

Friday Evening Message – 17 July 2020

My Father's Tallit Katan

My father ז"א (זְכוּרוֹנוֹ לְבִרְכָה, of blessed memory) died on 24 Iyyar 5730 | 30 May 1970 leaving few religious possessions. Hardly surprising given that over the course of one generation he would have gone from growing up in a Yiddish-speaking family of ten, to one that by the time I was a youngster a family of four, speaking a mixture of "English, Yiddish, and rubbish". "A joker? Moi?" Outwardly, we were for the most part totally assimilated, even though our small social circle was pretty much exclusively Jewish.

One of those religious possessions—a *tallit katan*—I treasure to this day.

More on this at <https://bit.ly/3gDnGWy>.

Shabbat shalom!

Byron

Norwich Liberal Jewish Community

norwichljc.org.uk

