



# **Beth Chayim Chadashim Telephone Minyan Yom Kippur Yizkor Service**

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## **What is Yizkor?**

The essence of Yizkor is remembering. Some memories come in an almost overpowering rush; others drift into our consciousness much more gradually. We need time for remembering. Sometimes, the little things that gradually come to awareness only after we leave time for waiting turn out to be the most precious and important of all. So quiet yourself, and listen to your heart murmuring. Now is the time for remembering...

(Kol HaNeshamah Machzor)

*I want to believe, when everything that was given to us is taken back, love remains, and won't forget.*

(Excerpt from 'Brand New for Charlie Halloran' by Dan Bellm)

### **When All That's Left is Love**

When I die  
If you need to weep  
Cry for someone  
Walking the street beside you.  
You can love me most by letting  
Hands touch hands, and Souls touch souls.  
You can love me most by  
Sharing your Simchas (goodness) and  
Multiplying your Mitzvot (acts of kindness).  
You can love me most by  
Letting me live in your eyes  
And not on your mind.  
And when you say Kaddish for me  
Remember what our  
Torah teaches,  
Love doesn't die People do.  
So when all that's left of me is love  
Give me away.

(Rabbi Allen S. Maller, [www.shiva.com](http://www.shiva.com))

### **Four Things**

These things are beautiful beyond belief:  
The pleasant weakness that comes after pain,  
The radiant greenness that comes after rain,  
The deepened faith that follows after grief,  
And the awakening to love again.

(author unknown; <http://www.ritualwell.org/ritual/four-things>)

### ***Hold on to what is good***

even if it is  
a handful of earth.  
Hold on to what you believe  
even if it is  
a tree which stands by itself.  
Hold on to what you must do  
even if it is a  
a long way from here.  
Hold on to life even when  
it is easier letting go.  
Hold on to my hand even when  
I have gone away from you.

[Nancy Wood from *Kol Haneshamah*, Reconstructionist Prayer book; p. 511]

## **The Layers**

I have walked through many lives,  
some of them my own,  
and I am not who I was,  
though some principle of being  
abides, from which I struggle  
not to stray.

When I look behind,  
as I am compelled to look  
before I can gather strength  
to proceed on my journey,  
I see the milestones dwindling  
toward the horizon  
and the slow fires trailing  
from the abandoned camp-sites,  
over which scavenger angels  
wheel on heavy wings.

Oh, I have made myself a tribe  
out of my true affections,  
and my tribe is scattered!  
How shall the heart be reconciled  
to its feast of losses?

In a rising wind  
the manic dust of my friends,  
those who fell along the way,  
bitterly stings my face.

Yet I turn, I turn,  
exulting somewhat,  
with my will intact to go  
wherever I need to go,  
and every stone on the road  
precious to me.

In my darkest night,  
when the moon was covered  
and I roamed through wreckage,  
a nimbus-clouded voice  
directed me:

"Live in the layers,  
not on the litter."

Though I lack the art  
to decipher it,  
no doubt the next chapter  
in my book of transformations  
is already written.

I am not done with my changes.

(Stanley Kunitz)

### **Life After Death**

These things I know:  
    How the living go on living  
    and how the dead go on living with them  
so that in a forest  
    even a dead tree casts a shadow  
    and the leaves fall one by one  
and the branches break in the wind  
and the bark peels off slowly  
and the trunk cracks  
    and the rain seeps in through the cracks  
and the trunk falls to the ground  
and the moss covers it  
    and in the spring the rabbits find it  
and build their nest  
inside the dead tree  
so that nothing is wasted in nature  
    or in love.

[Laura Gilpin from *Kol Haneshamah*, Reconstructionist Prayer book; p. 494]

### **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 sigh on the desolate air.*

['They Never Quite Leave Us' by Margaret E. Sangster. *A Treasury of Comfort* ed. by Sidney Greenberg; Crown Publishers, Inc., New York, 1954]

### **Their Memories 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 for us the path...

(Hannah Senesh)

### **Eil Malei Rachamim**

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering Presence, among the holy and the pure who shine with the splendor of the heavens, to the soul of our dear \_\_\_\_\_ who has gone to his or her eternal home. Master of mercy, remember all her or his worthy deeds in the land of the living. May his or her soul be bound up in the bond of life. May her or his memory always inspire us to attain dignity and holiness in life. May he or she rest in peace.  
And let us say, Amen.

#### *Personal meditation*

Compassionate God, at this time of remembrance I offer my prayers in behalf of \_\_\_\_\_. Keep his or her beloved soul in Your divine care. May her or his memory and the goodness which she or he brought forth in her or his life find continuity in my life, and unto all eternity.

Amen.

### **(Alternative Eil Malei Rachamim)**

Oh God, full of compassion, You who dwells on high! Grant perfect rest unto the souls of our dear ones who have gone into eternity.

God of mercy, bring them under the cover of Your wings, and let their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life. Be You their portion, and may they rest in peace.

Amen.

## **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 yearn 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.

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

(Sylvan Kamens and Jack Riemer)

## **Reflection on the Kaddish**

This is the hall, this is the hush, this the hour  
I rise to praise the Creator of the living and the lonely dead.

I rise to praise;  
I raise my voice,  
I lift my head,  
despite the sick  
despite the dead  
despite the cries  
of pain, I rise  
to praise the Compassionate One.

I praise the One Who Knows Me  
whom all praise  
with separate song.  
God made the earth,  
the sky, the throng  
of those who raise  
in prayerful phrase  
their souls to God.

This holy hour, this hush, this lull  
I yield to God whose glory is beyond all praise  
and bless God's name  
and say Amen.

(Ruth Brin adapted by Bracha Yael)

## Mourner's Kaddish

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵי רַבָּא. בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ,  
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל.  
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:  
יְהֵא שְׁמֵי רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:  
יְתְבָרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר  
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵי דְקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא לְעֵלְא לְעֵלְא מִן כָּל  
בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא, תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא, דְאָמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא,  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:  
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל,  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:  
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמֵי הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל  
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Yit-gadal ve-yit-kadash shmei raba, b'alma divra khir'utei ve-yamlikh mal-khutei  
be-chayei-khon uve'yomei-khon uve-chayei di-khol beit yisrael ba-agala u-  
vizman kariv v'imru amen.

Ye-hei shmei raba meva-rakh l'alam ul'almei 'al-maya

Yit-barakh ve-yish-tabach ve-yitpa'ar ve-yitromam ve-yitnasei ve-yit-hadar ve-  
yit'aleh ve-yit-halal shmei di-kudsha brikh hu, l'eila l'eila min kol bir-khata ve-  
shirata tush-be-chata ve-neche-mata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.

Ye-hei shlama raba min shmaya ve-chayim aleinu v'al kol yisrael v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisrael v'imru amen.



## Mourner's Kaddish (English Translation)

Hallowed and enhanced may God be throughout the world of God's own creation. May God cause God's sovereignty soon to be accepted, during our life and the life of all Israel.

And let us say: Amen.

May God be praised throughout all time.

Glorified and celebrated, lauded and praised, acclaimed and honored, extolled and exalted may the Holy One be, far beyond all song and psalm, beyond all tributes which one 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.

God who brings peace to God's universe will bring peace to us and to all the people Israel.

And let us say: Amen.

## Additional Prayers, Poems and Writings

### **Mourner's Kaddish for Everyday**

Build me up of memory  
loving and angry, tender and honest.  
Let my loss build me a heart of wisdom,  
compassion for the world's many losses

Each hour is mortal  
and each hour is eternal  
and each hour is our testament.  
May I create worthy memories  
all the days of my life.

[Debra Cash, <http://www.ritualwell.org/ritual/mourners-kaddish-everyday>]

### **Kaddish (for Marilyn)**

As long  
as I speak  
your name  
you are  
not dead

as long  
as I think  
your pain  
I cannot  
grieve

the granite marker  
tells  
your name  
your age

the bleak horizon  
scars  
the barren hedge

as long  
as I  
you  
are not dead

[Hannah Kahn from *Kol Haneshamah*, Reconstructionist Press]

### **When You Were Here**

When you were here,  
your brown glance protecting me  
and our thoughts touching  
suddenly  
wing to wing,

when you were with me  
among the passing things,  
the walls were like elderly relations  
telling ancient tales in the evenings  
as we drank our tea.

Now the walls are no shelter.  
Withdrawn into their own silence,  
they pay no attention to my fall.  
Now the walls are plaster and concrete,  
a strange element,  
matter  
unresponsive as death.

I lie in my house,  
and in the distant distance  
the sea wanders through the dark.  
Leave a bit of light  
In me,  
do not ravage me,  
O sufferings.

(Zelda, 'The Spectacular Difference'; trans. By Marcia Falk, HUC Press, 2004, 111)

### **Psalm 121**

I shall lift up my eyes unto the mountains; whence shall come my help?

*My help is from Adonai, who made heaven and earth.*

God will not allow your foot to stumble, your Guardian will not slumber.

*Behold, the Guardian of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.*

Adonai will be at your right hand to protect you.

*The sun shall not harm you by day, nor the moon by night.*

Adonai will give you strength against every evil; God will keep your soul.

*Adonai will guard your going out and your coming in,  
from this time forth and evermore.*

### **The Gift of Memory**

We thank You, O God of life and love,  
For the resurrecting gift of memory  
Which endows Your children fashioned in Your image  
With the Godlike sovereign power  
To give immortality through love.  
Blessed are You, O God,  
Who enables Your children to remember.

(Rabbi Morris Adler)