

Artist's Rendering of World Trade Center Memorial

What Does it Mean for Us to Remember?

Service of Remembrance for the 10th Anniversary of September 11, 2001

Sunday, September 11, 2011

*Adapted from the service created for the 5th anniversary of September 11, 2001,
at the Los Angeles campus of Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion*

*Service created and compiled by Rabbi Cookie Lea Olshein
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On September 11, 2001,
19 men boarded four airplanes,
and turned them into weapons furthering their hate.

Today, we recall the 2,973 people who were killed
and 24 who remain listed as “missing”
as a result of terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001:

World Trade Center and its vicinity,
New York City, New York

An open field two miles north of Shanksville,
Somerset County, Pennsylvania

The Pentagon,
Arlington, Virginia

Before we begin our service today,
consider turning to your neighbor and
sharing the answers to these questions:

Where were you?

What were you doing?

How did you feel?

What did you do?

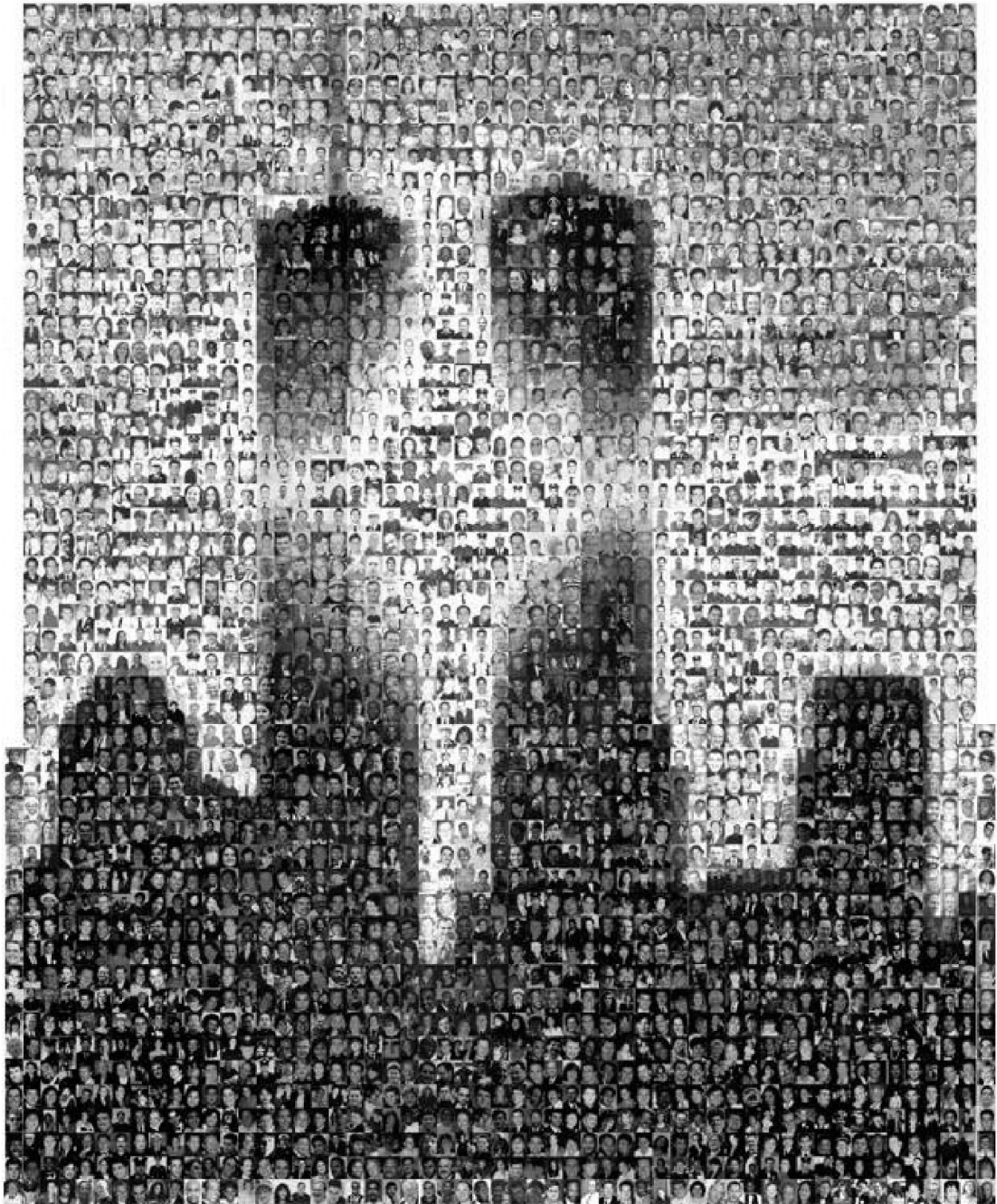
How did those around you react?

When did the healing begin for you?

What residual feelings do you have about the day?

The challenge of the day is to remember the tragedies that occurred,
while moving forward towards a world that is healed.

Helping Set the Tone: A Niggun



www.september11victims.com

The Sun. © 2002, Alex Bortol.

Appreciating God's Creation of Us: Asher Yatzar

My God, I thank You for my life, body, and soul;
Help me realize that I am something new,
someone that never existed before,
someone original and unique in the world.
For if there had ever been someone like me,
there would have been no need for me to exist.¹

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, רוֹפֵא כָּל בָּשָׂר וּמַפְלִיא לַעֲשׂוֹת.

Bah-rookh Ah-tah Ah-doh-nai, roh-feh kohl bah-sahr oo-mahf-lee lah-ah-soht.
Blessed are You, Adonai, who heals all flesh, working wondrously.

The Soul that God has Given Us: Elohai N'shama

אֱלֹהֵי, נִשְׁמָה שְׁנָתַתָּ בִּי טְהוֹרָה הִיא. אַתָּה בְּרָאָתָהּ,
אַתָּה יִצְרָתָהּ, אַתָּה נִפְחָתָהּ בִּי, וְאַתָּה מְשַׁמְרָהּ בְּקִרְבִּי.

*Eh-loh-hai, n'-shah-mah sheh-nah-tah-tah bee t'-hoh-rah hee. Ah-tah v-'rah-tah,
Ah-tah y'-tzar-tah, Ah-tah n'-fahkh-tah bee, v'-Ah-tah m'-shahm-rah b'-keer-bee.*

My God, the soul You have given me is pure. You created it,
You shaped it, You breathed it into me and You protect it within me.

Today We Share Our Daily Miracles: Nissim B'chol Yom

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ, מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם ...

Bah-rookh Ah-tah, Ah-doh-nai Eh-loh-hay-noo, Meh-lekh hah-oh-lahm ...
Blessed are You, Adonai, our God, Ruler of the universe ...

(We publicly share the daily miracles in our own lives.)



"Worf" located the bodies of two missing firefighters on the first day. Overwhelmed, he lay down and curled up on the spot. The dog began shedding profusely, quit eating and refused to play with other dogs. His partner Mike Owens made the decision to retire the 12-year-old German Shepherd from search-and-rescue duty permanently. They are now back at home in Monroe, Ohio, where the entire town takes turns petting and playing with Worf. (Photo: Michael Snyder / Cincinnati Enquirer). **Five people were rescued by dogs searching the site.** One "K-9 police officer," Sirius, died in the WTC attack, while his human partner, Officer Lim, rescued others.

1. By Lawrence Hoffman as found in Mishkan T'filah, Biennial Edition, Central Conference of American Rabbis, 33.



Taken by a member of the U.S. Navy working at the WTC site on 9-13-01.

Blessing for the Study of Torah

From the cowardice that shrinks from new truth,
From the laziness that is content with half-truth,
From the arrogance that thinks it knows all truth,
O God of truth, deliver us.
Blessed is Adonai,
Teacher of Torah to our people Israel.²

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי,
הַמְלִמֵּד תּוֹרָה לְעַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל.

*Bah-rookh Ah-tah, Ah-doh, nai,
Hah-m'-lah-mayd Toh-rah l'-ah-moh Yees-rah-ayl.*

Verses of Praise: P'sukei D'zimrah

How do we praise God on a day as difficult as this, when we may still be angry and sad, when we know that terrorists still lurk? Where do we find comfort? Our tradition tells us that we derive spiritual healing from *Tehillim*, Psalms, that praise God, but first we acknowledge God's mysterious power.

Bah-rookh sheh-ah-mahr v'-hai-yay hah-oh-lahm,

Bah-rookh hoo.

Bah-rookh Oh-seh v'-ray-sheet,

Bah-rookh Oh-mayr v'-oh-seh,

Bah-rookh Goh-zayr oo-m'-kai-yaym,

Bah-rookh M'-rah-chaym ahl hah-ah-retz,

Bah-rookh M'-rah-chaym ahl hah-bree-yoht,

Bah-rookh M'-shah-laym sah-khahr tohv lee-ray-ahv.

Bah-rookh Chai lah-ahd v'-kai-yahm lah-neh-tzahkh.

Bah-rookh Poh-deh oo-mah-tzeel, Bah-rookh Sh'-moh.

בְּרוּךְ שְׁמֶךָ וְהָיָה הָעוֹלָם,

בְּרוּךְ הוּא.

בְּרוּךְ עֹשֶׂה בְּרָאשִׁית,

בְּרוּךְ אוֹמֵר וְעוֹשֶׂה,

בְּרוּךְ גּוֹזֵר וּמְקַיֵּם,

בְּרוּךְ מְרַחֵם עַל הָאָרֶץ,

בְּרוּךְ מְרַחֵם עַל הַבְּרִיּוֹת,

בְּרוּךְ מְנַשֵּׁל שְׂכָר טוֹב לִירֵאָיו.

בְּרוּךְ חַי לְעַד וְקַיֵּם לְנֶצַח,

בְּרוּךְ פּוֹדֶה וּמַצִּיל, בְּרוּךְ שְׁמוֹ.

2. By Mordecai Kaplan as found in Mishkan T'filah, Biennial Edition, Central Conference of American Rabbis, 43.

בְּשִׁבְחוֹת וּבְזִמְרוֹת, וַיְגַדֵּלָהּ וַיְשַׁבְּחָהּ וַיְפַאֲרָהּ וַיְזַכֵּיר שְׁמָהּ וַיִּמְלִיכָהּ,
מִלְכֵנוּ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְחִיד, חַי הָעוֹלָמִים, מֶלֶךְ מְשַׁבַּח וּמְפַאֵר עַד עַד שְׁמוֹ
הַגָּדוֹל. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ, מֶלֶךְ מְהֻלָּל בַּתְּשֻׁבּוֹת.

Blessed is the One who spoke and the world came to be, blessed is the One. Blessed is the One who continually authors creation. Blessed is the One whose word is deed; blessed is the One who decrees and fulfills. Blessed is the One who is compassionate towards the world; blessed is the One who is compassionate towards all creatures. Blessed is the One who rewards the reverent; blessed is the One who exists for all time, ever-enduring. Blessed is the One who redeems and saves; blessed is God's Name. With songs of praise, we extol You and proclaim Your Sovereignty, for You are the Source of life in the universe. One God, Life of the Universe, praised and glorious Ruler, Your Name is Eternal.

Selections from Psalms 9 and 11

Psalm 9:12-21

(יב) זָמְרוּ לַיהוָה יֹשֵׁב צִיּוֹן הַגִּידוּ בְּעַמִּים עֲלִילוֹתָיו:
(יג) כִּי־דִרַשׁ דְּמִים אוֹתָם זָכַר לֹא־שָׁכַח צַעֲקַת עֲנָוִים:
(יד) חֲנֻנִי יְהוָה רְאֵה עֲנִי מִשְׁנֵאֵי מְרוֹמָי מִשְׁעָרֵי מוֹת:
(טו) לִמְעַן אֲסַפְּרָה כָּל־תְּהִלָּתֶיךָ בְּשַׁעְרֵי בַת־צִיּוֹן אֲגִילָה בִּישׁוּעָתֶךָ:
(טז) טָבְעוּ גוֹיִם בְּשַׁחַת עָשׂוּ בְּרֶשֶׁת־זוֹ טָמְנוּ נִלְכְּדָה רַגְלָם:
(יז) נוֹדַע | יְהוָה מִשְׁפָּט עָשָׂה בַּפֶּעַל כַּפִּיּוֹ נֹקֵשׁ רָשָׁע הִגְיוֹן סָלָה:
(יח) יָשׁוּבוּ רָשָׁעִים לְשִׁאוֹלָה כָּל־גּוֹיִם שְׂכַחֵי אֱלֹהִים:
(יט) כִּי לֹא לִנְצַח יִשְׁכַּח אֲבִיוֹן תִּקְוַת עֲנָוִים [עֲנָוִים] תִּאֲבֹד לָעַד:
(כ) קוֹמָה יְהוָה אֶל־עֵז אֲנוֹשׁ יִשְׁפֹּטוּ גוֹיִם עַל־פָּנֶיךָ:
(כא) שִׁיתָה יְהוָה | מוֹרָה לָהֶם יִדְעוּ גוֹיִם אֲנוֹשׁ הֵמָּה סָלָה:

(12) Sing a hymn to Adonai, who reigns in Zion; declares God's deeds among the peoples.

(13) For God does not ignore the cry of the afflicted; He who requites bloodshed is mindful of them.

(14) Have mercy on me, O Adonai; see my affliction at the hands of my foes, You who lift me from the gates of death,

(15) so that in the gates of Fair Zion I might tell all Your praise, I might exult in Your deliverance.

(16) The nations sink in the pit they have made; their won foot is caught in the net they have hidden.

(17) Adonai has made God's self known: God works judgment; the wicked man is snared by his own devices.

Higgaion. Selah.

(18) Let the wicked be in Sheol, all the nations who ignore God!

(19) Not always shall the needy be ignored, nor the hope of the afflicted forever lost.

(20) Rise, O Adonai! Let not men have power; let the nations be judged in Your presence.

(21) Strike fear into them, O Adonai; let the nations know they are only men. *Selah.*

Psalms 11

(א) לִמְנַצַּח לְדָוִד בִּיהוָה חֲסִיתִי אֵיךְ תֹּאמְרוּ לִנְפְשִׁי נוּדוּ [נוֹדִי] הֲרֹכֶם צָפוֹר:
(ב) כִּי הִנֵּה הַרְשָׁעִים יִדְרֹכּוּן קִשֶׁת כּוֹנֵנוּ חֶצֶם עַל־יָתֵר לִירוֹת בְּמוֹאֲפָל לִישָׁרֵי־לֵב:
(ג) כִּי־הִשְׁתּוֹת יִהְרֶסוּן צָדִיק מִה־פָּעַל:
(ד) יְהוָה | בְּהִיכַל קִדְשׁוֹ יְהוָה בְּשָׁמַיִם כִּסְאוֹ עֵינָיו יַחֲזוּ עַפְעָפִיו יִבְחֲנוּ בְּנֵי אָדָם:
(ה) יְהוָה צָדִיק יִבְחֶן וְרָשָׁע וְאֹהֵב חֶמֶס שִׁנְאָה נַפְשׁוֹ:
(ו) יִמְטֵר עַל־רָשָׁעִים פַּחִים אֵשׁ וְגַפְרִית וְרוּחַ זֹלַעְפוֹת מִנֵּת כּוֹסִם:
(ז) כִּי־צָדִיק יְהוָה צְדָקוֹת אֲהַב יֵשֶׁר יַחֲזוּ פְנֵימוֹ:

- (1) For the leader. Of David. In Adonai, I take refuge; how can you say to me, "Take to the hills like a bird!
(2) For see, the wicked bend the bow, they set their arrow on the string to shoot from the shadows at the upright.
(3) When the foundations are destroyed, what can the righteous made do?"
(4) Adonai is in God's holy palace; Adonai - God's throne is in heaven; God's eyes behold, God's gaze searches mankind.
(5) Adonai seeks out the righteous man, but loathes the wicked one who loves injustice.
(6) God will rain down upon the wicked blazing coals and sulfur; a scorching wind shall be their lot.
(7) For Adonai is righteous; God loves righteous deed; the upright shall behold God's face.

יִשְׁתַּבַּח שִׁמְךָ לְעַד מְלָכֵנוּ,
הָאֵל הַמֶּלֶךְ הַגָּדוֹל וְהַקְדוֹשׁ בְּשָׁמַיִם וּבָאָרֶץ.
כִּי לָךְ נִאֲה, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ וְאִמּוֹתֵינוּ,
נְשִׁיר וְנִשְׁבַּחְהָ, הַלֵּל וְזַמְרָה,
עֲזֹ וּמִמְשָׁלָה, נִצַּח,
גִּדְלָה וּגְבוּרָה,
תְּהַלָּה וְתִפְאָרֶת, קִדְשָׁה וּמַלְכוּת.
בְּרָכוֹת וְהוֹדָאוֹת מֵעַתָּה וְעַד עוֹלָם.
בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ, אֵל גָּדוֹל וּמְהֻלָּל בַּתְּשׁוּבָחוֹת,
אֵל הַהוֹדָאוֹת, אֲדוֹן הַנִּפְלְאוֹת,
בוֹרֵא כָּל הַנִּשְׁמוֹת,
רִבּוֹן כָּל הַמַּעֲשִׂים,
הַבּוֹחֵר בְּנִשְׁרֵי זַמְרָה,
מֶלֶךְ יָחִיד, אֵל חַי הָעוֹלָמִים.

Transitioning: Chatzi Kaddish

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא.
בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְּרַעוּתֵהּ,
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ
וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזִמְנוֹ קָרִיב,
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

Yeet-gah-dahl v'-yeesh-kah-dahsh sh'-may rah-bah.

B'-ahl-mah dee v'-rah kheer-oo-tay,

*v'-yahm-leekh mahl-khoo-tay b'-chai-yay-khohn
oov-yoh-may- khohn oo-v'-chai-yay d'-khohl hayt*

Yees-rah-ayl, bah-ah-gah-lah oo-veez-mahn kah-reev, v'-ee-m'-roo: Ah-mayn.

Magnified and sanctified is God's great name in the world created by Your will. And may Your majesty endure in our lifetime, and in our day, in the lives of the House of Israel, speedily and soon. And let us say: Amen.



"Tent City" volunteers organizing and distributing donations of food and water to give to rescue workers and volunteers. (Photo credit unknown.)

יְיָ הֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעֵלְמֵי עֻלְמָיָא.

Y'-hay sh'-may rah-bah m'-voh-rahkh l'-oh-lahm ool-ahl-may ahl-mai-yah.

May God's great name be blessed forever and through eternity.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא, וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלָּה וְיִתְהַלָּל
שְׁמֵהּ דְּקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעֵלְא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא, תִּשְׁבַּחְתָּא
וְנִחַמְתָּא, דְּאִמְיָרָן בְּעֻלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

*Yeet-bah-rakh v'-yeesh-tah-bahkh v'-yeet-pah-ahr v'-yeet-roh-mahm v'-yeet-nah-seh, v'-yeet-hah-dahr
v'-yeet-ah-leh v'-yeet-hah-lahl sh'-may d'-koo-d'-shah, B'-reekh Hoo, l'-ay-lah meen kohl beer-khah-tah
v'-shee-rah-tah, toosh-b'-khah-tah v'-neh-kheh-mah-tah, dah-ah-mee-rahm b'-ahl-mah, v'-ee-m'-roo: Ah-mayn.*
May the Name of the Holy Blessed One be praised and lauded and glorified, elevated and exalted, though God is beyond all blessing and song, praise and consolation that we can offer on earth. And let us say: Amen.

Our Core Statement of Faith and Its Blessings: Sh'ma Uvirchoteha

Our Call to Worship: Bar'chu

בָּרְכוּ אֶת יְיָ הַמְּבָרָךְ.
בְּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבָרָךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Bah-r'-khoo eht Ah-doh-nai hah-m'-voh-rahkh.

Praise Adonai to whom praise is due!

Bah-rookh Ah-doh-nai hah-m'-voh-rahkh l'-oh-lahm vah-ehd.

Praised be Adonai to whom praise is due, now and forever.

Blessing for Creation: Yotzer Ohr

יוצר אור ובורא חֹשֶׁךְ עֹשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם ובורא רָע
אֲנִי יְהוָה עֹשֶׂה כָּל-אֵלֶּה:

I form light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil.

I, Adonai, do all these things.

- Original text as found in Isaiah 45:7

Occasionally during the daytime, there is great darkness - sometimes this darkness is caused by a natural event like an eclipse, while at other times this daytime darkness is caused by humankind.

In this beautiful world God created, we struggled to find the light in the days following September 11th. But in our darkness, we found moments of light ... light in the times we connected with each other, light in the times when we cared for each other, light in the times when we found humanity within the darkness.

Like God, we, too, have an opportunity to create ... we can help God recreate the light we were given each and every day.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, יוצר הַמְּאוֹרוֹת.

Bah-rookh Ah-tah, Ah-doh-nai, Yoh-tzayr hah-m'-oh-roht.

Blessed are You, Adonai, Creator of lights.

God's Love for Us: Ahavah Rabbah

Love your neighbor as yourself, You said.

And light-blinded we saw

that inner and outer worlds are one

as You are One.

You spoke and we wrote.

We reached for You down the centuries,

Your light moving before us

as we climbed, fell back and climbed again

Your Sinai of life.³

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, הבורא בְּעַמּוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּאַהֲבָה.

Bah-rookh Ah-tah Ah-doh-nai, Hah-boh-chayr b'-ah-moh Yees-rah-ayl b'-ah-hah-vah.

Blessed are You, Adonai, who chooses Your people Israel in love.

3. By Judi Neri, as found in Mishkan T'filah, Biennial Edition, Central Conference of American Rabbis, 63.

Our Central Statement of Belief: Sh'ma

Since September 11th, this, for me, that there's something out there and that I'm here, no longer meant anything because every time I thought there was something out there, it turns into inevitably something opposed to me, something I have to define myself against, whether that's God or whether that's a Christian or whether that's a Muslim or whether that's a Buddhist. And that's not my experience.

My genuine experience of life is that there is nothing out there, this is all there is. And when you see the seamlessness of it all, that's what I mean by God. Every tradition has that. Every morning, three times a day since I'm 6 years old, 5 years old, I've been saying, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one." Right? It's one of our few creedal statements, right, the *Shema*. Three times a day since I'm 6 years old.

And 9/11, I guess - if you ask me what did 9/11 really do, it made me understand the truth of that, that the truth of that, everything is one. Not that there's some guy hanging out there who has it all together, who we call One, but that it is all one.

We all know it deep down! We've all had those experiences, whether it's looking at our child in a crib, or whether it's looking at our lover or looking at a mountaintop or looking at a sunset, right? We've all had those experiences when we recognize, "Whoa! We're much more connected here." That's what those firemen had. They recognized. Now, they didn't have time to think about it, right, because actually, if you think about it, you begin to create separations. They didn't think about it. All they knew was we're absolutely connected. We're absolutely connected to the 86th floor.

Well, that's where God is. That's not where God is. God isn't anywhere. That's what we mean when we say God.

- Rabbi Irwin Kula, Conservative Rabbi, President of CLAL-National Jewish Center for Learning and Leadership, appearing on "Frontline: Faith and Doubt at Ground Zero" on PBS.

שְׁמַע
יִשְׂרָאֵל:

יְיָ
אֱלֹהֵינוּ,

יְיָ
אֶחָד.

*Sh'ma Yees-rah-ayl:
Ah-doh-nai Eh-loh-hay-noo
Ah-doh-nai Eh-khahd.*

Hear, O Israel:
Adonai is our God,
Adonai is One.

בָּרוּךְ
שֵׁם
כְּבוֹד
מְלָכּוּתוֹ
לְעוֹלָם
וָעֶד.

*Bah-rookh shaym k'-vohd
mahl-khoo-toh l'oh-lahm vah-ehd.*

Blessed is God's glorious
majesty for ever and ever.

Our Love for God: V'ahavta

וְאַהֲבַתְּ אֶת יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ
בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ
וּבְכָל-מְאֹדְךָ: וְהָיָה
הַדְּבָרִים הָאֵלֶּה אֲשֶׁר
אֲנִי מְצַוְךָ הַיּוֹם
עַל-לִבְבְּךָ: וְשִׁנְתָּם
לְבִלִּיד וְדַבַּרְתָּ בָם
בְּשִׁבְתְּךָ בְּבֵיתְךָ וּבִלְכֻתְךָ
בְּדֶרֶךְ וּבְשֹׁכְבְּךָ וּבְקוּמְךָ:
וְקִשְׁרָתָם לְאוֹת עַל-יָדְךָ
וְהָיוּ לְטָטְפֹת בֵּין עֵינֶיךָ:
וְכִתַּבְתָּם עַל-מְזוֹזֹת
בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:

*V'-ah-hahv-tah ayt Ah-doh-nai
Eh-loh-hehkhah, oo-v'khohl
nahf-sheh-khah, oo-v'khohl
m'-oh-deh-khah. V'-hai-yoo
hah-d'-vah-reem hah-ay-leh ah-sheh
ah-noh-khee m'-tzah-v'-khah hai-yohm
ahl l'-vah-veh-khah. V'-shee-nah-tahm
l'-vah-neh-khah v'-dee-bahr-tah bahm
b'-sheev-t'-khah b'-bay-teh-khah
oov-lehkh-t'-khah vah-deh-rehkh
oov-shohkh-b'-khah
oo-v'-koo-meh-khah. ook-shahr-tahm
l'-oht ahl-yah-deh-khah v'-hai-yoo
l'-toh-tah-foht bayn ay-neh-khah.
Ookh-tahv-tahm ahl-m'-zoo-zoht
bay-teh-khah oo-veesh-ah-reh-khah.*

You shall love Adonai, your God, with
all your heart, with all your soul, with all
your being. Take these words that I
command you this day upon your heart.
Teach them to your children and speak
of them at home and on your way, when
you lie down and when you rise up.
Bind them as a sign upon your hand and
let them be a symbol between your eyes,
inscribe them on your doorposts and on
your gates.

A Chassid's Wedding on 9/11/01 ... Dovi Scheiner speaks:

On my wedding morning, I got up at five o'clock. I had all this excited energy. I went to the synagogue to pray. At about 9:30 someone came over and looked at me with disdain and said, "You're sitting here and studying. Do you have any idea what's going on outside?"

We went up to the roof and saw the two towers burning. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. It took time for me to remember it was my wedding day.

A wedding day in Judaism is not just a party. It's a spiritual day, a union of two souls. It's the day I'd been counting down to since I met Esty. Now, the harshest reality had crashed into that day.

I didn't know what to do. I kept asking everyone, "How can I get married tonight?" People said, "You're the groom. You have to be happy." But that didn't answer *how* I could be happy.

I went home to get dressed for my wedding, but I couldn't. I broke down crying. How was I supposed to dance when so many people were dead or dying?

Finally, I called a rabbi who has helped me in other times. He said to me, "It's not about happiness in the face of sadness, but good versus evil, about darkness versus light." He explained that what had happened was the epitome of evil, and that celebrating didn't mean I was indifferent, or just going on with my party. He said that Esty and I were on our way to perform a righteous act. That clicked for me. I had a mission to play in this drama going on around me.

We got married on a big porch. During the ceremony, we faced east and the guests faced west. Behind us, in back of the chupa, smoke filled the sky. Later, people told me it was a horrific scene. But Esty and I never realized it.

- Dov Scheiner, a Chassid who runs the "World Tikkun Center" in lower Manhattan (from www.worldtikkuncenter.org)

לִמְעַן תִּזְכְּרוּ וַעֲשִׂיתֶם אֶת-כָּל-מִצְוֹתַי וְהֵייתֶם קְדוֹשִׁים לֵאלֹהֵיכֶם: אֲנִי
 יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵיכֶם אֲשֶׁר הוֹצֵאתִי אֶתְכֶם מֵאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם לִהְיוֹת לָכֶם
 לֵאלֹהִים אֲנִי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵיכֶם׃

*L'-mah-ahn teez-k'-roo vah-ah-see-tehm eht-kohl-meetz-voh-tai, vee-h'-yee-tehm k'-doh-sheem lay-loh-hay-khehm.
 Ah-nee Ah-doh-nai Eh-loh-hay-khehm ah-sheer hoh-tzay-tee eht-khehm may-eh-rehtz meetz-rai-yeem lee-h'-yoht
 lah-khehm lay-loh-heem ah-nee Ah-doh-nai Eh-loh-hay-khehm.*

Thus you should remember and do all of My commandments and be holy to your God. I am Adonai your God who led you out of Egypt to be your God, I am Adonai your God.

Our Redemption: G'ulah

“In Egypt, the slaves who built the pyramids and died at their work might at least have seen their structure, the work of their hands, rising always a little higher. The prisoners of Auschwitz-Birkenau who carried piles of stone, only to drag them to their original places the next day, could see but one thing: the revolting sterility of their effort.”⁵

- Olga Lengyel, Holocaust survivor who was taken to Auschwitz in 1944 and lost her husband, parents, and children before being freed the following year

Do we truly understand freedom
 until it is taken away?

As Americans, we generally take
 our freedom for granted.

As Jews, we consciously try not to forget.

But, we do ...



The first American flag hoisted
 over the WTC site.

(Photo: Thomas E. Franklin.)

We forget how our ancestors were freed by God from slavery in Egypt.

We forget how our country's early leaders fought for our independence.

We forget how families were broken ensuring that all of our citizens are free.

We forget about the ones who fought, and still fight, for equality of gender.

We forget until our freedom to choose how we live is restricted.

The wake-up call only comes when we are affected.

But we must always try to remember ...

“Until we are all free, we are none of us free.”⁶

4. Deuteronomy 6:5-9 and Numbers 15:37-41.

5. Quote from “Five Chimneys: The Story of Auschwitz” (Howard Fertig, 1983, originally published in 1947), as quoted in “The Jewish Woman’s Book of Wisdom: Thoughts From Prominent Jewish Women on Spirituality, Identity, Sisterhood, Family, and Faith,” edited by Ellen Jaffe-Gill (Carol Publishing, 1999), 165.

6. Final quote only by Emma Lazarus. Reference given as “American Hebrew,” 3 November 1882-23 February 1883, from “The Quotable Jewish Woman.: Wisdom, Inspiration & HUMor from the Mind & Heart,” edited and compiled by Elaine Bernstein Partnow (Jewish Lights, 2004), 139.

מִי כְמִכָּה בְּאֵלִים יְיָ, מִי כְמִכָּה נֶאֱדָר בְּקֹדֶשׁ, נוֹרָא תְהִלָּת, עֲשֵׂה פִלָּא.
שִׁירָה חֲדָשָׁה שִׁבְחוּ גְאוּלִּים לְשִׁמְךָ עַל שְׁפַת הַיָּם, יַחַד כָּלֶם הוֹדוּ
וְהַמְלִיכוּ, וְאָמְרוּ: יְיָ יִמְלֹךְ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Mee khah-moh-khah bah-ay-leem Ah-doh-nai, mee kah-moh-khah neh-dahr bah-koh-dehsh, noh-rah t'-hee-loht, oh-say feh-leh. Shee-rah khah-dah-shah sheeb-khoo g'-oo-leem l'-sheem-khah ahl s'-faht hai-yahm, yah-khahd koo-lahm hoh-doo v'-heem-lee-khoo, v'-ah-m'-roo: Ah-doh-nai yeem-lohkh l'-oh-lahm vah-ehd.
Who is like You, O God, among the gods that are worshipped? Who is like You, majestic in holiness, extolled in praises, worming wonders? With new song, inspired, at the shore of the Sea, the redeemed sang Your praise. In unison they offered thanks. Acknowledging Your Sovereignty, they said: "Adonai will reign forever!"

צוּר יִשְׂרָאֵל, קוֹמָה בְּעֶזְרַת יִשְׂרָאֵל, וּפְדָה כְנָאֲמָךְ יְהוּדָה וְיִשְׂרָאֵל.
גְּאֻלָּנוּ יְיָ צְבָאוֹת שְׁמוֹ, קְדוֹשׁ יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ גֹּאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

Tzoor Yees-rah-ayl, koo-mah b'-ehz-raht Yees-rah-ayl, oo-f'-day kheen-oo-meh-khah Y'-hoo-dah v'-Yees-rah-ayl. Goh-ah-lay-noo Ah-doh-nai tz'-vah-oht sh'-moh, k'-dohsh Yees-rah-ayl. Bah-rookh Ah-tah Ah-doh-nai gah-ahl Yees-rah-ayl.

Rock of Israel, rise in support of Israel and redeem Judah and Israel as You promised. Our redeemer, Adonai Tz'vaot, is Your name. Blessed are You, Adonai, who redeems Israel.

Our Central Prayer: Amidah

אֲדֹנָי שְׁפָתַי תִּפְתָּח וּפִי יַגִּיד תְּהִלָּתֶךָ.⁷

Ah-doh-nai s'-fah-tai teef-tahkh oo-fee yah-geed t'-hee-lah-teh-khah.
Eternal God, open up my lips that my mouth may declare your glory.

Our Ancestors: Avot V'imahot

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ וְאִמּוֹתֵינוּ, אֱלֹהֵי אַבְרָהָם, אֱלֹהֵי
יִצְחָק, וְאֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב. אֱלֹהֵי שָׂרָה, אֱלֹהֵי רִבְקָה, אֱלֹהֵי רָחֵל וְאֱלֹהֵי לֵאָה.
הָאֵל הַגָּדוֹל הַגִּבּוֹר וְהַנּוֹרָא, אֵל עֶלְיוֹן, גּוֹמֵל חֲסָדִים טוֹבִים, וְקוֹנֵה הַכֹּל,
וְזוֹכֵר חֲסִדֵי אֲבוֹת וְאִמּוֹת, וְיַמְבִּיא גְּאֻלָּה לְבָנֵי בְּנֵיהֶם לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ
בְּאַהֲבָה. מְלֹךְ עוֹזֵר וּמוֹשִׁיעַ וּמַגֵּן. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ, מֶגֶן אַבְרָהָם וְעִזְרַת
שָׂרָה.

Bah-rookh Ah-tah, Ah-doh-nai Eh-loh-hay-noo Vay-loh-hay ah-voh-tay-noo v'-ee-moh-tay-noo, Eh-loh-hay Ahv-rah-hahm, Eh-loh-hay Yeetz-khahk, Vay-loh-hay Yah-ah-kohv. Eh-loh-hay Sah-rah, Eh-loh-hay Reev-kah, Eh-loh-hay Rah-khayl Vay-loh-hay Lay-ah. Hah-ayl hah-gah-dohl hah-gee-bohr v'hah-noh-rah, Ayl ehl-yohn, goh-mayl khah-sah-deem toh-veen, v'-koh-nay hah-kohl, v'-zoh-khayr khahs-day ah-voht v'-ee-mah-hoht, oo-may-vee g'-oo-lah leev-nay v'-nay-hehm l'-mah-ahn sh'-moh b'-ah-hah-vah. Meh-lehkh oh-zayr oo-moh-shee-ah oo-mah-gayn. Bah-rookh Ah-tah, Ah-doh-nai, mah-gayn Ahv-rah-hahm v'-ehz-raht Sah-rah.

7. Psalm 51:17.

Blessed are You, Adonai, our God, God of our fathers and mothers, God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and God of Jacob. God of Sarah, God of Rebecca, God of Rachel, and God of Leah, the great, mighty, and awesome God, transcendent God who bestows loving kindness, creates everything out of love, remembers the love of our fathers and mothers, and brings redemption to their children's children for the sake of the Divine Name. Sovereign, Deliverer, Helper, and Shield: Blessed are You, Adonai, Helper of Sarah, Abraham's Shield.

God's Strength: G'vurot

אַתָּה גִּבּוֹר לְעוֹלָם, אֲדֹנָי, מְחִיָּה הַכֹּל (מֵתִים) אֶתָּה, רַב לְהוֹשִׁיעַ. מוֹרִיד
הַטֶּל. מְכַלְכֵּל חַיִּים בְּחֶסֶד, מְחִיָּה הַכֹּל (מֵתִים) בְּרַחֲמִים רַבִּים, סוֹמֵךְ
נוֹפְלִים, וְרוֹפֵא חוֹלִים, וּמַתִּיר אֲסוּרִים, וּמְקִים אֲמוּנָתוֹ לִישְׁנֵי עָפָר. מִי
כְמוֹךָ, בַּעַל גִּבּוֹרוֹת, וּמִי דוֹמָה לָךְ, מְלֶכֶךְ מִמִּית וּמְחִיָּה וּמַצְמִיחַ יְשׁוּעָה.
וְנִאֲמָן אֶתָּה לְהַחְיֹת הַכֹּל (מֵתִים). בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, מְחִיָּה הַכֹּל (הַמֵּתִים).

Ah-tah gee-bohr l'-oh-lahm, Ah-doh-nai, m'-chai-yay hah-kohl (may-teem) Ah-tah, rahv l'-hoh-shee-ah. Moh-reed hah-tahl. M'-khahk-kayl chai-yeem b'-kheh-sehd, m'Ochai-yay hah-kohl (may-teem) b'-rah-khah-meem rah-beem, soh-maykh nohf-leem, v'-roh-fay khoh-leem, oo-mah-teer ah-soo-reem, oo-m'-kai-yaym eh-moo-nah-toh kee-shay-nay ah-fahr. Mee khah-moh-khah, bah-ahl g'-voo-roht, oo-mee doh-meh lahkh, meh-lehkh may-meet oo-m'-chai-yeh oo-mahitz-mee-ahkh y'-shoo-ah. V'-neh-eh-mahn Ah-tah l'-hah-chai-yoht hah-kohl (may-teem). Bah-rookh Ah-tah Ah-doh-nai, m'-chai-yay hah-kohl (hah-may-teem).

You are Forever mighty, Adonai; You give life to all (revive the dead). You rain dew upon us. You sustain life through love, giving life to all (reviving the dead) through great compassion, supporting the fallen, healing the sick, freeing the captive, keeping faith with those who sleep in the dust. Who is like You, Source of mighty acts? Who resembles You, a Sovereign who takes and gives life, causing deliverance to spring up and faithfully giving life to all (reviving that which is dead)? Blessed are You, Adonai, who gives to all (revives the dead).

K'dushah

נִקְדַּשׁ אֶת שְׁמֶךָ בְּעוֹלָם, כְּשֵׁם שֶׁמְקַדִּישִׁים אוֹתוֹ בְּשֵׁמי מָרוֹם,
כְּכַתוּב עַל יַד נְבִיאֶךָ, וְקָרָא זֶה אֵל זֶה וְאָמַר:
קְדוֹשׁ, קְדוֹשׁ, קְדוֹשׁ, יְיָ צְבָאוֹת, מְלֹא כָּל הָאָרֶץ כְּבוֹדוֹ.
לְעַמְתֶּם בָּרוּךְ יֵאמְרוּ:
בָּרוּךְ כְּבוֹד יְיָ מִמְּקוֹמוֹ.
וּבְדַבְּרֵי קִדְשֶׁךָ כְּתוּב לֵאמֹר:
יְמַלֶּךְ יְיָ לְעוֹלָם, אֱלֹהֶיךָ צִיּוֹן, לְדֹר וָדֹר, הַלְלוּיָהּ.
לְדֹר וָדֹר נִגִּיד גְּדֻלָּתְךָ, וּלְנֶצַח נְצָחִים קִדְשְׁתֶּךָ נִקְדִּישׁ, וְשִׁבְחֶךָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ,
מִפִּינוּ לֹא יָמוּשׁ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ, הָאֵל הַקְדוֹשׁ.

Let us sanctify Your name on earth as it is sanctified in the heavens on high, as written by Your prophet: They called out one to another: Holy, Holy, Holy is Adonai Tz'vaot, God's Presence fills all the earth.

They responded in blessing: Blessed is the Presence of Adonai in God's place.

In Your holy scripture it is written: Adonai shall reign forever, Your God O Zion, for all generations, Halleluyah.

For all generations we will tell of Your greatness and for all eternity proclaim Your holiness. Your praise, our God, will never leave our mouths, for You are a Sovereign God, great and holy. Blessed are You Adonai, the holy God.

The Middle Benedictions:

Binah

אַתָּה חוֹנֵן לְאָדָם יְדַעַת,
וּמְלַמֵּד לְאַנּוּשׁ בִּינָה. חֲנִנּוּ
מֵאַתָּךְ חֲכָמָה, בִּינָה וְדַעַת.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, חוֹנֵן הַדַּעַת.

T'shuvah

הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ לְתוֹרָתְךָ, וְקִרְבָּנוּ
לְעִבּוּדְתְּךָ, וְהַחְזִירֵנוּ
בְּתִשּׁוּבָה שְׁלֵמָה לְפָנֶיךָ.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, הַרוֹצֶה
בְּתִשּׁוּבָה.

S'lichah

סְלַח לָנוּ, כִּי חָטְאָנוּ, מְחַל
לָנוּ, כִּי פָשַׁעְנוּ, כִּי מוֹחֵל
וְסוֹלֵחַ אַתָּה. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי,
חֲנוּן הַמֵּרַבֶּה לְסִלָּה.

A Story of Survival: "Stairway B"

Twelve firefighters. One cop. One civilian.
The firefighters and the cop had been on the 23rd through 35th floors of the north tower when the south tower collapsed at 9:59 a.m. Ordered to evacuate, they joined a line of uniformed colleagues descending Stairway B, the center stairs in the building. The evacuation procession extended from high in the building, down the staircase, through the lobby and out to the street.

"Davey, we gotta' go! Now!" yelled Capt. Kathy Mazza, 46, the highest-ranking woman on the Port Authority police force. She was yelling up the stairs.

"I'm right behind you, boss," responded canine officer David Lim, 45. Then he stopped for a moment to help firefighters who were carrying a 59-year-old Port Authority secretary, Josephine Harris.

The firefighters of Ladder Company 6 had found Harris on the 22nd floor, tired and crying, unable to continue. "Cap, what do you want to do with her?" a firefighter asked.

"We'll take her with us," said Capt. John Jonas, head of Ladder 6. Firefighter Bill Butler, a bull of a man, began carrying Harris down the stairs. Others searched for a chair that could be used to carry her down.

Firefighter Bill Butler, a bull of a man, began carrying Harris down the stairs. Others searched for a chair that could be used to carry her down.

The rumble began at 10:28 a.m.

The noise was so loud, "it sounded like you were standing between two Amtrak trains going in opposite directions," Butler recalls.

Firefighter Sal D'Agostino jumped for the protection of doorways. Jonas hustled back into the stairway from a floor where he had been searching for a chair to carry Harris.

A hurricane-like wind blew down the stairway. Firefighter Matt Komorowski flew, literally, from the fourth to the second floor. Battalion Chief Richard Picciotto, 51, was thrown from the sixth to the second floor.

Then the noise stopped. The stairwell was dark, smoky, dusty. The men's eyes, ears and mouths were clogged with dust.

The firefighters sounded off. There were a dozen, plus Lim and Harris. The 14 who survived were scattered inside the stairway from the lobby to just below the sixth floor. Miraculously, none had life-threatening injuries.

Two firefighters who had been above and below them in the same stairwell cried for help.

Battalion Chief Richard Prunty, 57, radioed from the lobby that he was pinned under a steel beam and losing consciousness. Michael Warchola, 51, a lieutenant on Ladder 5, radioed that he was trapped on the 12th floor of Stairway B. He did not know that the 12th floor did not exist anymore. He had been thrown somewhere else.

The uninjured firefighters tried to reach Prunty and Warchola but were blocked by debris. Prunty and Warchola died. The body of Mazza, the police captain, was later found outside the building.

But the 14 people inside Stairway B from the lobby to the sixth floor were spared. Why? Nobody can say for sure, but the survivors were in a structurally unique location in the 110-story tower.

The stairwell was at the center of the building's core, a rectangular area of elevator shafts, plumbing and stairwells. On the bottom six floors, the core was surrounded by open space — a giant atrium that gave the lobby a grand look. Just above the survivors, a thick reinforced cement floor supported a mechanical equipment room.

When the towers fell, the reinforced seventh floor — like a protective helmet — helped slow the collapse just enough to divert the debris into the open air of the six-story atrium.

G'ulah

רָאָה בְּעֵינֵינוּ, וְרִיבָה רִיבָנוּ,
וּגְאָלָנוּ מִהֲרָה לְמַעַן שְׁמֹךְ,
כִּי גּוֹאֵל חֲזָק אֶתָּה. בְּרוּךְ
אַתָּה יי, גּוֹאֵל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

R'fuah

רָפְאָנוּ וְנִרְפָּא, הוֹשִׁיעֵנו
וְנִשְׁעָה, וְהַעֲלֵה רַפּוּאָה
שְׁלֵמָה לְכָל מַכּוּתֵינוּ וּלְכָל
תַּחֲלוּאֵינוּ וּלְכָל מַכְאוּבֵינוּ.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, רוֹפֵא
הַחַוּלִים.

Birkat HaShanim

בָּרַךְ עָלֵינוּ אֶת הַשָּׁנָה הַזֹּאת
וְאֶת כָּל מֵינֵי תְבוּאָתָהּ
לְטוֹבָה. וְתֵן בְּרָכָה עַל פְּנֵי
הָאֲדָמָה, וְשִׁבְעֵנוּ מִטוֹבָךְ.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, מְבָרֵךְ
הַשָּׁנִים.

Cheirut

תִּקַּע בְּשׁוֹפָר גָּדוֹל
לְחֵרוּתֵנוּ, וְשָׂא נֶס גָּדוֹל
לְעִשְׂוִיקֵינוּ, וְקוֹל דְּרוֹר
יִשְׁמַע בְּאַרְבַּע כְּנָפוֹת
הָאָרֶץ. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי,
פוֹדֶה עֲשׂוּקִים.

Mishpat

עַל שׁוֹפְטֵי אֶרֶץ שְׁפוּדָה
רוֹחֵד וְהִדְרִיכִם בְּמִשְׁפָּטֵי
צִדְקָה, וּמִלֵּךְ עָלֵינוּ אַתָּה
לְבַדָּךְ בְּחֶסֶד וּבְרַחֲמִים.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, אוֹהֵב
צִדְקָה וּמִשְׁפָּט.

Al HaRishah

וְלַרְשָׁעָה אֵל תִּהְיֶה תִּקְוָה,
וְהַתּוֹעִים אֱלִידָה יִשׁוּבוּ,
וּמַלְכוּת זָדוֹן מִהֲרָה
תִּשָּׁבֵר. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי,
שׁוֹבֵר רָשָׁע מִן הָאָרֶץ.

"When the debris hits the atrium, it has zero resistance," says Gene Corley, chairman of a federally funded study of the collapse of the buildings. "It's a viable theory that the debris diverted around them just enough to protect the stairway."

Jonas describes it more colorfully: "The tower came down like a peeling banana, and it peeled around us."

The stairway itself barely survived. Railings were bent. Debris covered the steps. But, amazingly, it was passable from the second to fifth floors.

After the dust settled, the trapped firefighters went exploring.

After three hours, they made a discovery: sunlight. Between occasional breaks in the smoke, they could see the sky from a hole on the side of the fourth-floor stairs.

Picciotto was the first out. He walked up the stairs and onto the top of Ground Zero. He was alone in an endless field of debris. Buildings burned in the distance.

Lim walked up the stairs and joined him. They stood in silence atop 16 acres of rubble.

"Chief," Lim said finally, "what do you think the chances of surviving something like this are?"

"One in a billion," Picciotto said. "One in a billion."⁸

8. From "Miracles Emerge from the Debris," by Dennis Cauchon and Martha T. Moore, USA Today, September 5, 2002.

A Story of Survival: "This is Bad"

Will Jimeno, a rookie cop assigned to a bus station, saw an airplane's shadow pass over 42nd Street. Minutes later, he was on a commandeered bus with 20 other Port Authority police officers on their way to the World Trade Center. The men rode in silence.

Outside the World Trade Center, Sgt. John McLoughlin, 48, a veteran police officer trained in rescues, barked, "I need three volunteers." He wanted only cops who could use a 30-pound Scott Air-Pak, a self-contained breathing device used by firefighters. Jimeno, 33, had learned how at the police academy. He stepped forward. So did Antonio Rodrigues, 35, and Dominick Pezzulo, 36.

They tried to squeeze into fire-resistant protective gear, but the muscle-bound, weight-lifting cops were too big. They would head up into the towers in their service uniforms. Officer Chris Amoroso, 29, who had already carried people to safety, met the crew. He hugged Jimeno, his friend.

The five-member team was set: an Irish sergeant, two Italians and immigrants from Portugal and Colombia. A classic group of New York cops. They were going to the fire atop the north tower.

The men were pushing carts of air packs in the shopping mall that connected the north and south towers when they heard a boom. Then a rumble. Then a fireball the size of a house was rolling toward them. They didn't know it, but the south tower was collapsing.

"Run towards the freight elevator!" the sergeant yelled. Pezzulo was closest. Jimeno followed. The sergeant was third. Amid a thunderous roar, a rain of concrete and steel buried the men. At the first silence, McLoughlin called: "Is everybody all right? Sound off!"

"Pezzulo." "Jimeno." Silence. "A-Rod?" Jimeno called, using Rodrigues' nickname. "Amoroso? A-Rod! Amoroso! A-Rod! Amoroso!" For two minutes, the rookie cop shouted their names. Finally, Pezzulo said quietly, "They're in a better place."

Jimeno was pinned by a concrete wall that had fallen on his lap. The air pack on his back propped him up, so he

Tzaddikim

עַל הַצַּדִּיקִים וְעַל
הַחֲסִידִים וְעַל זִקְנֵי עַמָּךְ
בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל גְּרֵי הַצֶּדֶק
וְעַלֵינוּ, יְהֵמוּ נָא רַחֲמֶיךָ, יי
אֱלֹהֵינוּ, וְתֵן שָׂכָר טוֹב לְכָל
הַבוֹטָחִים בְּשִׁמְךָ בְּאַמֶּת,
וְשִׁים חֶלְקֵנוּ עִמָּהֶם לְעוֹלָם.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי, מִשְׁעוֹן
וּמִבְטָח לַצַּדִּיקִים.

Y'rushalayim

וְלִירוּשָׁלַיִם עִירְךָ בְּרַחֲמִים
תִּפְנֶה, וִיהִי שָׁלוֹם בְּשַׁעְרֶיךָ
וּשְׁלֹחַ בְּלֵב יוֹשְׁבֶיךָ,
וְתוֹרְתֶךָ מִצִּיּוֹן תֵּצֵא, וּדְבָרְךָ
מִירוּשָׁלַיִם. בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יי,
נוֹתֵן שָׁלוֹם בִּירוּשָׁלַיִם.

Y'shuah

אַמֶּת מֵאֶרֶץ תִּצְמַח וְצִדִּיק
מִשְׁמִים נִשְׁקֶה, וְקָרוּ עִמָּךְ
תָּרוֹם בִּישׁוּעָתְךָ, כִּי
לִישׁוּעָתְךָ קוִינֵנוּ כָּל הַיּוֹם.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מִצְמִיחַ קָרוֹן
יְשׁוּעָה.

Shomei-a T'filah

שָׁמַע קוֹלָנוּ, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, חוּס
וְרַחֵם עָלֵינוּ, וְקַבֵּל בְּרַחֲמִים
וּבְרָצוֹן אֶת תְּפִלָּתֵנוּ, כִּי אֵל
שׁוֹמֵעַ תְּפִלוֹת וְתַחֲנוּנִים
אַתָּה. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, שׁוֹמֵעַ
תְּפִלָּה.

The Final Benedictions:

Avodah

רָצָה, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, בְּעַמְּךָ
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וּתְפִלָּתְךָ בְּאַהֲבָה
תִּקְבֹּל, וּתְהִי לְרָצוֹן תָּמִיד
עֲבוּדַת יִשְׂרָאֵל עַמְּךָ. אֵל
קָרוֹב לְכָל קָרָאיוֹ, פָּנֶה אֶל
עַבְדֶּיךָ וְחַנּוּנוֹ,
שִׁפְךָ רוּחְךָ עָלֵינוּ. וְתַחֲזִיקֵנוּ
עֵינֵינוּ בְּשׁוֹבֶךָ לְצִיּוֹן
בְּרַחֲמִים. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה, יְיָ,
הַמַּחְזִיר שְׂכִינָתוֹ לְצִיּוֹן.

was sitting at a 45-degree angle. Pezzulo was buried nearby. They were in a triangle-shaped cave. Through the nooks and crannies of rubble, they could see a hole that let in wisps of air and light 20 feet above.

McLoughlin was 20 feet away and a little below. His crevice was the size of a coffin.

Pezzulo freed himself and repeatedly tried to lift the cement off Jimeno. It always fell back.

Pezzulo took out his gun and fired out through the hole, hoping someone would hear the noise.

Then, a second rumble began. The north tower was collapsing.

"Dominick, something big is coming," Jimeno said. He took his fingers, put them over his heart and, in sign language, signaled with both hands: "I love you."

Pezzulo stepped back. The men looked each other in the eye. "If it's going to hit me, I will die seeing my friend," Jimeno thought to himself.

Over 15 seconds, the rumble loudened to the roar of a thousand freight trains. A falling concrete wall batted Pezzulo to the ground. He let out a cry, loud and excruciating. Then he said calmly: "I'm hurt. I'm hurt bad."

They both knew he was dying. They spoke quietly, about life, about their families, about being cops.

"I love you," Pezzulo said. "I love you," Jimeno said. "Willie, don't forget. I died trying to save you guys." "Dominick, I'll never forget."

Pezzulo slouched back. His body relaxed. He died facing the light above him. After a period of silence, Jimeno spoke: "Sarge, this is bad."

McLoughlin's legs had been crushed fully in the second collapse. The two men could not see each other. The sergeant spoke into his radio. In response, he heard only static.

Flames shot into the hole. Jimeno thought burning to death would not be a good way to go. Then fire enveloped Pezzulo's gun. It started firing. The 15 bullets remaining in the magazine ricocheted off concrete in the hole that the second collapse had reduced to the size of a pup tent. Jimeno covered his face.

Then it stopped. The fires faded. The two wounded men were alone, pinned 30 feet below the top of the ruins. They talked to keep each other awake and alive.

Sometimes they yelled for help. But mostly the 46-year-old sergeant, a 21-year veteran, and the 32-year-old rookie talked intimately, sometimes revealing personal things — about kids, families, feelings — that they had never shared with anyone.

Jimeno asked the sergeant to deliver a message over the radio to his wife, Allison, who was seven months pregnant. They had received no response earlier, but he thought maybe their radio call would be picked up on a police tape recording.

"Attention," McLoughlin announced. "Officer Jimeno requests that his baby girl be named Olivia." His wife had liked the name. He hadn't been so sure. Now, as he prepared to die, he wanted to think of his baby girl, Olivia.

Then, a voice came from above. A man yelled into the hole. He gave the last name of a man he was searching for and wanted to know whether he was down there.

"No," Jimeno yelled. "We're down here. PAPD (for Port Authority Police Department). McLoughlin and Jimeno."

The man walked away.

"Don't leave us!" Jimeno cried. But the man vanished. Jimeno began yelling.

"Don't get mad, Will," the sergeant said. "You don't know if they're hurt. We don't know anything."

Hoda'ah

מוֹדִים אֲנִי לָךְ, שְׁאַתָּה
הוא, יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאַלֵּהֵי
אֲבוֹתֵינוּ וְאִמּוֹתֵינוּ לְעוֹלָם
וָעֵד. צוּר חַיֵּינוּ, מָגֵן יִשְׁעֵנוּ,
אַתָּה הוּא לְדוֹר וָדוֹר. נוֹדָה
לָךְ וְנִסְפָּר תְּהִלָּתְךָ. עַל
חַיֵּינוּ הַמְּסוּרִים בְּיָדְךָ, וְעַל
נַשְׁמוֹתֵינוּ הַפְּקוּדוֹת לָךְ,
וְעַל נִסִּיךְ שְׂבָכָל יוֹם עֲמָנוּ,
וְעַל נִפְלְאוֹתֶיךָ וְטוֹבוֹתֶיךָ
שְׂבָכָל עֵת, עָרֵב וּבֹקֶר
וְצַהֲרָיִם. הַטּוֹב כִּי לֹא כָלוּ
רַחֲמֶיךָ, וְהַמְּרַחֵם, כִּי לֹא
תָמוּ חֲסָדֶיךָ, מֵעוֹלָם קִיֵּינוּ
לָךְ.

וְעַל כָּלֵם יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִתְרוֹמֵם
שְׁמֶךָ, מַלְכֵנוּ, תָּמִיד לְעוֹלָם
וָעֵד. וְכָל הַחַיִּים יוֹדוּךָ
סֵלָה, וְיִהְיוּ אֶת שְׁמֶךָ
בְּאַמֶּת, הָאֵל יִשׁוּעָתֵנוּ
וְעִזָּרְתֵנוּ סֵלָה. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה,
יי, הַטּוֹב שְׁמֶךָ וְלָךְ נֶאֱחָה
לְהוֹדוֹת.

Shalom

שֵׁים שְׁלוֹם טוֹבָה וּבִרְכָּה,
חֵן וְחֶסֶד וְרַחֲמִים, עָלֵינוּ
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל עַמָּךְ.
בִּרְכָּנוּ, יוֹצְרֵנוּ, בְּלֵנוּ כְּאֶחָד
בְּאוֹר פְּנִיךָ, כִּי בְּאוֹר פְּנִיךָ
נִתְּתָה לָנוּ, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, תּוֹרַת
חַיִּים וְאַהֲבַת חֶסֶד, וְצִדְקָה
וּבִרְכָּה וְרַחֲמִים וְחַיִּים
וְשְׁלוֹם. וְטוֹב בְּעֵינֶיךָ לְבָרֹךְ
אֶת עַמָּךְ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּכָל עֵת
וּבְכָל שָׁעָה בְּשָׁלוֹמְךָ. בְּרוּךְ
אַתָּה, יְיָ, הַמְּבָרֵךְ אֶת עַמּוֹ
יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּשָׁלוֹם.

Night fell. Jimeno and McLoughlin passed in and out of consciousness. Jimeno, a Catholic, had a vision. Jesus walked toward him, dressed in a white robe. Tall grass waving in the wind could be seen over one shoulder, a large lake over the other. Jesus was bringing him a bottle of water.

Jimeno awoke. He felt suddenly at peace with dying. But with that peace came a renewed spirit to fight. "We're going to get out of this hellhole, Sarge," he shouted.

He began banging a pipe in front of him to make noise. He banged on the pipe with his handcuffs. He got out his service weapon. His hands were too swollen to pull the trigger, so he banged it like a hammer.

"Keep yelling, Will. Keep yelling," McLoughlin ordered. They found themselves breaking into laughter. Jimeno recalled a line from the movie *G.I. Jane*: "Pain is good. Pain is your friend. If you're feeling pain, you're still alive." To a pair of men whose legs were crushed, this was raucously funny.

Time passed. It was about 10:30 p.m., 12 hours after the second building collapsed.

Suddenly, Jimeno heard a distant voice. "United States Marine Corps!" a man yelled from far away. "Can anybody hear us?"

McLoughlin and Jimeno began to scream in unison: "8-13! 8-13!" It was the code for an officer down.

"Keep yelling," the voice said. "We'll find you." The Marine poked his head in the hole. Jimeno looked at his face 20 feet above. "Please don't leave," Jimeno begged.

"Buddy," the Marine said, "I'm not going anywhere."

It took New York Police Department rescue specialists three hours to free Jimeno. It took another eight hours to rescue McLoughlin. Rescue workers wrapped Pezzulo's body in an American flag before they removed it. He was buried Sept. 19.

McLoughlin spent six weeks in a medically induced coma while doctors performed 27 operations on his legs. Jimeno spent nearly three months in the hospital and rehabilitation. On June 11, McLoughlin (with a walker) and Jimeno (with a limp) walked across a stage at Madison Square Garden to receive the Port Authority's Medal of Honor. Olivia Jimeno was born on Nov. 26, her father's 34th birthday.⁹

T'filat HaLev

אֱלֹהִי, נִצּוֹר לְשׁוֹנִי מִרָע
וּשְׁפָתִי מִדְּבַר מְרָמָה,
וּלְמַקְלָלִי נִפְשֵׁי תִדָּם,
וְנִפְשֵׁי כְּעָפָר לְכָל תִּהְיֶה.
פָּתַח לְבִי בְּתוֹרָתְךָ,
וּבְמִצְוֹתֶיךָ תִּרְדּוּף נִפְשִׁי.
וְכָל הַחוֹשְׁבִּים עָלַי רָעָה,
מִהֲרָה הִפֵּר עֲצָתָם וְקִלְקַל
מַחֲשַׁבְתָּם. עֲשֵׂה לִמְעַן
שְׁמֶךָ, עֲשֵׂה לִמְעַן יִמְיָנְךָ,
עֲשֵׂה לִמְעַן קִדְשֶׁתְּךָ, עֲשֵׂה
לִמְעַן תּוֹרָתְךָ. לִמְעַן יִחַלְצוּ
יְדֵיֶיךָ, הוֹשִׁיעָה יְמִינְךָ
וְעַנְנִי.

יִהְיוּ לְרָצוֹן אֲמָרֵי פִי וְהִגִּיוֹן
לְבִי לְפָנֶיךָ, יְיָ צוּרִי וְגֹאֲלִי.

*Yee-h'-yoo l'-rah-tzohn eem-ray fee
v'-hehg-yohn lee-bee l'-fah-neh-khah,
Ah-doh-nai tzoo-ree v'-goh-ah-lee.*

May the words of my mouth and the
meditations of my heart be acceptable to
You, my rock and my redeemer.

עֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו, הוּא
יַעֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

*Oh-seh shah-lohm beem-roh-mahv, Hoo
yah-ah-seh shah-lohm ah-lay-noo, v'-ahl
kohl Yees-rah-ayl, v'-ee-m'-roo: Ah-mayn.*
May the One who makes peace in the high
heavens, bring peace for us and for all
Israel, and we say: Amen.

9. From "Miracles Emerge from the Debris," by Dennis Cauchon and Martha T. Moore, USA Today, September 5, 2002.



Blood donations spiked significantly post-9/11.
(Photo: Craig Ettinger for www.Time.com)

Our Prayer for Healing: Mi Sheberach

In addition to those within our circles of family and friends who need our prayers for healing, we think of those who continue to suffer as a result of this tragic day:

- We think of those who suffered physical injuries in the attacks.
- We think of the 7 out of 10 rescue workers who suffered, and continue to suffer, from respiratory complaints following their work at the WTC site.
- We think of those who suffer the effects of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.
- We think of the depression and loneliness of those who remain behind.

Consider closing your eyes during our prayer

A Mi Shebeirach for Healing ... by Debbie Friedman and Drora Setel

<p>מִי שְׂפִירָה אֲבוֹתֵינוּ, מְקוֹר הַבְּרָכָה לְאֲמוֹתֵינוּ.</p>	<p><i>Mee sheh-bay-rahkh ah-voh-tay-noo,</i> <i>m'-kohr hahb-rah-khah l'-ee-moh-tay-noo.</i></p>
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May the Source of strength who blessed the ones before us,
help us find the courage to make our lives a blessing,
and let us say: Amen.

<p>מִי שְׂפִירָה אֲמוֹתֵינוּ, מְקוֹר הַבְּרָכָה לְאֲבוֹתֵינוּ.</p>	<p><i>Mee sheh-bayi-rahkh ee-moh-tay-noo,</i> <i>m'-kohr hahb-rah-khah lah-ah-voh-tay-noo.</i></p>
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Bless those in need of healing with *r'foo-ah sh'lay-mah*,
the renewal of body, the renewal of spirit,
and let us say: Amen.

Our Closing Prayers ...

Aleinu

עֲלֵינוּ לְשַׁבַּח לְאֲדוֹן הַכֹּל, לְתֵת גְּדֻלָּה לְיוֹצֵר בְּרָאשִׁית,
שֶׁהוּא נוֹטֶה שָׁמַיִם וְיִסַּד אֶרֶץ, וּמוֹשֵׁב יְקָרוֹ בְּשָׁמַיִם מְמַעַל,
וְשׁוֹכֵנִת עֵזוֹ בְּגִבְהֵי מְרוֹמִים, הוּא אֱלֹהֵינוּ אֵין עוֹד.

Ah-lay-noo l'-shah-bay-ahkh lah-ah-dohn hah-kohl, lah-tayt g'-doo-lah l'-yoh-tzayr b'-ray-sheet, sheh-hoo noh-teh shah-mai-yeem v'-oh-sayd ah-retz, oo-moh-shahv y'-kah-roh bah-shah-mai-yeem mee-mah-ahl, oosh-khee-naht oo-zoh b'-gawv-hay m'-roh-meem, Hoo Eh-loh-hay-noo ayn ohd.

Let us adore the ever-living God, and render praise unto the One who spread out the heavens and established the earth, whose glory is revealed in the heavens above and whose greatness is manifest throughout the world.
You are our God; there is none else.

וְאֵנָּחֵנוּ כּוֹרְעִים וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים וּמוֹדִים,
לִפְנֵי מֶלֶךְ מַלְכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים, הַקָּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא.

*Vah-ah-nahkh-noo kohr-eem oo-meesh-tah-khah-veem oo-moh-deem,
leef-nay meh-lehkh mahl-khay hahm-lah-kheem, Hah-kah-dohsh bah-rookh hoo.*

Therefore we bow in awe and thanksgiving before the One who is Sovereign over all, the Holy and Blessed One.

וְנֵאמַר, יְהִי יי לְמֶלֶךְ עַל כָּל הָאָרֶץ.
בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יְהִי יי אֶחָד, וּשְׁמוֹ אֶחָד.

*V'-neh-eh-mahr, v'-hai-yah Ah-doh-nai l'-meh-lehkh ahl kohl hah-ah-rehtz.
Bai-yohm hah-hoo Yee-h'-yeh Ah-doh-nai eh-khahd, oo-sh'moh eh-khahd.*

Thus it has been said, Adonai will be Sovereign over all the earth.
On that day, Adonai will be one, and God's Name will be one.

Mourner's Kaddish for those we loved and those who died by others' hands: Kaddish Yatom

Today, we think not only of those in our circle of family and friends who have passed in the natural course of life, but also of those whose blood was shed in pursuit of destroying “the other.” First, we recall those we know who have died recently or in this season in years past

Never forgetting those who have died senselessly in Israel, we also think of those dying in Iraq and Sudan and wherever terrorism is allowed to reign unchecked.

Today, we collectively hold the names of all those who were killed as a result of the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001. We take a moment to read each of these names and the story of one person's life so that no one who was killed goes un-remembered. Please turn to your neighbor and share something about the person whose short life story you hold in your hand.

As a community, we remember each life taken and pray today that God will let peace descend not only on us and on Israel, but on all who dwell on earth. For those who have no one to say Kaddish, we ask the community to rise in solidarity for Kaddish Yatom.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֻלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתִיהּ, וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתִיהּ
בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעֻגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאַמְרוּ:
אָמֵן.

*Yeet-gah-dahl v'-yeet-kah-dahsh sh'may rah-bah. B'-ahl-mah dee v'-rah kheer-oo-tay, v'-yahm-leekh
mahl-khoo-tay b'-chai-yay-khohn oov-yoh-may-khohn oo-v'-chai-yay d'-khokl bayt Yees-rah-ayl, bah-ah-gah-lah
oo-veez-mahn kahreev, v'-ee-m'-roo: Ah-mayn.*

יְהִי שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבֻרָךְ לְעֵלְמָא וּלְעֵלְמֵי עֻלְמָיָא.
Y'-hay sh'-may rah-bah m'-vah-rahkh l'-ah-lahm ool-ahl-may ahl-mai-yah.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא, וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל
שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעֻלְמָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא, תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא
וְנִחַמְתָּא דְאַמִּירָן בְּעֻלְמָא, וְאַמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

*Yeet-bah-rahkh v'-yeesh-tah-bahkh, v'-yeet-pah-ahr v'-yeet-roh-mahm v'-yeet-nah-say, v'-yeet-hah-dahr
v'-yeet-ah-leh v'-yeet-hah-lahl sh'-may d'-koo-d'-shah, B'-reekh Hoo, l'-ay-lah meen kohl beer-khah-tah
v'-shee-rah-tah, toosh-b'-khah-tah v'-neh-kheh-mah-tah dah-ah-mee-rahn b'-ahl-mah, v'-ee-m'-roo: Ah-mayn.*

יְהִי שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאַמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
*Y'-hay sh'-lah-mah rah-bah meen sh'-mai-yah, v'-chai-yeem ah-lay-noo v'-ahl-kohl Yees-rah-ayl, v'-ee-m'-roo:
Ah-mayn.*

עֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ, וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְעַל
כָּל-יוֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֶל, וְאַמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

*Oh-seh shah-lohm beem-roh-mahv, Hoo yah-ah-seh shah-lohm ah-lay-noo, v'-ahl kohl Yees-rah-ayl, v'-ahl
kohl-yohsh-vay tay-vehl, v'-ee-m'-roo: Ah-mayn.*

May Your great name grow in holiness in the world created as You willed. May Your majesty rule in our lifetimes, in our day and in the lifetimes of the House of Israel, speedily and soon and we answer: Amen.

May Your great name be blessed for ever and eternity.

May the Name of the Holy Blessed One be praised and lauded, glorified and exalted, honored and respected beyond any blessing, song, hymn, or psalm that we on earth could offer, and we answer: Amen.

For us and all Israel, may the blessing of peace and the promise of life come true, and let us say: Amen.

May the One who causes peace to reign in the high heavens, let peace descend on us, on all Israel, and on inhabitants of the world, and let us say: Amen.

May the Source of peace send peace to all who mourn, and bring comfort to all who are bereaved among us, and all around the world ... and together we say: Amen.

A Prayer for ...

For those who went into danger:

We give thanks.

For those who remained behind
with the infirm and injured:

We give thanks.

For those who thought of others first:

We give thanks.

For those who offered comfort to others:

We give thanks.

For moments of the unknown:

Grant us courage.

In times of fear:

Grant us courage.

When called upon to stand for the rights of others:

Grant us courage.

When others call for our destruction:

Grant us courage.

When the enemies of freedom lash out:

Bless us with Your peace.

When the darkness of hatred descends:

Bless us with Your peace.

When we feel the urge to trample and destroy:

Bless us with Your peace.

When we look to the future of Your universe:

Bless us with Your peace.

And together we say:

*Amen.*¹⁰

10. By Rabbi Matt Friedman.

A Final Perspective ...

You can get so drunk on God that you don't see anything else. And I didn't. It's so easy to get wrapped up in a messianic vision of how the world could be. And I know it's easy because I did it.

I spent a part of my life, between the ages of 17 and 21, living off and on in the city of Hebron. Hebron is traditionally understood by rabbinic tradition as one of the four holiest cities in the land of Israel. It's the burial place of the matriarchs and the patriarchs, of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Sarah and Rebecca and Leah. And the site where they are buried has traded between being a mosque and a church many times in the last 1,800 years.

And for Jews to be able to go back to that place where the founding fathers and mothers are buried is unbelievable. To be able, at the age of 18 or 19, to say, "This is where I belong" after thousands of years of exile is intoxicating. You believe anything is possible.

I really don't remember, until it got so out of control that people I knew committed murder ... I don't think that I thought for a minute about the impact of my beliefs on other human beings who didn't share them. Other people were just wrong.

It's amazing how good religion is at mobilizing people to do awful, murderous things. There is this dark side to it, and anyone who loves religious experience, including me, better begin to own there is a serious shadow side to this thing.

- Brad Hirschfield, Orthodox Rabbi, appearing on "Frontline: Faith and Doubt at Ground Zero" on PBS.

For the Month of Elul ...

Psalms 27:2-4

(ב) בְּקֶרֶב עָלַי מְרֵעִים לֶאֱכֹל אֶת־בִּשְׁרִי צָרִי וְאֹיְבִי לִי הָמָּה כָּשְׁלוּ וּנְפְלוּ:
(ג) אִם־תִּתְּחַנֶּה עָלַי מַחֲנֶה לֹא־יִירָא לִבִּי אִם־תִּקְוֹם עָלַי מִלְחָמָה בְּזֹאת אֲנִי בֹטָח:
(ד) אֶחָת | שְׁאַלְתִּי מֵאֵת־יְהוָה אוֹתָהּ אֶבְקֹשׁ שְׁבִתִּי בְּבֵית־יְהוָה כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי
לַחַזוֹת בְּנֹעַם־יְהוָה וּלְבַקֵּר בְּהִיכָלוֹ:

- (2) When evil-doers assail me to devour my flesh it is they, my foes and enemies, who stumble and fall.
(3) Should an army besiege me, my heart would have no fear; should war beset me, still would I be confident.
(4) One thing do I ask of Adonai, only that do I seek: To live in the house of Adonai all the days of my life, to gaze upon the beauty of Adonai, and to frequent the temple of Adonai.

The Shofar Blast for the Month of Elul . . .

תְּקִיעָה! שְׁבָרִים-תְּרוּעָה! תְּקִיעָה!

T'-kee-ah! Sh'-vah-reem-t'-roo-ah! T'-kee-ah!

*Over 100 women gave birth to babies
after their fathers perished
in the World Trade Center attacks.*

*One mother said,
“You are the kiss your father left behind.”*

*Construction on the “Freedom Tower”
at the World Trade Center site
began on April 27, 2006.
The Memorial is expected to open to the public
on September 12, 2011.*

*In addition to the Memorial planned,
three other towers are planned for the site.
The memorial will be located on the footprints
of the original buildings.*

*Information about donating to the memorial fund
can be found at www.buildthememorial.org.*

Translation of Psalms adapted from “JPS Hebrew-English Tanakh: The Traditional Hebrew Text and the New JPS Translation - Second Edition.” Other English translations adapted from Mishkan T’filah, Biennial Edition, Central Conference of American Rabbis.

Unless otherwise credited, iyyunim and creative prayers by Rabbi Cookie Lea Olshein, while a fourth year Rabbinic Student at the Los Angeles campus of Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion.