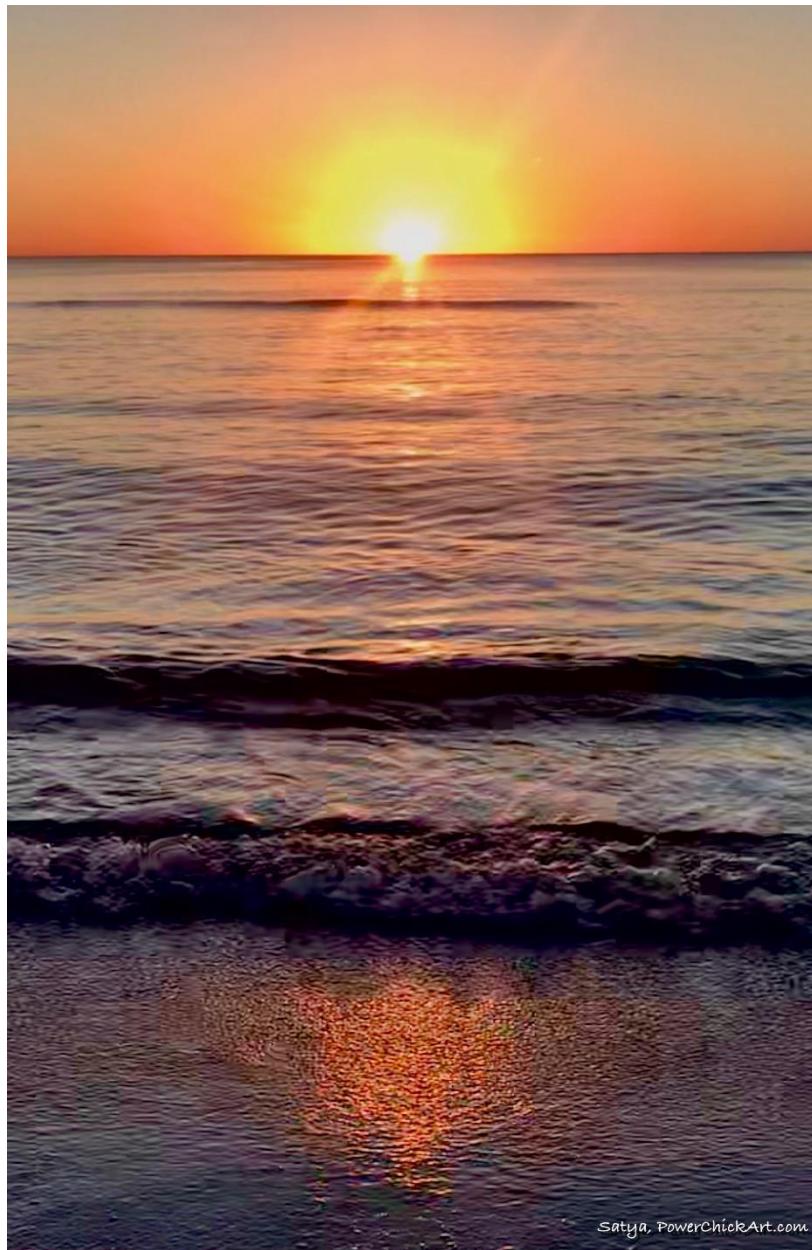


Congregation Kol HaNeshama
Art Exhibition 2020



Satya, PowerChickArt.com



by Lynn Levine



Suspended, by Ari Delevie



It's All Perspective, by Satya Winkelman



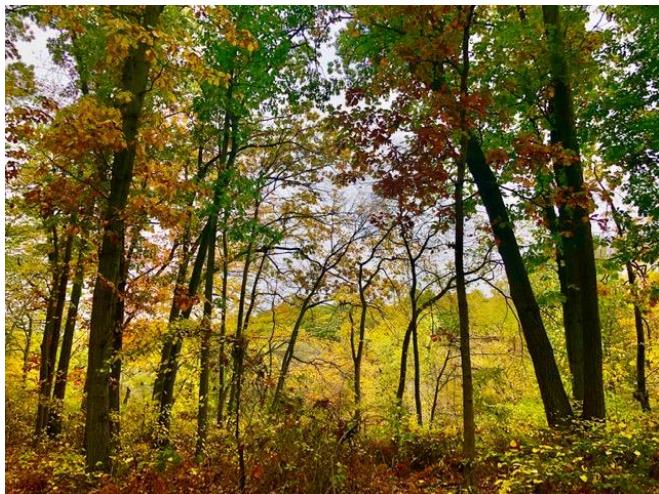
by Claudine Bing



Late Autumn Song II, by Justin Freed



Three Wise Women, by Justin Freed



Late Autumn Song, by Justin Freed



Field of Joy, by Cheryl Rudin



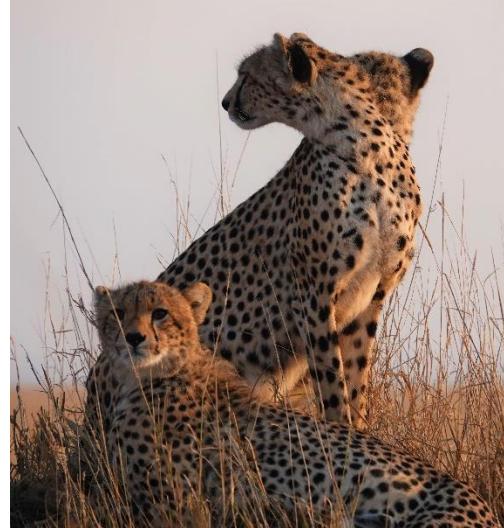
by Melanie Marcus



Sculpture by Linda Charnes



by Laura Hershorn



by Laura Hershorn



by Laura Hershorn

Imogen Rose

by Ellen Honig

Our new granddaughter,
We long to hold, see, smell.
She was so tiny; now eight pounds.
Can I buy more pink?
Send her stuffed animals,
Send her a doll.
Miss the new sweetness of her.



Pottery Dog, By Estelle Spandorf



Blessed and Grateful, by Barbara Klipper



Covid, pottery by Estelle Spandorf



Bird in the Reeds, by Michelle Rosenthal



By Elaine Panitz



Lily, by Michelle Rosenthal

My Bashert ...His Father Asked Me to Call Him “Daddy”!

A Memoir by Joan Kemeny Paru

It was December, 1965, six months after I had graduated from Syracuse University. I was 21, had won a national graduate scholarship in journalism and was enrolled in the Medill School at Northwestern University in Evanston, IL.

One day in November a Medill classmate had told me about a new computer dating service called Operation Match. It had been founded by two Harvard students with access to a huge mainframe at M.I.T. to process punch cards filled with personal information supplied by college students on thousands of U.S. campuses.

The cost for each student was \$3, and I signed up immediately to meet men whose background and interests matched mine.

Operation Match's form asked for data about the participant and the match requested. I had indicated that I wanted to date only Jewish men whose family was important to them. There were questions about family, height, music, sports, food, education, religious observance, etc., 77 items in all.

In early December my list of seven men arrived, including one law student, one pharmacist and one with an exotic name Marden Paru, who had recently graduated with a master's degree in social work from the School of Social Service Administration at the University of Chicago.

Soon I received a phone call from a very charming young man named Marden Paru. When he told me that his father was a rabbi, I instantly envisioned Marden as a glamorous Latin movie star wearing a *yarmulke*!

We spoke on the phone for more than two hours, when I had to end the conversation because I had to pack. The Northwestern quarter had ended, and winter break would begin the next day when I would be flying home to Syracuse. He had a wonderful deep voice, and he promised to call me when I returned to Evanston in January.

When I got home, of course, my family wanted to know how school was going and how was my social life. I told them about Operation Match and Marden and then said offhandedly, "I will probably marry him, but let's change the subject."

In January, I was back at Northwestern, but there was no communication from Marden. By the end of the month my friends suggested that I send him a valentine, but I decided to wait. What I did not know was that he was in Mount Sinai Hospital on the south side of Chicago, where he was having surgery for painful salivary stones.

(continued on next page)

In February, he did call me for a date and we were very compatible. We had two more long dates within ten days...and a lot of phone calls. Our first date was on February 9, his parents' anniversary. On February 20, his mother's birthday, he proposed and I accepted. *We were in love!*

Not wanting to share this exciting news on the phone, I had written a long detailed letter to my parents. Marden and I sat by my phone on February 22 waiting for the phone to ring. *Silence!* We imagined that they were not pleased or thought we were rushing or who knows what? However, we forgot that there was no mail on February 22; it was Washington's Birthday! The next night they called, were thrilled for us and were eager to meet Marden. We arranged an engagement party in Syracuse for March 27. On that visit we made all of the wedding plans for June 5 in Syracuse.

Of course, we had enjoyed many phone calls with Marden's parents in Tulsa. Dad decided to come to Chicago to meet me after the *megillah* was read on Purim. Marden was working that afternoon, so I went to O'Hare to meet his father, Rabbi Isaac Paru.

It was a good omen when the American Airlines plane was named "Flagship Syracuse." After the second time I called him "Rabbi Paru", he said, "Joan, darling, could you please call me Daddy?" It was the warmest possible welcome to the Paru family!

In April, we flew to Tulsa to meet all of the Parus and their friends for a festive Pesach including a wonderful home reception filled with Mom's scrumptious homemade pastries and other treats including kosher for Pesach liquors from Chicago.

On June 5, 1966, Daddy co-officiated along with my own Rabbi Benjamin Friedman as we were married outdoors at my parents' home under a beautiful *chuppah*, followed by an elegant kosher reception and luncheon for family and friends.

And the rest is history about my *bashert*.



Grandchildren

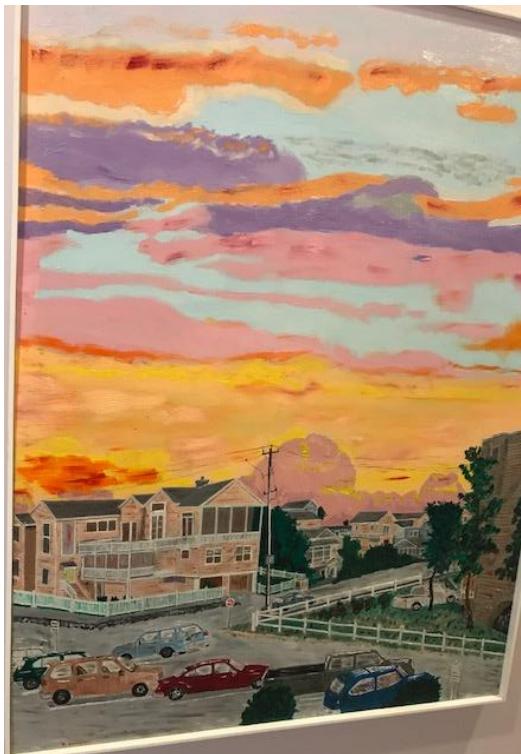
Three paintings by Anita Sarno



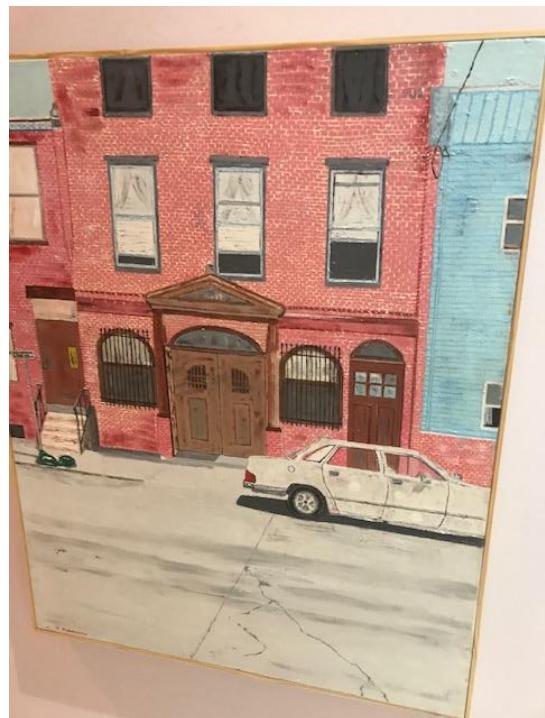
Three Paintings by Arnie Binderman



Architectural Boat Tour of Chicago



Sunset in Bethany Beach Delaware



Abandoned Orthodox Synagogue in S. Philly

Free Translation of Psalm 137

by Judith Taplitz

By the rivers of exile
there we sat
and wept
as we remembered
Zion.

We hung our lyres
among the poplars.

For there our captors
asked of us
words of song
and diminished us
for amusement.

Sing to us
a song of Zion.

How can we sing
a song of our God
on alien soil?

If I forget you
Jerusalem
let my right hand
forget its strength.
Let my tongue cleave
to the roof
of my mouth
if I do not remember
If I do not exalt Jerusalem
Crown of my greatest joy.



Sculpture, by Judith Taplitz



Two paintings by Joan Davidson

Cove World Diptych



Soundscape # 1



Maya Sleeping, by Joan Davidson



Grateful, by not-yet-member Linda Feins



Tree of Life, embroidery by R'Jennifer Singer

The Good of a Pandemic

by Ari Delevie

So the cruelty of COVID19
Is giving birth to the good in people
The worse it gets
the more good emerges

Neighbors who didn't talk
Are now cooperating
Kids doing household chores they never did before
Adult children teaching aging parents Zoom

Professional mental health offspring
Counseling, doing tele-therapy with mom and dad
Adult children having food delivered to their parents
Some people paying food bills of strangers

Health care workers and first responders
Putting their lives on the line
From morning to morning
From night to night

Sleepless, exhausted, scared, overwhelmed
Sometimes unprotected
They forge on
Intubating, comforting
The last ones to hold a dying person's hand

Returning home, scrubbing down, changing garments
Praying before kissing spouse or child
Getting just a little sleep,
Bravely returning to "the trenches"

Cyber illiterate adults, oldies too
Learning the mysteries of computer
Religious people forgoing age old practice
Participating in services on line

Church, temple and mosque
"attendance" increasing
Yes, on social media
To belong, to be connected, to feel protected

(continued on next page)

Elected leaders living up to their,
sworn-to-serve, oaths
Sharing painful facts
Encouraging, but not lying

Grocery store clerks, fulfillment center workers
Keeping supplies flowing
Risking infection, faithfully packing and delivering
“Shrinks” and medicals of all manner, volunteerin
Firefighters, postal workers, bus drivers
The list goes on and on
Cruelty giving birth to kindness
To generosity, to sacrifice, to love

*The smog has lifted off cities
The skies clear again and blue
Mother earth now freely breathing
And birds singing in trees once more, too*

Nations making lemonade from lemons
Biting lips
As they mourn the fallen, but moving on
There is hope.

Kudos to humanity!



Sculpture by Ari Delevie

And mother earth...

by Ari Delevie

Sent emissaries into the space above
To learn what was happening with her
And they were appalled at what they saw;

Polluted rivers so murky that fish could not be seen
Denuded forests, the lungs of mother earth
Hills stripped naked by bulldozers
Fracking wells that caused explosions
Oceans heavily clogged by plastic garbage, with dead fish and birds
Lakes drying out from over pumping
Huge sink holes from overly depleted ground water
Thick industrial smoke covering whole areas
Smog hiding large cities
An Ozone layer so thin that the sun burned thru and dried the earth,
increasing ultraviolet radiation
Horrendous, uncontrollable fire storms decimating communities
Drought over huge areas causing mass displacement of refugees
Millions fleeing draught and denied refuge
Melted snow peaks exposing rocky mountains
Glaciers calving so fast that the water level rose to flooding heights

And the emissaries delivered their report and wiped their tears.

Mother earth pondered what to do,
How to let her tenants know they are breaking the rules of their lease
So mother earth turned up the thermostat to an uncomfortable level
and called it Global Warming
So the tenants increased their use of A/C and made it even warmer
So mother earth changed temperatures from their conventional range,
confusing flora and fauna, and called it Global Change
So the tenants grumbled and muttered and continued to violate their lease
So mother earth sent horrific hurricanes and tsunamis which caused much pain
but no change in behavior
And the major landlords among the tenants exploited their brethren
And the rich got filthy richer
And poor got dirt poorer, and starved, and died
And mother earth listened to how tenant scientists pleaded with the others who didn't listen
And mother earth got impatient and angry and desperate about her being abused.

(continued on next page)

So mother earth decided that all her tenants need to hear her message and sent her enforcer
She called it COVID-19, a fast spreading killer virus
And all the tenants stopped in their tracks
and dramatically and immediately changed their behavior

They spent more time with their families
And helped their neighbors
And flew and cruised much less
And changed other social behaviors for the better.

And the birds returned to sing in the trees
and waters cleared to reveal their fish and dolphins
And the air cleared up to display large cities

And mother earth was pleased but worried
Did her tenants learn a lesson?

Sculpture by Ari Delevie 1



White Rose by not-yet-member Irwin Wayne