The New Maḥzor
for Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur

MAḤZOR ḤADASH

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The blessings we seek

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

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.

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.

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 Sosnow

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 Lieberman

[ 569 ]

HAZKARAT NESHAMOT [ 568 ]
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 Kahn, and Ira Einhornstein (adapted)

We recall

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 enriched our lives, and whose visible presence will never return to cheer, encourage or support us.

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.
YIZKOR—In remembrance of a father:

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:

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:

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.

We remember them

 primeira
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 Kamen and Jack Rienar
YIZKOR—In remembrance of relatives and friends:

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:

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:

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.
Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

God makes me lie down in green pastures,

And leads me beside the still waters.

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

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

Your rod and Your staff comfort me.

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

You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

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

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

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.

EYL MALEY RAHAMIM—Prayer for the martyrs:

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
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.