

# YIZKOR: MEMORIAL PRAYERS





**J**ewish tradition teaches that between the living and the dead there is a window, not a wall. The culture of scientific materialism teaches that after death, the links between us and our loved ones who died are forever ended – a brick wall! But, like the rituals of Shiva, Kaddish, and Yahrzeit, Yizkor opens windows to loved ones who are no longer with us. Yizkor creates a sacred space and time wherein we can open our hearts and minds to the possibility of a genuine interconnection with beloved family members and friends who have left behind the world of the living. Yizkor is a window. Within the wellsprings of our infinite souls we find the window of connection between the living and the dead. Prepare to open that window...

As you recite Yizkor prayers, let your senses and imagination serve as the vehicle of interconnection. For whom are you saying Yizkor today? Can you imagine their faces before your eyes? See their smiles; visualize how they might be standing if they were next to you. Do you recall the sound of their voices? Hear their words as you stand in prayer. Feel their presence right in this moment. In your mind, in your heart, allow a conversation between you to unfold. What needs to be communicated this year? What's the message you need to hear today? What are the silent prayers of the heart? What remains unspoken? Speak. Listen. Take your time. There is no reason to hurry. This is a timeless moment. Let all the radiance of their love be with you right now.

*Simcha Paull Raphael*

In loving memory of our beloved  
family members

*Brandon Dann Rotstein*

*Charles Dann*

*Audrey Dann*

The Rotstein and Dann Families

**A Time...****A time to be born, and a time to die.**

We do not choose to be born, and we do not choose to die. But we do choose the way we live. We cannot hope to avoid death; but we can invest a part of ourselves in those things which never die, and thus live on beyond our mortal span.

**A time to plant, and a time to harvest what has been planted.**

We harvest what others have planted before us. The harvest of a good life sustains those who survive. May we so plant that those who comes after us will enjoy a harvest which nourishes life and hope.

**A time to break down, and a time to build up.**

Now is the time to break down the walls of estrangement which separate brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives, each of us from God. Now is the time to build up the bonds of caring which draw us closer to one another in love.

**A time to mourn, and a time to rejoice.**

At this time, we mourn for the dead. We mourn also for the days we have wasted, for the thanks we did not offer, for the tears we did not wipe away, for the deeds we left undone. In time, the pain will subside. Then, may we rejoice in gratitude for the years we shared, for the memories which death cannot take from us.

**A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together.**

Let us cast away the heavy rocks of remorse and regret which lie on many hearts, the rubble of blasted dreams and collapsed hopes. May we soon find the strength to gather the sturdy stones with which to rebuild lives of confidence and hope.

**A time to seek, and a time to lose.**

Now is the time to seek the good in each other and in our recollections of others. Now is the time to lose the pettiness and callousness which diminish our stature and shrink our horizons.

**A time to love, and a time to hate.**

Now is the time to love, to support, and to enrich one another. Now is also the time to mute malice, and meanness, and selfishness, to avoid all that deprives life of its beauty and joy.

**A time for war, and a time for peace.**

Now is the time to wage war against despair and hopelessness, to sustain a stubborn faith that the time will surely come when those who now mourn will again know serenity of spirit, and inner peace.





Mortality mingles souls. It tempers arrogance, and, when accepted and understood, brings tender insight.

What do we get in exchange for death? We get life...a vast panorama of possibilities and pathways. We get the sensation of taste and the satisfaction of ideas, the interesting development of personal growth, the beauty of intimacy with other people. We often get the gift of children and/or protégés, and we get the wisdom that risk and mistakes offer, only to the human species.

אָנושׁ, כְּחֶצִיר יָמָיו כְּצִיץ הַשָּׂדֶה, כֵּן יָצִיץ.  
כִּי רוּחַ עֲבָרָה-בּוֹ וְאֵינָנוּ וְלֹא-יִכְיְנוּ עוֹד מְקוֹמוֹ.  
וְחֶסֶד יְהוָה מֵעוֹלָם וְעַד-עוֹלָם עַל-יִרְאָיו וְצִדְקָתוֹ לְבָנֵי בָנִים :

Mortals, their days are like those of grass; they bloom like a flower of the field. A wind passes by and it is no more; its own place no longer knows it. But the steadfast love of God is for all eternity for those who revere the Eternal, and God's beneficence is for the children's children.

- Selected from Psalm 103

## A Personal Meditation

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

## B'yado

*B'yado afkid ruchy, b'eit ishan v'aira*

*V'im ruchy g'veyati, Adonai li v'lo ira.*

My soul I give to You, My spirit in Your care.

Draw me near, I shall not fear,

Hold me in Your hand/safely in Your hand.





## **We Recall**

Our generations are bound to one another as children now remember their parents, husbands and wives now remember their mates, as parents now remember their children. Memory softens death's pain as we now remember our brothers and sisters, grandparents, and our other relatives and friends.

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

Many of those to whom we owe so much are alive with us today; and we pray that we may be able to reward their goodness and their devotion to us by acts of love and loyalty.

But others have passed forever from our midst, leaving us a heritage of tender memories which now fill our minds.

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

Some of us lovingly call to mind a wife or a husband 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 heritage of family tradition and by years of comradeship and love.

Some of us call to mind children, entrusted to our care all too briefly, taken from us before they reached the years of maturity and fulfillment, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust which enriched our lives.

All 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 from us we are grateful for the blessings they brought and were to us. Now, by giving to others the love which our departed gave us, we can partly repay the debt we owe them.





## Psalm 121

A song of ascent:

שִׁיר לַמַּעֲלוֹת

I will lift up my eyes  
to the mountains;  
From where will my help come?

אֶשָּׂא עֵינַי אֶל-הַהָרִים. מֵאֵין יָבֹא עֲזָרִי:

My help comes from the Lord,  
Who made heaven and earth.

עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יְהוָה. עָשָׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ:

God will not allow your foot  
to give way;  
God, who guards you,  
will not slumber.

אֶל-יִתֵּן לְמוֹט רַגְלְךָ. אֵל יְנוּם שְׁמֶרְךָ:

For the guardian of Israel  
Neither slumbers nor sleeps.

הִנֵּה לֹא-יְנוּם וְלֹא יִישָׁן. שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל:

The Lord is your keeper;  
The Lord is your protection  
at your right hand.

יְהוָה שְׁמֶרְךָ. יְהוָה צִלְּךָ עַל-יָד יְמִינְךָ:

The sun will not smite you by day,  
Nor will the moon by night.

יוֹמָם הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ לֹא-יִכָּכֶךָ. וַיָּרַח בַּלַּיְלָה:

The Lord shall keep you  
from all evil;  
God shall keep your soul.

יְהוָה יִשְׁמְרְךָ מִכָּל רָע. יִשְׁמַר אֶת נַפְשְׁךָ:

The Lord will guard your going out  
and your coming in,  
From this time forth and forever.

יְהוָה יִשְׁמַר-צֵאתְךָ וּבואְךָ. מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם:





### To Begin Again

In the years since my father's death, I have learned to trust, to hope and to laugh again. After my first marriage, I somehow learned how to open my eyes, my heart and my arms again. Throughout our lives we will, we should, feel the pain of our losses, the scars still present even after much time has passed. But we will also feel the strength of our spirit, the ability to persevere in the face of pain, the power to dream despite the many nightmares of existence, the stamina to push forward into the future carrying our past with us all the while. This is the power of God within us. This is our hope, our salvation. This is how we begin again.

- Naomi Levy

### Meditation

When my loved one is taken from me, shall I mourn?  
When my dear one departs forever, shall I wail and rend my flesh  
as I do my garment?  
No! That is not the way.

I may find the road ahead lonely.  
I may dread tomorrow without that voice, without that smile.  
I may not know whence will come the courage to continue.  
Yet I shall not despair!

I shall praise God who gave me my beloved.  
I shall sing unto God who enables us to love.  
I shall voice thanks for what I have had.  
I will refuse to become bitter over what I shall lack.

When my loved one leaves me, I shall indeed shed tears.  
Yet, even then, I shall utter a hymn –  
A song of joy for what has been.





**Psalm 23 Responsively**

**מְנוּחָה לַדָּוָד:**

**ה' רֹעִי לֹא אֶחְסָר:**

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

**בְּנֵאֻחַ דָּשָׁא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי.**

He makes me lie down in green pastures.

**עַל-מֵי מְנוּחֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי:**

He leads me beside still waters.

**נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבָב. יְנַחֲנִי בְּמַעְגַּל יֶדְכָּהּ לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ:**

He revives my spirit;

He guides me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

**גַּם כִּי-אֵלֶךְ בְּגֵיא צַלְמוֹת. לֹא-אִיֶּרָא רָע כִּי-אֲתָה עִמָּדִי.**

Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death.

I fear no harm; for You are with me.

**שִׁבְטְךָ וּמַשְׁעֲנֶתְךָ הִמָּה יְנַחֲמֵנִי:**

Your rod and Your staff comfort me.

**תַּעֲרֶךְ לִפְנֵי שְׁלֹחַן גִּיד צִרְדֵּי.**

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my adversaries.

**וְשִׁנְתָּ בִשְׁמֵן רֹאשִׁי כּוֹסֵי רִנָּה:**

You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

**אֵךְ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל-יְמֵי חַיִּי.**

Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life.

**וְשָׁבְתִי בְּבֵית ה' לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:**

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.





Yizkor is for letting the music come back, softly and sweetly. Yizkor is to hush us and to heal us, because we are very tired under the burden which death has brought. Yizkor is to hush us with the quiet strength of prayer. Yizkor is to heal us with the wisdom that death gives urgency to life. Then sit quiet, without bitter tears, and let the silence flow in, bringing more love than grief, more gratitude than rebellion.

Rabbi Jacob Philip Rudin

### **Silent Reflection**

When Yizkor is recited, we affirm our love of those so near and dear who have physically left us.

Our love, however, does not rest on physical being; it is deeper than that.

When we love, we love the inner being of the beloved, the quality that makes for uniqueness, the spirit that creates personality and character.

That does not ever disappear.  
It remains with us as long as we live.

Time eases the pain of loss  
but does not erode the affection and emotions we feel  
for the one who no longer moves about in our midst.

We know that whatever lives, someday must die.  
That, however, is true only of the material world.  
The spiritual can endure forever.

When we lose one who is dear, we mourn,  
but we must not mourn excessively.  
We must be grateful for what we have had  
and find comfort in our memories.

We must continue the task of living, paying tribute  
to our departed by contributing to the lives of others.

- Simcha Kling





### **Achat Sha'alti**

*Achat Sha'alti mayayt Adonai otah avakesh  
Shivti b'veyt Adonai kol y'may chayay  
Lachazot b'noam Adonai u'l'vaker b'haychalo*  
One thing I ask of God – for this I yearn:  
To dwell in the house of Adonai  
All the days of my life,  
To behold God's beauty, to pray in God's sanctuary.

### **They Never Quite Leave Us**

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed  
through the shadows of death to  
the sunlight above;  
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast  
to the places they blessed with their  
presence and love.  
The work which they left and the books which they read  
speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare,  
And the songs that they sang, the words that they said,  
yet linger and sign on the desolate air.

*The following prayer may be recited by worshipers who are  
blessed by having their parents still living while others are  
reciting Yizkor.*

Almighty God, while those who have lost their parents and their  
dear ones call to mind those who have gone to their eternal rest, I  
at this solemn moment raise my eyes to You, the Giver of Life, and  
from a grateful heart, thank You for Your mercy in having  
preserved the life of my beloved father and mother.

My it be Your will, O Lord my God and the God of my ancestors,  
to bless them with health and strength, so that they may be with me  
for many years to come. Bless them even as they have blessed me,  
and guard them even as they have guarded me.

In return for all their love, affection, and the sacrifices which they  
have made for me, may I bring them joy and lighten their cared.  
May it be my privilege to help them in every way that lies within  
my power; may I learn to understand and recognize the duty I owe  
to them. Amen

- Adapted from Rabbi Arnold Stiebel





*YIZKOR—In remembrance of a father:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת אָבִי מוֹרֵי שְׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. אָנָּה  
תְּהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד.  
שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמּוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצַּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved father who has gone to his eternal rest. In tribute to his memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. Through such deeds and through my prayers I will hope to keep strong the ties that link me to his memory and into the fabric of our entire family. He was, and remains in so many ways, ever-present. May he rest forever in dignity and peace. Amen.

*YIZKOR—In remembrance of a mother:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי שְׁהֶלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.  
אָנָּה תְּהִי נִפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ  
כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמּוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצַּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved mother who has gone to her eternal rest. In tribute to her memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May I prove myself worthy of the gift of life and with the many other gifts with which she blessed me. May her soul be bound up in the bond of life and serve our family as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

*YIZKOR—In remembrance of a husband:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּעָלִי שְׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. אָנָּה תְּהִי  
נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע  
שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמּוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצַּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved husband who has gone to eternal rest. In tribute to his memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. The memory of our companionship and love still endures. Through constant telling of stories of his unique essence I will hope to keep his soul bound up intricately with ours. May his eternity be one of calm and serenity. Amen.





**YIZKOR**—*In remembrance of a wife:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱ-לֹהִים נִשְׁמַת אִשְׁתִּי שֶׁהָלָכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. אָנָּה הָיָה  
נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע  
שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמּוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצָּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved wife who has gone to her eternal rest. Love is as strong as death; deep bonds of love are indissoluble. I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness to extend into our world her memory. I will hope to keep her soul bound to ours in an unbroken bond of love. May her name be upon our lips and her goodness an enveloping warmth within us. Amen.

**YIZKOR**—*In remembrance of a sibling:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱ-לֹהִים נִשְׁמַת ... שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ/שֶׁהָלָכָה  
לְעוֹלָמָהּ. אָנָּה הָיָה נִפְשׁוֹ/נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים.  
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ/מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ.  
נְעֻמּוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצָּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved brother/sister who has gone to his/her eternal rest. In loving testimony to his/her life I pledge to help perpetuate his/her ideals. I am grateful for the sweetness of our time together, his/her lasting contributions, and the bond of family which defies physical absence. The link of our souls is eternal and may he/she find a spiritual solace in his/her eternal home. Amen.

**YIZKOR**—*In remembrance of a son:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱ-לֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּנִי הָאֱהוּב מִחֲמַד עֵינֵי שֶׁהָלַךְ  
לְעוֹלָמוֹ. אָנָּה הָיָה נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה  
מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמּוֹת בִּימִינְךָ  
נִצָּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved son who has gone to his eternal rest. The love is overflowing, the pain is searing, yet I can believe that the connection which we had will endure. May his soul find a place beyond this world which is worthy of his presence. Allow him still to come to me in sweet remembrances, and may his memory never fade from my days. In his memory will I continue to live life-affirming days and thereby keep his dear legacy alive. Amen.





*YIZKOR—In remembrance of a daughter:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמַת בְּתִי הָאֲהוּבָה מִחַמַּד עֵינֵי שְׁהֶלְכָּה  
לְעוֹלָמָהּ. אָנָּה תְּהִי נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה  
מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. שֶׁבַע שְׂמֻחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ

May God remember the soul of my beloved daughter who has gone to her eternal rest. In all that I do, I try to honor the hopeful ambitions in her life. I dream of her, I speak of her, and I will always love her in a way unbeknownst to anyone. That connection was felt in the physical touch and remains ever so real upon my heart. May she be spiritually comfortable and may heaven be charmed with her within its midst forevermore. Amen.

*YIZKOR—In remembrance of relatives and friends:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמוֹת קְרוּבֵי וִידֵי שְׁהֶלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.  
אָנָּה תְּהִיֶּנָּה נַפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה  
מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד. שֶׁבַע שְׂמֻחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ  
נִצָּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the souls of my relatives and friends who have gone to their eternal rest. In tribute to their memory I pledge to perform mitzvot which will allow me to continue the link that brought us together. In the interplay of life, we shared moments that will extend our relationship throughout time. They made a significant difference in my life and I will be grateful for each of them. May their souls find repose in green pastures. Amen.

*YIZKOR—In remembrance of our martyrs:*

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ  
אֶת־נַפְשָׁם עַל־קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. עַל־קִיּוֹם הָעָם. וְעַל־נִצָּלַת  
הָאָרֶץ. אָנָּה יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַד גְּבוּרָתָם וּמִסִּירוֹתָם.  
וְתִהְיֶנָּה נַפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם  
כְּבוֹד. שֶׁבַע שְׂמֻחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצָּח. אָמֵן:

May God remember the souls of our martyrs who gave their lives for the sanctification of His name, for the preservation of our people, and for the redemption of the Holy Land. May their heroism and sacrificial devotion be reflected in our thoughts and deeds. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life and their example be for us an enduring inspiration. May they rest forever in dignity and peace. Amen.





## If Generations Did Not Come and Go

Judaism teaches us to understand death as part of the divine pattern of the universe. Actually, we could not have our sensitivity without fragility. Mortality is the price we pay for the privilege of love, thought, creative work - the toll on the bridge of being from which clods of earth and snow-peaked mountain summits are exempt.

Just because we are human, we are prisoners of the years, yet that very prison is the room of discipline in which we, driven by the urgency of time, create.

We can face death without dread when we learn that the Angel of Death plays a very vital role in life's economy. Actually there could be no growth, no progress, if generations did not come and go.

There also would be very little meaning to existence if the years were not marked off in the calendar of time by childhood, adolescence, youth and age.

There is a time to run gaily with all the intense excitement of a child, with flushed cheeks racing on a summer's day toward the winding river of sport and adventure.

There is also the time when that child, transformed by the alchemy of the years into an older person, no longer seeks to run but is quite content to sit and browse even unto the twilight.

- Joshua Loth Liebman

## A Psalm of Life

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream,  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.  
Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Written by H.W. Longfellow





## Our Grief Is Natural

Death brings so many reactions – and in such contrasting combinations. These emotions are a natural response to the death of a loved one. Allow yourself to feel these normal emotions, so that you can go through the grief and go on with life.

It is not enough to recognize your conflicting emotions; you must deal with them, openly. That is why the Period of Mourning in Judaism is so important. It is a time to express and share your feelings.

An emotion that is denied is not destroyed. It only prolongs the agony and delays the grief process...

Courage is not the absence of fear and pain, but the affirmation of life despite the fear and pain.

## Memorial:

God on high, the souls of all for whom we offer prayer and devotional thought are within Your sphere. They gave their breath and lives for the most noble of causes. We yearn to be in rhythm with their spirits and to achieve peace of mind knowing they now abide in Your sheltering presence. May they rest within the tranquility they so richly deserve. Amen.

א-ל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת  
בגפי השכינה במעלות קדושים וטהורים בזהר הרקיע מזהירים  
אתנשמות כל-אחינו בני ישראל שמסרו את-נפשם על-קדוש  
השם. על-קיום העם. ועל-גאלת הארץ. אתנשמות כל-אלה  
שהזכרנו היום לברכה. אנא בעל הרחמים תסתירם בסתר כנפיד  
לעולמים. ותצורוד בצרוד החיים אתנשמותיהם וינחו על-משכבותם  
בשלום. ונאמר אמן:





## Memories Which Illumine Our World

There are stars whose light reaches the earth only after they themselves have disintegrated. And there are individuals whose memory lights the world after they have passed from it. These lights shine in the darkest night and illumine our path...

- Hannah Senesh

When reciting Kaddish we hear truly sacred music, the harmony of the spheres. The Kaddish serves as a mysterious gift, a balm for the soul.

Kaddish possesses wonderful power. Truly, if there is any bond strong and indissoluble enough to chain heaven to earth, it is this prayer. It keeps the living together, and forms the bridge to the mysterious realm beyond.

*Mourners:*

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא  
בְּרַעוּתָהּ. וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי  
דְּכָל־בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעֻלְמָא וּבְזִמְנָא קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

*Congregation and Mourners:*

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא:

*Mourners:*

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרַמֵּם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא וַיִּתְהַדָּר  
וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ הוּא. לְעָלְמָא  
(וּלְעָלְמָא) מְכָל־בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא  
דְּאָמִירָן בְּעֻלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל־  
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

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





**Kaddish:**

*Yit-gadal v'yit-kadash sh'mey raba,  
B'alma di v'ra chirutey, v'yam-lich mal-chutey  
B'cha-yey-chon uv-yomey-chon uv-cha-yey d'chol beyt yisrael  
Ba-agala u-vizman kariv, v'imru amen.*

*Y'hey sh'mey raba m'varach l'alam ul-almey alma-ya*

*Yit-barach v'yish-tabach v'yit-pa-ar v'yit-romam v'yit-na-sey  
V'yit-hadar v'yit-aleh v'yit-halal sh'mey d'kud-sha,  
B'rich hu, l'eyla (ul-eyla) mi(n)-kol bir-chata v'shi-rata  
Tush-b'chata v'ne-chemata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.*

*Y'hey sh'lama raba min sh'ma-ya  
V'cha-yim aleynu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen.*

*Oseh shalom bi-m'romav, hu ya-aseh shalom  
Aleynu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen.*

**Mourners:**

Hallowed and enhanced may He be throughout the world of His own creation. May He cause His sovereignty soon to be accepted, during our life and the life of all Israel. And let us say: Amen.

**Congregation and Mourners:**

May He be praised throughout all time.

**Mourners:**

Glorified and celebrated, lauded and worshiped, acclaimed and honored, extolled and exalted may the Holy One be, praised beyond all song and psalm, beyond all tributes which mortals can utter. And let us say: Amen.

Let there be abundant peace from Heaven, with life's goodness for us and for all the people Israel. And let us say: Amen.

He who brings peace to His universe will bring peace to us and to all the people Israel. And let us say: Amen.





### **We Wait Too Long**

Death has claimed a loved one,  
Thus reminding us of our own mortality.

Our days on earth are limited;  
We know not to whom the morrow belongs.

Yet we often postpone for the future  
Deeds which should be performed today.

We wait too long to show kindness,  
To speak words of gratitude and concern.

We wait too long to set aside hatreds,  
To banish petty grievances and resentments.

We wait too long to forgive the hurts we have suffered,  
And to ask forgiveness for those we have inflicted.

We wait too long to set aside selfishness,  
To give of our time and to share our bounty.

We wait too long to expand our horizons,  
To enlarge our minds, to nourish our souls.

We wait too long to make the most of our gifts,  
To nurture creative spirits, to strive for growth.

We wait too long to give the love  
Which may no longer be needed tomorrow.

We wait too long to discipline ourselves,  
To master and take charge of our lives.

We wait too long to become better Jews,  
More learned, more devoted, more caring.

In tribute to our departed, let us now resolve  
To wait no longer, to delay no more;

Rather, let us begin to do now,  
Those good things which can be done today.





## A Parting Consolation

Life is not fair. The wrong people get sick and the wrong people get robbed and the wrong people get killed in wars and in accidents. Some people see life's unfairness and decide, "There is no God; the world is nothing but chaos." Others see the same unfairness and ask themselves, "Where do I get my sense of what is fair and unfair? Where did I get my sense of outrage and indignation, my instinctive response of sympathy? Don't I get these things from God? Doesn't God plant in me a little bit of the divine outrage at my injustice and oppression, just as God did for the prophets of the Bible? Isn't my feeling of compassion for the afflicted just a reflection of the compassion God feels in seeing the suffering of God's creatures?" Our responding to life's unfairness with sympathy and righteous indignation, God's compassion and God's anger working through us, may be the surest proof of all of God's reality.

It is the universal custom of synagogues not to conclude a public reading of the Bible from any of the prophets on a note of sorrow, chastisement, or ominous prediction. If a passage does indeed end on a negative note, a previous sentence is repeated, in order to end always with optimism. And so in that spirit we conclude this section, not with the problematic consolations you have just read, but with one that is the most succinct and most potent of all consolations, and one that accompanies us on the spiritual journey beyond grief.

This consolation was composed by the old Psalmist in his "Song of Ascents" (126:5), and continues to echo through history's dark caverns for millennia. We are reminded again and again as we recite these words that, against all odds, even deeply troubled human beings can climb up life's down staircase:

"They that sow in tears shall reap with songs of joy."





## **Jacob the Baker by Noah benShea**

"Jacob, where do you find the strength to carry on in life?"

"Life is often heavy only because we attempt to carry it," said Jacob. "But, I do find strength in the ashes."

"In the ashes?" asked Mr. Gold.

"Yes," said Jacob, with a confirmation that seemed to have traveled a great distance.

"You see, Mr. Gold, each of us is alone. Each of us is in the great darkness of our ignorance. And, each of us is on a journey.

"In the process of our journey, we must bend to build a fire for light, and warmth and food.

"But when our fingers tear at the ground, hoping to find the coals of another's fire, what we often find are the ashes.

"And, in these ashes, which will not give us light or warmth, there may be sadness, but there is also testimony.

"Because these ashes tell us that somebody else has been in the night, somebody else has bent to build a fire, and somebody else has carried on.

"And that can be enough, sometimes."





### **Sweet Memories**

*In memory of my husband, John Anselmo  
(April 29, 1930 – May 22, 2003)*

In quiet times I often sit  
And find my mind adrift  
To another place, another time  
And oh! My spirits lift!

I see your happy, smiling face,  
And that twinkle in your eye.

I hear you sing your favorite song  
And I laugh...and then I cry.  
Inside my heart Sweet Memories  
Stay with me each day  
I cherish, and I cling to them  
For I miss you in every way.

Each thing I see...  
Each thing I do brings you close to me  
For everything upon this earth  
Brings Sweet Memories of you.

I imagine our reunion  
Some day at heaven's gate  
It fills my heart with happiness...  
But for now, I'll have to wait.

Until my life upon this earth  
And my work here is complete  
Sweet Memories will keep me  
Until at last again we meet.

*- Charlotte Anselmo*





## **Touching Shoulders**

There's a comforting thought at the close of the day,  
When I'm weary and lonely and sad,  
That sort of grips hold of my crusty old heart  
And bids it be merry and glad.  
It gets in my soul and it drives out the blues,  
And finally thrills through and through.  
It is just a sweet memory that chants the refrain:  
"I'm glad I touched shoulders with you!"

Did you know you were brave, did you know you were strong?  
Did you know there was one leaning hard?  
Did you know that I waited and listened and prayed,  
And was cheered by your simplest word?  
Did you know that I longed for that smile on your face,  
For the sound of your voice ringing true?  
Did you know I grew stronger and better because  
I had merely touched shoulders with you?

I am glad that I live, that I battle and strive  
For the place that I know I must fill;  
I am thankful for sorrows, I'll meet with a grin  
What fortune may send, good or ill.  
I may not have wealth, I may not be great,  
But I know I shall always be true,  
For I have in my life that courage you gave  
When once I rubbed shoulders with you.

## **Remember Me**

To the Living, I am gone. To the sorrowful, I will never return. To the angry, I was cheated. But to the happy, I am at peace. And to the faithful, I have never left. I cannot speak, but I can listen. I cannot be seen, but I can be heard. So remember me in your heart, your thoughts and your memories. Of the times we loved. The times we cried. The times we fought and the times we laughed. For if you always think of me, I will never be gone.

(Anonymous)





**You Are A Light**

You are a light  
Inside my soul  
Inside my heart  
So full of hope  
Your light shines in  
My memory  
I honor you  
As part of me

I still remember all the things about your smile  
The way you always made me feel  
Those little things we did together in our time  
In me your energy is real

You are a light  
Inside my soul  
Inside my heart  
So full of hope  
Your light shines in  
My memory  
I honor you  
As part of me

Having had you in my life is such a gift to me  
I know you didn't want to leave  
My life goes on, and I change and grow and learn  
I know that's what you'd want for me

You are a light  
Inside my soul  
Inside my heart  
So full of hope  
Your light shines in  
My memory  
I honor you  
As part of me

By Louise Dimiceli-Mitran





**BEFORE I GO**

When my life has reached its very end,  
And I take that final breath;  
I want to know I've left behind,  
Some "good" before my death.

I hope that in my final hour,  
In all honesty I can say:  
That somewhere in my lifetime,  
I have brightened someone's day.

That maybe I have brought a smile  
To someone else's face,  
And made one moment a little sweeter  
While they dwelled here in this place.

Lord, please be my reminder  
And whisper softly in my ear...  
To be a "giver," not a "taker,"  
In the years I have left here.

Give to me the strength I need,  
Open up my mind and my soul...  
That I might show sincere compassion,  
And love to others before I go.

For if not a heart be touched by me,  
And not a smile was left behind...  
Then the life that I am blessed with,  
Will have been a waste of time.

With all my heart, I truly hope  
To leave something here on earth...  
That touched another, made them smile  
And gave to my life...worth.





**PACKING UP THE CLOTHES**

First the sweaters go in piles; burnt, orange, a brown wool so deep  
 and rich, surely it was pulled from the very center of the earth.  
 I can fold these easily-the body knows when to obey, even in grief.  
 Then I cross the hall to her closet, pass the mirror  
 where she checked herself each morning,  
 refusing the illness which burrowed in, then crawled its way out.

Each year I grow more and more like my mother.  
 Her words tumble out of my mouth-the desperation of love.  
 Those same hands, thin and distracted, the gray hair surfacing.  
 I remember her eating with such concentration-  
 delicate as a small bird-as if each mouthful mattered, and it did, so  
 little flesh on her to sustain life.

Now I inch my way to the silks and cottons.  
 The dress she wore to my wedding,  
 its black spots spread like ink in water.  
 The other clothes, each retaining shape and smell.  
 And when I come home, open my front door,  
 I still anticipate her voice on my machine,  
 ever surprised when there is no message.

**GOD, MAKE ME BRAVE FOR LIFE**

God, make me brave for life; oh, braver than this.  
 Let me straighten after pain, as a tree straightens after the rain,  
 Shining and lovely again.  
 God, make me brave for life, much braver than this.  
 As the blown grass lifts, let me rise from sorrow with quiet eyes,  
 Knowing Your way is wise.  
 God, make me brave, life brings such blinding things.  
 Help me to keep my sight; Help me to see aright  
 That out of dark comes light.

- Anonymous



**A 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.  
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 be soothed by the  
passage of time.

I pray that You,  
who raises 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.  
Amen.

**OPEN US TO HEALING**

A person reaches in three directions:  
inward to oneself  
up, to God,  
out to others.  
The miracle of life is that  
in truly reaching in any one  
direction one embraces all three.





**AS THE DARKNESS LIFTS...**

As the darkness lifts, don't let that moment pass without experiencing its full force. Take a walk, even if it's only around the block. Breathe deeply. Gaze at the trees, listen to the birds, look up at the sky, take in the beauty. Eat your favorite food. Savor every bite with a renewed appetite for living. Grate a lemon and smell its rind. Hug your family, thank your friends for standing by you when you were in pain. Ask forgiveness from those you alienated. Stand before a mirror and stare into your own eyes. See the hope that shines through. Tell yourself how far you have come and acknowledge the strength you never knew you had. Sit in a quiet place and talk to God. Express your full range of emotions. Your anger, frustration, and sadness, as well as your joy, relief, and optimism. Give thanks for the power to endure and carry on, for the new day and its promise, for all the blessings you have taken for granted.

Then brace yourself for the struggles that are yet to come.

Naomi Levy

**PRAYER AFTER A MISCARRIAGE**

God, we are weary and grieved. We were anticipating the birth of a child, but the promise of life was ended too soon. Our arms yearned to cradle new life, our mouths to sing soft lullabies. Our hearts ache from the emptiness and the silence. We are saddened and we are angry. We weep and we mourn. Weep with us, God, Creator of Life, for the life that could not be.

Source of healing, help us to find healing, among those who care for us and those for whom we care. Shelter us under wings of love and help us to stand up again for life even as we mourn our loss. Blessed are You, God, who brings the dead to everlasting life.

Barukh ata Adonai m'chayyeh ha-meitim.

May my child come to his/her resting place in peace.

Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso





**WHERE WILL I BE?**

Do not come when I am dead  
to sit beside a low green mound,  
or bring the first gay daffodils,  
because I love them so.

For I shall not be there.

You cannot find me there.

Where will I be?

I will be reflected from the bright eyes of little children;

In the smile of a bride under the chupah;

In the flames of Shabbat candles at the family simcha.

I will warm your hands through the glow  
of the winter fire;

I will soothe you with a drop  
of rain on the roof;

I will speak to you out of the wisdom  
of the sages;

And make your heart leap with the  
rhythm of a hora;

I will flood your soul with the flaming radiance  
of the sunrise,

And bring you peace in the tender rose and gold  
of the after-sunset.

All of these have made me happy.

They are a part of me;

I shall become a part of them.

Author Unknown

**SEPTEMBER**

I have only slipped away into the next room, I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other that we are still. Call me by my old, familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile; think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was. There is absolutely unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near just around the corner. All is well.

Rev. Henry Scott Holland





**COURAGE**

Adonai, bless me with courage.  
Help me gain strength from You.  
Life has a way of handing us surprises  
that take an amazing amount of courage to overcome.  
Create in me a clear and steady focus,  
a heart that is filled with the awareness that  
Adonai is with me.  
On the sunniest day and in the darkest night  
I will be whatever life demands of me.  
Courage is my knowledge of You.

Anita Moise Rosefield Rosenberg

**DON'T LET YOUR TEARS PUT OUT THE LIGHT**

A man had a little daughter, an only and beloved child. He lived for her. She was his life. When she became ill and the efforts of the most skillful physicians failed to cure her, he became like a man possessed, moving heaven and earth to bring about her recovery. All efforts proved unavailing, and the little child died. The father's heart was broken. He was totally unconsolable. He became a bitter recluse, shutting himself away from his many friends and refusing every activity that might restore his poise and bring him back to a normal life.

One night he had a dream. He was in heaven and was witnessing a giant pageant of all the little child angels. They were marching in an apparently endless line, past a great white throne. Every white-robed angelic tot carried a candle. He noticed that one child's candle was not lit. Then he saw that the child with the dark candle was his own little girl.

Rushing to her, he took her in his arms, caressed her tenderly, and asked, "How is it, darling, that your candle is not lit?" The child said, "Father, they often relight it, but your tears always put it out."

Just then he awoke. From that hour on, he was no longer a recluse, but began to mingle freely and lovingly with his former friends. No longer would his little darling's candle be extinguished by his tears.



### WITH OUR LIVES WE GIVE LIFE

Eternal God, the generations come and go before You. Brief is their time. Passing, they leave many of their tasks unfinished, their plans unfulfilled, their dreams unrealized. It would be more than we could bear, but for the faith that our little day finds its permanence in Your eternity, and our work its completion in the unfolding of Your purpose for humanity.

As night follows day, the candle of our life burns down and gutters. There is an end to the flames. Yet we do not despair, for we are more than a memory slowly fading into the darkness. With our lives we give life.

Early or late, all must answer the summons to return to the Reservoir of Being. For we loosen our hold on life when our time has come, as the leaf falls from the bough when its day is done. The deeds of the righteous enrich the world, as the fallen leaf enriches the soil beneath.

Gates of Prayer

### REMEMBERING

Someone laughs a certain way and suddenly I am seeing you.  
The radio plays a song you used to love – and it feels as if you're here listening.  
The evening light glistens on the trees and my heart stings,  
after so many years, with the loss of you.  
The whole family gathers together...and each of us quietly feels the absence of you.

Holy One on high, Holy One of our inmost being,  
some of us are consoled for our loss,  
some of us today feel still inconsolable.  
Some of us bear deep wounds in our heart;  
other hearts have healed.

All of us remember, today, those we loved  
who no longer share with us this land of the living:

Grandmothers and grandfathers, mothers and fathers,  
sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives,  
beloved relatives, cherished friends,  
sorely missed members of our congregation.





Eternal One, what are we human beings, that  
You should take note of us?  
What are we frail mortal creatures,  
that You should even consider us?  
We are like breath; our days like a passing shadow.

I am mindful of how brief life is  
For to be human is to see death.

How grateful we are for the once-presence of those we loved!  
To have touched their soul, to have looked in their eyes.  
Life matters.

Oh, teach us to number our days that we may attain a wise heart.  
That we may remember and mourn those we have lost  
and still celebrate the gift of their lives, the gift of life.  
God, my God, You are my Rock and my ultimate Refuge.  
I put my trust in you.

#### **“THE MEDITATIONS OF OUR HEARTS”**

The meditations of our hearts are not always “acceptable”  
To you, O God, or even to ourselves.

Sometimes our thoughts are bitter with anger,  
and sometimes they are sour with remorse.  
Sometimes they are dark with doubt,  
and sometimes they are heavy with despair.

We acknowledge that we are creatures of many moods;  
and that when we face the loss of a loved one,  
our emotions may reflect our inner turmoil and deep distress.

Help is to cope with our feelings, with honesty and with patience.  
Help us to ponder the immediate in the perspective of the eternal.

In our days of pain and anguish,  
in our nights of tearful sorrow,  
give us faith, O God, to trust in Your healing power.

Help is to draw strength from the assurance  
that Your loving kindness has not departed from us;  
that we will yet know again the blessings of serenity and peace.



**SHALOM**

In Hebrew it means  
farewell,  
peace,  
welcome.

Shalom says farewell to the past.  
At the funeral, and through the months of grieving,  
You sorrowfully bid your loved one shalom, good-bye.

Shalom makes peace with what life has brought.  
Through honoring your loved one's memory and  
Treasuring the life you shared together,  
you strive to make peace with both life and death.

Shalom welcomes the future.  
Your loved one has transformed and enriched your life.  
Those gifts live on within you.  
They give you strength and courage  
as you walk forward to greet tomorrow.

Death marks the end of every life,  
but it is not the meaning of life,  
nor does it diminish the preciousness of a beloved life  
that was shared.

Grief is a process.  
Recovering is a choice.

Death is but a moment...  
Love is forever

Life is for the living.

Shalom.

"For Love is strong as death." – Song of Songs





# **I AM OLDER NOW: A Yahrzeit Candle Lit At Home**

The yahrzeit candle is different,

announcing neither Sabbath nor festival.

No benediction recited. No song sung. No psalm mandated.

Before this unlit candle without a quorum, I stand, unstruck match in my hand.

It is less distant now, the remembrance ritual of parents deceased.

I am older now, closer to their age than before.

I am older now, their aches in my body, their white hairs beneath my shaved skin, their wrinkles creased into my face.

It is less distant now; this ritual once made me think of them. Now makes me think of me.

Once it recalled relationships to them. Now it ponders on my children's relationship to me.

Once I wondered what to remember of them. Now I ask what my children remember of me, what smile, what grimace.

What stories they will tell their children of me.

It is less distant now.

How would I be remembered? How would I be mourned?

Will they come to the synagogue?

I Light a candle, recite the Kaddish.

It is less distant now.

Once Yahrzeit was about parents deceased,

Now it is of children alive.

Once it was about a distant past,

Now it is about tomorrow.

Harold M. Schulweis



**TO SAY PSALMS FOR MY PIOUS FATHER,**

As he said Psalms for his pious father,  
The Jews in my father's synagogue  
Call me to the reading of the Law,  
As is right for an old Jew.  
When the winter nights  
get into my old bones,  
I sit with them by the stove,  
speaking words of Torah.  
I sit waiting for letters from my children.  
And each Friday, before the Sabbath begins,  
I write letters to each of them.  
I have changed into my father's clothes,  
grown like him, beard and earlocks.  
I am now an old Jew.

Ezekiel Brownstone in The Golden Peacock

**TO MY FATHER**

You gathered incredible strength in order to die to seem calm and  
fully conscious without complaint, without trembling without a cry  
so that I would not be afraid.

Your wary hand slowly grew cold in mine and guided me carefully  
beyond into the house of death so I might come to know it.

Thus in the past you used to take my hand and guide me through  
the world and show me life so I would not fear.

I will follow after you confident as a child toward the silent country  
where you went first so I would not feel a stranger there.

And I will not be afraid.

Blaga Dmitrova in Kol Haneshamah





**WHAT DEATH CANNOT TAKE FROM US**

Death has cast its dark shadow over this home,  
And it has left us all deeply bereft.

A voice has been stilled, a heart has been stopped,  
Laughter has departed, joy has fled.

Gone are the warmth and the glow of a loved one's presence;  
The chain of love has lost a vital link.

Death has taken a life which was precious;  
It has brought pain, loneliness and sorrow.

And yet there is so much which death cannot touch,  
So much over which it has no dominion.

Death cannot rob us of our past:  
The years, the dreams, the experiences which we shared.

Death cannot take from us the love we knew;  
It is woven into the tapestry of our lives.

The lessons we were taught we shall continue to cherish;  
We shall cling to the wisdom which lives on.

What we have had, we shall always possess;  
What we have known, we shall always hold dear.

Death cannot take from us our abiding trust,  
That God will give us strength to ensure what we must.

Death cannot take from us our sustaining hope –  
That darkness will yield to light, and hurt give way to healing.

Death cannot take from us the comforting faith,  
That with God every soul is precious; none is ever lost.

Thus, even in sorrow, we thank the Lord our God,  
For our memories and our hopes, for our trust and our faith.

For these, we believe, need never be lost;  
These, and so much more, death cannot take from us.



## TO GIVE THANKS, EVEN IN GRIEF

O Lord, our Lord, how great is Your name,  
How manifold are Your blessings.

Even in the midst of our pain and sorrow,  
We are mindful of Your goodness to us.

We are grateful for the strength to carry our burden,  
For friends and loved ones who are near to help.

We are grateful for the promised healing to follow,  
After we walk through the valley of the shadow.

And we are grateful for the memories of our loved ones,  
Which death can never take from us.

Help us, we pray, to be mindful always,  
Of the many blessings in our lives;

For the blessings of the earth,  
For the yield of the land and the waters;

So that we may ever be among those  
Who reverently offer gratitude to You,

And strive to share Your blessings  
With all Your children everywhere.





## THE CROWN OF A GOOD NAME

There are three crowns, our Sages taught:  
The crown of Torah, the crown of priesthood,  
and the crown of royalty;  
But the crown of a good name excels them all.

"Blessed is the person who lives with a good name  
And departs this world with a good name."

Of such a person did the Bible say:  
"A good name is to be treasured above precious oil."  
Wealth, like health, may pass away,  
But a good name can live on forever.

It can adorn a person throughout life;  
It can be bequeathed as a precious inheritance,

Conferring honor on family and friends,  
Inspiring and challenging those who carry on.

Therefore our ancient Sages taught:  
"The righteous need no monuments;  
Their good deeds are their memorials."

The earth of the grave does not cover them;  
The hand of time does not erase them.

The kindness they have shown, the love they have given,  
Remain in everlasting remembrance.

Their achievements are more lasting than granite.  
Their devotion is an enduring legacy.



**READING**

When my loved one is taken from me, shall I mourn?  
When my dear one departs forever,  
shall I wail and rend my flesh as I do my garment?  
No! That is not the way.

I may find the road ahead lonely.  
I may dread tomorrow without that voice, without that smile.  
I may not know whence will come the courage to continue.  
Yet I shall not despair!

I shall praise God who gave me my beloved.  
I shall sing unto God who enables us to love.  
I shall voice thanks for what I have had.  
I will refuse to become bitter over what I shall lack.

When my loved one leaves me, I shall indeed shed tears.  
Yet, even then, I shall utter a hymn –  
A song of joy for what has been.

**BARUCH ATAH ADONAI!**

Praised are You, O God!  
You have allowed me to know love;  
You have granted me an eternal treasure.

*-Simcha Kling*

**HUMAN LIFE IS SACRED**

Judaism demands recognition of the dignity of human beings on the strength of the exalted dignity of the Creator.

Every individual is infused with a spark of the Spirit in whose image humanity was created.

To degrade people thus becomes tantamount to degrading God.  
Thanks to this identification of the dignity of human beings with the honor of God, the religious-ethical spirit gained early ascendancy in ancient Israel. It became the mainspring of Jewish social ethics and of the legislation informed by it.

*continued on next page*





Biblical, Talmudic and Rabbinic literature repeatedly emphasize that every human has infinite value, by dint of being endowed with a spark of the Divine, in whose image all are created.

Wrong inflicted upon any person thus becomes a transgression against God, and "one sheds blood diminishes something from the Likeness of which all are made."

Lest one assume that God sorrows, as it were, only for the hurt inflicted upon the righteous, the Sages stressed that God mourns also for the blood of sinners; for they, too, are "God's children."

People, as such, are the highest value of Judaism. The degradation of any one to the level of "an animated machine" is unthinkable.

To the Jew, every human life is sacred because every individual partakes of the holiness of God.

- Trude Weiss-Rosmarin (adapted)

### **WE ARE LOVED...**

We are loved by an unending love.  
We are embraced by arms that find us  
even when we are hidden from ourselves.  
We are touched by fingers that soothe us.  
even when we are too proud for soothing.  
We are counseled by voices that guide us  
even when we are too embittered to hear.

We are loved by an unending love.  
We are supported by hands that uplift us  
even in the midst of a fall.  
We are urged on by eyes that meet us  
even when we are too weak for meeting.

We are loved by an unending love.  
Embraced, touched, soothed, and counseled.  
Ours are the arms, the fingers, the voices.  
Ours are the hands, the eyes, the smiles.  
We are loved by an unending love.





## WHEN PRAYER IS DIFFICULT...

Death has left a sense of despair and isolation that extends to God. We are too devastated even to pray. Our overwhelming sense of loss and hurt leaves us feeling abandoned and alone. We need God's help, but how shall we seek it?

At this time, when we are too troubled to speak clearly for ourselves, we have spiritual partners... a sacred tradition, concerned fellow-worshipers. And although we may feel cut off from God, God is not cut off from us.

Trust in God provides no immunity from sorrow, but it does recall the words, "I am with you always."

Probably we will not feel better for some time. It will be a while before we can comfortably turn to God in prayer. But with the knowledge that God is with us, we can be helped to bear our sorrow- and maybe, through our sorrow, to develop an even deeper faith.

Some day we will be able to sense that God was involved in our grief, and even helped us to use it in our lives. Then, as our thoughts turn to our departed and to God, heartfelt prayer will come...

## A PERSONAL MEDITATION

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





## INSPIRATIONS

There are stars whose light reaches the earth only after they themselves have disintegrated. And there are individuals whose memory lights the world after they have passed from it. These lights shine in the darkest night and illumine for us the path...

-Hannah Senesh

What is a human being? Are we simply skin, flesh, blood, veins, nerves, muscle and tissue? No! That which constitutes the real person is the neshamah, soul, the rest being only the garments that cover our inner essence. When a person departs this earth, she puts off her outer coverings and continues to live by virtue of her soul, which is immortal.

-Zohar

One wears his mind out in study, and yet has more mind with which to study. One gives away his heart in love, and yet has more heart to give away. One perishes out of pity for a suffering world, and is the stronger therefore. So, too it is possible at one and at the same time to hold on to live and let it go...

-Milton Steinberg

When we are dead, and people weep for us and grieve, let it be because we touched their lives with beauty and simplicity. Let it not be said that life was good to us, but rather, that we were good to life.

-Jacob P. Rudin



### REFLECTION

How do we face the reality of death?  
We know that it is a fact. It is a part of life.  
We may postpone it.  
We may try to delay it as much as possible.  
But some day we must be confronted by it.  
How do we face the reality of death?  
By giving thanks to God for the gift of life.  
By voicing appreciation for the blessings we have known.  
By being grateful for those lives that have touched ours  
and whose echoes still resound in us.  
May the Kaddish, we now recite,  
be not only a remembrance of those no longer with us,  
but also a reminder of how we should live  
and the values that we should represent.

*Simcha Kling*

### EULOGY FOR ONE REMEMBERED

Not the wisest  
Not the smartest  
Not the kindest  
Not the most tactful  
Not the richest  
Not the most successful  
Not the tallest  
Not the bravest  
But my own.

### MEDITATIONS

Fear – not of death or dying, but of not having lived.  
Fear – not of suffering, but of suffering for no cause.  
Fear – not of extinction of life, but of having left no trace upon the Earth.  
Fear – not of finitude, but of being forgotten.  
Take heart - Make this a life not lived in vain.  
Take heart - Make this a life not lived for naught.





**THE YAHRZEIT GLASS**

The wick in the wax that fills the glass is lit.  
In silence I observe,  
each flicker, a flashback to a  
recalled gesture.

And at the end of the day  
after wax is cleansed,  
washed out, the plain glass remains.

I recall my grandfather  
drinking hot tea from that very glass,  
a spoon in the glass  
to prevent it from cracking from the heat.

The glass will find its place  
on the shelves of glasses  
indistinguishable from the others.

Using that glass becomes a sacred act.  
Holiness is not outside the  
cupboard of ordinary life.

The sacred is not in some  
other-worldly precinct,  
deposited on some shrine.

Here glass that once contained wax  
in memory of the deceased  
now holds tea and milk and coffee,  
held to the lips,  
its contents  
swallowed, absorbed.

What loving memory  
to know that my beloved continues  
to nurture me posthumously,  
a love that outlives yesterday.



**ALONE TOGETHER**

No one knows my grief,  
Treasures my private memory.  
I mourn alone.

The grief is my own.  
Of my flesh and bone  
I mourn alone.

But I mourn alone in the midst of my people,  
In the minyan  
With others who cry and remember  
Their own loss.

Alone together,  
An individual in community,  
Present to each other,  
We are each other's comfort.

Alone together  
We are each other's consolation.  
Alone we are mortal, together immortal,  
A community does not die.

The Kaddish requires community.  
A Kaddish must be answered.  
A Kaddish calls for response.  
Together we answer:  
Y'hei sh'mei rabah m'vorach.





**WE REMEMBER THEM**

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

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

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

*At the shining of the sun and in the warmth of summer,  
we remember them.*

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

*At the beginning of the year and at its end,  
we remember them.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sylvan Kamens and Jack Riemer



## ADDITIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

- The Mitzvah of Healing ..... Edited by Hara E. Person  
A Jewish Book of Comfort ..... Alan A. Kay  
Wrestling with the Angel ..... Edited by Jack Riemer  
Words to Live By ..... Sidney Greenberg  
The Orphaned Adult ..... Marc D. Angel  
Consolation – The Spiritual Journey Beyond Grief ... Maurice Lamm  
When Mourning Comes ..... William B. Silverman  
..... Kenneth Cinnamon  
At the Threshold ..... Edited by Michael Swirsky  
Moral Grandeur and Spiritual Audacity .... Abraham Joshua Heschel  
Guide Me Along the Way ..... Rabbi Siemkha Y. Wentraub, CSW  
..... With Rabbi Aaron M. Lever  
Grief in Our Seasons ..... Rabbi Kerry M. Olitzky  
Living a Year of Kaddish ..... Ari L. Goldman  
Renew Our Days ..... Edited and translated by Rabbi Ronald Aigen  
Say Yes to Life ..... Sidney Greenberg  
The Path of The Soul ..... Rabbi Ben Kamin  
With Healing on Its Wings ..... Contemplations in Times of Illness  
Saying Kaddish ..... Anita Diamant  
Sim Shalom Prayer Book – Yizkor Service  
Reform Rabbis Manual – Central Conference of American Rabbis  
Finding Each Other in Judaism ..... Rabbi Harold Schulweis 2001  
Mourning Has Broken by Mara Koven and Liz Pearl  
May God Remember edited by Lawrence Hoffman  
Kol Haneshamah: Prayerbook for the Days of Awe





**PROFESSIONAL STAFF**

Senior Rabbi  
**CARL WOLKIN**  
 Rabbi  
**AARON MELMAN**  
 Cantor  
**STEVEN STOEHR**  
 Executive Director  
**MICHAEL GARDIN**  
 Executive Director Emeritus  
**HARVEY R. GOLD, F.S.A.**  
 Director of Jewish Life & Learning  
**LEAH BLUE**  
 Director of Education  
**DAVID BARRAN**  
 Director of Education Emeritus  
**RABBI SANDER J. NAUSSMAN, R.J.E.**  
 Rabbi Director  
**KARIM WEISS**  
 Director of Youth Activities  
**MATT RISSEN**

**OFFICERS**

President  
**GLEN ROTHER**  
 Fund Raising Vice-President  
**JIM DONENBERG**  
 House Vice-President  
**JILL OLEFSKY**  
 Membership Vice-President  
**NEL ROSENBERG**  
 Programming Vice-President  
**DEBBIE SOLOMON**  
 Ritual Vice-President  
**TANYA SOLOMON**  
 School Vice-President  
**DR. ROBERT SPECTOR**  
 Social Action Vice-President  
**DEBBIE BELL**  
 Youth Vice-President  
**HOWARD SIGAL**  
 Treasurer  
**HAROLD DEMBO**  
 Administrative Secretary  
**DAN SHULMAN**  
 Financial Secretary  
**LALURA SHULMAN**  
 Accounts Receivable Secretary  
**BRAD SHAPIRO**  
 Sisterhood Co-Presidents  
**LEATTE GELFELD**  
**BETH SHER**  
 Men's Club Co-Presidents  
**LARRY GROSSMAN**  
**RAYMOND ROKNI**

**TRUSTEES**

**CHERYL BRAUDE**  
**KEVIN BRAUDE**  
**LISA DEMBO**  
**RICK DISSEN**  
**STEVEN ELISCO**  
**LINDA FOSTER**  
**IRWIN GAFEN**  
**ALAN GENENDER**  
**ELLEN GROSSMAN**  
**SUZY HAKIMIAN**  
**JIM HAMILTON**  
**FRANK HORWITZ**  
**PAM RISSEN**  
**JEAN KOSOVA**  
**LARRY LEVIN**  
**SANDEE LEVIN**  
**DIANA LEWIS**  
**MARJORIE MAXWELL**  
**SCOTT ROGOFF**  
**RAYMOND ROKNI**  
**FERN ROSEMAN**  
**JILL ROTHER**  
**LEIN RUBIN**  
**EDNA SCHIRANK**  
**MARCI SHAPIRO**  
**BETH SHER**  
**DR. LEE SHULMAN**  
**KIM SHWACHMAN**  
**MARTI SINTON**  
**AMY SOLAR**  
**EARL STRUM**  
**SARA WEINSTEIN**  
**WILLIAM WEINSTEIN**  
**ANDY WIDEN**  
**STEPHEN ZAACKS**

**PAST PRESIDENTS**

**SAMUEL ROBERMAN d**  
**EARL ROSENSTEIN d**  
**JOEL W. WEINSTEIN**  
**LEONARD MASON**  
**DR. HERBERT ROSENSTEIN**  
**HOWARD MICHAELS**  
**FRED KATZENSTEIN**  
**JEROME S. STANTON**  
**BARBARA PETASNICK**  
**JACK P. KNOPF**  
**DR. HENRY RABINOWITZ**  
**DONALD B. LEVINE**  
**DR. JOEL B. GREENMAN**  
**GEORGE PLATT**  
**BARBARA GELFELD**  
**JOE WOLKE**  
**MARC K. SCHWARTZ**  
**DR. DAVID HAKIMIAN**  
**MICHAEL BAUER**  
**MICHAEL H. ZARANSKY**  
**BRIAN MILLER**  
**ILY ZOBERMAN**  
**TAMI ROKNI**

congregation

**Beth shalom**

3433 Wilshire Avenue Northbrook, IL 60062  
 Phone: 847.498.4100 Fax: 847.498.9150  
[www.Beth-Shalom-IL.org](http://www.Beth-Shalom-IL.org)



We extend our warm condolences  
 to all of our community members  
 who have lost near and dear ones this  
 past year. May the Holy One heal  
 your wounds, lighten your burden of  
 sorrow and give you renewed  
 strength in the year to come.

Cover photograph by George R Zahra - PJ Photography

Graphic Design by Lee Roesner - Paradigm Graphic Design

Original CBS Yizkor Book compiled and edited by  
 Cantor Steven Stoehr 2005, new edition 2014.

ה'תשנ"ב  
2, 1972

ANDON DANN ROTSTEIN  
ה'תשנ"ב  
ה'תשנ"ב

MISSIN BEHAG

ה'תשנ"ב

ה'תשנ"ב



congregation Beth shalom

3433 walters, northbrook, il 60062