

## The Kustanowitz Kronikle

Vol. XXII, No. 1

Fair Lawn, New Jersey

February 15, 2008

# DOV YAIR KUSTANOWITZ LANDS NEW KRONIKLE POST

### New Arrival to Start Juvenile Blog and Expand Online Presence

Special to the Kustanowitz Kronikle

SILVER SPRING, MD, February 15 — Journalism took a giant step forward today with the announcement that Dov Yair Kustanowitz has been appointed Director of Online Juvenile Services for the Kustanowitz Kronikle.

With his big two-and-a-half-year-old brother Gil, head of the Kronikle's Juvenile Bureau, looking on proudly, Dov gurgled his acceptance of the newly created position immediately after the Brit Milah ceremony initiating him as a Member of the Tribe.



Jack, Penina, Gil, and Dov meet the press in Silver Spring, MD.

In his new post, Dov will be responsible for transmitting smiles, laughs, and happy sounds via webcam to Saba Al and Savta Shuly in Fair Lawn and to Saba Steve and Savta Rena in Boca Raton, while Gil sings, dances, and provides up-to-the-minute news reports on happenings in Silver Spring.

Dov didn't waste any time and arranged for the first webcam to beam the entire brit ceremony to Fair Lawn today, where Savta Shuly witnessed the show live and in full color on her computer screen.

In this election year, living close to the Beltway, Dov expects to be in demand by both political parties as a spokesman and by the mainstream media as a pundit, but he will focus his attention on lobbying for baby rights and writing a blog for the Kronikle.

Dov expected to have his Brit Milah celebration on Wednesday, the eighth day of his young life, but a somewhat high bilirubin count caused his doctors and mohel to wait two more days, citing the Jewish law that requires a delay until the procedure can be performed safely. That gave him two extra days to

plan his activities for the year ahead.

Once Dov settles in and takes his place in the Kustanowitz household, he will split his time between Kronikle blogging duties and his English and Hebrew education in preparation for whatever new career opportunity presents itself in 2029.

With Gil in charge, Jack will soon be able to return to his job as Director of Application Development for the Health Central Network and Penina to her job as Senior Foundation Relations Associate at Hillel: The Foundation for Jewish Campus Life.

Kronikle Editor and Publisher Al Kustanowitz and Managing Editor Shuly Kustanowitz expressed delight in finding such a qualified candidate to become a member of the Kronikle Krew. They eagerly look forward to Dov's contributions to the newspaper.



Dov Yair Kustanowitz, newly appointed Director of Online Juvenile Services.

## Names to Live Up To

### Three Grandparents, Sweet Memories

SILVER SPRING, MD, February 15 — Ten days of suspense and anticipation culminated in a happy and uplifting moment today when Jack and Penina announced that their newborn son has been named in loving memory of Jack's Savta Devorah and Penina's Great-Grandfather Sholom Dov and Zaide Feibush.

Here is the complete text of their remarks today:



Zaide Phil 'Feibush' Rantz gets a good look at baby Penina.



Savta Deborah W. Englander reads to two-year-old Jack.

**JACK:** First, let me begin with the names we did NOT give. We asked Gil what the baby's name was, and he told us it was January. Aside from being born in February, we felt that January Kustanowitz was just

not fair. Doda Esther, calling in from the west coast, suggested Gnocchi Tinocchi, which we thought had a limited shelf life.

Dov Yair's first name is in loving memory of my Savta Devorah, my Ema's mother, as well as Penina's father's grandfather, Shalom Dov.

I was incredibly fortunate to have many years of rich memories of both my Savta and my  
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# Names to Live Up To

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Saba, who were fixtures in my childhood and my adolescence. I knew them on a day-to-day level, as they watched us when my parents went on trips, or took us to the Monsey pool, or just had us over on a Sunday afternoon. As is the case with all real relationships, some of the memories are silly — losing Simmy's Yoda Star Wars figure somewhere in their apartment and looking for it for years, making paper airplanes, the tune that used to play on the rotating music box with the pictures.

Other memories are more serious — it was my Savta who helped me memorize *Al Hamichya*, an assignment in school, using hand gestures and encouraging and smiling at me every step of the way. I remember protesting loudly to her that *Ashrei* was repetitious — really couldn't King David have been more creative than ending consecutive lines with "*le'olam va'ed*" at the beginning — and she would always listen to these kinds of questions, take me seriously, and try to give me a thoughtful answer.

I remember her as a strong, patient, loving person, smiling and celebrating our triumphs and accomplishments. My last memory of her was a visit to see her in the hospital before she passed away. Her last request of me was to ask if I wanted to do a mitzvah and bring her a glass of water, which I did. I wondered later if she had in mind Rashi's comment on Yaakov's request of his children to do a "*chesed ve'emet*" in not burying him in Egypt, but taking him to *Ma'arat HaMachpelah* to be buried with his father. Rashi explains "*chesed shel emet*" as a good deed done for someone who was dying, and would therefore clearly never be able to repay it. Even in that last visit, she was my loving teacher.

Penina's father's paternal grandfather (that's three generations of Rantzes!) was Shalom Dov, and while Penina never knew him personally, her father describes him as the "hard-working patriarch of the family" (with seven children), who established a bakery in Chelsea, MA that employed most of the family, including his son and Penina's grandfather, Feibush, which is another name we didn't choose directly, but more about that in a minute.

Apparently, Super Zaide Shalom Dov had the power to raise the dead: Family lore has it that when Feibush, Penina's Zaide, was a child, he was hit by a truck and landed on his head. Taken for dead, he was brought to the morgue, where Shalom Dov yelled at him, "Feive, wake up! Feive, wake up!" — Which he did, and went on to have a long, happy life. We would like to bless our little Dov Yair with my Savta's intelligence and love for yiddishkeit, and with Super Zaide Shalom Dov's strength and perseverance.

**PENINA:** We chose Dov's middle name, Yair, in memory of my Zaide, Feibush Yisrael. After extensive research (While Feibush might be good on a football jersey, I didn't know how it would play in the playground), I was pleased to learn that the origin of the name 'Feibush' is actually derived from the Greek god Phoebus, god of light (and sometimes an alias for Apollo). We therefore chose the name Yair, meaning "he shall provide light".

My Zaide was an especially sweet, gentle man who was extremely

devoted to his family and took special delight in his grandchildren. Some of my earliest memories involve my Zaide teaching me to swim, taking me to feed the fish in the lake by his house and convincing me that the little ones had red bellies because I once fed them jelly-filled donuts instead of bread.

On Sundays, he and my Bubbe would take me out for breakfast and then to the flea market, which is what you do in Florida. My Zaide would always walk a few steps ahead of me quietly dropping coins, which I would then find — amazed at my good fortune week after week. From my vantage point, I was just the luckiest girl in the world to find all these coins, which I was then allowed to spend at the market. My Zaide encouraged me to think I was a very lucky girl, and it was a long time before I realized that he was really behind the game.

This little boy already reminds me of my Zaide, with his sweet, gentle personality, and very calm disposition, and we consider it an honor to give Dov the name Yair in his memory. We hope he will grow up with Zaide's strength, calm, and love for family.

Yair was also the father of Mordechai — one of the main protagonists in the story of Purim. Our son Dov Yair was born on Rosh Chodesh Adar, and as we know, "*mishenichnas Adar marbim besimcha*" — once Adar begins, we try to do more celebrating, mainly, because the events of Megillat Purim give us much to rejoice over. And with Dov Yair's arrival, we are indeed rejoicing.

We know very little about Yair the man identified as Mordechai's father in the Megillah. We do know, however, that he raised an extraordinary son, who was able to direct events in such a way as to save the Jewish people at a time of terrible oppression. Mordechai's father Yair played a hidden role in the Purim story — a theme that is prominent throughout the megillah — but that's another *drash* for another time. The megillah ends with the triumphant declaration "*Layehudim hayta orah*" — The Jews had light — bringing an end to a long period of darkness for the Jewish people.

We hope that our son, Dov Yair, will also merit to do great things for the Jewish people and bring light into many lives.

Dov Yair, you have already brought so much love and light into our lives. Your older brother Gil has been anxiously awaiting your arrival, and has been doing his best to get over his cold so he can finally play with you without making his parents nervous. We look forward to watching you grow up and pray that we can guide you along your path as you bring light into the lives of others. We love you very much!



**Saba Al holds Dov Yair as the mohel performs the Brit.**



**Saba Steve holds Dov Yair as he is given his name.**



**Kronikle Juvenile department heads Dov and Gil confer in their first meeting.**