



4th Annual
6th Grade (Vav) Heritage Fair
March 28, 2017
Temple Emanu-El of Closter, NJ



March 2017

Dear 6th Grade Families,

It is my absolute pleasure to present the 4th Annual 6th Grade Heritage Fair Booklet for your family to cherish and enjoy for years to come. It is our hope that by studying their own heritage, each 6th grader has made a connection to their past that will inspire them for the future and we have instilled the importance of , לדור ודור From Generation to Generation, into each child.

I would like to thank Christiina Buchert, the school's Administrative Assistant for her tireless efforts on making this booklet and the wonderful displays at the Heritage Fair. I would also like to thank 6th grade teacher Karen Eilenberg for her dedication and enthusiasm to this project and her invaluable ideas and vision for making the Heritage Fair the success it became. I would like to thank Naama Heymann for constant support and encouragement for this program and her dedication to all of the Temple Emanu-El students. Lastly, I would like to thank all of the students and their families for their hard work and support of this program, it takes a true partnership for success!

B'Shalom,



Adam Schwartzbard

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WWI Hero
Russia
1900s
Ethan Albaum

For the Heritage Fair, the heirloom that I chose was a rare picture of my maternal great-grandfather Aaron Fischer. This picture is hanging on the wall at my grandma's house (his daughter). The picture was taken before WWI in the early 1900s.

My great-grandfather was a WWI war hero and part of the Russian Cossacks. The Russian Cossacks were fearless, brave and some of the best military soldiers in the Russian Army. Aaron Fischer was part of the Cossack Calvary. It is said that he saved over a hundred men when he alerted them of an enemy surprise attack. He was out on patrol when he spotted the enemy forces. He rode his horse at full speed for a long distance back to his camp. It was there he alerted his squadron of the Enemy advance. The Cossacks would never have been able to defend themselves if not for the warning of Aaron Fischer.

The picture is important to me and my family because it reminds me of the courage and bravery shown by my great-grandfather in troubled times. He put the lives of his comrades before his own. One day, I hope to be as fearless as he was. I would like to hang this picture in my house when I have a family. I learned the importance of watching over others and helping at all costs, just as I learn by being part of the Jewish community.



The Toolbox of a Hardworking Man
United States
1960s
Etan Ben-Ishay

My item is an old toolbox. It is from the 1960s. It was owned by my grandpa, Sol Copeland.

The toolbox includes many different tools. It has a hammer, a saw, and a digging tool. It is precious because it is irreplaceable.



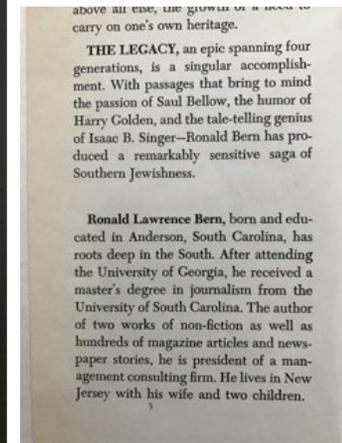
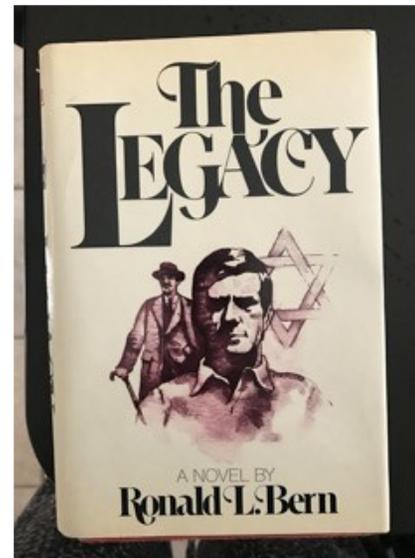
“The Legacy” A Book Written By My Grandfather
South Carolina
1970s
Jake Bern

My heirloom is a book that my Grandfather wrote, titled The Legacy. The book takes place in Anderson, South Carolina in 1975, which is where he grew up. The pages of the book were typed on a typewriter and were bound together with glue. My family gained possession of this book when my Grandfather gave my dad a copy of the book for him to keep. It is now stored on the bookshelf in the family room. My dad was the first in my family to acquire this object when his dad gave him an inscribed copy.

The story behind this object is that my Grandfather wrote a story about growing up Jewish in the South. He wrote the story of a boy coming of age in a small community during World War II. This object is important to me because it is a book that was authored by my Grandfather and has been read by lots of Jewish people who appreciated what he had written. He was also asked to read it to many Jewish organizations and groups around the country on a lecture tour. This is important to my family because we are very proud of what he had written and it shares some of the stories that made him what he is today.

My parents have read The Legacy, they have read parts of it to us, and sometimes they loan it to relatives and friends to read. I am beginning to read it. I intend to use this object in the future by sharing it with my future kids and will keep it in my bookcase in the family room.

What I learned about my Grandfather is that he fought against bullies and stood up for himself. What I learned about the Jewish community is Jewish kids struggled in South Carolina because there were not that many other Jewish kids like him. The main things my grandfather enjoyed growing up in the South were hunting and fishing. He was able to do them with other kids whether they were Jewish or not. In conclusion, my heirloom is my Grandfather’s book, The Legacy.

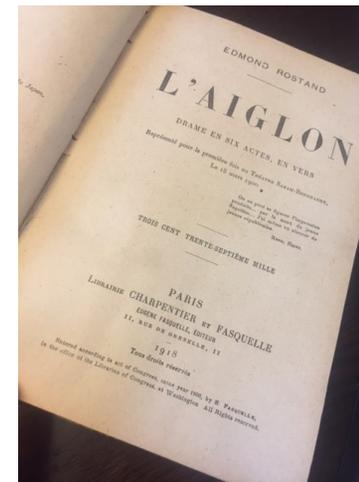
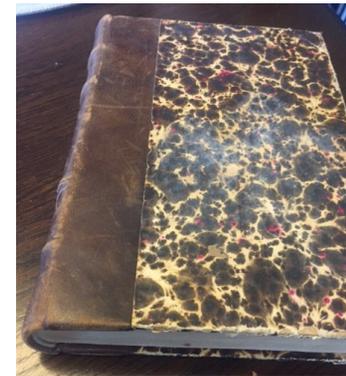


*A 100 Year Old French Book Gifted to my
Grandfather by a King
Cairo, Egypt
1900s
Wyatt Besnoy*

My family heirloom is the book L'AIGLON - a French book that is over one hundred years old. This book has been in my family for as long as I can remember. The story is that my family lived in Cairo, Egypt at the turn of the century and my Great-great-grandfather worked with the king of Egypt, King Fuad. When King Fuad learned that his son was an avid reader, he gave him this book to give to his son, Solomon Matalon {my Great-great-grandfather}.

The book is written in French because all the Europeans spoke French at the time, the children were taught French in school and books were imported from France. My Great-great-grandfather, Solomon, a young boy at the time, loved the book, keeping it with him always. After he passed away at the age of 33 years old, poisoned in a land dispute, my Great-grandmother was given this book as a memento of her father, which was then handed down to my grandmother.

In 1958, my grandmother's family was forced to leave Egypt but she still held onto the book. She carried it to Paris and then eventually on the boat to America. The book reminds me of the hardships my family went through before coming to America as well as a glimpse into their life in Egypt. This book has been in my family for generations and it is very special to us.

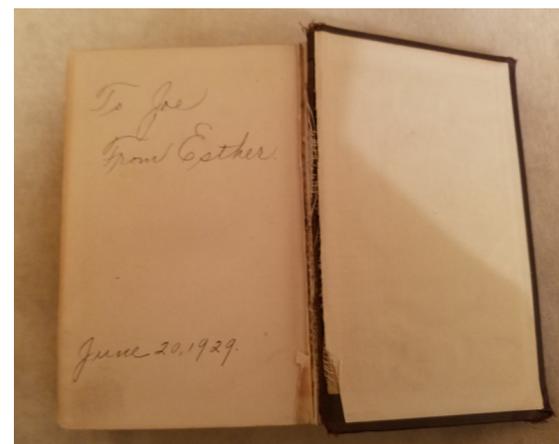


1920s Siddur
New York
1929
Sam Carlin

This siddur belonged to Joseph Carlin, my great-grandfather. He was born in Russia and had 10 brothers. Out of all of them, he was the youngest. His father, Abraham, was a Grand Rabbi. People would come from great distances to see Abraham. When Joseph was a young man he escaped from Russia and made his way to America. He settled down in Boston, Massachusetts. At first, he worked as a plumber. Later, he opened a hardware store in Plymouth, Massachusetts, which was later passed down to my grandfather, Alan. My father worked in that store when he was about my age.

This siddur was a wedding present from Joseph's wife Esther. The object was made in New York, in 1929. Esther gave the siddur to Joseph in June, 1929, which was about the time of their wedding. We know this because of the inscription on the front cover that reads, "To Joe, From Esther June 20, 1929." Esther's parents were also Russian immigrants, but she was born in Boston.

Over 80 years later... the siddur is still in use at my home, where it is stored in a bookcase. The siddur is of great importance to us for many reasons. First, we are able to daven with the same siddur that Joseph used over 80 years ago, connecting us to him through Jewish observance. Also, it has an inscription from Esther to her husband. This is important because it shows the relationship and love between Esther and Joseph. Finally, not many people are able to see an old-fashioned siddur, which is quite unique. It is kind of amazing that a siddur that looks so different and that is so old has exactly the same prayers, blessings, etc. that are in our siddurim that we use today. In conclusion, the siddur connects us to the past, reminds me of stories of my ancestors, and is very meaningful to us today.



Grandfather's Talis Bag
New York
1952
Adam Fredman

My heritage object is the talis bag and talis that my Grandpa David used for his entire life starting at his bar mitzvah. The talis was bought on the Lower East Side of Manhattan and my Grandpa used the talis mainly at the Ocean Parkway Jewish Center in Brooklyn, NY where he grew up then at Temple Neve Shalom in Edison, NJ where he was a member with my Grandma for almost 40 years.

Being Jewish my Grandpa valued the relationship with his family above all else. As a way to honor his values, all of his grandchildren decided to bring his talis bag to any special Jewish event we go to that we know he would want to be at. It has already been to two of my cousin's and my sister Margot's bar/bat Mitzvahs, and I plan on bringing it to my bar mitzvah too. Even though we do not wear his talis since all of the grandchildren get a new talis at their bar mitzvahs, just like my grandpa did, it is very comforting for us to carry his talis bag during these special events.

The talis is made of Pure Silk so it has yellowed over the years but we plan on leaving it in the talis bag and passing it down for generations to come.



The Purple Heart Medal
United States
1945
Emmet Goldberg

My heirloom is a Purple Heart medal. It was awarded to my Great-Grandpa John Bergmann in November 1945. President Harry S. Truman awarded this medal to him. My family proudly displays the Purple Heart in our living room for all to see it.

In June 1942, my Great-Grandpa was drafted into the US Army. Then in May 1944 he was transferred by his request to England just in time to participate at the Normandy invasion. There he was severely wounded in his hand by a mortar shell. This same shell killed his commanding officer. My Great-Grandpa was hospitalized for a year and then discharged for medical reasons. He returned to civilian life in November 1945 decorated with this Purple Heart, the Bronze Star medal and several battle stars.

This heirloom is important to me because it was earned by my Great-Grandpa and given to him by a President. It is also one of the few items my dad has for us to remember him by. I learned from this object that my Great-Grandpa was a war hero and helped defend the Jewish religion. I hope my dad gives it to me so I can one day pass this onto my eldest child.



Great-Great Grandparent's Menorah from Russia

Russia

1940s

Aidan Hunter

My heirloom is my great-great grandfather, Louis Lev's, menorah. The menorah was made around 1940, but it was definitely made before 1945. The menorah is made out of brass, so of course it has a golden tint. Louis Lev and his brother escaped with their wives, and his brother's young boy from their home country of Russia to America. The two brothers escaped in 1911 after being drafted into the Russian army for World War I. They didn't agree with the views of the Russian Government, so they decided to come to America and start a new life. Louis, his wife, his sister-in-law, and his brother couldn't take anything with them except themselves. Louis' wife was 8 months pregnant on the boat over to America, so the people who worked on the ship allowed her not to stay in steerage like the rest of them.

In around 1940, around the time when my Bubbie was born, her grandfather, and my great-great grandfather bought the menorah. It was used during every Hanukah by my Bubbie and her family. It was passed down to my great-grandfather and then to my Bubbie. The menorah is special to me because you use it with oil, not candles. It reminds me of the story of Hanukah. It's also special to me because it's going to be my Bar Mitzvah gift from my Bubbie and Poppy. The menorah is currently used by my Bubbie and Poppy on some Hanukah's, not all because it's very special to my Bubbie as it's the only thing she has from her grandfather and she doesn't want it to be ruined. When I receive the menorah I intend to use it during Hanukah and whenever I light a menorah.

I never knew that my great-great grandfather escaped from Russia. It surprised me a lot the manner in which they left as well. I really didn't know about them escaping at all, and it makes me think about my ancestor's differently. I learned that even in 1911 many Jewish people hated the Russian government. They felt they were being mistreated even then. Louis Lev and the other people that went on the boat over to America with him hated the Russian government so much that they would escape Russia and emigrate to America. I knew that they hated them in the 1930s and 1940s, but not in 1911.



My Great Grandfather's Prayer Book
Poland
c. 1900
Matthew Isaacs

This weathered and tattered Prayer Book was brought out of Poland near the turn of the century (circa 1900) by my Great Grandfather, Oscar, who escaped Poland (near the border of Russia) during the Pogroms. A pogrom is a violent act aimed at the massacre or persecution of an ethnic or religious group, particularly one aimed at Jews.

My Great Grandfather, Oscar, emigrated to NY and gave the Prayer Book to my Father when he was a young boy, prior to his Bar Mitzvah in 1976. While the Prayer Book has suffered some damage, including the loss of the leather cover and several pages, it is a prized family heirloom in that it reminds us of where we came from, the challenges my Great Grandparents faced in Eastern Europe, and the endurance of the Jewish tradition. The pages are a bit yellowed and brittle, but the Prayer Book remains as a symbol of the challenges my family overcame and the spirit of our community. While my Great Grandparents had few possessions and not much money, they protected and carried this prayer book with them as they made their way to America. They understood its importance and treated it as a treasured possession as it travelled across the ocean with my Great Grandfather and survived.

Perhaps before my Bar Mitzvah, my Dad will pass it on to me for safe-keeping and as a reminder of our family history. While it is clearly not in the best shape physically, I feel that it symbolizes the challenges the Jewish people have managed to overcome. It is more than 100 years old and I imagine my Great Grandfather using it to pray in his schul. Maybe I will do the same one day soon.



A Set of Porcelain Food & Spice Storage Jars
Czechoslovakia (Eastern Europe)
Early 1900s
Abigail Kushman

What is a family heirloom? A family heirloom is a valuable object passed down in a family for several generations. The family heirloom I chose to learn about is a set of seven porcelain canisters.

The canister set was made in Czechoslovakia, created sometime between 1910-1920. Our family acquired this object April 24, 1922 from my great-great grandmother, Esther Ginsberg. She acquired the jars the day before my great grandmother, Libby Ginsberg was born. Esther bought the canisters at a local store on the Lower East Side, in New York City.

The canisters have a white background and are hand painted with multi colored flowers surrounding the border, with a condiment labeled in black. They are made of glazed ceramic. Originally there were ten jars but three broke during moves (oil, salt and sugar). The jars that remain are labeled cinnamon, tea, rice, vinegar, coffee, flour and pepper. Esther bought them because she needed somewhere to store her condiments and spices in her kitchen. But she couldn't afford all of them at once so she paid for them on a layaway plan. The final payment was made on April 24, 1922, the day before Libby was born.

The canisters are important to me and my family because they have been passed down for four generations and have been in six households according to the memory of Esther. Right now they are stored in my Aunt Hillary's kitchen in Canada and they are being used by condiment name. I hope to inherit these canisters someday and have them in my own kitchen. I learned so much about my family from this project and I hope I can continue to share this story from generation to generation.



*Honorable Discharge Papers from the Secretary
of the Navy to My Great-Grandfather*

United States

1946

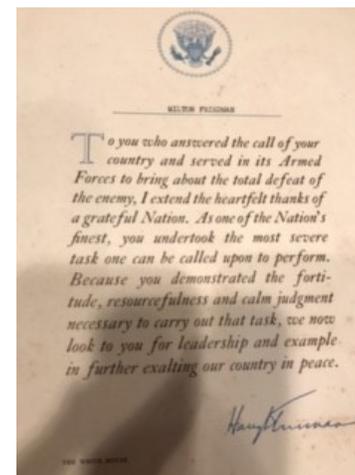
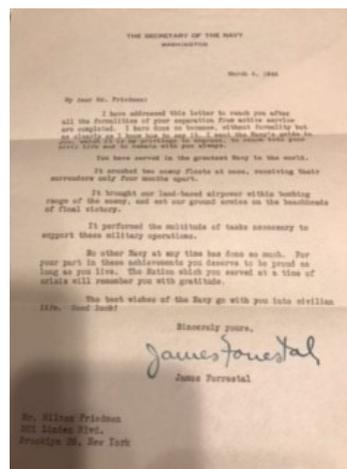
Isaac Levinson

On February 12, 1946 my great grandfather Milton Friedman received these honorable discharge papers from the secretary of the navy.

He received them after serving in the navy. They thank him for his service, to his country. This is important to my family because he took pride in being in the navy.

He was a very brave man and in these papers it shows that the people of our nation respected him for it. When we look at them we have a lot of pride. We are so grateful to him for his service.

We now keep these in an envelope. This was a very interesting subject to learn about and I really enjoyed it.



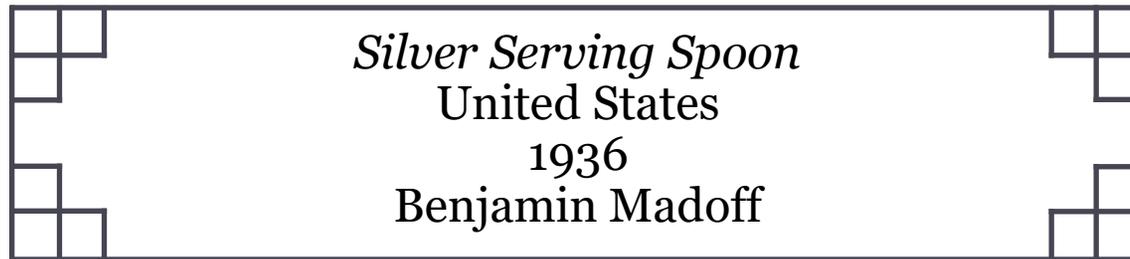
Wrist Watch
United States
1900s
Emma Madoff

In 1936 my great-grandmother, Sarah Bullock, got a beautiful watch for a wedding present from her husband, Benjamin Dunn.

When I was little and found the jewelry box, I took out the watch and wore it. I got in trouble. The watch has diamonds and emeralds and they sparkle in the light. This watch is very old.

It was made in the USA in the early 1900's. It does not work now. We kept it as a reminder of past generations and more generations to come.





This is my Great-Great-Grandma, Esther Bullock's serving spoon from a Shabbat silverware set. She gave it to my Great-Grandma, Sarah Dunn on her wedding day in 1936. This spoon was used for special holidays as well as for Shabbat. This spoon was made in America. It looks old-fashioned and has been enjoyed by our family for many years.

When my Grandma, Enid Dunn, married my Grandpa, Fredrick Smith or "Pop-Pop" on May 30, 1966, My Great-Grandma, Sarah or "Ma", passed down the set to her daughter, Enid. To this very day, this spoon is still being used and is enjoyed by our family on special holidays and Shabbat. This was a little scoop of history!

Just a note, my grandma, Enid is now called "Ma", continuing our story until the next chapter in our family's history.



Great Grandmother's Kiddish Cup
Romania
1900s
Chase Marks

My Great Grandmother, Annie Moscovitz parents came from Romania in the early 1900's.

One of her parents possessions that she really admired was the silver Kiddish cup that they bought from a local craftsman. When they immigrated to New York, this was one of the possessions that she kept.

As she got older, she gifted the Kiddish cup to my grandmother, Stella Marks. My father said it was on the table for every special Jewish holiday, especially Passover. When my grandmother passed away, one of the only things that my father wanted from her possessions was the Kiddish cup. It's proudly displayed in our cabinet.



My Dad's Stamp Collection
Moldova
1970s
Joshua Milman

All the way in Moldava, around 1973, lived a man named Edward Milman. When he was only 5 years old (1978) he got a couple of stamps from his relatives in Israel. He wanted to keep them forever, so what he did is he steamed the stamps off the envelope where the stamps were placed. And from there, something sparked in his head. He was going to start a stamp collection! Little did he know that he would be collecting stamps until he was 15.

During the time when the USSR still existed, stamp collecting was very popular there. My dad also started collecting stamps around that time. What you would do is simple; collect and trade. Kids like him would trade stamps at school, and even during special meetups where people exchange stamps for stamps. If you take a look, the back page was full of stamps that he would not keep, but is ready to trade with. Some stamps, like the four mushrooms, are a collection. This makes them more valuable and easier to trade with, and will most likely give you a good stamp in return. My dad's stamp book is organized; if you get a good look at each page, they are divided by categories like: Plants, Sports, and Animals. Also, on the LAST page (cover) you can see a "CCCP". This is Russian for USSR, which means it is a product of Russia.

The book cover has a trumpet on the front, and is made out of cardboard. Before each page, a piece of wax paper covers it (from getting dirty). The wax paper is soft to the touch, but is necessary for the stamps to be safe. After the wax paper comes the page, which is a very thick cardboard as well. The way the stamps get held up is by a transparent strip of plastic that goes across each page.



*“The Unspoken Bond” - a book written by my cousin Gloria
New York
1980s
Noah Parker*

The **Unspoken Bond** is a book written by my cousin Gloria Black and is about my Jewish ancestors (great, great grandparents) immigrating to this Country in the early 1900s. I chose this book for the Heritage Fair because it shares one family’s story of assimilation in America and was written so that the Jewish history, ancestry, and customs of my family (like so many other Jewish families) would not be forgotten over time.

The book follows my great-great grandfather Lazarus’ journey from Russia to the Lower East Side of New York City and tells stories of what it was like for my great grandmother Edith, and her all siblings, to grow up Jewish during hard economic times.

For instance:

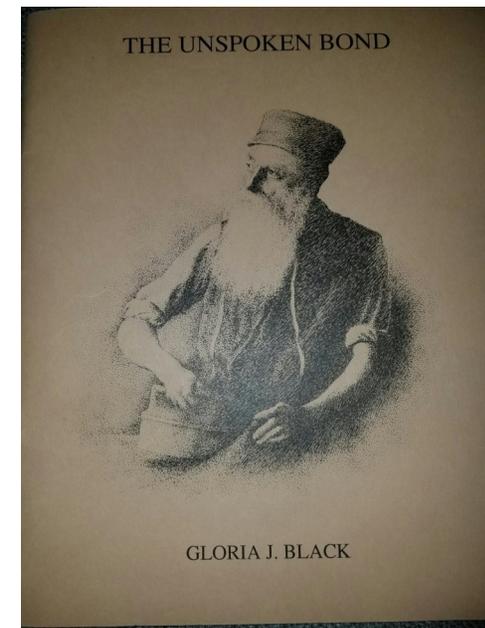
My great-grandma Edith Goldberg tells the following story:

***“One day there was a knock on the door. Someone asked if this was the Goldberg’s apartment and delivered a chicken to my mother. We plucked the feathers off the chicken and prepared it for cooking. No sooner did the chicken go in to the pot, there was another knock on the door. It was the delivery man once again. He said he made a mistake. The chicken was for Rabbi Goldberg, who also lived in the same building on Madison Street. Although the chicken was already in the pot, we returned it. Instead of the Good Lord giving us the gift of the chicken, my father had .35 to buy chop meat to feed the family.*”**

My great uncle Murray tells the following funny story:

***“I went to the movies. I had a dime to spend and was very hungry. I was going to buy a candy bar, but instead spotted a machine which said ‘Charmain.’ I couldn’t imagine how they could get a hot meal into that machine. But, thinking I would rather have this delicious chow mein, I put in my dime, pressed the button, and fine spray of perfume hit my face. No chow mein, no dime, no candy bar.”*”**

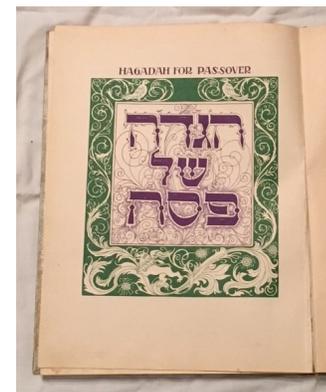
The book is filled with heartwarming stories like this that I will never forget.



Great-Great Grandfather's Haggadah
New York
1900s
Walker Reiss

My heirloom is very special. It has been passed down through my mother's family dating back to my great-great grandfather Moses Kusnigoff. He was my grandma Barbara's grandfather. It is a beautiful oversized Passover Haggadah. Besides the book's already magnificent drawing, Moses put some hidden messages and drew some amazing pictures himself. On top of that, he carved a little secret door, into the back cover where my great grandmother Betty, put a picture of her daddy (Moses) in. Every year when Passover came around the whole family would travel to Brooklyn, squeeze into the small one-bedroom apartment and celebrate by laughing, singing, and reading the holy Haggadah.

When Moses passed away, the book was specifically passed down to my great grandma Betty, and then to my grandma Barbara. When my grandma recently passed away in May, 2016 it was given to her little sister my great aunt Laurie, but her and my mother agreed that we could use it sometimes too. It is a very old and delicate book that was damaged in a fire when my mom was in fourth grade, so it needs to be dealt with special care. I hope one day to sit at the head of my seder with my own family reading from this special family Haggadah.



1960s Medicine Bottles
Brooklyn
1960s
Max Ross

My object is my Grandpa's Medicine bottle. This bottle is one of a few bottles that he saved while he was a pharmacist in Brooklyn. The medicine bottles were made in the 1960s. My grandpa acquired them from one of the local factories. The medicine bottles are important to me and my family because they are one of the ways we remember him. Not only did he buy the medicine, but he also mixed it to create his special homemade remedies. These bottles are special because he worked at the Pharmacy that his dad started, and they are some of the only things that we have from the store. However, these bottles do more than just give us a glimpse at his profession because it gives us information about his life.

He worked at the pharmacy 6 days a week for his whole life, but he worked extra to help sick people even when the store was closed. Also, some of the bottles are already opened, or they are empty this means that they were used to help some of the people in Brooklyn. Currently my mom keeps them on display in her room on a table with some of his other belongings so that we are always reminded of him. In the future I intend to keep them on display in my house, so that everyday when I see them I will be reminded of him and his accomplishments. In conclusion my grandpa Marty was a hard working pharmacist that ran a store in Brooklyn with some of his extraordinary medicine bottles.



My Grandfather's Pipe
Brooklyn
1950s
Skyler Ross

My grandfather Marty Antelis worked long and hard in the place he lived in Brooklyn, New York. Back in the late 1950s people always needed their pharmacist. So my grandfather's work day was never officially over, but he would still make the time to hangout with his friends, spend time with his family, and to use one of his many pipes. Today I will be putting on display one of my grandfathers pipes.

My grandfather worked 6 days a week and had 4 children. Being a pharmacist in the late 1950s was a huge responsibility. Even when your store was closed, if a customer was sick you would have to open your store and give them medicine. Since back then pharmacies were not open on Sundays and not 24 hours long. So you can assume Marty must have been pretty stressed out. Back then using a pipe made you very relaxed and was a great way to hang out with friends. So Marty used them often, he used them so often that later on he had bought himself his own set of pipes. We display these pipes in our living room so we can always feel relaxed, just like he was when he smoked it. The pipes are made out of many materials, some of which include wood and porcelain. To be exact the part you put your mouth on is made of porcelain, and the pipe itself is made of wood. When I look at this object it looks very well used, when you touch this object it feels very soft, and the smell is like burning tobacco, and if you were to use this object it would sound like a puff. This object is important to my family because he is not alive so we can always think of him. In the future I intend to use this object by displaying it in my house just like we do currently.

In conclusion my grandfather Marty Antelis was a very social and hardworking person who always made time for his family, friends, and of course his pipe.



Talis & Talis Bag
Austria
1900s
Shaya Roth

Welcome to the history of the tallis and tallis bag. The tallis and tallis bag belonged to my great-great grandfather Jacob Klein. He received the tallis at the age of thirteen in the country of Austria as a present for his bar mitzvah. Then as the years went by it was passed to my great grandfather Howard Klein and then again to my grandfather Robin Klein. The tallis bag is the first thing you see before opening the bag to the magnificent tallis inside. The bag though through the years has lost its charm. Though this bag still remains with great history and travel. When first glancing at the bag you see its faded color the once bright blue on the velvet bag has turned into more of a brownish color. The main thing one who looks at the bag sees though is the bold yellow star of David that lays in the middle. The star contains writing inside saying tallis. When opening the bag you must first unbutton the two buttons holding the bag shut. For people now a day though this simple task may seem different and it is because, now we usually use a zipper where the buttons are. Finally the bag is open now you must pull out the tallis that lay inside. When the tallis is out you see the blue stripes on the bottom with some white strips around it.

Jacob wore the tallis around his neck everyday, 6 days week he would wear Tefillin and then he would also wear it on Shabbat. Sadly though in 1984 when Jacob died he was to be buried with the tallis, but my great grandfather Howard decided to keep it instead. So then when Howard died the tallis was given to my grandfather. So as the years continue to go by the tallis will stay in our family giving us good fortune.



My Great-Great Grandparent's Menorah
Germany
1800s
Luke Sheppard

My Heirloom is a Menorah. This Menorah is very special to me & my family. It is from Sohren, Germany which is where my Grandparents and Great Grandparents are from on my fathers side of the family.. The Menorah was from the mid 1800's, my Grandmother doesn't know the exact year that her Great Great Grandparents received it as a gift. It is made out of brass and it is now displayed on a shelf in my Grandma's house in Florida.

This Menorah is special because it has been passed down for 3 generations. My Grandmother will take it down from the shelf every Chanukah. Before we would light the candles she would sit us kids around the table and tell us a special memory she had from her childhood. She would share funny, sad and some scary stories about growing up in Germany. She would tell us the happiest time of year was Chanukah to her. I always say that it is my favorite holiday as well. I get to spend time with my aunts, uncles and cousins. Of course, I also love playing dreidel games and getting presents. I learned that all over the world Jewish people celebrate this holiday and say the same prayers.

Even though everyone might have traditions different than my families I know it is a special holiday. I look forward to celebrating one day when I have children and grandchildren. No matter who in my family may one day store this Menorah in their house, I hope our traditions of getting together as family will continue.



*Eastern European Menorah & A Book about my
Great-Great Grandparents
Lithuania
1800s
Dina Shlufman*

This beautiful old menorah was brought to America by my Great-Great Grandparents, Reb Yoshe and Rashe Gitte Hochstein in the early 1900's. These relatives were very religious people. Therefore, all of their religious items, including this menorah, were very important to them. It is believed that the menorah was made in the 1800's.

Reb Yoshe came to America by himself in order to make money to send back to his family in the shtetl since they had fallen on hard times. He had intended to return to Radishkowitz, a Lithuanian village in the province of Vilna, after he was able to make enough money to support his family. However, after a few years, it became evident that Reb Yoshe would have to send for his family in Radishkowitz because of the Pogroms. His family left their shtetl since it was no longer a safe place for Jews. If they didn't leave, they likely would have been killed in the Holocaust like most of their family who stayed behind.

This menorah, was given to my Grandmother, Julie Schnipper, by her grandmother Rashe Gitte Hochstein. Since then it has always been displayed in my Grandmother's home. It has been a powerful reminder of my ancestors and their story. It continues to instill a love of Judaism and the importance of knowing our past. This family heirloom and its memories continue to hold a special place in our home. Someday I hope to be able to teach my children about our history as we watch the candles flicker during Chanukah.



Broken Vase, Fixed Memories

Europe

1800s

Jaden Todd

This vase is four generations old. It started out with my great, great, great grandmother. It is a cut crystal flower holder or candy dish.

It might have come from Bubby and Zetie, probably from Krakow, Poland or Russia, possibly Kiev. It is not clear if the dish came with them from Russia or was purchased here.

It was kept in a china closet, it was it to Nina's mother, who then gave it to Nina. Nina will eventually give it to Roxy or Laura.

Bubbie's eye's were bad. She took the piece out and washed it all the time, and it cracked at some point as she was cleaning it because she must have dropped it because she couldn't see well, But she was able to glue it back together.





This Kiddush cup has been in the family since the late 1800's. It was passed down from my great, great, great, great grandfather down now to my dad and hopefully be passed down to me.

We use it every Sabbath and major Jewish holiday where we do the blessing for the wine.



My Grandfather's Gold Keychain
Caracas, Venezuela
1960s
Benjamin Yaker

My heirloom is a gold keychain that has been passed down from my grandfather to my mother, who then later gave it to me. The keychain was originally a gift from my great grandfather to my grandfather. Why is this object so important? This object is important because it was not only passed down from generation to generation, but also has my grandfather's name engraved into it.

My grandfather's name was Mircha Davidescu. This name is a native Romanian name, which wouldn't be recognized as a Jewish name. He was able to survive the WWII persecution because he had a Romanian name. I will now go into more detail about how this happened.

On January, 1941, when my grandfather was 8 years old he went to his friend's house right after school. When it became dark, his mother began to worry about him. On his way home, around 7:30 at night, he was stopped by a soldier from the Iron Guard who was against the government.

The man told him, "Go to the synagogue, your parents are waiting there for you."

My grandfather answered, "My parents are not there, they are at my house."

The man asked him, "What is your name?"

My grandfather answered, "My name is Mircha."

The man told him to leave, and quickly go to his house because he thought he wasn't Jewish. When he arrived he told his mother about what had happened on his way home. A couple of hours later they saw smoke and fire a few blocks away. The following morning they found out that the fire from last night had been from the synagogue nearby. The men from the Iron Guard had blocked all the entrances and exits of the synagogue, and burned it down with many people inside.

This tragic event was part of The Bucharest Pogrom in which many Jewish homes, shops and synagogues were looted or burned. In total, 120 Jewish lives were lost and many more were missing. The fact that my grandfather, his brother, and his parents had Romanian names helped them survive WWII events. This is the story that my grandfather used to tell my mother, and it is important to me because without his survival I wouldn't be here today.



My Great-Grandfather's Hanukkah
New York
1930s
Joshua Zeigher

This Hanukkah was given to my great grandfather, Joseph Mackler, around 1930, as a gift from the Jewish newspaper The Forward. My great grandfather had worked for a Jewish advertising agency in New York City and placed many of his clients' ads in The Forward.

The Hanukkah is made of 100% brass and has two lions etched at the base. There is also some Hebrew writing (although I do not know what it says). What I like most about it is that each of the arms of the menorah can spin and move, creating many different looks.

When my Aunt Roberta was telling me about my great grandfather, I learned that he had saved the life of the owner of the advertising company. The owner had lost all of his money in the 1929 stock market crash and was going to jump out of a window, but my great grandfather stopped him!!

My family uses this menorah each year at Hanukkah. Now that I know who it belonged to and how it was obtained, it will have a special meaning for me every year from now on!



My Dad's Kippah
Israel
1970
Jordan Zukoff

My item is a kippah. It was made in Israel, around 1970. Some of its materials are silk, nylon, and cotton. My family acquired this object around 1971. My great grandparents bought this object as a present for my dad. They purchased this in Israel. This item is stored in my dad's tallis bag. We are going to use this kippah from generation to generation. I learned that my great grandparents honored the Jewish tradition, and brought this special item of Jewish importance to my dad.

The story behind this object is that my great grandparents brought the kippah back from Israel many years ago for my father to wear for his bar mitzvah. My dad passed it down to our family. My big brother wore it at his bar mitzvah, and I will wear it at mine. This object is important to me and my family because it was a gift from the holy land, and holds special meanings for my family. My family uses this object by me wearing it for my bar mitzvah, just like my dad and my brother. I learned that it is important to pass significant items, traditions and beliefs down from generation to generation.

