

Conservative Synagogue of Fifth
Avenue Annual Journal

honoring

INSPIRATIONS:
The People, Places, and Things
That Have Inspired Us As Jews

June 22, 2021





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June 22, 2021
12 Tammuz 5781

Dear Friends,

Warmest greetings on the occasion of the CSFA Community Gala!

The last year has not been easy. The whole world has been in a state of confusion and fear of the corona virus, but the great challenge was not only in dealing with the physical ramifications of the virus but rather the social disconnection it imposed on everyone.

It seems today, as things begin reopening, we can say that the world understands what we as community members may have always known all along - there is no replacement for the strength of friendship, for gathering with people, for supporting each other in moments of crisis, for partaking in the celebration of others, for learning and praying together.

There is a saying of the Baal Shem Tov that when a Jew shares his friend's pain and sighs about it, this sigh can bring down walls of iron, whereas when a Jew engages in his friend's joy and blesses him, the blessing is held in heaven like the High Priest's prayer. Those are things that are difficult to achieve through a screen. To feel the other, his sadness or happiness, one has to stand next to him (even if six feet away).

I was so delighted to learn that the annual Gala was planned to happen in person and not virtually. I pray that this celebration will be a good omen for the future, that we will all return to gather, study, pray, rejoice, feel each other's closeness and celebrate our Jewish life as a community.

I wish you all a successful and happy evening and look forward to meeting you all in person.

Yours,

Rabbi Shmuel Rosenberg



Platinum Page

My Parents Dr. Saul J. and Doris Farber

My father grew up in a very religious family in Borough Park, Brooklyn. He was born in 1918. From the time he was a teenager through medical school, he lived in the house of his maternal grandmother and aunts. He attended the Rabbi Jacob Joseph yeshiva.

When he was in medical school he had the opportunity to work in a research laboratory in Bar Harbor Maine for the summer. His grandmother packed his clothes for him. After some time in Maine, where it was very cold, he looked for the wool socks that his grandmother said she packed for him. He could not find them, so he wrote to his grandmother and asked her what had happened to his wool socks. She replied: "If your heart was with G-d, your feet would be warm." He immediately realized, she had packed his socks in his tefillin case. Because he clearly was not putting on his tefillin and praying each morning, his socks went undiscovered.

I would not say this story has had the biggest influence on my Judaism, but I love it because it is funny and clever and demonstrates a kind of Jewish humor and sensibility I find very close to my heart.

My mother also grew up in Brooklyn, in Crown Heights, and also in a very orthodox home. She attended the Crown Heights Yeshiva. My favorite old Jewish joke was told to me by my mother, who heard it from her mother. Here it is:

"One Saturday night after Shabbat in Warsaw, all the women were lined up waiting to use the mikvah. The rabbi's wife came into the mikvah, and said to the other women: "I need to go to the head of the line, the rabbi is waiting for me."

A local prostitute answered: "So what?!!! The whole street is waiting for me."

I realize this is a bit off color, but also very classic Jewish humor which melds the sacred the profane in juxtaposition.

I never knew my grandmother but I always think of her when I think of this joke.

Beth Farber





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L'Chaim

**I. Fred Koenigsberg
Adria Frede
Sidne & Rob & Iris & Margot
Josh & Casey & Dash**



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In our travels around the world,
we have visited far-flung Jewish communities
and always draw inspiration from the ties that
bind us together as Jews and the struggles our
brethren face in all too many places.

Most of the time we take our hometown
community for granted, but ...
we truly miss our CSFA community and cannot
wait to see all of you in person again.

**Marty Kupferberg, Susan J. Lorin and the
Kupferberg Family**



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IN HONOR OF ALL WHO LEAD
AND TEACH US IN OUR LITTLE
SHUL:

RABBI DAVID GAFFNEY
RABBI SAMUEL ROSENBERG
SARAH KING
SAM SWARTZ
RABBI DANIEL SHIBLEY

AND OUR TOP CHEF
LYNN KUTNER





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To all the Chevre at CSFA

Thanks for being part of my family during this past impossible year. Your love, care and support have meant the world to me and my Eema, Zmira z"l.

Leesh



A Sabra among the Sabras...



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Inspiration and Influence

Who has made the most impact on my life, both Jewishly and in every other way?
That's easy; my parents:

Zmira, z"l and Chico, z"l Sabbah.

From our deep connection to Israel, to Hebrew at home, everything about our family life was Jewish. Every Friday night we ate Shabbat dinner with my grandparents when I was a kid. That tradition continues to this day with my family. Trips to Israel were frequent and constant, and support of Jewish and Israeli causes were paramount, culminating in the founding of the American Hebrew Academy which was a light in the global Jewish community for 18 amazing years.

Only now do I appreciate the privilege I have had being part of this extraordinary family. My love and admiration for my folks knows no bounds. If I am a mensch in any way, it is a tribute to my Eema and Dad. They set an amazing example of how to live a proud Jewish life.

Leeor





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In Honor of all our family and
friends serving in the IDF and
all those who work endlessly to
keep Israel safe:
KOL HAKAVOD!



LEEOR



Platinum Page

**In Honor of
Leslie and Fern Penn**



**the backbone of our community
who anticipate our every need and
figure out how to have fun in tough
times.**

You're the best!

Leeor



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AIPAC

There are three events related to three organizations in the Jewish World which served in a dramatic way to deepen the understanding, pride, and love I feel for the Jewish people.

One was the first AIPAC (The American Israel Public Affairs Committee) Policy Conference I attended in the Spring of 2019. If I had to name the most thrilling part of the conference, I would say it was being part of the assembly of 18,000 pro-Israel Americans coming from all 50 states to gather in Washington, D.C. to celebrate the U.S.-Israel relationship, with thousands more joining in on-line. Just feeling the power in numbers was heartwarming at a time when Ilhan Omar, and others who supported her in Congress, were beginning to make their anti-Israel voices heard and gathering strength, making this session feel urgent to me. At the conference, we heard from politicians I supported and those whom I did not. Sitting through the speeches of the latter was a hard pill to swallow, but I began to understand that the secret of the success of AIPAC was in its bipartisan mission, in spite of how challenging that was becoming. We need supporters from both sides of the aisle, and AIPAC does a great job in educating political leaders at all levels. I have since then heard from dozens of political leaders saying how important their trip to Israel with AIPAC had been for developing their understanding of the Middle East and their subsequent strong support of Israel. Thrilling as well, was going “on the hill” to lobby our members of Congress. Since that conference, I have become quite active in AIPAC and am proud of the work that we do. If 2021 has taught us anything, it is that a lot more hard work lies ahead if we want to secure the future of the U.S.-Israel relationship, one that is crucial for the future of both the United States and of Israel as a Jewish and Democratic state.



Roselle and Merrill Mironer



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Ayelet Tours

Another event which had a strong impact on me was a tour of Eastern Europe I attended with Merrill in 2014. It was conducted by Ayelet, a touring company which specializes in tours of Jewish interest. The unique thing about Ayelet tours is that they are led by a professor, expert in the field, usually either Stephen Berk or (in my case) Natan Meir. Natan began each morning at the hotel with an in-depth lecture regarding the sites we would be exploring that day. We learned about the rich Jewish history of the cities of Prague, Budapest, Krakow and Warsaw. We visited Warsaw's POLIN museum of Jewish history, then in its first year, many former Jewish neighborhoods, centuries old cemeteries, and beautiful synagogues. We confronted the horrors of the Holocaust at Terezin & Auschwitz-Birkenau. We also met with local Jewish communities and people documenting and celebrating local Jewish history. It was unforgettable; and while I always understand some people's hesitancy to visit the sites of the Holocaust, I left thinking that everyone should see them.

Ayelet sponsors wonderful on-line lectures and tours and is opening up to in-person travel this summer.

Below is a photo of an empty chair memorial in Krakow in the square where Jews' furniture was thrown out of their windows as they were rounded up. The second photo is of a beautiful old restored synagogue in Kazimierz, the old Jewish quarter of Krakow, and the third is at a kosher restaurant in Budapest.



Roselle and Merrill Mironer



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Serel - Volunteers for Israel

In 2009 I went with Volunteers for Israel to work for a few weeks at a medical military base of the IDF. It was a very moving experience on so many levels, serving to increase my pride in Israel and commitment to its future. The commander was so glad for our help that he invited a couple of us to visit his home for Shabbat. I became aware that he was the first to establish a program making it possible for special needs young men and women to become soldiers. The 2008-2009 Gaza conflict had ended a few months before and we were to reorganize the wooden boxes (arms boxes-nothing is wasted) of medical supplies for their next use. I felt odd at first wearing an IDF uniform, feeling I did not deserve it or need it, but I soon realized that working in the sweltering heat, you needed a fabric that would be tough and absorbent, and all those pockets were a handy substitute for a bag. We lived in the barracks and met many soldiers and people from all over the world who came to volunteer, including the French for whom France was becoming uninhabitable. We were addressed by current and former high ranking officers, and given lectures and tours on the weekends. Later we discovered that the work we had done was going to be used for the mobile field hospital sent to Haiti in response to the devastating earthquake that killed 300,000 people. Israel is always among the first to react to natural disasters.

Below is a photo of me with the commander after flag-raising, and one at work



Roselle and Merril Mironer



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Being a Jew over 103 years, has taken various directions for me. No matter the form, Judaism has been an ever-present influence.

My father was born in Russia. He accompanied his parents, as an 18-year old, to escape the pogroms which were rampant in the early 1900's. My mother came to the US at age 16, a steerage passenger who was joining her 18-year old sister. This sister became the matchmaker for my parents. My father saved up a few hundred of dollars to buy a candy store in which he and my mother worked 12-hour days. There was no time for religious services. The candy store was open except for the High Holidays. I had no exposure to religious schooling other than a weekly session with a Rabbi who slapped my hands every time I misread a word in the prayer book.

At City College and later at NYU I was too busy for religious services but found time to argue the issue of whether Judaism was a religion or related to a nation to be located in the Near East. The argument became irrelevant with the onset of Hitler and the Nazi horror. I married Rose, and, then, served 4 years in WWII with fellow soldiers who had never seen a Jew. After the war and 3 young children, we moved to a Jewish community in Laurelton, Queens, where Rose and I took leadership positions in the dominant Conservative synagogue. Our children attended the synagogue school, and we became regular contributors to UJA and other Jewish causes.

The highpoints of my Jewish life were trips to Israel beginning in 1966. In 1972 we traveled with our children and my parents. In 1979 and again in 1981, Rose and I were guests of the UJA Rosenwald extravaganza Israel tours; the objective, to inspire serious and regular UJA contributions, continue to date. In 1995 Rose, I, our children, their spouses, and our grandchildren traveled to Israel. We rented a bus and driver for 7 days of travel from the Lebanon border to the Red Sea – a continuing inspiration.

Our move to Manhattan and the embrace of the CSFA in 1970 strengthened our respect for the Jewish way of life. I acknowledge my debt to the leaders and members of CSFA, especially Leslie Penn, Beth Farber, Rabbi Gaffney and Sarah King, for their love and support.



Herb and Rose z"l Rubin



Platinum Page

Rest in Peace

The traditional wish, "Let's meet in simchas!" is deeply meaningful to Jews. But the end of life is also part of life.

The group who wash and prepare bodies for Jewish burials is called the Chevra Kadisha, the Holy Group. They get this title because performing a favor for someone who is dead is considered the ultimate act of kindness since a dead person can never repay you.

When we lived in California, Russ became an active member of the chevra kadisha. I admired his capability and capacity to do this sort of work. With his encouragement, I worked through my squeamishness and joined the chevra as well. With utmost privacy, we carried out the tasks of the chevra at short notice and at any hour. A team is assembled, all are the same gender as the deceased, and they follow strict rules having to do with the washing and preparing of the body. Everything is done with an intention of utmost respect for the dead person, to treat the dead with the same tenderness as though they were alive

When we moved to New York, we found that there are individuals who do this kind of work regularly for a livelihood. While we are no longer active members of a chevra, our experience enriched our lives. We no longer take for granted our life and good health and appreciate all that we have.

The end of life is a part of life. If you have the inner strength to participate in a chevra kadisha, it is an honor and privilege.



Russ and Toby Winer



In Honor Of
Leslie and Fern Penn
Our "In House" Caterers

With Many Thanks For Your
Friendship
And Your Commitment To
Keeping The Entire CSFA Congregation
Together During This Very Difficult
Time.

Cynthia Berman



**In gratitude for
Jewish summer camp
and my mom and dad
who sent me there.**



Jill Dosik



***They Are Gathered Up
In Bonds of Memory and Love***

**Mina and Ezra Nachimowicz
Emil Mintzeles**

David related this rabbinic insight. I use it because it is so appropriate.

A pious man ascended to heaven ... to paradise. He looked around and was perplexed as he searched for saints, for holy people. A sage, noting his bewilderment, explained: "You think that the holy and righteous are in paradise. You do not understand – heaven and paradise are in the righteous.

I can relate to that story because I have known Paradise and they are pictured here – my mother Mina and my father Ezra.

Theirs was not a story of ease or tranquility. Theirs is a story of resilience and courage, of faith and hope. The family narrative included life in Lodz and Krakow, Cieszanow and Munkacs ... and finally Vienna. But Vienna in the late 1930's was not a place for Jews as was made evident when my (birth) father Emil was imprisoned in Dachau for a number of months and when homes, businesses and livelihoods were expropriated. My father was physically abused in prison to a point where the consequences led to his early demise at age 43, a few years after arriving in New York. With restrictions on Jewish immigration our family finally found refuge – of all places, in Trinidad – a far cry from Vienna.

And then, New York – first in Washington Heights and then the Lower East Side, where Mina and Emil opened a little jewelry store. Learning a new language, accommodating to a new culture and establishing a new business as immigrants were minor problems after Hitler.

My father Emil died shortly after, and my mom was heartbroken. Some years later a family member introduced her to Ezra – a survivor of Auschwitz. He fell in love with her – she was a beauty, and I fell in love with him. How does Shtisel say it – "hasdei haShem" – "It is God's Goodness" ... and I – I have been a recipient of this goodness for all these years.

My mother Mina was unquestionably the most fabulous mother. She created a magical life for me, for my father Emil, of blessed memory, and for Ezra and for my grandparents who lived with us. Mina and Ezra fashioned a wonderful life and a successful business. They were actively engaged in the Jewish life of the Lower East Side. Ezra was the Vice-



President of the First Roumanian Congregation, one of the significant neighborhood synagogues and Mina was the President of the Ladies Auxiliary. Truth be told she was the glue that held the synagogue together. They were honored again and again by the leading "lights" of the community (Rabbi Moshe Feinstein z"l) for their charitable giving and for their devotion to the important Jewish institutions of the neighborhood. They were generous with their time. Residents in the neighborhood knew that they could turn to the Nachimowic's if they needed help.

David was a rabbi in Florida for many years. It was in Jacksonville that my mother was given the name "Sarah", our matriarch who was blessed with a child late in life. Why Sarah? Our children, Asher and Shalva, who had been educated in a Yeshiva in their younger years came to us one day and said - "Jacksonville is lovely, but our Jewish education is suffering - there was no Yeshiva High School in the community. We want to return to New York." I called my mom and said, "Mutti - the children want to return to New York to continue their Jewish education." My mom said - "Put them on a plane and send them here - they will live with us" - and they did, for all the years they were in High School. And with "Sarah" and Ezra the children received an education in character, in goodness and kindness, in decency and thoughtfulness - not from books, but from the example set by my parents. Asher and Shalva were the love of their lives. They experienced fun and pleasure in their home and the children extended their lives.

David was a most beloved son to them. When David would visit on trips from Florida the kitchen became busy with preparations for the special foods he enjoyed and the dining room table was set in celebration of his arrival.

Ezra was a tzaddik. I marveled at his piety, his reverence, his outlook on life and his faith in God, given the years he spent in the camps. My mom - Mutti - was brilliant - a stylish beauty filled with wisdom and goodness, with a keen intelligence and a generous heart. She was a fabulous conversationalist and people would gather at her side to enjoy her wit and good humor. She was fun loving - an enthusiast of theater, museums, and movies and a special appreciation of excellent hazzanim. To paraphrase the siddur - "if all the heavens were parchment, and the oceans were made of ink" I still could not convey my love for her and sense of blessing that she was my mother.

How did the sage put it - the splendid ones ... the good and generous, the loving and courageous are not in heaven - heaven is in them. My parents were and continue to be my Paradise. Thank God - Life is Good.

Inge Gaffney



Rachel and Isaac Gaffney

Whose am I? Not who am I ... but whose am I. In belonging lies the essence of my identity; in family is the poetry of daily life.

There is a verse in psalm 34 that I love –

”טעמו וראו כי טוב ה'”

“Taste and see that Good is Good”

Taste? Taste God? The psalmist is evidently referring to a spiritual moment, and “experience” where the poetry of daily life begins – with family. And to recall these manifold moments is to understand, now, in maturity, that they were filled with warmth, with meaning and with inspiration.

Godly moments etched indelibly into the soul of a child. Mom – I called her “Imma” – would exercise her executive skills to gather the family together after a busy Friday afternoon to make sure we were all prepared to usher in Shabbat. And then, in the presence of Shabbat candlesticks, with a candle for each member of the family, a bracha followed by a few moments of whispered personal meditation as we heard her praying for the well being of her children - my sisters Bella and Esther and my brother Aaron (A”H) and the hope that we would grow to be committed Jews and responsible and wholesome human beings.

And the Godly moments continued during the week. Before eating, she would question me – “Dovid’l (that is what she called me) did you make a bracha?” and implicit in the question, as I now understand it – “do you appreciate enough? Are you grateful enough? Are you thankful enough?” And when I ignored the rising and setting of the sun, the canopy of a star-studded sky and the rhythms of light and darkness, day and night and a world of order rather than chaos – her question – “did you daven Maariv – the evening prayer?”

My dad – I called him Abba – was an early riser, often facing a grinding day. But every morning I would see him at the kitchen table draped in tallit and tefillin – binding God’s words on his arm and head, affirming that whatever life had in store, one’s actions (the arm) and one’s thoughts (the head) should be directed to God.

He was my first Zionist teacher, long before anything I read. In perusing the Yiddish newspaper, I felt his shmerz when columnists described England’s White Paper limiting Jewish immigration to Israel from DP camps during the British mandate, this, a few years after the Shoah. I experienced his joy when Ben Gurion declared an independent Jewish State; his anxiety when seven Arab armies attacked – and his relief at the miracle of a tiny Jewish army overcoming their adversaries. I knew that “I’shana habaah b’Yerushalayim” would be for him and Mom not only a prayer but a course of action.



“Taste and see that God is Good” was especially experienced during the holidays. On Pesach, when all of us were seated at the table, the glow on my mother’s face said it all. And when we complimented Dad for his home-made wine, suggesting it was even better than the previous year, the look of satisfaction was not to be missed. We not only read the Haggadah, we discussed it, the best expression of Jewish pedagogy. And when we continued into the early morning singing enthusiastically the closing Haggadah songs with Zayde and Bubbe’s melodies – family generations bound together by song, was there a more wholesome method of identity formation?

There were other Jewish holidays. They too were informed by celebrations and family togetherness, each with their customs and traditions, each with their Godly moments. But to continue would risk exhaustion for my readers.

And always, warmth and feeling and a house filled with song. Dad would break into a rendition of “Bessa Me Mucho” and Mom would serenade - “Long Ago and Far Away”. We teased them, asking how they knew these songs when they were raised in homes devoid of “pop music”. There were Hebrew songs without end. And when the Cousins Club assembled, we had no choice but to perform.

There was fun. Dad would tickle my ear with the fringe of his tallit and pretend someone else was doing it. Long walks on a summer’s Shabbat afternoon made possible “family togetherness” that was unforgettable.

And hope and prayer. On Kol Nidre eve, after the meal and before we went to shul, a family blessing. Dad with his hands on my head reciting the ancient blessing and Mom enfolding us in her embrace. What we felt always was love.

Time, they say, marches on and the earlier years, as important as they were in determining “whose I am” have passed. The circle of life has expanded to include the love of my life, Inge, my children Asher and Sabrena, Shalva and David, grandchildren Jordana (and Avi), Yoav and Shira, and great grandchildren Ezra and Nathan. They are now decidedly “whose I am” and I cannot be more grateful and feel more blessed. Life continues to affirm the wisdom of the psalmist - “Taste and see – life is good”.

Rabbi David Gaffney



Rachel and Isaac Gaffney



Mina and Ezra Nachimowicz



LILLY AND ALEX KALLINS

My mother and father lived in the village of Dashev in the Ukraine. They did not know each other, but they shared terrible experiences in the pogrom.

My mother was walking with her mother and grandfather when the Cossacks came by and shot and killed my great grandfather for sport.

My grandfather on my father's side from whom I was named was also murdered by the Cossacks at the same time my uncle was shot and left for dead and my aunt was raped.

My parents with what remained of the family escaped to the United States where they met in 1928 and married in 1929. Their experiences in the pogroms left them with an abiding feeling of Jewishness and the knowledge of the necessity to protect other Jews.

I remember when I was 16 marching with my father demanding the British free Palestine.

My mother was very active in Jewish causes. She was elected Queen Esther by the Pioneer Women. She was extremely active in the Israel Bond Drive and was awarded a medal by Golda Meir. At the Weitzman Institute there is a plaque honoring my parents' dedication to Israel. My mother thought that the University of the Negev was very important and was one of the founders of the University.

My parents gave generously to many Jewish causes some of which were: UJA, Naamot, Hadassah, Dorot, HIAS, and the Jewish National Fund.

I was set an example that supporting Jewish causes was mandatory. At home both my parents worked together in our apparel business six to seven days a week. There were no time clocks in our family.

I was inspired to know that hours of work were not the measure of what had to be done but that the job had to be finished.

Irving Kallins



In Honor Of
Grandma Fannie Shafran
who taught me everything I know
about Jewish cooking,
and
with thanks to the
Members of our
Congregation
who have nurtured our Jewish lives.

Lynn and Richard Kutner



Rivkah Molotin Feldman (z"l)

Rivkah was my step-grandmother, mentor, and friend until she passed away in February. Perhaps not coincidentally, she came into my life at the age I would have become a bat mitzvah, had I been Jewish at the time. Rivkah was the inspiration for my mother's decision to become a Jew by choice, thereby introducing me to Judaism. Over thirty years, we were fortunate to share many happy times – graduations, my conversion, my chuppah and then hers, my daughter Rachel's bat mitzvah, and countless holiday meals.

A traditional message of Jewish condolences is “may her memory be for a blessing.” My memories and experiences with Rivkah are a source for many blessings. She taught me the value of living a life centered on Jewish faith and Jewish values, like respect, social justice, education, and humility. She showed me the importance of welcoming others into one's home, even if the house wasn't spotless and the china didn't match. What really matters is the *kavanah* – the intention – and the love that you share with friends and family.



**Shaun and Jeremy Medows
Rachel, Jacob, Josie and Joshua**



The Mah Jongg Gals of CSFA

send best wishes to our resilient community.

We want to give honor to

Beverly Altschuler

who taught most of us to play as our

inspiring mentor,

and special memories of

Arlene Wiczuk

We look forward to playing again soon and invite all the community to come and learn and enjoy the fun.





**In honor of my grandchildren's
College Graduations**

Isaac Habibi Peress
Syracuse University

Jacob Ezekiel Peress
University of Michigan

Noah James Swan
Cornell University

**From Their Proud Nana
Dolly Peress**



**BOB REICHER & MIKE DEVLIN
OFFER OUR MOST SINCERE GRATITUDE TO ALL WHO KEPT
CSFA VIBRANT AND ALIVE DURING THE PANDEMIC**

Special thank you to:

Leslie and Fern Penn

(without whom none of this would be possible)

Beth Farber

(who graciously stayed on as President to see us through)

Rabbi Gaffney

(whose wisdom made COVID Shabbats special)

Sarah King

(the Yiddish Jenny Lind)

Rabbi Rosenberg

(who taught us all year long under the most difficult conditions)

Rabbi Shibley

(who stepped in to fill a void without even knowing our congregation)

Gail Berman

(whose technical expertise allowed us to be together for the Holy Days)

Pam Wolf and Doug Gersten

(who managed to create social events for us in this most unsocial time)

Lynn & Richard Kutner

(who are responsible for my COVID 25... Weight Watchers
also thanks you)



I dedicate this page to my grandparents, Florence and Louis Rivkin. Both were members of CSFA from in the early 1970's and for the remainder of their lives.

Growing up, I was what is known as a "High Holiday Jew". My family and I went to services only on the High Holidays (not even High Holy Days) and the occasional Bar or Bat Mitzvah. The highlight of the Jewish year for me was the seder. My grandparents hosted and my grandmother was a wonderful cook. Nonetheless, my favorite holiday (secular or religious) was Thanksgiving. It had a lot of the same food as the seder, but I didn't have to sit through the religious part.

From this inauspicious beginning I grew up to become the president of a small synagogue in mid-town for a few years and now a board member of two synagogues. There really is only one person I can credit for my religious awakening. It's not my grandparents or my parents. It is Christopher Hitchens, the late, noted (or notorious) atheist.

I was reading Hitchens' book "God Is Not Great" in September of 2010. While I agreed with Hitchens that organized religion was responsible for many bad things in this world, I found that he took things too far. He refused to see any of the good that organized religion contributed to civilization. As the book was really getting me riled up, I happened to be walking past a synagogue on West 47th Street, The Actors' Temple. Several CSFA members used to be members of The Actors' Temple.

To cleanse myself of Hitchens' negativity, I walked into The Actors' Temple and purchased a membership without attending even one service (\$75) and tickets to the High Holy Day services. Slowly, I became friendly with some of the congregants and became a regular at Friday night services. After a few years, I found that the "post-denominational" approach to religion was no longer meeting my needs. It was an accessible way for me to begin my journey of bringing Judaism into my daily life. I went shul-shopping and eventually found CSFA, where people greeted me when I attended as a stranger for the first time. I started taking classes and actually looked forward to them. Friendships developed and the rest.....as they say....is history.

Thank you, Mr. Hitchens. (cue: muffled sound of a body rolling over underground)



Rose Lewis Moskowitz

I am so glad to have the opportunity to recognize my grandmother Rose Lewis Moskowitz, as my inspiration.

I am certain my grandmothers immigrant story is like so many others: she came to the US at 15, leaving her family behind. She had one older brother here but no other relatives.

She came from Austria, or Hungary - the country changed depending on who won the most recent battle.

She was always so proud to say she had graduated the "gymnasia" which confused me because I thought it meant she graduated from gym and what was the big deal about that? It meant high school, and that was a big deal.

She was raised in an observant home so she remained observant when she came to the states, which made life more difficult. She always got work as a sewer in a factory but the problem was you were expected to work 6 days. Every Friday night she would tell the bosses she wouldn't be in Saturday and every week they told her "no Saturday, you're fired, and you can pick up your check Monday". One week she told the bosses and they said come in Monday to pick up your check. But there was no check Monday because that Saturday was the Triangle Shirtwaist factory fire, where she had worked the prior week. We were always convinced that cemented her dedication to remaining observant.

She got married at 20 to a man she didn't love, but she loved his family and getting married to someone you loved wasn't a primary objective. She had 4 kids in 6 years. Her husband Leon was a carpenter and she told him he would never make money working for someone else so under pressure from her he worked for himself laying parquet floors. He did very well and they bought a house in Brooklyn.

All was going well until two devastating blows came at the same time: the Depression and Leon was diagnosed with MS. She quickly realized they would not be able to afford the house, so they sold it and she moved the family to a farm and apple orchard outside Albany. It was Prohibition so she found out how to make a still and she converted apples into hard cider. The roads were being paved so she sold the hard cider to the workmen who paved the roads. But life in a small town was hard: the kids went to a one room school, the education was poor, and the kids had rocks thrown at them for being "kikes". Also her husbands MS was so bad she could no longer take care of him so he was institutionalized.



She then moved the family to Far Rockaway so the kids could get a better education. She also went to the bank and offered to clean the mansions that had gone into foreclosure and instructed the bank not to pay her but to let her know when she had enough for a down payment on one of the mansions. Fast forward, she ended up owning 4 - 30 room mansions which she converted into apartments and by the time she was 45 she spent 3 months in Florida every year, living on the rent checks.

Did I mention she was an amazing seamstress, gardener, cook and baker. Apple streusel to die for....and of course everything was made by hand.

And she always told us nothing was too hard, and when you're young anything is easy. She once told me she learned to drive when she was "young" - it was easy. When I asked how young she told me she was 60!

She was devoted to Judaism not just by attending services and keeping a kosher home but by living according to Jewish principles. She was a lifetime member of every Jewish organization and taught us by example by treating all people with respect and always giving tzedakah.

I think of her when I light Shabbat candles, or cook with Lynn or quietly do a good deed and I hope I make her proud.

Norma Rosenthal





With deep gratitude for their role in strengthening my Jewish identity, I honor

RONALD SANDERS, my husband, whose gifts as a scholar and narrative artist brought Jewish history vividly to life and who greatly improved my Hebrew literacy as I followed his finger along the pages in the siddur . . .

GEORGE and ESTHER GINGOLD, my parents, who, among so many life lessons, taught me the importance of belonging to a synagogue community . . .

RABBI MORDECAI WAXMAN of Temple Israel in Great Neck, whose erudite and witty sermons affirmed the intellectual appeal of Judaism, and who presided over the essential one wedding and three funerals of my life . . .

HAROLD ANFANG for graciously offering me unearned aliyahs and for his persistence in welcoming me into our CSFA family.

BEVERLY SANDERS



In Honor Of

Leslie
Rabbi Gaffney
Sarah
and
Beth

for contributing to our renewal each
Friday night and who kept us together
as a community during this very difficult
time of illness and loss.

Sincerely,
Suzanne and Leon Schein



In honor of

Simon Nathan Strauss

Leslie Ott Strauss

Henry David Strauss

Cherrie Fleisher Strauss

In Memory Of

HAROLD ANFANG

who extended kindness, warmth,
generosity of spirit,
and inclusion to all who came to CSFA
whether member or non-member.

Leon and Suzanne Schein

In Honor Of My Granddaughter

Molly

on the occasion of her Bat Mitzvah
and with great pride in my family,

Dan and Monica Schindler

Jen, Micky, David, Andy and Molly Lowitt

Stella Schindler

In appreciation of our organization...

You have supported me, sometimes without even realizing it, through some very difficult times.

It gives me great joy and peace to be able to be part of our religion in your company.

Rozanne Seelen



I would like to honor Rabbi Daniel Shibley. First, he is the son of Carol, my BFF in Washington. I know Daniel virtually from his birth. About 12 or 13 years ago, I had the opportunity to visit Israel for the first time with Carol and Daniel along with other members of our shul. We had a fine time, in many respects because Daniel and I share a warped sense of humor. But I will never forget the early morning at Masada when Daniel davened shachrit. (Note: this was long before he became Rabbi Daniel). It was such a great trip, we had so much fun and so many meaningful experiences; I have been back many times since...and the rest is history.

Pam Wolf and Doug Gersten

**People and places that have
Inspired me as a Jew**

My Momola, Annie Cohen Berman
Rabbi A Lieberman,
Bat Mitzvah teacher
Rhoda Factor,
TBE Hebrew High Director
Noemi Rosner Schwarz,
Israeli college friend
Edythe 'Mushla' Rosner,
Tel Aviv mom
Golda Meir
Rubin Academy of Music,
Jerusalem
Hayim Alexander,
Jerusalem
Leslie and Fern Penn,
New York City

Gail S. Berman

**For All Those
Who Serve**

Daryl and Joe Boren

In Honor of a Place, People and Things

A Place as our source of Inspiration
during Covid 19
CSFA

The **People** who make it possible
Beth Farber, President and
The Board of Trustees
Leslie and Fern Penn
Rabbi David and Inge Gaffney
Sarah King

All the loyal donors, program leaders,
Teachers and The Zoomers.

Things that helped during the crisis
Technology, Resilience &
Our Caring Community
Thank You!

Charlotte Fainblatt

In Grateful
Acknowledgment
Of

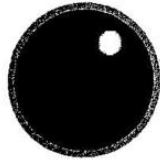
**Rabbi
Mordecai Chertoff**

Chava Grant

**THE BLESSED
HUMAN RACE**
by George Jochnowitz

published by
Hamilton Books
an imprint of
**University Press
of America**

available from
www.univpress.com



George and Carol Jochnowitz

Michael Massen
is happy to honor
CSFA
through the inspiring
memory of his sister,
Miriam Massen-Goldman
and
his grandmother,
Hannah Hollender

With Gratitude To The
CSFA Community
for your warmth and positivity,
and
In Honor Of Our Dad
Herb Rubin
on the occasion of his
103rd Birthday

**Donald and Carol
Barbara and Peter
Caroline and Marc**

In Honor Of
The Friends and Family
who supported me
during this
difficult year.

Cherrie Fleisher Strauss



In Memory

יזכור

*The Conservative Synagogue of Fifth Avenue
Suffered the Loss of the Following Members and
Loved Ones in the Past Year. They Remain Honored
In the Memories of All Who Knew and Loved Them.*

*We Mourn Their Passing and Pray That Their Families
And Loved Ones Will Be Spared any Further Sorrow
In the Years to Come.*

"King" Steve Kamholz, M.D.

Hal Willner

Ari Kalminson

Arlene Wiczzyk

Danielle Drew

Zmira Sabbah



*“BROTHER – A PERSON WHO IS THERE WHEN YOU NEED HIM;
SOMEONE WHO PICKS YOU UP WHEN YOU FALL; A PERSON WHO
STICKS UP FOR YOU WHEN NO ONE ELSE WILL; A BROTHER IS
ALWAYS A FRIEND.”*

BB,

**WE MISS YOU EACH AND EVERY DAY,
BUT WILL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL FOR THE TIME WE
SHARED TOGETHER.**

**YOUR LIFE IS AN INSPIRATION IN GOODNESS AND
KINDNESS FOR ALL OF US.**



LB AND FAMILY...



In Loving Memory Of

Our Uncle
Howard Baker
and his Dear Brother
“Our Dad”
Norman Baker

*Elizabeth, Bill, Olivia, Emeline & Jacob
Daniel, Erin, Hattie & Phoebe
Mitchell and Thom*



In Loving Memory Of
My Good Friend
Harold Anfang

Remembering all the fantastic dinners and
special friendship you, Howard and I shared
over so many years –
and always, our parting words,
“It was our pleasure, until the next time”

Cynthia Berman



In Loving Memory
Of My Dearest
HOWARD

Cynthia Berman



In Loving Memory Of Dear Parents

Sally Baker
Edward Baker
Sadie Baker
Irving Berman
and
Norman Baker
Mary Ann Baker
Jerome Berman
Beatrice Berman
Hattie Tischler
Abraham Tischler

Remembering With Love Dear Friends

Marla Newell
David Reisman
Martin Fainblatt
Sam Spivak
Arthur and Judy Sellner
Bunny Brooks
Mike Strauss
Phyllis Harrison
Ruth and Milton Tamarin
Zmira Sabbah

Cynthia Berman



Remembering My Friend and Mentor
Sophie Furman

With thanks for encouraging me as a new member with no Hebrew background to attend CSFA Shabbat Services.

As Sophie said in her own words,
“If you come every Saturday you will learn”.
And so I did. Sitting beside Sophie with her making sure I was on the right page and prayer in the siddur

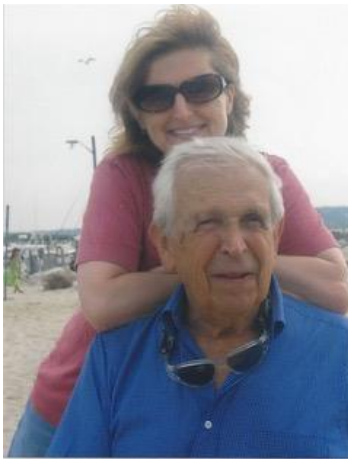
With Love,
Cynthia Berman



In Loving Memory
Of
My Dad, Martin Fox

My best friend, forever in my heart.

Always finding the good in people and everything else, who always told me to “smile,
and the world smiles with you.”



and

My Mom, Muriel Fox

A role model who overcame seemingly limitless obstacles.

She taught her family and all of our friends just what
women could accomplish in spite of the odds.



Rachel Fox



In Memory Of
A Very Special Friend
Hal Willner

"Hal Willner, who lit up so many lives with his brilliant mind and boundless love.
Gone too soon, but he will never be forgotten."



and
A Very Special Person
Ari Seth Kalminson

"in the end, well-loved and sorely missed."



Rachel Fox



In memory of
Arthur Seelen

My beloved husband.
My best friend.
Kind, patient, and generous.
It was a privilege to be
part of his life.
Hashem moved many lives to put us together.
I am forever grateful.

Rozanne Seelen



For **HAROLD**

A Yahrzeit
Flowers bloom on Fifth
Harold, Friend, farewell again
Crocus, Cherry tree

The Light is Definitely Different

Rozanne Seelen



We Lovingly Remember Our
Husband, Father, Father-in-Law,
Grandfather and
Great-Grandfather

Edward Berger Shire

Sylvia Shire

The Pearlsteins

Sandra & Andrew, Sarah, and Henry

The Wiens

Miriam & Michael, Simone, and Elise

The Pfeffers

Jessica and Steven (z"l)

Adam & Stephanie, Olivia, Morgan and Asher

Harrison & Shifra, Avi, Dovi and Shoshana

Philip & Gila, Ezra, Lea, Nathan, and Akiva



In Loving Memory Of

Myer Rosenfeld Strauss

Cherrie, Simon, Leslie & Henry



In Loving Memory
Of My
Father, Mother and Brother

David Appel
Lillie Appel
Murray Appel

Toby Appel



In Loving Memory
And Gratitude To

**MY PARENTS AND
GRANDPARENTS**

For inspiring me to participate
in tzedakah.

Beth Hurwitz



In Memory
Of My Beloved
Husband

Marvin King

Carole King



in loving memory
of our parents

Pearl Altschuler
Louis Altschuler
Alex Kallins
Lilly Kallins

Irving Kallins
and Beverly Altschuler



In Memory Of

HAROLD ANFANG

May his memory be a blessing

*Cherrie, Simon,
Leslie & Henry*



In memory of the millions who
suffered from COVID-19.

Please wear a mask, wash your
hands, socially distance,
get a vaccine and be kind.

Cherrie Fleisher Strauss



In Loving Memory Of

**Marvin Fleisher
Harriet Fleisher
Sigi Rath Strauss
Lucille Rosenfeld Strauss**

*Cherrie, Simon,
Leslie & Henry*



In loving memory:

**Riley Mapel
Alice Cahn
Artie Gaffin
Peter Edwards
Erika Plack
and Harold Anfang**

Mare Wunningham



**The Conservative Synagogue of Fifth
Avenue**

Recalls With Sadness

**The Memory of the Members of the
United States Armed Forces Who
Have Given Their Lives**

**In Defense of Freedom And in the
Fight Against Terror**



**The Conservative Synagogue
of Fifth Avenue**

Mourns the Members of

צ"הל

And the Civilians of Israel

Who Have Fallen in

Defense of the

State of Israel

And Honors Israel's

Disabled Veterans



THE CONSERVATIVE SYNAGOGUE OF FIFTH AVENUE
MOURNS THE LOSS OF MORE THAN
602,000
AMERICAN MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN
AND MORE THAN
3,870,000
PEOPLE WORLDWIDE
WHO HAVE DIED IN THE CURRENT
CORONAVIRUS PANDEMIC.



G-d full of mercy who dwells on high
Protector of widows and father for the fatherless
Grant perfect rest on the wings of Your Divine Presence
In the lofty abode of the holy, pure and valiant
Who shine as the brightness of the heavens
To the souls of our brothers and sisters,
Six million Jewish men, women, and children.
They gave up their lives in order to sanctify God's name.
Because we are at one with their memory
We pray for the elevation of their souls
Their resting place shall be in the Garden of Eden.
Therefore, shall the Master of mercy care for them
Under the protection of His wings for all time
And bind their souls in the bond of everlasting life.
O Earth! Do not conceal their blood
And let there not be a resting place for their cry.
In their merit shall the remnant of Israel
Return to its rightful place
And as for the holy ones, their righteousness
Shall be in front of the Lord as an everlasting memory.
They will come in peace and will rest in peace.
They will meet their rightful destiny at the end of days
and let us say Amen.

*The Conservative Synagogue of Fifth Avenue
Remembers the 6,000,000 men, women, and children
Who perished in the Holocaust.*

THE JOURNAL COMMITTEE
APOLOGIZES IN ADVANCE
FOR ANY ERRORS OR OMISSIONS
IN THIS JOURNAL.

WE ARE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS,
AND WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.

ONLY G-D IS PERFECT.