

תפלות  
לקבר אבות  
**Memorial Service**  
at the  
**Cemetery**

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תפלות לקבר אבות

Memorial Service

יִי מָה אָדָם וְתִדְעֶהוּ      בְּרֵאשִׁית וְתִחְשְׁבֶהוּ:  
אָדָם לְהִבָּל דָּמָה      יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר:  
בְּבֹקֶר יֵצֵיץ וְחָלָף      לְעֶרֶב יִמּוֹלֵל וַיִּבֶשׁ:  
לְמִנּוֹת יָמֵינוּ בֶן הַיּוֹדֵעַ      וְנִבְיָא לְבַב חֲכָמָה:  
מָה אָנוּשׁ כִּי תִזְכְּרֵנוּ      וּבֶן אָדָם כִּי תִפְקֹדֵנוּ:  
וְתִחְסְרֶהוּ מֵעַט מֵאֱלֹהִים וְכָבוֹד וְהִדָּר תַּעֲטִירֶהוּ:

Lord, what is man, that Thou hast regard for him?  
Or the son of man, that Thou takest account of him?

*Man is like a breath,  
His days are as a fleeting shadow.*

In the morning he flourishes and grows up like grass,  
In the evening he is cut down and withers.

*So teach us to number our days,  
That we may get us a heart of wisdom.*

O Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?  
And the son of man that Thou considerest him?

*Yet Thou hast made him but little less than divine,  
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.*

*Responsive Reading*

The Lord is my light and my salvation ;  
Whom shall I fear ?  
The Lord is the stronghold of my life ;  
Of whom shall I be afraid ?

*Trust in the Lord with all your heart ;  
And rely not upon your own understanding.*

Be ye comforted in your sorrow ;  
Think not that the grave ends all.

*The dust returns to the earth as it was,  
But the spirit returns to God who gave it.*

Shall God who made life out of nothing,  
Be unable to turn what had life into higher life ?

*Let us remember: the day is short, the work is great,  
The laborers are sluggish, the reward is much,  
And God, the Master, is urgent.*

When man departs from this world,  
Neither silver nor gold nor precious stones accompany him ;  
He is remembered only for his love of Torah and his good deeds.

*Happy is the man who abounds in good deeds,  
For he shall be honored in life and remembered after death.*

The righteous need no monuments ;  
Their good deeds are their monuments.

*Even a long life ends soon,  
But a good name endures forever.*

Store up for yourself a treasure of righteousness and love,  
And it will be your most priceless possession.

*The end of the matter, all having been heard:  
Revere God and keep His commandments ;  
For this is the whole man.*

### *Reader*

**At this most** sacred season, when we pray for a year of life, health and joy for ourselves and our dear ones, when we pray for the well-being of our people and all mankind, our thoughts turn not only to the living but also to the dead. The Jewish people do not forget their debt to past generations. That may account for their miraculous survival. Perhaps that is why Israel is eternal. A people that remember their past, their traditions, their ideals and hold fast to them, cannot die or vanish from off the face of the earth.

We have come here today to pay our respects to those who, having finished their earthly course, now repose in this consecrated earth. Since last we met here together, we observe that many new graves and monuments have been added, and these have brought fresh sorrow and grief to more families. Here lies at rest a whole generation, an entire community of men, women and children slumbering in the bosom of Mother Earth.

Some of us stand beside the grave of a beloved mother or father who gave us life and who, tending and guiding us, shaped our careers and influenced our characters. Some, standing beside the grave of a beloved wife or husband, recall the love and friendship, faith and understanding, trials and griefs, fears and joys they shared in life together. Others, at the grave of a brother or sister, remember how together they grew up in happy fellowship, experiencing the adventures of childhood and youth. There are parents who stand beside the grave of a child for whom they toiled and planned, yet who was taken from them in the freshness and vigor of youth. Others stand beside the grave of some dear one who, at call of country, leaving all that was precious and dear, endured hardship, braved danger and gave up life that we who survive might live on in freedom. The hearts of these loved ones beat no more; their voices are stilled; their smiles and self-effacing devotion are but cherished memories.

*Select Reading 1 or 2*

1

**Here, amongst** the last resting-places of our departed loved ones, we may perhaps gain some clear insight into the meaning of life. We see recorded on every tombstone the year of birth and the year of death. Is it of primary importance when a person was born or when he died—how many years elapsed between birth and death? No! What was accomplished between birth and death—that is of greatest importance. We live not in years but in deeds, and our deeds live after us. Our real life begins before birth and continues after death. We are the product of the training, hopes, dreams and aspirations of countless generations that preceded us, and we can always influence for good the lives of those who come after us.

Medical science is increasing our life's span. More years are constantly being added to our lives. But are we adding *life* to our years? If we live ten years longer, will those years be filled merely with more selfishness, more boredom, more vanity, more hate, more war and more misery? A long life may not be good enough, but a good life, however short, may well be long enough. Our aim should be not only to add physical years to our life, but to add spiritual life to our years. If we would add real life to our years, there must be peace in our hearts and peace in our homes. We must live in peace with our neighbors and with our fellow men. We must live our lives more fully, richly and nobly.

Every day we live is a gift from God. We shall best honor our departed if, in their memory, we make every hour count and every day worth while. When we continue the noble work of our parents, when in tribute to our dear ones who repose here, we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, free the oppressed; when we are loyal to Torah and our faith, when we devote ourselves to truth and justice for all people—then indeed our dead live on. Then indeed we give life to our departed and add life to our own years.

*For Reading in Unison*

**“Though the righteous** are dead, they are considered among the living.” As we stand here, let us resolve in our hearts to stress in our daily lives that which death can never take from us. Everything physical shall in time disappear. These very tombstones shall one day crumble to earth, but the fruits of the good deeds of our departed shall live on. Everything perishes save those spiritual achievements which can be transmitted to future generations. May the memories of our beloved inspire us to leave behind living monuments, indestructible memorials—accomplishments which shall testify to the fruitfulness of our span of years whatever length it may be. Then shall our departed live on in our hearts and in our lives, in the hearts of others, and in the lives of those who come after us.

*(Turn to page 7.)*

2

**Life is replete** with tragedy. Each of us drains his own private cup of sorrow. Each of us observes other lives snuffed out like flickering candles, lives that have completed their span of years, and—alas!—many whose span is curtailed when it has only just begun. But were we to measure the tribulations and sorrows of life, we would find that the greatest tragedy is not always that of the life which has been taken at its youngest or its sweetest. The greatest tragedy is not always when or in what manner a person dies.

The greatest tragedies occur not only in death but in life. When we who *can* live do not live; when we who are capable of bringing happiness into the lives of others, instead cause grief through our selfishness; when we who can contribute so richly with our talents, instead fritter them uselessly away; when we who are able to serve our fellow men and alleviate hunger and loneliness, instead live only for ourselves and for what the moment brings us; when we who have pledged our fidelity and love, fail those to whom we are bound by tenderest ties; when homes are broken, love shattered, character ruined and life reduced to its lowest level—then and there are to be found the greatest tragedies of life.

**“The wicked, though** they live, are considered dead.” The greatest tragedy is not an untimely death but an empty and dissolute life. To live so that our passing would not cause a single ripple upon life’s stream; to die and leave behind no one whom our death would move to a single tear—this kind of existence is as futile as it is pathetic. The tragedy of life is not that we return to dust but that all through our lifetime we remain as the dust, never rising to higher goals, never remembering that we are created in the image of God and that the spiritual outlives the material. The greatest tragedy of life is not in its brevity but in its folly. It is not how long we live that ultimately matters, but *how* we live; it is not the days of our years that count but the achievements of our years—those achievements which make our lives worth while even as in the past they have made worth while the lives of those whom we this day call to mind.

*For Reading in Unison*

**As we think** of those who here repose, what is it in their lives that we best remember and most cherish? Is it not their warm smiles, their kindly hearts, their friendly sympathy, their encouraging words, their thoughtful deeds, their lofty hopes? Is it not their love, friendship and devotion; the peace, beauty and serenity of their home life; the teaching and tradition they sought to impart to us? Is it not their devotion to Torah, their delight in performing the Mitzvahs, their joy in serving their fellow men?

O heavenly Father, as we remember our loved ones, grant that we learn from their lives what to do with our own. Give us of Thy wisdom to avoid the tragedy of a wasted, selfish, useless life and to fill our own lives with noble purpose, consecrated living and worthwhile achievement. Strengthen us to seek the things which death cannot take from us: faith, love, kindness and the riches of a good name. May the memories of our loved ones remain for a blessing and may we so live that future generations shall bless us for the memories we leave with them.

*Reader*

And now let us pause, each at the grave of his loved one, for a moment of meditation and prayer.

*(The following meditations are offered as aids to suggest personal meditation and prayer.)*

**Meditation at the Grave of a Father**

THE MEMORY OF your life, dear father, rises before me. I recall your devotion and sacrifice for my welfare, the many comforts with which you provided me. Untiring were your endeavors to direct me on the path of virtue and kindness, to enrich my mind and ennoble my heart. You rejoiced in my achievements, guided me in my perplexities, and strengthened me in my trials and disappointments. The passing of years cannot dim the blessed memories you have left behind.

O God, our Father, grant that the memory of my father's life may inspire me to put to noblest use the best that is in me, loyally to uphold the heritage of Judaism which he transmitted to me, and to be faithful to the ideals which he taught me. May his soul be bound up in the bond of life together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Thy keeping. Amen.

**Meditation at the Grave of a Mother**

AS I STAND here, dear mother, I feel the closeness of your spirit. You gave me life, guided my first steps, and nursed me through all the illnesses of childhood and youth. From your lips I heard the word of God and learned to keep His commandments. Many were your sacrifices through kindly deeds and love so freely given for my well-being. What I have achieved is due to your influence; what I am, I have become through you.

O heavenly Father, may I ever keep in mind that my highest tribute to the memory of my mother is to emulate her virtues and remain faithful to the teachings she imparted to me. May the soul of my dear mother be bound up in the bond of life together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Thy keeping. Amen.



### **Meditation at the Grave of a Husband or Wife**

AS I STAND here, O companion of my heart, I fondly recall the sacred bonds formed in God's presence, our love and companionship, the hardships and pleasures, trials and triumphs, joys and sorrows that we shared together. The delight of my life, you dispelled my fears, encouraged me when things went wrong, and stood by me when I most needed you. May the sweet memories of our life together remain for a blessing and strengthen all that is good and noble in me.

O heavenly Father, may the soul of my beloved be bound up in the bond of life together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Thy keeping. Amen.

### **Meditation at the Grave of a Child**

DEARLY BELOVED CHILD, I recall the happiness that filled our home and the joys you afforded us during your lifetime. How I rejoiced in the blessings you brought us! How I delighted in your growth and planned for your future! Though death has cut short your life, the bond which unites us cannot be severed. Your memory is forever enshrined in my heart.

O merciful Father, endow me with understanding that Thou, the Giver of life, having entrusted our children to us, knowest what is best when Thou callest them back unto Thee. In gratitude for the joy which my child brought me, I pray that I, too, may bring love and joy into the lives of others. May the soul of my dearly beloved child be bound up in the bond of life together with all the precious souls that are united in Thee, our Creator and Father. Amen.

### **Meditation at the Grave of a Brother or Sister**

I RECALL THE many hours we spent together in devoted comradeship sharing the love and traditions of our home and family. Deep is my sorrow at your departure. Death has deprived us of many joys together. Your years were too few for those who loved you, but your kindness and understanding will never be forgotten. Love does not perish even in death.

O heavenly Father, grant that the soul of my dear one be bound up in the bond of life together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Thy keeping. Amen.

### **Meditation at the Grave of Other Relatives**

THOUGH DEATH HAS separated us, the memories of your life on earth remain ever vivid. I recall those days when you shared in our family joys and I fondly remember your interest in my welfare. May God grant that I shall emulate all that was good and lovely, true and righteous in your life. Remembering your example, may I always endeavor to live blamelessly and uprightly.

O heavenly Father, grant that the soul of my dear one be bound up in the bond of life together with the souls of all the righteous that are in Thy keeping. Amen.

### **Meditation at the Grave of a Friend**

I RECALL YOUR friendship and understanding and the common interests we shared. Precious indeed are the bonds which held us together. Though I shall nevermore see your smile or hear your voice or delight in your companionship, yet your ennobling and profound influence shall ever remain with me.

O God, grant that the soul of my friend be bound up in the bond of life together with all the souls that are united in Thee. Amen.

*For Reading in Unison*

**We pay tribute** today not only to those who are closest to us but to all who are here interred: neighbors and friends, men and women who gave of themselves in establishing our House of Worship and this Beth Olam, this eternal abode; those who zealously served the varied needs of our community, who were devoted to Torah and our people in all lands, and who contributed so much through their various professions, careers and endeavors.

We have grown up with many of them; with some we have shared our school and college experiences. Among them were companions, advisers and intimate friends. With others we planned and toiled for civic and national causes. We mourn them, we miss them, we cherish all they have meant in our lives.

O Lord our God, grant that the memories of their lives may stir our finer sensibilities and arouse within us the desire to serve Thee by serving our fellow men with kindness and understanding, righteousness and peace. Amen.

*Reader*

With bowed heads and reverent hearts we recall all who are here interred.

*(The names of the interred may now be read.)*



Memorial Prayer for all departed

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים המצא מנוחה  
נכונה על בנפי השכינה במעלות קדושים וטהורים  
בזוהר הרקיע מזהירים את נשמות הישרים והישרות  
שהלכו לעולמם. בעבור שאנו נודרים לצדקה בעד  
הזכרת נשמותיהם. בגן עדן תהא מנוחתם. לכן בעל  
הרחמים יסתירם בסתר כנפיו לעולמים ויצרור  
בצרור החיים את נשמותיהם. יי הוא נחלתם. וינוחו  
בשלום על משכבותם. ונאמר אמן:

O merciful God who dwellest on high and art full of compassion, grant perfect rest beneath the shelter of Thy divine presence among the holy and pure who shine as the brightness of the firmament, to our dear departed who have gone to their eternal home. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life. Grant that their memories ever inspire us to noble and consecrated living. Amen.



תהלים כ"ג

מזמור לדוד

יהוה רעי לא אחסר:

בנאות דשא ירביצני על-מי מנחות ינהלני:  
נפשי ישוב ינחני במעגלי צדק למען שמו:  
גם כי אלה בגיאי צלמות לא אירא רע כי אתה עמדי  
שבטך ומשענתך קמה ינחמני:  
תערוך לפני שלחן נגד צררי  
דשנת בשמן ראשי כוסי רגיה:  
אך טוב וחסד ירדפוני כל-ימי חיי  
ושבתי בבית-יהוה לארץ ימים:

קדיש

יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא. בעלמא די ברך  
כרעותה. וימליך מלכותה. בחייכון וביומיכון ובחיי  
דכל בית ישראל. בעגלא ובזמן קריב. ואמרו אמן:  
יהא שמה רבא מברך לעלם ולעלמי עלמאי:  
יתברך וישתבח. ויתפאר ויתרמם. ויתנשא ויתהדר.  
ויתעלה ויתהלל שמה דקדשא. בריך הוא. לעלא  
(ולעלא) מן כל ברכתא ושירתא. תשבחתא ונחמתא.  
דאמירן בעלמא. ואמרו אמן:  
יהא שלמא רבא מן-שמאי וחיים עלינו ועל-כל-  
ישראל. ואמרו אמן:  
עשה שלום במרומיו הוא יעשה שלום עלינו ועל-כל-  
ישראל. ואמרו אמן:

## Psalm 23

A Psalm of David.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul;  
He guideth me in straight paths for His name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of  
death,  
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;  
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of  
mine enemies;  
Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth  
over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days  
of my life;  
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

## Kaddish

Yis-ga-dal v'yis-ka-dash sh'may ra-bo,  
B'ol-mo dee-v'ro hir u-say, v'yam-leeḥ mal-ḥu-say,  
B'ḥa-yay-ḥōn uv-yō-may-ḥōn, uv-ḥa-yay d'ḥol bays yis-ro-ayl,  
Ba-a-go-lo u-viz'man ko-reev, v'im-ru o-mayn.

Y'hay sh'may ra-bo m'vo-raḥ, l'o-lam ul-ol-may ol-ma-yo.

Yis-bo-raḥ v'yish-ta-baḥ, v'yis-po-ar v'yis-rō-mam,  
V'yis-na-say v'yis-ha-dar, v'yis-a-leh, v'yis-ha-lal  
sh'may d'kud-sho b'riḥ hu;

L'ay-lo (ul-ay-lo) min kol bir-ḥo-so v'shee-ro-so,  
Tush-b'ḥo-so v'ne-ḥeh-mo-so, da-a-mee-ron b'ol-mo,  
V'im-ru o-mayn.

Y'hay sh'lo-mo ra-bo min sh'ma-yo,  
V'ḥa-yeem o-lay-nu v'al kol yis-ro-ayl v'im-ru o-mayn

Ō-se sho-lōm bim-rō-mov hu ya-a-se sho-lōm  
O-lay-nu v'al kol yis-ro-ayl v'im-ru o-mayn.

## Closing Prayer

**O God**, in whose hand are the souls both of the living and of the dead, we pray Thee to keep the souls of our beloved ones united with us in the bond of life. In their sacred memory, guide Thou us so that we may live righteously and richly, fulfilling Thy will and serving our fellow men, with trust in Thee and in the goodness of life. Thus shall we give life to our departed whose mortal remains here repose but whose souls are united with Thee, Creator of all.

Oh, may we be worthy to have our names inscribed and sealed in Thy Book for many years of happiness and peace.

And when the years of our earthly pilgrimage come to a close, O Lord, be Thou with us to the end that we may return to Thee unafraid and unashamed, untroubled and undismayed, fearing no evil for Thou art with us. And may we so live that we, too, shall be remembered for a blessing unto all men. Amen.

“The dust returns to the earth as it was,  
But the spirit returns to God who gave it.”

