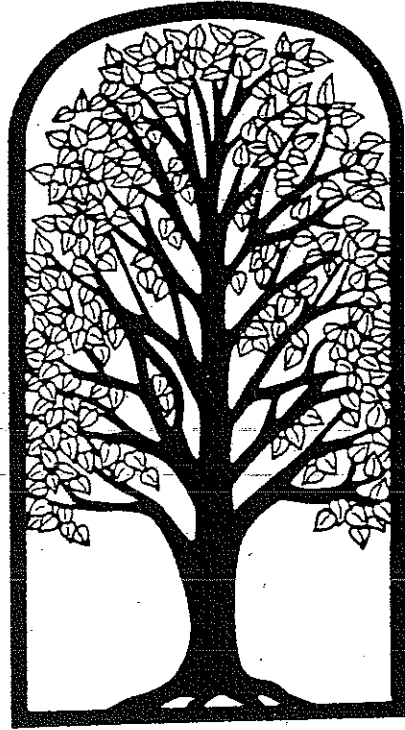


A SERVICE OF HEALING AND YIZKOR
YOM KIPPUR — 5755



CONGREGATION CHILDREN OF ISRAEL
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A SERVICE OF HEALING

On Rosh Hashanah it is written,
on Yom Kippur it is sealed:
How many shall pass on, how many shall come to be;
who shall live and who shall die;
who shall see ripe age and who shall not...

But *REPENTANCE, PRAYER and CHARITY*
temper judgement's severe decree.

from the *Unetane Tokef* prayer, High Holyday liturgy

There are moments when we hear the call of our higher selves, the call that links us to the divine. Then we know how blessed we are with life and love. May this be such a moment, a time of deeper attachments to the godlike in us and in our world, for which we shall give thanks and praise!

Psalm 150

Kol haneshamah tehallesh Yah. Halleluyah!
Let everything that breathes praise God.

ASHER YATZAR - FOR OUR BODIES

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר יָצַר אֶת
הָאָדָם בְּחָכְמָה וּבְרָא בּוֹ נְקֻבִים וְנְקֻבִים חַלּוּלִים חַלּוּלִים.
נָלוּי וְנִדְוַע לִפְנֵי כִסֵּא כְבוֹדְךָ שְׂאֵם יִפְתַּח אֶחָד מֵהֶם אוֹ
יִסְתֵּם אֶחָד מֵהֶם אִי אֲפָשָׁר לְהַחֲקִים וְלַעֲמֹד לִפְנֶיךָ.
בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי רוֹפֵא כָּל-בָּשָׂר וּמַפְלִיא לַעֲשׂוֹת:

Blessed are You, our Eternal God, Creator of the Universe, who has made our bodies in wisdom, creating openings, arteries, glands, and organs, marvelous in structure, intricate in design. Should but one of them, by being blocked or opened, fail to function, it would be difficult to stand before You. Wondrous Fashioner and Sustainer of life, Source of our health and our strength, we give You thanks and praise.

ELOHAI NESHAMAH - FOR OUR SOULS/SPIRITS

אֱלֹהֵי נִשְׁמָה שְׂנַתָּה בִּי טַהוּרָה הִיא. אַתָּה בְּרֵאתָ אֶתָּה
וְצִרְתָּה אֶתָּה וּפְחַתָּה בִּי וְאַתָּה מְשַׁמְרָה בְּקִרְבִּי. וְאַתָּה
עֲתִיד לְשַׁלֵּחַ מִפְּנֵי וְלְהַחְיוֹתָהּ בִּי לְעֵתִיד לְבָא: בְּלִזְמַן
שֶׁתִּשְׁמָה בְּקִרְבִּי מוֹדָה אֲנִי לִפְנֶיךָ יי אֱלֹהֵי וְאַלֵּהֵי אֲבוֹתַי
רְבוֹן כָּל-הַמַּעֲשִׂים אֲדוֹן כָּל-הַנְּשָׁמוֹת: בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי
הַמְּחַיֵּה הַנְּשָׁמוֹת לִפְגָּרִים מֵתִים:

My God, the soul which You have placed within me is pure. You have created it, You have formed it, You have breathed it into me. You preserve it within me, and You will one day take it from me and restore it to me in the world to come. So long as my soul is within me, I make acknowledgement before You, my God and God of all generations. Blessed are You, Adonai, who restores my soul each day, that I may once again awaken.

NISSIM B'CHOL YOM - THE MIRACLES OF DAILY LIFE

Blessed is the Source of Life, who has made me in the divine image.

Blessed is the Source of Life, who has led me to my Jewish heritage.

Blessed is the Source of Life, who has made me free.

Blessed is the Source of Life, who opens the eyes of those who would not see.

Blessed is the Source of Life, who provides clothes for the naked.

Blessed is the Source of Life, who brings freedom to the captive.

Blessed is the Source of Life, whose power lifts up the fallen.

Blessed is the Source of Life, who makes firm each person's steps.

Blessed is the Source of Life, who gives strength to the weary.

How good it is, and how pleasant,
when brethren dwell together in unity.

הֵיטֵב מְדֻבָּר וּמְדֻנָּעִים
שִׁבְת אַחִים יַם־יַחַד.

NISHMAT

When the night slides under with the last dimming star
and the red sky lightens between the trees,
and the heron glides tipping heavy wings in the river,
when crows stir and cry out their harsh joy,
and swift creatures of the night run toward their burrows,
and the deer raises her head and sniffs the freshening air,
and the shadows grow more distinct and then shorten,

*Then we rise into the day still clean as new snow.
The cat washes its paw and greets the day with gratitude.
Leviathan salutes breaching with a column of steam.
The hawk turning in the sky cries out a prayer like a knife.
We must wonder at the sky now thin as a speckled eggshell,
that now piles up its boulders of storm to crash down,
that now hangs a furry grey belly into the street.*

Every day we find a new sky and a new earth
which we are trusted with like a perfect toy.
We are given us the salty river of our blood
winding through us, to remember the sea and our
kindred under the waves, the hot pulsing that knocks
in our throats to consider our cousins in the grass
and the trees, all bright scattered rivulets of life.

*We are given the wind within us, the breath
to shape into words that steal time, that touch
like hands and pierce like knives, that waken
truth and deceit, sorrow and pity and joy,
that waste precious air in complaints in lies,
in floating traps for power on the dirty air.
Yet holy breath still stretches our lungs to sing.*

We are given the body, that momentary kibbutz
of elements that have belonged to frog and polar
bear, corn and oak tree, volcano and glacier.
we are lent for a time these minerals in water
and a morning every day; a morning to wake up
rejoice and praise life in our spines, our throats,
our knees, our organs, our brains, our tongues.

*We are given to see against the dark,
to think, to read, to study how we are to live,
to bank in ourselves against defeat and despair
that cool and muddy or resolves that make us forget
that we saw we must do. We are given passion
to rise like the sun in our minds with the new day
and burn the debris of habit and greed and fear.*

We stand in the midst of the burning world
primed to burn with love and justice and compassion,
to turn inward and find holy fire at the core,
to turn outward and see the world that is all
of flesh with us, see under the trash, through
the smog, the furry bee in the apple blossom,
the trout leaping, the candles our ancestors lit for us.

*Fill us as the tide rustles into the reed in the marsh.
Fill us as the rushing water overflows the pitcher.
Fill us as light fills a room with its dancing.
Let the little quarrels of the bones and snarling of the lesser appetites and the whining of
the ego cease.
Let silence still us so you may show us your shining
and we can out of that stillness rise and praise.*

— Marge Piercy

Ha-shi-vei-nu A-do-nai ei-le-cha,
ve-na-shu-vah.
cha-deish ya-mei-nu ke-ke-dem.

הַשִּׁיבֵנו יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ,
וְנִשְׁוֶבָה.
חַדֵּשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקִדְמָם.

Help us to return to You, O Lord; then truly shall we return.
Renew our days as in the past.

PSALM 86

Incline Your ear, Adonai
Answer me,
For I am poor and needy.

Preserve my life, for I am steadfast;
O You, my God,
Deliver Your servant who trust in You.

Have mercy on me, Adonai,
For I call to You all day long;
Bring joy to Your Servant's life,
For on You, Adonai, I set my hope.

For You, Adonai, are good and forgiving,
Abounding in steadfast love to all who call on You.

Give ear, Adonai, to my prayer;
Heed my plea for mercy.

In my time of trouble I call You,
For You will answer me.

TAHANUN

יְיָ, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵי רַחֲמוֹם וְחַנּוּן, אֶרְךְ אַפְּיִם וְרַב־חַסְדֵּךְ וְאֱמֶת,
נִצֵּר חַסְדֵּךְ לְאֵלֵפִים, נִשְׂא עוֹן נַפְשֵׁךְ וְחַטָּאָה וְנִקְיָה.

Adonai. Adonai is a merciful and gracious God, endlessly patient, loving, and true, showing mercy to thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and granting pardon.

(We take a few moments to focus on those behaviors and characteristics which we would like to change, in order to create more holy relationships with ourselves, our fellow human beings, and our Creator)

I. For transgressions against God, the Day of Atonement atones; but for transgressions of one human being against another, the Day of Atonement does not atone until they have made peace with one another.

II. Out of the depths I call to You. O God, hear my cry, heed my plea. Be attentive to my prayers, to my sigh of supplication. Who could endure, God, if You kept count of every sin? But forgiveness is Yours, that we may worship You. I wait for God; my soul yearns. Hopefully, I wait for God's word. I wait for God more eagerly than watchmen wait for dawn. Put your hope in God, for God is generous with mercy. Abundant is God's power to redeem. May God redeem the people Israel from all sin.

A-vi-nu·mal-kei-nu, cho-nei-nu

אֲבִינוּ מַלְכֵינוּ, חַנּוּן

va-a-nei-nu, ki ein ba-nu

וְעַנּוּ, כִּי אֵין בָּנוּ

ma-a-sim, a sei i-ma-nu

מַעֲשִׂים, עָשָׂה עִמָּנוּ

tse-da-kah va-che-sed, ve-ho-shi-ei-nu.

צַדִּיקָה וְחַסְדֵּךְ, וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.

MOMENTS OF SHARING

I have been created with a mind able to dwell upon good thoughts and good intentions. Unseemly thoughts have led me to unworthy deeds.

I have been created with eyes, the blessing of sight, to see the world's beauty and holiness. Often I look without seeing.

I have been created with ears to hear sacred words, to hear the sounds of wisdom, beauty, and love. Often I squander God's gift, and hear without listening. Often I debase it by listening to gossip, obscenities, and words of hatred.

I have been created with a mouth and a tongue. The gift of speech God gave to no other creature. With words I try to pray. With words I speak of love, to God and to human beings. But malice, pettiness, falsehood, and slander have sullied by speech. With words I have mocked God's gift, shaming neighbor and stranger, laughing at the pain of others, uttering false oaths, insincere pledges, and vain promises.

I have been created with hands, the ability to sense creation through touch, the capacity to transmit tenderness. Often I have clenched my fists in resentment, using my hands to injure or destroy.

I have been given legs to walk in God's path. Often I have rushed to do unworthy deeds. I have walked away from God and from my neighbor.

I have been blessed with the ability to regenerate life, and to share joy in love fulfilled. Lust and jealousy, pain and fear have sometimes corrupted this gift.

All that I am is bared. I am burdened by the choices I have made, for often I have marred the beauty of my spirit through my misdeeds. Adonai, on this Day of Atonement, forgive and purify me. Give me the courage to renew my life, to change at least part of what should be changed. On this day I search for reconciliation with myself, with those whom I have offended and hurt, and with You, O Master of Mercy, the Holy and Blessed One.

A LITANY FOR HEALING

When Miriam was sick, her brother Moses prayed: "O God, pray, heal her please!" We join in this responsive prayer based on Moses' words:

We pray for those who are now ill.

Source of Life, we pray: Heal them.

We pray for those who are affected by illness, anguish and pain.

Heal them.

Grant courage to those whose bodies, holy proof of Your creative goodness, are violated by the illness and pain of illness.

Encourage them.

Grant strength and compassion to families and friends who give their loving care and support and help to overcome despair.

Strengthen them.

Grant wisdom to those who prove the deepest complexities of Your world as they labor in the search for treatment and cures.

Inspire them.

Grant clarity of vision and strength of purpose to the leaders of our institutions and our government. May they be moved to act with justice and compassion and find the courage to overcome fear and hatred.

Guide them.

Grant insight to us, that we may understand that whenever death comes, we must accept it -- but that before it comes, we must resist it, by prolonging life and by making our life worthy as long as it is lived.

Bless and heal us all.

*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 r'fuah sh'leima:
The renewal of body, the renewal of spirit.
And let us say: Amen.*

We praise You,
Adonai our God, Ruler
of the universe, who
has been so good to me.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ,
מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, שְׂגַמְלָנִי כָּל
טוֹב.

*Baruch Ata, Adonai Eloheinu, Melech ha-olam,
shegemalani kol tov.*

YIZKOR -- A SERVICE OF REMEMBERING

And, as long as we are able to remember those who have come before us, our people will continue to live ...

We continue on page 477 in the Gates of Repentance

SOURCES

Gates of Repentance

Service for the Healing of the Soul, Congregation Beth Am, Los Altos Hills, California

A Service of Healing, Jewish Healing Center, San Francisco, California

A Service of Hope and Healing, Temple Beth Chayim Chadashim, Los Angeles, California

Levine, Stephen: Guided Meditations, Explorations and Healings (Doubleday, New York, 1991).

A special thank you goes to Rabbi Nancy Flam of the Jewish Healing Center, 141 Alton Avenue, San Francisco, California 94116.
