



## Yom Kippur Readings, 5786

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Supplemental  
Readings

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[www.bshalom.org](http://www.bshalom.org)

Wednesday, October 1  
Thursday, October 2

## I. For *Kol Nidre*

We are clay. You are the potter Who shapes us at  
Your will. Mold us into worthy vessels Even though  
we're only clay. Do not smash us if we prove  
imperfect, remember we are only clay.

*We are glass. You are the artisan Who can form us into  
many shapes. Form us into finest crystal—Even if You  
have to twist and turn us. But do not smash us if we are  
not pure, remember we are only glass.*

We are silver. You are the smith Who molds us as  
You wish. Hammer us as You design Even though we  
are not gold. Do not smash us if we tarnish,  
remember we are only silver.

*We are the rudder. You are the helmsman Who steers us  
to the left or to the right. Direct us to the shore You  
choose. Do not let us idly spin Even if we consistently  
resist Your grasp, remember that the waves are very  
strong.*

We are threads. You are the weaver Who creates the  
patterns that You like. Weave us. God, into Your plan.  
Make us supple, straight, and true. And do not discard  
us If we should be imperfect. Remember we are only  
threads.

## II. *Deep Waters*

Deep are the waters of time.

To search their darkness for glimmers of the ancient  
radiance, sparks of inspiration and guidance — this  
is our Avodah, the sacred service of this holy day.

Deep are the waters of our people's past.

To plumb their depth, to see our reflections in the  
living stream of history — this is our Avodah, the  
sacred service of this holy day.

Deep are the waters of  
memory.

To drink from this well, to remember our past and  
make it come alive — this is our Avodah, the sacred  
service of this holy day.

Deep are these waters. Are they not the source of  
our salvation?

## III. From *The Dybbuk*

Our Sages teach: There are seventy peoples in the world. Among these holy peoples is the people of Israel. The holiest of the people of Israel was the tribe of Levi. The holiest in the tribe of Levi were the priests. The holiest among the priests was the High Priest.

The world God made is holy. Among the holy lands in the world is the holy Land of Israel. The holiest city in the Land of Israel is Jerusalem. The holiest place in Jerusalem was the Temple. And the holiest place in the Temple was the Holy of Holies.

Among the days of the year, the festivals are holy. Higher than the festivals are the Holy Sabbath. The holiest Sabbath — the Sabbath of Sabbaths — is Yom Kippur.

There are seventy languages in the world. Among the holy languages is Hebrew. The holiest words in Hebrew are the words of the Torah. The holiest utterances in the Torah are the Ten Commandments, and the holiest word in the Ten Commandments is the Name of God. One word on the lips of one person in one place at one moment brought together these four dimensions of the holy: when the High Priest would enter the Holy of Holies and utter the name of God.

Each of us, having been created by God in His own image and likeness, is a high priest. Every day of our lives is a Day of Atonement, and every word that we speak with sincerity is the name of God. Each of us can face God with language of the heart.  
Each of us can be forgiven.

Each of us can achieve atonement and be made pure in the eyes of God and our community.

#### **IV A Yizkor Prayer**

This is the hour of memory — and this is our house of comfort. Wounded by loss, we retreat from life; our synagogue gathers us in.

Into this place we bring stories and prayers, unanswered questions, tears that need to be shed.

Lives recollected and carried within us — moments of courage and laughter and pain — this day embraces them all; this place embraces us all.

Now the heart opens in sorrow, for we are time's subjects, and all that we love we must lose.

So let us hold fast to the love that remains and cherish the light of the sun.

Today all of us walk the mourner's path; together may we find strength. Eternal God, we ask Your help, for our need is great.

Our days fly past in quick succession, and we cannot look back without regret, or ahead without misgiving.

We seek to understand the mystery of our own lives, but our effort is in vain.

And when suffering and death strike those we love, our faith all but fails us, and we forget that we are Your children.

God, help us now to feel Your presence.

When our own weaknesses and the storms of life hide You from our sight, help us to know that You are with us still.

Uphold us with the comfort of Your love.

#### **V. Yizkor Meditation: Memoryworks**

At the rising of the sun and at its going down  
We remember them.

*At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter We  
remember them.*

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of  
spring  
We remember them.

*At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of  
summer  
We remember them.*

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of  
autumn  
We remember them.

*At the beginning of the year and when it ends We  
remember them.*

When we are weary and in need of strength  
We remember them.

*When we are lost and sick at heart We  
remember them.*

When we have joy we crave to share  
We remember them.

*When we have decisions that are difficult to make We  
remember them.*

When we have achievements that are based on theirs  
We remember them.

*As long as we live, they too will live; for  
they are now a part of us  
as we remember them.*

*This version of the Mourner's Kaddish is adapted from Andre Schwartz-Bart's novel The Last of the Just. As the novel concludes, he writes, "And first a stream, then a cascade, an irrepressible, majestic torrent, the poem that through the smoke of fires and above the funeral pyres of history the Jews—who for two thousand years did not bear arms and who never had either missionary empires nor slaves—the old love poem that they traced in letters of blood on the earth's hard crust unfurled in the gas chamber: "Hear O Israel, the Lord is God, the Lord is one."*

יְתַגְדֵּל

Auschwitz

וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ

Lodz

שְׁמִיָּה רַבָּא

Posner

בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ

Babi Yar

וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ

Maidonek

בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן

Birkenau

וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל

Kovno

בְּעֶגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמִיָּה רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ, לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

יְתַבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל, שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא.

לְעֵלְא לְעֵלְא מִן-כָּל-בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא, תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמַתָּא דְאִמְרִין בְּעֶלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן. אָמֵן

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמִיָּא וְחַיִּים טוֹבִים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן : אָמֵן

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן. אָמֵן