



welcomes you to  
High Holy Day Services for 5782

Wherever you are in your journey,  
you are welcome here.

## Yom Kippur ~ Yizkor

A Time of Remembrance, the Blessing of Memory

September 16, 2021     $\star$     10 Tishrei, 5782

Rabbi Michael Hess Webber  
Cantor Emerita Jan Morrison  
Cantor Linda Baer

אִיזָהוּ עָשֵׂיר, הַשְׂמֵחַ בְּחַלְקָוּ

**Who is rich? One who rejoices in their lot. [Pirkei Avot 4:1]**

There have been so many members of our community who have given of their time, energy, ability and know-how in preparation for this season. We would like to take a moment for *hakarat hatov* - *recognizing with gratitude, those who have contributed in order to get us to this day.*

Above all, thank you to our Executive Director, Robin Rosenfeld, for juggling many many balls at one time and doing so with grace and mastery. Robin, you are a rock and a source of strength for us all.

Thank you Anna Rubin and the entire CJC choir for your flexibility and heart-full resilience as we navigated the ever-changing COVID landscape. You have helped us lean into hiddur mitzvah - beautifying our services with your angelic voices - and you have brought a sense of comfort and normalcy to an uncertain year.

Thank you to our tech team, Leilani, Brandon, Daryl, Kat and Dan. Thank you for helping to get us organized, for being present for filming videos ahead of time and for streamlining our services, making them safely accessible to our beloved CJC community.

Thank you to our Ba'alei Shofar (shofar blowers), Elijah Singleton and Jacob Sorak. With your powerful blasts, you have called us into community, into attention, into hope.

Thank you to our Torah readers for the hours of study and preparation you put in in order to bring Torah to our community. Thank you to everyone who rose for an honor - for an aliyah, a recorded reading, and candle lightings - for adding your voices to our service. And thank you to our schleppers, Hans Plugge, David Trossman, David Zinner and Brian Yellin, for carefully moving our ark, machzorim and all the other accoutrement needed for a High Holiday service, as well as Lisa Pomerantz, Ronee Rothman, Cathy Stogel, Sue Morss, Chick Rhodehamel and Jim Lubitz for assisting in making our sanctuary shine. And thank you to Hélène Kass for her work organizing our service on the second day of Rosh Hashanah.

And finally, thanks to you, the members of our CJC family. Thank you for being here - together, while apart. Thank you for stepping into this season of teshuvah with courage and with an open heart. Thanks to you, we begin 5782, in strength and in community.

### **And one more special thank you from the Rabbi:**

So much gratitude to Cantors Jan Morrison and Linda Baer who stepped up this year offering their musical leadership to CJC. Thank you both for being rockstar co-creators - thank you for your vision, your energy, your time and support and your beautiful harmonies through our months of holy preparation. Jan, thank you for reuniting the choir in the midst of pandemic. Linda, thank you for creating the supplements for our services this year. CJC abounds with such labors of love.

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## Supplement 1: Interpretive Martyrology

Eileh Ezkarah: A Martyrology Service for Our Time  
by Rabbi Shoshana Meira Friedman

These I remember and my heart breaks open with tears:  
The millions of adults, children, and babies throughout history

who died because they were Jews  
The rabbis tortured and slain by Rome  
The countless souls murdered in the European crusades  
The families hunted, exiled, or forcibly converted in the Spanish  
Inquisition  
The *Yiddin* of the shtetl, persecuted in pogroms and conscription

The six million annihilated in the Shoah  
The victims of the massacre at Tree of Life  
And all who have been murdered by the senseless hand  
Of violent antisemitism, over continents and millennia  
These I remember and my heart breaks open with tears  
On Yom Kippur we lift our voice to G-d  
And remember them: these souls who were snatched  
violently from the bonds of life and hurled into the abyss  
We lift our voice to them on high for we know that is their place now

We say: You have not died in vain.  
We say: We remember you.  
We say: Your lives had meaning.  
We say: We will carry on your legacy  
This Yom Kippur, if we incline the ear of our heart,  
We may yet hear a still small voice  
A rustling under the wings of Shekhinah  
A gathering storm of angels growing louder, stronger, becoming

A Great Assembly of Martyrs, mustering to pierce the veil  
This Yom Kippur, as we teeter on the brink  
They speak to us, not from the moments of each tragic death

But from the full stature and strength of each life  
They say: You stand at the hinge of history.  
They say: Life and Death are set before you.  
They say: Racism, poverty, the broken tablets of a social contract.

They say: Fire and flood, the rising sea,  
pandemics, the sixth mass extinction.

They say: On the merit of our righteous acts we plead with you.

They say: On the merit of our holy deaths we entreat you.  
They say: Let us not have died in vain.  
They say: Choose Life that you may live, and that we may live in you.

They say: To what will you give your life?  
They say: For what would you give your life?  
These I remember and my heart breaks open with tears:  
Eileh Ezkarah  
It is a wail of grief  
And it is a summons to life

## Supplement 2: Unter Dayne Vayse Shtern

Text: Avraham Sutskever; Music: Abraham Brudno

1. Unter dayne vayse shtern  
Shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.  
Mayne verter zaynen trern  
Viln ruen in dayn hant.

אונטער דײַנע וווײַסע שטערן  
שטרעק צו מיר דײַן וווײַסע האַנט  
מיַנע ווערטער זענען טרערן  
וילן רוען אַין דײַן האַנט

Under Your white stars  
Stretch to me Your white hand.  
My words are tears,  
Wanting to rest in Your hand.

2. Ze, es tanklt zeyer finkl  
In mayn kelerdikn blik.  
Un ikh hob gornit keyn vinkl  
Zey tsu shenken dir tsurik.

זע, עס טוּנְקַלְט זַיִינְעָר פִּינְקָל  
אַיְן מִין קָעַלְעַרְדִּיקָן בְּלִיק  
אַוְן אַיךְ הָאָב גָּאָרְנִיט קִיְּנוּ וּוַיְינְקָל  
זַיִי צַו שַׁעַנְקָעָן דִּיר צְוִירִיק

See, they twinkle very darkly  
In my cellar-beaten view;  
And I have no place  
How to send them back to You.

3. Un ikh vil dokh, got getrayer  
Dir fartroyen mayn farmeg.  
Vayl es mont in mir a fayer  
Un in fayer-mayne teg.

אַוְן אַיךְ וּוַיְיל דָּאָךְ גָּאָט גַּעַטְרִיעָר  
דִּיר פָּאָרְטְּרוּיָעָן מִין פָּאָרְמָעָג  
יִיּוֹ לְעָס מָאָנָט אַיְן מִיר אַ פִּיעָר  
אַוְן אַיְן פִּיעָר מִיְּנָעָטָג

And I will, dear G-d,  
Confide in you these of mine  
While in me a fire grows  
And on fire are my days.

4. Nor in kelern un lekher  
Veynt di merderishe ru.  
Loyf ikh hekher, iber dekher  
Un ikh zukh: vu bistu, vu?

But in cellars and holes  
Cries the murderous quiet  
I fly higher, over rooftops  
And I search: Where are You? Where?

5. Nemen yogn mikh meshune  
Trep un hoyfn mit gevoy.  
Heng ikh a geplatste strune  
Un ikh zing tsu dir azoy:

Something strange hunts me  
Stairs and courtyards are on chase  
I hang as a broken bow-string  
And I sing to You this way:

6. Unter dayne vayse shtern  
Shtrek tsu mir dayn vayse hant.  
Mayne verter zaynen trern  
Viln ruen in dayn hant.

Under Your white stars  
Stretch to me Your white hand.  
My words are tears,  
Wanting to rest in Your hand.

נָאָר אַיְן קָעַלְעַרְן אַוְן לְעַכְעַר  
וּוַיְינְט דִּי מַעַרְדָּעַרְיִישָׁע רֹ  
לוֹיָף אַיךְ הַעַכְעַר, אַיְבָּעָר דַּעַכְעַר  
אַוְן אַיךְ זָךְ וּוּ בִּיסְטוּ, וּוּ ?

נָעָמָע נִגְּנָן מִיד מְשׁוֹנָה  
טְרָעָפָן אַוְן הוֹיְפָן מִיט גַּעַוּוֹי  
הַעֲנָג אַיךְ אַ גַּפְלָאַצְטָע סְטְרוֹנוֹ  
אַוְן אַיךְ זִינְג צַו דִּיר אָזְוִי

אונטער דײַנע ווּוַיְינְעָר שטערן  
שְׁטְרָעָק צַו מִיר דײַן ווּוַיְינְעָר האַנט  
מיַנע ווערטער זענען טרערן  
וילן רוען אַין דײַן האַנט

### Supplement 3: Heavy

by Mary Oliver

That time  
I thought I could not  
go any closer to grief  
without dying

I went closer,  
and I did not die.  
Surely G-d  
had His hand in this,

as well as friends.  
Still, I was bent,  
and my laughter,  
as the poet said,

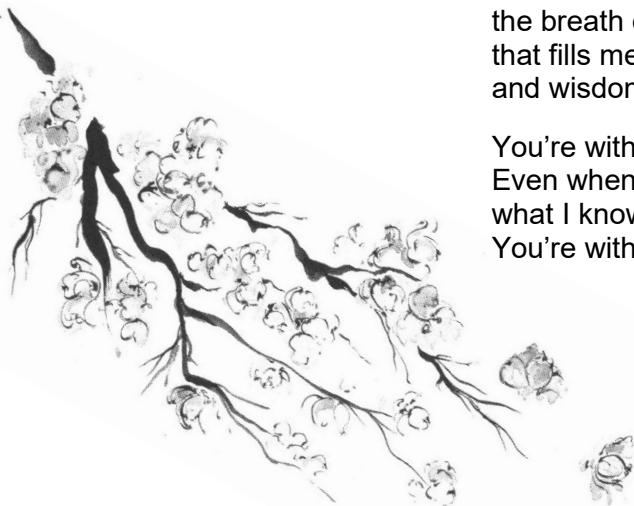
was nowhere to be found.  
Then said my friend Daniel  
(brave even among lions),  
"It's not the weight you carry

but how you carry it---  
books, bricks, grief---  
it's all in the way  
you embrace it, balance it, carry it  
when you cannot, and would not,  
put it down."  
So I went practicing.  
Have you noticed?

Have you heard  
the laughter  
that comes, now and again,  
out of my startled mouth?

How I linger  
to admire, admire, admire  
the things of this world  
that are kind, and maybe

also troubled---  
roses in the wind,  
the sea geese on the steep waves,  
a love  
to which there is no reply?



**All I have to do is think of You,  
There is no time, no place,  
there's ever been an empty space  
'Cause You've been with me.**

You're the spark  
the breath of life the perfect part  
that fills me with strength  
and wisdom and peace.

You're with me day and night  
Even when I question  
What I know is right  
when I lose sight  
and fight myself and start to pray  
and right away I know  
You're with me.

### Supplement 4: With Me

Words and Music by Stacy Beyer © 2004

With me in my heart,  
with me in my soul,  
wherever I go,  
You're with me

With me through my dreams,  
although sometimes it might seem  
like I'm alone  
You're with me.

**All I have to do is think of You,  
There is no time, no place,  
there's ever been an empty space  
'Cause You've been with me.**

You're the spark  
the breath of life the perfect part  
that fills me with strength  
and wisdom and peace.

You're with me day and night  
Even when I question  
what I know is right,  
You're with me

