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A detail from a watercolor collage by Anne Fine Foer (see the full piece at www.annafineart.com under Torah Portion Collages). See About the Cover, p2.

Editorial

At this time of year beginning in 2003 and for the next seven years I wrote about making Nov. 2 Appreciation Day. I wrote about setting aside a day once a year to thank those who have done something to help us at a time when we were too busy, too young, or too preoccupied to thank them.

I picked that day because it is during the Hebrew month of *Cheshvan*, which has no holidays and it is in between the Canadian and American Thanksgiving Days. This year they fall on Oct. 10 and Nov. 24 respectively.

The example I gave was meeting my father's cousin Milton Rosenbaum, z"l, and his wife, Jean, z"l, at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem on my first trip to Israel when I was 18. As I was introduced to them in the lobby of the hotel, we shook hands.

Jean took me aside and whispered to me that my extended hand was like a limp fish, and she showed me how to give a firm, confident handshake. I thought it was rude of her to tell me this, until I started having job interviews. Then I became grateful that she had taken the time to share that information with me. By the time I was mature enough to acknowledge her guidance, she had passed away.

Many different people come into our lives, some only briefly, and they help us improve ourselves. Often we are either too distracted to notice or, in my case, unappreciative, so their kindness goes unacknowledged.

These are not just relatives and friends. Some are helping professionals, such as teachers, counselors, advisors, social workers, policemen, firemen, clergy, healthcare professionals, lawyers, stewardesses, and librarians. They can be of different ages, races, sexes, religions and socioeconomic status. These people put forth a great deal of effort, sometimes wondering if they are actually making a difference.

Wouldn't it be nice if there were a time set aside once a year to tell them what a difference they made in our lives? What they did was valuable to us even if they were simply doing the job they were paid to do.

This, of course, could and should be done every day, but sometimes it helps to have a specific time when others are also doing this. Advice columnist Ann Landers, z"l, proclaimed April 2 as Reconciliation Day, a day for people who had been close but had a falling out and stopped communicating. It is a time for them to contact each other and rekindle their relationship.

Last year I decided seven years of writing about this was enough so I didn't mention it, but then this year when I was not even thinking about those editorials, several people who had been helpful to me –

About the Cover

This detail from a watercolor collage by Anna Fine Foer illustrates *Vayishlach* (Jacob wrestled with an angel), the Torah portion that will be read on *Shabbat*, 14 *Kislev* 5772 (December 10, 2011).

And Jacob was left alone, and a man wrestled with him until the break of dawn. When he saw that he could not prevail against him, he touched the socket of his hip, and the socket of Jacob's hip became dislocated as he wrestled with him. And he (the angel) said, "Let me go, for dawn is breaking," but he (Jacob) said, "I will not let you go unless you have blessed me." So he said to him, "What is your name?" and he said, "Jacob." And he said, "Your name shall no longer be called Jacob, but Israel, because you have commanding power with [an angel of] God and with men, and you have prevailed." And Jacob asked and said, "Now tell me your name," and he said, "Why is it that you ask for my name?" And he blessed him there. ~ Bereishit (Genesis) 32:25-32:30

Anna Fine Foer decided she was going to be an artist when she was 11 – the year she lived in Paris for a summer, visiting every museum and gallery in the city. As a fibers and crafts student at the Philadelphia College of Art (now University of the Arts), she became fascinated by the relationship between maps and the land they represent, embarking on a lifelong interest in maps and collage.

Foer immigrated to Israel, where she worked as a textile conservator in Haifa and at Tel Aviv's Ha'Aretz Museum. She studied at the Textile Conservation Centre at London's Courtauld Institute, and then worked in conservation for many museums, including the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

Foer's work has appeared at the Indianapolis Museum of Art, the Maryland Governor's Mansion, and the Israeli Embassy; one of her pieces is in the permanent collection of the Haifa Museum of Art. She was awarded the Encouragement of Young Artists prize for work exhibited in the Artist's House in Jerusalem and received a Maryland State Arts Council grant for Individual Artists in 2008.

Foer grew up in Indianapolis, Ind. and now lives in Annapolis, Md., with her father and two sons. Please visit her website: www.annafineart.com.★



some decades ago – came to mind on Nov. 2. I decided this idea is worth reviving. Since that day will have passed when you read this, it is always okay to observe it late.

In this issue, Rabbi Irwin Wiener gives a fine example of this in his column. He writes "let us remember, with gratitude,

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the people who allow us to rejoice – the men and women who serve our country wearing its uniform."

Joshua Nelson concert

On Sun., Oct. 23 I attended a dynamic concert by Jewish Gospel singer Joshua Nelson (www.joshuanelson.com). He was (see Editorial, page 4)

Chassidic Rabbi

By Rabbi BENZION COHEN

Tishrei in Lubavitch

Tishrei in Lubavitch is a wonderful time. *Tishrei* is the first month of the year, and most of it is holidays, starting with *Rosh Hashanah*, and ending with *Succos* and *Simchas Torah*.

Baruch Hashem, we got a lot of exercise and happiness. On both days of *Rosh Hashanah* we walked to our nearby hospital to blow the *shofar*. Each day was a two hour walk. The walk itself was really special, as I was accompanied by a son-in law and three grandchildren. We did a lot of dancing and singing on the way. To hear the *shofar* on *Rosh Hashanah* is inspiring, and to blow the *shofar* and help others hear it is even more inspiring. My 11-year-old grandson and my nine-year-old granddaughter also blew the *shofar*, and really made a lot of people happy. After all of that inspiration, exercise and fun I was feeling ten years younger and much happier.

During *Succos* I danced about 10 hours. We spent *Simchas Torah* in Netanya. My son Avraham Sender and his family live a few minutes from the Laniado Hospital. On the night of *Simchas Torah* we danced for an hour at a local *shul*, went home to make *Kiddush*, and then I walked with four grandchildren to the hospital. We went from ward to ward and from room to room, dancing and singing. Dancing with grandchildren is always very special, even more so on *Simchas Torah*, and even more so in the hospital. There they did a lot of *Mitzvahs*. They brought the happiness of *Simchas Torah* to the patients and doctors and nurses. A lot of faces lit up with big smiles, and those who could, joined us in the dancing. What is the best way to find true happiness? Go out and make other people happy!

On the fifth day of *Succos* we had our annual *Succos* family reunion. Almost all of our children and grandchildren came, plus a few of our in-laws and we had a great time, *Baruch Hashem*. We hope that you also had a great holiday.

I had a beautiful experience. One of my four-year-old granddaughters walked over to me, held up her little hands, and asked me to pick her up. How could I resist? I took her to give a kiss to the *mezuzah*, and showed her the picture of the Rebbe. We enjoyed each other's company for a few minutes, and then I tried to put her down. No deal. She held onto me with all of her strength and said "Don't put me down!" My heart melted and I held her for another few minutes.

The next morning while I was saying my



Kabbalah of the Month

By MELINDA RIBNER

Lech Lecha – A test of faith

This column is dedicated to my precious beautiful and holy friend Melinda Elliot who made a personal *Lech Lecha* yesterday. Melinda shed the limitations of her weak sick painful physical body to establish for herself a blessed holy place and name in the next world. I will miss her terribly, I miss her already and it is only less than one day since she left her body. I so much miss how much joy we had to simply say "Hello Melinda" to each other.

Even though our life paths were quite



morning prayers I remembered my granddaughter. I looked up to the heavens and said to our Father "Pick me up! Don't put me down! Hold me forever!" *Baruch Hashem*, I know that *Hashem* loves us much, much more than we love our own children (or even our grandchildren). *Hashem* is infinite, and His love for us, His children, is infinite. He is holding us in His arms all the time. However, in order to actually feel the presence of *Hashem* requires a lot of effort. This is the real goal of our morning prayers. We put aside all of our mundane affairs and speak to *Hashem*. We meditate how *Hashem* is really everything. We ask *Hashem* to help us to return to Him and come close to Him and feel His presence.

We want *Moshiach* now! We want to actually feel that *Hashem* is picking us up and holding us. Not just for a few minutes, but forever. When *Moshiach* will take us all out of exile we will feel *Hashem's* presence and His great love for us all of the time.

It is up to us to make it happen. We have to follow the teachings and instructions of *Moshiach*, the Lubavitcher Rebbe, and he will lead us to our complete redemption. He taught us to learn about *Moshiach* and to make the effort to go out of our own personal exile, and come closer to *Hashem*. To bring *Hashem* into our lives more and more by learning more Torah and doing more *Mitzvahs*. To plead with *Hashem*: "Pick us up! Take us out of exile! Send us *Moshiach*! Long live our master, our teacher, and our king, *Moshiach*, forever and ever!"

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

different, she was a soul sister. I am comforted knowing that she is no longer suffering physically and she is in peace and grace. She told me several times that she was ready to graduate. In my last conversation with her, she said, "My body is weak, but my spirit is strong." I told her how beautiful, amazing and awesome she was and that I loved her.

I thought about this week's Torah portion of *Lech Lecha* in the weeks preceding her death. The Torah portion begins with Abram receiving instructions to leave everything that he knew, what had formed his sense of who he was and journey to a place that God would show him. We each receive so many calls in the course of living to grow beyond the confines, the limitations of what we know, who we thought we were, to enter into the unknown, and be open to receive spiritual guidance to go forward in our lives. It is always a test of faith.

The ultimate *lech lecha* that we will each make will be at the time of our death when we will leave this physical world to be in a place God will take us as described in the Zohar as the 'Palace of Love,' "the place where the Godly soul enters after leaving this physical world, the place where all the treasures of the King are stored and all the love kisses of God are there." (From the chapter on reincarnation in *New Age Judaism*). Then we will know the truth of who we are and who God is.

Torah commentaries on this Torah portion translate the beginning words of the Torah portion *Lech Lecha*, as meaning "Go to Yourself," Go into yourself. Find the True Self, implying that you are not what others have told you that you are. The soul is the true "I", our true essence. We have a body, and we say my body, we have a personality, but our soul is who we are. God tells each of us, "Go on a journey to find and be who you really are, the beautiful holy soul, a spark of God. Listen not to the voices of the ego and limitation but to the still small voice within you, your own soul that is a part of God. God will guide you forward through your own soul compass.

To be a Jew, to be a fulfilled human being, is to make a *lech lecha*. We must know how to access, listen, walk and embody our soul essence. The soul is who we were before we entered this world, and it will be who we will be when we depart. Everything in this physical world is transitory, but the soul is immortal. God does not change. We must always seek to hear and nurture the soul for that is the truth of who we are.

My dear friend Melinda knew these truths in the core of her being and modeled them for all who were blessed to be around her. Even though she was in

(see Ribner, page 9)



Shabbat Shalom

By RABBI JON ADLAND

Pirke Avot 2:3 – Be careful in your relations with the government; for they draw no man close to themselves except for their own interests. They appear as friends when it is to their advantage, but they do not stand by a man in his time of stress.

**Nov. 4, 2011, Lech L'cha
Genesis 12:1–17:27, 7 Cheshvan 5772**

Now that the fall holy days have concluded, as well as a much appreciated vacation, it is time to return to this weekly opportunity to share my thoughts and help you prepare for *Shabbat*. The blessing of *Shabbat* rest and renewal, regardless of whether it occurs according to Reform, Conservative or Orthodox practices, rituals, or customs, enables each and every one of us to pause and take a deep spiritual breath.

Watching the *Shabbat* flames dance on the tip of the candle may remind someone of the *Shabbat* candles being lit in *bubbe's* home which may lead to recalling a bowl of chicken soup slurped down at a table covered with a white cloth and surrounded by cousins or aunts and uncles. The smell of a freshly baked *challah* or the sound of a chanted *Kiddush* may connect one's soul to a yesterday meal or an evening sitting with mom and dad in Temple. These memories nourish the soul and join one generation of Jews to the next. *Shabbat* is our Jewish time separate from that which is lived in a secular world of work and appointments, schlepping and TV, sports and hobbies.

Today is the 14th anniversary of our older child Josh's *bar mitzvah*. This is a *Shabbat* memory that will always live with me. Watching your child stand on the bimah, read from the Torah and offer inspirational words is a moment that will never leave my heart and soul. And now to see him as a young man.... Sandy and I spent time in New York last weekend with Josh and at the end of the weekend we went to the 9/11 Memorial. Josh had gotten tickets for us right after it opened knowing that we'd want to see it.

Our walk from his apartment to the Memorial took us right by Zuccotti Park and the Occupy Wall Street protest. (It certainly brought back memories of the late 1960's and early 1970's as we protested against the war in Vietnam or marched to free Soviet Jews.) We came to the World Trade Tower site and followed the path to

get into the Memorial. The security is high including several ticket checks and passing through a metal detector. Finally we walked up a short path and there saw this large plaza. At the edges of the plaza are new buildings under construction to replace, if these buildings can really replace what was lost, the twin towers. They are new designs and not meant to look like the towers. Then our eyes were drawn downward to where other visitors are congregated.

What we saw are two large squares set low to the ground: one for the north tower and one for the south. As we approached the squares we began to see words written on the raised area around the square and then we realized it is names – hundreds upon hundreds of names. They are grouped – Flt 175 or First Responders. We heard a noise and as we looked over the names to inside the square we saw water rushing from all four sides toward a dark empty square center with the water rushing over this empty square and falling into a dark nothingness.

It is not hard to understand the creator's intent of recognizing how so many lives were lost as the buildings collapsed leaving nothingness. For the loved ones, the survivors, for all who helped in any number of ways what is left are the memories. It may be recalling a face, a moment, and a laugh or for some maybe remembering a child at a significant moment in his or her life or maybe a bowl of chicken soup shared at *bubbe's*. Like a deep spiritual breath on *Shabbat* to help renew and refresh the soul, a visit to this Memorial is about remembering lives lost on a terrible day and taking a breath to say that we did not hide in fear, but continue to live and breathe. We continue to remember and those memories sustain us.

There are many ways to create Jewish memories, but *Shabbat* is an opportunity to do this each week. We can touch all the senses whether it is smelling a *challah*, looking at the candles, hearing *Kiddush*, singing a *Shabbat* song, tasting a *Shabbat* dinner or letting all of these senses be enhanced by being with the community at temple. We create memories now so we can hold on to them later when we may really need them. We remember the past to create and sustain a better future.

When you light your *Shabbat* candles this evening, light one for the power of *Shabbat* to enrich our lives, our memories, and our souls. Light the other candle and take a moment to recall a blessed memory in your life.

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

EDITORIAL

(continued from 2)

accompanied by musicians and 3 back-up singers, one of whom is his brother. It was reminiscent of a Shlomo Carlebach concert where the leader was not only a highly talented musician but also a storyteller and one with the ability to involve the entire audience. Nelson has an amazing strong voice like a cantor which he uses to belt out the words while playing a jazzy piano.

With both of these bands, the concerts are so much more than simply good music. Nelson helped the audience to see our common humanity. Through the music, the lyrics and the stories in



Joshua Nelson.

between the songs, he demonstrated how we can all become better people morally and be more tolerant of differences.

In Nelson's case, being both African American and Jewish he has the unique ability to bridge not only the religion gap between Christians, Jews and Muslims, but race relations between whites and blacks, and also the generations. This was evident in the audience who were people of all ages, races, and religions.

Nelson gave the audience all of himself including coming down from the stage at times. Together with the band, the Sacred Dance Institute, a dance group who practice at the JCC Peskovitz Dance Studio in Indianapolis, the performers all contributed to inspiring people to sing, dance and clap their hands to the rhythm of the music. The dancers are a Christian group lead by Tiffany Johnson.

One of the stories told by Nelson was about him playing at a prayer service where the congregation was lethargic. The rabbi asked Nelson to play something lively to wake them up. Nelson who is an energetic singer said he replied, "How about 'When the Saints Go Marching In'?" The rabbi responded, "That's a little too *goyish*." So I decided to play 'He Ney Mah Tov' to the tune of 'When the Saints Go Marching In.'" He then proceeded to do that for this audience.

I was seated next to a woman who attends Calvary Tabernacle a Christian church in the Fountain Square neighborhood of Indianapolis. It was heartwarming when she told me that she wished she knew the Hebrew words to that song so she could better sing along.

Reprinted from and see more photos on our web site in The Jewish Post & Opinion, Indiana Edition of Oct. 26, 2011.

Jennie Cohen, November 9, 2011 ☆



Jewish Educator

BY AMY HIRSHBERG LEDERMAN

A different code to live by

The day my daughter started school was a milestone for us both. She looked so grown up in her new jeans and Barbie T-shirt. I was bursting with pride as I snapped my Polaroid, the final shot of her waving goodbye at the classroom door etched in my mind. As I drove to work, my pride slowly turned to concern and then to outright angst. A serious game of second-guessing began.

Did we choose the right school? Would she make friends? Would she like the teacher? Did I remind her to ask to use the bathroom? But the question that really plagued me was: *Did she bring the right food for lunch?*

It may seem odd, even absurd, that my primary concern about my daughter's initiation into the world of learning was gastronomic. But, as with most of parenting, my fear had its roots deep in the soil of my own childhood.

Back when I was in elementary school, the popularity of any child was dependent on the contents of the waxen brown bag she dumped onto the lunch table each day. School lunches spoke volumes about a kid's social status and family background. Lunches were our social currency, they determined if and how we bought, sold and traded friends.

No one spoke directly about it but we all knew the "Code." White bread sandwiches cut on the diagonal were in; whole wheat and rye were out. Yes to Mayo, a big no to mustard and relish. Bologna, Kraft American cheese and peanut butter and jelly (not jam) were accepted. In the Caste System of lunches, anything different like egg salad or knockwurst turned you into an Untouchable.

The *piece de resistance* was predictably dessert. Vienna Fingers and Fig Newtons were a safe bet but brownies and Oreos gave you clout. Show up with dried fruit and you were branded a Loser For Life.

Bringing a Code lunch was tantamount to saying: "Hey look. I fit in. Even though my hair is a mess, my lunch is in order." Bringing a Code lunch meant someone at home was paying attention; they knew the rules. Someone at home cared.

I know all this because I suffered tremendously as a result of not being up to Code. Growing up in a small New



Spoonful of Humor

BY TED ROBERTS

Jews don't need frying pans

Looking back on my culinary life, it's amazing that I grew up as normal as I did. A Jew in the South was as gastronomically out of place as stuffed *kishke* in an ice cream store. All around me, friends and

Jersey town as one of five Jewish kids in my grade, I was the only one to bring ethnic food for lunch. My parents were not observant Jews and we didn't keep kosher. But a cursory look inside our refrigerator would leave no doubt about our heritage. We were not a white bread and mayo family; we were definitely a pumpernickel and seltzer clan.

Spiced salami on rye oozing deli mustard with a garlic dill pickle tumbled out of my lunch bag. Coleslaw juice with caraway seeds dripped from the plastic container onto my lap as I tried to hide a roll of apricot shoe-leather inside my math book. My lunch was different; it was smelly and wrong. In less time than it took me to unwrap my sandwich, I was indicted, tried and convicted by my peers. Lunch did more to separate me from them than a bad case of leprosy. I didn't meet Code. I didn't fit in.

I picked up my daughter after school and listened to her enthusiastic description of the events of the day which ranged from stringing macaroni bead necklaces to learning to say her name in Spanish. I listened attentively, fending off with a psychic stick the question I was dying to ask. Finally, I broke down.

"So, how was lunch today?"

"Fine. But Mom, I hate bologna sandwiches! Can I bring tortillas or sushi tomorrow like the other kids?"

I let out an audible sigh. Maybe her world would be different than mine; more accepting and open and diverse. Maybe her Code will include dill pickles.

Amy Hirshberg Lederman (www.amyhirshberglederman.com) is an award-winning author and syndicated columnist, international speaker, Jewish educator and attorney. Her stories appear in the Chicken Soup series and her book *One God, Many Paths: Finding Meaning and Inspiration in Jewish Teachings* won the 2009 Best Book Award from the Arizona Book Publishing Association. ★

neighbors were frying everything in sight; steaks, chops, potatoes, onions, okra. A Southern cook without a heavy cast iron frying pan was like a nightingale without a song. While at my house my mama was stuffing and roasting a veal pocket. I almost developed a neurosis.

School classmates: "Teddy, boy did we have some great fried chicken last night. Double dipped batter, you know. What did you have?"

Honest answer: "Carrot kugel."

Public answer: "Oh, we fried up a roast. Took a while, you know."

Why did my mother insist on complicating my integration into 6th grade society? We were hopelessly divided by the kitchen wall. At school I ate the contents of my lunch bag in the coatroom. My Christian friends were fryers. We were roasters. It wasn't bad enough that we went to synagogue on Saturday and they churched on Sunday. Or while I slaved in Hebrew school they played baseball. We ate weird dishes like *tsimmus*, *kanadlach*, stuffed veal pocket, Gefilte fish. And how could I ever explain Gefilte fish to my friend and neighbor Tommy Thompson, who thought a stuffed veal was a young cow who had eaten too much grass for supper. Another point of contrast between a shy, Jewish adolescent who wanted to pass as a native.

Grits was also a problem. They loved it. They even took cakes of it frigidly congealed in the lunch sack. My mother thought it was some kind of glue to patch the cracks in the sidewalk.

"Oh sure we have grits all the time. I had two bagels smeared with grits before I went to bed last night."

"On a what?"

"Uh, Colonial white bread, naturally. We love Colonial bread and grits" (not pumpernickel, the real receptacle of the nonexistent grits, which was really chopped liver).

Not only was I betraying my cultural roots, I was turning into a pathological liar. Next thing you know I'd be humming "Onward Christian Soldiers".

My pals came to school bragging about the charms of fried catfish. What hope did I have of exalting Gefilte fish? No bones? Tell them that my mama served it with a neat circle of boiled carrot atop each lump? I was hopelessly alienated. How was I ever gonna be the starting 3rd baseman if I ate Gefilte fish for supper and didn't dare reveal the contents of my lunch sack?

One odd place where my Jewish tummy joined theirs was chicken feet. At the local Chinese restaurant they were introduced to sweet, sticky, barbecue-flavored chicken feet. I leaped at the

(see Roberts, page 7)

America can't rest on its exceptionalism

BY RABBI DENNIS C. SASSO



The upcoming elections should move us to reflect on the values of democracy, liberty and justice that we hold dear as Americans. Even as we become increasingly aware of our global interdependence and the need to work alongside others who share our commitments to freedom and the pursuit of a safe and peaceful world, we might ask ourselves: What is unique, different and "exceptional" about being an American?

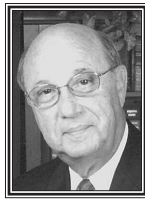
"American exceptionalism" is a long-standing historic and political theory about the qualitative superiority of the United States as a free nation based on democratic values and personal liberty. Our Puritan founders believed that God made a covenant with America (akin to the biblical covenant with Israel) and chose it to lead the rest of the nations. John Winthrop spoke of the "City upon a Hill." Some politicians today affirm that our values and rights do not stem from government, but from God; that our Constitution "was divinely inspired," a troubling premise that ignores that American government is "of the people, by the people, for the people."

The notion of "exceptionalism" is often associated with Alexis de Tocqueville. But, surprisingly, the verbiage was first used in 1929 by Joseph Stalin in challenging the assumption of those who believed that America was immune to the Communist revolution due to its wealth, industrial capacity and absence of rigid class distinctions. Stalin labeled this "The heresy of American Exceptionalism."

Feelings of patriotism abound in the world. From the smallest and weakest to the largest and most powerful, nations proclaim a sense of their special and often superior qualities: Britain, at the height of its colonial power; France, as the birthplace of modern European democracy; Russia, in developing the Communist State. I grew up in Panama, where the national motto is "Center of the World, Heart of the Universe."

During the past decade "American exceptionalism" acquired renewed political power. Disconnected from its historic context, the term was used to situate the United States as an "exception," often immune to international laws, adopting what other nations, and some Americans, regarded as unilateralist responses to terrorism and global concerns.

A more recent incarnation of American exceptionalism is the political evangelical



Wiener's Wisdom

BY RABBI IRWIN WIENER, D.D.

What is Thanksgiving?

Soon we will celebrate an annual event called Thanksgiving. It is an American holiday formed after the holiday in the Hebrew Bible known as *Sukkot* – Feast of Tabernacles.

The Bible tells us that it was incumbent on all the people to make a pilgrimage to the Temple in Jerusalem and bring the first fruits of the harvest gleaned from the fields to demonstrate appreciation to God for the blessings bestowed upon the people.

The Pilgrims who landed in the New World were grateful for many things, among

theory known as "Dominionism," endorsed by some current presidential hopefuls. "Dominionism" claims that Christianity is destined to dominate the government of the United States.

America's exceptionalism has been severely tested in recent months with the reduction of our credit rating and seething rebuke by Standard & Poor's. While European countries are similarly affected by weakening economies and dysfunctional political systems, America's preeminence is no longer unquestioned. Fareed Zakaria stated most cogently in his book, "The Post-American World," that it is "not about the decline of America, but rather about the rise of everyone else." And isn't the rise of America, politically and economically, best assured when linked also to the rise, security and welfare of the rest of the world?

A hymn, *This is My Song*, reminds us:

[T]his is my home, the country where my heart is; here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine: but other hearts in other lands are beating with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine. My country's skies are bluer than the ocean, and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine; but other lands have sunlight too, and clover, and skies are everywhere as blue as mine.

Patriotism and faith consist not in proclaiming a superior, exceptional status and resting on our laurels, but in realizing that democracy is a work in progress. Let us continue to labor as a force for peace in the world, a haven and laboratory for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Sasso and his wife, Rabbi Sandy Eisenberg Sasso have been senior rabbis at Congregation Beth-El Zedeck in Indianapolis for 34 years. Reprinted from the Indianapolis Star Nov. 1, 2011. ★

them the freedom from oppression; the ability to be free in a new land that was ripe for the experiments of choice resulting from hard work and determination. There were no task masters to control their goings and comings or to take tribute for their labor.

We have all read accounts of those times and the struggles and hardships that required steadfastness and dedication. There was comfort from and with each other that translated in survival in a harsh new environment. If ever there was the ability to be grateful, it certainly was found in faith.

The Bible played a significant role in offering comfort from the unexpected. Several centuries later there was found on the walls of a cellar where people were hiding from the Nazis which, perhaps, describes the torment and belief in redemption that the Pilgrims were looking for to assist in their ability to endure:

"I believe in the sun even when it is not shining. I believe in love even when not feeling it. I believe in God even when He is silent."

One of the writings of the great poet, Noah benShea, indicated that faith sees beyond fate. And that is the essence of what gave the people who witnessed humanities darkest hour and what gave the Pilgrims the ability to overcome difficulties of what they could not see or imagine.

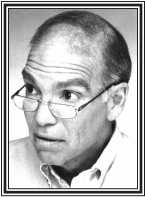
The 18th century German poet, Heinrich Heine wrote that human misery is too great for men to deal with without faith. As a Christian he was motivated by a deep desire to instill a feeling of worthiness in the human spirit that can only be found in a strong connection to God.

There was a recent movie titled *The Way* which describes with tender feelings and emotions the need to discover the ability to learn from our journey of life – the good and the bad. In it we witness people from different corners of the Globe searching for meaning as they endeavor to walk the path of generations seeking fulfillment and completion.

Each of them – four in all – came for various reasons; one for understanding; one to relinquish a bad habit; one for connection to a child lost to eternity and the fourth to write the great novel. There were dramatic events that took place during this long trek that affected each in differing ways. In the end they realized that the path to realization lead to a single concept of deliverance: Connection.

All of us, at one time or another, try to reach out to touch a hand or kiss a face or hear a familiar sound with the ultimate objective of feeling a togetherness that is essential to live our lives as God intended – united with a friend, a loved one, even a stranger.

(see Wiener, page 9)



Shipley Speaks

BY JIM SHIPLEY

Kol Israel Haverim

So, Gilad Shalit is home. Home after six years of captivity. This morning, long before you will read this the State of Israel and Jews around the world are experiencing a very Jewish emotion. Delighted he is home and alive, this soldier who was kidnapped while on duty. On the other hand, look at those *mummers* who were freed. Killers, Jew haters, unrepentant terrorists.

Yeah, we got our kid back. And in the final deal, none of those 1,000 with blood on their hands will get to be heroes in Gaza and worshipped on the West Bank. They will all be deported to Syria or Jordan or even Turkey. On the other hand, how long until they sneak back or allowed back to take up their chosen profession?

Israel is the historical home of the Jewish People. A People famous for arguing and nuancing every expression, every opinion. To see them all – Hasidim and Atheists, Agnostics and Conservative Jews, politicians and working stiffs – all agreeing that this was a good deal for us, shows that the Jewish Nation is still after all, one people.

Israel is like a badger in defending its freedom and its homeland. Turkey has an agenda. Obviously. They, who threw off the yoke of 23 occupying nations and revolted under Ataturk; they who value freedom and for so long flew the flag of secularism and tolerance. They have changed.

As the only nation outside of Iran and straddling the border between Asia and Europe that is Muslim but not Arab, they seek a new leadership position on the playing field of influential nations. And, having no imagination, their leader, Mr. Erdogan has picked Israel and the Jewish people as his personal whipping boy.

There are those in Israel who are upset by the way the Gaza flotilla was handled. And I guess, their Seal Unit could have just disabled the boat and let it float to Egypt. I don't know. I know that even the UN declared the blockade legal. Turkey wanted a UN investigation, but when it did not turn out 100 percent like they hoped, they declared the findings illegal.

Erdogan has threatened war with Israel. I don't think so. Israel stands united on this too – we do not like war, but we have never lost one. Turkey has and would have

a tough time justifying an attack on a nation which has a mutual defense pact with the U.S.

It has always been the history of the Jewish people that danger and stress pulls us together. When we have non-Jewish guests for Shabbat I always hold up the Challah and tell that there are three separate braids – representing the three branches of the Jewish People: Kohanim, Levites, and Israelites. I say “We are separate, but,” Holding up the unified loaf, “when you put the heat on us – we come together.”

The Palestinians of Gaza (and probably more than few in Judea and Samaria) are saying: “See, this proves that kidnaping soldiers works!” Well, maybe. On the other hand, some new training has for sure gone into effect over the past few years. Israeli soldiers will be better trained and probably have learned to shoot first and ask questions later in any questionable situation.

If the Jews of Israel are our family (and they are), we must allow them to make their own decisions on things like prisoner return and exchange. Who are we to judge? On the other hand, when the best shot at making a deal with Arabs is with Egypt, yeah, we could also worry.

Where does Gilad Shalit go from here? Well, by the time you read this he might have given us a clue. In his first utterances he has stated he would love to work for peace between Israelis and Palestinians. This could be a bit of “Stockholm Syndrome” or a true calling from a guy who for sure can draw listeners. At least the first time around. Time will tell where his life might go. Sharansky made quite a life after the Gulag.

When we first visited Israel shortly after the Six Day War, the nation was exhilarating and still fairly young and full of hope. The hope still lives. But like all members of our family, they have grown up to face reality and a world that is not always friendly and cooperative. Israel may feel isolated today, but things change. Jews have felt isolated and worse before.

At times like this we have always drawn closer together. Welcoming Gilad Shalit home. Turning to face the reality of another day. Realizing that with it all, we are still here. Together. Arguing, disagreeing; but coming out of this year's series of holidays a bit wiser, happier about some things, sadder about others. But, a family. *Haverim*.

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. ★



Jewish America

BY HOWARD W. KARSH

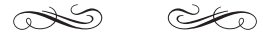
1000 for 1

One thousand for one ought to have been the headline, but we are used to the judgment of the world. We are experts at being overlooked when we do the right thing, and held accountable for things that no other nation would ever consider, such as giving anything to an enemy that still wants to drive us into the sea.

The Jewish world has been in a turmoil, and, now what an opportunity. Sit in a *sukkah*, and try to understand why we are still alive as a nation. It is not because we are stronger, brighter or more determined. It is rather by the Grace of the Almighty that the efforts we make are successful.

Sit in a *sukkah*, feel the spirituality of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses, Joseph and King David. There is much for us to do, but the outcome will not come from our sweat, but from our faith. Everything else is worth talking about, writing about and arguing about. Enjoy the rest of the *Yom Tov*. We will talk again.

Howard W. Karsh lives and writes in Milwaukee, Wisc., and can be reached at hkarsh@gmail.com. He has recently been named as a community columnist for the Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel. This column was submitted on Oct. 12, 2011. ★



ROBERTS

(continued from page 5)

cultural connection. My *bubbe* had been making chicken soup with only chicken feet for years. Not quite the same dish, but an area where I could truthfully praise our similarities. Of course, I didn't mention that *Bubbe* made a thin, watery gruel that resembled Chinese Dim Sum like dishwater resembled Clam Chowder. But like the book of Proverbs says or maybe should say, chicken feet is chicken feet.

Ted Roberts, a Rockover Award winner, is a syndicated Jewish columnist who looks at Jewish life with rare wit and insight. When he's not writing, Ted worships at Etz Chayim Synagogue in Huntsville, Ala., where for 25 years he has served as bar mitzvah teacher. His inspiration is his patient wife, Shirley. 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. ★

Parsha Perspective



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

Never leave the stranger outside

At the beginning of the weekly *parsha Vayeira*, there is a curious scene. Among the oak groves of Mamre, God appears to Abraham. It is one of those extremely hot days, like some summer days we've known in Baltimore and California's central valley. The kind of heat that rises in waves from the ground, the kind of heat that drives you indoors, that makes you want to sit still.

But instead of seeking shelter in the shade, Abraham sits in the entry to his tent, in the burning sun, looking out for weary wanderers. He is uncomfortable, but he isn't thinking about his own discomfort. In his direct communion with the Almighty, perhaps he shares with God the great loneliness the rabbis say that he feels.

After all, he has been sent here by God, away from his land, away from his father's house, away from his family, even away from his nephew Lot, who is camped near the city of Sodom.

Perhaps in his communion with God Abraham asks, will I always have to live alone?

And then something catches his eye. He looks up, and there on the roadway where a moment earlier was nothing, three men are standing.

Who are they? Where did they come from?

He doesn't know. But he hurries toward them from the entry of the tent and bows down to the ground. Please stay, he says. Let me bring water and food so you can wash and eat, he asks, as if they were doing *him* a favor.

Abraham rushes to prepare the food, which he brings back to them, and he stays with them while they eat.

There is something about this scene that may be a little curious. First the Torah says that God appears to Abraham. Then it says that when he sees the three men standing there, he leaves the presence of God and runs to greet the men. But why would someone run away from the presence of God to greet three strangers?

Tanchum Yashan relates that, Abraham knew that by hurrying to serve God's

creatures, he was actually serving God – so his departure from God was not disrespectful. That is, practical good deeds take precedence over any abstract spiritual fulfillment. To receive wanderers hospitably, says the Talmud, is actually greater than to stand before the presence of God! (*Shevuot* 35b)

So Abraham did not linger for a moment in the toils of mystic communion with the Creator, but ran to attend to the practical tasks of making welcome some tired and weary wanderers who required food, shelter and rest. Moreover, as we're reminded by Rabbi Samson Rafael Hirsch (1808–1888), "Wife and child, the whole household he hustles into activity, has everything prepared afresh..." – which, of course, is a lesson to us. Warmly greeting newcomers doesn't satisfy the *mitzvah* (commandment). The tradition teaches us that Abraham becomes a *navi*, our first prophet, at this moment of *hachnasat orchim*, welcoming strangers as guests – not through an overactive imagination, ecstatic vision, or making predictions of the future, but in the *simcha shel mitzvah*, "the joy that comes from true God-serving deeds..."

Abraham's example is written into our law in the Book of Leviticus: "And if there is with you a stranger who came from a land abroad, you shall not torment him. As one born among you, so shall the stranger that has entered among you from abroad be to you, and you shall love his well-being as if it were your own, for strangers you were in the land of Egypt; I, God, am your Lord."

"You yourselves learnt to know," says Rabbi Hirsch, "all your trouble [wretchedness] in Egypt arose because you were strangers there and treated as such...The consideration and love for strangers is the true test of your fear of God and your love of God."

And, says biblical commentator Nechama Leibowitz (1905–1997), Abraham's example of love for strangers has inspired his descendants down through the ages who have always been distinguished for their hospitality, fulfilling the words of Job who said, "I never left the stranger outside."

We think that most modern Jews would agree with Abraham's example. But if that's true, why is it that we often don't emulate it in our congregational communities?

Someone once said to us: "It's hard for me to go up to new people." The fact is, neither of us is naturally outgoing. We both identify with the reluctance to approach new people. Most of our lives we have felt awkward when approaching new people in one situation or another,

even when we knew it was the right thing to do.

What is there to fear in meeting new people?

One of our biggest fears is the fear of rejection. We were probably afraid that we wouldn't know what to say. Or maybe we thought that what we would have to say wouldn't be witty or intelligent enough – and we would be rejected.

And what is the answer to such a fear? We can tell you that the answer is *not* in our own talk. In fact, our experience is that our own talk can often get in the way.

The answer is in having a question. When we can ask a question, which allows the other person to talk, two things happen: First the other person feels the warmth of our interest. And second, we are relieved, because we don't have to do all the talking.

What kind of question are we talking about?

The particulars of the question are not very important. What's important is that the question shows that you have an interest in the other person and that you want to get to know him or her. You can always ask about family or recreational interests or work – whatever.

The next step, for some of us, ourselves included, is sometimes very difficult – to be quiet and listen. In the course of listening, you think of more questions to ask, which help you to get to know the person.

Then, like Abraham, you can invite the person to something so that you can get better acquainted. Your home is the best, but if not that, then to some other gathering, at your synagogue or elsewhere.

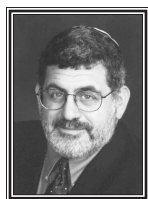
The last thing we have to say should really have come first. Based on the example of Abraham, go to the person. Do not wait for them to come to you. They may *never* come.

So when you see a new person, or even an old one, introduce yourself, ask a question, and extend an invitation.

And if this is difficult for you, put yourself in the shoes of that person. Remember how you felt the last time you were not warmly welcomed. Then try doing what Abraham was doing when he saw the three strangers. He was praying. Pray for the strength to carry out the deed.

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



Jewish Counselor

By RABBI STEVEN M. LEAPMAN

Esau sees past what is passed

In our age of pluralism and diversity we Jews have an impressive track record of striving to include others – social justice and tikkun olam are quintessential aspects of Jewish identity regardless of range of practice, expression or absence of faith. So, in the spirit of listening and learning from all voices, the following letter to our Patriarch Isaac from his son Esau, provides a chance to embrace an ancient appeal speaking from an unseen recognized corner of an ongoing family saga.

Dear Dad – The time of year is soon upon us when the Jewish side of the family reads *Chayay Sarah*, one record of the passing of your mother Sarah. You might be surprised to discover I do my best to keep up with family history, how incidents and accidents portrayed as my past transmit over time.

I know you never meant to push me aside; as many do, you conceded to pressures applied by a spouse's past and promptings you had for or against Brother Jacob. You had your weaknesses as do all parents, as parents are first people. I've come to see, from a perspective granted by time and geography, that the ills you enacted stemmed not only from what you understood of our shared home situation, but also what you did not understand, and what you couldn't or wouldn't allow yourself to understand.

Memory ripens forgiveness. Decades do not only recast the episodes we carry, but how we re-collect and re-member. I may not condone how you parented yet know I find love enough to move beyond it. All one has to do is tune into *Everybody Loves Raymond* or *All In The Family* to realize each family is its own empire, with provinces and premises, constituencies and commitments that bow to unpredictable torrents, often of their own making.

As Torah tells it, you and Mom weren't happy with who I wed; there is a "hint" I married to spite you given favoritism shown Jacob. Whether that is the case or not is decided in my heart daily within the privacies of my marriage. Never judge a marriage by a wedding; never assess a life by a funeral. What I will say, without revealing too much too eagerly as I reach out, is even in the closest of bonds we

examine the principles and perceptions that called us together.

Actually, I wish to return where I started. I know you miss your mother, Grandma Sarah. She loved you yet was robbed of your presence by the manner in which Grandpa Abraham practiced his convictions. One generation's excesses and enthusiasms can become burdens and pitfalls to its descendants. That was a powerful event, being abducted from home and Grandma Sarah in wee hours due to Grandfather's decision to obey God.

The fact that scholars for ages debate what he heard and did to you soothes my psyche as I envision our past. Later, I believe Abraham felt badly about his style of his religiosity, not necessarily his religion per se, given the embellishments and exclamations involved in buying Grandma Sarah's burial plot.

Shouldn't a death and interment be consistent with how a life was lived? Often the more flourish found in our couplings and departures, it seems, the less substance accrued to times we tread together. Am I packaging passive aggressive in nostalgia? I know it is fashionable to laud spirituality but be cautious not to confuse sentimentality and soul-health. I know that without occasional radical awakenings, the future would be mired in the past.

Yet I cannot help but claim that the insights and extremes one era uses to demarcate its independence determine a later generation's dependencies. For the sake of the future, your wife and my mother deceived you and so I was supplanted. I respect that a broader vision may've justified these choices, but as every epoch of a family or society evolves, are we free to barter away the sufferings of those not seen as vital to some great vision or promise?

Father, I wish to renew our relationship. What I seek is not a bond based on heritage, connections of covenant founded on this or that destiny. I reach out to you as a child, now an adult. I wish to know you as a person. My invitation implies no effrontery. Perhaps amidst the potential of our past, there is the promise of our present. Perhaps, as one exiled from another's history, I can be a reminder of the need to be with our loved ones as they are, for who they are, despite and because of what both the past and future days may hold. ~ Love, Esau

Rabbi Steven M. Leapman, LMHC, LCAC is licensed as a clinical addictions and mental health counselor in the State of Indiana. He is a former US Navy / USMC chaplain who currently serves a staff therapist at Samaritan Counseling Center in South Bend, Ind. He is interested in pastoral and general counseling, bereavement and loss, interfaith relations, and creative writing. ★

RIBNER

(continued from 3)

pain, she worked hard to consciously complete unfinished business with friends and family. Somehow no longer confined to a body, I can now see more of the awesomeness of who she was and is, yet I did see her soul when she was embodied as well. I feel that she completed what she had to do in this world and she ascended immediately to the highest places above. God is good.

Thank you for reading the outpouring of my heart. It is healing to share one's grief and love. I also wrote because I know there is so much we can learn from each other when we share from the heart.

Melinda (Mindy) Ribner, L.C.S.W. is a spiritual psychotherapist and healer in private practice (www.kabbalahoftheheart.com). She is a teacher of Jewish meditation and Kabbalah for over 25 years. Author of Kabbalah Month by Month, New Age Judaism, and Everyday Kabbalah, she is also the founder and director of Beit Miriam (www.Beitmiriam.org). She can be reached by email at Beitmiriam@msn.com or Miriam@kabbalahoftheheart.com. Kabbalah Month by Month offers guidelines, meditations, strategies, stories to promote personal growth and healing each month. ★



WIENER

(continued from page 6)

Some of us believe only what we understand, as Benjamin Disraeli remarked, but the truth is that we can believe what we don't understand, and that is called faith. It is this faith in ourselves and faith in the unknown we refer to as God that sustains us and gives us the impetus to continue with life even when there is the good and the bad in the mix.

The Pilgrims were also driven by a vision as described in Proverbs: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." The generations that preceded us and gave us the understanding of thankfulness through sacrifice knew only too well the meaning of dreaming what was considered impossible.

As we gather together at this great festival of appreciation let us remember, with gratitude, the people who allow us to rejoice – the men and women who serve our country wearing its uniform. Through the centuries they have demonstrated time and again the need for vigilance tempered with mercy so that all will be able to savor the abundance given to us by God.

Rabbi Irwin Wiener is spiritual leader of the Sun Lakes Jewish Congregation near Phoenix, Ariz. He welcomes comments at rAvyitz@cox.net. ★



Seen on the Israel Scene

BY SYBIL KAPLAN

The largest agricultural research center in Israel

- 80% of agricultural research is conducted in one place in Israel
- Israel is #1 in the world in the use of recycled sewage water
- Israel has developed a machine to remove pomegranate seeds from the shell
- Special packaging allows the export of herbs which stay fresh over 3 weeks
- 20 farms in the near-desert Arava grow ornamental fish for export to Europe
- Israel cows are the best in the world

Background

These are just a few of the achievements learned on a visit to the Volcani Center's Agricultural Research Organization, part of the Ministry of Agriculture and Development in Beit Dagan. Beit Dagan borders Rishon leTzion and is 28 miles northwest of Jerusalem.

The largest agricultural research center in Israel is 90 years old. Challenged by the global climate changes, the energy crisis, the food crisis, increasing competition, environmental impacts and demographic changes, the mission of the ARO is solving emerging problems in agriculture, the development and introduction of new products, processes and equipment and basic research.

On a campus of 1,500 acres, with a high fence around it and tight security, there are 200 Ph.D. scientists, 400 resident assistants, 220 graduate students, and approximately 40 foreign visiting people in training. Funding is 67% from the government, 25% from competitive funds such as foundations and 9% from the private sector.

Projects

A new variety of olive has been developed with a 22% yield of oil. Special packaging for fresh herbs such as basil, chives, oregano, rosemary, sage and lemon grass allows them to stay fresh more than three weeks. Desert agriculture now allows fish to be grown in the desert. In the Arava region, between Beersheva and Eilat, there are 20 fish farms which grow ornamental fish exported to Europe.

In the Dairy Center

The only research dairy barn in Israel is in Beit Dagan, and it makes profit and



Pomegranates. Photos by Barry A. Kaplan/Jerusalem.

works like a commercial dairy, producing new knowledge and developments. Each cow in Israel gives 3,170 gallons of milk annually or 4 3/4 to 6 gallons per day, a phenomenon due to their small bodies. Each cow weighs about 1,320 pounds.

Dairy farmers in Israel are unique; the managers hold BS degrees in dairy farm education. This institute is developing new knowledge and new genetic developments and they are leaders in nutrition regarding cows.

Although the Holstein cows in the dairy center have names, they are referred to by numbers which they wear. In one day they learn. They wear a device strapped to their front leg which signals to the computer to open a gate to allow each cow to have food from their own feeding place and it records what food and how much each cow eats. (Each eats about 55 pounds of dry matter a day.)

They also wear a special pedometer which measures the level of lying time and how many steps a day they take. Their daily routine includes 200 minutes a day

eating, 8 to 9 hours a day lying, 6 to 7 hours a day ruminating, and 4 to 5 hours a day sleeping. Every three hours, they get a 40-minute shower. In the remaining hours they are milked.

Around the age of two, they are artificially inseminated according to an estrogen-related cycle, and they give birth about once a year. After four to five years of milking, they go for meat production, with 30% being replaced every year.

Department of Post-Harvest Science

This department deals with studying shelf life of fruits and vegetables, working directly with farmers and farm organizations and on national and international research projects.

In one storage room, fruits are evaluated for quality, and firmness is measured with equipment. There are 35 cold storage rooms of different sizes and temperatures, each dedicated to different purposes as the institute tries to preserve fruits without chemicals and extend shelf life. We observed mangos, grapes, apples, watermelons, tomatoes and potatoes in various stages of experimentation.

Among the projects at the ARO is the development of new varieties of pomegranates expanding the normal two-month season to eight months of availability. Last year, 16,500 tons were shipped abroad and it is expected 20,000 tons will be shipped in the coming year. With pomegranates being marketed whole, as packaged seeds, as a natural juice, as a "wine," and in health and cosmetic products, scientists from this

(see Kaplan/Israel, page 11)



The corner entrance of Hamashbir's Jerusalem flagship store on Jaffa Road by Zion Square.



Jewish Theater

REVIEWED BY IRENE BACKALENICK

Standup comic stands tall – it's Judy Gold

Judy Gold bills herself as a six-foot Jewish Lesbian who lives with her two sons in a *shtetl*, as she describes it, on Manhattan's upper West Side. But she's a good deal more than that. Gold is a top-notch writer/performer/comedian. Her earlier award-winning show, "25 Questions for a Jewish Mother," had enjoyed a long run off Broadway and established her place in the comedy world. And now Gold offers up a new solo piece titled *The Judy Show*, also playing off-Broadway to packed houses.

Waiting for the Judy Gold show to begin, we are treated to a medley of tunes – all the theme songs from early TV sitcoms. And no wonder! The show is subtitled "My Life as a Sitcom." It heavily milks Gold's ongoing addiction to those shows as she was growing up. Living in that dream world, with those perfect families (*The Brady Bunch*, *The Partridge Family*), provided an antidote to her own difficult Jewish family and painful childhood. "My family had two ways of communicating," she points out, "screaming and not talking to each other."

Her current show, also playing off-Broadway to packed houses, focuses on those TV shows, though her mother remains the major target. The scrappy, loud-mouthed, over-dramatic Jewish mother may be a familiar cliché – but Gold

On this date in Jewish history

On November 9, 1938

Kristallnacht.

~ From *The Jewish Book of Days* published by Hugh Lauter Levin Associates, Inc., New York.

makes this portrait very funny at times. Lots of guffaws in the audience as viewers recognize familiar moments in Jewish life.

In one scene, as Judy goes off to college, she (with her mother at her side) prepares to find her own dorm room. Her mother strides purposefully down the hall, checking names on the doors. She wants to be sure her daughter has a Jewish roommate. "Oh, that's Herman!" she says joyfully. But stops cold. "With two n's? Hmmm... German!"

In fact, Gold gives the old, hoary Jewish jokes a fresh new twist. She lets it all hang out, never fearing to use strong language and sexually explicit images, going into great detail about her present and past life.

In all, there's a vulnerable, appealing quality to this performer, sometimes funny, sometimes less so. And, through it all, runs that yearning for her own television show, yet to happen. We hope she makes it.

Theater critic Irene Backalenick covers theater for national and regional publications. She has a Ph.D. in theater criticism from City University Graduate Center. Her book East Side Story – Ten Years with the Jewish Repertory Theatre won a first-place national book award in history. She welcomes comments at IreneBack@sbcglobal.net and invites you to visit her website: nytheater scene.com or at: jewish-theatre.com. ☆

KAPLAN/ISRAEL

(continued from page 10)

department developed a pomegranate seed extractor to remove the seeds which handles 1.5 tons per day.

Institute of Plant Sciences

This institute houses the gene bank. There are 2500 plant species in Israel and for the past five years the focus has been the concentration on preserving all seeds found in Israel and the surrounding area.

"Macy's, Move Over!"

For those unfamiliar with the shopping scene in Israel, there are many boutiques, a few larger stores like Fox and very few real American/European-style department stores. The exception is Hamashbir, a Histadrut labor federation enterprise that opened its first store in Jerusalem in 1947 and now has 38 stores countrywide.

This week, a dream came true as Hamashbir's Jerusalem flagship store (see photo opposite page) opened at the foot of the Ben Yehudah Street mall, off Zion Square, with windows facing both Jaffa Road and Solomon Street. Perched above the door is a gold sculptured lion, symbol of Jerusalem.

It has taken two years to build the store, which has modern up and down escalators, to one floor below main entrance and four above. The top floor will house a dairy coffee shop and tourist information station. The interior of the 125-million *shekel* building (at today's rate, \$456 million dollars) was designed by a leading European company, Umdasch. All of the sales associates wore white shirts with blue scarves saying Jerusalem Hamashbir. The brightly-lit floors have off-white tile floors, which give more light to the atmosphere.

On the ground floor are cosmetics, perfumes and jewelry. The second floor has beautifully displayed women's clothes, handbags and shoes. Floor three is mostly lingerie with a smaller section for infants' and children's clothes, where walls are decorated with children's painted handprints. The fourth floor is for the home with linens, housewares and home decorative items. The lower level has darker tiled floors and seems more subdued, housing men's clothes and a few pieces of luggage.

One has the feeling of modernity, newness, and a sense of order with style as one walks through the store, and for this Jerusalemite, it is a nice change and a wonderful addition to our city.

Sybil Kaplan is a journalist, food writer, cookbook author and feature writer who loves shopping in Jerusalem. ☆



Judy Gold in *The Judy Show - My Life As A Sitcom*. Photo credit: T. Charles Erickson.

Rabbi writes Thanksgiving hymn



HYDE PARK (CHICAGO) – Rabbi Elliot B. Gertel of Congregation Rodfei Zedek, Hyde Park, has written the words and music to a hymn that will debut at Rockefeller Chapel, home to America's largest Thanksgiving interfaith service.

"We have tried to balance traditional and newer hymns at the service," says Rabbi Gertel, a proud past president of the Hyde Park and Kenwood Interfaith Council, which organizes the event. "I have been working for several years on a hymn that would have a classic sound and words that would be true to the Judeo-Christian-Islamic heritage and yet be meaningful to others. Our Cantor/Composer, Jonathan Miller, edited the music and our new Cantor/Educator, Rachel Rosenberg, will lead in the singing," Gertel jokes. "After writing that hymn I had a strange impulse to nail theological principles to any door."

Thanksgiving will mark the rabbi's 24th and final participation in that service. In January he announced an early retirement to pursue interim positions in various synagogues.

"I have always written about American Jewish history and synagogue architecture," Rabbi Gertel says. "This will build on my interests. I wanted to do this while I was still young enough, and at a time when Rodfei Zedek is on the upswing in membership and programs. The time is right. When I end my tenure in June 2013, I shall have been here for 25 good years."

Gertel has also been the film and TV critic for the *National Jewish Post and Opinion* since 1979. His book, *What Jews Know About Salvation* (2002) convinced the Library of Congress to list "salvation" as a Jewish concept.

"I was touched that the board offered me the gift of a Sabbatical during the 2012-13 season, following the autumn Jewish holidays. I will be doing life cycle events during that period, but will be free of day-to-day duties. That was an unexpected and wonderful gift. Also, I'll never forget that after I sent a letter to the board asking them to vote for this final agreement and not to speak about it until after the vote, no one talked – unusual for any congregation. I was able to call most of our members and to personally tell them about my plan, though many knew that this was always part of my life plan."

Asked about the Hyde Park Jewish community since his arrival in 1988, Rabbi Gertel quotes the words of Ecclesiastes, "One generation goes, another comes." He says: "There was wonderful continuity. When I arrived, Rodfei Zedek, KAM Isaiah

Israel and Newberger Hillel were blessed with Rabbis Ralph Simon, Hayim Goren Perelmuter, Arnold Wolf and Danny Leifer. I benefited from their reminiscences. The longtime synagogue members were impressive and dedicated, and, for the most part, University of Chicago educated at a time when most Jews could not attend college. The younger members continued that culture of gentility. They all put up with my inexperience and *chutzpah*."

The rabbi's *chutzpah* led to a new building. "My first year, I drew a floor plan of a high rise/parking garage on our site with Rodfei Zedek and Akiba Schechter occupying the first two floors. A concerned member sent a copy to Rabbi Simon and our past presidents who vacationed in Palm Springs each winter. They credited it to naiveté and youthful exuberance. But then years later, due to effective lay leadership, we embarked on an improved concept – a building shared with the Jewish Community Center, on a campus with Akiba Schechter Jewish Day School. The neighbors in Cornell Village who were alarmed by my high rise plan ended up happy, and now rent our new social hall for their annual condo meeting."

"There was never any question that we would stay in Hyde Park," Rabbi Gertel said. "But I knew from the beginning that we would have to attract new members from all over. The high point of my early years was a 1993 reunion of synagogue alumni from the 1950s and 60s whom I had interviewed about their Judaism and their feelings for Rodfei Zedek. Over 120, from all over the country, including Mandy Patinkin, attended a reunion weekend and loved being back at their childhood synagogue. This led to our association with Etty Dolgin's groundbreaking Jewish education initiative, Moadon Kol Chadash (Clubhouse with a New Voice), in Lincoln Park, which enabled us to keep the grandchildren of longtime members in our orbit. I described the concept as that of 'one synagogue with many schools.'"

"I'm also especially proud of a social action program that may have saved East Hyde Park. In the early 1990s, HUD had a stupid vendetta against Bruce Clinton, who had saved Regents Park from being a den of prostitution and drugs. We held a rally in support of Mr. Clinton which was broadcast on *Sixty Minutes* and which helped him to retain management rights."

Rabbi Gertel remains hopeful about the vitality and creativity of Hyde Park's Jewish community. "Today there is a spirit of cooperation between the synagogues, Hillel and Akiba Schechter Jewish Day School which is exhilarating. I attribute this to the day school's success due to its principal, Miriam Schiller and her board." ★



Confidentially Yours

BY AVI & ADELE

Chitter chatter, but no pitter patter

Dear Avi and Adele:

I went on a first date last night with a guy I met online. We had chatted online, texted a bit, then met up. Online he seemed interesting and smart. In person, I couldn't get a word in edgewise. We may have had things in common, but who would know? He dominated the conversation, ordered my drinks for me (despite my demure refusal of a second drink) and left me nodding my head a lot while nursing a crème brulee. What could I have done to get some control of the conversation? ~ Stifled

Dear Stifled:

First and foremost, bravo for getting out there and bravely meeting a potential suitor (nearly) sight unseen. Avi and Adele applaud your *chutzpah*.

Now, to the business at hand: you were left feeling like a *schmuck* and the chatty chap came off as a bigger *schmuck*. Fear not, for we have a multi-purpose solution that fixes this (and many other) first date problems. Here's what you do: wait until he takes a breath and then say the following: "So, how do you think this is going?"

It's a simple question, because after all you both know you're on a first date. You're both thinking, I wonder what he/she thinks of me. This question opens that door. Your talkative Tommy likely would say, "I think this is going pretty well," since you're filling the job of his therapist (yet you're a lot easier on the pocketbook). Ideally he will say, "And what do you think?" But even if he doesn't, it opens up the opportunity for you to say, "I've never met anyone who can talk more than me!" or even "Not so well – I don't feel like you're interested in learning about me" or anything in between.

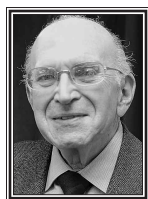
And here's another suggestion: next time, get your guy on the phone first to save yourself the annoyance of this verbal vulture.

When to cook dinner for her

Dear Avi and Adele:

I've been dating a girl for about a month now, and we really seem to hit it off. I want to show her I like her and I want to cook her dinner, but I don't want to scare her away.

(see Avi & Adele, page 13)



As I Heard It

REVIEWED BY MORTON GOLD

Musical treat for the ear and soul

Many cantors are releasing CD's, mostly – but not exclusively – for the membership of their respective temples. I have received one which I declare is really out of the ordinary and something special, a double set of CD's that anyone who loves music and appreciates the thrilling sound of an extraordinary tenor voice will love.

I am referring to **Musical Memories 1958 to 2008** featuring Hazzan Benjamin Maissner, cantor of Holy Blossom Temple in Toronto, Canada. This two disc set lets the listener in on a retrospective of his musical career, from an adolescent to a mature individual. He is blessed with a magnificent (and durable) tenor voice with the musical intelligence, training, discipline and *Yiddishe Neshome* to go with it.



Maissner

There are 20-lone selections on the first disc and 14 on the second and they encompass selections from opera, oratorio, and cantorial selections in a wide range of styles. Taken together, they are a musical treat for the ear as well as for the soul. In the space that I have I will try to briefly describe the contents of these discs.

The first disc is divided into four distinct segments. The first comes from his childhood (1958 to 1965.) In these one may observe that even though the voice is there its tone is not well placed. He also performs creditably on the violin. (How many *hazzanim* play the violin, well or otherwise? Unfortunately the instrument of choice these days is the guitar!) The concluding work in this segment is a thrilling rendition (with chorus) of *La Victoire*, a song of the French Resistance.

The second segment is taken from a recital given in 1971 at Temple University. His voice shows the result of excellent training. It is really a beautiful instrument and he could easily have had a career in opera or musical theater. While the selections of works by Mozart and Faure are very well done, the performance of *Le Roi d'ys* by Lalo is really special.

These selections are followed by Hebrew works composed by Willensky and Nardi. While all are very good, the performance of *Katzir Baemek* by Nardi

reveals stunning musicianship to go with his vocal prowess. This is followed by two works performed in concert at the Germantown Jewish Center in 1974 which was composed by H. Gamble. These pieces demonstrate an early commitment to performing new and challenging compositions. This is a trait that unfortunately has become rarer these days amongst cantors perhaps due to a variety of economic as well as other constraints.

The last grouping is labeled "Live in Concert" from 1979 to 1989. During this decade he was at the very top of his vocal abilities. If in the previous works one can hear the voice of a singer, in these selections one is listening to a *hazzan*, and a really good one at that. I was particularly impressed with the song of a *R'tzeh* composed by Hazzan M. Ganchoff. It is an a cappella work composed for *hazzan* and mixed choir. The music is well crafted and the performance is one that I describe as ideal.

It is a pity that most Jews will never hear this sung during a service. The reason is not so much that one needs a really good cantor and mixed choir, but rather that the music is not childishly bouncy and above all does not call for *par-ti-ci-pation* by the congregation. The music is inspiring and unmistakably Jewish in a very traditional way.

Selection No. 18 is an aria from *Israel in Egypt*, an oratorio by Handel. Maissner can sing Baroque music with the best of them. One can hear every note in the rapid scale passages. In No. 20 *Der Chazzan mit der Gabbai* he interprets vocally two very distinct characters. His Yiddish is warm and fluent and easily as good as his Italian and French. The last cut is *Lshana Haba'ah* from the oratorio *Haggadah* by M. Gold. The audience could not wait to applaud and perhaps immodestly I observe that I do not blame them!

The second disc is divided into three distinct sections. The first is labeled "Musical Souvenirs 1989" based on performances given at Holy Blossom. It reveals another side to Maissner's musical personality, a kind and popular side. The three works in this section include: *Jerusalem is Mine* by K. Karen, beautifully sung, really stunning performance of *Shalom Rav* by B. Sternberg, *Hallelujah La'olam* by Oshrat, arranged by R. Freedman. (While the key initially seems too low for Maissner, eventually the keys change and he is allowed to sing in a more effective range. The results are impressive.)

The second grouping is taken from works commissioned by Maissner and the temple from 1984 to 1986. The first selections come from a *Hallel* by Ralph Schlossberg. The music is lyrical, accessible and like every other selection on these discs is very well performed. The remaining works are

AVI & ADELE

(continued from page 12)

When is it too soon to start doing things that show I care about her? – Loves to Cook

Dear Loves to Cook:

An at-home date is assuredly a "next step" in a budding relationship. There are no hard and fast rules that we can offer about the timing of such an occasion. We have experienced this sort of cozy date in two ways:

– The "let's have a special occasion and I'll cook for you" at-home date. This type of date is what you're speaking of, and it's one where you put flowers on the table, light the candles, put out the real dishes, and lollygag over dinner, dessert, and wine. No television is involved, and while you might take a walk after dinner, the entire focus of the evening is on just being together at home. This can provide a nice backdrop for saying the lovey words you're longing to say and the gesture of making dinner and setting the scene really will reinforce that message. A Shabbat dinner is a nice way to introduce this at-home date and you can start your own traditions as a couple.

– The "nothing sounds good to do, so let's stay in" at-home date. This type of date is much more casual; you can wear your jeans and snuggle up around a pizza and a movie. The beauty of this at-home date is its level of commitment: you're not pressured to prepare dinner or make everything special. This is a nice foray into the at-home dating scene and can lead nicely to a future at-home date that's fancier.

Neither option will be a turn-off to her, so we suggest broaching the subject at any time you're ready! Sounds like she's a lucky lady!

Livin' and Lovin', Avi and Adele

To submit questions to *Confidentially Yours: Avi and Adele*, please email aa@letmypeoplegrow.org. For additional Jewish content, please go to www.letmypeoplegrow.org. ★



from *Simchat Shabbat* by Sol Zim, a fine cantor himself. These works are entertaining, foot tapping and have challenging cantorial phrases in them.

The concluding sections are "Highlights of the High Holydays, 1985 to 2008." The first in this set is a rendition of *Avinu Malkeynu* by Max Janowski. It gave me goose bumps to hear this gem sung by Maissner and his superb choir. The next work was *Uvashofar Gadol* by Gamble. This is an imposing as well as a deeply spiritual composition. While it is marvelously sung I can only wonder in

(see Gold, page 19)

Writers Speak

INTERVIEW BY SUSAN LERNER

Anita Diamant – Celebrating women's friendship and human resilience

As a girl who dreamed of becoming an actress, Anita Diamant had no idea she would grow up to become a journalist. Raised in a non-observant household, she couldn't envision that in her adult life she would pen books about Jewish life that would break new ground by cataloging and expounding upon the array of rituals possible in modern Judaism.

Diamant never thought that, mid-career, with several nonfiction titles to her credit, she would decide to challenge herself, break genre, and try her hand at novel writing. She couldn't imagine that her first novel, *The Red Tent* would become a best-seller, a mainstay of book clubs.

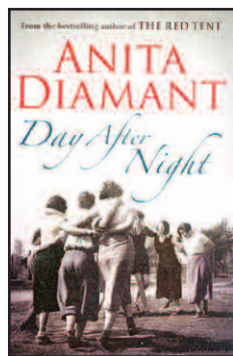
Diamant's original idea for *The Red Tent* was to write a story about the relationship between Rachel and Leah. Realizing she couldn't pinpoint a storyline, she found herself drawn to the story of Dina.

Diamant doesn't consider *The Red Tent* a Jewish novel. "The novel is set in pre-Sinai time before there was anything anyone would call Judaism. I consider *The Red Tent* a historical novel more than a biblical novel." Diamant added that the novel's popularity extends beyond readers of biblical and historical fiction because readers sense it celebrates the female.

Diamant first started writing nonfiction when she wanted information on Jewish rituals for her own wedding. She asked her rabbi for book suggestions. "He told me the books out there were awful, and I should write a book on Jewish weddings myself. The books available at the time weren't helpful. They were either written by Orthodox rabbis or they were etiquette books – like matching your napkins and *kippas*. The realities of my Jewish life weren't reflected in those books. In writing *The New Jewish Wedding* I interviewed a lot of creative people who were respectfully updating traditions in order to make them more personally meaningful."

"After *The New Jewish Wedding* I had no plans to write another Jewish book, but when I had a baby I found there weren't any books to consult about putting together a ceremony for a daughter. I saw the need for such a book. I wrote *The New Jewish Baby Book*, and all my subsequent guide books, as books of options. My agenda was not that you make any

particular choice. I wanted to show a menu of Jewish life. My readers may not necessarily be experts, but they are educated and smart. The purpose of these books is to give them the information they need to make their own decisions."



Palestine. She's now working on another novel that takes place in an immigrant community in 1915 in Boston. "I always look for under-told stories, or untold stories, which tend to be women's stories," said Diamant.

Writing has led Diamant in unexpected directions. About ten years ago she was working on a book about conversion. "I observed many conversion ceremonies, which take place in a *mikvah*, a ritual bath. These Jews-by-choice were making an extraordinary decision, and I felt the welcome we were providing was less than what it should be. The *mikvah* in my home city of Boston was not designed for conversions. There was no room for celebration. I thought we should be able to do better."

Diamant was spurred to create a new *mikvah* with an art gallery and stage, "It was a fairness issue as much as anything else, and a notion that this ritual should be beautiful and should belong to the whole community. I live in the liberal Jewish community. Liberal Jews have embraced other forms of ritual transforming it in their own way and it seemed to me it was time to transform this one."

Another artistic challenge Diamant has taken on is lyric writing. She was listening to a CD of songs composed by one of her friends, Bert Seager. "The melodies were beautiful, and I asked him if I could try to write some lyrics for him and he agreed to let me collaborate on ten songs. I loved it. I hope to do it again some day."

Diamant's work continues to leave a lasting impact. Her books carry the spirit of inclusion – either informing those who are marginal and not yet fully in the fold, or shining the light on never-been-told stories of women. Said Diamant, "The nonfiction books are attempts to open doors. The common thread of the four novels is the celebration of women's friendship, and of human resilience. I think that's a democratic – small D –

impulse that reflects both an American and a Jewish ethos and philosophy."

Read more of this interview on our web site in The Jewish Post & Opinion, Indiana Edition of Oct. 26, 2011.

Bee Season author Myla Goldberg

There's a quality about Myla Goldberg – an unjaded sense of curiosity and wonder. This, along with her unguarded demeanor and fast-paced, clever way of speaking, all lend an impression of individualism. Goldberg doesn't feel the need to conform, and knows her own mind. "From the time I was in second grade I was telling my parents that when I grew up I wanted to be a writer." Influenced early on by Dr. Seuss, Roald Dahl, Vonnegut and Stephen King, she grew up wanting to emulate their page-turning type of storytelling. "Stories were hugely influential for me when I was a kid, just this marvelous escape."

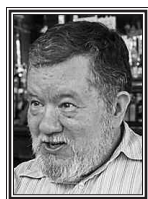
Goldberg got the idea for her first novel, the award winning *Bee Season*, by reading an essay about spelling bees in a literary magazine. "It focused on the kids who lose, rather than the winner. That sparked the little light bulb in my head. I thought, 'When it comes right down to it we are all losers. I can relate to that.'"

Bee Season is the story of nine-year-old Eliza Naumann and was adapted into a movie in 2005. Eliza wins her school's spelling bee and her father, a cantor and Jewish scholar, comes to believe there is a mystical power associated with spelling. He begins to spend an inordinate amount of time tutoring Eliza for the next bee while neglecting the rest of his family and in response his wife and son veer off course. Fallout ensues.

As research, Goldberg attended the national spelling bee. "What grabbed me are the kids. Everything they were thinking and feeling was written on their faces in large print. They all wanted the same thing. The auditorium had an amazingly intense atmosphere."

About two weeks after attending the spelling bee Goldberg remembered Abraham Abulafia, a Kabbalist she had learned about in a class on Jewish mysticism. Abulafia believed that in order to achieve transcendence one had to spell words perfectly and chant them a certain way. "While taking the class I never thought much about Abulafia, but he stuck in my back-brain," said Goldberg. "After attending the bee I saw this connection between spelling bees and Abulafia's brand of Jewish mysticism. These were two concepts with different intents, removed by centuries that ended up advocating the similar practices."

(see Lerner, page 19)



Book Review

By RABBI ELI MALLON

Important educational and cultural resource

Letters of Light. By Rabbi Aaron L. Raskin. Sichos in English Publications © 1994.

Science teaches that everything is made up of molecules, which are made up of atoms, which are made up of protons, neutrons, and electrons, which are themselves made up of "sub-atomic" waves and particles – quarks, leptons, bosons, and so on.

It's breathtakingly comprehensive and automatic. Utterly mechanical. Utterly impersonal.

Our interaction with such a universe can only be what Martin Buber calls "I-it." We can live in it, but we'll always feel separated from it.

The Besht states instead that the subtlest building blocks of creation are the sounds of the Hebrew *aleph-bet* ever being spoken by G-d. Rather than impersonal forces, waves, or particles, they're miraculous revelations of Divine Life forever expressing itself through these sounds, creating everything; filling everything created at every moment. Were it ever to stop, everything we know would disappear instantly.

These very letters are clothed forever in all the heavens to give them life. [1]

Our interaction with creation as the Besht describes it is thus always "personal;" what Buber calls "I-you," in which "you" is G-d. [2]

We not only live *in* the universe the Besht describes; we are in intimate union *with* it. The same Divine Life that's proclaiming it all into existence through the Hebrew letters, is also perpetually doing so to us and within us. We share our Divine Essence with all that is.

The Alter Rebbe tells us further that this is a major theme for *hitbonenut*, (Jewish contemplation), and the very basis of *emunah* (faith), according to the Besht. [3]

Each Hebrew letter, then, far more than being only an abstract symbol associated with a sound, is "Torah" itself; filled with infinite implications and holiness.

ChaBaD-based Rabbi Aaron L. Raskin has taken this as his starting point. He says that Hebrew letters (each a consonant) possess six features: "Design" (the form of the letter and the strokes necessary to create it); "Gematria" (its numerical value and the deeper truths it uncovers); "Meaning" (its "name" and what that suggests); "Nekudos" (or *nekudot*; the vowel markings associated with its pronunciation); "Crowns" (related to how it's written); "Cantillation" (the musical notes with which it's sung when Torah is read publicly).

This book focuses on the first four. Rabbi Raskin systematically discusses each letter with regard to its "design," "gematria" and "meaning." The "*nekudos/nekudot*" are similarly discussed in a separate section. His clear, consistent discussion allows us to compare one letter/vowel with another and to see the uniqueness in each. He goes more into the final two ("crowns" and "cantillation") in a later book, *By Divine Design*. That review can be seen at the following link: <http://rabbielimalmon.wordpress.com/2011/08/02/book-review-by-divine-design/> (In fact, *Letters of Light* should be read before *By Divine Design*, to fully appreciate the rabbi's discussion.)

He rightly notes that education in English (and most other languages) teaches only the shapes of letters and their associated sounds, for a child to be able to pronounce what's written or printed ("decoding"). Nothing's taught about *why* the letters are shaped as they are. Even if it were, it would have no impact on our interpretation of English-language literature (including English translations of Jewish scripture).

It therefore strongly suggests that lore about Hebrew letters and vowels (one example of which can be found in the Talmud; Shabbat 104a) should be part of a standard Jewish education for children. It could also be a great theme for Adult Education – even for those who have completed a "Crash Course in Reading Hebrew" or more advanced learning. It would also be an area of special interest to artists doing Hebrew calligraphy and design, adding deeper import and *kavanah* to each stroke.

Perhaps it could even become customary on the holiday of *Sukkot* for children (*nu?* Why not adults?) to make designs of the letters and vowels, hang them in a *sukkah*, and, using Rabbi Raskin's books, to make story-telling and teaching about them in there a regular program.

His singular familiarity with ChaBaD teachings – especially (but not exclusively) those of Rebbe Menachem Mendel Schneerson, z"l – is an invaluable resource in itself.

Rabbi Raskin does further service in providing excellent citations as to his sources. Anyone who wants to know more about Judaism surely wants to know where to look! Among other sources, he cites *The Wisdom of the Hebrew Alphabet*, [4] which makes an excellent companion volume to Rabbi Raskin's own books. [5] [6]

Letters of Light is an important educational and cultural resource for anyone who wants a deeper spiritual understanding of the Hebrew *aleph-bet*.

[1] abbreviated from *Tanya*, p. 287 (*Sha'ar Ha'Yichud v'Ha-Emunah*). Other early Hasidic teachers quote this teaching of the Besht's, too. In the *Tz'va'at Ha-Rivash* #108, the Besht also teaches that G-d is in the letters of the prayers we say. Thus, G-d speaks "10 'Utterances' [m'am'or'ot]," made up of the Hebrew *aleph-bet*, to bring all creation into existence, while remaining within those letters to make the process of creation continuous and perpetual.

[2] In modern English, "you" is used for singular or plural; for "intimate" (as with someone we love) or formal (as when addressing an elected official). In German (Buber's original language), the "intimate" form of "you" is "du," the formal form is "Sie." The original German title of "I and Thou" was "Ich und du." Buber used the "intimate" form for referring to G-d, much as Rabbi Levi Yitzhak of Berditschev did in his song, "A Dudele." It captures a sense of loving intimacy.

[3] In fact, the *aleph-bet* as the "building blocks of creation" long predates the Besht, going back to the era of the Talmud and Midrash and before. The Besht's special emphases seem to be: a) The 10 Hebrew "Creation phrases" and their letters are being "spoken" by G-d perpetually, and b) G-d remains within the letters themselves, and therefore within everything created with the letters.

[4] Munk, Rabbi Michael L.; *The Wisdom of the Hebrew Alphabet*; Art Scroll/Mesorah Publications; © 1983

[5] I also recommend the following: *Understanding the Alef-Beis* by Dovid Leitner; Feldheim Publishers, © 2007 and *Hebrew: The Eternal Language* by William Chomsky (historical/linguistic study); Jewish Publication Society, © 1937

[6] see also <http://www.viewart.com/alephbet.html>, a creative display of the Hebrew letters originally shown at Yeshiva University Museum.

Rabbi Eli Mallon, M.Ed., LMSW first came as an adult to Jewish learning, after experience with Transcendental Meditation (TM), yoga, and other growth-producing modalities. He also studied Jewish Science and Visualization at the Society of Jewish Science in New York. Over the years, he has (see Mallon, page 19)





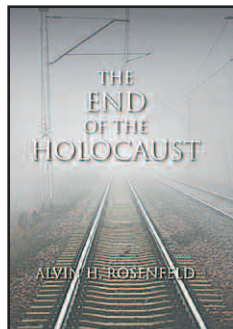
Book Review

REVIEWED BY ARNOLD AGES

Entropy of the Holocaust

The End of the Holocaust. By Alvin H. Rosenfeld. Indiana University Press (Bloomington, Indiana, 2011).

One of the things that I have always found lacking in the Swedish Nobel Prize committee is the absence of a category – namely, intellectual history and/or literary criticism. If such a category existed, the collected works of Alvin Rosenfeld and especially his latest opus on the Holocaust would undoubtedly earn him the Nobel Prize in the categories I have designated.



The End of the Holocaust is in many ways, a summing up of Rosenfeld's thinking over the years, a refining and sharpening of the intellectual instincts he has honed over decades and the wrapping of those insights in a felicitous and carefully restrained English prose style – which it must be said, stands in stark contrast to the outrageous subject matter with which he deals.

The result is a stunning reconstruction of the way in which the Holocaust has lost much of its élan vital since 1945 because of diverse pressures which have been brought to bear upon its vulnerable shoulders. Rosenfeld even evokes a term from physics – entropy – to describe the loss of energy and the natural disintegration of matter which he applies to such epoch-making events as the Holocaust.

But the starting point in his critical trajectory might surprise some; Rosenfeld alludes powerfully to President Ronald Reagan's 1985 speech in which he had the unwisdom to compare the fate of SS soldiers buried in the cemetery at Bitburg, Germany with the victims of Nazi barbarism murdered at Bergen-Belsen.

This was an egregious example of the criminal levelling of the playing field and despite Elie Wiesel's plea to the president not to go there ("the words die on my lips," said Wiesel in a direct but unsuccessful televised confrontation with the president) Reagan went there and provided the Germans with an absolution they have always sought.

Perhaps the most important part of Rosenfeld's cogent analysis is his exegesis of the American role in the diminishment of impact of the Holocaust. This he does by providing a history of the production of the *Diary of Anne Frank* on Broadway in 1956 and in tracing the success of the published and film versions of her saga. There are some surprises here.

The writers of the Broadway script of the play and Garson Kanin, the director, created a version of Anne's diary which was completely de-judaized. In this regard Kanin was not opposed by Anne Frank's father, who wanted the drama version to reflect a universalistic value rather than a parochial one. In discussions during the preparation of the script, Kanin justified the "ethnic cleansing" of the diary by arguing that accentuating the Jewish fate of the Frank collective would be a form of "special pleading."

While the Broadway play was an ersatz incarnation of Anne's diary with the Jewish heart removed, the work was nonetheless a brilliant success. (This reviewer admits to seeing it in 1956 and was deeply moved). What Rosenfeld explains, however, is how the play fits into the "Americanization" of the Holocaust.

People who saw the play remembered one line from Anne's journal – "Despite everything, I believe that people are essentially good." The author muses over the fact that Anne might have had other final thoughts as she lay dying from typhus along with her older sister in Bergen Belsen (after a stint in Auschwitz) all the while begging fellow inmates to close the door of the barracks from the cold that was torturing their feverish and expiring bodies.

In pursuing the fate of *Anne Frank's Diary*, Rosenfeld turns to the reception of the book in Germany. He explains that in the wake of the collapse of the Third Reich, the allies instituted a series of war crimes tribunals at Nuremberg and elsewhere. In addition they forced many Germans to watch films of the concentration camps including scenes of thousands of decomposing corpses. These things had relatively little effect on the German public, says the author, because it permitted them to apportion any possible guilt to those on the top and to distance themselves from any involvement in Nazi atrocities.

How then can one explain the success of *Anne Frank's Diary* in Germany when it records poignantly what happened to a Jewish family in Amsterdam victimized by the Gestapo and the brutal Nazi apparatus of pursuit and destruction of European Jews? Rosenfeld answers that question by patiently examining the German text which was circulated in the country.

By dint of specific examples the author shows that not only was the play de-judaized, it was also de-Germanized, that is to say, that even the several slight references to Nazis in the diary and the graphic references which Anne made to the Jews who were being murdered in the "East" were extinguished from the German translation.

One might charitably argue therefore that the "Americanization" of the Holocaust seeped into the consciousness of the German translator who thought it unnecessary to inculcate the entire German nation since the "universal" message in the diary's plea about the goodness of man was the supreme desideratum.

Rosenfeld is not finished, however, with dissecting America's role in the fading of Holocaust consciousness and to this end he alights upon Stephen Spielberg's *Schindler's List*. Without for a moment denying the aesthetic triumph of the film, Rosenfeld patiently shows that by transforming the Holocaust into the singular vision of a good German who saved Jews (Jews, the author adds, who aside from the bookkeeper, had no perceivable or identifiable character traits), the story of the murdered six million tends to fade into the background.

Why this particular focus? Rosenfeld is right on when he explains that this is Hollywood's way – the happy ending is the sine qua non of the film industry and while the author pays homage to Spielberg's cinematic artistry, the end result is a masking of the real dimensions of the Holocaust, an act aided by the touching final scene of the film when the survivors of *Schindler's List* visit his grave site in Jerusalem.

Among the most powerful sections of this profoundly moving excursus on the destruction of European Jewry are the sketches the author provides of the roles of the witnesses to the Holocaust – such as Jean Améry, Primo Levi, Imré Kertész and Elie Wiesel. It is fascinating to learn that Rosenfeld was in correspondence with Levi and provides quotations from some of the letters to the Italian chemist and his responses.

There is a surmise here that the first two took their own lives, in part because of their apprehensions that the events of recent years – Holocaust denial, ethnic cleansing in the Balkans and Africa – showed that the lessons they had tried to impart in their writings about the inexplicable horrors of the Holocaust had been totally ignored, leading them to personal crises that they could not overcome.

Some of the crises in question might have been actuated by an historical trend (see Ages, page 19)

Book Reviews

REVIEWED BY MORTON I. TEICHER

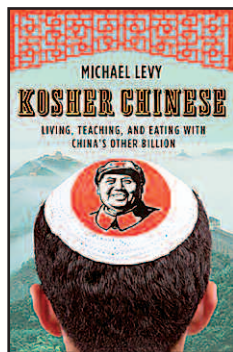
Service in Peace Corps in China

Kosher Chinese. By Michael Levy. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 2011. 256 Pages. \$15.

This memoir describing service in the Peace Corps follows a well-established tradition of returned Peace Corps volunteers writing books to share their experiences. The first one, published in 1965, was authored by Arnold Zeitlin. *To the Peace Corps with Love* gave an account of his two years in Ghana. Two personal recollections followed in 1966 and 1968, also recounting service as Peace Corps volunteers in Africa, and also written by Jews. Through the years since then, a host of Peace Corps memoirs have followed with Levy's fine narrative continuing what has now become a time-honored convention.

The Peace Corps is an enduring monument to John F. Kennedy who, in 1951 as a Congressman, first suggested the notion of young college graduates bringing technical assistance to underprivileged people in the Middle East. When Kennedy ran for president in 1960, he put forward a refinement of his idea and, after taking office, with Congressional support, he established the Peace Corps in 1961. He appointed his brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, as its first director and, under his able leadership the Peace Corps began recruiting volunteers in 1962. Since that time, 200,000 volunteers have served throughout the world (including two of my granddaughters).

Before arriving in China in 2005, Levy was an observant Jewish high school teacher of English and history in New York and New Jersey. He tells us little about his motivation for joining the Peace Corps, concentrating instead on his experiences in China where Peace Corps volunteers have served since 1993. Initially, because of suspicions about foreign meddling, the volunteers were restricted to a relatively wealthy province. As the volunteers and their Chinese hosts became more accepting of each other, volunteers were assigned to poorer parts of the country, including the region to which Levy was sent.



After about three months of training in China, Levy finally went to Guiyang, a rainy town in the center of China, home to the province's university where he spent the next two years teaching English. Arriving on a Friday evening, Levy recalls Shabbat at home where he would be resting, praying, and studying. The rest of the book details his experiences in what he calls "red China," with its billion Chinese "clinging to Maoism," as differentiated from the 300 million Chinese who live in Westernized cities. One of his aims is to correct American misconceptions about China based on our lack of knowledge and, although he doesn't say this specifically, it is surely important for Americans to have a better understanding of China as it grows in power and influence. His book is a significant contribution towards achieving that crucial objective and its light-hearted approach will make it easy for his readers to learn about China.

Levy's identification as a sensitive Peace Corps volunteer is buttressed by his self-awareness as an observant Jew. He humorously details the consequences of these identities as he interacts with his students and with Chinese friends. It is a tribute to his adaptability that he learned to eat Chinese food even though at home in Brooklyn, he is strict in observing kosher rules.

This witty and amusing memoir not only recounts Levy's experiences as a Peace Corps volunteer but also provides keen insights into contemporary China. As the Peace Corps celebrates its 50th anniversary, Levy has provided a profound illustration of Kennedy's wisdom in establishing the Peace Corps, reminding us of its great importance to the volunteers, the host countries, and to all Americans.

Interviews with those involved

When Boxing Was A Jewish Sport. By Allen Bodner. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 2011. 208 Pages. \$24.95.

During the 1920s and 1930s, Jews were heavily engaged in boxing as fighters, managers, trainers, and promoters. Author Bodner, whose father was a boxer in the 1920s and a manager in the 1930s, decided to write this account of Jewish participation in boxing. He interviewed about

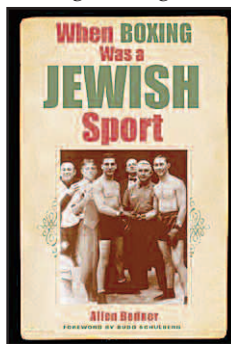
30 individuals who had a role in some aspect of boxing. The book consists largely of quotes from what they said. The material is organized into fifteen chapters that shed some light on the participation of Jews in boxing. The author includes in his Appendixes a list of those he interviewed; the ten championship fights that involved two Jews; the Jewish champions; the ten greatest Jewish boxers of all time; a "gallery" of Jewish boxers from 1900 to the present; Jews in the boxing hall of fame; and records of world champions, interviewees and others. This is useful information for anyone interested in studying the Jewish role in boxing.

Bodner begins with a brief history and then explores the popularity of boxing among participants and fans as well as its rejection by the Jewish press and by the parents of many fighters. In a long chapter, Bodner examines Jewish immigration to the United States and the attitudes of Jewish immigrant parents toward their sons becoming boxers. He argues that it is a misconception to assume that Jewish parents were uniformly opposed to the involvement of their sons in boxing, claiming that fathers were more accepting and that, in any event, the negative attitudes lessened in time, especially when the Great Depression caused families to welcome the earnings that boxers brought home.

Benny Leonard and Barney Ross, perhaps the greatest Jewish boxers of all time merit a chapter. The general absence of anti-Semitism in boxing save for some of the spectators and the impact of World War II are considered. The lengthiest chapter, "The Main Event," records verbatim accounts by the interviewees of their positive and negative experiences as boxers. The remaining chapters deal with the earnings of the boxers; mob control and fight fixing; brain damage to boxers; and life after retirement.

Sports fans will find this to be an interesting book while others may learn about a piece of the American Jewish experience with which they may not be familiar. All readers will require patience with the repetitious writing and the stylistic errors. Better editing should have been done by Praeger Publishers which originally released the book in 1977 and by the State University of New York Press which is responsible for this new paperback edition.

Dr. Morton I. Teicher is the Founding Dean of the Wurzweiler School of Social Work, Yeshiva University and Dean Emeritus, School of Social Work, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. ★





My Kosher Kitchen

BY SYBIL KAPLAN

Thanksgiving recipes

Most people think of Thanksgiving as strictly an American creation with no particular religious connotations. Even Americans living in Israel often get together that Thursday evening and, more often, the next evening, Friday, and serve an American Thanksgiving dinner.

But think back a few weeks to our celebration of *Sukkot*. Could Thanksgiving have Jewish roots? Thanksgiving is a celebration of the ingathering of the harvest in the fall, at a time prior to the onset of the rains. Thanksgiving is placing trust in G-d as our protector. Thanksgiving is expressing gratitude for the blessings G-d has bestowed upon His people.

Now go back and substitute the word *Sukkot* for Thanksgiving? Isn't this a perfect description of *Sukkot*, prescribed in the Book of Leviticus and celebrated for more than 3,000 years by Jews? Here is a review of a new cookbook and recipes of side dishes from the cookbook to serve with your Thanksgiving meal.

The Hadassah Everyday Cookbook. By Leah Koenig, Universe/Rizzoli, \$34.95.

As a longtime life member of Hadassah, former member of the National board, compiler/editor of the Hadassah College cookbook, and contributor to their 2002 cookbook, *The Hadassah Jewish Holiday Cookbook*, I was excited when I learned another Hadassah cookbook had been published.

To my surprise, except for the introductory remarks about Hadassah by Joan Nathan, nothing about this cookbook deals with Hadassah. The author never mentions any connection. The recipes are not from Hadassah members. The publisher's jacket information about the cookbook has no mention of Hadassah. Only a paragraph on the inside back jacket mentions Hadassah and its own cookbook.

So why exploit Hadassah's name? Is the author or the publisher giving a percentage of the profit to Hadassah projects? No mention of this either. So why didn't they just give it a cutesy name with the subtitle, "Daily meals for the contemporary Jewish

kitchen"? I don't know, and there is no hint of the answer.

With that information on the table, what do we have here? There are 170 recipes in eight chapters whose titles are a little different than other cookbooks – breakfasts and breads, salads and spreads, sandwiches and pizzas, soups and stews, sides, mains, sweets and anytime snacks. Hints, ideas and tips are boxed – how to remove corn kernels, how to broil eggplant, how to remove pomegranate seeds, how to make brown sugar – among the choices.

Menu ideas, ingredient sources, measurement conversion and two indexes – one on *kashrut* and a regular one – complete the book. I particularly liked the *kashrut* index, separating dairy, meat and *pareve*.

There are classic recipes, traditional recipes and unusual recipes – all looking flavorful in the many full-page, color illustrations. Among the classic and traditional recipes are: smoke salmon scrambled eggs, lemony chicken soup, and herb-roasted chicken.

There are more of the unusual such as: Sabich, the Iraqi dish served in pita with humus, salad, egg and tahini; Muhammara, the Middle Eastern red pepper and walnut spread; quinoa stuffed squash; olive oil cookies; and citrus cod with white wine, for example.

Creamy soup with variations for winter, spring, summer and fall and fruit crumble with winter, spring summer and fall were particularly clever. Every recipe has a comment which I personally love! Each is marked meat, dairy or *pareve*. Ingredients are in two columns which make for easy reading. My highest scoring goes to the instructions being numbered. In that way, the cook can easily keep track of what step to take next.

This is a useful (albeit coffee-table size) work which would make a nice gift for the medium or advanced cook. It is not particularly geared to the beginning cook.

Leah Koenig contributes a monthly column to *The Forward* and writes for a variety of other publications. Lucy Schaeffer is former photo editor for *Food & Wine Magazine*.

Sweet Potato and Carrot Soup (4 servings)

1 Tbsp. olive oil
1/2 cup chopped onion
1 1/2 cups chicken broth*
1 cup peeled sweet potato, cut into 1/2-inch cubes
1/2 cup peeled carrots, cut into 1/2-inch circles
1 Tbsp. brown sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. ground ginger
pinch nutmeg

2 Tbsp. butter or margarine*
2 Tbsp. all-purpose flour
1/4 tsp. salt
salt and freshly ground black pepper
1 cup milk*

*To with a meat meal, use *pareve chicken soup*, *pareve margarine* and *non-dairy creamer*.

Heat oil in a large stockpot or Dutch oven over medium heat. Add onion and saute, stirring occasionally until just translucent, about 6 minutes. Add broth, sweet potato, carrots, brown sugar, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg; bring to a boil, then reduce heat to simmer, partially cover and cool 15–20 minutes. Turn off heat. In a blender, working in batches, puree soup until creamy and return to pot. Melt butter or margarine in a pan over medium-low heat. Add flour and stir until a thick roux forms, about 3 minutes. Add milk, salt and pepper and cook, stirring constantly until thick, about 7 minutes. Whisk milk mixture into puree and serve warm.

Quinoa-Stuffed Squash with Pears and Cranberries (Serves 10)

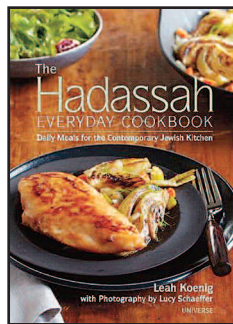
6 butternut squashes, halved lengthwise, seeds removed *or*
5 small acorn squashes
5 Tbsp. olive oil
2 cups vegetable broth
1 cup quinoa
2 firm red pears, chopped
1 small diced red onion
1 diced celery rib
1 sprig fresh thyme *or*
1 tsp. dry thyme
1/3 cup dry cranberries
1/3 cup chopped pecans
salt and freshly ground black pepper
2 Tbsp. honey (optional)

Preheat oven to 425°F. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper or foil. Rub squash flesh with 3 tablespoons oil and place face up on the baking sheet. Roast for 25–30 minutes until flesh is easily pierced with a knife. If using acorn squash, roast for 30–35 minutes. Remove from oven and cool.

Bring broth to a boil in a saucepan; stir in quinoa, lower heat and simmer, covered according to package directions. When quinoa is done cooking, turn off heat, add pears and cover the pot to allow pears to steam for a few minutes.

In a medium pan, heat remaining 2 tablespoons oil over medium heat. Add onion and celery and saute until soft and translucent, about 7 minutes. Add thyme and saute additional 1 minute.

Add onion mixture, cranberries and pecans to cooked quinoa and toss until
(see Kaplan/Recipes, page 19)



GOLD

(continued from page 13)

how many other temples this *t'filah* could be performed these days.

This is followed by a very traditional tour to force, *Av Harachamim* by J. Brody with orchestral accompaniment. In a much lighter vein Maissner and company perform the *Chassidic Kaddish* attributed to David Koussevitsky. Would that others would perform it this way and also this well.

The concluding work is the *Shehecheyanu* by Schlossberg. I believe that if Offenbach were to come back to life, he could not have devised such a spirited romp as this piece. It affirms life and is lovingly as well as accurately performed and Maissner. It ends this retrospective literally as well as figuratively on a high note. *Yashir Koach*. These discs are very highly recommended.

Dr. Gold is a composer, conductor and a music and drama critic. He may be reached at: drmortongold@yahoo.com. ★

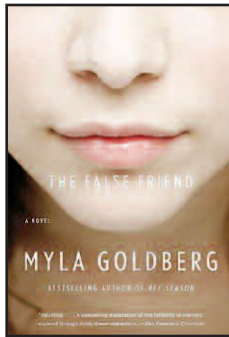
**LERNER**

(continued from page 14)

Wickett's *Remedy*, Goldberg's second novel was sparked by an interest in the 1918 influenza epidemic. "I read an article in the Times that listed this as one of the ten worst epidemics of all time. I thought, 'How could I have not heard of this?' It seemed our culture as a whole had forgotten this epidemic, and that led to my fascination with mass amnesia. I wondered how it is that we remember some events, and forget others."

The seed of Goldberg's third, and most recent novel, *The False Friend*, came from her remembering, 15 years after the fact, that when she was 11, she had thrown a pair of scissors at her best friend. "I was curious about the fact that I had forgotten this for so long, and also that my vision of myself as a girl was that I was a victim. It was interesting to explore the idea that one can be the bully and also being a person who is bullied – be on both sides of it. I was also drawn to the idea that we are what we remember. What we remember about the past informs who we are today and the decisions we make. But what if the stuff we're remembering isn't actually true? Our identities are built upon such flimsy material. That's frightening and fascinating."

Goldberg lives with her husband and



two young daughters in Brooklyn where she juggles family, teaching and writing. "When I have a writing day I treat it like a full-time job. I'm at my computer by nine in the morning. I write until the kids come home from school." As for managing her hectic schedule of teaching, writing and touring to promote *The False Friend*, Goldberg said, "Luckily, I have an incredibly supportive partner. He's an artist too, a cartoonist. We both understand what the other's career requires so we divide everything 50-50. Also, I'm really organized – strict and disciplined when it comes to scheduling."

Goldberg talked about writing, "Everyone begins with this big, grand, sparkly idea. It's really hard to try to translate an inchoate notion – more like pictures and concepts – into words on a page that stay faithful to the original vision." Ever-optimistic, she added: "I believe the back-brain, the subconscious, is always working. If I have any sort of faith in this world, it's the faith in the power of the human imagination, the power of creativity."

Susan Lerner is a freelance writer living in Indianapolis. She is working towards an MFA in Creative Writing and posts book reviews at <http://booklerner.blogspot.com>. ★

**MALLON**

(continued from page 15)

taught people of all ages as a bar/bat mitzvah instructor, Hebrew school teacher, cantor, pastoral counselor and rabbi, in addition to his work in public education. He resides in New City, NY. View other works by him at <http://rabbielimallon.wordpress.com>. ★

**AGES**

(continued from page 16)

documented by Rosenfeld towards the end of his treatise. There is a school of writers who, while not denying either the fact or the dimensions of the Holocaust, criticize Jews for dwelling excessively on this subject because that preoccupation, it is claimed, blinds them to the suffering of others – be it the Indian victims of genocide in North America, the Blacks who were sold into slavery or the Africans murdered in Rwanda and other countries on that continent.

This is the return of the Garson Kanin special pleading argument used to "humanize" *Anne Frank's Diary* for the Broadway stage. Rosenfeld has some astute responses to this reckless charge as he points out that focusing on the Holocaust makes one more sensitive to human suffering rather than less.

This reviewer would add that the Jewish consciousness of the Holocaust as it has been expressed for the last several decades has been the pump primer for those who now call for advertising the tragic fate of other victims. Before Jews began to ventilate their feeling about the Holocaust, there was relative silence about the misfortunes of others; after the flood of Jewish consciousness about the European fate of their brethren became part of the public domain, others chimed in about special pleading and pointed to other genocides.

Regrettably Rosenfeld is probably right about the "end of the Holocaust" and as the survivors pass on to their rewards, his prognosis will be authenticated. However, it is a mark of the righteous, Jew or gentile, to fight the erosion by reading the literature of the witnesses to the Holocaust because, as the author notes, in that reading we become "witnesses to the witnesses."

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

**KAPLAN/RECIPES**

(continued from 18)

combined; add salt and pepper to taste. Broth is already salty so be careful when adding more salt.

Fill each squash and half with quinoa mixture. Drizzle with a bit of honey before serving if desired.

Pan-Roasted Brussels Sprouts with Toasted Almonds (serves 4–6)

2 Tbsp. olive oil
3/4 pound washed and quartered Brussels sprouts
2 minced garlic cloves
1 tsp. water
2 tsp. tamari or soy sauce
1/2 cup slivered almonds

Heat oil in a large pan over medium heat. Add Brussels sprouts, garlic and water; cover and cook, stirring occasionally, until Brussels sprouts are soft and browned, about 8 minutes. Stir in tamari or soy sauce, cover and cook for another 2 minutes. Heat small pan over medium heat; add almonds and toast, stirring occasionally, until browned and fragrant, about 7 minutes. Sprinkle over Brussels sprouts just before serving.

Sybil Kaplan is a journalist, food and feature writer, Jerusalem Post columnist and author of nine kosher cookbooks. She leads "Shuk Walks" in Jerusalem produce market, *Machaneh Yehudah*, and has a weekly radio spot, "Shuk Shopping" on the internet radio station, RustyMikeRadio.com. ★

reflections on KRISTALLNACHT

NOVEMBER 13-15, 2011

31ST GREATER LAFAYETTE HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE CONFERENCE

PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13

KRANNERT AUDITORIUM

Purdue University, W. Lafayette, Indiana

1:30 PM Registration

CONFERENCE OPENING SESSION

2:00 PM Mayors' Proclamation:
John Dennis, Tony Roswarski
Candle of Remembrance
Candle of Hope
Memorial Prayer
Music Tribute: Psalm 90: In Every Age
Dr. Brad Bodine & the St. Thomas
Aquinas Singers

2:40 PM **OPENING REMARKS**
Representative Sheila Klinker

3:00 PM **ISRAEL NUSSBAUM IN MEMORIAM**
The Sixth Rabbi Gedalyah Engel Lecture
Peter Hays, Professor of English,
University of California, Davis

Israel Nussbaum was a teacher who lived in Germany from 1869 to 1942. He perished in the Terezin death camp in 1942, but his diary survived. Hays will discuss his great-uncle's story.

4:00 PM **"COMING TO AMERICA"**
Herbert Hochhauser, Professor Emeritus,
Kent State University

Hochhauser will share his Holocaust survival story as a 'hidden child.' The Salvation Army and the Quakers smuggled him from Germany to Switzerland where Hochhauser was moved in and out of several different orphanages. After the war, he was reunited with his parents, who had been in concentration camps, and they moved to the United States. Hochhauser has received many Emmys for his documentary films on the Holocaust.

5:30 PM **KOSHER DAIRY DINNER BUFFET**
(\$18, adults; \$3, students)
*Located at the Purdue Memorial Union,
Anniversary Drawing Room, second floor*
RSVP by 11/10: sue@glhrc.org. Pay at door.

7:00 PM **MEMORIES OF KRISTALLNACHT:
WE WERE THERE**
Johanna Gartenhaus, Joseph Haberer
Moderator, Anna Berkovitz

**For details about the educator workshop on
"Heroes of the Holocaust" at 4:30 p.m. on
Tuesday, Nov. 15, check www.glhrc.org.**

MONDAY, November 14

FOWLER HALL, STEWART CENTER - Purdue University, W. Lafayette, Indiana

7:30 PM **"THE INTEGRATION OF LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL: A 50-YEAR PERSPECTIVE"**
Elizabeth Eckford, Ken Reinhardt and Ann Wedaman

The kindness and courage of white students Ken and Ann touched the lives of nine black students, including Elizabeth, during the desegregation of Little Rock Central High School in 1957-58. Their story is one of making a difference on a daily basis.