

## **YIZKOR SUPPLEMENT**

### **“An Act of Courage”** (*Karyn Kedar*)

To enter this room for Yizkor prayers is an act of courage.

It demands that our hearts not paralyze our feet that our eyes release our tears that our hands open to accept the pain of remembrance instead of clenching into fists. We know that we open ourselves to heartache long suppressed. Despite the pain we know we will feel, we walk inside ready to remember, prepared to hear words and music that will evoke connections of love we cherished so deeply in life.

Our sanctuary, already holy with prayers and Torah, becomes suffused with the holiness of memory, the memories of hundreds of us who gather our courage, take a deep breath and enter.

Yizkor is the fusion of holy space with holy time, sacred tears with sacred recollection of love. For our parents, our children, our siblings, our partners, our families and our friends we sit in quiet awe, waiting for that moment when the tears will come, the salty drops that cleanse our souls at Yizkor.

May none of us enter this holy moment alone. May we be fortified with companionship of the living and the remembrance of the dead who are never far from us. May this moment defeat death itself through the enduring power of love and memory to bring our beloveds to life, if only for these moments.

To enter this room for Yizkor prayers is an act of courage.

Let us be brave together this Yom Kippur.

### **“Your death was not a one-time event”** (*Melinda Panken*)

Your death was not a one-time event, like a tornado or a bad first date that harden into memory the minute they're over. No, you die over and over, every day, in more ways than I can count. It happens when I expect it and especially when I don't.

I lose you all over again when I eat a salad with tangy blue cheese dressing, or a bowl of cold borscht, and when I notice the nubby knit of an argyle sweater vest, and when I hear the buzzing of a Cessna kissing the clouds beneath a blue sky, and when something makes me laugh and I think you would have laughed too.

I lose you again on birthdays and anniversaries, when your dependable, sweet call never comes, no matter how much I expect it. I lose you at Passover, when your bowls and bowls of charoset from around the world are missing from the table, and now there will never be enough charoset on the table ever again.

I will lose you again and again, when your children get married, and my children become bar and bat mitzvah, and your grandchildren are born and you can't hold them, and love them, and make them laugh. You are so absent now where you were always present, and your death isn't in the past. It happens over and over again, every day, in ways both tiny and enormous.

You keep dying, and I keep grieving.

**Gam Ki Eilech** ♪ (*Music by Eli Kranzler; Text: Psalm 23:4*)

גַּם כִּי אֵלֶךְ בְּגֵי צִלְמָוֶת לֹא אִירָא רָע כִּי אַתָּה עִמָּדִי שְׂבִטָךְ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הֵמָּה יְנַחֲמֵנִי

*Gam ki eilech b'gei tzal hamavet lo ira ki atah imadi.*

*Shivt'cha umishantecha heima y'nachamuni.*

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,  
for You are with me. Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

**“Whenever you feel lost”** (*Morgan Harper Nichols, adapted*)

Whenever you feel lost and unsure of the path before you because you are still trying to make sense of all the steps behind you, steps laid by the one no longer beside you, look down to the ground beneath your feet. You will find there is a path. It is not paved, but there are tracks- weighted and considerate.

One step at a time you can follow your loved one's steps. Your beloved knew you would be here today.

**We Remember Them** ♪ (*Rabbi Ken Chasen*)

In the rising of the sun we remember

In the blowing of the wind we remember

In the opening of buds we remember, we remember

In the blueness of the sky we remember

In the rustling of the leaves we remember

As the year starts and it ends we remember, we remember

When we're weary and need strength we remember

When we're lost and sick at heart we remember

When we've joys we yearn to share we remember, we remember

So long as we live, they too shall live

They are now a part of us

They are now a part of us

They are now a part of us as we remember.