President's Message

Thirty-five years ago, when I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, the number of members who were of full-blooded Jewish descent, could be counted on your fingers, so I was then told, although there were no actual figures available.

In the Salt Lake Valley during the 1950's, I was often asked to speak in various meetings because members of the Church were anxious to hear how and why a Jew(ess) was converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and also learn something about the beliefs of the Jewish people. Today such an event is more commonplace and to have a member in a ward who is of full-blooded Jewish descent is no longer a novelty.

It has been a blessing to live in a time when the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is growing so rapidly. And it has been a great blessing, indeed, to witness the fulfillment of the prophecy that the Gospel Plan of Salvation will once again be taught to the Jews.

On April 3, 1975, President Spencer W. Kimball turned the key which opened the doors of missionary work to the Jewish people. The response is wonderful to behold. The ball is rolling, and as the momentum increases we known that the time is near when every knee will bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ (Messiah), as prophesied by Isaiah: "For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and made it:"..."There is no God else beside me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me."

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."

"I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear."

"In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." (Isaiah 45:18, 21-23, 25)

It is incumbent upon us, the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, to testify to the world by word and deed that the Lord Jesus Christ is the Messiah. And let us prayerfully work toward the end that, "in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory."

Sylvia Lindford
President

B'NAI SHALOM
President Sylvia Linford
1st Vice President David Wyner
2nd Vice President Jerry Kidd
Secretary/Treasurer Edith Howitz

The hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers.

B'nai Shalom
9449 Dolomite Way
Sandy, Utah 84070
Warsaw's Jewish cemetery: a story of illustrious past

By Leon Ilutovich

The only place in all of Poland today that is entirely Jewish is the Okopowa Street Cemetery in Warsaw. Its tombstones carry the history of what was once the largest Jewish community in Europe.

The latest Jewish cemetery in Poland, it dates from the 19th century. On its tombstones are the names of old patrician families, rabbis, scholars, philanthropists, writers, artists, political leaders, Zionists, Bundists, lawyers, doctors, and ordinary people.

For my wife and I, our journey to Warsaw—for the 40th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising—had a special significance. Both her parents were buried there at the time of the Nazi occupation, and she wanted to find their graves which she had never seen.

To the Jews, all of Poland is a vast cemetery. Jewish history in Poland goes back 1,000 years, and today almost nothing is left. The Jewish community in Poland on the eve of World War II surpassed three million people, the vast majority of whom were massacred in the Nazi era.

When you walk among the old graves you find the historic monument to three greats in Yiddish literature, I.L. Peretz, J. Dineson and S. Ansky. (The latter's name is best known for his classic play "The Dybbuk"). Right next to it is the tombstone of the mother of the Jewish theater, Esther Rochel Kaminska who died in New York a few years ago.

Not far away rests Dr. Ludwig Zamenhof, creator of the international language Esperanto. On another tombstone you see engraved the name of the eminent Jewish historian, Prof. Meir Balaban and of Adam Czerniakow, heroic chairman of the Judenrat of the Warsaw Ghetto who preferred death and committed suicide rather than meet Nazi "quotas" of Jews to be sent into the extermination camps.

The graves tell the story of a glorious past that is no more. A small part of the cemetery was restored with the assistance of the Polish government, but more of it is a forest full of gravestones in utter neglect. There is no register of graves, so we walked many long hours and looked for the graves of my wife's parents. It was a painful and heart-breaking experience. At one point, we stopped at the tombstones erected after the war in memory of heroes of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising.

My wife placed a single rose on each grave. This was her own silent tribute to their memory.

A daylong search that lasted till sunset, my wife located the grave of her father but could not find her mother's grave which is somewhere far away among the trees, among the tens of thousands of old and new graves. The Jewish cemeteries of Poland are like islands of holy ground to the Jewish people. They are silent sentinels of the Jewish past which ended so tragically there.
By Theda Bassett Butt

Words communicate, they form the nucleus of our feelings and are paramount to our understanding others, especially those not in our presence.

Utah history reveals that my progenitor, Alexander Neibaur, was Salt Lake City’s first dentist and a manufacturer of sulphur matches. Mormon history records that he taught the Prophet Joseph Smith both German and Hebrew in the school of the Prophets. It is also a known fact that Neibaur was the first Jewish convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

One can discover that Alexander Neibaur was born in Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, which is on the Rhine River. His parents were Jewish and lived during Napoleon’s reign. Alexander studied to become a Rabbi but decided to become a dentist. While practicing dentistry in England, he married Ellen Breekel. They and their three children were living in Preston, England when the first Mormon missionaries preached there. After their baptism in 1838, the family joined other Saints who came to America aboard the ship Sheffield.

However important these historical facts are, Alexander Neibaur made a greater contribution to society than any of the above acts would indicate. He kept a journal of his activities and thoughts from the time he left his home in Preston to come to America in 1841. Although not recorded in great detail, the trip from Liverpool to Nauvoo, Illinois, was eventful. Neibaur’s records tell of sacrifice, births, deaths, crowded conditions, fires on board ship, and even a mutiny during which the Captain warned. "Passengers, the ship is in a state of mutiny, look out, your wives and children’s life is in danger."

Even from the broken English of his recorded words, it is possible to understand much about the ship’s crew and the passenger's interaction with them. The mutiny started because of the poor interaction between a female passenger and two sailors. It was put down by enlisting the aid of six other Mormon passengers who took up arms to aid the Captain.

Neibaur was personally touched or he wouldn’t have recorded information about the mutiny, the gales, the calms, the seasickness, the sunburn’s the flogging of the cook, and the sale of the cook’s steward into slavery after their arrival in America.

We know from Neibaur’s words that the Church services were important to him. He mentioned who spoke and even recorded their topics and whether he enjoyed them. He also recorded the Prophet Joseph Smith’s first vision as personally told to him.

Of course, we of his progeny, would have liked his feelings in more detail, especially at the death of the Prophet. Even so, we can read his journal, temporarily put ourselves in his shoes, and understand his grief both then and when his infant was stillborn at Winter Quarters. He wrote, "...Praised be the Lord God of Israel for his mercys toward me and mine. I want my children to remember this day."

I am justifiably proud of this great-grandfather who spoke seven languages and penned the words for two songs in our present hymn book. His recorded testimony of his conviction of the truth of the gospel is a source of strength to me. I delight in reading the words of inspiration he penned to enrich another generation.

Hopefully, we are all following the Prophet’s counsel and are keeping a journal. Great! If we are not, we should immediately because our great-grandchildren may want to be inspired by our life’s record. We must make sure we have one for them to read as Alexander Neibaur.

B’NAI SHALOM SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

OCTOBER 5th at 7:30 will be our next BNAI SHALOM meeting. I’m sure you have had this date on your calendar already and need no reminder!

Come and hear about the life of Alexander Neibaur, the first Jewish member of the Church, as told by his ancestor granddaughter, Theda Bassett Butt.

WE WILL BE MEETING AT THE EASY-TO-FIND WEST JORDAN MEETING HOUSE 9000 South and 1900 West, behind Gibson’s store, between Redwood Rd. and 2700 West on 90th South.

YOU’LL FIND US! BRING A NEW JEWISH FRIEND AND WE’LL SEE YOU THERE!
Build Together

There are parts of a ship which taken by themselves would sink, but when the parts of a ship are built together, they float. So with the events of life. Some can be tragic. Some are happy, but when they are built together they form a craft that floats and is going someplace!

Ralph W. Sockman

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WHOLE WHEAT BLINTZES

3 eggs
1/2 C non-instant powdered milk
1 1/4 C milk
1 C whole wheat pastry flour, sifted
1/4 C raw wheat germ
3 T vegetable oil.

Fresh strawberry sauce, bananas, yogurt, blueberries, etc. for topping.

In a medium bowl, beat eggs lightly; mix dry ingredients together and combine with eggs until just blended. Add milk and oil. Cover and let rest in refrigerator for 45 minutes to one hour.

Heat a crepe pan or other 6 to 8-inch skillet. When a drop of water sprinkled onto pan bounces, grease lightly with small amount of butter. Pour small amount of batter into pan, moving it from side to side to cover bottom. Cook on only one side until top is set and underside is done. Drain on toweling and continue process until all batter is used.

L'Chayim

To Life

Nothing touches the soul but leaves its impress, and thus, little by little, we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated; and if we learn to live with all that is fairest and purest and best, the love of it all will, in the end become our life.

—Elder David B. Haight (BYU Fireside, Nov. 5, 1978)

Mawi

COME AND LISTEN TO A VOICE AND HEAR THE WORDS OF GOD — TESTIMONY IS BUILT BY OBEDIENCE

JOHN 7:17
(Jesus Christ to the Jews on the Mount of Olives)

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

BE READY ALWAYS TO BEAR TESTIMONY
1 Peter 3:15 (Epistle of Peter)

But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give and answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear.

Divide filling among blintzes, placing in center of he browned side of the blintz. Fold blintz similarly to an envelope. Fold two opposite sides over filling, fold one end up and the other end down overall. In a large skillet, melt small amount of butter. Cook blintzes until golden with folded side down, turn to brown the other side. Add more butter as needed. Keep warm until all are cooked. Serve immediately with desired topping.

Filling

2 C cottage cheese, drained dry
1 egg
1 T honey
1/2 t vanilla

In large bowl mix together cottage cheese, egg, honey, and vanilla. Beat with an electric beater at high speed until smooth.

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ENCYCLOPEDIA WITANNA

If your wife wants to learn to drive, don’t stand in her way.

Sam Levenson

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WHY DON’T WE ACCEPT WHAT THE PROPHET SAYS TODAY AND WORK ON LIVING IT, INSTEAD OF FIGHTING IT?

Actions follow thoughts
MAZAL TOV, TEL AVIV!

The first all-Jewish city in nearly two millennia—vibrant, noisy and exciting Tel Aviv—is celebrating its 75th birthday, and we hasten to extend a warm mazal tov to her people and to her many admirers.

Millions of tourists have passed through the city in the last three decades, some going away with praise and others saying Tel Aviv did not compare with New York or Miami or whatever. Visitors have lined up on the side of ancient, biblical, mystical Jerusalem, and others have sung the praises of Tel Aviv in "A Quiet Middle East Oasis nestled on Mount Carmel," but still others have insisted on singing Tel Aviv's hosannas.

Seventy-five years ago, the Jews of Jaffa moved into the sand dunes and declared that a city would be built there. They came with tents, water barrels, and hopes. Gradually the city developed and grew. It became the financial, cultural, political center of the yishuv, and later of Israel—where business deals are consummated, and where small industry thrives, and where concerts, theater and other cultural events vie with each other.

In recent years Tel Aviv's bustling pre-eminence has given way to Jerusalem's very special ambiences, and that is the way it should be. But no one can forget that Tel Aviv is the mind, and Jerusalem the heart, of Israel. Many happy returns!

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--News articles from 'The New York Jewish Week' (Serving the Jewish Community of Greater New York)