



Flushing-Fresh Meadows Jewish Center

193-10 Peck Avenue ✧ Flushing, New York 11365 (718) 357-5100

THE BULLETIN

March-April, 2013
Vol 8, No.6

Adar-Nisan-Iyar 5773
Rabbi Gerald M. Solomon
Cantor Aaron Katz

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

Friday, March 1

Mincha/Maariv.....5:15P.M.
Candle Lighting Time.....5:28P.M.

Saturday, March 2

Parashat Ki Tissa/Parah
Shabbat Services.....9:00A.M.
Shabbat Ends.....6:38P.M.

Friday, March 8

- Mincha/Maariv.....5:30P.M.
Candle Lighting Time.....5:36P.M.

Saturday, March 9

Parshiot Vayakhel-Pikudei
Hachodesh-Shabbat Mevarchim Services.....
.....9:00A.M.
Shabbat Ends.....6:45 PM

Friday, March 15

Mincha/Maariv.....6:30P.M.
Candle Lighting Time.....6:43P.M.

Saturday, March 16

Parashat Vayikra
Shabbat Services.....9:00A.M.
Shabbat Ends.....7:53P.M.

Friday, March 22

Mincha/Maariv.....6:45P.M.
Candle Lighting Time.....6:51P.M.

Saturday, March 23- Parashat Tzav

Shabbat Hagadol Services.....9:00A.M.
Shabbat Ends.....8:00P.M.

PASSOVER

Sunday, March 24

Search for Chametz.....After 8:00P.M.

Monday, March 25

Erev Pesach - Fast of the First Born
Services.....7:00A.M.

Latest Time for Eating

Chametz.....10:34A.M.

Latest Time for Annuling

Chametz.....11:48A.M.

Candle Lighting - First Evening of

Passover.....6:54P.M.

Mincha/Maariv.....T.B.A

Tuesday, March 26

First Day Passover Services.....9:00A.M.

Tuesday, March 26

Candle Lighting - Second Evening of

Passover.....8:04P.M.

Mincha/Maariv.....T.B.A

Wednesday, March 27

Second Day Passover Services.....9:00A.M.

Festival Ends.....8:05P.M.

Friday, March 29

Second Day Chol Hamoed

Mincha/Maariv6:45P.M.

Candle Lighting Time.....6:58P.M.

Saturday, March 30

Shabbat Chol Hamoed

Passover Services.....9:00A.M.

Sabbath Ends.....8:08P.M.

Sunday, March 31

Mincha/Maariv.....7:00 PM

Candle Lighting Time:.....7:00P.M.

Monday, April 1

Seventh Day of Passover Services.....9:00A.M.

Mincha/Maariv - Eighth Evening of

Passover.....T.B.A

Candle Lighting Time.....8:10P.M.

SCHEDULE (continued)**Tuesday, April 2**

Eighth Day of Passover Services.....9:00A.M.
Yizkor.....10:45A.M.
 Festival Ends.....8:11P.M.

Friday, April 5

Mincha/Maariv.....7:00P.M.
 Candle Lighting Time.....7:05P.M.

Saturday, April 6 - Parashat Shemini

Shabbat Mevarchim Services.....9:00A.M.
 Shabbat Ends.....8:15P.M.

YOM HA-SHOAH**Sunday, April 7**

Mincha and Program.....T.B.A.

Friday, April 12 -

Mincha/Maariv.....7:00P.M.
 Candle Lighting Time.....7:13P.M.

Saturday, April 13

Parshiot Tazria/Metzora - Shabbat Services.....9:00A.M.
 Shabbat Ends.....8:22P.M.

Friday, April 19

Mincha/Maariv.....7:00P.M.
 Candle Lighting Time.....7:20P.M.

Saturday, April 20 -

Parshiot Achrei/Kedoshim - Shabbat Services.....9:00A.M.
 Shabbat Ends.....8:30P.M.

Friday, April 26

Mincha/Maariv.....7:00P.M.
 Candle Lighting Time.....7:27P.M.

Saturday, April 27

Parashat Emor - Shabbat Services.....9:00A.M.
 Shabbat Ends.....8:37P.M.

CENTER NEWS

To increase the security of FFMJC we are currently in the process of adding video monitoring of the building and increased lighting around the premises.

CONDOLENCES

To **Flora Margolin** on the passing of her beloved husband Leon. Leon was an active member of FFMJC for many years.

Condolences also to his children Judy, Gary and Karen who attended our Hebrew School and were Bar/Bat Mitzvah at our Shul. May his memory be a blessing to you and all his friends here at FFMJC.

MAZEL TOV

Matthew Biscardi, the son of Leslie Biscardi has made the Dean's list at Utica Institute of Technology. Way to Go Matt!

THANK YOU

Flora Margolin would like to thank everyone for their kind expressions of sympathy on the loss of her beloved Husband, Leon

A NOTE ON GIVING***FROM OUR CHUMASH IN PARASHAT TERUMAH***

Who do I give to and how do I give? Guidance is found in the biblical text itself where it says that the Terumah, the portion which is to be donated as G-d's portion shall be one from the person "whose heart motivates him." Giving from the heart - wholeheartedly is what is meant and without the least reluctance. Guidance is also found in the etymology of the word Terumah in the Parasha. The word Terumah, according to Rashi implies a separation of a portion of one's resources to be set aside for a higher purpose. According to Rabbi Hirsch, the root of the word Terumah is Resh, Vav, Mem, which spells "rom," meaning "to uplift." "Thus the effect of these contributions was to elevate the giver and his idea of the purpose of the wealth with which G-d had blessed him." Proper giving is identified then, by its having uplifted the giver. Proper charity must be given with an open hand and with an open heart as well as an open mind. These are important ideas to remember as we enter into both Purim and Passover - holidays which mandate that we give - and give appropriately to those in need.

RGMS

ATTN. SNOWBIRDS

Please let the Office know when you will be back in New York so that you will continue to receive notices.



RABBI'S MESSAGE

MOSES, LEADERSHIP AND THE HALF SHEKEL

Shabbat Shekalim: A Spiritual Prelude to Passover

Shabbat Shekalim or the Sabbath of the Shekel which we observed on February 9th is the first of four special Sabbaths preceding Passover and serves as do the others in helping us to appropriately prepare our hearts and minds for the upcoming Z'man Cherutenu, the Festival of our Freedom.

To be a good leader, it has been taught, one must often stand alone. He/she must focus on the goal at hand and let nothing disturb that focus lest the goal not be realized. Many leaders throughout human history didn't care what others thought and were quite successful. When we go to the extreme in our leadership to the point that we don't care what others think, we run the risk of failure. Even when we are doing the right thing, when our focus is on some truly good cause, when our goal is a noble one, a good leader keeps in touch with his/her constituents, those he/she is leading as much as possible. Yes, leading is often a lonely profession as, in fact, there are to be, according to the Almighty's design, more followers than leaders.

Moses heard from G-d that every Jew should give half a shekel as a donation to the maintenance of the sanctuary and its sacrifices and as a means of taking the census. He couldn't understand fully the Almighty's meaning so he prayed for guidance. G-d reached under His throne and took out a shekel of fire and showed it to Moshe, "zeh yitnu". "This they shall give." (Yerushalmi Shekalim 1; 4).

Moshe had one big question. Why only a half? Shouldn't a Jew give something whole? Moses understood the profound implication. A Jew can not stand alone. Alone, he or she is only half a Jew! No matter how much an individual experiences spiritual growth, a Jew by himself/herself can never grow larger than a half. I am not referring here to the blessings of married life. A Jew to be complete must have other Jews to complete him/her. One cannot be a good Jew, a commandment fulfilling, law abiding Jew, if such a Jew is separated from other Jews. Unaffiliated Jews are indeed a sad and unfulfilled category of Jews. As long as they remain disconnected from their people, they remain spiritually deficient, sadly, never knowing what they are missing. They

remain half Jewish even though they are halachically full Jews.

In recent decades, at certain junctures, it may have been considered chic to be a non conformist and not join a synagogue or any other avenue of Jewish affiliation. How many times have I heard people say that they don't believe in institutionalized religion, therefore they don't connect with the synagogue. I often wondered, what do they believe in? If they have something better than institutionalized religion, I'd like to know what it is?

What did this mean to Moses personally, this half shekel, half a person idea? Although no one cared about his fellow Jews more than Moses, Moses was a loner. When he lived in the palace of the Pharaoh in Egypt he was alone. When he ran out of Egypt he ran alone. As a shepherd in Midian he walked the fields all alone. When he stood at the burning bush he stood alone. He left his wife and children and went to Egypt - all alone. He stood at Mt. Sinai all alone, for 40 days and 40 nights. Moses did it all on his own. He was independent and had very little social interaction. But his life was intimately bound up with his people's lives, notwithstanding.

Moses, our greatest political and spiritual leader was the greatest altruist. Did he not say to G-d when G-d confronted Him with the threat of killing the Jewish people following the incident of the Golden Calf, if you kill them, erase my name from your book also? Moses, the lonely leader, "the lonely man of faith" was bound spiritually to his people. This spiritual bond which exists between Jews is in need of further exploration and analysis.

We need to integrate the idea that alone, we are but a fraction of what we could be, alone we are just half a shekel. Moses' life demonstrates that fulfillment comes to an individual when he/she experiences the spiritual bond which unites us to each other and thereby the basis is formed for our unification with G-d. Most of our people, I submit, require the physical coming together, the social coming together of the Jewish people, in order to acquire the basic human spiritual fulfillment. Moses didn't need to socialize with the people, he loved them unconditionally and was himself fulfilled by that love. But he was with them constantly. The unification He had with G-d came as a result of his direct encounters with G-d and his ongoing fulfillment of the will of G-d.

"G-d took out a shekel of fire from beneath His holy-

throne.” Under His throne is where G-d stores the still to be created Neshamot, (souls). (Zohar Lech Lecha) The word Shekel has the same numerical value as Nefesh, soul (430), a truth revealing commonality.

*In this fiery vision G-d showed Moses a complete soul and behold it was two halves joined making a whole. He gave Moses a lesson in what would later be known by some as Kabbalistic doctrine. The complete soul that is stored beneath G-d's holy throne is divided in parts and every person is given half of a soul. No one can make it on their own; alone a person is only half a soul. He or she must find another Jew, help another Jew, love another Jew, bond with another Jew and become a completed soul.

This is an important message for all of us especially as we enter the season of Passover. It sometimes seems so much easier to take a step back from society, and not be a joiner, not be a part of the crowd. People often get in the way of spirituality some say, mistakenly. These people don't seem to realize that true spirituality results from successful interpersonal relationships. I'd rather isolate myself. I'd rather go to a place where there is purity, they say. I'd rather run to a place where there is no slander, no hate, no stealing and no jealousy, they argue. One cannot escape this world and for good reason. We grow through relating with each other. We cannot grow without each other. Human interaction is essential to our well being. Those who seek separation from their fellow Jews are a sorry lot indeed. What a waste of their spiritual lives!! By ourselves we are a broken shekel. We must be involved with other Jews. Not even Moses could make it on his own. The message of the Half Shekel is: Do not alienate yourself from your people. As the Perek teaches: “Do not separate yourself from the community.” We need each other to complete each other. May all our people come to realize this truth. The great message of the half shekel is: Return to your people, O' Israel.

Best wishes for a happy, healthy and kosher Passover as well as a zeesen Pesach,
Rabbi Gerald M. Solomon

SISTERHOOD

We are so proud of our Sisterhood and all that we do, thanks to a small handful of volunteers that keep things going throughout the whole year. Rave reviews have been coming in about the Purim Luncheon.; the plentiful food, the wonderful entertainer and the whole enjoyable celebration of the holiday. Thank you to Bette Glasser for chairing the party with the able assistance of Shari Zuber. Thank you to those who helped serve; Irene Dresner, Anita Bernstein and Anita Seelig. Thank you to all who came to celebrate Purim with your Synagogue family.

The first Sisterhood meeting of the Spring is scheduled for Thursday, April 11th. Since it is right after Passover we are going to view a delightful film about the Holiday. Watch for the flyer for further details.

The book club has been meeting every month. The next books are: March 21,” The Commoner” by John Burnham Schwartz and on April 25, “Defending Jacob” by William Landay.. We are happy to report that the Book Club is sending a donation for M'Shalach Manot to an organization for the Poor. Thank you to the members of the club, and to Bette Glasser who keeps the club going, and to all those who volunteer to lead the discussions and all those who come.

Watch for the resumption of the exercise class in April.

We look forward to greeting you at all our activities.
Marilyn Brown and Joan Levine
Sisterhood Co-Presidents

Articles Wanted

Do you have a story, poem or article that you would like to share with our members, or any suggestions as to what you would like to see in the Bulletin?

We want to hear from you.

All articles must be submitted typed, single space.

All suggestions may be written, typed or phoned to the Editor, Zach Levine, 718-428-4120

A Shoebox of Hyphens

Sitting in my maternal grandmother's kitchen around age seven, watching her clip her fingernails into a cardboard shoebox, I told her I'd like a piece of paper and pencil as I was going to write a letter. "Who will you write to from here?" She was not gentle as she closed the cardboard lid. Eventually, I knew she'd burn the fingernails as she said she shouldn't throw them out. I didn't want to know why since I thought it was strange, and she'd probably scold me in Yiddish, which I didn't understand, just for questioning her. She yelled at me for not saying the Sh'ma at the right hour in the morning, so asking why she just didn't cut her fingernails and toss them in a paper trash bag would have me squirming.

I told her I wanted the notepaper because I was grateful to G-d for my family and wanted to thank Him. I fingered my glistening marcasite star that Grandpa had given me for my birthday, for which my parents had instructed me to write a thank-you note. I wanted to thank G-d in the same way for blessing our family. Grandma informed me that I could never ever write that name by spelling it out else the paper would have to be burned. She carefully showed me: G-d. "See!" She demanded, "That little line is for the 'o'. You can never write His name." As with the fingernails, I didn't ask why, figuring I'd ask my mom later.

So, that morning, I knew that G-d definitely was a man, and His name on paper was as important as fingernails that couldn't be tossed in a trash bag. I figured He was as good and magical as Elijah at Passover. I was growing up hearing 'thank G-d' and 'G-d willing' out of my parents' mouths—more proof of His magic. "Omnipotent" and "omniscient" were the words I found to describe G-d in the prayer books during the High Holiday services. I was thrilled that each Yom Kippur G-d would judge what was just and fair. I liked this idea of having someone I couldn't touch, yet who could touch me and everyone else on the entire planet. And we'd all be like one big friendship circle because of Him.

During elementary school, I wondered why, if there was a G-d who was just, he allowed students to say such hateful phrases to me just because I wasn't Christian? Why did pogroms take place in Russia? Why did I hear whispers about Jewish people being rounded up and killed in Germany? Where was the omnipotent, omniscient Being at this time? How does one, with such power, see and know everything yet not make people kinder to one another? I tried to reconcile power and not using power. When I asked my Sunday school teachers these questions, they never answered. They would sometimes pretend I didn't have my hand raised; if I stopped the rabbi after class to ask, he said he was too busy. I started to wonder...maybe the rabbi had no answers and that is why he was irritated by my questions!

By high school, after learning the word "allegory" in English class, I decided that Genesis was an allegory. I mused about the Bible being a way to run society, and that the laws with ritual gave people a roadmap for how to take diverse groups of people and allow them to live together. The Bible also provided a set of standards to help with what cannot be understood, such as death being final. Yet, even with my new beliefs and skepticism, I still believed that heaven was 'up' beyond the clouds, and we'd meet loved ones who would be waiting when our turns came. G-d would do that. I still imagined a G-d who preferred love over indifference or violence.

Feeling particularly appreciative of my family during this time, I decided to write the letter I'd wanted to back when my grandmother taught me about eliminating the 'o' in a name. I propped myself up in bed, grabbed my fountain pen and began: "Dear G-d..." I asked Him to bless my parents and that He would grant them long lives together. I tucked the letter into my leather bound diary believing the All-Seeing would see it. A couple of years later, my father, age 45, had a fatal heart attack while lying on the living room couch. I was enraged...one request to G-d in my whole life--not even for me—and He refused to grant it!

Once my anger assuaged, my beliefs switched again. I felt that G-d was not able to do everything we asked of Him, and that He must cry looking at his creations and seeing violence. For me to continue to accept G-d, I had to see Him as confused about evil as I was. I decided the question of who shall live and who shall die was based on nothing. I started believing that G-d gave man free-will. Man has chosen to hurt, and the rally cry 'in G-d's name' is to sanction actions. Humans were accountable for their own bad behavior.

Today, when a loved one is in surgery I gravitate to the inter-denominational chapel, clutch the Book of Psalms and read an appropriate one. When the surgery is successful, my thanks are to this Unseen, and I understand my parents' saying 'G-d willing', or 'thank G-d'. In times as this, I'm humbled. An incredible autumn day with leaves swirling off trees seems added proof to me that G-d exists. And I continue to believe that man's free will has caused G-d to grieve. While my concept of the Unseen has somewhat evolved from my childhood innocence, my need is unshaken to have this meaningful Power be a part of life. I still must put a hyphen where the 'o' belongs.

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By Lois Green Stone

Lois is the daughter of a Past President of Flushing Jewish Center.

The article was written in response to a request from a publication of Brandeis which asked her to write of her feelings about G-d and how she perceived him as a child and now as an adult.

THE REBEL: A TPUE STORY FOR YOM HASHOAH, HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE DAY

Reprinted from the Bulletin of the Flushing Jewish Center

By -Dr. Yehuda Shapiro

It was the eve of Shabbos Hanukah, 1964, and Rabbi Shlomo Riskin was getting nervous. It was the 24 year old's first Shabbos as a congregational rabbi, with only a few minutes to go before the sun set, the rabbi was afraid that he'd lack the tenth man for his minyan. Suddenly, a friendly face appeared in the doorway of the small apartment that served as the temporary location of the fledgling congregation. "Shalom aleichem," said the man. "My name is Moshe Chaim Tiefenbrunn. Do you need help with the minyan?" Mr. Tiefenbrunn proved to be a great asset to the new congregation. A Holocaust survivor of 55 with a second family of a wife and two young sons, he showed up for minyan both morning and evening and often led the davening with his melodious voice. Rabbi Riskin found Mr. Tiefenbrunn to be a man of good common sense, generosity, strong Jewish knowledge, and sincere religiosity. His opinion became the one that the rabbi respected most in the congregation. By the time the High Holidays drew near in the fall of 1965, the shul had enough knowledgeable members to lead the Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur services without outside help. Curiously, when Rabbi Riskin asked for volunteers, Mr. Tiefenbrunn was not among them. "I never lead the davening on Rosh Hashanah or Yom Kippur," he said simply, without further explanation. Nonetheless, when it came to choosing the cantor for the Neilah service, the rabbi decided to approach Mr. Tiefenbrunn once more and offer him the special honor of lead-ing Neilah. "After all, Reb Moshe Chaim," said Rabbi Riskin, "you're fully qualified. You're religious, you have a nice voice, you know all the traditional melodies, and unlike other people in the congregation, you haven't tried to pressure me into letting you lead the Neilah service!"

"I hate to refuse you, Rabbi," Mr. Tiefenbrunn responded, "and of course I am greatly honored, but I told you I can't lead the davening on Rosh Hashanah or on Yom Kippur." "But why not?"

Mr. Tiefenbrunn paused a moment. "It's because I ate on Tisha B'Av." "Well, Reb Moshe Chaim, if you were sick last Tisha B'Av and your doctor told you not to fast, it's no sin if you ate and it's certainly no reason not to lead the Neilah service"

"No, Rabbi, you don't understand. I wasn't sick last Tisha B'Av, but I ate anyway, and I wasn't sick the Tisha B'Av before that, but I ate on that fast day as well. In fact, I've been eating on Tisha B'Av for the past twenty years, and if you want to know, Rabbi, I'll tell you.

"Before the war we all lived in a small town near the border between Poland and Germany. By 'we' I mean me, my first wife and our children, my parents, and my brothers and sisters and their families. My parents had some money and they owned a dacha, a summer house, deep in the Polish woods. When the war broke out they said to the rest of us, 'Look, we

remember the German army from the First World War, and they weren't so bad. They didn't touch any of the women, children, or old people. The only problem was that they conscripted all the young men into the army, and that was very hard on the young men. So here's our advice: The young men in the family should leave Poland right away and stay away until the war is over, and the rest of us should stay in the dacha in the forest during this time. Maybe the Germans won't notice us, but even if they do, we'll probably be safe. After all, can a civilized people like the Germans really change so much in just a generation?" "And so we all took their advice. I left my family in the dacha and headed east, and I went so far east that I ended up in China, in the city of Shanghai to be precise, in the ghetto that the Japanese had set up for the Jewish ref-ugees. Life in the Shanghai ghetto was not very alive, and I dreamed of the day when I finally would be able to return to Poland and reunite with my wife, my children, my parents, and the rest of my mishpochah.

"But as the war continued, the Jews in Shanghai began to hear terrible news about what was happening to their families and friends trapped behind in Europe. My parents had been wrong: The so-called 'civilized' Germans had in fact changed a lot since the First World War and now they were nothing but a pack of bloodthirsty beasts. I couldn't sleep at night worrying that my parents may have been wrong in a second matter, as well: Was my family in the dacha in the forest really safe?

"Finally, at the end of 1944, I received a telegram from Poland. My hands trembled so badly I could hardly open it. But the news it contained was good: The entire family in the dacha had been saved! The telegram had been sent by an elderly cousin, who had stayed in the dacha with the others. It would be impossible to describe the feelings of relief and joy that I felt. Quickly I borrowed from whomever I could and prepared a big kiddush for that Shabbos in the shul of the Shanghai Jewish community as a way of thanking G-d for saving my family from the Nazis."

At this point in the story Mr. Tiefenbrunn stopped and his eyes filled with tears. It took a few moments before he could regain his composure to continue. "That Friday afternoon, not long before candle lighting time, I was summoned to see the rabbi of the community at his home. As gently as possible, he informed me that he had just received the official list of those Jews from my home town who had survived the war and unfortunately, the names of my family were not on the list - except for the name of the cousin who had sent me the telegram "HOW can this be?" I demanded to know. 'My cousin said that the entire family had been saved, and he is certainly not a liar. Look, I have his telegram right here. Read it for yourself!

"The rabbi looked at the telegram, and then he handed it back to me. 'Please look at the return address,' he said quietly. For the first time I noticed that the telegram had been sent from a sanitarium.

"Your cousin managed to survive the war in body, the rabbi informed me, but the suffering that he went through deranged his mind, and he is now being hospitalized in a sanitarium for

the mentally ill. What he wrote in his tele-gram are things that his broken mind desperately wishes were true, but in fact are not true. I'm very, very sorry."

"When I walked out of the rabbi's house, my throat was choked with tears and my heart was full of rage. I looked up at heaven and I screamed, 'There is no Judge and there is no Judgment!' I tore my yarmulke off my head and I threw it into the dirt!. 'That's it, I thought to myself 'No more! No more Torah, no more mitzvos, no more Yiddishkeit, no more Jew' But then I took myself in hand. If I were to throw away the traditions of my ancestors, then the loved ones I lost in the Holocaust - those who died only because they were Jews - will have lived in vain and will have died in vain. I could not allow that to happen. I had a responsibility to give their lives and deaths-meaning by preserving those values by which they lived and for which they died. No, I would not give Hitler, Yimach shmo, yet another victory!

And so I went home and that evening I actually lit the Shabbos candles and made the blessing over them. In fact, I continued to observe all the mitzvos But the following summer, when the fast of Tisha B'Av came around, I said to myself, 'So far, but no further! I will not fast on Tisha B'Av! This will be my private rebellion against G-d, Who for reasons unknown remained silent while His most precious children were being murdered. And so for the last twenty years I've eaten on Tisha B'Av, and while it's strange to say this, Rabbi, I believe that it's because I can express my rebellion against G-d by eating on Tisha B'Av, that I can continue to do all the other mitzvos. But as long as I eat on Tisha B'Av, Rabbi I know that I'm not worthy of leading any of the davening on Rosh Hashanah or Yom Kippur."

For a while Rabbi Riskin could not speak. Finally he took Mr. Tiefenbrunn's hand in his own and whispered, "Reb Moshe Chaim, perhaps you would consider leading Neilah this Yom Kippur, and fasting next Tisha B'Av."

"Neilah I can't lead," Mr. Tiefenbrunn replied, "but if you think I'm worthy of leading another part of the davening - say, Shachris on Rosh Hashanah morning - then, Rabbi I'll do it." Mr. Tiefenbrunn did lead the Shacharis service on Rosh Hashanah morning - in-deed, he led it for both days of Yom Tov - and the following summer he informed Rabbi Riskin that for the first time since 1944, he would be fasting on Tisha B'Av: "I've decided that the time has finally come to end my private rebellion against G-d."

How Jews Got Their Names

Other than aristocrats and wealthy people Jews did not get surnames in Eastern Europe until the Napoleon years of the early 19th century.

Most of the Jews from countries captured by Napoleon, Russia, Poland, and Germany were ordered to get surnames for tax purposes. After Napoleon's defeat, many Jews dropped these names and returned to "son of" names such as: MENDEL-SOHN, JACOBSON, LEVINSON, etc.

During the so called Emancipation, Jews were once more ordered to take surnames. In Austria The Emperor Joseph made Jews take last names in the late 1700s, Poland in 1821 and Russia in 1844. It's probable that some of our families have had last names for 175 years or less.

In France and the Anglo Saxon countries surnames went back to the 16th century. Also Sephardic Jews had surnames stretching back centuries.

Spain prior to Ferdinand and Isabella was a golden spot for Jews. They were expelled by Isabella in the same year that Columbus left for America. The earliest American Jews were Sephardic.

In general there were Five types of names (people had to pay for their choice of names; the poor had assigned names):

1-- Names that were descriptive of the head of household:

> Examples:

- > HOCH (tall) ,
- > KLEIN (small),
- > COHEN (rabbi) ,
- > BURGER (village dweller),
- > SHEIN (good looking),
- > LEVI (temple singer),
- > GROSS (large),
- > SCHWARTZ (dark or black),
- > WEISS (white),
- > KURTZ (short)

2 -- Names describing occupations:

> Examples:

- > HOLTZ (wood)
- > HOLTZKOCKER (wood chopper),
- > GELTSCHMIDT (goldsmith),
- > SCHNEIDER (tailor),
- > KREIGSMAN (warrior),
- > MALAMED (teacher)
- > EISEN (iron),
- > FISCHER (fish)

> > 3-- Names from city of residence:

> Examples:

- > BERLIN,
- > FRANKFURTER,
- > DANZIGER,
- > OPPENHEIMER,
- > DEUTSCH (German)
- > POLLACK (Polish),
- > BRESLAU,
- > MANNHEIM,
- > CRACOW,
- > WARSHAW

> > 4 -- Bought names:

> Examples:

- > GLUCK (luck),
- > ROSEN (roses),
- > ROSENBLATT (rose paper or leaf),
- > ROSENBERG (rose mountain),
- > ROTHMAN (red man),
- > DIAMOND,
- > KOENIG (king),
- > KOENIGSBERG (king's mountain),
- > SPIELMAN (spiel is to play),
- > LIEBER (lover),
- > BERG (mountain),
- > WASSERMAN (water dweller),

MARCH, 2013

ADAR/NISAN, 5773

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1  5:28	2 ²⁰ Adar KiTissa <i>Ends 6:38</i>
3	4	5	6	7	8  5:36	9 ²⁷ Adar Vayakhel/ Piudei <i>Ends 6:45</i>
10	11	12 Rosh Chodesh	13	14	15  6:43	16 ⁵ Nisan Vayikrah <i>Ends 7:53</i>
17	18	19	20	21 Sisterhood Book Club "The Com- moner" 10:30	22  6:51	23 ¹² Nisan Tsav <i>Ends 8:00</i>
24	25 Erev Passover 1st Seder  6:45	26 1st Day Passover 2nd Seder  8:04	27 2nd Day Passover <i>Ends 8:05</i>	28 <i>Chol hamoed Passover</i>	29 <i>Chol hamoed Passover</i>  6:58	30 <i>Chol hamoed Passover</i> <i>Ends 8:08</i>
31 <i>Chol hamoed Passover</i>						

APRIL, 2013

NISAN/IYAR. 5773

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
31 <i>Chol Hamoed</i> <i>Passover</i>  7:00	1 7th Day of Passover  8:10	2 Eighth Day of Passover Yizkor <i>Ends 8:10</i>	3	4	5  7:05	6 <i>26 Nisan</i> Shemini <i>Ends 8:15</i>
7 Yom Hashoah	8	9	10 <i>30 Nisan</i> Rosh Chodesh	11 <i>1 Iyar</i> Rosh Chodesh Sisterhood Luncheon 12 noon	12  7:13	13 <i>3 Iyar</i> Tazria/Metzora <i>Ends 8:22</i>
14	15 Yom HaZikaron	16 Yom Hatzma'ut	17	18	19  7:20	20 <i>10 Iyar</i> Achrei <i>Ends 8:30</i>
21	22	23	24	25 Sisterhood Book Club "Defending Jacob" 10:30 AM	26  7:27	27 <i>17 Iyar</i> Emor <i>Ends 8:37</i>
28 Lag B'Omer	29	30				