

Melville Jewish Center
5785
2024-2025



YIZKOR IS RECITED THIS YEAR ON:

Yom Kippur	Saturday, October 12, 2024
Shemini Atzeret	Thursday, October 24, 2024
Pesach	Sunday, April 20, 2025
Shavuot	Tuesday, June 3, 2025

Clergy

Rabbi Cara Weinstein Rosenthal

Cantor Leah F. Cassorla

Rabbi Emeritus, Rabbi Ian S. Jacknis

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Executive Vice President	Randi Seidner
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THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

ספר הזכרון

5785

2024~2025

*In this book are the names of our loved ones
whom we remember this day.*

*They have achieved immortality in the
lengthened shadows of our House of God.*

Melville Jewish Center

2600 New York Avenue
Melville, New York 11747
(631) 421-3224
melvillejc.org

In Memory of the Members of the
Melville Jewish Center Family
who passed away in the year 5784

David Majewski
Oscar Rosenes

Zikhronam Livrakhah

May their memories be for a blessing.
May their souls be bound up in the bond of life.

**"Death cannot take from us our abiding trust,
That God will give us strength to endure what we must.**

**Death cannot take from us our sustaining hope –
That darkness will yield to light, and hurt give way to healing.**

**Death cannot take from us the comforting faith,
That with God every soul is precious; none is ever lost.**

**Thus, even in sorrow, we thank the Lord our God,
For our memories and our hopes, for our trust and our faith.**

**For these, we believe, need never be lost;
These, and so much more, death cannot take from us."**

– A Minyan of Comfort

The word Yizkor means more than remember. It is more than an expression of recollection or a momentary glimpse into the past. To remember in the Jewish tradition is to keep, to observe, to emulate. It means to translate into noble deeds the worthy values and teachings of our dear ones who are no longer with us.

Yizkor then is a time to rededicate ourselves to the ideals and principles for which our dear departed lived and labored. In this way, we keep their memory alive and bring blessing to their name. In this spirit we now join together in the Yizkor service.

**Dedicated
In Memory of the Six Million**

And All Whom We Remember in Our Prayers

תְּהִי נִשְׁמָתָם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים

May their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life

Some people whose parents are living have a custom of leaving the service at this time, but even those who do not yet need to say the personal prayers of remembrance might remain and recite prayers for others as well as join in the communal prayers (beginning on page 292, below).

ADONAI, what are human beings
that You take account of them,
mortals that You care for them?
Humans are as a breath, their
days like a passing shadow.
In the morning they flourish
anew, in the evening they
shrive and die.
Teach us to count each day,
that we may acquire a heart of
wisdom.

יהוה, מה־אָדָם וַתִּדְעֶהָ,
בֶּן־אָנוּשׁ וַתַּחֲשֶׁבֶהָ.
אָדָם לַהֶבֶל דָּמָה,
יָמָיו כְּצֶל עוֹבֵר.
בַּבֹּקֶר יִצִּיץ וּחֹלֶף,
לָעֶרֶב יִמּוּלֵל וַיָּבֵשׁ.
לְמִנּוּת יָמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדַע
וְנִבְיָא לִבָּב חֲכָמָה.

On this solemn day we each make judgments about the quality
of our life.

We re-examine our deeds and relationships with our commu-
nity and with others.

We express our yearnings for a new year, a new beginning,
a year during which we commit ourselves to work toward
bringing health and peace to all.

We long for a year when individually and communally we shall
strive to live in a way that is more reflective of the ideals that
we cherish.

Now, in the midst of looking at our life and assessing its quality,
we pause to reflect and to remember, and to dedicate our-
selves anew.

God is always before me, at my
right hand, lest I fall.
Therefore I am glad, made
happy, though I know that
my flesh will lie in the ground
forever.

שׁוֹיִתִּי יְהוָה לְנִגְדִי תָמִיד,
כִּי מִיְמִינִי בִלְ־אֲמוּט.
לְכֵן שָׂמַח לִבִּי וַיִּגַּל
כְּבוֹדִי, אֶף בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכֵּן
לְבָטָח.

The deaths of those we now remember left holes in our lives.
But we are grateful for the gift of their lives and we are strength-
ened by the blessings that they left us and the precious memo-
ries that comfort and sustain us as we recall them this day.

INTRODUCTION. Yizkor is a time set aside to formally include in our thoughts and prayers family and friends who have passed away. Though Yizkor is recited on each of the festivals, on the High Holy Days we may feel a special connection to those who have played a significant role in our life's journey. The themes and somber ambience of the Yom Kippur service make this day especially appropriate for contemplating life and death. Thus, in reciting Yizkor, the veil between the worlds of the living and the dead becomes more transparent, less opaque. May the memory of those we recall be a blessing in our lives.

WHAT ARE HUMAN BEINGS מה־אָדָם. The verses in this passage come from Psalms 144:3–4, 90:6, and 90:12.

GOD IS ALWAYS שׁוֹיִתִּי יְהוָה. Psalm 16:8–9.

Some people whose parents are living have a custom of leaving the service at this time, but even those who do not yet need to say the personal prayers of remembrance might remain and recite prayers for others as well as join in the communal prayers (beginning on page 3, below).

ADONAI, what are human beings, יהוה, מֶה-אָדָם וַתִּדְעֶהּ,
 that You take account of them, בְּן-אָנוּשׁ וַתַּחֲשִׁבֶהוּ.
 mortals that You care for them? אָדָם לְהִבָּל דָּמָה,
 Humans are as a breath, their יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר.
 days like a passing shadow. בְּבֹקֶר יֵצֵיץ וְחָלָף,
 In the morning they flourish לְעֶרֶב יִמּוּלֵל וְיָבֵשׁ.
 anew, in the evening they לְמִנּוּת יָמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדֵעַ.
 shrivel and die. וְנִבְיָא לְבָב חֲכָמָה.
 Teach us to count each day,
 that we may acquire a heart of
 wisdom.

There is a time for everything, for all things under the sun:
 A time to be born and a time to die,
 a time to laugh and a time to cry.
 a time to dance and a time to mourn,
 a time to seek and a time to lose,

This day in sacred convocation
 we remember those who gave us life.
 We remember those who enriched our lives
 with love and beauty, kindness and compassion,
 thoughtfulness and understanding.
 We renew our bonds to those who have gone
 the way of all the earth, to those whose
 memory moves us this day.
 As we reflect upon them, we seek consolation,
 and the strength and the insight born of faith.

God is always before me, at my שׁוֹיֵיתִי יְהוָה לִנְגִדִי תָמִיד,
 right hand, lest I fall. כִּי מִיָּמִינִי בַל-אֲמוּט.
 Therefore I am glad, made לְכֵן שָׂמַח לִבִּי וַיִּגַּל
 happy, though I know that כְּבוֹדִי, אֶף בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכֵּן
 my flesh will lie in the ground לְבָטָח.
 forever.

The deaths of those we now remember left holes in our lives.
 But we are grateful for the gift of their lives and we are strength-
 ened by the blessings that they left us and the precious memo-
 ries that comfort and sustain us as we recall them this day.

INTRODUCTION. *Yizkor*, which is recited on Pesah, Shavuot, and Shmini Atzeret, as well as on Yom Kippur, is a time set aside to formally include in our thoughts and prayers family and friends who have passed away. During the joy of our festivals, we stop to remember those we love—a parent, a spouse or partner, a sibling, and in some cases, we mourn the tragic death of a child. May the memory of those we recall be a blessing in our lives.

WHAT ARE HUMAN BEINGS מֶה-אָדָם. The verses in this passage come from Psalms 144:3–4, 90:6, and 90:12.

GOD IS ALWAYS שׁוֹיֵיתִי יְהוָה Psalm 16:8–9.

YIZKOR

When I stray from You, Adonai, my life is as death; but when I cleave to You, even in death I have life.

You embrace the souls of the living and the dead.

The earth inherits that which perishes.

The dust returns to dust; but the soul, which is God's, is eternal.

Adonai is compassionate to all creation, granting us a share in unending life.

God redeems our life from the grave, joining us forever in the unending chain of life.

May we preserve the memory of those we love and are now gone, through charity in deed and thought.

May we live unselfishly, in truth and love and peace, so that we will be remembered as a blessing, as we lovingly remember, this day, those who live on in our hearts.

—JULES HARLOW

Backwards and Forwards

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 on, we walk into an unknown, beckoning future, with our past beside us.

—HAROLD SCHULWEIS
(*adapted*)

WE RECALL

Some of us recall parents who watched over us, nursed us, guided us, and sacrificed for us.

Some of us lovingly call to mind a wife, husband, or partner with whom we were truly united—in our hopes and our pains, in our failures and our achievements, in our joys and our sorrows.

Some of us remember brothers and sisters, who grew up together with us, sharing in the play of childhood, in the youthful adventure of discovering life's possibilities, bound to us by a heritage of family tradition and by years of togetherness and love.

Some of us call to mind children, entrusted to us too briefly, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust that enriched our lives.

So many of us recall beloved relatives and friends whose affection and devotion enhanced our lives, and whose visible presence will never return to cheer, encourage, or support us.

Though they are gone, we are grateful for the blessings they brought to our lives. We are sustained and comforted by the thought that their presence in our lives remains an enduring blessing that we can bequeath to others.

We can show our devotion to them by our devotion to those ideas that they cherished.

O God of love, make us worthy of the love we have received by teaching us to love You with all our heart and with all our soul and with all our might, and to spread the light of Your divine love on all whose lives touch ours.

Give us strength to live faithfully, for we are cheered by our confidence that You will not permit our lives to be wasted, but will bring all our worthy strivings to live on, even as we may not see their fulfillment.

—MORDECAI M. KAPLAN, EUGENE KOHN, AND IRA EISENSTEIN
(*adapted from Mahzor Hadash*)

Please recite the following passages that are appropriate for you.
Personal meditations may also be added.

In memory of a father:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת אָבִי מוֹרֵי שְׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵר
(נוֹדֶרֶת) צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתוֹ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה
בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמַחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיִךְ,
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצַּח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my father who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life I pledge charity to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is his soul bound up in the bond of life. May I prove myself worthy of the gift of life and the many other gifts with which he blessed me. May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with his memory and with our entire family. May he rest eternally in dignity and peace. Amen.

In memory of a mother:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת אִמִּי מוֹרֵתִי שְׁהֶלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵר
(נוֹדֶרֶת) צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתָהּ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה
בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמַחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיִךְ,
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נִצַּח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my mother who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life I pledge charity to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. May I prove myself worthy of the gift of life and the many other gifts with which she blessed me. May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with her memory and with our entire family. May she rest eternally in dignity and peace. Amen.

In memory of a husband:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּעָלִי שְׁהָלָה לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה
בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נִשְׁמָתוֹ. אֲנִי תֵּהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים
וְתֵהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ בְּבוֹר, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ
נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my husband who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life I pledge charity to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is his soul bound up in the bond of life. Love is as strong as death; deep bonds of love are indissoluble. The memory of our companionship and love leads me out of loneliness into all that we shared which still endures. May he rest eternally in dignity and peace. Amen

In memory of a wife:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת אִשְׁתִּי שְׁהָלָכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֶר
צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נִשְׁמָתָהּ. אֲנִי תֵּהִי נִפְשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר
הַחַיִּים וְתֵהִי מְנוּחָתָה בְּבוֹר, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת
בִּימִינְךָ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my wife who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life I pledge charity to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. "Many women have done superbly, but you surpass them all." Love is as strong as death; deep bonds of love are indissoluble. The memory of our companionship and love leads me out of loneliness into all that we shared which still endures. May she rest eternally in dignity and peace. Amen

In memory of a son:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּנֵי הָאֱהוֹב מַחְמַד עֵינֵי שְׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ.
הִנְנִי נוֹדֵר (נוֹדֶרֶת) צָדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נִשְׁמָתוֹ. אָנָּה תְּהִי
נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתְּהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע
שְׁמֵחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיו, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינֶךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my beloved son who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life I pledge charity to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is his soul bound up in the bond of life. I am grateful for the sweetness of his life and for what he did accomplish. May he rest eternally in dignity and peace. Amen

In memory of a daughter:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּתֵי הָאֱהוּבָה מַחְמַד עֵינֵי שְׁהֶלָּכָה
לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵר (נוֹדֶרֶת) צָדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נִשְׁמָתָהּ.
אָנָּה תְּהִי נִפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתְּהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד,
שְׁבַע שְׁמֵחוֹת אֶת־פָּנָיו, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינֶךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my beloved daughter who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life I pledge charity to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. I am grateful for the sweetness of her life and for what she did accomplish. May she rest eternally in dignity and peace. Amen

In memory of siblings and other relatives and friends:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמוֹת קְרוֹבֵי וְרַעֲי שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. הַגְּנִי נוֹדֵר
(נוֹדֶרֶת) צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נְשָׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶינָה
נִפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִוּוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם בְּבוֹד,
שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נָצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of _____ and of all relatives and friends who have gone to their eternal home. In loving testimony to their lives I pledge charity to help perpetuate ideals important to them. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, are their souls bound up in the bond of life. May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with their memory. May they rest eternally in dignity and peace. Amen.

IN MEMORY OF MARTYRS:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ
אֶת־נַפְשוֹתֵיהֶם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת
צָדֵקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אָנָּה יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַזֶּה
גְּבוּרָתָם וּמַסִּירוֹתָם וְיִרְאָה בְּמַעֲשֵׂינוּ טָהָר לָבֹם וְתַהֲיִינָה
נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד,
שְׂבַע שְׂמֻחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

IN MEMORY OF CONGREGANTS:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמוֹת יְדִידֵינוּ חֲבֵרֵי הַקֶּהֱל הַקְּדוֹשׁ הַזֶּה
שֶׁהָלָכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תַּהֲיִינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת
בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׂבַע שְׂמֻחוֹת אֶת־
פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

IN MEMORY OF THE SIX MILLION:

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמַּצֵּא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה
תַּחַת כְּנָפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה, בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטָהוּרִים, כְּזֶהָר
הַרְקִיעַ מְזֹהָרִים, לְנִשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
שֶׁנִּטְבְּחוּ בַשּׁוֹאָה, אֲנָשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטָף, שֶׁנִּחְנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ
וְשֶׁנֶּהָרְגוּ, שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת־נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם, בְּגֵן
עֵדֶן תִּהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים, הַסֹּתִירָם בְּסֶתֶר
כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמָיִם. וְצִרוּר בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים אֶת־נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם.
יְהוָה הוּא נִחְלָתָם. וְיִנּוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבּוֹתֵיהֶם.
וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

בְּגֵן עֵדֶן IN PARADISE
Literally, "in the Garden of Eden." We imagine that the soul, which connects all living beings with their divine source, returns, after the death of the body, to God's care.

*A Yizkor Meditation
in Memory of a Parent
Who Was Hurtful*

Dear God,

You know my heart.
Indeed, You know me better
than I know myself,
so I turn to You before I
rise for Kaddish.

My emotions swirl
as I say this prayer. The
parent I remember was
not kind to me. His/her
death left me with a leg-
acy of unhealed wounds,
of anger and of dismay
that a parent could hurt a
child as I was hurt.

I do not want to pre-
tend to love, or to grief
that I do not feel, but I do
want to do what is right
as a Jew and as a child.

Help me, O God,
to subdue my bitter
emotions that do me no
good, and to find that
place in myself where
happier memories may
lie hidden, and where
grief for all that could
have been, all that should
have been, may be
calmed by forgiveness,
or at least soothed by the
passage of time.

I pray that You,
who raise up slaves to
freedom, will liberate me
from the oppression of
my hurt and anger, and
that You will lead me
from this desert to Your
holy place.

—ROBERT SAKS

IN MEMORY OF MARTYRS:

May God remember the souls of the martyrs of our people,
who gave their lives for the sanctification of God's name. In
their memory do I pledge *tz'dakah*. May their bravery, their
dedication, and their purity be reflected in our lives. May their
souls be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace
forever in God's presence. Amen.

IN MEMORY OF CONGREGANTS:

May God remember the souls of our friends, members of this
holy congregation, who have gone to their eternal home. May
their souls be bound up in the bond of life. May these moments
of meditation strengthen the ties that link us to their memory.
May they rest in peace forever in God's presence. Amen.

*Exalted, compassionate God, comfort the bereaved families
of this congregation. Help us to perpetuate everything that
was worthy in the lives of those no longer with us, whom we
remember this day. May their memory endure as a blessing.
And let us say: Amen.*

IN MEMORY OF THE SIX MILLION:

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your
sheltering presence, among the holy and the pure, whose radi-
ance is like the heavens, to the souls of all the men, women,
and children of the House of Israel who were slaughtered,
strangled, and burned in the Shoah. May they rest in paradise.
Master of mercy, may they find eternal shelter beneath Your
sheltering wings, and may their souls be bound up in the bond
of life. ADONAI is their portion. May they rest in peace. And let
us say: *Amen*.

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD:

אל מלא רחמים, שוכן במרומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה
תחת כנפי השכינה, במעלות קדושים וטהורים, כזהר
הרקיע מזהירים, לנשמות כל-אלה שהזכרנו היום לברכה,
שהלכו לעולמם, בגן עדן תהי מנוחתם. אנא בעל
הרחמים, הסתירם בסתר כנפיהם לעולמים. וצרור בצרור
החיים את נשמותיהם. יהוה הוא נחלתם. וינוחו בשלום
על משכבותיהם. ונאמר אמן.

מזמור לדוד.

יהוה רעי, לא אחסר.
בנאות דשא ירביצני,
על מי מנחות ינהלני.
נפשי ישועה, ינחני במעגלי צדק למען שמו.
גם כי אלף בגיא צלמות לא אירא רע כי אתה עמדי.
שבטך ומשענתך המה ינחמני.
תערוך לפני שלחן נגד צרי,
דשנת בשמן ראשי, כוסי רויה.
אף טוב וחסד ירדפוני כלימי חיי,
ושבתי בבית יהוה לארך ימים. תהלים כג

My Peace

My peace is tied by a thread
to yours.

And the beloved holidays
and glorious seasons of
the year—
with the wealth of
fragrances, flowers,
fruit, leaves, and winds,
the fog and the rain,
the sudden snow
and the dew—
are suspended on a thread
of longing.

I and you and the
Sabbath.
I and you and our lives
in the last incarnation.
I and you
and the lie.
And the fear.
And the breaches.
I and you
and the Creator
of the heavens that have
no shore.
I and you
and the riddle.
I and you
and death.

—ZELDA
(trans. Marcia Falk)

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD:

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among the holy and the pure, whose radiance is like the heavens, to the souls of all those we have recalled today. May their memory be a blessing, and may they rest in paradise. Master of mercy, may they find eternal shelter beneath Your sheltering wings, and may their souls be bound up in the bond of life. ADONAI is their portion. May they rest in peace. And let us say: *Amen*.

PSALM 23

A PSALM OF DAVID.

ADONAI is my shepherd, I shall not want.
God gives me repose in green meadows,
and guides me over calm waters.
God will revive my spirit and direct me on the right path—
for that is God's way.
Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no
harm, for You are at my side.
Your staff and Your rod comfort me.
You prepare a banquet for me in the presence of my foes:
You anoint my head with oil, my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and kindness shall be my portion all the
days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of ADONAI in the fullness
of time.

קִדִּישׁ יְתוֹם

Mourners:

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא, כְּרַעוּתָהּ,
וַיַּמְלִיף מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזֶמֶן קָרִיב,
וְאִמְרוּ אַמֵּן.

Congregation and mourners:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעֵלְמָא וּלְעֵלְמֵי עֵלְמָיָא.

Mourners:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח
וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם
וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא וַיִּתְהַדָּר
וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל
שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיף הוּא,
לְעֵלְא מִן כָּל-בְּרַכְתָּא
וְשִׁירְתָּא תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנִחַמְתָּא
דְּאִמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא,
וְאִמְרוּ אַמֵּן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמֵיָא וְחַיִּים
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאִמְרוּ אַמֵּן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו
הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל
[וְעַל כָּל-יְיֹשְׁבֵי תִבְל],
וְאִמְרוּ אַמֵּן.

Mourner's Kaddish

May God's great name be exalted and hallowed throughout the created world, as is God's wish. May God's sovereignty soon be established, in your lifetime and in your days, and in the days of all the House of Israel. And respond with: *Amen*.

May God's great name be acknowledged forever and ever!

May the name of the Holy One be acknowledged and celebrated, lauded and worshipped, exalted and honored, extolled and acclaimed—though God, who is blessed, *b'rikh hu*, is truly beyond all acknowledgment and praise, or any expressions of gratitude or consolation ever spoken in the world. And respond with: *Amen*.

May abundant peace from heaven, and life, come to us and to all Israel. And respond with: *Amen*.

May the One who brings harmony on high, bring harmony to us and to all Israel [and to all who dwell on earth].

And respond with: *Amen*.

Mourners:

Yitgaddal v'yitkaddash sh'meih rabba, b'alma di v'ra, ki-r'uteih, v'yamlikh malkhuteih b'hayyeikhon u-v'yomeikhon u-v'hayyei d'khol beit yisra-el, ba-agala u-viz'man kariv, v'imru amen.

Congregation and mourners:

Y'hei sh'meih rabba m'varakh l'alam u-l'almei almayya.

Mourners:

Yitbarakh v'yishtabbah v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnassei v'yit-haddar v'yit-alleh v'yit-hallal sh'meih d'kudsha, b'rikh hu, l'eilla min-kol birkhata v'shirata tushb'hata v'nehamata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen. Y'hei sh'lama rabba min sh'mayya v'hayyim aleinu v'al kol yisra-el, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bi-m'romav hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra-el [v'al kol yosh'vei teiveil], v'imru 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 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.

We Wait Too Long

We often wait too long to do what must be done today, in a world which gives us only one day at a time, without any assurance of tomorrow. While lamenting that our days are few, we procrastinate as though we had an endless supply of time.

We wait too long to discipline ourselves and to take charge of our lives. We feed ourselves the vain delusion that it will be easier to uproot tomorrow the debasing habits which we permit to organize over us today, and which grow more deeply entrenched each day they remain in power.

We wait too long to work at self-renewal. While we wait, our lives become progressively depleted of spiritual content. The estrangement between us and our heritage grows larger and more painful.

We wait too long to become more deeply involved in Jewish life – in Jewish observance and in Jewish study. While we wait, the time for the harvest comes and we haven't planted.

We wait too long to show kindness. We wait too long to speak words of forgiveness which should be spoken, to set aside hatreds which should be banished; to express thanks, to give encouragement, to offer comfort, to share hope.

We wait too long to be charitable. Too much of our giving is delayed until much of the need has passed and the joy of giving has been largely diminished.

We wait too long to be parents to our children—forgetting how brief is the time during which they are children, how swiftly life urges them on and away. We wait too long to express our concern for parents, siblings, and dear ones.

We wait too long to read the books, to listen to the music, and to see the art which are waiting to enlarge our spirits.

We wait too long to utter the prayers which are waiting to cross our lips, to perform the duties waiting to be discharged, to show the love that may no longer be needed tomorrow.

God, too, is waiting – waiting for us to stop waiting, and to begin to do now, all the things for which today was made.

Sorrow Can Enlarge the Domain of Our Life

How can we face sorrow, seeing that we cannot evade it? How can we live with the adversity, which we are powerless to overcome? How can we reconcile ourselves to loss, frustration, and grief? These are questions which loom larger in the lives of most people than the problems about which philosophers endlessly wrangle, that are more insistent than the issues with which statesmen and diplomats deal.

There is a mystery which hovers over the great problem of human suffering. Job wrestled with the gnawing question of the triumph of the wicked and the sorrows of the righteous. We who are contemporaries to the slaughter of the innocent millions can ask questions with a poignancy and pathos unequalled in the past. Though centuries intervene between job and ourselves, we are no nearer to an answer. We are confronted by a dark, insoluble enigma beyond our mortal comprehension.

The *why* quivering on the lips of a mother whose child has been taken; the wherefore that rises in the heart of one whose beloved was struck down in the noon-brightness of life; the challenges hurled at us by those who are wracked with pain cannot be fully answered. No human mind has the key that will unlock this eternal riddle. One trifles with the sorrows of others, if one presumes to attempt explanations adequate to the grief of the bereaved.

Yet, although no full answer is available, we must still, somehow learn to live with the anguish and misfortune. Are there any guideposts on the lonely road of sadness? Do the experience and wisdom of the past offer guidance for us, so that we may bravely endure the dark?

Sorrow is the obverse side of love. To ask for immunity from sorrow, is to ask for more than a special dispensation granted no other. It is to ask that we love not, gain no friends or devotedly serve any cause. To enter into any profound relationship is to run the risk of sorrow.

Our sorrow may even clear our vision so that we may, more vividly see the God, of whom it was said, "The Lord is near to the broken-hearted." Beyond the hurry and turmoil of life rises the Eternal. There is God in a world in which love like ours can bloom. There is God in a world in which human beings can experience tenderness, in which lives can be bound together by a tie stronger than death.

Out of this vision can come a sense of obligation. A duty solemn, sacred and significant, rests upon us; to spread love we have known, to share the joy which has been ours, to ease the pain which thoughtlessness or malice inflicts. We have tasks to perform. There is work to be done; and in work there is consolation.

Out of love, may come sorrow. But out of sorrow can come light for others who dwell in darkness. And out of the light we bring to others, will come light for ourselves—the light of solace of strength and of consecrating purpose.

Morris Adler (adopted)

LIGHT FOR THE DARK HOURS

The Dubner Maggid has left us a parable whose wisdom can serve as a beacon of light for the dark hours.

A King once owned a large, beautiful diamond of which he was justly proud, for it had no equal anywhere. One day, the diamond accidentally sustained a deep scratch. The king summoned the most skilled diamond cutters and offered them great rewards if they could remove the blemish. But none could repair the jewel.

After some time, a gifted craftsman came to the king and promised to make the diamond even more beautiful than it had been before the mishap. The king was impressed by his confidence and entrusted the precious stone to his care.

And the craftsman kept his word. With superb artistry, he engraved a lovely rosebud around the imperfection, using the scratch to make the stem!

We can emulate that artist. When life bruises us or wounds us, we can use even the scratches to etch a portrait of beauty and charm.

In Memory of Our Loved Ones

“וְצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם”

May their souls be bound up
in the bond of life

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