

DAYS OF AWE



YOM KIPPUR

5782

TEMPLE BETH OR



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Vizkor Memorial Service

NEED HELP?

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**Eternal God, we ask Your help, for our need is great.
Our days fly past in quick succession,
and we cannot look back without regret,
or ahead without misgiving.
We seek to understand the mystery of our own lives,
but our effort is in vain.
And when suffering and death strike those we love,
our faith all but fails us,
and we forget that we are Your children.
God, help us now to feel Your presence.
When our own weaknesses and the storms of life
hide You from our sight,
help us to know that You are with us still.
Uphold us with the comfort of Your love.**



**A voice says: Cry out!
And I say: What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass,
all its goodness like flowers of the field.
Grass withers, flowers fade,
when from Beyond the wind blows.
Indeed we are but grass.
It withers, and the flowers
fade — but the word of our
God abides forever.**

Isaiah 40:6–8 (adapted)



The death of a loved one is the most profound of all sorrows. The grief that comes with such a loss is intense and multifaceted, affecting our emotions, our bodies, and our lives. Grief is preoccupying and depleting. Emotionally, grief is a mixture of raw feelings such as sorrow, anguish, anger, regret, longing, fear, and deprivation. Grief may be experienced physically as exhaustion, emptiness, tension, sleeplessness, or loss of appetite.

Grief invades our daily lives in many sudden gaps and changes, like that empty place at the dinner table, or the sudden loss of affection and companionship, as well as in many new apprehensions, adjustments, and uncertainties.



The loss of a loved one throws every aspect of our lives out of balance. The closer we were to the person who died, the more havoc the loss creates. Love does not die quickly. Hence to grieve is also “to celebrate the depth of the union. Tears are then the jewels of remembrance, sad but glistening with the beauty of the past. So grief in its bitterness marks the end . . . but it also is praise to the one who is gone.”

—Judy Tatelbaum



**Blessed are those who give meaning to our lives;
holy and precious is the example they leave behind.**

We pray:

May our sorrows diminish as we recall their strength.

May their wisdom protect us and help us to live.

Let our grief be transformed

into tenderness toward those who are still with us.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.



*Eli, Eli,
shelo yigameir l'olam:
hachol v'hayam,
rishrush shel hamayim,
b'rak hashamayim,
t'filat haadam.*

אֱלֹהֵי אֱלֹהֵי
שֶׁלֹא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם
הַחֹל וְהַיָּם,
רִשְׁרוּשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם,
בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם,
תְּפִלַּת הָאָדָם.



**Adonai, how hard to fathom
that we are worthy of Your care!
How astonishing — Your awareness of us!
For we are like the morning mist;
our days — a passing shadow.**

**At dawn we flourish anew; by dusk we wither and fade.
Sending us back to earth's dust,
You tell us: "Return, you who belong to humanity."
If only we were wise and understood what lies ahead —
for when we die we carry nothing away;
 we leave our possessions behind.
So mark the whole-hearted, take note of the upright —
for there is purpose in a life of integrity.
Adonai, You replenish the lives of all who revere You;
and those who trust in You will never despair.**



**Unnamable God, I feel You
with me at every moment.
You are my food, my drink,
my sunlight, and the air I breathe.
You are the ground I have built on
and the beauty that rejoices my heart.**

Psalm 16:8–9 (adapted)



**God makes me lie down in green pastures,
leads me beside the still waters.**

**What are my sources of inner strength?
How have I survived loss and its pain?
Where do I find “green pastures” and “still waters”?**

**Blessed is the life force within us
even in the worst of times.
Like dew on the grass, it renews and restores.**

We pray:

May courage come.

Let dark fears be gone with morning’s light.

Let grief give way to confidence and new hope.

בָּרַךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m’kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.



The Echo of Your Promise

Based on Psalm 77

**When I cry my voice trembles with fear
When I call out it cracks with anger**

**How can I greet the dawn with song
when darkness eclipses the rising sun**

**To whom shall I turn
when the clouds of the present eclipse the rays of
tomorrow**

**Turn me around to yesterday
that I may be consoled by its memories**



**Were not the seas split asunder
Did we not once walk together through the waters to the
dry side**

**Did we not bless the bread
that came forth from the heavens**

**Did your voice not reach my ears
and direct my wanderings**

**The waters, the lightning, the thunder
remind me of yesterday's triumphs**



**Let the past offer proof of tomorrow
Let it be my comforter and guarantor**

**I have been here before
known the fright and found your companionship**

**I enter the sanctuary again
to await the echo of your promise**

Rabbi Harold Schulweis



Prayer for the Dead

The light snow started late last night and continued
all night long while I slept and could hear it occasionally
enter my sleep, where I dreamed my brother
was alive again and possessing the beauty of youth, aware
that he would be leaving again shortly
and that is the lesson
of the snow falling and of the seeds of death that are in
everything
that is born: we are here for a moment
of a story that is longer than all of us and few of us
remember, the wind is blowing out of someplace
we don't know, and each moment contains rhythms
within rhythms, and if you discover some old piece
of your own writing, or an old photograph,



**you may not remember that it was you and even if it was
once you,
it's not you now, not this moment that the synapses fire
and your hands move to cover your face in a gesture
of grief and remembrance.**

Stuart Kestenbaum



A Candle in a Glass

When you died, it was time to light the first candle of the eight. The dark tidal shifts of the Jewish calendar of waters and the moon that grows like a belly and starves like a rabbit in winter have carried that holiday forward and back since then. I light only your candle at sunset, as the red wax of the sun melts into the rumpled waters of the bay.

The ancient words pass like cold water out of stone over my tongue as I say kaddish. When I am silent and the twilight drifts in on skeins of unraveling woolly snow blowing over the hill dark with pitch pines, I have a moment of missing that pierces my brain like sugar stabbing a cavity till the nerve lights its burning wire.



**Grandmother Hannah comes to me at Pesach
and when I am lighting the sabbath candles.
The sweet wine in the cup has her breath.
The challah is braided like her long, long hair.
She smiles vaguely, nods, is gone like a savor
passing. You come oftener when I am putting
up pears or tomatoes, baking apple cake.
You are in my throat laughing or in my eyes.**

**When someone dies, it is the unspoken words
that spoil in the mind and ferment to wine
and to vinegar. I obey you still, going
out in the saw toothed wind to feed the birds
you protected. When I lie in the arms of my love,
I know how you climbed like a peavine twining,
lush, grasping for the sun, toward love
and always you were pinched back, denied.**



**It's a little low light the yahrtzeit candle
makes, you couldn't read by it or even warm
your hands. So the dead are with us only
as the scent of fresh coffee, of cinnamon,
of pansies excites the nose and then fades,
with us as the small candle burns in its glass.
We lose and we go on losing as long as we live,
a little winter no spring can melt.**

Marge Piercy



Footprints

**Everything will remember that I was here.
The ships will be the color of my clothing.
The birds will use my voice for singing.
The fisherman on the rock will ponder my poem.
The river will follow my footprints.**

Rajzel Zychlinsky



Promised Land

At the edge
Of a world
Beyond my eyes
Beautiful
I know Exile
Is Always
Green with hope —
The river
We cannot cross
Flows forever.

—*Samuel Menashe*



**There are stars up above,
so far away we only see their light
long, long after the star itself is gone.
And so it is with people that we loved —
their memories keep shining ever brightly
though their time with us is done.
But the stars that light up the darkest night,
these are the lights that guide us.
As we live our days, these are the ways we remember.**

—Hana Senesh



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**God of pity and love, return to this earth.
Go not so far away, leaving us to grief.
Return, Eternal One, return. Come back with the day.
Come with the light, that we may see once more
across this earth's unsettled floor
the kindly path, the old and living way.
Let us not give way to evil in the night.
Let there be God again.
Let there be light.**

The Union Prayerbook (adapted)



**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.**

Psalm 23:4



Gratitude for the Next Generation

If some messenger were to come to us with the offer that death should be overthrown, but with the one inseparable condition that birth should also cease; if the existing generation were given the chance to live forever, but on the clear understanding that never again would there be a child, or a youth, or first love, never again new persons with new hopes, new ideas, new achievements; ourselves for always and never any others — could the answer be in doubt?

When we fear death's decree, let these bring us solace: the memory of loved ones who have gone before us; a vision of generations to come, through whom we reach far into the future — beyond our own lives.



Our ability to receive God's blessings with thanksgiving will never exceed God's ability to bless us. For those who have cultivated the habit of gratitude, no matter how large a bowl we set out to receive God's blessings, it will always overflow.

Rabbi Harold Kushner



**You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
You have anointed my head with oil;
my cup overflows.**



**Blessed is the pilgrimage from grief to gratitude;
precious are the sights along the way.**

We pray —

for humility:

to see in all things the great Artist of Eternity;

for generosity:

to respond to the gift of life by giving of ourselves;

for strength:

to hold on to life — and let it go.

בָּרַךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים.

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kor hachayim.

Blessed are You, Holy One, who gives and renews life.



The 23rd Psalm

No other psalm—perhaps no other prayer but the Kaddish itself — is as inseparable from our experience of grief and mourning as the twenty-third. One phrase, so simple and direct yet emotionally profound, has made it so: *ki atah imadi* (“For You are with me”). Or in the language of an earlier age: “for Thou art with me.” To arrive at those words after passing through “the valley of the shadow of death” is to know, in the words of Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman, that God “contains and supports us as a mighty ocean contains and supports the infinitesimal drops of every wave.” To arrive at those words is to feel at home in the cosmos—held and comforted, cared for and serene.

The twenty-third Psalm does not make promises that cannot be kept: the end of all evil; the eradication of suffering and pain; sunshine instead of shadows. It makes but one promise—only this: you are not alone.



A Psalm of David.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul;

He guideth me in straight paths for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through

the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in

the presence of mine enemies;

Thou hast anointed my head with oil;

my cup runneth over.

**Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life;**

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



דְּבַרֵי קִדְשׁ לַדֶּרֶךְ
Prayers for the Journey
A Broken Heart, a Narrow Bridge

Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Kotzk would say:

אֵין דְּבַר שְׁלֵם יוֹתֵר מִלֵּב שָׁבוּר.

Ein davar shaleim yoteir milev shavur.

“There is nothing more whole than a broken heart.”



כָּל הָעוֹלָם כְּלוֹ גֶשֶׁר צַר מְאֹד, וְהַעֲקָר לֹא לִפְחָד כָּלֵל.

Kol haolam kulo gesher tzar m'od; v'ha-ikar lo l'facheid k'lal.



Our loved ones live in our broken hearts — and, at times, that brings some measure of healing. Their acts of kindness and generosity are the inheritance they leave behind. We feel their absence; but the beauty of their lives abides among us. As it is said, *The name of one who has died shall not disappear*. Our loved ones' names — and their memories — will endure among us. And these are the names — on our lips and in our hearts. . . .



*El malei rachamim,
shochein bam'romim,
hamtzei m'nuchah n'chonah
tachat kanfei hash'chinah —
im k'doshim ut-horim
k'zohar harakia mazhirim—
l'nishmot yakireinu
shehal'chu l'olamam.*

*Baal harachamim yastireim
b'seiter k'nafav l'olamim;
v'yitzror bitzror hachayim
et nishmatam.*

*Adonai — hu nachalatam.
V'yanuchu b'shalom al mishkavam.
V'nomar: Amen.*

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים,
שׁוֹכֵן בְּמַרוֹמִים.
הַמְצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה
תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה
עִם קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוֹרִים
כְּזֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ מִזְהִירִים
לְנִשְׁמוֹת יַקִּירֵינוּ
שֶׁהֵלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.

בְּעַל הַרַחֲמִים יִסְתִּירֵם
בְּסֵיטֵר כְּנַפְיוֹ לְעוֹלָמִים,
וְיִצְרֹר בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים
אֶת נִשְׁמַתָּם.
יְיָ הוּא נִחְלָתָם.
וְיָנוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבָּם.
וּבְאִמַר: אָמֵן.



**Merciful God,
God Most High:
Let there be perfect rest
for the souls of our loved ones who have gone into eternity.
May they find shelter in Your presence among the holy and pure
whose light shines like the radiance of heaven.**

**Compassionate God, hold them close to You forever.
May their souls be bound up in the bond of life eternal.
May they find a home in You.
And may they rest in peace.
Together we say: *Amen.***



**Strange now to think of you, gone . . .
your beauty, fading into the earth.
From the depth of my being
I summon the strength to stand before sorrow.
From where will my help come?**



Mourner's Kaddish

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba,

b'alma di v'ra chiruteih.

V'yamlich malchuteih

b'chayeichon vyomeichon,

uvchayei d'chol beit Yisrael —

baagala uvizman kariv;

v'imru: Amen.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא

בְּעַלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.

וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ

בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ,

וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל

בְּעִגְלָא וּבְזַמַּן קָרִיב.

וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.



Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varach

l'alam ul-almei almaya.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpaar

v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yit-hadar

v'yitaleh v'yit-halal sh'meih

d'kudsha — b'rich hu —

l'eila ul-eila mikol birchata

v'shirata,

tushb'chata v'nechemata

aamiran b'alma;

v'imru: Amen.

יְהִי שֵׁמִי רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ

לְעָלָם וּלְעַלְמֵי עֲלַמְיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר

וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא וַיִּתְהַדָּר

וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלַּל שֵׁמִי

דְּקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא

לְעֵלָא וּלְעֵלָא מְכָל בְּרַכְתָּא

וְשִׁירְתָּא

תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמְתָּא

דְּאִמְרוֹן בְּעֵלְמָא.

וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.



*Y'hei sh'lama raba
min sh'maya, v'chayim
aleinu v'al kol Yisrael;
v'imru: Amen.*

*Oseh shalom bimromav,
hu yaaseh shalom aleinu,
v'al kol Yisrael
v'al kol yoshvei teiveil;
v'imru: Amen.*

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

עֹשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֹמָיו
הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל
וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל.
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.



Words of Hope

שִׁימְנִי כַחֲזֹתָם עַל־לִבֶּךָ . . . כִּי־עֲזָה כַמּוֹת אַהֲבָה.

Simeini chachotam al-libecha . . . ki-azah chamavet ahavah.

Set me as a seal upon your heart, for love is strong as death.

Song of Songs 8:6

הַזֹּרְעִים בְּדִמְעָה, בְּרִנָּה יִקְצְרוּ.

Hazorim b'dimah — b'rinah yiktzoru.

Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Psalm 126:5

נֵר יְיָ נִשְׁמַת אָדָם.

Ner Adonai nishmat adam.

The spirit within is the lamp of God Eternal.

Proverbs 20:27

