

FUNERAL READINGS

"Kaddish for a Human Minyan" – Neohasid.org

Mourners: May God/Spirit that fills all names be blessed and strengthened in this created world. May the Breath of Life that fills all breaths fill us with Life, and may it guide and rule our actions and visions, in our lives and in our time, now in this world, and in every moment to come. And let us say: Amen.

Mourners: May Holiness stream forth from its Source, full of blessing and beauty. May [Spirit] that weaves together all Life and all creatures be blessed and praised, made beautiful and resplendent, lifted up and exalted, to the highest and most majestic...
Everyone: Blessed be!

Mourners: ...beyond all the praises and blessings and songs and prayers that can ever be said in the whole world. And let us say: Amen. *Everyone:* Amen.

Mourners: May our prayers be received by the One who is our source, and May the Life and Love within us and between us be strengthened. May the Breath that fills all breaths fill all Creation with Peace, and may Peace and Life flow to us, to our community, to all peoples, and to all beings in this world. And let us say: Amen.

Everyone: Amen.

Mourners: The One who makes Peace in the furthest reaches of Creation will bring Peace to us and to all living beings. And let us say: Amen.

Everyone: Amen.

Crossing the Bar. --Alfred, Lord Tennyson

“Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar."

"Our Souls Are Mirrors," Rupi Kaur

"god must have kneaded you and i
from the same dough
rolled us out as one on the baking sheet
must have suddenly realized
how unfair it was
to put that much magic in one person
and sadly split that dough in two
how else is it that
when i look in the mirror
i am looking at you
when you breathe
my own lungs fill with air
that we just met but we
have known each other our whole lives
if we were not made as one to begin with"

"In One Another's Souls," Rumi

"The moment I heard my first love story
I started looking for you,
not knowing how useless that was.
Lovers don't meet somewhere along the way.
They're in one another's souls all along."