



SONS *of* ABRAHAM

LAFAYETTE, IN
Established 1889

December 2010

24 Kislev – 24 Tevet 5771

President: Mark Lillanfeld

Send bulletin items to:

penmike@embarqmail.com

Sisterhood Co-Presidents:

Susan Prohofsky & Sonia Garfinkel

Gratitude, Condolences and Congratulations

The Indiana School of Medicine - Lafayette on the campus of Purdue University, recently made inductions into the school's Wall of Fame. Inducted for significant contributions in his profession was **Dr. Bernard Axelrod**. A special Mazel Tov from Shul members to Barney for this important commemoration of lifetime achievement!!!!

We note the passing of **Henry (Hank) Weiner**, who died at age 73. Memorials may be sent to Temple Israel, West Lafayette, Biochemistry Dept., Purdue University or Purdue Center for Cancer Research.

Refuah Shelema

We offer prayers for health, complete recovery and long life to **Florence Lillianfeld, Harriet Diamond, Johanna Gartenhaus, Marge Aronson, Joe Haberer, Madelyn Lillianfeld, Sarah Raskin, Irwin and Iris Treager and Fritz Friedlaender**. At press time, the mother of **Mark Lillianfeld** was preparing to be discharged from the hospital.

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AT OUR LATKE PARTY

Sunday, Dec. 5...

Please come and celebrate

Madelyn Lillianfeld's

60th Birthday!!!

and

Wish a Tzaitzchem L'Shalom

to Rabbi Rascoe

who will be leaving our community
at the end of December.

See Flier for details (Last
Page)

Candle Lighting Times

Source: Rabbi Rascoe

Shabbat December candle lighting times:

Dec. 3: 5:05 PM

Dec. 10 5:05 PM

Dec. 17: 5:06 PM

Dec. 24: 5:09 PM

Dec. 31: 5:14 PM

Hanukkah candle lighting - December

1-2 after 5:23 PM (dusk is 5:54)

3: before 5:05 PM

4: after 6:08 PM

5: after 5:23 PM (dusk is 5:54)

6-8: after 5:22 PM (dusk is 5:53)

(If anyone is interested in how I derive my calculations, Shabbat is 18 minutes before sunset as close to the Shul as I could find coordinates, and havdalah is the sun 8.50 degrees below the horizon after sunset, a rather generous time and is not based on a system that assigns a maximum number of minutes to a halakhic ruling of degrees or an arbitrary number of clock minutes.

Hanukkah is simply sunset. Those who use a different time, I give dusk based on the sun 6 degrees below the horizon after sunset.)

December Calendar

Dec. 1: Wednesday - light first Chanukah Candle

Dec. 3: Friday 8:00 p.m. – Erev Shabbat Services

Dec. 4: Saturday 10:00 a.m. – Shabbat Services

Dec. 5: Sunday 6 p.m. – Hanukkah Latke Party (See Flyer)

Dec. 10: Friday 8:00 p.m. – Erev Shabbat Services

Dec. 11: Saturday 10:00 a.m. – Shabbat Services

Dec. 16: Thursday 8:00 p.m. Board Meeting

Dec. 17: Friday 8:00 p.m. – Erev Shabbat Services

Dec. 18: Saturday 10:00 a.m. – Shabbat Services

Dec. 24: Friday 8:00 p.m. – Erev Shabbat Services

Dec. 25: Saturday 10:00 a.m. – Shabbat Services

Dec. 31: Friday 8:00 p.m. – Erev Shabbat Services

Yahrzeits

Name	2010	Hebrew Date
Atlass, Moses	December 1	Kislev 24
Segal, Rochel	December 1	Kislev 24
Pearlman, Eleck	December 4	Kislev 27
Fischbach, Julius Leo	December 4	Kislev 27
Waldner, Charlotte	December 5	Kislev 28
Grinberg, Betty Gordon	December 5	Kislev 28
Goldberg, Abraham	December 8	Tevet 1
Harris, Joseph	December 9	Tevet 2
Waldner, Ignatz	December 10	Tevet 3
Wolinsky, Rose	December 10	Tevet 3
Krushen, Adelle	December 12	Tevet 5
Newman, Miriam	December 14	Tevet 7
Winski, Louis R.	December 16	Tevet 9
Sheinfeld (Field), Harry	December 16	Tevet 9
Bercovitz, Shaineh M.	December 18	Tevet 11
Katz, Dorothy	December 18	Tevet 11
Leventhal, Jack	December 20	Tevet 13
Pearlman, Abe	December 22	Tevet 15
Korenstein, Tillie	December 22	Tevet 15
Hasson, Miriam	December 23	Tevet 16
Elkin, Charles	December 24	Tevet 17
Suessman, Joseph	December 25	Tevet 18
Elkin, Israel	December 26	Tevet 19
Goldfield, Bina Uta	December 27	Tevet 20
Goldsmith, Max	December 28	Tevet 21
Levine, Sarrah	December 29	Tevet 22
Goldberg, Ida M.	December 31	Tevet 24
Berk, Dave	December 31	Tevet 24
Brudner-Selkin, Elsie	December 31	Tevet 24
Axelrod, Sara	January 5, 2011	Tevet 29
Bass, Lillyan	January 5, 2011	Tevet 29

Community, Adaptability and Hanukkah

While we often say Hanukkah was a fight for religious freedom, as I wrote once before, this is true only in a limited sense. The earliest recorded story celebrated a late Sukkot in the newly rededicated Temple; the oil story is later. The Maccabees also wanted political freedom, but many allies left when they regained the Temple. The Maccabees engineered political freedom, founding the Hasmonean dynasty. Judah Maccabee conquered the Idumeans briefly. John Hyrcanus conquered them permanently in 125 BCE and forcibly converted them to Judaism. From this came Roman rule and Herod, who ended to the Hasmonean line.

This comes to mind after a colleague asked for a list of the top ten issues facing Judaism, a few discussions at LJCRS both in class and among adults, and some recent reading on Judaism today. Every generation faces change by the next one, now the next two or three, and in some groups even more (college student bodies change at least every four years, but faculty less often). One major issue we face is community. Who comprises and who may enter into the community? Who makes changes once inside the community? What kinds of changes can the community make and still remain connected to its past? Does community even matter any more? This works on the micro and macro levels (synagogue, city, country).

I wish I had a neat, simple answer. Simply remaining the same is a prescription to die. Too much change precludes continuity and also nearly always assures a community's death. To survive, Jews have made radical changes. We survived the First Temple's destruction by creating a Diaspora, something unprecedented. Ezra tried to bring us back to the Temple, but most remained in exile. One of his radical suggestions we made the highlight of our worship service: the Torah reading, sharing the holy scripture with the public and removing it from exclusive priestly control; another was matrilineal descent. We suffered the destruction of the Second Temple and another massive killing spree and Diaspora, but Rabban Yohanan ben Zakkai asked for Yavneh and its sages. Out of this came the triumph of the synagogue and the rabbi (the synagogue already existed, and so did the teacher, but their roles changed; the rabbinate is later). We

survived first Roman and then European Christianity, and Muhammad and Islam. We even survived the first parts of modernity, although some in each religion today would like to go back to certain pre-modern beliefs and ways of doing things.

Post World War II Judaism thrived after yet another disaster in the USA and the creation of Israel. The 1960s changed how we view the world in radical ways both good and bad. Some positives: Judaism became one of the three big world religions (first proposed by Will Herberg) (Jewish studies grew on college campuses), and we learned the experts did not know everything (*The Jewish Catalogues*, CAJE in education). They also hastened the growing autonomy of the individual and the lessening of community, not in the least because so many of the boomers did not look back fondly on their synagogue childhood (except for maybe youth group), and passed on their negative stereotypes and experiences, and individualistic values, to their children. Recognizing this, a number of changes were introduced to benefit today's 20 and 30 somethings who currently are changing the Jewish world, aided by the establishment and the people their grandparents' ages. Their models, though changed, may include Rabbi Shulweis's and Boston's *havurot* and Chabad's houses, and Rabbi Kaplan's definition of Judaism as "an evolving religious civilization" (based on his chapter headings) and Jewish Center even as they leave the institutions though implicitly accepting his rationales for them). These current young leaders have more Judaic education than any previous group in history, including a majority with some day school education and college classes, and over 90% have visited Israel, even as they strongly and publicly question Israel, unlike many of us who remember the uncertain times before the 1967 (Six Day) War, and even the 1973 (Yom Kippur) War.

What will the future be? I do not know and this one I do not wish to extrapolate. Hanukkah does teach us that too much assimilation is bad (which is why the Maccabees had allies), and so is too little change (they changed the law and fought on *Shabbat* which is one of a number of reasons why they survived). They fought the war and won, but lost the promise and ended with no lineage and no Jewish kingdom. We survived their mistakes and adopted their good points. This much at least is promising. Hanukkah reminds us that we adapt and survive.

Editor's note: This is Rabbi Rascoe's final contribution as he is departing at the end of the year.

LJCRS News

Shalom,

Happy Hanukkah to all LJCRS families and to the Sons of Abraham community! Our semester is drawing to a close, and we had a busy November to show for it. First of all, I want to thank all parents and community members who helped out with our book fair. It was a tremendous success! I want to especially thank those of you who bought books to be donated to our LJCRS library. You have given an invaluable gift to our students.

I also want to thank all the parents that came out for our first Havdalah Potluck and Parent meeting. It was a wonderful evening that gave all of us a chance to get to know each other better, and participate in the beauty of Havdalah together. I hope that we can make this a periodic event, as it gives us another chance to come together as a community.

In class news, many of our students are putting projects together. Our 4th and 5th graders did a wonderful play based on their Torah study, showing the Israelites' debate over whether to enter the land of Canaan. Our 7th/8th/9th grade class is making and choosing photographs, and expects to display them at the end of the semester.

Our last big event of the semester will be Consecration, on December 5. This marks the beginning of some of our students' Jewish educations. The ceremony will begin at 11:15. Six children are being consecrated: Brynlee Coleman, Zed Hoffman-Weldon, Zora Klein-Pejsova, Ari Steselboim, Simon Williams, and Cece Zimmerman. These students have gotten off to a wonderful start, and we look forward to seeing how they change and grow over the years. The Consecration ceremony will be followed by a Hanukkah celebration, with singing, latkes, and the Junior Klezmorim performing. We hope many parents will attend.

We look forward to a happy holiday and a good winter break!

L'Vracha,

Elana Salzman

Happy Day Cards

To commemorate any simcha or recognize any other event call **Sheila Wolinsky** at 463-9830 or **Iris Treager** at 463-2468. They will send your card for a minimum donation of \$5.00. Send your check, made out to Sisterhood Sons of Abraham, to **Sonya Garfinkel**, Sisterhood Treasurer, 2229 Carberry Drive, West Lafayette, IN 47906.

Shul Board Solicits Donations to Special Purpose Funds

The **Chosnek Fund**, named for **Sam and Edith Chosnek**, is for ritual. For example, the fund could be used to repair such things a Torah covers and the like. The **Elkin Fund**, named for **Barry Elkin**, is for educational purposes. It might be used to pay part of the cost of bringing in a speaker. The **100th Anniversary Fund**, established by **Ed Simon**, is for capital expenses related to building maintenance. The **Ha Gomer Fund** is to celebrate recent recoveries from illness.

Sons of Abraham Special Funds Donation Form

Enclosed please find my check in the amount of \$_____.

Please apply to: _____

Ha Gomer (recovery) of: _____

100th Anniversary (Building) _____

Elkin Fund (Education) _____

Chosnek Fund (Ritual) _____

Donation in Honor / Memory of _____

Is the donor's name to be held in confidence?

Send check with this form to:

Sons of Abraham

P.O. Box 2671, West Lafayette, IN 47906-2671

Donations will be acknowledged

Letter from Jerusalem

Bat Mitzvah Customs, Celebration

When a Jewish girl turns twelve, she becomes obligated in all the commandments of the Torah, and is therefore a full-fledged 'Bat Mitzvah' (daughter of the commandments). As far as I know there is a wide variety of rituals celebrating a girl's Bat Mitzvah. I believe the custom was initiated about 60 years ago. As a girl growing up in Conservative religious circles, I knew no one who had a Bat Mitzvah party. The rite of passage was the Sweet Sixteen Party. Since I'm now part of the Israeli Chareidi world, I recently had the chance to participate in my granddaughter Channie's special event. The occasion was commemorated on her 12th birthday, which is typical in religious circles. In many schools the girls are not allowed to invite any of their classmates to the celebration, the reason being that the classes are large 35-40 students, and most girls will be 12 during the same year. A Bat Mitzvah girl would generally invite the entire class and that would cost a lot of money for expenses. In addition, the school puts on a big production with all the girls in the Bat Mitzvah age class. My daughter, Shira, planned a charming afternoon event. About 18 guests came including Channie's older sister, sister in law, aunt, cousins, neighbors, and family friends. The program was creative, entertaining and inspiring. Channi gave an eloquent speech, thanking in detail all her relatives and expressing her feeling upon assuming the role of adulthood. One of the neighbors gave a stirring D'var Torah, mentioning that now that Channie was Bat Mitzvah, her prayers would be included in those of all the Congregation of the Jewish people. Channie and her younger sister, Miraleh performed some original dances. There was a demonstration of carving vegetables to make a very attractive platter. I played some festive music of Channie's favorite songs on

the keyboard, there was some spontaneous singing and some very tasty food. Challah dough was brought in and Channie, for the first time, made the blessing of taking the challah, which was followed by a heartfelt prayer. Now that she is bat mitzvah, and considered an adult in Jewish law, she was able to fulfill the important commandment of separating a portion of dough. In Temple times, the dough would be gifted to the Kohanim (priests). Since the month of Kislev has 2 days Rosh Chodesh, Channie and her mom came up to Jerusalem to pray at the Kotel, then met me and a cousin for lunch. Following lunch our cousin, Tchiyah, treated Channie to some exceptionally pretty clothes, purchased in the very religious neighborhood of Meah Shearim. A piece of gold jewelry is a traditional gift for a Bat Mitzvah. Channie's parents presented her with a lovely gold necklace.

There is a desperate need for rain here and there are now additional prayer sessions at the Kotel with the express task of beseeching the Almighty for rain. May it come soon.

With warm regards, Cyrelle

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Deadline for December

Monday, December 27th. Please send materials you would like included in the next edition of the Sons or Abraham newsletter to: penmike@embarqmail.com

“Guest” D’var Torah

*Our daughter, **Bekki Harris Kaplan** serves as the Executive Director of Beth Emet Synagogue, in Evanston, IL. At the start of this year, the Rabbi at Beth Emet, their Chazan, and Bekki each gave a d’var Torah, on separate Shabbats, offering their thoughts on their Jewish Journeys. Bekki’s d’var Torah has many references to her Jewish journey at Sons of Abraham synagogue. I doubt the congregation at her large synagogue could truly understand the sense of community that used to prevail at the Shul, but as we listened to her talk (of course we were at Beth Emet that Shabbat...k’veiling and k’veiling), she brought back memories of a time at Sons of Abraham that were special to so many of us who are still here. In the hope that others who were here during that golden period of close community might want to reminisce as they read the relevant parts of Bekki’s d’var Torah, I’ve excerpted some of her talk and offer it here. (The entire talk is available on the Beth Emet website.)*

Mickey Harris

Excerpts from Bekki Harris Kaplan’s “Our Stories, Our Journeys,” at Beth Emet Synagogue, Evanston, IL

For me, my Jewish Journey can be summarized in one word—community. From a very early age I’ve come to learn that one cannot thrive without a strong community. Much of what I love about Judaism comes within the context of community. We celebrate. We study and learn from one another. We are there for each other through good times and bad—from a Brit Milah to sitting Shiva. Even the notion of having a shomer remain with the deceased until the bodily remains are buried is a powerful statement that it takes a community to fully observe. We are constantly reminded that we are all part of the whole, Klal Yisroel. We support and help each other. We pray when there are at least 10 adults gathered together. On Yom Kippur we ask God to forgive not just our personal sins but the sins of all Jews. KLAL YISROEL. And we have organizations that run the full gamut of the alphabet soup who take care of our every need.... from the JCC to the AJC to the ADL to the URJ to the NJDC to ARZA to the CJE... and the alphabet soup brews on. A quick Google search tells me that there are no other faith-based communities that have so many organizations that support their every need.

I learned at a young age that life can be enriched by the community that we choose. And when we choose to contribute to the community, it can be measured in ways far beyond anything that can be articulated.

I have always sought community. I believe it’s my purpose in life to strive to build community. I thrive within the boundaries of community. And I have always interwoven the very essence of community into everything that I do—whether it be through youth group when I was active in Young Judaea, to choosing to live in Israel with my kvutzah during my freshmen year in college during the first Lebanese war, to where I lived during my years at Indiana University at the community-based Living and Learning center to my involvements in organizations outside my professional life to even where I choose to work out in Evanston. Community has always been a strong theme.

A bit of background....

While I was born in New York City, where my parents called me their “off Broadway production” as they lived at 192nd St. and Bennet Ave., facing Broadway, I grew up in West Lafayette, Indiana, home of Purdue University, and really the only reason why Jews move there. My parents are here tonight to keep me in check and make sure that what I’m telling you is relatively true—or at least resembles what we all remember of my childhood.

Within our Jewish community there are two synagogues—the classical reform Temple that is now led by Beth Emet’s own **Rabbi Audrey Pollack, Roz’s** daughter, and then there is the Shul, which identifies itself as everything that the Temple is not. The Shul is a mishmash of beliefs and practices that lean more towards Orthodoxy than anything else, but that all depends on who is present at any given time. My Dad always says that even though he grew up in an Orthodox home and I grew up in a kosher home, it was really through my urging at a very early age that we started to attend regularly on Shabbat morning. I guess I’ve always been destined to work professionally in a synagogue.

While we dabbled a bit by attending Friday night services, it never really resonated with me. The cast of characters were always changing, depending on who wanted to come out at night, and regardless the service did not feel joyful to me. But Shabbat morning—ahh, Shabbat morning that was where it was at. In small town traditional Jewish

communities there is a sense of obligation that if one does not attend services, then there would not be a minyan. And if there is no minyan, well there may not be a Torah reading or someone may not be able to recite Kaddish. It's the perfect example of Jewish guilt, but that's what kept people coming. That, and a sense of community. The same cast of characters would come week in and week out.

Very early in my Shabbat morning routine, I always sat in the back with **Rabbi Radinsky's** daughters. It was such an awesome feeling to know that they took me under their wings, taught me how to daven the Amidah, when to bow, when to mumble more audibly, when to take three steps back and bow. I was always proud when I could get through it faster than some of the old timers in the front. **Dina** and **Boosie** were probably 8-10 years older than me... but the back row was where it was at, and I felt a sense of obligation to them to attend. We would often have other women join us—which always made the chatting that much more fun... especially as I was often the youngest and the most eager to hang with the older gals. Following services and a kiddish complete with herring, schnapps, and some baked goods that someone would bring back from Chicago, we would all head over to **Rabbi Radinsky's** house – which was two doors down, for some lunch and hang time. When there was a Purdue Football game on, I always found it funny that for some reason a TV was left on in their back room, and coincidentally it was always on the channel that broadcast the game. What are the odds! It took me years to finally figure out that it was left on intentionally.

Rabbi Radinsky left shortly before my Bat Mitzvah, which was a huge blow to our community. He was such a strong, visible personality who really led the congregation. Whenever I hear old Yiddish stories of the people going to the rabbi for advice, it is always his face that still comes to mind. He was **THE** rabbi. I don't think that there has ever been such a strong rabbinical presence in that community since. But **Rabbi Radinsky** moved on to a bigger Shul in Houston, and our little Shul was left to figure out how to make it work. While there were other rabbis that followed, it was really the strength of the cast of characters that kept it going. My Father became the Gabbai, and his place was always on the Bimah, calling men up for an aliyah, mumbling when someone made a mistake, and orchestrating the chaos that ensued when someone forgot to include a prayer for Rosh Chodesh or didn't do something to someone's liking. He even managed the back-and-forth banter with those from the pews who made it known that they were not happy.

I lost my favorite seat in the back, and moved up to sit in my father's row, but I was only allowed to sit there when certain men were not present. If they showed up, I had to move to the back. Behind my Father sat **Marvin Schreiber, Menachem Mendel ben such & such** as I knew him, who was always pestering me with a joke, ootckng me from behind, passing me a Lifesaver and often getting me in trouble with my Dad who would then point his finger at me from the Bimah if I started giggling too much. Behind **Menachem** sat **Sid Berger**, an expressionless man, who was large in stature and always scared me when he looked at me. Same pew, but at the other end was **Ed Silverman** – a very thin man, who was always hunched over, and always davening. Never quite sure why he was always davening, but it was always a mystery that I liked to ponder. In front of me was **Ed Simon**, one of the more observant men in our Shul, and I was always in awe that such a meek man would prostrate himself all the way to the floor during the Aleynu at the end of Neilah after 24 and a half hours of fasting. On the other side of the aisle sat the old timers: **Jack Leventhal, Hershel Krushen, Dave Berk, Ike Berkowitz, Simon Krushen** – and the list goes on. All names that to me represented Jewish life in the old country and those that survived the Holocaust.

I can go on about where people sat, and what they added to our little Shul, but to me what was important was not who these people were that made up our shul, but that they were really an extension of my family. When someone was sick, calls were made and people were there to take care of each other. When my Dad needed a minyan after my Zayde died, people took it upon themselves to orchestrate a minyan each day for the entire year.. often times, I believe they met at the Physics Department on campus. When there was a Shul garage sale in support of the

Sisterhood, it was the collective responsibility of everyone to contribute their shlock. And then buy other's schlock in return. And, when there was a celebration, such as my Bat Mitzvah, many of the women of the congregation volunteered on a given night to help my mom in the Shul's kitchen in that awful, dingy basement to bake 20 dozen Mandelbrot or 40 dozen brownies. It was unbelievable what was accomplished by a community of women in that kitchen. When **Sadie Berkowitz** became too weak to lift her large soup pot, I remember arriving in her kitchen late one Friday afternoon to assist. What's Shabbat without fresh chicken soup, no matter how lousy she felt. We each took care of each other, we each celebrated in each other's joys, we each mourned each other's losses, and whether it was good or bad, we treated each other like family.

When **Hillary Clinton** made the statement that it takes a village... that really resonates with me. At a very early age I learned the importance of a tight knit community and the impact it can make on one's up bringing. While my parents have always been strong Jewish role models for me and my younger brother, it was others within our Shul that rounded out my education, strengthening my value system, realigning me when I was off kilter, teaching me what a positive impact I can have if I focus on the individual within each of us, making that crucial connection that can be life changing. Everyone wants to be heard and feel valued, and I learned the value of ensuring that every individual contributes to the community.

With the arrival of the Yamim Noarim each year, I was always struck by how different everything felt. The tone changed in the rhythm of our community – there was a sense of seriousness that wasn't there the rest of the year, the sense that everything had to be perfect because we were given another chance for another year, for another opportunity to do better. The God that I saw during the Holidays was one that I pleaded with – different than the God that I experienced the rest of the year, a God that rejoiced in my Jewish ways. I remember one Yom Kippur, as we were rushing to have dinner at 4:30 so we could make it to Kol Nidre services by 6, my little brother decided to put little pieces of carrot in his nose while no one was paying attention, and only after my cousin noticed the growing deformed nature of my brother's nose did my parents freak out. At that moment I was not scared that my brother would be injured if he inhaled the carrots; only that God would channel his disappointment through **Bill Zaben** who would be waiting at the entryway, in his permanent ushering post, if I wasn't at services in time to hear the first note of Kol Nidre. In the end, through the success of a pair of tweezers, we made it to shul on time, and once **Bill** gave us the *Gut Yontif*, I knew that I would be sealed for a good year. I felt the sense of responsibility to the community that my place was to be in that shul for each and every holiday, and nothing was going to stop me because I knew my place.

During my teenage years I became quite involved with Young Judaea, attending their summer camps in Michigan and New York, going to conventions, leading the club in our town, and ultimately being on the regional board. While Young Judaea was alive in big metropolitan cities like Chicago or Detroit, it was strongest in small towns where this was really the only way for Jewish kids to be active in something other than the Synagogue, supported by Hadassah, an organization that crossed denominational lines. Des Moines, Waterloo, Grand Rapids, Midland, Champaign, Lorain, and Wichita. This is where my friends lived. I loved showing off by telling my local high school friends that I had to rush home to call a friend in St. Joe, Michigan and tell them about something important. Young Judaea not only strengthened my connections to Israel, but it gave me a group of like minded friends who were as idealistic as I was.... And together we thought we really could change the world. Or at least in our own naïve way we felt the collective power of using our Jewish values to make the world around us a better place. Those values are in part what still motivate me in all that I do.





Please Join us for Our

HANUKKAH LATKE PARTY

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 2010

6:00 PM at the SHUL

Latkes, Dessert and Music

Bring your Menorah to light the 5th Candle



Enjoy Latkes by the

"Shul Friars"

And Entertainment and Hanukkah Songs

by the Lafayette Klezmerim

