



Hakol

הקול 'The Voice'



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Photo of Park Avenue Synagogue, NYC.

HIGH HOLIDAYS SCHEDULE/ 5783

Erev Rosh Hashanah, Sunday, 9/25 7 pm, at the **Sagebrush Inn**

Rosh Hashanah Day, Monday, 9/26 10 am- Noon, Sagebrush Inn

Tashlich, 9/26, 4 pm at **Baca Park**

Rosh Hashanah Day 2, Tuesday, 9/27 at the **Rio Grande Gorge**

Hike, 9-10am

Alternative service 10-12pm

Kol Nidre Tuesday, 10/4, 7 - 9 pm, at the **Sagebrush Inn**

Yom Kippur Day Wednesday, 10/5, services at the **Taos Jewish Center**

Morning service 10:am - 1 pm

Stone Memorial 4-5pm

Yizkor 5:00 pm followed by

Concluding Service 5:30-6:45 pm

Sagebrush Inn is located at 1508 Paseo Del Pueblo Sur, Taos.

Baca Park is at 301 Camino del Medio, Taos

Taos Jewish Center is at 1335 Gusdorf Rd # R, Taos.

Services at the Sagebrush Inn and Taos Jewish Center will be Live and Hybrid on Zoom.

B'nai Shalom-led celebration of **Sukkot** will be held 10/16, at 3pm at the Quail Ridge Inn, 88 State Road 150, El Prado.

All are Welcome!

TORAH STUDY

Rabbi Judith is resuming Torah Study, beginning October 22nd, 10-11:30am, with the parashat, Bereshit.

Oct. 22 and Oct. 29 (No'ah) on Zoom

Nov. 12, live at the TJC

Nov. 26 on Zoom.



The Taos Jewish Center (TJC)

is dedicated to fostering positive Jewish identity, by providing programs and services that enrich the lives of the people it serves in northern New Mexico.

The **TJC** 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 POV

My body seems to know when the month of Elul is upon us. A loner, I take pleasure in solitude in nature, to sit and meditate, to draw or paint. When the time before the High Holidays comes around, I gravitate to where nature speaks to me, and that sensibility follows me to my desk, to assemble this first issue of *HaKol* for the new year.

Many members of our community have provided wonderful materials to share — essays, poetry and art, even two brief audio-visuals, recipes — a sensory feast.

TJC member, Debora Seidman, conducts a Sacred Writing Circle, a twice-monthly generative writing group that focuses on the sacred in our everyday lives. With prompts derived from contemporary poetry, we explore our own individual associations with the verbal imagery. All our senses are brought in to play — touch, hearing, sight, taste, smell — and as we focus mindfully, we come to appreciate the sacred in humble and elevated sources.

Yet everything evolves; destruction is inevitable with change.

A river's flow might cause flooding; fire destroys habitat. Yet in the fragility and eternity of nature, we savor the season's markings in this special place, the arrays of sunflowers, the roasting of chiles, as the night chill turns leaves golden before they fall.

The Japanese in the 16th century developed a technique, called *Kintsugi*, to repair broken pottery with gold, making the imperfection something uniquely exquisite.

Leonard Cohen's song, *Anthem*, while alluding to pain and turmoil, suggest hope. "There is a crack in everything; that's how the light gets in."

So it is we approach the sacred, the light at the start of the new year. Humbled by our own imperfections, we resolve to repair what needs fixing in our personal relationships and in our world -- *Tikkun Olam* -- and so come closer to embracing the sacred.

**Here's to a happy, healthy, sweet and creative
New Year. L'Shana Tova!**

Karen Kerschen

E-Blasts are the email notices you receive from the TJC. Submissions for the e-blasts should be sent to Neal Friedman, at friedendo@gmail.com, with *E-Blast* on the Subject line. **Deadline** for a given week is the Wednesday before the following week's mailing, which goes out on the Monday before the Shabbat.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

If you did not attend our Membership Appreciation Brunch on August 14th, then you have my sympathy!

Schimmel's knishes were wonderful and our resident chef Carole Levy, made blintzes as good as your grandmother's. The bagels & lox, salads, and desserts were all great as well. The weather was perfect, and everyone was in good spirits. If Covid conditions at the time allow, the next one will be in February, at the TJC. It was a very pleasurable event, culminating with the raffle drawing. The winners were:

- 1) Borenstein Painting; Polly Long
- 2) Cid's \$500; Bill Shapiro
- 3) PLS Skin Care Large; Pam Remstein
- 4) PLS Skin Care Medium; Jill McCollough
- 5) Larry Martinez \$200; Lani Rowe
- 6) Leshem \$150; Jonah Bishop
- 7) Stroud Photo; Angela Fernandez
- 8) 1 hr Teletherapy; Lucy Melamed
- 9) \$25 5-Star; John Walsh
- 10) \$25 Koko's; Mala Trujillo
- 11) \$25 Bent St Grill; Mark Yaravitz

Thank you to everyone who made our raffle a great success. A special thanks to those who worked at our raffle table at Cid's. It's really pretty fun and accounted for half of our profit. We had our highest net profit ever this year with \$3000.

We could not work out the technical difficulties at the Millicent Rogers Museum, so we will be observing the High Holidays at the Sagebrush Inn and the TJC. The Schedule is in this issue of Hakol, on our website, and in every current eblast. I hope to see you there.

Thanks to everyone who has already sent in their membership pledge for this year which started on September first. We greatly appreciate it if you send these in before Sukkot. Our budget depends on people being generous with their High Holiday donations, so I hope that everyone does whatever they can.

Mazel Tov and much love to Rabbi Judith who somehow turns eighty on September 22nd! You're still looking fabulous!

There's also an ugly rumor going around that I turned seventy on Labor Day, but I'm not buying it.

Wishing you all a sweet New Year. L'Shana Tova!

Gary Atias

RABBI'S COUNSEL

Return Again, return again, return to the land of your soul.. This year, with great celebration, we return to High Holidays LIVE! Yes, we will be streaming, for those living far away or who are more comfortable at home in these fluctuating times, but we are looking forward to gathering together. We will celebrate the New Year with Cindy Grossman and our choir, share apples and honey, and let the Shofar blast lift us, together, into 5783. To see each other face to face, *panim al panim*, after these two High Holidays of the pandemic, will be a great blessing.

There is, however, much work to be done before we gather on September 25th for **erev Rosh Hashanah at the Sagebrush Inn**. During this month of Elul, we are asked to look inward, and to perform a ***Cheshbon HaNefesh***, an accounting of our souls.

What have been your strengths over this past difficult year?

How have your weaknesses been made more apparent due to the stress of this time?

What do you need to forgive others for in this past year?

Most importantly, who do you need to seek out, and ask forgiveness of, for YOUR actions?

T'shuvah begins with a turn away from the external, and toward the internal realm of the heart.

Where is my heart in pain, for hurt both caused and received?

Whose heart have I damaged, on purpose or unwittingly, through an unkind word or selfish action?

Ashamnu..B'Gadnu...Bagadnu...Dibarnu dofi

We have acted wrongly, we have been untrue, we have gained unlawfully...we have spoken nonsense.

And the list goes on!

This is a communal confession on the Holidays, but we are required to do the individual work of *T'shuvah* – Repentance – now, before the High Holy Days begin.

We must seek out those we have harmed, and verbally confess our errors.

In the words of Torah,

When a man or woman shall commit any sin.....
Then they shall confess their sin which they have done (Num. 5,6–7), which is a confession of words.
Such confession is a mandatory commandment.

In other words...It is not enough to merely think about our transgressions, we must make the call, and apologize specifically for our error, without also blaming the other person for their share.

Then, one must promise not to repeat the action, and when you have been tested (and we are all tested) you do not fall into the same behaviors again. All the rest is commentary.

During this month of Elul, we acknowledge that we can not do this alone.

Avinu Malkenu we cry, be gracious with us, as we do not have enough merit to do all of this on our own. ***Adonai, Adonai, El rachum v'chanun***, God of mercy and loving kindness, forgiving to the thousandth generation, help us to seek forgiveness, and to forgive.

In the words of Psalm 27, traditionally read each day in the month of Elul

One thing I ask of the Infinite,

One thing I seek,

To dwell in the Presence all the days of my life

To awaken to the beauty of each moment

As I pass through this world.

The Infinite shelters me as I encounter difficulty and pain.

The Infinite holds me close in deep and hidden places.

And lifts me high upon a rock...

As we stand high on a rock to look back upon this year, many of our hearts are wounded by “difficulty and pain”, but this is the time to seek healing.

In the concluding words of Psalm 27

Don't let me give in to all that torments me
– the lies, the illusions, the menacing threats.

I must have faith that I can see through all of this
I can see the good, the blessings, the ways of life...

**Let your heart be strong and filled with courage,
*Cultivate HOPE.***

My hope is that we will open our hearts,
acknowledge the challenges that face us, and
stand strong TOGETHER as we enter the year ahead.

Shanah Tovah U'Metkah.

Wishing you a healthy and sweet New Year

Rabbi Judith HaLevy



SHABBAT CANDLELIGHTING

Erev Shabbat	Torah Parashat	Havdalah
9/2, 7:11 pm	Shoftim	9/3, 8:06 pm
9/9, 7:00 pm	Ki Teitzei	9/10, 7:56 pm
9/16, 6:50 pm	Ki Tavo	9/17, 7:45 pm
9/23, 6:40 pm	Nitzavim	9/24, 7:34 pm
9/30, 6:29 pm	Vayelech	10/1, 7:24 pm
10/7, 6:19 pm	Ha'Azinu	10/8, 7:14 pm
10/14, 6:00pm	Sukkot	10/15, 7:04 pm
10/21, 6:00 pm	Bereshit	10/22, 6:56 pm
10/28, 5:52 pm	No'ah	10/29, 6:48 pm
11/4, 5:45 pm	Lekh Lekha	11/4, 6:41 pm
11/11, 4:39 pm	Vayera	11/12, 5:36 pm
11/18, 4:34 pm	Hayyei Sarah	11/19, 5:32 pm
11/25, 4:31 pm	Toledot	11/26, 5:30 pm
12/2, 4:29 pm	Vayeze	12/3, 5:29 pm



Photo by **Bobbi Shapiro**



Carmi Plaut

PASSINGS

Yahrtzeit Records



To add or correct a Yahrtzeit record, here's what's needed:

Complete name of loved one.

Hebrew name (including parents), if known

Complete memorial date, day/month/year

Relationship to the loved one (parent, sibling, etc.)

Please send the information directly to

Bruce Grossman, at grossman@taosnet.com.

Eretz Shalom Cemetery

Owned and dedicated in 1993 by Havurah B'nai Shalom, Eretz Shalom has affordable plots available on a pre-need or as-needed basis. It is located on Llano Mesa, south of town.

Your family would appreciate having your arrangements already made.

Contact cemetery administrators Steve Natelson (575/758-1094), Bruce Ross (575/758-8258) or Bruce Grossman (575/741-0888).

ON SEEING A RAINBOW

***Baruch ata Adonai, Eloheinu melech ha-olam,
zocher habrit v'ne'eman biv'reetoh v'kayam
b'ma'amarav.***

Blessed are You, Lord our God, King of the Universe,
who remembers the covenant, and is faithful to
His covenant, and keeps His promise.



Photo by *Carole Levy*

ROSH CHODESH

Sept. 2	1 Tishri
Oct. 2	1 Heshvan
Nov. 2	1 Kislev
Dec. 2	1 Tevet



***Rosh Chodesh (name of month) haba alenynu
v'al kol yisrael l'tovah.***

May Rosh Chodesh (*name of month*) come to us
and all Israel for goodness.

May you give us long life,
a LIFE OF PEACE, A LIFE OF GOODNESS,
A LIFE OF BLESSING.

UPDATE ON WELCOMING AFGHAN REFUGEES TO NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

After waiting many, many months to be matched with an Afghan refugee family to co-sponsor with Lutheran Family Service in Santa Fe, it became clear to the Taos group that the wait would continue for many more months, and perhaps indefinitely.

Meanwhile, there are eight Afghan refugee families settled in Santa Fe who have been partnered and working with co-sponsorship teams. These co-sponsorship teams have been organizing (with LFS and independently) to meet the on-the-ground needs of these refugee families for the past ten months or so.

There has been an overwhelming need for transportation support for these eight families. Volunteers have been driving the families to appointments, work, school, etc. Volunteers have also been working with these families to help them learn road rules and assist them in preparing for testing for their drivers' licenses. However, these families are in urgent need of reliable vehicles so that they can meet their own transportation needs.

To meet this need, Las Cumbres Community Services, a well-established and respected Santa Fe non-profit providing social services to individuals and families since 1970 (see lascumbres-nm.org) set up a fund to receive donations for the Afghan Women's Center.

Donations to the fund will be used specifically for purchasing vehicles for the 8 Afghan refugee families that resettled in Santa Fe in recent months.

Upon hearing about this, the Taos group unanimously agreed to work with Lutheran Family Services to re-direct our co-sponsorship funds (made up of those donations from the TJC community and beyond which were collected last fall) into this vehicle purchase fund, in order to provide direct, immediate support to these families.

This has now successfully been done.

The Afghan Women's Center has developed a practical and sensible plan for purchasing reliable, used vehicles from a used car dealership in Santa Fe. Each family will have access to \$10,450 for this purpose.

A lovely spin-off of this effort has been that we have been invited to participate in the Afghan Women's Center's activities and to begin to foster relationships with these families.

We look forward to becoming acquainted with our Afghan neighbors down south and to inviting them to Taos for meaningful cultural exchanges with our Taos and Taos Jewish communities in the coming months. Stay tuned... and thank you again for your wonderful support. It matters and is making a tangible difference in many lives!

Shalom to all,
Ariana, Rabbi Judith and Bette

City of Refuge, by **Carmi Plaut**

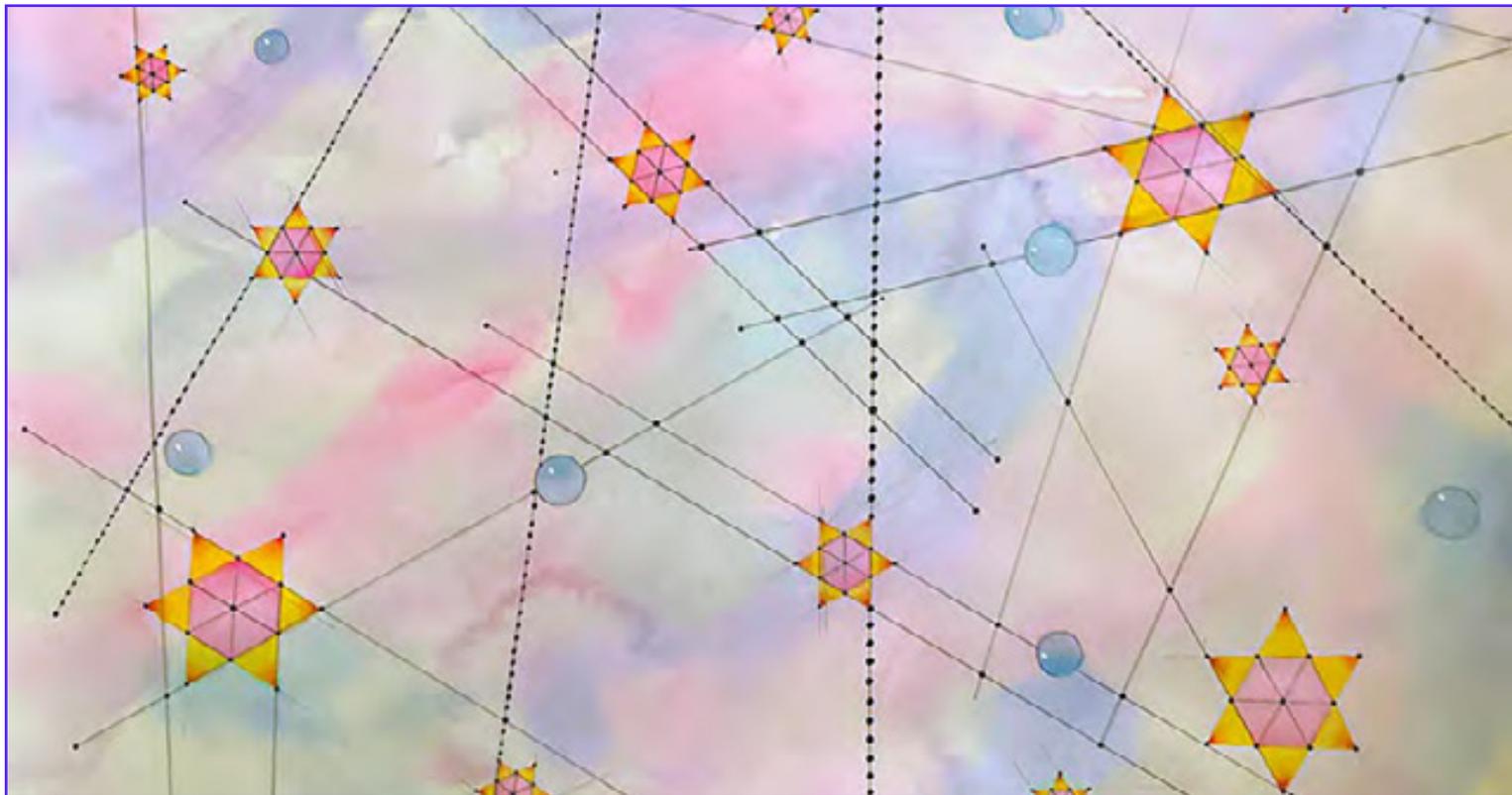


TJC KABBALAT SHABBATS

Typically the second and fourth Fridays of each month, Rabbi Judith HaLevy conducts Shabbat via Zoom. We light Shabbat candles, make Kiddush, honor the Shabbat bride, sing blessings for those in need of healing. And we remember the deceased with the Mourners' Kaddish. The Rabbi leads prayers and a discussion pertinent to the time, season and Torah. It's always a stimulating and grounding hour and a half to usher in the Shabbat.

TJC Kabbalat Shabbats are announced in the TJC eBlasts. To add your name, you can email the TJC at tjc@newmex.com and include in the subject line, 'Add me to the TJC eBlast list.'

Check out Rabbi Judith's videos of the Torah *parashat* on the TJC website.



Constellation, by **Bobbi Shapiro**

B'NAI SHALOM HAVURAH SHABBATS

B'nai Shalom meets for Zoom Shabbats on the third Friday of the month. Rabbi Chavah will teach a D'Var Torah on that date. We send out an invitation about a week ahead and ask you to respond to Annette and Bette to receive the Zoom link. The dates are September 16, October 21 and November 18. We hope you can join us. If you know someone who would like to be added to the B'nai Shalom email list, please send their address to Annette at rubin.annette@gmail.com

This year's B'nai Shalom-led celebration of **Sukkot will be held at the Quail Ridge Inn** (88 State Road 150, El Prado). There is a perfect spot with a big tree from which we can hang our plants/vegetables for the ceremony, tables and chairs and space for us all to feel comfortable outside in our celebration of this wonderful event. Rabbi Chavah will lead the service. Come and bring your friends and bring a pot luck dish to share. If you want to bring your own plate and silverware, you're welcome to do that too.

Sunday, October 16th at 3 p.m. (It should be over by 5). ALL ARE WELCOME.

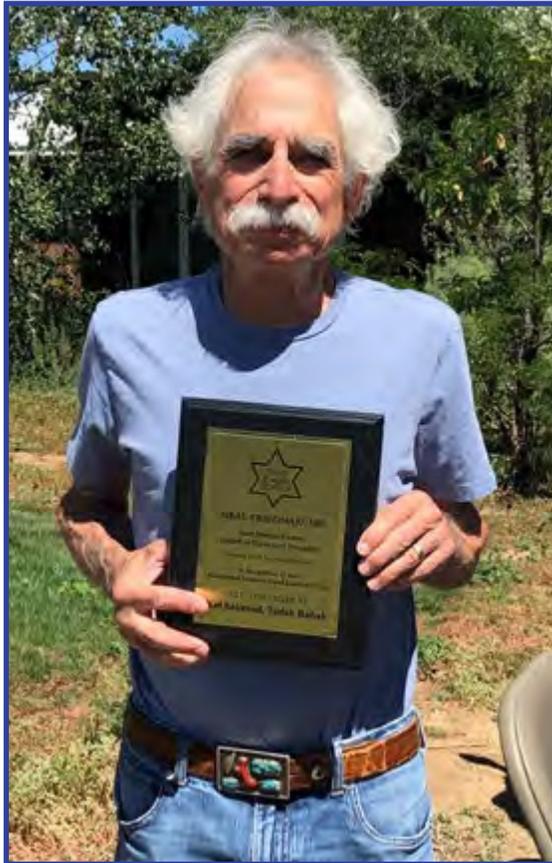
For more info contact Bette Myerson at 575-758-3376 or bette@taosnet.com.

For an historical perspective on Sukkot and refugees, check out the article on **p. 38**

TJC MEMBER APPRECIATION BRUNCH

Many TJC members attended our first Member Appreciation Brunch — blintzes, bagels, knishes and more — in three years, at President Gary Atias's home. We conducted a raffle drawing and honored Neal Friedman for his several years' work as TJC President.

A fine time was had by all!



Diane Friedman took the photo of Neal receiving the plaque from Gary. All others by Karen Kerschen.

DELICIOUS FOOD

The High Holidays has always been a time for relishing delicious meals to welcome the new year and particular to break the fast of Yom Kippur. Here are some recipes that came my way for this issue.

From Chef Carole Levy: Apple Challah, is not my recipe (it's Martha Stewart's, but the photo is Carole's), but it's one I love and used to make all the time! I think people will appreciate this recipe.

Apple Honey Challah

4 ounces (1 stick) unsalted butter or nondairy margarine, plus more for bowl and pan
3 1/2 cups unbleached bread flour, plus more for working surface
3/4 cup warm water (100 degrees)
2/3 cup honey
2 large eggs plus 3 large egg yolks
2 teaspoons active dry yeast (from one 1/4-ounce envelope)
2 teaspoons coarse salt
1 1/2 tart green apples, preferably Granny Smith, peeled and cut into 1/4-inch-thick slices (about 1 3/4 cups)

- Butter a large bowl, and melt 4 tablespoons butter in a saucepan over medium-low heat; let cool.
- * Combine 2 tablespoons melted butter, the flour, water, 1/3 cup honey, the eggs and yolks, yeast, and salt in a large bowl. Mix until dough forms. Turn dough out onto a floured surface, and knead until smooth, about 10 minutes.
- Transfer dough to buttered bowl, and brush with 1 tablespoon melted butter. Cover with plastic. Let rise in a warm place until dough almost doubles in volume, about 1 1/2 hours.
- Turn dough out onto a floured surface. Pat into an 8 1/2-by-14-inch rectangle. Top with apples; knead to incorporate. Return to bowl. Brush with remaining tablespoon melted butter; cover. Let rise again in a warm place until dough almost doubles in volume, about 1 hour more.
- Preheat oven to 375 degrees, with rack in lowest position. Butter a 9-inch round cake pan. Roll dough into a rope (about 24 inches) on a floured surface. Coil into a circle, and transfer to pan. Butter plastic wrap, and cover dough. Let rise again until dough almost doubles in volume, about 45 minutes more.
- Heat remaining 4 tablespoons butter and 1/3 cup honey in a saucepan over medium-low heat until butter melts. Brush dough with half the honey-butter. Bake until golden brown and firm, about 35 minutes.
- Brush challah with the remaining honey-butter. Let cool in pan on a wire rack for 30 minutes. Turn out loaf from pan, and let cool.



Challah & photo by *Carole Levy*

Beef Briskets

Who knew there were so many ways to prepare this beloved holiday meat? Joni Schockett, of The Jewish Star, (Garden City, NY) provides six variations in “You can never have too many Brisket Recipes.” Here’s the link:

<https://www.thejewishstar.com/stories/you-can-never-have-too-many-brisket-recipes.21796?>

DELICIOUS FOOD, *continued*

Barbara Benzwi, a recent visitor from California, provided this recipe, perfect for this time of year --

Barbara's Stuffed Mini Bell Peppers

I've attempted here to recreate something I enjoyed at a yoga retreat, at least 10 years ago. I wish I could credit the chef, but I don't know [the person's] name.

Here's a vegan and raw recipe that's a hit with omnivores! Makes a nice appetizer, travels well, good cold or room temp. This would be good to bring to a Yom Kippur break-fast.

You could take the seasoning in a whole different direction, if you feel creative.

Here, the basil, garlic, olive oil and sun-dried tomatoes might remind you of pizza.

1 lb. mini sweet peppers

6-8 oz. raw sunflower seeds

3 oz. plain sun-dried tomatoes

1/2 cup fresh basil

1/2 cup fresh parsley

Olive oil

Fresh lemon juice

* Soak the sunflower seeds in cold water for several hours, then drain and discard the water

* Soak the sun-dried tomatoes in hot water until softened. Drain and discard liquid (or save if making an oil-free version, to moisten the filling).

* Prepare the peppers: slice lengthwise in half, scoop out and discard seeds and membranes (a grapefruit spoon is ideal for this job), trim stem if needed (it's nice to keep it as a handle).

* Set aside about 1/3 of the soaked, drained seeds. Grind the remaining seeds in a mini-*prep* cuisinart, until part of the seeds have turned to paste, and part are still a bit chunky. A stick blender will also work, but will be harder to control the texture. If using a stick blender, blend half the seeds, rather than 2/3.

* Combine the whole and ground seeds.

* Cut the tomatoes into smaller than bite-sized bits.

* Coarsely or finely chop about 1/2 cup each of fresh basil and fresh parsley (depending on preference).

* Add the tomatoes and herbs to the seeds, moisten with olive oil and fresh lemon juice (ideally Meyer lemon). If lemon is quite tart, you could add a small amount of sweetener.

* Season to taste w salt and pepper.

* Using a spoon, stuff the peppers fairly full with the sunflower mixture. Smoothe them out and make them picture perfect if that appeals to you. Or not! Enjoy!

Makes enough for 6-8 people as an appetizer.



Bobbi Shapiro

B'nai Shalom Mitzvah Fund

B'nai Shalom maintains a small fund that gives a little help to folks in the Taos community with financial needs. If you want to contribute to this effort, you can send a tax deductible donation to *B'nai Shalom Havurah*, 810 Dillon Lane, Taos, NM 87571 and Bette will send you a receipt for your tax records. Know that you are contributing to tikkun olam and your money will be used wisely. Make a tax-deductible donation to help someone local who is in need.

For questions or information, contact Bette Myerson (575-758-3376 or bette@taosnet.com).

Chaverim of TJC

The Chaverim (*Hebrew for Friends or Volunteers*) can provide assistance and support to members of our congregation, such as rides to appointments, picking up groceries, prescriptions, or borrowing library books.

Send your request to tjc@newmex.com, with *Chaverim* in the subject line or call the TJC at 575-758-8615.

Meals for the Men's Homeless Shelter

Distribution of meals every 3rd Thursday. Please be part of this important community mitzvah. Participate when you can. Contact Roberta at rlerman57@gmail.com.

Taos Elders and Neighbors Together (TENT)

A membership, non-denominational community organization to provide transportation, caregiver relief and minor home repairs to help elders maintain independence at home. Further info: TaosElders.org
For further information, visit TaosElders.org or call 575-224-6335.

**TAOS ORGANIZATIONS THAT FEED THE HUNGRY**

The Shared Table, c/o El Pueblito United Methodist Church, P.O. Box 1302, El Prado, NM 87529 www.elpueblitoumc.org

The Taos Coalition to End Homelessness, P.O. Box 1516, Taos, NM 87571
www.taosmensshelter.org

St James Episcopal Church Food Pantry, 208 Camino de Santiago, Taos, NM 87571 www.stjamestaos.com

Taos Immigrant Allies, c/o B'nai Shalom Havurah, 810 Dillon Lane, Taos, NM 87571 www.taosimmigrantallies.org

Sin Fronteras, P.O. Box 531, Ranchos de Taos, NM 87557 (you can find them on Facebook)

HEART of Taos, P.O. Box 613, Taos, NM 87571 www.HEARToftaos.org

Help for Afghan Refugees in New Mexico c/o B'nai Shalom Havurah, 810 Dillon Lane, Taos, NM 87571 Put "**Afghans**" on the Memo line of your check.

Neem Karoli Baba Ashram and Hanuman Temple
416 Geronimo Lane, Taos, NM 87571 www.nkbashram.org

Thank you for anything you can give. No donation is too small.

TJC BOOK GROUP

TJC Book Group meets every month on the **third Monday** at **noon**, via Zoom. Join us, even if you haven't read the book or are shy about sharing your thoughts.

If you'd like to attend our discussions, contact Diane Friedman, dianecda5@gmail.com or Annette Rubin, rubin.annette@gmail.com

Here's our selection for this year:

September: *The Lincoln Highway* by Amor Towles. A road novel about four boys (3 18-year olds who met in juvie and a brainy 8 year old) as they set out from Nebraska, 1954, in an old Studebaker in pursuit of a better future.

October: *The Color of Air* by Gail Tsukiyama. As the Mauna Lua volcano awakens in 1935, long-held secrets erupt in the interwoven stories that bond members of an immigrant community.

November: *The Last Ranch* by Michael McGarrity. A contemporary western about southern NM on the eve of what came to be the Trinity site atom bomb test..The last of a trilogy, but stands alone.

December: *Body and Soul* by Frank Conroy. Claude Rawlings, a piano prodigy, NYC 1940s and son of a single mom taxi-driver, finds his own bumpy road to creative expression.

January: *Return to Laughter* by Eleanor Smith Bowen. Written pseudonymously by an anthropologist who lived with a tribe of bush people in Nigeria in 1949-1953.

February: *The Daughters of Yalta* by Catherine Grace Katz. Three intelligent and glamorous young women who accompanied their famous fathers to the Yalta Conference, 1945; the conference's fateful reverberations in the waning days of WWII.

March: *Ladies of the Canyons: A League of Extraordinary Women and Their Adventures in the American Southwest* by Lesley Poling-Kempes. Women who left the security and comforts of genteel Victorian society and journeyed to the American Southwest in search of a wider view of themselves and their world. Their circle included Louisa Wade Wetherill, Alice Corbin Henderson, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Mary Austin, and Willa Cather.

April: *The Midwife's Revolt* by Jodi Daynard. Historical fiction of the American Revolution era. A young widowed midwife, stands up to arrogant, constraining inlaws and pursues her work, aid by other young women, running her farm, delivering babies, and doing what she can for the Cause.

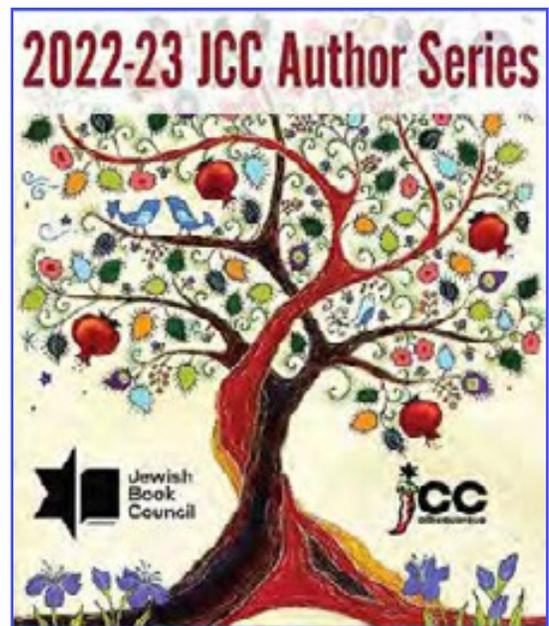
May: *The Rebel Angels* by Robertson Davies. A remarkable cast of defrocked monks, mad professors, and wealthy eccentrics people this 'brilliant spectacle of theft, perjury, murder, scholarship, and love at a modern university.' The first book in the Cornish Trilogy, but stands alone.

June: *Who Killed Piet Barol* by Richard Mason. A white South African man's relationship with a tribe changes him in his quest for the best wood for carving furniture, and how the tribal village members relate to him when he discovers their Ancestor Trees.

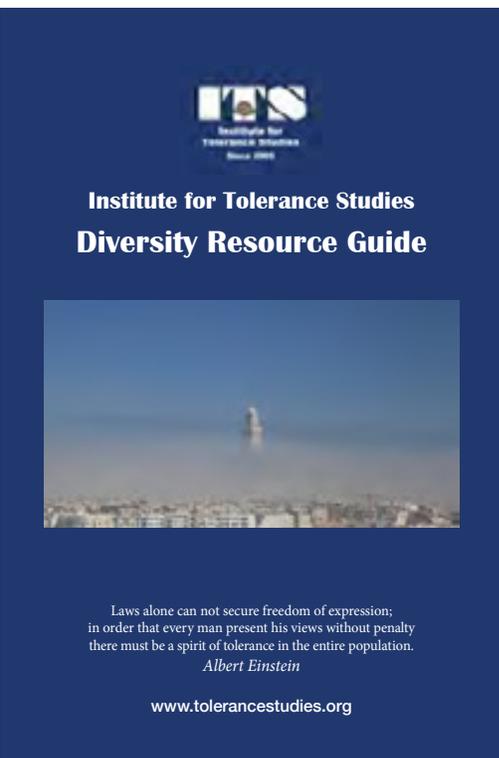
July: *Half Broke Horses* by Jeannette Walls (Beth). A true-life novel about the author's no-nonsense, resourceful, and spectacularly compelling grandmother, who was helping break horses by age six. The author's mother is depicted in her book, *The Glass Castle*.

Fall 2022 ABQ Jewish Book Fest
 & JCC Author Series
Sun Sep 11th - Wed Oct 26th,
live and on Zoom

<https://www.abqjewishbookfest.com/>
<https://www.abqjewishbookfest.com/schedule-and-tickets>



<http://www.santafejff.org/eventtypes/films/>
<http://www.santafejff.org/eventtypes/news/>



Ron Duncan Hart, PhD, director of the Institute for Tolerance Studies, has developed a project to disseminate information gathered in recent years through its programs about the Holocaust, Israel, and Jewish history.

An information booklet about online access to information and programs from the ITS and Santa Fe Distinguished Lecture Series can be used freely for classes or other informational uses.

All three graphics (shown in blue) are hyperlinked.

ITS and Santa Fe Distinguished Lecture Series both have stimulating programs. The Diversity Resource Guide is intended as educational material.

[Diversity Resource Guide Link](#)



Next Year in Israel!

Join JCC Albuquerque as we head to the 2023 JCC Maccabi Games in Israel!

July 5 - July 25, 2023

Requirements:

- Ages 12-17
- Identify as Jewish OR have 1 Jewish Parent
- Proof of all vaccinations including COVID
- Valid Passport
- Must Play a Sport
- Open to ALL NM residents

Sports:

- Girls Soccer
- Boys Soccer
- Baseball
- Basketball
- Ice Hockey
- Dance
- Swimming
- Tennis
- Girls Volleyball
- Flag Football



PRE-REGISTER NOW!

In summer 2023, 3,000 Jewish teen athletes, ages 12-17 and representing communities from across the globe, will come together to experience the magic of JCC Maccabi, the world's largest Jewish youth sports event.

Among the highlights of this unique, Olympic-style Jewish experience will be: sports competitions, including opening and closing ceremonies; travel throughout Israel; community service; social and cultural events; opportunities to create Jewish connections, friendships, and memories to last a lifetime!

Week 1: Maccabi Games & Opening and Closing Ceremonies

Week 2: Tour of Israel

Week 3: Tour of Israel

*JCC staff, Alyssa Atias and Sam Wyman, will be chaperoning athletes throughout the duration of the trip

Subsidized Cost: \$4,200 (includes airfare, transportation, accommodations, all meals, activities, and uniforms)

*Need based scholarships available

Pre-Register Here: tinyurl.com/322d3bpf

Deposit of \$1,500 to the JCC of Greater Albuquerque required with registration

For more information, contact Alyssa Atias at alyssaa@ccabq.org or 505-418-4480 or Sam Wyman at samanthaw@ccabq.org or 505-418-4472.

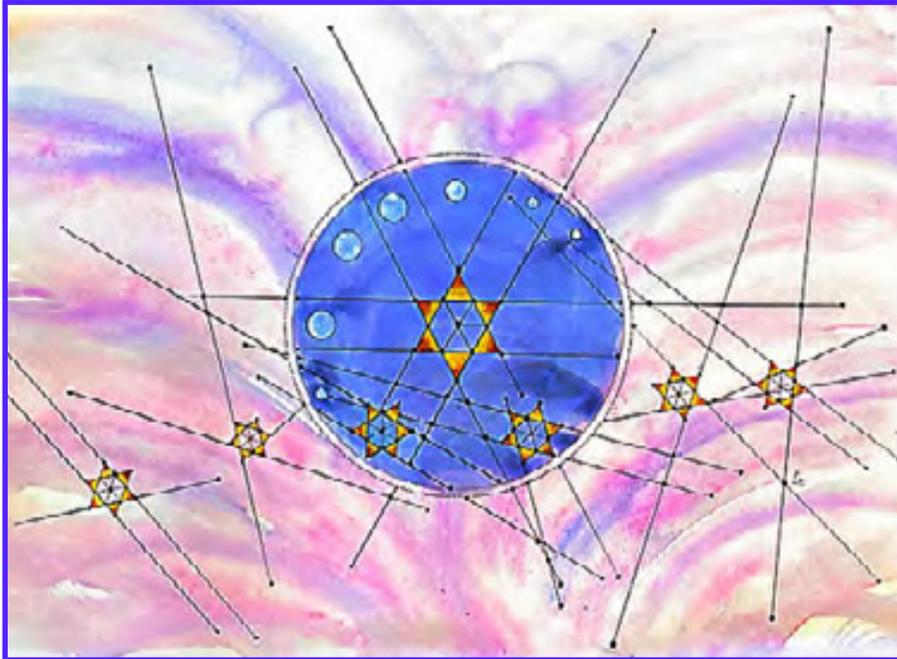


TJC Roger Lerman Library

The library is closed. Contact person is William Westbury, wmarthurwestbury@gmail.com.

TJC Program Content

Contact Lucy Melamed at lucymmel@hotmail.com



*Constellation 5,
Home Sweet Home,
Mother Earth.*

Bobbi Shapiro

SERVICES, RESOURCES TO SHARE

Are you an individual with a skill you'd like to make known to the TJC community?
Write a brief classified and send it to kkerschen@gmail.com for a listing.

Hebrew Lessons

Planning a trip to Israel?

In need of Bar/Bat Mitzvah preparation?

Wanting to improve your Hebrew literacy?

Call TJC member and experienced Hebrew tutor and native speaker,
Judah Botzer at (575)-751-0779 email -- jbotzer@outlook.com

Debora Seidman, Private Writing Coaching and Mentorship

Sacred Writing Circles are held twice a month, Sunday noon via Zoom

<https://deboraseidman.com/programs/circles/>

“Writing your Deepest Prayer,”: a 14-day online writing program offered through DailyOm.com.

website -- www.DeboraSeidman.com email -- Debora@DeboraSeidman.com

Memoir / Ghostwriting / Editing, with Karen Kerschen

If you've considered writing your memoir or have a manuscript that would benefit from editorial refining, I can be of service. Years of experience working collaboratively and independently, in biography and scientific work. kkerschen@gmail.com, (505) 583-2180.

PLEASE SUPPORT OUR BUSINESS SPONSORS

If you have a business, profession, trade or service, consider sponsoring the TJC & HaKol with an advertisement.

Business-card size, \$375; larger size, \$650 / annually.

Contact Gary Atias, at

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The *New Mexico Jewish Link*, published by the NM Jewish Federation, calls for articles for their next issue. They're looking for: Travel ideas for exploring the Southwest; Food, including restaurant reviews; Gardening tips; Healthy living; Activities for children and Personal and Professional development (Jewish related and non-Jewish related).

Its Professional Directory is becoming a Marketplace, with free and paid ads for services offered, items for sale, property for rent or sale.

A page is dedicated to announce births, weddings, B'nai Mitzvahs, engagements, and funerals. Send any information and accompanying pictures to Bonnie@jewishnewmexico.org.

TJC COVID-19 GUIDELINES

Reopening will not occur until approved by a majority of the Board of the TJC. Each event will need to be approved by the Board until all restrictions are lifted.

Re-opening attendance be limited to those members who have been fully vaccinated at least 2 weeks before. Only members will be permitted to attend indoor events at the TJC.

No non-members will be admitted unless they are fully vaccinated at least 2 weeks before.

Maximum occupancy at gatherings is considered to be 80 attendees. 20 attendees be considered 25% occupancy, 24 = 30%, 40 = 50% and 60 = 75%. We will adhere to percentage recommendations by county or state.

At least 1 Board member will be available at each event at the door to screen people entering. No member will be admitted without screening. No event will take place without a Board member present.

No member will be admitted if not feeling well, sneezing or coughing or having an elevated temperature, fully vaccinated or not.

The TJC will be thoroughly cleaned after each use.

Hand sanitizer and soap and water will be available at all times.

The wearing of masks is suggested for all attendees indoors -- especially those with chronic health conditions. As per current guidelines, this is not mandatory, but strongly suggested.

We should continue to offer ZOOM services from the TJC as long as there is a demand and attendance.

All chairs should be placed and maintained at least 3 feet away from each other.

No worship items should be physically shared, i.e. Kiddush cups, wine cups, Challah.

Maximum ventilation will be maintained at all times. This includes either both doors being open, or one door and several windows. The library and the loft will have at least one window open at all times.

Outdoor events may be attended by all TJC members and guests. Fully vaccinated attendees may be unmasked; however, all non-vaccinated attendees must be masked at all times and be at least 6 feet distanced from other individuals.

Any member not adhering to these guidelines will be evaluated for termination from the TJC by the TJC Board.

Neal Friedman, MD



Constellation 6,
Bobbi Shapiro

TJC ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP PLEDGE ☆ 5783 (2022-2023)

Name _____ Date _____
 _____ *Renewing* _____ *New Membership*  *Individual* _____ *Family* _____

Last name _____ First name _____ DOB _____ Email _____
 Last name _____ First name _____ DOB _____ Email _____

<i>Child's Last name</i>	<i>First name</i>	<i>Birth date</i>	<i>Child's age and grade in Sept.</i>

Mailing address _____
 Physical address _____
 Land line _____ Cell phone _____ Cell phone _____

Yahrtzeits Name _____ Date _____
 Name _____ Date _____
 Name _____ Date _____

Membership Level Sustaining -- \$ 1854 and above _____ Family -- \$375 _____
 Platinum -- \$ 1440 _____ Individual -- \$ 200 _____
 Contributing -- \$ 720 _____ Student -- \$ 90 _____
 Other _____ *(Please call us at (575) 758-8615 to discuss what you can afford.)*

Ongoing Community support -- always appreciated!

Rabbi Fund _____ Torah Fund _____ High Holy Days Pledge _____

I pledge to pay in Full _____ *Monthly* _____ *Quarterly* _____
 By Check _____ *By PayPal* (taosjewishcenter.org) _____
 If by Credit Card _____, *phone number* _____

Note: A 3% service charge will be added to all Credit Card payments.

To pay by credit card, call 575 / 758 - 8615 and leave a message.

Someone from TJC will call you back to make the transaction.

Mail form and check to Taos Jewish Center, 1335 Gusdorf Road, Suite R, Taos NM 87571.

Another option for senior members taking a **Required Minimum Distribution (RMD)** from your retirement funds is to instruct your fiscal intermediary to disburse your membership contribution to the TJC funds or pledges directly to the TJC before your RMD is taken for the year. This reduces the taxable portion of the RMD, providing both you and TJC a mitzvah!

THE TAOS JEWISH CENTER, a faith-based non-profit 501c3 organization,
 is a beneficiary agency of the Jewish Federation of New Mexico.

All donations are tax deductible & greatly appreciated.

The Taos Jewish Center is located at 1335 Gusdorf Road, Suite R, Taos, NM 87571.

Visit our website at taosjewishcenter.org. Email us at tjc@newmex.com. Call us at (575)-758-8615.



Taos Jewish Center

1335 Gusdorf Road, Suite R

Taos, NM 87571

(575) 758-8615

Email: tjc@newmex.com

Website: taosjewishcenter.org

Support The Taos Jewish Center (TJC)

Membership at any level includes participation at all High Holy Days services, as well as community gatherings and events throughout the year.

No family or individual is turned away for lack of funds.

Build the Taos Jewish Center Legacy

Your charitable contributions sustain our growing Jewish community and provide a home for Jews in Taos for generations to come. Consider contributing through planned-giving vehicles.

Bequests -- Include the TJC in your will or living trust.

Life Insurance -- Name the TJC as a beneficiary.

Gifts of stock or securities -- Donate and get a significant tax deduction.

The TJC appreciates the support of the



Torah Fund

Add your name with a donation that remembers a lifetime.

A book of the Torah-- \$ 1800 - \$ 7200

A Favorite Parasha-- \$ 180 - \$ 1800



Rabbi Fund

Your generous donation supports the TJC's programming, including Zoom Shabbatons with Rabbi Judith HaLevy.

When it's safe to do so, we'll again enjoy Friday night potluck dinners & Kabbalat Shabbats, Saturday morning Shabbat services & Torah studies.

Sponsor -- \$ 600.

Co-Sponsor -- \$ 300.

Assoc. Sponsor -- \$ 150. - \$ 180.

KOLOT // VOICES



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Photo of Erev Shabbat service at the Rio Gorge
by **Susan Ressler**

The next issue of **HaKol** will focus on the Hanukkah, Holocaust Remembrance Day, Tu B'Shvat, and will be posted roughly December 12th. I look forward to receiving your writings and art, for **Kolot**, these **Creative/Expressive Pages**.

Optimistic deadline: **November 23rd**
Firm deadline: **November 28th (Earlier submissions always welcome!)**

Send submissions to
Karen Kerschen, Editor
kkerschen@gmail.com

HOLY SMOKE

I've seen fire and I've seen rain
I've seen sunny days that I thought would never end
I've seen lonely times when I could not find a friend
But I always thought that I'd see you again
—James Taylor, beloved voice of the Hippie Generation

“The Blessed Holy One kept creating worlds and destroying them, until He created these (heaven and earth).

Then He declared “These please me, those do not. *Bereshit Rabbah* 3:7

And God said to Noah and his sons “I now establish my covenant with you and your offspring to come... never again shall all flesh be cut off by the waters of a flood, and never again shall there be a flood to destroy the earth. *Genesis* 9:8-13

May 22, 2022

The Hermit Peak fire, which started with a “controlled burn” that slipped out of control, was fanned into an inferno by 60 mile an hour winds on April 22. In one month it became the largest fire in New Mexico history, burning almost 400,000 acres of forest with little end in sight.

Every day, at exactly 4 pm, an enormous column of cloud and smoke shoots into the sky above Santa Fe, billowing shifting shapes that ascend and hover above the city on its Eastern border. The fire itself is thirty miles away, but the column is here, daily, a sign for all to see. The origin of the fire burned into my consciousness even before it happened.

Over the last year, I had been a frequent visitor to Rose Mountain, a multi-faith retreat center located close to Las Vegas New Mexico, the epicenter of the fire. The founder, my friend and spiritual companion, was dying of pancreatic cancer, but he clung to life for months determined to leave his beloved center in impeccable condition. He railed against the government’s controlled- burn policies, claiming that the National Forest Service did not understand the erratic weather patterns of New Mexico.

As we sat together in the doorway between the worlds, he shared a vision of the Tree of Life, with branches that were out of kilter, and holes in the safety net that protected the tree, and therefore our survival.

“Please tell the others at my funeral. Time is running out”. He died on January 5, 2022, three months before the fire consumed every last structure on Rose Mountain.

I spent the next months delving into a particularly esoteric text of the Zohar, Rav Metivita, taught by my beloved teacher Melila Helner-Eshed .In this portion, the companions enter deeply into the Realm of Imagination, traveling from world to world, mountain to mountain seeking guidance from the Masters of knowledge. >>



At one point, they are gifted with the knowledge of two matters of ancient mysteries from the Masters of the Academy. The matters were to remain secret.

How great were these two utterances?

According to great master Rabbi Shimon,

“These two utterances create worlds and destroy them.” *Zohar 3:163a*

What are these utterances that create and destroy worlds, Melila asked?

Immediately, I knew. Fire and Water, creating and now destroying the world around me.

It was 4pm on Friday May 22. I reached for the phone to check messages before Shabbat. There was a message from the Taos Jewish Center, letting me know that a “Jewish woman fire fighter had called, looking for a rabbi and a *siddur*.”

Seriously? Probably just another lost soul, intruding on my Shabbat preparations. I jotted down the number, and sat outside for a few minutes, watching the column of smoke do its afternoon dance before returning the call.

A voice answered that sounded sad, but not insane. Yes, she was Jewish, and yes, she had been a fire fighter for thirty years, now in the top echelons of fire management. In the last few days, she had been sexually molested by a subordinate local fire chief, had her credit card hacked, and now she had been diagnosed with Covid. Her Hebrew name was Shira, and she was in quarantine in a hotel room in Taos. Could I help?

I explained that I was not in Taos, but Santa Fe. Can I call you on Facetime? As I put down the phone, I knew the next step. The fire of destruction needed to be balanced with sacred, holy fire. It was before sunset, but I arranged my Shabbos candles, and invited Shira to kindle the holy lights with me. Then, we sat quietly gazing at the light, inviting the Shabbos angels to bring their blessing to a difficult week. Thanks to Facetime, we were now face to face in an altered reality.

“Do you see the column of smoke in Santa Fe?” Shira asked.

“Yes” I replied. I glanced out the window, and saw that the column was now bending towards the horizon, extending tentacles of smoke outwards across the city. The setting sun glowed behind layers of vapor, veils upon veils obscuring and then exposing endless prisms of light.

As I turned to the sabbath candles, I could see the same prisms of light radiating across the darkening room.

I felt the presence of the Shechinah, the Sabbath Queen, enter the room, wrapping her soft cloak of vapor around my hunched shoulders. We sat in silence.

“Why, rabbi, Why?” Shira asked softly. “I have been of service for my entire life. Why am I repeatedly punished despite my good deeds?”

I had no answer, but I could sense the Shechinah tugging at my heart. The gate between worlds opened, and the Shechinah extended her vaporous cloak.

“Come.” she whispered. “Perhaps Miriam, the guardian of the wells, can soothe your sorrow. It’s Shabbat, and the celebration of the Wise Women is about to begin.”

Facetime, now the secret key of the twenty first century. I reached out to Shira, and together, we were lifted onto the cloak of cloud and smoke.

In the words of the Holy Zohar,

All of the virtuous women of this generation come to Miriam at these times, and then they all ascend like columns of smoke in this desert. The day is the Day of Celebration. On the Eve of the Shabbath and the eve of the festivals, all the women come to Miriam and know how to delve into discovering the Master of the Universe.

Zohar 3:163a

We rose as one into the column of billowing cloud hovering about the city. Our eyes remained shut against the acrid smoke, but slowly, a dizzying array of fragrance penetrated the cloud. Rose, jasmine, patchouli, fresh pine, pungent spices of cardamon and cloves; each one brought a memory of another reality into this world without form.

Shira, suffering from Covid, was delighted that she could smell at all! We rose through the ascending column, and as our eyes opened we were dazzled by ribbons of light, merging and mingling and dancing in celebration.

“Hold tight,” Shechinah whispered. “We are entering the realm of the Wise Women, and this is a night of great celebration.”

And Miriam the prophetess, Aaron’s sister, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the woman danced.

Exodus 15:20

Invisible hands pulled us into the circle, as the drums echoed the jubilant sounds rising from the throats of the women dancing in pure joy. I looked around the pulsating circle and could see friends that I had not seen since Sinai.

Someone tugged at my arm, and I turned- It was my beloved friend, Rabbi L.

“I always thought that I would see your face again!” I cried out. Just then, I spied the Prophetess Deborah.

“Shira,” I said. “Meet Deborah, the Warrior Woman. You two are one and the same. They went off arm in arm. I rejoined the circle, whirling faster and faster until the joy reached a crescendo, and I heard myself scream, STOP!

V'yiggash alav Judah.

Genesis 44:18

I am merely Judith, not Judah, but I felt my frustration rising until I could remain silent no more. The dancing ceased, the colors and fragrances faded, and the drumbeat slowed to a pulse.

“Please Miriam,” I implored. “Speak to me. I can hold back no longer. My land is burning, enveloped in flames. The sorrow, the pain is overwhelming. You are Miriam of the wells and have the power to bring forth water. Why are you allowing this carnage to continue? Yes, I understand, the land has not been given its rest, and will claim its rightful due. Yes, I understand that the conflagration ripping through the clogged forests will clear and regenerate the dead foliage to new life. Yes, I understand that this is a fire of purification, driven by gale force winds over the parched earth. But there are so many innocents, families who have tilled this land for centuries, holding on to traditional ways.

Why should they be the ones to suffer, and not the mining companies who rape the earth, the logging companies who strew havoc in their path, the purveyors of Roundup and

Fentanyl who poison the earth and its inhabitants in these poor rural communities. Why must the innocent bear the brunt of this destruction? >>

Please, Miriam, open the stopped-up wells and rejuvenate the earth while this generation still lives.

I could see Miriam towering before me, an amorphous cumulus of smoke bedecked with scarves and bangles, brandishing her timbrel, whirling in the wind. I could see the droplets forming in her saddened eyes, scattering a hint of rainfall that never seems to release its coveted bounty.

Shira, now clothed in full firefighting regalia, stood behind me. She could not see Miriam, but only a well. “Speak to the well,” I urged Shira. “Speak to the well.”

Shira lifted her helmet, gathered her strength and stood tall, a warrior woman equal to Deborah, Yael, and Esther, an *Eshet Hiyil* of the twenty first century.



“WHY?” she shouted into the gaping well. Why? Why have I been so maligned over these past weeks as I have tried to manage this burning blaze? Last week, while attempting to manage the armies of fire fighters gathered to attack this

fierce and wily opponent, I was molested by a local fire chief, who took advantage of the conflagration to molest other young women as well. He could not bear to report to me, a mere woman, and so he attempted to brutalize me with sexual power. I was able to stop him, report him, and have him removed, but inside, my skin still crawls with disgust. Later that same day, I discovered that my credit card had been hacked. And then, Shira shouted into the maw of the well, I tested positive for Covid! I was taken out of the field, and put into quarantine, sick but still inundated with phone calls from the field. I have had a successful thirty-year career as upper management in fire fighting for the US Government, I have devoted my life to helping others, and this is my reward?

A snake slithered up the side of the well, stretching out in the sunshine out with a wink and a smile. “All in a day’s work” I could hear him say. Miriam tapped her timbrel, and Zap! The snake went up in flames, but left a disturbing odor behind.

Miriam spoke, but Shira could only hear the soothing melody of song. She felt strangely recognized and comforted. Miriam spoke softly, her tears dissolving into the surrounding vapor of cloud. “I am sorry”, she said “But your story tells it all.

Respect. There is no respect, and so the elements are out of balance, and there can be no rain. Women are still not respected for their abilities and prowess.

There is no respect for the forest, no understanding that the forest is a living organism, with cycles and boundaries that must be observed. There is no respect for the boundaries of the animal world, and therefore diseases such as Covid cross over the paths between animals and humans. There is no respect for the earth itself, raped for minerals and fossil fuels that only cause further destruction of the atmosphere. There is no respect, one human being for another, as multitudes now live without sufficient food or shelter in the shadow of those who consume without end.

I can no longer foresee a future for this self-imposed generation of the desert. I have it on the Highest Authority, the rains will not come.”

“Miriam, Miriam”, I cried. “Did not our father Abraham demand ‘Will you sweep away the innocent with the guilty?’ It is written in the Holy Zohar that “All the women come to Miriam and know how to delve into discovering the Master of

the Universe”. Help me to reach the Supreme Academy, the Holiest of Holies so that I may plead my case before the Heavenly Supreme Court.”

Miriam looked at me in disbelief. I was not one of the righteous women of this, or any generation. I stood uncomfortably before her, feeling so heavy, so gross in this physical form while all around me was light and fragrance and the delicate beating of drums.

The Shechinah wafted by, and whispered, “It is now Shabbat, and the Holy One awaits me in his palace for our tryst of creation. This is our night of ecstasy without end, but perhaps I can sneak you in for a brief moment before we retire to our chamber.

I embedded myself in her indigo cloak, now radiant with stars, riding a magic carpet through the skies. I clung to the Shechinah until we reached a dwelling

“Embroidered with all kinds of designs in all colors of the world, and above it was spread a cover of sparkling light.” *Zohar 3:163b*

When we reached the place where the curtain was spread, a voice cried out “Entry only to those who can explain the riddle:

The tree of eighteen- when it bends, it will stand erect and rise. If it does not bend, the evil serpent consumes it.”

The Shechinah glided on, entering the holy tabernacle ready for her evening of delight, but I was stopped two miles from the dwelling, abandoned and alone. The tree, the tree.. and then I remembered my friend’s vision of a tree out of kilter, its branches askew, the safety net in shreds and danger all around. I answered the voice, repeating “The branch is out of kilter and can not bend.”

The Holy One Himself laughed, peals of joy emanating from the Tabernacle of sparkling light. “I see that you have been given a hint. Come closer, speak.”

“Adonai, Adonai, El rachum v’Chanun,” I began. “I have come to ask for your mercy on those who are innocent. You promised that you would never again destroy the earth by flood. But does that not include by drought?”

Again, God laughed.

Fire and rain, These two utterances create worlds and destroy them. *Zohar 3:163a*

“I hear your plea,” the Holy One said, “and the solution is contained in the riddle of the tree of eighteen.

Eighteen, Chai, the Tree of Life are the bones in a person’s spine, and if that spine does not bend at *Modim*, the moment of thanks to the Creator, then that spine becomes the serpent, and all is lost. *Zohar 3:164a*

This world, like many before it, may shatter due to human arrogance, ego and a lack of respect for the Creator and creation. I have tried to redeem you once again through plagues, through disease that has killed more than a million in your land alone, through fires that cannot be contained, even though bringing the death of the first born repeatedly, allowing innocent children to be shot in your schools, but the serpent has only hardened your hearts. I, Creator of All, am ready for a new

beginning, a world filled not with arrogance and ego, but gratitude and joy. For the earth is Mine, and you are but residents upon it.

Now, excuse me, but Shechinah has reached my door, and I must attend to her.

Every Shabbat now, she pleads your case, asking for time, more time to purify your hearts.

I have granted just a sliver of time.

Do not give up. *Tshuva* is still possible.

Return, and Return again.

I’ve seen fire and I’ve seen rain

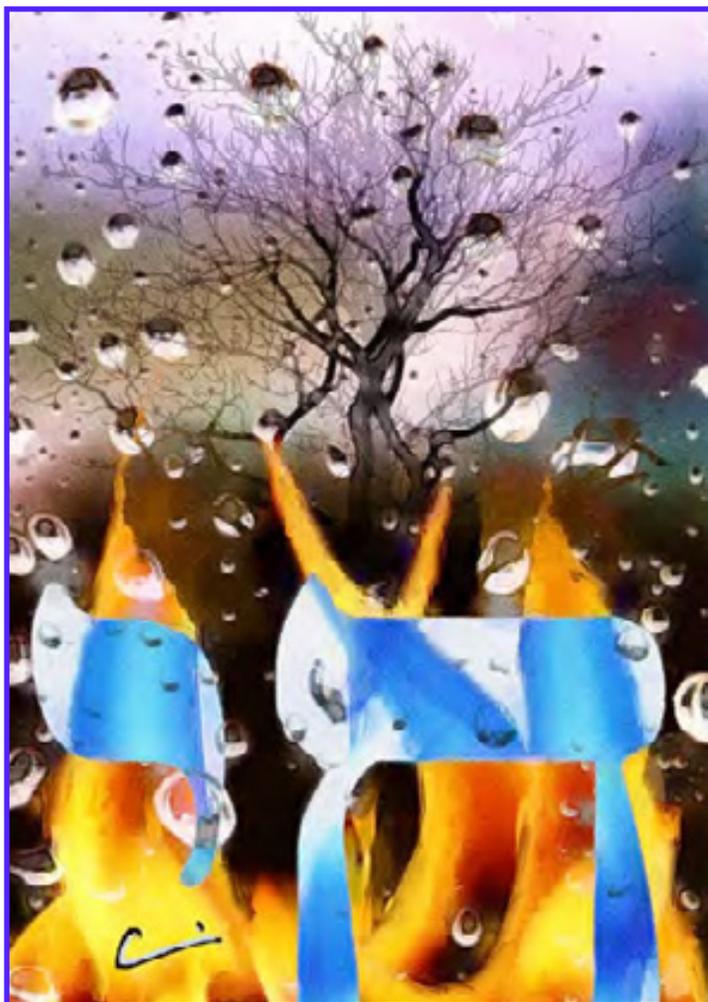
I’ve seen sunny days that I thought would never end

I’ve seen lonely times when I could not find a friend
But I always thought that I’d see you again

I see fire but no rain. I bow, and bend, return to Santa Fe, and pray that I will see Your face again.

Rabbi Judith HaLevy,

Based on *Rav Metivta, Zohar*, Vol 9, 3:163a-164a,
translation and commentary by Daniel Matt



Graphics by ***Carmi Plaut***

ECLIPSE

You couldn't see her in all her glory,
The large circle in the sky, dimmed, masked,
On this night of fullness,

Her face a cloud of mottled red-grey in the East.
Eclipsed like our lives these past two years
A covering, a kind of protection

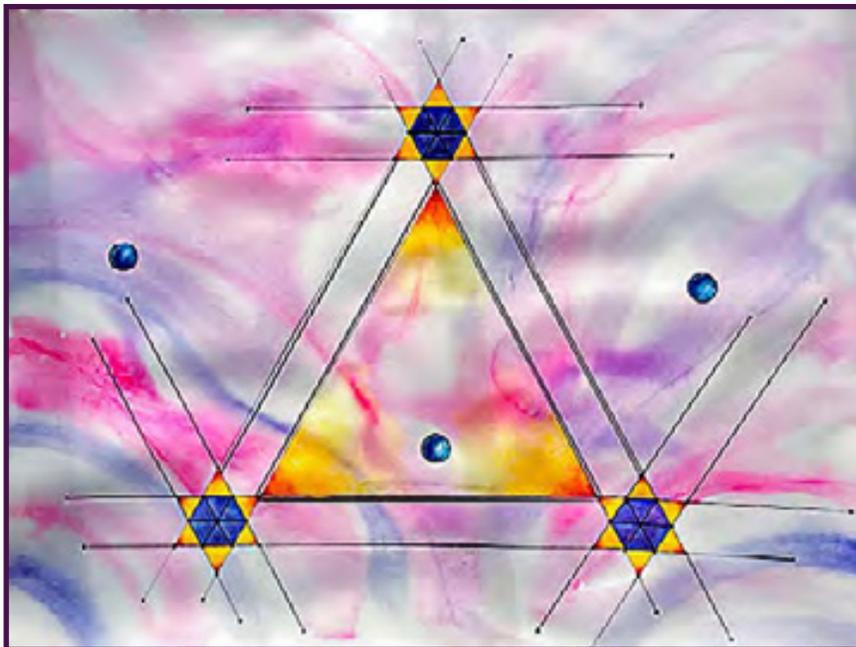
From horrors on earth.
Though shielded from the sun's reflection,
She looked like Ukraine's destruction.

Earth's shadow showed us what we could become soon,
Barren and dead, we make our own bed, as we
Continue to use weapons of war, and Earth's resources,
A wrong politician he endorses,
As the clock nears noon,
Humans, plants, unable to breathe, are blind like
The Moon.

This unnatural darkness covered her face for only two hours,
But here on Earth we trample among the million dead.
Wildfires burn, a shower
Of bullets to add to the dread,
And two years later we still have not learned
True use of power
This earth is our bread.

Sarah Newfeld Green

This poem has just won Sarah first-place award for Poetry in the Golden Quill Writing Contest, presented by SLO Nightwriters in San Luis Obispo, CA. The subject of the competition was Masks.



Bobbi Shapiro,
Constellation One, Two, Three Creation.
Watercolor and ink.

A LITTLE BOY'S LULLABY

My father wrote this story in July of 1989.

It tells some of his earliest memories. CG

It's been a good number of years now, when under the constant prodding and insistence of my wife, I finally capitulated and started to accompany her to religious services. For many reasons, valid or otherwise, I had shunned the synagogue, having long ago come under the influence and rationale of Karl Marx; but that is another story. Suffice it to say that given my natural inclination to please my beloved, I abandoned my rebellion and decided to submit. Besides, I really did not know what to do with myself during the 2 or 3 hours that she was gone.

After a lapse of so much time, I initially met with great difficulty and embarrassment in picking up on the procedures and rituals of these services. Since I had never been too proficient in my Hebrew, even in my prime, it now appeared that I would have to start all over to relearn my *Aleph-Bet*. Nevertheless, I persisted, and gradually I became reacquainted with the prayers, and even became fairly adept at my Hebrew.

Although, as I've indicated, I did attend services quite regularly and verbally participated, they never left much of an impression upon me. On occasion, I would remember a mandatory attendance at *Shul* with my Grandfather on some special holiday, when I was a small child so very long ago; but other than that, there was nothing.

So it went. The pattern of attendance of Friday nights having been established, I would diligently participate in the various prayers. At times I would even allow myself to be carried away by some melody and would vigorously raise my voice in song with the rest of the congregation. Otherwise everything else was very orderly and mechanical, and there was no mental or emotional impact.

However, of late, something was different. Certain passages seemed to ignite a momentary illusive spark, and just as quickly, that spark would disappear without a trace. Somewhere in the recesses of my mind, there was an incident, a memory, a time, an emotion that was clamoring for recognition. But try as I might, once the sensation had passed, I could never bring it back. Even though I would

slowly repeat the immediately preceding prayer, concentrating upon each and every word, I still could not recapture that spark.

This was just an ordinary Friday night. There was nothing singularly different between this and so many others. But while mechanically mouthing a prayer that I must have repeated hundreds of times before, it suddenly struck me - the trigger word! I had finally identified it!

"Hashkivenu! Hashkivenu!"

The recognition of the word after all this time was in itself most gratifying. Yet, I was perplexed. For in spite of all my deliberate concentration, I was unable to connect this word and emotion with any specific memorable cause.

I hurriedly looked to the translation on the facing page of the prayer book, hoping to find a clue. But other than the literal translation that began, "Cause us O Lord to lie down in peace...", there was nothing to equate these prosaic words with anything that had any relevance to the emotions I was experiencing. I pondered the word, repeating it aloud many times over, hoping in this manner to find some association with the past.

I enjoyed the sound, as it seemed to roll off my tongue. It had a certain cadence, a certain rhythm and a certain attraction that refused to be revealed -- and it seemed to generate in me, a warmth that permeated my entire body with this sweet comforting, yet melancholy sensation. What could this mean? Where did it come from? Why did it have such an effect upon me? And most puzzling of all was the question, "Why am I carrying this puzzle with me, even beyond the doors of this sanctuary?"

As with everything else, my work and my daily routine took precedence over all, and I tried to push these intruding thoughts out of my mind; but to no avail. The mystery haunted me for several years, and would make its presence felt at the most unexpected and inconvenient times. And in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, this puzzle lingered on subconsciously; perhaps half submerged: always held in abeyance and always ready to reappear.

Well, now that I am retired and the stress and tension of my work and daily problems are no longer a factor in my life, some of these half-forgotten thoughts

have begun to resurface. So it was that while sitting in my office, frustrated with the lack of anything materially productive to do, or to think about, and bored to distraction with this over-abundance of leisure, that it finally came to me!

Maybe it was Krakow, or even our little “dorf” somewhere in Poland. I couldn’t have been more than four or five years old. For me, at that age, the war was a natural and interminable condition - without beginning or end. Poverty, cold, sickness and hunger were the norm, and the end of each day was yet another successful milestone in the struggle for survival.

The amenities that I now consider minimal, like electricity and plumbing, were entirely lacking. Thus it was that sundown automatically signified that it was time for bed. There was nothing else to do, and besides, if you hadn’t had enough to eat, sleep would temporarily assuage your hunger.

So, at the end of the day, my grandmother and my two maiden aunts would prepare for bed. Aunts Minnie and Jennie would go to sleep on some improvised bed and try to keep each other warm, while I shared a cot with my grandmother. In order to prevent me from falling off, I was always placed against the wall.

The last few rays of daylight were slowly fading; and in the interval when gray turns to utter blackness, I would watch my Bubbeh as she prepared for sleep. First, she would remove her dark brown “shtetl” [wig] revealing her sparse, straggly gray hair. After vigorously massaging her scalp, she would cover her head with some sort of cap. Then she would slip into her sleeping garment. This done, she would slowly start pacing the floor and with her body gently swaying back and forth, in a subdued whisper, she would begin the verbal part of her nightly ritual. I was too young then to understand what the words meant, and other than the “SH” sound, I really could barely hear anything. But even with the lack of comprehension, there was this all-pervasive aura of total security and protection that possessed me.

With the utterance of the first syllable of the first word, the impact upon me was hypnotic. I could hardly keep my eyes open or my senses receptive enough to hear the first full word or full phrase. But now I remember it !! How could I have possibly forgotten? This was my nightly lullaby:

Hash-ki-venu! Hash-ki-venu!
Adonai E-lo-hey-nu, l’Sshalom:

v’Ha-a-mi-denu, Malkenu, l’Cha-yim.

Oof-ros A-leynu Su-kat Sh’lo-me-cha,

v’Tak-ney-nu B’ei-Tzah To-vah Mil-fa-ne-cha

V’Ho-sbi-ey-nu l’Ma-an Sh’mo-cha.

(Cause us, O Lord our G-d, to lie down in peace and raise us up again, O our King unto Life.)

My father, Maurice Holtzman, passed away on July 25, 1994, at the age of 82 (or 81, we really are not sure). Shortly beforehand we had spoken of attempting to get his many stories published — if only for the benefit of his family. Of course, being the unbiased daughter that I am, I believe that these anecdotes and the two manuscripts he also wrote have a much broader appeal.

There is no greater gift he could have given us all who love him.

I would now like to chant the *Hashkivenu* prayer in my father’s memory.

Contributed by **Cindy Grossman**



Sending Love, by **Bobbi Shapiro**



Sam Goldstein

Tasblich.

Sumi ink, black & white charcoal

The Hebrew translates to

All the world is a narrow bridge,

And the important thing is not to be afraid.

Rav Nachman of Breslov

MY HIGH HOLIDAY RHAPSODY

I never could sing. Growing up it was my mother who carried the tune. She would sing to my two younger brothers and younger sister as we traveled over the mountains and canyons of Southern California. Her lyrical voice kept us from pinching and punching one another as my father steered our old Desoto station wagon along the highway. My personal favorite was "Green Eyes," but she sang the popular hits of the fifties and every so often she'd sing something in Yiddish.

When the time came for the High Holidays, my mother usually stayed home with my younger siblings and cooked while my father and I went to shul. I never knew what my mother thought about the musical liturgy of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. It wasn't the kind of conversation we'd have with each other. My father couldn't carry a tune any better than I could.

We belonged to a small conservative congregation in the San Fernando Valley that had affiliation with other conservative groups. During the Days of Awe, a large hall that belonged to one of unions was rented for services. Hundreds of folding chairs were set up and on stage was a portable ark along with the Rabbi, the Cantor and other members who assisted during the Torah Service. The Cantor chanted in a strong baritone voice that filled the vacuous room with melodies that sounded foreign and relentless. I didn't know the Cantor, who always smiled and wiped his lips with his white handkerchief. Yet, his smile appeared somehow disingenuous because it never wavered.

My father and I mumbled along together. My father knew what he was singing, but I had no connection so I just parroted as best I could, enduring the strangeness of it all. To break up the numbing monotony, I stole away for bathroom breaks or took long walks around the block stalling as much as I dared to avoid my father's reproach.

After my Bar Mitzvah, I figured I had paid my religious dues and found ways to limit my time at the union hall or avoided it entirely, by making excuses about sports obligations or important school events or any other imaginative story I could conjure. At seventeen, I finally had the courage to just speak my truth, I was finished with these ridiculous long winded services. They held no meaning for me. I had a girl friend and was playing high school sports.

The musical liturgy of the High Holidays couldn't compare with Joan Baez, the Lettermen, Ray Charles and Leslie Gore. Maybe I couldn't sing, but I definitely knew good music from whatever it was that was spewing out of the Cantor's mouth.

Thirty years later I was married with two sons and miracle of miracles, my son Teo asked if he could have a Bar Mitzvah. Under the tutelage of Ron Kalom, Teo's wish was granted

As Teo prepared for his moment of transformation, a spiritual awakening was taking place within my own consciousness. I began meeting and studying Torah and liturgy with Ron along with Ted Dimond and Bruce Ross. When the High Holidays arrived, the four of us stood outside on Ron's deck overlooking Sunset Park and chanted through the machzor. I still couldn't carry a tune, but Ron had a marvelous voice, Bruce and Ted were able to harmonize and I discovered a way to blend with them so that for the first time the words and the tunes felt transcendent. I became one with the liturgy. Of course this was only possible because of the preparation that had taken place during the previous year. That was the beginning.

In 1993, the Taos Minyan formed and met every Saturday to conduct Shabbat Services and study Torah. My voice rumbled around with the rest. When the High Holidays arrived we moved from our regular meeting spot above the Apple Tree Restaurant (now Lamberts) to the community room at the Taos Public Library. We needed additional space because as usual it was the season when even in Taos, Jews remembered it was time to pray. Those experiences were memorable mostly because it represented the culmination of a year's worth of study and chanting. The voices and the liturgy were familiar and comfortable and I felt spiritually nourished. The rhapsody would come later.

In 2002 I married Cindy Sadow. She had been a member of the minyan for a few years and had participated in the High Holiday Service. Having a masters degree in music as a vocalist and experience as a cantorial soloist, Cindy added a trained and sonorous voice to the services. She and Ron would join together on a particular rendition of *Ledor Vador* that always added an inspiring dynamic to the mix.

Cindy's participation in the High Holidays continued after the formation of the Taos Jewish Center. When

Rabbi David Stein started leading services in 2006, her role as the cantorial soloist started to emerge and with that began my rhapsodic experience of the High Holidays.

When her mother moved to Florida in 2004, Cindy inherited a Steinway baby grand piano. The fact that piano resided in Deal, New Jersey, and our residence in Cañon is at the end of long rutted dirt road, but that is another story. Miraculously, the instrument arrived mostly unscathed, a bit out tune and with one broken low E string that was quickly remedied.

As the holy days approached, Cindy started practicing. Day and night the liturgy flowed from her and the old Steinway. Never on any fixed schedule, I would hear her singing *Avinu Malkeynu* in the afternoon when I came home for lunch and then hear it again after dinner as I walked through the house. I might be washing dishes or listening to a baseball game, and from the center of the house I would hear the sound of Leonard Cohen's rendition of *Halleluiah*. After breakfast, I would often catch the melody of the beautiful *Ahavat Olam* dancing through the house. I never knew what was coming or how many times it would be repeated. It never mattered. I went about my life doing or not doing

while the prayers played like a heavenly jukebox over and over until I was awash in whatever magic is contained in these ancient melodies.

By the time Erev Rosh HaShanah arrived, my need for spiritual sustenance had already been fulfilled. Late at night I would hear Cindy playing and singing the refrain of the *Al Chet*: The Great Confession, *V'al kulam, Eloah s'lichot, s'lach lanu, m'chal lanu kapper lanu*. She sang it with conviction and then sang again because perhaps a note was too high or too low or maybe the tempo was just off. For me, it became another opportunity to imagine the concept of forgiveness. My rhapsody continued even during the days separating Rosh HaShanah and Yom Kippur. When Yom Kippur arrived I would stand in the midst of the congregation feeling gratitude and reverence, still my ruffled voice cracked and hid between my fellow supplicants, but it no longer mattered.

As the days approach for yet another season of awe and wonder, I am once more hearing the sounds fill our home. The Steinway faces Taos Mountain, and before long the leaves will pop yellow and bright. Hopefully, atonement is around the corner as my High Holiday Rhapsody plays through the rooms. I am a long way from the old union hall and the cantor wiping his lips with a white handkerchief. I am home.

Bruce Grossman





Tony recording at United Tribe, Bismarck, North Dakota, 1979. Photo by George A. Roth

DAVID ANTON ISAACS: SACRED MUSICIAN

Born on December 20, 1936 (Winter Solstice)

Died on June 21, 2022 (Summer Solstice)

He was born on the winter solstice of 1936 and died on the summer solstice of 2022. I am among those who believe Tony Isaacs was a *tzaddik* — a person with the ability to connect with the heavenly realms. But it is not the auspicious dates of his birth and death that make me say this, it was the way he walked through life — with compassion, kindness, humility and joy.

There was so much I did not know about my friend but the mystery of his name has been solved. His given name was David, a reference to the young shepherd boy and flute player, who courageously killed Goliath, the enemy of the Israelites with a slingshot as his only weapon. Tony was derivative of Anton, his middle name meaning highly praiseworthy in German, Russian, Scandinavian and Slav. The name reflects the man.

Who could have predicted that an Ashkenazi Jew, born and raised LA, with an Italian sounding first

name whose earliest dream was to become a cantor, would pioneer the first Native American music company in the country in partnership with his beloved wife Ida Luhan from Taos Pueblo?

Ida designed the albums; Tony recorded the events live without any enhancements. Simply called Indian House, the couple produced 88 recordings.

After Ida's untimely death in 1985, Tony stopped because "it was too lonely in the studio without her."

But his dream of creating an archival library of Indian music inspired him to resume the work. In 2009, the Society for American Music made Tony an Honorary Member, alongside luminaries such as John Cage, Loretta Lynn, Bluegrass Bill Monroe, and others. It was the first time a national academic organization officially recognized traditional Native American music. Tony never bragged about his honors or accomplishments.

He was a lover of sacred music. His love of Native-America music started when he was a boy scout. Required to learn a song, he chose a complex Plains

Indian chant where the drum beat was slightly ahead of the vocal.

He later traveled to powwows across the west including New Mexico. After becoming a familiar presence in small powwows in LA clubs, he was invited to join a drumming circle, which is when he really learned to sing. I regret that I only heard him once. Listening with closed eyes, I could hardly believe that the drumming and nuanced vocals were coming from a non-native.

Holidays and feast days at Taos Pueblo were a sacred gift to the community. When I told Tony how much I loved the music in the pre-dawn Turtle Dance on New Year morning — rattling of bean-filled gourds, jingling bells on dancers ankles as they sang to a steady drum beat — he brought over a live recording he'd made.

Tony's friends had a standing invitation to visit his home at Taos Pueblo on San Geronimo Day. The dawn foot races, eating Indian bread still warm from the adobe *horn*, the smell of cedar fires, sitting on a wooden bench outside the house meeting his aunts, uncles, cousins, and elders while children played near a huge cedar wood pile in the shade of golden aspen trees.

Of course, the highlight of the afternoon was standing with the throng in the village plaza watching the traditional and breathtaking pole climb. I held my breath until the youthful climber was safely perched at the top, arms spread as if he were about to fly. Exhale with relief, the impossible had been accomplished. More shopping and back to Tony's house for more red chile stew. Knowing I was Jewish, he quietly warned me that there was pork in the stew. I smiled and told him that sacred food preempted kosher laws.

Before her death, his wife had made a request. "We've shown our two sons the Native American path. It's up to you to teach them about their Jewish roots."

Upon learning that my mother, who loves everything Jewish, was about to turn 100, Tony came over with precious recordings he'd been saving for decades.

"I played these tapes when I was studying to become a cantor. I hope she enjoys them." My mother, now 107 loves to crank up the volume, close her eyes, and relax with the deep crystalline voices of these

long deceased cantors.

But Tony's Jewish roots were not about food or music. They were about social justice, the heart and soul of Judaism, something he took very seriously. We'd met at a rally in the Round House in support of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). The original U.S. Constitution only guaranteed rights to propertied white males. Approval required three-fourths of the states. Ratified by New Mexico in 1973, the ERA was still waiting to become a law that guaranteed equal justice regardless of gender. After that heady event, we occasionally met for breakfast in the Taos Diner to discuss world events, politics and life.

We both advocated for Palestinian human rights, a position we believed was not anti-Israel or anti-Semitic. He always wanted to know the news from Palestine/Israel. Upon returning from a national conference in DC, I told him that the only congress person who welcomed Jewish Voice for Peace was Representative Rashida Tlaib, a Democrat from Michigan, and the only Palestinian-American in congress. I shared the video I'd made of the meeting. Rashida was warm, funny, serious, and accessible. The stories she told about her mother living in the West Bank reminded him of Taos Pueblo elders.

A soft rain fell during the traditional native ceremony. It was an overcast and cold day. The three holy men who drew a cross across his grave, might not have known that Tony was Jewish with an indigenous soul. Tony's Jewish roots were honored by an old friend who silently recited the Mourners Kaddish, the traditional Jewish prayer for the dead. The prayer never mentions death but instead proclaims the greatness of God. He was buried in Ohkay Owingeh (San Juan Pueblo) NM, on June 27, 2022 beside his beloved wife, Ida Luhan Isaacs. Even in death Tony Isaacs leaped across cultural, ethnic and religious divides.

Iris Keltz

Society for American Music:

<https://www.american-music.org/page/Isaacs>

<http://www.indianhouse.com/about-Indian-House>



Mishkan, by **Sam Goldstein**

Mishkan means “dwelling” and is the original word for a Tabernacle created by Moses in the desert. The Sukkah as an extension of desert-dwelling life.

The art is “done in a technique called *Nihonga*, which is water-based earth pigments and ink on paper made from mulberry leaves. I learned it at Seika University in Kyoto.”

RESCUED FROM THE ASHES

YIVO Library for Jewish Research, located at the Center for Jewish History, NYC, is dedicated to fostering knowledge of the history and culture of East European Jewry. Among its archives are more than 23 million documents, photographs, recordings, posters, and films, much of which are accessible online; digitizing historic documents is ongoing.

The illustrations shown here are from The Strashun Library of Vilna. Vilna was known as the Jerusalem of Lithuania. The Nazis demolished the Vilna library in 1944 and burned much of its collection, but particularly rare treasures were shipped to Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, to the Nazi “Institute for the Study of the Jewish Question.” Other books were hidden by Jews who were forced by the Nazis to sort and pack the books, along with other Jewish cultural treasures, in the YIVO building, which the Nazis turned into a looting depot. These same Jews, at the risk of their lives, hid some of the rarest books by smuggling them back into the ghetto or secreting them in other hiding places.

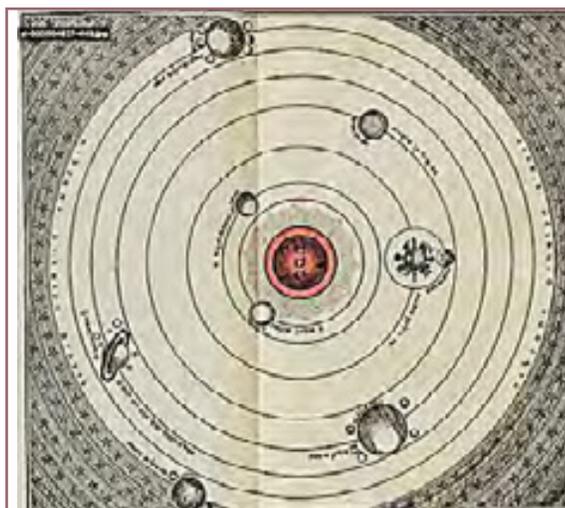


Engraving illustrating the 5th day of the Creation, by Abraham ben Shabbetai. Born in 1670 in Crete, when the island was ruled by Venice, he studied medicine at the University of Padua. As a Renaissance man, he was not only a physician, but also an artist, poet and philosopher. From *Kebunat Abraham (Abraham's Priesthood)*, Venice, 1719.



Jewish calendars show how our minority culture both embraced and distanced itself from the majority culture. The graphics represent the duality of life in time, with rows of Hebrew months and Jewish holidays alongside Christian or Muslim, depicting a double consciousness that has symbolized Jewish life for much of its history.

From *Itim le-vinah* by Joseph ben Moses Aaron Ginzberg, Warsaw, 1886. Itim are appointed times (seasons, months, times of the day); vinah or binah means wisdom. The genre, *sefer evronot*, uses rabbinic chronology to determine calculations of the Jewish calendar and times for prayer, including astronomical data and perpetual calendars.



SUKKOT AND REFUGEES



< Sukkah,
Engraving,
1662.
Israel
National Library.
v Sukkah,
Marc Chagall,
1912, Watercolor
and gouache.



Sefer ta'ame sukah (Foundations of the Sukah) was written by Natan Note Hannover and printed in Amsterdam in 1652. He was an itinerant preacher best known for chronicling the Khmel'nyts'kyi uprising (*gzeyres takh vetat*)*, a peasant revolt in Ukraine in 1648-1649. The uprising was a catastrophe for Jews: thousands killed, Jewish communities were destroyed, inhabitants fleeing Ukraine as refugees.

Hannover fled and eventually settled in Italy, where, in 1660, he published *Safah berurah*, a Hebrew, German, Latin and Italian phrasebook, believed to have been intended for use by refugees.

Given his biography, it is fitting that Hannover's first book was about Sukkot, a holiday dedicated to the Jewish collective memory of displacement from Egypt and search for refuge.

Abridged from *Of Sukkahs and Refugees*, by Roberta Newman, YIVO Director of Digital Initiatives.

*For a deeper dive into the uprising, see https://yivoencyclopedia.org/article.aspx/Gzeyres_Takh_Vetat.

The concept of Ushpizin, ancient guests, is first mentioned in the Zohar, the primary text of Jewish mysticism. But the custom of actually welcoming them into the sukkah seems to have emerged later under the leadership of Rabbi Isaac Luria in the 16th century.

In the kabbalistic rendering, each of the seven Ushpizin correspond to one of the seven lower sefirot, the divine emanations or attributes.

For Abraham, this quality is chesed, or lovingkindness. For Isaac, gevurah (strength); Jacob, tiferet (beauty), Moses, netzach (eternity); Aaron, hod (majesty), Joseph, yesod (foundation); and David, malchut (kingship). Egalitarian versions of the Ushpizin ritual commonly pair a female figure with each of these sefirot as well.

For a more pointed approach to bringing a feminist perspective to Ushpizin, check out

<https://jewcy.com/religion-and-beliefs/jewish-women-comedians-ushpizin-sukkot-decorations>



RITUAL OF RELEASE, HEALING AND TRANSFORMATION

Performed on 9/3/2022, in anticipation of Mercury retrograde and the Jewish month of Elul, in the forest adjoining my horse Mellie's pasture.

In preparation, I bring with me a list of the names of the people I am releasing into the Universe and into God's Hands. I also am releasing my sense of obligation, decades of energy to try and create meaningful connection with them, and the frustration that I have experienced over many decades in my best efforts to create meaningful, reciprocal and loving relationships with these people. I bring a beautiful twig that represents each person/relationship.

I, Harriet Entin, claim this forest space for my own healing and ask that the ritual I am here to perform will be for the highest good of everyone involved.

I release and redirect the effort and time I have used to pursue the following people in hopes of creating helpful, loving and mutual relationships/friendships:

(List of names of each person)

I bring these twigs that represent each of these people I am releasing, and I say for each person:

"With this twig, I honor all you have taught me and all the ways I have grown because of you."

"I have exhausted all I know to do to create a healthy, kind and loving relationship with you."

"As I break and disperse to the winds each stick for each person, I release myself from any and all obligations to each of these people and allow myself to cease any further emotional investment in them."

"I wish each of these people well"

"I am now free for new, healthy, reciprocal relationships at this time in my life and at the approach of the Jewish High Holy Days and a New Year."

"I ask for ongoing Guidance and Wisdom, Healing, Love, and Transformation as I release these hurts, burdens and frustrations. May I be granted time and space for new relationships that bring ease of connection, mutuality, fun, love, kindness and understanding."

AMEN.

Harriet Entin
September 3, 2022



PASTELS BY CINDY GROSSMAN



Pot Creek, Autumn 2021



Taos High Rise

Cindy Grossman is a member of the Taos Pastel Group. Their exhibit at the Blumenschein Home and Museum, 222 Ledoux St. Taos, is on display until October first.



PAINTINGS BY KATHERINE SOSKIN

(clockwise)

Women's Spirit at the Wall.

Even at Sea

(there's someone to watch over me)

Sunset at the Gorge

Palo Verde, CA



MALIBU TAOS WOMEN'S SHABBAT GATHERING, JUNE 10, 2022



Photos by **Lucy Melamed**



INSIDE SARAH'S TENT

A tribute to Rabbi Judith HaLevy On Her Eightieth Birthday Celebration

On this day of wonder and awe,
 A whispering, still inspiration was heard,
 A Bat Kol, a daughter of voice swept across
 The land as they gathered outside the tent
 At Sarah's place where they always met.
 The aroma of fresh challah infused the air.
 Shabbat candles danced inside, it was always
 A Sabbath within, the lights never dimmed.

One by one they took off their shoes
 And left them at the door.
 Sandals from the souk in Cannan,
 Black leather laced boots from
 Bazaar in Anatevka,
 Brooks running shoes from REI
 In Santa Monica
 And a few pair of strapless heels
 From Prada on Rodeo Drive.

"It's always about the shoes," she said
 As she opened the flap of the tent.

They filed through all of them,
 Sarah led the line of female prophets.
 Miriam singing with her tambourine
 Deborah chanting songs of praise,
 Queen Esther in resplendent beauty
 Along with Huldah intoning divine inspiration,
 Hannah and Abigail trading wifely secrets,
 The seven wise women led the way
 Worldly and profound, grounded and strong
 They started the circle.

Sarah cracked jokes and hugged Haggar
 "I didn't actually laugh at Him you know,
 But really, what would you have done?"
 Come in, come in, the Rabbi laughed

As she welcomed more and more souls
As was her custom.

Next came Rebecca and Leah
And Rachel and Ruth, and the Rabbi said,
“Yes all of you all of you enter, please enter.”
Barbara came in singing
Avinu Malkaknu, she kissed the Rabbi’s
Cheek and smiled that irrepressible smile.
“Don’t worry darling, no one will make a fuss.”
The Rabbi laughed.
Golde from Anatevke came next.
“Tevye wouldn’t let me come alone,
He’s outside guarding the shoes and complaining
About the weather. He’ll be fine.”

Anne Frank, strode in, a little shy, her dark
Piercing eyes scanning the edges of tent
Holding her diary tight.
“Here you are safe, my sweet, always safe,
Have no fear.” Still, the Rabbi knew that
Fear lived within us all. How could it not?

More came from all the places where
Jews had scattered, they filled the little
Mishkan. Now she led them and they led
Her because what happened was circular.
What happened was infused and shared.
They prayed, they sat silent, they sang,
They laughed and they cried. Mostly,
They remembered, they remembered
Because she shared the Torah. She opened

Their hearts and their hearts opened her heart.
Each told their truth, their struggle, their joy,
Round and round it went in a scared fashion
Like a human mandala each part touching
The other, each soul bearing its divinity.
They danced at the Red Sea inside themselves,
They danced on the stones in Jerusalem,
They danced at the foot of Mount Sinai.
They danced for the memory of those
Who perished in the Holocaust.
They danced for themselves and for their children
And their husbands and partners and parents.
They danced until even their shoes outside the tent
Danced with them.
They danced for the righteousness of life.
They danced for Emet and Emanuah.
They danced for Shalom and Rahum
They danced for Chesed and Kavananah

And finally they danced eighty circles of love
Eighty beats around the earth
Eighty blasts of the loud Shofar
Eighty blessings and eighty heaps of praise
For the Rabbi
For our Judith.

Bruce Grossman

September 10, 2022
14 Elul 5782
Shabbat Ki Teze
A Full Moon



CNN NEWS

A female CNN journalist heard about a very old Jewish man who had been going to the Western Wall to pray, twice a day, every day, for a long, long time. So she went to check it out. She went to the Western Wall and there he was, walking slowly up to the holy site. She watched him pray and after about 45 minutes, when he turned to leave, using a cane and moving very slowly, she approached him for an interview.

Pardon me, sir, I'm Rebecca Smith from CNN. What's your name?

"Morris Feinberg," he replied.

"Sir, how long have you been coming to the Western Wall and praying?"

"For about 60 years."

"60 years! That's amazing! What do you pray for?"

"I pray for peace between the Christians, Jews and the Muslims."

"I pray for all the wars and all the hatred to stop."

"I pray for all our children to grow up safely as responsible adults and to love their fellow man."

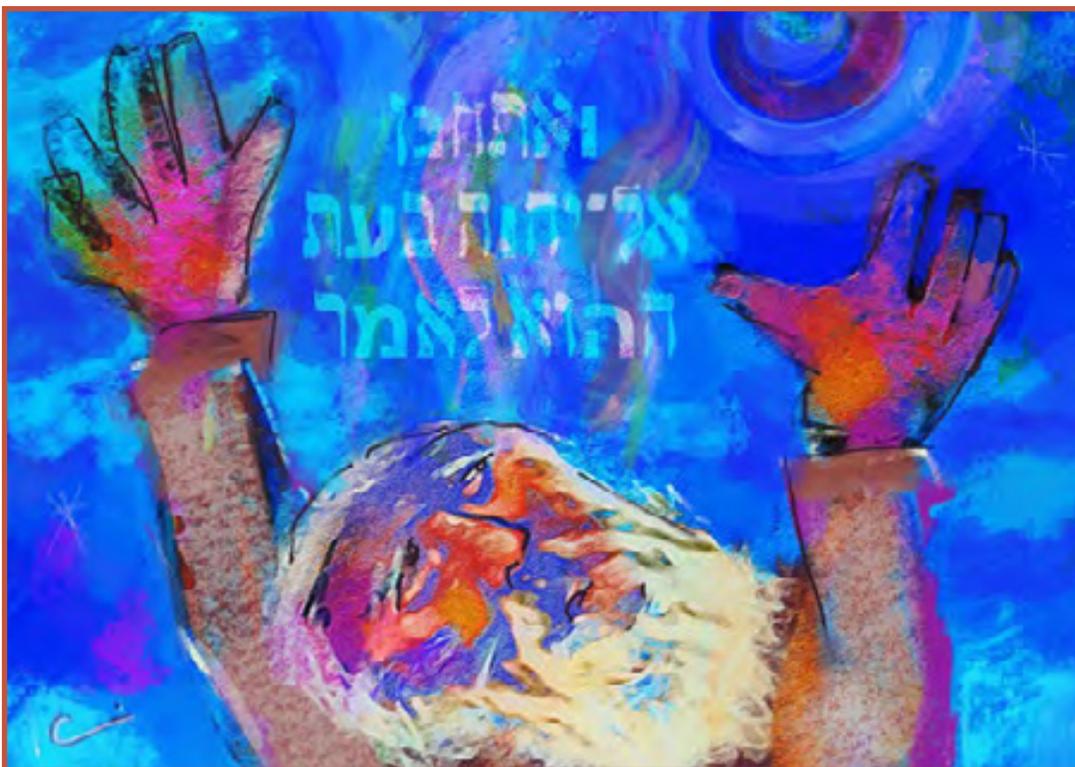
"I pray that politicians tell us the truth and put the interests of the people ahead of their own interests."

"How do you feel after doing this for 60 years?" she asked.

"Like I'm talking to a wall."

It came to me from my friends Chris and Ann Wyndham in Australia (they used to live here and he sang with us in the Community Chorus and the St James Choir). He got it from someone with the initials or nickname Af in Taos.

Bette Myerson



Carmi Plaut

THE NEW YEAR --ROSH-HASHANAH, 5643

Not while the snow-shroud round dead earth is rolled,
And naked branches point to frozen skies.—
When orchards burn their lamps of fiery gold,
The grape glows like a jewel, and the corn
A sea of beauty and abundance lies,
Then the new year is born.

Look where the mother of the months uplifts
In the green clearness of the unsunned West,
Her ivory horn of plenty, dropping gifts,
Cool, harvest-feeding dews, fine-winnowed light;
Tired labor with fruition, joy and rest
Profusely to requite.

Blow, Israel, the sacred cornet! Call
Back to thy courts whatever faint heart throb
With thine ancestral blood, thy need craves all.
The red, dark year is dead, the year just born
Leads on from anguish wrought by priest and mob,
To what undreamed-of morn?

For never yet, since on the holy height,
The Temple's marble walls of white and green
Carved like the sea-waves, fell, and the world's light
Went out in darkness,—never was the year
Greater with portent and with promise seen,
Than this eve now and here.

Even as the Prophet promised, so your tent
Hath been enlarged unto earth's farthest rim.

ARTIST'S PRAYER

Artist's Prayer, 2021, Graphite on Paper, applies to our world now. Paintings, drawings are our prayers as artists. And this drawing was created with the intention of prayer.

Elisabeth Karpov

To snow-capped Sierras from vast steppes ye went,
Through fire and blood and tempest-tossing wave,
For freedom to proclaim and worship Him,
Mighty to slay and save.

High above flood and fire ye held the scroll,
Out of the depths ye published still the Word.
No bodily pang had power to swerve your soul:
Ye, in a cynic age of crumbling faiths,
Lived to bear witness to the living Lord,
Or died a thousand deaths.

In two divided streams the exiles part,
One rolling homeward to its ancient source,
One rushing sunward with fresh will, new heart.
By each the truth is spread, the law unfurled,
Each separate soul contains the nation's force,
And both embrace the world.

Kindle the silver candle's seven rays,
Offer the first fruits of the clustered bowers,
The garnered spoil of bees. With prayer and praise
Rejoice that once more tried, once more we prove
How strength of supreme suffering still is ours
For Truth and Law and Love.

Emma Lazarus

Source: Poetry Foundation

Emma Lazarus: Selected Poems and Other Writings
(2002)



THREE TAKES ON BAR MITZVAHS

BEST BARMITZVAH BOY

Based on a Gilbert and Sullivan tune,
The Law is the true embodiment, released
November 25, 1882, from the album *Iolanthe*.

[KK-Best Barmitsvah Boy final.mp3](#)

<https://goo.gl/photos/BA2A89o7zv55YjCM9>

Kerry Kruskal



Bark Mitzvah,
by *Carmi Plaut*

LIVING THE LEOPOLDS' MI CASITA ECOLOGY

Annette and I have a new book in print with Nighthawk Press that describes and illustrates the relationship of humans to the land west of us across the Gorge. We guide an ecological awareness “blue highway” tour from home to Tres Piedras, explore ancient geology, recognize nomad archaeology, and remember diverse culture settlers. The Leopolds lived there only briefly. When appointed supervisor of the Carson National Forest, Aldo married Maria Alvira Estella Bergere, the daughter of a founding New Mexico family, and built a Craftsman style bungalow home in 1912. They named it Mia Casita in her formal Spanish, but it is since known as Mi Casita in Norteño vernacular. We tell the stories of constructive people and Forest Service challenges leading to recent historic registration and restoration of the house. Then we recognize current devotion to literary initiatives and conservation scholarship as Leopold inspired. Here is an excerpt from the chapter “Land Preservation, Restoration, and Regeneration” of Jewish relevance.

Richard Rubin



Human Sources of Environmental Destruction

Leading Leopold Scholar, J. Baird Callicott, poignantly summarized *A Sand County Almanac* in “The worldview concept and Aldo Leopold’s project of worldview remediation” in the *Journal for the Study of Religion, Nature, and Culture*, 5:513-532:

From the first page to the last, Leopold aims at worldview remediation. He essays to supplant a toxic mix of biblical human exceptionalism and consumerism with an evolutionary-ecological way of conceiving and experiencing ourselves in relation to the world we share with “our fellow voyagers...in the odyssey of evolution” (Leopold 1949, p109).

I discussed similar thoughts in our 2021 *Homescape Rewilding* book as an essay “Wrestling with Abraham” that parses the biblical source of human “dominion over the earth” (Genesis 1:26). Leopold’s statement in the Foreword to *A Sand County Almanac* has become an environmental activist mantra:

We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as

a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect (p xviii).

Inspiring, but the immediately prior sentence is rarely quoted:

Conservation is getting nowhere because it is incompatible with our Abrahamic concept of land. (p xviii).

Essentially, as interpreted by Leopold, the Prophet of three major world religions- Judaism, Christianity, and Islam- has enabled environmental exploitation and destruction. My study of this view, from Leopold’s biography to various modern interpretations and responses, concludes it is a sociologic observation.

Religious leaders seeking environmental repair and change in human conduct often cite other biblical passages that promote caretaking and moderation. Leopold himself quoted Ezekiel and Isaiah. I have learned from modern Rabbinic scholars wrestling with the dominion controversy that the Genesis Hebrew word can be translated as immersion. This brings us closer to Leopold’s concept of community. I share more thoughts on applying an immersion consciousness in the next chapter.

For the diverse Taos Jewish Community, we share the book’s Epilogue:

If Ecology is a complex field of biological and environmental relationships, what 3 AM influence inspired me to write this Epilogue? It came after the first working session with our conscientious book design editor Anne. Was a piece of the book missing? Our recently departed friend, Phyllis Hotch, published a small book of poems called 3 AM, to “celebrate the sacredness of being alive, of reflecting about solitude and beauty, landscape and

renewal.” Even with my neuropsychiatric past expertise, I cannot explain this inspirational brain phenomenon. I sometimes have valuable reminders and new ideas come to me then.

One purpose of an Epilogue is insight about the book’s title. Last week a friend wondered how I might be observing World Environment Day. I realized then that my interest was not Environmentalism, because an “ism” implies a belief system, dualistic views of right and wrong, us and them. Annette and I see ourselves living in many relationships: human, biological, terrestrial, evolutionary, and spiritual. A contemplative environmental retreat leader once perceived me as a mystic, to my surprise. Therefore, we identify as Ecologists in expressions such as this book and the associated life experiences.

As I told a friend who noted my prompt response when I wrote a piece she requested for her organization’s newsletter, “when I get a word worm in my ear, I have to write it out.” This Epilogue started on one of those frequent nocturnal events senior men have when Nature calls.

Usually I stumble back into bed, but this time, some dis-ease combination of sensing a piece missing from this book and knowing a new wildfire had erupted 30 miles west of our home drew my attention outdoors. We have been living for the past month in sight of the Hermit’s Peak/Calf Canyon fire smoke plumes, the largest in New Mexico history, 35 miles to the southeast. A new fire has been named Midnight and burns in Ranger Angie Krall’s El Rito District of the Carson National Forest, 15 miles south of Mi Casita.

The smoke at home was pungent the evening before. Intuitive Troi, my senior canine companion, chose to sleep on the guest room bed next to Annette’s puppy Kaylee’s crate, unusual for her. She knew the smells were not a typical olfactory poem left by

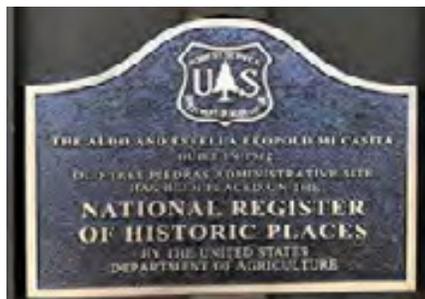
some night creature.

So when up, I went out of our bedroom at 3 AM to see how the dogs were doing. And I opened the back door shade to look west, fearing I might see the glow of fire. Instead, through the smoke, I saw a very large red-orange moon setting rapidly in parallax mode. While I understand the physics of bending light rays, this symbolism in our time of ecological threat was powerful. Yes, red moons happen, such as last month’s lunar eclipse. Yet this one was intensified through the fire.

Our Leopold Foundation Phenology calendar calls it the “Strawberry Moon,” not because of the color, but several Native American tribes find the wild fruit ripening now. A song played on KTAOS radio yesterday came to mind, Jimmy Hendrix singing “Voodoo Child”: “On the night I was born, the moon turned a fiery red.” Look up the long version lyrics. Mystical ecology in a way.

We cannot avoid or trivialize our ecological relationships. I shall go out to Mi Casita for this week’s monitoring rounds with a heightened arousal and hope for the best.

The Friends of Mi Casita volunteer group just completed sponsorship of repairing the old, cracked chimney with a new metal liner. Warped porch floors have been replaced. We have a roofing company studying replacement of the cedar shake shingles with fire-retardant protection. Today at home we exercised ecological hopefulness by planting corn in our Victory Garden, as I did with my father. Learning each year how to best augment the soil health, nurture the beneficial small creatures, and manage scarce water resources, we chose a 62-day maturing variety. Our hope is feasting on the harvest when our grandsons visit soon. Hopefully it is good for us, good for our garden earth, and good for their future ecological consciousness.



***Zei Gezunt,
Richard Rubin***

Photos of Mi Casita, its root cellar and historical registry-
by Karen Kerschen

INTERESTING ARTICLES AND LINKS

The Curious History of Rosh Hashanah Cards in Yiddish

<https://forward.com/forverts-in-english/382948/the-curious-history-of-rosh-hashanah-cards-in-yiddish/>

Sholem Asch's The Dead Man, Translated by Caraid O'Brien,

A Radio Play Presented by the Yiddish Book Center

<https://www.yiddishbookcenter.org/search/collection/Yiddish%20Book%20Center%20Recorded%20Programs>

David Brooks, on How to Find Out Who You Are

<https://www.nytimes.com/2022/07/28/opinion/find-who-you-are.html?referringSource=articleShare>

The Hangman and his Wife (book review)

https://www.nytimes.com/2022/07/29/books/review/hangman-his-wife-reinhard-heydrich-nancy-dougherty.html?action=click&algo=bandit-all-surfaces-variants-shadow-lda-unique-time-cutoff-30-alpha-0.03&alpha=0.03&block=editors_picks_recirc&fallback=false&imp_id=842741944&impression_id=9e19f060-10f7-11ed-965b-9105c5f3c23e&index=0&pgtype=Article&pool=pool%2Fe76d7165-92f7-4bd2-bc6e-298322d3680a®ion=footer&req_id=624460442&shadow_vec_sim=-0.03876734139413965&surface=eos-home-featured&variant=0_bandit-eng30s-shadow-lda-unique-alpha-0.03

Two Tough Women will Determine the fate of the Israeli Left

https://www.haaretz.com/israel-news/podcasts/2022-07-21/ty-article-podcast/two-tough-women-will-determine-the-fate-of-the-israeli-left/00000182-20dd-d9df-adfe-3bdfbbd20000?utm_source=mailchimp&utm_medium=Content&utm_campaign=daily-brief&utm_content=https://www.haaretz.com/israel-news/podcasts/2022-07-21/ty-article-podcast/two-tough-women-will-determine-the-fate-of-the-israeli-left/00000182-20dd-d9df-adfe-3bdfbbd20000

Digital Yiddish Theatre Project

<https://web.uwm.edu/yiddish-stage/>

Who Wrote the Torah?

<https://www.ias.edu/ideas/2018/schmid-torah>

Breads of Torah....Mana, Matzah and Challah.
“A human being does not live on bread...”

Graphic by ***Carmi Plaut***



Revolutionary Jews from Spinoza to Marx: The Fight for a Secular World of Universal and Equal Rights

<https://www.ias.edu/ideas/revolutionary-jews-spinoza-marx>

Three Strikes — Ayman Al-Zawahiri Assassination

https://www.sarahchayes.org/post/three-strikes?postId=b3a81da0-69ad-4184-a35f-76348438f4ef&utm_campaign=03f06b7c-1dba-403f-9a5e-58644de-3baa6&utm_source=so&utm_medium=mail&utm_content=c44b6f0.

Selichot: Prayers of Repentance (before Rosh Hashanah)

<https://www.myjewishlearning.com/article/selichot-prayers-of-repentance/>

Why is Israel Digging up the Graves of Mizrahi Children?

<https://www.972mag.com/mizrahi-graves-yemenite-israel/>

Mark Twain and the Jews

<https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/mark-twain-and-the-jews>

The Netherlands (Holland) Virtual Jewish History Tour

<https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/the-netherlands-virtual-jewish-history-tour>



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Tzdek, tzdek.... justice, justice thou shall pursue.

< Eating Abomination.... Kashrut, being kosher

Graphics by **Carmi Plaut**





**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
KAREN KERSCHEN**



Northern NM has had a splendid late summer, with a profusion of sunflowers and coreopsis. The swallow feeds her young at Valle Caldera.





Both (as well as the photo on p.22) were taken at the Rio Grande Gorge National Monument, during a recent TJC Kabbalat Shabbat.