

Yizkor Service

Eternal Remembrance in the Temple of the Lord



Temple
BETH AM

Prelude to Yizkor

Let us praise the Lord in this time of remembrance,
For the lives we have shared, for the memories we cherish.

*Let us praise God even in times of sorrow,
As we remember His many kindnesses to us.*

God's love accompanies us throughout life's journey,
So that even in death we are not forsaken.

*Mercifully God redeems us from the grave;
Calling our souls to life everlasting.*

As parents have compassion upon their children,
So the Lord has compassion upon those who revere Him.

*For He knows how frail and fragile we are,
How vulnerable we are to disease and death.*

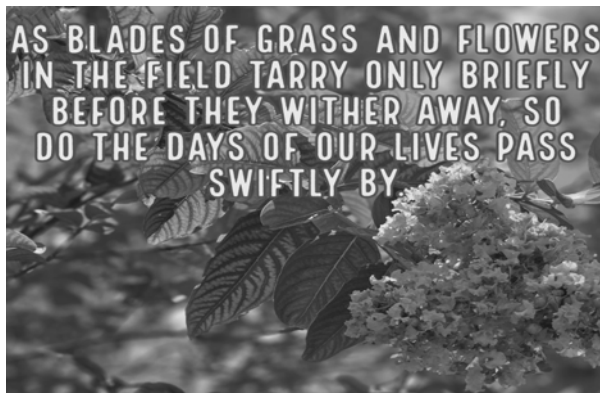
As blades of grass and flowers in the field
Tarry only briefly before they wither away,

*So do the days of our lives pass swiftly by;
They are too quickly gone, never to return.*

But the Lord's steadfast love endures forever;
Those who trust in Him need not feel forsaken.

*They know their Healer will bind up their wounds,
And will wipe away the tears from their faces.*

This faith they bequeath to their children's children,
A precious legacy for all generations.



Shall I Cry Out in Anger

Shall I cry out in anger, O God, because Thy gifts are mine but for a while?

Shall I forget the blessing of health the moment it gives way to illness and pain?

Shall I be ungrateful for the moments of laughter, the seasons of joy, the days of gladness and festivity when tears cloud my eyes and darken the world and my heart is heavy within me?

Shall I blot from mind the love I have known and in which I have rejoiced when a fate beyond my understanding takes from me friends and kin whom I have cherished, and leaves me bereft of shining presences that have lit my way through years of companionship and affection?

Give me the vision, O God, to see and feel that embedded deep in each of Thy gifts is a core of eternity, undiminished and bright, an eternity that survives the dread hours of affliction and misery.

Those I have loved, though now beyond my view, have given form and quality to my being.

They have led me into the wide universe I continue to inhabit, and their presence is more vital to me than their absence.

What Thou givest, O Lord, Thou takest not away, and bounties once granted shed their radiance evermore.

- Rabbi Morris Adler



Death is not the Enemy

I often feel that death is not the enemy of life, but its friend; for it is the knowledge that our years are limited which makes them so precious. It is the truth that time is but lent to us which makes us, at our best, look upon our years as a trust handed into our temporary keeping.

We are like children privileged to spend a day in a great park, a park filled with many gardens and playgrounds and azure-tinted lakes with white boats sailing upon the tranquil waves.

True, the day allotted to each of us is not the same in length, in light, in beauty. Some children of earth are privileged to spend a long and sunlit day in the garden of the earth. For others the day is shorter, cloudier, and dusk descends more quickly as in a winter's tale.

But whether our life is a long summery day or a shorter wintry afternoon, we know that inevitably there are storms and squalls which overcast even the bluest heaven and there are sunlit rays which pierce the darkest autumn sky. The day that we are privileged to spend in the great park of life is not the same for all human beings; but there is enough beauty and joy and gaiety in the hours, if we will simply treasure them.

Then for each of us the moment comes when the great nurse, Death, takes us by the hand and quietly says, "It is time to go home. Night is coming. It is your bedtime, child of earth. Come; you're tired. Lie down at last in the quiet nursery of nature and sleep. Sleep well. The day is gone. Stars shine in the canopy of eternity."

- Joshua Loth Liebman adapted



יְהוָה מִה־אָדָם וּתְדַעְהוּ, בֶּן־אָנוּשׁ וּתְחַשְׁבֶּהוּ:
אָדָם לְהִכָּל דָּמָה, יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר:
בַּבֹּקֶר יִצְיָץ וְחָלָף, לָעֶרֶב יִמּוֹלֵל וַיָּבֶשׁ:
לְמִנּוֹת יָמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדַע וְנִבֵּא לִבֵּב חֲכָמָה:

Adonai, what are human beings that You take account of them,
Mortals that You care for them?

Humans are as a breath, their days like a passing shadow.
In the morning they flourish anew; in the evening they shrivel and die.
Teach us to count each day, that we may acquire a heart of wisdom.

(Psalms 144:3-4, 90:6, & 90:12)

On Yom Kippur

On this solemn day we each make judgments about the quality of our life.
We re-examine our deeds and relationships with our community and with others.
We express our yearnings for a new year, a new beginning, a year during which we
commit ourselves to work toward bringing health and peace to all.
We long for a year when individually and communally we shall strive to live in a way that
is more reflective of the ideals that we cherish.
Now, in the midst of looking at our life and assessing its quality, we pause to reflect and
to remember, and to dedicate ourselves anew.



The deaths of those we now remember left holes in our lives. But we are grateful for the gift of their lives and we are strengthened by the blessings that they left us and the precious memories that comfort and sustain us as we recall them this day.

We Recall

Some of us recall parents who watched over us, nursed us, guided us, and sacrificed for us.

Some of us lovingly call to mind a wife, husband, or partner with whom we were truly united—in our hopes and our pains, in our failures and our achievements, in our joys and our sorrows.

Some of us remember brothers and sisters, who grew up together with us, sharing in the play of childhood, in the youthful adventure of discovering life's possibilities, bound to us by a heritage of family tradition and by years of togetherness and love.

Some of us call to mind children, entrusted to us too briefly, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust that enriched our lives.

So many of us recall beloved relatives and friends whose affection and devotion enhanced our lives, and whose visible presence will never return to cheer, encourage, or support us.

Though they are gone, we are grateful for the blessings they brought to our lives.

We are sustained and comforted by the thought that their presence in our lives remains an enduring blessing that we can bequeath to others.

We can show our devotion to them by our devotion to those ideas that they cherished.

O God of love, make us worthy of the love we have received by teaching us to love You with all our heart and with all our soul and with all our might, and to spread the light of Your divine love on all whose lives touch ours.

Give us strength to live faithfully, for we are cheered by our confidence that You will not permit our lives to be wasted, but will bring all our worthy strivings to live on, even as we may not see their fulfillment.

— Rabbis Mordecai M. Kaplan, Eugene Kohn, and Ira Eisenstein (adapted from Mahzor Hadash)

My Father Commanded Me Not to Die

But my father, before he died, commanded me not to die.
Never to stop breathing. Only to seem silent, while my soul secretly continues to be suspended in the ether. So I go on living, I will not stop living. Neither non-existence nor fear, nor closely-knit woven gloom, its cloth cloaking the sun, will make me tremble, not the emptiness with which my loved ones leave me, silently taken one by one. I continue to breathe and with my breath, I give life to birds, wild beasts, shreds of sky, clumps of clay.

- Rivka Miriam

Backwards and Forwards

Yizkor:

Looking backward, we recall our ancestry.
Looking forward, we confront our destiny.
Looking backward, we reflect on our origins.
Looking forward, we choose our path.
Remembering that we are a tree of life, not letting go, holding on, and holding to, we walk into an unknown, beckoning future with our past beside us.

- Rabbi Harold Schulweis

Untitled

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 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.

- Rabbi Jules Harlow

Trust in God

נְשׂוּיִתִי יְהוָה לְנִגְדִי תָמִיד, כִּי מִיְמִינִי בִלְאֻמוֹת:
לִכֵּן | שָׂמַח לִבִּי וַיָּגֵל כְּבוֹדִי, אֶף־בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכֹּן לְבֶטֶח:

Adonai is always before me, at my right hand, lest I fall.
Therefore I am glad, made happy,
though I know that my flesh will lie in the ground forever.
(Psalm 16:8-9)

A Personal Meditation

Eternal God, Master of mercy, give me the gift of remembering.
May my memories of the dead be tender and true, undiminished by time; let me recall them, and love them, as they were.
Shelter me with the gift of tears.
Let me express my senses of loss - my sorrow, my pain, as well as my love, and words unspoken.
Bless me with the gift of prayer.
May I face You with an open heart, with trusting faith, unembarrassed and unashamed.
Strengthen me with the gift of hope.
May I always believe in the beauty of life, the power of goodness, the right to joy.
May I surrender my being, and the soul of the dead, to Your all-knowing compassion.

The deaths of those we now remember left holes in our lives. But we are grateful for the gift of their lives and we are strengthened by the blessings that they left us and the precious memories that comfort and sustain us as we recall them this day.



On Shemini Atzeret

A Man Doesn't Have Time

A man doesn't have time in his life to have time for everything.
He doesn't have seasons enough to have
a season for every purpose.
Ecclesiastes was wrong about that.
A man needs to love and to hate at the same moment,
to laugh and cry with the same eyes,
with the same hands to throw stones and to gather them,
to make love in war and war in love.
And to hate and forgive and remember and forget,
to arrange and confuse, to eat and to digest
what history takes years and years to do.
A man doesn't have time.
When he loses he seeks, when he finds
he forgets, when he forgets he loves, when he loves
he begins to forget.
And his soul is seasoned, his soul is very professional.
Only his body remains forever an amateur.
It tries and misses, gets muddled, doesn't learn a thing,
drunk and blind in its pleasures and in its pains.
He will die as figs in autumn, shriveled and full of himself and sweet,
the leaves growing dry on the ground,
the bare branches already pointing to the place
where there's time for everything.

- Yehuda Amichai (translated by Chana Bloch)



On Pesach

I never think of myself as waiting for you

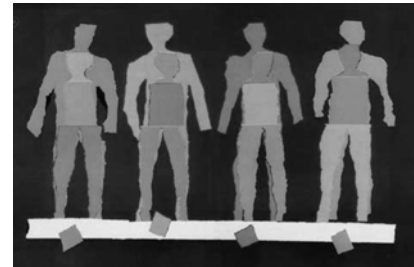
I never think of myself as waiting for you
but then when the holiday has come and gone
when I'm packing up the Pesach dishes
or taking down the sukkah
I feel hopeless and alone
Inconsolable
Then I realize
I've left a small corner
somewhere deep inside myself
unpainted
And in that small corner
I'm still a child
a little girl
waiting
and I had hoped
without knowing it
that this *hag**
you'd come
My tears fall on the Pesach dishes
and I wonder
why you've left me here
alone
*holiday

- Merle Feld



On Pesach

Tam is who you were.
Simple and whole.
You asked, "What is this?"
I needed to know, but was too sophisticated to ask.
Now, belatedly, I wonder,
what is this ... seder?
what is this ... life?
what is this ... death?
what is this ... God?
Wise is who you were.
You wanted to know every little thing there is to know to serve
God. Details, you wanted details.
We thought your mind was narrow when it was simply in love.
Now I miss your intense yearning for your beloved,
content to be restrained by "no" or liberated by "yes."
Wicked is who you were.
You just couldn't stop pushing, rejecting.
Did I owe you patience or impatience?
I still don't know.
Your rage chased away my love more than once.
You did provoke something in me, though.
I wish I had known how to love you and I wish you had known how to love me.
Unable to ask is who you were.
It was up to me to open up for you the questions of life I wished you could ask.
Not only to lighten my burden though I can't deny that it was true,
but so you could say your beauty to us, to your world.
You were my mystery.
To find you I had to study hard at the school of gentleness.
In truth, it is not for me to judge who you were and anyway I cannot begin to know.
You may have been a whole new number, the fifth or sixth or seventh child,
a new creation, inviting the sea to split upon God's command not into upper
and lower but one side facing the other.
Then we, whole worlds, could stumble through, toward our redemptions great and
Simple.



- Rabbi Lilly Kaufman

On Shavuot

Spring roses bloom, fragrant with heady Torah,
layers of sevens fluttering as we enter our chuppah with God.
My teachers, you escort me.

You taught me first words, first songs, first steps;
You taught me the slow craft of doing work well.

You taught me the patience to sketch my thoughts;
You taught me rules which I broke and then mended.

You taught me impatience with what is unjust;
You taught me to listen for truth and to seek it.

You taught me life lessons before they could hurt me;
You comforted me when they did; You were my best listener.

You taught me to hurt to do a mitzvah;
that inconvenience in service of others is blessed.

You escort me still, as you always did.

You taught me that books catch living voices;
You smiled inwardly as I learned what has long been known.

Your presence taught me to breathe with another;
to notice their pain and to be, just be near.

On this splendid day, of hearing sights, seeing noise, of great laws, noble truths.
I thank you for moments of learning, still open and opening.

This rose of learning I accept as your student.
I will plant and tend it in your name.
It will release to the air its rare essence stirred by the passing
of its great gardeners.

- Rabbi Lilly Kaufman

The Book of Ruth and Naomi

When you pick up the Tanakh and read the Book of Ruth, it is a shock how little it resembles memory. It's concerned with inheritance, lands, men's names, how women must wiggle and wobble to live.

Yet women have kept it dear for the beloved elder who cherished Ruth, more friend than daughter. Daughters leave. Ruth brought even the baby she made with Boaz home as a gift.

Where you go, I will go too, your people shall be my people, I will be a Jew for you, for what is yours I will love as I love you, oh Naomi, my mother, my sister, my heart.

Show me a woman who does not dream a double, her heart's twin, a sister of the mind in whose ear she can whisper, whose hair she can braid as her life, twists its pleasure and pain and shame. Show me a woman who does not hide

In the locket of bone that deep, eye beam of fiercely gentle love she had once from mother, daughter, sister; once, like a warm moon that radiance aligned the tides of her blood into potent order.

At the season of first fruits, we recall two travelers, co-conspirators, scavengers making do with leftovers and mill ends, whose friendship was stronger than fear, stronger than hunger, who walked together, the road of shards, hands joined.

- Marge Piercy



In Everything

In everything there is at least an eighth part
that is death. Its weight is not great.
With that secret and carefree grace
we carry it everywhere we go.
On lovely awakenings, on journeys,
in lovers' words, in our distraction
forgotten at the edges of our affairs
it is always with us. Weighing
hardly anything at all.

- Lea Goldberg (translated by Rachel Tzvia Back)

Gift

You teach your children what you've been taught
about the generosity of limitations,
the shortness of life, but also the future
you could only find when you found life's limits,
not the death you lived
but death itself, the real-you death,
divvying up your assets –
your heart, your savvy, your love of interpretation,
and interpretation of love as whatever fulfills your wish
to be and to give
everything that gives itself to you,
that gave your children to you and you to them
when the lines between you were cut or frozen and pain
guaranteed and growing and love came roaring back.

- by Judy Ladin

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.

- Yehudah Amichai (translated by Chana Bloch)

A Yizkor Meditation in Memory of a Parent Who Was Hurtful

Dear God,

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

My emotions swirl as I say this prayer.
The parent I remember was not kind to me.

His/Her death left me with a legacy of unhealed wounds, of anger
and of dismay that a parent could hurt a child as I was hurt.

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

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

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

- Robert Saks





On Miscarriage Or Stillbirth

May the name for the Source of Creation be magnified
and my pain grow less and less.

May the will of the Holy One work through me day by day, hour by hour so that
this raw grief wears thin and though despair has me, may
I know that the beauty of the world remains even seen through tears.

May I find my way to a place of peace over this lost child and may this be my promise:
I will not forget you, little one I never met, and I ask that the One who makes peace in
the high places (as well as the hidden ones inside) make peace for you,
give you comfort and angelic shelter.

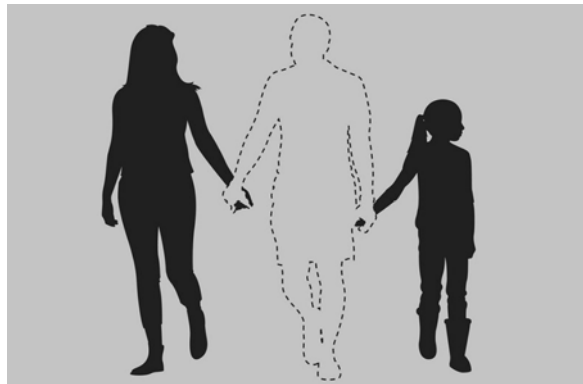
This blessing I ask for myself and the one whose life was cut so short.

- Anonymous

In memory of a father:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמַת אָבִי מוֹרִי _____ שְׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי (נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת)
צְדָקָה בְּעֵד הַזְכָּרַת נְשָׁמָתוֹ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים, וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ
כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמֻחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיָהּ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָהּ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my father, my teacher _____, who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may his soul be bound up in the bond of life. May I prove myself worthy of the gift of life and the many other gifts with which he blessed me. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties that link me to his memory and our entire family. May he rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.



In memory of a mother:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמַת אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי _____ שְׁהֶלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי (נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת)
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כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמֻחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיָהּ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָהּ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my mother, my teacher _____, who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. May I prove myself worthy of the gift of life and the many other gifts with which she blessed me. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties that link me to her memory and our entire family. May she rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

In memory of a husband:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמַת בְּעָלִי _____ שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי (נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת) צִדְקָה
בְּעֵד הַזְכָּרָת נַשְׁמָתוֹ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים, וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד,
שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my husband _____, who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, is his soul bound up in the bond of life. Love is strong as death; deep bonds of love are indissoluble. The memory of our companionship and love leads me out of loneliness into all that we shared which still endures. May he rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.



In memory of a wife:

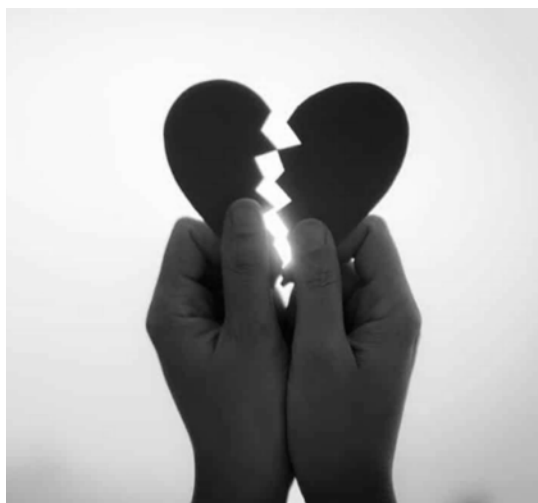
יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמַת אִשְׁתִּי _____ שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי (נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת)
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כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my wife _____, who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. "Many women have done superbly, but you surpass them all." Love is strong as death; deep bonds of love are indissoluble. The memory of our companionship and love leads me out of loneliness into all that we shared which still endures. May she rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

In memory of a son:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נֶשְׁמַת בְּנֵי הָאָהוּב מִחֲמַד עֵינֵי _____ שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי
(נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶכֶת) צִדְקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נֶשְׁמָתוֹ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיָהּ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָהּ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my beloved son _____, who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, is his soul bound up in the bond of life. I am grateful for the sweetness of his life and for what he did accomplish. May he rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.



In memory of a daughter:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נֶשְׁמַת בְּתִי הָאָהוּבָה מִחֲמַד עֵינֵי _____ שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי
(נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶכֶת) צִדְקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נֶשְׁמָתָהּ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיָהּ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָהּ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my beloved daughter _____, who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. I am grateful for the sweetness of her life and for what she did accomplish. May she rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

In memory of a brother:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נֶשְׁמַת אָחִי יְדִידִי הַיָּקָר _____ שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי
(נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת) צִדְקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נֶשְׁמָתוֹ. אֲנִי תָהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתָהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיָהּ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָהּ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my dear brother and friend _____, who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, is his soul bound up in the bond of life. I am grateful for the sweetness of his life and for what he did accomplish. May he rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.



In memory of a sister:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נֶשְׁמַת אָחוֹתִי יְדִידָתִי הַיָּקָרָה _____ שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי
(נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת) צִדְקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נֶשְׁמָתָהּ. אֲנִי תָהִי נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתָהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיָהּ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָהּ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my dear sister and friend _____, who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. I am grateful for the sweetness of her life and for what she did accomplish. May she rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

In memory of other relatives and friends:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמוֹת קְרוֹבֵי וְרַעֲי _____ שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם, הַנְּגִי (נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת)
צְדָקָה בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרָת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אֲנִי תִהְיֶינָה נִפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִוּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׂבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of my relatives and friends _____, who have gone to their eternal home. In loving testimony to their lives, I pledge tzedakah to help perpetuate ideals important to them. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, are their souls bound up in the bond of life. May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with their memory. May they rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

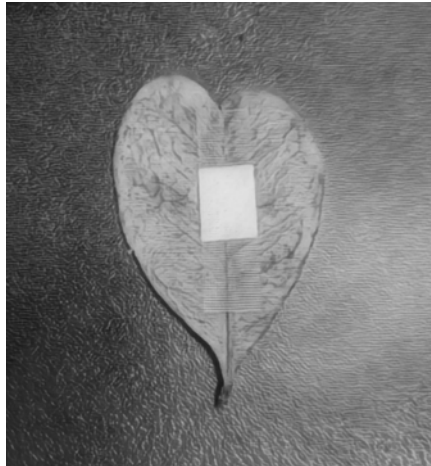


In memory of congregants:

May God remember the souls of our friends, members of this holy congregation, who have gone to their eternal home. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties that link us to their memory. May they rest in peace forever in God's presence. Exalted, compassionate God, comfort the bereaved families of this congregation. Help us to perpetuate everything that was worthy in the lives of those no longer with us, whom we remember this day. May their memory endure as a blessing. And let us say: Amen.

For the Loss of a Non-Jewish Relative or Friend

This tradition, the way we remember our dead,
Is not yours.
But no one has a monopoly on grief -
Death comes to us all.
And I am deeply saddened to have lost you.
You made a mark upon my life which can never be washed away.
Which will never be forgotten.
And for which I will forever be grateful.
Your memory will be for me - a blessing -
That I have known you, and walked with you,
However briefly in this world.
Dayenu - And that will be enough.



For an Unresolved Relationship

Your memory is blessed in anger and in love.
Both fill the space of your absence in equal, imperfect measure,
for how else could I honor the truth of your life or mine?
In struggle born of love our boundless and dangerous hearts
sanctified each other with rage's improbable grace.
I cannot now forget how each hand of these feelings fed the other
if it is really you I want to remember.
My anger, like my love, is also sacred.
With them both I bless your stilled and silent body,
your still and silenced breath.

Martyrology for Yom Kippur

אֱלֹהֵי אֶזְכָּרָה וְנִפְשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפָּכָה, עַל קִוְרוֹתֵינוּ הַמְרֹת עֵינַי זֹלָגוֹת דְּמָעָה.

These [martyrs] I will remember, and my soul melts with sorrow;
for the bitter course of our history, tears pour from my eyes.

God, do not be silent over my spilt blood, do not be quiet, but avenge me.

Seek retribution from those who would destroy me lest the whole earth be covered with my blood.

Innocent children, our holy seed, do not lie; "This is my God whom I would glorify," they loudly sang.

These were to be our inheritors - of whom we were so proud - they have now been wrapped in the bond of eternal life.

Women and children together covenanted to die; these sheep were gathered in the slaughterhouse yard, "O Holy One, bound and slaughtered we go up to You," refusing to be tied to another faith.

As year-old whole burnt offerings were these sacrifices made, while instructing their mothers, "Do not be overcome, for we are wanted as holocaust offerings by God on High."

Tears poured forth everywhere, the slaughtered and the slaughterers moaning to one other, the blood of fathers mixing with their children, and all declaiming the blessing of the sacrifice, "Sh'ma Yisrael..."

Has such ever been heard? A sight like this seen?

How can one believe such awful deeds: leading children to slaughter as if to the marriage canopy?

Can the One on High hold back after this?

- David ben Meshullam (12th century Germany) wrote this in witness to the slaughter of the Jewish community of Mainz during the First Crusade.

אֵלֶּה אֶזְכָּרָה וְנִפְשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפָּכָה, עַל קוֹרוֹתֵינוּ הַמָּרוֹת עֵינַי זֹלְגוֹת דִּמְעָה.

These [martyrs] I will remember, and my soul melts with sorrow;
for the bitter course of our history, tears pour from my eyes.

Out of the strong, sweetness; and out of the dead body of the lion of Judah, the prophecies and the psalms;

out of the slaves in Egypt, out of the wandering tribesmen of the deserts and the peasants of Palestine,

out of the slaves of Babylon and Rome,

out of the ghettos of Spain and Portugal, Germany and Poland,

the Torah and the prophecies, the Talmud and the sacred studies, the hymns and songs of the Jews;

and out of the Jewish dead of Belgium and Holland, of Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria, of France and Italy and Yugoslavia,

of Lithuania and Latvia, White Russia and Ukrainia, of Czechoslovakia and Austria, Poland and Germany,

out of the greatly wronged a people teaching and doing justice;

out of the plundered a generous people;

out of the wounded a people of physicians;

and out of those who met only with hate,

a people of love, a compassionate people.

- Charles Reznikoff

אֵלֶּה אֶזְכָּרָה וְנִפְשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפָּכָה - **These** [martyrs] I will remember

In memory of martyrs:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל-אֶחָיוּנוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. אָנָּה
יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַדְּגִבּוּרָתָם וּמַסִּירוֹתָם וַיִּרְאֶה בְּמַעֲשֵׂיו טָהָר לְבָבָם וְתַהֲיִינָה
נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד. שִׁבְעַת שְׁמֹחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ,
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצַּח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of the martyrs of our people, who gave their lives for the sanctification of God's name and the honor of Israel. May their bravery, their dedication, and their purity be reflected in our lives. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

In memory of the righteous among the nations:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמוֹת חֲסִדֵי אֲמוֹת הָעוֹלָם שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם, הַגָּנִי (נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת)
צִדְקָה בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרָת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אָנָּה תַהֲיִינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שִׁבְעַת שְׁמֹחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצַּח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of the righteous men and women of other faiths and backgrounds who have gone to their eternal home. In loving testimony to their lives, I pledge to perform acts of charity and justice. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. May they rest in dignity and peace forever in God's presence. Amen.



In memory of those who fell defending our country:

Adonai, God of the strong and the brave as well as the meek, bestow a perfect rest among the souls of the righteous to those who died in service to our country. May their dedication serve as a shining lamp of courage and love. Bless the souls of all who have died in the name of liberty and democracy, soldiers and veterans, civilians and professionals, men and women who answered the call of honor and duty. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life, a living blessing in our midst.



In memory of those who fell defending the Land of Israel:

Merciful God, who dwells on high and in our hearts, grant perfect peace to the souls of our martyrs who gave their lives for the sanctification of Your Name, and the souls of the defenders of Israel who fell as heroes for our people and its land, and the souls of all those whom we have remembered this holy day. Shelter them in Your Divine Presence among the holy and the pure whose radiance is like the brightness of the firmament. May their memory inspire us to live justly and kindly. May their souls be at peace; and may they be bound up in the bond of eternal life. Amen.



In memory of the six million:

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among the holy and the pure, whose radiance is like the heavens, to the souls of all the men, women, and children of the House of Israel who were slaughtered, strangled, and burned in the Shoah. May they rest in paradise. Master of mercy, may they find eternal shelter beneath Your sheltering wings, and may their souls be bound up in the bond of life. Adonai is their portion. May they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

El Male for All the Dead

אל מלא רחמים, שוכן בפרומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה על פנפי השכינה, במעלות
קדושים וטהורים כזהר הרקיע מזהירים, לנשמות כל-אלה שהזכרנו היום
לברכה, שהלכו לעולמם, בגן עדן תהא מנוחתם. אנא בעל הרחמים, הסתירם
בסתר כנפיד לעולמים. וצור בצרור חיים, את-נשמותיהם. יהוה הוא נחלתם.
וינוחו בשלום על משכבותיהם. ונאמר אמן.

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among
the holy and the pure, whose radiance is like the heavens, to the souls of all those we
have recalled today. May their memory be a blessing, and may they rest in paradise.
Master of mercy, may they find eternal shelter beneath Your sheltering wings, and may
their souls be bound up in the bond of life. Adonai is their portion. May they rest in
peace. And let us say: Amen.



Psalm 23

מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד יְהוָה רֹעִי לֹא אֶחָסֵר:

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

בְּנֵאֻת דָּשָׂא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי עַל־מִי מְנַחֲוֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי:

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

נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב יְנַחֲנֵי בְּמַעְגְּלֵי־צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ:

He restores my soul; He guides me in straight paths for His name's sake.

גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶךְ בְּגִיא צַלְמוֹת לֹא־אִירָא רָע כִּי־אַתָּה עִמָּדִי שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעֶנְיָתְךָ הֵמָּה יְנַחֲמֵנִי:

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.

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי | שְׁלֹחַן נֹגֵד צִרְרֵי דִשְׁנָתְךָ בְּשֶׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי כּוֹסִי יִרְנָה:

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You have anointed my head with oil; my cup overflows.

אֵךְ טוֹב וְחַסֵּד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית־יְהוָה לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:

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



My Peace

My peace is tied by a thread to yours. And the beloved holidays and glorious seasons of the year— with the wealth of fragrances, flowers, fruit, leaves, and winds, the fog and the rain, the sudden snow and the dew— are suspended on a thread of longing. I and you and the Sabbath. I and you and our lives in the last incarnation. I and you and the lie. And the fear. And the breaches. I and you and the Creator of the heavens that have no shore. I and you and the riddle. I and you and death. —Zelda (trans. Marcia Falk)



Though I stared earnestly at my fingernail

Yesterday when I was on the #7 bus I happened to look at the cuticle of my right forefinger and for a moment I thought not that it was mine but that it was my father's— the same small confusion I have from time to time when I catch sight of my daughter in her denim skirt, size 3, and I feel lean, willowy, in her clothes. So there I was on the #7 bus overtaken by a longing very close to love staring at the cuticle of my right forefinger. I remembered how clean and short he kept his nails and suddenly there was the whole man reconstituted from a fingernail standing before me, smiling broadly, his face flushed with pleasure. But then just as suddenly he was gone and though I stared earnestly at my fingernail I failed to bring him back. —Merle Feld

We Remember Them

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

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

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

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer, we remember them.

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

At the beginning of the year and when it ends, we remember them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



-Rabbis Sylvan Kamens & Jack Riemer

Mourner's Kaddish

Mourners and those observing Yizkor say:

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בָרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ, וְנִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ,
בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְנָא קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

All present say:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

Mourners and those observing Yizkor say:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ
דְּקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל (*לְעָלְמָא לְעָלְמָא מְכָל) בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנִסְמָתָא, דְּאָמִירוּ בְּעֶלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

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

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

*On Yom Kippur recite words in parentheses



Mourner's Kaddish

Mourners and those observing Yizkor say:

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba. B'al'ma di v'ra khiruteih, v'yamlikh malkhuteih b'chayeichon uv'yomeikhon uv'chayei d'khol beit Ysra-eil, ba-agala uvizman kariv, v'imru amein.

All present say: *Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varakh l'alam ul'al'mei al'maya.*

Mourners and those observing Yizkor say:

Yitbarakh v'yishtabach v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yithadar v'yitaleh v'yithalal sh'meih d'kudsha b'rikh hu, l'eila min kol (on Yom Kippur - l'eila l'eila mi'kol) birkhata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata, da-amiran b'al'ma, v'imru amein.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya, v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisra-eil, v'imru amein.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol Yisra-eil, v'imru amein.

Glorified and sanctified be God's great name throughout the world which He has created according to His will.

May He establish His kingdom in your lifetime and during your days, and within the life of the entire House of Israel, speedily and soon; and say, Amen.

May His great name be blessed forever and to all eternity.

Blessed and praised, glorified and exalted, extolled and honored, adored and lauded be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He, beyond all the blessings and hymns, praises and consolations that are ever spoken in the world; and say, Amen.

May there be abundant peace from heaven, and life for us and Israel; and say, Amen.

May He who creates peace in His celestial heights, create peace for us and for all Israel; and say, Amen.



All Contents Compiled by Rabbi Michelle L. Goldsmith

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