

The New Mahzor

for Rosh Hashanah
and Yom Kippur

NEWLY ENHANCED EDITION



THE PRAYER BOOK PRESS

מַחְזֹר
חַדָּשׁ

MAHZOR HADASH

Compiled and Edited by
Rabbi Sidney Greenberg
and Rabbi Jonathan D. Levine

Consulting Editors:
Rabbi Irwin Groner
Rabbi Harold Kushner

A Media Judaica Publication



הזְכָּרָת

נִשְׁמֹת

MEMORIAL SERVICE / YIZKOR

HAZKARAT NESHAMOT



Source of blessing, our Guardian and Hope,
Bless, we pray, all who are dear to us.
Watch over them with Your protecting love.

Bless the people of this congregation.
Grant them health of body and serenity of spirit;
Guide them on the path of Torah and good deeds.

Bless our country, our leaders, and our fellow citizens.
Keep us faithful to our heritage of freedom and justice.
Help us to banish all suffering and strife.

Bless our brothers and sisters in the Land of Israel.
Prosper the work of their hands and minds.
Strengthen them, and grant them peace.

Bless our fellow Jews, wherever they may dwell.
Comfort those who are in distress;
Deliver them, speedily, from darkness to light.

Bless all Your children, in every land and community.
Unite them in understanding and mutual helpfulness.
Hasten the day when all can rejoice in a world of peace.

Memorial service

יְיָ מִה־אָדָם וְתִדְעֶהוּ. בְּרִאֲנוּשׁ וְתַחֲשָׁבֵהוּ:
אָדָם לְהִבָּל דָּמָה. יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר:
לְמִנּוֹת יָמֵינוּ בֶן הַדּוֹעַ. וְנָבֵא לִבָּב חֲכָמָה:
פְּוֹדָה יְיָ נֶפֶשׁ עֲבָדָיו. וְלֹא יִאֲשָׁמוּ כָּל־הַחַסִּים בּוֹ:

Lord, what are we humans, that You have regard for us,
Mere mortals, that You take account of us?

We are like a breath,
Our days are like a fleeting shadow.

Teach us to number our days,
That we may attain a heart of wisdom.

The Lord redeems the lives of God's servants;
And those who trust in God shall not feel forsaken.

Biblical verses



Eternal God, in whose eyes a thousand years are but as yesterday, in whose hands are the souls of the living and the dead, in Your sight every soul is precious.

O Lord, from whom we come and to whom we return, strengthen us as we now remember our loved ones who have been reunited with You. Be with us as we consecrate this hour to the memory of our departed.

שְׁוִיתִי יְיָ לְנִגְדֵי תָמִיד. כִּי מִיְמֵי בַל־אֲמוֹט:
לְכֹן שָׁמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדִי. אַף־בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכֵן לְבֶטַח:

*Shi-viti Adonai l'negdi tamid, ki mi-mi-ni bal emot.
Laheyen samah libi va-yagel k'vodi, af b'sari yish-kon la-vetah.*

I have set the Lord before me always,
God is at my right hand; I shall not fail.
Therefore my heart rejoices, my whole being exults,
And my body rests secure.

(Psalm 16:8-9)

Preludes to Yizkor

THEIR MEMORIES ILLUMINE OUR 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

DEATH IS NOT THE ENEMY

I often feel that death is not the enemy of life, but its friend; for it is the knowledge that our years are limited which makes them so precious. It is the truth that time is but lent to us which makes us, at our best, look upon our years as a trust handed into our temporary keeping.

We are like children privileged to spend a day in a great park, a park filled with many gardens and playgrounds and azure-tinted lakes with white boats sailing upon the tranquil waves.

True, the day allotted to each of us is not the same in length, in light, in beauty. Some children of earth are privileged to spend a long and sunlit day in the garden of the earth. For others the day is shorter, cloudier, and dusk descends more quickly as in a winter's tale.

But whether our life is a long summery day or a shorter wintry afternoon, we know that inevitably there are storms and squalls which overcast even the bluest heaven and there are sunlit rays which pierce the darkest autumn sky. The day that we are privileged to spend in the great park of life is not the same for all human beings; but there is enough beauty and joy and gaiety in the hours, if we will but treasure them.

Then for each of us the moment comes when the great nurse, death, takes us by the hand and quietly says, "It is time to go home. Night is coming. It is your bedtime, child of earth. Come; you're tired. Lie down at last in the quiet nursery of nature and sleep. Sleep well. The day is gone. Stars shine in the canopy of eternity."

Joshua Loth Liebman

Though they are gone from us we are grateful for the blessings they brought and were to us. Now, by giving to others the love which our departed gave to us, we can partly repay the debt we owe them.

We are sustained and comforted by the thought that the goodness which they brought into our lives remains an enduring blessing which we can bequeath to our descendants.

We can still serve our departed by serving You. We can show our devotion to them by our devotion to those ideals which 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 honorably and, when our time comes, to die serenely, cheered by the confidence that You will not permit our lives to be wasted, but will bring all our worthy strivings to fulfillment.

Amen.

Mordecai M. Kaplan, Eugene Kohn, and Ira Eisenstein (adapted)

In memory of departed congregants:

In this memorial hour, we recall members of our congregation who have been taken from us. . . .

Their memories are enshrined in this sanctuary, and are gratefully recorded upon the tablets of our hearts.

May the Source of all comfort send consolation and healing to those who mourn them. May their memories endure among us as a lasting benediction. And let us say: Amen.



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

At this sacred hour, we are aware of those souls through whom we have come to know of Your grace and love. All the wisdom, beauty, and affection that have enriched our lives are the garnered fruits of our communion with others.

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 their devotion to us by acts of love and loyalty.

But others have passed forever from our midst, leaving us a heritage of tender memories which now fill our minds.

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

Some of us lovingly call to mind a wife or a husband 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 comradeship and love.

Some of us call to mind children, entrusted to our care all too briefly, taken from us before they reached the years of maturity and fulfillment, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust which enriched our lives.

All 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.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of a father:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמַת אָבִי מוֹרֵי שְׁהַלֵּךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. אָנָּה
תְּהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד.
שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימֵינֶךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved father who has gone to his eternal rest. In tribute to his memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May the deeds I perform and the prayers I offer help to keep his soul bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of a mother:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמַת אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי שְׁהַלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ.
אָנָּה תְּהִי נִפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָהּ
כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימֵינֶךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved mother who has gone to her eternal rest. In tribute to her memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May the deeds I perform and the prayers I offer help to keep her soul bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of a husband:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמַת בְּעָלִי שְׁהַלֵּךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. אָנָּה תְּהִי
נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע
שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימֵינֶךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved husband who has gone to his eternal rest. In tribute to his memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May the deeds I perform and the prayers I offer help to keep his soul bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.



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 shining of the sun 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 at its end,
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

YIZKOR—In remembrance of relatives and friends:

יִזְכֵּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמוֹת קְרוּבֵי וַיְדִידֵי שֶׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה
תִּהְיֶינָה נְפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָם
כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the souls of my relatives and friends who have gone to their eternal rest. In tribute to their memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May the deeds I perform and the prayers I offer help to keep their souls bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of our martyrs:

יִזְכֵּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שִׁמְסְרוּ
אֶת־נַפְשָׁם עַל־קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. עַל־קִיּוֹם הָעָם. וְעַל־נֹאֲלַת הָאָרֶץ
וְהַנְּגֻתָהּ. אָנָּה יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַדְּ גְבוּרָתָם וּמְסִירוֹתָם. וְתִהְיֶינָה
נְפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד.
שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the souls of our martyrs who gave their lives for the sanctification of God's name, for the preservation of our people, and for the redemption and protection of the Holy Land. May their heroism and sacrificial devotion be reflected in our thoughts and deeds. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life and their memories abide among us as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of the righteous:

יִזְכֵּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמוֹת חֲסִידֵי אֲמוֹת הָעוֹלָם שֶׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם.
אָנָּה תִּהְיֶינָה נְפְשוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָם
כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the souls of the righteous men and women of other faiths and backgrounds who have gone to their eternal rest. In tribute to their memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and justice. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of a wife:

יִזְכֵּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמַת אִשְׁתִּי שֶׁהִלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶי
נְפִשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע
שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved wife who has gone to her eternal rest. In tribute to her memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May the deeds I perform and the prayers I offer help to keep her soul bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of a son:

יִזְכֵּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמַת בְּנֵי הָאֱהוּב מְחַמַּד עֵינַי שֶׁהִלְךְ
לְעוֹלָמוֹ. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶי נְפִשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶי
מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ
נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved son who has gone to his eternal rest. In tribute to his memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May the deeds I perform and the prayers I offer help to keep his soul bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

YIZKOR—In remembrance of a daughter:

יִזְכֵּר אֱלֹהִים נְשָׁמַת בְּתִי הָאֱהוּבָה מְחַמַּד עֵינַי שֶׁהִלְכָה
לְעוֹלָמָהּ. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶי נְפִשָׁה צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים. וְתִהְיֶי
מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד. שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךָ. נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ
נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן:

May God remember the soul of my beloved daughter who has gone to her eternal rest. In tribute to her memory I pledge to perform acts of charity and goodness. May the deeds I perform and the prayers I offer help to keep her soul bound up in the bond of life as an enduring source of blessing. Amen.

יְיָ רֹעִי לֹא אֶחְסָר:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

בְּנֵאֻחַ דְּשֵׂא יַרְבֵּי צִנִּי.

God makes me lie down in green pastures,

עַל-מֵי מְנַחֹת יִנְהַלְנִי:

And leads me beside the still waters.

נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב. יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ:

God revives my spirit—and guides me
in paths of righteousness, for the sake of God's name.

גַּם כִּי-אֵלֶּךְ בְּגִיא צְלֻמוֹת. לֹא-אֵירָא רָע כִּי-אֲמַתָּה עִמָּדִי.

Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death,
I fear no evil; for You are with me.

שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעֲנֵתְךָ הִקְמָה יְנַחֲמֵנִי:

Your rod and Your staff comfort me.

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שִׁלְחֹן נֹגֵד צִרְרִי.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my foes.

דִּשְׁנָתְךָ בְּשֶׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי כּוֹסֵי רִוְיָה:

You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

אֵךְ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד יְרַדְּפוּנִי כָּל-יְמֵי חַיִּי.

Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me
all the days of my life.

וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית יְיָ לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמֵי הַמַּצָּא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה
תַּחַת כְּנָפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטַהוּרִים כְּזֹהֵר
הַרְקִיעַ מְזַהְרִים אֶת-נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל-אֵלֶּה שֶׁהִזְכֵּרְנוּ הַיּוֹם
לְבִרְכָה. אָנָּה בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים תְּסַתִּירֵם בְּסִתְרֵךְ כְּנַפְיְךָ
לְעוֹלָמִים. וְתַצְרֹר בְּצִרְוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת-נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם וְיִנְחוּ
עַל-מִשְׁכְּבוֹתָם בְּשָׁלוֹם. וְנֹאמֵר אָמֵן:

Merciful God, who dwells on high and in our hearts, grant
perfect peace to the souls of our dearly beloved who have
gone to their eternal rest. Shelter them in Your Divine
Presence among the holy and pure whose radiance is like the
brightness of the firmament. May their memory inspire us to
live justly and kindly. May their souls be at peace; and may
they be bound up in the bond of eternal life. Let us say: Amen.

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמֵי הַמַּצָּא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת
כְּנָפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטַהוּרִים כְּזֹהֵר הַרְקִיעַ מְזַהְרִים
אֶת-נִשְׁמוֹת כָּל-אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת-נַפְשָׁם עַל-קְדוּשַׁת
הַשֵּׁם. עַל-קִיּוּם הָעָם. וְעַל-נִאֲלַת הָאָרֶץ. אָנָּה בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים
תְּסַתִּירֵם בְּסִתְרֵךְ כְּנַפְיְךָ לְעוֹלָמִים. וְתַצְרֹר בְּצִרְוֹר הַחַיִּים
אֶת-נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם וְיִנְחוּ עַל-מִשְׁכְּבוֹתָם בְּשָׁלוֹם. וְנֹאמֵר אָמֵן:

Merciful God, who dwells on high and in our hearts, grant
perfect peace to the souls of our martyrs who gave their lives
for the sanctification of Your name, for the preservation of
our people, and for the redemption of the Holy Land. Shelter
them in Your Divine Presence among the holy and pure
whose radiance is like the brightness of the firmament. May
their memory inspire us to live justly and kindly. May their
souls be at peace; and may they be bound up in the bond of
eternal life. Let us say: Amen.

Yizkor reflections



May the memories of our loved ones inspire us
To seek in our lives those qualities of mind and heart
Which we recall with special gratitude.

May we help to bring closer to fulfillment
Their highest ideals and noblest strivings.

May the memories of our loved ones deepen our loyalty
To that which cannot die—
Our faith, our love, and devotion to our heritage.

As we ponder life's transience and frailty,
Help us, O God, to use each precious moment wisely,
To fill each day with all the compassion and kindness
Which You have placed within our reach.

Thus will the memories of our loved ones abide among us
As a source of undying inspiration and enduring blessing.



THE GIFT OF MEMORY

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

Morris Adler

MOURNER'S KADDISH

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל־בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהִי שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵינָא:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרַמֵּם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקָדְשָׁא. בְּרִיד הוּא. לְעָלְמָא
לְעָלְמָא מְכַל־בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמָתָא
דְאִמְרֵן בְּעֵלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהִי שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל־
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל־
יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Yit-gadal v'yit-kadash sh'mey raba,
B'alma di v'ra hiru-tey, v'yam-lih mal-hutey
B'ha-yey-hon u-v'yomey-hon u-v'ha-yey d'hol beyt yisrael
Ba-agala u-viz-man kariv, v'imru amen.

Y'hey sh'mey raba m'varah l'alam ul-almey alma-ya.

Yit-barah v'yish-tabah v'yit-pa-ar v'yit-romam v'yit-na-sey
V'yit-hadar v'yit-aleh v'yit-halal sh'mey d'kud-sha—
B'rih hu, l'eyla l'eyla mi-kol bir-hata v'shi-rata
Tush-b'hata v'ne-hemata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.

Y'hey sh'lama raba min sh'ma-ya, v'ha-yim,
Aleynu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bi-m'romav, hu ya-aseh shalom
Aleynu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen.

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, O Lord, You do not take away,
And bounties once granted
Shed their radiance evermore.*

Within me Your love and vision,
Now woven deep into the texture of my being,
Live and will be mine forever.

Morris Adler (adapted)

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 a great reward if they could remove the blemish. But none could repair the jewel.

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

And the artisan kept the promise. With superb artistry, the artisan engraved a lovely rosebud around the imperfection, using the scratch to make the stem.

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

Yizkor reflections



SHALL I CRY OUT IN ANGER?

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

*Shall I forget the blessing of health
The moment it gives way to illness and pain?*

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

*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,*

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

*Shall I grieve for a youth that has gone
Once my hair is gray and my shoulders bent,
And forget days of vibrancy and power?*

Shall I, in days of adversity, fail to recall
The hours of joy and glory You once granted me?

*Shall the time of darkness put out forever
The glow of the light in which I once walked?*

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 life,
And they live on, unfailingly feeding
My heart and mind and imagination.*