

VOICES

Congregation B'nai B'rith

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FOCUS: SHABBAT

CHALLAH & HAPPINESS

By Betsy Heafitz

I spent a summer, years ago, Shomrei Shabbos—keeping strict halachic Shabbat.

“I didn’t even tear toilet paper,” I tell my kids. They can’t believe it. “How can anyone live like that, you can’t do anything, you can’t drive, you can’t turn on the lights, you can’t even text,” they ask, with bewildered looks.”

“In fact,” I shock them, “We didn’t even have texting then ... it was back in the old days.”

SOMEONE ONCE SAID, “Jews don’t keep the Shabbat, Shabbat keeps the Jews.” Sitting around that table with family and friends reinforces the importance of the meaningful relationships in our lives. The traditions and rituals elevate the evening, reminding us of past stories and inspiring us to new ones. It anchors us so we can soar. “What do you like best about Shabbat?” I ask my middle daughter, “Doing traditions because it strengthens our Jewish identity,” she replies.

So much of raising children is focused on “doing”—bringing them to school, doing homework, going to gymnastics, making dinner, setting the table, going to tournaments. Getting in the car, getting out of the car, getting in again This is something

we know only too well; it’s a part of our distracted, overscheduled lives we create, trying to enrich the lives of our children.

What came to me last Friday night, as I was finishing up the Shabbat “doing”—making three versions of a meal for three picky palates, looking for food that was still edible in the fridge to cook up, buying challah on the way home so that it would be fresh and yummy—I realized how much I was looking forward to just “being.” Being with each other. Being at the table with the three people in the world I love the most, listening to their stories, hearing them sing the brachot, proud they’ve memorized all the words. I was savoring it—just sitting and being with them ... being Jewish.

That is the essence of Shabbat for me.

Mind you, my Shabbat is definitely a work in progress. Like finding my inner peace, it is something I am always working on (often like George Costanza’s father running around saying, “Serenity Now”). Sometimes I just don’t have enough time between coming home from work, making dinner and getting to the table to get that “Shabbat” feeling (who am I kidding, it’s usually the exception rather than the rule, not to mention that I’m hungry

Continued on page 9

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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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INTERESTED IN

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VOICES is a publication offered free of charge

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The Rabbi's Shabbat

By Rabbi Steve Cohen

Six days you shall work and perform all your labor, but the seventh day shall be a Sabbath unto the Eternal your God. On it you shall not perform any labor... (Exodus 20:8)



THUS DECLARES THE TORAH, in the Ten Commandments. But for a rabbi, the professional Jew, teacher, and official representative of the Jewish tradition, Friday night and Saturday morning are often the busiest and most exhausting times of the week. The irony is not lost on me.

It's an occupational hazard of the rabbinate.

Most rabbis choose this line of work because of our love for Judaism, and our deep appreciation of Judaism's wisdom. We want to organize our lives according to the ancient brilliance of the Torah. To experience the profound depths of Jewish spirituality. To align our lives with the rhythms of Jewish time—the magnificent cycle of life, the Festival year, the healing and restorative weekly rest of Shabbat.

Oops.

It turns out that for a rabbi, Shabbat is rarely a day of rest. Over the years, many people have asked me how I live with this contradiction. Let me share a few thoughts.

First of all, in many ways, my Shabbat is "a day apart." I do not check or respond to email. I do not spend money. I do not talk on the phone. My Shabbat is a workday, but it is utterly different from my other days.

Secondly, even though Friday night and Saturday morning are full of tasks and anxieties, worrying about a sermon, or

managing a feisty Torah study group, or making sure that all of our guests feel welcomed, most of those responsibilities are over by Saturday afternoon. I am committed to my Shabbat afternoon nap, followed by a walk on the beach. On Saturday afternoon every week, Shabbat finally does arrive ... completely.

I live with one big Shabbat sadness: I wish I did not have to drive on Shabbat. At various times in my life, I have experienced the beauty and power of a traditional Shabbat, in which I only walked from one place to another. I know that the essential idea of Shabbat includes slowing all the way down, to walk, to stroll, to linger ... to live for one day each week at a gentle pace.

But we love our house by the Ellwood bluffs and it's too far from the Temple to walk. So I do drive to Temple and home on Friday night, and again on Saturday. I stay off the freeway, and stick to surface roads, trying to retain some minimal awareness that it is a day to go slow. Some day, I hope to find a way to stop driving, and to spend every Shabbat living at "three-miles-per-hour."

Not long after I arrived at CBB, I made the decision not to sit on the bimah during services, but to come out and sit with everyone else. This was in part to get closer to the members of the congregation, and to break down the invisible wall

between "performer" and "audience." But it also allows me to relax, to experience the peace of Shabbat, and not always feel like I'm "on." You may notice me closing my eyes ... or even drifting off to sleep. Hopefully I will wake up in time to stand up and lead when my turn comes, but in the meanwhile, those moments with my eyes closed are my way of claiming a bit of Shabbat. I encourage you to close your eyes too, and to let yourself be lifted and carried by the voices of the congregation praying around you.

One of the challenges of my job is the need to carefully manage my time, to always be aware of the clock, and to limit conversations to the allotted number of minutes. I try to be fully present whenever I'm talking with someone, but during the workweek, I do watch my watch, and will sometimes interrupt a conversation in order not to be late for my next appointment or meeting.

On Shabbat, I stop watching the clock. I let the day unfold without trying to "manage the time." Sitting with friends at Shabbat lunch, I may doze off, or I may get up in the middle of a conversation and wander away to the buffet to get a cookie or piece of fruit. But I am liberated from the clock. Even when I am at Temple, surrounded by congregants and guests, I may be the rabbi, but I'm in a "Shabbos" state of mind.

From the Editor

ON BEHALF OF THE VOICES TEAM, thank you to all who wrote articles and responded to our email asking for contributions and shared their Shabbat reflections with all our readers. You will find those quotes interspersed within our Focus on Shabbat. We hope you'll find all of these reflections interesting, moving, and thought-provoking.

We hope this is just a beginning of a community-wide conversation about this very important part of our Jewish identity. Please look for further exploration of this topic in the future.

Thank you and happy reading!

Kamila Storr,
Managing Editor



SHABBAT

By Sheila Golburgh Johnson

O the soothing cadences of Hebrew,
repeating the sounds I heard as a
child, telling our oldest stories
of mothers and fathers, sisters and

brothers, the barren and fruitful,
the faithful and deceivers, those
who sin without knowing it and
those who sin with deliberation.

Torah time is not linear but circular,
reminding us that past times
are ever present in the
subconscious life we share.

Shabbat frees us to remember
and contemplate the journey
through the desert, the sweetness
of the law, and Moses Rabbeinu,

our prophet who pleaded for us
time after time before the living
God, persuading the Creator
to pardon us, yet again.

Shabbat, an island of peace
in a frantic world whose center
cannot hold; the still eye
in the middle of the storm that hovers.

We Welcome Our New Members February-May 2014

Dean and Connie Axelrod	Judith Loftus
Peter and Bonnie Gerstenfeld	Alex and Maia Mook
Elihu Gevirtz	Brianna Pettit
Bonnie Gordon	Sheila Robin
Jack and Linda Gordon	Martha Rosenberg
Rachel Greenberg	Morton and Judith Weisman
Eric Kolber and Kristin Aller	Carly and Douglas Yartz
Mark and Irene Kovalick	

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.

THE GIFT *of Shabbat*

By Vicky and Gary Linker

Shabbat is a very special event in our home. It is a fitting close to the week and we stop a lot of what fills our time during that 24-hour respite. Gary tries to be home from work by four or so, as we gear down to move into the Shabbat spirit. Every Friday night Vicky makes a special dinner. Aaron comes home, gets into his weekend attire, enjoys some time relaxing from the school day, and then we prepare the Shabbat table. The wine glass is put on the table, the candles on the counter and we take out the challah plate and cover, making the dinner table our shrine.



WE ALL ASSEMBLE AROUND THE SHABBAT candlesticks and Vicky lights the candles to commence the evening. When we light the candles, we bring the light into our being by waving the light toward our face three times. All of us take one deep breath in and out and through that exhale we symbolically leave our week behind. We move into the spirit of Shabbat. What is that spirit? We think it involves moving into the present moment and entering a place of gratitude. After the blessing over the wine, the washing of our hands, and the blessing over the challah (usually from *Our Daily Bread*), we feel even more immersed in the Shabbat spirit. These rituals seem to help move us into that space.

The evening is spent relaxing, playing games, talking, or even watching a good movie. The next day it is Torah Study at CBB with Rabbi Steve, which Gary claims is a highlight of the week, and then off to the I.V. Minyan for services and the camaraderie of the group there. Napping, hiking, and beach walks are some of our favorite ways to enjoy the afternoon. One of the best things about Shabbat is that we usually don't make plans and just let the day unfold. We value Shabbat and see it as a necessary respite from the demands and pressures of our everyday life. Over the past 23 + years it has become a healthy and essential part of our lives.

“ For me, Shabbat is about my daughters. During the busy work week it's about homework, play dates, and after school activities, but come Friday night I stop. And I have an opportunity to think about them in a different way. A more spiritual way. I love asking G-d to watch over them, shine His light upon them, and grant them peace.

I hope with time Shabbat will become even more important and more meaningful to us. I think we all need a day during the week to recharge our over-exerted batteries.”

— Sandy Toye

CHALLAH & HAPPINESS

Continued from cover

and cranky too). Sometimes the constant interruption of three children makes me feel like I am in the middle of a Robert Altman film. Sometimes, the weight feels off, with only one adult balancing the table. Like Shabbat, that “being” is something I need to welcome in. Making room for it tends to require some mindfulness and focus.

What helps, is that I know things won’t feel right if we don’t eat in the dining room, light the candles, and bless the challah—if we don’t make Shabbat and separate Friday night from the rest of the week. “What do you like best about Shabbat?” I ask my oldest. “Hanging out with my family,” he shares. “And you,” I inquire of my youngest, “Challah and happiness, being with the family,” she replies.

Shabbat is my deep exhale from the day-to-day craziness. Rather than looking at what I can’t do because it’s Shabbat, I try to look at it as what I am “free from”—free from checking your phone every few minutes, because the people you most want to be with are right in front of you, free from going anywhere, just for a few hours, because it only adds to the commotion and becomes a distraction. How many times do you sit and wish, “Wouldn’t it be great, if just for one day, the whole family could be free from going anywhere? Games, galas, meetings, play dates, babysitters—but when you really think about it, what could be more of an obligation than just being with your loved ones?” Shabbat is permission to do just that. Shabbat is like the *shavasanah* at the end of the week. Just to be.

There is a bumper sticker that I occasionally see, “BE THE PERSON YOUR DOG THINKS YOU ARE.” Shabbat is a time for me when I work on “BE THE MOTHER YOU WANT YOUR KIDS TO REMEMBER.” I know that there are going to be thousands of other moments, but this is an opportunity to create memories that I hope they choose to share and re-create with their own children. It’s a moment that I can aspire to, to be the best mother I can—that understanding one, that patient one, the one who just brought home the kosher bacon and then fried it up—and enjoy the three divine beings who are part of my soul.

“ Although I do not attend Temple on Shabbat, I do celebrate in my way. I prepare the table with a challah, candles, and my “good dishes.” Then I proceed to light the match and marvel at this tiny object, what it is capable of, then the candle with its life—the wick. Then after they are lit, I hold up my challah and again comment on what was needed to create this, from planting the seed to harvesting and all the ingredients needed. Whatever beverage I serve goes through the same process of my being in awe and taking the time to acknowledge and appreciate all of the above. Then we go around the table and tell the best and worst part of our week. This is a special time indeed.

Before we begin our meal we recite an ancient Sanskrit poem.”

— Arleen Weisman

“ Shabbos is what I miss the most. What I most regret leaving behind in my haste. There was a time when Shabbos was not a day. More, a presence I couldn’t avoid. That followed me everywhere that I fled from, and that now I’ve lost and can’t rediscover. Shabbos once loomed through the week, every day a countdown—buoying me through the iterative homogeneity for six days. But now, the hours of weekly preparation, the smell of baking challah, the *nerot*, don’t usher in the Shabbos Queen. Rather, she waits outside. Demanding more. Reminding me that Shabbos is not a rote ritual, that Shabbos is not an abstract concept, and ultimately, that Shabbos is not just a day.”

— Marina Manheimer Schuller

The Real Meal

By Talya Anter-Engel

I JUST PICKED THE KIDS UP from preschool and it's Friday afternoon. I unload the car and look for their BHY challah with chocolate chips they made that day. One challah has been picked through and the bag is mostly crumbs. Oh well. I need to focus on making our Shabbat meal; one challah will do. I should follow a recipe but there is no time for that. I will wing it ... first I'll pick kale from the garden—wait, someone's crying. I'll decide on dinner later. Now it's later; the family is hungry. Do I give them a snack so I have time to roast something? First, I'll set the table and think about how to make a roast. Oh darn, I forgot to iron the linen napkins I bought for Shabbat. I can sneak some time in now. Wait, I should preheat the oven first. What was that noise? Toys. Who dumped those down the stairs? I forgot to put the iron on. Oh, I should get all that wax off our Shabbat candlesticks. They really are a mess. Here come the children, what are they eating? Oh no, it's the other chocolate chip challah—I need that for dinner. Ok, iron's on and challah is back in the kitchen—what's left of it. What's that smell? Some-



one put a pizza in my preheated oven, but I was going to make a roast! Fine. What time is it? Oh, it's past sundown. It's ok, I'll set the Shabbat table, pizza will be done soon. The challah cover has sprinkles stuck to it from last week's preschool challah. Sigh, I forgot to wash it. The Kiddush cup is clean, good. We're out of juice, bad. Milk or water? Pizza's done, everyone is sitting down. We need kippahs. Where are the pretty ones? Can't find them. We'll use these from Evan and Jodi's wedding. But they're not married anymore? It's fine. Alright, everyone's ready. Baruch Atah Adonai ... did I turn the iron off?



"Shabbat?"

By Warren Wood

"WRITE A SHORT ARTICLE on Shabbat," she asked. Which Shabbat, I wondered? Do I write about the ones with my boys and without their mother, or do I write about the ones during which the boys are with their mother and I am without? I have not yet gotten used to these alternating phases, and I still feel that Shabbat in a divorced-parent household is not quite kosher, even though I know

it is, even when friends come, and even when there are—as there always have been—candles, bread, and wine, and blessings. The recent issue of *Voices* that featured articles on family and Jewish living taunted my irrational anxiety about divorced parenting and Shabbat. No divorced-parent families there (or LGBT families, for that matter) though such are a part of our community. So, I challenge

my anxiety with ritual consistency, with my boys and without. Candles, bread, and wine, and blessings. We connect ourselves to what we know of tradition, to the ages past, to the immediacy of what is now, and to the unpredictable future in which we hope there will also be candles, bread, and wine, and blessings. With that, it is easier to hope for the Shalom the day promises. Selah.

How Does Shabbat Fit Into Our Lives?

By Matthew O. Fineberg

If you are reading past the title, then, like me, you are probably curious about where Shabbat stands for Reform Jews in 2014. Life seems to move rather quickly and I often ask myself where did the week go? Sometimes I even say where did the month go!? And this is where Shabbat comes swooping in like a cape-wearing superhero.

LET ME BACKTRACK for a second. One memory about Shabbat has really stuck with me. When I was a young boy, I visited my grandparents in Squirrel Hill, PA, a suburb of Pittsburgh. One Shabbat morning, Poppa Saul told me to get ready to go to synagogue. I put on a dress shirt and some slacks and dreaded the long walk to shul. You see, Poppa Saul was an observant Jew so I knew that we would be walking and not driving, as “work” is not allowed on the Sabbath. A funny thing happened though. We got in the car and drove to an Orthodox shul fifteen minutes away in downtown Pittsburgh. I gazed at my grandpa with a curious look in my eye and he told me straight away, “God

doesn’t care how you get to shul, as long as you get there.”

What I learned on that cool Saturday morning thirty years ago is that Shabbat is special as long as you make it special. It doesn’t matter what you do as long as you stop and recognize that there is a difference between the secular and the holy. This separation is at the very core of Judaism. Let’s look at kashrut for a second. When a *mashgiach* (the rabbi who inspects meat) checks the meat for flaws, he is making sure that the outside world (filled with germs and illness) does not enter the inside world of the animal. For me, this inspection is just another metaphor for the separation.

My family tries to make Shabbat special. One of the ways that we observe Shabbat is that we light candles, say the kiddush, and make a motzi over the challah every Friday night that we are home. Of course, like many of you, there are times when



this tradition does not happen. However, the key for my family is that we still talk about the fact that Shabbat starts every Friday night regardless of whether or not we light candles.

What I want all of you who have stuck with me thus far is to remember that Shabbat will always be there for you. If you need a break from the craziness of your everyday life or just want a moment to reflect, light some candles, and say the motzi. Your family will love it. I promise.

Here is a link to the prayers my family does on Friday night at sundown: <http://www.jewfaq.org/prayer/shabbt.htm>

“ I look forward to our Shabbat minyan. I challenge myself to chant from the parsha and mostly I chant one. I read the rest of the parsha and some commentary. I look forward to commentaries on the computer sent to us from Jerusalem. They are a pleasure to listen to. Then there is the get together with the regulars for kiddush and lunch and the lovely b’nai mitzvah. I enjoy wishing you and everyone Shabbat Shalom.

— Ronit Anolick

The Miles Davis Shabbat

By Jacqui Meisel

Observance of Shabbat looks different depending on your vantage point. It dances ambiguously between prohibition and permission. On the one hand, there are the seemingly inconvenient “thou shalt nots”: no turning on lights, running errands, or surfing the Internet. On the other hand, there are the joyful “wow, I get to ...” fill in the blank. For me, it’s a chance to turn off my phone, to sit and talk unhurriedly to friends and family at our dinner table as the candles flicker and burn down. Any acknowledgement of Shabbat, old school Orthodox, or low key simple candle-lighting, has the astonishing ability to mark and change time, thus changing us.

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP in a small gold mining town in South Africa, my sisters and I went to shul with our Dad every Friday early evening and came home in time for my mother to light Shabbat candles at sunset. As each wick caught and the flame flared, we children looked forward to the coming twenty-four hours of savoring special Shabbat foods, spending leisurely time together, reading, and playing; but we were not permitted to write or draw, use the telephone, or turn on the radio. I recall no bitterness about what we couldn’t do; rather a feeling of relief, of specialness. My peculiar family (there were very few Jews in Welkom, South Africa) got to step off the treadmill and connect with each other and ourselves. In this we were different from our neighbors in a wonderful way, just as Shabbat is different from other days in a wonderful way.

Fast forward to California in the twenty first century: from my vantage point as a far-too-busy adult, I begin anticipating the peace of Shabbat around midweek, when the to-do list looks too daunting to cram into the available hours. Granted, my family now subscribes to the a-la-carte version of Shabbat rather than the prix-fixe approach of my borderline Orthodox youth. Over our almost three decades together, my husband Alex and I have picked and chosen which aspects to observe; we have made up our own family rituals over the years. I highly recommend this approach!

We Meisels, Alex, Jacqui, Matthew, and Joshua (our adult sons), have observed Shabbat in some form all of our children’s lives. They cannot imagine Friday evening approaching without helping to set the table with silver candlesticks, their great-great-grandmother’s kiddush cup that has travelled from a shtetl in Russia to a tiny town in the Orange Free State province of South Africa, and finally to Santa Barbara, the bread board and challah cover, and a handful of kippot. In their high chairs twenty years ago, these boys mimicked their mother, hands encircling the bright, hopeful candlelight, covering her eyes, and saying the Hebrew blessing. While I simply bless the candles, wine, and challah, my late father used to recite the whole kiddush in his lilting Ashkenazi accent. Instead of Dad’s voice, we now have Miles Davis’s “Birth of the Cool” or “Kind of Blue” playing in the background. Friday night dinner is the extent of our Shabbat observance these days. We feel off kilter those rare Shabbats when we have a non-Shabbat-related commitment.

We have made Shabbat our own and given the gift of this respite to ourselves and our children. Our family ritual is to exhale the stresses of the week gone by, inhale the promise of now, and gather in the light of the candles with gratitude for all that we have and all that we are. Shabbat shalom!



Honoring Shabbat in Personally Meaningful Ways

By Evely Laser Shlensky

MY SHABBAT OBSERVANCE has, over the years, changed. It has not necessarily “evolved,” but simply changed with my changing sense of what is personally meaningful.

It is important to me, weekly, to remember Shabbat. It is less important to me than it used to be to study Torah and to attend synagogue for prayer, although occasionally I do both of those.

A centerpiece of my Shabbat enjoyment (I prefer to use that word rather than “observance”) is a Shabbes dinner. I like to set a beautiful table, provide a challah that I’ve either baked or bought, and place beloved ritual objects on the table. Those ritual objects connect me to my family’s history and to experiences that have formed me. My kiddush cup belonged to my great grandmother. Generations in our family have honored Shabbat by lifting that cup, as I do. Our brass candleholders were the ones my mother used. They appear in the paper cuttings that surround my younger daughter’s ketubah. And they appear on our Shabbat table every Friday night, holding lovely, colorful candles from Safed. Ira and I share a meal that is generally simple and good as we share the sweetness of Shabbat. Occasionally, we are blessed to have visiting family members join us for Shabbat.

The challah cover we use was made at Yad L’kashish, “Lifeline for the Old,” in

Jerusalem. It was hand painted by the one of the older artisans for whom that organization is, indeed, a lifeline. To bring Shabbat into Saturday, I always place the challah cover over the back of one of our dining table chairs, a visual reminder that Shabbat extends for the entire day.

In addition, I bring the taste and texture of Shabbat into Saturday by using the leftover challah to make French toast for breakfast—a special Shabbat delight.

“Those ritual objects connect me to my family’s history and to experiences that have formed me. My kiddush cup belonged to my great grandmother. Generations in our family have honored Shabbat by lifting that cup, as I do.”

I honor Shabbat by refraining, in this Garden of Eden that is Santa Barbara, from picking fruit or cutting flowers, from sundown to sundown. That restraint enables me to appreciate the created world without putting it in my

service—a concept I think I learned from Heschel’s *The Sabbath*.

I also refrain from ordinary work—laundry, grocery shopping, and the like. This is a day that is set apart and these “ordinary” tasks can wait.

Often I take a Shabbat walk. Sometimes I talk to family and friends on my walk. Other times I allow my mind to stretch to “redemptive” thoughts, imagining how the world might be if it were closer to the one God must have had in mind.

I love to honor Shabbat as I do and I love to remember the final sentence in Heschel’s book: “Eternity utters a day.”



Late Night Thoughts about Shabbat

By Sharon Landecker

When I was growing up, my family belonged to a reform temple in Northern California. My mother had been raised Orthodox, and carried some Shabbat observances over to us. She lit candles every Friday night, but she did it on her own before dinner. She would take a lace napkin from the drawer, put it on her head, and always—for years—read the transliterated blessing.

I'M SURE THAT'S WHAT her mother did, although my grandmother probably knew the blessing. We often had chicken soup for dinner on Friday nights, and that was it. But she had two Shabbat rules for me: I couldn't sew or iron on Shabbat. Well, sewing was my hobby, and something I loved to do and had no time for during my school week. So, I argued with her about that and always felt like it was ridiculous. I had not been taught why we shouldn't sew on Shabbat and it wasn't until many years later that I learned why. My mom's rules seemed very hypocritical to me; my dad worked, we shopped, and she cooked on Shabbat.

I lived in Israel between 1983 and 1987. When I first went over, I went on a year program called WUJS, where they observed Shabbat in an Orthodox manner. I had never experienced a restful Shabbat and kind of felt like there were too many rules of what to NOT do on Shabbat. I then traveled to Jerusalem, somehow ended up in the Mea Shearim and experienced my first very Orthodox Shabbat, where people had torn their toilet paper in advance, taped all of the light switches,

and followed many other rules. I found it interesting, but not something I ever wanted to do. However, after living in Israel for a while, I became accustomed to having a REAL day of rest, and came to love it. I loved walking everywhere because there was no public transportation on Shabbat. I loved not shopping or cooking, because I had done everything in advance on Friday. Saturday/Shabbat felt like a real day of rest. In Israel, there's only a one-day weekend—everyone goes back to work or school on Sunday morning, but that one day off from the "daily grind" seemed to be enough.

When I came back to the States, I tried to implement it here, but it's been a bit tricky to pull off. In addition to almost always bringing in Shabbat with a nice Shabbat dinner and the blessings, I made my own rules for myself about what I wouldn't let myself do on Saturday—like clean the house and do laundry. That eventually partially fell by the wayside, though I still attempt to not do those things. I still go on the computer, check emails, and even sometimes sew—especially if I've got a



deadline, and yes—I do feel conflicted and a little guilty.

The main problem for me with trying to keep Shabbat in Santa Barbara, being part of a Reform temple, is that we live so far away from it and each other. If we all lived in the same neighborhood, that would be great. But most of us still have to get in the car and drive to and fro. That already kind of ruins the real Shabbat feeling that I experienced in Israel.

I love going to Torah study, Shabbat services, and would probably even like to join everyone for the occasional afternoon meal. What I don't like is having to jump in the car and drive back and forth. So I usually choose to just stay at home and try to have a quiet day. But then I miss the community and the learning. I would love to hear suggestions from people as to how to solve that dilemma. Maybe carpooling, for those of us who live on the Westside, is the answer for me.

Shabbat Shalom!

CELEBRATE SHABBAT

IN THREE EASY STEPS

Celebrating Shabbat is easy and we can help. The Sisterhood Gift Shop, located in the temple lobby, is open every weekday from 12:30 to 5:30 PM. You'll find everything you need to bring Shabbat into your home. It's as easy as 1, 2, 3! Say the blessings for each one.

1

**Light the candles.
It's a mitzvah!**



2

**Fill the Kiddush cup
with wine. Wine is a
symbol of joy and life.**



3

**Uncover the
challah and say
the motzi, the
blessing over
the bread.**



Bring Shabbat into your home with the addition of these three special items. Contact Jessica in the Temple office at 805-964-7869 or email jessica@cbbsb.org for gift shop information.

SHABBAT DRIVERS

*By Marcy Oswald,
Shabbat Driver*



CURRENTLY, there are about 8.4 million senior citizens who depend on others for their transportation. Our roads and automobiles are not designed for the existing elderly population, and alternate forms of transportation for the elderly will continue to be an important issue for years to come. Generally, no individual plans for a time when he or she will no longer be able to drive. Imagine being faced with the lack of access to essential services, loss of social independence, reduced mobility, and isolation that comes as a result of terminated driving privileges. These thoughts propel me into finding a way for our synagogue to offer support and improve the emotional and social losses of CBB's elderly community.

I like to refer to a movement called Jewish Sacred Aging. This is a forum for the Jewish Community with resources and texts that feature discussions on the implications of the revolution in longevity for Baby Boomers and their families. Rabbi Richard Address believes that every community should be proactive in dealing with the issues of aging. To be proactive, we need a plan, a task force, and programs that involve the young, the old, and everyone in between. This is a daunting task. For now I am focusing on a small piece, Shabbat Mitzvah Drivers.

To me Shabbat is a time when the sun has set, and it's a reminder not to forget. Getting together with my family and friends to light the candles, to pause, to reflect on the week just passed, connects me with the experience. To reflect on my relationships with others connects me to being grateful, and setting intent in the quality of those relationships brings me joy. I find taking time out to do something different and something thoughtful brings me peace, Shabbat.

I am asking you to take time out and sign up to occasion-

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FRIDAY NIGHT***Tot Shabbat****By Talya Anter-Engel*

THE SOUND OF LITTLE FEET AND GIGGLES across the Temple parking lot makes the Friday night regulars stop and watch with amused eyes. They know, just as those little feet know, it's Friday night Tot Shabbat. Cantor brings the little feet to a dance, as he sings songs they all know. And those who don't, watch the little lips in anticipation of what the next words will be. Prayer calms the little feet into silence as the hum of adult voices takes over the sanctuary.

As the Rabbi calls the little feet to the bima, many are already in motion, eager to get first glimpse of what hides inside the ark. The little eyes get bigger as they stare at the Torah clutched in Rabbi's arms, and follow closely as it's led in procession around the large room. Little hands clutch each other as the little friends skip together evading their parents' arms. They find a spot to rest under the tallit ready for their minds to get lost in Rabbi's story.

Soon it's time for them to climb back into their parents' laps, and after song and prayer, the little feet get lifted into a hug and blessed by their parents. The doors swing open as a sign for them to begin their journey to their Shabbat dinner in a different room. The little tummies encourage the feet to move quickly and secure a table with sweet juice, candles, and bread. After the Shabbat blessings, the table is sticky with juice, covered in crumbs, and the candles have been blown out.

The dinner is loud and chaotic, but the little hands grabbing extra cookies don't seem to notice. Full and tired, little heads slump over their parents' shoulders after an hour of playtime in preschool childcare. They are happy and exhausted, and let their minds drift back into Rabbi's story as they leave the Temple parking lot and Friday night Tot Shabbat.

***MY FAMILY TABLE****By Fran Lewbel*

I BEGAN CELEBRATING SHABBAT when my children attended Beit HaYeladim preschool. When I was growing up, my family belonged to Temple Beth Hillel in North Hollywood, where I had my bat mitzvah, confirmation, and went to temple twice a year. We called ourselves cultural/traditional Jews.

My dad did not enjoy synagogue. My dad's temple was his family, gathered at the dinner table. For the holidays we strayed from prayer but always had a toast. It started with my dad, then was reiterated, with gestures, humor and love, by my mother. Looking back, they were so in their gratitude. When my children are around the Shabbat table, I am most grateful. The apple doesn't fall far. In a Rosh Hashanah sermon a few years back, Rabbi Cohen said, "Just set the table with the special Shabbat tablecloth, and put out the candles. We all walk by the table and by osmosis or awareness, whether we sit every Friday or not, we know it's Shabbat." I love that and I do that!

My table is surrounded with boys straight off the skate park, beach, and couch. Jews and non-Jews have spoken their gratitude when it comes their turn to voice it aloud. It always ends with me, reiterating, gesturing, and humoring the table with my own loving essence. "Mirror Mirror on the wall, I am my mother after all." My own Shabbat gratitude nugget is that no matter where my boys are in the world, college, dating, traveling ... they will ultimately be invited to dinner on Friday night for Shabbat. They will remember all the times around their own family Shabbat table, Friday night matzah balls and Sunday morning challah French toast, our home, and their friends.

Shabbat stakes its claim weekly in my house, my temple. Wherever their travels may lead them, Shabbat will ignite a feeling of nostalgia, feeling welcomed, acknowledged, comfortable and proud in their Jewish bond. For all the generic, grateful words my children and their friends spoke out loud when it came their turn to say what they were grateful for, the most common were, "I'm grateful for food, family and friends." I am grateful, that is the truth. It is spoken, it is heard. Shabbat Shalom.



SHABBAT REFLECTIONS

“ Shabbat is a time for our family to enjoy togetherness and community. Ruach Shabbat at CBB has been a special highlight in the last couple years. We appreciate the ruach (cheerful spirit). Eliana and Carmela love the music, seeing their friends, and dancing. Did I mention dancing? At certain points in the service, a gaggle of kids spontaneously circle the sanctuary with happy, bouncing, giggly movement. They light up the room. Looking across the hall, I see beaming smiles of enjoyment. This is a special Shabbat joy.”

— *Nina Gelman-Gans*

“ I too love Shabbat. A getaway from everything, where we can thank God for his blessings; a day of rest to pause and reflect on our lives and be thankful we are Jews. As Jews, we are called to rest, reflect, share with others what we have, whether large or small. When I pray to Adonai, I thank him for making me a Jew. Every Shabbat when I attend Friday night services, I so enjoy connecting with other Jews, greeting visitors and new members, children, and young adults, as well as seniors like myself. Respecting each other is of prime importance to all of us. Thank you, Adonai, for making ME a Jew!”

— *Michele Nelson*

“ A couple of years ago during a High Holy Day service, Rabbi Steve gave a sermon about getting in the habit of practicing Shabbat. I was moved by the sermon as was my husband, a Catholic, who loves tradition and liked the idea of making the Sabbath special by drinking a Shabbatini.

Rabbi sent out an email stating that Shabbat is challenging to him because our community is not in the “Shabbat habit.” Our family, because of Rabbi Steve, is in the Shabbat habit and Shabbat gives us all something to look forward to every week.

Shabbat has strengthened our family unit. For the last three years, my father and stepmom have come from the San Fernando Valley every Friday so we can have Shabbat together. Over these years, my relationship with my stepmother has strengthened as we prepare dinner and share more time together and our three-year-old twins have developed a strong bond with their grandparents as well. Our Shabbat celebration has developed and we now have a ritual we love. The girls look forward to playing with grandma and grandpa, eating the challah and the salmon we often serve. They know all of the blessings and have their own “Shabbat” glasses.

Before Rabbi’s sermon, Shabbat was a theory, but in the last three years, Shabbat has become a habit that we love and nurture.”

— *Renee Nordstrand-Black and Doug Black*

“ I start each Friday at the hospital doing spiritual care and that always makes me feel thankful for being joyously alive and all the blessings that surround me each and every day. This carries over to the sunset moment where we light candles wherever we are ... and the wine flows. I keep Saturday Shabbat by not exercising, attending Torah study in the morning, and the rest of the day is spent with my hubby enjoying each other’s company!”

— *Helen Curhan*

Purim

CBB Purim Shpiel and Carnival,
March 19, 2014





On Sunday, May 4th, we gathered again at Oak Park for another successful and fun Jewish Festival. Beautiful weather, delicious food, fun entertainment, and most of all, getting together with friends old and new, made for a wonderful day. We're looking forward to the next one!

Jewish Festival

SHABBAT REFLECTIONS

“ Shabbat stresses me out. My life revolves around deadlines and “to do” lists. Life is complex. I inhabit many roles: engineer, mother, friend, wife, etc. There are always worries. So, Shabbat becomes one more deadline, one more worry to complicate my life rather than simplify it. As a Reform Jew, I am aware of Shabbat traditions, but it’s left to me to decide which to observe or whether to create new ones. Always, there’s a concern that I’m not doing Shabbat “right”... that I’m squandering a gift. Should I go to services or rest at home? Frequently, I’m still working at 6 PM on Fridays, having lost track of time. Do I light candles? Do I even remember to light candles? I love Shabbat dinners, but that means extra shopping and cooking during the week.

Yet, in the course of pondering these questions on Shabbat, I realized something: life is easiest for me on Friday evenings. Regardless of what traditions I do or don’t observe, Shabbat arrives! Time expands and possibilities multiply. I stop worrying. Like a tide, Shabbat picks me up and carries me deeper into myself. I wake on Saturdays, often with a “to do” list, but also refreshed and with renewed energy. The feeling of ease gradually dissipates by Saturday evening, but the memory remains. Maybe all of the worrying is like a grain of sand in an oyster. Eventually, over a lifetime, a pearl is formed, however imperfectly: Shabbat.”

— *Kathy Rayburn*

“ When growing up it meant nothing to me because I didn’t celebrate it with my immediate family, and when I got married, I no longer had the tradition or the desire to celebrate Shabbat with my own family, unfortunately.”

— *Linda Edgar*

“ Ever since we spent the 2001-02 academic year in Jerusalem, Shabbat has meant to me wishing people I like “Shabbat Shalom” on Friday.”

— *Laura Kalman*

“ Shabbat is well known to all Israelites. The keeping of Shabbat and its enforcement should be a personal matter. Most of us know when Shabbat begins and ends, as well as its precepts. Let our conscience and heritage be our guide. KEEP TEACHING ITS ORIGIN AND PRECEPTS.”

— *Fred Lowenschuss*

“ There are times I enjoy the services, especially when there is an interesting sermon. At times, I feel the services are repetitive, like a puppet, uttering the same verses and I lose interest. Of course, that is the nature of prayer and I am not sure how to remedy this situation. If you have any good ideas, I would be appreciative to hear.”

— *Maria Segal*

CB³: Congregation B'nai B'rith B'nai Mitzvah Experience

By Rabbi Suzy Stone

WE DID SOMETHING RADICAL with our inaugural sixth grade “CB3” program this year—we held Sunday school on Saturday! More accurately, however, what we tried to do was help our sixth grade class experience the transformative nature of Jewish time. While Saturdays have become synonymous with soccer, dance, karate, etc., we are hoping that this year’s inaugural CB3 class also proved that Shabbat can be a time of community building, camaraderie, and unique learning opportunities that engage both students and their parents.

With monthly learning sessions that got the students up and out of their chairs, running around the social hall, and watching YouTube videos of current events, we turned the classroom into a year-long debate about what it means to live life knowing we are created in God’s image (b’tzelem Elohim). As young Jews about to become bar or bat mitzvah students, we asked our sixth graders what this notion demands of them morally and ethically as they struggle to figure out how they are going to fit into the complex world that is unfolding before them.

The class came for an hour of learning on Shabbat and the students led our adult community in discussions and debates, ranging from b’nai mitzvah parties to what it feels like to live with a disability.

We also wanted to teach kids that Judaism is not just something that happens at CBB. During our weekend-long retreat at Camp Ramah, we held outdoor prayer services,

played crazy games, and we asked the students to investigate their beliefs about God, friendship, self-esteem, popularity, and inclusiveness.

In the end, I think the students’ quotes on this page speak for themselves and I am proud to say that we accomplished at least three things with our new CB3 program: 1) we connected Jewish learning to Jewish time; 2) we created a stronger sixth grade community before they begin individualized preparation for their b’nai mitzvah year; and 3) we demonstrated that Jewish learning can be done in different ways and that it can impact their everyday lives.

A huge thank you to Ruth Steinberg and Ben Mazur for their work on this program, and to Alisse Block, our sixth grade teacher, for supporting the innovative effort. We know that the CB3 program will continue to grow and change, and I think that it is something that everyone in our community should be aware of because our parents and teachers took a huge leap of faith to make this year such a success!



“I always leave the Saturday program knowing something I didn’t know before.”

—Danya Belkin

“Being a part of the Saturday morning service makes me feel more ready for my Bat Mitzvah.”

—Jayna Toye

“We play games together that are REALLY fun but also teach us lots of new things.”

—Lily Pieramici

Hebrew Through Movement *at CBB!*

By Jen Lewis

On a Wednesday afternoon or a Sunday morning, the halls of CBB are bubbling with the sounds of students learning, sharing in community, and enjoying Judaism together. Torah study, holiday lessons, art, music, and learning to read and write Hebrew, are all par for the course. But this year, we're hearing a lot more Hebrew language being spoken in the classrooms! Not only ancient prayer Hebrew, but conversational Hebrew dialogue!

HEBREW THROUGH MOVEMENT, a branch of TPR (Total Physical Response), is an emergent curriculum, developed by Dr. Lifsa Schachter. The curriculum teaches the language in the most natural way possible, using listening skills and physical imitation. The idea is to learn a language (in our case Hebrew) the same way that each of us learned our own primary language as a baby. We hear the words repeated over and over again and finally, one day, it means something and we can react to it as well as use it to communicate. For example, a baby hears the word "apple" (*tapuach*) time and time again. Each time, the child is seeing the apple, hearing the isolated word, touching it, feeling it, eating it, etc. Each time, they are absorbing the word, its meaning and physical nature, with no pressure to read it, write it or speak it—a parent's only hope is that they UNDERSTAND IT and hope that their baby will, in time, learn to say it. Eventually, and often quite suddenly, the association between the word apple and the actual physical apple itself, undoubtedly and unforgettably means "apple" and finally, months later, the baby can easily utter the word "apple" as if he/she has known it all along. Now, after so much introduction and repetition and experience with the apple, it will never be forgotten or misunderstood. Baby knows "APPLE"! Hooray. This theory of learning through experience, repetition and physical movement is the root of our new TPR program in the classrooms. It's not just for babies! It's the way we all learn!

This year, the teachers of all grades, K-6, have been introduc-



ing conversational Hebrew in the classrooms using this very successful technique. Each class has been working with the same beginning vocabulary words and after only a few weeks, each child in our religious school was able to follow many simple commands in Hebrew such as running (*larootz*), jumping (*leekpotz*), or walking around a tree (*Lalechet l'histovev et la-etz!*). The upper grade students continue to add many new words each month while continuing to review the old words for future use. More than 50 words have been introduced this year and students are able to retain the meanings of these words long after their introduction. Younger grades continue to learn more new words each month, too.

Our students can often be heard begging for TPR. Why not? It gives them a chance to run around on the lawn, put their hand on a friend's ear, point at a door, or stand on a chair! TPR is a listening activity, but at the same time, students are in motion, learning Hebrew with their minds and bodies. The room is quiet as they listen for a new command from the teacher or a volun-

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Social Justice Kallah

260 VISITING TEENAGERS, 25 visiting staff, 75 host families, 7 service organizations, and 12 guitars. Not to mention a movie theater that seats 2000—that's what went into creating the amazing weekend that was the Social Justice Kallah hosted at CBB in late February. It certainly does take a village to raise a child, and it took an entire congregational community to foster the kind of experience we wanted to provide for our teens.

Although SJK is an annual program run by the Southern California region of NFTY (North American Federation of Temple Youth), this year it truly belonged to our CBB families. From the local teenager who gained new insight on homelessness, to the host parent whose home was filled with youthful energy for two nights, to the 3rd grader who now can't wait to get to high school after witnessing the power of a room filled with Jewish teens, this event will be remembered in our community for years to come.

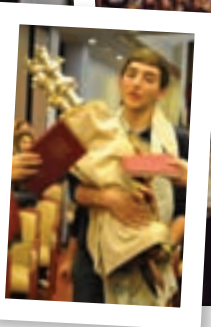
A big thank you is due to all of the great people who made it possible for CBB to host such a large-scale event. Thank you to our host families who not only provided sleeping space for our visitors, but also took time out of their weekend to help with transportation. Thank you Marcy Wimbish and Lisa Raphael for being our host home coordinators. Thank you to the CBB staff, especially Elizabeth Gaynes, Rachel Greenberg, and the entire maintenance staff for being on point and available all weekend. Thank you to the SBORTY Teen Leaders for stepping up and taking ownership of several programmatic aspects. And thank you to our regular Shabbat attendees for opening your minds to new sights, new sounds, and new energy in our sanctuary.

If you have any special experiences or memories from the Social Justice Kallah please let us know! E-mail ben@cbbsb.org with any stories or pictures you'd like to share.



“This past NFTY Social Justice Kallah was an overall amazing event. Since it was our first event, it was our first experience being totally surrounded by Jewish teenagers. Not only were we surrounded by new friends, but also people who are passionate about social issues and making a difference in the world. We immediately connected with these causes, people, and Judaism in a new way. We were exposed to many issues inside and outside of our community. This inspired us, along with our new friends, to try to make a difference and support these causes. We are beyond excited to take part in more NFTY SoCal events.”

—Dia Rabin and
Sarina Wasserman



Thank you

TO ALL WHO GIVE FROM
ONE WHO HAS RECEIVED

By Michael Singer

Hello, my name is Michael Singer. I have two kids: Gabriella, a seventh-grader, and Joseph, who is in fourth grade. I am a single parent and have my kids every other week. My ex-wife is from Germany and remarried. We used to laugh—the German and the Jew, what are you going to do?

WE MOVED TO SANTA BARBARA FOURTEEN YEARS AGO. After Gabriella was born, we started looking for preschools and talking about how we were going to raise our kids. Sabine did not have much of a connection to God growing up and was open to finding out about Judaism. She attended Rabbi Steve's Intro to Judaism class and I came with her when I could. I was raised in a Conservative house and after my bar mitzvah, I did not have much to do with being Jewish. As a youngster, I had more shame about being Jewish than pride.

While going to the classes, I got in touch with what it meant to be Jewish. Sabine started cooking Shabbat dinners and brought Judaism back to me and our home. I still try and make Shabbat dinners for the kids when I have them—funny to think that it took a German to bring me back to my Jewish roots. Even after our divorce, I have so much gratitude for her support in raising our children Jewish and taking them to classes and camps.

After Joseph was born and the real estate market crashed, I lost everything I had worked for and saved. Eventually I lost my marriage and, in time, the house, which I had worked so hard to save for my kids to have a permanent home. But what I did find for the first time in my life was the love of being Jewish, a deep connection to God, and the joy and pride I take in raising my kids Jewish and having them have a connection with God. When I remember my son coming home from preschool one day and telling me he knows how to talk to God ("You close your eyes and open your heart") or my daughter telling me she loves being Jewish, I feel truly blessed.

Being a single parent who has struggled with money, depression, and my business, and at times feels lost and alone, I have



learned to ask for help. I turned to the temple. Rabbi Steve and Deborah Naish have helped, but I know it was because of all your help that they were able to be there for me and my children.

I remember a meeting with Rabbi Steve in the beginning when I was getting a divorce. I was so worried about raising my children and keeping them connected to their Jewish heritage and learning about being Jewish. He told me I would not be alone, that there is a community I am part of and they are there to help. As much as I have not liked asking, I have been supported in sending my kids to Hebrew school and Jewish camps and now with my daughter's bat mitzvah on May 31st.

The truth is that I could not have done this without the support of the Temple and the Jewish community. To all those people who donate money and time I want to say thank you. Because of you, I have had breathing room and help in raising my kids, (and me) in the joy of knowing God and the pride and joy of being Jewish.

Through my losses, I have gained a closeness with God, pride in my heritage and in being Jewish that I never thought was possible.

Thank you.



A LIGHT SHINES IN GOLETA

By Allan Morton

ON DECEMBER 17, 2013, I had the honor of speaking before the Goleta City Council in support of the application of the Islamic Society of Santa Barbara for a permit to build their community center and mosque. I spoke at the request of the Islamic community as a member of the Jewish community, as a fellow citizen, and as a friend. Several other Jews spoke that evening, including Rabbi Cohen and other members of Congregation B'nai B'rith, as well as other clergy and laity from various Christian denominations, Unitarians, a Buddhist, and a Hindu.

The application process had taken twelve years and antedated the formation of the Goleta municipality. It appeared that at least in its public face, the Muslim community had navigated the bureaucratic obstacles with remarkable patience, steadfast dedication, and persistence. One must imagine the time and energy expended. Members of the Muslim community spoke of their longing to finally have a home of their own and their own sacred space just as other religious communities enjoy.

Every non-Muslim spoke with heart-felt appreciation and affection for our Muslim neighbors and for their dream to have a place of their own. The city council was also moved and unanimously approved the application. One council member remarked that he had never witnessed

such an outpouring of community support—and indeed—love. Some council members spoke with breaking voices and many in the room were moved to tears. I asked myself what explained the joy we were sharing and why we were touched so deeply. It was far more than the pleasure of sharing in the success of friends long delayed. I believe that what we felt that night was a glimpse of “the world to come,” *olam habah*, or at least the possibility of what could be, but is not.

“I spoke that night of my gratitude to my Muslim friends, who, by their openness and goodness, opened me to transcend stereotype thinking.”

And all this was happening here, in Santa Barbara! (Does the beauty of a place play a role in the opening of the heart?)

I spoke that night of my gratitude to my Muslim friends, who, by their openness and goodness, opened me to transcend stereotype thinking. Perhaps I had the same effect on my Muslim friends. Whatever differences in beliefs and customs, we could see the fundamental unity that every being is created in God’s image, *b’tselem Elohim*.

Together we have studied each other’s holy texts and answered questions about

philosophy, traditions and practices with deep respect. Indeed, there are fundamental differences between Judaism and Islam. Often in interfaith exchanges people are searching hard for agreement as though distinctions were somehow threatening to them. What I see in the distinctions is the richness of the human need to bring us into the presence of the Holy. The human is able to find myriad paths to that place, *HaMakom*. I think that by studying together we gained appreciation of that human need in each of us and we became close.

While this beautiful event was taking place in Goleta City Hall, no doubt half a world away people were being butchered or blown to pieces by fanatics who impose their hatred and rage on religious teachings. One must not forget that that too is happening. But what took place that night in Goleta is proof that the path of hate and destruction doesn’t have to win out. It was as though in Santa Barbara a light came on in the dark night of a cruel world.

I know that other lights have been kindled throughout human history and are maintained even in the most desolate places. If not so, then the world would cease to exist and would deserve to be destroyed. Sodom was destroyed because not even ten righteous persons could be found. On account of the goodness of Goleta, that night we will be spared!

UBUMWE UPDATE

I GRADUATE FROM University of Santa Monica with a master's degree in spiritual psychology on August 24 and then I head off to Africa September 1-28th. I am participating in the Africa Yoga Project in Kenya that empowers and educates Kenyans in yoga certification. I will then head to Rwanda to visit with Zachary and Frederic and work in the Ubumwe Preschool and Community Center for twelve days. I am so excited!!!!

—*Fran Lewbel*

MY FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER Ginny and I are headed to the Ubumwe Preschool in Gisenyi, Rwanda, a year and a half after the doors opened in January 2013. We will be in Rwanda for nearly three weeks, working at our sister preschool for much of that time. We will be bringing many much needed school supplies to the school. As a kindergarten teacher myself, I look forward to learning and sharing ideas with the teachers at the Ubumwe Preschool and especially learning from the children and families there. Ginny's Bat Mitzvah project was the Ubumwe Preschool, so she looks forward to seeing firsthand the effect of her donation on the children of Gisenyi.

As part of our Sponsor a Student program, CBB is also continuing to provide on-going financial support to the school, as there are many families who cannot pay the \$200 per year tuition. Donations can be made to CBB and sent directly to the temple.

—*Ellen Hunter*

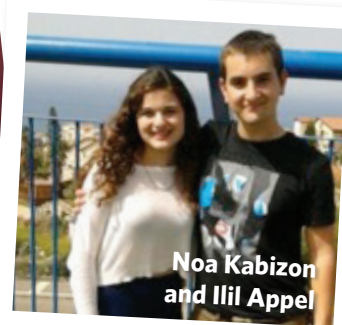
Thanks to the Tomchin Family Foundation and CBB members, over 300 solar lights, made by Unite to Light, have been delivered to Rwanda and are being put to good use!



ISRAEL CONNECTIONS

SANTA BARBARA AND CBB are excited to again welcome four teens from Leo Baeck Education Center in Haifa. Ilil, Noa, Daniel, and Itay will be living with CBB families and volunteering as counselors at Camp Haverim. Come meet them at CBB Shabbat Services on July 18, and August 1.

—*Ellen Raede*



MAZEL TOV to Ethan Habacker who will be CBB's first volunteer at Leo Baeck Education Center in Haifa. A graduate of San Marcos High School, Ethan, age 18, will be living with a local family and will volunteer at Beit Ligdol Tov, the center's early childhood center which serves mainly Ethiopian children. In the fall, Ethan will be attending USC, and intends to be very involved with Israel activities on campus.

This intercultural exchange is part of the Israel Connections program at CBB which has a sister relationship with Leo Baeck Education Center in Haifa.

I am very excited for the opportunity to work at the Leo Baeck School in Haifa this summer on behalf of CBB. I am looking forward to strengthening the already strong connection between our Jewish community in

Santa Barbara and the Leo Baeck community. I am very appreciative of this once in a lifetime opportunity and would like to thank everyone at CBB for making it happen.

—*Ethan Habecker*



Mazel Tov!

January – May 2014

In Our Lives



1. Rachel & Everett Lipman, brother Zach, and grandparents, Phyllis & Joe Lipman, on the birth of Alexa Juliet, born on February 8th

2. Kristen Aller & Eric Kolber and brother Flynn, who welcomed Tate into this world on April 11th



4. Adele Rosen, who received the 2014 Woman of Valor award on April 8th at the Women's Philanthropy Luncheon of the Jewish Federation of Greater Santa Barbara.



3. Sharon & Tom Bates and Ronit Anolick on the birth of their grandson and great-grandson, (respectively), Jonathon, born on December 10, 2013, to Sarah & Bobby Hernandez



5. Steve & Sandi Sterling on the wedding of their son Colin and Anya Strzemien on March 1st



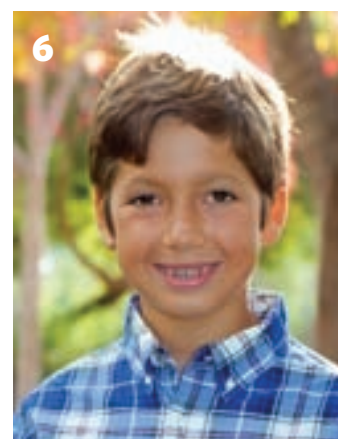
6. Joaquin Greenberg, son of Barbara Walker & Ken Greenberg, on being a member of the Washington School team, which took first place in the Los Angeles Odyssey of the Mind regional tournament.



8. Dylan Morrow-Jones, son of Jonathan & Mahela, and brother of Brendan, on his engagement to Rachel Howe of Myrning, Australia.



7. 8th grader Justin Lehman, son of Rick and Mona Lehman, on being one of ten Santa Barbara School District students recognized in the California State Science Fair



Al Wyner: Remembered

By David Wyner

Al Wyner, husband of Louise, and a long time member of CBB, passed away on April 16, 2014. Al was a professor of political science and dean of undergraduate education at UCSB, where he arrived in 1968 and stayed until retirement in 2008. Al was a leader in our community. A major voice on the Goleta Water Board in the 1970s, he served on the CBB Board of Trustees and as president of the Federation. He was a friend and mentor to many. Below are excerpts from remarks given by his son David at his memorial service at CBB on April, 18th.



In Honor of Dad

THE LAST TIME I stood in this spot was my bar mitzvah, with my dad at my side, 31 years ago this week. Unlike that occasion, today my heart is very heavy, but like that day, it's also full of gratitude and light.

These last months, and certainly the last days, it's been very easy for me to get sad, but it's been very hard for me to stay sad because I'm so grateful.

I'm grateful for the unconditional love I always felt from my dad, the support and encouragement I always received from him, and the role model I always observed.

I'm grateful that my already close family has become even closer as we relied on each other to make difficult decisions.

I'm grateful for the gift my dad, always the practical man, gave us all a while ago, when he clearly spelled out his wishes for how he wanted this journey to go. He trusted us with his life and with his death, and I know that all of the many painful decisions we've had to make throughout this experience were made immeasurably

easier because we were all focused on one thing: honoring his wishes and being worthy of his trust.

Grateful is not an adequate word for the feelings I have for Louise. Louise, I know that over the years, we've teased you about being vertically challenged compared with the taller members of the Wyner family, but the truth is you are a towering monument to love, generosity, and courage. You literally and figuratively added so much color to dad's life. You and Zoe and Seth and your entire extended family have been truly amazing.

I'm grateful for my wife and son, who have supported me as I tried my best to walk this journey with my dad from far away.

I'm grateful that, after a lifetime of almost monastic self-discipline, dad finally allowed himself to enjoy dessert, and eggs, and all the fattening food that he considered taboo.

I'm grateful that I can honestly say I have no unfinished business with my dad. And that is in large part because of the man he was. As I became an adult, he made

the transition from being just a dad, to being a dad AND a friend. A transition I hope to model as my son becomes a man. I feel very confident that dad knew what he meant to me and I know what I meant to him.

As the professor, dad was always ready with what he called "my fatherly lecture," but he knew when to stop lecturing and let me find my own answers.

For my entire life, my dad has been my North star, my moral compass.

While that star is gone, his glow will continue to point me in the right direction. But, I've come to realize that perhaps the greatest gift my dad gave me was to show me by his example how to be my own North star.

While I have a lifetime of memories that I'll always cherish about my dad, telling a story about what he was like as a dad wouldn't paint a different picture than stories about him as a professor, or a dean, or a friend. And that's because my dad was a man of such steady character and so consistently comfortable being

Continued on page 30

Children of the Covenant

"A community is too heavy for any one person to carry alone." —The Midrash

CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT honors and celebrates friends 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. 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.

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 87 years ago. We invite you to join us through your leadership, generosity, and participation.

Signing the Ketubah



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.



May Their Lives Be For A Blessing

January 16, 2014 – May 25, 2014

Ruth Faigenbaum

Lillian Friedman, mother of Barbara Siegel and mother-in-law of Edmund

Ruth Harter, wife of Gerald Harter

Jackie Wolfson Berger, stepmother of Matthew Berger & wife, Madelyn Swed

Morris B. Squire, a long-time CBB member

Beverly Dorothy Serbin, mother of Glen & Suzi Serbin, grandmother of Elliot and Zoe

Ruth Lea, mother of David Lea, mother-

in-law of Staci Richard, and grandmother of Simon and Gabriel

Beverly (Betty) Sanders, wife of Maxwell (Macky) Sanders

Alan Wyner, husband of Louise, father of Rick & Staci, David & Farren, stepfather of Zoe & Danny Corwin and Seth Blumberg, grandfather of Jacob, Logan, Ethan, Teva, and Jesse

Sanford Gaines, father of Bobby Gaines and father-in-law of Andee

Eva Menkin, mother of David Landecker

and grandmother of Ari, Michael, and Tema

Edward Taran, brother of the late Bernie Taran z"l, brother-in-law of Sissy Taran, and uncle to Tiffany Howard, Frannie Taran Freund, and Nadine Zysman

Saul Weixel, father of Joel Weixel, father-in-law of Marilyn, grandfather of Steven & Alyssa, and great-grandfather of Liz

Israel Rabinowitz, father of Josh & Alix Rabinowitz, Mirle & Stuart Bussell, grandfather of Jesi, Rachel, Ari, Dalia, and Noah

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

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

Shabbat Drivers Continued from Page 15

ally help drive an elderly CBB member to Friday night services, or put your name down so we can maintain a list of volunteers who help fulfill this need on a rotating basis.

Let's pay attention, understand, be creative, and innovate.

Let's enrich our lives and the lives of our fellow congregants.

Let's model to our own children the importance of social action.

Let's give back to a generation who has lost their total independence.

Let's thrive as a multigenerational community.

I encourage you to participate in the conversation. We may never be old, but it is inevitable that one day we, too, will become frail.

If you would like to sign up to be a Shabbat Driver or to learn how you can participate in our conversation about Sacred Aging, please contact our Community Engagement Coordinator, Rachel Greenberg: 805-964-7869 ext 105 or rachel@cbbbsb.org.

Hebrew Through Movement Continued from Page 22

teen student, and often full of laughter when they decode the meaning of the words and act it out. TPR removes the pressures and stress of reading and writing and involves fun, interactive lessons in memory and learning. The students can look to each other for the right answers and follow or lead. They learn by making mistakes, by repetition, by listening, by moving, and by participating. The classes often get together to share "TPR" time and it is delivered to the students in small doses of 15 minutes at a time. After all, too much fun at once could be painful.

Students are learning that Hebrew is not only our ancient language of the Torah, but the vibrant, modern language of the Jewish People and that which connects us to modern day Israel! In the coming years, we will introduce the beginning words to new students and continue to expand on the growing vocabularies of the older students. Rich in common language, our students will be able to understand the language of our ancestors and carry Judaism into the future. *L'dor vador.*

Al Wyner: Remembered Continued from Page 28

himself. The hallmarks of his role as a father were the same hallmarks as all the other roles he played. Integrity. Honor. Dignity. Honesty. Wisdom. Self-discipline. And, above all, love.

There is, however, a story I do want to share today. It's not ABOUT my dad, though. It's a story about Captain Plumb, which he told me or referenced many, many times, and I think I know why he did.

Captain Plumb was a fighter pilot during the Vietnam War. He flew 74 successful missions, but on his 75th mission, his plane was shot down. As the plane exploded, he ejected and prayed that his parachute would open. It did. When he landed, he was captured and spent the next six years as a prisoner of war. He survived that ordeal and, years after returning to the States, he and his wife were eating in a restaurant in Kansas City. Two tables over was a man who kept looking at him. Captain Plumb would look back but didn't recognize the man. Still, he kept catching this guy staring at him. Finally the man stood up and walked over to his table, pointed at him and said, "You're Captain Plumb." Captain Plumb looked up at him and said, "Yes, I am." The guy said, "You flew a fighter jet from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk during Vietnam. You parachuted into enemy territory and you spent six years as a prisoner of war." Somewhat dumbfounded Captain Plumb looked up at the guy and asked, "How in the world did you know all that?" The man chuckled, smiled and said, "Because I packed your parachute that day." The man grabbed Captain Plumb's hand and pumped his arm and said, "I guess it worked," and walked off.

I heard that story, or a reference to it, countless times. Dad would remind me, "Just think about who's packing your parachute." "Don't forget about the people packing your parachute," he would say, by which he meant, "Remember that there are always people you see and people you don't see who are helping lift you, guide you, protect you and support you."

I always liked the story and the reminders. But I now have a deeper appreciation for it because I think I understand why it resonated so much for my dad.

He identified with that anonymous parachute packer. While dad worked hard and earned great professional success, rising to leadership positions at the university and in the community, and while he was a tireless and loving father, he didn't do any of it for the glory. He didn't do it for the accolades or the high esteem or to fulfill his own ego. He showed up every day as a father, a

husband, an educator, an administrator, a leader, and a friend out of a sense of duty. Out of a sense of honor. Because he had special gifts and he knew it was his responsibility to use those gifts to help people. It was that simple, yet profound drive that directed his life.

And despite his very public life, I know he would have been happy working in a windowless room, in the bowels of a ship packing parachutes so others could fly. How many thousands of students did he educate, inspire and mentor over the years? How many people in this room did he help or support or advise? How many people likely never knew him or knew that he was the one who packed their parachute?

Whether it was setting policy at the university, guiding the development of the Goleta Valley, charting a course for the Jewish community, or raising two sons, there are countless people whose landings were softened by the parachutes he packed.

Yet, I also know that he identified with the fighter pilot. He was, in his many roles, a very visible figure, and it would have been easy for him to play that part to his advantage. I think he kept this story near to his heart to remind him that he was able to do what he did and lead the life he led because so many others had packed his parachute. Like so many of you in this room. In ways big and small. In good times and in bad. And especially during his final journey.

So while my heart is heavy today, I am grateful to every one of you here for packing my dad's parachute. I could measure my dad's success in many ways, but I truly believe the ways that mattered most to him are all sitting in this room. You and the friendships and love you showed my dad are the proof of my dad's life well lived.

The best way for me to honor dad will be to remember his lesson. "Don't forget who's packing your parachute, and always remember the importance of packing other people's parachutes." Something I will try to do for the rest of my life.




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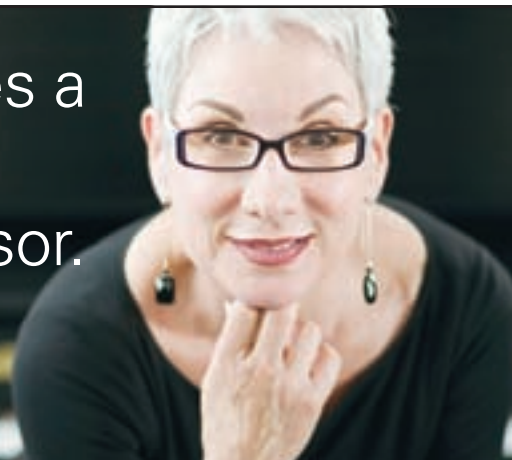


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The CBB library is open during temple office hours. Instructions for checking out of books are posted on the bulletin board at the desk and the wonderful collection of Jewish books for both adults and children is clearly organized and easily accessible. Please feel free to enjoy a cup of tea or coffee while browsing the selection or getting cozy with a book. Suggestions or comments are welcome and may be left on the desk for the librarian.



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6 PM

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