

הזְכוֹרָה
נְשִׁמוֹת

Yizkor
Memorial
Service

Temple Emanu-El
Westfield, New Jersey

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Eileen and Stan Nathanson
in memory of
Rea L. and Nat H. Nathanson
Bessie and Joseph Fine

The Emily Wolin Fund
in memory of Emily
Her smile and laughter
warm the hearts of all
who remember and love her

Rita and Richard Lane
in loving memory of
Scott David Lane

Compiled and edited by Rabbi Charles A. Kroloff
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Memory Lights the 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

יְיָ, מַה־אָדָם נִתְדַעְהוּ? בְּיָאֲנוֹשׁ וְנִתְחַשְׁבָהוּ? אָדָם
לְהִקְבֹּל דְּמָה; יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר. בְּבִקְרָה יֵצֵיץ וְחִלְף,
לְעָרֵב יִמּוֹלֵל וְיִבֵּשׁ. תֵּשֵׁב אָנוֹשׁ עַד־דְּבָא, נִתְאָמַר:
"שׁוּבוּ, בְּנֵי־אָדָם!" לוֹ חֲכָמוֹ יִשְׁפִּילוּ זֹאת, יְבִינּוּ
לְאַחֲרֵיתָם! כִּי לֹא כְמוֹתוֹ יִקַּח הַכֹּל; לֹא־יִרְדַּ אַחֲרָיו
כְּבוֹדוֹ. שְׁמֵרְתֶם וּרְאֵה יִשְׂרָאֵל, כִּי אַחֲרֵית לְאִישׁ
שְׁלוֹם. פְּדֵה יְיָ נַפְשׁ עַבְדִּיו, וְלֹא יֵאָשְׁמוּ כָּל־הַחוֹסִים
בּוֹ.

Adonai, what are we, that You have regard for us? What are we, that You are mindful of us? We are like a breath; our days are as a passing shadow; we come and go like grass which in the morning shoots up, renewed, and in the evening fades and withers. You cause us to revert to dust, saying: Return, O mortal creatures! Would that we were wise, that we understood whither we are going! For when we die we carry nothing away; our glory does not accompany us. Mark the whole-hearted and behold the upright: they shall have peace. Adonai, You redeem the soul of Your servants, and none who trust in You shall be desolate.

Biblical verses

Give Me the Vision

Shall I cry out in anger, O God,
Because Your gifts are mine but for a while?

*Shall I be ungrateful for the moments of laughter,
The seasons of joy, the days of gladness and festivity,*

When tears cloud my eyes and darken the world
And my heart is heavy within me?
Shall I blot from mind the love
I have known and in which I have rejoiced

*When a fate beyond my understanding takes from me
Friends and kin whom I have cherished, and leaves me
Bereft of shining presences that have lit my way
Through years of companionship and affection?*

Give me the vision, O God, to see and feel
That imbedded deep in each of Your gifts
Is a core of eternity, undiminished and bright,
An eternity that survives the dread hours
Of affliction and misery.

*Those I have loved, though now beyond my view,
Have given form and quality to my being.
They have led me into the wide universe
I continue to inhabit, and their presence
Is more vital to me than their absence.*

What You give, Adonai,
You take not away.
And bounties once granted
Shed their radiance evermore.

Morris Adler (adapted)

*Adonai is my shepherd, I shall not want. You make me lie down in green
pastures, and lead me beside still waters. You restore 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; with rod and staff
You comfort me. You have set a table before me in the presence of my ene-
mies; You have anointed 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 God forever.*

מְזֻמָּר לְדָוִד יְיָ רַעִי לֹא אֶחְסָר. בְּנֵאֻמֹת דָּשָׁא
יִרְבִּיצֵנִי, עַל־מִי מְנַחֲחוֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי. נִפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֶכּוּ. יִנְחֲנֵנִי
בְּמַעְגְלֵי צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ. גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶּךָ בְּגֵיא צַלְמוֹת
לֹא־אִירָא רָע, כִּי־אֲתָה עִמָּדִי; שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעֲנֵתְךָ
הִפְּתָה יִנְחֲמֵנִי. מַעֲרָה לִפְנֵי שְׁלַחַן נֶגֶד צַרְרִי. דִּשְׁנֹת
בְּשִׁמֹן רֹאשִׁי, כּוֹסֵי רְנִיָּה. אֵךְ טוֹב וְחָסֵד יִרְדְּפוּנִי
כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי, וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית־יְיָ לְאָרְךָ יָמִים.

Psalm 23

Sanctifying Our Lives

Our God and God of our fathers and mothers, we have come to sanctify our fleeting lives by linking them with You, Life of all Ages. In You, generations past, present and future are united in one bond of life.

As our meditation reaches out to You, we are aware of those souls through whom we have come to know You, the God of Israel. So much of the wisdom, beauty and affection that have enriched our lives are the fruits of our relationship with other souls.

Many of those to whom we owe so much are alive with us today, and we pray that we may be able to reward their goodness and devotion by acts of love and loyalty. But others have passed forever from our midst, leaving us a heritage of tender memories which crowd into our minds on this sacred day.

Some of us recall at this hour the beloved image of parents who, even before we were born, had prepared a secure home for us, guided us and taught us to commit ourselves to You and Your law of righteousness.

Some of us call to mind a wife or husband with whom we were so united that we became one flesh and one spirit.

Some of us remember brothers and sisters, who grew up together with us, bound to us by a common heritage of family tradition and sharing that enhanced the joys and mitigated the sorrows of life.

Some of us recall children, entrusted to us for a brief time, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received that trust and affection which enriched our lives.

All of us recall men and women whose friendship and affection elicited the best in us.

No longer can we express by deeds, from which they might benefit, our appreciation of all that they have meant to us. Only by thinking of their lives as part of Your eternal life and of their love as part of Your infinite love can we express our gratitude for the blessings that we enjoyed with them. Only by shedding love about us as freely as love was bestowed upon us, can we discharge the debt we own them.

We are comforted by the thought that the integrity and generosity they displayed are an enduring blessing which we can bequeath to our descendants.

We can still serve our dead by serving You, by bringing to fulfillment those holy purposes which they cherished in life, but could not complete.

We can show our devotion to them by persevering in the pursuit of those ideals which they acknowledged, but in their brief lifetime could not achieve.

O God of Love, may we be worthy of the love we have received by spreading the light of Your love on all whose lives touch us. May we so live that, when our time comes, our years will not appear as wasted; but rather that our lives will have found favor in Your sight.

Mordecai Kaplan, Eugene Kohn and Ira Eisenstein (adapted)

שְׁנִיתִי וְזוֹ לְנֶגְדִי תָמִיד, כִּי
מִיָּמִינִי בְּלֹא-אֲמוּטָה. לְכֹן שְׂמֹחַ
לְבִי נִיגַל כְּבוֹדִי, אֶף-בְּשָׂרִי
יִשְׁכֵן לְכַטָּח.

I have set the Eternal before me always.
God is at my side; I shall not be moved.
Therefore, my heart rejoices
And my entire being exults, my body is secure.

YIZOR REFLECTIONS

1. As a Tale That is Told

We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.
The days of our years are three-score years and ten,
Or even by reason of strength four-score years;
Yet is their pride but travail and vanity;
For it is speedily gone, and we fly away.
So teach us to number our days
That we may obtain a heart of wisdom.

Psalm

2. Facing Death

The contemplation of death should plant within the soul elevation and peace. Above all, it should make us see things in their true light. For all things which seem foolish in the light of death are really foolish in themselves. To be annoyed because So-and-so has slighted us or has been somewhat more successful in social distinctions—how ridiculous all this seems when we couple it with the thought of death! To pass each day simply and solely in the eager pursuit of money or fame, this also seems like living with shadows. Surely when death is at hand we should desire to say, 'I have contributed by grain to the great store of the eternal. I have borne my part in the struggle for goodness.' And let no man or woman suppose that the smallest social act of goodness is wasted for society at large. All our help, petty though it be, is needed; and though we know not the manner, the fruit of every faithful service is gathered in.

Gates of Prayer

3. Life is not fair

Life is not fair. The wrong people get sick and the wrong people get robbed and the wrong people get killed in wars and in accidents. Some people see life's unfairness and decide, "There is no God; the world is nothing but chaos." Others see the same unfairness and ask themselves, "Where do I get my sense of what is fair and unfair? Where did I get my sense of outrage and indignation, my instinctive response of sympathy? Don't I get these things from God? Doesn't God plant in me a little bit of the divine outrage at my injustice and oppression, just as God did for the prophets of the Bible? Isn't my feeling of compassion for the afflicted just a reflection of the compassion God feels in seeing the suffering of God's creatures? Our responding to life's unfairness with sympathy and righteous indignation, God's compassion and God's anger working through us, may be the surest proof of God's reality.

Rabbi Harold Kushner

4. We Can Trust the Universe Beyond Time

All people today need the healthy-mindedness of Judaism, the natural with which the Jew declares, "One world at a time is enough." For just we can rely without fear upon the Power greater than ourselves during earthly journey; just as we can rest and do rest securely upon the basic mystery every time we fall asleep at night—so we can trust the universe beyond time also, recognizing that it is the part of wisdom not to remove the veil from before birth or after death, but to live fully, richly and nobly, here and now, and make possible a society where other men and women can so live.

Jesus Loeb Liebman (adapted)

5. We Love What Death Can Touch

It is a fearful thing
to love
what death can touch.

A fearful thing
to love,
hope, 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.

Chaim Stern

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The Gift of memory

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

Morris Adler

SILENT DEVOTION

In Memory of a Father

Your memory, my dear father, fills my soul at this solemn hour. It revives in me remembrance of the love and friendliness which you bestowed upon me. The thought of you inspires me to perform acts of *tzedakah* and kindness; and when my pilgrimage on earth is ended and I shall arrive at the throne of mercy, may I be worthy of you in the sight of God and humankind. May the Eternal reward you for the faithfulness and kindness you have shown me; may God grant you eternal peace. Amen.

In Memory of a Mother

I remember you in this solemn hour, my dear mother. I remember the days when you dwelt on earth, and your tender love watched over me like a guardian angel. You have gone from me, but the bond which unites our souls can never be severed; your image lives within my heart and inspires me to perform acts of *tzedakah* and kindness. May the love and generosity with which you touched my life help me to share those qualities with others. May God lift up the Divine Spirit upon you and grant you eternal peace! Amen.

In Memory of a Husband or Wife

I remember you in this solemn hour, dear companion of my life. I remember the happy days we lived together; I remember your tender affection and sacrifice while hand in hand we shared our lives, when your love and fidelity were my comfort and your counsel and aid were my support.

Though death has summoned you from my side, your image still lives within me and continues to be an inspiration to me. May God preserve your soul and grant you peace eternal! Amen.

In Memory of a Child

I remember you in this solemn hour, my beloved child. I remember the days, when I watched your body and mind unfold and I fostered beautiful hopes for your future. God has taken you from me, yet in my heart my loving remembrance of you can never die. May I honor your memory by perpetuating all that was good and worthy in your life through acts of tzedakah and kindness; God has called you into the Divine presence. God's love is my staff and support. As parents love their children, so may God look with compassion upon you and grant you eternal peace. Amen.

In Memory of a Brother, a Sister, or a Friend

I remember you in this solemn hour, my beloved (brother, sister, friend). I remember the days when we lived together in happy companionship and your loving friendship were my delight and support. Though you have gone from me, your image abides with me, and inspires me to perform acts of tzedakah and kindness. I think of you with gratitude and bless your memory for all the devotion you bestowed upon me. May God bless you. May God preserve your soul and grant you eternal peace. Amen.

MEDITATION

Yizkor

יזכור

יזכור אלהים נשמות יקירי..... שְׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.
אָנָּא תְהִינָה נְפֻשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצְרוּר הַחַיִּים
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם בְּבוֹר. שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ,
נְעִימוֹת בִּימֵינֶךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember forever my dear ones....who have gone to their eternal rest. May they be at one with the One who is life eternal. May the beauty of their lives shine for evermore, and may my life always bring honor to their memory.

יזכור אלהים נשמות כל-אחינו בני ישראל שמָּרוּ
אֶת־נְפֻשׁוֹתֵיהֶם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. אָנָּא תְהִינָה
נְפֻשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצְרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָם
בְּבוֹר. שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימֵינֶךָ נְצַח.
אָמֵן.

May God remember for ever our brothers and sisters of the House of Israel who gave their lives for the Sanctification of the Divine Name. May they be at one with the One who is life eternal. May the beauty of their lives shine for evermore, and may my life always bring honor to their memory.

For the Martyrs of Our People

Our family embraces the entire Jewish people.
In our own time, our people have known
unrelenting hatred, demonic slaughter.
Children and our aged, scholars and the unlettered,
All buried in nameless graves—
Victims of a Holocaust the world must not forget.

We remember them.
We take them into our hearts
together with the courageous sons and daughters of Israel
Who defended eretz Yisrael with body and soul.

We give the martyrs of our people
a place beside the cherished memories
of our own loved ones.
These words will not vanish from our lips—
Auschwitz, Treblinka, Buchenwald, Dachau...
Maalot, Kiryat Shemona, Munich...
Our Kaddish is for their souls.
Our lives are for their sacrifice.
Our destiny is
to be their Jewish lips and eyes and mind,
to be their Jewish hope.

Charles A. Kroloff



We recall now those who have passed away since we gathered in this sanctuary on last Yom Kippur. They have a special place in our hearts. We pray this day that all who have sustained the loss of dear ones this past year may be granted comfort and strength. With respect and love, we recall May their memory endure as a blessing. And let us say: Amen.

When 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 blueness of the skies 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 when it ends, 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 crave 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

All rise

אל מלא רחמים, שוכן בפרומים, המצא מנוחה
נכונה תחת בנפי השכינה עם קדושים וטהורים
בזה הרקיע מזהירים לגשמות יקירינו שהלכו
לעולמם. בעל הרחמים יסתירם בסתר בנפיו
לעולמים, ויצרור בצרור החיים את-גשמתם. יי
הוא נחלתם. וינחו בשלום על משפכם, ונאמר:
אמן.

O God full of compassion, Eternal Spirit of the universe, grant perfect rest in Your Presence to our loved ones who have entered eternity. God of Mercy, let them find refuge forever with you, and let their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life. The Eternal God is their inheritance. May they rest in peace, and let us say: Amen.

Mourner's Kaddish

קריש יתום

יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא בעלמא די-ברא
כרעותה, וימליה מלכותה בחייכון וביומיכון ובחיי
דכל-בית ישראל, בעגלא ובזמן קריב, ואמרו: אמן.

Yit-ga-dal ve-yit-ka-dash she-mei ra-ba be-al-ma di-ve-ra chi-re-u-tei, ve-yam-lich mal-chu-tei be-cha-yei-chon u-ve-yo-mei-chon u-ve-cha-yei de-chol beit Yis-ra-el, ba-a-ga-la u-vi-ze-man ka-riv, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

יהא שמה רבא מברך לעלם ולעלמי עלמא.

Ye-hei she-mei ra-ba me-va-rach le-a-lam u-le-al-mei al-ma-ya.

יתברך וישתבח, ויתפאר ויתרומם ויתנשא,
ויתהדר ויתעלה ויתהלל שמה רבא דקודשא, בריך
הוא, לעלא מן-פל-ברכתא ושירתא, תשבחתא
ונחמתא דאמירן בעלמא, ואמרו: אמן.

Yit-ba-rach ve-yish-ta-bach, ve-yit-pa-ar ve-yit-ro-mam ve-yit-na-sei, ve-yit-ha-dar ve-yit-a-leh ve-yit-ha-lal she-mei de-ku-de-sha, be-rich-hu, le-eila min kol bir-cha-ta ve-shi-ra-ta, tush-be-cha-ta ve-ne-che-ma-ta, da-a-mi-ran be-al-ma, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

יהא שלמא רבא מן-שמאי וחיים עלינו ועל-כל-
ישראל, ואמרו: אמן.

Ye-hei she-la-ma ra-ba min she-ma-ya ve-cha-yim a-lei-nu ve-al kol Yis-ra-el, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

עשה שלום במרומיו, הוא יעשה שלום עלינו ועל-
כל-ישראל, ואמרו: אמן.

O-seh sha-lom bi-me-ro-mav, hu ya-a-seh sha-lom a-lei-nu ve-al kol Yis-ra-el, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

May the Source of peace send peace to all who mourn, and comfort to all who are bereaved. Amen.

Be Seated

BEFORE NEILAH

As we sit here in meditation and prayer, the last lingering grains of sand filter through the hour glass of the year, the relentless hand of time hangs poised, about to mark the end of the Day of Atonement.

The dusk draws ever closer. The close of the day is symbolic of the close of life. In all the calendar of Judaism there is no moment more solemn than this one. All through the day the flood of prayer has ebbed and flowed. Now, as the sun sinks low, as the shadows of the night draw near, we feel a new pitch of intensity.

The very word "Neilah" teaches a lesson. In Hebrew the word means the locking of a gate. In ancient days, as long as the sun shone, the gates of the Temple were kept open. All who wanted to could enter. But at night, the gates were locked. From then on, no one could enter or leave. Later on, the name was applied to the last service of Yom Kippur. For in this day the Jew saw a spiritual gate. The Jew saw Yom Kippur as the opportunity to begin again, to change, to start over once more, to enter into a new relationship with God. But as the Great Fast came to an end...

"Open for us the gates—at the hour of the closing of the gates. The day is nearly done. The sun is low; the day is growing late. O, let us come into Your gates at last."

In our lives many gates swing shut.

As we begin life, it spreads before us like a corridor with many doors. But as we walk down this corridor the doors close behind us, one by one, year by year. This is a teaching of the Neilah service: Remember the unopened doors. Enter them before they close.

We live only once. Do we not want to live fully? The corridor of life stretches before us. Each one of us must walk down its stately length. The gates do not stand open forever; as we walk down the corridor they shut behind us. And at the end they are all closed, except the one dark door that leads to the ultimate chamber of God. This then is the meaning of Neilah; the call to the doors which we never open. Before it is too late, let us open the gates that lead to truth, enter the door of beauty, go through the door of goodness. Let us open the gates to those things in life which abide eternally—before the gates swing shut, before the doors are closed.

Milton Steinberg

(The Neilah Service continues in Gates of Repentance, Page 497)

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