

# *For Those Beloved Who Survive Me*

*M*ourn me not with tears, ashes or sackcloth  
Nor dwell in darkness, sadness or remorse  
Remember that I love you, and wish for you a life of song  
My immortality, if there be such for me, is not in tears, blame or  
self-recrimination  
But in the joy you give to others, in raising the fallen  
and loosening the fetters of the bound  
In your loyalty to God's special children – the widow, the orphan  
the poor, the stranger in your gates, the weak – I take pride.

The fringes of the tallit placed on my body are torn, for the dead  
cannot praise You, O Lord  
The dead have no mitzvot  
But your tallit is whole and you are alive and alive you are called to mitzvot  
You can choose, you can act, you can transform the world.

My immortality is bound up with God's eternity  
with God's justice, truth and righteousness  
And that eternity is strengthened by your loyalty and your love  
Honor me with laughter and with goodness  
With these, the better part of me lives on beyond the grave.

