

Chai~Lights



June/July 2008

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Keys Jewish Community Center

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

June 2008

27 Iyar- 27 Sivan

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	
1	2	3	4	5	6 George Swartz <i>Carol & Steve Steinbock</i>	7	
8 Erev Shavuot	9	10	11	12	13 Jim Boruszak <i>Joan & Jim Boruszak</i> <i>Gene & Mort Silverman</i>	14	
15 Father's Day Men's Club Picnic	16	17	18	19	20 Bernie Ginsberg <i>Dr. Arthur Feinberg</i> <i>Rene & Skip Rose</i>	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27 Alan Beth 6:30 Service <i>Lauren & Stuart Sax</i> <i>Gene & Mort Silverman</i> <i>Sofy & Mark Wasser</i>	28	
29	30	<div style="border: 2px solid black; padding: 10px; width: fit-content; margin: 0 auto;"> <p>Names denote leaders of Friday services. <i>Italicized</i> names are Oneg sponsors.</p> </div>					

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CHAI-LIGHTS is the
monthly newsletter of the
Keys Jewish Community Center
P.O. Box 1332
Tavernier, Florida 33070
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President's Message Steve Steinbock



May began with the opening—in honor of Yom HaShoah—of our Holocaust display and a presentation by Steve Smith. He spoke, and showed films he compiled based in part on his own father's testimony as an eyewitness, on the liberation of Dachau Concentration Camp outside Munich in 1945 by American forces. It was very moving and informative. Huge thanks go out to Sam, Medina, Gloria and Muriel, who put in many, many hours' work to bring Yardená's concept for this year's display through to reality.

On May 9th, KJCC celebrated Israel's 60th Anniversary with a dinner party before our Shabbat service. Those of you who did not attend missed delicious and plentiful food, desserts, fun music, dancing, Israeli posters and decorations and, most of all, good company to share it all with.

Nyan Feder's Bar Mitzvah was different than most we have at the KJCC. He did a Mincha service on Saturday afternoon, reading directly from our Holocaust Torah. Many thanks go out to Gloria who worked with Nyan on his service along with Nyan's learned and gifted father. We all offer Dave and Suzi our warmest congratulations. And we thank them for their gift to KJCC of a student

Torah, one our religious students will be inspired by for many years.

As you all know, we lost our dear friend Marty Graham during Passover. Marty, together with his wife Bea (they were married more than 60 years) did so much for the KJCC. We will remember Marty whenever we get a Yartzeit letter, look at the lights on the boards in the sanctuary, see and hear the names of birthdays and anniversaries and read any of the myriad letters that came from the database and programs that Marty developed. It will take many of us to do all the jobs he and Bea did alone. I hope you'll all enjoy the special section in Marty's honor that begins on page 21.

I was saddened to learn of the deaths of Bob Schur and Muriel Swartz's mother. To Lee Schur and Muriel, and their families and friends, Carol and I send our thoughts and prayers.

Finally, Carol and my sister Rosemary are taking me to Israel for our 25th and Israel's 60th anniversaries in mid-May. We look forward to sharing our experiences with you in the coming months.

I wish you all a pleasant summer!

Steve

Nosh

Let's Try This Again

All are invited to join the Men's Club to celebrate Father's Day, June 15, at Bahia Honda beach. We will be grilling hot dogs and hamburgers and enjoying each other's company. The cost to each picnic attendee is \$10. All food will be provided. Please let us know if you are coming so we know how much food to buy. You can RSVP to me at 852 0833 or email me at joan-borus@aol.com.

-Joan Boruszak

Dear KJCC:

Thank you for your condolences on the loss of my dear mother, Ida S. Reider. She died at age 98 and had been doing well until the last two years. She was a great blessing to all who knew her.

Love, Muriel

July 2008 KJCC Service Leaders and Oneg Sponsors

Leaders

July 4th.....Alan Beth

July 11th.....George Swartz

July 18th.....Beth Hayden

July 25th...6:30 Service..Lauren and Stuart Sax

The Oneg for July 25th will be sponsored by Shelby Streaan.



A June Wedding

Steven and Barbara Smith announce the engagement of their son, Brian Smith, to Carrie Nicoletti, the Daughter of Ralph and Alice Nicoletti of Valhalla, N.Y. Brian is a Pro-Scout for the New England Patriots and Carrie is a middle school math teacher in Dedham, MA. Their wedding is planned for June 20, 2009 in Vallhalla, N.Y. Both Brian and Carrie are 25 years old. Brian is also a KJCC Religious School graduate.

BOOK PLATES

IN MEMORY OF MARTY GRAHAM

By Carol and Steve Steinbock

IN MEMORY OF MARTY GRAHAM

By Pauline Roller

New Member

The KJCC is happy to announce our newest member, Deborah Weiss of Key Largo. A very warm welcome to you, and we hope to see you often.

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.

TREE OF LIFE

IN HONOR OF OUR GOOD FRIEND

MARTY GRAHAM

4/21/2008

Linda and Joel Pollack

IN HONOR OR THE BIRTH OF OUR
GRANDDAUGHTER

"ELLIANA"

4/20/08

Arthur and Johanna Willner

TO STEVE
FOR 25 WONDERFUL YEARS
FULL OF LOVE

Carol

Wedding Announcement

KJCC members Lyle Agins and Heather Palmer are to be married on June 11th. Our warmest wishes go out to them for a long and happy life.

June Anniversaries

	Years
1st Joan Stark & Joel Bernard.....	22
12th Donna & William Bolton.....	15
14th Joan & James Boruszak.....	55
8th Jane & Stephen Friedman.....	12
18th Ruth Schraeder- & Eric Grace.....	14
25th Renee & Laurence Green.....	36
25th Elinor & Herbert Grossman.....	51
20th Linda & Allan Holbrook.....	32
12th Beverly M & Harvey E Robins.....	5
23rd Rene & Skip Rose.....	53
23rd Lauren & Stuart Sax.....	34
7th Sheila & Richard Steinberg.....	49

July Anniversaries

2nd Rozi & Douglas Graham	4
5th Barbara & Erwin Kantor.....	51
11th Shifra & David Kossman.....	48
29th Elaine & Bernard Solas.....	52
3rd Lorene & Michael Solomon.....	19

Mitzvah Mention

Our sincere sympathy on the loss of
Marty Graham

From Judith and Harvey Klein

6:30 p.m. Friday Night Services – Feedback, Please.

There are a lot of synagogues that offer both a family night service and a regular service at least once per month. Our synagogue is too small to offer two services the same night. So, as you know, we chose (over a year ago) to offer a once-per-month service at 6:30 p.m.

Currently, the last Friday of each month is a 6:30 p.m. service.

The original intention was to offer this service as a family service, thus enabling parents to bring their kids and leave approximately an hour later. So by 7:30 p.m. services would be over.

Recently we had a discussion at the board meeting to determine if this early service should continue throughout the summer months or not. It was a 50/50 split.

During the summer months it actually does not get dark till after 8 p.m. So, having a Shabbat service Friday afternoon is actually what we are doing. Technically this is wrong.

On the other hand, some of us felt it would be confusing to switch back to 8 p.m. and then to reinstate the 6:30 p.m. service in autumn. I proposed that we keep the services as is for now, but ask the entire KJCC community for feedback.

- **So, please let me know how you feel about the 6:30 p.m. monthly service:**
- **Do you want to keep it 'as is' - all year round?**
- **Do you think we should suspend it temporarily during the summer months?**
- **Do you think we should cancel it entirely and have no 6:30 p.m. services at all – only 8 p.m. services?**
- **Any other suggestions??**

Thanks.

Alan Beth - Head of Religious Committee

Tel: 305-240-1509

Email: Feedback@keysjewishcenter.com

Ongoing Committees and Activities

Sunshine Committee - If you know of any member who should receive a get-well, congratulations or condolence card from KJCC, call Rene Rose, 852-3959.

Cemetery Information - If you wish to plan for the very distant future, you can reserve space at the Kendall Mt. Nebo Cemetery in the KJCC section. Call Bea Graham, 852-0214.

Picture Postcards - We have beautiful picture postcards bearing the Millard Wells representation of the KJCC, which was commissioned by Sisterhood. They can be packaged to fit your needs and mailed to you or your gift recipient. The price is \$36 per hundred but we will sell lesser quantities. Contact Joan Boruszak, 852-0833.

Oneg Shabbat Sponsor - To schedule your special date with Sisterhood, call Joyce Peckman, 451-0665. KJCC **Tree of Life Leaves** and **Rocks, Sanctuary Seat Plates, Yartzeit Memorial Plaques, Bookplates** for siddurim. Call Linda Pollack to arrange your donation, 852-8575.

JNF Trees in Israel - A gift of a tree, or two or more, makes a long-remembered way to honor a loved one, a relative, a friend or an occasion. Both Israel and the KJCC benefit. Call Bea Graham, 852-0214.

Chai-Lights Mitzvah - Place a greeting or notice in Chai-Lights. Call Linda Pollack, 852-8575, to make your donation.

Advertising in Chai-Lights - Your business ad will appear in every issue of Chai-Lights. Call Linda Pollack, 852-8575, for annual rates.

Call the names listed above for assistance or send your request and check to the KJCC, P.O. Box 1332, Tavernier, FL 33070. Recipients of your gifts will be notified by card and listings will appear in Chai-Lights as well. Honorarium and memorial cards can also be requested. Donations can be earmarked to our various ongoing funds: e.g. Holocaust Education Fund, Scholarship Fund, Sara Cohen Memorial Tzedukah Fund, or General Fund.

June Memoriam

By Mollie Gross

In Blessed Memory of

ROSE CASPI

Forever In Our Hearts And Memory

By David M. & Nancy L. Cohn

In Blessed Memory of

ESTHER R. COHN

Eternal Peace

By Marty & Bea Graham

In Blessed Memory of

SAUL ELSON

Forever In Our Hearts

By Larry & Dorothy Wolfe

In Blessed Memory of

ROSE FINE

In Our Heart And Memory

By the Cohen Family

In Blessed Memory of

ELLIOT FROMKES

Always In My Memory

By Margaret Gross

In Blessed Memory of

KATHE GROSS

Rest In Peace

By Ron & Dorothy Horn

In Blessed Memory of

SAMUEL HORN

Rest In Eternal Peace

By Pauline Roller

In Blessed Memory of

BEN HORWITZ

Always In Our Memory

By Erwin & Barbara Kantor

In Blessed Memory of

ROSE KANTOR

In Our Memory Always

By Michael Klimpl

In Blessed Memory of

ARTHUR KLIMPL

Long Blessed Sleep

By David & Shifra Kossman

In Blessed Memory of

BERTHA KOSMAN

We Remember Always

By Teresa Kwalick

In Blessed Memory of

ESTHER KWALICK

With Loving Remembrance

By Teresa Kwalick

In Blessed Memory of

BILL KWALICK

Sleep In Peace

By Mario & Linda LaGrotte

In Blessed Memory of

MARY LA GROTTA

Remembered With Love

By Skip & Rene Rose

In Blessed Memory of

MILTON LANG

Forever Remembered With Love

By David M. & Nancy L. Cohn

In Blessed Memory of

WILLIAM OWEN

Always Remembered

By David M. & Nancy L. Cohn

In Blessed Memory of

LOIS OWEN

Always Remembered With Love

By Joyce Peckman

In Blessed Memory of

LESLIE PECKMAN

Rest in Blessed Peace

By Myron & Myrna Rubin

In Blessed Memory of

MAE RUBIN REAR

Never Forgotten, Always Loved

By Rick & Roberta McNew

In Blessed Memory of

CARL C. REIFF

Always Loved and Missed

By Skip & Rene Rose

In Blessed Memory of

MORRIS ROSE

Eternal Rest

By Allan & Linda Holbrook

In Blessed Memory of

SAM RUSKIN

Forever In Our Hearts And Memory

By Paul & Barbara Bernstein

In Blessed Memory of

SAMUEL SEGAL

Eternal Peace

By the Sherman Family

In Blessed Memory of

LILLIAN SHERMAN

Forever In Our Hearts

By the Sherman Family
In Blessed Memory of
MURRAY SHERMAN
In Our Heart And Memory

By the Sherman Family
In Blessed Memory of
IRVING SHERMAN
Always In My Memory

By Richard & Sheila Steinberg
In Blessed Memory of
WALLY STEINBERG
Rest In Peace

By Andy Tobin
In Blessed Memory of
LEONARD TOBIN
Rest In Eternal Peace

By Alfred & Sue Ann Weihl
In Blessed Memory of
IRMA WEIHL
Always In Our Memory

By Janice Gorson
In Blessed Memory of
BETTY WEISS
In Our Memory Always

By Teresa Kwalick
In Blessed Memory of
E. ENRIQUE ASTRAY-CANEDA
Eternal Rest

By Joyce Peckman
In Blessed Memory of
LESLIE PECKMAN
Rest in Blessed Peace

June Birthdays

Zoe Berk	9
Donna Bolton.....	6
William Bolton.....	15
Rita Bromwich.....	24
Dale Chasteen.....	23
Alan Cooper.....	28
Arthur Feinberg.....	29
Linda Feinberg.....	11
Elanor Forbes.....	3
Bob Friedman.....	30
Suzanne Gilson	6
Joseph Goldberg.....	23
Maxwell Grace.....	27
Justin Greenbaum.....	13
Michal Kamely.....	12
Peter Kantor.....	16
Amelia Kasinof.....	18
Harvey Klein.....	20
Nancy Kluger.....	6
Jessica Kordansky.....	10
Robert N Kwalick.....	29
Sheldon Mann.....	8
Haley Mayclin.....	15
Israel Mayk.....	13
Jennifer Nobil.....	14
Jim Nobil.....	7
Taryn Nobil.....	21
Abraham Rakov.....	3
Delaney Rohde.....	24
Joseph Sachs.....	5
Judy Schmidt.....	20
Kevin M. Silverman.....	12
Elaine Solas.....	8
Lorene Solomon.....	3
Alfred Weihl.....	4
Barbara Weprin.....	30
Joan Wohl.....	7
Dorothy Wolfe.....	5

The KJCC is sorry to note the passing of long-time member Robert Schur. Bob, and wife Lee, have visited us in the Keys for many years and were devoted and active members, attending services on Friday nights, joining in classes and seminars, and contributing their cheerful presence to all of our winter time activities. We knew Bob to be an avid boater as well as active with the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. We will miss Bob's most pleasant demeanor and wish Lee and their children our deepest condolences.



July Memoriam

By William & Barbara Weprin
In Blessed Memory of
JESSIE BEERMAN
Eternal Rest

By Larry & Dorothy Wolfe
In Blessed Memory of
FRIEDA FEINBERG
Always In Our Memory

By Margaret Gross
In Blessed Memory of
JULIUS HABER
Always Remembered

By Marc & Ellen Bloom
In Blessed Memory of
PHYLISS BLOOM
Forever In Our Hearts And Memory

By Bill & Freda Ferns
In Blessed Memory of
FRANK FERNS
In Our Memory Always

By Jay & Nancy Hershoff
In Blessed Memory of
SYLVIA HERSHOFF
Always Remembered With Love

By the Blumberg Family
In Blessed Memory of
ARNOLD BLUMBERG
Eternal Peace

By Shirley Boxer
In Blessed Memory of
GUSSIE FIERBERG
Long Blessed Sleep

By Henry & Patricia Isenberg
In Blessed Memory of
MARGARET ISENBERG
Rest in Blessed Peace

By Shirley Boxer
In Blessed Memory of
LOUIS BOXER
Forever In Our Hearts

By Janice Gorson
In Blessed Memory of
S. MARSHALL GORSON
We Remember Always

By Ronald & Deborah Kaplan
In Blessed Memory of
CATHERINE KAPLAN
Never Forgotten, Always Loved

By Meredith A. Cline
In Blessed Memory of
ROBERT L. CLINE
In Our Heart And Memory

By Maryon Gould
In Blessed Memory of
MAX GOULD
With Loving Remembrance

By Ronald & Deborah Kaplan
In Blessed Memory of
SIDNEY KAPLAN
Always Loved and Missed

By the Cohen Family
In Blessed Memory of
ZACHARY COHEN
Always In Our Memory

By Laurence & Renee Green
In Blessed Memory of
BARBARA GREEN
Sleep In Peace

By Mary Lee Singer
In Blessed Memory of
STANLEY H. KLIPPER
Eternal Rest

By Larry & Judith Weber
In Blessed Memory of
ALFRED EICHLER
Rest In Peace

By Laurence & Renee Green
In Blessed Memory of
J. STUART GREEN
Remembered With Love

By Kurt & Nancy Kluger
In Blessed Memory of
OTTO KLUGER
Forever In Our Hearts And Memory

By Lawrence & Pearl Jacobs
In Blessed Memory of
SYDNEY EMSIG
Rest In Eternal Peace

By Mollie Gross
In Blessed Memory of
EMANUEL GROSS
Forever Remembered With Love

By Teresa Kwalick
In Blessed Memory of
IRWIN KWALICK
Eternal Peace

By Marjorie Present
In Blessed Memory of
GORDON PRESENT
Forever In Our Hearts

By Ron & Dorothy Horn
In Blessed Memory of
JACOB RATCHIK
In Our Heart And Memory

By Sheldon & Carole Weiss
In Blessed Memory of
ARTHUR RAY
Always In My Memory

By Meredith A. Cline
In Blessed Memory of
RUTH RICHARDSON
Rest In Peace

By Harvey & Susan Schwaid
In Blessed Memory of
KITTY ROEMER
Rest In Eternal Peace

By Joyce Peckman
In Blessed Memory of
FRED ROSS
Always In Our Memory

By Morton & Gene Silverman
In Blessed Memory of
JACK L. SACHS
In Our Memory Always

By Morton & Gene Silverman
In Blessed Memory of
SYLVIA SACHS
Long Blessed Sleep

By Stephen & Carol Steinbock
In Blessed Memory of
BEN STEINBOCK
We Remember Always

By Shelby Strean
In Blessed Memory of
BERNARD STREAN
Sleep In Peace

By George & Muriel Swartz
In Blessed Memory of
MACK SWARTZ
Remembered With Love

By George & Muriel Swartz
In Blessed Memory of
MILTON SWARTZ
Forever Remembered With Love

By Mel & Blanche Taks
In Blessed Memory of
SALLY TAKS
Always Remembered

By the Cohen Family
In Blessed Memory of
SAMUEL WAINER
Always Remembered With Love

By William & Barbara Weprin
In Blessed Memory of
HARRY WEPRIN
Rest in Blessed Peace

By Robert & Heide Werthamer
In Blessed Memory of
SEYMOUR WERTHAMER
Never Forgotten, Always Loved

By Donald & Nancy Zinner
In Blessed Memory of
HENRIETTA ZINNER
Always Loved and Missed

July Birthdays

Joshua Samuel Bernstein.....	21
Paul Eric Bernstein.....	14
Marc Bloom.....	27
Molly Bloom.....	30
Rachael Bloom.....	27
Bruce Boruszak.....	29
Elissa A. Denker.....	2
Carol Field.....	26
Arlington Garrett.....	21
Jennifer Gilson.....	1
Marcia Goldberg.....	13
Lindsay Gould.....	10
Steven Hartz.....	11
Alex Hudson.....	1
Lila E. Juenger.....	28
Richard Karron.....	15
Zachary G Kwalick.....	18
Mario LaGrotte.....	22
Ron Levy	5
Gertrude Mann.....	16
Alan Markowitz.....	25
Chely Markowitz.....	1
Joyce Peckman.....	9
Linda Perloff.....	21
Pauline Roller.....	4
Rebecca M. Schur.....	12
Mary Lee Singer.....	29
Brian Smith.....	21
Candy Stanlake.....	29
Richard Steinberg.....	12
Carrie Temkin.....	23
Robert Werthamer.....	17



"How can we teach the Holocaust?"

In his writings *"To the Teachers: Reflection, Remembrance, Responsibility,"* Elie Wiesel encourages us, the adults, to teach the Holocaust. Seeing the exhibit "Holocaust the Aftermath" and the presentation "The Liberation of Dachau," we can comprehend the difficulties the survivors had to face after their liberation. We learn about their struggle not only to return to life, but also not to despair in their most important task: to teach the Holocaust. Their immense courage and strength motivates us to take responsibility and continue their mission.

Elie Wiesel writes: "April, 1945. Liberation. All that I remember of that event, of that month, is that there was no joy. There was no joy in those who opened their eyes at the end of a nightmare. They were alive, but something of them had remained on the other side. In a way they were dead but did not know it "...We had the power, the moral strength, to speak up and demand and compel mankind to change, to give up intolerance and hate, bigotry and fanaticism. We had the right then to say, 'We are your teachers.' But we did not know how to go about it.

"Look at the world today. People know little or nothing today, and therefore I believe no subject is more urgent, more burning, than the one you and I are teaching. "...If the teachers fail, and I include myself among them, if these desecrators succeed in erasing the memories of their victims, we shall experience something worse than we experienced then. We shall feel shame because we have betrayed the victims for the

last time - we will have completed the killer's work."

We, members of the KJCC, engage actively in teaching the Holocaust, not only in our Jewish community, but also in the gentile community of the Keys. Their interest in learning about the Holocaust is growing, especially in the High School. This year students of CSHS, the Leadership class, conducted a ceremony of Holocaust Remembrance Day on Yom Ha'shoah, May 2nd, inviting all classes to the Coral Shores Performing Arts Center; the auditorium was full. In their program they included a film, *"The Children Remember,"* telling stories of children in the Holocaust, and a slide show, *"Genocide,"* both showing very powerful images.

I was invited as keynote speaker, representing the KJCC, to speak about the significance of Yom Ha'shoah. I told them that I was born in Israel, which I consider a privilege. That I was raised and educated to fight for my freedom and for human rights; educated to accept the responsibility to tell my children, my students, my friends the tragedy of the Holocaust. To tell it, so that they will know how we, a free people, could conserve our freedom and stay human.

I then cited Elie Wiesel: "The memory of evil will serve as a shield against evil.....The memory of the death will serve as a shield against death." My appreciation and thanks to the Leadership class and their teachers for their work. As a Jew, and as one who has accepted the mission to teach the memories and keep them a living legacy, I was impressed. ◇

KJCC GIFT SHOP



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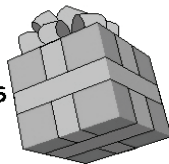
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World Jewish Report

Medina Roy



Remembering the Fallen

The total is 22,437. That's the number of servicemen and women who have fallen defending the land of Israel since 1860 – the year the first Jews left Jerusalem's Old City to settle other parts of the country. They were remembered on May 6th in ceremonies honoring Remembrance Day for the Fallen in Israel's Wars. In the past year, 132 soldiers were killed in service to the state.

(Jerusalem Post, 5-4-08)

Yad Vashem on YouTube

In honor of Holocaust Remembrance Day in Israel (May 1st), Yad Vashem launched two educational channels on YouTube – one in English and one with Arabic subtitles – containing testimonies from Holocaust survivors, archival footage and historical lectures. In a statement given by Yad Vashem chairman Avner Shalev, he said: "We know that YouTube is one of the most popular Web sites today. Unfortunately, there is a plethora of misinformation and deliberate lies available on the internet. The Yad Vashem channels will counter this material and make reliable information widely available to anyone who seeks to know more about this terrible chapter in human history."

(www.jta.org, 4-29-08)

Bahrain's New Jewish Ambassador

A Jewish businesswoman--the first Jewish woman to sit on the Bahraini Shura Council--is reportedly being nominated as Bahrain's new ambassador to the U.S., Bahrain's top diplomatic post. Huda Nonoo belongs to the tiny Jewish community in the predominantly Muslim kingdom of Bahrain, a Persian Gulf

state sandwiched between Iran and Saudi Arabia. The community dates back to the Talmudic era. Nonoo, who is descended from Iraqi Jews, was secretary-general of Bahrain Human Rights Watch. Bahrain, progressive by middle east standards, was among the first outside of Israel to allow women to run for public office. *(World Jewish Congress, 4-28-08)*

Shalom From Space

Garrett Reisman, a mechanical engineer from New Jersey, is the first Jewish crew member on the international space station. He has been in space since March 11th. Reisman sent a 60th birthday greeting to Israel from space. "Every time the station flies over the state of Israel, I try to find a window, and it never fails to move me when I see the familiar outline of Israel coming toward us from over the horizon." *(www.jta.org, 5-8-08)*

Millions to Remember

Jenna Steinbrink, 12, of Pennsylvania, has collected 300,000 pennies. By her Bat Mitzvah in September, she hopes to have six million. Jenna calls her project *Millions to Remember* and says she was inspired by the *Paper Clip Project*, in which middle-school students from Whitwell, Tennessee set out to collect six million paper clips, one for each Jewish victim of the Holocaust. Jenna has met both Sandra Roberts, the teacher who started the Paper Clip Project, and Nobel Laureate Elie Wiesel. She's held fundraisers at her synagogue, put out collection boxes at local businesses, and written letters to companies requesting donations. "I want it to be used to help people understand the importance of

tolerance and the fact that one person can make a difference,” she said. “Like Martin Luther King...and hopefully me.” Jenna plans to donate the money to the Simon Wiesenthal Center, which promotes tolerance through Holocaust education.
(*The Forward*, 4-16-08)

A Quiet 100th Birthday

Had he lived, April 28th would have been Oskar Schindler’s 100th birthday. All around the world there were quiet, locally inspired memorials to the war profiteer factory owner who, at the risk of losing his own life and in an act no one who’d ever known Schindler could possibly have predicted, saved over 1,000 Jews during the Holocaust. Every year, Nahum Manor, 85, who met his wife while working in Schindler’s Krakow, Poland enamelware factory, goes to Schindler’s grave on Mount Zion in Jerusalem. In Krakow, thirty Schindler survivors joined a march to commemorate the 65th anniversary of the liquidation of the city’s ghetto and to honor Schindler. The march ended at the Palace of Art, where more than 500 photos of Schindler and his factory were on display. Leon Leyson, 78, of Los Angeles and the youngest member of “Schindler’s list,” says “I think of Schindler most of the time. I don’t have to wait for his birthday.”
(*The Forward*, 4-17-08)

Brain Drain out of Israel

According to a recently released report by Tel Aviv University Professor Dan Ben-David, an alarming number of Israeli researchers attracted to the U.S. could “catastrophically weaken the Jewish state.” The report claims that in the academic year 2003-2004, one in four Israeli scholars were doing research in the States, placing Israel as the world’s leading nation with academics working abroad. The report cautions that, “the impact on the high-tech and defense sectors could have irreversible and disastrous results for Israel unless turn-around efforts are implemented.”
(*Dateline: World Jewry*, May 2008)

Mohel Story #1

Cantor Abraham Seif of South Florida, estimated to have performed over 10,000 circumcisions, has died at 86. Seif, who was known as *Seif the Knife* and *The Yankee Clipper*, was a Polish-born Holocaust survivor who learned the delicate procedure in Brooklyn after WW II. When he came to Miami Beach’s Knesseth Israel Synagogue in 1950, he was the only orthodox *mohel* for hundreds of miles around. Though serious about the rituals of a *brit milah* (the rite of circumcision), Seif was known for his sense of humor. Of his son Howard, who was also a *mohel*, he’d say, “He’s cutting into my business,” and his favorite *mohel* joke: Customer: “Why do you have a clock in your window?” Shop-keeper: “What do you want me to put in the window?” (*Miami Herald*, 4-26-08)

Mohel Story #2

For 19 years, Dr. Bob Levenson, 60, was one of the most sought-after *mohels* in Greater Boston. Now he’s retired and there is a shortage of Jewish doctors and nurses willing to take on the demanding Jewish ritual. With just two dozen or so active *mohels* serving all of eastern Massachusetts, many young parents seeking a *bris* for their newborn describe a frantic search for a *mohel*. The solution? In mid-April, 21 students – most of them pediatricians, urologists and obstetricians (and a third of them women) -- attended an intense three-day certification “*mohel* boot camp.” The new recruits were already proficient at performing medical circumcisions, a common procedure performed on nearly half of all American baby boys. The first Boston-area training session in 20 years, the program was an attempt to replenish the dwindling number of *mohels* in the region and elevate the connection between Jews and the ancient ritual that symbolizes the Jewish covenant with G-d. The program offered some tips (no pun intended) on how to “gracefully elevate a medical procedure ...into one of life’s great blessings.”
(*Boston Globe*, 4-14-08)

Death of a True Hero

Irena Sendler, 98, born to a Polish Catholic family and credited with organizing and rescuing more than 2,500 Jewish children from the Warsaw Ghetto during the Holocaust, died on May 12, 2008. Sendler, who led the underground organization *Zegota's Children's Bureau*, obtained false documents for the children, smuggling them out by sedating some and even carrying some out in potato sacks or coffins. Like Oskar Schindler, Sendler kept a list of the names of all the children she saved, hoping that she could one day reunite them with their families. When the Germans learned of her activities, she was arrested, tortured and sentenced to death, but she refused to divulge any information about the organization or the children she had placed in hiding. She escaped and went into hiding for the remainder of the war. Sendler was recognized as a Righteous Gentile by Yad Vashem in 1965 and in 2003 was awarded Poland's highest honor, the Order of the White Eagle. Last year she was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize won by Al Gore. (For more details on Irena Sendler, see the April issue of Chai-Lights.) (*New York Times*, 5-13-08)

Canada's Memorial to the St. Louis

The Canadian government has proposed an education program and a memorial to the Jewish refugee ship, the *St. Louis*. The steamship fled Nazi Germany in 1939 with 907 refugees aboard sailing for Cuba, where they were turned away. No other Latin American country would accept them, either, nor would the United States or Canada. The ship returned to Europe and landed in Belgium after a month at sea. Most of its passengers ultimately perished in The Holocaust. The *St. Louis* came to symbolize the world's indifference to the plight of the Jews in Europe. Bernie Faber of the Canadian Jewish Congress applauded his government's decision stating, "The idea is that when government begins to understand the follies of what they did in the past, they will ensure it's not done in the future." (*World Jewish Congress*, 5-14-08)

Daughter of Nazi Converts to Judaism

Addressing the audience at a Holocaust tribute at the Fifth Avenue Synagogue in New York, Liesel Appel had a unique story to tell. Appel, the daughter of Hitler's Minister of Education in Poland, recalled how after reading Elie Wiesel's book *Night*, "I wanted to find out about this faith which was so strong that it saw people through the horrors of the concentration camps....Then I fell in love with... the meaning of Shabbat, the transforming of the ordinary and making it holy...I converted in 1990."

In 2005, Appel wrote a book, *The Neighbor's Son*, and dedicated it to the 200 Jews of Bottrop, the town where she was born, who had all been deported and sent to their death. Listening to Appel speak, many in the audience, which included Holocaust survivors and their children and grandchildren, were brought to tears.

Appel now lives in Asheville, North Carolina with her Jewish husband Dan. (*The Forward*, 5-2-08)

Houdini Reappears, on Stage

Danny Elfman's latest project is a musical based on the life of Harry Houdini. Houdini, born Erich Weiss in Budapest in 1874, will be the subject of the production scheduled to debut on Broadway in 2010. The musical will be scored by Elfman, who has been Oscar-nominated three times and whose film credits include *Midnight Run*, *Beetlejuice* and *Men In Black*. The lyrics are to be written by David Yazbek. A book based on the play will be written by journalist Kurt Andersen. Houdini died at age 52 performing an escape stunt in circumstances that are still somewhat controversial. (*The Forward*, 5-2-08)

Soccer, Jewish-Style

None of the players on Manchester United or Chelsea, the two teams vying for Europe's Club Championship, are Jewish. But both team owners are, American Malcolm Glazer of Manchester and Russian tycoon Roman Abramovich of Chelsea. Chelsea is also coached by an Israeli, Avram Grant. (*The Forward*, 5-16-08) ◇

Sisterhood Joyce Peckman



The final Sisterhood of the 2007-08 season took place on a warm May 4th with lunch at the Big Chill. It was a lovely finish to an active year. We certainly kept our members well fed this season!

It all began with bagels and lox at the breakfast after Yom Kippur. We had the Chanukah Shabbat dinner with latkes and other delicacies in December, then the very successful Membership drive dinner in January. In February we provided lunch at the KJCC

Board installation. We outdid ourselves celebrating Purim in March. April featured the Women's Seder, which gets more wonderful every year! Finally, in May, we had an Israel Independence Day celebration. A great big thanks to all of you who arrived at these events bearing your signature salads, quiches, corn breads and desserts. Thanks also to the sponsors of our dinners, who covered the basic expenses and enabled us to make these dinners a way for our members to celebrate an occasion like family, without the need to collect an entrance fee.

A very special thank-you has to go to Bill and Freda Ferns, owners of Gyros King and La Cuccina. Whatever the event, with generous hearts they unhesitatingly supply us with delicious food in abundance. Their devotion to the KJCC goes beyond words, and



Seventeen women (we were missing two who were stuck in traffic and never made it) attended the final event of Sisterhood at The Big Chill in Key Largo on May 4th.

we are most grateful.

But we were not only about food. We enjoyed the fashion show in January at Outback. In February we traveled to the Actors' Playhouse in Miami to see "Alter Boyz," and back again in March for "Footloose." March also saw the fundraising brunch at the home of Elaine and Jerry Hirsch, where many of us

bid on hand-crafted mezuzas. At the Women's seder, we began the "Tikkun Olam" fund, with the purpose of helping women and children in the broader community. In April we continued the tradition of organizing the Second Passover Seder at the Islamorada fishing club.

Sisterhood also provides financial support to the KJCC. Thanks to the generosity of Elaine and

Jerry Hirsch, some creative fund-raising and the supplemental profits provided by the Sisterhood-sponsored Fashion Show, the Passover Seder at the Fishing Club, Bea Graham's success with the Jewish National Fund and Jim and Joan Boruszak's constant revitalization of the Gift Shop, we had a very successful season. We can pat ourselves on the back. It was a great cooperative effort. Thank you to all. And as the old song says, "see you in September." ♦

Photo Gallery

Just before his presentation to KJCC, Steve Smith met with Barbara Mungovan of Key Largo, right, who also had a relative at the liberation of Dachau. At far right, with some of the Nazi war souvenirs his father brought home.

Thanks to Dr. Steve Smith for his presentation of "The Liberation of Dachau." He clearly spent many hours on historical research. He also showed all of us the testimony left by his father, Louis S. Smith, M.D. who was a battalion surgeon attached to the 45th Division and entered Dachau at its liberation. Louis Smith's photographs and his 1984 videotaped interview recalling these events had a significant emotional impact on all present. So did the PowerPoint and DVD presentation of the younger Dr. Smith, a compilation of other witness' testimony and photographs. Again, our thanks to Steve Smith for sharing his unique family history with us to promote education and remembrance of the Holocaust.

—Yardena



Above, the Holocaust Display that stood in KJCC's lobby for the month of May. The visitor book showed many students and interested adults from the community at large. Left, an amazing photo taken by Neal Rakov during his and Cathy's recent visit to Israel. This is not a staged photo at the Kotel, the Western Wall. But notice the juxtaposition of images: modern and traditional, sacred and temporal.

Some scenes from Nyan Feder's Bar Mitzvah, which played to a packed house at KJCC on Saturday, May 10th. Dave and Alan Beth officiated. Nyan is the latest in a distinguished group of KJCC Religious School alumni. As our president, Steve Steinbock, said: Nyan, we're all extremely proud of you.



Left, Beth Kaminstein, Nancy Kluger and Pauline Roller share the simcha with Claire Pizer, Suzi Feder's mom.



The Bar Mitzvah boy with his parents Dave and Suzi, center. Below left, Dave mugs with Susan Gordon and Gloria Avner. Below right, the entire Feder/Pizer clan, some of whom came from upstate New York and Canada, because, well, it was, that day, the place to be.



Above, Beth Kaminstein with daughter Stellar, a KJCC Bat Mitzvah not so long ago.



Photo Gallery



On Friday, May 9th, KJCC celebrated Yom Ha'Atzma'ut, Israel's Independence Day, the traditionally Jewish way—with food. Top left are Susan Gordon, Candy Stanlake and Cathy Rakov. Top right, an impressive collection of KJCC brass: Carol Steinbock, Joyce Peckman, Steve Steinbock, Mark Wasser and Bernie Ginsberg. Above left, Roberta McNew and Sofy Wasser. Center, Cammie Berk, Harry Friedman, Yardena Kamely, Beth Hayden (Homestead's own), and Gloria Avner do an Israeli dance, in part because Israelis always celebrate with dancing and in part because it helps to work off the food. Center right, Zoe Berk and Captain Sunny Andracchio. Below right and above, two shots of Mary Lee Singer's trip to Rome, with granddaughter Carrie at a synagogue Holocaust exhibit, and Mary Lee alone at a Jewish monument among Roman ruins.



Shavu-what?

Meaning behind and beneath the counting of Omer (the mystical take)

by Gloria Avner

I have to admit that Shavuot has never been high on my list of favorite, much less highly anticipated, Jewish holidays. Much as I know and honor the fact that the receiving of the Torah on Mount Sinai was the key point in creating us as the Jewish people, I seem to have preferred the drama of battles, narrow escapes, miracles, candle-lighting, storytelling, pageantry, the honoring of trees, and great ritual foods to the counting of days from the first grain sacrifice. What a difference some focused study makes. Learning is a lovely thing. And so is Shavuot, one of my new favorite holidays. I now understand that we are not just counting days. We are making days count.

Shavuot is the only holiday I know of that is about time itself. Yes, there is a beginning day, marking the first offering of grain at the Temple, and there is celebration when the last of the 49 days is reached, but really, the whole forty-nine days, the seven times seven as observed by the mystics, provides us an opportunity for growth unmatched by any other holiday in our lexicon of days.

The period of time from Pesach until Shavuot, at least according to the ancient mystics, is about accessing the kabbalistic aspects of God. Each of the seven weeks is dedicated to one of these aspects. Picture a grid in which week one through seven, each focused on one of the *Sefirot*, the divine emanations from God, are on the left-hand side vertically. Across the top are the days of the week, each day dedicated to another kabbalistic aspect of God—one of the *Sefirot*. The grid becomes a guide to the conscious. Each day of the “omer” period is dedicated to calling these divine emanations into our world from the heavenly realm and helping us correct or repair (Tikkun) the world, our relationships and ourselves.

On Shavuot, we are preparing both the world and our spirits to receive the Torah again at Sinai. The seven aspects that we focus on are: Chesed (lovingkindness); Gevurah (justice and strength); Tiferet (compassion/balance, harmony, and beauty); Netzach (endurance or eternity); Hod (humility/sincerity and splendor); Yesod (bonding/foundation and remembering); and Malchut (sovereignty/healing and leadership).

Each day is dedicated to calling upon two different though interrelated aspects of Divine energy to help us heal ourselves, correct our lives and our relationships so that we can *personally* be ready to leave slavery behind, spiritually ready to receive the Torah. As we count off the days and weeks we have the opportunity to evolve, be inspired to change, and acknowledge our need for mending spirit

The holiday of Shavuot is one of three harvest festivals mandated in the Torah (Sukkot, Pesach, and Shavuot). Shavuot, which means “weeks,” marks the end of the barley harvest and the beginning of the fruit harvest.

There are seven weeks, or 49 days, between the second day of Pesach and Shavuot. Each of the 49 days is marked by a sheaf of grain—called an omer—donated to the Temple. By counting the omer, one knew when to celebrate Shavuot. Other names for Shavuot are Hag Ha-Katzir, the festival of the wheat harvest, and Yom Ha-Bikkurim, the day of the first fruits from his fields to the Temple as an offering.

When the Talmud was compiled, the Rabbis decided that the Ten Commandments were given to the Israelites on that day. To commemorate this, they are read in the synagogue on Shavuot.

- George Swartz

and soul, as well as community and world.

Remember, it was forty-nine days from the time that the Jews escaped Egypt until Moses ascended Mt. Sinai and spoke with God.

There is an understanding, related in Zohar, that there are 50 levels of spiritual development or impurity and that during the period of slavery, the Jews had sunk to the forty-ninth. Had we gone any lower, we would have been irredeemable. Thanks to dedicated mothers and wives, though, we kept our names, our family structures, and our dress sufficiently intact to survive, becoming so elevated in the forty-nine days of wandering that we could be worthy of “seeing the thunder and the sound of the shofar” as God’s voice rumbled over Mt. Sinai.

I love counting the omer now and will happily e-mail the grid to anyone who’d like to finish off Shavuot with meaningful counting and introspection.

Don’t forget to have dairy meals as Shavuot draws near. The Kabbala mystics note that the numerical equivalent of halav (milk) is forty, the number of days Moses spent on Mount Sinai. At Sinai, the Jewish people were charged with the privilege and responsibility to be a “Light to the World.” Our children are the guarantors that the Torah will be honored. Shavuot accordingly is marked by Torah study, and flavored with the taste of milk and honey. The Torah study is supposed to last throughout the night, guaranteeing that we will not “fall asleep.”

Remember, Shavuot is not simply *Chag Shavuot*, the Festival of Weeks, and the celebration of Giving of Torah (Z’man Matan Torateinu) some 3,320 years ago. It is also the Festival of First-Fruits (Chag HaBikurim), and the Festival of the Harvest (Chag Hakazir). It is a Shavuot tradition to adorn both synagogue and home with greenery, fragrant flowers, roses, leaves, boughs and trees.

As we savor the Torah and its life-sustaining teachings, as well as our mystical traditions, let us revel in the happy, life-affirming outer celebration as well as the inner. Shavuot would be the perfect time to serve a holiday meal of blintzes and cheesecake. Enjoy. ◇

Shavuot Customs through History and Around the World

A medieval book of customs states: “It is customary to scatter spices and roses on the synagogue floor to celebrate the festival.” Beautiful paper flower cutouts called “shevuoslekh reizelekh” or “shoshanta” were pasted on windowpanes facing the streets. Among the intricate designs of folk art creations were motifs and patterns relating to Shavuot and the Torah.

Sephardic women took pride in baking a seven-layer cake for Shavuot called “Siete Cielos” (Seven Heavens), symbolic of the seven celestial spheres G-d traversed to present the Torah to Moses on Mount Sinai. It was decorated with various symbols such as a star of David, the rod of Moses, the two tablets of the Law, Jacob’s ladder, and the Ark of the Covenant. Others topped the cake with a seven-rung ladder to recall Moses ascending Mount Sinai.

Similar elaborate pastries called “Sinai Cake” alluded to the mountain. A large cake or bread with raisins, known as “pashtudan” or “floden” when baked for Shavuot, was also called Sinai. Jews of Kurdistan prepared large quantities of butter and cheese for Shavuot. Their dish was ground wheat cooked in sour milk with butter and flour dumplings.

In Tripoli (now Libya), women baked wafers in various shapes: a ladder, to recall Moses’ rise up Mount Sinai; hands extended to receive the Torah; the two tablets of the Law; eyeglasses to see the words of the Torah, and other symbols.

In North African communities it was customary to serve matzah remaining from Passover, because Shavuot is the culmination of the Exodus from Egypt. The matzah was shredded into bowls of milk and honey.

When Yemenite Jews read “Tikkun” in the synagogue Shavuot night, each brings a choice delicacy such as spiced coffee or candy to share with those studying through the night. —Gloria

Yom Yerushalayim

Celebrating the Re-unification of Jerusalem in 1967

In the 1966 film “Cast A Giant Shadow,” the story of Jewish (sort of) American Army officer Mickey Marcus, who had been recruited (read manipulated) to help ragtag Palestinian Jews in 1948 fight to keep the fledgling, vulnerable state they’d had the chutzpah to declare independent and sovereign, there was a pivotal scene concerning Jerusalem. Marcus, played by Kirk Douglas (born Issur Danielovitch Demsky and Bar Mitzvahed—yes, Alan, you’re right, it’s improper to use the word as a verb—at the age of 83) screams at David Ben Gurion (played wonderfully by Luther Adler, who along with sister Stella got his start on the Yiddish stage) because scarce and precious forces are being diverted to break the Arab blockade of Jerusalem. To Marcus’ practical military mind, Jerusalem was already lost, was out on the very periphery of the little country they were desperately trying to defend, and to re-take would stretch their forces way too thin and extract a cost far beyond what any rational army should pay. Ben Gurion listens, absorbs the tirade of impeccable military logic, then calmly gives Marcus (and the mostly non-Jewish audience of the movie) a short history of the ancient city. Finally he leans in and, in essence, gives marching orders to his general: “Mickey, without Jerusalem, *there is no Israel!*”

It had been almost 3,000 years since King David had made Jerusalem the capital of the Jewish confederation—the northern state of Israel, with ten tribes, and Judah, the southern half, with two. Until then the loose governance of the Judges had sufficed. But the area was getting more complex, and more dangerous, and the Jewish countries needed a king. Saul was weak, but David was a warrior, and bequeathed to Solomon a kingdom five times the size of today’s Israel. Solomon’s sons were not wise, and the two kingdoms split apart.

In 586 B.C.E., Judah fell to the Babylonians. Jerusalem had been lost. The kingdom of Judah was no more. According to Toynbee, this is when both Judah and its odd monotheistic religion should have disappeared from history. But King Josiah and the Prophets saved Judaism. Cyrus of Persia allowed the Jews to return to Jerusalem—where they lived under the Persians, then the Greeks, then briefly in independence under the Hasmoneans, and then, finally, under the Romans, who after three rebellions finally destroyed the Temple and the culture and sent most of the people into diaspora.

But some stayed. Some always stayed. There was a continuous Jewish presence in Jerusalem, as there had been since King David, as Romans, then Moslems, then Crusaders, then more Moslems and finally the Ottoman Turks ruled the city. Suddenly it was 1948 and there was partial Jewish sovereignty again; and then it was 1967 and Jerusalem was united, for the first time in almost two thousand years, under Jewish control. In its jubilation, Israel declared that, henceforth, the 28th day of Iyar would be Yom Yerushalayim—Jerusalem Day.

The question to many, including the rational Mickey Marcus, was why it mattered so much. Judaism had long since assured its survival by becoming portable. For fully half its history there had been no Temple, and Jerusalem lived only as an idea. But the idea of Jerusalem had, over the centuries, become its power. It ultimately came to symbolize Jewish life itself. “Next Year in Jerusalem” didn’t evoke so much a place or religious shrine as it did a Technicolor summoning of memory, an insistence of the heart to maintain an identity as a people.

So now, annually, there is Yom Yerushalayim. Touchstones matter. Ben Gurion, as usual, was right. ◇

Marty

How does one say goodbye to a friend who has always been around, and always been available, and always helped, and always made everyone else's lives a little easier? No one knows how, and no one ever will.

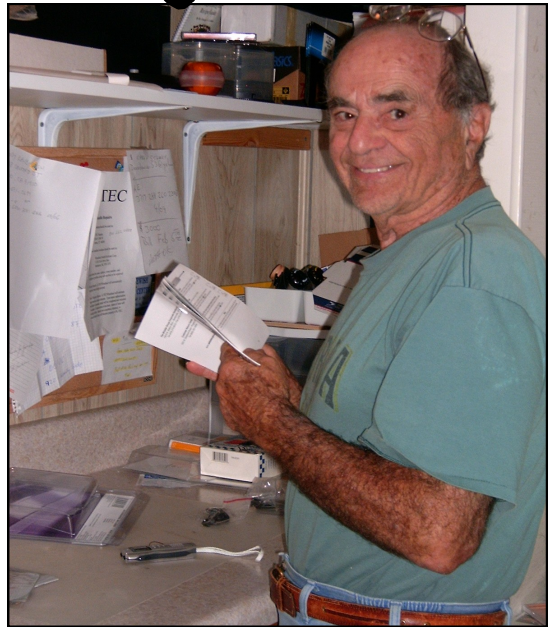
But we try. We have to try. We remember the good and we hold those images in our individual and collective hearts. There is no way KJCC will be quite the same without the redoubtable Marty Graham. In his own quiet way, possibly no one ever had a greater impact here.

What follows are remembrances from his family and friends, to be shared by all. KJCC thanks you, Marty, and honors you, and we won't forget.

The Saga of Saba Marty

Looking around the room I see my Mom and Dad's dearest friends, but those of you who only know my Dad from down here have met him in the sunset of his life. I am an artist, and I would like to paint for you a picture of my dad in the sunrise of his life.

So where do we begin to celebrate the saga of Saba Marty's amazing 84 years on earth? Where did he get his wild streak, I



want to know! The one that made him like living just a little bit on the edge, to take risks, you know, with the water skiing and boating, bowling for money, the motorcycles, the airplanes, and yes, even the thrill of high stakes poker at Silver Shores.

I think that streak was passed on to Shyella! She just made the marathon flight from Israel to JFK to Ft Lauderdale to Mt Nebo in the last 20 hours.

Did you know that my dad was a Weight Watchers clerk, collecting the fees while mom inspired people to take off their unwanted pounds week after week? Did you ever see him arrive at the field to umpire a softball game, driving across the infield on his Honda 750? He was also the assignor for the league, for 25 years, moving umpires around fields for as many as 30 games a week. Did you

know he was a gymnastics judge for over 20 years? The girls always gathered around him AFTER the meet to ask for pointers so they could improve their scores in the future. In 84 years you can do a lot of stuff. In college, dad was a PIN BOY at a bowling alley, a newspaper type setter, a HAM radio operator, an amateur magician and juggler, a WWII vet who served a year in Nuremberg at the Trials, an Auxilliary Coast Guard Captain, a licensed electrician and president of Eatontown Electric Company for 20 years.

He survived some pretty spectacular and bone-breaking car, boat, motorcycle, electrical and construction accidents, coral poisoning and even strafing and shrapnel wounds in the European Theater.

He remembered jokes and could tell them at the right time and he could make you laugh just by doing all kinds of laughing until you just broke up in howls. He knew so many cool tricks like tying a virtual knot in a string, making coffee cans into toys that rolled back to you when you pushed them forwards, whittling out of a piece of balsa wood a ball that you couldn't remove from inside a three dimensional cube that was whittled around it, making gyroscopes go in impossible directions, and catching 3 or 4 quarters that you tossed off the back of your hand into the air and snatched one a time as they started to fall. He was a great table tennis player, a skill he developed thanks to his job at Fort Monmouth. He was a cunning bridge player, a dominating scrabble player, a challenging chess opponent, a cutthroat bowler, a brilliant electrician and a master computer programmer. He was a voracious reader, often reading as many as four books at the same time!

He had the art of "napping" down to a science and was pretty much able to sleep anywhere, on any surface and in any position, and he hated formal clothing, as in a tie and jacket, so if a restaurant required that kind of dress, he would not go. He did like bolos, though. He hated traffic lights and would go out of his way to find the back roads and dirt roads (don't forget, he was usually on a motorcycle) that would avoid

intersections with traffic lights.

For Dad's 50th birthday, he and Mom came to Israel for the first time and stayed with us in Holon, right after the Yom Kippur War. He returned to Israel almost 20 years later for Shyella's Bat Mitzvah, and Mom and Dad took Lou and Shirley Boxer with



Marty in 1943, age 19, in the Army.

them!

When we were kids, he developed a smart way to have us earn our allowance. Beyond the chores, Doug and I had to learn five vocabulary words a week that he would choose and we had to be able to use them and define them to get our meager weekly earnings. When Uncle Sol gave us the ultimate gift, a pedigreed German Shepherd puppy bred from his own beloved dog, my dad trained Sir Lancelot Maritime to be "all the dog that he could be" and taught Lance

simply mind-boggling tricks.

But Marty wasn't just Mr. Nice Guy. He limited my phone calls to ten minutes, and what teenager can say anything in only ten minutes? He absolutely forbade my brother to play football, a cruel act for which my brother has been eternally grateful. And he



Marty and Bea in June of 1950.

taught my cousin Barry to swim by NOT rushing to rescue him when Barry fell off the boat and was thrashing about and screaming. Barry says that Uncle Marty taught him to philosophize about life and together with his own father told him to pursue the enjoyment of life while you could and not just to wait until the end. Barry also remembers that Uncle Marty was first person to show him, during the 1950s when computers were the size of entire buildings but were nothing more than data card processors, that you could program a computer to draw a picture of a very sexy woman.

Long before it was a marketing thought in anyone's mind, my dad put a wired hose

across our driveway and as you drove over it three sets of outdoor lights would flash on and bells would ring in the house. None of my boyfriends wanted to pull in the driveway at the end of a date! (Next time you see me, ask me the story about the front porch bench.)

Dad was the Chai-Lights editor for 20 years, and the first time he ever said that he really enjoyed being part of a synagogue was when he went to the KJCC, his Florida *mish-pocha*.

Professionally, my dad was an Educational Research Specialist with a master's degree in psychology. He came up with a test for Princeton Testing Service to see how well people followed instructions by writing a complicated ten-page exam. At the start it said: "read the entire test through, then come back and fill in the necessary blanks." No one wanted to read first and then do the test so they struggled to fill in the answers as they read each page until finally arriving at the last problem on the last page which read, "Now that you have read the test, do NOT fill in any answers or complete any problems herein. If your test has been written on, you FAILED." He kind of liked you to follow his instructions!

Dad loved boats. We went from fishing and crabbing in a row boat, to waterskiing--from a 16-footer with a huge jet engine, to owning a cruiser so we could go to Canada and Martha's Vineyard by boat for our two-week vacation at the end of every summer. We lived between two rivers and the ocean near Sandy Hook, New Jersey, and because Dad maxxed out on the boating, grilling and ocean activities, my mom's brother and wife and my cousins Barry and Neil, who lived in the Bronx, loved to spend their two weeks of summer vacation at our house. Neil wrote to me: "Our childhood vacations together on the boat with your father teaching us how to water ski--then evenings with us in our pajamas going for ice cream were some of my best memories of Uncle Marty and Aunt Bea." In a nutshell, we had an incredible childhood.

My dad was a great cook, never drank a

drop of alcohol (I think he was allergic to it, actually), loved dark chocolate and moist brownies, and solving puzzles and riddles and conundrums of all kinds. He was the most ethically moral person I've ever known and said he thought his life was successful because he had children, grandchildren and nieces who loved spending time with him. He really cherished his young women....not that kind....his Faye, and Jenny, Steph, Liati and Shyella. They kept him young! Did you ever notice that his curls never really turned gray?

Liati often remarked that rubbing Saba's head was like rubbing peach fuzz. Peach fuzz or not, he was a tough guy and expected you to speak logically and loudly and clearly to him, and he had the answers to just about everything--he was brilliant! He flew weather balloons, taught us how to shoot an air gun, use an electric lawn mower and fly kites. He fixed anything you could break, cried over friends and family who passed on, was just plain clever, taught us all about Rube Goldberg inventions--Google them sometime if you don't know what I'm talking about. Has he ever told you the story about which side of the glass to drink from? Well, if you missed that chance you will now have to hear it from my brother or my mom! It's his oldest classic.

He has singlehandedly run the sales end and shipping of orders and calls for information for Doug's business for the last five years. He was at the Post Office more than the postal clerks!

I am sure that most of you do not know this about my dad--he was a pinball wizard! His initials are on my FunHouse pinball machine--unless Doug has knocked them off--as Grand Champion and 2nd, 3rd and 4th highest games on the machine! And what

absolute fun he had racking up those points on his New Jersey visits.

Marty would not have liked to have this fanfare service, since he was a better "giver" than "receiver," but our family is ever so grateful to the many neighbors, friends and relatives who are virtually holding us up now.

You know, my dad hated football and thought golf was the stupidest game ever until one day when he tried it in California with Uncle Al, and suddenly, at the age of about 65, Dad discovered a whole new game! He was a "natural" and his golf game improved with age. If you see any golf balls rolling in with the tides along the beach at Silver Shores, they are the ones we watched him smack into the ocean just before we went to services last Friday evening.

A life of such width and breadth and depth leaves a mighty large void when it burns out.

Actually, we will miss him for as long as we breathe.

In the end, my Dad was really, really ill for only one day, but it was his last.

Kol ha oh-lahm culo gesher tsar mih'ode vih-ha-eeekar lo lih-fah-ched klal.

The whole world is a very narrow bridge but the most important thing is not to be afraid.

Nissan Graham-Mayk



Marty in Key Largo with one of his famous banana trees.

I will certainly miss Marty, but more significantly I will remember Marty. I will remember Marty every morning when I tend to the banana trees that he lovingly gave me for my yard. I will remember Marty each and every time that I come to the KJCC. His presence will be all around me as I sit at the Board ta-

ble or sip coffee at the Oneg after Friday night services. I will always long to hear another of Marty's interesting and clever stories, which were always relevant. I will remember Marty whenever I look around our synagogue and notice a light bulb that needs tending to.

Marty was my friend and I will always remember him as such. I will remember him as I watch the trees that he gave me grow and remember that my life has been made a little bit richer because I was fortunate enough to be able to call him friend.

Mark
Wasser

We joined the KJCC in 1993. We were welcomed by Marty and Bea, and they always

made us feel like "mischpocha." I contributed many articles over the years to Chai-Lights, and always with advice from Marty as to content and format. I also sought his advice on other facets of practices in the Temple.

However, we will especially miss him because for many years we shared the *mitzvah* of our anniversaries together, at December services and at the onegs which followed. We joyfully rejoiced together and prayed that we would be able to continue the following year. We will certainly miss sharing our anniversaries together. Our love to Bea and hope she has good health and peace.

Lee and Bob Schur

Although we don't have one particular instance of time spent with Marty that stands out in our minds more than any other, our memory banks are filled with all the stories of "the old days" he related to us in many conversations, over many years. While always filled with humor, we fully understood that they were meant to pass on some small piece of what his life's experiences had taught him. We will miss him.

Geri and Stuart Smith



Flying was another of Marty's adventures and passions.

Serendipity!

We feel we are not only fortunate but also blessed to have had Marty in our lives for over a quarter century (since our 1981 coming to the Keys and the KJCC). This unassuming man voluntarily came to our real estate office to attempt to give

Gigi daily computer lessons; thank G-d he had such patience and fortitude to accomplish his goal. As we got to know him we learned of his varied past life experiences and the love he had for Bea, Nissen and Doug; later, their families. We heard his war stories to the point of memorizing them and gave selfish thanks that he survived to become part of our lives. Unfortunately he did not heed our advice to write a book: Hollywood would have loved it!

The gentleness, warmth, understanding, patience and love permeated all aspects of his life. His unselfishly helping others, strong support of the KJCC and quiet wisdom have touched so many people. If there were ever an angel come to earth, Marty would be that angel.

We have always enjoyed being friends with this special man and his wonderful Bea.

We are proud and honored to have been included in his life. Our memories will be with us always.

Rest in peace, dear friend and mentor.

Bob and Gigi Auston

Marty was such a nice person. I used to write articles for Chailights. He would always say something nice about what I wrote. He would make me feel like my article was so special.

He and my husband played golf together in the same league. He would say how nice my husband was and my husband would say how nice Marty was. Marty and I would talk about golf. He was a golfer so he knew how difficult the game was. He also loved the game of golf. So does my husband. I would tell Marty that Frank loves me more than he loves golf. Marty would tell me that Frank loves golf more than he loves me. I think Marty was teasing me about that.

Frank would tell me how good Marty was as a golfer and Marty would tell me how good Frank was as a golfer. I wonder if they told each other what good golfers they were and how nice they were. Another thing that Marty and I would talk about was being a vegetarian. That's why I was so shocked when I heard he was gone because I thought he was in such good health.

I will never forget the time that Marty described his first computer he worked with. He told me it was bigger than the entire room we were then in. He was very descriptive with his words.

I will miss Marty. He was a wonderful man. He is with G-d now, helping Him in all sorts of ways.

Gerri Weisberg

Bea & Marty pulled me over to their table the first Friday night I came to the KJCC. Since then, whenever I pulled into the KJCC lot, I looked for Marty's hug, smiling eyes and welcoming grin.

Last Succot, we stood together on the Mayk back porch, watching my adult kids cavorting with their granddaughter Shayella, chasing Nissan's goats around the yard. He was part of my life, and I will miss him.

Joyce Peckman

I thought I knew Marty quite well but was shocked to learn from listening to his daughter Nissan, who spoke at his funeral, that *I was a victim of Marty some forty years ago!!!*

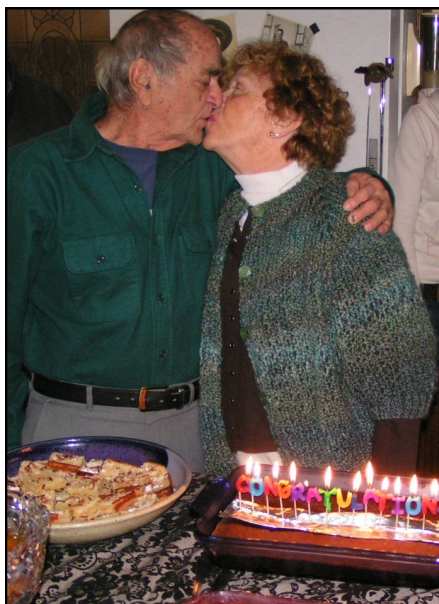
My recollection is a bit hazy but I'll try my best to reconstruct the horrific experience.

I was in middle school and my teacher surprised the class with a test. It was the most difficult test I had ever taken and was told it comprised the majority of the grade.

I briefly looked around the room to see if I was the only one in mortal danger and observed that all of my classmates were scribbling away. Geez, I wanted to cheat as the tears were forming in my eyes with the realization of the inevitable: This straight-A student was about to flunk her first class.

I eventually reached the final question which read, "If you had read the instructions, you would have known to sign and date your paper and put down your pencil." That was the test. Period.

Nissan found the tests among her father's papers and shared that he had been commissioned by Princeton to write this exercise for the military.



Of course this diabolical exam went nationwide and was revised to fit the appropriate class age and subject.

So, to this day, I always read the directions. And, when I've taught, I've always reminded my students to thoroughly read their instructions. I suppose this is why I get so upset when there is no time to read the fine print. So, Marty Graham, this life lesson has stayed with me all these decades and will continue to haunt me.

All I can say is "thank you" and I love you.

Meredith A. Cline

Good Guys ALWAYS Get a Parking Space

I make my living speaking to people.

I am usually very enthusiastic about it.

This is one talk I don't really want to give.

And one that I didn't get to practice over and over again.

I hope I can get through it.

Dad, you will live forever.

You will be forever in our memories.

And in the memories of all the people that ever met you.

You will live on beyond that, in the stories we will tell about you.

You made a lasting mark on the world.

My Dad taught me that cursing is a sign that you don't have the proper vocabulary; to say what you really want to say. Well, right

now, all I want to say is, "shit."

Dad said he could recognize BS as well as anyone.

He said that I should never try to BS him. I tried a few times, and he was right, as usual. I always got caught.

Speaking of shit, my wife Rozi, who cannot be here today, purchased a memorial plaque that she and I have placed in our garden. It reads, "The best fertilizer is the shadow of the gardener."

Thanks, Dad, for spreading your fertilizing love and insight so endlessly.

I will always be nourished by all that you gave to me.



The entire Graham clan at Passover, 2006: Liati, Israel Mayk, Nissan, Shyella, Doug, Bea and Marty.

You taught me that nothing is fair, that I should not expect things to be fair. Well, you didn't have to drive the point home, I already believed you.

You lived the life you wanted to live, on your terms. It was

truly inspirational.

You went out at the top of your game, after a good round of golf; jumping up steps, feeling great, eating homegrown bananas,

And most important of all, having seen all of your family.

Still, you went too soon, in my opinion.

Whenever I was confused, indecisive, or having any troubles in life, my Dad would remind me that, "Every decision is the right one."

I trust that you went at the right time,

Marty, because I know that, except for me, you were the world's worst at being forced to wait.

Still, I will always wish that you hadn't gone off in such a hurry. But like you always said, "It is easier to get out than in."

From the time I was very young, my Dad made a point to teach me three rules for going through my life.

Never eat at a restaurant named, "Mom's."

Never play cards with a man named, "Doc."

And the important one, "Never bet on another man's game."

Dad beat me at game after game, taking my allowance time and again just to teach me this one vital lesson. Thanks for investing in me.

Fifty years later, it is still etched into my consciousness.

Dad, you set the highest standard of living of anyone I have ever met. Your example instilled the same into me.

I promise to live to that standard, to instill it into Faychesca. And to do all I can in the world to be a force for good. I will always do what I can to make you proud.

I have had the good fortune of meeting a great number of wonderful people.

Marty, there is no one else that I would ever have wanted to call "Dad." I am thrilled for each moment you made for me, each memory you gave me.

I feel sorry for the people that didn't get a chance to be affected by you.

It will take us some time to come to terms with the reality of your passing.

Marty, you were our Gibraltar, our inspiration. You always were upbeat. Hopefully, you are still happy.

I hope that you are right now playing pinochle with Nick, at a huge happy family gathering, in the loving company of Lil, Joe and Fanny, Saul and Selma, Harold and Babe, Donald and everyone else that was important in your life.

I am certain that if you reach down, you will find Lancelot lying at your feet.

He will return the warmth love and affection that you gave to the world.

Doug Graham

Marty always made me feel so welcome and special whenever we met. You could always count on a big hug, and little kiss on the cheek. He made me feel like family.

My in-laws were yearly snowbirds from New York City and were good friends with the Grahams in "the early days" - visiting and playing bridge.

Marty was smart about many topics. I remember him showing me his early computer and programs. He embraced the technology era right away.

Marty always made you smile.

Linda Perloff

Marty was into banana production. I heard him tell his story about the abundance of bananas he harvested every year and decided I wanted banana trees, too. I believe he delivered them to my house -- two or three of them. He told me how to take care of them, which I promptly forgot. But lo and behold, we had our own banana harvest -- more bananas than I knew what to do with. I asked Marty; he said freeze them. Well, Marty must have some huge freezer, because I could never begin to freeze all those bananas.

The banana trees grew and grew, almost over the house. The hurricanes came and knocked down the trees. They turned brown, so we chopped them down and threw them out. BUT, not to worry, the trees kept growing back. The fruit branches get so heavy, the trees fall over. We've braced them with wood. They still keep growing and keep our yard beautiful. Thank you, Marty. I always have and will continue to think of you as I watch them grow.

Nancy Kluger

Missing Marty

I still see him, clad in toolbelts, standing on a ladder, skinny man with soft frail earlobes who when lights went dark or days went long, could fix a thing no matter what the code or mode.

He'd set his gifted sights on pinning down a problem, fine-tune it, turn things on and off until they caved. He liked to play with strings of ones and zeroes too, knowing how life's bits and bytes and his good brain could put a broken world again to rights.

The man who used to be in charge of yahrzeit lamps now lives among the souls remembered, light enhanced.

Gloria Avner



Marty with Susan Gordon at SuperFly Jeff's 60th.

Marty. We love Marty. He was involved with everything at the KJCC: he was the keeper of the thermostat, the Yahrzeit board and leaves on our trees in the sanctuary. He always had a hug and a handshake to give. He loved life at the KJCC.

Paul and Barbara Bernstein

Marty always amazed me with his knowl-

edge of so many useful (and sometimes not so useful!) things. Every moment that I was in his company, I learned something new from him. Marty had done so many different things in his life, many of which I was unaware of.

This incident took place a few years back, when my RoseMarie was preparing for her Bat Mitzvah, and attending Friday night Shabbat services on a regular basis (an oddity now, at age 17!). The service had ended, and everyone was congregating in the Social Hall, kibitzing, (as we Jews do so well) and eating a multitude of sweets (as we also excel at). I scanned the room for RoseMarie and didn't see her anywhere. Being the over-protective mother that I am, I went to search for her. What I found was beautiful.

At that time, RoseMarie's passions were cheerleading and tumbling. She had recently left her figure-skating passion behind. There she was, tumbling down the KJCC hallway. "Coach Marty" was perfecting her "round-off, back-handspring, back-tuck." All of those years knowing Marty, I was never aware that he had been a gymnastics judge! He helped RoseMarie with her cheerleading tumbling skills each Friday night until her Bat Mitzvah in May, when she "suddenly" stopped attending services. (Many of you may know the joke about how to get the rats out of the synagogue...yes, Bar/Bat Mitzvah them, and you will never see them again!)

That special attention that Marty gave to RoseMarie helped her make the Competition and Varsity Cheerleading squads that fall, when she entered High School.

Thank you, Marty, for your important part in raising my child! We love you, and will miss you so much.

Susan Gordon

Dear Bea,

We miss Marty. We are not trying to make you feel bad. We are telling you that—we, as in Sunny, Zoe and me, Cameron. Sunny liked him because no matter what was happening Marty would still talk to Sunny. Zoe liked

Marty because he was funny, smart and nice and would talk to her. I liked Marty because he always said "where is my hug?" He was funny.

Cammie Berk

Saba Marty and Me

Even when I was three years old, Saba

Marty loved to play ball with me. He said I had a natural talent and that I "threw the ball like a boy," which in those days was a compliment. I believed he knew because as an umpire for baseball and softball for more than 25 years he saw a lot of ball games and recognized the talented players. Saba started judging gymnastics and umpiring ball games back in the 60s when my mother and my uncle became active in sports. Saba understood the rules better than most of the other judges/umpires and was fair in his appraisal of the athletes' performances and in calling the plays. We knew the gymnasts respected him because after the meets they gathered around him asking his advice as to how they could improve and score higher. Most gymnasts ran off the floor after a meet, but if Saba judged, they hung around just to have a chance to talk to him.

Saba had another "career" as the assigner for two baseball and softball associations, Tri-City and Shore Umpires. For 25 years he got all his umpires to their fields; he knew the location of every high school and ball field in Monmouth and Ocean counties. Sometimes an umpire would get lost and would call Saba, who talked him through every street until he would get to the correct field. There was always someone who could not show up, and Saba would cover the game no matter

how near or far. Saba rode a motorcycle for many years, and when there was a gas shortage he covered the furthest games, usually on one gallon of gas!

Saba Marty was the first person to teach me the rules of softball and loved to continue challenging me with tricky game situations that he remembered from his own experiences. Saba and I didn't play ball much after he and Grandma Bea started spending more and more of the year in Florida, but he did go all-out encouraging me to become an umpire, and so I did, but many years later. I started



my umpiring career in Israel under the auspices of the Israel Softball Association. I was a regular umpire in the men's highly competitive fast-pitch softball league in Israel, and eventually was given the honor to be the plate umpire at a championship game.

The most memorable softball game that I ever umpired was on May 21, 2006, in New Jersey for the Tri-City Umpire Association.

My grandparents were visiting and I asked them if they wanted to come watch. Saba asked if I was the only umpire and when I said yes, he said, "How would you like me to work the bases?" I looked at him to see if he was kidding and oh, my gosh, he was serious. Of course I wanted the chance to ump with him, but never dreamed it would happen since he had retired from umping fifteen years before.

When we told the rest of the family that Saba Marty was going to ump the game with me, they all dropped what they were doing to come for this must-see event. It was by far the most memorable experience for me, to umpire with my grandfather. None of the coaches or players had any idea that we were related since I usually worked with an older male partner anyway, and the teams were just

really happy to have two umpires instead of one. We were both so excited, especially since he still had his uniform to match mine, including his Tri-City patch.

Working that game was a special thrill for us and for the whole family, who came to watch. All the other spectators were cheering for one team or the other, while my family was cheering for the umpires!

Shyella Mayk

It was a Sunday morning at this time last year. Yardena and I were leading our Religious School students through our first Holocaust exhibit, trying to explain what happened without devastating the young ones. Marty had been engaged in a fix-it project when we entered. As we came to the panel about liberation of the camps, Marty left his project and walked up to us. He started to speak quietly to the children, telling us that he had been there, that he saw the people whose photos we were looking at. He had been present at the liberation of Dachau. He told them that at first he could not believe his own eyes.

It's rare to learn something totally new about someone you've known for 25 years. The children's eyes were wide. You could almost see their brains begin to process the information differently. Marty was gentle, real, and generous with them, with his time, his manner, and his memories. I was, and am, grateful for his presence. I miss the warm smile.

Gloria Avner

When I think of Chai Lights...I think of



Marty; when I think of the 18th of every month...I think of Marty; when I think of the yartzeit board...I think of Marty; when I think of the repairs needed at the KJCC...I think of Marty; when I think of eating right...I think of Marty; when I think of bananas...I think of Marty.

Yes, bananas. Marty gave me some pups from his beautiful banana plants along with many instructions. They are thriving and I hope they continue to grow...and when they bear fruit I will enjoy them in Marty's honor. I loved Marty and will miss him dearly.

Thank you for many beautiful memories.

Roberta McNew

Dear Marty,

A few months ago a light went out in the sanctuary. Our ceilings, as you know, are very high. I asked you if you could get it fixed. Well, you immediately went and

brought in the 24-foot ladder and insisted on changing the light bulb yourself. When Bea came into the sanctuary later and heard this..., well, all I can say is that Bea was not pleased to hear this at all!

Last year some of us lifting the Torah hit the *ner tamid*, the eternal lamp over the Ark. You told me we should be careful else it breaks. Well, shortly afterwards the light fixture was moved (or should I say you moved it yourself).

Most Friday nights I found you in the office, generating reports from the computer program created by you, designed by you and maintained by you. This database held all of our members' vital information (birthdays, anniversaries and Yizkor reports) and has been running for many, many years.

I'll never forget when we were discussing "old age" over cake during an Oneg. You told me that old age was all in the way you

walked. If you walked hunched over and looked like an old man then that is how you were. If you walked upright with good posture and walked with purpose and destination in mind then you were a young man.

Marty, you walked with posture, destination and purpose. Everything that needed to be done, from vacuuming the floor in the Ruth Richardson social hall to helping erect the Succah, to fixing ceiling lights, to performing high-tech computer programming: You did it and you did it well.

You will be truly missed.

Love,
Alan Beth

While some are passionate about fishing or playing cards, it was obvious that connection was Marty's delight. He acted like a grandfather to me every time I saw him....arms a-waiting for a yummy hug, always asking about the girls, following their progress. Nudging me to get him pictures. Marty (and Bea) have made me feel so loved at the KJCC over the past twenty years. I will truly miss Marty's friendship.

Judy Greenman

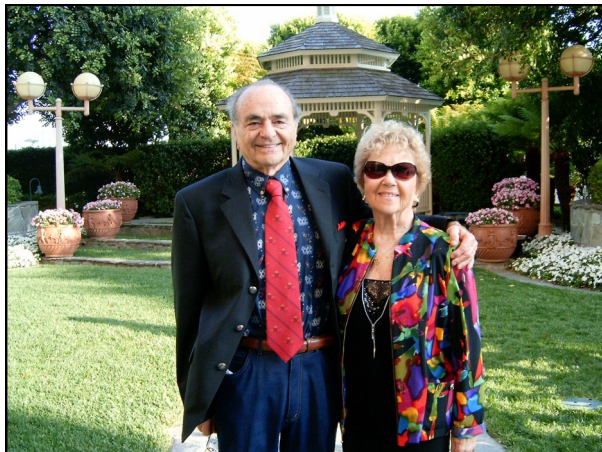
Marty was the living definition of the word "Mensch."

Stuart & Lauren Sax

When Bobby and I joined KJCC and went to Friday night services, Marty was always the first to greet us and make us feel so warmly welcomed. Marty asked me to be on the Chai-Lights committee and I was most hesitant as I had never done anything like that before. With Marty's guidance, I was soon editing articles like a pro. Any computer problems were always solved by Marty (and he didn't make me feel like a computer dummy, either!).

Marty started up the Tuesday morning fun

bowling league and was the efficient secretary making sure that anyone who wanted to bowl was welcomed and made to feel at



home. Now that I'm secretary, I hope I can fill his (bowling) shoes just as efficiently, and every time I use his brief case will always remember him as the kind, sweet man that he was.

Mary Lee Singer

Marty and Bea were among the first to welcome us when we came to services at the KJCC in the early 1990s. We will always see Marty's smiling face, his joking and the signature gesture he had asking his women friends: "Do I get a hug?"

While we gave him physical hugs, Marty embraced everyone's life at the KJCC. Once he and Bea were snowbirds. But even when full-time Keys residents, when they went north for family visits, Marty continued his adopted KJCC "jobs" via e-mail. With his computer genius, Marty wrote the software for a KJCC database, before most of us knew what a database was.

When Marty decided to retire as editor of Chai-Lights, Linda Pollack, Sam and I sat with Marty at his computer listening to him explain how he used his software. Its complexity, and capabilities, and author amazed us

all.

Marty attended almost every KJCC function, even volunteering to drive others, like my mother, to and from services and events. He was also, always, ready to have some fun.

Marty, Steve and I will dearly miss your smiling face and your warm and giving heart.

Carol Steinbock

My relationship with Marty started 12 years ago when Joel and I first came to the KJCC. He and I exchanged niceties one night during an oneg and the next thing I knew he had enlisted me to be assistant editor of Chai-Lights. I did this for a few years, all the while learning the ins and outs of the Center while writing articles and reviews for publication. We spent long hours on his home computer and long hours on the computer in the KJCC office, bringing records and correspondence into reality for our members, advertisers, and other friends of the KJCC. Marty



Bea and Saba Marty with Shyella and Liati.

would say, "Here, look how I do this - you can do it also," and I would say, "No, I am not going to climb a 15-foot ladder and change light bulbs or learn how the circuit breakers work like you do, but I will learn how you do such-and-such on the PC and we can work together at that level." "Oh, okay," he would say, and we would continue on.

It was during my first summer of involvement when I learned that one of our advertisers, a close friend of Marty's, had passed away. Knowing that he would want to know, and believing that it was of the utmost importance for him to know immediately, I contacted him right away. He was at that moment boarding a ship in Alaska for a 50th anniversary cruise with Bea. If you have cruised you know that you do not just pick up a telephone and call out. And this was before we all had cell phones in our pockets.

So Marty got my message from the purser when he checked in, way up inside the ship, went all the way down to the dock to call me long distance from a telephone booth, and couldn't figure out what I was talking about at all. It seems I got the name wrong, it was someone he didn't even know, and boy, did I have a lot of apologies to make for years to come. But Marty was a total gentleman about it, never agreed with the names I called myself for making such a foolish error, and never rubbed it in. That was Marty. People could do whatever; as long as their intentions were good he was okay with it. That was also Marty's key to relationships at the Center - if it was for the KJCC it was good for him.

We continued our connection over the years with almost daily e-mails, even when one of us was out of town. He brought me up to date with the happenings in New Jersey and England, sent me pictures of the new baby, the granddaughters and the "kids." Joel and I will always miss Marty, will always recall his easy and sincere smile and the many Friday night dinners which we shared before coming to services.

Linda Pollack

**A Few Thoughts on the Passing of my
Grandpa, Saba Marty,
by his Adoring Middle Granddaughter**

Saba Marty had a vision of the way he wanted to be remembered by all those who

knew and loved him. And somehow, he made sure that it happened.

As a result of his sudden passing—the unexpected and drastic transition from his healthy, active life to a place of eternal rest—I am left only with the wonderful memories of a Saba who is full of energy, vitality and optimism. This, of course, had always been his plan.

Thus, I will always remember Saba Marty as a golf-playing; bike-riding; boat-driving; stair-jumping; card game, scrabble and pin-ball wiz who had a mental clarity and vocabulary capacity one could only aspire to achieve, a mathematical sharpness that could challenge any scholar of numbers and a knack for telling jokes and stories that could rival any professional entertainer.

I will remember him as a grandpa who could always beat me in arm wrestling, stump me with linguistic and philosophical riddles and heal me and nourish me with plants and fruits grown by his own hands.

He was the only grandpa around who knew more than his children and grandchildren about computers, who would happily and easily communicate with his family over e-mail, instant messenger and webcam, and even had a Facebook profile.

He was the only grandpa I'd heard of who edited a monthly community newsletter, electrically wired his friends' and family's businesses, homes and Jacuzzis, and enthusiastically ran an internet shipping enterprise even in his 80s. Not to mention balancing this "work" with a fully booked social schedule.

He was the only grandpa I knew of who loved to make creative and delicious salads, enjoyed a vegan or fruit meal as much as a chocolate brownie, and relished his granddaughters' fresh juices and fruit shakes. At the family dinner table, it was Saba who taught me that you're not allowed to say you don't like something until you try it.

Saba Marty and Grandma Bea were the only grandparents I knew about who loved and were loved by their grandchildren so much that even in college they would always choose to spend their spring breaks in Silver Shores over any other young and popular

Marty with Liati at her Masters grad dinner.



destination.

My

grandpa was immeasurably generous with his time, knowledge, money and love and always expressed affection both verbally and physically. I will always remember his strong hugs—the grunting noises he would make to pretend that the hug was too strong—and the skinny-lipped pecks that would accompany his response: “Love you too, baby.” He never refused or complained when I petted and kissed the soft peach fuzz on the top of his head (that my grandma called his hair).

His 61-and-a-half-year loving and loyal partnership with my grandma set such a high standard that I will constantly strive to emulate in my own life and marriage. They were the ultimate, model couple—and of course, the cutest, too. I truly hope that my grandma will allow the boundless love of her children and grandchildren to carry her through this difficult time and fill the void that Saba has left behind.

My unusually close and intimate relationship with my grandparents was, and still is, a true blessing. Though this bond only makes Saba's passing exponentially harder for me to accept. The reality that I must live the rest of my life without Saba Marty is painful beyond expression—yet I am consoled by the 27 years of wonderful memories that will live on within me, the loving bond that I will continue to share with my grandmother, and the realization that we are all just spokes in the cycles of life.

May his memory live on within all of us.

Liati Mayk

My family and I first met Marty Graham over 20 years ago. I really got to know him and appreciate him about 17 years ago, shortly after my father died. He took me aside in the sanctuary and gave me some comforting words about how he coped under similar circumstances.

Not only did he have a handle on the inner workings of the KJCC and Chai-Lights, but it was obvious that Marty had a mastery of the lessons of life. Throughout my association with him he was always proud of the accomplishments of his children and grandchildren. I'm sure that his influence and encouragement was, and will be, reflected in many of the past as well as future family mitzvahs.

We all will miss Marty. Our sincere condolences to Bea and her family.

Steven, Barbara, Brian and Rebecca Smith

When I think of Marty, his eyes and smiling face flash in my mind's eye. We talked of Chai-Lights, our children, our wonderful grandchildren, my Dad & Mom (Sara & Joel), and days past, when the KJCC first started. He leaves his indelible essence on our beloved KJCC. He is missed by so many. Love and prayers to Bea and family, from the entire Joel and Sara Cohen Family

Sheila & Richard Steinberg

Remembering Marty, the first thing that comes to my mind is his image, a little man with a smiling face, a twinkle in his eyes, a welcoming gesture, inviting you to join the mishpoche in the KJCC social hall, to sit next to him and have a good time, relaxing. And then his voice, soft, warm. What a *mensh*; always happy to see me, actually all women, he would say: hi gorgeous, how are you? how about a hug? He just loved to be hugged.

Always in a good mood, his attitude would invite you to just sit together, enjoy each other's company; and then he would start to tell some story. I would not always understand his stories, could not know if he was

joking or if he was serious, just like my father; with him, too, I had to guess. Both had this big heart that makes you call them Daddy. Marty was my American father; for many years when I would come from Chile to visit my family, he would smile and say: you are going to stay longer this time, you should stay here and bring your family to live in America; that would make me feel at home.

I love the Graham's home. It reminds me of a kibbutz, open with traditional hospitality, and when Marty was showing me his banana tree and giving me those bananas he used to freeze, I really felt at home.

Marty liked to take pictures, but he didn't like to be in the picture. He was a good photographer, with a sensitive eye for esthetics; my mother keeps photographs he took of me and my family on the shelves with other family pictures.

Marty was present in important Kamily family events: at my brother's wedding -first one in the KJCC - and at my son's wedding two years ago in Aventura. It was clear to me that Marty wouldn't feel comfortable in suit and black tie; he refused to wear this ridiculous costume. The only thing I told him was that it's going to be a very fancy event with gorgeous women from Venezuela dressed for an Oscar Award night in Hollywood. When I saw Marty entering the reception hall that evening, I couldn't believe it, Marty all dressed up like a Hollywood movie star, gorgeous. I think he received the biggest hug I ever gave him. He knew how much I loved him, I know how much he loved me and



made my life happier. I will miss Marty very much. Shalom, my friend.

Yardena Kamely

Marty loved the KJCC. For so many years he was the House Manager. It was his job to be the Shamus and to see that all went well at the synagogue. Once I remember coming into the sanctuary and finding Marty on top of a 26-foot ladder. I asked him why an 80-year-old man was on a 26-foot ladder. His answer was, "Because the bulbs needed changing." I was his assistant house manager for many years. We worked together to repair, replace and beautify the KJCC. Much of the time the cost of materials came out of our own pockets.

Marty also had his own way of doing things. A good example was his secret hiding place for light bulbs under the Rosh Kodosh. When anything needed fixing, Marty knew exactly how to do it. He did the maintenance work at the KJCC alone for many years.

Marty was a good friend and will be greatly missed by us all. In his memory we will see that the KJCC continues to grow "from strength to strength."

Jim Boruszak

Marty loved to be hugged. Whenever I saw him he stretched out his arms for the hug. Marty also loved to tell stories of he and Bea's early years. They were always mixed in with the history of the period. He and Bea had a beautiful life. His children and grandchildren were so fortunate to hear his stories.

One of the things I made for Onegs was brownies. Marty loved these brownies. I had promised to make some just for him. I never got to do it, but every time I do make them from now on--they will be for him.

For both of us, Marty was a dear friend and will be dearly missed!

Joan Boruszak

We will always remember Marty for his wisdom, kindness and we enjoyed his everyday take on life. We miss him directing us to all the finer spots in town for dining (i.e. Olive Garden, Biscayne Cafeteria and many more we can't remember). He would do this when we went to different theaters. He and Bea were so much fun to be around that I'm sorry we had to get busy on weekends and were unable to go with them.

Marty will be a special memory to all of us and has touched our lives very deeply. He was one of the first people, along with Bea and many others, to really show us what the KJCC family was all about.

Barbara & Richard Knowles

Dear Bea,

I remember Marty always complimenting Cory on how well he spoke when addressing the congregation and making me feel so proud. I remember all his corny jokes... but they made me laugh every time. I miss the sweet kisses I'd get from him every time I saw him. I will always remember Marty simply for being a wonderful person and such a giving soul. This world will never be the same without him.

Love you very much, and remember, anything you need, just call me.

Sofy Wasser

I remember a story I told Marty about when I was in the catering business. I was running a 50th wedding anniversary and went up to the Mom to ask her how she stayed married for fifty years. She looked at me and said: "What did you say?" Well, Marty looked at me and gave one of his chuckles; he then put his finger to his ear, turned up his hearing aid and said: "What did you say?" So just when I thought I had one on him, well.

I so enjoyed talking with Marty. I felt like we were each other's confidants. I have to say, the Bea-and-Marty act was tough to follow. I was fortunate that Marty shared his life

experiences, thoughts and accomplishments.

We should all live life with the trust, love, spirit and devotion that he did. Thanks, Bea, for sharing Marty. The two of you brought to the world beautiful children and grandchildren. Be proud. Be happy. And to you, Marty, thanks.

Marc Bloom

When I first started coming to KJCC my eye was often drawn to Marty, though I wasn't sure of his name then. People sat, people prayed, people chatted. Marty moved. He would tinker with the little lights on the memorial panels, he'd move up and around and behind the *bimah*, he'd disappear out the door, he'd return with something in his

hands. He'd sit for a while, then get up again.

Bea recently told me that she'd chosen Marty because he always knew the answer to things. But it's now clear he also did things. Lots of things. Incredible varieties of things. Necessary things. Useful things. Thoughtful things. Shoulder-shrugging things. Twinkle-in-the-eye things. Complex things. Follow-it-through things. Family things.

Here's what I saw, in short: a life of achievement, commitment, purpose, heart, durability, involvement, adventure and brio. And an end of clarity, and dignity, economy, manliness and grace.

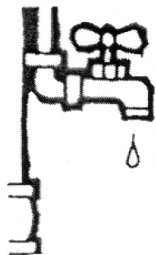
Well done, sir. Well done, indeed.

Sam Vinicur

Memories of Saba Marty that will stay in my Memory Box—by Liatl

"Why do you park on a driveway and drive on a parkway?" Cutting aloe from the plant and putting it on my rash or sunburn. Making salads with different surprise ingredients each time. Hitting golf balls into the ocean. (It's better to hit it straight than far. "Stop fooling with the driver.") Becoming the living room Jeopardy champion every night. Falling asleep for a nap with an open book. Showing off how popular he is at the Post Office and how efficient his shipping business runs. Writing programs to keep track of golf handicaps and bowling averages. Hanging upside down. Distilling water. Being proud of his bananas and pineapple plant. (Never tasted a banana like Saba's.) "I didn't know I was supposed to know that." Solitaire and poker games on the computer. Morning walks around Silver Shores. Loved telling long stories. "Hey, kid." Riding his bike to poker night. "We don't eat the way we do because we think it's healthy, we eat like this because we like to." (Still, a chocolate treat before bed.) Mathematical riddles to be solved.

"I didn't know I was supposed to know that." Saba Marty = Smarty. Always a new vocabulary word to learn. "Yehello" or "This is Marty" upon answering the telephone. Peach fuzz. (You'd have to feel my grandpa's head.) "Hiya, baby." "Morning to you is the middle of the day for us." Chai-Lights. Lunchtime: half a banana, apple, figs, nuts, raisins, and almond or peanut butter. Velcro sneakers. "But it's cold in New Jersey." Scrabble game before bed. Setting the VCR timer to record. Always up to date with the latest technology. Full of love and wisdom. Being his runner at gymnastics meets. Umpiring softball with Shy. Fun House pinball wizard. "Hey, where did you go now?" Playing bridge with the Boxers/Langers. Always asking questions that make you actually think. Always telling jokes and making them funnier than they really are. Hugs after each strike in bowling. "Ask your G'ma." "How do you know you don't like it if you've never tried it?" Jumping up the stairs two at a time. "Beat it kid, you bother me." ♦



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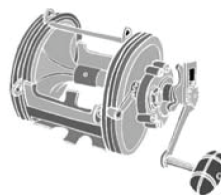
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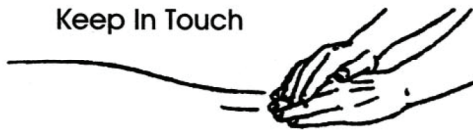
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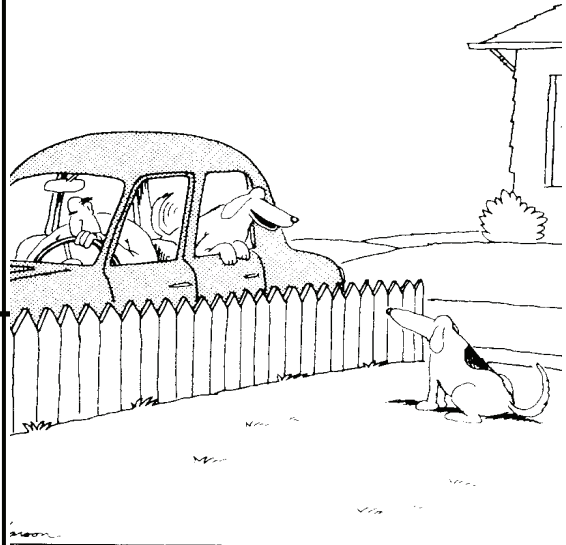
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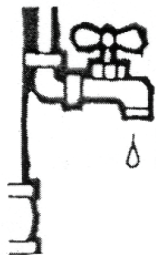
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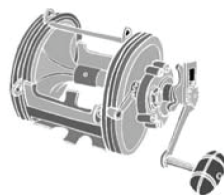
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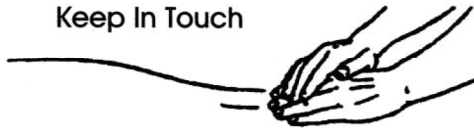
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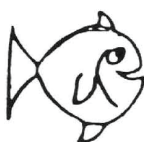
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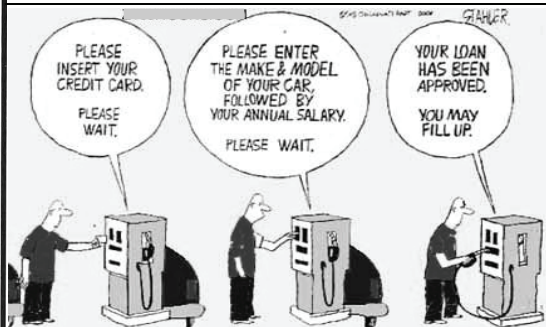
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