



# KOL EZRAS ISRAEL



## Rabbi's Message

Rav Yisroel Salanter, the founder of the Mussar movement and one of the leaders of Eastern European Jewry towards the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, asked the following question. Yom Kippur is a day of fasting and repentance; a day in which we achieve purification from our sins. Rosh Hashanah is a Day of Judgment, when our deeds come before G-d and judgment is rendered for the upcoming year. Should not Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the day we can be purified from our sins, precede Rosh Hashanah which is the day of judgment? Let us first confess and repent from our sins and then enter into the day of judgment with a clean slate, thus greatly enhancing our position on this most important day.

Rav Yisroel explains that the day of Yom Kippur, the fasting, the praying, the repentance, and ultimately the atonement and purification that is achieved, is the culmination of a process that begins on Rosh Hashanah. Rosh

Hashanah is a day of Malchios, Zichronos, and of Shofros. It is a day of Malchius, Kingship, a day of declaring G-d's sovereignty over the world. It is a day of Zichronos, Remembrance, when the Almighty reviews our past year, and decides what the coming year will bring. It is a day of Shofros, the sounding of the shofar which is a call to Teshuva. We then enter into the Aseres Yemei Teshuva, the intermediate days in between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur, which are days that are dedicated to Teshuva and prayer. Now we can understand why Yom Kippur comes at the end of these days. Only now are we ready for Yom Kippur. After concentrating on the theme of Teshuva, and Malchius, Zichronos and Shofros, along with a heightened awareness of what is at stake, our future and that of all who are dear to us, are we able to enter Yom Kippur in the proper state of mind to fast and pray in order to achieve atonement and purification from our sins.

We are now at a pivotal time of the year, a time of opportunity to achieve forgiveness through Teshuva and good deeds. May we all merit to properly utilize this special time of year, and to merit a Kesiva Vechasima Tova.  
Wishing all an enjoyable fall.



## President's Message

It's that time of the year again. The days of awe force us to look at our lives in more depth even though it may be painful.

As the current shul President, I can't help comparing 2011 to 2002 when I was last President. Oh how things have changed. From the economy, to politics, to the Arab Spring, things are happening that would have been truly unimaginable 10 years ago (or even 2 or 3 years ago). And yet change, even traumatic change, can be the best thing to happen if it causes us to pause and consider how we can improve our lives and the lives of those around us. There is always vast opportunity for improvement once we stop and think about the possibilities!

I am working with the board and Rabbi Kreiser to inject more energy into our small community. This involves more classes, enhancements to the high holiday services, and more variety in our weekly services. We also want to reach out to younger couples and families and help meet their needs. There is nothing magical about doing this. It's just about deciding to do it and then executing.

To that end, we all have a role to play whether it's helping with projects, voicing our opinion or just coming to services and connecting with the community at large. As President Kennedy famously said, ask not what your synagogue can do for you but what you can do for your synagogue.

We recently sent out a survey to the Ezras Israel membership and received a number of insightful comments

and suggestions regarding how we might be able to better serve those who come to our shul for various activities. I will be sharing those in the upcoming board meeting and then with the community at large.

Gamar, chatima tova to everyone for the coming year.

Sincerely, Sheldon Needle

**HERE STAND I** (Part 2 of 2)

*A Jerry Roschwalb recollection of a Yom Kippur 68 years ago.*

Time passed and I swam at the beach at Coney Island. A war was elsewhere and we, my friends and I, were young and gay and free—living bits of trite clichés and platitudes. And then September came—shopping for new clothes, another year of school, meeting the lucky ones who had been in the country for the summer, discussing the triumphs of our fantasies. New teachers, the smell of chalk and new textbooks and the sudden swirls of the approaching season.

And soon the autumn holidays. And then one day he's back and one day it is 7 o'clock and it is dark. The radio sounds of cold Canadian fronts and you believe you can smell the snow not yet fallen.

When I was not quite one year old I had been taken with my sister to the synagogue of the family. No ostentatious temples for these children of Galician Chasidism—no frills and frippery and needless adornments. The synagogue was a large rectangular hall at the front of which stood the Aron, the Ark, shielded by its velvet gold-stitched curtain. The Torahs, the scrolls, stood upright within its doors while above burned the everlasting light. In the midst of the hall between the long benches for the male congregants was the square rostrum for can-

(cont. on p.2)

**HERE STAND I** (cont. from p.1)

tors and choirs and the perennial appeal-making preachers. In the rear of the hall was the curtained-off tier for the female members of the congregation. The orthodox plan, known to all the generations before in Europe, had been planted on these free shores, and here my family, one of perhaps 100, gathered to worship during the High Holidays.

For me it was a very special place, for my grandfather—yes, he was my cousins' grandfather, too, I guess—was the "shliach tzibor," the representative of the congregation, the cantor. And for all my years at the High Holidays I could remember him walking forward from along the family group late in the morning, draped in funereal white to mount the rostrum and begin the Musaph, the major service of the day.

He sang at less solemn occasions as well. I can recall vividly the gaiety during the festivals of Chanukah and Purim, of crawling beneath the food-laden tables to gather with my cousins the prized bottle caps—Pepsis and Cokes and 7-Ups and ginger ales—that fell to the floor as the men laughed and sang above us and the women in their own section gossiped, talked babies, made marriages, acclaimed and denounced the neighborhood shopkeepers, and exchanged favorite recipes. (I often hoped my grandmother would be less pious and catch a good gefilte fish recipe. Her own was a rather tasteless affair at which we all respectfully smacked our lips with fraudulent delight.)

This was the synagogue—a kind of home—no terror, no fear. Were we not God's children and did He not love us? And if we felt pain and loss, who were we to question God's wisdom? But the High Holidays—Rosh Hashanah, the New Year, and Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement—were solemn festivals. These were days for prayer and penance. One year had passed, another was beginning. Who could say what was in store for any of us? If we had been sinful, how could we change? Would God forgive us, our jealous and merciful God?

And on these days, perhaps not in order but in fact, I was a very proud fellow. In the crowded, warm room where the men in their prayer shawls sat bent in silence and in the murmur of fervent prayer, I

could look towards the rostrum and there was my grandfather. At his word the congregation moved; at his chant they replied. It was not without good reason that the women greeted him so cordially in the market.

"Good morning, Mr. A."

"A beautiful service. May we all live to hear you chant again next year."

"A beautiful service— may you have prayed well for all of your own people and for ours as well."

An important man—second only to the rabbi. I myself thought him far more important. The Rabbi was a young man, his predecessor having passed away before my birth. And this young fellow was less austere and also less joyful than I desired. And besides, he had a shrill voice which irritated my ears, accustomed to the baritone crooning of my grandfather. An important man indeed.

For 25 years since his arrival in this country he had led his people in prayer. And in the summer of 1943, a year when prayer seemed most vital, most essential, the doctor had peremptorily declared, "Mr. A., this year you become part of the congregation. No chanting. Your heart won't stand the strain."

My grandfather was a fairly docile man. He would not argue about most things, but to be told he could not change—not chant on the High Holidays! It was absurd. What did this doctor know? To look at a tongue, to probe the stomach muscles, to push needles into one's arm. To hear the body, perhaps; but of the soul what knew he of the spirit that God had infused in man? What could he know? What could he understand? But the appeal went out to the matriarch.

My grandmother was summoned to conference. My mother and her sisters appeared at the next summit meeting. My uncle was interviewed for his opinion. Word was sent to the Bronx and my grandfather's brothers descended to the lost depths of Brooklyn. The East Side, naturally, sent its own noble delegation. The conclave was held and votes were taken—Harry A. would not chant this year 5704. And my grandfather said not a word but grew paler and more restive each day. At work he performed his duties perfunctorily—eggs, butter, cheese. In Europe they had destroyed his family; in Brooklyn they had stolen his gift to God.

Rosh Hashanah came and it was very strange. I sat and stood between my father and my grandfather fearing to answer the calls of itching ears and fighting the legs that seemed to squirm with a will all their own. I had no desire to annoy them. Who could be certain whether I was forever emancipated from possible exile to that fearful woman's world only a few feet to the rear? And despite the pride I felt for my first suit with long trousers, the starched white shirt, and especially the bold holiday tie and a real felt hat, it was tiresome to hear a strange, imperfect voice intone the familiar prayers. It wasn't the same. That indescribable atmosphere was gone. The new cantor was also a member of the congregation, a good friend of Grandpa's, but he was not my grandfather and the congregation did not know his ways, did not know his melodies, his pauses, his emphases. No, it was decidedly not the same.

Watchful glances passed our way often. The congregants wondered how Reb Hersh, as they called Grandpa, was feeling. To sit for the first time in so many years, listening to a voice that was not his own. It must be difficult to be a stranger out of place in your own home.

Rosh Hashanah passed without incident. At the family dinner little was said about the cantorial performance. Instead the chatter hovered about the sermon—it was weighed and measured, argued for and against, and finally pronounced acceptable with the general agreement that the old rabbi, may his soul which was with God pray for them and protect them from all the enemies of Israel (with every family pleading the same thing at the same time, I wondered if the rabbi ever did get his opportunity to rest in peace), yes, the old one could do a better job and teach these young ones more than they could even learn.

They discussed the war in the old country. A big concern, for now we had cousins aboard ships, in the air and on the blood-sopped soil carrying weapons and fighting for the first time for a country that they belonged to by birth and choice. Through it all my grandfather sat quietly, once referring to himself jokingly as an old veteran, wearing an almost imperceptible smile of acquiescence.

Death had become too common a subject to disturb overtly, and news from Europe only served to make it more usual than God might have intended.

The intermediate days of penance,

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**HERE STAND I** (cont. from p.1)

of prayer and worship passed. I went to school and studied from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and played a new variety of handball and learned a great deal about the American Indian. Then came Yom Kippur—Kol Nidre night. The 25-hour fasting began. All-night prayer by the older men, silence and solemnity, children hushed in the glow of candles, the entire synagogue clothed in white. I, too, was allowed to fast; that is, for the evening, and went to bed without my milk and felt proud to belong to thing old and strong, noble and wise. And dawn came—time to rise and dress hurriedly to join my father in the walk to prayer.

It was 11 a.m. Indian summer had enclosed the city in fetid heat. The windows thrown open permitted only dry cough-inspiring dust to enter. No winds blew. The morning service had ended and the Musaph, the afternoon prayer, was soon to begin. The buzzing of whispering congregants, the giggling of children as they exchange food supplies brought from home to last for the day, taunting the 13-year-olds who were fasting for the first time. Sounds of deep sighs as elderly men intone added prayers, sounds of sobbing in the service for commemorating the dead as the women recall years passed, a special weeping of doubt by a neighbor who a short while ago had a son who never would understand what it means to say “Guadalcanal.”

Memories of people now ashes in the ovens of Hitler’s Europe. Sadness; heavy, nebulous, lugubrious sadness.

Enough! Begin the Musaph tephilah! Huddled among his sons and grandsons my grandfather sits, head bent, forehead glistening with the with the perspiration of fervor, eyes bright with incipient tears. The cantor walks to the rabbi’s seat, whispers a few words. The rabbi walks passed the rostrum, stands before our place, and in an ineluctably stirring monotone addresses my grandfather.

“For 25 years the prayers have been led by you, Reb Hersh. It is now a bad time for our people. Somehow we must move closer to our God. Therefore, the cantor asks that you replace him for this service, if you will.”

What is this? Doesn’t the man know about Grandpa’s heart? Hadn’t the cantor been told why he had been chosen

to pray this year? Grandpa says nothing. He turns toward the women’s section but my grandmother sits, eyes fixed to her tear-damp prayerbook, his daughter’s gaze anywhere but at him. Every other head in the congregation is bent downward, even the doctor’s by whose order the request had been made.

You ask me why this simple incident should have infixed itself in the memory and soul? I’m not at all certain it can be explained. But this I do know. A man lives with a love of life. He knows he has for some unvoiced reason been granted a power, granted this by a force, perhaps a divine will, and he is aware of this presence in his every act of life. He is devoted to embody each deed and word with the aura and glory he apprehends. In far lands evil blossoms in a satanic garden and this too he accepts, though it tears at the human element of weakness in his sentient being, accepts it because we live in a world of mystery, and all our challenging answers evoke not even a whit of confusion. And then the baleful mortal forces convene to use his body—itsself a divine creation—to deracinate the spiritual gifts interred within its aging frame. He does not fight. He knows that the thieves must realize they cannot take what is of his own to withhold. And then those same forces investigate the consequences of their unthinking kindness and they stand astonished. They realize they have tampered with the incomprehensible; they lack the tongue, the voice to utter the veracity of his awareness. As before, they can act again, relenting the chains, regrating what never was theirs to grant. And smiling inwardly, in perfect communion with this awesome power, the proud and humble soul rises to thank his Lord and pray for mortal man. And instantaneously, although they cannot understand how, a many score crowd of individuals reforms and becomes one organism to sway together to the winds and spirits of worshipping humanity. The chord is struck, the strings reverberate, and unity—exotic and beautiful unity—reigns.

No, a man lives not in body alone. Take away his spirit and the body become an empty shell; it refuses to go on. Unfit to pray, a heart that beats too quickly or too slowly, I never knew which, my grandfather rises, straightens his kittl, the pure white robe worn by every man in the synagogue on this day of fear and trembling before the Almighty, ties his tallis,

the prayer shawl, close about his shoulders and walks slowly forward.

Did you know that silence has sound? It does, and I heard it then, the secret, ominous beauty of absolute quiet, profoundly enigmatic. And then, as always, I had remembered in the past, the sweetest tones of my grandfather were heard sounding the Hinneni.

“*Hinneni Haiahni mimaas. Nirash v’nifchad mipachat yoshvei tehilos y Israel . . .*”

*Here stand I, deficient in good deeds. I quake and fear out of terror before the God who awaits the praises of Israel. I have come to plead for Thy people, which has sent me despite my unworthiness and my not deserving this. Therefore, I beg of Thee, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of strength, renowned and merciful God of Israel, almighty, omniscient and terrible God. Make my path upon which I shall direct myself to plead for mercy be successful for myself and for those who have sent me. I pray Thee not to hold responsible and do not punish them because of my sins, and may they not be ashamed because of my sins, and not because of me or I because of them. And fulfill my prayer as if I were an old man come to pray, who had passed his life in the performance of good deeds and who comes with a white, pure beard grown and whose voice is sweet and in harmony with all men. And Thou shouldst denounce the devil so that he will not bother me, and the congregation should be beloved by You and with love shalt Thou cover our transgressions. And all troubles and anger reverse for us to happiness and joy to be able to live in peace with Israel, which loves truth and peace. And there should be no obstacle in my prayer. And it should be Thy will, O God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the great God, the mighty and knowing God, the Eternal One. And may the angels who are in reception of these prayers bring them before your honored throne, and they shall display them before Thee and for the sake of all saints, holy men and worthy men. And because of Thy glorious and renowned name which heeds this plea of your people with mercy, praised art Thou who hears this prayer.*

The congregation swayed in perfect rhythm to a voice, a soul it had come to love and know. It would be well. Reb

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עזרת ישראל

EZRAS ISRAEL CONGREGATION OF ROCKVILLE

803 Montrose Road, Rockville, MD 20852

SEND MAIL TO: Post Office Box 2281, Rockville, MD 20847

http://www.ezrasisrael.org

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Applicant First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse<sup>1</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Applicant Last Name \_\_\_\_\_
Hebrew name \_\_\_\_\_ ben / bat \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_
Hebrew name -Spouse \_\_\_\_\_ ben/bat \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_
Home Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (H) \_\_\_\_\_ (O) \_\_\_\_\_
FAX (H) \_\_\_\_\_ (O) \_\_\_\_\_ Email (H) \_\_\_\_\_ (O) \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>1</sup> If married.

Children - English & Hebrew names
\_\_\_\_\_
\_\_\_\_\_
\_\_\_\_\_

Grandchildren - Hebrew names
\_\_\_\_\_ ben/bat \_\_\_\_\_
\_\_\_\_\_ ben/bat \_\_\_\_\_
\_\_\_\_\_ ben/bat \_\_\_\_\_

Yahrzeit Dates
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Relation \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Relation \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Relation \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Relation \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Declaration

I understand that membership eligibility is determined by the Executive Board of Ezras Israel with the advice and consent of the Rabbi guided by adherence to Halacha (Jewish Law), and the rulings of the Rabbinical Council of Washington.

Applicant Name: Printed \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Co applicant (Spouse) Name: Printed \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Learning Schedule

- Shabbat mornings, Rabbi's shiur on the weekly **Parsha**, 8:15am at the shul. Open to all.
- Sunday mornings following Shacharis, Rabbi's **Talmud Class** at the Ring House (men only) // **Wednesday Learning Nights** on Wednesdays at 9 pm at the shul (men only) (contact Rabbi Kreiser to confirm dates)

### Baruchim Habaim New Members

Jerry Dunietz

Are you receiving the weekly Ezras Israel e-mail update?  
Davening times, upcoming events, and more! To subscribe, visit  
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ezrasisrael>



Itzhak & Odette Goldberg, on the marriage of their son Nadav to Sarah Gross, and to Nadav & Sarah

**Mazel Tov !**

Ben & Naomi Beroukhim and family, on the Bat-Mitzvah of their daughter Mayan

Bernardo & Ana Kliksberg and family, on the birth of twin sons to their son Ruben and his wife Anat (and the twins' older siblings Tali & Lior)

Samantha Van Houter, on earning her Master's degree in Occupational Therapy, being elected class speaker by her peers, and being chosen by her professors to receive the Maimonides Award for most outstanding student in the class

### Yasher Koach!

\*Mark & Charlene Disler for sponsoring the Machzor's Class Refreshments

\*Sheldon Needle for financing and working the membership survey.

\*Natasha Kashlinsky for maintain our web site

\*Judy Lowitz for procuring Kiddush for the past nine moths

\*Michael Richman & Mark Lautman for Torah Reading these past few weeks.

\*Mark Lautman, Jordan Grubic & Jeremy Jacobson for setting & cleaning up for Kiddush

### Kiddush sponsors

\*Goldberg family, in honor of Nadav's aufruf

\*Leah Rosen, in memory of her husband Moshe Rosen / Moshe ben Kalman z"l

\*Rose Glasner on the engagement of her grandson

\*Judy Groner, in memory of her husband Rabbi Oscar Groner / HaRav Osher ben Matisyahu z"l

\*The Family of the Bar-Mitzvah

\*Mark Lautman, in honor of his niece, Rachel Golan, on her way to study for a year in Israel

\*Selma Slater, cousin of Beril Sinnreich, in memory of her father and Beril's benefactor when he arrived in America, Louis Terner / Yehuda Leib ben Nuta z"l

\*Gil, Sandra & Hadas Katz, in celebration of his being granted an H1B Visa to continue research work at NIH.

### **Refuah Sheleima**

Norm Pollack—Nuchem Ben Beila

### **Condolences**

To the Family of Bessie Krauser z"l

Jerry Dunietz on the passing of his mother



Hersh is praying. As he opened with his prayer for guidance I saw my grandfather stand whole before his God and mine, in peaceful humility. False pride, though he among many had been chosen, he did not know. True service he understood. His credo, of devotion. His promise to serve, a seeking for help. A humble man as only the noble can be.

So he prayed. He stood before us until the sun had set, until the shofar, the ram's horn, had shrieked the end to prayer and fasting. Sweat had turned his prayer shawl limp, his clothing drenched. Huddled in the suitcoats of several of his friends he was led home to break the fast with the family.

I did not know it then, and yet of course I did, that my own life's credo had been fixed. I would leave these people and seek my God elsewhere—find it and lose it and search for all my years. But the goal and the meaning would never change from the swelling majesty of voices knowing the path and the words to follow, led by a man to the doorway of God.

Get the privileges and distinction of being a partner of Rabbi Kreiser in fostering Torah centered Judaism in Rockville: Renew (or start) your annual Ezras Israel Cong. Membership:

- Family Dues—\$600 per year
- Single Dues—\$300

Use Page 4, or visit [www.ezrasisrael.org](http://www.ezrasisrael.org), download a membership form & send in with payment to PO Box 2281, Rockville, MD 20847 Please update information on your application if there are recent changes in your family

### **Cemetery Spaces Available**

Gan Zikaron (Garden of Remembrance) is a Jewish community owned and operated cemetery. Spaces are available in the section previously purchased by Ezras Israel Congregation of Rockville for \$1,900 each. You will have the benefit of a tax deduction. Please contact Morris Altschuler at (301) 770-5591 for further information

Memorialize a loved one Donate a Machzor, Siddur or Chumash,  
Call Rachmil at  
301-461-4984

Donate to the  
Ezras Israel Hachnosat Orchim  
Fund to support the hospitality the  
Rabbi extends to the community.

For the holidays and all your special occasions, send a **Personalized Chesed Cards** and Help Ezras Israel at the same time  
**Call June Graff 301.770.7129**

**Celebrate a special occasion!**  
**Sponsor a Kiddush**  
Call Judith Lowitz- 240-328-7648  
or by e-mail [judith-lowitz@hotmail.com](mailto:judith-lowitz@hotmail.com) or reserve online at  
[www.ezrasisrael.org](http://www.ezrasisrael.org)

# Kol Ezras Israel

**Congregation Ezras Israel**  
**P.O. Box 2281**  
**Rockville, MD 20847**

## Minyan Times

## Luach Hazmanim

Date	Day	Parsha - Chag - Event	Candle Lighting	Friday / Erev Yom Tov	Shabbat / Yom Tov	Shabbat / Erev Yom Tov
28-Sep	Wed	Erev Rosh Hashana (In Ring House Social Hall)	6:38	6:40	6:30	xxxx
30 Sep / 1 Oct	Fri-Sat	2nd Day Rosh Hashana -Light candles Th night after 7:38PM / Shabbos Shuva Hazinu	6:35	6:35	6:15	7:32
2-Oct	Sun	Fast Day—Tzom Gedaliah, Fast Start:5:46AM—Ends 7:19P	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx
7-8 Oct	Fri-Sat	Yom Kippur—Mincha at 3PM In Ring House Social Hall	6:24	6:25	5:00	7:21
12-Oct	Wed	Erev Succos	6:16	6:15	6:15	xxxx
14-15 Oct	Fri-Sat	2nd Day Succos -Light candles Th night after 7:12PM / Shabbos Chol Hamoed	6:13	6:10	6:00	7:11
19-Oct	Wed	Hoshana Rabbah - Shachris Minyan at Ring House @ 7AM - Erev Shemini-Atzeres	6:06	6:05	6:05	xxxx
21-22 Oct	Fri-Sat	Simchas Torah - Light Candles Th. Night after 7:03PM - Shabbos Bereshis/Mevorchim	6:03	6:00	5:45	7:01
28-29 Oct	Fri-Sat	Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan Day 1&2 - Shabbos Noach	5:54	5:55	5:40	6:53
4 Nov	Fri-Sat	Lech Lecha - Daylight Savings Time Ends - First Sunday in Nov - Saturday Night 2AM	5:46	5:45	5:30	6:45
11 Nov	Fri-Sat	Vayeitra	4:39	4:40	4:25	5:39
18 Nov	Fri-Sat	Chayei Sarah	4:34	4:35	4:20	5:35
25-Nov	Fri-Sat	Toldos - Mevorchim Kisleev - Rosh Chodesh - Sunday	4:30	4:30	4:15	5:32
2-Dec	Fri-Sat	Vayetzel	4:28	4:30	4:15	5:30
9-Dec	Fri-Sat	Vayishlach	4:27	4:25	4:10	5:30
16-Dec	Fri-Sat	Vayeshev	4:29	4:30	4:15	5:32
20-Dec	Tue	Light First Light of Chanukah - As Early as Possible after 5:32 PM	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx
23-Dec	Fri-Sat	Miketz / Shabbos Chanukah/Mevorchim Teves/Rosh Chodesh Mon Tue	4:32	4:30	4:15	5:36
30-Dec	Fri-Sat	Vayigash	4:36	4:35	4:20	5:40

Shabbat at Ezras Israel: Call 240-627-1661 for Eruv status.  
 Shacharit 9:00 a.m. Mincha/Maariv  
 See above. Followed by Seudah Shlishit and Maariv  
 Mincha minyan—same location—4:00 p.m. Sunday through Thursday  
 Sunday - Friday Shacharit at Ring House, Activity Room 3:  
 Sunday - 8:30 a.m. Followed by Rabbi's shiur (men only) Monday, Thursday, Tuesday 8:05 a.m. (Also, on Rosh Chodesh & other weekdays with Torah readings)  
 Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday 8:15 a.m. NOTE: During Shichot Days (9/25-27 & 10/2-7) we will begin 30 minutes earlier than the posted time. On Erev Rosh Hashana, 9/28, start time is 7 AM.