

MIFGASH



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Union of Jewish Congregations of Latin America and the Caribbean
Unión Judía de Congregaciones de Latinoamérica y El Caribe

San Salvador, August 24, 2005

Rabbi Pablo Berman
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Rabbi Berman,

In the name of the Union of Jewish Congregations of Latin America and the Caribbean (U.J.C.L.), I send our sincere congratulations for having received *Smija* (been ordained) yesterday. We welcome you to our organization as Rabbi of the *Comunidad Israelita de El Salvador*.

We are certain that you will share the knowledge you acquired during the extensive years of study with the members of our Community and we wait for this to translate into an active part of our Union. The participation of the Rabbis of our area is one of the factors that most enrich our Union.

I wish you and your family a good trip to El Salvador and hope that we have the opportunity to meet personally very soon.

Mazal Tov! I send warm regards,

L. Jack Davidson
President

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The 9th of Av: A Distinct Day on our Calendar

By Rabbi Marcelo Bater

If there is something that characterizes human beings throughout our history it is the relationship we have with time. We all remember different dates on the calendar each year: for example the day we were born, the day of our anniversary (if we are married), the anniversary of the death of a loved one, the day our children are born, and finally, dates that on our own calendar generate happiness or sadness according to the event remembered.

Countries also have their dates of remembrance: the famous national holidays that, as part of a people, we proudly remember. Sadly, in the world we live in we have learned to add to “our calendar” dates such as:

- September 11, 2001 (terrorist attack on the Twin Towers in NYC)
- March 11, 2004 (terrorist attack on Atocha, Madrid, Spain)
- July 18, 1994 (terrorist attack on AMIA in Buenos Aires, Argentina)
- March 17, 1992 (terrorist attack on the Israeli Embassy in Buenos Aires, Argentina)
- July 7, 2005 (terrorist attack on buses and the underground in London)

And the list continues...

Our people also have a date on the *luaj* where we remember, where we have the possibility to focus our memory on past events so that these will never again occur. As the title of this article states, the 9th of Av on the Hebrew calendar is a distinctive day for the Jews. A day of fasting, a day of mourning where the soul is precisely what “hurts”.

On this date we remember specific negative occurrences that befell our nation. To name some of these sad events we mention:

- The negative report of the 10 spies sent by Moses to the Land of Israel to explore it was given on the 9th of Av according to tradition.
- The destruction of the First (585 BCE) and the Second Temples (70 AD) in Jerusalem.
- The fall of the fortress of Betar at the hands of the Romans.
- The rebellion of Bar Kochba.
- During the Spanish Inquisition the 9th of Av, 1492, was the deadline for the Jews to either abandon the country or convert.

Today, August 18, 2005 (13th of Av), the day I write this article, I saw on the television, precisely on CNN, the coverage of the Gaza Disengagement Plan implemented by Sharon’s Government. The soldiers of the army were removing two of the biggest groups of settlers and activists against that decision. In a few days, the Gaza Strip will no longer belong to the Israeli Territory, being passed into the hands of the Palestinians. Just as the UN proclaimed some years ago: “*The exchange of land for peace*”.

The first step has already been taken, now we have to await the much desired peace. May G-d shed light upon all of the inhabitants of Israel and its neighbors, so that the words of the prophet, as we pray on every *Shabbat*, come true in these times: “Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they experience war any more”.

May this motto remain with us from here and more, until eternity. *Shalom!*

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Project ROOTS

-by Hilda Ten Brink (Vice president UJCL)

Sometimes, looking at my son David, I find a resemblance to his grandfather Gert or to my grandfather Rafael; It is a sensation that I believe is common: seeing in our children our parents, grandparents, and other family members. It is a privilege to have known our ancestors and find in our descendants the continuity of life. It is also a privilege to be able to relate to cousins, uncles, and relatives who can be found scattered over the face of the earth. Nevertheless, this privilege of having known those who came before us, to relate to a big family, not all of us possess in-as-much as for some reason we have lost contact with our history.

The same happens in our Jewish communities. Some of our communities know exactly where they came from, why they were founded, how they developed until the present. They have their oral and written history in order. But it is possible that there are communities in the UJCL that have not yet dedicated themselves to the task of documenting their path, and in this tumultuous life that we lead, we run the risk of losing irrecoverable information.

Roberta Haynes and I are developing a project to shape the history of our communities taking the genealogical information of its members as a starting point. We would like to know who are the people that make up the UJCL, where did their ancestors come from, and to learn if there are those with family living in other countries. Beginning at this individual base, we will outline the history of the communities to describe how their lives are at this time, when we are united through the UJCL, and to discover possible family links among our members. For the future, we dream of creating a traveling Museum of documents, photos, recipes, artifacts, and articles of Jewish life that represent who we are and where we came from.

We would like to know if there is interest on the part of the communities to work on this project of finding our common histories and the unique features of each congregation, and to rescue the anecdotes that have given us character. We are preparing to propose in Guadalajara guidelines for the work to be done to gather the necessary information. It will not be a one year project but of two or three. We have to first find the data to be later analyzed and channeled into the desired information. It is a project that requires the participation and the commitment of the communities and the enthusiasm of the Rabbis and of those who work in each community. Perhaps there are among you professional historians or of vocation, sociologists, or people who like this work and wish to volunteer their efforts to achieve the desired results.

We are going to develop a pilot plan in Costa Rica. With the help of our Rabbis our youths will be the ones to present the questionnaire to the members of *B'nei Israel* investigating their families, their origins, and other points. We have to think much about what information we want so as to ask the appropriate questions. We will study this information and program it to determine points of similarity. We will prepare a map indicating where our families came from. We will see how the plan works out and will explain it at the Conference.

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Our president, Jack Davidson, tells us that each one of us is a link in a chain that unites us and that working together and joining our experiences makes us stronger. It would be very nice to unite in this project. We would love to receive information from all those who have already gathered the histories of their communities. We are going to Guadalajara with the enthusiasm of working on something that will bond us, make us stronger, and give us the satisfaction of interweaving our past with our present so that future generations will not forget their roots.

Around the Communities

ARUBA: 9 be Av in Beth Israel Synagogue

On Saturday, August 13, at 8 PM, we shared a Service to remember the destruction of the temples in Jerusalem with members of the Community and tourists.

It was very exciting because Rabbi Marcelo taught us very interesting things about that date, for example: what other tragedies happened in that same date and why G'd punished the people with the destruction of the temple (reading a text from the Talmud).

After that, we read *Megullat Eicha* (Lamentations) with the lighting of candles and sitting on the floor without shoes, as a symbol of mourning.

It was a very nice experience that I had with my mother, sister and all the other people of the Community. I definitely recommend to all people to go next year to share that evening with the rest of us.

- Jonathan Sasson (16 years old).

NASSAU JEWISH CONGREGATION

Congratulations: Mazel Tov to Ida Poitier-Turnquest, who has been elected to the post of President of the Bahamas Union of Teachers

In memoriam: The Nassau Jewish Congregation sadly announces the passing of Randy Hoffer, age 16. The funeral service and interment took place on August 23rd in Palmdale. We extend sincere condolences to his parents Norman and Helene Hoffer, his brothers, his grandfather, Harold Hoffer, founder and first president of the Bahamas Jewish Congregation, his uncles Edward and Steven Hoffer the latter, president of the Nassau Jewish Congregation, and to additional relatives and friends.

High Holy Days: This year we will be celebrating with the assistance of *Chazan* Gonzalo Vega, of the *B'nei Israel* Congregation, in Costa Rica.

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KEHI LATON COMUNIDAD ISRAELITA DE EL SALVADOR

August 27, 2005/ 22 of Av, 5765

Message from the president...

Dear Rabbi Berman,

In the name of the *Comunidad Israelita de El Salvador* we wish to extend our sincere *Mazal Tov* on the occasion of your ordination as Rabbi.

On this very special day for you and your family, we wish to add to your rejoicing and express our satisfaction for this title that with much passion and dedication you achieved. Your choice of our small community to start your journey in the rabbinical vocation fills us with pride, and we are certain that under your leadership we will be able to continue our spiritual development as individuals, as families, and as a community.

We take the opportunity to extend our congratulations to the *Seminario Rabínico Latinoamericano* for performing so successfully its responsibility of educating teachers who are sensitive and dedicated to the Jews of the continent and to all of Israel.

Dear Rabbi, from the geographic distance which separates us, but also from the closeness that grows with affection and with emotion, we offer a prayer with the conviction that in your work as Rabbi, the words proclaimed by the psalmist (90:17) will become reality:

May the grace of *Adonai*, our G-d be upon us,
Strengthening the work of our hands,
Strengthen, oh G-d, the work of our hands!

Congratulations! *Mazal Tov*!

Jean Claude Kahn
Presidente

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Ordination of Rabbi Pablo Berman (Comunidad Israelita El Salvador)

On August 23 the *Smija* (ordination) of Rabbi Pablo Berman took place in Argentina. These are the words of the invocation that he spoke at the ceremony.

A prayer for a sacred moment

Adonai, grant me

the *light* of Your favor to illuminate my way,

understanding to convey the sacred message of Your Torah,

humility in the manner I treat people,

prudence in the words that my lips pronounce,

simplicity in every moment of my life,

and above all, the most essential, sensibility and faith to be conscious of the suffering of others and to do everything possible to alleviate it.

Adonai, may I be able to find *Your gaze* each time I look at the sky.

Help me to count the stars as You helped Abraham *Avinu*, to overcome those difficult moments that life granted him, moments that cross all our paths.

I had a dream, to take a path to study and to know Your word. Now is the time to teach it and to call upon Your wisdom and compassion so that my task be fortified day by day.

I promise to be faithful to *Your legacy* and the ideals of my people.

Today the Covenant is reaffirmed, with my open heart and the prayer that flows from the depth of my soul, seeking the embrace of Your wings.

Adonai, may my actions find the grace of other human beings and may they be worthy of your blessings. I thank You for giving me life and to those I love, to reach this sublime moment.

Chazak veiametz libeja, I have hope in G-d and trust in G-d.

Pablo Berman

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LET US JOIN OUR FORCES, LET US MARCH FOR LIFE

by Eliana Gribnicow (Panama)

**Let us march for life and let us say never ever,
Let us march for life and not forget,
Let us march for life and make our steps be heard
By those who at one time had to march, but for death..
I marched for life, I was there, I know what happened.
And I will never forget,
It is my duty now and forever to remember and to teach
upcoming generations one of the facts that lay in wait for
Jewish people during its history.**

The arrival in Poland brought a feeling of confusion. I was there, where more than 60 years ago our Jewish brothers suffered the Shoa. In the midst of sadness and joy, there we were, in spite of everything, remembering and feeling in our flesh what it was, closing our eyes and perceiving like everything we saw took time and place so that, later on, it would pass before us and thus we would be able to feel inside history. The tour of Warsaw city, visiting those places where Jews lived a normal life before the war, visiting the cemeteries, all of this was a preparation that we received for what would come later on.

We visited the synagogue of Noszyk, one of the few synagogues or perhaps the only one remaining in Warsaw that continues to function for the few Jews that live there. It was very impressive to be able to appreciate those few Jews that, while they prayed they were expressing their will to keep fighting and to be Jews in spite of living in a place very prone to discrimination. We received the Shabbat with them, in a very welcoming atmosphere.

Our trip continued and we had expectations about everything, knowing the key places of those stories, walking towards the Umschlagplatz, the square where Jews were gathered and then sent to Treblinka, one of the death camps.

We traveled to Tykocin, or as Polish Jews called it, Tyktin, not knowing where we were headed, but aware that things were getting close, things that would start transmitting very strong feelings. This place was a *Shtetl*, (a little town) with a population of 4,500 Jews that started arriving in the XVII century, and a great synagogue that served many purposes, one of them being to give shelter when needed. The Jews that lived there were mobilized to Lupujova, a forest they knew, since they had picnics there, and took their children to play there on *Lag baOmer*. They ignored the purpose of their trip, and never returned.

When I reached Lupujova, after a 20 minute trip, I was speechless when I saw that forest, while I walked down the lane that led me to the center where there were three ditches. I could do nothing, I could say nothing, only close my eyes and stay there, silently, seeing history pass through my mind, feeling how the Jews of Tyktin were shot. And after noticing this, I turned around, between tears and embraces, looking back and then ahead, feeling peace within me, knowing I was returning, and that a new part of me had been born there. I left there with the voices of the dead who longed to be heard, those dead that wished to die in peace.

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This place was the first death space we identified; we ended that day in Treblinka, where we saw nothing but stones. Only monuments of remembrance remained there. I could not believe THAT was Treblinka. It was very forceful to be unable to see anything and, at the same time, to see everything.

Majdanek was our destination the next day. We arrived after a 6 minute trip from the old Yeshiva that we visited in Lublin. When I stepped on the ground fear took hold of me, although I knew that nothing would happen to me. I knew that there I was seeing everything I would tell later on, and I knew I was not alone; I counted on a group of friends that supported me every time I needed it.

To see Majdanek with my own eyes was horrible. Absolutely everything remained in the place and, even worse, it was only a little more than 500 meters from town.

A very heavy air invites you to come in, going through green fields, and walking on the side of the barracks, entering the gas chamber, where it was unbearable to listen to our steps and the creaking of the wood. Between tears and sobs I accomplished going in hand in hand with a friend. There, we listened to some stories of survivors that had gone through the chambers and, for some fortuitous reason, they were able to return to the barracks and sleep that night.

That camp was like a ghost town: crossing the barbed wires and seeing the barracks, entering the crematorium and then seeing the ashes. It was an overwhelming day for us, but we were able to bear it because, in spite of the enormous pain and sadness that we might be feeling, we knew deep inside ourselves that we had to see it, we had to transmit it. After saying *Kaddish* by that monument where the ashes lay, we sang the *Hatikvah*. I closed my eyes and felt myself getting goose bumps. One could see my pride in being Jewish and, with tears in our eyes we sang the anthem of the State of Israel. It gave me much peace to be able to sing it, and in spite of being there I knew that in the end I would get on the bus and would leave that place.

Thus we continued with our *masah* (itinerary) visiting places that were important for the Polish Jews, until the 5th of May arrived, a day that will be marked for the rest of my life, a day that will be history, a day when more than 18 thousand people from all over the world joined in the March of the Living. We arrived by train, and we began to march. I could not stop raising my head to look ahead, and then look behind, and see the amount of people that were there. It was something amazing, something very nice and very touching: seeing the amount of people that were getting together to fight and to say: "Never again!"

The day had a very emotional ending, full of sensations, opinions, memories, laughter, and experiences that came up at that moment. We shared with people from other countries. We met young people from France, Israel and Mexico, and exchanged memories, laughter and experiences.

We finished the day traveling to Israel, where a week of great significance and pure joy was awaiting us. I boarded the plane, closed my eyes, and fell asleep. When I woke up we had arrived in *Eretz* Israel.

The first thing I did when I stepped on the ground was kiss it. After that I was the happiest person in the world.

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We traveled to Tel Aviv, went to Tzfat, the city of *Kabbalah*, we sailed on the Kineret, and went to Ramat Hagolan. We also were in Carmel, and one of the nicest things was going to Independence Hall where, after listening to a brief lecture I wanted to stay and live in Israel. We had an opportunity to visit the *Yad Vashem* museum; the new museum that was built in Jerusalem is a very meaningful place.

We were sharing *Erev Yom Hazikaron* with some young Boy Scouts from *Maccabim*, and after so much happiness we felt that we had to remember the fallen in the wars suffered by our land.

The next day we went to Massada, where we learned the history and saw the excavations that are still taking place to further discover what took place on that site. And to cope with the heat we went to the Dead Sea, which was an incomparable experience. It was very funny to be on the water with the whole group. We could not move because we were afraid of the effect that the salty water would have on our faces.

At the end of the day we returned to *Maccabim* and enjoyed the show before *Yom Haatzmaut*. It was beautiful to hold in my hands a flag of Israel and to sing "*Hatikvah*", to dance and to laugh. It was something perfect.

The next day something very important awaited us: the March for the Living, but in Israel. This march was the opposite of what we had in Poland. Here we danced to the beat of the drums that accompanied us all along the way, and we sang songs that spoke of Israel. This went on until we arrived at the *Kotel*, where we took part in a ceremony with nearly 2000 people (approx.) that had gone to the march in Poland. We kept singing and dancing, all holding hands and, with flags that flew in the sky, we sang the "*Hatikvah*" that signaled the end of the celebration.

Once we were at the *Kotel* we drew nearer with a group of girls, to pray and to deposit the wishes we had brought.

Later on, at the end of the night, we had a concert where all the young people that had traveled shared more dances, jumping, tears, joy, while everyone, in spite of coming from different parts of the world, sang the same songs. Once again, to end this celebration to mark the evening of *Yom Haatzmaut* in Israel, we sang the "*Hatikvah*". This time was the most moving, seeing the whole group, 40 people embracing, and the flags flying in the center of the circle while we were singing the anthem. It was the perfect picture that I am carrying with me from this trip: to be in Israel, celebrating *Yom Haatzmaut*, with a group of friends and, with tears in my eyes, looking at the sky and saying: "Thank You, G-d, thank You for making this trip possible."

To conclude I would like to tell you something else: Make this trip, march for life. raise your voices to say: "Never again!", and just as it is my duty to teach, to show and to tell everything I experienced, you too have to be witnesses, and feel proud of being Jews. That is how I feel, proud of having taken this *Masah*, happy having shared with a spectacular group such an experience, and with a huge obligation to teach, to never remain silent and never to forget.

"At that moment one had to be strong and lift one's head marching towards death, but here and now is a starting point. Let us join our forces, let us March for Life."

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ISRAEL IN SEARCH OF THE LIMITS OF DISSIDENCE

by Claudio Epelman

The modern State of Israel was born as the realization of a two thousand year old dream of the Jewish Diaspora. From the beginning of Zionism until the present time, Jews from all latitudes arrived and continue to arrive in Israel to become part of a Jewish State project. They bring different traditions, idiosyncrasies and their particular vision of the problems that Israel faces.

Thus the map of Israel was formed, with a great variety of multicolored mosaics that created a society with different expressions of religious life going from the most liberal to the most observant.

However, this society searched for elements of cohesiveness that would become common denominators in the creation of a modern state.

In this sense, the Israel Defense Army occupies a central place, since it makes a profound impression in the young people from different currents of political, ideological, and religious opinion of the nation.

This society faced in recent days a strategic challenge vital to its continuity with the disengagement from the Gaza strip. The topic was and is controversial in itself, and it was thoroughly discussed. The idea had its detractors and its supporters.

Several of the opponents, with the support of some rabbis, exhorted the Gaza soldiers to disobey orders to vacate the Gaza strip, thus creating a fissure of the religious front in the Israel Defense Army. The soldiers had to make a choice: to obey their superiors, or their rabbis.

The religious leaders, certainly using supportive arguments that embody their intimate convictions, called for disobedience and opposition to a plan that was proposed by the Government, ratified by the Parliament and authorized by the Judiciary, all of these powers of the Republic in a democratic state like Israel.

In the interaction of democracy there is room for diverse ideas, debates, dissidence, but also this same interaction of democracy affirms that when a decision ratified by the powers of the State is reached we must obey the law. To call for disobedience using faith only eats away at the democratic foundation of the State and breaks up the monolithic spirit of an army that, besides ensuring the defense of the State of Israel helps to build common denominators and shapers of the identity of the Israeli society.

Luckily, Israel as a whole showed its maturity since, in spite of the dissidences and the antidemocratic appeals of some leaders, it manifested its respect and commitment to democracy and the rule of State Law.

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Trip to Israel UJCL 2005

MY TRIP TO ISRAEL

by Arnoldo Castro (El Salvador)

What a trip! It was unlike any other, but it was one of the most longed for in my life, as it meant getting to know your ancestral land that connects you with your past and with the existence of your identity, That long awaited encounter arrived on July 21st of the present year. When we landed at Ben Gurion, imposing as all modern airports in the world, I headed for a taxi to take me to Jerusalem, starting point for this trip that would last for nine days. On the highway, on the way to my destination, I met a moon as full as a round Swiss cheese, and as charming as a dewy light that lit my way. The trip was almost an hour long, giving me time to perceive the first rays of light greeting me from the city that is a center of the world.

I was impatient to look through the car window. Not for a minute was I restful seeing the streets and those peculiarities in the construction of the houses that, at sunrise, looked like golden walls surrounding my arrival at the Ariel Hotel.

When I got off the taxi around 6 in the morning I saw a group of young people that were serving in the Israel Defense Force sitting at the entrance of the hotel. As I later understood this situation is part and parcel of the daily life of every young Israeli who reaches the age of eighteen, and the people notice their presence in the city as most natural.

We had a chance to visit, together with the group from Aruba, *Yad Vashem*, the Museum of the Shoa, where I could perceive with my heart and my mind a reality that penetrated the deepest corner of my soul, impacted by the Dantesque images of fear and pain of my people. We also visited the *Machane Yehudah* Market in Jerusalem, famous for its merchants who, at the top of their voices, offer their products that range from meats and fruits to bread and desserts. They are even more intense at five hours from the start of the *Shabbat*. People run, as did we, to the hotel after some shopping, to get ready to welcome the *Shabbat*.

We could not miss the city tour to the *Yamin Moshe* and *Mishkenot Sheananim* sections and, finally, the Wailing Wall. My personal experience there was different from my expectations. I had thought I would possibly be touched to tears but it was not like that. When I saw it, I was overcome with a feeling of peace, more intense than I had up to then experienced in the city.

Later on, in Jerusalem, we visited Hebrew University, Hadassah Hospital, and the *Knesset* (Parliament). Afterwards we toured the country from west to east, and from south to north. Places like Massadah, the

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Dead Sea, Eilat, *Kibbutz G'vulot*, Carmiel, Tzfat, the mystic town of *Kabbalah*, Rosh Hanikrah, Haifa (the Technion, Tel Aviv-Yaffo (Museum of the Diaspora).

At the end, the farewell is sad, but you have the sensation that you will return to this land that you so much feel as yours, as it was well said by Isaac Slepoy (tour guide together with Amir). When he asked me how I felt in Israel, I told him:

“It’s like being home” and he immediately replied “You are home!”. Then one realizes that the experience of the Jew in Israel is not distant from ours in the Diaspora, because at the bottom of our heart and our being, beats a Jewish soul.

I am a Jew!

By Cheryle Tacher

What can I say about my trip to Israel this summer that hasn’t already been mentioned by someone else? I’ve thought long and hard about this and have come up with the following conclusion. My trip was fantastic in that I am a Jew! It’s that simple. I was drawn to my motherland, because I am a Jew. I made the journey, because I am a Jew. I prayed at the Wall, because I am a Jew. I ached for my brothers and sisters, because I am a Jew. I rejoiced in their happiness, because I am a Jew. And so it goes.

It mattered not where I was in Israel, I showered myself in the pride of those who made a homeland for me to visit. I gloried in their accomplishments and wished I could have worked side by side with them as they toiled on the land which I am now able to call my own. The flourishing desert. The crowded cities. The remnants of our ancestors so dear to our hearts. All this and more as I savored every moment in the Promised Land.

And promised it is! The malls are busy, the beaches bustling, the promenades filled with curious faces and carefree dancers. In spite of everything going on around them, the people were full of life, living it to the fullest. Each with their own story. All with no regrets. Oh, how I envied them and vowed to join them one day soon.

From Haifa to the Negev. From Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. It’s my land. It belongs to me. It always has. It always will. Because I am a Jew!

Next year in Jerusalem!

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T E X T U R E S

How I loved to play with my one-year-old grandson! Many times I had the distinct feeling that I was the one who was learning, for he brought with him the sweet innocence and the bright smile, and looked at life with fresh eyes and an inquisitive mind. I, however, had a heavier baggage of experiences and many miles traveled, sometimes groping for meaning, still wondering.

Amongst his many children's books there was one that he loved, about colors and textures. The softness of satin, the roughness of sand, the comfort of a soft woolen blanket, the porosity of an orange skin. He felt them countless times. He guided my fingers through them, and smiled knowingly.

Suddenly, as I reminisce, the relationship to Judaism becomes very clear: it can be porous, to absorb new ideas and thoughts that enable it to evolve, but also rough to resist those who seek to destroy it, comforting to those who, over the centuries, have taken refuge in it, and soft to those blessed ones who embrace it wholeheartedly, without questioning. Yes, it takes many textures, but they all blend into a beautiful and intricate mosaic that, like the images of a kaleidoscope, is forever changing.

To know this we have to touch it, come into contact with it and wrestle with its multiple subtexts that stir our souls. They cause us to raise the questions that will bring about new understandings.

We have always distinguished ourselves by our many textures. May this be a time of discovery, of realizing that all of them enrich us and none should be discarded. May it be a time of unity and love between brothers in Israel, with the profound conviction that we are One People facing multiple challenges, who can accommodate a wide gamut of opinions, and still preserve our hard earned freedom and democracy.

Martha E. Lichtenstein
August 2005 / Av 5765