

Mourners Prayer for Gaza (Avram Burg) 2025 during the Genocide (shortened version 28.9.25)

“Yitgadal V’yitkadash Shmei Rabba - May His great Name be magnified and sanctified.”

Not great and not holy is He,

for in His Name blood is spilled in vain.

Magnified and sanctified are only these:

the impulse of inciters and destroyers,

the heaps of ruin and the rows of graves,

the cries of terror and the silence imposed.

No greatness shall be found in the ruins of a sleeping neighborhood,

in the cry of a child in the darkness of his life,

in the weeping of a mother who warms with her empty breasts

the bodies of her children.

“B’alma Di v’ra — In the world which He created.”

God of truth, are You still alive?

Why did You create Your world?

For love.

For playing in the sands of the shore.

For celebrating birthdays and hoping.

For music and for building.

For loving and for creating.

For living and for bringing forth life

But look down from heaven and see:

“V’yamlikh Malkhutei — And may He establish His kingdom.”

Your Judeo-Israeli kingdom has become a kingdom of wickedness,

its government of malice,

its deeds of hatred and fear,

a kingdom of burned toys and withered childhoods,

its corpses laid in endless rows.

Avinu Malkeinu, our Father, our King,

You and Your kingdom were seized

by angels of destruction, and no one called to them: Enough!

Their God of vengeance defeated
our Lord of Peace.

The time has come for a new creation:

“V’yatzmach Purkanei — May He cause redemption to sprout.”

Where is the deliverance?

What can grow from these seeds of death?

What redemption has ever sprung from fields of carnage,
from the kernels sown in the souls of terrified children

“B’chayyechon U’vyomechon — In your lives and in your days.”

Days destroyed and nights laid waste.

Lives become orphanhood and widowhood.

The earth is soaked in blood and tears,
and the heavens are silent.

Why? Why now? Why at all?

Every answer given is false,
and truth cries out from the ground.

“U’vchayei D’chol Beit Yisrael — And in the life of all the house of Israel.”

And in the life of all the house of Palestine.

And in the life of all the children of this tortured land.

Blood does not halt at checkpoints.

Bereavement knows no boundaries.

A Jewish mother and a Palestinian mother, alike in their grief,
bow down beneath the canopy of silence.

A Palestinian father and a Jewish father, hearts broken as one.

“B’galah U’vizman Kariv — Speedily and in the near time.”

The graves of time have drawn close upon the living.

The children did not wait.

They went out of time and shall not return.

They fell asleep because we did not awaken soon enough.

“L’alam U’lalmei Almaya — Forever and to all eternity.”

Forever we shall not know what they dreamed in their last watch,

what they longed to become when grown,
to what home they meant to return at nightfall.

“Yitbarakh V’yishtabach — Blessed and praised.”

Who shall bear witness to the lives that were?

There is none to bless,
and nothing in which to glory.

“Tushb’chata V’nechemata — Praise and consolation.”

What is consolation, tell me?

The words are too pompous, too hollow.

Private grief is heavier than they,
and for orphanhood there is no rest.

If from all this only one prayer might ascend,
let it be this:

“Yehei Shl’ama Rabba Min Sh’maya — May there be abundant peace from heaven.”

Grant peace.

Peace that is not an empty prayer,
not a parable, not a distant dream.

But peace that breathes life
into lands of the shadow of death.

“Oseh Shalom Bimromav — He who makes peace in His heights.”

If You are mighty, O Lord
raise not the dead from their graves.

Let them rest.

Only restore the hopes.

And until You return,
From captivity, hibernation or demise
we, in our own strength
shall make peace upon us,
and upon all the dwellers of this land,
and upon all creation

For this is all of humanity. And let us say: Amen.