

יזכור  
*Yizkor*

MEMORIAL  
BOOKLET

5782  
2021/2022

BETH TIKVAH SYNAGOGUE  
RICHMOND BC



# YIZKOR

## 5782

### A PRAYER LIGHTING THE MEMORIAL CANDLE

*by Rabbi Naomi Levy*

I haven't forgotten you, even though it's been some time now since I've seen your face, touched your hand, heard your voice. You are with me all the time.

I used to think you left me. I know better now. You come to me. Sometimes in fleeting moments I feel your presence close by. But I still miss you. And nothing — no person, no joy, no accomplishment, no distraction, not even God — can fill the gaping hole your absence has left in my life.

But mixed together with all my sadness, there is a great joy for having known you. I want to thank you for the time we shared, for the love you gave, for the wisdom you spread.

Thank you for the magnificent moments and for the ordinary ones too. There was beauty in our simplicity. Holiness in our unspectacular days. And I will carry the lessons you taught me always.

Your life has ended, but your light can never be extinguished. It continues to shine upon me even on the darkest nights and illuminates my way.

I light this candle in your honor and in your memory. May God bless you as you have blessed me with love, with grace and with peace. Amen.

(As the light is kindled, say:)

*Zeycher tzadeek leev'racha*

The memory of the upright is a continuing source of blessing.

זכר צדיק לברכה

We take this year of 5782 to focus on Reconnection, Renewal, and Resilience; these themes speak to the heart of Yizkor. After all, Yizkor offers us the opportunity to reconnect with those we have physically lost in years gone by and yet as we renew that connection, we remind ourselves in powerful ways that love never dies. As the poet, Merrit Malloy powerfully wrote, "Love doesn't die, people do. So, when all that's left of me is love, give me away." Through such sentiments and rituals offered through our tradition, those of us who remain on earth, fulfilled and inspired by the values and memories of our loved ones, we marvel and find strength in resilience. We are who we are because of those who brought us into this world and those who shaped our lives until this moment. Through the creation of this publication and our yizkor prayers, we offer tributes to our beloved and call them to mind, ensuring their lives continue to bound up in the bonds of life.

As with last year, WE WILL USE the readings and tributes of this special publication for Yizkor throughout the year, for Yom Kippur, Shemini Atzeret, the eighth day of Pesach and Shavuot. This year, however, we have very special additions offered by three of our very own Beth Tikvah members—Marilyn Berger, Barry Corrin and Linda Steiner. For these, we are grateful.

May these pages bring comfort and inspire joyful memories of those you have loved. May the memories of your loved ones forever be a blessing.

Wishing you and your families a year filled with reconnection, renewal and resilience!

*Shanah tovah, g'mar chatimah tova* (a good year in which you are written and sealed for goodness!)

*Rabbi Tendler*



This memorial book is an annual publication of Beth Tikvah Synagogue distributed on Yom Kippur and at all other Yizkor services throughout the year. It contains short biographies of members of our congregation who passed away in the previous year, as well as some prayers, psalms and inspirational readings. The names of the late family members and friends in whose memory donations to support this project were made appear at the back of the book.



Yizkor is for letting the music come back, softly and sweetly. Yizkor is to hush us and to heal us, because we are very tired under the burden which death has brought. Yizkor is to hush us with the quiet strength of prayer. Yizkor is to heal with wisdom that death gives urgency to life. Then sit quiet, without bitter tears, and let the silence flow in, bringing more love than grief, more gratitude than rebellion.

*by Rabbi Jacob Philip Rudin*  
*"Remembrance", Religion and Bereavement*



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.

שׁוֹיֵתִי הִי לְגִגְדֵי תְּמִיד,  
כִּי מִיְמִינִי בֶּל-אֲמוּט.  
לֵכֵן שְׂמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל  
כְּבוֹדִי, אֶף בְּשָׂרִי יִשְׁכֹּן  
לְבַטָּח.

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.



Like the stars by day, our beloved dead are not seen with mortal  
eyes, but they shine on in the untroubled firmament of endless tim.

*by Rabbi Edward N. Calisch*

## ODE TO MY MOM

*by Linda Stein*

I am in the best place  
I am in the worst space

Time is infinite  
Time is finite  
Time is an illusion  
Or a delusion of our making

Tick tock  
Life is a clock

Time is finite  
Time is infinite  
It is of our making  
It is for our forsaking

Life is all about timing  
And rhyming and crying  
And loving and caring  
And giving and sharing  
And taking and enjoying

And timing for living  
And timing for dying

It is a finite infinity for eternity.

Mom keep warm and comfortable and dream a little dream tonight.

## WHEN I DIE

*by Merrit Malloy*

When I die  
Give what's left of me away  
To children  
And old men that wait to die.

And if you need to cry,  
Cry for your brother  
Walking the street beside you  
And when you need me,  
Put your arms  
Around anyone  
And give to them  
What you need to give to me.

I want to leave you something,  
Something better  
Than words  
Or sounds.

Look for me  
In the people I've known  
Or loved,  
And if you cannot give me away,  
At least let me live in your eyes  
And not on your mind.

You can love me most  
By letting  
Hands touch hands  
By letting  
Bodies touch bodies  
And by letting go  
Of children  
That need to be free.

Love doesn't die,  
People do.  
So, when all that's left of me  
Is love,  
Give me away.

## MEMORIES...REMEMBER...SHARE

*by Marilyn Berger*

Do not turn your backs on the departed, Their memories endure,  
Mechayai hamatim, With the help of HaShem, we, made in the image of our Creator

Bring life to the dead!  
Yizkor instructs us to remember  
Put the vision of our departed loved ones in all our heads and all our hearts

Remember  
Her smile, the glint in his eyes  
The gales of laughter  
The tears when life made them cry  
The deeds that were taught us  
The never ending laugh still sent to us daily  
Guardian angels from up above!

Share  
Generations come and go  
And still they are here, always remaining a part of us  
Honour our loved ones  
Tell their stories  
L'dor v'dor, our grandchildren should know  
The soul never dies  
Let's hold our departed loved ones close  
Look, Listen, Open your eyes  
They are still here  
You are not alone!

# INSTRUCTIONS FOR REMEMBERING

by Rabbi Nina Mizrahi

Remember.

*Remember the blessings of those who no longer walk this earth.*

Remember each name, each life-story.

*Remember on behalf of those whose memory fails.*

Remember with love the sweet and the bittersweet.

*Remember with forgiveness the hurt and misunderstanding.*

Remember with insight so you might experience deeper meaning.

*Remember through the pain until you can touch the joy and find comfort.*

Remember through dreams left unfulfilled and choose one to fulfill.

*Remember through your heart.*

Remember through your actions.

*Remember through living with kindness, generosity and forgiveness.*

Remember through your children and grandchildren.

*Remember by planting memories and helping them take root in the living.*

Remember by opening your heart even if you thought it was closed forever.

*Remember to live your own life as a blessing.*

Remember to do all this.

*Remember and you will be remembered.*

Remember.

# YIZKOR

# יִזְכוֹר

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.

ה', מַה-אָדָם וַתִּדְעֵהוּ,  
בֶּן-אָנוּשׁ וַתַּחֲשְׁבֵהוּ.  
אָדָם לַהֶבֶל דָּמָה,  
יָמָיו כְּצֶל עוֹבֵר.  
בִּבְקָר יִצְיָן וּחְלָף,  
לְעֶרֶב יְמוּלֵל וַיָּבֵשׁ.  
לְמִנּוּת יָמֵינוּ כֵּן הוֹדַע  
וְנִבְיָא לְבָב חֲקָמָה.



May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with my  
closest companion in life—my soulmate, my friend, my confidant,  
my helping hand, my listening heart, my compass, my shining  
light.

*In spite of death, our deep bonds of love are strong.*

*May I always be worthy of that love.*

*May the memory of our companionship lead me out of  
loneliness;*

*may it awaken in me gratitude for that which still endures.*

*And may you rest forever in dignity and peace.*

Blessed is the One who is far beyond all blessings and hymns, all  
the praises and words of comfort that we speak in the world. And  
blessed are those who are now far beyond my words, my praise,  
my voice—even my silence.

We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following and adding appropriate names as indicated. Personal prayers may be added.

We rise.

In memory of male relatives or friends:

May God remember the soul of

my father \_\_\_\_\_  
my husband \_\_\_\_\_  
my partner \_\_\_\_\_  
my brother \_\_\_\_\_  
my son \_\_\_\_\_  
my relative \_\_\_\_\_  
my friend \_\_\_\_\_  
(others) \_\_\_\_\_

who has [have] gone to his [their] eternal home. In loving testimony to his life [their lives], I pledge *tz'dakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to him [them]. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may his [their] soul[s] 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.

In memory of female relatives or friends:

May God remember the soul of

my mother \_\_\_\_\_  
my wife \_\_\_\_\_  
my partner \_\_\_\_\_  
my sister \_\_\_\_\_  
my daughter \_\_\_\_\_  
my relative \_\_\_\_\_  
my friend \_\_\_\_\_  
(others) \_\_\_\_\_

who has [have] gone to her [their] eternal home. In loving testimony to her life [their lives], I pledge *tz'dakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to her [them]. Through such deeds, and through prayer and remembrance, may her [their] soul[s] 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.

We each continue in private meditation, selecting from among the following and adding appropriate names as indicated. Personal prayers may be added.

We rise.

In memory of male relatives or friends:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת

(for a father) אָבִי מוֹרִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a husband) אִישִׁי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a partner) בֶּן זוגִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a brother) אָחִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a son) בְּנִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for other relative) קְרוֹבִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a friend) חֲבֵרִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(others) \_\_\_\_\_

שְׁהֵלָךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ [שְׁהֵלָכוֹ לְעוֹלָמָם]. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת  
צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתוֹ [נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם]. אֲנָא תְּהִי  
[תְּהִינָה] נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה [נִפְשָׁם צְרוּרוֹת] בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים  
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתוֹ [מְנוּחָתָם] כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־  
פְּנֵי, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

In memory of female relatives or friends:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נִשְׁמַת

(for a mother) אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a wife) אִשְׁתִּי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a partner) בַּת זוגִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a sister) אָחוֹתִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a daughter) בָּתִּי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for other relative) קְרוֹבָתִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(for a friend) חֲבֵרָתִי \_\_\_\_\_  
(others) \_\_\_\_\_

שְׁהֵלָכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ [שְׁהֵלָכוֹ לְעוֹלָמָן]. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵב/נוֹדֶבֶת  
צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתָהּ [נִשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶן]. אֲנָא תְּהִי  
[תְּהִינָה] נִפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה [נִפְשָׁן צְרוּרוֹת] בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים  
וְתִהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָהּ [מְנוּחָתָן] כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךְ,  
נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

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, 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 peace Merciful One, may they find eternal shelter beneath Your sheltering wings, and may their soul be bound up in the bond of life. May they rest in peace. And let us say: *Amen*.

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD:

Exalted, compassionate God, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among the holy and the pure, to the souls of all those we have recalled today. May their memory be a blessing Merciful One, we ask that our loved ones find perfect peace in Your eternal embrace. And let us say: *Amen*.

IN MEMORY OF CONGREGANTS:

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמוֹת יְדִידֵינוּ חֲבָרֵי הַקֵּהֶל הַקָּדוֹשׁ הַזֶּה שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה תַּהֲיֶינָה נִפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ, נְעִימוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

IN MEMORY OF THE SIX MILLION:

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כְּנָפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה, בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים, כְּזֶה־הָרַקִּיעַ מְזֻהָרִים, לְנַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֲחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל שֶׁנִּטְבְּחוּ בְּשׂוֹאָה, אֲנָשִׁים נָשִׁים וְטָף, שֶׁנֶּחֱנְקוּ וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ וְשֶׁנֶּהָרְגוּ, שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת־נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן תִּהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בְּעַל הַרַחֲמִים, הַסְתִּירָם בְּסֶתֶר כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצִרוּר בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. הִי הוּא נַחֲלָתָם. וְיִנּוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבֹּתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD:

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים, שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כְּנָפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה, בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוּרִים, כְּזֶה־הָרַקִּיעַ מְזֻהָרִים, לְנַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֵלֶּה שֶׁהִזְכֵּרְנוּ הַיּוֹם לְבִרְכָּהּ, שֶׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן תִּהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם. אָנָּה בְּעַל הַרַחֲמִים, הַסְתִּירָם בְּסֶתֶר כְּנָפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצִרוּר בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים אֶת־נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. הִי הוּא נַחֲלָתָם. וְיִנּוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכַּבֹּתֵיהֶם. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן.

## 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 far 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'kol 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 (l'eilla)mi-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.*

## קדיש יתום

Mourners:

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,  
בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא, כְּרַעוּתָהּ,  
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן  
וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,  
בְּעֻלְא וּבְזִמָּן קָרִיב,  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Congregation and mourners:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמַי וּלְעָלְמֵי עַלְמֵיָא.

Mourners:

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח  
וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם  
וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר  
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל  
שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא,  
לְעָלְא (וּלְעָלְא) מְכַל-בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא  
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנִחְמָתָא  
דְּאָמִירָן בְּעֻלְמָא,  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

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

עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו  
הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם  
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל  
[וְעַל כָּל-יּוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֶל].  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

## I LIKE TO WANDER IN CEMETERIES

*by Barry Corrin*

A cemetery; a quiet and peaceful place where people are buried. A place to go, feel, and be with someone for a moment or two. A place where tombstones record the names, dates, sometimes the place of beginning, always the place of ending. A place where tombstones tell you who they were—in relationship: a zaida, a baba, a father, a mother, a son, a daughter, a child—but not who they were.

Who they were is buried in the cemetery in my mind and is marked by the tombstones in my home. In the cemetery in my mind lie family, friends, people I knew, people I “knew of” and people whom I wish I had known better.

The tombstones in my home, when I take time to look and really see, remind me of their smiles, their laugh, the laugh lines at the side of their eyes and the twinkle in them. The tombstones in my home remind me of the birthday parties, the anniversaries, the car trips—the family times. The tombstones in my home remind me of their kindness and generosity of spirit, their affection and love for me and mine for them, along with the challenges, the difficulties and yes, even the hardship of having had them in my life.

The tombstones in my home remind me from whence I’ve come; of those who fashioned me and bequeathed to me a smaller or larger fragment of themselves. And for all of it, the joyful and sad moments, the good and bad days, the easy and the challenging times, I am grateful because—because of them, I am me.

This book is a cemetery and the tears I shed are a bridge to the cemetery in my mind and I like to wander in cemeteries.

## I RECALL

*by Marcia Falk*

*In memory of lives that touched one’s own*

I call her/ him to mind and heart,  
The texture of her/his life,  
Its presence in mine.

Images rise up  
and fall away,  
moments in the current of time-

tender, harsh,  
extraordinary,  
mundane,

that which gives pleasure in recollection  
and that which hurts, yet resists  
being forgotten.

May the threads of memory be woven  
Into the fabric of my life  
And bring healing.

☆ ☆ ☆

## SEPARATION

*by W.S. Merwin*

Your absence has gone through me  
Like thread through a needle.  
Everything I do is stitched with its color.

## THE FOURTH CROWN

Our Rabbis taught that there are three crowns:

the crown of Torah,

the crown of priesthood,

and the crown of royalty.

But they emphasized that

the crown of a good name excels them all. (*Pirkei Avot 4:17*)

The Book of Ecclesiastes says:

“A good name is to be treasured above precious oil.” (*Ecclesiastes 7:1*)

Wealth, health, even life passes away,

but a good name lives forever.

It is this view that the Talmud teaches:

“Monuments need not be erected for the righteous;

Their deeds are their memorials.” (*JT Sh'kalim 11a*)

They will be remembered and revered

for the kindness they have shown,

and for the love they have given.

They are shining examples of what it means to be a mensch.

There are stars whose light reaches the  
earth only after they themselves have  
disintegrated and are no more. And there are  
men whose scintillating memory lights the  
world after they have passed from it.  
These lights which shine in the darkest night  
are those which illumine for us the path.

*by Hannah Senesh*

## EILI EILI

אֱלֹהֵי, אֱלֹהֵי, שְׁלֹא יִגְמַר  
לְעוֹלָם, הַחֹל וְהָיָה, רְשָׁרוּשׁ  
שֶׁל הַמָּוֶת, בְּרֶקַע הַשָּׁמַיִם,  
תִּפְלֵת הָאָדָם.

O Lord, my God,  
I pray that these things never end.  
The sand and the sea,  
The rush of the waters,  
The crash of the heavens,  
The prayer of man.

*by Hannah Senesh*



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