

Editorial

This will be our last National edition until August when our Jewish New Year edition will come out. During the break will we be publishing more volumes of our *Stories of Hope & Inspiration* series (right).

Volume one was sent to all of our subscribers at the time of the High Holidays last fall. We would like to be able to send a copy of each of the new volumes to everyone but many have either not sent a donation or renewed their subscription in more than two years.

For all of those who have, we are very grateful. For those who have not, you may do so by sending a check to the return address on the back page of this edition or with a credit card by clicking on the yellow "Donate" button and following the directions at this secure link: https://jewishpostopinion.com/?page_id=1089

For all those who send a donation of any amount, we will mail you either a collection of many of the numerous funny jokes we have published in the past 15 years or a copy of *Stories of Hope & Inspiration*. These donations also enable us to send the publication to Jews who are disabled, low income or in prison.

After our *Stories of Hope & Inspiration* was mailed, we received back some very inspiring compliments. We are so very appreciative of those and all the feedback we receive! Here's a sampling:

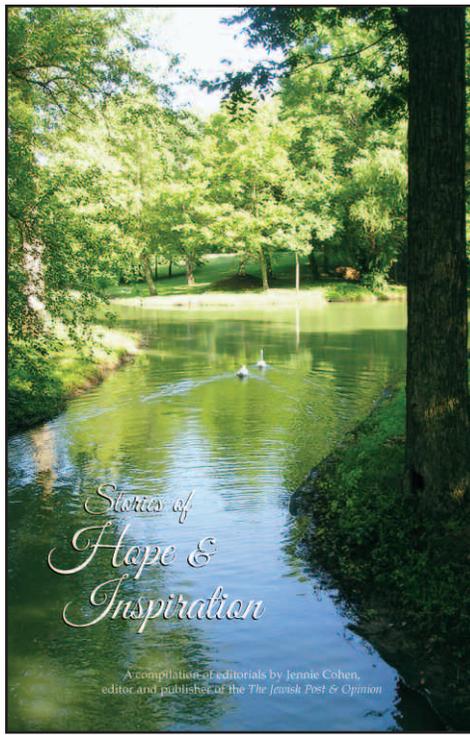
Dear JP&O and staff, Have thoroughly enjoyed your publication for decades. Looking forward to many more years reading such astute columnists and superb reporting. Wishing you a sweet New Year and an easy fast. Sincerest thanks, Ms. Cohen, for including your booklet, such finely written observations. *Laura, Tampa, Fla.*

Dear Jennie, I have been away for a lot of the holidays, so I am just now catching up on reading mail and on correspondence.

Your booklet of editorials was a delight to find, and I have just finished reading it. I remember most of the editorials from when they were first published, and it was wonderful to see them again. I loved the cover photo and the picture of you with your dad.

Your Introduction was a revelation to me in that I did not know all of the back story. I thought that you were a newspaper pro or *maven* all along, working with your dad through the years and learning various aspects of the newspaper business. I had no idea that you had to have such an intensive "course" amidst caregiving and other duties.

Thanks also for the *Shana Tova* card which made the entire booklet a New



Year's greeting and blessing – a beautiful touch. Again, I wish you and yours a Blessed New Year. Warmest regards, *Rabbi Elliot Gertel, Chicago*

Dear Jennie, Thank you very much for your booklet, *Stories of Hope & Inspiration*. Since it arrived just in time for *Succot*, it was the perfect complement to my reading of the book of *Kohelet* (Ecclesiastes), the '*Megillah*' traditionally read on that holiday.

It was an uplifting experience, as I related to all of your editorials. I even love going to Farmers' Markets, especially in the Amish community that we visit.

Let me give you one or two examples. Comfort for the Bereaved – it's been four years since our daughter, Sharon, A"H, passed away. A day does not pass that I don't think of her. But, after reading your editorial, it was the first time that instead of just missing her, I thought of the gratitude I should feel for the gift, and blessing, of having had her in our lives.

For two years, during her illness, she was given an international telephone line when, every evening at 9 p.m., she would lecture on one of the chapters in the book of *Tehilim* (Psalms). People all over the world were able to listen to her, on their telephones. To this day I am told that their reading of *Tehilim* will never be the same, after her lectures.

Your editorial, Laughter – the daughter of dear friends is now dealing with a difficult cancer. I have decided to gather any good jokes that are available, as there is little else I can do to get her mind off her illness. Thank you again, and a *Shana Tova* to you and your family. *Rose, Toronto Ontario, Canada*

Via Facebook: I smiled as I opened a

About the Cover

Shalom
By Dena Levie



Dena Levie

This papercut artwork with "*Shalom*", in Hebrew, at its center was created as a New Years greeting card. *Shalom* has many different translations including hello, goodbye, peace, harmony, wholeness, and tranquility. The Jerusalem skyline surrounds the word *Shalom*. The root of both Jerusalem and *Shalom* is, *Shalem*, meaning completeness. It is our prayer every year for personal completeness and happiness as well as safety and tranquility for the land of Israel as well as each and every one of us.

The artist, **Dena Levie**, of Teaneck, N.J., designs and creates beautiful personalized papercut artwork. Dena has always had a love for the arts. At Stern College (Yeshiva University), she received degrees in both Computer Science and Fine Art. After a short stint as a graphic designer she worked as a computer programmer for a financial firm. However, art was always her passion and she began to experiment with papercutting when her oldest daughter was born 23 years ago. Since then she has made this her full time passion creating more than 1600 paper cuts.

Dena enjoys working with people to create a personalized piece of art that will be enjoyed for years to come. This includes hand calligraphed *ketubot* (Jewish wedding documents), family trees, wedding and *Bar Mitzvah* gifts as well as artwork for school and synagogue honorees. Ms. Levie has also designed greeting and holiday cards as well as invitations for weddings and other events. In 2004, Ms. Levie was commissioned to design a few pieces that were presented to Michael Douglas, Steven Spielberg and Bette Midler. She also created the cover of the Youth Dub CD for the musician, Matisyahu. Most recently she was commissioned to create a piece for the Jewish Children's Museum in New York City.

Dena's artwork has been exhibited in galleries across New York and she has been featured in several newspapers. She has traveled to Israel, Africa and throughout the United States to meet and exchange ideas with other papercutters. She is an active member of the Guild of American Papercutters. She can be reached through her website www.judaicpapercuts.com or at her studio 917-334-0937. ✨



package today from Jennie in Indiana. Jennie has been the editor and publisher of *The Jewish Post & Opinion* for several (see Editorial, page 4)

Seen on the Israel Scene



BY SYBIL KAPLAN

Yom Yerushalayim – Jerusalem Day

“Ten measures of beauty were bestowed upon the world; nine were taken by Jerusalem and one by the rest of the world.” This is read in Tractate *Kiddushim* 49:2 of the Babylonian *Talmud*. May 12–13, 2018 are the 27–28th of *Iyar*, the newest holiday on the Jewish calendar, established in 1998 by the Israeli government – Jerusalem Day!

From the time King David made Jerusalem his capital, it has remained the eternal capital – whether it was conquered by Christians or Muslims or others. With the War of Independence in 1948, Jerusalem was divided and the eastern section was occupied by Jordan and ruled from its capital, Amman.

On Monday, June 5, 1967, Israel’s neighbors challenged her borders. Syria fired at the north and in the air; Egypt closed the Straits of Tiran and sent 100,000 troops into Sinai. Jordan opened fire on Jerusalem.

On June 7, the third day of the Six-Day War, the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) broke through Jerusalem’s dividing wall, fighting against the Jordanian army which had occupied, desecrated, destroyed and devastated Jerusalem’s Old City for 20 years. The IDF liberated and reclaimed the Old City for the Jewish people and made United Jerusalem the nation’s capital.

Facts about Jerusalem – the holy city.

1) Jerusalem has always been described and revered in Jewish law. Jews pray facing east to Jerusalem. At the Passover *seder*, we say, “Next year in Jerusalem.”

2) For 3,000 years, Jerusalem has been at the heart of the Jewish people. The city has only been divided twice in history – once in the period of the Maccabees, 22 centuries ago, and from 1948 to 1967 when Jordan occupied its eastern part. The only time it was a capital was under Jewish rule.

3) The holiest place in Jerusalem for Jews is the Western Wall, the remains of the wall built around the Second Temple and the Temple mount above.

4) There is no mention of Jerusalem in the Koran because there is no historical evidence to suggest Mohammed ever visited Jerusalem. Mecca and Medina are Muslim holy sites, not Jerusalem.

5) It was Yasser Arafat’s relative/mentor, grand mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al-Husseini, in the 1920s and 1930s who concluded for the first time that Mohammed ascended into heaven from the site known as the Dome of the Rock on the Temple Mount. It was he, in the last century, who started the myth that there was a Muslim connection to the city.

In a piece called “A Letter To the World From Jerusalem,” the writer says: “There was a Jerusalem before there was a New York. When Berlin, Moscow, London and Paris were miasmal forest and swamp, there was a thriving Jewish community here. Three times a day we petition the Almighty: ‘Gather us from the four corners of the world, bring us upright to our land; return in mercy to Jerusalem, Thy city and dwell in it as Thou promised.’”

“For the first time since the year 70, there is now complete religious freedom for all in Jerusalem. For the first time since the Romans put the torch to the Temple, everyone has equal rights. “Let me add, in conclusion, Jerusalem has been a remarkable city for 5,000 years. What other city can say it has been fought over by Babylonians, Macedonians, Seleucids, Romans, Byzantines, Persians, Arabs, Crusaders, Mamelukes, Turks, British and Jordanians. All have left their impressions upon the city.

“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand wither! May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember you, if I do not count Jerusalem the greatest of my joys.”

6) On March 22, 1990 the U.S. Senate unanimously adopted a resolution declaring that “Jerusalem is and should remain the capital of the State of Israel” and “must remain an undivided city in which the rights of every ethnic and religious group are protected.” On April 30, 1990, the U.S. House of Representatives adopted a resolution declaring Jerusalem to be the undivided capital of Israel in language identical to that passed by the Senate. In 1995, the United States Congress overwhelmingly passed a law requiring the U.S. government to move its Embassy to Jerusalem. Presidents, however, may invoke their authority to waive the law based on the “national security” interests of the United States, and this is why the move has not taken place.

7) December 6, 2018, President Trump formally recognized Jerusalem as the capital of Israel, reversing nearly seven decades of American foreign policy and setting in motion a plan to move the United States Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. That move is scheduled to take place on May 14, 2018, exactly 70 years following Israel’s independence.

See *Sybil Kaplan’s bio on page 18.* ✨

Inside this Issue

Jennie Cohen: (Editorial).....	2
About the Cover	2
Sybil Kaplan: (<i>Seen on the Israel Scene</i>) <i>Yom Yerushalayim</i> – Jerusalem Day....	3
Rabbi Israel Zoberman: Celebrating the 70th Anniversary of the State of Israel	4
Melinda Ribner: (<i>Kabbalah of the Month</i>) Healing & counting the Omer.....	5
Rabbi Moshe ben Asher & Magidah Khulda bat Sarah: (<i>Gather the People</i>) Ritual relevance in our time	6
Amy Lederman: (<i>Jewish Educator</i>) Running to catch up with myself.....	7
Rabbi Jon Adland: (<i>Shabbat Shalom</i>) <i>Shmini</i> and <i>Tazria/ Metzora</i>	8
Ted Roberts: (<i>Spoonful of Humor</i>) Virtuous Joseph – Nationmaker.....	9
Miriam Zimmerman: (<i>Holocaust Educator</i>) <i>L’Dor V’Dor</i>	10
Rabbi Benjamin Sendrow: Unconditional love endures forever	12
Rabbi Israel Zoberman: (<i>Peom</i>) Under My <i>Zayde’s Tallit</i>	12
Jim Shipley: (<i>Shipley Speaks</i>) We are all tribal.....	13
Dr. Jenni Kleinman Berebitsky: (<i>Book Excerpt</i>) <i>ALS Saved My Life...until it didn’t</i>	14
Reuven Goldfarb: (<i>Book Excerpt</i>) <i>What Do We Know? The Carlebach Anthology</i>	14
Patt Lind-Kyle, MA: (<i>Book Excerpt</i>) <i>Embracing the End of Life</i>	15
Tracie Mrakich: (<i>Cookbook Review</i>) <i>The German-Jewish Cookbook</i>	16
Professor Arnold Ages: (<i>Book Review</i>) <i>Anatomy of a Genocide</i>	18
Shavuot: May 19–21, 2018	18
Sybil Kaplan: (<i>Book Review</i>) <i>Lioness: Golda Meir and the Nation of Israel</i>	20

The Jewish
Post & Opinion
Jewish News and Opinion since 1935.

1389 W 86th St. #160
Indianapolis, IN 46260
email: jpostopinion@gmail.com
phone and fax: (317) 405-8084
website: www.jewishpostopinion.com
publisher & editor: Jennie Cohen
graphic designer: Charlie Bunes

See Historical Digital Issues of
The Jewish Post & Opinion since 1930
at <https://go.usa.gov/xn7ay>,

Read recent digital issue online at:
www.jewishpostopinion.com

Follow us on Facebook at:
Jewish Post & Opinion, newspaper

Follow us on Twitter at:
#JewishPostOpin

Celebrating the 70th Anniversary of the State of Israel



RABBI DR. ISRAEL ZOBERMAN

What a joyful milestone is the 70th anniversary celebration of the world's only Jewish State and the only democracy in the Middle East, shouldering the 4,000 year old loaded legacy of a restored Jewish people to full dignity! The historic return into sovereign Jewish statehood of an ancient people deprived of its homeland for 2,000 years of a trying Diaspora experience that almost upended it in the Holocaust should be applauded by the entire human family. No other people exercised such a comeback.

The Jewish people have proved their authentic bond with their birthplace, the Land of Israel, which has served as the daily focus of their prayerful supplications and soulful aspirations. They have never abandoned their prophetic promise that Israel was destined to survive and thrive that it may continue to bless humanity.

A narrow stretch of land along the Eastern Mediterranean Sea is saturated with the Biblical Book of Book's undying memories of a covenanted Jewish people determined to turn human passion into heartfelt compassion and life's wilderness into an oasis of love. The miraculous ingathering of the exiles from the earth's four corners, including close to a million Jewish refugees from Arab lands, a revitalized Hebrew language and flourishing culture, creating an amazing start-up nation from most humble beginnings, while fatefully and successfully tested in costly wars – are all testimony to the unyielding power of the human spirit to turn adversity into advantage, pain into promise and violence into vision.

Wherever disaster strikes on the globe, whether man-made or natural, you find Israelis on challenging humanitarian missions, at times first on the scene. Last February assisting with trauma counseling (sadly Israel has much experience in this field) following the shooting of 17 students at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Fla., and reaching out when an earthquake hit Papua, New Guinea. A Jewish state is bound to reaffirm the thundering call of its prophets, philosophers and poets, anchored in its 1948 Declaration of Independence, to establish a model society for all its citizens, narrowing economic and social gaps, rejoicing in Jewish religious pluralism, and protecting the disadvantaged as well as endangered refugees.

Israel is a model of heroic courage and

uplifting audacity in the face of stubborn non-acceptance, with finally Egypt, the largest Arab country, and Jordan breaking the circle of enmity. It is ever ready to embrace all its Arab neighbors and particularly the Palestinians in the peace of Shalom and Salaam to jointly transform shared pain into wellsprings of creative hope for future generations, thus fulfilling Israel's fondest prayer. In resolving the 150 year old tragic conflict with the Palestinians, Israeli security more than ideology should be paramount, though the two may overlap. The Zionist enterprise regarded realistic compromise with the recalcitrant Arabs as essential while guarding against untenable messianism.

With adverse demography in mind, Israel's major concern is to remain both Jewish and democratic. The Palestinians, who have been abused as pawns by their Arab brethren, need yet be educated by courageous leaders to give up their destructive and improbable dream of replacing Israel, and not be financially rewarded for brutal terrorism which postpones peace. Gaza's ruling Hamas would do better spending outside funds to help their impoverished people whom they use as human shields, rather than waste it on rockets and tunnels aimed at Israel. We recall the disturbing collaboration with Hitler of the Palestinian Grand Mufti Haj Amin al-Husseini.

Israel is the only country whose very existence is being questioned, with signs of radicalization in its sizable Arab Israeli community. Terrorizing and nuclear ambitious Iran, which denies the Holocaust, and its Lebanese and Palestinian proxies are near Israel's borders. The United Nations falsely singles Israel out for constant rebuke while sheltering culprit regimes which violate basic human rights. The United States through indefatigable Ambassador Nikki Haley stands tall with Israel, its true ally and trusted friend in the shrinking community of democracies. However, the Iranian Shiite menace to both Israel and the Arab Sunni world has opened a venue of opportunity exemplified in Saudi Arabia allowing Air India to use its territory to fly to Tel Aviv which is also a first for India's airlines!

President Trump Jerusalem Declaration (What an anniversary gift!) that Jerusalem is indeed Israel's rightful capital will resonate in long Jewish memory where friends and foes are never forgotten. President Donald Trump's proud act of conscience finally lends a superpower's support for Israel's indisputable glorious links to both earthly and heavenly Jerusalem that is being denied by the West's tenacious enemies.

How moving that the American Embassy is relocated from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem,

EDITORIAL

(continued from page 2)

years now. Enclosed was a New Years card and a booklet entitled *Stories of Hope & Inspiration*. Editorials she has written over the years. Such joy I am finding reading these and bringing memories up of time spent with her and our mutual friends, remembering her father, and how compassionately she cared for him, dinner engagements, *Torah* study at her home. I love each of these selections and I can't put it down, each one makes me smile, and indeed gives me hope, especially for this New Year.

Thank you so much Jennie, this is unexpected and very appreciated. I look forward to the next compilation. *Tamar, Ithaca, N.Y.*

To close, a few words about this edition. We have several interesting book reviews and excerpts on a variety of topics. We have a fascinating column by Miriam Zimmerman on pages 10 and 11. She is going to Germany where her father, a Holocaust survivor was born and raised and her daughter Leah, son-in-law and two granddaughters live. You will appreciate reading about what a unique trip this will be.

Jennie Cohen, May 2, 2018 ✨



Israel's capital, on May 14, 2018, exactly 70 years following Jewish independence. It is a poignant reminder that President Harry Truman was the first world leader to recognize the new state, only eleven minutes following Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion's delivering the Declaration of Independence of a redeemed people. It was Jewish history's greatest hour after the Holocaust's lowest mark.

Venomous anti-Semitism is on an alarming resurgence in the United States and particularly in Europe, home of the Holocaust. Poland regrettably attempts through a new punitive law to distance itself from the painful truth that there were far more Poles who collaborated in the merciless destruction of Jewish lives than those righteous Poles who sacrificially rose up to protect their assaulted Jewish neighbors, including my own family, who had lived in their midst for a thousand years!

The Syrian tragedy weighs heavily on Israel whose people emerged from the Holocaust, with both Jews and Syrians abandoned by a callous world. The gassing with impunity of innocent Syrian civilians, including children, so close to Israel as Syria's civil war is into its seventh year, is most revolting. Israel reaching out to medically save over 4,000 Syrians is praiseworthy. I concur with Rabbi Israel Lauasking Israel to even do more for

(see Zoberman, page 5)

Kabbalah of the Month



BY MELINDA RIBNER

Iyar – Healing and counting the Omer

We welcomed the Hebrew month of *Iyar* at sunset, Sunday April 15th and on Monday 16th until sunset, the time of the new moon. What we open up to at the time of the new moon impacts on the energy for the entire month. May this be a month of healing and blessing for me, for you, all of Israel and the entire world.

The Hebrew letters for the name of the month *Iyar* spell out the initials of the verse, “*Ani Yud Yud Rofecha*” (I am God your healer). What a powerful mantra to meditate upon. Try it. Take a moment, even right now to be with your breath as you take a few slow and deep breaths. Repeat this mantra to yourself with each breath. Know this as the truth. God is your healer. God is healing you right now! Open your mind, your heart and body to receive.

All healing comes from our God connection. In order to heal, to be purified, we must go beyond our habitual ways of thinking, feeling and living. We must not only change our thinking, we must do something new and wonderful for ourselves. How can we expect to facilitate healing and growth in our lives if we keep doing the same things we always do over and over?

The Jewish people just completed the celebration of their departure from Egypt during the holiday of Passover. Hopefully we each had a taste of true freedom for at least a few moments during the holiday. Though the Jewish people left Egypt with many miracles, Egypt was still within them. It was therefore necessary for the Jewish people to wander in the desert for 40 years until they were sufficiently purified to be able to enter into the promised land. We are still on this journey of purification awaiting the time when the Jewish people can occupy the promised land fully, peacefully and completely as divinely promised. May the world and all the enemies of the Jewish people wake up soon to see what a blessing Israel is to the world.

Iyar is the connection between the previous month of *Nissan*, which hosts Passover and the following month of *Sivan*, which hosts the holiday of *Shavuous*. Healing, purification and refinement of our character traits is now needed to internalize the spiritual gifts we have been given as well as open ourselves

to future blessings at the time of *Shavuous*. We must do this healing work throughout the year but we intensify this inner work during the month of *Iyar*.

Many Jews participate in a spiritual practice of Counting the *Omer* that encompasses the entire month of *Iyar* as recorded in the Bible. “You shall count seven perfect Sabbaths from the day following the Passover holiday when you brought the *Omer* as a wave offering until the day after the seventh Sabbath, when there will be fifty days.” Lev. 23:15–16)

The Counting of the *Omer* is a spiritual meditative practice that helps people become more aware of the preciousness of each day as well as to help refine our character traits. Each week of the Counting of the *Omer* is devoted to reflection and meditation on a particular *sephira* (divine attribute) in relation to the other *sephirot*. The *sephirot* are explained in depth in my book, *New Age Judaism*.

The *sephirot* constitute what is called the Tree of Life. When the Bible says that the human being was made in the image and likeness of God, these words are actually referring to the *sephirot*. When the *sephirot* were first created, they appeared in the form of a man. The *sephirot* are not separate from the Creator, but they are not the same either.

The *sephirot* are the ways we experience and know God. The *sephirot* are considered vessels and lights – vessels because they delineate and limit *Ain Sof* at the same time and lights because they reveal *Ain Sof* in ways that can be received directly. Meditating and experiencing the *sephirot* in our own bodies is a very powerful, holy and profound spiritual experience. (See *New Age Judaism* for guided meditation on the *sephirot* in the body). Each day when Jews count the *Omer* during the month of *Iyar*, they meditate on the qualities of the *sephirot* in relation to the others *sephirot* so as to expand their capacity to experience and embody the divine attributes in their life.

Meditating on the *sephirot* gives us an opportunity to call forth various emotional energies for different situations. For example, at times we have to be strong and set definitive boundaries; at other times we have to be unconditionally loving and have no boundaries. Not having the capacity to express what is appropriate in any given situation is limiting and detrimental to ourselves and others. Though we have a propensity in one direction, for example, some of us are more kind than strong. We need to cultivate the whole spectrum of emotional capacities as presented in the Tree of Life.

By way of example, Abraham, known to embody the quality of *hesed*, lovingkindness, was constantly challenged to demonstrate

ZOBERMAN

(continued from page 4)

Syria’s suffering people. He is Israel’s former chief rabbi, currently chairman of Jerusalem’s Yad Vashem Holocaust World Center Council and the youngest survivor at age eight of the Buchenwald Concentration Camp. Much is demanded though not all can be expected from a now powerful but still vulnerable people enduring the unfathomable and facing a complex Middle East scenario.

President Trump’s order to send 59 Tomahawk missiles toward a Syrian air base was appreciated. The most recent airstrikes by the U.S., U.K. and France at Syria’s illegal chemical weapons operation in light of the Syrian lethal chemical attack in Douma is encouraging. How could Russia be complicit in Bashar’s genocidal machine when losing over twenty million Russians under Nazi Germany? The presence of the USS Bush Carrier home ported in Norfolk, Va., which I witnessed, on July 4, 2017 in Haifa, Israel, following the bombing of ISIS targets in Syria, was reassuring.

May Israel’s significant anniversary of a tumultuous homecoming usher in renewed hope that its founders’ inspiring naiveté of being welcomed and appreciated for their pioneering efforts in a problematic region, yet bear good fruit for all.

Rabbi Dr. Israel Zoberman is the founding rabbi of Congregation Beth Chaverim in Virginia Beach and Honorary Senior Rabbi Scholar at Eastern Shore Chapel Episcopal Church in Virginia Beach. He was born in 1945 in Chu, Kazakhstan to Polish Holocaust survivors and lived in Displaced Persons Camps in Austria and Germany before moving to Haifa, Israel in 1949. ✨



gevurah, strength. It was not his nature nor his desire to send his son Ishmael away and yet he did. He had to rise above his nature. In this way, he gained the capacity to choose what was needed and appropriate for a situation, rather than be limited by the feeling of “this is the way I am”. Let’s be mindful of when we limit ourselves in this way this month. How can we move out of our comfort zone and show up in our life in a new way?

Purification is a major theme reflected in the *Torah* portions for this month of *Iyar*. The *Torah* instructs us through the portions for this month that it is in the sanctification of the basic physical things of life that we experience holiness and become holy people. It is not enough to simply meditate to be holy. Through the mundane world and its myriad of physical activities like food, sex, love, money

(see Ribner, page 6)

Gather the People

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



Ritual relevance in our time

Have you ever picked up a *Chumash* (Pentateuch – Five Books of Moses), read a few lines, and then wondered to yourself: What is this about?

In Deuteronomy (11:29–30), we encounter the priests' recitation of blessings and curses heard by the whole people on Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal respectively. The entire people, unified in a national ritual but divided into groups of tribes, had climbed the two mountains to hear blessings and curses from the priests in the valley below.

It's easy to understand how the modern mind might take such a story as confirmation of the *Torah's* irrelevance to our life in the 58th century of the Jewish calendar, here and now. But there is a contemporary connection, not only to what's happening in our families and communities, but also to national political developments.

When we hear about corporate and government nonfeasance and malfeasance, media irresponsibility and pandering to private interests, and military misbehavior, we want to fix blame. At the least we're discouraged and dismayed by the moral and ethical lapses that in recent years seem to have become the hallmark of our society, now singularly promoting the acquisition of physique, position, prestige, power, and possessions, in contrast to fostering spirituality, family, community, productivity, and democracy.

Those of us old enough to have experienced a loss of sanctity, spirituality, safety or security – when we occasionally allow ourselves to think about what's happening – contend with discouragement and depression, despair and anger.

Some of us want to know who or what is to blame for what's happening? And, certainly, more importantly, what can we do to help avoid it in the future? Others call these questions misguided, because the troubling conditions are not a Jewish problem. But we suggest that in two important respects they certainly are a Jewish problem. They affect Jews. And any problem that affects Jews is a Jewish problem, one that Jews, individually and communally, may justifiably address. They

are also a Jewish problem because as Jews we can positively affect the problem. What we do, what we teach and model in our individual and communal life, can have a positive effect on the problem. Moreover, our tradition teaches that, under such circumstances, we're obligated to remove stumbling-blocks from before the blind. (Leviticus 19:14)

How might we come to do that?

It's increasingly apparent that a significant proportion – albeit certainly no more than a distinct minority – of government, corporate, media, and military officialdom have become corrupted. Most of us wouldn't have the *chutzpah* for some of their shenanigans, even if we had the opportunity and didn't have moral and ethical compunctions. Part of the explanation relates to wrongdoing that's done in secret. It's easier to imagine one will be successful as a criminal if one's crime is embezzling rather than daylight bank robbery, if one's crime is covertly giving control of public policy to contributors to one's political campaigns, if one's crime is looking the other way when those under one's military command are out of control, and so on.

It's probably fair to assume that what the corrupt do, they intend to do in secret, believing as they do:

- That their immoral or unethical behavior will never become known – no one except their co-conspirators will ever know about it;
- That their public personas as successful leaders will never become sullied by discovery of their immorality;
- That they will never have to explain to their loved ones, particularly their children, why the press is pillorying them or why they're publicly accused and in some cases charged and convicted of crimes that destroyed other people's lives; *and*
- That they will never be publicly accountable for the potential and actual harm that they and their ilk are causing to their institution and the nation.

It's generally true that we engage in wrongdoing believing no one will catch us. And if we aim to act in secret, we reinforce that mindset. Under such circumstances, we're inclined to believe that the benefits of our acts will singularly accrue to us as individuals. And, similarly, we're likely to imagine that discovery will only bring about the loss of what our wrongdoing has gained us personally.

We conclude that the lure of secret wrongdoing is particularly tempting, so our efforts to discourage it must be very well conceived and executed if they're to be effective.

Which brings us back to the question, how can we help to lessen secret wrongdoing in the future?

RIBNER

(continued from page 5)

and business we have an opportunity to experience God. In this way we purify ourselves and the world. It is through the connections (*mitzvot*) we make between the spiritual and physical aspects of our life that allow us to bring Godliness more into our very being.

May this month be one of healing, a month of becoming more whole, more open, more vital and alive.

Melinda Ribner L.C.S.W. is also the author of Everyday Kabbalah, Kabbalah Month by Month and New Age Judaism, and The Secret Legacy of Biblical Women: Revealing the Divine Feminine. 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 more. Website: www.kabbalahoftheheart.com. Email: Beitmiriam@msn.com. ✨



At one point in Deuteronomy (11:29), Moses tells the people that when Adoshem brings them into the land, the blessing and curse that he set before them as a choice, they in turn are to set on Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal respectively. According to the rabbis, the 12 subjects of the blessings and curses had one characteristic in common: they were the kinds of wrongdoing done in secret. The Sforno (Rabbi Ovadia ben Yaakov, 1470–1550), went further to say that these specific forms of wrongdoing are typically the work of powerful and influential people, those who are often beyond the reach of the law.

What kinds of wrongdoing?

Deuteronomy 27:15–26 enumerates several examples:

- We are not to worship idols in secret – such as disproportionately expending our time, energy, and spirit on material possessions – while publicly affecting a pious spiritual and religious demeanor.
- We are not to dishonor our parents by doing secretly what we would not do openly before them, except with shame – which presumably includes financially ruining the lives of thousands of people – while claiming to be a public benefactor.
- We are not to secretly move a neighbor's landmark or, for that matter, do anything secretly and unjustly that deprives a neighbor of what is rightfully his or hers – such as covertly favoring private developers who profit by destroying the environment, which amounts to an

(see ben Asher/bat Sarah page 7)

BEN ASHER/BAT SARAH*(continued from page 6)*

unjustifiable taking of a neighbor's property – while rationalizing our behavior as upholding individual property rights.

- We are not to place a stumbling-block before the blind, which of course refers to more than a physical hindrance in front of someone who literally cannot see – such as placing young people in positions of substantial responsibility, say guarding prisoners of war, without properly training and supervising them – while demurring that our intention is entirely otherwise.

- We are not to pervert justice for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow – which doubtlessly includes not corrupting the government to the detriment of thousands of the less powerful through buying political influence that enables us to carry on self-serving wrongdoing at their expense – while pointing proudly to our own modest charitable contributions.

What is crucial about these curses is that the rabbis did not ascribe them to the people at large but rather to the leaders of the people. And since all Israel is responsible for one another, we are in effect taught to deal with the causes while we have the power to protest and, ultimately, to deal with the consequences if we fail to protest. Even in ancient Israel, which was certainly not anything like our modern democracy, the people were responsible for the conduct of their leaders.

What is the *Torah's* purpose in ordering the recitation of these blessings and curses on Mount Gerizim and Mount Eval? This powerful ritual engaged the minds, emotions, and spirits of the whole people, and with long-lasting effect.

Here's how it worked: A valley separates the two mountains. Mount Gerizim is lush with vegetation and shade trees, and well watered – inviting. Mount Eval, on the other hand, is dry and barren – forbidding. The tribes divided, half the people climbing Gerizim and half climbing Eval. In the valley below the priests called out the blessings and curses, to which the people replied "Amen" in response.

The penetrating lesson, then and now, is that each person begins, in effect, from the same valley, with the same *Torah* as a guide and with the same free will. We learn that the blessing and curse are not what *befall* us – that we're not passive recipients of blessings and curses. We may choose to climb Gerizim with all its beauty or we may choose to climb Eval with all its ugliness.

So, the whole people engaged in a symbolic *ritual*, one designed to remain in their consciousness long after its conclusion, as an inescapable reminder of the consequences of secret wrongdoing.

Now we have come to the heart of the

story – *ritual!*

For the most part, ritual has become the flotsam of modern religion – discarded as mindless, if not dangerous or destructive. The modern mentality is to separate moral and ethical behavior from ritual, the former said to be essential and the latter to be useless and enervating. But what this *Torah* reading comes to teach us is that there is an intimate connection between ritual practice and ethical and moral behavior.

Ritual, as we can see here, considered from a religious sociological perspective, is the investment of time, energy, resources, and spirit that we make to *symbolically communicate with ourselves* about what we value, and to reinforce our behavior that upholds and protects what we value.

Whenever we find ourselves engaged in ritual mindlessly, or hear someone telling us that ritual is mindless and a waste of time, instead of condemning the ritual as mindless we should end our own mindlessness by educating ourselves to its meaning and purpose – in effect, what it teaches and reinforces for us.

The consequences of secret wrongdoing, as we know, go far beyond the individual, as must the remedies and preventive measures. It is not enough for us individually to educate our children and ourselves as to moral and ethical behavior. We must create a community and a nation in which living out such moral and ethical behavior becomes other than the demoralized efforts of sole practitioners.

Every congregation has the choice to be either a social club with religious interests or a *kahal poalei tzedek*, a *community of doers of righteousness and justice*. As a *kahal poalei tzedek*, we must of course be acting together in community for the sake of *tikun olam*, to repair the world – acting as one in practical ways to increase righteousness, truth, and justice, freedom, peace, and kindness in the world – and thus in the life of each one of us individually.

Rabbi Bachya ben Asher (1255–1340) taught in the late Middle Ages that, "David's demand to be *poail tzedek*, 'doing righteousness,' means he must not rob or steal anything belonging to his fellow." But more than that, more than simply refraining as individuals from the forbidden, when we're together in sacred space and time – on *Shabbat*, the Festivals of *Shalosh Regalim*, and the holy days of *Yomim Nora'im* (Days of Awe) – we must be enacting rituals that allow us to celebrate the *Torah* vision and path that move us to be a *kahal poalei tzedek* and that strengthen us to continue in that role in the face of adversity and our own weakness and temptation to avoid it.

And to do *that*, we must educate our children and ourselves to the meaning

Jewish Educator



BY AMY HIRSHBERG LEDERMAN

Running to catch up with myself

I've been running most of my life to catch up with myself. Whether it's answering emails or paying bills, putting away laundry or finishing a story, I race through the day picking up the remains of all I haven't done.

This is not a habit I've developed as an adult; it's a tendency I've had since I was in second grade when, on a crisp autumn afternoon as I was walking home from school, I dropped my black composition notebook on the sidewalk.

I bent down, picked up my notebook and brushed it off, the entire process taking no more than a few seconds. Then, as if propelled by an invisible force, I ran ahead, maybe ten or fifteen steps, to the place where *I imagined I should have been*, if I hadn't dropped my book. It was a purely spontaneous, unpremeditated response to the fact that I had stopped moving forward. Without thinking, I ran to catch up with myself.

This image, while somewhat comical, has actually given me a great deal of pause in the past three years since my husband died. Because since that day, when so much of what I knew and understood to be the purpose of my life changed, I have struggled to recover my physical and emotional equilibrium, my ability to sleep through the night and my impetus to keep moving forward.

In most religious traditions, there are definitive periods of time for mourning which honor and acknowledge that *healing is a process which takes time*. Seven days, thirty days, eleven months, a year all mark periods of Jewish mourning which respect the idea that we need to set aside time to be alone, time to privately as well as publicly mourn, before re-entering a

(see Lederman page 9)



and practical value of those rituals, to expose as mistaken and misguided the idea that ritual is irrelevant.

© 2018 Moshe ben Asher & Khulda bat Sarah
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). ★

Shabbat Shalom



BY RABBI JON ADLAND

April 13, 2018, *Shmini*
Leviticus 9:11–11:47, 28 Nisan 5778

My wife, Sandy and I have been busy. We were blessed to be guests of her cousins on an extended vacation. Thank you, Amy and Dave. Then, we turned from this vacation to meet our first grandchild Liam Ezra Adland, son of Josh and Karen, at his home in Chicago. We stayed for the *brit milah* and then came back to Canton. As soon as we got back, we attended the Canton March for our Lives with 800–1000 people held downtown. Then it was time for *Pesach* and off to Columbus to have *seder* with our daughter and son-in-law and some of their friends. (We just didn't think we could get it together at our home this year.)

First, our vacation took us to some exotic places in the South Pacific. We were introduced to many peoples and cultures. We learned about native religions and rituals and customs. Though these practices may change from place to place, the nature and desire for people to create rituals and traditions, to make memories that are handed down are a part of human nature. Just look at *Pesach* and all of the traditions and memories involved with the celebration of this holiday. *Matzah* balls and chicken soup, brisket, chicken, potato *kugel*, *charoset*, *gefilte* fish, songs, *haggadot*, and traditions that you've added or we've added to our *seder*. It makes the anticipation and the fulfillment of *Pesach* so wonderful, and yes, fun.

I remember when our son went through his *bar mitzvah* ceremony and celebration. It was a transitional moment for me from rabbi of students to a parent of a student. I understood more about how the parents feel and the emotional tugs of that experience. It was no less intense and beautiful when my daughter became *bat mitzvah*. As other students went through their *simcha*, I could connect better with the parents and how they were feeling and what they were experiencing.

And now I get what it means to be a grandparent or at least the beginning moments of that experience. He is only now approaching his one-month birthday. There is this sense of continuity. Someday I will be able to tell him about my grandparents who are his great-great grandparents. I will be able to say this one came from Belarus to escape the terrible world there and this one was born here and took me to some of my first baseball games. I

know it will be ancient history to him, but this continuity is so very important to understanding who we are. May the road ahead for him be filled with *Torah* and good deeds.

Last night in Canton we observed *Yom Hashoah u'gevurah* – our commemoration and remembrance of those who perished and the strength of those who had a chance to resist. There was an article in the *NY Times* this week that knowledge about the *Shoah* – the Holocaust – is weakening and fading among the general community. People don't know the name Auschwitz or how many Jews perished or even some of the basic important information. This is troubling and disturbing, but it has been a fear of mine for awhile. WWII ended 73 years ago. That is ancient history for a 13 year old today. For me, 73 years before my 13th birthday is 1894. What happened in 1894: Coca Cola was sold in bottles for the first time; The May Day Riots broke out in Cleveland; West Palm Beach, Fla., was incorporated. Who knew?

But the Holocaust is not about Coke or riots in Cleveland. The *Shoah* is about the systematic extermination of a people just because we were different and considered unnecessary, sub-human, inferior. Along with the 6,000,000 Jews, 5,000,000 were murdered because they were considered as unfit to live. We need to remember and teach about Man's Inhumanity to Man, because if we don't then we are doomed to repeat it.

I want this world to be more about celebrating holidays, foods, traditions, a child's *brit milah*, the future, and more. Let us keep the future bright. When you light your *Shabbat* candles this week, light one for the beauty and wonder of this world and our ability to celebrate and live in it. Light the other candle and may its flame help us remember the past.

April 20, 2018, *Tazria/ Metzora*
Leviticus 12:1–15:33, 5 Iyar 5778

This week's *Torah* portion is always a tough one to read and study and talk about. It deals with discharges and disease and infection and contamination. It talks about banishing people to outside of the camp. These four chapters are in Leviticus between the laws of *kashrut* (Lev.11) and the description of the observance of *Yom Kippur* (Lev. 16.). Though no one wants this *parasha* for their *bar/bat mitzvah*, I've had some amazing *bar/bat mitzvah* students use the challenges presented in this portion to talk about the challenges they've overcome or how we should view those around us who may have challenges in their lives.

Not everyone in our society is sensitive to the needs and challenges others may have. I will admit that I fall short at times

appreciating these challenges. On the whole we have become more attuned. All of us face intellectual, physical, and emotional challenges. If we don't now, then we will most likely at some point. What we don't do anymore is follow the proscription of Leviticus and banish the person with a skin affliction or a handicap to a place outside the camp. What I see happening around me is people trying to find ways to embrace people. Everyone deserves the opportunity to be part of a community. Sometimes it takes a lot of work to make it happen, but that work is its own reward.

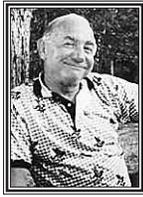
There is a woman in Lexington, someone I will always consider a friend, who never let an obstacle stop her from helping someone else achieve a dream. She helped provide a device that enabled a young man with cerebral palsy to get out of his wheel chair and stand at the *bimah* for his *bar mitzvah*. She guided others to horse therapy. She looked at obstacles that prevented someone with physical challenges from fulfilling a dream and found solutions. I've watched parents navigate systems so that their children will always be inside the circle and not looking in from the outside, whether it was emotional or physical or intellectual challenges. I've watched children help their parents age in place or make sure they received the proper care or are living in just the right place. Sometimes the toll on family and life is significant, but it is what we do.

Leviticus says to us that you are contaminated and not holy, so go away. *Torah* misses the mark on this one. We must embrace those with challenges. We must embrace those who are different. We must create a community filled with people who bring their own special talents and unique individualism to the tent and then blend that uniqueness to create a larger community. Our community is a tapestry woven with lots of different kinds of threads. If we start saying that this one or that one is unholy and must leave, then not every thread has a place. Who am I to say or judge? I know it isn't always easy but being a welcoming community with arms open wide takes work and effort.

It isn't always challenges that keep someone out of a community. Our current temple president insisted as we re-created the pre-*neg* (*Oneg Shabbat* before the service) that we set it up in the foyer so that when someone walks in who we may not know we can say hello and draw them into the circle. She has board members wear a badge that says, in essence, that I am a leader – ask me a question. I invite people to greet each other at the beginning of the service. We must always find ways to try and make someone, member or

(see Adland, page 9)

Spoonful of Humor



BY TED ROBERTS

Virtuous Joseph – Nationmaker

“Know certainly that your descendants will be strangers in a land that is not theirs, and will serve them, and they will afflict them four hundred years.”

~ Genesis 15:13

Have we ever considered that the morality of Joseph, son of Jacob, determined the destiny of the Jewish people? You might even say that the fate of the Judeo-Christian world hinged on the character of Joseph, son of Hebrew shepherds. History held her breath. Judaism and Christianity were at stake.

I refer to that pivotal incident when Joseph was tempted by Potiphar’s wife. Remember that with the exception of Moses, Joseph is the sun, moon, and stars of the biblical galaxy. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and Solomon – good people, but many of them struck with flaws still to be seen in all of mankind, which is only to say that they were not perfect. Joseph comes close. And with world-shaping results.

The proof? Potiphar’s wife – Joseph’s boss’s wife – sees Joe doing his work one day. WOW! Goes her feminine heart. “Now Joseph was handsome in form and appearance,” says the *Chumash*. A singular statement made about no other character.

Potiphar’s wife is a blunt-speaking lady: “Come lie with me,” she purrs. Instead of ripping off his clothes (Joe hesitates for a nanosecond – he is human, you know) – he replies with a speech that cites his obligations (and gratitude to Potiphar) – none of which includes pleasuring his wife. Joseph, in an age of lascivious misbehavior, has a soul pure, white as snow. The wife, probably an ex-street walker screams rape. (She’s so unimportant we don’t get her name unless it’s “Heyuu.”) But she grabs a chunk of his sleeve.

The libidinous ex-street walker swears that he assaulted her, look! his sleeve! Joe claims his innocence, but who is going to believe a slave. Joe finds himself in jail where he enters the dream interpretation business. Business booms and our ex-prisoner, through G-d’s intervention no doubt, transitions to Pharaoh’s court. They need a dream reader it seems. You know the rest of the story – how, eventually, he brings his family to Egypt. They prosper

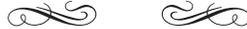
ADLAND

(continued from page 8)

guest, feel welcome. No one wants to stand outside of the camp. It is an awful feeling.

So when you light your *Shabbat* candles this week, light one for all those who have challenges in their lives and may this light help them connect to us and us to them. Light the other candle and let it remind us that a light shines within every human being.

Rabbi Jon Adland has been a Reform rabbi for more than 30 years with pulpits in Lexington, Ky., Indianapolis, Ind., and currently at Temple Israel in Canton, Ohio. Email: j.adland@gmail.com. ✨



and grow until that pharaoh, who knew not Joe, enslaves the Israelites. What follows? The Exodus, Sinai, *Torah* – and flood of Jews into what we now call Israel – all of which shaped Judaism and the world as we know it.

All because of Jacob’s son’s virtue. It’s incredible that one man who turned his back on lust and disloyalty could shape our world. Yes, Generals have politically carved new nations on the globe with their martial skills. And politicians have drawn new maps and great collectives of similarly minded people and constructed new nations. But it’s hard to find a single act of virtue that has created a people and their mission – a mission so fitting to their charter – a provenance built in the resistance to treachery and rejection of lustful love. Put it any way you like: *Tikuun Olam* – a lamp to a barbaric world. When Joseph said “no” to temptation, G-d smiled and future Napoleons, Caesars, and even Einsteins were diminished. And Joe’s weapon was not muskets or theology, but plain ol’ morality.

It seems unnecessary to point out that had he yielded to his normal desires, the most explosive event in history – the Epiphany at Sinai – would never have happened. Fate would not have pushed him into the ruling circle at Egypt. Pharaoh would have said “no” to a few dozen starving shepherders from Canaan who wanted grazing land in Egypt. And Judaism would be a footnote to history.

The shepherders, yes, were enslaved. But their trek to freedom, lit by the lamp of G-d, encountered *Torah* and brightened the world. A man had made a Nation.

The humor of Ted Roberts, 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 can be bought at Amazon.com or lulu.com/content/127641. ✨

LEDERMAN

(continued from page 7)

world which is forever changed because of the loss of someone we knew or loved.

In the past three years what I have learned is simply this: The human capacity to accept, adjust and ultimately respond to the utterly new life canvas that loss creates can happen only with the passage of time. And for each person, that time period will be as unique and different as the loss itself.

George Eliot said it beautifully when she wrote: “No story is the same to us after a lapse of time; or rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.”

Life is an exercise in constant adaptation and change. Health, finances, career, and family situations will always be in constant states of flux. When we are young, we often feel that life hasn’t really begun yet, that we are waiting for it all to happen next week, next job or next relationship. In our 20s, 30s and 40s, it often feels that we have an unlimited amount of time to figure it all out – what we want to do, who we want to be with, how we want to live. But as we enter our 50s and 60s, and walk into our 70s and beyond, we often realize just how precious and precarious time and life really is. And we look at what we have and realize that while the script might vary radically from the one we thought we would have, it is up to us to keep moving forward despite the challenges, disappointments and losses we have encountered.

The silver lining that exists within every challenge or changed circumstance is that they can ultimately lead the way to new and unanticipated opportunities to live, experience and “be.” And while we are naturally resistant to change and change itself may become more difficult to manage or integrate as we age, adapting to and advancing through our changes may be the most essential skill and mindset that we can employ to keep vital, relevant and open to growing and learning in the golden years of our lives.

I no longer wish to run and catch up with the eight year old who picked up her notebook so many years ago. That girl has grown into a woman who is now looking ahead to see what may present itself on the horizon of a life yet lived. And in doing so, I am reminded of the T.S Eliot quote: “And to make an end is to make a beginning. For the end is where we start from.”

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. ✨

Holocaust Educator



By DR. MIRIAM L. ZIMMERMAN

L'Dor V'Dor: From Generation to Generation

When did the legacy of my father, Werner Leo Loewenstein, of blessed memory, become my legacy? Perhaps if I return to Germany and his home town, I will learn more about his legacy. Airline tickets: check. Hotel reservations: check. Evidence of the Loewenstein family in the small town of Bür in northwest Germany: check. Itinerary for the ancestral tour: check. Rental van for the ancestral tour to seat seven Loewenstein family members: check.

Note to self: Download to phone Willie Nelson's "On the Road Again" to serenade us as we begin our trip to our ancestral homelands.

Next month, David and Bertha Katzenstein Loewenstein, z"l, my grandparents, will have two *Stolpersteine* ("stumbling stones") installed in the sidewalk in front of their last German residence before they fled the Nazis, Horster Strasse 17, in Bür, Germany. Their sons, Kurt and Werner, who were born and reared in this house, will also be honored with individual stones.

The vision of Berlin-born artist and sculptor, Gunter Demnig, *Stolpersteine* commemorate the lives of Nazi victims by reminding passersby that those who once lived in a particular house were subjects of persecution. Gunter Demnig cites the Talmud, "a person is only forgotten when his or her name is forgotten". His idea is that the uneven pavement will cause pedestrians to stumble, look down, and take note.

Each stone begins with "HERE LIVED..." followed by the name of the person and what is known about them. Each stone is a mini work of art calling on people to remember. "One stone. One name. One person." For more about Mr. Demnig's vision and to see samples of *Stolpersteine*, browse to his (English) website: <http://www.stolpersteine.eu/en/home/>.

The three-story structure housed the family on the floors above the ground floor haberdashery/dry goods store. My *Oma* and *OPA* (grandmother and grandfather) worked side by side in the store. Located on the main pedestrian shopping street in Bür, the structure has been rebuilt and is now a small shopping mall with multiple offices above ground floor shops.



My brother, Paul Loewenstein, found a postcard picture of "Katzenstein & Co." in some of our father's papers after he died. The picture depicts the family-owned store in the early 1930s, before Aryanisation (the confiscation of Jewish-owned stores by the Nazi's). Note: the people shown in front of the store are not family members, but employees of my grandparents.

The *Stolpersteine* installation at Horster Strasse 17 is scheduled for 10:30 a.m., Wed., May 23. So that *Kaddish* may be said, a *minyán* will be furnished by a local Chabad chapter, thanks to the coordinating efforts of Judith Neuwald-Tasbach, president of the Jewish Community of Gelsenkirchen, of which Bür is the largest suburb. In fact, Gelsenkirchen (near Essen) has grown up around Bür such that now, my father's hometown is known as "Gelsenkirchen-Bür."

In going through Dad's papers for *Stolpersteine* documentation, I rediscovered his unfinished autobiography dated May 20, 1978 (see the seven paragraphs that follow). Dad detailed life in Bür, beginning with his birth. Note that the street address was changed following reconstruction after the war.

"My birth occurred on Oct. 9, 1909, in my parents' home at 12a Essener Str., in a town which is now in Western Germany, at that time simply named Bür in Westfalia (district). Later, this town was incorporated with the neighboring larger city of Gelsenkirchen.

"When my mother felt birth was in progress, my father went to get the doctor. This was before the advent of the telephone, but he was careful enough not to leave my mother alone, but asked the lady who lived upstairs from us to stay with her. Though the doctor lived less than a five minute walk from us, by the time my father arrived with him, I was born.

"My mother had a difficult time with the birth of my brother; he was born 16 months before me, so everybody was delighted that things went uncomplicated this time. My brother was born through forceps delivery, applied in our home, with the help of a second doctor, the local surgeon, while our family M.D. gave a few drops of chloroform to my mother. The necessary stitching was never very successful. As a result, my mother suffered

for the rest of her life from a mild case of prolapse.

"Bür at that time was a mining town; coal was the product being mined. Practically 90% of the population was coal miners. Their pay was low; they lived from payday to payday, just getting enough to make ends meet. Many times, however, the ends did not meet. They lived in housing units, owned by the coal companies, bought their groceries in commune stores, and of course being free, could not live outside the coal emporium. Many were Poles, imported to work in the mines, which were deep vein mines. There was no surface mining.

"The town of Bür, as most towns around, was sitting on top of the mines. After a while, homes would settle a little. The plaster and wallpaper would show cracks; repairs were frequent. The mines had to reimburse the homeowners; decorators had a thriving business.

"Bür, when I was born, was a small town, but the expansion was rapid and when I was still in high school, the population had risen to 100,000 people and Bür had become a 'Gross Stadt' or 'great city.' However, 'great' applies only to the number of people; in every other aspect, Bür remained a village.

"My parents were in the retail business, owning a store which sold dry goods, mainly men's and women's furnishings, also some yard goods. Before the holidays when people did most of their seasonal shopping, my brother and I were auxiliary salesmen. Thus, we acquired a good knowledge about retailing, a livelihood I never cared about. My parents made a very good living in a town where most people earned only enough to keep from starving. In comparison, we were very well off, indeed."

My dad's description of Bür reminded me so much of Terre Haute, Ind., where I grew up, filled with coal miners who barely eked out a living. I wonder if he chose to remain in Terre Haute because of its resemblance to Bür.

Before Indiana, he arrived in New York in 1937, a German-Jewish refugee with less than \$5 in his pocket. The Jewish authorities helping the refugees advised my dad not to try to become a doctor, to be grateful for the job as an orderly in a nursing home that they had obtained for him.

My dad was not content to be an orderly. It is as true today as it was back in 1937 that a graduate of a foreign medical school must complete an internship in this country before he or she is able to become a licensed physician. With very little English language skills, Dad found a Catholic hospital in Lafayette, Ind., St. Elizabeth's, which needed an intern.

Coincidentally, Dad completed an

externship at a Catholic hospital in Germany while still in medical school. He had a letter of recommendation from the Mother Superior of the German hospital. Apparently, he did not need to have the document translated because the same order of German Franciscan nuns ran both hospitals.

After his year in Lafayette, the Sisters suggested he go to St. Anthony's in Terre Haute, which needed a resident physician. It was in Terre Haute where he met and married my mother, and practiced general medicine for 53 years. The sign outside of his office said, "W.L. Loewenstein, M.D., Physician and Surgeon."



The Loewensteins in Germany prior to the war, L-R: Werner Loewenstein, Bertha Katzenstein Loewenstein, David Loewenstein, Kurt Loewenstein, all of blessed memory.

Andreas Jordan is the volunteer liaison between artist Gunter Demnig and those who qualify for *Stolpersteine* in the Gelsenkirchen area. Among his many tasks, Andreas had to research what happened to my family, to ensure that the property was, in fact, the last residence before the inhabitants fled or were deported. He also had to obtain permission from current owners of the property before Mr. Demnig can install the stones. For Andreas' documentation about the Loewenstein family (available only in German), browse to www.stolpersteine-gelsenkirchen.de/stolpersteine_familie_da_vid_loewenstein.htm.

The *Stolpersteine* ceremony will bring together 13 descendants of Bertha and David Loewenstein from all over the United States and Germany. Three of their grandchildren, Michael Loewenstein of Solon, Ohio; Mark Loewenstein (and his wife Linda) of Boulder, Colo.; and this author (and my husband Richard Zimmerman) of San Mateo, Calif., will gather on Horster Strasse to watch the artist install the stones. Six of 13 great-grandchildren in attendance include Marsha (Fla.) and Leah Loewenstein (Brentwood, Calif.), daughters of Michael

and Hana Loewenstein; Toby (St. Louis, Mo.) and Matt (Fairfax, Va.) Loewenstein, the daughter and son of David Loewenstein, z"l; and my two daughters, Rebecca Goodman (San Mateo, Calif.) and Leah Sharp (Munich, Germany.). Four-year-old Ziva and two-year-old Maya Sharp, daughters of Ian and Leah Sharp, will represent the 11 great-great-grandchildren of Bertha and David.



The Loewenstein clan in 2006 at a family reunion in Chicago.

My cousin Michael, who has completed a prodigious amount of genealogical research of the Loewenstein-Katzenstein family, has organized an "ancestral tour" of the small towns near Bür where our ancestors lived.

Seven of us, in one rental van, will explore the little towns of our great- and great-great-grandparents. Michael traced David Loewenstein's ancestry back to 1773.

Note to self: Maybe John Denver's "Take Me Home, Country Roads" is a better fit with my family than Willie Nelson.

Michael writes: Our Opa's father was Levi Lowenstein, 1841–1916. His grandfather David Lowenstein was born in 1806 in Assinghausen and died in 1876. Great-grandfather of my Opa was Levi Lowenstein 1773–1851. This Levi Loewenstein would be my great-great-great grandfather. Our Opa's mother was Johanna Willon, born in Frankenbergin in 1851 and died in Brilon in 1920. Grandfather: Feisel (Joseph) Willon, 1812–1872. Grandmother: Sara (Sarchen) Marx Willon, 1816–1874.

There has been a David Loewenstein in alternating generations as far back as we know, ending with my cousin David, who passed away in 2003. My cousin David's two children, Toby and Matt Loewenstein, will join us not only for the *Stolpersteine* installation, but also for the ancestral tour. Note to self: maybe I should let the younger generation choose the music.

The legacy of my father transcends small town German-Jewry. When asked by strangers and friends alike, "How could it [the Holocaust] happen in such a cultured, advanced country like Germany?" my father replied with an "unholy trinity" that has taken me a lifetime to unpack.

"Although it is not well-known," he

began, "the Nazis had a racist ideology of Aryan supremacy that called for extermination. They had a brilliant propaganda minister, Josef Goebbels, to convince the people that it was so. And they had doctors to carry it out." In his later years, Dad added, "Under the Nazis, every doctor was complicit in the genocide." As a 1934 graduate of the University of Berlin Medical School, Dad witnessed the demise of the medical profession from inside that profession as the Nazis came to power. That year was the last in which Jews were permitted to graduate from professional schools.

I still use Dad's "unholy trinity" of *racist ideology, propaganda, and medical murder* to structure my Holocaust course at Notre Dame de Namur University. But I did not become a Holocaust educator until five years after Dad's passing. Not once did I ask what he meant by "Every doctor was guilty of genocide." It has taken me over 20 years of research to conclude the extent to which my dad was correct: the corruption of the entire medical profession in service to Nazis ideals during the Third Reich.

Friends, do not wait to tell your children what you want your legacy to be, what you want them to remember about you. Children, ask your parents and grandparents how they want to be remembered. Have these conversations while you still can, before it becomes too late.

I once asked my adult daughter, Rebecca, when she first learned about the Holocaust. Her answer startled me, "I don't remember ever not knowing about the Holocaust." Like many Holocaust educators, I believe Holocaust history should be taught to children no younger than 13. How did she know?

Recently, scientists have theorized about "DNA memory." The progeny of rats who are familiar with a maze do much better in the maze than rats without such ancestors. The theory is that memory can be codified by our DNA. The scientists speculated that phobias are a function of ancestral post-traumatic stress disorder. Generations are linked by more than we might know.

Perhaps it was the "stumbling stones" which will remind ordinary Germans about my family in the future; perhaps it was finding my dad's incomplete memoir after so many years; perhaps it is the thought of reuniting with many family members whom I have not seen for so long – perhaps for all of these reasons, I have decided to write my own memoir, to capture the legacy of my father, who, as a young adult, witnessed the corruption of an entire profession. His legacy has become my legacy.

For more than 30 years, Jennie Cohen, (see Zimmerman, page 13)

Unconditional love endures forever



BY RABBI BENJAMIN SENDROW

It is said that in the *Torah*, God tested Abraham ten times. One of these is based on the verse Genesis 12:11: "As he was about to enter Egypt, he said to his wife Sarai, "I know what a beautiful woman you are." How is this one of the Ten Trials of Abraham?

You might be surprised to know that these are the first words that Abraham says to Sarah in the *Torah*. You might think that it is a beautiful compliment to pay her, but let's remember why he said it: "As he was about to enter Egypt, he said to his wife Sarai, "I know what a beautiful woman you are. If the Egyptians see you, and think, 'She is his wife,' they will kill me and let you live. Please say that you are my sister, that it may go well with me because of you, and that I may remain alive thanks to you."

Abraham is not complimenting Sarah out of selfless love. He is focused on himself, and noticing Sarah's beauty is secondary. It is hardly an example of selfless love.

There is a powerful *midrash* about this story. *Midrash* is an ancient form of Bible commentary that takes the form of stories about stories, so this is not something we read in the *Torah*, nor is it intended to be taken literally. It was written to comment on what it took for Abraham to notice how special his wife was.

In this *midrash*, Abraham attempts to smuggle Sarah into Egypt in a box. He is stopped at the border by an inspector, who says, "You probably have garments in your box." Abraham responds, "I will pay the tariff on garments." Seeing how easy this was, the inspector ups the ante: "You may have silk garments in your box." Abraham says that he will pay the tariff on silk. "Perhaps you have precious jewels in your box?" "I will pay the tariff on precious jewels."

Abraham agrees to higher and higher tariffs because, as it says in the most famous passage in the Book of Proverbs, he had something more valuable than jewels in the box: "What a rare find is a capable wife! Her worth is far beyond that of rubies." Perhaps for the first time, Abraham realized that Sarah's beauty was more than skin deep, and how important to his life she was.

There are several kinds of love. There is platonic love, obviously there is romantic and erotic love, but the ancient Greeks also spoke of *agape*, which they defined as the highest form of love and described it as the love of God for man and of man for God. It is this selfless, altruistic love to



Rabbi Israel Zoberman with his grandfather, Zayde Zvi, at Germany's Wetzlar Displaced Persons Camp, American Zone, from 1947-1949.

which we should aspire in the most important relationships in our lives. It is unconditional; we are there to meet the needs of the other without any expectation of receiving something in return.

In *Pirkei Avot*, our Sages taught that this is the only kind of love that endures forever, the kind of love David shared with his dear friend Jonathan. It is not the level of love we bring to the *chuppah*; it is the kind of love we develop after many years of devotion to our life partners. Sadly, as we shall soon see, I do not think Abraham reached this level of love for Sarah during her lifetime, although he did reach it for God.

I would like to share two Jewish stories, one from the late 1700s and one relatively modern. The older story is about the Chassidic Rebbe Moshe Leib of Sassov, who said he was taught the meaning of true love by a simple peasant. He overheard the peasant talking to his friend, asking if his friend loved him. The friend responded that he loved the other man very much. Then the first peasant asked, "What causes me pain?" The friend responded, "How would I know what causes you pain," to which the first man said, "If you do not know what pains me, how can you love me?"

The next story is told about one of the first chief rabbis in the early days of the state of Israel. His wife had a problem so

Under My Zayde's Tallit



RABBI DR. ISRAEL ZOBERMAN

I found refuge every morning hiding
Under my *Zayde's* inviting,
embracing *Tallit*
Of black and white woven of the tapestry
Of a survivor's spared life,
A wondrous cloth, never abandoned
nor lost,
He managed to safeguard on the run
Twice from Poland, in Siberian exile
and Kazakhstan.

Stained by flowing tears,
The beauty marks of refugees,
An added layer of essential warmth
Which sustained a ravaged body
and tested soul,
Wrapping me, his other
saved possession,
In a magical garb whose sacred fringes
I playfully unraveled,
Ever since attempting together tie what
Torn away is forever gone.

The youngest member at the *Shoah*
survivors' *minyán*
In Germany's Wetzlar Displaced
Persons Camp,
I hear louder and louder in the dark
With elapsed seventy years,
The adults' heartfelt davening with
painful groaning
Of weighing memories while searching
for the light,
Gratefully feeling still the loving
hands faithfully
Placed on my curly head by proud
Zayde Zvi,
Son of martyred HaRav Yaacov and
Dena of Zamosc,
Reassuring his first grandchild, a refugee
like father Abraham,
Whose birth was surely a divine sign
of a threatened
Covenant renewed, to protect me
with his *Tallit*
Of reaffirmed life even if God's blessing
would not.

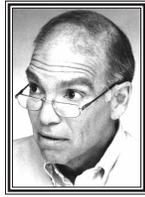
Rabbi Dr. Israel Zoberman is the founding rabbi of Congregation Beth Chaverim in Virginia Beach. He is a member of the Holocaust Commission of the United Jewish Federation of Tidewater. ✨



he took her to a doctor and said, "My wife's foot hurts us." He said us, not her. If it hurt her, it hurt him as well. That is the model of love for which we should strive.

Unfortunately, although the *Mishnah*
(see Sendrow, page 13)

Shipley Speaks



BY JIM SHIPLEY

We are all tribal

Our *Torah* tells us of a man named Abram who probably lived in what is now Iran. He was head of a small “Clan” – also identified as a “Tribe”. The Tribe consisted of a group of loosely connected family members: sons, daughters (of which Abram had none of either at the time), cousins, etc.

Our *Torah* tells us that one day he decided to move the Tribe from the pleasant and fruitful land in which they dwelled to a barren strip of sand over a thousand miles almost due east. But, our *Torah* tells us God came to Abram in a dream and told him to go and that Abram and his Tribe could have that land.

It was a time when a Tribe had familial relations, a strong leader and perhaps some advisors – all members of the Tribe. As the Tribe grew, some of them left for other places – today, that’s a lot more common. However, this Tribe survives to this day and we, as Jews, are its members.

For centuries, people of a given heritage, a distinct persona, kept together out of a sense of loyalty and common beliefs. It worked as a means of survival in a world without civilization, limited communication.

In a Tribe, there was the comfort of people who look like you, think like you, act like you and have the same beliefs. It allowed its members to have an inner peace knowing that those with whom they interacted on a regular basis were like themselves.

Times change. As the world grew more civilized and diversified, as travel and communication became easier, there was no longer a need for tribalism as a means for survival.

A certain orthodoxy prevails. In Arab cultures the symbolism of the Tribe is as active as it was centuries ago. An old Arab saying is: “Me against my brother – my brother and I against my cousin, me, my brother and my cousin against you.” Well, this worked fine when the Tribes needed these things to survive.

This is an interactive world. It was so before the Internet and supersonic jets and all forms of instant communication. My father was raised at the beginning of the last century. He had to fight his way to school from his Jewish neighborhood in Brooklyn through the Italian neighborhood and the African-American neighborhood.

When Jewish families moved for most of the 20th century, they looked for a Jewish

neighborhood with a few *Shuls* within a short distance – maybe a *Kosher* butcher you could drive to – even in some cases, a Country Club.

That custom is disappearing. With the changes in society, with our instant communications, with intermarriage and many other diverse reasons, the Tribal society should be pretty much dead.

Except it’s not.

We have elected a president who, in his campaign tapped into the strong Tribal feelings still felt in our country. His campaign proved that those ancient feelings are amazingly close to the surface. In a broad sense it means that whatever happens in the world, as long as it is not an imminent threat to the United States, we should not be concerned about it. That we take care of our own.

Fine. Until it comes time to define “our own”. As Jews we have certain internal differences, of course. There’s Orthodox and Conservative and Reform and Reconstructionist and Hasidism and splits in each of those. BUT: We are all still Jews. There are white Jews and Black Jews, brown Jews and multi-colored Jews. There are even Jews who, God Forbid, do not believe in the State of Israel.

In the case of the philosophy behind the Trump campaign – it was to single out the “Other” as an enemy and our need to take “America First”. Jews are often accused of “Double Loyalty” – indicating that Jews tend to show loyalty to America and Israel. On its face this might sound dicey. But as Jews, we do in our “*kishkas*” feel an empathy and a love for the ancient homeland where the Third Jewish Commonwealth just celebrated its 70th birthday.

I never met an American Jew who did not love this nation. I admit I have met a few who disapprove of the way Israel is being governed. My answer to them has always been – if you feel that strongly about it – move there, pay taxes there and vote.

Of course many Jews voted for President Trump because they believed that the Country was on the wrong track and wanted to see a change. They got it. The danger lies again in the Us versus You mentality. It is at the core of Tribal. When the Tribes of the Native Americans made peace with each other, it wasn’t that they were abandoning their own Tribal ways. It was that they felt as they all were Native Americans and should respect their differences as well as love their oneness.

As Jews we have disagreements. It is built into our DNA. As Jews when we travel and meet another Jew, we always feel like “*Mishpucha*”. We still from time to time talk about each other as “Members of the Tribe.”

Disagreements among family, Tribe and others are bound to occur. To remember

ZIMMERMAN

(continued from page 11)

publisher, and her father before her, Gabriel Cohen, z”l, publisher and founder of *The Jewish Post & Opinion*, have given me a national voice. My memoir has a title, *My Life as a Column*. The father/daughter Cohen team has enabled me to accumulate so much material that I can adapt for this process; and for that, I am eternally grateful.

Dr. Miriam 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. ✨



SENDROW

(continued from page 12)

tells us that Abraham passed all ten of the trials with which God tested him, I’m afraid the *Torah* tells a different story with regard to Sarah. Sarah died in Hebron, in what is now called the West Bank, but Abraham was not with her. He was in Beer-sheba, where he had been since after the story of the binding of Isaac. Sarah is conspicuously absent in that story. Abraham had to travel from Beer-sheba to acquire a burial place for Sarah. I think the *Torah* is telling us that their marriage did not survive. She died apart from her husband. But perhaps in this sad fact is the reason our sages say Abraham passed this test.

By going out of his way to bury Sarah, he performed an act of kindness for which there would be no return favor, not even so much as a thank you. Perhaps he finally did reach a level of unconditional, selfless love for Sarah, but if he did, how much better would it have been had he done so while she was still alive? May we do better than our father Abraham; may we be blessed to give and receive unconditional and selfless love not only after we are gone, but during our lifetimes as well.

Rabbi Benjamin Sendrow has been the spiritual leader of Congregation Shaarey Tefilla in Carmel, Ind., since August 2010. Read more of his writings and listen to his sermons at www.shaareytefilla.org. Follow him on Twitter at twitter.com/CSTRabbi. ✨



that we are members of the same Tribe is always important.

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. This column was submitted on Feb 15, 2018. ✨

Book Excerpt

By DR. JENNI KLEINMAN BEREBITSKY

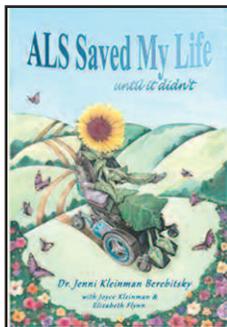
ALS Saved My Life...until it didn't

By Dr. Jenni Kleinman Berebitsky. PB&Js Publishing. March 18, 2018. Pages 278.

Most people know life will not necessarily go as they planned. But what do we do when nothing goes as we had hoped? How do we cope with unpredictable changes in body and spirit – changes that require constant shifting of our view of ourself, other people, and the world? Jenni, diagnosed in 2009 with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS, or Lou Gehrig's Disease), has been forced to find answers to these questions every day.

At 33, when Jenni was finishing her final year of medical residency, she was married two years to the love of her life and they had a son Phillip, 18-months of age. That is when she found out she has the disease. And she was given 18 months to live. Now 41, Berebitsky has out lived her diagnosis by more than eight years. Most people diagnosed with ALS die within two to three years. If you're lucky, you live five. Jenni's life continues to be a blessing and a miracle.

With the hope of helping others move forward after life-altering events, Jenni shares her story of life with ALS, outlining both the practical and existential changes needed to adapt and thrive. Embodying the idea that courage does not always roar, Jenni reveals the combination of self-reflection, radical acceptance, grit, and social support that have allowed her to remain true to herself while living her life to the fullest.



The Preface:

Thank you for picking up this book. In some ways, it takes courage to read. Parts might be funny; other parts sad; some moving; but mostly my goal is to help you understand what life is like with ALS—Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis, sometimes called Lou Gehrig's disease. Whether you have ALS, or someone you know and love does, or you just want to understand the disease, I hope you find insight into how to move forward after life-altering circumstances.

You may find that while reading this book, you sometimes think: "I'm not ready for that!"

That's okay. It's part of the process. Feel free to stop reading when you need to and



Drs. Jeff and Jenni Berebitsky and their son Philip, age 10 (taken recently).

then come back when you are ready. Or find a chapter that relates to your current situation.

You may be tempted to paint me as the hero, Jeff the martyr, and ALS the villain. Truth be told, I'm not a hero, but there is no question that ALS is a son of a bitch.

The title of this book started as a joke when I would say ALS was the best thing to happen to my nails and face. I used to be a picker, but now with non-functioning hands, my nails and face are the healthiest they have ever been. But the more I joked about this, the more I came to realize that in bizarre ways, ALS has made my life richer.

My experiences have taught me we don't know how we will handle something until it's right in front of us. We have two choices when faced with such uncertainty: give up or move forward. I've chosen to move forward and in the process, this disease has taught me humility, patience, and perseverance.

Despite being frequently kicked in the butt, I am able to pause and realize that things could always be worse. I take stock of my blessings. For instance, ALS has brought Jeff and me closer. I am so grateful for our communication and his unflappable love and support. We are also very fortunate that this disease has not crippled us financially as it does to so many. Over the course of the last eight years, we have had enormous support from family and friends. We call them "Jenni's Villagers."

Then there are the "perks": e.g., "Princess Parking," skipping past the lines at the airport and amusement parks, scoring amazing seats for *Hamilton the Musical* at a fraction of the cost, getting to see live tapings of *The Oprah Winfrey Show* twice and lots more. There is an *ALS Card*; I am a proud card-carrying member and not afraid to use it.

I'm often told that I have the patience of a saint. I'm able to be this way with people because I'm always thinking about what I would do if I were in their shoes. I admire

(see Berebitsky, page 15)

Book Excerpt



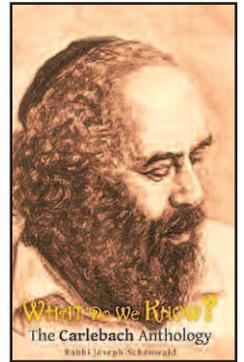
By REUVEN GOLDFARB

What Do We Know? The Carlebach Anthology

Essays about Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach with Selections from His Teachings and Stories, edited by Rabbi Joseph Schonwald with Reuven Goldfarb.

Shlomo's Torah by Rabbi Micha Odenheimer

On a winter's evening in the early 1990s, Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach, in his late sixties, wearing a pacemaker that had been implanted in his heart a few years earlier, arrived at Ben-Gurion airport and picked up two heavy suitcases which held a few items of clothing, some vitamin pills, a bottle or two of cologne, and dozens of "sefarim" – volumes of Talmud and commentaries, *Hasidism* and *Kabbalah*. Wherever he travelled – and he was always travelling – Shlomo, as he liked to be known, carried *sefarim*.



Though arriving from South Africa, where he had spent three grueling days giving concerts, visiting schools, synagogues of all denominations, and community centers, Shlomo's night was just beginning. From the airport, he rode in a taxi to a concert in Beit Shemesh, where he took the stage and moved the crowd to ecstatic dancing, weaving stories and spiritual encouragement between the songs. The show ended at 9:30, and after a half hour or so of greeting people, he rode to Jerusalem, to the home of Yehoshua and Emuna Witt in Nachlaot, arriving at 10:30.

Packed into the Witt's cavernous home were more than a hundred "Shlomo hevre," a ragtag group of hippies, *yeshiva bachrim*, university students, and spiritual seekers of all kinds who had heard, by word of mouth, that there would be a learning at the Witt's that night. By 11:00 Shlomo was strumming his guitar, singing with the crowd, and, eventually, demanding silence, beginning to teach. The words poured out of him, hypnotic and uplifting. Couched in simple language, using everyday situations to dramatize and explain profound concepts, Shlomo taught his rapt audience until 2 in the morning.

(see Goldfarb, page 16)

Book Excerpt



BY PATT LIND-KYLE, MA

Embracing the End of Life: A Journey into Dying & Awakening

Llewellyn Publications, 2017. Pages 350.
\$22.99. ISBN: 978-0-738-75356-0

Step 6: Freedom from the Mental Self 281 Gratitude Practices

Brother David Steindl-Rast, a true ambassador of gratitude, says, "There are degrees of grateful wakefulness. Our intellect, our will, our emotions must wake up. Let us take a closer look at this process of awakening. It is the growth process of gratefulness." 63

The transformational reality of gratitude is that it opens the door of awareness and awakening within us. Gratitude is the key transformer of reality perception. In the perception of reality, nothing needs to change in your life for you to feel fulfilled, complete, and at peace. Everything that you feel, see, and understand becomes transformed into beauty, clarity, and a more holistic and integrated reality that continues to grow and expand into every area of your life. Awareness with gratitude is the gift of the integrated mind/body. This is the first expanded level of consciousness in your entry into transpersonal realms.

If there is only one practice that you do, giving gratitude for everything would be the doorway to freedom. It will sharpen what you resist by being grateful for those daily experiences for which you don't naturally feel grateful. You may be surprised at what you experience.

First Gratitude Practice

This is a simple practice that keeps gratitude at the forefront of your consciousness.

This practice will slow down the awareness and sharpen your observation and insight.

- Make a list of all the things you are grateful for.
- Make another list of all the things you are not grateful for.
- Keep adding to the lists for a few days.
- Say the words "thank you" for both the positive and negative people, situations,

and events you experience.

- A few days later, touch your heart area when you say "thank you" for both positive and negative events. The physical touch and feeling will begin to open the love doorway wider and wider.

- Soon become aware of any feelings of lightness and sensations of warmth associated with the positive and the negative experiences you listed.

- Keep this practice going until you begin to feel and see the light in all things through this lens of gratitude. In reality, there is no positive or negative. There is only one thing for which you will be grateful: *all the experiences that make up your life!*

Second Gratitude Practice

- Make a list of all the things, people, events, situations, and experiences in your life that have supported, inspired, and motivated you over the past three to five years.

- As you write and review the list, feel in your heart center gratitude for each one of them.

Third Gratitude Practice

- When you take a walk, name and acknowledge the trees, clouds, animals, flowers, people, etc., that you see. As you name them, place a hand over your heart area and feel the gratitude in your heart.

- At every meal, thank the food and all the people and beings that are nourishing your body to stay alive.

Fourth Gratitude Practice

- Make a list of the key positive and key negative people in your life. Thank both for being your teachers.

- List key family and friends and every day feel gratitude that they are part of your life.

Fifth Gratitude Practice

Be grateful daily as you see expressions of the four elements.

Water: Rain, facet water, pond, river, stream, etc.

Earth: Rock, dirt, the land you walk on, mountains, etc.

Fire: Flames, wood burning, the sun, candles, etc.

Air: The wind, breeze smells, breathing in your lungs, etc.

- Be grateful for your experience of nature's manifest forms and the spirits that embody them: the sounds of birds and animals, sunsets and full moons, snowstorms and fierce winds, forest fires and calm waters, and on and on.

63. David Steindl-Rast, *Gratefulness, the Heart of Prayer: An Approach to Life in Fullness* (Ramsey, NJ: Paulist Press, 1984), 10.

Embracing the End of Life by Patt Lind-Kyle. © 2018 by Patt Lind-Kyle. Used by permission from Llewellyn Worldwide,

BEREBITSKY

(continued from page 14)

the courage it takes to be with me. I realize that ALS not only affects me, but also everyone in my life.

Being with me causes others to step out of their comfort zone. They are often called on to do more than they thought they could—whether it is being more creative, resourceful, and patient, or emotionally and physically stronger. Perhaps, the hardest thing of all is the level of selflessness needed when caring for someone with limited abilities. The patient's needs often have to come before the caregiver's. I sometimes wonder if the situation were reversed, would I rise to the many challenges or fall short and screw something up?

To get a sense of what it's like for someone with ALS, I highly recommend you read *Walk a Mile in My Shoes* or *At Least Five Minutes* found in Appendix D.

My mind is fully functional, but my body continues to fail piece by piece. As my mom says, "Jenni runs her household and her life, but she just needs others to be her hands and feet." My community is always adjusting their way of doing things to try to accommodate my desires and my ever-changing needs. Basically, "I'm here to keep it interesting."

Jenni's book is available on Amazon at the following link: <http://amzn.to/2DG3b7T> ★



Book author Dr. Jenni Kleinman Berebitsky with her mother, Joyce Danenberg Kleinman, and Jenni's son, Philip.

Ltd., www.Llewellyn.com.

Patt Lind-Kyle, MA, is a teacher, therapist, speaker, and consultant. Her book *Heal Your Mind, Rewire Your Brain* won the Independent Publisher Gold Medal Award and a Best Book Award from USA Book News. Patt has written a chapter in *Audacious Aging*, and she is also the author of *When Sleeping Beauty Wakes Up*. She lives in Nevada City, Calif., and can be found online at www.PattLindKyle.com. ★

Cookbook Review

REVIEWED BY TRACIE MRKACH

German-Jewish cuisine recipes

The German-Jewish Cookbook: Recipes and History of a Cuisine. By Gabrielle Rossmer Gropman and Sonya Gropman; Nach Waxman fwd. Brandeis University Press. 2017. 260 pages.

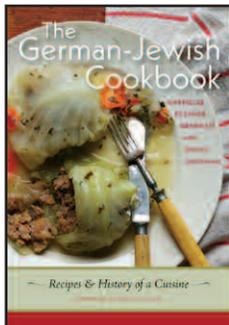
My late father, Kurt Freudenthal [originally Freudenthaler] immigrated with his family to the United States from Mannheim, Germany in 1939. Arriving in New York City on the SS Noordam, they continued their journey to Richmond, Ind., where their sponsor, an aunt, lived. Eventually, my grandparents moved to the Washington Heights neighborhood of NYC (upper Manhattan).

When I discovered through Facebook that a cookbook about German-Jewish cuisine was being published, I could not wait to get a copy of it. The author team of Gabrielle (Gaby) Rossmer Gropman and her daughter, Sonya Gropman, wanted to “preserve and document the cuisine of a nearly vanished culture.”

What makes this cookbook special is that the authors chronicled Jewish life in pre-war Germany and how German-Jewish immigrant families re-established their lives and culture in Washington Heights (chapter one).

The book is organized into sections – the introduction is about why Gaby and Sonya embarked on this project, their collaboration process, and how they defined German-Jewish cuisine. It also touches on Gaby’s family history. Gaby was just a one-year-old when her family immigrated to the United States from Bamberg, Germany in 1939, settling in Washington Heights. With a population of over 20,000, it was the largest surviving community of German Jews in the world. No wonder my grandparents left Richmond, Ind., for Washington Heights!

It is also in chapter one that we learn that Gaby grew up in a multi-generational household. Her maternal grandparents were able to leave Germany in 1940, joining the family in Washington Heights. They lived with her parents for the rest of their lives. Gaby spoke German at home



and ate traditional German-Jewish meals prepared by her *Oma* (grandmother). She did not learn English until she entered kindergarten.

This chapter resonated with me, even though my father rarely talked about his life in Germany. What connects me to my German heritage is a figurine collection that my grandfather gave me during my last visit at his Washington Heights apartment. They were treasured items from their home in Germany. As a six-year-old, I did not know the circumstances of why they left Germany. It never occurred to me to ask how they chose what to bring with them to America, let alone the logistics in getting their belongings here.

Through reading *The German-Jewish Cookbook*, I learned about lift vans, which were wooden cargo containers. Before leaving for America, a Nazi inspector would document, approve (or disallow) and tax the items that families were allowed to ship to America in a lift van. The book includes a photograph of page one of an itemized list (and value) of the contents of Gaby’s grandparent’s lift van. Were my beloved figurines packed, inspected, taxed and shipped in a lift van?

The rest of the chapters are dedicated to the recipes and stories from Gaby’s family and also those recipes and stories collected through the interviews that took place in both the NYC area and Germany as part of the research for the book.

I chose to share a couple recipes from the book that were unfamiliar to me. One recipe is for *Berches*, the braided ceremonial bread of German Jews. *Berches* differs from *challah* in that it contains a boiled mashed potato instead of egg. The second recipe is Stuffed Cabbage Rolls with White Wine Sauce (featured on the book cover).

Berches is adapted from a recipe by Herta Bloch, an owner of a German-Jewish specialty meat shop, Bloch & Falk. From the 1930s through the 1990s, several Bloch & Falk locations existed in NYC.

Berches

7 cups (about 2 pounds) all-purpose flour, plus more as needed
 2-1/4 C warm water (more as needed, divided)
 1 envelope (2-1/4 teaspoons) active dry yeast
 1/2 teaspoon sugar
 1/4 cup neutral flavored oil
 1 white potato, boiled, peeled, mashed and cooled
 1-1/2 tablespoons salt
 1 egg white, lightly beaten
 1-2 tablespoons poppy seeds

Place the flour in a large mixing bowl and make a well in the center. Pour 1/4 (see Mrkach, page 17)

GOLDFARB

(continued from page 14)

He still was not finished. With a smaller group of disciples, he took another taxi to what he called “the Holy Wall,” there swaying with longing in the early morning air before finally retreating toward his hotel room. At the guard house on the way out, one of soldiers stationed there accosted him: “Shlomo, play us a song,” and so he did, taking the guitar out of its case, playing one more song for a lonely soldier at 3 a.m.

Shlomo is rightfully famous for the post-holocaust revolution in Jewish music that he almost singlehandedly catalyzed. For me, however, and for hundreds, if not thousands of those who found him a source of living waters, it was his *Torah*, transmitted in humble settings like the Witt household, free to one and all, that fed us with hope and touched us in places inside ourselves that we did not even know existed. Shlomo’s *Torah* is the least-known aspect of his legacy so far. But his distinctive, unmistakable teachings may yet become recognized as one of the most profound contributions to Judaism and world spirituality in the second half of the 20th century.

Message from Shlomo

I never sat down to write a song. Songs came to me at great moments, when I heard the music of Heaven or the sounds of Hell, or when I felt the deep silence – whenever my heart was broken – or whenever my soul was uplifted.

There is still the cry of war. Heaven and earth still tremble with the sound of six million broken strings. Yet there is a soft murmur coming down from the Holy Wall. The beautiful people of the world are singing a song of love and peace.

I hope that my melodies are part of this great song. I hope, my friends, that you will keep singing these melodies until our voices will be loud enough to reach Heaven. Or maybe till our voices will be soft enough so we can hear the angels join us.

There is a little tear in every song. Don’t wipe it off; it is my gift to you. There is a little dance in every note – dance it till we all dance together on the streets of Jerusalem.

Wishing you the best, Love, Shlomo

Writer, teacher, and rabbinic deputy, **Reuven Goldfarb** has published *Divrei Torah*, poetry, essays, and stories in numerous periodicals and anthologies and won several awards. He co-founded and edited *AGADA*, the illustrated Jewish literary magazine (1981–88), and taught Freshman English in Oakland’s Merritt College (1989–1996). He and his wife have resided in the Upper Galilee since 2001. Email: poetsprogress@gmail.com and website: www.reuvengoldfarb.com. ✨

MRAKICH*(continued from page 16)*

cup of the warm water in the well. Add the yeast and sugar, stirring gently to dissolve. Let sit for 5-10 minutes until it is bubbling.

Add the oil, mashed potato and salt. With a wooden spoon (or your hands), start to mix the flour into the yeast mixture in the well. Gradually add more of the remaining 2 cups warm water as needed to moisten the flour (being careful not to add too much – the dough should remain firm and you probably will not use all 2 cups!), while continuing to mix.

Remove the dough from the bowl and put on a floured breadboard (or clean countertop). Knead by hand (press the dough hard with the palm of your hand, fold dough over and repeat) until all the flour is incorporated and the dough is well blended and smooth.

Wash and dry the mixing bowl and grease lightly with oil. Return the dough to the bowl, cover with a slightly damp kitchen towel, and place in a warm spot (such as an oven that has been warmed on low, then turned off). Let it rise until doubled in size, 1 to 2 hours.

Punch down the dough in the bowl. Return to the floured breadboard (or countertop) and knead until smooth.

Lightly oil a baking sheet. To make 1 extra large loaf, cut the dough into 3 equal parts and roll each part into a rope of equal length. Line up the 3 ropes in a parallel row. Pinch the ends together at one end. Cross the left-hand rope over the middle rope (the left-hand rope now moves to the middle position). Cross the right hand rope over the middle rope. Continue crossing left- and right-hand ropes until you reach the end of the ropes. Pinch the ends together and tuck under. Place on a baking sheet. To make 2 medium loaves cut the dough in half and follow instructions for 1 extra large loaf.

Cover the loaves with the damp kitchen towel. Return the baking sheet to the warm spot and let the dough rise again until doubled in size, 1 to 1-1/2 hours.

Preheat the oven to 350°F. Brush top of the bread with beaten egg white and sprinkle generously with poppy seeds. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes, or until the top is golden brown and when you tap the bottom it makes a hollow sound. Place on a wire rack to cool.

Stuffed Cabbage Rolls with White Wine Sauce

1 medium-large head green cabbage

Broth

1 tablespoon neutral flavored oil
1 medium size onion, thinly sliced
1/2 cup white wine

2 cups broth (beef, chicken, or vegetable),
or a combination of broth and water
1 large carrot, peeled and cut into
thin rounds (about 1/8 inch)
1 bay leaf
Large handful of fresh parsley,
flat or curly
1 teaspoon kosher salt
1/4 teaspoon ground white
or black pepper
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg

Stuffing

6 ounces stale bread rolls
(bulkie, Kaiser or Vienna)
1 pound of ground beef, veal, or turkey
(or a combination)
1 medium size onion, finely chopped
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1 teaspoon of kosher salt
1/4 teaspoon ground white pepper
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 large egg, beaten

Sauce

Up to 1 cup of additional broth as needed
Juice of 1 lemon
2 tablespoons of cornstarch
Additional seasonings as needed

Blanching the cabbage leaves:

Bring 2 to 3 quarts of water to a boil in a large pot over high heat. Trim the bottom core off the cabbage. Carefully remove the leaves from the cabbage, being sure to keep each leaf whole. If you have difficulty pulling the leaves off, make a cut around the bottom of the core with a sharp paring knife, releasing a layer of leaves. Continue making cuts as needed on each layer. Remove at least 12, and up to 18 leaves. Put 4 cabbage leaves at a time in the boiling water for 1 to 2 minutes until softened. Gently remove from the water with tongs, and place in a colander to drain. Continue until all the leaves have been blanched. Lay out the leaves on a clean kitchen towel to drain completely.

Making the broth:

Heat the oil in a large, oven safe, heavy-bottomed pot or Dutch oven. Add the sliced onion and cook over medium-low heat until transparent (do not let onion brown), stirring often, about 10 minutes. Add the broth, wine, carrot, bay leaf, parsley, kosher salt, pepper and nutmeg, stirring to combine. Bring to a boil over high heat, decrease the heat to medium high and cook for 2 minutes. Remove from heat and set aside.

Making the stuffing:

Put the bread rolls in a colander set in the sink. Moisten them with lukewarm water until they are soggy then squeeze them to remove as much excess water as

you can. Tear them into 1-inch pieces.

Put the meat in a large mixing bowl. Add the chopped onion, torn bread, parley, salt, pepper, nutmeg and beaten egg. Mix thoroughly until all ingredients are incorporated.

Baking the stuff cabbage:

Preheat oven to 325°F. Put a drained cabbage leaf on a work surface. Place a heaping tablespoon of meat mixture in the hollow of the leaf at the stem end, about 1 inch from the bottom, then fold the left and right sides of the leaf over the filling. Fold the top of the leaf over the filling and tuck it under the stem end to make a snug, oval-shaped package. Put the finished roll, stem side down, in the pot with the broth. Continue filling and wrapping, adding each roll to the pot, until you have used all the cabbage leaves, or used up all the meat mixture. They should all fit in the pot in one layer (if you have one or two that don't fit, it is okay to set them on top of the first layer). Cover the pot and bake for 1 hour.

Making the sauce:

Remove the cabbage rolls from the pot and put them in a serving dish. Measure the liquid remaining in the pot. If it has reduced to less than 1-1/2 cups, add more broth to equal that amount. Pour the broth back into the pot and add the lemon juice. Put a ladleful of the broth into a small bowl, add the cornstarch and stir to dissolve. Place the pot over medium heat. Pour the cornstarch mixture back into the large pot, stirring constantly. Simmer until the cornstarch turns clear and the sauce has thickened. Taste for seasoning, adding more salt, pepper or nutmeg if needed. Pour the sauce into a gravy boat or bowl. Serve the cabbage rolls warm, with the sauce on the side.

Gaby and Sonya are currently doing book tours and cooking demonstrations in both the United States and Germany. If you are interested in learning more about the authors and/or purchasing the book, you can follow them on Facebook @German-JewishCuisine or visit their website – <https://germanjewishcuisine.com>.

Tracie Mrakich grew up in Indianapolis and spent 18 years in the Los Angeles area (Pasadena) working in sales and marketing before moving back home to Indianapolis in 1999. <https://jewishpostopinion.com/?p=3468> ★

Experienced Rabbi available via Skype

to help prepare students for their
Bar Mitzvah, or for adults to study Torah,
Talmud, Trope or Jewish Mysticism.

To find out more, please contact him at:
jlindiana@gmail.com or 317-698-6423.

Book Review



REVIEWED BY
PROFESSOR ARNOLD AGES

Demise of 10,000 Jews of Galician town

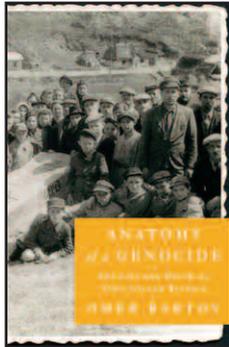
Anatomy of a Genocide. The Life and Death of a Town Called Buczacz. By Omer Bartov. Simon and Schuster. New York 2018. 397 pgs.

The plangent eloquence, thoroughness and realism of Professor Omer Bartov's reconstruction of the life and death of the 10,000 Jews who lived in Galician town of Buczacz during the Holocaust, can justifiably be compared to Jeremiah's Biblical Book of Lamentations (Eicha), which commemorates with pathos and graphic imagery the destruction of Jerusalem and its inhabitants by the Babylonians in 586 B.C.E.

This sweeping panoramic biography of Buczacz takes us from the Middle Ages and the concentration there of Ruthenians, Ukrainians, Poles and Jews and explores the tensions among the different ethnic groups as the town came under the administration of the Austro-Hungarian empire, various incarnations of the truncated Polish state and in the 1940s, Ukrainian nationalists, Nazi overlords and finally, Soviet occupiers.

It was the misfortune of the 10,000 Jews who lived in Buczacz to have been wedged in among competing ethnic rivalries and making what some might describe as injudicious choices regarding their own political loyalties. Thus in the 19th and early 20th century they aligned themselves with the Austro-Hungarian empire and its German culture, thus alienating Polish and Ukrainian factions. Bartov is a distinguished historian, not a theologian and does not explore the lethality of both Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox teachings about Jews and Judaism that seeped into both Ukrainian and Polish thinking about Jews; the author concentrates on the economic and social caricatures which both Ukrainians and Poles attributed to Jews.

It did not help their cause, however, when some Jews in Buczacz attached themselves to Communism and the Soviet Union thereby intensifying both Polish and Ukrainian disdain for a community



Shavuot: May 19–21, 2018

Shavuot is a two-day holiday in the diaspora, beginning at sundown of the 5th of *Sivan* and lasting until nightfall of the 7th. In Israel, it is a one-day holiday.

The word *Shavuot* (or *Shavuot*) means "weeks." It marks the completion of the seven-week counting period (the *Omer*) between Passover and *Shavuot*.

The *Torah* was given by G-d to the Jewish people on Mount Sinai on *Shavuot* more than 3,300 years ago. Every year on this holiday, we renew our acceptance of G-d's gift, and G-d "re-gives" the *Torah*.

Candles are lit on both evenings of *Shavuot*. It is customary to stay up all night learning *Torah* on the first night. One should go to the synagogue on the first day of *Shavuot* to hear the reading of the Ten Commandments. On the second day, the *Yizkor* memorial service is recited. Some communities read the Book of Ruth. It is customary to eat dairy foods.

From Chabad.org ✨

frequently targeted for anti-Semitic violence in the interwar period – which then exploded between 1941–1944 in a savage and uninhibited murder campaign conducted primarily by the Nazis (assisted vigorously by members of the Ukrainian gendarmerie) against Jews which – virtually ended the Jewish presence in the town which produced S.Y. Agnon, the first Israeli Nobel laureate in literature whose portraits of Jewish religiosity in Buczacz are epoch-making.

In one of the early sections of this powerful saga Bartov cites the recollections of a young Jewish Gymnasium (High School) student who, in 1921, received the following message from a non Jewish fellow student: *Zhydku cine ma pozyrku* – Jewboy you are of no use to me – an agonizingly predictive prophecy of the gruesome reality that would engulf Buczacz Jews when the crack of doom arrived with the conquering Nazis. In assembling the documentation in which he records the death march of Buczacz Jewry, Bartov devotes almost one hundred pages to notes, bibliography and name indexes culled from diverse sources and multiples languages. Indefatigable in his probing research, Bartov quotes directly from escapees and from the few survivors of the Nazi-inspired terror both in the main narrative section as well as the footnote apparatus.

In assessing the guilt quotient of those who assisted in the obliteration of Buczacz Jewry, Bartov is fair and dispassionate. He is censorious when dealing with Jews who cooperated with the Nazis as members of the Judenrat, the Jewish councils, but he also gives free rein to a member of one of those unfortunate organs, who offers a plausible defense of the impossible tasks imposed on the Judenrat by the Nazis.

KAPLAN/BR

(continued from page 20)

Bergman premiered in 1982.

Cynthia Ozick calls this book: "A masterwork melding character and history...majestic study...Part biblically reminiscent drama, part novel-like interiority, part American-inspired pioneering, Golda Meir's story...has no parallel in the annals of nations."

For those who enjoy how history intertwines with the history maker, women who make history and the State of Israel, *Lioness* is a wonderful read.

Sybil Kaplan is a foreign correspondent for North American Jewish newspapers, a book reviewer, compiler and editor of nine kosher cookbooks, restaurant feature writer for the Israeli website *Janglo.net*, feature writer for the website *itraveljerusalem.net*. She lives in Jerusalem. ✨

Similarly the author has nothing but disdain for the large number of members of the Ukrainian gendarmerie (whose flag hung next to the Swastika at the city hall) who assisted the Nazis in their round-ups and execution of hapless Jewish victims. But Bartov also cites the examples of decent Ukrainian and Polish residents of Buczacz who actively assisted Jews in hiding from the Nazis and speaks admiringly of Basilian monks who rescued *Torah* scrolls from marauding hoodlums.

Perhaps the most distressing part of this book pivots on the author and his exploration of the aftermath of the wanton murder of ten thousand Jewish men, women and children in Buczacz. The blood of the victims left no marks on the perpetrators – no *mea culpas*, no regrets; they all returned at the end of the war to their homes in Galicia and Germany and resumed so-called normal lives.

Bartov zeroes in on several of the Nazi executioners who were put on trial in West Germany and contrasts their protestations of innocence with regard to their role in the massacre of Jews with other evidence of their savagery, brutality and boasting about the number of Jews killed. While the killers were engaged enthusiastically in their murderous métier, Bartov observes that this was the best time in their lives as they lorded over Jews, plundered their wealth and property while enjoying a new found life style, plenty of food and drink and all the amenities which accrued to them as masters of their universe.

Bartov's precious and worthy requiem for the disappeared Jews of Buczacz has earned a special niche in the history of the Holocaust.

Professor Arnold Ages is "Distinguished Emeritus Professor" University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada. ✨

This Yom HaAtzma'ut, celebrate red, white, and blue.



Magen David Adom, Israel's largest and premier emergency medical response agency, has been saving lives since before 1948. And supporters like you provide MDA's 27,000 paramedics, EMTs, and civilian Life Guardians — more than 90% of them volunteers — with the training, equipment, and rescue vehicles they need. So as we celebrate Israel's independence, make a difference in the health, welfare, and security of the Israeli people with your gift to MDA. **Please give today.**

AFMDA Midwest Region
3175 Commercial Avenue, Suite 101
Northbrook, IL 60062
Toll-Free 888.674.4871 • midwest@afmda.org
www.afmda.org



AMERICAN FRIENDS OF
MAGEN DAVID ADOM

SAVING LIVES IN ISRAEL

Book Review



The Jewish Post & Opinion

1389 W 86th St. #160
Indianapolis, IN 46260

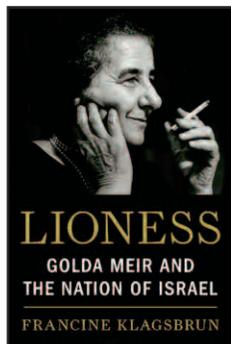
PRESORTED
STANDARD
US POSTAGE
PAID
INDIANAPOLIS, IN
PERMIT NO. 1321

REVIEWED BY SYBIL KAPLAN

Golda Meir's story has no parallel

Lioness: Golda Meir and the Nation of Israel. By Francine Klagsbrun. Schocken. 842 pages. October 2017.

Whenever a special revealing work is published, the publishers often use the word, "unexpurgated – complete and containing original material." The publishers of this book did not choose that word but instead called it "the definitive biography on



Golda Meir...a beautiful portrait of the iron-willed leader, chain-smoking political operative, and tea-and-cake serving grandmother who became the fourth prime minister of Israel and one of the most notable women of our time."

And every single word is true, however, when you take into account there are 695 pages of text, 3 pages of acknowledgments, 71 pages of notes and 15 pages of bibliography, there is a lot of material here never published before.

Ms Klagsbrun says she wanted a "comprehensive narrative based on original Hebrew as well as English sources that would present an in-depth view of this multifaceted woman." And that she does chronologically in this well-written and well-researched book. She has presented what she set out to do: "to present a balanced portrait of Golda Meir and her life as it unfolded within the context of her own times."

She studied more than a thousand documents, telephone transcripts, minutes of American, Israeli, British and Russian government meetings, political party records, magazine and newspaper reports, films, personal papers, oral histories, diaries, cables and private family letters; she read hundreds of books and articles, interviewed dozens of people including Meir's son, daughter-in-law, assistant, grandsons, former neighbors and bodyguards.

Some of the highlights of this book include: growing up in Russia, her mother, her sisters and their move to Milwaukee. When her sister moved to Denver for her

health, Golda joined her while attending high school. She met Morris Meyerson and her Zionist roots begin although not at the same time. She and Morris married in 1917 when she was 19 and Morris was 24. They moved to New York and gathered together their group of 24 to move to Palestine in 1921. After rejections, they were finally accepted on a *kibbutz* on trial, but that life was not for either of them.

We learn about one man who becomes her lover, David Remez, and her move with Morris to Jerusalem where Menachem and Sarah are born. Her parents came on *aliyah*; at age 30, she left Morris in Jerusalem while she moved to Tel Aviv to become Secretary to the Women's Workers Council.

She began an endless stream of trips abroad leaving Morris in Tel Aviv to take care of the children. With Zalman Shazar (who was to become the third president of Israel), she described their relationship as "extremely close friends, a guarded reference to another romance in her life."

"Without a doubt, Remez helped her as she climbed up the political hierarchy. A dozen years her senior as secretary-general he had become one of the most powerful men in the *Histadrut*, second only to Ben-Gurion....She had deep intensive ties to Remez. Her letters brimmed with tender and shared secrets."

By the time Morris was 47 and she was 42, they made their final break. Sarah trained with her youth group to join a *kibbutz*; Menachem became a cellist.

There are many things the average person probably did not know such as her heart attacks; meeting King Abdullah of Jordan; her shopping trips to Macy's; running her staff like a *kibbutz* when she was Minister to the Soviet Union.

"She never wanted to be treated differently because she was a woman.... She built her self-image around the work she did, her loyalty to her party and her devotion to Israel and the Jewish people."

When she retired at the age of 68, it was because of lymphoma, hidden from all but



A young Golda Meir, standing in back center, (undated, from JPO archives).

her family. She was 70 when it was suggested she be Prime Minister, and that became a reality in March 1969 when she was 71.

At the time of the onset of the *Yom Kippur War*, she allowed herself to be persuaded by the military men that they would have time to call up the reserves if necessary. After the *Yom Kippur war*, "she opposed the concept of a sovereign Palestinian state between Israel and Jordan, but she envisioned a union of Palestinian Arabs with the kingdom of Jordan."

In 1975, Rina Samuel ghost wrote her autobiography, *My Life*; she saw opposition leader, Menachem Begin become Prime Minister in 1977; she met Anwar Sadat the same year when he came to Jerusalem. She died December 1978 at the age of 80. A made-for-TV film biopic about her time as Prime Minister of Israel starring Ingrid

(see Kaplan/BR, page 18)