

# *Yizkor* Book of Remembrance



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5781



# Jewish Community of Greater Stowe

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## **Yizkor: Recalling the Dead**

Adapted from a piece by Rabbi Maurice Lamm

Recalling the deceased during a synagogue service is not merely a convenient form of emotional release, but an act of solemn piety and an expression of profound respect. The *Yizkor* memorial service was instituted so that the Jew may pay homage to his or her forbears and recall the good life and traditional goals.

This memorial service is founded on a vital principle of Jewish life, one that motivates and animates the *Kaddish* recitation. It is based on the firm belief that the living, by acts of piety and goodness, can redeem the dead. The child can bring honor to the parent. The "merit of the children" can reflect the value of the parents. This merit is achieved, primarily, by living on a high ethical and moral plane, by being responsive to the demands of G-d and sensitive to the needs of one's fellow human. The formal expression of this merit is accomplished by prayer to G-d and by contributions to charity.

It is understandable, therefore, that when the *Yizkor* was first introduced into the service, probably during the massacres of the Crusaders and the early medieval pogroms, it was natural to be recited during the Day of Atonement. On that holiest day of the year, when Jews seek redemption from their sins, they seek atonement as well for members of the family who have passed on. "Forgive Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed," says the Bible in Judges, chapter 21. Say the sages: "Forgive Thy people," refers to the living; "Whom Thou hast redeemed," refers to the dead. The living can redeem the dead. Atonement must be sought for both. One scholar even suggests that the term *Yom HaKippurim*, the technical name for the Day of Atonement, is written in the plural, "atonements," because on that day the Jew must seek atonement for both those who are present and those who sleep in the dust.

But even prayer is not sufficient for a dignified and meaningful memorial. It must be accompanied by charity, as the personal, material demonstration of kindness. Thus, *Yizkor* came to be recited on major holidays when Deuteronomy 15-16 is read, and which contains the phrase, "Each person shall give according to his or her ability." Those chapters command people to be charitable, to support the poor, the orphan, the widow, and the Levites who depend on their graciousness. They emphasize that on the three pilgrim festivals of Passover, Shavuot and Succot no one may appear at the Temple empty-handed. Each person must be generous according to his or her ability. Accordingly, the proper memorial service contains a phrase denoting a sum of charity that is being pledged. This statement should not be taken lightly; it is not a mere liturgical formula. If no charity will be given it should not be included. It is preferable not to promise than to renege on a vow. Thus, the *Yizkor* service recited on Yom Kippur, Passover, Shavuot and Succot, includes both prayer and charity.

## **For Whom *Yizkor* Is Recited**

*Yizkor* may be said for all Jewish dead: parents, grandparents, mates, children, family and friends. It may be recited for suicides and for sinners. A question of propriety usually arises regarding *Yizkor* for a deceased first mate after remarriage. The only reason it would not be said is the hurt it might cause the present mate. Being that the *Yizkor* is recited silently, there can be no such fear and the prayer may be recited.

## **When Is *Yizkor* Recited?**

*Yizkor* is recited after the morning Torah reading on Yom Kippur, on the last day of Passover and Shavuot, and on the seventh day of Succot, called *Shemini Atzeret*. It is recited on these days even if they fall on the Sabbath at which time memorials are, otherwise, inappropriate to the festive nature of the holiday. In most synagogues it is recited after the rabbi's sermon.

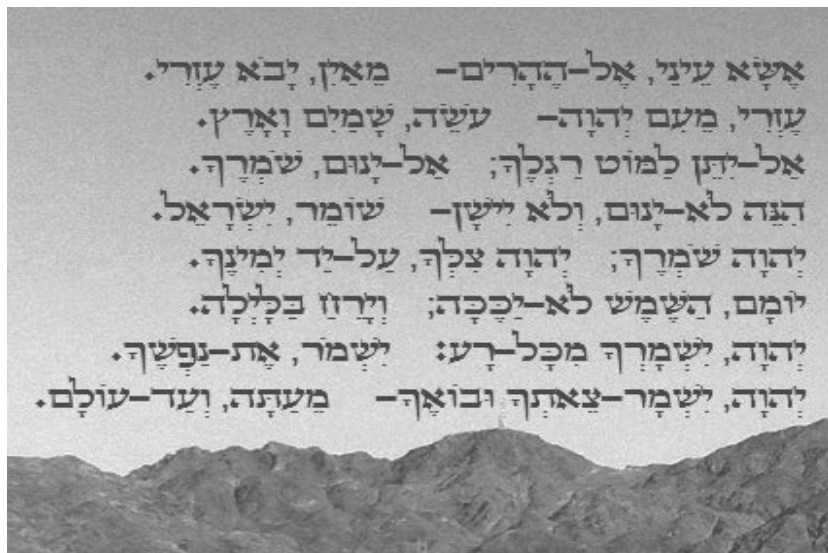
## **The Requirement of a *Minyan***

*Yizkor* should be recited at synagogue services. If one cannot possibly attend these services because of illness, or because there is no *minyan* available, one may recite *Yizkor* privately at home. In this respect, it is unlike the *Kaddish* which may not be recited privately, under any circumstances.

## **Candle Lighting for *Yizkor***

It is an ancient custom, on the four holidays when *Yizkor* is recited, to kindle *yahrzeit* candles for the departed. It is best that the lights be flaming wicks, as the flame and candle symbolize the relation of body and soul. However, if this is not available, electric bulbs or gas light may be used. For *Yizkor* memorial purposes, one light will serve adequately to recall all the departed.





ESA EINAI el heharim maei-ayin yavo ezri?  
 Ezri mei-im Adonai, oseih shamayim vaaretz.  
 Al yitein lamot raglecha, al yanum shomrecha.  
 Hinei lo yanum v'lo yishan shomeir Yisrael.  
 Adonai shomrecha, Adonai tzilcha al yad y'minecha.  
 Yoman hashemesh lo yakeka, v'yarei-ach balaila.  
 Adonai yishmorchá mikol ra, yismore et nafshecha.  
 Adonai yishmor tzeit'cha uvo-echa, mei-ata v'ad olam.

**I LIFT UP MY EYES** to the mountains;  
 from where will my help come?  
 My help comes from the Eternal One,  
 maker of heaven and earth.  
 God will not let your foot give way;  
 your guardian will not slumber;  
 See, the guardian of Israel  
 neither slumbers not sleeps!  
 God is your guardian,

God is your protection  
 at your right hand.  
 By day the sun will not strike you,  
 nor the moon by night.  
 God will guard you from all harm;  
 God will guard your life.  
 God will guard your going and coming  
 now and forever.

## BIRTH IS A BEGINNING

and death a destination.

And life is a journey:

from childhood to maturity

and youth to 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,

and 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,

from birth to death

to life everlasting.

## Each Person Has a Name

by Zelda

Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatan lo elohim  
venatnu lo aviv ve'immo  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatnu lo komato  
ve'ofen chiyucho  
venatan lo ha'arig  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatnu lo heharim  
venatnu lo k'talav  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatnu lo hamazalot  
venatnu lo shchenav  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatnu lo chat'av  
venatna lo k'mihato  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatnu lo son'av  
venatna lo ahavato  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatnu lo chagav  
venatna lo mel'achto  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatnu lo tkufot Hashanah  
venatan lo ivrono  
Lechol ish yesh shem  
shenatan lo hayam  
venatan lo moto.

לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ אֱלֹהִים  
וְנָתַנּוּ לוֹ אָבִיו וְאִמּוֹ.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ קוֹמָתוֹ  
וְאֶפֶן חַיּוּכּוֹ  
וְנָתַן לוֹ הָאָרֶץ.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ הֶהָרִים  
וְנָתַנּוּ לוֹ בְּתֵלָיו.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ הַמַּזְלוֹת  
וְנָתַנּוּ לוֹ שְׁכָנָיו.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ חֻסְאָיו  
וְנָתַנָּה לוֹ בְּמִיּוֹתָיו.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ שׁוֹנְאָיו  
וְנָתַנָּה לוֹ אֲהָבָתוֹ.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ חֶגְיוֹ  
וְנָתַנָּה לוֹ מְלֹאכְתּוֹ.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ תְּקִיפוֹת הַשָּׁנָה  
וְנָתַן לוֹ עִירוֹנוֹ.  
לְכֹל אִישׁ יֵשׁ שֵׁם  
שְׁנָתָנוּ לוֹ הָיָם  
וְנָתַן לוֹ מוֹתוֹ.

EACH PERSON has a name. We each have a name given by God and given by our father and mother. We each have a name given by our stature and smile and give by our attire. We each have a name given by the hills and given by the walls.

We each have a name given by the stars and given by our friends. We each have a name given by our sins and given by our yearnings. We each have a name given by our enemies and given by love.

We each have a name given by celebrations and given by our work. We each have a name given by the seasons and given by our blindness. We each have a name given by the sea and given by our death.

MY MOTHER'S MOTHER died in the spring of her days.  
And her daughter did not remember her face.  
Her portrait, engraved upon my grandfather's heart,  
was erased from the world of images after his death.

Only her mirror remained in the home, sunken with age into the silver frame.  
And I, her pale granddaughter, who does not resemble her,  
look into it today as into a pool which conceals its treasures beneath the waters.

Very deep, behind my face, I see a young woman  
pink-cheeked, smiling and a wig on her head.  
She puts an elongated earring on her earlobe, threading it  
through a tiny hole in the dainty flesh of her ear.

Very deep, behind my face,  
the bright goldness of her eyes sends out rays,  
and the mirror carries on the tradition of the family:  
that she was very beautiful.

I USED TO BE part of you  
belong to you  
the extension of your being  
but now  
you live within me  
are the spark  
of my consciousness

I say Kaddish for you  
with you  
as you  
sing your melodies  
speak your words  
hearing your voice  
in mine  
and my eyes  
too green  
have somehow started  
to reflect  
the blue of yours

I used to be part of you  
protected by your presence  
by your light  
but now  
the time is mine  
and alone  
I must be more  
than myself:  
your child  
has become your heir  
has become you.

... the art of memory remains incomplete, an empty suitcase, until [we] have grasped — and  
then responded to — current suffering in the world in the light of a remembered past.

*James Young*

## Remember Me

*Shared by Elizabeth Tragash*

When it is time for me to leave this world,  
don't think of me beneath the earth.  
Instead, think of me when the earth gives life  
to spring's first flowers,  
when summer rain fills the air  
with the rich, sweet scent of earth and grass, leaf and tree.  
Remember me when the sky is painted gold and red  
at day's beginning and at day's end.

Think of me, remember me, and I will live on in you.

When my days are done,  
don't think of me beneath a marker of stone.  
Instead, think of me in those moments when G-d's grandeur  
sweeps across the mountains and the oceans,  
when the rare gift of a rainbow unfurls across the sky.  
Remember me when you give birth to a new creation,  
when you paint a piece of the world in your own colors,  
when you give voice to a song, a poem, a prayer.

Think of me, remember me, and I will live on in you.

When I leave this world, weep only for a while,  
then think of me when the trees turn,  
when a gentle breeze brushes your cheek and tousles your hair as I once did.  
Think of me when the snow dances in the arms of winter's trees,  
then wrap yourself in a soft, warm blanket and  
remember the times I wrapped my arms around you and kept the cold away.  
Remember the days we filled with love and laughter.  
Remember the days marred by sorrow and tears.  
Think of me, remember all the seasons we shared, and I will live on in you.

When I have left this earth,  
don't look for me in a silent field of stone.  
Come, stand beneath night's vast sky  
as the moon parts the clouds and stars fill the heavens.  
Remember when we would wish on night's first star  
and whisper "goodnight" to the moon.  
When you gaze up at the starlit heavens,  
remember, the light once mine still shines within you.

Think of me, remember me, and my light will shine on through you.

When my time has come,  
don't curse G-d for numbering our days,  
for it is only the body of whose days are numbered.  
Don't bid me farewell,  
just whisper "I love you."

## Hard Mournings

*By: Alden Solovy*

Mornings are the toughest,  
That between time  
When I'm not quite awake,  
When my mind settles  
Back to the familiarity and  
The certainty of you.  
Until I remember your passing.  
Hard mornings,  
Hard mournings,  
Blend into evenings  
Of solitude and sorrow.  
Perhaps I'm wrong.  
Evenings are the problem,  
When the quiet crushes my breath  
And the growing darkness  
Shadows my heart  
Until blessed sleep  
Descends from heaven.  
Mornings are the toughest  
New beginnings,  
Each day an echo of loss.  
Evenings are the roughest reminders  
Of your absence.  
Each night a hollow silence,  
Emptiness in the space you once held.  
One day  
I will breathe again.  
The Soul of the Universe  
Will turn my sorrow into dancing.  
I will remove this sackcloth  
And live again.

## 'Tis a fearful thing

*by Yehuda ha Levi*

'Tis a fearful thing

To love

What death can touch.

To love, to hope, to dream,

And oh, to lose.

A thing for fools, this,

Love,

But a holy thing,

To love what death can touch.

For your life has lived in me;

Your laugh once lifted me;

Your word was a gift to me;

To remember this brings painful joy.

'Tis a human thing, love,

A holy thing,

To love

What death can touch.

## My Eyes So soft

*by Hafiz*

Don't surrender your loneliness so quickly.

Let it cut more deep.

Let it ferment and season you

As few human or even divine ingredients can.

Something missing in my heart tonight

Has made my eyes so soft,

My voice so tender,

My need of God

Absolutely

Clear.

## The Five Stages of Grief

by Linda Pastan

The night I lost you  
someone pointed me towards  
the Five Stages of Grief.  
Go that way, they said,  
it's easy, like learning to climb  
stairs after the amputation.  
And so I climbed.  
*Denial* was first.  
I sat down at breakfast  
carefully setting the table  
for two. I passed you the toast—  
you sat there. I passed  
you the paper—you hid  
behind it.  
*Anger* seemed more familiar.  
I burned the toast, snatched  
the paper and read the headlines  
myself.  
But they mentioned our departure,  
and so I move on to  
*Bargaining*. What could I exchange  
for you? The silence  
after storms? My typing fingers?  
Before I could decide, *Depression*  
came puffing up, a poor relation  
its suitcase tied together  
with string. In the suitcase  
were bandages for the eyes  
and bottles of sleep. I slid  
all the way down the stairs  
feeling nothing.  
And all the time Hope

flashed on and off  
in defective neon.  
Hope was a signpost pointing  
straight in the air.  
Hope was my uncle's middle name,  
he died of it.  
After a year I am still climbing,  
though my feet slip  
on your stone face.  
The treeline  
has long since disappeared;  
green is a color  
I have forgotten.  
But now I see what I am climbing  
towards: *Acceptance*  
written in capital letters,  
a special headline:  
*Acceptance*,  
its name is in lights.  
I struggle on,  
waving and shouting.  
Below, my whole life spreads its surf,  
all the landscapes I've ever known  
or dreamed of. Below  
a fish jumps; the pulse  
in your neck.  
*Acceptance*. I finally  
reach it.  
But something is wrong.  
Grief is a circular staircase.  
I have lost you.

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### Gratitude for the Next Generation

If some messenger were to come to us with the offer that death should be overthrown, but with the one inseparable condition that birth should also cease; if the existing generation were given the chance to live forever, but on the clear understanding that never again would there be a child, or a youth, or first love, never again new persons with new hopes, new ideas, new achievements; ourselves for always and never any others—could the answer be in doubt?

When we fear death's decree, let these bring us solace: the memory of loved ones who have gone before us; a vision of generations to come, through whom we reach far into the future—beyond our own lives.



## Season of Sorrow

*by Alden Solovy*

This is my season of sorrow.  
A time when struggles begin,  
When challenges arrive,  
When endings occur.  
Moments of pain.  
Moments of sadness.  
Moments of confusion.  
Times of loss. Times of grief.  
Moments that stripped me of wisdom  
And left me crushed and breathless,  
Cold and in deepening shadow.

Holy One,  
Help me recall my seasons of joy  
To recall with hope and praise  
Your gifts and blessings.  
Moments of laughter.  
Moments of kindness.  
Moments of peace.  
Times of health. Times of clarity.  
Moments that lifted my spirit  
And comforted my heart.

In truth,  
These joys and sorrows  
Are gifts of holiness,  
Gifts of mystery,  
Gifts beyond my wisdom,  
My knowledge,  
My understanding.

Rock of Old,  
You are my comfort and my strength,  
My light and my truth.

## RIBBONS

*by Stacey Zisook Robinson*

The ribbon---  
Now cut;  
A neat snip of black cloth  
on black cloth.  
It disappears  
Against a background of grief.

The ribbon---  
Now cut;  
It used to be torn.  
Rent.  
A whole tapestry,  
A whole life.  
Ripped and frayed,  
Separate from itself.  
No neat edges  
of symmetry,  
No patchwork grace.  
Just tangled threads,  
Broken strands,

Dark on darker still,  
Seasoned with salt and ash.

That ribbon of black---  
Now cut;  
Threaded through the light  
That dances on hard edges  
And skims along soft folds,  
Offering a pale benediction,  
And a sacred comfort,

A holy silence---  
In a ribbon of black  
Shot through with light  
And cut---  
Now cut,  
Now broken  
And frayed  
And ragged-edged,  
Woven in grief and praise.

**HOW IS GRIEF LIKE A MOSAIC? ...AS NO TWO MOSAICS CAN EVER BE EXACTLY THE SAME, SO NO TWO EXPERIENCES OF GRIEF ARE THE SAME. AS EACH MOSAIC IS PARTICULAR, FASHIONED BY MANY INDIVIDUAL ELEMENTS CONFIGURED IN UNIQUE WAYS, SO EACH PERSON'S EXPERIENCE OF GRIEF IS PARTICULAR. IT IS FORMED BY THE UNIQUE INTERPLAY OF ALL ASPECTS OF ONE'S LIFE--ONE'S PAST, ONE'S RELATIONSHIPS, ONE'S WAYS OF MAKING MEANING, ONE'S EXPERIENCE OF THE DIVINE, ONE'S HISTORY OF LOSSES, ONE'S SENSE OF COMMUNITY, ONE'S CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES, AND SO ON.**

**--Melissa M. Kelley**

# Approaching The End

*by Elizabeth Sarah*

Suffused with sadness  
and an aching loneliness  
all that I am  
runs through my fingers  
like water  
from another source  
To watch  
and to feel  
and to know  
the end  
as it approaches  
I'at, I'at? (slowly, slowly?)

in the measured movements of  
your body  
in the lines of your face  
in the grip of your hands  
in your dark eyes  
brimming with  
bewilderment  
questions  
accusations against God  
and tears  
Your tears



## The Amen Stone

*by Yehuda Amichai*

On my desk there is a stone with the word "Amen" on it,  
a triangular fragment of stone from a Jewish graveyard destroyed  
many generations ago. The other fragments, hundreds upon hundreds,  
were scattered helter-skelter, and a great yearning,  
a longing without end, fills them all:  
first name in search of family name, date of death seeks  
dead man's birthplace, son's name wishes to locate  
name of father, date of birth seeks reunion with soul  
that wishes to rest in peace. And until they have found  
one another, they will not find perfect rest.

Only this stone lies calmly on my desk and says "Amen."  
But now the fragments are gathered up in lovingkindness  
by a sad good man. He cleanses them of every blemish,  
photographs them one by one, arranges them on the floor  
in the great hall, makes each gravestone whole again,  
one again: fragment to fragment,  
like the resurrection of the dead, a mosaic,  
a jigsaw puzzle. Child's play.

There are stars up above,  
so far away we only see their light  
long, long after the star itself is gone.  
And so it is with people that we loved—  
their memories keep shining ever brightly  
though their time with us is done.  
But the stars that light up the darkest night,  
these are the lights that guide us.  
As we live our days, these are the ways we remember

by Hana Senesh

*To ask of death that it never come is futile, but it is not futility to pray that when death comes for us,  
it may take us from a world one corner of which is a little better because we were there.*

Rabbi Jacob P. Rudin

LET THERE BE REST.  
And let it be, at last, the perfect rest—  
Oh, Merciful God Most High.

Let there be light:  
heaven's radiance, gleaming light of the holy and pure  
for my holy and pure one  
whose corner was lit only by broken shards of light—  
not nearly enough to see by.

Let there be, in my life, a shelter  
against the storms of guilt, anger, grief, and pain.  
When dark clouds gather above me—  
may I find a warm shelter of peace.

And let there be a circle of souls around me—  
patient, persistent, filled with Your compassion;  
and let us be bound up in a loving bond that will not break.

Rest.

Light.

Shelter of peace.

Circle of souls.

And give me the strength to praise.

## **Praying the Heart**

*by Elizabeth Cunningham*

You can only pray what's in your heart.

So if your heart is being ripped from your chest  
pray the tearing

if your heart is full of bitterness  
pray it to the last dreg

if your heart is a river gone wild  
pray the torrent

or a lava flow scorching the mountain  
pray the fire

pray the scream in your heart  
the fanning bellows

pray the rage,  
the murder and  
the mourning

pray your heart into the great quiet hands that can hold it  
like the small bird it is.

## **On Grief**

*by Dietrich Bonhoeffer*

Nothing can make up for the absence of someone whom we love, and it would be wrong to try to find a substitute—we must simply hold out and see it through. That sounds very hard at first, but at the same time it is a great consolation, for the gap, as long as it remains unfilled, preserves the bonds between us. It is nonsense to say that God fills the gap; he doesn't fill it. On the contrary, he keeps it empty and so helps us to keep alive our former communion with each other, even at the cost of pain.

From "Yom Kippur"

יּוֹם כִּפּוּר בְּלִי אָבִי וּבְלִי אִמִּי  
הוּא לֹא יוֹם כִּפּוּר.

מִבְּרַכַת יְדֵיהֶם עַל רִאשִׁי  
נִשְׁאָר רַק הָרָעָה, כְּמוֹ רֶעַד מְנוּעַ  
שֶׁלֹא פָּסַק גַּם אַחֵר מוֹתָם.

Yom Kippur without my father and without my mother  
Is not Yom Kippur.

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

Yehuda Amichai

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THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE is the most profound of all sorrows. The grief that comes with such a loss is intense and multifaceted, affecting our emotions, our bodies, and our lives. Grief is preoccupying and depleting. Emotionally, grief is a mixture of raw feelings such as sorrow, anguish, anger, regret, longing, fear, and deprivation. Grief may be experienced physically as exhaustion, emptiness, tension, sleeplessness, or loss of appetite.

Grief invades our daily lives in many sudden gaps and changes, like that empty place at the dinner table, or the sudden loss of affection and companionship, as well as in many new apprehensions, adjustments, and uncertainties.

The loss of a loved one throws every aspect of our lives out of balance. The closer we were to the person who died, the more havoc the loss creates. Love does not die quickly. Hence to grieve is also "to celebrate the depth of the union. Tears are then the jewels of remembrance, sad but glistening with the beauty of the past. So grief in its bitterness marks the end...but it also is praise to the one who is gone."

*by Judy Tatelbaum*

*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.*

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.

יהוה, מה-אדם ותדענהו,  
בן-אנוש ותחשבהו.  
אדם להכל דמה,  
ימיו כצל עובר.  
בבקר יציץ וחלה,  
לערב ימולל ויבש.  
למנות ימינו כן הודע  
ונביא לבב חכמה.

On this solemn day we each make judgments about the quality  
of our life.

We re-examine our deeds and relationships with our commu-  
nity 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 our-  
selves anew.

God 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.

שויתי יהוה לנגדי תמיד,  
כי מימיני בל-אמוט.  
לכן שמח לבי ויגל  
קבודי, אף בשרי ישכן  
לבטח.

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 strength-  
ened by the blessings that they left us and the precious memo-  
ries that comfort and sustain us as we recall them this day.

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We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following and adding appropriate names as indicated. Personal prayers may be added.

We rise.

*In memory of male relatives or friends:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת

(for a father) אָבִי מוֹרִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a husband) אִישִׁי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a partner) בֶּן זוגִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a brother) אָחִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a son) בְּנִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for other relative) קְרוֹבִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a friend) חֲבֵרִי \_\_\_\_\_

(others) \_\_\_\_\_

שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ [שֶׁהָלָכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם]. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת  
צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתוֹ [נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם]. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶה  
[תִּהְיֶינָה] נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה [נִפְשָׁם צְרוּרוֹת] בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים  
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ [מְנוּחָתָם] כְּבוֹד, שְׂבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־  
פְּנִיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

*In memory of female relatives or friends:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת

(for a mother) אִמִּי מוֹרֵתִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a wife) אִשְׁתִּי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a partner) בַּת זוגִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a sister) אָחוֹתִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a daughter) בָּתִּי \_\_\_\_\_

(for other relative) קְרוֹבָתִי \_\_\_\_\_

(for a friend) חֲבֵרָתִי \_\_\_\_\_

(others) \_\_\_\_\_

שֶׁהָלָכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ [שֶׁהָלָכוּ לְעוֹלָמָן]. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת  
צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתָהּ [נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶן]. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶה  
[תִּהְיֶינָה] נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה [נִפְשָׁן צְרוּרוֹת] בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים  
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָהּ [מְנוּחָתָן] כְּבוֹד, שְׂבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנִיךָ,  
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.



*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 each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following an adding appropriate names as indicated. Personal prayers may be added.*

*We rise.*

*In memory of male relatives or friends:*

May God remember the soul of

my father \_\_\_\_\_  
my husband \_\_\_\_\_  
my partner \_\_\_\_\_  
my brother \_\_\_\_\_  
my son \_\_\_\_\_  
my relative \_\_\_\_\_  
my friend \_\_\_\_\_  
(others) \_\_\_\_\_

who has [have] gone to his [their] eternal home. In loving testimony to his life [their lives], I pledge *tz'dakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to him [them]. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may his [their] soul[s] 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.

*In memory of female relatives or friends:*

May God remember the soul of

my mother \_\_\_\_\_  
my wife \_\_\_\_\_  
my partner \_\_\_\_\_  
my sister \_\_\_\_\_  
my daughter \_\_\_\_\_  
my relative \_\_\_\_\_  
my friend \_\_\_\_\_  
(others) \_\_\_\_\_

who has [have] gone to her [their] eternal home. In loving testimony to her life [their lives], I pledge *tz'dakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to her [them]. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may her [their] soul[s] 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.

*IN MEMORY OF MARTYRS:*

יִזְכּוֹר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל-אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ  
אֶת-נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת צְדָקָה  
בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נִשְׁמָתָם. אָנָּה יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַד גְּבוּרָתָם  
וּמַסִּירוֹתָם וַיֵּרָאָה בְּמַעֲשָׂיו טָהָר לָבָם וְתַהֲיִינָה  
נִפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד,  
שְׁבַע שְׁמַחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

*IN MEMORY OF CONGREGANTS:*

יִזְכּוֹר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמוֹת יְדִידֵינוּ חֲבֵרֵי הַקֹּהֶל הַקָּדוֹשׁ הַזֶּה  
שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תַהֲיִינָה נִפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת  
בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמַחוֹת אֶת-  
פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

*IN MEMORY OF THE SIX MILLION:*

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמֵּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה  
תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה, בְּמַעֲלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטַהוּרִים, כְּזֹהָר  
הַרְקִיעַ מְזַהֲרִים, לְנִשְׁמוֹת כָּל-אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל  
שֶׁנִּטְבְּחוּ בַשּׁוֹאָה, אֲנָשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטָף, שֶׁנִּחְנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ  
וְשֶׁנֶּהְרְגוּ, שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת-נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן  
תִּהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בַּעַל הָרַחֲמִים, הַסְּתִירָם בְּסֶתֶר  
כַּנְפֶּיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצִרּוֹר בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת-נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם.  
יְהוּה הוּא נִחְלָתָם. וַיְנַחֲחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכְּבוֹתֵיהֶם.  
וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

*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 leg-  
acy of unhealed wounds,  
of anger and of dismay  
that a parent could hurt a  
child as I was hurt.

I do not want to pre-  
tend to love, or to grieve  
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.

—ROBERT SAKS

*IN MEMORY OF MARTYRS:*

May God remember the souls of the martyrs of our people,  
who gave their lives for the sanctification of God's name. In  
their memory do I pledge *tz'dakah*. 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 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. 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.  
And let us say: Amen.*

*IN MEMORY OF THE SIX MILLION:*

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your  
sheltering presence, among the holy and the pure, whose radi-  
ance 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.

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD:

אל מלא רחמים, שוכן במרומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה  
תחת כנפי השכינה, במעלות קדושים וטהורים, כזהר  
הרקיע מזהירים, לנשמות כל־אלה שהזכרנו היום לברכה,  
שהלכו לעולמם, בגן עדן תהי מנוחתם. אנא בעל  
הרחמים, הסתירם בסתר כנפיק לעולמים. וצורר בצרור  
החיים את־נשמותיהם. יהוה הוא נחלתם. ויגוהו בשלום  
על משכבותיהם. ונאמר אמן.

מזמור לדוד.

יהוה רעי, לא אחסר.  
בנאות דשא ירביצני,  
על מי מנחות ינהלני.  
נפשי ישוב, ינחני במעגלי־צדק למען שמו.  
גם כי אלה בגיא צלמות לא אירא רע כי אתה עמדי.  
שבטך ומשענתך המה ינחמני.  
תערף לפני שלחן נגד צררי,  
דשנת בשמן ראשי, כוסי רויה.  
אך טוב וחסד ירדפוני כל־ימי חיי,  
ושבתי בבית יהוה לארך ימים. תהלים כג

**IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD:**

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**

**A PSALM OF DAVID.**

ADONAI is my shepherd, I shall not want.

God gives me repose in green meadows,  
and guides me over calm waters.

God will revive my spirit and direct me on the right path—  
for that is God's way.

Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no  
harm, for You are at my side.

Your staff and Your rod comfort me.

You prepare a banquet for me in the presence of my foes:

You anoint my head with oil, my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and kindness shall be my portion all the  
days of my life,

And I shall dwell in the house of ADONAI in the fullness  
of time.

## ***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 traditions 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.

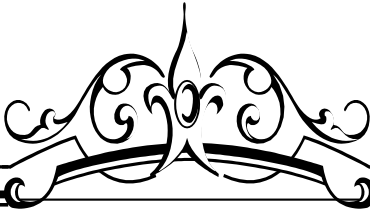
O God of love, make us worthy of the love we have received by teaching us to love You with all our heart and with all our soul and with all our might, and to spread the light of Your divine love on all whose lives touch ours.

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.

—MORDECAI M. KAPLAN, EUGENE KOHN, AND IRA EISENSTEIN  
(adapted from Mahzor Hadash)

## REMEMBRANCE OF OUR BELOVED

The names of our beloved are recorded on these pages  
so that we may recall them with the dignity and affection they  
deserve.



We recall with love those members of our congregation  
who departed from our midst during the past year:

***Howard Alter***  
***Glenn Danziger***  
***Carol Good***  
***Stanton Needleman***  
***Robin Beth Singer***

זְכוֹר צַדִּיק לְבִרְכָּה

Zeicher tzadik livrachah!

May the memories of the righteous be a blessing!

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Beverly Albert:**

*Milton Albert  
Murray Cohen  
Beth Kenuk  
Sara Stoler  
Lou Stoler*

**Judith Allen:**

*Blanche P. Karkus  
Jacob S. Karkus  
Aaron N. Waldman  
Ann K. Waldman  
Jack H. Waldman  
Rebecca Allen  
Abraham Allen  
Julius Allen  
William Allen  
Rose A. Gerber  
Joseph Ditkofsky*

**Charlene and Sig Baltuch:**

*Joel Baltuch (H)  
Margareta Baltuch (H)  
Dr. Noah Wevrick  
Bertha Wevrick  
Leonard Wevrick  
Sondra Druckman*

**Susan Kaplan Bauchner:**

*Burton Bauchner  
Arnold Kaplan  
Bobby Kaplan*

**Barbara and Robert Bauman:**

*Bonnie Bauman  
Marcy Bauman  
Bernard Bauman  
Fred Erstein  
David Erstein  
Clare Erstein*

**Amy Wenger and Dana Begins:**

*Dianne Nancy Wenger*

**Cynthia Allen-Berson and Steve Berson:**

*Sunya Berson*



**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Gretchen and Al Besser:**

*Fannie Bear Besser  
Hyman Besser  
Sidonya Menkes Rous  
Ben Rous  
Nita Rous Manitzas  
Edith Besser Segall*

**Joan and Henry Binder:**

*Meyer Wilen  
Rose Wilen  
Samuel Binder  
Rose Binder  
Janet Binder Robinson  
Irwin Robinson  
Meryl Wilen Greenfield*

**Betsy and David Blechman:**

*David B. Roth  
Beatrice L. Roth  
Ruth Blechman  
Seymour Blechman*

**Gail and Steve Blumsack:**

*Nathan Blumsack  
Jacob Levine  
Miriam Levine*

**Marty and Steve Braff:**

*William B. Gellman, MD  
Grace Gellman  
Michael Gellman, MD  
Daniel Braff  
Helen Braff*

**Barbara Segal and Howard Brown:**

*Joshua Brown  
Muriel Brown  
Frank Brown  
Ida Brown  
Louis Schwartz  
Eva Schwartz*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Willa and Jeff Bruckner:**

*Karl Bruckner*

*Suzanne Bruckner*

*Marke Bruckner*

*Seymour Cohen*

*Anita Cohen*

**Susan and Steven Cummings:**

*Jack Cummings*

*Norma Cummings*

*Nathan Wisebord*

*Stephen Wisebord*

**Margaret and Howard Dananberg:**

*Adele Dananberg*

*Murray Dananberg*

*Rosita Hardoon*

*Edmund Hardoon*

**Danziger Family:**

*Fifi Danziger*

*Beth Danziger Keyes*

*Victor Danziger*

*Freda Danziger*

*Abraham Spielvogel*

*Ethel Spielvogel*

*Glenn Danziger*

**Judy and Larry Dunn:**

*Marilyn Pass*

*Leonard Pass*

*Joyce Segal*

*Ruth Lombardino*

**Candace Elmquist:**

*Jerry Lee Some*

*Louise Bernard Some*

**Rabbi David Fainsilber and Alison Link:**

*Harry Fainsilber*

**Suzan and Gary Feibus:**

*Irving Jack Feibus (H)*

*George Carl Saul*

*Bradley Michael Piccirillo*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Deborah and Ron Feinstein:**

*Stella Wise*

*Sam Wise*

*Ruth Feinstein*

*Monte Feinstein*

**Susan Bayer-Fishman and Stephen Fishman:**

*Anne Bayer*

*Jack Bayer*

*Maurice Fishman*

*Sally Fishman*

*Roger Fishman*

**Judy Frank:**

*Benjamin Frank*

*Steven Alan Dorfman*

*Mayer Frank*

**Jackie Freedman and family:**

*Dr. Arthur Freedman*

**Ann and Stephen Fried:**

*Fred Greenbaum*

*Shirley Greenbaum*

*Milton Fried*

*Barry Fried*

*Barney Massarsky*

**Jordan Friede:**

*George Friede*

*Fella Pressner Friede*

**Gameroff family:**

*Marvin Bernard Gameroff*

*Ruth Helen Gameroff*

**To ask of death that it never come is futile, but it is not futility to pray that  
when death comes for us, it may take us from a world one corner of  
which is a little better because we were there.**

--Rabbi Jacob P. Rudin

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Lynne Gedanken:**

*Elaine Gedanken*

*Irving Gedanken*

*Jacob Zash*

*Dora Zash*

*Max Gedanken*

*Sarah Gedanken*

*Anna Friedman*

*Bernard Friedman*

*Rose Colton*

*Irving Colton*

*Abraham Gedaknen*

**Sandra and Dan Geensburg:**

*Oscar Antelman*

*Rebecca Antelman*

*Morton Antelman*

*Renee Sklaw*

*Harvey Sklaw*

*Henry Geensburg*

*Gert Geensburg*

*Joel Geensburg*

**Meg and Jim Glazier:**

*Sidney Glazier*

*Zelda Glazier*

*David Mitiguy*

*Patricia Mitiguy*

**Julia and Charles Goldstein:**

*Fred B. Goldstein*

*Jon Goldstein*

**Alice Goins:**

*Myron H. Kornitsky*

**Sue Minter and David Goodman:**

*George Goodman*

*Dorothy Goodman*

*Robert Minter*

*Bobby Minter*

*Eli Brookens*

*Cyrus Zschau*

*Liam Hale*

*Mary Harris*

*Janie Chase*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Mike & Susie Heitner:**

*Emanuel & Rose Heitner*

*David & Eunice Scribner*

*Samuel & Esther Smolin*

**Leah Hodari:**

*George Feuerman*

**Amy Simms Hoskins:**

*Teddie Simms*

*Emily Salmon*

**Edee Simon-Israel and Mark Israel:**

*Nancy Simon (H)*

*Sol Simon (H)*

*Charlotte Israel*

*David Israel*

**Barbara and Richard Jacobs:**

*Jack Burleson*

*Rhoda Burleson*

*Philip Jacobs*

*Millicent Jacobs*

*Susan Jacobs Reidy*

**Sean, Drew, and Wendy Jacobson:**

*Gary Jake Paul Jacobson*

*Albert Levin*

*Fritzie Goldbarb Loew*

*Albert Loew*

**Stephanie Justine and Sky Barg:**

*Abbott Victor Brunell*

*Anita Brunell*

*Albert R. Fink*

*Lillian Fink*

*Alison F. Brunell*

*Siobhan Carroll Martel*

*Judith Plotkin*

*Leonard Fisher*

**Amanda and Avi Kalichstein:**

*Harriet Schultz*

*Jennifer Howard*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Alison Karosas:**

*Barbara Bigler*

*Russell Bigler*

**Doris and Sheldon Klein:**

*Steven Shawn Klein*

*Edward Klein*

*Anne Klein*

*Sam Klein*

*Harry Feinman*

*Ann Feinman*

*Judith Schecter*

**Nancy and Reid Krakower:**

*Edward Hamburger*

*Merle Hamburger*

*May Rubin*

*I. Irving Rubin*

*Richard Krakower*

*Sonya Rose*

*Helen Englander*

**Thauna and Aaron Kromash:**

*Sonya Schwartz*

*Miriam Abrin*

**Charles and Leslie Levine:**

*Miriam Dunn*

*Hyman Dunn*

*Anne Dunn*

*Emanuel Levine*

*Louisa Levine*

**Linda and Robert Levy and family:**

*Doc & Ruth Levy*

*Irving & Hannah Corr*

*Pop B & Nany Helen Buchwald*

*Pop Sam & Nany Frieda Pasternak*

*Richard & Bea Levy*

*Jo Ann Levy*

*Rose & Martin Buchwald*

*Rita Schneider*

*Maya Yasur*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Shelley and Leonard Lewkowicz:**

*Sandra Gameroff*

**Moni and Beth Liberman:**

*Peretz Snir*

*Yechiel Liberman*

**Carole and Stephen Lichtenstein:**

*Paula Amerman Goldstein*

*Julius Goldstein*

*Harry Goldstein*

*Sarah Shansky Goldstein*

*Roy Goldstein*

*Myron Amerman*

*Sidney Lichtenstein*

*Edith Alterman Lichtenstein*

*Barry Lichtenstein*

*Joseph Lichtenstein*

*Rose Lichtenstein*

**Peter Limon:**

*Michael Ari Limon*

**Steven Litner, Alan Litner, and Jamie Rubin:**

*Carol Good*

**Sara Lourie:**

*Lucinda Lourie*

**Terri and Barry Lyman:**

*Jack Lyman*

*Percy Lyman*

*Leonard Fox*

*Alvin Gershon*

*Pearl Meshnick*

**Andy and Priscilla Minkin:**

*Max Minkin*

*Jean Minkin*

*Steve Minkin*

*Benjamin Minkin*

*Eva Minkin*

*Nathan Albert*

*Fanny Albert*

*Don Klein*

*Thea Klein*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Sandra Montgomery:**

*Roger Montgomery*

*Bessie Herman*

*Moses Herman*

*Karen Herman*

**Amy and Patrick Murphy and Sandra Wolk and family:**

*Joel S. Wolk*

*Patricia E. Murphy & John T. Murphy*

*Jean Green Levine & Meyer Levine*

*Selma Wolkowitz Rabinowitz & Ben Rabinowitz*

*Frances Rosenberg Wolkowitz & Abraham Wolkowitz*

*Cynthia Levine Bove*

*Elsie Wolkowitz*

*Martin Wolkowitz*

**Chava Ryan and Mimi Murtagh:**

*Francis "Frank" Castagna*

*Francesca Rita Castagna-Murtagh*

*Dominic P. Castagna*

*Natalena O. Castagna*

**Kathy Myron and Jonathan Sigler:**

*Joshua Myron*

**Joan Spiegel:**

*Adele Spiegel*

*David Spiegel*

**Sandy Nisenholtz:**

*Bernie Nisenholtz*

*Ceil Davis*

*Louis Davis*

*Arthur Davis*

*Ray Nisenholtz*

*Max Nisenholtz*

*Fred Nisenholtz*

**Rhoda and Joel Pinsky:**

*Louis Pinsky*

*Anne Pinsky*

*Lyla Pinsky Klein*

*Harry Moses Lazar*

*Jean Lazar*

*Cecil April*



**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Betty Polow:**

*Bertram Polow*

**Michelle and Brad Rauch:**

*Samuel William Rauch*

*Dora Rauch*

*Monique Guest*

*Edward Rauch*

**Evelyn Redlich:**

*Norman Redlich*

**Bobbi Rood:**

*Harry Cohen*

*Margery Cohen Green*

*Peggy (Esther) Roth*

*Milton (Mendel) Peshkin*

**Emily and Jeffrey Rosenbaum:**

*Gilda Gross Gold*

*Seymour Bernat*

*Rose Aline Bernat*

*Martin Rosenbaum*

*Bernice Greenberg*

**Susan and Robert Rosenbaum:**

*Rose Bernat*

*Seymour Bernat*

**Miriam and Stephen Rosenbloom:**

*Norman Rosenbloom*

*Claire Rosenbloom*

*Meta Denneboom (H)*

*Menno Denneboom (H)*

*Harvey Rosenbloom*

**Marilyn and Skip Rosskam:**

*William B. Rosskam II*

*Edith Rosskam*

*Philip Zell*

*Ruth Zell*

**Patti C. Rubin:**

*Burton S. Rubin*

*William J. Campbell*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Ken Rubinstein:**

*Amy E. Rubinstein*

*Morris Rubinstein*

*Ray Rubinstein*

*Joseph Beilen*

*Ruth (Kelly) Beilen*

**Elyse Beth Rudner:**

*Oscar Lowell Look, Jr.*

**Nancy and Allan Salzman:**

*Samuel Salzman*

*Ronald Grossman*

**Sand family:**

*Otto Sand (H)*

**Rita and Stephen Schneps:**

*Harold Rosen*

*Hattie Rosen*

*Robert Rosen*

*Jacob Schneps*

*Reva Schneps*

*Stanley Sockol*

**Hersh Schwartz:**

*Robert Schwartz*

*Lynne Metz Schwartz*

**Marcie and Bill Scudder:**

*Lorne Abramowitz*

*Roselle Abramowitz (H)*

**Susan and Marc Segal:**

*Josh Segal*

*Alvin Segal*

*Mort Weiss*

*Marion Ross*

*Isadore Adelson*

*Helen Adelson*

*Sam Adelson*

*Dinah Adelson*

**G-d cares for every [person]...  
and suffers in the loss of every of [G-d's] creatures.**

--Rabbi Maurice Lamm

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Debra and Stephen Sherman:**

*Bunnie Gordon  
Irving E Gordon  
Linda Dubowsky  
Mildred Sherman  
Murray Sherman  
Linda Dubowsky*

**Mel Siegel:**

*Joe Chen Siegel  
Nathan Siegel  
Rose Siegel  
Irma Lewis  
Betty Lewis*

**Carol Singer and Tim Skedzuhn:**

*Sidney Singer  
Jennie Singer  
Louis Singer  
Irwin Singer  
Robin Beth Singer*

**Debora and Peter Steinerma:**

*Eva Andrews  
Andrew Kovary Andrews  
Franciska Grunstein (H)  
Eugene Grunstein (H)  
Rose Kovary  
Alexander Kovary  
Sheila Steinerma  
Harvey Steinerma  
Bertha Figarsky  
Jack Figarsky  
Rhoda Steinerma  
Joseph Steinerma*

**Barbara Stern:**

*Zalman Raniel Stern*

**Karen and Paul Stewart:**

*Priscilla Friedman  
Helen & William Stewart  
Edwin Oppenheim  
Ruth Goldman  
Charles & Augusta Oppenheim  
Bessie & Leonard Friedman*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Sara and Irwin Tauben:**

*Morton Tauben (H)*

*Julie Tauben (H)*

*Nusson Ferdman (H)*

*Ruchla Ferdman*

**Aron Temkin:**

*Max Temkin*

*Lillian Temkin*

*Robert Temkin*

*Manuel Band*

*Ethel Band*

*Maxine Gelman*

**Carol Teplick:**

*Steven K. Teplick*

**Judith and Arthur Tischler:**

*Betty & Ruben Samuels*

*Berti & Norman Tischler*

**Elise Werth and Sara Schlosser:**

*Theodore "Ted" Kole*

*Barbara Kole*

**Ben Wax:**

*Samuel Wax, Mildred Wax*

**Katrine and David Wolfgang:**

*Elizabeth Wolfgang*

*Walter Wolfgang*

*Randolf Wolfgang*

*Anton Flory*

**Joanna and Allan Wolper:**

*Harry & Eva Birnbaum*

*Sidney & Zenna Birnbaum*

*Sydelle Wolper*

*Lillian Sommer*

*Lillian Nadel*

*Mildred Freund*

**Claudia Woodward:**

*Raymonde Frieda Krausz Woodward*

*John Judge Woodward*

**Remembered By:**

*In Memory of...*

**Linda Zamvil and John Angier:**

*Louis Zamvil  
Stella Savage Zamvil  
Rebecca Bronfin Savage  
Samuel Kurdman Savage  
Betty Bronfin Hofrichter  
Helen McElroy Piccinini  
John McNeil Angier I  
Shirley Bronfin Magier  
Catherine Cahill  
Louis Meyers  
Gertrude Anna Zamvil  
Celia Zamvil Siegal  
Emmanuel Siegal  
Chana Schochat Smikun  
Yechiel Bronfman  
Selma Bronfin Hecker*

**Edith Black Zfass:**

*Dr. Isadore Samuel Zfass  
Rose Black  
Ovadia Black  
Hester Black Stirber  
Miles Robert Stirber  
Professor Percy Black  
Dr. Perry Black  
Mechlie Serota Vasilevsky (H)  
Leah Riva Vasilevsky (H)*

*(H) Marks the names of departed holocaust victims/survivors*

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**What Death Cannot Destroy**

By Naomi Levy

Death cannot sever our connection to those we have lost. The soul is eternal and can never be extinguished. But not only the soul survives the grave. The bonds of love are stronger than death. The lessons that our loved ones taught us, their goodness, their deeds, their wisdom will remain with us always. They have left a permanent imprint upon our souls that can never be erased. They continue to guide us wherever we go.

Most people think heaven is a far-off place. But perhaps heaven is closer than we think, perhaps our loved ones are with us. Perhaps they are silently watching over us and sheltering us and guiding our steps. I believe that we are surrounded by the loving presence of those we have loved and lost. May they continue to be with us; may they bless us and inspire us to goodness, in death as they did in life.

INTRODUCTION  
TO THE  
KADDISH

When a soldier in the forces of a ruler of flesh and blood falls,  
That ruler hardly knows that one is missing.  
If one soldier is slain, there are others to replace that one.

But our Ruler, the Creator of the Universe,  
The Holy One, Who is to be blessed,  
Desires life, loves peace and pursues peace;  
When one of Israel is missing,  
A diminishing and lessening takes place;  
There is a decline of strength.  
Therefore we pray after the death of each Jew,  
Yitgadal v'yitkadah sh'mey raba,

May the Power of the Name be magnified,  
And may no lessening of power come to the Holy One  
Who is blessed and sanctified,  
In the world which was created according to the Holy Will.

Therefore, O sisters and brothers of the whole house of Israel,  
All you who participate in this mourning,  
Let us turn our hearts to the Holy One,  
The Ruler and Redeemer of Israel.  
And pray—for ourselves—and for our Creator as well:  
That we may be worthy to live and see with our very eyes,

Oseh shalom bi-m'romav  
Hu ya-aseh shalom aleynu v'al kol yisrael.  
That the One, who mercifully makes peace in the heavens,  
Will make peace for us,  
And for all Israel.  
And let us say: Amen.

ADAPTED FROM THE POEM BY S. Y. AGNON

## INTERPRETATIONS

### KADDISH

Look around us, search above us, below, behind.  
We stand in a great web of being joined together.  
Let us praise, let us love the life we are lent  
passing through us in the body of Israel  
and our own bodies, let's say amen.

Time flows through us like water.  
The past and the dead speak through us.  
We breathe out our children's children, blessing.

Blessed is the earth from which we grow,  
blessed the life we are lent,  
blessed the ones who teach us,  
blessed the ones we teach,  
blessed is the word that cannot say the glory  
that shines through us and remains to shine  
flowing past distant suns on the way to forever,  
Let's say amen.

Blessed is light, blessed is darkness,  
but blessed above all else is peace  
which bears the fruits of knowledge  
on strong branches, let's say amen.

Peace that bears joy into the world,  
peace that enables love, peace over Israel  
everywhere, blessed and holy is peace, let's say amen.

MARGE PIERCY

## קדיש יתום

Mourners:

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,  
בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְרָא, כְּרַעוּתָהּ,  
וַיַּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן  
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,  
בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב,  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Congregation and mourners:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

Mourners:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח  
וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם  
וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא וַיִּתְהַדָּר  
וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל  
שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא,  
לְעָלָא (לְעָלָא) מְכָל-בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא  
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא  
דְּאֲמִירָן בְּעֻלְמָא,  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

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

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו  
הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם  
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל  
[וְעַל כָּל-יּוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֶל],  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.



## *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 respond with: *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 far beyond all acknowledgement and praise, or any expressions of gratitude or consolation ever spoken in the world. And respond with: *Amen*.

May abundant peace from heaven, and life, come to us and to all Israel. And respond with: *Amen*.

May the One who brings harmony on high, bring harmony to us and to all Israel [and to all who dwell on earth].

And respond with: *Amen*.

*Mourners:*

*Yitgaddal v'yitkaddash sh'meih rabba, b'alma di v'ra, ki-r'uteih, v'yamlikh malkhuteih b'hayyeikhon u-v'yomeikhon u-v'hayyei d'khol beit yisra-el, ba-agala u-viz'man kariv, v'imru amen.*

*Congregation and mourners:*

*Y'hei sh'meih rabba m'varakh l'alam u-l'almei almayya.*

*Mourners:*

*Yitbarakh v'yishtabbah v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnassei v'yit-haddar v'yit-alleh v'yit-hallal sh'meih d'kudsha, b'rikh hu, l'eilla (l'eilla) mi-kol birkhata v'shirata tushb'hata v'nehamata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.*

*Y'hei sh'lama rabba min sh'mayya v'hayyim aleinu v'al kol yisra-el, v'imru amen.*

*Oseh shalom bi-m'romav hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-el [v'al kol yosh'vei teivei], v'imru amen.*

## **Yahrzeit: Memorial Anniversary**

By Rabbi Maurice Lamm

Despite the Germanic origin of the word *yahrzeit*, the designation of a special day and special observances to commemorate the anniversary of the death of parents was already discussed in the Talmud. *Yahrzeit* may be observed for any relative or friend, but it is meant primarily for parents. Tradition regards this day as commemorative of both the enormous tragedy of death and the abiding glory of the parental heritage. It was a day set aside to contemplate the quality and life-style of the deceased, and to dwell earnestly upon its lessons. It is a day conditioned by the need to honor one's parent in death as in life, through study and charity and other deeds of kindness.

The kindling of the *yahrzeit* candle is a custom dating back to very early times, and is observed by almost all Jews. The kindling takes place at dark on the evening before the anniversary, and on Sabbaths and holy days before the regular candle-lighting.

One should make donations to religious schools or synagogues, to medical institutions or to the poor, on behalf of the deceased on *yahrzeit*.

The annual visit to the grave at *yahrzeit* is a traditional custom. At graveside one may recite Psalms and then the *malei rachamim* prayer in Hebrew or English.

### **Grave Visitations and Prayers**

If one has not visited a cemetery in 30 days one may recite the following blessing addressed to the deceased:

*Baruch ata Adonai Elo-kenu melech ha-olam asher yatzar etchem badin, v'dan v'chilkail etchem badin, v'hemit etchem badin, v'yode-ah mispar koolchem badin, v'atid l'ha-chazir ul-ha-chayot etchem badin. Baruch ate adonai-m'chayeh hemetim.*

"Praised be the Eternal, our G-d, Sovereign of the Universe who created you in judgment, who maintained and sustained you in judgment, and brought death upon you in judgment; who knows the deeds of every one of you in judgment, and who will hereafter restore you to life in judgment. Praised be the Eternal who will restore life to the dead."

## Memorial Prayer

The *El Maleh Rachamim* is a memorial prayer of undetermined origin that has been taken to heart by all Jews. Its ubiquitous appeal and profound emotional effect has caused it to be chanted at funerals and unveilings, at every visitation to the cemetery, and in the synagogue on Sabbaths before *yahrzeits*, and at *Yizkor* services. This prayer may be recited in English without any loss of religious significance.

### For a man:

Ayl mö-lay ra-chamim, sho-chayn	אֵל מֵלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן
ba-m'romim, ham-tzay m'nuchō	בְּמִרוֹמִים הַמְצָא מְנוּחָה
n'chonōh al kan-fey hash-chinōh,	נִכְוֶנָה עַל כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה
b'ma-alos k'doshim ut'horim	בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים
k'zohar hō-rōki-a maz-hirim, es	כְּזֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ מְזֻהָרִים, אֶת
nish-mas (mention his Hebrew name and	נִשְׁמַת (פְּלוֹנִי בֶן פְּלוֹנִי)
that of his father) she-hōlach l'olōmo,	שֶׁהִלַּךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ,
ba-avur she-nōd'vu tz'dökōh	בְּעִבּוּר שֶׁנִּדְּבּוּ צְדָקָה
b'ad haz-kōras nish-mōso, b'gan	בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתוֹ, בְּגֵן
ay-den t'hay m'nuchō-so, lō-chayn	עֵדֶן תִּהְיָ מְנוּחָתוֹ, לֵכֵן
ba-al hō-racha-mim yas-tiray-hu	בְּעַל הַרַחֲמִים יִסְתִּירָהוּ
b'sayser k'nōfōv l'olō-mim, v'yitz-ror	בְּסִטֶּר כְּנִפְיוֹ לְעוֹלָמִים, וְיִצְרֹר
bitz'ror hacha-yim es nish-mōso,	בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נִשְׁמָתוֹ,
adonōy hu nacha-lōso, v'yōnu-ach	יְיָ הוּא נִחֲלָתוֹ, וְיִנּוּחַ
al mish-kōvo b'shōlom,	עַל מִשְׁכְּבוֹ בְּשָׁלוֹם,
v'no-mar ōmayn.	וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:

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### *Translation:*

O G-d, full of compassion, Who dwells on high, grant true rest upon the wings of the Shechinah (Divine Presence), in the exalted spheres of the holy and pure, who shine as the resplendence of the firmament, to the soul of (mention his Hebrew name and that of his father) who has gone to his [supernal] world, for charity has been donated in remembrance of his soul; may his place of rest be in Gan Eden. Therefore, may the All-Merciful One shelter him with the cover of His wings forever, and bind his soul in the bond of life. The Lord is his heritage; may he rest in his resting-place in peace; and let us say: Amen.

**For a woman:**

Ayl mō-lay ra-chamim, sho-chayn	אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן
ba-m'romim, ham-tzay m'nuchō	בְּמִרְוּמִים הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה
n'chonōh al kan-fei hash-chinōh,	נִכְוֶנֶה עַל כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה
b'ma-alos k'doshim ut'horim	בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים
k'zohar hō-rōki-a maz-hirim, es	כְּזֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ מְזִהְרִים, אֶת
nish-mas (mention her Hebrew name and	נִשְׁמַת (פְּלוּגִית בַּת־פְּלוּגִי)
that of her father) she-hōl-chōh l'olōmōh,	שֶׁהִלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָה,
ba-avur she-nōd'vu tz'dōkōh	בְּעִבּוּר שֶׁנִּדְּבּוּ צְדָקָה
b'ad haz-kōras nish-mōsōh, b'gan	בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרֹת נִשְׁמַתָּה, בְּגֵן
ay-den t'hay m'nu-chōsōh, lō-chayn	עֵדֶן תִּהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָה, לִכֵּן
ba-al hō-racha-mim yasti-rehō b'sayser	בְּעַל הַרַחֲמִים יִסְתִּירָהּ בְּסִטֵּר
k'nōfōv l'olōmim, v'yitz-ror bitz'ror	כְּנִפְיוֹ לְעוֹלָמִים, וַיִּצְרֹר בְּצִרְוֹר
hacha-yim es nish-mōsōh, adonōy	הַחַיִּים אֶת נִשְׁמַתָּה, יְיָ
hu nacha-lōsōh, v'sōnu-ach	הוּא נִחַלְתָּה, וְתִנּוּחַ
al mish-kōvōv b'shōlom,	עַל מִשְׁכְּבָהּ בְּשָׁלוֹם,
v'no-mar ōmayn.	וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן :

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IN THE RISING of the sun, and in its going down, we remember them.

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

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

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, we remember them.

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

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

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

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

When we have joys we yearn to share, we remember them.

So long as we live, they, too, shall live,

for they are now a part of us, as we remember them.

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