

Pacific Community
of Cultural Jews



CHAI-LIGHTS

April 2017

Pacific Community of Cultural Jews

Orange County, CA 714-739-1366
PacifComm@aol.com www.pccjews.org

Pacific Community Passover Seder

As Cultural Jews, we will use our Secular Humanist Haggadah as we commemorate the Jewish people's exodus from slavery in Ancient Egypt and reflect on its relevance to oppressed peoples in our own times. We will reaffirm our personal responsibility to the oppressed while we celebrate our own freedom.



Saturday April 15, 2017 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.
at the Bluffs
2414 Vista del Oro
Newport Beach, Ca 92660

The Seder is a potluck event. All participants will be asked to bring a dish to share. Look for the sign up sheet from Suzy Baron. Please RSVP to Suzy Baron at 714-639-4906 or bryonbaron@sbcglobal.net no later than April 10, 2017.

Members: No charge Non-members: \$20.00

Hi Everyone,

Happy Spring!

I would like to say a big Thank You to Terry Waslow, CSJO Executive Director, for spending an afternoon with us. It was both informative and enjoyable. I believe the 14 members that attended the Meet and Greet felt a concrete connection to CSJO. Terry gave us background and answered questions.



April is Seder time. I hope you can join us to read the Haggadah and have a wonderful Seder meal.

....and a few words from Eleanor Roosevelt.....

“Age needs the company of youth.”

“To leave the world richer---that is the ultimate success.”

Leslie Zwick

DINE OUT

April 22, 2017 11:30 a.m. (Lunch)

Stonefire Grill

18727 Brookhurst Ave.

Fountain Valley, CA

714-968-8300



Please RSVP to Karen (Knechtfour@aol.com)
no later than Apr. 20th.

PHILOSOPHER'S CAFÉ

(Our Friendly Discussion Group)

April 28, 2017
7:30 p.m.

At the home of
Jerry & Leslie Zwick
6182 Pickett Ave
Garden Grove
714-893-2715
JerLesZ@verizon.net

RSVP by Apr. 26, 2017

No Cost event

FILM CLUB

There will not be a Film Club for the
month of April. Look for May's
Chai Lights for the next Film Club.



Happy Birthday !

Milt Bernstein - 4/10
Jerry Zwick- 4/14
Arnold Klugman - 4/21
Steve Leiken - 4/29

Happy Anniversary

Dan Goldberg & Greta Singer - 4/9



My Mom's Kitchen

by CeCe Sloan

A laboratory with flowered curtains . That was our mother's kitchen when I was a child. There was always a pot of something or other boiling on the stove ready to have a mélange of whatever was waiting. "I'm making a soup" was the stock answer to the "what are we having for supper?" question. Despite the many tributes to my mother's cooking, she was often dismissed as a sentimental cook by the emerging modern homemakers entering the family. Ironically, in today's times, her comfort food is showing up in the neon-lit diners found in hip suburban malls. Like any art, good food relocates itself in time and place.

Even now as I think of her at the stove, I feel like weeping. If I was anywhere near the kitchen, chopping onions was assigned to me. The pungency of the onions I had to peel and chop are indelibly stamped upon my skin. I have my own built in scratch and sniff kit in the palm of my hand. The onion was the queen of the ingredients used in a recipe, held in place by my left hand as my right hand sliced and coarsely chopped this miracle food enhancer. Who knew that someday there would be a food processor that would slice and chop onions in moments? Smashed garlic joined the onion awaiting its flight into the pot. Soup du jour came served in flat rimmed soup plates , not bowls, "those were used in institutional settings" The soups were referred to by hyphenated titles. there was Russian borscht, hot or cold, mushroom barley, beef lentil, chicken noodle, lima bean, split pea, winter and summer vegetable and others not worthy of being identified for insert into her mental recipe file.

But the food of foods, the equivalent of an out of the park home run, the three cherries on a slot machine, an academy award movie, an Olympic goal medal, this was her majestic Gefilte Fish. Majestic, not for its size, color or strength. This is a food of delicacy. Yes, I've heard all the jokey questions like, "what waters is this fish found in?" or "...how many inches is the fish?" French chefs will call these perfectly formed oval-shaped fish diamonds, Quennelles. We affectionately call them, Fishballs. My father would say that "there were racehorses who would get out of the starting gate with startling speed and steadily fall back, but your

mother's gefilte fish was in the money from start to finish." My husband swore he proposed to me just so that he would be in the family of the fishmaker. Divorces were put on hold and short separations took place because the loss of the specialty of the fish would be too painful. The verbal recipe has gone from being on the endangered species list to becoming woefully extinct. Like a classic early 20th C. American writer whose works are out of print. A Theodore Dreiser, a John Do Passos...

Accurately measured ingredients were never recorded and no one ever questioned the cook's memory, knowing it changed for the quantity of guests expected to partake in the feast. The names of the fish used had a feisty ring. There was carp, pike, buffle and whitefish ...and they were ground up twice in a grinder, one time was not enough to de-intimidate these specimens. Then the fishmeat was further blended with a sturdy metal chopper whacking out any tough strains. Various spices, eggs, the ubiquitous onion and some variety of meal were whisked together to become a pale pinkish-gray glop that miraculously held together and was gently slid into the simmering liquid on its first step of the voyage towards holiday table stardom.

The simmering liquid had already become a magical cauldron of heads, fins, tails, more onions and the mild mannered sweet carrots steaming away in the flavorful broth. The eyes of the fish heads staring up at you as you slide the by-products into the deep abyss to be metamorphasized from denizens of the deep to graceful plattter with slim slices of orangy carrots on each piece and to await further adornment of deep red horse radish. My mother's legacy to all who dare.....



RECIPE OF THE MONTH

This is our once a month contribution to your meals and desserts. If you would like to submit a recipe, please send it to Bernice Stein at jstein7901@aol.com.

SHIRLEY SPIEGEL'S NOODLE KUGEL



Ingredients-

8oz wide egg noodles	5 eggs
3/4 cup sugar	1 pt sour cream
1 pt cottage cheese	1 1/2 tsp vanilla
1 cup white raisins	2 cups milk
1 stick of butter, melted	Crushed corn flakes

Heat oven to 350°

Cook the noodles, drain, set aside

Spray a large casserole dish w/Pam

Beat eggs well.

Add sugar, vanilla, cottage cheese, sour cream, raisins, butter and milk.

Mix well and pour into the prepared pan.

Top with crushed corn flakes



HE ESCAPED AGAIN AND AGAIN

Leo Bretholz was born in Vienna, Austria in 1921. His father, Max Bretholz, was a Polish immigrant who worked as a tailor. His mother, Dora (Fischmann) Bretholz, also Polish, worked as a seamstress. He had two younger sisters.

When the Nazis annexed Austria to Germany in 1938, many of his relatives were arrested. Bretholz escaped by swimming across the Sauer River from Germany to Luxembourg. Arrested several days later, he was deported to Belgium, where he lived for eighteen months, attending a trade school. When World War II broke out, he was arrested by the Belgians as an enemy alien, since he was an Austrian national. He escaped under the internment compound fence and spent the next ten months with relatives in France. When the deportation of French Jews reached their town, Bretholz hid with an uncle in the mountains. He and his cousin Albert Hershkowitz sneaked on foot across the Swiss border, but were stopped by a Swiss Mountain Patrol and sent back to France, where Bretholz was sent to the Drancy internment camp. On November 5, 1942, Bretholz was deported with 1,000 other Jews headed for Auschwitz. With his friend Manfred Silberwasser, he pried the bars from a window and leaped from the train. Arrested again in Paris, he spent nine months in prison (one month in solitary for having escaped for two days) and then one month in a labor camp. In October 1943 he again escaped from a train, this time carrying slave laborers to Toulouse -- where he joined the Jewish resistance group Compagnons De France. Although Jews were only about 1% of the population of France, Jews comprised 15-20% of the French Resistance.

Bretholz immigrated to the U.S. in 1947. He moved in with relatives in Baltimore, Maryland. He married Florine Cohen in 1952. The couple had three children. After receiving official notice of the deaths of his mother and siblings in the Holocaust, he began to speak publicly of his experiences. He published his memoir *Leap Into Darkness* in 1998. He sued the French state-owned railway to take responsibility and pay reparations for the 76,000 Jews it had transported to their deaths. This lawsuit, filed in US courts, was not successful. Leo Bretholz died in 2014 at age 93.

REMINISCENCES OF SHIRLEY SPIEGEL (1922-2017)

Shirley's friends wrote some things about their relationship with her. She was an interesting, opinionated, amusing, warm person. We all enjoyed her and will, of course, miss her.

ABOUT SHIRLEY - BY SIMA BERNSTEIN

Milt and I met Shirley about two years ago. It was the first activity of the PC that we attended. It was movie night at Shirley's. When we arrived, she came to the door and welcomed us in. Told us she had been expecting us and said, "Come on in Bubaleh". That was Shirley; made us feel very welcome.

Over the past two years we have driven her to and from the PC events, as well as to other activities. The woman had quite the social calendar. I was constantly on her back to bring her walker and she constantly argued with me that she didn't need it. She usually won the argument.

Last year I decided to learn to play the ukelele. Boy, was she excited. I took three lessons and quit. She kept trying to talk me into learning to play. I never I did. So, now I've decided to learn to play...I've already signed up for lessons. And I'll dedicate my attempts to her. As I kept telling her, she was one tough broad.

REMEMBERING SHIRLEY - BY JERRY ZWICK

One of Shirley's favorite Pacific Community activities was the Philosopher Café. She always had something to add to the discussion, many times based on her experiences with the military, police and ukulele groups. (Not to brag, but she said she liked my topics the best!) But don't get her started about the current administration in Washington---Oy! She spoke her mind and didn't have much of a filter. Thus her comments were valuable and highly entertaining. She was loved by all of us and will be sorely missed.

REMEMBERING SHIRLEY - -BY BERNICE STEIN

Shirley Spiegel was certainly a unique person. From the time she came into my life more than fifteen years ago, working with my late husband, Jack at the Huntington Beach police department as members of the Retired Seniors Volunteer Patrol (RSVP), she was that little ball of fire we came to know and love. She had an insatiable desire to learn and do new things and was always right there when something needed to be done. She and her husband, Seymour joined the Pacific Community and she immediately became active on the Board. She became Program Chair, hosted the film club and took an active role in many of PC events. In addition, she took up the ukulele and joined a ukulele group that played at many public venues? including the Pacific Community annual meeting.

Shirley was always right there to speak up when she felt something wasn't? right, often using colorful language. This too was part of her unique persona.

She was a loving mother and wife, a dedicated member, a generous human being and a good friend. She will be remembered and she will be missed.

SHIRLEY'S EGGPLANT SALAD RECIPE- BY DAN GOLDBERG

Shirley Spiegel was my friend for the nine years that I have lived in California. Every so often, she would present me with a small container of her eggplant salad because she knew that I liked it. Here is the recipe which I will have to make myself now that she is gone.

one medium eggplant, unpeeled and cubed one cup chopped onion one red pepper, chopped
one cup chopped celery half a can of black olives 1/3 cup red wine vinegar 2 tsp sugar ½ tsp salt
one cup tomato puree

Saute and simmer for a half hour. Serve warm or cold

REMEMBERING SHIRLEY - GRETA SINGER

The following is a verbatim conversation with Shirley Spiegel who died on February 8, 2017. She was the oldest member of the PC and a treasure to all who knew her. At her memorial a male friend spoke and called her "irrepressible". This phone call was in July, 2016. Greta and Shirley talk on the phone:

S-Hello; It's Shirley.

G- I know; how are you doing? Isn't it almost your birthday?

S- Yes, I am 93 today.

G- Oh, I'm so sorry. I thought it was tomorrow. I got the date wrong. Did you have a good birthday?

S- It was the best, best birthday of my life.

(Note: Shirley had two happy marriages and three sons)

G- How come?

S- The boys (in their 60's) came and took me out to lunch.

G- That's lovely. All of them?

S- Yes, and they stayed all day. And brought me the most wonderful present.

G- What's that?

S- That's why I'm calling you. They brought a Klezmer DVD. an hour long. It reminded me so much of Brooklyn, the old neighborhoods, the music. Do you like Klezmer?

G- Yes, I do like it.

S- Do you think the group would like to see the DVD at the next movie club meeting?

G-Why not. It's something Jewish; it's pretty music.

S- You know how they don't appreciate Brooklyn like you do. That's why I called you.

G-Of course I appreciate Brooklyn; I love Brooklyn; it's my home.

S- I'm so glad you're saying this. It is my home also. What a wonderful birthday I've had.

G- Again, happy 93rd.

2016 - 2018 PACIFIC COMMUNITY BOARD MEMBERS

President	Leslie Zwick	jerlesz@verizon.net
Vice President	Lee Jacobi	LeeJacobi123@gmail.com
Secretary	Nancy Okamoto	949-386-0400
Treasurer	Bryon Baron	bryonbaron@sbcglobal.net
Membership	Nancy Okamoto	949-386-0400
Hospitality	Vacant	
Program Coordinators	Suzy Baron	bryonbaron@sbcglobal.net
	Karen Knecht	Knechtfour@aol.com
Publicity	Sylvia Rothman	sobaysyl@aol.com

COMMUNITY AND BOARD POSITIONS

SHJ Representative	Lee Jacobi	LeeJacobi123@gmail.com
Board Members at Large	Jerry Zwick	jerlesz@verizon.net
	Bernice Stein	jstein7901@aol.com
	Greta Singer	danandgreta86@yahoo.com
	Di Bunin	DBF331@hotmail.com
Newsletter Editor	Karen Knecht	Knechtfour@aol.com
Sunshine	Cheryl Cohen	Ccohenca@Cox.net
WebMaster	Vacant	

Chai-Lights is published monthly by the
Pacific Community of Cultural Jews,
Orange County, CA
Phone: 714-739-1366
Email: PacifComm@aol.com

For an electronic copy, please provide your
email address to:
Editor: Karen Knecht
PCChaiLights@aol.com

Affiliated with
The Society for Humanistic Judaism
and
The Congress of Secular Jewish
Organizations



Pacific Community
c/o Karen Knecht
7238 El Viento Way
Buena Park, CA 90620