



MUIZZIES MEGILLA

Not just another Megillah - the Ganza Megillah!

MUIZZIES SUNSET MUSIC JAM

Celebrate Life. Lechaim.



Sun 11/9
630pm-8pm

**Join us for a night of
music, stories,
inspiration, sunset
drinks and views.**

WHERE?

**TBD based on weather.
Will notify closer to time.**





MUIZZIES MEGILLA

Not just another Megillah...the ganze Megillah! :)



LECHAIM!

Life in South
Africa



With
Ruth
Carneson

On a chilly winter's evening the Kallah Room at Muizenberg Shul was bursting at the seams as we all gathered for the opening of the Shul library. A good time was had by all - what could be better than stimulating company and interesting books accompanied by cheese and wine?

Hopefully the start of many such gatherings in Kallah Room.

Amongst the many books that were donated are some historical treasures – a Siddur that was printed in Amsterdam about four hundred years ago and a translation of the New Testament written in Hebrew and Yiddish.

Books are our treasures. When we open a book we step through a doorway into an expanded landscape. Books contain whole universes that we can enter through our imagination. It allows us to step into someone else's shoes from another time and place. A good book draws us in and takes us on a journey of discovery that leaves us enriched. Books are a wonderful way of making sense of the world and a way of understanding ourselves and other people.

"A book is made from a tree. It is an assemblage of flat flexible parts (still called leaves) imprinted with dark pigmented squiggles. One glances at it and you hear a voice of another person, perhaps someone dead for thousands of years.

Across the millennia, the author is speaking clearly and silently inside your head, directly to you. Writing is perhaps the greatest of human inventions, binding together people, citizens of distant epochs, who never knew one another. Books break the shackles of time, proof that humans can work magic."

Carl Sagan

Books over the ages have come in many different shapes and sizes – from hand written scrolls to e readers. The first book written on paper was made in China. The paper was made out of a pulp of mulberries, hemp and bark and printed by using wooden printing blocks. I love the physicality of books. The feel of them in my hands as I turn the pages. I love the look of old books on my book shelf, to me they are works of art.

But more and more people are moving away from physical, printed matter, whether it is a photograph or or a book. Everything now is digitalized. When I travel it is very convenient to be able to put my small e reader in my handbag which contains an endless amount of books. I don't need to pack fifty heavy books into my suitcase.

We can ask Google anything. Or can we? To a large extent the internet has replaced libraries and encyclopaedias but there is an astonishing amount of information that is still only available on paper. We need to treasure our hard copies and what better way than to create a library?

Times for Cape Town
From Hebcal.com

September 2022

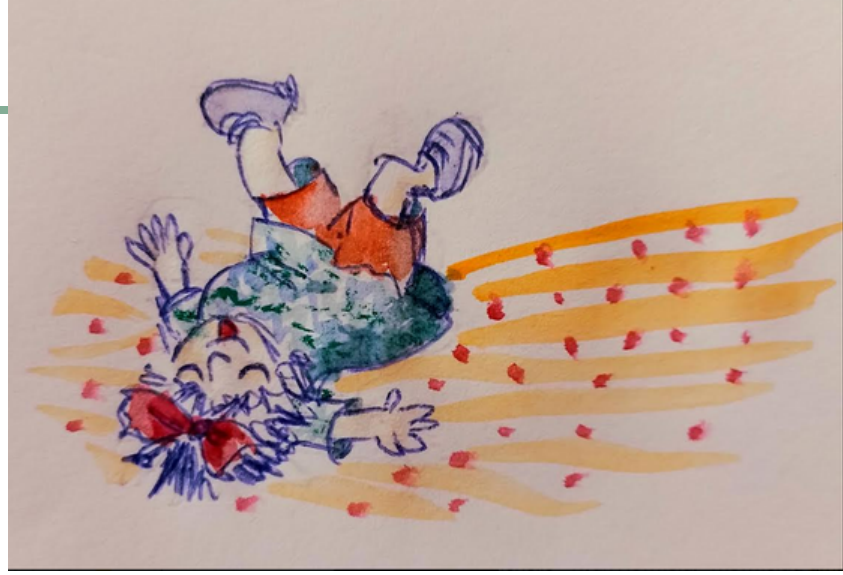
Fri 02 Sep	5:51pm	Candle lighting
Sat 03 Sep		Parashat Shoftim
Sat 03 Sep	7:00pm	Havdalah (50 min)
Fri 09 Sep	5:55pm	Candle lighting
Sat 10 Sep		Parashat Ki Teitzei
Sat 10 Sep	7:05pm	Havdalah (50 min)
Fri 16 Sep	6:00pm	Candle lighting
Sat 17 Sep		Leil Selichot
Sat 17 Sep		Parashat Ki Tavo
Sat 17 Sep	7:09pm	Havdalah (50 min)
Fri 23 Sep	6:05pm	Candle lighting
Sat 24 Sep		Parashat Nitzavim
Sat 24 Sep	7:14pm	Havdalah (50 min)
Sun 25 Sep		Erev Rosh Hashana
Sun 25 Sep	6:06pm	Candle lighting
Mon 26 Sep		Rosh Hashana 5783
Mon 26 Sep	7:16pm	Candle lighting
Tue 27 Sep		Rosh Hashana II
Tue 27 Sep	7:16pm	Havdalah (50 min)
Wed 28 Sep	4:53am	Fast begins
Wed 28 Sep		Tzom Gedaliah
Wed 28 Sep	6:57pm	Fast ends
Fri 30 Sep	6:10pm	Candle lighting



The Headless Chicken Dance

by Michelle Saffer

Illustration here by author of this article for this article -
Thanks Michelle!



When I saw the glittering blade in Rabbi Ryan's hand, I knew exactly what it was. He had taken it out of its snugly fitting box at the inaugural shul library meeting last month. It was my late father's shochet knife that he used for killing chickens.

Although, being a farmer and a devoted meat eater, he would have said "slaughtering" instead of "killing". He was adamant that but for an apprenticeship under a ritual slaughterer and rabbi's certificate - mere formalities - he was killing chickens just as a shochet, or ritual slaughterer, would.

I thought about this when Rabbi Ryan was talking about the interesting donations the shul had received, such as the shochet knife, and highlighting some of the donated books available for borrowing.

As a young child I would watch at the back of the house as a chicken, whose head my father had rapidly sliced off, would carry on running. Impressed, I decided my mother needed to know, and to admire my creativity.

I ran inside. "Mom! Mom! Look! This is the headless chicken dance!" Round and round I ran on the spotty lounge carpet with my head flapping left and right until I gave a lurch and lay on my back with my legs kicking in the air.

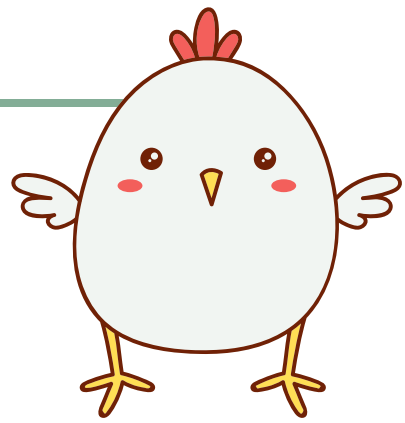
My mother, so supportive that she would laugh at my jokes even before I got to the punchline, seemed strangely lukewarm and it seemed that my usually adoring mother was backing grimly but tactfully out of the room which was witnessing the dying struggles of my interpretive dance.

It was many years later that I realised that perhaps the vision of a child flopping about like a headless chicken was a bit too raw. Also perhaps lacking artistry, but that had never stopped my mother's praise before.

Living on a livestock farm really did make you realise where food came from. We had some battery hens which lived their whole lives in cages, laying eggs which rolled down into a collection point. The idea of free range chickens had not crossed our minds. The emphasis was to maximise profitability, and living creatures were just seen as units of production or consumables.

To help us see how good a layer each chicken was, the hens were given names alphabetically and we would record how many eggs were collected per hen, to see if it was worth keeping. This was a job for my mom or me. Possibly my siblings helped, but childhood memories are often self-centred. I knew all the caged chickens' alphabetical names - especially G for Gertrude, my mom's hated middle name - and would diligently record the eggs when I collected them.

THE HEADLESS CHICKEN DANCE CONTINUED/ PG 2 BY MICHELLE SAFFER



My telescopic memory has it that we ate meat three times a day, with biltong in between for good measure and, after one chicken roast, my father announced with a rather satisfied air, "Well, that was Gertrude." He seemed amused by our horror.

That may have been the first step to my vegetarianism.

Rabbi Ryan's mention of the ritual knife made me look up shochets on the internet and I serendipitously landed on a history-lover's virtual library, with a story from the 1850 book by Bavarian-born Rabbi Joseph Schwartz, *The Descriptive Geography of Palestine*. Rabbi Schwartz was known as one of the foremost Palestinian explorers and geographers, according to the 1906 edition of *Jewish Encyclopedia*.

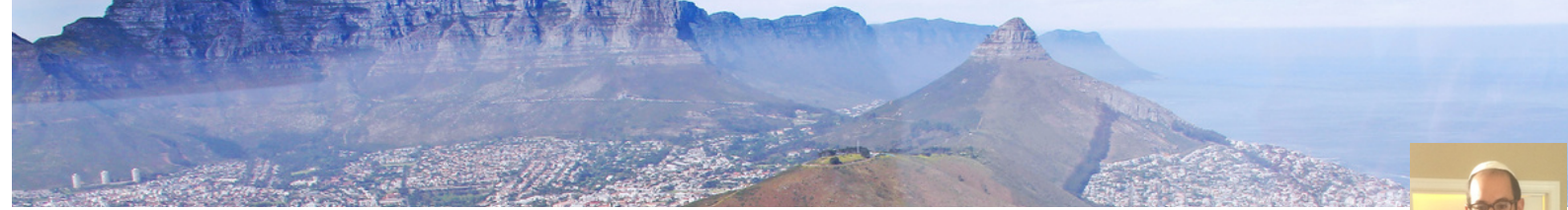
He retells the story of how "one day" the servants of the Ottoman Empire's pasha in Palestine summoned the Zafad Jewish shochet (which is helpfully translated as "killer"). Rabbi Schwartz writes: "... one may imagine his surprise to see a Bedouin lying bound, and to hear the Pacha giving him the command to slay this man, since he was a practised killer."

The shochet was in a panic because he knew that by complying, he would be signing his own death warrant as the Bedouin's clan would seek vengeance, blood for blood. Thinking rapidly, he tells the pasha that he cannot do it because once his hands are tainted by human blood, he would no longer be allowed to kill cattle, would lose his livelihood and "be sunk into the greatest distress".

The pasha, says Rabbi Schwartz, was deeply moved, not wanting to deprive a poor man of his only bread. So he whipped out his sword and "cut off, himself, the head of the Bedouin, out of pure compassion for the killer".

This is the kind of compassion would not give a thought to free-range chickens, but would certainly appreciate the headless chicken dance.

- L. M. Berkowitz's website is called Jewish-American History Foundation and Rabbi Schwarz's description can be found on <http://www.jewish-history.com/Palestine/shochet.html>
- The entry on Rabbi Joseph Schwarz can be found on www.jewishencyclopedia.com/articles/13342-schwarz-joseph and various online sites refer to or are selling his book, *The Descriptive Geography of Palestine*



SEICHEL Reflections with Rabbi Ryan

In Muizenberg, two things have happened recently in the Jewish community. Firstly, we started a Jewish library at the shul, which we inaugurated with a wine and cheese social meetup that was well attended. Welcome to the most Southern Jewish library in Africa! Thankfully many people have already both donated books as well as taken books to read. Books came in from London, Joburg, Amsterdam and other places. Books that span centuries as well as some that are so techno they even come with 3d glasses. Thanks to all who have so far contributed and we look forward to hosting more regular events in the library room, which is the old bridal room at the shul.

The second event we held recently was our first movie night in many years. It was also well attended and accompanied with our own flavor of hot toddys and popcorn. We chose an Israeli movie, Maktub, that has a unique plot. Two crime thugs in Jerusalem find a stack of money and decide to change the direction of their lives. They embark on a mission to correct their ways of the past by helping to fulfill the wishes of people's prayers that they have written and placed in the Western Wall (which incidentally the thugs have stolen from the Western Wall after people placed their notes within the cracks in the wall).

This movie got me thinking about a few things, which are relevant to ponder a month before Rosh Hashana.

Firstly, even street thugs have a path back to G-d, as the movie shows how people who beat people up for a living can purify their hearts if they only just make decisions to seek out goodness.

Many people think that they are so bad, or think such bad things, or have caused so much pain, or have broken their families and their friendships, or gambled their riches away, or abused their bodies beyond repair - that there is no hope. They think that the past is what defines them. They may even have lost hope in life itself. This movie shows how "bad" people - people who cause others pain for a living, even these worst type of individuals can change their ways in the blink of an eye. It is similar to the story of Jonah the prophet, who thought that those evil people of Nineveh had no hope and it was a waste of time to try and change them. But G-d knew that everyone has the power to change, and people sometimes just need a catalyst to rethink life.

Another idea from the movie was the concept of judging people. Naturally we think that thugs who are debt collectors and the like are the worst people and we automatically reject associations with such people. But within each person is a heart of gold. The movie shows how such people are really loving deep down. People naturally judge others. Its a tactic to protect ourselves from hurt and pain, and to achieve success as well. In our judgement we most often become too much of 'black and white' thinkers. Each and every one of us has many stories and also many scars. We have no idea what the other has experienced and what we can accomplish. We should remember, especially before the new year begins, that we should give people the full attention they deserve and not just judge people on one action they did or from one conversation we had with them.

Lastly, the movie shows how the power of prayer of one little boy that was said with conviction and sincerity, can actually come true. This little boy's only desire and his prayer at the Western Wall was that his thug of a father who had rejected him from birth will return to see his soccer match. I know that today many of us, if not most, have lost our faith in the power of our own prayer. We sometimes think that we are just saying words without meaning, relevance and any potential power. But for those of us that have prayed and witnessed change, we know that the power of speech is one of the most powerful forces that exist. We should try and test it this High Holidays and see if our own sincerity of the heart can change our lives. Lets see.....but be prepared for surprises.

Wishing everyone a happy month of Elul and a Shana Tovah - a year of blessings for us, our families, friends and the world at large. Lechaim to life!

HUMOUR: JOKES ABOUT DOCTORS WITH ABE CASPER



Doctors have never been among my favourite people, especially in the last couple of years. However, their popularity doesn't seem to have waned with Jewish mothers. A new thing I have noticed is that there are more and more women in the medical profession. Yet, will I provoke anathema if I confess that "my daughter, the doctor "doesn't have the same ring as "my son." Here are a few classics:

Doctor, doctor

A mechanic was removing a cylinder head from the motor of a Harley motorcycle when he spotted his cardiologist. - Dr Goldstein in his shop. Dr Goldstein was waiting for the service manager to come take a look at his bike when the mechanic shouted across the garage "Hey doc, want to take a look at this?" Goldstein, a bit puzzled walked over to where the mechanic was working on the motorcycle. The mechanic wiped his hands on a rag, straightened up and asked, "So doc, look at this engine. I open its heart, take the valves out, repair any damage, then put them back in, and when I finish, it works just like new." "So how come I make such a small salary – and you get the really big bucks. You and I are doing basically the same work." Dr Goldstein paused, smiled and leaned over, then whispered to the mechanic, "try doing it with the engine running."

Doctor's Bills

An old Jewish man goes to see one of New York's top medical specialists.

"How much do I owe you, doctor?" he asks.

"My fee is \$5000."

"5000!" the man exclaims. "That's impossible."

"Fine, in your case," the doctor replies, "I suppose I could make it \$3000."

"3000? Ridiculous!"

"Well, can you afford \$1000?"

"A thousand dollars? Who has that kind of money?"

Frustrated, the doctor says, "just give me \$800 and we'll have done with it."

"I can give you \$200, take it or leave it."

"I don't understand you," says the doctor. "Why did you come to one of the most expensive doctors in New York City, if you don't have any money?"

"listen doctor." says the patient. "when it comes to my health, nothing is too expensive."

Doctor's Orders

A doctor was addressing a large audience.

"The food we are consuming is killing us. Red meat is awful. Soft drinks corrode your stomach lining. Chinese food is loaded with MSG. High fat diets can be disastrous and nobody realizes the long-term damage caused by germs I our drinking water. But there is one thing that is the most dangerous of all that we have eaten, or will eat. Would anyone like to guess what food causes the most grief and suffering for many years after eating it?"

After several seconds of quiet, a small 75-year old Jewish man in the front row raises his hand and said "Vedding cake?"

My son the doctor.

Leah meets her old friend Naomi and they start talking about their families. "So, how's your son getting on?" Leah asks. "Oy," replies Naomi kvelling, "what naches my Sheldon gives me. Now he's a qualified doctor and has just opened an office in the city. His patients all work for the top banks, insurance companies, brokers, you name it. Sheldon is a very good doctor. You should see him for a check-up."

"Listen, Naomi," says Leah, "I am in perfect health, but why would I need a check-up."

"Don't worry," says Naomi, "My Sheldon is such a good doctor...he'll find something."

Second-guessing the doctor

Old Marvin Himmelfarb laboured his way to the doctor's office and said: "Doctor the pharmacist said to tell you to change my prescription and to check the prescription you've been giving to Mrs Smith."

Oh, he did, did he? "the doctor shot back. "and since when does a pharmacist second guess a doctor's orders?"

Mr Himmelfarb replied: "Since he found out I've been on birth control pills since February."

The rabbi and the doctor

Dr Goldstein moved into the neighbourhood and began attending the local shul. Rabbi Feldman was delighted and it wasn't long before they were helping each other in their work, Rabbi Feldman referring patients to the doctor and Dr Goldstein telling patients about the shul.

One referral from the doctor called the shul asking for copies of the rabbi's last four Shabbat sermons. Rabbi Feldman was pleased until he discovered the patient's problem was insomnia.

GERALD'S MUIZENBERG HALL OF FAME

with Gerald Musikanth

When I owned and ran Rustenburg Pharmacy in Muizenberg for over 22 years, many interesting and well known personalities came into the pharmacy and wrote a personal note to me and a photograph was either taken there and then or an appropriate photograph was sourced. These were pasted into my many and varied large albums.

This practice was started when I ran Rustenburg Pharmacy in Rondebosch where personalities from all walks of life popped in and signed my big albums with messages and pics. Some of these personalities "followed me" to Rustenburg Pharmacy in Muizenberg and signed my Muizenberg albums as well.

My albums contain so many interesting people and those who have looked through them are bowled over (and yes we have many cricketers' pics as well) by the variety and interesting newspaper clips and, of course, the photos.

From sportsmen and women, international and local film stars, ballet personalities, actors, medical heroes to so much more, these albums are fascinating and very special to me.

Our first personality in this monthly newsletter is none other than Shaun Tomson.....

Shaun Tomson is a South African professional surfer and former world champion, environmentalist, actor, author and businessman.

He has been listed among the top 10 surfers of the century, and was the 1977 World Surfing Champion.

Shaun Tomson, the legend, was inducted into the International Jewish Sports Hall of Fame in 1995.

The first pic is of Shaun in the pharmacy when visiting Muizenberg and the second is from an article which appeared in the Corner Chat brochure a few years back.....



My wife Carla and I recently spent a perfect Sunday down at Muizenberg - mid winter and 25 degrees. I have travelled all over the world and surfed most of the world's best breaks but nowhere else have I ever seen so many smiling faces in and out of the water. All over the world surfing is about one surfer, one wave, and line-ups everywhere have become overly aggressive as surfers angrily try to hold on to their territory. At Muizenberg I watched 20 surfers ride a wave together and everyone was having a great time. Stoked is that almost indescribable feeling of joy that a surfer gets from riding a wave and there is just not enough of it in surfing right now. But at the tip of South Africa a wind of change is starting to blow and I'm hoping it will blow across the surfing world. To me, Muizenberg is the world capital of being stoked.

Shaun Tomson - San Diego - California

INTERVIEWS

with Abe Casper



Ronnie Gerdies

Ronnie Gerdis, a regular visitor to our shul, has been the animating spirit behind the Rondebosch Hebrew Congregation for many years. I interviewed him for the Megillah.

Tell me about your background.

I have spent most of my life in Cape Town. My father was from the Caledon area and my mother from East London. My older brother, the late Milton, was born in 1943 and I came along in 1949. We attended the Claremont Public School (where I was a prefect) and completed our schooling at Westerford.

You were thinking about a career.

My brother went into accountancy. I wished to imitate him. I needed to do Maths as a subject but it was my weak subject so I did not pursue the idea,

Did you have to into the army?

Yes. Though I had a piece of luck. The army wouldn't have me. Apparently I had flat feet.

What happened then?

When I came back from the camp, I had to go to work. I did not have the benefit of technicon or university training.

What work did you do?

I worked mainly in accounting and admin.

Can you give me some examples of the businesses you worked for?

For about seven years I worked for Zippo Lighters. My current job is with a family firm that owns property in Cape Town and Johannesburg. I have been with them for eight years. I do accounting and admin work like salaries and other admin. functions I also do the books for subsidiary companies.

Where did you meet your wife Mathy, who grew up in the Congo and whose family is from the Sephardi community which originally came from Rhodes?

We met at an engagement party in Muizenberg. The following year the Company I worked for transferred me to Pretoria for a year, A short while later, Mathy, who was working for Barclays Bank got herself transferred also. Our relationship blossomed from then on and we were married at Muizenberg Shul in 1973.

Tell me about your love of hockey.

I started playing in High School. In Standards 8 and 9 I played in the First Team. Then for twenty years I played for a club Techs Hockey Club based in Newlands and achieved the Club Captain position.

What about the Jewish side of your life?

I was very involved in the HOD. ORGANISATION. I joined in 1981 and I worked my way up from secretary to treasurer to vice-president to President in 1999 At present I am the Vice president and have been in this position for the last four years as we have had no installation because of Covid.

Tell me about your connection with Rondebosch Shul.

In my youth we stayed in the lower end of Claremont. My parents attended the Old Claremont Shul. I had my bar mitzvah at the Rondebosch Shul as we lived nearby. After that we alternated between both shuls. In the 1980s I became a member of Rondebosch. I was secretary an subsequently vice-president. When the President left in 1995, I succeeded him in 1996. I still hold that position today after twenty-six years. I don't think anyone in Cape Town today could make a similar claim.



MICHAEL BAGRAIM, MP
DEPUTY SHADOW MINISTER FOR
EMPLOYMENT AND LABOUR
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT



PARLIAMENT
OF THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

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ANC to review stance on Israel

During the Ramaphosa years Israel seems to have taken centre stage in South Africa's foreign policy. Despite the fact that Israel has very little to no influence on South Africa and likewise South Africa has very little to no influence on Israel, the matter is debated ad nauseum in Parliament and in the various portfolio committees of the South African Parliament.

The governing party, the ANC, appears to be almost obsessed with placing the Israel - apartheid debate high on its agenda. It is ludicrous to think that the agenda is so heavily influenced by the Middle East when in fact back at home we have real problems stretching from the highest unemployment in the world to the lowest productivity in the world. Over and above this, over 90% of our municipalities are bankrupt and service delivery is very close to extinct in half our country. The ANC have placed the matter on the agenda again for their National Executive Council conference and again they are looking for harsher ways and means of punishing Israel. It is common knowledge that we have not had an ambassador to Israel since 2018 and now there is a very strong push to try and disallow the Israeli Ambassador to be present in South Africa. It is common knowledge that Israel as a country is extremely innovative and can help South Africa from agriculture to medical science.

South Africa does have an embassy of Palestine who are working hand in glove with the ANC in desperately trying to cut ties altogether. Before President Ramaphosa we didn't see such vitriol. Either the President is aiding and abetting the attack on Israel or he has merely stood aside to allow the very loud and aggressive local Hamas supporters to set the agenda. Either way, we will be seeing the Middle East debate take centre stage as opposed to issues that really affect us.

Colin Shapiro's Corner

Best picks from the internet



An Obituary printed in the London *Times.....Absolutely Dead Brilliant!!*

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as:

- Knowing when to come in out of the rain;
- Why the early bird gets the worm;
- Life isn't always fair;
- And maybe it was my fault.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an aspirin to a student; but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death,

- by his parents, Truth and Trust,
- by his wife, Discretion,
- by his daughter, Responsibility,
- and by his son, Reason.

He is survived by his 5 stepbrothers;

- I Know My Rights
- I Want It Now
- Someone Else Is To Blame
- I'm A Victim
- Pay me for Doing Nothing

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone.

If you still remember him, pass this on. If not, join the majority and do nothing.

Very well written piece. Should circulate to all those who still have the common sense to understand what this piece is all about.

Y I Z K O R

i n m e m o r i u m

dedicated by
Abe Casper

Chaim
CASPER:
(1903-1967)



My father, Chaim Casper, passed away in tragic circumstances when I was sixteen. In a time when so many are growing up fatherless I can say that at least I had the benefit of having a father for the first few years of my life.

My father came to South Africa from Lithuania at the age of seventeen. He was the youngest of a family of nine. Unlike his older brothers who only went to cheder, he had a secular education.

He spoke Russian and many years later could recite poems by Pushkin by heart. He worked in the butchery trade. Most of the time he owned shops in Salt River. He had always loved Muizenberg and when he married he built a house there. I still live there today. Before his marriage he lived with his sister, first in Wynberg, then in Muizenberg.

My father married late. This was because he was working to bring his brothers and sisters over from Lithuania. Only when this was accomplished did he feel ready for matrimony.

My father loved the shul. He joined as soon as he moved to Muizenberg. Unfortunately, the nature of his business made it imperative for him to work on Shabbat but he made a point of attending Shacherit on Sundays. He was also a regular at the Tuesday evening Bible Classes. He befriended Rabbi Rabinowitz.

The people of that generation had a strong sense of family. Though he only had one free day a week he would often drive far to visit a sibling or cousin. Every Sunday would begin with a visit to his sister in Watson Road.

My brothers and I didn't see as much of my father as we would have liked. He left for work early and returned late. We only really saw him on a Sunday. He loved walking and we would often walk from Muizenberg to Kalk Bay. This was before the days of the walkway. These were precious moments when he would tell us stories about his life in the Old Country.

My father looked young for his age. Into his sixties he still had jet-black hair. He never wore a hat except when he went to shul.

My father was always afraid that our generation would be spoilt by the affluence in which we lived. He insisted that I earn my pocket money by working in the shop at weekends.

In short, he was a mensch. He is still missed after half a century.



HELP US TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE FOR THEM

**Bikkur
CHOLIM**
JEWISH SOCIETY
FOR VISITING THE SICK

KESHER MEANS CONNECTION. OUR AIM IS TO BRING
TOGETHER CHILDREN WITHIN OUR COMMUNITY AND HELP
THEM TO FORM LASTING CONNECTIONS TO JUDAISM.

Camp Kesher is an annual holiday camp held in December
in Lakeside, Muizenberg, Cape Town, for children in our
community who for financial or other reasons do not have
the means to be able to go on holiday or to other camps.

Our unique camp experience fosters the idea of "creating
connections" and in doing so offers our campers an
unforgettable holiday where they not only have fun but
get to experience the joys of Shabbat and Jewish values.
are taught valuable life skills and are able to develop
meaningful, lifelong relationships in a safe and nurturing
environment.



CAMP KESHER

Camp Kesher is run under the auspices of
Bikkur Cholim - The Jewish Society for
Visiting the Sick, and was originally known
as Bikkur Cholim Camp, where generations
of Jewish families made lifelong
connections, while creating unforgettable
memories.

YOUR GENEROUS DONATION WILL HELP US TO BE
ABLE TO SEND MORE KIDS TO CAMP, ALLOWING
THEM THIS UNIQUE HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE.



Account Name: Bikkur Cholim
Bank: FNB
Account No: 62769624844
Account Type: Current

All donations will receive a Section 18A certificate

WWW.BIKKURCHOLIM.CO.ZA

Help support local Camp Kesher

Call Neil to get food picked up and
Delivered to Tikvah Food Bank:
0832651252

OUR SHELVES ARE EMPTY **URGENT**

**MORE THAN 360 JEWISH CAPE TOWN
FAMILIES ARE DEPENDENT ON THE
COMMUNITY FOR THEIR BASIC NECESSITIES &
FOOD. THE FOODBANK PROVIDES FOR THOSE
IN DIRE NEED.....**

**THE
FOOD
BANK.**

We are appealing to the community to donate
non-perishable items, toiletries or cleaning materials
to the Foodbank so that we can continue to
FILL UP our monthly food parcels. The items include:

NON-PERISHABLE KOSHER ITEMS

Macaroni, Spaghetti, Rice, Peanut butter, Fish Paste, Jam, Chutney,
Mayonnaise, Tomato Sauce, Pasta Sauce, Soya Mince, Margarine, Eggs,
Tuna, Oil, Long life Milk, Baked Beans, Peas, Sweetcorn, Chopped and
peeled tomatoes, Tomato and onion mix, Tea, Coffee, Biscuits, Provita,
Salticrax, Jungle Oats, Weetbix, Corn Flakes, Sugar, Black bags, Tin Foil,
Cling wrap

LUNCH BOX ITEMS

Packets of chips, Mini biscuit packs, Fruit rolls, Popcorn, 250ml still water,
250ml juice box

TOILETRIES

Deodorant, Toothpaste, Toothbrush, Shampoo, Conditioner, Soap, Body
Lotion, Face cloths, Sanitary pads, Razors, Toilet Rolls

CLEANING MATERIALS

Washing Powder, Handy Andy, Jik, Dishwashing Liquid



JEWISH
COMMUNITY
SERVICES
CAPE TOWN



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
CONTACT NEILL 083 2651252

this is an iCAN initiative

Community notices

Welcome back - Cecile Buirski and great to have
you back after your milestone bday. A year of
blessings.

Get Well - Monica Jacobson and hopefully see
you soon in good health.

Bon Voyage - Ros Rubenstein and Breanna and
have safe and wonderful stay overseas and look
forward to see you upon return.

Mazeltov Tristan Nel and family for your
barmitzvah this weekend. Thank you Lee for
sponsoring the Kiddush!

Mazeltov Max Romm on your 90th Bday. Thanks
for sponsoring Kiddush and we look forward to
celebrate with you.

Mazeltov Gabriel Kluckow on your upcoming
barmitzvah before Rosh Hashana. Thanks to
Loren and Craig for sponsoring the Kiddush and
look forward to celebrate with you.

Mazeltov Gerald Seftel on a milestone bday and
happy bday to Sharon too. Look forward to see
you both return soon in good health.

Bon Voyage - Farrel Strul. Enjoy USA and come
back in good health.

Condolences - Gene Mangion and Cindy, Ari
and Bevan Bulmer on the loss of Fay of blessed
memory. May you all be blessed with a good
and long life, and condolences to whole family.

Thank you - Paul Kahanowitz for your projector
and speakers for movie night. Thanks Neil
Salipsky for helping setup and ladies guild for
food snacks.



HAPPY BDAY TO CECILE BUIRSKI WHO CELEBRATED WITH FAMILY IN AUSTRIA, THE OPENING OF THE SHUL LIBRARY, RUTH CARNESON LAST DAY OF ART EXHIBITION WITH PERSONALIZED TOUR, TOURIST VISITORS FROM USA WITH SOME LOCALS, VIEW OF MUIZENBERG FROM ST JAMES PEAK IN AUGUST, RUTH REICHLIN WITH FAMILY IN CHICAGO FOR MILESTONE BDAY OF HER DAUGHTER



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