

Journey



KEHILLAH
ramblings
a creative arts journal

The Journey

BY RABBI DARREN KLEINBERG

2019

The Torah begins with human beings – Adam, Eve, Noah, etc. – then turns to stories of the Hebrews – the ‘crossovers’ – Avram/ Abraham and Sarai/Sarah and their tribe. Finally, the stories turn to the Children of Israel and the House of Jacob. This arc is the story of life, *in potentia*.

We each come into the world “and we too begin to move between the brown and the blue and the green of it.”² Our birth is a gathering of all that has preceded, convening at the nexus of space, time, and Mystery.

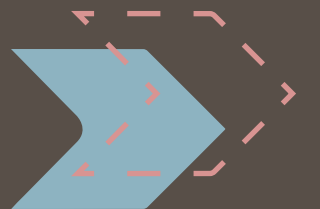
In our youth we are but trailing indicators, echoes, of what has already come to pass. Then, in the chrysalis of life, we are invited to cross-over, to become a leading indicator, not of that which has already been, but of the as-yet unfolded.

The journey from here to there begins with a call; the same call that has echoed for all of time. Our very being is an expression of the hope that one day – *this* day – we might give heed. The sojourn from here to there might take three days,³ and it might take 40 years.⁴ The length of time is of no matter because “a thousand years in Thy sight are but like yesterday when it is past” (Psalms 90:4).

At the end of days, at the completion of the crossing, we can then take our chosen place among the dance of the righteous in the Garden of Eden, pointing with our finger, and saying “And it shall be on that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, that He should save us: this is the Lord, we have waited for Him” (Isaiah 25:9).⁵

This is the secret journey that we are each invited to traverse in the great pursuit of that which we have not yet been. It is, in short, *to become*. “Where shall we go?” asks the wandering Jew? “*To Becoming!*” responds the still small voice (I Kings 19:12), waiting to be heard. “*Becoming*” is that which has not yet been, the Great Mystery from which we have come *into* being and into which we will again return, *out* of being.

The great crossing, away from self and towards the great Otherness that lies before us at each moment is that which awaits us at the water’s edge. “Fastened to a dying animal,” we know not what we are, but in the face of the All that is before us we trust that we will be gathered “into the artifice of [E]ternity.”⁶



Cover Art

BY REBECCA SUGARMAN

Cut Paper

¹ See, Levenson, Jon. D. *Creation and the Persistence of Evil: The Jewish Drama of Divine Omnipotence* (1994).

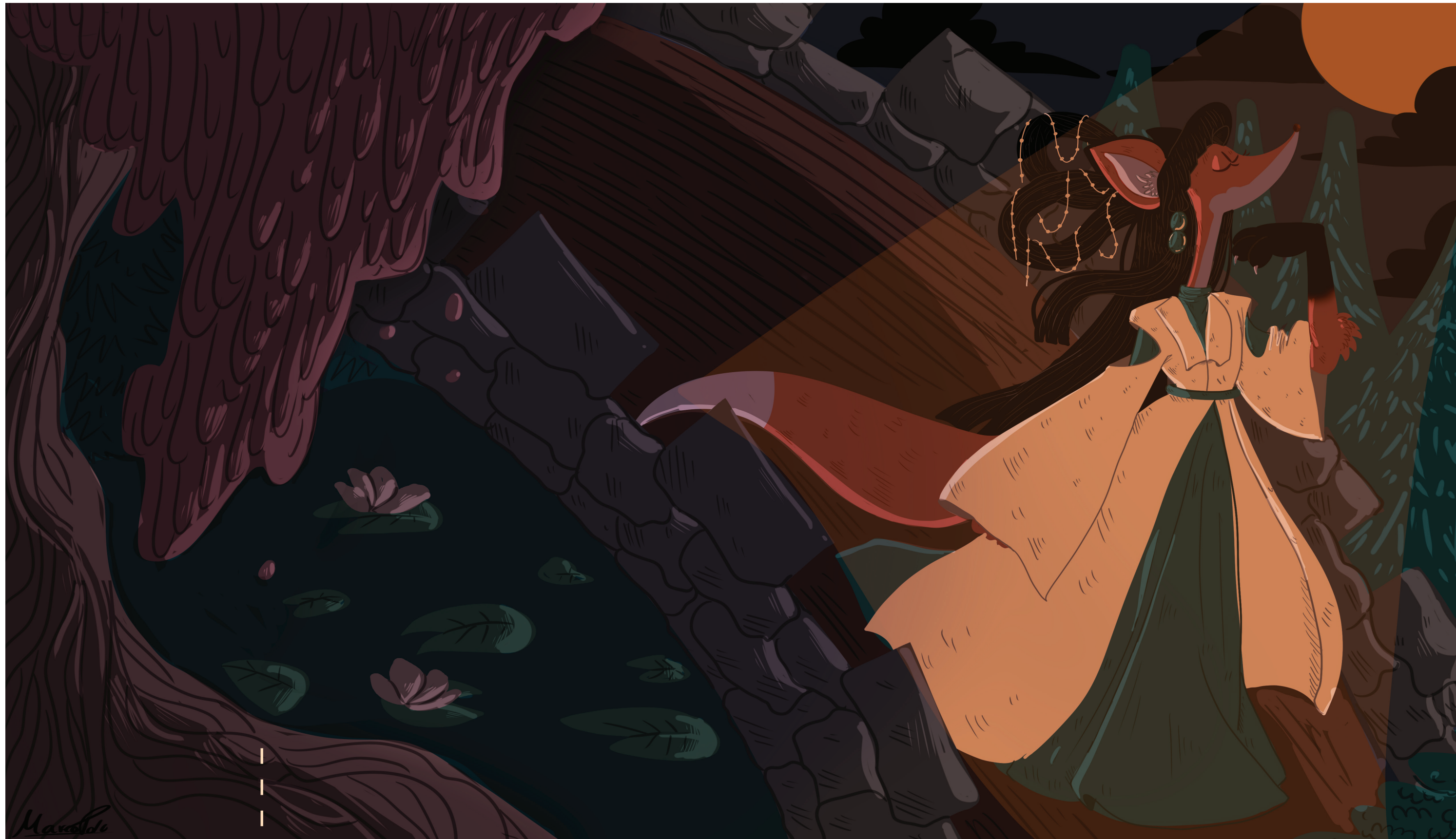
² See, Spahr, Juliana. “Gentle Now, Don’t Add to the Heartache.” tarpaulinsky.com/Summer05/Spahr/Juliana_Spahr.html

³ Abraham’s journey to the binding of Isaac took three days.

⁴ The Israelites journey in the desert between Sinai and the Land of Israel lasted 40 years.

⁵ From “the dance of...” is taken from Babylonian Talmud, tractate Ta’anit 31a.

⁶ See, Yeats, William Butler. “Sailing to Byzantium.” poetryfoundation.org/poems/43291/sailing-to-byzantium



BY SIERRA MASRI

Digital Painting



KEHILLAH ramblings

Running from Time

| BY MAYA CHURI



I am running through the centuries.
My breath sinks into tomorrow.
I trip and fall into the Renaissance.
My scraped knee bleeds onto American Independence.
All of the world—tearing itself apart.
What is progress?—we still treat others terribly.
Raw and grotesque—this is the world.
How far have we come?
Technology seems to run with me.
Flying into the new world,
Those avante-garde influencers
All of us, the models, the religious, the depressed, the
hungry,
We should all be proud that we have gotten so far,
Or should we?
Running through time,
Running from time...
Can we escape? Do we want to?
Is everything the same in this crazy psycho world?



BY ROTEM BAR
Digital Photography

Idiosyncrasies

| BY AVERY KRANTZ-FIRE



I run my hands over and over
The well-tread comfort of
Lines breaks in the wrong places
I'm on the wrong wavelength
Missing what is not yet gone

And for all of the moments I have
Wished I could freeze up time
There are a thousand others
When I am sure it is frozen
As the icicles squeeze my senses
Tighter by the second

And now I'm staring into the eyes
Of my former self
Following the dotted lines
Like a poem that has already
Been written for me

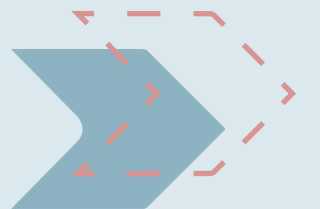
Everything changes.
Everything will change.
But it already has.

Every moment, the cells in my body
Keep regenerating
A cycle as old as the world
As it spins,
A little faster
With every passing year.





BY ARIELLA FRENKEL
Oil Paint



BY HANNAH STERN

“First and last name,” said the TSA officer in his dry, monotone voice.

“Jocelyn. Freeman.”

“Age?”

“Si...seventeen,” answered Jocelyn with a bit of doubt. It wasn’t that she didn’t know her age, but the nerve of flying alone had gotten to her head, plus she had only been seventeen for a few days. She was on vacation for her birthday, in Paris with her mom and brother. It was a nice escape from all the stress at home with all the things going wrong. She always wanted everything to be perfect, to go well. And when something wasn’t, it ate at her.

“Identity number?” asked the man. This one she knew confidently. She had to use it at least once an hour. When she ordered her coffee, when she walked into school, when she turned on her car. At first, when they announced the executive order that everyone needed these numbers, it was hard to get used to. “It’s for safety,” they said. But somehow it made her feel less safe than before.

“Six six seven nine three three.” The man stared at the screen for a moment before he entered the number.

“Alright. You’re seat 27E. Have a safe flight.”

Jocelyn pushed her glasses back up the bridge of her nose and wrote a reminder on her phone to ask to get those fixed when her mom got home. She followed the line of people onto the plane. As they all spoke in French, she wished she had taken French class instead of Spanish so she could know what they were saying. She didn’t want to eavesdrop, but she was curious. Other cultures always fascinated her, knowing how other people’s lives differ from hers.

After getting onto the plane, she followed the clearly labeled signs towards row 27. It was the biggest plane she’d been on, it had two aisles instead of one. 10 seats across. As she approached her seat, Jocelyn decided she had easily the worst seat on the plane. She was in the middle section, a group of four seats, in one of the two middles. On her left was a man eating what smelled like his lunch from a week prior. The first seat to her right had a mom and her baby, both looking just about ready to cry. The seat to the far right was the husband, with earbuds in, facing away from his wife. This is going to be quite the flight. She told herself.

The man with the rotten lunch offered her a bite of his half-eaten crepe right as the baby

began to cry. She looked out the window to her left, which seemed as far away as her home across the world. She was excited to go home. To see her friends, her dog. But the vacation had been a nice break from the war at home. It wasn’t that the fighting affected her on a daily basis, but the way people acted was not happy. They were scared. Always.

The people on the runway were loading bags one by one onto the plane, a mesmerizing assembly line. Focusing on when the bags rolled up one ramp and transferred gracefully onto the next one, she shut her eyes.

It was moments before they opened from a jolt to see clouds whirring by. Great. We’re on the way home. She climbed over the man to the aisle and walked to the bathroom. As the numbers on the signs approached 1, she began to hear something. The sound was similar to the scream her mom made that time she came home past curfew. It seemed to be coming from the cockpit, so she approached the door and put her ear to it.

“The computers. They’re all frozen....weird symbol...spinning...” she couldn’t make out anything else.

Forgetting her original purpose for walking to the front of the plane, she headed back to her

seat. The baby’s mom had now started to cry, the man’s crepe looked like it had exploded over all the seats. Clearly, she wasn’t the only one who heard the screams.

“What the fuck is happening? I have a meeting I need to get to,” the husband pulled his earbuds out for the first time.

“I cannot believe you, Dan! We are on a plane that is having some sort of issue and you’re worried about a meeting? We are on vacation, with your son, though it seems you have forgotten!” screamed the woman.

All the flight attendants were attempting to hide from the angry passengers, answering every inquiry with the same, “We will update you when we have more information,” and “Yes, we have procedures in place. We will do everything we can,” in their high pitched voices which drove everyone insane.

“Excuse me!” blurted a woman from the front cabin as she stormed towards the back. She had pearls around her neck and a shirt that looked like one of those way overpriced plain white t-shirts. “I ordered a prosecco. Melanie. VanBuren. Seat 1A. I’ve been waiting forever.”

“Apologies, Mrs. We are dealing with a computer issue, I ask for your patience.”

“Are you telling me we are going to be delayed? In that case, I’m gonna need at least 3 glasses. Also, I am not Mrs. My husband left me last month for his assistant, but I really don’t wanna talk about it.”

“Okay, Ms. VanBuren. Please return to your seat. The seat belt sign is on.”

“I will not be returning anywhere until I get my drinks!” With this she stomped her foot, seeming to make the whole plane shake.

Jocelyn was too focused on the woman to hear her name being called over the speaker. “Jocelyn. Freeman. Come to the front. Now.”

By the time she heard there were already 4 flight attendants reaching for her hand to walk her to the front.

“What’s happening?”

“They just have a question for you.”

“Who?”

“Just come with us.” She followed, not that she had much of a choice. As the pilot opened the door to the cockpit, those screams that were previously muffled by the door were so loud she almost fell back over herself.

“Just let her answer the question!” said one of the men.

“She’s a kid! She’s not going to do it right!”

“What other options do we have?”

Jocelyn could feel her heart beating so loudly she wanted to rip it out of her chest. She didn’t know what was going on, she didn’t know anyone on the plane, and she just wanted to be home again.

“Can someone tell me what’s going on?” she asked between tears.

“Yes. Jocelyn, come with me. It appears that the computer has been taken over by one of our enemies in the war, and your name is on the screen, it says you need to answer a question to save us.”

The rate of Jocelyn’s breath at that moment was comparable to the time she sang a solo in the school musical in sixth grade. There she was, a random seventeen-year-old girl from Fairfax, Virginia. The big decisions of her life were supposed to be what college she would apply to, who she would be friends with, whether she would go to prom with Daniel or Liam, what shampoo she would use.

She tapped the screen and entered her number, fingers shaking as she did.

“Six six seven nine three three,” Jocelyn said under her breath. After she clicked enter, another screen popped up.

“So? What does it say?” questioned the pilot as

he rummaged through his bag.

“Who…” She couldn’t get the rest of it out. All she could focus on were the faces she had to choose between. On the left was her mom, with her big green eyes and the dimple on her left cheek. On the right was her brother, his curly blonde hair covering his eyes, which made it easier since she didn’t have to look into them.

Jocelyn froze, thinking back to the night before. The cool evening air had made it just the right temperature to sit on the streets of Paris, enjoying the best dinner she’d ever had. As the breeze blew her hair over her shoulder, she forgot about the dumb fight she got into with her brother that morning over the bathroom. Her mom’s constant need to ask her about her love life didn’t bother her. Nothing did. All she could focus on was being with the people who mattered most. The people who cared about her. The people she loved.

Everyone around her in the cockpit began to yell, “Choose! For god’s sake, just choose!” Just choose. There was nothing “just” about it. Nothing fair about it, being asked to choose. She looked at the photos on the screen, and the timer counting down above them. She loved them both. Differently, but equally. She loved her mom for the yogurt she made her

every morning. For the lullabies she sang to her as a kid. For the hugs she gave when the sounds of the war got too loud. And she loved her brother. For his jokes, for the advice he gave. For his smile.

There was no right answer. How could there possibly be a right answer? Whatever random person decided to ask this, how could they know? How could choosing one of them over the other save this whole plane full of people, or kill them? The question was only theoretical: who would she choose to save, who to kill. She wasn’t actually killing her mother or her brother with the answer. But if she chose wrong, she would kill a whole plane of people. And if she chose right, well she didn’t even want to think about that.

She knew there was only one thing she could write on that screen: one answer she could give. And she would do so with the same confidence as when she grabs her shampoo off the shelf at the store: always the blue one that smells like coconuts. She pressed her right index finger on the “m” and her left on “e.” She looked back at the pilot, who had been staring right at her. And as she turned back, she saw a word appear.

“Incorrect.”





BY ILANA KLUGHAUPT
Digital Photography



Painted

| BY GEORGINA STEWART
|
|
|
|

Carved cheeks, perfect lips
Bottles of perfume and pills.
Scrap the very being and lick
The last ounces of my awareness.

Flashed adverts, sparked yearnings
New beginnings, deeper needing.

Stop. This is sucking me dry.
Only enough to help me try
The taste of freedom, skillfully shut.
A simple compromise for needing.





BY CAROLINE KRAMER
Digital Photography



BY DORIAN DELEON
Digital Photography

| BY CHARLIE SINGLE
|
|
|
|

our house is old cold and green

my mother's voice drones on

she is not talking to me

my sister comes in

her eyes are full of sorrow

she sings to me

she slept in the bed with us

on the outside because she is brave

too cold

i know

The cold wind brushing against my revealed arms.
My black jeans block the chilly air from my legs,
But some still manages to slip through my button-down shirt.

Step by step as I approach it,
I feel the pressure of one thousand faces staring at me.
I felt a drop of sweat slowly make its way down the side of my face,
But that drop was never even there.
I kept my cool.
I remembered who was there.
I remembered who was watching.
I kept moving forward, never to face my back.

I looked up to the sky,
And I thought to myself about how fast the clouds were moving.
If they'd take me with them?
What if I mess up?
What if they hear it?
What will they say?

I lifted my arms slowly,
And see them tremble.
I try to stop it but can't hold it in.

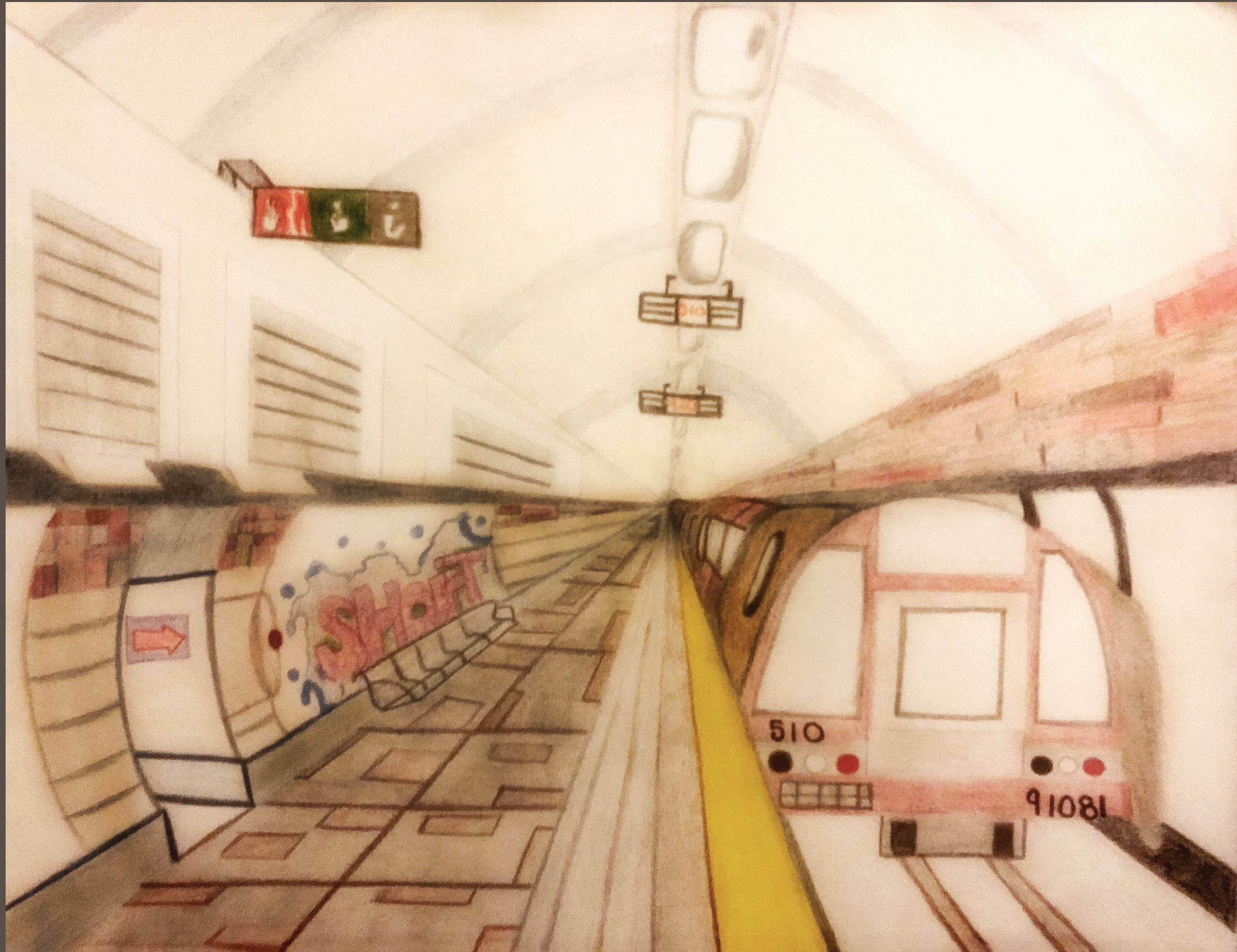
I put my hands on the wall and started to speak.
I said the prayer I had been studying for what felt like an eternity.
And took a deep breath in holding back the emotions
From such a precious moment
As to not cause a scene and disrupt people's prayers.
That moment was

Untitled

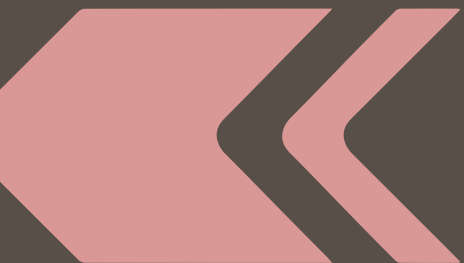
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BY OMER LUKATZ





BY KELLY LOZA



The Star in Every Sky

BY CHLOE ZELDIN

February 26th. It was that kind of day where the air is cold, in a way that kind of bites. It bothered him. He doesn't like the cold. He wanted to escape the chill and the wind, and he wanted coffee. So, he started to walk towards his favorite coffee shop- a warm haven in the cold. He walked in, and started to take off his gloves. But his hands froze mid action when his eyes met a familiar face. Not just any familiar face. Her familiar face. She was here, in his favorite coffee shop. *His* favorite coffee shop.

He felt anger rise in his chest. Why was she here? She lives on the other side of town. He was baffled. The anger quickly faded and was replaced by a new feeling. He noticed her hair had gotten much longer. He remembered when she cut it short for summertime; their adventures in the lake and on the beach. But it has grown all the way back now. It fell down her back like soft ocean waves. He couldn't help but wonder... what else had grown in his absence? He then noticed her eyes were shining like the stars they would sneak out of their houses at 2 am to see. When they would go, he would just look at the stars, but she would look at him. She always told him his eyes were the only sight she wanted to see. He never really paid much attention to her eyes before. He started to wonder if they had always sparkled like this.

Her dainty hands lightly flipped a page in her book. He couldn't tell what book it was.

All he knew was she was reading something that made her smile. It was making her smile that

same smile that crept onto her face when her lips unlocked from his. The smile she gave when she handed him love letters. The smile whenever she told him about the places she wanted to go with him after college. That same smile. How could she smile that same smile at a book? He didn't know why, but seeing that smile on her face was unsettling. He never knew she liked to read. He began to picture her room and recalled a tall bookshelf with various books of different sizes and colors. It was not anything he ever thought about, or noticed at all. Has she always loved to read?

The initial anger was now completely gone, but replaced by a feeling even worse. He couldn't quite put his finger on what this new sensation was. Maybe it was regret, maybe it was the desire of the unattainable. Maybe it was jealousy, or maybe it was just a feeling that something was missing. All he knew was that it hurt. Bad. The longer he stared at her, the stronger the feeling got. Her silent beauty radiated from her sweet lips and hazel eyes; he couldn't look away. He wondered if she has always glowed this way.

His trance of infatuation was interrupted by a shout of a name; a barista, probably. He then remembered he had come for coffee, and realized he was blocking the doorway. He walked up to the counter and ordered. He wandered over to the pick-up counter and waited for his drink. His mind began to drift, and he started to think about the way her voice sounded when she screamed

as they jumped into the lake in Nevada over the summer. She shouted with the sweetest melody, and followed it with the most eccentric laugh. He couldn't stop replaying that moment in his head.

His coffee was finally ready. He grabbed it from the counter and peered her way to see if she was looking at him too, if this feeling was mutual. She hadn't even noticed he was there. Her eyes were glued to her book, her lips pursed in interest. He couldn't decide if this was for better or for worse. All he knew was that this terrible horrible feeling was getting stronger, and he just couldn't look at her any longer. It was too painful. He took one last look at her, and turned around without looking back.

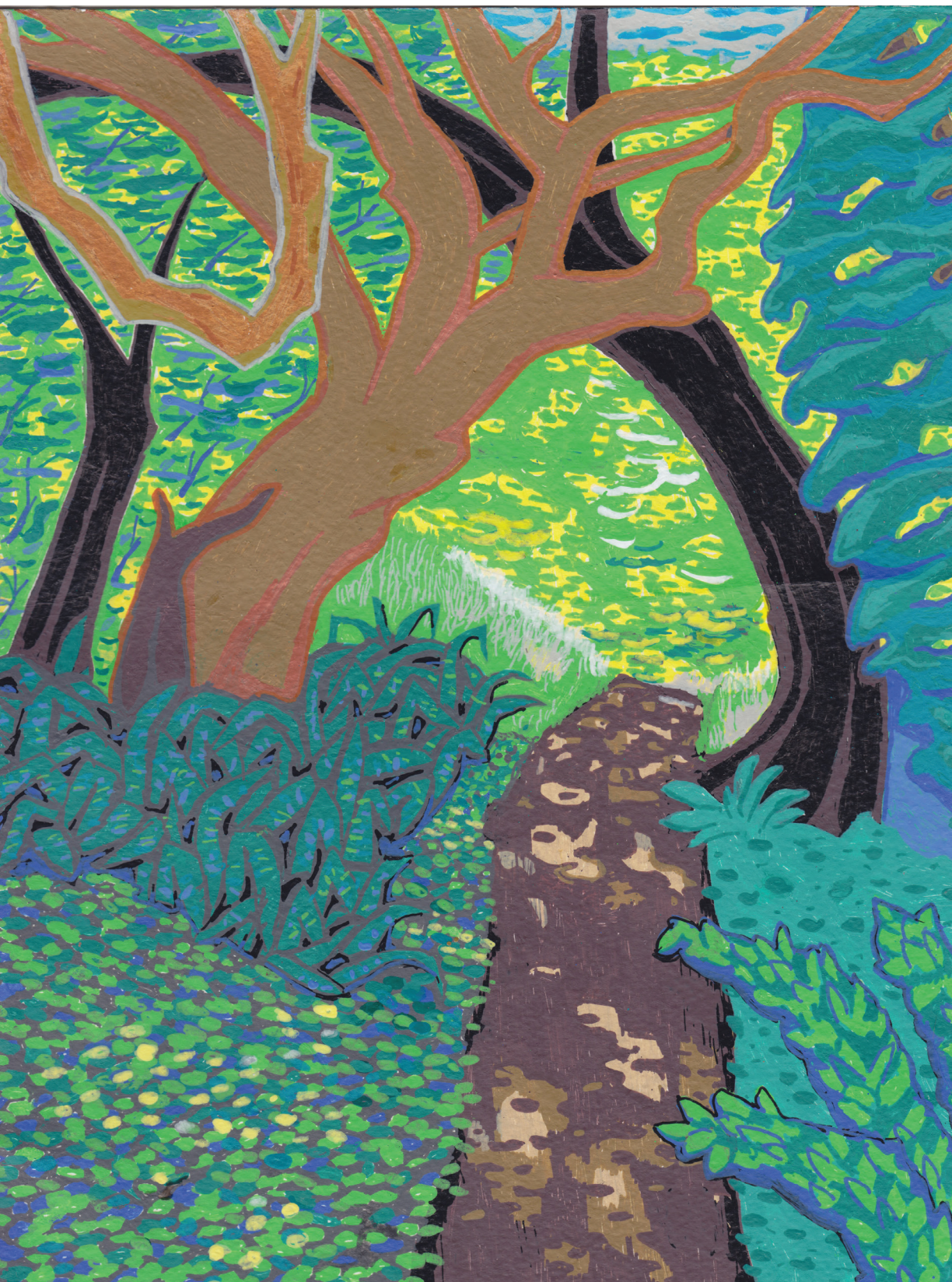
He walked slowly out of the coffee shop. But then he started to jog. And then he ran. He ran as fast as he could. Down the street, around the corner, up the hill, down the block, all the way home. He stuck his key in the door, twisted it until it clicked, flung the door open, and stumbled inside. He continued down the hall into his room, his bed made for two neatly made, and two bottles of beer sitting still on the dresser. The feeling from the coffee shop had followed him all the way home. He sat on his bed with his head in his palms as he tried to calm himself. But before he knew what he was doing, his hand was reaching to open her designated drawer he still had not cleared out. He forgot about it, like he did her. Her red scarf, her lip balm, her favorite cd. It only now occurred to him that he should have returned her belongings.

He tentatively took the red scarf out of the drawer and held it up to his nose. He took a breath, and he accidentally breathed her in. It was just vanilla with a hint of lavender, but it took him somewhere.

The feeling in his heart was too much; it was too powerful and consuming for confinement. The feeling hiked up his throat, to his eyes, and came out as water. Large droplets of water, falling fast. The tears rushed out like a waterfall. He could not remember the last time he cried. But this was not just crying. No, this was sobbing. This was falling apart when you thought you were completely together.

In the midst of his breakdown he could feel everything come back. The sound of her voice cracking on the other side of the line as she begged him to stay, the ringing of his sadistic chuckle echoing in the hallway after he hung up while she was still bawling, the confirmation alert on his phone that her number had successfully been blocked, and the irritation of his eyes as the smoke from the fire in which he burned all her letters fogged his vision. The wall he had built around his heart that allowed him to be numb to anything that could hurt him came crumbling down. With her scent coursing through him, he could vividly envision her in his head, and for the first time it made him feel something.

The overwhelming feeling he still could not name became stronger and stronger. What is it, what the hell is this? He didn't know. He didn't know why he suddenly missed her now after all this time. He thought that their love story was over, that their journey was done. He didn't understand. He didn't know why he didn't hold onto her for dear life and treat her how she deserved to be. After seeing her and feeling that awful feeling, he now knew. She is the star in every sky. Every time he lets his calculated rough exterior break for just a moment and looks to the stars for answers, he will see her. And he will feel that feeling he still cannot name.



BY ANNE KELLEY

Digital Painting

Florida to California/ California to Florida

| BY CAROLINE BELL

Florida to California
California to Florida
Where my home and heart reside
My blood lies in Florida
My life lies in California

Flew across the country to be in sunny Florida
Drove through the rain with the humidity to reach my destiny
I walked through the doors, heart feeling heavy
I walked and looked until my eyes locked with my mommy

She looked like me, she talked like me, she even walked like me
California, Florida, life and blood
Tears were shed
Hearts made full

Fear of loss pulling my heart
Fear of being tossed away just like before
Now even though she swore nothing would be like before
I still lay awake at night with fear of losing my birth mommy once more.

BY REBECCA AVRUTIN

I started on my path
 A long journey to map
 I wasn't sure where I was going
 My mind cannot decide
 America: the country of opportunity
 Where was mine?

California, with its towering Sierras
 With the wealth of the Gold Rush concentrated
 in the Silicon Valley
 Teslas rush by on the highway
 The North is a beautiful blanket of white
 And the South throws me into a movie
 Is this the place for me?

New Mexico throws a red cover on me
 The desert rocks bring shade in the everlasting
 sun
 The history is incredible as the many different
 cultures blend together
 Is this the place for me?

Atlanta, Georgia calls to me
 The end of Sherman's March
 The day the slaves went free
 Southern hospitality greets me

Chicken and waffles flow through the street
 Is this the place for me?

New Orleans beckons me with jazz
 Oh how that music ebbs and flows
 The notes surround me and lift me up
 It is as if I can see the past
 African Americans creating a name for
 themselves, becoming famous, important
 Is this the place for me?

New York shocks me with its neon lights
 The bustling streets, the never ending cars
 Horns, birds, screaming
 No rest in the city that never sleeps
 Central Park, Madison Square, Empire State
 The entire world seems to be here
 Is this the place for me?

My brain is dizzy
 I cannot think
 My journey must go somewhere
 As I get into my car, I start to think
 What will make me happy?
 Where is my place to be?

Jour-ney

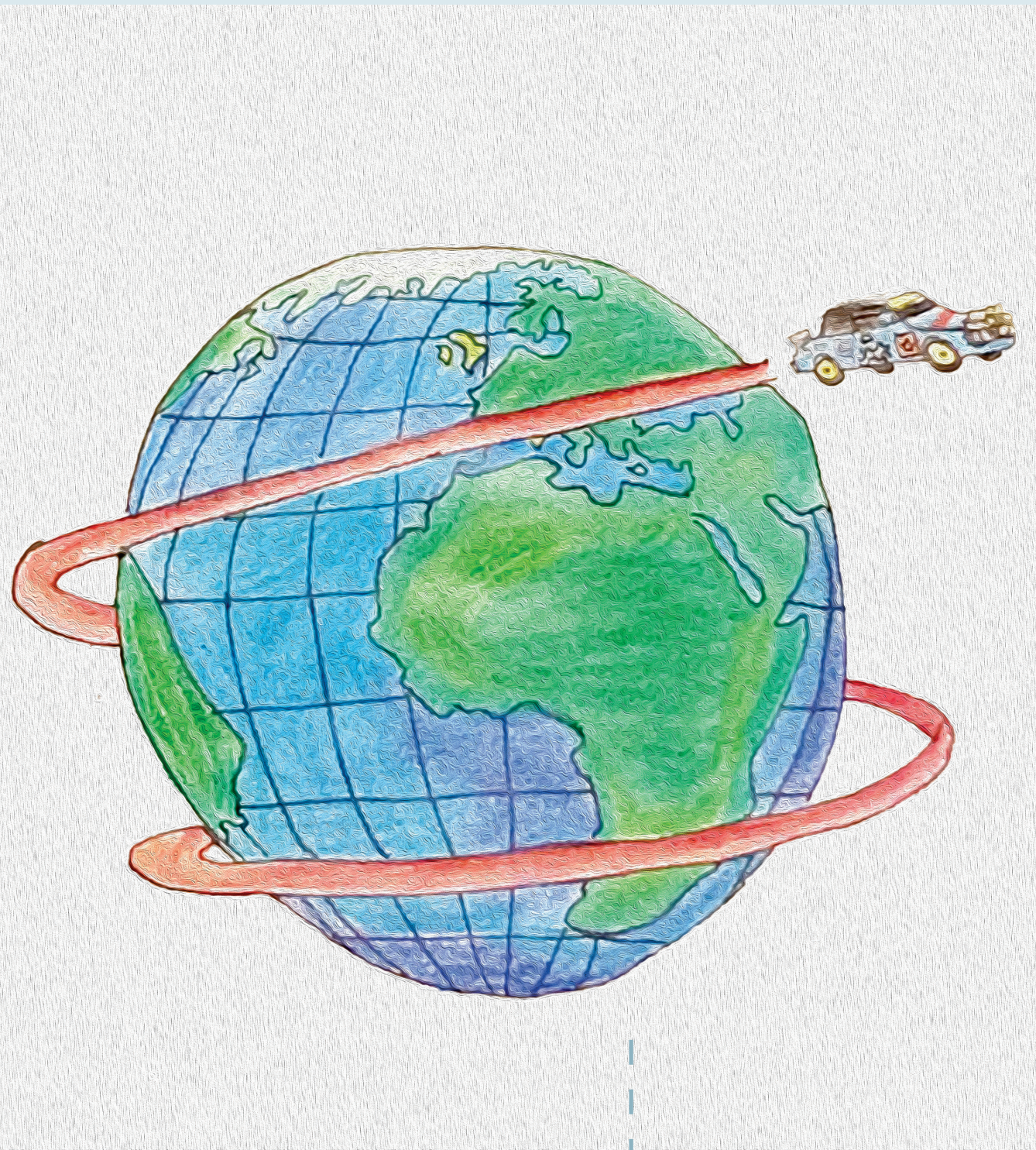
-noun "an act of traveling from one place to another."

People always say; "it's about the journey,"
 "Not the destination."
 But what is a journey without an ending location.
 It's a careless wander,
 A stroll in the unknown,
 A hopeless reason to leave the comfort of home.
 A journey is always a search to discover,
 A need to have,
 Or a meaning to uncover.
 It's never intended to over-aspire,
 To hope to relish the journey,
 All in the process of a single desire.
 It's not wrong to love the process,
 But let's not forget, the reason we started this, and reassess.
 Where would we be if the destination was never professed
 Just wandering carelessly, no need to progress.
 So let's always remember, it's not
 "Not about the destination,"
 Rather, it's because of the destination, that we
 Built this cognation,
 Experienced this sensation,
 And reached this location.
 It's about the journey, but because of the destination.

Jour·ney
 BY NOGA RAFALIN



BY LEAH MALTZMAN



BY NATHAN SAUL

Colored pencil

To the Ocean

BY ANONYMOUS

A smile, an open door, and a joke
 He greeted her with the unknown,
 But he swore that he hated mysteries.
 He kept one hand on the wheel,
 And the other swayed with his voice.

A laugh, a smile, and an open door
 He greeted the beach by running into the waves.
 Fully clothed, he danced in the break,
 Even though he hated dancing.
 He smiled back at her,
 Letting her know that she was in for a ride.

An open embrace, a smile, and a joke
 They sat facing the beach,
 Taking about secrets and uncertain futures,
 But he hated that.
 She could tell by his grin and the way he sat,
 Calm, but unsure.

A joke, a laugh, and a smile.
 She knew that it wasn't forever.
 That the pebbles their feet grazed
 Wouldn't be there in a year or even a month.
 She smiled at him.
 He smiled at her.

An open door and a smile
 He left with a smile and he never looked back
 But she could tell that he had greeted the
 uncertainty
 The journey that had no path.
 And with an open embrace,
 He was ready
 To dance, smile, and laugh in all of the unknown.

BY LILY GUGGENHEIM

A burst of sound is placed in my right ear,
 then my left.
 It's soft at first then
 it suddenly begins to grow.
 It's just loud enough to cover the words of the people around me.
 Their mouths move
 but I am transported into another world of music and serenity
 where the outer sound is unheard.

My jaw pops and my neck cracks
 and my back arches into the bass and the beat.
 The laughter around me falls into the silence of each pulse
 slyly hidden between each note, string, and key.
 So I fall into the outer space of the world,
 floating on the music of relaxation and detachment
 and suddenly something strong enough to break the bond of music pours
 into my consciousness
 and the outer world is gone
 and the reality sets in
 and life continues on.

A loud world of silence with no music to be heard.

I put my hands on the wall and started to speak.
 I said the prayer I had been studying for what felt like an eternity.
 And took a deep breath in holding back the emotions
 From such a precious moment
 As to not cause a scene and disrupt peoples prayers.
 That moment was

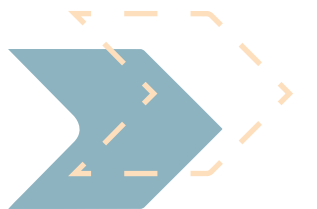
An Irreversible Loss

BY ANONYMOUS

Her stained-red legs shake beneath the shredded cloth
 Her crippled heart beats tenderly beneath torn skin
 Her sparkling eyes glaze over the dead remains in the ashes
 Her scarred hands brush over the marked trees
 Her bare feet drag over the fallen leaves
 Her bruised legs collapse and fall to the blackness
 Her worn heart beats rapidly against her ribs
 Her leaking eyes close among the stillness that is the earth
 Her stained hands grip the dead roots
 Her static feet lay amidst the destruction
 Her
 Legs
 Heart
 Eyes
 Hands
 Feet
 Lifeless...
 All 3,958.8 miles of her



BY IDDO BECK
Graphite and Charcoal



I Am Generation Lockdown

BY HENRY SHANE

Every day

Every week

Every month

Every year

Every life.

Every day over 100 Americans are shot and killed.

100 Americans.

What does that triple-digit number mean?

not enough action is being taken,

that's what this means.

Whether or not you think this is made up

or can't comprehend this epidemic,

this is the truth,

the truth and perspective of a daily high school student.

Over 40,000 lives taken in 2018 and 2019

And yet what has changed?

Nothing, absolutely nothing.

When is Enough, ENOUGH!?

This is why WE need to continue to

fight for our lives

fight for each other

and

fight for our rights.

In our lifetime,

most of us will know at least

One

person

who has been affected by gun violence.

Every day

Every week

Every month

Every year

Every life.

A textbook hitting the floor

A balloon popping

or

A locker slamming

is like the drills or shootings

all over again

Lockdowns

Drill or not, no time to think

Barricades

Locked doors

Darkness

Hiding, and not knowing

A silent cry

Shut up

or you will be shot.

In a shooting

In less than a minute

In this room

We would all be dead.

This is the daily reality of my generation.

The reality of gun violence

A reality of America

We can't be prepared

We can only act fast.

I am a 17-year-old student.

A student in high school.

When I walk the halls

When I sit any room

When I sit in any chair

I constantly think

"Am I next?"

Until I am the next.

I Am Generation Lockdown.



BY ISSAC HEINTZE

Digital Photography



BY RACHEL HOMAYONFAR

Digital Photography



KEHILLAH ramblings

Untitled

| BY SHAY FIRSITY

|

|

|

|

I have to calm down because my mind is always spinning, especially before I close my eyes—I hear the sounds of the Rain Man, the Sycamore Girl, or sometimes even the Apricot Princess—8?

4 Seasons they've flied by, and I cry, usually in the evening, before I calm myself and start sleeping.

Sitting home alone, Wallows and my depression. I think about my mom as I hear the voices of Jack, Jason, or James. occasionally Daniel they all put me in a sad mood. I like to hear A Song About Being Sad.

I think they impact me the most when they remind me of her. Today is supposed to be hers, but I forgot—I think it's because she isn't around anymore. So life just continues as usual, for me anyway.

I can't bring myself to visit her, I haven't seen her, I hardly think about her. It's been over 5

years

and I still can't do it. It's better there. Little Rowboat. Seeing the pictures on social media and making me sad. To know that I will never be able to do anything with her anymore sucks. No graduations, bar mitzvahs, Mother's Days, weddings, board games, TV shows, movies—anything. She will never be there for anything; not in my mind, my heart, in heaven or hell, spirit, Nothing. Because she's dead. Streetcar.

Random things come to my mind at all hours of the night. Thinking about all of the things I could've said or done with her when she was here. But it's too late for that now.

I don't know how I would remember her, especially in a poem. Her presence in my life was an experience, a deeply formative one too. But I can't seem to figure out a way to talk about her in the way that I'm supposed to. Maybe it's because I have a hard time remembering what she looked like, what she sounded like, what she liked to do, and everything in between. Maybe I've put up that wall that makes it hard to talk about her. Who knows.

What would she think if—would she be upset with the person I've become or be proud of who I

have become?

I hate when—

I sometimes feel like a part of me—

It's fair for me to block out my true emotions and feelings about the topic, right?

But sometimes they start to come to the surface a bit when I listen, before I close my eyes.

Play—



BY GABY KROOT
Digital Painting



Finding, Falling

BY ANNE FRIEDMAN

4 Petals

We have lost so many. Petals, not people. Time, not friends. But it is all the same. They are the same. Time continues ticking, ticking away, falling softly to the ground, disintegrating slowly. Gone. Lost forever. As each petal falls, so does a person, a friend. They have vanished.

Working together is challenging, impossible when each person has something to gain. Life. Life is what we'd gain. Life is what we'd lose. Or so they told us. It may be true. It may be an incentive for us to complete it. Even with something to gain, how are we supposed to complete it, if we don't even know what it is.

I'm tired of not knowing. I want, no I need to know. Not just so we can solve and complete and gain life, but so that the weight of the unknown is lifted off of my shoulders, and I can breathe again.

I wait. I wait for the others to stop arguing, yelling, being selfish. I wait for silence, peace. I wait for an opportunity.

3 Petals

I'm losing every chance, every opportunity, every friend. I don't know what to do. I'm falling like the petals, like time. I'm losing myself. I feel like I'm drowning. I don't want to be lost, forgotten. I need to focus. I need my best self to solve this.

They're asking my opinion, my idea. I don't know. I have no clue. No clue about this or anything. I'm losing my mind; it's like I'm losing my sanity.

But clarity comes. It can always come when we least think it possible.

The petals, I say. I think they fall, the petals fall whenever we find something, whenever we find a clue to help solve it. We learn, so in turn, we lose. It's an eye for an eye.

There's comfort in knowing, in knowing something that could help us. It's small, but anything small can make a big difference, so the small thing is really a big thing, a big help. It's relieving. We know something, but like always, when we learn something new, darkness falls...

2 Petals

A petal fell. We lost more, more time, more friends. But we gained something as well. There is false comfort, security in this, at least for me.

I figured it out. I thought I'd be the one gone, lost. I'm relieved that it wasn't me. But, also, it wasn't me, it was someone else, it was my fault. They disappeared. They are gone because of me. It's my fault. My fault. My--

I can't go down that road. I must not. It only leads to trouble, more problems, and that is not what I need right now, not what we need. We need a solution.

1 Petal

Here is what we found. We must tell you quickly; you must listen. It is imperative that you listen, that you hear what we have to say. We'll tell it quickly so that you, when it's your turn, can solve it, so you'll gain life. We are sacrificing our lives for you. Here is it. This is how you complete it:

⚠️The original message is a highly classified document that is not for public viewing. The following message is a heavily redacted version that has been previously approved.⚠️

[REDACTED] f [REDACTED] ear [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] is [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] death [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] never [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] accept [REDACTED] less [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

0 Petals

No. No, that wasn't s



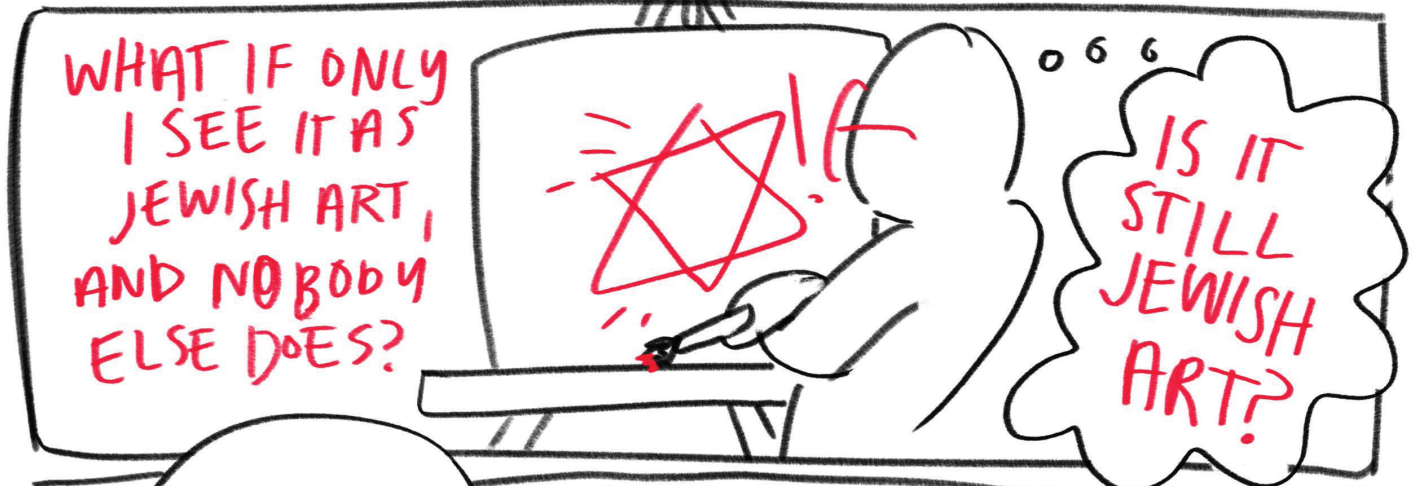
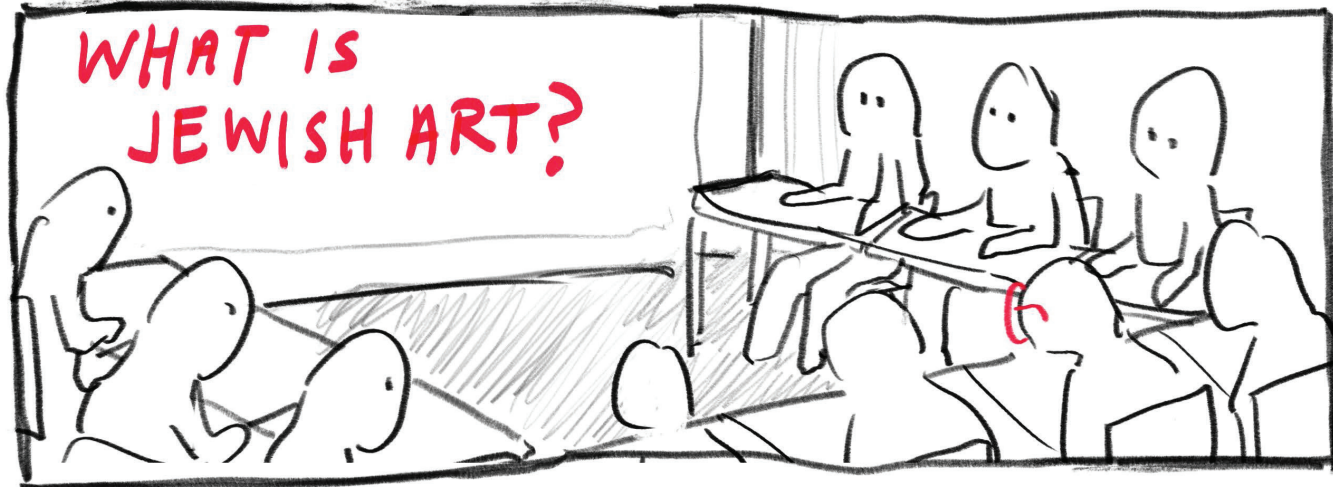


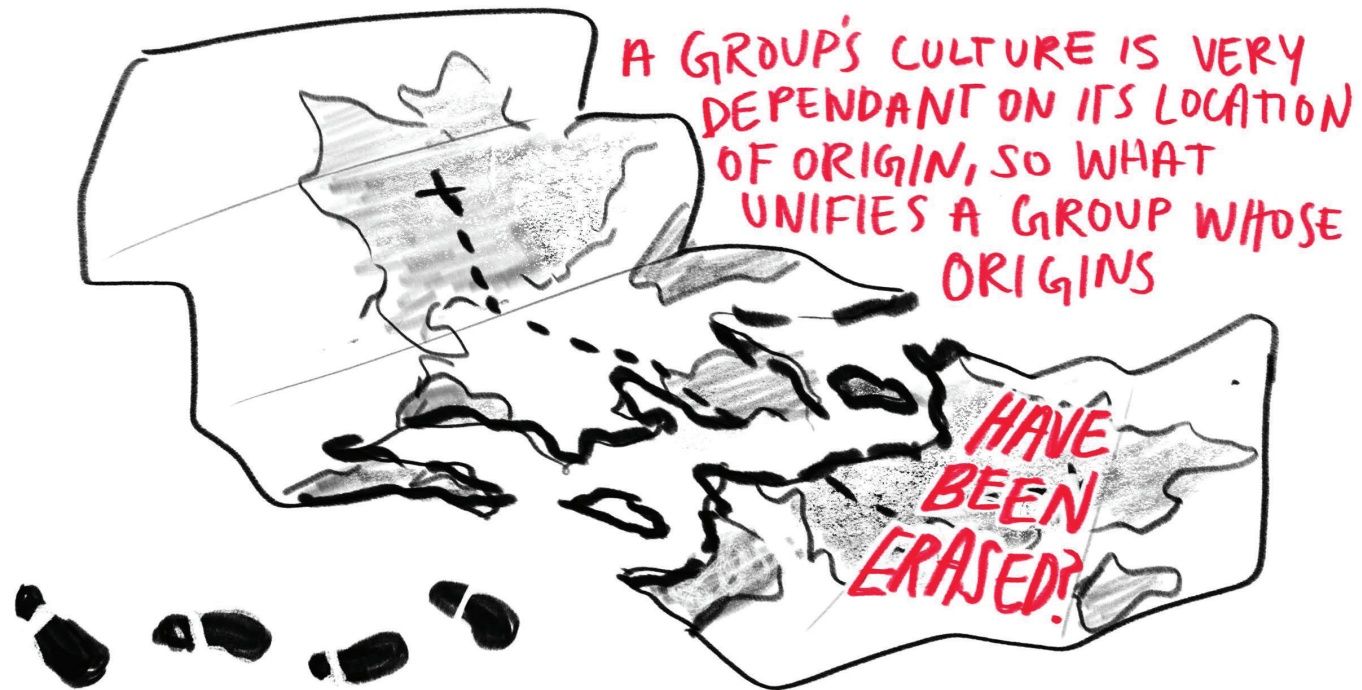
BY JUSTIN MA

Digital Drawing

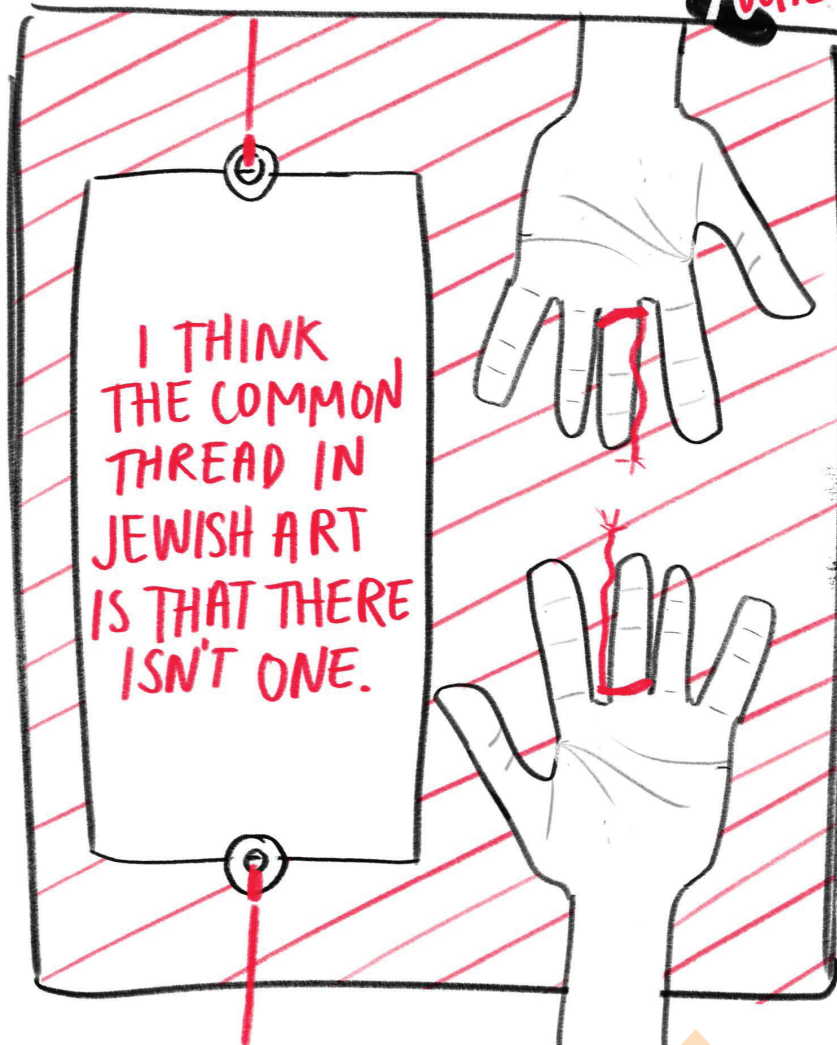


BY SYDNEY GEE





WHEN YOU SPEND YOUR WHOLE HISTORY RUNNING, WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?



SURVIVAL REQUIRES ADAPTATION, AND YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN BEING IDENTIFIABLY JEWISH IS DANGEROUS, SO JEWISH ART IS CLOAKED IN THE WORLD IN WHICH IT WAS CREATED.



BUT THAT SOUNDS PRETTY JEWISH TO ME.



Asian Culture Club

| BY NATALIE CHOI



Being the only Christian, Asian girl at a Jewish high school has broadened my definition of a community. Not only was there very little diversity, but most of my classmates were unfamiliar with my culture other than the Chinese food they would eat during Hanukkah. Being within that minority, I felt a responsibility to care for my community by representing that area in which it lacked. Grateful for what my classmates had taught me about their religion, I wanted to return the favor by teaching them about my culture. I proposed starting an Asian Culture club to the administration which quickly gained traction. As I stood in front of my peers discussing the Chinese mythology behind mooncake, I realized that the Chinese, Protestant girl who first entered this strange environment has found a unique place in this community. My Kehillah family touched me with their open-minded willingness to explore cultures different from theirs, the very sentiment that drew me to a Jewish school. Because of this, I have become a more empathetic person than I would have been at any other school and I would not trade this experience for anything in the world.



BY TAHLIA FEHL

Graphite and Charcoal



Blackout Poem

from "Don't Stop Believing"
by Journey

BY CARLYLE MACKENZIE
AND SAGE UGRAS

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Journey's End

BY MATAN SANDHAUS

Taking its first breath it opened its eyes
Little it knew it'll reach its demise
From small to big its changing size
With no vocal cords it still tells lies
Lies, lies, lies, lies, lies
A hesitation so slight
And it came full circle losing its sight
Floating to a white cloud so soon
Soon it felt its misfortuned tune
Tune its guitar, it played and sang
Sang a song of journey's end



BY SIMONE KAPLUNOV

Collage

My Field

| BY MAYA ANTEBI



I run through my field—
Weeds longer than my Eyes can see above—
Hiding the Path in which Life wants me to take—
Hale—rooted in its Dream

The Hourglass of Idea—
Evacuating to soul—
And evaporating from Mind
The Clock of our Angels —

The Flowers—the variety—
For our Generations—time—
The speeding of my feet through my Field
To find the End—





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