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CONGREGATION SUKKAT SHALOM

Bulletin

Rabbi's Message

by Rabbi Sam Gordon

For nearly sixteen years, Sukkat Shalom has been a congregation without a permanent home. Over these years, we have worked hard to build a community that is defined by the connections made between people – a caring family; a gathering of people of diverse backgrounds seeking a meaningful spiritual experience. We have thrived as a community that came together out of a shared quest and have created holy moments wherever we have gathered.

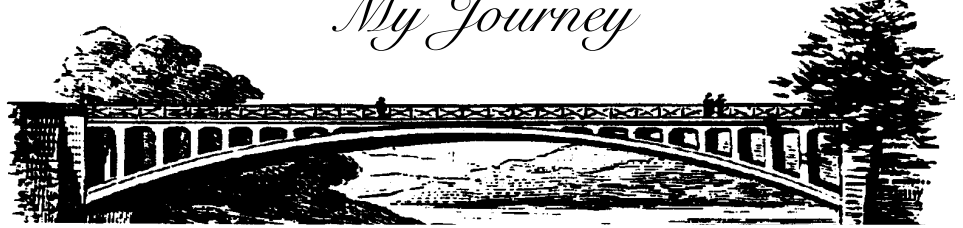
“Even as we create a permanent home, we must be mindful of maintaining our sense of who we are as a congregation.”

With that foundation of our values firmly in place, we now embark on the next chapter of our growth as a spiritual community. As a congregation we have decided to purchase a synagogue building of our own. There, we will create a sacred space that will be our home. Within its walls we will find familiarity, comfort and inspiration. And as we go forward, there will be new and enhanced opportunities for creativity and dynamic programming. It is with great excitement that we look to our future.

Yet, at the same time, even as we create a permanent home, we must be mindful of maintaining our sense of who we are as a congregation. What is and has been unique about us must not get lost within our new walls. We must be diligent in protecting our culture and mission. Our

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My Journey



This is my own *Shehekianu*, my prayer of gratitude for my faith journey to date. I am so very grateful to be where I am spiritually – amidst a supportive and intellectually challenging faith community like Sukkat Shalom.

I was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama, a place I lovingly refer to as the “buckle” of the Bible Belt (about 1,000 miles South and West of the Borscht Belt). My father was raised in a Pentecostal church and my mother in the Southern Methodist church. As if this weren’t enough, my parents were devoted Republicans long before the red tide swept the yellow-dog Democratic South.

My family attended church and Sunday school weekly. Jesus was a kindly, avuncular figure. He loved (and I remember this song so well) “... the little children, all the little children of the world... red and yellow, black and white.” I am now dumbstruck to think that we sang this song in Sunday school while such horrific acts as the Fourth Street Baptist Church bombing, which killed four young black girls, raged in the larger Birmingham community. Social justice simply was not a part of my church’s mission. Rather, my father’s sole aim was “beating the Baptists” to the local restaurant for Sunday lunch.

As I got older, the avuncular Jesus disappeared. In his place came frequent admonitions

“Social justice simply was not a part of my church’s mission.”

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Special Report:
Our Holocaust Torah.
See story on page 4.



Journey, cont'd

of hellfire and brimstone, lest you repent. You could easily be stopped at the shopping mall and asked by some well-intentioned (but sanctimonious) Christian proselytizers: "If you 'dyyyyyeed taniiiyght' (that's the transliteration of "died tonight" for you Yankees), are you certain that you'd join our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in heaven?" If not, these proselytizers would be happy to get down with you on bended knee and assist you in giving your life over to Jesus. Right then and there -- in front of Sears or Chick-Fil-A or wherever you happened to be.

"When we decided to marry, Bob's Jewishness was quickly overshadowed by the fact he was a Yankee."

The demand for and expectation of certitude was terrifying to me. While I could not have expressed it then, I was beginning to understand that faith had far more to do with doubt than certainty.

When I left for college, I joined the Southern Diaspora. I dated East Coast Catholic boys whose mothers likely cringed at the possibility of a Southern, Protestant daughter-in-law. I began attending the Episcopal Church with a sorority sister and eventually completed adult confirmation there. Two fun facts: Many Episcopalians come to the faith as adults and, early in the history of interfaith marriage in America, the most frequent combination was that of an Episcopalian and a Jew. It was, perhaps, fate or *besheret* that an Episcopalian sorority sister introduced Bob and me.

When we decided to marry, Bob's Jewishness was quickly overshadowed by the fact he was a Yankee. "This mattered?" you might ask. My family home is in a subdivision in which all the streets are named for Civil War battles. I grew up learning about the War of Northern Aggression. So, yes, it mattered greatly. My mother set about planning a wedding that included a "hooper"; we could never teach her the correct pronunciation of "chuppah." She mused at the rehearsal dinner that she'd always wanted to attend a big Jewish wedding. She just never dreamed that she'd be the one giving it.

My dear grandmother loved Bob immediately. It was her acceptance and blessing that truly mattered to me. Once, when we were visiting, she took Bob on a tour of the local cemetery. She showed him our family gravesite as well as the Jewish section of the cemetery. She then proudly declared, "See, we're all here together."

Her declaration of togetherness remains a theme for me now. Episcopalians are dedicated to building the Kingdom of God on Earth while Reform Jews work towards *Tikkun Olam*, the repair of the broken world. I have come to see Jesus as the original Reform Jew and his vision and ministry all about *tikkun olam*.

As for my grandmother, we remain "all together" with her. Through her delicious recipes - her apple cake for Rosh Hashanah, her hand-painted china used for holiday celebrations -- she is a vital part of my family's Jewish celebrations.

"We've never met a holiday we wouldn't want to celebrate."

While being an interfaith couple and family has been challenging and stressful at times, I cannot imagine living any other way. Our family motto is, "We've never met a holiday we wouldn't want to celebrate." I am so grateful to be able to draw on two faith traditions. Thus, I offer my Shehekienu for this time in my journey and this place in our community.

From the Rabbi, cont'd

congregational family will define the building. The building does not define us.

We will gather for prayer and meditation. We will study and learn together. We will

"I hope that this new temple will be a home for all those who are in search of welcome and support."

find counsel and comfort, celebrate and mourn, and share many meals as well. We will welcome new lives and note the passages of Bar and Bat Mitzvah, weddings, and even funerals. We will have the chance to serve the greater community through *tikkun olam* projects. More than anything, I hope that this new temple will be a home for all those who are in search of welcome and support.

Over the past 15 months, many people have contributed greatly to this effort. Long hours and thoughtful discussions have taken place within the Board of Directors, and within committees that included Architectural Search, Development, Exploration, and Mission. There are many who worked tirelessly on the financial and legal aspects of the project as well as the design and vision. Our gratitude goes out to all of you.

And to the many congregants who questioned, doubted, discussed, and dialogued with passion and concern -- thank you for your involvement in this process and for continuing our tradition of collaboration.

During this next year, let us continue to nurture and strengthen our congregational family and work together to shape our new home. May this summer be one of great blessing for all.



Tikkun Olam: Repair the World

Do Our Good Deeds Make a Difference?

Recently, my 13 year-old was groaning about having to do her Bat Mitzvah project. My 16 year-old explained to her that your Bat Mitzvah project is something you don't have time to do, don't want to do, but you have to do. It started me wondering whether our Bar and Bat Mitzvah projects really make a difference.

Both of my girls chose their projects partly on what they were interested in, had time for, and were reasonably sure they could execute. Initially, there was some resistance to adding a new activity to their schedules. Once underway, there were times I could tell that each of my daughters seemed to enjoy the project -- feeling a sense of accomplishment, pride and, eventually, closure. But I always had lingering questions: Was the project enough? What did my girls learn? Did they just go through the motions, or did it have meaning to them now - or maybe later in their lives?

When running early in the morning, I often run past the First Congregational Church of Wilmette (our former spiritual home). This time, it was garbage pick-up day, and I saw all of the church's garbage cans and recycling bins next to the sidewalk. I glanced at the recycling bin and noticed that there was a sign on the bin that my older daughter had designed and installed three years ago. There was her Bat Mitzvah project; she had initiated a recycling program at the church.

It was gratifying to have validation that the First Congregational Church was still recycling as the result of my daughter's Bat Mitzvah project. It was particularly meaningful to me as I am in the midst of my younger daughter's Bat Mitzvah project, and have the same doubts and concerns about the value of her project.

Seeing the recycling bin was just what I needed to restore my confidence in the meaning of these projects. As I ran home, I thought about the movie "It's a Wonderful Life" and its moral that you never know how you have touched another person's life. While Bar and Bat Mitzvah projects may seem like just another task to complete, their long-term implications may far exceed our expectations.

Our Mitzvah Project

Sukkat Shalom means a lot to us. We have been members since we were five. Becoming a Bat and Bar Mitzvah was a great experience.

For our mitzvah project, we decided to help out a local organization, Campus Kitchen. It helps individuals and families that either cannot afford food or are too disabled to go out and buy it. Campus Kitchen takes unserved food from Northwestern University dining facilities and, with volunteer help, creates nutritious and delicious meals for seniors, youth programs and other community organizations. We picked this project because we wanted to help other people and we wanted to do something as a family.

“In her apartment there were mountains of cardboard boxes piled up to the ceiling.”

One of the most meaningful things to us was delivering a meal to a blind man. He remembered us from our previous delivery by the sound of our voices. Even though he has many other problems, he recalled our conversations about the exact locations of our summer camps in the North Woods of Wisconsin and Bemidji, Minnesota.

Another woman we served was a hoarder. In her apartment there were mountains of cardboard boxes piled up to the ceiling. There was a TV barely visible in the mess of clothes, food and other junk. You could smell her apartment from two floors down. It was unbearable. She talked a lot about her mom and how she kept her mom's phone number. In the time that we spent talking to her, we learned a lot.

In the past, she seemed to count on her mom for a lot of things. Once her mother died, she became lost. Everything that had belonged to her mother she held onto for support. As time passed, her troubles worsened. Her home became her prison. Her most prized possessions were almost burying her alive.

We thought it was very interesting how each of these people dealt with their disabilities. The blind man reached out to people, opened himself up and tried to be as kind and caring as possible. The hoarding woman closed herself into her apartment and stayed close to all the familiar things she could to feel safe. As good people, we have an obligation to help everyone whether they are enjoyable or difficult.

Our mitzvah project helped us realize how many people in Evanston do not have enough food to eat. We do not see this problem in our neighborhood, so we did not know how much help these people actually needed. Hungry people deserve better. We feel honored that we took part and played an active role in helping people by bringing them one of the most basic necessities of life—food.

The Boot Print on Our Torah: A Detective Story

I first heard about the boot print in 2005 when Sukkat Shalom purchased a damaged Torah rescued after World War II. Although the Torah was soiled with a boot print and smears of dirt, Rabbi Gordon and others decided not to have the Torah cleaned, but to leave those marks on the scroll as a reminder. When the rabbi partially unrolled the scroll at Simchat Torah in 2006 and showed us the faint, muddy print on the Book of Leviticus, I was struck by a powerful emotion. Rabbi Gordon surmised that the print was made by a Nazi jackboot on Kristallnacht. I have turned that image over in my mind for years. This year, I determined to try to learn more.

“Rabbi Gordon surmised that the print was made by a Nazi jackboot on Kristallnacht.”

We know very little about our Torah and its journey before it came to our congregation. We know that it was brought to an American Air Force base in Frankfurt, Germany at the end of World War II. When the base closed some 30 years later, the Torah was turned over to the Jewish Welfare Board in New York City. Sukkat Shalom purchased it in 2005. I wanted to see if we could learn which synagogue owned the Torah, about the wearer of the boot and how the Torah was rescued. I knew I wouldn't be able to identify the people who studied this Torah or the person who made the boot print, but I wanted to try to personalize the story of our Torah and make it less anonymous. I started by doing some Internet research.

I learned that Jews had lived in Frankfurt for more than 1,000 years by the time of Kristallnacht. Over the centuries, Frankfurt Jews had alternately been persecuted and protected. By the early-1930s, Jews numbered 26,000 (almost five percent of the city's total population). The city was the seat of the powerful Rothschild banking family. Anne Frank was a Frankfurt toddler, and the mayor was Jewish.

On Kristallnacht, Wednesday, November 9, 1938, the Reich government used the assassination of a German diplomat in Paris by a Jewish refugee as a pretext to covertly incite attacks on Jews and Jewish property. Many of the vandals were actually paramilitary SA and SS members, told to wear civilian clothes

to make the mob action look like a spontaneous uprising of the people. Civilians, especially young men, were drawn to the violence and joined in the destruction. Jewish businesses and homes were vandalized. Virtually all of Germany's 1,420

synagogues were looted and burned, their windows smashed, Torahs damaged and silver Torah ornaments stolen. Across the country, 400 Jews were killed outright and 20,000 were “arrested” and sent to concentration camps. Kristallnacht was the night on which Third Reich policy and practice toward Jews changed from one of harassment to one of genocide.



I had imagined that our Torah belonged to a Frankfurt synagogue and that someone must have rescued it, presumably on the night of Kristallnacht or the following day, then hid it throughout the war. Somehow, it had survived the Allied bombing that destroyed most of the city. At first I hoped we might be able to narrow our Torah's provenance down to a single synagogue in Frankfurt, but I learned from Internet research that there were dozens of synagogues in and around the city. And, indeed, the Torah did not necessarily come from that area just because it was turned over to the local U.S. Air Force Base.

Bizarrely, the telegram from the national chief of Reich security to the secret police on Kristallnacht exhorting them to violence also asked that Jewish artifacts be collected rather than destroyed. The government intended to create a “museum of a lost race” and wanted material for the archives. In fact, the famous Czech Torahs – 1,200 Torahs found in a storehouse in Prague after the war -- were rounded up from synagogues in

“The person who stepped on our Torah was quite short—4'10” or so.”

Eastern Europe by the Third Reich for exactly that purpose. So, where I once pictured a righteous Frankfurt Gentile courageously closing the scroll and hiding it in his

home, I now realized that another narrative was possible: the Torah came from a synagogue in another part of Germany and, after desecrating it, the vandals retrieved it for their planned museum and warehoused it until the end of the war.

In January, Rabbi Gordon kindly agreed to meet me at the Community Church so that we could examine the Torah together. We planned to take photos of the boot print and the soiled portion to try to learn more about what happened on Kristallnacht. We



also planned to photograph portions of text to determine, if possible, where and when the Torah was made.

We discovered several surprising things. Because we thought the soil extended for only a few feet on either side of Leviticus, Rabbi Gordon and I speculated that our Torah belonged to a synagogue large enough to own more than one scroll. In synagogues with more than one Torah, any one of them might be selected for the morning worship service. The fact that this Torah was presumably closed at Leviticus, a portion read in March and April, suggested that the synagogue had been using another Torah in the weeks leading up to November 9th. However, when we fully unrolled it, we found dirt extending over almost two-thirds of the scroll – undermining a possible clue about the size of the congregation, but re-emphasizing the ferocity of the violence that night.

Although for years Rabbi Gordon believed that the footprint showed hobnails, closer inspection showed no hobnails and a print more consistent with a shoe than a military boot. Using formulas that predict the height of a person based on the size of the shoe, the person who stepped on our Torah was quite short—4'10" or so. He was probably a child, which is not what I had imagined. I have not been able to definitively identify the type of shoe from the print. Internet resources on children's clothing and shoes in 1930s Germany suggest that it was a lace-up boot – footwear commonly worn by schoolboys. Drawing from these minuscule facts, we can speculate about who this child was and was not. Only a Gentile boy, not a Jew, would step on a Torah. Hitler Youth were issued uniforms, including footwear, which mimicked SS gear down to the hobnails on the boots. So it is unlikely that this child belonged to the Hitler Youth. Perhaps he was a German boy caught up in the violence of Kristallnacht, or a child on his way to school the following morning.

“The presence of the wheel track and multiple footprints made it seem more certain that our Torah was thrown into the street.”

As we searched further, we found several shoe prints of different types and sizes. And we were stunned to find not just the prints and wide smears of dirt, but also a wheel track. A vehicle of some sort veered onto the Torah and traveled 25 feet before veering off. At points, two overlapping tracks are visible, much like what might be made by the front and rear wheels of a turning motorcycle. However, the track does not match late-1930s German car or motorcycle tires. (Again, the resources available through the Internet are astonishing.) So it is not clear what made the print. Could it have been an old cart or wagon wheel? We took photos of the boot print, the wheel track, the soiled portions, and several portions of text.

The presence of the wheel track and multiple footprints made it seem more certain that our Torah was thrown into the street. Although the Torah had many dirt marks, it did not look like it had gotten wet. I hoped this might provide a clue to the location

“My goal was not to create empathy or excuses for the people who muddied our Torah, but rather to make them more real.”

of the synagogue in Germany. Once again, my hope that a small clue might be meaningful was disappointed: records and photographs show that the

weather across Germany on Kristallnacht and the day after was cold and dry.

I shared the photos with a curator at the Illinois Holocaust Museum and with a rabbi from the Jewish Welfare Board, but neither could add any information about the source of our Torah.

What story can we piece together to understand our Torah's journey? I picture the Torah thrown into the street, unfurling as it flew. I don't think the people who made the shoe prints paused to think about what they were stepping on. Had they known, I think, they would have stopped to do a dance of destruction. Instead, I picture them stepping on the unraveled scroll, striding on their way toward further vandalism or walking to work and school the following morning. From either courage or bizarre meticulousness, someone rolled the Torah up, preserved it and then surrendered it to friendly hands. Ultimately, this Torah made its way to our congregation, but its prior history probably will never be known.

In some ways, investigating our Torah has made its story more remote. My questions have led to more questions, not answers. However, the power and immediacy of the footprint remain. A child's footprint on our Torah makes me think of the mounds of anonymous women's hair at the Holocaust Museum in Washington: a banal and at the same time immensely moving and intimate artifact. My goal was not to create empathy or excuses for the people who muddied our Torah, but rather to make them more real. "Many people" became "history" on a night that has a name. One person— a child or adult—individualizes that night, personalizes the evil and reminds us that history does not happen by itself, but is made from the actions of individuals. May we never forget.

Sukkat Shalom By the Numbers

Charities receiving Family School tzedakah in 2010-2011:17
Total amount donated: \$3,670.10
Average amount per charity: \$215.89

Ten Things You May Not Know About Family School

by Rabbi Ari Moffic, Director of Family Education

1. Every class has a text or book that grounds their lessons. Kindergarten, 3rd and 4th graders should have brought home the books they worked from all year. If your child was in one of those grades and did not bring home a book, contact me to receive their copy. It would be wonderful if you could read their Family School books at bedtime this summer to reinforce what was studied this year. Pre-K students used the Sammy Spider series of books as the basis for their lessons. You can purchase these books from karben.com. First and 2nd graders used a packet series. I am hopeful you saw these packs coming home throughout the year.

Fourth and 5th graders studied Torah by actually reading chapter and verse and using the CHAI curriculum to bring the ancient narratives alive. Sixth graders began each lesson with a biblical or rabbinic quotation about an aspect of the life cycle. My favorite verse they learned this year is Psalm 118:24: "This is the day God has made, let me rejoice and be glad in it." Seventh graders used the Judaism and Urban Poverty curriculum. For more information about the amazing work of JCUA, go to jcua.org. Eighth graders took part in the MTV challenge. They watched short clips from popular culture and used rabbinic texts to guide discussions on ethics and morality.

2. We had 29 high school *madrichim* (classroom helpers) this year! There were up to four *madrichim* in our early childhood room at times, and several in each grade from PreK-6. Our high school students came to Family School once a month for their own learning. If you have a high school student who would like to work in our classrooms next year, please let me know.

3. Three of our high school students -- Sarah Aiken, Natalie Goldman, and Annie Shapiro -- participated in the Jewish Teach Initiative at the Board of Jewish Education. They attended regular sessions after Family School to learn how to work with our students who have special needs.

4. We are members of the special education department at the Board of Jewish Education called Makor Or (the source of light). Cantor Wolman, Ronit Levy (3rd grade Family School teacher and our Hebrew Specialist) and I spent time with the director of this program to learn the latest methods for how to reach and teach students of Hebrew. We are also working with several of our parents on a special teacher meeting in the fall to make Sukkat Shalom more inclusive for all of our students.

5. We are transforming our 7th grade Hebrew program to learn

prayer through experience. Our students will be meeting before Friday evening services throughout the year for a communal Shabbat dinner, study and then actual participation in the prayer service as the most meaningful way to absorb the Hebrew of the prayer book.

6. Family School families made 300 sandwiches and food bags for the Night Ministry this year. In April, families drove to the Greater Chicago Food Depository, where we weighed and packed various kinds of pasta, learned about the plight of hungry families in Chicago, bonded with each other and laughed a lot. Our families also came regularly to cook for and eat dinner with the guests of Family Promise at First Presbyterian Church. And many families with kids 12 and older came to serve dinner at A Just Harvest on the fourth Sunday of each month.

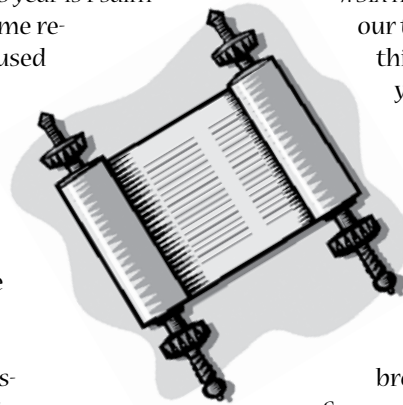
7. Six members of our Education Committee called each of our teachers and *madrichim* to thank them for their service this past year and asked them to evaluate their classes. If you would like information about the responses, please let me know. Those phone calls meant a tremendous amount to our teachers and *madrichim*. The conversations reinforced what we already felt was a year of learning, strong connections with the children and positive feelings from the teachers about the curriculum.

8. Many families took home the Shabbat basket and brought the joy and light of Shabbat into their homes. Some of these families have been regular participants in Shabbat dinners and blessings while others were new to this weekly celebration. The Shabbat journal they contributed to is inspiring. We will continue the Shabbat basket next year!

9. Every grade this year participated in at least one special program or field trip -- from matzah making and making blankets for children who are ill or recovering from trauma to visiting museums to bring the Bible alive through art masterpieces. Our 6th graders visited a Jewish funeral home and the Board of Jewish Education for a lesson on the lifecycle taught by a nationally renowned teacher.

10. During 17 sessions our students prayed as a family each time, participated in music lessons with Cantor Wolman, shared a *challah* snack and said *Hamotzi*, and spent an hour in their class engaged in discussions, drama, art, games and more.

Thank you for a wonderful year! Hope to see you at the beach this summer!



Remembering Marilyn Silin

Heart and eyes. Passion and vision. Marilyn.

Marilyn adopted me five years ago when I converted to Judaism and became a member of Sukkat Shalom. I threw a big party to celebrate and invited Marilyn, a new friend. She was having trouble with her eyes even then and misread the invitation so that she arrived as the last guests were leaving. She looked in horror at the leftover food.

“The names in her address book were for Marilyn only the beginning of who we were in the world.”

“Oh, my,” she said to me, pretty much a stranger at the time. “This is no good! We need to figure out where this can go. Now, there’s a place on Howard and, oh yes, the homeless shelter here in Evanston, and the Ark -- no they won’t take it, it’s not kosher.” On and on. And she had not even set her purse down yet! Passion.

I went to Israel two years later. She gave me money. “Now, you must find a place for this. When you go to Svat, look for the little donation places. Don’t give it anywhere that looks too prosperous. Give a little bit here, a little bit there. They need it.” Heart and eyes.

She saw need and responded to it with the same passion that drove her to Israel after the war. Perhaps the most exciting hours of her week for the past two years had been her time with the preschoolers at the Howard Community Center. Recently, she had not been able to see their faces. Yet she continued to choose books for them weekly, a laborious trip for her to the library. She was thrilled when she got the children to talk about their families using puppets. Heart and eyes.

We all watched Marilyn’s loss of vision constrict her freedom slowly, inexorably. The driving first, then the terrible day when she could no longer read her music. The news from the Tuesday eye exams was never good, just less bad some weeks. But we had

also watched her fight back.

I love that she was on speaking terms with folks at the Library of Congress who learned what she liked to listen to and recommended new tapes. She would call: “Oh, you must get this book by Pearl Buck. Did you know she wrote about Jews in China?” I cleared her mailbox last week – four new tapes had arrived. How did she do that -- chat with the Library of Congress as if it were the corner drycleaner that she’s known for years? She sees Them. Us. And she sees us connected.

The names in her address book, our names, were for Marilyn only the beginning of who we were in the world. We were daughters and teachers and nieces and we had once gone to Indonesia and it was too bad that our father died so young. That kind of vision, the way she saw us, she never lost. Instead, she taught us about looking.

As a high school student, Marilyn had yearned to be a journalist. In the past couple of years she had been attending a Thursday writing class that had brought her much pleasure. One of her most charming bits of writing is a memory of herself at age 11, traveling alone on the train for her piano lesson with Isador L. Buchhalter, who smokes a cigar during the lesson, which she likes.

This is Marilyn: “I am going to the Fine Arts Building on Michigan. I walk on Van Buren to Michigan and turn right. That corner is the windiest in the world. When there is a strong wind someone ties a heavy rope from the first lamppost on Michigan to the last one on Van Buren so people can grab it. I think it is like the deck of a ship in the storm.”

Marilyn loved the sorts of people who tie such ropes. I will miss her.

The Hineinu Committee Is Here for You

When challenging events happen in your life or the life of your family, please let us know. Sukkat Shalom’s clergy, staff and the Hineinu (We Are Here) Committee are here for you. Sometimes, a simple phone call or visit can ease a burden. The Hineinu Committee can help with a meal, a visit, some respite, babysitting, or whatever else we can do. We are a community, and we care about you.



Cantor's Corner

by Cantor Ross Wolman

The end of a school year is filled with excitement and transition. Where will we go this summer? How will we make the most of the warm climate? (Is it even warm yet?) What will change in our lives between this school year and the next?

Transition is an opportunity for us to reflect on our lives and give thanks for what we have. For the past four years, I have had the privilege to serve as your cantor and I feel blessed to have been a part of the Sukkat Shalom family. Together, we have made music, studied some of our greatest texts and gathered for fun and friendship. We have celebrated Bar and Bat Mitzvah, rejoiced under the chuppah, and shared difficult, tender moments. Being a part of your families has brought meaning and richness to my life.

My time at Sukkat Shalom was also marked by the celebration of my wedding. When Malka first came to the congregation, she was embraced by all. Malka has loved teaching in the Early

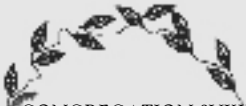
Childhood Room and being a part of the community.

I am fortunate to have partnered with Rabbi Gordon, Rabbi Moffic and Executive Director Judy Buckman. As I learned and grew, I was guided by their trusting hands. Their leadership served as an excellent model for me in my first years as a cantor.

Of all the aspects of my time at Sukkat Shalom, I am most grateful for you, the wonderful families who have shown me the way to live a just life through love for each other, kindness to strangers and support for those in need.

Thank you for opening your hearts and homes to Malka and me. As we move on, we know Sukkat Shalom will continue its mission and serve as a home for community, family and learning.




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Sukkat Shalom Runners Invited to "Race Against Hate"

The annual Ricky Byrdson Memorial Race Against Hate in Evanston is quickly approaching. Those of you who have run this race before or who joined us last year know what a joyful, loving experience it is. Let's do it again this year!

The race is on Sunday, June 19th and, yes, it's Father's Day like last year. But what a great way to start that special day. Here are the details:

Pre-registration online ends at Midnight, June 14th.

The 10 K race starts at 7:30 a.m.

The 5 K race starts at 7:45 a.m.

Like last year, the Sukkat Shalom running club will meet at the northeast corner of Long Field, which is very close to the starting-line. Members of our faith partner, the Community Church of Wilmette, have been invited to join us.



More information about the race is available at:
<http://www.ywca.org>.

Please let the temple office know if you're planning to join us.