



City Shul
A Jewish heart
in the heart of Toronto

Yizkor Service

הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְנִשְׁוֵבָה חַדְשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם.

Hashiveinu Hashiveinu Adonai ei-lecha v'na-shuvah, v'na-shuvah, chadeish chadeish yameinu k'kedem.

(Turn us to you Adonai and we will be turned, renew our days as in the past.)

A READING FOR YIZKOR

(by Rabbi Jamie Gibson)

To enter this room for Yizkor prayers is an act of courage. It demands that our hearts not paralyze our feet, that our eyes release our tears, that our hands open to accept the pain of remembrance instead of clenching into fists.

We know that we open ourselves to heartache long suppressed. Despite the pain we know we will feel, we are ready to remember, prepared to hear words and music that will evoke connections of love we cherished so deeply in life.

Our sanctuary, already holy with prayers and Torah, becomes suffused with the holiness of memory, the memories of all of us who gather our courage, take a deep breath and enter.

Yizkor is the fusion of holy space with holy time, sacred tears with sacred recollection of love.

For our parents, our children, our siblings, our partners, our families and our friends we sit in quiet awe, waiting for that moment when the tears will come, the salty drops that cleanse our souls at Yizkor.

May none of us enter this holy moment alone. May we be fortified with companionship of the living and the remembrance of the dead who are never far from us. May this moment defeat death itself through the enduring power of love and memory to bring our beloveds to life, if only for this brief time.

To enter this room for Yizkor prayers is an act of courage. Let us be brave together this day. *Amen.*

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WITH ME

(music and lyrics: Pamela Grayson)

I still remember so much about you
The glow in your eyes and the things you used to do
I try to smile as the tears fall from my eyes
Although I know you're gone, the love you gave me never dies.

Chorus:

*You will always be with me even though you are gone
I can still feel you kiss me and your spirit lives on
Although we can't touch and I miss you so much
You will always be here with me.*

Sometimes the grief is too painful to bear
I long for your laugh and the sunlight in your hair
You represent all the things I want to be
To follow your example and to make you proud of me.

Chorus: *You will always be with me....*

The memories that we made I will not let them fade
I'll celebrate our love year after year
The funny things you said, the special life you led
Make me feel that somehow you're still here.

Chorus: *You will always be with me....*

READING

(by Morris Adler)

Shall I cry out in anger, O God,
Because Your gifts are mine but for a while?
Shall I forget the blessing of health
The moment there is pain?

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

Shall I blot from my mind the love
I have rejoiced in when fate

leaves me bereft of shining presences
that have lit my way through the years
of companionship and affection?

Shall I, in days of adversity, fail to recall
the hours of glory You once did grant me?

Shall I, in turmoil of need and anxiety,
Cease blessing You for the peace of former days?
Shall the time of darkness put out for ever
The glow of light in which once I walked?

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

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 real to me than their absence.

What You give to me, O Lord,
You never take away.
And bounties granted once
Shed their radiance evermore.

PSALM 121

אָשָׂא עֵינַי אֶל־הַהָרִים מֵאֵין יְבֹא עֲזָרִי:
עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יְהוָה עֲשֵׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ:
אֶל־יָתֵן לְמוֹט רַגְלֶךָ אֶל־יְנוּם שֹׁמְרֶךָ:
הִנֵּה לֹא־יְנוּם וְלֹא יִישָׁן שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל:
יְהוָה שֹׁמְרֶךָ יְהוָה צִלְּךָ עַל־יַד יְמִינֶךָ:
יִזְמֵם הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ לֹא־יִכְבֶּה וְיָרַח בְּלֵילָה:
יְהוָה יִשְׁמְרֶךָ מִכָּל־דָּע יִשְׁמַר אֶת־נַפְשֶׁךָ:
יְהוָה יִשְׁמַר־צִאתֶךָ וּבֹאֶךָ מֵעַתָּה וְעַד־עוֹלָם:

(I turn my eyes to the mountains; from where will my help come? My help comes from ADONAI, 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 nor sleeps! ADONAI is your guardian, ADONAI is your protection at your right hand. By day the sun will not strike you, nor the moon by night. ADONAI will guard you from all harm; God will guard your life. ADONAI will guard your going and coming now and forever.)

READING

*O God of life, sustain us with the thought that the goodness our loved ones brought into our lives remains an enduring blessing, which we can give to our descendants.
O God of love, make us worthy of the love we have received by teaching us to love in return, with all our heart, all our soul and all our might, and to spread the light of Your divine love on all whose lives touch ours.*

From Psalm 16

שׁוֹיִתִּי יְהוָה לְנֶגְדֵי תְמִיד כִּי מִיְמֵי בַלְאָמוּט:
לְכֵן שָׁמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדֵי אֶף־בְּשָׂרֵי יִשְׁכֵן לְבֶטֶח:
כִּי לֹא־תִעָזֵב נַפְשִׁי לְשִׂאוֹל לֹא־תִתֵּן חֲסִידֶךָ לְרֵאוֹת שָׁחַת:
תּוֹדִיעֵנִי אַרְחַ חַיִּים שְׂבַע שְׁמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ נְעֻמוֹת בְּיְמֵיךָ נֹצַח:

READING

Remember Me

(by Elizabeth Tragash, adapted)

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.

Think of me in those moments when God'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 colours,
when you give voice to a song, a poem, a prayer.

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

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.

Don't bid me farewell, just whisper "I love you,"
then, look deep into the eyes of a child,
for it is there that my soul will find a new home.

*Think of me, remember me, and my soul will live on in you
and in the generations yet to be.*

READING

(by Laura Crafton Gilpin)

These things I know:
How the living go on living
and how the dead go on living with them
so that in a forest
even a dead tree casts a shadow
and the leaves fall one by one
and the branches break in the wind
and the bark peels off slowly
and the trunk cracks

and the rain seeps in through the cracks
and the trunk falls to the ground
and the moss covers it
and in the spring, the rabbits find it
and build their nest
inside the dead tree
so that nothing is wasted in nature
or in love.

PSALM 23

מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד יְהוָה רֹעִי לֹא אֶחָסֶר:
בְּנֵאוֹת דָּשָׁא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי עַל־מֵי מְנַחֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי:
נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי־צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׂמוֹ:
גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶּךְ בְּגֵיא צִלְמוֹת לֹא־אִירָא רָע כִּי־אֲתָה עִמָּדִי
שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעֲנָתְךָ הִמָּה יִנְחֵמְנִי:

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שְׁלֶחַן נֶגֶד צִרְרֵי
דְּשִׁנְתָּ בְּשִׂמּוֹן רֵאשֵׁי כּוֹסֵי רוּיָה:
אֵךְ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי
וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית־יְהוָה לְאַרְךָ יָמִים:

We read together

Adonai is my shepherd; I shall not want.

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

God restores my soul; God leads me in the paths of righteousness for the sake of the Divine name.

Even 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 comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; my cup runs over.

Surely goodness and loving kindness shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of Adonai forever.

הַנְּשָׂמָה לָךְ וְהַגּוּף פָּעֵלְךָ, חוֹסֶה עַל עַמְלָךְ .

Haneshama lach, v'haguf pa-olach, chusah, chusah, al amalach.

SILENT YIZKOR

To this sacred place I come,

Drawn by the eternal ties that bind my soul to the soul of my beloved.

Death has parted us.

You are no longer at my side to share the beauty of life.

I cannot look to you to lighten my burdens, to lend me your strength, your wisdom or your faith.

And yet what you mean to me does not wither or fade.

For a time we touched hands and hearts,

Still your tender glance remains a joy to me.

You are part of me forever.

Something of you has become a deathless song upon my lips.

Beyond the ache that tells how much I miss you, a deeper thought compels,

We were together!

I hold you still in my mind and give thanks for our life together and our love.

The happiness that was and the memories that do not fade,

Are a gift that cannot be lost.

You continue to bless my days and years. I will always give thanks for you.

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמוֹת קְרוֹבֵי ... שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶינָה נְפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר
הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד. שֶׁבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

Yizkor E-lohim nishmot k'rovay she-halchu l'olamam. Ana ti-h'ye-nah nafshoteihem
tz'rurot bitzror ha-chayim, u-t'hi m'nuchatam kavod. Sova s'machot et panecha n'imot
biy-min-cha netzach. Amen.

May God remember forever my dear ones....who have gone to their eternal home.
May they be at one with The One who is life eternal. May the beauty of their lives
shine forever, and may my life always bring honour to their memory.

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת נְפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. אָנָּה
תִּהְיֶינָה נְפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד. שֶׁבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ,
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember forever our brothers and sisters who gave their lives for the
Sanctification of the Divine Name; we take them into our hearts with our own.
Their deeds endure and their sacrifice shall not be forgotten. May their souls be
bound up in the bond of life; we will remember and never forget. May the beauty of
their lives shine forever, and may our lives always bring honour to their memory.

READING

We Remember Them

(by Sylvan Kamens & Rabbi Jack Riemer)

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 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.*

Please rise

אל מלא רחמים, שוכן במרומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת כנפי השכינה,
עם קדושים וטהורים כזהר הרקיע מזהירים לנשמות יקירנו שהלכו לעולמם.
בעל הרחמים יסתירם בסתר כנפיו לעולמים, ויצרור בצרור החיים את
נשמותם, יי הוא נחלתם, וינוחו בשלום על משכבם, ונאמר אמן.

O God, Eternal Spirit of the Universe, grant perfect rest unto the souls of all our beloved ones. God of mercy, may their spirits be bound up in the eternal bond of life. Be their inheritance, and may they rest in peace. And let us say: Amen.

MOURNER'S KADDISH

YITGADAL v'yitkadash sh'mei raba.

B'alma di v'ra chirutei,

v'yamlich malchutei,

b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon

uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael,

baagala uvizman kariv. V'im'ru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach

l'alam ul'almei almaya.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpaar

v'yitromam v'yitnasei,

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

sh'mei d'kudsha b'rich Hu,

l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata,

tushb'chata v'nechemata,

daamiran b'alma. V'imru: Amen.

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

v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael.

V'imru: Amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav,

Hu yaaseh shalom aleinu,

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

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא.
בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתְהָ,
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתְהָ,
בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
לְעָלַם וּלְעֻלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.
יְתְבָרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר
וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא,
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלַּל
שְׁמֵהּ דְדְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא,
לְעֻלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא,
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא,
דְאָמִירָן בְּעֻלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא,
וּחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו,
הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ,
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.