

“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 5783  
Naming Our Grief;  
Remembering our Beloved;  
Sanctifying Life

Temple Beth Torah  
Ventura, CA 5 p.m.



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.

Together:

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.

Rabbi:

Yizkor: looking backward, we recall our ancestry.  
Looking forward, we confront our destiny.  
Looking backward, we reflect on our origins.  
Looking forward, we choose our path.  
Remembering that we are a tree of life, not letting go, holding on, and holding to,  
we walk into an unknown, beckoning future with our past beside us.

Rabbi Harold Schulweis

We will kindle 7 candles in our sanctuary and allow readings, music, and silence to guide us through this time of looking back so that we indeed can look forward.



Rabbi:

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

We are grateful that we can come together for Yizkor as a community today- fresh are the memories of the years that we could not even embrace this simple act of gathering and sharing strength with others who have mourned. But we are still not whole, as members choose to pray at home, shunning communal gatherings for the safety of privacy. More than 400 people a day die from Covid- and those who are elderly, poor, of color, or with marginalized health, are the ones who are disproportionately dying now. “We’ve sacrificed the lives of our most vulnerable for our own convenience,” says Dr. Thomas Yadegar, medical director of the ICU at Providence Cedars-Sinai Tarzana Medical Center. In 2 ½ years more than 6.5 million people have died globally- and desperate as we are to reclaim a life of normalcy, we do not talk about these deaths. There is very little public recognition, or mourning, for this reality that more than one million people in our own country have died. In lighting this candle we hold this truth- that for each person who has died, a family has ached with loss, their world shattered.

Reader #1:

Don't get us wrong.  
We do pound for what has passed,  
But more so all that we passed by—  
Unthanking, unknowing,  
When what we had was ours.

There was another gap that choked us:  
The simple gift of farewell.  
Goodbye, by which we say to another—  
*Thanks for offering your life into mine.*  
By *Goodbye*, we truly mean:  
*Let us be able to say hello again.*

*hello*

This is edgeless doubt:  
Every cough seemed catastrophe,

Every proximate person a potential peril.  
We mapped each sneeze & snuffle,  
Certain the virus we had run away from  
Was now running through us.

We slept the days down.  
We wept the year away,  
Frayed & afraid.

Perhaps that is what it means  
To breathe & die in this flesh.  
Forgive us,  
For we have walked  
This before.



History flickered in  
& out of our vision,  
A movie our eyelids  
Staggered through.

We added a thousand false steps  
To our walk tracker today  
Because every step we've taken  
Has required more than we had to give.

In such eternal nature,  
We spent days as the walking dead,  
Dreading disease & disaster.  
We cowered, bone-shriveled  
As a laurel in drought, our throats  
Made of frantic workings,  
Feet falling over themselves  
Like famished fawns.  
We awaited horrors,  
Building up leviathans before they arose.  
We could not pull our heads  
From the raucous deep.

hello

Anxiety is a living body,  
Poised beside us like a shadow.

It is the last creature standing,  
The only beast who loves us  
Enough to stay.

We were already thousands  
Of deaths into the year.  
Every time we fell heart-first into the news,  
Head-first, dread-first,  
Our bodies tight & tensed with *what now?*  
Yet who has the courage to inquire *what if?*



What hope shall we shelter  
Within us like a secret,  
Second smile,  
Private & pure.

Sorry if we're way less friendly —  
We had COVID tryna end things.  
Even now handshakes & hugs are like gifts,  
Something we are shocked to grant, be granted.  
& so, we forage for anything  
That feels like this:  
The click in our lung that ties us to strangers,  
How when among those we care for most  
We shift with instinct,  
Like the flash of a school of fish.  
Our regard for one another  
Not tumored,  
Just transformed.

By *Hello*, we mean:  
*Let us not say goodbye again.*  
There is someone we would die for.  
Feel that fierce, unshifting truth,

*hello*

That braced & ready sacrifice.  
 That's what love does:  
 It makes a fact faced beyond fear.  
 We have lost too much to lose.  
 We lean against each other again,  
 The way water bleeds into itself.  
 This glassed hour, paused,  
 Bursts like a loaded star,  
 Belonging always to us.  
 What more must we believe in.

*"Fugue" from Call Us What We Carry by Amanda Gorman*

Esa Einai- Psalm 121

Esai Einai el he-harim  
 Ei-ayin yavo ezri?  
 Ezri mei-im Adonai-  
 Oseih 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:

**Our Second Candle We Light to Recognize Xenophobia**

Our world has become a place of tragic deaths that are not rooted in illness, or natural disaster, but are instigated by hate. Whether it is an indifference to refugees, who flee violence and poverty; to a hatred born of disdain for those of different gender, nationality, skintone, or religious belief, these are deaths that diminish the soul of humanity, for they are born from or ignorance and hardened hearts. Wandering Jews, we have been called, over time. We have a heart for the refugee, for we have been a displace people. We light this candle for the more than 4,000 men, women and children who die each year as refugees.

Reader # 2:

Say this city has ten million souls,  
Some are living in mansions, some are living in holes:  
Yet there's no place for us, my dear, yet there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,  
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there:  
We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now.

In the village churchyard there grows an old yew,  
Every spring it blossoms anew:  
Old passports can't do that, my dear, old passports can't do that.

The consul banged the table and said,  
"If you've got no passport you're officially dead":  
But we are still alive, my dear, but we are still alive.

Went to a committee; they offered me a chair;  
Asked me politely to return next year:  
But where shall we go to-day, my dear, but where shall we go to-day?

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up and said;  
"If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread":  
He was talking of you and me, my dear, he was talking of you and me.

Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky;  
It was Hitler over Europe, saying, "They must die":  
O we were in his mind, my dear, O we were in his mind.

Saw a poodle in a jacket fastened with a pin,  
Saw a door opened and a cat let in:  
But they weren't German Jews, my dear, but they weren't German Jews.

Went down the harbour and stood upon the quay,  
Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:  
Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees;  
They had no politicians and sang at their ease:  
They weren't the human race, my dear, they weren't the human race.

Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand floors,  
A thousand windows and a thousand doors:  
Not one of them was ours, my dear, not one of them was ours.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;  
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:  
Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for you and me.

Refugee Blues by W. H. Auden

From Psalm 16: Secure in the Presence of God (Shiviti)

*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, לְנֶגְדִי תָמִיד

כִּי מִיְמִינִי בַל־אֵמוֹט.

לָכֵן שָׂמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדִי

אֶף־בְּסָרִי יִשְׁכֹּן לְבֶטַח.

כִּי לֹא־תֵעָזֵב נַפְשִׁי לְשָׂאוֹל

לֹא־תִתֵּן חַסִּידְךָ לְרֵאוֹת שָׁחַת.

תוֹדִיעֵנִי אֶרְחַח חַיִּים

שׁוּבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ

בְּעֵמֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ.

Keep me, Eternal One, for in You do I find refuge, and in You my soul finds peace.  
Guardian of days, You are my cup from which I drink, and the portion of my life.

**Rabbi: Our 3rd Candle Calls Out from the Darkness  
Those Who Have Died Suffering  
From Self-Violence, Mental Illness, Suicide**



How do we as a society look at ourselves, and begin to change the environment in which depression, alienation, and hopelessness can so easily take root? How do we make help stigma-free and accessible? The Suicide Prevention Hotline estimates that the launch of 988, the federally mandated crisis number, will increase their calls from 4 million to 12 million per year. We pray that all find the help they seek; most especially teens and young people whose suicide rates reveal a generation in pain.



Reader #3:

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 4<sup>th</sup> Candle We Light to Acknowledge those who have died in War and Conflict; holding in our hearts the people of Ukraine, and all victims of global belligerency**

Valour is mute  
So if war comes  
It will not be the sound of honour,  
Of sturdy men in sturdy boots  
That you will hear  
What you will hear,  
However,  
Will be a ballad of bawling babies  
Broken, Ailing, Hungry  
And when they'll look at you with their  
innocent eyes  
And ask you if you know where their  
parents went  
Will you tell them that they died  
fighting a war for the country?  
And when they'll ask you what is country  
Will you show them the land  
Rendered battered and barren by the acts of men  
Will you show them sickness and smoke  
The absolute dearth of hope  
An economy so broke  
A sea of orphans, no home?  
When they ask you what is country  
And what their parents died fighting for  
Will you even be able to tell yourself  
What it really is,  
And who is not losing this war?

By Mekhala Saran



We will Remember you

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

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

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

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

We will remember.  
We will remember.

Words and Music: Alan Shapiro 2018

Rabbi:

**Our 5th 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 #5:

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'eit ishan 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 6th Candle We Light  
Acknowledges the Loss of Friends  
And Acquaintances**

Reader #6 :

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.  
Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.  
Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
 next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
 The art of losing isn't hard to master.  
 I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
 some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
 I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.  
 —Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
 I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
 the art of losing's not too hard to master  
 though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

"One Art" Elizabeth Bishop

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

<i>Mizmor l'David.</i>	מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד.
<i>Adonai ro-i; lo echsar.</i>	יְיָ רֹעִי, לֹא אֶחְסָר.
<i>Binot deshe yarbitzeini;</i>	בְּנֵי אֹת דֶּשֶׁא יִרְבִּיעֵנִי,
<i>al-mei m'nuchot y'nahaleini.</i>	עַל מֵי מְנוּחוֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי.
<i>Nafshi y'shoveiv;</i>	נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבָב,
<i>yancheini v'mag'lei-tzedek l'maan sh'mo.</i>	יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי צְדָק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ.
<i>Gam ki-eileich b'gei tzalmavet,</i>	גַּם כִּי אֵלֶּךְ בְּגֵיא צַלְמָוֶת
<i>lo-ira ra, ki-atah imadi.</i>	לֹא אִירָא רָע כִּי אַתָּה עִמָּדִי.
<i>Shivt'cha umishantecha — heimah y'nachamuni.</i>	שָׁבַטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתֶּךָ הִמָּה יִנְחַמְנִי.
<i>Taaroach l'fanai shulchan neged tzor'rai.</i>	תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שֻׁלְחַן נֶגֶד צָרָי,
<i>Dishanta vashemen roshi;</i>	דִּשְׁנַת בִּשְׁמֵן רֹאשִׁי,
<i>kosi r'vayah.</i>	כּוֹסֵי רְוִיָה.
<i>Ach tov vachased yird'funi kol-y'mei chayai;</i>	אֵךְ טוֹב וַחֲסֵד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי,
<i>v'shavti b'veit-Adonai l'orech yamim.</i>	וְשָׁבַתִּי בְּבַיִת יְיָ לְאַרְךָ יָמִים.

Adonai is my Shepherd, I shall not want; God makes me lie down in green pastures, leads me beside still waters, and restores my soul. You lead me in right paths for the sake of your name. Even when I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for You are with me. Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. You have set a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You have anointed me 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 God forever.



Rabbi:

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

Reader # 7:

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

## Silent Remembrances

### 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 Woman or Girl

*Yizkor Elohim et nishmat . . . . .*

*shehal'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 . . . . .  
שְׁהַלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָה.  
הַגְּנִי נוֹדֵב וְנוֹדֵבֶת צְדָקָה  
בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֶת נִשְׁמָתָה.  
אָנָּה תְּהִי נַפְשָׁה  
צְרוּרָה בְּצְרוּר הַחַיִּים  
וְתְּהִי מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד,  
שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת פְּנֵיךְ,  
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ.

#### 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 . . . . .  
שְׁהַלֵּךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.  
הַגְּנִי נוֹדֵב וְנוֹדֵבֶת צְדָקָה  
בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֶת נִשְׁמָתוֹ.  
אָנָּה תְּהִי נַפְשׁוֹ  
צְרוּרָה בְּצְרוּר הַחַיִּים  
וְתְּהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד,  
שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת פְּנֵיךְ,  
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ.



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.

The Memorial Prayer/ El Moleh Rachamim (*please rise*)

*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.*

אל מלא רחמים,  
שוכן במרומים.  
המצא מנוחה נכונה  
תחת כנפי השכינה  
עם קדושים וטהורים  
כזהר הרקיע מזהירים  
לנשמות יקירינו  
שהלכו לעולמם.  
בעל הרחמים יסתירם  
בסתר כנפיו לעולמים,  
ויצור בצרור החיים  
את נשמתם.  
יי הוא נחלתם.  
ויגוהו בשלום על משכבם.  
ונאמר: אמן.

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.

## Mourner's Kaddish

*Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba,  
b'alma di v'ra chiruteih.  
V'yamlich malchuteih b'chayeichon  
uvyomeichon,  
uvchayei d'chol beit Yisrael —  
baagala uvizman kariv;  
v'imru: Amen.*

*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  
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'al kol yoshvei teiveil;  
v'imru: Amen.*

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,  
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.  
וְיַמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ  
וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ,  
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,  
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזְמַן קָרִיב.  
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ  
לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עֲלְמַיָּא.  
יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר  
וְיִתְרַומֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר  
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ  
דְּקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא,  
לְעֵלְא וּלְעֵלְא מְכַל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא,  
תְּשׁוּבַחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא  
דְּאִמְרֵינוּ 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  
וְעַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵיבֵל.  
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

## Rabbi:

The novelist Phillip Roth wrote, **“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.”** 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.

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