

Kaddish for Elana 8/2023

We remember

Those who have come before us

We celebrate

Those whose lives have taught us

We honor

Those who have passed

We count We note We mark the time

The days,

Their birthday

Our birthday

The weeks,

The holidays

The words we shared

That time at the beach

The months

The note in the mail

The phone call we had

The dances we danced

The words spoken and not

The photos of those times

We remember

Those who have come before us

We celebrate

Those whose lives have taught us

We honor

Those who have passed

We count We note We mark the time

A year

The first cycles of grief

Stages of the moon

Getting used to grief's waning and waxing

The circling of a hot sun

Sweat pouring from our eyes

tears named

sorrow or laughter

as we remember that time

and that other time.

A first year
A first cycle
memory and loss

The trip you had and the ones you won't
The academy awards you can't discuss
The writer's group with the empty chair
The words not spoken
The words remembered
The touches missed
That empty air where she should be

To praise life
is to embrace *all* of it
the cycle
birth death and after
A seed struggling to break through
The fruit overflowing creating juice
pouring out of our mouths
The cups running over
That one flower that blooms early and goes first
The ones that bloom all at the same time
but leave and scatter
one by one That one
that seems to hang on forever
but it too, in time,
lets go
So that the death of winter can arrive
Which always feels
a bit too soon

Too soon an ancestor
that keeps giving so much to so many

She wrote "I swear we will never forget you unto death."

So we praise all of life
the cycle
birth death and after

We remember

We count We note We mark the time

We celebrate

We count We note We mark the time

We honor

We count We note We mark the time

Of our ancestor who we will not forget.