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How Jewish

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How JEWISH

Friday morning I got to hear the word holocaust mean a day too hot to bear from two teen-age girls in pink lipgloss as they walked off the bus. As in My God it's a holocaust out here. That's what they said. Every time I tell somebody I am Jewish they say sorry as if there is something to be sorry about. But you don't look Jewish they chime, as if it is a compliment. Mom saves sugar packets, keeps rings and pearls in her purse, waits weeks to toss out scrap paper or tissues half-used. She learned this from Abraham and Anna who left Auschwitz and Dachau behind to start a new life in New York City. Is that not Jewish enough for you? Tell me what you need me to do— Repeat the *mi shebeirach* over Shabbat candles? Bless my meat before I consume its nutrients for my own good? What, should my nose stick out just an inch more? How Jewish do I have to be for you to no longer feel the need to be sorry?