

The Synagogue Journal

1856-2006

September 28, 2006

historicaljournal@kanestreet.org

Shabbat Shuvah

Issue 39 Yom Kippur

In this issue ...

We continue to explore the congregation's High Holidays practices. This year, as in the last several years, Kane Street Synagogue requires people to present their holiday tickets because of heightened security measures. All eight hundred and sixty-four seats in the sanctuary have been pre-assigned. Security Chair Sharon Newman has arranged with the 76th Precinct for a squad car on Kane Street and engaged a security guard for the Atrium Lobby door. During services, ushers organized by Eliot Solomon, occupy posts in the lobby and at sanctuary doors on the first and balcony levels. Elliott also facilitates Aliyah honors, directing participants when to go to the bimah, as the shamus did during the Goldfarb years.

The journal includes nineteenth century reports about Yom Kippur traditions. Readers learn from an 1889 Brooklyn Eagle article the reason white is used for the High Holy days, and discover that in 1892, the Rabbi wore sandals made of straw. Rabbi Goldfarb, who served as the congregation's spiritual leader from 1905 to 1955 had his white canvas slippers made to order at Eneslow Orthopedic Shoes on Livingston Street. The article Copland, Goldfarb and Socolov - Yom Kippur Memories, notes changes between the Goldfarb years and now. During the High Holidays, there are six times when prayers are said lying prone. In the early twentieth century, only a few men prostrated themselves in the aisles as Rabbi Goldfarb prayed on the bimah. Joseph Goldfarb described how his father managed to perform these prayers on the small and crowded bimah. "He had the small reading table notched at the base to nest against the steps to the altar. When the time came for the prayers, he had two assistants slide the table to the side so he could face the Ark. My father would then lift his arms like an angel as a signal to the men to support his upper arms. Facing the Ark and keeping his feet together, he then lowered himself first into a kneeling position and then prone. After he said the prayers, the men would lift him upright again." Joseph stressed the importance of keeping the feet together during the entire process. "The feet must be kept together. If he needed to reposition himself at anytime, he would hop with his feet together." Today, Kane Street's Ba'al Mussaf Ray Scheindlin continues to perform this prayer in the same manner as Rabbi Goldfarb with the help of two assistants.

During the Goldfarb years, presidents appealed to the congregation on Kol Nidre and openly announced the pledges. Albert Socolov found the custom humiliating, and others must have too. At services this year president Susan Rifkin will ask folks to look in their pews for pledge cards with their name, fold down a tab to support our educational and cultural programming at Kane Street, and hand their pledge card to a board member collecting envelopes. In recent years the president's appeal has accounted for eight to ten per cent of the synagogue's operating budget. This year's Kol Nidre pledge is included in the journal.

To get a sense of the Kane Street community today, read what the leaders of our Yom Kippur programs say. The synagogue holds a youth service on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur mornings for families with children ages six through twelve. Raphael Schklowsky writes about his student days at Junior Congregation days and as its current leader. Hedda Kafka Grupper and Jonathan Katz reflect on Shabbat and Holiday programs for three to six year-olds. Bob Marx who has led discussion groups on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur mornings for twenty-three years shares the highlights in "A History of the Alternative Service". In Melodic Inspirations, Beth Steinberg discusses the voices of Yom Kippur music at Kane Street.

Special thanks to all who made this issue possible: the authors for their articles; the editorial assistance of Rabbi Weintraub, Jack Levin and Vivien Shelanski; the nineteenth century news article provided by Brooklyn Daily Eagle Online™, Brooklyn Public Library at www.brooklynpubliclibrary.org/eagle

Peace in 5767
Carol Levin, Editor
historicaljournal@kanestreet.org

Contents ...

High Holidays Admission Tickets from 1951 and 2006; Kol Nidre Pledge card 2006.

(scroll to image)

Brooklyn Eagle on Yom Kippur

(click link to access article)

Day of Atonement, October 5, 1889.

Commentary on the rituals of the ten days, including the changing of curtains that enshroud the ark,

“On the penitential days the colored portieres are replaced by pure white ones, illustrative of the promise of the Almighty, ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, yet will I make them white as snow.’”

Sundown to Sundown, October 1, 1892.

Includes Rabbi Friedlander’s Kol Nidre sermon, “True Rest,” which concludes with,

““Oh that I had the wings of a dove, I would fly to the high court and find out my lot and clear off my doubt”
We need no wings, friends: our doubt is cleared off and our fear is removed right here by placing our trust and hope in God and resigning ourselves to His mercy or doubt or horror can have no hold on those who take hold of God, of His holy law, of right and justice. When I look around me I see before me many pleading countenances, many feeble frames, many praying lips. Some pray for health, some for riches, some for rank, some for power, but all of us pray for true rest. And the answer to our prayer is, make God a constant dweller in your heart. in your home. in your workshop. in the cradle. under the canopy. on the sick bed. in the grave. and life and death will appear to us one great, continuous, calm, gentle resort of permanent happiness and true rest. Amen”

Copland, Goldfarb and Socolov - Yom Kippur Memories

The composer Aaron Copland recalled the Yom Kippur of his youth at Baith Israel Anshei Emes in Copland – 1900 Through 1942, a biography co-authored with Vivien Perlis. The article includes additional commentary on the congregation and Yom Kippur services by Joseph Goldfarb and Albert Socolov.

(scroll to article)

Melodic Inspirations

Beth Steinberg writes about Ba’al Mussaf Ray Scheindlin and the De Rossi Singers

(scroll to article)

A History of the Alternative Services

Bob Marx recalls the development of this program initiated in 1983 by Rabbi Ginsburg. This year marks Bob’s twenty-third year leading the High Holiday Alternative Service.

(scroll to article)

High Holy Days, Then and Now

Raphael Schklowsky who attended the Prozdor Hebrew school and had his Kane Street bar mitzvah on September 9, 1995, recalls his experiences at Junior Congregation as a student and most recently as Youth Services leader.

(scroll to article)

Tot Shabbat and High Holidays Services

Hedda Kafka Grupper recaptures the ruach of Kane Street Synagogue’s Shabbat and holiday programming for young children during the last fifteen years.

(scroll to article)

Storytelling on the Holidays

Jonathan Katz provides a summary of the 2006 / 5767 Mini Minyan program.

(scroll to article)



THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Hebrews in All Parts of the World Observing the Penitential Season.

In the Hebrew calendar to-day is the tenth day of the month of Tishree. The first and second days of this month are celebrated as the New Year and the anniversary of the creation. It is the commencement of the civil year and is called *Rosh-Har-hono*, which signifies the beginning of the year. The first day of the new year is the commencement of the ten penitential days. The tenth day of those days of penance and prayer is to-day. There is no Jew in the world so low in his religious opinions that he does not in some way observe the Day of Atonement and the days intervening between it and the New Year. During this time and for some days previous to the New Year the synagogues are attended at day-break, and *Selicoth*, or special supplicatory prayers for grace and pardon, are read before the regular morning service. The purpose of the ten days of penitence (*Asaras Y'my Hotshoovo*) seven

of which intervene between the New Year and Day of Atonement, is to give an opportunity for penitence and reformation, so that the Day of Atonement may be one of purification and pardon for past sins. The third of the penitential days is called the Fast of Gedaliah and is observed as such in memory of his assassination. On the tenth day of Tishree (to-day), named the White Fast (Yom Kippoor) Day of Atonement, because it is hoped that on this day the sins of the past are forgiven. This is the most solemn and serious day of the year and is entirely occupied in the synagogue, beside a service on the previous evening. It is a day which excludes all worldly matters and of total abstinence from food, even so much as tasting water being prohibited. This fast is from sunset to sunset and, with the exception of the comparatively unimportant Fast of Av, is the only one that does not commence at daybreak of the day to be observed.

A curious ceremonial connected with the synagogue service of the fast is the changing of the curtains that enshroud the ark, in which are kept the Books of the Law. During the ordinary Sabbaths and holidays these curtains are of purple or crimson velvet, but on the penitential days the colored portieres are replaced by pure white ones, illustrative of the promise of the Almighty, "Though your sins be as scarlet, yet will I make them white as snow." In the Synagogue Beth Elohim, State street, the Rev. Rabbi William Sparger delivered two addresses, one in the early morning and one in the afternoon, the services continued all day. In the reformed synagogue, Temple Israel, on Greene avenue, Rabbi Leon Harrison conducted the services. These places of worship were crowded far beyond their seating capacity, for the Israelite who may scoff at and ignore his religion for 362 days in the year is a very humble and devout Jew on New Year's Day or the Day of Atonement.

SUNDOWN TO SUNDOWN.

The Day of Atonement Among the Hebrews.

Services Began in the Synagogues Last Night
Which Will Continue Until This Evening.
Sermons by Rabbis G. Taubehaus and M.
Friedlander.

Hebrews all over the world are to-day observing the fast of Yom Kippur or day of atonement. This is looked upon as the most solemn fast in the Jewish calendar and every member of the household above the age of 13 is compelled to abstain from food and drink from sunset last night until sunset this evening. The day, which is called the Sabbath of Sabbaths in the Bible, is referred to with deep reverence by the Jews, and the boys and the girls are early taught the passage in the catechism which says: "He that shall do any work on that day (Yom Kippur) shall be cut off from among his people." The day commemorates God's forgiveness to the children of Israel when they bowed down and worshiped a golden calf while Moses was on the mount receiving the law. The Lord threatened to destroy the Israelites, but Moses went up on the mount a second time and prayed forty days and forty nights for their deliverance, which God promised them. The people were so overjoyed that they ate nothing for one day in atonement for their sins and the event has been observed ever since.

Three very important things are denied himself by the Jew on the Yom Kippur, that of eating, drinking and washing. Beside that, he must be a stranger to his wife. The rabbi goes further and does not wear shoes in the pulpit, donning sandal like slippers made of straw. He is also attired entirely in white, to denote purity, a talis, which is invariably worn during services, being thrown over his shoulders.

Services in the several local synagogues began at 6 o'clock last evening and lasted three hours. To-day they commenced at 10 A. M. and will continue without interruption until sundown, the heads of families remaining in the synagogues all day. Traditional prayers and chants constituted the order of ceremonies last night, the rabbis reading the scrolls and delivering sermons. The synagogue, Bath Elohim, on State street, near Hoyt, was crowded to the doors with worshippers. Rev. G. Taubenhauß conducted the services, with Mr. J. Stark as cantor. Dr. Taubenhauß delivered a sermon on "Peace," taking for his text Isaiah, lvii:19, "Peace, peace unto those that are afar and to those that are near." He said:

From a worldly point of view the day of atonement is the driest and most prosaic of holidays. It does not embosom a happy event of a victorious past. It has not the cheerfulness of joyous family gatherings and the mirth of festal banquets. It has no worldly inducement and gratification. The synagogue is its home, prayer its conversation, religion its sole business. Remorse aches the heart, solemn reminiscences dim the eye and total abstinence withers the rose of the cheek. But from a religious standpoint the day of atonement is the most reverent and majestic of holidays, coming to us with a grand offer and a priceless dispensation. It brings peace—peace to those that are afar and those that are nigh—which has always been regarded by Israel as the sweetest acquisition, the cup of salvation. The prophets promised, the poets sang, the priests prayed, the people yearned for it. What is shalom (peace)? Not an outward condition of prosperity. We do not say of a nation that it enjoys peace because it has amicable relations with other countries when its own children are rebellious. A nation is never so unfortunate as when the thunders of civil war are rolling in its midst. Nor do we say of a family that it has peace because it is on a friendly footing with its neighbors when its own members antagonize one another. No greater calamity can befall a family than the discord and contention of its own members. Likewise when we speak of the peace of an individual we do not refer to his good standing in society only. The human heart is a separate dominion and what is going on in it is not always seen. Influence and refulgence of success in daily pursuits is no guarantee for inward tranquillity. There may be light without, darkness within; serenity outside, storm inside. Even when man is at his best and noblest the heart is not always swayed by the spirit of content. The earth is never bathed entirely in the radiant stream of the sun. It is always only partly tinged with its light. When it is day here it is night elsewhere. So there is in the human heart always some spot that is barren, some fold that is dark. You can keep off care and anxiety as little as you can keep the dust out of your parlor. It is a mistake to think that care is always dressed in rags. Very often it is arrayed in purple and wears a crown. The blues are at home not only under the roof of want and destitution, but in the structure of affluence they sit in the rocker of comfort or in the chariot of con-

venience. Solomon, the mightiest king of his age, exclaimed, in his hour of dissatisfaction, "Vanity of vanities, all is vain." A caliph of Cordova wrote in a paper found after his death. "Fifty years have elapsed since I became caliph. I have possessed riches, honors, pleasures, friends, in fact, everything that a man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I can say that I have really been happy and they amount to fourteen. Now, it is not strange that the caliph had so few happy days, it is rather strange that he had any at all. Who can find happiness in the realm of changeability. Suppose one had the wisdom of Solomon, the wealth of Croesus, the dominion of Alexander, the power to think as Plato did, to write as Shakspeare, and to speak as Webster, could he be blind to all the scenes of misery and deaf to the wailing of suffering in this world. No man can afford to be so selfish and wound up in himself as not to be concerned in the least in the affairs of others. The cyclone that tears off the roof of the house of my neighbor will not spare mine. Rough autumn that breathes destruction on the foliage across the way will not have more mercy for my flowers. What a shock has the Normanna given us all. A few sick people coming to seek shelter at our door make the entire country shake with tremulous fear. Man cannot find happiness in a world where the to-morrow is so uncertain and the yesterday passed like a dream, where poverty and starvation spread misery and sickness and death carried darkness and despair daily into so many firesides. Neither does Sholem designate that happy feeling which a clear conscience is said to exhale. There is certainly nothing sweeter, nobler and grander than a clear conscience. It is the softest couch, the strongest staff, the most charming gem. But who dare claim it. A man may say his conscience is clear from this or that sin, but he cannot say his conscience is clear from every kind of evil. King Solomon says, there is no man so righteous as never to fail, no spirit so shielded, no soul so unsusceptible as to come stainless out of the dusty streets of worldliness. The sun is not without dark spots, and noble as a man be, upon thorough examination, he will find that he has no claim to perfection. It depends wholly upon the ideas we have of right and wrong, good and evil. If they do not rise above us, we are satisfied with little, but if they soar up high, to those regions where the atmosphere is clearer and the vision less impeded; if we do not formulate our own code of conduct, but recognize a greater authority and make the word of God our standard, conscience will then mean much more to us. The ivy can, without difficulty, clasp a small house, but when the building rises up very high, the plant may climb, but will stop on the road. So with man. It makes all the difference in the world what he means to reach, to what ideals he looks up to with longing. The broader his principles are, the nobler and purer his model, the more he will have to reproach himself for lapses and shortcomings. It is right that the good one accomplishes should be appreciated and eulogized. Every good deed a man performs adds to human joy. There are too

many who do no good at all. Riding in the golden chariot of kind providence their only study is how to increase their income and to multiply their resources. They have no morsel of bread for the hungry, no sympathy for the sufferer. Considering such poor specimens of humanity it is rejoicing to know that there are many others who act at least like men. But let no one rely too much on what he has done and think his task accomplished. Remember how much was left undone and how much was done against the rules of right living. It is a good conscience to which we are to aspire a conscience that is always vigilant, strict, precise and dissatisfied and thus spurs onward on the path of improvement. The peace which the prophet holds out is ready religious practice. Religion is practiced in two ways. Some people practice religion with alacrity and cheerfulness; to them religion is a privilege and makes them grow spiritually. Others lack readiness and good will; to them religion is a burden. Though they seem to do the right thing they are not in harmony with their doing. They are like soldiers that go to the battlefield because they needs must. Having no fire of patriotism in their breasts, the musket and the buckler are prostrating burdens to them. The golden goal of the devout Israelite has always been to serve God cheerfully. "And thou shalt love the eternal, thy God." This does not mean to love God's being, but His Word; to obey His commandments and to feel that obedience is a source of felicity. This is the peace which the day of atonement holds out to us. We are to form, as it were, a new covenant with God to-day. By the penance which we are undergoing we signalize our determination to resign our will to His, to sacrifice our wishes to His, and no matter what our experience may be in the world, to seek strength and support in Him.

At the Synagogue Baith Israel, at Boerum place and State street, Rev. M. Friedlander delivered the Kol Nidrei sermon before a large congregation, his subject being "True Rest," and his text, "And I said, Oh, if I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly and be at rest." He spoke as follows:

Friends—In the entire range of scripture I do not know another passage which portrays so accurately the character of modern life—hurry and worry—which describes so touchingly the feelings of a worried man, which comes so home so with this hour of
we taken for my
like a dove, then
This, friends,
tered by one
d fear. Hero

the psalmist sets before us a man, who performs the most painful part of life's tragedy—the hour of despair. Come brethren, let us see the play, this is a fit hour for it. Indeed, it is a sad spectacle, it may make our hearts rend, it may draw tears from our eyes; but it will instruct us, it will present to us a type of our own selves. Be attentive, he has appeared on the stage. His eyes look cross, his face dismayed, his mind disturbed. He is apparently haunted by horror and chased by fears, driven from one end of the stage to the other. Struggling in perplexity, he gives vent to his hopeless feeling in the painful rhymes of Faust. Listen:

In every garb I needs must feel oppressed,
My heart to cares a prey,
Too old the trifle's part to play,
Too young to live by no desire possessed,
What can the world to me afford?

But to new horrors I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Will satisfy no wish of mine—not one.

And even then, when falls the veil of night,
Stretched on my bed I long wish in despair;
Appalling dreams by soul affright;
No rest vouchsafed me even there.

We sympathize with the scourged, almost breathless actor. Listen again! He mutters a wish; it is important for us to know in what tone he is speaking, ancient or modern. Let us hear what he says. From the midst of countless caves, restlessly dissatisfied and and hopelessly disappointed, he bursts out into a passionate cry for something. What? He cannot clearly say, only that he might get away to some place. Where? He does not definitely know, but to get away from here. He knows that he is not at rest here and, therefore, vaguely longs to break all links of his present relations and fly to some distant sea, where a European flag never floated; to some unknown region, where a civilized banner never waved; to some deserted island, where human strength was never exhausted, where human patience was never tried, where human fancy was never misleading, where inhuman atrocities were never perpetrated. Thus, disgusted and disappointed and discouraged, he breaks out into words of the deepest despair: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly and be at rest." But wait, a more

pleasing scene is following. A voice is heard from above, the scene changes; a chorus of angels clad in white and crowned with laurels, while pronouncing that his mind here below will ever be distressed, invite him to ascend and enjoy true rest. He would accept the invitation, but 'tis too late. Friends, we meet with such actors and see such performances almost every day. The man in this tragedy presented by the psalmist is the modern man of avarice. We meet him right there on the bustling avenue of the material world. He has no time to walk, it seems. He runs head over shoulder as if he were hunted by every element of nature, or as if the whole world was running away from him. Where to is he running. He is pursuing after wealth, and all the woes and tears and appeals of suffering humanity about him cannot interrupt him in his devotion to mammon. He makes earthly concern the all important passion of life. He employs heart and mind, body and soul, day and night, Mondays and Saturdays, all in the machine of money making. He never beholds with contentment that which he owns, but looks with avarice at what others have. He does not enjoy his own success, but frets over the success of his neighbor. He is not master over what he has, but a slave to what he would have. In short, he is always in a confounded state of hurry and worry. But in the course of his combat for riches he is often disappointed and frequently defeated; he commences to quarrel with God and with men. He is thrown into dullness, discouragement and restlessness, when, in a passion of despair, he bursts forth: "Oh, had I the swift wings of a dove I would fly away—where? somewhere, and once be at rest." We sympathize with him. "You need rest? Yes, indeed, but you need no wings," we say; "take it and right here, with your own family, among your friends and in the house of God." He listens a while to our words; he knows we are right; but before he concludes to accept our advice his mind is driven away by the tempest of vain fancy into the false belief that next season or next year he will be able to take a proper rest. "Keep up for another while your constant hustle and wrestle," says his imagination. "You will soon have enough; your sons will grow big, your daughters will get married, your expenses will become smaller, when you will retire from the busy market and have all the rest you want." Thus persuaded and beguiled by this monstrous Mephistopheles, that foolish man keeps on in his ceaseless toil, repeating the wish: "Oh, had I the wings of a dove I would fly" to that season, to that year, to that time promised by Satan, and he works until he is put to rest—forever. This is the part played by our modern man of avarice. But a voice from heaven calls out to us all: "You erring mortals, you are misled by the vagueness of vain fancy. Come, I shall give you swift wings; whither could you fly to be free from care? I shall give all this material world and you shall be as far from rest as ever." You imagine that next season or next year will bring you rest; you are mistaken. The days to come will do no more for you than the dove's wings could have done for the weary man presented by the psalmist. And you know why? Because the Almighty has so wisely ordained that mortal, with his ambition, cannot find permanent happiness and true rest in the material world. Come, mortals, says the

Bible, God, has appointed for you a Sabbath of Sabbaths, a day when you are entirely withdrawn from the material world, when you appear before the Lord in dove-like simplicity and join the chorus of angels in the anthems of praise in the peaceful residence of His majesty. And if you are heedless to heaven's voice and neglect in taking a true rest here and now, you can have it never and nowhere. Yes, friends, we, too, when we are in trouble, wish to fly away from here to seek for rest. Let us, therefore, learn a lesson, that there is not a place on the globe, nor an hour in eternity, where a man who makes worldly things the all-absorbing passion of life could avoid anxieties and bereavements. It will happen everywhere, something to vex us; it will occur always something which will keep us from rest. On the other hand, sure happiness and true rest we can find all over, all the time and under all circumstances in God, and in God alone. It is related of a man who was traveling all over the world to find a place for true rest that once he was sitting in a summer house, when through the open door a bird flew in. It became alarmed and flew from one side to the other toward the roof, trying to get out of this window or that. The man, moved by sympathy for the poor bird, said: "Foolish bird, why do you not come down lower. You would then see the open door where you could fly out easily." But the bird kept on wounding itself against the closed windows. At last its wings grew tired; it flew lower and lower until it became exhausted and dropped. The bird then saw the open door; it could easily escape imprisonment, but the wings could not fly; it wasted its strength at the closed windows. The poor bird flew around no longer. A new light dawned upon the mind of the watching man. "I, like the foolish bird," said he, "through my pride, ambition and avarice, have been flying too high to see the door of God's sanctuary, which stands wide open in my own town, in my own home, where I could find true rest." He started out for home. "Give me the wings of a dove, I will fly home for rest," he cried. But it was too late—he traveled no longer. Friends, the moral of this allegory is obvious. Human pride, human avarice, human ambition, human imagination, human

hurry and worry too often consummate the same end as that of the foolish bird and as the shortsighted man. Let us, therefore, not overlook the wide open door leading to the numerous things which is Godlike, intellectual and spiritual, in which we can find rest. At this hour, when our destiny is fixed, everyone inwardly says: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, I would fly to the high court and find out my lot and clear off my doubt." We need no wings, friends; our doubt is cleared off and our fear is removed right here by placing our trust and hope in God and resigning ourselves to His mercy. Fear or doubt or horror can have no hold on those who take hold of God, of His holy law, of right and justice. When I look around me I see before me many pleading countenances, many feeble frames, many praying lips. Some pray for health, some for riches, some for rank, some for power, but all of us pray for true rest. And the answer to our prayer is, make God a constant dweller in your heart, in your home, in your workshop, in the cradle, under the canopy, on the sick bed, in the grave, and life and death will appear to us one great, continuous, calm, gentle resort of permanent happiness and true rest. Amen.

High Holidays Admission Tickets from 1951 and 2006; Kol Nidre Pledge card 5767 / 2006.

ADMIT ONE
1st DAY ROSH HASHANAH
Monday, Oct. 1, 1951.

ADMIT ONE
YOM KIPPUR
Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1951.

ADMIT ONE
2nd DAY ROSH HASHANAH
Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1951.

ADMIT ONE
KOL NIDRE
Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1951.

Name _____ Pew No. _____
Seat No. _____

HIGH HOLY DAY SERVICES
Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes
236 Kane Street, Brooklyn, NY 11231 (718) 875-1550

Slichot... Saturday Night, Sept. 16 — Cultural Program and Service... 9:30 pm
5767

ROSH HASHANAH 2006

First Night _____ Friday, September 22, 6:30 pm
First Day _____ Saturday, September 23, 8:30 am
Second Night _____ Saturday, September 23, 6:00 pm
Second Day _____ Sunday, September 24, 8:30 am

YOM KIPPUR

Kol Nidre _____ Sunday, October 1, 6:00 pm
Yom Kippur _____ Monday, October 2, 8:30 am

Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes
236 Kane Street

KOL NIDRE PLEDGE

I hereby pledge my contribution to Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes in the amount indicated below.

Name _____
Address _____

Please bend the amount of your pledge at the appropriate marking.

Pew #	Seat #
\$54.00	
\$72.00	
\$100.00	
\$150.00	
\$250.00	
\$500.00	
\$1,000.00	
\$1,500.00	
\$2,000.00	
\$5,000.00	



Copland, Goldfarb and Socolov - Yom Kippur Memories

Ed. note: Aaron Copland's biography includes additional remarks about his Baith Israel Anshei Emes roots. This brief excerpt is from Copland 1900 Through 1942, Aaron Copland and Vivian Perlis, St. Martin's / Marek, New York, 1984. The remarks made by Joseph Goldfarb and Albert Socolov are from the Congregation's oral history collection.

"Sometime before I was born [1900,] my parents had enrolled as members of Brooklyn's oldest synagogue... On high holy days you weren't supposed to ride, and it took us about forty-five minutes to walk there. By the time of my Bar Mitzvah... my father had been president for several years... Religious observance in the Copland family was mostly a matter of conventional participation rather than a deep commitment to other-worldly experience. Despite this, one very solemn moment remains vivid in my memory: on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the elder graybeards of the congregation stretched themselves out prone in the aisles of the synagogue and prayed for forgiveness of man's evil ways."

Joseph Goldfarb, born in 1917 seventeen after Aaron, also remembered the men who would prostrate themselves in the aisles. Joseph said that these "greybeards" that Copland wrote of were members of the old Talmud Torah Anshei Emes. They were Orthodox men who for years after the merger continued to sit in a special section of pews at front left reserved for "men only." Joseph said, "There was always mixed seating. There was a section starting five or six rows back from the front on this left hand aisle where older men would assemble. They'd concentrate there rather than in other places in the synagogue. Sometimes there would be twelve, fifteen, ten older people who would sit there. Gradually over the years that number dwindled more and more as families moved out of the neighborhood to the more fashionable neighborhoods. And downtown Brooklyn wasn't a place where Jews came to live..." Joseph added, "During the years that the Jewish population was at its peak, the balconies were all occupied on the High Holy Days. On Yom Kippur sometimes they brought in extra folding chairs." He added, "The synagogue was supported by donations that I recall around Yom Kippur time when all the pledges and announcements about money were all open."

Albert Socolov, born in 1921, recalled how uncomfortable he felt on Yom Kippur when the president announced contributions from the bimah. His father owned a modest building supply store on Hamilton Street and dreaded the open announcements about money. "It was like a caricature," Albert said. "The people who would give the first ten thousand dollars or five thousand dollars, and the storekeepers who lived in the neighborhood would make those donations. It wasn't coming from the Red Hook Housing Project because those people were very marginal and lived economically."



Melodic Inspirations

by Beth Steinberg

Beth and her husband Ira Skop have been an integral part of music at the synagogue since 1986. For more on music at Kane Street see Issue 37 for Beth's article about "Shabbat Melodies" and Issue 6 – Sacred Music.

For the last twenty-five years *Ba'al Mussaf* Ray Scheindlin has been a source of melodic inspiration at our shul. We at Kane Street Synagogue sit in our sanctuary in Brooklyn on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur listening to him recite the prayers that millions of Jews worldwide hear in their own synagogues in much the same way. The eerily, beautiful *Kol Nidrei* prayer that ushers in Yom Kippur has been sung to the same cantillation for hundreds of years. Ray, along with his rich and capable baritone voice, has a linguist's knowledge of Hebrew and other Semitic languages. That knowledge brings an exquisite understanding to all of the prayers of the high holidays, especially the more archaic prayers, composed in Aramaic - less easy for us regular folk, but for Ray, pure poetry. His *Nussach* is a traditional one, based on the familiar themes of the High Holiday period, with some of his own special additions from his childhood in Philadelphia. His *Adon Olam* that we sing on *Kol Nidre* has become our melody – one that we associate with that particular time of the year.

Choral singing by the De Rossi Singers also enhances our High Holidays services. The original quartet, which debuted on Shabbat Shirah in 1978, set out to sing primarily the music of Salamone Rossi, a gifted composer of the Renaissance court of Mantua, Italy. Over the years, their repertoire expanded to include the work of Sulzer and Lewandowski, as well as other classic 19th Century Jewish composers. The choral group, all members of Kane Street Synagogue, worked under the direction of various synagogue members, choosing pieces that have become familiar favorites at our Shabbat, Holiday, and Rosh Hashanah and Kol Nidre services.

The De Rossi Singers took a brief sabbatical from 2002-2003. They emerged with an expanded roster of singers and with a renewed desire to broaden their musical horizons as choral singers. Under the direction of Laurie Yorr, the De Rossi Singers have sought out new musical directions, including music by Kane Street's own Rabbi Israel Goldfarb and Mort Kahn. Their repertoire has developed and changed, combining classical choral fare, Israeli folk songs, and harmonies of standard congregational tunes sung at regular Shabbat and holiday services. This past year, Laurie formed the Young Rossi Singers, with a group of younger Shabbat regulars, ranging in age from nine to thirteen. The group hopes to sing on a regular basis for Shabbatot and perform with the adult De Rossi group.



A History of the Alternative Services

by Bob Marx

Bob Marks and Debra Laks have been active members of the synagogue for 25 years. Debra has led Kane Street on numerous hikes and has logged thousands of miles of biking under her saddle (often praying along the way) Bob has logged thousands of pages of Torah under his "gartel" They consider their greatest successes to be their two boys; Josh and Benji. Kane Street has been a central pillar of the family's life.

While the ordinary translation of Tefilla is prayer, the two words represent different kinds of ideas. "Prayer" is closely related to the idea of pleading, while "Tefilla" is derived from the notion of evaluating or adjudicating. (It turns out that Israeli judges are called *Mitpallellim*) Certainly, both processes are appropriate to the High Holidays. For many Kane Streeters who are familiar with synagogue ritual, the High Holiday service allows for the expression of both ideas. But for the Kane Streeters who have a more limited background, the High Holiday Services can be experienced as more of the former and less of the latter.

It was to explore ways of making the services a more engaging Tefilla experience that in 1983 Rabbi Jonathan Ginsburg initiated a different kind of High Holiday Service at the synagogue. The Service was designed not to imitate the format of the sanctuary service. Rather, it would attempt to explore alternative ways of experiencing Tefillah, while remaining true to the spirit of a High Holiday service. It was also set up to be an interactive rather than a one way process. Rabbi Ginsburg recognized that based on my yeshiva background and experience in Jewish education, I had become over-trained on Tefillah and needed a change of pace to recharge my own spiritual batteries. Hence, I was "volunteered" into running the Alternative Service.

So we began running this program in the Belth Room of the old Community Building. It was decided that we would meet during the Mussaf Service for about 90 minutes, usually just after the Rabbi's Sermon to insure maximum participation and to avoid conflict with the children's service. The Rabbi's sermon also provided good fodder for discussion. Group size grew from about a dozen to 25. The composition of the group varied. Often established members of the community would participate for a few years, drop out and return. There are some long time members who consider this to be the Rosh Hashanah Service. And every year there are new faces of the interested, the uncertain and the curious. Every so often an argumentative person shows up. It becomes quickly obvious that the Service represents a safer forum for them to express their own troubled relationship to Religion, God, or Humanity. They of course are surprised to quickly discover that they are among friends.

Each year presents a challenge of how to reformulate the age old issues in terms that resonate with participants and stay true to the meaning of the *Yamim Noraim*. Here are some of the activities that have gone on in past years:

- Explanation of the High Holiday Service itself
- A brief history of the Jewish People
- A brief history of the Machzor
- The Jewish Calendar
- Jewish Christian Relations
- Translations of specific Tefillot with commentary
- Study and discussion of Torah readings
- Peace in the Middle East
- Songs and poetry associate with holiday themes.

One notable year we had an improv session. Groups had to present a five minute play based on a timeless theme: A Jewish boy brings his non Jewish fiancé to the family's Seder. The plays brought the house down. On Rosh Hashanah

5764 (2004) The Alternative Service conducted the first study session in the new Goldman building: We studied the laws of shofar blowing.

All those who come to the Alternative Service participate, even the quiet, thoughtful, or shy ones. Everyone has something to contribute. And each person can teach another. In years past there would be an Alternative Service on just the first day of R"H and Yom Kippur. This year for the first time, the service will run all three mornings, including the *second* day of R"H. The ways in which the Alternative Service has explored the themes of Teshuva, Tseddaka and Tefilla have varied over all these years. But the need for each of us to share in our common spiritual quest at this time of year remains the same. Shana Tova Umetuka.



High Holy Days, Then and Now

by Raphael Schklowsky

Raphael is a Kane Street "lifer", attending services practically from a pre-natal state through the present. He studied at the Kane Street Prozdor from grades 1 through 9. This is his second year leading the Youth Services.

I used to dread sitting in the family pew. It was too stationary. I much preferred the back corner of the balcony, playing cards with people who shall remain nameless (but they know who they are). Junior congregation was a must, even if its significance wasn't always apparent. Singing, bowing, leading and following at the youth services meant more to me than what happened in the sanctuary. Junior Congregation on Shabbat was about us doing it on our own. But during the High Holy Days, it was led by adults. The turnout was too big for us to handle, I guess. So we were handed mini-*machzurim* and it was just like the adult service – stationary. Once the junior congregation was over, it was back to the cards.

I didn't really have a clue as to why the adults were so serious, occasionally "*shushing*" us. To me there was no concept of repentance, or the binding of Isaac, or the Book of Life. The shofar was something my mother blew, not a signal to awaken my sleeping sense of self. The blowing of the shofar was more about how many seconds the *t'kiah gadolah* lasted, rather than ringing in the New Year. The New Year was apples and honey, round challah, teiglach, Nelly's peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. It was new clothes, days off from school, my grandparents at the Olcott Hotel. It was playing *tashlich* two-hand-touch football, our *Tashlich* Bowl. But that was then.

Now, I can see, hear, taste, smell and feel the significance of these High Holy Days. I can see the difference in myself from the years past. I can see the past mistakes and misdeeds and attempt to return to a better, more productive way of living. I hear the blast of the *shofar*, and can hear the resonant trepidation within myself. I hear the sincerity of the congregation during *Avinu Malkeinu*, and am inspired to emulate that sincerity in my own praying. I can taste the sweetness of a truly New Year. Not just from apples and honey, but from the aftertaste of words of repentance and kindness being spoken. I can smell the community's collective anxiety inside the crowded sanctuary. It signifies for me the blessing of having a community in which we are all safe from persecution. Yes, we all pile into the sanctuary, and at times can be a bit stuffy. But the smell of a united community, while perhaps slightly funky, is one of comfort. It reminds me that I am not alone. I am amongst my people, and I will not live in fear.

This year I can feel the excitement within myself for an opportunity to convey all these feelings to the younger generation. I have been given the opportunity to impart upon the youth of my community the significance of these Holy Days. A year ago, Rabbi Sam offered me an unfamiliar role in an all-too familiar play: leading junior congregation. I would be standing on the other side of the great generational divide. The prospect filled me with excitement and trepidation. The three services I led were exhilarating and exhausting. When the Rabbi asked me to lead Junior Congregation again, I felt much more excitement, and a great deal less trepidation. Above all else, the opportunity filled me with the greatest feeling of all: a feeling of purpose. If I have shared even a small portion of the High Holy Days' significance that I have learned since my younger days to the children of my community, then I have allowed them the opportunity to approach one step closer to attaining their own sense of purpose, and some day imparting that purpose to future generations, *l'dor vador*.

However, all significance aside, every year I still look forward to participating in the great time-honored tradition of the umpteenth-annual *Tashlich* Bowl. Every completed pass, a sin cast away into absolution and every end-zone dance, a worthy celebration of the sweetness of the New Year. *Shanah Tovah*.



Tot Shabbat and High Holidays Service

by Hedda Kafka Grupper

Hedda led Tot Shabbat and Tot High Holiday Services program for fifteen years. She began coming to Kane Street Synagogue in 1978 and, married David Grupper in 1984. They have two children, Naava and Eddie. Hedda is an Art Therapist and Director of Psychiatric Rehabilitation Services at Baltic Street Service.

This year on Rosh Hashanah, for the first time in sixteen years, I sat in the sanctuary as a new group of parents led the High Holiday children's service. I felt relieved to just sit and enjoy the service with my husband and our children who are now in college. Here's my story about those wonderful years with the children's services.

In 1990 when our daughter Naava was five and our son Eddie was three there was no young children's service at Kane Street Synagogue. My husband, David Grupper, and I had been attending Kane Street since 1980, and in 1984 we named our daughter in the second *Brit Bat* ceremony held at the synagogue. (The first was in April 1984 for Shoshana Ginsberg) We wanted to share our synagogue community with our children, but young children on Shabbat mornings were either restlessly sitting in pews with their parents or running around the sanctuary and community room. Discussions among congregants were about decorum, safety, and tolerance. Informally, parents took turns with childcare in the community room, davening and participating in the sanctuary when they could. Some parents who sat in the community room most of Shabbat morning made it into the sanctuary only during Kiddush as it was a quieter, less crowded place to continue watching their young at play.

There had been groups of parents before us and groups of parents before them who had created *minyanim* for the very young and their parents, but none existed in 1990. I spoke with Rabbi Debra Cantor about starting a "Tot Shabbat." She said, "Do whatever you feel you can. I'll support you."

Kane Street's Tot Shabbat was modeled after a program at Congregation Shomrei Emunah in Montclair, New Jersey that was coordinated by former BIAE member Linda Ariel. When I told Linda I was interested in starting a program at Kane Street, she gave me all her materials and support. I had been observing Tot Shabbat services in many synagogues for several months. I liked theirs best because it was a co-op. Usually we had two parents who accompanied every child and distinct roles were assigned to four willing parents each Shabbat. There was set-up, *tiflah* leader, Torah story-teller, and *kiddush* coordinator. The result was that at least four families had to meet together for the group to function well. We met in one of the small classrooms on the second floor of what was then the Julius Kahn Community Building.

Our siddur was four pages long with both English and Hebrew text. My husband David, a graphic designer, set new type and re-formatted Linda Ariel's material. Our siddur included *Hevenu Shalom Aleichem* (Welcome!), *Mah Tovu* (What a wonderful community we are!), *Barchu* (Hello, God!) the first line of *Sh'ma* (our Crede,) an *Amidah* (1-minute meditation,) *Ki Mi'Tsion* (Taking out of our stuffed Torah,) a Torah Dance, more dances, a Torah Story, another Torah Dance (returning the stuffed Torah to the ark,) *Ein K'Eloheinu* (for certainty and closure,) and Kiddush (our kids got hungry!)

I loved that *t'filah* service and often led it. During *Hevenu Shalom Aleichem*, I loved including the Hebrew name of every lap-clinging child in the group. Parents helped their children with Hebrew pronunciation and were themselves engaged. The children whispered their names at first. By second session, they were speaking more loudly. By the third or fourth session, some were confidently shouting out their Hebrew names. Parents were proud. There were my kids, Naava and Eddie Grupper; there was Rebecca Katz, Nicole and Samantha Demby, Liat Olenick, Jennifer Thum, Yonah Greenstein; and Howard Sider. There were Sara Rebell, Daniel Terna, Jesse and Julia Mayer. There were their parents. The paragraph circulated along with our Tot Shabbat siddur described our program as "a positive Jewish experience which enhances the child's sense of self and enriches the relationship between parent and child." The group usually numbered between twelve and twenty-four.

Parents got creative: Sara Porath, Becky's mom, made up hand motions to *Mah Tovu* and a march for *Ein K'Eloheinu*. Jonathan Katz, Becky's dad, often led the Torah story, embellishing it with his gentle style, visual aids and dramatizations he must have spent hours preparing. I remember one Torah Story he led in which he had our three to four year olds waving streamers of blue crepe paper close to the floor as we parents stepped over them in re-enactment of the crossing of the Red Sea! We always ended with a Kiddush of grape juice, challah, and cookies, chanting the three *brachot* along with the children designated to lead them. At the end of Kiddush, our ninety minutes together felt complete; our hungry kids looked satiated; the parents' need for spiritual community was more than fulfilled.

The group became close and wanted more. We met one Sunday and created a curtain for our wooden Torah ark. David and I brought home-made stencils, felt, scissors and glue. Teams of tots and parents created felt-on-felt squares depicting one of many Torah stories told during our Tot Shabbat services. We put that curtain together and used it for the next dozen years! Another Sunday, I recruited one of the parents Fred Terna, a well-known artist and eloquent speaker to co-lead a mezzuzah-making workshop with me. It was so successful, we did it three times. Children and their parents seemed to come to that workshop from all over. We charged a small materials fee and used the revenue to purchase

more stuffed Torahs. Tot Shabbat parents told each other we wished it didn't have to ever end, we wished we could have our own school. We began meeting every other Tuesday night to hone our mission. By second grade, we were able to enroll many of our children in what would become the Hannah Senesh Community Day School. (But that's another article!)

Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur Children's Services were special. It was not unusual to see at least twenty-four three to six year-old tots and twice as many of their parents. We met at first in what was then the "Belth Room," and when that room became too small, we met in the first floor community room. We still sang out every name, during *Shalom Aleichem*. Jonathan Katz took the lead as leader and Simcha Weintraub co-led, adding his wonderful niggunim (tunes) of *Hashiveynu* with hand motions, and "Sorry Stories." I told holiday stories, sometimes in costume and sometimes with puppets; I helped Jonathan dramatize the Yonah story on Yom Kippur, and led the apples-and-honey song during our birthday-party-for-the-world kiddush.

When Samuel Weintraub became Rabbi in 1996, he re-named the children's Shabbat and High Holiday service *Mini-Minyan*. I was involved in some training workshops and initial organization. Rabbi Weintraub asked whether some of the Tot Shabbat graduates could record a children's service teaching-tape. Five Tot Shabbat graduates met in the recording studio of new Mini Minyan parent and beloved children's music performer, Dan Zanes, and produced a now treasured tape. There was Eddie Grupper, Becky Katz, Nicole and Samantha Demby, and Howard Sider. All post Bar/Bat Mitzvah and blooming nicely. All singing lovingly: *Hevenu Shalom Aleichem*: We bring you hello. *Mah Tov*: How lovely are your tents, oh Jacob! and all the other *t'filot* of the Tot Shabbat Service that I will never forget.



Storytelling on the Holidays

By Jonathan Katz

Jonathan Katz is a long time member of Kane Street Synagogue who has helped develop and lead our High Holiday children's services during the past fifteen years. He is director of the Rita J. Kaplan Jewish Connections Programs at the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services and was a founder of the Hannah Senesh Community Day School.

This year, Kane Street Synagogue will again provide its acclaimed High Holiday Children's Services, for kids aged three through six. Developed and led by congregants Jonathan Katz, Rabbi Simkha Weintraub and Hedda Kafka Grupper, these services have been a source of inspiration and enjoyment for young children...and their parents...for years.

The services are held on both days of Rosh Hashanah and on Yom Kippur, between 10:45 AM and 12 noon, in the Community Room of the Goldman Educational Center. Each service features a lively mix of prayers, songs, stories and physical movement, designed to keep the children interested and actively involved.

Key themes of the High Holidays, such as appreciating and enjoying the wonders of life, striving to lead a meaningful and positive life, being a caring and helpful member of the community, are presented and explored through age-appropriate language and activities.



About the Journal ...

The Synagogue Journal, a one-year online publication designed to highlight prominent individuals and events during the Kane Street Synagogue congregation's past 150 years

We welcome submissions of reminiscences, letters and photographs to help shape the BIAE story for Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes. For a list of upcoming Journal themes or to read past issues, see "Archives" located under the Journal banner

[go to top](#)

[go to www.kanestreet.org](http://www.kanestreet.org)