

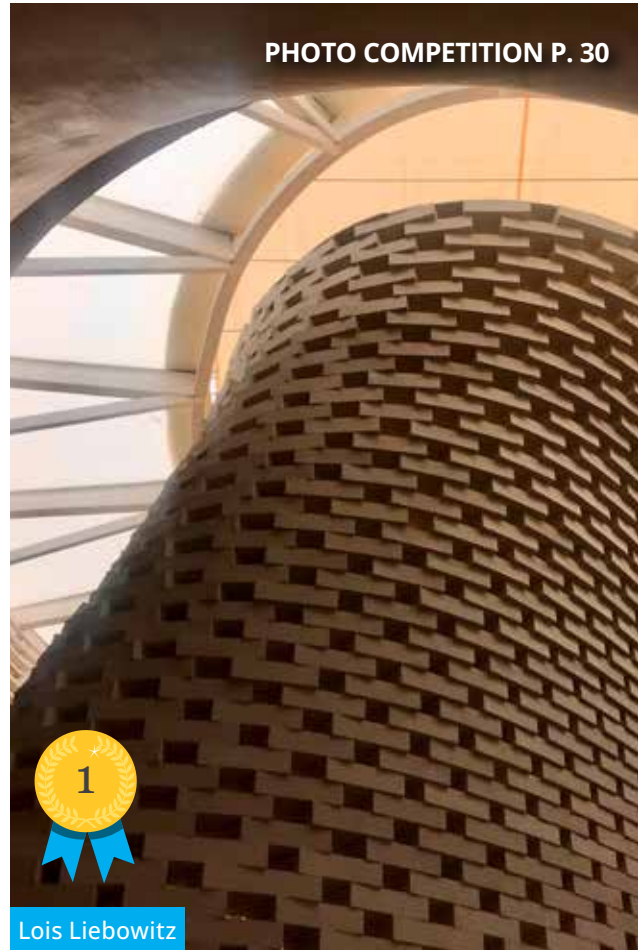
SNAC/shots

And the Winners Are...

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NISSAN 5783 /



Ephry Eder



Lois Liebowitz



Minyan Men

7:30am Every Weekday P. 29



SNACpackers

Where Goats Grow on Trees? P. 14



Roots

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Mazal Tov!

SNAC recently celebrated a significant milestone. On December 24th, SNAC held a Bar Mitzvah Kiddush, celebrating 13 years since its founding. In this time SNAC has grown from a Shabbat *minyan* in a party room or garage to a thriving modern Orthodox English-speaking synagogue with more than 140 members, providing religious services and activities for members and for the community. SNAC is known throughout Israel and, in fact, in the UK, USA and other overseas locations, for the spirit of its *davening* and its extensive educational programming. It is not surprising that several members have settled in this part of Netanya because of SNAC's excellent reputation. The Bar Mitzvah Kiddush featured yummy food and good cheer as we all toasted our wonderful shul.

Roy Pinchot, Editor



Chairman's Message

Influencers are all around us. As we prepare for Pesach and we turn inward to determine how we free ourselves from our own personal "Mitzrayim," the name of one influencer comes to mind. Moshe Rabbeinu. Moshe influenced not only the Israelites whom he led out of Egypt, but generations and a generations afterwards, to this day. His humility, his unwavering faith in God, his defense of the Jewish nation and his desire to promote justice are traits that we can all try to emulate. Moshe taught us to listen and to learn from each person who touches us. The wonderful diversity within SNAC allows us to pursue many of Moshe's qualities. So next time you are in shul, speak to someone new, smile at a stranger, share a "shtickel Torah" and maybe, like Moshe, you will find yourself an influencer!

Chag Sameach to all,
Shelli Weisz, Chairman



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Editors' Welcome

Our new SNACshots edition is brimming with contributions from the community, from "Influencer" and "Only in Israel" stories to photos for the competition on two subjects. The first prize-winning photos are on the cover of the magazine – see page 30 for the runners-up. We also have six full pages on

SNACpackers. SNACers are really circling the globe.

The SNAC board has filled our days with a potpourri of events: *tiyulim*, lectures on a variety of subjects, films, and holiday happenings. We were "blown away" this year by the annual Tu B'Shvat seder, held on what surely must have been the windiest day of the year, and enjoyed the fun, music, and flavors of our annual Purim *seudah*, this time held at "home," in the SNAC building.

Learn about our new members who came to us all the way from Mexico (page 22) and about our members in the UK who are fully engaged and committed to fighting the war on terrorism and antisemitism (page 32). These are only a few of the items you can devour as you rest your digestive system between the seder meal and your matzah brei breakfasts.

Chag Sameach,
Reva Garmise, Roy Pinchot



SNACtivities

The Mosaic of Jewish Experience (JEMS)

SNAC's winter *tiyulim* explored the mosaic of Jewish experience in a series of fascinating *tiyulim*. Each of the tours was accompanied and introduced by Dr. Drora Arussy who sat shotgun on the bus near her mother, our own Shelli Weisz.

First Stop: Cochin

Did you know that there were “white Jews” and “black Jews”? Well, yes there were, and they both resided in Cochin India. We were regaled with the fascinating history of the Jews of Cochin by the world-renowned expert on Cochin Jewry, Dr. Shalva Weil. Dr. Weil has done extensive firsthand research into the origins of Cochin Jewry, and was able to relate many interesting anecdotes, as we sat spellbound in the original Cochin Synagogue brought piece by piece to the Israel Museum. The tour was completed with a taste of delicious pastries of the Cochin Jewry. How fortunate we were to have had this special experience.

Molly Zwanziger

Next Stop: Egypt and Adan

The one-room Egyptian Museum in Tel Aviv gave SNACers a personal view of the life of Egypt's Jewish population. Museum Director Levana Zamir spoke of her childhood in Cairo, which came to a dramatic end when Israel was founded. She and her family left Egypt for the nascent State of Israel where they spent three difficult years in a ma'abara (transit camp). But, like most ex-Egyptians, she never forgot the rich and wonderful life they'd enjoyed in Egypt. Participants were treated to a tasty repast of Egyptian delicacies. Levana even gave a demonstration of preparing Egyptian pastries. The visit included a movie about the Cairo of Levana's youth. Next stop was the small but interesting Jews of Aden Museum and synagogue where we learned that in Aden, which was a British colony, the Jewish community's customs reflected the lifestyle of the colonizers.

Reva Garmise

And then...Iraq

A visit to the Babylonian Jewry Heritage Center on March 27 gave SNACers a taste of the sights, sounds and flavors of Iraq and included a tour of the Museum of Babylonian Jewry with Lili Schor, born and raised in Iraq. Also on the agenda was an Iraqi vegetarian lunch and a musical interlude. This *tiyul* took place when this issue of SNACshots was being printed, but we have no doubt it was as interesting and exciting as the other JEMS museum tours.

A Feast for Body and Soul



Was Isaac a victim or a hero? Was it ethical for Jacob to trick his father? These questions, posed by Scholar in Residence

Rabbi Alex Israel, challenged SNAC members to wrestle with important moral questions at a Shabbaton last November. Rabbi Israel teaches at Yeshivat Har Etzion, Midreshet Lindenbaum, and is a featured speaker for Matan. He is also Director of Community Education and Online Learning at Pardes Institute. In addition, participants enjoyed a delicious lunch—a veritable feast for body and soul.

Roy Pinchot

The [Good] Samaritans

Samaritans. Who is this miniscule minority – about 850 people – living in Shechem and Holon? This was the subject of a fascinating documentary that had its Netanya premiere (and only seventh showing anywhere) at SNAC on January 8, 2023. The film's director, Moshe Alafi, was on hand to introduce the film and answer questions after the screening. The documentary, which took five years to

Photo by Charles Green



film and edit, presents the Samaritans' beliefs and lifestyle, religious practices, and intergenerational tensions, including the way in which women are provided for marriage (a sizeable contingent of Ukrainian women now live in the Samaritan communities). The Passover sacrifice, the event most closely associated with the Samaritans, is revealed as an emotional high point in their lives. In answer to questions from the full house at SNAC, Director Alafi described how he was received by the Samaritans and how their practices mirror and deviate from Jewish practices. The directors' personal input gave the film even greater power.

Mike Garmise

Blowin' in the Wind...

Fighting the elements to attend the annual Tu B'Shvat seder, many SNACers were literally blown into the shul by a ferocious howling wind. Once inside, a lovely atmosphere of calm and beauty prevailed, created by tables adorned with colorful paper settings and the seven species of food for which the land of Israel is praised in the *Torah*.

Celebrating the New Year for Trees, the seder leads its participants through (according to kabbalah) the four worlds of *Assiyah* (action), *Yetzirah* (emotion), *B'riyah* (thought), and *Atzilut* (spirit). This is accomplished symbolically by partaking of various foods while contemplating what the specific fruit, seed or nut represents.

Each year this event ends with a feeling of camaraderie, a special elevation of having experienced it together, and, this year, a delicious Holy Bagel breakfast.

Ginger Pinchot

Happy Feet!

SNAC once again participated in the Jaffa Institute's Shoes for Chanukah project. Thanks to donations from the community, we reached our goal of contributing 100 pairs of shoes to children at the Jaffa Institute in time for the Chanukah holiday. SNAC is privileged to be a partner in this annual project.



Photo by Roy Pinchot

Purim Fun!

SNAC hosted a lively Purim party, complete with costumes, food and live music. A joyous celebration for all.

Photo by 'the other' David Woolf



Photo by Shelli Weisz



Photo by Ephry Eder



Scenes of Jewish life in Egypt, 1856-1956
Photo by Mike Garmise

A Day That Changed My Life Forever

By Lois Liebowitz



Lois (fourth from left) and her husband Irving (seventh from left) and family at their son's wedding

Some days and experiences turn out to be life-changing, but the weird part is that you often don't see them coming. The day before 9/11, which was plain, old September 10, I remember being in the conference room with a few colleagues. Since our office was down the block from and facing the World Trade Center, we could see it through the window gleaming in the night sky. I specifically remember thinking about how beautiful it looked. I finished my work, got on the subway, and went home. Just as I always did.

The next morning, I was running a little late. The subway was very crowded at first but as we moved downtown less so. As the ride continued, I felt the train slow down almost to a crawl. An announcement was made about "congestion ahead" which is what they always say when the train is slow. And this train was crazy slow. At 14th Street a man got on the train and said to no one in particular,

"I heard a plane hit the World Trade Center." Another passenger asked the first man, "One of those small touristy planes?" The guy just shrugged and those of us left on the train just sort of looked at each other, but you could see that no one thought it was anything more than an accident.

Finally, the train pulled into Franklin Street Station, and I got off. I went up the steps to the street not sure what I would see and walked into a scene from hell. As I exited the station, I was looking right at the World Trade Center, about 10 short blocks to my south. Both buildings were on fire. I was confused. I remember thinking – if one plane hit one of the towers, how did the other building catch fire? There were tons of people on the street. There was a tremendous amount of noise and traffic. The traffic wasn't the normal cars and buses but firetrucks, police cars, ambulances, and emergency

vehicles all with their sirens going – one after the other after the other so you could barely cross the street.

I was soon told that this was most likely a terrorist attack so I started walking east and south towards my office thinking I would wait there until the fires were put out. It was close to 10 am. I was passing the New York Supreme Courthouse in lower Manhattan, seven blocks north and three blocks east of the World Trade Center. Suddenly there was a huge sound like a bomb and I and everyone on the street turned and looked at one of the World Trade Center towers. All 110 floors were coming down. It felt as though it was all happening in slow motion. As I watched floor by floor collapsing, I heard continuous loud sounds like bombs as well as the screaming of people on the street. I remember tasting a bitter taste in my mouth; later I realized it was the taste of fear. I was mesmerized and I

couldn't turn away. I thought to myself, I am watching thousands of people die. And then suddenly there was a new voice in my head telling me to stop looking, to turn around, and to get out of there now. And I did.

I didn't run but I quickly walked north, then east, then north. Crowds of people were walking and running too. I heard snippets of words as I continued northward – things like "the Pentagon," "we're under attack" and then finally "the other one is down." When I got to Canal Street about a mile from the World Trade Center I turned and looked back. There was just smoke and dust where the World Trade Center once stood, but no buildings. I could feel myself start to cry but that voice in my head was back telling me I was alone, I had to get home and I could cry later. I kept walking. North, west, north...

Nothing and nowhere felt safe

It was a hot day. I did not have water and the stores were closed. I was not wearing the right shoes. It was a long, long walk – about three hours, by myself. My cell phone was no longer working (the only cell towers had fallen with the World Trade Center). Every time I saw a famous landmark, the Empire State Building, Times Square, I would walk in a different direction. Nothing and nowhere felt safe.

I got home and just stayed in my apartment with the TV on. The winds changed direction on the evening of 9/11 and the smells of burning and death were everywhere. There were sounds of helicopters and aircraft, including fighter jets, all day, and all night. No one really knew the full scope of what had happened. We waited to see how many were injured and who would be rescued. It turned out not too many were alive to be rescued. Everyone on the planes and almost everyone in the buildings at the time of the collapse died. The streets were filled with handmade signs: Missing – my husband, my wife, my father, my mother, my brother,

my sister. They stayed up for a long time; even when we knew they weren't missing, but were dead, the signs stayed up.

I didn't know anyone personally who was killed. Three people from our company were at a client in the World Trade Center on a very high floor and died there with everyone else on that floor. Every fireman in our local fire station, except one, died. There was a conference for financial technology on the top floor of one of the towers. We usually participated in that conference, but we had canceled due to budget cuts. Every single person at that conference died. I knew some of them by name and reputation. Everyone knew someone who lost someone that day. It was beyond devastating.

As horrible as it was – the loss of life, the destruction – I realized that if those buildings had fallen over instead of on into themselves, the nightmare would have been so much worse. I understood that standing on the street

Smoke and Dust Where the World Trade Center Once Stood

near those towers, my life had been at risk, and but for the grace of God and smart architects and engineers I had survived.

Our office (and all of downtown) was closed for weeks while it was cleaned up and determined whether the air was clean enough to breathe. The debris was everywhere – even inside the lobby of our building which was three blocks away! When we went back to work it was like visiting a graveyard. The fires were still burning. The smells were still strong. The area looked like a war zone. It was like that for a very, very long time.

Everyone who was there that day had a story. Where they were. What they did. What they saw. How they got home. Anyone who was there that day is part of a special fraternity. The



fraternity of people who can never forget. The people who will never be the same.

For me, I feel my life broke in half that day; there was my life before 9/11 and after 9/11. Unlike many people, I had no desire to leave New York or run away. In an unexpected way, that was the day that changed me. I was no longer afraid. I thought while looking at the tower falling that 9/11 would be the last day of my life. I thought the world as we knew it was over. And yes, many things are different post-9/11. But when I realized I would survive, I realized I needed to live my life to the fullest because on that day I was given a second chance at life. And so, I have. I didn't know how dramatic that change would be, but starting on 9/11 I began a new life, without fear.

PS: Less than a year after 9/11, I became a single mother of a beautiful baby girl. Over the next years, I met the man who would become my husband, became a mother again, and got married. Only six months after that we made *aliyah*. Today my daughters are young adults, and I am the stepmother of four adult children and their spouses and a grandmother to three little ones. We do our utmost to live life to the fullest, without fear, in our post-9/11 life. ●

My Notorious BRCA Gene

By Iresine Woolf

I want to share with you our experience over the last 10 years, to raise awareness. If it helps even one person, it is worth sharing.

We were planning to move to Israel around 2012 but everything changed as our son was diagnosed with melanoma after finding a lump in his armpit. After researching treatment in England, America and Israel, he came under the care of an excellent specialist at Tel Hashomer Hospital in Tel Aviv.

In November 2012 we had further devastating news. Our eldest daughter in Leeds was diagnosed with stage 3 ovarian cancer. She was 40 years old. Her doctor believed she had IBS and did not recommend a scan. Natalie persisted, knowing something wasn't right, and her husband, a doctor, was able to quickly arrange a scan, which confirmed cancer.

Leeds has a very high-standard cancer care unit, similar to Christie's in Manchester. Natalie was given a plan for three sessions of chemo followed by surgery to remove her ovaries and uterus, then a further three sessions of chemo. She was determined, had

a positive attitude, and had great confidence in her specialist.

In February 2013, I went to Leeds to support Natalie through her operation, and at the same time, David moved to Caesarea to help look after our three young grandchildren during our son's operation.

Enter the BRCA Gene

When the specialist at Tel Hashomer heard about Natalie's ovarian cancer, he suggested testing for the BRCA gene. Having the mutated BRCA gene considerably raises the risks of breast and ovarian cancer as well as other cancers. Our son's test came back positive, so Natalie immediately tested and was also positive. Our younger daughter delayed testing as she was expecting her third child at the time but later tested positive too. They all have the variant BRCA1 gene.

In the general population, only about 1 in 800 people carry a BRCA alteration; however, in the Ashkenazi Jewish population, the statistics jump to 1 in 40 people.

As the mutated gene was inherited from a parent, David and I were soon tested. David's mother and cousin had breast cancer, so it seemed likely it came from his side, but surprisingly the test revealed that I was the carrier of the altered BRCA gene. I am not aware of any cancer in my family history.

The repercussions are numerous. If you have the faulty gene the chance of

passing it on to your children is 50/50, so we were unlucky that all three of our children inherited it.

After healing from her hysterectomy and oophorectomy, Natalie elected to have a double mastectomy to greatly lessen the chances of breast cancer. I had both ovaries removed by keyhole surgery. Other family members have also chosen to be genetically tested and those who have the altered gene elected for preventive surgery.

Knowing about the faulty gene allows you to take preventive measures to reduce your chance of getting cancer.

After five years Natalie was completely clear of a cancer that is known to have a very poor record of survival. Our son has also recovered well after superb care from his specialist. He has yearly scans and will do so for life.

Natalie would like everyone to be aware of the signs for ovarian cancer which are as follows:

- Feeling bloated on and off for a few weeks.
- Feeling full quickly after eating.
- Needing to wee more often
- Suffering from abdominal pain

She also strongly advises:

- Know your own body and trust your sense that something doesn't feel right.
- Be insistent with the doctor if you want it checked out further.
- If you have a family history of breast or ovarian cancer, ask your doctor about genetic testing.

Natalie assists in Leeds with advising and counseling, so if you have any questions on BRCA or ovarian cancer please contact me for her details.

Recently, Martin and Natalie, and their spouses went to Paris to celebrate 10 and 12 years of recovery from cancer. ●



Martin and Natalie celebrating 10 and 12 years of recovery from cancer



My First Broadway Play

By Reva Garmise

When I think of Daddy, so many good memories come to mind. Visiting him at his office where we mailed letters in a glass chute that sent envelopes from the top floor of the skyscraper to the postal room in the bowels of the building. I remember being proud to be his daughter when he organized the Purim fund-raising show for Shulamith School, which I attended. I loved hearing his stories about growing up in Cairo... and more. To this day, I love surprising people by telling them that my father was born in Egypt.

One fond memory was a Sunday when he took me (only me) to Broadway to see a play. My very first Broadway play. On the train, he scanned the entertainment pages of The New York Times to select a suitable play. One of the choices was "Inherit the Wind," which he suspected might not be of interest to a young girl. But ultimately that's the play we went to see. We sat as close to heaven as possible, which didn't bother me at all, spellbound as I was by the magic of the theater: the well-heeled crowds, the massive curtains and magnificent chandeliers, the action on the stage, even the Playbills (why didn't I save mine?).

The play depicted the famous Scopes Trial in which a teacher was being tried for teaching evolution to his class, in violation of the laws of Tennessee. According to Wikipedia, the play opened in April 1955 and closed in June 1957, which means I was 10 – to 12 years old. Paul Muni played the role of the defense lawyer, Henry Drummond, and Ed Begley was the prosecutor, Harrison Brady. What an introduction to theater for my young self! I was so grateful to Daddy for this special treat, one that introduced me to the wonders of the theater, which I have never lost, and by extension to the cinema. But most of all, I loved having Daddy to myself for the whole Sunday. ●



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Photo by Roy Pinchot



Meet the Wolfs

By Reva Garmise

“Get her to the sea air,” said the doctor to Iresine’s parents. She was six years old with a bad bout of whooping cough. Without further ado, Iresine’s parents uprooted the family from their home in Manchester and relocated to Southport, a move that eventually led to the happy meeting with David, who had moved with his family to Southport from Birmingham when he was only a few months old. As both Iresine and David are from traditional Jewish families, it’s not surprising they both ended up in a Younger JNF group, of which David was chairman (foretelling a lifelong commitment to Jewish leadership), and Iresine a member of the Committee. Some things are just meant to be. That fateful meeting took place in the late 1960s. Here’s what preceded that propitious encounter.

Young David

David’s father was not happy with the level of Jewish education available in Southport. He sent his son to Carmel College in Wallingford, England’s leading Jewish boarding school, also attended by his now good friend Robert Casselson (who was not a happy camper and ran away three times, David divulges). Another pupil was yet another SNAC member, David’s cousin David Marks. Neither was David delighted at first at being sent away from home at the tender age of nine, though he eventually adjusted. “I made some good friends there, including my closest lifelong friend who now lives in Toronto.” Summers, he worked in his father’s shirt manufacturing business, called Revelation. The company was the main original provider for the ‘Next’ fashion brand and other major companies.

At age 18, David’s father had a brain tumor that would keep him at home for an extended period. “Although I had planned to study dentistry, I decided to postpone my studies for a year to help my father with the business. The year became two years and then three and eventually David took over the business, which flourished until finally closing down in 2008, by which time India and other countries were competing with low-cost shirts. “I always enjoyed the creative side of the manufacturing business. Shirts were very much in vogue then, with long collars, pin collars and wild prints as it was the era of the Beatles, Rolling Stones, et al.,” says David.

Iresine

Iresine’s and David’s paths did not cross until they were in their late teens, though they may have spied one

■ profile ■



another ‘across a crowded shul,’ says Iresine. “I left school at age 16 and studied at a technical college. Very soon I decided that secretarial work was not for me.” On the other hand, the fashion industry beckoned and Iresine applied for a sales position in retail clothing stores. She moved to Manchester, staying with a relative, as she worked in fashion, eventually becoming involved in wholesale sales. “At age 18, I began to feel homesick,” she relates. “I returned to Southport and joined the Younger JNF organization where I met David.” They married in March 1970 and moved to Cheadle in Manchester. In their search for a shul, they chose the Yeshurun Hebrew Congregation, whose rabbi had told them that the synagogue was “un-oppressively Orthodox.” The description suited them. During their years at this synagogue, David served three times as president. (It seems to run in the family as Iresine’s and David’s fathers had both served as president of the Southport synagogue.)

After their three children were born, Iresine worked with young children at the synagogue nursery. “I absolutely loved this job,” she says. More recently she published a beautiful book called “Grandma’s Tales” which she both wrote and illustrated. “The stories were about and for my grandchildren,” says Iresine. For her 70th birthday, her

grandchildren had the book published.

Iresine has always had a creative streak. At SNAC she is known for her often hilarious poetry and verses. All through the Covid lockdown, she created paper cakes to celebrate



birthdays and other occasions and shared them on Zoom with her many friends. Iresine was also a talented dancer. “I started ballet at about seven and continued till aged 15. To progress I would have had to leave Southport and head for the city, maybe London. My parents didn’t like the idea and I don’t blame them!”

Apart from running and then redeveloping Revelation, David has been involved with several other companies, including his son-in-



■ profile ■



The Wolf family, several years ago

law’s medical business, which mainly involves getting lawyers to pay for their clients’ medical costs. He also worked with Peter Redstone, who is Iresine’s cousin, and recently got involved in the diamond business, to name only a few of the interests that keep David on his toes and off the streets. “The beauty of it is that all of these pursuits can be handled remotely.” Full retirement has never been an option for David.

It was time to go

In 2008, the factory closed and the population of Cheadle changed. It was time to go. “The best thing we’ve ever done,” says David. Though they hadn’t seriously considered moving to Israel before, once David started working remotely, he saw that he could work from anywhere in the world. Their son was already living in Israel as was Peter Redstone. “In addition, I hated

the weather in England. I went to work in the dark and returned home in the dark. The pound was much stronger then, making it feasible to buy a home here.”

The plan was to make *aliyah* in 2012. But these plans changed dramatically when two of their children were diagnosed with cancer (see article on page 8), delaying their *aliyah* until 2017. Meanwhile, their good friends (and SNAC members) Elaine and Bernard Oster gave them the use of their apartment in Netanya while they sought a place to live.

With their *aliyah*, David and Iresine brought with them years of synagogue service that have benefited SNAC over the years. They immediately became active members of the community, joining past friends from Manchester and bonding with other members of the community and quickly becoming an integral part of the SNAC social fabric. “We feel very much at home here and especially appreciate the shul’s nonjudgmental approach to all members of the SNAC family.” Needless to say, the feeling is mutual. ●



Paper cakes shared on Zoom during the Covid lockdown

The Return of the Wallet

By Paul Westbrook

Not long ago, on our return from a long day of collecting our grandchildren from school, taking them home and giving them supper, we found a small handwritten note in Hebrew left under our apartment door. I had apparently dropped my wallet in the local supermarket; it had been found and was now in the safekeeping of the police. We immediately drove to the police station but, as it was after 8pm, we were advised to return in the morning and ask for Yossi, the police officer responsible for lost property.



We did not know who had found the wallet nor who had left the note under our front door.

We duly returned in the morning and found Yossi. He did not have my wallet but checked the computer system and discovered that it had indeed been found but had not yet been deposited at the police station. The policewoman who did have the wallet was still out on patrol.

In a babble of English and Ivrit, we discovered that some unknown person had found the wallet in the supermarket and handed it over to the police. The policewoman had come to our apartment but finding no one at home kept the wallet and left the note under our door. So, no fewer than three people were involved in getting my wallet back. Can anyone imagine this personal service happening anywhere else? Certainly not in London. The next time you are unhappy that blatant infringement of parking regulations has apparently been ignored, remember that the police may be busy looking after property carelessly lost by someone like me. ●

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Being Tall in Israel

By Mike Garmise

In our prequel stay in Israel, in 1967, we lived in Jerusalem. As a somewhat tall person (and in 1967 my height was that much more noticeable, as there were far fewer people then coming close to my two-meter – 6-foot 7 inch – dimensions), I was used to youngsters commenting on my height. The taunt I heard most in New York was “Hey, Jolly Green Giant, how’s the air up there?” referring to the brand name of canned and frozen veggies, whose mascot is a smiling green giant.

But not in Jerusalem. More than once, as I walked down the street, I would hear kids behind me singing out, “Og melech habashan” – Og the king of Bashan, referring (of course) to the biblical Amorite king, known for his great height, who was slain by Moses and his forces.

Imagine that, a biblical reference from the small fry. I guess the Jolly Green Giant brand never came to Israel. ●



The Jolly Green Giant

Why Were We Surprised?

By Reva Garmise

Living in Jerusalem during the first year of our marriage – 1967/68 – should have prepared us for dealing with Israeli bureaucracy and – let’s face it – Levantinism. We thought we’d experienced all the “shtikim and trickim” during our honeymoon year in Jerusalem. Driving a Vespa through the hills and dales of the city (we only fell seven times); bargaining with shop owners in the Old City; learning to freeze in our tracks with all the other vehicles on the road the first time we heard the Yom HaShoah siren pierce the air; washing our floors with a “sponja” – the ubiquitous stick and shmatte flood-the-floor method.

Delivery by Camel?

Arriving in Jerusalem just a few days before Rosh Hashanah that year, we discovered that Misrad HaKlita knew nothing of our plans to live in the Holy City. A couple of weeks later we found out why. Our papers had been sent to the live-in ulpan in Netanya, not to the olim hostel in Jerusalem. Was the universe telling us we were one day destined to live in Netanya and join SNAC? Why else would our papers end up in Netanya’s Ulpan Ben Yehuda instead of in holy Jerusalem? Fortunately, I had relatives in the city who took us in until the papers were sent to Jerusalem by camel or tortoise.

So, when we entered the country again, two years after leaving, this time ‘for good,’ we thought we were ready for Israeli society. No more surprises for these “veteran” olim with a whole year of hands-on experience. It didn’t take long. We were still at the old Lod Airport where passengers walked along the tarmac from the

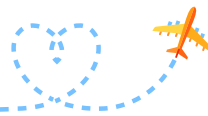


On the road to Tel Aviv (or Ramallah) Reva and Mike, circa 1967

terminal to or from the aircraft, often accompanied by jubilant friends and relatives. My two sisters and their husbands were waiting to whisk us away to the olim hostel in Lod that our aliyah agent at the Jewish Agency in New York had arranged for us. With my family hovering just behind us, we handed over our papers to the local counterpart of the Jewish Agency aliyah agent and proudly declared that we were slated to stay at Maon LeOlim Gimel. Maon Aleph and Bet were fully populated, so we were assigned to the newest maon (hostel), a modern tower of eight floors and an elevator that would eventually be the hot spot and major playground of the hordes of children of Lod. Wonderful, said the official greeter, with a sweet smile. But where are you going to stay until it is built?? Wait. What...? But why oh why were we so surprised? Where else in the world could officialdom bungle up so grandly?

This was not our first, nor our last, “Only in Israel” moment. But some 52 years later we are still here. Today there are computers and other sophisticated thingamajigs to ensure that such mess-ups are created in the most modern and efficient way, in our beloved start-up nation. My Israel. ●





SNACpackers

Summer Snow in the Tropics

By Alan Lewis

Although we flew to Buenos Aires, the tour really started from Salta, a small but busy town in the northwest corner of Argentina from where we drove north into the Andes. In the foothills of the Andes are areas of the jungle where puma, jaguar, and ocelot roam. As we drove up into the mountains, we passed wild horses, donkeys, llamas, and vicunas, as well as domesticated animals. We crossed a mountain pass at an altitude of 4,000 meters before descending to the floor of a huge valley. Lunch was in a town called San Antonio. I would have described it as a one-horse town but that would be insulting to the horse! Talk about poverty and squalor.

Leaving San Antonio, we drove to the 212 sq. km of salt flats and from there, we climbed to another pass at an altitude of 4,170 meters. A stone there records this fact and, of course, we wanted a photo. Eight Brazilian bikers were there before us and when we got out of the truck, they asked us where we came from. When they heard Israel, they got very excited and wanted photos with us, shook our hands, and even hugged us. They then helped us down over the rough ground before roaring away on their bikes. It's great to be loved!

We went to a lookout point across the valley with spectacular multi-colored rock formations. The view was breathtaking. We have never seen anything to match it.

A Chilly Welcome in Chile

We were driven from Argentina into Chile at the border post high in the Andes hoping to enjoy spectacular mountain views. Being in the tropics in summer, no thought of sub-zero temperatures and snow had occurred to us but, as we climbed into the Andes, we drove through freshly fallen snow with a very low cloud base so... no mountain views! Argentina hardly noticed our departure but Chile's welcome was definitely chilly – literally and figuratively. *Literally*, because we were above 4,000 meters and the temperature was only 2°C.

Figuratively, because the personnel at the customs post were more interested in chatting to one another than in dealing with the public. We had fine weather for the drive from the Chilean border to San Pedro. The highest pass that we crossed was at 4800 meters. At the end of the plateau, we descended a steep hill that dropped 2000 meters (that's two km in vertical height!) into the Atacama Desert.

We spent a restful and self-indulgent Shabbat by the swimming pool of our San Pedro hotel before setting out on Sunday to Tatio to see the geysers. This is a geothermal site with a difference – more than 50 holes, all steaming continuously and spitting boiling water. Some of them lie surrounded by pools of water, multi-colored because of the minerals that have come up with the water and steam from the super-heated earth's core. All this is surrounded by majestic mountain peaks. During the return journey, we stopped for a lavish picnic breakfast in the sunshine and then visited a lagoon populated by hundreds of flamingos, Andean geese, and ducks. A miniature safari drive.



At the Tatio Geysers

About 150 million years ago, the whole of South America was under the Atlantic Ocean. The movement of the tectonic plates forced it up above the surface and the huge South American mountain ranges were created. We saw riverbeds in a place where there is no measurable rainfall from year to year. There are no plants, birds, or insects and no sound apart from the wind. We stood in front of a rock face and heard it creaking as it warmed in the morning sun. We climbed up small peaks to enjoy stark and bleak views. It was amazing.

Next stop Chiloe, which is the largest island in an archipelago off the coast of Chile, about 1,200 km south of Santiago. It's green and lush with lots of farms and animals. The total opposite of the bleak majesty of the Atacama. The largest town on Chiloe is Castro, with houses constructed on stilts out over the beach. This is illegal because the beach has no title of ownership and so they pay no property taxes. Officially, they don't exist but these non-existent properties are connected to mains electricity and include hotels and art galleries! On a motorboat tour around the islands, we saw dolphins, penguins, sea lions, black-necked swans, and pelicans.

South America is a new and different world. Pity it's so far away. ●

Petra or Bust

By Barbara and Paul Westbrook

Petra has been on my wish list of places to visit for a very long time. Whenever we went to Eilat we would see adverts for day trips but it was always too expensive and who would look after the children for the day? So, when a WhatsApp pinged onto my phone about a trip to Petra being arranged by friends in Poleg, we jumped at the opportunity. Still not cheap of course but *carpe diem!*

The itinerary included a trip to Sde Boker, Ben Gurion's home in the Negev, the Ramon Crater, two nights in Eilat, and a visit to Timna Park on the return journey. The highlight would be a whole day in Petra.

After the excitement the previous evening of watching England beat Senegal in the World Cup on the hotel's big screen, an early start was required. No long lingering Israeli breakfast for us. The coach took us to the Jordanian border and after the necessary passport and visa checks, we met our Jordanian guide and security officer. The fact that the guide's name was Arafat only caused slight concern. The journey to Petra was quite long. Unfortunately, the main road was being repaired and we had to take a more circuitous route. Our impression of the part of Jordan that we traveled through was of a poor country that relied very heavily on tourism for its income. On the way, Arafat related the history of

Petra, which in 2007 was named by UNESCO as one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

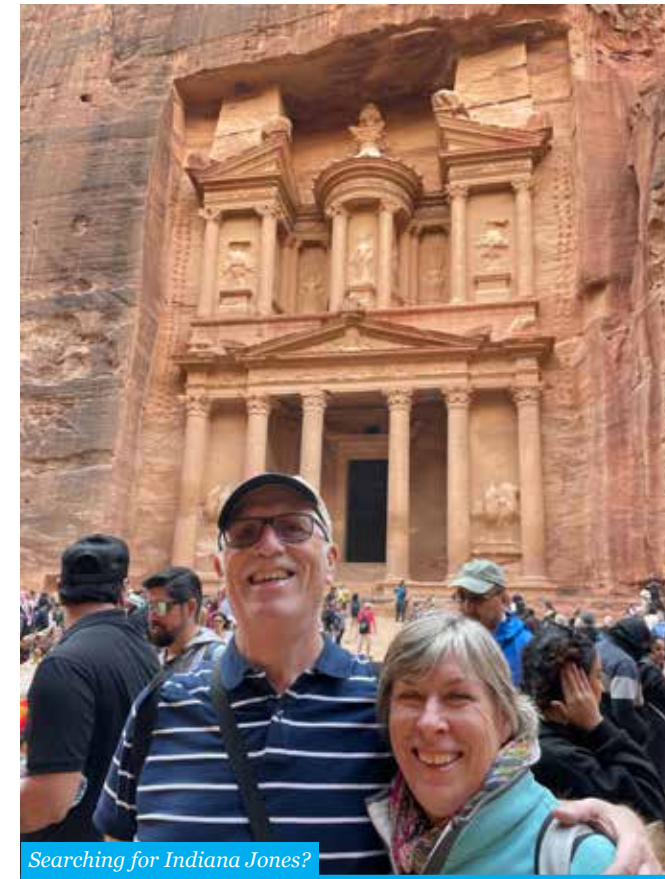
Petra was the capital of the Nabatean kingdom and dates back to approximately 300 BCE. The Nabateans were traders who controlled many of the trade routes in this area. They were a nomadic race who became

before sophisticated engineering, the Nabateans carved elaborate structures into the rocks. Remnants of religious high places, copper mining and other public buildings abound. A highlight of the site is The Treasury, a most magnificent columned structure, which is believed to be the mausoleum of a Nabatean king. Our guide also

pointed out the many caves in which the Nabateans lived. He informed us that Petra was only revealed to the Western World in 1812 by a Swiss explorer and that only a fraction of the site has been uncovered.

The walk through the site is quite long and some of us were wondering whether we would have to trek back up the hill. En route we had seen donkeys, camels and small electric vehicles ferrying tourists back and forth to the entrance but our guide reassured us that everything had been arranged for our return. After a couple of phone calls – our Arabic was not up to deciphering the conversations – several 4x4s appeared. We were safely, if rather bumpily, returned to our coach for the return to the border and the comfort of our hotel.

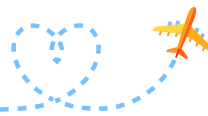
It was a long day with lots of walking but well worth the effort. Another destination ticked off our list. The following morning we thoroughly enjoyed lingering over the Israeli breakfast and thereafter sitting by the pool in the warm December sunshine. ●



Searching for Indiana Jones?

wealthy trading mostly incense on the route between modern day Yemen and the Mediterranean Sea. In 106 CE the kingdom was annexed by Rome and subsequently lost control of the trade routes.

Although you may have seen pictures of the tombs and temples carved into the pink sandstone cliffs, nothing really prepares you for the majesty of the site. In the days



A Land of Magic and Contrasts

By Joyce and Alan Mays

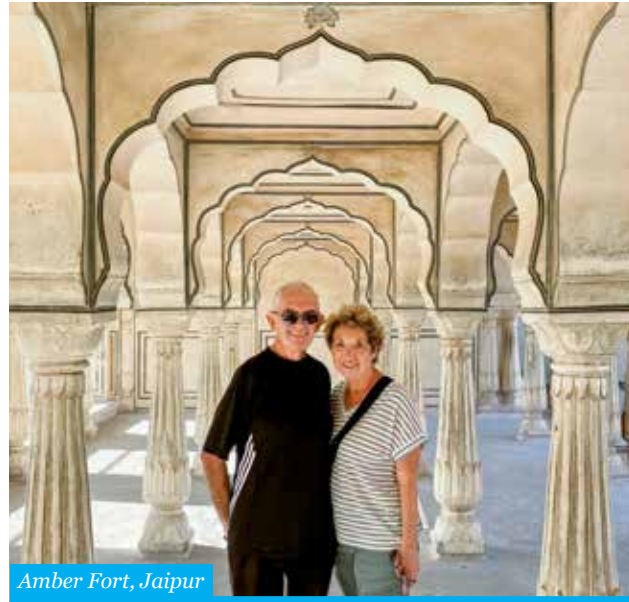
India has been on our bucket list since before the term ‘bucket list’ was coined. Finally, our son-in-law nudged us into making concrete plans which he expertly turned into reality, and we were on our way to a continent that has loomed large in our imagination for years. We expected to be shocked by the poverty and underwhelmed by the famous Taj Mahal, which we decided would be just another over-hyped tourist attraction. We anticipated having little in common with the people of this very different culture and were convinced that the India we had dreamed of in childhood after reading too much Kipling would remain just that – a dream. Wrong on all counts! Of course, there is much poverty, but we learned that in the past 20 years, 450 million people have been lifted off the breadline, now reduced from 55 percent of the population to 16 percent. Although sad to see, the effect was no worse than traveling in other rural parts of Asia.

Our trip encompassed a fairly leisurely three weeks taking in the Golden Triangle and points north, to Amritsar and Shimla in the foothills of the Himalayas. Starting in Delhi we took in Humayun’s tomb, Jama Masjid, and the original site of the Peacock Throne in the Red Fort. This gave us an early taste of how Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan stamped his architectural authority on the area. The Taj Mahal in Agra proved to be every bit as impressive as its reputation. The perfectly symmetrical, majestic, white marble structure arises like a magical specter, assuming different moods

from different angles and in different lights. We journeyed on to Jaipur, the ‘Pink City,’ enjoying the gem capital of India, an elephant ride, and, yes, another magical fort; this time high above the town overlooking great views of the lake with its partially submerged palace.



Jaipur



Amber Fort, Jaipur

The Golden Temple

Amritsar, the center of Sikhism with its Golden Temple, was a revelation. Chabad on crack! The living embodiment of ‘let all who are hungry come and eat,’ literally thousands of people are fed here daily. Supplied by an army of volunteers who prepare purely vegetarian fare, anyone – rich or poor – can simply show up and be assured of a nourishing meal. In Amritsar, the saying goes, no one goes to sleep hungry. From the sublime to the ridiculous, the same day saw us on a trip to the Attari Wagah border with Pakistan to watch the bizarre evening border closing ceremony. This spectacle was a pure, hilarious pantomime. We sat on the Indian side of the border together with thousands of local spectators roaring their approval at the Pythonesque silly walks and high kicks. We cheered along noisily as if supporting our team at the World Cup final. Our final stop was reached by a five-hour narrow gauge railway journey to Shimla, the former summer capital of the British Raj. Pure magic and our last days spent at altitude with clear views of the Himalayas were spectacular.

We found that we made immediate connections with the people we met, were impressed by their dynamism, the extent to which they were proud of their country, how they admired Israel and demonstrated that Jewish combination of initiative coupled with warmth and kindness. In one respect the local Indian population certainly outdid Israelis. Their driving and (lack of) road sense makes Israeli drivers look like safety-conscious models of restraint – even if Israelis don’t usually also have to contend with mischievous monkeys and cows ambling lazily the wrong way along multi-lane highways! ●

Magical, Mystical Morocco

By Charles Green

Morocco had been on our ‘to visit list’ for many years. We removed it in 2011 when a bomb exploded in a coffee shop in the main square in Marrakesh, killing 15 people, including our next-door neighbor, who was going to give us his itinerary.

However, time is great for forgiving and forgetting, and when Joey Freudmann sent us an exciting itinerary for a kosher Morocco tour, we decided we must join.

Many came from Raanana, Jerusalem, and even from the USA. Netanya was represented by Roberta and Rafe Safier and us. The nine-day tour was jam-packed with sightseeing, which covered most of this magical and mystical country. We started in Marrakesh, then moved to Rabat, Fez, and Casablanca.

We visited impressive palaces, many places of Jewish and general



Beth-El Synagogue, Casablanca

interest, the second largest mosque in the world, and every synagogue in every city, town and village. Some were grand, some were small, but the one that impressed me the most was a small synagogue, tucked away in the countryside, which we discovered while we were traveling to the Atlas Mountains. We thought nobody would be there, or even be able to find it, but as we entered the small natural stone building, we were greeted by wonderful aromas emanating from the kitchen. Two women were busy

cooking for the young men who were learning in the yeshiva attached to the little synagogue.

Other memorable highlights of the tour included a visit to the exquisite museum and incredible cactus garden of Yves Saint Laurent, a late-night spectacular horse and light show, being invited into a private home in the Berber village, and a night visit to the magical square of Jemaa el-Fnaa, the place where the bomb had exploded. On one of our many coach journeys, we came across the amazing sight of a field of large argan trees where goats had climbed up onto the trees to eat its fruit.

We finished our last afternoon with a BBQ at the house of a new kosher caterer in Marrakesh who had just started up in business – we were among her first guests. It was a most interesting tour, we met some wonderful people and made many new friends. ●



SNAC at Atlas Mountains



Yves Saint Laurent Garden

Photos on this page by Charles Green



36 Hours in Antwerp

By Alan Lewis

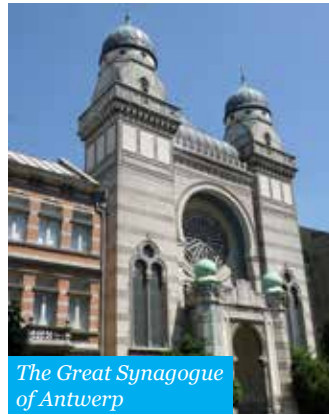
It takes two hours for the Eurostar train to travel to Brussels through the tunnel under the English Channel. Helpfully, an announcement comes over the loudspeaker that the next train to Antwerp would leave at 18:30 from platform 20. Unhelpfully, the announcement does not tell you that it will take you 20 minutes to walk from the Eurostar platform to platform 20! Even more unhelpfully, the next train to Antwerp was actually at 18:39 and from platform 18.

Antwerp station is a magnificent relic of the grandeur of early 20th century railways. Our hotel, in the Jewish part of town, was a 15-minute walk from the station. We walked past one kosher shop after another and saw hardly a building without a mezuzah. The fact that it was raining was a bit dispiriting but the sight of many haredim on bicycles wearing their big hats under plastic bags was definitely novel.

We had been told that Hoffs's Restaurant was the place to go for eat-in and take-away but, as we fancied a hot meal for Friday evening, we decided to inquire at Chabad whether they offer Shabbat meals. They don't, but a young man had *rachmanut* and invited us to dinner at his family home. Next stop: Hoffs's to choose a take-away for Shabbat lunch in our hotel room. The restaurant was an eye-opener with an enormous range of food and amazingly friendly service offered by the Haredi personnel there.

We wanted to see something cultural so went to The Rubens House. Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) was something of an exception among artists in that he was a wealthy man and successful in his lifetime. The House and the art exhibition in it were very impressive.

As we were being hosted by a Chabadnik, attendance for Kabbalat Shabbat was perforce at Chabad. Miriam sat in glorious solitary isolation in the *ezrat nashim* behind a Berlin Wall type *mehitza*. I sat at the back of the shul in a corner hoping nobody would speak to me until a distinguished-looking gentleman with a well-trimmed beard and a homburg hat introduced himself as the father of our dinner host. We chatted during the break between *mincha* and *Kabbalat Shabbat* until a young man came and asked if I would like to learn with him. Of course, I said yes and he then asked which language I would like to learn in!



The Great Synagogue of Antwerp

Services over, we walked for about 20 minutes to our host's home. Married to an Israeli and with a son aged eight and a daughter aged four, he runs security for the 52 Antwerp synagogues, with a day job dealing in rough diamonds. They were wonderful hosts with vast quantities of food, but what was overwhelming were the languages spoken around the table. The grandfather was from France, so they all spoke to him in French. They spoke to our hostess in *Ivrit* and to our host in English. The eight-year-old learns secular subjects in Flemish and *Limudei Kodesh* in Yiddish! They asked why we were in Antwerp and when they heard we were going to Tervuren on Sunday, they were horrified that we were proposing to take a taxi. "You'll be robbed blind," they said, "we'll find you a Jewish driver," and they did; he charged 2/3 of the price quoted by the taxi company.

Shabbat morning, and it was raining again. As we walked to the Great Synagogue, the Haredim no longer on bicycles all wore raincoats down to their ankles with huge hoods that were big enough to enclose their *streimels*. At the *shul*, we were recognized at the door as visitors, supplied with books and a *tallit*, and invited to join in at the sit-down *kiddush* at the end of the service.

Warm and welcoming Antwerp. A real experience. ●

When Gezer Isn't Carrot

By Mike Garmise

Just south of the Elah Valley, site of the David-Goliath showdown, is the remains of an ancient Canaanite city. About 3600 years ancient. The city was Gezer, one of the Canaanite strongholds.

The tel that remains is composed of dozens of layers of habitation since 1400 BCE. Major archaeological excavations, begun in the 20th century, uncovered ruins of a Canaanite tower, an Israelite city gate (attributed to Solomon) and – this is the big draw today – a water system that goes 60 meters down to groundwater level.

Recently, archaeologists have made the system accessible (in a fashion) by installing 175 steps. Count them as you go down, and then as you go up. They are of metal (which near SNAC would rust within half a year). The steps go down a high hewn tunnel, which reverberates with your footsteps and the chitter-chatter of hundreds of bats which you never see. They are busy in the nooks and crannies of the stone.

Spoiler – what you see at the bottom of the 175 steps is not very edifying. From the metal platform you can see the debris from earlier cave-ins when archaeologists first attempted to plumb the depths of the water cistern.

Another unique feature of Tel Gezer is a row of ten steles – monoliths of varying heights and shapes which, archaeologists surmise, marked alliances made between Gezer and surrounding city-states. A basin for

ritual libations – or perhaps for the dignitaries to wash their hands before eating (ha!) – stands in front of the central monoliths.

On a clear day you can see Ashdod, Rehovot and Rishon Lezion, Ramle and Tel Aviv, and to the east Modi'in. The city overlooks the Via Maris and gave local rulers control over travel in the area. Tel Gezer is located adjacent to Carmei Yosef, a moshav that purportedly grows organic fruits and vegetables (I could not locate their store). There's a 1.5 km circular path around the site, with signs in Hebrew and English. Walking on the path is not difficult (some ups and downs) but capering through the archaeological remains, and descending-ascending the 175 steps to the groundwater level requires good shoes, good balance, and good knees.

No admission fee, no services, no booklets, no personnel on hand to explain. Read up on the place in Google beforehand. Worth a visit! ●



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Shabbat in Auckland

By Ephry Eder

Well, there's a whole saga attached to our journey to New Zealand and our first 12 damp days there. It's a sad story and will have to wait for another time.

We had checked into a hotel a few minutes walk from Auckland Hebrew Congregation. When I was last here, 13 years ago, the shul was vibrant with a bar mitzvah and a Megillat Esther reading that Motzei Shabbat. This time, the beautiful pale wood furniture of the main shul interior had been removed as the entire premises were closing down in two weeks' time and moving out to one of the Auckland suburbs. We were now to daven in the Bet Midrash, an attractive simple design of five high brick walls in a pentagon arrangement, encompassing two semi-circular banks of chairs on two levels – the lower level for men and the upper for the ladies, there being a mere couple of steps between them. The arcuate partition for the rear row of men's seats was slightly raised and surmounted by clear glass panels serving as the low-level *mehitza*.



Auckland Hebrew Congregation in its new location. Ephry attended services at AHC's previous premises.

The total attendance on Friday evening was 12 individuals – six men and six women. Next morning, the service started at 9:30am, and my attendance brought the number of men up to four. Nil desperandum as by the time the elderly reader reached *Shochan Ad* and passed the baton to the *kippa seruga* young Israeli rabbinical assistant, the congregation had grown to exactly 10. Phew. The service continued in fairly standard United Synagogue fashion, including the customary over-long sermon by the USA-originating rabbi. Noteworthy differences arose in part from the shul's design as described above. When the sefer Torah was taken around, its path was along the last row of the men's seats so that all could kiss it in passing – even the ladies, reaching over the glass *mehitza* panels. Wonderfully inclusive. Another inclusive feature was that the reading of the Prayer for the Royal Family (my first hearing of "King Charles III") and, most novel, a Prayer for the Welfare of the People of Ukraine, were read by individual ladies from their gallery. Lovely!

Maftir was in the capable hands (if not voice) of Arnold celebrating his 98th birthday. As he ended, the appreciative congregation threw sweets and the rabbi and his Israeli assistant induced Arnold – walking stick in hand – to dance a few steps by the reader's desk. The effort was clearly a bit much for Arnold as when the rabbi came to address good wishes to him, his neighbors had to wake him up. My contribution to the service was advising the rabbi that *Adon Olam* at the service's end be to the tune of "Happy Birthday to You." He was pleased to go along with the suggestion.

The *kiddush* which followed *davening* was limited to grape juice, chocolate pieces, and a few crispy snacks. No sushi, fish balls, herring (chopped or not). So, I bid my farewells, thanked the *gabbai* for my *aliyah* (*matana* to follow) and the rabbi for his *azkhara* for Terrie's late father, and walked back to our hotel. It was now 12:30 and there had been no invitations for a wayfarer's meal! ●

■ roots ■

Oleh, Oleh... ¡Olé! ¡Olé!

By Reva Garmise



What happens when a baker, whose whole life has revolved around baking bread and cake, discovers that she is sensitive to gluten? Eliezra Goldaper is not unaware of the irony.

If you love cake, cookies, and carbs in general but gluten doesn't love you, you're in good company. New SNAC members Eliezra and Bernardo Goldaper recently opened a commercial bakery in Kfar Saba, producing yummy baked goods – all free of gluten, preservatives, and food coloring.

The baking business is not new to the Goldapers, recent olim and SNAC's first members from Mexico. Baking has been in Eliezra's family for generations, as they had owned

a commercial bakery in Mexico City, founded by her grandfather in 1936. And now, the bakery is warming its ovens in Israel, as Eliezra and Bernardo are setting down their roots in Netanya. The 'gluten-free' feature is another story, which will be related below.

The Goldapers mainly attend SNAC's Friday night services rather than the more popular Shabbat morning prayers. They also significantly bring down the average age of our community. How many of us old-timers are thinking of opening a business in Israel?

Both Eliezra and Bernardo grew up in traditional, modern Orthodox, Zionist families in Mexico City. Some 40,000 Jews live in the country, most of them in the capital. They maintain close ties with Jews in Israel and around the world. Many are engaged in commerce and play an active role in the city's cultural life and in politics and science. They have a choice of synagogues and schools – Ashkenazi, Sephardi, Hasidic, Yiddish-speaking, English-speaking... you name it. With 13 different Jewish schools in Mexico City, there is one to suit just about everyone's way of life. "Although the tuition is very high, no child is ever rejected for financial reasons, and some 99 percent of Jewish children attend Jewish schools," relates Bernardo. "Mexico's strong and cohesive Jewish community supports every Jewish child."

It doesn't work that way. Or does it?

Although Eliezra and Bernardo studied in the same Jewish day school, at the same time, they only linked up and started dating when they were in high school. This came to an abrupt – though temporary – end when Eliezra decided to study at Bnei Akiva's Machon Lehachshara at



The Goldaper Family

Bar Ilan, in Israel. "I loved my studies here; however, when I returned to Mexico for the Jewish holidays after two years and renewed the connection with Bernardo, he very soon proposed! I told him, 'It doesn't work that way.' Then I began deliberating, wanting to tie the knot with Bernardo, but also wanting to return to my studies in Israel. During the Rosh HaShanah services at the synagogue, I spoke to an older woman I knew and told her of my quandary. Without hesitation, she replied: 'If you have a good shiddach, grab it. Israel will wait.' And was she right!" says Eliezra. And here they are.

Bernardo owned a business, printing on T-shirts, and then opened a second business, with a partner, importing bathing suits from California. At the same time, he was studying at the Technology University of Mexico, earning a degree in finance. Then, about six years after their marriage, Eliezra's father approached Bernardo, asking him to join his bakery business. "I guess my father-in-law wanted to be certain that I was a 'mensch' before deciding to bring me into the business. I accepted the offer and eventually worked with him for 24 years." Bernardo introduced many innovations and new products into the business. "Some 15 years ago, we began selling cookies to the government, as part of Mexico's program, which provides a cold breakfast to all pupils in the country's public schools. The breakfast includes milk, cookies, fruit, and energy bars, and we

supplied cookies for the program," relates Bernardo.

Meanwhile, Eliezra finished her studies, earning a degree in communications. She then went to work in the bakery as well, on the marketing side. With 300 employees at its peak, the bakery produced rye bread, cookies and energy bars and was the only bakery producing kosher matzah in the country.

A Sack of Flour and a Rented Oven

The bakery flourished. The secret of its success? "Very hard work and perseverance," says Eliezra. "My zeida began the business almost 90 years ago, with a sack of flour and a rented oven, biking around the city to sell his bread. When he had enough money, he advanced to two sacks of flour and eventually purchased his own oven. When my father was only three years old, Zeida got sick. He had cancer but he simply 'did not have time to pass away' and carried on for about 30 more years. Because of his illness, my father got involved in the business when he was quite young." At the time, supermarkets were opening in Mexico, and Eliezra's father very quickly introduced his brand to the stores.

But when she was in her thirties, something strange happened. Eliezra



Baking challot for Rosh Hashanah together

■ roots ■



Eliezra with her father at their bakery in Mexico City

began suffering from a variety of digestive problems and stiff, painful wrists. Not satisfied with the non-answers from her doctors, she registered for online studies in an American college, to become a health coach. Through her studies, she learned that her illness was due to a sensitivity to gluten. Her physical connection to flour and bread did not help her manage her health issues. Eliezra put herself on a strict diet, avoiding gluten, preservatives, food coloring, eggs, soy, and dairy products. The result was amazing. Within weeks her digestive condition had improved significantly. Her inflammation indicators plummeted too. And suddenly she realized that her wrists were again user-friendly after a long period of pain and stiffness. For several years, she worked as a health coach, helping others to improve their health. The bakery introduced a small line of gluten-free products, selling to health stores and small businesses.

Today, Israel is the beneficiary of these changes in Eliezra's life. She and Bernardo have opened a new commercial bakery in Kfar Saba. Getting through the bureaucratic demands and receiving the required certification and kashrut approval was challenging for newcomers, but their

business is now operational. Its name: Masa Madre, Spanish for 'sourdough.'

The Goldapers' three children all made *aliyah* before them. The firstborn, Batya, came eight years ago for a gap year after high school. She soon decided to stay and earned a BA and MA in psychology – working in organizational behavioral development. The son, Yaacov, came as a lone soldier serving as a combat engineer. And the youngest, Nirel, is now a search and rescue instructor in the army. Bernardo's two sisters were also in Israel and when he and Eliezra made *aliyah*, his mother came along with them to Israel and now lives near one of her daughters.

Why SNAC?

"First of all, we wanted an upgrade from Mexico City," says Eliezra. And we decided Netanya fit the bill. Then we looked for a synagogue with an Ashkenazi *nusach*," adds Bernardo. "We heard about SNAC and were welcomed so warmly that we knew this was the place for us." How fortunate for them and how wonderful for SNAC! ●

More on the Frumkin Family

By Louis Frydman



This is the story of my great-grandfather Rabbi Arye Leib Frumkin. The name Frumkin is known to many from the wine shop in the East End of London, but that is only a small part of the amazing story of one of the early pioneers who returned to the Holy Land. Arye Leib was born in Kelm, Lithuania in 1845. He married Sheina Hodes at the age of 18 and moved to Pickeln. There he replaced the local rabbi, who was sick, and delighted the community with brilliant sermons.

In 1866, Arye Leib's father Shmuel Kelmer made his final pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he died and was buried on the Mount of Olives. Arye Leib felt an urgent desire to visit his father's grave. He took a passport in the name Frumkin, in honor of his mother Fruma, and in 1871 traveled to Jerusalem. On visiting his father's grave, he was moved by the desolation in the cemetery. He researched the history of the great rabbis of Jerusalem and wrote his monumental work, "Toldot Chachmei Yerushalayim," a masterpiece on the history of Jerusalem.

He returned to Lithuania, was ordained, and became the rabbi of Alexot, near Kovna, where he earned a reputation for successfully resolving disputes among local traders. However, peaceful times did not last, and the anti-Jewish riots in Russia in 1882 led to rabbinical discussions as to how to handle the approaching evil times. Rabbi Frumkin was one of the few to support emigration to Palestine rather than America.

In Berlin, he made contact with the wealthy Emil Lachman and convinced him to invest large sums of money in the revival of Jewish life in Palestine. Frumkin traveled to Palestine and bought land on Lachman's behalf. In 1883, he arrived in Palestine and joined with the first settlers of Petach Tikva. However, an attack of malaria forced him to return home. During Pesach 1884, the river flooded, destroying many houses in Alkesot, and seeing this as a sign, he resigned from his rabbinical position and embarked with his family on a journey to Palestine.

The family rented a home in Yehud, and he walked many miles daily to work the land in Petach Tikva, but eventually decided that the only solution was to move to Petach Tikva. The other pioneers were against this as the first settlement had been destroyed by malaria, and Frumkin was boycotted; but, determined, he built the first house and moved to Petach Tikva, proving the viability of survival. He



showed the way and was slowly joined by others, and the settlement flourished.

He toiled for the new settlement and started a Talmud Torah, but trouble was never far away, with local feuds and attacks from the local Arabs. Farming was not yet profitable, and a rift developed between Frumkin and his benefactor Lachman who sent emissaries and instituted a court case against him for mismanagement. Due to false evidence, people were led to believe that Frumkin was responsible for the death of two Arabs at a well and he was forced to flee to London in 1893.

He refused to take a rabbinical position, but taught and gave Talmudical discourses. His family soon joined him and they opened the wine shop – L Frumkin, on Commercial Road, from which they were able to make an honorable living. By the way, he chose the English name Louis and I have the honor to be named after him.

Frumkin continued his communal activities and found an ancient manuscript of the oldest known *siddur* in the Bodleian Library and published the first modern commentary on the *siddur*, the "Siddur Rav Amram Gaon," with endorsement from Rabbi Kook. His great-grandson Rabbi Lord Sacks notes in his introduction to the Sacks Siddur, the importance of Frumkin's work.

In 1911 he left the wine business in the hands of his children and returned with his wife Sheina to Palestine. He died in Petah Tikva in 1916. ●

From East New York to Netanya

By Sheldon Reich

When I was a little boy, Pesach wasn't celebrated in the Dolomites or Dubai. My family gathered together in our modest, two-family home in Far Rockaway, Queens, a borough of the City of New York – with my mom, dad, older brother, older sister, and grandmother on my mother's side. Elegant it wasn't, but special it surely was.

The preparations for the *chag* involved *shlepping* mismatched pots, pans, dishes and flatware from the basement and "switching over for Pesach." I knew I was grown up when my dad let me *kasher* the oven with a blow torch. Some things never change; men are attracted to fire and will even cook a meal if fire is involved (grill marketers know this very well).

After we covered the surfaces with "contact paper" and threw out my (now rare and valuable) yearly stash of baseball trading cards because the bubble gum was *chametz*, my mom would unpack our Pesach treasures.

What made them treasures? My parents said they were "antiques" and this imbued them with an aura of rarity and specialness. To me, they were ancient artifacts handed down over the generations since the Exodus.

One talisman was the velvet *afikoman* bag that I could date myself and proudly count how old it was. 1931 was stitched on the front and as a little boy I marveled that something so old could be in my family. And when my mom told stories of stealing that *afikoman* bag with her brothers (my Uncles Boomie and Eliot)

so many decades before, I felt a part of history being so close to this official artifact of the Jewish people.

Another treasure that I remember from every single *seder* was a pink glass bowl that we used for the salt water. *Karpas* just wouldn't be the same without that bowl that I was sure was used by Hillel in the Beis HaMikdash. It, too, was an antique – something called "Depression Glass."

As a kid, I exalted in the significance of these holy vessels. After my bar mitzvah, I traded my place at the family *seder* table for a busboy's uniform and spent my high school and college years bussing and waiting tables at various Pesach hotels (but not in the Dolomites and definitely not in Dubai), in the Catskill Mountains and on the boardwalk of Long Beach, NY.

After seven or eight years, I missed my family *seders*. I left the Catskills and the boardwalk and joined my mom

and dad for their empty nest events. Thoroughly enjoying myself, I listened to my mom explaining the origins of our family treasures.

During the Great Depression, families didn't have spare change to splurge on such things as two additional sets of dishes, pots, pans and flatware. There was no Amazon to order a cheap service for four from China. Instead, families reused the glass from *yahrzeit* candles and that's what we drank from.

That antique saltwater bowl? Depression glass was given away for free as a promotion to get people to spend a few pennies and go to a movie.

We had a few of those but only one bowl survives to this day.

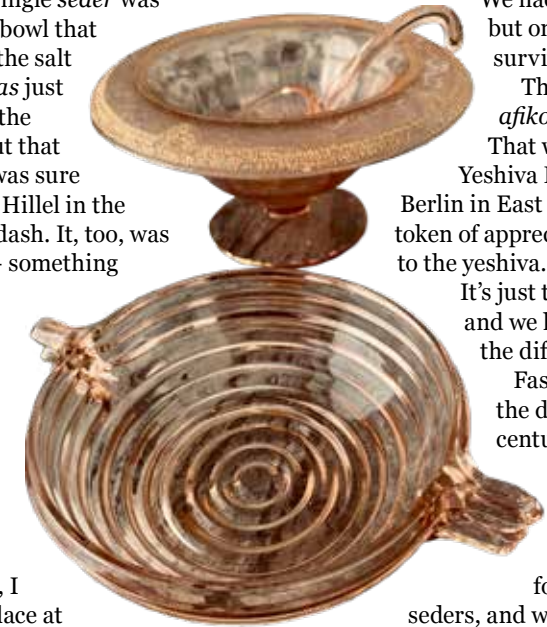
The velvet *afikoman* bag? That was a gift from Yeshiva Rabbi Chaim Berlin in East New York as a token of appreciation to donors to the yeshiva.

It's just the way it was – and we kids didn't know the difference.

Fast forward to the dawn of the 21st century. Donna and I were invited by one of her students to join her family

for one of the *seders*, and we brought the heirloom *afikoman* bag along with my *kittel* and *kiddush* cup. Imagine our surprise when the hostess and another guest placed the same 1931 Yeshiva Rav Chaim Berlin souvenir *afikoman* bags at their places! We all laughed and gushed over how much we all treasured that advertising premium hopefully given away in great quantities in 1931.

Donna and I have proudly used it for the last 20-plus years. When did we make a *seder* without it? Last year in Netanya! That's why we returned to the USA to pack up that priceless treasure to place it on our table on Rehov Tommy Lapid 3 for another 92 years. ●



Related 'By Love'

A Connection Spanning Generations

By Rochelle Baigel and
Graham Calvert

Many SNACers knew one another in their countries of birth; some even lived in the same neighborhood. But how many of us can boast of friendships that go back generations, to our grandparents – or even great-grandparents? This was the case with Graham Calvert and Rochelle Baigel. So, it is no surprise that Graham and his wife Belinda ended up living in the same neighborhood and joining the same synagogue (SNAC, of course) as Rochelle and Philip Baigel, continuing a parallel story that runs through the generations.

The story begins with Rochelle's grandparents, Lily and Baruch Azulay, who knew Graham's great-grandparents, Matilda and Yishaya Peltz, all of whom lived in the East End of London and eventually moved to Hendon.

Related by Love

During World War II, the Azulays' daughter Sally was evacuated to Wales and the Peltz' granddaughter Rita was evacuated to Letchworth near

Cambridge. Sally and Rita became good friends after WWII. As teens, they both were members of the 1832 Shabbes Group. Eventually, Sally married Adrian Goletka who changed his name to Gale and Rita married Bert Clapich who changed his name to Calvert. "I remember Adrian saying to Bert, 'Why don't you change your name? A new name brings new mazel,'" recalls Rochelle. "When Howard (Graham's younger brother) asked 'Uncle' Bert how exactly the two families were related, Bert replied: 'By love,'" relates Rochelle. The two families enjoyed holidays together and often had their Pesach seders together.

So, it was only natural for Rita and Bert Calvert's son Graham to become friends with Sally and Adrian's daughter Rochelle, continuing the connection between the families. Graham was born in 1955 and Rochelle in 1960. "When I was a *madrich* in Bnei Akiva, Rochelle, and Philip Baigel were *chanichim* in my group," relates Graham.

Graham's mother Rita accompanied Sally when she went to visit Rochelle who was spending her gap year in Israel. "I was the only student who turned up with her mum and her mother's best friend, Auntie Rita," says Rochelle. Rita wrote to Rochelle regularly, too, when she was on kibbutz. They always had a special relationship.

"When my father was in the hospital in 1977, I often stayed with Lily and Rabbi Baruch in Hendon on Shabbat, which was walking distance to the hospital," relates Graham.



Graham (far left) and Rochelle, supported by her *au pair*

"In 1978 Rochelle was back from Israel and we spent a few nights at Grosvenor Hotel in Bournemouth. There, I introduced, to another guest, my mum, my fiancée Belinda, and then added, 'And this is 'Rochelle.' So, my mother, my fiancée and Rochelle shared a room. However, when the phone rang, they could not find the phone as all had removed their contact lenses!

Sally and Adrian made *sheva brachot* following the wedding of Belinda and Graham. Belinda and Graham did the same for Rochelle and Philip. And Philip served as dinner chairman at the wedding of Graham's daughter Bracha. Over the years, both families made *sheva brachot* for each other's children.

"Before we decided to buy in South Netanya we stayed in Rochelle and Philip's holiday flat on Pierre Koenig," relates Graham. "We attended the Sephardi *minyan* in the fitness room of the building and walked to Shevet Achim Synagogue near Jabotinsky Street. When we learned that an Ashkenazi *minyan* was being organized for Yom Tov in a house on Ben Ami Street, we saw the potential and decided to buy a holiday home in the area." Both couples ended up making *aliyah* and living just a few minutes' walk from one another.

Graham and Belinda have eight grandchildren and Rochelle and Philip have 10. Will the connection continue? ●

Philip, Rochelle, Belinda and Graham



By Sharon Sherman

The day is finally here. Jonathan drives me to the airport with my suitcase in hand and Nefesh B'Nefesh ID hanging around my neck reminding me of the British children being sent away to the countryside during the Blitz. But I am not running away from something – I am running towards something. I am returning home.

My parents and grandparents were Zionists and strong supporters of the State of Israel. Living in New York they did what they could to contribute to our homeland. They planted trees, helped donate an ambulance to Magen David Adom, bought Israel Bonds, contributed to charities and schools in Israel, and of course, there were the family trips. But despite these supportive acts, there was always a void, something missing from my connection to Israel.

Growing up in the New York Jewish day school system I was exposed to our biblical history as well as everyday life in modern Israel. I learned about the challenges faced by those who pioneered and created the State, the wars fought by those to defend our land, and the difficulties we face to keep our home. But New York was where my family was.

The annual Salute to Israel Day Parade was always a highlight of the year. From the youngest age, I remember dancing up 5th Avenue in costume to Israeli music, watched by throngs of cheering spectators. Every year I marched in the parade glowing with pride as I stood up to show my solidarity with the country I love.

Life in America was comfortable, we were set in our ways. Change would be difficult. As our family grew it was much easier to visit Israel, continue

our support, and volunteer for causes and charities. But a spark that is never extinguished eventually glows bright. The Zionist seed planted and cultivated by my parents, teachers, husband, and myself had grown and needed replanting.

The kids are grown, out of the house, married, and have their own lives. But their lives are and will continue to be in New York. Jonathan still works, and his job requires him to be in New York. Now is not the time to consider making *aliyah*. How could this possibly work? Me here and them there? But if not now, when? Jonathan and I decide, somehow, we will make it work.

The paperwork was complicated but not that difficult. With my visa in hand, I am ready to take a chance. As I sit on the plane surrounded by a group of fellow Americans chasing the same dream, I feel alone. But I am not alone. My biological family remains in the States, but my Netanya family is waiting for me at home. We land some 10 hours later and are greeted by our Nefesh B'Nefesh lifeline who whisks us through passport control to a small waiting area where we are told we are now Israelis. Each of us is given our Teudat Zehut number (no card, just a number) and handed our confirmation for medical coverage, a bank form, a sim card, and an envelope with some shekels. I am slightly overwhelmed with what I need to accomplish, but I know I will get it done with the help of friends.

Unsure of where I need to go and what I need to bring with me to Misrad Hapnim, Joyce Mays fills the role of personal assistant. I am not alone. I have a friend to help and direct me. Next thing I know I am the proud

holder of a temporary TZ card. The week flies by with further successes – a signed bank form for Misrad Haklita and a Maccabi card. My bubble bursts when I am denied a passport because I am too early and must wait 90 days. I continue to feel distraught when turned away from getting a driver's license because I only have proof of four years and 10 months instead of the requisite five years. However, one day's failure turns into another day's success. I return for my license a month later with proof in the form of all my driving infractions from the past 20 years. Apparently, I am now seen as qualified to be an Israeli driver and receive my license.

It is now 90 days since my *aliyah* and I am determined to tick the last box off my list. Without an appointment for Misrad Hapnim I discover my inner Israeli, go anyway, and talk my way into getting a passport appointment a few days later. The appointment is a success, and my *aliyah* is complete. Well not complete, there is one important piece missing... and his *aliyah* is hopefully not far away. ●



■ etc. ■

The Scooter

By Cynthia Lovat



Thirteen years ago I was asked to look after my two granddaughters, Noa and Amber, in Regents Park, London. At that time, they were aged three and five. Such an easy thing to do – or so I thought. After raising three sons how hard could this be?

We started off just fine. The girls brought their scooters and we had a short scooter ride to the swings and then to the ice cream shop. While we were scootering away from the ice cream parlor, Noa decided she wanted to go off on her own and before I knew it, she was gone! I caught up with her and was telling her not to do that again when she turned around and off she went at a tremendous speed, this time leaving me way behind. I started to run after her, losing my shoes, the contents of my bag, etc. and totally abandoning Amber. When I realized I could not catch her, I shouted for someone to stop that little girl on the scooter. Thankfully a man grabbed her and handed her to his wife. By the time I

caught up with them, I was in a terrible state. I took the scooter from Noa and told her I would not take her out in a scooter again until she was 16! I have reminded her of this many times over the course of her life.

Thirteen years later I am living in Israel and Noa is here for a school exchange semester in Hod Hasharon. On her first weekend off she came to Netanya and, with the help of a borrowed child's scooter, Noa and I took to the tayelet to carry out my promise to take her out on a scooter once more! Happy to report it went perfectly well. ●



■ guys and dolls ■

The Minyan Men

By Roy Pinchot

SNAC is greatly indebted to a group of men who every weekday morning at 7:30 and every weekday evening approximately 20 minutes before sunset form a *minyan* to *daven* shacharit and *mincha/maariv* prayers. Their dedication assures our SNAC members and the community of a *minyan* in which to *daven* and say *kaddish*.

The current *gabbai* of these *minyanim* is David Fishel, who always has the support of Brian Wolkind, SNAC's previous *gabbai*. Approximately 15-20 men show up for the daily *shacharit minyan* and 12-15 support the daily evening *minyan*.

Our SNAC *minyanim* are also attended by a number of women who participate to say *kaddish* for loved ones. *Leining* on Mondays, Thursdays, and holidays is usually done by Mike Garmise or Rafe Safier.

Past SNAC President Lee Heron related how the SNAC daily *minyanim* began: "When I started SNAC with Tony Cole, our original intention was to provide services for Shabbat and *chagim*. However, at a certain point, we realized that if we were to be an authentic shul and grow our infant community, we had to provide regular daily services. Although this was not an easy exercise, the shul soon expanded to include an evening service. With the regularity of SNAC's daily *minyanim*, the community began to grow and SNAC took its place as a major religious establishment. The dream of the original founders has



Photo by Roy Pinchot

now been achieved." *Minyan* attendees express many reasons for their dedication to the daily *davening*. For many, it is a continuation of the leadership they exhibited as officers or responsible members of their British, South African, or American synagogues. For others, daily *davening* with a *minyan* is a wonderful custom they have engaged in since they were young – but all see it as the fulfillment of a *halachic mitzvah*. It is a great way to start or end the day! ●

On Friendships, Fellowships, Companionship and Fish-and-Ships – Why so many ships?

By Iresine Woolf

I have come up with an explanation that appeals to me, and I hope it is acceptable to you.

First, we must understand the purpose of a ship. To be fully functional it needs to be in sound condition with all of its components in good working order. It must be strong enough to carry all manner of produce and even stronger when carrying people who have eaten all the produce.

A ship will carry us from port to port and though along the way there may be some stormy weather, we are reasonably assured we will arrive safely back to shore.

So, we can appreciate that a ship can carry us, support us and return us safely home.

Now I understand why we need "ship" at the end of so many words. Those of us who are fortunate to have multiple friends can rest assured that all will be well.

There is no better place than SNAC to find such friendships.

Long may our ship sail in calm waters. ●



If It's Tuesday, It Must Be Coffee

By Gill Heron

Now in England for some considerable time, my thoughts suddenly go out to Tuesday coffee mornings in Netanya. Our noisy table of ladies gathers at Landwers for as long as we wish – approximately 90 minutes – with the freedom to leave whenever our calendar dictates. Who knows where the conversations lead us but it is great just being together, having the freedom to discuss a



current topic, or just converse with a friend sitting within hearing distance. "Hearing distance" these days is sometimes a problem. But hopefully, those with an impairment have remembered to insert their hearing aids. Everyone is welcome and it is always a pleasure for us when a new face unexpectedly joins. Early each Tuesday morning on WhatsApp "Coffee Morning" we indicate our

attendance. However, should only two names appear, that is sufficient for a get-together.

So why do I enjoy my Coffee Morning? It is a chance to relax, to meet up with those friends with whom we have not been in contact for a while; but more important, it is an opportunity to create a friendship with someone you never had the opportunity to get to know. ●

Photo Tips from the Pro

By Charles Green

Congratulations to the winners of this issue's photo competition. The next SNACshots competition promises to be the most exciting yet.

The theme is 'Having Fun,' which is anything that gives pleasure to you, your family, or your friends. If life is worth living, it's worth remembering. And with a telephone in your hand, capturing wonderful moments couldn't be any easier.

Here are a few tips for better images:

- Clean the lens of your phone before taking pictures. It's probably full of fingerprints.
- Look for spontaneous candids. You may have to take more photos to get a winner, but it's well worth the effort.
- Take the photo from an unusual viewpoint or angle. It will make an ordinary subject look different.
- When something catches your eye, take it. Then shoot it again taking more care.
- Don't wait till the last minute. Start taking photos now and you will have a great variety to choose from.

Good luck!
Charles

LET'S EAT!



FIRST PLACE:
Pizza!
by Ephry Eder
Very striking image with great impact and composition.



SECOND PLACE:
Pickles at Jerusalem's Shuk Mahane Yehuda
by Sheldon Reich
Interesting composition, very funny (תמוצים means sour/pickles) as the men look as sour as their product.



THIRD PLACE:
Thanksgiving Turkey Challah
by 'the other' David Woolf
Amusing and original looking challah



Belinda Calvert
Donuts



Lipa Sireling
Yummy !

ARCHITECTURE



FIRST PLACE:
Har Herzl, National Hall for Israel's Fallen
by Lois Leibowitz
Great impact and composition



SECOND PLACE:
Sarona Market, Tel Aviv
by Sheldon Reich
Interesting composition and angle of the new and old with Israeli flavor of the palm tree



THIRD PLACE:
At Habimah Square, Tel Aviv
by Barbara Billauer
Eye-catching angle of unusual subject



Runners-Up



Fran Woolf
New building lining the Ayalon



Belinda Calvert
Bet Landa, Netanya



Ralph Hirschfeld
Eilat light well



Shelley Fishel
Kedma Hotel walkway at Sde Boker



Mike Garmise
Tel Aviv workshop window



Joyce Mays
"Shiputz"



Malcolm Greenbaum
Aerial view of Caesarea

■ profile ■



Meet the Turners – the Backbone of UKLFI

By Reva Garmise

While many of us may click our tongues and sigh in exasperation at the activities of anti-Israel and anti-Semitic organizations that support terrorist groups around the world, some people are actively combating these organizations and their nefarious activities. SNAC members Jonathan and Caroline Turner are two such people. Successful British lawyers, they have dedicated their professional lives to closing down terrorist groups and fighting antisemitism in universities, sporting events, the media, and wherever it rears its ugly head.

It all began in 2011. “I had long been concerned about anti-Israel activity, particularly in the media, and particularly within the BBC,” explains

Jonathan. “As a lawyer, I felt that a strong legal approach to the problem was needed to address the issues. I used my connections with the UK Zionist Federation to form a group of lawyers to join this initiative. When the Israel Ministry for Foreign Affairs organized a conference in Israel of sympathetic lawyers from around the world, I saw the opportunity to build on this initiative. We joined the Zionist Federation forces with those lawyers who participated in the conference. That merger marked the beginning of the UK Lawyers for Israel (UKLFI).”

Twelve miles from a synagogue

Jonathan grew up in a small village near Birmingham. Both parents were doctors and, although they were always strongly pro-Israel, they were ‘not into religion.’ “The truth is my father z”l was a confirmed atheist,” he relates. “It is not surprising that they set up home in a place that is 12 miles from the nearest synagogue.” Jonathan attended Jewish services on Sundays at Rugby School, where he was a student, while the majority of students, who were not Jewish, attended the famous school chapel. A surprising number of the 40 Jewish students at Rugby ended up significantly involved in Jewish affairs. At a later stage, when Jonathan studied

at Cambridge, other lecturers also inspired his involvement with Jewish and Zionist activities.

The lead-up to Jonathan’s successful career as a barrister included a gap year spent teaching English and Science at a school in India, a year in Brussels studying European law and politics and a year studying science and engineering in preparation for a specialization in patent law. He also works in trademarks and copyrights and other forms of intellectual property and has published a book about the interface between competition laws and intellectual property which has been favorably reviewed.

Journalism and law

Caroline grew up in London in a traditional Jewish family. Although today she is a successful solicitor and wholly engaged in UKLFI, she began her professional life as a journalist. With a degree in English and Philosophy from Sussex University, she embarked on a successful career in journalism, working at the trade magazines “Computing” and “Campaign,” and then as a freelance journalist for many of England’s well-known newspapers and magazines (with a weekly column in The Times

■ profile ■

on recruitment in the computer business, to name only one). In 1999, after two years of study, Caroline received a law degree. “I then worked in law firms specializing in general litigation and personal injury cases. Today, I write blogs and press releases for UKLFI about the organization’s various projects, as well as carrying out different legal projects.” Her legal expertise is especially important as extreme caution is essential to avoid British libel laws in blogs and articles. “Because of the sensitivity of the cases, some of UKLFI’s projects are not written up at all,” explains Caroline.

UKLFI dives in

Who can forget the dramatic incident of the Turkish Mavi Marmara flotilla! Six ships set out from Turkey on May 31, 2010, to break the supposed “siege” imposed by Israel and Egypt – which was intended to prevent terror groups from smuggling weapons into Gaza. That incident ended with nine anti-Israel “activists” killed and several Israeli soldiers wounded.

But who remembers the second flotilla, a year later, which was ready to sail to Gaza from Greece? Probably no one. That’s because the newly formed UKLFI scuttled the flotilla even before it set sail to Gaza. Using legal connections in Athens, and citing Greece’s maritime safety laws, UKLFI persuaded the Greek coastal police to prevent the flotilla from leaving port, on the grounds that the ships did not comply with all the technical requirements. “It’s always possible to find faults in a ship,” explains Jonathan. “And we were lucky, as we found a Greek shipping lawyer who was a great friend of Israel and, believe it or not, a family friend of Moshe Dayan, neither of which fact was known to us when we approached him.”

UKLFI deals with various charities and NGOs that are coverups for terror organizations. Caroline singlehandedly closed down Interpal, an alleged

humanitarian charity organization that was designated as terrorist in the US and other countries because it was funneling money to Hamas. “I contacted the credit card companies and informed them they were dealing with a designated terror organization. The credit companies stopped working with them. I also informed charity platforms, cellphone companies, and



UKLFI Achievements 2021

banks, all of which dropped or blocked the company. The organization lost its bank account so can no longer act as a fund-raising organization.”

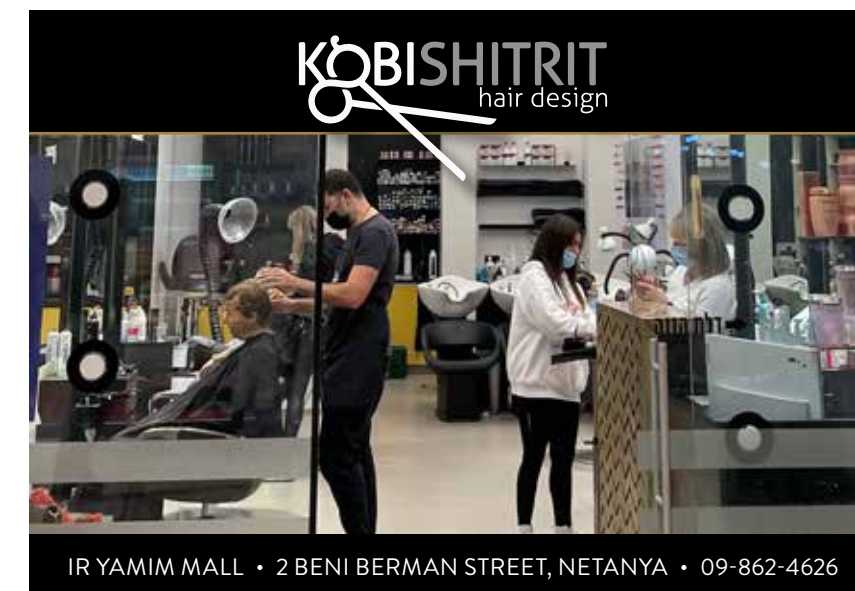
When Caroline met Jonathan

Jonathan and Caroline met at a synagogue club for “young” people in 1985. He was working as a barrister

and she as a journalist. He was clearly smitten; she, less so. Caroline actually canceled their first date. But Jonathan was persistent and eventually convinced Caroline to give him a chance. And, as is said, the rest is history.

When the Turners are not busy fighting UKLFI’s battles, you may find them at SNAC, enjoying the Shabbat services and the social life of the synagogue. Like other SNAC members, they purchased their apartment as a holiday home, but in recent years they have been spending more and more time in Israel. In 2020 they officially made *aliyah*. The plan is to spend half their time here and half in London, where their three children and three grandchildren live and where UKLFI is based.

Their oldest son is a leading barrister in England (“Much better than I,” insists Jonathan. “He’s a star, working on huge and well-known cases”). Their daughter is the chief political correspondent for The Telegraph, and the youngest son is a product manager in charge of child safety worldwide at Meta, the owner of Facebook, WhatsApp, and Instagram. This is clearly a family of high-flying professionals. SNAC is fortunate to have them in our community. ●



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How I Learned to Cook

By Charlotte Wiener

The only dishes I knew how to cook when I married were a chocolate cake and an omelet. Every Friday night we would go to my in-laws for dinner. Eventually, it was my turn to cook for the in-laws. I valiantly tried to roast a brisket for the first time. In my ignorance, I served the meat after only cooking it for one hour, instead of slow-cooking it for three to four hours. My poor family tried very hard to chew the very tough meat without letting on how bad it was. Early the next morning, my mother-in-law was on my doorstep with a comprehensive list of the different cuts of meat and how they were to be cooked. This marked the start of people providing greatly needed influence in my kitchen.

I come from a small town called Pietersburg in the northern area of South Africa. At its height, 120 Jewish families lived there, but only four Jews are left. A year or two after I arrived, my mother-in-law's cousin Ettie was visiting Pietersburg for a week. There wasn't much to do in our small town, so when I heard that she was an expert in making *milchike* (dairy) buns, I asked her to teach me. It takes a whole day to make them, as you have to wait for the dough to rise, then rework the dough. You then shape them into buns topped with cinnamon and sugar before



baking. I can't remember what we talked about for the many hours she waited with me, but the final product was delicious. Every year before Yom Kippur, I make these buns for our break-fast and I remember Ettie with fondness. Other women also taught me their specialties. An Israeli rebbetzin gave me lessons on challah baking and a neighbor taught me how to make *taiglach*.

The Jewish Women's Guild in our town used to cater for all the *kiddushim* after prayers in the hall attached to the shul. Each woman made her own specialty. As chairlady of the Guild, I was in charge of organizing the catering and woe betide me if I asked someone else to make another woman's special cake or dish. We used to place the dishes on glass platters on tables covered with small white tablecloths. Then, a new woman named Fonda arrived in town. She had a tremendous influence on us as she had been a caterer and knew how to display food. She showed us how to drape and pin several tablecloths together to cover the table legs. Then she put foil-covered boxes on the tables to provide different heights for displaying the dishes. The improvement in our presentations was remarkable. She also showed us how to place food in large containers and how to decorate them so that they looked mouth-wateringly attractive. We learned there was a lot more to cooking than the food.

Presentation makes all the difference. Soon we began catering bar mitzvahs for 400-500 people at a time, and our Guild became famous in South Africa for our catering. ●

Dairy Buns

RIISING AGENT

1 25-gram block of yeast
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ cup warm water

DRY INGREDIENTS

6 cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt

WET INGREDIENTS

125 grams butter
2 cups milk
2 eggs

TOPPING

Cinnamon + Sugar

1. Mash the yeast with 1 teaspoon sugar and ¼ cup warm water.
2. Make a well in the flour, sugar, and salt mixture and pour in the yeast mixture. Leave for 20-30 minutes.
3. Warm the butter and milk in a pot.
4. Beat the eggs.
5. Add butter, milk and eggs to the flour mixture. Mix with the dough attachment of your mixer.
6. Wrap in a bowl in a warm place. Leave for three hours.
7. Make buns by rolling the dough into strips. Spread each strip with butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, then roll into buns. Leave on baking trays for one hour until risen. Bake in oven at 180°C about 20 minutes until golden brown.

■ writers' circle ■

A Moment of Consolation

By Mindy Wiesenberg

My late husband Johnny had a special place in his heart for the country of Israel. Having spent a year living on Kibbutz Lavi in 1969, as part of the Bnei Akiva Hachshara scheme, he worked in the fields cultivating the crops, connecting him intimately to the soil and the land. But after that year he had to return to London to help his father with his business. After we met and married, we always thought we would one day make *aliyah*, as I too had spent a year on *hachshara* in Israel and also felt a deep attachment to the country. But as so often happens, life took its course and we never made the move. However, many years later our children made *aliyah* and we made numerous trips to visit them. Each time Johnny would say that he always

felt that only in Israel did his *neshama* truly feel itself; he felt good in himself and loved being here.

Several years ago, when I was going through some very difficult cancer treatment, we decided that it was time to buy our burial plots. My husband had witnessed his uncle's very special *levaye* (funeral) at the peaceful Eretz Hachayim cemetery in Bet Shemesh many years earlier and decided that it was the place where he wanted to be buried. So we bought our plots there. In a twist of fate that I still have trouble coming to terms with, it was he who almost five years ago died first very suddenly while we were on holiday in Israel. This was an enormous shock for our family, but during that traumatic time leading up to and including the *levaye*, there was a moment of consolation for me.

Let me explain. For years, whenever Johnny attended a *levaye* in England, he was troubled by the fact that after the family had heaped earth onto the grave it was the non-Jewish cemetery staff who finished off covering the grave with earth. He felt it was not

Mindy and Johnny Wisenberg

kavodik for non-Jews to bury our dead. This bothered him immensely and he mentioned it to me each time he returned from a *levaye*.

I cannot begin to describe how anguished I felt at Johnny's *levaye* as they lowered his body into the earth; but then after each of the family had taken turns to heap earth onto the grave, a crew of five young bearded "Jewish" men with big black *kippot* and *tzizit* hanging out completed the final covering of the grave with earth. At that moment I had a deep feeling of understanding that 'only in Israel' could Johnny's last wish come true – to be buried by our own, to be buried by the hands of Jewish people. Johnny's *neshama* was finally at rest in the only place in the world where it truly felt at home. Only in Israel. ●

Who Am I?

*Do I belong to the blue
whiteness of snow
A sky-high emerald
evergreen reaching for the
Northern Star?*

*Or, to the crunch of amber
leaves piled on sidewalks
Barren parents stand by.*

*Or, to the gracious,
the grandiose
Swaying willow, whose
Pointy tipped leaves
caress the rippling lake?*

*Or, to the origami of
ivory magnolia
Teasing,
All at once, yellowing
petals drop
Silently
Gone, beneath a bold
verdant cover.*

*Or, to burgundy
bougainvillea arches
that overtake,
Overthrow.
Conquering walls.
Alabaster roses plunked
down in mysterious soil of
former junkyards,
Standing at attention,
Proclaiming unannounced,
"Look at me, how lovely
am I?"*

*Or, to the majesty of
gently swaying palms,
Quiet, at peace.
A vigorous wind appears,
Push and pull,
Back and forth,
Swishing,
swinging, singing,
"I will not be defied!"*

*Or, to fragrant
pink bubble gum
cherry blossoms,
Shiny red marbles
hang down
"You loved me," they cry.
"Remember, we were
once happy here, and...
even joyous,"
Before our crimson juice
became blood that trickled*

*Down the streets
from ancient
Jewish graveyards"*

*No,
I am old and squat,
My body gnarled,
Wrinkled,
Cracked,
Weary.
My leaves are
squinting eyes,
My flower so small,
I am shy, I hide,
My fruit is bitter.
I have seen everything
"This is my home,
Forever."
I am the olive tree.*

Molly Zwanziger

Cruises: 1962 & 2022

By Gertie Forman

Many years ago, when I was still in my teens, my mother, living in South Africa, went on a cruise to visit her brother Yoske and his family in Montevideo, Uruguay. Yoske, his wife Tzilke, and their children Chanele and Shlomo met my mother at the quay. They were very excited as they hadn't seen each other for almost 30 years, since they both left their hometown Zagare, Lithuania in 1930. My mother made her way to South Africa and Yoske and Tzilke headed to South America.

For years my mother reminisced about her trip on the cruise liner, often recalling that she shook hands with the captain of the ship, and always saying the cruise was one of the highlights of her life.

Picturing my mother on the cruise and seeing how happy she was, I always dreamt of going on my own cruise. Unfortunately, when we traveled to different parts of the world, it was always to find a suitable place to relocate. After settling in Toronto, our travels were to visit our children who were living in different parts of the world. Almost 10 years ago, we made *aliyah* to be near our daughter Laurey. Since then, our children and grandchildren have been visiting us from Australia and Canada, and we've been visiting them in Toronto.

This year we had no plans to travel. This changed when friends called, asking us to join them on a cruise that was sailing from Haifa port on the 19th of September. The cruise was on the Rhapsody of the Sea, which had a separate kosher kitchen and dining room. We jumped at the opportunity and booked right away. The ship was leaving Haifa on a Monday and returning to Haifa on Friday. Rosh Hashanah was the following Sunday. Perfect timing!

A Dream Come True

I could not believe that we were actually going on a cruise. My dream was finally coming true. I waited patiently for the day to arrive. Amos, our regular taxi driver, drove us to the Haifa Port, where we boarded the ship after going through Customs, Passport Control, and Duty Free Shopping in record time.

We wandered around the ship to get our bearings, ate at the Kosher Café on the 10th deck, and at six o'clock met up with our friends, joining them for dinner in the kosher dining room. Although only 70 people had registered for kosher food, approximately 700 turned up for dinner – excited to hear that there was a kosher dining room. They had to wait in line for hours before being allowed in. The meals were all delicious. Every night a different menu was featured. The osso buco was my favorite meal.

The ship traveled to Cyprus, and the next morning we disembarked at Ayia Napa, on the east coast. That evening we were entertained with a wonderful musical concert. Most of the songs we recalled from the old days.

On the second day, we disembarked in Rhodes. Our friends had booked a tour for all of us with an ex-South African guide to visit the Kahal Shalom Synagogue located on the quayside. The guide's mother was from Rhodes

and had survived Auschwitz. Before World War II, approximately 4000 Jews lived in Rhodes. During the war, they were arrested and sent to Auschwitz. Now fewer than 50 Jews remain. It was an amazing tour.

On Thursday, our last day on the ship, we relaxed on the deck, enjoying soft-serve ice cream and watching the sea roar past us as we made our way back to Israel. In the afternoon I played bingo with our new friends. We never won anything, but we had a great time. Early Friday morning we disembarked from the ship, to find Amos our taxi driver waiting for us on the Haifa dock, ready to drive us home.

This was a truly special holiday, and I will remember it as being one of the highlights of my life, just as my mother's cruise was a highlight of hers. ●



My mother shook hands with the captain of the ship.

mother was from Rhodes and had survived Auschwitz. Before World War II, approximately 4000 Jews lived in Rhodes. During the war, they were arrested and sent to Auschwitz. Now fewer than 50 Jews remain. It was an amazing tour. On Thursday, our last day on the ship, we relaxed on the deck, enjoying soft-serve ice cream and watching the sea roar past us as we made our way back to Israel. In the afternoon I played bingo with our new friends. We never won anything, but we had a great time. Early Friday morning we disembarked from the ship, to find Amos our taxi driver waiting for us on the Haifa dock, ready to drive us home. This was a truly special holiday, and I will remember it as being one of the highlights of my life, just as my mother's cruise was a highlight of hers. ●

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The Last Word

By Mike Garmise

Oh, Meaning, where hast thou gone?

Why can't words hold onto their meaning? One of the challenges of reading, understanding and enjoying older literature is the duplicity of the words it uses. Shakespeare is stilted enough in its syntax without having to contend with words we know not being what we thought!

Let's start with a nice word. Nice. I consider it an empty calorie word, an insipid catch-all when one has nothing specific to say. But it isn't. Or wasn't. Back in the day it meant foolish. The guy who wasn't the sharpest pencil was "nice." What we might call "silly" today.

But silly isn't what silly was. Silly originally meant happy, which then warped into blessed, pious, innocent (and all this before 1300!), harmless, pitiable, weak, and finally, in the late 1500s – feeble in mind. Or "nice."

Naughty words

Oh, how naughty those words are. But so is naughty. Actually, its original meaning is quite logical – one who has naught. That could refer to a child who has no words or a poor person who has no means. Only later was the term applied to behavior.

It's sometimes hard to fathom how these changes came about. Such as fathom. Originally, to fathom something was to measure it, by putting one's arms around it. Fathom was a measurement of about six feet, and later a measurement of ocean depth. Today, if we say "I can't fathom that" we mean we can't get our heads around an idea. Another manner of measuring, in a way.

And another way of saying fathom is to plumb. Plumb, meaning to measure the depth of water (using a plumb line) or to be

vertical, comes from the Latin for lead (the metal) – plumbum. Remember that the next time you call a plumber.

If we only had some clue as to how these things happen. Well, let's take *clue*. Clue, or *clewe*, as it was spelled then, referred to the ball of thread or yarn given by Ariadne to Theseus to guide him out of the Labyrinth in Greek mythology. It later expanded to include anything that serves to point the way.

This is interesting, I suppose, but not something we would necessarily sit and gossip about. Did I say gossip? Another interesting word. It began as a sponsor, a godparent sort of relationship, which was expanded to include an acquaintance, friend or neighbor (especially women friends invited to attend a birth) and later to anyone who engages in idle talk. From there it was a hop skip and jump, in the early 1800s, to encompass trifling talk and groundless rumor.

These changes do not occur only in terms of centuries. John McWhorter, a noted linguist, encountered such changes when he decided, finally, to read "The Ambassadors," a novel by Henry James published in 1903. McWhorter notes that James uses the word "wonderful" dozens of times, but not in today's sense of "marvelous." Rather he employs the word in its direct meaning, the one we find if we pry the word apart into its components: "full of wonder," that is, amazement, non-comprehension.

Which sort of sums up this whole column. ●



"Fathoming"

Say it in Hebrew!

Barbara Westbrook

Government

State
מדינה
medina

Government
ממשלה
memshalla

Israeli Parliament
כנסת
Knesset

Municipality
עירייה
[iriya]

Council
מועצה
[mo-etza]

President
נשיא/נשיאה
[nasi/nesiya]

Prime Minister
ראש הממשלה
[rosh memshalla]

Foreign Minister
שר החוץ
[sar ha-chutz]

Defense Minister
שר הביטחון
[sar ha-bitachon]

Finance Minister
שר האוצר
[sar ha-otzar]

Knesset Member
חבר/חברת הכנסת
[chaver/chaverat ha-Knesset]

Political Party
מפלגה פוליטית
[mif-la-ga po-litit]

The Right
הימין
[ha-yamin]

The Left
השמאל
[ha-smal]

Coalition
קואליציה
[co-a-litzia]

Opposition
אופוזיציה
[oppo-zi-tzia]

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