

THE Kibbitzer

Issue 64



How do you curse a nation? Bil-em.

You get it? Bill them. Bilam was the prophet Balak sent for to curse the Jews. When you say Bilam fast, it sounds like 'bill them.' You've got to say the pun fast. 'Am' is a nation. Bill the nation. Nobody wants to pay bills. That's a curse. Educational.

RABBI ANSWERS HIS PUPILS

Dear Rabbi. My kid's in Jewish summer camp, and he's getting heavier. What sports is he playing there, that he's putting on weight?

Shalom My Dear Pupil. Let me take you back to some of the sports I played as a kid in summer camp, and you'll understand why your child is out of shape. Here are the Jewish summer camp sports:

•*Newcomb* It's like volleyball, but you can catch the ball. It's like competitive toss. Some people took the game to the next level by throwing the ball over the net and not looking at the exact spot they were tossing it. That's what the real athletes did. Some kids wanted to play volleyball, which caused a raucous. It's too complicated.

•*Bottle Cap Hockey* Excitement is hitting a bottle cap the length of the table, to the other guy's hand. When it came to hitting a bottle cap between the opponent's pinky and pointer finger, there weren't many as agile as I. I don't mean to show off, but I'm good.

•*Paper Football* A sport I played with a mastery and finesse that could only be displayed by one who didn't run track.

We would fold a paper towel into a

triangle, and then practice the art of landing it on the end of a table. The greatest reward I've ever experienced. Other than skimming the top layer of the baked mac and cheese.

•*Floor Hockey* The most serious of Jewish games, as we weren't coordinated enough to play hockey on ice. We played hockey with a ball. A puck would have changed the makeup of the sport. That was how we figured out what sports we could play. We were allowed to play any sport, but we were not allowed to use the allotted equipment for the sport. We played hockey without a puck. We used a ball or bottle caps. We played football with a paper towel. We played basketball with a spoon wedged into wood. Volleyball and soccer were the only games that we played with the correct gear. However, it was newcomb and crab soccer. Soccer was allowed, but only while leaning back, on our palms, on all fours, moving on the ground like a crab. This was to remind us that we had no chance of competing professionally and that we look like fools when we exercise. To quote Richard: Judaism has lots of rules. When it comes to sports, we don't like following them.

SERMON OF REBUKE- BALAK

Shabbat Shalom My Worriers... Don't worry. I will give a Dvar Torah... (*Bamidbar 22:2-4*) Balak saw 'all Israel did. And Moav was very frightened, because it was numerous...' Moav tells Midian, 'Now the congregation will lick all of our surroundings, like a ox licks the greenery of the field...' You guys lick your fingers all the time, when you turn the page. Your disgusting... I hear Bernie chaching. I look over, Then he turns the page. Then you lick the siddur... You're supposed to kiss it. Balak is the king of Moav... I don't know what oxen licking a field means... I don't know why that's a bad thing, Bernie. I'm not a zoologist... I know licking is OK... Israel is a nation... Let's call this a Chok too, so I don't

have to explain everything...

Sounds like the spies. Worried... All you do is worry. 'The Bat Mitzvah is too great. How will we feed all of these guests.' The lawn is too big. How'll we cut the grass'... Mow your lawn, Simcha. It's embarrassing. Your neighbors are worried your weeds will lick up their surroundings and kill their greenery...

War stems from worry... I know you're not worried about the Ukraine... Harmonizing has me worried. It's numerously bad... 'VaYar'. Balak saw. It's what you see. Balak saw what 'Israel' did. He didn't see God... I worry. I've seen Max harmonizing... I've seen you lick your fingers and chach on siddurs... I do worry we won't have siddurs...

Rivka's Notes on Rabbi Mendelchem's Drasha:

The rabbi called the congregants worriers, not warriors. The shul had to throw out two hundred siddurs, due to old people who can't turn pages without salivating on them.

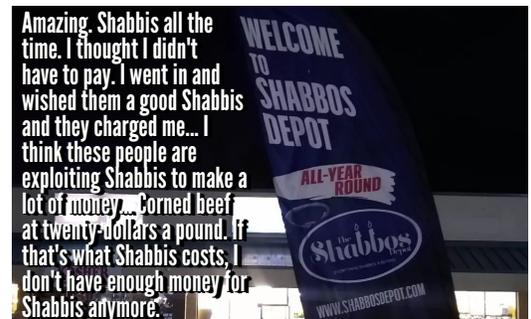
SHUL ANNOUNCEMENTS

We have been voted the least friendly congregation, by the local committee of people who don't want to pay dues. When you don't smile, people think you don't like them. They know you don't like them, as you stare at them, and don't say 'Good Shabbis.'

From now on, congregants must smile at people, so we don't lose more members. Except for Michael. He looks very awkward when he smiles.

Kumzits will be taking place this Motzei Shabbat. We ask you learn the songs. We don't want harmonizing. You singing another song, to a different beat, is not harmonizing... The shul is hiring a song leader. We have decided folk singing to be important to our community. Not Chazanis. People will show up for a concert. Not services.

No more licking your fingers and touching the pages of the siddur. We are designating an under seventy year old to go around and turn the pages. The shul has lost too many siddurs to mucus.



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