
the Shofar



Etz Chayim Conservative Synagogue's Monthly Newsletter

OCTOBER, 2021

TISHREI/CHESHVAN, 5782

Etz Chayim services will be Virtual & In-Person.
Please tell us which services you plan to attend In-Person
For information on joining virtual services and events, please see
our website.

<http://www.etzchayim-hsv.org>

FROM THE RABBI

STILL HERE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

“Fiddler on the Roof” was a tremendously popular play. You all know that it was based on Shalom Aleichem's Yiddish stories, “Tevye the Dairyman.” But the novelist Dara Horn points out that “Fiddler” is quite different from what Shalom Aleichem wrote about Tevye and his family. In Shalom Aleichem's telling, one of the daughters commits suicide. Motel drops dead. Golda dies.

These calamities don't appear in “Fiddler.” Horn thinks she knows why: We live in a Christian culture. In Christian stories the good guys are saved. There's “an arc toward redemption, a moment of grace.”

But Horn says that ‘they lived happily ever after’ is generally not found in Jewish stories. For Shalom Aleichem, Tevye is not saved. He never has any epiphany. Actually, says Horn, he never realizes anything. No, the point of Tevye is that he

persists. “He remains through his calamities exactly who he has always been.”

(Last month we observed Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. I need to ask Tevye why he doesn't heed the rabbinic calls for change. A Jew is NOT SUPPOSED to remain exactly the same. We'll deal with that another time.)

But I understand how Horn finds a different virtue in Shalom Aleichem's protagonist. Maybe Tevye never changes, but he trudges on no matter what. His life, as understood by Horn, is “a master class on resilience.”

Winston Churchill said, “Never give in. Never, never, never, never.” Tevye was not as articulate as Churchill. Plus, Tevye didn't actually exist. But like Churchill, Tevye the Dairyman never gives in. He is a kind of archetypal Jew: He persists. He doesn't live happily ever after. But he endures.

For over 3,000 years, Jews have contributed to humanity in numerous ways. Some people don't like us. That number might be growing, don't you think? But like Tevye, we

endure. We persist. No matter what the challenge, one feature of the Jewish people is that we never give in. Happy 5782. It's shaping up to be a very challenging year. But we never give in.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Fall has arrived. The leaves are changing color. The New Year is here. In September, we celebrated the High Holy Days (with Kol Nidre cantor Gary Hall), Sukkot (decorated during a heavy downpour), and Simchas Torah. Thanks to all who were able to participate. Sisterhood provided juice and tasty honey cake for everyone attending the Break the Fast for Yom Kippur to take home with them.

There is a great desire to be connected, reconnected, perhaps unlike any time in recent memory. In this season of renewal, let us all make a renewed commitment to help others. I hope you were able to participate in the virtual Sukkot concert held Sept. 26 to benefit the Food Pantry. If you missed this event, there will be other opportunities coming up.

Thank you, all our members and friends of Etz Chayim.

Shana Tovah.

Steve Goodman

DONATIONS

General Fund

From: Howard & Diana Polin
In honor of the High Holidays

Rabbi Fund

From: Shirley Roberts

To: Lauren Goodman - Glad you are home and hope you are getting better.

From: Marci Ball & Steve Alterman

To: Rabbi Stephen Listfield & Leslie Parker - We would like to thank your synagogue for the wonderful High Holiday services that we were permitted to participate in. Wishing all continued good health.

Sisterhood Fund

From: Diana & Howard Polin

To: Millie Rosenthal - Glad that you are feeling better and hoping that your knee will be all healed soon.

Sisterhood

From: Barbara Lapidus

Outdoor Lighting Fund

In Memory of Gertrude and Perry Schlein from their daughters Natha Hancock and Robin Slomka and their families.

BIRTHDAYS

Oct 02	David Wiederecht
Oct 03	Zev Roberts
Oct 03	Marc Zelickson
Oct 03	Ellie Meyer
Oct 10	Leigh Miller
Oct 13	Max Rosenthal
Oct 14	David Rosenthal
Oct 16	Jonah Roberts
Oct 20	Marvin Kalachman
Oct 20	Zachary Persons
Oct 21	Ethan Hall
Oct 21	Frederick Kolchin
Oct 23	Paulette Goldstein
Oct 23	Marla Polin
Oct 24	Thomas Jones
Oct 27	Carolyn Palermo

ANNIVERSARIES

Oct 09	Nannette & Gary Schwartz
Oct 09	Susan & Larry Levitt
Oct 24	Carolyn & Bob Palermo
Oct 26	Michelle & Jonathan Persons
Oct 27	Millie & Max Rosenthal

Yahrzeits**

Sep 26	Tishrei 20	Randy Sacks*
Sep 26	Tishrei 20	Alex Greenbaum
Sep 26	Tishrei 20	Mariam Wertheim
Oct 03	Tishrei 27	Louis Klazmer
Oct 04	Tishrei 28	Bella Flank*
Oct 05	Tishrei 29	Leo Krell
Oct 05	Tishrei 29	Rose Natt*
Oct 08	Cheshvan 02	Amby Jean Crocker
Oct 09	Cheshvan 03	Sarah Goldstein*
Oct 09	Cheshvan 03	Sara Osovsky*
Oct 12	Cheshvan 06	Menahem "Max" Honan
Oct 18	Cheshvan 12	Martin Goldner*
Oct 19	Cheshvan 13	Herschel Tzvi Rabinovich
Oct 21	Cheshvan 15	Pauline Rudoy*
Oct 21	Cheshvan 15	Pierre Secher*
Oct 25	Cheshvan 19	Abe Soble*
Oct 25	Cheshvan 19	Elise Margaret Hoehne
Oct 27	Cheshvan 21	William Polin*
Oct 28	Cheshvan 22	Morris Goldberg*
Oct 28	Cheshvan 22	Leon Treister*
Oct 28	Cheshvan 22	Sam Ginsburg*
Oct 29	Cheshvan 23	Sheldon Fleishman
Oct 31	Cheshvan 25	Dr. Abraham Feitelberg*
Nov 01	Cheshvan 26	Joan Zelickson
Nov 03	Cheshvan 28	Rose Feitelberg*
Nov 03	Cheshvan 28	Darwin Maier
Nov 04	Cheshvan 29	Samuel Belsky*
Nov 04	Cheshvan 29	Rose Goldberg
Nov 06	Kislev 02	Dr. Harold Isaac Goldman*

* **Plaque**

****Light Memorial candle sunset of previous evening**

DYBBUKS DON'T WAIT FOR HALLOWEEN

By Ted Roberts, the *Scribbler on the Roof* (1930-2020)



All well-informed Jews know what a dybbuk is. An evil imp, a ghost, a soul stealer. They take many forms. Remember last week you dropped the grocery bag spilling five pounds of sugar,

two dozen eggs, and two pounds of flour—thereby creating the world's first raw and sweet omelet? A dybbuk! But that's nothing.

Their range of impish behavior stretches from your computer – remember you whined and complained about the boss on that e-mail to your friend and erroneously sent a copy to the boss. Remember? Also a dybbuk.

How 'bout the time when our president was ranting to a worldwide audience about the danger of Islamic terror and somehow the teleprompter left out an "I" in Shiite Muslim? Wow! Did we hear about that from the English-speaking world. Again, a dybbuk. They thrive on miseries ranging from embarrassment to premature death.

The reason I'm so knowledgeable about these evil creatures is my Bubbe, who studied them like you study the Standard and Poor listing. ("You know why Zayde didn't work for thirty years?" A lazy dybbuk possessed him. I thought it was just because he liked to sit around and eat Bubbe's cooking, which she blamed on guess who when it was so salty it killed the kitchen cockroaches.)

She knew World War I wasn't about all those silly historical conflicts between Germany, Russia, and France, but the dybbuk who jumped in the body of that assassin who

killed Franz Ferdinand of Austria. From there the dominoes began to fall, and before you knew it – WWI! And there are Japanese imps, too. (They love sushi, you know.) They sneaked into the soul of Emperor Hirohito. Guess what? WWII.

Those in the know are aware of a hidden arm of the CIA – DMA – Dybbuk Monitoring Agency, who keep up with clandestine activities of these creatures, though experts say their chairman is the great grandson of the devil who took over the body of Al Capone. Remember him? A nice Chicago boy possessed, they say, by multiple dybbuks. And the Mossad is firmly convinced that the current ruler of Iran has long been taken over and they – the dybbuks – are at work making devilry. And they don't just do their devilry on the world stage.

The DMA intercepted a Devilmail (their language) wherein devil No. 1 was bragging to devil No. 2 (without mentioning that he had polluted his email – they can't help it) that he had absolutely destroyed a promising love affair between Alan and Rivka. Dybbuks are so clever. Instead of something obvious like giving Rivka a full-bodied, life-long case of Chicken Pox, he contrived to have Alan call her, "Jennifer", his old flame. "Jennifer, I love you". To Rivka! Every time, too. Fun, said Devil 1, but not nearly as exciting as the good ol' days when he took over the body and soul of that Austrian corporal. Ah, those were the days.

I, myself, had a firsthand experience with these creatures once. They're always after me since they know I'm a dybbuk hunter. It's supper. Smilingly, we sit at the table. Marital skies are sunny. Marital breezes are soft and refreshing. (An environment set for deception.) I eat a heaping forkful of kugel. (No raisins, which I love, but I say not a

word.) But uh oh, I can't swallow it! I'm ready to scream, "This isn't a kugel, it's bubble gum," but I hesitate. It's THEM. They're trying to break up my marriage. Instead, I smile. "What a lovely kugel," comes out of my mouth although my eyes are popping out of my head. But I'm in control. I didn't run the DMA for nothing. "What a lovely kugel," I repeat.

"Liar," she shouts back.

Ah, I get it. One of their favorite techniques. "A double pollution". They infected both her and the kugel. But I recognize it immediately and instead of replying, I reach in my coat and extract a ten-dollar ring, which I carry for such occasions, "A small token of appreciation for a great kugel," I say to my wife with a courtly bow. A lessor mean would have been impaled with his wife's fork.