

Scroll

Temple Beth Shalom - Needham, Massachusetts

April 2023

Nisan/Iyar 5783



Our Own TBS Families' Holocaust Stories

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On the Cover

"Seder Table"

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From the Editorial Board

My mother-in-law survived in part because she had blonde hair and blue eyes, knew how to speak Polish without the classical Yiddish accent that quickly lent identity to someone who might otherwise have “passed” for Christian, and because her instincts allowed her to hide and pivot with poise and confidence, even under the very roof of the enemy. My father-in-law was politically aware as a youth, and when he couldn’t convince his older siblings and parents to escape Poland for their own good, he said his goodbyes and crossed into Russia, facing starvation, disease, and cold - “the Hilton,” he would always say, in comparison to what my mother-in-law endured. Neither was able to find surviving family members after the war. When they met, they spent five years helping other survivors make their way to Israel.

My mom watched newsreels with her sister in Ahoskie, North Carolina, witnessing on the screen the liberation of the camps. Weeks later, when relatives arrived from Poland, she gasped. “I saw you in a newsreel!” “Yes,” said her cousin. “I remember someone saying, ‘Smile, Benny, they’re taking your picture.’” He went on to tell about his encounter in a refugee center some four years after he was taken to the camps. He sat next to another young man who had just been liberated. They exchanged information and learned they were from the same town. A few questions later, they realized they were brothers. Each had been so much younger, and each was so emaciated, they couldn’t recognize each other.

And so the stories go, as you’ll see in this issue of the *Scroll*. Horrifying, poignant, awe-inspiring, intimidating. We hold the memories sacred both for the intensity of what our relatives endured and for what we pray and must work to ensure will not happen again. We know atrocities are happening in our world and it is overwhelming to know where to begin to make a difference. Any place is a good place to start. From our ASAI to organizations working to fight encroachment of ideologies and practices across the globe, wherever we each place our efforts can help.

By Joni Burstein on behalf of the Editorial Board

Welcome New Members

Yael and Jeremy Halpern and Evan (9), Maia (8), and Adam (6)
 Sue and Farron Levy and Ayala (13), Sabina (10), and Ellery (6)
 Adam and Melissa Liebenenthal and Sophia (4) and Tyler (1)
 Alexandra and Adam Schwank and Levi (5) and Abigail (3)
 Adam and Andrea Shafran and Jackson (5) and Theodore (1)

Services in April

Services will be in person and via livestream for the month of April.
Please check the TBS website and emails for livestream links.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1 (10 Nisan 5783)

Torah: *Tzav* Lev. 6:1 - 8:36
8:30 AM Shabbat Morning Service (Beit Midrash)
9:00 AM Torah Study (Beit Midrash)
9:15 AM Finding Our Jewish Values in the Torah
(Front Conference Room and online)
B. Mitzvah: Charlie Leschinski
B. Mitzvah: Sally Fox and Avishai Schechner

THURSDAY, APRIL 6 (15 Nisan 5783)

7:00 AM Passover Morning Service (Sanctuary)

FRIDAY, APRIL 7 (17 Nisan 5783)

7:15 PM 'Om Shalom' Yoga Service (Community Hall)
7:15 PM Simchat Shabbat Evening Service (Sanctuary)

SATURDAY, APRIL 8 (17 Nisan 5783)

Chol HaMo-eid Pesach, Ex. 33:12 - 34:26
8:30 AM Shabbat Morning Service (Beit Midrash)
9:00 AM Torah Study (Beit Midrash)
9:15 AM Finding Our Jewish Values in the Torah
(Front Conference Room and online)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12 (21 Nisan 5783)

7:00 AM Passover Morning Service
Yizkor will be recited

FRIDAY, APRIL 14 (24 Nisan 5783)

7:15 PM Erev Shabbat Service (Sanctuary)

SATURDAY, APRIL 15 (24 Nisan 5783)

Torah: *Sh'mini* Lev. 9:1 - 11:47
8:30 AM Shabbat Morning Service (Beit Midrash)
9:00 AM Torah Study (Beit Midrash)
9:15 AM Finding Our Jewish Values in the Torah
(Front Conference Room and online)
B. Mitzvah: Lilah Feinberg

FRIDAY, APRIL 21 (1 Iyar 5783)

6:15 PM Erev Shabbat Service (Sanctuary)

SATURDAY, APRIL 22 (1 Iyar 5783)

Torah: *Tazria-Metzora* Lev. 12:1 - 15:33
8:30 AM Shabbat Morning Service (Beit Midrash)
9:00 AM Torah Study (Beit Midrash)
9:15 AM Finding Our Jewish Values in the Torah
(Front Conference Room and online)
B. Mitzvah: Landon Morahan

FRIDAY, APRIL 28 (8 Iyar 5783)

6:15 PM Erev Shabbat Service - Brotherhood Shabbat
(Sanctuary)

SATURDAY, APRIL 29 (8 Iyar 5783)

Torah: *Achare Mot-Kedoshim* Lev. 16:1 - 20:27
8:30 AM Shabbat Morning Service (Beit Midrash)
9:00 AM Torah Study (Beit Midrash)
9:15 AM Finding Our Jewish Values in the Torah
(Front Conference Room and online)
B. Mitzvah: Ashley Cohen

FIGHTING ANTISEMITISM

Did you know . . .

"Thanks to a Presidential Executive Order of December 11, 2019, Jewish students on college campuses are entitled to the same protections against hate speech as other groups have received."

EMET, Endowment for Middle East Truth

Please join the TBS Community for *Minyan*

- Monday and Thursday mornings at 7:00 AM in person, in the Sanctuary.
- Tuesday through Thursday evenings at 6:45 PM online only. Zoom links are published in the "TBS This Week" email.

Committee Meetings in April - Stay Involved!

Committees not listed will not meet formally this month.

| | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Adult Learning | Wed. April 12, 7:30 PM | AdultLearning@tbsneedham.org |
| Antisemitism Initiative | Tue. April 11, 7:30 PM | ASAI@tbsneedham.org |
| Communications | Wed. April 12, 7:15 PM | Communications@tbsneedham.org |
| Environmental Action | Thur. April 27, 8:00 PM | EnvironAction@tbsneedham.org |
| Garden Club | Tue. April 4, 7:15 PM | GardenClub@tbsneedham.org |
| Library | Wed. April 5, 19, 26, 9:30 AM | Library@tbsneedham.org |
| Sisterhood Leadership Council | Thur. April 13, 7:30 PM | Sisterhood@tbsneedham.org |
| Three Score/More or Less | Mon. April 10, 7:30 PM | ThreeScoreMoreOrLess@tbsneedham.org |

Please check with the email contact in case of a change in date and for meeting location.



"Never Forget" Begins with Our Families But Does Not End There

By Rabbi Todd Markley



I was recently visiting with a class of our TBS seventh graders who are in the midst of studying the Holocaust. They invited me in to discuss God's role in that darkest time of our people's history, and in the midst of that thoughtful discussion, one student asked me how it is that I connect personally with the horrific events of that era.

I shared that my father (ז"ל) was born in Quito, Ecuador. That is where the boat was heading, the one boat which my grandparents (ז"ל) were able to get papers to board as they saw the Nazi onslaught approaching their town in Czechoslovakia. They fled Europe with my Uncle Mel, leaving everything and everyone behind, and set up their lives in a strange land, with no friends or relatives there to support them, and without any knowledge of Spanish to allow them access to their new society. My grandfather's medical license was not honored there so he ran a laundromat, a candy store, and a restaurant at different times to make ends meet. When my father was born in Quito, hopeful that they would one day make it to the U.S. and wanting their newborn to have an American name, my grandparents called him George... after George Washington, the only American they knew. They eventually did make it to the States and settled in Connecticut, in the same town where I would one day be raised, the grateful beneficiary of their countless sacrifices and struggles.

So too, I connect with the Holocaust because of our cousins Leslie and Irene, whose survivor stories were among those collected by Stephen Spielberg and the USC Shoah Foundation. Their harrowing tales of repeated escapes from the ghetto, of chance encounters that led them to safety, and of gracious strangers whose compassion and care allowed them to survive would move most any heart. Their stories are now mine to retell as they must not be lost to the sands of time.

Finally, of course, I connect to the Holocaust because of the countless members of my family for whom there was no boat to the United States nor even one bound for Ecuador. So many of the family members that my grandparents were forced to leave behind did not survive those dark days. Their branches of our family tree were truncated far too prematurely. It is for me to recall that they perished neither of natural causes nor under typical conditions, for if I let their legacies and the violent circumstances of their demise disappear, then my children and their children will be at even greater risk for seeing such events unfold once again.

Of course, I am far from the only member of our TBS family with personal connections to the horrors of the Shoah. I am grateful that the *Scroll* Editorial Board chose to invite members of our community to share their own family connections to the Holocaust. And - of course - we retell and recount our own experiences because we seek to create a broader society in which, regardless of one's own personal connection to the horrors of genocide, we can all stand tall in opposition to the forces of discrimination, xenophobia, and hatred that continue to rear their ugly heads in our own day. It is incumbent upon us to recall our personal and familial stories so that they can serve as inspiration to us and to our world as we ever-strive to uphold the dual sacred obligations of Jews living in a post-Holocaust world: Never forget, and never again.



From Our Board of Trustees

Telling Our Story... Creating Your Traditions

By Wendy Gutterson, Congregational President



In the Torah reading concerning Passover, Exodus 12:21-51, Moses shares the laws of Passover. The idea of Moses sharing Passover instructions with the children of Israel is perhaps not so different from the holiday instructions many of us learned from our parents and grandparents. In fact, the Torah shares the expectation that future generations will celebrate Pesach and that each of us has the responsibility to instruct these future generations in the traditions and meaning of the festival. One of the things I love about Passover is how families throughout the world sit down to tell the same story, yet each family's traditions are uniquely their own.

In our family, David and I have carried traditions from the generations before us and have woven them together with rituals we created with our daughters. One of my favorites involves a rainbow of felt-tip pens. When you open any Haggadah at our Passover table you will see the names of those who read and shared the freedom story in prior years. We see changes in handwriting as children become teens and adults, we see distant friends who happen to be passing through Needham at just the right time to celebrate with us, and, of course, we see family members who have passed away and remember their contributions to our collective experience.

Another special tradition began when my daughter Sam was seven years old and learning to sew and had the idea that we all need pillows for Passover because we are instructed to recline at the Seder table. Our first year, the pillows were a bit basic, but they certainly got the job done. Over time, we've become a bit more sophisticated (we also acquired a sewing machine!). And now, our guests routinely have personalized pillows made from beautiful fabrics. While some choose to take them home and bring them back each year, we also have a few repeat guests who simply leave their pillows in our Passover box, knowing that, like the seasons, they will return next year to celebrate and retell our ancient story.

Finally, I will share my tradition of setting the Passover table days in advance of the holiday. For Pesach I bring out the fancy china that Nana Helen used in her tiny apartment on East 19th Street. I can still picture her standing on a stepladder handing down dish after dish, all painted with delicate flowers and gold bows. There were so many dishes they barely fit on her kitchen table. I also use the tablecloth that was lovingly cross-stitched by Nana Eva. Her embroidery is so meticulous that you need to look twice to determine which side is up. The stains on it only enhance the specialness as I remember wine spilled amid joyous laughter with my cousins at a long-ago holiday. Adding to our tradition is the Miriam's cup, a Bat Mitzvah gift from close friends, the same friends who always bring wine for the holiday, and the matzo cover purchased during Tzipora's high school semester in Israel.

The freedom story of Passover is an ancient one and yet is just as important and meaningful today. As we rejoice in our ancestors' exodus, we must also focus on those who are not free, those who will not celebrate the holiday this year. Our tradition teaches us to always remember and to do our part to help others. As we say next year in Jerusalem, let's also say a prayer for peace for all.

David, Sam, Tzipora, and Adam join me in wishing you a sweet holiday, filled with love, with meaning, and the opportunity to create lasting memories.

L'Shalom,

Wendy

I'd love to learn about your family's celebration. Please share your favorite Passover traditions with me – president@tbsneedham.org.



B. Mitzvah

Charlie Leschinski, Saturday, April 1

School: Pollard Middle School

Interests: Charlie loves hanging out with his friends, playing ice hockey, skiing and tennis!

Mitzvah Project: Charlie is collecting supplies, new and used, for the Animal Rescue League of Boston.

Sally Fox, Saturday, April 1

School: Pollard Middle School

Interests: Sally loves spending time with family and friends, and playing sports.

Mitzvah Project: Sally is volunteering with Athletes Unlimited, supporting people with disabilities as they learn the basics of cheerleading.

Avishai Schechner, Saturday, April 1

School: Pollard Middle School

Interests: Avi loves to cook, draw, and play a variety of sports, particularly basketball and football.

Mitzvah Project: Being an avid sports lover, Avi felt strongly about helping kids with physical challenges access and enjoy sports.

Lilah Feinberg, Saturday, April 15

School: Pollard Middle School

Interests: Lilah is inquisitive, friendly and kind. Her passions are being with her friends, dogs, and dancing.

Mitzvah Project: Lilah is pursuing her love of dogs and animals by volunteering at the MSPCA and the Service Dog Project.

Landon Morahan, Saturday, April 22

School: Pollard Middle School

Interests: Landon loves playing sports, coding, and hanging out with friends.

Mitzvah Project: Passionate about tackling food insecurity, Landon collected food to donate to local pantries.

Ashley Cohen, Saturday, April 29

School: Pollard Middle School

Interests: Hanging out with friends, playing basketball, and playing softball. Ashley also enjoys time with her sister and dog.

Mitzvah Project: Ashley helped raise money on behalf of Ocean Conservancy - a non-profit that helps protect the ocean, animals, and the environment.



April Highlights

Adult Education: End-of-Life Considerations

Sunday, April 2, 9:30 AM, Beit Midrash

Join us for a joint Adult Ed - Chesed program on "End-of-Life Considerations." This question-and-answer session is a follow-up to the article that ran in the June 2022 *Scroll* on "End of Life Doula." Rabbi Jay will be joined by end-of-life doula Marcia Zais, hospice volunteer Sabra Sherry, and end-of-life planning advocate Ariel Sherry.

They will answer your questions and calmly offer guidance on end-of-life planning and the value of adding a doula to the care team with the goal of creating a customized and gentle passage. Useful literature and a nosh will be provided.

Register at t-b-s.me/considerations. For questions contact chesed@tbsneedham.org.

The Climate-Friendly Yard

Monday, April 3, 7:30 PM, Zoom

Creating beautiful, healthy yards is good for you and good for the planet! Join us for an evening of earth-friendly inspiration, beauty, and practical ways you can have an organic-permaculture and Climate-Friendly Yard.

Speaker Ellen Fine will discuss the many options for getting started on this journey, from reducing your lawn and pesticide use to rewilding with indigenous plantings. Learn about Food Forests, Edible Landscapes, Pollinator Gardens, raised beds for veggies, flowering low-mow lawns, and joining the local Pollinator Pathway. TBS member Ellen Fine is part of the Resiliency Gardens Project, the Pollinator Protectors (Metro West Pollinator Pathways) and Healthy Yards, Needham.

To register go to t-b-s.me/climatefriendlyyard. For questions contact environaction@tbsneedham.org.



Adult Education: Conversations About Dementia

Wednesday April 12, 7:30-9:00 PM, TBS

Are you interested in learning about Alzheimer's and other dementias and how they affect the people living with them? Please join Needham Goes Purple for a presentation by Nicole McGurin and Judith Thermidor from the MA/NH Alzheimer's Association.

This program will begin with the differences between Alzheimer's and dementia, and provide the warning signs for Alzheimer's and risk factors for developing Alzheimer's. Then, helpful tips to assist families in having honest and caring conversations about doctor's visits, driving, and legal and financial planning will be provided. Tips and strategies for difficult (but important) conversations about changes that may be related to dementia will also be addressed. At the end of the program, there will be time for discussion and questions from the audience.

This event is sponsored by the TBS Adult Learning Committee and is free to the public. RSVP to info@needhamgoespurple.org.



Acupressure, Relaxation and Tea!

Thursday, April 13, 7:00 PM, TBS

Join us for a relaxing night with Sisterhood member and acupuncturist, Alana Hammer.

Alana Hammer provides acupuncture treatment, herbal medicine, and other adjunctive therapies to treat acute and chronic pain, orthopedic conditions, digestive disorders, stress and anxiety, PMS, perimenopause and menopause, pediatrics, sleep disorders, and cosmetic facial rejuvenation. She works with a diverse group of patients, from extreme athletes to terminally ill, and welcomes cultural diversity in all its forms. Free to all Sisterhood members.

Register at t-b-s.me/SHRelax to let us know you will be attending. For questions contact sisterhood@tbsneedham.org.



April Highlights continued...

Pizza and Bingo at TBS!

Sunday, April 16, 4:00–6:30 PM, TBS

Have your first pizza after Passover with your TBS community! And, after you've had your fill of pizza, enjoy the challenge of 90 minutes of bingo with entertaining twists on each game.

Bring the whole family; kids, teens, adults, and seniors are all welcome. The cost of \$10 per person (maximum \$40 per family) includes pizza, non-alcoholic beverages, cookies, bingo, and cash prizes.

We anticipate a great time among friends, old and new, with some schmoozing, a bit of competition, plenty of excitement, and tons of fun.

To register go to t-b-s.me/bingoandpizza. To pay by check, after registering send a check payable to Temple Beth Shalom to 670 Highland Ave., Needham, MA 02494. Please include 'pizza & bingo' in the check memo. You may also register and pay at the door.

For questions contact threescoremoreorless@tbsneedham.org.



Garden Club: How to Create Your Own Cutting Garden

Tuesday, April 18, 7:15 PM, TBS

Mary Beth Hayes will guide us in how to create our own cutting gardens. She is the lead designer for the Semper Virens Flower Studio in Chelmsford, MA. She previously worked as an environmental consultant and now tries to reduce our environmental footprint by growing local flowers in New England and by using sustainable practices. Mary Beth Hayes uses locally grown flowers in her designs, including those grown at the studio. Check out her website: www.sempervirensflowers.com.



Guests are welcome with a fee. For questions contact gardenclub@tbsneedham.org.

Screening of a New Documentary, Eva's Promise

Sunday, April 23, 3:00-5:30 PM, TBS

"They were just teenagers. He loved music and could play accordion and guitar. She was his little sister. They were packed into a train by the Nazis in May 1944 and were not told where they were going. But the horrifying destination was Auschwitz-Birkenau. On the trip, Heinz Geiringer, 17, had a request for his sister, Eva, 15. Back in Holland, he had secreted the paintings and poems he had created under the floorboards where he had been hiding from the Nazis. He wanted her to know that fact – in case he didn't survive. Tragically, he did not, and neither did their father. However, his sister and mother did survive the camp, and Eva felt compelled to honor her brother's wishes. She would try to recover his paintings and poems. Eva wanted to share them with the world." (Excerpted from *The Day* newspaper, formerly known as *The New London Day*)



Across the street from the Geiringers were their neighbors, Otto and Edith Frank, and their daughters Anne and Margot. In the film, Eva recounts that she and Anne became friends, and that her brother and Margot would occasionally do homework together. After the war, Otto Frank married Eva's mother.

Eva is now telling her family's story in a new documentary film *Eva's Promise*, co-produced by stage director and former theater professor Susan Kerner and directed by Steve McCarthy, a former staff producer for *60 Minutes*. The film introduces Heinz, his artistry, and his sister's efforts to find and share his remarkable legacy. It is also a story of Eva's own resilience and determination, and casts light on her role as a full-time Holocaust educator at the age of 93.

Following the showing of the documentary, there will be a Q & A session with Co-producer Susan Kerner and Holocaust scholar Dr. Barbara Wallace Grossman. Refreshments will be served.

This event is open to members and the outside community. Teens are encouraged to attend given the tie-in with the story of Anne Frank.

To register go to t-b-s.me/evaspromise. (Free for members, \$10 per non-member.) For questions, contact

adultlearning@tbsneedham.org.



Brotherhood Shabbat Service

Friday April 28, 6:15 PM, Sanctuary

The Archives Committee will honor Brotherhood at a special Shabbat service. Two speakers from Brotherhood will talk about the history of Brotherhood. A slide show of many special Brotherhood moments will accompany the service. Delicious pre-neg will be served before the service.

For questions contact archives@tbsneedham.org.



Recurring Events

Pre-Shabbat Yoga

Fridays, 9:00-10:00 AM, TBS and online

Join Stephanie Javaheri for pre-Shabbat yoga. Yoga is all about the inside and not the pretty or bendy postures that we see on the outside. It's about self inquiry, observation and awareness of your body, breath and mind to help feel more grounded.

Set aside preconceived yogic notions and come experience an hour of bliss with slow mindful movement. No experience necessary. Just an open mind.

Drop in at TBS for the in person class, or join in online at t-b-s.me/yoga. No registration is necessary.



Finding Our Jewish Values in the Torah

Saturdays, 9:15-10:15 AM, TBS and online

Each week we will focus on a single Jewish moral or ethical value found in that week's *parsha* (Torah portion). These will include, but not be limited to, Justice, Compassion, Environmental Ethics, and Business Ethics. A variety of rabbinic sources will enrich our exploration as we seek to apply each week's value to our lives today.

Drop in at TBS to join the discussion in person, or go to t-b-s.me/findingvalues to join in via Zoom. No registration is necessary.



Israeli Dance

Mondays, 7:00-8:30 PM, TBS

Join Emily Perlman for a wonderful Israeli dance experience. Israeli dance is a great way to engage the culture of Israel and the Jewish people through music and movement. This is an intermediate-level class for those who have some Israeli dance experience. Those who are willing to learn by watching others are also encouraged to attend. The tuition is \$5 per session, which is paid when you attend.

For more information or questions contact eperlman@tbsneedham.org.



A History of Antisemitism: The Age of Enlightenment Until Today

Wednesdays, 12:00-1:30 PM, online

The past few years have seen a dramatic increase in antisemitic language and acts. During our course, we will be looking at the history of "the world's oldest hatred" to better understand what has driven both individuals and governments to target Jews.

Register at t-b-s.me/falllunchandlearn.



Recurring Events continued...

Bag Lunch and Breakfast Food Drive-up Collection for Homeless Shelters

Friday, April 28, 9:15-9:45 AM in the TBS Front Parking Lot

TBS Social Action needs your help with our monthly collection of bag lunches and breakfast foods for donation to homeless shelters in the Brockton area. This is a great project to do individually or as a family! Participate in this monthly *mitzvah* to help feed the increasingly large numbers of homeless guests at these shelters. There are many options: Make bag lunches, or donate cases of water or juice or a variety of breakfast items.

It's easy! Our collection team will be in the TBS Front Parking Lot, on the far side from the Temple, at the corner of Highland Avenue and Webster Street, ready to safely transfer your donations from your car as you drive up.

To sign up for specific food donation items, go to t-b-s.me/baglunch

If you can't make it on April 28, just sign up for your food donation items and then email us at socialaction@tbsneedham.org to arrange for an earlier delivery date.

For questions contact socialaction@tbsneedham.org



Om Shalom Yoga Service

Friday, April 7, 7:15 PM, TBS

Om Shalom Yoga Shabbat creates a spiritual space that centralizes healthy movement and breath work as part of a Shabbat service. The practice includes Shabbat prayers, music, and ceremony woven together into a movement-practice that makes for a unique prayer experience.

Ages 12 and above are invited to participate. All physical abilities are welcome. Yoga mats are available; feel free to bring your own if you prefer.

Our Om Shalom leader, Andrew Tanner is a global yoga teacher and public speaker known for his yoga industry advocacy, soulful style of teaching, and unshaken faith in his students' ability to transform for the better. Andrew is proud to have grown up at TBS and thrilled to be coming home to share his passion for yoga.

**Note: Our new monthly Om Shalom service will run concurrently with our regular "Simchat Shabbat" musical service. Both services will conclude at approximately the same time and participants will enjoy a sweet oneg together.*



Save the Date

"Infuse Your Life with Herbs," a Garden Club Program

Wednesday, May 10, 7:15 PM, TBS

Karen O'Brien, "The Green Woman's Gardner," will present a program on how to infuse your life with herbs. Karen, a Master Gardener, owns and operates about 50 acres of farm land in Richmond, New Hampshire. She concentrates on native plants and is actively involved with The Herb Society. She will teach us how fresh herbs can enhance our lives not only culinarily but through all the senses. For more information, check out her website: greenwomansgarden.com.

Guests are welcome for a small fee. Any questions, please contact gardenclub@tbsneedham.org.



Brotherhood's Long History



By Loren Shapiro, Brotherhood President

With the TBS Brotherhood scheduled to be highlighted at Shabbat services on April 28th, it seems like a good time for an update on Brotherhood's mission, background, and what we've been up to lately.

Brotherhood and Sisterhood both started at the time TBS was founded over 60 years ago. Originally, both groups fundraised for the new synagogue. One of Brotherhood's first fundraising projects was for the paving of the driveway and parking lot of the original building (now Simon Hall). You don't need to use your imagination to think about what it was like at the time - just look at our newly graded parking area, which is scheduled for paving this spring!



Today, Brotherhood functions as a service and social organizer for the men of TBS. There is no charge for membership in Brotherhood. Every man who is part of the TBS community is automatically a member of our group.

Brotherhood serves TBS in several important ways. The Kitchen Crew shops and runs the kitchen for various events every year, including our Blood Drive, the Leroy Davis Sports Breakfast, and the Breakfast with the Rabbis. We also assist the Adult Learning Committee with the Scholar-In-Residence Breakfast.

Brotherhood has conducted a Community Blood Drive since TBS began. The drive is one of the largest that the Red Cross holds. It's now expanding to a twice-a-year event (May and December).

Every year, Brotherhood presents the Marc Comras Award to honor a TBS member for his/her/their community service commitment to our synagogue.



There are many social events as well:

- Sunday dinners at local restaurants and an annual June barbeque offer men informal opportunities to socialize and "schmooze."
- Three softball teams compete in the Men's Shul Softball League of Greater Boston. Over 40 brothers play regularly against other area synagogues every Sunday in the spring.
- Fantasy Football leagues every fall engage dozens of TBS families. The team managers range in age from elementary school to senior citizens.
- An annual Texas Hold 'Em Poker Tournament and outings to the Red Sox and Celtics games round out our social events.



Check the TBS calendar and our email updates for our upcoming events and join us at services on Friday, April 28th!



Our Own TBS Families' Holocaust Stories

We are honored that members of our Temple took the time and emotional energy to share with us their family members' stories. They are moving. You will want to take the time to read and reflect upon each one separately before moving to the next.

Anonymous

Dewey David Stone, born in Brockton, Massachusetts, to immigrant parents in 1900, and my relative, was involved with European Jewish refugees before, during, and after the Second World War. He played a major role in the funding of the real boat Exodus, the founding of the State of Israel, and the creation of the Weitzman Institute of Science in Israel.

At 5 feet 3 inches, Dewey towered over most contemporaries. During his 77 years on earth, he graduated high school at 15, completed college at BU in three years, and served in the US Army during the First World War.

His childhood experience of antisemitic bullying shaped him to becoming an active Zionist, and he eventually chaired the United Jewish Appeal and the United Israel Appeal. Following the cessation of hostilities in WWII, he worked behind the scenes in the effort to provide arms to the Haganah.¹ Much of what he did would probably land him in prison today.

Before networking was part of our vocabulary, he was doing it – and helping in the founding of Israel:

1) His brother Judge Harry K. Stone had befriended Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza while patients together at Mass General in the 1930s. Dewey and Harry thought it would be good to get some publicity for a family business, Converse Rubber Company, by hosting a reception for Somoza. Somoza was thrilled since the US government had ignored his visit, and named Harry honorary consul. This relationship bore fruit years later when Dewey and Harry Stone asked Somoza to enlist Latin American support for approval of the partition plan in the UN.

2) The story of Dewey's role in the founding of the State of Israel is well told in a newspaper article and a documentary film. A few months prior to Israel's independence declaration, the State Department had persuaded President Truman to reject recognition. Truman barred White House admission to Zionists. On March 12, 1948, Dewey met in New York with Chaim Weizmann, who expressed his frustration with trying and failing to speak with Truman. When Dewey returned to Boston that night to be honored at a B'nai B'rith dinner, he made a connection with someone who knew Eddie Jacobson, Truman's partner in the clothing business. That connection suggested they call Jacobson then and there, so they collected coins from fellow attendees and went to a pay phone to make the call. Dewey arranged to meet Jacobson in New York and introduce him to Chaim Weizman. After that meeting, Jacobson traveled to Washington to meet with Truman, and Truman subsequently agreed to meet with Weizman. That meeting went well: Truman did a 180 and recognized Israel.

At Dewey's funeral in 1977, Governor Dukakis, Senator Kennedy, then BU President Silber, and other dignitaries delivered eulogies. He is buried in the family plot beside my grandfather and other relatives in West Roxbury.

¹ the paramilitary organization of the Jewish population in British Mandate Palestine from 1920-1948]



Eta Chansky

My father, Isaac “Joe” Marmor, is from a generation that is rare and has fewer members each day – he is a Holocaust survivor. He was born on May 23, 1928, in Bistrita, Romania. He was the second youngest child of seven children, who were raised in a middle-class Orthodox family. Growing up, my dad had many friends from different religious backgrounds. Even so, he experienced a great deal of Antisemitism as a youngster. He was used to hearing the words, “Hit the Jew” and made a point of never walking home alone from school - or kept a hidden stick in his clothes.

When my dad was 11, his parents sent him to Budapest to live with an uncle, believing Hungary to be a safer environment for Jews.

Approximately one year later, he returned to Bistrita for his Bar Mitzvah. Shortly after, all Jews in Bistrita were rounded up and forced to leave their homes and belongings and move to a ghetto. My father left his town in the middle of the winter to live in a ghetto that was about a day's walk from his house. The owner of the land was one of his cousin's best friends who were Turkish. The Germans took the land from the Turkish family and expropriated the land for the Jews to live. My father and his family lived there about six months before all Jewish citizens were loaded onto cattle cars and deported from Romania.

After two weeks packed into a cattle car in subhuman conditions, the train arrived at Auschwitz-Birkenau, the infamous Nazi extermination center. In Auschwitz-Birkenau, my father was split up from his father and brother. His father told him not to stay in line with any of the elderly men or young boys. He did as his father told him and pushed himself into a line with boys much older than he was. When an SS soldier grabbed his hand and felt his calluses, he assigned him to a work detail. Over a period of many months, my dad survived by volunteering for whatever jobs the guards and the Capos needed. He survived by eating scraps of bread and soup that might come his way.

It was ingrained in him “in order to survive, you need to work.” In Birkenau they asked for anyone who knew how to remove dead skin from feet. No one wanted to volunteer, but my dad, the naïve young boy, volunteered to take care of the chief SS officer. He told the sergeant that he needed boiling water and a blade since his mother used to take care of her feet by soaking them in boiling water. My father did such a good job that the sergeant opened his closet and told my dad to take whatever he wanted. My dad took any food he could carry back to his bunk for his people. They were so mad at him for taking a chance but were happy for the food. He also had a Head Capo named Balken that he worked for as a carpenter. Balken took care of him and one day allowed him to go visit his sisters in the women camp.

Finally, in the spring of 1945, Auschwitz-Birkenau was liberated by the Russians. My dad was walked for three weeks from one camp to another – “Death Marches.” He finally was able to get away and was hiding out in the haystacks in a barn. When the Americans came looking for SS soldiers, they were poking around with a bayonet and found him. They informed him that he was liberated, but this was a couple of days after his best friend from his town had died in his arms and he was scared. He remained hiding in the hay until one day another American found him and carried him out in a stretcher. He was 55 pounds when liberated. He was taken to the hospital since he could not walk.

My dad eventually made his way to Canada, where he worked as a lumberjack in Timmins, Ontario. He knew no English when he arrived and was given a banana, which he had never eaten. After being cared for by a Jewish family in Timmins after a hernia surgery, he made his way to Montreal and later settled in Quebec City with my mom. They started a family in Quebec City and owned retail stores. My Dad learned to speak French and we were brought up in an Anglo-French society, but always with Jewish culture, learnings, and traditions. As we grew up, my dad never spoke about the Holocaust to us. He kept the horrors to himself. He was also wary of antisemitism.



TBS Holocaust Stories continued...

He believes that the current increase in antisemitism is very unsettling, and the war in Ukraine is unbearable and barbaric - he does not want to live through a second Holocaust. Now that his generation is dying out, he wants to let people know about his life growing up. He is so proud of his nine grandchildren and the life he was able to provide his family.

When our Mom, my Dad's partner for 59 years, passed about a year and a half ago, this was traumatic to my father. To help him, he has been staying with his children in Massachusetts. Our Dad will be turning 95 years old in a few months. His grandchildren know that he credits his longevity and health to his 5:30 am exercise, a healthy breakfast and going to temple. He enjoys spending time with his grandchildren attending dance recitals, hockey games, or going out for dinner. He hopes to see each one of his grandchildren graduate from college, and see them marry under the "huppa."

USC Shoah Foundation Institute testimony of Isaac Marmor

Gabe Fried

My father, Zoltan Fried Z'L (1930-2003) was born and raised in the northeast corner of Hungary and spent his childhood in both Kisvarda (Keesh-varada) and Mucacz (Moon-cach). Kisvarda still sits inside Hungary, and at the moment Mucacz is in Ukraine. At the age of 13, just a month before his 14th birthday, my dad and his family were moved into a ghetto and then deported by rail car to Auschwitz.

The death records are incomplete but my father was the only member of his immediate family to survive. He was the youngest of 3 children with two older sisters, Olga and Irma, the children of Josef and Margit (Landau) Fried. It is unclear when his grandparents, Oscar and Pessel (Kahana) Fried and Mor and Bella (Schreiber) Landau died and under what circumstances.

At Auschwitz the men and women were separated and my father's journey continued with his transport to Braunschweig where he worked on an assembly line producing trucks for the German army. As the Allies advanced from the west and the Russians from the east, the prisoners at Braunschweig were marched north over 100 miles to Wobbelin, a subcamp of Nuengame outside Ludwigslust Germany. It was from there that he was liberated by the 82nd Airborne Division of the US Army in May 1945. After recovering in a Red Cross camp he was repatriated to Hungary where he found a surviving aunt and uncle. In 1950 he arrived at Ellis Island to start his new life, at the age of 20.

Between 1950 and his passing in 2003 my father earned a PhD in Physics, taught for almost 40 years, married, raised 3 children and put them all through college, reunited with and stayed in touch with his surviving aunts, uncles and cousin as well as his "camp friends." He was fortunate enough to meet 4 of his 5 grandchildren.

He didn't speak much about his experience during the holocaust, but he did reflect on his childhood and it was often nostalgia for the community's way of life. He missed what he viewed as the simplicity and the ritual of growing up in an orthodox household at a time when most households actively participated in local markets selling books, selling foods, providing services, and so on. He spent a significant amount of time trying to learn how to make authentic Hungarian foods, especially baked goods. He even traveled to Hungary and hired a baker to teach him how to make certain items.

Everyone who hears these stories takes something away from them that stays with them forever. As the child of a holocaust survivor I have always been struck by the randomness of it all, and it has left me with deep empathy for those who have been uprooted or forced to flee their homes.



Phyllis Reisner

My mother and her parents were fortunate that my grandfather chose to leave Czechoslovakia and immigrate to the United States long before Hitler came into power. He came to the U.S alone with plans to have my grandmother and mother (3 months old) come to the U.S. when he secured a job and an apartment. Sadly after he arrived, the laws changed and he was forced to wait seven years before he was allowed to bring them to the U.S. Once the family was reunited, they spent much time working with politicians and various organizations, including HIAS to get their brothers and sisters to the U.S. All but two of their sisters with their families made it to the U.S. before Hitler came into power. Here are their stories.....

My grandfather's sister Sabina, her husband Chaim, their daughter Ruth and son Jacob were fortunate to have found a Polish farmer who was willing to hide the four of them in his barn. They lived hidden in this barn from approximately 1942 to 1945. Shortly before the war was over and the soldiers were retreating, Jacob felt it would be safe to venture out of the barn. Sadly, Jacob was never seen again. Sabina, Chaim and Ruth waited in Poland for about two years hoping to hear some news about Jacob. They never learned what happened to him. They left Poland in 1947, as they did not feel welcomed by the Polish community, and moved to Antwerp, Belgium. Finally, in 1950, their family made their way to New York City.

My grandmother's sister Rose and her husband Melich had two children - William and Gittel. Gittel had gone for a weekend to visit an aunt in another town in Poland but sadly never returned. Through friends they later learned that she was sent to the Belzec concentration camp where she was killed (1942). I am named after Gittel. In June of 1940, Rose, Melich, and William left Buczaca, Poland, and moved to the Soviet Union, where they lived for six years (Sverdlovsk, Samarkand). My understanding is that they kept moving to avoid the Nazis. In 1946 they were sent to Displaced Persons Camps in the U.S. Zone - Germany (Ziegenhain and Kassel). Finally in May of 1949, with the efforts of my grandparents and many others, they sailed from Bremerhaven, Germany, to the United States. The trauma they endured left both physical and mental scars. William recently passed in 2022.

Bruce Revzin

My father, Stanley A. Revzin, was a decorated (Bronze Star medal) 1st Lieutenant in the 102nd Army Infantry in WWII.

Similar to other members of the Greatest Generation, he rarely spoke about his service, and if he did, it was only in very general terms. The only exception he made was in his detailed recollection of the atrocities he observed in the town of Gardelegen, Germany.

On April 13, 1945, as the Nazis transported thousands of prisoners from the Dora-Mittelbau concentration camp, they forced the weakest to go into a barn-like structure on a large estate. The barn was doused with gasoline and lit on fire. More than 1,000 people burned to death inside.

The 102nd Infantry had crossed the Rhine River and was moving further east in early April 1945, a month before the Germans surrendered. The 102nd overran the town of Gardelegen before the Germans could dispose of the charred bodies. The event is now known as the Gardelegen Massacre.

One of the things my father remembered most about his front-line service during the closing months of World War II were the horrors he witnessed at Gardelegen as documented through the pictures he took. One was of a deceased prisoner who had tried to dig himself out of the blaze from under the burning barn. Only his head was sticking out from beneath the floorboards. Within a few days of the discovery by the 102nd Infantry, US Army Signal Corps photographers arrived to



TBS Holocaust Stories continued...

document the Nazi crime. The story of the Gardelegen Massacre began appearing in the western press. Almost the same exact picture that my father had taken was published in graphic detail in *Life* magazine.

On that same day, both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* ran stories on the massacre, quoting one American soldier who stated:

"I was never so sure before of exactly what I was fighting for. Before this you would have said those stories were propaganda, but now you know they weren't. There are the bodies and all those guys are dead."

My father kept the pictures he took of the massacre in his personal effects for 71 years until he passed away at 92 in 2016. I am passing these pictures on to my children and attaching one here so that the history and memories of those who perished in the Holocaust, as my father so fervently hoped, will never be forgotten.

Magda Schmalz

My father, George Kornitzer, was born on September 6, 1939, in Budapest, Hungary. With the dark clouds of Nazism spreading across the continent, it was not a great time for an orthodox Jewish boy to be born. My entire life, my father rarely dwelled on the atrocities of the war, which defined much of his childhood.

Until the last year of the war, Budapest was among the safer places for Jews in Europe. While Hungarian Jews were subject to harsh antisemitic legislation and forced-labor battalions, it was not until German occupation in 1944 that mass deportation to concentration camps began outside of Budapest. Within a matter of months, virtually the only Jews remaining in Hungary were in Budapest. Most of my relatives who were not in Budapest perished in Auschwitz, but an uncle and two aunts survived.

My father began wearing a Jewish star in April 1944. From then until January 1945, he lived in three different places. First was in the Jewish Ghetto. Somehow, his aunt was able to get the entire family together in the ghetto so that they did not have to share their allotted room with strangers. There were close to 20 relatives sharing two rooms. My grandfather, David Kornitzer (ז"ל), was in a group from the ghetto that was rounded up and forced to March to the Danube river, where Jews were being lined up and shot. En route to the river, there was a random Allied bombing. The Nazis got spooked that they would be bombed so they let the Jews free to go back to the ghetto. After that terrifying experience, my family decided to go into hiding. An uncle had connections with Catholic bishops and cardinals. The nuns agreed to hide 20 members of my family in a Carmelite nunnery. They were allowed to stay for six weeks. The nuns got scared because another nunnery that was hiding Jews was discovered and the nuns were killed. So, my family was forced out. The third place he lived was in the abandoned office building of what had been a Jewish organization. He remembers they had very little food and water. They were "liberated" by the Russians in January of 1945, though, like for many survivors, the human suffering often persisted in different ways well beyond the war itself. In fact, he often remarked that "The Russians (who liberated Hungary and immediately took over) were, at times, even more brutal than the Nazis."

When I asked my father to recount how he survived the Holocaust for this article, he spent 90% of the time speaking of the heroics of his own father. How he gave up his rations for his wife and son, without saying a word. How he worked tirelessly and bravely to save Jewish lives alongside Raoul Wallenberg. How after the war, my uncles and aunts who survived



Auschwitz and the others who were hidden could have had their own apartments in Budapest but instead between 12-15 people chose to live in my father's tiny one-bedroom apartment for years because they just wanted to be around family, no matter how close the quarters were.

In summing up his experience during the Holocaust, he said, "Life felt normal and safe until 1944. I don't remember being hungry. Sure, meals were missed and there was not enough food all the time, but that was not an overriding feeling. I never thought anything bad was going on. I was with my parents and I believed they could always protect me. This shows how important the role of a good parent to a young child is." And then, I heard his voice crack for probably the second time in my life. He said, "I was more traumatized after the war when I realized that I lost my grandparents and my aunt Magda in Auschwitz. I could not believe or make sense that anyone would kill such a lovely, kind, beautiful person." We can never forget.

Jerry Schultz

I 956. I was 10. I knew by then that members of my father's family had been murdered by the Nazis, but it was more of a concept than a reality. Both of his parents, my grandparents, were alive and living not far from us, having emigrated from Poland many years earlier with my father. But there was never talk of other relatives in Europe.

As I approached the dining room, I could see my father hunched over some papers, his shoulders heaving and shuddering as tears streamed down his cheeks. He was sobbing quietly. I backed away, feeling scared, for I had never seen my father cry. I walked noiselessly into the kitchen, where my mother asked me what was wrong. I told her what I had just witnessed, and that I was afraid. She tried to comfort me, saying "You don't have to worry." "Then why is Daddy crying?" I timidly asked. "I'll explain later," she whispered.

A couple days later, when I came home from school my mother said, "I want to show you something." Sitting on the overstuffed sofa in our living room she held a worn leather folder containing some dog-eared documents and a few photos. From it, she pulled a brittle letter dated September, 1943, which she handed to me. Written both in Yiddish and English, I read the words of my father's sister's daughter. This was my first introduction to my cousin, Rivkah. I was momentarily excited to find out that I had a relative in Europe, but that joy faded the instant I unfolded the letter. In small elegant script, her words pleaded from the tear-stained page: "*My Dearest Uncle. I beg you to do whatever you can to help us get out of here and join you in America. If we do not come, then surely we will perish.*"

My mother explained that by the time the letter originally arrived, my father was actually in the US Army and unable to do anything to help extricate his niece, her mother, or her father. The man who was my uncle owned a bristle brush factory, so had not considered leaving the relatively good life the family had enjoyed in Mie ğdzyrzec, Poland. That changed when Nazi boots and tanks closed in around them, entrapping them in the hell that was the Holocaust.

Nothing more was said about this until after my parents died. The letter from my long dead cousin was among my father's belongings, enshrouded in its leather pouch and tucked away in the back of one of the drawers in his office. I had sensed early in my life that silence provided a cloak of protection for those who had experienced the horrors of the Nazis. That and the secret language of Yiddish kept the truth away from "di kinder." Later, when my cousin Henry moved to the US, he too never spoke of his experiences during the war. But the blue numbers that lined his forearm told a silent story. When, as an adolescent eager to understand my family, I tried to get Henry to speak of his experiences, to tell the story of how he was taken to Auschwitz at age 12 after his caretaking older brothers disappeared from their apartment, and how, miraculously, he survived the camp, he looked at me and, using a term of endearment, said in his slightly accented English, "*Believe me, mister, you don't wanna know about it.*"

And I still don't know about it, for this story died with him.



TBS Holocaust Stories continued...

Deena Mesnick Siegel

My dad, Samuel B. "Mickey" Mesnick, was a Sergeant in the Army Air Corps, which later became the US Air Force. He fought in France, Italy, and North Africa, but, somehow, ended up at Auschwitz around the time it was liberated. He only spoke to me once in his life about his experience during the war. He said, that "For the rest of my life after being at Auschwitz, I was unable to get the smell of burnt hair out of my nostrils."

We always knew he served in the Army Air Corps (and spent his whole professional career as a civilian attorney for the Air Force after the war and law school) because he would wake up screaming from nightmares - "They're after me!" - throughout my childhood. Of course, we now know that was PTSD.



His airplane on a field in Meridian, Mississippi, just before he departed overseas. (If you look closely at the airplane, there's a figure to the right with an arrow over which he had written "me.")



A photo of him, in uniform, taken the same day (he was 19 years old).

Alan Stern

I was born 75 years ago, on April 15, 1945.
Well, not really. More like the "notion" of me came into existence.

My father, who was six years old on April 15, 1945, experienced his second "birth" day. He, along with several thousand fellow captives, were liberated by the British Army from the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.

Having spent the previous four years of his childhood in the Riga ghetto and Ravensbruck concentration camp, he remembers his time in Belsen with fear and solace, but also with the sweet memory of liberation. He remembers the powdered milk that the British soldiers fed him that day - a memory that he can taste to this day.

Springtime for Jews and Christians across the world signifies a time of rebirth, light, life and hope. Passover and Easter remind us of a time of both despair and hope. As my family sat down for two Passover Seders last year, I thought about our current situation and my family's unique history. Although we could not be together physically, we managed to stay connected via modern technology. Although we could not physically hug each other, we managed to send much love through the cyber waves. Perhaps that is what we all needed to think about during the pandemic.



I often wonder what my life would be like if I were not a child of a survivor. I wonder what it would be like to have a father who didn't suffer from PTSD. I wonder what it would be like to have any siblings. I wonder what it would be like to not carry the burden of telling and retelling my father's story for generations to come. But, as often as these fleeting thoughts occur, I always come to the conclusion that I am blessed by my situation.

My father, his mother, and brother were fortunate in many ways. How does one survive such horrors without having some luck? My grandfather was not as fortunate. He was murdered in Buchenwald. My father was only four when this happened - not knowing his whereabouts until they received a death notice from the German government. It's fascinating to experience how efficient the Germans were with their record keeping. To this day, I believe it somewhat of a miracle to have 75% of the nuclear family survive the horrors of Nazi Germany.

My father and millions of others who were inmates, slaves, prisoners, or whatever term you want to use, ended up freed from bondage on April 15, 1945. They were liberated to start their new life's journey. I was born 19 years after my father was liberated, but I feel strongly connected to that day 75 years ago. My existence, so wrapped up in my father's history, is fraught with heavy baggage. My life is owed to those martyrs who stood before me. My mere existence is owed to the British and American soldiers who bravely fought to liberate the world from tyranny.

So, it is at this time of year that I always think about "birth" days and freedom. Whether it is a virus or a tyrannical dictator that shackles us, we cannot take our freedom for granted. My hope for a better world stands on the shoulders of those that may only be a memory now. May the memory of those who were in bondage be for a blessing. May their memories light the path forward, so that all of us continue to taste the true essence of freedom.



ZICHRONOM LIVRACHAH – זיכרונם לברכה *Holocaust Family Members Remembered*

We invited members to list loved ones lost in the Holocaust. We keep alive and cherish the memory of all who perished as we remember and honor those listed below:

The Bursteins
Members of the Snyder, Fink, Spector, and Bursztyn families

Eta Chansky
Herschel Marmor - brother (1923-1941)
Shamai Marmor - brother (1934-1942)
Solamon Marmor - father
Eta Marmor - mother

David and Jean Gumpert
Members of the Joseph, Neu, and Loeb families

Jeremy Serwer
Multiple branches of my paternal 1930s/40s ancestors, the Serwiansky family
of Augustow, Poland. Approximately two dozen individuals.

Norman Tasgal (wife Carol and son Peter)
Grandparents Bluma (Blinder) Tasgal and Schmucl Tasgal, Uncles Pesach and Fischel Tasgal

May their memories be for a blessing.



Charoset: How ‘Bout Them Apples?

By Steve Sherry

The Scroll Editorial Board was back together recently doing what they like to do best: tasting food. After having the luxury of indulging in challahs and hamantaschen baked by fellow TBS members, we decided to try charoset in time to pass along our findings before Pesach. We received contributions from Robyn Glazier, Deb LeClair, and Steve Sherry. There were eight tasters present and two drooling along via Zoom. Here are our takeaways:

Who knew that the same ingredients could taste so different?

All three recipes used the same four basic ingredients: Macintosh apples, walnuts, Manischewitz Concord Grape wine, and cinnamon. Yet the taste and texture varied noticeably.



Deb

Deb's little bit of lemon juice added juiciness, and Robyn's little bit of sugar definitely enhanced the sweetness. With no "extras," Steve's had a hint of tart and spice.



Robyn

And each chef's approach yielded different textures. Robyn's charoset had a nutty crunch (she broke the walnuts by hand), Deb's a smoothness second only to chunky applesauce, and Steve's a uniformity across the apples and nuts (both Deb and Steve bought chopped walnuts).

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree

All of the recipes had been passed down from the previous generation - from Robyn's aunt, Steve's mom, and Deb's dad. Deb's favorite memory was of her father's constant encouragement to get it tasting right and then add more wine - and then more again!

Charoset need not be just for Passover

One taster said charoset is a year-round staple for her daughter, and others admitted to enjoying charoset many times during the year as well. Except for the occasional bad apple, how can you ever go wrong with apples, wine, and nuts?!

Does this serious undertaking sound like fun? We are always looking for volunteers with good palettes - I mean taste - to be part of the tasting committee - I mean the Scroll Editorial board, email us at scrolled@tbsneedham.org.



Steve



While we did not get to try out the results of the recipe below, we are intrigued by how different its ingredients are to those of the three we tasted. Try and enjoy!

Sephardic Haroset - Recipe from my Turkish mother-in-law By Ines Sonsino

- 1 box yellow raisins
- 1 Lb pitted dates
- 2 apples, peeled and cut into pieces
- 2 oranges, peeled and cut into pieces
- Juice of 1 lemon

Add everything to a large pan, add 1/2 cup water and simmer for 45 minutes, stirring often so mixture does not stick to bottom of pan. Mixture will turn into a rich color.

Once mixture is not too hot, add to food processor and grind until smooth but not mushy.

Enjoy for Seder and all week on top of matza.



The Meaning of the Secret Handshake

By Adam Klein

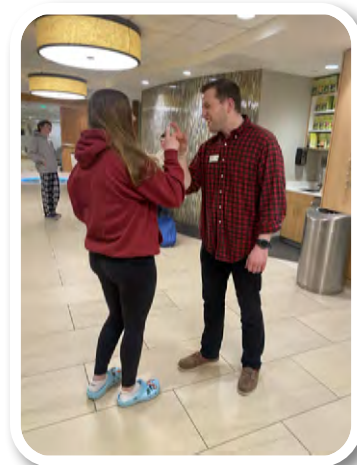
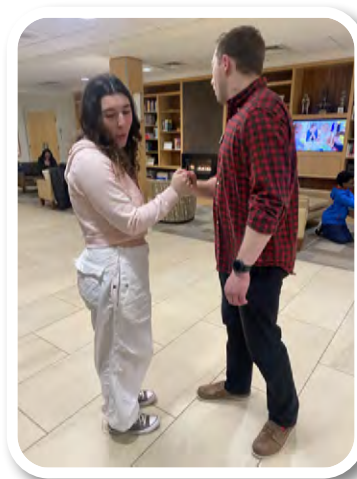
In our K-12 programs at Temple Beth Shalom we have two main goals: depth of learning and depth of relationships. My work with our teens (Grade 6-12) challenges me to be the most authentic, creative, and balanced educator I can be. It is important to me to have a personal connection with each teen, so they feel a sense of belonging in our community. One way I help forge this connection is through handshakes.

The handshakes vary in length, style, and silliness, and embody the personal connection that I have made with each teen. I take an aspect of a connection that I have made with the teen and implement it within the greeting. Some stem from years of building connections from various trips together, such as our trips to New York, Washington, DC, the South, and/or to Israel. Others are taken from shared interests, such as sport celebrations or an homage to a favorite singer.



While I do not have handshakes with every teen in our program, handshakes are often my jumping-off point for creating meaningful connections and deeper relationships with our teens. My hope is that this helps the teens see me as a trusted adult figure in their lives that they can turn

to to vent about a hard day, seek out for advice, or simply share in celebratory moments. As an endearing tradition, handshakes provide another layer of meaning in our sacred community.



Contributions The Minimum donation for contributions to be listed in the Scroll is \$18.00.

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on the passing of her uncle, Robert "Bob" Miller

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on the passing of his cousin, Steve Uhlfelder

Stacey Krug, Hayden and Rowan
Tracey and Michael Kaplowitz, Brodey and Ethan
on the passing of their husband, father, brother and uncle, Aaron Krug

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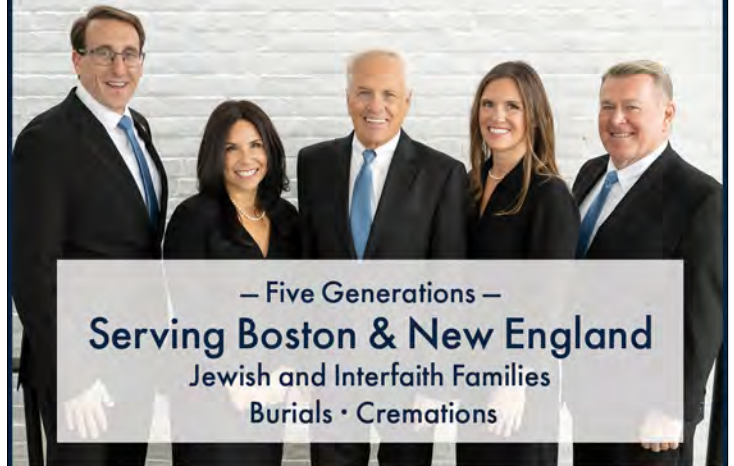
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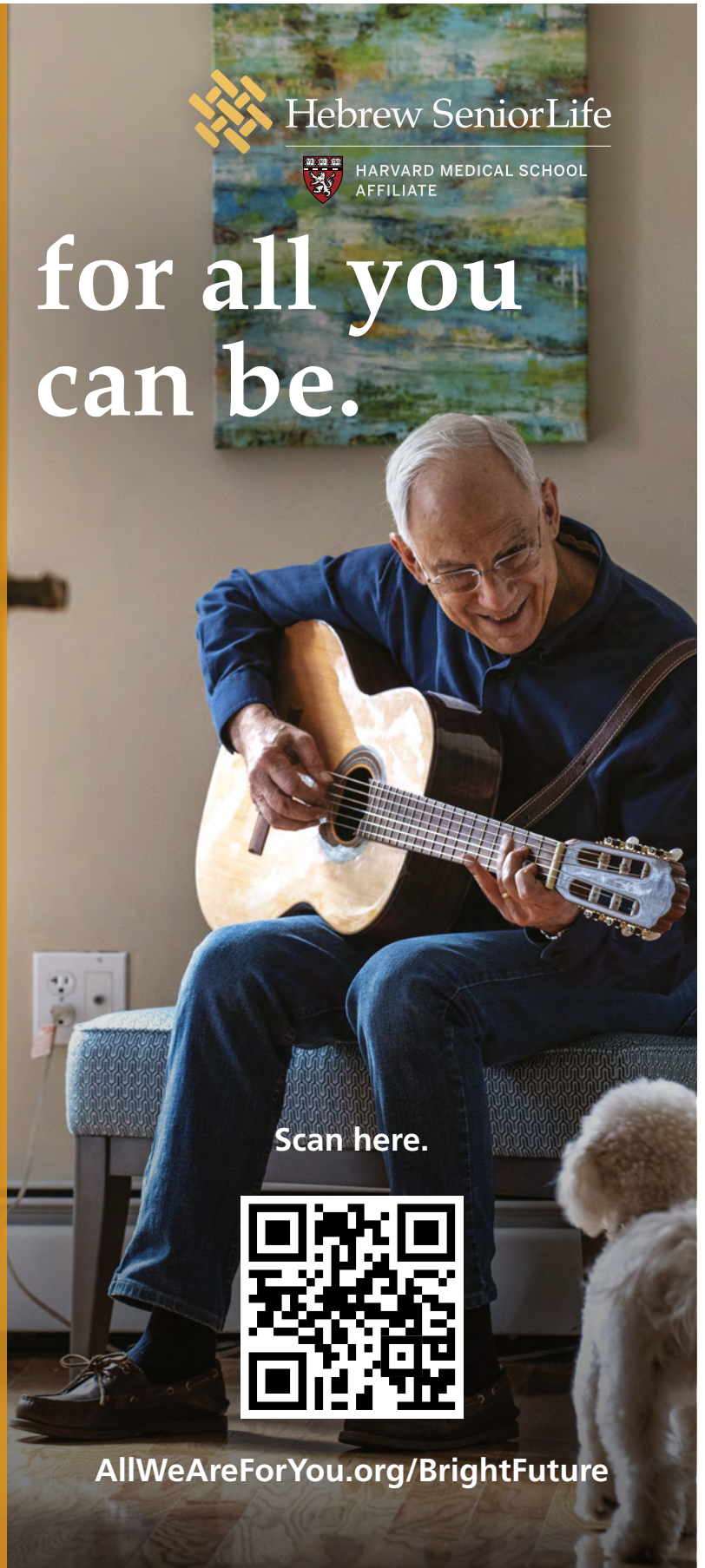


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