Lag B’Omer BBQ

Being Jewish and living in Scotland requires a sense of adventure. In a country with a small scattered Jewish community it takes a bit of effort to include and encourage everyone to identify with the Jewish world. Lag B’Omer is a holiday that does just that, celebrating a day in our past when the Jewish people recognised that in spite of our differences there is more to bind us together as a people than divide us.

For the third year the communities joined together to celebrate a post Lag B’Omer barbecue at Beechraigs Country Park, Linlithgow. A typical bracing spring afternoon saw 70 – 80 people come from Brechin and Dumbarton, Glasgow and Edinburgh to do what we all like most – eat and talk – and to relax and enjoy the community spirit.

Such an event depends upon the vagaries of the weather and we were not let down. Following a week of heavy rain and cold winds it was dry and, after the barbeques got going, warm. The real warmth came from being part of a group of friends and making new friends. The informal gathering provided an opportunity for friends who have only met on the Net to finally meet face to face for a short time and for families and old friends to renew acquaintances across the country.

The Lag B’Omer gathering is one of a series of informal events, meals and tiyulim organised to celebrate our Jewishness in an informal and welcoming way. No membership is needed - it is open to all and we look forward to many more similar events, and the friendships that develop through them.

IRVING HYMAN

Welcome to the 10th Four Corners!

Over the last year we have reported success for the Scottish Council: we obtained our very own legislation, celebrated an encyclical with the Cardinal, hosted the Chief Rabbi’s second visit to the Parliament, and even influenced the Kirk’s Middle East policy! We do this for you, not for ourselves, and we are therefore especially grateful for the information you gave us in response to our questionnaire.

Four Corners has really taken off, and even some townies have asked to be on the mailing list! Thank you for your positive feedback, and for all your articles - please keep them coming, especially if they shed light on some forgotten corner that is forever Scottish, Jewish, or preferably both!

THE JOINED-UP SCOTTISH MATZAH RAMBLE

In the spirit of previous successful events the Scottish joined-up Jewish community were invited to let the spring winds blew away the cobwebs, meet new friends and expend some calories on Sunday Chol Hamoed Pesach. Travelling from East and West a small group of walking enthusiasts came to Stirling University campus for an initial leisurely stroll around the beautiful gardens, ponds and walkways, spotting a variety of birdlife and the occasional rabbit testing the spring air. In the grounds of Airthrey Castle we spread picnic blankets under the old firs and oaks and munched our matzot, fish balls and obligatory boiled eggs, sheltering from the only short-lived rainy outburst of the day.

The sun quickly broke through again, the group divided and a small but enthusiastic group of walkers headed steeply up to the Ochil ridge, then eastwards along the peaty surface of the hills. The path led to the 418m summit of Dumyat the highest hill of the southern Ochil ridge. There we found a beacon basket and trig point as expected, and, surprisingly, also memorials to the Argyll and Sutherland volunteer regiment, testimony to the commitment and sacrifice of local people during the world wars of last century. We enjoyed spectacular views of the Wallace monument and the upper Forth river valley meandering past the towns of Alloa, Alva and Tillicoultry towards the estuary.

AN ANONYMOUS RAMBLER

Please send us your comments about and contributions to Four Corners

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Four Corners is available on the web: www.j-scot.org.uk
We first lived in Scotland in the 1960’s following our marriage. We had been introduced to Aberdeen and the Orkin family by the British Association for the Advancement of Science Summer conference whilst students in London, and we returned initially as post-grad students the following year and stayed for 5 years as Frank became a lecturer in the Medical School and I became a teacher. Our 2 sons were born there and the Rabbi came from Edinburgh for the brit and a trainee rabbi came for the High Holyday services. We made very good friends amongst the small community and it was our first experience of a ‘self-help’ community where the regular Shabbat services were taken by community members who would also offer kosher hospitality to visitors to the city. We got our kosher meat from Glasgow or Edinburgh, or even from London sent by my father via British Rail. Other shopping was available at kosher deli’s in Glasgow and Edinburgh. We enjoyed being part of a small close-knit community of all shades of orthodoxy and culture.

In 2002 when Frank retired we returned to Scotland, a dream of mine for the previous 25 years, this time though to the north-west Highlands. Through Phil Orkin we were introduced to Jacqueline Speyer and what is now JNAH. We had spent a large part of the intervening years as part of a large Jewish community in South London, increased our family with 3 daughters and to date we have 8 grandchildren. Our last six years in England were in Marlow where once again were part of the small, close-knit, ‘self-help’ High Wycombe Hebrew Congregation. This time it was Frank who was the main celebrant for the Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur services, a role he still takes on each year, as this is a vital part of keeping these services going for the Community.

So what did we expect when we arrived in Gairloch?

Well, living here in this beautiful place is even better than we hoped and the dream has been truly realised; the only ‘fly’ in our ointment is the vicious highland midges which think I am the local gourmet kosher restaurant, though luckily only during the summer months. We have been very pleased to have made new Jewish friends via JNAH – I always expected that there would be Jews in the Highlands and so far we have met new ones each year we have been here, now approaching ten within a hundred or so miles of Inverness, plus all those from further south that we meet a JNAH events. We have to travel a lot further and meetings are therefore less frequent, but with JNAH and SCoJeC we still feel in touch. We still manage to keep kosher, although we were surprised that now our meat comes frozen from Manchester because there is no longer a kosher butcher in Scotland, and a choice of shops is a thing of the past. Thank goodness for modern technology that means car ‘fridges’ enable us to travel the 250 miles from Glasgow to Gairloch with the meat still frozen (and this from an avowed technophobe).

We still celebrate Shabbat each week, though without a community, and we still have our two Seder services and are delighted and grateful that our children and grandchildren make the long journeys (from London, Bristol and Budapest etc.) to spend Passover with us; and we are also happy to welcome any other Jewish friends in the area, continuing a tradition we first met in Aberdeen. Being part of small, isolated communities means my Judaism both as a religion and a culture is more important than when in a large community where everything is provided easily.

An unexpected (and pleasant) result of living in the Highlands and being involved with JNAH and SCoJeC is that the Highland Council has made contact with us to ask if they can put any Jewish incomers to the area – especially from the enlarged EEC – in touch with us if they need advice relating to Jewish matters. We have also received phone calls and e-mails from Jews in or moving to the Highlands wanting information on synagogue services and kosher shops within easy distance. We have to tell them not within our area, but as we knew this when we moved here it hasn’t been a problem for us. The Council was also very helpful about allowing us to delineate a Jewish plot in the local burial ground.

We have been made very welcome in our small village and our return to Scotland has been all we hoped for. A few weeks ago as we came out of Hello Deli in Glasgow we were greeted by ‘Hello Frank – you’re a long way from home’ so you see we are still part of the Jewish community, just one with a very large geographical spread.

VALERIE HOUSE

TOP LEFT: THE SPRING VIEW FROM OUR HOUSE
BELOW: CHOL HAMOED PESACH
Moving to Scotland
CONTINUED

Notes from a Luftmensch

As I sit in my study and look over the shores of Loch Shensoup, it seems a long journey that has brought me here, to a world of contrasts.

Let me first explain my choice of title: in mittle-Europe before the Shoah, one of the many pejoratives hurled at Jews was being Luftmenschen – “air people”. No we couldn’t fly – what it was intended to convey was that we were a rootless, cosmopolitan, wandering people (all evil notions to the rising fascist movement). The thing is, it was true for many of us – either through persecution, or through inclination we traveled. Which is why you can find Jews in the furthest flung corners of the earth, even here in deepest darkest Argyll.

Like so many, my Grandparents were hurled from Poland and Russia impelled by the coming Shoah. They escaped death and destruction, washed up on the shores of fortress Britain. They settled in the East End of London shaping a future for themselves. Then with the “you never had it so good” era of the 50’s my parents moved from the outskirts of the city, to the daringly suburban South East. I was brought up in a small town about 50 miles from London and about 50 yards from several Synagogues. Sunday mornings were spent getting the shopping and the gossip from the deli, and I enjoyed living there and growing there.

Yet – isn’t there always a “but” or a “yet” in these stories? – I never felt rooted or fixed, or at home in that small town on the Thames. I think it was the Luftmensch genes working within me, but I longed for somewhere else. In my early teens I followed the hippy trails and found no tranquility, in my generation’s searchings. With marriage came responsibility and necessity for a settled life, but still the Luftmensch inside would tug and pull. Some places seemed to have an attraction greater than others – North Wales, Ireland, Canada – but always my favourite place, the place I associated with home, a spiritual home, was Scotland. Beyond words like feeling, and emotion and sentiment I can give no explanation. Yes there are many things I miss but I have also gained much. There is no logical reason why one place should “speak” to the neshich within more than any other but sometimes, as in matters of love, logic goes through the window.

But so far this has been a very self-centred exploration. I live and exist within a family unit, and without my family’s agreement, we would still be in the South East. Many long nights were spent discussing passionately the pros and cons of moving leaving old friends and making a new life – was it the right thing to do? I don’t know; ask me again in 20 years. Am I glad we did it? Yes I thank HaShem every day for this life.

The other day I trudged up through our hills (to me they are mountains, especially when my feet hurt) and looked over a small hidden Loch known locally as Loch Inkoph, and as I sat watching the breeze ruffle the dark mysterious waters, I felt at home – the Luftmensch had put down roots.

Dagan Lev’s Story

I was born in 1975 at a small kibbutz called “Evron” in the North West part of Israel about 15 kilometres south of the Lebanese border. I met Wendy, my wife to be, in the kibbutz. She came to volunteer there and after a couple of years living with me in the kibbutz we came here to Fort William where Wendy is from.

The British Mandate of Palestine which lasted about 20-30 years left its mark on the new founded country of Israel – most of our bureaucracy, government structures and military hierarchy is similar to the British ones. We also managed to absorb quite a lot of British entertainment before the yanks got the best of us in the late 70’s. I vaguely remember watching episodes of “Are You Being Served?” and “Only Fools and Horses” on national telly before the yanks got the best of us in the late 70’s. I vaguely remember watching episodes of “Are You Being Served?” and “Only Fools and Horses” on national telly and about 20 years. Am I glad we did it? Yes I thank HaShem every day for this life.

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JON FREEMAN

Burial of Bibles
ON THE ISLE OF LEWIS

What should be done with old religious books which have been so well-thumbed that they are past repair? This was a problem that recently faced the people of the Isle of Lewis. Many very well-used bibles, often in Gaelic, had been handed in to the local charity shop because the now elderly children of their original owners didn’t want to throw them away and didn’t know how else to dispose of them.

Reverend Kenneth Ferguson, the local Free Church minister, knew of the Jewish practice of placing such books and scrolls in a genizah and subsequently burying them in a cemetery rather than having them destroyed, and he decided to hold such a burial at Swainbost.

More than 40 people attended the Gaelic and English ceremony, which Reverend Ferguson described as “a unique event in the history of this community”. He explained “the reason for this practise was the respect of the Jews for the name of God” and recounted a “similar practice followed in our own communities, when the head of a household would quietly and reverently bury a tattered family bible in his field, rather than throw it among the common rubbish.”

He reminded the congregation that “although burying these bibles out of sight, it is not to say that the bible has no relevance for the present generation. Quite the contrary – the bible continues to be the world’s best selling book in all the different translations we have today.” The Rev. emphasised that “although we love and respect the bible we do not worship it. In and of itself is paper and ink, words and sentences.” He paid tribute to the bibles’ owners, saying “that we have so many well-used bibles from a past generation is a testimony to their love of this book. They loved their God and they loved one another” and now the community was “carefully, respectfully, thankfully laying aside these books through which a previous generation worshipped and praised and got to know their God.”

Four Courners Footnote

Jewish tradition treats books as though they are living scholars. Jews do not leave books open, as though abandoned. That would be insensitive to their “feelings.” Closed books are left face up and a lesser text is not placed on top of a more important one. When the leaders of a Sefer Torah crack beyond repair, and when religious books become old and unusable they are deposited in a vault or separate room, called a genizah or buried in a grave.
I pause to take another swig from my water bottle, squinting in the sunlight reflected off the white Jerusalem-stone of the buildings. It's hot here in Israel, hot and dry. They type of weather we Scots don't have much experience with. A brief episode of dehydration earlier in the week has made me wary, and I force myself to down a bottle of water whenever I feel a headache coming on.

As the summer heat builds to intense proportions, so too the spiritual climate is becoming dry and fierce. First comes the fast of the seventeenth of Tammuz, commemorating the Roman breaching of the Jerusalem city walls after a protracted eighteen month siege. Then follows a 3-week period of semi-mourning culminating in the most depressing event of the Jewish year, Tisha b'Av, literally, the ninth of Av, the day the Temple was destroyed. We demonstrate our grief on this day by severely limiting our normal activities. We don't eat, we don't drink. We don't wash, we don't put on perfume, we don't wear leather shoes. We abstain from sexual relations. We sit on the ground until noon and we don't even greet each other. We try not to engage in business, or in fact, to do anything fun and enjoyable at all. We don't even learn Torah in case it makes us too happy. Not a day for the faint hearted!

But why? Not only is the practical observance of this day extremely challenging (a Jewish event without food?!), is it even warranted? The Torah delineates various stages of the mourning period that people go through after the death of a relative. The longest stage is a year. After this time, mourning is over, and although the dead person is not forgotten, the bereaved re-enters and fully partakes of normal life. If there is a time limit on mourning a human being, shouldn't there be one on mourning a building? Why are we still grieving for a structure that was destroyed thousands of years ago?

This raises the question, why did we ever mourn the destruction of the Temple? When a person leaves the world, we know exactly what we are mourning - we miss them, their individual constellation of character traits, their unique personality. We feel the world is lacking for want of their presence. What do we lack without the Temple, especially now that Israel is not the shattered desolation the Romans left it, but a thriving modern state, its streets bustling with Jews from all corners of the world (including Scotland!).

What would having the Temple add to this?

‘G-d said to Moshe, “Make for me a Sanctuary, and I will dwell within them.”’ (Shemot 25:8)

Note, say the commentators, within them - the people, not within it - the building. The purpose of the Temple was to enable us to build such a tangible connection to G-d that it would be as if He lived among us. The Temple was not just a building, but was designed to inspire and teach each individual how to bring G-d into his or her life.

How did a mere structure of bricks and mortar fulfil such a grandiose task? In many ways, both practical and mystical. The magnificent edifice of the Temple was filled from dawn to dusk with songs of praise and inspiration sung by the Levi'im. The Cohanim carried out ceremonies laden with symbolic significance intended to inspire and enthuse the throngs of people who came to Jerusalem to learn how to serve G-d. The Mishnah lists 10 miracles that occurred on a regular basis in the Temple, including the wonder that the fire on the altar never went out no matter how heavy the rain was, and that the pillar of smoke always went straight up no matter how strong the wind was. What is a miracle but the lifting of the veil of nature to reveal the creative hand of G-d? Constantly viewing these revelations turned ‘belief in G-d’ into certain knowledge of His presence.

On a mystical level, tradition states that the Temple below was built exactly opposite the Temple Above, meaning that the Temple was the ideal interface between the upper and lower worlds. In fact, the Temple is compared to the neck (Rashi on Vayigash, Genesis 45:14) for just as the neck connects the head and the body, the Temple connects the upper and lower worlds. All prayers go up to Heaven funnelled through the site of the Temple.

So what are we lacking without the Temple? Why do we sit on the ground and recite poems of lamentation? We are mourning the lack of G-d in our lives. The fact that we take the physical at face value, not seeing the Divine spark that gives each thing its existence. And that is a loss that never grows old, that we can never allow ourselves to forget, for then we would doom ourselves to eternal superficiality, unending exile from the Divine Presence.
At almost 98 years of age, Glasgow artist Hannah Frank, is currently enjoying a resurgence of interest in her work. She is the last living link to the Scottish Art Nouveau movement and the Arts and Crafts period; her drawings are described as ‘Beardsleyesque’ and her sculptures have been favourably compared to those of Henry Moore.

Hannah’s mother, Miriam Lipetz, grew up in Edinburgh in a family of seven children, and was an accomplished seamstress. Her father, Charles Frank, originally from Valkomir in Lithuania, trained as an engineer in Frankfurt and then came to Glasgow in 1905. On 23 August 1908, the day that Hannah was born, he opened a camera and optical instrument shop in Saltmarket which was to become one of the best known camera shops in Scotland. Later the family moved from the Corbals to Dixon Avenue, Crosshill.

Hannah showed early promise as an artist, winning a prize in the Jewish Chronicle Young Israel ‘Go As You Please’ competition for ‘an excellent black and white sketch’. At Albert Road Academy she was encouraged to take up art full-time, though she also achieved excellent grades in Latin and English.

Hannah studied English and Latin at Glasgow University and participated in the Glasgow University Jewish Society, attending their debates, rambles, meetings, study circles, and holidays. After graduating from the university with an MA in 1929, Hannah went on to Jordanhill Teacher Training College, and was a primary school teacher until her marriage in 1939 to Lionel Levy, whom she met on a GUJS ramble.

From 1927 until the 1960s Hannah also attended evening classes at the Glasgow School of Art, where, in the 1950s she began to move from her trademark black and white drawings to sculpture, studying under Benno Schotz, then head of the Art School, who became the Queen’s Sculptor in Ordinary for Scotland.

Today Hannah lives comfortably in Westacres, the Jewish Care home in Newton Mearns. The fruits of her 75 year artistic career are on display in her bedroom and in all the public areas of the Home, and are much admired by staff, residents and visitors alike.

The next issue of Four Corners will include an article about Hannah’s artistic style and more photographs of her work. In the meantime you may like to look at her website, www.hannahfrank.org.uk
Thank you to those of you who returned the questionnaire included with Four Corners at the end of 2005. Here’s a summary of some of the things you told us.

Demography
✦ People living in the smaller Jewish communities tend to have been there for over 10 years and expect still to be living there in 5 years time. Many of those who moved into the smaller communities within the last 5 years also expect to stay for at least the next 5 years.
✦ Most people consider easy access to a Jewish community to be very important and the majority of those who don’t rate it so highly say it’s one of the things they consider when deciding where to live.
✦ Most people would like to be more involved with their local Jewish community but find this difficult because of long distances and the unavailability of suitable public transport.

Access to goods and services
✦ Almost everyone has to look beyond their local Jewish community at times to access specifically Jewish goods and services. Examples ranged from Chanukah candles, kosher meat and Passover food to circumcision, burial services and Jewish education.
✦ Most people don’t think that services provided by their local council, GP or hospital take special account of any needs they might have as a Jewish person.

Experiences of antisemitism
✦ A significant minority said their friends and neighbours don’t know they are Jewish – which may not surprising given that more than half of the responses were from people who have experienced antisemitism.
✦ Some responses pointed out that the media and public at large often identify Jewish people very closely with Israel and that, as a result, criticism of the Israeli government and its policy can sometimes provoke or become antisemitism.

Conclusions – and what is SCoJeC doing about them?
✦ Overall, the Scottish Jewish community is shrinking and aging, but there may be a small increase in the Jewish population in the more rural and isolated areas of Scotland.
✦ Living away from a settled Jewish community does not imply that people do not require access to specifically Jewish goods or services.

SCoJeC provides a forum for people in the different Scottish Jewish communities to talk to each other and to become aware of each other’s needs. These communities include the Jewish Network of Argyll and the Highlands (which is made up of people living out with any of the settled Jewish communities) and students at Scottish colleges and universities.
✦ Service providers, particularly in the more isolated and rural areas, may not be aware that there is a need to make specific provision for Jewish people in their area, or may not publicise such provision effectively.

SCoJeC is involved in raising awareness about the Jewish community and its needs with bodies such as the NHS, Local Councils, Police and the Procutor Fiscal. It can help in specific cases either by providing information to individuals, communities and organisations; by providing contact details to enable people to follow up issues themselves; or by raising concerns itself with the body concerned.
✦ The local Jewish community may not communicate its needs effectively to service providers.
✦ This communication may be hindered by some people’s hesitancy to reveal that they are Jewish, in many cases due to a fear of triggering antisemitic incidents.

SCoJeC provides information and support to enable people to approach local service providers.
✦ Antisemitism – and the fear of antisemitism – are significant issues for Jewish people throughout Scotland.

SCoJeC has raised and continues to raise this with the Scottish Parliament and Executive, the Police, Prison Service, NHS, and many other organisations. We encourage everyone to report all antisemitic incidents to the police and to the Community Security Trust (details below) which monitors the level of antisemitism across the UK. We would also ask you to tell us about any incidents so that we can ensure that our reports to organisations such as those above are up-to-date.
✦ The work of the Council is highly appreciated by people living in both small and large Scottish Jewish communities and by individuals and small groups living out with any settled Jewish community.

What can we say? – Thank you!