First is the waning morning moon
still almost round above the road
that leads to the west.

And then the shimmer of dew
on the ears of the fountain grass
tall by the synagogue gates.

The yard apples ripening —
If I squint just so, they turn
into red pomegranates.

And look, there, there!
The blue dove flutters
into a lusty copse of maple.

Who can gaze into the sun?
No-one, they say, but I have
seen it flood the sanctuary

When we open the Ark
and rise to comfort
all the mourners of Zion.

by Luther Jett
In Praise of Praise
(In Memory of Mary Oliver 1935 – 2019)

It does not come easy.
The facile jab,
the heart-ripped cry “unfair”—
these are my natural tongue.

The world’s pain,
the body’s frailty,
the shortening clock
are my natural observation.

And yet the trembling dance of light-drunk
maple leaves, the honeyed rose petal,
clouds smudged with the last pink of the day,
the earthworm’s blind progress
through viney spring loam—
all whisper of grace, of praise.

by Eileen Sirota, from Out of Order,
Finishing Line Press, 2020

We lovingly remember
our members who died this past year:

Elise Josephson
Anne Mazonson
Sam Seeman
Robert Sheon
Allen John Togut

May their memory be for a blessing.

In Memory Of

Annabel Abraham
Bernard Abraham
Oren Carmi Abraham
Irving Steinhorn
Laura Steinhorn

Barbara Abrams
Mollie & Herman Abrams
Charlotte Skoler

Margit Seidel, Kay Abram’s paternal aunt
Hermann Kosak
Edith Abramowitz

Harry & Gertrude Ackerman
Robert Lipton

Neil Mony Adato
Perry Miller Adato

Remembered By

Jesse Abraham
Rhoda Abrams
The Abrams family
Michael & Judy Ackerman
Michelle Adato & Steve Horowitz

May their memory be for a blessing.
Deborah Arnold
Jack Arnold
Clara Helsel
Harvey Helsel
Irving Helsel
Sydelle Gordon
Eva Frankel
Abraham Frankel
Hyman Abramowitz

Larry Grossman, beloved father
Melvin & Florence Banks, beloved parents
Edna Knopf, beloved aunt

Louis & Margaret Barkin
Samuel & Doris Chortek
Jennie Chortek

Howard Barsky
Lawrence Mitnick

Sofia & Mikhail Ilyin
Miriam Dizhur & Isaac Kagan
John & Caroline Bartol
Pavel Ilyin

Gerald Baum
Tziporett & Reuven Kohen-Raz
Mina Rosenberg
Zdeni Kohen-Ascher & Kamil Kohen

Margi, Scott, Ian & Sheri Arnold
Margi & Scott Arnold
Scott Arnold
Jaime Banks & Jon Grossman
Robert Barkin & Family
Barsky-Mitnick Family
Mitnick-Barsky Family
Tim, Nadya, Sasha, & Margot Bartol, Elia Kagan
Noa & Stuart Baum

Sam & Esther
Selma & Morgan
Marjorie Wilder
Ben & Norman
Chasya & Max
Frada & Jacob
Isaac & Mary
Selma Sara Goldschmidt
Meier Israel Goldschmidt
Ursula Sara Goldschmidt

Daniel Blackman
Marcy Kahn
Max Lewis Kahn
Seymour Abensohn
Maxine Friedman
Benjamin Shechter
Ginger Shechter
Irene Breman
Joel & Vicki Breman

Beatrice & Bernard Westerman,
Elena’s Grandparents
Beatrice & Charles Broder, Elena’s Grandparents
Fanny & Paul Weiner, Mark’s Grandparents
Louis Feldman, Mark’s Father
Paulette Broder, Elena’s Aunt
Jack Westerman, Elena’s uncle

Ann C. Birk
The Kahn Blackman Family
Breman Tzur Families
Elena Broder-Feldman, Mark Feldman, Ethan & Aaron Feldman
REUNION / TESHUVAH

someday we may meet again
in a field of sharp stones —
having forgotten the words
to all our prayers — having
forgotten our names —
and you may catch the corner
of my eye and as a sign
for you as the sun goes down
I may touch the invisible
fringe that no longer guards
my torso — then simultaneously
we will begin — softly —
surreptitiously — to hum
*Kol Nidre* — for the sins
we have committed — the vows
we have broken and the vows
we are about to break —
and with dark
pulling her mantle around us
we will remember everything —
even in that time when time
has run out for us — we
will remember everything

by Luther Jett; first published in *Beltway Poetry Quarterly*, 2019

---

IN MEMORY OF

Sharon Cohen - mother
Dorothy & Water Cohen - grandparents
Dorothy & Sam Graber - grandparents
Katie Fitter - aunt

Claire Dratch
Joseph Dratch
Ruth Gruber
Philip Michaels
Jen Kessler
Sam Dratch

Michael & Helen Demby
Irving & Doris Driesen

Anna & Louis Fogel

Stan Edelson

Albert & Sylvia Gordon
Beatrice & Jerome Eisemann

Ira Eisenstein
Judith Kaplan Eisenstein

Gertrude Rizzolo
Anna & Jonas Lipson
Freda & Edward Engelman
Rosalind & Irving Epstein

Bernard Epstein

Florence Epstein
Rebecca Epstein Matveyev
Jacob Schwarz

---

REMEMBERED BY

Gordon & Daniel Cohen, Timothy Tubbs

Gail Dratch, David Michaels & Joel & Lila Michaels

Sue & Rabbi George Driesen

The Weiner & Weiner-Dwyer Family

Naomi, Marty & Rafi

Vanessa Eisemann

Miriam R. Eisenstein

Jayme & Jerry Epstein

Jonathan Epstein & Rachel Hersh, Gabriel,
Gideon & Koby

Anna & Jonas Lipson
Freda & Edward Engelman
Rosalind & Irving Epstein

Bernard Epstein

Florence Epstein
Rebecca Epstein Matveyev
Jacob Schwarz
In Memory Of
Sol Feldman
William Blackburn
Rachel Teplin
Isaac & Erna Ruelf
Harry & Miriam Fierst
Lennie Fierst & Caroline Ruelf Fierst
Joseph & Emilie Boyars
Beryl Reynolds
Saundra Katz-Feinberg
Gerrie Katz
Harry Wolman
Irwin H. Spivak
Frances Yoseloff
Martin Yoseloff
Paul Wooff
Nancy Backenheimer Landon
Janice Spivak
Ruth & Irving Gavil
Eve Veis
Walter Zenner, Trude Bing
Jerry Gavil
Esther Paper Gelman
Jacob Doron Gelman Salop
Samuel Paltiel Gelman Salop
Saul & Byrd Kalish Salop
Joseph & Dora Salop
Benjamin & Bella Kalish
Sol & Rose Greenberg Paper
Jerry & Emma Horovitz Gelman
Herbert & Bess Brandwein Paper
Evelyn Paper Himelgrin Rodman
Abraham “Ted” Salop

Remembered By
Eva Feldman
The Fierst Family
The Fox Family
Andy Gavil, Judy Veis, Justin, Noah & Zoe Ruth
The Gelman/Salop Family

- 9 -

In Memory Of
Posey & Saul Rogolsky (my parents)
Henry Coretz
Jennie & Isador Goldenberg
Fay & Harry Gallant
Jerry Phillips
Abbey Goldenberg
Hyman Goldsmith
Rose Goldsmith
Ada Zebberman
Frank Zebberman
Louis Jacobson
Bert Zebberman
Garry Sherman, beloved son
Stanley & Lola Apothaker Green
David & Fruma Wolfson Max
Edwin & Yetta Apothaker
Donald D. Greenstein
Sylvia Stern
I. Herman Stern
Harold Greenwald
Lillian Greenwald
Paul Greenwald
Seena Samuels

Remembered By
Ruth Gnatt
Melissa Coretz Goemann, Richard Goemann, & Ethan & Laura Goemann
Myrna & Neal Goldenberg
Rabbi Manny & Shirley Goldsmith
Jody Green & Ed, Dana, & Sonia Max
Greenstein-Stern Family
The Greenwald/Mehlman Family
The Greenwald/Samuels Family

- 10 -
In Memory Of

Irma M. & Herman Gross
Dora & Solomon Malley
Frank & Rose Gross
Adrienne Carole Kohn
Elizabeth Tytelman Kohn
Herbert Alan Kohn
Ely H. Grossman
Paul J. Grossman
Solomon Halpern
Beatrice Halpern
Andrew Santo, Hungarian immigrant who made
Rose Santo, Inspiring as a mother, dedicated,
unique, a woman of valor loved by all
David Santo, Guitar maker par excellence, composer, musician, performer, loving father &
brother
Esta & Charles Hare
Stanley Glabman
Sam Book
Alan S. Hirshberg
Leon Miller
Marion Miller
Russell Miller
Nancie Miller
Reuben Iglarsh
Bertha Iglarsh
Sarah Fenton
Jeff Brown

Remembered By

Lauren Gross, Hal Segall, Deanna Segall & Hayley
The Grossman Family
Solomon & Beatrice are remembered by their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren
Andrew & Rose are remembered by Naomi &
David is remembered by Naomi, William, Micayla, Julian & Jacob
brother
Martha Hare & Family
Seth Glabman & Martha Hare
Sandy Hayward and Family
Putzi Hirshberg
Harvey & Patti Iglarsh

7/26/98

That flag caught somehow on the roofline slope, draped limp across the shingles, windless, still, is not at half-mast for my father, who, after all, went quietly, without the benefit of cameras or of press.

A silent room — no audience of grief. The muffled cadence faltered, fell, forgot the sweet vicissitude of breath. The sunflower on the dresser dropped its head. The night outside came softly slipping in.

Then there was nothing and around the bed they drew the curtain cloth of palest white that made a room within a room — A place that I have no desire to see. Instead, I count the sunflower’s living seeds.

For days shall pass as we here dream of sun, and flags unfurled, and planets spinning on the cusp of darkness and of light; for there’s a rhythm that does not descend into the quiet room that bears no name.

by Luther Jett, from Not Quite: Poems Written in Search of my Father;
### In Memory Of

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gisella Simon, Susana’s mother</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Janku Simon, Suzana’s father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwin Isaacs, Stephen’s father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvia Isaacs, Stephen’s mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klara Illovits, Susana’s aunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florence Kane, Stephen’s aunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadi Simon, sister in law, aunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna (Annis) Grosz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy Goldsmith Rosenthal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Gordon Jett, Sr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Muncaster Rice Jett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda’s parents Herbert &amp; Jeannette (Powell) Johnson, &amp; her brothers Stephen &amp; David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claude’s parents Katie &amp; Felix Kacser, his beloved Uncle Fredj, &amp; his guardian Uncle Martin Heilbut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holocaust Victims:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claude’s Great-Uncle Soma Kacser;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His cousins Ernst &amp; Flora Heilbut;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Their children Alfred Heilbut &amp; Robert Heilbut &amp; Robert’s wife Annette Dientje Heilbut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claude’s cousin Friederika Caffe, daughter of his beloved Great Aunt Golda Heilbut;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her husband Dorus Caffe, &amp; their daughters, Anita Elisabeth &amp; Hilda Julia Caffe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moe Septee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elmer Kane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cynthia Smith</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Remembered By

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Isaacson Family</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The many visitors at the Holocaust Museum and her loving family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elise, David, Sarah &amp; Eve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luther Jett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda &amp; Claude Kacser, Linda’s son Ari Seder, &amp; Claude’s daughter Hilary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yael Septee &amp; Donald Kane</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### In Memory Of

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Toby Kanefield, Linda’s mother</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Martin Kanefield, Linda’s father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jon Kanefield, Linda’s brother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irving Schneider, father of Norm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul F. Colarulli</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillian Schoolman Kaplan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David L Kaplan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fannie &amp; Israel Kaplan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katie and Sol Schoolman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald &amp; Gertrude Landay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zvi &amp; Jen Tomkiewicz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben &amp; Sophie Bloom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabriel David Landay Hirsch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Kleinman, Frances Kleinman, Sheila Kleinman Sachs, Florence Galer, Philip Green</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yetta Kopp, Louis Kopp, Leah Kleinman, Samuel Kleinman, Isadore Silverman, Hilda Silverman Danay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moe Kopp, Esther Kopp, Harold Kopp, Lilian Kopp, Dinah Kopp Gelson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis Guthman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fern Guthman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arye Kole</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlotte Kole</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Remembered By

| The Kanefield/Schneider Family |
| Susan Kaplan                   |
| The Landay/Kimmel Family       |
| Ted Kleinman & Marsha Cohen    |
| Kleinman Sachs, Florence Galer, Philip Green |
| Yetta Kopp, Louis Kopp, Leah Kleinman, Samuel Kleinman, Isadore Silverman, Hilda Silverman Danay |
| Moe Kopp, Esther Kopp, Harold Kopp, Lilian Kopp, Dinah Kopp Gelson |
| Lewis Guthman                   |
| Noah & Maya Guthman & Adina Kole |
| Fern Guthman                   |
| Arye Kole                      |
| Charlotte Kole                 |
In Memory Of
Sam Stein
Lillian Stein
Israel Korman
Ediza Korman
David Badner
Ester Korman
Hannah Lipman
Peter Wachs
Anita Epstein
Lawrence & Marjorie Simon
Esther & Joseph Kuney
Richard Kuney
Esther & Aaron Kutnick
Miriam & Mayer Lewin
Louis Taub
Betty Lou Willcockson Lacefield
Jesse D. Lacefield, Jr.
Dr. Brigid G. Leventhal
Lynne Lacefield Williams
Stanley Lessne
Irwin Schwartz
Zelda Lessne
Ruth Fried
Rhoda & Theodore Levin
Leah & Sol Shaye
Bella & Albert Zuch
Ethel & Aaron Fried
Irwin B. Levin
Clarice Greenwald
Leona L Levin

Remembered By
Iris & Louis Korman

In Memory Of
Melissa Levine
Morgan Levine-Schenk
Larry Levine
Miriam & Mayer Lewin
The Lewin/Popper Family, Debbie, David, Sam & Jacob
Paul Jaretzki
Harry Leibowitz
Phillip Leibowitz
Henry Lipman
Josie Lipman
Joe Leibowitz
Hannah Lipman
Sara Marks Levy
Susan Newman
Rose Uslan Cantor
Irving Marks
Arthur B. Cantor
Jerry Weinraub
Pearl & Walter Lubran
Beth Lubran
Alex & Lillian Bloomberg
Leonard Lustig
Helen Perlstein
Craig Lustig & Peter Carter

In Memory Of
Cathy Simon, David Kuney, & Our Family

Remembered By
The Kutnick Family - Malka, Bruce, Aviva, Aaron

In Memory Of
The Kutnick Family - Malka, Bruce, Aviva, Aaron

Remembered By
Cathy Simon, David Kuney, & Our Family

In Memory Of
Patrick Lacefield & Dinah Leventhal & family

Remembered By
Betty Lou Willcockson Lacefield
Jesse D. Lacefield, Jr.
Dr. Brigid G. Leventhal
Lynne Lacefield Williams

In Memory Of
Scott, Deborah, Irina & Alec Lessne

Remembered By
Stanley Lessne
Irwin Schwartz
Zelda Lessne
Ruth Fried
Rhoda & Theodore Levin
Leah & Sol Shaye
Bella & Albert Zuch
Ethel & Aaron Fried
Irwin B. Levin
Clarice Greenwald
Leona L Levin

- 15 -
Dear Sister,

There is a photograph, probably taken around 1954, of me and Daddy out on our front lawn.

Dad is cutting the grass with a gas-powered push mower—I remember it was deep green—and I am running behind, with a tiny toy lawn mower.

Our father — then much younger than either you or I are now.

I thought I had a copy, but I can no longer find it — still, it is locked in my memory.

Do you have a copy? Oh, why would you? Did it ever actually exist?

It is snowing here as evening draws down its shade and I am thinking of that green day long gone.

The ground is so cold, it is rapidly turning white as Father’s hair the last time I saw him.

by Luther Jett, from Everyone Disappears; Finishing Line Press
In Memory Of

Roslyn & Fred Nitkin
My father, Theodore Sargent Oleck
Abraham & Estelle Balbirer
Harold Posofsky
Roslyn H. Balbirer
Hyman Balbirer
Alex & Doris Paster (Mark’s parents, Alex & Shana’s grandparents)
Meyer & Bess Cantor (Doreen’s parents, Alex & Shana’s grandparents)
Lena Berman (Doreen’s aunt)
The "Sugar Girls"
Toby Peres
Naomi Sugar Peres
Mildred & Harry Quain
Julia and Emanuel Sevy
Esther & Leon Quain
William & Goldie DuBow
Sheldon Rappaport
Manny Shore
Hilda Shore
Seymour Richman
Sue Shore
Roz Helfand

Remembered By

Ralph Nitkin & Camilla Day
Adrienne Oleck, David Aderson & Family
Steve & Myrna Parker
Mark, Doreen, Alex, & Shana Paster
Hyman Balbirer
Steve & Myrna Parker
The "Sugar Girls"
Judith Peres
Toby Peres
Judith Peres & Anna Anderson
Naomi Sugar Peres
Judith Peres & Anna Anderson
Mildred & Harry Quain
Estelle Quain, their daughter
Estelle Quain, their granddaughter
William & Goldie DuBow
Sy DuBow, their son
Sheldon Rappaport
Steve Rappaport, Sandy Laden, Joshua, & Livia Rappaport
Manny Shore
Barb, Charlie, Becca, & Sarah Richman
Hilda Shore
Sarah & Irving Rubin
Seymour Richman
Howard Bloch
Sue Shore
Shelley Rae Rudick
Roz Helfand
Sy DuBow, their son

In Memory Of

Ann Richman
Jack Richman
Morris & Betty Segelin
Charles & Edith Jaffey
Peter & Helen Richman
Sol & Mary Mannes
Stephen Jaffey
Irving Rosenthal, father
Ruth Rosenthal, mother & grandmother
Sheerah Rosenthal Roach, cousin
David Rothschild II, father
Barbara G Rothschild, mother
Sarah & Irving Rubin
Sophie & Kalman Kaplan
Celia & Robert Rubin
Howard Bloch
Miriam & Martin Rudick
Tmima & Simcha Sibel
Irving Rudick
Carole Sibel
Terry & David Taft

Remembered By

Peter, Chaya, Maia, & Noam Richman
Ann Rosenthal
Ann Rosenthal, Isaac & Cameron Rosenthal
Jackson
Aleen Rothschild-Seidel, Jurgen and Philip Seidel
Jeffrey Rubin, Michele Bloch, Ruth & Ted
Shelley Rae Rudick

19
20
In Memory Of

Beatrice & Wallace Sadowsky,  
Shelley Sadowsky, Jocelyn Schaffer & Jerry Gross

Isidor & Sylvia Gross, beloved parents of Jerry  
Jerry Gross & Shelley Sadowsky

Michael & Anna Shuman, grandparents of  
Shelley & Jocelyn

William & Clara Herbst, grandparents of Jerry  
Jerry Gross

Dear Friends Ann Farhat, Dean Plotnick, Dan  
Shelley Sadowsky & Jerry Gross

Walter Morse  
Minna Scherlinder Morse & Rabbi Fred Scherlinder Dobb

Gilda Linder Morse  
Henry Dobb  
Max Scherl  
Pearl Scherl Moss  
Sam Linder

Paulette Schofer  
The Schofer Family: Greg, Cindy, Noam, Jory & Talia

Judith Sapsnick  
In loving memory, Jill Schwartz, Leon, Talia & Elias Rodriguez

Allan Schwarz  
Son, Rabbi Sid Schwarz & Perlstein/Schwarz family

Miriam Perlstein  
Daughter, Sandy Perlstein & Schwarz family

Arthur Perlstein  

Sophie & Isaac Berstein  
Granddaughter, Sandy Perlstein & Schwarz family

Bertha & Charles Brand  
Grandson, Rabbi Sid Schwarz & Perlstein/Schwarz family

Mindel & Jacob Schwarz

Hyman Seidman  
Pauline Seidman

In Memory Of

Selma & Len Shapiro  
Steve & Jody Shapiro

Dave & Ida Shapiro  
Esther & Lou Eisenstein  
Stella & Hyman Markoff  
Daniel Markoff

Beatrice & Abe Sussman  
Steve Shapiro

Ann Marcia Shapiro  
Dora & Harry Skitolsky

Julie Wellisch  
The Sharpe Schonzeit Family

Burton Sharpe  
Jack Sharpe

Irene, David & Rose Schonzeit  
Nettie & Samuel Deber

Barry Sharpe  
Goldie Kaplan

Abie Blumberg  
The Shugerman Family

Samuel Simon  
Lee Shugerman  
Sidney Heyman  
Lena Belle Shugerman

Minerva Simon Heyman  
Harold Manekin  
Bernard Manekin  
Adrienne Kohn  
Clara & Harry Manekin  
Hannah Lipman  
Samuel Ludwin

Gary Siegel  
Debbie, Richard, Jeremy, Geena

Marilyn & Leonard Siegel
In Memory Of

Dr. Henry K. Silberman
Janina J. Silberman
Max Singer, father
Abraham & Rita Rayman, parents
Ruth & Jack Warshaw
Hilda & Ira Sirota
Robert Sirota
Dr. Edward Adelson
Morris Abraham Solomon
Beverly Livingston Solomon
Sam & Jennie Solomon
Bertha & Benjamin Livingston
Carol Kirschenbaum
Jeannette Livingston
Lois Lubin
Elinor Spieler
Geraldine Spieler
Sidney Spieler
Sol Sobel
Herb Iris
Milly Iris
Ruth Waldstein
Ellen R. Aisenberg
Marcus H. Abramson
Morris & Bernice Steiner
Nathan Abramson

Remembered By

Ralph Silberman, Margaret Clark, Evan & Magdalen Silberman
Bob Singer
Anne Rayman
The Sirota Family
Nancy, Aaron, & Isaac Solomon
Jeff Spieler, Jennifer & Mike Weil, Rebecca & Eric Trager
Jeff Spieler, Jennifer & Mike Weil, Rebecca & Eric Trager, Susan & Ronald Stern
Jeff Spieler, Jennifer & Mike Weil, Rebecca & Eric Trager, & Leah, Marilyn, & Philip Sobel
The Spieler, Kasoff & Iris-Williams, Mishan, Sanders & Stern Families
Michael & Randy Steiner

In Memory Of

Lillian & David Spindel, parents
Gussie & Morris Sobel, grandparents
Esther & Jacob Spindel, grandparents
Sidney Spindel, uncle
Lenore Sherwin, Loving Mother
Samuel Sherwin, Loving Father
Bill Swire, Loving Father
Solomon & Nona Teichman
Lawrence Lerner
Bess Lerner
Sam Teichman
Jack Tossell
Penny Tossell
Ida Dorf Wenstein
Sidney Weinstein
Bessie Dorf Greenberg
Rae Weinstein Pearlstein
My beloved parents, Betty & Milton Turen
My beloved uncle, Mason Baer
My beloved grandparents, King & Celia Baer
Harry, Helen, Stanley, & Fredda Weinberg
Nona & Papa Trifiletti
Paul Weiner (father/grandfather)
Anna & Louis Fogel

Remembered By

Carol Stern
Wendy Swire & Family
Andy Swire & Family
Marsha & Kevin Teichman & Family
The Tossell/Pitts Family
Kit Turen
My beloved uncle, Mason Baer
My beloved grandparents, King & Celia Baer
Linda, Irving, Arielle, & Jonathan Weinberg
Raine & Stephanie Weiner, Arielle & Adam Hollies
Raine Weiner & Eileen Weiner-Dwyer
WHY THE OCEAN TASTES OF TEARS

Everyone goes away.
Everyone disappears.
That should not surprise anyone.
It comes with the ticking of clocks
in upstairs halls,
with the shadows of afternoons
that turn golden before fading
and the last star left shining
between the midnight west
and bombdark dawn.
My mother cries at her kitchen sink
and the girl I argued with
washes out her paintbrushes
in a room I have never seen.
Voices fill the air.
Small birds go south.
The snow melts slowly.
Everyone disappears.
When you most want them to stay
everyone goes somewhere
else and that is why
the ocean tastes of tears.
It’s the one thing you can count on
when you close your eyes --
you dream and if
anyone is still there when you wake
you’ve witnessed a revolution.

by Luther Jett, from Everyone Disappears;

In Memory Of

Hannah Weissberger
Shemuel Weissberger
Lusha Weissberger
Leah Hanna Weissberger
Zipora Diamant
Yechezkel Diamant
Yoseph Diamant
Henek Teichler
Pnina-Chaya Hanna Weissberger
Yehuda Hanna Weissberger
Yaakov Weissberger
Chaim‘ke Kimchi, beloved step-brother

Richard Whiting
Diane Regner
Fay Widdes
Ted Widdes
Gabriel Baksh
Chaim Ben-Dashan
Lawrence & Pauline Kresky
Kurt & Loni Wolff
Joseph D. Zamore
Herman Zelikow
Mae R. Zelikow
Donald Zauderer

Remembered By

Hanna Weissberger
The Widdes Family
Marilyn, Mark, Jeremy, & Ben Wolff
Fran Zamore
Judith, Karin, & Laura Zauderer Baldwin & Family
Adat Shalom Reconstructionist Congregation invites you to join the **Fund for Our Future**.

Founded in 1988 by a small group of long-active Reconstructionists in the Bethesda area and by a not much larger group of unaffiliated Jews willing to try something different, Adat Shalom is today a vibrant and purposeful member-led community looking forward to its future.

Through your membership, you have shown your commitment to Adat Shalom and to our religious, educational, charitable, social, and recreational activities. All support Reconstructionist principles in viewing Judaism as an evolving religious civilization in which the honored traditions and values of the past are given modern interpretation and meaning.

**L’dor va dor.** From generation to generation. This theme, central to our unique heritage as Jews, signals the transfer of beliefs, traditions, and memories within a family but expands to demand the same within a community and, indeed, for all Jews across centuries, cultures, and countries. And so we ask all members of our Adat Shalom community to share in the task of caring for our future generations. We ask you to assure that those who follow will have the means to strive and thrive.

Adat Shalom Reconstructionist Congregation established an endowment fund—the **Fund for Our Future**—to provide long-term enrichment for our spiritual, intellectual, and communal life. Held separately from operating assets, the endowment fund will be used to strengthen the synagogue in decades to come. Please contact the Endowment Committee through the synagogue office to discuss a planned or current gift:

(301) 767-3333, ext. 105 or Rena.Milchberg@adatshalom.net
WE REMEMBER

We remember.
Our lives are a tapestry woven with threads from each person encountered along our way.
On this ultimate day of personal examination and individual introspection, we cannot forget all of the ways in which we are never only one.
We remember.
Our ritual of remembrance recalls all of those who once peopled our lives but whose physical presence has passed forever from among us.
We remember.
All the generations past, present and those to come—
are united in one bond of life.
Our ability to remember is stronger than death.
Naming them, we vanquish death.
We remember.
Some of us recall parents, father and mother, who even before we were born, committed themselves to our care, who prepared a loving home for us and taught us the most basic elements of human-ness and the most profound truths of humanity.
Some remember parents, not related by birth, who lovingly assumed responsibility for nurturing us and helping us become all that we could be.
We remember.
Some of us recall a wife or husband, with whom we were so united by the sacred covenant of marriage that we became one flesh and one spirit, whose soul completed our own, and with whom we hoped to live out our lives.
We remember.
Some of us remember brothers and sisters, who grew up with us, sharing in the play of childhood and the adventure of discovery.
We remember.
Some of us recall children, entrusted for too short a time to our care but called away by death, to whom we tried to give the world and for whom we gladly would have died that they might live.
We remember.
All of us recall some special persons whose friendship, affection and devotion called forth the best in us; and whose comradeship will always be sorely missed..

The deaths of those we now remember left gaping holes in our lives. But we are grateful for the gift that was their lives. And we are strengthened by the blessings left to us, by the memories which comfort and sustain us, by the love we know can never die.

We honor their memories on this day and commit ourselves to furthering their ideals, to continuing to dream their dreams and to living out our lives in loving testimony of the example they set for us.

Eternal God, give us the gift of remembering.
Give us the gift of tears so that we may express our sense of loss and pain.
Give us the gifts of prayer and hope so that we always believe in the beauty of life, the power of goodness, the right to joy.
Make us worthy of the love we have received so that we may love You with all our heart and with all our soul, with all our strength and with all our deeds.
**SHIVITI ADONAI**

I have set The Eternal always before me; surely The Presence is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Shiviti Adonai l’negdi Tamid, ki mi-mi-ni bal emot:

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoices; my body also dwells in safety;

Lachen samach libi, vayagel kvodi, af b’sari yishkon la-vetach:

*From Psalm 16*

**REMEMBERING A SIBLING**

The deaths of the ones we love are all the same and all different. The loss is always sharp; the comfort of recollected memories always sweet and comforting.

But the texture of each loss is different. The death of a grandparent undermines our sense of generational continuity. The death of a parent, our security that we are rocked in the cradle of life. The death of a child that life’s cradle is essentially good.

The death of a sibling too is unique. It ignites our own vivid sense of mortality. This brother or sister knows the music that shaped us, the humor that amused us, the role models that transfixed us in ways that parents can only suspect.

And they embody the wonderfully mundane rhythms of life. Innumerable conversations around the family dinner tables. Many hours in the family car trips. Conspiracies galore with those brothers and sisters. Sometimes one against another. Just as often all for one in service of undermining parental authority or family routine. In any event, a rich lore of family secrets.

And when they are gone is it surprising if it feels as if a piece of our own soul has been lost?

~ Rabbi Jeffrey Schoen (RRC 1976)
REMEMBERING

Someone laughs a certain way and suddenly I am feeling you.
The radio plays a song you used to love.
It feels as if you are here with me.
The evening light glistens on the trees. My heart stings,
after so many years, with the loss of you.
The family gathers together. Each of us feels the absence of you.

Some of us are consoled for our loss.
Some of us are yet inconstable.
Some of us have bitterly wounded hearts for each and
every loss we have suffered –
Some of us have healed.

Grandmothers, grandfathers, mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins and second-cousins, friends from the old days, friends from now…
co-workers...postmen we chatted with, men and women far, far, far from us
How brief life is.

Teach us to number our days, to be fully alive, fully aware each and every day, to live in awareness, to cherish awareness—oh teach us to number our day so that we may attain a wise heart.
That we may remember and mourn those we have lost and still celebrate the gift of their lives. The gift of life.

Rabbi Moriyam Glazer

AN APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF PEACE

לא לִהְפִּסִּיק אַחַר כִּתּוּת הַחֲרָבוֹת
לְאִתִּים, לֹא לִהְפִּסִּיק! לִהְפִּסִּיק לְכַתֵּת
וְלַעֲשוֹת מַהֶם כְּלֵי נְגִינָה.
מי שֶיִּרְצֶה לַעֲשוֹת שוּב מִלְחָמָה
יִצְטָרֵךְ לַחֲזֹר דֶּרֶךְ כְַלִי הָעֲוֹדָה.

Don’t stop after beating the swords into ploughshares, don’t stop! Go on beating
and make musical instruments out of them.

Whoever wants to make war again
will have to turn them into ploughshares first.

Yehuda Amichai.
Translated by Glenda Abramson and Tudor Parfitt.
Great Tranquility. Questions and Answers.
HarperCollins Publishers, ©1983
Tzedakah tatzil mi-mavet: Righteous Giving “Saves” Us from Death

TZEDAKAH

Tzedakah, which gets translated as charity, isn’t. It’s more like justice spilling from the hand, the brain, the whole self.

It is a door opening wide in your façade, a door opening into another whom you see as real.

It is understanding what we have is lent and we are caught in the same net of troubles and weakness so we give out of momentary strength and the act is not charity, but a moment’s kinship, an instant of love.


At each moment of our lives we encounter gates behind which beckon the unknown. We have little choice but to enter, and, as we do, the gates swing shut behind us. We can never go back. The known, the comfortable, the safe, all these are in the past. Only the unknown, the dangerous, the mysterious and the terrifying lay ahead. Moving on makes us human, doing so lightly and at peace makes us divine.

Eventually we come to the final gate, the final closing. The trail ends, leaving behind only memories of steps taken, leaps tried, grace achieved and shared. How do we honor this final gate? With tears and stories, with memories and love, with food and friends. And with silence.

Silence is the heart of death, and silence alone does it justice. But silence does not mean passivity, and our tradition speaks of four virtues that form the core of silence.

The first is hearing: hearing the inner voice of our pain and love, rejoicing that nothing, not even the grave, can rob us of that supreme human emotion.

The second is memory: reclaiming the past by refusing to forget the joys it once held. S/he who once lived among us now lives within us, and there s/he cannot die.

The third is action: we must honor our dead by continuing to live ourselves. Their memory is quickened only in the fullness of our own lives—our own futures, our own on-going struggles to make sense out of an often senseless world.

The fourth is wisdom: every life is a teaching, every person a guide to truth. We must allow the wisdom that was [NAME] to become a part of ourselves, that her/his memory might lead us to an even greater wisdom of our own. Hearing, memory, action, wisdom . . . .

May each of these find a place in our silence, our grief, and our moving out again into the world where yet another gate beckons wide.

-Rabbi Rami Shapiro