

## *We Remember Her*

(adapted) by Sylvan Kamens & Rabbi Jack Riemer

At the rising sun and at its going down;

**We remember her.**

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;

**We remember her.**

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring;

**We remember her.**

At the blueness of the skies & in the warmth of summer;

**We remember her.**

At the rustling of the leaves & in the beauty of autumn;

**We remember her.**

At the beginning of the year and when it ends;

**We remember her.**

As long as we live, she too will live, for she is now a  
part of us

**As we remember her.**

When we are weary and in need of strength;

**We remember her.**

When we are lost and sick at heart;

**We remember her.**

When we have decisions that are difficult to make;

**We remember her.**

When we have joy we crave to share;

**We remember her.**

When we have achievements that are based on her's

**We remember her.**

For as long as we live, she too will live, for she is now a  
part of us,

**As we remember her. We remember her.**

## *To Everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)*

Lyrics: Ecclesiastes Music: Pete Seeger, as sung by the Byrds

To everything (turn, turn, turn)  
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)  
And a time to every purpose, under heaven.

A time to be born, a time to die.  
A time to plant, a time to reap.  
A time to kill, a time to heal.  
A time to laugh, a time to weep.

To everything (turn, turn, turn)  
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)  
And a time to every purpose, under heaven.

A time to build up, a time to break down.  
A time to dance, a time to mourn.  
A time to cast away stones.  
A time to gather stones together.

To everything (turn, turn, turn)  
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)  
And a time to every purpose, under heaven.

A time of love, a time of hate.  
A time of war, a time of peace.  
A time you may embrace,  
A time to refrain from embracing.

To everything (turn, turn, turn)  
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)  
And a time to every purpose, under heaven .

A time to gain, a time to lose.  
A time to rend, a time to sew.  
A time for love, a time for hate.  
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late.

*The Summer Day*, by Mary Oliver

Who made the world?  
Who made the swan, and the black bear?  
Who made the grasshopper?  
This grasshopper, I mean--  
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,  
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,  
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down--  
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.  
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.  
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.  
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.  
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down  
into the grass, how to kneel in the grass,  
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,  
which is what I have been doing all day.  
Tell me, what else should I have done?  
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?  
Tell me, what is it you plan to do  
With your one wild and precious life?

