

CONGREGATION OHAB ZEDEK YIZKOR BOOK

5783

CONGREGATION OHAB ZEDEK

THE HEART OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE
118 WEST 95TH STREET NY NY 10025 | OZNY.ORG/YIZKOR



From the Desk of Rabbi Allen Schwartz

DEAR OZ FAMILY,

Yizkor brings back memories, and Yizkor asks God to remember. "Hashem Tzilcha", God is our shade, and protection, (Tehillim 121:5), but "Tzilcha" can also mean shadow. This means that God is often a reflection of what we are, which requires us to remember our past, our traditions, and our rich history, if we expect God to "Yizkor" our dear departed. I included below an incredible story of memory and reunion, which attests to our ability to bridge gaps of many years with our memories and story-telling.

Let us also remember, that one day, someone will be saying Yizkor for us. Let us be sure that they will cherish our memories, and have heart-warming stories to tell when they think of us. I wish a G'mar Chatima Tova to all and a successful Yom Kippur that will, with God's help, vouchsafe a year of health, happiness and success for 5783.

RABBI ALLEN SCHWARTZ

"Brought To Light," by Rabbi Ron Yitzchok Eisenman (Mishpacha #929)

On a regular Tuesday in 1965, I got off the school bus with my older brother and walked to our apartment building. As usual, there was a crowd of people waiting for the elevator; it was a little after five p.m., and everyone was on their way home after work.

We got into the elevator at five twenty-five. People crowded in behind us until the elevator was at capacity, then the doors closed, and it began its slow ascent. Suddenly the lights went out. The elevator shuddered to a stop.

We had no idea that we were among over 800,000 people stranded and stuck in elevators and subways all over New York City in what would be known as the Great Northeast Blackout of 1965. All we knew was that we were trapped in a dark, crowded cubicle.

There were flashes of light as people began flicking their cigarette lighters. One man took advantage of the light to force open the decorative door, which revealed the steel door with its huge lever. Another man pushed the lever, and the elevator door flew open. Miraculously, we had stopped about six feet above the lobby, and as the door opened, we could see the people still waiting on the ground floor.

There was a very small opening at the bottom of the elevator. Mr. Weinstein, an old man with a thick Yiddish accent and blue numbers tattooed on his arm, took command. Authoritatively, he called, "Let's at least save the boys!"

He pushed something into my hand and said, "Es zol zeyn far a shmirah." Immediately, my brother and I were lowered through the gap into the waiting hands of those in the lobby.

We were the only ones small enough to be lowered down. Before we disappeared into the mass of people, Mr. Weinstein called, "Hashem Yishmor!"

My brother and I looked at each other, at a loss. The elevator was broken, the staircase up to the 13th floor was darker than the night, and our father was not due home until seven. I thought, "Mr. Weinstein said Hashem is watching over us."

At that moment, I heard a familiar voice calling my name. My father was striding across the lobby. His last two appointments had been cancelled, and he came home early for the only time I could ever recall. Even more unusual, he was carrying an old flashlight. I never noticed a flashlight in his car, neither before nor after, but somehow, he had one.

We began to trek up the 13 flights. On the 11th floor, my father's flashlight began flickering and fading. Then we heard my mother's voice.

"Moshe, is that you? Do you have the boys with you?"

My mother was walking downstairs with a candle to meet us.

When I entered our darkened apartment, I gave my mother the object Mr. Weinstein had pressed in my hand in the elevator. It was a cigarette lighter. He obviously thought we might need it. My mother took it from me and put it away for safekeeping.

Years passed. In 2015, my mother left this world, and among other papers and effects, I inherited a small cigar box marked, "636 Brooklyn Ave," our old apartment building address. I put it away without opening it.

In September 2022, I found myself speaking casually to a group of men after the 11 p.m. Maariv in our shul in Passaic. Something reminded me of the 1965 blackout, and I briefly related how my brother and I were rescued from the elevator and how an elderly Holocaust survivor gave me his cigarette lighter.

I added, "This year, the secular date of the anniversary of the blackout, November 9, falls on the 15th of Cheshvan, just as it did 57 years ago." Then I mused, "I wonder whatever happened to that cigarette lighter?"

There was a man standing nearby. He seemed to be in his seventies, and he listened attentively to every word. When I walked out, he approached me.

"That was some story you told about being stuck in the elevator." I nodded.

"I don't live around here, and I've actually never been to Passaic before. But I'm intrigued by the older gentleman who gave you the lighter. Do you remember what his name was?"

"Sure," I answered. "Mr. Weinstein."

The man's face lit up. "My name is Weinstein, and that man in the elevator was my grandfather! I was a teenager during the blackout, and he told me the story of being stuck in the elevator with two boys."

I was stunned. Mr. Weinstein's grandson pleaded, "Do you have my grandfather's lighter?"

I had not seen or even thought about the lighter in over half a century. But his voice was full of desperation and longing. I suddenly recalled the box I had brought from my mother's home seven years ago. I had never thought to open it, but I knew exactly where it was. I told the man to meet me in my office in one hour.

I retrieved the box and opened it. There were a few old keys and a lease from 1963, and there it was: a silver cigarette lighter. My mother had attached a note to the lighter: "Given by Mr. Weinstein night of blackout November 9, 1965."

I returned to the shul to give Mr. Weinstein's grandson the lighter. His eyes lit up and he caressed it lovingly.

It was very tarnished, but we could discern a faint Hebrew engraving. Mr. Weinstein's grandson carefully rubbed his fingers over the spot to clean it.

The engraving read, "Shomer Yisrael." Below those words, in small letters, were the words, "Warsaw, Erev Rosh Hashanah 5700."

Mr. Weinstein's grandson looked at me and, through tear-filled eyes, said, "Thank you. My grandfather told me he had a cigarette lighter given to him by his grandfather at the beginning of the war in 1939.

His grandfather told him it would be a shmirah for him. He kept it with him during the war and hid it with him even in Auschwitz. When the lights went out in the elevator, my grandfather was sure that the war had begun again, that the Nazis were bombing again. He told us that as one last act of chesed, he gave the lighter to a red-headed boy who was small enough to escape the elevator. He was sure that only this boy and his brother would survive the bombing.

"Later, when he realized it was an innocuous blackout and the Nazis had not really returned, my grandfather wanted to get the lighter back.

Unfortunately, he passed away soon after. I've been davening for 57 years to find the lighter. Today, when you told the story, I knew Hashem had answered my tefillos."

"What were you doing here at the 11 p.m. Maariv tonight?" I asked him.

"I wasn't planning to be here," Mr. Weinstein said. "In fact, I never even heard of Passaic! I was flying from overseas to Newark, and I was supposed to catch a connecting flight to the West Coast. My flight was delayed, and when I asked someone where the closest late Maariv was, they told me to come here. My zeide taught me to always say Shalom Aleichem to the rav of the shul, so I followed you out of shul and heard your story."

"Your commitment to tefillah b'tzibbur is inspiring," I said.

"I would have davened b'yechidus," Mr. Weinstein admitted. "But when I heard the plane was delayed, I looked through my phone and realized I should say Kaddish tonight."

"What do you mean, you realized you should say Kaddish? Are you an avel? Do you have yahrtzeit?"

"No — but on my phone I keep a list of all of my relatives and the dates when they passed away, and if there's no one to say Kaddish, I try to say a Kaddish for them. I had noticed that tonight is the yahrtzeit of one of my family members. The truth is," he added, "I didn't even have time to see whose yahrtzeit it is. Let me check."

He scrolled through his phone and I heard him suck in a breath.

"Tonight, is the yahrtzeit of my zeide's zeide," he said, shaking his head.

"Tonight, is the yahrtzeit of the man who gave my zeide the lighter! He died in the Warsaw Ghetto."

"What was his name?"

"His name is my name, Shmuel Zalman ben Aryeh Leib Weinstein."

Mr. Weinstein shook his head again. "I came here looking for a late Maariv, and I'm leaving in possession of the only existing physical link to my past."

Mr. Weinstein rushed back to Newark airport, and I stood still, awash in awe of the Creator of light.

Excerpt from the Preface to the Koren Publishers Edition of Yizkor, by Rabbi Jonathan Sacks

One of the most important halachic responses to tragedy is the act of remembering, Yizkor. More than it has history, the Jewish people has memory. Yet in the biblical Hebrew of Tanakh there is no word for history, and modern Hebrew had to borrow one, historia. Instead, Tanakh uses the root zakhor, meaning "memory," which occurs no fewer than 169 times in the Hebrew Bible.

There is a fundamental difference between history and memory. History is "his story," an account of events that happened sometime else to someone else. Memory is "my story." It is the past internalized and made a part of my identity. That is what the Mishna in Pesachim (116b) means when it says "Each person must themselves as if they went out of Egypt." History is the story of a past that is dead. Memory is the story of a future.

There is the specific Jewish way of remembering. Most cultures' memories are about the past, but whenever the word yizkor is mentioned in the Torah, it refers not the past, but to the present and to renewal. "G-d remembered Noah," "G-d remembered Abraham," "G-d remembered Rachel," "G-d remembered His Covenant." In each case it was about the future, not about the past. G-d remembered Noah and brought him to dry land. G-d remembered Abraham and saved his nephew Lot. G-d remembered Rachel and gave her a child. G-d remembered His Covenant and began the process of rescuing the Israelites from Egypt. In Judaism, memory itself is future oriented.

This is neither accidental nor marginal. Judaism gave two majestic ideas their greatest religious expression: memory and hope. Memory is our living connection to those who came before us. Hope is what we hand on to the generations yet to come. Those we remember live on is us: in words, gestures, a smile here, an act of kindness there, that we would not have done had that person not left their mark on our lives. That is what Yizkor is: memory as a religious act of thanksgiving for a life that was, and that still sends its echoes and reverberations into the life that is. For when Jews remember, they do so for the future, the place where, if we are faithful to it, the past never dies.

Rabbi Dr. Hillel Philip Klein

RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1890-1926

Rabbi Klein was born in Baracska, Hungary, in 1849. He received his semikha at the Hildesheimer Rabbinical Seminary in Berlin. He earned his doctorate from the University of Berlin in 1873. Prior to coming to New York, he served as rabbi in Kiev from 1874-1880, and in Libau, Latvia from 1880 to 1890. He was also active in and a founder of the Central Committee for the Relief of Jews Suffering Through the War (which later evolved to the Joint Distribution Committee). He served as president of the U.S. Agudath Israel organization. He died in New York in March 1926.

Rabbi Dr. Bernard Drachman

RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1909-1922

Rabbi Drachman was born in 1861 in New York and reared in Jersey City, NJ. He graduated from Columbia College in 1882, and studied at the University of Breslau, ultimately receiving his PhD from the University of Heidelberg in 1884. He studied at the Jewish Theological Seminary of Breslau, Germany, and received his ordination from Rabbi Dr. Manuel Joel in 1885 and the Sephardic Congregations of Great Britain in 1904. He served for a short time as rabbi of Congregation Oheb Shalom in Newark, NJ, and taught for many years at the Jewish Theological Seminary and at Yeshiva College. He was the founding Rabbi of Congregation Zichron Ephraim on the Upper East Side in 1889 and served there until 1940, overlapping with his duties at Ohab Zedek. He died in 1945 in New York.

Rabbi Isaiah Levy

ASSOCIATE RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1924-1926; RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1926-1930

Rabbi Levy was born in London in 1881. He was the son of Jenny Hirsch Levy, daughter of Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch, and Michael Levy of London. He attended the Yeshiva of Rabbi Solomon Breuer in Frankfurt-Am-Main and received his semicha from Rabbi Solomon Breuer, his uncle. He died in 1930.

Rabbi William Margolis

RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1932-1937

Rabbi Margolis was born in 1909 and studied at New York University and Yeshiva College. He died in 1970.

Rabbi Moses Sterman

RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1931-1938

Rabbi Sterman was born in Poland in 1868, arriving in the US in 1903. He was a founder and rabbi of the former Talmudical Institute of Harlem. He also supervised kashrut for the New York Butchers Association. He died in 1938.

Rabbi Dr Jacob Hoffman

RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1938-1953

Rabbi Hoffman was born in 1881 in Papa, Hungary. He received his semicha from the Shevet Sofer, Rabbi Simcha Bunem Schreiber, Chief Rabbi of Pressburg, and also from Rabbi Gedalia Shmelkes of Przemysl and Rabbi Moshe Arieh Roth, Rabbi of Pappa. He held various rabbinic positions in Europe from 1906-1922, at which time he became the rabbi of Frankfurt- Am-Main, Germany. He fled Germany in 1937 for Vienna and what was then Palestine. In 1938 he became rabbi of Ohab Zedek. He retired from Ohab Zedek in 1953 and moved to Israel, dying there in 1956.

Rabbi Dr Theodore Adams

RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1953-1974

Rabbi Adams was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1915. He received his BA from Yeshiva University in 1936 and was ordained by the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary in 1937. Prior to coming to Ohab Zedek he was Rabbi of Congregation Mount Sinai in Jersey City from 1938 to 1953. He served in various positions — most notably as President of the Rabbinical Council of America. He was also President of the Synagogue Council of America. He died in 1984.

Rabbi Raphael Marcus

RABBI, OHAB ZEDEK, 1975-1980

Rabbi Marcus was born in New York. He attended the Rabbi Jacob Joseph School, and then studied in Yeshivat Kerem B'Yavneh and Yeshivat Mir. He received his ordination from Rabbi Aaron Soloveichik of Yeshivas Brisk. Rabbi Marcus served as Rabbi, Young Israel of Woodmere before coming to Ohab Zedek. In 1980 he moved to Toronto to serve as Rabbi, Congregation B'nai Torah. He died in 2007.

Cantor Josef "Yossele" Rosenblatt

CANTOR, OHAB ZEDEK, 1912-1926; 1930-1932

Cantor Rosenblatt was born in Bila Tserkva, Ukraine in 1882. He came from a long line of cantors. By the age of nine he was already a local celebrity. At age 18 he accepted his first full time position in Munkacs, Hungary, followed by a position in Hamburg, Germany. In 1912 he moved to New York and accepted a position at Ohab Zedek. He performed as well in cities around the U.S., including in public venues for war bonds and other charities. As his reputation grew, he drew crowds to Ohab Zedek to hear him. Cantor Rosenblatt's fame extended beyond the Jewish world earning him large concert fees, and a singing role in the 1927 film The Jazz Singer. He recorded 180 compositions, many of which were his own. He died of a heart attack in what was then Palestine in 1933, while making a movie.

Cantor Kalman Kalich

CANTOR, OHAB ZEDEK 1935-1981

Cantor Kalich was born in Kalich, Poland in 1903. Before arriving at Ohab Zedek, he served as cantor of the Arena Synagogue in Budapest and sang in Yossele Rosenblatt's choir in Pressburg, Hungary. He died in New York in 1982.

Rabbi Avrohom M. Farber

CANTOR, OHAB ZEDEK, 1981-2017

Rabbi Farber was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina. At the age of 18 he went to study at Yeshiva Eitz Chaim in Montreaux, Switzerland. There he learned until receiving Smicha in 1964 from a distinguished group of rabbis that included the halachic Gaon Rav Yechiel Yaakov Weinberg and the Gatesheader Rav, Rabbi Rackoff. In 1965, Rabbi Farber moved to the United States. He started teaching in Mesivta Joseph Breuer in Washington Heights in 1968 and began as principal of the Midchester Jewish Center Hebrew School in 1973. He became the chazzan at Ohab Zedek in 1981, a job he retained until his death in 2017.

GERALD & VIVIAN ADLER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Lauren Jamie Adler, Daughter

Joseph Adler, Father of Gerry

Lillian Adler, Mother of Gerry

Walter Kahn, Father of Vivian

Grace Kahn, Mother of Vivian

STEVEN ANTOSOFSKY

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

David Antosofsky, Father

SHLOMO BAR AYAL & SARAH STAMBLER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Helen Latner – Hudis Malka bas Gershon, Mother of Sarah

Benedict Stambler – Baruch Zalman ben Yehuda Leib, Father of Sarah

Nanette Hirschkowitz – Netta bas Shmuel, Mother of Shlomo

Abraham Hirschkowitz – Avraham ben Shlomo, Father of Shlomo

DAVID ATIK & RIVA ATLAS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Moshe Atlas, father of Riva Atlas

Rose (Shoshana) Atlas, mother of Riva Atlas

Abraham Atik, father of David Atik

Rose Windwehr, grandmother of David Atik

Philip Windwehr, grandfather of David Atik

Yosef Atik, grandfather of David Atik

Breindel Atik, grandmother of David Atik

Riva Berl, grandmother of Riva Atlas

Bernhard Berl, grandfather of Riva Atlas

Isaac Atlas, grandfather of Riva Atlas, who was murdered in Auschwitz

Sarah Rachel Atlas, grandmother of Riva Atlas, who was murdered in Auschwitz

PAUL CASOWITZ

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Our Dearly Departed Family and Friends

SUSAN BARANKER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Isaac Baranker — *Yitzchak Yoel ben Chaim Aharon, Father*Gary Baranker — *Gavriel Avraham ben Yitzchak Yoel, Brother*Goldie Jacobson — *Golda bas Avraham, Grandmother*Gabriel Jacobson — *Gavriel ben Hershel, Grandfather*Sara Baranker — *Sarah bas Hersch, Grandmother*Chaim Baranker — *Chaim Aharon ben Yitzchak, Grandfather*Sylvia Eckstein — *Sarah Miriam bas Gavriel, Aunt*Harold Jacobson — *Hershel ben Gavriel, Uncle*Murray Jacobson — *Moshe Chaim ben Gavriel, Uncle*Avraham Lent, Great Grandfather

ALISTAIR GATOFF & LISA RADETSKY

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Leslie Gatoff, Father of Alistair

Marvin Radetsky, Father of Lisa

SUSAN CANTER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Maurice Kenneth Canter — Moshe Kuppel ben Yehoshua, Father

Joel Barry Canter — Yitzchak Baruch ben Moshe Kuppel, Brother

Joshua Canter — Yehoshua ben Moshe Kuppel, Grandfather

Sarah Canter — Sarah Dina bat Chanoch Henoch, Grandmother

Murray Pine — Meir ben Baruch, Grandfather

Rose Pine — Rivka bat Yitzchak Isaac, Grandmother

Ida Goldstein — Chaya bat Henoch, Paternal Great Aunt

Yisroel Noach Canter — Yisroel Noach ben Yehoshua, Nephew

PERCY DEIFT & REBECCA DAVIS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Helen Davis, Chana bas Moshe Leib, Mother of Rebecca

Barnett Davis, Binyamin ben Moshe. Father of Rebecca

Rose Deift, Shoshana bas Zalkind, Mother of Percy

Philip Deift, Shraga Faivish ben Yehoshua Moshe, Father of Percy

Maurice Deift, Moshe Zalman ben Shraga Faivish, Brother of Percy

MILDRED GOLDCZER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Arye Leib ben Zee'v Voolf, Father

Yocheved bas Matisyahu, Mother

HOWARD GOOTKIN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Faige Rivka bas Zev HaLevi

Baila bas Zev HaLevi

Eliyahu ben Chaim

MENDY & RIKKI GROSS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Charlotte Gross – Sarah bas Chaim

Alter Gross – Alter Yitzchak ben Shlomo Elimelech

Sara Snyder

SIGRID HESS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Manfred Hess

Hildegard Katzenstein Hess

Allen K. Hess

Herbert L. Hess

ARI & LESLIE HIRSCH

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Sol & Charlotte Hirsch, Grandparents of Ari

Tom & Charlotte Burke, Grandparents of Ari

Jerry Hirsch, *Father of Ari*

EDDIE IZSO & BLAIR MUSS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Moshe Shia ben Zeev, Father of Eddie

Gitel bas Benyamin, Mother of Blair

Mordechai Yosef ben Yehoshua, Father of Blair

CHAD & YAEL HOPKOVITZ

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Joachim & Betti Bronner

Louis & Lillian Gross

Berko & Sara Berglass

Jack & Hannah Kostenbaum

Victor & Dorothy Kleinkopf

Simon & Margaret Hopkovitz

Susie Hopkovitz

Casey Pryzgoda

AARON & JILL KATZ

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Harry Citron, Father of Jill

Heather Citron, Sister of Jill

Jesse and Margaret Citron, Paternal Grandparents of Jill

Max and Yehudis Corenblum, Maternal Grandparents of Jill

Elaine Margolin Katz, Mother of Aaron

Sam and Rose Margolin, Maternal Grandparents of Aaron

Alex and Rose Katz, Paternal Grandparents of Aaron

ALLEN KATZ & SHERYL GALLER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Moshe ben Avraham HaKohein, father of Allen
Chana Feiga bas Yechezkel, mother of Allen
Avraham ben Dovid HaKohein, Grandfather of Allen
Liba Bas Moshe Dovid, Grandmother of Allen
Yechezkel ben Shmuel Zanvul, Grandfather of Allen
Dubrah Devorah bas Chanina Yehuda, Grandmother of Allen
Alta Yitta bas Yechezkel, Aunt of Allen
Moshe Eliezer ben Dovid, Grandfather of Sheryl
Binyamin ben Moshe Yaakov HaLevi, Grandfather of Sheryl
Chaya Hinda bas Avraham, Grandmother of Sheryl

GLORIA MILLS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Henya bas Yitzchak, Mother

Zalman ben Yoel, Father

JENNY MICHAEL

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Kenneth Michael

Daniella Moffson

Ernest & Eva Freeman

Mayer & Rosi Michael

Rabbi Chaim Freimann

YAIR KRONENBERG & FAMILY

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Lea Kronenberg – *Lea bat Isachar Dov*

ALBERT & JUDITH MILSTEIN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Regina Milstein

Sam Milstein

Eda Bess Novick

William Z. Novick

David Novick

RABBI ALLEN & ALISA SCHWARTZ

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Milton Schwartz – *Tzvi Menachem Mendel ben Michael*

Sarah Schwartz – Chaya Sara bas Rav Moshe

ALEX SCHWARZ

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Charles Schwarz, Father

Sydney Gordon, Uncle

ELEANOR SELLING

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Maxine Selling, Mother

Philip Selling, Father

JOY SILBER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

lason Botnick

Daniel Silber

PAULA SILVERMAN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Label HaCohen ben Chaya v'Zev HaCohen

PAUL & RACHEL SPIRGEL

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Eliyahu ben Moshe, Rachel's Father

Fanny Luna bas Yisrael, Rachel's Mother

IRWIN SPITZ

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Harry & Betty Spitz

MATTHEW STEIN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Chana Leah bat Aharon HaKohen, Mother

Sam Markowitz, Great Uncle

JOSEPH & CAROL TUCHMAN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Irving Tuchman - Yisrael ben Yosef, Father of Joe

Robert Klestzick – Aaron Reuven ben Naftali Hertz, Father of Carol

YONI & KARYN VEGA

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

HaRav Elon ben Yitzchak HaLevi z'l, father of Karyn

ARI & CHAYA WEITZNER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Walter Weitzner

Alfred Weitzner

Esther Weitzner

lack Heller

Lilly Heller



The Yizkor Book is an Annual Project of Congregation Ohab Zedek to memorialize our loved ones at Yizkor time and throughout the year. A new booklet will be published for Rosh Hashana 5784.

To submit entries, please visit OZNY.org/YizkorBook.

Please contact the office @ 212.749.5150 to inquire about reserving a memorial plaque in the Main Sanctuary, dedicate a Pew, or donate Kiddush or Shiurim in memory of your loved one.

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