

CHAI-LIGHTS

September 2007

18 Elul—18 Tishrei



Letters From Abroad

Page 9

North To Alaska!

Page 15

High Holy Days

Page 16

High Holy Day Memories

Page 22

**Keys Jewish
Community Center**

P.O. Box 1332
Tavernier, FL 33070
305-852-5235

September 2007

1 Elul–29 Tishrei

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3 Labor Day (U.S.)	4	5	6	7 <i>Lynn & Jim Nobil</i> Steve & Yardena	8 S'lichot Pizza & Movie At KJCC
9	10	11	12	13 Rosh Hashanah First Day 5768	14 Rosh Hashanah Second Day 5768	15
16	17	18	19	20	21 Erev Yom Kippur	22 Yom Kippur Yizkor
23	24	25	26 Erev Sukkot	27 Sukkot First Day	28 Sukkot Second Day Alan Beth	29
30		<div>Names denote leaders of Friday services. <i>Italicized names are Oneg sponsors.</i></div>				

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CHAI-LIGHTS is the
monthly newsletter of the
Keys Jewish Community Center
P.O. Box 1332
Tavernier, Florida 33070

President's Message Steve Steinbock



As summer is coming to a close, we are looking forward to the High Holy Days. Alan is working hard to organize the services, which Cantor Mark will be conducting together with our lay leaders. The schedule appears in this issue's centerspread, within Alan's articles.

This is the first issue of Chai-Lights since Marty's retirement. Once again, we wish him a peaceful retirement. There is not enough that can be said to thank him for his more than 25 years of dedicated service to KJCC & Chai-Lights.

Over the summer, the board voted to replace the carpet in the Sanctuary because it was badly worn. It should be installed in time for the Holy days.

What's coming up in the fall: there will a S'lichot service on Saturday, September 8th in preparation for the holidays. Joel Pollack will be leading the service. Arrive for Movie, Pizza & Popcorn at 5:30 pm before the service. Please save the date – I'd love to see you all there.

Yardena is setting up adult classes and lectures. As one who took some of the Hebrew classes, I can say they are great – you learn and there is no pressure. Lectures are being planned on a variety of subjects. We

will keep you advised of the schedule and subject matter.

Susan Gordon and Yardena are working on the children's Sunday School and other religious education projects for the young people.

Which brings up Friday night services. The last Friday of each month is an EARLY service at 6:30 pm. The primary reason for the early service is to make it easier for young people to attend and participate. So, come and bring the kids and/or visiting family. The early service also allows attendees time afterwards, either to sit and mingle in the Ruth Richardson Hall, or get together and go out to enjoy a meal together.

My personal wish for the "winter" is to see more participation by members of the congregation in leading and attending services, and for KJCC to have more social functions. With that in mind, if you have any suggestions for projects or functions you would like to see implemented, please contact me or any board member.

Carol and I wish all of you a Healthy and Happy New Year!

L'Chaim
Steve

Sukkah, Sukkot— Count your Mitzvot

As you know, eating, drinking and sleeping are each considered a Mitzvah on Sukkot (if they are done inside the Sukkah). So, to help you perform these Mitzvot, we will need your help as well.

Construction will begin the day after Yom Kippur—Sunday, September 23 at 9:30 a.m. The more hands the merrier. The Sukkah will have to stay up for two weeks. We'll plan on taking it down Sunday October 7th. Note: We may have to bring it down earlier depending on storms.

Call Alan Beth to volunteer or for more info: 305-240-1509

Recent Passings

We extend our heartfelt condolences to her family on the passing of Millie Prober, a Founding Member of the KJCC who enriched the early years with her warmth and energy.

Heartfelt sympathy is also offered to the Neiman family on the passing of Lester Neiman. Lester was a past president and continuing member of our KJCC *mishpocha*. May he rest in peace.

Live Strong, Marc

As some of you know, our friend and always-there-to-help board member Marc Bloom has just had a surgical procedure for lung cancer. We don't know all the details yet, but we do know our Marc is in for a long and difficult fight. Our collective hearts go out to Marc and his family—Ellen, Rachel and Molly. We want you to know, Marc, that ~~all of us~~ ^{most of us} some of us love you dearly, and we'll be there for you any way we can during your ordeal. We look forward to the day when you'll be back grumping your way around the kitchen and working your special magic with the otherwise humble coffee bean.

Explore the KJCC library

It's full of quality tomes, about history and biography and general Judaic studies, plus a wonderful selection of novels from the likes of Chaim Potok, Bashevis Singer, Leon Uris and Saul Bellow. Yarden and Medina Roy (a professional librarian, if you didn't know) spent weeks reorganizing and rearranging. All books are available to check out. The library lives on donated books, by the way, so let someone know if you wish to help nourish our little intellectual nook, which is located directly across from the sanctuary in the lobby.

To contact Chai-Lights

Use the new e-mail our webmaster Alan has added to the KJCC web site. It's chailights@keysjewishcenter.com. Please send all ideas, comments, and questions there, as well as all submissions. This will make our lives a lot easier and simpler. The single, easy-to-remember address should also make it easier for anyone to contact us.

To make KJCC database changes

Such as your name (hey, they change sometimes), or to add or remove people from your list, or change your address or phone, or to correct a listing that despite our sincere efforts still manages to be wrong, please send your e-mail to president@keysjewishcenter.com. Steve or Carol will forward your request to the right member of our large, highly proficient and organizationally complex staff.

Oneg sponsorships

For the upcoming season are being scheduled now. To reserve the dates you want, contact Joan Stark of Sisterhood at joanstark@bellsouth.net. Why sponsor an oneg? To celebrate an occasion or someone you love and share the feeling with everyone else.

About the KJCC Website

For those of you who prefer to read online (which means you must be under 30), each complete issue of Chai-Lights, with the photos usually in color, is posted online. Other aspects of KJCC's operations and history are also available, courtesy of Alan Beth's technical wizardry. Many back issues of Chai-Lights are already posted, with others being added regularly.

New Members

The KJCC is pleased to welcome our newest members: Harold & Shelley Schenker of West Palm Beach, Steven Hartz of Miami, Barbara Calev of Miami, Eric & Jessica Pollack of Miami, and Morris Willner of Villanova, Pennsylvania. We say to you as we say to everyone: you're only a stranger here once.

TREE OF LIFE

IN HONOR OF KEVIN MICHAEL SILVERMAN

BAR MITZVAH

JUNE 2, 2007

LOVING GRANDPARENTS,
Gene and Morton Silverman

IN HONOR OF ELISSA ANNE DENKER

21ST BIRTHDAY

JULY 2, 2007

LOVING GRANDPARENTS,
Gene and Morton Silverman

IN HONOR OF VALERIE TEMKIN'S

65TH BIRTHDAY

From the Temkin Family

IN HONOR OF LINDSAY GOULD

MAY 27, 2007

FOR RECEIVING HER MEDICAL DEGREE
Her Loving Grandmother, Maryon Gould

Chai-Lights Deadlines

At least for now, the deadline for Chai-Lights will be the 10th of the month preceding. Other than that, Marty's old invitations still stand: send us your photos, your *mitzvot*, your news, your ideas, your comments. (No huddled masses, please.) Again, where possible please use the new e-mail, chailights@keysjewishcenter.com.

Bowling Fun

Come join us every Tuesday at 9:45 a.m. for a morning of unpressured bowling. We are a non-sanctioned league and bowl all year round at The Fish Bowl in Islamorada. There is no age limit and, as an added bonus, we have cookies and coffee. See either Marty or Mary Lee to sign up.◇

September Memoriam

By Myron & Myrna Rubin

In Blessed Memory of
ANNA APPLEBAUM
Eternal Rest

By Mollie Gross

In Blessed Memory of
SOLOMON CASPI
Rest In Eternal Peace

By Alvan & Carol Field

In Blessed Memory of
ALBERT IMPROTA
Remembered With Love

By William & Barbara Weprin

In Blessed Memory of
ARTHUR BEERMAN
Forever In Our Hearts And Memory

By Marc & Ellen Bloom

In Blessed Memory of
MOLLY FELDBLUM
Always In Our Memory

By Linda Rutkin

In Blessed Memory of
JACOB KAUFMAN
Forever Remembered With Love

By Delores Begam

In Blessed Memory of
ART BEGAM
Eternal Peace

By James & Joan Boruszak

In Blessed Memory of
LILLIAN GOLDSTEIN
In Our Memory Always

By Michael Klimpl

In Blessed Memory of
SADIE KLIMPL
Always Remembered

By Jamie & Laura Goodman

In Blessed Memory of
H. MELVIN BERKON
Forever In Our Hearts

By Janice Gorson

In Blessed Memory of
NETTIE GORSON
Long Blessed Sleep

By Randy & Eileen Kominsky

In Blessed Memory of
NATALIE KOMINSKY
Always Remembered With Love

By Robert & Sylvia Berman

In Blessed Memory of
GOLDIE BERMAN
In Our Heart And Memory

By Maryon Gould

In Blessed Memory of
PAUL GOULD
We Remember Always

By Stanley & Jenny Margulies

In Blessed Memory of
ANNE HENDIN MARGULIES
Rest in Blessed Peace

By the Blumberg Family

In Blessed Memory of
SHIRLEY BLUMBERG
Always In My Memory

By Melvin Jacobson

In Blessed Memory of
ISADORE HUROWITZ
With Loving Remembrance

By Skip & Rene Rose

In Blessed Memory of
LORRAINE MARTELL
Never Forgotten, Always Loved

By the Blumberg Family

In Blessed Memory of
DANA BOZIWICK
Rest In Peace

By Alvan & Carol Field

In Blessed Memory of
HANNAH IMPROTA
Sleep In Peace

By David M. & Nancy L. Cohn

In Blessed Memory of
RONALD REPKA
Always Loved and Missed

By Robert & Sylvia Berman
In Blessed Memory of
SAM ROAZEN
Eternal Rest

By Harvey & Susan Schwaid
In Blessed Memory of
FRED ROEMER
Forever In Our Hearts And Memory

By Murray & Claire Cooper
In Blessed Memory of
SARAH SANDBERG
Eternal Peace

By Murray & Claire Cooper
In Blessed Memory of
MARK SANDS
Forever In Our Hearts

By Marjorie Present
In Blessed Memory of
LOUIS A. SAVAGE
In Our Heart And Memory

By Marjorie Present
In Blessed Memory of
SAMUEL D. SAVAGE
Always In My Memory

By Harvey & Susan Schwaid
In Blessed Memory of
GERTRUDE B. SCHWAID
Rest In Peace

By the Sherman Family
In Blessed Memory of
JENNIE SHERMAN
Rest In Eternal Peace

By Morton & Gene Silverman
In Blessed Memory of
MOLLIE SILVERMAN
Always In Our Memory

By Maryon Gould
In Blessed Memory of
H. ROBERT WALTERS
In Our Memory Always

September Birthdays

Chase Barrett.....	4
Barbara Bernstein.....	19
Debby C. Black.....	4
Jeffrey Cohen.....	14
Thomas Dillon.....	10
Freda Ferns.....	1
Maryon Gould.....	23
Fred Hudson.....	22
Wendy Kaplan.....	1
Jacob Klimpl.....	9
Kurt Kluger.....	8
Jeffrey Kominsky.....	8
Mitchell Kominsky.....	8
David Kossman.....	4
Shifra Kossman.....	21
Shirley Krissel.....	18
Lisha Lane.....	13
Stellar Levy.....	7
Jonathan Line.....	28
Brenna Nobil.....	19
Vippi Pollack.....	19
Melvin Prober.....	26
Millie Prober.....	10
Lorraine Rose.....	15

Larry S. Schur.....	16
Lauren Schur.....	23
Steven Schur.....	19
Morton Silverman.....	7
Cory Wasser.....	26
Gerri Weisberg.....	10
Lili Werthamer.....	14
Lloyd Wruble.....	2

2007-2008 Hebrew Lesson Schedule

Here's Yardená's schedule for this year's Hebrew classes:

- Hebrew II: Ulpan medium level, Thurs. 6:00 – 7:15 p.m.
- Hebrew III: Ulpan advanced level, Thurs. 7:30 – 9:00 p.m.
- Hebrew reading from the Siddur, Friday 9:30 – 11:00 a.m.

If there are *at least* five people interested, she'll add another beginners' class to the schedule, time to be determined. Contact Yardená to sign up.

Also, her Adult Education program will continue with its lecture series on the Jewish World, Israel, Judaic Studies and the Holocaust. Lectures will be on Wednesdays, once a month beginning in November, from 7:30 – 9:00 p.m.

Letters

It is with deeply mixed feelings that I have tendered my resignation as the editor of our monthly bulletin. As you probably know, I have been editing *Chai-Lights* for about 20 years, and I feel that it is time for someone new to assume this role. So, I would like to tell you a little about my most enjoyable times as the editor of our KJCC monthly bulletin.

First, serving with many of our presidents--Steve Steinbock, Jeff Schocket, Joel Pollack, Jim Boruszak, Susan Horn, Bea Graham, Myron Rubin, Irving Stein, Lester Neiman and Ronald Horn. All of them were wonderful, caring people. Without exception, they were dedicated to improving the KJCC and did all they could to make our Keys synagogue a better place. Many of them even submitted their monthly message on time!

Then, there were the Sisterhood presidents--Cathy Kaplan, Barbara Galanty, Bea Graham, Linda Pollack, Leslie Dillon, Joan Boruszak, Nettie Seder and Joan Stark, who all planned many events that made our social life more fun and brought a little money to the treasury. As has been said many times, "Without the efforts of Sisterhood, there would be no KJCC." And some of them even submitted their monthly message on time!

Add to the mix, our Board Members. More devoted, hard-working members of our KJCC cannot be found anywhere. They willingly give of their time and knowledge to improve our physical and spiritual plant. No longer do we park in the few spaces that were in the front of our little house; we now have a paved and lighted parking lot. We no longer squeeze into a small ex-living room with a unisex bathroom sticking out into the middle. Our beautiful sanctuary seats all who wish to come. We no longer squeeze two people into a tiny, ill-equipped kitchen. We have a large and modern facility. Our prayer books have been updated. Our High Holy Days are superb. Passover is a joy. We have added a S'lichot movie and services. We have a Hebrew School with students and dedicated

teachers. We come together to read the *Megillah*. We have fun--and our Board Members make it happen. All of this is reported regularly in *Chai-Lights*.

Then we have our working members--people who just DO, like Linda Rutkin, who makes sure the kitchen is spotless during the time she is here, just as Pauline Roller did for years. Meredith Cline, our historian, who takes (and submits for publication) pictures by the score. Yardena Kamely, who wants to teach--kids, teen-agers, adults, the community--all who will listen. Marc Bloom, who makes sure the Board is fed at every meeting and that tables and chairs are arranged for our Shabbat dinners. Susan Gordon, who is our education chairman, plans the school year and many of the children's activities. And so many others, who prefer to remain in the background. And, of course, my apologies to anyone whose name I omitted.

You can see how proud I am of all of our members and officers of the KJCC. That is a part of what creates the mixed feelings. I have enjoyed being a member of this group and I pass over this special job to the next editor with pride and many good wishes!

Sincerely, one of the KJCC members,

Marty Graham

September Anniversaries

		Years
5th	Nancy L. & David M. Cohn.....	15
10th	Freda & Bill Ferns.....	18
30th	Marsha & Tom Garrettson.....	17
8th	Deborah & Ronald Kaplan.....	11
23rd	Gertrude & Sheldon Mann.....	56
4th	Lynn & Jim Nobil.....	21
17th	Sheila & Lawrence Novak.....	26
9th	Cathy & Neal Rakov.....	23
9th	Barbara & Steven Smith.....	29



Excavations in Jerusalem

There is one place in Jerusalem that is the most sacred site for the whole Jewish People, its holiness equal to all the other sacred sites together. That is the *Kotel*, the Wailing Wall.

The passage from the Book of Psalms sums up the religious and historic attitude toward Jerusalem and all it symbolized: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I remember thee not; If I set not Jerusalem above my chiefest joy." (Psalms 137:5-6)

It is no wonder that the unexpected recovery during the Six-Day War in 1967 of the older, eastern portion of Jerusalem containing the site of the Temple Mount, *Har Habayit*, and the sacred Wailing (Western) Wall, and the old Jewish Quarter with its historic remnants, should have brought forth the emotional outpouring that it did on the part of young and old, believer and non-devout, non-praying Jew alike. We were all emotionally overwhelmed.

The excavations around the Western Wall after the war uncovered important archaeological discoveries, which contribute a great deal to our knowledge of Jerusalem's past. The archaeological research around the *Kotel* aroused opposition among the Arabs then, and the continuing research still is used by their political leaders to incite disturbances in the Old City of Jerusalem.

For more than 700 years the *Kotel* has been a place of prayer for Jews, most of the time with restrictions and risks for the prayers. In the middle of the 19th century, Jews attempted to improve their status at this holy place. In the 1850s, the Jewish sage Abdullah of Bombay tried unsuccessfully to purchase the Western Wall. The at-

tempts by Moshe Montefiore—the philanthropist who was Queen Victoria's knighted financial advisor—were also in vain. All that was ever achieved were temporary arrangements, canceled from time to time at the requests of the heads of the *Waqf* (the Muslim endowment system) to the Ottoman government. It was feared that the Jews would acquire legal rights of possession to the place. In 1887, Baron Rothschild conceived a plan to purchase the Mughrabi neighborhood, but the plan was ultimately cancelled for unknown reasons. Even the attempts of the Palestine Land Development Company to purchase the environs of the Western Wall for the Jews just before the outbreak of World War I failed.

After the Balfour Declaration in 1917, Zionist institutions began to emphasize the Western Wall as a national symbol of the Jewish people, in addition to its religious significance. This action led the Mufti of Jerusalem to claim that the Jews intended to take control of the "no religious or historical" Western Wall, so he declared the Wall a holy Moslem site. This wall of stones, to which the Muslims had never ascribed any importance, was thenceforth called *El Buraq*, after the name of the magical horse of the Prophet Mohammed.

In the 1920s, the Mufti of Jerusalem ordered the opening of the *Mughrabi Gate* in the southern plaza, thus turning the prayer plaza into a place for passersby, who disturbed the worshipers. In August 1929, an incited Muslim mob rampaged through the opening, attacking Jewish worshipers and destroying ritual objects. Several days later, the infamous 1929 riots broke out. After the Six-Day War, the area of the Western Wall plaza was expanded to the south. During this expansion, the northern doorpost and the great stone lintel of the

most ancient of the area's gates were uncovered. This gate is known by its scientific name, the *Berkeley Gate*, and can be seen in the women's section of the Western Wall. This gate was discovered in 1848 by the missionary James Thomas Berkeley, serving at the time as the American Consul in Jerusalem. Berkeley discovered the gate from its inside, within the Temple Mount, leading several researchers to identify it as one of the Temple Mount Gates which date back to the Second Temple.

Over the centuries, the ground outside became elevated many meters above the lintel of the Second Temple gate. At some stage, probably in the 12th century C.E. (and maybe even later), a new gate called *Bab al-Magriba* was installed in the Western Wall above the level of the Berkeley Gate, which was now below ground. This is the *Mughrabi Gate*, named after the residents of the adjacent neighborhood, who had come to Jerusalem from Morocco in the days of Saladin, the Caliph of Egypt whose personal physician was Maimonides. This gate is open to this day and is the only entrance to the Temple Mount for non-Muslims.

A new momentum in archaeological and historical research in the area began after the Six-Day War, when large-scale archaeological excavations were conducted in the area of the Western Wall under the direction of Professor Benjamin Mazar. From the start, the excavations aroused strong opposition in Islamic circles and international organizations.

In the 1990s, the Antiquities Authority opened a beautiful, modern archaeological park, displaying remnants from Jerusalem's past which faithfully represent the city's history. The Western Wall tunnels were also opened to the general public. I highly recommend to any of my students who will have the opportunity to visit Israel to go and see the tunnels; a hundred classes cannot teach you the history of Jerusalem and *Beit Hamikdash* (The Temple) like this archaeological site; it is history coming alive.◊

2007-2008 KJCC Religious School Calendar 5767-5768

Telephone Contact Numbers:
Susan Gordon/451-0787 Gloria Avner/451-7170
Yardena Kamely/393-1768

Sept. 9 (class before Rosh Hashanah)
Sept. 16 (class before Yom Kippur)
Sept. 23 (class before Sukkot/ready Sukkah!)
Sept. 30 (class before Simchat Torah)
Oct. 7
Oct. 14
Oct. 21
Oct. 28
Nov. 4 (daylight savings time ends)
Nov. 11
Nov. 18 **NO CLASS**
Nov. 25 **NO CLASS**
Dec. 2 (class before Chanukah)
Dec. 9 (6th night of Chanukah..Party!)
Dec. 16
Dec. 23 **NO CLASS**
Dec. 30 **NO CLASS**
Jan. 6
Jan. 13
Jan. 20 (class before Tu B'Shevat..Plant trees!)
Jan. 27
Feb. 3
Feb. 10
Feb. 17
Feb. 24
March 2
March 9 (daylight savings time begins)
March 16 (class before Purim)
March 23
March 30
April 6
April 13 (class before Passover)
April 29 (School Seder!)
April 27 (class before Yom Hashoah)
May 4 (class before Yom HaAtzma'ut)
May 11 **NO CLASS** (Mothers' Day)
May 18 (class before Lag Ba-Omer)
May 25 **NO CLASS** (Memorial Day weekend)
June 1 (Yom Yerushalayim)
June 8 Last Class (Shavuot)



Letters From Abroad

Every summer, many Keys residents head north to enjoy other parts of their lives. We asked five KJCC stalwarts—Gloria Avner, Joyce Peckman, Medina Roy, Linda Rutkin, and Candy Stanlake—to stay in touch during their time away, so the rest of us could experience that time along with them. *(Medina's summer home in N.C. is pictured above.)*

Our trip began on June 14, when Joe and I loaded our car with our two golden retrievers, Molly and Mason, our miniature macaw, Chico, and headed north. After an uneventful drive of 11 hours we stopped at a KOA campground in Calhoun, Georgia for the night. I reserved a "Kamping Kabin" for us this year so we didn't have to pitch a tent. The Kabin was a small log cabin with beds, plastic-covered mattresses, an electric light with two electric plugs, and air conditioning. This was pure luxury for us since all we had to do was bring in our sleeping bags to sleep in the cool air. In years past we had to pitch a tent and sleep on the ground in the heat of the Georgia summer. You may ask "Why don't you just get a motel room?"

Well, the motels that accept pets will usually accept one well-behaved animal. Since we travel with two not-so-well-behaved animals, this is not an option for us.

-Candy

Here I am, happily landed in Bar Harbor, Maine, as of last night and just now writing to you in my own room (well almost--my nearly ex-partner co-opted it this winter for coziness and ease.) For now the universe has generously provided an alternate, spacious, Zen-like bedroom in a friend's sprawly, Buddha-filled house just down the road a few miles. It backs up onto rightly named Pretty Marsh which, when flooded with end-of-day light and the nightly swoop-in of the resident

blue herons, can only compare in breathtaking quality to our beloved mangrove trails in Key Largo
-Gloria

Back at condo on May 16th (from Key Largo). Cancer “bowl” fundraiser on May 19th. Shavuot—went to shul for yahrzeit. Baltimore Gas & Electric came to do annual HVAC check-up. (Ha, ha. How exciting was that!)

Saw “Pirates of the Caribbean” movie. Wow! What special effects. Went to pay respects at four cemeteries—pets included.

-Linda

We arrived in southern Michigan late the next afternoon, after driving a total of 23 hours, and spent a few days with family in Kalamazoo. This stop included a wonderful Father’s Day picnic in my sister’s back yard. It was a lovely day and the only down side was that Alan had to be included long distance

-Candy

So many firsts. Today I opened my gallery for the first time this season, disorganized as it still is—so energy-consuming to fight off entropy. I worked on a small oil painting, too—such a challenge to make rocks look like rocks. But I was still feeling wistful, as I sat—my first Shabbos at home, or away from home—on the Bar Harbor seawall facing away from the setting sun.

-Gloria

My (extended) summers are spent in the southern Appalachian mountains of Boone, NC. We are in the northwestern corner of the state, very close to both Virginia and Tennessee. We are at about 3600 ft. elevation and again, a nice change from our 10 ft. elevation in Key Largo. The weather is delicious in the summer—we wake up to low-to-mid 60s and the afternoons generally range from 74-80. It’s 66 degrees here this morning, and no humidity. It’s so nice to put on a sweatshirt. It’s not cold enough to start the gas log stove, but it is wonderful sleeping weather.

-Medina

The day after Father’s Day, my Dad, Joe and I began the final leg of our journey to our home in Northern Michigan’s Upper Peninsula, or “U.P.” in local parlance. We traveled for 13 hours to get to our place at Lake Medora in the Keweenaw Peninsula. This is a small peninsula that extends out into Lake Superior (a peninsula off a peninsula), and the landscape is dotted with the shafts of old copper mines and trees—birch, cedar, maple, Michigan pine. There were so many copper mines in the 1800s and 1900s that the area was, and still is, known as “Copper Country.”

-Candy

Traveling north with Mattie asleep in the back seat. My first visit was with Linda Rutkin outside of Baltimore. I was given a tour of her walking routines, a water taxi tour of downtown Baltimore, a wonderful Italian dinner, and got to meet her daughter Jamie and the new baby. She was a great hostess and I was happy to see that part of her life.

-Joyce

Awesome bar mitzvah weekend in New Jersey. High school friend from Miami came to Baltimore. (She has family here.) Joyce Peckman and “Ms.” Mattie spent two nights here; took day trip to Inner Harbor and rode water taxi to Fort McHenry.

Jamie came over with Michael (five-month-old grandson) and met Joyce and “Ms.” Mattie. Attended condo meeting (another “biggie event.”) Went out to monthly dinner with people from early married days. Sooooo fun!

-Linda

The end-of-day light on rugged granite outcroppings revealed by low tide lit up along with the Porcupine Islands as if someone had glazed the whole scene with a wash of dayglo peach. Then a five-masted schooner revealed herself as she rounded an island, her sails faded to a compelling rusty off-red. OK, it’s the tourist-oriented “Natalie Todd” taking tourists on a sunset sail, but I don’t care if it is commercial. It moves me.

-Gloria

Boone, N.C. is home to Appalachian State University (NCAA division II-A football champs, 2005 and 2006). I participate in a program for people who are non-degree-seeking but want to continue learning. The department of Judaic, Holocaust & Peace Studies had a two-session seminar on the stories that inspired "Fiddler on the Roof," where we read the wonderful stories of Sholem Aleichem.

-Medina

To get to our place we travel north on US 41 (Tamiami Trail) and turn left onto a dirt two-track named Lake Medora Road. Our home is in the middle of the woods (13 acres of it is our property) in very old mountains. In fact, some of the oldest rocks in the world have been found in these mountains. One of those acres is right on Lake Medora, and that's where, from scratch, we built our house.

-Candy

From Baltimore to New York, where I exploded into a week of shopping. I'm not a shopaholic by any means, but when you live on a rock with K-Mart, and then land in a home 15 minutes from Lord & Taylor, the emotion is like that of the fizz exploding from a Champagne bottle.

-Joyce

I run into a friend who owns Maine's one-and-only kosher B & B right here in town. Before I know it I am invited for Shabbat dinner. Suddenly I am with more than a *minyan*; we are lighting candles, saying blessings, sharing wine, and eating challah brought up that day from New Rochelle by my hostess's visitors. Both food and company are good. I let go of the wistfulness, grab onto gratitude, and still I wonder who among our KJCC contingent will be kayaking in the dark of new moon night.

-Gloria

What am I doing with myself? Creating and making lots of bracelets and necklaces for show July 11-15 in Gettysburg, same time as Bike Week. What a great learning experience. Went with vendors that create magnetic, healing jewelry, made with magnetite, natural source of pain-relieving energy, not man-made. I get to "activate" my creative juices while making these bracelets.

-Linda



Candy and Joe in the early stages of construction.

We've spent the last five summers building the house. It's a duplex, with two bedrooms, one bath and a loft on each side. Our task this summer is to install a finished floor in the house and our first challenge was to get the flooring delivered. This was not as easy as one may think, since we have no phone service to coordinate arrival times or to give last-minute directions to our building site. And we really don't have an address, just a fire number. The driver had traveled down our two-track dirt road with his 28-foot truck and couldn't figure out a way to turn around. Dad, Joe and I unloaded the 3,000 pounds of laminate flooring and then spent about twenty minutes helping the driver turn around. My sister Rene and brother-in-law Dick arrived the next day, and we were ready to start the floor installation. Since our motto on this entire project has been "learn as you go along or make it up as you go along," our installation has been slower and more interesting than expected.

-Candy



Gloria's eclectic gallery in picturesque Bar Harbor, Maine.

I am boring myself to tears waiting for customers in between spates of cleaning, arranging, decluttering, and planting brussels sprouts (affirming my deeply held belief that the world will not end before first frost). Well, I am not really bored. I've been reading Alice Walker's (a favorite author of mine) daughter's memoir, "Black, White, and Jewish," a tale of her youth as product of dark brown, deliciously talented feminist mother and white Jewish civil rights lawyer dad—definitely a movement baby.

-Gloria

Of course Joe's work doesn't begin until he's done fishing. Most mornings he gets up at 5:00 and is on the lake until about 9:00. One morning a storm rolled in about 7:30 while he was still out on the lake. The storms come in from the west, hard and fast. In the winter the wind can get up to 100 miles per hour, and although the wind gusts in this particular storm weren't that strong they still made it extremely difficult to stand up. Joe didn't have time to get back to shore before the high waves

swamped his boat. He ended up swimming back to shore from the middle of the lake in baggy blue jeans surrounded by thunder, lightning and high waves. Rene and I got into the pontoon to help him, but it was anchored out in the lake so our departure was rather slow. When it was over and we were all safe on land I went a bit hysterical: the vision of Joe's head bobbing up in between the waves will stay with me for a long time.

-Candy

Walked historic Gettysburg streets and read displayed plaques. Sat across from over 100-year-old sycamore tree. Stayed at hotel directly in center of town and watched motor-cycle parade. I was told maybe between 80-100,000 cyclists attended. Watched horse-and-buggy rides traveling through historic streets. Rode past battlefields.

Wow! Watched farrier shoe Budweiser Clydesdale horses. (A first!)

-Linda

There was also a week-long symposium (designed for educators, but open to the public, on how to teach the Holocaust) and I attended the session on Simon Wiesenthal's book "The Sunflower: On the Possibilities and Limits of Forgiveness," a powerful book that I recommend. The first part of the book is the (true) story of a dying Nazi soldier asking Wiesenthal, then a prisoner in a concentration camp, for forgiveness. The second part of the book is a series of 50+ responses to the question "what would you do?" by notable men and women, one of whom is Dr. Deborah Lipstadt, a professor at Emory University. She was one of my childhood playmates, as we lived across the street from one another (I'm sure Bernie remembers her). She is an authority on Holocaust deniers and is well-known for her book, "Denying the Holocaust," for which she was sued (in London) for slander by a well-known Holocaust denier. She ultimately won the lawsuit. It was interesting to hear the discussion, and a mention of the "Pirkay Avot" in this town where there is a church on just about every corner.

-Medina

Dammit, it is too gorgeous outside for anyone in their right mind even to consider shopping. I am going to close. Dang, wouldn't you know that the minute I *think* of closing, a car pulls in. Well, it could be a good thing, although at first glance they look like a couple who will find this place "interesting" rather than purchase-worthy.

-Gloria

Shopping over, I'm now in Denver enjoying a week with my son and the 3 kids (3 1/2, 2 1/2 and 4 months old). Keith, my youngest, is dog-sitting Mattie in Highland Park, New Jersey. I'll reciprocate by house-sitting the week he & his wife visit Denver. I'll be back in the New York area by August, through the Holy Days. Thinking of every-one.

-Joyce

The next day our dogs were in our driveway and wouldn't stop barking. Since there are no people or cars around I couldn't figure out what the commotion was about. A few minutes later there was a knock on our door and it was our nearest neighbor, Kim. She was noticeably upset but had hiked through the woods to tell us she and her husband had just been visited by a 600-

pound black bear. The bear ripped out the screen in one of their windows, destroyed all their bird feeders and was going after the ribs they were cooking on their grill. Their black lab chased the bear away, but the bear didn't seem too eager to leave, so Kim wanted to give us a heads-up on the danger. Bears, by the way, aren't the only wildlife that lives around here. We also share our woods and lake with loons, eagles, coyotes, wolves, foxes, bobcats, deer, and, like most of Key Largo, raccoons.

-Candy

I stopped at the bookstore and treated myself to a copy of "Eats, Shoots and Leaves." I sat on a park bench facing the Harbor and its picture-pretty view of receding mountains across the Bay with all kinds of work and pleasure boats bobbing happily in the end-of-day light, and I couldn't stop reading or laughing. Soon I will have no defense for commacide.

-Gloria

Went to Hoopers's Island in Dorchester County, on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay. Stayed in a hunting/fishing cottage on 65 acres of waterfront land. First night set out crab traps with chicken bait. Dinner was such good eatin' the next night.

Watched five movies—*National Treasure*, *Hitch*, *Bourne Supremacy*, *Blue Streak* and *School of Rock*. Went "in-town" to all-in-one grocery store, hardware store, café. And of course (!) bought their town tee-shirt. Canoeed to island and shopped (!) for shells—lots of oysters and some are quite unique.

-Linda

Other classes I've attended so far include a genealogy workshop, a session on the Founding Fathers, a monthly book discussion group, a film studies program, etc.

-Medina



After six years, Candy and Alan's U.P. home.

Now everyone is gone. My sister, her husband and my Dad went down to their homes in the southern part of the state for five days and I just took Joe to the airport so he could return to Key Largo for a bachelor party for his cousin. Sunday everyone will return with four additional family members and friends, to celebrate the 4th of July. We have fantastic fireworks on the shore of Lake Superior. However, many times you have to wear a winter parka, hat and gloves to completely enjoy them. (Nighttime temperatures can drop to the high 30's, but days are usually a very pleasant 50-70.)

-Candy

I've driven three hours south from Bar Harbor to join friends preparing for an Independence Day Parade. Who knew a July Fourth Parade could be so idiosyncratic, meaningful, pro-peace, and funny all at the same time? Round Pond is a tiny town at the mouth of a large, protected harbor in mid-coastal Maine, on the way to absolutely nowhere. The thousands of people congenially lining the route are here strictly to be here. There are no fire engines, school bands or fez-topped Shriners on mini-motorcycles. There is, however, a precision lawn-chair drill team. And reggae musicians. And a giant lobster trap with tourists in it. In the middle of the parade a float decorated with a chuppah stops moving; a bride steps up, and for the next ten minutes, everything stands still as a *wedding* happens. People are patient and applaud enthusiastically as the guests and witnesses they have become.

-Gloria

Swam alongside a jellyfish as it "pulsated" along in the water. Saw bald eagles and their nests. While picking blueberries—saw foxes' den. Lots of geese and osprey nests. Had my second beer in my whole life. (Do I put that under a column titled "lifetime achievement?")

P.S. Even found great feathers to make quill pens with, of course (!) using BIC pen refills. Does it get any more creative than that?

-Linda

I'm now with family on Long Island, and I won't tell you how wonderful it is to be able to go for an invigorating walk outside AFTER 8 a.m.

-Joyce

That's about it from our "neck of the woods" on Lake Medora in the Keweenaw Peninsula of Michigan. Five years ago we had, well, a pretty lot on a lake. Today we have a house that we mostly built ourselves. Next summer we need to frame in the fireplace and *that's it*.

-Candy

The gallery is looking increasingly intriguing and business has definitely picked up. The spigot marked "tourist season" seems to have been turned on last Sunday. I am grateful. No kayaking as yet, but much walking along *rosa rugosa*-lined gravel paths out to jutting granite rocks for a sit in the sun, soaking up the scent and salt and giant whooshing sounds of the sea

-Gloria

There is a small Jewish community here in Boone that holds services Friday nights at the Episcopal church. For the High Holy Days, they hold services at a nearby Catholic church. When I attended last year, I thought I'd be one of maybe twenty people, but to my surprise, about 300 people were there!

I hope you are all having a good summer. I miss our Thursday night Hebrew class gatherings.

-Medina

Mid-July through end of August: annual "doctor" appointments. Attend state fair. Get new walking shoes for Florida. Tentative: maybe Joyce comes back in August to go to Washington, D.C. and we'll go to Holocaust Museum on Mall.

September 25 to October 9—maybe trip to Israel. Sukkot fun, festive time to be there! Have family there; it's been seven years. Cousin's grandbaby celebrates first birthday October 6th. Will do that new "Jerusalem excavation" tour Yardenah showed on the map.

Tuesday, Nov. 13—leave for Keys, FL.

-Linda

◇

NORTH TO ALASKA!

Alaska! We are so glad we saw that huge, beautiful state. The weather was great –cool & dry. Steve, my Mom and I flew into Anchorage. We did a two-week Princess tour/cruise. The first week we were on land, taking the train to Denali National Park, where we saw Mt. McKinley/Denali. What an awesome sight!

On to Copper River, where Steve went fishing and was the only one in his group to catch a king salmon. Meanwhile, I went on a scenic rafting trip, while Mom stayed at the resort. I saw dozens of bald eagles and Steve reports he saw hundreds. So glad they are not becoming extinct.

En route to Valdez, we visited Crazy Dog Kennels and Canine Rescue, run by Zoya DeNure, a former fashion model, who is training her dog team for the Idi-

Steve's first King Salmon conquest. He asked if he could keep the girl too, but Carol said no.



tarod. Our ship, the Island Princess, stopped in Skagway, Juneau and Ketchikan, all interesting and different. On July 4th, in Glacier Bay, we watched a glacier "calve" (huge chunks of ice break away and fall into the sea). Talk about awesome!! First you hear a little noise, then a rumble and down it comes. Who needs fireworks! Even Mom was impressed, and this was her second Alaska trip.

On a side tour, we crossed into Canada and stopped in Carcross, a cute little town in the Yukon, where I had my passport stamped. On board ship, Steve took computer lessons and I heard a lecture by Libby Riddles, the first woman to win the Iditarod. Of course, I bought a t-shirt that says: **ALASKA—WHERE MEN ARE MEN AND WOMEN WIN THE IDITAROD.** If I were only 40 years younger!

We ended the cruise in Vancouver, a lovely city with beautiful gardens. Back in Miami, we walked out of the airport terminal into the 90-degree heat and humidity. In the parking lot, we found my car wouldn't work, so we were towed 75 miles back to the Beautiful Florida Keys. Always good to be home!

-Carol



KJCC conquers the 49th state. Your intrepid prez braves the Alaskan wilds.



Yom Kippur –The Book of Life

By Alan L. Beth

In the first hour the idea of creating man entered God's mind. In the second God took counsel with the Ministering Angels, in the third God assembled Adam's dust, in the fourth God kneaded it, in the fifth God shaped him, in the sixth God made him into a lifeless body, in the seventh God breathed a soul into him, in the eighth God brought him into the Garden of Eden, in the ninth he was commanded [against eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge], in the tenth he transgressed, in the eleventh he was judged, in the twelfth he was pardoned. "This," said God to Adam, "will be a sign to your children. As you stood in judgment before Me this day and came out with a free pardon, so will your children in the future stand in judgment before Me on this day and will come out from My presence with a free pardon" (Vayikrah Rabbah 29:1).

In this telling, the primary source of awe is God's omnipotent power. This complements the biblical text, in which nature's wonders are extolled and prove so tremendous as to tempt Adam to disobey God almost immediately. This epitomizes the multi-layered content of the *Mishnah*, establishing a from-day-one tradition of Rosh Hashanah as the time of personal accounting, but building that lesson upon a firm foundation of the creation story.

By approaching the High Holidays not solely as a time of personal reevaluation, but as an opportunity to consider our places--individually and communally--in creation as a whole, we can give more depth to the Holidays and provide more fertile ground for *teshuvah*. In this view, the Holidays are a balance: we celebrate creation and then have ten days to consider how we treat others. We cannot be so concerned with our own results, our daily lives, that we diminish those of creation, either the initial creation (whatever you believe that may be) or the ongoing process in which we partner with the divine presence in making a better

world. As partners in creation, we cannot demean or diminish, harm or harass, other people in the pursuit of our goals, however worthy. When we do, we tarnish creation. Yom Kippur, then, is an opportunity to repair the damage we have done to creation over the past year, and to re-consecrate ourselves as partners in the ongoing process of creation. The Book of Life is more than a register of who shall live and who shall die; it is a collection of contracts, with each of us signing on for another year of living fully by actively partnering with God.

The metaphor of the Book of Life is all the more powerful in the fall, because only those who sign up for another year of helping advance creation can be assured of reaching the next spring, the season of life and birth and all the excitement and glory of creation.

None of this is to dismiss the importance of self-reflection around the Holidays. One cannot fully make a commitment without taking inventory, in an honest assessment, of personal strengths and weaknesses. And a commitment to partner in creation is no light obligation. But by also looking beyond ourselves and focusing on creation, we can find another level of meaning, purpose and resonance in the High Holidays.

HOLIDAY SEASON - What a month

Rosh Hashanah is the day of accounting

where each Jew is called before the heavenly accountants who weigh every spiritual transaction, as well as every infraction, to determine whether the employee's contract will be renewed for the coming year. It is for this reason that Jews traditionally spend Elul, the month preceding Rosh Hashanah, carefully examining their every action to see how it impacted the overall spiritual profitability of the enterprise, God's universe.

In performing *teshuvah*—repentance—we figure out where we went wrong and, just as

importantly, how we're going to fix it. And on the Day of Judgment we arrive at the synagogue somewhat frightened, subdued and introspective, but ready to plead for the renewal of the

contract -- another year of life -- because at least we have identified the problem and have taken measures to make sure it doesn't happen again.

But who can truly say that they've done all they can do as God's employees and are therefore assured of a positive outcome on Rosh Hashanah? Therefore we are asked to consider our fates as hanging in the balance and we are given until Yom Kippur to more fully examine our moral issues and better implement our fixes and resolutions. On Yom Kippur we are so consumed by the uncertainty of our fate that we can't even think about eating or drinking. Over and over we

try to account for our sins and resolve for them never to recur as we stand before the CEO, God Almighty Himself. Late in the day, we must conclude that for all our *teshuvah* we still might find ourselves a tad less than fully qualified for a renewal of our life contracts.

Just when it seems that all is lost, we look up and notice that God is our own Father in heaven. So in the final prayer service of the High Holy Days, we beseech Him, "Avinu Malkeinu -- our Father, our King!" *Hey Dad, it's me. I'm your son. I know I messed up but please, this one time, give me a break.* What father can resist that kind of sincerity on the part of his beloved child?

So He forgives us but asks us to undergo one more challenge. "Now that we've made up, why don't you see if you can get along with your siblings as well."The holiday of *Sukkot* is all about leaving our permanent abodes and moving into a house with walls as sturdy as you want to make them, but one where the roof—the separation and barrier between us and God—is intentionally only loosely covered. This makes it God's house. After restoring our relationship with the Almighty, He invites us into His home where we are asked to unify with all the Jewish People for a full week.

Now that we've reunified as a family, God is loath to have us leave after seven days and asks us to stay for *Shmini Atzeret*, "the eighth, extended day" of the holiday.

And the next, final day of this holiday is called *Simchat Torah*, "the happiness of Torah." We dance ecstatically, holding the sacred Torah scrolls close to our bodies while we circle the *bimah*. According to the Jewish mystics, *Simchat Torah* is not so much that we happily celebrate the beauty of our Jewish Torah, but that once we have restored our relationships with our Father and our brothers and sisters, it is the Torah, and by extension God Himself, Who joyously celebrates *us*, His beloved children.

What a way to start the year!◇

Alan Beth chairs the Religious Committee.

A Surprise for Joan's 75th

Having a seventy-fifth birthday is hard enough, let alone when your loving spouse advertises your age through out the Keys.

However, he found the one way to be forgiven for his sin!

Several months ago, Jim informed me that we were going to New York to celebrate this "special" accomplishment. How can one argue against going to New York? (Even though the one thing I had really wanted was for this to be a family occasion.) I had a secret hope that he was going to surprise me with the family, but when the weekend of the birthday came and went I knew that was not going to be! We planned the shows we were going to see; we made plans with the granddaughter who lives in New York for her to share the week with us, and we started out by staying at a hotel the night before leaving because "our plane was early the next morning and the hotel had a very cheap fare." I fell for it all!

We settled in for the night, and the very next morning went down for breakfast. As I was sipping the first cup of coffee, my eyes glanced to the left. I almost spilled the coffee when I saw this familiar group of peo-

ple. They got me!!!!!! Seventeen of my children and grandchildren all cried "SURPRISE" and I started to cry! It seems we were never going

to New York, and all the plans for theater and dinner with Haley were a big ruse. Jim even had phony boarding passes and hotel confirmations in a folder in case I got curious (which I didn't).

We spent the next 3 nights on the Carnival Fun Ship *Fascination*. The one rule was that we all got together for dinner every night, but we spent the days bumping into

each other and sharing lunch, the pool, etc. Every night I would wake up in the middle of the night crying. When Jim asked why, I gave him the usual female answer--because I am so happy. We spent a good part of each night on the balcony staring at the water and realizing how lucky we were.

I will forever be grateful to the whole family for keeping the surprise! It was such a special way to celebrate! We did miss our grandson, Brian, who was in China. Now we are waiting for his return to hear all his experiences. ♦



Joseph Beth
33 North Blackwater Lane • Key Largo, Florida 33037 • 305-451-2874

June 1, 2007

To: President Steve Steinbock
The Board of Directors
Members of KJCC

Yesterday was one of those once-in-a-lifetime experiences, in this case my high school graduation. It truly was a momentous occasion, finishing the long journey of basic schooling and entering the endless possibilities of the real world.

The night before graduation was capping, where I received an extremely generous scholarship from the KJCC. College is going to be a challenge. I've heard it is the most exciting part of your life as an adult. But there is no question in my mind that I will always remember the love and helpfulness of the Jewish community in which I live.

I want to thank everyone who was in some way responsible for the scholarship that I received. I would also like to thank everyone who helped me in any way throughout my high school career, whether it be from community service or through helping me pay for the endless amounts of money needed for a college degree.

And no matter where I go and who I meet, I will always remember that small Jewish community in the Keys, which has given me many long-lasting memories. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Joseph Beth

Student at Miami-Dade College

Andrea Kluger

163 Indian Mound Trail Tavernier, Florida 33070

Dear KJCC,

Thank you so much for your contribution toward my college education. I am looking forward to this experience and will keep you informed of what I am up to. Thank you so much for your support throughout the years.

Love,

Andrea

Suzie Greenman

90B Sombrero Beach Road • Marathon, Florida 33050

Dear Keys Jewish Community Center and Members,

I would like to thank you all so much for having so much faith in me and granting me this generous scholarship. It is such an honor to be recognized by this establishment that has made me feel so welcomed and at home.

I will do my best in college to make you all proud. Thank you so much for going out of your way to award me this scholarship and being such a huge part of my life. I extend to everyone an invitation to Boston. Thank you so much.

Sincerely,

Suzie Greenman

KEYS JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER

Saturday, September 8, 2007

5:30 Pizza, Movie in Social Hall

9:00 S'lichot Service

Everything is Illuminated

A young Jewish American flies to the Ukraine in search of his grandfather's past. He has a photograph and the name of a village. He hires the Odessa Heritage Tours, made up of a gruff old man and his English-speaking grandson. The three, plus grandfather's deranged dog, travel in an old car from Odessa into Ukraine's heart. Jonathan, the American, is a collector, putting things he finds into small plastic bags, so he will remember. Alex, the interpreter, is an archetypal wild and crazy guy. Alex asks the old man, "Was there anti-Semitism in the Ukraine before the war?" Will they find the village? The past illuminates everything.

Genres: Comedy, Drama



Slichot Services will be held in the
Sanctuary following the movie and will be led by
Joel Pollack.

Contact Linda Pollack
(lindap4000@earthlink.net) for questions
and reservations (so we know how much
pizza to order).

The evening is sponsored by
Sisterhood and there is no
charge. Come and enjoy!



High Holy Day Memories

With this issue being the first of the new Jewish year, and also the one encompassing the High Holy Days, we asked KJCC members what the holidays were like when they were children. Here's what they said:

We lived on Prospect Avenue between 181st and 182nd streets in the Bronx, and I take much pleasure from reflecting on those times with my parents and grandparents that were so joyful, yet so simple, so heart-warming and so meaningful.

The High Holy Days were always planned by Mom for weeks ahead, while Dad got his good suit cleaned and pressed and made ready for prayer in a small, hot, basement orthodox shul. The main sanctuary was upstairs but seats cost less down below. This

was really a ground level "below," as the main shul was at least 20 steps above us. I always stayed with my Dad for the long hours of prayer, sometimes sitting down in a little corner behind a dirty floor-to-ceiling curtain on uncomfortable chairs with a few old women who, even then, I thought belonged in another era. Mostly I crept under my Dad's jacket and stayed there while Dad got some smiles and some warning looks from his seat-mates.

There was also a little garden that the kids played in when they got tired of trying to keep up with the prayers. We laughed and played silly games, the boys brought yo-yos and paddles and other games and the girls giggled a lot and watched the boys – even then.

I can tell you now it never rained on Rosh Hashanah or Yom Kippur because I only remember sunshine and happiness and love and the blessings of a wonderful family. I was a very lucky kid.

--Bea Graham

My parents attended a very orthodox shul in New Jersey. My grandfather was the president. During the High Holidays he wore a tuxedo outfit with a high hat. He was very large (i.e. fat *and* tall). When some "persons" would make noise that he did not like he would SLAM DOWN his prayer book on the desk at the bimah and the ENTIRE large congregation would act as if the wrath of G-d was upon them. I can still see him up on the bimah when I go to holiday services.

--David Goldfinger

I lived in Hanover, Germany, as a child. Our family did not live near a synagogue, so for High Holy Days we walked 1-1/2 hours to get to services. Even as a child, I remember this as a very long walk.

I remember Cantor Alter's voice, which reminded me of an opera singer. I also remember a man who was so religious that, on

Yom Kippur, he stood in the synagogue, not sitting at all, from *Kol Nidre* to the very end of services the next day.

This beautiful synagogue was destroyed by the Nazis during "Kristallnacht" in 1938.

--*Fanny Kluger*

My mother and I walked two miles to the Linden Street Shul at about 9:30 or 10:00 on Rosh Hashanah or Yom Kippur. My two older brothers left earlier or later. (Father had passed away in 1934.) I was seven in September, 1938, in Scranton, Pennsylvania. My grandfather owned his seats in the shul. He had two seats upstairs in the women's section for my mother and grandmother and about four seats downstairs in the men's section. My two brothers, Grandfather and I (and maybe an uncle) squeezed in on the blue-cushioned bench seats.

The *Chazzen* led the *Musaf* service and Torah service. The *Shaharit* service was led by a member of the congregation. The *Chazzen* had been trained in Russia and had a booming basso voice. His singing of the *Hineni* as he walked from the rear of the synagogue was especially impressionable on a young boy. The *aliyahs* were auctioned off to the highest bidder with the money going to the synagogue. The sermon delivered by Rabbi Gutterman was in Yiddish and not understandable by me. However, I remember one sermon, which must have been in September, 1945, when the rabbi started to cry. As the tears welled up in his eyes, he kept repeating "zex millionen yidden toten" (six million Jews dead). A brother, who was back from serving in the Air Force, translated for me.

--*George Swartz*

I am an older teenager. It is High Holiday time. The small, one-room wooden synagogue that nourished me lovingly into Bat Mitzvahhood is gone. We have morphed via building funds and pledge drives into a red

brick edifice with real teachers instead of just our rabbi, with schoolrooms and bathrooms and offices and hallways instead of just an all-purpose sanctuary. Everyone is wearing new clothes and admiring everybody else's. I am happy to see one or two old classmates and the extended family/friends of my parents, but there are so many new members. I don't feel as if this place is mine any more. The sermon is all about pledging. Kids come and go but I am too old to be playing with them. More requests are made for the building fund and more yet for Israeli bonds. People fast on the inside of the building and go outside for a smoke. I think I am sophisticated and smart but in truth I am probably ungenerous, judgmental, and prematurely cynical. The talk is all of bonds and I feel little bonding. I will go to college, begin a life that involves much travel, and will not belong to a synagogue again until I move to Key Largo, where at first there is none. Then in 1981, suddenly there is.

--*Gloria Avner*

We (my mother, father and myself) got all dressed up for the holidays, my father with a suit, waistcoat, spats. And a fedora. My mother in a dress, big hat and white gloves. I wore a white suit with short pants and a small peaked cap. We would walk to the shul and my father would tip his hat to all women that passed us. What a slow, peaceful world that was in 1937-1938.

--*Jim Boruszak*

As a child and even today the sound of the shofar, the story of Abraham and Isaac, and the liturgy that begins "On Rosh Hashanah it is written, on Yom Kippur it is sealed..." were and are listened to with great awe.

The High Holidays were also looked forward to because of the anticipation of the food, the new clothes and the socialization. Ladies purchased new outfits, and hats, and there was a kind of fashion parade atmosphere about it. Some congregants only

availed themselves of services during the High Holidays, and it was at that time that we were able to catch up with them and exchange news of our respective families. We sat only in our own seats, which had been purchased during a previous fundraiser.

Our respective families were very early members of our Temple (1930s), so the families were familiar with each other, and eventually there was a merger of the two temple families with our marriage.

--Joan Boruszak

On the High Holidays, I did not occupy my usual seat, on the right side somewhere near the sixth row, but instead had a folding chair in the tent erected in the parking lot. On Yom Kippur, after *Yizkor*, my mom would return home and I would go through the rear door of the synagogue to a seat on the far side of the enormous accordion wall, continuing my prayers in what was normally the social hall, under elaborate chandeliers, but at least in the same sanctuary as my rabbi and cantor.

--Joyce Peckman

After Rosh Hashanah service at Beth David in Miami, a group of us would take the bus to someone's house and dance. We did this throughout my high school years. The music we played was bop, if anyone still remembers that. There was no adult supervision that I remember, and never any trouble.

--Linda Pollack

When I was a kid, the High Holy Days in my house were very special. My mother prepared the meals with special care and challah, apples and honey were on the table. My parents would buy me a couple of very nice dresses, but the highlight was when my dad bought me and my mother a matching set of fancy, lounging pajamas. I know it

sounds odd, but for my mother and me, it was something we looked forward to with great anticipation. The orthodox shul we went to was usually quite full of congregants every Shabbat, but on Rosh Hashanah & Yom Kippur it was packed. The women were dressed to the hilt. One of my uncles was the cantor and he had such a beautiful voice. He sang with his whole heart and soul.

Since we walked to shul and back, (about a mile each way) we usually took a small break on Yom Kippur at my aunt & uncle's house, who lived closer to the shul.

--Medina Roy

In the years before the Independence of the Jewish State, we children who grew up in Jerusalem had a different education and cultural life than those who lived in the other cities, like Haifa and Tel-Aviv. The institutes for higher education, like the University, the Seminars, and even the High Schools were located in Jerusalem.

The children of Jerusalem began to celebrate the High Holidays in *Elul*, the last month of the Jewish calendar. In every neighborhood there was a synagogue, not a big temple, but more like a house and always full of people. Our parents would go for the *S'lichot* Prayers at 3:00 in the morning. The *Shamash* would walk from house to house at 2:30 a.m. and call the people to wake up for the prayers. We children would also wake up and were eager to go to the synagogue with our parents, sensing the special mood of *Yamim Nora'im* (Days of Awe).

After the weeks of *S'lichot*, on *Rosh Ha'shanah*, we felt a special happiness, because only once a year, on this holiday, we would receive new clothes. And we would run to the synagogue to show and to see every other child's new clothes.

On *Erev Rosh Ha'shanah* our house looked very festive. The table was beautifully set with seven kinds of Israel's fruit. We began with the children asking forgiveness from our parents if we had caused them any anger. We could see on their faces that they did forgive

and my father would put his warm hand on our heads and give us his blessings.

Before the delicious meal, with all kind of Persian dishes, my father and uncles would say the blessings on the fruits and thank God for a good and sweet new year. After the meal we would stay at the table for a long hour of singing and hearing stories from our parents, wonderful memories of their childhood and the traditions of *Rosh Ha'shanah* and *Yom Kippur*.

--*Michal Kamely*

Growing up Orthodox meant no school during the High Holy Days. As a child I loved the idea of not going to school but sadly must admit I dreaded going to shul ALL DAY for two days, wearing a dress and ugly shoes. It was boring listening to the cantor bellow out his songs and falling asleep during the rabbi's sermon. I'd rather have been playing outside with my friends. Luckily for me, we children got to do just that. On occa-

sion, during the "important" moments, we were told to be inside praying with our families. Despite what appeared as "not being present," I was. As an adult, I now appreciate having been dragged to services.

--*Ruth Shrader-Grace*

My memories of the High Holidays are from my teen years in Newark, New Jersey. My family belonged to Temple B'nai Abraham on Clinton Avenue in Newark, where Joachim Prinz was the rabbi. He was a major presence in the worldwide Jewish community and certainly in B'nai Abraham. As children, we were pretty much banned from the sanctuary without a TICKET, so we spent the hours during the service on the outside steps with all of the other kids. It was a social affair. The religious aspect of the holidays were not necessarily of importance.

--*Toby Goldfinger*



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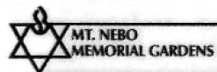
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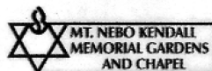
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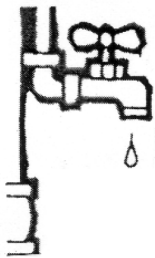
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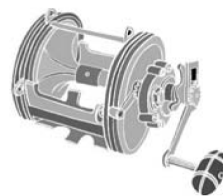
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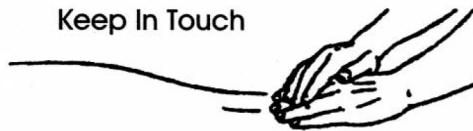
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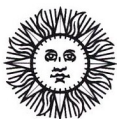
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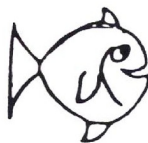


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