

HaKol

The Voice of
Congregation Kol Emeth
5130 W. Touhy Avenue
Skokie, Illinois 60077
847-673-3370
www.KolEmethSkokie.org



July/August 2020
Tamuz/Av/Elul 5780



Message From The Rabbi



In the midst of these difficult times, when we are worried and desperately praying for good health, and justice, and peace in our country, I stumbled upon a cassette tape I haven't seen for years, and it was just what the doctor ordered for these times.

Shortly after I came to the United States from England long, long ago, my family recorded messages to me from my father, mother, sister, brother-in-law, aunt, and nephews, one of whom was two years old and already making interesting sounds. That was this little tape. Also, on the tape were several conversations between my parents and aunt when they had no idea they were being recorded. So, listening to this little treasure transported me back many decades, listening to the voices of family, many of whom are no longer with us.

When we are growing up, we assume that all families are like us. It's only when we go out into the world that we realize how wrong we are about this. It seemed natural to me, growing up, that conversations would take place in three languages: English, German and Yiddish. Only later did I realize that trilingualism in conversation was not universal, that it didn't take place in every family. I was reminded of this when I heard, on the tape, my mother and aunt singing together in Yiddish, then speaking to each other in German and switching back to English and then back again to German, and then my father talking to them in Yiddish.

Now what were my mother and aunt singing? (By the way, they had lovely voices.) You may find this difficult to believe. It was a Yiddish song in praise of liquor! Listen to the refrain: "Because of liquor I came into the world." The first verse talks of the shadchan (marriage broker) coming to the grandfather's house to arrange the match. They talk and talk, and get nowhere—until the liquor gets involved, and then, it's all arranged. If not for the booze, he would never have been born. The

subsequent verses continue in similar vein. And my mother and aunt are laughing themselves silly over this song.

Many of you have told me of your experiences with Yiddish. When you were growing up, your parents or grandparents would switch from English to Yiddish to keep secrets from you. For some this meant that Yiddish was a closed book, apart from the odd word you learned here and there. For others, you were so curious to know what they were saying (maybe it was about you!) that you managed to penetrate the secret language and learn Yiddish. Your parents had inadvertently taught you the language! That was the experience of my sister and myself for Yiddish *and* German. At first, we couldn't understand what they were saying, but gradually we learned, and if they wanted to keep secrets, they would have to find another way. I'm sure they did.

Some parents have the luxury of yet another language for secrets, so they do not have to leave the room in order to communicate something that the children must not be allowed to hear. My cousin's parents spoke to each other in German in Vienna. After they came to England, they spoke Yiddish to each other and English to my cousin, their daughter. She knew German of course, Yiddish she soon learned, and English she certainly knew. But they had another card up their sleeve. They spoke Polish! She knew nothing of that language, so her parents could chat away, knowing their secrets would be safe.

As I say, all these thoughts and memories came to me, listening to that tape from years back. I relived some of my childhood and enjoyed a welcome escape from the travails of the present.

Rabbi Barry Schechter

Message From Kol Emeth's President



We all realize in a variety of ways how our traditions interact with our fellow citizens in this great land of ours. I wanted to share one such recollection and it will, I am sure, delight you as it did me.

Shabbas Goy in Brooklyn (Beautiful!) I was the Shabbas Goy of Sterling Place and Utica Ave. By Joe Velarde

(Joe Velarde became the fencing coach of Columbia University in the 1940's—50's and was an early advocate of civil rights in sports, eventually retiring to California.)

Snow came early in the winter of 1933 when our extended Cuban family moved into the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. I was ten years old. We were the first Spanish speakers to arrive, yet we fit more or less easily into that crowded, multicultural neighborhood. Soon we began learning a little Italian, a few Green and Polish words, lots of Yiddish and some heavily accented English.

I first heard the expression "Shabbas is falling" when Mr. Rosenthal refused to open the door of his dry goods store on Bedford Avenue. My mother had sent me with a dime to buy a pair of black socks for my father. In those days, men wore mostly black and navy blue. Brown and gray were somehow special and cost more. Mr. Rosenthal stood inside the locked door, arms folded, glaring at me through the thick glass while a heavy snow and darkness began to fall on a Friday evening. "We're closed already," Mr. Rosenthal had said, shaking his head, "can't you see that Shabbas is falling? Don't be a nudnik! Go home." I could feel the cold wetness covering my head and thought that Shabbas was the Jewish word for snow.

My misperception of Shabbas didn't last long, however, as the area's dominant culture soon became apparent; Gentiles were the minority. From then on, as Shabbas fell with its immutable regularity and Jewish lore took over the life of the neighborhood, I came to realize that so many human activities, ordinarily mundane at any other time, ceased, and a palpable silence, a pleasant Tranquility, fell over all of us. It was then that a family with an urgent need would dispatch a youngster to "get the Spanish boy, and hurry."

That was me. In time I stopped being nameless and became Yussel, sometimes Yuss or Yusseleh. And so began my life as a Shabbas Goy, voluntarily doing chores for my neighbors on Friday nights and Saturdays: lighting stoves, running errands, getting a prescription for an old tante, stoking coal furnaces, putting lights on or out, clearing snow and ice from slippery sidewalks and stoops. Doing just about anything that was forbidden to the devout by their religious code.

Friday afternoons were special. I'd walk home from school assailed by the rich aroma emanating from Jewish kitchens preparing that evening's special menu. By now, I had developed a list of steady "clients," Jewish families who depended on me. Furnaces, in particular, demanded frequent tending during Brooklyn's many freezing winters. I shudder remembering brutally cold winds blowing off the East River. Anticipation ran high as I thought of the warm home-baked treats I'd bring home that night after my Shabbas rounds were over. Thanks to me, my entire family had become Jewish pastry junkies. Moi? I'm still addicted to checkerboard cake, halvah and Egg Creams (made only with Fox's U-bet chocolate syrup.)

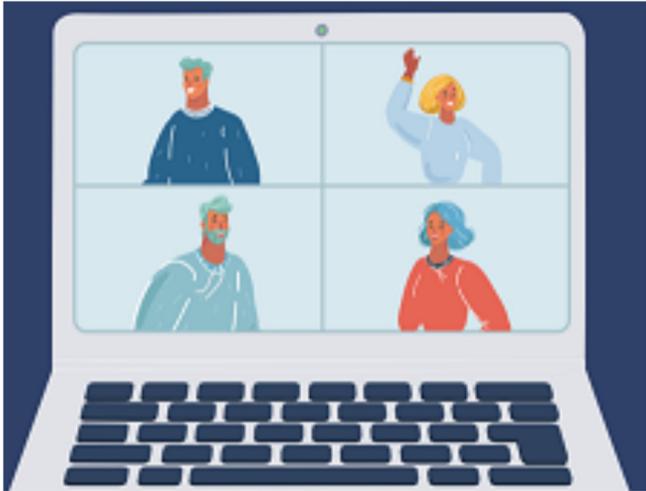


I remember as if it were yesterday how I discovered that Jews were the smartest people in the world. You see, in our Cuban household we all loved the ends of bread loaves and, to keep peace, my father always decided who would get them. One harsh winter night I was rewarded for my Shabbas ministrations with a loaf of warm challah (we pronounced it "holly") and I knew I was witnessing genius! Who else could have invented a bread that had wonderfully crusted ends all over it — enough for everyone in a large family?

There was an "International" aspect to my teen years in Williamsburg. The Sternberg family had two sons who had fought with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in Spain. Whenever we kids could get their attention, they'd spellbind us with tales also introduced us to a novel way of thinking, one that embraced such humane ideas as 'From each according to his means and to each according to his needs'. In retrospect, this innocent exposure to a different philosophy was the starting point of a journey that would also incorporate the concept of Tzedakah in my personal guide to the world.

In what historians would later call The Great Depression, a nickel was a lot of mazuma and its economic power could buy a brand new Spaldeen, our local name for the pink-colored rubber ball then produced by the Spalding Company. The famous Spaldeen was central to our endless street games: stickball and punch ball or the simpler stoop ball.

On balmy summer evenings our youthful fantasies converted to South Tenth Street into Ebbets Field with the Dodgers' Dolph Camilli swinging a broom handle at a viciously curving Spaldeen thrown by the Giants' great lefty, Carl Hubbell. We really thought it curved, I swear. Our neighbors, magically transformed into spectators kibitzing from their brownstone stoops and windows, were treated to a unique version of major league baseball. My tenure as the resident
(Continued Page 7)



Kibbitz with the Rabbi
Join Rabbi Barry Schechter
For an Evening of
Conversation, Music, Humor,
Study, or Whatever Comes Up

Tuesday Evenings at 7:00 pm.

Thursday times vary.

Watch for the links in the Tuesday Kibbitz email and the
Wednesday Weekly email.

Men's Club Presents

Larry Rabyne

speaking on

A Trip to the Galapagos

Sunday, July 19, 2020

11:00 am On Zoom



Zoom Meeting Number:

Meeting ID: 863 3387 0772 Password: 393855

Phone Only (Audio Only)

312-626-6799 Meeting ID: 863 3387 0772

Password: 393855



Congregation Kol Emeth Parking Lot Maintenance Schedule for July 19 & 20, 2020



Weather permitting the Kol Emeth parking lot and fire lanes on both the east and north sides of the building will be closed Sunday and Monday, July 19th and 20th for seal coating and restriping and will reopen on Tuesday, July 21st at 9:00 am.

All parking lot entrances and exits will be barricaded so please be sure to avoid the parking lot on those days. The CKE office will be open during the day while this is taking place.

Call Judy in the office at 847-673-3370 if you need more information.



Mail In Ballot Information

Any registered suburban Cook County voter may request a mail ballot using this online application. Once we verify your application, we will send a paper ballot to the mailing address you give. The deadline to apply is five days before an election. The application and this information is found at mailvoting.cookcountyclerk.il.gov.

To complete this application, you will need:

- your driver's license or state identification number or the last four digits of your Social Security Number;
- the address where you would like your ballot mailed; and
- an email address.

If you do not have one of these items, you may download, print and sign a mail ballot application and send it to the Cook County Clerk's office.

Please note: Making a false statement to obtain a mail ballot or soliciting someone to do so is considered vote fraud, a criminal offense punishable by up to five years in prison. To report vote fraud, call 312.603.0942.

Notice to Voters:

Due to COVID 19, all 2020 General Election voters are encouraged to cast a ballot prior to Election Day on November 3, either by mail or during early voting. Voting by mail is an easy option for voters, and you can request a vote by mail ballot through email, mail, online or in person.

Upon completion of the vote by mail application, voters will receive an official ballot no more than 40 days and no less than 30 days before the Election.

After submitting the application, a voter will receive a ballot at his or her registered address, or the mailing address requested by the voter, and such ballot must be completed and returned no later than Election Day.

A voter may email the Cook County Clerk at mail.voting@cookcountyil.gov or call 312.603.0946 if the voter does not receive an official ballot, or if the voter has questions.

A voter may confirm receipt of their official ballot by the Cook County Clerk by using the "What Is My Mail Ballot Status" option of the Voter Information Tool or call 312.603.0946.



The CKE Annual Culminating Event
Coming to a computer or smart
phone near you via Zoom!

Join us on Sunday, August 9, 2020

At 3:00 pm as

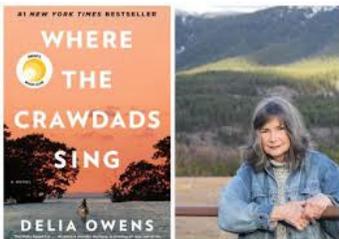
Becky Menzie

Treats CKE Members and Friends to an afternoon of music and fun.

Watch the weekly email for more information.

Members—watch for your copy of the annual ad book in your mailbox.

Sisterhood



Book Review

August 25, 2020

1:30 pm

On Zoom

Join us for our first ever Zoom book review. Watch the weekly email for Zoom information. This event has been sponsored and is free to the public.



**THANK YOU THANK YOU
THANK YOU**

Thank you to everyone who sent Leagrams, made phone calls, and sent texts and emails for our anniversary. Your caring made it all the more special. - Bob and Sarine Rohde

**BIRTHDAY and ANNIVERSARY
SHABBAT**

If you have a birthday or anniversary in August attend our special shabbat service as part of the regular service on August 14 and 15. All celebrants will be called to the bima, virtually until we can return to the building, for a special blessing.



**JULY
ANNIVERSARIES**

- Matt Savage and Megan Goldish
- Rich and Jo Greenblatt
- Bob and Sarine Rohde

AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES

- John and Sandy Cochrane
- George and Judy Blinick
- Brian Weiner and Rivka Coren-Weiner

**JULY
BIRTHDAYS**

- Sharon Curtis
- Rita Federman
- Esther Jacobs
- Bernard Katz
- Fern Katz
- Mel Kimmel
- Sandra Mandell
- Gary Mazor
- Dawn Rosen



**AUGUST
BIRTHDAYS**

- Megan Goldish
- Simon Morris Goodman
- Linda Green
- Stephen Jaffe
- Nathan Kagan
- Eileen Keller
- Joyce Leeds
- Herman Nussbaum



**GENERAL DONATIONS
May 16—July 16, 2020**

- Eunice Bloomenkranz
- John and Sandy Cochrane
- Len Colen
- Bill Dunn and Jennifer Blitz
- Elissa Feldman-Curth
- Max Firestein and Orli Ginsburg
- David Goldberg
- Stephen Jaffe and Gail Myers Jaffe
- Jeffry and Ann Mallow
- Michael and Iris Okmin
- Larry and Vicki Rabyne
- Bob and Sarine Rohde
- Bob and Dawn Rosen
- Lorraine Trachtenberg
- Arnie and Susie vander Nat
- Jerry Wadro and Bernie Perlstein



**YAHARZEIT DONATIONS
May 16—July 16, 2020**

- LOIS Altman
- Helen Applebaum
- Howard Aronson
- Susan Axelrod
- Howard and Beverlee Bernstein
- George and Judy Blinick
- Eunice Bloomenkranz
- Ronald and Barbara Borden
- Roberta Charous
- Sandy and John Cochrane
- Leonard Colen
- Sheldon Cooper
- Michael Criswell
- Barry and Sharon Curtis
- Christine Dentamaro
- Bill Dunn and Jennifer Blitz
- Norman and Betty Elkin
- Elizabeth Feldman-Curth
- Clara Foreman
- Howard and Bonny Gantz
- Elizabeth Feldman-Curth
- Clara Foreman
- Howard and Bonny Gantz
- Bonnie Gilman
- Jacqueline Gorner
- Lester and Ronna Jacobson
- Stephen Jaffe and Gail Myers Jaffe
- Kathleen Jensen
- Bernard and Fern Karz
- Bill and Betty Klein
- Marda LeBeau
- Jim and Sue Lerner
- Jay and Sue Mandell
- Martin and Ann Moltz
- Diane Mulkerin
- Tyra Notorangelo
- Herman Nussbaum
- Michael and Iris Okmin
- Phyllis Projansky
- Larry and Vicki Rabyne
- Jacob and Harriet Reifer
- Bob and Sarine Rohde
- Louis and Vivian Rosen
- Rickard and Denise Rosen
- Marcia Segel
- Richard and Ellen Shubart
- Neil and Debra Seigel
- Howard and Suzanne Smith
- Phyllis Victorson
- Brian Weiner and Rivka Coren-Weiner
- Harold and Janice Winer
- Linda Wolff
- Daniel and Eleanor Zeff

Support Us

Synagogue Wall Recognition

Memorial Plaque
Tree of Life—acorn, leaf, or rock

Books, Ads, and Listings

Shabbat and Festival Prayer Book
Etz Hayim Chumash
High Holiday Prayer Books
HaKol Thank You's
Ad Book

Book of Remembrance

Support fund raisers such as:

Year End Fundraiser
Annual Rummage Sale
Holiday Craft Fair

Membership Dues covers only about 1/3 of the cost of operating Congregation Kol Emeth. These are some of the ways that you can help to be sure that Congregation Kol Emeth can continue to meet the needs of our members and the community for years to come.

Letters and Remembrances*

Yahrzeit Donations
Donations upon the death of a friend or family member
Get well wishes
Mazel tov on a life cycle or special event

*Acknowledgement letters are sent to family, friends, business associates and fellow congregants when you make a donation in memory of a loved one, send get well wishes, or mark the occasion of a special time.

Sponsor a Kiddish or an Oneg Shabbat Call 847-673-3370 to make arrangements. 2 weeks notice is appreciated in order to give you the most choices possible.

General Donations

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Shabbas Goy came to an abrupt end after Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941. I withdrew from Brooklyn College the following day and joined the U.S. Army. In June of 1944, the Army Air Corps shipped me home after flying sixty combat missions over Italy and the Balkans I was overwhelmed to find that several of my Jewish friends and neighbors had set a place for me at their supper tables every Shabbas throughout my absence, including me in their prayers. What mitzvot! My homecoming was highlighted by wonderful invitations to dinner. Can you imagine the effect after twenty-two months of Army field rations?

As my post-World War II life developed, the nature of the association I'd had with Jewish families during my formative years became clearer. I had learned the meaning of friendship, of loyalty, and of honor and respect. I discovered obedience without subservience. And caring about all living things has become as natural as breathing. The worth of a strong work ethic and of purposeful dedication was manifest. Love of learning blossomed and I began to set higher standards for my developing skills, and loftier goals for future activities and dreams. Mind, none of this was the result of any sort of formal instruction; my yeshiva had been the neighborhood. I learned these things, absorbed them actually says it better, by association and role modeling, by pursuing curious inquiry, and by what educators called "incidental learning" in the crucible that was pre-World War II Williamsburg. It seems many of life's most elemental lessons are learned this way.

While my parents' Cuban home sheltered me with warm, intimate affection and provide for my well-being and self-esteem, the group of Jewish

families I came to know and help in the Williamsburg of the 1930s was a surrogate tribe that abetted my teenage rite of passage to adulthood. One might even say we had experienced a special kind of Bar Mitzvah. I couldn't explain then the concept of tikkun olam, but I realized as I matured how well I had been oriented by the Jewish experience to live it and to apply it. What a truly uplifting outlook on life it is to be genuinely motivated "to repair the world."

In these twilight years when my good wife is occasionally told, "Your husband is a funny man," I'm aware that my humor has its roots in the shticks of Second Avenue Yiddish Theater entertainers at Catskill summer resorts, and their many imitators. And, when I argue issues of human or civil rights and am cautioned about showing too much zeal, I recall how chutzpah first flourished in Williamsburg sidewalks, competing for filberts (hazelnuts) with tough kids wearing payess and yarmulkes. Along the way I played chess and one-wall handball, learned to fence, listened to Rimsky-Korsakov, ate roasted chestnuts, and read Maimonides.

I am ever grateful for having had the opportunity to be a Shabbas Goy.

Aleichem Sholom

Mario Cuomo, Colin Powell and Pete Hamill were also Shabbas goyim.



Joe Velarde

SHABBAT AND SHAVUOT SERVICE SCHEDULE

All services are on Zoom. Links are emailed on Fridays for each weekend. Stay and schmooze with your friends after the service. The Sunday morning minyan will resume when possible.

July 18 Service at 8:00 pm
Followed by an Oneg Shabbat on Zoom

July 19 Service at 10:00 am
Followed by a light kiddush on Zoom

July 24 Service at 8:00 pm
Followed by an Oneg Shabbat on Zoom

July 25 Service at 10:00 am
Followed by a light kiddush on Zoom

July 31 Service at 8:00 pm
Followed by an Oneg Shabbat on Zoom

August 1 Service at 10:00 am
Followed by a light kiddush on Zoom

August 7 Service at 8:00 pm
Followed by an Oneg Shabbat on Zoom

August 8 Service at 10:00 am
Followed by a light kiddush on Zoom

August 14 Service at 8:00 pm
Birthday and Anniversary Shabbat
Followed by an Oneg Shabbat on Zoom

August 15 Service at 10:00 am
Birthday and Anniversary Shabbat
Followed by a light kiddush on Zoom

August 21 Service at 8:00 pm
Followed by an Oneg Shabbat on Zoom

August 22 Service at 10:00 am
Followed by a light kiddush on Zoom

August 28 Service at 8:00 pm
Followed by an Oneg Shabbat on Zoom

August 29 Service at 10:00 am
Followed by a light kiddush on Zoom



If you are having problems getting on Zoom please contact Judy in the synagogue office and we'll get you up and running either with video or just by calling in on the phone. 847-673-3370.



CANDLE LIGHTING TIMES

Friday, July 17, 2020	8:04 p.m.
Friday, July 24, 2020	7:58 p.m.
Friday, July 31, 2020	7:51 p.m.
Friday, August 7, 2020	7:43 p.m.
Friday, August 14, 2020	7:33 p.m.
Friday, August 21, 2020	7:22 p.m.
Friday, August 28, 2020	7:11 p.m.

BRING PEACE TO YOUR HOUSE AND
TO ALL OF ISREAL



Congregation Kol Emeth is proud to be a member of the United Synagogue of Conservative Judaism.

The next issue of HaKol will be for (September/October). All contributing articles are welcome. Please hand in all articles by August 14, 2020 to office@kolemethskokie.org.

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TREASURER: Mike Okmin
SECRETARY: Ron Roth
OFFICE MANAGER: Judy Aronson
CUSTODIAN: Derrick Cork
HAKOL EDITOR: Judy Aronson