

## Turkey and Potato Latkes

*By Howie Flomberg*

This year the wonderful uniqueness of my family shines. First of all, given the Jewish calendar, the first day of Chanukah falls on November 28. That is coincidentally Thanksgiving. Under the Jewish calendar that date is Kislev 28, 5774. The Jewish calendar is a calendar with 12 thirty-day months and an occasional leap month added. There is an occasional 29-day month, and no, I don't understand it either, but this year is a leap year with an extra month, Adar II, added. Today is Yom Rishon (Monday), Tishrei 26, 5774.

But getting back to the uniqueness of my family, my son married a lovely Catholic girl. Now if I had married a Catholic girl my grandparents would have declared me dead and gone into Shiva or mourning for me. Now the result is a mix of cultures. My son is quite comfortable with his Jewish background. My daughter-in-law feels the same way about her background. We celebrate both Jewish and Christian holidays and enjoy them. By the way that rumbling sound you might hear is my Grandma Ida rolling in her grave.

Traditionally we celebrate Thanksgiving at my daughter-in-law's mother's house and we celebrate Chanukah at our home. As there is a clash of cultures this year, we will celebrate them both at my daughter-in-law's mother's house. Judy and I will bring our Menorah (candelabra) and the Chanukah presents with us. And have a traditional Chanukah and Thanksgiving combined – I will start taking Alka-Seltzer early in the day.

My daughter-in-law has learned to make wonderful potato latkes, fried potato pancakes. Unfortunately she cannot pronounce the word latke correctly, she calls them lat-keys I've given up trying to correct her.

In my family, we did get together for Thanksgiving, but there were no prayers or other celebratory activities, it was just another chance to overeat. Chanukah, however, we did the holiday justice. We lit the candles and the kinder (children) said the blessings. In front of our fireplace was a pile of presents. There were enough presents to insure that there would be one for each of our two children for eight nights. We would sit down to dinner while the kids were making furtive glances at the present-pile, waiting for permission to attack the pile.

First they created two piles of presents, one for Dave and one for Deb, insuring that there were an equal number for each. Then they would go through the selection process. They would pick up each present, shake it, and feel its weight. After that they would take their present to opposite sides of the room and open them, dancing around the room with it. About this time the phone would start ringing, Dave and Deb's Christian friends would start calling and asking them what they got. This ritual would be repeated seven more times. We loved it.