

Kol Kehillat Kernow

Voice of the Jewish Community in Cornwall

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High Holy Days given star treatment

Pat Lipert

Members of Kehillat Kernow observed the Days of Awe with a difference this year. First, the Erev Rosh Hashannah was televised on ITV and the services for Yom Kippur took place at a new venue, Chacewater Town Hall. Both changes met with mixed feelings. It is probably a case of 'you can't please all of the people all of the time.' At the first event, some members felt televising the opening services took away from the solemnity of the actual occasion; at the second event, some members said the services were slightly marred by the inconvenient parking and outside noise in the environs during the services.

Having said that, both holidays were an enormous success in many ways. The programme which handled our Erev Rosh Hashanah was beautifully presented and Kehillat Kernow not only received a great deal of publicity, but people who did not know we existed, were well informed. A request for more information about Kehillat Kernow with a wish to join our community occurred the day after the holiday. Also, members of West London Synagogue want a DVD of our broadcast to show people 'upcountry' who we are and what we

do. In addition, so many members of the non-Jewish community saw the programme and received a very positive impression of us. This one-off opportunity occurred so quickly that unfortunately, it was not possible to contact all members of the community who might attend this service. All members of the KK committee were contacted and each one approved this beforehand.

Many people attended the Kol Nidre service and felt it was a moving and well-organised service. The atmosphere was excellent due a great deal to Harvey's service and compelling 'Kol Nidre.' The large turnout also added to the importance and communal feeling of this most important evening service. *Continued on page 3...*



"Tekiah!" David Hampshire blows the shofar to welcome in the New Year

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Welcoming 6768! Iain Brown holds the Torah while Harvey Kurzfield conducts the service on Rosh Hashanah.

Visit from London Synagogue

Harvey Kurzfield

Members of the West London Synagogue Arts Club made a trip to Cornwall in September to see our local sights. A few members of Kehillat Kernow visited them at their hotel in Falmouth to exchange views, news, and

upcoming events. For Leslie Lipert, it was a chance to see old friends, some of whom he has known for fifty years. "Everyone is as warm and welcoming as they have always been and it was so good to talk about all the things our community is doing down here," he said.

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Profile: Jacqueline Heimann Rickett



Long Day's Night: Jacquie after her official induction ceremony in 2005 into the family of Israel.

Pat Lipert

Jacqueline is without question her father's daughter, a 'chip off the old block,' as the expression goes. Bright, adaptable, courageous, a world traveller, someone who can think on her feet, and reach out to all manner of people. She seems a reincarnation of her father in so many ways. In speaking of him, whether she realised it or not, she could have well been talking about herself; they are that much alike.

The Jewish commandment to remember, *Zachor*, has been directing her life for the past fifty years. Born in March 1943 in Solihull, Warwickshire, to Oscar and Joyce Heimann, Jacquie has fond memories of her father, a dentist in the early years of her life. There were trips to the park where he spoke to everyone. "He seemed to embrace people wherever he went," Jacquie said. "I loved him dearly." They were together every weekend when he was not working. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, after a quick trip to Zurich to visit his brother, he fell ill on a boat leaving Boulogne and died of peritonitis. He was buried somewhere in France. Jacquie's mother remarried; any mention of her father was forbidden, all his pictures and records burned, and Jacquie was made to change her surname. She was nine years old. Perhaps the new stepfather was jealous of Oscar Heimann. It would have been understandable for he was such a remarkable human being. Jacquie wouldn't find any of this out for 52 years. And then came the remarkable revelations.

"I always wanted to know him," she said. She didn't even find out he was Jewish until her thirties. Luckily, through Peggy, a cousin of her husband, Alan, she was taken to Kew, the National Archives in 2004. It was here that after hours of fruitless searching, she struck up a conversation with two men, and they suggested

that her father might have been a member of SOE (Special Operations Executive established by Churchill during the war), an elite band of parachutists dropped into France and other places to carry out various acts of espionage against the Nazis. "They've just released some records on these fellows," the stranger at Kew said, pointing: "Why don't you go over to that desk there!"

She did. They checked and there was Oscar Heimann.

"I almost collapsed and started weeping. I'd been searching for details all my life! At last I had an identity!" she said. Among the many details was a letter in which Oscar proudly wrote to his commanding officer, "I am so happy! I have a lovely little girl named Jacqueline!"

Among the information she found was the Heimann had been born in Zurich, attended the same university as Albert Einstein, qualified as a dentist, and had moved to Paris to practice his surgery.

When the Nazis arrived, he fled to England by hiding in a fishing boat; when the police found him, they checked out his history and allowed him to stay in England. He was obviously talented, spoke many languages and would be a real asset for the war effort. He worked with the French Resistance when he was parachuted into France on missions to carry out various acts of sabotage against the Nazis.

"He obviously couldn't talk about it," Jacquie said.

Jacquie's own life reads like a kaleidoscope. She began her early life, as her father did, moving around a great deal. By the time she was 15, and obviously gifted, she sat her GCSE's, passed, and got a job working in Lloyd's Bank. After that she went on to the reception desk at the Grand Hotel in Bristol.

"It was also a place to stay; they provided room and board!" she said. She met many celebrities from Frank Sinatra to Ray Charles, from The Beatles to The Stones.

"It was the early sixties and rules were still pretty old hat," she said, "The hotel refused to allow The Stones into their dining room because they weren't properly dressed." After that, Jacquie became an airline stewardess for British Eagle. She flew out of Heathrow and travelled all over the world, particularly India, Southeast Asia, Australia and the Continent. She shared a flat in London with other stewardess. It was then that she met her future husband, Alan, on a blind date. "We married three weeks later but I couldn't tell the airline," she said. "They wouldn't allow you on long haul trips if you were married and I wanted to go down the route to Singapore just one more time!"

After telling them of her marriage, she was promptly dismissed and then got a new job. This time she was a trouble-shooter, a customer liaison officer for a large laundry service. Then she and her husband who is a mechanical

engineer and who designed weapons moved to Somerset. She worked in a new bank, Nat West, and ultimately ended up managing a sub-agency of the bank. In 1987, she and her mother set up an antique shop which didn't last very long. After that, she returned to Strode College to retrain (upping her computer skills), and worked for a travel agency. There she could continue her love of travel so it was a great job while it lasted. When her husband took early retirement, they decided to move to Cornwall. They practically rebuilt the house where they now live in Flushing and in the ten years she has been here, she has integrated into many aspects of Cornish society.

"I wanted to live by the sea and so we started looking in Kent and worked our way South and West until we couldn't go any further," she said. In addition to all the work Jacquie does for Kehillat Kernow, she does volunteer work for the Red Cross, is a member of the University of the Third Age, a member of the local gardening club and art society. She spends a great deal of time in London with Peggy, her husband's cousin, catching up on many friends she has made through the years and seeing others through The Friends of Hebrew University. She and Peggy manage to visit at least one National Trust site each visit and to "do" London. She is also now Louise Garcia's official agent for 'The Mishling.'

It was during the time that Jacquie moved to Cornwall that she rekindled her interest in Judaism and she started the journey towards official conversion. She was officially welcomed into the Family of Israel in 2005. "Before I didn't feel as if I belonged anywhere and now I'm grounded. I'm home."

"I was always interested in Judaism and when I was on a cruise in 2003, I spoke to a Rabbi on board ship but he said there were no Jewish communities where I lived (Cornwall). It was through a friend of a friend who I had met on that cruise that I got hold of the name of Harvey Kurzfeld."

In 2005, Jacquie also did something else to cement her ties with Israel; she made a legacy in her will to the Friends of Hebrew University. At that time they ran tours to Jerusalem and throughout Israel. She made the journey and it was a life-changing experience. It was in Jerusalem on the Legacy Wall of Hebrew University that she was able to see a plaque to Oscar Heimann placed; it is only site where her father's memory is publicly and physically displayed. "That trip and doing that made it the happiest time of my life!" Jacquie said.

One thing is for sure; there are no flies on Jacqueline! Her zest for life, her open mind, her generous nature, and curiosity about life and pride in her Jewish roots, make her a special and valuable member of Kehillat Kernow. There is a saying, "If you want something done, ask a busy person." There is never a time when she says, "Sorry, I don't have the time."

I suspect her father is looking down at her and grinning from ear to ear!

Chairman's Remarks

Harvey Kurzfield

I went into hospital on Monday 1st October for what I thought would be a relatively straight-forward operation. The following Friday I was released, still feeling uncomfortable, but pleased to be going home to what I expected to be a two week period of recuperation.

Unfortunately I suffered rising levels of pain to which it was suggested firstly by an emergency doctor that I continue to take pain killers and then, later in the week my own GP (over the phone) advised me to continue taking the analgesics. Later in the week he wrote to wish me well and also suggested in his letter that it would be a good idea to move to another practice as I was living outside his catchment area! By now I was feeling very sorry for myself indeed

and in desperation contacted our community's own surgical expert who immediately got in touch with my own surgeon and an appointment was made for Sunday morning at Treliske. Here it was recognised that something was clearly not quite as it should be and I was given a course of antibiotic tablets. I think (I hope!!) I am just about on the mend now.

Why am I telling you this? I think an example like this warns us not to be too complacent. Continuing good health is a real blessing, but we should never take it for granted. Fortunately I had wonderful support from Jacqueline and visits and messages from friends, family and members of this community. Going through something like this you learn to appreciate the simple as well as the good things in life.

Shalom!

Our Jewish summers!

Rachel Brown

This past summer and in the last months, our cheder kids have enjoyed many activities. The following are a few of their reflections.

Alexandra, age 11:

Joshua and I went on a Jewish holiday camp at Gaveston Hall in Horsham. We stayed there for two weeks we made lots of new friend's as well as seeing all our friend form previous camps. We went to an adventure park and into town we did lots of different activities. For us the best thing was being able to spend time with our Jewish friends.

Rosie, age 11:

When we went to Israel we had fabulous time learning about Jewish history. We visited Yad

Vashem, King David's tower, the wishing bridge in Tele Viv, Masada and much much more. In Yad Vashem we revisited the sad memories of the holocaust. King David's tower gave us an amazing view of Jerusalem. I had a memorable time on my Jewish holiday in Israel.

Abigail, age 6 ½:

I went to Israel. By myself and I went to the tennis camp and I had lots of fun.

Murray, age 9:

On holiday I went to Israel. We had a good time. We went to the King David Hotel. We had Shabbos there. The next day we went for a walk around Jerusalem. In a dream I wanted a torah. So I got one. I also got a sponge bob kippa. We went on a cable car. We went in the Mediterranean Sea in TeleAviv. Then we went home, the end.



Zeev, age 7: In the autumn, I went to a Succot party at Murray's house. It was fun!

■ A poem by Harvey Kurzfield On carrying the rubbish, age seven

To know the dark
Is to have confidence
In controlling
The wilder excesses of your imagination.

To know the dark
Is to be prepared to step forward
Into an uncertain future
With a confidence born of
Complete
Ignorance

And thus
To find yourself back, many years
Remembering suddenly
Standing
On
The

cold
stone
steps
leading
to
the
cellar

And meanwhile the push-in button
Which lights the single bulb
Has pushed out
And you are once again

In
Total
Darkness
BUT
Never mind
You've done this walk before
You've carried the household rubbish
down
down
Down
to the great bins beneath the

pavement.
Slowly, Carefully
You take each blacked-out step
Hip close to the wall.
Downstairs
At last
You reach the other push button
Light, thank God!

Star treatment

Continued from front page... The next day, with activities going on outside and around the hall, made it slightly distracting and the small turnout was disappointing. Considering that the day of Yom Kippur was on a Saturday this year, members of the committee found that surprising.

As always, we continue to explore and to work hard to make each upcoming holiday better and better. Changes are often mixed blessings but it is through change that we eventually get closer and closer to that almost perfect service.

Jewish traditions kept alive through Radio 4 BBC Cornwall

Edited by Pat Lipert

During the past year, Harvey, Louise and Pat have all produced weeklong programmes related to Jewish life. These broadcasts are aired in a 'thought-for-the-day' format and usually happen in one-minute segments at 7:00 a.m. Preparing for these Reflections takes time and research but they are a wonderful way of educating and inspiring both Jews and nonJews. For those of you who are not early birds, we have reprinted excerpts of these.

Harvey Kurzfield on Life and Parenting
In Jewish tradition, life is regarded as a gift from God and should, therefore, be treated with reverence and joy, and that, whatever the circumstances; each individual should try to make every day count. Of course every person's life is different and some people regard themselves as unlucky or unfortunate or too poor to make a difference. But there

have been many instances of well-known people who have had a poor start in life, yet through sheer self-determination and self-belief they have lifted themselves onto a higher plane. To lead a good life, we don't have to be super heroes. Through the things we do, the

behaviors we adopt our influence on friends and family members, we can find a great sense of achievement. If you have determination, life, this wonderful gift from God, can be so rewarding. I was born in 1945 not long after VE day. Even in the 50's, I can remember accompanying my mother on shopping expeditions armed with precious ration books. My mother never complained - she had a family to feed and she got on with it. I can also recall that even though we lived in a small flat, she would still take in cousins who for one reason or another had nowhere to stay. There was always food put on the table for everyone to share. I am not sure my father always approved of mum's open-house attitude but he always supported her.

My parents had four children and were both keen for all of us to succeed in education and though they were not that good at helping with homework, we had plenty of books to read and several sets of encyclopaedias. My parents could never turn away salesmen with books. The heavier the book, the more use it must be! When I look back on my childhood I realize how

good and decent were the lives of mum and dad. They followed the laws, rules and regulations of their religion and they brought up their children in an honest and loving way.

Louise Garcia on Yom Kippur

Reflecting on the Jewish Day of Atonement recently, I came across this saying of Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Ladi: 'If one places across the window many thin and threadbare sheets, they have the same effect in screening the light of the sun as one heavy blanket.' What he meant by this is that lots of little repeated sins ultimately have the same effect as a serious sin. By sin in Judaism we mean a falling short of the mark, not living up to our ideals. Some of the lesser offences the rabbi listed were gossiping, flying into a rage and ignoring the needs of the poor. I would add damping other people's enthusiasm, being negative, and failing to trust that God is good. Lots of little offences screen us from that view, the sense of warmth of a loving God like the warmth from the rays of the sun, and as the light gets dimmer we are more likely to react with fear and negativity to life's events. Here is a simple antidote to the problem of our past failures: 'You have done wrong? Then balance it by doing right.'

Here is another thought from Britain's chief rabbi, Jonathan Sachs: 'We listen to those we love. If we don't listen to a person, we don't love them.' This is a probing test of where our hearts and emotions really lie. In my head I hear many times a day the voice of my grandmother. For example,

working today in the kitchen surrounded by flour and eggs I always remember how when I was eight or nine years old helping her bake, she would tell me that her mother told her to 'always clean up as you go along.' That simple piece of homely advice is not the only thing to come down through three generations. So does the love that led to her remembering her mother's words, and me remembering the advice and sayings my grandmother taught me. Which

members of your family did you listen to? Whose word do you still carry and act on each

day? Those are the people you really loved. Now bring the idea into the present. Do you really listen to your children? To your partner? To your friends? Those we love, we listen to. It is a good test of where our true feelings lie, and thinking about those you love may help you sort out those 'petty quarrels' and 'family discords.'

Pat Lipert on Chanukah

When I think of Chanukah I am reminded about how, when things seem darkest, when all hope seems to be gone, that somehow in some way, we as a people, as in the time of the Maccabees in 165 BCE have miraculously survived. On the Dreidl, the four-cornered spinning top our children play with at this time of year, there are four Hebrew letters: Nun, Gimmel, Hay and Shin. It stands for the saying Nes Gadol Hayyam Sham: a great miracle happened there, referring to the oil which burned in the candle of the Ner Tamid, re-dedicating the second temple for eight days, not one. Now in Israel we say, Nes Gadol Hayyam Po - a great miracle

happened here - for truly Israel's survival these past 60 years is something of a miracle. It is this idea of hope and rededication, of faith, that means the most to me and it reminds me most vividly of a true story told by

the late Rabbi Hugo Gryn, may his memory be before a blessing. He and his father were in a German concentration camp, obscenely called Lieberose, lovely rose. It was a bitter winter in 1944. They were starved and frozen and it was the first night of

Chanukah. His father, having saved his margarine, melted it down in a small clay bowl, lit the improvised lamp and began to recite the blessing for the first night of Chanukah. When his son

protested over the waste of precious food, he said, 'You and I have seen that it is possible to live up to three weeks without food. We once lived almost three days without water; but you cannot live properly for three minutes without hope!' That is for me the

most wonderful example to begin the observance and celebration of the festival of Chanukah.



"Always clean up as you go along!"

"To lead a good life, we don't have to be super heroes"

"You cannot live properly for three minutes without hope!"



■ Ian Thompson's latest book: Primo Levi

Pat Lipert

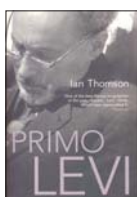
Men ken machen dem cholem gresser vi di nacht! So goes the Yiddish expression, which translates: **You can make a dream bigger than the night.**

The writings and life of Primo Levi, Italy's foremost journalist and novelist of the twentieth century attest to this proverb. A national treasure, he was the voice of reason, civility, and humanism in times that were anything but rational, gentle or sensitive. Levi was born the 31st of July 1919 and died the 11th of April 1987. He threw himself down four flights of stairs three months shy of his 68th birthday. His life-long struggle with depression had ended.

The writer of this biography researched his subject for five years before writing this complete, almost definitive biography of Levi, the man. So little is actually known about him, as he was often secretive,

elusive, and creative with details of his life. Famous early on in his writing career, he became an expert at smoke screening. Thompson then, needed to rely not on what Levi actually said about himself, as much as what others had experienced in their relationships with him.

I have often tried to work out what Levi was like as a human being from reading his books. For some writers, this is a good way to begin to understand some things about the writer. In Levi's case, it is not; he writes from the point of view of an objective observer. His years of scientific training (he was a chemist by profession), probably had something to do with this. What is remarkable is that this cool, almost detached way of writing about his life before, during, and after Auschwitz, and his subject matter which largely discusses life in the camps, is so moving and illuminating. His books salvage dignity out of the darkness, light out of despair, and hope out of moral ruin. Levi hoped his books (including *If This Be a Man*, *Other People's Trades*, *The Drowned and the Saved*, *The Wrench*, *If Not Now, When?* and *The Periodic Table*), would lead to a more humane, reasoned and productive world society. He was bitterly disappointed with world events in the 70's and 80's. It seemed to him that man had learned nothing. While much of Levi's life is burdened with personal and public trials beyond most people's ability to cope, he also experienced a rich, fulfilling and active life. Part of the intellectual and social set of Jewish and non-Jewish life in Turin in the 30's, 40's, and in the post-war years, his circle of friends was wide and on going. As an internationally well-known writer, he had the opportunity to meet with some of the best minds of his generation. His ventures into radio, television, theatre, journalism, and poetry, also added to his stature as a national literary figure. And yet, for all that, he was still a very private man.



■ 5th Annual Literary Festival

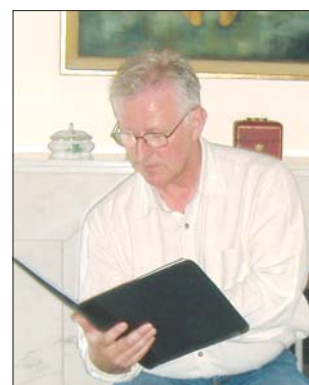
Neither rain, nor snow, nor....

Vera Collins

Kehillat Kernow's fifth annual music and literary festival was held on the 15th of July at the home of Pat and Leslie Lipert. Inclement weather meant that it had to be held indoors rather than in the lower garden. Never mind. Nothing stops the KK players. While the initial mood was gloomy as Pat was away in London facing surgery, it soon lifted through the uplifting songs (were we really in an Irish pub?), the welcoming manner of Leslie and his band of merry helpers who worked hard to make sure all went well.

After Leslie's introduction, Harvey opened by singing the beautiful 'Yerushalyim Shel Zahav.' One by one, the myriad of talented performers

presented a varied programme that ranged from traditional to contemporary, from amusing to the heroic and profound. It concluded on a hilarious note as Louise sang Irish pub ballads in the 'authentic' manner.



The funny and serious sides of life: A reading by Gerry Jevron.

Why we celebrate Chanukah

Vera Collins

As winter darkens we look forward to the brightness of our eight-day festival of Chanukah which, this year, begins on the evening of the 4th December when the first candle is lit.

We recall a dark time in our history when our nation suffered under foreign invaders who defiled the Temple with pagan worship and so cruelly suppressed Jewish Law that it seemed in danger of perishing.

This danger was averted when, despite overwhelming odds, 'the weak defeated the strong; the few prevailed over the many' as a small band of loyal patriots defeated their oppressors. Their first act was to purify the defiled Temple and to re-dedicate it to the service of Israel's God.

'Dedication' is the meaning of the word

Chanukah, and strangely, the re-dedication took place at time coinciding with the dedication of the original desert sanctuary; an event evoked by the reading, over the eight days, of the Torah account concluding with instructions concerning the lighting of the Menorah.

The Menorah, or rather the eight-branched Chanukiah, is the outstanding symbol of Chanukah. Only one flask of undefiled oil, a single day's supply, could be found. Miraculously, it burned in the Menorah for the full eight days until fresh oil was available. Each day the sense of the miraculous increased as the light still burned. Thus, during the festival, we increase the light of the Chanukiah by adding another candle each evening. We are bidden to put these lights where they can be seen and to look at them in order to recall the miracle.

Goodbye, thank you and shalom!

Jef Harris

To retire is to cruise gently into a state of perpetual calm, smugly accepted and enjoyed as one's right after a lifetime of hard work. Now, you can do all the things you like doing, as often as you wish. Rubbish.

My voyage on the Sea of Tranquillity turned out to be more tsunami than tre calm. First we moved from London to Truro because our daughter had moved to Cornwall. Almost as soon as we arrived, she announced she was moving to Lanzarote. Hmm. Were we upset? Don't ask? Then, eight months of acrimonious re-negotiation with the guys, to whom I'd sold the company, followed. I said, don't ask. After came the realisation that we were 300 miles from life-long friends and points of reference. Well, we moved next door to a beautiful tennis club. Tennis is a sport, which I love. I became seriously ill. No more of that. Then, I stumbled across Milton and Gloria Jacobson. Some Yiddishkeit! And enticing descriptions

of the tiny DIY reform congregation. We joined. What a varied and lovely group! How wonderful to have such humour in the services! How inspiring to be part of a remarkable, unique perpetuation of the Jewish people!

Thank you, KK, for everything. You will be missed, admired in frequent recollection, and will be sent fond thoughts and good wishes.

Editors note: *Jef and Dani Harris left our community in December for the warm shores of Lanzarote, and the loving arms of dear Tao, their beloved grandson, featured in our last issue, and to be with their daughter Melanie. Whilst this article was meant to be in one of our last two issues, it somehow got lost in cyberspace and so an updated, abbreviated version is below. Apologies to Dani and Jef. It's hard to imagine that a year has already passed, but as Jef points out in his article, the older one is, the more one must admit tempis fugit. Both Jef and Dani are now well settled in their new community. We envy them their sunshine!*

Travels with Ant and Kate

Anthony Fagin

As many of you know, our artistic and multi-talented husband and wife team Ant and Kate Fagin are on a trip of a lifetime this year. Their yearlong journey is taking them from Africa to Australia, from the Galapagos to America with some spots in between. They are keeping in touch with us through emails and to keep you up-to-date, read the following excerpts.

"...Part of my thrill in returning to Kenya as our first port of call is being able to introduce the country to Kate. She seems to have a permanent smile on her face, whether she's bathing in the temperate waters of the Indian Ocean, getting up close to lions, or watching baby turtles hatching and embarking on a helter-skelter scramble down to the sea. During our week in Nairobi, we stayed at the Muthaiga Country Club of which I was formerly a member. You'll no doubt remember it from the opening scenes of 'Out of Africa.' It hasn't changed a bit and many of the staff remembered me.

Kate was so impressed with the global headquarters of the United Nations Environment Programme (where I used to work), she offered to donate her 'Sea of Ice' painting. They accepted immediately and



Anthony and Kate

intend to exhibit it not only in the headquarters' building but also world-wide and possibly feature it at the World Environment Day celebrations being held next June in New Zealand. The forty-two canvasses were shipped out.

From Nairobi, we went out to the Athi Plains to visit an old friend who is nuts about lions. Jimmy, a former vet, has four lions and a leopard at his place, which he nursed back to health. Then, we arrived in Lamu, a Swahili island off the Kenya coast, where we witnessed a dhow race being contested in front of our hotel. The whole population of Shela, the local villagers, was cheering on their favourite boat. The winning crew went crazy, jumping about, drumming, dancing, diving into the water, hooting at and roundly abusing each crew that came in after they did, splashing water at them to compound the humiliation.

We went by boat through the mangroves the next day to the far shores of Manda Island where we witnessed the simultaneous hatching of 162 baby turtles from a marked nest and their headlong rush, avoiding predatory crabs on the beach to the comparative safety of the ocean. Like salmon, those that survive will return in 25 years time to the very dune where they were hatched in order to lay their own eggs. We were told only one out of 100 of the turtles we saw would make the return journey.

...[South Africa] The famous Chapman's Peak drive along the coast is closed to traffic because of a recent rock fall. We were met by my brother, Roger and his wife May, who had arrived there two weeks before from their home in France. We decided to walk a few miles along this scenic route. Suikerbos and proteas were coming into bloom along with myriad of other

species of fynbos. The sun sank below the peaks; the lights of Hout Bay began to twinkle and the first stars appeared. Three fishing boats put out to sea. On noiseless wings an owl large enough to be an Eagle Owl glided past and took up position at the top of a tall tree. A 'Cape Coloured' man came up to us and engaged us in friendly conversation. "Why don't you guys come home to South Africa?" he asked Rog and me, "we're a Rainbow Nation now."

Our Kenyan bush safari comprised visiting two game parks, first the Lake Nakuru National Park and then the Maasai Mara National Preserve. Our Kikuyu driver looked after us well. Lake Nakuru, a soda lake in the Great Rift Valley, attracts huge flocks of flamingos when the conditions are right. There were millions there when we visited doing their cabaret act. Our visit to Mara was timed to coincide with the annual wildebeest migration but as with everything else in the natural world, it was always going to be a hit and miss affair. We headed straight for the Mara River Bridge in the hope that at least some of them would cross the river on their way back to the Serengeti. We prepared ourselves for a long wait. Crocodiles lurked in the brown waters beneath anticipating what was about to happen. They looked fat already. The lions looked extremely well fed too. Meanwhile the wildebeest on the bank were growing skittish as more and more, obeying some irresistible instinct, joined the bleating throng at the riverbank. There were several rushes back and forth toward the river in the five hours we waited. And suddenly, without warning, it did. The leading animals, as in accordance with some pre-arranged plan, as in accordance with some pre-arranged plan, hurled themselves down the bank and into the fast flowing river. Once the bottle had been uncorked, the flow was unstoppable. It was pandemonium. It was a stampede. The noise of the bleating animals and their pounding hooves reached us where we sat enthralled by the spectacle that was unfolding before our eyes. On and on they came down the steep bank in a never ending torrent, leaping wildly into the water, the more desperate ones throwing

themselves clear over the heads of any that lingered at the water's edge. The crossing lasted half an hour. We had witnessed one of the greatest wildlife spectacles in the world.

We visited Robben Island, a profoundly moving experience. We watched whales with their calves lolling about in the heavy surf of the Indian Ocean at Hermanus. Tomorrow we set off for Namaqualand in the hope of seeing the miraculous simultaneous blooming of myriad of wild flowers in a semi-desert. We'll be away for a week.

Last night (well, October), South Africa took the rugby world cup from England in the Stade de France. This sport-crazed nation has been

"South Africa is a Rainbow Nation now"

anticipating the victory for weeks. In a shopping mall in Claremont yesterday I saw three young women, a black, a white and a coloured, unself-consciously window-shopping, arm-in-

arm, each at the height of fashion in a Springbok rugby jersey. They looked gorgeous! We're back from a wonderful trip through the Karroo and Eastern Cape that took us far off the beaten track. In a reed bed in the Karroo National Park a colony of bright yellow weaverbirds with black faces was energetically building intricate woven nests suspended over water. This was an exclusively male activity. Their prospective mates would be lured by the males' display, they invariably rejected the first attempt, causing the desperate males to start the construction all over again. Historic Graaff-Reinet is an enchanting town, its gardens and tree-lined avenues in stark contrast with the austere Karroo that surrounds it. The pristine Dutch Reformed Church completed in 1887 was modelled on Salisbury Cathedral...Graaff-Reinet seems to have a museum on every street corner. The curator of one of them, an Afrikaans lady, was an inspiring example not only of what can be achieved by an energetic, self-taught enthusiast, but of one who has transcended the bigotry of apartheid and wholeheartedly embraced the new South Africa, warts and all. That lady had single-handedly created a permanent exhibition of the life and work of Robert Sobukwe, a native son, reviled by whites in my day for having broken away from the African National Congress and established the extremist Pan-Africanist Party.

I can't close without mentioning our visit to the Addo Elephant National Park...A herd of elephants hove into sight, led by the matriarch, comprising cows, calves-some very young-and elder sisters. If elephants can be said to smile, if they can be described as jaunty, then this herd was smiling and ambling toward us jauntily, trunks and tails swinging from side to side. When they drew level with the parked car there was only about three metres between car and bush. On noiseless pads, they gently squeezed by within touching distance, giving us the thrill of a lifetime.

The adventures of Ant and Kate to be continued in the next issue of Kol Kehillat Kernow.

The arrival of Elijah

Barbara G. Collier with Pat Lipert

This is a Jewish story of courage in the face of danger so terrible, it makes your heart stop. This is a saga of survival, of war, of peace, and the birth of a nation. It is also a love story. And every word of it is true. It is the personal history of Sidney and Frieda Graham, the parents of Barbara Graham Collier and her sister Susan, and brothers Mark and Bernard Graham.

Let us begin first with love, for if anything, it is love which has bound this married couple together for the past 57 years.

"My father first saw my mother in 1944 at a hostel in Scotland called Polton House. He was on leave from the navy for Pesach. When they opened the door for Elijah, in walked Sidney!" Barbara explained. "That's when Frieda, my mother, first saw him and decided she was going to marry him. They met properly later at a Maccabee club dance in North London and were married in June 1950."

What went on before is a heart-wrenching and poignant megillah.

Frieda Graham (nee Federmann) was born and raised in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. She was one of eight children: Herman, Leah, Max, his twin Bernhard, Erna, Rosa, and Betty. Her parents were Szlama (Soloman) Federmann and Sprinza (Sabina) Jakubowicz. Szlama had a factory where he made kippot and caps. He was also a marriage broker. Frieda's parents were introduced by each being put on a train travelling in opposite directions; as the trains passed each other, they got a quick look. It must have made a good impression for they were married. Years passed and then political events turned drastically and tragically against them. The Nazis took Szlama's factory away from him and he was sent to Buchenwald. Frieda's mother and sister Erna perished in Auschwitz, and her brother Bernhard perished in Dachau.

Frieda arrived in England on the Kindertransport with her sister, Betty, in the summer of 1939. She was nine years old and told by her mother to look after her younger sister. They were separated immediately upon arrival; their suitcases were taken away from them, and Frieda was put on a train to Stockport, Cheshire. She cried all the way. She was sponsored by a Jewish schoolteacher, Ann Williams, and sent to a school in Stockport where she met her lifelong friend, Doreen Clarke. In an excerpt from a book written by Barbara's brother, Bernie Graham, Creature Comfort, Doreen related how the two women met as little girls. "My mother was brought into Doreen's classroom by a teacher quite late in the summer term of 1939. She explained that Frieda was a Jewish refugee from Germany and could speak no English. The teacher then asked if anyone would like to help her settle in, to which Doreen immediately replied, 'I'll be her friend, Miss'."

When 13, Frieda went down to London to live with her sister, Leah, who was living with their father. He had been released from the camp.



Mazel Tov! Sidney and Frieda Graham on their wedding day at the Crowland Road Shul, June 18, 1950 where they married.

Frieda believes that her mother somehow managed to get the necessary documents and ticket to get Szlama out of Germany but Frieda did not even know that her father was in England until she came to London. She attended school again and at 14 was sent to a hostel in Scotland, Polton House. It was, according to Frieda, rather like a Kibbutz, and it was the happiest time of her life. It was where she first saw her future husband walking through the door in place of Elijah. She returned to London three years later when the hostel was closed, lived again with Leah, suffered a series of illnesses but eventually was able to make a living in the Schmuttah trade. At this time, she met Sidney again at a dance in North London (at the Maccabee club). They began a correspondence while he was in Israel. In November 1949, he showed up at her door as a surprise; they were married seven months later.

Unable to return to Germany for many years, she finally accepted an invitation by the mayor of Frankfurt in 2003; both Frieda and Sidney spoke to school children there and befriended one of the teachers. Subsequently, memorials to Frieda's mother, and to Bernhard and Erna were discovered in the old Jewish cemetery in Frankfurt am Main.

Most of Frieda's time since her marriage has been spent being, as Barbara describes, "a real Yiddisha mother," leading a traditional Jewish life, observing all the festivals, and caring for others, including the Rabbi who is a regular visitor to their home.

Sidney Graham's story reads like an adventure novel. Born Szaja Gumprich in Stawiszyn, Poland, his family moved to Danzig, West Prussia (now Gdansk) where he went to school. After he left for England, his family moved to Lublin. He was the youngest of seven children: Schmule, Eliazer, Aaron, Regina, Mina and Asher. Szaja and Regina are the only children who survived. His parents, Mojzesz (Moses) and Chaja Dwojra Staszewska (known as Bluma and after whom Barbara is named), and the rest of

his family are believed to have perished in Treblinka, except Regina who had gone to Palestine before the outbreak of war. Sidney was 13 when he arrived in England on the Kindertransport, on the 14th of February 1939 at the East London Docks. His sponsors were Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein of South Tottenham, London. In 1941, at 15, he went up to Scotland to live in the hostel, Polton House, and worked on a farm. On his 17th birthday, he volunteered for the British Navy but was told to join the Polish forces. He did not speak Polish and eventually, after much to-ing and fro-ing, the British Navy accepted him. Trained as a telegraphist (general coding, Morse code, radios and transmitters), he listened to German Morse transmissions a great deal of the time. His war career is highlighted in a recent book, *The King's Most Loyal Enemy Aliens*. He was sent to Malta, and then Augusta, Sicily, where he later discovered that the coded messages he sent on to the Admiralty were also sent to Bletchley Park for decoding. He was then moved on to Caserta, to Naples, and finally into Bolzano in the lower Dolomites. It was his job, along with a few others, to salvage information stored in a communications centre from the retreating Germans, which told where all the minefields around the Italian coast were. They succeeded and had the distinction of being the first Allies in Bolzano. After the war, he returned to Malta, then Alexandria in Egypt and achieved the rank of leading telegraphist.

Sidney returned to England but in May of 1948, he felt drawn to make an aliyah to Israel where his one surviving sister, Regina, lived. He decided to join the Haganah, and became part of the Machal (Mitnadvey Chutz L'Aretz - 'volunteers from abroad'), a group of about 3500 volunteers from 37 countries, who arrived in Israel when they were needed the most. After a very harrowing journey avoiding enemy ships on a trawler equipped to carry fish not humans, hiding and sleeping on shelves 18" high meant for fish boxes, Sidney and the other volunteers along with many camp survivors arrived outside the port of Haifa as the British were embarking to leave. They were instructed to remain there until under cover of darkness they sailed into Haifa. Unknown to them at that time, that they were arriving as legal immigrants! Sidney began his work monitoring enemy transmissions as part of Shin Memshtayim. After a year and a half, Sidney returned to England to marry his girl friend Frieda.

Both Sidney and Frieda did not speak of their backgrounds until their children were much older. They wanted their children to have a normal, safe upbringing. After all the horrors and sadness they had endured, they made a good life for themselves and have become pillars of their community; they have embraced their new homeland and spend their time caring for others whenever possible.

With parents like these, no wonder Barbara's eyes light up when she speaks of them and is rightfully kvelling. She knows how special and unique they are.

Notices & diary

Welcome new members:

Morris and Shirley Berg of Ashton, Adam and Melanie Feldman of Lancoaster, Aurelie Hay-David of Truro, Jonathan Poznansky of St. Ives, and Julie Stone of St. Just.

Mazel Tov:

Joshua Kranat and Rosie Brown on your upcoming B'nea Mitzvot! The Fagins on their year-long world tour.

Get well wishes:

Vera Collins, Joy Dunn

Diary:

- Dec 5-12th:** Chanukah. Kislev 25.
- Dec 8th:** Pat. MikKet. Chanukah. Mevarekhim. Kislev 28.
- Dec 22nd:** Harvey. Vayechi. Tevet 13
- Jan 5th:** Louise. Va'era. Tevet 27
- Jan 19th:** Pat. Shabbat Shirah. Beshallach. Shevat 12
- Jan 22nd:** Tu Bi'Shvat (The New Year for trees). Shevat 15
- Feb 2nd:** Harvey. Mishpatim. Shevat 26. Blessing for Adar I.
- Feb 16th:** Louise. Tetzavveh. Adar I 3.

- Mar 1st:** Pat. Vahakhel. Adar I 24. Blessing for Adar II. **Bar Mitzvah of Joshua Kranat**
- Mar 15th:** Harvey. Vayikra. Shabbat Zachor. Adar II 8.
- Mar 21st:** Purim. Adar II 14
- Mar 29th:** Louise. Shemini. Shabbat Parah. Adar II 22.
- Apr 12th:** Harvey. Metzora. Nissan 7. Service to be held at 11:00am at the Headland Hotel, Newquay to celebrate the Bat Mitzvah of Rosie Brown. All members welcome to attend the service.
- Apr 19th:** Erev Pesach. Communal Seder, Trevarno Estates, 6 pm
- Apr 20-26th:** Pesach Nissan 15-21st.
- Apr 26th:** Pat. 7th Day Pesach. Nissan 21.
- May 10th:** Harvey. Shabbat Atzmaut. Emor. Iyar 5.

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Empanadas for Chanukah! Ole!

Pat Lipert

Check any Jewish cookbook, no matter what the country and you will find something stuffed into dough, then boiled or fried. Why? It's filling. It's economical. It's delicious. Empanadas are to South Americans, what Pirogis are to Poles, and what Knishes and Kreplach are to German Jews. And so, it is most appropriate that when Chanukah comes around, South Americans, Argentinians in particular, make a special Chaukah Empanada.

This recipe comes from a special Yiddish treasure, "Cooking from Memory, A Journey through Jewish Food." Enjoy and Happy Chanukah!

The Filling

- 3 tbs. Olive Oil
- 1 large Red Onion (minced)
- 1 large red Capsicum (minced) [Pimento, sweet red pepper]

- ½ tsp. Paprika
- ¼ tsp. Cumin
- ¼ tsp. Black Pepper
- 250 g (9 oz) Minced Beef
- 1 tsp. Salt
- ½ cup of Water
- 1 heaping tbs. Plain Flour
- 2 hard-boiled Eggs (finely chopped)

The Dough

- 125 g (4 oz) plain Flour
- ½ tsp. Salt
- 30 g (1 oz) Butter

2-3 tbs. of Water
Vegetable or Sunflower Oil (for frying)
Directions

For the filling, heat the oil in a deep frying pan on high heat. Add the onion, lower heat and stir regularly. When onions are transparent, add capsicum. Stir continuously. When capsicum softens, add the paprika, cumin and pepper, and continue stirring. Add the beef and brown. Add the salt and water and cook for a further 10 minutes. Add the eggs. Set aside to cool.

For the dough, sift flour and salt into a bowl. Rub in the butter until mixture looks like breadcrumbs. Add the water and knead thoroughly on a floured board to form a very smooth dough. Cover it with a tea towel and allow it to rest for 10 minutes. (In hot weather, chill or it will be difficult to roll). Divide the dough into eight pieces and with a rolling pin;

roll into a circle about ½ inch thick. Put 1 tsp. of filling in the middle, fold the dough over and close firmly at the edges. With a fork, go over the edges to make a pattern and also to ensure that the tiny meat pie is well closed inside the dough. Heat the oil and deep-fry the empanadas until golden brown. *Makes 8.*



Preparing Empanadas

I'M JEWISH, MY PARTNER ISN'T

The seminar offers you the opportunity to talk about your situation, discuss any issues that you may face and explore the various issues open to you. It will be led by Rabbi Dr Jonathan Romain and members of Community Outreach.

Sunday 13th January 2008 at 2.30pm-5.45pm at the Sternberg Centre, 80 East End Road, Finchley, London N3 2SY.

Entry is for anyone, whether or not you are synagogue members and for both Jewish and non-Jewish partners alike. There is a charge of £2.50 per person.

You can just turn up on the day, although it helps us gauge numbers if you call in advance: contact us on 01628-671058 or email: rabbi@maidenhead synagogue.org.uk

- **Are you in a mixed-faith relationship that you'd like to turn into a Jewish one?**
- **Or, is your partner female, doesn't want to convert, but you do want to find other ways of giving your children Jewish status?**
- **Or, do you have a non-Jewish partner who would simply like to know more about Judaism without any pressure?**

If you answered 'yes' to any of the above three questions, then contact Rabbi Jonathan Romain who will explain new options that are now available.

Reform Judaism values Jewish relationships but knows that every couple must make their own decisions. Reform Judaism marries the best of tradition with the realities of modernity, which includes helping Jewish individuals who have non-Jewish partners.

Need a website designed? Please call Noah on: 01273 711117

SUDOKU

How to play: Complete the grid so the numbers 1 to 9 appear only once in each row, each column and 3x3 box. Don't worry; no maths is involved. Only logic is required to solve the puzzle. Have fun!

IT'S MODERATELY HARD

	1		6					
6	5		4				3	8
3	9					6		2
			9	2				
9	2		8		7			4
			5	4				
7		1				3		6
2	3			9		4		5
					7		1	

For the solution and more free puzzles, have a look at the Sudoku website: sudokusolver.com.