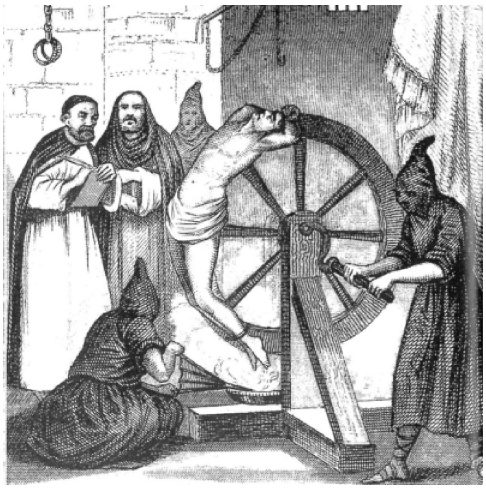
Welcoming B'nei Anousim to Judaism and Memorializing the Spanish Inquisition As Part of Tisha B'Av Observances

(USCJ RESOLUTION 2009)

Materials & Resources



First Edition
2010/5770

הקרבת בני האנוסים ליהדות והזכרת הרוגי האינקוויזיציה הספרדית
כחלקי סדר היום של יום תישע באב
(החלטה של בית הכנסת המאוחד של היהדות הקונסרבטיבי תש״ע)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

A Message from Rabbis Leon and Mejía
2

USCJ Resolution
3

Introduction and Background
4

A poem by Judah Avrabanel on the Expulsion from Spain
6

Musical Tributes
12

Suggested Bibliography
17

Next Steps
19

A Message from Rabbis Leon and Mejía

Dear Colleagues and Friends,

In its 2009 convention, the United Synagogue of Conservative Judaism passed a historical resolution memorializing the suffering of the Sephardic Jews under the Spanish Inquisition during Tisha Be'av services and also inviting USCJ congregations to learn more about their descendants, the Bnei Anusim (commonly called "conversos" or "marranos"), and creating welcoming spaces for those Bnei Anusim who want to return to the Jewish people. This resolution is historical insomuch as it is the first attempt by a mainstream American Jewish body to recognize the importance of the history of the Bnei Anusim and to open the doors invitingly for their return.

In the next pages we will be providing you with material and ideas on how to enact this historic resolution in your communities and add this important element to your Tisha Be'av services. The bare minimum you can do to make this resolution effective is to read it during your Tisha' Be'av services. We have also added a short introduction to the topic of Bnai Anusim for your congregation (either to be read aloud during services, worked into a sermon, posted in your website or in your bulletin).

For congregations that enjoy text study, we present two different texts of varying difficulty that illustrate the challenges these communities faced while trying to keep their loyalty to Judaism. Rabbis and educators can use these texts to open valuable discussions about how the Anusi experience reflects many of the challenges of bequeathing a Jewish identity to the next generation. For congregations that are more musically inclined, we present four options that range from the classical to the contemporary that you can present your cantor or music director to memorialize this occasion.

We hope that by following this resolution in your congregation you will enhance your Tisha Be'av observance and bring your congregation in touch with an important phenomenon that has shaped Jewish history and promises to play prominently in the Jewish future.

Behatzalachah,

Rabbi Stephen Leon (El Paso, TX)
Rabbi Juan Mejía (Oklahoma City, OK)

The Resolution

On December 8, 2009 the following resolution was presented by Rabbi Stephen Leon of Congregation B'nai Zion, El Paso, Texas at the USCJ Biennial Convention in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Rabbi Leon has been working with B'nei Anousim in the Southwest for the past 24 years and has made Tisha B'av a special time to reflect on the Spanish Inquisition and the return of the B'nei Anousim. The resolution passed by acclamation and it is our hope that as many USCJ congregations as possible will adopt the resloution's ideas by this coming Tisha B'av and hopefully in the future.

Welcoming B'nei Anousim to Judaism and Memorializing the Spanish Inquisition As Part of Tisha B'Av Observances

WHEREAS the fast day of Tisha B'Av recalls the very Hebrew date upon which the Jews of Spain were expelled from their country in 1492; and

WHEREAS many Jews were forcibly converted to Christianity publicly then but continued to practice Judaism in secret; and

WHEREAS many of the descendants of those Jews, who are called *B'nai Anousim*, have returned formally to Judaism today, and many others are in the process of doing so;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the United Synagogue of Conservative Judaism should cooperate with other arms of the Conservative movement to develop and disseminate appropriate educational materials welcoming the B'nai Anousim and memorializing the Spanish Inquisition as part of Tisha B'Av observances; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the United Synagogue of Conservative Judaism encourages its affiliated congregations to use annual Tisha B'Av observances as an occasion to inform their members of the return of the B'nai Anousim to Judaism, to welcome them into their congregations, and to educate their members about the tragedy of the Spanish Inquisition. *(Resolution endorsed unanimously)*

An Introduction

Thus said Fernando and Isabella, may their names be erased:

"Therefore, with the council and advice of the eminent men and cavaliers of our reign, and of other persons of knowledge and conscience of our Supreme Council, after much deliberation, it is agreed and resolved that all Jews and Jewesses be ordered to leave our kingdoms, and that they never be allowed to return.

And we further order in this edict that all Jews and Jewesses of whatever age that reside in our domain and territories, that they leave with their sons and daughters. their servants and relatives, large and small, of whatever age, by the end of July of this year, and that they dare not return to our lands, not so much as to take a step on them not trespass upon them in any other manner whatsoever. Any Jew who does not comply with this edict and is to be found in our kingdom and domains, or who return to the kingdom in any manner, will incur punishment by death and confiscation of all their belongings."

With these words of hate, unfortunately not the first or the last in our long and painful history, began one of the greatest catastrophes suffered by the Jewish people- the expulsion from Spain. The Jewish community that had given us the philosophy of the Rambam, the poetry of Halevi, the mystical musings of the Zohar and the sharp insights of the Ramban, that through its translators had bequeathed unto Europe the lost wisdom of the Greeks, had to leave the land they had called home for more than sixteen centuries. The land that had loved almost as much as Jerusalem would now become a foreign, hostile land. And, as their beloved Zion in the East, the Zion of the West would also be lost on Tisha Be'Av.

However, the pain of exile paled in comparison to the anguish of those who refused to leave and, voluntarily or forcibly were converted into the faith of their oppressors. They thought that they could guile the peering eyes of the Church and their neighbors and remain true to themselves in secret, while playing a pious charade on the outside. Their gambit, however, failed. And the holy masquerade gave way soon to the bloody pits of the Inquisitor and its unholy fires of so-called "purification".

Faced with this impossible choice, many of these secret Jews made their way to London and Amsterdam where they rebuilt an image of what was lost. From there, their descendants would pass to the New World and build the first synagogues in this most blessed of lands. Others, would sneak under the noses of the Inquisitor and flee to the ends of the Spanish Empires where they could hide from the elastic and relentless arm of the Inquisition. Others, sought refuge in the mountains of the Iberian Peninsula and in the islands of the sea. For over three centuries, these heroes of silence and their tormentors played a game of cat and mouse that would span the entire world and would constantly push them further and further into hiding. Every passing day their Jewish memories dug deeper and deeper into the fabric of their hearts until it was, in many cases, but a distant murmur.

Today, the tormentors defeated ashes are but a memory. And from the basements and the hidden valleys of the world, some of the many descendants of these men and women are emerging with a fire in their hearts and questions in their mouths. Today we say to these descendants:

"Welcome, your ancestors' sacrifice, our brethren, was not in vain. Welcome back".

Rabbi Juan Mejía

A Poem by Judah Abravanel

Judah Abravanel (1465-1523) also know as Leone Ebreo was the gifted philosopher and poet son of the protean polymath Don Yitzchak Abravanel. After trying to use their political and economical clout to overturn the edict of Granada, most of the family of Don Isaac (including Judah) left Spainfor Italy. However, Judah´s son Isaac who had been sent to friendly Portugal was soon trapped and forced to convert to Christianity. Judah writes this poem decrying the tragedies that befell the Jewish people and giving courage to those who, like his son, were left behind in Spain.

This translation of the poem was done by Professor Raymond Scheindlin of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and was acquired from the following website:
http://www.sephardicstudies.org/armenia.html

תלונה על הזמן

A Complaint concerning the Times

by Judah Abravanel

Time with his pointed shafts has hit
My heart and split my gut, laid open my entrails,
landed me a blow that will not heal,
knocked me down, left me in lasting pain.
Time wounded me, wasted away my flesh,
used up my blood and fat in suffering,
ground my bones to meal, and rampaged, leapt,
attacked me like a lion in his rage.

He did not stop at whirling me around,
exiling me while yet my days were green,
sending me stumbling, drunk, to roam the world,
spinning me dizzy round about its edge--
so that I've spent two decades on the move
without my horses ever catching breath--
so that my palms have measured oceans, weighed

the dust of continents--so that my spring
is spent-
no, that was not enough:
He chased my friends from me, exiled
my age-mates, sent my family far
so that I never see a face I know-
father, mother, brothers, or a friend.
He scattered everyone I care for northward,

eastward, or to the west, so that
I have no rest from constant thinking, planning--
and never a moment's peace, for all my plans.
Now that I see my future in the East,
their separation clutches at my heels.
My foot is turned to go, but my heart's at sea;
I can't tell forward from behind.

Yes,Time--
my bear, my wolf! -- ate up my heart, cleft
it in two and cut it into bits,
so that it aches with groaning, panic, plunder,
confiscation, loss, captivity.
But even this was not enough for him; he also seeks
to snuff my spark, exterminate my line.

Two sons were born to me, two splendid sons,
two precious, noble, handsome boys.
The younger I named Samuel. Time,
my watchful overseer, confiscated him,
struck him down, just five years old,
and all that grew from him was misery.
The elder I called Isaac Abravanel,
after the quarry where I myself was hewn,
after one of Israel's greats, his grandfather,
a man a match for David, Lamp unto the West.
At birth I saw that he was good,
his heart a fitting site for wisdom, apt
repository for the goods
his forebears handed down through me.
He was just one year old--alas!--when Time,
the enemy ever at my heels,
took him away.

The day the King of Spain expelled the Jews
he ordered that a watch be set for me
so that I not slip away through mountain passes,
and that my child, still nursing, should be seized
and brought into his faith on his behalf.
A good man got word to me in time, a friend;
I sent him with his wet-nurse in the dark
of midnight--just like smuggled goods!--
to Portugal, then ruled by a wicked king

who earlier had nearly ruined me.
For in his father's time--a worthy king!-
my father had achieved success and wealth.
Then this one followed him, a grasping thing,
a man but with the cravings of a dog.
His courtiers and his brother schemed revolt.
He thwarted them and killed his brother; then,
alleging that my father was with them,
he tried to kill him too! But God,
the Rider of the clouds, preserved his life.
My father fled to Castile, home of my ancestors,
my family's source. But as for me,
the King seized all my gold and silver,
took as forfeit everything I owned.

Now, seeing that my child was in his land,
and learning that I planned
to join my father's house in Italy,
the King detained my child and gave command
that none should send my stray lamb back to me.
After lie died a foolish king arose,
fanatical and hollow in the head,
who violated all the House of Jacob,
turned my noble people to his faith.
Many killed themselves, rather than
transgress the Law of God, our help in need.
My darling boy was taken, and his good name,
the name of the rock from which I was hewn changed!
He's twelve years old; I haven't seen him since--
so are my sins repaid!
I rage, but only at myself;
there's no one else but me to bear the blame.
I chased him from mere troubles to a trap,
I drove him from mere sparks into a flame.
I hope to see him, heartsick with my endless hope.

0 dear gazelle! What makes you tarry so?
Why do you thus crush a father's heart?
Why do you aim your arrows at my inmost parts?
Why do you dim the fight by sending clouds
and make the shining seem like night to me?
The moon is always darkened in my sight,
my star is blotted out by clouds;

no sun's ray ever penetrates my home,
or crosses my doorsill to reach my beams.
My roses never bloom on Sharon's plain,
my grasses never feel the driving rain.
You steal my very sleep with the thought of you--
am I sleeping or awake? I cannot tell.
I cannot touch my food, for even honey stings,
and sweets taste venomous to me.
Miserably I nibble coal-burnt crusts,
moistening with tears my dried-out bread.
My only drink is water mixed with tears;
the blood of grapes does not come near my mouth.
I'm drunk with nothing more than water,
like a Nazirite or one of Rechab's sons.

But when I dream of your return,
and when I picture in my mind's eye how you look,
how good my fortune seems! The rose returns
to dress my cheek in sanguine once again.
I sleep and find sleep sweet; I wake
refreshed, delighting in your lingering image.
The water that I drink is sweet, and even earth
tastes sweet when I imagine you are here.
But when I think about our separation,
hear blasts my heart, a desert wind within.
I seem like one dismayed or in a faint,
diminished somehow and reduced in size.
The thought of you is joy to me and pain,
tonic and torment arc from you, balm and bane.
I have your image graven on my heart,
but also our separation in my core,
and any joy your image brings to me
cannot outweigh the reproach your absence speaks.
Your absence frustrates all my plans,
your exile blocks, diverts my roads.

* * *

Let me go back to speaking to my boy,
for that will make him leave off hurting me.
Now pay attention, son: Know that you
descend from scholars, men with minds
developed to the point of prophecy.

Wisdom is your heritage, so do not waste
your boyhood, precious boy.
Think of your studies as pleasure: learning Scripture,
conning the commentators, memorizing Mishna,
reasoning out the Talmud
with the Thirteen Principles, guided by
the glosses of the ancient Schools . . .
--But how can I control myself when he is lost?
That is the thought that sickens, strangles, slashes me;
that is the razor, sharper than any barber's blade,
that rips the membrane of my aching heart,
that brings into my miserable heart
into my very gut the flaming sword:
To whom will I hand on my scholarship?
To whom can I pour the nectar from my vines?
Who will taste and eat the fruit of all
my learning, of my books, when I am gone?
Who will penetrate the mysteries
my father put into his sacred books?
Who will slake his thirst at my father's well?
Who will drink at all in this time of drought?
Who will pluck the blooms of my own garden,
hew and harvest my own wisdom's tree?
Who will take my undone works in hand?
Who will weave my writings' woof and warp?
Who will wear the emblem of my faith
when once I die?
Who will mount my mule or ride my coach?--
Only you, my soul's delight, my heir,
the pledge for everything I owe to God.
For you, my son, my heart is thirsting, burning;
in you I quell my hunger and my thirst.
My splendid skills are yours by right, my knowledge,
and the science that has gotten fame for me.
Some of it my mentor, my own father
bequeathed to me -a scholar's scholar he;
the rest I gained by struggling on my own,
subduing wisdom with my bow and sword,
plumbing it with my mind. Christian scholars
are grasshoppers next to me. I've seen their colleges--
they've no one who can best me in the duel of words.
I beat down any man who stands against me,
crush and hush my opponent, prove him wrong.

Who but me would dare to tell the mysteries
of the Creation, of the Chariot, of its Rider?
My soul excels, surpasses all the souls
of my contemporaries in this wretched age.
My Form is fortified by God, my Rock,
locked, imprisoned in my body's cage.
It yearns for you to surpass my degree;
I always hoped that you would outdo me.

Dear one, what keeps you with an unclean folk,
an apple tree alone amid the carobs,
a pure soul lost among the nations,
a rose among the desert thorns and weeds?
Set out upon the road to me, my dear.
Fly, bound like a fawn or a gazelle,
and make your way to your father's house, who sired you
(may God protect you, Who protected me!).
May the Lord give you smooth roads to travel,
lift you out of straits to my ample court,
heap upon your head my forefathers' bounty,
besides my father's and my grandfather's wealth.
Then He will light my spirit in its darkness,
and redirect my footsteps to the plain.
I now commend my son to God, my shepherd,
and cast my burden on my Highest Father.
He will bring my dear son to my presence:
When I call my darling boy will hear.
Then I will sing a love-song to my Maker,
hymning my passion to Him while I live,
bringing my offering, setting my gift before Him.
My song it is that binds me to my Holy One.
The best of me is in it: my heart and eyes.
O may it please Him like the Temple rams;
my hymn, my words, like bulls upon His altar.
And may He show me Zion in her splendor,
the royal city of my anointed king,
and over it, two luminaries, equals:
Messiah, son of David and Elijah.
May never enemy again divide her,
or nomad pitch his tent in her again.

Musical Tributes

Bore ‘ad Ana / Creator Until When (Hebrew)

This kinnah (traditional song for the Tisha Beav service) has long been a part of the traditional liturgy of the Spanish Portuguese congregations for this fast day. It reflects the anguish and the desperation of the Sephardic communities dogged by the Inquisition using the imagery of a dove being devoured by several beasts. Without fear or shame, this kinnah singles the Inquisition as the "greatest of our afflicters". It should be a poignant reminder of the difficulties experienced by the Sephardic Jews throughout their expulsion.

בוֹרֵא עַד אָנָה יוֹנָתְךָ בְּמְצוּדָה
תוֹךְ פַּח הַמוֹקֵשׁ עֲנִיָּה וּמְרוּדָה
וּבְלִי בָנֶיהָ יוֹשֶׁבֶת גַּלְמוּדָה
צוֹעֶקֶת אָבִי׃

Creator until when will your dove be in the net?
Inside the trap of the hunter oppressed and rebellious,
And without her sons she sits in loneliness,
She screams "My father!"

נָעָה גַם נָדָה מִקִּנָּהּ הַיּוֹנָה
וּלְקֶרַח וְחֹרֶב יוֹם וָלַיְלָה חוֹנָה
הִיא מִתְחַרֶדֶת מֵחֶרֶב הַיּוֹנָה
מִשִּׁנֵי לָבִיא׃

She strayed and she wandered from her nest, the dove,
And in bald and desolate places day and night she dwells,
She trembles from the sword, the dove,
From the teeth of the lion.

יָהּ עֵת עָזַבְתָּ אוֹתָהּ בְּיַד טוֹרֵף
אָכַל הַצַּוָּאר וּמָלַק הָעֹרֶף
עָבְרוּ הַשָּׁנִים גַּם קַיִץ גַּם חֹרֶף
אֶשָּׂא עֹל אוֹיְבִי׃

Yah you abandoned her now in the hand of the destroyer,
He ate the neck and gashed the nape,
The years passed, summers and winters,
She carried the yoke of my enemy.

מִי יִתֵּן אֵלֶיהָ אֵבֶר כַּנְּשָׁרִים
לָעוּף בְּגֶבָעוֹת וּלְדַלֵּג בֶּהָרִים
לָבוֹא עִם דּוֹדָהּ אֶל תּוֹךְ הַחֲדָרִים
אָז אֶשְׁכַּח עָצְבִי׃

Who will give her wings like the eagles?
To fly over the hills and hover over the mountains,
To go to her Lover inside the Holy of Holies,
Then my pain I will forget.

יוֹעֲצִים עָלֶיהָ עֵצוֹת הִיא אֲנוּשָׁה
זָרִים הָעוֹבְדִים אֱלִילִים שְׁלוֹשָׁה
אָב בֵּן וְרֵחַ כִּי אֵין לָהֶם בוּשָׁה
גָּדוֹל מַכְאוֹבִי׃

They counsel her with evil counsel and she languishes,
By strangers who worship a threefold idol:
Father, son and spirit--they have no shame!
They are the greatest of my afflicters.

נַחֵם עַל לִבָּהּ אֵל שׁוֹכֵן בְּמְרוֹמִים
דַּבֵּר נֶחָמָה עַל לֵב הָעֲגוּמִים
קַבֵּץ נִדָּחִים פְּזוּרִים בָּעַמִּים
וְגוֹאֵל תָּבִיא׃

Comfort her heart, God Who lives on high!
Speak words of comfort to the heart of the despairing,
Gather the exiles spread throughout the nations,
And bring the Redeemer.

A musical version of this *kinnah* can be downloaded from the following website:
http://www.koltuvsefarad.com/audio/boreadana.WMA

ZOG MARAN / Say Marrano (Yiddish)

The heroic resistance of the anusim and the victory of conscience that their experience represents inspired and continues to inspire generations of Jews. In the turbulent Jewish world of Eastern Europe, where pogroms and persecution were also a too common reality, Ashkenazi Jews found inspiration in the story of the anusim and put them into song. This beautiful song, with lyrics by Avrom Reisen (1876-1953) and with music by Shmuel Bugacht (1898-1984), illustrates the commonalities between the Sephardic and the Ashkenazi experiences of persecution. An earlier version of the lyrics have the Anus saying "Vel ikh shtarben mit gesangen" (I will die with a song). Although this reflects more accurately the reality of the persecution of the Anusim, we have selected a more optimistic version in which the Anus fights his persecutors with song, as many of their descendants are doing by reembracing their Jewish roots.

Zog maran, du bruder mayner,
Vu is greyt der seyder dayner?
In tifn heyl in a kheyder,
dort hob ikh gegreyt mayn seyder.

Tell me, marrano, my brother,
Where is your seder set?
In a deep cave, in a room,
Have I my seder set.

Zog maran mir vu bay vemen
Vestu vayseh matzos nemen?
In der heyl oyf got's barotn
Hobn mir dem teyg geknotn.

Tell me, marrano, from where, from whom
Will you get white matzot?
In the cave with God's help
My wife has kneaded the dough.

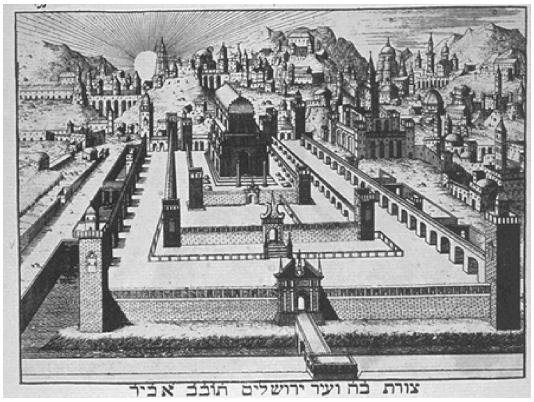
Zog maran vi vest zikh klign
A hagode vu tzu krign
In der heyl, in tife shpaltn
Hob ikh zi shoyn lang bahaltn.

Tell me, marrano, where will you find
A Haggadah from which to read?
In the cave, in a deep crack,
I have long since hidden them.

Zog maran, vi vest zikh vern
Ven men vet dayn kol derhern
Ven der soyne vet mikh fangen
Vel ikh kempfn mit gesangen.

Tell me, marrano, how will you fare
When your voice is heard?
When the hater seizes me
I will fight him with my song.

For an easily accessible recording of this song, visit: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aF5fxWBXr0w



Morrano (English)

Lyrics & Music by Joel Sussman ©1993

In their hit album "On track", the popular American Jewish band *Safam* evidenced through their song "Morano" (sic) the growing interest in the phenomenon of Bnei Anusim in the American Southwest. The song ends enthusiastically suggestion the integration and mixture of the Southwestern anusim within the larger American landscape.

A New York boy was on the go
Living in New Mexico
He was lonely cause he did not have a friend
He tried to find out who he was
But it was difficult because
The Jewish soul inside his heart was dead.
Then he met Maria, like a vision in the night
He thought he saw the answer hiding somewhere in her eyes

Friday night they had a date
Maria, she was running late
So he went upstairs and waited by her door
From in the room he heard a song
It sounded like melech haolam
And he looked to find her standing in the dark
Then he saw a vision that cut him like a knife
Maria lit two candles and she covered up her eyes

Chorus:
Ah, Moranno, “Converso” was their name
From the Spanish Inquisition they would hide themselves away
The places they go, the secrets they know
Ah Moranno

Maria told her New York man
It’s a family custom
And for centuries we’ve done it just this way
On Friday night each woman took
Two candles to a darkened room
Then she sang the words she’d heard her mother say
I used to know the lyric, I’m afraid that I forgot
The New York boy said, “Could it be L’had lik ner shel Shabbat?”

Chorus
Torquemada's coming now
Hide the women, hide the children
He can not discover
Let them think that we've become
Followers of Christendom
It doesn't really matter
We know who we are

The New York boy, he found his way
Sometime on a Saturday
In the synagogue is where he realized
The silent voice within his soul
The questions he had long ago;
And all the time the answer was inside.
He even knew the lyric; as once he had been taught
Now he and his Maria, they both sing zemirot shel Shabbat

Lights Lead Home (English)

Lyrics & Music by Dr. Lawrence M. Lesser ©2007

Another example of the positive American response to the return of the Anusim is Larry Lesser´s song "Lights Lead Home". Dr. Lesser is a member of Congregation Bnai Zion in El Paso, TX and he opened the 4th Annual Sephardic Anusim Conference with this touching song of longing and, most importantly, of welcome.

Rosa Mendez wondered why
Her abuela would draw the blinds,
Light two candles and close her eyes
On Friday nights…

Lights lead home, lights lead home
Over ocean of soul.

Here in the New World land,
Rosa starts to understand
Traditions hidden, lost or banned,
Since Ferdinand…

Lights lead home, lights lead home
Over ocean of soul.

It's like finding ancient keys
That open doors of memory,
Fin'ly safe now to see
Sparks…redeem…

Lights lead home, lights lead home
Over ocean of soul.
Lights lead home, lights lead home
Over ocean of soul.
Welcome home…

You can watch Dr. Lesser performing his song at the conference at
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=psn3mGNMR-g

Bibliography of Instructional and Program Materials on Sephardic Jewry and B'nai Anousim

prepared by Mr. Lawrence M. Katz

Note: Most items were prepared for the 500th anniversary of the expulsion. Though many of the items listed below may be out of print, they may be found in many libraries operated by schools, synagogues, and central agencies of Jewish education. This is not a comprehensive listing.

BACKGROUND MATERIAL on B'nai Anousim
Margulies, Paula, "Out of Fear: Bnei Anousim Return to Judaism—Cries Across the Centuries," The Jerusalem Report, October 12, 2009, pp 4 – 9.

BOOKS for Children and Teens
Finkelstein, Norman H., *The Other 1492*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1989.

Greene, Jacqueline, *Butchers and Bakers, Rabbis and Kings*, Kar-Ben Copies, 1984.

Melinkoff, Pamela, *Plots and Players: The Topaz Conspiracy*, Peter Bedrick, 1989.

Roseman, Kenneth, *The Cardinal's Snuffbox*, Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1982. A "choose your adventure" style book.

Stadtler, Bea, *The Story of Dona Gracia Mendes,* United Synagogue, 1969.

TEXTBOOKS AND POSTER-BASED KITS
Textbooks on Jewish history that cover the Middle Ages deal with The Golden Age of Spain and the Expulsion and are plentiful. The following books deal exclusively with the subject.

Angel, Rabbi Marc D., *Sephardi Voices: A Study Guide, 1492-1992*, Hadassah. For adult study.

"Our Story: The Jews of Sepharad" A series published in 1991 by The Coalition for the Advancement of Jewish Education (CAJE)

Hessel, Carolyn Starman, *A Resource Guide*--VERY COMPRENSIVE

Stewart, Rabbi Eliyahu and Rochelle and Dr, David Rabeeya, *Two Traditions-One People*

Kordova, Lea-Nora and Annette and Eugene Labovitz, *Celebrations and Stories*

Sugar, Robert, *You Are the Historian*--a workbook version of his kit for UAHC (see below)

Chorowsky, Joshua, Editor, *Discover the Sephardi Experience*, Milwaukee Association for Jewish Education, 1992.

Hadassah Jewish Education Department, *Jews of Spain, 1972*. For adult study.

Israel, Steve, Exile 1492: *The Expulsion of the Jews from Spain,* Two volumes, Ben-Zvi Institute, 1991.

Major, Tamar et al., *Artifacts Tell Stories about Sephardi Jews and Jews of the Middle East*, The Jewish Museum of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America—includes posters depicting various artifacts from the museum collection

Marcus, Audrey Friedman, Marlys Wolf, and Rabbi Raymond A. Zwerin, *Jews in Spain, Alternatives in Religious Education,* 1976. An ARE mini-course.

Resnick, Martha Ezor, *Jewish History Through Primary Texts: An Approach to Teaching the Golden Age of Spain to High School Students*, Board of Jewish Education of Greater New York, 1990.

Sugar, Robert A., *Journey of Fifteen Centuries: The Story of the Jews of Spain*, Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1973. An excellent kit of small posters and letters for activity stations.

Torah Aura's "Jewish People"—Instant Lesson Series:
Barkin, Josh and Joel Lurie Grishaver, *Nahmanides*
Wise, Ira, *Dona Gracia Mendes Nasi*

AUDIO-VISUALS
There are innumerable recordings of Sephardi music, and ethno-musicographers have even recorded the songs of b'nai anousim in Northern Portugal. However, video adds a special dimension to the music, so we recommend:

Sepharad: Judeo-Spanish Music
Over 500 years have passed since the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. But despite having been scattered to the far corners of the globe, Sephardic Jewry has managed to preserve its rich musical heritage. This unusual video enables the viewer to hear and learn about the beautiful Ladino tunes of the Middle Ages, as well as lullabies, wedding tunes, music of the synagogue and songs of mourning. The video features Eva Pitlick's Vocal Ensemble and well-known singer Mira Zakai. 27 min., Color, DVD, Ergo Media

From Toledo to Jerusalem
Yehoram Gaon, one of Israel's foremost male vocalists, takes us on a magical musical voyage through 500 years of Sephardic Diaspora history. The majestic scenery, as well as fascinating historical facts and landmarks are woven together into a rich tapestry of Sephardic culture by Mr. Gaon's warm rendering of melodic Ladino songs. 60 min., Color, Ladino w/English subtitles, DVD, Ergo Media

WEBSITES

American Sephardi Federation—
http://www.americansephardifederation.org/

Be'chol Lashon—diversity of Jewish people, including b'nei anousim
http://www.bechollashon.org/

Kulanu
http://www.kulanu.org/

Kol Tuv Sefarad—materials for Bnei Anusim in Spanish, as well as English
http://www.koltuvsefarad.com/

Next Steps

If you or your congregation have been moved by these materials and want to learn more or get involved in welcoming the Bnei Anusim back to Judaism these are steps that can be taken easily.

-Learn more.

Contact us and learn how you can be part of the Anusi Revolution:

Rabbi Stephen Leon
Congregation Bnai Zion (El Paso, TX)
915-833-2222
rabbisal@aol.com

Rabbi Juan Mejía
Southwestern Coordinator for Bechol Lashon (Oklahoma City, OK)
405-245-8138
juan@koltuvsefarad.com

-Book a Anusi speaker for your community

-Book a screening of the documentary film "The Longing" by Argentinian filmaker Gabriela Bohm exploring the challenges of returning Anusim in Modern Latin America. (http://www.bohmproductions.com/)

-Participate in the Annual Sephardic Anusim Conference in El Paso, TX (July 16-20, 2010 in Congregation Bnai Zion in El Paso, TX)

-Make sure that your Hebrew Schools or Sunday schools teach about the Anusim (some wonderful curricular material has been developed by Andree Brooks: http://andreeaelionbrooks.com/).