



City Shul
A Jewish heart
in the heart of Toronto

Yizkor Service Yom Kippur 5781/2020

הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ שׁוּבָה חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֵדֶם.

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.)

READING

Instructions for Remembering

By Rabbi Nina Mizrachi

Remember.

Remember the blessings of those who no longer walk this earth.

Remember each name, each life-story.

Remember on behalf of those whose memory fails.

Remember with love the sweet and the bittersweet.

Remember with forgiveness the hurt and misunderstanding.

Remember with insight so you might experience deeper meaning.

Remember through the pain until you can touch the joy and find comfort.

Remember through dreams left unfulfilled and choose one to fulfill.

Remember through your heart.

Remember through your actions.

Remember through living with kindness, generosity and forgiveness.

Remember through those you love.

Remember by planting memories and helping them take root in the living.

Remember by opening your heart even if you thought it was closed forever.

Remember to live your own life as a blessing.

Remember to do all this.

Remember and you will be remembered.

SONG: 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

Say Their Names: A Yizkor Poem

by Sabrina Sojourner

Say their names.

We come to Yizkor with one or more voids
cracks in our hearts we open in hopes of receiving spiritual medicine to keep us
going until the next opportunity to
openly be with our on-going grief.

Say their names.

You are here because there is an ache
in your heart in your body in your soul
needing to be soothed.

Mom. Dad. Grandma. Grandad.

One or more. Husband. Wife. Life Partner. Spouse.

A child or two, including the one lost before their life began. Friends. Too many to

count.

Each absence one of many scars on our hearts.

Say their names, and remember their
faces and hugging arms and laughs and sadness.

Their lost dreams and smiles swim through us. Surround us. Distress us. Comfort
us.

Say their names.

The first year of mourning is the toughest.

We are barely through the shock of death when we arrive at the cemetery. Our
hands on the shovel

back-side up.

We watch the bits of dirt fall landing on the coffin like rocks.

As we move the soil

something moves in us.

We turn the shovel over, placing more dirt on top.

Say their names.

It seems to take forever for mourning to recede. Yet it does.

Say their names.

It takes time for us to realize that grief will not leave us.

It is a new constant companion.

Grief leaves us:

present to the daily absence of our loved ones.

Grief leaves us

releasing the vision of the future we had to bury along the path of our mourning.

Whether one year or 40 years or more, grief also teaches us to savour the present,
including this moment.

Four times in our year, we are called to:

Say their names.

So often the death of a loved one

is framed in terms of losing them as someone we loved. The deeper truth, the
deeper hurt is:

that someone who loved us

– however imperfectly –

no longer walks with us.

All this and more are why we must say their names

– one to one hundred or more times we:

Say their names.

WE GO INTO BREAKOUT ROOMS TO “SAY THEIR NAMES.” PLEASE
TAKE A MOMENT TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF AND TELL US THE
NAMES OF AND RELATIONSHIPS TO THE PEOPLE YOU ARE
REMEMBERING TODAY.

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.

SONG: PSALM 121

אֶשָׂא עֵינַי אֶל־הַהָרִים מֵאֵין יְבֹא עֲזָרִי:
עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יְהוָה עֲשֵׂה שְׂמִים וְאָרֶץ:
אֶל־יָתֵן לְמוֹט רַגְלֶךָ אֶל־יָנוּם שְׁמֶרְךָ:
הֲיֵה לֹא־יָנוּם וְלֹא יִישָׁן שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל:
יְהוָה שְׁמֶרְךָ יְהוָה צִלְּךָ עַל־יַד יְמִינֶךָ:
יִזְמַם הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ לֹא־יִכְבֶּה וְיָרַח בְּלַיְלָה:
יְהוָה יִשְׁמְרֶךָ מִכָּל־רָע יִשְׁמַר אֶת־נַפְשֶׁךָ:
יְהוָה יִשְׁמַר־צֵאתְךָ 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

(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.

SONG: From Psalm 16

שׁוֹיִתִּי יְהוָה לְנַגְדֵי תְמִיד כִּי מִיְמִינִי בַל־אֶמוּט:
לְכֵן שָׁמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדִי אֶף־בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכַּן לְבֶטֶח:
כִּי לֹא־תֵעָזֵב נַפְשִׁי לְשֵׂאוֹל לֹא־תִתֵּן חַסִּידְךָ לְרְאוֹת שְׁחַת:
תוֹדִיעֵנִי אֲרַח חַיִּים שְׂבַע שְׁמַחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֶיךָ נְעֻמוֹת בְּיְמֵינְךָ נְצַח:

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.*

SONG: PSALM 23

מְזֹמֵר לְדָוִד יְהוָה רֵעִי לֹא אֶחְסָר:
בְּנֵאֲוֹת דְּשֵׂא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי עַל־מֵי מְנַחֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי:
נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי־צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ:
גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶךְ בְּגֵיא צַלְמוֹת לֹא־אִירָא רָע
כִּי־אֶתָּה עִמָּדִי
שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הִמָּה יִנְחֵמֵנִי:
תַּעֲרֹךְ לְפָנַי שִׁלְחֹן נֶגֶד צָרָרִי
דִּשְׁנָתְךָ בְּשֶׁמֶן רֵאשִׁי בּוֹסֵי רוּחָה:
אֵךְ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי
וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבַיִת־יְהוָה לְאָרְךָ 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 kind-
ness shall follow me all the days of
my life; and I will dwell in the
house of Adonai forever.

SONG: Yam Lid: Song of the Sea

Hebrew words by the poet Judah ha-Levi (1075?-1141).

Translated into Yiddish by Bialik (1873-1934). Music by M. Shneyer (1885-1942)

כ'הָאָב פֿאַרְגֶעסן אַלע ליבסטע,
כ'הָאָב פֿאַרְלֹאָזט מיין אייגן הויז;
כ'הָאָב דעם ים זיך אָפּגעגעבן:
טראָג מיך, ים, צום מוטערס שוים!

Kh'hob fargesn ale libste,
Kh'hob farlozt mayn eygn hoyz;
Kh'hob dem yam zikh opgegebn;
Trog mikh, yam, tsum muters shoys.

און דו, מערב־ווינט געטרייער,
טרייב מיין שיף צו יענעם ברעג,
וואָס מיין האַרץ מיט אַדלער־פֿליגל
זוכט שוין לאַנג צו אים אַ וועג.

Refrain: Un du, mayrev-vint getrayer,
Trayb mayn shif tzu yenem breg,
Vos mayn harts mit odler-fligl
Zukht shoyn lang tsu im a veg.

ברענג מיך נאָר אַהין בשלום, –
נאָכדעם פֿליי זיך דיר צוריק,
גריסן זאָלסטו אַלע ליבסטע
און דערצייל זיי פֿון מיין גליק.

Breng mikh nor ahin besholem,
Nokh dem fli zikh dir tsurik,
Grisn zolstu ale libste
Un derseyt zey fun mayn glik.

(I have forgotten all my loved ones, I have left my own home. I've abandoned myself to the sea; carry me, Sea, to my mother's bosom.

And you, loyal West Wind, drive my ship to that shore, where my heart on eagle's wings has long been seeking a path.

Bring me there unharmed and then fly back again. Give greetings to all my loved ones and tell them of my happiness.)

READING

Life is a Journey

By Rabbi Alvin Fine

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
From strength to weakness
And often back again;
From health to sickness,
And we pray to health again.
From offence to forgiveness,
From loneliness to love,
From joy to gratitude,
From pain to compassion,
From grief to understanding,
From fear to faith.
From defeat to defeat to defeat
Until, not looking backwards or ahead,
We see that victory lies not
At some high point along the way
But in having made the journey
Step by step,
A sacred pilgrimage.
Birth is a beginning
And death a destination
And life is a journey.

SILENT YIZKOR

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמוֹת קְרוּבֵי ... שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תְהִיֵּנָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת
בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמַחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, 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 נְשָׁמוֹת כָּל־אֶחָיו בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. אָנָּה
תְּהַיְיָנָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתֵהִי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד. שְׂבַע שְׁמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךְ,
נְעִימוֹת בִּימֵינֶךָ 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.*

READING

A Covid Kaddish : For High Holy Days, 5781/2020

By Rabbi Debra Hachen

This is a Kaddish for those who died before we identified the virus.

And for those who died after we knew it was spreading among us.

This is a Kaddish for those who died on ventilators.

And those for whom there were not enough ventilators.

This is a Kaddish for those who believed in science,

And for those who did not believe in science.

This is a Kaddish for those who were infected at work.

And for those who brought it home from work and infected others.

This is a Kaddish for those whose already weakened bodies made them vulnerable.

And for those who thought they were invulnerable.

This is a Kaddish for those who succumbed in care facilities,

And for those who were doomed by the carelessness of others.

This is a Kaddish for those who did their best to shelter in place

And for those who had no place to shelter.

This is a Kaddish for the family and friends we lost,

And for those lost to all of humanity.

Please rise

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמְצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה,
עִם קְדוּשִׁים וְטַהוֹרִים כְּזֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ מְזַהְרִים לְנַשְׁמוֹת יְקִירָנוּ שֶׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.
בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים יִסְתִּירָם בְּסִתְרֵי כַּנְפֵי לְעוֹלָמִים, וְיִצְרֹר בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת
נַשְׁמוֹתָם, יְהוּה הוּא נִחְלָתָם, וְיִגּוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבְּם, וְנֹאמֵר אָמֵן.

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.

KADDISH

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. אָמֵן.
בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ, וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ
דְּקַדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא. לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא, תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא
דְּאֲמִירָן בְּעֻלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמֵיָא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Yit-ga-dal ve-yit-ka-dash shmei ra-ba, be-al-ma div-ra chi-ru-tei, ve-yam-lich
mal-chu-tei be-cha-yei-chon u-ve-yo-mei-chon u-ve-cha-yei de-chol beit
Yis-ra-eil, ba-a-ga-la u-viz-man ka-riv, ve-im-ru: a-mein.

Ye-hei-she-mei ra-ba me-va-rach le-a lam u-lei-al-mel al-ma-ya.

Yit-ba-rach ve-yish-ta-bach, ve-yit-pa-ar ve yit-ro-mam ve-yit-na-sei, ve-yit-ha-dar
ve-yit-a-leh ve-yit-ha-lal she-mei de-ku-de-sha, be-rich hu, le-ei-la min kol
bi-re-cha-ta ve-shi-ra-ta, tush-be-cha-ta ve-ne-che-ma-ta, da-a-mi-ran be-al-ma,
ve-im-ru: a-mein.

Ye-hei-shla-ma ra-ba min sha-ma-ya ve-cha-yim a-lei-nu ve-al kol Yis-ra-eil,
ve-im-ru: a-mein.

O-seh- sha-lom bim-ro-mav, hu ya-a-seh sha-lom a-lei-nu ve-al kol Yis-ra-eil,
ve-im-ru: a-mein.