Tenth Anniversary Issue





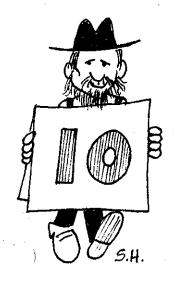
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Vol. VIII, No. 3

Bereshith: "In the Beginning"

5746 Shevat/Feb. 1986

TEN YEARS OF REASONS TO CELEBRATE



On Sunday evening, February 23, 1986 the Beginners' Service of Lincoln Square Synagogue will celebrate its Tenth Anniversary. This is quite a milestone, especially when we look back ten years and recall the trepidation and frustration that accompanied the first six months of the service. Only four people attended regularly, and one of them was the leader!

Today, thank G-d, the service is well attended and much has been accomplished. So we celebrate! The anniversary program promises to be exciting and entertaining. Why not? The entertainers are going to be the same crew that makes the Beginners' Service the special place that it is - beginners and former-beginners themselves. Cantor Sherwood Goffin will celebrate with us as well.

If you have not already received your invitations for the Tenth Anniversary celebration, it should arrive any day now. We hope you will join us, because we will be celebrating you!

-EZB-

A RECENT BEGINNER LOOKS BACK

My one year anniversary at Lincoln Square Synagogue was Parshat Lech Lecha. According to Rashi, the words Lech Lecha mean "to go for your ownself." As I reflect back on this past year, I marvel at the significance of this particular parsha and at my first exposure to "real" Judaism.

I remember calling up Lincoln Square Synagogue to inquire about the Beginners' Minyan, and when I heard that it lasted three hours, I thought to myself, that's so long! I went anyway, "for my own self." I enjoyed the first beginner's minyan so much that I made sure to go up to Rabbi Buchwald afterwards to tell him so and, before I knew it, he had me going to someone's home for Shabbas lunch. 99%

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AN OLD-TIME BEGINNER LOOKS BACK

As Yogi Berra might say if he'd try to squeeze into the Beginners' Minyan of 1986: "Nobody goes there anymore—it's too crowded." It wasn't always so.

Ten years ago, the only visitors were a handful of eccentrics and an occasional Buchwald relation. The minyan's skyrocketing popularity is testimony to the gaping need it fills. It serves as a bridge between two apparently immobile islands. On one side are the unaffiliated Jews, largely sophisticated in the ways of secular society, yet spiritually and socially adrift. On the other side are life-long Orthodox Jews, keepers of the ancient traditions, but anchored in their parochialism and self-satisfaction. The two groups tend to regard each other, from afar, with suspicion and disdain.

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(cont. from p. 1) OLD-TIME BEGINNER

My year at the Beginners' Minyan in 1976-77 didn't exactly transform me into a Boro Parker, but it did allow me to cross the bridge and alight comfortably on the other side. After graduating college two years before, I had visited numerous synagogues without satisfaction, studied Jewish philosophy, and enjoyed an occasional Carlebach concert. I was looking, I suppose, for ethical guidance, a spirited Shabbat service, and a feeling of community. Alas, it was not to be so simple.

The Torah portions of Terumah and Tetzaveh we read at the first few minyan services described, in what I found excruciating detail, how the Tabernacle was to be built. The building specifications, I thought, were tedious enough to redden the eyes of a hard-boiled Pentagon bureaucrat. I abruptly quit the minyan, pursuing in its place a brief boxing career and my first trip to Israel. When, in the absence of alternatives, I returned six months later for some reason, things seemed more to my liking. I enjoyed the give-and-take of Torah discussion, the uplifting singing, and the chats with new visitors.

My friend Owen, who was on the shul hospitality committee, arranged Shabbat meals for me each week with ever more attractive hostesses. Synagogue activities began to fill each Shabbat day. Before I knew it, I was inadvertently keeping Shabbat just to keep up with the services, meals, and classes. Also for the first time, I started dating women who were consciously Jewish.

I met my future wife Shelly at a Shabbat lunch that she and her roommates hosted in January 1977. The food was so tasty, I kept coming back for more. Too late, I learned that the gourmet cooking had been done by Shelly's roommates!

The synagogue spirit started to pervade my week as I enrolled for a couple of classes and tried to keep up with the Jewish holidays. I abided by the Fast of Esther for the first time--voraciously breaking the fast with a Big Mac and a St. Patrick's Day mint milkshake!

With Effie's and Shelly's gentle prodding, I began looking into kashrut, but, as a devotee of stuffed shrimp and crabmeat, failed to see the benefits. I grew increasingly torn, however, because as my shul social circle began expanding, I wanted to host a Shabbat meal myself.

With a little learning and considerable domestic help from my friends, I hosted my first Shabbat meal, a storebought, precooked kosher lunch. Some guests sensed rinexperience as a host, they said, when I passed the gefilte fish around the table in its store bottle.

As the spring blossomed, my spirits soared with an ever-growing sense of fulfillment. I decided to plunge into summer Kollel at the synagogue to solidify my halakhic grounding. Thanks to all this training, when I wistfully left New York for graduate school the next fall, I felt equipped to pursue a Jewish lifestyle on my own.



As I reflect nostalgically now on ten years as a more-or-less observant Jew, I realize that memories of the Beginners' Minyan strike deep--too deep for words, in fact, like the vital, precious images of youth. The Shabbat morning kiddush I've been singing all these years follows the tune I first learned at minyan. Before davening the Shabbat Amidah now, a reedy voice from minyan ten years ago still instructs me to keep my feet together and bend at the knee. And when I reach the "Hatov" line in the "Modim" part of the Amidah, I still sing the minyan tune and visualize a certain pixyish rabbi with a sweeping white tallis.

In more sober moments, I recognize that the bridge was no crystal walkway. It had obstacles and detours and dark passages that sometimes left me feeling frustrated and alone. And yet, having negotiated my way across, I feel a profound sense of gratitude and blessedness. I now have little doubt that the entire passage, even at its most discouraging points, was illumined by the stars.

-Neil Roland-



CONGRATULATIONS AND MAZEL TOV

WITHIN OUR FAMILY

ENGAGEMENTS

Susie Isserman to Dov Laks Raize Simonson to David Feld

MARRIAGES

Leah Abrams to Joshua Marcus
Rose Baum to Michael Bernstein
Emma Buroztyn to Jeff Leibowitz
Dr. Judith Deutsch to Marc Kornblatt
Meira Ptashnik to Tom Fleish
Iris Schoen to Ira Abramowitz
Marjorie Seaberg to Alex Gelman
Eileen Trager to David Rosen
Melanie Renchner to Dr. Bernard Kaminetsky



BIRTHS

Rabbi Eliezer and Olga Diamond on the birth of a daughter, TOVA MEIRA Jay Elinsky and Sara Wagschal on the birth of a daughter, YAFFA DRORIT Maurice and Shari Gluckstadt on the birth of a son, YOSEF ZEV Glenn and Yael Schacher on the birth of a son, AMIR JOSEF

BAT MITZVAH

Nisa Schechtman

CONGRATULATIONS

Barbara Ribakove who was honored for her work with Ethiopian Jews by Amit Women. Lisa Herman whose article was published in Jewish Woman's Outlook Oct.-Nov. 1985.

(cont. from p.4) RECENT BEGINNER

of the reason I went back was due to the contagiousness of that minyan and maybe 1% to the kugel at the Teleky's! And I kept going back every Shabbos morning after that. In mid-December, I continued "to go" by turning my Friday nights into Shabbos. I also started to buy kosher meat around this time and by January 29, I was ready for Rabbi Buchwald to zap my oven with his famous blowtorch. My first trip to Israel followed during the summer.

As we start to read the parsha, we learn that Hashem said to Abram, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house unto the land that I will show thee." I have gone out from my home and left the non-observance of my family and I have come "unto the

land" for I am now studying Torah in Jerusalem at Eyhat Yeshiva. My classes are wonderful and I am learning so much.

As I sit writing this, I can't help but become homesick for the community at Lincoln Square Synagogue. I have with me Cantor Goffin's tape of his singing at Town Hall. I play it constantly. The song that reminds me most of Lincoln Square Synagogue is Etz Chaim. "It is a tree of life for those who grasp it, and its supporters are praiseworthy." Yes, the Torah is the tree of life and I learned this from the community...especially Rabbi Buchwald. The sincerity of his commitment to all of us is unparalleled. I cannot thank him enough for showing me that Lech Lecha was not only for my forefather Avraham, but, also for me.

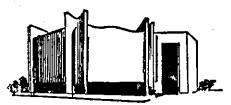
-Yehudit Kaufman-

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

Friday, January 24 Kindle Shabbat Candles	Wednesday, February 12 Lincoln's Birthday Morning Services	Friday, March 7 Kindle Shabbat Candles
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Bereshith: "In the Beginning" is put together under the direction of Rabbi Ephraim Buchwald, Educational Director of Lincoln Square Synagogue 200 Amsterdam Avenue, New York. 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 <u>your</u> newsletter and we would like to hear from you. Article contributions are most welcome!



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