



קהילת בית התקווה

CONGREGATION
BETH HATIKVAH



Yizkor Memorial Service

זיכרוןם לברכה

Zichronam l'vrakhah.

May their memories be for a blessing



A Message from Rabbi Allyson Zacharoff

Yizkor: May G-d remember the souls of our departed.

Just as our Holocaust scroll's cover in the foyer reads *zachor*, "remember," and just as we often mention those who have departed this world by saying *zichronam livracha*, "may their memories be a blessing," our *Yizkor* observance fits into this important tradition of remembrance as we call to mind those who are no longer with us in body, though so often remain so through the impact they had.

During the *Yizkor* service, we look backwards and revisit our memories with those we have lost. In the present moment, we may feel the pain of their absence or the complicated emotions we had in relation to them. Finally, in looking forward, we can honor their memory through an act of *tzedakah*, as we are called to do in the service. These moments in *Yizkor* are powerful in their ability to link past, present, and future, and in doing so help us feel connected to those we have lost.

The practice of reciting *Yizkor*, which we do on Yom Kippur, Shavuot, and the final day each of Sukkot and Pesach, gives us a space to fully honor those losses. Often the observance takes place in a community, like here at Congregation Beth Hatikvah, allowing the support of the *kahal*, the community, to hold us as we remember. This is a powerful opportunity for us to support each other in that tender place of remembrance.

May all who observe Yizkor find comfort as they mourn or wrestle with the complicated pieces of loss they have experienced. Amen.



Yizkor Memorial Service,
Pages 4–12

Individual Prayers,
Pages 13–20

Poems and Meditations,
Pages 21–39

המקום ינחם אתכם בתוך שאר אבלי ציון וירושלים
Hamakom yinachem etchem b'toch sha'ar aveilei tziyon
virushalayim.

May you be comforted
among the mourners of our people.



YIZKOR / MEMORIAL SERVICE

Traditionally Yizkor, the memorial service, is recited after the Haftarah in the Torah service on the morning of Yom Kippur, but recitation of Yizkor can be shifted to any other time in the day. Yizkor prayers are customarily said while standing. Some congregations read a list of those who are to be remembered. Others publish a remembrance book.

יְהוָה מִה־אָדָם וַתִּדְעֶהוּ

ALMIGHTY ONE, what are human beings
that you take note of them,

בְּנֵי-אָנוּשׁ וַתִּחְשְׁבֵהוּ:

the children of humanity
that you should think of them?

COMMENTARY. Calling to mind the memory of relatives or friends who have departed and giving *tzedakah* in their memory is a long-standing custom. It is mentioned in the medieval work *Midrash Tanhuma* as a Yom Kippur custom, though the *Yizkor* prayers themselves are somewhat later in origin. Recitation of *Yizkor* on the Pilgrimage Festivals began in European communities after the bloody destruction associated with the Crusades.

Because it was superstitiously believed that being present for *Yizkor* when one's parents were living could hasten their death, it used to be the case that only those required to say *Yizkor* because of the death of an immediate relative remained in the synagogue. After the Holocaust, which left so many with no one to say *Yizkor* for them, liberal congregations have encouraged everyone to join in reciting *Yizkor*. People are encouraged to recite *Yizkor* for each person whose memory is cherished. The traditional phrase said of the dead, *zikaron livrahah*/the memory for a blessing, reminds us that part of our purpose in remembering is to have our memories influence us to do good. This influence is made tangible in the custom of giving *tzedakah* in memory of loved ones before the holiday begins.

D.A.T.

יהוה...עובר / ALMIGHTY ONE...shadow (Psalms 144:3-4).

אָדָם לְהֵבֶל דָּמָה

A human being is like a momentary breeze,

יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר:

a person's days are but a passing shadow.

בְּבֹקֶר יִצְיָן וְחָלָף

At dawn, life blossoms and renews itself,

לְעֶרֶב יִמּוּלֵל וַיֵּבֶשׁ:

at dusk, it withers and dries up.

תָּשִׁיב אָנוּשׁ עַד־דָּפָא

You return a person unto dust.

וַתֹּאמֶר שׁוּבוּ בְנֵי־אָדָם:

You say: Return, O children of humanity!

We turn our thoughts to yesterday...to a world that lives only in our memory.

As we recall the days gone by, we know the past is irretrievable. Yet—through the gift of memory, we recapture treasured moments and images.

We are thankful for the happiness we knew with those no longer here, with whom we lived and laughed and loved.

We praise the Eternal wellspring of life who links yesterday to tomorrow. We affirm that despite all the tragedy bound up with living, it is still good to be alive.

We understand that there can be no love without loss, no joy without sorrow. May we have the courage to accept the all of life—the love and the loss—the joy and the sorrow, as we remember them.

Evelyn Mehlman

ויבש.../בבקר / At dawn...dries up (Psalms 90:6).

אדם.../תשב... / You return...humanity (Psalms 90:3).

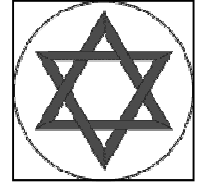
El Malei Rachamim

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת פנפי
השכינה במעלות קדושים וטהורים כזהר הרקיע מזהירים
לנשמות יקירינו וקדושינו שהלכו לעולמם: אנא בעל הרחמים
הסתירם בצל כנפיק לעולמים וצור בצרור החיים את נשמתם:
יהוה הוא נחלתם ויגוחו בשלום על משכבם ונאמר אמן:

God filled with mercy,
dwelling in the heavens' heights,
bring proper rest
beneath the wings of your Sheḥinah,
amid the ranks of the holy and the pure,
illuminating like the brilliance of the skies
the souls of our beloved and our blameless
who went to their eternal place of rest.
May you who are the source of mercy
shelter them beneath your wings eternally,
and bind their souls among the living,
that they may rest in peace.
And let us say: Amen.



We Remember Them



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 the 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.

Jack Riemer and Sylvan D. Kamens

In Praise Of The Living

by Harvey J. Fields

Yitgadal ve'yitkadash shemy raba

This profound praise of the living
Praise for the generous gift of life.

*Praise for the presence of loved ones,
the bonds of friendship, the link of memory.*

Praise for the toil and searching,
the dedication and visions,
the ennobling aspirations.

*Praise for the precious moorings of faith,
for courageous souls, for prophets,
psalmists, and sages.*

Praise for those who walked before us,
the sufferers in the valley of shadows,
the steadfast in the furnace of hate.

*Praise for the God of our fathers,
the Source of all growth and goodness,
the Promise of which we build tomorrow.*

Yitgadal ve'yitkadash shemey raba

This, the profound praise we offer.
Praise for the generous gift of life.



Kaddish Yatom/ The Mourner's Kaddish

קַדִּישׁ יָתוֹם

It is customary for mourners, and those observing Yahrzeit, to stand for Kaddish. In some congregations everyone rises.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ וְיִמְלִיךָ
מְלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְן
קָרִיב וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה
וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא
לְעֵלְא (לְעֵלְא *On Shabbat Shuvah add:*) מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא דְאֲמִירוֹן בְּעֵלְמָא וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
עוֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל
כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

KADDISH YATOM

Reader: Yitgadal veyitkadash shemey raba
be'alma divra hirutey veyamliḥ malḥutey
beḥayeyḥon uvyomeyḥon uvḥayey deḥol beyt yisra'el
ba'agala uvizman kariv ve'imru amen.

Congregation: Yehey shemey raba mevarah le'alam ulalmey almaya.

Reader: Yitbarah veyishtabah veyitpa'ar veyitromam veyitnasey
veyit-hadar veyitaleh veyit-halal shemey dekudsha beriḥ hu
le'ela (*On Shabbat Shuvah add:* le'ela) min kol birḥata veshirata
tushbeḥata veneḥemata da'amiran be'alma ve'imru amen.

Yehey shelama raba min shemaya veḥayim aleynu ve'al kol
yisra'el ve'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav hu ya'aseh shalom aleynu ve'al kol
yisra'el ve'al kol yoshvey tevel ve'imru amen.

אֶשָׂא עֵינַי / ESA EYNAY

אֶשָׂא עֵינַי אֶל-הַהָרִים Esa eynay el heharim
מֵאֵין יָבוֹא עֲזָרִי: me'ayin yavo ezri.
עֲזָרִי מֵעַם יְהוָה ezri me'im adonay
עוֹשֶׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ: oseh shamayim va'aretz.

I lift my eyes up to the hills:
from where does my help come?
My help is from THE UNSEEN ONE,
the maker of the heavens and the earth.

Psalm 23—A Psalm of David

A psalm of David.

THE ETERNAL is my shepherd; I shall never be in need.

Amid the choicest grasses does God set me down.

God leads me by the calmest waters,
and restores my soul.

God takes me along paths of righteousness,
in keeping with the honor of God's name.

Even should I wander in a valley of the darkest shadows,
I will fear no evil.

You are with me, God. Your power and support
are there to comfort me.

You set in front of me a table
in the presence of my enemies.

You anoint my head with oil; my cup is overflowing.

Surely, good and loving-kindness will pursue me
all the days of my life,

and I shall come to dwell inside the house
of THE ETERNAL for a length of days.

Psalm 23

מִזְמוֹר

לְדָוִד יְהוָה רֹעִי לֹא אֶחָסֵר: בְּנֵאוֹת דְּשָׂא יִרְבִּיצָנִי

עַל־מֵי מְנַחֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי: נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב
יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי־צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ:
גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶךְ בְּגִיא צַלְמוֹת לֹא־אִירָא רַע
כִּי־אַתָּה עֲמַדִי שְׁבֻטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הֵמָּה יִנְחֵמְנִי:
תַּעֲרוֹךְ לְפָנַי שְׁלַחַן נֶגֶד צָרְרִי
דִּשְׁנַת בִּשְׁמֵן רֹאשִׁי כוֹסֵי רוּיָה:
אֵךְ טוֹב וְחָסֵד יִרְדֶּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי
וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית־יְהוָה לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:

Mizmor ledavid adonay ro'i lo ehsar. Binot deshe yarbitzeni
al mey menuhot yenhale^uni. Nafshi yeshovev
yanheni vemageley tzedek lema'an shemo.
Gam ki eleh begey tzalmavet lo ira ra
ki atah imadi shivteha umishante^uha hemah yenhama^uni.
Ta'aroh lefanay shulhan neged tzoreray
dishanta vashemen roshi kosi revayah.
Ah tov va^uhesed yirdefuni kol yemey hayay
veshavti beveyt adonay le'oreh yamim.

Eli, Eli

אֵלֵי שֶׁלֹא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם	Eli shelo yigamer le'olam
הַחֹל וְהַיָּם	hahol vehayam
רִשְׁרוּשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם	rishrush shel hamayim
בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם	berak hashamayim
תְּפִלַּת הָאָדָם.	tefilat ha'adam.

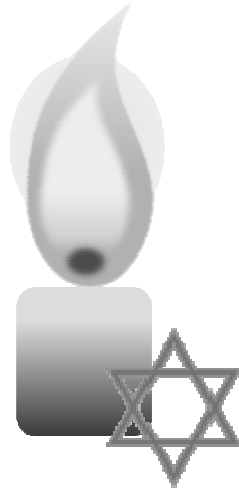
This translation can be sung to the same melody as the Hebrew.

My God, my God, I pray that these things never end.
The sand and the sea, the rush of the waters,
The crash of the heavens, the prayer of the heart.
The sand and the sea, the rush of the waters.
The crash of the heavens, the prayer of the heart.

Hannah Szenes



Individual Prayers



“Viktor Frankl, the psychoanalyst and Holocaust survivor, concluded that sometimes the only free will that we have is how we choose to meet our death, and how we act in the days and hours preceding it. But some freedom of action always remains: ‘We who lived in concentration camps can remember the men who walked through the huts comforting others, giving away their last piece of bread. They may have been few in number, but they offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms—to choose one’s attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one’s own way.’”

*by Rabbi Joseph Telushkin,
from “A Code of Jewish Ethics”*

In memory of a mother:

Yiz·kor E·lo·him nish·mat
im·mi mo·ra·ti she·ha·l'chah l'o·la·mah.
Hi·n'ni [no·deir | no·dé·ret] (m/f) tz'da·kah
[v'o·seh | v'o·sah] (m/f) ma·a·sim to·vim
b'ad haz·ka·rat nish·ma·tah.
An·na t'hi naf·shah tz'ru·rah bitz·ror ha·chay·yim,
u·t'hi m'nu·cha·tah ka·vod. V'no·mar: "A·mein."

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת
אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.
הִנְנִי [נוֹדֵר | נוֹדֵרֶת] צְדָקָה
[וְעוֹשֶׂה | וְעוֹשֶׂה] מְעֲשִׂים טוֹבִים
בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרֶת נִשְׁמָתָהּ.
אָנָּה תְּהִי נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of
my mother and mentor who has gone
to her eternal home. In her memory I pledge
to give tzedakah and to do righteous deeds.
Through such deeds is her soul bound up in the
bonds of life. May she rest in peace and
may her memory ever be for a blessing. Amein.

Perspectives

Remembering our parents. When we were young, we were unable to appreciate how devoted our parents were to our well-being, and the many ways in which they devoted their time, energy, and resources to nurturing us. We now know how much they cared for us and helped prepare us for productive lives. However, appreciating their qualities does not require us to romanticize them. We all had to find our own paths in life and develop our own understandings of the world and our place

(Continued on p. 15)

In memory of a father:

Yiz·kor E·lo·him nish·mat
a·vi mo·ri 'she·ha·lach l'o·la·mo.
Hi·n'ni [no·deir | no·dé·ret] (m/f) tz'da·kah
[v'o·seh | v'o·sah] (m/f) ma·a·sim to·vim
b'ad haz·ka·rat nish·ma·to.
An·na t'hi naf·sho tz'ru·rah bitz·ror ha·chay·yim,
u·t'hi m'nu·cha·to ka·vod. V'no·mar: "A·mein."

יְזַכֵּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת
אָבִי מוֹרֵי שְׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.
הִנְנִי [נוֹדֵר | נוֹדְרַת] צְדָקָה
[וְעוֹשֶׂה | וְעוֹשָׂה] מְעֲשִׂים טוֹבִים
בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתוֹ.
אָנָּה תְּהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of
my father and mentor who has gone
to his eternal home. In his memory I pledge
to give tzedakah and to do righteous deeds.
Through such deeds is his soul bound up in the
bonds of life. May he rest in peace and
may his memory ever be for a blessing. Amein.

(Continued from p. 14)

in it, and that often led to conflicts with our parents. Moreover, we learned that our parents are human beings, with imperfections. As we remember our parents today and focus on their positive qualities, we may be able to forgive them their flaws. Some of us may feel that our parents harmed us, intentionally or unintentionally, and that we are not yet able to forgive them; we pray that our mentioning them here today will help bring us a measure of healing.

In memory of a wife or female partner:

Yiz·kor E·lo·him nish·mat [ish·ti | ra·ya·ti]
ha·y'ka·rah she·ha·l'chah l'o·la·mah.
Hi·n'ni [no·deir | no·dé·ret] (m/f) tz'da·kah
[v'o·seh | v'o·sah] (m/f) ma·a·sim to·vim
b'ad haz·ka·rat nish·ma·tah.
An·na t'hi naf·shah tz'ru·rah bitz·ror ha·chay·yim,
u·t'hi m'nu·cha·tah ka·vod. V'no·mar: "A·mein."

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמַת
[אֲשֵׁרְתִי | רַעֲיַתִּי] הַיְקָרָה שֶׁהִלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.
הַנְּנִי [נוֹדֵר | נוֹדֵרֶת] צְדָקָה
[וְעוֹשָׂה | וְעוֹשֶׂה] מְעֻשִׂים טוֹבִים
בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרֶת נַשְׁמַתָּה.
אֲנִי תְּהִי נַפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתְּהִי מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of
my dear [wife | partner] who has gone
to her eternal home. In her memory I pledge
to give tzedakah and to do righteous deeds.
Through such deeds is her soul bound up
in the bonds of life. May she rest in peace and
may her memory ever be for a blessing. Amein.

Perspectives

Doing righteous deeds. An appropriate way to keep alive the memory of those we cherish, and to express our gratitude for their lives, is to let their memory serve as motivation for righteous deeds. The language of the prayers (“I pledge...”) is legalistic and, from a traditional perspective, binding. So it is appropriate to spell out, either during the prayers or soon afterwards, exactly how we will carry out our commitment to “give tzedakah and do righteous deeds.”

In memory of a husband or male partner:

Yiz-kor E-lo-him nish-mat [i-shi | rei-i]
ha-ya-kar she-ha-lach l'o-la-mo.
Hi-n'ni [no-deir | no-dé-ret] (m/f) tz'da-kah
[v'o-seh | v'o-sah] (m/f) ma-a-sim to-vim
b'ad haz-ka-rat nish-ma-to.
An-na t'hi naf-sho tz'ru-rah bitz-ror ha-chay-yim
u-t'hi m'nu-cha-to ka-vod. V'no-mar: "A-mein."

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת
[אִישִׁי | רַעִי] הַיָּקָר שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.
הַנְּנִי [נוֹדֵר | נוֹדֵרֶת] צְדָקָה
[נְעוֹשֶׂה | נְעוֹשֶׂה] מְעֲשִׂים טוֹבִים
בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֶת נִשְׁמָתוֹ.
אָנָּה תְּהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of
my dear [husband | partner] who has gone
to his eternal home. In his memory I pledge
to give tzedakah and to do righteous deeds.
Through such deeds is his soul bound up
in the bonds of life. May he rest in peace and
may his memory ever be for a blessing. Amein.

Alternatives

The traditional word used for husband in Yizkor is “ba*a*li”, which literally means “my master”. We have followed Hosea 2:18 in which God says that in the future, Israel will no longer refer to God as “baali”, but rather as “ishi”, my husband, a word parallel to “ishti”, my wife.

In memory of a son:

Yiz·kor E·lo·him nish·mat
b'ni he·a·huv she·ha·lach l'o·la·mo.
Hi·n'ni [no·deir | no·dé·ret] (m/f) tz'da·kah
[v'o·sèh | v'o·sah] (m/f) ma·a·sim to·vim
b'ad haz·ka·rat nish·ma·to. An·na t'hi naf·sho
tz'ru·rah bitz·ror ha·chay·yim,
u·t'hi m'nu·cha·to ka·vod. V'no·mar: "A·mein."

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת
בְּנֵי הָאָהוּב שֶׁהָלַךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.
הַנְּנִי [נוֹדֵר | נוֹדְרֵת] צְדָקָה
[וְעוֹשֶׂה | וְעוֹשָׂה] מַעֲשִׂים טוֹבִים
בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֹת נִשְׁמָתוֹ. אֲנֵי תְּהִי נַפְשׁוֹ
צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתְּהִי מִנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

In memory of a daughter:

Yiz·kor E·lo·him nish·mat
bit·ti ha·a·hu·vah she·ha·l'chah l'o·la·mah.
Hi·n'ni [no·deir | no·dé·ret] (m/f) tz'da·kah
[v'o·seh | v'o·sah] (m/f) ma·a·sim to·vim
b'ad haz·ka·rat nish·ma·tah. An·na t'hi naf·shah
tz'ru·rah bitz·ror ha·chay·yim,
u·t'hi m'nu·cha·tah ka·vod. V'no·mar: "A·mein."

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת
בְּתֵי הָאָהוּבָה שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.
הַנְּנִי [נוֹדֵר | נוֹדְרֵת] צְדָקָה
[וְעוֹשֶׂה | וְעוֹשָׂה] מַעֲשִׂים טוֹבִים
בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֹת נִשְׁמָתָהּ. אֲנֵי תְּהִי נַפְשָׁהּ
צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים,
וְתְּהִי מִנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

In Memory of a Son or Daughter (translation)

May God remember the soul of my beloved child
who has gone to his/her eternal home.

In his/her memory I pledge
to give tzedakah and to do righteous deeds.

Through such deeds is his/her
soul bound up in the bonds of life.

May he/she rest in peace and may his/her
memory ever be for a blessing. "Amein"

In memory of other relatives and friends:

Yiz·kor E·lo·him

nish·mot k'ro·vai v'rei·ai she·ha·l'chu l'o·la·mam.

Hi·n'ni [no·deir | no·dé·ret] (m/f) tz'da·kah

[v'o·seh | v'o·sah] (m/f) ma·a·sim to·vim

b'ad haz·ka·rat nish·mo·tei·hem.

An·na tih·yé·nah naf·sho·tei·hem

tz'ru·rot bitz·ror ha·chay·yim,

u·t'hi m'nu·cha·tam ka·vod. V'no·mar: "A·mein."

יְזַכֵּר אֱלֹהִים

נַשְׁמוֹת קְרוֹבֵי וְרֵעֵי שֶׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.

הַנָּנִי [נוֹדֵר | נוֹדֶרֶת] צְדָקָה

[וְעוֹשֶׂה | וְעוֹשֶׂה] מַעֲשִׂים טוֹבִים

בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם.

אָנָּה תְהִינָה נְפֻשׁוֹתֵיהֶם

צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים,

וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

May God remember

the soul of _____ and of all relatives and friends
who have gone to their eternal home.

In their memory I pledge

to give tzedakah and to do righteous deeds.

Through such deeds are their souls bound up in the
bonds of life. May they rest in peace and

may their memory ever be for a blessing. "Amein."

Kavanah for Yizkor

KAVANAH. Yizkor, a time to mourn our lost loved ones, is for some a time to mourn relationships that were not fully loving. We pray, זכרון לברכה / *zikaron livrahah* / “may the memory be a blessing.” We hope that with the passing of time we can let go of our pain and disappointment in the shortcoming of our deceased loved ones and see them as blessings in our lives, distilling the goodness in them which may now be overshadowed. In coming to terms with difficult relationships, we are blessed with peace, and memory becomes blessing. B.P.T.

Psalm 23 – A Psalm of David

Adonai is my shepherd; I shall not want.
You make me lie down in green pastures.
You lead me beside still waters.
You restore my soul.
You lead me in paths of righteousness
for Your name's sake.
Yea, 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,
they comfort me.
You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

Poems and Meditations

There are Stars

by Hannah Senesh

(A Jewish heroine of World War II)

There are stars whose light reaches earth
only as they themselves are lost and are no more.

There are people whose radiance illumines their memories
when they themselves are no longer in our midst.

These lights that cause the darkest night to shine
they light the way for humanity.

Ecclesiastes

To every thing there is a season, and time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones
together;
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace

To Say

(a poem for Yizkor)

by Rabbi Monica Gomery

*to say you love a person.
to say that person no longer exists.
(Mary Jo Bang)*

To say I choose the world, and you in it.
Wide and blasted through
with green,
and bleeding light, I don't
know how else to name it.

To say hard rain, thirsting earth,
the place where your grandmother's
memory drops off.
To dedicate every word to you
to suffocate inside these syllables,
to crawl into the widest sky
to rhyme with hollow, to say thick water,
to say it carves me out of myself,
to say this joy in manic.

To say there are three pronouns
Inside of these poems
I, you and You
but *brother* is also a pronoun
and earth is somehow all of us.

To say earth is somehow all of us.
To say we grieved your death inseparable
from our grieving for the world.
To rhyme world with brother,
to miss you, to miss you hungrily,
tragically, gratefully, furious.

(Continued on page 23)

To lie down beside the fresh earth
of your grave and look up at the willow
at the widest sky
to say this earth is my brother
this brother is my lover
this death is a dream I can't wake from.

To say you loved a person
to wrangle laughter up through the throat
to lean toward the light
to die every day inside of our bodies
and rise every day inside of your memory.

To say you loved a person,
to choose the world
to choose the world,
And you in it.
wide and blasted through
with green,
and bleeding light, I don't
know how else to say it

A Meditation

by Rabbi Yael Levy

Everything that is becomes something else.
Everything that will be, was.

May our hearts be strong
and filled with courage
as the seasons pass and leave us
raw and exposed,

And perhaps even more beautiful
For all that has been worn away.

For all that has been lost.



“Tis a Fearful Thing

by *Yehudah Halevy*

*(One of the greatest Hebrew poets,
a Spanish, Jewish physician, poet,
& philosopher. 1075—1141 CE)*

“Tis a fearful thing
to love what death can touch.

A fearful thing
to love, to hope, to dream, to be—

to be,
And oh, to lose.

A thing for fools, this,

And a holy thing,

a holy thing
to love.

For your life has lived in me,
your laugh once lifted me,
your word was gift to me.

To remember this brings painful joy.

“Tis a human thing, love,
a holy thing, to love
what death has touched.”



Angel of Rest

Then came
The angel of death
With gentle words
And sacred tidings.
Quiet and rest.
Gentleness and peace.
Extending a hand and a smile.
A guide.
A companion.

In the end,
We are not alone
As we rise
Into the rhythm of light,
The expanse of glory,
The illumination of holiness,
To become one with the Infinite,
To become one with the pulse
Of the Divine.

A Meditation

by Lao Tzu

Our life has not been an ascent
up one side of a mountain and down
the other.
We did not reach a peak,
only to decline and die.
We have been as drops of water,
born in the ocean and sprinkled on the earth
in a gentle rain.
We became a spring,
and then a stream,
and finally a river flowing deeper
and stronger,
nourishing all it touches
as it nears its home once again.

A Meditation

by Lao Tzu

Don't accept the modern myths of aging.
You are not declining.
You are not fading away into uselessness.
You are a sage,
a river at its deepest
and most nourishing.
Sit by a river bank some time
and watch attentively as the river
tells you of your life.

Into a thousand pieces?

by Gregory Orr

Into a thousand pieces?
Must this rending
Really precede mending?

Scattered everywhere?
Some, lost in the dark,
As if never
To be found again?

Maybe life's trying
To tell me
My heart
Was too small.

Now I start to regather,
And when I'm done
Maybe it will be larger—

A thousand and one.



What the Living Do

by Marie Howe

Johnny, the kitchen sink has been clogged for days, some utensil probably fell down there.

And the Drano won't work but smells dangerous, and the crusty dishes have piled up

waiting for the plumber I still haven't called. This is the everyday we spoke of. It's winter again: the sky's a deep headstrong blue, and the sunlight pours through

the open living-room windows because the heat's on too high in here and I can't turn it off.

For weeks now, driving, or dropping a bag of groceries in the street, the bag breaking,

I've been thinking: This is what the living do. And yesterday, hurrying along those wobbly bricks in the Cambridge sidewalk, spilling my coffee down my wrist and sleeve,

I thought it again, and again later, when buying a hairbrush: This is it. Parking. Slamming the car door shut in the cold. What you called that yearning.

What you finally gave up. We want the spring to come and the winter to pass. We want whoever to call or not call, a letter, a kiss—we want more and more and then more of it.

But there are moments, walking, when I catch a glimpse of myself in the window glass, say, the window of the corner video store, and I'm gripped by a cherishing so deep

for my own blowing hair, chapped face, and unbuttoned coat that I'm speechless:

I am living. I remember you

Sorrow at a Time of Joy

by Alden Solovy, from "This Grateful Heart"

Sorrow comes,
Unbidden,
Amidst the routines of our days
And the joys of this life.

How much loss can one endure?
How much sorrow can one face?
Grief has arrived,
Casting a pall over the joys that remain.
Even as we celebrate,
We're overcome with distress.
Tragedy has struck.

God of comfort,
Help us through this difficult time.
Help us to be present for one another
And to find moments of calm and quiet,
Perhaps finding moments of joyous memory
and laughter,
As we struggle together.

In Blackwater Woods

by Mary Oliver

Look, the trees
are turning
their own bodies
into pillars

of light,
are giving off the rich
fragrance of cinnamon
and fulfillment,

the long tapers
of cattails
are bursting and floating away over
the blue shoulders

(Continued on page 29)

of the ponds,
and every pond,
no matter what its

name is, is

nameless now.

Every year
everything
I have ever learned

in my lifetime
leads back to this: the fires
and the black river of loss
whose other side

is salvation,
whose meaning
none of us will ever know.
To live in this world

you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;

to hold it

against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.



A Meditation Named Heavy

(Anonymous)

That time
I thought I could not
go any closer to grief
without dying

I went closer,
and I did not die.
Surely God
had His hand in this,

as well as friends.
Still, I was bent,
and my laughter,
as the poet said,

was nowhere to be found.
Then said my friend Daniel
(brave even among lions),
“It’s not the weight you carry

but how you carry it—
books, bricks, grief—
it’s all in the way
you embrace it, balance it, carry it

when you cannot, and would not,
put it down.”
So I went practicing.
Have you noticed?



Hard Mornings

by Alden Solovy

from "This Grateful Heart"

Mornings are the toughest,
That between time
When I'm not quite awake,
When my mind settles
Back to the familiarity and
The certainty of you.
Until I remember your passing.
Hard mornings,
Hard mournings,
Blend into evenings
Of solitude and sorrow.

Perhaps I'm wrong.
Evenings are the problem,
When the quiet crushes my breath
And the growing darkness
Shadows my heart
Until blessed sleep
Descends from heaven.

Mornings are the toughest
New beginnings,
Each day an echo of loss.
Evenings are the roughest reminders
Of your absence.
Each night a hollow silence,
Emptiness in the space you once held.

One day
I will breathe again.
The Soul of the Universe
Will turn my sorrow into dancing.
I will remove this sackcloth
And live again.

In Sorrow

by Alden Solovy

from "This Grateful Heart"

Ancient One,
Send light into this darkness
And hope into this despair.
Send music into this emptiness
And healing into this aching heart.

Air.
All I need is air.
A breath to give oxygen
To the anguish within.
A breath to give voice
To the howl in my heart.
A breath to set me free.

I am undone.
Crushed silent by sorrow.
Bereft by loneliness and loss.
Still yearning for healing.
Still yearning for love.
Still yearning for You.

Ancient One.
Send light into this darkness
And hope into this despair.
Send music into this emptiness
And healing into this aching heart



Each of Us Has a Name

by Zelda, Israeli Poet

Each of us has a name
given by the source of life
and given by our parents

Each of us has a name
given by our stature and our smile
and given by what we wear

Each of us has a name
given by the mountains
and given by our walls

Each of us has a name
given by the stars
and given by our neighbors

Each of us has a name
given by our sins
and given by our longing

Each of us has a name
given by our enemies
and given by our love

Each of us has a name
given by our celebrations
and given by our work

Each of us has a name
given by our seasons
and given by our blindness

Each of us has a name
given by the sea
and given by
death.

A Meditation

When cherished ties are broken, and the chain of love is shattered, only trust and the strength of faith can lighten the heaviness of the heart. At times, the pain of separation seems more than we can bear, but if we dwell too long on our loss, we embitter our hearts and harm ourselves and those about us.

The Psalmist said that in his affliction he learned the law of God. And, in truth, grief is a great teacher, when it sends us back to serve and bless the living. We learn how to counsel and comfort those who, like ourselves, are bowed with sorrow. We learn when to keep silence in their presence, and when a word will assure them of our love and concern.

Thus, even when they are gone, the departed are with us, moving us to live as, in their higher moments, they themselves wished to live. We remember them now; they live in our hearts; they are an abiding blessing.

To Open Eyes

by Emmanuel Eydoux

(translated from the French by Jonathan Magonet)

To open eyes when others close them
to hear when others do not wish to listen
to look when others turn away
to seek to understand when others give up
to rouse oneself when others accept
to continue the struggle even when one is not the strongest
to cry out when others keep silent—
to be a Jew
it is that,
it is first of all that
and further
to live when others are dead
and to remember when others have forgotten.

I Do Not Ask

by Estelle Nachimoff Padawer

I used to mumble many words in the
prayerbook
without much thought
even *all wise all good all powerful God*
until dear Clara was felled by a stroke
She who always did for others
now helpless shorn of dignity

The contradiction of *those words*
struck me then
forced me to shake my head
over and over again

But saying no
and saying nothing are not for me

I need to say yes
—yes to a soap bubble afloat in sunshine
—to a newborn baby's perfect fingernails
—to a child reading a first sentence
—to the look of love that lights a face

I do not ask Who or How
I just say yes



Epitaph

by Merrit Malloy

When I die
Give what's left of me away
To children
And old men that wait to die.
And if you need to cry,
Cry for your brother
Walking the street beside you.
And when you need me,
Put your arms
Around anyone
And give them
What you need to give to me.
I want to leave you something,
Something better
Than words
Or sounds.
Look for me
In the people I've known
Or loved,
And if you cannot give me away,
At least let me live in your eyes
And not in your mind.
You can love me most
By letting
Hands touch hands,
By letting
Bodies touch bodies,
And by letting go
Of children
That need to be free.
Love doesn't die,
People do.
So, when all that's left of me
Is love,
Give me away.

Dirge Without Music

by *Edna St. Vincent Millay* from "*Collected Poems*"

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind.
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull; the indiscriminate dust,
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains, -- but the best is lost,

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,--
They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes that all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know, But I do not approve. And I am not resigned



Birth is a Beginning

by Alvin I. 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 strength to weakness—
 And, often back again;
From health to sickness
 And back, we pray, to health again;
From offense to forgiveness,
From loneliness to love,
From joy to gratitude,
From pain to compassion,
And grief to understanding—
 From fear to faith;
From defeat to defeat to defeat—
Until, looking backward or ahead,
We see that victory lies
Not at some high place along the way,
But in having made the journey, stage by stage,
 A sacred pilgrimage.
Birth is a beginning
And death a destination
But life is a journey,
A sacred pilgrimage—
 To life everlasting.

In Many Houses

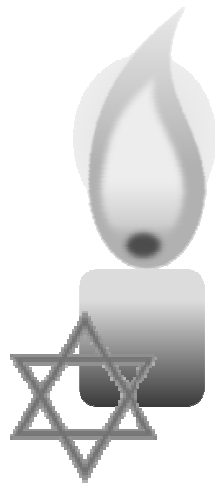
by Diane Cole

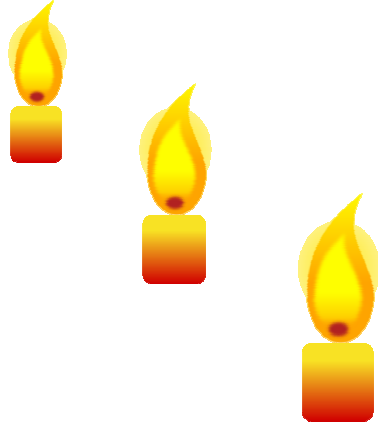
In many houses
all at once
I see my mother and father
and they are young
as they walk in.

Why should my
tears come,
to see them laughing?

That they cannot
see me
is of no matter:

I was once
their dream:
now
they are mine.





קהילת בית התקוה

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