

Program Resources for

YIZKEREIM: HONOR **ISRAEL'S** FALLEN

The following readings, poems, song, videos, psalms and prayers may be useful in planning your Yom HaZikaron commemoration. Both historic and contemporary sources are included.



in partnership with **OLAMI**

INDEX

- 01 Sample Program
- 02 Selected Readings
- 03 Stories of Individual Heroes
- 04 Poems
- 05 Songs / Videos
- 06 Tehillim / Psalms
- 07 Yizkor
- 08 El Maleh Rachamim - Memorial Prayer
- 09 Prayer for the Welfare of Soldiers
- 10 Prayer for the State of Israel

SAMPLE PROGRAM

YAHREIT CANDLE LIGHTING

YIZKOR

YIZKEREIM VIDEO

SPEAKER

READINGS

POEMS

SONGS

PSALMS

MEMORIAL PRAYER - EL MALE RACHAMIM

PRAYER FOR THE WELFARE OF IDF

PRAYER FOR THE WELFARE OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL

ANI MAAMIN

HATIKVAH

SELECTED READINGS

Mr. Eli Ben Shem

CHAIRMAN OF YAD LABANIM ORGANIZATION

My brothers and sisters of the bereaved families,
 Mothers, fathers,
 Brothers and Sisters,
 Grandfathers and grandmothers
 Orphans and widows,
 Citizens of the State of Israel.
 Every year anew
 When the entire State of Israel is united in its pain
 And the whine of sirens splits the air -
 I'm addressing you,
 Members of the bereaved family.
 We,
 That the knock on the door,
 The Message,
 Has suddenly transformed our lives
 Leaving us stunned.
 The mother waiting for her son who went away and did not return,
 The father who has been imagining his son for many years - standing at the door,
 The baby who would never know his father.
 The sister who remained alone by her brother's empty chair.
 The wife who still awaits her husband.
 Grandparents talking about their grandson
 They always say only 'he'
 Never 'was',
 In the past tense.

Am Yisrael family,
 If you look into my eyes,
 Look at them deeply.
 This is what a bereaved parent's eyes look like.
 An abyss of longing for our children who are not.
 Grief and pain.

For us,
Every day of the year is a Memorial Day.
Every day we are accompanied by thoughts of the fallen son.
Thoughts about the daughter who is not.

We never stop thinking about the world they did not have time to see,
About the family they did not establish,
The children who did not have children,
About the life that was interrupted too soon.
This year we mark sixty years of the Sinai Campaign,
Ten years have passed since the Second Lebanon War.
Sixty years.
Ten years.
And each generation in turn, gives to this land,
All he can give.
Anyone who thinks time dulls the pain
I do not know what it is.
Nothing fills the void.
We, the bereaved families
Life in a postwar war.
Struggling to keep the will left to us by our dear one:
Life will.
live,
continue.
Every day our dear ones who lived with us.
Every day we die a little with them.

.....
New bereaved families join the great family of bereavement.
Who like us, who paid with the blood of our sons and daughters,
You understand the pain of any such family.

....
May it be that
The land will be quiet
And we will not know another war.

"Makes peace in the heights
He will make peace on us
And all of Israel. "

The Missed Chance

The following two writings are by Yair Lapid upon the death of his wife's cousin who was killed in Lebanon in August 1993

They'll never make it to the big concert – that concert of love – for which they learned all the lyrics and melodies, listening to scratched-up tapes played over and over again on weary cassette players. When the band takes the stage and they hit the lights, and the young girls with their soft hair and slender necks raise their heads like white doves, they won't be there.

They'll never tell her, "I love you" – words practiced over and over under night's immunity, against the broken mirrors of military showers reeking of Lysol. They'll have picked out the right shirt, dusted off their jeans, placed her yearbook photo under their pillow. But someone else will have to say those words to her. They won't be there.

They'll never marry. They'll never have children. When the cries of a baby's new life are first heard, they won't be there.

They'll never set off on that long trek to the yellow desert. Their rappelling ropes, supple as snakes, will never unravel in the baggage compartment. The campfire won't be lit. The acoustic guitar, its case adorned by stickers, won't be taken out and no one will forget the second verse. And when a flash flood winds its way through a narrow desert gully, they won't be there.

They'll never "work over" a payphone, and never call to announce that they're coming home or that they won't be able to make it. They'll never lie that everything's fine, that they don't need a thing, that they have enough cash, thanks Mom. On the weekends, out of habit, the car keys will be left out for them. But they won't be there. They won't be discharged from the army. They'll forever wear their stone, square uniforms. They'll forever remain Sergeant Assaf, Sergeant Nir, Sergeant Golan, Lieutenant Eyal, Sergeant Tzachi, Sergeant Avni, Sergeant Ari, Sergeant-Major Rakh'l, and Lieutenant Avi.

Their battalion will return to base, return their equipment, get their release papers and a pat on the back. They won't be there.

They'll never study. Not in the school of Life, nor in the yeshiva, nor in the university. One Hundred Years of Solitude will forever remain opened to page 120. Beitar Jerusalem will forever remain champions of the soccer league. Yehuda Polliker's next record won't be released until the end of all generations. There are so many things that they still need to learn, chiefly about themselves, but they won't be there.

When they die, we always write about who they were.
But the pain, the real pain
is because of who they'll never be.

Life Does Not Go On

The following writing is by Yair Lapid upon the death of his wife's cousin who was killed in Lebanon in August 1993

It's not true that life goes on.

They always throw that phrase around and it's never, ever true. When you lose someone that close, your life — as you've known it — has ended. Your family may still be yours, but it's a different family. Your parents are different, the way you sit around the table, the way you remember that vacation to Greece and that album of ridiculous photos that has since become a tome of memory.

It's not true that life goes on.

People ask you simple questions, like "How are you?" but you understand what they really mean is, "We know" or "We're here for you." Anytime you're feeling sad everyone runs to your side, and you just don't have the means to tell them that you don't want a support group, just an hour of quiet under the covers.

It's not true that life goes on.

Not even you can stay the same person you were. You're the person who lost a loved one. You're the person who watches *The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly* on TV and can only think about who you saw it with the first time, back in the old Esther Cinema before it was torn down. You're the person who, when you laugh, people will say you're getting over it. If you're busy, they'll say you're recovering. If you go away for more than two weeks, they'll say you're escaping. It's not true that life goes on.

Even your past undergoes editing. Each time you tell the story of how you took the bus together to Bloomfield Stadium to catch the big soccer derby, you debate yourself whether to call him "my brother" or "my departed brother" or "my brother of blessed memory." Sometimes you leave him out of the story entirely in order to spare everyone the moment of silent embarrassment. Every now and then you run into someone who hasn't been in the country for a long time, and they ask you how your brother is, and you answer that he isn't, at least not here with us anymore. In the end you have to placate them, to settle them down, and then you'll remark to them that life goes on. Except it doesn't.

It's not true that life goes on. It ends, and it begins again. Differently.

Defense Minister Shaul Mofaz's letter to the bereaved families. On the eve of Memorial Day,

As every year, before the miracle of Independence leaps to the top of the mast, he will unite with Israel with holy reverence with the memory of his victims. On Remembrance Day for the Fallen of Israel, the noise will die, the dispute will be quiet, and the nation as a whole will stop its daily routine and be enveloped in sorrow. In the military cemeteries, flowers will be placed on the stone tombstones, and the bereaved family will gather to meet with its loved ones.

For the bereaved families, every day is a Memorial Day and the nights are full of sorrow and tears. The pain, even if dulled over the years, has no cure and will not expire. On the wall of the house, there is a picture and heart engraved with shreds of memories and an endless longing for longing.

Even if we seek to find words of comfort, the words disappear. We will then give them a brotherly, empowering hand. Your loved ones fell in battle and fulfilled their duties in the IDF, in the service of the people and the state, and on their young shoulders they carried the security of Israel and in their sacrifice and courage they set us a loyal wall.

With all our might, we will aspire to destroy the war from the land and to bring it security and true peace. But forever we will preserve the memory of the fallen with love, and with deep and painful gratitude. Inspiration and strength to stand firm and determined in the struggle for peace, and a model through which we will always have fire...

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

Brigadier General Yoav "Poli" Mordechai,
IDF Spokesperson, shares stories about
fallen IDF soldiers he knew.



YEHUDA EDRI

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

My first experience with bereavement was, as usual, at the moment when I was least prepared for it. In 1985, it was a hot August night, and I was a young 2nd Lieutenant in the 51st Battalion of the Golani Brigade. Our force was lying in ambush in Wadi Saluki, deep inside Lebanon. Suddenly, we saw a squad of three terrorists was approaching us. The tension was running high, but everyone was quiet until our commander shouted “open fire” and all of us screamed the same in response.

I was with the rescue force. With adrenaline flowing in our blood, we loaded the bodies of the dead and wounded on stretchers and walked an hour and a half uphill out of the valley. We carried them to the designated outpost where we waited for rescue helicopters. I still remember the visit of then-Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin to our company the day after the firefight. It affected us deeply.

The second time I saw death was years later, during the turbulent days of the Aqsa Intifada, when I was in Judea and Samaria serving as the regional commander of Unit 504 of the Intelligence Corps. During my service in the unit, I came to know Lt. Col. Yehuda Edri, who started in the unit as an enlisted soldier, and thanks to his determination and unique abilities, was able to advance to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Yehudah was my subordinate. The moment I heard the message that he was killed during a covert intelligence operation, I too was in the middle of a secret operation somewhere else. The news struck me terribly. My visit to his home and my conversation with his wife, Annette, and children were one of the hardest moments I’ve experienced as a commander. Yehudah was an outstanding intelligence officer, subordinate and friend.



2ND LT. TZUR OR

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

I came to know 2nd Lieutenant Tzur Or in 2004 when I was the commander of District Coordination Liaison Office in Gaza. Tzur was a creative, articulate, and ambitious soldier whom I met for the first time in a personal meeting – the kind of conversations that I regularly conducted with soldiers and officers in the district head-quarters.

Tzur was killed when a female suicide bomber came to headquarters on the pretext of needing humanitarian aid. The moment that Tzur approached her, she detonated the explosives on her body and Tzur was killed instantly. The intensity of the blast also killed Cpl. Andre Kegles, Staff Sgt. Vladimir Trostinsky of the border police and Gal Shapira, a civilian. I will always remember Tzur as the confident, smiling person sitting in front of me in our interview.

The last story I will tell you is about a soldier that I did not know personally, but I feel as though we knew each other for a long time. Staff Sergeant Lior Ziv was a photographer in the film unit of the IDF Spokesperson's unit.

He was documenting the operational activity of the Givati infantry brigade in the Gaza Strip in 2003 when he was killed by enemy fire.

When he died, he was holding his camera in one hand and his weapon in the other.



SGT. LIOR ZIV

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

Lior's legacy continues today with the understanding that the images of IDF operations are of great importance in the hasbara war. Over the past year, the IDF Spokesperson's Unit has worked to establish an entire company of combat soldiers carrying cameras that can transmit images from the battlefield to the homefront. I hope that Lior's parents see that their son's legacy lives on and that our memory of him helps them cope with the pain. (See a sample of Lior's work.)

The pain of the bereaved exists every day of the year, and it is difficult to put it aside even for a single moment. But despite all the pain and sorrow which words cannot describe, we must remember that our fallen died for a cause that we must continue to fight for.

I will conclude with the words of Mrs. Nechama Israeli, mother of the late 1st Lieutenant Ephraim Israeli and the late 2nd Lieutenant David Israeli, who fell together in the Yom Kippur War: "If you have no values for which you are willing to give your life, then your life has no value."

The state of Israel is celebrating 64 years of independence this year, none of which would have been possible without those who gave their lives to defend it.

May their memory be a blessing.



GADI EZRA

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

Gadi Ezra fell in battle during “Operation Defensive Shield”. He was killed on April 4, 2002 while attempting to evacuate a wounded soldier in the midst of battle in Jenin. He received a posthumous medal for extreme bravery under fire.

He was 23 years old when he was killed. Gadi was the youngest child of Soli and Roseline Ezra, he was a commander in the Golani Brigade. He was soon to be released from the army and planned to marry his girlfriend, Galit. About a month before he was killed, he wrote Galit a letter to read in case something would happen to him. The following is the letter.

My Dear Galiti, Feb. 28, 2002 If this letter reaches you, it means that something has happened to me. This morning, we were informed that the mission planned yesterday, will with the Almighty's help, take place today... My beloved, on one hand I feel that there is nothing more that I want in this world than to be with you - to love you and to establish a home and a family with you. But on the other hand, there isn't anything that I want more than to be a part of this military operation and strike those terrorists a blow so strong, that they will never again even consider carrying out a terrorist attack.

In order to do this, there is a price that we must pay. I am willing to be that price.

Don't be angry with me, my love, but at moments like this, your feelings for “Klal Yisrael” (All Israel) is the feeling that is supposed to guide you right now - and you relate to this evil as if your private life does not exist... My beautiful one, I love you so much and the only grief of mine is the fact that you will have sorrow and I will not be the one who will be privileged to make you happy. You deserve all the happiness in the world.

Therefore I ask, magnificent one, that you should be happy! That you should be happy, that you should love and blossom - because that is what you deserve. I will always watch over you from wherever I am and I will see to it that you will meet someone who will make you even happier than I could have made you.

My sweet one, don't forget - all that happens is for the best and if this is what the Almighty chose, then this is what has to be. What is left for us, is to accept it with love. I love you and will always love you and want you to know that the thoughts in my head are only for you in these moments and also, I am sure, in the moment that will happen what has happened, you will be the last thing that I will think about, and I will leave this world with the knowledge that I was the most happy person that can be, and that is because of you.

Know that you made me the happiest of men and you brought me to achievements that all my life I only dreamt of reaching. I love you my dearest and thank you for all the good and all the joy you brought me while we were together. Really, it is not that we were together, but we are always together - before we came to this world and when we part from it, we are together...My dearest one, my beloved one, I love you and will always love you. Only promise me that you will continue onward and will not allow Sodom to be the victor - you are the victor and that is how it should be and that is right to be. I love you forever, for all eternity, and I am always with you. Gadi



ALEX SINGER

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

VIDEOS OF HIS LETTERS, JOURNAL AND DRAWINGS:

5-MINUTE VERSION

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SV1ve8ADXLA>

15-MINUTE VERSION

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YpZ7L-T8n9A>

Alex was born in 1962 in Westchester, New York. As a boy, his family spent four years in Israel, then returned to Washington, D.C. Alex graduated high school and went on to college at Cornell. In 1984, Alex made Aliyah on his own, and was drafted to the I.D.F. He volunteered to join the Paratrooper's unit and was accepted. After basic training Alex was asked to becoming an officer. On the 15th of September, Alex's 25th birthday, he and 11 other men were dropped by helicopter onto a very rugged ridge in the foothills of Mt. Hermon, about a mile into Lebanon.

They were to set up an ambush to try to intercept terrorists on their way into Israel. Unexpectedly, they landed among a group of about 30 terrorists who had hidden themselves among boulders. Alex's commander, Ronen Weissman, was the first to be hit by their fire.

When Alex, who was the second officer on the mission, landed he was told that Ronen was not answering the radio. Alex took a medic and went to help Ronen. When Alex reached Ronen, he too was shot and killed at the same spot...

Outnumbered, and without their officers, the remainder of the small Israeli force continued to return fire until they were reinforced and the band of terrorists retreated, unable to continue their mission to attack settlements in Israel.

Alex was buried on September 18, 1987 in the military cemetery on Mt. Herzl in Jerusalem. After Alex died, his writings and drawings were gathered by his family and put into a book, with the hope that Alex's words and art would inspire young people as they struggle with some of the same questions that Alex asked himself as he tried to translate idealism into action.

KIBBUTZ EIN TSURIM, JUNE 22, 1985

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

The army is a series of challenges. Some are more difficult than others. Some are physical, some are spiritual, some are irritating, but all are new. I have no regrets about putting myself before all of these challenges; they teach well even if their education is different from that at Cornell...

Dear Katherine, We will win the next war, as we've won every war until now, and Israel will not be pushed into the sea. I don't want to lecture anymore about Zionism and decision-making. I'd rather tell you about walking through a wadi in the middle of the night with a million stars over my head, and singing as I walk because I'm so content and so enjoying myself, and climbing mountains and looking over the desert, and seeing eagles and a huge waddling porcupine, and the goodness of the rest which always comes after a night of trekking with so much weight on my shoulders. There are nights which make the weight disappear, and I love those nights. I'm feeling wonderful and very much at peace with my decision to stay on...

FROM ALEX'S JOURNAL DURING OFFICERS' SCHOOL, AUGUST, 1986

Once in a while. As I progress towards the course's end. I feel a pang of fear. Today I felt such fear. If the war comes When the war comes I will have to lead men to die. But those men were not men a short time ago Some don't even shave yet. And I will have to have the calm power to yell to them or to whisper Kadima. And, I will have to have the calm power to step forward myself.



YONATAN "YONI" NETANYAHU

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

(March 13, 1946 – July 4, 1976), was the commander of the elite Israeli army commando unit Sayeret Matkal. (His younger brother, Benjamin Netanyahu, is the prime minister of Israel). He was awarded the Medal of Distinguished Service for his conduct in the Yom Kippur War. He was killed in action during Operation Entebbe in Uganda, in which the I.D.F. raided Entebbe to rescue the over-200 Air France passengers who had been hijacked by terrorists on their way from Israel to France. Yoni was the only Israeli casualty in the mission, which was otherwise successful.

The mission was renamed "Operation Yoni" after his death. In 1980 many of Netanyahu's personal letters were published. Many of his letters were written hurriedly under trying conditions in the field, but according to a review in the New York Times, give a "convincing portrayal of a talented, sensitive man of our times who might have excelled at many things yet chose clear-sightedly to devote himself to the practice and mastery of the art of war, not because he liked to kill or wanted to, but because he knew that, as always in human history, good is no match for evil without the power to physically defend itself."

VIDEO DEPICTING "OPERATION YONI":

YOUTUBE VERSION

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EO2-KoO9F3I>

LETTER TO HIS PARENTS, MARCH 6, 1969:

"In another week I'll be 23. On me, on us, the young men of Israel, rests the duty of keeping our country safe. This is a heavy responsibility, which matures us early... I do not regret what I have done and what I'm about to do. I'm convinced that what I am doing is right. I believe in myself, in my country and in my future".

LETTER TO HIS BROTHER BENJAMIN, DEC. 2, 1973:

"We're preparing for war, and it's hard to know what to expect. What I'm positive of is that there will be a next round, and others after that. But I would rather opt for living here in continual battle than for becoming part of the wandering Jewish people. Any compromise will simply hasten the end. As I don't intend to tell my grandchildren about the Jewish State in the twentieth century as a mere brief and transient episode in thousands of years of wandering, I intend to hold on here with all my might."

LETTER TO HIS PARENTS, JANUARY 17TH, 1969:

...I would like you to know my reasons for considering going back to the army. Firstly, and above all else, is the dangerous security situation, and my steadfast belief that I, as a son of this nation and this land, must do the maximum that I can at this time... I seriously debated between the desire to continue living my life the way I am, and the awareness of my responsibility to my country, to my nation, and most of all, to myself. I feel it is incumbent upon me to go back to the army...I would be kidding myself and fundamentally) מצוה denying that very inner commandment that is calling me to go, if I did not follow through and go. ... I am positive that I am doing the right thing!"



ROI KLEIN

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

Ron Klein (July 10 1975–July 26 2006) was born in Raanana, Israel. He began his IDF service in the Paratroopers Brigade but later transferred to the Golani Brigade's Egoz Reconnaissance Unit. Klein lived in Eli, with his wife and two sons: Gilad and Yoav. In the Battle of Bint Jbeil, during the 2006 Lebanon War, a hand grenade was thrown into the house where Klein and his unit were present. Klein told his men "Report that I've been killed" and subsequently jumped on the live grenade and stopped the explosion with his body, saving his fellow soldiers.

The soldiers in the unit reported that Klein recited the Jewish prayer, Shema Yisrael, as he jumped on the grenade. For his actions during the war, Klein received the Medal of Courage posthumously (after his death).

SHORT CLIP - 2.5 MINUTES

YOUTUBE VERSION

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qjWrsyVFqps&feature=related>



NACHSHON WACHSMAN

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

READ THE PIECE BELOW BY ESTHER WACHSMAN, NACHSHON'S MOTHER,
AND THEN WATCH HER SPEECH HERE:

HIS NAME WAS NACHSHON WACHSMAN

YOUTUBE VERSION

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1eJ8VFv5Oak>

And so I was married to Yehuda in 1970 and we had seven sons between 1971 and 1986. Our sons were raised on a three-fold love - of their people, their land, and their heritage, the Torah. Our lives were complete, my dreams fulfilled, and I felt privileged to be able to live my life and raise my children in this, our sacred city, in this, our God-given land. I taught English at the Hebrew University High School for 28 years, my children grew up, attended yeshivot, and in time served their country, proudly wearing the uniform of the Jewish army. How proud I was - the Jewish immigrant from Brooklyn, mother of soldiers of Israel!

Nachshon, our third son, was named after the one who was the first to jump into the Red Sea. Nachshon did us proud, as did all our sons and, thank God, lived up to his name.

After having served in the army for a little over a year, with two stints in Lebanon, Nachshon came home on a week's leave, Friday, October 7, 1994 just before the Sabbath. On Saturday night, he got a call from the army informing him that the following day, Sunday, he was to attend a course up north, where he and another soldier from his unit would learn to operate a special military vehicle and in a one-day course receive a license.

Nachshon found this offer very prestigious and got a ride with a friend to take the course up north.

He left us late Saturday night and told us he would be back home the following night. Nachshon did not come home on Sunday night. When by midnight Nachshon did not call or arrive home, I feared the worst.

We notified the military authorities, we traced his movements, we spoke to his army friends. On Monday we sent search parties to the area where he had last been seen – at this point the army was still unconcerned and more or less making inquiries at hotels and resorts in Eilat to see if he had just taken off.

The fact that I told them that such a thing was simply out of the question in my family just seemed to amuse them as the attitude of a typical Jewish mother. To me, on Monday, my child was dead.

On Tuesday, we were contacted by Israeli Television, who told us that they had received a video tape from a Reuters photographer showing my son being held hostage by Hamas terrorists. On that video tape, Nachshon was seen, bound hand and foot, with a terrorist whose face was covered with a kaffiya, holding up Nachshon's identity card. The terrorist recited his home address, identity number, and then Nachshon spoke at gunpoint. He said that he had been kidnapped by the Hamas, who were demanding the release of their spiritual leader, Achmed Yassin, from an Israeli prison, as well as the release of 200 other imprisoned Hamas terrorists. If these demands were not met, he would be executed on Friday at 8:00 PM. ...

We appealed to world leaders everywhere and to Moslem religious leaders, all of whom stated unequivocally on the media that they must not harm our son.

And we appealed to our brethren – to the Jewish people throughout the world – and asked them to pray for our son. The Chief Rabbi of Israel delegated three chapters of Psalms to be said every day, and people everywhere, including schoolchildren who had never prayed before, did so for the sake of one precious Jewish soul.

I asked women throughout the world to light an extra Sabbath candle for my son. From about 30,000 letters that poured into our home, I learned of thousands of women who had never lit Sabbath candles, who did so for the sake of our son – who had become a symbol of everyone's son, brother, friend.

At the Western Wall 100,000 people arrived, with almost no notice - Chassidim in black frock coats and long side curls swayed and prayed and cried, side by side with young boys in torn jeans and ponytails and earrings. There was total unity and solidarity of purpose among us – religious and secular, left wing and right wing, Sephardi and Ashkenazi, old and young, rich and poor – an occurrence unprecedented in our sadly fragmented society.

On Friday night we ushered in the Sabbath, and I spoke to my son on the media and begged him to be strong, for all our people were with him. We sat rooted to our Sabbath table; my eyes were glued to the door, expecting Nachshon to walk in at any moment. ...

We were not aware that they had discovered from their informant that Nachshon was being held in a village called Bir Nabbalah, under Israeli rule, located about 10 minutes from our home in Ramot. We were not aware that Prime Minister Rabin had made a decision to launch a military action to attempt to rescue our son. At the hour of the ultimatum, 8:00 PM Friday night, General Yoram Yair, not Nachshon, walked through our door and brought us the terrible news. The military rescue attempt had failed – Nachshon had been killed and so had the commander of the rescue team, Captain Nir Poraz. On Saturday night at midnight we buried our son. That same microcosm of our people came to Mount Herzl at midnight Saturday night to attend Nachshon's funeral.

My husband asked Nachshon's Rosh Yeshiva, Rabbi Mordechai Elon, who gave the eulogy, to please tell all our people that God did listen to our prayers and that He collected all our tears. My husband's greatest concern when burying his son was that there would be a crisis in faith. And so he asked Rabbi Elon to tell everyone that just as father would always like to say "yes" to all of his children's requests, but sometimes he had to say "no" though the child might not understand why, so our Father in Heaven heard our prayers, and though we don't understand why, His answer was "no." ...

After the Shiva, we all returned to our routines. Our son who had just gotten out of the army attended the Hebrew University, another went back to the army, two others returned to yeshiva, and the two youngest, twins who had just turned eight on the day of the funeral, went back to school.

For that is what the Jewish people have always done – rebuilt after destruction, began new lives from the ashes and blood of the old.

...I was in my own country, my own homeland;
my son died wearing his country's uniform, and, God willing, my other sons will serve their country proudly as well.

For, among my people I dwell, and that for me is still a privilege and a blessing.
My three- fold love of my people, my land, and my Torah has never wavered.



URI GROSSMAN

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROES

David Grossman is one of Israel's leading authors. Like Amos Oz and A.B. Yehoshua, he fully supported the Second Lebanon War of 2006. In the last week of the war, however, as the cease fire was being negotiated, the three authors urged Israel to pull the soldiers out from Lebanon, rather than risk more lives. Poignantly and tragically Uri, David's middle child, died along with 34 other soldiers the last weekend of the war.

This is the eulogy David gave for his son at the funeral, translated from the Hebrew.

One of Grossman's most widely-read novels is entitled, "Someone to Run With." You Were My Someone to Run With Eulogy delivered by David Grossman for his son Uri Grossman z"l

MT. HERZL, 15 AUGUST, 2006

At twenty to three on Saturday night, there was a ring at our door. Over the intercom, they announced themselves as army officers. We had already been through three days when almost every thought that entered our minds began with a negative. He won't come. We won't speak. We won't laugh. There will be no more of that boy with the ironic grin and the crazy sense of humor. No more of that young man with wisdom beyond his years. No more warm smile and no more healthy appetite. No more rare combination of determination and delicateness, no more shrewd common sense and wise-heartedness. No more the infinite gentleness of Uri, and no more silence in which he could calm the stormy atmosphere. No more watching The Simpsons and Seinfeld together, and no more listening to Johnny Cash. No more of your strong hugs, and no more seeing you walking with [your brother] Yonatan, gesticulating wildly as you speak. No more hugs for your beloved [sister] Ruti. No more. No.

Uri, my love, throughout all your short life, we have all learned from you. We learned from your strength and your determination to go about things your own way. To follow your own path even if there was no chance that you'd succeed. We observed in astonishment as you fought to be accepted to a tank officers' course. You were not prepared to be satisfied with giving any less than you knew you were capable of giving. And when you succeeded, I thought, here is someone who knows his abilities so simply and so soberly. Someone with no pretenses and no pride. Who is not influenced by what others say to him. Someone whose source of strength is lodged firmly within himself...

Uri, you were the Left-winger in your regiment, and everyone respected you because you held fast to your word without ever abdicating a single military responsibility. When you left for Lebanon, Ima said that the one thing she was most afraid of was your "Elifelet Syndrome" [reference to poem by Natan Alterman]. We were worried that like Elifelet of the poem, if someone were needed to run and save a wounded soldier, you would not hesitate to run directly through the line of fire; and you would be the first to volunteer to restock the supply of ammunition when it ran low.

And that, just as you were all your life, at home and at school and in your army service, and just as you always volunteered to give up your furloughs because there was someone else who needed a break more than you did or because someone else's situation was more difficult --- in just this way, would you fall in Lebanon, facing a difficult battle. Uri, you were a person who was at one with himself, a person whom it was good to be around. I can't begin to express just how much you were, for me, someone to run with. During every visit home, you would say to me, "Abba, let's go talk," and we would go together, usually to a restaurant, and sit and talk. You would tell me so much, Uri, and I felt so proud that I had the merit of serving as your confidante. That someone like you chose to confide in me.

You lit up our lives, Uri. Ima and I raised you with love. There was simply so much to love in you. I know that your short life was good. I hope that I was a fitting father for a son like you. But I know that to be the son of your mother meant to grow up surrounded by infinite generosity and loving-kindness and love. You received all of this in plenitude, and you knew how to appreciate it, and you knew how to be grateful, and nothing that you received was ever taken for granted...

Uri was very much an Israeli child – even his name is very Israeli. He was the essence of Israel as I would like to see it. That essence which is almost forgotten now. That which is sometimes regarded as a curiosity these days. What's more, Uri was principled. That word, principled, so often derided in our times, because in our crazy, cruel, and cynical world, it isn't "cool" to be principled, to be a humanist, or to be empathic towards the other – especially if the other is your enemy on the battlefield. But I learned from Uri that it is possible to be both principled and cool. We need to be accountable for our own souls. We have to both defend ourselves and uphold ourselves. We have to uphold ourselves against brute force, against the destructiveness of cynicism, and against the constricting scorn that is the greatest curse of everyone who lives in a disaster area such as ours.

Uri had the courage to be himself all the time and in every situation. He had the courage to find his voice in everything he said and did; this is what saved him from contamination, corruption and diminution of the soul.

In the night between the Sabbath and Sunday morning, at twenty to three, there was a ring at our door. Over the intercom, they announced themselves as army officers, and I went to open the door, and I thought – that's it. Our lives are over. But five hours later, when Michal and I went into Ruti's room and woke her in order to break the terrible news to her, Ruti, after her first cry, said, "But we will still go on living, right? We'll still go hiking like before, and I want to keep singing in the choir, and I want to keep laughing 20 as always, and I want to learn to play the guitar." And we hugged her and told her that yes, we'd still go on living.

We will take our strength from Uri. He had the strength to carry us forward for many years. He radiated a sense of life, of warmth, and of love. The light of that radiance will continue to shine for us, even if the star itself has been extinguished. Uri our love, it was a great honor for us to live with you. Thank you for every moment that you were ours.

Love – Abba, Ima, Yonatan, and Ruti

POEMS

How Can I Bless?

by Rachel Shapira

This poem was written in memory of the classmate of the poet Rachel Shapira, who was killed in the battle on Ammunition Hill.

"How can I bless him, what gift shall I give to this child?"
said the angel of love
And he gave him a smile that was radiant as light,
And he gave him two eyes that were open and clear
To seek out each flower and each creature and bird
And a heart to rejoice in each day of the year.

"How can I bless him, what gift shall I give to this child?"
said the angel of love

And he gave him two feet that were light in the dance,
A soul to rejoice in each tune and each song,
A hand that collected the shells on the shore,
An ear to respond to the old and the young.

"How can I bless him, what gift shall I give to this child?"
said the angel of love.

But those hands that were able to make flowers grow,
Were blessed with the skill to drive engines of might,
And the feet that could dance also knew how to march
And the lips that could sing, also summoned to fight."

How can I bless him, what gift shall I give to this child?"
said the angel of love.

"I have given him all that an angel can give,
Two light dancing feet, and a song and a smile,
A delicate hand and a sensitive heart.
What else can I give him? I've given him all."

"How can I bless him, what gift shall I give to this child?"
said the angel of love.

He has joined the angels, that wonderful boy,
He has no more blessings, no longer is blessed.
Oh L-rd, L-rd above, did your angel forget
To bless him with life along with the rest?

To Die

by Hannah Sensesesh

Die ... young ...to die ... No, I did not want ...
I Loved the hot sun,
The Light, song, spark of a pair of eyes,
I did not want destruction, war.
No, I did not want.
But if I must live today
with a Mouth of blood, in threat of destruction,
Say: "Thank God for the right
To live and die an hour will come
On your land, my country, my homeland"

Homecoming

by Elisha Porat

They waited for him to come home:
the trimmed lawn, the tree in its saucer,
the faded plastic chairs, the rusty
gate, creaking on its hinges.
Mother, brother, father, sister,
frozen in time: wilting, transparent,
bowed down with weight of days.
And then, when suddenly he comes in,
everything begins to move, the lawn thickens,
the tree bears fruit, the plastic
chairs are scrubbed, the gate turns
and creaks, moving endlessly.
If only he would come in, come home.
The bubble of time bursts. The scarred heart
beats again. Slowly they go down
on their knees, lift their eyes
to him in grief, in gratitude.
Translated from the Hebrew by Eddie Levenston

The Young Soldiers Who Died

by Hayim Hefer

The voice is strong and piercing and it speaks to me and to you – to all.

And it calls out the pain of wounds inflicted and the darkness of the senses – and the nothingness of blood.

And it calls out the books that will go unread and the movies that will go unseen and the love that will never be known.

And it calls out the brothers and sons and wife and his mother to whom none will return.

And the smell and the color and the taste that will never be tasted.

And it is the voice that simply answers the questions.

And it is the voice that knows better than we how to understand homeland, eretz, and nation.

The soldiers have given us this with their dying breath.

The young soldiers who died will not speak and will hear them nonetheless.

And we who stand facing their names and bidding farewell to their dust must swear that there is truth in the testament they leave us

And that we will live life as they have commanded us to do by their deaths.

For the sake of these dead, for the sake of these who live.

For the sake of the beautiful dreams that have chased away the nightmares.

For the sake of future days that are clearer, more wondrous, and more pure.

Should You Wish to Know the Source

by Hayyim Nahman Bialik

Should you wish to know the Source,
From which your brothers drew...
Their strength of soul...
Their comfort, courage, patience, trust,
And iron might to bear their hardships
And suffer without end or measure?

And should you wish to see the Fort
Wherein your fathers refuge sought.
And all their sacred treasures hid,
The refuge that has still preserved
Your nation's soul intact and pure
And when despised, and scorned, and scoffed,
Their faith they did not shame?

And should you wish to see and know
Their Mother, faithful, loving, kind Who...
sheltered them and shielded them. And
lulled them on her lap to sleep?

If you, my brother, know not
Then enter now the House of God,
The House of study, old and gray,
Throughout the scorching summer days
Throughout the gloomy winter nights,
At morning midday or at eve...
And there you may still behold,
A group of Jews from the exile who bore the yoke of its burden who forget their toil,
through a worn out page of the Talmud.

And then your heart shall guess the truth,
That you have touched the sacred ground
Of a great people's house of life.
And that your eyes do gaze upon
The treasure of a nation's soul.

And my Brother Said Nothing

by Amir Gilboa

My brother came back from the field
dressed in gray. And I was afraid that
my dream might prove false, so at once
I began to count his wounds.
And my brother said nothing
Then I rummaged in the pockets of the trench-coat
and found a field-dressing, stained and dry.
And on a frayed postcard, her name -
beneath a picture of poppies.
And my brother said nothing.
Then I undid the pack
and took out his belongings, memory by memory.
Hurrah, my brother, my brother, the hero,
now I've found your decorations!
Hurrah, my brother, my brother, the hero,
I shall proudly hymn your name!
And my brother said nothing.
And my brother said nothing.
And his blood was crying out from the ground.

Those who Live by their Virtue Will Say

by Uri Zvi Greenberg

They were the chosen... They sang... Now their voices are silent.
 The true sons of the race of David that fell with their sword in their hand.
 Simple and lovely like young David of the Shepherd Clan...
 And they shall praise Thee, O Lord, from the dust they've returned to!
 The dust Thou created them from is the dust of death...
 This kind of dust whereof Thou created primeval man.
 The Temple Mount and the Rock -
 From that dust they'll praise Thee...Immortal are they!
 There is no truth, there is no glory but them.
 And we, in this world, do live by their virtue.
 And by their splendor we prosper.
 Whoever looks unto their graves will never be enslaved any longer.

The Third Mother

by Nathan Alterman

Mothers are singing. Mothers are singing.
 A fist of thunder bangs down. Strong silence.
 Red-bearded lamps are marching
 in the empty streets in rows.
 Autumn mortally ill, weary,
 inconsolable autumn,
 rain without beginning or end.
 No candle in the window, no light in the world,
 three mothers sing.
 I hear one of them say:
 "He was here but yesterday.
 I shall kiss his every finger.
 I see a tall ship in a calm bay,
 and my son from the topmast hanging."
 And the second one says:
 "My son is tall and quiet.
 I am sewing a holiday shirt for my dear.
 He's walking in the fields. He will soon be here.
 And he holds in his heart a lead bullet."
 And the third mother says with her wandering eyes:
 "No one was dearer or kinder...
 Who shall weep when he comes if I cannot see?
 I do not know where to find him."
 And she bathed her eyelashes with weeping.
 Perhaps he is only resting. Perhaps
 in foreign places he measures
 the paths of Your world, O God,
 Like a wanderer, with kisses.

The Parade of The Fallen

by Hayim Hefer

They come from the mountains,
from the valley, from the desert,
They come - names, faces, eyes -
and stand for the parade.
They come in a bold step,
strong and sunburnt,
They emerge from the shattered planes
and from the burnt tanks;
They rise from behind the rocks, from across
the dunes, from connecting ditches,
Brave as lions, tough as tigers, swift as eagles,
And they pass one by one
between two rows of angels,
Who feed them candy and place flowers
around their necks;
And I look at them, and all of them are happy.
These are my brothers, these are my brothers.
And they meet one another,
black eyes and blue and brown,
And they remind each other of names,
and weapons, and places,
And pour each other cups of coffee and tea
And burst suddenly together shouting: "Hi, there!"
And they meet in the large assemblage,
friends and comrades,
And officers slap the privates' shoulders
and the privates shake the officers' hands,
And they burst in song and clap hands
And all the dwellers of heaven listen to them beside themselves,
And the get-together lasts a day and a night,
and a day and a night,
Because such a bunch has not yet been above!

And then suddenly they hear familiar voices cry,
And they look homeward at father and mother,
at the wives, children and brothers,
And their faces are silent
and they stand stunned
And then someone quickly whispers:
Forgive us, but we had to!
We won the battles and now we are resting.
These are my brothers, these are my brothers.

The Paratroopers Cry

by Hayim Hefer

This wall has heard many prayers,
 This wall has seen the fall of many other walls.
 This wall has felt the touch of mourning women,
 This wall has felt petitions lodged between its stones.
 This wall saw Rabbi Yehuda Halevi trampled before it.
 This wall has seen Caesars rise and fall,
 But this wall had never seen paratroopers cry.
 This wall saw them tired and wrung out,
 This wall saw them wounded, maimed,
 Running to it with excitement, cries and silence.
 And creeping as torn creatures in the alleys of the Old City,
 And they are covered with dust and with parched lips,
 They whisper, "If I forget thee, if I forget thee Jerusalem,
 They are swift as eagles and strong as lions.
 And their tanks - the fiery chariot of Elijah the Prophet,
 They pass by with noise,
 They pass by a stream,
 They remember the 2,000 awful years
 In which we had not even a wall to place our tears
 before.
 And here they stand before it and breathe in dust.
 Here they look at it with sweet pain,
 And tears run down and they look at one another stunned,
 How does it happen that paratroopers cry?
 How does it happen that they touch this wall
 with great emotion?
 How does it happen that their weeping
 changes to song?
 Perhaps because these boys of 19,
 born at the same time as the state,
 carry on their shoulders - 2,000 years.

SONGS & VIDEOS

VIDEOS AND SONGS

- 1 Shay Gabso - Arim Roshi (I'll Raise My Head) with English
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=epHGEQ8YX5I>
- 2 In memory of Dan Talasnikov- 5 minutes—good sample video to begin
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wXYA8pu05Gw&t=35s>
- 3 Yoni Netanyahu- trailer (Full film - 87 minutes)
http://www.imdb.com/title/tt2062961/videoplayer/vi3876889369?ref_=tt_ov_vi
- 4 Yoni: The Life of Lieutenant Colonel Jonathan Netanyahu
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cjIHPXAUuBs>
- 5 Beneath the Helmut-trailer (Full film-65 and 80 minute versions available)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A09r_FjYhfY
- 6 Yosef Goodman (6 minutes)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SxiPqlC-yIlg>
- 7 Max Steinberg tribute (3 minutes)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CklZ4xR6Ffk>
- 8 Eden loses his commander (1 minute)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3UfFnYEhQNM>
- 9 Tribute to our Fallen Soldiers Aish.com
<http://www.aish.com/h/imd/A-Tribute-to-Our-Fallen-Soldiers.html>
- 10 Beneath the Helmut - Aviv
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z06pPfKf4Io>
- 11 Faces
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MFNteiRYMRE>

- 12 Come with Me
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sOjwyoK_R80&spfreload=10-IDF
- 13 Hero with 1 arm
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U4xNmrUToqw>
- 14 Friends Forever
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-00zFf1ijsw>
- 15 Moment of Standstill
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1wVvQsDUVOI>
- 16 Yom HZ 2017
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RbyrMLGGSXg>
- 17 Peretz Cartoon
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UbEvFHe8UFo>
- 18 Cartoon - Into the Sea
<http://www.aish.com/jw/id/Gates-of-Heaven-A-Yom-HaZikaron-Video.html>
- 19 Protective Edge
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nKKM3GvjRa8>
- 20 The Israel Project 2015 - 2 min
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=43JOaEddWKO>
- 21 Remember Them - languages - 1.5 min
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KSoRcGokV0E>
- 22 Mizrachi Toronto (1.5 min)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Mwyo7qJSSw>
- 22 Tribute to fallen of IDF and terrorism - Pix and music - 2.4 minutes
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E53nMzDGcOM&t=66s>

- 23 Animated memories of 9 fallen chayalim
<http://forward.com/schmooze/174883/animated-memories-for-yom-hazikaron>
- 24 Mi Sheberach L'Tzahal Shai Abramson
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hOErXk2-fo>
- 25 The Prayer for the State of Israel
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Q5--mNIZhU
- 26 Tribute to Israel's fallen - Just music and images - 11 minutes
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VYWKggWii-s&t=134s>
- 27 Shai Abramson - El Maleh Rachamim
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CXVxMCPbDAM>

G-D of Overflowing Compassion, Who Lives in the Highest and All Worlds, give limitless rest to those who are now under your Holy Sheltering Spiritual Wings, making them rise ever more purely, through the Light of your Brilliance, to the souls of: Add name(s).

SUGGESTED **TEHILLIM/PSALMS** OF FAITH IN TIMES OF DISTRESS

PSALM 3

1. A song of David, when he fled from Absalom his son.

2. O Lord, how many have my adversaries become!
Great men rise up against me.

3. Great men say concerning my soul, "He has no salvation in God to eternity."

4. But You, O Lord, are a shield about me, my glory and He Who raises up my head.

5. With my voice, I call to the Lord, and He answered me from His holy mount to eternity.

6. I lay down and slept; I awoke, for the Lord will support me.

7. I will not fear ten thousands of people, who have set themselves against me all around.

8. Arise, O Lord, save me, my God, for You have struck all my enemies on the cheek; You have broken the teeth of the wicked.

9. It is incumbent upon the Lord to save, and it is incumbent upon Your people to bless You forever.

א. מזמור לדוד: בברחו, מפני אבשלום בנו.

ב. יהוה, מה-רבו צרי; רבים, קמים עלי.

ג. רבים, אמרים לנפשי: אין ישועתה לו באלהים סלה.

ד. ואתה יהוה, מגן בעדי; כבודי, ומרים ראשי.

ה. קולי, אל-יהוה אקרא; ויענני מהר קדשו סלה.

ו. אני שכבתי, ואישנה; הקיצותי--כי יהוה יסמכני.

ז. לא-אירא, מרובות עם--אשר סביב, שתו עלי.

ח. קומה יהוה, הושיעני אלהי-- כי-הכית את-כל-איבי לחי; שני רשעים שברת.

ט. ליהוה הישועה; על-עמך ברכתך סלה.

PSALM 8

1. To the conductor, on the gittith (instrument), a song of David.

2. O Lord, our Master, how mighty is Your name in all the earth, for which You should bestow Your majesty upon the heavens.

3. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings You have established strength because of Your adversaries, in order to put an end to enemy and avenger.

4. When I see Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, the moon and stars that You have established,

5. What is man that You should remember him, and the son of man that You should be mindful of him?

6. Yet You have made him slightly less than the angels, and You have crowned him with glory and majesty.

7. You give him dominion over the work of Your hands; You have placed everything beneath his feet.

8. Flocks and cattle, all of them, and also the beasts of the field;

9. The birds of the sky and the fish of the sea, he traverses the ways of the seas.

10. O Lord, our Master, how mighty is Your name in all the earth!

א. לַמְנַצֵּחַ עַל-הַגִּתִּית, מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד.

יְהוָה אֲדֹנֵינוּ -- מֶה-אֲדִיר שְׁמֶךָ, בְּכָל-הָאָרֶץ
אֲשֶׁר תִּנֵּה הוֹדְךָ, עַל-הַשָּׁמַיִם

ג. מִפִּי עוֹלָלִים, וְיִנְקִים-- יִסְדֶּתָּ-עַז
לְמַעַן צוֹרְרֶיךָ; לְהַשְׁבִּית אוֹיֵב, וּמִתְנַקֵּם

ד. כִּי-אֶרְאֶה שְׁמִיךָ, מַעֲשֵׂה אֲצַבְעֶיךָ
יָרַח וְכּוֹכָבִים, אֲשֶׁר כּוֹנְנֶתָה

ה. מֶה-אֶנוֹשׁ כִּי-תִזְכְּרֶנּוּ; וּבֶן-אָדָם, כִּי תִפְקְדֶנּוּ

ו. וְתַחֲסֶרְהוּ מַעַט, מַאֲלֵהִים; וְכָבוֹד וְהָדָר
תַּעֲטֶרְהוּ

ז. תִּמְשִׁילֶהוּ, בְּמַעֲשֵׂי יָדֶיךָ; כָּל, שֶׁתָּה תַּחַת-רַגְלֵיוֹ

ח. צִנֵּה וְאַלְפִים כָּלָם; וְגַם, בְּהֵמוֹת שָׂדֵי

ט. צִפּוֹר שָׁמַיִם, וְדֹגֵי הַיָּם; עֹבֵר, אַרְחוֹת יָמִים

י. יְהוָה אֲדֹנֵינוּ: מֶה-אֲדִיר שְׁמֶךָ, בְּכָל-הָאָרֶץ

PSALM 23

1. A song of David. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2. He causes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside still waters.
3. He restores my soul; He leads me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
4. Even when I walk in the valley of darkness, I
will fear no evil for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff-they comfort me.
5. You set a table before me in the presence of
my adversaries; You anointed my head with oil; my cup overflows.
6. May only goodness and kindness pursue me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for length of days.

- א. מִזְמוֹר לְדָוִד: יְהוָה רֹעִי, לֹא אֶחָסֵר.
- ב. בְּנֵאוֹת דָּשָׁא, יִרְבִּיצֵנִי; עַל-מֵי מְנוּחֹת יִנְהַלֵּנִי.
- ג. נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב; יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי-צֶדֶק, לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ.
- ד. גַּם כִּי-אֶלֶךְ בְּגִיא צַלְמוֹת, לֹא-אִירָא רָע--
כִּי-אַתָּה עִמָּדִי;
שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעֶנֶתְךָ, הֵמָּה יִנְחֲמֵנִי.
- ה. תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי, שְׁלֹחַן-- נֶגֶד צָרָרִי;
דֹּשֵׁנֶת בְּשֶׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי, כּוֹסֵי רוּיָהּ.
- ו. אֶךְ, טוֹב וַחֲסֵד יִרְדְּפוּנִי-- כָּל-יְמֵי חַיִּי;
וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית-יְהוָה, לְאָרְךָ יָמִים.

BOOK OF KOHELET (ECCLESIASTES)

Chap.3, verses 1-8,

1. Everything has an appointed season,
and there is a time for every matter under
the heaven.

2. A time to give birth and a time to die; a
time to plant and a time to uproot that
which is planted.

3. A time to kill and a time to heal; a time
to break and a time to build.

4. A time to weep and a time to laugh; a
time of wailing and a time of dancing.

5. A time to cast stones and a time to
gather stones; a time to embrace and a
time to refrain from embracing.

6. A time to seek and a time to lose; a
time to
keep and a time to cast away.

7. A time to rend and a time to sew; a
time to be silent and a time to speak.

8. A time to love and a time to hate; a
time for war and a time for peace.

א. לְכָל זְמַן וְעֵת לְכָל-חֶפֶץ תַּחַת הַשָּׁמַיִם:

ב. עֵת לִלְדֹת וְעֵת לָמוּת עֵת לְטַעַת וְעֵת לַעֲקֹר נְטוּעַ:

ג. עֵת לְהָרֹג וְעֵת לְרַפֹּא עֵת לִפְרוֹץ וְעֵת לִבְנוֹת:

ד. עֵת לִבְכּוֹת וְעֵת לִשְׂחֹק עֵת סָפוּד וְעֵת רִקּוּד:

ה. עֵת לְהַשְׁלִיךְ אֲבָנִים וְעֵת כְּנוֹס אֲבָנִים עֵת לַחְבּוֹק
וְעֵת לָרַחֵק מִחֶבֶק:

ו. עֵת לִבְקֹשׁ וְעֵת לֵאמֹד עֵת לִשְׁמֹר וְעֵת לְהַשְׁלִיךְ:

ז. עֵת לִקְרוֹעַ וְעֵת לִתְפֹּר עֵת לַחֲשׂוֹת וְעֵת לְדַבֵּר:

ח. עֵת לְאַהֲבָה וְעֵת לְשֹׂנְאָה עֵת מִלְחָמָה וְעֵת שְׁלוֹם:

YIZKOR

May God remember the valiant men and women who braved mortal danger in the days of struggle prior to the establishment of the State of Israel and the soldiers who fell in the wars of Israel.

May the people of Israel cherish them in their memory; let them mourn the splendor of youth, the altruism of valor, the dedication of will and the dignity of self-sacrifice which came to an end on the battlefield.

May the loyal and courageous heroes of freedom and victory be sealed forever within the hearts of all Israel, in this generation and forevermore.

EL MALEH RACHAMIM

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR MEMBERS OF THE ISRAEL DEFENSE FORCES

O God, full of mercy, Who dwells on high, grant proper rest in the wings of the Divine Presence in the lofty level of the holy and the pure ones, who shine like the glow of the firmament for the souls of the men and women of the Israel Defense Forces who met their deaths in the wars of Israel, in action of defense, retaliation and security, while fulfilling their missions and during their service, and to the souls of all the fighters of the underground organizations and the fighting units in the nation's battles, and all the men and women of the intelligence community and the security and police forces who gave their lives in the sanctification of God's Name and, with the help of the God of the armies of Israel, brought about the rebirth of the nation and the state and the redemption of the Land and the City of God, as well as all those who were murdered, in Israel and abroad, by murderers of the terrorist organizations, by virtue of our prayers for the ascent of their souls. May the Merciful One therefore shelter them in the shelter of his wings for eternity; and may He bind their souls in the Bond of Life. The Lord is their heritage, Eden their place of rest. May they repose in peace in their resting places, may their merit reflect on all of Israel, and may they meet their destiny in the End of Days. Now let us respond: Amen.

PRAYER FOR THE WELFARE OF SOLDIERS IN THE ISRAEL DEFENSE FORCES

May He who blessed our fathers
Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, bless the
soldiers of the Israel Defense Forces who
keep guard over our country and cities of
our Lord from the border with Lebanon
to the Egyptian desert and from the
Mediterranean Sea to the approach to
the Arava, be they on land, air or sea.
May the Almighty deliver us our enemies
who arise against us, may the Holy One,
blessed be He, preserve them and save
them from all sorrow and peril, from
danger and ill. May He send blessing and
success in all their endeavors, may He
deliver to them those who hate us and
crown them with salvation and victory, so
that the saying may be fulfilled through
them, "For the Lord, your God, who walks
with you and to fight your enemies for
you and to save you", and let us say,
Amen.

מִי שִׁבְרָךְ אֲבוֹתֵינוּ אֲבָרְהָם יִצְחָק וְיַעֲקֹב
הוּא יְבָרֶךְ אֶת חֵילִי צָבָא הַגָּנָה לִי שְׂרָאֵל,
הָעוֹמְדִים עַל מִשְׁמַר אֶרֶצְנוּ וְעָרֵי אֱלֵהֵינוּ
מִגְבוּל הַלְּבָנוֹן וְעַד מִדְּבַר מִצְרַיִם
וּמִן הַיָּם הַגָּדוֹל עַד לְבוֹא הָעֶרְבָה
בִּיבֶשֶׁה בְּאוֹר וּבַיָּם.

יְתֵן ה' אֶת אוֹיְבֵינוּ הַקָּמִים עָלֵינוּ
נִגְפִים לַפְּנִיָּהִם.

הַקְדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא ! שְׁמֹר וַיְצִיל אֶת חֵילֵינוּ
מִכָּל צָרָה וְצוּקָה וּמִכָּל נֶגַע וּמַחֲלָה
וַיִּשְׁלַח בְּרָכָה וְהַצִּלָּה בְּכָל מַעֲשֵׂה יָדֵיהֶם.

יְתֵן ה' לְחֵילֵינוּ חֲכָמָה, בִּינָה וְדַעַת,
שְׁלָא יִסְפוּ צָדִיק עִם רָשָׁע,
כְּמוֹ שִׁכְתּוֹב בְּתוֹרָתְךָ,
"חֲלָלָה לָךְ מַעֲשֵׂת כְּדִבְרֵי הַזֶּה,
לְהַמִּית צָדִיק עִם רָשָׁע, וְהָיָה כְּצָדִיק כְּרָשָׁע;
חֲלָלָה לָךְ – הַשֹּׁפֵט כָּל־הָאָרֶץ לֹא יַעֲשֶׂה מִשְׁפָּט."

יְדַבֵּר שׁוֹנְאֵינוּ תַּחֲתֵיהֶם
וַיַּעֲטֵרֵם בְּכֶתֶר יְשׁוּעָה וּבַעֲטוֹת נִצָּחוֹן.
וַיִּקְּם בָּהֶם הַכְּתוּב:
כִּי ה' אֱלֹהֵיכֶם
הֵהָלַךְ עִמָּכֶם לְהִלָּחֵם לָכֶם עִם אוֹיְבֵיכֶם
לְהוֹשִׁיעַ אֶתְכֶם:
וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן

TEFILAH L'MEDINAT YISRAEL: PRAYER FOR THE STATE OF ISRAEL

By Kol Haneshamah – Shabbat Vehagim

תפלה למדינת ישראל
אבינו שבשמים, צור ישראל וגואלו, בָּרַךְ אֶת-מְדִינַת-יִשְׂרָאֵל, ראשית צמיחת גִּאֲלָתָנוּ. הֲגֵן עָלֶיךָ
בְּאַבְרַת חֶסֶדְךָ
וּפְרֹשׁ עָלֶיךָ סֶכֶת שְׁלוֹמְךָ וּשְׁלַח אוֹרְךָ וְאַמְתָּךְ לְרֹאשֶׁיךָ, שְׂרִיחַ וְיוֹעֲצִיחַ, וְתִקְנֶם בְּעֶצֶה טוֹבָה מִלְּפָנֶיךָ.
חֲזֹק אֶת יָדֶיךָ
מִגְּנֵי אֶרֶץ קִדְשֵׁנוּ, וְהִנְחִילֵם אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְשׁוּעָה וְעֵטְרַת נֶצַח וְתַעֲטֶרֶם, וְנִתֵּן שְׁלוֹם בְּאֶרֶץ וְשִׁמְחַת עוֹלָם
לְיוֹשְׁבֶיהָ. וְאֵת
אֲחֵינוּ כָּל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, פְּקֹד-נָא בְּכָל אֲרָצוֹת פְּזוּרֵיהֶם, וְתוֹלִיכֶם מִהֲרָה קוֹמָמִיּוֹת לְצִיּוֹן עִירְךָ וְלִירוּשָׁלַיִם
מִשְׁכַּן שְׁמֶךָ,
כְּפָתוּב בְּתוֹרַת מֹשֶׁה עַבְדְּךָ: אִם יִהְיֶה נִדְחָךְ בְּקִצֵּה הַשָּׁמַיִם, מִשָּׁם יִקְבְּצֶךָ יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ וּמִשָּׁם יִקְחֶךָ:
וְהִבְיֵאךָ יְהוָה
אֱלֹהֶיךָ אֶל הָאֶרֶץ אֲשֶׁר-יִרְשׁוּ אֲבֹתֶיךָ וִירְשֶׁתָּהּ, וְהִיטִבְךָ וְהִרְבֶּךָ מֵאַבְרָהָם: וְיִחַד לְבָבֵנוּ לְאַהֲבָה וּלְיִרְאָה
אֶת שְׁמֶךָ,
וְלִשְׁמֹר אֶת כָּל דְּבָרֵי תוֹרָתְךָ, וּשְׁלַח לָנוּ מִהֲרָה בֶן-דָּוִד מְשִׁיחַ צִדְקָה, לְפָדוֹת מַחְכֵי קֶץ יְשׁוּעָתְךָ.
הוֹפֵעַ בְּהִדָּר גָּאוֹן עֶזְךָ עַל כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵּבֵל אֲרָצְךָ, וְיֹאמֶר כָּל אֲשֶׁר נִשְׁמָה בְּאַפּוֹ: יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל מֶלֶךְ
וּמַלְכוּתוֹ בְּכָל
מְשָׁלָה, אָמֵן סְלָה.

Transliteration

TEFILAH L'MEDINAT YISRAEL

Tzur Yisrael v'goal barekh na et medinat Yisrael reyshit tz'mihat g'ulateynu. Hagen
aleiha
b'rov hasdekha u'fros aleiha sukkat shlomekha sh'lakh orkha va'amiteykha l'rasheha
l'shofteha ul'nivhareha v'taknem b'eitzah tova mil'fanekha l'ma'an yeilkhu b'derekh
ha'tzedek ha'hofesh v'hayosher: hazek y'dey m'givney eretz kodsheynu v'hanhilem
y'shuah v'haim v'natah shalom ba'aretz v'simhat olam l'yosveyha: p'kod nah livrakha
et aheynu beit Yisrael b'chol artzot p'zureyhem ta b'libam ahavat tzion u'mi vahem
mikul ameynu y'hi elohav imo v'ya'al: ha'atzel meruhakha al kol yoshvey eretz
kodsheynu haser mi'kirbam sinah v'eyvah kinah v'risut v'ta b'libam ahavah v'ahavah
shalom v'reyut v'kayem bimheyrah hazon n'vi'eikha: lo yisah goy el goy herev v'lo
yilm'du od milhamah v'nomar: amen.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Rock and Champion of Israel, please bless the State of Israel, first fruit of the flourishing of the fruit of our redemption. Guard it in the abundance of your love. Spread over it the shelter of your peace. Send forth your light and truth to those who lead and judge it, and to those who hold elective office. Establish in them, through your presence, wise counsel, that they might walk in the way of justice, freedom and integrity.

Strengthen the hands of those who guard our holy land. Let them inherit salvation and life. And give peace to the land, and perpetual joy to its inhabitants. Appoint for a blessing all our kindred of the house of Israel in all the lands of their dispersion. Plant in their hearts a love of Zion. And for all our people everywhere, may God be with them, and may they have the opportunity to go up to the land. Cause your spirit's influence to emanate upon all dwellers of our holy land. Remove from their midst hatred and enmity, jealousy and wickedness. Plant in their hearts love and kinship, peace and friendship. And soon fulfill the vision of your prophet Nathan: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation. Let them no longer learn ways of war." Amen



A project of **OLAMI**

PARTNERS

THE AFIKIM FOUNDATION
AFIKIM



Ministry of Diaspora Affairs
Creating a common Jewish future



משרד הדתות
אגף השירותים הדתיים והחברתיים



**I.D.F.
Widows &
Orphans Org.**

**ארגון
יד לבנים**
ארגון להנצחת חללי מערכות ישראל
וטיפול במשפחות (ע"ר)

