

Secular Memorial Service

Prepared by:
Boston Workers Circle,
Aging in Community
members



BOSTON
WORKERS
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Center for Jewish Culture
& Social Justice





Dear BWC community,

The Aging in Community group has developed this guide to a secular memorial service as an offering to the larger BWC community. Living through a pandemic has thrust the thought of mortality – our own and that of our loved ones – to the very front of our minds. We may already know someone who is sickened or has died. And although we know to expect funerals as a part of life, we often feel unprepared.

This guide offers a structure and some readings as a place to start. We expect you will modify it as appropriate for your family, and when we update it, we will ask for additional suggestions of poems or songs to include.

We hope that this guide will serve as a resource for you at a difficult time.

With love,

Marsha Lazar

Aging in Community Co-Chair

Secular Memorial Readings, Poems, and Songs

Introduction:

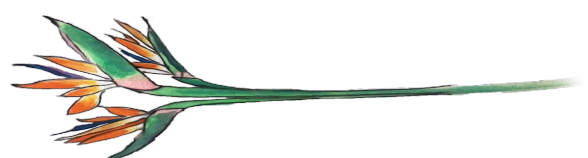
This document is presented by the Boston Workers Circle to offer a guide for a memorial or celebration of life at a difficult time for the mourners, not as a rigid template.

It contains a collection of readings, poems, and songs collected for people who would like to have a meaningful secular memorial service for their loved ones. You are invited to personalize the opening and closing remarks and to choose poems and songs that are meaningful to you and to the person you are memorializing. You are likewise invited to include your own poems, songs, music, and thoughts that are most appropriate for your loved one.

You may wish to include music - live or recorded - such as those suggested in this document. You might choose to hand out song sheets and encourage participants to join in singing.

You may wish to designate beforehand one or more people to speak about your loved one: who they were and their special strengths and qualities. Humor, if you and the others choose to use it, may deepen and sharpen the story. After the designated speakers have finished, you may wish to ask if anyone else wishes to add a few words.

A helpful resource may be “Here is Our Light,” by Rabbi Miriam S. Jerris and Sheila Malcolm, in the BWC library.



Suggested Openings:

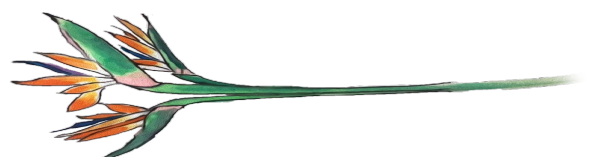
We are here today to remember _____ .

Although we are mourning their passing, we feel comfort in our memories and in the joy in having known them.

“To everything, there is a season and a time for every purpose on earth - a time to be born and a time to die.”

Death is the companion of Life, but it is the life we live that is the more significant, and _____ lives on in our memories (and through the contributions they made to us and to others / the community), and we cherish their life.

(This would be an appropriate time to include personal anecdotes and memories)



Poems and Songs:

We will now read some poems/songs that most exemplify our feelings on this occasion. *(if appropriate, this would be the time to pass out song sheets)*

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Suggested Closings:

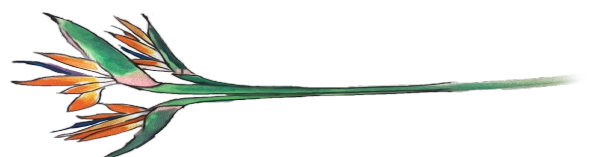
The physical body of _____ is no longer with us, but they are alive in the memories that have been shared and in their ideals.

We invite the gathering to take a moment to reflect silently on your most cherished memory of _____ and, after the service, perhaps share it with their family and with each other.

Thank you all for coming today. Your presence is much appreciated.



Papercut by Mae Tupa.



Readings and Poems

When I am dead, my dearest - Christina Rossetti

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Life Must Go On - A Navajo Prayer

Grieve for me, for I would grieve for you.
Then brush away the sorrow and the tears
Life is not over, but begins anew,
With courage you must greet the coming years.
To live forever in the past is wrong;
It can only cause you misery and pain.
Dwell not on memories overlong,
With others you must share and care again.
Reach out and comfort those who comfort you;
Recall the years, but only for a while.
Nurse not your loneliness; but live again.
Forget not. Remember with a smile.



We Remember Them - Jack Riemer and Sylvan D. Kamens

Adapted from The Yizkor Service

(All are invited to join in each time on "we remember them.")

I call them to mind and heart, the texture of their life,
its presence in mine.

In the rising of the sun and in its going down, *we remember them.*

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, *we remember them.*

Images rise up and fall away, moments in the current of time—

In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring, *we remember them.*

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, *we remember them.*

Tender, harsh, extraordinary, mundane,

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn, *we remember them.*

In the beginning of the year and when it ends, *we remember them.*

May the threads of memory be woven into the fabric of my life and bring
healing

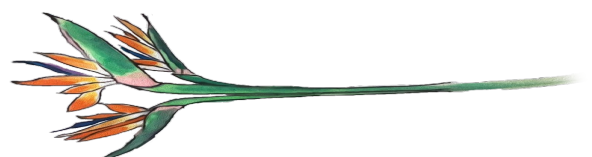
When we are weary and in need of strength, *we remember them.*

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

When we have joys we yearn to share, *we remember them.*

So long as we live, they too shall live,

For they are now a part of us, as *we remember them.*



It is a Fearful Thing – Yehuda HaLevi

It is a fearful thing, to love what death can touch.
A fearful thing, to love, to hope, to dream, to be –

To be, and oh, to lose.
A thing for fools, this,
And a holy thing, a holy thing to love.

For
Your life has lived in me,
Your laugh once lifted me,
Your word was gift to me.



To remember this brings painful joy.

‘Tis a human thing, love,
A holy thing, to love what death has touched.

O Beautiful End - Rabindranath Tagore

Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.
Let it not be a death but completeness.
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.
Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of the wings over the nest.
Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the flower of the night.
Stand still, O beautiful end, for a moment, and say your last words in silence.
I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on your way.



In Lieu of Flowers - Shawn Lemay

In lieu of flowers, please take a loved one out to lunch.

Although I love flowers very much, I won't see them when I'm gone. So in lieu of flowers:

Buy a book of poetry written by someone still alive, sit outside with a cup of tea, a glass of wine, and read it out loud, by yourself or to someone, or silently.

Spend some time with a single flower. A rose maybe. Smell it, touch the petals.

Really look at it.

Drink a nice bottle of wine with someone you love.

Or, Champagne. And think of what John Maynard Keynes said, "My only regret in life is that I did not drink more Champagne." Or what Dom Perignon said when he first tasted the stuff: "Come quickly! I am tasting stars!"

Take out a paint set and lay down some colors.

Watch birds. Common sparrows are fine. Pigeons, too. Geese are nice. Robins.

In lieu of flowers, walk in the trees and watch the light fall into it. Eat an apple, a really nice big one. I hope it's crisp.

Have a long soak in the bathtub with candles, maybe some rose petals. Sit on the front stoop and watch the clouds. Have a dish of strawberry ice cream in my name.

If it's winter, have a cup of hot chocolate outside for me. If it's summer, a big glass of ice water.

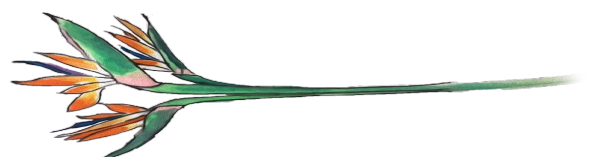
If it's autumn, collect some leaves and press them in a book you love. I'd like that.

Sit and look out a window and write down what you see. Write some other things down.

In lieu of flowers,

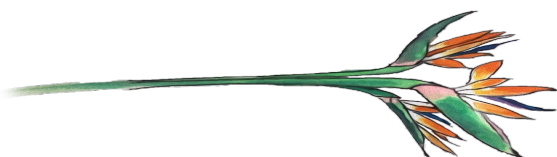
I would wish for you to flower.

I would wish for you to blossom, to open.



My Hereafter - Juanita De Long

Do not come when I am dead
To sit beside a low green mound.
Or bring the first gay daffodils
Because I love you so,
For I shall not be there.
You cannot find me there.
I will look up at you from the eyes
Of little children;
I will bend to meet you in the swaying boughs
Of bud-thrilled trees,
And caress you with the passionate sweep
Of storm-filled winds;
I will give you strength in your upward tread
Of everlasting hills;
I will cool your tired body in the flow
Of the limpid river;
I will warm your work-glorified hands through the glow
Of winter fire;
I will soothe you into forgetfulness to the drop, drop
Of the rain on the roof;
I will speak to you out of the rhymes
Of the Masters;
I will dance with you in the lilt
Of the violin,
And make your heart leap with the bursting cadence
Of the organ;
I will flood your soul with the flaming radiance
Of the sunrise,
And bring you peace in the tender rose and gold
Of the after-sunset.
All these have made me happy;
They are part of me;
I shall become part of them.



Epitaph – Merritt Malloy

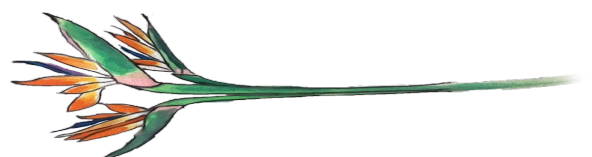
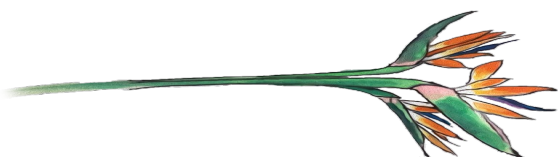
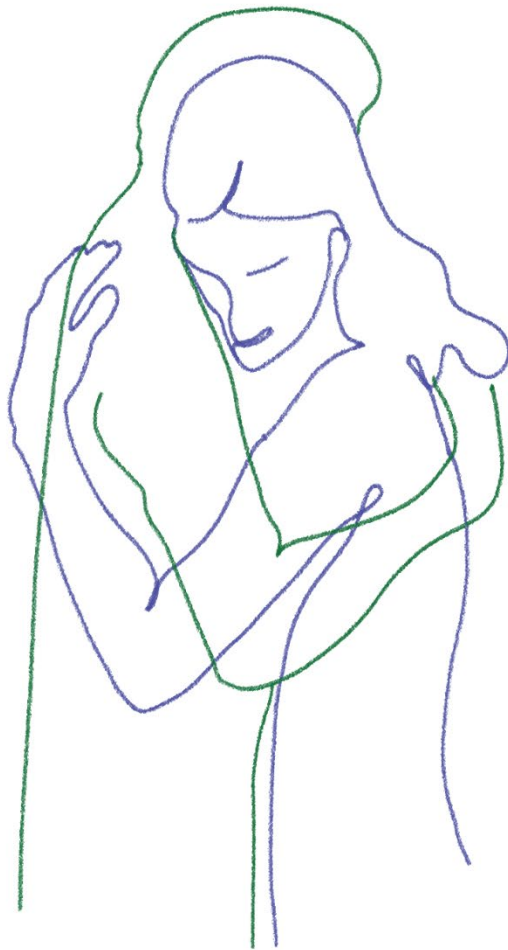
When I die
Give what's left of me away
To children
And those that wait to die.

And if you need to cry,
Cry for your brother
Walking the street beside you.
And when you need me,
Put your arms
Around anyone
And give them
What you need to give to me.

I want to leave you something,
Something better
Than words
Or sounds.
Look for me
In the people I've known
Or loved,
And if you cannot give me away,
At least let me live on in your eyes
And not your mind.

You can love me most
By letting
Hands touch hands,
And by letting go
Of children
That need to be free.

Love doesn't die,
People do.
So, when all that's left of me
Is love,
Give me away.



Father – Menachem Rosensaft

I used to be a part of you
belong to you
the extension of your being
but now
you live within me
are the spark
of my consciousness
I say Qaddish for you
with you
as you sing your melodies
speak your words
hearing your voice in mine and my
eyes, too green
have somehow started to reflect
the blue of yours

I used to be part of you
protected by your presence
by your light
but now
the time is mine
and alone
I must be more than myself:
your child
has become your heir
has become you.

Your Voice – Arthur Liebhaber

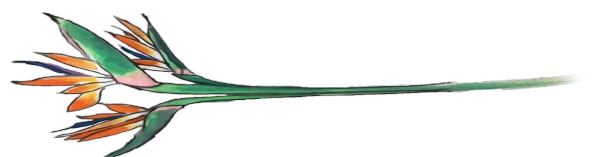
I lost your voice.
I lost your timbre, your cadence, your
accent.

I lost your voice.
I had it the first month.
I had it the first year.
Then it faded.
Then it was gone.

I lost your voice.
I can't hear it anymore.

I lost your voice,
But not your words.
Your words of approval.
Your words of wisdom.
Your words of support, of love, of
guidance.

I lost your voice,
But I'll always have your words.



In Memoriam – Arthur Liebhaber

I got a promotion,
I started to make the call,
Then I remembered.

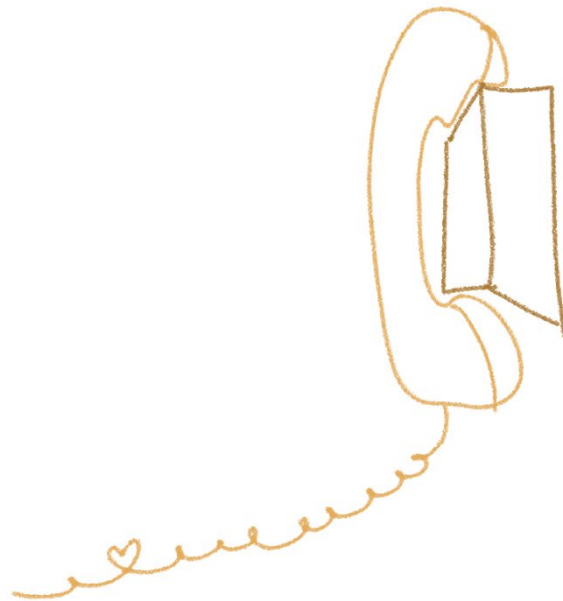
I got sick and didn't know what to do,
I started to call,
Then I remembered.

I forgot what that Yiddish expression
meant,
I started to call,
Then I remembered.

I wanted your recipe,
I started to call,
Then I remembered.

Good news, bad news,
Wisdom and guidance,
I start to make the calls,
But then I remember.

You aren't out there,
You aren't going to answer.
You're in my heart,
I'll always remember.

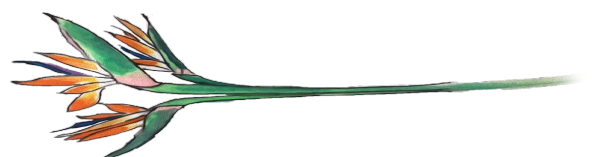
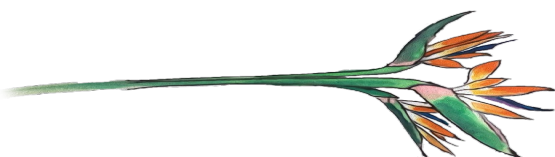


Hannah Senesh

There are stars whose radiance is visible on Earth though they have long been extinct.

There are people whose brilliance continues to light the world even though they are no longer among the living.

These lights are particularly bright when the night is dark. They light the way for humankind.



Memorial Songs

(Links are provided to videos/YouTubes with all songs, where available.
There are multiple videos/YouTubes for several of them. Pick the one that works best for you)

Di Zun Vet Aruntergeyn - Moshe-Leib Halpern

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yRTriCPpW-U>

Di zun vet aruntergeyn hintern barg,
vet kumen a shtile di libe tsu geyn;
vet kumen a shtile di libe tsu geyn
tsum umet, vos zitst oyf a goldenem
shteyn
un veynt far zikh eynem aleyn.

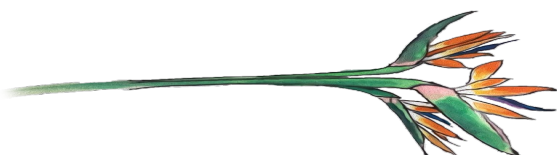
The sun will set behind the
mountain,
then Love will come silently
to Sorrow,
that sits on a golden stone,
weeping alone.

Di zun vet aruntergeyn hintern
barg,
vet kumen di goldene pave tsu flien;
vet kumen di goldene pave tsu flien,
un mitnemen vet zi undz ale ahin,
ahin vu di benkshaft vet tsien.

The sun will soon set behind the
mountain,
Then the golden peacock will
come flying
to take us all with her,
To the place where our longing
will lead.

Di zun vet aruntergeyn hintern
barg,
vet kumen di nakht un vet zingen
lyu-lyu;
vet kumen di nakht un vet zingen
lyu-lyu
ariber di oygn, vos faln shoyntsu
tsu shlofn in eybiker ru

The sun will soon set behind the
mountain,
Then night will come and sing
lullaby,
Then night will come and sing
lullaby
Over eyes that are closing
In rest.



Mayn Rue Plats (My Resting Place)

Performance by A Besere Velt, the Yiddish Community Chorus of Boston
Workers Circle: <https://jwa.org/media/mayn-rue-plats>

Alternate choice: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UwRc3mdWuds>

Nit zukh mikh vu di mirt
grinen,
Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn
shats.
Vu lebns velkn bay mashinen,
Dortn iz mayn rue plats.

Don't look for me where myrtles grow,
You will not find me there, my
sweetheart.
Where lives wither at factory
machines,
There is my resting place.

Nit zukh mikh vu di feygl
zingen,
Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn
shats.
A shklaf bin ikh, vu keytn
klingen,
Dortn iz mayn rue plats.

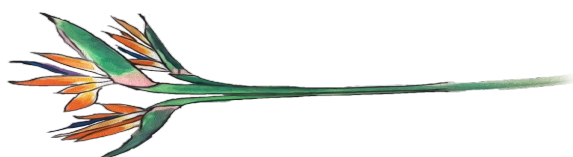
Don't look for me where birds sing,
You will not find me there, my
sweetheart.
A slave am I, where chains clang.
There is my resting place.

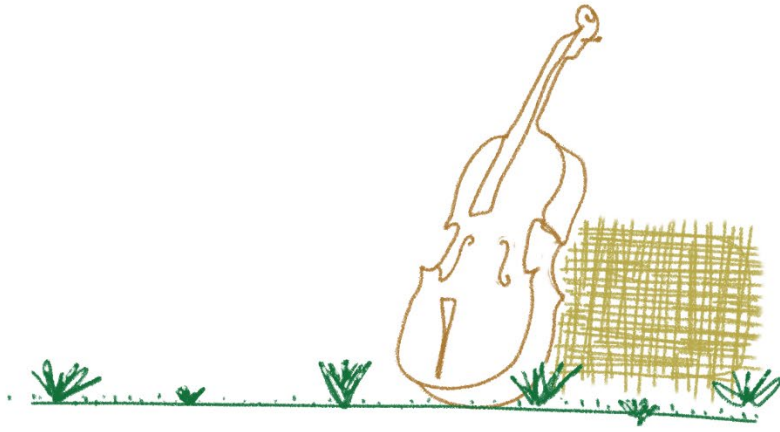
Nit zukh mikh vu fontanen
shpritsn.
Gefinst mikh dortn nit, mayn
shats.
Vu trern rinen, tseyner kritsn,
Dortn iz mayn rue plats

Don't look for me where fountains
spray,
You will not find me there, my
sweetheart.
Where tears flow and teeth gnash,
There is my resting place.

Un libstu mikh mit varer libe,
To kum tzu mir, mayn guter
shats.
Un hayter oyf mayn harts, dos
tribe,
Un makh mir zis mayn rue
plats.

And if you love me with love that's
true,
Then come to me, my good sweetheart,
And light up my gloomy heart
And make sweet my resting place.





**A Malekh Veynt (An Angel Weeps) - Peretz Hirshbein;
arranged by Polina Shepherd**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AWALoWGE4JY>

A malekh veynt, a malekh veynt
Un badekt di groz mit toy.
Libster mayner, libster mayner,
Ikh benk nokh dir azoy.

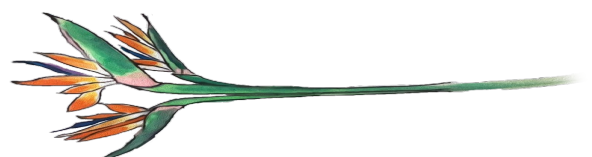
An angel, weeps, an angel weeps,
And covers the grass with dew
My beloved, my beloved,
I long so much for you.

Es iz mayn bet mit pukh gebet,
Un ikh valger zikh oyf shtroy.
Libster mayner, libster mayner,
Ikh benk nokh dir azoy.

My bed is made with down,
But I lie on straw.
My beloved, my beloved,
I long so much for you.

A nakht gevart, a nakht gevart,
Un der tog, er kumt shoyn groy.
Libster mayner, libster mayner,
Ikh benk nokh dir azoy.

A night of waiting, a night of waiting,
And the day dawns gray.
My beloved, my beloved,
I long so much for you.



O Kum ShoyN Shtiler Ovnt

Performance by A Besere Velt, the Yiddish Community Chorus of Boston
Workers Circle: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wxJbRtwjIZw>

Alternate choice: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wZcSRx9TaZo>

O kum shoyN shtiler ovnt,
un vig di felder ayn.
mir zingen dir a loyb-lid,
o liber ovnt shayn.

Oh come, quiet evening,
And rock the fields to sleep.
Sing you a song of praise,
Oh dear evening light.

vi shtil es iz gevorn,
es vert di luft shoyN kalt.
zayn lid hot shoyN farendikt
der nakhtigal in vald.

How quiet it has become,
The air is becoming cold.
The nightingale has finished
Its song in the forest.

s'vert tunkeler di lonke,
es kumt di nakht tsu geyn.
di vaysinke beryoze blaybt
shteyn in feld aleyn

The meadow is getting darker,
Night is coming.
The dear white birch remains
Standing alone in the field.



Mayn Tsavoe (My Testament) - David Edelstadt

<https://www.iemj.org/spip.php?page=popup&play=3450%2C3445%2C3451%2C3443%2C3447%2C3444%2C3446%2C3449%2C3442%2C3448>

(Note: instructions are in French).

O gute fraynd, ven ikh vel shtarbn,
Trogt tsu mayn keyver undzer fon,
Di fraye fon, mit royte farbn,
Bashpritst mit blut fun arbetsman.

Oh, good friends, when I die,
bring our freedom flag to my grave,
our flag stained red with the blood of
the working man.

Un dort, unter dem fon dem roytn,
Zingt mir mayn lid, mayn fraye lid!
Mayn lid "in kamf" vos klingt vi
keytn
Fun dem farshklaftn krist un yid.

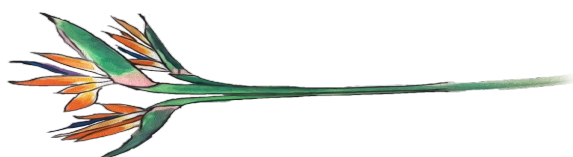
And there, beneath the red banner,
sing me my song of freedom that
rings
like the chains of the enslaved,
gentiles and Jews.

Oykh in mayn keyver vel ikh hern
Mayn fraye lid, mayn shturem-lid,
Oykh dort vel ikh fargisn treern
Far dem farshklaftn krist un yid.

And in my grave, I, too,
will hear my freedom song,
my storm song,
and I will weep.

Un ven ikh her di shverdn klingen
In letstn kamf fun blut un shmarts,
Tsum folk vel ikh fun keyver zingen
Un vel bagaystern zayn harts.

Then when I hear the swords
resound
in the final fight, with bloodshed and
pain, from my grave will I sing to the
people
and cheer their spirits.



Changes - Phil Ochs

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

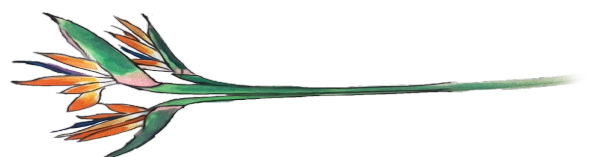
Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in a memory of gray
Wander in my words, dream about the pictures
That I play of changes

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall
To brown and to yellow they fade
And then they have to die, trapped within
The circle time parade of changes

Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind
Visions of shadows that shine
Til one day I returned and found they were the
Victims of the vines of changes

The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark
Swings through a hollow of haze
A race around the stars, a journey through
The universe ablaze with changes
Moments of magic will glow in the night
All fears of the forest are gone
But when the morning breaks they're swept away by
Golden drops of dawn, of changes

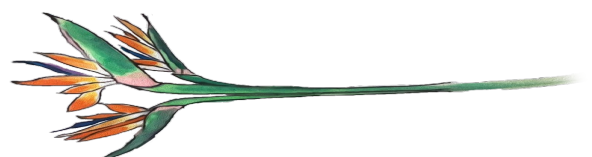
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Passions will part to a strange melody
As fires will sometimes burn cold
Like petals in the wind, we're puppets to the silver
Strings of souls, of changes

Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else
One last cup of wine we will pour
And I'll kiss you one more time, and leave you on
The rolling river shores of changes

Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in a memory of gray
Wander in my words, dream about the pictures
That I play of changes.



When I'm Gone - Phil Ochs

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yB-BBVQLnxI>

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't feel the flowing of the time when I'm gone
All the pleasures of love will not be mine when I'm gone
My pen won't pour a lyric line when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't breathe the bracing air when I'm gone
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares when I'm gone
Won't be asked to do my share when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't be running from the rain when I'm gone
And I can't even suffer from the pain when I'm gone
Can't say who's to praise and who's to blame when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

Won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone
And the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone
Can't be singing louder than the guns while I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

(cont. on next page)



All my days won't be dances of delight when I'm gone
And the sands will be shifting from my sight when I'm gone
Can't add my name into the fight while I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm gone
And I can't question how or when or why when I'm gone
Can't live proud enough to die when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it, I guess I'll have to do it, guess I'll have to do it
while I'm here.

Gracias A La Vida - Violeta Parra

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rMuTXcf3-6A>

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado
tanto
Me dio dos luceros que cuando los
abro
Perfecto distingo lo negro del
blanco
Y en el alto cielo su fondo
estrellado
Y en las multitudes el hombre que
yo amo

Thanks to life, which has given me so
much.
It gave me two beams of light, that when
opened,
Can perfectly distinguish black from
white
And in the sky above, her starry
backdrop,
And from within the multitude, the one
that I love.

(cont. on next page)



Me ha dado el sonido y el
abecedario
Con él las palabras que pienso y
declare
Madre amigo hermano y luz
alumbrando
La ruta del alma del que estoy amando

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
Me ha dado la marcha de mis pies
cansados
Con ellos anduve ciudades y charcos
Playas y desiertos montañas y llanos
Y la casa tuya, tu calle y tu patio

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
Me dio el corazón que agita su marco
Cuando miro el fruto del cerebro
humano
Cuando miro al bueno tan lejos del
malo
Cuando miro al fondo de tus ojos
claros

Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto
Me ha dado la risa y me ha dado el
llant
Así yo distingo dicha de quebranto
Los dos materiales que forman mi
canto
Y el canto de ustedes que es el mismo
canto

Gracias a la vida (x4)

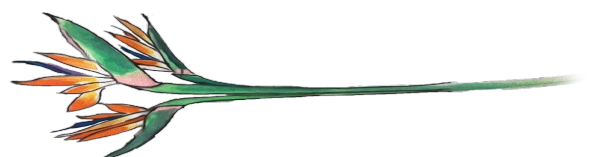
Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me sound and the alphabet.
With them the words that I think and
declare:
"Mother," "Friend," "Brother" and the light
shining.
The route of the soul from which comes
love.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me the ability to walk with my tired
feet.
With them I have traversed cities & puddles.
Valleys & deserts, mountains & plains.
And your house, your street & your patio.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me a heart, that causes my frame to
shudder,
When I see the fruit of the human brain,
When I see good so far from bad,
When I see within the clarity of your eyes...

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me laughter and it gave me longing.
With them I distinguish happiness & pain -
The two materials from which my songs are
formed,
And your song, as well, which is the same
song.
And everyone's song, which is my very song.

Thanks to life. (x4)



Turn, Turn, Turn - Pete Seeger

The version sung by Pete Seeger himself is available on YouTube at this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GbPl91kTFro>

Refrain:

To Everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)

There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)

And a time to every purpose, under Heaven

A time to be born, a time to die

A time to plant, a time to reap

A time to kill, a time to heal

A time to laugh, a time to weep

[Refrain]

A time to build up, a time to break down

A time to dance, a time to mourn

A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together

[Refrain]

A time of love, a time of hate

A time of war, a time of peace

A time you may embrace, a time to refrain from embracing

[Refrain]

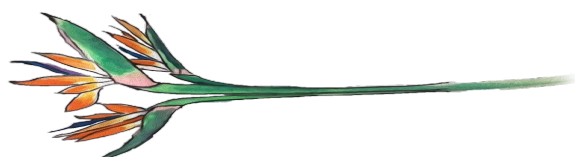
A time to gain, a time to lose

A time to rend, a time to sew

A time of love, a time of hate

A time for peace, I swear it's not too late

[Refrain]



Love Call Me Home - Peggy Seeger

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q225XbMXlzo>

When the waters are deep
Friends carry me over
When I cry in my sleep
Love call me home

Time, ferry me down the river
Friends carry me safely over
Life, tend me on my journey
Love call me home

When the waters are cold
Friends carry me over
When I'm losing my hold
Love call me home

Time, ferry me down the river
Friends carry me safely over
Life, tend me on my journey
Love call me home

When I'm weary and cannot
swim
Friends carry me over
Open your arms and take me in
Love call me home

Time, ferry me down the river
Friends carry me safely over
Life, tend me on my journey
Love call me home

Take the gift I bring
Friends carry me over
Deep within me life is singing
Love call me home

Time, ferry me down the river
Friends carry me safely over
Life, tend me on my journey
Love call me home

Life offers a chance
For friends to carry us over
Time can stop or dance forever
Love call me home

Time, ferry me down the river
Friends carry me safely over
Life, tend me on my journey
Love call me home.



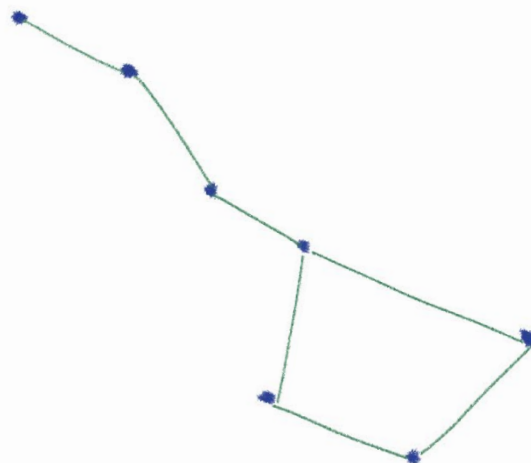
To My Old Brown Earth - Pete Seeger

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H4YwKPOgz5o>

To my old brown earth
And to my old blue sky
I'll now give these last few molecules of "I."

And you who sing,
And you who stand nearby,
I do charge you not to cry
Guard well our human chain
Watch well you keep it strong

As long as sun will shine
And this our home
Keep pure and sweet and green
For now I'm yours
And you are also mine.



Swimming to the Other Side - Pat Humphries

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wCcQPDQfOL8>

We are living 'neath the great Big Dipper
We are washed by the very same rain
We are swimming in the stream together
Some in power and some in pain
We can worship this ground we walk on
Cherishing the beings that we live beside
Loving spirits will live forever
We're all swimming to the other side

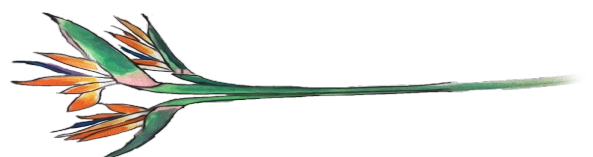
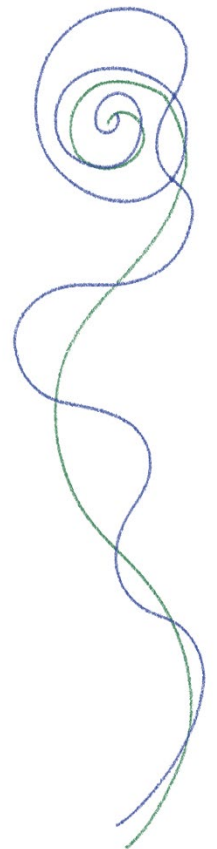
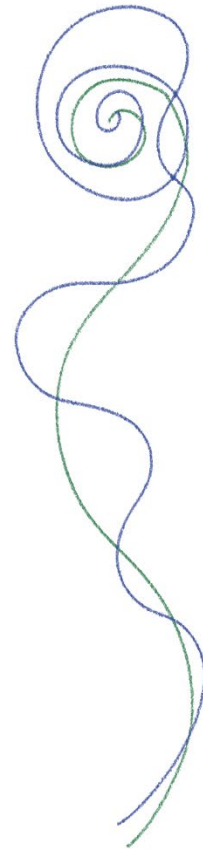
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I am alone, and I am searching
Hungering for answers in my time
I am balanced at the brink of wisdom
I'm impatient to receive a sign
I move forward with my senses open
Imperfection, it be my crime
In humility I will listen
We're all swimming to the other side

On this journey through thoughts and feelings
Binding intuition, my head, my heart
I am gathering the tools together
I'm preparing to do my part
All of those who have come before me
Band together and be my guide
Loving lessons that I will follow
We're all swimming to the other side

When we get there we'll discover
All of the gifts we've been given to share
Have been with us since life's beginning
And we never noticed they were there
We can balance at the brink of wisdom
Never recognizing that we've arrived
Loving spirits will live together
We're all swimming to the other side.



Hallelujah - Leonard Cohen

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YrLk4vdY28Q>

Now I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor fall, the major lift
The baffled king composing "Hallelujah"

[Chorus] Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

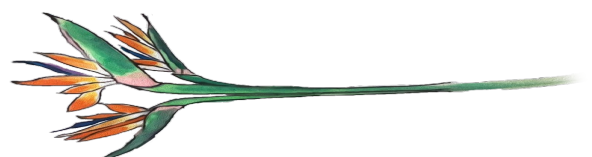
Your faith was strong but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you
She tied you to a kitchen chair
She broke your throne and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

[Chorus]

Baby I've been here before
I know this room, I've walked this floor
I used to live alone before I knew you
And I've seen your flag on the marble arch
Love is not a victory march
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

[Chorus]

(cont. on next page)



There was a time you let me know
What's really going on below
But now you never show it to me, do you?
And remember when I moved in you
The holy dove was moving too
And every breath we drew was Hallelujah

[Chorus]

You say I took the name in vain
I don't even know the name
But if I did, well really, what's it to you?
There's a blaze of light in every word
It doesn't matter which you heard
The holy or the broken Hallelujah

[Chorus]

Maybe there's a God above
But all I've ever learned from love
Was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you
And it's not a cry that you hear at night
It's not somebody who's seen the light
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

[Chorus]

I did my best, it wasn't much
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you
And even though it all went wrong
I'll stand before the Lord of Song
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

[Chorus]



Memorial Service Bibliography & Suggested Readings

- *Being with Dying* by Joan Halifax
- *Here is Our Light* by Rabbi Miriam S. Jerris and Sheila Malcolm
- *Lasting Words* by Claire Willis
- *Saying Kaddish* by Anita Diamont
- *Wise Aging* by Cowan and Thal

