

April 2017
Nissan - Ivvar 5776

The Shofar's Voice

B'NAI ISRAEL
SYNAGOGUE



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President's Message

▪ Benjamin Nettles, Synagogue President

Well things are moving along at B'nai Israel. Good turn out for the Megillah reading. Services are wonderful on Friday nights under the leadership of Dr. Arny Pock. Saturday services are great under the leadership of Avi.

Rabbi search committee is working hard getting a certain rabbi/cantor. He is looking good. Hope to have him make a visit soon.

Passover is almost here. Hope to see everyone at the 2nd night community Seder.

The federation has several movies coming up. Try to make at least one of them

Once again I will encourage everyone to make at least one service a month to show support to the ritual committee and their efforts to keep things going at the Shul. You may even enjoy seeing friends participating in the services.

See you at Shul!

Benjamin Nettles

Can I Use Grandma's Parking Permit

by Aron Moss

My grandmother no longer drives, so I use her car. It has a disability parking permit, which allows me to park anywhere I want without paying. I feel a little guilty about it and thought maybe I should give it up. On the other hand, am I doing anything wrong by just leaving it there?

Answer:

I can come up with several arguments in favor of keeping the permit, and only one argument in favor of giving it up.

Let's look at the arguments in favor of keeping the permit:

You already pay taxes, so why pay for parking?

You never claimed to be disabled. If the parking cops get the wrong idea, that's their problem.

Parking costs are highway robbery. It's a way for municipalities to get rich.

You often do errands for your grandmother with her car, so she is the one benefiting.

People use disability parking permits that don't belong to them all the time. The city knows this and allows for it in their budgeting.

The car still belongs to your grandmother, who rightfully had the disability permit. So why get rid of it? Do you need to purge the car of any trace of her? What if her music is still in the CD player, must you throw that away too?

But after all those arguments for keeping it, I can think of a single argument in favor of giving it up:

It is dishonest and probably illegal.

The human mind has an amazing talent. We take something that is clearly wrong, and come up with creative explanations as to why it is right. We call this talent "justification." Almost everyone has a dishonest side, an inner voice that attempts to whitewash wrongdoing and justify immorality.

But we have another side to us that is honest and upright, the voice of integrity that wants to do what's right. After all the justifications, we know the truth.

The Torah (Deut. 6:18) tells us, "And you shall do what is proper and good..." You know what you need to do. Give up the permit. And thank G-d that you don't need it.

Alvin and the Afikoman

By Mike Indgin

Before we even reached the door of the tiny Miami bungalow, we could smell the aroma of the fresh dill bubbling in the chicken soup. It made a six-year-old's heart leap with joy. My favorite night of the year had finally come: Passover at Bubbe's.

My mom, dad, brother Alvin and I were the last to arrive. Crowded around the Seder table were Uncle Sammy, Aunt Mona and their four boys; Minnie, Bob and their two daughters; and Aunt Blanche, who was getting a head start with her first glass of Manischewitz.

The Seder progressed as it always did, with Dad leading the service, Blanche sipping wine out of turn and Bubbe running in from the kitchen with more parsley and salt water.

When the time came for dad to go wash his hands, Alvin jumped up and snatched the Afikoman from the table. I followed my eleven-year-old brother out of the room as the Seder continued.

When Alvin was convinced no one was watching, he sneaked into Bubbe's cluttered back room. Somewhere against the far wall, Alvin found the old World Book encyclopedia and ceremoniously hid the Afikoman in the "A" volume between Afghanistan and Alaska.

We rejoined the group in time for the Four Questions and eventually the Passover feast. As usual, I stuffed myself with matzah Charoset and eggs to the point that I couldn't even touch Bubbe's famous roasted chicken.

Finally it was time for the grace after meals.

"Where has Alvin hidden the Afikoman this year?" Dad and Uncle Sammy made a half-hearted attempt to find the missing half of matzah, checking behind the TV and under the pillows that were placed on each chair for our reclining pleasure.

"Okay, you got us, Alvin," said Uncle Sammy. "How much do you want?"

"Actually, you don't have to give me anything," stated Alvin, cryptically.

"Shrewd boy, he's holding out for more cash," said Aunt Blanche.

"Oh yeah?" asked Uncle Sammy. "We'll beat him at his own game. Kids, find the matzah."

The Finkel cousins began tearing around the house like escaped circus chimps. After fifteen frenzied minutes, they returned to the living room. Kevin turned in the report. "Sorry, Dad. For a small house, there's a lot of places to hide a matzah."

Uncle Sammy threw up his hands. "Okay, enough. You'll get ten dollars right after Passover. That's twice what we gave you last year."

Ritual Committee

"No thanks. If you want to finish the Seder, you have to find the Afikoman."

"I'm way too old to play games."

"No games. We all know that the Seder cannot end until we all partake of the Afikoman. If you can't find it, then I guess the Seder won't come to an end."

"Well, technically he's right," said my dad. "Why he's doing this, I have no idea."

Sammy shrugged. "From now on, his Afikoman hiding privileges are officially revoked. You win, Alvie. After Passover, you'll get twenty dollars."

The cousins gasped.

Kevin was the most upset. "That's a whole year of my allowance."

This was becoming serious business. After all, it was 1975.

Alvin raised his hand to quiet his cousins.

"Look, everyone. I'll explain my intentions."

Even Bubbe popped her head in from the kitchen to hear this.

Alvin cleared his throat. "I've been doing a lot of thinking. This fall, Kevin goes off to college. Mitchell and Warren will be right behind him. Sarah will probably marry that doctor she's dating."

Her mother Mamie smiled at the prospect.

"Pretty soon we'll all go our separate ways," continued Alvin. "This gathering -- this tradition -- will be just a memory. So I was thinking: What if the Afikoman wasn't found? It would be the Endless Seder. Bubbe would keep cooking her delicious meals. We could stay here forever. One big happy family."

"I'm going to kill him," said Sammy.

Aunt Blanche at least seemed open to the idea. "Well, if we could wander in the desert for forty years . . ."

Sammy turned to my dad for help. "Endless Seder? Talk some sense into the boy, Nathan."

Ritual Committee

"He's kidding. An eternal Seder. That's a good one, Alvie."

"I'm not kidding, Dad."

Sammy's voice got low and serious. "It's getting late. I ate too much. We have to go. Twenty-five bucks. That's my final offer."

"Twenty-five bucks?!" Cousin Kevin's face was turning red.

This just made Alvin more adamant. "Uncle Sammy, how can you put a price on something priceless? This simcha? These smiling faces?"

By this point, only Blanche was smiling. She had passed out in her Seder plate.

"I appreciate what you're trying to do," said Sammy. "Your heart is in the right place. But enough is enough."

With a grand gesture, he picked up a matzah from underneath the matzah cover.

"See this? This matzah was the one next to the Afikoman. Perhaps Elijahsneaked in during the Seder and transmuted the Afikoman's Seder-ending powers into the matzah I am now holding. I hereby deem this matzah 'Afikoman by association.'"

He began breaking up the matzah and distributing it to his sons.

Alvin was horrified. "Afikoman by association? Please, Uncle Sammy."

"Okay, prove to me that this matzah didn't come from the same larger matzah that the Afikoman came from? Or maybe this is the original Afikoman and it shifted to the bottom during shipping?"

Dad sat down next to his son.

"I don't get it, Dad," sighed Alvin. "I thought we'd all want this night to last forever."

"It was a noble idea, Alvie. But think about it: if this Seder didn't end, we would miss Shabbat. Not to mention Chanukah and your Bar Mitzvah."

"Chanukah," repeated Alvin quietly.

Dad put his hand on Alvin's shoulder. "Sometimes we wish time would stand still -- that things could always be just as they are. But without the changing of the seasons, life itself could not exist. There would be no sunrise. No dawning of a new day with its promises and mysteries."

Ritual Committee

For a dermatologist, Dad could be pretty philosophical.

"Who knows? Next year we could all be in Israel, eating dishes you've never tasted, celebrating with cousins you've never met."

Alvin thought about this for a moment, then left the room, reappearing with the missing Afikoman in his hand. He broke off a piece and handed it to Dad. Together they each took a bite.

Alvin smiled for the first time all evening.

"Next year in Jerusalem," he said to his father.

"Yes, Alvin. Next year in Jerusalem."

Religious School

We may be small in number but we have so much fun learning!

The religious school students got to enjoy our lovely spring weather and practice their Hebrew writing skills with a little side walk chalk.

Then it was time for Passover with fun and creative Seder plates, thank you Yael! And of course no Seder complete without a "plague bag".

Thank you to Norman, Josie, Shelly and Carolyn for joining our religious school mock Seder. The kids really enjoyed having visitors! Great Seder led by Yael and her lovely sister! Great food by our magnificent Kate Lollar.

I have the absolute BEST students, teachers and volunteers! Thank you for ALL that you do!

Hard to believe summer break will be here soon! Information will be coming out regarding plans for our Lag B'omer Bon fire in May.

Shalom,

Vikki Goldstein



Passover Recipe

Courtesy of Kate Lollar

Shalom y'all!!

Look at what I found for Passover. 3 ingredients! How easy is that!?! Try them out and let me know how you like them. I may make some for our Seder. Yes Avi, I'll make sure to use parve chocolate!

Chewy Chocolate Merengue's

- 1 cup egg whites
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 cup dark chocolate chips

Instructions:

1. Preheat the oven to 275 degrees. Line two baking sheets with parchment paper
2. Place the egg whites and sugar in a medium saucepan over medium-low heat. Cook, stirring, until the sugar melts
3. Place the warm egg white and sugar mixture in the bowl of a stand mixer and beat on high until the whites are stiff and glossy, about 5-20 minutes
4. Add the chocolate chips and mix on medium until incorporated
5. Scoop large spoonfuls onto the prepared baking sheets. These cookies won't spread, but you want to keep an inch between them on the sheet. They will look like fluffy clouds, and will retain this shape during baking
6. Bake in the oven for about 45 minutes, rotating the sheets halfway through, until they are hard on the outside and soft in the center. The best way to test is to break one in half and make sure it's cooked through, but still soft
7. Allow to cool completely on the baking sheet before removing them carefully with your hands. Store in an airtight container up to 4 days.

Donations!!

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Keith Stimmell

Esther Allen – in Memory of Rebekah's Sister

Frank Kay

Rabbi's Discretionary Fund

Delores Livingston

Helen Adamson

Sisterhood

Kroll family

Elliott & Josie Roberts – in memory of Barbara Kroll

Yahrzeits

Nisan / April

9	5	Zinaida Reznitskaia
13	9	Jack Goldstein
13	9	Frank Dreyfus
14	10	Marilyn Safer
15	11	Gerson Snyder
16	12	Stanley Levin
18	14	Sam Rabin
23	19	Lee Bourquin
24	20	Hyman Soclof
26	22	Gussie Bearman
26	22	Jeffery Lee Baron
29	25	Alex Lischkoff
30	26	Bessie Helen Harri Rose

Ivvar / April

1	27	Irving Miller
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April Birthdays

1 Mitzi Goldstein
1 Marci Goodman
1 Nathan Kahn
3 Nancy Haller
4 Phillip Davies
5 Benjamin Rosenbaum
6 Sarah Davies
6 Joseph Davies
8 Cara Kailey Faith Shemaria
11 Norman Roberts
12 Elizabeth Allen Harris
18 Lauren Allen
19 Marci Shemaria
19 Ryan Klemm
19 Roy Masters
21 Jackie Goodman
22 Jean Ellen Gordon
23 Alex Lollar
25 Rachel Haller
29 Delores Gelfand

Anniversaries

1 Richard and Nancy Haller
14 Geraldn and Mitzi
Goldstein

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Have a story for the newsletter? Please send submissions to the Shofar's Voice Editor Samantha Goldstein via Jussduckie@aol.com, by the 15th of each month.

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