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September 2018



The Menorah

Greetings from President Allen Shane....

It's hard to believe that the High Holy Days are rapidly approaching. Last year we were graciously welcomed by our friends at First Presbyterian Church who provided a venue, as our sanctuary sustained damages from Hurricane Irma. This year I am so pleased that we are able to hold all of our services In Berkovitz Hall. Thank you to Rabbi Goldstein and our Ritual Committee who have been hard at work preparing and making sure all details are covered. We hope you enjoy the services and find them meaningful and spiritually uplifting.

We are excited to welcome back Cantor Paul Goldstein, his wife Cynthia and their son Jason. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the Cantor's and Jason's musical contributions last year and requested that they join us again this year. I also wish to extend my appreciation to Tammy Serebrin and Joan Greenbaum for sharing their talents to keep the Temple office open and handling the extra duties for our Holiday preparations.

We look forward to our annual Rosh Hashanah reception and Yom Kippur break-fast, and thank our Temple bakers for their contributions of delicious baked goods. I would be remiss if I did not recognize Edie Rhoades and Ada Sahlin, our Temple caterers. Their contributions go well beyond catering duties, and we greatly appreciate them.

In addition to High Holy Day preparation, the Temple Board and School have been hard at work as we continue to work with FEMA on Hurricane damage repairs, begin a new year of Sunday and Hebrew School, oversee ongoing maintenance projects, and gear up for what promises to be a busy and innovative fall programming schedule. I am grateful for the time and talents our officers, board members, committees and friends contribute to the Temple.

Watch your email for our weekly Message and quarterly Menorah for updates and information on the exciting things happening at Temple Emanuel. You can also keep up to date by following us on Facebook and our website. Facebook: [https://](https://www.facebook.com/TempleEmanuelLakeland)

www.facebook.com/TempleEmanuelLakeland Website: templeemanuellakeland.com

We recently changed our email address to office@templeemanuellakeland.com. This was needed to keep us current and to integrate with our new website. If you are not receiving our emails in your inbox, be sure to accept any mail from the new email address as "not spam". Also add office@templeemanuellakeland.com as a trusted email address in your address book.

The Officers and Board of Trustees wish you a year of good health, peace and happiness as we welcome 5779. Shanah Tovah Umetukah "A Good and Sweet Year"

Allen Shane, President

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Jewish Voices

9/12/2018

Rabbi Speaks at 9-12 Project

9/13/2018

Break the Fast

9/19/2018

Breakfast with the Rabbi

9/24/2018

Shabbat Dinner

9/28/2018

Book Club

10/16/2018

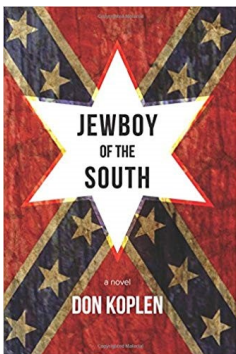
Visit our website calendar
& our Facebook page for
details on all events!

SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

from Lori Dougherty

Sunday school started on August 26th. The Sunday hours are 9:30am-11:30am, and Hebrew is 11:30am-12:30pm.

Cat Eskin is teaching the preschoolers. Myrna Garbo is teaching the 1st graders. Jodi Snyder is teaching the 3-5 graders, and Lizandra Izsak will teach them Hebrew on Sundays. Daniel Boston is teaching Hebrew for the 6-8th grades class on Sundays.



BOOK CLUB from Jane Renz

The next Book Club meeting will be held at 11 am, on Tuesday, October 16th in the Media Center of the Education Building. Our book selection is “Jewboy of the South” by Don Koplen. It is available on Amazon in paperback and kindle. We will have an optional lunch following the meeting. Contact Jane Renz with any questions: jane7751@aol.com

<https://smile.amazon.com/Jewboy-South-Don-Koplen/dp/1546923667/>

About the Book

A Southern story is never a straight line to the end point. Ask a southerner about an event or how to get to a place and you'll hear about everyone and everything and everywhere along the way. It lurches forward, then backtracks, goes off center, infuriates and, eventually, rediscovers its luscious, rich, often humorous and just as often, perverse, path. It's made of, like the South itself, a soup pot of characters—redneck, slave roots, sex, blood, love, hate, war, religion, intrigue and wink of the eye—all chopped, diced and thrown into its cauldron. Often as not, it boils into a mess. But somehow, sometimes, if you enjoy a mélange of tastes, it blends into a delicious, or at least colorful, potage. So settle in, relax and enjoy this saga about a small-town southern Jewish boy and the characters who helped him grow up, learn about sex versus love, black and white, true religion, soul music and jazz, all while attempting to keep the love of his life, the Klan minister's daughter, and to free an innocent black man, his carpenter hero.

About the Author

Don Koplen was born in 1947 in Danville, Virginia, a textile mill and tobacco market city of 50,000 mainly Baptists and 100 Jewish families. He was a varsity wrestler and academic honor athlete in high school and worked in the family's men's clothing business, started in 1880, one of only a few white businesses there not boycotted during civil rights struggles. He majored in psychology at the University of South Carolina, where he started the first southern uncensored speak-out forum during the Vietnam War era. During summer break, now with hair halfway down his back, he sold household and body care products to country stores all over rural North Carolina. After a year-long DHEW psychodrama internship program at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., he graduated as a certified Psychodramatist. His interest broadened to body-mind therapies, studying for licensure as a massage therapist. In 1976, after quitting Chiropractic College, he hitchhiked from Atlanta to Colorado, starting a health spa and several magazines. At age 48, Don fell in love with the saxophone and the building trades. He volunteered with Habitat for Humanity to build houses in New Orleans' fifth district after Katrina, eventually going on to fix and flip houses in Boulder. He also plays tenor sax in a local jazz band. Don is married and has two sons and two grandchildren.

High Holiday Schedule

Everyone is invited to attend any of our services.

Please join us in welcoming back Cantor David Goldstein and his family for their second year with us as we welcome in the New Year. Their presence and voices enrich us all!

EREV ROSH HASHANNAH

Sunday, September 9, 2018
7:00 PM Erev Rosh Hashanah Service
Rosh Hashanah Reception following services

ROSH HASHANAH FIRST DAY

Monday, September 10, 2018
8:30 AM Rosh Hashanah Service
9:30 AM Torah Service
9:30 AM – 1:00 PM Baby Sitting in Library

6:30 PM Tashlich – Meet in Berkovitz Hall
7:00 PM Afternoon/Evening Service

ROSH HASHANAH SECOND DAY

Tuesday, September 11, 2018
8:30 AM Rosh Hashanah Service
9:30 AM Torah Service

SHABBAT SHUVAH

Friday, September 14, 2018
7:00 PM Sunday School Shabbat Service
Ice Cream Social following services

Saturday, September 15, 2018
9:30 AM Shabbat Shuvah Service

KEVER AVOT

Sunday, September 16, 2018
11 AM Kever Avot
Temple Emanuel Cemetery

YOM KIPPUR

Tuesday, September 18, 2018
6:30 PM Kol Nidre Service

Wednesday, September 19, 2018

9:00 AM Yom Kippur Service
9:30 AM – 1:00 PM Baby Sitting in Library
10:00 AM Torah Service with Yizkor
5:30 PM Mincha and Neilah Service
Followed by Yom Kippur Break the Fast
Approximately 8:00 PM
Donations appreciated
RSVP to the Temple Office
office@templemanuelakeland.com
or by phone (863) 682-8616

SUKKOT

Sunday, September 23, 2018
7:00 PM Erev Sukkot Service

Monday, September 24, 2018
9:30 AM Breakfast with the Rabbi
Complimentary Breakfast
10 AM Services

SUKKOT SHABBAT

Friday, September 28, 2018
6:15 PM Shabbat Dinner
7:30 PM Service
Adults \$ 12.00 - Children under 12 \$6.00
Family Max. \$ 36.00
RSVPs are due by Friday, September 21, 2018 RSVP
and pay online at
<https://templemanuelakeland.com/events/sukkot/> or
by phone at
(863) 682-8616
Sukkot Service following dinner

SHEMINI ATZERET

Sunday, September 30, 2018
7 PM Service / Yizkor

SIMCHAT TORAH

Monday, October 1, 2018
7:00 PM Simchat Torah Service
Ice Cream Social following Services

“The Passage of Time and a Woman for All Seasons”

About the Archives by Cat. Eskin

As I sit down to write this column, I am busy with a variety of writing assignments. As an academic, I give papers at conferences, make presentations at local gatherings and generally talk until my audience is sick of hearing me. In some cases, the listeners are there by choice—academic conferences often have a variety of sessions from which the participant may choose—and some are captives—students in my courses. I count myself lucky that people attend my lectures and I do my best to keep their interest and to provide them with information or food for thought that will justify the time they have spent listening to me. Generally, however, there are no guarantees.



Althea on her first visit to Lakeland in 1944

On September 22nd, the Temple community will all be able to spend some time with a woman who has never failed to hold my attention and to convince me that the moments, minutes or hours I have enjoyed in her presence have made me a better person. Althea Grace Sofness Miller has been a vibrant, contributing member of our Temple family since her “official” arrival in 1948 (when she married the love of her life, Joe Miller, and the two became members of the synagogue). All told, Althea and her family have been part of the synagogue’s and Polk County’s life for over 70 years! Her roles during those years have been many and my column cannot hope to do justice to all of them (I believe others will talk about her role as the first—and thus far only—female president of our Temple). Instead, I am going to provide a few snapshots (both literal and figurative) from Althea’s life in Polk County.

I suppose the best place to begin is family. Althea’s definition of the term is broad and inclusive. Her love is unconditional—if sometimes tough—and insists that even when life’s circumstances make painfully clear that there are only 24 hours in a day, our job as human beings is to use each one to its fullest extent. As a working mother at a time when most Jewish mothers did not work outside of the home, Althea learned personally the lessons she now teaches. Modest about her successes and grateful for each one, Althea’s middle name, Grace, is indicative of her behavior and the kinds of people with whom she surrounds herself. I have so many wonderful stories of Althea’s kindness and uncompromising respect for others, I find it difficult to choose just two. My economy allows for material to fill out a later column....! Enjoy.

Not many people at the Temple today remember that there was once an Althea Shop in Lake Wales.



Althea Sofness marries Joe Miller, 1948

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“The Passage of Time and a Woman for All Seasons”

Continued....

Opened by Althea and Joe Miller with little capital and a lot of pluck in 1949, the business was a lovely women’s dress shop that prospered during the early 1950s. Like many of its neighbors, the shop was hit hard by citrus grove freezes in 1956, 1957 and 1958. Those freezes devastated the local economy and the Millers had to close the shop by 1960. The early years of their lives together, 1948 and 1949, are a testament to the Millers’ unconditional love and respect for each other. Deciding to live near the shop, the couple “moved 8 times in three and a half years.” Althea explained: “The first apartment that Joe rented was sight unseen by me. It was way out on a Lake.... and there were so many bugs!



And we brought this tiny infant [Mark] there. We were out of there after two nights.” The next apartment was only marginally better: “My husband found another place. It was a one-room [with a] Murphy bed, down the street from the store. Mark was born the 30th of June and in August there was a hurricane. Joe had...we had...a convertible at that time; it was parked on the street and we were so sure that the roof was going to be blown off the convertible! And instead, the roof blew off the apartment! Poor Mark...it was horrible. Ultimately, we were able to get out of that place and get down into the store...there was no electricity or anything but I had to keep the baby dry.” The couple were eventually “able to get into the car and find our way back to Lakeland. And I stayed there with my sister [Cele Stone] until we could find another place to live.” Talk about a pioneer!

Mark Miller hits the streets of Lake Wales, 1950

Joe and Althea had three lovely children: Mark, Jeffrey and Karin. They were raised to be proud of their Jewish heritage and to have zero-tolerance for bigotry. In the face of anti-Semitism and ignorance, Joe and Althea advised patience and education. She remembers the “neighbors that lived right behind us. They would say ‘why, you’re dirty Jews!’ Things like that. So I told [my own children], ‘some of these children, they don’t understand. They live in such a narrow little world, they don’t understand that there are a lot of other wonderful people living in the world right beside them. And they should get to understand that people live differently.’” Her main advice: “You just be proud of who you are.”



The Stone-Sofness-Miller extended family, 1962

A resourceful and pragmatic woman, Althea has left her mark on our community in so very many ways. I look forward to more stories as she goes from strength to strength!

UPDATE: We are happy to bring you all greetings from Cantor and Shirley Geigner. They are very happy living in Seattle and want you all to know they are now American Citizens! We hope to have more news from them in a future issue of The Menorah so stay tuned!

***** This month we continue our new profile feature to help us learn more about each other. We may be asking you to participate in the future so feel free to let us know who you would like to read about. Would you like to be interviewed or perhaps conduct an interview of someone else? We have questions to help guide the conversation and we are happy to write it up for you! This month we are grateful to Heidi Sichelman for sharing her story. We offer just the beginning of her story here. To read the rest, please follow the link to our website! While you are there, take some time to see what else we have available for you there.**

Getting to Know Heidi Pechter Sichelman....

My Family

I was born in 1977 in Miami, Florida. Although I don't remember much up until I was about 8 or 9, my parents tell me I thoroughly enjoyed being the center of their world until 1980 when my sister Faith was born. My mom likes to point out that one day she found me trying to grab my sister by her neck and pull her out of the crib. After that, she put a lock high up on the outside of Faith's nursery. While I don't remember having feelings of "new baby envy" everything worked out because we are very close today, now that we are both mothers. Our parents, Marc and Phyllis Pechter are two exemplary parents. They have instilled family values in us, taught us that hard work and perseverance will lead to good outcomes, and that kindness goes a long way. Marc is the only child of Karl and Betty Pechter. Phyllis is one of two daughters born to Joe and Belle Yantz.

I have the best memories of my maternal grandparents Belle (1918-1996) and Joe Yantz (1915-1992). They had difficult lives as children, young adults, and even throughout parenthood. Joe had to fend for himself after the age of nine because his mother died when he was 18 months old. He wanted to become a pilot in the Air Force, but an injury to his eye with a baseball bat stopped that dream. Instead, he served in the Army in WWII and spent most of his time fighting in Italy. He never spoke of the horrors he saw. However, he was the most tender and loving grandfather to us. He played with us with just about anything - dolls, blocks, and board games. When there was "nothing to play with" he found cardboard, twigs, leaves, and scraps of paper to be inventive. Like most girls, Faith and I loved to play "beauty parlor." We would style his hair (the few strands he had left) while our grandmother was "dolling" herself up to take us swimming in their Miami Garden's condo pool.



Belle was a strong, independent saleswoman with a bottomless heart. Everyone who met her loved her. She had the ability to win people over with her sincerity. She met Joe in Brooklyn where she was raised. They were married in 1940 in the Rabbi's study. In 1947 they welcomed baby girl Phyllis (my mother). Then they left Brooklyn and headed for Miami to live with family. It was not an easy beginning. They had no jobs, but being near family was top priority. Eventually, they were able to get their feet off the ground. Joe opened a gift shop in the Sahara Motel on Miami Beach. Belle went door to door selling home improvements. Ultimately, a friend encouraged her to go to real estate school. Belle's mother Fannie came to live with them to help with the children (Roberta was born in 1954) and home life. My mother had the best of both worlds being raised by her loving parents in addition to her grandmother who was the quintessential "balabusta." Fannie would cook Shabbat dinners and observe Sabbath.



Heidi's Story Con't....

While my mother was being raised in Miami, my father was attending “the school of hard knocks” (as he calls it) in Brooklyn. His parents (Betty and Karl) had a volatile marriage, which led to their divorce in the early 70's. They had little time for Marc so he found his way into trouble at various schools. Meeting Phyllis in 1969 at the University of Miami was the best thing that ever happened to him. She set him on the right path. They were married in 1970 by a Rabbi in Miami. With her support and encouragement he was able to graduate from The University of San Diego with a degree in accounting.

A story about my life would be incomplete without mentioning the famous company that my great great-grandparents Anne and Moses Pechter started in New York in 1888. Although it is now under new ownership, Pechter's Baking Company remained in our family for more than a century. Anyone who was born in the Northeast in the 50's or earlier would know of “Pechter's Jewish Rye Bread.” The business thrived during the Great Depression when bread was a main staple in peoples' homes. Pechter's had a monopoly on the bread market in the North East. Even as late as 2011, a classmate of mine spotted a Pechter's bread truck on the streets of Manhattan.



Some of you reading this may have dined in Flakowitz Restaurant in Boynton Beach, Florida. That was owned by my grandfather Karl Pechter. He died in 2017, but he was greeting guests up until one week before he went to the hospital. The recipes of Pechter's bread had been passed down from generations above. He was a baker as well as a businessman.

Growing Up

I had a pretty ideal childhood. I always felt loved and cared for. My parents worked hard to provide for us. On the weekends, we participated in temple functions, spent time with our grandparents, went to restaurants, and explored much of the art, history, sporting events, and water activities that South Florida had to offer. They always planned a fun summer vacation for us whether it be a road trip up the eastern sea board of the U.S. or something more educational like trips to the Nation's capitol, the Liberty Bell, and the Statue of Liberty.

Our mom was a high school Spanish teacher for most of her career. Prior to 30 years in the Broward County School District, she was a stockbroker and also dabbled in real estate. Our father worked long hours as a realtor selling homes in his early career. It wasn't long before my grandmother Belle and my father opened up a real estate office together and she took him under her wing. Together, they nailed it in North Miami Beach. They were a great team and word spread quickly. “List and sell with Marc and Belle.”



In 1988, our family moved from North Miami Beach to Weston, Florida. Life was a total adjustment at first. For starters, North Miami Beach had a larger percentage of Jews than average. Weston had barely any. It was a newly built master planned community with one strip shopping center. That is where we went for Publix and Eckerd drug store, along with the one dentist in town, the one salon, and the one Little Caesar's pizza parlor. The town was bare.

Our parents continued working hard. Faith and I made friends. We'd make up dances together to Paula Abdul and Debbie Gibson, jump on our big back yard trampoline, and sing aloud to music. Little by little Weston grew into a city of its own. We established roots there.

CONTINUE reading at: <https://templemanuellakeland.com/member-profiles/>

LAKELAND HISTORY SERIES



JEWISH VOICES:

*Temple Emanuel Oral
History Interviews*

SEPTEMBER 12, 2018

7pm

Dr. Catherine Eskin

Professor, Florida Southern College

Free Event
Contact: 863.834.4269

Lakeland Public Library
100 Lake Morton Drive

Deadline for the next Menorah is November 30, 2018.

Please send info to irmacole26@gmail.com