

# 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*

# 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.



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# 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 עֲזָרִי:

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 🦋



# 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 ונקבים 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 tovah, 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.

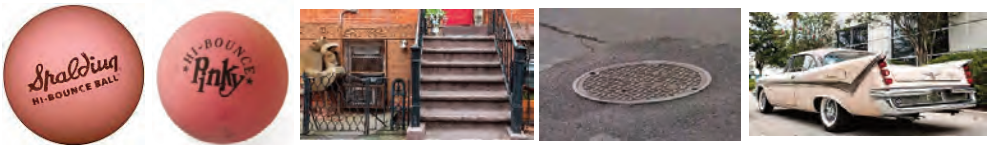
By the time I moved away to go to university, it began to transition to a major centre for Hasidic sects. Now, you will only see Hasids, and me visiting my mother, who at the time of this writing is 102, poo, poo, poo. The meaning of poo varies depending on the number of times it is repeated, if at all. 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 <sup>z"l</sup> 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,<sup>1</sup> 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

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<sup>1</sup>It’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 <sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>3</sup>  
*Hortus conclusus*,<sup>4</sup> 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 <sup>5</sup>  
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.*<sup>6</sup>

[Exodus 3:2ff]

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<sup>2</sup> 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.”

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

<sup>4</sup> “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.

<sup>5</sup> 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.

<sup>6</sup> “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 Bobbeh 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 77<sup>th</sup> 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 peered 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 Hashabar*, the Morning Blessings. *Barukh Atah Hashem, Elo-keynu Melekh HaOlam asher natan lasekhvi vinah lhavkhin beyn yom uweyn 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 uweyn 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  
Dr. Barney Giblon  
Susan Gurau  
Dr. Sidney Golden  
William Halman  
Clara Halpern  
William Hechter  
Mervin (Mickey) Heller  
Samuel Hirsch

Marion Hirschberg  
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Jack Livingston  
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Mary Orenstein  
Shirley Promislow  
Edith Pollock  
Sylvia Pullan  
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Harvey Rachman  
Carol Rapp  
Joseph Rosenthal  
Frances Rotstein  
Vivian Ruby  
Dr. Morad Sarraf  
Alan Schwartz  
Marilyn Seigel  
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  
Henryk Putter  
Jeannette Putter

Malki and Izzie Abrams,  
*in loving memory of*  
David Cappe  
Ida and Hyman Abram

Dr. Stephen Abrams, Rosette  
Rutman and Tamara Abrams,  
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Ella and Abraham Rutman  
Ida and Phil Abrams  
Edith and Tom Valo  
Sidney Valo  
Frandel and Yahaskiel Rutman  
Miriam Raizl and  
Isadore Friedman  
Yocheved and Israel Spivak  
Rose and Chaim Abrams  
Itka and Avrum Streiman  
Marky Streiman  
Lily and Joseph Greenwald  
Alice and Zoltan Ziegler  
Eugene, Zoltan and  
Ernest Friedman

Beverley Abramson and  
Buddy Schwartz,  
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Nate and Sylvia Katz  
Abraham Schwartz  
Eunice Schwartz

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Dr. John E. Ackerman  
Jack and Bella Einstoss  
Morris and Nancy Einstoss  
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,  
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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  
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Sonny Altman

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Mira Shuman and Naomi Shuman,

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Toby Appel  
Jack Shuman  
Lonia Shuman

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and family, *in loving memory of*

Edward Silverberg  
Charlotte Silverberg  
Jack Appleby  
Bertha Appleby

Marilyn Appleton,

*in loving memory of*

Michael H. Appleton, Q.C.

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Marvin L. Arbuck  
Sidney Arbuck  
Sonia Arbuck  
Abraham I. Melzer  
Idell Melzer

Dr. Gerald Arbus and Joy Wagner

Arbus, *in loving memory of*

Bess Wagner  
Moe Wagner  
Harry Arbus

Harold Ashley,

*in loving memory of*

Evelyn Ashley  
David Portigal  
Sophie Portigal  
Menashe Yashinsky  
Hinda Yashinsky

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*in loving memory of*

Evelyn Ashley  
Sidney S. Bergstein

Dr. Jeffrey and Paula Ashley and  
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Lorne Barsky

Andrea Atkins,

*in loving memory of*

Sean Howard Atkins

Mark and Elaine Atlin and family,

*in loving memory of*

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Myrtle Wise  
Gordon Atlin  
Shelley Wise

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Dolly Austin

Jennie Shoot-Austin

Fannie Cardish

Charles Cardish

Nathan Austin

Deborah Austin

Sally Justein

Morris Justein

Israel Justein

Benjamin Gold

Lipa Klenov

Ruchel Klenov

Liba Ostrofsky

Gedaliah Ostrofsky

Gerald Silverberg

Rachel Wortzman

Jacob Wortzman

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*in loving memory of*

Lionel Axler

Sara Axler

Mozes Glazer

Faiga Glazer

Michael Glazer

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Saul Topp

Minnie Topp

Abraham and Gussie Axler

Sidney Axler

Norman Axler

Irwin Lubin

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Michael Bacal

Albina Backman and family,

*in loving memory of*

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Steve Rozenchwajg

Stanley<sup>21</sup> and Carol Banach,

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Stanley Banach

Rose and Irving Silver

Blooma and Michael Banach

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*in loving memory of*

Dora and Boris Barkin

Lila and Joe Strashin

Arthur Barkin

Jennifer Barkin

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Ross and Monique Bendavid-  
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Colette Bendavid

Dr. Robert Bendavid

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*in loving memory of*

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Yasar Victor Benyes

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*in loving memory of*

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Rose Benjamin  
Penny Benjamin  
Stephen Norris  
Carl Keyfetz  
Pearl Keyfetz  
Gerry Pencer  
Claire Halperin  
Irving Halperin

Amalia Berg, William, Rachel,

Leanna and Zoe Trister,

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Rosalee Berlin and family,

*in loving memory of*

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Max David Berlin  
Rose Berlin  
Harold Albert Green  
Belle Green Wax  
Kate Lee Moss

Esther Bernstein and family,

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Donna and Ivan Betcherman,

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Ann Betcherman  
Fran Betcherman

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Jack Binder  
Mary Binder

Howard, Marlene, Aaron and

Adam Black, *in loving memory of*

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Franca Bensmihen  
Sam Bensmihen  
Max Starkman  
Ada Starkman  
Philip Black  
Annie Black

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  
Irving Herman

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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Betty Brody  
Aaron Brody  
Chana Jacobs  
Abraham Jacobs

Dr. and Mrs. Melvin Brown,  
*in loving memory of*  
Saul Brown  
Lena Brown  
Dr. Joseph Tanzman  
Celia Tanzman  
Isabel (Tanzman) Boniuk  
Dr. Isaac Boniuk

Dr. Sidney Brown,  
*in loving memory of*  
Gina Brown  
Faiga Brown  
Morris Brown  
Barney Brown  
Joseph Kerbel  
Bertha Kerbel  
Joel Kerbel  
George Zuckerman  
Sharon Zuckerman

Mark Burstyn and family,  
*in loving memory of*  
Rhonda Burstyn  
Rabbi Bernie Burstyn

Bernice, Larry and Evan Cappe,  
*in loving memory of*  
Rose and Ben Switzman

Lyle Cappe,  
*in loving memory of*  
David Cappe  
Sam and Sarah Freedman  
Solomon Freedman  
Sam and Ida Cappe

Donald, Aaron, Jonathan and  
Adam Carr, *in loving memory of*  
Annette (Chana) Carr

Donald Carr and Judy Feld Carr,  
*in loving memory of*  
Florence Carr  
Harry Carr  
Phyllis Heaps  
Jack Leve

Jon and Terri Carr and family,  
*in loving memory of*  
Chana Carr  
Murray Allen  
Lillian Allen

Joseph and Helen Casse,  
*in loving memory of*  
Harry Casse  
Kane Casse  
Pinchas Greenstein  
Esther Greenstein Casse  
Anne Zeidenberg  
Michael Marrus  
Herbert Greenstein

The Catzman Family,  
*in loving memory of*  
Irene Catzman  
Fred Catzman  
Marvin Catzman

Maury and Cheryl Cepler and  
family, *in loving memory of*  
Sam and Belle Abramson  
Joseph and Frances Cepler

The Ceron Jente Family and the  
Yefet Family, *in loving memory of*  
Ernestina Ceron Valencia  
Pilar Ceron Valencia

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

Larry, Jordan and Jamie Chad and  
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  
David Appel  
Mania Chaikof  
Harry Chaikof

Sara Chan-Lipson,  
*in loving memory of*  
Mickey Lipson

Ruth and Robert Chelin  
and Loren Bornstein,  
*in loving memory of*  
Saundra and Harry Chelin  
Bushie and Jack Kamin

Dr. & Mrs. Albert Cheskes,  
*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*  
Sam Granat  
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 Jakobovicz,  
*in loving memory of*  
Abraham Jakobovicz  
Iran Esther Jakobovicz

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<sup>z1</sup> 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

The Risen Family—Stan and Peggy,  
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,  
Zachary and Reny 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

Robert and Marlene Savlov and  
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

Marcia Schnoor and Morley  
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  
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Kalman Lasko  
Bernice Zubata  
Theodore Zubata  
Ethel Abramsky  
Harry Abramsky

# יזכור *Book of Remembrance*

*May their memory be a blessing.*

# *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

## **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](http://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.

*Yit-gadal ve-yit-kadash shmei raba, b'alma divra khir'utei,  
veyamlikh mal-khutei, be-ḥayei-khon uve'yomei-khon uve'ḥayei  
dikhol beit yisrael, ba-agala u-vizman kariv v'imru amen.*

***Ye-hei shmei raba meva-rakh l'olam ul'almei almaya.***

*Yit-barakh ve-yish-tabah ve-yitpa'ar ve'yitromam ve-yitnasei,  
ve-yithadar ve-yit'aleh ve-yit-halal, shmei di-kudsha brikh hu,  
l'eila (l'eila) mikol bir-khata ve-shirata, tush-be-ḥata ve-neḥe-  
mata, da-amiran b'alma, v'imru amen.*

*Ye-hei shlama raba min shmaya, ve-ḥayim, aleinu v'al kol yisrael  
v'imru amen.*

*Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya'aseh shalom, aleinu v'al kol yisrael  
v'imru amen.*

Hallowed and enhanced may God be throughout the world of creation. May God's sovereignty soon be accepted, during our life and the life of all Israel. And let us say: *Amen.*

**May God be praised throughout all time.**

Glorified and celebrated, lauded and praised, acclaimed and honoured, extolled and exalted may the Holy One be, far beyond all song and psalm, beyond all tributes which humans can utter. And let us say: *Amen.*

Let there be abundant peace from Heaven, with life's goodness for us and for all the people of Israel. And let us say: *Amen.*

May the One who brings peace to the universe bring peace to us and to all the people of Israel. And let us say: *Amen.*

## Mourner's Kaddish

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא, בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ  
מְלְכוּתָהּ, בְּחַיֵּיכוּן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעַגְלָא  
וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלְמָא וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה  
וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא, לְעָלְמָא (לְעָלְמָא) מְכֹל-בְּרַכְתָּא  
וְשִׁירְתָּא, תְּשַׁבַּחְתָּא וְנַחֲמְתָּא, דְאָמִירָן בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

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

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה 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.

בְּנֵאֹת דָּשָׁא יְרִבִּיצְנִי עַל־מִי מְנַחֹת יִנְהַלְנִי:

God gives me repose in green pastures.

Leading me beside still waters.

נִפְשִׁי יִשׁוּבֵב יִנְחֵנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי־צְדָק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ:

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

גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶךְ בְּגִיאַת צְלֻמוֹת לֹא־אִירָא רָע כִּי־אֵתָהּ עִמָּדִי

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

שֶׁבֶטְךָ וּמִשְׁעַנְתְּךָ הֵמָּה יִנְחֵמְנִי:

Your rod and Your staff comfort me.

תַּעֲרֹךְ לִפְנֵי שְׁלֹחַן נֹגֵד צָרָרִי

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

דִּשְׁנַתְּ בַשֶּׁמֶן רֹאשִׁי כּוֹסֵי רוּיָהּ:

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.

וְשָׁבְתִי בְּבֵית־יְיָ לְאָרְךָ יָמַיִם:

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

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים, המצא מנוחה נכונה תחת כנפי השכינה,  
במעלות קדושים וטהורים, כזהר הרקיע מאירים ומזהירים:  
• את נשמות כל-אלה של קהילת-קודש בית-צדק ומשפחתם שהזכרנו  
פה היום לברכה, שהלכו לעולמם;  
• ואת נשמות אחינו ואחיותינו, חילי צבא הגנה לישראל, שמסרו את  
נפשותיהם על קדושת השם, העם והארץ, מנשרים קלו ומאריות גברו,  
• ואת נשמות הטהורים שנהרגו על-ידי מחבלים;  
• ואת נשמות חילי קנדה שעמדו נגד אויבינו;  
• ואת נשמות יש מאות רבבות אלפי ישראל, אנשים, נשים, וטף,  
שנהרגו, שנאבדו, שנחנקו, שנשחטו, ונשרפו באש, ושנקברו חיים על  
קדוש השם.

בעבור שאנחנו כלנו מתפללים בעד הזכרת נשמותיהם, בגן עדן תהא  
מנוחתם. אנא בעל הרחמים יסתירם בסתר כנפיו לעולמים. ויצרור  
בצרור החיים את נשמותיהם. יי הוא נחלתם: יזכור עקדתם ויגווחו  
בשלוש על משכבותם, ונאמר: אמן.

## In Memory of Siblings, Other Relatives and Friends

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נַשְׁמַת קְרוּבֵי שְׁהֲלָכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. הַנָּנִי  
נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אָנָּא  
תְּהַיְינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתֵהִי  
מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמֻחוֹת אֶת־פְּנִיךָ, נְעֻמוֹת  
בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. 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 נַשְׁמוֹת כָּל־אֶחָיוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל  
שְׁמָסְרוּ אֶת־נַפְשָׁם עַל קְדוּשַׁת הַשֵּׁם. הַנָּנִי  
נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נַשְׁמוֹתֵיהֶם. אָנָּא  
לִשְׁמַע בְּחַיֵּינוּ יֵד גְּבוּרָתָם וּמְסִירוֹתָם וַיִּרְאֶה  
בְּמַעֲשֵׂינוּ טָהָר לְבָם וְתֵהִינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרוֹת  
בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתֵהִי מְנוּחָתָם כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמֻחוֹת  
אֶת־פְּנִיךָ, נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. 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 Son

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּנֵי הָאָהוּב \_\_\_\_ בֶּן \_\_\_\_  
מִחֲמַד עֵינַי שְׁהֶלֶךְ לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הַנְּנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת  
צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתוֹ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשׁוֹ  
צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע  
שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךְ, נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my beloved son, [ NAME ], the light of my life, 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. I am grateful for the sweetness of his life and for what he accomplished. May he rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen.*

## In Memory of a Daughter

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּתֵי הָאָהוּבָה \_\_\_\_ בַּת \_\_\_\_  
מִחֲמַד עֵינַי שְׁהֶלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הַנְּנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת  
צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמָתָהּ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשָׁהּ  
צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוֹר הַחַיִּים וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע  
שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת־פְּנֵיךְ, נְעֻמוֹת בִּימִינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my beloved daughter, [ NAME ], the light of my life, 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 deeds, and through prayer and memory, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. I am grateful for the sweetness of her life and for what she accomplished. May she rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen.*

## In Memory of a Partner (M)

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת בְּעָלִי \_\_\_\_\_ בֶּן \_\_\_\_\_ שְׁהֶלֶךְ  
לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הַנְּנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֶת  
נִשְׁמָתוֹ. אָנָּא תְּהִי נַפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים  
וּתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת-פְּנֵיךְ,  
נְעֻמוֹת בְּיַמֵּינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my husband/partner, [ 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. Love is as strong as death, deep bonds of love are indissoluble. The memory of our companionship and love leads me out of loneliness into all that we shared which still endures. May he rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen.*

## In Memory of a Partner (F)

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נִשְׁמַת אִשְׁתִּי \_\_\_\_\_ בַּת \_\_\_\_\_ שְׁהֶלְכָה  
לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הַנְּנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְּכָרֶת  
נִשְׁמָתָהּ. אָנָּא תְּהִי נַפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים  
וּתְהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת-פְּנֵיךְ,  
נְעֻמוֹת בְּיַמֵּינְךָ נְצַח. אָמֵן.

May God remember the soul of my wife/partner, [ 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 deeds, and through prayer and memory, is her soul bound up in the bond of life. "Many women have done superbly, but you surpass them all." Love is as strong as death, deep bonds of love are indissoluble. The memory of our companionship and love leads me out of loneliness into all that we shared which still endures. May she rest eternally in dignity and peace. *Amen.*

## In Memory of a Father

יִזְכֹּר אֱלֹהִים נְשִׁמַּת אָבִי מוֹרֵי \_\_\_\_\_ בֶּן \_\_\_\_\_ שְׁהֲלִיךְ  
לְעוֹלָמוֹ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד הַזְכָּרָת  
נְשִׁמָּתוֹ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשׁוֹ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים  
וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתוֹ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת אֶת-פְּנֵיךְ,  
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 נְשִׁמַּת אִמִּי מוֹרְתִי \_\_\_\_\_ בַּת \_\_\_\_\_  
שְׁהֲלִיכָה לְעוֹלָמָהּ. הִנְנִי נוֹדֵר/נוֹדֶרֶת צְדָקָה בְּעַד  
הַזְכָּרָת נְשִׁמָּתָהּ. אֲנֵא תְהִי נִפְשָׁהּ צְרוּרָה בְּצָרוֹר  
הַחַיִּים וְתְהִי מְנוּחָתָהּ כְּבוֹד, שְׁבַע שְׂמֵחוֹת  
אֶת-פְּנֵיךְ, 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.

שׁוֹיִתִּי יי לְנִגְדֵי תָמִיד כִּי מִימִינִי בַל־אֶמוּט.  
לְכֵן שָׁמַח לְבִי וַיִּגַּל כְּבוֹדֵי אֱ־הָ־בְשָׁרֵי יִשְׁכֵּן לְבַטָּח.

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

אֲנֹשׁ כַּחֲצִיר יָמָיו כְּצִיץ הַשָּׂדֶה כֵּן יִצְיָץ.  
כִּי רוּחַ עֲבָרָה־בּוֹ וַאֲיִנָּנוּ וְלֹא־יִכְרַנּוּ עוֹד מְקוֹמוֹ.  
וַחֲסֵד יְהוָה | מֵעוֹלָם וְעַד־עוֹלָם עַל־יְרֵאָיו וְצַדִּיקְתּוֹ לְבָנֵי־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

יי מֶה־אָדָם וַתִּדְעֶהוּ בֶן־אָנוּשׁ וַתַּחֲשִׁבֵהוּ.  
 אָדָם לְהֵבֵל דָּמָה יָמָיו כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר.  
 בַּבֶּקֶר יִצְיֵן וְחֶלֶף לָעֶרֶב יִמּוּלֵל וַיֵּבֶשׁ.  
 תָּשִׁב אָנוּשׁ עַד־דָּכָא וַתֹּאמֶר שׁוּבוּ בְנֵי־אָדָם.  
 שׁוּבָה יי 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.

## *Kaddish (A Poem)*

Look around us, search above us, below, behind.

We stand in a great web of being joined together.  
Let us praise, let us love the life we are lent  
passing through us in the body of Israel  
and our own bodies, let's say *Amen*.

*Time flows through us like water.  
The past and the dead speak through us.  
We breathe out our children's children, blessing.*

Blessed is the earth from which we grow,  
blessed the life we are lent,  
blessed the ones who teach us,  
blessed the ones we teach,  
blessed is the word that cannot say the glory  
that shines through us and remains to shine  
flowing past distant suns on the way to forever.  
Let's say *Amen*.

*Blessed is the light, blessed is darkness,  
but blessed above all else is peace  
which bears the fruits of knowledge  
on strong branches, let's say Amen.*

Peace that bears joy into the world,  
peace that enables love, peace over Israel  
everywhere, blessed and holy is peace, let's say *Amen*.

—MARGE PIERCY



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  
ASSOCIATE RABBI

CANTOR Sidney Ezer

RABBI EMERITUS Baruch Frydman-Kohl

## *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:

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

*Maḥzor Ḥadash*, 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.

*Maḥzor Ḥadesh Yameinu: Renew Our Days*, edited and translated by Rabbi Ronald Aigen, 1996.

*Maḥzor Lev Shalem*, The Rabbinical Assembly, 2010.

*Lev Shalem*, The Rabbinical Assembly, 2015.

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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*



# יזכור

BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

תשפ"ד 2023-2024 / 5784



בית צדק

Beth Tzedec Congregation