortal, what is good,

And what the Lord requires of you:

Only to do justly, love mercy,

And walk humbly with your God.

Let not the wise glory in their wisdom,

Nor the strong glory in their might;

Let not the rich glory in their riches;

But let those that glory, glory in this:

That they understand and know You, O Lord,

That You practice mercy, justice and righteousness,

For in these things do You delight.

At the Grave of a Father

Eternal God, as I stand here at the grave of my beloved father, the years of his unselfish devotion come vividly to mind. I recall all the sacrifices he made for my welfare and the many comforts with which he provided me. Ever untiring were his endeavors to direct me on the path of virtue and kindness, to enrich my mind and ennoble my heart. He rejoiced in my achievements. He guided me in all perplexities and strengthened me in trials and disappointments. The passing of years can never dim the blessed memories of his life.

O Creator of all, in whose keeping are the souls of both the living and the dead, grant that the memory of my father's life so inspire me that I shall put to noblest use my time and capabilities. May his example stir me loyally to uphold the heritage which he transmitted to me. May his soul be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of a Mother

Eternal God, here standing at the grave of my beloved mother, I feel the closeness of her spirit and my heart is filled with tender emotion as I recall the years of her devoted care and lovingkindness. For it was she who gave me life, who tended and watched over me, who guided my first step, and who taught me of Your love and Your protecting care. I am grateful for every blessing You bestowed on me through my mother – for her kindly deeds, her understanding heart, her sacrificial devotion, her love so freely given. Indeed, whatever I have achieved is due to her teaching and influence, and what I am, I have become through her.

Gracious God, in tribute to the memory of my mother, may I ever continue to emulate her virtues, and be faithful to the traditions she imparted to me. Grant that all the cherished recollections of her life ever remain to me an inspiration and a benediction. I pray that the soul of my dear mother be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of a Wife

O, heavenly Father, standing here at the grave of the companion of my heart, I fondly recall our sacred bonds formed in Your presence, the love and friendship she brought into my life, and all the hardships and pleasures, trials and triumphs, joys and sorrows we shared together. The delight of my life, she helped to dispel my fears, and in time of need, encouraged me and stood at my side. I pray, O Lord, that these precious memories of our happy years together, may ever be an abiding influence for good and an incentive to noble and sanctified living.

Father of all, grant that the soul of my beloved be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of a Husband: O heavenly Father, standing here at the grave of the companion of my heart, I fondly recall our sacred bonds formed in Your presence, the love and friendship he brought into my life, and all the hardships and pleasures, trials and triumphs, joys and sorrows we shared together. The delight of my life, he helped to dispel my fears, and in time of need, encouraged me and stood at my side. I pray, O Lord, that these precious memories of our happy years together, may ever be an abiding influence for good and an incentive to noble and sanctified living.

Father of all, grant that the soul of my beloved be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of a Daughter: Almighty Father, standing here at the grave of my beloved child, I tenderly recall the joys that she afforded me during her lifetime. How I delighted in her physical and mental growth! How I planned for her future! Though few and brief were the years wherein I rejoiced with my beloved daughter, many indeed were the blessings she brought into our home. The passing of years can never fill the void in my heart, nor can time assuage the pain of my bereavement. Though she is no longer in our midst, her memory shall forever be enshrined in my heart.

O merciful God, Giver of life, You have recalled what is Your own, and have taken her into Your loving care and keeping. Though my heart still grieves, I have faith that You know what is best for Your children. Strengthened by that faith, and cherishing the sacred memory of my child, may I, who have known the joys of parenthood, bring love and cheer into the lives of others. I pray that the soul of my dearly beloved child may be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with all the precious souls that are united in You, our Creator and Father. Amen.

At the Grave of a Son: Almighty Father, standing here at the grave of my beloved child, I tenderly recall the joys that he afforded me during his lifetime. How I delighted in his physical and mental growth! How I planned for his future! Though few and brief were the years wherein I rejoiced with my beloved son, many indeed were the blessings he brought into our home. The passing of years can never fill the void in my heart, nor can time assuage the pain of my bereavement. Though he is no longer in our midst, his memory shall forever be enshrined in my heart.

O merciful God, Giver of life, You have recalled what is Your own, and have taken him into Your loving care and keeping. Though my heart still grieves, I have faith that You know what is best for Your children. Strengthened by that faith, and cherishing the sacred memory of my child, may I, who have known the joys of parenthood, bring love and cheer into the lives of others. I pray that the soul of my dearly beloved child may be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with all the precious souls that are united in You, our Creator and Father. Amen.

At the Grave of a Sister: O heavenly Father, as I stand here at the grave of my dear sister, I fondly recall the happy years we spent together, sharing the love and traditions of our home and family.

Her years on earth were too few for those who loved her. Though You have called her back to You, I shall ever hold sacred the memories of her kindness and sincerity, her love and devotion. O Lord, grant that the recollections of her life stimulate me to righteous living. I put my trust in You who is the source of all life and my strength in time of sorrow. Though a link has been severed from our family chain, help me, O God, to be more closely united with the dear ones who remain. May the soul of my beloved sister be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of a Brother: O heavenly Father, as I stand here at the grave of my dear brother whom You have called back to You, I fondly recall the years we spent together in happy fellowship. Strengthen me in my sorrow, for his departure has left a void in my heart. May the example of his goodness ever inspire me to consecrate my efforts and talents to every good and noble endeavor. Though a link has been severed from our family chain, help me, O God, to be more closely united with the dear ones who remain. May the soul of my beloved brother be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of a Grandparent: O heavenly Father, as I stand here at the grave of my grandparent, I am grateful to You for all the precious memories of his (her) life and for all that he (she) meant to my parents and me. May the example of his (her) goodness and devotion live on as an incentive to kindly deeds and righteous living. I pray that the soul of my beloved grandparent be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of Other Relatives: O heavenly Father, as I stand here at the grave of my _____ I fondly recall the hours we shared in family fellowship. Help me to emulate all that was good, true and righteous in his (her) life. In memory of this dear one, may I endeavor to live uprightly in accordance with Your teachings. May the soul of _____ be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Your keeping. Amen.

At the Grave of a Friend: Standing here over the grave of _____, I thank You, O heavenly Father, for the blessings You sent me through my companionship with him (her). I recall the happy hours of fellowship and the common aims and endeavors we shared together. May I ever cherish the memory of _____'s loyalty, sincerity, devotion and understanding heart. Though I shall nevermore see his (her) smile nor hear his (her) voice nor delight in his (her) friendship, may the ennobling influence of _____'s life ever remain with me. Grant that his (her) soul be bound up in the bond of eternal life, together with all the souls that are united in You. Amen.

Memorial Prayer – El Malay Rachamim

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת פנפי השכינה,
במעלות קדושים וטהורים כזהר הרקיע מזהירים, לנשמת _____, שְהֵלֶךְ
לעולמו, בגן עדן תהא מנוחתו. אָנָּא בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים הַסְתִּירָהוּ בְּסִטְרֵי
לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נִשְׁמָתוֹ. ה' הוּא נִחְלָתוֹ. וְיָנוּחַ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל
מִשְׁכָּבוֹ. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן

El malay rachamim, shochayn bam'romim, ham-tzay m'nucha n'chona al kanfay ha-Shechina, b'ma-alot k'doshim ut'horim k'zo-har haraki-a mazhirim, l'nishmat (Name of the Deceased) she-halach l-olamo. B'Gan Ayden t'hay m'nuchato; la-chayn Ba-al Harachamim yas-tire-hu b'sayter k'nafav l'olamim, v'yitz-ror bitz-ror hacha-yim et nishmato, Ado-nay Hu na-chalato, v'yanu-ach b'shalom al mishkavo. V'nomar: Amayn.

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among the holy and pure whose radiance is like the heavens, to the soul of _____ who has gone to his eternal home. May his memory be for a blessing and may he rest in paradise. Master of Mercy, may he forever find sanctuary beneath Your sheltering wings, and may his soul be bound up in the bond of life. Adonai is his portion. May he rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת פנפי השכינה,
במעלות קדושים וטהורים כזהר הרקיע מזהירים, לנשמת _____, שְהֵלֶכָה
לעולמה, בגן עדן תהא מנוחתה. אָנָּא בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים, הַסְתִּירָהּ בְּסִטְרֵי
לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נִשְׁמָתָהּ. ה' הוּא נִחְלָתָהּ. וְתָנוּחַ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל
מִשְׁכָּבָהּ. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן

Al malay rachamim, shochayn bam'romim, ham-tzay m'nucha n'chona al kanfay Hash'china, b'ma-alot k'doshim ut'horim k'zo-har haraki-a mazhirim, et nishmat (Name of the Deceased) she-halcha l-olama, ba-avur shenodvu tz'dakah b'ad hazkarat nishmatah. B'Gan Ayden t'hay m'nuchatah; la-chayn Ba-al Harachamim yas-tire-ha b'sayter k'nafav l'olamim, v'yitz-ror bitz-ror hacha-yim et nishmatah, Ado-nay Hu na-chalatah, v'tanu-ach b'shalom al mishkavah. V'nomar: Amayn.

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among the holy and pure whose radiance is like the heavens, to the soul of _____ who has gone to her eternal home. May her memory be for a blessing and may she rest in paradise. Master of Mercy, may she forever find sanctuary beneath Your sheltering wings, and may her soul be bound up in the bond of life. Adonai is her portion. May she rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

PSALM 23

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 in straight paths for the sake of God's name.
Yea, 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, they comfort me.
You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies,
You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

PSALM 121

A song of ascents:
If I raise my eyes to the hills,
from where will my help come?
My help comes from ADONAI,
the maker of heaven and earth.
He will not let your foot slip —
your guardian is not asleep.
No, the guardian of Isra'el
never slumbers or sleeps.
ADONAI is your guardian; at your right hand
ADONAI provides you with shade —
the sun can't strike you during the day
or even the moon at night.
ADONAI will guard you against all harm;
he will guard your life.
ADONAI will guard your coming and going
from now on and forever.

;

MOURNER'S KADDISH

YITGADAL v'yitkadesh sh'mei raba.

B'alma di v'ra chirutei,

v'yamlich malchutei,

b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon

uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael,

baagala uviz'man kariv. V'im'ru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach

l'alam ul'almei almaya.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpaar

v'yitromam v'yitnasei,

v'yit'hadar v'yitaleh v'yit'halal

sh'mei d'Kud'sha B'rich Hu,

l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata,

tushb'chata v'nechemata,

daamiran b'alma. V'imru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya,

v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael.

V'imru: Amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav,

Hu yaaseh shalom aleinu,

v'al kol Yisrael. V'imru: Amen.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא.

בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתְהָ,

וְיַמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתְהָ,

בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן

וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,

בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ

לְעָלַם וּלְעֵלְמֵי עֲלַמְיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר

וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא,

וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל

שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא,

לְעֵלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא,

תְּשֻׁבַּתְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא,

דְאָמְרוּ בְּעֵלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא,

וְחַיִּים עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוַמָּיו,

הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ,

וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

EXALTED and hallowed be God's great name

in the world which God created, according to plan.

May God's majesty be revealed in the days of our lifetime

and the life of all Israel — speedily, imminently, to which we say Amen.

Blessed be God's great name to all eternity.

Blessed, praised, honored, exalted, extolled, glorified, adored, and lauded

be the name of the Holy Blessed One, beyond all earthly words and songs of blessing,

praise, and comfort. To which we say Amen.

May there be abundant peace from heaven, and life, for us and all Israel.

to which we say Amen.

May the One who creates harmony on high, bring peace to us and to all Israel.

To which we say Amen.

A Gift of Memory

Rabbi Morris Adler

The earth has covered only that which was mortal. Of those to whom we have said our farewell.

We shall not see again here on earth The familiar glowing face, the warm illuminated eyes, nor hear The sound of their welcome footsteps as they come home.

We shall not sit again face to face, Across the family table, or side by side In the home of a friend or in worship or raptly Listening to a great melody from singer or symphony. We shall not feel once more the kiss That evoked from us our deepest response.

Yet death has failed and must surrender To memory, which gives a reprieve to those doomed by it. For the beloved who is gone Lives and will always live through the years not in some distant corner of our being to be uncovered only In a rare moment or by a sudden surge of recall.

The beloved has become a presence not merely accompanying Us as of yore, but indwelling and inseparable, rooted so deep that life cannot carry us far from the cherished And now hallowed center of memory and love,

Your hand, O Death, has been stayed.

You can no longer inflict oblivion, Or doom to full disappearance those who were life of our life. They live and move with us, in spheres beyond Your dominion.

We thank You, O God, of life and love, For the resurrecting gift of memory which endows Your children fashioned in Your image With the God-like sovereign power t o give immortality through love.

Blessed be You, O God, who enables Your children to remember.

We Remember You *(by Sylvan Kamens & Rabbi Jack Riemer, adapted)*

In the rising of the sun and in its going down, we remember you.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, we remember you.

In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring, we remember you.

In the shining of the sun and in the warmth of the summer, we remember you.

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn, we remember you.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends, we remember you.

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

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

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

So long as we live, you too will live.

For you are now a part of us, as we remember you.

To Honour You *(By Connie F. Kiefer Byrd)*

To honour you...
I get up every day and take a breath.
And start another day without you in it.

To honour you...
I laugh and love with those who knew your smile
And the way your eyes twinkled with mischief and secret knowledge.

To honour you...
I take the time to appreciate everyone I love,
I know now there is no guarantee of days or hours spent in their presence.

To honour you...
I listen to music you would have liked,
And sing at the top of my lungs, with the windows rolled down

To honour you...
I take chances, say what I feel, hold nothing back,
Risk making a fool of myself, dance every dance.

You were my light, my heart, my gift of love, from the very highest source.
So every day, I vow to make a difference, share a smile, live, laugh and love.
Now I live for us both, so all I do,
I do to honour you.

I Haven't Forgotten You *(by Rabbi Naomi Levy, adapted)*

I haven't forgotten you, even though it's been some time now since I've seen your face, touched your hand, heard your voice. You are with me all the time.

I used to think you left me. I know better now. You come to me.

Sometimes in fleeting moments I feel your presence close by. But I still miss you.

And nothing, no person, no joy, no accomplishment, no distraction, not even God, can fill the gaping hole in your absence has left in my life.

But, mixed together with all my sadness, there is a great joy for having known you.

I want to thank you for the time we shared, for the love you gave, for the wisdom you spread.

Thank you for the magnificent moments and the ordinary ones, too.

There was beauty in our simplicity. Holiness in our unspectacular days.

And I will carry the lessons you taught me always.

Your life has ended, but your light can never be extinguished.

It continues to shine upon me even on the darkest nights and illuminates my way.

May God bless you as you have blessed me with love, with grace and with peace.