

Yizkor is recited on the last day of the Festival.

Some people whose parents are living have a custom of leaving the service at this time, but even those who do not yet need to say the personal prayers of remembrance might remain and recite prayers for others as well as join in the communal prayers (beginning on page 336 below).

יהוה, מה אדם ויתדעהו,
בן אנוש ותחשבהו.
אדם להבל דמה,
ימיו כצל עובר.
בבקר יציץ וחלף,
לערב ימולל ויבש.
למנות ימינו כן הודע
ונביא לבב חכמה.

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.

INTRODUCTION. Yizkor is a time set aside to formally include in our thoughts and prayers family and friends who have passed away. In reciting Yizkor, the veil between the worlds of the living and the dead becomes more transparent. For some, memories of family and friends evoked by the festival add to our sense of fullness and peace. For some, those memories bring sadness at the loss of those we loved. For still others, these memories may be disquieting. Whatever our circumstances, as we travel through the cycle of the year, the people who were once with us in person travel with us in spirit.

The opening to a heavenly world, which Yizkor evokes, is symbolized by holding a Torah during the service and our standing as we recite the prayers recalling those who have died. Some communities begin doing so as these opening meditations are recited; some do so when the personal prayers for the departed are recited (page 335).

WHAT ARE HUMAN BEINGS מָה אָדָם. The verses in this passage come from Psalms 144:3–4, 90:6, and 90:12.

WE RECALL. A prayer written by Mordecai M. Kaplan, Eugene Kohn, and Ira Eisenstein, and adapted here.

Yizkor

WE RECALL

Some of us recall parents who gave us life, who cared for us and nurtured us and who taught us to take our first steps on our own.

Some of us remember a wife, husband, or partner—our friend and lover—with whom we shared so much of our lives, our failures and achievements, joys and sorrows, intimate secrets.

Some of us recall brothers and sisters, who matured together with us, sometimes competing with us, and sometimes encouraging us on, bound to us by a life-long relationship.

Some of us remember children, entrusted to us too briefly, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust that enriched our lives. Their memory is always with us.

Many of us recall relatives who knew us, teachers who affected us, and beloved friends who walked beside us in life, guiding us, listening to us, supporting us.

Our lives are shaped by those who were alongside us as we walked on our path.

May our inheritance impel us to strive to live lives of holiness and service. May memories of love inspire us to love; may painful memories impel us to mitigate the pain others experience. And may we be granted the strength to affirm life's meaning, even in the face of death.

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

*The deaths of those we now recall
left holes in our lives,
but we are grateful for the gift of their love.
May their memory, recalled this day,
be a blessing for us
and all who come to know us.*

שׁוֹיִתִּי יְהוָה לְנִגְדֵי תָמִיד,
 בִּי מִיְמִינִי בֶּל אֲמוּט.
 לִכֵּן שִׂמַּח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל בְּבוֹדִי,
 אֶף בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכַּן לְבֶטֶח.

תהלים טז:ח-ט

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.

On Pesah

N

I never think of myself as waiting for you,
but then when the holiday has come and gone,
when I'm packing up the Pesah 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 Pesah dishes
and I wonder
why you've left me here
alone.

—MERLE FELD

ב

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 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.

—LILLY KAUFMAN

N

Spring roses bloom,
fragrant with heady Torah,
layers of sevens fluttering
as we enter
our *huppah*
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 hurry
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.

—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, heart's twin, a sister
of the mind in whose ear she can whisper,
whose hair she can braid as her life,
twist 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 travellers, 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

One generation passes, another comes,
but the earth remains the same forever.

*No person has authority over the wind to halt the wind
and no one has authority over the day of death.*

A person does not know what will be,
for who might tell you what will happen.

Everything has a time and place under heaven.

—ECCLESIASTES (*Kohelet*)

N

We leave the
fragile *sukkah*,
open to the chill,
to a strong wind.
Wistful,
God says stop awhile,
stay with me one more day,
just one more day.

In the deepest shadows
I whisper to you,
so no one can hear,
love,
stay with me one more day,
just one more day.

The branches and leaves
were easily cut
from their nourishing soil.
We tossed them up
and they landed,
a rough open weave
settling in,
a festooned roof
and stray open spaces.

For now I live
in the roughest weave
of splintered branches,
broken spaces.

With time
the weave
softens
and settles upon me,
its fine hand,
a *tallit*,
shelters my soul.
I weave you in,
my holiday guest,
who once was part of me
and I of you.

It is night when I search
the dark sky
for a glimmer, a hint
of your soul.

I yearn to see it among
the holy and the pure,
and I let you go
in the vast,
unbroken beauty.

—LILLY KAUFMAN

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 it misses,
gets muddled, doesn't learn a thing,
drunk and blind in its pleasures
and in its pains.

He will die as figs die 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.

—YEHUDAH AMICHAH
(translated by Chana Bloch)

We rise.

We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following and adding appropriate names as indicated.

Personal prayers may be added.

In memory of male relatives or friends:

May God remember the soul of **יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמַת**

my father _____ **אָבִי מוֹרִי**

my husband _____ **אִישִׁי**

my partner _____ **בֶּן זוגִי**

my brother _____ **אָחִי**

my son _____ **בְּנִי**

my grandfather _____ **סִבִּי**

my relative _____ **קְרוֹבִי**

my friend _____ **חֵבְרִי**

(others) _____

שְׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ\שְׁהֶלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.

הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב\נוֹדֶבֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת

נַשְׁמָתוֹ\נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם.

אֲנִי תָהִי נֶפֶשׁ צְרוּרָה\תְּהִינָה נִפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת

בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתָהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ\מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד,

שֶׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנִיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

who has/have gone to his/their eternal home. In loving testimony to his life/their lives, I pledge *tzedakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to him/them. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may his soul/their souls be bound up in the bond of life. May I prove myself worthy of the many gifts with which he/they blessed me. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties that link me to his/their memory. May he/they rest in peace forever in God's presence. *Amen.*

tzedakah צְדָקָה. The Yizkor service was called *seder matnat yad*, the service of expressing generosity on behalf of those who have died. That name comes from the closing line of the Torah reading for the final day of the pilgrimage festivals: "Every person giving a gift according to the blessing they have received from Adonai" (Deuteronomy 16:17). Offering charitable gifts and performing acts of justice, love, and care in memory of those who have died provide us with ways of honoring their memory and continuing their influence for good.

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 re-
member 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 a love or to a 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 for-
giveness, or at least soothed
by the passage of time.

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

—ROBERT SAKS

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 AMICHAH
(translated by Chana Bloch)

MEMORIAL PRAYERS

We rise.

We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following
and adding appropriate names as indicated.

Personal prayers may be added.

In memory of female relatives or friends:

May God remember the soul of יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמַת

my mother _____ אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי

my wife _____ אִשְׁתִּי

my partner _____ בֵּת זוגִי

my sister _____ אָחוֹתִי

my daughter _____ בָּתִּי

my grandmother _____ סִבִּיתִי

my relative _____ קְרוֹבָתִי

my friend _____ חֲבֵרָתִי

(others) _____

שֶׁהָלַכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ\שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָן.

הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב\נוֹדֶבֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזִּכָּרֹת

נִשְׁמָתָהּ\נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶן.

אֲנִי תָהִי נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה\תְּהִינָה נִפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶן צְרוּרוֹת

בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתָהִי מְנוּחָתָה\מְנוּחָתָן כְּבוֹד,

שֶׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיהָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינָהּ נֶצַח. אָמֵן.

who has/have gone to her/their eternal home. In loving
testimony to her life/their lives, I pledge *tzedakah* to help
perpetuate ideals important to her/them. Through such
deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may
her soul/their souls be bound up in the bond of life.

May I prove myself worthy of the many gifts with which
she/they blessed me. May these moments of meditation
strengthen the ties that link me to her/their memory.

May she/they rest in peace forever in God's presence. *Amen.*

Some congregations add the following:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹת יְדִידֵינוּ חֲבֵרֵי הַקָּהָל הַקָּדוֹשׁ
הַזֶּה שֶׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶינָה נַפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת
בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׂבַע שְׂמָחוֹת
אֶת־פְּנֵיהֶ, נְעִימוֹת בְּיָמֵינוּ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

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 they rest in peace honored in God's presence. *Amen.*

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. Amen.

FOR MARTYRS AND THE SIX MILLION

Some congregations add the following:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ
אֶת־נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם, וְאֶת־הָאֲנָשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטַף,
שֶׁנֶּחֱנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ וְשֶׁנֶּהָרְגוּ בְּשׂוֹאָה. בַּעֲבוּר שְׁאֵנוּ
מִתְפַּלְלִים בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נַשְׁמָתָם. אָנָּה יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ
יְהִי גְבוּרָתָם וּמַסִּירוֹתָם וַיִּרְאֶה בְּמַעֲשֵׂינּוּ טֹהַר לִבָּם,
וְתִהְיֶינָה נַפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי
מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׂבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיהֶ, נְעִימוֹת
בְּיָמֵינוּ נְצַח. 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 men women and children who were were slaughtered, burned, and killed in the Holocaust. In their memory we pray. May our lives reflect a measure of their bravery, dedication, and purity of soul. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life; may they be remembered with honor and may they rest in peace at Your right hand forever. *Amen.*

Literally, "in the Garden of Eden." We imagine that the soul, which connects all living beings with their divine source, returns, after the death of the body, to God's care.

FOR THOSE WHO DIED IN DEFENSE OF THE STATE OF
ISRAEL AND IN ACTS OF TERROR

Some congregations add the following:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ וְאֲחֵיוֹתֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
שֶׁהִקְרִיבוּ אֶת־נַפְשֵׁיהֶם בְּדֶרֶךְ לְהַקְמֵת מְדִינַת יִשְׂרָאֵל
וּבְהַגְנָתָהּ, וְכָל־אֵלֶּה שֶׁנִּטְבְּחוּ בְּמַעֲשֵׂה חֶבְלָה. בַּעֲבוּר
שָׁאֲנוּ מִתְּפִלָּלִים בְּעֵד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתָם. אָנָּה נִזְכּוֹר
לְעוֹלָם הֵד גְּבוּרָתָם וּמַסִּירוֹתָם וּתְמִימוֹתָם, וְתַהֲיִינָה
נַפְשֹׁתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצֻרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד,
שֶׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of all those of the house of Israel who sacrificed themselves to establish the State of Israel, or who have perished in its defense, and those slaughtered in acts of terror. In their memory we pray. May the memory of their bravery, their dedication, and their innocence be with us throughout time. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life; may they be remembered with honor and may they rest in peace at Your right hand forever. *Amen.*

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמַּצִּיא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה
תַּחַת כְּנָפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה, בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים,
בְּזֶהר הָרָקִיעַ מְזַהֲרִים, לְנַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֵלֶּה שֶׁהִזְכַּרְנוּ
הַיּוֹם לְבִרְכָּהּ, שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן תִּהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם.
אָנָּה בָּעַל הַרַחֲמִים, הַסֵּתִירַם בְּסֶתֶר כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים.
וְצֻרוֹר בְּצֻרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. יְהוָה הוּא נַחֲלָתָם.
וְיִנּוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מְשַׁכְּבוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

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.*

יְהוָה רֹעִי, לֹא אֶחָסֵר.

ADONAI is my shepherd; I shall not want.
Adonai ro-i lo eḥsar.

בְּנֵאוֹת דֶּשֶׁא יְרִבִּיצֵנִי, עַל מֵי מְנַחוֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי,
God lays me down in green pastures, leads me to still waters,
Binot desheh yarbitzeini, al mei m'nuḥot y'nahaleini.

נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב, יְנַחֲנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ.
renews my life, guides me in right paths—for that is God's way.
Nafshi y'shoveiv, yanḥeini v'maglei tzedek l'ma-an sh'mo.

גַּם כִּי אֵלֶךְ בְּגִיא צַלְמוֹת
Though I walk through a valley as dark as death,
Gam ki eileikh b'gei tzalmavet

לֹא אִירָא רָע כִּי אַתָּה עִמָּדִי.
I fear no evil, for You are with me;
lo ira ra ki atah imadi.

שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הֵמָּה יְנַחֲמֵנִי.
Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.
Shivt'kha u-mishantekha heimah y'naḥamuni.

תַּעֲרוֹךְ לִפְנֵי שֻׁלְחָן נֶגֶד צָרָרִי,
You spread a table before me in full view of my foes;
Ta-arokh l'fanai shulḥan neged tzor'rai,

דִּשַׁנְתָּ בְּשֶׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי רוֹיָה.
You anoint my head with oil, my cup is overflowing.
Dishanta va-shemen roshi, kosi r'vayah.

אֵךְ טוֹב וַחֲסֵד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי,
Only goodness and steadfast love shall pursue me
all the days of my life,
Akh tov va-ḥesed yird'funi kol y'mei ḥayai,

וּשְׁבַתִּי בְּבֵית יְהוָה לְאָרְךָ יָמִים.
And I shall dwell in the house of ADONAI forever.
V'shavti b'veit Adonai l'orekh yamim.

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,
divvyng 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.

—JOY LADIN

קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,
בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא, בְּרַעֲוִיתָהּ,
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל־בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזֶמַן קָרִיב,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלָם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא,
לְעָלָא מִן כָּל־בְּרָכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא וְתַשְׁבְּחָתָא
וּנְחֻמָּתָא דְּאֲמִירָן בְּעֻלְמָא,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

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

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל [וְעַל כָּל־יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵיבֵל],
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

We are seated.

Mourner's Kaddish

May God's great name be exalted and hallowed throughout the created world, as is God's wish. May God's sovereignty soon be established, in your lifetime and in your days, and in the days of all the house of Israel. And we say: *Amen*.

May God's great name be acknowledged forever and ever!

May the name of the Holy One be acknowledged and celebrated, lauded and worshipped, exalted and honored, extolled and acclaimed—though God, who is blessed, *b'rikh hu*, is truly beyond all acknowledgment and praise, or any expressions of gratitude or consolation ever spoken in the world. And we say: *Amen*.

May heaven bestow on us, and on all Israel, life and abundant and lasting peace. And we say: *Amen*.

May the one who creates peace on high bring peace to us and to all Israel [and to all who dwell on earth].

And we say: *Amen*.

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba, b'alma di v'ra, kiruteih,
v'yamlikh malkhuteih b'ḥayeikhon u-v'yomeikhon
u-v'ḥayei d'khol beit yisrael, ba-agala u-vizman kariv,
v'imru amen.

Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varakh l'alam u-l'almei almaya.

Yitbarakh v'yishtabah v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yit-hadar
v'yitaleh v'yit-halal sh'meih d'kudsha, b'rikh hu,
l'eila min kol birkhata v'shirata tushb'hata v'neḥamata
da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya v'ḥayim aleinu v'al kol yisrael,
v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu
v'al kol yisrael [v'al kol yosh'vei teiveil],
v'imru amen.

We are seated.