

A decorative archway with a menorah in the center, flanked by hands holding a crown. The arch is supported by ornate columns.

SERVICE
FOR THE
HEALING
OF THE SOUL
Erev Shabbat

Temple Beth-El
South Bend, Indiana

A SERVICE FOR THE HEALING OF THE SOUL

"Heal us Adonai, and we shall be healed; save us and we shall be saved; Grant us a perfect healing from all our wounds. Blessed is Adonai, the Healer of the sick."

LECHA DODI

Le·cha do·dl lik·rat ka·la,
pe·nei Sha·bat ne·ka·be·la.

Sha·mor ve·za·chor be·dl·bur e·chad,
hish·mi·a·nu Eil ha·me·yu·chad.
A·do·nal e·chad u·she·mo e·chad,
le·sheim u·le·tif·e·ret ve·li·te·hl·la.

Le·cha do·di . . .

Lik·rat Sha·bat le·chu ve·nei·le·cha,
ki hl me·kor ha·be·ra·cha.

mei·rosh mi·ke·dem ne·su·cha,
sof ma·a·seh, be·ma·cha·sha·va
te·chl·la.

Le·cha do·di . . .

לכה דודי

לְכֵה דוּדִי לְקִרְאת כָּלָה,
פְּנֵי שַׁבַּת נְקִבְלָה.

שְׁמֹר וְזָכוֹר בְּדַבּוֹר אֶחָד,
הַשְּׁמִיעָנוּ אֵל הַמִּיְחָד.
יְיָ אֶחָד וְשֵׁמוֹ אֶחָד,
לְשֵׁם וּלְתִפְאֵרֶת וּלְתִהְלָה.

לכה דודי . . .

לְקִרְאת שַׁבַּת לָכוּ וְנִלְכָה,
כִּי הִיא מְקוֹר הַבְּרָכָה.
מֵרֵאשׁ מְקֵדִם נְסוּכָה,
סוֹף מַעֲשֵׂה, בְּמַחְשְׁבָה תַּחְלָה.

לכה דודי . . .



Unto You, Adonai, I call
And unto You I make supplication.

Hear, Eternal, and be gracious to me;
Adonai, be my helper.

You heal the broken hearted,
And bind up their wounds.

You, who have done great things,
O God, who is like You?

God, hear our prayers,
And let our cry come to You.

Do not hide from me in the day of my distress:
Turn to me and speedily answer my prayer.

(Psalms)

Meditation

Eternal Presence of the world, I am not asking You
to show me the secret of Your ways,
for it would be too much for me.
But I am asking You to show me one thing:
what is the meaning of the suffering
that I am presently enduring,
what this suffering requires of me,
and what You are communicating to me through it,
Eternal Presence of the world.
I want to know
not so much why I am suffering
but whether I am doing so for Your sake.

(Levi Yitzchak of Berditchev)

Blessed are You, Adonai,
every day,
Because every day is a lifetime
mirroring all life itself,
Thank You for the morning
when I feel fresh and young
And wake to the beauty
all around me.
Thank You for the afternoon
when the sun is high
Suspended in triumph
above a work-a-day world.
Thank You for the evening when
the shadows cast a sheltering
palm above the universe
Permitting it to pause
ready for the dark.
Thank You for the night
with the ever-present stars

To remind me that darkness
 is never absolute.
 Thank You for the calm
 that is restorative,
 Not a mindless obliteration
 of reality.
 Thank You for the sleep
 that heals and strengthens
 And fills my heart with hope
 for a new tomorrow.

(Marcia H., Twelve Steps to Jewish Recovery)

READER'S KADDISH

Yit-ga-dal ve-yit-ka-dash she-mei ra-ba
 be-al-ma di-ve-ra chi-re-u-tei,
 ve-yam-lich mal-chu-tei
 be-cha-yel-chon
 u-ve-yo-mei-chon u-ve-cha-yel
 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-yit-na-sei,
 ve-yit-ha-dar ve-yit-a-leh ve-yit-ha-lal
 she-mei de-ku-de-sha, be-rich hu,
 le-ei-la min kol bi-re-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.

יִתְגַּדַּל וַיִּתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא
 בְּעַלְמָא דִּי-בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ.
 וַיְמַלִּיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיִּיכוֹן
 וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי
 דְכָל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל.
 בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזֶמַן קָרִיב.
 וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
 יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ
 לְעָלַם וּלְעַלְמֵי עַלְמַיָּא.
 יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח,
 וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא.
 וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל
 שְׁמֵהּ דְקוּדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא.
 לְעַלְמָא מִן כָּל-בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא.
 תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחְמְתָּא
 דְאִמְרֵן בְּעַלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

BARECHU

Ba-re-chu et A-do-nai ha-me-vo-rach!
 Ba-ruch A-do-nai ha-me-vo-rach
 le-o-lam va-ed!

בְּרַכּוּ אֶת-יְיָ הַמְּבָרַךְ!
 בְּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבָרַךְ
 לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד!

O God,
You are a consolation to Your creatures,
for in moments of forgetting,
we but call to mind Your care,
and we are comforted.
When we hope no more,
a pattern in the snow
reminds us of Your loving kindness.
Your dawns give us confidence,
and sleep is a friend.

Our sorrows dissipate
in the presence of an infant's smile,
and old men's words revive our will-to-wish.
Your hints are everywhere,
Your signals in the most remote of places.
You are here,
and we fail words to say,
"Mah Tov!"
How good our breath,
our rushing energies,
our silences of love.

(Danny Siegel)

This Is My Prayer

This is my prayer to You, my God:
Let not my spirit wither and shrivel
in its thirst for You
and lose the dew
with which You sprinkled it
when I was young.

May my heart be open
to every broken soul,
to orphaned life,
to every stumbler
wandering unknown
and groping in the shadow.

Bless my eyes, purify me to see
human beauty rise in the world,
and the glory of my people in its redeemed land
spreading its fragrance over all the earth.

Deepen and broaden my senses
to absorb a fresh
green, flowering world,
to take from it the secret
of blossoming in silence.

Grant strength to yield fine fruits,
quintessence of my life,
steeped in my very being,
without expectation of reward.

And when my time comes --

let me slip into the night
demanding nothing, God, of any other person,
or of You.

SHEMA

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל: יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְיָ אֶחָד!

She-ma Yis-ra-eil: A-do-nai E-lo-hei-nu, A-do-nai E-chad!

בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד!

Ba-ruch sheim ke-vod mal-chu-to le-o-lam va-ed!

Hear, O Israel, the Eternal is our God, the Eternal is One!
Blessed is God's glorious realm for ever and ever!

So you shall love what is holy
with all your courage, with all your passion,
with all your strength.
Let the words that have come down
shine in our words and our actions.
We must teach our children
to know and understand them.
We must speak about what is good and holy
within our homes,
when we are working, when we are at play,
when we lie down, and when we get up.
Let the work of your hands speak them,
let your eyes shine and see with their knowledge.
Let them run in your blood
and glow from your doors and windows.
We should love ourselves, for we are of God.
We should love our neighbors as ourselves.
We should love the stranger,
for we were once strangers in the land of Egypt
and have been strangers in all the lands
of the world since.
Let love fill our hearts with its clear precious water
for all living with whom we share the water of life.
Heaven and earth observe how we cherish
or spoil our world.
Heaven and earth watch whether
we choose life or choose death.
We must choose life so that we
and our children's children may live.
We must love the source of being and the power of life.
Be quiet and listen to the still small voice within
that speaks in love.
Open to it, hear it, heed it and work for life.
Let us remember and strive to be good.
Let us remember to find what is holy
within and without.

(Marge Piercy)

MI CHAMOCHA

Mi cha-mo-cha ba-ei-lim, A-do-nai?

Mi ka-mo-cha, ne-dar ba-ko-desh,

no-ra te-hi-lot, o-sei fe-leh?

Mal-chu-te-cha ra-u va-ne-cha,

bo-kei-a yam li-fe-nei Mo-sheh;

"Zeh Ei-li" a-nu ve-a-me-ru.

"A-do-nai ylm-loch le-o-lam va-ed."

Ve-ne-e-mar: "Ki fa-da A-do-nai et
Ya-a-kov,
u-ge-a-lo mi-yad cha-zak mi-me-nu."

Ba-ruch a-ta, A-do-nai, ga-al Yis-ra-ell.

מִי־כַמֹּכָה בְּאֵלִים, יְיָ?

מִי כַמֹּכָה, נֹאדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ,
נוֹרָא תְהִלַּת, עֲשֵׂה פִּלְאָ?

מִלְכוּתְךָ רָאוּ בְּנֵיךָ,

בֹּקַע יָם לִפְנֵי מֹשֶׁה;

"זֶה אֵלֵינוּ" עָנוּ וְאָמְרוּ:

"יְיָ יִמְלֹךְ לְעֹלָם וָעֶד!"

וְנֹאמַר: "כִּי־פָדָה יְיָ אֶת־יַעֲקֹב,

וְנֹאלוּ מִיַּד חֲזֹק מִמֶּנּוּ."

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ, נְאֻל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

Adonai is my shepherd,

I lack nothing.

God makes me lie down in green pastures,

God leads me to water in places of repose;

God renews my life;

God guides me in right paths

as befits God's name.

Though I walk through a valley of deepest darkness,

I fear no harm, for You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff—they comfort me.

You spread a table for me in full view of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

my drink is abundant.

Only goodness and steadfast love shall pursue me

all the days of my life,

and I shall dwell in the house of the Eternal

for many long years.

(Psalm 23)

VESHAMERU

Ve-sha-me-ru ve-nei Yis-ra-eil et
ha-sha-bat,

la-a-sot et ha-sha-bat le-do-ro-tam,
be-rit

o-lam. Bei-ni u-vein be-nei Yis-ra-eil ot

hi le-o-lam. Ki shei-shet ya-mim a-sa
A-do-nai

et ha-sha-ma-yim ve-et ha-a-rets,
u-va-yom

ha-she-vi-i sha-vat va-yi-na-fash.

וְשָׁמְרוּ בְנֵי־יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶת־הַשַּׁבָּת.

לַעֲשׂוֹת אֶת־הַשַּׁבָּת לְדֹרֹתֵם בְּרִית

עֹלָם. בֵּינִי וּבֵין בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל אוֹת

הִיא לְעֹלָם, כִּי שֵׁשֶׁת יָמִים עָשָׂה יְיָ

אֶת־הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֶת־הָאָרֶץ, וּבַיּוֹם

הַשְּׁבִיעִי שָׁבַת וַיִּנְפֹּשׁ.

"We Don't have to beg or bribe God to give us strength or hope or patience. We need only turn to the One, admit that we can't do this on our own, and understand that bravely bearing up under long-term illness is one of the most human, and one of the most godly, things we can ever do. One of the things that constantly reassures me that God is real, and not just an idea that religious leaders made up, is the fact that people who pray for strength, hope, and courage so often find resources of strength, hope, and courage that they did not have before they prayed."

(Rabbi Harold Kushner)

T'filah תפילה

אֲדַנִּי שְׁפֹתַי תִּפְתָּח וּפִי יַגִּיד תְּהִלָּתְךָ:

Eternal God, open my lips, that my mouth may declare Your glory.

GOD OF ALL GENERATIONS

אבות ואמהות

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ וְאִמּוֹתֵינוּ:
 אֱלֹהֵי אַבְרָהָם, אֱלֹהֵי יִצְחָק, וְאֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב.
 אֱלֹהֵי שָׂרָה, אֱלֹהֵי רִבְקָה, אֱלֹהֵי לֵאָה, וְאֱלֹהֵי רָחֵל.
 הָאֵל הַגָּדוֹל הַגִּבּוֹר וְהַנּוֹרָא, אֵל עֶלְיוֹן,
 גּוֹמֵל חֲסָדִים טוֹבִים וְקוֹנֵה הַכֹּל, חוֹזֵר חֲסָדֵי אֲבוֹת וְאִמּוֹת,
 וּמְבִיא גְּאֻלָּה לְבָנֵי בְנֵיהֶם, לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ בְּאֶהְבָּה.
 מֶלֶךְ עוֹזֵר וּמוֹשִׁיעַ וּמַגֵּן.
 בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, מֶגֶן אַבְרָהָם וְעֹזֶר שָׂרָה.

Ba-ruch a-ta Adonai, Eh-lo-hei-nu vei-lo-hei a-vo-tei-nu v'i-mo-tei-nu: Eh-lo-hei Av-ra-ham, eh-lo-hei Yitz-chak, vei-lo-hei Ya-a-kov. Eh-lo-hei Sa-rah, eh-lo-hei Riv-kah, eh-lo-hei Lei-ah, vei-lo-hei Ra-cheil. Ha-eil ha-ga-dol ha-gi-bor v'ha-no-ra, eil ei-yon. Go-meil cha-sa-dim toh-vim, v'ko-nei ha-kol, v'zo-cheir chas-dei a-voht v'i-ma-hoht, u-mei-vi g'u-la li-v'nei v'nei-hem, l'ma-an sh'mo, b'a-ha-vah. Meh-lech o-zeir u-mo-shi-a u-ma-gein Ba-ruch a-ta Adonai, ma-gein Av-ra-ham v'ez-rat Sa-rah.

Praised be the Eternal One, our God, God of our fathers and our mothers, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and God of Jacob, God of Sarah, God of Rebekah, God of Leah and God of Rachel, great, mighty, and exalted.

You bestow love and kindness on all Your children. You remember the devotion of ages past. In Your love, You bring redemption to their descendants for the sake of Your name.

You are our Ruler and Helper, our Savior and Protector. We praise You, Eternal One, Shield of Abraham, Protector of Sarah.

I went out, God.
 Men and women were coming and going,
 Walking and running.
 Everything was rushing: cars, trucks, the street, the whole town.
 People were rushing not to waste time. They were rushing after
 time.
 To catch up with time, to gain time.
 Good-bye, sir, excuse me I haven't time. I'll come back,
 I can't wait...I haven't time. I must end this letter --
 I haven't time.
 I can't accept having no time.
 I can't think, I can't read, I'm swamped, I haven't time.
 I'd like to pray, but I haven't time.
 You understand, God, they simply haven't the time. The child is
 playing, she hasn't time right now...later on...
 The schoolboy has his homework to do, he hasn't time...later on...
 The student has his courses, and so much work...later on...
 The young woman is at her work, she hasn't time...later on...
 She hasn't the time...later on...
 He hasn't the time...later on...
 They are dying, they have no...
 Too late!...They have no more time!
 And so all people run after time, God.
 They pass through life running-hurried, jostled, overburdened,
 frantic, and they never get there. They still haven't time.
 In spite of all their efforts they're still short of time,
 Of a great deal of time.
 God, You must have made a mistake in Your calculations.
 There is a big mistake somewhere.
 The hours are too short, the days are too short, our lives are too
 short.
 You who are beyond time, God, You smile to see us fighting it.
 And You know what You are doing.
 You make no mistakes in Your distribution of time to people.
 You give each one time to do what You want us to do.
 But we must not deface time, waste time, kill time,
 For time is a gift that You give us,
 But a perishable gift, a gift that does not keep.
 God, I have time, I have plenty of time,
 All the time You gave me,
 the years of my life,
 The days of my years,
 The hours of my days,
 They are all mine,
 Mine to fill, quietly, calmly,
 But to fill completely, up to the brim.

(Michael Quoist, Adapted by Rabbi Lee T. Bycel)

Ei-li, Ei-li, she-lo yi-ga-meir
 l'-o'lam
 ha-chol v-ha-yam
 rish-rush shel ha ma-yim
 b-rak ha-sha-ma-yim
 t'-fi'lat ha-a-dam

אֱלֹהֵי אֱלֹהֵי
 שְׁלֵא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם.
 הַחֹל וְהַיָּם, רְשׁוּשׁ שֶׁל הַיָּמִים.
 בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם, תְּפִלַּת הָאָדָם.

O God, 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 the heart

It Is Never Too Late

The last word has not been spoken,
the last sentence has not been written,
the final verdict is not in.

It is never too late
to change my mind,
my direction,
to say no to the past
and yes to the future,
to offer remorse,
to ask and give forgiveness.

It is never too late
to start over again,
to feel again
to love again
to hope again.

It is never too late
to overcome despair,
to turn sorrow into resolve
and pain into purpose.

It is never too late to alter my world,
not by magic incantations
or manipulations of the cards
or deciphering the stars.

But by opening myself
to curative forces buried within,
to hidden energies,
the powers in my interior self.

In sickness and in dying, it is never too late.
Living, I teach.
Dying, I teach,
how I face pain and fear.
Others observe me, children, adults,
students of life and death,
Learn from my bearing, my posture,
my philosophy.

It is never too late --
Some word of mine,
Some touch, some caress may be remembered.
Some gesture may play a role beyond the last
movement of my head and hand.

Write it on my epitaph
that my loved ones be consoled,
It is never too late.

(Rabbi Harold Schulweis)

Mi Shebeirach

Mi shebeirach avoteinu
M'kor habracha l'imoteinu
May the source of strength
Who blessed the ones before us
Help us find the courage
To make our lives a blessing
And let us say, Amen.

Mi shebeirach imoteinu
M'kor habracha l'avoteinu
Bless those in need of healing
With refuah sheleima
The renewal of body
The renewal of spirit
And let us say, Amen

Caregiver's Prayer

Adonai, in your everlasting providence
You have assigned me
to care for the life and health of Your creatures.
May I be motivated at all times
by love for my art.

May I always regard patients
as fellow creatures who are in pain.
Give me the strength, the time and the opportunity
ever to perfect the skill I have attained
and ever to enlarge its sphere of influence.

O, God, You have assigned me
to care for the life and death of Your creatures.
I am ready to attend to the practice of my calling.

(Maimonides)

Patient's Prayer

Eternal our God, treat us with compassion all the days
of our lives. Assuage our fears, establish the work of our
hands, heal our wounds, and save us from the grasp of
our enemies. May weeping and wailing not be heard in
our homes; may destruction and devastation not be found
in our borders. May we be worthy and reverent before
You when You teach us Your Torah, and enlighten us in
Your presence. Unite our hearts to revere You that we may prosper
in all our paths, wherever we turn, until the
day when You gather us unto You. Bring us from peace to
peace that we may find tranquility in our way of life in Your
presence.

(Congregation Sha'ar Zahav)

Sha-lom rav al Yis-ra-eil am-cha

ta-sim l'-o-lam

Ki a-ta hu me-lech a-don

l'-chol ha-sha-lom

שְׁלוֹם רַב עַל-יִשְׂרָאֵל עַמָּךְ
תָּשִׂים לְעוֹלָם, כִּי אַתָּה הוּא
מֶלֶךְ אֲדוֹן לְכָל הַשְּׁלוֹם. וְטוֹב

V'-tov b'ei-ne-cha l'-va-reich
et am-cha Yis-ra-eil
b'-chol eit u-v'-chol sha-a
bish-lo-me-cha

בְּעֵינֶיךָ לְבָרַךְ אֶת־עַמֶּךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל
בְּכָל־עֵת וּבְכָל־שָׁעָה בְּשְׁלוֹמָה.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ, הַמְּבָרֵךְ אֶת־
עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּשָׁלוֹם.

Grant a lasting peace to Your people Israel; for You are the master of peace, and it is good in Your sight at all times to bless Your people with peace.

Silent Prayer

Eternal Spirit, make Your presence felt among us. Help us to find the courage to affirm You and to do Your will, even when the shadows fall upon us. When our own weakness and the storms of life hide You from our sight, teach us that You are near to each one of us at all times, and especially when we strive to live truer, gentler, nobler lives. Give us trust, Adonai; give us peace, and give us light. May our hearts find their rest in You.

(Gates of Prayer)

ALEINU

A-lei-nu le-sha-bei-ach la-a-don
ha-kol,
la-teit ge-du-lah le-yo-tseir be-rei-shit,
she-lo a-sa-nu ke-go-yei ha-a-ra-tsot,
ve-lo sa-ma-nu ke-mish-pe-choh
ha-a-da-mah;
she-lo sam chel-kel-nu ka-hem,
ve-go-ra-lei-nu ke-chol ha-mo-nam.
Va-a-nach-nu ko-re-im
u-mish-la-cha-vim u-mo-dim
li-fe-nel me-lech ma-le-chel ha-me-la-chim,
ha-ka-dosh ba-ruch Hu.

עֲלֵינוּ לְשַׁבַּח לְאֲדוֹן הַכֹּל,
לְתַת גְּדֻלָּה לְיוֹצֵר בְּרֵאשִׁית,
שֶׁלֹא עָשָׂנוּ כְּגוֹיֵי הָאֲרָצוֹת,
וְלֹא שָׁמְנוּ כְּמִשְׁפְּחוֹת הָאֲדָמָה;
שֶׁלֹא שָׂם חֶלְקֵנוּ בָהֶם,
וְנָרְלָנוּ כְּכָל־הַמּוֹנִים.

וְאֲנַחְנוּ כּוֹרְעִים וּמְשַׁתַּחֲוִים וּמוֹדִים
לְפָנֵי מֶלֶךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים,
הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא.

Show Us How To Fashion Holiness

O God --

Show us how to fashion
holiness from waste,
uncovering sparks in the broken shells
of people beaten down by circumstance
and mired in the boredom of hollowness.

Teach us to take
a neutralized reality
and create the sublime,
forming shapes of blessings with a sacred touch.

Instruct us in sympathy,
that we may learn to tear away at hopelessness
and the groan and oof of despair
by stories, jokes, and astonishing embraces.

Remove shallowness from our lives
and destroy senselessness,
that we may discover Your plan
and fulfill Your purposes.

give us insight and vision,
and we will perform signs and wonders
in the sight of all humanity
as You Yourself once did
in the land of Egypt and at Sinai.

Show us Life in all its glory,
and we will glorify Your name,
here and now,
everywhere and forever.

(Danny Siegel)

Ve-ne-e-mar: "Ve-ha-ya A-do-nai
le-me-lech
al kol ha-a-rets; ba-yom ha-hu
yi-he-yeh
A-do-nai e-chad u-she-mo e-chad."

וְנֹאמַר: "וְהָיָה יי לְמֶלֶךְ
עַל-כָּל-הָאָרֶץ; בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יִהְיֶה
יי אֶחָד וְשְׁמוֹ אֶחָד."

Strange Bird

I woke at night and heard the falling rain,
The heavy raindrops rustled in the leaves
And softly dropped and pattered to the ground;
I woke because a strange bird sang,
Called out that night while all the others slept,
Listed with pride the things that it possessed,
"New mate, snug nest, sweet babes," it chirped and trilled.

I lay in darkness, heart the bright cries fade,
 And thought how often I had echoed them,
 Had told to all my pride in what I owned,
 Announced possessions large and fine; and yet
 A bird may have a nest, but for me
 One thing is all I have: knowledge of death,
 And that surrounds me like the dark of night,
 And all I have or think I am will melt,
 Drop, trickle, flow into a great river,
 A river I could never map nor measure,
 A river changing and shifting and moving forever.
 Strange bird, sing out this summer night
 But sing of a river whose waters fall
 From evening skies or rise from springs in earth,
 Sing of a river that no one can call "my own."

Sing of my single wealth: the knowledge of death
 For this estate can open the soul to God,
 Whose praises I can sing, like you, strange bird.
 God sets the very bed where flows the stream,
 And owns, creates and measures the vast waters,
 God is in the springs of love,
 The incessant rains of time,
 the deep and holy river of life.
 (Ruth Brin)

MOURNER'S KADDISH

קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדַּל וַיִּתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעַלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ,

Yit-ga-dal ve-yit-ka-dash she-mei ra-ba be-al-ma di-ve-ra chi-re-u-tei,

וַיַּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְכָל־בֵּית

ve-yam-lich mal-chu-tei be-cha-yei-chon u-ve-yo-mei-chon u-ve-cha-yei
 de-chol beit

יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזֵמַן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

Yis-ra-eil, ba-a-ga-la u-vi-ze-man ka-riv, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

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

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח, וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמַם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא, וַיִּתְהַדָּר

Yit-ba-rach ve-yish-ta-bach, ve-yit-pa-ar ve-yit-ro-mam ve-yit-na-sei, ve-yit-ha-dar

וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקוּדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעָלָא מְרְכָל-

ve-yit-a-leh ve-yit-ha-lal she-mei de-ku-de-sha, be-rich hu, le-ei-la min kol

בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא, תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמַתָּא דְּאֲמִירָן בְּעַלְמָא,

bi-re-cha-la ve-shi-ra-la, tush-be-cha-la ve-ne-che-ma-la, da-a-mi-ran be-al-ma,

וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִדְּשָׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל,

Ye-hei she-la-ma ra-ba min she-ma-ya ve-cha-yim a-lei-nu ve-al kol Yis-ra-ell,

וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-

O-seh sha-lom bi-me-ro-mav, hu ya-a-seh sha-lom a-lei-nu ve-al kol

יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

Yis-ra-ell, ve-i-me-ru: a-mein.

T'filat Haderech

May we be blessed as we go on our way, may we be guided in peace,
May we be blessed with health and joy, may this be our blessing, Amen.
Amen, Amen, may this be our blessing Amen...(2x)

May we be sheltered by the wings of peace,
May we be kept in safety and in love,
May grace and compassion find their way to every soul,
May this be our blessing, Amen.
Amen, Amen, may this be our blessing Amen...(2x)



"Amulet: Against the Evil Eye and All Kinds of Sicknesses," by Talla Khanem Schwartz.

This 'Service For The Healing Of The Soul' was created by Rabbi Morley T. Feinstein. Prayers and readings have been based on services from Beth Emet the Free Synagogue, Evanston, IL; Conference on Alternatives in Jewish Education; and Temple Emanu-El, Dallas Texas.

