

**FUNERAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICES**

**By**

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**Institute of Creative Judaism**

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Dedicated to the memory of the victims of the Holocaust and of Pogroms in every age, all of whom died in their innocence.

## Table of Contents

	Page
Funeral Service.....	1
Service for the Dedication of a Tombstone, Memorial Stone, or Plaque.....	19
Additional Readings.....	20
Acknowledgements.....	

1.

### Funeral Service

We are gathered here today to honor the life and memory of \_\_\_\_\_ . Death has come to (her, him) as it does to all persons. Death brings to our minds and hearts the common concerns and shared destiny of humankind. We are drawn together by deep-felt emotions; and are reminded of the essential community that lies beneath the many divisions of humanity on earth.

Our lives and the lives of our loved ones are rooted in a profound mystery, past our understanding. In the face of eternity, we are made simple. Though we know our destiny is to tarry but a while, the time of separation brings anguish and grief. May we bear our burden bravely; may we struggle through the darkness with courage to find our way again.

#### II

(Read one or more of the following passages, as appropriate.)

#### A

Out of the abundant richness of the universal flow, we received the loved one whose end has now come. We shared blessings with (her, him) in great and generous measure. From the depths of our hearts we are grateful for the years of life and joy. (Her, his) love answering to ours, (her, his) companionship responding to ours, brought warmth and gladness to our days. We cherish that love and companionship though (she, he) be gone; and will reverently keep (her, his) remembrance in the treasure house of our minds.

2.

We seek strength to go our way with fortitude, and to do our tasks day by day. Let the memory of our dear one live on in us to inspire service and kindness, and thus endure for a blessing. Above all, may this time of sorrow guide us to a heart of wisdom to know that all things, great and small, must come to an end of days.

בְּרוּךְ מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים מְעַן הַדְּוִיד,  
אֲשֶׁר בָּלַח שׁוֹפְעַת וְשׁוֹקַעַת הַמְצִיאוֹת.

Blessed is the source of life, fountain of being, by whose power existence flows and ebbs.

#### B

The eye is never satisfied with seeing; endless are the desires of the heart. When death comes, no mortal has ever had enough of riches, honor and wisdom. We devise new schemes on the grave of a thousand disappointed hopes. Discontent abides in the palace and in the hut, rankling alike in the breast of prince and pauper. Death finally terminates the combat, and grief and joy, success and failure, all are ended. Like children falling asleep over their toys, we loosen our grasp on earthly possessions only when death overtakes us. The rich and the poor, the feeble and the strong, all are equal in death; the grave levels all distinctions and makes the whole world kin.

בְּרוּךְ מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים מְעַן הַדְּוִיד,  
אֲשֶׁר בָּלַח שׁוֹפְעַת וְשׁוֹקַעַת הַמְצִיאוֹת.

Blessed is the source of life, fountain of being, by whose power existence flows and ebbs.

## C

We are like a breath;  
Our days are as a shadow that passes away.  
In the morning we flourish and grow;  
In the evening we are cut down and wither.

Oh that we were wise,  
That we would consider our end.  
For when we die, we carry nothing away;  
Our glory does not descend after us.

אָדָם לְהַבִּיל דְּמָה. יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר:  
בְּבֹקֶר יֵצֵא וּבֶעֱרֵב יִמָּלֵל וַיֵּשׁ.  
לֹא חֲכָמוֹ יִשְׁכִּילוּ זֹאת. יִבְיְעוּ לְאַחֲרֵיהֶם:  
כִּי לֹא בְמוֹתוֹ יִקַּח הַכֹּל. לְאַחֲרֵי אַחֲרָיו כְּבוֹדוֹ.  
(Scriptures; selection)

## D

Humankind born of woman  
Is of few days, and full of disquiet.  
We come forth like a flower, and wither;  
We flee as a shadow, and continue not.  
Our days are determined,  
The number of our months is set,  
Beyond our boundaries we cannot pass.  
Humankind dies and lies low,  
As the waters fail from the sea,  
And the river is drained dry,  
So humankind lies down and rises not.  
The mountains fall and crumble away,  
Rocks are removed out of their place;  
The waters wear the stones,  
The overflowings wash away the dust of the earth.  
So humans perish,  
And their flesh grieves for them.

אָדָם יְלוּד אִשָּׁה. קָצֵר יָמָיו וְשֶׁבַע רָגְזוֹ:  
כְּצֵיץ יֵצֵא וּכְצֵל יִמָּלֵל וְלֹא יֵעָמֵד:  
חֲרֻצִים יָמָיו מִסִּפְרֵי חַדְשָׁיו. חֶקֶר לֹא יֵעֲבֹר:  
וְגֵבֶר יָמוּחַ וַיִּחְלֹשׁ. אֲזֻלֹּת מֵיָמָיו.  
וְהָדָר יִחְרַב וַיֵּשׁ: וְאִישׁ שָׁכַב וְלֹא יִקָּוֶם.  
הַרְנוּפֵל יָבֹל וְצָדִיק יִעָתֵק מִמְּקוֹמוֹ: אֲבוֹתָיו:  
שָׁחֲקוּ מֵיָמָיו הַשְּׂמֵרָה סִפְיָחָהּ עַפְרָא אֶרֶץ:  
(Job: 14; selection)

## III

(Read one or more of the following passages, as appropriate.)

## A

(For all persons)

At this hour of anguish, we reach to the depths of our being for wisdom and strength. Aware of life's many bounties, we know too of its struggles and storms; and of the calm and peace that death brings. Its veil spreads over the weary, the suffering, and the heavy-laden. In this hour of parting from \_\_\_\_\_, we are grateful for the years that have been granted (her, him). Let consolation and strength come to (her, his) grieving (parents, children, wife, husband, sisters, brothers, family; others, as appropriate), and in the fullness of time may tender memories enable them to triumph over their sorrow.

B .  
(For a person in early to mid-life)

5.

There was a person  
And behold, (she, he) is no more.  
Before (her, his) time (she, he) died;  
And the music of (her, his) life, though unfinished, was  
cut off.  
How sad, for (she, he) had within (her, him) one more  
song.  
But now that song is lost,  
Forever lost.

How very sad.  
(She, He) had a harp, this person,  
A living, speaking soul.  
And whenever the poet within spoke,  
Disclosing all the secrets of (her, his) heart,  
(Her, His) hand would make every string speak.

Yet one secret (she, he) kept within.  
Around and around (her, his) fingers darted.  
Still one string remained silent,  
And to this day remains silent.

How very sad.  
All its days this string waited,  
Silently it vibrated, quietly trembled,  
Pining, yearning, grieving, longing,  
For its beloved, redeeming song,  
As when one's heart longs for a special guest.  
Yet the song delayed,  
And never came,  
Never came.

There was a person.  
And behold, (she, he) is no more.  
And the music of (her, his) life, though unfinished was  
cut off.  
(She, He) had one more song within (her, him).  
But now that song is lost,  
Forever lost.

6.

הָיָה אִישׁ, וְרָאוּ: אֵינֶנּוּ עוֹד,  
קֹדֶם זְמַנּוֹ מִתְּהַיֵּשׁ הַזֶּה,  
וְשִׁירָתוֹ חָיָיו בְּאִמְצַע נִפְסָקָה,  
וְצִחַ עוֹד מְזֻמָּר אַחַד הָיָה לוֹ,  
וְהִנֵּה אֶבֶד הַמְזֻמָּר לְעַד,  
אֶבֶד לְעַד

וְצַר מְאֹד: הֵן כְּעוֹר הָיָה לוֹ,  
נִפְשׁ חַיָּה וּמְמַלְלָה,  
וְהַמְשׁוֹרֵר מִיָּדֵי דְבָרוֹ בּוֹ  
אֶת־כָּל־רָצִי לְבוֹ הַגִּיד לוֹ,  
וְכָל־הַגִּימִין יָדוֹ הוֹכֵבֶת,  
אֶךְ רַח אַחַד בְּקֶרְבוֹ הַכְחִיד,  
סְחוֹר סְחוֹר לוֹ אֶצְבְּעוֹתָיו פְּזוּז,  
נִימָה אַחַת אֶלְמָה נִשְׁאַרְתָּ,  
אֶלְמָה נִשְׁאַרְתָּ עַד־הַיּוֹם

וְצַר מְאֹד, מְאֹד  
כָּל־יְמֵיהָ זָעָה נִימָה זוֹ,  
דוֹמָם זָעָה, דוֹמָם רַעְדָה,  
אֶל־מְזֻמָּרָהּ, דוֹדָה גּוֹאֲלָהּ,  
כְּמִהָה, צְמֵאָה, עֲגָמָה, נְכֻסְפָה,  
כְּאִשׁוֹר יַעֲגֵם לֵב לְמִזְמָן לוֹ,  
וְהוּא הַתְּמַדְמָה אֵף לֹא־בָא,  
אֵף לֹא־בָא

7.

הָיָה אִישׁ וְרָאוּ: אֵינֶנּוּ עוֹד,  
וְשִׁירַת חַיָּיו בְּאַמְצֵעַ נִפְסְקָה,  
עוֹד שִׁיר מְזֻמֹּר אֶחָד הָיָה לוֹ,  
וְהִנֵּה אֶבֶד הַמְזֻמֹּר לְעַד,  
אֶבֶד לְעַד

C

(For a young parent)

Our lives bear witness at times to the deepest anguish and tragedy. So is our portion now one of profound sorrow and suffering at the death of this parent so young in years. In this hour of parting from \_\_\_\_\_, we are grateful for the years that have been granted (her, him). Though all too brief, they were a source of blessing to many. We are thankful for the life and love that have come from (her, him). May (her, his) sorrowing partner attain the strength and courage to bear the new duties and responsibilities that now fall upon (her, him). Let consolation and strength come to (her, him). Let consolation and strength come to (her, his) grieving (parents, children, wife, husband, sisters, brothers, family; others, as appropriate), and in the fullness of time may tender memories enable them to triumph over their sorrow.

D

(For a woman)

A woman of valor, who can find? For her price is far above rubies.  
The heart of her husband safely trusts in her, and he has no lack of gain.  
She does him good and not harm all the days of her life.  
She stretches out her hand to the poor,

8.

She reaches forth her hands to the needy.  
Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laughs at the time to come.  
She opens her mouth with wisdom, and teachings of kindness are on her tongue.  
She looks well to the ways of her household and eats not the bread of idleness.  
Her children rise up and call her blessed;  
Her husband also, and he praises her: 'Many women have done valiantly, but you excel them all!'  
Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates.

אֲשַׁחֲחִיל מִי יִמְצָא וְרַחֵק מִפְּנִינִים מְכָרָה:  
בְּטַח בָּהּ לֵב בְּעֵלְיָהּ וְשִׁלָּל לֹא יִחְסֹר: גְּמֻלָתָהּ  
טוֹב וְלֹא דָרַע כָּל יְמֵי חַיֶּיהָ: כִּפְּיָהּ פָּרְשָׁה לְעֵנֶי  
וְיָדֶיהָ שְׁלָחָה לְאֲבִיוֹן: עוֹדֶה־דָר לְבוּשָׁה וְהַשְׁחֵק  
לַיּוֹם אַחֲרוֹן: פִּיהָ פָּחָה בְּחִכְמָהּ וְתוֹרַת חֶסֶד  
עַל לְשׁוֹנָהּ: צוּפֶיהָ הִגִּיכּוֹת בִּיחָהּ וְלֶחֶם עֲצֵלּוֹת  
לֹא תֹאכַל: קָמוּ בְנֵיהּ וַיֵּאשְׁרֶה בְּעֵלְיָהּ וַיְהַלְלֶיהָ:  
רַבּוֹת בְּעוֹת עֲשׂוֹ חֵיל וְאֵת עָלִית עַל־כְּלָנָה:  
תִּגְדֹּלָהּ מִפְּרֵי יָדֶיהָ וַיְהַלְלֶיהָ בְּשַׁעְרִים מַעֲשֵׂיהָ:  
(Proverbs, 31.10-31; selection)

E

(For a child)

The flower of life is slender and frail. Scarcely come into bloom, the life of this beloved child has been cut short by the hand of death. In this dark midnight of the soul, we turn for comfort and wisdom to David, king of ancient Israel. Scripture tells when David's young child fell sorely ill:

9.

"David fasted and lay all night upon the earth. And the elders of his house arose, and stood beside him, to raise him up from the earth; but he would not, neither did he eat food with them. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that the child died. And the servants of David feared to tell him that the child was dead; for they said: 'Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spoke to him, and he did not listen to us; how then shall we tell him the child is dead? He may do himself some harm.' But when David saw that his servants whispered together, David perceived that the child was dead; and David said to his servants, 'Is the child dead?' They answered, 'The child is dead.' Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his clothes. He then went to his own house; and when he asked, they set food before him and he ate. Then his servants said to him, 'What is this thing that you have done? You fasted and wept for the child while it was alive; but now that the child has died, you rise up and eat.' He answered: 'While the child was alive, I fasted and wept. But now that the child is dead, why should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him but he will not return to me.'"

בְּעוֹד הַיָּלֵד חַי צַמְתִּי וְאָבְכָה וְעָתָה מַת לְמָה  
 זֶה אֲנִי צֵם הַאֹכֵל לְהַשִּׁיבֵנו עוֹד אֲנִי הַלֵּךְ  
 אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְהוּא לֹא־שׁוֹב אֵלָי.  
 (II Samuel 12; selection)

For a brief moment, a treasured spirit brightened the days of now grieving parent(s), (sister(s), brother(s), grandparent(s), family, friends; others, as appropriate). Let those who sorrow attain, as David did, the strength of resignation to accept life's inevitable decree. May the sweet memories of joyous times past offer consolation in the present and trust in the future.

10.

F

(For a child)

From the deepest recesses of our being we summon strength and courage to bear the burden that has been placed upon us. May our effort be rewarded with increased wisdom and deepened love. Let us open our hearts and reach out to one another. Let us share our need and seek the love that survives loss. May the sorrowing parent(s), and all who mourn with (her, him, them), find the consolation that time alone can bring. Let the memory of this beloved child make all children more precious to us. May we be inspired to labor for a world in which every person reaches fulfillment, and every life attains its purpose.

G

We acknowledge fright and terror; we are aware that life is bounded. Loneliness and loss, weakness and error are always before us. Nothingness is present in every moment of being, and we live with the sorrow of death. Yet all this we must bear, with courage and acceptance, this we must bear. From the source of our being, we have been given the power, all this to bear.

Address

IV

(Read one or more of the passages following, as appropriate)

## A

We are but sojourners in existence. Great and small, heavens and humans, are born, live, and die. The universal decree that every journey in existence must end cannot be stayed. May our earthly sojourn bring us the wisdom to accept this common destiny with tranquility and peace. Thus will we find in the recesses of our being strength and consolation when the pilgrimage of a dear one is ended, and a link is broken in the chain of love and friendship that binds us together. Every being walks in the valley of the shadow of death. Yet even on the day of darkness, we can reach to the light that will again show us the way to life's meaning and purpose.

## B

The light of life is a finite flame. Like a candle, life is kindled; It burns, it glows, it gives off beauty and rays of warmth. But soon it fades, its substance is consumed and it is no more.

In light we see and can be seen. The moments of flame dance and our lives are full. But as night follows day, shadows follow the flames and blur our view. We fail to see and can no longer be seen. Yet we do not despair, for our fate is more than memory. With our lives we give life. We are links in the eternal chain of darkness and death, of light and life.

## C

Birth is a beginning  
And death a destination  
But life is a journey,  
A going -- a growing  
From stage to stage.

From childhood to maturity  
And youth to age.  
From innocence to awareness  
And ignorance to knowing;  
From error to discretion  
And then perhaps to wisdom.

From loneliness to love,  
From joy to gratitude,  
From pain to compassion,  
and grief to understanding  
From fear to faith.

Birth is a beginning  
And death a destination  
But life is a journey;  
A sacred pilgrimage  
Made stage by stage  
From birth to death.

לִידָה כְּרֵאשִׁית  
וּפְסִיָּדָה כְּתֵכֶלִית  
וְהַחַיִּים כְּמִסְעַ דָּם:  
כְּדִלְיָהּ, כְּצִמְיָה  
מִדְּרָגָה לְדְרָגָה.

מִלְדוּת לְבְגֵרוּת  
וּמְנוּעָר לְשִׁבָּה.  
מִתְחַיִּימוֹת לְדַעָה  
מִבְּוֵרוֹת לְבִינָה:  
מִטִּיפְשׁוֹת לְשִׁכְלָה  
וְאִזְ-אוּלַּי לְהַכְמָה.



13.

מבדירות לידדות  
משמחה לתודה,  
מיסורים לרחמים  
ויגון להבנה,  
מאימה לאמונה.

לידה כראשית  
ופטירה כתכלית  
והחיים כמסע דם:  
עליה קדושה  
דרגה בדרגה  
מלידה לפטירה.

**Kaddish**

יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא בעלמא די-ברא  
כרעותה וימליך מלכותה בחייכון וביומכון  
ובחיי דכל-בית ישראל בעגלא ובזמן קריב  
ואמרו: אמן.

יהא שמה רבא מברך לעלם ולעלמי עלמיא.  
יתברך וישתבח ויתפאר ויתרומם ויתעשא  
ויתהדר ויתעלה ויתגדל שמה דקדשא  
ברוך הוא, לעלא סן-כל-פרקתא ושירתא  
השבתתא ונהמתא: דאמירן בעלמא:  
ואמרו: אמן.

14.

על ישראל ועל צדיקיא. ועל-כל-מן דאחפטר  
מן עלמא הדין כרעותה דאגתא. יהא להון  
שלמא רבא ותא וחסדא מן-קדם מרא שמיא  
וערעא. ואמרו אמן.

יהא שלמא רבא מן-שמיא וחיים עלינו  
ועל-כל-ישראל ואמרו: אמן.  
עשה שלום במרומוי הוא יעשה שלום  
עלינו ועל-כל-ישראל ואמרו: אמן.

Yit-ga-dal ve-yit-ka-dash she-mei ra-ba be-al-ma di-ve-ra chir-  
u-tei, ve-yam-lich mal-chu-tei be-cha-yei-chon u-ve-yo-mei-  
chon u-ve-cha-yei de-chol-beit Yis-ra-eil, ba-a-ga-la u-vi-ze-  
man ka-riv, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

Ye-hei she-mei ra-ba me-va-rach le-a-lam u-le-al-mei al-ma-ya.

Yit-ba-rach ve-yish-ta-bach, ve-yit-pa-ar ve-yit-ro-mam ve-vit-  
na-sei, ve-yit-ha-dar ve-yit-a-leh ve-yit-ha-lal she-mei de-ku-  
de-sha, be-rich hu, le-eil-la min kol bir-cha-ta ve-shi-ra-ta,  
tush-be-cha-ta ve-ne-che-ma-ta, da-a-mi-ran be-al-ma ve-i-  
me-ru: a-mein.

Al Yis-ra-eil ve-al tsa-di-ka-ya, ve-al kol man de-it-pe-tar min al-  
ma ha-dein ki-re-u-tei de-e-la-ha, he-hei le-hon she-la-ma ra-  
ba ve-chi-na ve-chis-da min ko-dam ma-rei she-ma-ya ve-ar-a,  
ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

Ye-hei she-la-ma ra-ba min she-ma-ya ve-cha-yim a-lei-nu ve-  
al kol Yis-ra-eil, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

O-seh sha-lom bi-me-ro-mav, hu ya-a-seh sha-lom a-lei-nu ve-  
al kol Yis-ra-eil, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

(At the grave)

(Read one or more, as appropriate)

## A

The words of Kohelet, the son of David, king of Jerusalem.

The sun rises, the sun goes down, and hastens to the place where it rises.

The wind goes toward the south, and turns about to the north;

The wind blows, ever turning.

On its rounds the wind returns.

All the rivers run into the sea,

Yet the sea is not full:

To the place where the rivers go.

There they go again.

All things toil to weariness,

Humans cannot utter it;

The eye is not satisfied with seeing,

Nor the ear filled with hearing.

That which has been is that which shall be,

And that which has been done is that which shall be done;

And there is nothing new under the sun.

One generation passes away, and another generation comes.

A good name is better than precious oil;

And the day of death than the day of one's birth.

Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof;

And the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.

It is better to go to the house of mourning,

Than to go to the house of feasting;

For that is every person's end,

and the living will take it to heart.

דְּבַרֵי קֹהֵלֶת בֶּן־דָּוִד מֶלֶךְ בִּירוּשָׁלַם. זֶרַח הַשָּׁמֶשׁ

וְבָא הַשָּׁמֶשׁ וְאֵל־מְקוֹמוֹ שׁוֹאֵף זֶרַח הוּא שָׁם:

הוֹלֵךְ אֶל־דְּרוֹם וְסוֹבֵב אֶל־צָפוֹן סוֹבֵב סָבִב

הוֹלֵךְ הָרוּחַ עַל־סִבְתָּיו שָׁב הָרוּחַ:

כָּל־הַנְּהָאִים הַלְכִים אֶל־הֵימָן וְהֵימָן אֵינֶנּוּ מֵלֵא

אֶל־מְקוֹם שֶׁהַנְּהָאִים הַלְכִים שָׁם הֵם שׁוֹבִים לְלֶכֶת:

כָּל־הַדְּבָרִים יִגְעִים לֹא־יִזְכֵּל אִישׁ לְדַבֵּר

לֹא־תִשְׁבַּע עֵינַי לְרֹאשׁוֹת וְלֹא־תִמְלֵא אָזְנוֹ מִשְׁמֹעַ:

מִה שֶׁהָיָה הוּא שֶׁהָיָה וּמִה שֶׁנַּעֲשָׂה הוּא שֶׁנַּעֲשָׂה

וְאֵין כָּל־חֵדֶשׁ תַּחַת הַשָּׁמֶשׁ:

דוֹר הַגֵּךְ וְדוֹר בָּא

טוֹב שָׁם מִשָּׂמֶן טוֹב יוֹם הַפְּנִיחַ מִיּוֹם הַגִּלְדוֹ:

טוֹב אַחֲרִית דְּבַר מֵרֵאשִׁיתוֹ טוֹב אַרְךָ־רֵחַ

מִנְּבִיה־רֵחַ: טוֹב לְלֶכֶת אֶל־בֵּית־אֵבֶל מִלֶּכֶת

אֶל־בֵּית מִשְׂתֵּה בָּאִשׁ הוּא סוֹף כָּל־הָאָדָם.

(Ecclesiastes; selection)

## B

We stand together in sorrow; grieving at death, yet affirming life.

Our memories of the past are securely with us. As we are here gathered to mourn the loss of our loved one, so do we recall the beauty of (her, his) life that so greatly enriched our own. May we mourn (her, him) with the same nobility (she, he) lived, accepting in death the final resolution of all life.

Though what is past cannot be altered, the unformed future lies before us. Let us accept its challenge with courage, remembering that for the living, life is to be cherished as a sacred obligation.

## C

## Kaddish

יְתַגְדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעַלְמָא דִּי-בְרָא  
 כְּרַעוּתָהּ וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ  
 וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְנָא קָרִיב  
 וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא גַּלְעָלְמִי עַלְמֵיָא.  
 יְתִבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְעַשֵּׂא  
 וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַדָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא  
 בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעַלְמָא מְכָל-בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא  
 הַשְּׁבַחְתָּא וְהַמְתָּא: דְּאָמִירָן בְּעַלְמָא:  
 וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל צְדִיקָיָא. וְעַל-כָּל מִן דְּאַחַפְטֵר  
 מִן עַלְמָא הָדִין כְּרַעוּתָהּ דְּאַלְתָּא. יְהֵא לְהוּן  
 שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא וְחַנָּא וְחַסְדָּא מִן קֳדָם מְרָא שְׁמֵיָא  
 וְעִרְעָא. וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמֵיָא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ  
 וְעַל-כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.  
 עֵשָׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמֵי הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם  
 עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

Yit-ga-dal ve-yit-ka-dash she-mei ra-ba be-al-ma di-ve-ra chir-  
 u-tei, ve-yam-lich mal-chu-tei be-cha-yei-chon u-ve-yo-mei-  
 chon u-ve-cha-yei de-chol-beit Yis-ra-eil, ba-a-ga-la u-vi-ze-  
 man ka-riv, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

Ye-hei she-mei ra-ba me-va-rach le-a-lam u-le-al-mei al-ma-ya.

Yit-ba-rach ve-yish-ta-bach, ve-yit-pa-ar ve-yit-ro-mam ve-vit-  
 na-sei, ve-yit-ha-dar ve-yit-a-leh ve-yit-ha-lal she-mei de-ku-  
 de-sha, be-rich hu, le-eil-la min kol bir-cha-ta ve-shi-ra-ta,  
 tush-be-cha-ta ve-ne-che-ma-ta, da-a-mi-ran be-al-ma ve-i-  
 me-ru: a-mein.

Al Yis-ra-eil ve-al tsa-di-ka-ya, ve-al kol man de-it-pe-tar min al-  
 ma ha-dein ki-re-u-tei de-e-la-ha, he-hei le-hon she-la-ma ra-  
 ba ve-chi-na ve-chis-da min ko-dam ma-rei she-ma-ya ve-ar-a,  
 ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

Ye-hei she-la-ma ra-ba min she-ma-ya ve-cha-yim a-lei-nu ve-  
 al kol Yis-ra-eil, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

O-seh sha-lom bi-me-ro-mav, hu ya-a-seh sha-lom a-lei-nu ve-  
 al kol Yis-ra-eil, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

## VI

## (Conclusion)

(Read one or both, as appropriate)

## A

בְּרוּךְ מְקוֹר הַחַיִּים מֵעֵין הַדְּהוּיָה  
 אֲשֶׁר בְּכחוֹ שׁוֹפְעַת וְשׁוֹקְעַת דְּמַצִּיאוֹת.

Blessed is the source of life, fountain of being, by  
 whose power existence flows and ebbs.

## B

\_\_\_\_\_ still lives on earth in the  
 acts of goodness (she, he) performed, and in the hearts  
 of those who cherish (her, his) memory. May the beauty  
 of (her, his) life abide among us as a loving benediction.

Service for the Dedication of a Tombstone,  
Memorial Stone, or Plaque

## I

## A

In the name of the family of our departed \_\_\_\_\_, and in the presence of (her, his) relatives (and friends), we consecrate this memorial as a token of respect and love.

(Unveiling)

## B

As we stand at the grave of \_\_\_\_\_, we are thankful for all that was true and good in (her, his) life, for all that was sweet and inspiring in (her, his) character.

(Unveiling)

## II

May this hour, consecrated to the memory of the departed, bring its message of consolation to the mourners. As we dedicate this memorial to our loved one, may we recognize that it is but a symbol of our enduring reverence and affections. May we honor (her, him) by our actions and our aspirations. Thus will (her, his) name be for a blessing, and a living remembrance to all.

## III

(If desired, read here selections from the Funeral Service preceding, or from the Additional Readings that follow.)

## Additional Readings

(To be read, or inserted in foregoing services, as appropriate)

## A

(She, He) has achieved much who has lived well, laughed often and loved with full heart; who has gained the respect of the wise and the trust of the young; who has filled a place, accomplished some task; who has left the world better than (she, he) found it; who has appreciated the true and the beautiful; who has looked for the good in others and given of the good (she, he) had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.

## B

A season is set for everything,  
A time for every event under heaven.  
A time to seek and a time to lose,  
A time to keep and a time to cast off,  
A time to be silent and a time to speak,  
A time to love and a time to hate,  
A time for war and a time for peace,  
A time to mourn and a time to dance,  
A time to weep and a time to laugh,  
A time to be born, and a time to die.

לכל זמן ועת לכל־הפֶּיַךְ תחת השָׁמַיִם:

ועת לאבֹד	עת לבקֹשׁ
ועת להשְׁלִיךְ	עת לשְׁמֹר
ועת לדַבֵּר	עת לחַשׁוֹת
ועת לשָׂנֵא	עת לאֲדֹב
ועת שְׁלוֹם	עת מִלְחָמָה
ועת רִקּוּד	עת סִפּוּד
ועת לשְׁחֹק	עת לבְּפוֹת
ועת למוֹת	עת ללָדָת

(Ecclesiastes, Chap. 3; selection)

## C

When the sun rises and when it sets,  
 When the wind blows in the chill of winter,  
 When blossoms open and spring is reborn,  
 When skies are blue and the weather warm,  
 When leaves rustle in autumn beauty,  
 When years end and when they begin,  
 We remember.

As long as we live, (she, he) will too.  
 For when we remember, (she, he) is part of us.  
 When we are weary and need strength,  
 When we are sad and sick at heart,  
 When we are lost and cannot find our way,  
 When we have joys and pleasures to share,  
 We remember.

As long as we live, (she, he) will too.  
 For those we knew and loved are part of us.  
 We remember.

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