

## A Message from Rabbi Marc Philippe

As I am writing this, Valerie and I are getting ready for our big move to Manchester. After meeting many of you during our visit a few months ago, I am looking forward to our return, getting to know everybody on a deeper level, celebrating life cycles with you and answering any questions you may have. I specifically remember a question that was asked during my first interview with the Rabbi Search Committee of Temple Israel. "Do you realize how cold the winters are here in New Hampshire?" I believe my answer was that we were ready to embrace the winters and the beautiful nature. What I didn't know then, is that the warmth of the community is such that I know we definitely won't miss Florida's heat. I am happy and grateful for the opportunity to serve a community such as this one.

I would like to take this opportunity to share with you something beautiful that happened this week to a friend from Jerusalem. She took the fast train to Tel Aviv at 7:30 AM. This train is fairly new, it is a beautiful and quick ride. When she sat down, there were only a few people here and there and she saw a few men putting on tallit and tefillin. After one stop, the compartment suddenly filled with men davening aloud around her, responding to Kaddish, Barechu... She suddenly felt self-conscious, being the only woman in an essentially orthodox male minyan. She considered changing compartments but decided against it. Israel is a free and democratic country after all! What she discovered is that absolutely no one made her feel uncomfortable.

Actually, a man sat next to her, smiled at her and davened. She saw something beautiful in the wide range of men davening together: jeans, shorts, haredim, mizrachim, ashkenazim, a handful of soldiers... She arrived at her destination filled with kedusha -holiness- and with gratitude for having lived a special moment in unity.

Judaism is so beautiful, we have daily occasions to create sacred space, we only need to catch the ride, and the month of May offers extraordinary opportunities to do so. It holds the Hebrew month of Iyar, with Pesach Sheini (second Passover), reminding us that we always have a second chance. Lag b'Omer is also celebrated, traditionally observed with joyful bonfires, a great time to organize a barbecue with family and friends! The month of May also holds the Hebrew month of Sivan which brings us the holiday of Shavuot, when we traditionally receive the ten Commandments, the Torah.

I am looking forward to sharing all the holidays with you, celebrating, rejoicing. Meanwhile, please don't hesitate to reach out to me if there is anything I can do for you: [rabbi.marc@yahoo.com](mailto:rabbi.marc@yahoo.com).

With blessings,

Rabbi Marc Philippe

## ISRAEL AT 75 by Rabbi Gary Atkins

So, in the last Kol you might remember that I talked about my feelings towards Israel.

When my family and I moved to Israel in the mid-1980s, I was too old to consider volunteering for the Israel Army. But I felt that I was directly contributing to the defense of the country by working at Israel Aircraft Industries. It was then designing a latest-generation fighter aircraft, called the Lavi, and my work in a CAD/CAM department had to do with what are called "wiring bundles," the massive amounts of electrical wiring that monitored and controlled the aircraft. It was an incredibly exciting day for all the employees when the prototype plane had its first flight over the main factory location, next to Ben Gurion Airport.

Alas, for political reasons the project was cancelled. There is a book that presents the story if you want to read it, written by John Golan.

But my contribution was negligible compared to those who served in the IDF, including three of my children. I am most proud of them for many things, but this is at the top of the list. And if Israel has a "national poet and poem," it is Natan Alterman's "The Silver Platter," harkening back to the 1948 War of Independence.

Read it and recognize the sacrifice and bravery:

"A State is not handed to a people on a silver platter."  
*Chaim Weizmann, first president of Israel.*

## The Silver Platter *Nathan Alterman*

The Earth grows still.  
The lurid sky slowly pales  
Over smoking borders.  
Heartsick, but still living, a people stand by  
To greet the uniqueness  
of the miracle.

Readied, they wait beneath the moon,  
Wrapped in awesome joy, before the light.  
— Then, soon,  
A girl and boy step forward,  
And slowly walk before the waiting nation;  
In work garb and heavy-shod  
They climb  
In stillness.

Wearing yet the dress of battle, the grime  
Of aching day and fire-filled night

Unwashed, weary unto death, not knowing rest,  
But wearing youth like dewdrops in their hair.  
— Silently the two approach  
And stand.

Are they of the quick or of the dead?

Through wondering tears, the people stare.  
“Who are you, the silent two?”

And they reply: “We are the silver platter  
Upon which the Jewish State was served to you.”

And speaking, fall in shadow at the nation’s feet.  
Let the rest in Israel’s chronicles be told.



- *Liz and Larry Eckman for our kitchen and bathroom supplies*
- *Our Temple Board for meaningful service options and activities*
- *Jeff Klein for taking care of the myriad building issues*
- *Stephen Singer and Jeff Klein for organizing Wednesday morning minyans*
- *David Winthrop for being our Gabbai*
- *Michael Sydney for overseeing the Hebrew Cemetery*
- *John Weber for his financial acumen and continued support*
- *Leigh Musicof for his work on our security grant*
- *Carol Sternberg Chairperson of the Kitchen Krew, Lunches and Gift Shop*
- *Kiddush Krew – Monique Shaffer, Merle Paltrow Carol Sternberg & David Winthrop*
- *Ruth Chevion for her wonderful stories about her family’s escape from the Holocaust to America*
- *Temple Israel Book Club Leaders - Ken Cohn, Aida Koocher and Benay Birch*
- *Marc Stober for his school leadership and collaboration on musical services*
- *Rick Notkin for his safety & security initiative*
- *Steve Saulten for taking care of our security services*

### Tzedaka

Arlene Alpert in memory of Nathan Levine  
Elaine Braverman in memory of Dorothy Higher  
Ruth Chevion in memory of Oswald & Sarah Hausknecht  
Mary Gilman in memory of Mary, Zelda & William Gilman  
David Shapiro in memory of Milton Lee Shapiro  
Carol & Bob Sternberg in memory of Millie Pismany

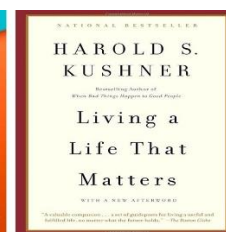
Elaine Braverman in memory of Joseph Braverman  
Renee Brenner in memory of Estee Sidman Holop  
Carol Cohen in memory of William Cohen  
Cheryl Rostad in memory of Lillian Smith  
Robert Smith in memory of Lillian Smith  
Carol & Bob Sternberg in memory of Louis Harry Kaplan

Elaine Braverman  
Monique Shaffer

Maot Hittim  
Al Shamash  
Nancy & Morris Steinbock

Carol & Bob Sternberg  
Fillis & John Stober

**Special thanks to Dina & John Weber  
for donating a new computer system for the office!**



## Escape to the Tatra Mountains by Ruth Chevion

That my mother was able to make the Gestapo believe, even temporarily, that she truly was a Polish girl named Marta Zawatska was miracle enough. She didn't look the slightest bit Polish with her big green eyes and juicy lips, her olive skin, and chestnut brown hair, not to mention her thick ankles. But she spoke beautiful Polish. I'm sure that helped, as many Jews spoke either poor Polish, or none at all. She answered all the Gestapo questions about her (fake) personal life, and then she prayed on her knees to the Virgin Mother in perfect Polish right in front of them.

But what is equally miraculous to me, is that she did not then let her guard down. Because within the hour she was to face another situation.

When she returned to the house where she had been employed as nanny, the family was there. The father was a higher-up in the German army, the mother a German hausfrau. They had sent Marta to the Gestapo, ostensibly to obtain permission to travel to Berlin with them as their nanny. But as soon as my mother walked in, she perceived that they were surprised to see her. In one glance, she knew the whole story: they had lied to her, they suspected she was Jewish, and wanted her to be taken away, but taken quietly so as not to disturb the children with any kind of ugly arrest at their house.

She then did something I particularly admire. She did nothing. She said nothing. She did not reveal her perception of the situation. She did not reveal her own surprise. It may have been something as small as lowering her eyes. She went about taking care of the children. Then later that night, after the children were in bed, she jumped out of the second-floor window and ran away.

For several weeks thereafter, my mother hid in the mountains with "mountain people" as she called them, who were acquaintances of Ala Moskalska. But I can tell you with some confidence what was going through my mother's mind while she was hiding. Where was her mother? Where was her brother? Did the Gestapo go after Aunt Fela after my mother ran away? Fela would have been implicated, as it was Fela who brought my mother to Zakopane in the first place. And what about Ala Moskalska? Who was this person, and why was she getting so involved with this nest of Jews on the lam?

With my mother safely ensconced for the moment in the beautiful Tatra mountains surrounding Zakopane, I can answer some of these questions for you, dear reader, as my mother would later find out.

Mom's mother, Susha, was in Krakow, employed as a maid in a Polish house. Mom's brother Oswald was working as nightwatchman, sharing living space with his mother. I call it living space, but it was actually just two beds where they are allowed to sleep. They were not permitted to be there during the day, and not at all on Sundays. The details of that situation are just too painful to talk about.

Aunt Fela was not caught. She wrote a letter to the Gestapo saying "Doch, wahr das Mädchen Jude." Sort of like, "Hah, the girl was Jewish after all" referring to my mother. But Fela too, disappeared into the night, leaving the job and the home behind, moving to Krakow with the two kids, and changing her name. She had been a proper Polish widow, legally married

to a Polish army officer before the war, but suddenly she became a Jew on the run just like all the others.

At that time, Ala Moskalska was 20 years old, just two years older than my mother. She had made friends with Fela at the Polish Forest Service where they both worked as clerks. They had come to share a two-family cottage. Ala and her brother lived on one side of the cottage. Fela with her two children lived on the other side. Then in 1942, when Fela had to skip town on account of her connection to my mother, Ala made the decision to help Fela make the transition to Krakow. But it didn't stop there. Ala would remain with Fela for the rest of the war, helping her save people. In an earlier piece I called them Thelma and Louise. But this was not a joy ride. Without Louise, Thelma had little hope of saving herself, her children, or anybody else. So, when Ala disappeared into the night along with Aunt Fela, leaving her good job, her comfortable home, and also her brother behind, that was the turning point. I would say that was the turning point when my mother's life was saved.



**Photos of  
Alicia (Ala) Moskalska  
1922-1998**





# May – Iyar 10 to Sivan 11, 5783



## Happy Birthday!

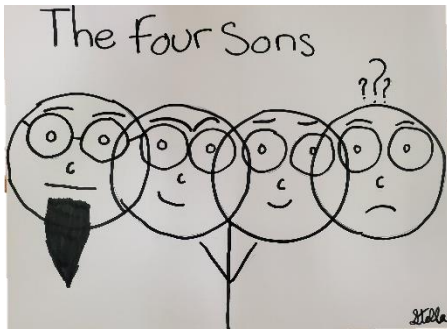
- May 2 - Sedra Michaelson
- May 2 - Judah Nathan
- May 5 - William Cohen
- May 8 - Zoe Zeballos
- May 10 - Charlotte Gross
- May 13 - Liz Eckman
- May 15 - Christy Aberg
- May 18 - Neil Thema
- May 21 - Rami Preis

## Happy Anniversary!

- Molly & Rick Notkin  
May 18 – 37 years
- Liz & Larry Eckman  
May 22- 40 years
- Michelle Rosenthal & Jeff Klein  
May 28 – 23 years

## Upcoming Services and Events

May 3	7:00am	Morning Minyan
May 5	6:00pm	Cinco de Mayo Musical Family Shabbat & meal
May 7	Noon	Annual meeting
May 10	7:00am	Morning Minyan
May 11	7:00pm	Virtual Schmooze & Booze Annual Fundraiser
May 17	7:00am	Morning Minyan
May 24	7:00am	Morning Minyan
May 25	6:00pm	Erev Shavuot service, rsvp required for meal. Office closed.
May 27	10:00am	Shavuot morning service with yizkor



**The Temple Israel Gift Shop is Open!**

- Yom Tov Challah Board - \$25
- Challah Knife - \$20
- Candlesticks - \$25.
- Hamsa - \$25
- Blue Enameled Mezuzahs - \$30

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