



THERE IS A TIME FOR
EVERYTHING; THERE IS A
TIME FOR ALL THINGS UNDER
THE SUN; A TIME TO BE BORN
AND A TIME TO DIE
A TIME TO LAUGH
AND A TIME TO CRY
A TIME TO DANCE AND
A TIME TO MOURN
A TIME TO SEEK AND
A TIME TO LOSE
A TIME TO FORGET
AND A TIME TO
REMEMBER.

*the
book of
remembrance*
ספר הזכרונות

5783 – 2022

Temple Beth-El of Jersey City

The Temple Beth-El Family recalls the following members who were taken from us since last Yom Kippur.

Judith Baller-Fabian

Shirley Bouer

Molly Heitner

Florence Wellen

The Temple Beth-El Family recalls the following family members of members who were taken from us since last Yom Kippur.

Anupam DasGupta, father of Ria DasGupta and Eric Schkrutz

Kenneth Jay Donenfeld, father of Jon Donenfeld

Victoria Dzenis, sister of Michael Dzenis and Joe Koskuba

Isaura Catalina Encalada Calderon, daughter-in-law
of Lordes and Jorge Narvaez

Gloria Gary, grandmother of Philip Gary

Michelle Gary, mother of Philip Gary

Ruth Cohen Kravtin, grandmother of Philip Gary

Zichronam livracha.

May their memory be a blessing.



Arnold and Renee Bettinger

Florence Bettinger, *Mother*
Samuel Bettinger, *Father*
George St. Peter, *Father*
Louise St. Peter, *Mother*
Sarah Bettinger, *Grandmother*
Jack Bettinger, *Uncle*
Carolyn Bunomo, *Aunt*
Abe Janowitz, *Uncle*
Doris Janowitz, *Aunt*
Benjamin Janowitz, *Grandfather*
Blanche Janowitz, *Grandmother*

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Maurice A Brickman, *Father*
Libbie I. Brickman, *Mother*
Neal F. Kessman, *Partner*

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Lennox McKell, *Father/Grandfather*
Leah Rubin, *Grandmother*
Silvia Brodsky, *Mother*
Terrence McKell, *Cousin*
Celia Braham, *Aunt*
David Braham, *Uncle*
Constance Gordon, *Aunt*
Franklin Gordon, *Uncle*
Randolph Herr, *Friend*
Allan Evans, *Friend*

Joel Caminer and Ellen Simon

Joanne Osher Caminer, *Mother*

Guillermo & Meagan Cancio

Pearl Sackett, *Grandmother*
Celia Weinstein, *Grandmother*
Guillermo L. Cancio, *Father*

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Bradley Fields, *Boyfriend*
Mary Chaiken, *Aunt*
Lionel Chaiken, *Father*
Pamela Chaiken, *Sister*
Mona Lubin, *Friend*

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Jeanette Cohen, *Mother/Grandmother*
Harry Cohen, *Father/Grandfather*
Millene Pinkney, *Grandmother*
David Solomon, *Grandfather*

Adrienne Cohn

Abraham Cohn, *Father*
Sharry Deutsch, *Sister*
Ellen Rubenstein, *Friend*

Sarah Colker and Joe Moskowitz

Janice Seiner Colker, *Mother*
James Colker, *Father*

Leslie Cooper and Sarah Zercher

Allyn Cooper, *Mother*
Carolyn Zercher, *Mother*
Ruth Deutel, *Grandmother*
Leo Deutel, *Grandfather*
Sylvia Cooper, *Grandmother*
Jack Cooper, *Grandfather*
Abraham Deutel, *Uncle*

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Mark Cuttler, *Brother*
Isador Cuttler, *Father*
Barbara Schwartzbard, *Mother*
Harry Schwartzbard, *Father*

Jon Donenfeld

Kenneth Donenfeld, *Father*



The Eagle Family

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Roslyn Eagle, *Aunt*
Sam Eagle, *Uncle*
Ida Eagle, *Grandmother*
Charles Eagle, *Grandfather*
Max B. Harrison, *Grandfather*
Pauline Yankowitz-Harrison, *Grandmother*

Norma Edelman

Ruth Shiffman, *Mother*

Robin Sandlaufer Ewert & Family

Elaine Sandlaufer, *Mother*
Harry Sandlaufer, *Father*
Douglas Sandlaufer, *Brother*
Sarah Sandlaufer, *Grandmother*
Abraham Sandlaufer, *Grandfather*
Rachel Newman, *Grandmother*
Sigmund Arthur Newman, *Grandfather*
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Elliott Porte, *Uncle*
Phyllis Newman Green, *Aunt*
Adolph Green, *Uncle*
Lily and Max Malamud, *Aunt and Uncle*
Anna and Isadore Goldberg,
Aunt and Uncle
Marion Weiss Baron, *Aunt*

Mazi and Leo Ferreira Da Silva

Zion Kachlon, *Father*
Esther Kachlon-Shriki, *Sister*

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Walter Gaines, *Father*
Sheila Gaines, *Mother*
Cymbaline Rossman, *Sister-in-law*
Alison Sebesky, *Sister-in-law*
Janet Sebesky, *Mother-in-law*

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Ronald Gale, *Father*
Judith B. Gale, *Mother*
Esther Jackson, *Grandmother*
Lou Jackson, *Grandfather*
Samual Galowitz, *Grandfather*
Lee Burt, *Grandmother*
Hy (Herman) Burt, *Grandfather*
Lester Gale, *Uncle*
Rose Baum, *Great Aunt*
Ruth Baum, *Great Aunt*

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Ruth Kravtin, *Grandmother*
Gloria Gary, *Grandmother*
Maurice Kravtin, *Grandfather*
Alfred Gary, *Grandfather*

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Lewis Dars, *Father*
Rosalind Dars, *Mother*

Suzanne Goldstein and John Thompson

Mary Lou Goldstein, *Mother*
Laurence Goldstein, *Father*
Rose Links Sarason, *Grandmother*
Marjorie Thompson, *Mother*
Francis John Thompson, *Father*
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Sonny Harwood, *Father*
Laura Harwood, *Mother*
Julius Unger, *Father*
Mary Unger, *Mother*

Irene Hersberg

Ben Hersberg, *Father*
Florence Hersberg, *Mother*
Alice Hersberg, *Aunt*
Sam Hersberg, *Uncle*
Sam Tarlowe, *Uncle*
Ruth Tarlowe, *Aunt*
Gert Freedman, *Aunt*
Bea Schimel, *Dear Friend*
Ron Tarlowe, *Cousin*
Arthur Tarlowe, *Cousin*
Bruce Tarlowe, *Cousin*
Josh Tobin, *Cousin*
Justin Pressman, *Good Friend*
Andy Lackowitz, *Sweetheart*

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Sylvia and Sidney Heyman, *Parents*
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Grandparents
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Phyllis and Adolph Green, *Aunt and Uncle*
Rose and Bill Aarons, *Aunt and Uncle*
Syd Porte, *Aunt*
Marsha Altschule Heyman, *Sister-in-law*

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Stanley Julian Bennett, *Father*
Evelyn Bennett, *Mother*
Jean Hill, *Mother*
Rose Schnitzer, *Grandmother*
Zoltan Schnitzer, *Grandfather*
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Joseph Leonard Hornstein, *Husband*
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Helen Rausch, *Mother*
Isidore Hornstein, *Father*
Sadie R. Hornstein, *Mother*
Bernard Lelling, *Father*
Hilda Gottlieb, *Sister*
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Tillie Ruskin, *Grandmother*
Elias Hornstein, *Grandfather*
Mary Hornstein, *Grandmother*
Joseph Fass, *Grandfather*
Sadie Fass, *Grandmother*
Selwyn Gross, *Husband*

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Arnold Chernick, *Father/Grandfather*

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Herbert Weininger, *Father*
Anita Weininger, *Mother*
Dorothy Kahan, *Mother*
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Mae Jacobs, *Dear Friend*

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Herman Kaplowitz, *Father*
Sadie Kaplowitz, *Mother*

Elizabeth Kinney

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Rosa Korn, *Mother*

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Seth Lieberman

Howard Baker, *Uncle*

Seth Lubin

Shirley Lubin, *Mother*

S. Lloyd Lubin, *Father*

Sara Merin and Tom Stein

Jerome L. Merin, *Father*

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Father/Grandfather

Rabbis Leana Moritt and Steven Kushner

Fred G. Moritt, *Father*

Laura Moritt Katz, *Aunt*

Aid Kushner, *Father*

Miriam Kushner, *Mother*

The Noveck Family

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Marvin Pinkowitz, *Stepfather*

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David Straus, *Grandfather*

David Seemen, *Grandfather*

Sydney Pinn, *Grandmother*

Oscar Pinn, *Grandfather*

Ellen Straus, *Aunt*

Augusta Seemen, *Grandmother*

Steven Pinkowitz, *Stepbrother*

Evan Meisler, *Friend*

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Abby Portney, *Sister*

Herbert Portney, *Father*

Minnie Portney, *Grandmother*

Louis Portney, *Grandfather*

Abraham Fireman, *Grandfather*

Mollie Fireman, *Grandmother*

Morton Fireman, *Uncle*

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Fern Foster, *Cousin*

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Leslie Westman, *Father-in-law*

Rebecca Lord, *Aunt-in-law*

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Julian Rivo, *Father*

Jesse Shapiro, *Stepfather*

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Harold Rosen, *Father*

Etta and Isadore Rosen, *Grandparents*

Cecelia Wahl Cohen & Joseph Wahl,
Grandparents

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Kerry Acker, *Friend*

Ken Eisler, *Friend*

Michael Cordero, *Friend*

Brenda Swissman, *Friend*

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Vanessa Rosensweet**

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Beatrice Rosensweet, *Mother*

Bryan Hines, *Brother*

Willis Hines, *Father*

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 Sol Smith, *Father*
 Sol Roter, *Father*
 Anna Roter, *Mother*
 David Roter, *Brother*
 Eric Waller, *Brother-in-law*
 Bertha Smith, *Grandmother*
 Max Smith, *Grandfather*
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 Isadore Ackerman, *Father*
 Eugene Rottenberg, *Husband*
 David Allen Ackerman, *Brother*
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 Nathan Trachman, *Grandfather*
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 Sally B & Al Faller, *Aunt and Uncle*
 Joey Boston Gurwitz, *Uncle*
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 Aunt and Uncle
 Harriet G. & Harold Suvall, *Aunt and Uncle*
 Robert Suvall, *Cousin*
 Gerald Kadish, *Cousin*
 Marvin Dollin, *Cousin*
 Burt Faigen, *Cousin*
 Susan Rothstein, *Cousin*
 Mel Krakowski, *Cousin*
 Mel Pollner, *Cousin*
 Martin Wachs, *Cousin*

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Mae Rosenzweig, *Mother/Grandmother*
 Maxwell Rosenzweig, *Father/Grandfather*
 Alex Schkrutz, *Father/Grandfather*
 Roy Rosenzweig, *Brother/Uncle*
 David & Eva L. Blatt, *Grandparents*
 Molly G. & Morris Rosenzweig,
 Grandparents
 Zischa Rosenzweig, *Great Uncle & Family*
 Yetta & Leiser Blatt, *Great-Grandparents*
 Samuel & Ida Leff, *Great-Grandparents*
 Morris & Ester Rose Grinberg,
 Great-Grandparents
 Michel & Cipora Rosenzweig,
 Great-Grandparents
 David & Mollie Leff,
 Great-Great-Grandparents

Ria and Rum DasGupta and Eric Schkrutz

Anupam Dasgupta, *Father/Husband*

Fred and Karen Schnur

David Marshall Schnur, *Son*
 Ruth Golin, *Mother*
 Hyman Golin, *Father*
 Nathan Schnur, *Father*
 Lily Schnur, *Mother*
 Ronnie Gross, *Brother-in-law*
 Scott Gross, *Nephew*



The Schteingart-Fialon Family

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Rachel Starkman,
Grandmother/Great-Grandmother
Flora Schteingart,
Grandmother/Great-Grandmother
Mario Schteingart,
Grandfather/Great-Grandfather
Moshe Starkman,
Grandfather/Great-Grandfather
Jorge Falus, *Uncle/Great-Uncle*

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Joseph Schonberger, *Father*

Henry and Patricia Schulman

James Girardo, *Grandfather*
Dorothy Pulver, *Mother*
Selma Schulman, *Mother*

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Nathan Schwartz, *Father*
Rose Schwartz, *Mother*

Jane Mattson Shapiro

Miriam Nickelsporn, *Mother*
Harold B. Nickelsporn, *Father*
Abraham L. Canter, *Grandfather*
Rose Canter, *Grandmother*
Dr. Albert W. Canter, *Uncle*
Julius D. Canter, *Uncle*
Deborah Canter, *Aunt*
Henrietta Krantz, *Aunt*
Irving Krantz, *Uncle*

Abraham Nickelsporn, *Uncle*
Lillian Nickelsporn, *Aunt*

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Henrietta Shuchman, *Mother*
Herman Nemet, *Father-in-law*
Frieda Nemet, *Mother-in-law*

The Silver Family

Sondra Silver, *Grandmother*
Jane Scanlon, *Grandmother*
Jay Silver, *Brother*

Joseph and Jessica Smith

Neil Blatt, *Father*

Kevin Wexler

Eileen T.W. Pollack, *Mother*



Temple Beth-El remembers

Rabbi Samuel A. Berman *April 21, 1998*

&

Cantor Abraham Berman *March 6, 1986*

for their many years of devoted service to Temple Beth-El.

Paths of Fullness:

An Interpretation of Psalm 23

— Rabbi Brant Rosen

The Holy one is my Guide;
my life is whole.

We journey together
over fertile hillsides
and rest
beside nourishing springs.

This is my spirit
ever renewed,
for my Guide leads me
down paths of fullness.

Even when my steps lead
into the kingdom of death
I do not fear
for I know you are with me.

Your presence
your shelter
is a comfort to me.

With you I can set myself aright
in the face of
deepest sorrow;
and soon my joy is filled to
overflowing.

As I journey on,
nothing but kindness and love
shall follow
until the day I finally return.

To my Source,
my destination.



El Nora Alila

*El nora alila, El nora alila, Ha-m'tzi lanu
m'chilah, bi-sh'at ha-ne'ilah.*

O, Awesome One of praise,
O, Awesome One of might,
Grant us pardon at this hour,
As Your gates are closed this night

We, who are very few,
raise our eyes to heaven's height
Trembling, fearful in our prayer,
As Your gates are closed this night

Pouring out our soul we pray,
That the sentence You will write
Shall be one of pardoned sin,
As Your gates are closed this night

Our refuge strong and sure,
rescue us from dreadful plight
Seal our destiny for joy,
As Your gates are closed this night

Grant us favor, show us grace,
but those who deny our right
And oppress -- You be the judge,
As Your gates are closed this night

Generations of our kin,
Strong in faith walked in your light
As of old, renew our days,
As Your gates are closed this night

O, Awesome One of praise, O,
Awesome One of might,
Grant us pardon at this hour,
As Your gates are closed this night.

Eili, Eili — Hannah Szenes

אֵלִי, אֵלִי שְׁלֵא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם
הַחֹל וְהַיָּם, רִשְׁרוּשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם
בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם, תְּפִילַת הָאָדָם.

*Eili, eili, shelo yigameyr l'olam,
hachol v'ha-yam, rishrush shel ha-mayim,
b'rak ha-shamayim, filat ha-adam.*

Oh God, my God, I pray
that these things never end.
The sand and the sea,
the rush of the waters,
the crash of the heavens,
the prayer of the heart.

In My Life — Lennon & McCartney

There are places I'll remember
All my life though some have changed
Some forever, not for better
Some have gone and some remain

All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall
Some are dead and some are living
In my life I've loved them all

But of all these friends and lovers
There is no one compares with you
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new
Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more

Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more
In my life I love you more

I Can See Clearly Now —

Johnny Nash

I can see clearly now the rain is gone
I can see all obstacles in my way
Gone are the dark clouds that
had me blind.

It's gonna be a bright (bright!)
Bright (bright!) sunny day (2x)

Oh, yes I can make it now
the pain is gone
All of the bad feelings have
disappeared
Here is that rainbow I've been
praying for
It's gonna be a bright (bright!)
Bright (bright!) sunny day

Look all around, there's nothing
but blue skies
Look straight ahead, there's nothing
but blue skies

I can see clearly now the rain is gone
I can see all obstacles in my way
Here is that rainbow I've been
praying for
It's gonna be a bright (bright!)
Bright (bright) sunny day (*repeat*)



Eileh Ez'krah (These I Will Remember)

Sore Oksman and the Felshtin massacre of 1919

In February of 1919 a pogrom was carried out in the Ukrainian shtetl of Felshtin. The massacre was perpetrated by the Ukrainian national army and Jews held Semyon Vassilievitch Petliura, (Semi-ON VaSILY-ayVICH Pet-ly-OORAH) head of the Ukrainian parliament, responsible. In one day, 600 Jewish men, women and children were brutally murdered or critically wounded.

Soreh Oksman, also called Soreh, Yankl's daughter, was an eyewitness to the massacre, in which the murderers took the lives of two of her own children. She was able to emigrate to the US two years later.

In May 25, 1926 Petliura was assassinated by the Russian-born Yiddish poet Sholom Schwartzbard on a street in Paris. Schwartzbard was brought to trial in 1927 and acquitted after three weeks.

After Oksman's death in 1929, her children found among her possessions the following handwritten account, written in Yiddish, of the pogrom which they believe she wrote around the time of Schwartzbard's trial. This is Soreh Oksman's story, what she calls the Great Disaster:

We lived two miles from Proskurov (Pros-KOOR-ov), in the town of Felshtin, Ukraine. When we heard about the terrible disaster in Proskurov on Shabbos, the 16th day in the month of Adar (Ah-DAR) I we went to the rabbi for advice because we knew the pogromists were heading in our direction. The rabbi instructed us to fast that day and we did. We also collected a few hundred rubles so we could bribe the hooligans when they came into town, hoping that with this payoff they would spare our lives.

Monday evening after the fast, soldiers rode into town wearing caps that reminded us of Chmelnitsky's (Chmel-NIT-skee) soldiers. The townsfolk fell into a panic and, leaving everything behind, ran for their lives. They did not know where to run and followed wherever their eyes took them. The soldiers had already blocked the roads and let no one escape from town. The gentiles of the town and of the surrounding villages were warned that if they harbored any Jews, they too would be killed along with the Jews. They followed orders accordingly and let no one into their homes. As a result, we were forced to hide in attics and cellars.

Later that night, the soldiers went from house to house demanding money and we gave them what we had. In the meantime, they started grabbing people but we had no idea what they did with them. We later learned that they killed them and threw them into cellars.

Tuesday morning, people started leaving their shelters and going out into the streets. That morning, I was in a Jewish home which was located in the midst of gentile houses. I was hoping that the soldiers would think that the house was also a gentile house and they would skip over it. Others had the same thought as I did and approximately thirty people gathered in the same house.

When I fled my home, my three sons were with me. Somehow, along the way, the two older ones got separated from me and I had no idea where they were or what happened to them. Only my youngest son was still with me.

Early the next morning, my youngest boy said: "Mama, I'm going outside to see what's happening. Maybe I'll be able to find my brothers." As soon as he went out, my oldest son ran into the house and said, "Mama, I'm going to escape to the village across the river. Come with me! The river is frozen over!"

"No, my son, I have no strength left," I told him. "The fear and terror of last night took every bit of strength from me. You go, my son, be strong and may luck be with you!"

I found out later that just as he went out of the house, he saw soldiers dragging his younger brother. He thought he would be able to bribe the murderers so they would let the boy go but they seized him too. They pulled both boys into a house where there were already a great number of murdered victims. There, they killed my boys. Oh, have mercy on me, a mother of two murdered sons!

One of the murderers entered the house where I and many people were hiding. He stood by the door and threw a grenade at us. Twenty people were killed instantly. They never even got a chance to sigh. My sister in-law and four children were killed. Ten of us survived.

When we, the survivors, ran out of the house into the street, we found ourselves surrounded by Petlura's men. They ordered us to lie down on the ground so they could shoot us dead. We had some money with us and we threw it to them. They told us to flee as fast as we could. We ran down to the river.

Two soldiers on horses ran after us over the frozen river. We had no choice but to drop down and remain where we were. One of the soldiers got off his horse and pointed his gun at me. I grabbed his hands and started to cry: "I'm an old lady, why do you want to kill me?" For some reason, he restrained his urge to kill and told us to quickly run away. We were stunned. We just lay there on the ice, not yet dead but also not yet alive. Whatever happened to those two murderers, I'll never know.

Lying there on the ice, we heard shooting and screams coming from town. We also saw a great fire. With the remaining strength we had, we forced ourselves to get up and run to the forest.

In my mind, not knowing what had already occurred, I concluded that my children had escaped to the village and that I would find them there safe and sound. My oldest son had told me earlier which gentile's home he would go to hide. My shoes were gone and in my bare feet I dragged myself into the village to search for my children. I arrived there after nightfall and found only my middle son at the home of the gentile who, he was sure, would help him. The gentile haggled with us and agreed to take my son for the night.

In the morning, the gentile left the house but soon returned with the good news that my two other sons were dead! Oh Lord, what a disaster! To this very day I cannot stop lamenting the loss of my two dear sons and the terrible calamity that happened to my unfortunate town! Six hundred people - murdered! Nursing babies in their mother's arms, slaughtered! Entire families completely wiped out! The eighteenth day in the month of Adar I. Woe to this mother!

Years later, when I read in the "Morning Journal" that Petliura was killed, I couldn't believe it. The Holy One has avenged us!

50 Years since the 1972 Munich Olympics

Almost exactly 50 years ago the participation of an Israeli team in an Olympic Games held in Germany was a significant event; only 27 years had passed since the end of World War II, and the horrors of the Holocaust were still fresh in people's minds. Many of the members of the 1972 Israeli team had lost relatives in the Holocaust, but those interviewed prior to the event looked on the Games as a way of making a statement of defiance to the Nazi murderers of the past by showing the resilience of the Jewish people.

The Games were well into their second week when at 4:30 a.m. September 5, as the athletes slept, eight members of the Palestinian Black September militant organization armed with AK-47 assault rifles, pistols, and grenades scaled a fence and used stolen keys to enter two apartments being used by the Israeli team.

At the initial break-in, three Israelis escaped, two Israeli athletes were shot and killed, and an additional nine were taken hostage, bound to a chair and two beds with their teammate's corpse lying in front of them. Seven other Israelis were able to flee and all of the members of the Uruguay and Hong Kong Olympic teams, who shared the building with the Israelis, were released unharmed during the crisis.

The attackers demanded the release and safe passage to Egypt of 234 Palestinians and non-Arabs jailed in Israel, along with two German terrorists. The hostage-takers threw the body of one athlete out the front door of the residence to demonstrate their resolve.

The hostage situation presented an extremely difficult political situation for the Germans because the hostages were Jewish. It was reported that the Germans offered the Palestinians an unlimited amount of money for the release of the athletes, as well as the substitution of high-ranking Germans. However, the terrorists refused both offers. However, the negotiators apparently were able to convince the kidnappers that their demands were being considered, and were granted a total of five extensions to their deadlines. The Games continued, seemingly oblivious of the events unfolding, until mounting pressure on the IOC forced a suspension of activities some 12 hours after the first athlete had been murdered.

The police took up positions awaiting orders that never came. In the meantime, camera crews filmed the actions of the police from German apartments, and broadcast the images live on television. The terrorists were therefore able to watch the police as they prepared to attack. Footage shows the terrorists leaning over to look at the police who were in hiding on the roof. In the end, after the Palestinian leader threatened to kill two of the hostages, the police left the premises.

The terrorists demanded a plane to Cairo. At 10:10 p.m. a bus carried the terrorists and their hostages to two military helicopters, which were to transport them to a nearby NATO airbase. The authorities preceded the terrorists and hostages in a third helicopter and planned an armed assault on the terrorists at the airport.

Five snipers of questionable skill were deployed around the airport and a Boeing 727 jet was positioned on the tarmac, with five or six armed German police inside, dressed as flight crew. The plan called for the Germans to overpower the two terrorists as they boarded, giving the snipers a chance to kill the remaining terrorists at the helicopters, but the German police underestimated the number of terrorists. At the last minute, the police aboard the airplane abandoned their mission. This left only the five snipers to try to overpower a larger and more heavily armed group of terrorists.

The helicopters landed just after 10:30 p.m., and the four pilots and six of the kidnappers emerged. The terrorists walked over to inspect the jet, only to find it empty and realized they had been lured into a trap. The snipers opened fire and chaos ensued. The helicopter pilots fled, but the hostages, tied up inside the craft, could not. One of the terrorists turned on the hostages in one helicopter and fired at them from point-blank range. The terrorist then pulled the pin on a hand grenade and tossed it into the cockpit, causing an explosion which destroyed the helicopter and incinerated the bound Israelis inside. Another terrorist stood at the door of the other helicopter and raked the remaining five hostages with fatal gunfire.

Sportscaster Jim McKay, who was covering the Olympics for ABC in America, received the official confirmation: "When I was a kid, my father used to say 'Our greatest hopes and our worst fears are seldom realized.' Our worst fears have been realized tonight. They've now said that there were eleven hostages. Two were killed in their rooms yesterday morning, nine were killed at the airport tonight. They're all gone."

During the memorial service at the Games, the Olympic Flag was flown at half-staff, along with the flags of most of the other competing nations at the order of German Chancellor Willy Brandt. Ten Arab nations demanded their flags remain at full-staff, which Brandt accepted. The families of some victims have asked the IOC to establish a permanent memorial to the athletes, but the IOC has declined.

The bodies of the five Palestinians killed were delivered to Libya, where they received heroes' funerals and were buried with full military honors.

A month after the murders, hijackers of a German Lufthansa passenger jet demanded the release of the three surviving terrorists, who were being held for trial. Germany immediately released them. They received a tumultuous welcome when they touched down in Libya and gave their own firsthand account at a press conference broadcast worldwide.

In both ESPN/ABC's documentary *The Tragedy of the Munich Games* and in Kevin Macdonald's Academy Award-winning documentary *One Day in September*, it is claimed that the whole Lufthansa hijacking episode was a sham, concocted by the West Germans and Black September so that the Germans could be rid of the three Munich perpetrators. The view is that the Germans were fearful that their mishandling of the rescue attempt would be exposed to the world if the three surviving *Palestinian* murderers had ever stood trial.

Licoricia of Winchester

When Licoricia of Winchester, an English moneylender who counted among her clients King Henry III and members of his court, was found murdered in her home in 1277, news of her death circulated widely, even reaching Jewish communities in Germany. The level of interest generated by Licoricia's killing reflected her unique position in medieval English society: "She was Jewish, she was rich [and] she was a woman.

Now, almost 750 years after Licoricia's murder—amid a worrying uptick in anti-Semitism across Europe—a statue of the Jewish businesswoman is set to be installed in her home city of Winchester, England.

Licoricia of Winchester, daughter of Isaac, was the most notable English Jewish woman of her time. Married twice, after the death of her first husband, Abraham, son of Isaac, of Kent and Winchester, she continued her lending activities from the early 1230s. By the end of that decade, she was one of the richest Jewish moneylenders in Winchester.

Licoricia's second marriage took place in 1242 to one of the wealthiest of all English Jews of that time, David of Oxford. In order to marry Licoricia, David had to divorce his first wife, Muriel. A complex legal battle ensued, involving David, Muriel, and her supporters, an English bet din, the Paris bet din, King Henry III of England, and the Archbishop of York. After the divorce and Licoricia's marriage to David, she settled in Oxford, where she assisted David in his business dealings.

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When David died only two years later all the chests across the country that contained the official records of the debts owed to him were sealed and taken to the Jewish Exchequer in London for assessment. In order to prevent any attempt at interference by Licoricia, she was immediately imprisoned in the Tower of London until this process was completed. The price of her repurchase of all the debts owed to David was set at five thousand marks, of which four thousand was to go to the special exchequer established at Westminster Abbey for the building of a chapel there.

After her release from the Tower of London, Licoricia returned to live with her family. She immediately began to carry on David's business enterprises and started new ones of her own. She frequented King Henry's court whenever he was in Winchester, dealing with members of his entourage as well as with the King himself, who aided her in some of her more questionable activities.

Licoricia's ease of access to the King was an asset to the Jewish community, and individual Jews often turned to her to intercede for them. In 1258, Belia of Bedford, another Jewish moneylender who had been a partner of Licoricia's in an earlier Winchester deal, sent Licoricia a precious gold ring as a gift to the King. The ring was mislaid and Ivetta, a neighbor, accused Licoricia of stealing it. Licoricia was again sent to the Tower while the accusation was investigated. She was released when Ivetta herself was found to have been the thief.

Many of Licoricia's clients were members of the royal family, the aristocracy, and the Church. She also lent to other Jews, local landowners, and small farmers. Her name consistently appears in the financial records of the time and until her later years, she moved regularly around the country managing her assets.

In 1277 Belia, Licoricia's daughter, found the bodies of Licoricia and her Christian maid, stabbed to death in Licoricia's home, possibly murdered during a robbery. The amount stolen was rumored to be the unlikely sum of ten thousand pounds. The authorities were concerned more with the theft of Licoricia's property before it could be assessed than with the murder. Several men were accused of the theft, and a poor saddler who had fled the city was named as the murder suspect by the local tribunal. However, there is no record of the saddler or anyone else being tried and found guilty.

The organizers of this new statue hope it will "promote tolerance and diversity in today's society" while shedding light on an oft-overlooked chapter in local history. The six-foot-tall bronze statue depicts Licoricia, whose name means "sweetmeat," holding the hand of her youngest son. The phrase "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is engraved on the sculpture's stone plinth in English and Hebrew.



In memory of all who have died from Covid-19.

God of consolation,
Surely you count in heaven,
Just as we count here on earth,
In shock and in sorrow,
The souls sent back to You,
One-by-one,
The dead from the COVID pandemic,
As the ones become tens,
The tens become hundreds,
The hundreds become thousands,
The thousands become ten-thousands
And then hundred-thousands,
Each soul, a heartbreak,
Each soul, a life denied.

God of wisdom,
Surely in the halls of divine justice
You are assembling the courts,
Calling witnesses to testify,
To proclaim
The compassion of some
And the callousness of others
As we've struggled to cope.
The souls taken too soon,
Whose funerals were lonely,
Who didn't need to die,
Who died alone,

Will tell their stories
When You judge
Our triumphs
And our failures
In these hours of need.

God of wisdom,
God of healing,
bring an end to this pandemic,
And all illness and disease.
Bless those who stand in service
to humanity.
Bless those who grieve.
Bless the dead,
So that their souls are bound up
in the bond of life eternal.
And grant those still afflicted
With disease or trauma
A completed and lasting healing,
One-by-one,
Until suffering ceases,
And we can stop counting the dead,
In heaven and on earth.

–Alden Solovy

