

VOICES

Congregation B'nai B'rith

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FOCUS: INTERFAITH FAMILIES

THE KOREAN CONNECTION

By Heejung Kim

For some reason, Koreans are very interested in Jews. Growing up in Korea, I remember seeing and reading many bestselling books about Jews, Jewish culture and history, and Jewish education. One of those books was *The Secrets of Talmud* (they even have a comic book version of it in Korean).

I think there are a few reasons for this cultural interest. Koreans and Jews both have a very long history. Both are from small countries with distinct cultural identities that survived through threats and challenges from outside. Both groups did so with their wits and determination and sometimes with pure feistiness. For these reasons, Koreans feel a kindred spirit with Jews.

Growing up with this type of exposure, not surprisingly I was quite positively predisposed toward the chosen people. Then, I came to America, and found myself a nice Jewish boy. And this laid out my path to Judaism. My experiences with synagogues, however, were not all positive. David (Sherman) and I occasionally attended services when we were students. I realized that my positive feeling toward Judaism was not necessarily reciprocated by all members of the Jewish religion, as some made it very clear that I did not belong. Not surprisingly, these incidents did not encourage me to want to find out the Secrets of Talmud.



Then, my true entry to the Jewish community happened when we moved to Santa Barbara and our first-born attended preschool at Beit HaYeladim. My experience since then allowed me to revise my view. Looking back over the last ten years at Congregation B'nai B'rith, I do not recall a single incident where I have felt like an outsider. There has always been a very strong feeling of openness and inclusion, and this feeling permeates all types of interactions, from Rabbi Cohen's sermons to all of the Sunday school teachers' warmth, to small chats with many members of the congregation. And because of that, we are still here, and I never hesitate to say that I am a member of the CBB community.

We have interfaith family friends who have not been as fortunate to have such a synagogue nearby. They experienced exclusion, and as a result, have moved away from the Jewish community. As I hear our son, Jacob, practicing his prayers in Hebrew, I think about the importance of a community's openness and the

Continued on page 8

PURIM

CONGREGATION B'NAI B'RITH

EREV PURIM
Saturday, March 15th
7 pm Megillah Reading for All
NFTY/Teen Sleepover at CBB

PURIM SHPIEL & CARNIVAL
Sunday, March 16th
10 am - 1 pm Games/Food/Activities



Thursday
February 20th
8:00 pm
Free

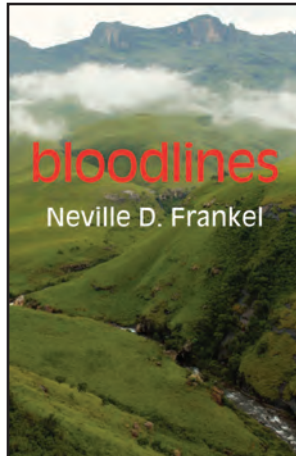


E. Randol Schoenberg

**The Recovery of Nazi-Looted Art:
The Bloch-Bauer Klimt Paintings**

UCSB Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall

Los Angeles attorney specializing in recovery of property stolen by the Nazis, responsible for the landmark Supreme Court case returning Gustav Klimt paintings — valued at \$325 million — to their rightful heir.



Tuesday
February 25
7 pm

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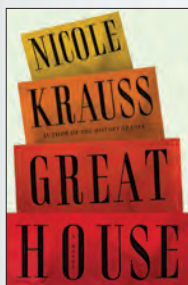


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Great House

by Nicole Krauss

Sunday, May 4, 2014

9:30 am Nosh 10:00 am Discussion

"Great House" consists of four stories, anchoring four characters to a massive writing desk. Much like in Krauss's "The History of Love," these sharply etched characters seem at first arbitrarily linked across time and space, but Krauss pulls the disparate elements and settings together to form a formidable and haunting mosaic of loss and sorrow.

CBB Resources Guide

Mission Statement

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

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Gift Shop

The Gift Shop is open during "Sunday Morning Live" 9:30-11:30am and weekdays 1:00-5:30pm. For more information email Jessica Glick at jessica@cbbsb.org.

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Contact Kamila Storr at 805/682-3264 or kps15@yahoo.com.

INTERESTED IN

Joining CBB?

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

ARE YOU

Hospitalized?

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

VOICES is a quarterly publication offered free of charge
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Table of Contents

Focus on Interfaith Families

The Korean Connection.....Cover
By Heejung Kim

Raising a Jewish Child..... 7
by Rabbi Steve Cohen

More Than Just the Brisket..... 8
by Alex Corman

Tamales, Turkey, and Latkes ... Oh My!..... 9
by Laura Pomerantz

Creating a Jewish Home..... 10
by Dan Habecker

How Judaism Spoke to Me..... 11
by Paul Avolio

A Culturally Jewish Family..... 12
by Stuart Fuss

Our Interfaith Community..... 12
by Ann Pieramici

Personal Reflections & Columns

Profile of Ann Lewin-Benham.....13
by Hallie Avolio

Family Camp.....14

NFTY Social Justice Kallah..... 15

FACES: Margaret Singer 18
by Barbara Greenleaf

Validating the Children at a Special Convention..... 19
by Edie Ostern

How Far Have You Gone for a Bar Mitzvah?..... 20
by Elaine Saffan

Mazel Tov..... 21

Rick Recht Concert and Young Family Hanukkah Celebration..... 22

Ubumwe Update..... 23

Sam Shapiro Eulogy..... 24
by Noah Goodman

Children of the Covenant..... 25

May Their Lives Be For A Blessing.....25

Contributions..... 30



The Mitzvah of Mishloach Manot

SENDING GIFTS of food to friends and family is one of the four mitzvot performed on Purim. It is a heartfelt way to emphasize the Jewish unity that lies at the core of the Purim holiday ... and to create meaningful connections within our own community at the same time. This practice is called *mishloach manot* and the little gift packages are called *shlach manot*. It is one very simple and uncomplicated way of increasing love and friendship in our world.

Last year we introduced our Happy Purim Mishloach Manot program and every member family with children in 10th grade or younger received a yummy basket with homemade vanilla, ready to prepare homemade cookie mix, *hamantaschen*, and other goodies.

Our Happy Purim team, led by Bethy Fineberg, Mona Lehman, and Jamie Narva, will be preparing baskets again this year to give to all member families with children in 10th grade or younger. These will be **available for pick up at our Purim Carnival on Sunday, March 16th**. If you cannot attend, just let us know and we'll deliver your basket to you.

This is one of our Purim Fundraisers, along with the Silent Auction and Raffle, to raise money for scholarships and programming for BHY preschool and our Religious School. Families are able to 'give' a basket for \$3 per recipient to others in our community via www.cbbsb.HappyPurim.com. Details will be sent via email.



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Special gift basket, 20 raffle tickets, a saved parking spot and 4 reserved seats at the Shpiel

Contact Bethy Fineberg at fineberg@me.com to become a sponsor.

Support our Schools!



FOCUS: INTERFAITH FAMILIES

Raising a Jewish Child

By Rabbi Steve Cohen



As many of the articles in this issue of *Voices* attest, here at CBB we do a good job of making our inter-married families feel welcome. I am proud that our Temple feels like a comfortable home for everyone, whether you were born Jewish or not.

And yet I think we still have work to do.

For one thing, I know that many of our parents from different backgrounds have made a huge, and sometimes difficult, decision to raise their children as Jews. But we as a community have not spoken openly and clearly about what that means. Everyone knows it means much driving to and from Temple, often overcoming the objections of a sleepy kid on Sunday morning, and facing challenging choices between Hebrew school and sports or dance or music lessons.

But on a deeper level, we should be speaking more seriously about the existential question: "How do you raise a Jew?" Obviously, it will be different for each family. But here are some possibilities to consider:

1. **Jewish signs at home.** A mezuzah (decorated box containing a handwritten scroll with Judaism's most important prayer) on the doorpost. Jewish books, Jewish art, music and food. I'm not suggesting that the culture of your home be only Jewish! Personally, I love literature, food, music, and art from all around the world. But visible, sensory Jewish signals create culture, and inform a child from their earliest years that he or she is a Jew.
2. **Hebrew education.** A child who can read the Hebrew letters and sound out Hebrew words is on their way to becoming a happy and proud Jew. Without that Hebrew

foundation, they may feel uncomfortable in Jewish settings and eventually opt out.

3. **Friends and role models.** It just doesn't work to be Jewish alone. If you are raising your child Jewish, help them find at least one or two Jewish friends, and at least one or two Jewish adults outside of your immediate family who really love and care about them.
4. **Shabbat and Holidays.** Bring Jewish time into your home. Light candles on Friday night, sip wine and bake (or buy) challah. Tell the Exodus story over matzah and bitter herbs, dip apples in honey on Rosh Hashanah, light Hanukah candles. You do not have to be Jewish to do any of these things. And don't worry about "getting it right." Our clergy and I and our religious school staff will be happy to help you, but each family does these customs differently. Just have fun with them and do them with love.
5. **Summer Camp.** To be immersed for two or three weeks in a completely Jewish kid-friendly "society," out in the fresh air, running, shouting, playing pranks and singing by the fire is a great way of instilling in your child a love of Judaism.

Marian and I raised our two children, Rachel and Ari, here in Santa Barbara, and believe me, there were plenty of moments when we felt confused about how to give them a strong connection to Judaism. And I'm a rabbi! It's not easy, especially if you yourself do not know much about Judaism. But you are not alone and there are some proven things that help.

We are so grateful to you all for choosing to raise your children as Jews. Please do not hesitate to ask for help, and as you discover moments of Jewish "magic," to share the secrets with others. We're in this together!

"The Korean Connection"
continued from pg. 1

value of a willingness to grow and change. Without these qualities, I know that my family would not be praying in Hebrew. I also think these are the wisdoms that have

led both Koreans and Jews to survive and maintain their cultural identities for thousands of years. I wonder whether these are the Secrets of Talmud.

Heejung Kim and David Sherman are professors of social psychology at UCSB. Their

children, Jacob and Isabelle Kim-Sherman (class of 2006 and 2010, respectively) are proud alumni of Beit HaYeladim preschool. The Kim-Sherman family has been part of the Congregation B'nai B'rith community since moving to Santa Barbara in 2003.

More than Just the Brisket

By Alex Corman

Up until recently if someone were to ask me if my wife Charlotte is Jewish, I used the same, flippant joke: "Well, no, she isn't. But no one's perfect."

More often than not, I'd get a bit of uncomfortable laughter and we could move on. I guess that for years I didn't really want to talk about it more than I had to.

For me, living in a Jewish home is critical. And being Jewish is as elemental to me as being American, a male, and a Red Sox fan. I guess I had fear, or shame, that I was letting myself and my people down by marrying a non-Jew.

It was a conundrum that a lot of us face. In Charlotte I met the girl I very much wanted to marry. She was everything I wanted in a life partner—well, almost everything. Nearly perfect, as I said. Charlotte did not belong to a particular faith, and wasn't anxious to join one. But she knew how important it was to me. Before our wedding, Rabbi Cohen asked Charlotte point blank if she would commit to raising Jewish children. "Absolutely," she said.

Charlotte was true to her word. She drives the kids to Hebrew School, sits next to me at High Holy Days services, hosts a massive seder, and cooks an amazing brisket. She is at home at CBB and a Facebook friend of the Rabbi. At the bar mitzvah ceremony earlier this year for our older son, Charlie, Charlotte resisted the urge to tell the Rabbi: "I told you so!"



After all, the ultimate test is the kids. I asked Harry, our younger son, how he would characterize the faith of our family. He said: "We're Jewish, Dad!" He didn't add "duh" but I could tell he was thinking it. Charlie's Hebrew is better than mine ever was. Both kids think the Jewish jokes in *Airplane* are sublime and wear their love of Israel on their sleeves.

And Charlotte? Well, I can't begin to say how much I appreciate the efforts she makes to ensure that the boys and I practice our faith unreservedly. And that she's able to do so while demonstrating respect and love for her own parents and their heritage and traditions—well, that takes mad skills, as my kids would say, and more than a little love.

So I don't make my "perfect" joke anymore because I've decided that it doesn't apply.

Alex Corman has been a member of CBB since 1981 and is a consultant with Technology Finance Partners. Charlotte Brownlee is the director of admission at Cate School in Carpinteria. Charlie is in eighth and Harry is in sixth grade at Crane School. All really do appreciate Charlotte's brisket.

"Tamales, Turkey, and Latkes ... Oh My!"

A bounty of blessings in our home for the holidays

By Laura Pomerantz

Being an interfaith family, as many of you know, is an ever-changing experience. It has been a process of exploration and discovery, not always smooth or easy, but strangely rewarding.

My husband Mark is Jewish from New Jersey and I am a Hispanic Catholic raised in Southern California. Our grandparents were all immigrants from the Ukraine, Poland and Mexico respectively and immigrated by horse and boat around 1915.

Our meeting seemed somehow blessed from the beginning. While I was preparing to leave the country on a medical relief assignment, Mark was a physician looking to do charitable work abroad. As the stars aligned, we met, and before we knew it, we were off to a beautiful coastal village on Mexico's blue Pacific.

Our marriage was equally serendipitous. We knew the only place both our families would willingly attend our ceremony was in a garden setting. The problem was, however, that priests do not perform weddings outside the physical boundaries of a church. "Cue" the next divine intervention. At a dinner party, I was seated next to a Catholic bishop! He was the only person with the authority to allow our wedding to be held outside of a church. His grace and compassion for our dire circumstances led him to grant us a special dispensation and it was the first time my seventy-year-old Irish priest had ever officiated a marriage outside the church walls! Our ceremony was beautiful! We had a priest, a rabbi and all of our family and friends. Well, sixteen years of marriage, travels to 35 countries, and three

kids later, it has been an adventure, to say the least.

One such adventure played out this year as our family mixed the Hanukkah blessings with those around the Thanksgiving table. As we do every year, we packed our minivan to the gills, schlepping our suitcases, family board games, assorted electronic devices, dog Shelby, our son's handmade menorah (which he proudly created in Hebrew school this year) and a half-wrapped assortment of gifts for our three children to grandma's house. Unlike years past, we realized that we needn't shower our children with gifts every night of Hanukkah—especially since we celebrate Christmas as well.

When we were first married, I felt Hanukkah was somehow in competition with Christmas and deserved equal time and prominence in our home. Mark later explained it was actually a minor holiday and with that in mind, I gently broke the news to the children (and to my husband) that we would share gifts every other night. Once said, a sense of relief washed over me. I further explained that we would still light the candles each night and would spend one night counting our blessings and buying gifts for a needy family from the "Teddy Bear Cancer Foundation." With their questions answered, they all seemed completely



fine with this departure from tradition.

At Grandma Teri's we were greeted with love from my two brothers and their families. Like locusts, we poured out of the van and soon we unpacked, settled in, and began the merriment! After some relaxing, we carefully pulled out our son's menorah and displayed it prominently in the dining room. As evening neared, we lit the candles, downloaded the prayers and shared the story of Hanukkah with my family. I appreciated how genuinely interested and attentive each of my family members were in this process. As dinner approached, my nephew said grace, sparking the beginning of the evening's beautiful Thanksgiving dinner.

While I thoroughly enjoyed the bountiful spread, I also wondered how our interfaith children might one day navigate their way down these winding holiday byways. Perhaps they will find themselves celebrating while conversing in mixed tongues over the course of an evening, picking their favorite customs to carry on or maybe they will celebrate unified in one religious tradition. Whatever their path, I hope they find ways to walk contentedly through December and the months beyond, honoring each day the way they believe it was

Continued on page 17

Creating a Jewish Home

By Dan Habecker

In October of this year, Laura and I celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary. Twenty years ago, we pledged our love to one another and committed ourselves to creating and keeping a Jewish home.

That was an easy decision for me. Though I was raised Catholic, I drifted away from the Church shortly after my confirmation. I was not looking for a religion when I met Laura. I was quite content being an agnostic secularist. Laura, however, possessed a strong Jewish identity, which, I would learn, was a big part of what made her unique and attractive to me. As I grew closer to Laura, her wonderful family, and the CBB community, the idea of keeping a Jewish home felt very natural to me.

Before we got married, we agreed that we would raise our children to be Jews, and that we would celebrate only Jewish holidays in our home. We also agreed that we would participate in my extended family's annual Christmas celebrations. I enjoyed these gatherings and wanted my children to know some of that magic. I also felt that our participation in their holiday demonstrated my respect for them and honored their support of my decision to marry Laura and keep a Jewish home. When Ethan and Emma entered the mix, Santa would deliver gifts to Grandma Bev's house, to supplement their Hanukkah haul. This "compromise" seemed, for us, to be reasonable and measured. A more restrictive approach to Christmas— i.e., no participation, no Santa, etc.— would, to everyone involved, seem overly rigid and unnatural. Our children have a mixed heritage. We want them to see this as a strength, not a complication. And by and large they do.



Ethan and Emma have been immersed in Judaism their entire lives. Both attended BHY and religious school, both had their b'nai mitzvah, both participate in SBORTY, and both have been to Israel. In short, they consider themselves Jews. Though Laura and I can take credit for creating a Jewish home, it takes a community to create a Jewish child. To this end, our home, our children, and our lives are deeply woven into the fabric of the CBB community. Through participation in the High Holy Days, Shabbat services, Sunday Morning Live, retreats, campouts, and SBORTY, we as individuals and as a family connect with CBB. And that includes me, the non-Jew in the house. For us, it would not have been possible to keep a Jewish home without all of us being actively engaged in the CBB community. But for all that we give to CBB, we receive much more in return, through friendships, fellowship, and spiritual guidance.

Our interfaith family exists and flourishes only partly due to a decision we made twenty years ago. But it's due to our CBB community that our house is a Jewish home.

Dan and Laura Habecker have been members of CBB since 1991 and both work in sales for medical technology companies. Ethan is a senior and Emma a freshman at San Marcos High School.



How Judaism Spoke to Me

By Paul Avolio

When I first started dating my wife Hallie, I hardly knew what being Jewish meant other than knowing Judaism was a religion. That all changed very quickly as my future mother-in-law, realizing I was not going anywhere, took it upon herself to introduce me to the religion. During the three years of our courtship, I went to temple many times with Hallie's family, celebrated every Jewish holiday, and had many interesting conversations about Judaism and religion with the family and other friends who were Jewish.

By the time Hallie and I were engaged, her family had accepted me and would have been understanding of us getting married without me converting, but I had different ideas. I knew that raising our future children Jewish would be much easier if I was a hundred percent on board. But more than that, I wanted to be Jewish. I had grown up with little to no religion at home, but had been thoroughly exposed to Christianity through a Christian youth group I had joined during high school. While Christianity had many ideas/ideals

I liked, it never really spoke to me. Judaism spoke to me.

From the first few times I went to temple, listened to the sermons and talked with rabbis and other Jews, I knew there was something special in this religion that called to something inside of me. This was where I belonged. When I told my family that I wanted to convert, they were nothing but supportive of my decision. Hallie and I are very fortunate that our extended families are very open and accepting of each other's religions, cultures

and traditions. In fact, our families come together for all holidays as one more excuse for everyone to spend time together (not to mention enjoying all the food!).

Over the nine months of our engagement, Hallie and I attended an Intro to Judaism class together. I also met with my sponsoring rabbi several times to discuss the process of conversion and make sure I was ready for this major life change (he was also the rabbi who married us). The conversion process was finalized with a Beit Din and then my mikva at what was then the University of Judaism in Los Angeles. This was probably the single most truly religious/spiritual experience of my life and really solidified my choice to become a Jew. A few short weeks later, Hallie and I signed our ketuba and were married under a chuppa with all of our families in attendance. I felt then (and still do) so lucky to have met such an amazing woman, but also to have been introduced to such an amazing religion.

Paul Avolio and his wife Hallie have been members of CBB since 2006. They have three children under 6 and own an IT support firm, Latitude 34 Technologies. Paul converted to Judaism in 2003. Hallie is the CBB Board President.



“ We are a culturally Jewish family much more than religious Jewish family. Our two children, 11 and 9, do not consider our household interfaith but rather see themselves as practitioners of the ‘Golden Rule.’

We practice the philosophy of treating others as you would like to be treated and learning that it is better to give than receive. This “religion” is stretched to the max this time of year when they receive a present each day for Chanukah and a few additional presents during Christmas. In return they purchase toys for Transition House, Toys for Tots and buy animals for needy families for Heifer International. During Chanukah we light the menorah each night, reciting the story of Chanukah and saying the prayers as we light the menorah and trim the Christmas tree before Christmas. For us, this time of year is the best of both worlds. ”

— *Stuart Fuss*



Deborah, Stuart, Grace and Dawson Fuss moved to Santa Barbara from San Francisco in 2005 in a quest for a simpler life. That didn't work out. Deborah, a former marketing executive, joined the Montecito Union School Board and the SB Children's Museum Communications Committee. Stuart started Montecito Real Estate Investments, a commercial investment real estate company. Grace, a 6th grader at MUS, loves math and is playing competitive soccer and tennis. Dawson, a 4th grader, is active in theater, complex origami and his latest interest, unicycling. Our move to Santa Barbara was a great decision for us all.



Left: Ann and Dante Pieramici



Right: Marina Stephens and Len Homeniuk, Carrie Towbes, Rabbi Cohen, and Daniel Hochman.

CONGREGATION B'NAI B'RITH'S interfaith community is thriving. For lack of a better term, interfaith families are defined as those with one Jewish partner and one partner from a different background. These families represent the temple's fastest-growing demographic with over 50% of new families in the past year identifying themselves as “interfaith”—that translates to approximately one hundred interfaith or multi-belief families at CBB. These numbers mirror national trends. A 2013 survey by the Pew Research Center's Religion and Public Life Project reported the intermarriage rate to be 58% among all Jews and 78% among non-Orthodox Jews.

For more than a decade, some members of

our interfaith community have been gathering twice a year to socialize and discuss a broad range of spiritual, thought-provoking topics. Program VP Ken Rotman created the interfaith events to support partners from different backgrounds and help them feel welcomed and connected to CBB. What started as five couples meeting on the balcony of the Rotman's home has morphed into a typical gathering of 20—30 people getting together to mingle, debate, and share interfaith issues. At each gathering Rabbi Cohen provides a short teaching related to the topic and then facilitates a lively discussion.

I inherited the position of Interfaith Outreach Coordinator eight years ago and have enjoyed getting to know more temple members across a broad demographic age group on a deeply meaningful level. The settings are small and respect-

ful and the subjects are weighty, fostering engaging, dynamic, profound discussions. One recent member commented that our Saturday evening talks carry her husband and her through the week.

My Catholic-raised, currently agnostic, always-pondering spouse, Dante, usually conceives of the topic (though we welcome any and all ideas). Past subjects have included “The Chosen People?” “The Atheist Jew,” and our most recent, “I'm Dead: Now What, Reform Judaism and Views of the Afterlife.”

If you would like to learn more about our interfaith gatherings, or identify as interfaith and are not currently receiving my emails, please contact me at amuchnick@aol.com. In addition, we welcome topic suggestions and are always looking for members willing to host an event in their home.

Our Interfaith Community

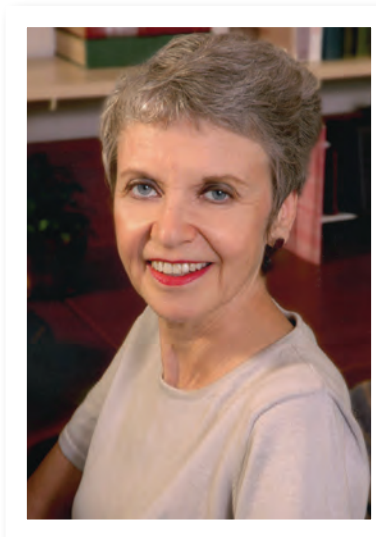
By Ann Pieramici, Interfaith Outreach Coordinator

Profile of Ann Lewin-Benham

By Hallie Avolio

“If you want something done, ask a busy person to do it. The more things you do, the more you can do.”

— Lucille Ball



This old adage might sound cliché, but there is a lot of truth to it, especially when you consider the life of someone like Ann Lewin-Benham. Ann and her husband Robert moved to Santa Barbara in August 2013, but fell in love with it years before. Robert's brother had lived in Santa Barbara for some time, and when visiting him in 2010, Ann and Robert decided to buy a house here. At the time they lived in Memphis, but knew that the time would be right in the near future to make Santa Barbara their permanent residence. Due to Robert's career, they weren't able to move until 2013, but since they have arrived they have loved every second. Ann jokes they should have moved here ten years sooner, but is glad that she and Robert have the opportunity to be here now. They have particularly enjoyed becoming involved and active with the Newcomers Club and have felt welcomed, embraced and nurtured as new members of CBB.

I spoke with Ann recently and learned more about her life, her passions and her extreme determination to make things happen. Ann is an educator at heart and has a particular love for early childhood education (children aged 3-6). Trained in the Montessori style, Ann had the chance to really learn the Italian method of early childhood education through spending time in Reggio Emilia, Italy. She has used

the Reggio approach to teaching in the Model Early Learning Center, which she developed in Washington D.C. for Head Start eligible 3-6 year olds. While the work was intense, Ann's love for educating the young has prevailed throughout her life and has been the subject of her current passion—writing. Ann has published five books and is currently working on her sixth. She also lectures and teaches.

Another of Ann's major accomplishments is her work with the Capital Children's Museum in Washington D.C. She spent twenty years dedicated to making this museum possible. When asked how she was able to do it when others before her were not successful, she commented, "The time for me was right. I was determined, compulsive and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer." She turned her dream into reality by first raising \$30K and starting in three rooms built with "imagination and chutzpah". The original museum benefited by an article in *Time* magazine that drew huge crowds and after only a few months, Ann and her crew knew it was time to move to a bigger location. Ann found a three-acre parcel, fought her way through Congress and eventually got the grant she needed to build the museum on the space she needed. The museum remained in that location near Union Station and Capitol Hill until 2004, when it

became a "museum without walls" with touring exhibits.

One memorable exhibit Ann created was called "Remember the Children". It was designed out of a desire to create a Holocaust remembrance exhibit for children, sparked by the interest of Adeline Yates (wife of Senator Sidney Yates, D-IL) who had been creating a Holocaust remembrance program for school children across the country. This four-month exhibit had many facets, most notably the story of Daniel, a fictional character, who was a child living in Europe during the Holocaust. This moving and emotional exhibit allowed its visitors to visually grasp how many children were killed in the Holocaust (1.5 million) and explain what impact the Holocaust had on those young lives. This exhibit was so powerful, it then became the permanent children's exhibit at the United States Memorial Holocaust Museum renamed "Remember the Children: Daniel's Story".

Ann Lewin-Benham is truly a remarkable woman who has done many extraordinary things in her lifetime. Her commitment to children, education and providing educational opportunities to those in need, is admirable. We are lucky to have Ann and Robert as new members of CBB!

Family Camp

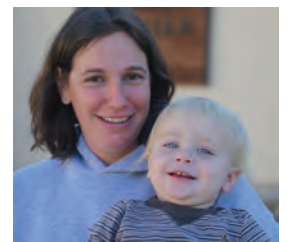
October 25-27, 2013



The *Althea Stroum and Pat Glazer Memorial Family Camp* at the Brandeis-Bardin in Simi Valley: laughter, outdoor beauty, smiles, prayer, singing, art, games, hiking, conversation, lots of food, storytelling, puzzles. Family time, hanging out with friends and making new ones, "being a village". Special guest, storyteller Joel Ben Izzy. Twenty-four families, 75 people together for the weekend.

Thanks to a very generous grant from the Jay & Marsha Glazer Foundation, this program is available to everyone who wants to participate.

Join us for the next one: November 7-9, 2014





North American Federation
of Temple Youth

SoCal

Social Justice Kallah

FEBRUARY 28—MARCH 2

NFTY, an acronym for the North American Federation of Temple Youth, is a division of the Union for Reform Judaism that is run by teens for teens. The Southern California Region (popularly referred to as NFTY-SoCal) sponsors and hosts several events throughout the year for Jewish high schoolers at camps and congregations.

The Social Justice Kallah (SJK) is a weekend-long NFTY program that has a specific focus on social issues, public policy, and *tikkun olam* (repairing the world) through both education and action. CBB has been given the honor to host this year's SJK in Santa Barbara, where 300 teens from all over the region will be participating in this amazing experience.

HOW YOU CAN BE A PART OF THIS AMAZING PROGRAM:

Host teens in your home!

We need host families for our visiting teens. You don't need to have open beds in your home, just floor space for guests to roll out their sleeping bags. Host families are asked to provide transportation to and from CBB in the morning and evening and a light breakfast each morning. To sign up or for more information visit www.cbbsb.org or e-mail our host family coordinators Marcy Wimbish and Lisa Raphael at NFTYwim@gmail.com.

Join us for the Friday night service! Teens: Register for SJK!

Please join us for Friday night Shabbat services on February 28. Come feel the spiritual energy of a room filled with energetic youth as our congregation is led in prayer by a team of high school students in partnership with the CBB clergy team.

Pre-neg: 5:30 pm

Shabbat Service: 6:00 pm

Stay for oneg following the service.

If you are in 9th-12th grade and want to be a participant in what is sure to be an unforgettable weekend, please visit www.nfty.org/social to register! To login, use the following:

Username = nftysocal

Password = pacific

Registration: \$220 by February 10

Wait list option after this date.

If this will be your first NFTY event, you are eligible for a \$50 scholarship from Rabbi Cohen.

To receive a scholarship code or discuss any other financial needs, please e-mail Ben at ben@cbbsb.org.





Passover AT CBB

MONDAY, APRIL 14
COMMUNITY FIRST NIGHT
Interactive Passover Seder
with Senior Rabbi Steve Cohen

5:30 pm Seder
7:00 pm Potluck Dinner *details to follow*

TUESDAY, APRIL 15
10:30 am Yom Tov Morning Service

MONDAY, APRIL 21
10:30 am 7th Day Morning Service with Yizkor

Santa Barbara Hillel

Hall of Fame Brunch

Sunday, March 9, 2014

**Honoring Sue & J.W. Colin
Mara Vishniac Kohn & Walter Kohn,
and Zoë & Danny Corwin**

Tickets are \$100/person

To attend, place a tribute, or for more info,
visit santabarbara.hillel.org
or call 805-968-1280

*Dr. Avivah Gottlieb Zornberg
of Jerusalem*

**One of the greatest living teachers of Torah
Thursday, May 15th at 7 pm at CBB**

Her talk:

'I am a stranger:' Becoming Ruth

Ruth is a stranger in more senses than one. Who is this unknown woman who is destined to become mother of royalty? What is the process by which she finds her way into a foreign and unwelcoming culture and religious tradition?

How does destiny come about?

Join Rabbi Cohen for a three-week course of
preparation for Dr. Zornberg's visit
Thursdays: April 24, May 1 and May 8
7:30 pm

All are welcome. No prior experience required.

"Tamales, Turkey, and Latkes ... Oh My!" Continued from Page 9

meant to be and never forgetting to honor the people they love as joyously as they celebrate their own holiday traditions.

On the last night of Hanukkah, our children opened their gifts that Grandma Shirley and Grandpa Phil had sent from New Jersey. This year they gave the kids musical gifts they had been wishing for. Anxiously, they ripped open the blue and silver stared wrapping paper. Our son, bursting with excitement, was the first to scream with delight. Yes, he had received the glossy electric ukulele he had been pining for.

After strumming away, he proclaimed the first song he wanted to learn was the "Hanukkah Song" by Adam Sandler. Our eldest daughter, amused and anxious to hear his rendition, quickly downloaded both music and lyrics and for the first fourteen days of advent we listened to those hilarious, iconic lyrics my husband recalls listening to with such fondness.

Which brings us to Christmas time: not only was our son de-

termined to serenade his Roman Catholic grandmother with his new learned ditty, but he also took a crack at "O Little Town of Bethlehem" to secure her affection. So once again off we went.

Finding a rhythm as we hit the highway, I let myself zone into a meditative trance, recalling the wonder of Christmases past, when my mom, *tias*, and older female cousins would gather around our kitchen table, chattering in a mixed stew of English and Spanish. Anticipating those heavenly tamales that would result from such a gathering, we busied our fingers with mixing, folding, wrapping, and tying our family tamales. It was always such a joyous family tradition that we named our beloved childhood dog Tamale. In fact, the entire process leading up to the moment of biting into the steaming tamal is a kind of a celebration of its own. It's a "tamalada," the tamale making party the night before the main celebration. Embrace this culture of the tamalada and you will understand the "why" and the "how" of tamales. Perhaps the closest thing we have to this is making cookies at Christmas time or latkes for Hanukkah.

So why not have both? For us it has become a no-brainer. My mom and I are in charge of the tamales and my husband and the kids recreate Grandma Shirley's latke recipe passed down from generations. Together we serve this culinary marriage at the crescendo of Christmas day!

This year my youngest asked, "Mommy, does everyone eat latkes and tamales on Christmas day?" "Only the lucky ones, *mija*," I exclaimed with a grin.

While our children's questions on faith and tradition are sometimes challenging and have caused me to pause—sometimes questioning my own faith—I feel it has also been a wonderful opportunity to explore our own spirituality, as well as to model the act of respect for each other's traditions.

I believe this challenging process, as difficult and messy as it can be, will help our children in the future to develop honesty in their own spiritual journeys, allowing them to acquire skills in building their own family traditions and a strong sense of respect for each other and those with whom they may not share the same beliefs.

Laura Carlos Pomerantz is a full time mom who holds a master's degree in public health. She is president of the Santa Barbara non-profit Parents for Excellence in Public Schools. Her husband Mark is an emergency medicine physician and amateur winemaker. They live with their three children, Siena (12), Aidan (9), Camille (7), and their beloved dog, Shelby (13).

We Welcome **Our New Members** **October 2013-January 2014**

Maurice Bar-David	Brad Kohn & Shirleen
The Brottman-Owen Family	Loloyan-Kohn
Linda Edgar	Mary Leibman
The Frame Family	Sylvia Lumberg
David Gersuk & Marilyn	Patricia Poilé
Simon-Gersuk	Ronnie Regev & Julia Stead
Lynn Gould	Alice and Steve Schultz
Gail Hart	Monica Steiner
The Kane Family	Matthew Wiener
The Kaufman-Thompson	
Family	

Becoming a member of CBB is easy.

If you are interested, please contact Elizabeth Gaynes, Membership Director at elizabeth@cbbsb.org or 964-7869 x111.

FACES A Series Featuring Our Members in Their 90s

Margaret Singer: A Woman Ahead of Her Time

By Barbara Greenleaf

Photos by Jon Greenleaf

Before there was Ms. Magazine, Gloria Steinem, Women's Lib, or the Equal Rights Amendment, there was Margaret Singer. Always fiercely independent, Margaret didn't want to be "bothered" with a home and didn't like the idea of being subservient to a husband. What she did want was to be free—free to paint, free to write poetry, free to pick herself up and go wherever and whenever she chose. And pick herself up she did.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1921, when it was still a safe and civilized place for Jews, Margaret had a middle-class childhood that included Jewish school, friends, family, and freedom to roam the city. In 1933, Germany became neither safe nor civilized, so it was then, at the age of twelve, that Margaret embarked on her nomadic existence. When her father lost his shoe store and her Jewish school was closed, she lived with relatives, scrubbed floors for two years without pay, waited on tables and did farm work, all the while trying to leave. Just as the hope of emigration seemed no more than a pipe dream, her brothers landed on the last kinder transport and Margaret and her sister obtained precious visas to the United States. Her father, who was captured trying to cross the Alps, spent the war in an Italian concentration camp and survived. Her mother, who had fled to Paris, did not.

When Margaret and her sister, Paula, ages seventeen and fifteen respectively, arrived in New York, they found that life was no bed of roses, either. The aunt and uncle who took them in were hostile. Not knowing a word of English, the girls ran away; Paula to work as a nanny, Margaret as a domestic. After that she lived in a dreary walk-up flat and worked in a factory. In the evenings she went to the movies, where she learned English and started discovering America.

One day she was taken to an art co-op and when she saw the marvelous paintings on the wall, she found her life's passion. She thought to herself, "I have come home." While at the co-op she was influenced by expressionism, a style in which she continues to work. Margaret also discovered poetry and



was particularly taken with Walt Whitman, who made her feel empowered and uplifted. She started to write poetry herself, which is still a major part of her life. Growing dissatisfied with New York, at the age of twenty-two she headed west on a Greyhound bus with \$35 in her pocket. After a sojourn in Colorado Springs, she continued on to Santa Barbara. "As soon as I got off the bus and smelled the salt air, I knew this place was for me," she says.

Margaret lived frugally as always, sustaining herself as a dinner waitress. During the day she painted either on her own or at City College adult education classes, where her talent and intelligence did not go unnoticed. One day the college's president asked her if she wanted to matriculate. She hadn't attempted it because, she says, "I thought you had to be rich to go to college." Since she didn't have a high school degree, she had to take an entrance test. "I got a 99 in English and a 5 in Math," she recalls, laughing. She completed her requirements (and was happy to get a C in math), transferring to UCSB, where she was awarded a B.A. in Art and English and later an M.A. in Educational Psychology. She taught art at adult ed for twenty years.

Continued on page 26

Validating the Children at a Special Convention

By Edie Ostern

The deadliest war in human history, World War 2, involved over thirty nations and claimed over 60 million lives. It is officially said to have lasted from September 1939 to May 1945 (August 1945 for Japan).

After the Kristallnacht of November 9, 1938, life was no longer normal for the Jews of Europe. After the official close of the war, displaced persons camps, emigration and resettlement continued, so one can say that for about eight years Jewish children who had remained in Europe never had a childhood. Even those that got out of Europe after the Kristallnacht often suffered displacement and separation from or loss of parents and siblings.

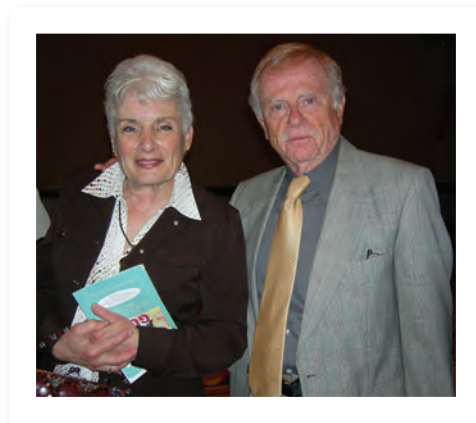
In all, only seven percent of the Jewish children of Nazi-occupied Europe survived; 1.3 million Jewish children perished.

My husband, Stan Ostern, and I are perpetually aware of our personal miracle of being spared that fate. I was able to leave Vienna in November 1939, and my father was released from Dachau concentration camp. Stan was trapped in Poland and hid for two years in a sealed basement. He

subsequently was in a DP camp until able to emigrate to the U.S. What we were unaware of is the impact of those early years. Only now, seventy years later, a vital organization devoted specifically to the children of the Holocaust is bringing these issues to the fore. It's called the WFJCSHD (World Federation of Jewish Child Survivors of the Holocaust and Descendants). I haven't found a trick for memorizing that mouthful!

One of the founders of WFJCSHD, Dr. Robert Krell, professor emeritus of psychology at the University of British Columbia writes:

"We were the children of silence ... we had practiced learning 'the language of silence' whether in hiding, or in the forests, or in the camps. The majority of surviving children had been in hiding. Silence represented safety ... when we finally emerged



we were encouraged to remain silent and get on with life. (It was assumed) ... that the youngest amongst us had few or no memories and in fact were therefore not particularly traumatized."

Ten years ago we attended a heart-warming convention in Toronto. The organization meets annually worldwide. This year it was in the new, gigantic Green Valley Resort in Henderson, Nevada, and we couldn't resist the close venue. Over 500 people attended and it was good to rekindle some old friendships we'd formed.

Beginning on the afternoon of November 1st through November 4th, we were immersed in a concentrated program. We ate three meals daily together, listened to inspirational and motivational lectures and went to specific workshops. The convention culminated with a communi-

Continued on page 26

Portraits of Survival and Upstanders Exhibits: Local Treasures for All

Now in its tenth year, Portraits of Survival: Life Journeys During the Holocaust and Beyond, is a permanent exhibit housed at the Bronfman Family Jewish Community Center of the Jewish Federation of Greater Santa Barbara. The exhibit highlights and honors the moving stories of thirty-nine local survivors. A new exhibit Upstanders: Courage in the Face of Evil, added in 2012, tells the inspiring stories of local heroes who stood up against unthinkable evil to save friends and strangers alike. A multi-

faceted educational program—the only one of its kind between Los Angeles and San Francisco—utilizes these stories and the lessons learned from history. The exhibit has brought in thousands of school and community groups from all over California. To visit the exhibit or to arrange a docent-led tour, in which visitors hear directly from survivors who lived this history, contact Exhibit and Program Director, Ruth Steinberg at (805) 957-1115, Ext. 123.

How Far Have You Gone for a Bar Mitzvah?

by Elaine Saffan

I WAS BORN IN GREECE and left when I was six. Most of my mother's side of the family stayed in Greece, while most of my father's side live in Israel, where my Uncle Dario, a survivor like my father, immigrated to help found the state of Israel. This September, I decided to attend the bar mitzvah of my cousin Vico's oldest son. My husband, David, and I had visited family in Greece and Israel the year before and I felt I wanted to continue to strengthen the relationship with my family who lived so far away from me for most of my life.

And now the family is so different from the one I had known and who were mostly Holocaust survivors. They had been a cushion of love for me, and one that I could not come close to recreating in the States for many, many years.

Today most of the family is made up of these young kids—eight of them! My historian cousin Rena, the closest thing I ever had to a sister, now has two adult kids and four grandkids. My cousin Vico, fourteen years younger than me and the baby of the family, has four kids and the oldest one was the bar mitzvah boy. All the kids are wild and crazy and loving and full of personality.

The bar mitzvah took place in the only synagogue in Athens. Women had to sit upstairs and look down from three sides at the proceedings. I got to see my family for the first time. I was ecstatic to see all of them. The spirit they have and their love of me, reflected in my love for them, lit up my life and will never leave me.

A few days after the bar mitzvah, cousin Rena, her husband Mair and I took a train to Salonika, their hometown, also known as Thessaloniki. This amazing city had been 50% Jewish from 1492, when Jews were forced out of Spain and welcomed by the Ottoman Turks, until 1923 when Salonika, which became part of Greece in 1912, was inundated by Greeks from Turkey as part of a population exchange. Unlike Eastern European cities where Jews were an oppressed minority, in Salonika they dominated and never suffered as part of an oppressed minority, until the 1930s.

In 1917, a huge fire in Salonika burned down the whole central part of the city, which is where all the 39 official synagogues

and dozens more family ones were located and where most Jews lived. After a population of 80,000 at the turn of the 20th century and more than 50,000 before the Shoa, there are fewer than a thousand Jews living in Salonika today (in Athens there are about 5,000).

While standing at the railway station in Salonika, where my grandparents, aunts, and cousins had been forced into cattle cars on their way to Auschwitz and labor camps, I could hear them screaming, children crying as Nazi soldiers yelled orders, and the terrifying barks of dogs. I made the connection with my murdered family members in a way that I never had been able to do before.

We walked past Eleftheria (Liberty) Square where men ages 18-48 were required to register for labor in July 1942, beaten by batons and whips and forced to do calisthenics in the hot sun for the entire day. My uncle Dario, my father's brother, who was under 18, watched my father and thousands of other men try not to collapse. Later they were transported outside the city

Continued on page 26



Top: Shoa Memorial at Liberty Square. Bottom (L-R): Elaine, Milena, Mair, and the youngest member of the family, Leon.



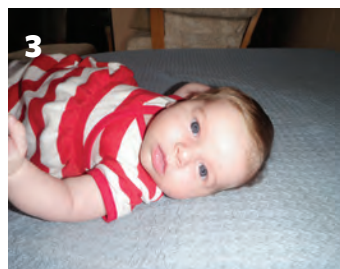
Mazel Tov! *In Our Lives*

October 2013–January 15, 2014



1. Bernice & Harris Gelberg on the birth of their grandson Jonah Henry on December 27th, to parents Maureen and Grant Gelberg

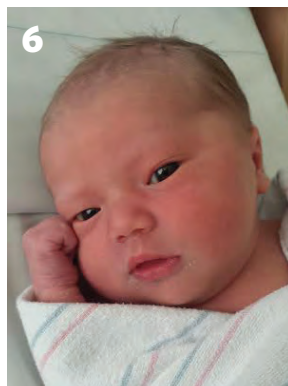
2. Ashley & Dan Monser on the birth of Declan William, born on November 21st



4. Michael Berry & Suk-Young Kim and brother Miles on the birth of their daughter Naima Kim-Berry on December 16th

3. Stephanie & Brett Locker and brother Levi, on the birth of Lottie Esther on December 3rd

6. Grandparents, Steve & Sandi Sterling, on the birth of Leah Yosefa on December 28th to parents Scott and Beth Sterling and sister Miriam



5. Josh & Elke Kane on the birth of Ellie Shayne on September 20th

7. Tuli and Lynne Glasman on their 50th wedding anniversary and renewing their vows during the Religious School wedding ceremony on Sunday, January 12th



CRAZY GOOD BREAD CO.™

8. Rossell Weinstein, on opening her retail location for The Crazy Good Bread Co. in Montecito.

1235-C COAST VILLAGE RD.

9. Rabbi Stephen & Marian Cohen on the wedding of their daughter Rachel and Zach Eilon on December 29th



10. Angela Torin on the engagement of her daughter, Jessica to Michael Agrimis





Rich Recht Concert

In the Girsh-Hochman Sanctuary on December 5, 2013



YOUNG FAMILY Hanukkah Celebration

At BHY, December 5, 2013



Ubumwe Preschool is Growing!

The new school year has started at our sister preschool in Gisenyi, Rwanda.

The Ubumwe Preschool has enrollment way above what we expected when we first launched the building project three years ago. There are over 175 students enrolled, many of them with disabilities and many from families in need of support. We want to continue supporting these families and invite you to make a contribution to ensure there are scholarships for all who want to attend the school.

Your gift of \$200 will provide full tuition for one child for the school year. If you are interested in Sponsoring a Student at the Ubumwe Preschool or making a gift of any amount, please make checks payable to: CBB Ubumwe Preschool (write Sponsor a Student in the memo), or visit www.cbbsb.org and click on Ubumwe Preschool button (bottom left) to contribute online.

If you sponsor a student, you will receive a photo and updates about the student receiving the scholarship.

Thanks to all of those who participated in the Unite to Light Solar Light Buy One Donate One offer and to a generous donation from the Tomchin Family



Charitable Foundation, we are sending 350 solar lights and 10 solar cell phone chargers to the Ubumwe Center. They are getting there thanks to a group of people who are traveling to Rwanda. This is another way we are supporting our friends in Gisenyi.



Sam Shapiro

1996-2013

Sam Shapiro, son of Andy Shapiro and Cindy Blake, brother to Emma, passed away on November 2nd, two weeks shy of his 17th birthday.

Sam was not your typical 16-year-old! Starting at age 12, he volunteered at the Ty Warner Sea Center logging over 440 hours, sharing his love of marine life with visitors. Last year he decided that he would like to “try out” college, so he started dual enrollment where more and more of classes would be at SBCC as opposed to high school. At SBCC, he was taking his second semester of Japanese and US History. He was a member of a team that produced Star Trek Podcasts available on iTunes (they had no idea he was only 16!). He enjoyed computer programming, reading, sitting at the beach and most of all, his friends and family.

Sam was born with a heart condition called Wolfe-Parkinson-White Syndrome (WPW). This can cause your heart to race up to 300 beats per minute. For young people, it is virtually unheard of to be fatal; the episode passes and they are fine. Some people go years and years with several episodes every day. On Halloween evening while having a fantastic time trick-or-treating, he had an episode that, for some reason, caused his heart to race so fast that it couldn't adequately pump blood, and his brain couldn't receive enough oxygen.

For those of you with Facebook accounts, please visit Sam's memorial page: **“Sam Shapiro -In Loving Memory”**: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/SamShapiro.ILM>

The family has set up a memorial fund: The **Samuel Blake Shapiro Memorial Fund** at Ty Warner Sea Center. You can call them at 805-682-4711 x110, for more info.



Noah Goodman gave this eulogy for Sam.

Sam was my best friend. He affected me in so many ways, even though

I only knew him in high school over the past few years. On Thursday, I was walking home. Now, normally, I would have someone to talk to and to call, but no one picked up, so I was left to my own thoughts. I began to think about Sam. This was before anything even happened. I thought about how, when I first came to Dos Pueblos, I would sit on a bench at lunch, alone, reading a book. Sam became one of my first good friends at school. Through him, I began to join the lunch group, making me the more social person I am today.

His decision to modify his appearance also influenced me to change mine from something shlumpy to something half-decent, with great results. But he wasn't just peripherally influential. Sam, as many of us know, had a fondness for computers and programming. I would always discuss this with him, as it was one of our shared passions. This year, he was in AP Computer Science, where I am the TA. My goal for the year was to have one time where I could give him back a test and show him “you got something wrong.” That never happened. Sam is one of the smartest people I know, always getting 100 on even the hardest CS tests. He finished every project in about 5 seconds, yet didn't go on to play games as many would, but went out to help his friends and others. He made my job a lot easier, while simply being his nice self. I'm not sure how I'll be certain I'm doing it right now; I would always check his code to make sure I corrected people, well, correctly. He was just so friendly. Every year since I met him, he would come early to my annual Halloween

Continued on page 26

Children of The Covenant

A Promise for Tomorrow



THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT honors and celebrates friends and members of CBB who

have made a commitment, of any size, to our future sustainability by including CBB in their will or estate plans. These gifts build our endowment funds, enabling us to minimize membership and tuition increases, continue to offer scholarships, and ensure all who want to be members can be, while maintaining the caliber of our staff and programming. Every planned gift makes a difference! As a small token of our enormous gratitude for joining this Covenant, we offer you a beautiful custom made framed *ketubah*.

Fifty-six CBB members have let us know they have included a legacy gift to CBB in their plans. We are grateful to the



“A community is too heavy for any one person to carry alone.”

—THE MIDRASH

following recently added members: Louise & Alan Wyner, and Ellen Goldman.

Previous generations endowed our Temple with strength and vision, building a spiritual home for us. Today we have the opportunity to continue the legacy that they shaped more than eighty years ago—we invite you to join us through your leadership, generosity and participation.

For more information or to let us know you have included CBB in your plans, please contact Lynn Gould at lynn@cbbsb.org, 964-7869 x 104, or Deborah Naish at Naish@cbbsb.org x112.



Erika Kahn with her ketubah.

May Their Lives Be For A Blessing

October 2013–January 15, 2014

Lee Weinberg, husband of Rita Weinberg

Sara Friedman, mother of Bobbie Vidal, mother-in-law of Claude, grandmother of Danielle Vidal & Larry Stone, and Gabrielle Vidal & Aaron May

Chana Frenkel, sister of Bernie Penner, sister-in-law of Beverly

Marie Levy, mother of Martie Levy and grandmother of Dori

Yetta Bach, mother of Sharon Landecker and grandmother of Ariana, Michael and Tema

Libby Kane

Clarice Lazarus, mother of Louise Wyner, mother-in-law of Alan, grandmother of Seth Blumberg, Zoe & Danny Corwin, and great-grandmother of Teva & Jesse Corwin

Samuel Blake Shapiro, son of Andy and Cindy, brother of Emma

Sandee Singer, mother of Amy Silverman, mother-in-law of Lee and grandmother of Brett, Carly, Craig and Danny

Sulana Chait

Gene Kaufman, father of Scott, father-in-law of Jody, grandfather of Conner and Rachel Kaufman & Jordan Fruchtman

Lynne Malenbaum, wife of Mark and mother of Michael and Samuel

Diane Seidler, wife of Morrie Seidler

William Glikbarg, father of Steve and grandfather of Chloe and Leo

Irwin Gordon, father of Sally Gordon-Miller and father-in-law of Lowell

Marvin Rosenthal, husband of Diane Rosenthal

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

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

Margaret Singer Continued from Page 18

Just as she eschewed domesticity, Margaret shunned synagogue, where, “the men congregated around the bimah and the women just looked on.” She changed her tune when she read her poetry about the Shoah at a Conservative shul and observed women being called to the Torah. Today, thanks to the CBB’s volunteer shabbat drivers, she is a regular at Friday night services. Actually, Margaret had a personal experience with God many years ago, at a point when she felt she couldn’t go on. In the midst of this personal crisis, she says, “I totally let go. Suddenly I felt a warm wave filling my body. I thought that was God and I was not alone. It showed me that suffering can be turned into an awareness of God.”

In looking back Margaret concludes, “It’s been difficult, being single, but it’s been an interesting journey and I wouldn’t have had it any other way. Thank God, most of my life I’ve been happy.”

Would you like to help Margaret and other seniors in our community get to Shabbat services on Friday nights? Contact Marcy Oswald, Shabbat Driver Coordinator, to sign up at myemaler@gmail.com.

Validating the Children at a Special Convention Continued from Page 19

ty-wide commemoration of Kristallnacht led by a rabbi from Las Vegas. (The city has about 65,000 Jews).

A workshop which beckoned me was called Triggers, i.e., the things that bring reactions directly rooted in our Holocaust experience. One woman told of her overreaction to loved ones leaving her home (such as visiting children who return to their out-of-town homes). She always bursts into tears during these transitions. Seeing her children cross a threshold with their back toward her is wrenching beyond normal emotion. I understand these feelings and know that my early separation from my parents and brother are the source of my discomfort.

Many “second generation” attendees were at the conference. We met Rena, daughter of Thomas Blatt, our local Sobibor survivor. She was there with our own Margaret Singer. The second generation claims many heavy pressures put upon them by their parents: overprotectiveness, intrusiveness, etc. Certainly all of this exists in a conventional populace, but among Holocaust

survivors these traits are pervasive.

Dr. Natan Kellerman, chief psychologist at AMCHA, presented a fascinating talk on an Israeli organization that works with survivors. In his talk titled Transgenerational Transmission of Trauma, he provided many studies confirming that trauma could alter the physical makeup of progeny. For example, higher cortisol levels are found in the second generation as compared to the general population.

It’s odd to us to be offered all this enlightenment late in life. We can’t take back the way we’ve lived and so much of what we’ve learned about the effects of the Hitler era is hindsight. So we were happy to leave that heavy topic aside for a while, vowing to keep remembrance alive yet relieved to go back to our idyllic routine.

How Far Have You Gone for a Bar Mitzvah? Continued from Page 20

for forced labor and eventually taken to Poland where those who survived dismantled the Warsaw Ghetto after the Nazis destroyed it. There is a beautiful memorial at the side of the square, though the square itself is now a huge parking lot.

My adventure continued in Paris where I was able to find the names of my father’s sister Luchia Cohen and her daughter, Perlafina, 7, and son Gerard, 3, on a wall at the Memorial de la Shoa. I did not find Luchia’s husband’s Avram’s name on the wall, but I learned that he had been taken to a work camp where he died. Naturally, this was very moving. My cousin Shuli, Uncle Dario’s daughter, sent me two pictures, one of Luchia and one of my grandparents and their five children, including my father, Dario and Stella, who survived, Luchia and another sister, Sarina. This was the closest I ever felt to all of them. Previously, I had only seen one picture of my paternal grandparents, posing stiffly and I had never before seen pictures of my aunts.

I did not feel overwhelmed by sadness, but rather by love. Now I have a sense of their existence, which never seemed real to me before. I think one day, when my time comes, I will be united with them and, as my friend Margaret Singer might say, we will catch up.

Sam Shapiro Eulogy Continued from Page 24

party to help set up, something I was always thankful for.

Sam always had a smile on his face. No matter what happened, he was always happy. Whether we were debating about Mac vs PC, making fun of each other, singing “Kumbaya” in our lunch group, or debating over Mac vs PC again, we always had a good time. I

remember one time when we played a drinking game. Sam was over one day after school. We finished recording something for YouTube, and decided to try this cool pokemon drinking game I found online. Of course, we weren't old enough to drink, so we used water instead. Soon enough we realized how bad this idea was, both because we couldn't drink that much water, and because the water was luke-warm and tasted terrible. We ended up deciding to take out my old karate blocker—basically a padded baseball bat used to practice blocks—and whack each other with it on the back for each shot we had to drink. I can't recall who won, just that we were laughing, having so much fun, and it was one of my fondest memories of him. `

Lately, I've learned we had so many similarities that I didn't even know about. He, like me, didn't hang much after school, but hid in his "man cave," while having many friends at school. We both have dolphin collections, and love going to the beach to look for them. We both have very messy rooms, although that's not that unusual. He fit right in with our lunch group, an oddball, marching to the beat of his own theremin, in a group of those who do the same. No one cared about how they looked or what others thought and neither did Sam. I simply see so much of myself in him, and I wish those were things we could have discussed, and not something I've only learned just now.

On Saturday, I, with some other friends, visited Sam one last time. I gave him a hug. His parents were glad to have us there, but worried that that's how we would remember Sam. I know that is not the case. He had such a profound impact, laughing and smiling and introducing me to new things, that I know that will always be the first thing to jump to my mind when I think of Sam. And I know he'll be hacking our computers while we eat lunch, as he, somewhere up there, argues with Steve Jobs over his decisions.

One last thing. Our lunch group was very diverse, with many ethnicities and groups represented. Although Sam was only Jew-ish, as our friend Youssef would constantly joke, we were the only Jews in the lunch group, and this caused us to bond in a way that I didn't have with others in the group. We'd always call each other nicknames related to this, one of my most common being "Jew Boy." So, I know that I speak for all of Sam's friends when I say: we'll miss you, Sam. You're irreplaceable, and that spot in our lunch group and our friend group cannot be refilled. I know you're sitting there with us, somehow. Keep on hacking, Jew Boy. You'll always be in our Code, in our Group, and in our Hearts.

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