

**“Where does the soul go is a nonsensical question.**

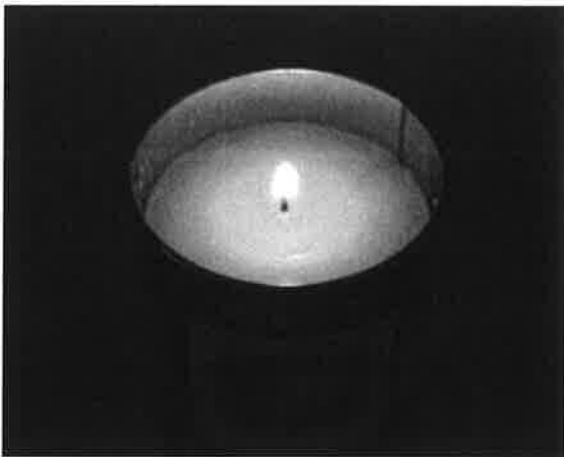
**The soul is not physical.**

**Where does a dream go after it is dreamt?**

**Where does love go when it disappears?”**

**Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz 1937 - 2020**

*( author of the 45-volume Steinsaltz Talmud translation)*



## ***Yizkor 5782***

***Naming Our Grief;  
Remembering our  
Beloved;  
Sanctifying Life***

***Temple Beth Torah  
Ventura, CA  
5 p.m.***

## YIZKOR SERVICE

Rabbi: In the heart of Yom Kippur is a Yizkor Service. At a moment of hunger, spiritual exhaustion, and vulnerability, we push ourselves even further- to touch the most painful, raw, fearful place within ourselves. To confront mortality- of others, of our own beloved ones, of ourselves. Yizkor is the courage to face loss- and prevail.

*Reader #1:*

Eternal God, we ask Your help for our need is great.  
Our days fly by 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.

*Esa Einai- Psalm 121*

*Esa Einai el he-harim  
Ei-ayin yavo ezri?  
Ezri mei-im Adonai-  
Oseh shamayim vaaretz.*

*I lift my eyes, to the hills.  
From where will my help come?  
My help, comes from Adonai  
Maker of heaven and the earth.*



Rabbi:

Grief in the Time of Covid; the Universal Season of Loss

Yizkor this year brings a different kind of grief. Last year as we gathered, we were just 6 months in to a pandemic, with hopes that we would shortly be vaccinated and vanquish this global epidemic. We mourned 250,000 deaths across our country, even as we endured the panic of not knowing how Covid-19 was transmitted, or if we could gain the upper hand. Today we gather for Yizkor, having lived all of 5781 in a pandemic. 659,000 souls dead in our country alone, more than 4 and half million people dead across the world. And those are the deaths linked to COVID. We gather to remember our own loved ones, family and community members, who have died in the past year and in years past, from illness, from old age, from violence, or war, from countless other maladies. And this year we especially hold a place for those whose lives were taken in an act of terrorism 20 years ago this week.

We grieve smaller losses, too- the loss of playtime for our children and grandchildren, irretrievable hours of their childhood. We grieve the deaths of people who have died because forces of hatred have been unleashed upon their bodies. The family celebrations, time with friends and colleagues that did not happen because of quarantine, and which are the foundations of our emotional health and well-being.

We cannot hold these losses alone- these are the ones that we bear as community. That stand side-by-side the personal losses we do each hold, of those who have been a part of our personal lives. We find the strength to remember, by offering Yizkor as a community.

Our Yizkor this day will speak to all of this grief- from the most universal to the most intimate. We will kindle 7 candles in our sanctuary and gather readings, music, and silence to guide us through this time.

*Rabbi:*



**The First Candle We Light  
is in Memory of Those Who Have Died  
From Covid-19.**

*Reader # 2:*

My sister is not a statistic

Tomorrow, when the latest Deathometer of COVID is announced  
in sonorous tones,  
Whilst all the bodies still mount and curl towards the middle of the curve  
Heaped one atop and alongside the other  
My sister will be among those numbers, among the throwaway lines  
Among the platitudes and lowered eyes,  
an older person with underlying health conditions,  
A pitiful way to lay rest the bare bones of a life.

My sister is not a statistic

Her underlying conditions were  
Love  
Kindness  
Belief in the essential goodness of mankind  
Uproarious laughter  
Forgiveness  
Compassion  
A storyteller  
A survivor  
A comforter  
A force of nature  
And so much more

My sister is not a statistic

She died without the soft touch of a loved one's hand  
Without the feathered kiss upon her forehead  
Without the muted murmur of familiar family voices gathered around her bed,  
Without the gentle roar of laughter that comes with memories recalled  
Evoked from a time that already seems distant, when we were connected by

the simplicity  
of touch, of voice, of presence.

My sister is not a statistic

She was a woman who spanned the seven ages.

A mother

A grandmother

A great grandmother

A sister

A Friend

An aunt

A carer

A giver

My sister is not a statistic

And so, she joins the mounting thousands

They are not statistics on the Deathometer of COVID

They are the wives, mothers, children, fathers, sisters, brothers,

The layers of all our loved ones

If she could, believe me when I say, she would hold every last one of your loved ones, croon

to and comfort them and say – you were loved.

Whilst we who have been left behind mourn deep, keening the loss, the injustice, the rage.

One day we will smile and laugh again, we will remember with joy that, once, we shared a life, we knew joy and survived sadness.

You are my sister... and I love you.



Dorothy Duffy, April 2020, Ireland

#### From Psalm 16: Secure in the Presence of God

*Shiviti Adonai l'negdi tamid;*

*ki mimini: bal-emet.*

*Lachein samach libi, vayagel k'vodi;*

*af-b'sari yishkon lavetach.*

*Ki lo-taazov nafshi lish-ol;*

*lo-titein chasid'cha lirot shachat.*

*Todi-eini orach chayim,*

*sova s'machot et panecha,*

*n'imot bimin'cha netzach.*

שׁוֹיִתִּי יי, לְנֶגְדֵי תָמִיד  
כִּי מִיְמִינִי בַל־אֶמוּט.  
לְכֹן שָׂמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדִי  
אֶרְבֶּשְׁרֵי יְשָׁכֵן לְבֶטֶח.  
כִּי לֹא־תִעְזֹב נַפְשִׁי לְשָׂאוֹל  
לֹא־תִתֵּן חֲסִידְךָ לְרֵאוֹת שָׁחַת.  
תּוֹדִיעֵנִי אֶרְחַח חַיִּים  
שׁוֹבַע שְׂמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ  
נִעְמֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֶצַח.

Keep me, Eternal One, for in You I find refuge,  
and in You my soul finds its peace.

Guardian of all my days,  
You are my cup from which I drink,  
and the portion of my life.



*Rabbi:*

**Our Second Candle We Light  
to Recognize Those Deaths That come from Xenophobia**

*Reader # 3:*

Xenophobia. I learned that word from our Gates of Repentance machzor. Right there on page 270, the sin we confessed to on the night of Kol Nidre. Our fear of people who are unlike us. So great a sin as to need to be confessed on the holiest of the year.

We know the word. We acknowledge it as a sin. But do we feel the pain, each time another is assaulted, abused, de-humanized- *killed* —because of the color of their skin, the quality of their hair, the slant of their eyes, the shape of their brow, nose, jawline or hips? Do we know how to respond when death has come because one's sexual identity isn't defined in terms to another's liking?

To live as a transgendered person in America is to be at increased risk of violent assault. 44 transgender, or gender non-conforming souls killed last year.

To live as a Black American is to be at increased risk of violent assault.

Last year, almost 4,000 acts of violence against Asian Americans, many elderly. Six young Asian women, gunned down in Atlanta.

Our Black Jewish brothers say to us: We don't feel the pain of black deaths with our black identity. We feel these deaths with our whole being. As Jews we know each life contains the entire world. Be present with us in our grief.

Our Asian Jewish sisters call to us: Violence against our mothers and grandfathers are a crack in our souls. Because of Egypt, *Mitzrayim*, we remember what it feels like to be a stranger. The force of that memory commands empathy and love.

As Jews, may we never become complacent with the number of deaths that are expressions of hatred in this country. They are a shame we carry.

And so we remember them today- they may not be ours, but they are us.

This candle calls to us: *Ner Adonai Nishmat Adam*, the soul of each person is the lamp of God. Each one of us is sacred- a reflection of the Divine Spirit that is unbounded by pigment, undefined by skintone. Diminished only by human bigotry. Surely God is crying tears at these deaths.

*Rabbi:*



**Our 3<sup>rd</sup> Candle Calls Out from the Darkness  
Those Who Have Died Suffering  
From Self-Violence, Mental Illness, Suicide**

*Reader #4:*

**By a Thread**

We, each of us,  
hang by a thread;  
gossamer strands of spider silk  
are all that keep us  
from being  
    broken, disturbed,  
    disrupted, dismantled,  
        discarded;  
hanging, solitary,  
like abandoned marionettes.

We live  
one step from sadness,  
a short stride from madness,  
or illness, emptiness,  
pain,  
or whatever would destroy us.

Wherever you look  
in the daylight,  
do you not feel a gentle  
    tugging,  
insinuating  
    you back  
towards the blackness?

Ken Jones

## **Nachamu, Nachamu**

Nachamu, Nachamu ami

Yomar Eloheichem (4x)

Comfort us, comfort us

In our wilderness

Comfort us as we struggle to take care of one another

Comfort us, comfort us

In our wilderness

Comfort us as we struggle with this world.



*Lyrics, setting of Isaiah 40:1-3*

*by Elana Arian*

*Rabbi:*



**Our 4th Candle We Light  
Acknowledges the Loss Of Lives  
On September 11, 2001**

One might forget the year- because we have come to call it, simply, 9/11. For the families, the young widows, the small children, the devastated parents, there is no forgetting that it has been 20 years since innocent, unassuming lives, the lives of their loved ones, were taken. There is no forgiveness for the terror-filled way in which 2,977 people died. An American innocence died that day too, that enemies could not touch us on our mainland, that we were invincible. 9/11 planted the poison of fear that has infested our national psyche.



*Reader #5 :*  
Two Candles

On Shabbat we would light two  
candles,  
One for remembering Shabbat  
And one for observing Shabbat.  
Today we light these two candles.  
This one for Building One.  
And this one for Building Two.  
This one is for the Pentagon,  
And this one is for Pennsylvania  
This one is for those on the  
American Airlines Flights,  
And this one for those on the  
United Airline Flights.  
This one for the hundreds of  
firefighters,  
And this one for the hundreds of  
police.  
This one for all the men,  
And this one for all the women.  
This one for all the girls,  
And this one for all the boys.  
This one for our luck running out,  
This one for the New York skyline,  
This one for the walking wounded,  
This one for the critically wounded.  
This one for the survivors,  
This one for the dead.  
This candle for Building One.  
This candle for Building Two.



*Adapted from Rabbi Zoe Klein*

## We Will Remember You

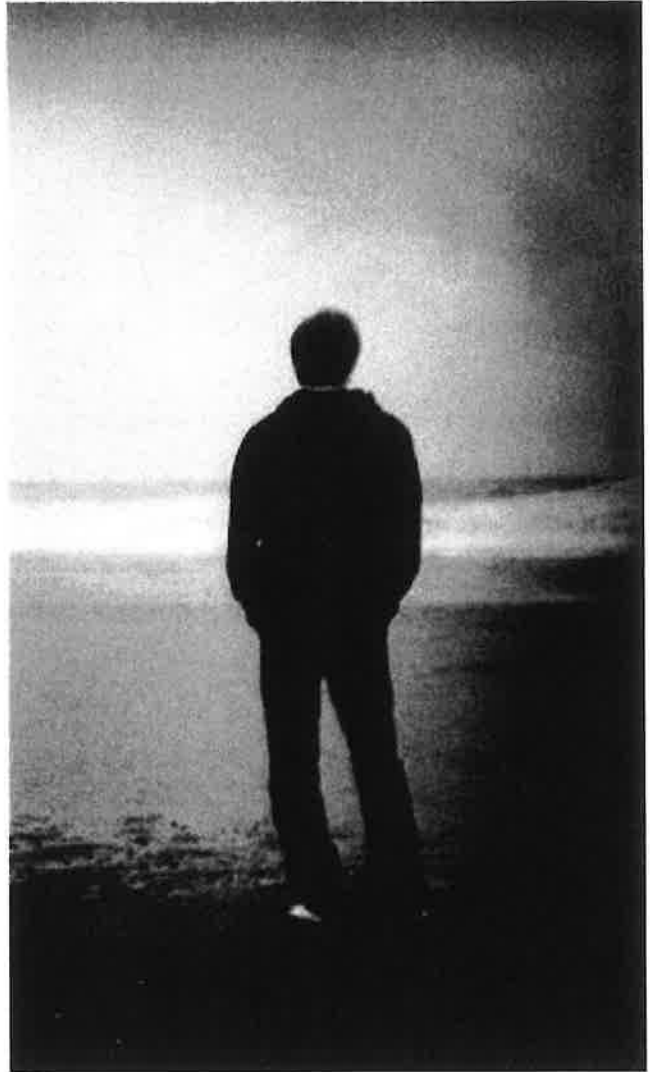
As the sun rises  
Or when it sets  
When we feel the wind blow  
As cold as it gets

Feeling elated  
Recalling the tears  
Reliving the laughter  
Throughout all those years

We will remember.  
We will remember.

If we get lonely  
If our heart breaks  
As long as we're living  
As long as that takes

We will remember.  
We will remember.  
We will remember you.



Words and Music: Alan Shapiro 2018

*Rabbi:*



**Our 5<sup>th</sup> Candle We Light  
to Acknowledge Those Who Perished  
in the Holocaust.**

We come to this day of memory and we pray for the souls of our own people, who have died at the hands of racism: victims of anti-Semitism and the xenophobia that is the scourge of humanity.

When will we learn, O God that none of us are despised by You?

When will we know, O God, that none of us are more beloved by You?

Help us to rid this world of hate, beginning with our own.

*Reader #6:*

Snowing Ashes

It's snowing my people today  
Ashes, ashes, they all fall down  
Like the tears that escape from my eyes  
As I tilt my head toward the skies  
And question my God in His purpose  
Of taking so many lives

It's snowing the mothers today  
Ashes, ashes, they all fall down  
897641 now, but she used to have a name  
I knew mama would never be the same  
Woman who comforted me when I was frightened  
For there was no comfort once the men came

It's snowing the fathers today  
Ashes, ashes, they all fall down  
To the ground where they had stood so tall  
Promising to protect us all  
They were helpless to the horror  
Banging fists against the wall

It's snowing the husbands and wives today  
Ashes, ashes, they all fall down  
The broken glass that lay at the bride's feet  
Symbolized the despair she thought they'd never greet  
Until this Holocaust began  
Separated in the ghetto, in the skies they meet

It's snowing the children today  
Ashes, ashes, they all fall down  
The flame of our bright future was dimmed  
As their tiny young bodies went in  
Never to play again  
With the happiness that once had been

It's snowing the babies today  
Ashes, ashes, they all fall down  
Their cries have now been replaced  
By the screams of the mothers who faced  
Life without their small joys  
Any solace was now erased  
It snowed my people yesterday  
Ashes, ashes, they all fell down  
Like the tears that escape from my eyes  
As I tilt my head toward the skies  
And question my God in His purpose  
Of taking so many lives  
Of taking so many lives

*Amy Dorfman*

*B'yado Afkid Ruchi*

*B'yado afkid ruchi  
B'ait lshan v'a-irah.  
V'im ruchi g'vaiyati,  
Adonai li v'lo ira.*

*My soul I give to you, my spirit in Your hand;  
Hold me near, I shall not fear, safely in your hands;  
hold me near, I shall not fear,  
safely in Your hands.*

*Rabbi:*



**Our 6<sup>th</sup> Candle We Light  
to Remember Dear Friends  
and Acquaintances**

*Reader #7:*

**Reminders**

Spots on the stairway  
the rungs tell the story  
years of spills  
dog drool  
dust and dirt tracked in  
over the years  
from places near and far.

Spots on the stairway  
reminders of a lifetime  
reclined on the steps

tea in her hand  
children at her side  
putting pen to paper  
a poem created  
a shopping list composed  
or a casual phone call  
with her mom or sister  
all I have watched  
over the years  
about things  
near and dear.

Spots on the stairway  
bring memories to mind  
as my fingers tease  
the spots to the surface

cleaning becomes  
honoring the past  
making way for a new future  
there on my knees  
on the stairs  
on the spots  
clearing away what remains  
will never be forgotten.

Bob Renard

*Psalm 23- Adonai Ro'i/ The Eternal is My Shepherd*

*Mizmor l'David.*

*Adonai ro-i; lo echsar.*

*Binot deshe yarbitzeini;*

*al-mei m'nuchot y'nahaleini.*

*Nafshi y'shoveiv;*

*yancheini v'mag'lei-tzedek l'maan sh'mo.*

*Gam ki-eileich b'gei tzalmavet,*

*lo-ira ra, ki-atah imadi.*

*Shivt'cha umishantecha — heimah y'nachamuni.*

*Taaroch l'fanai shulchan neged tzor'rai.*

*Dishanta vashemen roshi;*

*kosi r'vayah.*

*Ach tov vachased yird'funi kol-y'mei chayai;*

*v'shavti b'veit-Adonai l'orech yamim.*

מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד.

יְיָ רֹעִי, לֹא אֶחְסַר.

בְּנֵאוֹת דָּשָׁא יִרְבִּיצַנִי,

עַל מֵי מְנַחֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי.

נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב,

יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי צְדָק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ.

גַּם כִּי אֵלֶךְ בְּגֵיא צַלְמוֹת

לֹא אִירָא רָע כִּי אַתָּה עִמָּדִי.

שִׁבְטְךָ וּמַשְׁעֲנֶתְךָ הֵמָּה יִנְחַמְנִי.

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שִׁלְחֹן בְּגֵד צֹרֵרִי,

דֹּשְׁנֶת בְּשֵׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי,

כּוֹסֵי יְדֵיָהּ.

אֵךְ טוֹב וַחֲסֵד יְרַדְפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי,

וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבַיִת יְיָ לְאַרְךָ יָמִים.

*Rabbi:*



**Our 7<sup>th</sup> Candle We Light  
to Honor Our Most Precious Relationships-  
Parents, Children, Spouses**

*Reader # 8:*

Comfort comes with memories  
In elusive dreams  
In hopes for the future  
It comes as I catch sight of your brother's smile  
And glimpse yours just beneath the surface  
Hiding in the stubborn set of his jaw  
The gentle curve of cheek to chin

Comfort comes with the scent of a pine forest  
I press my nose  
Against the rough dark bark  
And think of vanilla,  
Caramelized sugar  
The smell of age-old earth  
Still moist from an early morning rain

Comfort comes as I sit by the water's edge  
Straining to see beyond the horizon  
Beyond the endless roll of waves and currents  
The hot sun warms my back  
I bury toes in the cool, damp sand  
And listen to the rhythm of the sea  
As it slaps against the shore

Comfort comes as I drift  
From wakefulness to sleep  
Lulled by the cadence of your voice  
That faraway lilt  
That now resides deep inside me

I slip into dreams  
Unsure of what is real and what is not

Comfort comes with the effortless flight of butterflies  
Rising on warm currents of air  
They leave their clusters of safe haven  
Suspended from the branches of eucalyptus trees  
Like grapes ripening in the summer's sun  
Their fluid dance  
Buried deep in instinct

Comfort comes by the river's edge  
In the pebbles worn smooth  
By the endless flow of water  
In the rushing currents  
The hurried tumble over rocks and boulders  
It comes with the cooling breeze  
And on the wings of dragonflies

Reanne Singer

The Yizkor Prayer (recited silently)

May God remember the soul of.... Who is now eternally at home.  
For the sake of *tikkun olam*, I freely give *tzedakah* in her/his memory.  
For the sake of her/his precious soul, let my memories, my prayers, and my acts  
of goodness bind her/him to the bond of life.  
May I bring honor to her/his memory by word and deed.  
May my loved one be "at one" with the One who is life eternal,  
And may the beauty of her/his life shine forevermore.

For a Man or Boy

Yizkor Elohim et nishmat .....  
shehalach l'olamo.  
Hin'ni nodev/nodevet tz'dakah  
b'ad hazkarat nishmato.  
Ana t'hi nafsho  
tz'rurah bitzror hachayim  
ut-hi m'nuchato kavod –  
sova s'machot et panecha,  
n'imot bimincha netzach.

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת .....  
שֶׁהִלָּךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.  
הַנְּנִי גוֹדְבוֹדָבְת צְדָקָה  
בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֹת נִשְׁמָתוֹ.  
אָנָּה תְּהִי נַפְשׁוֹ  
צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים  
וְתִהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד,  
שׁוֹבֵעַ שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת פְּנֵיךְ,  
נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמִּינְךָ נֶצַח.

For a Woman or Girl

Yizkor Elohim et nishmat .....  
sheha'chah l'olamah.  
Hin'ni nodev/nodevet tz'dakah  
b'ad hazkarat nishmatah.  
Ana t'hi nafshah  
tz'rurah bitzror hachayim  
ut-hi m'nuchatah kavod –  
sova s'machot et panecha,  
n'imot bimincha netzach.

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת .....  
שֶׁהִלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.  
הַנְּנִי גוֹדְבוֹדָבְת צְדָקָה  
בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֹת נִשְׁמָתָהּ.  
אָנָּה תְּהִי נַפְשָׁהּ  
צְרוּרָה בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים  
וְתִהִי מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד,  
שׁוֹבֵעַ שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת פְּנֵיךְ,  
נְעִימוֹת בְּיַמִּינְךָ נֶצַח.

Rabbi: Blessed are the memories, holy and cherished the love they reveal.  
We pray- May our sorrows soften and diminish in strength.  
May the pains of past bereavements grow gentler with time.  
Let memory bring us nearer to the loved ones in our midst.



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*El Moleh Rachamim*

*Memorial Prayer*

*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 בְּמְרוֹמִים.  
 הַמְצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה  
 תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה  
 עִם קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים  
 כְּזוֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ מְזֹהֲרִים  
 לְבִשְׁמוֹת יְקִירֵינוּ  
 שֶׁהֵלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.  
 בְּעַל הַרַחֲמִים יִסְתִּירֵם  
 בְּסִתְרֵם כְּנַפְיֵי לְעוֹלָמִים,  
 וְיִצְרֹר בְּצִרּוֹר הַחַיִּים  
 אֶת נִשְׁמָתָם.  
 יְיָ הוּא נַחֲלָתָם.  
 וְיָנוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכָּבָם.  
 וְנֹאמְרָ: 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.*

## Kaddish

### MOURNER'S KADDISH

YITGADAL v'yitkadesh shmei raba.

B'alma div'ra chirutei,

v'yamlich malchutei,

b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon

uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael,

baagala uvizman kariv. V'im'ru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach

l'alam ul'almei almaya.

Yitbarach v'yishrabach v'yitpaar

v'yitromam v'yitnasei,

v'yit-hadar v'yitaleh v'yit'halal

sh'mei d'Kud'sha B'rich Hu,

l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata,

tushb'chata v'nechemata,

daamiran b'alma. V'imru: Amen.

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'imru: Amen.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא.

בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתְהָ,

וַיְמַלִּיךְ מַלְכוּתְהָ,

בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן

וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,

בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזָמַן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ

לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח, וַיִּתְפָּאֵר

וַיִּתְרוֹמַם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא,

וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלַּל

שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא,

לְעֵלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא,

תְּשֻׁבָּתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא,

דְאָמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא,

וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו,

הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ,

וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

### Rabbi:

**“To be alive is to be made of memory. If a person is not made of memory, then they’re made of nothing at all.”** wrote Phillip Roth, in his novel, Patrimony.

Yizkor has given us the opportunity for reflection, to dwell in the place of memory. We rise from this hour knowing that, in the words of Rabbi Aaron Panken, **“Yizkor is, in the end, not a prayer for the dead, but a promise by the living.”** May we grow deeper, wiser, more compassionate, more alive, from exploring the contours of grief together, as one sacred community. **Grief is a perfect teacher,** writes the poet, **if it sends us back to serve the living.**

### Closing Song: Those Who Sow (*Psalm 126*)

Those who sow, who sow in tears, will reap in joy, will reap in joy.