



# KOL EZRAS ISRAEL



## Rabbi's Message

There is a custom under the Chupah to break a glass . While the sound of the breaking glass has become more of a signal for the shouts of Mazel Tov!! and the music and singing to begin, it is in fact a custom that is imbued with far more significance. Its source is the Halacha that ordains that at moments of simcha, we should remember the Churban of the Bais Hamikdash (destruction of the Holy Temple). The source of this Halacha is the verse in Tehillim (Psalms) ch 137 v5,6 " Im Eshkoach Yerushalayim ..... Im Lo Aleh Es Yerushalayim Al Rosh Simchasi "If I forget O Jerusalem .....If I Fail to Elevate Jerusalem Above my Great Joys." The custom to place ashes on the forehead of the Chasan (bridegroom) before the Chupa stems from this verse. Jerusalem should never be forgotten even at moments of great personal joy.

A significant part of summer is dedicated to the commemoration of the destruction of the Bais Hamikdash. The three weeks beginning with the fast on the 17th of Tammuz ushers in a period of mourning which increases in intensity throughout the beginning of Av and culminates with Tisha B'av, the actual day of destruction . During this time, amongst other things, we refrain

from listening to music, getting haircuts, and buying new furniture and clothing. While the foremost thought that we may have is that, with the restriction on some of our routine activities, it can interfere with our summer plans, in truth, there is much to be learned from this period of mourning. The customs that we have both throughout the year and during the period of mourning in the summer are meant not only for us to remember Jerusalem and its destruction at the hands of the Romans, but also for us to appreciate the great void that exists on a national level. One does not have to tell someone who has just lost a loved one that they should refrain from listening to music; they feel the loss so acutely that their natural reaction to their loss is to mourn. However, it is necessary for us to do the reverse in order to feel our loss. The loss that we experienced with the destruction of the Beis Hamikdash was not just a loss for that generation alone. Throughout the generations we are constantly feeling the consequences of that loss which resulted in our exile. The persecutions, pogroms, statelessness and today anti-Semitism , Israel being held to a different standard, and the myriad of challenges that we face are all consequences of that destruction. Only when we properly feel the loss that is ours will we be able to take the steps necessary to bring about the end of this exile. May we all merit internalizing the message of this mourning period and bringing about the end of this exile. Wishing all an enjoyable summer.



## President's Message

This is my second time around as President of Ezras Israel and I am going to keep doing this until I get it right!

Being President of any-sized shul takes a fair amount of work, but I

know from previous experiences that I will have a lot of support from the Ezras Membership, board and Rabbi Kreiser. That is because we all intuitively understand that as a small shul, we all have to pitch in to get things done. Our board is very capable and everyone is willing to participate in various projects suitable to their skills and interests.

When I became President in 2002, we were on the upswing as an institution. There was no Chabad, Jewish Roc or Aish in the area. We almost had the market to ourselves for the Israelis and new orthodox move ins to the Montrose Rd. corridor. Of course that is no longer the case.

So our challenge today, and for the next few years, is to step up our game and find out where we meet or do not meet the needs of the local orthodox community. Furthermore, we need to look at how we can attract young people, the life blood of any religious institution, to our neighborhood. To that end we are going to survey the our members and former members over the summer to

find out how we can do better in attracting and retaining members.

To be successful in this effort we are all going to have to commit our energy and creative talents to get the message out that we have something special to offer. We have an exceptional, energetic Rabbi and great connections for learning. We provide everything that an observant Jew requires in terms of life cycle events and a spiritual connection.

Let's all pull together to get the word out. I will be approaching members to help in that effort over the summer. It's time to shake things up to ensure our long term survivability in a sea of sharp competitors.

### HERE STAND I

(Part 1 of 2)

*A Jerry Roschwalb recollection of a Summer 68 years ago.*

The calendar says that the day grows shorter gradually, several minutes each day. But that is not so at all. One day you drive home at 8 o'clock and the sun is beginning its descent to the waters of the Navy Yard—there is hardly a breeze.

It's Hal's car, he's in Europe for the summer. 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.

(cont. on p.2)

## HERE STAND I (cont.)

The night is breeze-filled and the skies are darker than at any other time in the city. The almanac, too, says that the weather changes in parts. But that, too, is not so. One day the city sweats in the humid liquefaction of morbid winds and suddenly you know that the heat is to be done for a long time.

My season begins now. Not the fairly-belled plastic springtime of love and cheer and gaiety, but early autumn which promises long evenings in a warm room while cold winds rage at the windows and glass panes sing their bumbling harmonies, a tribute to absent putty. It is the season of friendship, not of love. No man like myself is lonely in the winter, for in early autumn we have become one with the season. We breathe freely only when the air is chilled, when people walk slightly bowed to keep balance in the thrusting sheets of air. No, we are not a people of the summer when all is youth and lightheartedness. Ours is the season of the weary in heart at birth, the people of the night, the men who apprehend the divinity of loneliness.

This is the time of year that hymns of inexplicability and complexity, and you know only that you cannot know. Heavy garments are required as flesh chills quickly, and this is good for the men who do not care to flaunt their bodies to a brazen sun. We know of stars and moon and midnight ink-blue skies. This is the season of my love, but you ask me to tell you of the times before the winter, and that must be told in other ways.

Perhaps it is indeed strange for anyone to have but one story to tell of his life. Not strange to all, to be sure, for that one tale may contain all the meaning of being. And so, when you ask me "Why?" and say, "Your credo, if you please," I too have barely one simple story—but it tells it all.

It was the summer of 1943. A hot, sweltering, blistery summer seething with wet as only we who have grown from the tarred soil of city streets in New York can understand, I sometimes think. I was not quite eight years old. Winter snows would have to come and be half melted before I would screech with glee, "I'm eight, I'm eight," which the ubiquitous family friends would set forth that inevitable query.

You must forgive me if I digress, for this is my life story in a way, and much of what I know and feel and remember is within its words immersed. And so if I drift remember to forgive. I'm neither a storyteller nor an orator, but I shall continue . . .

There was a war I knew being fought in

Europe and in Asia. There were Japanese, and they were evil, and there were Nazis, and they were an accursed band of butchering fiends. I knew all the battles fought and had collected the picture cards of the planes and ships and generals. And oh yes, for my friends and myself the war was indeed an interesting diversion.

But though I did not know why for certain I saw tears glisten in the eyes of my mother and my father grow early dawn silent whenever the name of Europe was mentioned, I knew there were families there that were somehow my own, and that they were not living well, and that it was supposed to be a sad time. But a time for joy it was too. It was summer and the sun blazed down on our darkened bodies—darkened by the rays of shimmering light and not a little of the dirt of city streets.

We lay in the gutters at our skelly games, and punchball was the young Hercules' means to fame. And the Police Athletic League took us to Ebbets Field and I learned the thrill of seeing skill and knowing it was better than just the efforts of any man. And for me it was a peaceful time. I had discovered the book and the pages and the word that year, and the librarians cast incredulous glances at me when I appeared in the evening with the books withdrawn only that morning on the sometimes rainy and murky days of August. But I had begun to devour the stories of the admirable spirits I loved, and the world was aflame and peopled with heroics.

And it was a time for talk. Deep and profound talk with the fellows. The spring gone by had taught us the secrets of sex, and we would never again be lost for a subject for serious discussion.

And most of all it was a time for learning about my grandfather. Yes, he is the vortex of this story, for in that summer I came to know him and thereby myself as well, though I lacked many months to the eighth full year of life.

My grandfather was a simple man even in those turbulent days. He had begun daily labor when still a child and work was for him the natural activity of man. Summer heat, winter cold—all part of God's wisdom, and a man has to work to live. And I, who admired his skill as he candled the great cases of Jersey white eggs, four eggs in each hand, eyeglasses crowning his brow, noticed a sadness in those clear, pool-blue eyes that once had held a fearful light. No longer did he carry the heavy tubs of butter to be sliced into even creamy layers. My uncle would come running,

tripping over me, who was invariably underfoot, to take from my grandfather's shoulders the cases of eggs and cheese he had once carried so lightly.

I, who loved the market where even the most dank of summer heat would not serve to quell the freshness of dairy smells and refrigerated breezes, could not see why the change. Why my mother's troubled glances toward Grandpa when she came to call for me in the early evening. Why my grandmother's sudden appearances—she who was the sick one, who caused annual family crises with her winter colds. Why her frequent presence and her plaintive voice, "Harry, sit down for a while." "Harry, are you tired?" "Rest, Harry, rest."

It was summer 1943, and the doctor had told my grandfather to stop from his heavy labors. "You are not a child Mr. A" he said, "A man is sixty years old, who works for half a century, four years a soldier, a war, battlefields, trenches, six years in America without wife and family, twenty years on the East Side before more work in Brooklyn. It is enough.

"Your children can take care of the business. Relax, it is time you rested."

"Papa has to rest. We must see that he rests."

Two weeks in the Catskills in a small hotel. "Rest your heart, Mr. A. No steps to climb. The air is clean and fresh. Relax."

It was summer 1943 and my grandfather grew pale and thin, and though I knew that his heart was weak I sensed also that he would never have become so despondent for worry over his own health. A man who rises at 5:30 every morning to go to meet his cronies and pray to his God for guidance, a man who is at home in this world because it is his God's creation does not fear for himself. But it was summer 1943, and new names would gain fame through infamy on this same creation of the same God. Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen, Buchenwald—new names. Places where once men lived and worked to live had become earthly hells, and my grandfather's visage grew darker with every news report from Europe. Sisters, nephews, cousins and friends were lost in the swarming maelstrom of death that had inundated the old country. No longer was there any hope. Death was merciful and had claimed them all. Summer 1943 and my grandfather had lost 37 close relations and people told him to rest and save his heart.

(To be Continued)

## 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 7:30 pm at the shul (men only) (contact Rabbi Kreiser to confirm dates)

## Baruchim Habaim New Members

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>



- Nadav Goldberg and his parents, Itzhak & Odette, and the entire Goldberg family, on Nadav's up-coming marriage to Sarah Gross.

## Mazel Tov !

- Janet Weiner on the Bar Mitzvah of her grandson Avraham Nadav, in Jerusalem.
- Tova Jacobovits on getting her Masters Degree in Nutrition from U of Md, and her admission to the NIH Clinical Dietitian Internship Program
- Torah School Graduates: Aaron G. Kreiser and Tzvia Graff, granddaughter of Stu & June Graff
- Yisroel Kreiser for his HS Graduation from the Milton Eisner (Scranton) Yeshiva High School

## Yasher Koach!



### Rickey Van Houter Memorial Lecture Sponsors

### Patron Dinner — Patrons

Mark & Irina Chaimovich  
Mark & Charlene Disler  
Charlie Futrovsky  
Emil & Greta Hirsch  
Sam Hurwitz  
Rachmil & Agi Jacobovits  
Sheldon & Roz Needle  
Michael Richman  
Jerry Roschwalb  
Kitty Strauss  
Dora Weiss  
—Patron Dinner Donation  
June & Stu Graff

Disler, Mark & Charlene	Blech, Doreen
Fellner, Michael & Nechama	Fisk, Pearl & Hela
Goldberg, Mr & Mrs. Herman	Groner, Judy
Graff, Stuart & June	Otten, Joseph & Betty
Jacobovits, Rachmil & Agi	Richman, Michael
Johnson, Shauna	Roger & Karen V Van Houter
Lamdany, Ruben & Deborah	Ehrenkarnz, Gill & Anne
Needle, Sheldon & Roz	Fuerst, Lazer & Sue
Pollack, Norm	Kreiser, Rabbi Eliezer & Perel
Soifer, Rachel	Laurie Mirman
Weiss, Rabbi Elie & Tova	Lempel, Jarod & Tami
Altschuler, Morris & Harriet	Zymelman, Manny & Nancy

Ilene Van Houter for providing lecture refreshments

### Kiddush sponsors

\*Janet Weiner in honor of the Bar-Mitzvah of her grandson, Avraham Nadav ben Shlomo v'Leah

\*Yahoodain family in memory of Mona's brother, Albert Kashki / Zecharia ben Zecharia z"l

\*Agi & Rachmil Jacobovits in memory of their fathers' yahrzeits: Shimon Ben Meir Kopel z"l 27 Nisan & separately, on Shava'outh for Agi's father, Itzhak Aharon ben David z"l

\*Yakov & Rachel Wolf, in gratitude to Hashem Y'sborach for the gift of the Fellner grandchild

\*Louis Gilden in honor of his son Alex' Fifth Bar Mitzvah Anniversary and return from Israel from the JDS Senior Class Trip.

### Taleisim Sponsorship

Len Mordfin

### Tikun L'eil Shav'outh—All Night Learning

Mark Lautman for an extensive history of the Zohar  
Rabbi Kreiser & Mark and all who attended for a wonderfully engaging learning experience

### 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 and a tour of the site.

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

Visit [www.ezrasisrael.org](http://www.ezrasisrael.org), download a membership form and send in with payment to PO Box 2281, Rockville, MD 20847

## Refuah Sheleima

Norm Pollack—Nuchem Ben Beila

## Condolences

To the Yahoodain family, on the passing of Mona's brother Albert Kashki / Zecharia ben Zecharia z"l



Memorialize a loved one  
Donate a Machzor, Siddur or Chumash  
Call Rachmil at 301-770-4342 or 301-461-4984 or  
e-mail [milujaco@gmail.net](mailto:milujaco@gmail.net)

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  
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 [judithlowitz@hotmail.com](mailto:judithlowitz@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	Fri- day/ Erev Yom Tov	Shab- bat/ Yom Tov
1-Jul	Fri-Sat	Chukas- Rosh Chodesh Tammuz	8:20	7:00	8:15
8-Jul	Fri-Sat	Balak	8:18	7:00	8:10
15-Jul	Fri-Sat	Pinchas	8:15	7:00	8:05
19-Jul	Tue	Fast Day—17th of Tammuz, Fast Start:4:45AM -Ends 9:18P	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx
22-Jul	Fri-Sat	Matos	8:11	7:00	8:00
29-Jul	Fri-Sat	Masei (Mevorchim Av)	8:06	7:00	7:50
1-Aug	Mon	Rosh Chodesh Av	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx
5-Aug	Fri-Sat	Devarim—Shabbat Hazon	7:58	7:00	7:45
8-9-Aug	Mon-Tue	Tisha B'Av Fast Begins 8:11PM(8/8)—Ends 8:55PM (8/9) - Chazos is 1:14PM	Maariv 8/8 8:30P	Mincha 8/9 7:45P	
12-Aug	Fri-Sat	Vo'eschanan	7:49	7:00	7:35
19-Aug	Fri-Sat	Eikev	7:40	7:00	7:25
26-Aug	Fri-Sat	Re'eh (Mevorchim Elul)	7:30	7:00	7:15
30-31 Aug	Tue-Wed	Rosh Chodesh Elul	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx
2-Sep	Fri-Sat	Shoftim	7:19	7:00	7:05
9-Sep	Fri-Sat	Ki Setzei	7:08	7:00	6:55
16-Sep	Thu-Fri	Ki Savo	6:57	6:55	6:45
23-Sep	Fri-Sat	Nitzavim-Vayelech	6:46	6:45	6:35
28-Sep	Wed	Erev Rosh Hashana (In Ring House Social Hall)	6:38	6:40	6:30
30 Sep/1 Oct	Fri-Sat	2nd Day Rosh Hashana -Light candles Th night after 7:38PM / Shabbat Shuva Hazinu	6:35	6:35	6:15
7-8 Oct	Fri-Sat	Yom Kippur—Mincha at 3PM In Ring House Social Hall	6:24	6:25	5:00

Shabbat at Ezras Israel: Call 240-627-1661 for Eruv status.  
 Shacharit 9:00 a.m.  
 Sunday - Friday Shacharit at Ring House, Activity Room 3:  
 See above. Followed by Seudah Shlishit and Maariv  
 Mincha minyan—same location—4:00 p.m. Sunday through Thursday  
 Sunday  
 Followed by Rabbi's shiur (men only)  
 8:30 a.m.  
 Monday, Thursday  
 8:05 a.m. (Also the time on Rosh Chodesh & other weekdays with Torah readings)