

HEBREW UNION COLLEGE-JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION
LOS ANGELES SCHOOL

SUBMISSION AND RECEIPT OF COMPLETED PROJECT

I, Marc Abrams

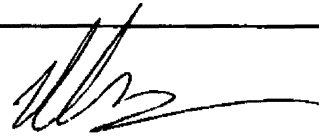
Name of Student (Print Clearly)

hereby submit two (2) copies of my completed project in final form entitled:

PIRKEI SAFTA-OT

05/11/05

Date



Student Signature

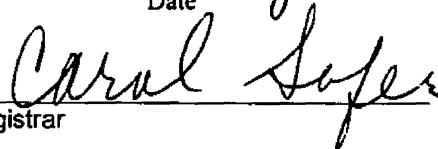
RECEIPT BY REGISTRAR

The above named project was received by the Registrar's Office on

Date

May 11, 2005

Registrar



By

PIRKEI SAFTA-OT

By

Marc Abrams

A thesis presented to the Faculty of the School of Social Work of the University of Southern California in co-operation with Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, California School in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Social Work

May, 2005


HEBREW UNION COLLEGE-JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION
LOS ANGELES SCHOOL

In co-operation with

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

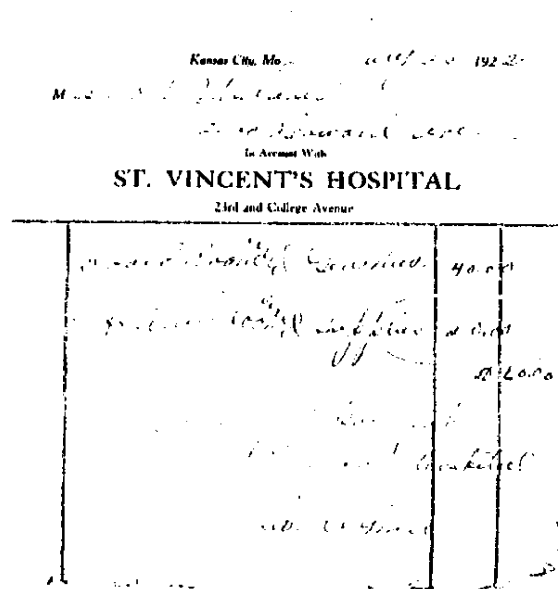
PIRKEI SAFTA-OT

Approved By:



"Pirkei Safta-ot"

By Marc J. Abrams



(Actual hospital bill for the birth of my grandmother)

Date: 05/11/2005

Time: 7:30 p.m.

Location: Hebrew Union College, Los Angeles

"Pirkei Safta-ot" is an artistic and photographic historical journey through Jewish tradition and generations by way of the Jewish bubbe and her cooking. To some the Jewish bubbe and her recipes represent the vehicle in which tradition has been passed down from generation to generation. These recipes serve as a link between the Jewish grandmothers of the past with the contemporary Jewish grandmother of the 21st century.

About the artist:

Marc J. Abrams was born in 1978 and raised in Valley Village, California. He was guided by his Mother and Father, Iris and Stephen Abrams, inspired by his Bubbe & Zadie, Harry & Annette Abrams, and supplied with apple cinnamon kugel by his Grandmother & Grandfather, Lenny & Judy Kravetz..

Marc went to nursery school at Adat Ari El, and went to Hebrew School, became Bar Mitzvah, and was confirmed at Temple Beth Hillel in Valley Village. He continued his Jewish learning in high school in Hebrew High School and attending NFTY (National Federation of Temple Youth) local, regional, and national events.

Marc attended Los Angeles County High School for the Arts where he concentrated in the Visual Arts (Photography, painting, sculpture, etc.). After high school he attended UC Santa Barbara where he earned his Bachelor's of arts in Philosophy with a concentration in Ethics and Public Policy and a second degree in Religious Studies.

After his undergraduate work he worked for Hillel in New York at Hofstra University as the Jewish Campus Service Corps Fellow for one year before returning to Los Angeles to work as the Program Director for Hillel at the Claremont Colleges.

Most recently he finished his graduate course work at HUC with a Master of Jewish Communal Service and a Master of Public Administration from USC.

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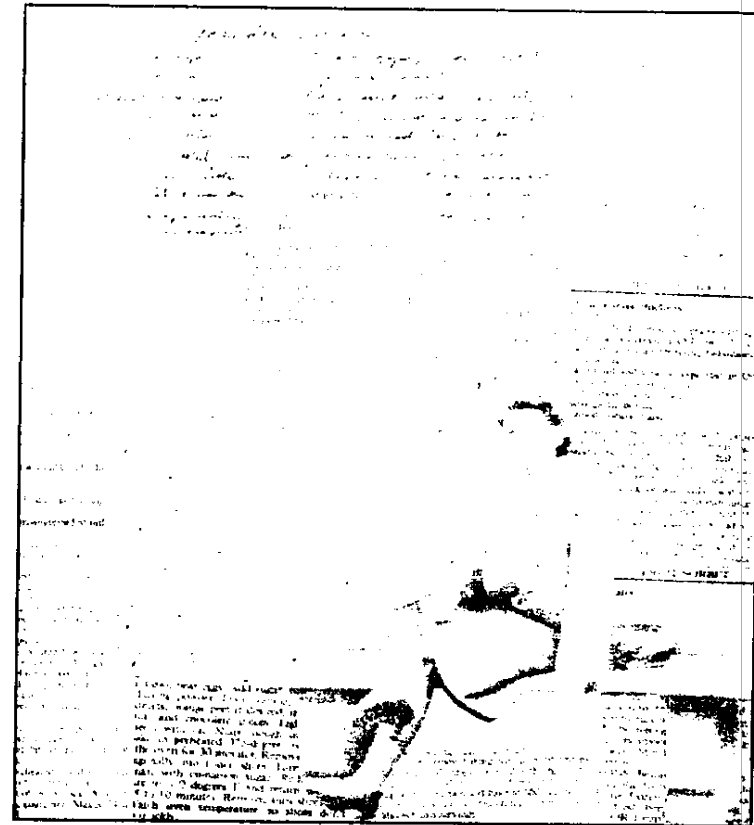
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A cookie wont hurt

My grandma (my Nana) was Jewish and English so she would make an interesting blend of cuisine for us. she Would make this amazing meal of meatballs and English roast potatoes and peas and would always be annoyed at my mom for serving us milk with this meal... she'd make trifle for dessert too. On the Jewish side we would have this amazing homemade chicken soup that she would spend all day making. And being British, every time we would visit her or she would visit us, there as always tea time, with cookies and tea or bagels and lox or crackers. the "Jewish" side of it was that she would use and reuse the same "fancy" tin of British cookies, filling it with other cookies she would buy at the store, but wanting to use that same old tin for presentation. And she'd always sneak extra cookies to me even when mom said no and even though I was a little on the hefty side. Her response was that I had "such a lovely figure" and that a cookie wouldn't hurt.

-Rachel



Worry

My grandma always insisted that my parents call when they got back to Huntington Beach after visiting her up in the Valley-- even just to call and let it ring once so she knew we were home. And if we ever took too long to get home she'd be panicked by the time we called, sure we were dead on the side of the road and tell us she had been shvitzing with worry (maybe that wasn't the right word--- whatever the Yiddish word for panicking is).

-Jenn

Mandel Bread

2 eggs
1/2 c oil
1 c sugar
3 c flour
1 c nuts
1 grated lemon rind
2 t. Vanilla
2 t. Almond
5 tps. Baking Powder
Remove nuts & slice.

Beat eggs, add sugar
Lemon & Almond
1/2 c. flour + nuts, add oil,
+ 1 1/2 c. flour with 3 tps. Bk. Pdr.
Then knead it. Pat
flour on Board & make 2
rolls 2 in. thick. place on
oiled cookie sheet Bake in
Moderate oven 325° for 35 min.

Ingredients:
2 eggs
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Radio Flyer

When I was little we'd go to the market near my parents house she would take me in a little radio flyer at the market she'd fill one of those plastic bags with choco covered raisins - u know from those candy bins and give it to me to eat while we were there I asked her once how she was able to do that - isn't it stealing and she said she knew the owner of the market every market we went to "she knew the owner" when I started going with my friends and their families to the market..... the story didn't fly too well.

-Kim

[illegible]

Tongue Clicking

My grandmother would bug my parents every year to come up for Passover and shake her head and cluck her tongue when they would complain that they didn't want to drive all the way up on a week night...similarly she'd ask me if my mother ever lit candles on Friday night. I had NO idea what she was talking about at the time, because my parents raised my sister and I totally secular and I didn't even know what Shabbat was until college so I would just tell her that we lit Hanukkah candles but that was it. And then there would be more tongue clicking.

-Jessica

7. Blue ground crabs
 King Chopped also
 12 Chops, 20 eggs
 20 Eggs
 20 Eggs
 10 Salt butter
 4 Tom. honey powder
 4 Eggs
 2 Ch. Nuts

My Uncle's mother used to not be able to pronounce Ke AYIN HARA'AH (Giving something the evil eye), so every time she felt that someone was giving a situation or a person something in relevance to the "Evil Eye" she would say "DON'T GIVE IT A CANARY"

-Joshua

Proud

Nana teaches me about Yiddish words. Tonight she referred to a situation that she said was a "shanda". She said, "Do you know what that means, a 'shanda'?" I said, "Oh yes." Ignoring the fact that I just said "yes," Nana proceeds to tell me, "a shanda is not just 'a shame,' it is more than a shame. A shanda is disgraceful. It's hard to explain." So I offer some assistance, "Right. If Josh [my brother] marries a shiksa, THAT is a shanda." "RIIIIIIIIGHT!" says Nana, holding on to the "aye" sound in the word for an extended period, similar to the way a parent coos encouragingly to a young child, and I feel so proud of myself because of it.

-Becky

Recipe 18255

Chicken & Orange Soup

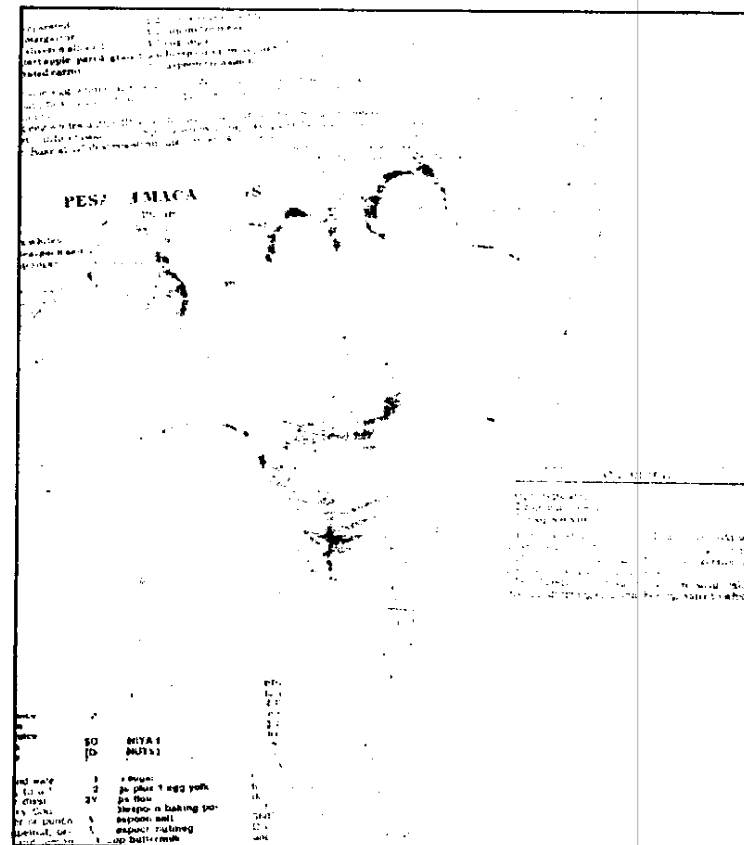
(9) 12 eggs (1/2 2 lobes, potato skin)
(1/2) 1 cup sugar 1/2 1 lb. flour
(3/4) 1 cup (1 cup flour) 1/2 1 cup (1 cup flour)

Beat eggs with salt & pepper. Put
in bowl. Add sugar, flour, and
milk. Mix thoroughly. Add egg yolks
(slightly beaten), mix well. Pour in
flour & salt to thick (soft).
Bake in 6" pan. Bake in
water bath to cook before removing
from pan. (Bake in water bath).
Allow to cool. Then remove from
pan.

Bubbe's Words of Wisdom

There was a time when I was working in a juvenile treatment center and I was telling my Bubbie about the different responsibilities that I had there. I mentioned something about the fact that they just kept piling more work on me and she told me this story. She said "When I was in kindergarten, I one time volunteered to do the lunch dishes for my teacher. Because I did such a good job, my teacher made me the dish person almost every day. So I will tell you what I learned from that day on, if you don't do such a good job, people will stop asking you to do things." And that was one of my Bubbie's many words of wisdom.

-Lauren



Saying it out loud

Nana: You know, if I wasn't Jewish, I think I might be a Catholic. We have neighbors across the street who are Catholic. When they lost their daughter--their little girl--they seemed perfectly happy because they said "Oh, she's in heaven with grandma now." And, you know, it's really consoling . . . if you can believe that.

Me: (Hysterical laughter)

Nana: I think they're on to something. We Jews-- it's all about guilt. We can never escape the guilt somehow.

Me: (still laughing hysterically from the previous comment)

Nana: I don't think I've ever said that out loud before. I've had the thoughts, but I don't think I have actually said it out loud!

-David



