

**Shabbat Service Schedule**

December 19th Parashat Miketz  
Chanukah Day 8 --Hallel  
Old Whalers Church 9:30am  
Kiddush following

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**CSH's CANORAH makes the front page of the  
East Hampton Press**

[http://www.27east.com/story\\_detail.cfm?id=251392&town=East%20Hampton&n=East%20End%20synagogues%20collect%20food%20donations%2C%20create%20artworks](http://www.27east.com/story_detail.cfm?id=251392&town=East%20Hampton&n=East%20End%20synagogues%20collect%20food%20donations%2C%20create%20artworks)

ENCORE PRESENTATION

**'KEEP THE LIGHT SHINING'**

supported by the synagogues of the East End  
to help benefit the local food pantries

**THIS Saturday Evening**

**December 19<sup>th</sup> 7:00 – 9:00 pm**

**at the**

**VERED GALLERY, East Hampton**

Come see the CSH Canorah  
before it is donated to the Sag Harbor Food Pantry

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**NOW ON THE CSH WEBSITE**

Rabbi Jan Uhrbach's

High Holyday Teachings 2009 / 5769

<http://www.synagoguehamptons.org/rabbis-teachings>

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**DON'T MISS OUT!**

**New High Holy Day Machzor available for purchase**

CSH is extremely proud of our rabbi for serving on the committee for  
**Machzor Lev Shalem**

If you would like to order book(s), please email [CSH1800@aol.com](mailto:CSH1800@aol.com) immediately.

**Send your check made out to CSH for \$24.20 per book (or \$72.60 for the large print),  
NO later January 18.**

The total cost is \$24.20 per book (\$22 + \$2.20 for shipping \ half the \$44 cover price). You may order as many as you wish. There is also a large-print pulpit edition available for \$66 + \$6.60 shipping (the pulpit edition is not discounted).

When you write your check, please consider adding an additional donation to CSH of \$36 (or other multiple of chai). And of course, if anyone is moved to help us buy enough books to be able to use them as a congregation this High Holy Days, by all means please let us know.

The books will be shipped in May, 2010, and will be available for pickup in the Hamptons as soon as they arrive.

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**We need your help !**

**As you prepare to make your year-end contributions, we would appreciate your considering The Conservative Synagogue of the Hamptons.  
Your donation helps us continue to serve the East End community.**  
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**Friday December 18th      Candle Lighting 4:06pm  
Chaunkah Day 8**

### **Musings on Miketz**

WHEN PHARAOH PERCEIVES the spirit of God in Joseph, he puts a ring on his finger, dresses him in fine linens, lays a gold chain on his neck, gives him a new name and an Egyptian wife. The challenge of power and wealth is that you become bound to serve the one who confers it upon you. You become invested in defending the system that keeps your wealth and power intact. If you can constantly remember that God is the true Source and know that it is really God that you serve, then your wielding of power will express the divine attributes of justice and compassion. This remembrance becomes more difficult when, like Joseph, we are carrying old hurts. Whatever is unhealed in us becomes an obstacle to the pursuit of justice, obscures the heart of compassion, and keep us locked in patterns of manipulation.

Even though the "Spirit of God" is in us, we spend most of our time listening to the command of Pharaoh, who has put the ring on our finger and the gold chain around our necks. WE ARE TANGLED up in a system that is inherently unjust. We can work towards establishing a more equitable distribution of wealth. And we can honor and protect the seeds of liberation that are in us - our compassion and open-hearted vision of the preciousness of every being. When we carry old hurts and the bitterness that surrounds those wounds, then our every attempt to do justice is distorted by a sensation of pain And so the spiritual challenge is to heal those deep places of bitterness. In that healing, the Spirit of God in us is made manifest.  
<http://www.rabbishefagold.com/Miketz.html>

Joseph's ability to read the unconscious profoundly affects his life's journey. **Torah** is fascinated with his story which spans four parshiot and is the longest and richest narrative of the **Chumash**. He begins life as his mother's first born son and his father's favorite, "the child of his old age." In case there is any doubt about this, Jacob makes his son a moving target by giving only him a beautiful coat that makes his brothers hate him even more. But Joseph doesn't mind envy; he might even enjoy it. It's easy for him to make the jump and assume that God loves him the most, too; he's beautiful, has the gift of dream interpretation, and furthermore, his dreams tell him that he will rule over his brothers.

For his insensitivity he will be thrown in the pit twice, once by his brothers, and again because of Potiphar's wife. (The Rabbis said that although he didn't do anything that deserved the second imprisonment, it was added as punishment for provoking his family). Is his gift a blessing or curse, or both?

Perhaps the prison, in its isolation, provides a necessary darkness that Joseph needs to know himself. It is a place of stillness that we hear ourselves weep. Joseph misses his father, his coat, his princely life in the palace, and his worldly power, his privilege and superiority over others. At first he can't find himself without his trappings; then he feels utterly alone, a wretch. And then--he

remembers. Even in the prison of his ego which hides his soul, "God is with him, and whatever he did God made successful" (Ber. 39:23). God will lead him into the light of self-knowledge, and since he is **b'zelem Elokim**, he will begin to use his gifts to behave like God.  
<http://www.malkadrucker.com/miketz.html>

### Musings on Chanukah

Gelt

Growing up in America, one of my clearest memories from Chanukah was getting those foil wrapped chocolate coins - "gelt". Gelt means "money" in Yiddish, and there was an earlier custom of giving actual money on Chanukah (note that in Hebrew it is called דמי חנוכה דמי חנוכה - "Chanukah money"). How did this custom develop? There are a number of suggestions:

- a) for use when playing with the dreidel
- b) it was first associated with giving charity on Chanukah, perhaps to help the poor buy candles
- c) it was originally a gift to teachers, because of the connection between Chanukah and chinuch (education)

However, I'm partial to the explanation that the first Jewish coins were produced during Hasmonean times, and the custom to give out money came to commemorate that. Is it historically true - I don't really know.

However, there's a little more to the story. If you had asked me not long ago, I would have guessed that gelt is related to "gold". But as we've seen here many times before, looks can be deceiving. Gelt has the following etymology:

Yiddish geld < MHG (a late-19th-c. borrowing): orig. (16th c.) < Ger or Du geld, but fell out of use except dialectically

Geld (as a noun, the verb has a different origin) appears in English as well, and derives from the German as well:

"royal tax in Medieval England," O.E. gield "payment, tribute" (cf. M.H.G. gelt "payment, contribution," Ger. geld "money," O.N. gjald "payment," Goth. gild "tribute, tax"), from PIE base of yield

Gold has an entirely different etymology - it comes from the Indo-European root \*ghel, meaning "yellow".

But we do find more English words related to gelt. For example, guild:

c.1230, yilde (spelling later infl. by O.N. gildi), a semantic fusion of O.E. gegyld "guild" and gild, gyld "payment, tribute, compensation," from P.Gmc. \*gelth- "pay" (cf. O.Fris. geld "money," O.S. geld "payment, sacrifice, reward," O.H.G. gelt "payment, tribute"). The connecting sense is of a tribute or payment to join a protective or trade society.

And there may be a connection to what some might view as a very Jewish word, guilt:

O.E. gylt "crime, sin, fault, fine," of unknown origin, though some suspect a connection to O.E. gieldan "to pay for, debt," but O.E.D. editors find this "inadmissible phonologically."

I found this article about the history of gelt called "Gelt is Good". I assume they were trying to make a pun on "Guilt is Good" (which itself is a take off on the famous movie line "Greed is Good.") But I'm guessing that editor never thought that there was a possible etymological connection between the two words...

from **Balashon- Hebrew Language Detective**

**The first of Tevet** is the day we celebrate Judith, an ancient mythic heroine. Holofernes, a general of Nebuchadnezzar, besieged Judith's city, planning to destroy it and then conquer all of Israel. The city elders, hungry and thirsty, wanted to surrender. Judith, a wise, brave, beautiful and pious widow, promised to save the city. She dressed in gorgeous clothes and did her hair, then went to the enemy camp. She convinced Holofernes that she was on his side and remained

with him for three days. Then, while he slept, she cut off his head and brought it back with her to her town. The enemy fled, terrified, and Judith led a procession to the temple where she danced, sang, and dedicated Holofernes' head to the Temple as a gift. The heroine Judith is like a flame, inspiring others to defeat what oppresses them. She symbolizes the realm of gevurah or strength and self-protection.

In North African countries, **the seventh night of Chanukah** (1st of Tevet) was set aside as *Chag haBanot*, the Festival of the Daughters. Mothers would give their daughters gifts, and bridegrooms would give gifts to their brides. Girls who were fighting were expected to reconcile on *Chag haBanot*. Old women and young women would come together to dance. Another tradition was for women to go to the synagogue, touch the Torah, and pray for the health of their daughters. There might also be a feast in honor of Judith. There was also a custom of passing down inheritances on *Chag haBanot*. *Chag haBanot* recognizes that 1 Tevet is a time of receiving the gift of light, and of drawing generations together to honor the birth of spirit within us. <http://telshemesh.org/tevet/#articles>

As in last week's update, there is a Chanukah story at the bottom that is long, but worth reading.

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### Quote of the Week

**Your vision will become clear only when you look into your heart. Who looks outside, dreams. Who looks inside, awakens.** Carl Jung

Shabbat shalom. Chag urim sameach.

Stacy

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### **The Fifth Candle**

I am Anya Klein from Vilna. I am 22 years old and I no longer remember why we light Hanukkah candles. When you've seen what I've seen, miracles don't mean much. Some say experience teaches us, but for me the years from 1939 to 1945 not only took my childhood, my family and my dreams, it took away all that I had known.

Once I knew my future. I'd go to the university, I'd marry someone smart and handsome like papa, and I'd be a wonderful, giving mother like mama. Once I knew that civilized people didn't kill one another like savages. Once I knew that there was a God who cared about human beings. Now I know that all the Nazis left me with is my life-and memories.

When I was 13, the Nazis invaded Poland. They broke Papa's store windows and forced him to close his business. My little brother and I went to the Polish school, not the Jewish one, because they wanted us to know about the world. The principal of the school called all the Jewish children to his office and told us that they no longer accepted Jews. When I called him a coward under my

breath, he didn't say anything. So even though my grades were the best, I didn't go to the gymnasium.

Once we lived in a fifteen room house, but when the Germans came they forced all the Jews to live in a few blocks. Three families shared a two room apartment. My parents sent me to the country where I could work in a laundry and not be crowded in the ghetto. I missed the family terribly, especially my little cat, Mootsie. After a few months I snuck home and-I've told this story many times, it never gets easier-when I got there, the building was empty, like a ghost town. In our apartment I found a toy truck of Jacob's and father's reading glasses. The Nazis had taken them hours before. I was too afraid to cry.

For four years, when I was hungry I ate the sleeve of my coat, when I was so cold I wept, when I was so weak I couldn't speak, I always told myself to stay alive, because one day I'd see my family again. But no-no miracle happened here. The only way I see them is in my dreams.

I walked hundreds of miles in the winter of '44 on the Death March. I made friends with a few girls and we kept each other alive with a crumb of food, with a smile, with our body's warmth. Maybe the miracle was that we, who had lost everything, still found a way to help each other. They took the place of my family.

Before the war, Steffie was a young Zionist, so after the war she came right way to Israel and convinced me to come with her. Why not? I had no place and no one anymore. It's a rough place here, I think of my poor mama with all her sets of china. She'd be lost here. I'm beginning to learn Hebrew. So many people here are like me. We look alive, we sound alive, but inside we are not in the world. I will marry Moshe in the spring. He is a Kibbutznik who was here for the war, he does not want me to talk about Europe. Even though he is older than I, I feel old and less innocent than he. I cannot laugh the way he does, I don't tell him but I think of nothing but the war. My ears are filled with cries, marching boots, and songs the Resistance sang in the forest. My eyes see my parents, bodies piled in the street.

But, I see the children here in Israel and they are different. Darker, bigger, louder than we were. They are in their country. No one here will call them names, throw them out of school. This country is different, it belongs to us.

I once saw an old woman in Auschwitz make a menorah from a rotten potato, a drop of fat she'd saved, and a thread from her ragged coat. I don't know why she did that or who she prayed to. But tonight I light a Hanukkah candle, my first since I was 13. Maybe I am doing this because mama would have done it and it makes me closer to her. Or maybe because Israel is like a new candle in the world. Once a light burned in me but now I feel it has been blown out. I don't expect it to be rekindled-a candle burns but once-but maybe one day I will have children, brown from the sun and fearless in their country, and through them I will be warmed by the light again. Tonight I light a Hanukkah candle, my first since I was 13.

<http://www.malkadrucker.com/candle.html>