

STEPHEN
WISE TEMPLE

What We Carry Forward

Supplemental readings for your Seder
by the Stephen Wise Temple clergy and congregants

Passover 2021 | 5781

UNPACKING ANCIENT BAGS

Whether your frame of reference is more Charlton Heston or more Prince of Egypt, there is probably some image in your head of the Israelites walking through the desert on their way to the Promised Land. In some tellings, they walked proudly, heads held high—in others, the shackles of slavery still remain, bowing their heads. But in every telling, from the Torah to the midrash to the movies to today, our People did not leave Egypt empty-handed.

While we may not have had time to let the bread rise, tradition records that our ancestors took with them what was precious to them; they carried family heirlooms literal and metaphorical. Jewelry and friendships, earthenware and beloved stories—our ancestors filled their souls and their rucksacks for the journey. As a people of history, we still carry them today.

Each year, when we gather, in person or virtually, around a seder table, we unpack those ancient bags, each year repacking them with our own memories. This year, especially, has been a year of mitzrayim, of narrow places. We found ourselves confined—to the walls of our homes, to small groups of our closest family members, to Zoom screens and conference calls. Now, as we approach our second Passover in a pandemic, we are beginning to see the light of freedom. Vaccines are rolling out, some of our children are returning to school, we are beginning to imagine—perhaps—some safe summer travel or simply the blessing of a backyard gathering of friends.

But like our ancestors leaving Egypt, none of us will leave this year empty-handed. Willingly or not, this year has brought change; how we will grow remains to be seen. As you prepare for your seder this year, we invite you to reflect—as your clergy have done for this booklet—on what it is that you will carry forward.

Rabbi Sari Laufer



HUNGRY HEARTS

by Rabbi Yoshi Zweiback

Let all who are hungry come and eat. Let all who are in need come and celebrate Passover.

כָּל דֹּכָפִין יִיְתִי וַיִּכַּל, כָּל דְּצָרֶיךָ יִיְתִי וַיִּפְסַח.

The telling of the story of our exodus from Egypt is known as the “Maggid (מַגִּיד)” section of the Haggadah. We begin by holding up the matzah and saying:

“This is the bread of affliction. Let all who are hungry come and eat. Let all who are in need come and celebrate Passover.”

This simple formula reminds us of two different types of need: material and spiritual. This past year especially, we’ve been forced to learn so many lessons about these different needs—from everyday concerns like how to safely procure essentials such as flour, sugar, and toilet paper for our homes to more elevated matters like finding ways to worship, study, perform acts of *tzedakah* and kindness, and connect with our community.

As we gather together at our seder tables this year, we understand these two types of needs differently and more profoundly perhaps. And we feel these two complimentary motivations keenly especially right now. We so long to be together, to

break the bread of affliction with one another, to share a meal together and satisfy our hunger for a shared meal after more than a year of isolation. We long, too, to engage together in our annual re-telling of our people’s master story—the story that satiates our very soul.

We must be patient and remain hopeful as we can now see a light at the end of this dark tunnel. We know that, soon enough, we will be able to find ways to satiate both our material and spiritual hunger together, in community.

As we look forward to what life post-pandemic will be, let’s think about the lessons of this past year that we most wish to carry forward with us. Perhaps it’s the lesson of slowing down, appreciating life’s simpler pleasures like homemade bread or family walks in our neighborhood. Perhaps it’s a renewed commitment to the importance of Shabbat. Maybe it’s a deeper awareness of how little is actually in our control.

May our hearts and our homes be open so that we might help one another fulfill both our material and spiritual needs—now, in this especially challenging time, and always.



REMOVING LIFE'S CHAMETZ

by Cantor Nathan Lam

Each year as we clean our house for Passover and remove all *chametz* from our living space, I am reminded of the need for us to prepare for this defining holiday of our Jewish narrative. The word *chametz* refers to leavened bread and other foods that contain ingredients deemed to be forbidden during Pesach. In modern vernacular Hebrew, it can also mean stuff that clutters our lives or things that don't contribute to us being our best selves.

If this pandemic has taught me anything at all, it is to remove the "*chametz*" from my daily life and focus on what is important, meaningful and rewarding. I want to leave behind all the times that I was petty, or overly critical of others and myself. I want to leave behind all the things that I was addicted to and thought I needed to have or do. The times that I had the cell phone in my hand instead of being present at the dinner table or during a conversation. This "*chametz*" in my life was not productive nor did it lead to inspirational behavior.

When our ancestors fled from Egypt, they left in haste, and could only take with them what was important. They left slavery, yes, but they also left their *chametz* on the journey to freedom and the "Promised Land." The pandemic has made me see

what is important to take with me in the future. I have treasured the time that I have spent with my family. Sometimes we had to work hard to be able to get together and be safe. It made me realize that we should not take for granted the blessings that we receive every day with family and friends.

I discovered that being with those I love, even on a Zoom call, lifted my spirits and kept me going. It wasn't the places that we went to for dinner, or whose house we were at, but it was who we were with that counted. We had to work harder to make those things happen—and it was and is worth it.

The look on my wife's face when we get virtual hugs from our children and grandchildren is worth taking with us every moment. From the tragedy of this global pandemic, we are able to get a clearer picture of what *chametz* we need to remove from our lives as we move forward towards the freedom that vaccinations and treatments will bring us, soon.

May "The Holiday of Freedom" free us to bring love, friendship, and our best selves forward on our collective journey to a better world.



Declutter
your life

HOLY NOURISHMENT

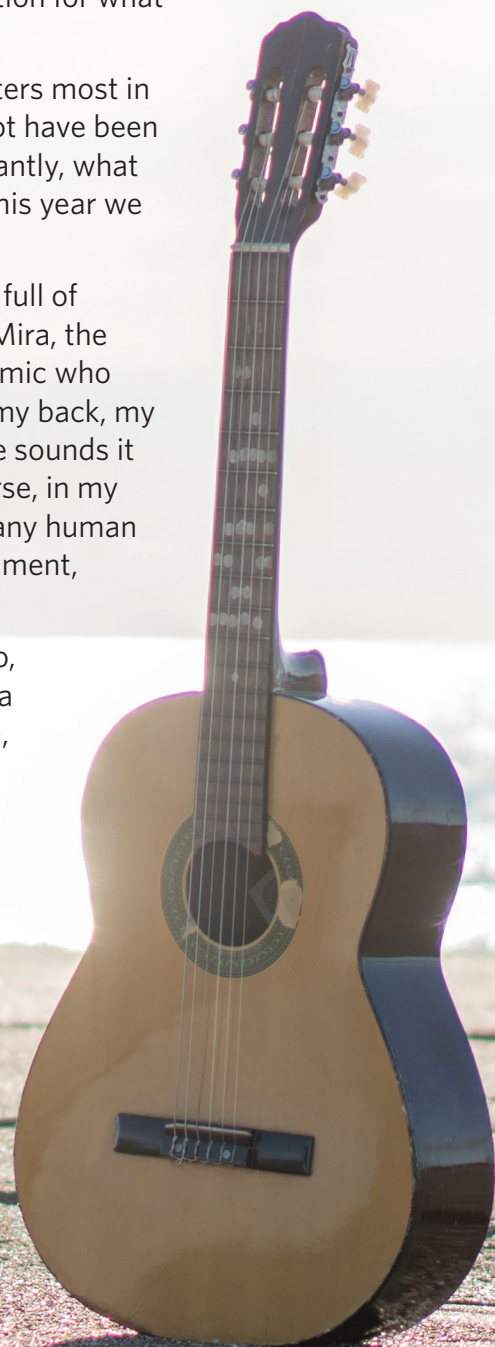
by Cantor Emma Lutz

It's hard to imagine what it was like for our ancestors to leave Egypt in such a commotion, in such haste. Now more than ever, after spending more than a year mostly at home, it feels challenging to even imagine departing from our houses, to step out into an unknown, even with all of its possibilities. And still, I appreciate our Passover holiday's invitation, in honor of the Exodus story, to do a sort of spiritual packing and preparation for what comes next.

During this time at home, as difficult as much of it has been, what matters most in our lives has come before us with such clarity. In years past, we may not have been able to answer what we would choose to leave behind, or more importantly, what few precious tokens, people, or memories we would take with us, but this year we may consider this theoretical packing with explicit clarity.

After the year we've had, I imagine myself leaving Egypt with my heart full of aspirational anticipation—one arm carrying my sweet daughter, Ruby Mira, the brightest light during this strangely dark year, a baby born into a pandemic who only smiles at and babbles against the woes of the world. Strapped to my back, my small acoustic guitar, its strings inviting an escape from technology, the sounds it makes gifting our surroundings with levity and inspiration. And, of course, in my other arm, I'd pack as much sustenance as I could carry, knowing that any human challenge can be softened by the blessing of holy and delicious nourishment, leavened or not!

I hope that there are invaluable pieces of this unusual year that you, too, will carry with you into our Passover holiday and beyond. Wishing you a spring of optimism and renewal, and a year of good music, great health, and God willing soon, time spent in the joyful, safe, and no less than miraculous company of family and community.



AN UNEXPECTED RAY OF LIGHT

by Rabbi David Woznica

I recently spoke with a man scheduled to undergo surgery. He was hopeful the surgery would be a complete success but realized the outcome was uncertain. If the cancer had spread, the prognosis would be poor. With his encouragement, I included him in my prayers.

He was optimistic. He was scared. He, like many others who have confronted a serious health threat, at times felt somewhat alone.

And yet, something unexpected and good emerged. A family member with whom there had been great strain, indeed almost estrangement, reached out to arrange a visit as soon as he would be well enough.

His spirits were lifted. Already, from this darkness had come some light.

There are times life gives us a difficult river to cross and, along the way, we find unexpected tributaries to keep us afloat. As we reflect on this year of pandemic and lockdown, each of us should take note of the challenges we faced as well as any surprising sources of strength.

There's another lesson. While life brings trying and yes, dark times, we don't have to wait for those times to create light. In fact, *don't* wait for those moments. Bring the light whenever you can. If there's a relationship that is fractured, and you wish to repair it, why wait? Why not reach out today?

The Torah records God's very first words: *Let there be light.* (Genesis 1:3) God then separated the light from the darkness on earth.

On Passover, after the Israelites experienced generations of slavery, God liberated us from the darkness of Egypt and brought light to our world.

As God brought light to our world and our People, may we bring light to one another.

Best wishes for a sweet, meaningful, and kosher Passover.

ONWARDS AND YEASTWARDS

by Rabbi Sari Laufer

Talking about bread on Passover seems, if not heretical, than at least a bit torturous. It is, for Passover at least, the ultimate example of wanting what we cannot have, of feeling deprived, of missing that which was. And this year, entering our second “Pandemic Passover,” do we need another reminder of that? As we prepare for another Zoom seder, continued distance from family and friends, missing our old lives and routines—it does not seem like we need our no-carb week to remind us of much of anything.

But it is precisely for these reasons that I *am* thinking about bread—and specifically about baking it. Like every Instagram influencer out there, I became a bread baker over the course of this year. I started with challah, like any good Jewish baker would. I experimented with recipes, played with cooking times, and tried different braids.

Somewhere along the way, I was given a sourdough starter as a gift, and so—playing to type—I added that into the mix as well. As delicious as the sourdough might be (thanks, lifelong Wise member and Early Childhood educator Melissa Wilkenfeld!), it is the challah that has grounded me, that has carried me through this year, and who reinforced a lesson I’ve known, but which I hope to carry into this Passover and beyond.

In a year where days lasted months and months blended into one; a year during which each day was indistinguishable from the next, when routines and rhythms were upended; I marked time with my *challot*, with the rhythms and routines of yeast and flour and eggs and honey marking each and every Friday, often with my daughter Orli braiding the dough next to me. When the calendars of school and work felt tenuous at best, the Jewish calendar remained steadfast. When this Passover week is over, I will return to my challah baking (and eating) routine.

When we hold up the matzah on Passover, we name it as both the bread of affliction and the bread of freedom. This year and beyond, I imagine I will see challah much the same way. Years from now, I might look back on challah the bread of affliction—remembering this year (+) of pandemic life, of Shabbat after Shabbat passing alone in our home. But its taste will also be the taste of freedom, of the blessings of rhythm, new routines, and a stepping away from the tyranny of time.



BEAUTY MASK

by Rabbi Josh Knobel

I'll always remember the first time we taught our daughter to don her mask. I waited anxiously for her to rebel, until I heard my wife Lisa lovingly explain to her that "wearing our mask is a way to show the people around us that we care about them and want them to stay healthy."

Immediately, our daughter smiled and cheerfully strapped on her mask.

As we prepare, once again, to commemorate the tale of our People's deliverance from *Mitzrayim*—the narrow confines of servitude in Egypt—it seems appropriate to consider what comes next for a world still entrenched within the narrow confines of epidemic.

Like our forebears who, according to tradition, endured 400 years of servitude, we yearn for a deliverance that will taste bittersweet at best, tempered by the griefs and disappointments we've suffered along the way. Unlike our forebears, though, who scarcely had time to bake flatbread for their journey, we have had ample time to prepare for the journeys ahead—and to decide what to bring with us.

Despite the daily frustrations and frequent sorrows foisted upon us all by COVID-19, our family discovered a source of unexpected beauty in face masks. While we will certainly look back at photos and lament the year we've spent hiding our faces, for the moment, we enjoy a small sense of satisfaction in knowing that there is something so simple we can do to exercise care for others.

Though we'll be among the first to turn these masks into cleaning rags once we leave the pandemic behind, I pray that all of us will discover new ways to create kinship with our fellow human beings through simple kindnesses and to demonstrate care for others with as plain a symbol as a piece of clothing.



UNIQUELY UNIVERSAL

by Rabbi Ron Stern

It's been a long year. My favorite analogy for our experience of the year is the film Groundhog Day. Even if each day's routine differs by degrees, the days certainly rhyme with each other (to paraphrase Mark Twain). Who could have imagined a year like the one we've all just endured? A year of forced routine, a year of tragic deaths, a year that upended the patterns of our lives. Maybe that kind of forced monotony is what the Torah speaks to when it asserts that the Israelites endured 400 years of enslavement. That's an impossibly long amount of time and yet for a slave, each day is a decade, because each day is defined by servitude, each day is characterized by the inability to make the very basic decisions that reflect the choices of free people.

The coronavirus is a cruel master. It has enslaved the globe. Its cruelty is capricious and relentless. I'm struck by the images of masks on faces, closed public venues, economies upended, school years lost in every region of the planet. We have surrendered a most basic human dignity: the ability to exercise choice. Of course, we are always limited by so many factors, each unique to the individual, however, this past year, the overriding limitation is one shared by 7.5 billion people. That, in and of itself, is astounding!

So, what I have learned from this year, and what I hope to carry with me throughout my life is the extent to which our fates are intertwined. We speak different languages, observe different religions, embrace a variety of cultures, hail from a broad range of socio-economic groups, and yet the coronavirus has equalized us in ways that were unimaginable until 2020. The story of our lives may reflect our own uniqueness but our lives are ultimately sustained

and restricted by the choices of others in distant lands. Our enmeshed existence obliges overlapping responsibilities.

The truth about the Passover story is that it is both universal and particular. It is our story—and the imperative to know the heart of the stranger because we were strangers remains powerful. Yet it is also a universal story because universally, we will all face the oppression of disease, financial challenges, business failures, marital stress, child-rearing difficulties, fraught decisions...the list goes on. Once we get to the other side of our trials, the Passover message is that we can be transformed. "Once we were slaves, now we are free" is a universal metaphor that captures the human condition. Freedom, as Passover teaches, requires the realization of new responsibilities.

So it is with our post-COVID freedom; among its many lessons is that we truly are our brother's and sister's keepers.

~~SUNDAY~~
~~MONDAY~~
~~TUESDAY~~
~~WEDNESDAY~~
~~THURSDAY~~
~~FRIDAY~~
~~SATURDAY~~



LEAVING OUR NARROW PLACES

Stories from Wise families



INTRODUCTION

by Rabbi Sari Laufer

As we reflect on our metaphorical journeys of this past pandemic year, we also know that all of us have literal Exodus stories—in our lives or in the lives of our families. Perhaps a grandparent travelled from Eastern Europe, or we ourselves left our homes in Iran. Perhaps our family waited for years to leave the former Soviet Union, or followed the sun and came west from the “Old Country” (i.e the east coast).

Or maybe our narrow place was a closet where we hid our truest self, or in a doctor’s office receiving a frightening diagnosis. Maybe our narrow place is our own mind, or our body.

Perhaps you have found liberation, or perhaps you are still on the journey.

Each of us has a story to tell, of leaving *mitzrayim*, the narrow place, and seeking freedom. Each of us knows what we carried, or what we are carrying. We are grateful to these members of our Wise family who have shared their Exodus stories. We know you will find them inspirational, at times heartbreaking, and maybe even familiar.

If you would be interested in sharing your story in the future, please reach out to Rabbi Sari Laufer (SLaufer@WiseLA.org).





THE HIDDEN LIGHT

by Golareh Ramin

On the morning of March 29, 2020, as my children and I were celebrating in happiness my husband's birthday, with a backyard breakfast, loud sirens of an ambulance drove past our home. An eerie feeling took over. Those sirens led straight to my parent's home close by. My father had contracted double pneumonia, was septic, and we later learned, had a severe case of the COVID-19 virus. The next 40 days of his time isolated in the ICU were terrible and fateful. An unimaginable darkness took over my life.

How quickly darkness nullifies all things. Its lack of luminosity dulls the senses and renders everything insignificant. But you must find the hidden light fostered through love and community, caring and prayer. Through the support of the community of heroes—doctors, plasma donors, clergy, family, friends, and with faith—the hidden light grew stronger and hope prevailed. My father returned home, frail yet robust with light.

My father's story, and anyone who has been fortunate to survive a health crisis of any kind, is the essence of the story of the Exodus during Passover: the journey from slavery into freedom, and from darkness into the light. My father's journey to recovery was his Exodus into the light. For the Jews, the driving force that guided them to freedom was their faith, prayer, and communal bonds, and after 400 years of captivity, their hope transcended over the darkness. Without their faith and hope, their triumph of survival was unimaginable.

Similarly, hope and faith nourished my soul during a difficult time and brought me into the light. During this Passover celebration, in the time of COVID-19, we must relish in our fortunate health, freedom, and community—and let that nourish our souls with happiness. We must show gratitude for the simple gift of health and hidden light of hope.



THROUGH THE CHECKPOINTS

by Kevin Hayavi

The story of my “Exodus” started on a cold autumn night in 1986. I escaped from Iran at age of 14, sitting all alone in a bus on a 48-hour journey to pass through the border with an additional five-month trip to reach the “promised land” of the United States. In my possession was a passport with an alias identity and a backpack. My heart was pounding as the bus passed through multiple checkpoints with Iranian Revolutionary Guards examining passports and exit visas. I had long rehearsed for this moment in preparation of my Exodus.

Our world had turned upside down in 1978 with the Iranian revolution. One of the most advanced, oil rich, secular, and free countries in the world was overtaken by radical Islamic clergies. Jewish people have lived in Iran for over 2,700 years. The biblical books of Isaiah, Daniel, and Ezra contain references to life of Jews in Persia—present-day Iran. After the revolution, the Iranian Jewish community experienced its own version of “plagues”—war with Iraq and ensuing blood and death, darkness due to lack of electricity and rolling blackouts,

execution of several well known Jewish members of the community who were falsely accused of being “agents of Israel,” depression of religious minorities, and constant fear of prosecution.

As I passed through the last checkpoint at the border on that dark, snowy night, I left behind a sense of fear, darkness, inferiority, and hopelessness. I also left my parents, friends, and family behind, though they also experienced their own Exoduses over the years. My Exodus experience allowed me to view life and the world around me with a new perspective. I have a great appreciation of all the opportunities that the United States has given me. I also cherish the rich culture of my country of birth and will pass on the best of both worlds to my children.

Each and every one of us has experienced our own version of Exodus and plagues: fighting with illness, mental health, prejudice, bigotry, injustice, poverty, and so on. Let those experiences serve as a guiding light for us and our future generations.

Chag Sameach.



JONA'S JOURNEY

In loving memory of Yona (Jona) Goldrich (formerly Goldreich)

by Andrea Cayton

On a bitter summer day in 1942, Jona's mother hugged him tightly. She could hardly bear to let Jona and Bumek (his younger brother) out of her embrace. Urgently, Jona's father hastened the boys' goodbyes to their parents and older brother, Eizo. It was time for the children to try their daring escape to Hungary with the help of a smuggler. In preparation for the trip, Jona's father insisted the boys change their appearance to look like gentiles so they would not arouse suspicion. Jona never forgot the day of his departure. In the morning, his mother made sure he was dressed properly for the cold Ukraine nights. She guided his hand across the hidden pockets, and he could feel the concealed gold chains and rings. She had packed their knapsack with bread, cheese, a few pieces of clothing, his report card from school, and family pictures.

It was midday and time to leave. Jona's father would walk with them to the next village until they successfully met the smuggler and another young boy named Jacob. Now it was time for Jona's father to return home and let the boys begin their long trek to Hungary. The smuggler instructed the boys to walk in a single line. He led the way, followed by Bumek, Jona and Jacob, each in the footsteps of the one in front of him. All night long they marched along paths leading through the forest with no rest. Jona concentrated on his steps and made sure to stay close to his little brother who walked in front of him. Jona's leg muscles hurt yet he did not make a sound. When the first light came up, the smuggler stopped. He told them to get off the path and hide inside a thicket. "you'll hide here all day," he ordered them. "I am leaving and will be back at nightfall." He quickly disappeared among the trees.

Jona could not fall asleep as he anxiously waited all day for the smuggler to return. Maybe the smuggler had changed his mind and would not come back. Every whisper of the wind frightened him. He jumped with horror at every moving shadow. All day he carefully watched over his little brother. Eventually

the smuggler returned, and the journey continued. Night after night they marched onward, hiding during the day. On the sixth day the smuggler informed them, "tonight we cross the border. After we cross the border, there will be Hungarian soldiers and you must not speak a word of Yiddish."

The remainder of the trip would be by train, to the town of Mukachevo. The smuggler feared the boys would be identified as Jews and told them to board the train separately, they were to stay apart and remain hidden from the conductor's eyes. The trip took all night and many of the Hungarian soldiers were drunk allowing Jona to disappear into a crowded railcar and remain invisible. When the train stopped in the morning at the Mukachevo station, Jona rushed to find his brother. Together, the brothers pushed through the drunken soldiers' sweaty bodies and stepped off the train onto the platform. With a sign of relief, they spotted the smuggler and Jacob.

Jona and his brother were taken to their cousin's bicycle shop, but life in Mukachevo presented a whole set of dangers. Neither Jona or his brother spoke Hungarian and speaking Yiddish would immediately reveal them as Jews. The relatives they stayed with were taking a great risk by hiding the boys. A month had passed and there was still no news from Jona's parents. Jona decided it was time to move to a larger city, where hopefully they would be more anonymous. Jona used the jewelry his mother had sewn into his clothes to purchase two tickets to Budapest and paid a young Jewish man to escort them on their journey. While waiting for word from their parents the boys hid in Synagogues during the day and were fed by the generosity of local Jews.

As time passed, more refugees arrived from Poland and Jona eventually got word that his parents and older brother had managed to cross the border safely but were soon betrayed by Jewish collaborators and captured by the Nazis. Jona knew from this point on it was his responsibility to get himself and his

brother to safety. He heard a rumor that the British government had arranged with the Hungarians to exchange Hungarian war prisoners for 50 Jewish orphans who would be transported to Palestine. Each day Jona would visit the Palestine Office (the administrative center of the local Zionist movement). He argued his case with the clerks, but the rules were not in his favor. As a last-ditch effort, Jona met with the head of the office (Moshe Krauss) to explain his situation. Initially Krauss was unmoved, but when Jona explained that his little brother was to be celebrating his Bar Mitzvah that week, Krauss' attitude suddenly changed: "Let our enemies be destroyed in wrath," he said. Krauss finally agreed to allow both Jona and his brother on the train and provided forged documents to pose as Hungarians. By January of 1943, the boys finally arrived in Haifa and were placed in a children's shelter. One day

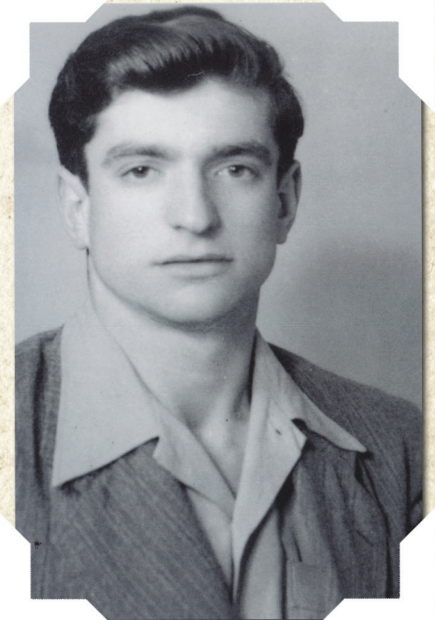
they had a surprise visitor, their uncle had managed to track them down. Over time with the help of his uncle, Jona began working, learned to speak Hebrew, studied engineering, and joined the local labor movement. He later joined the Haganah's maritime forces which led to a position in the Israeli Navy.

In 1951, Jona went to work for Zim, Israel's first shipping line. Due to a labor dispute, he soon found himself stranded in the United States and on the advice of a local Israeli diplomat, he applied for a temporary visa and decided to stay for six months. After odd jobs as a mechanic and window installer, he began a construction clean-up business that would eventually grow to become Goldrich and Kest Industries. He married in 1960 and had two daughters. Six months had turned into a lifetime in California.

Jona passed away in June 2016.



Jona Goldrich and family pictured at Wise



Jona Goldrich

DETERMINATION BORN FROM LOVE

by Officer Reggie King

My experience in my own narrow place was one filled with fear but also determination for my dear late mother Lucinda.

My mother suffered a stroke and was faced with no reserves nor life insurance to cover her funeral and burial services that she had wished me to provide for her.

I did not know what to do—however, I was committed to do everything within my power and beyond to try and honor my mother’s wishes.

On March 12, 2020, the COVID-19 pandemic caused a nationwide ban on visitation to all healthcare facilities, leaving me unable to be with my mother.

Not long after, my mother’s condition began to decline. The everyday worries about my mother’s condition, when I would be able to see her again, and the new possibility she might be exposed to the COVID-19 virus was unbelievably sad, stressful, and frightening.

On September 12, 2020 my heart shattered into a billion pieces after I was informed that my hero, my best friend, my love everyday, my dear mother Lucinda passed away due to an intracerebral hemorrhage of the brain. Although I was completely devastated about losing my mother, there was no time for me to grieve as my narrow place was now closing.

Thankfully, I had a beautiful community of those I now consider family and friends who all extended their blessings and support to aid me in honoring my mother’s last wishes.

Today, I’m blessed to receive words of encouragement and strength from within our Wise community to help me continue placing one foot in front of the other.

I even wear my mother’s hospital bracelet on my right wrist to honor her memory and 35 years of her fighting in the hospital to remain mentally stable for me.

THE REASON

by Shohreh Sabeti

This year, this Passover, feels different. After all we have been through these past months due to COVID, we need a reason to celebrate together.

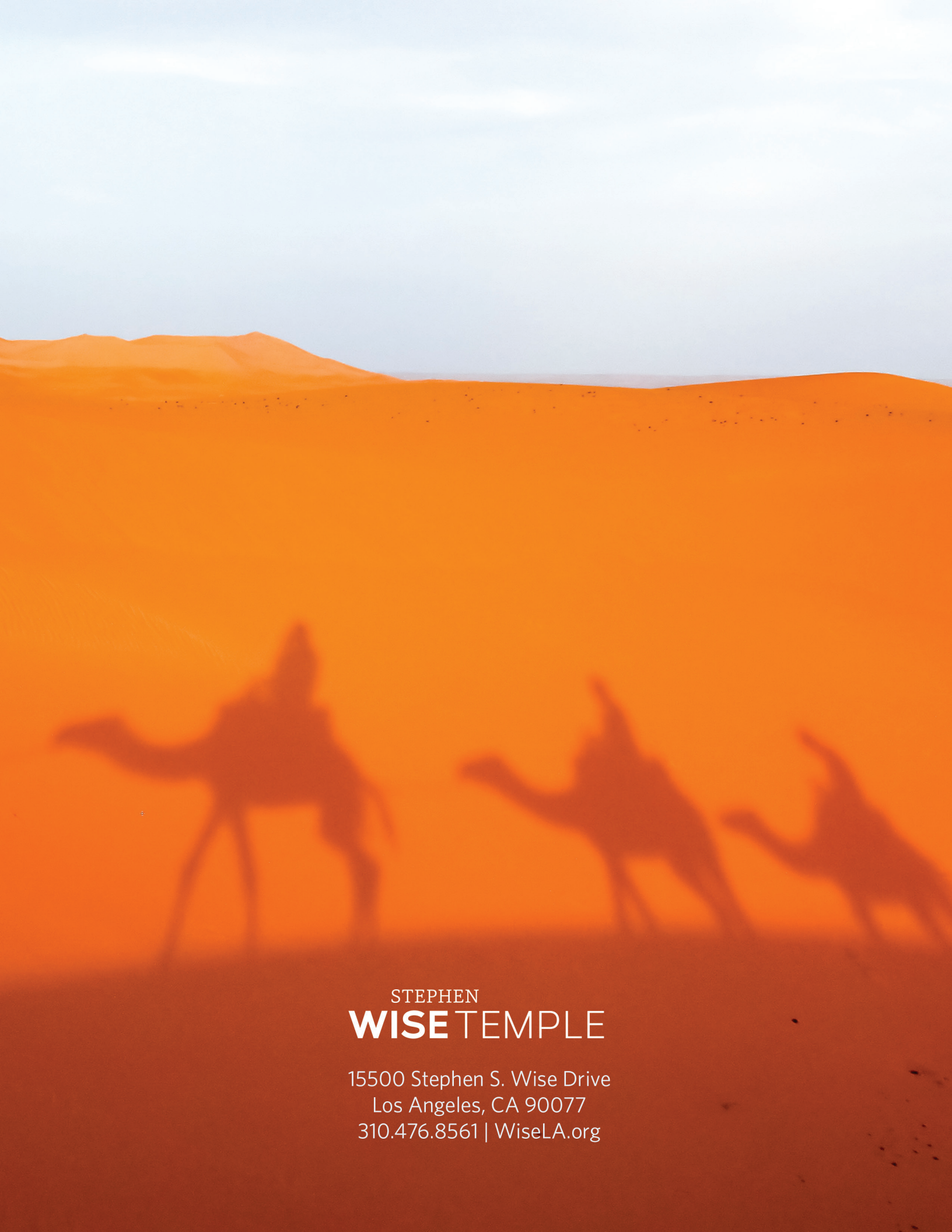
Passover is a holiday that commemorates the liberation of our People from slavery in Egypt—and it feels appropriate to use this time to help us mark the passing of a truly difficult year.

I, like so many of us, have my own personal story of immigration. No matter which members of our families initiate a move, the reasons remain constant—we come to America hoping for peace and the freedom to celebrate our religion. We must remember though that our stories do not end once we arrive in the United States. We must continue as individuals and as a group to strengthen our community and provide hope and encouragement and help to those just beginning their story in America.

We are part of a People that has withstood the events of history and come out stronger. Let us all come together this Pesach in remembrance of those that went before us, and in unwavering commitment to our continuing survival here and around the world. As my father says every year during Seder, this year in Mitzrayim, next year in Jerusalem. These words have comforted me and provided hope all my life and my wish is that these words give the same comfort and hope to everyone in need.

We were slaves in Egypt, G-d freed us for a reason!





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15500 Stephen S. Wise Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90077
310.476.8561 | WiseLA.org