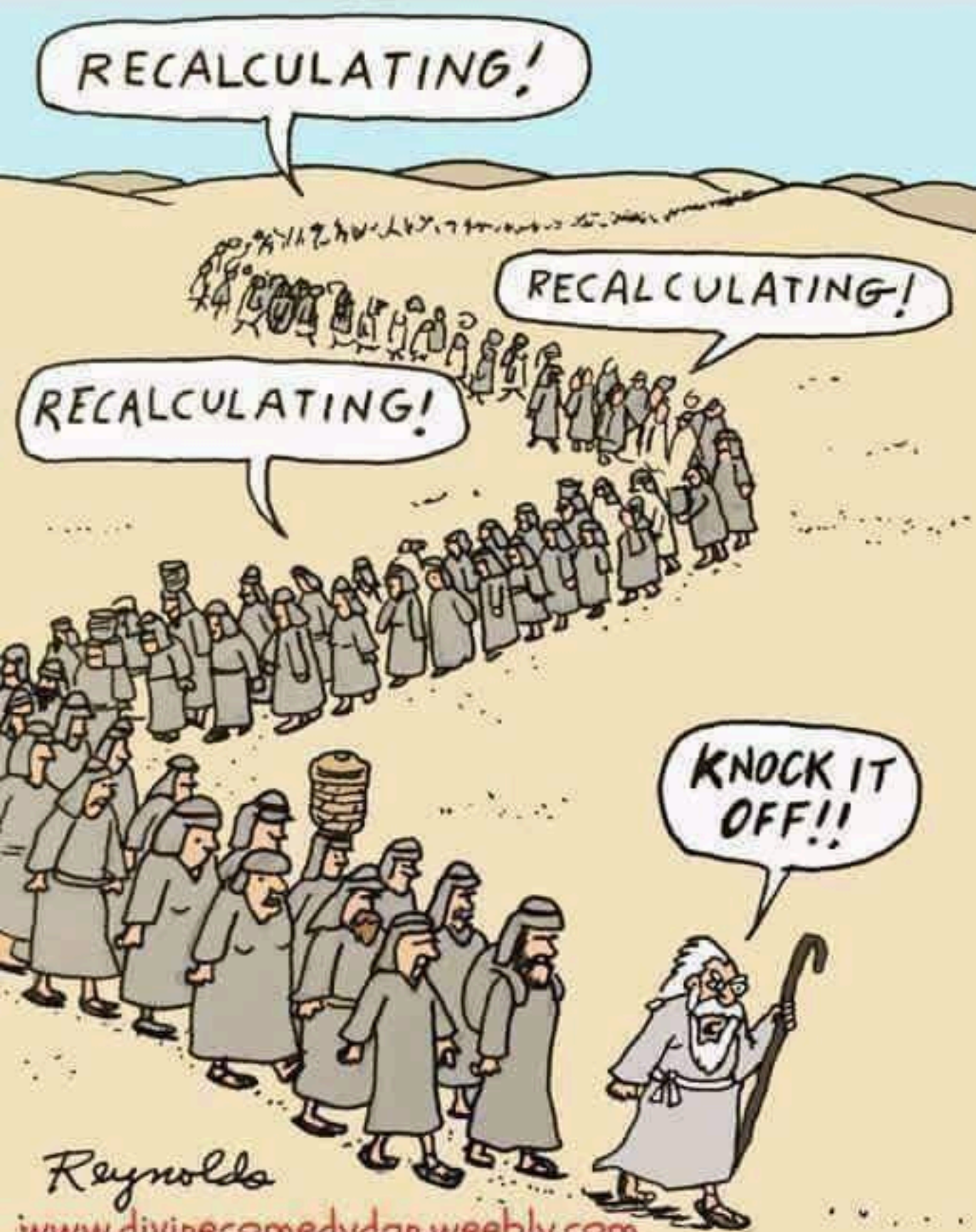


A short summary of every Jewish Holiday:



**"They tried to kill us.
We won.
Let's eat."**

MOSES LOST IN THE DESERT...YEAR 40



Xtreme Sports of Hanukkah



THE MENORAH
DIG-OUT



THE DREIDEL
FOOT GRIND



THE LATKE
SPATTER FLIP



THE KRINGLE
GAUNTLET CRUSH



... And the oil lasted for eight nights,
thanks to the new, miraculously fuel-
efficient menorah.



Oops...
Wrong
home.

Forget "wrong
home!" Get in here
before you freeze your
tuchis off! Sit... Sit!
I'll put on some
coffee.

Um, Judah, I think
that's the wrong lamp.



Search ID: kken3



Creator Credit: Man Martin at Man Overboard

MANNA FROM HEAVEN

Food fight!

Facebook.com/RhymesComic

ASK HIM ABOUT
THE 5-SECOND
RULE.



piccolo
5-11 Hilary B. Price GET A PRINT AT RHYMESWITHORANGE.COM © 2022 RWO STUDIOS DIST. BY KING FEATURES



Have people who interpret the story of Noah and his Ark literally every considered what we know about animal species?

There are about 2,160,000 known animal species of which 1,050,000 million are species of insects (and 400,000 of those species are Coleopterans -- beetles); there are 5,400 species of mammals and 10,000 species of birds.

So Noah and his crew stuffed his boat with two of every species? That means his little boat had a total of about 2,100,000 individual insects (of which 800,000 were beetles), 10,800 mammals and 20,000 birds.

Um, don't these believers have some questions? Like for example (a) how did all these critters fit on his boat; (b) how did Noah feed all them their special diets; and (c) how did he prevent them from eating each other?

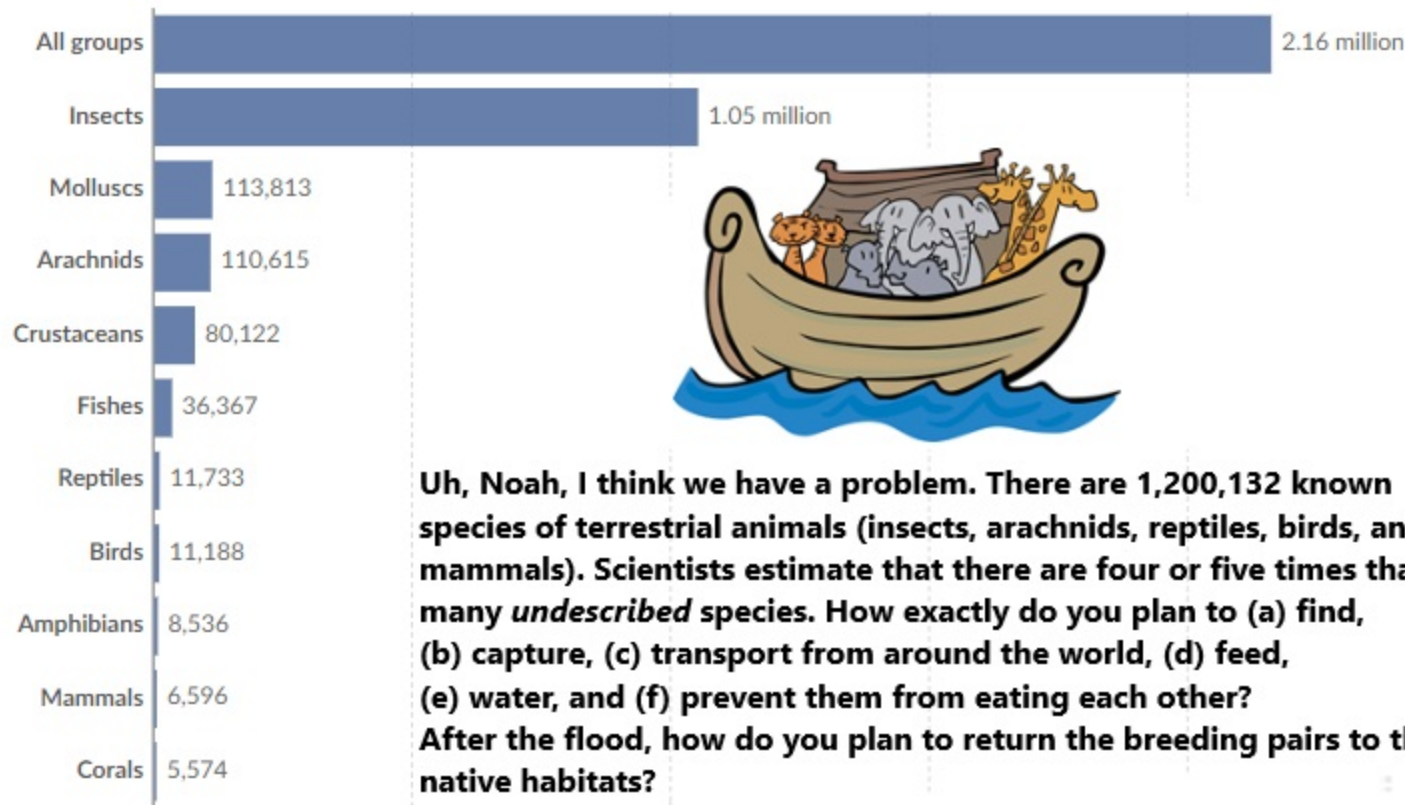
Just asking....

Number of described species

The number of identified and named species in each taxonomic group, as of 2022. Since many species have not yet been described, this is a large underestimate of the total number of species in the world.

Table Chart

Edit countries and regions



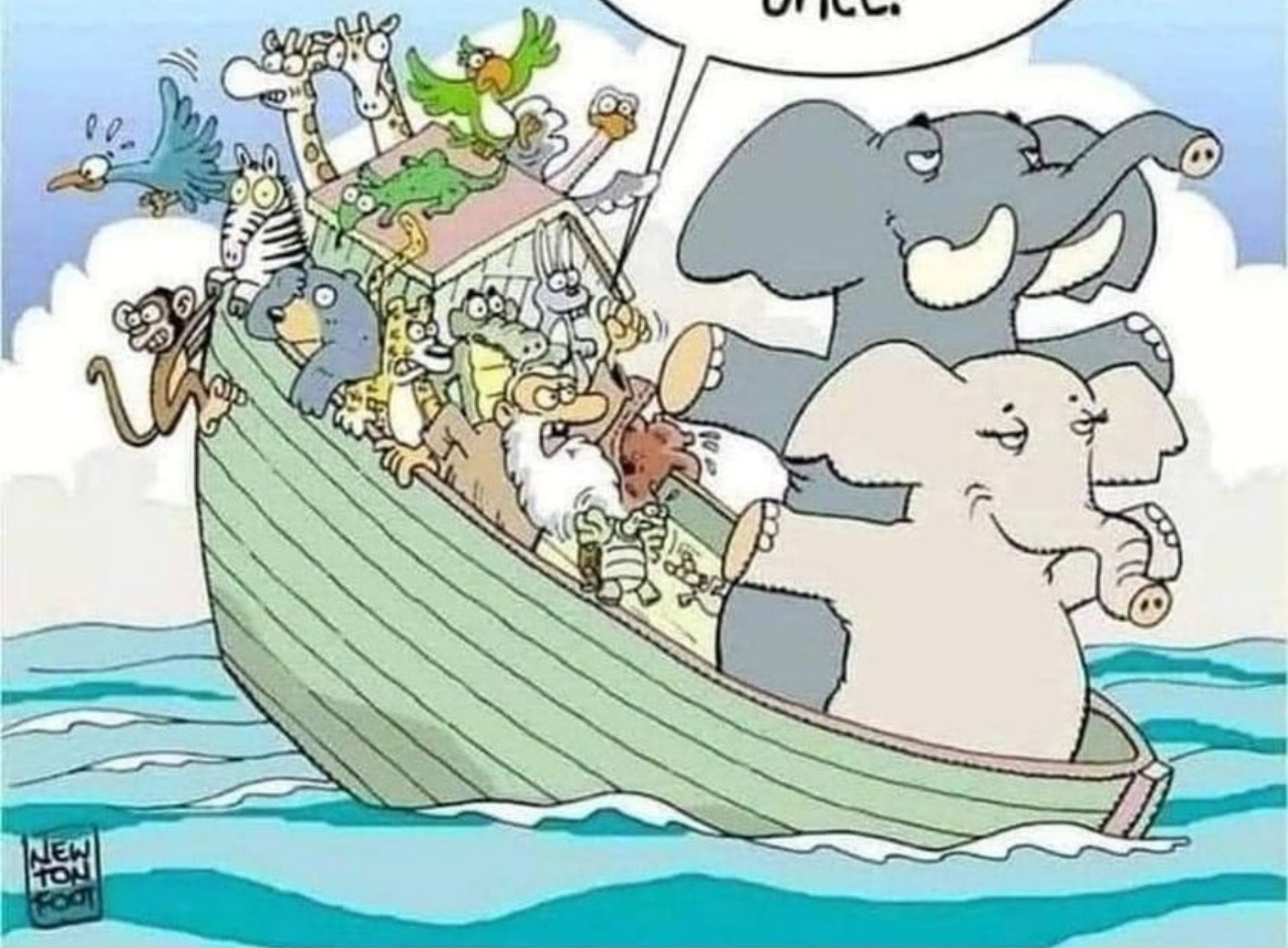
Data source: IUCN Red List (2022) - [Learn more about this data](#)

OurWorldInData.org/biodiversity | CC BY



The Reconstructionist movement in modern Judaism is discussing whether to switch to six commandments and four suggestions.

You two!
Stop that at
once!

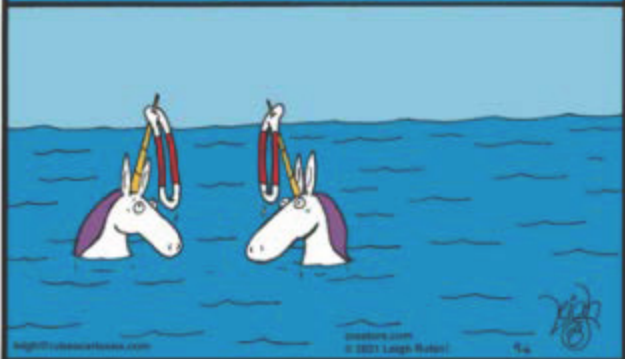
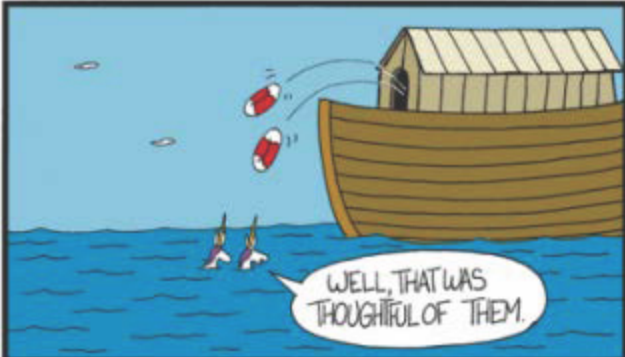


JESUS: "One of you all is a traitor."

DISCIPLES: "NO WAY"

JESUS:





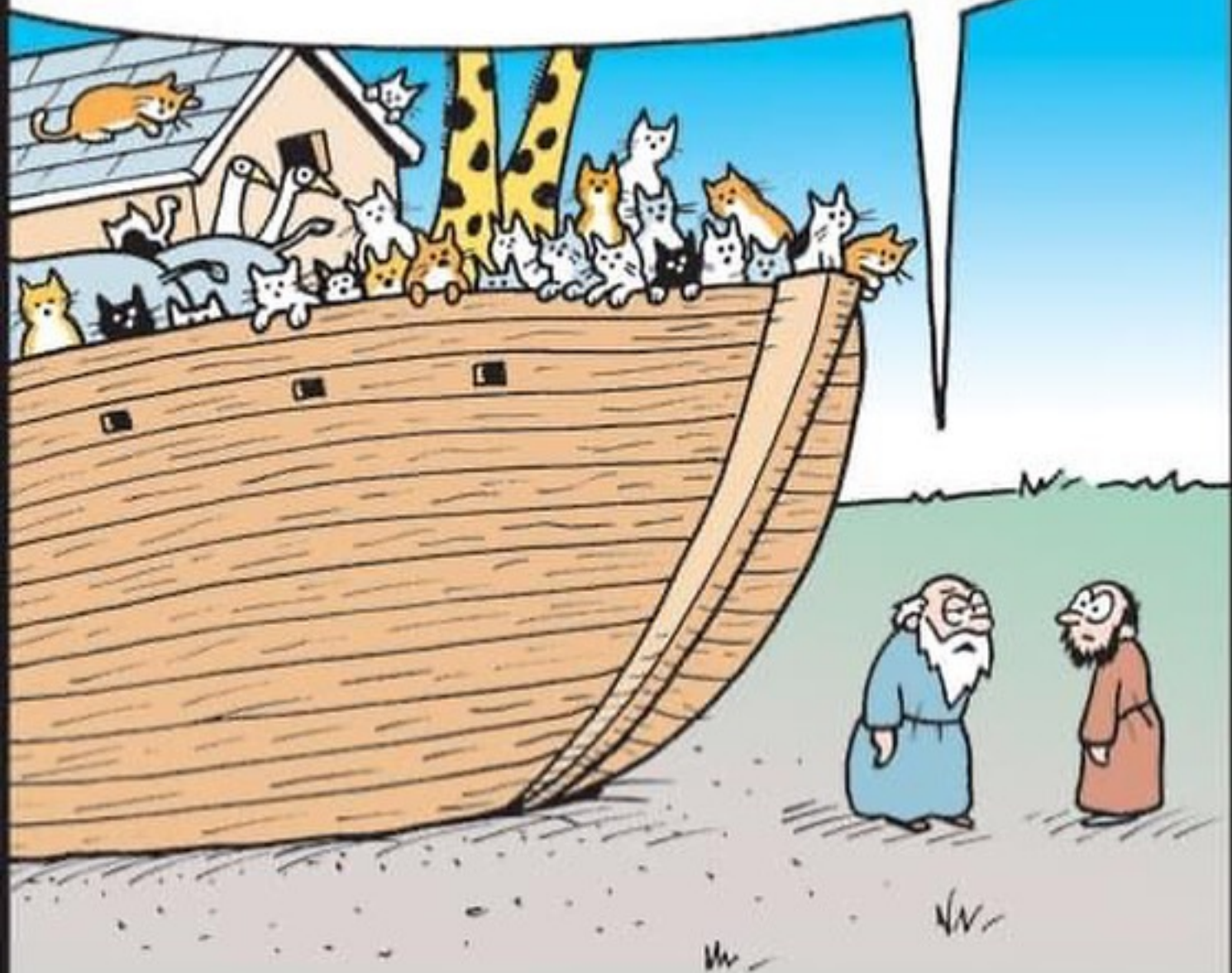
RESERVED PARKING

Synagogue
Business Only.
Violators will be
Circumcised.

UM, EVE, THAT'S NOT
A SALAD, THAT'S MY
DIRTY LAUNDRY...



I'M ONLY SUPPOSED TO TAKE
TWO OF EACH ANIMAL BUT
MY WIFE INSISTED...



Rubes By Leigh Rubin
RubesCartoons.com



Exhausted but triumphant after hours in a classic struggle of man against nature, Morris Finebaum poses proudly with his prize gefilte fish.



I'm sorry to admit that the more fanatics I get to watch online, the more I realize why Noah saved more animals than people.



At mealtime on the El AL flight to Tel Aviv, the flight attendant asked Moshe, "Would you like dinner?"

"What are my choices?" Moshe asked.

"Yes or no," she replied.



My mom is a typical Jewish mother. Once, when she was called to jury duty, the prosecution sent her home during *voir dire* because she kept insisting that SHE was guilty.

Hey! MY APPOINTMENT REMINDER
APP ISN'T WORKING! I THINK WE
MISSED OUR BOARDING TIME
ON THE ARK!



Bill
Whitehead

6-1
©COPYRIGHT 2016
BY BILL WHITEHEAD
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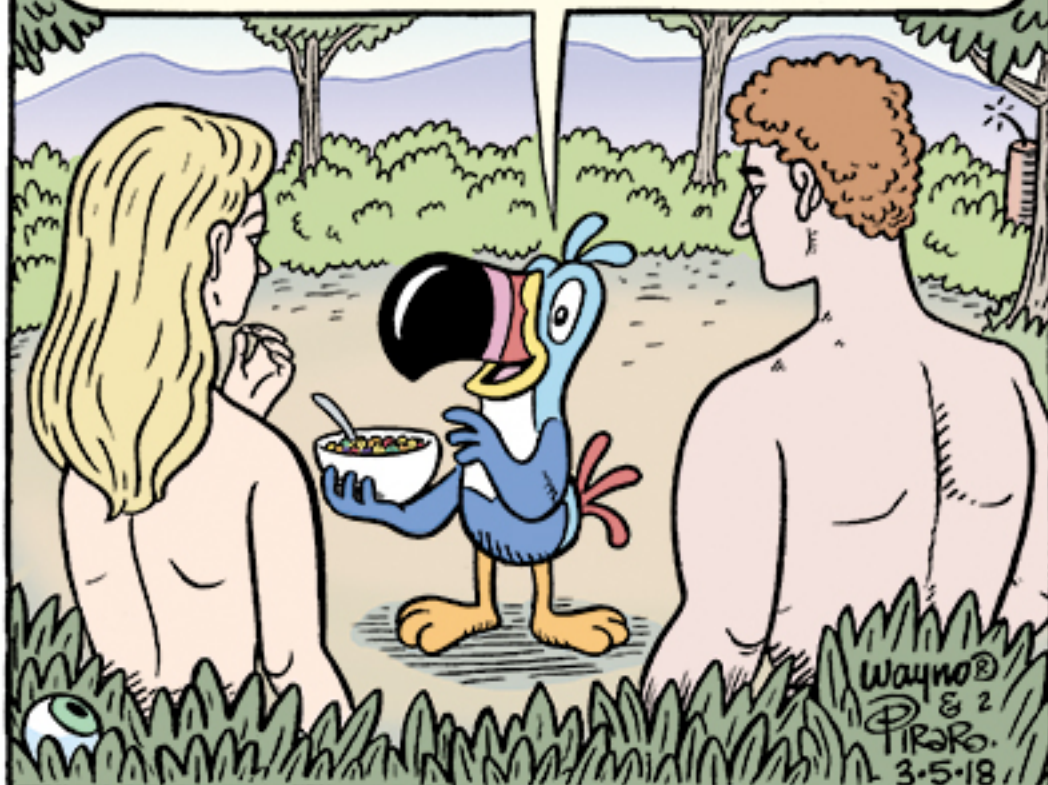
Meowzel
Tov!



PARTING THE
CLUTTER IN YOUR
ROOM ISN'T THE
SAME AS
CLEANING IT,
MOSES!



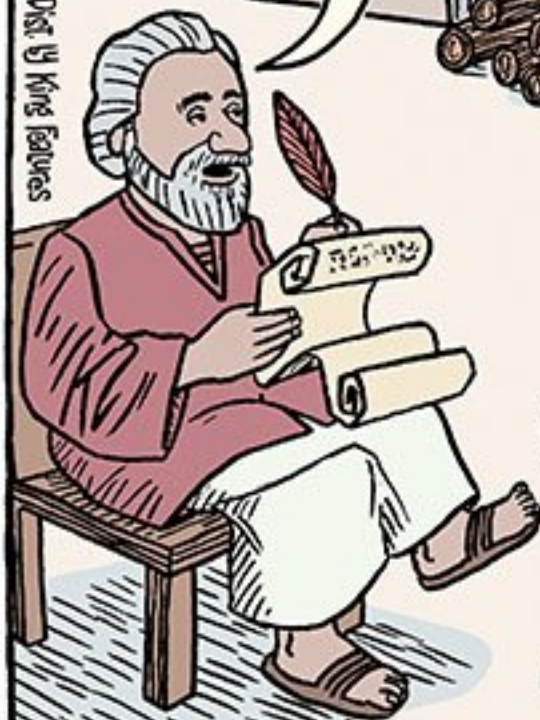
Just try a spoonful. They're sweet & crunchy, even in milk.



Wayno®
& 2
Piroro.
3.5.18

FORBIDDEN FROOT LOOPS

Tell me more
about this voice
that compels
you to hoard
animals, Noah.





“Must I sacrifice family for career?”

ABIE & SADIE ADD TO THEIR STOCK

Abie and Sadie had a Jewish religious store on Delancey Street on the Lower East Side of New York City. The neighborhood was changing. Sales were down on all Jewish bric-a-brac.

Finally, one day in early November, Sadie sadly approached her husband with a difficult decision. "Abie, we have to close the store," said Sadie.

"We can't," said Abie. "This neighborhood is our life. We've been here for 50 years.... Maybe we should start stocking Catholic items too."

"Sadie says in shock, "What?? Catholic items? Bistu a gantzen Meshuggeh?? We're Jewish! No Catholic articles!!!"

Well, a month passed and they sold nothing but two tallaisim, three mezzuzahs and one set of tfillin. Now was the time to decide. Sadie finally agreed that they did have to stock Catholic items, so she said to Abie, "OK, call that Catholic supply house on Park Avenue."

Abie agreed to call. "Hello, Catholic Supply House on Park Avenue? This is Abie and Sadie's on Delancey Street. I want 100 autographed pictures of the Pope, 200 of those breads – what do you call them – rosaries? And 500 crucifixes. Oh yeah, and I want those things here tomorrow."

"OK sir, I got your order. Let me read it back. 100 autographed picture of the Pope, 200 rosaries, and 500 crucifixes. But tomorrow we have a full delivery schedule and we close down in the afternoon before sunset – it's Shabbat."





WELL, THAT WOULD
CERTAINLY EXPLAIN WHY
HE LET THREE OF US
ON BOARD.





A secular Jew sits down on a park bench next to a man with a large black hat and a long black coat. The secular Jew turns to the darkly garbed man and says, “What’s the matter with you Hasids? This isn’t the Old Country—it’s the modern world. You people are an embarrassment to the rest of us.”

The man turns around and says, “Hasid? I’m Amish.”

The secular Jew immediately replies, “It’s so wonderful the way you’ve held on to your traditions!”

Noah's Ark Complaints Department



YOU ONLY
BROUGHT
TWO ANTS?

NOAH'S ARCH

Well, it's inflamed, all right. But as long as you're not out standing on a boat deck for weeks, you should be fine.

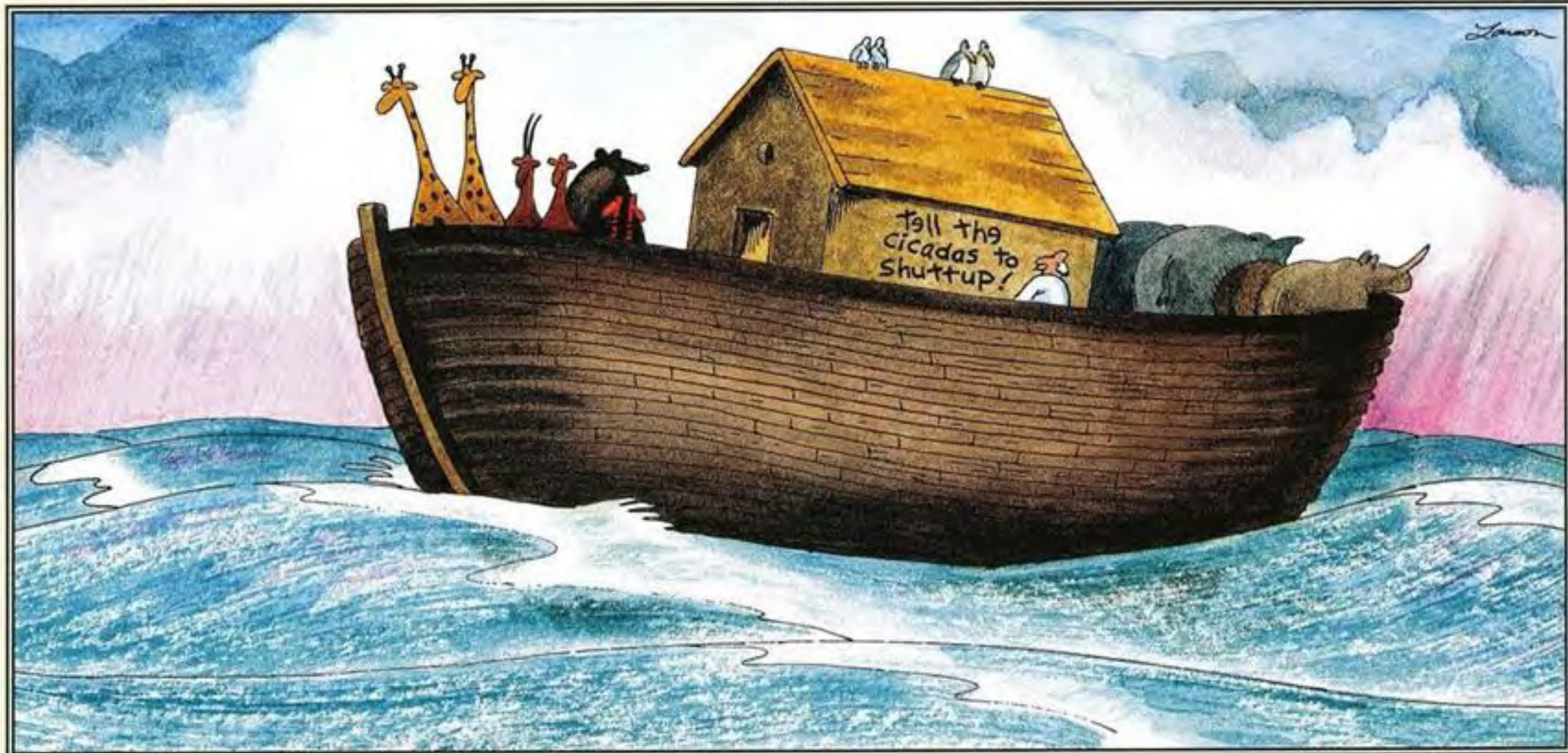


Get this cartoon signed & framed & get a signed copy of the NEW LP book at LoosePartsComic.com
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Blazek

10-11

3/1/87



Bageling

by Jessica Levine Kupferberg

It all started when my friend Doodle Miller—who wears a kippah—was back in college and suffering through a tedious lecture. As the professor droned on, a previously-unknown young woman leaned over and whispered in his ear: “This class is as boring as my Zayde’s seder.”

You see, the woman knew that she did not “look” Jewish, nor did she wear any identifying signs like a Star of David. So foregoing the awkward declaration, “I’m Jewish,” she girl devised a more nuanced—and frankly, cuter—way of heralding her heritage. This incident launched a hypothesis which would henceforth be known as the Bagel Theory.

The Bagel Theory stands for the principle that we Jews, regardless of how observant or affiliated we are, have a powerful need to connect with one another. To that end, we find ways to “bagel” each other—basically, to “out” ourselves to fellow Jews. There are two ways to bagel. The brave or simply unimaginative will tell you straight out that they are Jewish (a plain bagel). But the more creative will concoct subtler and even sublime ways to let you know that they, too, are in the know. (These bagels are often the best; like their doughy counterparts, cultural bagels are more flavorful when there is more to chew on.)

Bageled at Boggle

I suspect that Jews have been bageling even before real bagels were invented. And while my husband and I may not have invented bageling, we do seem to have a steady diet of bagel encounters. An early bagel favorite occurred when my kippah-wearing husband and I were dating, and we spent a Saturday evening at a funky coffee house with friends. We engaged in a few boisterous rounds of Boggle, the game where you must quickly make words out of jumbled lettered cubes. Observing our fun, a couple of college students at a nearby table asked if they could play too. After we ratified the tray and furiously scribbled our words, it was time to read our lists aloud. One of the students, who sported a *nista* hat and goatee, proudly listed the word “yad.” Unsuspecting, we inquired, “What’s a yad?” He said with a smirk, “You know, that pointer you read the Torah with.” Yes, we were bageled at Boggle.

On our honeymoon in Rome, we were standing at the top of the Spanish steps next to a middle-aged couple

holding a map. The husband piped up in an obvious voice, “I wonder where the synagogue is.” My husband and I exchanged a knowing look at this classic Roman bagel and proceeded to strike up a conversation with this lovely couple from Chicago. After we took them to the synagogue, they asked to join us at the kosher pizza shop. As we savored the cheeseless aragula and shaved beef pizza—to this day the best pizza I have ever had—this non-religious couple marveled at traveling kosher and declared they would do so in the future. A satisfying bagel to be sure.

Holy Bagel

In the years since, our bagel encounters have become precious souvenirs, yiddish knick-knacks from our family adventures in smaller Jewish communities. Like the time the little boy at the Coffee Bean in Pasadena, California, walked up to my husband, pulled out a *mezuzah* from around his neck, smiled and ran away. (A non-verbal bagel.) Or our day trip to the pier in San Clemente, California when an impish girl in cowboys and bikini scampers over to say “Good Shabbos.”

We have been bageled waiting at airline ticket counters, in elevators, at the supermarket checkout. And I myself have been known to bagel when the situation calls for it, like the time I asked the Chasid seated a few rows up on an airplane if I could borrow a siddur. On a recent trip abroad, however, we did not get bageled even once. That was in Israel where, thankfully, there is just no need. We bagel in a quest to feel whole.

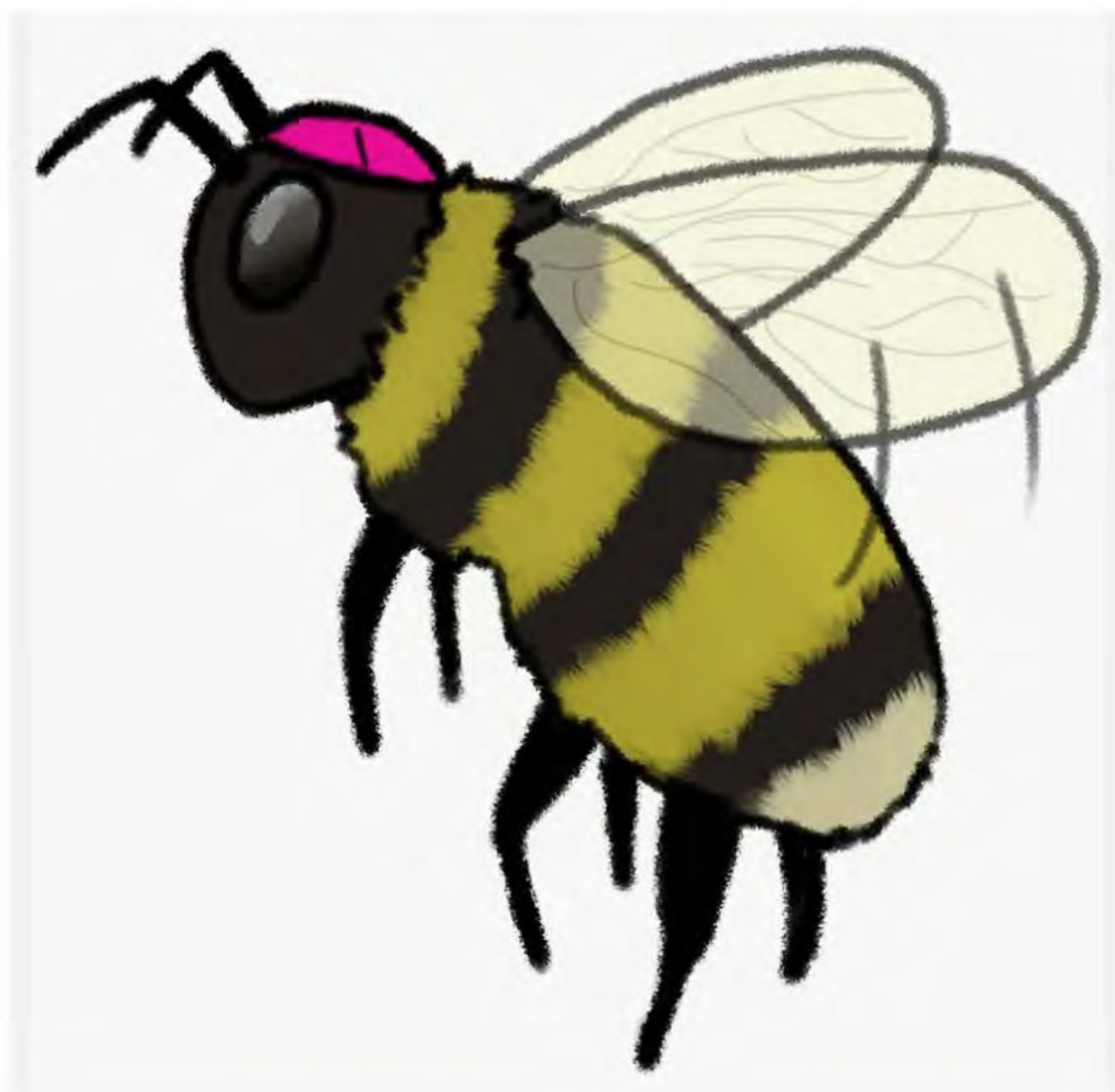
Ultimately, why do we feel this need to bagel? Does it stem from our shared patriarchs, our pedigree of discrimination and isolation, a common love of latkes or just the human predisposition to be cliquy? I maintain it is something more. Our sages say that all Jews were originally one interconnected soul which stood in unison at Mount Sinai to receive the Torah. Now scattered across the Earth, as we encounter each other’s Jewish souls, we recognize and reconnect with a piece of our divine selves. The bagel may have a hole, but we bagel in a quest to feel whole.

So the next time a sweaty stranger at the gym says to you, “I haven’t been this thirsty since Yom Kippur,” smile. You’ve just been bageled—adding another link in the Jewish circle of connection.

WHOa. No KIPPAHS, No PAYoTS, NO
TALLITS. ARI, I THINK THIS A
GOY BAR.

10/1

SCOTT
HILBURN



Two bees from different hives run into each other one rainy day. The first asks, "How's it going?" The second answers, "Awful. Too much rain, not enough flowers, and low pollen counts."

The first bee says, "Here's what you do. Fly down five blocks, turn left and keep going until you see all the cars at Bnei Emet synagogue. There's a bnei mitzah going on and there are LOTS of fresh flowers there!"

So the second bee flies away. A few hours later, the two bees meet again.

"So how'd it go?" asks the first bee.

"Great!" says the second bee. It was everything you said it would be!"

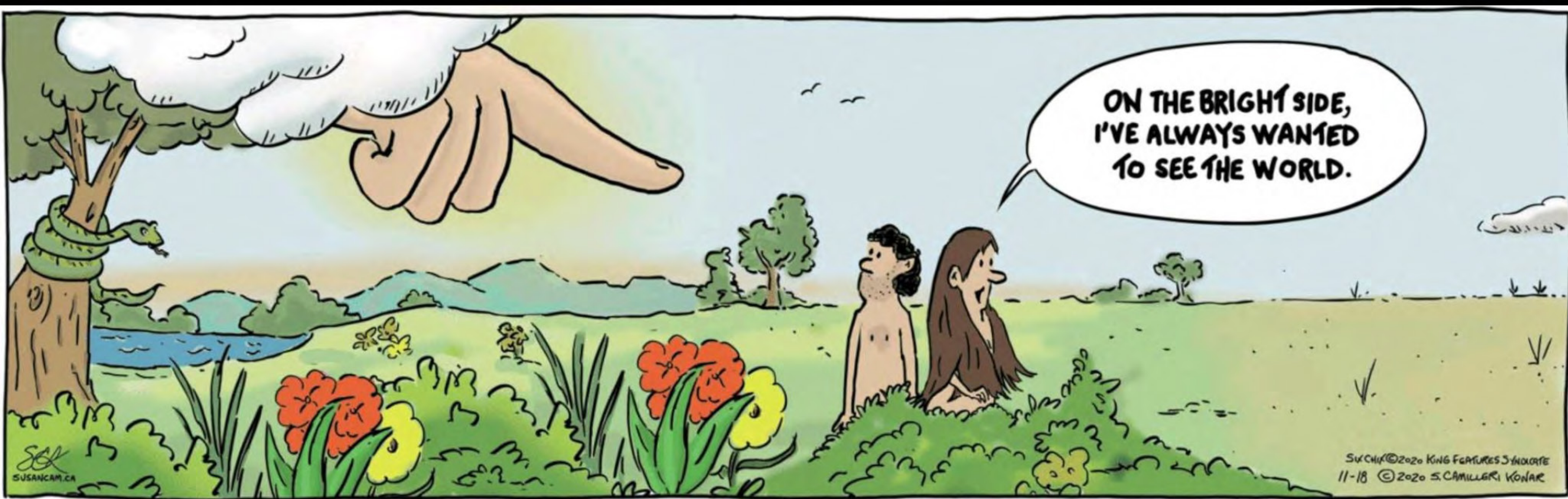
"Um, what's that little thing on your head?" asks the first bee.

"That's my yarmulke," says the second bee. "I didn't want them to think I was a wasp."

Reasons Hanukkah is Better Than Christmas

10. No roof damage from reindeer.
9. Never a silent night when you're among Jewish loved ones.
8. If someone screws up on their gift, there are seven more days to correct it.
7. Betting Hanukkah gelt (the chocolate coins) on candle races.
6. You can use your fireplace.
5. Spin-the-dreidel games.
4. Fun waxy buildup on the menorah.
3. No awkward explanations of virgin birth.
2. Cheer optional.
1. No Irving Berlin songs.







A silly man was so proud of his new Cadillac that he invited a priest, a minister and a rabbi to come bless it.

The priest chanted in Latin and sprinkled holy water on the car.

The minister invoked the name of the almighty and led the group in silent prayer.

The rabbi says, "Bereshut moirei verabotai" ("with the permission of my teachers and the community") and cuts off the end of the tailpipe.

- Prairie Home Companion

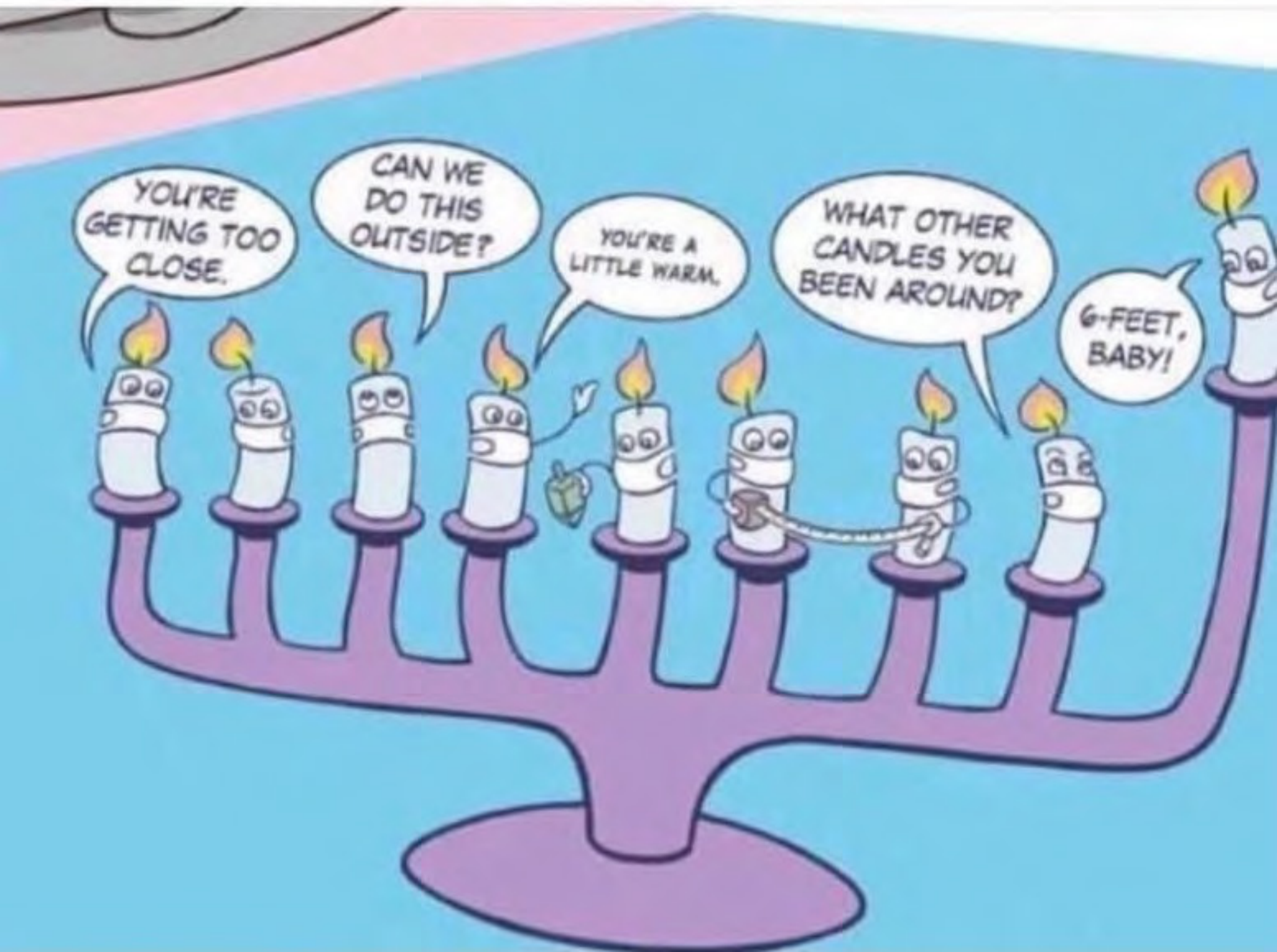
MAZEL TOFFEE!

11/5

CANDY BAR MITZVAH

SCOTT
HILBURN

Chanukah 2020! OY



Spanish Seder Tale

With *Pesach* soon upon them, the Jewish community in Madrid found themselves in a desperate situation. There was an acute shortage of horseradish. Now many of you may know that horseradish, also known as *chrain*, is a key ingredient in the Passover *seder*.

A hue and cry arose and the entire community was mobilized in an effort to prevent this *shonda* (shame or tragedy). All of the European Union countries gave them the same reply, "Sorry, we have none to send." In desperation, the chief rabbi of Madrid phoned one of his yeshiva friends in Tel Aviv and begged him to send a crate of horseradish by air freight to Madrid.

Two days before *Pesach*, a crate of grade *Aleph*, tear-jerking, Israeli horseradish was loaded at Ben Gurion Airport on the EL AL 789 flight to Madrid, and all seemed to be well. Unfortunately, when the rabbi went to the Madrid Airport to claim the horseradish, he was informed that a wildcat strike had just broken out and no shipments would be unloaded for at least four days.

As a result, the *chrain* in Spain stayed mainly on the plane.

CHRISTMAS AND CHANUKAH TO MERGE

North Pole and Jerusalem -- 5 November 1999 (UPSI). Continuing the current trend of large-scale mergers and acquisitions, It was announced today at a press conference that Christmas and Chanukah will merge. An industry source said that the deal had been in the works for about 1300 years, ever since the rise of the Muslim Empire.

While details were not available at press time, it is believed that the overhead cost of having twelve days of Christmas and eight days of Chanukah was becoming prohibitive for both sides. By combining forces, we're told, the world will be able to enjoy consistently high-quality service during the Fifteen Days of Christmukah, as the new holiday is being called.

Massive layoffs are expected, with lords a-leaping and maids a-milking being the hardest hit. As part of the conditions of the agreement, the letters on the dreidl, currently in Hebrew, will be replaced by Latin, thus becoming unintelligible to a wider audience. Also, instead of translating to "A great miracle happened there," the message on the dreidl will be the more generic "Miraculous stuff happens."

In exchange, it is believed that Jews will be allowed to use Santa Claus and his vast merchandising resources for buying and delivering their gifts. In fact, one of the sticking points holding up the agreement for at least three hundred years was the question of whether Jewish children could leave milk and cookies for Santa even after having eaten meat for dinner. A breakthrough came last year, when Oreos were finally declared to be Kosher. All sides appeared happy about this.

A spokesman for Christmas, Inc., declined to say whether a takeover of Kwanzaa might not be in the works as well. He merely pointed out that, were it not for the independent existence of Kwanzaa, the merger between Christmas and Chanukah might indeed be seen as an unfair cornering of the holiday market. Fortunately for all concerned, he said, Kwanzaa will help to maintain the competitive balance. He then closed the press conference by leading all present in a rousing rendition of "Oy Come All Ye Faithful."



Chutzpah

Cchutzpah is a Yiddish word meaning gall, brazen nerve, effrontery, sheer guts plus arrogance; it's Yiddish and, as Leo Rosten writes, no other word, and no other language, can do it justice.

These two examples will help readers understand the concept.

THE ESSENCE OF CHUTZPAH... (1)

A little old lady sold pretzels on a street corner for 25 cents each.. Every day a young man would leave his office building at lunch time, and as he passed the pretzel stand, he would leave her a quarter, but never take a pretzel.

And this went on for more than 3 years.

The two of them never spoke.

One day, as the young man passed the old lady's stand and left his quarter as usual, the pretzel lady spoke to him.

Without blinking an eye she said: "They're 35 cents now."

THE ESSENCE OF CHUTZPAH... (2)

Grandmother Ashira is walking little Reuvele on the seashore when suddenly, out of nowhere, an immense wave washes the little boy out to sea! He disappears completely, leaving his distraught bubbie sobbing on the shore.

She falls to her knees and prays to Adonai, promising every form of devotion she can think of if He will only return her darling to her.

Again out of nowhere, a giant wave appears from offshore and - miracle! - deposits little Reuven neatly on the shore. The boy is in perfect condition, with no sign of distress; even his clothes are dry!

Bubbie Ashira looks sternly up at the sky and says firmly, "He had a hat."



Culture Shock

A disappointed Coca-Cola salesman returned from his assignment in Israel.

A friend asked, "Why weren't you successful with the Israelis?"

The salesman explained, "When I got posted, I was very confident that I would make a good sales pitch. But I had a problem. I didn't know how to speak Hebrew. So I planned to convey the message through three posters."



First poster : A man lying in the hot desert sand totally exhausted and fainting.

Second poster : The man is drinking Coca-Cola.

Third poster : Our man is now totally refreshed.

"And then these posters were pasted all over the place. "

"Terrific! That should have worked!" said the friend.

"The hell it should have!" said the salesman. "No one told me they read from right to left!"



COMMENTS

- ★ Bankruptcy is a legal proceeding in which you put your money in your pants pocket and give your coat to your creditors. - Sam Goldwyn
- ★ I once wanted to become an atheist but I gave up ... they have no holidays. - Henry Youngman
- ★ My father never lived to see his dream come true of an all-Yiddish-speaking Canada. - David Steinberg
- ★ G-d, I know we are your chosen people, but couldn't you choose somebody else for a change? - Shalom Aleichem
- ★ Most Texans think Hanukkah is some sort of duck call. - Richard Lewis
- ★ The remarkable thing about my mother is that for 30 years she served us nothing but leftovers. The original meal has never been found. - Calvin Trillin
- ★ Let me tell you the one thing I have against Moses. He took us 40 years into the desert in order to bring us to the one place in the Middle East that has no oil. - Golda Meir
- ★ Even a secret agent can't lie to a Jewish mother. - Peter Malkin
- ★ Don't be humble; you are not that great. - Golda Meir
- ★ G-d will pardon me. It's His business. - Heinrich Heine



Computer Dell-Shalom

I don't know if you know this, but you can now purchase Jewish computers, certified kosher! They are made in Israel by a company called DELL-SHALOM. The price is so low, even with the shipping from Israel, you save a few bucks. However, before you purchase this very smart, talking computer, be warned: you should know that there are some important changes from the typical traif (non-kosher) computer you are used to, such as these:



- 1) The “Start” button has been replaced with an undiplomatic voice-command: “Let's go, putz. I'm not getting any younger!”
- 2) Another warning: You hear “Hava Nagila” during startup. However, it only repeats itself nine times.
- 3) The cursor moves from right to left.
- 4) When Spell-checker finds an error, it auto-corrects and then prompts you. Out loud. “And you thought you were so smart. Is this the best you can do?”
- 5) When you look at online porn, your computer says, disapprovingly, “If your mother knew you did this, she would drop dead.”
- 6) It comes with a monitor cleaning solution and a free rag – no extra charge – that is advertised to get rid of all the “schmutz und drek.”
- 7) When running “Scan Disk”, it prompts you with a “You want I should fix this?” message that only repeats itself six times.
- 8) After 20 minutes without activity, your PC asks, “May I go schloffen now?”
- 9) The PC shuts down automatically at sundown on Friday evenings.
- 10) Instead of getting a “General Protection Fault” error, you get a “Ferklemp” message.
- 11) When your PC is multitasking, you occasionally hear a very loud “Oy.”
- 12) After your computer dies, you must dispose of it within 24 hours.
- 13) But best of all, if you have a kosher computer, you can never get SPAM.

If Your Computer Converted to Judaism

Instead of a "Start" button, it would say "Hurry Up, Already."

Your screen saver would have flying dreidels.

It would shut down automatically on Friday night, which was also casual Friday.

If your computer dies, you have to throw them away within 24 hours.



CONFESSION

A 93-year-old man enters a Catholic church and goes into the confessional.

“Father,” he says in a thick Yiddish accent, “I have sinned.”

“Yes, my son?” says the slightly puzzled priest.

“Got in himl,¹ I just made love with two twenty-year-old women at the same time.”

“Excuse me, but are you Catholic?” asks the bewildered priest.

“No, I’m a yiddisher kop!”²

“Well then, why are you telling *me*?”

“Makhst a vertl?³ I’m telling everybody I can find!!”



¹ G-d in heaven

² Jewish man

³ Are you kidding?

© E. DeCetera

Big storm's
a brewin'.

Then I'm glad
we didn't go on that
cruise thing with your
whack-job friend
Noah.



CULTURE SHOCK

An English Jewish couple won twenty million pounds on the lottery. They immediately set out to begin a life of luxury. They bought a magnificent mansion in Knightsbridge and surrounded themselves with all the material wealth imaginable. Then they decided to hire a butler.

They found the perfect butler through an agency, very proper and very British, and brought him back to their home. The day after his arrival, they instructed him to set up the dining room table for four, as they were inviting the Cohens to lunch. The couple then left the house to do some shopping.

When they returned, they found the table set for eight. They asked the butler why eight, when they had specifically instructed him to set the table for four.

The butler replied, "The Cohens telephoned and said they were bringing the Blintzes and the Knishes."





The first senior moment.

One day Morris called his son in Chicago from his home in Florida and said, “Benny, I have some bad news. I don’t want to discuss it, but you’re my elder child and you ought to know. I’m going to divorce Mama.”

Benny was shocked and asked his father to tell him what was going on, but his father said, “I just don’t want to get into it.” Benny said, “But dad, you can’t just decide to divorce Mom after fifty-four years together!”



Morris replied, “It’s too painful to talk about. I called because I thought you should know. You can tell your sister about it – it will spare me the pain.”

Bennie asked, “But where’s Mom? Can I talk to her??”

Morris said, “No, I don’t want her knowing anything about it yet. I will see my lawyer in a couple of days.”

“Dad, please! Don’t do anything rash. I’m taking the next flight from O’Hare to Orlando! PLEASE don’t do anything rash!!”

“Oh, all right,” said Morris. “Listen, this weekend is Pesach, so I’ll hold off seeing the lawyer until after the seder. Call you sister in San Francisco and break the news to her. I just can’t bear to talk about it any more.”

A few minutes later Morris got a call from his daughter saying she’d be down from New York in a couple of days with the grandchildren. She said, “Benny said you don’t want to talk about it on the telephone, so PLEASE wait until we get there and promise me you won’t do anything rash!!”

Morris promised.

After hanging up with his daughter, Morris turned to his wife and said, “Well, it worked this time, but what are we going to do next Yom Tov to get them to come down??”



“Well, I’m not sure. ... I guess it’s been washed.”



Avram had obeyed all the Commandments, had gone to shul every Shabbas and for all the holidays, and was kind to everyone. During a severe hurricane, his house was flooded by the rising waters of the nearby river, and all his neighbors began to evacuate -- but Avram refused to leave. When the water reached the top of the first story of his house, a rescue-worker reached him in a rowboat, but he refused to leave. Then when he was forced into his second story, he found a worker in a motorboat calling him to escape, but again, he refused. When he was on top of his roof with the water continuing to rise, a helicopter dropped a rope ladder to him but again, he insisted on staying.

He drowned.

When he reached Heaven, he asked Adonai why he hadn't been saved. G-d said, "What do you mean?? I sent you two boats and a helicopter!!!"

**It's that time when everybody
hears the four questions!**



1. Have you had the vaccine?
2. Which one did you have?
3. Did you suffer any side effects?
4. When do you think you'll get your second jab?



Three dead men were standing in line waiting to be admitted to Heaven by Malach Gavriel (the Angel Gabriel). Unfortunately, it had been a very busy day in Heaven, so the angel said, "I'm really sorry, but we're giving precedence right now to people who suffered particularly horrible deaths. So tell me your stories!"

The first soul says, "Well, I've thought for a while that my wife was having an affair, so today I came home early to catch her *in flagrante delicto*. When I reached our 25th-floor apartment, I had the sense that something was wrong, but I couldn't find a man hiding anywhere. Then when I went to the balcony, sure enough, there was this guy hanging on to the railing. I was so mad I hit him and tried to kick him off the balcony, but he just wouldn't fall off. So I got a hammer and hit his fingers, so he then fell the 25 stories -- but he landed in the bushes and survived! I went to the kitchen and pushed the fridge out and over the railing, and it fell right on top of him and killed him instantly. However, I then had a heart attck and died right there on the balcony."

"Wow, that's awful," said Gavriel, and let the poor guy in.

The second guy said, "Well, it's been a strange day. I live on the 26th floor of my apartment building, and every morning I do my exercises on the balcony, weather permitting. Today I slipped and fell over the edge, but luckily I caught the railing of the apartment balcony on the 25th floor. This guy came out on the balcony and I figured I was safe, but he started beating me and then hammered my fingers so I fell all the way down to the bushes below. Then this fridge comes out of nowhere and squashes me flat, so here I am.

Once again, Gavriel agreed that this death was pretty awful, so he let the soul into Heaven.

Gavriel then turned to the third man in the line as he approached the Pearly Gates, and asked him for his story.

"Well picture this," said the man. "I'm hiding naked inside a refrigerator...."

YOU LOST ALL YOUR GELT
AND A MONTH'S SALARY?



MARK
PARISI 12-16

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Yaakov was walking on the beach when he noticed an old lamp in the sand. He picked it up and was wiping the sand off when POOF! a genie suddely came out of the lamp and said, "Gee, thanks, Yaakov! I'm the Jewish Genie and I've been waiting two hundred years for someone to free me! Because you have released me after so many centuries of imprisonment, I am granting you three wishes. However, I have to warn you that whatever you ask for, your lawyer will get double."

Yaakov thought for a while and said, "For my first wish, I'd like a hundred million dollars deposited in my bank account."

The genie said, "OK, but rmember, your lawyer will get two hundred million dollars."

"That's OK," said Yaakov, and the genie put the money into the bank accounts at once.

"For my second wish," said Yaakov, "I would like a fifty-hectare ranch on the French Riviera with a thirty-room mansion on the bluffs overlooking the Mediterranean."

The genie nodded and gave him the deed to the new home, adding, "... and your lawyer is getting twice the land and a house twice as big."

"No problem," said Yaakov. "For my third wish, I'd like you to scare me half to death."





MOSES LOST IN THE DESERT...YEAR 40



Reynolds

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JEWISH GRAMMAR RULES FOR ENGLISH

1. Phrase statements as questions. Instead of telling Ida she looks gorgeous, ask, "How stunning do you have to look?"
2. Answer questions with questions; e.g., if someone asks how you feel, say, "How should I feel?"
3. Whenever possible, end questions with "...or what?" which gives the other person a chance to add information: "Has she grown up well, or what?"
4. Begin questions with what: "What, my cooking's not good enough for you?"
5. Drop the last word in a sentence. E.g., "What, you want to get killed going alone? Harry will go with."
6. Move the subject to the end of the sentence: "Is *she* getting heavy, that Esther?"
7. Use "that" as a modifier to imply contempt: "Is Dvorah going out with that Yehudah fellow?"
8. Use "lovely" to describe actions taken by someone else that the interlocutor should have done, too: "We got a lovely note from the Goldmans for hosting the seder."
Translation: "What, you didn't eat and drink at my seder?? You slop, you didn't send a thank-you note."



THE CELL PHONE ONLY HAD ENOUGH
BATTERY POWER FOR ONE DAY,
BUT IT LASTED EIGHT DAYS...



THE MIRACLE OF HANUKKAH:
UPDATED

HANUKKAH JOKEs

- ★ What do cows and horses light when celebrating Hanukkah? *A menorah*
- ★ Which hand is best to light the menorah with? *Neither, it's best to light it with a match.*
- ★ What's the difference between Hanukkah and dragons? *One is eight nights while the other ate knights*
- ★ A woman goes to the post office for stamps for Hanukkah cards. She asks the cashier for stamps and the cashier replies, "What denomination?" The woman thinks for a moment and responds, *I'll take six Orthodox, 12 Conservative, seven Reconstructionist and 32 Reform, please."*
- ★ Miriam, an old, Jewish grandmother was giving directions to her Jewish son who was coming to visit with his wife for Hanukkah. It was the first time he had visited her since she had moved to her new apartment. "You come to the front door of the condominium complex. I am in apartment 2B," Miriam says. "There is a big panel at the door. With your elbow push button 2B. I will buzz you in. Come inside, the elevator is on the right. Get in, and with your elbow hit 2. When you get out I am on the left. With your elbow, hit my doorbell." "Mother, that sounds easy," replies the grandson, "but why am I hitting all these buttons with my elbow?" *Miriam gasps, "You're coming to visit me empty handed?"*
- ★ What's the best Hanukkah gift for the person who has everything? *A burglar alarm.*
- ★ What do you call a speck that falls into the latke pan? *An unidentified frying object.*
- ★ Why don't we eat clowns at Hanukkah? *Because they taste funny.*
- ★ What did the candles say when the menorah complained about getting too hot? *Whoa, a talking menorah.*
- ★ What did the older Hanukkah candle say to the younger one? *You're too young to smoke.*
- ★ Why was the broom late to the Hanukkah party? *It over-swept.*
- ★ During the first day of Hanukkah, two elderly Jewish men were sitting in a wonderful deli frequented almost exclusively by Jews in New York City. They were talking amongst themselves in Yiddish – the colorful language of Jews who came over from Eastern Europe. A Chinese waiter, only one year in New York, came up and in fluent impeccable Yiddish asked them if everything was okay and if they were enjoying the holiday. The Jewish men were dumbfounded. "Where did he ever learn such perfect Yiddish?" they both thought. After they paid the bill they asked the restaurant manager, an old friend of theirs, "Where did our waiter learn such fabulous Yiddish?" The manager looked around and leaned in so no one else will hear and said... *"Shhhh. He thinks we're teaching him English."*
- ★ It was Hanukkah and the tiny village was in fear of not having any latkes because they had run out of flour. Rudi, the rabbi, was called upon to help solve the problem. He said, "Don't worry, you can substitute matzo meal for the flour and the latkes will be just as delicious!" Sheila looked to her husband and said, "Morty...you think it'll work?" Morty said, *"Of course! Everybody knows...Randolph, the Rav, knows grain dear!"*
- ★ Why do you put candles on top of the menorah? *It's too hard to put them on the bottom.*
- ★ What did the loaf of bread say to the other loaf of bread during Hanukkah? *Happy challah days!*



The New York City Public Schools have officially declared Jewish English, now dubbed Hebronics, as a second language. Buckers of the move say the city schools are the first in the nation to recognize Hebronics as a valid language and a significant attribute of American culture.

According to Howard Ashland, linguistics professor at Brooklyn College and seasoned Hebronics scholar, the language traces its Hebronics derives from middle and eastern European language patterns, as well as Yiddish.

Professor Shalman explains, "In Hebronics the response to any question is usually another question with a complaint that is either implied or stated."

Thus "How are you?" may be answered, "How should I be, with my bad flu?"

Shalman says that Hebronics is a superb linguistic vehicle for expressing sarcasm or sarcasm. An example is the repetition of a word with "sh" or "shai" at the beginning: "Moooooooooooooooooooo, stay away, You should wear a towelsh!"

Another Hebronics pattern is moving the subject of a sentence to the end, with its predicate at the beginning: "It's beautiful, that dress."

Shalman says one also uses the Hebronics verb moved to the end of the sentence. Thus the response to a remark such as, "He's slow as a turtle," could be, "Turtle, slowsh! Like a fly in Yankee he walksh."

Shalman provided the following examples from his best-selling textbook, *Sounded-On Hebronics*.

Question: "What time is it?"
English answer: "Sorry, I don't know."

Hebronic response: "What am I, a clock?"

Remark: "I hope things turn out okay."
English answer: "Thanks."
Hebronic response: "I should be so lucky!"

Remark: "Hurry up. Dinner's ready."
English answer: "Be right there."
Hebronic response: "Alright already, I'm coming. What's with the 'hurry' business? Is there a fire?"

Remark: "I like the way you gave me; I miss it all the time."
English answer: "Glad you like it."
Hebronic response: "So what's the matter, you don't like the other way I gave you?"

Remark: "Sarah and I are engaged."
English answer: "Congratulations!"
Hebronic response: "She could stand to love a few pounds."

Question: "Would you like to go riding with us?"
English answer: "Just try when."
Hebronic response: "Riding, shoudsh! Do I look like a rhesus?"

To the guest of honor at a birthday party:
English answer: "Happy birthday!"
Hebronic response: "A year smarter you should become."

Remark: "It's a beautiful day."
English answer: "Sure is."
Hebronic response: "So the sun is out, what else is new?"

Answering a phone call from a wife:
English answer: "It's been a while since you called."
Hebronic response: "You didn't wonder if I'm dead already?"

HOW TO PUNISH A RABBI

An orthodox Rabbi went golfing although it was on the Sabbath. Gabriel saw him, and summoned G-d.

“YHWH!” said Gabriel, “We have a rabbi golfing on the Sabbath. Strike him down with a lightning bolt.” G-d said, “I’ve got better plans for him.”

Just then, the Rabbi took a swing at the ball, and it drove 420 yards, bounced and rolled up onto the green and fell directly into the cup, a hole-in-one.

The Rabbi was ecstatic, whooping it up.

Gabriel says to G-d, “What gives, I thought you were going to punish him?”

G-d says, “Who’s he going to tell?”





SCHWARTZ

“Wait for it.”

ACTUAL PERSONALS WHICH APPEARED IN ISRAELI PAPERS

-Sincere rabbinical student, 27. Enjoys Yom Kippur, Yisha B'Av, Taanis Esther, Trom Gedaliah, Asarah B'Teves, Shiva Asar B'Tammuz. Seeks companion for living life in the "fast" lane.

Yeshiva bochar, Torah scholar, long beard, payos. Seeks same in woman.

Very pretty, slim, klavi would like to meet fragrant, squeezable enoag. Let's do hoshanas together. Piram a must.

Worried about in-law meddling? I'm an orphan! Wine.

Nice Jewish guy, 38. No skeletons. No baggage. No personality.

Are you the girl I spoke with at the kiddush after shul last week? You excused yourself to get more horsendish for your grilbe fish, but you never returned. How can I contact you again? (I was the one with the cholent stain on my tie).

Shochet, 54, owns successful butcher shop in Midwest. Doesn't believe women should be treated like a piece of meat. Seeks glan kosher maydl for marriage.

Female graduate student, studying kabbalah, Zohar, exorcism of dybbuks, seeks menoch. No weirdos, please.

Staunch Jewish feminist, wears tizris, seeking male who will accept my independence, although you probably will not. Oh, just forget it.

Jewish businessman, 49, manufactures Sabbath candles, Chanukah candles, havdalah candles, Yahrzeit candles. Seeks non-smoker.

Israeli professor, 41, with 18 years of teaching in my behind. Looking for American-born woman who speaks English very good.

Couch potato lufke, in search of the right appliance. Let's try it for eight days. Who knows?

80-year-old bubby, no assets, seeks handsome, virile Jewish male, under 35. Object matrimony. I can dream, can't I?

I am a sensitive Jewish prince whom you can open your heart to. Share your innermost thoughts and deepest secrets. Confide in me. I'll understand your insecurities. No fancies, please.

Jewish male, 34, very successful, smart, independent, self-made. Looking for girl whose father will hire me.

Single Jewish woman, 29, into disco, mountain climbing, skiing, track and field. Has slight limp.

Orthodox woman with get, seeks man who got get, or can get get. Get it? I'll show you mine, if you show me yours.

Desparately seeking shmoozing! Retired senior citizen desires female companion 70+ for kvetching, kvelling, and kvetching. Under 30 is also OK.

Shul gabbai, 36. I take out the Torah Sunday morning. Would like to take you out Saturday night. Please write.

Attractive Jewish woman, 35, college graduate, seeks successful Jewish Prince Charming to get me out of my parents' house.

Divorced Jewish man, seeks partner to attend shule with, light Shabbos candles, celebrate holidays, build Sukkah together, attend batmitz, bar mitzvahs. Religion not important.



Israelites Sue G-d For Breach of Covenant

NEW YORK—Attorneys representing the Tribe of Abraham filed suit against G-d in New York's Southern District Court Monday, citing 117 specific instances of breach of covenant.

The Israelites are seeking \$4.2 trillion in punitive and compensatory damages.

"My client, the Children of Israel, entered into this covenant with the Defendant in good faith. They were assured, in writing, that in exchange for their exclusive worship of Him, they would be designated His chosen people and, as such, would enjoy His divine protection and guidance for eternity," said Marvin Sachs, the Manhattan attorney bringing the suit on behalf of the Israelites. "Yet, practically from the moment this covenant was signed, the Defendant has exhibited a blatant and willful disregard for its terms."

According to Sachs, the Israelites have not received the protection they were promised in the covenant.

"Despite the presence of numerous 'chosen people' clauses throughout this covenant, my client has suffered countless tragedies over the past 5,000 years, from the destruction of the Holy Temple in Jerusalem to the Spanish Inquisition to the Holocaust," Sachs said. "Does that sound like protection to you? Clearly, the Creator had no intention of honoring His legal and binding agreement with us from the start."

Continued Sachs: "The covenant also states that the plaintiff is be entitled to all the lands of the Earth. This, too, has not occurred. Furthermore, it states that the plaintiff will become more numerous than the dust thereof. This has not occurred, either, assuming, of course, that the world contains more than 14 million particles of dust."

Sachs then produced a Torah scroll and said, "I was raised to believe that this is more than just a piece of paper. What about Him?"

Court officers visited the Defendant atop Mount Sinai early this morning, serving Him with papers and setting the legal machinery in motion. Though He has declined comment, lawyers in His employ have already cited multiple points of contention with the Israelite argument, questioning the authenticity of the thousand-year-old hand-inscribed documents and taking issue with the selection of New York, "a city of Israelites," as the trial site.

Kevin Harrigan, chief legal counsel for the Lord, called a press conference Tuesday to read a personal statement from his Client.

"Where was Marvin Sachs when I created the Heavens and the Earth? Where was Marvin Sachs when I laid the cornerstone of creation, and all

the morning stars sang together? Can Marvin Sachs bind the influences of the Pleiades and loose the bands of Orion? Can Marvin Sachs call forth the snow or the small rain or the great storm?" the statement read. "He should not be so quick to sit in judgment, he who knows not the ordinances of Heaven nor their dominion of the Earth." Added Harrigan: "We'll agree to minor malfeasance. The Creator pays you a token \$15,000 settlement, plus your filing fees, and we go easy on you."

Despite the Lord's confidence, the Israelites say they have a case.

"For 5,760 years, the plaintiff has honored their side of the contract, worshipping the Defendant with total devotion. But in return, they have gotten bupkes," Sachs said. "They trusted Him to protect them, and He threw them to everyone from the Egyptians to the Cossacks to the Nazis to the Palestinians. I'd have a hard time believing that anyone even remotely familiar with the plaintiff's history would argue that they're not victims of detrimental reliance."

Above: A disputed section of the covenant, which promises the plaintiff divine protection and providence. Harrigan responded that G-d's case is clear under the provisions of New York's commercial code.

"We have yet to determine whether the Jews are arguing for the Covenant of Abraham, which covers homeland and birthright issues, the Davidic Covenant, under which they say they were guaranteed a Messiah, or some combination of the two," Harrigan said. "But one thing is clear: Standard assumptions for any legal contract in this district specifically state that the Defendant is not responsible for acts of G-d."

Continued Harrigan: "I must also point out that the plaintiff has been given a homeland and offered at least one viable Messiah. If the plaintiff chooses not to accept them for whatever reason, it demonstrates that no meeting of the minds was truly possible and that they acted in bad faith, and the covenant is therefore rendered null and void."

Harrigan went on to note that the Lord has not ruled out filing a breach-of-covenant countersuit against the Israelites, claiming that they "have failed to worship the Lord in an acceptably faithful manner." Among the evidence cited: a 70 percent rise in interfaith marriage among Jews since 1900 and last year's turnout of just 36 percent at worldwide Yom Kippur services.

As of press time, the Israelites were moving forward with their case, undaunted by the fact that the Supreme Deity has never lost a trial.

"My client has been searching for answers for a long time," Sachs said. "And they will continue to search for answers and seek the truth--no matter what the cost in legal fees."



Japanese Marital Problem

Two Japanese businessmen are talking during their afternoon dip in the hot baths at the Geisha House. The first businessman says: "Hiroo-san, I have some unpleasant news for you. Your wife is dishonoring you."

Hiroo-san can't believe what he hears, and asks for more information.

"It is as I said, Hiroo-san. Your wife is dishonoring you, and she is doing it with a foreigner of the Jewish faith."

Shocked, Hiroo-san decides to go home and confront his wife. He faces her and says: "I am told that you are dishonoring me with a foreigner of the Jewish faith."

She replies: "That is a lie! Where did you hear such mishigas?"



Jewish Lightbulb Jokes

- Q: How many Jews does it take to change a light bulb?
A: 30. One to change the bulb & 29 to discuss it and give contradictory advice to the person changing the bulb.
- Q: How many Hasidic Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?
A: What is a light bulb?
- Q: How many Orthodox Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?
A: Change?
- Q: How many Conservative Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?
A: None, call a committee meeting.
- Q: How many Reform Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?
A: None, anyone can change it whenever they want to.
- Q: How many Lubavitchers does it take to change a light bulb?
A: None, it never died.
- Q: How many Breslover Chasidim does it take to change a light bulb?
A: None. They will never find one that burned as brightly as the first one.
- Q: How many Jewish Renewal rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?
A: It depends. One if it's an eco-kosher bulb that isn't going to be lit from electricity from nuclear power. Two, as long as a man and a woman rabbi have equal nuna putting in the bulb. Three, one to change it, one to do a Buddhist mindfulness practice during the change, and one to document the paradigm shift in a best selling book called "The Jew in the Lightbulb." Four, same as above and an additional rabbi to study the psycho-halachic implications of such a change and then lead a retreat weekend on the experience.
- Q: How many Shlomo Hasidim does it take to change a light bulb?
A: Gevaldt, it's mamash such a great opportunity to do teshuvah. So it takes everyone there to get real close, sing a niggun, listen to an Ibbitzer teaching, tell a Levi Yitshak story, and change the bulb at 2 in the morning.
- Q: How many Reconstructionist Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?
A: Four. One to wish they were doing what the Orthodox rabbi does, one to wish they were doing what the Reform rabbi does, one to wish they were doing what the Renewal rabbi does, and one to eventually change the stupid bulb.
- Q: How many congregants does it take to change a light bulb in a synagogue?
A: CHANGE? You want we should CHANGE the light bulb? My grandmother donated that light bulb!!



I'm thankful for
a holiday that
doesn't require
atonement or
starvation.



JEWISH ZEN

1. Let your mind be as a floating cloud. Let your stillness be as the wooded glen. And sit up straight. You'll never meet the Buddha with such round shoulders.
2. There is no escaping karma. In a previous life, you never called, you never wrote, you never visited. And whose fault was that?
3. Wherever you go, there you are. Your luggage is another story.
4. To practice Zen and the art of Jewish motorcycle maintenance, do the following: get rid of the motorcycle. What were you thinking?
5. Be aware of your body. Be aware of your perceptions. Keep in mind that not every physical sensation is a symptom of a terminal illness.
6. If there is no self, whose arthritis is this?
7. Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in. Breathe out. Forget this and attaining Enlightenment will be the least of your problems.
8. The Tao has no expectations. The Tao demands nothing of others. The Tao does not speak. The Tao does not blame. The Tao does not take sides. The Tao is not Jewish.
9. Drink tea and nourish life. With the first sip, joy. With the second, satisfaction. With the third, Danish.
10. The Buddha taught that one should practice loving kindness to all sentient beings. Still, would it kill you to find a nice sentient being who happens to be Jewish?
11. Be patient and achieve all things. Be impatient and achieve all things faster.
12. To Find the Buddha, look within. Deep inside you are ten thousand flowers. Each flower blossoms ten thousand times. Each blossom has ten thousand petals. You might want to see a specialist.
13. Be here now. Be someplace else later. Is that so complicated?
14. Zen is not easy. It takes effort to attain nothingness. And then what do you have? Bupkes.



The Jewish Zodiac

For those who frequent Chinese restaurants and see the placemats showing the Chinese zodiac (you know, the year of the rat, the year of the monkey, etc.) - well, here is the official Jewish equivalent. Now you can find out who *you* are!

The Year of **CHICKEN SOUP**: 1907, 1919, 1931, 1943, 1955, 1967, 1979, 1991, 2003, 2015, 2027: *You're a healer, nourishing all whom you encounter. We feel better just being in your presence. Mothers want to bring you home to meet their children - resist this at all costs. Compatible with Bagel and Knish.*

The Year of **EGG CREAM**: 1908, 1920, 1932, 1944, 1956, 1968, 1980, 1992, 2004, 2014, 2026: *You've got a devious personality since you're made with neither eggs nor cream. Friends find your pranks refreshing; others think you're too frothy. Compatible with Blintz, who also has something to hide.*

The Year of **CHOPPED LIVER**: 1909, 1921, 1933, 1945, 1957, 1969, 1981, 1993, 2005, 2017, 2029: *People either love you or hate you, making you wonder "What am I, chopped liver?" But don't get a complex; you're always welcome at the holidays! Bagel's got your back.*

The Year of **BLINTZ**: 1910, 1922, 1934, 1946, 1958, 1970, 1982, 1994, 2006, 2018, 2030: *Creamy and dreamy, you're rightfully cautious to travel in pairs. You play it coy but word is that, with the right topping, you turnover morning, noon and night. Compatible with Schemer.*

The Year of **LATKE**: 1911, 1923, 1935, 1947, 1959, 1971, 1983, 1995, 2007, 2019, 2031: *Working class with a grating exterior, you're a real softie on the inside. Kind of plain naked, but when dressed up you're a real dish. Compatible with Schemer's cousin Sour Cream.*

The Year of **BAGEL**: 1912, 1924, 1936, 1948, 1960, 1972, 1984, 1996, 2008, 2020, 2032: *You're pliable and always bounce back, although you feel something's missing in your center. If this persists, get some therapy. Compatible with Schemer and Lox.... Latke and Knish, not so much.*

The Year of **PICKLE**: 1913, 1925, 1937, 1949, 1961, 1973, 1985, 1997, 2009, 2021, 2033: *You're the perfect sidekick: friends love your salty wit and snappy banter, but you never overshadow them. That shows genuine seasoning from when you were a cucumber. Marry Pastrami later in life.*

The Year of **SCHEMER**: 1914, 1926, 1938, 1950, 1962, 1974, 1986, 1998, 2010, 2022, 2034: *You blend well with others but often spread yourself too thin. A smooth operator, you could use some spicing up now and then. Compatible with Bagel and Lox. Avoid Pastrami - wouldn't be kosher.*

The Year of **PASTRAMI**: 1915, 1927, 1939, 1951, 1963, 1975, 1987, 1999, 2011, 2023, 2035: *Brisket's hipper sibling, always smokin' and ready to party. You spice up life even if you keep your parents up at night. Compatible with Pickle who's always by your side.*

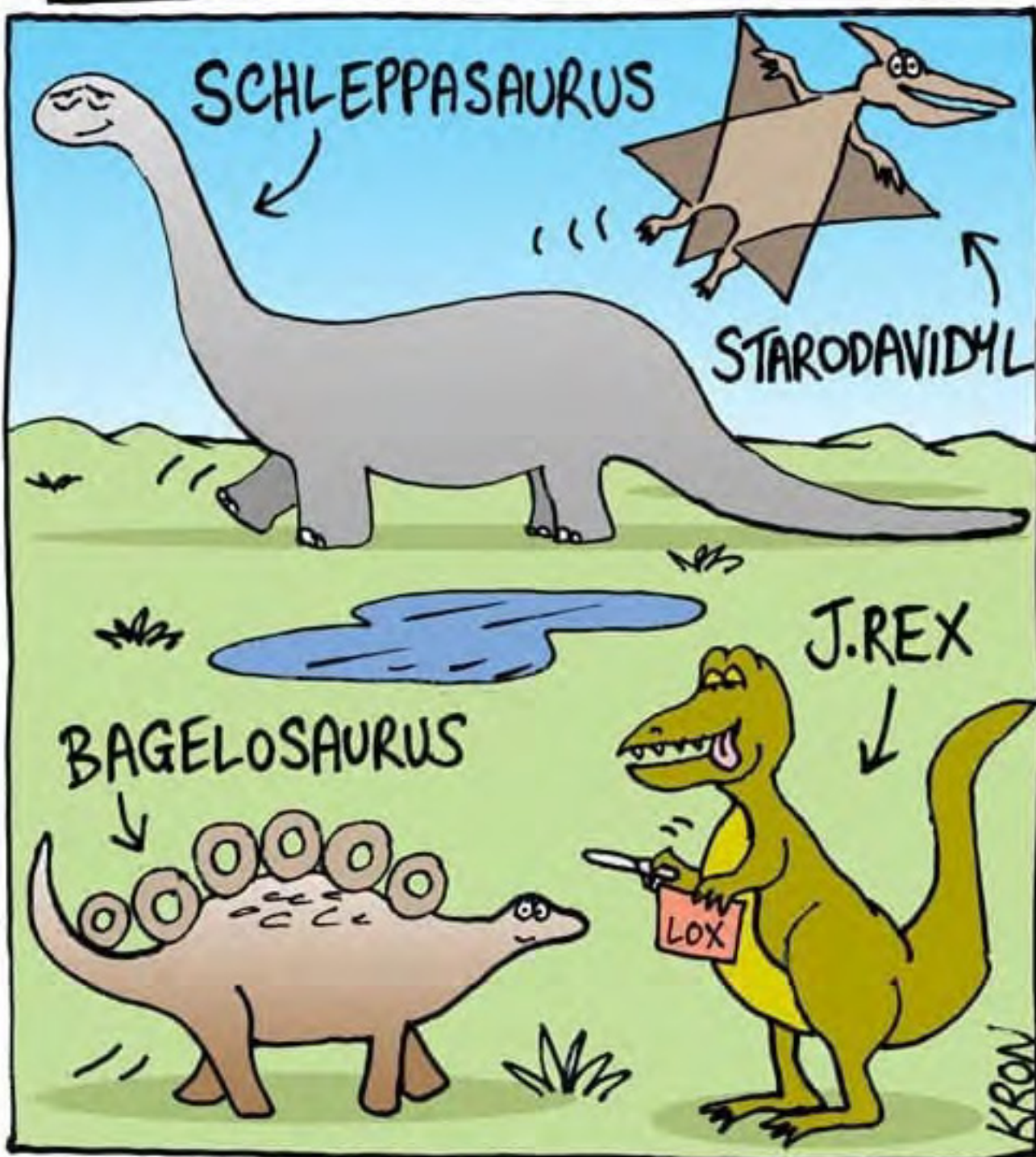
The Year of **BLACK AND WHITE ICE CREAM SODA**: 1916, 1928, 1940, 1952, 1964, 1976, 1988, 2000, 2012, 2024, 2036: *Kids love you, but make up your mind! Are you black or white? Cake or cookie? You say you're "New Age," all yin & yang. We call it "bipolar." Sweetie, you're most compatible with yourself.*

The Year of **KNISH**: 1917, 1929, 1941, 1953, 1965, 1977, 1989, 2001, 2013, 2025, 2037: *Flaky on the surface, you're actually a person of depth and substance. Consider medical or law school, but don't get too wrapped up in yourself. Compatible with Pickle. Avoid Lox, who's out of your league.*

The Year of **LOX**: 1918, 1930, 1942, 1954, 1966, 1978, 1990, 2002, 2014, 2026, 2028: *Thin and rich, you're very high maintenance: all you want to do is bask in the heat, getting some color. Consider retiring to Boca. Compatible with Bagel and Schemer, although you top them both.*



JEWISH DINOSAURS





**COULD HAVE BANNED
SLAVERY OR SHELLFISH**



SHELLFISH. HE CHOSE SHELLFISH.

Rabbis rule on kashrut of donuts

By Badana Panzer
Staff Reporter

JERUSALEM — Only yeast donuts are kosher, according to a ruling made yesterday by a special committee of the Fervently Frum Fraternity of Rabbis (FFFR).

“Yeast donuts fulfil the strictest requirements of kashrut, as set out in the tractate of Talmud Baba Sufganiot, which deals solely with donuts,” explained committee chair Rabbi Leibish Glatt-Mehadrin.

“They are perfectly round, symbolizing the universality of Torah principles, sweet, like Torah learning, and soft, symbolizing the total compassion and love those on our level of observance have for all other Jews,” he said.

“Those who can’t accept this ruling are miserable oisgeworfs who have no right to consider themselves part of the Jewish people,” he noted.

Reaction from supporters of cake and filled donuts was quick and hostile.

“Cake donuts fulfil all the halachic requirements,” snapped Rabbi Kyle Glazer, spokesman for The Traditional Rabbinic Organization (TRO). “They are round, and they have holes. The only difference is that their texture makes them appropriate for the end of the 20th century. You don’t have to keep everything as it was 500 years ago to be halachic,” he concluded.

Rabbi Gillian Leavenstein, on behalf of RMRC, the Really Modern Rabbinic Council, called the decision “reactionary.”

“Filled donuts are just as indicative of the essence of Torah as yeast ones are,” she said. “We must not let the constraints of outdated ideas dictate our lives.”

A committee of the Knesset struck to deal with the thorny issue was unable to come up with a compromise acceptable to all three organizations.

“Why don’t the Israelis just stick to falafel and not be seduced by this North American junk,” its final report asked.

The issue was further complicated by a dispute between the FFFR and Sruga Coalition, led by Rabbi Shlomo Horowitz. The FFFR, citing posek 15 in Baba Sufganiot, has said that holes in donuts must be 1.5cm in diameter. The Sruga Coalition, however, responded that it doesn’t matter how wide the hole is, so long as it is there.

The two Orthodox organizations have also clashed over the permissibility of eating the donut tidbits, the FFFR asserting that the tidbits are in the same category as cake or filled donuts (“aberrations,” said Rabbi Glatt-Mehadrin), while the Sruga Coalition said that they are willing to work with the TRO and the RMRC to find a mutually acceptable tidbit.

The situation is not wholly negative, however. The dispute has resulted in a huge surplus of unsold donuts, which have become stale. Representatives of Neturei Karta have said they are suitable for throwing at motorists on Bar Ilan Street on Shabbat, even if they are not strictly kosher, and representatives of the munitions industry have said that being able to use stale donuts as ammunition in their anti-missile weapons has done much to improve their economic status.



Donut ruling angers city's Jews: Doesn't reflect decisions of Fervently Frum Fraternity.

By Badana Panzer

MONTREAL — There is great consternation in Montreal's Jewish community over the recent declaration by a visiting Israeli rabbi that the kashrut requirements for the donut are inadequate, and do not reflect the decisions of the Fervently Frum Fraternity of Rabbis.

Rabbi Pinchas Yehuda Leib Obergeegessen, who last year caused pandemonium by declaring the entire city treif, made his most recent decision on a visit to celebrate the engagement of this follower Shmuel Levi Moishe Hobnishkeiparnossah to Montrealer Faige Hinda Baila Tattahotgelt.

In an interview with *The C/JN*, Rabbi Obergeegessen said he was following the halachic ruling of the rabbinical sages in Israel, that only yeast donuts are kosher, as opposed to cake donuts or filled donuts, which, they have decided, are treif.

"Here in Montreal, not only are the other two kinds considered kosher, but donut shops supposedly under strict rabbinic supervision display them on the same shelves (though admittedly not usually in the same bins). Consumers who don't know the Halachah think they are equal," he thundered.

For one of the few times in recent history, all the rabbinical organizations in the city are in agreement in their reaction — well, almost.

The Torah-True Rabbinical Council and Hinterland Board of Rabbis, in a joint communiqué, suggested that Rabbi Obergeegessen return to Israel immediately, if not sooner.

"We are quite capable of creating our own tsuris without help from Israel," the communiqué said.



KOSHER COMPUTERS

I don't know if you know this, but they are now selling Kosher computers (Made in Israel) called a DELLSHALOM. It is selling at such a good price I bought one. Mine arrived yesterday. If you or a friend are considering a kosher computer, you should know there are some important upgrades and changes from the typical computer you are accustomed to.

1. The cursor moves from right to left. It comes with two hard drives: one for fleyshedik (business software) and one for milchedik.
2. Instead of getting a "General Protection Fault" error, it now gets "Ferklempt."
3. The Chanukah screen saver includes "Flying Dreidels."
4. It shuts down automatically at sundown on Friday evenings.
5. After my computer dies, I have to dispose of it within 24 hours.
6. The "Start" button has been replaced with the "Let's go!! I'm not getting any younger!" button.
7. When disconnecting external devices from the back of my PC, I am instructed to "Remove the cable from the PC's tuchus."
8. The multimedia player has been renamed to "Nu, so play my music already!"
9. Internet Explorer has a spinning "Star of David" in the upper right corner.
10. I hear "Hava Nagila" during startup.
11. Microsoft Office now includes, "A little byte of this, and a little byte of that."
12. When running "Scan Disk" it prompts with a "You vant I should fix this?" message.
13. When my PC is running low on memory, I occasionally hear a loud Oy Gevalt!"
14. There is a "monitor cleaning solution" from Manischewitz that advertises it gets rid of the "schmutz und drek" on your monitor.
15. After 20 minutes of no activity, my PC goes "Schloffen."
16. Computer viruses can now be cured with some matzo ball chicken soup.
17. The Y2K Problem was replaced by the "Year 5761-5762" Problem.
18. If you fail to shut down the computer in the prescribed manner, the following message appears: "You should be ashamed of yourself."
19. When Spellchecker finds an error it prompts, "Is this the best you can do?"
20. When I look at erotic images, my computer says, "If your mother knew you did this, she would die."
21. And best of all, if you have a kosher computer, you can't get SPAM® in your e-mail.

Laws Concerning Food and Drink; Household Principles; Lamentations of the Father

by Ian Frazier

Part One:

OF the beasts of the field, and of the fishes of the sea, and of all foods that are acceptable in my sight you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the hoofed animals, broiled or ground into burgers, you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the cloven-hoofed animal, plain or with cheese, you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the cereal grains, of the corn and of the wheat and of the oats, and of all the cereals that are of bright color and unknown provenance you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the quiescently frozen dessert and of all frozen after-meal treats you may eat, but absolutely not in the living room. Of the juices and other beverages, yes, even of those in sippy-cups, you may drink, but not in the living room, neither may you carry such therein. Indeed, when you reach the place where the living room carpet begins, of any food or beverage there you may not eat, neither may you drink.

But if you are sick, and are lying down and watching something, then may you eat in the living room.

Part Two: Laws When at Table

And if you are seated in your high chair, or in a chair such as a greater person might use, keep your legs and feet below you as they were. Neither raise up your knees, nor place your feet upon the table, for that is an abomination to me. Yes, even when you have an interesting bandage to show, your feet upon the table are an abomination, and worthy of rebuke. Drink your milk as it is given you, neither use on it any utensils, nor fork, nor knife, nor spoon, for that is not what they are for; if you will dip your blocks in the milk, and lick it off, you will be sent away. When you have drunk, let the empty cup then remain upon the table, and do not bite it upon its edge and by your teeth hold it to your face in order to make noises in it sounding like a duck; for you will be sent away.

When you chew your food, keep your mouth closed until you have swallowed, and do not open it to show your brother or your sister what is within; I say to you, do not so, even if your brother or your sister has done the same to you. Eat your food only; do not eat that which is not food; neither seize the table between your jaws, nor use the raiment of the table to wipe your lips. I say again to you, do not touch it, but leave it as it is. And though your stick of carrot does indeed resemble a marker, draw not with it upon the table, even in pretend, for we do not do that, that is why. And though the pieces of broccoli are very like small trees, do not stand them upright to make a forest, because we do not do that, that is why. Sit just as I have told you, and do not lean to one side or the other, nor slide down until you are nearly slid away. Heed me; for if you sit like that, your hair will go into the syrup. And now behold, even as I have said, it has come to pass.

Parts Three and Four:

Laws Pertaining to Dessert

For we judge between the plate that is unclean and the plate that is clean, saying first, if the plate is clean, then you shall have dessert. But of the unclean plate, the laws are these: If you have eaten most of your meat, and two bites of your peas with each bite consisting of not less than three peas each, or in total six peas, eaten where I can see, and you have also eaten enough of your potatoes to fill two forks, both forkfuls eaten where I can see, then you shall have dessert. But if you eat a lesser number of peas, and yet you eat the potatoes, still you shall not have dessert; and if you eat the peas, yet leave the potatoes uneaten, you shall not have dessert, no, not even a small portion thereof. And if you try to deceive by moving the potatoes or peas around with a fork, that it may appear you have eaten what you have not, you will fall into iniquity. And I will know, and you shall have no dessert.

On Screaming

Do not scream; for it is as if you scream all the time. If you are given a plate on which two foods you do not wish to touch each other are touching each other, your voice rises up even to the ceiling, while you point to the offense with the finger of your right hand; but I say to you, scream not, only remonstrate gently with the server, that the server may correct the fault. Likewise if you receive a portion of fish from which every piece of herbal seasoning has not been scraped off, and the herbal seasoning is loathsome to you, and steeped in vileness, again I say, refrain from screaming. Though the vileness overwhelm you, and cause you a faint unto death, make not that sound from within your throat, neither cover your face, nor press your fingers to your nose. For even now I have made the fish as it should be; behold, I eat of it myself, yet do not die.

Parts Five and Six:

Concerning Face and Hands

Cast your countenance upward to the light, and lift your eyes to the hills, that I may more easily wash you off. For the stains are upon you; even to the very back of your head, there is rice thereon. And in the breast pocket of your garment, and upon the tie of your shoe, rice and other fragments are distributed in a manner wonderful to see. Only hold yourself still; hold still, I say. Give each finger in its turn for my examination thereof, and also each thumb. Lo, how iniquitous they appear. What I do is as it must be; and you shall not go hence until I have done.

Various Other Laws, Statutes, and Ordinances

Bite not, lest you be cast into quiet time. Neither drink of your own bath water, nor of bath water of any kind; nor rub your feet on bread, even if it be in the package; nor rub yourself against cars, nor against any building; nor eat sand.

Leave the cat alone, for what has the cat done, that you should so afflict it with tape? And hum not that humming in your nose as I read, nor stand between the light and the book. Indeed, you will drive me to madness. Nor forget what I said about the tape.

Part Seven:

Complaints and Lamentations

O my children, you are disobedient. For when I tell you what you must do, you argue and dispute hotly even to the littlest detail; and when I do not accede, you cry out, and hit and kick. Yes, and even sometimes do you spit, and shout "stupid-head" and other blasphemies, and hit and kick the wall and the molding thereof when you are sent to the corner. And though the law teaches that no one shall be sent to the corner for more minutes than he has years of age, yet I would leave you there all day, so mighty am I in anger. But upon being sent to the corner you ask straightaway, "Can I come out?" and I reply, "No, you may not come out." And again you ask, and again I give the same reply. But when you ask again a third time, then you may come out.

Hear me, O my children, for the bills they kill me. I pay and pay again, even to the twelfth time in a year, and yet again they mount higher than before. For our health, that we may be covered, I give six hundred and twenty talents twelve times in a year; but even this covers not the fifteen hundred deductible for each member of the family within a calendar year. And yet for ordinary visits we still are not covered, nor for many medicines, nor for the teeth within our mouths. Guess not at what rage is in my mind, for surely you cannot know.

For I will come to you at the first of the month and at the fifteenth of the month with the bills and a great whining and moan. And when the month of taxes comes, I will decry the wrong and unfairness of it, and mourn with wine and ashtrays, and rend my receipts. And you shall remember that I am that I am: before, after, and until you are twenty-one. Hear me then, and avoid me in my wrath, O children of me.

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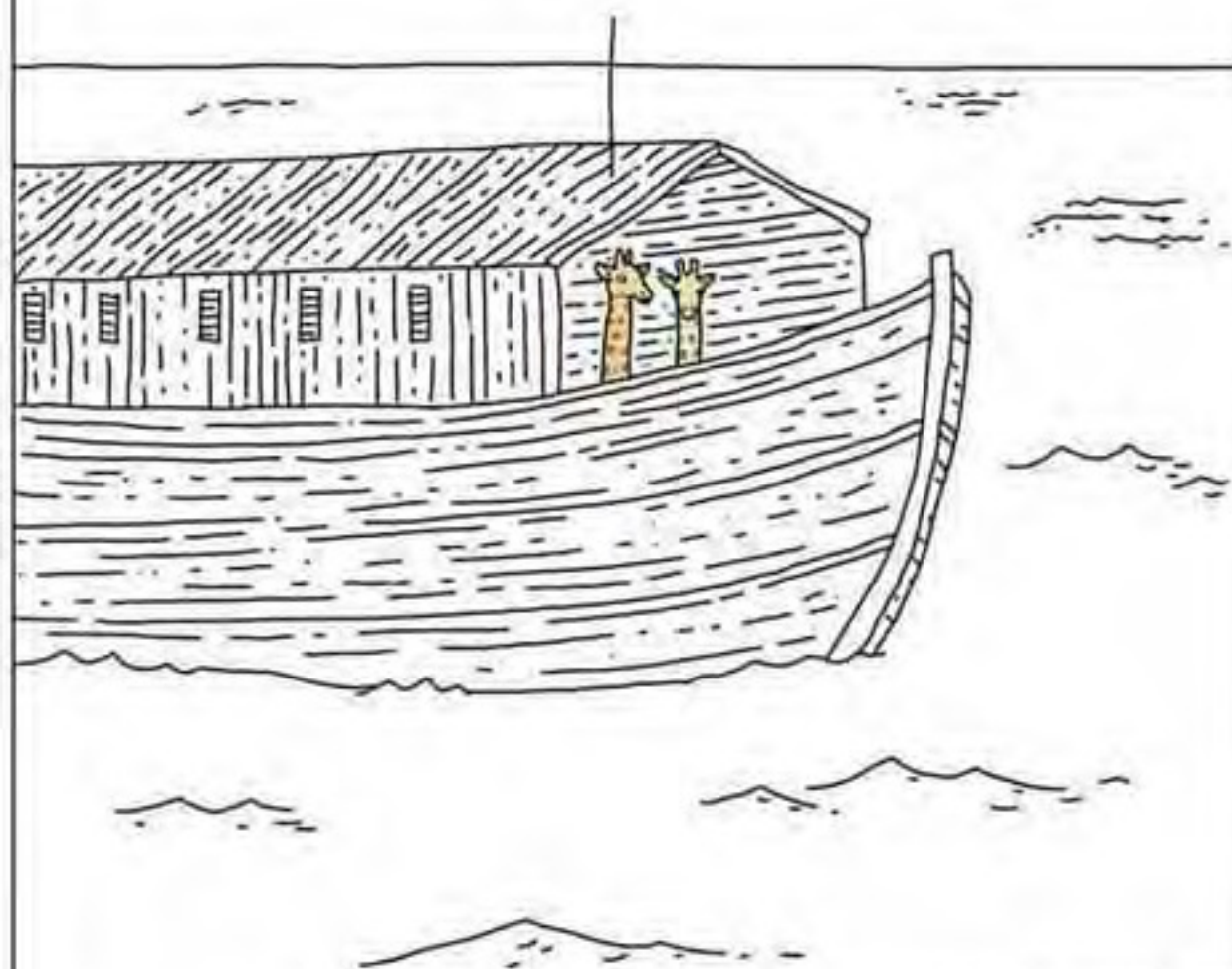
The Atlantic Monthly, February 1997; Laws Concerning Food and Drink; Household Principles; Lamentations of the Father; Volume 279, No. 2; pages 89 - 90.



so, remember when you said you wouldn't
date me if i was the last giraffe on earth?

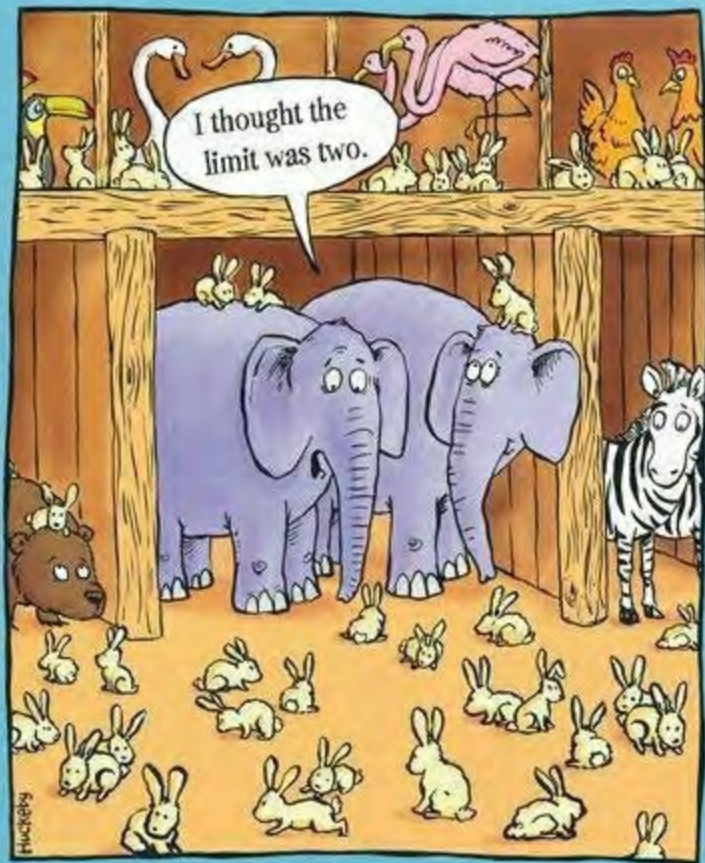


that was a joke, right?





**"Damn! This is going to make me late for
my job interview!!"**



DAY 39 ON THE ARK.

Memories of Yiddish

Yiddish was the secret code, therefore I don't farshtaist.
A bisseleh maybe here and there, the rest has gone to waste.
Sadly when I hear it now, I only get the gist,
My Bubbeh spoke it beautifully, but me, I am tsemisht.
So och un vai as I should say, or even oy vai iz mir,
Though my pisk is lacking Yiddish, it's familiar to my ear.
And I'm no Chaim Yonkel , in fact I was shtick naches,
But, when it comes to Yiddish, though, I'm talking out my tuchas.
Es iz a shandeh far di kinder that I don't know it better
(Though it's really nishtkefelecht when one needs to write a letter).

But, when it comes to characters, there's really no contention,
No other linguist can compete with honorable mentshen:
They have nebbishes and nebechels and others without mazel,
Then, too, schmendriks and schlemiels, and let's not forget schlemazel.

These words are so precise and descriptive to the listener,
So much better than "a pill " is to call someone 'farbissener'.
Or - that a brazen woman would be better called chaleria,
And you'll agree farkleempt says more than does hysteria.
I'm not haken dir a tsheinik and I hope I'm not a kvetch,
But isn't mieskeit kinder, than to call someone a wretch?
Mitten derinnen, I hear Bubbeh say, "It's nechtiker tog, don't fear,

To me you're still a maven, zol zein shah, don't fill my ear.
A leben ahf dein keppele, I don't mean to interrupt,
But you are speaking narishkeit.....And A gezunt auf dein kup!"

Meyer and the Jewish Parrot

Meyer, a lonely widower, was walking home along

Delancey Street one day wishing something wonderful would happen in his life. He passed a pet store and heard a squawking voice shouting out in Yiddish, “Quawwwwk... vus macht du... yeah, du... outside, standing like a putzel... eh?”

Meyer rubbed his eyes and ears. He couldn’t believe it. The proprietor sprang out of the door and grabbed Meyer by the sleeve. “Come in here, fella, and check out this parrot....”

Meyer stood in front of an African Grey that cocked his little head and said, “Vus? Kenst reddin Yiddish?”

Meyer turned excitedly to the store owner. “He speaks Yiddish?” The parrot sneered, “Vuh den? Sounds like Chinese to you, maybe?”

In a matter of moments, Meyer had laid five hundred dollars on the counter and carried the parrot and cage away with him.

All night he talked with the parrot – in Yiddish. He told the parrot about his father’s adventures coming to America. About how beautiful his mother was when she was a young bride. About his family. About his years of working in the garment center. About Florida. The parrot listened and commented. They shared some walnuts. The parrot told him of living in the pet store, how he hated the weekends.

Next morning, Meyer put on his tfillin and began saying his prayers. The parrot demanded to know what he was doing, and when Meyer explained, the parrot wanted some tfillin too. So Meyer hand made a miniature set of tfillin for the parrot. The parrot wanted to learn to daven, and learned every prayer. He wanted to learn to read Hebrew, so Meyer spent weeks and months teaching the

parrot, teaching him Torah. In time, Meyer came to love and count on the parrot as a friend and a Jew. He wasn’t lonely any more.

On Rosh Hashana, Meyer got dressed and was about to leave for Shul when the parrot demanded to go with him. Meyer explained that Shul was not place for a bird, but the parrot made a terrific argument, so Meyer carried him to Shul on his shoulder. Needless to say, they made quite a spectacle, and Meyer was questioned by everyone including the Rabbi and Cantor. They didn’t want to allow a bird into the building on the High Holy Days, but Meyer convinced them to let this one in, swearing that his parrot could daven.

Wagers were made with Meyer. Thousands of dollars were bet (even odds) that the parrot could NOT daven, could not speak Yiddish or Hebrew, etc. All eyes were on the African Grey during services. The parrot perched on Meyer’s shoulder for prayer after prayer and song after song passed – without making a sound.

There was not a peep from the bird. Meyer began to be annoyed, slapping at his shoulder and mumbling under his breath, “Daven!” Nothing. “Daven..parrot, you can daven, so daven... come on, everybody’s looking at you!” Nothing.

After Rosh Hashanah services were concluded, Meyer found that he owed his Shul buddies and the Rabbi over \$4,000. He marched home, very pissed off, saying nothing. Finally, several blocks from the temple, the bird began happily to sing an old Yiddish song. Meyer stopped and looked at him. “You miserable bird, you just cost me over \$4,000. Why? After I made your tfillin and taught you the morning prayers, and taught you to read Hebrew and the Torah. And after you begged me to bring you to Shul on Rosh Hashana, why? Why did you do this to me?”

“Don’t be a schmuck,” the parrot replied. “Think of the odds on Yom Kippur!”



THE CELL PHONE ONLY HAD ENOUGH
BATTERY POWER FOR ONE DAY,
BUT IT LASTED EIGHT DAYS...



THE MIRACLE OF HANUKKAH:
UPDATED

MISHNAH HODU

(Excerpts from the Tractate *Thanksgiving*
Newly translated from fragments from the *Chelm geniza*
© 1997, Rick Dinitz)

Hodu la'Adonai ki-Tov (Psalm 136:1) – Eating Turkey for the sake of God is good!

Perek Aleph, Mishnah Aleph

Hodu la'Adonai keitsad – Waving the turkey during Hallel, how is it done? They take the *arba minim* (the four kinds) together: turkey, cranberry, corn, and squash, and they wave them east, south, west, north, up, and down. Rabbi Yossi says: When does this apply? When everyone in the congregation has a good sense of humour. Rabbi Tarfon says: When everybody in the congregation is a good juggler.

Perek Aleph, Mishnah Bet

How much do they wave? (What is the minimum?) Be'it Shammai say: Turkey, all of it; cranberry, one *kav*; corn, one stalk; squash, one vine. Be'it Hillel say: Turkey, one limb; cranberry, one berry; corn, one kernel; squash, one squashel. Rabbi Akiva says: Let him wave whatever he has.

Perek Aleph, Mishnah Gimmel

They take them together – *keitsad* (i.e., how is this done)? Be'it Hillel says: They place them in a basket and wave the basket. Be'it Shammai says: They stuff the three inside the turkey and wave the turkey. Rabbi Joshua says: They take all four and stuff them inside a pita and wave the pita. Rabbi Akiva says: They eat all four and wave their bodies.

Perek Aleph, Mishnah Daled

When do they wave? Rabbi Shimon says: Like a *lulav* (i.e., at the same time that one would wave a *lulav* on Sukkot). Rabbi Yossi ha-Galili says: Through all of *Hallel ha-gadol* – on each *ki le-olam hasdoh* (they wave). Rabbi Akiva says: If so, how would they digest what they have eaten? (That is, waving the body so many times in rapid sequence after eating such a heavy meal is bound to cause trouble.) They said to him: They do not eat until the earliest time *Minhab* (which is after *hallel*). Rabbi Joshua says: In the Galil I saw that when they sing “*Notain lehem le-kol basar*” [God gives bread to all flesh] they eat the sandwich of turkey in pita.

Perek Aleph, Mishnah Heh, heh, heh

Until when do they wave? Hamishi – (only) on Thursday; some say *hamesh* – for five days. Shammai says: *Meh-hodu ad kush* (Esther 1:1) – This means that they continue waving until Purim. Rabbi Eliezar says: When (does this apply)? [This applies] only to the king, *sh'neh-emar* (as it says in Scripture): *Melekh meh-hodu ad kush*. Everyone else waves for only one day, but they all continue eating until leftover turkey until it is finished. Rabbi Shimon says: *Le-olam* – forever [that is, they never stop waving], *sh'neh-emar: Hodu la'Adonai ki-Tov ki le-olam hasdob*. But the Sages say: If he waves it *butz le-zmanoh* [i.e., beyond its time] it is *pasul le-echol* [i.e., unfit to eat.]

Perek Zayin, Mishnah Gimel

What kind of squash? Rabbi says zucchini. Rabban Gamliel says: *Ain zaken be-Heshvan* [nobody harvest zucchini in the month of Heshvan]. The Sages say: Don't read "zucchini" but rather "*zakain*" (i.e., an old squash).

Perek Zayin, Mishnah Dalet

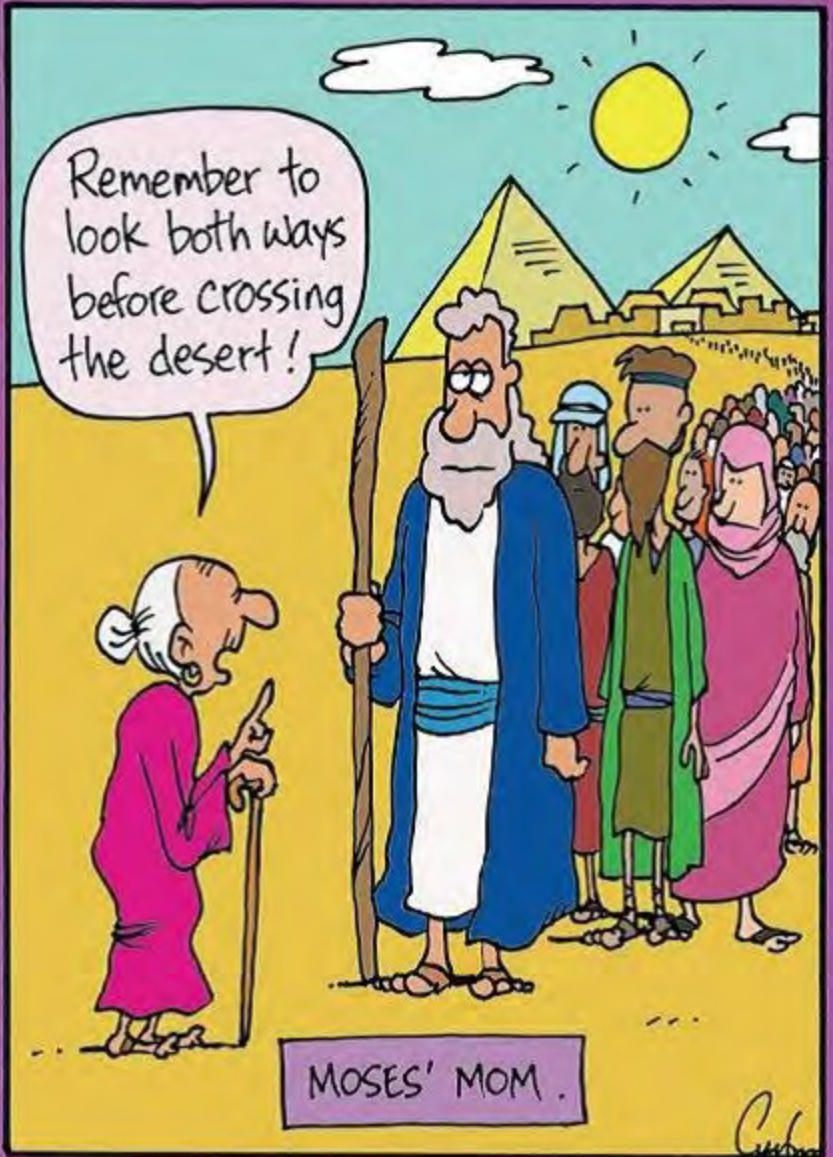
Cranberry relish and cranberry sauce, *kasher* [i.e., fit] for waving; but cranberry juice, cranberry jelly, or cranberry cobbler, *pasul* [i.e., they are not fit for waving.] Corn soup, popcorn, and caramel corn – *kasher*; but cornbread is *pasul*, because of the flour. Corndogs are *pasul* because of the dog. [Presumably, this kind of dog lacks fins or scales.] Resh Laqish says: With pumpkin pie, *kasher*. His son says, My mother would make pareve pumpkin pie for the waving.

Perek Yod, Mishnah Vav

Rabban Gamliel says: Squash I understand, but what are turkey, cranberry, and corn? They said to him: Corn – I'm all ears; Cranberry – don't get bogged down in such details; Turkey – This refers to an *am ha-aretz* (i.e., an unlearned person). He [Rabban Gamliel] used to say to them: Whoever cannot explain these three things has not fulfilled his or her obligation. But the Sages say: The Torah is a Torah for all times and all lands [that is, when God will reveal these foods to us, we will know the *halakhah* for what to do with them.]

Kakatuv: Ve-akhalta, ve-savata, ve berekhta [As it is written: you will eat, and you will be satisfied, and you will bless].





Remember to
look both ways
before crossing
the desert!

MOSES' MOM.

Cartoonist's signature

More Jewish Stuff

- My mother is a typical Jewish mother. Once she was on jury duty. They sent her home. She insisted SHE was guilty.
- Any time a person goes into a delicatessen and orders pastrami on white bread, somewhere a Jew dies.
- It was mealtime during a flight on El Al. "Would you like dinner?" the flight attendant asked Moshe, seated in front. "What are my choices?" Moshe asked. "Yes or no," she replied.
- An elderly Jewish man is knocked down by a car and is brought to the local hospital. A pretty nurse tucks him into bed and says, "Mr. Gevarter, are you comfortable?" Gevarter replies, "I make a living...."
- A rabbi was opening his mail one morning. Taking a single sheet of paper from an envelope he found written on it only one word: "shmuck." At the next Friday night service, the Rabbi announced, "I have known many people who have written letters and forgot to sign their names, but this week I received a letter from someone who signed his name...and forgot to write a letter."
- Three Jewish women get together for lunch. As they are being seated in the restaurant, one takes a deep breath and gives a long, slow "oy." The second takes a deep breath as well and lets out a long, slow "oy" The third takes a deep breath and says impatiently, "Girls, I thought we agreed that we weren't going to talk about our children."

Technically, Moses



was the first person
with a tablet
downloading data
from the cloud

Noah, keep an eye out for my mother! She's coming with us.





What just irritates me is this misrepresentation of Jewish mothers.

NOAH'S GREATEST ORDEAL

WILL YOU
HURRY UP!!



TAKE YOUR
TIME!





A house painter was overcome with regret about his misdeeds, so he consulted his rabbi.

"Rabbi, I've done awful things as a painter. I've used inferior paints, diluted them with turpentine, and cut corners at the expense of my clients. How can I make up for the evil I've done?"

The Rebbe thought for a while, then said, "Repaint, repaint, and thin no more."



Moses parting his hair

Moses, stop it!



PARTING THE
CLUTTER IN YOUR
ROOM ISN'T THE
SAME AS
CLEANING IT,
MOSES!



PERSPECTIVES ON TORAH

Children from a Junior school in Caithness, Scotland apparently had a test about the Old and New testaments. The original spelling mistakes have not been edited or changed.

1. In first book of the bible, Guinness, god got tired of creating the world so he took the sabbath off.
2. Adam and eve were created from an apple tree. Noah's wife was Joan of ark. Noah built an ark and the animals came in pairs.
3. Lots wife was a pillar of salt during the day, but a ball of fire during the night.
4. The jews were a proud people and throughout history they had trouble with unsympathetic genitals.
5. Sampson was a strongman who let himself be led astray by a Jezebel like Delilah
6. Samson slayed the philistines with the axe of the apostles.
7. Moses led the jews to the red sea where they made unleavened bread which is bread without any ingredients.
8. The egyptians were all drowned in the dessert. Afterwards Moses wet up to mount cyanide to get the ten commandments.
9. The first commandment was when Eve told Adam to eat the apple.
10. The seventh commandment is thou shalt not admit adultery.





A British Jew is waiting in line to be knighted by the Queen. He is to kneel in front of her and recite a sentence in Latin when she taps him on the shoulders with her sword. However, when his turn comes, he panics in the excitement of the moment and forgets the Latin. Then, thinking fast, he recites the only other sentence he knows in a foreign language, which he remembers from the Passover seder:

"Ma nishtana ha layla ha zeh mi kol ha laylot."

Puzzled, Her Majesty turns to her advisor and whispers, "Why is this knight different from all other knights?"

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

An American, an Englishman and an Israeli are captured by cannibals. They are each permitted one last wish.

The American takes off his wedding ring and gives it to the cannibal chief. "Please send this back to my wife."

The Englishman asks permission to sing "G-d save the queen."

The Israeli says to the chief, "I want you to give me a very hard kick!"

The chief complies and sends the Israeli sprawling, but when he gets up, he pulls out a gun and shoots the chief. He then fires at the other cannibals until they all flee.

The American and Englishman are very grateful but puzzled, "Why did you ask him to kick you first? Why didn't you fire at him right away?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," replies the Israeli. "I didn't want to be denounced by the world as the aggressor."



Okay, that's enough, everyone.
Time to get back on the road.





Shanahan

CREATOR'S REMORSE

RULES OF JUDAISM

1. If you can't say something nice, say it in Yiddish.
2. If it tastes good, it's probably not kosher.
3. After the destruction of the Second Temple, God created Lochman's (a woman's clothing store in NYC).
4. No one looks good in a yarmulke.
5. Why spoil a good meal with a big tip?
6. WASPs leave and never say good-bye. Jews say good-bye and never leave.
7. Twenty-percent off is a bargain; fifty percent off is a mitzvah.
8. There's nothing like a good belch.
9. Israel is the land of milk and honey; Florida is the land of milk of magnesia.
10. Pork is forbidden, but a pig in a blanket makes a nice hors d'oeuvre.
11. The High Holidays have absolutely nothing to do with marijuana.
12. And what's so wrong with dry nakey?
13. If your name was Lipschitz, you'd change it, too.
14. Always whisper the names of diseases.
15. One mitzvah can change the world; two will just make you tired.
16. If you don't eat, it will kill me.
17. Anything worth saying is worth repeating a thousand times.
18. Where there's smoke, there may be smoked salmon.
19. Never take a front-row seat at a bris.
20. Next year in Jerusalem. The year after that, how about a nice cruise?
21. Never leave a restaurant empty-handed.
22. Spring ahead, fall back, winter in Miami Beach.
23. The important Jewish holidays are the ones on which alternate-side-of-the-street parking is suspended.
24. A bad matzoh ball makes a good paperweight.
25. Without Jewish mothers, who would need therapy?
26. Before you read the menu, read the prices.
27. There comes a time in every man's life when he must stand up and tell his mother he's an adult. This usually happens at around age 45.
28. According to Jewish dietary law, pork and shellfish may be eaten only in Chinese restaurants.
29. If you're going to whisper at the movies, make sure it's loud enough for everyone else to hear.
30. No meal is complete without leftovers.
31. If you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. But if you can afford it, make sure you tell everybody what you paid.
32. The only thing more important than a good education is a good parking spot at the mall.
33. Laugh now, but one day you'll be driving a big Cadillac and eating dinner at four in the afternoon (the Early Bird special).

Quit whining. It's just a satchel for carrying them. No one's going to call it a "man purse".



Sayings of the Jewish Buddha

- *The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single Oy.*
- *Be here now. Be someplace else later. Is that so complicated?*
- *Wherever you go, there you are. Your luggage is another story.*
- *Accept misfortune as a blessing. Do not wish for perfect health, or a life without problems. What would you talk about?*
- *There is no escaping karma. In a previous life, you never called, you never wrote, you never visited. And whose fault was that?*
- *The Tao does not speak. The Tao does not blame. The Tao does not take sides. The Tao has no expectations. The Tao demands nothing of others. The Tao is not Jewish.*
- *Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in. Breathe out. Forget this and attaining Enlightenment will be the least of your problems.*
- *Let your mind be as a floating cloud. Let your stillness be as a wooded glen. And sit up straight. You'll never meet the Buddha with such rounded shoulders.*
- *Deep inside you are ten thousand flowers. Each flower blossoms ten thousand times. Each blossom has ten thousand petals. You might want to see a specialist.*
- *Be aware of your body. Be aware of your perceptions. Keep in mind that not every physical sensation is a symptom of a terminal illness.*
- *Drink tea and nourish life; with the first sip, joy; with the second sip, satisfaction; with the third sip, peace; with the fourth, a Danish.*
- *Zen is not easy. It takes effort to attain nothingness. And then what do you have? Bupkis.*
- *The Torah says, Love your neighbor as yourself. The Buddha says, There is no self. So, maybe we're off the hook.*
- *If there is no self, whose arthritis is this?*





"Why is this night different from all other nights?"

SEEKING THE JEWISH VOTE

RESPONDING TO REPORTS that Hillary Rodham Clinton's quest for a senate seat from New York improved after it became known that her stepgrandfather was Jewish, New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani now has reported that his second cousin's third wife once rode in a cab driven by a Jewish driver. He proclaimed that he is just as Jewish as Mrs. Clinton. "Anyone who disagrees with this, I'll personally give a smack on the ruchus."

Vice President Al Gore, also dropped the news that he once roomed in college with a young man whose aunt briefly dated a Jewish dentist. "And once, while visiting New York, I enjoyed a piece of Halvah." Martin Peretz, publisher of the New Republic and longtime Gore supporter, said that Gore was over the house the other night for dinner, and insisted on a corned beef sandwich and a seltzer. "And when I brought it to him, he said, 'Ah gezunt af dein keppel.'"

Former Sen. Bill Bradley said that Jewish people appreciate and admire intellectual achievement, and they would kvell if they knew my SAT scores or grades at Princeton. "I know that Jewish people are obsessed with knowing which famous people are Jewish, whether it's movie stars or famous athletes or politicians, but I'm running a different kind of campaign, and I'm just not going to get into that stuff. So I won't even comment on the fact that my campaign treasurer's economics professor at Columbia once used a Jewish accountant."

Campaigning in Houston, Gov. George W. Bush, cut short a speech in Spanish to a Hispanic audience to ask directions to the nearest synagogue. When asked why, he said he did not want to look like he was engaging in the reprehensible practice of catering to Jewish voters, so he could not explain. But he did note a moment later that his wife's manicurist's therapist's uncle died that morning in Brooklyn, and he thought it would be appropriate to stop in to a synagogue and recite the traditional kaddish. Later when asked if he meant the Kaddish prayer recited for the dead other than the blessing over wine, Bush was annoyed. "Hey, I know about Jews and all their sensitivities. I read the Old Testament, I learned plenty in the Holy Land. I visited the Wailing Wall and saw where our Lord walked. And I kibbutzed around with folks on a kibbitz."

In New York, the Anti-Defamation League issued a statement decrying the growing hysteria among our political leaders to try to please Jewish voters who are far too sophisticated to fall for such crass attempts. "We won't tolerate anyone, including powerful politicians, being too nice to us," said ADL leader Abe Foxman.

Rabbi Avi Weiss of Riverdale announced immediate plans to chain himself to the next politician who emphasizes his or her Jewish ties.

Meanwhile, Hillary Clinton chastised the press for creating such a fuss in the first place over the fact that her grandmother had been married to a Jew. She said any talk of her leaking this information to improve her standing in the Jewish community was absurd. She then left for Western Maryland with her husband where they planned to rename their presidential retreat Camp Star of David.

The Arranged Marriage

A good Hassidic family is most concerned that their 30-year-old son is unmarried. So they call a marriage broker and ask him to find their son a good wife.

The broker comes over to their house and spends a long time asking questions of the son and his parents as to what they would like in a wife/daughter-in-law.

They give him a long list of requirements. The marriage broker takes a great deal of time looking, and finally asks to visit the family again. He then tells them of a wonderful woman he has found.

He says she's just the right age for the son. She keeps a kosher home, she regularly attends synagogue and knows the prayers by heart, and she's a wonderful cook. She loves children and wants a family. And, to top it all off, she's gorgeous.

After hearing all this, the family is very impressed and begins to get excited about the prospects of a wedding in the near future.

But the son pauses and asks somewhat awkwardly, "Yes but, intimately, is she passionate? Does she like sex?"

The marriage broker shrugs and responds, "Some say yes, some say no!"



SIGNS ON SYNAGOGUE BULLETIN BOARDS

Under same management for over
5763 years.

*Don't give up. Moses was once a
basket case.*

What part of "Thou shalt not"
don't you understand?

*Shul committees should be made up
of three members, two of whom
should be absent at every meeting.*

Sign over the urinal in a bathroom
at Hebrew University: "The future
of the Jewish people is in your
hands."



PAUL
NOTH

*"If He didn't want us to eat it,
why'd He wrap the whole thing in bacon?"*

SOME JEWISH JOKES

**COLLECTED
BY
MICH KABAY**

MAY 2021

ABIE & SADIE ADD TO THEIR STOCK

Abie and Sadie had a Jewish religious store on Delancey Street on the Lower East Side of New York City. The neighborhood was changing. Sales were down on all Jewish bric-a-brac.

Finally, one day in early November, Sadie sadly approached her husband with a difficult decision. “Abie, we have to close the store,” said Sadie.

“We can’t,” said Abie. “This neighborhood is our life. We’ve been here for 50 years.... Maybe would should start stocking Catholic items too.”

Sadie says in shock, “What?? Catholic items? Bistu a gantzen Meshuggeh?? We’re Jewish! No Catholic articles!!!”

Well, a month passed and they sold nothing but two tallaisim, three mezzuzahs and one set of tfillin. Now was the time to decide. Sadie finally agreed that they did have to stock Catholic items, so she said to Abie, “OK, call that Catholic supply house on Park Avenue.”

Abie agreed to call. “Hello, Catholic Supply House on Park Avenue? This is Abie and Sadie’s on Delancey Street. I want 100 autographed pictures of the Pope, 200 of those breads – what do you call them – rosaries? And 500 crucifixes. Oh yeah, and I want those things here tomorrow.”

“OK sir, I got your order. Let me read it back. 100 autographed picture of the Pope, 200 rosaries, and 500 crucifixes. But tomorrow we have a full delivery schedule and we close down in the afternoon before sunset – it’s Shabbat.”



Reasons Hanukkah is Better Than Christmas

- 10. No roof damage from reindeer.**
- 9. Never a silent night when you're among Jewish loved ones.**
- 8. If someone screws up on their gift, there are seven more days to correct it.**
- 7. Betting Hanukkah gelt (the chocolate coins) on candle races.**
- 6. You can use your fireplace.**
- 5. Spin-the-dreidel games.**
- 4. Fun waxy buildup on the menorah.**
- 3. No awkward explanations of virgin birth.**
- 2. Cheer optional.**
- 1. No Irving Berlin songs.**



Spanish Seder Tale

With *Pesach* soon upon them, the Jewish community in Madrid found themselves in a desperate situation. There was an acute shortage of horseradish. Now many of you may know that horseradish, also known as *chrain*, is a key ingredient in the Passover *seder*.

A hue and cry arose and the entire community was mobilized in an effort to prevent this *shonda* (shame or tragedy). All of the European Union countries gave them the same reply, “Sorry, we have none to send.” In desperation, the chief rabbi of Madrid phoned one of his yeshiva friends in Tel Aviv and begged him to send a crate of horseradish by air freight to Madrid.

Two days before *Pesach*, a crate of grade *Aleph*, tear-jerking, Israeli horseradish was loaded at Ben Gurion Airport on the EL AL 789 flight to Madrid, and all seemed to be well. Unfortunately, when the rabbi went to the Madrid Airport to claim the horseradish, he was informed that a wildcat strike had just broken out and no shipments would be unloaded for at least four days.

As a result, the *chrain* in Spain stayed mainly on the plane.



Culture Shock

A disappointed Cola salesman returned from his assignment in Israel.

A friend asked, "Why weren't you successful with the Israelis?"

The salesman explained, "When I got posted, I was very confident that I would make a good sales pitch. But I had a problem. I didn't know how to speak Hebrew. So I planned to convey the message through three posters."



First poster : A man lying in the hot desert sand totally exhausted and fainting.

Second poster : The man is drinking Cola.

Third poster : Our man is now totally refreshed.

"And then these posters were pasted all over the place. "

"Terrific! That should have worked!" said the friend.

"The hell it should have!" said the salesman. "No one told me they read from right to left!"



COMMENTS

- ★ **Bankruptcy is a legal proceeding in which you put your money in your pants pocket and give your coat to your creditors. - *Sam Goldwyn***
- ★ **I once wanted to become an atheist but I gave up ... they have no holidays. - *Henny Youngman***
- ★ **My father never lived to see his dream come true of an all-Yiddish-speaking Canada. - *David Steinberg***
- ★ **G-d, I know we are your chosen people, but couldn't you choose somebody else for a change? - *Shalom Aleichem***
- ★ **Most Texans think Hanukkah is some sort of duck call. - *Richard Lewis***
- ★ **The remarkable thing about my mother is that for 30 years she served us nothing but leftovers. The original meal has never been found. - *Calvin Trillin***
- ★ **Let me tell you the one thing I have against Moses. He took us 40 years into the desert in order to bring us to the one place in the Middle East that has no oil. - *Golda Meir***
- ★ **Even a secret agent can't lie to a Jewish mother. - *Peter Malkin***
- ★ **Don't be humble; you're not that great. - *Golda Meir***
- ★ **G-d will pardon me. It's His business. - *Heinrich Heine***



Computer Dell-Shalom

I don't know if you know this, but you can now purchase Jewish computers, certified kosher! They are made in Israel by a company called DELL-SHALOM. The price is so low, even with the shipping from Israel, you save a few bucks. However, before you purchase this very smart, talking computer, be warned: you should know that there are some important changes from the typical traif (non-kosher) computer you are used to, such as these:



- 1) The “Start” button has been replaced with an undiplomatic voice-command: “Let's go, putz. I'm not getting any younger!”
- 2) Another warning: You hear “Hava Nagila” during startup. However, it only repeats itself nine times.
- 3) The cursor moves from right to left.
- 4) When Spell-checker finds an error, it auto-corrects and then prompts you. Out loud. “And you thought you were so smart. Is this the best you can do?”
- 5) When you look at online porn, your computer says, disapprovingly, “If your mother knew you did this, she would drop dead.”
- 6) It comes with a monitor cleaning solution and a free rag – no extra charge – that is advertised to get rid of all the “schmutz und drek.”
- 7) When running “Scan Disk”, it prompts you with a “You want I should fix this?” message that repeats itself only six times.
- 8) After 20 minutes without activity, your PC asks, “May I go schloffen now?”
- 9) The PC shuts down automatically at sundown on Friday evenings.
- 10) Instead of getting a “General Protection Fault” error, you get a “Ferklemp” message.
- 11) When your PC is multitasking, you occasionally hear a very loud “Oy.”
- 12) After your computer dies, you must dispose of it within 24 hours.
- 13) But best of all, if you have a kosher computer, you can never get SPAM.

If Your Computer Converted to Judaism

Instead of a "Start" button, it would say "Hurry Up, Already."

Your screen saver would have flying dreidels.

It would shut down automatically on Friday night, which was also casual Friday.

If your computer dies, you have to throw it away within 24 hours.

CULTURE SHOCK

An English Jewish couple won twenty million pounds on the lottery. They immediately set out to begin a life of luxury. They bought a magnificent mansion in Knightsbridge and surrounded themselves with all the material wealth imaginable.

Then they decided to hire a butler.

Through an agency, they found the perfect butler - very proper, very British, very gentile - and brought him back to their home. The day after his arrival, they instructed him to set up the dining room table for four, as they were inviting the Cohens to Shabbat dinner.

The couple then left the house to do some shopping at the most expensive shops they could find before sunset.

When they returned, they found the table set for eight. They asked the butler why eight, when they had specifically instructed him to set the table for four.

The butler replied, "The Cohens telephoned and said they were bringing the Blintzes and the Knishes."



HANUKKAH JOKEs

- ★ What do cows and horses light when celebrating Hanukkah? *A manurah.*
- ★ Which hand is best to light the menorah with? *Neither, it's best to light it with a match.*
- ★ What's the difference between Hanukkah and dragons? *One is eight nights while the other ate knights.*
- ★ A woman goes to the post office for stamps for Hanukkah cards. She asks the cashier for stamps and the cashier replies, "What denomination?" The woman thinks for a moment and responds, *"I'll take six Orthodox, 12 Conservative, seven Reconstructionist and 32 Reform, please."*
- ★ Miriam, an old, Jewish grandmother was giving directions to her Jewish son who was coming to visit with his wife for Hanukkah. It was the first time he had visited her since she had moved to her new apartment. "You come to the front door of the condominium complex. I am in apartment 2B," Miriam says. "There is a big panel at the door. With your elbow push button 2B. I will buzz you in. Come inside, the elevator is on the right. Get in, and with your elbow hit 2. When you get out I am on the left. With your elbow, hit my doorbell." "Mother, that sounds easy," replies the grandson, "but why am I hitting all these buttons with my elbow?" Miriam gasps, *"You're coming to visit me empty handed?"*
- ★ What's the best Hanukkah gift for the person who has everything? *A burglar alarm.*
- ★ What do you call a speck that falls into the latke pan? *An unidentified frying object.*
- ★ Why don't we eat clowns at Hanukkah? *Because they taste funny.*
- ★ What did the candles say when the menorah complained about getting too hot? *Whoa, a talking menorah.*
- ★ What did the older Hanukkah candle say to the younger one? *You're too young to smoke.*
- ★ Why was the broom late to the Hanukkah party? *It over-swept.*
- ★ During the first day of Hanukkah, two elderly Jewish men were sitting in a wonderful deli frequented almost exclusively by Jews in New York City. They were talking amongst themselves in Yiddish – the colorful language of Jews who came over from Eastern Europe. A Chinese waiter, only one year in New York, came up and in fluent, impeccable Yiddish asked them if everything was okay and if they were enjoying the holiday. The Jewish men were dumbfounded. "Where did he ever learn such perfect Yiddish?" they both thought. After they paid the bill they asked the restaurant manager, an old friend of theirs, "Where did our waiter learn such fabulous Yiddish?" The manager looked around and leaned in so no one else will hear and said... *"Shhhhh. He thinks we're teaching him English."*
- ★ It was Hanukkah and the tiny village was in fear of not having any latkes because they had run out of flour. Rudi, the rabbi, was called upon to help solve the problem. He said, "Don't worry, you can substitute matzo meal for the flour and the latkes will be just as delicious!" Sheila looked to her husband and said, "Morty...you think it'll work?" Morty said, *"Of course! Everybody knows...Rudolph, the Rav, knows grain dear!"*
- ★ Why do you put candles on top of the menorah? *It's too hard to put them on the bottom.*
- ★ What did the loaf of bread say to the other loaf of bread during Hanukkah? *Happy challah days!*



HEBRONICS

The New York City Public Schools have officially declared Jewish English, now dubbed Hebronics, as a second language. Backers of the move say the city schools are the first in the nation to recognize Hebronics as a valid language and a significant attribute of American culture.

According to Howard Ashland, linguistics professor at Brooklyn College and renowned Hebronics scholar, the sentence structure of Hebronics derives from middle and eastern European language patterns, as well as Yiddish.

Professor Shulman explains, "In Hebronics, the response to any question is usually another question with a complaint that is either implied or stated.

Thus "How are you?" may be answered, "How should I be, with my bad feet?"

Shulman says that Hebronics is a superb linguistic vehicle for expressing sarcasm or skepticism. An example is the repetition of a word with "sh" or "shm" at the beginning: "Mountains, shmountains. Stay away. You should want a nosebleed?"

Another Hebronics pattern is moving the subject of a sentence to the end, with its pronoun at the beginning: "It's beautiful, that dress."

Shulman says one also sees the Hebronics verb moved to the end of the sentence. Thus the response to a remark such as "He's slow as a turtle," could be: "Turtle, shmurtle! Like a fly in Vaseline he walks."

Shulman provided the following examples from his best-selling textbook, Switched-On Hebronics:

Question: "What time is it?"

English answer: "Sorry, I don't know."

Hebronic response: "What am I, a clock?"

Remark: "I hope things turn out okay."

English answer: "Thanks."

Hebronic response: "I should be so lucky!"

Remark: "Hurry up. Dinner's ready."

English answer: "Be right there."

Hebronic response: "Alright already, I'm coming. What's with the 'hurry' business? Is there a fire?"

Remark: "I like the tie you gave me; I wear it all the time."

English answer: "Glad you like it."

Hebronic response: "So what's the matter, you don't like the other ties I gave you?"

Remark: "Sarah and I are engaged."

English answer: "Congratulations!"

Hebronic response: "She could stand to lose a few pounds."

Question: "Would you like to go riding with us?"

English answer: "Just say when."

Hebronic response: "Riding, shmiding! Do I look like a cowboy?"

To the guest of honor at a birthday party:

English answer: "Happy birthday."

Hebronic response: "A year smarter you should become."

Remark: "It's a beautiful day."

English answer: "Sure is."

Hebronic response: "So the sun is out; what else is new?"

Answering a phone call from a son:

English answer: "It's been a while since you called."

Hebronic response: "You didn't wonder if I'm dead already?"



HOW TO PUNISH A RABBI

An orthodox Rabbi went golfing although it was on the Sabbath. Gabriel saw him, and summoned G-d.

“YHWH!” said Gabriel, “We have a rabbi golfing on the Sabbath. Strike him down with a lightning bolt.” G-d said, “I’ve got better plans for him.”

Just then, the Rabbi took a swing at the ball, and it drove 420 yards, bounced and rolled up onto the green and fell directly into the cup, a hole-in-one.

The Rabbi was ecstatic, whooping it up.

Gabriel says to G-d, “What gives, I thought you were going to punish him?”

G-d says, “Who’s he going to tell?”



ACTUAL PERSONALS WHICH APPEARED IN ISRAELI PAPERS IN ENGLISH

Sincere rabbinical student, 27. Enjoys Yom Kippur, Tisha B'av, Taanis Esther, Tzom Gedaliah, Asarah B'Teves, Shiva Asar B'Tammuz. Seeks companion for living life in the "fast" lane.

Yeshiva bochur, Torah scholar, long beard, payos. Seeks same in woman.

Very pretty, slim, lulav would like to meet fragrant, squeezable esrog. Let's do hoshanas together. Pitum a must.

Worried about in-law meddling? I'm an orphan! Write.

Nice Jewish guy, 38. No skeletons. No baggage. No personality.

Are you the girl I spoke with at the kiddush after shul last week? You excused yourself to get more horseradish for your gefilte fish, but you never returned. How can I contact you again? (I was the one with the cholent stain on my tie).

Shochet, 54, owns successful butcher shop in Midwest. Doesn't believe women should be treated like a piece of meat. Seeks glatt kosher maydl for marriage.

Female graduate student, studying kabbalah, Zohar, exorcism of dybbuks, seeks mensch. No weirdos, please.

Staunch Jewish feminist, wears tzitzits, seeking male who will accept my independence, although you probably will not. Oh, just forget it.

Jewish businessman, 49, manufactures Sabbath candles, Chanukah candles, Havdalah candles, Yahrzeit candles. Seeks non-smoker.

Israeli professor, 41, with 18 years of teaching in my behind. Looking for American-born woman who speaks English very good.

Couch potato latke, in search of the right applesauce. Let's try it for eight days. Who knows?

80-year-old bubby, no assets, seeks handsome, virile Jewish male, under 35. Object matrimony. I can dream, can't I?

I am a sensitive Jewish prince whom you can open your heart to. Share your innermost thoughts and deepest secrets. Confide in me. I'll understand your insecurities. No fatties, please.

Jewish male, 34, very successful, smart, independent, self-made. Looking for girl whose father will hire me.

Single Jewish woman, 29, into disco, mountain climbing, skiing, track and field. Has slight limp.

Orthodox woman with get, seeks man who got get, or can get get. Get it? I'll show you mine, if you show me yours.

Desperately seeking schmoozing! Retired senior citizen desires female companion 70+ for kvetching, kvelling, and krechtzing. Under 30 is also OK.

Shul gabbai, 36. I take out the Torah Saturday morning. Would like to take you out Saturday night. Please write.

Attractive Jewish woman, 35, college graduate, seeks successful Jewish Prince Charming to get me out of my parents' house.

Divorced Jewish man, seeks partner to attend shul with, light Shabbos candles, celebrate holidays, build Sukkah together, attend brisses, bar mitzvahs. Religion not important.



Israelites Sue G-d For Breach of Covenant

NEW YORK—Attorneys representing the Tribe of Abraham filed suit against G-d in New York's Southern District Court Monday, citing 117 specific instances of breach of covenant.

The Israelites are seeking \$4.2 trillion in punitive and compensatory damages.

"My client, the Children of Israel, entered into this covenant with the Defendant in good faith. They were assured, in writing, that in exchange for their exclusive worship of Him, they would be designated His chosen people and, as such, would enjoy His divine protection and guidance for eternity," said Marvin Sachs, the Manhattan attorney bringing the suit on behalf of the Israelites. "Yet, practically from the moment this covenant was signed, the Defendant has exhibited a blatant and willful disregard for its terms."

According to Sachs, the Israelites have not received the protection they were promised in the covenant.

"Despite the presence of numerous 'chosen people' clauses throughout this covenant, my client has suffered countless tragedies over the past 5,000 years, from the destruction of the Holy Temple in Jerusalem to the Spanish Inquisition to the Holocaust," Sachs said. "Does that sound like protection to you? Clearly, the Creator had no intention of honoring His legal and binding agreement with us from the start."

Continued Sachs: "The covenant also states that the plaintiff is be entitled to all the lands of the Earth. This, too, has not occurred. Furthermore, it states that the plaintiff will become more numerous than the dust thereof. This has not occurred, either, assuming, of course, that the world contains more than 14 million particles of dust."

Sachs then produced a Torah scroll and said, "I was raised to believe that this is more than just a piece of paper. What about Him?"

Court officers visited the Defendant atop Mount Sinai early this morning, serving Him with papers and setting the legal machinery in motion. Though He has declined comment, lawyers in His employ have already cited multiple points of contention with the Israelite argument, questioning the authenticity of the thousand-year-old hand-inscribed documents and taking issue with the selection of New York, "a city of Israelites," as the trial site.

Kevin Harrigan, chief legal counsel for the Lord, called a press conference Tuesday to read a personal statement from his Client.

"Where was Marvin Sachs when I created the Heavens and the Earth? Where was Marvin Sachs when I laid the cornerstone of creation, and all

the morning stars sang together? Can Marvin Sachs bind the influences of the Pleiades and loose the bands of Orion? Can Marvin Sachs call forth the snow or the small rain or the great storm?" the statement read. "He should not be so quick to sit in judgment, he who knows not the ordinances of Heaven nor their dominion of the Earth." Added Harrigan: "We'll agree to minor malfeasance. The Creator pays you a token \$15,000 settlement, plus your filing fees, and we go easy on you."

Despite the Lord's confidence, the Israelites say they have a case.

"For 5,760 years, the plaintiff has honored their side of the contract, worshipping the Defendant with total devotion. But in return, they have gotten bupkes," Sachs said. "They trusted Him to protect them, and He threw them to everyone from the Egyptians to the Cossacks to the Nazis to the Palestinians. I'd have a hard time believing that anyone even remotely familiar with the plaintiff's history would argue that they're not victims of detrimental reliance."

Above: A disputed section of the covenant, which promises the plaintiff divine protection and providence. Harrigan responded that G-d's case is clear under the provisions of New York's commercial code.

"We have yet to determine whether the Jews are arguing for the Covenant of Abraham, which covers homeland and birthright issues, the Davidic Covenant, under which they say they were guaranteed a Messiah, or some combination of the two," Harrigan said. "But one thing is clear: Standard assumptions for any legal contract in this district specifically state that the Defendant is not responsible for acts of G-d."

Continued Harrigan: "I must also point out that the plaintiff has been given a homeland and offered at least one viable Messiah. If the plaintiff chooses not to accept them for whatever reason, it demonstrates that no meeting of the minds was truly possible and that they acted in bad faith, and the covenant is therefore rendered null and void."

Harrigan went on to note that the Lord has not ruled out filing a breach-of-covenant countersuit against the Israelites, claiming that they "have failed to worship the Lord in an acceptably faithful manner." Among the evidence cited: a 70 percent rise in interfaith marriage among Jews since 1900 and last year's turnout of just 36 percent at worldwide Yom Kippur services.

As of press time, the Israelites were moving forward with their case, undaunted by the fact that the Supreme Deity has never lost a trial.

"My client has been searching for answers for a long time," Sachs said. "And they will continue to search for answers and seek the truth--no matter what the cost in legal fees."



Jewish Lightbulb Jokes

Q: How many Jews does it take to change a light bulb?

A: 30. One to change the bulb & 29 to discuss it and give contradictory advice to the person changing the bulb.

Q: How many Hasidic Rebbes does it take to change a light bulb?

A: What is a light bulb?

Q: How many Orthodox Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Change?

Q: How many Conservative Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None: they call a committee meeting.

Q: How many Reform Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None: anyone can change it whenever they want to.

Q: How many Lubavitchers does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None, it never died.

Q: How many Bratzlaver Chassidim does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None. They will never find one that burned as brightly as the first one.

Q: How many Jewish Renewal rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?

A: It depends. One if it's an eco-kosher bulb that isn't going to be lit from electricity from nuclear

power. Two, as long as a male rabbi and a female rabbi have equal turns putting in the bulb. Three, one to change it, one to do a Buddhist mindfulness practice during the change, and one to document the paradigm shift in a best selling book called "The Jew in the Lightbulb." Four, same as above and an additional rabbi to study the psycho-halachic implications of such a change and then lead a retreat weekend on the experience. Five, same as #2 but with three additional rabbis of other gender identities.

Q: How many Shlomo hasiddim does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Gevaldt, it's mamash such a great opportunity to do teshuvah. So it takes everyone there to get real close, sing a niggun, listen to an Ishbitzer teaching, tell a Levi Yitchak story, and change the bulb at two in the morning.

Q: How many Reconstructionist Rabbis does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Four. One to wish they were doing what the Orthodox rabbi does, one to wish they were doing what the Reform rabbi does, one to wish they were doing what the Renewal rabbi does, and one to eventually change the stupid bulb.

Q: How many congregants does it take to change a light bulb in a synagogue?

A: CHANGE? You want we should CHANGE the light bulb? My Bubbe and Zeyde donated that light bulb!!!



JEWISH ZEN

- ☯ Let your mind be as a floating cloud. Let your stillness be as the wooded glen. And sit up straight. You'll never meet the Buddha with such round shoulders.
- ☯ There is no escaping karma. In a previous life, you never called, you never wrote, you never visited. And whose fault was that?
- ☯ Wherever you go, there you are. Your luggage is another story.
- ☯ To practice Zen and the art of Jewish motorcycle maintenance, do the following: get rid of the motorcycle. What were you thinking?
- ☯ Be aware of your body. Be aware of your perceptions. Keep in mind that not every physical sensation is a symptom of a terminal illness.
- ☯ If there is no self, whose arthritis is this?
- ☯ Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in. Breathe out. Forget this and attaining Enlightenment will be the least of your problems.
- ☯ The Tao has no expectations. The Tao demands nothing of others. The Tao does not speak. The Tao does not blame. The Tao does not take sides. The Tao is not Jewish.
- ☯ Drink tea and nourish life. With the first sip, joy. With the second, satisfaction. With the third, Danish.
- ☯ The Buddha taught that one should practice loving kindness to all sentient beings. Still, would it kill you to find a nice sentient being who happens to be Jewish?
- ☯ Be patient and achieve all things. Be impatient and achieve all things faster.
- ☯ To Find the Buddha, look within. Deep inside you are ten thousand flowers. Each flower blossoms ten thousand times. Each blossom has ten thousand petals. You might want to see a specialist.
- ☯ Be here now. Be someplace else later. Is that so complicated?



Rabbis rule on kashrut of donuts

By **Badana Panzer**
Staff Reporter

JERSUSALEM — Only yeast donuts are kosher, according to a ruling made yesterday by a special committee of the Fervently Frum Fraternity of Rabbis (FFFR).

“Yeast donuts fulfil the strictest requirements of kashrut, as set out in the tractate of Talmud Baba Sufganiot, which deals solely with donuts,” explained committee chair Rabbi Leibish Glatt-Mehadrin.

“They are perfectly round, symbolizing the universality of Torah principles, sweet, like Torah learning, and soft, symbolizing the total compassion and love those on our level of observance have for all other Jews,” he said.

“Those who can’t accept this ruling are miserable oisgeworfs who have no right to consider themselves part of the Jewish people,” he noted.

Reaction from supporters of cake and filled donuts was quick and hostile.

“Cake donuts fulfil all the halachic requirements,” snapped Rabbi Kyle Glazer, spokesman for The Traditional Rabbinic Organization (TRO). “They are round, and they have holes. The only difference is that their texture makes them appropriate for the end of the 20th century. You don’t have to keep everything as it was 500 years ago to be halachic,” he concluded.

Rabbi Gillian Leavenstein, on behalf of RMRC, the Really Modern Rabbinic Council, called the decision “reactionary.”

“Filled donuts are just as indicative of the essence of Torah as yeast ones are,” she said. “We must not let the constraints of outdated ideas dictate our lives.”

A committee of the Knesset struck to deal with the thorny issue was unable to come up with a compromise acceptable to all three organizations.

“Why don’t the Israelis just stick to falafel and not be seduced by this North American junk,” its final report asked.

The issue was further complicated by a dispute between the FFFR and Sruga Coalition, led by Rabbi Shlomo Horowitz. The FFFR, citing posek 15 in Baba Sugfaniot, has said that holes in donuts must be 1.5cm in diameter. The Sruga Coalition, however, responded that it doesn’t matter how wide the hole is, so long as it is there.

The two Orthodox organizations have also clashed over the permissibility of eating the donut tidbits, the FFFR asserting that the tidbits are in the same category as cake or filled donuts (“aberrations,” said Rabbi Glatt-Mehadrin), while the Sruga Coalition said that they are willing to work with the TRO and the RMRC to find a mutually acceptable tidbit.

The situation is not wholly negative, however. The dispute has resulted in a huge surplus of unsold donuts, which have become stale. Representatives of Neturei Karta have said they are suitable for throwing at motorists on Bar Ilan Street on Shabbat, even if they are not strictly kosher, and representatives of the munitions industry have said that being able to use stale donuts as ammunition in their anti-missile weapons has done much to improve their economic status.



Donut ruling angers city's Jews: Doesn't reflect decisions of Fervently Frum Fraternity.

By Badana Panzer

MONTREAL — There is great consternation in Montreal's Jewish community over the recent declaration by a visiting Israeli rabbi that the kashrut requirements for the donut are inadequate, and do not reflect the decisions of the Fervently Frum Fraternity of Rabbis.

Rabbi Pinchas Yehuda Leib Obergeegessen, who last year caused pandemonium by declaring the entire city treif, made his most recent decision on a visit to celebrate the engagement of this follower Shmuel Levi Moishe Hobnishkeiparnossah to Montrealer Faige Hinda Baila Tattahotgelt.

In an interview with *The C/JN*, Rabbi Obergeegessen said he was following the halachic ruling of the rabbinical sages in Israel, that only yeast donuts are kosher, as opposed to cake donuts or filled donuts, which, they have decided, are treif.

"Here in Montreal, not only are the other two kinds considered kosher, but donut shops supposedly under strict rabbinic supervision display them on the same shelves (though admittedly not usually in the same bins). Consumers who don't know the Halachah think they are equal," he thundered.

For one of the few times in recent history, all the rabbinical organizations in the city are in agreement in their reaction — well, almost.

The Torah-True Rabbinical Council and Hinterland Board of Rabbis, in a joint communiqué, suggested that Rabbi Obergeegessen return to Israel immediately, if not sooner.

"We are quite capable of creating our own tsuris without help from Israel," the communiqué said.



KOSHER COMPUTERS

Kosher computers (made in Israel) called DELLSHALOM are selling at such a good price I bought one. Mine arrived yesterday. If you or a friend are considering a kosher computer, you should know there are some important upgrades and changes from the typical computer you are accustomed to.

- ★ The cursor moves from right to left.
- ★ It comes with two hard drives: one for gesheftedik (business software) and one for shpasedik (fun software).
- ★ Instead of getting a “General Protection Fault” error, it now gets a “Ferklemp” message.
- ★ The Chanukah screen saver includes “Flying Dreidels.”
- ★ It shuts down automatically at sundown on Friday evenings.
- ★ After my computer dies, I have to dispose of it within 24 hours at a kosher recycling site.
- ★ The “Start” button has been replaced with the “Let’s go!! I’m not getting any younger!” button.
- ★ When disconnecting external devices from the back of my PC, I am instructed to “Remove the cable from the PC’s tuchus.”
- ★ The multimedia player has been renamed to “Nu, so play my music already!”
- ★ Internet Explorer has a spinning “Star of David” in the upper right corner.
- ★ I hear “Hava Nagila” during startup.
- ★ Microsoft Office now includes, “A little byte of this, and a little byte of that.”
- ★ When “Scan Disk” finds an error, it prompts with “You vant I should fix this?”
- ★ When the PC is running low on memory, it occasionally utters a loud Oy Gevalt!”
- ★ There is a “monitor-cleaning solution” from Manischewitz that advertises it gets rid of the “schmutz und drek” on your monitor.
- ★ After 20 minutes of no activity, my PC goes “Schloffen.”
- ★ Computer viruses can now be cured with some matzo-ball chicken soup.
- ★ If you fail to shut down the computer in the prescribed manner, the following message appears: “You should be ashamed of yourself.”
- ★ When Spellchecker finds an error it prompts, “Is this the best you can do?”
- ★ When I look at erotic images, my computer says, “If your mother knew you did this, she would die.”
- ★ And best of all, if you have a kosher computer, you no longer get SPAM® in your e-mail.



Laws Concerning Food and Drink; Household Principles; Lamentations of the Father

by Ian Frazier

Part One:

OF the beasts of the field, and of the fishes of the sea, and of all foods that are acceptable in my sight you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the hoofed animals, broiled or ground into burgers, you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the cloven-hoofed animal, plain or with cheese, you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the cereal grains, of the corn and of the wheat and of the oats, and of all the cereals that are of bright color and unknown provenance you may eat, but not in the living room. Of the quiescently frozen dessert and of all frozen after-meal treats you may eat, but absolutely not in the living room. Of the juices and other beverages, yes, even of those in sippy-cups, you may drink, but not in the living room, neither may you carry such therein. Indeed, when you reach the place where the living room carpet begins, of any food or beverage there you may not eat, neither may you drink.

But if you are sick, and are lying down and watching something, then may you eat in the living room.

Part Two: Laws When at Table

And if you are seated in your high chair, or in a chair such as a greater person might use, keep your legs and feet below you as they were. Neither raise up your knees, nor place your feet upon the table, for that is an abomination to me. Yes, even when you have an interesting bandage to show, your feet upon the table are an abomination, and worthy of rebuke. Drink your milk as it is given you, neither use on it any utensils, nor fork, nor knife, nor spoon, for that is not what they are for; if you will dip your blocks in the milk, and lick it off, you will be sent away. When you have drunk, let the empty cup then remain upon the table, and do not bite it upon its edge and by your teeth hold it to your face in order to make noises in it sounding like a duck; for you will be sent away.

When you chew your food, keep your mouth closed until you have swallowed, and do not open it to show your brother or your sister what is within; I say to you, do not so, even if your brother or your sister has done the same to you. Eat your food only; do not eat that which is not food; neither seize the table between your jaws, nor use the raiment of the table to wipe your lips. I say again to you, do not touch it, but leave it as it is. And though your stick of carrot does indeed resemble a marker, draw not with it upon the table, even in pretend, for we do not do that, that is why. And though the pieces of broccoli are very like small trees, do not stand them upright to make a forest, because we do not do that, that is why. Sit just as I have told you, and do not lean to one side or the other, nor slide down until you are nearly slid away. Heed me; for if you sit like that, your hair will go into the syrup. And now behold, even as I have said, it has come to pass.

Parts Three and Four:

Laws Pertaining to Dessert

For we judge between the plate that is unclean and the plate that is clean, saying first, if the plate is clean, then you shall have dessert. But of the unclean plate, the laws are these: If you have eaten most of your meat, and two bites of your peas with each bite consisting of not less than three peas each, or in total six peas, eaten where I can see, and you have also eaten enough of your potatoes to fill two forks, both forkfuls eaten where I can see, then you shall have dessert. But if you eat a lesser number of peas, and yet you eat the potatoes, still you shall not have dessert; and if you eat the peas, yet leave the potatoes uneaten, you shall not have dessert, no, not even a small portion thereof. And if you try to deceive by moving the potatoes or peas around with a fork, that it may appear you have eaten what you have not, you will fall into iniquity. And I will know, and you shall have no dessert.

On Screaming

Do not scream; for it is as if you scream all the time. If you are given a plate on which two foods you do not wish to touch each other are touching each other, your voice rises up even to the ceiling, while you point to the offense with the finger of your right hand; but I say to you, scream not, only remonstrate gently with the server, that the server may correct the fault. Likewise if you receive a portion of fish from which every piece of herbal seasoning has not been scraped off, and the herbal seasoning is loathsome to you, and steeped in vileness, again I say, refrain from screaming. Though the vileness overwhelm you, and cause you a faint unto death, make not that sound from within your throat, neither cover your face, nor press your fingers to your nose. For even now I have made the fish as it should be; behold, I eat of it myself, yet do not die.

Parts Five and Six:

Concerning Face and Hands

Cast your countenance upward to the light, and lift your eyes to the hills, that I may more easily wash you off. For the stains are upon you; even to the very back of your head, there is rice thereon. And in the breast pocket of your garment, and upon the tie of your shoe, rice and other fragments are distributed in a manner wonderful to see. Only hold yourself still; hold still, I say. Give each finger in its turn for my examination thereof, and also each thumb. Lo, how iniquitous they appear. What I do is as it must be; and you shall not go hence until I have done.

Various Other Laws, Statutes, and Ordinances

Bite not, lest you be cast into quiet time. Neither drink of your own bath water, nor of bath water of any kind; nor rub your feet on bread, even if it be in the package; nor rub yourself against cars, nor against any building; nor eat sand.

Leave the cat alone, for what has the cat done, that you should so afflict it with tape? And hum not that humming in your nose as I read, nor stand between the light and the book. Indeed, you will drive me to madness. Nor forget what I said about the tape.

Part Seven:

Complaints and Lamentations

Memories of Yiddish

Yiddish was the secret code, therefore I don't farshtaist.
A bisseleh maybe here and there, the rest has gone to waste.
Sadly when I hear it now, I only get the gist,
My Bubbeh spoke it beautifully, but me, I am tsemisht.
So och un vai as I should say, or even oy vai iz mir,
Though my pisk is lacking Yiddish, it's familiar to my ear.
And I'm no Chaim Yonkel, in fact I was shtick naches,
But, when it comes to Yiddish, though, I'm talking out my tuchas.
Es iz a shandeh far di kinder that I don't know it better
(Though it's really nishtkefelecht when one needs to write a letter).

But, when it comes to characters, there's really no contention,
No other linguist can compete with honorable mentshen:
They have nebbishes and nebechels and others without mazel,
Then, too, schmendriks and schlemiels, and let's not forget schlemazel.

These words are so precise and descriptive to the listener,
So much better than "a pill" is to call someone 'farbissener'.
Or - that a brazen woman would be better called chaleria,
And you'll agree farklempt says more than does hysteria.
I'm not haken dir a tsheinik and I hope I'm not a kvetch,
But isn't mieskeit kinder, than to call someone a wretch?
Mitten derinnen, I hear Bubbeh say, "It's nechtiker tog, don't fear,

To me you're still a maven, zol zein shah, don't fill my ear.
A leben ahf dein kepple, I don't mean to interrupt,
But you are speaking narishkeit.....And A gezunt auf dein kup!"

-Author unknown

Meyer and the Jewish Parrot

Meyer, a lonely widower, was walking home along

Delancey Street one day wishing something wonderful would happen in his life. He passed a pet store and heard a squawking voice shouting out in Yiddish, “Quawwwwk... vus macht du... yeah, du... outside, standing like a putzel... eh?”

Meyer rubbed his eyes and ears. He couldn’t believe it. The proprietor sprang out of the door and grabbed Meyer by the sleeve. “Come in here, fella, and check out this parrot....”

Meyer stood in front of an African Grey that cocked his little head and said, “Vus? Kenst reddin Yiddish?”

Meyer turned excitedly to the store owner. “He speaks Yiddish?” The parrot sneered, “Vuh den? Sounds like Chinese to you, maybe?”

In a matter of moments, Meyer had laid five hundred dollars on the counter and carried the parrot and cage away with him.

All night he talked with the parrot – in Yiddish. He told the parrot about his father’s adventures coming to America. About how beautiful his mother was when she was a young bride. About his family. About his years of working in the garment center. About Florida. The parrot listened and commented. They shared some walnuts. The parrot told him of living in the pet store, how he hated the weekends.

Next morning, Meyer put on his tfillin and began saying his prayers. The parrot demanded to know what he was doing, and when Meyer explained, the parrot wanted some tfillin too. So Meyer hand made a miniature set of tfillin for the parrot. The parrot wanted to learn to daven, and learned every prayer. He wanted to learn to read Hebrew, so Meyer spent weeks and months teaching the

parrot, teaching him Torah. In time, Meyer came to love and count on the parrot as a friend and a Jew. He wasn’t lonely any more.

On Rosh Hashana, Meyer got dressed and was about to leave for Shul when the parrot demanded to go with him. Meyer explained that Shul was not place for a bird, but the parrot made a terrific argument, so Meyer carried him to Shul on his shoulder. Needless to say, they made quite a spectacle, and Meyer was questioned by everyone including the Rabbi and Cantor. They didn’t want to allow a bird into the building on the High Holy Days, but Meyer convinced them to let this one in, swearing that his parrot could daven.

Wagers were made with Meyer. Thousands of dollars were bet (even odds) that the parrot could NOT daven, could not speak Yiddish or Hebrew, etc. All eyes were on the African Grey during services. The parrot perched on Meyer’s shoulder for prayer after prayer and song after song passed – without making a sound.

There was not a peep from the bird. Meyer began to be annoyed, slapping at his shoulder and mumbling under his breath, “Daven!” Nothing. “Daven..parrot, you can daven, so daven... come on, everybody’s looking at you!” Nothing.

After Rosh Hashanah services were concluded, Meyer found that he owed his Shul buddies and the Rabbi over \$4,000. He marched home, very pissed off, saying nothing. Finally, several blocks from the temple, the bird began happily to sing an old Yiddish song. Meyer stopped and looked at him. “You miserable bird, you just cost me over \$4,000. Why? After I made your tfillin and taught you the morning prayers, and taught you to read Hebrew and the Torah. And after you begged me to bring you to Shul on Rosh Hashana, why? Why did you do this to me?”

“Don’t be a schmuck,” the parrot replied. “Think of the odds on Yom Kippur!”



More Jewish Stuff

- My mother is a typical Jewish mother. Once she was on jury duty. They sent her home. She insisted SHE was guilty.
- Any time a person goes into a delicatessen and orders pastrami on white bread, somewhere a Jew dies.
- It was mealtime during a flight on El Al. "Would you like dinner?" the flight attendant asked Moshe, seated in front. "What are my choices?" Moshe asked. "Yes or no," she replied.
- An elderly Jewish man is knocked down by a car and is brought to the local hospital. A pretty nurse tucks him into bed and says, "Mr. Gevarter, are you comfortable?" Gevarter replies, "I make a living...."
- A rabbi was opening his mail one morning. Taking a single sheet of paper from an envelope he found written on it only one word: "shmuck." At the next Friday night service, the Rabbi announced, "I have known many people who have written letters and forgot to sign their names, but this week I received a letter from someone who signed his name...and forgot to write a letter."
- Three Jewish women get together for lunch. As they are being seated in the restaurant, one takes a deep breath and gives a long, slow "Oy." The second takes a deep breath as well and lets out a long, slow "Oyyy." The third takes a deep breath and says impatiently, "Girls, I thought we agreed that we weren't going to talk about our children."

PERSPECTIVES ON TORAH

Children from a Junior school in Caithness, Scotland had a test about the Old and New testaments. The responses have not been changed.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. In first book of the bible, Guinness, god got tired of creating the world so he took the sabbath off.2. Adam and eve were created from an apple tree. Noah's wife was Joan of ark. Noah built and ark and the animals came in pears.3. Lots wife was a pillar of salt during the day, but a ball of fire during the night.4. The jews were a proud people and throughout history they had trouble with unsympathetic genitals.5. Sampson was a strongman who let himself be led astray by a Jezebel like Delilah | <ol style="list-style-type: none">6. Samson slayed the philistines with the axe of the apostles.7. Moses led the jews to the red sea where they made unleavened bread which is bread without any ingredients.8. The egyptians were all drowned in the dessert. Afterwards Moses wet up to mount cyanide to get the ten commandments.9. The first commandment was when Eve told Adam to eat the apple.10. The seventh commandment is thou shalt not admit adultery. |
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RULES OF JUDAISM

- ★ If you can't say something nice, say it in Yiddish.
- ★ If it tastes good, it's probably not kosher.
- ★ After the destruction of the Second Temple, God created Lochmann's [a woman's clothing store in NYC].
- ★ No one looks good in a yarmulke.
- ★ Why spoil a good meal with a big tip?
- ★ WASPs leave and never say good-bye. Jews say good-bye and never leave.
- ★ 'Twenty-percent off is a bargain; fifty-percent off is a mitzvah.
- ★ There's nothing like a good belch.
- ★ Israel is the land of milk and honey; Florida is the land of milk of magnesia.
- ★ Pork is forbidden, but a pig in a blanket makes a nice hors d'oeuvre.
- ★ The High Holidays have absolutely nothing to do with marijuana.
- ★ And what's so wrong with dry turkey?
- ★ If your name was Lipschitz, you'd change it, too.
- ★ Always whisper the names of diseases.
- ★ One mitzvah can change the world; two will just make you tired.
- ★ If you don't eat, it will kill me.
- ★ Anything worth saying is worth repeating a thousand times.
- ★ Where there's smoke, there may be smoked salmon.
- ★ Never take a front-row seat at a bris.
- ★ Next year in Jerusalem. The year after that, how about a nice cruise?
- ★ Never leave a restaurant empty-handed.
- ★ Spring ahead, fall back, winter in Miami Beach.
- ★ The important Jewish holidays are the ones on which alternate-side-of-the-street parking is suspended.
- ★ A bad matzoh ball makes a good paperweight.
- ★ Without Jewish mothers, who would need therapy?
- ★ Before you read the menu, read the prices.
- ★ There comes a time in every man's life when he must stand up and tell his mother he's an adult. This usually happens at around age 45.
- ★ According to Jewish dietary law, pork and shellfish may be eaten only in Chinese restaurants.
- ★ If you're going to whisper at the movies, make sure it's loud enough for everyone else to hear.
- ★ No meal is complete without leftovers.
- ★ If you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. But if you can afford it, make sure you tell everybody what you paid.
- ★ The only thing more important than a good education is a good parking spot at the mall.



Sayings of the Jewish Buddha

- The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single Oy.
- Be here now. Be someplace else later. Is that so complicated?
- Wherever you go, there you are. Your luggage is another story.
- Accept misfortune as a blessing. Do not wish for perfect health, or a life without problems. What would you talk about?
- There is no escaping karma. In a previous life, you never called, you never wrote, you never visited. And whose fault was that?
- The Tao does not speak. The Tao does not blame. The Tao does not take sides. The Tao has no expectations. The Tao demands nothing of others. The Tao is not Jewish.
- Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in. Breathe out. Forget this and attaining Enlightenment will be the least of your problems.
- Let your mind be as a floating cloud. Let your stillness be as a wooded glen. And sit up straight. You'll never meet the Buddha with such rounded shoulders.
- Deep inside you are ten thousand flowers. Each flower blossoms ten thousand times. Each blossom has ten thousand petals. You might want to see a specialist.
- Be aware of your body. Be aware of your perceptions. Keep in mind that not every physical sensation is a symptom of a terminal illness.
- Drink tea and nourish life; with the first sip, joy; with the second sip, satisfaction; with the third sip, peace; with the fourth, a Danish.
- Zen is not easy. It takes effort to attain nothingness. And then what do you have? Bupkis.
- The Torah says, Love your neighbor as yourself. The Buddha says, There is no self. So, maybe we're off the hook.
- If there is no self, whose arthritis is this?



SEEKING THE JEWISH VOTE IN 2000

RESPONDING TO REPORTS that Hillary Rodham Clinton's quest in 2000 for a senate seat for New York improved after it became known that her step-grandfather was Jewish, politicians rushed to make their Jewish affiliations known.

New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani now has reported that his second cousin's third wife once rode in a cab driven by a Jewish driver. He proclaimed that he is just as Jewish as Mrs Clinton. "Anyone who disagrees with this, I'll personally give a smack on the tuchus."

Vice President Al Gore also dropped the news that he once roomed in college with a young man whose aunt briefly dated a Jewish dentist. "And once, while visiting New York, I enjoyed a piece of Halvah." Martin Peretz, publisher of *The New Republic* and longtime Gore supporter, said that Gore was over at his house the other night for dinner and insisted on a corned beef sandwich and a seltzer. "And when I brought it to him, he said, 'Ah gezunt af dein keppel.'"

Former Senator Bill Bradley said that "Jewish people appreciate and admire intellectual achievement, and they would kvell if they knew my SAT scores or grades at Princeton. I know that Jewish people are obsessed with knowing which famous people are Jewish, whether it's movie stars or famous athletes or politicians, but I'm running a different kind of campaign, and I'm just not going to get into that stuff. So I won't even comment on the fact that my campaign treasurer's economics professor at Columbia once used a Jewish accountant."

Campaigning in Houston, Governor George W. Bush cut short a speech in Spanish to a Hispanic audience to ask directions to the nearest synagogue. When asked why, he said he did not want to look like he was engaging in the

reprehensible practice of catering to Jewish voters, so he could not explain. But he did note a moment later that his wife's manicurist's therapist's uncle died that morning in Brooklyn, and he thought it would be appropriate to stop in to a synagogue and recite the traditional kiddush. Later when asked if he meant the Kaddish prayer recited for the dead other than the blessing over wine, Bush was annoyed. "Hey, I know about Jews and all their sensitivities. I read the Old Testament, I learned plenty in the Holy Land. I visited the Whaling Wall and saw where our Lord walked. And I kibbutzed around with folks on a kibbitz."

In New York, the Anti-Defamation League issued a statement decrying the growing hysteria among our political leaders to try to please Jewish voters who are far too sophisticated to fall for such crass attempts. "We won't tolerate anyone, including powerful politicians, being too nice to us," said ADL leader Abe Foxman.

Rabbi Avi Weiss of Riverdale announced immediate plans to chain himself to the next politician who emphasizes his or her Jewish ties.

Meanwhile, Hillary Clinton chastised the press for creating such a fuss in the first place over the fact that her grandmother had been married to a Jew. She said any talk of her leaking this information to improve her standing in the Jewish community was absurd. She then left for Western Maryland with her husband where they planned to rename their presidential retreat *Camp Star of David*.



The Arranged Marriage

A good Hassidic family is most concerned that their 30-year-old son is unmarried. So they call a marriage broker and ask him to find their son a good wife.

The broker comes over to their house and spends a long time asking questions of the son and his parents as to what they would like in a wife/daughter-in-law.

They give him a long list of requirements. The marriage broker takes a great deal of time looking, and finally asks to visit the family again. He then tells them of a wonderful woman he has found.

He says she's just the right age for the son. She keeps a kosher home, she regularly attends synagogue and knows the prayers by heart, and she's a wonderful cook. She loves children and wants a family. And, to top it all off, she's gorgeous.

After hearing all this, the family is very impressed and begins to get excited about the prospects of a wedding in the near future.

But the son pauses and asks somewhat awkwardly, "Yes but, intimately, is she passionate? Does she like sex?"

The marriage broker shrugs and responds, "Some say yes, some say no!"



SIGNS ON SYNAGOGUE BULLETIN BOARDS

- Under same management for over 5763 years.
- *Don't give up. Moses was once a basket case.*
- What part of "Thou shalt not" don't you understand?
- *Shul committees should be made up of three members, two of whom should be absent at every meeting.*
- Sign over the urinal in a bathroom at Hebrew University: "The future of the Jewish people is in your hands."

Chanukah Songs that Never Quite Caught On

- ★ **Oy to the World**
- ★ **Schlepping through a Winter Wonderland**
- ★ **Hava Negilah – The Megamix**
- ★ **Bubbie Yetta Got Run Over by a Reindeer**
- ★ **Enough with those facackennah Jingle Bells Already... Sheez!**
- ★ **Matzo Man (by the Lower East Side Village People)**
- ★ **I Have a Little Dreidel (the Barking Dog Version)**
- ★ **Come on Baby, Light My Menorah**
- ★ **Deck the Halls with Balls of Matzos**
- ★ **Silent Night? I Should Be So Lucky**



The News From Ukraine

By Ruth Horowitz

image: abby manock

The fireworks! The flags!
The throngs of young idealists filling the snowy streets of Lviv! I'm reading the latest news from the Ukraine with the ghost of my father's mother looking over my shoulder. I'm not sure how she got here, but the smell of her cigarette is unmistakable, and her face — that jutting chin, those cat-eye glasses — is clearly reflected in the mirror above me: part of the legacy I inherited when she died in 1976.

"Those are our people," I marvel, pointing at the demonstrators waving their opposition-orange banners on my computer screen.

"Our people? No." Dead nearly three decades and her voice hasn't lost its edge.

"Aren't they?" I click on another page I've bookmarked: a map showing the historic region of Galicia, where Little Grandma was born. Back then, it was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but before that it was in Poland. Today it's in the western Ukraine. "Lviv is just 100 miles west of Zbarazh," I point out.

Twin ribbons of smoke stream from Little Grandma's nostrils. When she shrugs, her tiny shoulders seem as brittle as chicken wings. "That doesn't make them our people," she says, stubbing out her cigarette. "Our people are long gone from there — left on their own, or were killed. Those people, believe me," she continues, tapping another Pel Mel from the pack, "are glad to be rid of us. If they're not Nazis, they're Cossacks."



Never mind that this is a new generation. Never mind that they've known their own share of tragedy; since the 17th century, the citizens of Zbarazh — Roman and Greek Catholics, Jews, Ruthenians, Poles and Germans — have been trampled by Tartars, besieged by Cossacks, invaded by Nazis, and dominated by Soviets.

My grandmother couldn't care less. In her it's hard-wired, this assuming the worst. This nursing of grudges beyond the grave. Next she'll be complaining about the Puerto Ricans and Dominicans who overran her old neighborhood in Elizabeth, New Jersey, replacing the U-Bet chocolate syrup and Wolfe's buckwheat groats at her local Grand Union with their hideous guava paste and mango nectar. After that, if I don't stop her, she'll start in on the Blacks.

All things considered, her wariness is understandable. But I don't want to hear it today. The disappointment of our election over here is still too raw. I want to believe that somewhere in the world there's a place where hope can still have its day, and grassroots democracy can still triumph over politics as usual. And if that place happens to be part of my family heritage, all the better.

"There must have been some good guys in Zbarazh," I insist. "Something good must have happened there sometime."

She makes that clicking sound with her dentures. "What would you know about it?" she says.

Not much, it's true. The few details I do have about Little Grandma's life begin in 1907, the year she came to New York at the age of 15, leaving a brother behind. I know she found a job sewing lace trim onto women's underwear. That in the course of a garment workers' strike, she got arrested for kicking a cop in the shins.

That her brother and his family went up in ash at Belzec. That her baby son died of meningitis and her husband of lung cancer. That she hated Richard Nixon. When I was 12 and we were watching him on TV together, she said, "If I had a gun, so help me, I'd go down to Washington and shoot him. What could they do? Kill me? At my age, believe me, it would be a favor." When I was 18, she broke her hip but managed to drag herself across her living room floor to reach the phone and call our house. She never forgave me for calling the ambulance. "You should have let me die then," she liked to complain.

If you didn't want help, you shouldn't have called, I'm tempted to tell her now. But what's the point of resurrecting a 30-year-old argument? Especially today, when the streets of Lviv are filled with jubilant crowds, I'm aching to rewrite the bitter story she left me. "Can't you tell me just one good thing about Zbarazh?" I beg.

"I can't remember any," says Grandma. And as if to prove the point, her ghost begins to fade, the twist of her lips and her wisps of white hair merging with the smoke, and threatening to melt away.

"OK," I say, suddenly desperate not to lose her. "Then I'll remember for you."

"Is that a fact?" she asks, unimpressed. But already, her voice sounds stronger.

Sometimes, I say, the greatest miracles are those that take place in your mind. Take, for example, the one that occurred in Zbarzh 50 years before Little Grandma was born. The town's spiritual leader in those days was a man by the name of Rabbi Joseph Chaim Waserman Hellerman Zilberman. So spectacularly strict was the rabbi, so exact his interpretations of Halacha, so engaging his retellings of Aggadah, so slow his stern words,

so terrible his temper, so curly his white beard, so long, what's more, his very name, that the God-loving, synagogue-going, wisdom-respecting, constantly working, pogrom-fearing, Sabbath-keeping, poppy-seed-spilling, tongue-wagging Jews of Zbarazh affectionately bestowed upon him a name normally reserved for God Himself. They called their beloved rabbi "Ha-Tzur" — the Rock.

But even a rock has its problems. Ha-Tzur had just one: When he preached, the synagogue was so packed that the men downstairs in the sanctuary swayed all over their neighbors' sore toes and prayed down each other's damp necks, while upstairs in the balcony, the women jostled for a spot beside the latticed screen, hoping to reach their fingers through the slots and brush the men's prayers as they rose to heaven.

Everyone complained about the situation. But only Ismar the Imbecile had the audacity to imagine a solution. He prayed for a miracle unknown since Temple times: the blessing of expanded space. And lo and behold, not long afterwards, it happened. Although no walls were knocked down and no construction took place, little by little the sanctuary seemed to enlarge.

No one could explain the phenomenon until word of Ismar's prayer got around. Hearing the story, Zissel Yust — a scholar among fishmongers — took it upon himself to investigate the possibility of Divine intervention. For months, he trolled sacred texts. And when his research failed to fetch an answer, he decided to ask the rabbi's opinion. But bringing a question to a rabbi as impressive as Ha-Tzur was not a task to be taken lightly. So Yust brought along his friend, Itchy Tzigler, the milkman.

With much trepidation, Zissel and Itchy knocked on the rabbi's door. The man who answered was not Ha-Tzur, however, but Wolfe Bobker (The Broom), the rabbi's cross-eyed assistant.

"We would, well, like to speak with the rabbi, you see," Itchy Tzigler bravely announced.

"About what?" growled Wolfe Bobker.

"A matter of some importance," said Tzigler, sniffing.

"Importance to whom?" asked The Broom.

"Well, it is—" stammered the milkman.

"— a matter of theological importance," the fishmonger finished for him. "A question concerning Talmud. About the matter of a miracle, in fact." To emphasize his point, Yust puffed out his chest and raised his bearded chin.

But The Broom remained unpersuaded. "A... miracle?" he asked, folding his arms.

At that, the fishmonger ran out of patience. "What is the purpose of all these questions?" he exploded. "Just announce our arrival to the rabbi and be done with it."

Bobker smiled. "I'm afraid I can't do that."

"Of course you can," Zissel contradicted him.

"I assure you that I can't," Bobker replied. "It's utterly impossible."

"Nonsense," said Zissel.

"What is your reason?" asked Itchy, emboldened by Zissel's courage.

"My reason, quite simply, is that the rabbi isn't here, and won't be for some time," said

Bobker. "He's been called out of town and has left me in charge in his absence."

"Left you?" asked the milk monger.

"That's right," Bobker answered.

"In charge?" asked the fish man.

"Of everything," said Wolfe.

"For how long?" Tzigler probed.

"Some time," replied Bobker.

"And how long is that?" Yust persisted.

"The rabbi will return when the rabbi returns. Not a second sooner, nor a moment later." Bobker's eyes unaccountably uncrossed, then re-crossed to their original positions. "These things can't be rushed," he continued with a well-practiced shrug. "And on the other hand, they must not be delayed."

Itchy looked at Zissel and Zissel looked at Itchy. Wolfe's words, both were thinking, had a decidedly rabbinical ring. Proximity, perhaps, to the illustrious Rock had had its impact on the mind of the Broom. And what's more, they reasoned, if the rabbi wasn't available, the rabbi wasn't available. And furthermore, they concluded, didn't the story of Balak and Balaam demonstrate that even an ass might see an angel? Which was another way of saying that if an Imbecile could recognize a miracle, then it stood to reason that the insight of an Imbecile could be apprehended by a Broom.

The assistant stepped back and waved them in. Reassured by their simultaneous revelation, Itchy and Zissel followed him down a long hall and into the rabbi's study.

Drapes darkened the window. The air was rich with the ripe aroma of ponderous rumination. Shadowy volumes occupied every inch of the

walls. Bobker indicated two tippy chairs, then set out three tumblers and poured schnapps: a single drop into each glass. The men raised their glasses, toasted l'chaim, and tossed back the throat-searing liquid. Then they wiped their lips with the backs of their hands and the visitors told their tale.

"My point is this," Zissel concluded. "I have nothing against the man per se, but it's obvious to all of us that Ismar is, well, an imbecile. And so what I was wondering, Bobker, I mean, what we came here to ask is whether the prayers of such a person are actually worthy of a Divine response. And although I certainly love Zbarazh as much as anyone, I think we can all agree here, between friends, that our town is not exactly a Lemberg or even a Tarnopil, for that matter. So my second question, Bobker, is this: Does a village as insignificant as ours merit an actual miracle?"

Bobker leaned back in his chair. His fat middle finger pried a stubborn morsel of something from between his teeth. Then he held up his prize for cross-eyed examination and popped it back into his mouth. At last, he leaned forward and poured another round, this time bequeathing each waiting vessel with two drops of the luxurious liquor. When the men had once again raised their glasses, toasted l'chaim, and tossed back the chest-warming drink, Wolfe produced a rich, round belch, wiped his wet lips with the back of his hand, and countered Yust's two questions with 15 inquiries of his own.

"What exactly do you mean," Bobker asked, "by a man such as Ismar? And what, after all, is the significance of a town? And what's more, my friends, why worry yourselves over a blessing? Either God has or God has not bestowed upon us the favor of a little extra room in which to say our humble prayers. And if He has? Who are we to question the

appropriateness of the gift? And if He hasn't? If this theoretical miracle, this unexplained expansion, is only some sort of misunderstanding? What then? Or to put it more simply, so what? If a blessing can be an illusion, doesn't it follow that an illusion can be a blessing?"

Zissel fingered his fishy beard, sneaking a sideways glance at Itchy. Itchy twiddled his milky mustache, sneaking his own sideways glance at Zissel. No question, there was a logic to the assistant's words. Bobker poured three precious drops into each crystal glass, toasted l'chaim, tossed back the booze, uncrossed and re-crossed his eyes, and wiped his wet lips with his hand.

"Here in Zbarazh," he said, "we've known our share of sorrows. But do we ever stop to question their legitimacy? Do we ever wonder whether people such as ourselves are worthy, as you say, of such a Divine response? Do we doubt that a town as insignificant as ours merits such authentic tzoris? To make a long story short, would it be such a tragedy if for

once in our lives we simply enjoyed the illusion of being blessed?"

The sublime logic of Bobker's words was surpassed only by their astounding lightness. Tzigler and Yust could feel The Broom's sentences' buoyant lack of substance filling their blood. The sensation was neither familiar nor disagreeable. Winter darkness had descended outside in the street, but here in the rabbi's study, the air appeared to be brighter. The shadows seemed thinner, the brooding books to have shed their forbidding weight. Even the oppressive odor of intelligence that had assaulted them when they'd entered appeared to have been replaced by the scent of something subtle and sweet. The expansive tone of The Broom's response had, in short, brought to the rabbi's inner sanctum the very phenomenon the men had come to question.

Maybe it was an illusion, and maybe it was the Schnapps, but as Itchy and Zissel bid the Broom farewell and bounced down the steps, they felt alarmingly broad and blessed.



A caterpillar of curled ash hangs off the end of my grandmother's cigarette. I reach my hand out to catch it before it falls on the rug. Instead, it surprises me, unfolding gray wings and fluttering, moth-like, towards the light of the screen. Anything is possible, I think, astonished, and turn to Little Grandma with a radiant smile, ready to begin our new chapter. She bats the ash-moth away and says, "Religion, politics, believe me, it's all smoke and mirrors."



The Night Before Chanukah

Author Unknown

'Twas the night before Chanukah, boychicks and
maidels

Not a sound could be heard, not even the
draidels.

The Menorah was set on the chimney, alight
In the kitchen the Bubba hut gechapt a bite.

Salami, pastrami, a glessala tay
And zayerah pickles with bagels, oy vay!
Gezunt and geschmack, the kinderlech felt
While dreaming of tagelach and Chanukah gelt.

The clock on the mantelpiece away was tickin'
And Bubba was serving a schtickala chicken.

A tumult arose like a thousand brauches,
Santa had fallen and broken his tuches.

I put on my slippers, eins, tsvey, drei,
While Bubba was now on the herring and rye.
I grabbed for my bathrobe and buttoned my
gotkes

While Bubba was busy devouring the latkes.

To the window I ran and to my surprise
A little red yarmulka greeted my eyes.

Then he got to the door and saw the Menorah,
"Yiddishe kinder," he said, "Kenehora.

I thought I was in a goyisha hoise,
But as long as I'm here, I'll leave a few toys."
With much gesshray, I asked, "Du bist a Yid?"

"Avada, mein numen is Schloimey Claus, kid."

"Come into the kitchen, I'll get you a dish,
A guppell, a schtickala fish."

With smacks of delight, he started his fressen,
Chopped liver, knaidlach and kreplach
gegessen.

Along with his meal, he had a few schnapps,
When it came to eating, this boy was the tops.

He asked for some knishes with pepper and
salt,

But they were so hot, he yelled "Oy Gevalt."
Unbuttoning his haizen, he rose from the tisch,
And said, "Your Kosher essen is simply delish."

As he went to the door, he said "I'll see you
later,

I'll be back next Pesach, in time for the Seder."

More rapid than eagles his prancers they came,
As he whistled and shouted and called them by
name:

"Now Izzy, now Morris, now Yitzak, now
Sammy,

Now Irving and Maxie, and Moishe and
Mannie."

He gave a gesshray as he drove out of sight:
"Gooten Yomtov to all, and to all a good night."



THINGS I DIDN'T LEARN IN HEBREW SCHOOL

- The High Holidays have absolutely nothing to do with marijuana.
- Where there's smoke, there may be salmon.
- No meal is complete without leftovers.
- According to Jewish dietary law, pork and shellfish may be eaten only in Chinese restaurants.
- A *shmata* is a dress that your husband's ex is wearing.
- One mitzvah can change the world; two will just make you tired.
- After the destruction of the Second Temple, G-d created Nordstroms.
- Anything worth saying is worth repeating a thousand times.
- Never take a front row seat at a Bris.
- Next year in Jerusalem. The year after that, how about a nice cruise?
- Never leave a restaurant empty handed.
- Spring ahead; fall back – winters in Boca.
- WASPs leave and never say good-bye; Jews say good-bye and never leave.
- Always whisper the names of diseases.
- If it tastes good, it's probably not kosher.
- Without Jewish mothers, who would need therapy?
- If you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. But if you can afford it, make sure to tell everybody what you paid.



TRADITION

A new Rabbi comes to a well-established congregation. Every week on the Sabbath, a fight erupts during the service. When it comes time to recite the Shema prayer, half of the congregation stands and the other half sits.

The half who stand say, "Of course we stand for the Shema. It's the credo of Judaism. Throughout history, thousands of Jews have died with the words of the Shema on their lips."

The half who remain seated say, "No. According to the Shulchan Aruch (the code of Jewish law), if you are seated when you get to the Shema you remain seated."

The people who are standing yell at the people who are sitting, "Stand up!" while the people who are sitting yell at the people who are standing, "Sit down!"

It's destroying the whole decorum of the service, and driving the new Rabbi crazy. Finally, it's brought to the Rabbi's attention that at a nearby home for the aged is a 98-year-old man who was a founding member of

the congregation. So, in accordance with Talmudic tradition, the Rabbi appoints a delegation of three, one who stands for the Shema, one who sits, and the Rabbi himself, to go interview the man.

They enter his room, and the man who stands for the Shema rushes over to the old man and says, "Wasn't it the tradition in our synagogue to stand for the Shema?" "No," the old man answers in a weak voice. "*That wasn't the tradition.*"

The other man jumps in excitedly. "Wasn't it the tradition in our synagogue to sit for the Shema?" "No," the old man says. "*That wasn't the tradition.*"

At this point, the Rabbi cannot control himself. He cuts in angrily. "I don't care what the tradition was! Just tell them one or the other. Do you know what goes on in services every week? The people who are standing yell at the people who are sitting and the people who are sitting yell at the people who are standing!" "***That was the tradition,***" the old man says.



The Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth

Shmuel had a bad car accident involving a large truck. Weeks later, in court, the trucking company's fancy lawyer was cross-examining Shmuel.

"Didn't you say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine?'" asked the lawyer.

Shmuel responded, "Vell, I'll tell you vat happened. I just put my dog Moishele, into the...."

I didn't ask for any details," the lawyer interrupted. "Just answer the question. Did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine!'"

Shmuel said, "Vell, I just got Moishele into the car and I was driving down the road...."

The lawyer interrupted again and said, "Judge, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the time of the accident, this man told the Highway Patrolman on the scene that he was just fine. Now several weeks after the accident he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question."

By this time, the Judge was interested in Shmuel's answer and said to the lawyer,

"I'd like to hear what he has to say about his dog Moishele."

Shmuel thanked the Judge and proceeded. "Vell, like I was saying, I just loaded Moishele, my lovely hundteleh, into the car and was driving him down the highway when this huge semi-truck and trailer ran the stop sign and smacked my car right in the side. I was thrown into one ditch and poor Moishele was thrown into the other. I was hurting real bad and didn't want to move. However, I heard Moishele moaning and groaning and I knew he was in terrible shape just by his groans. Den a Highway Patrolman came along. He could hear Moishele moaning and groaning so he vent over to him. After he looked at him and saw vat terrible condition Moishele was in, he takes out his gun and shoots him between the eyes. Den the Patrolman comes across the road, gun still in hand, looks at me and says, "How're you feeling?"

"Nu, Judge, so vat would *you* say?"



THE YIDDISHER PARROT

Meyer, a lonely widower, was walking home along Delancey Street one day wishing something wonderful would happen into his life when he passed a Pet Store and heard a squawking voice shouting out in Yiddish:

“Quawwwwk ...vus macht du ... yeah, du ... outside, standing like a putzel ... eh?”

Meyer rubbed his eyes and ears. Couldn't believe it. The proprietor sprang out of the door and grabbed Meyer by the sleeve. “Come in here, fella, and check out this parrot”

Meyer stood in front of an African Grey that cocked his little head and said: “Vus? Kenst reddin Yiddish?”

Meyer turned excitedly to the store owner. “He speaks Yiddish?”

“Vuh den? Chinese maybe?”

In a matter of moments, Meyer had placed five hundred dollars down on the counter and carried the parrot in his cage away with him.

All night he talked with the parrot. In Yiddish. He told the parrot about his father's adventures coming to America. About how beautiful his mother was when she was a young bride. About his family. About his years of working in the garment center. About Florida.

The parrot listened and commented. They shared some walnuts. The parrot told him of living in the pet store, how he hated the weekends. Then they both went to sleep.

The next morning, Meyer began to put on his tefillin, all the while, saying his prayers. The parrot demanded to know what he was doing and when Meyer explained, the parrot wanted some too. Meyer went out and hand-made a miniature set of tefillin for the parrot. The parrot wanted to learn to daven and learned every prayer. He wanted to learn to read Hebrew so Meyer spent weeks and months, sitting and teaching the parrot, teaching him the Torah. In time, Meyer came to love and count on the parrot as a friend. The parrot had been saved.

One morning, on Rosh Hashanah, Meyer rose and got dressed and was about to leave when the parrot demanded to go with him. Meyer explained that Shul was no place for a bird but the parrot made a terrific argument and was carried to Shul on Meyer's shoulder. Needless to say, they made quite a spectacle, and Meyer was questioned by everyone, including the Rabbi and Cantor. They refused to allow a bird into the building on the High Holy Days but Meyer convinced them to let him in this one time, swearing that parrot could daven and really should be allowed to be part of things.

Wagers were made with Meyer. Thousands of dollars were bet (even odds) that the parrot could NOT daven, could not speak Yiddish or Hebrew, etc. All eyes were on the African Grey during services. The parrot perched on Meyer's shoulder as one prayer and song passed - Meyer heard not a peep from the bird.

He began to become annoyed, slapping at his shoulder and mumbling under his breath, “Daven!” Nothing.

“Daven...parrot, you can daven, so daven...come on, everybody's looking. Daven!” Nothing.

After Rosh Hashanah services were concluded, Meyer found that he owed his Shul buddies and the Rabbi over four thousand dollars. He marched home, very angry and saying nothing. Finally, several blocks from the temple, the bird began to sing an old Yiddish song and was happy as a lark.

Meyer stopped and looked at him. “You miserable bird, you cost me over four thousand dollars. Why? After I made your tfillin and taught you the morning prayers, and taught you to read Hebrew and the Torah. And after you begged me to bring you to Shul on Rosh Hashona, why? Why did you do this to me?”

“Don't be a schmuck,” the parrot replied. “Think of the odds we'll get on Yom Kippur!”





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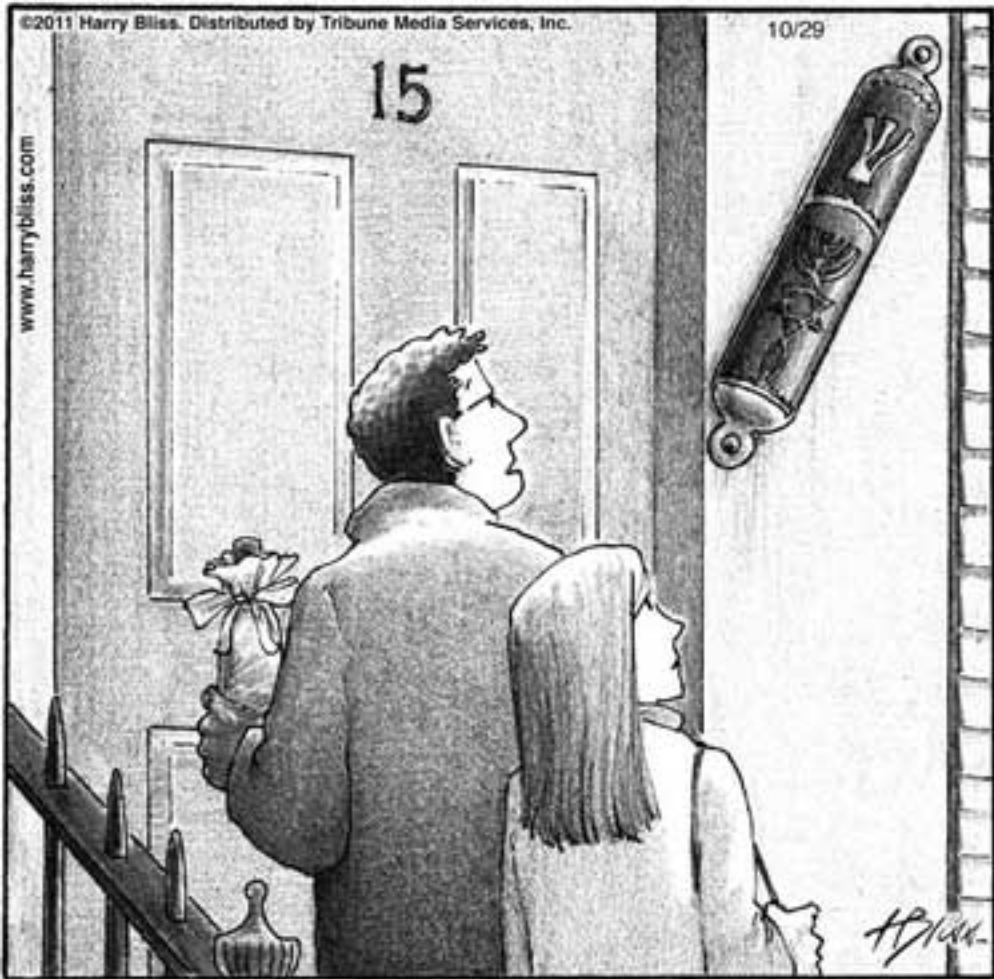
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- ★ Enough with those facackennah Jingle Bells
Already... Sheez!
- ★ Matzo Man (by the Lower East Side Village
People)
- ★ I Have a Little Dreidel (the Barking Dog Version)
- ★ Come on Baby, Light My Menorah
- ★ Deck the Halls with Balls of Matzos
- ★ Silent Night? I Should Be So Lucky



SQUIRRELS

A small town had three houses of worship, Buddhist, Methodist, and Jewish. All three had a serious problem with squirrels in their buildings. Each congregation had a meeting to decide how best to deal with the problem.

The Buddhists decided that it was predestined that squirrels be in the temple and that they would just have to live with them.

The Methodists felt they should deal with the squirrels lovingly in the style of Charles Wesley and humanely trapped them then released them in a park at the edge of town. Within three days, they were all back in the church.

The Jews resolved the problem by voting in the squirrels as members. Now they see them only at Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.



***A short summary of
every Jewish Holiday:***



**"They tried to kill us.
We won.
Let's eat."**

The Night Before Chanukah

Author Unknown

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maidels

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15. Always whisper the names of diseases.
16. If it tastes good, it's probably not kosher.
17. The important Jewish holidays are the ones on which alternate side of the street parking is suspended.
18. Without Jewish mothers, who would need therapy?
19. If you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. But if you can afford it, make sure to tell everybody what you paid.
20. Laugh now, but one day you'll be driving a Lexus and eating dinner at 4:00 PM in Florida.



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"No," the old man answers in a weak voice. "That wasn't the tradition."

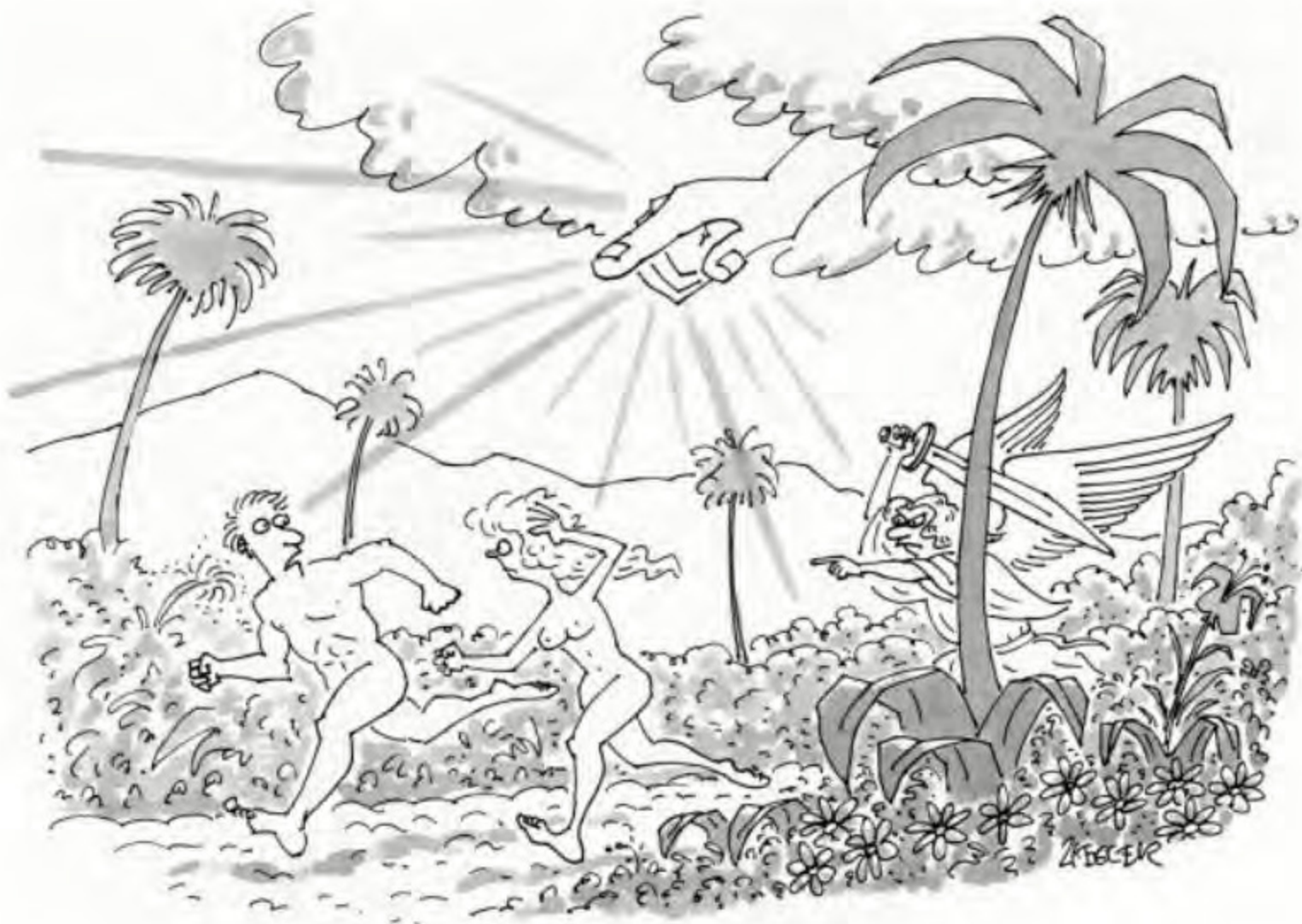
The other man jumps in excitedly. "Wasn't it the tradition in our synagogue to sit for the Shema?"

"No," the old man says. "That wasn't the tradition."

At this point, the rabbi cannot control himself. He cuts in angrily. "I don't care what the tradition was! Just tell them one or the other. Do you know what goes on in services every week? The people who are standing yell at the people who are sitting and the people who are sitting yell at the people who are standing!"

"That was the tradition," the old man says.





*"At least, we don't have to sit through
some big, prolonged trial."*

The Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth

Shmuel had a bad car accident involving a large truck. Weeks later, in court, the trucking company's fancy lawyer was cross-examining Shmuel.

"Didn't you say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine?'" asked the lawyer.

Shmuel responded, "Vell, I'll tell you vat happened. I just put my dog Moishele, into the...."

I didn't ask for any details," the lawyer interrupted. "Just answer the question. Did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine!'"

Shmuel said, "Vell, I just got Moishele into the car and I was driving down the road...."

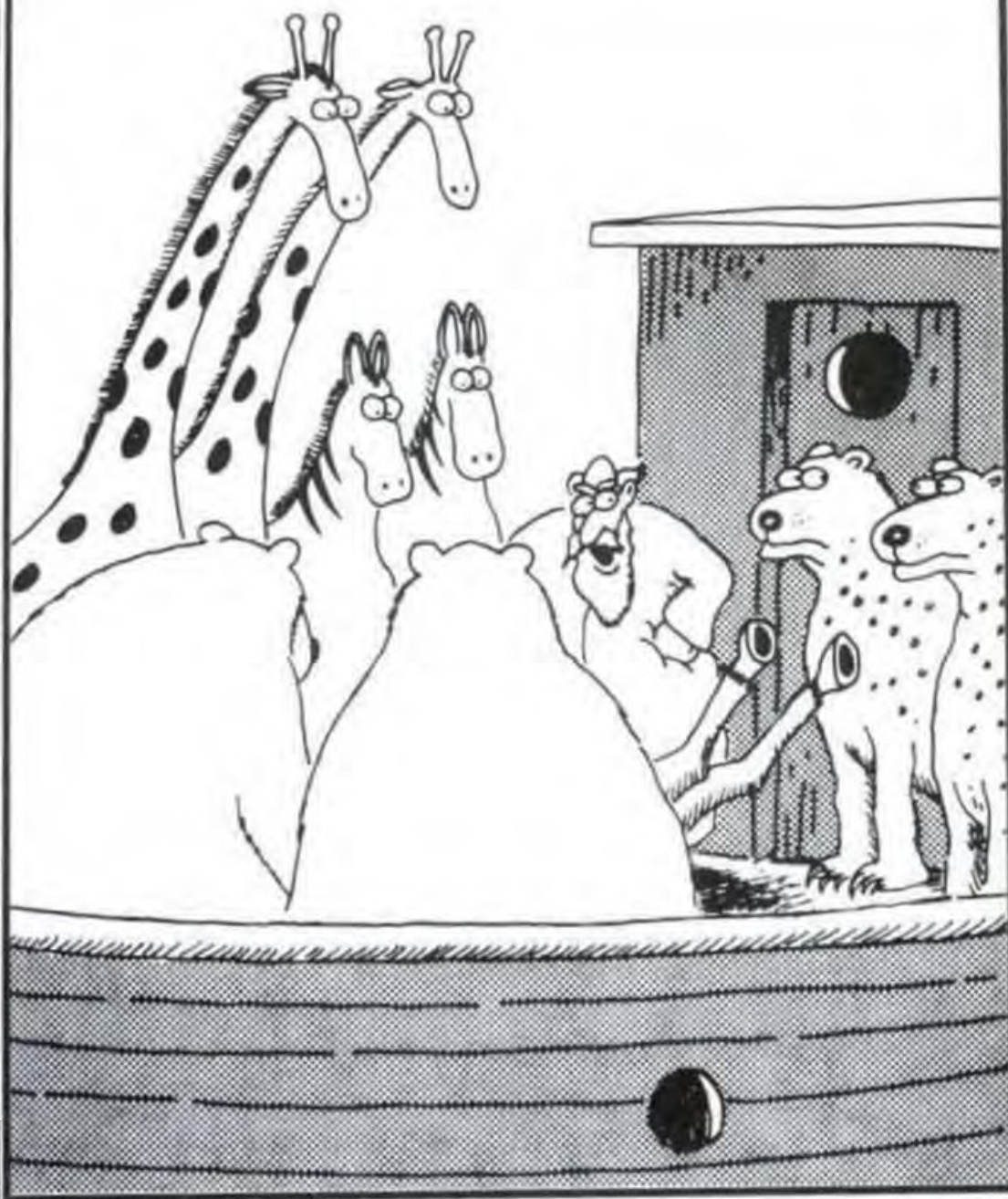
The lawyer interrupted again and said, "Judge, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the time of the accident, this man told the Highway Patrolman on the scene that he was just fine. Now several weeks after the accident he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question."

By this time, the Judge was interested in Shmuel's answer and said to the lawyer, "I'd like to hear what he has to say about his dog Moishele."

Shmuel thanked the Judge and proceeded. "Vell, like I was saying, I just loaded Moishele, my lovely hundteleh, into the car and was driving him down the highway when this huge semi-truck and trailer ran the stop sign and smacked my car right in the side. I was thrown into one ditch and poor Moishele was thrown into the other. I was hurting real bad and didn't want to move. However, I heard Moishele moaning and groaning and I knew he was in terrible shape just by his groans. Den a Highway Patrolman came along. He could hear Moishele moaning and groaning so he vent over to him. After he looked at him and saw vat terrible condition Moishele was in, he takes out his gun and shoots him between the eyes. Den the Patrolman comes across the road, gun still in hand, looks at me and says, "How're you feeling?"

"Nu, Judge, so vat would *you* say?"





"Well, so much for the unicorns . . . But from now on, all carnivores will be confined to 'C' deck."

מוהל



An American Catholic is visiting Israel and notices that her little travel alarm needs a battery. She looks for a watch-repair shop but doesn't read Hebrew, so she enters a shop with lots of clocks and watches in the windows and goes in.

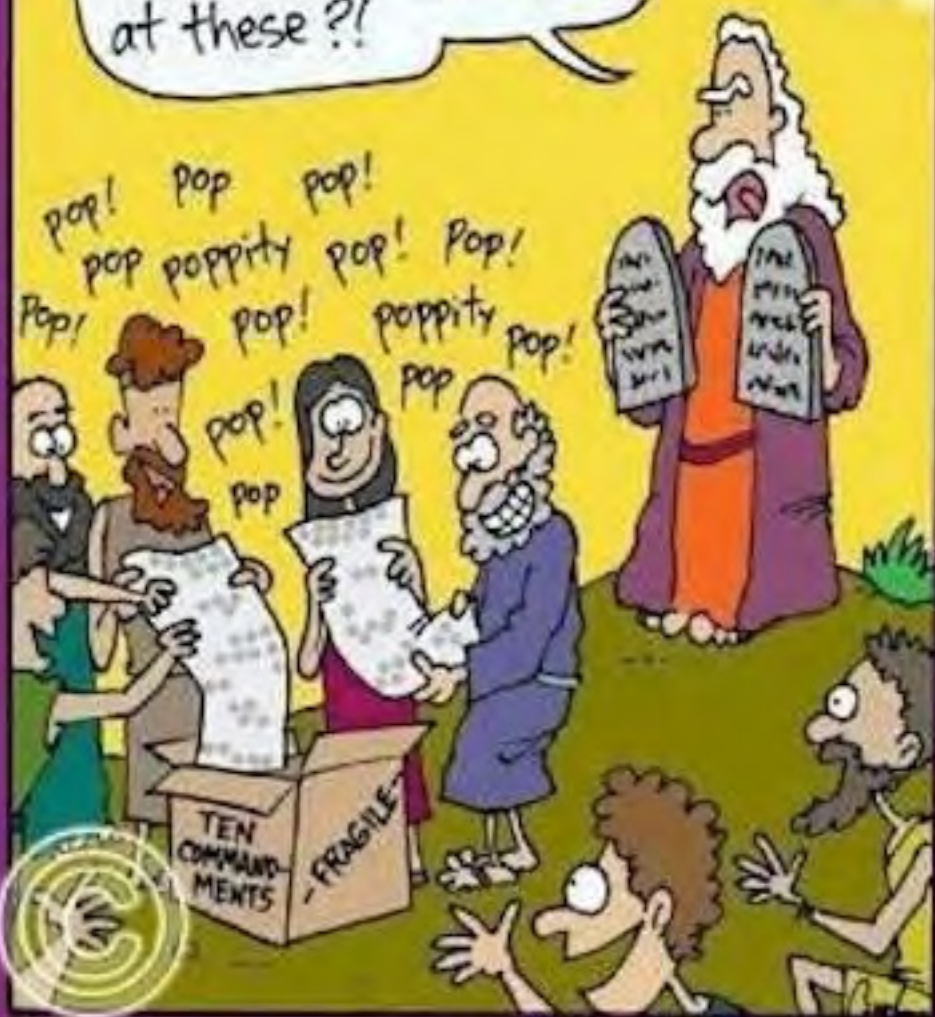
She hands the man behind the counter her clock. He says, "Madam, I don't repair clocks. I am a Mohel: I do circumcisions."

She asks, "Well, why all the clocks in the windows?"

He answers, "And what should I have in my window?"

- Prairie Home Companion

Could you leave the
bubble wrap alone for
five seconds and look
at these?!



The best way to deal with
the insanely stressful
Christmas season
is to be Jewish.



One day Morris called his son in Chicago from his home in Florida and said, “Benny, I have some bad news. I don’t want to discuss it, but you’re my elder child and you ought to know. I’m going to divorce Mama.”

Benny was shocked and asked his father to tell him what was going on, but his father said, “I just don’t want to get into it.” Benny said, “But dad, you can’t just decide to divorce Mom after fifty-four years together!”



Morris replied, “It’s too painful to talk about. I called because I thought you should know. You can tell your sister about it – it will spare me the pain.”

Bennie asked, “But where’s Mom? Can I talk to her??”

Morris said, “No, I don’t want her knowing anything about it yet. I will see my lawyer in a couple of days.”

“Dad, please! Don’t do anything rash. I’m taking the next flight from O’Hare to Orlando! PLEASE don’t do anything rash!!”

“Oh, all right,” said Morris. “Listen, this weekend is Pesach, so I’ll hold off seeing the lawyer until after the seder. Call you sister in San Francisco and break the news to her. I just can’t bear to talk about it any more.”

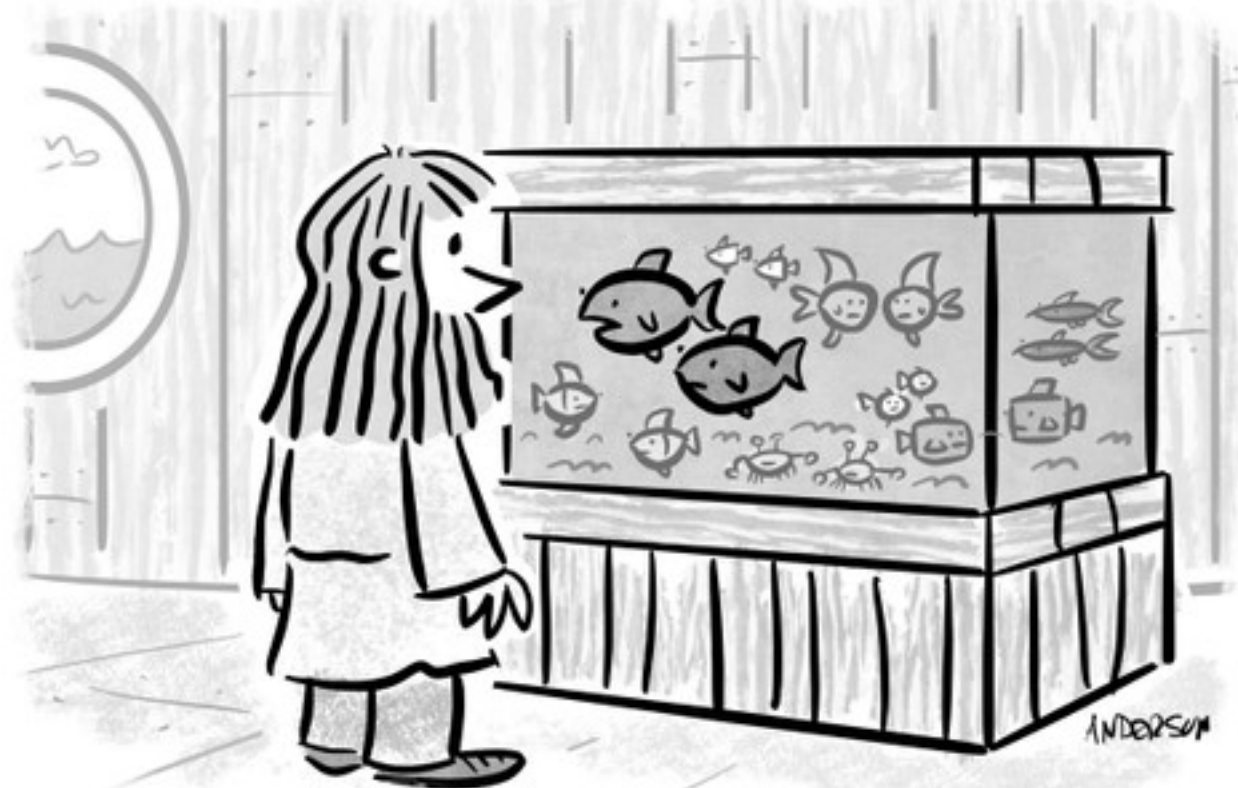
A few minutes later Morris got a call from his daughter saying she’d be down from New York in a couple of days with the grandchildren. She said, “Benny said you don’t want to talk about it on the telephone, so PLEASE wait until we get there and promise me you won’t do anything rash!!”

Morris promised.

After hanging up with his daughter, Morris turned to his wife and said, “Well, it worked this time, but what are we going to do next Yom Tov to get them to come down??”



"I downloaded them from a cloud."

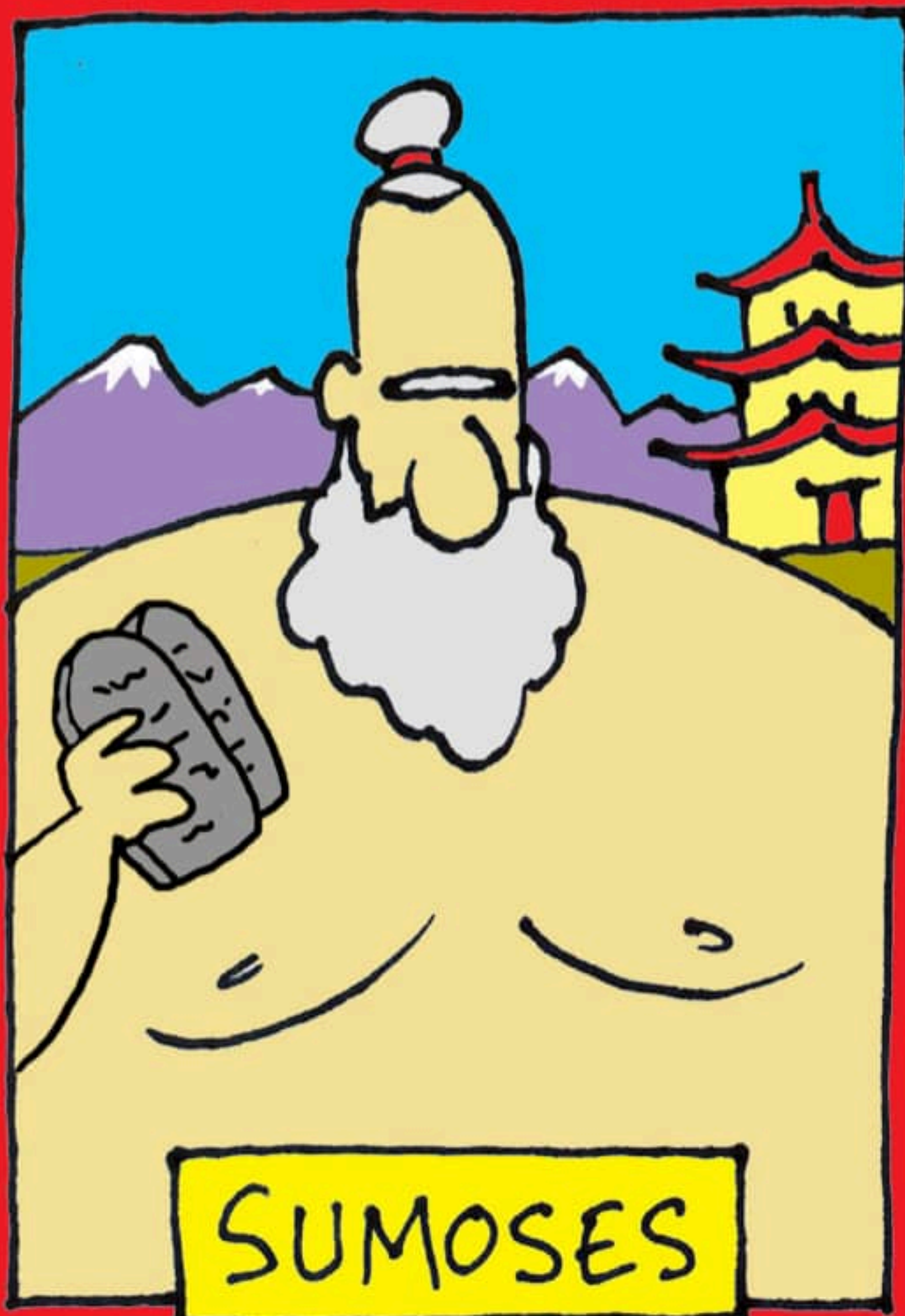


"Noah, buddy, I appreciate the concern,
but we're actually gonna be fine."

DISTANT RELATIVES OF MOSES.

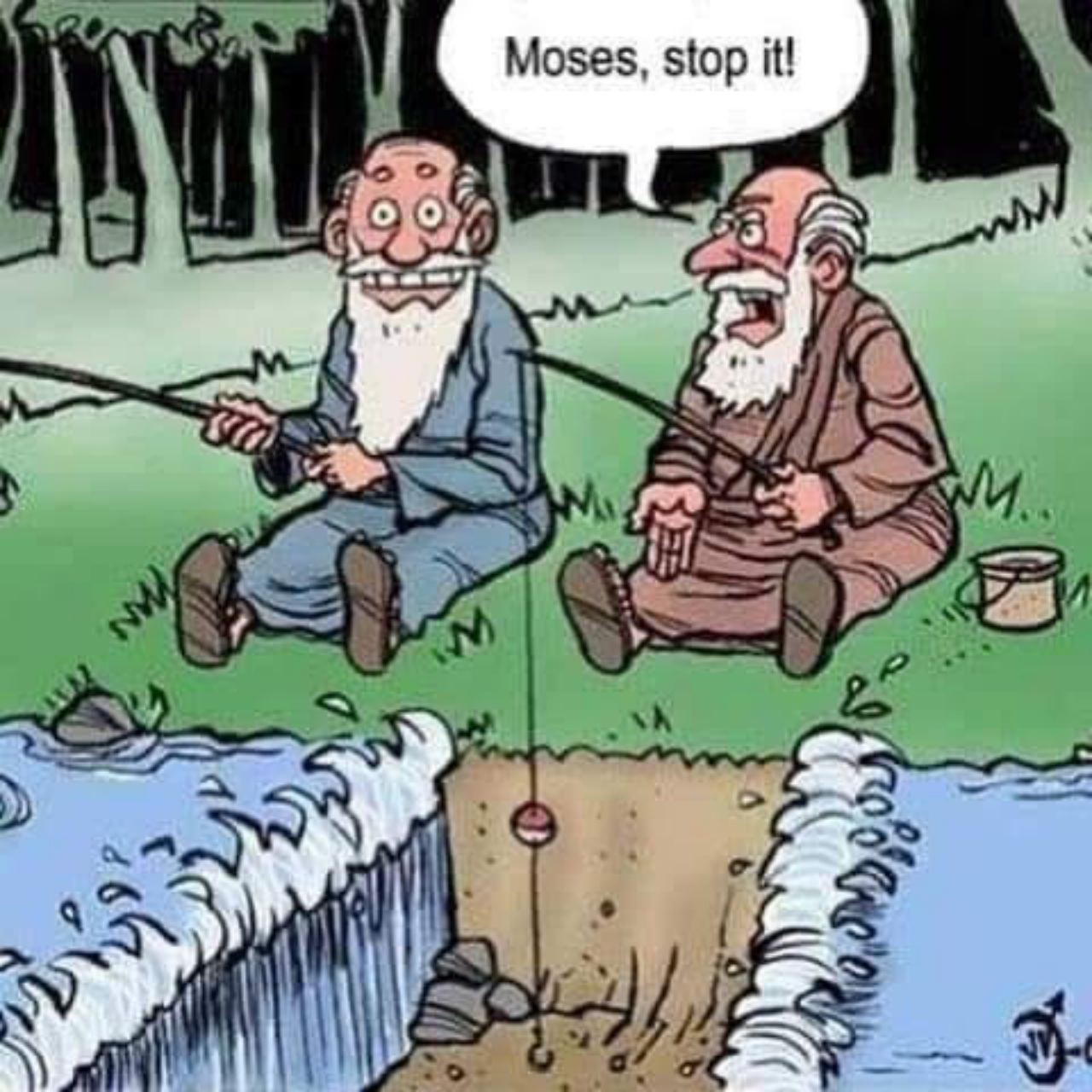


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*VERY DISTANT

Moses, stop it!





"I don't have any answers.
I'm a non-prophet."

FIRST 
COVENANT
CHURCH

SUNDAY WORSHIP
10:00 AM


**DON'T GIVE UP! MOSES WAS
ONCE A BASKET CASE!**



"I don't belong to an organized religion. My religious beliefs are way too disorganized."

ST. CATHERINE
OF SIENA SCHOOL

NOAH WAS A BRAVE
MAN TO SAIL IN A
WOODEN BOAT WITH
TWO TERMITES



**A pastor giving a children's sermon on vestments asked:
"Why do you think I wear this collar?"**

**One kid answered:
"Because it kills ticks and fleas
up to 30 days?"**

Do you think that one makes me look too stern?
I don't want to look too stern. Proud & serious
is good, but not stern. Shall we try one more
with just a hint of a smile? Maybe this
time with the hat again.



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DISBELIEF

The elephant was startled when Adam popped into existence, stark naked, right in front of him.



"Wow!" said the astonished creature. "How can you breathe through that little thing??"



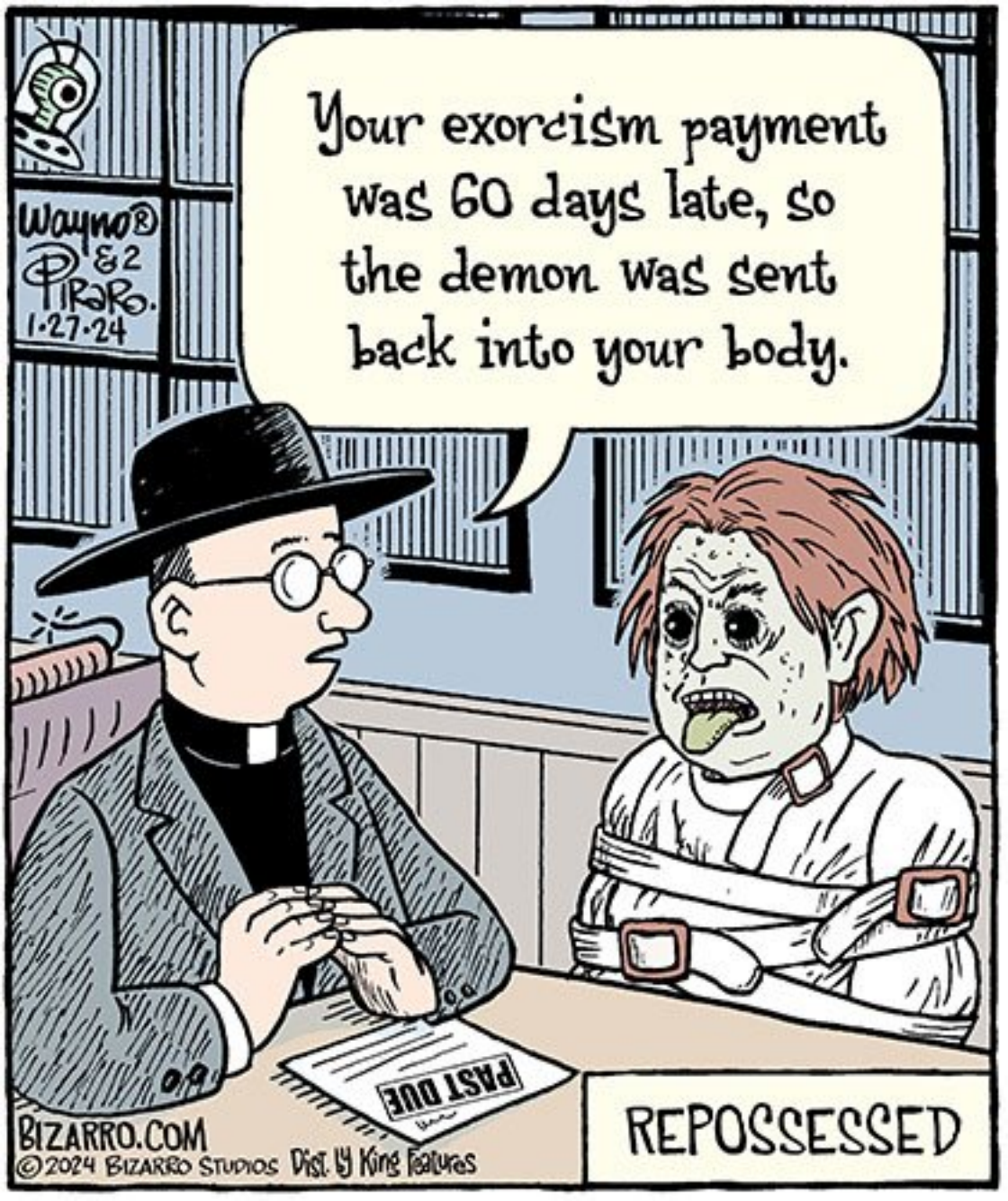
**“If I send my prayer as a text message,
will I get a faster reply?”**



"Check out Mr. Holier-than-thou!"



"Come to think of it, why *do* I let bad things happen to good people?"

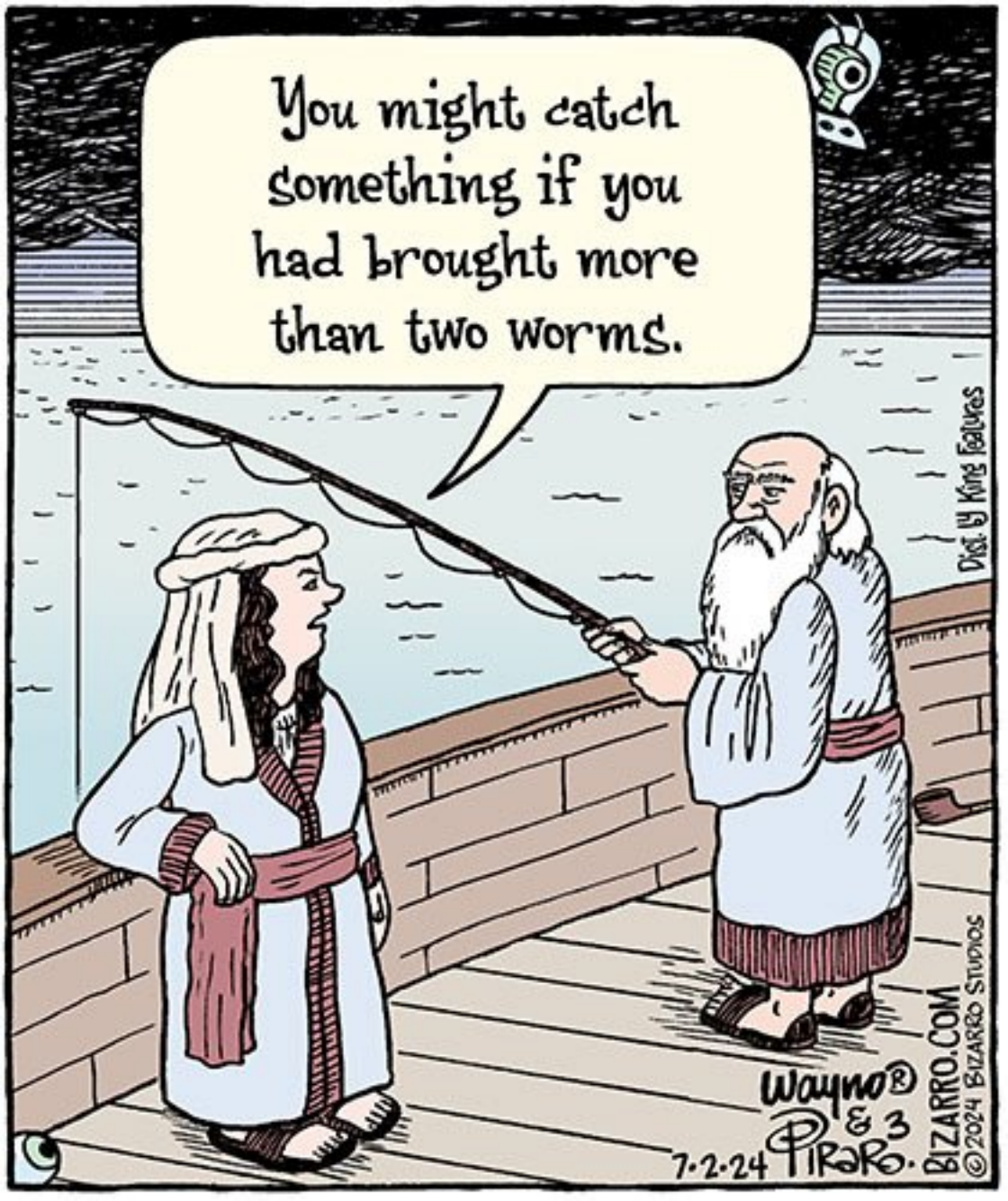


Your exorcism payment
was 60 days late, so
the demon was sent
back into your body.

SILENCE



Brother O'Leary
discovers a
loophole in his
vow of silence



You might catch something if you had brought more than two worms.

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"All I know is there were no mules when we got on this boat and now there are. I want a divorce, Gary!"

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH OF BETHLEHEM

FOUNDED

KEEP USING MY NAME
IN VAIN
I'LL MAKE RUSH HOUR
LONGER -GOD

1763

MESSIAH

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

**COME HEAR OUR PASTOR, HE'S
NOT VERY GOOD BUT HE'S QUICK
SUN SCH 9:15 WORSHIP 10:30**



"Would you like to join our frequent friar program?"



"See that guy with the golf club standing in a puddle under the tree?
Watch this..."

The Pope wants us to
cover his duties and
is extending his leave
until further notice.

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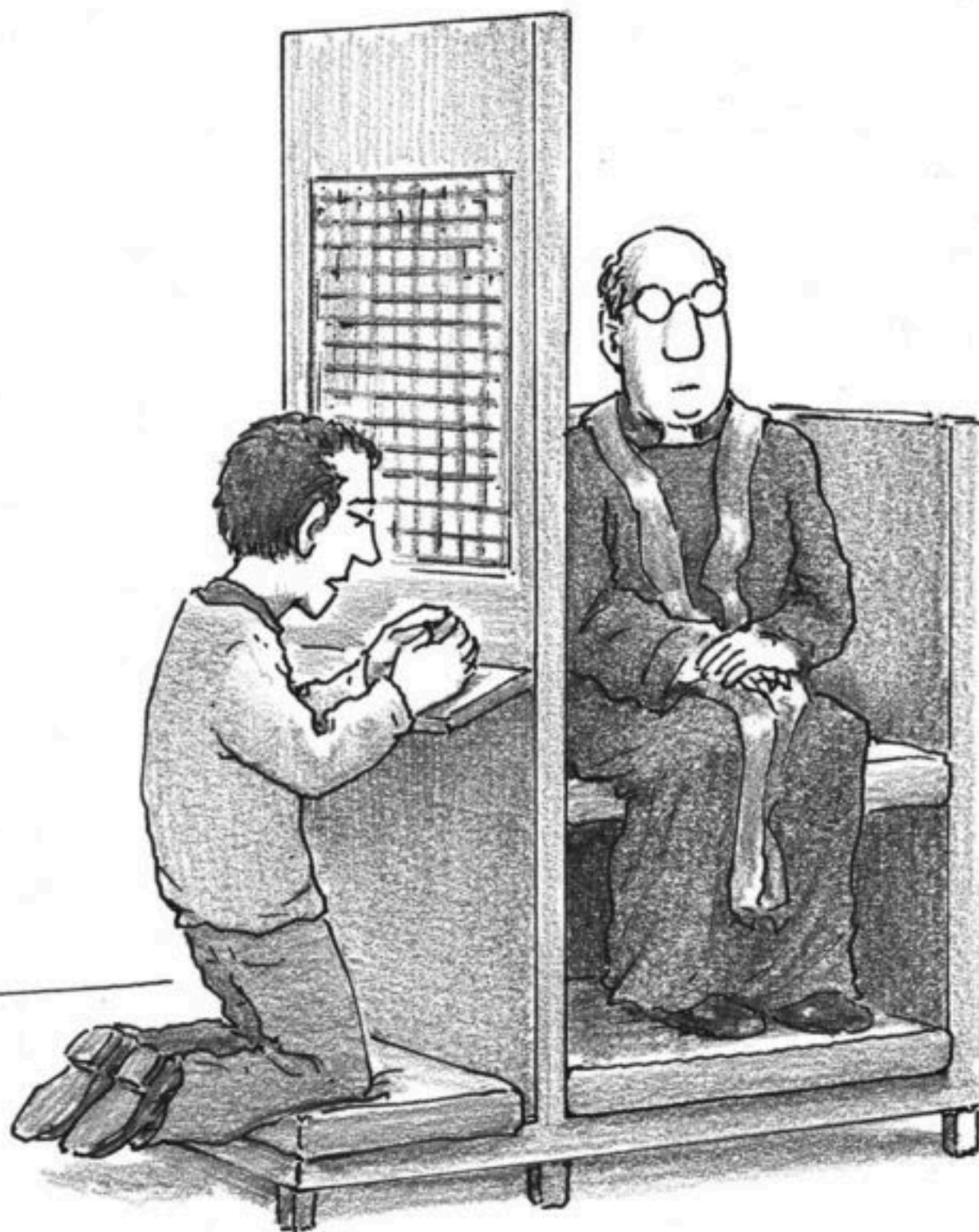
PONTIFF NO RETURN



"I can't 'write what I know!' You know how long that would take?!"



"I know I shalt not, but...I shalted."



“Forgive me, Father, for I have
sinily-sin-sin-sinned.”

Wayno®
& 5
Pizarro.
3.2.24

You think
your name's
the only one
in this big
honkin' book?



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THE SURLY GATES

Manhattan Baptist Church

REV. SUSAN G. SPARKS

Minister

THE FACT THAT
THERE'S A HIGHWAY
TO HELL AND ONLY
A STAIRWAY TO
HEAVEN SAYS A
LOT ABOUT
ANTICIPATED
TRAFFIC NUMBERS

WWW.MABCNYC.ORG



"Oh, you know, warding off evil spirits. You?"



"Wait, they all think I'm watching all of them all the time? Talk about self-involved!"



ANDERSON

"It took me all day and a lot of bleach, but I finally got those stains off the big windows."