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Dakota Udoff guarding the entrance to CBSRZ
2nd Century Campaign
William & Janet Brownstein
John Schwoley & Elizabeth Storch: in memory of Evelyn and Irving Schwoley and Alan & Florence Storch
Chesed Fund
Roy & Liz Archambault: in memory of Linda Sherman
Eric & Barbara Infeld: in memory of Linda Sherman
Food/Beverage Fund
Eric & Barbara Infeld: in memory of David Klar
Arthur & Marcia Meyers
Torah Fund
David & Laura Roman: in honor of the graduating seniors
Youth/Camp Scholarship
Eric & Barbara Infeld: in honor of the adult b’not mitzvah class
Prayerbook Fund
Doron & Eve Ber: in honor of graduating seniors
Neil Gottfried & Marilyn White-Gottfried: in memory of David Klar
Art Gallery Fund
Richard Spearin
Meditation Garden
Jeffrey & Karen Burzin: in appreciation of Rabbi Bellows for help with vow renewal
Donations
Maureen Beurskens: in honor of Maxine Klein’s bat mitzvah
Rebecca Blake: in memory of Newton A. Cohen
Jeffrey & Beth Brewer: donation for purchase of grill
Lauri Cantora: in honor of Maxine Klein’s bat mitzvah
Samuel Churcher: in memory of Adeline Koppelman
Rita Fink & Joseph Frank: in honor of Denny Van Liew funding Holy Scrollers
Hyly Alton Cohen: in memory of Hyman Solowitsch
Jeffrey & Barbara Davis: in memory of Milton Davis
Jeffrey & Barbara Davis: in memory of Stella Davis
Stephen & Cleo Davis: in memory of Gussie Davis
Stephen & Cleo Davis: in memory of Ida Hyman
Merito & Josephine Elmezino: in memory of Prosper Elmezino
Sheila England: in honor of Rochelle Dauenhauer
Frances Freedman: in memory of Richard Freedman
Abraham & Beverly Glassman: in memory of Max and Anna Glassman
John & Jackie Hastings: in memory of Harry Goldstein
Sidney & Adrienne Hopfer: in memory of David Klar
Bruce Josephy: in memory of Amy Sullivan
Gene & Marilyn Kalat: in memory of Irving Kalat and Jeffrey Reiner
Carol, Sofia and Eva LeWitt: in memory of Dr. Abraham LeWitt
Meg Magida: in memory of Nat Magida
Christine & Robert Mangialfico: in memory of Maxine Klein’s bat mitzvah
Helen McNutt: in memory of David Klar
Arthur & Marcia Meyers: in memory of Linda Sherman
Norman Needleman: in memory of Ann Needleman
Harvey Payton & Lori Shafter: in memory of Linda Sherman
Michael & Susan Peck: in memory of David and Miriam Klar
Andrea Pollock & Bill Hanksin: in memory of Linda Sherman
Phil & Cindy Richman: in memory of Ruth Siedman
Saul & Hila Rosen: in memory of Maxine Klein’s bat mitzvah
Irene & Jeffrey Rosenbloom: in memory of Maxine Klein’s bat mitzvah
Herbert & Phyllis Ross: in memory of Diane Gibraller
Steven & Franzi Ross: in memory of Barney Levine
Matthew & Hadass Robin: in memory of Isidor Robin
Matthew & Hadass Robin: in memory of Zahava Levy
Joel & Marcy Saltzman: in memory of Daniel Weintraub
Joel & Marcy Saltzman: in memory of Leon Saltzman
Jerome & Marcene Schorr: in honor of Jeff and Karen Burzin’s 25th anniversary
Jerome & Marcene Schorr: in memory of David Klar
Jerome & Marcene Schorr: with best wishes to Rabbi and family in their new home
Elliot & Nancy Schwartz: in memory of Linda Sherman and healing with Marilyn White-Gottfried
Sandy & Andrea Siedman
Norman Shulkin: donation for purchase of grill
Sharon Taubman: in memory of Dr. Louis Glickman
Marc & Andrea Wald: in memory of Felix Wald
Marc & Andrea Wald: in memory of Lillian Wald
Jacqueline Wolff: in memory of Alice Wolff
Jacqueline Wolff: in memory of Arthur G. Wolff
Jacqueline Wolff: in memory of Morris Wolff
David Zeleznik & Maxine Klein: in memory of Pearl Klein
Debra & Myra Zeleznik: in honor of Maxine Klein’s bat mitzvah
Year-End Appeal
Rita Fink
Rose Modnick
Herbert & Phyllis Ross
Building Fund
Stephen Jacobs and Andi Pepper Jacobs
Rabbi Discretionary Fund
Lary Bloom & Suzanne Levine: in honor of the adult b’not mitzvah class
Rita Fink: in appreciation of Rabbi Bellows
Brad & Lori Jubelirer: in memory of James Jubelirer
Gary Klar: in memory of David Klar
Michael & Susan Peck: in honor of the adult b’not mitzvah class
Barbara Spargo: in appreciation of Rabbi Bellows
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Shalom, Chaverim,

I hope that you have had a lovely, enriching summer, and that you look forward to New Year 5779 with hope, optimism, and joy. My prayer for you all is that your new year is filled with good health, good friends, good experiences, and good learning.

To that end, I am pleased to introduce a theme for this year’s Whole Megillah columns. I plan to write, each issue, about a different lifecycle event, including information on vocabulary and how to best observe the event if/when it occurs in your life.

I figured I would begin with the event that causes the most trepidation and concern for people: making a shiva call. We are all sensitive to the needs of those in mourning, and we are often afraid of saying or doing the wrong thing. The CCAR Press book entitled, *Gates of Mitzvah*, provides information on many of the commandments relating to death and mourning, and I’ve included some of them below.

Jewish tradition includes several distinct periods of mourning when a person has lost a loved one:

- **Aveilut**: this is the name applied generally to the entire mourning period
- **Aninut**: the name of the period between death and burial. During this time, the mourners are free from all ritual and social obligations, other than Shabbat and the arrangements for the funeral and shiva. Although it is a mitzvah to console the bereaved, the hours or days before burial are not the proper time to make condolence calls. Interestingly, the pre-funeral visitation that takes place in the chapel is contrary to Jewish tradition, but it has become a prevailing local custom.
- **Shiva**: the seven days of mourning following the funeral. Mourners stay at home during these days and refrain from their normal pursuits and occupations. The first three days are considered the most intense, and in the Reform community, this is the most common duration of shiva.
- **Sh’loshim**: the thirty-day period (including shiva) that follows the funeral, and during which time normal life slowly resumes. The mourner most often avoids joyful social events or entertainment during this period. This is the traditional mourning period prescribed for relatives other than parents.
- **The first year**: When the deceased is a parent, a mourner recites Kaddish for either 11 months or a full year.

It is a great mitzvah to comfort mourners (called *Nichum Aveilim* in Hebrew). Some choose to do this with a phone call or a note. You may also choose to make a shiva visit, and there are a number of customs that can make your visit more meaningful for you and the mourner. First, it is customary to enter the house without knocking or ringing the doorbell. Once inside, it is often hard to know what to say. Simple phrases like, “I was so sad to learn of your loss,” or “My love and prayers are with you,” are more than suitable when you approach a mourner. It’s even okay to admit, “I don’t know what to say, but I am here for you.” Your presence, even in silence, is important.

Many families now choose specific shiva times each day; please be respectful of these hours. It is customary to bring a...

Continued on page 4
Dear Friends and Fellow Congregants:

I hope you all have been enjoying your summer. For me the summer season gives me the opportunity to appreciate more intimate time with my family and dear friends. I hope this summer has been able to offer you the same.

The Executive Committee and Board of Directors has been brought up to speed to the current state of our Congregation, the challenges we face and the goals I am setting for my presidency. As the summer winds down and we look to our new year, I would like to take this opportunity to address these challenges and goals.

Every time I drive in from East Kings Highway looking out at our beautiful grounds and step into this architectural wonder of a building we call our home, I am in awe. And every time I sit in our beautiful sacred sanctuary to gaze up at the beams that form the Mogen David and to become entranced by the colors and design of our exquisite Ark, I feel blessed. I delight in pride when I bring visiting family and friends here to “show off” our home that I love. I’m sure you feel the same way.

It is now 17 years since we began worshipping, learning, celebrating, and healing at this beautiful site. However, if we look around carefully we can see that the exterior needs repair and restoration. With the changing needs and dynamics of our Congregation, interior modifications for more functional space are necessary as well.

Our Facilities Committee has been hard at work assessing what needs to be done, prioritizing the urgency of each project and getting professional estimates of the costs in order to advise the Board of Directors how to best plan ahead and make informed decisions.

The Board recently approved relatively small funds from our current capital reserves to erect a new playground for our children and to create a larger communal flexible space for Kivuun by combining 2 classrooms. Both projects will be com-
completed before the first day of Kivuun this fall. Lastly I am happy to report that with the benevolence of Deborah and Pamela Slater, the first phase of restoring and landscaping The Syd and Bernie Slater Meditation Garden will be underway in the late summer with plans for a Dedication/Groundbreaking Ceremony on Sunday September 30th.

I am hoping each of these new projects will bring energy to the remainder of repair, renovation, and replacement that our home desperately needs.

I strongly believe we have a more immediate goal to accomplish. I feel it is necessary to engage ourselves in understanding our collective Why. We may have a pretty good sense of what we do at CBSRZ and how we go about doing it. However, it is much more relevant in understanding and building our relationships with one another that we can articulate why we go about doing what we do here and why this special place provides us with meaning. So I present this question to you:

*Why does CBSRZ mean so much to you and why would you want to preserve our Congregation and keep it running strong?*

I will attempt to answer my own question that I pose to each of you.

When world events relentlessly enhance our anxiety, intensify our feelings of insecurity and isolation, and divide us, CBSRZ grounds us, unites us, and strengthens us through Jewish values and spiritual enlightenment. Congregation Beth Shalom Rodfe Zedek is my and my wife’s Jewish home and it will always be our home. We will always feel obligated to take care of our home and the people who share this home with us. Both of our children were consecrated here. We celebrated their Bat and Bar Mitzvahs here as well as each of their confirmations. This is where we come to worship, to learn, and to heal. We come here searching for ways to pursue Tikun Olam, and to be part of a social and religious community that is genuinely and uniquely inclusive, kind, and nurturing.

I have to assume that some Congregants’ Whys will be more robust than others, and that is OK. However, if you feel you do not have a strong Why, I would like to ask you another question.

*What can CBSRZ do for you to give you a stronger Why?*

In other words, what can the CBSRZ Community be to provide you more meaning and purpose, and thus bring you closer CBSRZ?

In the weeks leading up to the High Holidays one of our directors on our CBSRZ Board will be reaching out to you by phone to wish you and your family *L’Shana Tova*—A Good New Year. Please answer your phone. All we will be soliciting is your input. We want to know why Congregational life at CBSRZ is meaningful to you and how can CBSRZ best serve you going forward.

I want to thank each and every one of you for putting your faith and trust in me to serve you as President of your Congregation. I feel honored, blessed and privileged. I wish us all good health and peace for this coming year.

Strengthening our Congregation by building deeper relationships with one another, seeking our purpose, and preserving our holy space will be our goals that I will work hard to accomplish with each of you in 5779.

*L’Shana Tova*  
*Brad Jubelirer*
“Shana tovah means both a good year, and a good change. Today you can change the rest of your life. It is never too late.” Rabbi Laura Geller

It is customary to clothe the Torah scrolls in white during the High Holy Days, and to clothe ourselves in white garments from Erev Kol Nidrei through the end of Yom Kippur. White refers not to purity and unblemished perfection, but to forgiveness, as Scripture says, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” (Isaiah 1:18)

“Like grapes in the wilderness, I found Israel; like the first fruit on the fig tree in its first season, I saw your fathers…” Hosea 9:10

“That we may start fresh/That we may come clear/That we may know sweetness and peace/Throughout the year/ That we may find love/ Where we need it most/ And open our hearts and hands/ And draw each other close.” Judith Kate-Friedman

Our Elul Speaker Series, during Erev Shabbat Services, on the theme of “Unexpected Journeys:” August 17: Katie Burzin; August 31: Stephen Nardine; September 7: Marilyn White-Gottfried.

Saturday, September 1st
6:30 pm Selichot Service, including screening & discussion of Defending Your Life, and changing of the Torah mantles

Sunday, September 9th
7:30 pm Erev Rosh Hashanah service

Monday, September 10th
9:30 am Rosh Hashanah Morning service, followed by Tashlich
2:30pm Rosh Hashanah Family Service

Tuesday, September 11th
9:30 am Rosh Hashanah Service, 2nd Day

Friday, September 14th
7:30 pm Shabbat Shuvah - Erev Shabbat Service

Sunday, September 16th
1:00 pm Cemetery Memorial Service Fountain Hill, Deep River
2:30 pm Cemetery Memorial Service Rodfe Zedek, Moodus

We encourage you to bring your children and teenagers to services. Parents are welcome to bring very young children into the Kivvun wing for a break and there will be supervision for children, second grade and up, also in the Kivvun wing on the morning of the first day of Rosh Hashanah and on the morning of Yom Kippur. There will be an audio feed of the service in the playroom. Teenagers are permitted to congregate in the conference room which will be dedicated as a quiet space.

“Every soul needs to express itself. Every heart needs to crack itself open. Every one of us needs to move from anger to healing, from denial to consciousness, from boredom to renewal. These needs did not arise yesterday. They are among the most ancient of human yearnings, and they are fully expressed in the pageantry and ritual of the Days of Awe, in the great journey we make between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.” Rabbi Alan Lew

“And, the Eternal said, ‘I pardon you as asked’.” Numbers 14:20.

“The first mitzvah in the Torah is ‘Let there be light!’ So we are commanded: in everything you do, be a menorah, a bringer of light. Live with honor, act with integrity, do your work with passion – and the radiance of your deeds will live after you. May our ideals burn bright, forever unextinguished, and may we live our lives like the flames we kindle – always stretching upward, striving for the good, reaching for You.” Mishkan HaNefesh
“In truth, You are judge and plaintiff, counselor and witness. You inscribe and seal. You record and recount. You remember all that we have forgotten. And when You open the Book of Memories, it speaks for itself – for every human hand leaves its mark, an imprint like no other.”

High Holy Day Liturgy

**Tuesday, September 18th**

7:30 pm Kol Nidre

**Wednesday, September 19th**

9:30 am Yom Kippur Morning
2:00 pm Children’s Service
3:30 pm Afternoon service with Yizkor and Neilah, followed by our community Break-Fast

**Sunday, September 23rd**

6:00 pm Erev Sukkot Service

**Friday, September 28th**

6:30 pm Hang in Sukkah Potluck Dinner
7:30 pm Erev Shabbat Service

**Saturday, September 29th**

9:00 am Holy Scrollers in the Sukkah

**Sunday, September 30th**

5:15 pm Yizkor Service
6:00 pm Erev Simchat Torah Service

R. Samuel bar Nahman found in the verse, Psalms lxv 6, an allusion to the fact that repentance is comparable to the sea: “Just as the sea is ever open, so are the gates of repentance ever open.” R. Yuda b. R. Simon expounded: “‘Return, O Israel, unto the Lord thy God’ (Hosea xiv 2) – even if you have denied the primary principle of faith.’ Thereby he wished to say that there is no sin for which repentance does not atone.”

E.E. Urbach, *The Sages*

“God does not wish, according to the words of a prophet, that man should build Him a house again, for heaven is His throne and earth His footstool; it is not only in holiness and the height that He delights to dwell, but with the contrite and lowly of spirit, to revive the spirit of the lowly, to revive the spirit of the contrite. He who is infinitely above the domains of the mighty descends to those who lie in the dust of the earth and shares their afflictions.”

Martin Buber, *The Prophetic Faith.*

“Throughout the year, our actions condemn us; throughout the year our deeds are open to blame. But on this day we rise above our human failings. Fasting, praying, wrapped in white tallitot, we stand like angels, reaching for the Divine. On this one day, we catch a glimpse of what we could be – we celebrate the better angels of our nature.”

Based on a teaching of Rabbi Abraham Twerski

“Sh’ma Koleinu –Hear our voice, O God; have compassion upon us, and with compassion, accept our prayers,” High Holy Day Liturgy

Based on Midrash Tehillim 27:4

“For on this day shall atonement be made for you, to cleanse you from all your sins... and you shall be clean before the Eternal.”

Lev. 16:30
Help Put Finishing Touches on Our Sukkah
The majority of the work is already done! Please come help with the finishing touches! Many hands make light work! And it’s a fun way to get to know your fellow congregants. We will be starting on Sunday September 23rd at 10am. Please email Laura Roman if you have any questions….landdroman@gmail.com or call 860-301-9590.
We will also need help in dismantling the Sukkah on Sunday October 14th at 10am. Please let Laura know if you can help. See contact info above.

Simchat Torah
Following Sukkot comes the dancing and festivities of Simchat Torah, Rejoicing with the Torah. On Sunday, September 30, we celebrate the cycle of reading the Torah!

A yizkor service will precede Simchat Torah Services at 5:15pm
Erev Simchat Torah Service will be at 6pm.

During Simchat Torah services, we will gather, take out the Torah scrolls and dance around the synagogue as people dance and sing along. The dancing with the Torah is known in Hebrew as bakafof – which means to march around. There are seven bakafof, so as soon as the circle around the sanctuary is completed, the Torah is handed to another person to complete a circle and the ritual begins anew.

The bakafof we will be in the social hall where we will unroll one of the Torah with the assistance of the congregation. The children will stand in the middle of the circle surrounded by the Torah. If you’ve never seen the Torah unscrolled, you won’t want to miss it!
### September

**September 1, 1939**  
Germany invades Poland, beginning World War II.

**September 5, 1972**  
Palestinian terrorists kill eleven Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics. Five terrorists are killed. Israeli warplanes retaliate against Lebanon and Syria.

**September 9, 1965**  
Sandy Koufax of the L.A. Dodgers pitches a perfect game against the Chicago Cubs.

**September 15, 1934**  
Nuremberg Laws enacted in Germany, restricting Jews from a wide range of businesses and resulting in their loss of citizenship.

**September 22, 1964**  
Fiddler on the Roof opens on Broadway at the Imperial Theater.

**September 24, 1950**  
With “Operation Magic Carpet” the Israeli Air Force begins airlifting the entire Jewish community of Yemen, numbering 50,000, to Israel.

**September 27, 1954**  
The Tonight Show makes its debut, hosted by Steve Allen.

### Deceased

**September 22, 1989**  
Irving Berlin, composer

**September 8, 1997**  
Zero Mostel, actor

**September 4, 1986**  
Hank Greenberg, baseball player

**September 22, 2007**  
Marcel Marceau, mime

**September 22, 2001**  
Isaac Stern, violinist

**September 29, 2009**  
Tony Curtis, actor

**September 22, 2010**  
Eddie Fisher, singer

**September 4, 2014**  
Joan Rivers, comedian

**September 28, 2016**  
Shimon Peres, politician

### October

**October 13, 1843**  
Bnai Brith founded in New York City.

**October 6, 1927**  
Release of The Jazz Singer, the first talking picture, starring Al Jolson.

**October 1, 1941**  
Birkenau Concentration Camp (also known as Auschwitz-Birkenau) opened by the Nazis.

**October 1, 1946**  
Sentences announced as the Nuremberg Trials end. Seventeen Nazi war criminals receive death sentences, seven are imprisoned and three acquitted.

**October 27, 1967**  
Jerusalem is reunited under Israeli control.

**October 6, 1973**  
Yom Kippur War begins with a sneak attack on Israel by Egypt, Jordan and Syria.

**October 6, 1981**  
Anwar Sadat, Egyptian President, is assassinated in Cairo by a Muslim extremist.

**October 14, 1994**  
Yitzhak Rabin, Shimon Peres and Yasir Arafat are awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

**October 25, 2009**  
Jared Kushner marries Ivanka Trump, who had converted to Judaism.

### Deceased

**October 5, 1941**  
Louis Brandeis, Supreme Court Justice

**October 23, 1950**  
Al Jolson, singer

**October 29, 1957**  
Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood mogul

**October 16, 1981**  
Moshe Dayan, soldier and politician

**October 26, 1990**  
William Paley, President of CBS

**October 21, 1994**  
Shlomo Carlebach, rabbi and musician

**October 30, 2000**  
Steve Allen, television personality

**October 3, 2004**  
Janet Leigh, actress

**October 23, 2004**  
Robert Merrill, opera singer

**October 9, 2005**  
Louis Nye, actor

**October 17, 2007**  
Joey Bishop, comedian

**October 22, 2009**  
Soupy Sales, comedian

**October 24, 2010**  
Joe Stein, playwright
A Tale of Avian Repentance

by Allan Appel

No matter how much I try, attending High Holiday services continues to be at best a chore for me, something I, well, just must do out of a kind of inertia of gratitude for my late parents and general affection for my people Israel. I confess I don't really know enough to appreciate the significance of the holidays nor do I understand much Hebrew. In these regards I'm pretty much like many Jews today, I suppose.

Although I've heard lots of sermons over the years and even have done some reading about Rosh Hashanah being the birthday of the world and Yom Kippur being the holiest of them all, the Sabbath of Sabbaths or some such, still, as some Jewish comedian used to say, way back in the 1950s when I was growing up, in one era and out the other.

Still I can't bring myself to declare atheism or to totally ignore the day and go to the beach. My brain is too inscribed with guilt and, frankly, even the term, The Days of Awe, that ten-day period flanked by Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur – the holidays like twin lions bestriding the potentially doomsday gate to all that the future holds . . . life, death, illness, calamities caused by sword and famine, computer breakdown . . . the whole thing hanging in the balance. All that, even without a jot of belief in it, is with me still; at my age I feel too weary to fight it or render it meaningful in any rational sort of way.

Which is why I decided this year to purchase for myself a parrot and to teach it to say “Shanah Tovah,” that is, “Have a good year,” to cover the obligatory Rosh Hashanah niceties; and for Yom Kippur “Tzom Kal,” Hebrew for “Have an easy fast;” and, if I got lucky with my bird even “G’mar chatima tovah,” or “May you be inscribed for a good one [in the ole book of life].”

Such words should be full of pitch and moment, even dread. Yet repeated ad infinitum, they become utterly toothless so that of all the aspects of social life around the Days of Awe, it is the endless repletion of these greetings, especially to people I barely know or even like, that just bugs me the most.

And that's why the Rabbi came into my life. Here’s how.

In June I went online, and chose my bird, a little green budgie, which was duly delivered two weeks later. I noticed that the parakeet was a male. I'm certainly advanced enough in my thinking that I would have called it “Rabbi” even if it were a female, but the title seemed to fit really well with this little fellow, who had a tiny black cap of a yarmulkah, and even a whisker or two of feathers beneath his chin. In the late afternoon light, as I examined him, the chin feathers reminded me of the goatee of one of my Hebrew teachers from many ago, a dyspeptic old man who used to squeeze my ear quite painfully between his thumb and index finger if I got the wrong answer, which I frequently did.

In fact as I repeated over and over again Shana Tovah, Shana Tova, and the budgie croaked back sounds that after days and days of sounding just like Mrs. Axelrod began to evolve into the shape of the Hebrew words Shanah Tovah, well, to say it was one of the most rewarding days of my life is pure understatement.

I'm not an overly excitable guy, but, man oh man, was I happy. As the training manual had instructed, I kept repeating “Good Rabbi, good Rabbi” and of course I generously rewarded the Rabbi
with choice sweet gum seeds and grains of oatmeal.

I’d say by the second week of July we had Shana Tova totally down, and so I went to work on Tzom Kal, or “Have an easy fast.”

Here days went by without the previous rapid progress. No matter how many hours I put in, no matter how religiously I followed the various online tutorials I now researched on how to train your budgie — be excited and enthusiastic — the Rabbi just hopped around on his perch, raised his wings for me to duly scratch him, and rejected even trying “Tzom Kal.”

I began to wonder if the budgie, an American-born bird after all, was rebelling against the Hebrew as I myself had been a Hebrew school drop-out. It occurred to me that maybe I’d better switch to English. So I canned the “Tzom Kal,” and tried to teach him instead “Have An Easy Fast;” I realized that was perhaps too long a phrase, so I switched to the simpler “Happy Holiday.”

That would cover Yom Kippur as well as Rosh Hashanah, although as far as I could recall there was nothing much happy about Yom Kippur except getting it over with.

By now I’d gotten to know the bird pretty well. Which is to say that while I did drive him hard, still I was by no means a terrible taskmaster. On the contrary, I regularly petted the Rabbi’s beak, I combed his feathers, I scratched him, had him perch on my finger and I took him on walks about the apartment, to the window to look out on the garden and the street beyond, although I kept the window, of course, always closed, lest the Rabbi fly away.

As July turned to August, and the beginnings of September and the cooler weather signaled the arrival of the holidays, it began to be apparent that all the great hopes that I had lucked out with a kind of genius budgie at a discount price, a bird that was going to be a marvelously quick learner, an Einstein of a parakeet, were all just wishful thinking.

I began to come to terms with the bird being, well, a bit like me, a lazy, one-note Rabbi.

Not that I gave up trying to teach him the other phrases, but I was now clearly adjusting my expectations. When I had just about solaced myself that he would say only one phrase, he surprised me: The Rabbi got the little trick I’d taught him: To say his croaky, high-pitched Shana Tovah when I pulled on the little leash that I’d attached to his left leg.

I’d sit in the big easy chair under the Rabbi’s perch and try to get him to repeat “Tzom Kal” and “Gmar Chatima Tovah,” and Happy Holidays all of which he declined to even begin to mimic. Now whenever I yanked on his leash, he always obliged with a chirpy “Shanah Tovah, Shanah Tovah,” that to my ear grew more, well, heart-felt.

I knew that I well might have confused the creature with this on-again-off-again teaching, and I pretty much resigned myself, that is, just accepted my parroted Shana Tovah, and, especially with the leg-pull prompt, as no mean achievement, and I was okay with it.

I checked the temple’s newsletter to be sure about the dates for the upcoming services and I found myself counting the days, with real anticipation, like tearing off sheets of a calendar to mark the passage of time in an old movie.

I began taking longer and longer breaks from the teaching and instead I began to grow curious about old Mrs. Axelrod’s encyclopedia, which I never would have paid any attention to, let alone opened up, had I not had to find a quiet place to locate the Rabbi’s perch.

Maybe it was my largely solitary life and the presence of the Rabbi, but soon there I was thumbing through the old tomes of Vilna, the Jerusalem of Lithuania, and then in volume “JA to KR”, old Jerusalem herself.

In the long breaks between our training sessions, I read whatever randomly came to my fingertips: archaic biographies of the Chassidic rabbis of dwindling lineages from no longer existent academies in no longer surviving communities; I read about the Pale of Settlement, Poland and other countries with now gone Jewish communities, I read about Lilith and angels in the Jewish tradition, including someone named Sandalphon, who bestrode rivers in Eden.

I read between dozing and training, and I began to read out loud to the Rabbi. I read him about places where the borders had changed a dozen times, about massacres in forests, about what kinds of wood were required for arks and holy booths. I thought items dealing with trees would interest a parrot.

I’ve always liked reading encyclopedias, not from A to Z or end to end as some poor obsessive souls do, but randomly turning the pages until something catches my eye. All I did that was different now that I had the Rabbi sitting on my shoulder or atop my head, where he had a bad habit of scrunching his sharp-toed feet into my bald spot, was to read out loud, and perhaps in a more sing-song voice than usual, that might appeal to a budgie.

Here, for example, was Theodore Herzl’s childhood, and then, when I picked up another volume, I read aloud of the horned headed beast as described in the Book of Daniel, an apocalyptic symbol as well as an image of the Greek oppressor of the Jews, King Antiochus of Syria, according to the subject’s greatest scholar, back in 1917 or whenever the tome was published, which in this instance was Prof. R.M. Ginsberg. I read the entry about the flood, Noah and the ark, because its hero, of course, was the bird, the raven that brought back a twig, a sign of land and salvation.

I read aloud, nodded off, awoke, fed the Rabbi his dinner, and I of course continued to run the Rabbi through his Shana Tovah paces. I practiced with the Rabbi as if I were speaking to a bright two-year-old in what was for me a relatively high pitched voice — and he

Continued on page 12
repeated Shanah Tovah and then ate and repeated, and ate again.

Have I mentioned that Rabbi was always hungry, and that in the course of our learning together, his lime-green breast fattened visibly, as if he were as proud of his achievement as I was. And so the days passed and the holidays neared.

I now had to think about just what the Rabbi and I were going to do. That is, would I perch him on my shoulder, as some of the manuals suggest, or on the index finger, which gives more control? More to the point, was I going to take the Rabbi physically into services within the sanctuary for him to offer greetings on my behalf, or rather do the greetings deed in the parking lot?

I'm sure some scholar will be able to find references in one of our many revered books and their commentaries written perhaps by a ninth century bird-watching Talmudist pertaining to whether avians are allowed in the synagogue, and, if so, on all or only some holidays? And how might their behavior in the synagogue be regulated?

Yet to find such items or argue such a point was not in my portfolio.

I simply wanted the Rabbi to say Shanah Tovah for me, and so the key question now became where at the synagogue or in its purlieus to attain that achievement?

My synagogue, temple really, is one of those big affairs built in the early 1960s when I was just coming of age, and Judaism, having survived World War Two, was flexing its newly secure muscles in suburban America.

It features an immense parking lot, distinguished by lane dividers that were always, always so well painted and regularly touched up a bright canary yellow, that, I maintained, astronauts, who had recently circled the earth, might see them from their orbits. They were especially cheery at high holiday time when they were far brighter, to my eye, than even the ner tamid, the allegedly ever-burning candle, on the temple dais inside.

And what a huge parking lot, an institution in and of itself.

It was as if our community had been on the verge of losing its collective mind contemplating creating the country's first drive-in synagogue. I kid you not. Such has been tried in other communities, in the Midwest, I think, where there is more real estate.

But fortunately, at the last minute, after space for the 500th vehicle had been slotted in and painted yellow, our congregational leaders voted that erecting the various kiosks and even an outdoor ark the size of a movie screen and an outdoor platform or bimah appropriate for a Super Bowl halftime, might all just be going a tad too far.

Still the facility today is well maintained and well painted, although the lot still dwarfs the squat steel and glass layercake of a temple building that sits on its far western edge.

Apart from the worship of Parking, theologically the temple floats somewhere between Reform and Reconstructionist and Name Your Own Form of Judaism, which maybe is why I thought to bring a parakeet to services this year would be no big deal, would even amuse my fellow shilly-shally co-religionists.

So it began to occur to me that the most appropriate place for the greetings to be delivered and, along with them – it will not surprise you to hear – the implicit criticism of the lot and other such symbols onto which our faith seems to have landed, I began to think it most appropriate to have the Rabbi do his trick outside in the lot area near the synagogue, but before people enter.

And yet the parking lot was so vast, as I raced from one car to the next, would I not miss a lot of friends for whom I really did want, well, I admit it, to show off my Hebrew-speaking bird.

Then again, my mind see-sawed in this argument: Wasn't the point really to bring the bird into the synagogue? And yet as birds have no sphincters, did I want to risk an “accident”, especially on the high holidays? For what if the Rabbi flew to the holy ark and let loose there?

So perhaps I should split the difference between the parking lot, where there was of course serious danger the Rabbi could fly away, and the safer, yet potentially more transgressive precinct of the sanctuary itself?

I settled on bringing the Rabbi in, but I would go no farther than our sanctuary lobby. There, as people entered, we could Shanah Tovah to my heart’s content, maximize my point while minimizing the danger of the Rabbi taking off or committing other offenses.

So, having trained The Rabbi to sit patiently on the dashboard of my Volvo and receive seeds and broken up shards of Saltines as his reward, on erev Rosh Hashanah, I drove over, parked quite close to the main door of the temple with its shining wooden reliefs of Moses leading our people through the Red Sea – no petrels, albatrosses, gulls, or other sea birds, I must point out, are part of that composition.

Rows upon rows of cars were already in place, and so, having found a spot in the third row from the temple entrance, I attached the leash I had fashioned to the Rabbi’s right leg, wrapped the other end around my index finger, placed The Rabbi on my shoulder, and made for the lobby.

Before we had loped half way across, I spied Mort and Sally Resnick, the nice folks who own the hardware store. They were angling, as I was, toward the main entrance. We met near the steps, when Mort, after giving me a pleasant greeting of hello suddenly shifted his gaze.

“You have a bird on your shoulder.”

“Don’t you want to wish me something?”

“Yeah, I wish to know why the hell you have a bird on your shoulder.”

“His name is Rabbi.”

“Hello, Rabbi,” said Sally.
Sally Resnick has a twinkle in her blue eyes, and I've always liked dealing with her more than Mort, who always struck me as having an imagination limited to wishing he were anywhere else but behind his counter, so it's with Sally I've dealt when I go in to buy duct tape and various other items that I'd used to fix up the Rabbi's cage and perch.

“Cute Rabbi.”

“The real rabbi's not going to like this.”

“Oh, I'm not going in, Mort. I mean the bird isn't.”

“No?”

“Just hanging with the bird?”

“He's not an ordinary bird.”

“Of course not,” said Sally. “He's a rabbi.”

“He's a high holiday parrot. Wish him a happy new year.”

Okay, happy new year,” said Mort. I pulled the rabbi’s leg, but he did not respond.

“Maybe he doesn’t like me.”

“No, he likes you fine. You just have to say it with more meaning, and in Hebrew. Try Hebrew.”

“He knows Hebrew?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Okay then.”

“Shanah Tovah,” said Mort.

Still the Rabbi didn’t respond.

“Maybe you've got a deaf parrot there.”

“Maybe you try,” I said to Sally.

Sally offered her greeting. I pulled the Rabbi’s leg again, yet the Rabbi didn’t respond.

“He's a little nervous, I guess.”

“Seems to be,” said Mort.

“His first time at shul,” I said, and I gave the Rabbi an encouraging tug crossed with the evil eye.

“Come on, honey,” said Sally sweetly. “Shanah tovah. Shanah tovah.”

“I was nervous the first time too,” said Mort, with a wink to his wife.

“He does just fine wishing me a Shanah Tovah,” and I proceeded to say it now using a little kid’s lift, in the high pitch that I used in the training.

“Shanah Tovah, Shanah Tovah, Shanah Tovah,” I repeated.

Still the Rabbi only hopped around my shoulder, bobbed his head around, taking in the temple and the environs with evident interest and curiosity. I wondered if it was Sally’s verdant perfume. I loved it, and it was strong, but you never can talk with birds.

I took a slight step backwards to remove slightly from the influence of her scent. I repeated the command, and this time the Rabbi paused and seemed to look not at me but directly at Sally. Who could blame the Rabbi, but speak he did not. He did not utter a sound.

“Here, maybe give it something to eat,” said Mort, as he reached into his jacket pocket and came up with two red-and-white round peppermint candies. “I'm saving these here for Yom Kippur, but I'm happy to share with the bird.”

“Birds don’t eat candy.”

“Yeah, but if he’s a high holiday parrot like you say, maybe he’ll make an exception.” Mort quipped and extended his hand toward us. “Here, candy for birdie, birdie, nice birdie.”

I backed away from Mort whose little joke didn’t please Sally any more than it had me. She seemed to sense my upset. As she approached, I smelled her perfume again, and I wondered if the Rabbi, with his far more exquisite sense of smell, was finding it attractive or upsetting.

His nails dug into my finger; I could tell he was excited. I tightened my finger around his leash as Sally leaned close to me, just inches from my face, and took her shapely index finger, painted light blue at the nail, and stroked the Rabbi’s cap. “Nice, rabbi, nice rabbi,” she murmured.

“Wish him Shanah Tovah now, Sally,” I said and commenced to pull gently on the leash. “Now.”

“Shanah Tovah,” she said, “Shanah Tovah, little Rabbi” she cooed again in a voice so hushed and sexy it was if Marilyn Monroe, a brief convert to Judaism, if I remember correctly, were suddenly being channeled.

And yet the Rabbi said nothing at all.

All the while other people were entering the synagogue all around us. Several were curious, of course, especially the kids. They neared and checked out the Rabbi, who, despite the ruckus around him, remained impassive. Several wished each other Shanah Tovah’s, of course, as they passed us. As they were within earshot of my hearing, I knew the Rabbi heard them as well. Yet he no more responded to those passers-by than he did to Sally Resnick’s gentle ministrations.

“Bummer,” she said.

“The thing is,” said Mort, “either you haven't trained him well enough, or he knows something you don’t.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, technically, it’s not the New Year until the sun sets, and you see there it hasn’t quite, and until after the services it doesn’t become the New Year, right?”

“You got a point there.”

“Bird’s too smart for you.”

“But he's been saying Shanah Tovah to me for months now. At home.”

“Well, that’s all I’ve got to say on the matter. Good luck. Let’s go, honey.”

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I wish I could say that Sally was reluctant to go into the sanctuary with her husband and wanted instead to linger with me and the Rabbi. Then through my bird, her affection for me grows, she divorces Mort, marries me and we live happily ever after running a pet store together.

Alas, she did not linger. Nor did I.

Maybe there was something about the lobby that was disturbing Rabbi.

I thought the openness of the darkening sky might relax the budgie enough so he could speak to folks perhaps as they pulled into the lot. So, risking his flight, I did just that. I went out and circulated up and down the rows of the cars. I talked to several people, some I knew but most I did not, as they parked, extracted their talit bags, fetched out scarves against our sanctuary’s excessive air conditioning, and other paraphernalia from out the back seats.

Honesty compels me to report, however, that the Rabbi remained as mute ever after running a pet store together.

I went back to my Volvo, placed the Rabbi on the dash beneath the rear view mirror and balefully put a few seeds and shards of a Saltine on my finger tip.

He hopped toward me and then away and after giving me a strange look, he pecked at and then ate what I offered.

I couldn’t decide whether to drive home or leave the Rabbi in the car and go into services. I knew I’d be bored in the services, but I’d be bored at home as well, and wasn’t being bored among people a preferable condition? Jews don’t speak much about boredom. Nor do they speak much about despair, which is boredom’s dangerous dark cousin, as Christians do, but we suffer from it as much as other faiths, to be sure.

I think that’s another reason I had gotten the Rabbi, not just to prank my co-religionists but because I’m an isolated guy contemplating home or shul, both grievous alternatives, the Rabbi hopped up onto the steering wheel, cocked his head to the side so that he could look me, as it were, right in the eye.

“So what do you have to say for yourself? Shanah Tovah? Shanah Tovah?”

He was silent, but somehow his presence was there. He was not ignoring me.

I tried again. “Shanah Tovah. I know you’ll do it in private, right? Or maybe Mort’s right. You want me to go in, and pray, and come back out, and you’ll say it then? You’re an orthodox bird, maybe? Waiting to make it kosher?”

In the Rabbi’s silence, I realized that while I was disappointed, I was not sad. Not really. The bird had brought me to the synagogue, well, at least as far as the parking lot and lobby, and I knew that without him, I would not be even here; without the bird and my lessons for him, I would have definitely stayed away, completely.

And I told the bird. I expressed my appreciation. When I had finished, he hopped away, and seemed to find something interesting to peck at the far corner of the dash over the glove compartment.

I stared at his busyness for a few seconds and decided that as I had paid my membership this year, why not?

I rubbed my face with my hands, grabbed my comb and fussed a bit with my sparse, thinning hair, in a manner that, frankly, reminded me a little of how the Rabbi neatened his own feathers, often after he ate.

“I’ll see you a little later,” I said to the bird, and then, sliding half way out the car door, I added, “By the way, Shanah Tovah.”


Allan Appel’s most recent novel is The Book of Mormon, a comedic send-up of Jewish-Mormon relations (MandelVilar, 2017)

TORAH STUDY: SWIMMING IN A RIVER OF GOD’S WORDS
by Alison Miller

When a friend of mine recently described what studying Torah is like for her, she waxed poetic. “Oh Alison,” she said in her thick Ethiopian accent, “when I study Torah, it is like swimming in a river of God’s words. I feel so close to Him. There is nothing else like it!” she said shaking her head with an exuberant laugh. “If I could,” she lowered her voice conspiratorially, “I would quit this job and study Torah all day!” She giggled with the delight of a child imagining Disneyworld.

I readily admit I’ve never been that eloquent in my descriptions of what studying Torah is like for me. But I cannot deny that I share her sense of joy and wonder.

I came to this particular party later than many I know. My first experience in studying Torah was when I was in my 30s. I had grown up within the University of Chicago community at a time when intellectualism was the only true “religion” and the New York Times, the Bible. Those who were observant in any religion were immediately deemed inferior in intellect. (This is a belief my 88-year-old father still holds, although I think he encounters a bit of cognitive dissonance when faced with his own daughter’s theism.) When I tentatively began to explore the magnetic pull of
Judaism, which I once heard described as the whisper of God’s daughter, I had to do so in secret. My parents would have been OK with my being gay, but my being a theist was, shall we say, not well received.

Thirty years ago, my husband and I decided to sign up for a weekend retreat up at Olin-Sang-Ruby Union Institute (OSRUI) in Wisconsin with our new synagogue. Everything was carefully planned, including enriching and fun children’s programs, with the much adored high school kids as counselors, allowing us to attend the adult programs unburdened. We thought it’d give us a chance to get to know more folks in our shul.

I had no idea how much fun being in a camp environment, studying Torah, could be. Sure, the Shabbat intergenerational softball game with the Rabbi as pitcher was a hoot. And the guitar-led songfest after dinner reminded me of my own wonderful camp experiences. But nothing prepared me for the joy I found in studying Torah.

I began to understand finally why it is that studying Torah is considered to be the most important of all the mitzvot; it is a covenant and a conduit, a promise and a pipeline. It is through Torah that I felt a growing closeness to God and began to grow as a Jew. As I studied, I became more observant, and as I became more observant, I found that I liked myself better and I was, well, happier.

Our Rabbi, I quickly discovered, was a brilliant scholar with a dry, often hilarious sense of humor. Discussing, dissecting, exploring important concepts from the text was intellectually and spiritually nourishing in a way I’d never experienced before.

After that weekend, I began attending our rabbi’s Torah Study group that met every Shabbat morning. Instead of studying the week’s parsha and moving through the Torah in sync with the week’s services, we studied it line by line. Some weeks we were only able to get through three sentences, the text was so rich with meaning. Some weeks (like when we were in Numbers!) we were able to get through a couple of pages.

It took us five years to get through every word of the Torah. As one might expect, even with five years of study, I felt I had nothing more than a passing acquaintance with the messages embedded there.

Twelve years after that family retreat weekend, my husband had become my ex-husband, my in-laws had become strangers, and our beloved synagogue community had become a battleground. My relationships there, my friendships there, were all worth fighting for…but I was unwilling to wage a public war in that sacred space I loved so much. So I quietly admitted defeat, retreated and ultimately disappeared.

The sages say that when we stop studying Torah, Judaism disappears. For me, this was absolutely true. During the ensuing decade, I tried out other synagogues, but none of the other communities offered the feeling of a Beit Midrash—a House of Study—that I yearned for. I wanted a place where I could deepen my identity as Jew through the study of my religion’s laws and precepts.

Slowly, I stopped attending services. I stopped lighting Shabbat candles. I stopped wearing my Star of David necklace. Slowly, with children now grown and gone, part of my identity simply faded away, and I felt a painful emptiness that not even the joy of my wonderful new marriage could fill.

By the time Marc and I decided to move from Florida to the Northeast, I was, I now realize, at a point of spiritual starvation. I wasn’t looking for a particular living space. I wasn’t looking for a particular job. My focus was on finding a synagogue where I could stop feeling like the Wandering Jew, lost in the wilderness of non-Jewish life. I wanted a place where I could finally rest, finally settle.

When I met with Rabbi Bellows, a quick “game” of “Jewish Geography” revealed many overlaps we had, including her aunt and uncle having been friends of mine many years ago. I loved the CBSRZ sanctuary and the surrounding environs; everything exuded a sense of serenity and peace.

But I knew in my bones that I had found my home when Rabbi began describing how dynamic Torah Study at CBSRZ had become over its many years, how the group had started to include the Talmud into the week’s readings and how she had to prepare herself each week for the intellectual workout this group gave her. It sounded like heaven to me.

If the expression “Torah Study” brings up the image from one of those old paintings of the bearded elder, tefillin in place, bent over an enormous tome, lost in his search for the Truth within the text, just toss that image into the back seat. It bears no resemblance to the energetic, sometimes humorous, always thoughtful discussion this group routinely engages in. It’s intellectually stimulating, spiritually enriching, and sometimes even emotionally evocative. But it’s never dull.

Here’s an understatement if ever there was one: I am no Torah scholar. But there are several people in our group, in addition to Rabbi, who (in my book at least) qualify as such. The context they contribute, the insights they share, and questions they ask sometimes blow me out of my seat. There are moments where I feel I am drinking from a fire hose, the discussion is so layered.

But even in those moments, I feel I am exactly where I am meant to be, even that I belong there, studying hard, sometimes studying things that are over my head. Rabbi reminded us recently that Torah is meant to be not only inspirational, but also aspirational. It is meant to bring us up, to strengthen our resolve to do better each day. So I keep coming back.

I cannot overstate how enriching studying Torah with my fellow “Holy Scrollers” has been for me, even in the few short months I’ve been attending. I do indeed feel I am swimming in a river of God’s words when I study Torah with this group. It has reawakened my identity as a Jew, for which I am profoundly grateful. I have missed that part of me.
As of this writing, even amidst the high heat, the days are beginning to get ever so slightly shorter. When we begin again in September, we will be returning to a new Quest! With our focus last year on exploring our immediate Kivvun community, our next Quest will focus on the whole community of CBSRZ as we consider “Why is CBSRZ important?” This will be a wonderful opportunity to teach our students about everything that happens in our building. This will include brief reviews of holidays (not at same level since they were covered in depth last year), Life-Cycle Events, the work that our Committees and Board do for us, along with Values, Hebrew, and Prayer.

We will continue with the same Sunday schedule as last year:
9:30 – Kehillah-T’fillah (Community Prayer)
10:00 – Ivrit (Individualized Hebrew instruction with Madrichim)
10:30 – Chatiff – Snack to Go
Limmud – Judaica Content (two groups, as last year)
11:10 – Chugim (Club Projects)
11:45 – Siyyum (Recap of the morning)

Our Wednesday schedule will also be the same as last year:
4:15 – Communal Snack
4:30 – Kehillah T’fillah (Community Prayer)
4:45 – Ivrit (Hebrew)
5:15 – All in Holy Scrollers Jr. with Rabbi Bellows

In addition, with huge thanks to Erica Eudoff, Chair of Facilities and Debbie St. John, Admin. Asst., we will be coming back to some very fun changes in our school wing. I don’t want to give the surprise away though before the opening of Kivvun, so come in any Sunday morning to see our space and what our children and families are up to! The energy in the building is electric, fun, and contagious!

Wishing everyone Shana Tova – looking forward to seeing everyone soon.

—Morah Belinda

CONSECRATION
Please join us for consecration on Sept 30 as we welcome our newest learners to the Kivvun community. This ritual marks the formal start of a young learner’s Jewish education. We will celebrate with a ceremony where the students will receive a certificate, mini Torah scroll and a taste of honey to symbolize the sweetness of studying Torah.

Happy Birthday! Yom Huledet Sameach!

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<td>Benjamin Rosenblum-Jones Sept. 8</td>
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<td>David Crair Sept. 11</td>
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<td>Moreh Eric Infeld Oct. 29</td>
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David Zeleznik developed a love of photography at the age of thirteen, spurred by an SLR camera he received from his aunt as a bar mitzvah gift. It allowed him to express a creative side of which he was previously unaware. Because of his creative over-exposures and intentional blurred focus photos, he quickly learned to shoot only slides so there was no way for the lab to change the colors or fail to develop his prints. In middle school his father helped him create blackout panels for the windows and door of a downstairs utility room that became his darkroom. By high school he realized that this was a great place to bring a girl for a makeout session since his parents could not enter as long as the red light outside the door was lit! David's first ribbons were won at the Durham Fair photo contest for impressionist flower photographs.

Fast forward to 1989 when David gave in to peer pressure and dove into the murky waters of Long Island sound and then the cold waters of New England where he discovered that "...there was actual stuff to see besides broken beer bottles and horseshoe crabs, and even lobsters to catch." He took his first diving trips in Curacao and Grand Cayman where he was "...blown away by the color and the vibrant life in the beautiful clear waters. This wasn't Narragansett Pier anymore, and I didn't have to wear thick wetsuits, hoods and gloves to battle the cold! The itch to capture what I was seeing grew so strong that I purchased my first underwater camera during my first trip to Grand Cayman, a Nikonos V rangefinder with an underwater flash which I had no idea how to use. This prompted me to take my first underwater photography class of many to follow. I was hooked."

Underwater photography marries two of David's passions, photography and the scuba diver's sense of exploration. "I am constantly in awe and wonder at being able to experience a part of our planet that remains hidden to the vast majority of people. I like to say that it is the closest I will ever get to visiting another planet in my lifetime, and I feel privileged to be able to share it in some small way through my photographs. Scuba div-

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ing is a very peaceful and weightless experience, extremely Zen and relaxing when done with skill. Contrary to popular belief, most of the exertion in diving happens on the surface, either prepping to get in the water or getting out at the end of the dive. Once below the surface, all of that falls away, and it is just the sound of your own breathing as your eyes widen to soak in the view."

"The more I photograph underwater, the more I learn. The art of camouflage, the ability of critters to change color or decorate themselves and hide in plain sight is endlessly fascinating. The symbiotic relationships that have developed between different species is also amazing. Turtles will have defined cleaning stations: on top of the reef where they hover like spaceships to have tangs and other fish nibble algae and parasites from their shells. Moray eels will open their mouths to allow small banded shrimp to enter and clean food particles from between their teeth. The list goes on and on. Sixty per cent of the human body is water, and seawater covers more than seventy per cent of the earth's surface. We came from water and are made of water. Water is life, and life is water. I hope my photographs inspire you to appreciate this treasure that is often overlooked."

David Zeleznik opens his color-filled and exciting water world to us in his CBSRZ Main Street Gallery exhibit that runs from late August to the end of October. There is an opening reception on Sunday, August 26, from 5pm – 7pm. Wine and appetizers will be served. Admission is free and open to the entire shoreline community. The exhibit can be viewed Mon–Fri, 10am – 3pm. Zeleznik will donate 35% of all work sold to CBSRZ.
A Guatemala Story, Lives on Film

by Melinda Alcosser

As a recipient of a scholarship from the Friendship Fund, I was recently fortunate to travel to Guatemala with a group of educators on a Digital Storytelling program run by Peaceworks Travel. This organization was founded by a history teacher just after 9/11, who felt it vital to find a way to build bridges, not walls. Peaceworks’ mission — “to enable travelers to engage in meaningful adventures designed to foster critical thinking, empathy, and innovative solutions for a more peaceful world” — is close to my heart!

We visited Antigua and Lake Atitlán, two places frequented by both tourists and many others, who after experiencing Guatemala decide to stay and form, or become part of, one of the many NGOs (non-governmental organizations) that do solid work to foster sustainability within these indigenous communities. Guatemala went through genocide in the ‘70s –’80s (why this is still little known is a whole other story) and much of the population is still recovering.

Our Digital Storytelling instructor was Los Angeles documentary filmmaker and media arts teacher Michael Hernandez, who has made many award-winning films of his own, as well as guided student work. He provided me and the other educators insight and personalized hands-on training on how to utilize digital technology to get to know the people and culture and develop questions to bring out personal stories.

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We met and interviewed a variety of people, some pre-arranged, and others spontaneously based on the day’s itinerary. We met and toured coffee fields, interviewed farmers who worked with De La Gente Coffee, a farmers’ cooperative that creates economic opportunity and improves the lives of these farmers and their families. Not only did we visit the fields, but also after picking coffee beans, we prepared the beans, roasted them over a fire, ground them using mortar and pestle, and then drank a cup — literally the freshest cup of a most delicious coffee one could ever have!

We visited a small elementary school in Santiago de Atitlán and were able to meet with students and teachers. The students were learning in both their native Mayan language Tz’utujil (Tzoo-tu-hil) and in Spanish. Literacy rate in Guatemala is improving but is still one of the lowest in the world. The Mayan population suffered during the almost four-decade civil war. Much of the work now is focused on youth and improving lives so that next generations can prosper. Students at this school are engaged, yet have little. When the teacher wants her students to write, each is called to retrieve his or her own pencil, one at a time, from a personal backpack. Seeing this, we obtained a supplies list from the teacher, which we filled at a local store before leaving the town. A little help, but certainly our hearts were touched.

We also spent time with a group of women who run a women’s weaving cooperative in San Juan de Atitlán. These women use plants to make their own dyes and grow the cotton to later weave fibers on hand-made looms, all to create brilliantly colored scarves, clothing, handbags, and much more. The cooperative, according to those we interviewed, brings greater income, as there are now sales directly from weaver to consumer.

As one of many educators who did not grow up using digital technology, it can be a challenge as to how, and whether, to incorporate these modern devices into the classroom. Digital Storytelling provides a framework to address this issue. These technological devices are not going away; to use them purposefully in the classroom without their being simply a distraction is a teacher’s dream! Digital Storytelling is a brilliant concept that takes advantage of the positive aspects of this technology, accessing many areas of learning, including journalism, filmmaking, communication skills, and artistic expression.

As someone who has traveled quite a bit, yet not very savvy with technology, I am thrilled to have this new skill. It adds depth to travel and the ability to capture real stories about real people. This is definitely something I will be using with my own students, in the classroom and out in the world.

This year at the school where I am co-founder and educator, CT Experiential Learning Center (CELC) Middle School in Branford, our theme is Heritage, Ethnicity, and Quest for Freedom — a rich avenue for digital storytelling! If anyone at CBSRZ would like to share stories of your heritage with my students, please make contact; we would love to document it on film!

If you have stories for Melinda you can contact her at: mandm@CTEXperiential.org

Melinda standing with Sarah after a Digital Storytelling interview. Standing out side Sarah’s shop and home, sharing her embroidery, downtown Santiago de Atitlán.
Announcement from the Cemetery Board
by Stu Baker

Approximately two-hundred new grave sites in a beautifully landscaped addition with handicapped accessible entry is being built in the very near future onto the CBSRZ cemetery within the Fountain Hill Cemetery of Deep River. This project has been a long time in planning and development and is now ready to begin.

The historic Fountain Hill Cemetery is located one block east of route 154 in Deep River. The “Jewish Section” there dates to the Samuels family plot, which was expanded and became the original Beth Shalom burial ground. Shortly after the building of our new Temple in 2001, that space was expanded using fill from the excavation for our new building. This cemetery space was quickly taken and has been “filled” for many years.

Seven years ago our then Temple President, Bruce Josephy, saw a need for more burial sites in Deep River. He approached Rich Forrestal of the Fountain Hill Cemetery Association requesting a donation of land from them so that we might expand again. Mr. Forrestal, working with his board, was able to grant our request. He has been patient, gracious and supportive of our project from its inception.

To develop this plot of land requires special permits from the Town, engineering the layout and the fill needed, and aesthetic planning. Henry Resnikoff has taken the lead through this entire process. We would not be at this exciting juncture without his knowledge, determination and hard work.

The Deep River Cemetery accepts Members in good standing both Jewish and non-Jewish as well as Cremains of Members in good standing. All burials in Fountain Hill Cemetery are “green” in that they are done without the use of a vault and with wooden caskets, under purview of the Rabbi.

The cemeteries in Deep River and in Moodus are both under the auspices of the newly created CBSRZ Cemetery Association, Inc. The Cemetery Board is comprised of congregants: Stuart Baker, president, Bruce Josephy and Ellen Friedman-Smith, vice presidents, Henry Resnikoff, secretary, Sandy Seidman, treasurer, and Martin Nadel, member at large. Ex-officio members include CBSRZ Board President Brad Jubelirer and Rabbi Bellows. Wendy Bayor serves as administrator.

Congregants may contact Wendy Bayor at the Temple Office to inquire about acquiring plots and view plans of the Cemetery. Plots may be obtained by signing up for a Long Term Care Agreement at two thousand dollars ($2,000) per Agreement for Members in good standing and three thousand dollars ($3,000) for non-members of the Jewish faith.

DON’T FORGET
CBSRZ Heritage Tour, Take 2
Resorts, Synagogues and Farms of Chester, Deep River and Moodus
Sunday, October 14, 2018
9:30 – 1:30

Did you miss the historic 2015 tour? Here’s your chance to make up for that. Join us on Sunday, Oct. 14, at 9:30 am, when a tour bus will pull out of the CBSRZ driveway and make the rounds of the places where CBSRZ history had been made, the sites in Moodus, Chester and Deep River where our unusual and unique congregation had its beginnings: farms, resorts and (former) synagogues.

We will make our way to Moodus first, wending our way through the farms and resorts of our founders and the (former) synagogues they created (Rodfe Zedek) before lunching at the Old Rodfe Zedek Synagogue on Union Street in Moodus

East Haddam Historical Society. After lunch, we’ll make our way back to Chester and Deep River where the JCC, later Beth Shalom, grew up, ultimately joining with Rodfe Zedek to create today’s CBSRZ. Retracing our roots will give us a sense of the unusual factors and founders that make CBSRZ such a distinctive place.

Lunch, plus snacks and beverages, will be included in the $50.00 price. Reserve your place for this trip back into time and place: call CBSRZ (860-526-8920) and make your reservation. See you on October 14th!
Natalicia gave a heartfelt talk on growing up with the challenges of being a woman in a “man’s world” as well as the difficulties of being an immigrant, domestic worker in the United States. Natalicia’s accomplishments since those early years have been truly inspiring. Since education is her focus, she has earned both a bachelor’s and master’s degree. She praised UACT for their social justice work. UACT has been collaborating with the Brazilian Worker Center and several other groups on a campaign to improve home health care by advocating for domestic worker’s rights and fair wages.

Middletown Refugee Resettlement Coalition Ends After Successes

After three years of working to settle refugee families in the Middletown area, the Middletown Refugee Resettlement Coalition has agreed to disband. Two families have been resettled in Middletown, and further work may be done with other families directly through Integrated Refugee and Immigrant Services (IRIS) in New Haven.

The first family, which came from Iraq, has been very successful in settling into the community and is living totally independent of the coalition volunteers. The father of the family has a permanent job in the IT department at Wesleyan University, the mother has come very far in her English language skills, and all four of the children are successful in school. Their oldest daughter is beginning the college search process and hopes to enter into the bio-medical fields. The family has created important friendships and feels a part of the community.

The second family came from Syria and had a much more complicated situation. Because of the extreme challenges faced by them, the coalition decided to extend the support of them for a second year instead of resettling a third new family. It didn’t feel right to the volunteers to stop after year one when they were not adjusted well enough to be successful. The mother of the family is learning English and the school-aged children are getting the support that they need in the Middletown Schools.

A group of about 20 volunteers will

Members of the Universalist Unitarian Church in Meriden, which has provided sanctuary for nearly a year to an immigrant who has been in the U.S. and actively involved with United Action Connecticut (UACT) for years.
continue to help the Syrian family; these volunteers will now be affiliated with IRIS (in New Haven), which will also serve as the fiduciary agent. Any remaining funds will be transferred to IRIS; these funds will be disbursed to continue to subsidize the Syrian family’s rent.

The coalition has done great work and our congregation has been an integral part of it. Thank you to everyone!

The Social Action Committee continues to seek to assist refugee families in New Haven through IRIS, including helping relocate the Syrian family of Haitham and Shiyam Dalati, who visited with CBSRZ in January. If you are interested in getting involved, please contact andy@andrewschatz.com or 860-202-2690.

We Need A Ton of Help!

Please start putting aside food for the CBSRZ High Holiday Food Drive.

For many years, CBSRZ has collected and donated over 2000 pounds of food to Shoreline Soup Kitchen & Pantries. We can be proud that our collection is one of the largest single annual community food drives benefitting SSKP.

Although all non-perishable food is welcome, the following staples are especially necessary:

- Canned soups
- Cereal & oatmeal
- Instant milk, powdered milk
- Fruit juice
- Baby items: baby food, disposable diapers, etc
- Tuna fish
- Peanut butter
- Canned tomatoes, all types of spaghetti sauces
- Rice and pasta – all kinds,
- Canned vegetables, canned fruit, instant potatoes
- Meals in a can: ravioli, spaghetti, hash, chili
- Baking mixes, muffin or bread mix, baking basics
- Diabetic foods, “open-and-eat” foods (flip top cans)

SAC will provide bags for the food during Rosh Hashanah and collect bags stuffed with food during Yom Kippur, but please feel free to bring food to CBSRZ sooner and drop it off in the entryway. Some of the food collected will go to the Chessed Committee to distribute to our own members who are struggling to make ends meet, including families who live in areas not covered by SSKP.

Help Build Affordable Housing

CBSRZ members will join with Temple Beth Tikvah of Madison in helping build a house in New Haven through Habitat for Humanity. The date of the build this autumn has yet to be determined, but unlike most Habitat builds, which are set for a Saturday, this effort will be on a Sunday.

Learn more about Habitat for Humanity at habitat.org and about Raise the Roof, its shoreline connection, at raisetheroofct.org.

The Social Action Committee seeks to work with other area faith communities on projects and thanks TBT for including us in this project.

If you are interested in joining the effort, please contact andy@andrewschatz.com - 860-202-2690.

Upcoming Meal Sites

In addition to our annual food drives, CBSRZ hosts meal sites each calendar quarter in both Deep River (on Thursdays) and Chester (on Sundays). We prepare a healthy meal and serve it to 20-50 people on behalf of Shoreline Soup Kitchens & Pantries.

Come be a part of the team—you’ll feel good and help us with an important mitzvah.

Our next Deep River meal is Thursday November 15 at Deep River Congregational Church (we just hosted a meal there in August). Please contact Teri Fogel at tmellafogel@aol.com.

The upcoming Chester Meal Site dates are Sundays, September 16 and December 16 at United Church of Chester. Please contact Johanna Schaefer at johannadschaefer@gmail.com.
CBSRZ is happy to announce more baking opportunities with Sam Kantrow—not just our exceptional meteorologist but pastry chef extraordinaire!

Last time around, Sam taught us how to make real New York bagels. On May 6, 2017, he introduced CBSRZ denizens, including adults of all ages AND Kivvun kids, into the mysteries of creating real bagels from scratch. You saw people twirling ropes of dough between the palms of their hands, dropping hastily formed bagels into boiling water and timing them carefully before flipping, then extracting, them and choosing a topping of their choice before finishing them off in the oven. Everyone was ecstatically happy and very well-fed.

So now we are going to learn how to make equally perfect challah—round...oval...three braids or even more! On October 21, 2018, at 10:30 in the morning, Sam is holding The Challah Workshop and letting us into all of his challah baking secrets. Your Shabbat (or holiday) dinners will never be the same after this.

The fee for the event will be $18.00 per person, and all monies received will benefit CBSRZ. Make your reservation as soon as possible so we can plan properly. Families who wish to take part in this are invited to use the double Chai rate of $36.00 for the entire family.

Once again, those interested in delving even deeper into the mysteries of challah making can avail themselves of the Sous Chef Opportunity. With a donation of $36.00, individuals can join Sam earlier in the kitchen and learn the challah baking business from beginning to end. But we have to limit this opportunity to 18 people because of the size of the kitchen. We will let anyone who signs up for this special experience know exactly what time to show up.

The Adult Education Committee is thrilled to be able to offer yet another culinary learning experience. Special thanks to Sam for offering this and to Melissa Lieberman, his Very Special Assistant. Bring your aprons and prepare to plunge your hands into that wonderful dough.

**CBSRZ Social Media Policy And Social Action**

Whether we like it or not social media is in our lives. Connecting with people through social media platforms like Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat and Twitter have become new ways we communicate and engage with one another. Congregation Beth Shalom as a community and organization has developed a social media policy. This policy has been approved by the board of directors and is in place. We want you to know what it is and why it’s important to all of us. The new social media policy can be found on our member’s portal – cbsrzmembers.org.

**Social Media Meets Social Action**

There is an easy way for you to let our CBSRZ community members know about social justice rallies, vigils, forums, solidarity events and more. By joining the CBSRZ Community on Facebook you can post events and social justice organization activities you are involved with to encourage involvement. All you need to do is to search for the CBSRZ Community while on Facebook and request to become a member. Once you are a member you can post away on happenings related to social justice.
Condolences are extended to:

- Z. Robert Patkin – nephew of Marlene Scharr
- Rita Nirenstein – mother of Nancy Schwarz
- Esther Miller – grandmother of Ellen Friedman
- Sidney LeWitt – father of Jim Cohen
- Ann Samuels Levine – relative of Steven & Caral Lebworth
- Edward Koster – father of Cindy Rischall
- Beatrice Gottfried – mother of Corinne Weber
- Carol Ruth Goodman – sister of Linda Polomski
- Adele Fox – stepmother of Kevin Fox
- Harry Zack – father of Sylvia Zack

...Our Chesed Committee is here to help.

Please remember to inform either Beth Brewer or Shelley Sprague, co-chairs of the Chesed Committee, if you or someone you know is ill, in need of help, or has experienced a death in the family.
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<td>SIMCHAT TORAH</td>
<td>5:30pm Facilities Meeting</td>
<td>4:15pm - 5:45pm Kadima (Gr-4-7)</td>
<td>5:30pm Religious Affairs Committee</td>
<td>7:30pm 1st Friday Erev Shabbat Service</td>
<td>9:00 am Torah Study</td>
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<td>COLUMBUS DAY</td>
<td>5:30pm Facilities Meeting</td>
<td>4:15pm - 5:45pm Kadima (Gr-4-7)</td>
<td>12:00pm - 1:00pm Lunch and Learn</td>
<td>7:30pm Board of Directors</td>
<td>7:30pm Erev Shabbat Service with Choir</td>
<td>9:00 am Torah Study</td>
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<td>No Kivvan</td>
<td>7:00pm Choir Rehearsal</td>
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<td>9:00am - 12:00pm Kadima (Gr-K-7)</td>
<td>11:00am - 1:30pm Jewish Historical Society Bus Trip to CBSRZ</td>
<td>4:15pm - 5:45pm Kadima (Gr-4-7)</td>
<td>7:00pm Executive Committee</td>
<td>7:30pm Erev Shabbat Service with Piano;</td>
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<td>9:30am - 10:30am Rabbi’s Book Club</td>
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<td>10:30am Challah Workshop with Sam Kantrow</td>
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<td>10:30am Shabbat service and bat mitzvah of Bella Fahman</td>
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<td>10:30am Shabbat service and bat mitzvah of Bella Fahman</td>
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Many thanks to these recent Oneg sponsors:

Adult Education Committee – in honor of the Adult B’not mitzvah class
Gelven Family – in honor of Orr Teva’s bar mitzvah
Harvey Payton and Lori Shafner – in memory of William Payton
Jonathan and Michelle Fishman – in honor of Michelle’s conversion
Melinda Alcosser – in memory of Lois Alcosser
Rochelle Dauenheimer – in memory of David, Dora and Lawrence Adler

Mama Loshen  By Marilyn Kalet

A kasheh
Confusion (mach me nisht un kasheh)
Shitikel
A small bit; a morsel
Katz-in-kop
Forgetful

Lantsman (plural, lantsleit)
Countryman, neighbor, fellow from the old country
Gribbenes (plural, greeven)
Fried chicken skin or fat

Monarch Butterfly, I know your last name used to be Caterpillarstein – From Haikus for Jews