



Hakol

הקול 'The Voice'

Of Mountains and Miracles

It is the eve of Martin Luther King Day as I begin to prepare a new issue of *Hakol*. I am mindful that this issue will publish in the weeks before Passover. I am also mindful of the legacy of Dr. King, whose oratory has become an American soundtrack for social change.

When Dr. King refers to the Mountaintop he, of course, alludes to Mt. Sinai. King widely identified with Moses and the Exodus, both as a Baptist and as a modern-day deliverer himself, leading his people to a promised land.



-photograph by Susan R. Ressler

I am struck, on the eve of this national holiday, by the degree to which Moses and the legacy of Dr. King are similar. Both were flesh and blood men, imperfect and prone to bad tempers. Both felt isolated, burdened by the weight of their roles in history. Both lived extraordinary lives within a context of rather traditional relationships to family and community. Both would change a course of history.

Dr. King was pursued as an outlaw as was Moses, a threat to the status quo. Both led marches of great purpose: Dr. King's was through the streets of Detroit, Birmingham, Washington. Moses, of course, led the Exodus of our Passover journey. And also like Moses, Dr. King was acutely aware that he would not live to actually see the land of his dreams. Ultimately, both were men of incalculable faith.

The idea that G-d did permit Moses to view the land of Israel from a distance can be seen as a metaphor for faith, a scene Dr. King famously referenced in his final "mountaintop" speech prior to his assassination. "He's allowed me to go up to the mountain," King said. "And I've looked over. And I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight, that we, as a people, will get to the promised land."

One can only imagine that any sense of regret at not being able to set foot in this better world was allayed not by hope, but by absolute conviction that humankind would some day be free at last.

King, like Moses, defined his faith by assiduous action towards the betterment of humankind. Social action was a higher calling than that of his ministry, as he left his post as a Baptist minister to devote himself to civil rights. In previous *Hakol* essays, I refer to the Jewish notion of defining G-d through one's social interactions rather than through the

meditations of the solitary mystic, alone in the journey. The former was certainly Dr. King's way.

But before we dismiss this comparison as a sacrilege; before we argue that Dr. King's Mountaintop is allegorical while Moses' is the Mt. Sinai of the *Aseret HaDiberot* — the Ten Commandments; before we reduce Dr. King to a gifted and inspirational orator and elevate Moses to something greater than a man — consider the thoughts of Martin Buber, our celebrated Chasid.

Buber proposes that what we call miracles, acts and deeds of epic proportion, are not solely the stuff of the bible. He puts forth that it is our relationship to the extraordinary event that determines the miracle. In other words, we define miracles as such in a purely subjective capacity, and it is possible, through a shift in perception, to witness miracles in

-cont. p.4

Passover 5770

**Taos Jewish Center and B'nai Shalom
Community Led Organized Pot-Luck Seder**

**March 30th at 5:15 pm
St James Episcopal Church**

Located at the corner of Gusdorf and 208 Camino de Santiago

Adults - \$15 (\$13 for members)

Children under 12 - \$8 (\$5 for members)

Reservations due by March 22nd - Return the form on p. 11
We will let you know what to bring once you reserve your place.

The Haggadah is available for preview on the TJC web site.

Hakol

is the voice of the Taos Jewish community and its friends, published quarterly by the Taos Jewish Center. Submissions for consideration, letters to the editor, and requests to be added to our mailing list may be sent to: *Hakol*, PO Box 149, Taos, NM 87571, Tel. 575-758-8615, or e-mailed to tjc@newmex.com.

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TAOS JEWISH CENTER is dedicated to fostering a positive Jewish identity by providing programs and services that enrich the lives of the people it serves in Northern New Mexico. The Center is open to all who wish to explore and participate in these experiences that reflect and incorporate Jewish ethics, culture, and observances.

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Editor's Message

Lynn Robinson Cohen's play *The Land*, which staged at the TCA a few months ago, caused me personal anguish. Lynn is a friend and a dynamic personality — I do not question her integrity. She was excited to send me a draft of the work early last summer, eager for me to share my thoughts. The draft was compelling; it had more historical content than what ultimately played, and seemed to portray the two main characters — a Jewish mother and Palestinian mother— in an existential light. I liked the concept: two women with much in common, but on different sides of the separation wall.

The draft Lynn sent me did not appear, in the reading, to assert so much of a political position. It presented more of a human drama, the universal suffering of two mothers raising family in a war zone. Fear and distress crosses political lines and becomes a common bond between the two mothers.

I am an alumnus of the Viet Nam era, albeit a youngster at the time. I don't refrain from criticizing my country "right or wrong," and I don't "love it or leave it." I created, rather precociously, a bit of a stir in grade school for not rising for the Pledge of Allegiance: Nixon had planted secret mines in the harbors of Southeast Asia at the peril of innocent fisherman. Spiro Agnew railed against "effete intellectuals," a thinly veiled anti-Semitic remark for sure. I boycotted grapes in support of the Farmworkers and organized a food co-op.

At the same time, I learned to understand my grandfather Abraham's reverence for America and Israel: life was looking good for the Jews in the 1960s. Nazi Germany, the Pogroms — to my grandparents, they were still painfully close. The contrast between our blessed lives in the US and the miracle of Israel, with the peril of being Jewish in old Russia or Nazi Germany, was a daily source of gratitude for my elders.

So I understand the discomfort borne from hearing what happens at the hands of a well-armed Israel. I also understand that political interests are at issue, interests that do not necessarily serve the Jews or the Palestinians. Economic interests, technology, oil.

But that is not the source of my distress. My distress comes from knowing that the world and its politics are not black and white. Is the Israeli militia guilty of actions that cause suffering, that fly in the face of what we were taught about loving kindness? Yes. Do the means justify the end? I believe not. At the same time, how would I feel — and I would ask readers to join in this reflection — how would we feel living in an area of land the relative size of a postage stamp on a football field, with fiercely hostile pressure on all sides. Pressure to eradicate, to eliminate, to finish what Hitler started.

I was in Israel a few years ago when a Yeshiva was bombed in Jerusalem. The front page of the Tel Aviv newspaper showed the faces of the dead. They were children's faces. Under the photos the caption read in large letters: THE DEAD. In the photos the kids were happy, smiling, freckled and bespectacled. They were our children. They were innocents. This does not seem to surface in all the anti-Israel sentiment.

This past summer, among the organic farm floats and the vintage firetrucks at the Arroyo Seco Fourth of July Parade, I was shocked to see a Boycott Israel banner among the festive paraders. When I saw such virulent anti-Israel sentiment at an otherwise benign local event, I felt compelled to ask if these folks would instead prefer Hamas or perhaps Iranian control of the land that is Israel.

My additional, and perhaps greater distress lies in the anti-Semitism that a play such as *The Land* can foster, despite the intentions of the author. Even the letters to the *Taos News* smacked of this: one writer expressed his admiration for Lynn's play as a refreshing alternative to the "Jewish controlled media." Our own *Taos News*! I told Lynn that she needed to take responsibility for this. I told her if she would stage a play such as this, then she has a responsibility to be vigilant around those who would use her words to further a racist agenda. She did not disagree.

I have no issue with holding Israel to nothing but the highest ideals of liberty and justice for all. I also believe that people on both sides of this issue tend to hold so firmly to a position, a party line or ideology, that open dialogue and understanding become impossible. We all need to understand that referring to "the Jews" or "the Palestinians" is dehumanizing. It ignores the fact that actual people are affected. I believe that this was Lynn Robinson's intent.

To quote Martin Luther King in a statement he made a few weeks before his death: "I see Israel, and never mind saying it, as one of the great outposts of democracy in the world, and a marvelous example of what can be done, how desert land can almost be transformed into an oasis of brotherhood and democracy. Peace for Israel means security and that security must be a reality."

Happy Pesach to all. ♦

Karl S. Halpert

The Taos Jewish Center is a beneficiary agency of the Jewish Federation of New Mexico.

Taos Jewish Center News

Leadership Over a Cup O' Coffee

“As in the case of Moses, in our lives, effective leadership is created through a shared vision.”

—Rabbi Marc Wolf

How are things going at the TJC? That's a question I hear all the time, and I'm always happy to respond, but believe it or not I usually have to stop and think before I answer. I could respond with a summary of the TJC's financial picture, an update on our membership drive, talk about participation levels in the classes, give a report on volunteer involvement, board relations, or about the build up of ice in front of the building. But what if the questioner is really asking about the big picture, the vision?

How does the big picture look? To answer that I need to stop and take a deep breath and between the emails, meetings, phone calls and reports, sometimes this is hard to do. How are we doing? Where is the TJC headed? Are we all on the same page, moving in the same direction? What important questions do you have? Join me as I take the time to have a closer look.

The TJC's vision statement reads, “The TJC is a Jewish community that embraces and invites all to build relationships in a vibrant, welcoming home.” This vision describes a vibrant community, throbbing with activity — one in which people are building new interpersonal relationships, making spiritual, intellectual, cultural, religious, social, and political connections.

In an average week, about 80 people come into the TJC for Kabbalah and Hebrew classes, Memoir Writing, Exercise, Restorative Yoga, Current Affairs, Taos Minyan, Torah Study and Shabbat Services, Religious School, Committee and Board meetings, the Library, Kabbalat Shabbat potlucks, Caregiver Support, to pick up a copy of *Hakol*, or to watch a movie or listen to a speaker. Also, tourists and newcomers stop in to check out Jewish life in Taos. Yes, the TJC is full of activity; we have created a vibrant space. As far as connections and relationships, they are happening. I see, feel, and hear relationships growing all the time in the discussions, in the classes, and in the hugs and smiles. Yes, I'd say we are right on track; we have created a welcoming home that encourages relationships. The vision statement also includes the word “community.” Is this a “community?”

-cont. p.10

Purim Festivities

Purim Costume Brunch
Sunday, February 28th, 11am

Purim Shpiels and Magillah Reading

Bring the whole family: \$10/family, \$6/individual
Please bring your favorite Middle Eastern dish to contribute to the feast!

Volunteers needed to help out or to be a part of the show. Call the TJC.



Vision Statement:

The TJC is a Jewish community that embraces and invites all to build relationships in a vibrant, welcoming home.

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Hakol Submissions

We invite community members to send us your letters, essays, creative writing and visual art for publication in *Hakol*. We are a quarterly journal of news, art and commentary. Our deadlines are always the 15th of October, January, April and July.

Letters to the Editors should be 300 words or less, and essays such as short stories, memoir, Jewish travel and political commentary between 400-800 words. Please do not add fancy formatting or attempt design layout.

Photographs or drawings should be jpeg files at 300ppi resolution. Please do not email us small picture files, as print quality requires higher resolution. If you send us your photos, we will be glad to scan them for you and will treat them with the utmost care. Please include an SASE for their safe return.

Please send your submissions on a CD to *Hakol*, PO Box 149, Taos, NM 87571, or e-mail to tjc@newmex.com. We reserve the right to edit and publish at our discretion.

President's Message

*Good times and bum times,
I've seen them all and, my dear,
I'm still here....*

*I got through all of last year
And I'm here....*

From "Follies." by Stephen Sondheim

As I enter the last six months of my TJC Presidency, I find myself looking into our past and our future. The Taos Jewish Center has become AN ESTABLISHED PILLAR OF JEWISH LIFE AND CULTURE in the town of Taos. We are expected to provide the "Jewish viewpoint" on issues and celebrations: religious, social, cultural and educational. Certainly, we all know that there is no one "Jewish take" on any of these. However, we have created a "Jewish space" where folks come to congregate, cogitate and commiserate; to learn and to espouse, to argue and to judge, to show compassion and to socialize. When visiting out-of-towners ask, "Is there a synagogue?" "Is there a place to recite Kaddish?" they are directed to the TJC weekly Minyan where we gather around the table in the library to study Torah and pray.

We have weathered many a storm, one of the most recent being that of the financial woes that beset much of our country. We have reduced our expenditures and yet have been able to maintain our position in the community. We still provide inspiring, stimulating, and provocative programs with increasing attendance. Our membership is solid, steady, and even growing. Thanks to the commitment and involvement of our volunteers, staff, and Board of Directors, we're still here.

We currently deal with the thorny Israeli-Palestinian conflict and how to best address it with in our community. In general, we've made it our goal, by way of our mission statement (please see the bottom of page 3 of *Hakol*), to create a safe, inviting place for all the differing personalities, philosophies, and religious and spiritual entities that comprise the patchwork of our Jewish community and beyond. Even though we are the Taos Jewish Center, it is evident that you "don't have to be Jewish" to be an integral part of the fabric of our eight-year-young organization.

Rabbi David Stein is scheduled to return for yet another High Holiday season come next September; it will be the fifth time he spiritually guides us through the Days of Awe as we further solidify our sense of community. We have developed a good relationship with Rabbi Eli and Shevi Kaminetzky of Chabad, with the mutual understanding that we don't all have to have the same ways of observing in order to thrive. Our Peace Chanukah is going strong for the sixth year and Current Affairs is still meeting every Wednesday afternoon.

Who would have thought that Taos could support a Jewish center for over eight years? What will the future bring? Who will lead? Who will follow? Endings seem to create room for new beginnings.

We celebrate Passover in a few weeks. The first Seder is Monday, March 29, and the TJC and B'nai Shalom Community Seder at St. James Episcopal Church is Tuesday the 30th. It is the time of the Exodus, a major story of endings and beginnings. The theme of the Exodus is that of change and resistance to change; of leadership and reluctant leadership. It's a time to look at how our hearts may be hardened, as was Pharaoh's, making our journey into the narrows of change that much more challenging. It's a time of self-examination and self-doubt, exemplified by Moses' statements to Hashem: "Behold, the Children of Israel have not listened to me, so how will Pharaoh listen to me? I have sealed lips!" (Exodus 6:12)

We need leadership to ensure the future of the TJC. We do not expect a Moses, but we certainly hope some of you will recognize the hidden potential you have inside yourselves as Moses did. Moses had his own insecurities, as a leader with a speech impediment. He demurred from Hashem twice. "Behold! I have sealed lips, so how shall Pharaoh heed me?" (Exodus 6:30) So although people in our community have taken on many leadership roles in the past, all things do come to an end eventually. The time is ripe for new faces to assume more responsibility. My hope is that more people will continue to step forward to become part of our very unique community, and to take on leadership roles. Yes, it most definitely is work, but I have found my term to be deeply rewarding in ways I never could have imagined.

Hag sameach to each and every one of you. ♦

Cindy Grossman

Of Mountains and Miracles, *cont. from p.1*

any age. He goes further to say that explaining a seemingly miraculous or paranormal event through the logic of science or mathematics, or even as random coincidence — only deepens the true believer's conviction. As an example, whether G-d actually parts the Red Sea in front of Moses' raised staff, or a gale wind exposes a large sand bar for the fleeing to cross; whether the soft sand erodes under the weight of the ensuing Egyptian soldiers, or G-d commands the sea to swallow them up — makes little difference to the believer.

Whether it is the hand of G-d or the skill of US Airways Captain Sullenberger that safely delivers a fully loaded commercial airliner in the Hudson River with no loss of life, as though on the "wings of an

angel" as was described by one passenger, makes no difference to the believer.

Buber maintains that a daily sense of awe transports us into a life of reverence, a life full of miracles. Miracles are, Buber upholds, signs of G-d's presence in our lives. And significantly, miracles are never "paranormal" or in any way contrary to nature.

So this Passover, as we recite the *Shehecheyan*, we could perhaps begin to allow ourselves a bit of room in our science-based world, the narrow straits of our pragmatic lives, and appreciate the unexplained not necessarily as something to be figured out, but as reminders of the miracles that have allowed us, as Jews, to live to see this day. ♦

Karl S. Halpert

Chesed Project: “You’ve Got to Toughen Up” . . . Carmen the “Car Man”

Carmen Holt remembers when the Chili Line, a narrow gauge branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, ran from Antonito to Española. The Chile Line got its nickname (allegedly) from its freight, which catered to the culinary habits of its patrons by prominently featuring chile peppers. Carmen once heard that when Embudo was founded in 1881 as a station for the railroad, Chinese workers laid the tracks. That was about as far as her railroad knowledge went until much later in her life.

Carmen was born in Chamisal, New Mexico in 1928, the youngest of eleven children, daughter of José Inez Dominguez and Virginia Rodriguez. Her father and grandfather, José and Lucas Dominguez, owned the mercantile store Dominguez & Sons. In those days, Chamisal residents grew or made everything they needed. That is why “we didn’t suffer during the Depression,” according to Carmen. The Dominguez’s owned 217 acres, land they farmed and on which they raised cattle and sheep. They planted and harvested vegetables hiring neighbors to help. Everyone kept busy. The beans they grew were sold at their store in homemade boxes that measured 6"x 4" which each held “almur”(two quarts) of beans.

In 1918, Chamisal was a beautiful, isolated village in the mountains of El Norte; certainly not where one would imagine the fingers of a deadly influenza virus could reach. Before the virus had run its course, it became a pandemic, spreading to nearly every part of the world and killing from 20 million to 100 million people. That fall the virus came to Chamisal — such a painful event for Carmen’s parents that they never spoke of it. Her older sister, age ten at the time, told her how one evening there was one empty chair at their table, the next night another, and the third night, another — in one week the Dominguez family lost three of their children. Carmen was born ten years later.

Feeling that the schools in Chamisal were inadequate, Carmen’s parents made the decision to send her to live with her sister in Ranchos de Taos and attend the Presbyterian Mission School and then the Santa Fe Boarding School. In her spare time, Carmen worked in the office of her older brother, Dr. Joe Dominguez. “El Doctor” took care of everyone in Taos, she says, and was the only doctor who delivered babies in the area. She remembers hearing him say, “Carmen, you have to toughen up and learn what life is about.”

At age 19, feeling that Chamisal was provincial and looking for adventure, Carmen went to work in Los Alamos. It was there she met Hal Holt, a young architect. “I had one look at that man,” she relates, “and knew I had to have him, hell or high water!” She and Hal went on to have many adventures together. Years later, she said her only regret was that she had married so young. “I had one kid after another and was unprepared for that.” Hal’s work took the growing family of seven first to Illinois and then to Seattle. It was there that Carmen made her connection with the railroad. She was looking for a job after her divorce from Hal in 1976, and heard from a friend that the Burlington Northern Railroad had a mandate from the government to hire divorced, single Hispanic women of any age. With pride she remembers, “I became independent and took care of my own keep!”

Carmen worked for the railroad for twenty-two years and was promoted to freight and passenger car manager mechanic. Her nickname was “Carmen, the Car Man.” After a big lay-off in 1981, Carmen was the only woman rehired. The others were younger, had more opportunities and felt they didn’t have to put up with the

negative attitudes of male workers towards women. By then, Carmen had her own little office and an easier job, disassembling and reassembling brakes. In 1998 she finally retired.

Still possessing remarkable energy, she now had what might be the hardest job yet. “Care-giving was something that was thrust on me,” she says, “first with my mother, then Hal for the last years of his life, and now for George, my brother. It demands being alert day and night, and the stress level is high. The good part is having family around.”

In 2006, the National Caregivers Association and the Family Caregivers Alliance estimated that if the informal care-giving of family members had to be replaced by paid workers, it would come to \$306 billion a year. Caregivers are truly the unsung heroes of health care today!

And what does this indomitable woman who made sure her big trains were safe and that they ran properly wish for her future? “Travel” she replies.*

*Carmen Holt is a long time participant of Chesed’s exercise class and a member of the Advisory Board.

Many thanks to Susan Ressler for finding photos that always enhance my articles.

Kathleen T. Burg, Chesed Project Director

Note: *We are living in historic times. People in their sixties have seen the population of the planet double in their lifetimes. Be a witness to historic change. Improve your writing skills and tell your story in the Chesed Project’s memoir class taught by Phaedra Greenwood at the Taos Jewish Center, six sessions from April 1 - May 6. Donations, please.*

Chesed Project Events Ongoing at the TJC:

Rosen Method (gentle) Exercise set to music:
Tuesdays from 9:30-10:30am (with Susie Verkamp).

Memoir Writing: Thursdays, with Phaedra Greenwood, from 1:30-3pm; April 1 - May 6.

Scrabble: 2nd & 4th Thursdays, 1:30pm-3pm.
Brain Game! Bring your board!

Restorative Yoga (limited movement): Wednesdays,
from 1-2pm (with Michele Marien).

Caregivers Support Group: 2nd Tuesday of the
month, from 5-6pm.

Artstreams: from the well of memory: last Wed. of
the month at galleries and museums, 1-2:30pm. Call to
participate.

For more information about cost, schedule, new
events or to register or confirm, call Kathleen at 758-8615.

¿ PARADISE LOST?

This is the second and final part of an essay by Jim Levy about the years 1969 — 70. Jim's essay was written in response to the Town of Taos' 2009 public relations campaign dubbed "The Summer of Love," and we are very pleased to feature Jim's work in Hakol. If you missed part I, please see our Winter 2009 issue. — The Editors

Roger Thomas and I overhauled the hippie paper called *The Fountain of Light*. He abandoned the psychedelic motifs with a sigh of relief and used his unique eye to create visually arresting layouts. I filled the paper with political and literary material that we hoped would reach a wider audience.

We tried to bring some reason to the escalating hysteria around the hippie "invasion." We pointed out that Taos County was big — 2,205 square miles — and comfortably accommodated its 16,000 people. (We were off; the 1970 census said 17,516, and that did not include the several thousand Indians, Hispanics and hippies who chose for one reason or another not to be counted.) We asserted on no authority whatsoever that the 25,000 hippies who were on their way was a myth; then revealed our doubts by begging hippies across the country NOT to come to Taos. We reprinted an article addressed to hippies from *El Grito*, the Chicano paper out of Española, that echoed our confusion. "Please don't come. . . Stop and think about a few things that you may not have thought about. Think about the 120 year old struggle by Chicanos and the even older struggle by Indians to get back millions of acres of land stolen from them by Anglo ranchers with their Anglo lawyer buddies. . . Think about the water problems. Longhairs usually come from the big city, not knowing that water here is precious and often hard to get. They see a stream and wash their feet or dishes in it. Hey! That's our drinking water. We are used to being abused, scorned, ignored — but that's too much. . . Think about this: if you (rightly) condemn your own society, your own culture, so strongly — why not go where it is, and change it? And if your answer to that is 'I can't' or 'I won't,' then think about what this answer implies and whether you are a person needed by people here. If you think about these things, you won't come. Not now. And when you do come, come as a revolutionary."

We documented the violence that was inundating northern New Mexico. A visitor to Taos gave a statement to the paper: "On Sunday, April 26, 1970, I was accosted by six Spanish-American youths on the plaza of Taos. They surrounded me and asked me if I was a hippie. I replied 'no' and was struck from behind on my right jaw, breaking it in two places. Each of the youths then proceeded to hit and kick me, knocking me to the ground, and continued the assault until, for some reason unknown to me, they ceased and ran up the street."

Two young hippies were camped near the Rio Grande. In the middle of the night, men surrounded them with guns and made them dig their own graves. In the end, they were given a choice: die there or leave Taos County. They left.

The most blatant incident was when five or six middle-aged men came out of a bar one afternoon in Arroyo Seco and beat up several Anglos, one of whom wasn't even a hippie. These were not impressionable youths, but the owner of a local clothing store, an assistant manager of Safeway, and so on. After their labors, they hung around (they were very drunk) and offered to demonstrate their prowess to the police. Charged with assault and battery, they were fined five dollars by a local judge.

The incident was reported in the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, but that edition of the paper didn't get distributed in Taos. The driver said that his car had broken down in Española and he had spent the night

there. When asked why he didn't distribute the papers the next day, he said that he figured people wouldn't want to read "old news."

The Fountain of Light reported the story in detail, including the names of the perps and the name of the judge who fined them a token amount. Once again, the windows of the General Store were shot out, although it no longer housed the paper. At one point, Cyril had put riflemen on the roof of the store, to fire back, but we all agreed that was too much. We had taken to publishing the paper from private homes for security reasons. I carried a loaded .38 Smith and Wesson under the seat of my car, afraid that I would be ambushed on the dirt road leading to our house.

In May 1970 two public meetings were held to address the violence in Taos, as part of the White House Conference on Children and Youth. One would suppose that the meetings would focus on the wide-spread vandalism, fighting, gunplay, and occasional rape, but the hot topic was the proposed abolition of food stamps. Many hippies got food stamps and there was a movement afoot to close the food stamp office and thus get rid of the hippies. (It wouldn't have worked; hippies generally took what was available but didn't depend on welfare. They were a resourceful bunch.) About two hundred people showed up to each meeting, and the discussions soon evolved into impassioned diatribes, angry exchanges, and, ironically, threats of violence.

Only one concrete idea came from the public meetings: a Human Relations Council. I volunteered to be the unpaid executive director. It was an appropriate role for me, because I was caught between the Anglo families from the past, who assumed I despised the hippies as much as they did, and my hippie neighbors, who assumed I was one of them. No matter that I had no training in mediation, community organizing, or nonprofit work. No matter that I didn't speak Spanish, or that no one else had volunteered, and I was the only person on the "Council." Taoseños think they know everything and can do anything, and I was, and still am, proud to call myself a Taoseño. When I heard that trouble was brewing, I rushed off to the site to try to dispel the tension. Unfortunately, I always arrived too late, just like the cops. Chuck got beaten up in Celso's lounge in the middle of the day. Some of the guys from Reality (of all the motleys in Taos, they were the least in touch with reality) went to Celso's and sent in a decoy. Sure enough, he was threatened. He ran out, followed by half a dozen young drinkers who promptly got their heads played on by hippies with axe handles.

I knew all the combatants and convened a meeting the next day. We met in the parking lot of Celso's and I suggested some reasons why we could all get along. I mean, we were all poor, struggling to make a living, we all liked alcohol and dope. Why couldn't we just be neighborly? Everyone agreed, and that was that. It had no effect at all. The fights continued. I gave up and the Human Relations "Council" dissolved into thin air.

Each of us has a moment when we feel the 60s came to an end. For some, it is Woodstock; for others, it is when the Hell's Angels stabbed a fan to death at a concert at Altamont. For me, it is in September, 1970, when the sheriff sent a deputy for me. A young man was dead in a field near the highway in Arroyo Hondo, and could I come and see if I knew who he was? He lay crooked in a marshy part of the valley; they hadn't bothered to cover him up. His face was

swollen and his eyes blackened.

"Shot himself," the sheriff said.

"Look at his face. Doesn't it look like he was beaten up?"

"That's what a gunshot does," he said.

We stood looking at the young man, with our own thoughts.

"Do you know him?" the sheriff asked.

"I don't, no."

I couldn't get the boy's face out of my mind. A week later I called the coroner in Raton and asked him how the boy had died.

"Shot himself."

I said that it looked to me that he had been severely beaten before he was shot. I mentioned the swollen face and black eyes.

"Internal pressure," he said. He was a man of few words.

"I didn't see a gun. Did they find a gun? Did you test his hands for gun powder?"

"I don't know what they found; that's not my job. And no, I didn't."

The Taos News later reported that the young man was from Chicago, was twenty-one years old, and had been in Taos only a week.

Thus the second summer of love came to a close.



-photograph by Susan R. Ressler

Deirdre and I grew so many vegetables the first year that we bought a freezer to hold all the produce, but when we unfroze them over the winter, they were too mushy and tasteless to eat. The hens attacked each other and despite our spreading salve over their necks every day, they eventually pecked each other to death. Our horse was troubled and we sold her to Al Lujan at the Pueblo. As for Mariposa the pig, we loved her too much to butcher her, and sold her back to Manuel Ortiz for twenty dollars. He later told me that they ate her on Christmas Eve.

The ducks were fine. They swam in the Rio Hondo and came home at night.

In 1971 our marriage unraveled with a lot of help from me. I caught a freighter out of New Orleans to Africa and when I returned six months later, we got divorced. Deirdre took vows as a Buddhist nun, and went on to give popular lectures which were transcribed and became popular books. Much to everybody's surprise, she became a celebrity. Phaedra Greenwood, the dark-haired reporter and I, had two children and raised them in the little adobe in Arroyo Hondo. Later we got married, moved into town, then to Chapel Hill, and still later to Boulder. After twenty

years together, we too were divorced; she returned to the house in Arroyo Hondo and published a book called *Beside the Rio Hondo*. Under odd circumstances, we got back together in 2003. Proving that no one ever really changes, we live with two dogs, two cats, a dozen pet mice and an old Arabian mare named Krista. I want to get a pig but Phaedra won't let me. We have two phone lines and a high speed internet connection and running water, which means we have a toilet and shower, but we still haul drinking water in five-gallon jerry cans. The thing that most amazes me is that at sixty-nine, I once again wander the hills and fields as I did as a boy, inhaling the smells of sweet air and wet dust. I thought I had lost paradise, but it was here all along.

Postscript

If I were asked to summarize the hippie invasion of Taos, I would say they were far from home and ignorant as dust-balls. The first wave, in the mid to late 60s, tended to be educated and idealistic, more into dope than alcohol. They shared their dope because paying for it was considered déclassé. They were young Americans torn loose from their roots and looking for something that resembled authenticity. They had hopes of transforming America by modeling a rural lifestyle based on anarchist principles.

The next wave, in the early 70s, was less educated, bringing a fervent anti-intellectualism to the movement and using as much alcohol as drugs. It was this steady stream of drop-outs, peyote-eaters, inner-city outlaws, musicians, dopers, gurus and fake gurus that so alarmed locals. It was also this wave that was trailed by FBI agents, some in dark suits and sunglasses, others disguised as hippies.

The final wave, which more or less destroyed everything for everybody, verged on being criminal and mentally ill.

In any case, most hippies departed because the winters were brutal. Night after night of zero and sub-zero temperatures were followed by a spring that consisted of wind that turned the mud to dust, and then snow that turned the dust back to mud. The ones who stayed learned from the Indians and Hispanics how to survive the winter and spring, how to scavenge the hills for firewood, how to delay planting until May because of the late frosts at 7,000 feet, and all the rest.

Life moved on, bringing the bad and the good. On

December 16, 1970, Richard Nixon signed a bill restoring 48,000 acres around Blue Lake to the people of Taos Pueblo. Fiestas were restored; the communes mostly closed; public meetings continued to be held, now about a sign code and a bypass.

The strange thing, which no one could have predicted, is that many hippies are still here. They (or is it we?) sell things, mostly real estate, barter things, make things — and try to sell and barter the things they make. The winters are less brutal, and the violence is no longer between Hispanics and hippies, but between gangs.

People from the four cultures live in town, on the mesas, in the mountains; everyone keeping their heads down. People still find ways to cooperate, and they still distrust each other. A veil is drawn over past hostilities. All is forgiven or forgotten, and each culture, even the ex-hippies, have spasms of nostalgia that get organized into festivities to celebrate the good old days.

Deep down, Native Americans believe that the Hispanics will someday go back to Mexico and Spain; Hispanics believe that the Anglos will go back to New York and England; and Anglos believe that the hippies will get bored and drift back to Woodstock and the Haight. In fact, because this is Taos, no one is going anywhere. ♦

Todah Rabah

Many thanks to Holly Rae, Los Alamos Jewish Center, and Temple Beth Shalom, for your contributions to our children's library.

To Ziva Moyal, for all the time and dedication you have given to the Program Committee, and for the role you take as a teacher and lay leader at the TJC.

To Roger Lerman, for your commitment to the TJC Library, Jewish learning and Torah in Taos.

Many thanks to the anonymous donor who gave us two fantastic new telephones.

Thank you Jerry and Sue Mann for the incredible laptop!

Baby-Namings and More

Baby-namings, Brits, Anniversaries or Birthday Parties: call the TJC to rent our space for your special occasion. Special member rates. Call for more information.



*Peace
Coffee ...*

In 2003, JJ Keki, a Ugandan coffee farmer walked door to door asking his Jewish, Christian, and Muslim neighbors to put aside old differences and come together. The coffee farmers were struggling to make a living; with the help of Laura Wetzler from the US-based organization Kulanu, they formed the Peace Kawomera Cooperative. Farmers now sell directly to Thanksgiving Coffee Company, and receive prices four times higher than before. This has enabled them to send children to school, start savings accounts, and reinvest in their farms. Together, the farmers have succeeded in doing something that none could have done alone.

You can help this effort, and support the Taos Jewish Center, by purchasing "Delicious Peace" coffee at the TJC.

Jerome David Salinger

January 1919 - January 2010



J.D. Salinger wrote the classic novel *The Catcher in The Rye*, virtually required reading for young people since the early 1950s. To this day, Salinger remains one of the most influential authors of our time, despite the fact that he hadn't published anything in nearly fifty years; his entire body of work includes only a few novels and a small collection of short stories. A recluse since the 1960s, Salinger felt that publishing his work was a great invasion of his privacy; he continued to write, but found "peace in not publishing." There is great speculation as to what may be locked away in his vault. Salinger was the son of a Polish Jew who sold kosher meats and cheese. He found out some time after his Bar Mitzvah that his mother Miriam was Irish. Salinger died in Cornish, New Hampshire where he had lived as a recluse since 1953. ♦

Illustration by Eli Halpert

Howard Zinn

August 1922 - January 2010



Known as the "people's historian," Howard Zinn was a prolific teacher, writer, activist and humanitarian. Author of more than 20 books, his magnum opus, *A People's History of the United States*, first published in 1980, changed the course of history by including oppressed

Jean Carroll

January 1911 - January 2010



Though no longer a household name, Jean Carroll was a well known nightclub and television star of the 1950s and 60s, and a regular on the Ed Sullivan show. She was, quite simply, among the very first women to solo in front of an audience and deliver a self-written monologue. At that time, no woman was ever expected to command a stage without a male accompanying the act. Her material was considered radical and feminist, though she did not speak of it as such. Carroll was smart, funny, and beautiful. Today's stars, such as Lily Tomlin and Joan Rivers, credit her with leading the way. In 1948, at a benefit for the United Jewish Appeal, the audience was in tears at the sound of the *Hatikvah*, honoring Israel's new status as a state. Carroll, clearly moved but reticent to pass up a comedic opportunity, stated that she had never been so proud of the Jews as she was on this evening; so much so, she declared, that tonight, she wished she'd "had her old nose back." Celine Zeigman died on New Year's Day in White Plains, NY, just short of her 99th birthday. ♦

Illustration by Eli Halpert

-Zinn continued

minorities and working people; in short, those historically silenced by the wealthy and powerful.

Born to a Jewish immigrant family in Brooklyn, NY, his father, Eddie Zinn, was from Austria-Hungary and emigrated to the US before the outbreak of World War I. Howard's mother, Jenny Zinn, emigrated to the US from the Eastern Siberian city of Irkutsk.

Both parents were factory workers with limited education when they met and married. They introduced Zinn to literature by sending 25 cents plus a coupon to the *New York Post* for each of the 20 volumes of Charles Dickens' collected works.

Howard Zinn attended New York University on the G.I. Bill, and later Columbia University where he earned his Ph.D. in 1958. He was Professor of Political Science at Boston University for 24 years, retiring in 1988. His classes on civil liberties there affected thousands of students, and his vociferous activism and writing will be missed. For more, see www.zinnedproject.org/. ♦

Tributes

In memory of Howard Penn, from Rachael's friends at the TJC. May his memory be a blessing.

In memory of Howard's dear parents, Ed and Dorothy Waitzkin, from Jean Ellis-Sankari and Howard Waitzkin.

In memory of Ken Handler, from Jean Ellis-Sankari and Howard Waitzkin.

In Memory of Evan Lee Heyman, beloved by Karl and Patti Halpert.

Mazal Tov Carol Wells for becoming the secretary of the Fun-raising Committee.

Mazal Tov to Uncle Dave Astor on his 90th birthday, from Karl and Patti Halpert.

Mazal Tov to my Father, Isadore Ressler, on his 93rd birthday, from Susan.

Monthly Healing Chant Circle

Tuesdays: 3/16, 4/20, and 5/18;

5:30-6:30pm;

No Hebrew knowledge necessary.

Eli Halpert is an award-winning artist, and many have noticed and commented on his unique illustrations appearing in *Hakol* over the years. Eli recently graduated from Otis College of Art and Design with a BFA in Communication Arts. He lives and works in Los Angeles as an illustrator specializing in character design. Visit his website at www.elihalpert.com.

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•**BEQUESTS-** Join the Taos Jewish Center Heritage Society by including the TJC in your will, or living trust.

•**LIFE INSURANCE-** Name the TJC as the beneficiary of a new or existing individual life insurance policy or of a group term policy.

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Leadership, cont. from p.3

Community is traditionally defined as “a group of interacting people living in a common location.” The participants of the Taos Jewish Center do constitute a group of interacting people, but we are not living in a common location. Our commonality lies in our desire to experience the Jewish culture and (or) religion. Our shared vision brings us into community, and in fact, we actually build community as we work to bring our vision to fruition.

That brings me back to the original question, “How are things going at the TJC?” In the day-to-day, I would say “pretty good.” We are on track. We are a Jewish community that embraces and invites all to build relationships in a vibrant, welcoming home. However, after going through this inquiry process, the importance of vision becomes exceptionally clear to me.

In the book of Numbers, Moses cries out to God, “I cannot carry all this people by myself, for it is too much for me.” (Numbers 11:14) The Lord responded to Moses saying “Gather for Me seventy of Israel’s elders of whom you have experience as elders and officers of the people, and bring them to the Tent of Meeting and let them take their place there with you. I will come down and speak with you there, and I will draw upon the spirit that is on you and put it upon them that they shall share the burden of the people with you, and you shall not bear it alone.”

Rabbi Marc Wolf, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, offers commentary that is relevant to this discussion. He points out that G-d had a vision for the people, and Moses had thoroughly integrated that vision into all aspects of his being. For the elders and officers to become partners, they needed to believe in that vision as Moses did, not simply be taught how to “walk the walk.” G-d helped Moses to convey this vision by bringing the *ruach*, the spirit, out of Moses to the people, inspiring them to step forward. G-d was helping Moses create leadership.

The TJC has been blessed with remarkable visionaries: Presidents Carmi Plaut, Bruce Grossman, Lisa Guttmann, and Cindy Grossman along with board members and committee chairs, too many to mention. However, after as many as eight years of dedicated service, most of the founding members of the TJC have stepped down. Our board and committees are reaching out, with limited success, for new participation. They, like Moses, cannot carry the TJC by themselves. Using the passage above for guidance, we learn that sharing a vision inspires leadership. Aha, another insight: it is time for community visioning!

Back once again to the original question, “How is the TJC doing?” We are right on track, things are good, but we have a significant challenge facing us right now. For the TJC to endure, to be sustained, we are in need of participants who are willing to jump in, volunteer, join committees, or become board members. Cindy Grossman’s term as President expires in June 2010. At this time, we have no candidates for the position. We also have openings for committee chairs and committee members. Leaders and followers, do you have a vision for the TJC? Have you considered your role in the TJC’s future?

“...they shall share the burden of the people with you, and you shall not bear it alone.”

Let’s grab a cup of coffee! Send me an email, give me a call, or chat with a board member. The work is rewarding and fulfilling. This is our Jewish community!◆

Beth Goldman, Exec. Dir.

HAKOL NEWSLETTER SUBSCRIPTION POLICY

In order to conserve resources, the Taos Jewish Center Board of Directors has created a new policy for printing and mailing *Hakol*, our quarterly newsletter. All TJC members in good standing will continue to receive *Hakol* at no charge via US mail. Non-members are being asked to subscribe at a nominal cost. We will continue to feature an electronic version at www.taosjewishcenter.org so that everyone, regardless of membership status, can enjoy *Hakol*.

- ❖ *Hakol* will be printed and mailed as a TJC membership benefit four times per year.
- ❖ *Hakol* and our calendar of events will be available on the TJC website at no charge.
- ❖ Non-member subscriptions for four issues of *Hakol*, delivered via US mail, are available for only \$36. To subscribe make checks payable to TJC, write *Hakol* in the check memo, and mail to the TJC at 1335 Gusdorf Rd., Ste. R, Taos, NM, 87571.
- ❖ If you are unable to access *Hakol* in any of the above ways, please contact the TJC for further assistance. We want to make sure everyone has access to *Hakol*.

Women of the Bible: Slide Lecture & Potluck

Artist and author Sara Novenson will be making a special presentation about her new book, *Women of the Bible*, at the Taos Jewish Center this month. Join us for her slide show talk and a potluck brunch on Sunday, March 21 at 11:30am.

Sara's unique Judaic artwork is luminous and inspirational. Many of her paintings integrate Hebrew Psalms and blessings throughout their borders. Influenced by the stories from the Torah and Kabbalah, her *Women of the Bible* paintings and limited edition prints are mystical and powerfully charged, infused with the spirituality of these great women. She will show her art work, and discuss the themes of her new book at this potluck event, with a "Q & A" to follow.

"Along with my own research, I studied with a woman who is a very esteemed Torah and Kabbalah scholar," says Novenson. "The stories are beautiful, powerful, and some quite unknown. Each woman is a powerful archetype and teacher for contemporary women. Defying the boundaries of time, these Women of the Bible reach out to guide and strengthen us in our 'modern' lives."

Sara adds, "I also speak of my personal journey as a Jewish woman and artist. How and why I began the body of Jewish work, and how my spirituality has affected my art and my life."

Sara Novenson will show her paintings and read from her book, *Women of the Bible*, during the presentation. Her limited edition box set of "Illuminated Visions Women of the Bible" will be on display, along with other hand-painted images. Her artwork and the limited edition book will be available for purchase. Please visit www.novenson.com for a preview of Sara's work.

This coming June, Sara will also be teaching a *Women of the Bible* workshop entitled "Pages in Our Book of Life, From Our Biblical Ancestors to Our Descendants," with Rabbi Mindy Portnoy from Temple Sinai in Washington DC. The workshop will be at the Ghost Ranch in Abiquiu, June 21 to 27.

Novenson is in great demand as a speaker and lecturer on *Women of the Bible* and Jewish folk art. She lectures in synagogues, churches, museums and organizations (including Haddasah) throughout the US and Europe. We are pleased to welcome Sara to the TJC. Admission is \$5/members and \$7/non-members, but no-one will be turned away. (Bring a potluck dish; no shellfish or pork, please.) ♦



Taos Minyan

Torah Study and Shabbat Services take place every Saturday, beginning 9am at the TJC.

We use the *New Reform Siddur: Mishkan T'filah, Gates of Prayer for Shabbat* (which includes transliteration). Newcomers welcome!

Volunteer at the TJC

Children's Librarian and Occasional Office Help Needed; Please call Beth for more information.

TJC Wish List

Table cloths for our 72" x 30" wide tables; Jewish-themed children's books in good condition.



Dynamic Delights 2010 Remarkable & Delicious Not to be Missed...



See Page 13

Passover Community Seder RSVP

✂ Print or Cut Out and Return by March 22nd

Yes, I will be coming to the Seder on March 30th at 5:15 pm with _____ adults at \$15 (\$13 members) and _____ children at \$8 (\$5 members).

I would also like to contribute towards a Seder scholarship.

Please accept this donation of _____ to help someone in need with their seder costs.

Total amount enclosed _____. Credit cards accepted for amounts over \$50.

Name _____ E-mail _____

Phone _____ I would like to help with _____ set-up _____ cleanup _____ music

MAIL RESERVATION FORM TO: TJC 1335 Gusdorf Rd. Suite R TAOS, NM 87571

Are you on the TJC email list? Call or email the TJC to be added to the list to receive reminders of upcoming and/or unpublished events: tjc@newmex.com

TJC Office Hours: The TJC office, library, and gift shop are open on Mondays from 10-5pm and by appointment. There is usually someone in the TJC daily; please call ahead for the hours. For a calendar of events call 758-8615 or see www.taosjewishcenter.org

Announcements and Spring TJC Events

Kabbalah Study Group, March 1

A new Kabbalah Study Group will start on March 1 for people who are interested in learning the Kabbalah through a Kabbalistic text, *The Knowing Heart*, by Rabbi Moshe Chaim Luzzatto (Ramchal). The group will meet on Mondays from 5 – 7 pm for 24 sessions, divided into two sets of 12 sessions each. The cost is \$60 for 12 sessions. Tuition will be donated to the TJC, and no-one will be turned away for financial difficulties.

Rabbi Areyeh Kaplan has said of Ramchal: "The author begins with our most basic beliefs regarding the existence of G-d and His purpose in creation, and shows how most of the other important teachings of Judaism are a logical consequence of these concepts. The reader is led from thought to thought, through a dialogue between the soul and the intellect, until the entire structure of Judaism is presented as a logical whole." Rabbi Luzzatto, the RAMCHAL, is considered one of the foremost and most prolific Jewish thinkers of all time.

Learning this book will open new vistas of consciousness and could change your perception of life, if you allow it. It provides a new grasp of the Universe, the "why" and the "what for," and above all conveys an optimistic view of our future in the "big" picture.

Participation in the class requires purchasing *The Knowing Heart*. Since the material is very complex and introduces new ways of looking at the world and ourselves, consistent participation is an absolute must. Interested persons should call the class leader, Ziva Moyal, at 751-1442. Acceptance into the group is dependent upon a prior phone interview. ♦

Pesach Teaching, March 7 With Maggid Andy Gold

Pesach continues to be a Holy Day celebrated by a very high number of Jews, regardless of one's degree of observance and identification. The Biblical narrative has been well known to most of us since childhood, as well it should be. Yet, because of our desire to engage our children in the Seder, much of our own understanding of the narrative stems from that context. Pesach contains teachings that are fundamental to Jewish cosmology and quite profound. Come join us for teachings and practices that will help illuminate aspects of Pesach that often remain obscured: Where is Egypt? Who are Pharaoh, the midwives, Moshe, Elijah, the four children, the mixed-multitude . . . What is the significance of G-d's out-stretched arm and the plagues? What is *chometz*, and what are we to do with it? What is the nature of our Freedom journey? ♦

Sunday March 7, 2 – 4 pm, \$12 (\$10 members) Suggested Donation

The TJC welcomes back Andy Gold, a favorite spiritual teacher to many Taoseños. Andy was ordained as a Rabbinic Pastor and Maggid in 1988. He leads classes in contemplative Jewish spirituality throughout the US, and has taught in Israel as well. Andy has also studied with Native American elders here in New Mexico, and is an initiate of a traditional Sufi lineage in Turkey. Andy is the director of the Rose Mountain retreat center outside of Las Vegas, NM.

Women of the Bible, March 21

On Sunday March 21, 11:30 am, join artist and author Sara Novenson for a potluck brunch and slide show presentation on her new book, *Women of the Bible* (see full story in *Hakol* on page 11).

Admission: \$5/members, \$7/non-members.
(Bring a potluck dish; no shellfish or pork, please.)

No one will be turned away because of lack of funds.

◆

Yom Hashoah Memorial, April 11

On Sunday, April 11 at 4pm, the TJC will host a Kaddish, candle-lighting, and open reading in honor of Yom Hashoah. Please bring your own personal and/or favorite inspirational poetry and prose; call or e-mail Phyllis Hotch to participate, at 758-0726, phyllishotch@kitcarson.net ♦

Kabbalat Shabbat, April 23

A Special Kabbalat Shabbat, "Uncovering Who I Am: Stories of Hidden Identity in Our Community," will be held on Friday, April 23, at 6 pm.

"My mother was dying. She called me to her bedside and asked me to lean in close. 'We are Jews,' she whispered. I was stunned. I didn't know what to say. 'Did you hear me?' my mother asked. 'Yes,' I answered. 'I heard you.'"

Many of us are born knowing our cultural and spiritual heritage. We are Jewish, or Protestant, or Catholic; Polish, Peruvian, or English. Or we think we are. But what does it mean when you learn that you are not who you thought you were? What happens when someone hands you a key to a past that you did not know was yours? What do you do with that key? We will explore these phenomena by listening to the stories of people in our community who have discovered a hidden Jewish ancestry within their families.

Our evening will begin by welcoming in Shabbat with blessings and joyful chants led by Ziva Moyal as we enter the spirit of Shabbat together. We will then listen to Melody Will-Naegel, Margarita Garcia, and Pam Harris share how they discovered their Jewish heritage, and what it has meant for them. Ariana Kramer will facilitate the sharing of stories. Please bring a dish to share for our Shabbat feast. No shellfish or pork, please. ♦

Dynamic Delights, March 20

Join us on Saturday March 20, 6:30 pm, to partake in cuisine from the House of Marianne and Ron Furedi, home of last year's unforgettable Hungarian delight. The evening will be laced with the universal poetry of Mirabai Starr, written in homage to the Divine Feminine, the *Shechina*. Reservations are required, as these events fill quickly. For the full story, please see the following page.

TJC Library Goes Digital

The Taos Jewish Center library is a little gem of a library with more than one thousand books, mainly donated. Roger Lerman has done a superb job of cataloging the books, as well as building the shelves to house them. And now we have a brand new computerized system for finding a book of your choice. Check it out, so to speak.

There now is a "dedicated" computer available for use by all. The computer will be kept in the upstairs office, where you can sign it out and use it in the library. Instructions and a printout of books for those readers who are not computer savvy will be provided. You can now find a book by author, title or subject. As new books are received, they will be entered both on the computer and the printout.

Each library book has a card in it for your name, telephone number, and the date you sign it out. The card should be put in the metal box found on the shelf. At this point, we have no restrictions on loan time, but please be considerate of other readers and do not keep the book out too long. We suggest a one month maximum loan period.

The TJC Library Committee meets twice a year to review policies and procedures. We manage new donations, circulation, purchases, and catalog library items using the Judaica system. If you have any recommendations, comments, or are interested in joining the Committee, please let us know. The current members are: Roger Lerman, Bonnie Korman, Robbie Scott, Phylis Hotch, Leah Alexander, and Marjorie Felser, with a lot of assistance from William Westbury. ♦

Dynamic Delights with Mirabai Starr on March 20

An outstanding handful of fantastic cooks, excellent hosts, and gracious hostesses will open their homes for five remarkable and intimate, luscious, and dynamically delightful occasions, affectionately known as "Dynamic Delights." Each Dynamic Delight guest can look forward to an afternoon or evening filled with charming hospitality, lush cuisine, wine, and conversation with distinguished guests or musical entertainment.

Reservations are required and seating is limited. Cost is on a sliding scale of \$45-90 per person. All proceeds benefit the TJC. These do sell out quickly! For reservations call 758-8615.

On Saturday March 20, 6:30pm, Dynamic Delights will feature cuisine by Marianne and Ron Furedi, hosts of last year's unforgettable Hungarian delight. The evening will be laced with the universal poetry of Mirabai Starr, written in homage to the Divine Feminine, the *Shechina*. Mirabai focuses on the teachings found at the heart of all the world's spiritual paths, in an effort to promote peace and justice. She speaks and teaches nationally and internationally on the mystics and contemplative practice. Dinner will be a delicious manifestation of the Divine Feminine à la divine recipes of our Jewish Mothers. ♦

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Taos Jewish Center

P.O. Box 149
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Purim Festivities, see page 3

TAOS JEWISH CENTER ☆ PO Box 149 – Taos, NM 87571

TAOS JEWISH CENTER MEMBERSHIP 5770

CATEGORIES:

- TJC PATRON (ABOVE \$1854) \$ _____
- SUSTAINING \$ 1854
- Platinum \$ 1200
- Contributing \$ 654
- COMMUNITY \$ 360 Family
- \$ 180 Individual
- \$ 118 Non-Resident
- \$ 90 Student

Date: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State: _____

Zip Code: _____

Phone: _____

TO BE PAID:

- Annually (full amount enclosed)
- Semi-annually
- Quarterly
- My 1st check for \$ _____ is enclosed

- I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A CHARITABLE GIFT OF STOCK, REAL ESTATE, ETC.
- I WOULD LIKE TO INCLUDE THE TJC IN MY WILL OR INQUIRE ABOUT ESTATE PLANNING, ETC.

PLEASE MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO TAOS JEWISH CENTER and mail to the address at the top of this form

I PREFER THAT YOU BILL MY CREDIT CARD

ACCOUNT NUMBER: _____ EXPIRATION DATE: _____

CARDHOLDER'S NAME (printed): _____

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE: _____

Annual Memberships are from September 1 through August 31

I WOULD LIKE TO HELP WITH THE FOLLOWING:

- Event Set-up Event Clean-up
- Fundraising Programming
- Bulk Mailings Chesed Project
- Posting Flyers *Hakol*
- Other _____

For Comments or Inquiries, please call 575-758-8615