

Alyth



Yom Ha-Zikaron 2025/5785

Ufros Aleinu / Lo Yissa Goy

וּפְרֹשׁ עָלֵינוּ סִכַּת שְׁלוֹמָךְ.

לֹא-יִשָּׂא גּוֹי אֶל-גּוֹי חֶרֶב וְלֹא-יִלְמְדוּ עוֹד מִלְחָמָה:

Ufros aleinu sukkat sh'lomecha

Lo yissa goy el-goy cherev, V'lo yilm'du od milchamah

Spread over us the shelter of Your peace (From the evening liturgy)

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; never again shall they train for war (Isaiah 2:4)

Ma'ariv, page 66

Nachman of Bratslav's Prayer for Peace

May it be Your will, Eternal God, that war and bloodshed be abolished from the world, that a great and wondrous peace rule forever; that never again shall nation lift up sword against nation, and never again shall they train for war. But may all who dwell on the earth recognize and understand the basic truth: that we have not come into this world for strife and division, nor for hate and jealousy, contrariness and bloodshed; but we have come into this world to recognize and know You, may You be blessed forever.

A Prayer for the Release of Captives

God of Abraham, the first who risked his life for the release of captives. God of Moses, Miriam and Aaron, whose words and actions brought us out of slavery. God of Elijah, who was comforted through his deep despair, by Your still small voice. Be with those everywhere who are enslaved and captive. We wait and pray in hope that they will be returned to their loved ones. In this time of uncertainty, grant strength and resilience to them and their families. Give wisdom, courage and conviction to all those working to bring them home. Help us to understand what we too can do to support those in distress.

Music by Shlomo Carlebach

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם מַתִּיר אֲסוּרִים

Baruch attah Adonai eloheinu melech ha-olam matir asurim.

Blessed are you our Living God, who frees captives.

Candle 1

Psalm 122: 6-9

Music by Shlomo Carlebach

שְׁאַלוּ שְׁלוֹם יְרוּשָׁלַיִם יִשְׁלְיוּ אֹהֲבֶיהָ:

יְהִי-שְׁלוֹם בְּחִילָךְ שְׁלוֹהַּ בְּאַרְמְנוֹתֶיךָ:

לְמַעַן-אֲחֵי וְרֵעֵי אֲדַבְּרָה-נָא שְׁלוֹם בְּךָ:

לְמַעַן בֵּית-יְהוָה אֶלֶהֵינוּ אֲבַקֶּשֶׁה טוֹב לָךְ:

Sha'alu shalom Y'rushalayim yishlayu ohavayich.

Yihi-shalom b'cheileich shalva b'ar'manotayich.

L'ma'an achai v'rei'ai adab'ra-na shalom bach.

L'ma'an beit-Adonai Eloheinu avakshah tov lach.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, may those who love you prosper.

Peace be within your walls, tranquillity inside your homes.

For the sake of my family and friends I call out, "Peace be with you";

For the sake of the House of the Eternal our God, I will seek your wellbeing.

Candle 2

'The sand will remember the waves'

Natan Yonatan

The sand will remember the waves
But the foam - will not be
remembered, Apart from those who
passed
with the late night wind.
From their memory it will never be
erased.

All will return to the depths of the sea
Except the white foam.
The candles of the night died out,
The friendship, the love,
The youth, that came to an abrupt end.

On the beaches of their hearts too,
Quivered then something pale
And they drew in the sand
When the passing moon
Suddenly lit a distant face and a faint
laugh

There were empty shells there
That roared the lament of the sea.
And a cemetery on the hills,
And two that passed in silence,
Between the flowers and the graves
and the sycamore.

החול יזכור את הגלים אבל
לקצף אין זוכר
זולת ההם אשר עברו עם רוח
לילה מאחר
מזכרונם הוא לעולם לא ימחה.

הכל ישוב אל המצולות זולת
הקצף הלבן.
נרות הלילה דעכו. הידידות
האהבה

הנעורים שבאו פתע אל סופם
הנעורים שבאו פתע אל סופם.
כמוהו גם על חוף ליבם רטט אז
משהו חיוור
והם רשמו בתוך החול, כשהירח
העובר
האיר פתאום פנים זרות ושחוק
רפה.

היו שם קונכיות ריקות שנהמו
קינה של ים
ובית עלמין על הגבעות
ושניים שחלפו דומם
בין החצב והקברים והשיקמה.

Candle 3

'Eili Eili – A Walk to Caesarea'

Hannah Senesh, Music by David Zehavi

Written in 1942 by Hannah Senesh. A secular Zionist, she came to Palestine from Budapest three years earlier and was living at Kibbutz Sdot Yam, a short walk along the beach from Caesarea.

אֵלִי אֵלִי שְׁלֹא יִגָּמֵר לְעוֹלָם
הַחֹל וְהָיָם רִשְׁרוּשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם תִּפְּלֵת הָאָדָם:

Eli, eli, shelo yiggameir l'olam.

Hachol v'ha-yam, rishrush shel hamayim, b'rak hashamayim, t'fillat ha'adam.

O God, my God, I pray that these things never end,
the sand and the sea, the rush of the water,
the crash of the heavens, each human prayer.

Candle 4

'A letter to Sgt Aviv Hajaj'

Karina Ariev

Karina Ariev, a 20-year-old from Jerusalem's Pisgat Ze'ev neighbourhood, is one of seven female soldiers abducted from the Nahal Oz military base during Hamas' October 7 attack. After spending 477 days in captivity in Gaza, she was released and is now speaking out about her experience, the ongoing trauma, and her mission to ensure that the remaining hostages are not forgotten. The following letter was written about Sgt. Aviv Hajaj, 19, an observation soldier in the Border Defense Corps' 414th unit, from Gilat, was killed by Hamas terrorists at the Nahal Oz surveillance outpost on October 7.

My Aviv,

For several days now I've been trying to start writing to you — for the first time since I came back — in complete denial that you're not here, and I simply can't find the words to describe who you are to me and what I feel. We called each other 'My Soul' very quickly, right when we first met. Since that cursed morning, I've been living with half a soul — without you... For a long time, I couldn't speak about you or what I saw that day, and when I came home from captivity, everything resurfaced. The reality that you are not here strikes again and again.

A year ago, on your birthday, I was still in Gaza. I promised myself that if I survived and made it back, I would celebrate your birthday for the rest of my life as if you were here by my side, growing another year older. But Aviv, you will forever remain 19 years old, and I will forever be left with the memory of our conversation in the room at 6:30 AM — which became our last conversation.

I will stay with the feeling of your hands wrapping and hugging me between one explosion and the next, and I will stay with wide, teary eyes trying to accept the reality that has been forced upon us.

I think to myself, 'What a crazy world this is,' like the song you loved... My Aviv, you were and will always be my best friend, my soul, and my blessing!

I could talk about who you are all day long, but the understanding that you're no longer with me 24/7 like we used to be hasn't fully sunk in yet. The experiences with you have, in hindsight, turned into memories.

I want you to know and remember how much I love you, and that you are with me every moment of every day — when I'm sad, and even more when I'm happy.

I wish I could call you or log into WhatsApp and text with you for hours, laughing about bizarre things only we would understand.

There's so much I want to tell you, but right now I just can't — I'm choking on tears and can't believe it.

Where are you? On a long deployment, on a post-army trip? When will you come back to us already — nothing is the same without you. How did it happen that from being right by my side all the time, now you're with me only on a flag or a sweater?

I hurt so much, I feel the pain for you.

I hurt for your parents, your siblings, and your little nieces whom you loved so much.

It's not fair — why did this happen?!

Please watch over your loved ones and over me, as only you know how, because even this ending is a beginning...

We'll meet again in the next lifetime.

We take a moment to remember those we have lost, personally and collectively.

We invite you to light a candle in their memory.

El Maleh Rachamim

אל מלא רחמים שוכן בַּמְרוֹמִים הַמָּצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְפֵי
הַשְּׁכִינָה בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וְטְהוֹרִים כְּזוֹהַר הָרָקִיעַ מְזֹהָרִים
לְנִשְׁמוֹת אֵלֶּה שֶׁהִקְרִיבוּ אֶת-חַיֵּיהֶם עַל הַקָּמַת-מְדִינַת יִשְׂרָאֵל וּבִעַת
צָרָה נָטְעוּ תְקוּהָ חֲדָשָׁה בְּלֵב עַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל
וּלְנִשְׁמוֹת חַיְלֵי צָבָא הַגָּנָה לְיִשְׂרָאֵל אֲשֶׁר מָסְרוּ נַפְשָׁם עַל הַגָּנָה
הַמְּדִינָה.

אָנָּה בָּעַל הַרְחָמִים הַסְתִּירָם בְּסִתְרֵךְ כַּנְפֶיךָ לְעוֹלָמִים וָצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר
הַחַיִּים אֶת-נִשְׁמָתָם: יְהוָה הוּא נִחַלָתָם וַיְנוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכָּכָם
וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:

*Eil malei rachamim, shochein ba-m'romim, hamtsei m'nuchah n'chonah
tachat kanfei ha-sh'chinah, b'ma'alot k'doshim ut'horim, k'zohar ha-raki'a
mazhirim*

*l'nishmot eilu shehikrivu et chayyeihem al hakamat ha-m'dinah, uv'eit tsarah
nat'u tikvah chadashah b'leiv ammi'cha yisra'el,
ul'nishmot chayyalei ts'vah haganah l'yisra'el, asher mas'ru nafsham al
haganat ha-m'dinah.*

*Anna ba'al ha-rachamim, hastireim b'seiter k'nafecha l'olamim, uts'ror bitsror
ha-chayyim et nishmatam. Adonai hu nachalatam, v'yanuchu v'shalom al
mishkavam, v'nomar amen.*

God full of compassion whose presence is over us, may the souls of those who gave their lives to rebuild the land, and in times of disaster gave new hope to Your people Israel, and those of the armed forces of Israel who gave their lives in the defence of the nation, find safety and rest with the holy and pure on high who shine as the lights of heaven, beneath the shelter of Your presence. Source of mercy, cover them in the shelter of Your wings forever, and bind their souls into the gathering of life. It is God who is their heritage. May they be at peace in their place of rest. Amen.

Candle 5

'Master of the Universe'

Be'eri Hazak

I beseech thee; turn up the volume of
your transmitter
Here, I

Do not hear, do not know, if
You have once again stuck an iron
flower in the buttonhole
Of the aerial. You are so gentle. Why
are you so spineless. Why are you
always So civil. Do I sound OK? Over
Over. You also sound intermittent, you
Sound wounded, you

In the surrounded valley, mountains
And a different Kinneret, I beseech
thee

Let me know the intensity of your
signals, on the
radar screen

One cannot see your face, why Aren't
you tank-tracked, why aren't you
fighting, should I send you a
motorised patrol, I am
So full of faith

That a black wound will not reach and
will not return. I beseech thee reduce
the intensity of your signals

The tops of the cypresses at evening
Whisper your name in vain, and the
lonely North Star - where will it guide
the host of your chariots
Where will it lead thee?

I beseech thee, close your eyes, Now I
hear, Roger. You can finally die.

A bereaved father, I already can't feel

Winter tears will say kaddish over you

אנא הגבר עוצמת אותותיך
כאן אני לא שומע, לא יודע
האם שוב תקעת פרח ברזל בדש
האנטנה?

אתה עדין כל כך
למה אתה כה רכרוכי?
למה אתה תמיד אורחי?
האם אני נשמע היטב? עבור,
עבור, גם אתה נשמע קטוע..
אתה נשמע פצוע, אתה
בעמק מאורגן היקפית
הרים וכינרת אחרת

אנא הודע עוצמת אותותיך
במכ"ם לא רואים את פניך
מדוע אינך מזוהל"ם?
מדוע אינך נלחם?
האם לשלוח אלייך סיור ממונע?
אני מלא אמונה
שלא יגיע ולא יחזור
פצע שחור.. פצע שחור..

אנא החלש עוצמת אותותיך
אמירי הברושים
לעת ערב לשווא לואטים שמך
וכוכב הצפון הבודד
אנה ינווט את צבא עגלותיך
לאן, הוא יוביל בהם את?

אנא עצום את עיניך
עכשיו אני שומע, רות
אתה יכול סופית למות
אב שכול אני כבר לא מרגיש
דמעות החורף עליך יגידו קדיש

Kaddish

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'mei raba,
b'alma div'ra chirutei,
v'yamlich malchutei. B'chayeichon
Uv'yomeichon Uv'chayei dichol beit
yisrael ba'agala uvizman kariv,
V'imru **Amen**.

**Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach, L'alam
ulalmei almaya.**

Yitbarach v'yishtabach, v'yitpaar,
v'yitromam v'yitnasei, v'yithadar,
v'yitalei, v'yithalal, sh'mei
dikudsha, **b'rich hu**.

L'elah mikol birchata v'shirata
tushb'chata v'nechemata, di'amiran
b'alma, v'imru **Amen**.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya
v'chayim alenu, v'al kol yisrael,
V'imru **Amen**.

Oseh shalom bimromav, Hu
ya'asei shalom, aleinu v'al kol
yisrael, v'al kol ha-olam, V'imru
Amen.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא.
בְּעָלְמָא דִּי-בְרָא כְרַעוּתֵהּ.
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ
וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ וּבְחַיֵּי דִי-כָּל בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְנ קָרִיב
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ. לְעָלַם
וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא
יְתְבָרַךְ. וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח. וְיִתְפָּאֵר.
וְיִתְרוֹמֵם. וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא. וְיִתְהַדָּר.
וְיִתְעַלָּה. וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דִּי-
קֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא.

לְעָלָא מְכַל-בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא
תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנִחְמַתָּא דִּי-אַמִּירָן
בְּעָלְמָא וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן-שְׁמַיָּא
וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל.
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְמֵיו. הוּא
יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-
יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל-כָּל-הָעוֹלָם. וְאָמְרוּ
אָמֵן.

Let us magnify and sanctify the great name of God in the world which God created according to God's will. May God's kingdom come in your lifetime, and in your days, and in the lifetime of all the family of Israel - quickly and speedily may it come. Amen. May the greatness of God's being be blessed always. Let us bless and extol, let us tell aloud and raise aloft, let us set on high and honour, let us exalt and praise Adonai – blessed be God! – though God is far beyond any blessing or song, any honour or any consolation that can be spoken of in this world. Amen. May great peace from heaven and the gift of life be granted to us and to all the family of Israel. Amen. May God who makes peace in the highest bring peace to us and to all Israel and upon all the world. Amen.

Candle 6

'His Silence'

Moshe Lavee

He came back from the battlecity
And he did not tell a thing.
How did they divide the fighting
equipment?
How do you manage with the Mag in
a real build area combat?
How did the food supply reach them,
When they were moving from house
to house,
Staying there to sleep, in the houses?
He came back from the battlecity
And did not tell a thing.
Did he shoot or only directed?
Was he shot without being hurt?
Did he hurt?
Was he hurt deep in his heart,
Without it being apparently noticed?
He came back from the battlecity
And he did not tell a thing.
Was he nearly killed?
How many did he kill?
He came back from the battlecity
And he did not tell a thing.

הוא שב מעיר הקרב
ולא סיפר דבר
כיצד חילקו את הפק"לים
בתחילה
איך מסתדרים בלש"ב עם המאג?
איך הגיעה אספקת מזון,
כשעברו מבית לבית,
נותרים שם בבתים, לישון.
הוא שב מעיר הקרב
ולא סיפר דבר
האם ירה, או רק כיוון
האם נורה מבלי להיפגע
האם פגע?
האם נפגע בלבב פנימה
בלי שהדבר ניכר בדבר או
במראה
הוא שב מעיר הקרב
ולא סיפר דבר

האם כמעט ונהרג
וכמה הוא הרג
הוא שב מעיר הקרב
ולא סיפר דבר.

Candle 7

From I am Jewish
Ehud Barak

I am a Jew because I was born one.

Years later, as a grown-up, I became proud of it.

Being a Jew means to belong to the people whose prophets and sages set the moral foundations and values of our modern liberal democratic humanity.

Being a Jew means to belong to a faith that prefers the power of ideas over the reigning of the sword and proved that while facing the toughest imaginable challenges—from Titus to Torquemada to Hitler—it could prevail.

And being a Jew in Israel means never losing hope, while participating in an unprecedented historic experience of rebuilding once again a Jewish vibrant democratic state at our very birthplace. A state that still struggles for the very security and peace of bodies and minds that our forefathers proclaimed, three millennia ago, to be the self-evident right and destiny of all mankind.

Hatikvah
Naftali Herz Imber, Music by Samuel Cohen

*Kol od ba-leivav p'nimah,
Nefesh y'hudi homiyyah.
Ul'fa'atei mizrach kadimah,
Ayin l'tsiyyon tsofiyah.
Od lo av'dah tikvateinu,
Hatikvah sh'not alpayim,
Lihyot am chofshi b'artseinu,
B'erets tsiyyon virushalayim.*

כָּל עוֹד בַּלֵּב פְּנִימָה
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדִי הוֹמִיָּה
וּלְפָאֵתִי מִזְרַח קְדִימָה
עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה
עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תְּקוּתָנוּ
הַתְּקוּהָ שָׁנוֹת אֶלְפִים
לְהִיּוֹת עַם חֶפְשִׁי בְּאַרְצֵנוּ
בְּאַרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם:

As long as a Jewish soul still yearns in the innermost heart,
and eyes turn eastward gazing towards Zion,
then our hope is not lost, the hope of two thousand years
- to be a free people in our land, the land of Zion and Jerusalem.

Candle 8

'I, May I Rest in Peace'

Yehuda Amichai, translation by Chana Bloch and Chana Kronfeld

I, may I rest in peace - I, who am still living, say,
May I have peace in the rest of my life.
I want peace right now while I'm still alive.

I don't want to wait like that pious man who wished for one leg
of the golden chair of Paradise, I want a four-legged chair
right here, a plain wooden chair. I want the rest of my peace now.

I have lived out my life in wars of every kind: battles without
and within, close combat, face-to-face, the faces always
my own, my lover-face, my enemy-face.

Wars with the old weapons - sticks and stones, blunt axe, words,
dull ripping knife, love and hate,
and wars with newfangled weapons - machine gun, missile,
words, land mines exploding, love and hate.

I don't want to fulfil my parents' prophecy that life is war.
I want peace with all my body and all my soul.

Rest me in peace.

Od Yavo Shalom Aleinu

Music by Mosh ben Ari

עוֹד יָבוֹא שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּלָם : עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-הָעוֹלָם. סְלָאֵם סְלָאֵם :

Peace will come to us, and everyone. Peace for us and for all the world,

Od yavo shalom aleinu x3, v'al kulam.

Salaam, aleinu v'al kol ha-olam, salaam, salaam. x2