

WE RECALL

Some of us recall parents who gave us life, who cared for us and nurtured us and who taught us to take our first steps on our own.

Some of us remember a wife, husband, or partner—our friend and lover—with whom we shared so much of our lives, our failures and achievements, joys and sorrows, intimate secrets.

Some of us recall brothers and sisters, who matured together with us, sometimes competing with us, and sometimes encouraging us on, bound to us by a life-long relationship.

Some of us remember children, entrusted to us too briefly, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust that enriched our lives. Their memory is always with us.

Many of us recall relatives who knew us, teachers who affected us, and beloved friends who walked beside us in life, guiding us, listening to us, supporting us.

Our lives are shaped by those who were alongside us as we walked on our path.

May our inheritance impel us to strive to live lives of holiness and service. May memories of love inspire us to love; may painful memories impel us to mitigate the pain others experience. And may we be granted the strength to affirm life's meaning, even in the face of death.

Yizkor is recited on the last day of the Festival.

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 336 below).

יהוה, מָה אָדָם וַתַּדְעֵהוּ,
בֶּן אֲנוּשׁ וַתִּחְשְׁבֵהוּ.
אָדָם לְהַכֵּל דָּמָה,
יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר.
בְּבֹקֶר יִצְיֵץ וְחָלָה,
לְעֶרֶב יִמּוּלַל וַיָּבֵשׁ.
לְמַנּוֹת יָמֵינוּ בֶּן הַיּוֹדֵעַ
וְנִבְיָא לְבַב חֲכָמָה.

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 shrivel and die.

Teach us to count each day,
that we may acquire a heart of wisdom.

INTRODUCTION. Yizkor is a time set aside to formally include in our thoughts and prayers family and friends who have passed away. In reciting Yizkor, the veil between the worlds of the living and the dead becomes more transparent. For some, memories of family and friends evoked by the festival add to our sense of fullness and peace. For some, those memories bring sadness at the loss of those we loved. For still others, these memories may be disquieting. Whatever our circumstances, as we travel through the cycle of the year, the people who were once with us in person travel with us in spirit.

The opening to a heavenly world, which Yizkor evokes, is symbolized by holding a Torah during the service and our standing as we recite the prayers recalling those who have died. Some communities begin doing so as these opening meditations are recited; some do so when the personal prayers for the departed are recited (page 335).

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

WE RECALL. A prayer written by Mordecai M. Kaplan, Eugene Kohn, and Ira Eisenstein, and adapted here.

שׁוֹיִתִּי יְהוָה לְנֶגְדִי תָמִיד,
כִּי מִיְמִינִי בֶּל אָמוּט.
לְכֵן שָׂמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדִי,
אֶף בְּשָׂרֵי יִשְׁבֵּן לְבָטָח.

תהלים טז:ח-ט

ADONAI 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.

Psalm 16:8-9

A PERSONAL MEDITATION

Eternal God, Master of mercy, give me the gift of remembering.
May my memories of the dead be tender and true, undiminished
by time; let me recall them, and love them, as they were.
Shelter me with the gift of tears.
Let me express my senses of loss—my sorrow, my pain,
as well as my love, and words unspoken.
Bless me with the gift of prayer.
May I face You with an open heart, with trusting faith,
unembarrassed and unashamed.
Strengthen me with the gift of hope.
May I always believe in the beauty of life, the power of goodness,
the right to joy.
May I surrender my being, and the soul of the dead,
to Your all-knowing compassion.

MY FATHER COMMANDED ME NOT TO DIE

But my father, before he died, commanded me not to die.
Never to stop breathing.
Only to seem silent, while my soul secretly continues to be sus-
pended in the ether.
So I go on living. I will not stop living. Neither non-existence nor
fear, nor closely-knit woven gloom, its cloth cloaking the sun,
will make me tremble,
not the emptiness with which my loved ones leave me, silently
taken one by one.
I continue to breathe and with my breath, I give life to birds,
wild beasts,
shreds of sky, clumps of clay.

—RIVKA MIRIAM

*The deaths of those we now recall
left holes in our lives,
but we are grateful for the gift of their love.
May their memory, recalled this day,
be a blessing for us
and all who come to know us.*

א

I never think of myself as waiting for you,
but then when the holiday has come and gone,
when I'm packing up the Pesah dishes
or taking down the *sukkah*,
I feel hopeless and alone.

inconsolable.

Then I realize
I've left a small corner
somewhere deep inside myself
unpainted,
and in that small corner,
I'm still a child,
a little girl,
waiting.

And I had hoped
without knowing it
that this *hag*
you'd come.

My tears fall on the Pesah dishes
and I wonder
why you've left me here
alone.

—MERLE FELD

ב

Tam is who you were.
Simple and whole.
You asked, "What is this?"
I needed to know,
but was too sophisticated to ask.
Now, belatedly, I wonder,
what is this . . . seder?
what is this . . . life?
what is this . . . death?
what is this . . . God?

Wise is who you were.
You wanted to know
 every little thing there is
to know to serve God.
Details, you wanted details.
We thought your mind was narrow
when it was simply in love.
Now I miss your intense yearning
for your beloved,
content to be restrained by "no"
or liberated by "yes."

Wicked is who you were.
You just couldn't stop pushing, rejecting.
Did I owe you patience or impatience?
I still don't know.
Your rage chased away my love more
 than once.
You did provoke something in me, though.
I wish I had known how to love you
and I wish you had known
how to love me.

Unable to ask is who you were.
It was up to me to open up for you
the questions of life I wished
you could ask.
Not only to lighten my burden
though I can't deny that was true,
but so you could say your beauty
to us, to your world.
You were my mystery.
To find you
I had to study hard
at the school of gentleness.

In truth, it is not for me to judge
 who you were
and anyway
I cannot begin to know.

You may have been
a whole new number,
the fifth
or sixth
or seventh child,
a new creation,
inviting the sea
to split upon God's command
not into upper and lower
but one side facing the other.
Then we,
whole worlds,
could stumble through,
toward our redemptions
great
and
simple.

—LILLY KAUFMAN

✠

Spring roses bloom,
fragrant with heady Torah,
layers of sevens fluttering
as we enter
our *huppah*
with God.
My teachers, you escort me.

You taught me
first words,
first songs,
first steps;
You taught me
the slow craft
of doing work well.

You taught me the patience
to sketch my thoughts;
You taught me rules
which I broke and then mended.

You taught me impatience
with what is unjust.
You taught me to listen for truth
and to seek it.

You taught me life lessons
before they could hurt me;
You comforted me when they did;
You were my best listener.

You taught me to hurry
to do a mitzvah;
that inconvenience
in service of others
is blessed.

You escort me still,
as you always did.

You taught me that books
catch living voices.
You smiled inwardly
as I learned
what has long been known.

Your presence taught me
to breathe with another;
to notice their pain
and to be,
just be near.

On this splendid day,
of hearing sights, seeing noise,
of great laws,
noble truths,
I thank you
for moments of learning,
still open
and opening.

This rose
of learning
I accept as your student.
I will plant and
tend it
in your name.
It will release
to the air
its rare essence
stirred by the passing
of its great gardeners.

—LILLY KAUFMAN

ב

The Book of Ruth and Naomi

When you pick up the Tanakh and read
the Book of Ruth, it is a shock
how little it resembles memory.
It's concerned with inheritance,
lands, men's names, how women
must wiggle and wobble to live.

Yet women have kept it dear
for the beloved elder who
cherished Ruth, more friend than
daughter. Daughters leave. Ruth
brought even the baby she made
with Boaz home as a gift.

Where you go, I will go too,
your people shall be my people,
I will be a Jew for you,
for what is yours I will love
as I love you, oh Naomi
my mother, my sister, my heart.

Show me a woman who does not dream
a double, heart's twin, a sister
of the mind in whose ear she can whisper,
whose hair she can braid as her life,
twist its pleasure and pain and shame.
Show me a woman who does not hide

in the locket of bone that deep
eye beam of fiercely gentle love
she had once from mother, daughter,
sister; once like a warm moon
that radiance aligned the tides
of her blood into potent order.

At the season of first fruits, we recall
two travellers, co-conspirators, scavengers
making do with leftovers and mill ends,
whose friendship was stronger than fear,
stronger than hunger, who walked together,
the road of shards, hands joined.

—MARGE PIERCY

*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 re-
member was not kind to me.
His/her death left me with a
legacy of unhealed wounds,
of anger and of dismay that a
parent could hurt a child as I
was hurt.

I do not want to pretend
to a love or to a 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 for-
giveness, or at least soothed
by the passage of time.

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

—ROBERT SAKS

An Eternal Window

In a garden I once heard
a song or an ancient blessing.

And above the dark trees
a window is always lit, in
memory

of the face that looked out
of it,
and that face too

was in memory of another
lit window.

—YEHUDAH AMICHAI
(translated by Chana Bloch)

MEMORIAL PRAYERS

We rise.

*We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following
and adding appropriate names as indicated.*

Personal prayers may be added.

In memory of female relatives or friends:

May God remember the soul of יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמַת

my mother _____ אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי

my wife _____ אִשְׁתִּי

my partner _____ בַּת זִוגִי

my sister _____ אָחוֹתִי

my daughter _____ בָּתִּי

my grandmother _____ סִבִּיתִי

my relative _____ קְרוֹבָתִי

my friend _____ חֵבְרָתִי

(others) _____

When one person is remembered:

שְׁהַלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵבֵל נִדְבָת צְדָקָה בְּעַד
הַזְּכָרָת נַשְׁמָתָהּ. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶה נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר
הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָה כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיהָ,
נְעִימוֹת בְּיָמֶיהָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

When more than one person is remembered:

שְׁהַלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָן. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵבֵל נִדְבָת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְּכָרָת
נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶן. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶינָה נִפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶן צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר
הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָן כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיהָ,
נְעִימוֹת בְּיָמֶיהָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

who has/have gone to her/their eternal home. In loving
testimony to her life/their lives, I pledge *tzedakah* to help
perpetuate ideals important to her/them. Through such
deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may
her soul/their souls be bound up in the bond of life.
May I prove myself worthy of the many gifts with which
she/they blessed me. May these moments of meditation
strengthen the ties that link me to her/their memory.
May she/they rest in peace forever in God's presence. *Amen.*

MEMORIAL PRAYERS

We rise.

*We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following
and adding appropriate names as indicated.*

Personal prayers may be added.

In memory of male relatives or friends:

May God remember the soul of יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמַת

my father _____ אָבִי מוֹרִי

my husband _____ אִישִׁי

my partner _____ בֶּן זִוגִי

my brother _____ אָחִי

my son _____ בְּנִי

my grandfather _____ סִבִּי

my relative _____ קְרוֹבִי

my friend _____ חֵבְרִי

(others) _____

When one person is remembered:

שְׁהַלְךָ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵבֵל נִדְבָת צְדָקָה בְּעַד
הַזְּכָרָת נַשְׁמָתוֹ. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶה נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיהָ,
נְעִימוֹת בְּיָמֶיהָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

When more than one person is remembered:

שְׁהַלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵבֵל נִדְבָת צְדָקָה בְּעַד
הַזְּכָרָת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אָנָּה תִּהְיֶינָה נִפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת
בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶינָה מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת
אֶת־פְּנֵיהָ, נְעִימוֹת בְּיָמֶיהָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

who has/have gone to his/their eternal home. In loving
testimony to his life/their lives, I pledge *tzedakah* to help
perpetuate ideals important to him/them. Through such
deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may his soul/
their souls be bound up in the bond of life. May I prove
myself worthy of the many gifts with which he/they blessed
me. May these moments of meditation strengthen the ties
that link me to his/their memory. May he/they rest in peace
forever in God's presence. *Amen.*

TZEDAKAH צְדָקָה. The Yizkor
service was called *seder
matnat yad*, the service of
expressing generosity on
behalf of those who have
died. That name comes
from the closing line of the
Torah reading for the final
day of the pilgrimage festi-
vals: "Every person giving a
gift according to the bless-
ing they have received from
Adonai" (Deuteronomy
16:17). Offering charitable
gifts and performing acts
of justice, love, and care in
memory of those who have
died provide us with ways
of honoring their memory
and continuing their influ-
ence for good.

FOR THOSE WHO DIED IN DEFENSE OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL AND IN ACTS OF TERROR

Some congregations add the following:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֶחָיו וְאֶחֹתָיו בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁהִקְרִיבוּ אֶת־נַפְשֹׁתֵיהֶם בְּדֶרֶךְ לְהַקְמִית מְדִינַת יִשְׂרָאֵל וּבְהַגְנָתָהּ, וְכָל־אֵלֶּה שֶׁנִּטְבְּחוּ בְּמַעֲשֵׂי חַבְלָה. בְּעֵבוֹר שְׂאָנוּ מִתְּפִלָּים בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרַת נַשְׁמָתָם. אָנָּה נִזְכּוֹר לְעוֹלָם הַד גְּבוּרָתָם וּמְסִירוֹתָם וּתְמִימוֹתָם, וְתַהֲיִינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתַהֲי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמַחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיהָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of all those of the house of Israel who sacrificed themselves to establish the State of Israel, or who have perished in its defense, and those slaughtered in acts of terror. In their memory we pray. May the memory of their bravery, their dedication, and their innocence be with us throughout time. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life; may they be remembered with honor and may they rest in peace at Your right hand forever. Amen.

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמְצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְּפֵי הַשָּׁכִינָה, בְּמַעְלֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים, כְּזֹהֵר הַרְקִיעַ מְזֹהֲרִים, לְנַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֵלֶּה שֶׁהִזְכִּירוּ הַיּוֹם לְבָרָכָה, שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם, בְּגַן עֵדֶן תַּהֲי מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בַּעַל הַרַחֲמִים, הַסְתִּירָם בְּסִתְרֵי כַּנְּפֵיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. יְהוּה הוּא נַחֲלָתָם. וְיִנְוְחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מְשַׁבְּבוֹתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמֵר אָמֵן.

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.

IN MEMORY OF CONGREGANTS

Some congregations add the following:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹת יְדִידֵינוּ חַבְרֵי הַקְּהָל הַקְּדוֹשׁ הַזֶּה שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תַהֲיִינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתַהֲי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמַחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיהָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

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 they rest in peace honored 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. Amen.

FOR MARTYRS AND THE SIX MILLION

Some congregations add the following:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֶחָיו בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁמָסְרוּ אֶת־נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם, וְאֶת־הָאֲנָשִׁים נְשִׁים וְטָף, שֶׁנִּחְרְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ וְשֶׁנִּהְרְגוּ בְּשׂוֹאָה. בְּעֵבוֹר שְׂאָנוּ מִתְּפִלָּים בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרַת נַשְׁמָתָם. אָנָּה יִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַד גְּבוּרָתָם וּמְסִירוֹתָם וְיִרְאֶה בְּמַעֲשֵׂינוּ טְהַר לִבָּם, וְתַהֲיִינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתַהֲי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמַחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיהָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of the martyrs of our people, who gave their lives for the sanctification of God's name, and the men women and children who were were slaughtered, burned, and killed in the Holocaust. In their memory we pray. May our lives reflect a measure of their bravery, dedication, and purity of soul. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life; may they be remembered with honor and may they rest in peace at Your right hand forever. Amen.

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.

IN EVERYTHING

In everything there is at least an eighth part that is death. Its weight is not great. With that secret and carefree grace we carry it everywhere we go. On lovely awakenings, on journeys, in lovers' words, in our distraction forgotten at the edges of our affairs it is always with us. Weighing hardly anything at all.

—LEA GOLDBERG (translated by Rachel Tzvia Back)

GIFT

You teach your children what you've been taught about the generosity of limitations, the shortness of life, but also the future you could only find when you found life's limits, not the death you lived but death itself, the real-you death, divvying up your assets— your heart, your savvy, your love of interpretation, and interpretation of love as whatever fulfills your wish to be and to give everything that gives itself to you, that gave your children to you and you to them when the lines between you were cut or frozen and pain guaranteed and growing and love came roaring back.

—JOY LADIN

PSALM 23

מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד.
A PSALM OF DAVID
Mizmor l'david.

יְהוָה רֹעִי, לֹא אֶחְסָר.

ADONAI is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Adonai ro-i lo ehsar.

בְּנֵאֲוֹת דְּשָׂא יִרְבִּיצָנִי, עַל מֵי מְנַחֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי,

God lays me down in green pastures, leads me to still waters,

Binot desheh yarbitzeini, al mei m'nuhot y'nahaleini.

נִפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב, יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי צְדָק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ.

renews my life, guides me in right paths—for that is God's way.

Nafshi y'shoveiv, yanheini v'maglei tzedek l'ma-an sh'mo.

גַּם כִּי אֵלֶיךָ בְּגִיא צַלְמָוֶת

Though I walk through a valley as dark as death,

Gam ki eileikh b'gei tzalmavet

לֹא אִירָא רָע כִּי אִתָּךְ עִמָּדִי.

I fear no evil, for You are with me;

lo ira ra ki atah imadi.

שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הִמָּה יְנַחֲמֵנִי.

Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

Shivt'kha u-mishantekha heimah y'nahamuni.

תַּעֲרֹךְ לְפָנַי שְׁלֹחַן נֶגֶד צָרָי,

You spread a table before me in full view of my foes;

Ta-arokh l'fanai shulhan neged tzor'rai,

דִּשְׁנַת בְּשֶׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי בּוֹסֵי רוּיָהּ.

You anoint my head with oil, my cup is overflowing.

Dishanta va-shemen roshi, kosi r'vayah.

אֵף טוֹב וְחֶסֶד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי,

Only goodness and steadfast love shall pursue me

all the days of my life,

Akh tov va-hesed yird'funi kol y'mei hayai,

וְשָׁבְתִי בְּבַיִת יְהוָה לְאָרְךָ יָמִים.

And I shall dwell in the house of ADONAI forever.

V'shavti b'veit Adonai l'orekh yamim.

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 we say: *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 we say: *Amen*.

May heaven bestow on us, and on all Israel, life and abundant and lasting peace. And we say: *Amen*.

May the one who creates peace on high bring peace to us and to all Israel [and to all who dwell on earth].

And we say: *Amen*.

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'meih raba, b'alma di v'ra, kiruteih, v'yamlikh malkhuteih b'hayekh'on u-v'yomeikh'on u-v'hayei d'khol beit yisrael, ba-agala u-vizman kariv, v'imru amen.

Y'hei sh'meih raba m'varakh l'alam u-l'almei almaya.

Yitbarakh v'yishtabah v'yitpa-ar v'yitromam v'yitnasei v'yit-hadar v'yitaleh v'yit-halal sh'meih d'kudsha, b'rikh hu, l'eila min kol birkhata v'shirata tushb'hata v'nehamata da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya v'hayim aleinu v'al kol yisrael, v'imru amen.

Oseh shalom bimromav hu ya-aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisrael [v'al kol yosh'vei teiveil], v'imru amen.

We are seated.

קִדְּיֵשׁ יְתוּם

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא, בְּרַעוּתָהּ,
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּן וּבְיוֹמֵינוּן
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל־בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזַמַּן קָרִיב,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
וְיִתְהַדַּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקַדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא,
לְעָלַם מִן כָּל־בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא
וְנַחֲמָתָא דְאִמְרוּן בְּעֵלְמָא,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל [וְעַל כָּל־יּוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל].
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

We are seated.