

Kathy Green
קריינדל בת שמעון ולאה
1944-2017

Remembrances

INTRODUCTION

Arthur Green

Kathy, קריינדל בת שמעון ולאה, was my wife for 49 years. Her sudden passing interrupted plans for our fiftieth anniversary celebration, which was to have taken place in May of 2018, immediately following the fiftieth anniversary reunion of Havurat Shalom.

Kathy was born in Kansas City in 1944, but was raised in the small town of Leavenworth, Kansas. Her maternal grandmother's family, the Tofflers, had been Main Street merchants in Leavenworth since the late 19th century. Her father, however, came to Leavenworth only around 1940, following his emigration from Germany.

Siegfried Ernst Held was the son of a Berlin banker and an American Jewish mother, who had gone to Berlin to study music, then marrying and settling there. In 1936, her son, a PhD in economics and head of foreign exchange for a large Berlin bank, claimed her American citizenship and came to the Kansas City area, where his mother had been born. He met Kathy's mother, Linette Held, and they married and settled in her mother's home in Leavenworth. Kathy was their only child.

Kathy's father, who had raised her to be a middle European intellectual against the Missouri River background, died when she was 13 years old. Her mother died three years later, leaving Kathy alone with her grandmother. You can read much more about those years in Kathy's wonderful memoir *Sailing in Kansas*. We had it privately published, and a few copies are still available.

Kathy "went east," as she liked to say, to study at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. She graduated with a BA in journalism, having first written for the *Leavenworth Times* when she was in high school. It was in her college years that she first became deeply interested in Judaism, entering by the very intellectual portal of reading and discussing Buber and Heschel. In perhaps 1962, she attended the national Hillel Institute at Starlight, Pennsylvania. There she met Rabbis Zalman Schachter,

Max Ticktin, and Richard Israel, all of whom were to become important friends and mentors.

Zalman, in particular, became Kathy's teacher. Under his tutelage (Zalman was still a faithful Lubavitcher Hasid in those days), she began to live a very serious life of Jewish devotion and observance. Zalman's sister, Devorah Kieffer, was an especially important mentor in the realm of Jewish daily living. Kathy was one of the people for whom Zalman wrote *The First Step*, the earliest iteration of his many guides to Jewish meditation and inner prayer.

Zalman introduced Kathy and me in 1964, as two young seekers interested in his vision of a Jewish intentional community to be called Bnai Or. Our courtship, much of it conducted by long-distance telephone, lasted four years, culminating in our marriage on Lag be-'Omer, May 16, 1968, at the Brandeis University chapel. Rabbis at our wedding were Zalman, Everett Gendler, and Al Axelrad. You will get to see Kathy as my bride at the conclusion of this memorial.

Kathy was deeply engaged with me in conceiving and founding Havurat Shalom, which was our re-conception of a Jewish intentional community. In the Havurah's first year, also the first year of our marriage, we lived in the Havurah house, and Kathy often joked about walking in on Havurah committee meetings taking place in our bedroom. Later, in Somerville, we lived across the street, but our home, and especially our Shabbat table, remained an important matrix of Havurah activity. Kathy had learned from Devorah and from Esther Ticktin about the centrality of the Shabbat table to Jewish life, and she enthusiastically welcomed guests to ours, working hard, with me at her side, to prepare for them. I think it fair to say, in retrospect, that our marriage was built around our Shabbat table. I am also happy to say that many of our closest friends remained (and still remain, for me!) those who were fed and nourished there, first at Havurat Shalom and later, in Philadelphia, Newton, and Jerusalem.

Kathy belonged to a generation of women who were caught between their mothers' era of being satisfied to be called "home-

makers” and their daughters’ fully developed lives as professionals. Kathy attained two MA degrees in education and child development, and worked on a part-time basis as a Jewish educator. For two or three years, while we lived in Philadelphia, she directed the Gratz College high school branch in Wilmington, Delaware. The job she valued most was that of teaching education to rabbinical students at the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College. (She was appointed there a year before I was, and sometimes suggested that my appointment might have been a case of nepotism.) It was during the Philadelphia years that Kathy co-edited *The Jewish Family Book* with Sharon Strassfeld, and also published several articles on Jewish education, writing in *The Melton Journal* and elsewhere.

The greatest joy of Kathy’s life was the birth and adoption of our beloved daughter Hannah Leah, in 1976. Hannah was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and came to us via the efforts of Carol Rose, wife of my rabbinical school classmate (and close associate of Zalman’s) Neal Rose. Because of that, the Greens and Roses became extended family to one another. Kathy was a devoted mother, and raising Hannah, in the setting of our Mount Airy, Philadelphia, home, became a major focus of her life. In Philadelphia, too, our home and table became a welcoming center for Jewish life, first for students at Penn, and later for the community around RRC. Kathy was a challah baker for many years; you will find her recipe in the first Jewish Catalogue.

Kathy’s Parkinson’s Disease was first diagnosed in about 1992, just before our move from Philadelphia to Newton. Its symptoms were rather mild at first. In those years, Kathy proudly took up jogging, as the doctors told her that physical activity would improve her health and delay progress of the disease. She loved comparing jogging notes with our master-runner friend Dick Israel. Over the years, however, the effects of Parkinson’s began to show more and more, and Kathy moved from using a cane to a long series of walkers, and finally spent her final five or six years confined to a wheelchair.

A word needs to be said here about Kathy's indomitable spirit in confronting her illness. In the course of twenty-five years of struggle, I never once heard her complain. As each increased stage of disability happened, she accepted it with a certain air of spiritual grace, and moved on to make the best of things. She insisted, as she says in her memoir, that Parkinson's was not her, that she wanted to be encountered as a full human being, not treated as a patient or pitied as a diminished person. There was a pride and defiance of the illness, including an ongoing sense of humor about her disabilities, that marked all her later years, right down to the very end. Her wonderful final caregivers, Velette Edwards and Fatumah Nsereko, showered her with love and attention, helping her to maintain her sense of dignity and full personhood, even as she lost many of her capabilities.

Kathy felt great love for our two wonderful grandchildren, Sophia and Ezra. She constantly asked about them and looked forward to their visits. If there was any frustration in the final years of her illness, it was around her inability to express that love in ways that they could see. May they be blessed with warm memories of their loving savta.

Kathy left this world, suddenly and painlessly, on August 31, 2017, the ninth of Elul, 5777.

HANNAH LEAH GREEN

One foot in front of the other
YihYeh Tov, it will be alright
Don't give up the ship

Mom, these phrases, these simple mantras of yours, were those of a survivor. Someone who has known loss and chosen to persevere. Someone who has experienced the physical challenges of an illness such as Parkinson's and been determined to continuously put one foot in front of the other. You have always done exactly that. Without complaint, with utter and complete grace, and you have never given up the ship.

I truly adore you. Adored you. Our quiet companionship. Hilarious car rides, the sound of your typewriter buzzing from your study, the touch of your delicate hand.

What an impossible task now to articulate the thoughts and feelings swirling inside me. These past 24 hours, I found myself swept away by a flood of childhood memories. My attempt now to articulate my deep love, my admiration, and my gratitude to you will be far from perfect. My anchor in this emotional flood are your mantras.

You always had a sneaky way of slipping in one of these one-liners, or many other sayings here or there, a little twinkle in your dark eyes, or maybe if I was lucky, one of your radiant and gorgeous smiles.

The simple early memory I wish to share is that of a Shabbat morning skip down the hall from my bedroom to yours, followed by a dive into your cozy bed. Tati had left for Shul. We snuggled in bed. You made a blanket fort and we played a game that involved a dog named Barklee and a cat named Meowser. At one point, you covered us with the blanket and we lay face-to-face on the pillow. It was the touch of your hand on my cheek, the sunlight filtering through the blanket, and the sense of complete and total safety that strike me most now.

What a unique relationship we've had. I don't think mothers and daughters typically can say they have a relationship that began with tremendous loss. But ours did. You were an orphan from Leavenworth, Kansas. I an adoptee from Winnipeg, Canada.

From that initial loss of yours, you grew an enormous, deep rooted, far reaching and loving family. You planted, tended and shared each memory, thought, hope and appreciation of the natural beauty that surrounds us. You created a safe place, a Shabbat table filled with inclusion and openness; a boundless blanket fort. You created these places, these spaces, and you invited me to join you. I hold you so tightly.

I wish you could see all these wonderful people gathered today for you. This community; your community. You have touched us all. You will be so, so missed.

I think you said it best when you wrote at the end of your own memoir:

“Of course no one can live forever, but maybe that's part of the mystique of living; our awareness of mortality drives us to live each day to the fullest. I am writing, as you can surely see, to myself as well as to you. My message to both of us is clear and simple: Don't give up the ship.”

Mom, I will continue to share your stories, your memories, and it will be alright, YihYeh Tov. I love you.



OR-NISTAR ROSE

Remembering Tante Kathy

“I wish that today was yesterday...” -Ezra Green Katz

I have the honor this morning of speaking on behalf of the Winnipeg branch of the family – the “Rose Family Circus” as Art once dubbed us – about our beloved Tante Kathy.

While Art and Kathy are not “blood” relatives, they, along with Hannah (and now Aaron, Sophia, and Ezra) are among our closest family members. As my sister, Adira (who, like Hannah, was adopted) wrote early this morning, “I never understand why people refer to the closeness of blood relatives over non-blood relatives. Tanta Kathy was not ‘like an aunt,’ she was my aunt. Who else but family would welcome our family into their home for Pesach year after year?”

But how did our families become so enmeshed? The short version of the story is that Art and my father were classmates at JTS in the mid-1960’s, and were among the strange few in those days who had an interest in an “antiquated” subject called Jewish mysticism. This was, of course, not simply an academic interest, but a spiritual calling, inspired by such figures as Hillel Zeitlin, Martin Buber, and their revered teacher, Abraham Joshua Heschel.

It was this shared religious passion that led my parents, the Greens, and a network of fellow travelers, including, their beloved friend and mentor, Zalman Schachter Shalomi, to explore the riches of Hasidism and other Jewish sacred traditions, and to dream about the possibility of creating Jewish homes and communities that reflected their shared spiritual and ethical values.

As a result, my siblings and I grew up with an extended “family of friends” that included Uncle Art, Tante Kathy, and Hannah, each of whom has played a profound role in our lives.

Tanta Kathy was one of the most gracious, kind, and humble people I ever met. As my brother Avi wrote in an email yesterday, “life threw many hardships – too many, in fact –in Kathy’s path,”

and yet, she did not become embittered or hopeless, but quietly forged ahead, facing each challenge with strength and gratitude.

One memory that comes to mind is of Kathy jogging. I remember how disciplined she was about her running routine, which she began after being diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. It was a basic strategy she used to care for her body and tend to her spirit. Never a "speed demon" (on or off the track!), in time it became increasingly difficult for her to run, but she did not give up, she did what she could – putting one foot in front of the other – until running and then walking were no longer possible. Simply put, Kathy possessed an unusual combination of resilience and acceptance, and she held that tension with uncommon grace.

Anyone who spent time with Kathy can tell you of her kindness. She had a gift for making people feel at ease, and generously inviting others to share their thoughts and feelings with her. In speaking with my brother Carnie last night, he reflected on those many years we celebrated Pesach with the Greens in Philadelphia and Boston. While the sederim were always intense, full of singing, learning, laughter and tears, what he immediately remembered were the quiet times we spent with Tante Kathy in preparation for the holiday, cutting huge amounts of vegetables for the intimate groups of 25 or 30 seder participants, casually talking about life. As he said, TK had a special way of using those in-between times to engage with us in real conversation and communicate her love and support for her fellow "sous chefs!" As my father remarked, "Kathy was a hasid of Reb Zushe": she just wanted you to be the best version of yourself, with as little pretension as possible.

TK was also very funny, and could catch you off-guard with her dry wit, which you just didn't expect from such a tzadekes. Even in her later years, when speaking became progressively more difficult for her, there were moments when we would be sitting together at the Shabbos table and she would interject a wry comment just when you thought she wasn't following the conversation. A legendary story in our family is that when little Avi—now in his 50's—once caught his finger in the milchig blender, TK

carefully examined his finger and said, “Don’t worry Avi, you didn’t trief up the blender – it was cold!”

Of course, Kathy’s loving and supportive nature were manifest uniquely in her relationships with Art and Hannah. For those of you who interacted with TK only in the last 10-15 years, it might be difficult to envision her in the role of caregiver, but she spent many years as a dedicated mother and spouse, regularly putting her family commitments ahead of her professional aspirations. After the heartbreaking loss of her own parents as a young person, she was determined to create a loving and nurturing home for her husband and daughter. As my mom reminded me, at Hannah’s bat mitzvah TK spoke with great emotional vulnerability about how she loved Hannah to the bone, “zu dem beiner.” And while she could not play the same active role with her grandchildren, Kathy loved Sophia and Ezra beyond words, and took immense pride in seeing Hannah thrive both in her personal and professional life.

Kathy was also a very intelligent woman, a serious spiritual seeker, and a gifted educator, who worked with children, teens, and adults—including rabbinical students at the RRC (before her husband was hired there!). When my brother Kliel studied at Gratz College, he lived with the Greens for a time in their house on Quincy Street. In addition to commenting on TK’s unconditional love, he shared a precious memory of informally studying Hebrew literature with Kathy, particularly the writings of Shmuel Yosef Agnon. He wrote, “Tante Kathy taught me that his stories were never just a simple act of preservation. Agnon’s works addressed the most important psychological and philosophical problems of his generation.” Of course, Agnon offered TK and so many others the opportunity to reflect on the ongoing project of cultural and spiritual renewal. She, in turn, was determined to share these literary riches with the next generation.

In closing this brief tribute to Tante Kathy, I offer the following observation from my mom, who actually first met TK when “Uncle” Zalman and “Uncle” Shlomo began their outreach efforts to young people in the early 1960’s: “To speak of Kathy is

to speak of something fine and rare, like bone china – the kind you only use “for good” – especially if you came from the same background that we shared, with Yekeh parents, who remained noble, despite being transported to a reality that was foreign in both outlook and taste.”

I would be remiss if I did not say a final word directly to Uncle Art, and Hannah and Aaron (and to her professional caregivers Velette and Fatuma): Thank you for the tenderness, strength, and devotion with which you cared for Tante Kathy in the last years of her life. You fulfilled her desire to live in her own home, surrounded by people she loved and in the kind of spiritual and intellectual environment that mattered so much to her. Without your labor of love, our children—the next generation of this loveable brood—would have never had the opportunity to interact with TK regularly and with ease; they would not have seen—even to the end—her face light up when they entered her house, observe her struggling valiantly to bentsch likht, or learn how to approach her in her wheelchair, kiss her gently on her soft cheeks, and say good Shabbos.

May Kathy’s soul be bound up in the eternal bonds of life, and may her memory be a blessing to all who recall her name.



ALLAN LEHMANN AND JOANNE SCHINDLER
Kathy Green 1944-2017

Joanne and I have some love and thoughts to share.

Tomorrow we'll say in a haftara of consolation

כי ההרים ימושו, והגבעות תמוטינה--
וחסדי מאתך לא-ימוש, וברית שלומי לא תמוט, אמר מרחמך, יהוה.

For the mountains may move And the hills be shaken, But my loyalty, my love, shall never move from you, Nor My covenant of friendship be shaken —said the LORD, who takes you back in love.

Life was unfair. Kathy lived that life with grace and humor.

She was orphaned young in life, she worked so hard to have a family, Kathy spent so many of her years living with a really bad disease.

And she remained Kathy to the end, singing along, davvening along at home and at the minyan. Velette tells us that she was singing in her bed hours before she left us.

Kathy loved music. One of her great musical gifts was, by comparison, making Art sound tuneful.

Kathy would find a way to insert three or four words at just the right time in a conversation. You know she was right there with you, no matter how excruciating it was for her to find expression.

Many don't know how she treasured language, English, Hebrew, Russian literature, conversation with people she cared about, with people in whom she saw common interests and passions.

Hannah taught Kathy and Art to become vegetarians; with Kathy it stuck. She made friends with all kinds of creatures great and small. When she made friends with a fish, Art would always say, Kathy wasn't going to eat it. And Art, with his culinary mastery, always provided a veggie alternative that was really appealing, through all the years.

I know some of you have become close to Kathy over the past decade or so, and know her quiet, profound, and graceful gifts. You may have had to take other's words about her brilliance, her sharp mind and wit, her ability to contemplate deep and lofty matters, דברים העומדים ברומו של עולם, and her ability to act on her care for others in her world.

Some of you came to love Kathy and to know her love for you years ago, before the ravages of the last decades. We often didn't know how to approach her, how to talk with her. And you and we did what we could, and had to hope, had to know that it would be enough. And it seemed, being with Kathy all through it, that it was enough, that she continued to know that she was loved and that she mattered and that we cared about her.

Given the unfairness it would be understandable for her to have become embittered at the world, at others, and at God. But that was not Kathy. Kathy had a wonderful sense of humor right up to the very end, and kept her will to live as fully as she could, and to love family and friends.

Of course, she could not have managed that alone. And she did not have to. She had Art, she had Hannah and Aaron, she had her beloved grandkids Sophia and Ezra, and she had the constant and devoted caring of Vilette and Fatuma. And we think it's fair to say that she lived in the presence of the sacred. The mountains and hills may have shaken, indeed Kathy may have shaken, but the hesed and the brit shalom, the holy love and the peaceful covenant never left.

We need to learn that we may not always have the ability to tell people how much we love them. It's important to do it while we can. Joanne and I want to say that we love you Kathy, and we thank you for sharing your life with us.

ADINA NEWBERG

Dear dear Kreindl, אחות יקרה

There are so many ways I could talk about you. So many memories and so many shared moments of life.

We have known you since over 40 years. We had many many meals, sdarim, walks in the woods by Ashfield and in Mt. Airy, and in Jerusalem, sitting together in shul, or davenning together at the Green's house in both cities, commiserating about politics, gossiping benignly, seeing our daughters grow and develop and more and more.

We have known each other when you were healthy and vibrant, and some of the things I will mention might not have been that salient in Boston as your health started to fail you.

You were a person of principle and commitments. You were clear about them and pursued them relentlessly when you felt the need.

You were first and foremost, unequivocally and unambiguously committed to Art and Hannah and later to Aaron and Sophia and Ezra.

You cared for Art and Hannah in all ways that a committed mother and partner would and more, always with grace, kindness and gentleness. You organized birthday parties for Art in Philadelphia and New York, you presided over a Bat Mitzvah celebration, school committees, play-dates, trips, meetings, performances and many many shabbatot and hagim and gatherings.

You had a tremendous sense of esthetics and beauty. Combined with your love to Hannah, this meant that as a child, she was always dressed with the most beautiful, stylish, classy Laura Ashley dresses. Combined with the life of the family as a whole, you built a kitchen in Philadelphia, laid the tiles and painted it. It was gorgeous. That same sense of love for beauty and friendship led you to embroider the atara for Noga's tallit she wore at her Bat Mitzvah.

I have always been moved by your absolute determined commitment to Israel and Hebrew. You felt alive and happy in Israel. You longed for it when you couldn't go any more. You read Haaretz every day, struggled but managed to speak Hebrew. We spent many hours discussing what we read in Haaretz, and what books or poems you read that inspired you.

You were committed to your coffee, before your health prevented you from drinking it freely. Once, about 25 years ago, when walking 15 minutes was an easy task, on a Shabbat morning I heard a knock on my door on Lincoln Drive. You were there, explaining that your Shabbat kettle wasn't working and asked could I make you coffee. Such a sweet, intimate moment!

You were a consummate educator, you wrote a book about Jewish education, helped create a school that combined your ardor for education and Hebrew.

You were committed to your family of origin and wrote *Sailing in Kansas* to honor them and the journey you and them had made over continents and cultures.

One of the happiest memories I have, is seeing you rejoice over the publication of your book here in this room.

Friends and community were an extension of who you were and what you cared about. You enjoyed gatherings of people for Shabbatot and hagim,

Your week was geared towards going to Shul, davenning and being part of the Shabbat community. Even when words didn't come easily to you, the words of tfilot were on your lips.

You had a wicked sense of humor and sometimes a great sense of irony. Always benevolent. Never nasty, never mean, but delightfully shovav!

You were absolutely and seriously committed to chocolate, cake icing and ice cream. It was a very serious pursuit that necessitated attention and kavana.

You maintained friendships over 40- 50 years and shared with them important moments of their lives. The same way you were with us, you were with other friends- You extended your house for Noga's naming ceremony, came to her wedding, hosted us for countless meals and *sdarim* and always called to follow up on important and less important events. I know that other close friends felt the same commitment and love. Always with kindness, helping and attempting to help even when it was hard for you.

Over the last few years, when we came to visit you and your health was more difficult, you were so happy to see us. Your eyes said it and your words said it. A month ago we came to spend a Shabbat with you. Your welcome to us was so joyous and genuine, my heart melted. Each time you woke up from a nap of in the morning and you saw us sitting in the kitchen you said: "I am so relieved you are still here!" Yesterday morning you didn't come up. Your body was tired and couldn't be relieved anymore.

Sail in peace dear Kathy, to an *Olam Haba* where the journey will once again, be smooth and easy.

גם כי אלך בגיא צלמות לא אירא רע כי אתה עמדי

Our tradition teaches us that when the soul of a person departs from this world, a part of the Divine presence leaves this world too. And that's how I imagine, so many of us feel today: That a measure of the goodness and love in the world has been diminished. Because our beloved Kathy. A woman who touched and inspired so many of us has gone. And the world will never be the same without her.

Today we gather as a community, with broken hearts. We come together overwhelmed by sadness but also recognizing how blessed we were and always will be to have had Kathy in our lives; to have loved and been loved by and cared for, by such a caring human being. As Hannah Leah shared with me, she was the most amazing mother, generous and vibrant, who never complained, someone to be inspired by and aspired to be like. Kathy was a devoted and loyal friend, a generous, humble, strong, grateful, sweet, honest and kind woman. She truly was a gift from God!

She was Kathy for many of us, she was Savta for her grandchildren, she was Tante Kathy for beloved people, she was Kreindel bat Shimon V' Leah.

I welcome all of you who are present as we honor Kathy's life. Especially her beloved husband of more than 40 years, our teacher Art. Her treasured daughter Hannah Leah, her son in law, Aaron Katz, her adored grandchildren Sophia and Ezra, her sister in law Paula and Jim. So many dear friends from so many years and many worlds. Friends that are family, friends that were deeply touched by Kathy and who touched Kathy's life.

I want to especially mentioned Velette and Fatumah who cared for Kathy and who loved her and took care of her with grace and profound love. They became family. We are grateful for all that you did for our beloved Kathy.

In the preface to Kathy's book, *Sailing in Kansas*, Kathy wrote a response to friends in Jerusalem, who had asked about her health:

“Parkinson's is not the essential me. Hands shaking, feet swinging, is only an annoyance; it's not who I am. I am affected by the disease, but I can choose to respond to it by living fully to the best of my ability, by being me. So it hardly matters that sometimes my voice trembles. What matters greatly, at least to me, is what I have to say. That is who I am. Not the person who sometimes lurches as she walks. The lurches don't matter, it's the walking that counts.”

“What matters greatly, at least to me, is what I have to say. That is who I am”.

I invite us today to remember who Kathy was. not the disease, but the Kathy who had so much to say, who was an educator, the teacher who trained rabbis to be teachers, a person who cared about people. who cared deeply about children, a friend, a woman with great sense of humor, a person in a quest for meaning, a lover of hebrew, israeli and jewish culture, a lover of shabbat, a lover of ice cream and chocolate, chocolate ice cream, actually, the best chad gadya barking kalba you will ever hear. The Kathy

who accepted life as it was, every day as it is, with grace and gratefulness, without complaint.

Kathy's disease did not define her, but was part of what she had to confront and part of her life. Kathy's strength defined her. Her generosity did. She faced challenge with nobility. Let's remember her this way.

Kathy lost her parents Siegfried Ernst Held and Linette Goldmon at an early age, she was an orphan at age 16. She experienced so much loss early in her life yet the loneliness she experienced as a child was reversed by the love that she received and gave later in her life. She taught us love, and gratitude for love.

I first met Kathy at the Shabbat table she hosted at her home with Art. Throughout her entire adult life Kathy practiced channeling love and Yiddishkeit through the Shabbat table, an art she learned from two important mentors Esther Tiktin of blessed memory, and Devorah Kiefer. Those of us who had the privilege of sitting at Kathy and Art's shabbat table know how shabbat was at the centre of their life. If Shabbat is מעין עולם הבא, a taste of the world to come, you could definitely experience that with Art and Kathy, as they brought together their love for each other, for God, for Shabbat and Yiddishkeit and the people at their table, reciting the verses from Shir Hashirim:

ישקני מנשיקות פיהו, כי טובים דדיך מיין.

עורי צפון ובואי תימן, הפיחי גני יזלו בשמיו; יבא דודי לגנו, ויאכל פרי מגדיו.

קול דודי, הנה-זה בא; מדלג, על-ההרים--מקפץ, על-הגבעות.

באתי לגני, אחתי כלה--אריתי מורי

עם-בשמיי, אכלתי יערי עם-דבשי שתיתי ייני עם-חלבי; אכלו רעים, שתו ושכרו דודים.

ART GREEN

Remarks one evening during Shiv'ah

We will never know exactly how my beloved Kathy died, what the medical cause was, the connection to her Parkinsons, etc. There is a potential מחלוקת בין הפוסקים on that question, but there is no נפקא מינה. Kathy would want you to learn some Hebrew to get all that – but let's just say that the doctors don't know. From the moment I met Kathy, back in 1964, she intrigued me, in part, because there was an aura of mystery about her. That sense of mystery extended right into her final passing.

But here's the story as I experience it. Wednesday, August 30, the 9th of Elul, was a pretty normal day. She was somewhat quiet and withdrawn, but she'd had many days like that. I was in and out of the house a couple of times, as usual, and everything seemed quite normal.

That Wednesday was the third day of orientation week at Hebrew College. We were discussing Shabbat observance that afternoon, and I was briefly paired up with a fifth-year student named Stephen Slater. When he asked me what the issues were in my own Shabbat observance, everything I had to say was about Kathy. Having dinner Friday night before Kathy got too tired; going to shul with Kathy; Allan and Joanne coming each week to have Shabbat lunch with Kathy... Afterwards he said: "You spoke about Kathy that day like she would go on forever." And the next morning she was gone – off into her very own "forever."

Velette Edwards, her very wonderful Jamaican aide, slept on our third floor with an aural monitor to Kathy's room. She said she heard Kathy up and singing at 4:30 AM. That was nothing unusual. Then, at 7:45, she went down to wake her, calling out her usual cheery "Good morning!" Getting no response, she checked, then ran up the stairs to call me, saying: "I think she passed." Immediately, instinctively, Velette opened the front door to let the spirit out.

Velette and her colleague Fatumah attended the funeral the next morning. Those of you who were there may especially recall Velette at the cemetery. At the funeral, Claudia led us in a very moving singing of the 23rd Psalm, מזמור לדוד ה' רועי לא אחסר. Velette came back to the house on Monday (Fatumah covered the weekends) and said to me: "You know that song they were singing at the funeral? That's the one Kathy was singing at 4:30 that morning."

That is entirely possible. Kathy always sang snippets of familiar songs or prayers in Hebrew. We often sang that psalm at the Shabbat lunch table before Kiddush; it was one she knew well.

So we are left with a question, another Kathy mystery. Was it a coincidence? Was this just another song that came to mind, then she went back to sleep and stopped breathing a couple of hours later? Or did she feel the מלאך המות approaching, singing the lines גם כי אלך בגיא צלמות to accompany herself on her way out?

We'll never know. But when I told this story to Rabbi Yehiel Poupko this week, he immediately found it familiar. "Yes," he said, "there's an old Eastern European tradition that women sing themselves out as they are dying." He knew it from some family stories.

Two liturgical comments will tell you something of how I feel. As most of you readers know, a lot of my thinking these days revolves around the siddur.

I was an אונן on Thursday/Friday. An onen is a bereaved person, not yet a mourner; that begins only after the burial. For various reasons, this was a first such experience for me. An onen is not permitted to daven, not even to recite blessings. That much I knew.

"But what about Keri'at Shema'?" I asked myself. Saying the shema' is not tefillah, prayer; it is addressed to Israel, not to God. I make much of this in my own commentary on the siddur, so it was fixed in my mind that way. I wanted to say the shema' that Friday morning before the funeral.

But I also have a whole section in my commentary that talks about the shema' as yihuda 'ila'ah, as the Zohar says. It is a calling out of the "upper unity," the awareness that God alone exists. אין עוד; "there is nothing else!" But how can we say that, I ask in the commentary. How do we transcend our everyday reality, where I am me and you are you, where multiplicity rules, and leap into a state of absolute oneness? God has given us a great gift, I say there, the gift of love. Love is that bridge; it is the human experience that allows us a taste of transcendence, a way of getting beyond ourselves, something mysterious, מעין עולם הבא. That is why, I say, we do not say the shema' without first saying ahavah rabbah or ahavat 'olam, blessing where we thank God for the gift of love. We are carried into the shema', as it were, on the wings of that love, and we come out of it with ve-ahavta, the sense that we are to respond in love as well. It is those assurances of divine love that permit to us call out the shema'.

But there I was, an onen. What could I do? I couldn't say ahavat 'olam; surely that is a prayer! Then how could I say the shema'?

But then I answered myself: "I'm יוצא. "Covered," you might say. The love Kathy gave me over fifty years is enough love to be able to say keriat shema' without saying an ahavah rabbah first. In my life with Kathy, I came to know that I was loved.

The Ba'al Shem Tov says there's only one love; all love is ahavat ha-shem. Elsewhere I have talked about him and Freud on that question, but that's not for here. Kathy's love was certainly a gift from heaven.

The second comment is about a change I have made in my own davening in response to this event. That too is a bit of a story.

The last time my heart was broken as much as this was at the sudden death of Dan Kamesar, a most beloved student of mine, a student who had become a dear friend, at RRC. Dan died, suddenly and mysteriously, just a few months after he was ordained. He left a wife and three small children. I was truly devastated by that loss, so much so that I decided to say kaddish for him for that entire year.

Sometime during that year, one morning while davening at Congregation Re'im Ahuvim (I could have gone just for the name – but they also davened nusah Sfarad), I had a new understanding of חֹזֶכֶר חֲסֵדֵי אֲבוֹת וּמִבִּיא גּוֹאֵל (גאולה) לבני בניהם למען שמו באהבה – “God remembers the compassion of the ancestors and brings a redeemer to their children’s children, for the sake of His name, in love.” Avot, I said, does not just mean ancestors. It means “fathers, parents.” Think of all those parents who are filled with love for their children, but never succeed in conveying it to them. Maybe, like Dan, they die too soon. Or maybe they get divorced and don’t see enough of their children to tell them of their love. Or maybe they are just unable to express it, as so many men are. God, I said, is the one who gathers up that undelivered love, saves it, and passes it on to the children and grandchildren who so much need it.

Even though I was then president of the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College, it felt to me like this insight was a gift from Dan, passing through into my mind from “the other side.”

This week, I permanently added ואמהות to that phrase, making it “God remembers the love of fathers and mothers...” I think of Kathy, sitting there with her grandchildren right in front of her, unable to lift up a hand to touch their heads, unable to say “I love you” to them. I think of Hannah, who was so saddened by that, even while Kathy lived. Me too.

I need to have faith that there is a God who listens to that unspoken love and bestows on the children, carrying it forward to the generations to come.

SHARON COHEN ANISFELD

In memory of Kathy z"l

Art asked me to share a brief teaching this evening to honor Kathy's memory.

I first met Kathy when I was a student at the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College in the mid 1980's. Like many others, I was welcomed into Art and Kathy's home on various occasions, and I have warm memories of standing and chatting with her in their Mt. Airy kitchen. But she was also my teacher – I took an education course with her, and she mentored me for a period of time when I had an internship teaching at a local synagogue religious school.

One of the things that moved me most about Kathy's memoir (which I've been re-reading over the last few days) is the high value she placed on honesty and precision (both factual and emotional). And so I'm trying to be as precise as possible as I think back to my memories of Kathy in those Mt. Airy days.

One thing stands out in particular: Part of Kathy's role as my mentor was observing my classroom teaching and giving me feedback – something I remember being quite nervous about beforehand. But, somehow, Kathy had a way of turning that potentially fraught dynamic into a positive one, so that what I felt was simply the generosity of her insight and attention.

In thinking about what I wanted to share this evening, I was drawn to a pasuk in this week's parasha, Parashat Ki Tavo.

Deuteronomy 27:6-7

“When you build an altar to the Lord your God, an altar of stones, do not wield an iron tool over them; you must build the altar of the Lord your God of unhewn stones (avanim shleimot). You shall offer on it burnt offerings to the Lord your God. And you shall sacrifice there offerings of well-being and eat them, rejoicing before the Lord your God.”

This isn't the only place we find such a prohibition.

“And if you make for Me an altar of stones,” it says in Exodus 20:22, “do not build it of hewn stones; for by wielding your tool upon them you have profaned them.”

King Solomon held to this principle in the construction of the Beit Hamikdash in Jerusalem: “Only unhewn stones cut at the quarry were used, so that no hammer or axe or iron tool was heard in the House while it was being build.” (Kings 6:7).

There are various explanations offered about why it was forbidden to use iron tools to hew stones for the building of these holy places. According to Rashi: “The altar is created to lengthen human life, and iron is wielded (as a weapon) to shorten it.” In other words, iron is prohibited because it is used to create weapons of war – and the altar, and the Beit Hamikdash, is fundamentally meant to be a place of peace.

In addition to this beautiful explanation, there is one offered by Buber that I love. (I recently learned that Buber was one of the first Jewish thinkers to become important to Kathy during her college years). For Buber, the injunction against using hewn stone in holy places speaks to the very nature of our offerings. Our offerings themselves are meant to be unhewn, unpolished, and in that sense, whole-hearted. This extends, according to Buber, to prayer itself, or *avodah she'balev*. Eloquent, polished prayer is like hewn, polished stone. The *avanim sheleimot*, the “whole stones” (or unhewn stones) represent our unpolished, authentic offerings, or as he puts it, “the inarticulate yearnings of a sincere heart.”

Reading Kathy’s memoir over these last few days, this is one of the things that has stood out so powerfully and poignantly to me. The sincerity of her heart, the sense of urgency about presenting an offering that is not polished, with all the rough edges removed, but an offering that is as honest, searching, and whole as humanly possible.

Here, for example, is a passage from early in the book when she talks about the somewhat treacherous task of writing a memoir at all:

“This account of my family is really comprised of many smaller stories. Stories sit in the lap of memories, while memories provide their context. It is as though memories are the mothers and fathers, the stories their sons and daughters. Or is it the other way around, stories giving birth to what we think are memories? I am not concerned with which came first. I am concerned about honesty in telling tales and invoking memories. I know how easy it is for stories to become distorted over time. Echoing in my mind from when I was about five years old are the words of my maternal grandmother: ‘Now don’t tell a story, Kathy.’ By which she meant, ‘Don’t lie.’ Perhaps all storytelling is lying. Elie Wiesel rescues me from this train of thought by maintaining that some stories are true even though they never happened, while other stories happened but simply cannot be true. My difficulty is in distinguishing between them.”

Returning for a moment to the unhewn stones, the questions of course arises – if one wasn’t supposed to use tools to cut the stones and remove them from the quarry, how was that supposed to happen?

Pirke Avot teaches that there was a mysterious, wormlike creature that was able to cut through stone that was among the things miraculously created *bein hashmashot*, on the eve of the first Sabbath of creation. A strange image, but one that emphasizes the vital importance of this injunction – the commandment to create our holy places free from implements of war and free from instruments of pretense and pretension.

One more story from Kathy’s memoir. She writes about a little book was influential for her when she was a young college student. The book was called “The First Step” and it was written by a Hillel director from the University of Manitoba. He was a Lubavitcher Hasid “who seemed open to Western thought.” His name, of course, was Zalman Schachter – and he later became the *shadchan* who introduced Art and Kathy to each other.

Kathy describes meeting him at Starlight (a Hillel conference) and being eager to learn from him. “After spending a few days at

Starlight, I began to develop a new way of thinking about Judaism and about my own religious life, surely under Zalman's influence. Catholics, I noted, have many more physical things they can do as signs of devotion that are available to us Jews. I was in search of such forms of symbolic expression, and this kind of thinking resonated with Zalman. One thing led to another and Zalman taught me how to put on tefillin. I do not think I shall ever forget the flood of emotion that inundated me, the warmth that spread through me, as I stood wrapped in a tallit and wearing tefillin in the forest behind camp bunks . . . Now, some forty years later, Zalman and I were talking on the telephone. 'Was I the first woman you helped to put on tefillin?' I asked. 'You were the first. And I did it with you because I had an intuition that you were an emesdike (truthful and sincere) person,' he replied."

For me, this is part of what was so special about being in Kathy's presence. Like many of us, of course, she struggled with some of her own limitations – but in her lack of pretense and pretension, she allowed all of us to be *avanim shleimot* – unhewn stones. I think that's part of what I sensed all those years ago when she observed me teaching. That's what comes through so strongly in her memoir. And somehow, in recent years, even when words failed her, she had a way of communicating this with her big smile and her warm and knowing eyes.

This capacity enabled her to bring a greater sense of *shleimut*, of wholeness, into the world for all of us who had the privilege of knowing her, and for that, I will be forever grateful.

May her memory be a blessing.

SARAH JACOBS

Remembering Kathy

Early in my relationship with my husband, there were people my husband wanted me to meet. He wanted me to be sure to get to know the people who mattered the most to him. He introduced me to my beloved sister in law on our second date.

Among the people it was important for me to meet were Art and Kathy. Art had taught my husband in Hebrew high school. As time went on Art became a dear friend and a major influence not just in my husband's life but in the larger framework of Jewish scholarship and the Jewish world as a whole.

By the time my husband and I met, my husband and Art and Kathy had been friends for at least fifteen years. We visited them in Western Massachusetts where they were spending the summer just a few months after we started going out.

Art was (and is) well known as a scholar. Kathy was brilliant at conversation. She had a great sense of the absurd.

A Kathy story might wind its way through the the highest echelons of Jewish academia but the esteemed protagonist might have chosen a dribble glass as his drinking vessel of choice throughout a long weekend visit. The story would involve both the wisdom that came out of the protagonist's mouth along with an account of his perturbed puzzlement all weekend at the dribbly glass.

Listening to those stories made me feel like I was living in a Jewish version of The New Yorker Magazine. A place where seriously smart people were also seriously funny.

I was in those days, absurdly young. I was much younger than my now husband who was several years younger than Art and Kathy. Kathy always included me and made me feel like a valued part of the conversation.

Kathy was a great Jewish educator, but as a conversationalist, she was an artist. She was not just a great talker, she was also a generous listener. Kathy was diagnosed with Parkinson's several years

ago. While the physical symptoms were difficult, the real insult began when Kathy's speech became impaired.

We arrived home from our trip to California at 3:00 am on Thursday morning. Thirteen hours later we got the sad email from my sister that Kathy had died. Within an hour my husband was Boston bound for the funeral. He is now on his way home.

I have spent the day thinking about dinner after dinner listening to Kathy's laugh, Remembering sweet and loopy stories where she was as likely to be the butt of the humor as some intellectual luminary whose books is probably sitting on your bookshelf right now.

I am remembering the last time we spent time together alone. We went to see an exhibit of Picasso drawings at MOMA together. Kathy was already using a walker and speaking was no longer easy. We both loved the exhibit and our lunch in the museum cafeteria. We were supposed to come hear Art be the keynote speaker at a commencement later in the day. A miscommunication from Art had the two of us running all over the city in sort of a mad-cap Keystone cops sort of a way.

Our adventure involved finding cabs in midtown during rush hour with sturdy businessmen pushing Kathy and her walker out of their way and making it nearly impossible for us to find a taxi. During our last ride we were both exhausted and laughing giddily. We had an impossibly short amount of time to get uptown to hear Art speak. The taxi driver insisted on driving us to the wrong location. We finally convinced him of our intended destination. The time was ticking away. We assumed we would be late and would miss Art's talk.

We finally arrived. We rushed to our seats, as fast as an impaired person with Parkinsons who is walking with a walker can rush. We arrived just a few moments before Art was to speak. We had made it!

For the several minutes minutes we sat in our seats and just giggled. We had made it, despite the mistaken trip downtown, despite the horrors of finding a taxi at rush hour, despite the terrible traffic, despite our driver's detour. We were where we needed to be, at the time we needed to get there. We had gotten to that commencement by way of a Kathy story.



JONAH STEINBERG

Torah Dying, Torah Living

Torah Dying, Torah Living. Sometimes life, and its passing, impinge on Torah. I sit tonight, writing this message, by the coffin of the beloved wife of my dear and revered teacher and rabbi, Art Green, to whom I wish all impossible comforts and true consolations amid all mourners of Zion and Jerusalem.

Leyl shimurim – a night of guarding – and it is deeply moving to see the devoutly progressive students and teachers of Hebrew College’s Rabbinical School, which I helped to build and where I taught for eight years – a place I still speak of in the first person plural – take part in the ancient tradition of shemirah, of reverentially guarding and keeping company at Kathy’s aron, at her casket, honoring the life-partner of our Rosh Yeshivah, of our rabbinical school’s Rector, and a remarkable woman in her own right, all through this night, until her levayah, until our accompanying her body to her grave tomorrow morning.

At Harvard Hillel, the place of my most recent professional identity, it has been an intensely busy week of new Jewish life, and of doing what it takes to ensure that our whole team of student-leaders and young Jewish professionals can do more and more to help young Jewish life in all its forms flourish and fledge at Harvard. So writing a message of Torah for this Shabbat has waited until Thursday night – and sometimes life, and its passing, impinge on Torah.

Art and Kathy represent to me a founding generation of the practicing-progressive, traditional-egalitarian Judaism in which I grew up. I felt their influence before I knew who they were. The Jewish Catalog was the Shulchan Arukh (the code of Jewish conduct), so to speak, of my parents’ do-it-yourself progressive Jewish generation – and the Catalog and its sequels were a textual reflection of Havurat Shalom in Somerville, a community Art and Kathy were central in creating.

I sat on the sofa or on the floor in my family’s homes in Toronto and then in Vienna, Austria, poring through the pages of the Cata-

logs, puzzling over the liturgies and rituals, perusing the black and white pictures, undertaking some of the artisanal projects (albeit not to the point of boiling a ram's horn on the kitchen stove to make my own shofar). I had no inkling – or, who knows, maybe it was in some mysterious sense an inkling, now that I look back from tonight's perspective – that I would grow up to one day be invited by Art to join in creating one of his several, sequential, visionary rabbinical schools, to carry an inventive, traditional-liberal, deeply rooted and vanguard-oriented Judaism forward.

This has also been a week in which some twenty new Orthodox Jewish undergraduates have joined our Harvard College community, newly arrived from Yeshivah high schools and gap-years of Torah-learning in Israel. And let me pause here to appreciate (and I hope they will take it as a compliment) the ways in which these students, too, are forward-looking – even, in their own ways, truly progressive.

Life impinges upon and shapes orthodoxy, too, believe it or not. One's own spiritual predilections and practice-decisions may be different, but Harvard's Orthodox Jewish students wrestle and search and imagine and create to no lesser a degree in forging and charting their own Jewish ways forward. I sit here looking at the ancient laws of this week's Torah-reading – laws of wife-taking, laws of war-making, laws of stoning-to-death and of virgin-blood displayed in the public square, laws rooted in conflict with Amonites and Moabites – and, whatever any tome of traditional law may say, all forms of committed Judaism today are just about equally distant from the actual ways of our ancient ancestors.

It takes a long legacy of amazing inventiveness – and a present-day reality of spiritual adventurousness, too – to read our Israelite scriptures and to extrapolate and practice a devout Judaism of any kind for today's world. I worry about the death of progressive Judaism – heaven forbid such a demise. I worry about a sometime draining out of confidence, and do-it-yourself ability, and feeling of legitimacy, from newer generations of Jewish young people. It takes a huge investment of earnestness – in the form of education, in the form of familial practice, or of one's own practice later in life,

in the form of imparting and acquiring cultural literacy – to breed the audacity to create new Jewish life of consequence and to do so with self-confidence. Especially outside of Orthodoxy, for all sorts of reasons, such investment is imperiled.

Let me say here that it is a worthwhile investment, the investment in what it takes to create Jewishly with self-confidence. And let me say that such investment can be achieved along many, many different walks of Jewish life – so long as the walk is not a lackadaisical sleepwalk into oblivion. No Jewish person of any ilk is incapable of the investment; nor must one break with one's own distinctive conscience, or part with one's own distinctive way in the world, in order to acquire Jewish earnestness. Life must impinge on Torah, if we are to have a living Torah capable of impinging upon life.

Enlarge the place of your tent,
stretch your tent curtains wide,
do not hold back;

lengthen your cords,
strengthen your stakes
For you will spread out to the right and to the left
...

Do not be afraid; you will not be put to shame.
Do not fear disgrace; you will not be humiliated.
...

The Eternal One will call you back
...

For a brief moment I abandoned you,
but with deep compassion I will bring you back.
In a surge of wrath
I hid My face from you for a moment,
but with everlasting kindness
I will have compassion on you,
says the One who redeems you, the Eternal One.
(Isaiah 54:2-8)

