

VOICES

Congregation B'nai B'rith SUMMER 2013 QUARTERLY JOURNAL VOL. 87 NO. 3 • AV 5773-TISHREI 5774



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A *Beit HaYeladim'er*

By Doug Weinstein

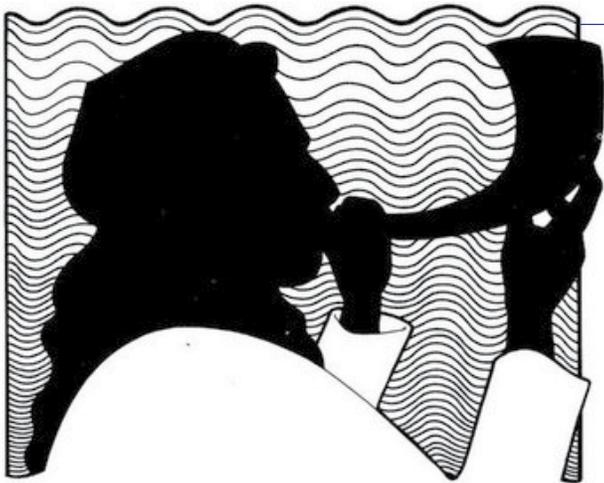
A yell of, “Daddy, is it a school day today?” is how every morning used to start. “Yes sweetheart, it is.” “I DON’T WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL,” followed by a makeshift fit would be the response. We had recently relocated to Santa Barbara right down the street from the Temple.

My son who had only known his other preschool and friends said, “I’m scared to go to a new school. What if I don’t make any friends?” I was nervous for the poor guy. I so wanted to be there to help him make friends, but I was still in Long Beach cleaning out the old house. The next evening I was driving up the coast when I got my first email from the school. My heart skipped a beat and my imagination ran wild when I opened the email. Bari wrote to tell us she overheard my son Julian telling

Jason, “I’m not scared anymore; this feels like home.” I know—me too—a lump the size of a watermelon right there.

When the chance to hang out at BHY came up, I jumped at it. I want to be a preschooler again because of this place. The first thing that struck me was how peaceful it is here; welcoming, safe and cozy, too. Friday morning, in preparation for Shabbat, is a crazy time with free play, snack, clean up, hand washing,

Continued on page 26



HIGH HOLY DAYS

SLICHOT

Saturday, August 31

9:00 pm

An evening of study, music and meditation in preparation for the High Holy Days, will feature the meditative music of composer/instrumentalist Yochanan Sebastian Winston.

ROSH HASHANAH

Wednesday, September 4

Erev Rosh Hashanah

Thursday, September 5

Rosh Hashanah

YOM KIPPUR

Tuesday, September 25

Erev Yom Kippur - Kol Nidre

Wednesday, September 26

Yom Kippur

Details about Slichot, Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur worship services and programs coming soon

SUKKOT: FESTIVAL OF TABERNACLES



1st night
Wednesday
September 18
no service

Thursday
September 19
Yom Tov
Sukkot

10:30 am

check weekly email for information on Sukkot programs or go online at www.cbbsb.org

SIMCHAT TORAH *Celebration*

Wednesday, September 25

5:45 pm **Dinner in the Sukkah for Religious School and Academy**

7:00 pm **Service & Celebration**

Thursday, September 26

10:30 am **Service with Yizkor**



10 years ago, Rabbi Sugarman guided CBB through a challenging time. We are forever grateful for his wisdom, compassion and wit. Join us and celebrate our friend

Rabbi Alvin Sugarman



6:00 pm September 27 Friday
Shabbat Service

Rabbi Sugarman will give the sermon and we will celebrate with him and his wife, Barbara



SKOFIELD PARK FAMILY CAMPOUT

Overnight
Sunday, September 1
thru breakfast
Monday, September 2

A KOSHER STYLE MEAT DINNER

TOAST UP SOME S'MORES

SLEEP UNDER THE STARS WITH CBB FRIENDS & FAMILY

signup at www.cbbsb.org

OY VEY OLE!!

Mexican Food Potluck Lunch
Vegetarian · Beef (no dairy) · Chicken

11:30 am
August 7
Wednesday

RSVP

Wilma Chortkoff
967-4527
Natalie Gaynes
967-5803

sponsored by
CBB Sisterhood

SUNDAY MORNING LIVE

October 6

Do You Dream in Color?:
Insights from a Girl Without Sight



A Morning of
Song, Stories
and Conversation with

Mezzo Soprano
Laurie Rubin

8:45 am Breakfast
9:45 am Program

Nov 3 - Rieger Weekend - Ron Wolfson
author of Relational Judaism
Founder of Synagogue 3000

CBB Resources Guide

Mission Statement

Congregation B'nai B'rith is a diverse, inclusive community of individuals and families building together a warm and vibrant house of living Judaism.

VOICES

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CBB SISTERHOOD

Gift Shop

The Gift Shop is open during "Sunday Morning Live" 9:30 am to 11:30 am, by appointment, and prior to holidays. For more information call Jessica Glick at 696-6289.

IDEAS FOR A STORY? PHOTOS TO SHARE? INTERESTED IN ADVERTISING?

Be a part of Voices

Contact Samantha Silverman at 805/964-7869 ext 106 or samantha@cbbsb.org.

INTERESTED IN Joining CBB?

Contact Elizabeth Gaynes at 805/964-7869 ext 111 or elizabeth@cbbsb.org.

ARE YOU Hospitalized?

Our clergy would like to visit and offer their support and encouragement. If someone you know is in the hospital, please call the Temple office. Privacy policies prevent hospital staff from automatically calling the Temple.

Our phone extensions have changed thanks to a new phone system donated by Bob and Janice Ingram. See Page 15 for more information.

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In My Twenties

By Rabbi Steven Cohen

Of my fifty-six years, none has affected me more deeply than my year in Jerusalem in 1979-80, the first year of rabbinic school, when I fell in love over and over again. That was over thirty years ago, but many of the impressions and emotions remain with me vividly to this day.

While I had learned to read Hebrew as a boy in preparation for my bar mitzvah, I could not understand much, and so I failed the Hebrew test for entering students and was required to come to Jerusalem for the remedial summer Hebrew course before the official start of the school year. That was fine with me, because I entered rabbinic school knowing nothing for certain other than that I wanted to immerse myself in Hebrew.

In my entire life, I have never been happier than those summer nights in my Jerusalem apartment, sitting at my aluminum and formica kitchen table, drinking mint tea from a glass, eating fresh bread, cheese, olives and chopped tomato and cucumber salad, and diving deep down into the Hebrew language: memorizing vocabulary and verb tenses, the seven “buildings” of Hebrew grammar, all the regular and irregular verbs, wearing out my paperback Hebrew-English dictionary, translating Hebrew poems and short stories, and finally coming to know the language of my people and my religion.

It helped that I had a deep crush on my teacher, a brilliant and loving Israeli woman in her mid-thirties, who brought

boundless passion and creativity to teaching us, and who, as the weeks went by, seemed (or was I imagining it?) to take a special interest in me. One day the homework in our book was a short paragraph describing an American and an Israeli who fell in love and one of the questions we were supposed to answer was “what language would they speak to each other?” I spent a long time with my dictionary composing the answer “they would speak to each other without words,” and she returned my book the next day with a little smile drawn next to that answer.

After many weeks, my teacher assigned us a daunting challenge: a short story by Israel’s Nobel prize-winning author Shmuel Yosef Agnon. The story “From Enemy to Lover” describes the author’s slowly evolving relationship with the wind in his beloved neighborhood of Talpiot.

“Before Talpiot was built, the monarch of the four winds reigned the entire land, while all his ministers and servants—fierce and mighty winds, situated in the hill, valley and mountainside—acted to their hearts’ content as though the land was theirs and theirs alone. Once I chanced upon the place, I saw that the spot was pleasant and the air clear and the sky pure blue and the earth spread out, so I strolled there at my ease.”

The story was difficult at first, but after hours and hours of toiling with my dictionary, I could finally read and

understand it, and I was spellbound. On Shabbat afternoon that week, my teacher invited me to go with her on a walk to Talpiot. We walked for hours, and I still remember the warm wind, the slanting rays of the sun, and especially the scent of the pines. Literature, love, religion, wind and sun had never been more aligned than they were for me that afternoon.

At the end of the summer, our class took a trip to Sinai, where we drove for several days in an open-sided Land Rover, through intense heat, into the heart of the desert. I noticed one of my classmates, a woman my own age with long dark hair, and as the hours went by, I realized that she was looking at me and smiling. That night, after eating fresh bread baked on a rock by a Bedouin woman, we all slept at the foot of Mount Sinai and the night sky was ablaze with stars. We woke up early in the morning, hiked up the mountain into a vast silence, and then, after our descent, the Land Rover took us directly to the Red Sea, where we were given snorkels and flippers and dove down into the blue water, alongside an utterly surreal pink, yellow, purple, and orange coral reef alive with thousands upon thousands of darting, shimmering fish. That evening we ate fresh fish, grilled on an open fire on the beach.

Returning to Jerusalem, I met my *ulpan* teacher, who took one look at me and saw that I had left her. I saw the light go out of her eyes. She asked in Hebrew, “How was the trip?” and I answered in terrible Hebrew, “I made new friends.” To which she replied in English (which I had never until then heard her speak), “That is such a typical American mistake.”

So ended one love affair, and another began, which also eventually came to an end. Later that year, Marian appeared at my door in Jerusalem, radiant (as always) and tanned from her work on a kibbutz. Years later I reminded her of this and my love affair with her continues to this day.

Ask the Rabbi

Q:

Do you have a question for one of our rabbis or cantor that you haven't had a chance to ask yet? Likely you are not the only one. We welcome your questions for our regular feature "Ask the Rabbi." Please email your questions to CBB communications coordinator Samantha Silverman at Samantha@cbbsb.org.

Did you know...

CBB has not always been a large Reform congregation, with a beautiful synagogue situated on a gorgeous piece of land on a hill? Ever wonder about the history of our congregation? The answers are just a few clicks away. Go to [cbbsb.org/Our Community/History](http://cbbsb.org/OurCommunity/History) to read about our history. The article also includes a link to a fascinating personal account of CBB's early days written by Rube Boxer, congregation president in 1960-61. This link to Rube's personal narrative, which features a scanned typewritten (!) letter listing many concerns and questions of the day, is at the bottom of the "CBB History" article. You are guaranteed valuable insight into CBB's sometimes tumultuous past.



Sole 2 Soul

Walk 222 Miles in Marian and Rabbi Cohen's Shoes.

Marian and Rabbi Steve Cohen have set off into the wilderness to hike 222 miles of the John Muir Trail. Every step they take will help us raise funds for emergency medical relief.

To learn more about the Sole 2 Soul Fundraiser, or to donate, visit our website at www.cbbsb.org or call the Temple office.

Shira Labin

Amit Mitzran



Shahar Mansor



Amit Waisman

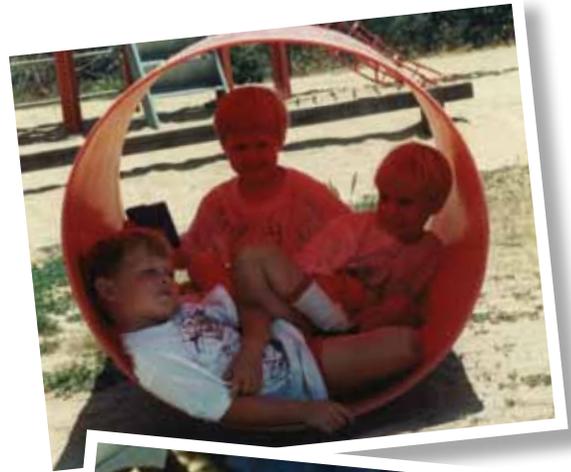
Welcoming Students from Leo Baeck School

By Ellen Raede and Kamila Storr

After last year's resounding success of having two students from Leo Baeck Education Center in Haifa stay with local CBB families during their time as counselors at Camp Haverim, we are bringing four Leo Baeck students this summer to stay with CBB families, each for a two-week session. They will work at Camp Haverim, be a part of our CBB community and generally serve as Israeli "ambassadors" during their stay.

Having these young Israelis stay with us is a wonderful way to connect with Israel and bring it to Santa Barbara. Not only do we discover more about Israel religion and politics, but by spending time with our guests as a family and a community, we learn about their culture, their families and everyday life in Israel. This is a wonderful way to build lasting relationships with people with whom we share a homeland.

Last year Leo Baeck teens, Yoni and Batel, made a huge impact on their host families, on the campers and counselors at Camp Haverim, as well as CBB congregants they met. We are looking forward to welcoming Amit M., Shira, Shahar and Amit W. into our community this summer. They will be here between July 12 and August 11 and will be speaking July 19th and August 2nd at Shabbat Services.



Justin at BHY in 1988

From Preschool Student **TO PRESCHOOL TEACHER**

An Interview with Justin Iroff By Ann Pieramici

Justin Iroff's most vivid memory as a preschool student at Beit HaYeladim (BHY) involves searching for the *afikomen* during the school's annual Passover seder. "I found the matzo hiding under a mat near a door and I was so excited to be the first to find it!" he recalls. That was more than twenty years ago. These days Justin is still creating Passover memories at BHY, but now he is the one hiding the matzo and directing the kids where to search. Justin grew up at CBB, attending the preschool, religious school, and academy. Now he is a teacher to some of our Temple's youngest members.

"Probably the biggest change since I was a student here is the beautiful new building," says Justin, referring to the William and Lottie Daniel preschool building dedicated in 2003. Though the physical changes to the school are impressive, it's clear, after talking with Justin, that the

most dramatic change since he was a student is his perspective and renewed acceptance of Judaism. "This (teaching) experience has rekindled my relationship with CBB," says Justin, admitting that he was a typical teenager who rebelled when Judaism was imposed on him. He now says he feels part of the community and finds the families and staff incredibly welcoming. "Though I attended reluctantly when I was a teen, I am now so grateful for that foundation." Though he is teaching the children, Justin is learning in the process. "Teaching Judaism has definitely made me more Jewish. The Jewish values and culture reflect my current lifestyle."

Justin credits CBB member Nancy Sheldon for bringing him back to BHY. Nancy met Justin when he worked at My Gym and persuaded him to interview for a teaching position at the Temple. Justin, who studied early childhood education

at Santa Barbara City College, started working at the preschool eight years ago, creating a fitness program for the kids. That led to an assistant teaching job and eventually to the full-time teaching position Justin has held for the past two-and-a-half years.

Justin, who has always loved working with kids, says his favorite part of the job is watching the children grow and achieve new milestones in their lives and to see how proud and happy that makes them. But that also leads to his least favorite part of the job—sending his students off to the next developmentally appropriate class. But of course, Justin is grateful that the students are well prepared and ready for the next stage. And who knows how far they will go—perhaps there are some more future teachers among the toddlers.

Little Voices, Big Ideas

By Patrick Kearns, BHY Pre-Kindergarten Co-Teacher



When offering a child-centered approach to early education, as we do at BHY, the core question is: how do we make space for the voices of young children and invite and encourage their musings, wonderings, and recollections throughout the course of the Jewish year?

One simple and rich way is to ask children to retell the stories they have heard. For instance, after reading a number of age-appropriate books about Purim, we asked the children to retell the Purim story as they remembered it. This resulted in an entirely authentic, sequentially accurate version we could easily shape into a script for our pre-K Purim schpiel.

In their version, the children are strongly preoccupied with themes of fairness and vocal assertion. For example, Queen Vashti stomps her foot and says, "It's my body! I'll do what I want to!" in response to King Achasverosh demanding that she dance for him.

Below, you'll find the children's retelling of the early and later parts of Moses' life, inspired by various Torah portions and by a midrash shared with the children by Rabbi Cohen. We hope you invite the children in your lives to take an active role in retelling Jewish stories, a role they will enjoy and cherish. By allowing them ownership over the telling (and not overly policing the details), we invite children to develop an active and loving attachment to Judaism and to the wisdom it has to offer.

Part 1: Moses Being a Baby

"Moses' mom put Moses in the river, in the basket. Then someone found him—Pharaoh's daughter. Pharaoh came, Moses was a baby and he was reaching for the jewels but the angel fairy put Moses' hands in the fire. The jewels mean he wanted

to be king and they would put him in jail. The hot coals meant he was just a normal baby. Moses was growing, he got five years old!"

Part 2: Moses Growing Up

"The guard wacked the nice Jewish man and Moses wacked the guard with a rock. He ran away to the mountains. He turned into a shepherd—that's something that takes care of sheep. Moses found a burning bush. Moses might be scared and sad that there was a burning bush—because we don't want bushes to burn because that's dangerous to our life. God's voice came out of the burning bush. God said, 'Take your shoes and socks off.'^{*} He said, 'Save the Jewish lives so they wouldn't be wrestled to the ground because Pharaoh is a mean guy. And grumpy. He has grumpy pants!'"

**Please note that this is actually in the Torah—that God commanded Moses to take off his sandals. This is not just a whimsical child commentary!*



Clockwise from Top Left, BHY Teachers: Jason, Linda, Jennifer, Jennifer and Coleen, Bari.



Singing With Aaron at Beit HaYeladim

By Aaron Ettenberg

I remember it being a crisp, clear Santa Barbara February morning. Our daughter, Sharna, had just turned two and we were crossing that monumental threshold marked by the start of her formal education—her first day at Beit HaYeladim! It was 1985. At the time CBB had no dedicated preschool building, no fabulous playground or play structure, little in the way of toys and supplies ... but lots in the way of laughter, learning, joy and *ruach*—Jewish spirit! We were greeted that morning (as we were every morning) by the warm, open, welcoming arms of Judy Meisel, the prototypical Jewish grandmother who lovingly taught the children Yiddish phrases, shared stories about our biblical ancestors, baked challah with them every Friday, showed them how we celebrate our holidays, and infused them with a love for our Jewish values and traditions. It was the beginning of a wondrous preschool experience for Sharna, her younger brother, Michael, and for us.

The lack of resources in those early days meant that we as parents were expected to give a little extra to help enrich the learning experiences of our children. We were asked to volunteer in the classroom,

if we could, or help with the preparation of meals, or even with the painting of classrooms, as our havurah volunteered to do one summer. When Ina and I asked how specifically we might help out, Judy lamented that since we had no cantor it would be nice if we could find someone who knew how to play guitar and could come and sing with the kids. "In fact," she continued without a pause, "you play guitar, don't you? So why don't you come and sing with the *kinder* here? They would loooove to sing songs with you." Me? Sing with preschoolers? Surely she was kidding. I explained to Judy that my rather limited musical repertoire did not include tunes from Raffi or *Sesame Street* and somehow I felt that The Rolling Stones, Crosby, Stills and Nash, or Bob Dylan might not be quite appropriate for two to five-year-olds! But Judy was undeterred. "So what?" she said, "Just learn a few new songs and come sing with the kids; they'll enjoy whatever you choose to sing with them." And so it began.

In time our daughter Sharna would of course graduate from Beit HaYeladim as would our son Michael. But somehow I kept playing my music because ... well



... it was just too much fun to stop! And after all, as talented as Cantor Mark is, he just couldn't do justice to such refined musical masterpieces as "There's a Dinosaur", "I am a Pizza", "I Wanna be a Dog", or "In the Dancing". In all I sang every week for over eleven years before finally taking a brief hiatus.

Then, when I was elected president of CBB several years ago, I returned to BHY where I had the opportunity to once again share my love of this fun and crazy music with a whole new generation of preschoolers. Although I only play on the first Wednesday of every month, that half-hour still marks the highlight of my week! So, if you're around the temple some Wednesday morning and you hear a chorus of voices crowing like a rooster, howling like a dog, or singing like a dinosaur ... well, don't be concerned—it's just me and the kids doing our thing over at BHY.

Aaron Ettenberg is a past CBB President and Professor of Neuroscience & Behavior, Department of Psychological & Brain Sciences at the University of California, Santa Barbara.



Reflections

By Julie Ehrnstein,
Director of Early Childhood Education at BHY



Beit HaYeladim Preschool

One day, when my daughter was in kindergarten, we went to Trader Joe's in the Calle Real shopping center. She asked me, "Mom, where are all the Hanukkah decorations?" I looked up and saw light posts decorated with tinsel, bells hung on doors, Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays signs, and red and green all around. From my adult perspective, this was the norm. It was December, almost Christmas and, of course, the world was decorated to celebrate. For my daughter, who had grown up at Beit HaYeladim, this was the first time in her life she noticed that her world was not a Jewish world. For the first five years of her life her world had been Jewish. She had lived by the Jewish calendar and time was marked with Jewish holiday celebrations.

For those of us who grow up as Jews in the United States, it can be challenging to hold onto a Jewish way of life. This is particu-

larly true here in Santa Barbara, where, for goodness sake, we don't even have a good kosher deli! I remember in elementary school struggling with whether or not I should sing Christmas carols with my classmates. It felt like I was betraying my religion and singing something I did not believe in. I remember my mom reassuring me that it was just music and reminding me that there is beautiful music in every tradition.

I realized, from my daughter's reaction to all the Christmas lights, that her years at BHY may be the only time in her life when she will have lived in a Jewish world. Unless she moves to Israel (or parts of NYC), schools and businesses will be open on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur and most people will never have heard of Shavuot. I am grateful that she had the opportunity to experience what it is like when your world reflects who you are and I feel privileged to be able to provide this opportunity to other families.

A Decade of Teaching at BHY

By Jason Summers

This October will mark a decade of my teaching at BHY. I am now chaperoning at Bar and Bat Mitzvah evenings—kids almost as tall as me—and I taught them in their pre-K years! I find great joy in hearing from their parents how great the kids are doing, that they had a phenomenal time at preschool and I often even hear that they wish they could be back! I love the continuity of the children's relationships over the years, thanks to the wonderful Temple community. I love that I get to see them grow!

My most fulfilling experiences have been seeing the gradual development of the remarkable space we have here at CBB. We are blessed with a wide-open, amazing property, a space where we plant trees on Tu B'Shvat, build trails, and create gardens. My favorite days are when I can come down to the children's level and sit in awe as they discover a new vegetable or care daily for our monarch butterflies. On Friday, in preparation for Shabbat, we stop our day and gather as a whole school to sing our blessings over challah under the majestic oaks behind the school in a beautiful new outdoor sanctuary. This is our chance to take a break and together connect with nature—a true moment of rest on Shabbat.

When I started working at BHY, I didn't have children of my own. Now I can share



the traditions that I have come to love with my eight-year-old son Kai, since he has had the same experiences while visiting our school, and we are learning together. This has solidified my sense of being a part of something big here at BHY!



Parents' Perspective



“ BHY has been a beautiful experience for our family. Over the last three years, we have watched our children Mason, 5, and Callie, 3, grow emotionally and cognitively. Each day they learn something new; whether it's painting, gardening, role playing or even learning about the different types of cloud formations, the experience is hands-on and completely engaging! All of BHY's staff have the best interests of each child at heart and genuinely care about each child's well-being. Our kids absolutely love school and the teachers and staff are like a second family.

I believe Mason and Callie have started lifelong friendships through BHY ... and so have we. If there's one thing I would recommend to families starting out at BHY, it's to get involved from day one! Through BHY and CBB events, there are countless opportunities to support the Jewish community, meet new people, and make amazing friendships. BHY is not just a school—it is a true community, and it's one we are incredibly blessed to be part of.”

—**Jenny McClure**
BHY Parent
Preeschool Trustee



“ Attending the Beit HaYeladim preschool has been an amazing experience for my children. Liam started when he was three-and-a-half and immediately took to the friendly learning environment. I can remember after he had been at school only a couple of months, we were at a neighborhood park and he was running around playing “Shabbat” with his friends from PEP (Postpartum Education for Parents). Of course, his PEP friends weren’t Jewish, but they played along and had fun. It was a very proud moment for me as his mom to see my son so comfortable in his Jewish skin. He has also been known to lead other children in the songs he learns from preschool (notably those on Cantor Child’s BHY Children’s CD). In fact, another time at a park he was singing one of those tunes and a dad approached me and asked if we were Jewish. I replied, “Yes”. He told me that he and his family had just moved to Santa Barbara and that his daughter would be attending BHY as well. His daughter has turned out to be one of Liam’s favorite friends to play with at BHY.

There are so many wonderful aspects of BHY. The teachers are very compassionate and terrific early childhood educators. They have taught me many things about my children and continue to give me excellent insight. The varied curriculum is also something my husband Paul and I love about the education our children receive. There is a great mix of academic learning, play, nature, art, science and exploration. We joke that our kids get to do all of their “messy play” at school since we don’t like to clean up the messes at home! Paul and I also love the emphasis on strong values and Jewish cultural education that is evident at BHY. Sabrina especially loves to be “Shabbat Girl” and feels very special wearing her glittery Shabbat crown, carrying the mini-Torah and sitting on the special Shabbat bench. These are moments that will be forever engrained in our children’s minds.

BHY is a very special place. It is more than just a school—it is a wonderful, loving community of families, teachers and staff who provide our family with more than just childcare or education. It is an exceptional learning experience and we will forever love the time our children have spent at this magical place.”

—Hallie Avolio

BHY Parent and
Current CBB President



*Mazel Tov to Beit HaYeladim
Preschool for receiving The Santa
Barbara News-Press Readers'
Choice Award for #1 Preschool!*

It Takes a Tribe

THE CASE FOR BHY

Our people's history goes back thousands of years, yet glimpses of our future can be seen here and now. You can find them running around on our playground, baking challah, or painting their Shabbat crowns. From the beginning, Jewish education has ensured the continuity of our people, transmitting our culture and tradition from one generation to the next. In Santa Barbara, Beit HaYeladim preschool answers this sacred calling, cultivating Jewish identities and instilling Jewish values.

Our preschool has been recognized as offering some of the best programming in town, with outstanding teachers and staff. However, many people are not aware that tuition doesn't cover all of Beit HaYeladim's expenses and each year, we have many families requiring financial assistance to send their children to BHY. To keep tuition increases to a minimum while ensuring that no family seeking a Jewish foundation for their children is turned away from BHY because of finances, we have to continually raise funds.

“ It was important for me that my children go to a Jewish preschool. I really wanted them to have this positive Jewish experience. We need help and we don't take that help for granted. If BHY didn't do this for my family, I don't know where we would be, or what my kids would be like. When we are able, we will give back to CBB. It's not an “if”, it's a “when.”

—**BHY Parent**

The Judy Meisel Preschool Fund was set up to support our preschool program by ensuring that we can provide scholarships for families. Please consider contributing to this fund.

For more information about other ways to support BHY, please contact Marina Manheimer-Taylor, Development Manager at 805-964-7869 or Marina@cbsb.org.





A Higher Education

By Betsy Heafitz

When we welcome our children into the Story of the Jewish People, the very first wish we bestow on them is for a life of learning—Torah, followed by *chuppah*, and a life of good deeds. Jews and education go together like bagels and lox. Maybe a bit like guilt and parenting as well. We strive to provide our children opportunities to learn and grow, all the while wondering if we are doing enough, and of the right things. Some of us, myself included, are wondering, what am I doing now that is going to send them to therapy in years to come (but that is another article).

California recently updated its core curriculum requirements to more fully encourage learning traits like critical thinking skills and problem solving capability. Even standardized testing is being reworked to reflect these changes. Teachers want discussion, questions, and reasoning, rather than just memorization and test taking. In fact, many of the skills and tools from the old *Yeshivot* are incredibly relevant in today's classrooms. There is a reason why Jews seem to answer a question with another question—these thinking strategies

have been part of our culture for generations. After all, as prior generations of Jews had to run from country to country, their brains have been the most important asset for them to flee with and often the only one.

My grandparents came to America and never finished high school. My grandmother was a seamstress. My grandfather collected scrap metal to re-sell. He was illiterate, but could speak five languages. Despite their lack of education, they managed to send all four of their children to Ivy League schools in the 1950s and 1960s—a time when anti-Semitism was more of a deterrent for Jews at many institutions than SAT scores ever were. Providing their children with the best education possible was paramount to my grandparents.

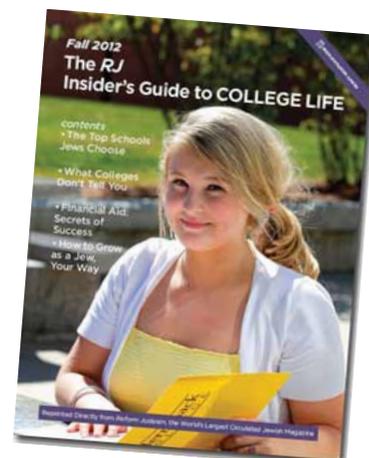
Today is no different. Saving for our children's college education, while seemingly impossible, is still one of the most important financial endeavors for parents. Figuring out the increasingly complex college admissions process seems just as

hard. We shlepp our kids from activity to activity, hoping to inspire and encourage them.

Meanwhile, for some, Hebrew School may not be the activity our kids are most excited about, despite our desire for them to be. Interestingly though, once they begin life on campus, the Jewish organizations become an important and grounding resource—socially, emotionally, spiritually. Friday nights at Hillel were a special break for me in college: a good meal and a time and place for me to reconnect with who I was and where I came from. It was a place to connect with my roots as I was trying out my new wings and setting forth in the world. Jewish life may not be the top priority in choosing a college or perhaps your college student hasn't tried it out yet. However, resources for Jewish life on your student's campus may be one of the best parts of their higher education. It can enable them to strengthen their identity while connecting to a rich heritage and culture of learning, finding their own selves in the process.

We thank... Bob and Janice Ingram for our new ShoreTel telephone system. It was donated in loving memory of Janice's father, Mort Cohen (past President of CBB), on the occasion of his 30th Yahrzeit. The new system offers many new features for the CBB staff. It supports additional telephone lines and concurrent conversations - no more busy signals! Most important, it provides additional security for our staff and children, with emergency intercom capability throughout CBB and BHY preschool. Please be patient as we learn to use the new capabilities. Please note our new extensions listed on page 4, or use the dial by name directory options.

The Fall 2013 RJ Insider's Guide to College Life will be available soon in the Temple Office.



Shalom, South America!

Jewish Life is Alive, Well—and Changing—
South of the Equator

By Barbara Greenleaf

Starting in Rio, we learned that there are about 100,000 Jews in Brazil, making it the tenth largest Jewish population in the world. Although the overall Jewish culture, even in Reform institutions, is more traditional than in the States, it is loosening up. In the Orthodox synagogues men and women are starting to sit together, the spiritual leaders are using their first name after *Rabino*, and the first female rabbi recently served at Rio's main Reform temple, ARI. ARI regularly attracts five hundred people for a Friday night service, which starts with an *hora do cafezinho* (little coffee time). As we pulled out of there on a Friday afternoon, a van laden with challahs for sale pulled in.

While in Rio we also saw the Itzhak Rabin memorial, Chaim Weizmann square, and the Anna Frank public school, which coincidentally sits across the street from the German consulate. The most impressive Jewish site though, was the Grand Synagogue, a national historical building that feels a lot like Wilshire Boulevard Temple. Perhaps because the architect was not Jewish, the great stained glass window features an eight-point star, the zodiac behind the bimah includes a lobster instead of a scorpion, and the mezuzah is on the left side of the entryway!

Our next stop was tiny Uruguay, where almost all the Jews live in the capital city, Montevideo. There were once as many as 40,000 Jews in Uruguay, but a bad

economy led to an out-migration that has reduced the population to 10,000, fewer than the number of Uruguayan Jews in Israel. Still, the Jews of Montevideo are highly visible: three of the thirteen national ministers are Jews and the Jewish non-profit organization, ORT, runs the largest private university in the country. The community supports eight Zionist youth groups as well as the Hebraica Macabi sports center, where athletes train to participate in the Maccabi Games in Israel.

The most outstanding site of Jewish interest in Montevideo is the Holocaust Memorial. Situated on a rocky outcropping with waves crashing below it, the dramatic memorial consists of a broken wall, railroad tracks to nowhere, two small ovens, and a meditation plaza. What could be a depressing place is instead life-affirming, thanks to the uplifting quotes etched onto its walls.

Finally, we arrived in Argentina, home to some 200,000 Jews. There's a lot of modern Jewish history to be seen here, and a lot of it bad. We visited the park where the Israeli Embassy once stood and we drove by the main Jewish community center, AMIA. Both had been blown up by car bombs in the 1990s. We also saw reminders of the country's "Dirty War," in which the military's depredations fell disproportionately on the Jews.

Yet there is an upbeat side to the Argentinian-Jewish story, too. In the old garment district, Once ("eleven" in Spanish), a large Orthodox community thrives. And in the Museo Judío de

Buenos Aires, there are amusing artifacts from Baron de Hirsch's efforts to settle victims of Russian pogroms on the pampas. Although most of these Jewish gauchos soon migrated to the city, they wholly embraced their new homeland. In fact, the museum displays sheet music of tango songs in Yiddish!

Clearly, Jews are totally integrated into South American society: no one is confined to a ghetto and many are highly successful.

Jewish institutions and Zionist youth groups abound. Nevertheless, to American eyes there appears to be a weariness to Jewish life there. Jewish sites are protected by iron grills, guards, and concrete barricades. If you can get in at all, calls must be made and buzzers must be pressed. Photographs are often prohibited. Jewish schools display no identifying signs. So, as exhilarating as it was to visit South America, I am happy that when my father's family left Russia and half of them went there—my half came here.



Above left: Barbara Greenleaf and Pedro Landsmann, one of the eight Jewish guides in Rio de Janeiro, inside a synagogue in Rio de Janeiro.

Above right: Docent at the Jewish Museum in Rio de Janeiro.





October 25, 26, 27

**Brandeis-Bardin
Thousand Oaks**

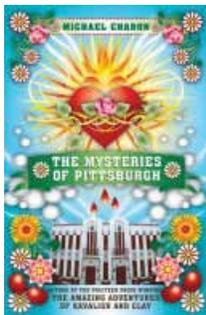
inspiring
COMMUNITY
BUILDING
relaxing
FUN-FILLED

Adults and Children
Programs:

- mountain biking**
- horseback riding**
- hiking · nature walks**
- ropes course and more!**

*Thanks to a generous grant from the
Jay & Marsha Glazer Foundation
we have tiered pricing options
\$50 deposit per family
reserves your spot
Refundable up to October 11
RSVP on: www.cbbsb.org
Questions: julie@cbbsb.org*

Jewish Book Club



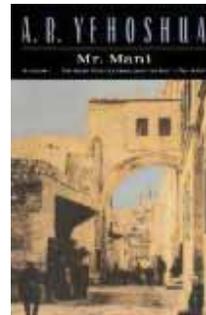
Sunday, **September 22**

9:30 am Nosh
10:00 am Program

Mysteries of Pittsburgh

by Michael Chabon

Art Bechstein into the summer of his graduation year. Not yet ready for respectability, he falls in with the exotic, charming Arthur Lecomte, and ricochets between a homosexual relationship and an intense affair with a strange and beautiful girl. Before long, the world of his new friends and the underworld of his father collide, with consequences Art cannot control.



Sunday, **November 10**

9:30 am Nosh
10:00 am Program

Mr. Mani

by A.B. Yehoshua

Five conversations between two people reconstruct the history of the dying Mani clan, describing the lives of six generations of its members from their emigration from Greece to Palestine in 1848 to the mid-1980s.

facilitated by **UCLA Professor Charles Lynn Batten**
A master teacher. Immensely popular and thought-provoking.



No Limits

By Susan LeVine



My daughter, Kelly, an avid reader of travel and food writing, was lamenting that she wanted to go to an exotic place—some place where things were different; it didn't really matter where. It dawned on me that she was twenty-six and heading toward the cut-off date for a Birthright trip. Kelly was a little reluctant to go to Israel, because her cousin, a Reform Jew, traveled to Israel and came back Orthodox! Kelly had reservations about going to a country that could change someone so intensely and she was sure that she wanted to stay a Reform Jew.

The variety of Birthright trips one can take is endless. The one that Kelly applied for was called No Limits, a trip designed for people who need to travel using a wheelchair. All participants were allowed to bring a friend or companion and Kelly invited me, her mom, to go with her, because I had never been to Israel and Kelly didn't think it was right to bring anyone else.

Before we left for the trip I had some concerns. Kelly had been mainstreamed her whole life, from preschool to the dorms in Isla Vista. I worried how she would feel being grouped together with other special-needs travelers. When I voiced my concerns to Kelly, she said, "What's the big deal, people are people."

When we arrived at Kennedy Airport, we saw many Birthright groups congregating next to the El Al window. I looked around for wheelchairs; not knowing what to expect, I was a bit nervous. Bit by bit, people started to filter in. Micky, a young man with a handsome, light-filled face resembling Paul Newman rolled over to us and introduced himself as one of the trip guides. Kelly immediately hit it off with him and others as well.

I was one of three moms on the trip; everyone else was the same age, though not all Jewish, as the wheelchair-bound participants got to choose whom they wanted to bring and this was not defined by religion. I found out later that at least three of the major religions were represented in our group. I admit I was ping-ponging between fear, worry, excitement and wonder. Kelly had been sick for two weeks before we left, and what about this Israel—bombs go off, there could even be a terrorist on the Birthright trip. Well—you never know.

The range of disabilities represented on the trip was broad. Some participants were very smart, others had limited intelligence, but the beauty of this trip was that there were no cliques or groups among us. Everyone was included; we were all part of this journey together. As soon as we arrived, the guides took us



Opposite: Kelly sitting on rocks in Tel Aviv with the Mediterranean in the background. Above: Susan and Kelly at Tel Dan.

to a nature park called Lotem where we walked to see the very vegetation mentioned in the Torah. We traveled to the grottos of Rosh Hanikra and Akko, and then to Tel Dan where we hiked on a gravel-filled path to a natural pool of water that King David may have put his feet in to cool off.

We went to the Golan Heights winery and every time we got off the bus and took another hike, no one complained. When visiting Tiberius and the Sea of Galilee, we saw a fellow participant dip a scarf into the water for his Christian grandma. We were so happy for him as we knew how important and sacred that spot would be to her. We went on to Jerusalem, and after a visit to the Kotel, or Western Wall, I felt like I had been in the *Wizard of Oz*, where everything up to that point had been in black and white and was suddenly transformed to Technicolor! My fears seemed to leave and I could finally soak in the joy of being in that place. I will never forget the feeling I had at the Wall and neither will Kelly. As she said, "I felt like my prayers were heard there."

Continued on page 26

Todah Rabah to All

Walt Wilson and Alternative Printing for donating the printing of materials, invitations and many posters used for fundraising for **The Ubumwe Preschool Project**.

Ira Weinstein, Ellen Chase, Ruth Johnson, Jill Feldman, Rachel Wilson, Barbara Ben-Horin, Mike Wasserman, Carrie Towbes, Mike Pollack and Sebastian Fishman for volunteering at the CBB Information booth at the **Jewish Festival**.

To everyone who attended the **Progressive Dinner**. Particularly we thank the chairs of the event, Misha Cooper, Sharon Goldberg and Sarice Silverberg for creating this fabulous evening.

Thank you to all of our families who graciously opened their home to host members:

Stephanie and Jim Sokolove
hors d'oeuvres

Deborah and Stuart Fuss
dessert

Dinner Hosts:

Gene and Ira Epstein

Cindy & Michael Feinberg

Marilyn Gilbert

Betsy Heafitz

Elizabeth Karlsberg

& Jeff Young

Steve and Lauren Katz

Lynda and Steve Kurtzer

Fima and Jere Lifshitz

Sissy Taran and

Sherri Schultz

Sandy and Frederick Toye

Liat and Michael Wasserman

Crystal and Cliff Wyatt

Laura and Geoff Wyatt

Special thank you to Marcy Wimbish for coordinating the desserts for the Progressive Dinner and to all of the Religious School and BHY families who provided the desserts for the Progressive Dinner.



FACES A Series Featuring Our Members in Their 90s

Sylvia Glass

By Armando Quiros

I'm sitting with Sylvia in the living room of her home. Through the window I can see an aged, giant bird of paradise plant doing what it is meant to do, thrusting fourteen green spikes into the air, each capped with a gorgeous orange and blue flower. An appropriate symbol for this particular interview, I think. What I hear from Sylvia confirms my intuition.

"I was born on June 18, 1915, in New York City. My early years were not much different from most first-generation Americans. We had little in the way of material goods, but family ties were strong, expectations were high, and working hard was the norm. My greatest joy was going to the library and taking out eight books at a time. I also started going to Hebrew school in a small building on Jackson Avenue. I continued there until I was thirteen.

Growing up in New York offered all kinds of educational opportunities not connected with schools. The museums and the wonderful libraries were free, and traveling on the subways to every part of the city cost five cents. With twenty-five cents in hand, I would take the subway to Fourteenth street and walk to Fourth Avenue where rows of wooden stalls would be filled with second-hand books selling for five and ten cents. I started collecting books as a teenager and have never stopped.

I don't want to go into too many details about my life in New York. Suffice it to say, I went to school, graduated, went

to work, fell in love and married Walter Glass in December of 1937. We had two wonderful daughters, Nancy and Margie, and in 1953 moved to California where Walter got a job at Hughes Aircraft as an engineer. I worked for the Los Angeles schools for seventeen years. When Walter started having eye problems and had to take early retirement, we decided to find a place to retire, away from Los Angeles. It was 1972; by then, both girls had graduated from college, married and started their own careers.

I remember that Sunday afternoon visit to Santa Barbara. Everything about the city had appealed to us: its size and beauty, the sea, and the mountains. I remember

going to Alameda Park where a band was playing, children were having a great time and everyone looked happy. We made up our minds: Santa Barbara would be our new home.

One of the determining factors was that there was a Jewish community here, and we immediately joined Congregation

Continued on page 27

Right: Marlyn Bernard Bernstein and Sylvia, June 14, 2013. Current and past recipients of the Viola S. Girsh Award.



Sylvia Glass, Armando Quiros, and Erika Kahn





Czech Holocaust Memorial Torah Rededication

We celebrated the rededication of the Czech Torah Scroll at Shabbat Services on Saturday, April 19, 2013. The Torah, lovingly restored by Sofer Neil Yerman, was presented and chanted from by members of the Stein Family and teens from our Temple Community.





Ubumwe Preschool Celebration

On Friday, April 26, 2013, CBB's social action project leaders were recognized for helping to make the world a better place as we celebrated the opening of the Ubumwe "House of Children" preschool in Gisenyi, Rwanda. Pamela Gunther and Ellen Hunter received the Evely Laser Shlensky Tikun Olam Award for their extraordinary leadership of our Ubumwe Preschool Building Project. The preschool is now open and serving over 150 children. In recognition of the Ubumwe Preschool Project, CBB received the Irving J. Fain Award for exemplary work in social justice, presented by the URJ.

See the celebration video here:
<http://youtu.be/DG2-t8gne9k>



Center Right: Ellen Hunter and Pam Gunther receiving the Fain Award
Lower Right: Pam, Ellen and CBB Membership VP and Formerly Social Action trustee Rachel Wilson with the Evely Laser Shlensky Award



Santa Barbara Jewish Festival 2013

On April 28, 2013, several thousand people attended the Jewish Festival in Oak Park. CBB Religious school students came by bus directly from the temple and filled the park with their bright green t-shirts as they enjoyed the Walk the Land exhibit to learn about Israel. Cantor Childs, the CBB adult and children's choirs, and the Temple band provided some of the musical entertainment. The weather was lovely, food was tasty, and, overall, it was a great day to visit with friends in a setting celebrating our Jewish heritage.

For more great photos go to Federation website: JewishSantaBarbara.org



Mazel Tov! *In Our Lives*

March through May 2013



1 Lincoln Z. Shlensky & Caren Zilber-Shlensky, and grandparents Evely Laser Shlensky & Ira Youdovin, welcomed Talia Rebecca Paz.



2 Jacob Kim-Sherman for winning this year's Gordon Prize for Excellence in Hebrew Studies.



3 Franny Taran & Charlie Freund, and grandmother Sissy Taran, welcomed Abner Buddy.

4 11th grader Matthew Wallock, a 2013 recipient of one of the 26 prestigious Bronfman Youth Fellowships.



5 Roberta Sengelmann-Keshen & Tamir Keshen welcomed twins Zachary Robert and Olivia Lillian.



6 Justin Palmer on achieving his Eagle Scout badge from the BSA. His service project benefited the Temple as he and his colleagues repaired and improved our well-used GaGa pit in the picnic area.

7 Shira Kupperman Boehler & Adam Boehler, and grandparents Nancy & Jeff Kupperman, welcomed Essie Mae.



Not Pictured:

9 Rabbi Stephen & Marian Cohen and Richard Silver on being honored as Members of the Santa Barbara Hillel Hall of Fame, and David Cygielman, as the first recipient of the Hillel Alumni Achievement Award.

10 David Shor, producer, and Jeff Arch, writer, on the world premiere engagement of "Sleepless in Seattle - The Musical".

11 Eve Briere on the release of her new book *A Good Day*.

12 Stuart Winthrop for receiving The Santa Barbara News-Press Readers' Choice Award for Best Lasik Surgeon.

13 Confirmation student Hannah Ross, recipient of the Harry Kirsh Award for an outstanding essay and involvement in activities that demonstrate Jewish values, to be published in an upcoming *Voices*.



8 Sarah & Eyal Porat, and grandparents Jean Davidson & Robert Feinstein, welcomed twins Maya Arielle & Shani Aviv.

Voices of **CBB Chevra Kadisha**

“ Acts of loving kindness are the highest acts of humanity; the quality of *chesed* (committed love) is the distinguishing mark of nobility for Abraham’s seed, the Children of Israel. But of all the forms of kindness, the noblest are acts of *chesed shel emet* (pure or ‘true’ loving kindness). These are the caring acts done for the dead.” (Rochel U. Berman, *Dignity Beyond Death: The Jewish Preparation for Burial*)

The Chevra Kadisha (Holy Society) of Santa Barbara, comprises men and women who volunteer to perform the mitzvah of caring for and giving respect to the body between the time of death and burial. There is no mitzvah more important than this and the work is voluntary as there can never be any thought of repayment.

When people unfamiliar with the practice of *tahara* learn that I’m involved in this *mitzvah* they usually ask, “How and why do you do that?” And I don’t honestly know that there is any one reason other than fulfilling a communal need, a reaction to the death of a family member or friend and perhaps a family history of participation in the *chevra kadisha*.

I grew up hearing about the *chevra kadisha* and was familiar with the ancient rituals of *shomrim* (people who sit and guard the body from death to burial) and *taharot* (the entire ritual of washing, purifying and dressing the deceased). However, nothing prepared me for the first *tahara* I performed after the death of my mother. This is a rare feeling of isolated purpose, providing the passage of a soul from the world we know to the next. *Tahara* is conducted with great dignity and awe. I remember driving home after my first *tahara* and missing the freeway exit to my house. I remember being lost in the fear and anxiety of my experience. Had I shown the appropriate *kavanot* (intentions) and care in pouring the buckets of water and had the knots been tied correctly on the dressed shroud? Would I be able to do another and still another? were questions racing through my mind for several days. The answer is, “of course, it’s an honor.” And then I remembered Psalm 23:4: “*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for you are with me.*”

—Member of the Santa Barbara Chevra Kadisha

“ If, even a few years ago, someone had told me that I would be participating in this purification ritual I would have never believed it. Prior to my first *tahara*, I had never been in the same room with someone who was no longer living

(nor did I want to be, I would have told you). It came about due to a close friend of mine requesting a *tahara* and then passing away; it was a final act of love for someone that I cared about when there was no one else to do it. Although I do not regret being able to perform that sacred ritual for her, I do understand why we discourage family and close friends from participating. It is a difficult and emotional experience even when you are not acquainted with the person—it is something better left to the people who have had some training. There are many other ways for family and friends to honor the dead. This is our way as community members of caring for the family as well as the person who has died.

During the *tahara* as we are washing the *meta* (female body), I often think to myself while doing the hand washing, “These

Continued on page 26



May Their Lives Be For A Blessing

March 26, 2013–June 23, 2013

Betty Shumsky, mother of Fima Lifshitz, mother-in-law of Jere

Beverly Yellen, mother of Dale Tetalman, grandmother of Garry

Tetalman and Hilary Bagdonas and great-grandmother of Blake Tetalman

Sydney Geiger, husband of Rachelle Geiger

William Furdyn, father of Pam Lang, father-in-law of Dr. Hewitt Lang, and grandfather of Lauren, Jordan and Chase Lang

Gerald Malenbaum, father of Mark, father-in-law of Lynne, and grandfather to Michael and Samuel.

Suzu Kaufer, mother of Coby.

Susan Weinthal, sister-in-law of Halina Silverman

Abe Beker, brother of Judy Meisel

Ha'Makom yenaheem etkhem betokh she'ar avelei Tziyon v'Yerushalayim.

May God console you among the other mourners of Zion and Jerusalem.

hands held others hands," and I think of the love that these hands gave and received. I think, "These hands cared for children, folded diapers, raised babies, hugged and held faces between them." It is my way of connecting to the deceased, of seeing them.

I am grateful that I have been given the opportunity to participate in this way with other members of the greater Jewish community; it is truly a privilege."

—**Member of the Santa Barbara Chevra Kadisha**

“ By our very nature, we human beings are fearful creatures. We are afraid of just about everything that is out of the ordinary, everything that is different from us. We feel uneasy around those who are gravely ill, wary of those who look or dress or speak differently from us. We aren't quite comfortable in unfamiliar surroundings, and of course we have a deep and irrational fear of the dark ... of the unknown that lurks in the shadows. And what greater unknown, what greater mystery is there than the fate of our human soul once it departs the body? In many ways, this is the challenge that faces those of us who are active members of our community's *chevra kadisha*. In performing our sacred task we get to pull back the curtain, shine a dim light into that darkness and get a fleeting glimpse of the unknown. In preparing the body for its final journey—in washing, purifying and carefully dressing the deceased, we get to see and feel the quiet and the calm. All of the fears that the person may have experienced during life, the pain and suffering of illness, the anxieties about what the darkness will bring—all are gone. There is only peace.

Death is of course natural. It is a journey that each of us will one day take—some willingly, most reluctantly. Yet few people see it as we do—up close and personal. We recognize, of course, that we are performing an ancient, honored and sacred act; a mitzvah of the utmost significance to the families of the departed and to the community that we serve. But if truth be told, at least for me, it has also been a unique opportunity to look death in the eye, to temporarily push aside my fears, and smile as we send a beloved member of our community off to whatever lies beyond. "

—**Member of the Santa Barbara Chevra Kadisha**

If you are interested in becoming a member of the Santa Barbara Chevra Kadisha, or if you would like more information, please contact the Temple office at 805-964-7869 or McDermott- Crockett Mortuary at 805-569-2424.

A Day in the Life of A BHY'er continued from page 1

potty going (reverse that) and then—what I and the kids were most excited about—challah making. At 10:30 am we gather for Shabbat under the oaks—YOU MUST EXPERIENCE THAT!

There were conflicts and disagreements between the kids and I was so impressed with how calm the teachers are, how they seize every teaching opportunity. The kids get tools for communication techniques, conflict resolution, manners, and gratitude. The kids should go to work instead of the parents one day and let the parents get a refresher at BHY. I could go on for another three hundred words, but my space is limited. Let me wrap up by saying that these kids have it really good and just know that G-d has his arms around our kids at BHY.

No Limits continued from page 19

The next day was Shabbat and Kelly's birthday. "What do you mean we have to stay in the hotel all day?" I thought. "It's Kelly's birthday and we are going to take a cab to the Arab section where there are still things to do; birthdays take precedent!" But instead, we allowed ourselves to relax into the rhythm of Shabbat. After all the running around in the last couple of days, it was nice to just relax and be together. That night, after havdalah, we went to Ben Yehuda street and found a nice restaurant where a three-piece jazz band was playing and there we ushered in Kelly's birthday. A group of American young men who were studying in Jerusalem gathered around the table to sing "Happy Birthday." The cobble-stone streets and the balmy feel in the air reminded me of Rome, but here we were in Israel.

The following day we went to the Holocaust museum, Yad Vashem, and to the Mt. Hertz National Cemetery. Despite the heaviness of the day, dinner was, as always, an overflow of food. Be sad, be reflective, tear your heart out, but never miss a meal! On the bus, between stops, we learned a few Hebrew slang words, like *sabbaba*, which means "It's cool." We sampled Israeli junk food, but mostly we learned about the history of Israel.

The next day we went to the top of Masada, via cable car. After the tour guide gathered us in a crammed little stone enclosure, he told us about King Herod and of the Jews who took their own lives rather than being slaves to the Romans. I had had enough. It was so hot and we were crammed into a tiny space. Still, no one complained. I said, "Kelly, let's go, it's too hot!" She answered, "No, Mom, I do not want to appear weak!" She was boiling, I could tell. So I said, "Ok, fine, put it on me—I've had

enough. Anyway, it's not weak, it's being sensible." In the end we left and went to get snacks to share with everyone after they finished the tour. This group was so tough, that Nir, the Israeli soldier on our trip, said of all the groups he'd been with this was the toughest. He was used to whining and tears over a little scrape and tons of drama; there was none of it with this group.

Next, we went to the Dead Sea. This was one of my favorite moments on the trip. The peach-colored mountains descended into the steel-colored blue sea. There were no waves or movement in the sea, only a stillness that played off the arid sky.

I witnessed Claire, a beautiful and bright young woman, who can't use her arms or legs, being carried into the Dead Sea by both disabled and able bodies. While floating in the sea, her head was supported by Emily, who had graduated from the University of Alabama on a wheelchair-basketball scholarship. Claire announced, "I am so happy." And you could feel the freedom and exuberance of this moment—bodies normally bound by chairs being free to float in the water. We packed mud on our bodies and every one had mud caked on their wheelchairs as a souvenir!

The Tel Aviv part of our trip was filled with sailing the Mediterranean, eating *shwarma* on the street, visiting art fairs and, to my great surprise, finding beautiful birds. I have a great love of birds and had no idea that I would get to witness bee-eaters, cranes, herons, hoopoes, green parakeets, and more. Of all the places for migrating birds en route from Europe to Africa to land, they choose Israel. I know that it's not just for the green of the Hula Valley. My theory is that they come to Israel to gather strength for the rest of their journey.

When I asked Kelly what she got from being in Israel, she said, "It strengthened me." When I think of the people who came to Israel after the Holocaust, fragile of body and spirit, who found the strength within them to build this beautiful country, I think of the people I came with on this trip. They were so strong and united as a group, no in-fighting, or cliques. Maybe they will be the generation that teaches the world how to be with one another. It was a trip that we will never forget, because Israel is an amazing country and we were fortunate to travel with such a wonderful group of people.

Sylvia Glass *continued from page 20*

B'nai B'rith. Just a year later I became secretary of the Board of Trustees and remained on the Board for ten years in various positions.

My neighbor, Helen Yost, convinced me to join the League of Women Voters. I did, served as office manager and did publicity for a few years. I signed on with the Citizens Planning Association when I realized this was an organization in the forefront of the battle to keep the city from being smothered with development. I became active in the Grove Lane Improvement Association, went on to become president of Allied Neighborhoods Association, and was appointed by the city council to the Looking Good Santa Barbara Committee. In addition, I served on the Adult Education Board; Meals on Wheels; the SPAN Committee for the Family Service Agency; the Santa Barbara County Transformation Task Force; the Outer State Street Task Force, and the City Charter Revision Committee.

My attachment to my Jewish heritage was strengthened by ties to Sisterhood, where I conducted a Jewish Current Events monthly class for nine years. I served on the Board for Critical Issues and was chair librarian. I taught Sunday school for two years. In Hadassah I was program chair, wills and bequests chair, and president. I served on the Federation's Jewish Community Relations Council and was president of ORT. I served as temple librarian for twenty-five years. In 2007, I received the Viola Girsh Award. At present I am still a board member of the Rieger Foundation, which gives scholarships to students in Israel, supports BHY preschool, and sponsors a yearly Rieger Weekend featuring eminent scholars.

Two years ago I had a stroke and had to stop my volunteer work. Beverly Penner is continuing as librarian and is upholding the same high standards of service. I urge you to pay a visit to this room full of the joy of Jewish knowledge.

Sylvia is a treasure in our community and we are grateful for her dedication to CBB and particularly to our library.



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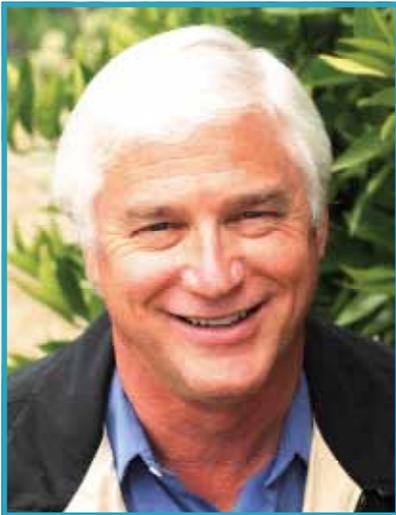


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7:00 pm, Sunday, July 21 - Celebrate the Jewish **"Day of Love", Tu B'Av**, with an outdoor picnic and a concert of love songs (Jewish and secular) with Cantor Mark Childs and two friends from Los Angeles, Cantor Susan Caro and Cantor Mark Saltzman. Bring your wine and dinner and enjoy the celebration as the full moon rises above your head.

6:00 pm, Friday, August 30 - An Oneg Shabbat Concert with the **Klezmer/Gypsy ensemble Kalinka** will follow our outdoor Shabbat service.