

## Havdallah between Yom HaZikaron and Yom HaAtzmaut<sup>i</sup>

When a social group... celebrates a particular event or occasion, such as birth, harvest, or national independence, it also "celebrates itself." (Victor Turner)

אלי אתה ואודך אל-הי ארוממך. (תהילים קי"ח-כ"ח)

**You are my God, and I will praise you; you are my God, and I will exalt you.** (Psalms 118:28)

There is a time for everything,  
and a season for every activity under the heavens:

- <sup>2</sup> a time to be born and a time to die,  
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
- <sup>3</sup> a time to kill and a time to heal,  
a time to tear down and a time to build,
- <sup>4</sup> a time to weep and a time to laugh,  
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
- <sup>5</sup> a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,  
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
- <sup>6</sup> a time to search and a time to give up,  
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
- <sup>7</sup> a time to tear and a time to mend,  
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
- <sup>8</sup> a time to love and a time to hate,  
a time for war and a time for peace.

(Ecclesiastes: 3)

### THE SAND WILL REMEMBER

The sand will remember the waves  
But the foam – will not be remembered,  
Besides by 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

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.

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.

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.

(Natan Yonatan)

*David Grossman, a leading Israeli novelist and peace activist, lost his soldier-son, Uri during the second Lebanon War. Uri was serving on the front lines in Lebanon and was killed two days before the U.N.-brokered cease-fire. He died two weeks before his 21st birthday. These are excerpts from remarks his father delivered at his funeral on Aug. 16, 2006.*

“My Dearest Uri,

For the last three days, almost every thought has had a "won't" in it. He won't come home, we won't talk, we won't laugh. That boy with the ironic gaze and the awesome sense of humor won't be anymore. That young man with the wisdom so much more profound than his age won't be anymore. That warm smile and that healthy appetite won't be anymore, that uncommon combination of determination and tenderness won't be anymore, his common sense and discernment won't be anymore. We won't have Uri's infinite gentleness, nor the calm that steadies every storm. We won't watch "The Simpsons" and

"Seinfeld" together anymore, we won't listen to Johnny Cash with you, and we won't feel your strong, soothing embrace. We won't see you walking with your big brother, Yonatan, conversing with exuberant gestures, and we won't see you hug your little sister, Ruti, the love of your heart.

Uri, my beloved:

Throughout your brief life we all learned from you. From your strength and your determination to follow your own path. To follow it even if there is no chance at all of succeeding. We marveled at your battle to get accepted into tank commanders' course. You didn't give in to your officers because you knew that you could be a good commander, and you weren't prepared to make do with contributing less than you were able. And when you succeeded, I thought: Here's a man who knows his abilities in such a simple and sober way. Without conceit and without arrogance. Unaffected by what others say about him. Whose source of strength lies within.

You were like that from childhood. A boy who lives in harmony with himself and with those around him. A boy who knows his place, knows that he is loved, is aware of his limitations, and knows what's special about him. And, really, from the moment you bent the entire army to your will and became a commander, it was clear what kind of commander and human being you would be. Today, we hear from your comrades and soldiers about the sergeant and the friend, about the guy who gets up before everyone to organize everything, and who goes to sleep after everyone else has already dozed off.

And yesterday, at midnight, I looked around the house, which was a mess after the hundreds of people who had come to console us, and I said: Okay, now we need Uri, to help put things straight.

You were the left-winger in your battalion, and they respected you, because you held fast to your opinions without dodging a single one of your military responsibilities. I remember you telling me about your roadblock policy -- you spent a lot of time manning roadblocks in the territories. You said that if there is a child in a car you pull over, you always begin by trying to calm the kid down, to make him laugh. That you always remind yourself that the kid is about Ruti's age. And you'd always remind yourself how frightened he is of you. And how much he hates you, and that he has reasons for that, and still, you will do all you can to make that terrifying moment easier for him, while doing your job, without fudging.

When you went to Lebanon, Mom said that the thing that most scared her was your volunteer complex. We were very frightened that if someone had to run to save a wounded man, you'd charge straight into enemy gunfire, and that you'd be the first to volunteer to bring more ammunition. That's the way you were your whole life, at home and in school, and in the army. You willingly gave up your home leave when some other soldier needed it more than you did. You'd do the same in Lebanon, in the war.

You were my son and my friend. You were the same for your mother. Our souls are intertwined with yours. You were at one with yourself, a person it was good to be with. I'm not even able to say out loud how much you were someone to run with. Every time you came home on leave you'd say, "Dad, let's talk," and we'd go out together, usually to a restaurant, and talk. You told me so much, Uri, and it was gratifying to be your confidant. A person like you had chosen me. I remember that once you pondered whether to punish a soldier of yours who had committed a breach of discipline. How you agonized over

the decision, knowing that a punishment would anger your men and enrage the other commanders, who were more lenient than you were regarding certain violations. And, in fact, you paid a heavy social price when you decided to impose the punishment. But that incident later became one of your battalion's foundation stories, and established a standard of behavior and of adherence to the rules. On your last visit home you related, with your bashful pride, how the battalion commander, in his talk to the unit's new officers and sergeants, referred to your resolute decision as exemplary leadership.

You illuminated our lives, Uri. Your mother and I raised you in love. It was so easy to love you with all our hearts, and I know you felt it. Your short life was a good one. I hope that I was a father worthy of such a boy. I know that to be Michal's son is to grow up surrounded by infinite generosity and kindness and love. You received all these, in great abundance, and you knew how to appreciate them, and to be grateful for them, because you didn't take anything you received for granted.

I won't say now anything about the war you were killed in. We, our family, have already lost in this war. The state of Israel will now take stock of itself. We, the family, will withdraw into our pain, surrounded by our good friends, enveloped in the powerful love that we feel today from so many people, most of whom we do not know. I thank them for their support, which is unbounded.

May we be able to give this love and solidarity to each other at other times as well. That is perhaps our unique national resource. It is our greatest human national treasure. May we know how to be a bit more gentle with each other, and may we succeed in saving ourselves from the violence and hostility that has penetrated so deeply into all aspects of our lives. May we know how to get our bearings and save ourselves now, at the very last minute, because very hard times await us.

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים, הַמְצִיא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה עַל כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה, בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים, טְהוּרִים וְגִבּוֹרִים, כְּזֶהר הַרְקִיעַ מְזֻהָרִים. לְנִשְׁמוֹת חַיְלֵי צְבָא הַגְּנָה לְיִשְׂרָאֵל וְלוֹחְמֵי הַמַּחְתָּרוֹת שֶׁנִּפְּלוּ בְּמִלְחָמוֹת יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְכָל הַלּוֹחְמִים בְּמַעֲרֻכּוֹת הָעַם שֶׁחָרְפוּ נַפְשָׁם לְמוֹת עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם, וּבְעֶזְרַת אֱלֹהֵי מַעֲרֻכּוֹת יִשְׂרָאֵל הַבִּיאוּ לְתַקּוּמַת הָאָמָה וְהַמְדִינָה וְלִגְאֻלַּת הָאָרֶץ וְעִיר הָאֱלֹהִים וְכָל אֵלֶּה שֶׁנִּרְצָחוּ בְּאֶרֶץ מְחֻצָּה לָהּ בְּיַד הַמְרַצְחִים מֵאֲרֻגּוֹנֵי הַטְרוֹר. לְכֵן בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים יִסְתִּירֵם בְּסִתְרֵי כַּנְפֵי לְעוֹלָמִים, וְיִצְרֹר בְּצְרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נַשְׁמַתְם. ה' הוּא נִחְלָתְם, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן (תְּהֵא) מְנוּחָתְם, וְיִנּוּחוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכְּבָם, וְיַעֲמְדוּ לְגוֹרְלָם לְקֶץ הַיָּמִין, וְנֹאמֵר אָמֵן.

God, full of mercy, who dwells in the heights, provide a sure rest upon the Divine Presence's wings, within the range of the holy, pure and glorious, whose shining resemble the sky's, to the souls of the soldiers of Israel's Defence Forces and the Underground fighters that fell during the wars of Israel, and to all the people's campaign fighters who disdained their own souls to die for the Hallowness of the Name, and that with the help of the God of the campaigns of Israel brought to the rising of the nation and the state, and the salvation of the land and the city of God; and all those who were murdered in Israel or outside of it, by the hands of the terror organizations' assassins. Therefore, the Master of Mercy will protect them forever, from behind the hiding of his wings, and will tie their souls with the rope of life. The Everlasting is their heritage, the Garden of Eden shall be their resting room, and they shall rest peacefully upon their lying place, they will stand for their fate in the end of days, and let us say: Amen

למען, אחי ורעי-- אדברה-נא שלום בך. (תהילים קכ"ב)

**For the sake of my family and friends,  
I will say, "Peace be within you." (Psalms 122)**

Source of peace, Sovereign of peace,  
Establish peace among Your people, Israel.  
And let there be an ever-increasing peace among all peoples.  
May there be no more hatred, rancor, strife or conquest  
Between one human being and another.  
Let there be only love and a great peace among us,  
So that each of us may know the love of the other.  
Until we are able to come and gather together-every person with another.  
So that we may speak - one to the other.  
So that we may explain - one to the other - Your truth.  
God - You are peace, and from You comes peace.  
Source of peace, bless us with peace.  
Amen.

(Based on the prayer of Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav, from *Siddur Ha'avodah She'ba'lev*, Service of the Heart)

### **TO MY COUNTRY**

I have not sung you, my country,  
not brought glory to your name  
with the great deeds of a hero  
or the spoils a battle yields.

But on the shores of the Jordan  
my hands have planted a tree,  
and my feet have made a pathway  
through your fields.

Modest are the gifts I bring you.  
I know this, mother.  
Modest, I know, the offerings  
of your daughter:

Only an outburst of song  
on a day when the light flares up,  
only a silent tear  
for your poverty.

(Rachel)

*Shir Hama'alot, b'shuv Adonai et shivat tziyon  
hayinu k'chol'mim. Az Y'male s'chok pinu  
ulshoneinu rina. Az yom'ru vagoyim higidil Adonai  
la'asot im eleh; higidil Adonai la'asot imanu hayinu  
s'meicheim. Shuva Adonai et shiviteinu ka'afikim  
banegev. Hazor'im b'dimah b'rinah yiktzoru. Haloch  
Yelech uvacho, noseh meshech hazarah, bo yavo  
v'rinah noseh alumotav.*

שִׁיר הַמַּעֲלוֹת בְּשׁוּב ה' אֶת שִׁיבַת צִיּוֹן הָיִינוּ כְּחֻלְמִים :  
אֲזַי מָלָא שְׁחוֹק פִּינוּ וּלְשׁוֹנֵנוּ רִנָּה אֲזַי יֵאמְרוּ בְּגוֹיִם הַגִּדִיל ה'  
לְעֲשׂוֹת עִם אֱלֹהִים :  
הַגִּדִיל ה' לְעֲשׂוֹת עִמָּנוּ הָיִינוּ שְׂמֵחִים :  
שׁוּבָה ה' אֶת שְׁבִיתֵנוּ כְּאַפְיָקִים בְּנֶגֶב :  
הַזְרָעִים בְּדַמְעָה בְּרִנָּה יִקְצְרוּ :  
הַלֹּדֶף יִלְדֵף וּבִכְהָ נִשְׂא מִשֶּׁדֶף הַזְרָע בָּא יְבֵא בְּרִנָּה נִשְׂא  
אֶלְמֵתָיו :

"At Pesach, the nation experienced liberation as a "unique nation", whereas Chag Ha'atzmaut is experienced as a "nation like any other", as a nation-state." (Eliezer Schweid, *Sefer Machzor HaZmanim*)

|   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| As long as in the heart, within,          | כֹּל עוֹד בְּלִבְבֵנוּ פְּנִימָה     |
| A Jewish soul still yearns,               | נַפְשׁ יְהוּדִי הוֹמִיָּה            |
| And onward, towards the ends of the east, | וּלְפָאֲתֵי מִזְרָח, קְדִימָה,       |
| An eye still gazes toward Zion;           | עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה,            |
| Our hope is not yet lost,                 | עוֹד לֹא אֶבְדָּה תִקְוַתֵּנוּ,      |
| The hope of two thousand years,           | הַתִּקְוָה בֵּת שְׁנוֹת אֲלָפִים     |
| To be a free people in our land,          | לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֶפְשִׁי בְּאַרְצֵנוּ, |
| The land of Zion and Jerusalem.           | אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.        |

<sup>1</sup> This Havdallah is based on a ritual developed by Beit Tefila Israeli, an emerging independent congregation in Tel Aviv founded by secular Israelis coming from various backgrounds and lifestyles. They set out to form this community feeling the need to build a community through Jewish prayer and ritual which speak to Israelis in content and form. They strive to form a social and spiritual setting in which Jewish and Israeli identities meet.