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## Tribute to Reb Zalman Schachter-Shalomi, z"l



*“The righteous man  
shall flourish like  
the palm tree.”*

*Psalm 92*

# Editorial

This issue is dedicated to Reb Zalman Schachter-Shalomi, founder of Jewish Renewal, cofounder of the *Havurah* movement, and staunch interfaith activist. As one who barely escaped the Holocaust, he lived to father 11 children and died on July 3, six weeks before his 90th birthday.

Several detailed obituaries have appeared on the Internet and in most of the American Jewish newspapers so instead of repeating that here, we have photos and tributes to him on pages 10 and 11 by three who were close to him.

We've also included one by my father, Gabriel Cohen, z"l, from 1976 and a short but sweet tribute originally published in this newspaper in 1967. It's by Harry Golden, z"l, who passed away several years ago but knew Reb Zalman, as he was affectionately called, long before he received that nickname. I found this and others by searching "Zalman Schachter" at the following link: [www.ulib.iupui.edu/digitalscholarship/collections/JPO](http://www.ulib.iupui.edu/digitalscholarship/collections/JPO).

In the late 1970s, I was at Indiana University living in Bloomington. I had a Jewish friend who always seemed calm even amidst chaotic circumstances. When I asked him how he was able to stay even-keeled, he told me what helped him is meditation. He was practicing Transcendental Meditation (TM) and had considered becoming a teacher. I decided to try it.

After the initiation, one could attend advanced lectures. At the time I didn't realize the teachings were based on Hinduism. Besides meditation, I heard about different beliefs and practices that were new to me such as reincarnation. I enjoyed the learning but I felt like an outsider.

Around that time, Reb Zalman was doing a *Shabbaton* at the local Hillel. After hearing him lecture and lead different prayers and meditations, I found those beliefs are not new or foreign to Judaism. Besides, he had set a good example by exploring and learning from other faith traditions. He often said, "The only way to get it together...is together."

This was such a relief to me. I appreciate the TM and the Eastern traditions I learned, but studying with Reb Zalman brought me back home to the religion of my youth and my family going back centuries. Besides holiday celebrations, as a child, I attended Sunday school, Hebrew school after school three days a week and morning services every Saturday.

Who knows where I would be today if not for Reb Zalman? But more than that, where would the Jewish world be? And

# About the Cover

"Tzaddik Katamar Yifrach"

By Jackie Olenick

I was invited to create a painting which would be the backdrop for the events celebrating Reb Zalman Schachter-Shalomi's 90th birthday in August. This, now, became a memorial painting which I'm honored to present. The colorful dancing date palm tree spreads its leaves over a landscape filled with pathways and gardens, just as Reb Zalman opened the paths and nurtured the gardens for so many of us for so many decades. The leaves reach out of the edge of the painting and light forms at the base of the foothills, where Reb Zalman was laid to rest in Boulder, Colo. Acrylic on canvas 40"x30".



Jackie Olenick

Jackie Olenick is a Judaic artist and jewelry designer residing in Boynton Beach, Fla. Her work can be seen on her website: [www.jackieolenickart.com](http://www.jackieolenickart.com). ☆



the rest of the world? I shudder to think about it.

No man is an island and he learned from charismatic leaders who came before him, and he worked together with other prominent Jewish leaders of his time. Other leaders were also making hugely significant contributions in their different denominations, but I noticed what an influence Reb Zalman had in 1997 when the 67th annual General Assembly (GA) was held in Indianapolis.

I lived in the San Francisco Bay Area from 1986–1993 where I attended three different Jewish Renewal congregations. When they visited the area, I had seen not only Reb Zalman and Shlomo Carlebach, but also students of theirs such as Rabbi David Zeller, Rabbi Lynn Gottlieb, and Rabbi Shefa Gold. On top of that, several "disciples" of Reb Zalman lived and worked in the area. There simply is not enough room here to list all those he influenced and all those who influenced him.

Needless to say, after seven years of experiencing Jewish Renewal, when I attended the GA in Indianapolis, I was surprised to see and hear rabbis from the other Jewish denominations telling Chasidic tales, leading meditations, encouraging small discussion groups among the congregants at their services, and promoting singing and dancing at them. Jewish Renewal had spread to the other denominations.

Since many different stories about Reb Zalman abound in past issues of this

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newspaper alone, I read about his earlier years and imperfections, but that does not diminish his huge influence which is not in the Jewish world alone. May his memory be a blessing for all of humanity.  
Jennie Cohen, August 20, 2014 ☆

# Chassidic Rabbi

BY RABBI BENZION COHEN

## Amazing times

We are living in amazing times. For the past month we have been seeing hundreds of miracles every day. Here in Israel our enemies have fired about one hundred missiles at us every day, and who knows how many mortar shells. Miraculously these missiles didn't kill anyone. A few people were killed by the mortar shells.

We live in Kfar Chabad, a village five miles east of Tel Aviv. Every day we hear air raid sirens, sometimes from here, and sometimes from the surrounding villages and cities. Baruch Hashem no rockets fell in Kfar Chabad, but we did hear many booms from bombs that fell a few miles away.

A friend of mine, a rabbi in the city Gan Yavne, wrote about a missile that fell in his neighborhood, half an hour before *Shabbos*. The missile fell next to a synagogue, and broke all of the windows. Glass was scattered all over. He shudders to think what could have happened if the missile had fallen an hour later, when the Shul would have been full with 300 people.

The timing of this war was also an amazing miracle. For years the terrorists in Gaza have been digging tunnels, each of them miles long, into the surrounding villages and *kibbutzim* in Israel. They were planning to sneak in simultaneously thousands of terrorists to murder and kidnap the innocent civilians. At the same time they planned to fire thousands of missiles at all of the cities in Israel. *Hashem* spoiled their evil plans, and this war started before they were ready. The army is now destroying their tunnels and missiles.

In addition we have heard about, and seen for ourselves many thousands of acts of kindness and other *Mitzvahs* that were a result of this war. I go every day to our local Hospital. I ask everyone to pray and work hard to love one another, in order to bring Divine protection to our soldiers and citizens who are in danger. They all respond positively. The story below in italics is just one small example. Every time I read it, it brings tears to my eyes.

To read more stories like this, go to [www.partnersinkindness.org](http://www.partnersinkindness.org) and sign up to receive their free emails. This one is from July 30, 2014.

*The father of a chayal (soldier) who is now in Gaza told how his son was informed on Friday that his unit will not be going home for Shabbos, which was a problem because they did not have any provisions for Shabbos.*

*The father ran to the supermarket to buy some things, as much dips and salads as he*



## Yiddish far alleh taug

(Yiddish for Everyday)  
BY HENYA CHAIET

### Dee yungeh yoren gayen aveck

(The young years go by)

*Ah gooten morgen tzu eich tyereh Yiddisheh kinder. Onshuldicht mir far derfar vaus ich haub nisht gehret mit eich far etlehcheh maunahten. Ich haub geven nisht gezondt, uhn in hauspital.* (Good morning, my dear Yiddish children. Please excuse me for not writing to you these past few months. I was ill and in the hospital.)

*Danken Gaut, ich haub gehhaht a gooteh refueh, un ich bin yeder taug besser.* (Thank G-d I have made a good recovery and get better every day.)

*Ich vil eich zaugen vaus haut pahsirt*



*could, then he stopped at the schwarma place in Petach Tikva. He asked for a portion to be put into an aluminum tray and explained that it was for his son who is in Gaza without food for Shabbos.*

*The owner said to him "what do you mean for your son? How many soldiers are in his group?" The father answered "70".*

*The schwarma place owner called all of his workers. They prepared all the schwarma they had, brought out all of their meat, fried schnitzels, prepared Moroccan salads and chips and within an hour he and all of his workers had emptied the entire restaurant and given it over to the father. The father, who has seen people do acts of kindness in his life, just stood there crying and thanking him.*

Once a day I receive an email titled, "A Daily Dose of Kindness" with stories like this one. You might want to subscribe yourself.

What can I tell you? We are living in amazing times. We believe that our Rebbe is our long awaited *Moshiach* (Messiah). We are very close to the finishing line, the complete and final redemption, at which time there will be no more evil and no more war. I ask all of you who read this to pray to Hashem to protect all of our soldiers and citizens. Work hard to love one another. Give more charity. Take upon yourself to learn more *Torah* and do more *Mitzvahs*. This will certainly hasten our complete and final redemption, and *Moshiach* will put an end to all evil and there will be no more wars. We want *Moshiach* now.

Rabbi Cohen lives in K'far Chabad, Israel. He can be reached by email at [bzcohen@orange.net.il](mailto:bzcohen@orange.net.il). ★

*mit mir hient in der free.* (I want to tell you what happened to me this morning.)

*Ich cook ahrine in daus shpigel un ich zeh ah alteh froy shtayt mir onkegen, un ich der ken ear nisht, frehgich ear "Vair bintz duh?" Un vaus tuhst do in mein shpigel?* (I looked into the mirror and there was an old woman that I didn't recognize staring back at me. So I asked her, "Who are you and what are you doing in my mirror?")

*Entfert zee mir "Daus bin ich Henya Chaiet, un ich vayn shane dau mit dir far ninetzick yor."* (She replied, "It's me Henya Chaiet and I have been living here with you for ninety years.")

*Minch tyereh kinder ah zay layfen aveck dee yungeh yoren, un meh vert alt un meh ken zich ahlayn nisht derkenen in daus shpigel.* (My dear children, this is the way the "young years" fly by and you look at yourself in the mirror one day and you do not recognize yourself.)

*Halt tyer yehder taug, un tuht epess goot far zich ahlayn un far daus velt vaus mir ahleh vaynen in.* (Hold dear every day and do something good for yourself and for the world we all live in.)

*Tzen teh far Pesach haub ich (kein ein horeh) gevoren ninetzich yor alt, un ich dahnk gaut vaus ich ken nauch zein mit myneh kinder, un kinds kinder, un mit aleh myneh gooten frynt.* (Ten days before Passover on April 7, 2014, I celebrated my 90th birthday. I thank G-d every day that I can still be with my children, grandchildren and their children, and all my wonderful friends.)

*Daus cuhmt mir ah Mazel Tov. Ich bin gevoren ahn elter baubeh, tzu tzveh maydehlach. Zayereh nehmen zeinen Zara uhn Harper.* (I have a Mazel Tov coming as I have become a great-grandmother to two little girls. Their names are Zara and Harper.)

*Zaulen zeh baydeh hauben goot gehzundt uhn tzu langen yoren uhn brayngen nahches uhn frayd tzu yahr mahmeh – mein eynekel Hindi – uhn ear mahn zayer tahteh Adam. Amen.* (I pray that they may have a long life with good health and much joy. May they be a blessing always to their mother – my granddaughter Hindi – and her husband, their father Adam. Amen.)

*Henya Chaiet is the Yiddish name for Mrs. A. Helen Feinn. Born in 1924 ten days before Passover, her parents had come to America one year prior. They spoke only Yiddish at home so that is all she spoke until age five when she started kindergarten. She then learned English, but has always loved Yiddish and speaks it whenever possible. Chaiet lived in La Porte and Michigan City, Ind., from 1952 to 1978 and currently resides in Walnut Creek, Calif. Email: [afeinn87@gmail.com](mailto:afeinn87@gmail.com). ★*



## Spoonful of Humor

BY TED ROBERTS

### Back to school

You can always sense those latter summer days when our educational prisons (as the kids see it) reopen. If they took away your calendar and dropped you in the middle of a typical family, you'd know it was August/September. Kids look glum – parents are gleeful. For six to eight hours a day they're freed from their parental managerial duties. The institutions of education pick up their responsibility. And so they should – you pay taxes, don't you?

Of course, there's a negative side to this coin, too. First, there's homework, which as all teachers know, I'm sure, is done by parents and has been the wedge in many a divorce. "OK, I'll do the geography if you'll do the math." "No, I hate math – I'll write the essay on South American Rivers – you do those equations." And why are teachers so heavy handed with their assignments? It's ruining our social life. "No, Ted, we can't eat out tonight. Gotta help the kid with his science exhibit." I have a sneaking suspicion that it's a form of therapy to relieve guilt-ridden teachers who know that their classroom is often a circus and they're a ringmaster without a whip.

And another gripe: Since kids rarely walk to school now, the morning traffic is as tangled as a plate of spaghetti. Parents and yellow school buses driving the three blocks from home to school. And we whine continually about energy deficits and complain that kids don't get enough exercise. Strange.

My old man sneered at any vehicle – bus, auto, even bike – that delivered a kid to the schoolhouse door. Like most of his generation, he had a whole collection of school hardship stories – in fact, it was the biggest of his "in those days" repertoire. "In those days" he walked three miles, so he said, each way. And naturally, it always snowed. "Yessir, three miles in the snow." And it snowed all year round, even in May. (In Memphis, Tenn.?) "Were you ever attacked by a polar bear?" I frequently asked. No, but once his lunch bag froze up and he had to skip lunch.

Today's school buses, in his eyes, are a convenient way to make work for drivers – usually the mayor's relatives – and weaken the legs of our children. My old man was a visionary well ahead of his times. And

of course there were even more jobs associated with maintenance. Those buses had to be parked somewhere at night – why not rent that swampy, mosquito-infested, suburban meadow owned by the mayor's brother-in-law?

I think I inherited a stack of his skeptical genes. They pulse in my bloodstream every time I'm behind that lumbering, yellow, slowpoke picking up a kid two blocks from the school.

How bizarre. How shocking considering the fitness neurosis of our society. We deny youngsters the very exercise that we compulsively continue to shove down the throat of the more mature consumer. Whole government agencies are devoted to the mission of counting, correcting, and reprimanding the lardy kids in our population. You can hardly pick up a magazine without an article on the benefits of exercise. Yet school buses roam far and wide. So, instead of carrying oneself to school on one's own flabby legs, our fragile student sits on a bus bench and pulls the hair of the little girl in front of him.

And again note this anomaly: the conflicting note preached by the culture as to the health benefits of transporting kids on motorized vehicles – school buses or parent's car – instead of pumping legs, arms, knees. Is it maybe good for kids, but bad for adults? Now don't misunderstand. For young or old, I think a game of tennis or a daily 30-minute walk or bike ride is all to the good and extends your vertical time on earth.

That's why kids should walk instead of ride (with, of course, exceptions imposed by distance or physical handicap). This anomaly is hard to understand? Sinews and tendons and muscles are much more vulnerable in adults rather than kids. A kid's 2-mile walk to school strengthens the bondage of knee caps and calf muscles. An adult's feverish pedaling on a \$500 machine may cost him his ambulatory status.

I pass an exercise emporium on my way to work. It has a huge glass wall to advertise its wares. It's mobbed with people literally working their hindquarters off. You'd think you stepped back into the Industrial Age. They're generating enough power with their pedaling and pushing to air condition and light the building for a month. *And they are paying for the privilege of regressing to the Middle Ages!*

Just a thought. If it's so healthy for them to sweat buckets, why is it salubrious for our kids to be couch potatoes on the school bus or back seat of your car? And shockingly those adult health addicts pay for the privilege. Several decades ago, toiling in farm or factory, they would have

(see Roberts, page 5)



## Wiener's Wisdom

BY RABBI IRWIN WIENER, D.D.

### We must unite to combat inhumanity

There are no suitable words to determine how barbarism is an accepted form of protest. Societies were developed to enable people to act in a civilized manner so that we would be able to live together. While there are those who would disturb the balance of needs and wants with the ability to attain these, accepted methods of containment were established for the safety of all.

When we, as a society, determine that exceptions can and often do occur, the one thing that is certain is that we develop other methods to sustain the balance. First and foremost there are laws. Then there is law enforcement. Next are the courts. Finally there is judgment. For the most part we retire at night with a secure feeling.

How much more so is this essential in dealing with countries which contain different cultures and beliefs? When disputes occur we attempt to reconcile them through dialog and compromise. When all else fails, we go to war. Such is the fate of humanity since time began.

However, when nation-states determine that terror and killing are the only remedies for correction, then we have wholesale murder. We should expect that society would become outraged and undertake the responsibility of controlling this madness. The one ingredient in all this that prevents such action is a simple word called *intimidation*.

We have a tendency to shy away from what we know to be correct because we do not know what will be next and it is easier to capitulate than stand and fight. All of our being tells us the right way to respond, but fear holds us captive. How sad!

From the dawn of creation we learned that there is evil and there is good. Why we have both has been the eternal question asked by generations and will probably remain something that is debated forever. Some will try to simplify, but the truth of the matter is that all experiences are measured. How do we measure the good? By witnessing the bad. We measure these things because all of life is determined by measure.

The one thing that is clear is that we do

(see Wiener, page 5)



## Kabbalah of the Month

By MELINDA RIBNER

### Elul – a month of teshuvah (returning)

Every month has its own unique energies and spiritual opportunities. On the evening of Aug. 26, we enter into the new month of *Elul*. The first letters of the Hebrew verse, “*Ani ledodi vidodili*, (I am my beloved and my beloved is mine),” from Song of Songs spell out *Elul*. This itself is a powerful mantra to repeat throughout this month. An intimate closeness between the Divine and people takes place this month.

The letter associated with the month of *Elul* is the letter *Yud*. The *Yud*, the smallest letter in the Hebrew alphabet, is simply a point. The *Yud* is the essential point. The *Yud*, a part of all letters, represents the essential life energy. The month of *Elul* is about getting connected to what is essential, what is the essence. The *Yud* represents also the self nullification of the ego necessary for closeness with the Divine. The *Yud* is the soul. The *Yud* is the first letter in the tetragrammaton *Yud Hay Vav* and *Hay*, God’s name of compassion.

We live in a world of increased information, corruption and distraction. Meditating on the letter *Yud* this month supports the inner turning to the most essential inner point within us. Through the spiritual grace of *Elul*, it is easy to get in touch with what is pure and constant within us.

The month of *Elul* is the last month of the Jewish year. As such, *Elul* is a time of spiritual accounting, a time of letting go and forgiving. *Elul* is a time of affirmation and healing. *Elul* is a time to be with oneself in the most intimate holy way. *Elul* is considered the headquarters for *Teshuvah*. *Teshuvah* has many facets to it. On the deepest and most mystical level, *Teshuvah* is the return to who we really are – our true essence, our inner wholeness, beauty and potential.

The *Torah* portion of *Shoftim* (Judges) is read during the week when we inaugurate the month of *Elul*. “You shall appoint judges and police officers for yourself, for each of your tribes in all your (city) gates that God, your God is giving you.” According to our sages, gates refer to the two eyes, two ears, the nose, and the mouth of our body. This is an important awareness needed to protect what enters

#### ROBERTS

(continued from page 4)

received a weekly paycheck. Where did we go wrong?

Why do Jewish-American parents, obsessed with conditioning, feel that kids with young, healthy legs have a right to iPods, acne medicine, jury trials, credit cards, and sports cars crowned with a ride to and from school? Wouldn’t it be healthier to walk? What’s sauce for the goose and gander should be sauce for the gosling.

*The humor of Ted, the Scribbler on the Roof, appears in newspapers around the US, on National Public Radio, and numerous web sites. Check out his Web site: www.wonderwordworks.com. Blogsite: www.scribblerontheroof.typepad.com. His collected works The Scribbler on The Roof is available at Amazon.com or lulu.com/content/127641. ★*



into your body/soul temple.

Many people are afraid of the concept of judging and judgment. Who wants to judge or be judged? We fear judgment because we live too often with the chatter of inner negative critic within us. We are frequently judging ourselves harshly. We feel inadequate, not enough, and unworthy, too much of the time. These feelings dis-empower us. This is not the judging that God is instructing us in this *Torah* portion.

God is telling us so lovingly in this *Torah* portion to judge ourselves like God would judge us. God is love, compassion, abundant mercy. View yourself from the perspective of the Higher Self or Soul, through the eyes of love, acceptance and compassion. This kind of judging validates and strengthens us. Love allows us to see, accept ourselves as we are, to feel and release what is not true to who we really are. With love we can change and become better people.

Take time this month to review your life objectively, as much as possible. Record and consider major events that took place this year. Be willing to see yourself as you are and as you showed up during the year. Love and be compassionate with yourself, no matter what you see and what you have done. Complete the following in a journal:

I regret.....I feel guilty about.....I recognize that I need to change in the following ways.....

Do not think you can figure out how to change solely with your intellect. Change occurs through feeling. You have to enter into the heart and feel. Get in touch with your deeper yearnings and feel the feelings that are there for you. Listen to the messages being sent to you from deep

#### WIENER

(continued from page 4)

not need to measure the bad found in destruction because it is bad in itself.

Over the past many years we have been inundated with international horror stories of murder and mayhem. People are murdered because of different cultures, tribal feuds, or in the belief that it is commanded by God. The arrogance of it all is that we presume to suggest that these differences permit us to dominate another. Who are we to create an atmosphere of distrust because we do not understand someone or try to reconcile these differences? What are we if we allow our humanity to disappear because we feel superior and forget the simple rule of life which is to live together?

Sitting in our chairs reading the newspaper, magazine or watching television, we can see acts of barbarism that boggle the mind. We feel far removed and therefore cannot relate. That was all changed on Sept. 11, 2001. Only then did we realize our vulnerability. Only then did we clamor for revenge and justice.

Now, what we are watching is no longer fantasy, but reality. Children strapped with bombs to destroy this thing called humanity because of hatred taught from the cradle to the grave. We hear all sorts of excuses. Occupation is the byword of the season and the seasons past. Yet, when the dust settles the mayhem is more concentrated, more severe, with devastating results. It seems that the world is not satisfied unless it has someone or something to blame for its ailments. Scapegoating has been around since Adam and Eve blamed each other, and in turn, the snake for their misfortune and ultimate expulsion from the Garden.

The inhumanity of humanity requires a strong response in order to bring civility to life. Only when the family of man comes together, determined to forge a bond of tolerance will we see the results we all yearn and dream about. We may never like everyone or anyone, but to survive we must respect everyone’s right to exist.

*Rabbi Wiener is spiritual leader of the Sun Lakes Jewish Congregation near Phoenix, Ariz. He welcomes comments at ravyitz@cox.net. His new book Living with Faith is available on Amazon.com. ★*



within yourself. Breathe, Pray, Let go, Get out of the way, Go beyond yourself and Be open to receive and Allow God to work through you. You cannot change on your own.

The most important part of the transformational process of this month is  
(see Ribner, page 7)

# Gather the People



BY MAGIDAH  
KHULDA BAT SARAH  
AND RABBI MOSHE  
BEN ASHER, PH.D.

## Hachnasat Orchim – Inviting the stranger into the congregational family

Take yourself back in time, way back to the eighth century before the Common Era. Your mission, should you accept it, is to become the prophet Isaiah. So put on your sandals – today you walk the streets of Jerusalem. . . .

There's the Temple. You enter and look around. Everything *seems* normal. You pause to watch the fire on the altar flame up. The place is crowded. It's always like that now, for New Moons, Sabbaths and Festivals. So *many* people – elders, prophets and priests. Everyone is there. Public life seems to carry on with due regard to the "godly," at least as it's represented by the Temple.

Back on the street, you push your way through the crowds bringing their animals for sacrifice. Yes, everything is in its place. There, at the gates, the princes and judges are functioning as usual. The King is, no doubt, on his throne. All's well with Jerusalem. Nothing *looks* out of place.

And yet . . . look again! Open the eyes of your heart! Let God open your eyes to something that no one else sees. You yourself can hardly bear to look at it. A germ of death is gnawing at the heart of the people. A whole nation is sick at heart. There beyond them an abyss opens. Unbelievably, they rush toward it. *They see nothing*. For a cataract dims their eyes. And *nothing* is as it should be.

In the street, begging orphans swarm to you. An old man lies in a doorway. He doesn't beg. He's too far gone for that. But you can't forget the look, as if he expected nothing. Now you pass the landlord arguing in the street with a widow. She cries. He demands payment, now! Everywhere you turn, you see the money slide from palm to palm, even into the judge's hand. The greed seems to know no end. And all the while poor, deluded Israel keeps bringing animals to sacrifice as if they could appease God with fattened rams.

It's all so disappointing. You had such great hopes. Didn't Moses call you a

kingdom of priests leading the way to God? Each was to offer himself to further the other; each to know the other as his complete equal. A society based on what is right and good.

But now? Now, a city that was to be all goodness and rightness has turned into crookedness. How did this come to be?

You remember. You watched them, generation after generation, wander away from the *Torah*, which they never *really* understood. And now? Now they *fear* its influence. They fear what it will require of them. It's ironic. They have banished God into the Temple. Of course, tributes to God must be paid. The godly must be given its few crumbs of devotion. But meanwhile, life outside is lived on totally different principles and moving on quite different paths.

You try to tell them. Some of them laugh at you. Some of them hate you for it. But here is the worst, the depths to which they have sunk: The city that was to have been a beacon to the world, which was to have been the epitome of kindness, has now become . . . like Sodom. Sodom, where no one welcomed the stranger. Where the practice of hospitality was literally forbidden, by law.

You are sickened by it. You must turn your people around, or they will go into exile. You call out to them. And you call them by the name they deserve: "You Lords of Sodom."

But what will you do? How will you bring them back to *Torah* and *Israel*? Where do you begin?

So how *will* you turn things around for your people? Where *will* you begin? What would you do here and now, in our day, to bring people back to your congregation and to the *Torah*?

Here is one place to begin. Here's one thing that we can do. We can do the exact opposite of what Sodom did. Our rabbis have said that one way to bring people to the *Torah* is *shulchan aruch*. The words *shulchan aruch* mean literally: the set table. That is, one way to bring people to the *Torah* is to bring them first to the table. We can follow the example of Avraham who we are told, *never* left the stranger standing outside – Avraham who the scripture tells us, in the middle of prayer, *ran* to greet three strangers and invite them to dinner.

The *mitzvah* is called *hachnasat orchim*, hospitality to or gathering of guests. It's the *mitzvah* that our rabbis say made Avraham into a prophet. It's one of those *mitzvot* you'll find in the front of your *Siddur* (from Shabbat 127a), for which we receive the fruits of them both in this world and in the world to come.

Every congregation can benefit from having a *hachnasat orchim chevra*, a group  
(see Bat Sarah, page 14)



## Jewish Educator

BY AMY HIRSHBERG LEDERMAN

## How is your spiritual portfolio doing?

I grew up in a home where money was talked about openly and often. Not about how much money my dad made but about how he invested it so that it would grow for the future.

"Most people make money with their hands, but if you're smart, you'll learn how to make money with you head," Dad counseled me over chicken and green beans. The net results of his financial coaching was that, unlike other girls my age, I knew as much about stocks, bonds and price/earning ratios as I did about lip gloss, cheerleading and the Beatles.

I followed Dad's advice and began investing in the stock market as soon as I received my first paycheck, back when the DOW was well under 1,000!

I check my portfolio regularly, rebalancing our investments so that they fit our evolving financial strategies and goals at each stage of life. I take pride in the fact that I actually enjoy using my "keppie" to make money, once again proving "father knows best!"

I think about how vigilant I am about overseeing my financial portfolio and wonder, as the Jewish new year approaches, if I have given the same kind of attention to my "spiritual portfolio" throughout my life.

One of the things I love most about the Jewish calendar is that inherent in each holiday are lessons and challenges that can inspire and advance personal growth. Nowhere is that more apparent than during the Jewish holidays of *Rosh HaShanah* and *Yom Kippur*. The High Holidays beckon us to take a hard look at our life: at our relationships, commitments, goals, successes and failings – to honestly assess how our spiritual portfolio is doing.

At Rosh Hashanah, we ask ourselves questions like: What am I doing with my life? Am I satisfied with my relationships, goals and commitments? Do I give enough of myself? Where am I in my relationship with God? What do I want to change in the coming year? Can I be better person, a more compassionate friend, a more caring daughter, a more supportive spouse? This type of hard  
(see Lederman, page 7)



# Shabbat Shalom

By RABBI JON ADLAND

**Pirke Avot 2:5:** "Hillel said: "Do not separate yourself from the community; and do not trust in yourself until the day of your death. Do not judge your fellow until you are in his place. Do not say something that cannot be understood but will be understood in the end. Say not: When I have time I will study because you may never have the time."

Aug. 15, 2014, Eikev

Deuteronomy 7:12-11:25, 19 Av 5774

Though we usually attribute these words to the prophet Micah, in Chapter 11 of Deuteronomy we find their source, "12And now, O Israel, what does Adonai your God demand of you? Only this: to revere Adonai your God, to walk only in God's paths, to love God, and to serve Adonai your God with all your heart and soul, 13keeping the God's commandments and laws, which I enjoin upon you today, for your good."

Micah's words – "to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God" – have been a hallmark of Reform Jewish thought. To be honest, Moses' words might have challenged Reform Jews as Moses included "keeping the God's commandments and laws." Micah's words speak more to the prophetic spirit of social justice, but stay away from personal Jewish practice.

I had a conversation recently with a woman who said something I've heard time and time again, "My husband and I were brought up very Reform." I believe that what she is saying is that Jewish observance of the traditions of Jewish life was not present in their respective homes and, thus, not part of the Jewish lives they lived. She expressed personal regret for not having more Jewish knowledge or taking opportunities to increase that knowledge. I understand her issues as I come from a line of "very Reform" Jews on my mother's side.

The more common term used to express "very Reform" is classical Reform referring back to the second half of the 19th and the first half of the 20th centuries; the first hundred years and the formative years of Reform Judaism in this country. Many would say that Reform Judaism threw the baby (practice) out with the bath water, but that isn't fair.

As we've read in the obituaries of Lauren Bacall, being Jewish carried certain risks in achieving success in America. Anti-Semitism was everywhere and the less you did to advertise your Judaism, the easier life may have been. Many

## RIBNER

(continued from page 5)

the commitment to nurture and strengthen your connection to the goodness of life and God. This is your greatest protection from negativity and harm. Taking on another *mitzvah*, an activity prescribed by Jewish law or an act of lovingkindness for another person, or even for yourself will make a significant difference. And most importantly, take time to meditate and pray each day, even if it is just for a few minutes.

Melinda Ribner L.C.S.W. is the author of *The Secret Legacy of Biblical Women, Everyday Kabbalah, Kabbalah Month by Month and New Age Judaism. Internationally known for her pioneering work in kabbalistic meditation and healing, she is also a spiritual psychotherapist and for more than 30 years has used kabbalistic wisdom as part of treatment. She offers a free newsletter on meditation, healing, kabbalistic energies of the months, holidays, and so forth. www.kabbalahoftheheart.com.* ✨



Reform Jewish congregations were located in towns with small Jewish populations throughout the South and Midwest. It was a complicated time and assimilating oneself into the community was a goal. The less "Jewish" you were the easier it would be.

But times have changed and we assert ourselves as Jews today. We integrate, but find less need to assimilate. Even in Canton with our small Jewish community, we don't hide who we are. We teach our children about living lives filled with Judaism and to be proud of it. We invite non-Jews to our *simchas*. We take off work for the major Jewish holy days. We fly the Israeli flag outside at Beit Ha'am.

We've learned that we can be a part of the general community without losing sight of who we are in our personal lives. We continue to do justice and love mercy, but we also walk in God's paths, serve God with our heart and soul, and embrace God's commandments and laws (maybe not all, but certainly many more than in the past.)

Amidst the deaths of the Jewish Lauren Bacall and the honorary Jew Robin Williams, there was another death this week, that of Leonard Fein. Many of you don't know his name, but he was a great writer and thinker, an unabashed liberal, the founder of *Moment Magazine*, which during his days of editorial control was the best Jewish periodical out there, and currently a columnist in *The Forward*. In 1972, Leonard Fein wrote a book titled, *Reform is a Verb*. He taught us that Reform Judaism isn't static, but ever changing

## LEDERMAN

(continued from page 6)

questioning is called a *Heshbon Nefesh*, which in Hebrew literally means "an accounting of the soul."

In financial matters, it takes knowledge, discipline and personal awareness to properly manage a portfolio. These are the same qualities needed to create and maintain a healthy spiritual life.

We need knowledge – what it means to be Jewish and how we want to engage in Jewish living. To become "Jewishly literate," we can turn to the ample resources we have as Jews including our rabbis, teachers, family members, friends, community and the internet.

We need discipline – to make choices that will further our personal and spiritual aspirations and to follow a course that will help us fulfill them. We can do this by setting goals for the year, such as studying Hebrew or joining a Jewish book group, or we can do it by embracing new family traditions, like celebrating Shabbat dinner with family and friends.

But knowledge and discipline will not get us what we want unless they are paired with cultivating personal awareness – who we are today and who we want to become in the months and years ahead, as people and as Jews.

We are each unique in our efforts to create spiritual lives. As with investing, each person begins with varying degrees of knowledge, confidence and tolerance for risk and failure. Rosh Hashanah levels the spiritual playing field in that it gives each of us an annual opportunity to engage in important introspection, the type that can help us craft a more meaningful spiritual life.

Amy Hirshberg Lederman is an author, Jewish educator, public speaker and attorney who lives in Tucson. Her columns in the *AJP* have won awards from the *American Jewish Press Association*, the *Arizona Newspapers Association* and the *Arizona Press Club* for excellence in commentary. Visit her website at [amyhirshberglederman.com](http://amyhirshberglederman.com). ✨



from generation to generation.

That book's title and that understanding of Reform Judaism have been a part of my Reform Judaism. I've changed and adapted with the new prayer books, the ever-increasing embrace of traditions, the use of Hebrew prayers and Hebrew music in the service, and the need to continue to "reform" our ideas and our participation in the social justice issues of our day.

My Reform Judaism isn't what my mother practiced. Nor was her practice the same as her parents or grandparents.

(see Adland, page 9)



## Wartime Visit to Israel

By ARIELLA KATTLER KUPETZ

### Slowing down

I walk six blocks each morning through the Florentine neighborhood of Tel Aviv to the bus stop for the 51. At block number five, in the shade off to the right of the sidewalk, I spot the familiar sight of the old man sitting in a folding chair. We don't know anything about each other, yet a friendship has somehow blossomed between us: a 20-year-old American girl and an elderly Israeli man. It started five weeks ago with simple pleasantries, me eager to use my rusty Hebrew and interact with real locals.

Our daily "boker tov" (good morning) pleasantries soon turned into a routine, the face of the aged gentleman breaking out into a smile as I walked by. He often asked with genuine concern why I wasn't eating breakfast, as if eating a hearty Israeli style meal was exactly what I should be doing on my brisk walk to work.

One humid Tel Aviv morning as I walked by, the old man reached under his chair, offering me an unopened bottle of orange juice he had purchased. I fervently declined, but after he insisted in typical borderline-aggressive Israeli fashion, I relented, taking a sip but claiming "ani lo rotzah et ha kol" (I don't want all of it), giving him back the rest. A week later he asked me why I was always in a hurry, telling me to slow down, to enjoy. Since then, I have.

Somehow, throughout my time here, a war has emerged. Somehow, between the nights out in Tel Aviv with friends, World Cup viewings on the beach, sunset runs along the boardwalk, and afternoons spent in cafes on Rothschild, countless rockets have sailed through the air above my head, causing terror in their wake. Running into bomb shelters has become a reality I could have never foreseen.

I experienced first hand the horror of the kidnapping, the hope and the support of the community as we gathered in Rabin Square with the victim's parents to pray for their sons' return. The shock that reverberated throughout the country when less than 24 hours later the devastating news of their slaughter that had occurred almost a week before became known. The fear and utter disbelief when the first sirens sounded in Tel Aviv, the surreal act of running to bomb shelters to seek protection, and the resignation when the sirens and rockets did not stop for fifteen

days straight.

But the resilient nature of the country and its citizens immediately showed through, visible in the collective pride for the soldiers who fight so bravely, in the smiles of the faces of Israeli's in #bombshelterselfies, and in Israeli innovation and technology, specifically the strength of the Iron Dome. The feeling of loss is still there, the overwhelming sadness inflicted by each death, each Israeli soldier killed and really the loss of lives on each side of the conflict. Blows to the soul that are felt personally, that sometimes cast a dark shadow over the day and cause a heavy heart that is inevitably experienced when living here, with only a few degrees of separation from soldiers killed on the battlefield.

But here, life goes on. Throughout it all, I have learned to appreciate. Just like the advice the old man extended to me as I powerwalked to my bus stop, I have slowed down, I have become aware of the beauty of life, of all there is to be thankful for and enjoy. Gorgeous sunsets still draw crowds, the cafes are still bustling, and the nightclubs are still packed with swaying, sweaty bodies. The Israeli mentality to live each moment to the fullest, to embrace one another and live with vibrancy is a lifestyle that I have begun to embody.

This morning I walked by the old man, sitting in the shade of the sidewalk, and extended my daily "boker tov" greeting with a warm smile. He motioned for me to wait, slowly rose from his chair, and handed me a Bueno chocolate bar. I'm not sure if I would have accepted a candy bar from essentially a stranger in the streets a month ago – I certainly would not have even glanced twice at this elderly man back home in America. But this act of generosity, the genuine kindness this man exudes, the care that he has expressed for me despite me just being a stranger who passes by for merely 5 seconds every day, caused me to accept this small gift, embracing our friendship.

It has been a true adventure to live here amidst the chaos, but the irrepressible nature of the Israeli people, the fierce unity that has emerged between friends and strangers alike, has allowed me to feel safer and more united with the country I love so much than ever before. I return back to America not just cherishing the time I spent here and the bonds I've made with friends and Israelis, only possible from sharing these extreme circumstances. I leave knowing in my heart that I have an insatiable need to return. And I know for a fact that I will.

*Ariella Kupetz is from Los Angeles and is currently a rising Junior at the University of Michigan studying English, Psychology and Environmental Studies. Submitted 8-7-14.★*



## Report from Israel

By RABBI ISRAEL ZOBERMAN

### Israel during war

I have just returned from an extraordinary experience in July, 2014 Israel, the land I first came to in 1949 at the tender age of three and a half, already a refugee, from post-World War II Europe. Yet nothing could have prepared me for the surrealistic reality of approaching rockets and wailing sirens, a frightful scenario that Israeli citizens of all ages in its south have had to contend with for 14 long years, with only 15 seconds to find protective shelter.

I will long remember being awakened by the sirens' piercing sounds of war alert at 3:15 a.m., in Haifa, Israel's northern city, far away from Gaza or as proven rather close. With our hearts pounding, I moved quickly with my mom, at 92 a remarkably resilient Polish Holocaust survivor, to the best possible room in her apartment to await whatever might happen. Luckily the rocket was intercepted by an Iron Dome installation that the United States has gratefully financed.

No nation would have done less than Israel to fulfill a basic mandate of protecting her citizens and all nations would have done more early on. Restrained by its legacy of Jewish and humanitarian values, ever conscious of the double standard applied to its conduct, Israel has exercised an admirable measure of caution to save lives. This is even from the midst of a firing hostile territory controlled by Hamas, a recognized terrorist organization whose covenant unabashedly calls for Israel's destruction. Hamas has criminally used children, women and men as human shields, shot 3500 rockets and also mortars from schools, hospitals, mosques, homes and U.N. facilities with the clear goal of indiscriminately killing and maiming Israelis.

When Hamas and the host of other Arab terrorist organizations will care more for their children than the death of their "enemy's" children, there will emerge new hope for a long-awaited transformed Middle East. Only when Israel's insistence on the sacredness of human life – all human life – becomes the inheritance of the entire troubled region will the yearning of modern Israel for *Shalom, Salaam, Peace*, reemerge as a potent force for the sake of all.

Following Israel's 2005 withdrawal from Gaza at an enormous cost, how could  
**(see Zoberman, page 9)**



## Seen on the Israel Scene

BY SYBIL KAPLAN

PHOTOS BY BARRY A. KAPLAN

### Parents of the minority speak out

**Fact:** 200 Christian Arab Israelis are serving in the Israel Defense Forces (IDF)

**Fact:** 200 Muslim Arab Israelis are serving in the IDF

**Fact:** 1,400 Bedouin are serving in the IDF

**Fact:** 4,000 Druze are serving in the IDF

**Fact:** 100 Circassians are serving in the IDF

Why do no journalists write about them? Because they find it hard to believe that these 5,900 view that their citizenship requires them to have a role fighting for their country. How do a minority in a Democratic country come to the decision that loyalty and patriotism require them to volunteer to defend their country? And the country is Israel.

Annet Haskia is an attractive, fashionably dressed blond with long, manicured fingernails. She is an Israeli Muslim Arab and very outspoken. She relates that growing up "it was not acceptable for our kids to join the army. Everyone [who wanted to join the army was] considered to be a traitor but I didn't see it as a traitor. I saw it as taking responsibility like every other citizen."



Annet Haskia is an Israeli Muslim Arab.

Twenty-two years ago, when she was divorced, she and her three children moved to a kibbutz and she took her children to enroll them in a Jewish school – the first time the Jewish school had been approached to enroll an Arab child. He was accepted in three days.

As they grew up, her older son volunteered to go to the IDF infantry; her daughter volunteered to go to an education unit – one of the first Arab Israeli Muslim women to serve in the IDF; and her youngest son is part of the

### ADLAND

(continued from page 7)

We have blended the Micah passage and this week's Deuteronomy passage into our current idea of Reform, but what comes next and how Reform will change is up to the next generation. It is our responsibility to guide and encourage them on this journey. I can only hope that my openness to change will be theirs as well.

When you light your Shabbat candles this week, light one for the founders and preservers of Reform Judaism who had the courage 200 hundred years ago to see a new way for Jewish life. Light the other candle for our youth to use to light the way forward into the Reform Jewish future.

Rabbi Adland has been a Reform rabbi *Rabbi Adland has been a Reform rabbi for more than 25 years with pulpits in Lexington, Ky., Indianapolis, Ind., and currently at Temple Israel in Canton, Ohio. He may be reached at j.adland@gmail.com.* ✨



Golani brigade (an infantry brigade) currently serving in Gaza.

"The aim was not to integrate into Israeli society," she said. "They are Israeli. They want to live in the present and future as Israelis. They never suffered from being Arab and they never hid their heritage."

Ms. Haskia said she didn't tell them to join the IDF. It was taken for granted but each one made the choice.

Yusuf Jahja says proudly, "I am a Muslim Arab citizen of the State of Israel." A blue-collar worker most of his life from an Arab village up North, Jahja had six sons and two daughters. His was the first family to send soldiers to the Israeli army from his village.



Yusuf Jahja proudly says, "I am a Muslim Arab citizen of the State of Israel."

Three of the sons went to the IDF together – two serving in combat units and one in border patrol. In 2004, one of the sons was killed in an explosion in Gaza while in the IDF, and the community initially boycotted the funeral. Today, two sons are still serving.

How wonderful it would be if all the major journalists covering the Operation

### ZOBERMAN

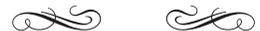
(continued from page 8)

Hamas, tragically and ironically elected into power by Gaza's misguided and long-suffering people, squander its donated material resources away from the declared purpose of creating a supportive and necessary infrastructure? Instead the resources went toward establishing a terrorizing war machine with attack tunnels reaching into Israel with a goal of surprising Israel someday with mortal death blows. We are duty-bound to remember that Iran supplied Hamas with the smuggled weaponry and that Hamas is but Iran's proxy, alerted by Iran's stubborn search for a nuclear capability that will make all the difference. Sadly Qatar is not an innocent by-stander, offering Hamas vast financial support.

I was deeply touched by Israel's courageous people coming together in a heart-warming display of national unity in face of a mighty and unique challenge, while maintaining its enviable democratic impulse of cherished freedom to express a variety of views that could not take place in Gaza. Israel is weeping for its heroic defenders as well as the innocent victims on the other side held hostage by an ideology alien to what we in the West will never willingly give up.

Make no mistake. Israel represents the American democratic heritage with common purpose and interest. This is done in a part of the world disdaining it and in which radical Islam increasingly makes disastrous inroads as the shameful slaughter in Syria and Iraq continues while self-righteous and callous Europe with its growing anti-Semitism looks aside. All the while these Islamic forces are expecting the Israelis to be like Jews of the past who could not defend themselves and paid such a high price for it. For the sake of all that is sacred and sane, let all Americans say with one voice in a triumphant message that dare not be misunderstood, "Never Again!"

Rabbi Israel Zoberman is the spiritual leader of Congregation Beth Chaverim in Virginia Beach. ✨



Protective Edge thought this subject was significant enough to report about it back to their papers.

Sybil and Barry Kaplan are a journalist/photographer team of foreign correspondents who live in Jerusalem. Sybil is a food writer and cookbook author who leads weekly walks in English in Machaneh Yehudah market and is co-president of one of the English-speaking chapters of Hadassah-Israel. The Kaplans are also active members of Kehilat Moresheet Avraham. ✨

# Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi, z"l

# The Editor's Chair

BY GABRIEL COHEN, z"l (1908–2007)

## Tribute to Reb Zalman

(Originally published February 27, 1976)

You'll have to attend a Reform service where the two rabbis of the congregation and a Hassidic rabbi dance on the pulpit and where a religious school orchestra is thumping out rock music to Jewish songs and where the clapping and stomping are almost frenzied by the worshippers to get the picture at the Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation (IHC) that is not too dissimilar from what could have been a Holy Roller church service.

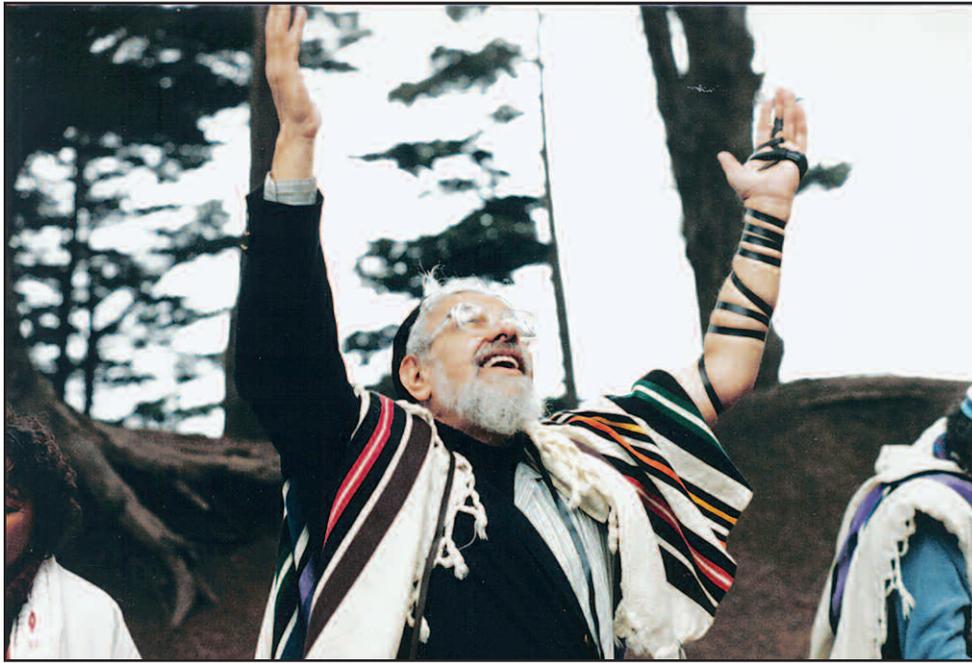
If you haven't guessed, then it was Rabbi Zalman Schachter who when the service began at the IHC, was already bobbing up and down in his seat on the pulpit – it ended up in a scream....

When Zalman, who we've known for well over 20 years, quoted the passage "May the Meditations of My Heart" and made the point that meditation and the thrust of the Eastern religions are 4,000 years old for the Jews, he was just getting up steam.

As he read from the Torah, his *niggun* was standard but the words were clearly understood by the Reform youngsters because they were English, although Zalman read the Hebrew too. His sermon delivery is perfect. There are long pauses for emphasis, and all of a sudden there is salient observation and a penetrating one. When he opens his mouth, it's with a key word or phrase that took the audience by surprise.

HE SANG, HE DANCED, he got across the message of pure Judaism, a religion of joy and a joyous religion. Finally Rabbi Murray Saltzman and Zalman were dancing Hassidic steps on the pulpit, with arms around each other's shoulders and the other outstretched – you saw in it *Fiddler on the Roof*.

(see Cohen, page 16)



Reb Zalman praising HaShem at Skye Pelicrow's conversion, Oct. 1987.

## Memorial

BY LEON OLENICK



Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi, z"l, lived every moment of his life to the fullest until he left this earth on July 3, 2014 just before he reached his 90th birthday. He was my Rebbe, my teacher and my friend. When I think of him on a personal basis, I am deeply appreciative of how he changed my life, the life of my wife Jackie, my children and grandchildren. Reb Zalman was the father of the Jewish Renewal movement, which over the course of many decades influenced and changed every denomination of Judaism in the United States and abroad. He brought *Yiddishkite* and *Torah* into our lives in a way that resonated with our souls and opened our hearts.

Reb Zalman, as he liked to be called, took the teachings of our rabbis from pre-Holocaust Europe and brought them to a level of understanding in our modern world. His gentle way of uncovering the meaning beneath the surface of teachings from Torah and *Kabbalah* filled my spiritual tool box enabling me to bring Torah to a meaningful practice of living life in the present. Reb Zalman was also my teacher in pastoral care which I'm now blessed enough to bring to my patients and their caregivers. Reb Zalman was my spiritual guide for more than 35 years.

I think of Reb Zalman as the "spiritual midwife" of our generation – or better

said, three generations. He gently allowed us to birth "being Jewish" with meaning and practice into an everyday, every minute occurrence. He recognized the power of woman in Torah and the importance of including them not only in services as Rabbis, Cantors, lay leaders, and Rabbinic Pastors, but he also paid attention and respected their *midrash* which we now study and incorporate into our Jewish lives, both personally and within our communities. He recognized the power of music by bringing ancient *niggunim* (melodies) into our services, as well as new contemporary Jewish music to which we danced and chanted.

Reb Zalman believed that you also prayed with your body which he modeled with enthusiasm. His interpretations and translations of our Hebrew, Aramaic and Yiddish texts into an understandable version for the advanced and beginner created holy space. Reb Zalman modeled humility – he was never a "puffed up". In fact, for a while, he wanted to be called Zaide Zalman so that people wouldn't put him on a pedestal – he didn't want to be higher than anyone else. Reb Zalman recognized the importance of learning from all religions and cultures. In this way he expanded our thought process and respect for all humanity. He taught that at times we were able to receive the deepest lesson from nature and animals. He saw "God sparks" in all living things.

I will always remember his beautiful twinkling eyes, his deep belly laughs, his rich beautiful singing voice and great (see Olenick, page 16)



Reb Zalman showing a child the Torah at the Mt. Madona Retreat, Aug, 1984.

## First meeting in 1974

BY REUVEN GOLDFARB



I first met Zalman Schachter at a lecture in San Francisco, at the Jewish Community Center on California Street, in *circa* 1974. I was lured to the event by a poster that featured a large black and white photo of Zalman, a brief description of the title of his talk, the times and place (it was for two evenings), and a running border with the words “Rabbi-Guru-Rabbi-Guru” repeated all around. That alone made the invitation intriguing.

I went both nights. The first night, I thought, was especially high; the second a little less so, but still impressive. It became clear that he had some inside knowledge to impart and enough charisma and savvy to give it over in a digestible form. In other words, he had a handle on the lingo, which meant that he actually understood the material and could speak about it from a personal place using contemporary images and metaphors.

I got a ride home from a woman a few years older than I, another shopper in the spiritual supermarket. She started comparing Zalman’s presentation to her experience at the Zen Center, expressing doubt about the necessity of all these categories and descriptions compared to the Buddhist world-view’s unified vision when she looked over at me in the passenger seat, took note of my focused concentration, and said, “Oh.” I was busy integrating the information Zalman had given over and was not interested in comparison-shopping.

(see Goldfarb, page 15)



Reb Zalman reading for group aliyah at Mt Madonna Retreat, Aug. 1984. Photos page 10 and above from Yehudit Goldfarb’s *Aquarian Minyan Achival* photo collection.

## Vintage Reb Zalman Schachter-Shalomi

(Originally published July 29, 2009)

BY CHARLIE ROTH

I am probably Rab Zalman’s oldest groupie and Hasid. It started in the 1940s at the Lubavitcher Yeshiva where he was mentor to me and others. He was only a year older, but he was wiser and had a way of demonstrating how to make what we were learning real for us personally.

The program of study had us there from 8 a.m., to 10 p.m., from Sunday through Thursday. We would study *Tanya* (the classical *Hasidic* text written by the first Lubavitcher Rebbe) until 8:45, and then we would *daven*. When it came to the Amidah, Reb Zalman found himself a *cul du sac*, above a flight of stairs leading to a locked door, so that he could remain in prayer for as long as he needed without restraining the group service.

His seeking recluse for *davening* was not the only way we received his mentoring. We garnered the message also by the way he would respond to a question about *Torah*. His response seemed to always carry a message above the explanation, which carried his way of making the subject matter real for himself and the questioner.

Such questions often arose during the 15-minute walk from 770 Eastern Pkwy in Crown Heights to the *mikvah* in Brownsville at 4 a.m. after *mishmer* (review of the weeks learning) on Thursday nights. When the snow was 10 or 15 inches deep we wrapped newspapers and tied them with string around the bottom of our legs to keep warm.

We would sing *niggunim* at the top of our lungs to Bible passages from the Torah and prayerbook and Reb Zalman would regale us with instant translations into English though hardly with the transcendent beautiful poetry and rhythm of his [more recent] translations, but looking back the foreshadowing was already there.

He was ordained by Lubavitch in 1947. After leaving Lubavitch, he served a congregation in New England, became Hillel director in Manitoba. He earned his Master of Arts degree in the Psychology of Religion in 1956 from Boston University and a Doctor of Hebrew Letters degree from Hebrew Union College in 1968.

He soon became nationally known for formulating *davening* into a way of becoming conscious of what makes us grow spiritually and how to incline our direction in prayer, and *mitzvah* observance whereby what happens to us becomes the purpose rather than the dues we pay to be part of the group we belong to.

## Reflections on the Tallis

(Originally published May 5, 1967)

BY HARRY GOLDEN, z”l (1902–1981)

I witnessed a *tallis* story in Winnipeg, Canada. I was there for a speech and spent part of a day with the Orthodox rabbi, a young fellow who had come from England, (my deepest apology to my readers – I do not recall his name). (*editor’s note*: Rabbi Zalman Schachter, now head of the Dept. of Jewish studies at the University of Manitoba.) He was head of the Boy Scout troop of kids in his congregation; and where it says in the manual about teaching the kids how to tie knots, this young rabbi was teaching the Boy Scouts how to tie the knots on the fringes of the tallis. It was interesting to watch the fellow go about it with nonchalant determination. ✨



At one of his last public appearances, in May 2014, Reb Zalman Schachter-Shalomi, z”l, at the Jewish Renewal Congregation *Havurah Shir Hadash* in Ashland, Ore., on the occasion of a Shabbaton retreat. He is seated in between his wife Eve Illsen and Rabbi Hanan Sills.



Reb Zalman (r) sitting on the bima at Congregation *Havurah Shir Hadash*. He is having an interfaith panel discussion with (left to right) Episcopal clergyman Reverend Morgan Silbaugh, Dr. Ibrahim Abdurrahman Farajajé (Ibrahim baba), and Reb Zalman’s wife, Eve Illsen. Photos by Lea Delson ([www.delsonphoto.com](http://www.delsonphoto.com)).



Given that Lubavitch was founded about a hundred years ago to add intensive prayer to *yeshiva* learning, it may not be an (see Roth, page 15)



## Holocaust Educator

By MIRIAM L. ZIMMERMAN

# Reflections on Gaza

Last fall, our three adult children each gifted us with a grandchild. I call it, “family planning on steroids;” they are my “triplet granddaughters.” Two of the triplets live right here in the Bay Area.

Often, we see both of them in the same week. Recently, I babysat the youngest triplet, Sarah. Snug in her stroller, I walked along the Bay Trail, which circumnavigates the San Francisco Bay. We can access it just a block and a half from my daughter’s home. With the temperature in the mid-70’s, I was able, for the first time that I can remember, to remove my sweater and enjoy the gentle breeze without feeling cold. Global warming is here, I thought.

As I walked, I felt as if I were in the Garden of Eden – a confluence of perfect weather, beautiful scenery, a happy infant, a contented grandmother. In contrast, my heart went out to all the grandmothers in Israel and Gaza; the former hiding in bomb shelters; the latter, mourning the loss of grandchildren or other family members. The third Gaza War in recent years has dominated the news in recent weeks.



Miriam’s granddaughter Sarah with her mother Rebecca “(Miriam’s daughter) at a Bay Area Limmud 2014 lecture on Jewish activism.

In contrast, just a few weeks earlier, my daughter Rebecca with her daughter Sarah accompanied me to the third annual Bay Area Limmud, a weekend retreat of Jewish learning. It was the third such



Limmud for Rebecca and me, Sarah’s first. Located on the verdant, tree-studded campus of Sonoma State University, I felt as if I were in another Eden: an Eden for the Jewish soul.

Limmud afforded me the opportunity to fill in some of my profound Jewish information gaps. The older I become, the more I realize how relevant the teachings of our sages are. I wish to apply the wisdom of our sages to my everyday life. Accordingly, I decided to attend two Talmud classes taught by Rabbi Peretz Wolf-Prusan, senior educator of Lehrhaus Judaica.

I know embarrassingly little about Talmud. Years ago, I had attended one Talmud class offered by our former synagogue. For one hour in that class, the rabbi parsed out every nuance of meaning of one sentence of the Talmud. The connotations of each word as reflected by different Jewish sages over the centuries and arguments proposed and refuted by multiple Talmudic scholars, constituted the substance of the discussion. After 20 minutes, my mind could no longer track the various threads. I was done. If I want to learn about the Talmud, this was not the path for me.

The words of the titles of Rabbi Peretz’ classes at Limmud spoke to my hungry Jewish soul: “From Torah to Talmud” on Monday morning preceded “From the Ramban to Heschel with Stops in Between” in the afternoon. The Talmud dumbed down? If you are a Talmudic scholar, yes; but this Rabbi’s classes were perfect for someone like me. He is an engaging speaker, who makes his material come alive for his audience. He respected his audience and invited any questions. His quote from one source to the effect that leaders should pursue diplomacy before engaging in war made me think of the current situation in Gaza.

Accordingly, I raised my hand to ask, “Could we apply this passage to what is going on today in Gaza?” I asked with the naivety of one who expects teachers to abide by what they say, such as no question is a stupid one (only stupid answers). The good Rabbi dismissed my question by alluding to his concern for friends who, even now, were huddled in a bomb shelter in Ashdod.

Did he think my question meant I had any less concern for my cousins who live in Tel Aviv? His words silenced mine, as I yearned for compatriots who, like me, had participated in “The Year of Civil Discourse” sponsored by the Jewish Community Relations Council (JCRC) and Jewish Community Federation (JCF).

During that year, lay leaders chosen by their rabbis participated in a seminar series designed to teach facilitation skills so that communication about difficult topics facing the Jewish community would be productive instead of disruptive and volatile. I looked around for would-be veterans of this program, but no one came to my rescue. Surely, we Jews, the People of the Book, can find the words to talk about the Jewish-Palestinian debacle, and so perhaps, find a means to resolve it.

I had hoped Limmud would afford me the chance to gain insight into the current war in Gaza. I am dreading the start of my Holocaust class at Notre Dame de Namur University (NDNU) at the end of this month. Although my syllabus and course website are updated, my guest speakers, including an Auschwitz survivor, confirmed, I anticipate that I need to be prepared to answer student questions about this war.

In recent years, I have had to field questions like, “Aren’t the Israelis treating the Palestinians like the Nazis treated the Jews during the Holocaust?” I can no longer assume a sympathetic attitude

among my students toward all things Jewish. Fortunately, I have 15 weeks to prove that the behavior of the Nazis and that of the Israelis is both substantively and ideologically different.

The current war in Gaza is a game changer. The disproportionate dead of Palestinians to Israelis, I predict, will activate young people's innate sense of fairness and feelings for the perceived underdog. Encouraged by my invitation to ask hard questions, they will be motivated to do just that.

It is so easy to find "misinformation" on the web. What if a student asks me, "Doesn't the political party of Prime Minister Netanyahu call for a pan-Israeli state free of non-Jews?" What should be my response?

In prior years, I preempted the Nazi-Israeli analogy by giving voice to Palestinians. I explained to my students in my introductory presentation, that I have been a member of a Jewish-Palestinian Dialogue group since 1998, and am able in some measure, to articulate the Palestinian perspective.

I cite legitimate grievances of the Palestinian people: a crushing occupation with humiliating checkpoints that inhibit free access to Palestinian land and people and a menacing fence that sometimes cuts off Palestinian neighbor from neighbor; the Israeli blockade of Gaza, begun in 2007, which has wrecked the economy and reduced about a third of the population to poverty; Israel's refusal to dismantle the illegal settlements; and Israel's aggressive appropriation of Arab land, albeit much by legal means.

By giving voice to "the enemy," by counting Palestinians among my friends, I am able to model one of the lessons of the Holocaust for my students: *Thou shall not dehumanize thy enemy, who, after all, is a human being, created in the image of G-d, just like me.*

That said, I end my introduction with a lesson of the Holocaust for Jews: when a country, leader, or religion states it wants to drive Jews into the sea or wipe Israel off the map, Israel takes such a threat seriously.

I show a map of Israel in relation to the Arab World, graphically depicting the need for Israel to maintain a military capable of defending itself.

This map omits Iran, a significant financial backer of Hamas. Although not an Arab state, Iran's former leader, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, was a "hardcore" Holocaust denier; and its current leader, President Hassan Rouhani, is a "softcore" Holocaust denier, according to Professor Deborah Lipstadt, a leading expert on Holocaust denial. The distinction between the two is the subject for a future column. A map depicting

Israel's enemies without including Iran, over twice the area as Iraq, is incomplete.

The salient point: both Iranian leaders would drive Israel into the sea. The current Iranian government "released a statement in which it called 'to remove the cancerous tumor – Israel,'" according to Elad Benari, writing for Arutz Sheva, IsraelNationalNews.com.

I ask my students if they know how big the state of Israel is. Few know. I ask them to compare Israel to a state and get answers from "the size of Texas" to "California." Then, I show a map of Israel in relationship to California. Almost all my students are stunned to discover how small Israel is. Note that Israel in both maps encompasses the West Bank and Gaza, neither of which should be included.



Like Iran, Hamas has pledged to erase the State of Israel. The beleaguered Palestinian people no doubt elected the Hamas leadership out of desperation. But instead of rebuilding homes, schools and other institutions with international aid, Hamas, recognized as a terrorist organization by both the U.S. and Israel, invested in rockets and built tunnels into Israel. As a result, its soldiers could infiltrate, kidnap, and use suicide bombers to kill Israelis.

The result has been a lopsided war resulting in massive Palestinian deaths compared to Israeli deaths with graphic pictures of dead and dying Palestinian children dominating the news. Israel might be winning the battle on the ground, but it is certainly losing the war in the media.

After the bodies are buried and the rockets have been silenced, all that will endure are the words. It reminds me of a great book I have been reading this summer, Simon Schama's *The Story of the Jews*. Its subtitle, "Finding the Words."

The brother of one of my Palestinian friends wrote the following on July 18, 2014 [all names withheld for security reasons]: "I am writing this email with a lot

of pain inside me, I don't know what I should say. I have 3 of my family got killed yesterday in Gaza and 10 of them injured. Besides that, my family become a refugee along with other family that are neighbor with us. Right now, majority of village people are staying are schools where is a little more secure than other places. My whole village right now is occupied by Israeli army, no one was able to stay there from my people. Things [are] getting worst and worst, all I hope things to get better for just once... I am sick of all of this...I am tired..."

He wrote an update on July 26, 2014: "Things back home are bad and sad. Just yesterday my 5th cousin, 26 years old, was killed and she has two young babies. Two days ago, my 4th cousin, 35 years old, was killed leaving behind him 6 young kids. My uncle's house [was] completely destroyed and our house partially damaged. The whole family [is] sheltering [in] the UN school."

What is the appropriate response to such words? I have the opportunity to put into practice what I have long taught my Holocaust students. We cannot dehumanize the enemy by translating them into numbers; they have names. The blood of my "enemy" is as red as mine. They have families: mothers, fathers, children, aunts, uncles, grandfathers, and grandmothers. Their lives might never return to "normal," unlike mine, which already has.

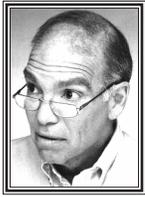
Last night [August 14, 2014], as we drove to Alameda to babysit our oldest "triplet," Ziva, I asked my husband mischievously, "Do you think our daughter would mind if we took her daughter to hear Sir Paul McCartney perform at Candlestick Park?" I anticipated an evening with my granddaughter, thoughts of Gaza far from my mind. One of the two surviving Beatles, McCartney will appear in the last event before Candlestick, home of the S.F. 49ers and S.F. Giants for so many years, is torn down.

As an original Baby Boomer, someone who came of age during the soaring 1960's, I vividly remember the invasion of this continent by the Beatles, beginning with their performance on the Ed Sullivan Show. Google instantly reminded me of their Feb. 9, 1964, debut date. I was a freshman in college.

I wondered what happened to 60's values – peace, love, and social justice for



Miriam with her granddaughter Ziva.



# Shipley Speaks

BY JIM SHIPLEY

## A time for some perspective

Every two years it seems Hamas gets the courage and the means to begin an aerial assault on Israel. The usual responses always come. The Arab States and Iran call on Israel to stop the “aggression”.

Gaza civilians get killed because Hamas puts their rocket launchers in alleyways and neighborhoods, trapping the civilians there. *Every two years....*

Hamas is supplied by Iran. Iran has called for the destruction of Israel, as has Hamas. The major reason for the breakdown in the recent peace “negotiations” regardless of what was said, boils down to this:

If there ever is such a thing as a Palestinian “State” it would be a horrible thing for Israel and for the civilized world. Why? Because of the rise of militant Islam which would jump into that vacuum of power so well defined in Palestinian politics. Instead of a sole militant extremist Islamic State in Syria facing Israel on its borders, there would be one in Judea and Samaria. Israel would be surrounded by militant, armed Jihadists, dedicated to the destruction of the Jewish State (along with America, of course).

To be a “State” the people need a language (Palestinians do not), you need some historical basis for the land you inhabit – yes, we have an America because European immigrants slaughtered the inhabitants of the land – but that’s another story. The land called “Palestine” was governed by the first Jewish Commonwealth and then after the Babylonians and the Persians, by the Second Jewish Commonwealth. And that was the last time an indigenous people governed that land until 1948.

When the Romans expelled 90% of the Jewish population, they ruled until the Caliphate (the original one) drove out the Romans. Then in 1916, the British, backed by Arab tribes threw out

the Muslims and ruled the land as a “Mandate” until the creation of the Third Jewish Commonwealth in 1948.

But let’s leave facts aside for a moment. The U.S. and a few others keep talking about a “two state solution”. But in fact there is no such thing. The phony nations with arbitrary borders that the British and French politicians created in 1919 are

coming apart. The “countries” they created only lasted this long because the Western World made sure that strong dictators backed by Western Arms and dollars kept them in power.

When the “Arab Spring” sprung into being, it created an inevitable vacuum because, as the U.S. has learned in Iraq, democracy does not come from the top down. Into this vacuum has jumped the best organized of the most extreme Jihadists. Educated in the Whabbi Midrashes in Saudi Arabia or its funded counterparts, they believe that they are God’s messengers, carrying the “True Word.”

The top military brains in Iraq are part of this. This is the result of a muddle headed decision by the genius of one Paul Bremer, who, as GW’s head guy in Iraq after our invasion disbanded the Iraqi army, creating 50,000 well trained enemies of the U.S. They are now the declared “Islamic State of Iraq”.

God forbid a Palestinian State! It would last maybe two weeks. Along would come terrorists, a trained military force and a subjugated Palestinian people. Israel would be surrounded. Surrounded by a large, well-financed fighting force with Iranian missiles and hundreds if not thousands of potential suicide bombers.

So, the hopes and dreams of a parade of American presidents who have seen the Palestinian leaders walk away from deal after deal set to give them what they supposedly wanted have come to an end. The Palestinian “government”, created really by the United Nations in a manner to preclude an opposition party, is a joke. Hamas is split along a military/political fault line. But like a wounded buffalo – they are more dangerous than ever. Abbas is after all, an empty suit.

Israel must continue to deal with realities that the Western World wants to ignore. Missiles are not randomly raining down on Paris or London. If one, just one little rocket should hit Key West, what do you suppose the reaction of the U.S. would be? Like maybe a hundred F-16s flying in formation over Havana firing our rockets? Or one missile from the quiet silos in Idaho.

No, times have changed. A historical saga begun with the end of WWI is entering its final chapter. Israel is made abundantly aware of this every day. Those fanatics in Gaza and their counterparts in Qatar and Syria care not for the lives of their people. They have one goal. They truly, truly believe in the resurrection of the Caliphate.

Giving them Judea and Samaria would bring about a new Holocaust for the Jewish people. That is why we must declare once more: **NEVER AGAIN!**

## BAT SARAH

(continued from page 6)

that is dedicated to gathering guests, formed to see to it that we *never ever* leave the stranger outside the tent, that *every* newcomer is welcomed and brought to the table, that is, invited to a *Shabbat* dinner, and brought inside the congregational family.

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*Rabbi Moshe ben Asher and Magidah Khulda bat Sarah are the Co-Directors of Gather the People, a nonprofit organization that provides Internet-based resources for congregational community organizing and development (www.gatherthepeople.org).* ✨



## ZIMMERMAN

(continued from page 13)

all. They must have gone out with the peace symbol, to be replaced by the Mercedes symbol.

As we drove back home after an evening babysitting Ziva, I felt the balmy warm air, despite the proximity of the Alameda estuary. Climate change is here, I am convinced. Unlike previous summers, I needed no jacket. It occurred to me that the whole planet, carefully calibrated by our Creator, was the Garden of Eden. We have failed the *mitzvah*, the commandment, to be stewards over the land, as commanded in Genesis.

*We have expelled ourselves from the Garden.* Our hubris in conquering nature, our inability to act on our words instead of acting out our rages, leads me to conclude that we are not yet prepared to make the world ready for the Messiah. *There can be no peace without justice; there can be no justice without peace.* Israel and Gaza have neither. We Jews can do better, if only we could find the words.

My prayer for the grandmothers of Gaza and of Israel: “May they both find justice and peace; with G-d’s help, may it be in our time.”

*Dr. Zimmerman is professor emerita at Notre Dame de Namur University (NDNU) in Belmont, Calif., where she continues to teach the Holocaust course. She can be reached at mzimmerman@ndnu.edu.* ✨



*Jim Shipley has had careers in broadcasting, distribution, advertising, and telecommunications. He began his working life in radio in Philadelphia. He has written his JP&O column for more than 20 years and is director of Trading Wise, an international trade and marketing company in Orlando, Fla. Submitted July 16, 2014.* ✨



# Hadassah's Young Judea summer tour

BY NAOMI FARAHAN



It's two in the morning in Carmel, Indiana. I can't sleep. I've been home from Israel for more than two weeks now. I was there from July 3–Aug. 1. Writing about Israel is hard, because deep inside I know that I cannot fully capture what this summer meant to me. I can name my favorite sights, and I can tell you about the funniest moments. We can sit for coffee and I can say, as I have said countless times, that I have been moved and changed. I can explain that rather than become a different person, I became a better defined version of myself. But I cannot really put these feelings into words. This is my best attempt.

I have always been proud of my Judaism. My religion has never held me back. But before this trip, I wasn't quite sure what being Jewish meant to me. It was passed on by my parents, and it was something I wanted to continue for the sake of my children. But I wasn't sure why. This summer, I connected to parts of myself that I can't quite name. I guess I call that religion. This does not mean that I returned home observing more *mitzvot*, but I do feel more Jewish regardless. My friends on the trip felt the same way, as if this spirituality had awoken in us. My Jewish identity no longer exists because it's expected of me, but because I experience it, I breathe it and I feel it in everything I do.

I was incredibly nervous to meet the other kids on my tour. Looking back, I had every reason to be. My life will never be the same. Every friend that I made is important to me for a different reason. I learned something new from everyone that I came across. I feel exceedingly blessed to have spent five weeks with some of the most incredible people I have ever met. We came into each other's lives very quickly, and I hope we never leave. I know that I will never forget how they made me feel. Those things just don't go away.

For several days after I got home, my eyes were glued to the television screen. Back in the States I feel so removed from the situation in Israel. Everyone welcomed me back with open arms, exclaiming, "You must have been so scared!" All the while, I just want to go back to Israel. I just want to go back home. I now have a much better grasp of what Zionism means to me. No matter where I am, what I'm doing, Israel is my home. As a part of the Discovery program, I gained the proper tools to

## ROTH

(continued from page 11)

exaggeration to say that Reb Zalman has out-Lubavitched Lubavitch.

Now the spiritual grandfather of the Renewal and *Havurah* movements, he remains absent from the biannual *Aleph Kallah* to allow his disciples to bask in the limelight, while in other faiths, the Gurus maintain leadership till the end.

A while back Reb Zalman was invited by another old-time Lubavitcher, Reb Mendel Feldman of Baltimore, to a *Seudah* in Crown Heights that I attended. Reb Elyeh Chaim Carlebach [the brother of Reb Shlomo Carlebach] turned to me and asked, "Tzu vemen first du?" meaning "What Rebbe do you follow?" To which I responded "Ich fur tzu Zalmanen," meaning "Reb Zalman was my Rebbe."

Several sidecurled *Hasidim* made their way from Boro Park to the 2008 *Shavuot* retreat at *Elat Chayyim* to experience davening with Reb Zalman and told me later that they were more spiritually thrilled than they expected to be.

Charlie Roth was managing editor of The Jewish Post from 1953–1983. ✨



Jerusalem. Photo by Naomi Farahan.

speak out as an advocate for my home. I am a more realistic, knowledgeable ambassador for Israel.

I feel inclined to be honest here. I have realized that I am incredibly self-centered. Perhaps it's ingrained in our "Selfie Culture," and maybe it's just me. But now when I watch the news, I know that there is so much more to the story. This leads to me to wonder about the millions of other stories that are happening in the world right now that I am unaware of, and suddenly my problems are so small. I have spent so much time worrying about my next step and my own future, when there are so many next steps and futures that I have



## GOLDFARB

(continued from page 11)

In those days I was checking teachers against a very high standard – were they enlightened or not? ...When you came right down to it, there were precious few of these enlightened characters running around. And there were quite a few pretenders. So I appreciated Zalman making it clear that he wasn't.

He said, "I'm an *Upa Guru*, not a *Sat Guru*." That is, he was one who could teach technique, not one who could be a role model, an exemplar of something to strive for, or a living embodiment of God's light, as others were said to be but often weren't. I never thought that Shlomo [Carlebach] was pretending to be something he wasn't either. I recall him describing the shifts in his own self-perception: "Sometimes I feel like I'm the Ba'al Shem Tov, and other times I'm the biggest *shlepper* in the world," or words to that effect. Eventually, I decided the whole game was a distraction and led to imposing unrealistic standards on oneself and the diminishment of one's own self-esteem.

Zalman gave me tools to understand my own consciousness and that of the world in which I and other people lived. His classifications and distinctions were an essential aide in developing a discriminating intellect and using the academic training and life experience I had already acquired to make further progress, or, as needed, to de-condition myself from false assumptions. Shlomo created a unified field of consciousness through music and dancing, stories and deep teachings. Both offered Judaism for adults, especially for the kind of adults we were at that time in history.

From My Spiritual Autobiography, a work-in-progress by Maggid and Rabbinic Deputy Reuven Goldfarb. His poetry, stories, and essays have been published in scores of magazines, newspapers, and anthologies including this one. ✨



not taken the time to learn about.

But none of this makes me feel small or insignificant. More than ever, I intend to harness my skills and become a leader that speaks out for Israel. None of us are small. It's not that at all. All of our perspectives add up to be something very big and I hope to shape someone's perspective someday. The Young Judea Discovery Program has certainly shaped mine.

Naomi Farahan is a senior at University High School of Indiana in Carmel, Ind. She is the recipient of Hadassah's Young Leaders of Tomorrow Award. This award allowed her to travel with Young Judea to Greece and Israel as a part of a summer tour. ✨

**OLENICK**

(continued from page 10)

sense of humor. Reb Zalman taught about the “four worlds”. It was the first gateway into Kabbalah. He taught that we lived simultaneously in four worlds – the world of doing, the world of emotions (the heart space), the world of intellect and the world of the sacred – being connected to the Holy One. He intuitively knew what we needed on any of the four worlds we were living in at the time. Reb Zalman loved to deploy people to do assignments. Some of the tasks did not make sense until completed and one realized that the deepest life lesson came forth.

He encouraged the practice of meditation that would create a path for us to look deeper into our lives, the lives of our family and friends, and even the lives of people we did not like to create an understanding and respect for all – to gain a greater perspective and to come closer to the Holy One. If I was asked to name only one Hebrew word that would describe Reb Zalman it would be “*devekut*” which is the space where we can cleave to the Holy One in the deepest way.

Reb Zalman understood, lived and taught a “living G-d”. Reb Zalman, for the first time in the lives of thousands of Jews was able to “G-d talk”. He broke the stereotype that so many Jews had of a judging G-d sitting high on the throne. Because of that naive imprint, so many of us didn’t have a concept of a “living G-d”. Reb Zalman was able to see that holy spark in everybody and had an uncanny way of helping whomever he was with to raise up their spark so they could truly become who they were meant to be. He saw in me the spark of a Pastoral Counselor, and in my wife, Jackie he saw and nurtured her into becoming an inspired Judaic artist. He saw this 35 years ago, when it was very far from our lives.

Reb Zalman empowered communities. We know about the many Renewal communities scattered across the world but sometimes we don’t know about the smaller communities such as the one he helped nurture so many years ago in Bloomington Ind., then St. Paul, Minn. And now, during our years in Florida, Reb Zalman always encouraged us to do our best to keep *Havurah Simchat HaLev* alive, flourishing and happy.

Reb Zalman was fearless, brilliant, creative, musical, mystical, funny, warm and a blessed teacher and friend. One of the amazing things about him is that there were thousands of people who feel this way about him – from mature spiritual seekers, to the youngest child. Whenever he saw one of my stories published in *The Jewish Post & Opinion* he would call me

**COHEN**

(continued from page 10)

Can I describe adequately the caftan down to his knees that Zalman wore, and the *strimmel* on his head, with the white socks and sandals that carry one back to the *shtetl*, not to mention his long but attractive beard and heavy rimmed eye glasses? Zalman is something of a radical in Lubavitch circles, and tells you right out that there are important differences between them.

No doubt those in control at 770 Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn, the seat of power of Lubavitch, look with askance on him, but few can get across the message of Hassidism as effectively and convincingly, and do it not by describing, but in the best method of Hassidism – by doing it.

OUR OWN CHARLES ROTH and Zalman are very close and since both are Lubavitch and radical thinkers, they have much in common. They are extraordinarily creative.

The 300 Ohio Valley Temple Youth joined in the mood as if Zalman were a long lost cousin. Our daughter, Rena, who sometimes accompanies us to Orthodox services at B’nai Torah, the congregation we’ve recently joined, couldn’t have felt more at home as she clapped – oh my poor ears – and sang and enjoyed herself thoroughly.

This was a young people’s service in entirety. They led the prayers and if you need to have your faith in young people restored, this would have done it. After the services, at the *Oneg Shabbat*, the dancing went on long after we had given up and left.

ZALMAN WAS THE ATTRACTION for three days. Elvis Presley or whoever it is that is the idol of the young people today could not have excited them half as much.

Zalman is of course the medicine that is needed. Any congregation that wants its life renewed and wants some insurance that it’ll be around when its people grow up, should invite him as scholar in residence....

WHEN WE CAME TO PICK Zalman up to bring him to our house for an hour or so before plane departure, he was performing in the last phase of his appearance before a group of junior high schoolers of the



and tell me how much he enjoyed reading the story. I already miss those phone calls from him which always started with, “*Chaim Labe laiben*”...

So to Reb Zalman I say, “*Baruch Shem K’vod Malchuto l’Olom Va-ed*” (Through time and space your glory shines.) May your memory and your legacy be a blessing forever.

Leon H. Olenick is a rabbi and board certified chaplain. His book of life affirming stories is titled, *Anatomy of a Tear*. ★

host congregation, since the instituters had already left for home.

The theme was *prayer*.

Zalman asked any in the audience to give him reasons why we pray to God and what answers could be expected. A few made attempts, and out of the process came two answers as to what response we could expect from God and a third was supplied by Zalman. They were that God could respond to our requests or he could deny it. The third was that the answer to the request could be delayed for a time.

WHAT ZALMAN WAS LEADING up to became apparent. He wanted the youngsters to get a positive attitude towards prayer and a mature understanding. In between his final act and the beginning, he got across the idea that when we ask for something we must be prepared to ready ourselves to act towards whatever that goal happened to be. Good psychology, of course, and the theory was that we should not sit on our hands and wait for something to happen but should work at it ourselves if we expected help from above.

The denouement came when Zalman said that if anyone would like to make a private request of God, he might walk up on the *bima*, kiss the *Torah* while uttering his prayer in silence. At first only one or two of the more courageous rose and made their way down the aisle to the *bima*. Then a few others followed, and it ended up with practically everyone making the trek.

Then Zalman pulled the bombshell. He asked them to remember their prayer and then in a year see if it wasn’t answered. So in a year, he’d be back at Temple University and no one could charge him with perpetrating a fraud. But also in a year, a good many if not most or all of the prayers could in fact have been answered, and at least those who went through the process might have overcome one of the biggest hurdles – disappointment in prayer – the childish belief of most of us that expects an immediate answer from heaven.

THESE YOUNGSTERS NOW HAVE a deeper understanding of what prayer is all about, and it was achieved not by someone drilling anything into the minds of unwilling listeners, but by a step-by-step learning process which called for the involvement of the people themselves.

Zalman as you’ve seen is a supreme psychologist – all the sages were – and his is the one kind of a medicine that can do the job today.

*Gabriel Cohen, z”l, was the publisher of the National Jewish Post & Opinion, and it’s Indiana and Kentucky editions from 1935 to 2007.* ★





## Book Review

REVIEWED BY RABBI ISRAEL ZOBERMAN

### Compelling journey of sacred remembrance

*My Father and Mother.* By Aharon Appelfeld. Kinnert, Zmora-Bitan, Dvir-Publishing House. 2013. Pp. 269. In Hebrew.

Prolific Israeli author and Holocaust survivor, Aharon Appelfeld, continues with prose that has the power of poetry. His endless and compelling journey of sacred recollection and remembrance can be found in his latest book, *Avi V'Emi* (my father and mother). It is about his family vacationing in 1938 at their annual summer resort on the banks of the River Prut at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains. Perceptive ten year old Irvine-Aharon had a premonition that it would be their last vacation. Cataclysmic events would take over their tranquil and privileged upper middle class life.



Foreshadowing signs abound. Already a year earlier when a raft with cows and calves aboard passed by on the powerful flowing Prut, a comment was innocently and ironically made by one of the vacationing Jews that the livestock cargo was destined for slaughter. This brings to mind the forthcoming human slaughter of the Holocaust, the dimensions of which could not be imagined.

After all, Germany was a leading nation of culture and morality, "the great German culture will not tolerate that a dictator will overtake her. Barbarism belongs to the East. Western culture knows restraint.... logic dictates, they repeatedly stated, that a people's culture percolates through each of its children. German culture is a high one with moral standards." (p. 68)

A colorful procession of Ukrainian peasants praying for rain soon turns into a mini-pogrom when they came upon the resting Jews. This was explained away by fanatics as a "tolerated storm" (p. 98). Later, courageous Slovo with his vast military background as a medic in WWI

stood up to a peasant launching forward with a knife and disarmed him. Slovo was the exception among rather timid fellow Jews who shunned from confrontation, representing the activist Zionist approach and speaking on the virtues of army service.

"The Jews are always scared...a pity they were not drafted when young into the military. The military is good for both body and mind...the Jews are orderless. The military instructs you to obey orders, to march straight and forget about yourself." (p. 166) In the Jewish minority at school, Irvine-Aharon was subjected to abuse particularly from bullying Peuter, "your good Zionists will not save you on Judgment Day. We will undress you like on your day of birth and beat you up" (p. 135-136).

In troubling dreams Irvine-Aharon loses his parents. He is told by his father's high school friend Alfred to be strong for life as there is no one to help. Soon enough what he said turns out to be the tragic case. Father Freddie's factory was suffering loses. Upon being fired an anti-Semitic worker blurted out to Freddie, "I will not leave. Every piece of land belongs to the Ukrainians, including your factory. You don't belong here." (p. 246)

In the face of the growing threat of war and increased anti-Semitism, Freddie urged his wife to leave as some had already left for America. However, she hesitated, worrying about their property. The son saw in his parent's inaction a flight from reality. A fellow vacationer, author Carl Kenig, a divorcee from a Catholic woman, muses over his decision not to immigrate for the time being, though his parents did, "don't forget, mam, my mother tongue is German. The language is my soul as well as musical instruments. What will I do in the American foreignness? Here, thank God, all are speaking German" (p. 175).

While Ukrainian farmers and common folks harbor long nurtured and passed on anti-Semitic sentiment, we find someone of the stature of Sergey the monk, Freddie's friend who studies Hebrew, regarding Hebrew as the key to reaching God. He does this along with bemoaning the new Jewish generation's alienation from its traditional Jewish roots, including the Hebrew language.

Or take Prince Von-Tudden falling in love with Jewish Gusta who does not reciprocate. With Judaism, he is attracted to Buber and Rosenzweig's writings. He reproaches Gusta for her loss of faith, "a person without faith is a plant without soil. Judaism still guards the ancient desert light of faith. Not every person is fortunate to be born a Jew. A pity that you are not happy in your portion, far from your ancestors who heard at Sinai the voices and thunders." (p. 194)

Then there is a self-hating Jewess who loathes her Jewish connection and would like to get rid of it. To her author Kenig defends the Jews' resiliency, "among other impressive things, their ability to withstand life's troubles. Life repeatedly hits upon them and they are forced to bend, to prostrate and keep silent. Human evil is at times worse than nature's eruptions. But miraculously they rise up again, collect what's left and continue the journey. What they fail to accomplish their descendents accomplish" (p.16).

When Freddie was a university student he fell in love with Maria, whose hand in marriage he asked from her Ukrainian father. Upon rejecting Freddie for being a Jew, he also chides him for dropping his birth faith, "you no longer keep your ancestors laws? Are you better than them? Wiser than them? Do you already have your own way? I will tell you something you may not like: A Jew must remain a Jew: Thus God created him. A Jew who does not want to be a Jew is a demon." (p. 178) Indeed a complicated response of both rejection and affirmation.

Irvine-Aharon's mother, Bonia, retained her parents' deep faith, though without formal practice, whereas her husband gave it up following high school and college in spite of his parents continued attachment to their heritage, contending that the Jews were "a tribe that atrophied" (p. 83), with his wife's retort, "the good tidings will not come from the outside" (p. 130). They both fasted on *Yom Kippur* but did not attend synagogue services. Maternal grandpa, Meir Yosef, taught Irvine-Aharon the *Siddur* albeit with a sense of despair given the pervasive assimilation around him.

With a penetrating brush, the author methodically and meticulously paints a weakened Jewry from within and without, vulnerable and easy prey on the eve of colossal destruction. The book allows us enchanting entry into Appelfeld's writing experience.

He reveals that once when he returned years later to that resort area of his childhood, his writing began to flow, "discovering a mine from which I carve out shining materials and the child within me teaching me to observe" (p. 28). He regards the "heavy journey of writing" (p. 28) to be a trying one of facing up to past trials and tribulations, failures and troubled loves, and particularly the encounter – along with his parents – with death. Childhood is the writing "engine" (p. 29) but is not independent of later life as an adult. The author attributes his writing skill to both parents, from mother he inherited her wondrous openness and from father the rational focus.

(see Zoberman/BR, page 19)



# My Kosher Kitchen

BY SYBIL KAPLAN  
PHOTOS BY BARRY A. KAPLAN

## My favorite easy-to-make pareve desserts

A couple of years ago, I discovered *clafoutis* – the baked French dessert of fruit, covered with a batter, baked and served warm. What I loved most was that it was good year around, it could be made pareve and it looked elegant. I make mine in a blender.



### Master Clafouti

(6–8 servings)

6 apples

1 cup non-dairy creamer or pareve whipping cream,

(preferably without sugar)

1/3 cup sugar or diabetic sugar substitute

4 large eggs

1 Tbsp. vanilla

1/2 cup flour

Preheat oven to 350°F. Butter a baking dish or deep glass pie plate. Place non-dairy creamer or whipping cream, sugar or sugar substitute, eggs, vanilla and flour in a blender or food processor and blend until smooth. Place fruit overlapping in bottom of baking dish. Pour batter on top. Bake 30–40 minutes. Serve warm or at room temperature. For a variation add 1 Tbsp. of brandy to batter and 1/4 cup raisins to fruit.

### Variation on Clafouti with Peaches

(6 servings)

Depending on the season, this also works for peaches, plums, nectarines, cherries, pumpkin, and pears.

6 large sliced peaches

2 1/4 cups non-dairy creamer or whipping cream

3 eggs

3 egg yolks

1 1/2 tsp. vanilla

# Book Reviews

REVIEWED BY SYBIL KAPLAN

## Two novels about Orthodox women

*Starstruck*. By Yael Levy, Crimson Roman, \$14.99 paperback, 214 pp., June 2013.

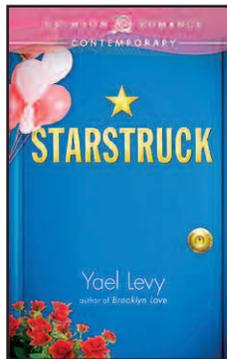
This is a cute, ditsy novel which is so well written you can't put it down although there are four simultaneous plots.

The heroine is 30-year-old Abby Miller, married to David, a medical resident, with three kids. Abby yearns to be a romance book novelist but is overwhelmed by constantly feeling unappreciated by her husband coupled with her mountain of home responsibilities and her love of a particular soap opera.

Plot two revolves around her girlfriend, Sara Oppenheimer, an Orthodox woman who lives with her grandmother and works as an assistant district attorney. She has a case regarding the Russian mafia. She is also being romantically pursued by Jeff Hammond, a non-Jewish police officer. She takes her dates to a kosher deli where she is also friendly with Boris, the kosher butcher/deli worker with whom she has no romantic interest but whose boss has some connection to the Russian mafia case.

Plot three concerns Abby's girlfriend, Leah, a physical therapist in an abusive marriage. Plot four is about Michael, the unhappy actor in the soap opera which Abby loves. She accidentally hits him in a car accident and brings him to her home to recuperate.

Without divulging how these all blend together, one can say this is an engrossing mystery, a romance with some comic aspects and a fun read.



Yael Levy was raised in an Orthodox home in Brooklyn. She and her husband spent three years living in Jerusalem. They now live in Atlanta with their children, and she is studying for a Master's Degree. She has written two other novels which deal with Orthodox Jewish women. This is truly a fun, escape novel.

*The Marrying of Chani Kaufman*. By Eve Harris. Sandstone Press. Fall 2013.

This is a really sympathetic approach to two issues which are the themes of this novel. It begins in 2008 in London at the *bedeken* (veiling ceremony before wedding) of 19-year-old Chani Kaufman and her soon-to-be husband, Baruch. Both are very nervous at the prospect of being married after only a few meetings through the *shidduch* (matchmaking) process.

Chani is from a poor family with eight daughters, her father a poor rabbi. Baruch is from a well-to-do family. He sees Chani at a wedding and decides she is the woman for him – an unheard of show of individuality in this ultra-Orthodox world. It is also the world where families marry families and his conniving mother wants no connection to Chani or her family.

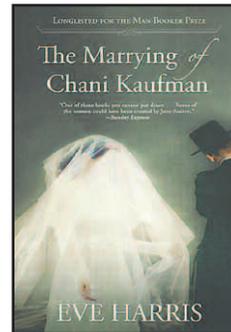
The chapters alternate and flashback between the actual *shidduch*, preparations for the wedding, Chani's life, the wedding and the wedding night.

Parallel to this and intertwined is the *rebbetzin*. Rivka Zilberman went to Israel at the age of 18 during her gap year in the 1980s and met Chaim from South Africa who became her friend and her lover. Their relationship changed (personally and religiously) as he became more observant, and ultimately led to their marriage. After a family tragedy from which he could not recover, they left for London where he became a rabbi and she became the *rebbetzin*.

The connections are their son, who is a friend of Baruch, Chani's intended. Also the *rebbetzin* instructs Chani in bride details before the marriage.

Eve Harris, an English literature teacher in a London ultra-Orthodox girls' school was 40 years old. She is the daughter of an Israeli mother and a Holocaust survivor father. She trained as a teacher, and taught 10 years in non-Jewish schools and two years in Tel Aviv.

While teaching at the Orthodox school in London, once they got to know her, many of the teachers were open about what was going on in their lives, perhaps



(see Kaplan/BR, page 19)



## As I Heard It

By MORTON GOLD

### Engaging music by Fell siblings

Two CD's with an Indiana connection recently came to my attention. Since the performers are Jewish, and the performances are meritorious, they surely rate inclusion in this paper.

The CD's are by Arthur Fell and his younger sister, Eleanor. Eleanor, who passed away last summer, was an extraordinary harpist. She made her mark as a professional harpist performing at such venues as the Rainbow Room, St. Regis and Waldorf hotels in New York City. The "Harp Column" magazine recognized her as one of the most influential harpists of (the 20th) century. Thanks to this CD, *Eleanor Fell, Harpist*, one does not have to go to the Waldorf to listen to the artistry of Ms. Fell. She was truly an accomplished master of her instrument. Her playing is as sensitive as it is engaging.



She was responsible for the arrangement of every work performed on this CD and countless other compositions. While this CD contains what may be described as high class arrangements of well known tunes, some classical, some popular, the performances are always superb. This CD is but one example of her mastery. It was released by Vanderbilt Music Company, Inc. Box 456; Bloomington, IN 47402.

There are 12 selections performed by Ms. Fell. I was equally impressed by the sensitive renditions of popular songs, (No. 3, 9, and 12) as I was by performances from the classical world. In particular, her rendition of themes from the Rachmaninoff, 2nd Piano Concerto made me wonder if that work might also be performed by a solo harp instead of the piano! No. 7, "Teri's Theme" by Arthur Fell is a sweet and tender ballad and received a loving performance. (Teri is Arthur's wife.)

Anyone who loves jazz and enjoys listening to engaging renditions of tunes mostly from the 1920's will love



### Crazy for You displays balletic skills of Nureyev and Baryshnikov

By HAROLD JACOBSON AND ROSE KLEINER

Although it is known primarily for its productions of Shakespeare's plays (this year's *King Lear* with Com Feore is accounted as the most lustrous version in decades), the Stratford Canada repertory theatre has outdone itself this season with a brilliant, "new" version of George and Ira Gershwin's 1930 hit *Girl Crazy* re-named *Crazy for You*.

We were fortunate to attend a recent performance with 1,800 other dazzled spectators who spontaneously rose in unison at the show's end to give the cast a prolonged and sustained standing ovation.

This tribute can be explained by the magical and hummable, lilting music of George Gershwin and lyrics by Ira Gershwin, the book by Ken Ludwig – and a cast of singers whose robust choral renditions of the Gershwins' songs were complemented by a cadre of dancers whose precision and acrobatic skills recalled the athleticism of Rudolph Nureyev and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

It is a tribute to the Gershwins that a musical they wrote 81 years ago still retains an amazing staying power and it is not surprising that it has been revived numerous times in recent years in several American venues, including Broadway but the Stratford Ontario version has commanded extraordinarily positive responses. No wonder!

Few critics have noted, however, that George Gershwin's rhythmic music, which is usually characterized as intrinsically American, has cadences and nuances which recall some traditional Jewish melodies and which in *Crazy for You*, seem to be an anticipation of the Klezmer genre so widespread in North America today. The plot, moreover, has many elements

this CD, *Shake Your Blues Away with Jazz*. Arthur Fell teamed up with trumpeter David Cross in Africa! They honed their craft with years of music making in Africa, the USA and France. This CD is the remarkable result of a single recording session in 2006. These performances are as interesting musically as they are entertaining. This CD is released by MacJazz Productions Ltd., P.O. Box 400, Guilford, Surrey GU5 OXQ, www.macjazz.co.uk. Mr. Fell may be reached at: arterifell@aol.com

Dr. Gold is a composer/conductor and a long time columnist for the Post & Opinion. He may be reached at: drmortongold@gmail.com.★



One of the brilliant dance sequences at the Stratford Canada production of *Crazy for You*.

reflecting American Jewish folklore, the domineering mother, the docile but rebellious son, the love of theatre and the lure of gambling – in Nevada no less.

In the Stratford version, only the cognoscenti would recognize these motifs because they are transformed into a uniquely America idiom in which, the West, cowboys, saloons, gun fights, hard drinking – all dominate the stage – but with an élan that is astonishingly fresh and admirable.

Essential to the success of this spectacle are the two major actor-singer-dancers who maintain the dramatic and musical equilibrium of the play – Natalie Daradich and Josh Franklin. Their dancing and singing skills are already the stuff of legends.★



#### ZOBERMAN/BR

(continued from page 17)

The perplexing issues raised by Appelfeld – Jewish identity, assimilation, and vulnerability – remain with us today. The presence of a sovereign Jewish state and a vital American Jewish community makes a critical difference.

Rabbi Israel Zoberman is the spiritual leader of Congregation Beth Chaverim in Virginia Beach.★



#### KAPLAN/BR

(continued from page 18)

precisely because she was an outsider. *Shidduchim* were an unavoidable topic – both among the young single teachers she saw praying daily in the staffroom for a husband, and the older teachers frustrated at their children's pickiness. Later, when she went back to the community to research her book, people also confided with her about their doubts.

This book has a lot of insights into ultra-Orthodox life in England from the point of views of the couple involved as well as the struggle and conflicts which suddenly face the rebbetzin. This well-written book is definitely one to read.★



# Jerusalem Peacemaker

BY ELIYAHU MCLEAN

# The Jewish Post & Opinion

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## Interfaith events

### Interfaith break-fast at Mount Zion

On the evening of July 16, Jerusalem Peacemakers and the Interfaith Center for Sustainable Development hosted a Ramadan-17th of Tammuz interfaith break-fast on Mount Zion, one of 32 events globally. Joining us were a group of visiting American rabbis, Israeli Jews and Arabs and East Jerusalem Palestinians from Ras al-Amud, Beit Safafa and Abu Tor, and Christian supporters.

In the gardens of the Jerusalem InterCultural Center, Rabbi Raz Hartman spoke about the meaning of the fast of 17th of Tammuz: "This was the day Moses threw and broke the original two tablets. This fast day is a *tikkun* (fixing) for that event, and for anything that is not *Shalem* (whole) in this world, according to the Gemara. All the more so, when we are at a time of war, now is the time to fast! May our fasting (together) bring a *tikkun*!

Sheikh Jamal from Beit Haninah spoke about the meaning of Ramadan and fasting for Muslims. When we heard the 'boom' signaling Muslims that it was time to eat, they held off eating for 15 minutes later, to join us (Jews) when our fast time formally ended.



After a festive meal together, I shared: "Let the world know that there are Israelis, Palestinians, Jews, and Muslims in Jerusalem and all over the Land that do not buy into the narrative that we are enemies, that we have to hate each other, that we have to be at war with one another.

Haj Ibrahim Abuelhawa closed with a plea: "The new generation needs to carry the message of how we can live together... We are all one." Our evening closed with Rabbi Itzhak Mamorstein reading Rav Kook's poem "for the brotherly Love of Isaac and Ishmael" with Raed translating to Arabic and chants of 'Shalom' and 'Salaam'.



Mount Zion: Jews and Muslims breaking fast together.

At the same time.... at the event of our partners in the Galilee, at the Maale Gilboa *yeshiva*, Michael Kagan shared: "Sheikh Ghassan Manasra, his father, his son and his disciple together with rabbis and students prayed together, sang together, learned together, laughed together, cried together, and broke our fasts together." When it came time for evening prayers, the Muslims and Jews prayed together side by side.

### Peace tour in Nazareth

On July 22, a group of 70 Israelis and Palestinians journeyed from Jerusalem for a peace tour together in Nazareth. We then gathered, 140 Muslims, Christians and Jews, religious leaders, and families – at the Anwar Il-Salam, Lights of Peace Sufi peace center for the annual Abrahamic Reunion Iftar dinner. This was a powerful evening of prayers side by side and together, blessings by religious leaders, a shared listening circle, and visions of hope. We demonstrated that the children of Abraham can come together in harmony and respect, even in a time of war in the Holy Land.

Please look at some inspiring pics from the Abrahamic Reunion peace tour and Ramadan Iftar meal these images show another side – Jews and Arabs – getting along just fine! Jews, Muslims, and Christians are praying side by side for peace. Participants in this event are asking

what and when is the next thing I can join! There is a hunger for many of Abraham's children here to just be normal human beings together, to not give into the (justified from each side) rage towards the other. To that end we are planning more such events in the coming weeks.

Link to more photos:

[https://www.flickr.com/photos/jerusalem\\_peacemakers/sets/72157646121613722/?fb\\_action\\_ids=10152299818112986&fb\\_action\\_types=flickr\\_photos%3Aadd&fb\\_ref=w&fb\\_source=aggregation&fb\\_aggregation\\_id=288381481237582](https://www.flickr.com/photos/jerusalem_peacemakers/sets/72157646121613722/?fb_action_ids=10152299818112986&fb_action_types=flickr_photos%3Aadd&fb_ref=w&fb_source=aggregation&fb_aggregation_id=288381481237582)

Eliyahu McLean, director of Jerusalem Peacemakers, [www.jerusalempeacemakers.org](http://www.jerusalempeacemakers.org).



(L-R) Anglican Father (Abuna) Nael Abu Rahmoun, Sheikh Ghassan Manasra, and Rodef Shalom Eliyahu McLean at the Abrahamic Reunion peace tour of Nazareth and interfaith Ramadan Iftar/prayer for peace event on the roof of the Sufi center of Sheikh Ghassan Manasra and his family, July 22, 2014.

