



# בראשית

ת"ב

Vol. VII, No. 2

Bereshith: "In the Beginning"

5745 Shevat/February 1985

## PREPARING FOR THE HEAT WHEN IT'S STILL COLD OUTSIDE!

Those of us who are still thawing out our frozen tootsies, can hardly imagine what it will be like in five short months, when we'll all be clamoring for air conditioning. Like it or not, summer will soon be upon us. So those of you who have sharpened your ice skates, or waxed your skis, ought give some thought to your summer recreation plans.

The following summer programs are guaranteed to tone your muscles (eyes), sharpen your skills (brains), develop new interests (Torah study), explore new landscapes (Jewish Law), and solidify relationships (with G-d).



- a. 2-8 weeks in Israel, touring and studying Torah. There is now a Yeshiva to meet the needs of even the most finnickly sort.
- b. 1-8 week retreat for Torah and nature lovers in a picturesque camp setting in the USA.
- c. 1-6 week intensive Torah Institute at our own Joseph Shapiro Institute, Mondays through Thursdays, from 8 A.M.-5 P.M. Begins Monday, June 24.
- d. 8 weeks of evening classes at the Joseph Shapiro Institute. Classes begin Monday, June 10.

All of the above programs are reasonably priced, many unreasonably underpriced. Scholarships are available, and money should not stop anyone from experiencing a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

-E.Z.B.-

### ON KEEPING FIT

While I credit myself with being a thinker of considerable repute, I must admit that both time and schedule keep me from thinking about many subjects that I might otherwise give thought to. Included on the list are how many angels can fit on the head of a pin, the gestation period of a black stallion, and whether or not I should run the marathon. I've also never given a moment's thought to kashruth. I wasn't raised with it, nor have I, until recently, been exposed to it.

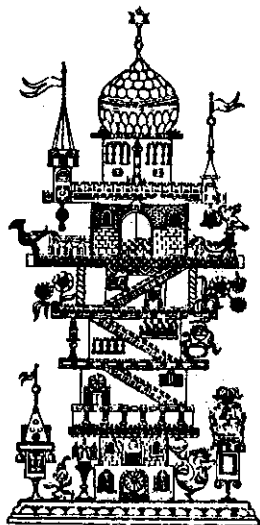
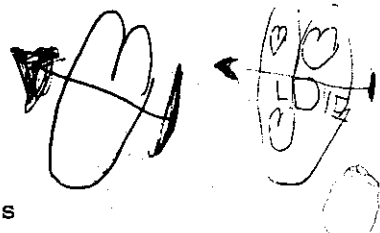
At best kashruth (which means fit to eat) would be an inconvenience. At worst it could be limiting and expensive. For me, world traveller, and self-proclaimed intellect, and lobster lover to boot, keeping kosher would be both unsophisticated and embarrassing. After all, some of my closest relatives are gentile. (con't p.3)

### CROSSTOWN TO NIRVANA

I sort of see Judaism as a Clairol ad. The closer I get the better it looks. That wasn't always the case. From afar, Judaism looked like a bunch of men in black coats and black hats resembling penguins. The women looked somewhat inebriated in their lopsided wigs. To make matters even worse, they spoke in an awful accent that made them sound as if they were about to spit. Combine that imagery with the 365 thou-shalt-nots and Judaism, or "Yiddishkeit," as the in-crowd calls it, was hardly appealing. Having been brought up by very assimilated second generation parents, I saw no reason to rock the boat.

But a funny thing happened en route to secularization. Somehow G-d got His thou-shalt-nots and His thou shalls into me, and I began to be seduced by, of all "people," the Almighty himself. (con't p.4)

REBECCA'S JEWISH ARTICLE

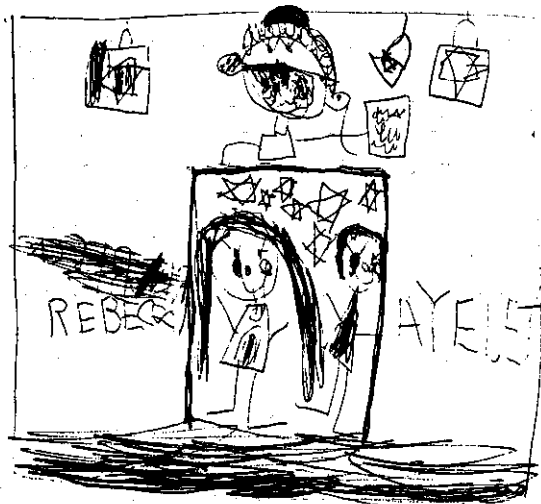


When my father went to Rabbi Buchwald's Minyan I used to sit with my friend Ayelet under Rabbi Buchwald's desk. I started going to the Beginners' Minyan when I was 2 years old -- Ayelet was 2 years old also -- she is Rabbi Buchwald's daughter and my best friend. The Beginners' Minyan was nice - my father always liked it so - but he doesn't go there anymore because he wants other people to go and learn how to be religious -- like my mother, Renee, who sometimes goes. So now I just go and visit Rabbi Buchwald and to see how "Yelly" (Ayelet) is. Whenever I go into Rabbi Buchwald's Minyan I think of my father and I love him. And I think a lot of people in Rabbi Buchwald's Minyan are very nice. Sometimes they give me things like cake -- like grape juice -- like candy, so from then on I like Rabbi Buchwald's Minyan.

Now I am 5 3/4 years old and I go downstairs to the Shul where it's very, very big - and at the end of Shul they have Shala Shudos and I get to play house with my friend.

-Rebecca Leicht-

*this is Rabbi Buchwald  
at his desk Davening  
and me and Ayelet peeking out:*



[Some of you might remember Rebecca Leicht, as the little girl who was sitting in the Rabbi's lectern, when he was reading the weekly Torah portion concerning the encounter of Rebecca and Eliezer, Abraham's Servant. Every time the name Rebecca was mentioned in the Torah reading (which was practically every other word) a little girl's voice piped out from within the lectern "I'm Rebecca!"

E.Z.B.]

(con't from p.1)

## KEEPING FIT

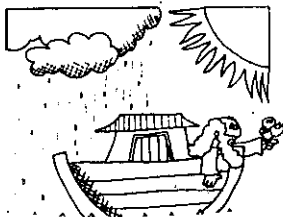
So I might as well tell you from the getgo that G-d got me. On the 20th day of Kislev, or the 14th of December, depending upon how hip you are to the Hebrew calendar, I made the trek over to West Side and dipped my dishes, silver and glassware into the mikvah. It was only a two hour ordeal but the real chore was in the cleaning and polishing and never-ending scrubbing. Like the actual maintenance of keeping kosher, getting kosher takes lots of work and even more humility. It means admitting that there is a higher authority, and in my world "keeping fit" is done in large part to bypass that higher authority.

So you might ask how such a headstrong, self-sufficient girl like myself could fall prey to such an antiquated practice. While the question is a good one, a better one is "could it happen to me?" You bet it could. Mitzvahs are not unlike Lays potato chips. You can't have just one.

With me it started innocently enough. I lit my first Shabbos candle one Friday night in Crown Heights, and I haven't stopped since. The truth is that lighting a candle made me feel so good, that I continued to light one every week after that. Before you knew it, I was shul hopping, then I hung up a mezzuzah, giving tzeddakah and taking a couple of classes at L.S.S. You guessed it, one day I woke up and considered the possibility of hanging my kitchen kashered. That was the equivalent of Pope Paul waking up one day and considering take a bride. It seemed to come from outer space. Actually, now that I think about it, it probably came from inner space; Hashem's space.

Once the inspiration hit me, it just took over. I actually wanted my kitchen kashered as early as last June but certain things stood in my way. Like Bumble Bee tuna. Bumble Bee just happens to make my favorite tuna and salmon in the whole world. It's wonderful. Unfortunately it's not kosher. Why not? A rabbi from Crown Heights told me it has dolphin in it. "Dolphin," I squealed. "There are no rabbis on board the Bumble Bee ships," he elaborated. Therefore the dolphin aren't separated from the tuna, and they get processed together. Dolphin are not kosher.

You must understand that two weeks prior to my talk with the good rabbi, Bumble Bee tuna had gone on sale at my local Food Emporium. Yours truly had just bought thirty, count 'em, thirty cans. So you see my interest was not merely hedonistic. It was financial as well. I refused to sacrifice the tuna. No problem, the rabbi told me, it was my soul not his. I called him a fanatic



Two nights later I had a dream that fish were carrying on a conversation in my stomach. What were they saying? Where's the beef? What else. The next day I returned the tuna.

Eventually, my ego got out of the way and I acknowledged that even if I didn't agree with everything the higher authority had set down, I was willing to go along with it. I called Rabbi Buchwald to help me get the process underway. He came over and the two of us sat on my kitchen floor going through my cupboards. Hunt's tomato juice was O.K. V-8 was not. Welch's grape juice, (my favorite), was a no-no, and so was, you guessed it, Bumble Bee. While I hadn't bought anymore tuna, I still had a few cans of salmon left. Feigning innocence I asked Rabbi Buchwald why I couldn't eat it, and I got the same answer. Boy those dolphin sure do get around!

If all this sounds ridiculous to you, it was equally strange to me. But then again, I had known that keeping fit was not always logical. In fact wasn't it James Fixx, the running guru, who said "heart attacks, while not unknown in trained runners, are so rare as to be of negligible probability." He died of one at age 52, while Abraham, who probably didn't know a jog from a cantor, lived to be 178. So go know!

For two weeks I cleaned and scrubbed and listened to a voice inside my head tell me that I was crazy. People came by and told me the same thing. My neighbor said she had made reservations for me at "the home." But all during this process I experienced a new presence; a warm encouraging hand on the back of my shoulder. It supported me and assured me that it would all be O.K.

There was something therapeutic about the cleaning. I enjoyed the organic process of being part of the pots and pans that would be made "fit to eat." I cleaned my oven so many times, that even my rubber gloves fell apart. But when Rabbi Buchwald came by for the final sanctification he didn't think it was clean enough so he cleaned the whole thing over again. People may say that the religion is sexist, but no one can say the rabbi is.

Which brings me back to the very beginning. What do I think about? Much of the same things. But now I have to give more thought to whether or not my sponge, dish drainer, sinkrack and dishes are synchronized. I also wonder how such a headstrong, self-possessed woman like myself, could have the good fortune to follow in the footsteps of Rashi, Maimonides and Deborah. Just luck I guess.

-Ellin Ronee Pollachek-

(con't from p. 1) NIRVANA

While I was pleasuring myself in the world of self-indulgence and anticipating more of the same in the world to come, G-d was making other plans for me. The more I travelled the globe in search of love and beauty, the more I turned up empty. The only way I can explain it is in Keats' notion that truth is beauty and beauty truth. I looked for beauty and found truth. And it made me frantic.

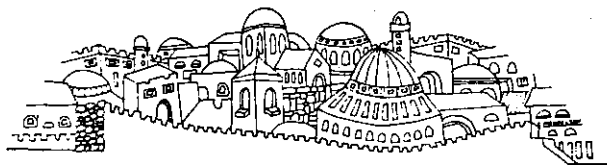
On the one hand it terrified me to think that I was the end all and be-all of the universe. But it terrified me even more to think that you were. Man's accomplishments impressed me not at all. Nor did my own. Stubbornly, I continued on. Lucky for me so did G-d. He gave me enough rope to hang myself.

One summer I got to satisfy a childhood dream by travelling to Greece. It was nice, but not nearly as wonderful as I had imagined. More significantly, an anti-semitic experience sent me into the student travel office asking to be put on the next plane out. I didn't care where. The flights to Israel, which had been booked up for months in advance, were being cancelled because of bombings in Hebron. Guess who ended up in the Holy Land and loved it?

Years later my work took me to India. In addition to the Taj Mahal and the Himalayas, I found a dying people, the Jews of Cochin. I examined them as if I were examining some pre-historic species. It upset me that they were becoming extinct and the only reason I could come up with as to why, was in their refusal to intermarry. And then a greater question surfaced, what did it mean to be a Jew? Was it merely an accident of birth or did we really have something special?

I tried not to think about the question for too long. Instead I turned my attention to the magnificent Indian landscape. While my focus was on the terrain, my eyes couldn't ignore the fact that the land was punctuated with half-naked men wearing long beards and saffron robes. Without even realizing it, I was being primed for becoming a frumie. How? Well, the first time I went out to Crown Heights, my introduction to Yiddishkeit, and saw all the men in their black penguin gear, I didn't find it odd or unattractive. I had grown accustomed to seeing religious men dressed in garb that separated them from the masses.

In fact, I understood, that separation and religion seemed to go hand in hand. I wasn't at all upset that the Lubavitch put me in the balcony of their shul. If I could deal with Indian temples



that forbid me to enter because I wasn't Hindu, but permitted cows to come and go as they pleased, I could deal with anything. I can see it now. The headline of the Hindustaan Times reading: "WOMAN SUES COW FOR DISCRIMINATION."

By the time I reached Lincoln Square, where the men dressed in colors as pale as a tropical sunset, and the Mehitza was low enough for me to flirt with a future fellow frumie, I felt as if I were in a, you should pardon the expression, reformed synagogue.

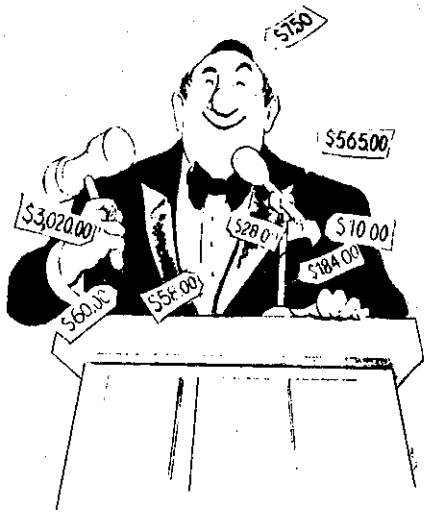
Funny, it was the trappings that kept me away from Judaism and the trappings that brought me back. And the teaching. For instance, when I learned in the Ethics of our Fathers that embarrassing a person is the equivalent to murdering him because you are depriving him of his dignity and therefore a moment of his life, I was blown away. Dignity! It makes an interesting essay, but for real life! Can you imagine an episode of Dallas where "dignity" is the theme? And isn't Dallas where we get our real life models? Yet Judaism makes dignity mandatory.

And what of the halakha that says if a person has a choice between unburdening a donkey of 150 pounds or helping a friend unload his donkey of a much lesser weight, it is a greater mitzvah to unload the donkey with the 150 pounds. Why? Because to unburden a beast from an oppressive weight is a greater mitzvah than to help a friend with something that isn't oppressive at all. However, if the choice is between unloading a donkey of 150 pounds, or your enemy's donkey, which is carrying just ten pounds, it is a greater mitzvah to unburden your enemy's mule. Why? Because you will also be unburdening your enemy of his enmity toward you, and in the Jewish religion it is a greater mitzvah to unburden a person, than an animal.

The whole religion seems to work that way. It's about dignity and Chessed, lovingkindness. In fact, greater than the sin of sodomy, the Sodomites were guilty of total self-centeredness. Not one person other than Lot reflected any Chessed. Even the Sabbath is a tribute of G-d's lovingkindness toward us. He has given us a day of rest, and while I have been unable to unburden myself of the yoke of the secular world, I imagine that to be committed to Shabbos is to be further cleansed. It is also a wonderful way to combat

(con't p. 5)

# GOODS & SERVICES AUCTION



Lincoln Square Synagogue

**You are cordially invited  
to an Auction  
of Goods and Services**

Provided by the Members and Friends  
of Lincoln Square Synagogue

Saturday Evening, February 23, 1985  
At the Synagogue,  
200 Amsterdam Avenue, N.Y.C. 10023

Champagne Reception and Viewing:  
7:30 P.M. to 8:30 P.M.  
Auction Begins Promptly at: 8:30 P.M.

... Dessert Buffet to follow...

R.S.V.P. BY FEBRUARY 14, 1985  
ADMISSION: \$10.00 PER PERSON

(con't from p.4) **NIRVANA**  
the loneliness and isolation of Manhattan, or  
Brooklyn, for that matter.

What I've discovered in my search for G-d, is  
that G-d doesn't reside in a place. Nor does He  
have a gender. (I choose to use the pronoun He  
because it is accepted, and simpler than he/she or  
shim). And most important, I've learned that the  
ways of the Lord are often beyond my ken.

I don't regret the journey. It's certainly  
taken me to some of the most beautiful and ungodly  
places. But it's also nice to know that I don't

have to go very far to find G-d, if I don't happen  
to have the airfare to India on hand. He's as  
close to me as my breath which He breathed into me  
with my Yiddishkeit.

I still have lots of questions but it's  
wonderful to know that neither Jew nor Gentile can  
take away what G-d has given me. It's mine  
forever. And when I forget, all I have to do is  
travel West to find it.

Blessed be He who restores souls.

-Ellin Ronee Pollachek-

**בראשית** Bereshith: "In The Beginning" is put together under the direction  
of Rabbi Ephraim Buchwald, Educational Director of Lincoln  
Synagogue, 200 Amsterdam Avenue, New York. Staff Assistant...Arlene Porath. A  
special Beginners' Minyan is held each Shabbat morning at 9:15 A.M. at the  
synagogue. Through its Joseph Shapiro Institute, Lincoln Square offers a  
number of adult education courses in Judaica.

Readers: This is your newsletter and we would like to hear  
from you. Article contributions are most welcome!



**Friday, January 25**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 4:45 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat  
 . . . . . 4:55 P.M.

**Saturday, January 26 (Bo)**  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 4:00 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 4:45 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 5:00 P.M.

**Friday, February 1**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 4:54 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat  
 . . . . . 5:05 P.M.

**Saturday, February 2 (Beshalach)**  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 4:10 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 4:55 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 5:10 P.M.

**Wednesday, February 6**  
**Tu B' Shevat**  
**Friday, February 8**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 5:02 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat  
 . . . . . 5:15 P.M.

**Saturday, February 9 (Yitro)**  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 4:15 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:00 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 5:20 P.M.

**Tuesday, February 12**  
**Lincoln's Birthday**  
 Morning Services . . . 7:15 and 7:50 A.M.

**Friday, February 15**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 5:11 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat  
 . . . . . 5:20 P.M.

**Saturday, February 16 (Mishpatim)**  
 Shabbat Shekalim  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 4:25 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:10 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 5:25 P.M.

**Monday, February 18**  
**Washington's Birthday**  
 Morning Services . . . 7:15 and 8:30 A.M.

**Thursday, February 21 and Friday, February 22**  
 Rosh Chodesh Adar  
 Morning Services . . . 7:00 and 7:40 A.M.

**Friday, February 22**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 5:19 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat  
 . . . . . 5:30 P.M.

**Saturday, February 23 (Teruma)**  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 4:35 P.M.

## SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

### Shabbat Services

Shabbat Early Services followed by classes in Bible and Talmud . . . 7:50 A.M.  
 Regular Services — Main Sanctuary . . . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Services for beginners and those with little Synagogue background . . . 9:15 A.M.  
 Shiur — Cholent Kugel Minyan . . . . . 9:45 A.M.  
 Youth Minyan . . . . . 9:30 A.M.  
 Shabbat Nursery (3-5 years old) . . . . . 10:00 A.M.

### Daily Minyan

Weekdays . . . . . 7:15 and 7:50 A.M.

If a member requires a shiva minyan at his home, the second minyan meets there.

Sunday . . . . . 7:15 and 8:30 A.M.  
 Legal Holidays . . . . . 7:15 and 8:30 A.M.  
 Rosh Chodesh . . . . . 7:00 and 7:40 A.M.  
 Fast Days . . . . . 7:00 and 7:30 A.M.

### Daf Yomi

Daily, 6:15 A.M. Sunday, 7:40 A.M.

**During Eastern Standard Time, in addition to our regularly scheduled afternoon services, there will be a Maariv only Service at 6:00 P.M., Monday-Thursday, except on legal holidays.**

Mincha . . . . . 5:20 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 5:35 P.M.

**Friday, March 1**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 5:27 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat  
 . . . . . 5:40 P.M.

**Saturday, March 2 (Tetzave)**  
 Shabbat Zachor  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 4:45 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:30 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 5:45 P.M.

**Wednesday, March 6**  
 Fast of Esther  
 Morning Services . . . 7:00 and 7:30 A.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:40 P.M.

**Purim**  
 Maariv and the Reading of the Megilla  
 . . . . . 6:25 P.M.  
 Additional Megilla Reading  
 . . . . . 9:15 P.M.

**Thursday, March 7**  
 Morning Services  
 and the reading of the Megilla  
 . . . . . 6:45 and 8:00 A.M.  
 Additional Megilla readings  
 . . . . . 12:45 P.M. and 4:40 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:40 P.M.

**Friday, March 8**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 5:35 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat 5:45 P.M.

**Saturday, March 9 (Ki Tissa)**  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 4:50 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:35 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 5:50 P.M.

**Friday, March 15**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 5:42 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat 5:55 P.M.

**Saturday, March 16 (Vayakhel-Pekude)**  
 Shabbat Parah  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 5:00 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:45 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 6:00 P.M.

**Friday, March 22**  
 Kindle Shabbat Candles . . . 5:50 P.M.  
 Mincha and Kabbalat Shabbat 6:00 P.M.

**Saturday, March 23, (Vayikra)**  
 (Rosh Chodesh - Shabbat Hachodesh)  
 Shabbat Morning Service . . . 8:30 A.M.  
 Talmud and Bible Classes . . . 5:05 P.M.  
 Mincha . . . . . 5:50 P.M.  
 Daily Mincha and Maariv . . . 6:05 P.M.

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### IT'S TU B'SHVAT!

The New Year of Trees, the holiday of nature and mystical revelation will be celebrated in the eighth annual Lincoln Square Synagogue.

### TU B'SHVAT SEDER

FEATURING Torah, Midrash, Law, Stories, Poetry, Song, many kinds of nuts, fruits, and wines, and a text based on the Tu B'Shvat Seder of the Kabbalist of S'fat.

The seder will be held at the synagogue on Wednesday, February 6th at 7 P.M.

Cost: \$7 per person. Mail check to synagogue office.

Happy Tu'B'shvat! Take a tree to lunch (or have a tree for lunch.)