



COMMEMORATION FOR ALL THAT
WAS LOST ON OCTOBER 7TH

J

We've shifted to the left; *we've swung to the right.*
 We've felt paralyzed; *we've organized and mobilized.*
 We've felt lonely and misunderstood; *we've felt supported.*
 We've been cynical; *we've been more generous than before.*
 We've lost trust in leadership; *we've stepped up to leadership.*
 We've lit quiet candles; *we've shown up in city squares and in the courts.*
 We've raised banners and flags; *we've held our tongues.*
 We've been swallowed by despair; *we've clung to signs of hope.*

My Silent Prayer
By Rabbi Hanna Yerushalmi

During this moment of silence,
 bring me the grief of my people,
centuries born and centuries old,
and let it inspire me to still love the world.

Connect me with fleeting grace
 And the prophet's power
To keep opening up my soul
Even when it is seared with loss.

Bring me the courage to quiet
 my desperate need for answers
by letting hearts touch hearts
on some imagined coastal plain.

Connect me with the calm of a desert valley
 After a surprise flash flood,
The rich pause between musical notes, or
The serenity of a Jerusalem street on Shabbat.

Bring me the tentative hope in a room
 Before a newborn's cry.
Connect me to the frail, silvery thread
That links me to the humanity of my neighbour.

During this moment of silence,
 Though there are horrors all around,
In spite of everything that directs me not,
Let the more loving one be – me.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

SING: KANFEI RUACH, WINGS OF SPIRIT

Words by Rav Avraham Israel Kook (1865-1935), First Chief Ashkenazi Rabbi of British Mandatory Palestine (pre-state Israel). From his book of philosophy, "Lights of Holiness."

בן אדם עלה למעלה עלה כי כוח עז לך יש לך כנפי רוח כנפי נשרים אבירים אל תכחש במ פן יכחשו לך דרוש אותם ויימצאו לך מיד

Human being, rise up and continue to ascend, because you possess great power.
 You have wings of spirit, pinions of powerful eagles.
 Do not deny them, lest they deny you.
 Seek them out, and they will present themselves to you immediately.

A

Commemoration for All that was Lost on October 7th

On October 7, 2023, the Shabbat of Shemini Atzeret/Simchat Torah, the Jewish People experienced the deadliest massacre since the Holocaust.

At 6:29 am, under a heavy barrage of 2,500 rockets, thousands of Hamas terrorists invaded Israel from Gaza. Riding on vehicles, equipped with weaponry, and many high on drugs, they infiltrated army bases, kibbutzim and towns in the Gaza Envelope. By air with paragliders, and by foot, they descended upon the Re'im Nature Reserve, where 3,000 peace-loving Israelis were dancing at the Nova Festival. The Hamas terrorists showed unimaginable brutality. They attacked the elderly, men, women, and children indiscriminately. They burned families alive. They raped and mutilated bodies. They kidnapped 251 human beings, smuggled them – dead and alive – across the border to cheering crowds. By nightfall, more than 1,200 Israelis were murdered.

The shockwaves of these unparalleled events are still being felt across the globe and are not yet fully understood. A piece of us was attacked that day. A piece of us was made vulnerable that day. A piece of us is still held hostage.

When there are no words, we rely on our tradition to carry us through. Therefore, this Yom Kippur, this holiest of days, we place the story of October 7th as the newest chapter in our *Eileh Ezkarah* service. Our sisters and brothers who were viciously ripped from life a year ago were forced to join in a long history of blood and fire. Today, we remember them. Let them be bound up in the hearts of the Jewish People for generations to come. Today, they radiate among the innocent martyrs of the millennia. Today, we pray their souls will be bound up in the bond of the Eternal God.

We light this FIRST CANDLE for the 860 CIVILIANS, who were murdered on October 7. They were citizens from 42 countries. Among them were eight Canadians. Let these few stories stand for them all.

Cantor and Choir: OCTOBER RAIN by Keren Peles, Avi Ohayon, and Stav Beger. Performed by Eden Golan at the Eurovision Song Contest, 2024.

B

Writers of the history

Stand with me
 Look into my eyes and see
 People go away, but never say goodbye
 Someone stole the moon tonight
 Took my light
 Everything is black and white
 Who's the fool who told you boys don't cry?

[Chorus]
 Hours and hours and flowers
 Life is no game for the cowards
 Why does time go wild
 Every day I'm losing my mind
 Holding on in this mysterious ride
 Dancing in the storm
 We got nothing to hide

B

Stand with me
Look into my eyes and see
People go away, but never say goodbye
Someone stole the moon tonight
Took my light
Everything is black and white
Who’s the fool who told you boys don’t cry?

[Chorus]

Hours and hours and flowers
Life is no game for the cowards
Why does time go wild
Every day I'm losing my mind
Holding on in this mysterious ride
Dancing in the storm
We got nothing to hide

No air left to breathe. No place. No me, day by day. All good children, one by one.

Vivian Silver z”l, born and raised in Winnipeg, made Aliyah in 1974. Her early activism focused on women's rights and gender disparities in Israeli society. In 1990 she moved to Kibbutz Be’eri with her husband and their two sons. She served as executive director for the Negev Institute for Strategies of Peace and Development. Vivian helped the kibbutz organize job training for Gazans and ensured that Gazan construction workers at the kibbutz were paid fairly. She served on the board of B'Tselem, a leading Israeli human rights watch. In her retirement, Vivian co-founded Women Wage Peace, and often volunteered to drive Gazan patients needing medical treatment from the border to Jerusalem and back again. On October 4, Vivian led a peace rally in Jerusalem, which attracted 1,500 Israeli and Palestinian women. Three days later she was missing. The family believed she had been taken captive into Gaza. Five weeks later, it was confirmed that Vivian had been burned alive on October 7. 1,500 people attended her funeral.

Netta Epstein z”l, age 21, was born in Montreal and raised on Kibbutz Kfar Aza. He worked with special needs children and had just completed his service as a paratrooper two months before October 7. Netta’s wedding was planned for Pesach-time, when family could come from Canada to celebrate. As the sirens wailed in the early morning hours of October 7, Netta and his fiancé, Irene, took shelter in their saferoom, designed to protect them from the familiar rockets. They embraced under the covers. How could they have known terrorists were roaming nearby with knives and AK-57s? By 8 am, the kibbutz issued an alert: “Enter lockdown. Suspicion of infiltration. Hide.” By the time the terrorists broke into his house, around 11:30, Netta already knew his grandmother and his uncle had been murdered. When a terrorist threw a grenade into the safe room, Netta instinctively jumped on it, as he had been trained to do. Irene hid from the terrorists behind her fiancé’s body, riddled with Hamas bullets. Irene recalls how she heard her mother’s gentle voice saying: “Netta’s life will not be taken in vain. You have to stay alive.” Irene stayed concealed by Netta’s body for five hours until the army came around 4 pm. Remembering that day, Irene recalls: “My mind was empty.” Sheltered by her fiancé’s body, she didn’t text anyone and she didn’t pray. 62 residents of Kfar Aza were murdered that day. Another 19 were taken hostage.

Take me home
And leave the world behind
And I promise you that never again
I'm still wet from this October rain
October rain

Living in a fantasy
Ecstasy
Everything's meant to be
We shall pass, but love will never die

לא נשאר אוויר לנשום
אין מקום
אין אותי מיום ליום
כולם ילדים טובים אחד אחד

I

A Prophecy of Homeland – Micah 4:2-4

For out of Zion shall go forth the law,
and the word of the Eternal One from Jerusalem.
And God shall judge between many peoples,
and shall decide concerning mighty nations far off.

*They shall beat their swords into plowshares;
their spears into pruninghooks.
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation;
neither shall they learn war anymore.
Rather, they shall sit – everyone -- under his vine and fig-tree;
and none shall make them afraid.*

SING: ACHEINU, from a 9th century Sura/Babylonian prayerbook and from a 12th century French machzor.

אחינו כל בית ישראל, הנתונים בצרה ובשביה, העומדים בין בים ובין ביבשה

המקום ירחם עליהם, ויוציאם מצרה לרנחה, ומאפלה לאורה, ומשעבוד

השתא בעגלא ובזמן ק

As for our brothers and sisters, the whole house of Israel, who are given over to trouble or captivity, whether they abide on the sea or on the dry land: May the Omnipresent God have mercy upon them, and bring them from trouble to expansiveness, from darkness to light, and from subjection to redemption, speedily now and soon.

We light this SIXTH CANDLE for DIASPORA COMMUNITIES IN OCTOBER’S WAKE.

In Canada, university campuses and public school systems have been overwhelmed by waves of antisemitism, anti-Zionism, and hate. Synagogues have been firebombed and vandalized. Jewish schools have been struck with bullets. Jewish businesses have been boycotted; their windows shattered or splattered with red paint. Jewish cemeteries have been desecrated. Social media is flooded with slander; our free press tells only partial truths. Many good Canadians and even elected leaders are too often silent. Canadian Jewry is asking: What has become of our country? And will we be safe here? **Our responses have been many and varied.**

We’ve shed tears; *we’ve hardened our hearts.*
We’ve stepped back; *we’ve leaned in.*
We’ve been at a loss for words; *we’ve spoken up.*
We’ve been courageous; *we’ve been fearful.*
We’ve put on kippot; *we’ve taken down mezuzot.*
We’ve hidden our stars, *we’ve worn ribbons;*
We’ve lost friends; *we’ve built new bridges of solidarity and allyship.*
We’ve been glued to the news; *we can barely read the headlines.*

O

We light this FIFTH CANDLE for the EVACUEES.

The October 7 massacre forced 200,000 Israelis to leave their homes along the Southern border with Gaza

and along the Northern border with Lebanon. Without them, a very small country has become even smaller.

"Sleeps and Slumbers, The Guardian of Israel" (A Psalm for October 7, after Psalm 121) by Rabbi Rivkah Lubitsch

אֵלֶּה אִנְקָרָה
 וְנִפְשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפֵּךְ
 כִּי בָלְעוּנוּ זֵדִים כְּעַגְלָה
 בְּלִי הַפּוֹכֵה

*A Song for Descents.
 I lifted my eyes to the mountains
 but my help did not come.
 I had no help from God,
 Maker of Heaven and Earth.
 God let my foot slip,
 let my guardians slumber.
 Behold, how God slept and slumbered, the Guardian of*

Avital Liman is a kindergarten teacher. After October 7, she went to the Dead Sea to volunteer with the evacuated children living in hotels there.

“In the Evacuees’ Hotel”

By Avital Liman

Translated by Michael Bohnen, Heather Silverman, and Rachel Korazim.

In the evacuees’ hotel
 By the Dead Sea
 She carefully gathers
 The doll’s hair with a ribbon,
 She attaches a sparkling pipe cleaner
 To the ribbon,
 And then she asks: “Tell me, am I alive?
 And how would they know if I were dead?”

What would you say
 To a four-year-old girl?
 “Only the living can hug.
 Come, let’s hug and see if
 We’re alive.”
 Later she says:
 “Tomorrow morning, let’s check again.”

Tiferet Lapidot z”l, age 22, was a dual citizen of Israel and Canada. Her father Ohad was born in Saskatchewan.

Tiferet was charismatic and compassionate. She travelled the world. She taught in Africa and explored Australia before returning to Israel in time for Rosh HaShanah. Tiferet was a few days shy of her 23rd birthday when she attended the Nova Music Festival.

During the attack, Tiferet called her mother to say she was hiding in a bush. She begged her mother to help her decide what to do. Should she remain in hiding for should she try to flee? How could her mother know how to advise her? Tiferet’s cellphone was later tracked to the Gaza Strip, leading family to believe she was being held hostage. The campaign they mounted to secure her freedom was in vain. After a few days, Tiferet’s mutilated body was identified and prepared for burial.

"We know for a fact they were hunted," her cousin said. "Those kids ran away and they were hunted and killed."

ROMAN LISOVOY pays tribute to his parents, Yuri and Svetlana Lisovoy z”l, were murdered on the Zikim beach on October 7th.

Cantor and Congregation:

*These I recall and pour my heart out.
 How the arrogant have devoured us!*

אֵלֶּה אִנְקָרָה
 וְנִפְשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפֵּךְ
 כִּי בָלְעוּנוּ זֵדִים כְּעַגְלָה
 בְּלִי הַפּוֹכֵה

These things do I remember. Through all the years, ignorance, like a monster, has devoured our martyrs as in one long day of blood. Rulers have risen through the endless years, oppressive and savage in their witless power, filled with a futile thought: to make an end of that which God cherishes.

We light this SECOND CANDLE for the COURAGEOUS ONES, who put themselves in harm’s way, in order to save others. They were rays of light amidst the darkest darkness. Some survived; some did not. Let these few stories stand for them all.

Despite the fact that it was Shabbat and a holyday, **brothers Elchanan and Menachem, and their nephew, Itiel Kalmanson** drove 100 km from Otniel, their small Religious Zionist community in the West Bank, to Be’eri, the secular kibbutz close to the Gaza border, in hopes of rescuing whomever they could.

Without any instruction or assistance from the IDF, for sixteen hours straight, the Kalmansons rescued family after family, nearly one hundred residents of Be’eri. Both brothers were hit with bullets. Elchanan died in his brother’s arms. The family was awarded Israel’s Prize for Civilian Heroism. Addressing Knesset, Elchanan’s widow, Shlomit, said: “Elchanan left home that day out of love for all Jews, out of unity, out of a clear understanding that action must be taken. He was ready to give his life for our dear people and our beloved country.”

Nasreen Yousef, a Druze mother of four and resident of Moshav Yated, left her safe room and displayed extraordinary courage when she spoke to the Nukhba terrorists in her native Arabic. She said: “Look me in

D

the eyes. I am not afraid of you.” Then Nasreen convinced them that she would give them money and smuggle them out to safety if they revealed where other terrorists were lying in wait. When the cell phone of one of the terrorists rang, Nasreen answered it and for 40 minutes posed as a collaborator and gathered more critical information. The phone call ended with the terrorist saying, “Inshallah [if Allah wills it], tonight we’ll conquer Israel.” Nasreen passed the intelligence she had gathered onto the IDF. By doing so, she prevented a bloodbath on her pre-dominantly Jewish Moshav.

Rami Davidian is a farmer from Moshav Patish, ten miles from the Gaza border.

“While I was driving, I saw in the distance, a swarm of people running for their lives. It was like the Exodus. They were running, but they didn’t know where to run. They were running to the wadis and to the orchards. I directed them to safety. We set up a situation room on the Moshav and orchestrated the rescue of hundreds of party-goers.

...I got a text from Rotem, one of the girls who escaped the Nova Festival. She said she was hiding behind a tree. I drove in her direction, honking my horn so she could hear me approaching. When I got to her, I saw she was surrounded by five terrorists. I didn’t flinch. I shouted at them in Arabic: ‘Ahalan, my name is Abu Rami, I’m Muslim and it’s better that you give the girl to me and escape from here as fast as you can, because the whole area is full of armed security forces.’ I wasn’t afraid. It was pure instinct. Luckily, they believed the ruse that I was a Bedouin. They gave the girl to me and ran off.

...I’m an optimistic person. I see the farmers going back to harvest their fields now and it fills my heart with joy. In our national anthem, we say: *‘Od lo avda tikvateinu*. Our hope is not yet lost.’ We can’t afford to lose that hope. If we lose it, there won’t be any Jewish State at all.”

We light this THIRD CANDLE for the HOSTAGES.

From age 86 to just one year old, 101 hostages are still being held captive in Gaza under unimaginable duress. We’ve held them close in our prayers for more than a year. May they be restored to their families now in peace.

The Mitzvah of Redeeming Captives – Maimonides, 12th c.

There is no mitzvah greater than the redemption of captives, for captivity is in the same category as famine, drought, or exposure, and one’s life is in imminent danger. One who hesitates from redeeming a captive violates the following mitzvot: *“Thou shalt not harden your heart from helping the poor”* and *“Thou shalt not close your hand”* [Deuteronomy 15:7]; *“Thou shalt not stand while your neighbour bleeds”* [Leviticus 19:16]; *“Thou shalt love your neighbour as yourself”* [Leviticus 19:18].

There is no mitzvah greater than *Pidyon Shvuyim*, the Redeeming of Captives.

G

“I’m writing you this message on the way to the base. If you’re reading this, something must have happened to me....

I’m on the verge of fulfilling my dream soon. I’m happy and grateful for the honour I have in defending our beautiful country and the Jewish People. Even if something happens to me, I forbid you to sink into sorrow. I had the honour of fulfilling my dream and my mission and you can be sure that I’m looking down on you and smiling a huge smile. I am probably sitting next to Saba and we’ll make up for lost time. We’ll each tell stories about our experiences and talk about what changed from war to war. If *chas v’chalilah*, you’re sitting shiva, transform it into a week of friends, family, and fun. There should be food – barbeque, beer, sweet drinks, nuts, tea and of course, Ima’s cookies. Make jokes, hear stories, and meet all my friends you haven’t met yet. I’m jealous of you, I would have liked to sit there and see everyone. Another very, very important point. If *chalilah*, I fall into captivity, dead or alive, I’m not willing for any soldier or civilian to be injured by some deal to free me. I forbid you to lead a campaign or anything like that. I’m not willing for terrorists to be freed for me – not in any way, shape, or form. Please do not breach my request.

I’ll say it again – I left home without even being called up to the reserves. I am full of pride and a sense of mission. I always said that if I need to die, *halavai*, let it happen while I’m defending others and our country.”

YIZKOR FOR FALLEN SOLDIERS

יְזַכֵּר אֱלֹהִים אֶת נַשְׁמוֹת בְּנֵי-גִבּוֹרָיו, חַיְלֵי צָבָא הַגִּבֹּהַּ לְיִשְׂרָאֵל, שֶׁנִּפְלוּ בְּמִלְחָמוֹת יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּפַעְלוֹת הַגִּבֹּהַּ, תְּגִמּוּל וּבַטְחוֹן וּבַעֲזַת מְלוּי תַּפְקִידֵם, וְנַשְׁמוֹת כָּל לוחָמֵי הַמַּחְתָּרֵת וְחַטִּיבוֹת הַלוחָמִים בְּמַעֲרֻכוֹת הָעַם, שֶׁחָרְפוּ וּנְפְשׁוּ לְמוֹת עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשָּׁם, וּבַעֲזַרַת אֱלֹהֵי מַעֲרֻכוֹת יִשְׂרָאֵל הַבִּיאוּ לְתַקּוּמַת הָאָמָה וְהַמְדִינָה וְלַגְאֻלַּת הָאָרֶץ וְעִיר הָאֱלֹהִים. מִנְּשָׂרִים קָלוּ וּמֵאֲרִיּוֹת גָּבְרוּ, בְּהַחֲלֹצֵם לְעִנְיַת הָעַם וְהָרוּ בְּדַמָּם הַטְּהוֹר אֶת רִגְבֵי אֲדָמַת קְדֻשְׁנוּ. וְכָר עֲקֻדְתָּם וּמַעֲשֵׂה גִבּוֹרְתָם לֹא יְסוּפוּ מֵאֲתַנּוּ לְעוֹלָמִים. תַּהֲיִינָה נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצַרוּר הַחַיִּים עִם נַשְׁמוֹת אֲבֹרָהֶם, יִצְחָק וְיַעֲקֹב וְעַם שְׂאֵר גִּבּוֹרֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וְקִדּוּשְׁיוֹ שֶׁבָּגוּ עִדּוֹן עַד עוֹלָם. אָמֵן"

May God remember the souls of sons and daughters who endangered their lives in the days of struggle prior to the establishment of the State of Israel and may God remember the IDF soldiers who fell in the wars of Israel and were willing to die for the sanctification of God’s name. May we commemorate their lost youth, their bravery and valour, their devotion and self-sacrifice, which ended on the battlefield. May the memory of the loyal and valiant heroes of Israel be sealed forever within the hearts of the People Israel. Their sacrifice and their acts of heroism will never be forgotten. Let their souls be bound up in the bond of life, with the souls of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and with the souls of all the heroes of Israel in the Garden of Eden. May they rest in peace. And let us say, Amen.

“A New Yizkor for October 7” by Yaoz Sever (slightly adapted)

We, the Jewish People, remember the sons and daughters, the loyal and the brave, the soldiers of the Israel Defence Forces, the first responders, the members of the intelligence, security, and law enforcement communities, and the civilians who risked their lives during the events of that Black Sabbath.

We, the Jewish People, remember them and are blessed by them. We mourn the radiance of their youth. We praise their rare courage. We acknowledge the sanctity of their will. We honour their self-sacrifice.

May we remember the bravery of the kibbutzim, the moshavim, and the cities, which stood guard until they had no strength left. May we forever remember the fathers and mothers, who, with their bodies, defended their families, but were unable to save themselves. Amen.

F

At the age of eight, Bar Zohar had been identified as a genius-level mathematician and began her studies at Bar-Ilan University. In 2001, Bar joined a secret elite intelligence unit, after army testing revealed her phenomenal memory, quick perception, and the ability to improvise under pressure. Bar excelled in this elite unit and received a medal from the IDF Chief of Staff for her contribution to a special covert operation, which depended on her analysis.

During the first hours of the attack on October 7, Captain Bar Zohar, age 23, and her team of soldiers encountered two vans carrying twelve Hamas terrorists armed with shoulder-fired missile launchers. They came under heavy fire. One of the soldiers from Bar’s team was killed immediately, while Bar herself was seriously injured and lost a lot of blood. Nevertheless, she remained calm, ordered her crew to abandon their vehicle and take cover behind it, while she fired continuously from the front. Captain Zohar’s courage gave her team enough time to run to a nearby ditch to hide.

On the verge of losing consciousness, Bar somehow climbed into an abandoned Hamas van and started driving it towards a nearby kibbutz, shouting for her team to jump in from the ditch. The other terrorist van gave chase. After zigzagging to dodge oncoming fire, Captain Zohar reached the kibbutz, where they were met by an IDF team. Bar stopped the van and slumped over the steering wheel. Despite great efforts to save her, she died from her wounds.

An officer of the elite Yamam counter-terrorism unit, **Arnon Zamora**, was fatally wounded on June 8, in the operation to free Noa Argamani and three other hostages – Almog Meir, Andrey Kozlov, and Shlomi Ziv. The operation is now known as Operation Arnon.

Before setting out on his mission, Arnon confided in his father: “I have a good feeling we will succeed in bringing them home.” A week before the mission, he gave his younger brother his watch and told him: “Take the watch. Wear it on your right hand, and in a few days, I’ll return to take it back.”

“There are no words,” says Arnon’s mother, Ruti. “We knew the dangers. He knew the risks. This was his life choice.... The most important thing for us now is that the four rescued hostages really live their lives, because they will give meaning to our loss. He didn’t know whom he was going in to save. It didn’t matter to him. Every hostage is precious.”

Arnon’s parents found his reflections in a memorial book for a fellow soldier, who fell on October 7. Arnon wrote there: “I think the real reason that I chose this journey is my inability to stand on the sidelines when I witness bullying. At the end of the road, I will look in the mirror and ask myself, ‘What did I do with the time given me? Did I live for myself alone, or for something much larger beyond my own life?’”

Around 3,600 Lone Soldiers of the IDF made Aliyah without their families. Ten lone soldiers were killed in the line of duty on October 7th. Three more were murdered while off-duty at the Nova festival.

Sgt. Rose Lubin made Aliyah from Atlanta at the age of 18. She fulfilled her dream, enlisted in the army, and was deployed to the Border Police. She lived on Kibbutz Sa’ad, not far from the Gaza border, and was supported by its close-knit, Orthodox community when she was granted time off from her post. On October 7th, Rose ran to join the emergency standby team of the kibbutz. She guarded the front gate to prevent the terrorists from breaking in. Kibbutz Sa’ad was saved, thanks to the courage and skill of Sgt. Lubin and the emergency team. A month later, Rose was killed in a stabbing attack in East Jerusalem, where she was posted with the Border Police. She was 20 years old.

Before **Reservist Sgt. Major Ben Zussman of Jerusalem** fell in battle in the northern Gaza Strip, he wrote a letter to his family.

E

Rachel Goldberg stood at the Gaza border with the families of the hostages. From a raised platform, she called to her son through a megaphone:

“Hersh? It’s Mama.

Hersh, it’s Day 328. We are all here. All the families of the remaining 107 hostages.

Hersh, we are working day and night. And we will never stop.

I need you to know that I am giving you now the blessing I give you every single morning when I pray for you and every Friday night. I go out onto the porch, and I put my hands up towards Gaza, and I give you the Kohanic blessing:

‘May God bless you and keep you.

May God shine His face upon you and be gracious to you.

May God lift up God’s face towards you.

May God give you peace.

And may God bring you home.’”

MAAYAN SHAVIT honours the memory of her cousin, Carmel Gat z”l.

May Carmel’s story stand for all 251 hostages.

Cantor and Congregation:

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מְלֶכֶּה הָעוֹלָם מְתִיר אֲסוּרִים:

Praised are You, Eternal our God, Ruler of the Universe, who releases the captives.

We light this FOURTH CANDLE for our SOLDIERS.

Joel 4: 9-10

קְרְאוּ־זאת בגוֹיִם קְדָשׁוּ מִלְחָמָה הָעִירוּ הַגְּבוּרִים יִגְשׁוּ יַעֲלֶוּ כָּל אֲנָשֵׁי הַמְּלָחָמָה:

Proclaim this among the nations:

Prepare for battle!

Arouse the warriors,

Let all the fighters come and draw near!

כָּתוּ אַתִּיכֶם לַחֲרֻבוֹת וּמִזְמַרְתִּיכֶם לְרַמְתִּים הַחֲלֵשׁ יֵאמֶר גִּבּוֹר אֲנִי:

Beat your plowshares into swords,

And your pruning hooks into spears.

Let even the weakling declare, “I am strong.”

On October 7th, 578 soldiers, law enforcement officers, firefighters, Shin Bet personnel, and first responders were murdered. Thousands were wounded. Since Israel’s “Swords of Iron” began on October 27, another 348 soldiers have fallen in defense of the Jewish State. Let these few stories stand for them all.

Captain Bar Zohar z”l