

Va'ani Tefilati:

CONNECTING
THE DIVINE WITHIN US

Prayer, Poetry and
Reflections for the
Days of Awe




בית צדק
Beth Tzedec Congregation

תפילה פיוט יזכור
Prayer Poetry MEMORY

*Yizkor Memorial Service and
Supplementary Readings
for the Days of Awe and Festivals*

תשפ"ד 2023–2024 / 5784

Yizkor Services

Yom Kippur MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 2023
Shemini Atzeret SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 2023
Pesah TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 2024
Shavuot THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 2024

Beth Tzedec Congregation, Toronto, Ontario

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Va'ani Tefilati:

∞NECTING
THE DIVINE WITHIN US

As we celebrate the Holy Days together, online or in person, we are fortunate to be able to share poetry, artwork, music and prose from members of our community.



Unity In Diversity

by Shirley Brazer

For myself, only the actual experience of God can give me the unshakable faith that God is within and without, that nothing else exists but God, and that all of creation is 'relatively real' in the same way that a wave is 'relatively real' but in reality is the ocean.

God is beyond all concepts, but words have pointed to a description of a limitless, undifferentiated, eternal reality that underlies the three-dimensional world of our everyday senses. At its core, all life is unified and interconnected. I have had fleeting moments of this since childhood, and as an adult, through meditation, listening to music, being in nature, or whatever has awakened that AHA moment when I have perceived the reality I call God.

When I'm not experiencing these moments, I need a way to connect with God in my ordinary daily life. My way is to form a concept of an idealized personal God who possesses the divine qualities that can serve as a role model, as an ideal parent, teacher, friend, lover, or whatever role I need who I can form an ongoing relationship with. I pray to my personal God and have faith that I will receive the love, protection, and guidance I need to carry on, and be of service to others, remembering that in essence there is no other. We are all performing a divine dance of love expressing the divine spark within each of us.

How Wonderful Are Your Creations God!

by Lara Rodin

From the base of Metcalfe Rock, our bright green climbing ropes were barely visible as they dangled from the top of the cavernous rock face to which they had been secured by our climbing guide. As the Program Director of Masa BaTeva, an outdoor adventure specialty track at Camp Ramah in Canada, I am no stranger to the wilderness. And yet, each time I am outdoors with a group of young people, I am amazed to witness the way in which the outdoors—the work of God’s creation—allows my campers to become more vulnerable and open not only to trying new physical skills and activities but to exercising their spiritual and mental skills, too.

Under the canopy of the dense trees at the base of the rock, my campers sat chatting in a circle as we waited for our guide to finish setting up the climbing ropes. I regrettably had not yet had a chance to *daven* that morning, so I walked over to my backpack to grab my *tallit* and *tefillin*, hoping to fit in a quick *Shema* and *Amidah* before saddling myself with climbing gear. But as I began to pull out my prayer attire, I overheard my campers’ conversation.

They were talking about God. “If humans are made in God’s image, does that mean God looks like a human?” they asked each other. “If God looks like a human, maybe God acts like a human, too. Do you think God gets mad or jealous? Does God make mistakes and learn from them?” they wondered aloud.

I don’t believe that my campers were talking about God because that is a regular topic of conversation among their 15-year-old friends. They certainly were not talking about God because I asked them to, or because it was “time for *tefillah*”. They weren’t talking about God because they were bored, even! My campers were sitting in a circle chatting about God because they were surrounded by God’s magnificent creations.

Each morning, during our Shaharit prayer, we read in our siddur: “*Mah Rabu Ma'aseha Adonai!*” — “How wonderful are your creations, God!” When out in nature, surrounded by rocky mountain peaks and green plants and trees of all shapes and shades, it is impossible not to be moved to recognize and acknowledge, and perhaps even give gratitude for, these wonders.

Being out in nature, whether climbing a rock face or paddling a canoe, has encouraged me and my campers to be more open to trying new things and to making mistakes. It has allowed us to build trust, both in each other (especially when they are in charge of my belay!) and in ourselves. Our time spent in the wilderness has helped us develop a deep sense of awe and wonder. This vulnerability and openness, trust and faith, and awe and wonder are (not coincidentally) the very values that help us access God and spirituality.

My campers' conversation was not a replacement for my *tefillah*, but being out in nature that morning, surrounded by God's wonders, and by my campers' newfound openness to asking questions and to being in conversation with each other and with God, my own *tefillah* was certainly elevated, and the words "*Mah Rabu*" flowed effortlessly from my tongue.



Higher and Higher

by Cantor Audrey Klein

אַשָׁא עֵינַי אֶל-הַהָרִים מֵאֵין יָבֹא עֲזָרָי:

I lift up my eyes to the mountains, from where will my help come?

Psalm 121:1

For three years, I served as High Holy Day cantor for a congregation in Summit County, Colorado, located about 90 minutes west of Denver and at about 9,000 feet above sea level. The first year I was with this community was also my first time in the Rockies and I was in complete awe of the breathtaking vistas around me. There is also nothing quite like leading davening at that high of an elevation. They both, quite literally, took my breath away.

During my third year, someone suggested that my husband and I drive up to Loveland Pass, a high-mountain pass located on the Continental Divide. Never ones to pass up on a nice view, we decided it would be a fun adventure during the aseret yamei teshuvah, the ten days between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.

We drove up the steep inclines, making each of the harrowing hairpin turns, until we reached the highest point on the road, located a mere 11,990 feet above sea level. We figured we'd get out of the car, take a few pictures, and then make our way down the other side of the mountain before heading down to Denver. But then we noticed folks hiking up paths that led from the parking lot, so we grabbed our hiking boots and water bottles and set off.

Neither of us are expert hikers, though we love being active and enjoy an occasional afternoon on a trail, so at first, we said we would only go as far as the first flat part in the trail. It was rocky and quite steep, but the view was gorgeous and the climb exhilarating, so when we arrived at our proposed destination, we decided to continue to the next bend. And when we arrived at the next natural stopping point, we said we could go a little further. And then we decided to go a little further again and again.

This went on for over an hour—us going higher and higher, the path getting steeper and rockier, the view even more exquisite, the climb even more thrilling. When we arrived at a big ridge, we knew we had gone far enough on our impromptu hike. But our surroundings were too awe-inspiring to turn around immediately, so we each took some time on our own to soak it all in.

As someone whose profession is, in part, all about prayer, I had no words that I felt I could or needed to say, or even think, to myself in those moments. As I softened my gaze and relaxed my body, I let the warmth of the sun, the rush of

the wind, the rustle of the grass, the view of the peaks be my prayer. My mind was clear and my heart was open, for I was in God's country.

I hope that in the coming year, each of you will find prayerful moments whenever and wherever you are looking for them. Whether it is through the words printed in the *mahzor*, our High Holy Day prayerbook, or through the prayers in your own heart; whether it is within the walls of Beth Tzedec or outside surrounded by nature, may each of those moments be filled with beauty and awe.



Why Prayer

by Dot Whitehouse

In the quiet stillness
There was space
For you to open your heart
To me
Once I found a silence
Filled with your voice
Music that buoyed my soul
First there was you
Unknown
Then you knew me
Unknown
And so I had to trust
Myself
With you
Willing a joining
In time and space
And timeless beyond
First there was you
Filling my stillness
Then there was you
Filling my being
The breath of me
A gift to you
Listening
Waiting
Waiting
For the now / A now

Nourishment

by Dot Whitehouse

My life faucet
In random drips
Of feeling
And remorse

My God faucet
In parched awareness
The rushing torrent
Acoustic memory

My cup runneth over
because it's full beyond measure?
Because it's dry?
And there is no nourishing in between

Bushes and Berries

by Lee Haas

it may not immediately be apparent
but the divine is there ~ perspective naturally aligns
seeing what we carry of them within us
to find matches & connections are around 🗨️



Lee Haas Photo

How Honouring My Father Led to New Opportunities for Women at Beth Tzedec

by Maxine Gallander Wintre, Ph.D., D.Psych.,
Professor Emeritus, York University

I have been a member of Beth Tzedec since its formation. I attended nursery school at BT, Hebrew school three times a week, was married, and had my daughters' baby namings at BT. When my dad died in 1987, I said kaddish for him twice a day for 11 months at BT. And when my older daughter Stacey's Bat Mitzvah was approaching, I discussed with Rabbi Frieberg that I wanted to have an Aliyah so that we could mention my dad's name at her bat mitzvah. He asked me if I had had a bat mitzvah. When I said no, the Rabbi told me that I couldn't have an aliyah. I had read in the shul *Bulletin* a few years prior to our conversation that mature women were having Bat Mitzvahs, so I told him I would like one. He then said that he had changed his mind and that mature women were no longer allowed bat mitzvahs in his shul. I was stunned and hurt!

As it happened, at the time I was on the Board of United Synagogue Day School (now called Robbins Hebrew Academy). One of my friends on the Board, who knew about my dilemma, spoke to Rabbi Troster, who was then starting a new shul. Rabbi Troster offered me a bat mitzvah at his shul on any Shabbat (held at that time in a church). I thankfully agreed. I then learned the Torah portion for my dad's first yahrtzeit, which I read at BT. Finally I was able to have an aliyah at my daughter's bat mitzvah so that Dad's name could be honoured. And personally, I pledged that no other woman at Beth Tzedec would have to go through what I had experienced.

Several years later, when Rabbi Frieberg announced his retirement, I started a petition that the next Rabbi at Beth Tzedec should allow women to participate more in the services e.g. have *aliyot* and open the ark. Although some members of the Congregation strongly opposed the idea (and ultimately left the shul), the petition was popular and successful. I also was now on the Board at BT and received a position on the Search committee for the new Rabbi. Fortunately for BT and all the woman members, we hired Rabbi Frydman-Kohl. It took seven years of my life. But as they say, the rest is history!

Embracing Vulnerability and Mortality

by Rafi Yablonsky

The theme of connecting the divine within us is central to the spirit and essence of the High Holy Days. As we gather in the synagogue, we are reminded of our shared humanity, our strengths, and our imperfections. During the High Holy Days, we are confronted with vulnerability and mortality. How can we acknowledge these inherent aspects of our existence, and how do they play a role in our spiritual journey?

Step 1: Embracing Vulnerability

Vulnerability is often misconceived as a weakness, but in truth, it is an inherent part of being human. Embracing vulnerability is about acknowledging our limitations, fears, and uncertainties, allowing us to connect more deeply with ourselves and others. When we drop the facade of invincibility, we invite others to do the same, creating an authentic and genuine space for connection.

Step 2: Opening Ourselves to Others

By acknowledging our vulnerabilities, we build bridges of empathy and compassion. When we allow ourselves to be open about our struggles and challenges, we foster an environment of understanding and support within our community. This genuine connection allows us to transcend our individual concerns and connect with the divine essence that exists within each of us.

Step 3: Humility as a Path to the Divine

Embracing vulnerability cultivates humility, an essential virtue for spiritual growth. When we recognize that we are not all-powerful, we open ourselves up to the wisdom and guidance of the divine. Humility allows us to surrender our ego, creating space for divine energy to flow through us and lead us on a path of greater meaning and purpose.

Step 4: Confronting the Reality of Mortality

Mortality is an undeniable aspect of human life, and its acknowledgment can be both sobering and transformative. The awareness of our finite existence can serve as a powerful reminder to live with intention and authenticity, ultimately bringing us closer to the divine within us.

Step 5: Appreciating Life's Transience

Contemplating mortality encourages us to cherish the present moment and the relationships we have. When we recognize the impermanence of life, we are motivated to make the most of our time, pursuing meaningful connections and contributing positively to the world around us.

Step 6: Letting Go of Attachments

Acknowledging the reality of mortality prompts us to let go of material attachments and focus on what truly matters. By releasing our grasp on fleeting possessions, we create space to nurture our spiritual well-being and deepen our connection with the divine.

Step 7: Surrendering to the Divine

Accepting our vulnerabilities and acknowledging our mortality requires us to surrender to the divine will. In this surrender, we recognize that we are part of something much greater than ourselves, embracing the interconnectedness of all living beings.

Step 8: Seeking Spiritual Transformation

When we acknowledge our vulnerabilities and face our mortality, we embark on a journey of self-discovery and transformation. By confronting our fears and insecurities, we unveil the true essence of our being—the divine spark that resides within each of us.

During the High Holy Days, the theme of connecting the divine within us calls for embracing vulnerability and acknowledging the reality of our mortality. By doing so, we create a sacred space for authentic connections with others, cultivate humility, and cherish the preciousness of life. It is through these gateways that we can truly connect with the divine essence that resides within each of us, strengthening our spiritual bond and fostering a sense of community in our shared human experience.

My late grandfather-in-law Bill Glied z”l used to end each speech that he gave with, “Always stay hopeful whenever life gets tough, love those around you the best you can, and focus on doing one good deed every day.” In his memory and honour, I urge each of you to make time to volunteer. Get involved with Beth Tzedec and your community. No time is too brief, no dollar is too small. Your community needs you, and you need your community.

Having a Yahrtzeit for My Lutheran Dad

by Tara Worthey Segal

An earlier version of this article originally appeared on Kveller.com

I formally converted to Judaism one month after I lost my father, and two weeks before I was married.

My husband and I had a traditional Jewish wedding with the huppah and the ketubah and the *hora* and even, because both of our siblings had married before us, a double *mezinka* for our parents. And as I watched the endless line of wedding guests circle around our three remaining parents, and as I saw the mix of grief, pleasure, and bewilderment on my mother's face, I wondered what my father would have thought of it all.

I wasn't raised with much religion. My father was lovable but difficult, a natural contrarian who gravitated away from church membership even in our small conservative hometown. My sister and I, in turn, wound up choosing for ourselves. She became a Mormon, drawn to it by the community she found in her Idaho college town and by the man who would become her husband. Mine also came through the person I'd eventually marry. It was important to Matt that he marry a Jew, and it was important to me that I find meaning in the tradition that would become my own.

As I began to study for my conversion, I was relieved that no one told me what to think and instead discussed with me how we can see and live life through a Jewish lens. I was invited to take part in conversations rather than evaluated on obedience. Always uncomfortable with the idea of pledging allegiance to a transcribed set of beliefs (I am, of course, my father's daughter), I was drawn to the idea that I could keep my curiosity, and that it was okay to question authority. I could make sense of the world myself, using the values of Judaism as a guide.

For my parents' part, they loved Matt but didn't seem to understand the necessity of their daughter becoming Jewish. My father and I didn't speak about my conversion process much; he was sick and I was planning a wedding. And then, before we had the chance to really discuss it, he was gone.

I'd want him to know that conversion wasn't a rejection of him and my mother or of our upbringing. In fact, it was because of the way I was raised that becoming Jewish has made sense to me. People often talk about finding their spiritual homes, but for me, arriving at Judaism was less of a homecoming and more of a recognition of something that was always there. An emphasis on family. Intellectual curiosity. Passing on shared history to the next generations.

And many of the things that eventually drew me to Judaism were my father's values, as well. He maddeningly played devil's advocate every time we talked politics even when, in the end, he joined me in voting for Obama (but wouldn't tell me until much later because G-d forbid I win an argument). Hillel and Shammai we were not, but through our lively debates I learned the value of advocating for my own views.

The man I witnessed, more than once, going so far as to turn his pockets inside-out for spare change when asked may not have recognized the term *tikkun olam*, but I also never saw him rebuff anybody whom he had the ability to help in any capacity.

He'd had a painful childhood that led him to conclude he would never realize his own potential. But he was desperate for his daughters to reach theirs, instilling a love of reading and ensuring that college was non-negotiable. He wanted me to learn as much as I could, perhaps the most Jewish value of all.

And on Yom Kippur, I reflect on the idea of the holiest day of each year dedicated to our imperfection as humans, because my father did not lack awareness of his own flaws. It would resonate deeply with him that even the most devout among us acknowledge that this year, like all the others, they came up short. Who knows, maybe acknowledging this in a communal setting would have reminded him that he wasn't alone.

After he died, I found comfort in that oft-repeated phrase "may his memory be a blessing." It doesn't promise that I will see him again or that he is in a better place. It doesn't force me to place hope in something that I'm not sure exists. It allows me, simply, to find joy in the fact that I had him for 27 years—and I have as many years' worth of memories to hold close.

After he was diagnosed with cancer, he knew he didn't have much time left, but he never spoke about concrete ideas of heaven or hell. I think, though, that he would be at peace knowing that Judaism gave me a way to grieve him without clinging to a narrative that wouldn't feel genuine to either of us.

He's been gone, unbelievably, for almost a decade now. Every winter, as the anniversary of his death passes, I find meaning in lighting a candle and standing to recite the Mourner's Kaddish for a man who was not Jewish and who likely did not know what a *yahrzeit* was. But my father deserves to be honoured, and his Jewish daughter will continue to do so.

My Father's Hanukkah Yahrzeit

by Gary Walters

Tonight is the first anniversary (yahrzeit) of my fathers' passing, which corresponds with the first night of Hanukkah. While I realized last year at this time that this would always and forever be the case, I wasn't at all sure how I would feel as this day arrived. Would the sadness of commemorating our loss somehow diminish, or even worse, overshadow the pure joy and happiness that Hanukkah normally represents and provides for our family? I know without any doubt that my father would never want that to be the case. His love for Judaism, its' customs and traditions, was palpable, and he successfully instilled that love in our family. He certainly would not want his death to diminish in any way our enjoyment of Hanukkah. So when I took out the traditional Yahrzeit candle to be lit in my fathers' memory for the first time tonight and our menorah to light our first candle for Hanukkah, I was struck by the symbolism of lighting both the Shamash on the Menorah and the yahrzeit candle. My father was such a bright light in our lives, ever positive and eternally optimistic, always seeing the proverbial glass as half full. Like the Shamash on the menorah, he combined qualities of leadership, unconditional support, and consistent reliability.

The Shamash is the first candle to be lit tonight and every night of Hanukkah. It is also the same light that kindles each of the remaining lights for the rest of the holiday. Due to the role of the Shamash, our menorah burns brighter as the week progresses, just as my father inspired and influenced in a beautiful way our entire family throughout his and our lives. Hanukkah in our modern era has become to some degree a holiday of giving. As a result, it actually feels very appropriate and fitting to honour and commemorate the man who gave and valued above all else the gifts that money cannot buy: after all, my father gave us much more than just a name to carry on. As the word Hanukkah means dedication, I think a most comforting way to celebrate the holiday is to dedicate some time to honour and remember the special people in our lives, of which my father was extraordinarily special. His memory will always be a blessing—*Hag Sameah*.

Admire The Magic

by Mariana Grinblat

I cannot believe how fast the year has gone by!

We have gone through turbulent times with Covid, not seeing the family as often as we could, restricted access to things, etc.

These things tend to get us down and make us forget about positive things.

The beauty of this land is the freedom we have to practice our Jewishness. We have food and shelter, and good medical care.

Our families are fine and we keep growing and enjoying life.

So, if things get you down, take a stroll outside, go into nature and admire the magic of the universe... and feel like a very small part of this wonderful world.

Best for the new year.

Acts of Kindness Never Die

by Russell Weiss



*Acts of kindness never die.
They linger in the memory,
giving life to other acts in return.*
- Jonathan Sacks, in *From
Optimism to Hope*

*From the memoirs of Ian Montagnes
(top left in the photo):*

“When the Second World War began, war related industries revved up, employment rose and housing in Toronto became scarce. The government asked people with empty space to take in roomers. My parents immediately obliged. We had a small extra room on the second floor that we rented to a series of young women, clerical workers for the most part. The next person to occupy the back room was not a tenant or a guest. He became a member of the family the minute he walked in the front door. Allan Weiss was 17 years old at the time, a stocky, well-built young man with a great head of hair, an engaging personality, a ready smile and a number tattooed in blue on his right forearm. He had survived the Nazi death camps, but he didn't talk much about his experiences. He had survived, he said, because he was strong from playing soccer. Families were asked to take in an orphan. In our home, he became a son. My parents would have liked Allan to resume his education but he wanted the assurance of a career. So while I went to high school and prepared for university, Allan apprenticed to a jeweller, making gold rings, and studied English in classes a night. My mother prepared the same bag lunch for him every day as she did for me—sandwich, cookies, fruit—and ironed the same number of dress shirts, which is what men wore to work in those days.”

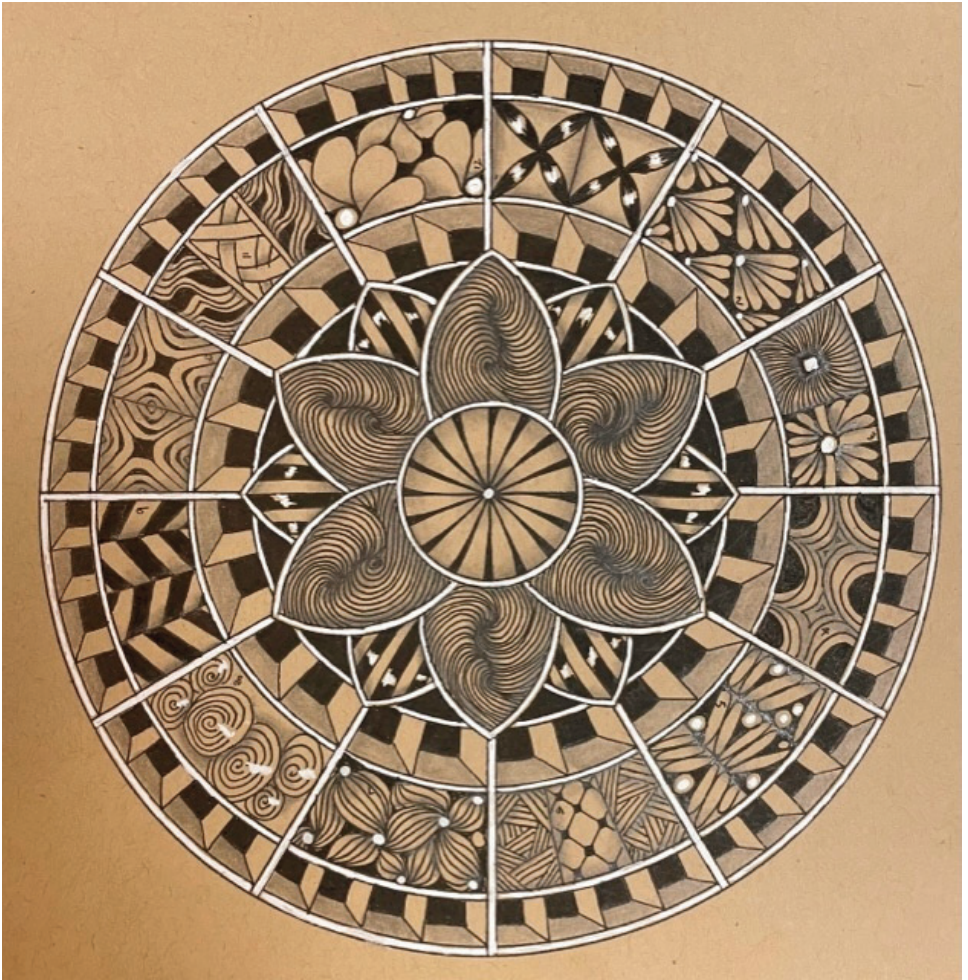
Our father stayed with the Montagnes family for 5 years. They provided him with the security to start life anew. James and Rose Montagnes filled in for our father's parents at his wedding and they and their family became a beloved part of ours.

—*The Weiss Family*

Remembrances

by Lee Haas





Art form the Zetangle Small Group

Va'ani Tefilati

by Alan Bernstein

When I lead services at the synagogue I feel very happy and proud of myself. The congregation sings along when I lead services on Shabbat, and it makes me feel more relaxed and energized, and I feel like I am more connected to my community and Hashem. The prayers and the songs that Cantor Sidney Ezer and the Harmonizers chant and sing make me feel closer to Hashem. The Mezzanine Service at Beth Tzedec during the High Holy Days is a little bit longer and I am more connected to my community when everyone says the same prayer at the same time. Our prayers are more powerful when we recite them together as a community rather than individually.

Shema Israel

by Dot Whitehouse

And you shall love
The undone heart
And you shall be
In spirit song
Find your place
Along each wave
Among the gentle hearts
That cull your own
Dance in the stillness
Of your own moon
Guide the tempest
Of your sorrow
For you shall love
With all your heart
All your heart
All

Connecting to the Divine Within Us

by Shira Bodnar



Yom Kippur In a Gym

by Nora Gold

This is an excerpt from *Yom Kippur in a Gym*, a novella about five people during the last hour of Yom Kippur, at a Neila service in a gym, and what each of them is really thinking about. This novella will be published (with another novella, *In Sickness and In Health*) on March 1, 2024 by Guernica Editions. All around Ezra congregants are pounding their breasts, doing the Ashamnu. It's the last one for this Yom Kippur, so there is urgency on their faces as they make their final confessions. The gates will be closing soon. It's now or never to face the truth about yourself.

The gym is warm and smells of unwashed bodies and angst. Ezra's angst, as always, is about his lack of success as an artist. All through Yom Kippur he has been tormenting himself about being a failure. This was rubbed into his face yet again when, on his way into the gym this afternoon, he passed the community centre's lounge-cum-gallery and stepped inside to glance at the latest exhibit. It was atrocious. Displayed on three walls were tacky, imitative paintings, and on the fourth was a Bristol board poster with a glowing review by Charma Musk, the artist, Toronto's latest young rising star. The paintings were terrible, total crap, so why was Charma praising them? Then Ezra saw who the artist was. Her last name belonged to one of Toronto's wealthiest Jewish families. A ubiquitous name: he'd seen it on university buildings, hospital wings, museum atria, and concert halls. Of course Charma, who sucked up to everyone, would gush over this new young artist.

When did he last see Charma? About six months ago. They were attending the same vernissage, and she arrived late, smack in the middle of the speeches, and (typical for her) made a grand entrance. Not long afterwards, the speeches were over, and she was immediately surrounded by admirers. Ezra watched as people dashed over to shake her hand, congratulate her on her latest prize, and compliment her on her sensational outfit.

Remembering this now, oddly he doesn't feel the usual stab of pain. Most likely he will again at some point—there is an ebb and flow to this anguish of his—but at this moment, in the final moments of Yom Kippur, he doesn't envy Charma or anything she has. And he couldn't care less about where he is situated on the tightrope continuum stretching between failure and success. It seems absurd to him now, almost comical—it would actually be funny if it weren't so tragic—how many hours (no, days, weeks, months) over the past three decades he has spent agonizing over this, green with envy and black in mood. So he hasn't won a prize—big deal. So he's sold x number of paintings and not ten or a hundred times that. So what? Earlier today a young man nearly died right in front of him, and that put things in perspective. He is alive. And he is a lucky

man. He has Mona and three terrific kids. So what does he have to grouse about? Look around this room. So many sad, troubled faces. Sick people, lonely people. People going through divorces, or mourning the death of someone they loved. People who've been laid off and don't know how they'll make it till the end of the month. Is he really going to whine away his remaining two or three decades because of a prize he didn't win and some paintings that didn't sell?

He's tired. Tired of standing. Tired of his thoughts. Tired also of the bitter, unhappy man he's become. Or anyway, is in the process of becoming. He doesn't want to end up like Uncle Oscar, his mother's brother, who is always complaining about not making as much money as his brothers and of having been swindled by a business partner. Whenever he speaks, it is to vent his spleen or spew invective. When Ezra was a teenager, after one of his uncle's visits, he swore to himself that he would never be like that, no matter what happened to him. He would accept with as much graciousness as he could muster whatever life sent his way, and he'd keep all bitterness from his heart and mouth. (As the *mahzor* says, Open your mouth only to declare God's praise.) But lately he feels uncomfortably like Uncle Oscar.

I could be a happy man, thinks Ezra, as prayers swirl around him. It's all a matter of attitude, of approaching life in a certain way. "Happiness is a habit," Aunt Evelyn used to say. Even though there was plenty of darkness in her life, plenty to be unhappy about: her husband's "disappeared" relatives in Argentina, and then her son Ernesto being diagnosed with cerebral palsy. But Aunt Evelyn was always cheerful. She shone, exuding an inner radiance. She smiled easily at everyone, even the mailman and complete strangers. She gave little gifts to her nieces and nephews, just to see them beam. She made peace between warring relatives and convened the whole extended family for delicious multicultural meals. Always with that sunny smile of hers.

People all around Ezra are still pounding their breasts repentantly, and here he is, thinking about happiness. He must be really shallow to be pondering happiness on Yom Kippur, instead of Guilt or God. But no. Yom Kippur is not about self-flagellation—the rabbi even said so in his speech. Happiness is important. It's his own lack of happiness—his unhappiness, actually—that more than anything else he feels guilty about. It has hurt not only him but those he loves most. When his daughter Carrie became depressed in high school, her psychologist told him and Mona that Carrie was "very affected by her father's moods." He never forgot that. He never will.

No, happiness is everything. Yesterday morning, as a kind of pre-Yom Kippur gift, his son Philip emailed him a quote from Reb Nachman that he'd encountered online: "Joy is not incidental to spiritual quest; it is vital." Was Philip dropping him a hint? Probably not. That is not Philip's way. But anyway this adage is true. You can't spiritually grow when you're depressed. You can't do anything

when you're depressed. Look at Carrie, who did nothing for a year but lie on her bed. Happiness is the bedrock of any good life.

He sees himself now as if in a movie, mooning about for days and weeks on end, full of self-pity: "I haven't received the recognition I deserve. My dream has not come true." He feels ashamed now and also stupid. Out of the billions of people on this planet, how many of them have gotten what they deserve (or think they deserve) and had their dreams come true? One in a hundred thousand? One in a million? How many charmed Charmas are there in the world, or can there be? After all, if everyone were famous, then there would be no such thing as fame. And who knows if even she is satisfied with her lot? He saw her interviewed once, and after replying to a question about all the prizes she'd won, she said impulsively to her interviewer, a sympathetic man with warm brown eyes: "But it's never really enough, is it? There's always another, bigger prize you could win, another honour or accolade to strive for. You're never really there."

That's it exactly. You're never really there. You spend your whole life chasing success, running after the iridescent, dancing, elusive, illusive bubble, and when you finally reach the magic glade, you discover it's empty. There's nothing there.

Suddenly he wants to paint that. That precise image. The magic glade that, like Arden Forest, contains nothing and everything. Only hopes, fantasies, and dreams. He laughs with pleasure. He'll stay till the end of this service. But he's excited now, and—yes—happy. He can't wait to get home and start painting. He'll paint this happiness. He'll paint his joy.

Circle

by Goldie Schlanger

After the war that during the war
My mother said "God saved us"
Devastated by the loss of parents, brothers and sisters destroyed
by the unexplainable evil in hate
My father said "where was God"
And so I search for truth in the silence of my soul
I speak to You stuck in the wonder of wondering of You
Live in the unsure of believing in You
In the desire of easier to believe
In the want of your presence
Faith and evidence that You are real
Confusing my being over and under and over
Up and down
Back and forth
Questioning your existence
Questioning mine
Speaking to You inside me
Praying to find truth
Do You hear me
Do I hear You
When I speak to You
Do you speak to me
I am told You are everywhere as I look for signs beyond the
splendour of nature
You are there and here
Back and forth
Up and down
Over and under
In the acceptance of the who I am
I pray to be true to You
I sing I want to know my God
I sing I want to see my God
Before I am no longer
To know the love and goodness in the infinite of what is You
Of what is me

Va'ani Tefilati

by Patti Rotman

In the quiet of the Sanctuary
With my prayers and personal plea
A heartfelt connection I have made
To the Divine, I do decree

With each sacred word of prayer
My spirit does take flight
A symphony of faith, so strong and fierce
Indeed, my guiding light

In days of wonder and nights of awe
Courage and hope intertwine
Where comfort and solace overflow
And all the stars align

With every breath my soul does soar
Seeking solace throughout the day
In the quiet of my heart
To the Divine I gladly pray

In joy and sorrow, love and fear
Relying on faith as my guide
The Divine is always near to me
A connection so deep inside

In joyful moments and times of despair
Where hopes and dreams abound
Through every triumph and burden too
Strength and connection are found

V'ani Tefilati—and I am my prayer
My dialogue filled with love
Embracing reflection and spirituality
In oneness with the Divine above

Shabbat Shalom, Alone at Home

by Marlee Pinsker

If I listen to myself, I hear me praying all the time. I feel like Tevye, in a constant conversational patter with God. I say, “God Bless You!” when someone sneezes, *eem yirtzah ha-Shem* when a wistful statement is made, and “Oh my Dear God” when I hear of a tragedy. I whisper, “Please God, she should get well...”.

When I was divorced, I lived alone in a big house. I had friends nearby and family far away. My daughters were living in other cities, and I lived alone. I had never lived alone before, and after a full and demanding family life, it felt good to have some privacy and alone time. Shabbat dinner was one time I felt it was absolutely necessary to be with people. For quite a while, it all worked well. I invited friends for dinner or received invitations. Then, one Friday evening prior to candle lighting, I got a message that the friend I had invited couldn't come to dinner. I was going to be alone—I wasn't comfortable inviting myself anywhere. I had a set table but had no one to share it with. I was stuck.

Everything would have to be done solo, all by me. For a moment I thought I should just give it up and go to bed. I didn't have a pat phrase to address the Almighty, just the usual actions. So, I did the actions, one by one, all alone: the blessings over the candles, the wine, washing hands, the challah. I felt the house around me, and the rhythm of the prayers catch me up. I rested in the words, performed each ritual movement until it all flowed smoothly towards the prayer after the meal. As I sang and chanted my way into Shabbat, I was comforted by the fire of the candles, the color of the wine, the shape of the words in my mouth.

After that Shabbat, there were others that I spent alone, but I was no longer afraid of them.

That Shabbat was quite a while ago.

These days I celebrate Shabbat with my new husband, our children who have moved back to Toronto and our grandchildren. The table is long, and the noise is robust, sometimes ear shattering. I think back to my first Shabbat alone, take a deep breath, and stir the soup.

Home

by Dot Whitehouse

I can't find my place in your house
So many find it a home
For me, on the doorstep
At the sill peering in
It is a place removed from my knowing
Yet present in my imagining
Inside, there is the sparkle and glitter of song
Of prayer loud and silent
Of space in the infinite
Outside
Where I am
There is silence
A different welcoming of the out there
In here
In my ghosted heart

I Am My Prayer

by Aviva Chernick

Our guiding message for this year, Va'ani Tefilati, could very easily be a guide for every year to come.

The text proposes that how I eat, speak, act, teach, learn, dance, sing and love are all my prayer,

an ever unfolding, each breath prayer.

This text urges me to remember that how I live is my offering to the Divine, and that no matter what is happening for me, I have choices about this life and how I am in it.

My prayer isn't so much about what I do or accomplish, as much as how I am able to be present and caring with myself, with those I love, with those with whom I am in community, and with this earth and all it homes.

The Gift of Our Body and the Gift of Our Soul

by Rabbi Robyn Fryer Bodzin

When we meet each morning to pray together as a community at Beth Tzedec, we begin with Birkot HaShahar, colloquially known as the Opening Blessings. According to the *Talmud*, these 14 blessings were originally recited at home as one went through the daily acts of waking and rising.

Even before we get to that series of magnificent one-line blessings, the compiler of the siddur included two special prayers. One is for the gift of our body and the other is for the gift of our soul.

ברוך אתה יהוה אלהינו מלך העולם אשר יצר את־האדם בחכמה וברא בו נקבים נקבים חלולים חלולים גלוי וידוע
לפני כסא כבודך שאם יפתח אחד מהם או יסתם אחד מהם אי אפשר להתקיים ולעמד לפניך אפילו שעה אחת.
ברוך אתה יהוה רופא כל־בשר ומפליא לעשות:

Barukh atah Adonai, our God, sovereign of time and space, who crafted the human body with wisdom, creating within it many openings and passageways. It is known and revealed to You that should even a single passageway rupture, or a single opening close up, it would no longer be possible to exist and stand before You. Barukh atah Adonai, healer of all flesh, who creates wondrously.

אלהי נשמה שנתת בי טהורה היא אתה בראתה אתה יצרתה אתה נפחתה בי ואתה משמרה בקרבי ואתה עתיד
לטלה ממני ולהחזירה בי לעתיד לבא, כל זמן שהנשמה בקרבי מודה אני לפניך יהוה אלהי ואלהי אבותי רבון כל
המעשים אדון כל הנשמות: ברוך אתה יהוה המחזיר נשמות לפגרים מתים:

My God, the soul that You have given me is pure. You created it, You formed it, You breathed it into me and You watch over it when it is in me. In the future You will take it from me but then restore it to me in the world that is coming. As long as this soul is within me, I thank You, Adonai my God, God of my ancestors, ruler of all creation, master of all souls. Barukh atah Adonai, who restores the soul to the lifeless soul.

When my body is not functioning at its optimal level or when my soul or heart hurts, these are the two prayers that I turn to. The words never fail to connect me to God. Reciting these words makes me remember that I am not in this world alone. God is here right with me.

And God is right here with all of you.

Shana tova, may it be a year of health and love.

The Infinite Number of Things We Can Still Do

by Rabbi David Wolpe, Max Webb Emeritus Rabbi

In his youth the great scholar Rabbi Hayim of Volozhin was an indifferent student who decided to abandon his studies and go to a trade school. On the night he told his parents of his decision, the future Rabbi had a dream. He saw an angel holding a stack of beautiful books. “Whose books are those?” he asked. “They are yours,” answered the angel, “if you have the courage to write them.”

There is no end to beginning. Rabbi Akiba did not start to learn until he was 40, yet he became the most renowned of all the talmudic sages. Immanuel Kant, perhaps the greatest philosopher of the modern age, began writing the books on which his fame rests in his 50s. Grandma Moses began painting in her 70s; one of her canvases, “Fourth of July”, hangs in the White House.

“To grow old”, wrote Martin Buber, “is a wonderful thing if we do not forget what it is to begin again.” We cannot do everything, but there are an infinite number of things we can still do.

At each moment in life, youth, middle age, old age, the world drops fruit at our feet. At the end of Wordsworth's long autobiographical poem, “The Prelude,” he sums up: “What we have loved/Others will love, and we will teach them how.” At every age there is loving and teaching others to love. With those possibilities, how can one speak of ending?

My Grandfather Max Ander

by Michael Goodbaum

A few years ago, my grandparents made the decision to sell their condo and move to a retirement residence, Sunrise of Thornhill. Grandpa was less than enthused. He had been frustrated with having to retire years before, and now this was a further indignity in his eyes. Chief amongst his concerns was how he would stay busy. I tried to comfort him that where he was moving to will be a really nice place that would have regular guest entertainment and programs. His response: “Yes, but all the people at those programs are all old! I don’t want to be around old people! I’ll become old myself!” only half-joking. Max is not your typical 90-something year old man. Standing 6 ft 2 and built like a tank (a former champion wrestler), he has always been larger than life and different from everyone else. Being a senior citizen only emphasized that

Growing up in Hamilton, Ontario, Max moved to Toronto in his teens and made a life for himself. Working every odd job he could find, he saved up and in his 50s he started a very successful construction business, eventually opening a Hardwood flooring business that he passed on to his son Ron. Not content to retire, he kept working as a home inspector. So, when you think of someone who worked with his hands in trades all his life, you don’t generally get the image of a fine artist, but that is exactly what Max is.

At 93 years old, bored and discontent with being retired, Max explored in the basement garage of his new home at Sunrise of Thornhill. There he found a mostly unused storage room. It had almost no lighting at all. Looking around the garage he found abandoned items sitting all around: a lamp, a fan, a chair. With this he set up a studio that can only be described as dimly lit, stuffy, and kind of scary looking. And it is from this dim space that he produces works of art, day in day out.

His children and grandchildren had no idea that he had this immense pent up artistic drive. He had taken some limited sculpture lessons in college as a teenager but that was ancient history. All his life he had wanted to paint.

In the years since he started painting his output has been prolific: new works every week, dozens of them building up each year. Portraits of grandchildren, their spouses, great-grandchildren. Getting the chance to get out of the house he will go to Earl Bales or other locations to paint the scenery there; send him an iPhone photo of a landscape you saw on a vacation and he will be inspired to create a beautiful scene. He is all too happy to gift his paintings to family and friends from the stacks of art that crowd their den and closets.

To their credit, Sunrise of Thornhill recognized the beauty of what was happening and they allowed him to continue working from his makeshift studio, and started displaying rotating pieces of art around the lobby.

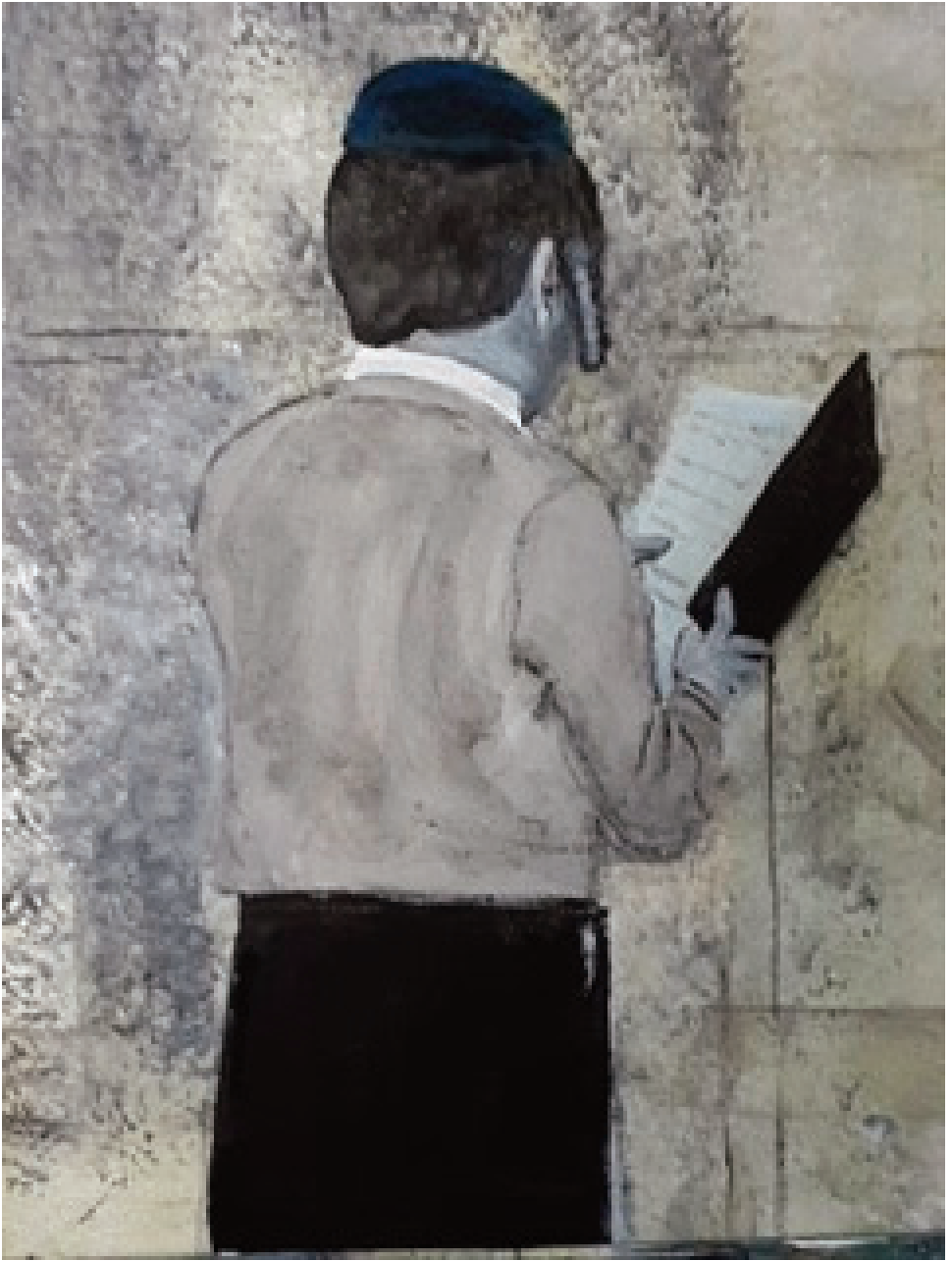
Going past the expectations of those around him, Max was bound to encounter the criticism that is all too common for artists. Those closest to him would ask “but Max, why did you paint it like that?”, not understanding that he was incorporating abstract art into his work. Soon this penchant for the abstract grew into a full on exploration of original paintings, dream images, and the development of his own style which can be described as “the rogue artist”. Max knows the conventions of art, but being 96 years old he doesn’t care to follow them when he gets an idea that goes beyond convention. I was showing his art to a local art appreciator when I made the comment that Max is in many ways like an Outsider Artist or folk artist. He sternly rebuked me “No. This is not outsider art. This is insider art. This is as inside as any art I’ve ever seen. This is genius.”

One more thing that helps to understand Max’s art is his deep devotion to Judaism and the feeling of spirituality that he gets from prayer. He is the “unofficial rabbi” of Sunrise of Thornhill, leading them in daily Minyans and enjoying every opportunity to celebrate and study with his community. While he might have not been excited to be around all those “old people”, this 96-year-old man who is full of life is making sure to share every bit of passion for prayer that he has with his peers. For that, and many other reasons, he is a huge mensch.

With that context, please enjoy these paintings by Max Ander.



Arab Farmer in Israel in the 1970s, oil paint on canvas by Max Ander, 2021



Young Boy Praying at The Wall, oil paint on canvas by Max Ander, 2023

Tales of Spaldeens Hibachis, and Rugelach

by Larry Wallach

I grew up in a section of Brooklyn called Boro Park or Borough Park. It is considered by the people who consider such things, to be the most densely populated Jewish community in the world, in the history of the world, but I have no idea who they are, or how they know, so I cannot vouch for its accuracy. But if it isn't #1 it is almost certainly in the top ten. To get to Boro Park, you not only travel in space (the F train or the D, successor to the beloved B train) but in time, to roughly 19th Century Eastern Europe.

When I grew up, it was simply another Jewish section of Brooklyn, like



Midwood/Flatbush and mostly home to traditional kippah wearing Orthodox Jews, although there were smatterings of Hasidic enclaves scattered on its edges. You did not and generally still do not see the type of observant Jew who wears a Fedora. And it was not the Hasidic centre that it has since become. Those were Williamsburg and Crown Heights and there was literally no reason to be in those neighborhoods except to drive through them to get to someplace else.

By the time I moved away to go to university, it began to transition to a major centre for Hasidic sects. Now, you will only see Hasids, and me visiting my mother, who at the time of this writing is 102, poo, poo, poo. The meaning of poo varies depending on the number of times it is repeated, if at all. Three times is to avoid the evil eye or the keinahora, which should not be confused with the Canine-a-Hora, which we recited when my daughter graduated veterinary school.

It is home to a variety of Hasidic sects including, according to Wikipedia, the Boyan, Bobov, Belz, Ger, Satmar, Karlin-Stolin, Vizhnitz, Munkacz, Klausenburg, Skver and Puppa communities. The foremost Hasidic communities have multi-purpose buildings that rival Beth Tzedec or Holy Blossom in size and grandeur. There are also hundreds, if not thousands of Shteiblach, small shuls in converted homes, as opposed to dedicated synagogue buildings.



When I was a kid, literally thousands of Jews from NYC (like the old Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, NYC is composed of boroughs—five to be exact) would gather on 14th Avenue, filling the streets with dancing to celebrate Simḥat Torah. My aunt and uncle, who lived next door to my family (or vice-a-versa) removed their beds to make room for chairs, to seat the hundreds who would walk through their doors before heading out. Among the visitors, many congregants of the nearby Conservative shul and school. As Boro Park transitioned, that Simḥat Torah celebration moved to the Upper West Side, outside the Lincoln Square Synagogue, whose rabbi was the legendary Shlomo Riskin.

Some other notable things about Boro Park: before Sunday shopping was legal in NYC, thousands would come to 13th Avenue to shop, as its stores began to communally close on Shabbat and open the next day. And about 18 minutes before Shabbat, and 15 minutes later, a 90 second communal warning siren goes off. We played stoop ball and punch ball with a pink Spalden or a Pensy Pinky, the Rolls Royce of pink rubber balls and equally rare. (Note the rounded edge of the stoop. And one would attempt to punch a ball the distance from home plate 1, 2 or 3 sewers while avoiding getting run over. Mostly by cars with giant fins.) If I find a store selling a Spalden, I have to buy it.



My sisters and I all attended Yeshivah of Flatbush, a modern Orthodox elementary and high school about a 40-minute bus ride from home. My best friends were from the Syrian Jewish community and their traditions, foods and two major synagogues (Shaare Zion and Beth Torah) were noticeably distinctive from my community, foods and shul (Temple Beth El). Note the food is sort of similarly shaped but that is where any similarity ends.



One last story. My dad ^{z"l} loved to BBQ and one day I decided to I lite up the old Hibachi ...



... only to be visited by a neighbour who was about 11 years old, and apparently the *eynikl* (grandchild) of the Belz or Bobov Rebbe (I forget who supposedly lived next door). He had never seen a barbeque and had no idea what I was doing and was very curious. I don't speak Yiddish and he didn't speak English. But we both knew Hebrew, the Bible and the customs associated with making various animal sacrifices (Korbanot). So, we talked, albeit imperfectly, and bonded that afternoon, just like Darmok and Jalad at Tanagra.



All this is by way of background to the topic, Va'ani Tefilati, and why I choose to ignore it. I pretty much grew up watching and being welcomed by Orthodox, Conservative, Hasidic, Syrian Sepharadi and Ashkenazi communities, all of whom have distinct and distinctive ways to express their relationship with God and the joy they found in their prayers and that process. Those moments and their overtures remain quite special to me. To express a personal perspective would be the equivalent of returning a gift, particularly one that I still treasure.

So, I prefer to go off topic and like previous years, talk about Yontiff food.

Every Friday morning, but particularly before the High Holy Days, my mom or I would go to 16th Avenue and stand in line to buy a hallah and the greatest kosher pastry ever made, Schick's Cream Cheese Rugelach.

Of course, we bought their pareve rugelach for meat meals, and they too were extraordinary but the cream cheese were the GOAT—the greatest of all time. And whenever my parents visited me in college, camp or Toronto, they would bring about five pounds worth and my kids and I would argue over mandatory and necessary rugelach rationing.

Schick's is long gone but their name and perhaps also their recipes were purchased—but do not be fooled. The packages you see, particularly around Passover time are Schick's in name only. They taste nothing like the original.

My wife Nina will attest to the hundreds of varieties of rugelach I have taste-tested in any location where rugelach are found, in order to find the perfect replacement and she has witnessed the sadness I invariably feel with every disappointing bite. And I cannot find the singular of rugelach because presumably, it's impossible to eat just one.



My wonderful wife has attempted to duplicate the recipe of my youth, and although it isn't perfect yet, it's a fine work in progress. There are myriad online cream cheese rugelach recipes for you to experiment with. You won't be disappointed. But a few cautionary bits of advice—no sugar crystals or confectionary sugar on top (ever) and no chocolate, apricot or raspberry filing—it's unnecessary. And it's meant to be chewy—not crunchy. I will be available over the High Holy Days to offer some guidance if requested, but given how many times my heart has been broken, I am reluctant to randomly taste test. Also, I am on a diet. But thank you for thinking of me.

A Happy & Healthy New Year to all. Next year, let's talk *bialys* and Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray Tonic.



Walking While Jewish

by Jeffrey Miller

(Below are excerpts from a long poem inspired by my several decades of wrestling with the problem of justice in the story of Moses. The poem begins with the reluctant shepherd standing atop Pisgah, gazing into the Promised Land [from which Adoshem – “IAm” in the poem – has barred him after he strikes the rock at Meribah rather than speaking to it, as commanded], shortly before his death. I include notes for the perplexed or the just curious, and I am happy to send the full poem to anyone who requests it: jeffreymiller@sympatico.ca)

Part the First: Pisgah: A Song of Moses (Excerpts)

Sing, Muse (but whose?),
and say how now this shepherd staggers
windswept atop Pisgah, pebble
and thistle draining the sandblisters pustulent
on his sandaled feet,¹ squinting sandblind down
down upon the Promised Land (to whom?) at last,
disallowed a stumble-tumble second-coming back down
down to the garden regained, there,
nay, garden *repurposed*, in a valley now,
a milk’n’honey muddled Fallen,
earthbound nowhere to go but up:
fourth time’s no charm after Noah’s fall
into water (that’s two) comes Babel (three):
reaching again for godlikeness
confounds tongues more than mine uncircumcis’d: [Exodus 6:12]
one couple to one family to one people
down down down now
dumbed down earthbound—sing:
all this way from Eden’s mount then back up
after forty years now numb, sirocco-
burn’d in sole and soul—sing,
Muse, and say (but as with Moshe ask
no unLawful idolatrous veneration):
How hast one come this far up
from the sandvalleys and bone-dry wadis
wind-swept sandblasted to crinkle-wrinkle-cataracted eye
this new downandout paradise, this

¹It’s true that the Hebrew bible mentions in passing that “Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years” (Deut. 8:4), yet the previous two sentences advise, “And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger.”

second gated vale-bound garden: numbed
now dumbled down earthbound below
only to feel numbly this dumbly nearer Heaven but only
that the welcome mat be snatched jerked wrenched
tumbleless gravity-bereft (oh
but for a Fortunate Fall ² here and now
after All), pilfered sweat-and-bloodstained
from under him at this new-gated wall?
His future behind him, as the bard of Dublin will put it.³
Hortus conclusus,⁴ disabuse us!

Disallowed to stumble unFall once more, more gently:
stuck inside of Moab with the Canaan blues again!
Whorehouse city of false gods stinking
of mindless ruttage, foul phoenix brought forth from
the ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah, their sovereign
himself a mountain god for the fallen—Baal
balling farther from home than when I began, Gehenna ⁵
on Earth this Moab, “of a father”: conceived
in incest, Lot with his daughters, a washpot
[“Moab is my washpot”: Ps. 68]
for now this journeyman’s weathered calloused feet:
rest at last (here?), of some description
(but what?). In peace? Pieces ...
pieces, where? Appeases
whom? How now? What then?
Why? Why? Why?:
Aye, piecemeal questions
to a dust-storm, a wind-devil, too late:
no fiery-tongu’d shrubbery on this most distant peak:
Sing: *No milk, less honey;*
gritty tearful, nothin’ funny!
*Forsaken? Wind-devil responsum.*⁶

[Exodus 3:2ff]

² or felix culpa, the Christian or theodacist idea that the Fall – the “original sin” of Adam and Eve – had to happen so that humankind could be redeemed and thereby made immortal. “Tumbleless” because Moses is denied entry down below, in Canaan, the new “enclosed garden.”

³ In James Joyce, *Ulysses* (New York: Random House 1942 (1918)), 141.

⁴ “The paradisaical garden and the tree of life belong in the apocalyptic structure, ... but the garden of Eden itself, as presented in the Bible and Milton, belongs rather to this one [as an analogy of innocence], and Dante puts it just below his Paradiso. ... Of special significance is the symbol of the body of the Virgin as a hortus conclusus, derived from the Song of Songs [4:12, “A garden enclosed is my sister, my bride, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed”]. Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism* (Princeton U. Press, 1957), 152.

⁵ The Jewish not-exactly-Hell/Purgatory, named after Gehinom, “Valley of Hinom,” where some Canaanites burned children as sacrificial offerings to Moloch. That bumptious god features in the devils’ colloquy at Pandemonium (Hell’s queen city) in *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

⁶ “A written reply by a rabbi or Talmudic scholar to an inquiry on some matter of Jewish law.” (Oxford Languages)

Yes, maybe this
they don't call it the Moshiach for nothin'.
I know, says Job, that my redeemer liveth, [Job, 19:25 and a lyric in Handel's Messiah]
though he meant not this shepherd, no Messiah me
even figuratively, but pious Job meant not the Christian God
either: Can I get a witness, he meant, materially,
of his faith and pious fealty, yet then
again, that's me, see (cataractedly), Moshe,
in fact, archetypally: thanks
to Herr Handel that redeemer condenses to Christ,
Redeemer from me (archetypally, from Joseph, see):
imperialistic-colonial ransackedly
the second shepherd edition
of me.

Thus, immortality:

Newsflash—

**New Millenium Begins
as Moses Resurrected with
Godman Superpowers**

So sing of now, sing of then,
past and future, here and when.

Two Moshiachs, two god-men. Much
similarity, archetypally – magic, even,
except the first is tragic, t'other
comedy, he-he. Yipee for
the intermediary. Sing

how and then dreams of Canaan
kept us stumbling sandblasted painin', thankless
sirocco-burned parched of sole and soul sold
four decades scorched fathershepherdcounsellorgodmangoat...,
fourteen-thousand-six-hundred days

walkin' in a blinder wanderland, [blind man (Yiddish),rhymes with "cinder"]

searching for our souls sandblind, straw men –
soulless strangers who built a strange land
of yes straw and mud now muddled
I see (crinkle-eyed cataractedly)

scrubby Pisgah as Purgatory inverted, see, up
in the air, upside down Egypto-pyramidally unifocal
down now on what might have been, a vision
of death redeemed nationally notionally
yet somehow not individually. Sing:

Why? Sing: How? Sing

But, pause:

what of good Job's lost children, slaughtered,
sacrificed, gone? Where Avraham's ram, where the tanglewood now?
Like Egypt's first-born and Jephthah's onlychild virgin daughter,
greeting him "with timbrels and dances" once
he has slaughtered the children of Ammon who
have slaughtered the children of Israel who,
like us, ... forsaken.

[Judges 11, 34-39]

For the material is immaterial: no compensation.
let alone consolation. Alone, yes,
take heart and sing of now,
sing of then, the individual Jew's muse—who's?
the immaterial has kept me striving, and yes,
the idea of this death, the Prime Mover.
Reaper less grim for this prophetic scrim:
what matters is here and now if filtered
through there and then, no coupons
redeemed yet, it's the journey matters, not
the individual end. Material privation first,
sandblasted, blisterously, then celebration,
eventually, but none
for me now who has come here only to die
at the threshold, but stranded above. Sing:
Life is hard, then you *peyger*,
to wait underground, mountainbound
for the Moshiach and its paradise on high.

[die like an animal (Yiddish)]

L'Chayim!

Aspects of Godliness

by Milton Verskin

The principle spiritual influences in my life, each in its own way, came from my parents, my grandparents—Yitzchok ben Yankev Cohen and his wife Pesheh—my sister Laurel, my son Alan, and Marlee, my wife and very close companion. In this little note, I'll talk mainly about my Grandpa, but also about my Bobeh and my father.

My grandparents, my mother's parents, lived with us. Although they had been in the country for over fifty years, they barely spoke any English. My parents, my sister and I always spoke Yiddish to them—a relatively pure Yiddish, very few English words were added in. I learned later that we did add in a few Yiddishized Russian ones—“*Ich hob shain gekonchet essen*,” I have already finished eating. I called my grandmother “Bobeh” but, for some strange reason, I did not call my grandfather “Zaideh,” I called him “Grampa,” and to me, that, too, was a Yiddish word. The local Yiddish newspaper had a series of little articles about children who spoke Yiddish. An article appeared about my sister and me, with a picture of us sitting together.

Every Friday night Grampa and I used to go out to our front gate and look towards the west and watch the sunset. When the light became relatively dim, he would say that *shabbos* had come in and it was time to *daven*. We went inside together. Grampa had a trained, easy voice. Whatever he sang, he sang with ease, with occasional little twirls and twists. When we *daven*, he said, we can ornament our singing, but only minimally. *Davening* is not a performance.

The Friday night *nusah* I learned from him remains with me to this day. Many years later, when I came to Toronto, I found that the men in our neighbourhood had a winter Friday night minyan in each other's houses. It saved us the freezing walk to shul. My new friend Adam Fuerstenberg introduced me and they asked me to lead the service. That was the first time I had ever led a Friday night service and the first time that I sang all my Grampa's Friday night tunes in public. Adam told me that introducing me to the group had increased his status there! Later-on, I would occasionally lead the summer Friday night service in the main synagogue, first on my father's yahrtzeit, later my mother's as well.

Grampa and I would often sit at the gramophone and listen to music together, mainly chazonnness, Yossele Rosenblatt, Berele Chagy, Zavel Kwartin and others. We had a 78 r.p.m record of Mordechai Hershman singing “*Moydim Anachnu Loch*”. We played it many, many times. Grampa wanted to be able to sing it, and, after much practice, he sounded quite beautiful. One of the pieces I used to play on the piano was Chopin's “Military Polonaise”. Grampa told me he didn't like it. It sounded like someone stuttering. I disagreed and continued to play it, but several years later, when I came back to the piece, I drastically changed my interpretation

and I like to think that he would have changed his mind about it.

We lived exactly a mile away from shul. Every *Shabbos* morning, Grampa and I walked to shul. One day I couldn't find him at home and so I walked myself. But at one point I stopped and looked back. There was Grampa, a tiny figure in the distance. I stopped and waited for him to reach me, and we walked the rest of the way together. When we got home, he told everyone what a phenomenal eyesight I must have, since I recognized him from so far. By the time I was eight, however, I already had glasses to be able to read what the teacher wrote on the blackboard at school.

At shul I sat next to him and *davened*. When Mr. Greenblatt, our *baal kriya*, read from the Torah, I followed—word for word while other children went outside to play. I sat next to my Grampa. He taught me the opening part of the Torah, how God created the world in seven days, and he taught me the trop for Torah reading and the haftarah. When I was around eight, I started reading the parsha every week at the children's service, the first aliyah divided into three, as adults did every Monday and Thursday morning. When my son lived in New York, there was a little girl at his shul, also around eight or nine years old, who did the same at their children's services.

When I was about to turn nine, Grampa told me to ask Mr. Greenblatt if I could do the haftarah in shul. That is allowed, even in the most Orthodox of shuls, though it is rare. Mr. Greenblatt said yes, and very soon after that there were little articles in the local Jewish press about how I did it—all exactly as it had been done in *shtetlah* in Europe.

Shortly before my bar mitzvah, we moved to a new neighbourhood. Our new house was only three short blocks from shul and so Grampa and I used to walk there together and our Friday night davening together came to an end. As I got older, I used to stand around after services and talk to the teenagers. One of them was a girl whom I occasionally dated. Looking back, as I often do, I see Grampa, a lonely figure walking back from shul without me. But I also felt that I wanted to talk to my friends, and it was that desire which won. Grampa seemed pleased that I was talking to them—he used to mention it at home with what seemed like obvious pleasure, but I still feel a pang of guilt when I think about it.

Many years later I taught my son something of what Grampa taught me. On his bar mitzvah, he read the sedrah, *Bereisheet*, and he also led *Shaharit*. That evening he gave a *d'var Torah*. I gave him a basis, but after that his knowledge of Judaism grew and it has far outstripped mine. He and I have a special relationship. Soon he and his family will be moving back to Toronto and our relationship will continue and grow.

Grampa had been a bookbinder and books were precious to him. My son and I have inherited his love for books. In the old country, Grampa's father had also been a bookbinder but in addition he was the rabbi of his congregation.

Grampa died when I was 17. Bobeh died when I was 18. I still feel the loss.

My father, by contrast, was not a shul-goer. He once gave me the Communist Manifesto—I was about 14 at the time—and when I took it to school to read during a free period, I still remember my teacher’s reaction: “It’s not the bible, you know.” I had no idea what he meant. Despite the contrast in lifestyles, my father once told me that he had never had a bad word with either Bobeh or Grampa.

I still remember when his mother died. Even though he had little belief, he went with Grampa to shul every morning to say kaddish for the full year, and I used to go with them. I can’t describe the pleasure those mornings gave me—Daddy, Grampa and me, all going to shul together.

My father died on his 77th birthday, the 6 of Nissan. I was 44. There’s a belief that one who dies on his birthday is a *tzaddik*. My father was certainly a *tzaddik*. When his father became an invalid, my father had to leave school before school-leaving age to work in both a day job and a night job. His life was always difficult. He was an unassuming, very warm, very loving, very humorous man who quietly went about his daily life unobtrusively doing many good deeds, as the need arose. He gave generously to Jewish charities. He would have liked to have gone to university but couldn’t afford it. He always had to work and attend to his business. He had the whole family to support. Yet, somehow, he had educated himself to a level beyond that of many university graduates.

I look back on all these stories with a mixture of pleasure and pain, with regret and guilt. As various people have said, youth is wasted on the young. I loved my Grampa, my Bobeh and my father, I loved them in different ways, but I didn’t fully appreciate them until it was too late.

What do these stories say about connecting to the divine within us, our spirituality? As I see it, they tell us that it is a way of behaving. We can’t define it and different people have different intuitions about it. When we see it, we recognize it, or perhaps some of us recognize one thing and others another. The most we can do is give examples and some pointers. What are some of the pointers? It’s caring for people and a closeness to them. It’s a love for certain concepts, ideals, and things—for example, a language, music, an institution, books and objects. It’s an intense form of morality. It’s a course of conduct. It’s the passing on of something indefinably worthwhile from one person to another and from generation to generation. It’s love for a community and being loved by it. It’s also a sense of loss—when someone dies, when a precious something is no longer practiced, and in the memories we have of people and events. Also, there is much regret and guilt and that, too, can be part of one’s spiritual experience.

Perhaps a reasonable summary comes from a well-known saying. God makes his home among the people.

The Rabbi's Wife was a Bird

by Soozie Schlanger

The Rabbi's Wife was a bird. She flew about helping the Rabbi with household chores. She would hand him the clothespins from above making it easier for the Rabbi to hang the laundry and she would sweep up dust with her wings while the Rabbi held the dustpan. She gave the Rabbi lots of advice since she had a bird's eye view of life and could see things from many different angles. The Rabbi knew she was very wise. He admired how beautifully she could fly and he especially loved to hear her sing.

The Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife had a daughter. She was also a bird. Her name was Faygaleh. Faygaleh would perch on the Rabbi's shoulder during his morning prayers listening carefully to the beautiful melodies. She would wrap herself up in the ends of the Rabbi's prayer shawl and would fly amongst the fringes, and of course, being a bird, she would sing along.

She loved the stories and the lessons that were taught in the Rabbi's prayer books and for a bird, Faygaleh spent more time reading the Rabbi's books than flying about. Faygaleh loved to learn.

At the end of prayer time the Rabbi always told his daughter, Remember Faygaleh, the most important thing you can learn from these books is peace and kindness and to treat all you meet just as you would want to be treated. God is the Divine within.

One day the Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife gave Faygaleh a gift. It was a teeny, tiny prayer shawl and a teeny, tiny prayer book. Faygaleh was overjoyed. Now she could pray with the Rabbi, holding her own book and wearing her own prayer shawl.

As she grew, she asked the Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife many questions. The family would sit around the table discussing ideas while sipping glasses of sweet, hot tea.

At the end of these discussions Faygaleh was always told the same thing: the most important thing you can learn is peace and kindness and to treat all you meet just as you would want to be treated. God is the Divine within.

When Faygaleh was no longer a little bird, the Rabbi's Wife sat down to have a chat with her. The Rabbi's Wife said, "Faygaleh, we are birds and birds must fly. We can't spend all our time with our beaks in books. There are many songs to sing. So now it is time for you to fly away and learn from life. Come back to tell us what you have learned. We will wait for you."

The Rabbi was sad but he agreed. Faygaleh was indeed a bird and birds need to fly. And so Faygaleh packed her knapsack and her prayer shawl and her prayer book and she flew off to learn about life outside of the Rabbi's books.

The Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife could hear Faygaleh as she flew away. She was singing the psalms and prayers she had learned at the Rabbi's side.

One morning Faygaleh heard some beautiful sounds. She followed the sounds and landed on a golden moon. She perched on the moon and looked down at a gigantic golden dome. The sounds she heard led her to fly further down to a mosaic window sill. Outside the windowsill there was a large sign that read:

Islamic Center and Mosque—The Imam Welcomes All

Faygaleh peeped through the window. She saw men kneeling on little mats. They were wearing little caps that reminded her of the Rabbi's kephah. In a separate section, women wearing headscarves and long robes were kneeling too. Everyone was praying with beautiful sounds—melodies full of rich, warm, dark colours. Faygaleh sang along until the prayers ended.

The Imam said goodbye to the people and with a final blessing he said: "The most important thing you can learn is peace and kindness and to treat all you meet just as you would want to be treated. God is the Divine within."

Faygaleh flew away chanting the melodies of the new prayers she had just learned. One Sunday, Faygaleh landed on a perch shaped like a cross on the very top of a large, stone building. The building had many sections and levels and shapes. As Faygaleh flew from rooftop to rooftop, she heard something remarkable. It sounded like many, many, many notes all melting into one sound. She hopped onto a windowsill to listen more closely. The window was covered in magnificent stained-glass pictures. The beautiful, sunlit colours and the layers of music created a feeling of both excitement and peace inside the little bird. Outside the window there was a large sign. It read:

Catholic Church—The Priest Welcomes All

Faygaleh peeked through the coloured glass. People were sitting and praying. They were holding little prayer books. Someone was playing an organ. And it is the organ that was creating the unusual, multi-layered sound that she heard.

Faygaleh sang along trying to make many, many, many notes come out of her mouth all at the same time.

The Priest said goodbye to the people and with a final blessing he said: "The most important thing you can learn is peace and kindness and to treat all you meet just as you would want to be treated. God is the Divine within."

Faygaleh flew away trying to sing like a church organ.

Sometimes at night she sang the prayers she had heard at the Rabbi's side with the melodies she heard sitting on the Mosque's mosaic windowsill. Sometimes she sang the prayers she heard at the Mosque to the melodies she had heard sitting on the Rabbi's shoulders. Sometimes she sang like a church organ, mixing all the prayers and melodies together.

Much time had passed and Faygaleh had travelled far and wide. One day she knew it was time to tell the Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife what she had learned and Faygaleh flew home. The Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife were thrilled to see their daughter again. The Rabbi quickly prepared the tea while the Rabbi's Wife looked at Faygaleh. She lovingly smoothed down her daughter's travel-worn feathers.

They sat with glasses of sweet, hot tea.

The Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife said "So, Faygaleh, sing us what you have learned."

Faygaleh sang what she had learned.

She sang the prayers she had heard at the Rabbi's side mixed with the melodies she heard sitting on the mosaic windowsill at the Mosque. Then she sang the prayers she heard at the Mosque to the melodies she had heard sitting on the Rabbi's shoulder. Then she sang many, many, many notes all at once like a church organ and mixed all the prayers and all the melodies together.

She sang a story about what she saw at the Mosque and repeated the Imam's good-bye blessing.

The most important thing you can learn is peace and kindness and to treat all you meet just as you would want to be treated... God is the Divine within.

Then she sang a story about what she saw at the Church and she repeated the Priest's goodbye blessing.

The most important thing you can learn is peace and kindness and to treat all you meet just as you would want to be treated

... God is the Divine within.

The Rabbi and the Rabbi's Wife were delighted! You have learned well, Faygaleh!

The most important thing you can learn is peace and kindness and to treat all you meet just as you would want to be treated. God is the Divine within.

Welcome Home.

Roosters, Loons and Waking Up

by Rabbi Steve Wernick

This summer, while on a canoe trip, I had an epiphany. Perhaps that's too strong a word. Let's call it an observation.

It came to me the first morning when I awoke at 6 a.m. (in no way my usual wake-up time), put on my *tallit* and *tefillin*, and recited the first blessing of *Birkat Hashahar*, the Morning Blessings. *Barukh Atah Hashem, Elo-keynu Melekh HaOlam asher natan lasekhvi vinah lhavkhin beyn yom uveyn lilah*. Our Siddur translates this verse as *Praised are you O Lord our God, King of the Universe who enables us to distinguish day from night*. But the *berakhah* says, *asher natan lasekhvi vinah* – who has given the **rooster** understanding – *lhavkhin beyn yom uveyn lilah* -- to distinguish between day and night.

Clearly, the English translator of Sim Shalom took creative liberty. The words of the Siddur were necessarily for a lifestyle more connected to nature than our own. The *berakhah* refers to a rooster because in a time without electricity or alarm clocks, the rooster is there to wake you up in the morning. And since it woke up with the crack of dawn, so did you.

While camping in Algonquin Park it wasn't a rooster that awoke me. It may, however, have been a Loon! Regardless, there is something uplifting about being in nature that simply made my prayer experience more meaningful. And herein lies the observation. There is a disconnect between much of our liturgy and our lived experience. The Siddur was developed for a lived experience prior to the industrial revolution. Today, our lived experience includes even greater technology and innovation. Moreover, we escape to nature rather than live within it. Perhaps that's one of the challenges we face when (if) we contemplate what does it mean to pray?

There are, of course, other significant challenges. They include Hebrew; do we understand what the words mean? And if we do, do we comprehend the Theology? What do we believe about God? They include *nusah* (melody) and music. Of course, they include time. We spend our time differently than our ancestors did. How much time are we willing to give to prayer?

These are the questions we want to explore together this year. That's why our theme Va'ani Tefilati: Connecting the Divine Within Us is so apt. We hope you will join us on this journey. Thank you to those who contributed to this High Holy Day Reader to inspire us as we gather for these High Holy Days.

Shanah Tovah U'Metukah – May you have a sweet New Year.



יזכור *Book of Remembrance*

תשפ"ד 2023–2024 / 5784

Yizkor Services

Yom Kippur MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 2023

Shemini Atzeret SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 2023

Pesah TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 2024

Shavuot THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 2024

Beth Tzedec Congregation, Toronto, Ontario

Beth Tzedec Congregation honours the memories of our members who have passed away over the past year.

Prof. Irving Abella
Tona Abrams
Ruth Bergman
Clara Cappe
Leonard Cepler
Mark Charness
Sandra (Saundra) Chelin
Sybil Cowitz
Fredric Dunkelman
Bruce Eisen
Leonard Eisen
Goldie Erenberg
Jean Eugen
Larry Finkelstein
David Fox
Dorothy Garfinkel
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William Hechter
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Alan Schwartz
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Milton Shier
David Sugarman
Ruth Tauber
Marvin Turk
Herbert West
Dr. John Zeldin

May they be comforted amongst the mourners of Zion and Jerusalem.

Mary, Emily and Megan Abbott,
in loving memory of
Neil S. Abbott
Dr. Michael M. Abbott

Ethel Abramowitz and family,
in loving memory of
Nathan Abramowitz
Sally Levy
Joy Manne
Sofie Kamnitzer
Siegmond Martin Kamnitzer
Rachel Tzirla Abramowitz
Israel Louis Abramowitz

Bernie Abrams and Sasha Abrams,
in loving memory of
Tona Abrams
Claude Abrams
Aidy Abrams Cohen
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Malki and Izzie Abrams,
in loving memory of
David Cappe
Ida and Hyman Abram

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in loving memory of
Ella and Abraham Rutman
Ida and Phil Abrams
Edith and Tom Valo
Sidney Valo
Frandel and Yahaskiel Rutman
Miriam Raizl and
Isadore Friedman
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Itka and Avrum Streiman
Marky Streiman
Lily and Joseph Greenwald
Alice and Zoltan Ziegler
Eugene, Zoltan and
Ernest Friedman

Beverley Abramson and
Buddy Schwartz,
in loving memory of
Nate and Sylvia Katz
Abraham Schwartz
Eunice Schwartz

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in loving memory of
Dr. John E. Ackerman
Jack and Bella Einstoss
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Jacob and Mindel Ackerman
Albert A. and Sonya Ackerman
Sam and Esther Ackerman
Shirley Silverman
Ian Einstoss
Jason Einstoss
Allan Einstoss

Phyllis Adler and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. Eli Adler
Ann Corman
Ethel and Louis Smordin
Lilly and Meyer Adler

Kenny, Julie, Jamie, Perry and
Benjy Albert, *in loving memory of*
Harvey Albert
Lynn Albert
Gerald Albert
Alice Lieberman

The Alexandroff Family,

in loving memory of

Harry Alexandroff
Mollie Alexandroff
Rivka Alexandroff
Boruch Alexandroff
Fannie Krestell
Samuel Krestell
Bernard Nathanson
Roslyn Nathanson

Earl Altman and family and Cheryl
and Dave Houston and family,

in loving memory of

Helen Altman
Sonny Altman

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Mira Shuman and Naomi Shuman,

in loving memory of

Rebecca Appel
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Bess Wagner
Moe Wagner
Harry Arbus

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in loving memory of

Evelyn Ashley
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Hinda Yashinsky

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in loving memory of

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in loving memory of

Sean Howard Atkins

Mark and Elaine Atlin and family,

in loving memory of

Saul (Sonny) Wise
Myrtle Wise
Gordon Atlin
Shelley Wise

Pamela and Paul Austin,

in loving memory of

Lawrence B. Austin

Dolly Austin

Jennie Shoot-Austin

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Charles Cardish

Nathan Austin

Deborah Austin

Sally Justein

Morris Justein

Israel Justein

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Gerald Silverberg

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in loving memory of

Lionel Axler

Sara Axler

Mozes Glazer

Faiga Glazer

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Max Westelman

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in loving memory of

Stanley Banach

Rose and Irving Silver

Blooma and Michael Banach

Beatrice and Carl Rosenbloom

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in loving memory of

Dora and Boris Barkin

Lila and Joe Strashin

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Jennifer Barkin

Dean, Lori, Ethan and Alison

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Elisa Michelle Beallor

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Maurice Bendavid

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Selly Azar Benyes

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and Justin Binder,

in loving memory of

Dr. Fred Weinberg
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Adam Black, *in loving memory of*

Aaron Black
Franca Bensmihen
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Max Starkman
Ada Starkman
Philip Black
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The Bockner and Tator Families,

in loving memory of

Bunny Bockner
Irwin Tator

Annette Bot and family,

in loving memory of

William Bot
Reva Pinkus
William Pinkus
Philip Pinkus
Rose Boot
Hyman Boot
Dorothy Herman
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The Breslin Kids,

in loving memory of

Hannah and Ed Breslin

Stephen Breslin and Cindy
Breslin-Carere,

in loving memory of

Brothers—Perry Breslin and
Blake Breslin

Leonard and Bella Brody and
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Aaron Brody
Chana Jacobs
Abraham Jacobs

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Saul Brown
Lena Brown
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Celia Tanzman
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Irene Catzman
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Marvin Catzman

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Sam and Belle Abramson
Joseph and Frances Cepler

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Yefet Family, *in loving memory of*
Ernestina Ceron Valencia
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Eunice Tanzer, *in loving memory of*
Lori Tanzer Chad
Abraham and Evelyn Chad
Dr. Lionel Tanzer

Bayla and Leo Chaikof,
in loving memory of
Rose Appel
Israel Appel
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Sara Chan-Lipson,
in loving memory of
Mickey Lipson

Ruth and Robert Chelin
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Saundra and Harry Chelin
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in loving memory of
Mr. Rubin Cheskes
Mrs. Kayla Cheskes
Mr. Irwin Sacks
Mrs. Jean Sacks

Peter and Gene Chodos,
Adam Chodos and Sarah Goldberg,
Stephen and Sarah Chodos,
in loving memory of
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Sara Granat
Abe Chodos
Margaret Chodos

Denise Chriqui,
in loving memory of
Moshe Chriqui
Liliane Broitman

Jeffrey and Shawna, Russell Citron
and Melanie and Ava Bross,
in loving memory of
Dr. Paul Citron
Dr. Ken Citron
Joey Goodbaum

Rochelle Citron,
in loving memory of
Dr. S. Paul Citron
Dr. Kenneth Citron
Zelma and Morris Smith
Gerald Smith
Sarah Pies
Sarah and Jacob Citron
Malka Green

Sarah, Jacob and Genna Citron,
in loving memory of
Dr. S. Paul Citron
Dr. Kenneth Citron

Flory and Robert Cohen,
in loving memory of
Louis and Pearl Rosenberg
Nancy and Phil Coren
Al and Molly Cohen
Sheila Cohen
Irving and Ellen Lithwick

Sandra Cohen and family,
in loving memory of
Bob (Irwin) Cohen
Murray and Minnie Clavir
Abe and Eva Cohen
Sally Cooper

Arthur Cole,
in loving memory of
Judy Cole
Allen Cole

Jeremy, Jo-anne, Zac and Sara Cole,
in loving memory of
Sharon Cole

Jonathan Cole and Laurie Sheff,
Matthew and Allie, Thomas and
Ezra, *in loving memory of*
Albert Cole
Ellen Cole

Marvin and Mary Cooper,
in loving memory of
Tzvi Cooper
Dora Cooper
David Cooper
Stephen Cooper
Israel Katznelson
Batya Katznelson

Ellen, Rick, Corey, Daria Lindsay
and Ryan Cosman, *in loving memory of*
Anne Johnson
Leonard Johnson
Maida Cosman

The Cummings Family,
in loving memory of
Sylvia and George Cummings
Bob Cummings
Anne Cummings
Michael Cummings
Gertrude and Joseph Campbell
Sharon and Norm Litvak

Brenda Dales and family,
in loving memory of
Bernard (Barney) Dales
Lilian Rubin
Irving Rubin
Judith Rubin
Ida Dales
Charles Dales

Sam Damiani and Marnie Burke,
in loving memory of
Pauline Burke
Solomon Burke
Judith Wofford

Regina and Terry Delovitch,
in loving memory of
Helen Wierbski
Leon Wierbski
Ruth Delovitch Chorán
Ralph Delovitch
Joy Delovitch Feldman
Aaron Rosengarten

Gertrude Diamond and family,
in loving memory of
Albert (Aubbie) Diamond
Molly and Joseph Ziedenisberg
Izzie Ziedenisberg
Rose Finkelstein
Anne Shessel
Sarah and Jacob Diamond
Samuel Diamond

Min Drevnig, Ellen Drevnig and
family, Elliott and Risa Shiff and
family, *in loving memory of*
Harvey Drevnig

Marshall Drukarsh, Deborah
Drukarsh Reiken and Cole Reiken
and family, Brian and Shauna
Drukarsh and family,
in loving memory of
Florence Drukarsh
Samuel Rappaport
Gertrude Rappaport

Janet, Edwin, Anna and Deborah
Durbin, *in loving memory of*
Alex and Annette Devon
Lillian and David Durbin
Andrea Durbin

Merle Eisen and family,
in loving memory of
Leonard Eisen
Harry and Pearl Dover

Wendy and Elliott Eisen,
in loving memory of
David Eisen
Selma Eisen

Morty and Gayle Eisenberg
and family, *in loving memory of*
Jules and Pearl Surdin
Isaac and Anne Eisenberg

Bruce and Nancy Elman,
in loving memory of
Fani and Norman Adelsberg
Eva and Dave Elman
Anne (Honey) Schlosberg
Rhoda Schlosberg

Pearl and David Elman,
in loving memory of
Clara Ostreger Zucker
Moishe Zucker
Zelda Ozdoba Elman
Saul Elman
Maryim Teich Ostreger
Vove Ostreger
Bina Ostreger Kent
Raiza Ostreger Gruber
and Children
Isi Ostreger
Laizer Elman
Bessie Blaustein Elman
Joan Kantor Moyse
Robert Feldman

Jocelynn and Fred Engle and
family, *in loving memory of*
Isaac Engle
Sarah Engle
Gerald Krivel
Molly Krivel
Dr. Gordon Greenberg
Honey Cassells

Daniel Eugen and Rodica Eugen,
in loving memory of
Jean Eugen
Leon Israel
Liza Israel
Eugen Israel
Cornelia Giroveanu Roth

Nancy Ezer and family,
in loving memory of
Gabriel Ezer
Marvin Arbuck
Sonia Arbuck
Sidney Arbuck
Edye Arbuck
Pearl Shliefer
Ezer Ezer
Aziza Ezer
Shaul Ezer
Judi Ezer
Ruth Ezer
Levy Ezer
Paulina Ezer
Sam Morgen
Emma Morgen
Roy Klein
Rose Klein
Paula Hertz
Jerry Hertz
Sima Polonsky
Albert Polonsky
Arlene (Etty) Silver
Haron Ezer

Robert Farber,
in loving memory of
Shaynka Farber

Marion and Ron Feld,
in loving memory of
Isabel (Billie) Berlin Levy
Saul S. Berlin

Judy Feld Carr, Alan and Gary Feld
and Elizabeth Feld Gangbar,
in loving memory of
Dr. Ronald Feld

Brian and Kathryn Feldman,
in loving memory of
Gilbert Newman
Reta Newman
Aaron Feldman
Molly Feldman
Charles David Feldman

Vered and Jay Feldman,
in loving memory of
Malka Gorewicz
Max Gorewicz
Leslie Feldman

Roberta, Jon, Eli and Carly Fidler,
in loving memory of
Murray Fidler
Trudy Fidler
Nate Gutkin
Shirley Gutkin
Adrienne Fidler Rossman

David and Ronni Fingold
and family, *in loving memory of*
Sidney Fingold
Samuel Fingold
Paul Fingold
Max Weisbrot
Pearl Weisbrot
Dorothy Himel
Michael Gerstein Fingold

Vera and Larry Finkelstein,
in loving memory of
Esther Glassman
Saul Glassman
Helen Finkelstein
Ben Finkelstein
Edward Finkelstein

Marilyn Finkelstein and family,
in loving memory of
Albert Finkelstein
Eva Goldhar
Charles Goldhar
Alexander Finkelstein
Anne Finkelstein
Tema Simlewitz
Diane Schwartz
Howard Schwartz
Rene Bernstein
Rose Rubinoff
Mindy Bland

Barbara Firestone,
in loving memory of
Sheldon Firestone
Joseph Firestone
Bessie Firestone
Irving Brown
Eve Brown
Noreen White

David Fisher,
in loving memory of
Edith Fisher
Ralph Fisher
Jeffrey Fisher
Helen Fish
Rose Kruger
Albert Kruger
Albert Fisher

Ruth and Fred Fishman and family,
in loving memory of
Adam Avrom Buck
Robert S. Fishman
Rose Fishman

Ilene and Stephen Flatt and family,
in loving memory of
Abraham Flatt
P. Theodore Magram

Phyllis Flatt and family,

in loving memory of

Abraham Flatt
Anne Flatt
Moses Flatt
Beatrice Irene Wolfe
Max Wolfe
Nettie Albert
Samuel Abraham Albert
Rocha Rivka Wolfe
Chaim Yosef Wolfe
Benyamin Michel Flat
Chaya Dvora Flat
Yitzhak Abramski
Stera Leah Abramski
Jeffrey Fruitman
Orval Fruitman
Ida Fruitman

Doreen Fogel and family,

in loving memory of

Bernard Fogel
Molly Fogel
Max Fogel
Jean Weisbrod
Saul Weisbrod
Greta Dovenman
Aleksander Dovenman
Renee Solomon

The Fox Family,

in loving memory of

Helen Fox
Howard Fox

Marla Freedman and Howard

Rosen and family, *in loving memory of*

Lillian Freedman
Ben Freedman
Mike Rosen
Sally Rosen

Lila Freedman,

in loving memory of

Dr. Melvin Freedman
Benjamin Freedman
Norma Freedman
Naomi Freedman
Ellen Hochberger
Nathan Oberman
Mary Oberman
Betty Rubin Oberman
Sima Hirsh
Lily Steinberg

Mary Ann Freedman and the

Hitzig Family, *in loving memory of*

William (Billy) Hitzig
Dr. Lewis and Ita Freedman
Sam and Thelma Hitzig

Budgie Frieberg and family,

in loving memory of

Joseph Frieberg
David Frieberg
Meryl Frieberg
Moishe Grafstein
Goldie Grafstein
Robert Grafstein
Murray Frieberg
Helen "Chip" Feldman
Sarah Solomon
Molly Brown
Estherelke Kaplan
Pearl Kaplan
Evelyn Gilbert
Rosemary Samuel
Robert Kaplan
David Solomon
Jack Feldman
Esther Elite

Georgine Friedlich-Rosman and family, *in loving memory of*

Steven Friedlich
Maria Ismann
Franz Ismann
Aurelia Friedlich
Lewis Friedlich
Nancy Pollock
Percy Pollock

Yacov Fruchter and Ryla Braemer,

in loving memory of
Sylvia Fruchter

David Gale and family,

in loving memory of
Brenda Gale

Maxine Gallander Wintre and family, *in loving memory of*

Helaine Gallander
Harold Gallander

Samuel and Renata Galperin,

in loving memory of
Abraham William Kahn
Rita Kahn
Charles Galperin
Sarah Galperin
Edith Kawarsky
Murray Kawarsky
Ann Zidenberg
Sam Zidenberg

Shep and Lorraine Gangbar and family, *in loving memory of*

Phil and Sarah Gangbar
Jack and Sybil Geller
Leon and Beryl Libin

Eric Gangbar, Lisa Markson, Deena Gangbar, Emma Gangbar, Molly Gangbar, Libby Gangbar,

in loving memory of
Evelyn Markson
Ted Markson
Anna Gangbar
Sydney Gangbar
Geoffrey Gangbar
Vita Linder
Cec Linder
Saul Linder

Len Gangbar, Liz Feld, Sara Gangbar, Jack Gangbar and Max Gangbar, *in loving memory of*

Dr. Ronald Feld
Sydney and Anna Gangbar
Geoffrey Gangbar
Jack and Sarah Leve
Israel and Edith Gangbar
Vita Linder
Alexander Leve

Ronnie Gavsie,

in loving memory of
David Gavsie

Marvin Geist,

in loving memory of
Terry Geist
Mamie Geist
Samuel Geist
Harvey Geist
Sylvia Gold
Sam Gold
Harry Silverman

Richard and Cindy Gelb,

in loving memory of
Harriet Linda Gelb
Martin David Gelb
Rose Gelb
Helen Nornberg
Samuel Gelb

Jane and Jeffrey Gertner and family,

in loving memory of

Joseph Rosenwald
Fanny Rosenwald
Joseph Gertner
Annie Gertner
Samuel Gertner
Ruth Gertner
Sidney Stern
Florence Stern

Sandra Gertner,

in loving memory of

Eva Reich
Harry Reich
Matthew Lehrman

Fran Giddens and family,

in loving memory of

Harry Giddens
Linda Anne Giddens
Ben Rozenperl
Ray Rozenperl
Lilly Giddens
Louis Giddens
Jack Giddens
Mildred Giddens
Tobie Lewis

Dafna Gladman,

in loving memory of

Bat-Sheva Dina and
Shlomo Rosenfeld
Abie Al (Sonny) Gladman
Amitzur Rosenfeld
Emmanuel David Rosenfeld

The Glass Family,

in loving memory of

John J. Glass
Anne Glass
George Glass
Robert Glass
Annie Karlin

Dr. Karen Glass and Mr. Martin

Halpern, Ira, Rebecca and Simone,

in loving memory of

Deeny Glass
Percy Skelly
Florence (Chicky) Skelly
Sidney Halpern
Anne Halpern
Malca Halpern Litovitz
Minnie Skolnick
Adam Litovitz

Zina Glassman and family,

in loving memory of

Michael Joseph Melech Glassman
Kopel Fridlyand
Morris Murray Glassman

Sam and Melissa Glazer,

in loving memory of

Helen and Albert Glazer
Bernard Dorfman

Marika Glied, Sherry Glied and

Richard Briffault, Tammy Glied

and Robert Beliak, Michelle

Glied-Goldstein and

Allan Goldstein and families,

in loving memory of

William (Bill) Glied
Olga and Leslie Nyiri
Miriam and Alexander Glied
Aniko Glied

Connie and Daniel Gold,
in loving memory of
Tom and Elca Taras
The Honourable Alan B. Gold

Ralf and Ileana Gold,
in loving memory of
Dina Gold
Marcel Gold
Tatiana Cernauti
Ion Cernauti

Morty and Elaine Goldbach
and family, *in loving memory of*
Jack Goldbach
Fanny Goldbach
Ben Willer
Molly Willer
Aryeh Haimovitz

Dr. Eudice Goldberg and family,
in loving memory of
Arthur Bernard Konviser
Richard Goldberg
Tillie Goldberg

David Golden and Connie
Putterman and family,
in loving memory of
Sidney Golden
Roslyn Golden
Bernard and Muriel Putterman
Mark Putterman

Nancy Golden,
in loving memory of
Dr. Sidney Golden
Jack Golden and Sylvia Golden
Isadore and Fanny Rosen
Esther Rosen
Charlotte Belz
Myrna Reese
Shirley Nash

Karen and Sydney Goldenberg,
in loving memory of
Mary and David Goldberg
Lillian and Morris Goldenberg
Shirley Goldberg Trim
Avivah Goldberg Goodbaum

Allan Goldstein and Michelle
Glied-Goldstein and family,
in loving memory of
Herbert Goldstein
Jordan Goldstein

Marvin Goldstein and Judith Betel
and family, *in loving memory of*
Joseph Betel
William Goldstein
Freda Goldstein
Malka Klein

Errol Gordon and Caroline Bokar
Gordon and family,
in loving memory of
Mara and Bob Bokar
Robert Gordon
Lillian and Philip Gordon
Sophie and Hyman Bolter

Stanley and Rhonda Gordon and
family, *in loving memory of*
William and Lillian Gordon
Allan (Sonny) and Ada Turner
Bruce Gordon

Maxwell and Heather Gotlieb,
in loving memory of
Samuel Orenstein
Dorothy Orenstein
Louis Gotlieb
Gertie Gotlieb
Paul Orenstein
Ted Orenstein

Michael, Dianne, Ashley and
Jonah Gould, *in loving memory of*
Allan Gould
Marion Gould
Frank Oberman

Herman and Marya Grad,
in loving memory of
Moses Grad
Pepi Grad
Irving Grad
Leon Volfinzon
Betty Volfinzon

Diane Grafstein,
in loving memory of
Charles Sternberg
Murray Grafstein
Ida Slavin
Louis Slavin
Minnie Grafstein
Robert A. Grafstein

Harold and Annette Grafstein,
in loving memory of
Robert Grafstein
Minnie Grafstein
Murray Grafstein
Sam Pollack
Pearl Pollack
Yetti Lightstone
Harry Lightstone
Sam Brenman
Joseph Pollack
Rose Pollack
Arthur Pollack

Senator Jerry and Carole Grafstein,
in loving memory of
Solomon Grafstein
Helen Rose Grafstein
Harry Sniderman
Molly Sniderman
Katy and Louis Back
Morris Back
Israel and Mirel Bleeman
Pauline Wayne
Enid Hildebrand
Reva Leeds
Malka Green
Marty Richman
Joe Frieberg

Arlene Grajcer and Harvey Worth,
in loving memory of
Joseph Grajcer
Brandon Grajcer
Sophie Grajcer
Stanley Grajcer
Moses M. Nathan
Honey Nathan
Max Worth
Emily Worth
Earl Worth
Eden Worth
Howard Nathan

Jerry Grammer and family,
in loving memory of
Lillian Grammer
Milton Grammer
Sarah Grammer
Harold Grammer
Harry Fishman
Hilda Fishman

Dr. Albert and Sabina Green,
in loving memory of
Fay Silverman
Sam Silverman
Sarah Green
Irving Green
Sheila Zeldin
Ken Eichenbaum

Roslynn and Harry Greenberg,
in loving memory of
Dora Greenberg
Abraham Greenberg
Belle Korzen
Harry Korzen
The unnamed but not forgotten
family members who perished in
the Holocaust

Saul and Bonnie Greenberg,
in loving memory of
Shaynka Farber
Dora and Abraham Greenberg

Luba and Johnny Greenspan
and family, *in loving memory of*
Esther and Morris Teper
Helen and Harry Greenspan
Joy (Greenspan) Epstein

Ruthe Wengle Greenspan,
in loving memory of
Harry Greenspan
Lawrence Wengle
Rose and George Fink
Louis and Minnie Fink
Abe and Fanny Wengle

David and Lucille Griff,
in loving memory of
Alexander Griff
Adela Griff
Maurice Levine
Ruth Levine

Mariana Grinblat,
in loving memory of
Mihai (Mike) Grinblat

Bernie, Elise, Alix, Adam and
Dylan (Goldberg), Evan, Noah,
Adam Gropper, *in loving memory of*
Leo Stern

Bayla Gross and family,
in loving memory of
Pearl Dover
Morris Gross

Michael and Yoshie Gross,
in loving memory of
Harold and Roslyn Gross
Charles and Rose Gross
Joe and Anne Abrams

Jack and Sandi Grossman and
family, *in loving memory of*
Sally and Harry Grossman
Rose and Murray Bisgould
Max Blumenthal

Irving Gurau and family,
in loving memory of
Susan Gurau
Ida Lewis Siegel
Sam Rosenbaum
Rivie Gurau
Henry Gurau
Rachel Silver
Helen Rosenbaum

Jack Gwartz and family,
in loving memory of
Judy Gwartz
Sara and Sam Gwartz
Molly and Frank Gold

Mark, Karen, Joseph, Charles and
Lewis Haar, *in loving memory of*
Gilda and Leonard Caplan
Sol Haar
Michael Herman
Elizabeth Rose Herman

Roz Halman and family,
in loving memory of
William (Bill) Halman
Tobias and Gitel Halman
Joseph and Yetta Hamer
Chaya Hamer (who perished
in the Holocaust)
Cynthia Goldkind
Dr. Harold Hamer

Corinne Hart,
in loving memory of
Dovena Hart
Myer Hart
Elinor Solomon

Tuvyah, Zalman, Ariel and
Ilan Hart, *in loving memory of*
Dr. Martin Hart

Brian Heller and Beverly Kupfert,
in loving memory of
Eva Kupfert
Morris Kupfert
Leon Heller
Rosalie Heller
Temima Heller-Taub

Cheryl Herman and Rami Mozes
and family, *in loving memory of*
Marilyn Herman
Alfred Herman
Pepi Mozes
Marcel Mozes

Mary Ellen Herman,
in loving memory of
Michael John Herman
Elizabeth Rose Herman
Gilda Caplan
Leonard Caplan
Murray Herman
Ruby Herman

Karen Hersh and Lawrence Davis
and Ellen and David Zworth,
in loving memory of
Morton Hersh
Hilda (Hindy) Davis

Elaine and Sheldon Hildebrand,
in loving memory of
Rae Hildebrand
David Hildebrand
Anne Eden
Earl Eden
Geoffrey Eden

Alison Himel,
in loving memory of
Malka Chapnick and Al Green
Beckie and Max Chapnick
Edith and Ben Himel
Pearly Banks

Sharon and Andrew Himel and
Alec and Will Biderman,

in loving memory of

Dr. S. Paul Citron

Al and Malka Green

Dr. Kenneth Citron

Max and Beckie Chapnick

Jacob and Sarah Citron

Ben and Edith Himel

Morris and Zelma Smith

Pearly Banks

Gerald Smith

Alexander (Alec) and

Daisy Biderman

Sarah Pies

Harry and Sarah Dubinsky

Henry and Helen Goldenberg

Allan and Esther Konikoff

Martin Hirschberg and family,

in loving memory of

Rose and Al Tobias

Anne and Thomas Hirschberg

Marion Hirschberg

Ronnie Hoffer,

in loving memory of

Sam Hoffer

Esther and Joe Rutman

Sali and David Hoffer

Joe Hoffer

Paula Hoffman and family,

in loving memory of

Harry Hoffman

Stuart Alan Hoffman

Shirley Hoffman

Gloria Houser and family,

in loving memory of

Cyril Houser

Harry Pearlstein

Sarah Pearlstein

Al Pearlstein

David Pearlstein

Shirley Pearlstein

Samuel Houzer

Lena Houzer

Stanley Houzer

Vera Houzer

Marvin Houser

Shirley Houser

The Humphries Family,

in loving memory of

Rose Marie Humphries

Esther Hussman and family,

in loving memory of

Dave Hussman

Sam Hussman

Manya Hussman

Binyamin Mizrachi

Miriam Mizrachi

Eliyahu Mizrachi

Yosef Eliav (Mizrachi)

David Eliav (Mizrachi)

Rachamim Mizrachi

Shlomo Eliav (Mizrachi)

Sarah Amir (Mizrachi)

Ruth Hyman and family,

in loving memory of

Gurion Joseph Hyman

Sarah Warner

Samuel Warner

Faygle Hyman

Benzion Hyman

Roslyn Warner Savage

Gloria and Norman Jacobs,
in loving memory of
Tillie Jacobs
Zoloa Jacobs
Sarah Leibman
Oscar Leibman

Nava Jakubovicz,
in loving memory of
Abraham Jakubovicz
Iran Esther Jakubovicz

The Joseph Family,
in loving memory of
Harvey Joseph
Max Weisfield
Ida Weisfield
Alex Joseph
Ann Joseph
Bluma Joseph
Isaac Joseph
Abe Sheiman
Ettie Sheiman
Leah Gazer
William Gazer
Adel Rivka Weisfield
Moishe Joseph Weisfield
Joan Lipton

Lorna Kahn and family,
in loving memory of
Asher Kahn
Philip Casher
Marie Casher

Norman and Jackie Kahn,
in loving memory of
Herbert (Holocaust survivor)
and Rose Kahn
Vera (Holocaust survivor)
and Bernard Waldman
Allan Simon
Susan Satenstein
Jonathan Kahn

Lesley and Randy Kalpin,
in loving memory of
Spencer Kalpin
Jean Kalpin

Allan Kanee and Thea Weisdorf
and family, *in loving memory of*
Isa Elman Ots
Sheryl Brander
Benson Kanee

Phyllis and Michael Kaplan and
family, *in loving memory of*
S. Charles Kaplan
Pearl Kaplan
Al Miller
Lillian Miller
Estherelke Kaplan
Hon. Robert Kaplan

Martin and Sandra Karp and family,
in loving memory of
Paul Weisfield
Samuel Weisfield
Anne Weisfield
Max Karp
Eva Karp
Jerry Karp
Marion Sherman

Stephen H. Kauffman,
in loving memory of
Judith Lynn Kauffman
Samuel Kauffman
Phyllis Louise Kauffman
Dr. Max Carson
Annette Carson

Cathy and Ron Kaufman and family, *in loving memory of*
Amalie Hanson
Jack and Zita Kaufman
Frances Lusthaus
Linda and Paul Hecht

Sharon and Barry Kaufman and family, *in loving memory of*
Betty Kestenberg
Louis Kestenberg

Sherry Kaufman and family, *in loving memory of*
William and Bertha Savlov
Rose and Morris Kaufman
Michael Sigel

Elaine Kay and family, *in loving memory of*
James F. (Jimmy) Kay
Samuel and Fanny Kay
Daniel and Irene Cheslow

Noreen Kay and family, *in loving memory of*
Gary Kay
Samuel Gordon Troister
Sari Troister
Morris Kay
Ida Kay
Allan Kay

Dr. Jerome and Pearl Kazdan, *in loving memory of*
Dr. Louis Kazdan
Anna Kazdan
Dr. Martin Kazdan
Jeannette Schwartz
Fanny Charach
Sandra Pecker

Carole and Harvey Kerbel and family, *in loving memory of*
Evalyn and Arthur Lipton
Anne and Izzie Kerbel
Joyce and Israel Shopsowitz
Arthur Lerman
Harry Lerman
Esther Liba and Israel Lerman
Sandra Carole Lerman

Harvey and Milly Kirsh, *in loving memory of*
Freda Mary Kirsh
Alex Kirsh
Taube Bornstein
Isaac Bornstein
Tamara Ava Ornstein

Jerry and Riva Kirsh, *in loving memory of*
Rubin Schneider
Fradel Schneider
Toby Waltman (née Schneider)
Samuel Kirsh
Sarah Kirsh

Howard Joshua Kirshenbaum and family, *in loving memory of*
Abraham Isaac "Izzy" Kirshenbaum
Batya "Betty" Kirshenbaum

Barbara and Ricky Kirshenblatt and family, *in loving memory of*
Gordon Quitt
Louis Kirshenblatt
Esther Kirshenblatt

Perri and Elliot Kirshenblatt and family, *in loving memory of*
Louis and Esther Kirshenblatt
Ralph Halbert

The Klein Family, *in loving memory of*
Bernard Liberman
Gloria Klein
Jack Klein

Cantor Audrey Klein and
Dr. Joshua Albert and family,
in loving memory of
Eynat Albert
Nancy Weiss Klein

Stan and Betty Klimitz and family,
in loving memory of
Diana Sniderman
Sam Sniderman
Ruth Cugelman
Dora Klimitz
Louis Klimitz
Paul Klimitz

Lisa Koeper,
in loving memory of
Joseph Kerzner

David and Joy Kohn,
in loving memory of
Anne Greenberg
Harold Greenberg
Samuel Kohn
Betty Kohn

Melanie, Aaron, Cy and
Lily Kohn, *in loving memory of*
Marty Kazman

Carolyn, Eliot, Zachary and
Dylan Kolers, *in loving memory of*
Lanette Cepler
Dr. Paul Kolers
Frances Cepler

Esther Korn,
in loving memory of
Aron Korn
Rosa Korn
Paul Micallef

Esther and Jerry Kravice,
in loving memory of
Szoel and Fanny Pesses
Max and Esther Kravice

Judith Kostman and family,
in loving memory of
Charles Sternberg
Henrietta Kostman
Harry Kostman
Isador Kostman
Lena Kostman
Hyman Ein
Ethel Epstein Ein
Sarah Ein

Sharon Kreidstein and
Harold Maltz, *in loving memory of*
Alan Maltz
Goldie Maltz
Irving Kreidstein

Jerry Kreindler, Eve Lerner
and family, *in loving memory of*
Rabbi Dr. Harold Lerner
Joseph C. Kreindler
Sara Kreindler
Peggy Lancut

Judy, Steve and Jason Kruger,
in loving memory of
Adam Kruger
Dr. Jacob W. Reine
Bertha Reine
Joan Kruger
Jack Kruger

Paul Labelle,
in loving memory of
Louis Zaretsky
Cecile Zaretsky

Hollis Granoff Landauer and family,
in loving memory of
Michael Landauer
Dr. Dorothy Rosenstock Granoff
and Dr. Morris Granoff
Walter Landauer
Joan Freedman

Helene Landow and family,

in loving memory of

Jess Landow

Charles Turk

Anne Turk

William Philip Landow

Regina Landow

Mark and Jan Lapedus,

in loving memory of

Chovie and Jack Freedman

Anne Gross

Harry Lapedus

Fanny and Harry Yaloff

Susan Laufer and Barry Greenberg,

in loving memory of

Ida Laufer

William Laufer

Estelle Greenberg

Jacob Greenberg

Nancy and Frank Laurie,

in loving memory of

Emma and Jack Oelbaum

Nat Laurie

Peter Laurie

Annette Cohen

Harry Kelman

Mickey Lester

Gary, Leila, Ryan, Isaac, Anna, and

Ilyse Lax and Jonah Wolfram,

in loving memory of

Bella and Irving Goldstein

Gloria and Sheridan Lax

Sharon Lax

Lianne and Bruce Leboff and

family, *in loving memory of*

Ellie Leboff

Allan and Barbara Leibel and
family, *in loving memory of*

Bernard Sol Leibel

Queenie Leibel

Max B. Nemoy, Q.C.

C. Helen Nemoy

Alan and Sharon Lerman,

in loving memory of

Ruth Lerman

Irving Lerman

Ethel Wasserman

Harry Wasserman

Maureen Lerman

Howard Schwartz

Min Blidner

Ben Blidner

Joan Blidner

Yvette Lerner,

in loving memory of

Rabbi Dr. Harold Lerner

Betty Huglin

Dora Rothstein

Lewis Freedman

Laura Lesser, Paul Fremes,

David Fremes, Susan Fremes,

Penelope Frances,

in loving memory of

Alan Fremes

Helen Lester and family,

in loving memory of

Dr. Marvin G. Lester

Harry and Ida Lester

George and Esther Cohen

Alan and Ellen Levine and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. Sidney Steinberg
Shirley Steinberg

Barbi Benjamin Levitt and
Michael Levitt, *in loving memory of*
Manny Levitt
Penny Benjamin
Joelle Levy
Pearl Keyfetz
Carl Keyfetz
Joe Benjamin
Bubbles Benjamin
Anita Mendelssohn
David Mendelssohn

Harv and Bobbi Lewin,
in loving memory of
Ryan (Duke) Lewin

Judy, Cliff, Max, Sylvie and Lily
Librach, *in loving memory of*
Herbert E. Siblin
Lillian Helen Siblin
Jean Abramsky

Marcia Lightman and family,
in loving memory of
Sigmund Allan Lightman

Harriet Lilker and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. Emmanuel Solomon Lilker
Phillip and Freda Lilker
Max and Etta Rose Epstein

The Linden Family,
in loving memory of
Bette and David Risen

Beverley and Sidney Linden and
family, *in loving memory of*
Lily and Louis Linden
Anne and Thomas Hirschberg
Hon. Justice Allen Linden
Marion Hirschberg

Paul and Susan Lindzon and
family, *in loving memory of*
Ab Flatt
Percy Lindzon

Murray Lipton and family,
in loving memory of
Enid Lipton
Samuel and Tillie Lipton
Arthur Joseph Lipton
Harold and Sheila Lipton

Judy Litwack-Goldman and
David Goldman, Jordana,
Graham and Evan, and
Marilyn Debora and Ryan,
in loving memory of
Sam Litwack
Dora Litwack

Miriam Lubin, Shane, Hannah and
Maya Grosman, *in loving memory of*
Ben Grosman

Lawrie and Ruthann Lubin and
family, *in loving memory of*
Max and Ettie Lubin
Leo Joseph and Lillian Cutler
Ernest Howard Cutler
Joseph Baruch and
Alta Miriam Cooper
Leizor and Sarah Lubinsky
Max and Ida Davidson
Louis and Annie Cutler

Florence Magram,
in loving memory of
P. Theodore Magram
Yetta and Israel Shapiro
Bernard Shapiro

Anne Malc and family,
in loving memory of
Peter Teitelbaum
Sylvia Teitelbaum
Jack Malc

The Mandel Family,
in loving memory of
Fred Mandel
Josh Mandel
Richard Levy

Howard and Sheila Mandell,
in loving memory of
Morris Mandle
Rose Mandle
Albert Weisfeld
Ida Weisfeld
Harold Zoltzz Weisfeld

Karen Mann and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. John Jerome Mann
Jeffrey Gordon Mann
Ruthe Mann
John Sullivan

Larry and Rena Marcus and family,
in loving memory of
Harry Marcus
Ida Marcus
Harry Baltman
Helen Baltman
Lawrence Baltman

Anne Margles, Donna Margles and
Alane Berdowski, *in loving memory of*
Lloyd Margles
Ida Bernstein
Israel Bernstein

Ruth and Harold Margles,
in loving memory of
Mary Margles
Maurice Margles
Rose Kaplan
Maurice Kaplan
Saul Topp

Phil Markel,
in loving memory of
Daniel E. Markel
Max Markel
Bella Markel

Helen Marr and family,
in loving memory of
Gerald Marr
Jacob Murray Albert
Philip Albert
Faye Albert
Anne Marr
Samuel Marr
Bernard Gurofsky
Ina Gurofsky

Michele and Russell Masters
and family, *in loving memory of*
Nadi (Ned) Meir
Robert Masters

Mitch and Anne Max and family,
in loving memory of
Shirley Max
Paul Max

Roslyn Mendelson and family,

in loving memory of

Murray Mendelson

Faye and Joe Bigman

Raymond Bigman

Lee and Miles Jaffe

Eva and Shier Mendelson

Audrey Bigman Ellison

Alan and Patti Menkes and family,

in loving memory of

Murray Menkes

Sidney Sandler

Sandra Sandler

Pauline Menkes and family,

in loving memory of

Murray Menkes

Florence Weintraub

Jack Weintraub

Etta Clavir

Allan Clavir

Dorothy Drevnig

Bill Drevnig

Allen Drevnig

Bill Menkes

Dorothy Garfinkel

Teddy Menkes

Jeff Lyons

Marvin Reisman

Sally Reisman

Sidney Sandler

Sandy Sandler

Chava Kwinta

Mike Kwinta

Clifford Reiss

Gina Brown

Peter and Allison Menkes and family, *in loving memory of*

Sally and Marvin Reisman

Murray Menkes

Steven and Ofra Menkes,

in loving memory of

Murray Menkes

Mike Kwinta

Chava Kwinta

Marilyn and Saul Merrick,

in loving memory of

Sylvia Etlin

Bert Etlin

Morton Etlin

Esther Merrick

Hyman Merrick

Joseph Merrick

Rena Merrick

Reuben Merrick

Paul and Sharon Merrick,

in loving memory of

Sophie Zeldin

Jules Zeldin

Esther Merrick

Hyman Merrick

Joseph Merrick

Rena Merrick

Reuben Merrick

David Uger

John Barbarash

Jared Uger Zeldin

Lori and Sam Merson and family,

in loving memory of

Lorraine Merson

Zelik Merson

Ida Merson

Norman Gutkin

Ruby Gutkin

Jeff Fried

Eleanor and Earl Miller and family,

in loving memory of

Joseph Roebuck

Bertha Roebuck

Al Miller

Lillian Miller

Phyllis and Jeffrey Miller,
in loving memory of
Naomi and Obbish (Albert) Miller
Maxine Gourley
Eugene Smookler

Rochelle and Peter Miller,
in loving memory of
Yale D. Pilz
Samuel Izenberg
Faye and Charles Miller
David I. Miller

The Milne Family,
in loving memory of
Harold and Ruth Milne
Max and Anne Tishman

Jeffrey, Susan and Taylor Milne,
Jamie and Brandon Keshen,
in loving memory of
Harold Milne
Ruth Milne
David Hertz
Reva Hertz

Honey Milstein, Debbie and
Jeff Levman and families,
in loving memory of
Irv Milstein
Zelig and Sarah Nisker
Murray Nisker

Saul and Ann Mimran and family,
in loving memory of
Esther Mimran
Elie Mimran

Jeffrey Mitz, Sephi Band and
Zoe Mitz, *in loving memory of*
Philip E. Band
Freda Band
Harry Mitz
Hilda Mitz
Marlene Kuretzky
Beatrice Brenhouse

Larry and Bonnie Moncik and
family, *in loving memory of*
Irving and Eleanor Shnier
Abraham and Ida Moncik

The Moneta Family—Judi, Stan,
Daniel, Jonathan, Carolyn,
in loving memory of
Irka (Susan) Moneta
Max Moneta
Frances Simon
Abraham Simon

Susan and Saul Muskat and family,
in loving memory of
Icek Muskat
Isaac Berneman

Dr. Milton and Mindel Naiberg,
in loving memory of
Becky Goldman
Morris Goldman
Eva Naiberg
Joseph Naiberg
Dr. Jennifer Naiberg
Dr. Murray Naiberg
Sandy Naiberg
Dr. David Naiberg
Sharon Naiberg

Phyllis Nemers and Jeremy Nemers,
in loving memory of
Fay Pearl Samuels Nemers
Samuel Ellis Samuels

The Nemoy Family,

in loving memory of

Max B. Nemoy, Q.C

C. Helen Nemoy

Rebecca Nemoy

Louis Nemoy

Rose Heller

Abraham Harry Heller

Myrtle Starkman

Dr. E. Maurice Heller

Betty Otto

Marcia and Hart Nemoy,

in loving memory of

Norman Mazin

Mildred Mazin Falk

Max B. Nemoy, Q.C.

C. Helen Nemoy

Petra, Lionel, Caitlin and

Zachary Newton,

Samantha and Matthew Bock,

in loving memory of

Mildred Pearlman

Samuel Pearlman

Ida Newton

Morris Newton

Elliott Bock

Dr. Arnold Newton

Annette Oelbaum and family,

in loving memory of

Ronald Oelbaum

Sidney and Lily Oelbaum

Sam and Esther Wald

Judith Oelbaum Headbrink

Cy and Reta Mann

Gertrude Wald

Marlene, Daniel and Dustin Olyan,

in loving memory of

Charlotte Cherlon

Jack Cherlon

The Orenstein Family,

in loving memory of

Joseph (Joe) Orenstein

Brenda Orser,

in loving memory of

Bryan William Rae Orser

Helena Irene Orser

Jonathan, Cara, David, and Jordyn

Pasternak, Mark, Karen, Summer,

Jenna and Faith Pasternak, Steven,

Kim, Adam and Rossy Pasternak,

in loving memory of

Jack and Susan Pasternak

Margaret Weinstein

Cindy Pasternak

Carol Perlmutter and family,

in loving memory of

Howard J. Perlmutter

Harry M. Rotenberg

Belle Elaine Rotenberg

Nathan Perlmutter

Mae Ross Perlmutter

Amy Phillips and Paul Sheldon,

in loving memory of

Frances Phillips

Murray Phillips

Clare Sheldon

Irving Sheldon

Dr. Howard and Karen Phillips and

family, *in loving memory of*

Harry L. Romberg, Q.C.

Sara Lily Romberg

Morris Phillips

Bunny Phillips

Susan and Barry Phillips,

in loving memory of

Arnold Phillips

Florence Phillips

David Hamer

Ethel Hamer

Liane Piltz,
in loving memory of
Karl Lowenthal
Rosie Lowenthal
Robert Piltz
Garda Tenner
Jacob Tenner
Sonja Hift

Betty Plotnick, Marci Plotnick,
Maureen and Bernie Tanz, Stewart
and Sandy Plotnick and family,
in loving memory of
Bernie Plotnick

David and Evelyn Pollock,
in loving memory of
Daniel S. Pollock
Libby Orenstein
Jack Orenstein
Prof. Alan Orenstein
Dr. Moishe S. Pollock
Sonia Pollock
Ben Pollock
Ben Epstein
Jeff Epstein
Ida Gerber
Moey Gerber
Hyman Epstein
Saul Orenstein
Betty Orenstein
Herbert Orr
Ben Gussack
Jennie Gussack
Shirley Grossman
Harry Grossman

Gary and Patti Pollock and family,
in loving memory of
Harry Aiken
Dolly Aiken
Sidney Pollock
Philip Gordon
Lillian Gordon
Les Budd
Ricky Pollock

John and Molly Pollock,
in loving memory of
Joseph Pollock
Bessie Pollock
Max Koffman
Minnie Koffman
Moe Koffman
Bernard Koffman
Vera Pollock
Victor Pollock
Nancy Pollock
Estelle Pollock
Ben Pollock
Harry Pollock
Percy Pollock

Gail and Irwin Prince,
in loving memory of
Dora and Sam Prince
Bunny and Harold Davidson

Isobel and Steve Propst, Lara Propst
and Trevor Glazman, Evan Propst
and Tali Waksman, *in loving memory of*
Eve and Ben Sternthal
Eileen and Moe Propst

Sharon and Michael^{z1} Pupko,
in loving memory of
Sarah Greenspan
Hershel Greenspan
Rose Pupko
Mark Pupko
Rita Capland
Stanley Capland
Jerry Sherman
Michael Pupko

Rosalynd Pyzer,
in loving memory of
Elie Lefler
Shirley Lefler

Ralph and Karen Rabinowicz,
in loving memory of
Bella and Louis Rabinowicz
Geeta and Harry Siegel
Yona Rabinowicz

Esterita Rajskey,
in loving memory of
Oscar Rajskey
William David Chananie
Ida Zelda Chananie
Saul Alexander Rajskey
Edith Rajskey

Dr. David and Shanea Rakowski,
in loving memory of
Min and Lewis Mandel
Genia and Henry Rakowski

Andrea Randolph, Randy, Rachel
and Ryan Schwartz, *in loving memory of*
Beth Randolph
Morton Randolph

Morton Rapp,
in loving memory of
Carol Rapp
Helen and Louis Starkman
Minerva and Abraham Rapp
Hyman Smith
Jeffrey Litwin
Lou Litwin

Marjorie Rasky and family,
in loving memory of
Maurice Lewy
Sarah Lewy
Laurie Shiff

Ian and Marlene (née Black),
Mitchell and Samantha (née Seaton)
and Florence and Matilda Rattner,
in loving memory of
Aaron S. Black

The Reine Family,
in loving memory of
Adam Kruger
Dr. Jack and Bertha Reine

Linda Reitapple and family,
in loving memory of
Myer Reitapple and
Esther Reitapple
Howard Allen Reitapple and
Wendy Reitapple

Chuck, Anne, Lindsay, Myles and
Tara Resnick, *in loving memory of*
Gordon Resnick
Annette Resnick
Judi Bell

Frank and Milli Richmond
and family, *in loving memory of*
Edward I. Richmond
Dorothy S. Richmond
Philip Lorman
Ethel Lorman
Larry Lorman

Les and Mary Richmond and
family, *in loving memory of*
Olga and Andrew Mittelman
Marilyn and Sam Richmond
Hymie Warshawsky

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Max, Rebecca, Lola and Lenny,
Sam, Marissa, Emmy and William,
Ben and Alyssa and Ally,
in loving memory of
Elizabeth Rose Herman
Helen and Frank Risen
Gilda and Leonard Caplan
Michael Herman
Alan Slobodsky

Brooky Robins,
Debbie Robins and Steve Connor,
Brad and Andrea Robins,
Janna and Todd Walters and
families, *in loving memory of*
Hartley Robins

Ian and Janet Roher and family,
in loving memory of
Herman Klebanoff
Pearl Klebanoff
Leonard Klebanoff
Max Roher
Dorothy Roher
Howard Roher
Kathleen Grumbacher
Stanley Grumbacher

Roitman and Steinberg Family,
in loving memory of
Issie Roitman
Arnold Steinberg
Zaidie Moishe Roth

John and Susan Rose and family,
in loving memory of
Barrie Rose
Amelia (Mimi) Rose
Joseph Skolnik
Betty Skolnik
Hyman Skolnik
Carol Rose

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rosenberg,
in loving memory of
Joseph Rosenberg
Mary Feinberg
Irene Gilmore

Judy and Morris Rosenberg,
in loving memory of
Samuel Basch
Helen Basch
Magdi Senyi
Andrew Senyi

The Rosenblatt Family,
in loving memory of
William Rosenblatt
Phyllis Rosenblatt

Suzanne, Larry, Noah and
Jamie Ross, *in loving memory of*
David Rosenberg
Nathan Ross
Marianne Ross
Barbara Simon-Mercer

Morris and Lorraine Rotbard and
family, *in loving memory of*
Harry Rotbard
Sara Rotbard
Morris Koffman
Annie Koffman

Loren and Mark Roth,
in loving memory of
I. Warren Winfield
Zena Roth
Lionel Roth

Millard Roth and family,
in loving memory of
Dolly Roth
Juanita and Manny Roth
Sonia and Max Kaplan
Bertha and Abraham Roth
Sheyna Minnie and Jacob Axler

Ronda and Norman Roth and
family, *in loving memory of*
Helen and Joseph Tator
Elaine Tator
Ethel and George Roth

Debbie Rothstein, Michael,
Emma and Zachary Friedman,
in loving memory of
Henry Friedman
Avraham and Ilona Friedman
Carl and Else Salomon
Isaac (Ronnie) and
Marjorie Rothstein
J. Barney and Pauline Goldhar
Erno Friedman
Beulah Kamin Berman
Leslie Zulauf

Paul and Gella Rothstein,
in loving memory of
J. Barney Goldhar
Pauline Goldhar
Isaac (Ronnie) Rothstein
Marjorie Rothstein
Beulah (Kamin) Berman
Cecile Goldhar
Frank Goldhar

Dr. Sheldon and Patti Rotman and
family, *in loving memory of*
Norem Litvak
Joseph and Sally Rotman
Lillian and Louis Bloom
Marlene and Solomon Fox
Natalie Goldbaum
Maxine Rosenberg

Wendy and Coleman Rotstein and
family, *in loving memory of*
Morris L. Rotstein
Eleanor Charney
Sarina Auriel
Saul and Eve Wolfman

The Rubinoff Family,
in loving memory of
Gary Rubinoff
Melvyn Rubinoff
Tracey Rubinoff
Rose Langer
Geraldine Rubinoff
Samuel Rubinoff

Caren Ruby and Mel Brown,
in loving memory of
Gerry Ruby
Mel and Reta Isenberg
Moe and Julia Ruby
Lisa Brown
Sam and Yetta Brown

Marilyn and Ron Ruskin and
family, *in loving memory of*
David (John) Ruskin
Rita Ruskin
Ben Zaidman

Andre and Rhoda Salama,
in loving memory of
Tewfik Salama
Sarine Salama
Maurice Salama
Raphael Salama
Raymond Salama
Murray Kurtz
Florence Kurtz

Jeanne and Irving Salit and family,
in loving memory of
Ethel Cooke
Emmanuel Cooke, Q.C.
Benjamin Salit
Deborah Salit
Frances Clare

Toby Saltzman and family,
in loving memory of
Kenneth Louis Saltzman
Gordon and Rose Saltzman
Chaim and Nechama Citrin

Corinne and Jeffrey Samuels and
family, *in loving memory of*
Marian and Murray Miltchin
Allen Miltchin
Ann and Lawrence Samuels
Rochel and Jacob Gilman
Rose and Albert Miltchin

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family, *in loving memory of*
William and Bertha Savlov
Louis Savlov
Rose and Abraham Savlov
Sophie and Simon Wilson
Sydney and Joan Abrams

Rabbi Shalom Schachter and
Marcia Gilbert, *in loving memory of*
Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi
Feigl Schachter
Esther Hecht Gilbert
Arnold Gilbert

Gerald and Rachel Schneiderman,
in loving memory of
Norman and Sonia Kizell
Sam and Sonia Schneiderman
Shilly Rosen

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Goldberg, *in loving memory of*
Jack Schnoor
Ernie and Betty Billinkoff
Ruth Goldberg
Jack and Jessica Goldberg

Bernie and Caryl Schwartz and
family, *in loving memory of*
Israel Sydney and Pearl Wolfe
Jack and Bertha Schwartz
Myrna Hanet

Earl, Joanne, Rebecca and Andrea
Schwebel, *in loving memory of*
Jack Schwebel
Valerie Fine
Jack Fine
Mannie Robbins
Robert Schonberger

Eleonora, Leerom and Shirelle
Segal, *in loving memory of*
Joshua (Shuki) Segal

Avrum (Duke) Segel,
in loving memory of
Esther Segel
Isaac Segel
Rebecca Kenen

Jessica Seidman and Loren Shore,
in loving memory of
Ernie Seidman

Tammy and Joel Seigel and family,
in loving memory of
Pearle and Lloyd Alter
Harold and Marilyn Seigel
Sari Alter

Helayne and Michael Shainhouse
and family, *in loving memory of*
Louis and Aida Shainhouse
Milton and Lenore Berko

Harold Shapiro and family,

in loving memory of

Rona Shapiro
Harry Shapiro
Esther Shapiro
Mac Abrams
Mollie Abrams
Miriam Feldgaier
Marilyn Smith
Marcus Ashlenazi

Simma and Harvey Shaul and
family, *in loving memory of*

Clara and Samuel Kaminker
Anna and Nathan Shaul
Sheldon Shaul
Norman Shaul
Arthur Kaminker
Rosalie Cadesky

Trudy, Debbie and Barry Shecter,

in loving memory of

Max and Florence Shecter
Harry and Dora Fox
Joseph and Helen Shecter

Gerald Sheff and Shanitha Kachan,

in loving memory of

Louis Sheff
Sally Sheff
Peter Kachan
Maura Kachan

Arnold and Barbara Shell,

in loving memory of

Hyman Shell
Kayla Shell
Carole Cohen
Gedalia Berenhaut
Mashka Berenhaut

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in loving memory of

David and Isabella Sherrington
Richard Sherrington
Sidney and Elaine Finley

Ralph and Judy Shiff,

in loving memory of

Samuel and Mollie Troster
Charles and Rose Shiff
Harry J. Bochner

Lorne, Arlene, Jack and Harrison

Shillinger, *in loving memory of*

Ben Shillinger
Lorraine Shillinger
Isaac Katz
Helen Katz
Dr. Rodney Slonim

Judi Shostack and Alana and Jeremy

Spira, *in loving memory of*

Ruth and Aron Shostack
Pearl and Harry Steinberg
Jacob and Pessie Shostack

Saul and Thelma Shulman,

in loving memory of

Marcus and Bella Shulman
Meyer Shulman
Perry Shulman
Sydney Roth
Ruth Somers

Deenna Sigel and family,

in loving memory of

Michael Sigel
Ethelyn and Charles Sigel
Rose and Morris Kaufman
Annette and Sid Berg
Ira Kaufman

Skip and Lynn Sigel,

in loving memory of

Ethelyn and Charles Sigel
Rose and Morris Kaufman
J. Michael Sigel
Annette and Sid Bearg
Ira Kaufman

Pesia Signer, Children and
Grandchildren,

in loving memory of

Barry Signer

Carol and Sheldon Silver and
family, *in loving memory of*

Albert Levman
Beverley Levman
Sidney Silver

Mandy and Zack Silverberg,

in loving memory of

Barry Joseph Usprech

Sheldon and Vivian Silverberg,

in loving memory of

Charlotte Silverberg
Edward Silverberg
Esther Giller
Albert Giller
Israel Giller
Irving Giller
Marvin Giller

The Singer Family—Helen, John,
Sharon, Stella and Esther,

in loving memory of

Sylvia Singer
David Singer
Chaya Kot
Jacob Kot
Usher Kot
Rachel Singer
Jonah Singer

Paul Sitzer and Michael, Ellen,

Nicole and Matthew Sitzer,

in loving memory of

Gerri Sitzer
William Bot
Sam Sitzer
Minnie Sitzer
Sidney Sitzer
Annette Ross
Isadore Stern
Ida Stern
Morton Stern
Beverley Stern

Alan Sless,

in loving memory of

Dr. Philip Sless
Gerda Sless
Maureen Sless
Brian Sless

Eric Sobel and family,

in loving memory of

Bertram David Fine
Lilian Blanche Fine
Meyer Samuel Fine
Frances Pearl Sobel
Ben Murray Sobel
Ethel Sobel
Eli Sobel
Norman Howard Sobel

Rose Sobel,

in loving memory of

George Sobel
Brucha Chelin
Benjamin Chelin
Harry Chelin
Nathan Chelin
Verne Chelin

Sidney and Lola Solnik,

in loving memory of

Bella Bloom
Moses Bloom
Manny Solnik
Helen Solnik
Irving Solnik

Soudack Family,

in loving memory of

Esther and Harold Cherry
Molly and George Soudack
Israel and Bronya Silber
Alan Cherry

Lloyd, Debbie, Michelle and Joc

Speyer, *in loving memory of*

Etta Speyer
Esther Wells
Eva Wise
Mark Speyer
Ruth Speyer
Elmer Wells

Michael, Talia, Taylor and Alexa

Speyer, *in loving memory of*

Mark Speyer
Amiti Mizrahi
Eva Wise
Etta Speyer
Shoshana Mizrahi
Ruth Speyer

Deborah Staiman,

in loving memory of

Shirley Jane Staiman
Bernard Emmanuel Staiman

Shoshanah and Dr. Morrison Steel,

in loving memory of

Sam Steel
Morris Steel
Sonia Steel
Shoaieh Parvin
Dr. Amirian Dadvand
Shahrooz Dadvand

Jason Stein,

in loving memory of

Jeannette Stein
Morris Stein
Lilly Chapman

Dr. Melvin and Ruth Steinhart,

in loving memory of

Harry Steinhart
Bessie Steinhart
Sam Siegel
Rose Siegel

Lynda Stoneman and family,

in loving memory of

Miriam Birnbaum
Moe Birnbaum

Avrom and Reesa Sud and family,

in loving memory of

David Sud
Louis Hotz

Elliott Sud,

in loving memory of

David Sud

Martha Sud,
in loving memory of
David Sud
Abraham and Elka Sud
Yitzhak Sud
Ben Zion Sud
Chava Sud
Belka Sud
Jacob and Etta Grossman
Lillian Rose
Ben Grossman
Jack Grossman

Warren Sud,
in loving memory of
David Sud

Robert Sunderland and
Jackie Glazer and family,
in loving memory of
Gerry and Sheila Sunderland

Cathy Surdin and Lawrence and
Brooke Schiff, *in loving memory of*
Jules Surdin
Pearl Surdin
Victor Schiff
Thelma Schiff

The Sussman Family,
in loving memory of
Tilley Sussman
Shirley Sussman
Dr. Arthur Sussman
Molly Acker
Samuel Acker
Joseph Sussman
Sidney Acker

Carol and Gord Sussman and
family, *in loving memory of*
Irving Aaron
Mendel Englander
Sarah Aaron
David Aaron
Benjamin Feinstein
Freda Feinstein
Laurie Levitin
Jack Aaron

Sandford, Deena, Adam and
Yale Sussman, *in loving memory of*
Norma Sussman
Murray Sonny Sussman

Sally and Marshall Swadron
and family, *in loving memory of*
Earl Grill
Elinor Grill
Barry Swadron

Susan and Gavin Swartzman
and family, *in loving memory of*
Stan Swartzman
Eleanor Templar

Larry and Teresa Swern,
in loving memory of
Leo and Helen Swern
Harold and Ruthe Kline
Temi Krovblit
Yacov Swern

Howard and Carole Tanenbaum
and family, *in loving memory of*

Max Tanenbaum
Anne Tanenbaum
Harold Tanenbaum
Max Granick
Rose Granick
Peggy Birnberg

Larry and Judy Tanenbaum,
in loving memory of

Max Tanenbaum
Anne Tanenbaum
Harold Tanenbaum
Sam Lieberman
Alice Lieberman
David Lieberman
Leslie Feldman

Gilda Tanz and Marty Kelman,
in loving memory of

Alec Newman
Rebecca (Becky) Newman
Bernard (Bookie) Newman
Mildred Kelman
Saul Kelman
Fred Kelman

Maureen and Bernie Tanz and
family, *in loving memory of*

Chloe Liv Bell

Anna-Lynne Taradash and family,
in loving memory of

Abraham Sossin
Faye Sossin

Harvey and Toby Taraday and
family, *in loving memory of*

Jacob Taraday
Fannie Taraday
Wolf Studniberg

Bill Teichman,
in loving memory of

Dr. Bernard Teichman

Shari and Lyle Teichman and family,
in loving memory of

Dr. Bernard Teichman
Allan Wolfson

Gail and Stuart Teperman and
family, *in loving memory of*

Marvin Mandell
Frances Mandell-Arad
Joseph Tanenbaum
Faye Tanenbaum
Kathy Tanenbaum
Wayne Tanenbaum
Estherelke Kaplan
Robert Kaplan

Dorothy Tassis,
in loving memory of

Stanley Tassis
Zenek and Yadzia Wajgensberg
Joseph and Dena Tassis

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family, *in loving memory of*

David Charles and Pearl Tobias
Harav Pinchas Yosef Halevi and
Doris Kanner
Henri Alexis Kanner
Jack Samson Kanner

Renee Topper and family,
in loving memory of
Victor Topper
Victoria and Samuel Rosenberg
Harry and Florence Topper
Ronnie Pinchevsky

Jane and John Trachtenberg
and family, *in loving memory of*
Fritz and Lotte Rothschild
Hy and Freda Trachtenberg

Arlene Travis and Ryan Stone,
in loving memory of
Erica and William Travis
Rose and Lou Stone
Ava Stone
Sid Valo
Sheva Brandes
Munyu Treibitch

The Valo and Travis Families,
in loving memory of
Sidney Valo, Q.C.
Thomas Valo
Regina Valo
William Travis
Erica Travis
Sheva Brandes

George Vertes,
in loving memory of
Leslie Vertes

Leon and Naomi Wagschal and
family, *in loving memory of*
Maurice David Wagschal
Kathe Wagschal
Beno Wagschal
Wolf Wagschal
J. Leslie Wagschal
Rolf Loewenberg

Robert Wald and Martie Gidon
and family, *in loving memory of*
Charles and Eva Gidon
Fred and Charlotte Wald

Sandra Walfish and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. Paul Walfish
Marcie Walfish
Henry Walfish
Selma Walfish
Bernard (Ben) Katz
Rose Katz
Myron Katz

The Walman Family,
in loving memory of
Bernie Walman

Clarice Warren and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. William-Paul Warren
David Portigal
Sophie Portigal
Evelyn Ashley
Shawna and Harold Wolfe

John and Cynthia Warren and
family, *in loving memory of*
Samuel H. Borovoy
Renee Borovoy
Maurice Warszawski
Jane Warszawski

Marvin and Joan Waxman and
family, *in loving memory of*
Philip and Shirley Waxman
Iz and Sophie Rumack
Norma Appleby
Sari Alter

Catherine Weinberg and Todd
Beallor, *in loving memory of*
Sheila and Michael Weinberg

Debbie Weinberg,
in loving memory of
Emma and Saul Rosenberg

Joel Weinberg, Barry Weinberg,
Sari Weinberg Binder, Deena
Weinberg Sussman and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. Fred Weinberg

Joy Cherry Weinberg and family,
in loving memory of
Esther and Harold Cherry
Dr. Fred Weinberg

Lesly, Peter and Josh Weinstein,
in loving memory of
Owen Daniel Weinstein

Joe and Faigie (Florence) Weinstock
and Family, *in loving memory of*
Abraham (Abram) Weinstock
Anna (Anja) Weinstock
Lily (Layah) Weinstock
Herschel (Harry) Wise
Miriam (Manya) Wise

Jack and Judy Weisdorf,
in loving memory of
William Weisdorf
Rose Weisdorf
Fred Silver
Ethel Silver
Ruth Leider

David Weisdorf and Risa Levine
Weisdorf and family,
in loving memory of
Stan Levenson
Toby Levenson
Isa Elman
Leah and Matthew Elman
Eve and Harry Lister
Ben Springer
Helene “Frankie” Springer
Helen Levine
Ruth and Jerome Levine
Shirley and George Lister
Millard Lister
David Lister
Mary Hollinger Cooperberg
Sarah Hollinger Gernstadt
Beryl Gollop

The Weiss Family,
in loving memory of
Allan and Grace Weiss
Jason Weiss
Izidor and Gizella Weisz
Magda Weisz

The Weisz Family,
in loving memory of
Isidor Weisz

Rabbi Steven and Jody Wernick and
family, *in loving memory of*
Zivia Goldstein
Herbert Goldstein
Michele (Missy) Goldstein
Meryom Dvorah Wernick
Judy Wernick

Esther Westelman and family,
in loving memory of
Max Westelman

Lynda and Jerry White and family,

in loving memory of

Noreen White

Anne White

Harry White

Louis Swartz

Florence Swartz

Bessie Firestone

Joe Firestone

Sheldon Firestone

Rosalie White and family,

in loving memory of

Lionel B. White, Q.C.

The Wine Family—Ted, Annette,

Eden, Madison, Bobby, Jack

and Brooke, *in loving memory of*

Rose Wine

Jack Wine

Lisa and Howard Winston and
family, *in loving memory of*

Shirley and Samuel Krem

Carey Krem

Jack Winston

Sam Grymek

Evelyn Wise and family,

in loving memory of

Miriam Wise

Leslie Wise

Ruth Wolch and family,

in loving memory of

Aaron Edelist

Bessie Edelist

Forrest Wolch

Max Edelist

Harold and Carole Wolfe,

in loving memory of

Max Wolfe

Beatrice Wolfe

Dr. Sol Cappe

Mary Cappe

The Wolfond Family,

in loving memory of

Esther Wolfond

Joe Wolfond

Sonia Schneiderman

Sam Schneiderman

Shilly Rosen

Art Wolfond

Carla and Michael Worb and family,

in loving memory of

Joe Worb

Mark Frankel

Shirley Worth and family,

in loving memory of

Nathan and Dorothy Feldman

Beatrice Wortsman and family,

in loving memory of

Kelly Wortsman

Leo and Sheila Wynberg,

in loving memory of

Pearl Waxman

Hyman Waxman

Abraham Wynberg

Judith Wynberg

Sharon Yale and Blake Teichman and
family, *in loving memory of*

Bernard and Esther Yale

Jacob and Fanny Wineberg

Morris and Ann Yalofsky

The Zabitsky Family,
in loving memory of
Haskell Zabitsky
Kate Zabitsky
Ralph Zabitsky
Ida Zelda Chananie
William David Chananie
Vera Stern

Cecile Zaifman and family,
in loving memory of
Percy Zaifman
Zenya Zaifman
Bernie Zaifman

Martin Zatzman and Belarie
Hyman Zatzman,
in loving memory of
Miriam Zatzman
Myer Zatzman
Steven Zatzman
Arlene Zatzman
Gurion Hyman
Roz Savage
Esther Brown

Mila Zigelman and family,
in loving memory of
Leon Zigelman
Shulim and Leya Goldshteyn

Danny and Arlyn Zimmerman and
family, *in loving memory of*
Sandra Cooperman
Max and Bessie Leibovitch
Morris and Shirley Cooperman
Zoltan Zimmerman
Pinchas Shmuel and
Freidel Zimmerman
Rabbi Yitzhak and Helena Nagel

Oscar Zimmerman and Anna Day,
in loving memory of
Hyam Day
Layah Day
Israel Zimmerman
Lucy Zimmerman

Bari and Teddy Zittell and family,
in loving memory of
Marion and Stanley Stern
Barbara and Paul Zittell
Roz Zittell

Netta Zweig, Dan Goldberg, and
Rachel and Daniel Aspler,
in loving memory of
Sidney Zweig
Lorna Zweig
Fern Rowe

Adrienne, Brent, Jade and Aja
Zylberberg, *in loving memory of*
Dr. Bernard Zylberberg
Anna Lasko
Kalman Lasko
Bernice Zubata
Theodore Zubata
Ethel Abramsky
Harry Abramsky

Aviva Chernick and family,
in loving memory of
Dr. Noam Chernick

יזכור *Book of Remembrance*

May their memory be a blessing.

A Memorial Prayer for Covid-19 Victims

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן בַּמְרוֹמִים, הַמְצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כַּנְּפֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה

Exalted, compassionate God who dwells in the heavens, grant true rest in Your sheltering presence to the souls of those who have died alone these past months, without family or friends to hold their hands or sit at their bedsides, because of the dangers of the coronavirus.

Master of Mercy, please grant these souls the comfort and warmth they were denied in their last days. May their memory be a blessing and may they be held eternally beneath Your sheltering wings.

Remember, too, the souls of those who contracted the virus while caring for others--the health care professionals, those who work with the elderly, essential workers of all kinds, chaplains, and faith leaders. In their memory we pray. May our lives reflect a measure of their bravery and dedication.

May all of these souls be bound up in the bond of life and may they be remembered with honor.

יְיָ הוּא נִחַלְתֶּם: וַיְנַחֲמוּ בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מְשֻׁכְבוֹתֵם, וְנֹאמַר: אָמֵן.

by JTS senior rabbinical student Jessica Fisher

On Shavuot

Spring roses bloom,
fragrant with heady Torah,
layers of sevens fluttering
as we enter
our huppah
with God.

My teachers, you escort me.

You taught me
first words,
first songs,
first steps;
You taught me
the slow craft
of doing work well.

You taught me the patience
to sketch my thoughts;
You taught me rules
which I broke and then mended.

You taught me impatience
with what is unjust.
You taught me to listen for truth
and to seek it.

You taught me life lessons
before they could hurt me;
You comforted me when they did;
You were my best listener.

You taught me to hurry
to do a mitzvah;
that inconvenience
in service of others
is blessed.
You escort me still,
as you always did.

You taught me that books
catch living voices.
You smiled inwardly
as I learned
what has long been known.

Your presence taught me
to breathe with another;
to notice their pain
and to be,
just be near.

On this splendid day,
of hearing sights, seeing noise,
of great laws,
noble truths,
I thank you
for moments of learning,
still open
and opening.

This rose
of learning
I accept as your student,
I will plant and
tend it
in your name.
It will release
to the air
its rare essence
stirred by the passing
of its great gardeners.

—LILLY KAUFMAN

The Book of Ruth and Naomi

When you pick up the *Tanakh*
and read
the Book of Ruth, it is a shock
how little it resembles memory.
It's concerned with inheritance,
Lands, men's names, how women
Must wiggle and wobble to live.

Yet women have kept it dear
for the beloved elder who
cherished Ruth, more friend than
daughter. Daughters leave. Ruth
brought even the baby she made
with Boaz home as a gift.

Where you go, I will go too,
your people shall be my people,
I will be a Jew for you,
for what is yours I will love
as I love you, oh Naomi
my mother, my sister, my heart.

Show me a woman who does not
dream
a double, heart's twin, a sister
of the mind in whose ear she can
whisper,
whose hair she can braid as her
life,
twist its pleasure and pain and
shame.
Show me a woman who does not
hide

in the locket of bone that deep
eye beam of fiercely gentle love
she had once from mother,
daughter,
sister; once like a warm moon
that radiance aligned the tides
of her blood into potent order.

At the season of first fruits, we
recall
two travellers, co-conspirators,
scavengers
making do with leftovers and mill
ends,
whose friendship was stronger
than fear,
stronger than hunger, who walked
together,
the road of shards, hands joined.

—MARGE PIERCY

Four Children, Four Questions

Tam is who you were.
Simple and whole.
You asked, “What is this?”
I needed to know,
but was too sophisticated to ask.
Now belatedly, I wonder,
what is this . . . seder?
what is this . . . life?
what is this . . . death?
what is this . . . God?

Wise is who you were.
You wanted to know every little
thing there is
to know to serve God.
Details, you wanted details.
We thought your mind was narrow
when it was simply in love.
Now I miss your intense yearning
for your beloved,
content to be restrained by “no”
or liberated by “yes”.

Wicked is who you were.
You just couldn’t stop pushing,
rejecting.
Did I owe you patience or
impatience?
I still don’t know.
Your rage chased away my love
more than once.
You did provoke something in me,
though,
I wish I had known how to love you
and I wish you had known
how to love me.

Unable to ask is who you were.
It was up to me to open up for you

The questions of life I wished
You could ask.
Not only to lighten my burden
though I can’t deny that was true,
but so you could say your beauty
to us, to your world.
You were my mystery.
To find you
I had to study hard
at the school of gentleness.

In truth, it is not for me to judge
who you were
and anyway
I cannot begin to know.

You may have been
a whole new number,
the fifth
or sixth
or seventh child,
a new creation,
inviting the sea
to split upon God’s command
not into upper and lower
but one side facing the other.
Then we,
whole worlds,
could stumble through,
toward our redemptions
great
and
simple.

—LILLY KAUFMAN

Waiting

I never think of myself as waiting for you,
But then when the holiday has come and gone,
When I'm packing up the Pesah dishes
Or taking down the *sukkah*,
I feel hopeless and alone.

inconsolable.

Then I realize
I've left a small corner
somewhere deep inside myself
unpainted,
and in that small corner,
I'm still a child,
a little girl,
waiting.

And I had hoped
without knowing it
that this *hag*
you'd come.

My tears fall on the Pesah dishes
and I wonder
why you've left me here
alone.

—MERLE FELD

A Person Doesn't Have Time

A person doesn't have time in life
to have time for everything.
One doesn't have seasons enough to have
a season for every purpose. Ecclesiastes
was wrong about that.

A person needs to love and to hate at the same moment,
to laugh and cry with the same eyes,
with the same hands to throw stones and to gather them,
to make love in war and war in love.

And to hate and forgive and remember and forget,
to arrange and confuse, to eat and to digest
what history
takes years and years to do.

A person doesn't have time,
When he loses he seeks, when he finds
he forgets, when he forgets he loves, when he loves
he begins to forget.

And a soul is seasoned, a soul
is very professional.
Only the body remains forever
an amateur. It tries and it misses,
gets muddled, doesn't learn a thing,
drunk and blind in its pleasures
and in its pains.

We will die as figs die in autumn,
shriveled and full of ourselves and sweet,
the leaves growing dry on the ground,
the bare branches already pointing to the place
where there's time for everything.

— YEHUDAH AMICHAI

(adapted from a translation by Chana Block)

Kaddish

Upon Israel and upon the rabbis
and upon the disciples and upon all the disciples of their disciples
and upon all who study the Torah in this place and in every place,
to them and to you
peace;

upon Israel and upon all who meet with unfriendly glances,
sticks and stones and names –
on posters, in newspapers, or in books to last,
chalked on asphalt or in acid on glass,
shouted from a thousand thousand windows by radio;
who are pushed out of classrooms and rushing trains,
whom the hundred hands of a mob strike,
and whom jailers strike with bunches of keys, with revolver butts;
to them and to you
in this place and in every place
safety;

upon Israel and upon all who live
as the sparrows of the streets
under the cornices of the houses of others,
and as rabbis
in the fields of strangers
on the grace of the seasons
and what the gleaners leave in the corners;
you children of the wind –
birds
that feed on the tree of knowledge
in this place and in every place,
to them and to you
a living;

upon Israel
and upon their children and upon all the children of their children
in this place and in every place,
to them and to you
life.

—CHARLES REZNIKOFF

My Father Commanded Me Not to Die

But my father, before he died, commanded me not to die.

Never to stop breathing.

Only to seem silent, while my soul secretly continues to be suspended in the ether.

So I go on living. I will not stop living. Neither non-existence nor fear, nor closely-knit woven gloom, its cloth cloaking the sun, will make me tremble,

Not the emptiness with which my loved ones leave me, silently taken one by one.

I continue to breathe and with my breath, I give life to birds, wild beasts, Shreds of sky, clumps of clay.

—RIVKA MIRIAM

From I Wake

There can be no revenge
only relief
from a tension wound
across an era;
a tension strung
like an imperceptible copper leash
through the corner of every Jewish soul.

Who can say Kaddish for six million
without ever mentioning the dead?
Yahrzeit marks every calendar I know,
anniversaries of death outnumber the constellations,
the very planet marred
by a continent of scars,
and only if the tissue
of every conscience
is seared;
only if for a century
we rub our lids with light;
only then might we not bleed in thought

—CHARLES FISHMAN

Surviving Has Made Me Crazy

I eat flowers now and birds follow me.
I open myself like an inlet
and dolphin energies
swim on through.

Wherever I go, I remain silent
and the silence begins to glow
till one eye in the light
outsees two in the dark.

When asked, I now hesitate
for there are so many ways
to love the earth.

I water things now constantly:
water the hearts of dead friends with light,
the sores of the living with anything warm,
water the skies with a thousand affections
and follow the voices of animals
into grasses that move like ocean.

I eat flowers now and birds come.
I eat care and things to love arrive.
I eat time and as I age
whatever I swallow grows timeless.

I eat and undie
and water my doubts
with silence
and birds come.

—MARK NEPO

Sacred Pilgrimage

Birth is a beginning
and death a destination.
And life is a journey:
From childhood to maturity
And youth to age;
From innocence to awareness
And ignorance to knowing;
From foolishness to discretion,
And then, perhaps, to wisdom;
From weakness to strength
Or strength to weakness—
And often, back again;
From health to sickness
And back, we pray, to health again;
From offense to forgiveness,
From loneliness to love,
From joy to gratitude,
From pain to compassion,
And grief to understanding—
From fear to faith;
From defeat to defeat to defeat—
Until, looking backward or ahead,
We see that victory lies
Not at some high place along the way,
But in having made the journey, stage by stage,
A sacred pilgrimage.
Birth is a beginning
And death a destination.
And life is a journey,
A sacred pilgrimage...

—ALVIN FINE

Last Day

If I only knew
I would have brought you scents of
happiness
If I only knew
That the pain will accompany it all
If only I was less selfish
And more attentive to you
If I only knew
It is our last day

I would have done it all differently for
sure
I would have given all of me without
questioning
I would have kept kissing you without
stopping
I would have wanted you here all the
time
I would have wrapped you in presents
And not cry like a baby deserted in
the fields

If I only knew
It is the last day

If I only knew that I will open my eyes
And not see you for a moment
I could never bear it
If I only knew
That love will accompany it all
If I only knew
It is our last day

If would have done it all differently for sure
I would have given all of me without
questioning
I would have kept kissing you without
stopping
I would have wanted you here all the time
I would have wrapped you in presents
And not cry like a baby deserted in the fields

I would have done it all differently for sure
I would have given all of me without
questioning
I would have kept kissing you without
stopping
And wrapped you endlessly with hugs
And give you my all without wanting to
receive everything

If I only knew
It is the last day
If I only knew
It is the last day

— YOM AHARON, LAST DAY BY TAL SEGEV

Israeli song shared with us by our
Shinshinim/Young Emissaries

The *kaddish* is an ancient expression of praise of God and hope for the establishment of God's sovereignty (*malkhut shamayim*) on earth. It was recited originally at the conclusion of study and reading of Torah. It became associated with mourners because the honour of reciting it at certain times was given to mourners. The Mourner's *Kaddish* has no mention of death or mourning since this was not its original purpose. By reciting these words of praise and hope, the mourner expresses faith in God even at a most difficult time, the time of terrible loss. In the midst of darkness, we seek light. At a time of doubt, we search for certainty. Overcome by sorrow, we find strength in the knowledge of God that gives meaning to our lives, no matter how brief.

Nothing challenges our belief in God so much as the death of someone we love. The sorrow of this loss overwhelms us. When the death is that of a young person, or is the result of a particularly painful illness, accident or acts of cruelty and war, the pain may be especially deep; but even in the best of circumstances, it is difficult to cope with death. Coming together as a congregation or a community is in itself a measure of comfort, helping us to overcome the sense of loss and aloneness. Reciting these ancient words, above and beyond their specific meaning, is also a way of connecting ourselves to those we have lost and of creating a feeling of life's value and meaningfulness. The words themselves are an expression of the belief that human life is not the peak of consciousness in the universe and such belief gives meaning to our lives. As brief as our lives may be, they are part of the existence of a consciousness greater than our own: the God who is, in the phrase coined by the Sages, **חי עולמים** (*hei olamim*), the One who lives forever — the life-force of the universe.

Why was this prayer designated by Jewish law to memorialize the dead?

There are many different theories, but no definitive answer. In Jewish Literacy, Rabbi Joseph Telushkin suggests that “Most likely, people believed that the finest way to honor the dead was to recite the Kaddish, thereby testifying that the deceased person left behind worthy descendants, people who attend prayer services daily and proclaim there their ongoing loyalty to God.”

Kelman and Fendel note that the “positive, affirming and hopeful nature of the text is in contradiction to the often negative, even depressed, outlook of a mourner, which is part of why recitation is so important.”

Since Judaism focuses on life, the tradition often sees death as a lessening of God’s presence in the world. The Kaddish prayer, which focuses on increasing God’s grandeur in the world, is meant to counteract that.—My Jewish Learning (www.myjewishlearning.com)

THE MOURNER'S KADDISH

A Memorial Prayer in Praise of God

Written in Aramaic, the Mourner's Kaddish is an almost 2,000-year-old prayer traditionally recited in memory of the dead. The prayer, which is included in all three daily prayer services and is recited in a minyan of at least 10 adult Jews, makes no mention of death. Instead, it is a prayer dedicated to praising God.

For whom does one say the Kaddish?

Traditionally, Jewish men are required to recite the Kaddish for a deceased parent, spouse, sibling or child. However, many women recite the Kaddish as well, and it is also permissible to do so for loved ones who are not parents, spouses, siblings or children.

When did Jews begin reciting the Kaddish?

This tradition dates back to the Talmud . The prayer was written in Aramaic, because it was the vernacular — the language spoken by most Jews at the time. In *Nihum Aveilim: A Guide for the Comforter*, Rabbi Stuart Kelman and Dan Fendel write that the prayer originally had nothing to do with mourning. Instead, it “was originally a call for the coming of God’s ultimate reign on earth” and was often said following a study session or sermon, and came to be known as the Rabbi’s Kaddish.

The Mourner’s Kaddish was originally known as the Orphan’s Kaddish and was said only by children for their parents, but now encompasses other mourners. There are also other forms of the Kaddish used in the daily prayers as well as a at funerals.

Mourner's Kaddish

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא, בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ, וְיִמְלִיךְ
מְלְכוּתָהּ, בְּחַיִּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעַגְלָא
וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

יְתַבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה
וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקָדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעֵלְא (לְעֵלְא) מְכַל-בְּרַכְתָּא
וְשִׁירְתָּא, תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמְתָּא, דְאִמְרִין בְּעֶלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל
כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

A YIZKOR MEDITATION

In Memory of a Relative Who Was Hurtful

Dear God,

You know my heart. Indeed you know me better than I know myself, so I turn to you before I rise for kaddish.

My emotions swirl as I say this prayer. The person I remember was not kind to me. His/her death left me with a legacy of unhealed wounds, of anger and dismay that a loved one could hurt someone as I was hurt.

I do not want to pretend to love, or to feel grief that I do not feel, but I do want to do what is right as a Jew.

Help me, O God, to subdue my bitter emotions that do me no good, and to find that place in myself where happier memories may be hidden and where grief for all that could have been may be calmed by forgiveness, or at least soothed by the passage of time.

I pray that You who raise up slaves to freedom, will liberate me from the oppression of my hurt and anger and that You will lead me from the desert to Your holy place. —ROBERT SAKS

Names

Each of us has a name
given by the Source of Life
and given by our parents.

Each of us has a name
given by our stature and
our smile and given by
what we wear.

Each of us has a name
given by the mountains
and given by our walls.

Each of us has a name
given by the stars
and given by our neighbours.

Each of us has a name

given by our sins
and given by our longing.

Each of us has a name
given by our enemies
and given by our love.

Each of us has a name
given by our celebrations
and given by our work.

Each of us has a name
given by our seasons
and given by our blindness.

Each of us has a name
given by the sea
and given by our death.

—ZELDA

יְיָ רֹעִי לֹא אֶחְסָר:

The Eternal is my shepherd, I shall not want.

בְּנֵאוֹת דְּשָׂא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי עַל־מֵי מְנַחֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי:

God gives me repose in green pastures.

Leading me beside still waters.

נַפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב יְנַחֲנֵי בְּמַעְגְּלֵי־צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׂמוֹ:

God revives my spirit and guides me in paths of righteousness for that is God's essence.

גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶךְ בְּגִיא צְלֻמוֹת לֹא־אִירָא רָע כִּי־אַתָּה עִמָּדִי

Though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for You are with me.

שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הִמָּה יְנַחֲמֵנִי:

Your rod and Your staff comfort me.

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שְׁלַחַן נֹגֵד צָרָרִי

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my foes.

דִּשְׁנַת בַּשֶּׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי כּוֹסֵי רוּיָה:

You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

אֵךְ טוֹב וְחֶסֶד יִרְדְּפוּנִי כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי

May goodness and kindness follow me all the days of my life.

וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית־יְיָ לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:

So that I dwell in the House of the Eternal forever.

Exalted and Merciful God, grant perfect peace in Your Presence among the holy and pure whose light shines as the brightness of heaven:

- To the souls of all our departed, whose memories we have just recalled in our Memorial Prayers;
- To the souls of the departed of our holy Congregation Beth Tzedec and their families that we remember here today.
- To the souls of our brothers and sisters, the soldiers of the Israel Defence Forces, who gave up their lives for the sanctification of Your Holy Name, in defence of our people and Land; they were swifter than eagles and stronger than lions;
- To the souls of all those killed by terrorists;
- To the souls of the soldiers of Canada and the Allies, who stood against our enemies;
- and to the souls of the six million martyrs of Israel, men, women, boys and girls, who were murdered, gassed, lost or buried alive, for the sanctification of your Holy Name.

They have all gone to their eternal home. We remember them and pray that their souls rest in Paradise. Master of compassion, shelter them forever. May their memory endure as an inspiration for deeds of truth, loyalty and kindness. Thus may their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life. The Eternal One is their inheritance; remember their sacrifice and may they rest in peace. And let us say: *Amen*.

In Memory of Congregants who Died During the Past Year

We lovingly recall the members of our Congregation who have passed away since we last gathered in this Sanctuary. They have a special place in our hearts. We pray this day that all who have sustained the loss of loved ones in the year gone by be granted comfort and strength. Exalted, compassionate God, comfort the bereaved families of this Congregation. Help all of us to perpetuate the worthy values in the lives of those who are no longer with us, whose names we respectfully recall today. May their memory endure as a blessing. And let us say: *Amen*.

In Memory of Our Departed

אֵל מְלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן בְּמִרוּמִים, הַמְצִיא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת כְּנָפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה,
בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוּשִׁים וּטְהוּרִים, כְּזֹהֵר הַרְקִיעַ מְאִירִים וּמְזֻהָרִים:
• אֶת נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֱלֹהֵי שֵׁל קְהִילַת־קוֹדֶשׁ בֵּית־צְדָק וּמִשְׁפַּחְתָּם שֶׁהִזְכַּרְנוּ
פֶּה הַיּוֹם לְבִרְכָה, שֶׁהִלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם;
• וְאֶת נַשְׁמוֹת אַחֵינוּ וְאֶחְיוֹתֵינוּ, חִילֵי צָבָא הַגָּנָה לְיִשְׂרָאֵל, שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת
נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם, הָעֵם וְהָאָרֶץ, מִנְּשָׁרִים קָלוּ וּמְאִרִיּוֹת גָּבְרוּ,
• וְאֶת נַשְׁמוֹת הַטְּהוּרִים שֶׁנִּהְרְגוּ עַל־יְדֵי מַחְבָּלִים;
• וְאֶת נַשְׁמוֹת חִילֵי קְנֵדָה שֶׁעָמְדוּ נֶגֶד אוֹיְבֵינוּ;
• וְאֶת נַשְׁמוֹת שֵׁשׁ מֵאוֹת רַבּוֹת אֶלְפֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל, אֲנָשִׁים, נָשִׁים, וְטָף,
שֶׁנִּהְרְגוּ, שֶׁנֶּאֱבְדוּ, שֶׁנִּחְנְקוּ, שֶׁנִּשְׁחָטוּ, וְנִשְׂרְפוּ בָּאֵשׁ, וְשֶׁנִּקְבְּרוּ חַיִּים עַל
קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם.

בְּעָבוּר שֶׁאֲנַחְנוּ כָּלְנוּ מִתְפַּלְלִים בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם, בְּגֵן עֵדֶן תְּהֵא
מְנוּחָתָם. אֲנֵא בְּעַל הַרְחָמִים יִסְתִּירֵם בְּסֶטֶר כְּנָפָיו לְעוֹלָמִים. וְיִצְרוֹר
בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. ייִ הוּא נִחְלָתָם: יִזְכּוֹר עֲקֵדָתָם וְיִנְוִיחֵם
בְּשָׁלוֹם עַל מִשְׁכּוֹבָתָם, וְנֹאמֵר: אָמֵן.

In Memory of Brothers, Sisters, Other Relatives and Friends

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמַּת קְרוּבֵי שְׁהָלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. הַנְּנִי
נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נְשִׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אֲנִי
תְּהִינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצִוּוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי
מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת-פְּנֵיךְ, נְעֻמוֹת
בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of, [NAME], and of all my relatives and friends who have gone to their eternal home. In loving testimony to their lives I pledge *tzedakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to them. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, are their souls bound up in the bond of life. May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with their memory. May they rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen*.

In Memory of Martyrs

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמוֹת כָּל-אֶחָיוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
שֶׁמָּסְרוּ אֶת-נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. הַנְּנִי
נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת נְשִׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אֲנִי
לְשִׁמְעַ בְּחַיֵּינוּ הַדְּ גְבוּרָתָם וּמְסִירוֹתָם וַיִּרְאֶה
בְּמַעֲשֵׂינוּ טָהָר לְבָם וְתִהְיֶינָה. נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת
בְּצִוּוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתִהְיֶי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת
אֶת-פְּנֵיךְ, נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נֹצֵחַ. אָמֵן.

May God remember the souls of our fellow Jews, martyrs of our people, who gave their lives for the sanctification of God's name. In their memory do I pledge *tzedakah*. May their bravery, dedication and purity be reflected in our lives. May their souls be bound up in the bond of life. And may they rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen*.

In Memory of a Father

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמַת אָבִי מוֹרֵי _____ בֶּן _____ שֶׁהָלַךְ
לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הַנְּנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעֵד הַזְּכָרֶת
נְשִׁמַתוֹ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נַפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים
וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ,
נְעֻמוֹת בְּיַמֵּינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my father and teacher, [NAME], who has gone to his eternal home. In loving testimony to his life, I pledge *tzedakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to him. Through such deeds, and through prayer and memory, is his soul bound up in the bond of life. May I prove myself worthy of the gift of life and the many other gifts with which he blessed me. May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with his memory and with our entire family. May he rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen.*

In Memory of a Mother

May God remember the soul of my mother and teacher, [NAME], who has gone to her eternal home. In loving testimony to her life, I pledge *tzedakah* to help perpetuate ideals important to her. Through such

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמַת אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי _____ בַּת _____
שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הַנְּנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעֵד
הַזְּכָרֶת נְשִׁמַתָּהּ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נַפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר
הַחַיִּים וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת
אֶת-פָּנֶיךָ, נְעֻמוֹת בְּיַמֵּינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

deeds, and through prayer and memory, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. May I prove myself worthy of the gift of life and the many other gifts with which she blessed me. May these moments of meditation link me more strongly with her memory and with our entire family. May she rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen.*

When I stray from You, Eternal my God, my life is as death;
but when I cleave to You, even in death I have life.

You embrace the souls of the living and the dead.

The earth inherits that which perishes.

*But only the dust returns to dust;
the soul, which is God's, is immortal.*

The Holy One has compassion for us.

*God has planted eternity within our soul,
granting us a share in the unending life of the Eternal One.*

God redeems our life from the grave.

During our brief life on earth, the Holy One gives us choices.

We can cherish hopes, embrace values and perform deeds which death cannot destroy.

*May we be charitable in deed and in thought, in memory of those
we love who walk the earth no longer.*

May we live unselfishly, in truth and love and peace, so that we will be remembered as a blessing, as we this day lovingly remember those whose lives endure as a blessing.

*Generations are bound to each other as children now remember
their parents. Love is as strong as death as husbands and wives now
remember their mates, as parents now remember their children.
Memory conquers death's dominion as we now remember our
brothers and sisters, grandparents and other relatives and friends.*

The death of those we now remember left gaping holes in our lives. But we are grateful for the gift of their lives. And we are strengthened by the blessings which they left us, and by precious memories which comfort and sustain us, as we recall them this day.

WE RISE

*Each person reads silently the appropriate passages among
those which follow. Personal meditations may also be added.*

But God's compassion for us,
Divine righteousness to children's children,
remain, age after age, unchanging.

*Three score and ten our years may number,
four score years if granted the vigour.*

Laden with trouble and travail,
life quickly passes, it flies away.

*Teach us to use all of our days, O God,
that we may attain a heart of wisdom.*

Grant us of Your love in the morning,
that we may joyously sing all our days.

שְׁוִיתִי יי לְנִגְדֵי תָמִיד כִּי מִיְמִינִי בֶל־אֶמוּט.
לְכֵן שִׂמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדֵי אֶף־בְּשָׂרֵי יִשְׁכַּן לְבַטַח.

I am ever mindful of the Eternal presence;
God is at my right hand; I shall never not be shaken.
So My heart rejoices, my whole being exults and my body rests secure.

— SELECTED FROM PSALM 16

אָנוּשׁ כֶּחֶצִיר יָמָיו כְּצִיץ הַשָּׂדֶה כֵּן יֵצֵיץ.
כִּי רוּחַ עֲבָרָה־בוּ וְאֵינָנוּ וְלֹא־יִכְרַנּוּ עוֹד מְקוֹמוֹ.
וְחֶסֶד יְהוָה | מֵעוֹלָם וְעַד־עוֹלָם עַל־יְרֵאָיו וְצַדִּיקְתּוֹ לְבְנֵי־בָנִים:

Mortals, their days are like those of grass; they bloom like a flower of the field. A wind passes by and it is no more; its own place no longer knows it. But the steadfast love of God is for all eternity for those who revere the Eternal; and God's beneficence is for children's children.

— SELECTED FROM PSALM 103

ייִ מָה־אָדָם וַתִּדְעֵהוּ בֶן־אָנוּשׁ וַתַּחֲשִׁבֵהוּ.
 אָדָם לְהִבָּל דָּמָה יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר.
 בַּבֶּקֶר יִצְיָץ וְחֶלֶף לְעָרֵב יִמּוּלֵל וַיֵּיבֵשׁ.
 תָּשִׁב אָנוּשׁ עַד־דִּכְאָ וְתֹאמֶר שׁוּבוּ בְנֵי־אָדָם.
 שׁוּבָה ייִ עַד־מָתִי וְהִנַּחֵם עַל־עַבְדֶּיךָ.

Eternal, what is human life that You should care about it, mere mortals, that You should think of them?

People are like a breath; our days are like a passing shadow.
 At daybreak it flourishes anew; by dusk it withers and dries up.
 You return people to dust; You decree, "Return you, mortals!"
 Turn, O Eternal One! How long? Show mercy to Your servants.

—SELECTED FROM PSALMS 90 AND 144

There is a time for everything; there is a time for all things under the sun:

*a time to be born and a time to die
 a time to laugh and a time to cry
 a time to dance and a time to mourn
 a time to seek and a time to lose
 a time to forget and a time to remember.*

This day in sacred convocation we remember those who gave us life.

This day we remember those who enriched our life with love and beauty, kindness and compassion, thoughtfulness and understanding.

This day we renew the bonds that bind us to those who have gone the way of all the earth.

As we reflect upon those whose memory moves us this day, we seek consolation, and the strength and the insight born of faith.

Tender as a parent with children, the Eternal is merciful with us.

*God knows how we are fashioned;
 God remembers that we are dust.*

The days of people are as grass;
 we flourish as a flower in the field.

*The wind passes over it and it is gone,
 and no one can recognize where it grew.*

Remembering

*Someone laughs a certain way and suddenly I am seeing you.
The radio plays a song you used to love—and it feels as if you're here
listening.*

*The evening light glistens on the trees and my heart stings,
after so many years, with the loss of you.*

*The whole family gathers together... and each of us quietly feels the
absence of you.*

Holy One on high, Holy One of our inmost being,
some of us are consoled for our loss,
some of us today feel still inconsolable.
Some of us bear deep wounds in our heart;
other hearts have healed.

*All of us remember, today, those we loved
who no longer share with us this land of the living:*

Grandmothers and grandfathers, mothers and fathers,
sons, daughters, sisters, brothers,
beloved husbands, wives, partners, cherished relatives and friends,
sorely missed members of our congregation.

*Eternal One, what are we human beings, that
You should take note of us?
What are we frail mortal creatures,
that You should even consider us?
We are like breath; our days like a passing shadow.*

I am mindful of how brief life is
For to be human is to see death.

*How grateful we are for the once-presence of those we loved!
To have touched their soul, to have looked in their eyes,
to have felt their hand.
Life matters.*

Oh, teach us to number our days that we may attain a wise heart.
That we may remember and mourn those we have lost
and still celebrate the gift of their lives, the gift of life.
God, my God, You are my Rock and my ultimate Refuge.
I put my trust in You.

Preludes to Yizkor

Though I stared earnestly at my fingernail
Yesterday when I was on the #7 bus
I happened to look at the cuticle of my right forefinger
and for a moment I thought not that it was mine
but that it was my father's—

The same small confusion I have from time to time
when I catch sight of my daughter
in her denim skirt, size 3,
and I feel lean, willowy, in her clothes.

So there I was on the #7 bus
overtaken by a longing very close to love
staring at the cuticle of my right forefinger.

I remembered how clean and short he kept his nails
and suddenly there was the whole man
reconstituted from a fingernail
standing before me, smiling broadly,
his face flushed with pleasure.

But then just as suddenly he was gone
and though I stared earnestly at my fingernail
I failed to bring him back.

—MERLE FELD

To Begin Again

In the years since my father's death, I have learned to trust, to hope, and to laugh again. After my first marriage, I somehow learned how to open my eyes, my heart, and my arms again. Throughout our lives we will, we should, feel the pain of our losses, the scars still present even after much time has passed. But we will also feel the strength of our spirit, the ability to persevere in the face of pain, the power to dream despite the many nightmares of existence, the stamina to push forward into the future carrying our past with us all the while. This is the power of God within us. This is our hope, our salvation. This is how we begin again.

—NAOMI LEVY

Yizkor

WE RECALL

Some of us recall parents who gave us life, who cared for us and nurtured us and who taught us to take our first steps on our own.

Some of us remember a wife, husband, or partner – our friend and lover – with whom we shared so much of our lives, our failures and achievements, joys and sorrows, intimate secrets.

Some of us recall brothers and sisters, who matured together with us, sometimes competing with us and sometimes encouraging us on, bound to us by a life-long relationship.

Some of us remember children, entrusted to us too briefly, to whom we gave our loving care and from whom we received a trust that enriched our lives. Their memory is always with us.

Many of us recall relatives who knew us, teachers who affected us and beloved friends who walked beside us in life, guiding us, listening to us, supporting us.

Our lives are shaped by those who were alongside us as we walked on our path.

May our inheritance impel us to strive to live lives of holiness and service. May memories of love inspire us to love, may painful memories impel us to mitigate the pain others experience. And may we be granted the strength to affirm life's meaning, even in the face of death.

A Prayer For Those Blessed With Living Parents

*The following prayer may be recited by those
blessed by having their parents still living
while others are reciting Yizkor.*

Almighty God, while those who have lost their parents and their dear ones call to mind those who have gone to their eternal rest, at this solemn moment I raise my eyes to You, the Giver of Life, and from a grateful heart, thank You for Your mercy in having preserved the life of my beloved father and/or mother.

May it be Your will, O Lord my God and the God of my ancestors, to bless them with health and strength, so that they may be with me for many years to come. Bless them even as they have blessed me, and guard them even as they have guarded me.

In return for all their love, affection, and the sacrifices which they have made for me, may I bring them joy and lighten their cares. May it be my privilege to help them in every way that lies within my power; may I learn to understand and recognize the duty I owe to them, that I may never have cause to reproach myself when it is too late.

Shield my home from all sorrow. May peace and harmony and Your divine spirit ever reign within its walls. Keep me true to You and to all with whom I come in contact so that I may do Your will with a perfect heart.

Amen

Tzedakah/Charity

The *Yizkor* service was called *seder matnat yad*, the service of expressing generosity on behalf of those who have died. That name comes from the closing line of the Torah reading for the final day of the pilgrimage festivals (when *Yizkor* is recited): “Every person giving a gift *according to the blessing they have received* from The Eternal.” (Deuteronomy 16:17) Offering charitable gifts and performing acts of justice, love and care in memory of those who have died provide us with ways of honouring their memory and continuing their influence for good.

Dear Friends,

Yizkor is a time of memory. We gather together as a community four times a year to recall our personal loved ones who are no longer living and to remember communally members of our congregation, martyrs of our people and others who have impacted our lives.

We like to think that our ancestors chose these holidays for Yizkor because they understood the impact of what psychologists call the Anniversary Effect—the feelings of sadness, loss and anxiety that come from connecting the dots of the calendar to the narrative of our lives. Who among us doesn't note the place setting and people at our dining room tables that are missing? We all do. We gather, therefore, together on these days to pray, to remember and to rededicate ourselves to the values we learned from our loved ones through Yizkor.

The act of simply being together on Yizkor is quite a powerful experience. As we look around we know that we are not alone; all of us are touched by loss. As the Psalmist says, we must all eventually, “walk through the valley of the shadow of death” (Psalm 23:4).

A common question regarding the practice of Yizkor is “do I stay or do I leave?” The Ashkanazi custom we are most familiar with is that if one's parents are living, and you have not otherwise been touched by loss, then you should not remain for the service. The *bubbemeise* (folktale) regarding this custom is that if we remain for Yizkor, we invite the *Ayin Hara* (Evil Eye) to cause trouble. This is a custom, however, it is not *Halakhah* (Jewish law). Further, since some of the prayers of Yizkor are communal in nature, such as the prayer for congregants who have passed, or the *El Malay Rahamim* for victims of the Shoah and for other martyrs of our people—those who leave are not afforded an opportunity to participate.

In other words, whether one chooses to stay for Yizkor or to leave is a personal choice. For some of us, that choice includes sensitivity to the customs of our parents and grandparents. One is not obligated to stay. Nor is one obligated to leave. When we commemorate Yizkor together this year, please choose the custom you find most meaningful.

We hope that this Yizkor Booklet will be a source of inspiration to you and your family. May you find comfort in the words of our liturgy, supplemental readings and the energy of being together in community.

Hag Sameah from our families to yours.

RABBI Steve Wernick,
Anne & Max Tanenbaum
Senior Rabbinic Chair

RABBI Robyn Fryer Bodzin
RABBI

CANTOR Sidney Ezer

Introduction

We extend our warm and sincere condolences to all our members who have lost near and dear ones this past year. May the Holy One heal your wounds, lighten your burden of sorrow and give you renewed strength and consolation in the years ahead.

This *Yizkor* MEMORIAL BOOK, *Prayer Poetry Memory*, has a number of objectives. In addition to the obvious purpose of providing a book of prayers and other readings for the *Yizkor* and other services, it also provides an opportunity to our Congregational community to memorialize the names of loved ones and to practise one of the principal *mitzvot* of the *Yizkor* prayers, “in loving testimony to the life of the loved one pledging *tzedakah* to perpetuate the ideals important to the deceased”. Any errors or omissions are inadvertent, and we request your pardon if any have occurred. You may also wish to memorialize your loved ones by the dedication of a memorial plaque or a seat in the Synagogue Sanctuary.

This booklet is a prayer book that contains the name of God and should not be thrown out. You may take it for your personal use or return it.

THE READINGS IN THIS BOOK ARE TAKEN FROM:

Mahzor for Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, edited by Rabbi Jules Harlow, The Rabbinical Assembly, 1972.

Mahzor H'adash, edited by Sidney Greenberg and Jonathan Levine, Prayer Book Press, 1995.

Siddur Sim Shalom, edited with translations by Rabbi Jules Harlow, The Rabbinical Assembly, 1985.

Mahzor H'adesh Yameinu: Renew Our Days, edited and translated by Rabbi Ronald Aigen, 1996.

Mahzor Lev Shalem, The Rabbinical Assembly, 2010.

Lev Shalem, The Rabbinical Assembly, 2015.

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יזכור

BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

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בית צדק

Beth Tzedec Congregation