

## **PROGRAM ADDITIONS**

Audrey Lavin Crawley, Lighting Board Operator (Providence)  
Paula Goldberg, Costume Technician and House Management  
Stephen Wilson, Electrician (Brooklyn)  
Jacob Wolf, Electrician (Providence)

### **Additional Donors (as of January 5, 2020)**

#### **Matzah Ball Soup**

Shmunis Family Foundation

#### **Rugelach**

Anonymous

Connie Payne

Michael Rosenfield

### **Additional Special Thanks**

Michla Dien

Terry Kelleher and Ann Silverberg

Karen Millar

Noel Rubinton

### **Pre- and Post-Show Music**

Lightning\*

Kinder in Shul\*

Market Day\*

Rumshinky's Bulgar\*

Moscow Nights

The Lovers' Dance\*

Fugue for B\*

Sevastopol Waltz

Big Bear\*

Korobeiniki

\*From the CD *Beregovski Suite*. See program note.

In-show music is also taken from this CD as well as from recorded music provided by Christina Crowder, accordion.

### **Excerpted from**

***How Many Bushels Am I Worth:***

***A Personal Connection: My Grandfather, My Dad, My Son***

**By Andy Malavsky. For the full text, visit <https://bit.ly/2QGauoH>**

Bena Shklyanoy's story of her family's agonizing decision to flee the USSR and religious persecution by emigrating from Kiev to the United States in the 1970s with the help of the Save the Soviet Jewry movement offers a personal connection for my family and me.

Born in 1894 near Kiev, my grandfather Samuel Malavsky was a full-fledged professional cantor by the time of his bar mitzvah. Shortly before his 18th birthday in the early 1910s he immigrated to New York in pursuit of his own safety and religious freedom.

As an apprentice of the world-renowned Cantor Yossele Rosenblatt (also from the Ukraine), my grandfather and Cantor Rosenblatt toured the United States performing Judaic concerts. When his children (my Uncle Albert; my Aunts Goldie, Trudie, Ruth, and Minnie; and my Dad, Morton) grew up, my grandfather formed the Malavsky Family Choir. The choir also performed abroad, appearing in Canada, France, England, Cuba, and Israel.

When I stop and think of my grandfather as a young man fleeing for his personal safety to the United States, I also consider how Bena, some 60 years later, was forced to do the same and how today, more than 100 years since my grandfather's journey, others find themselves in very similar situations, forced to make the very same impossible, life-altering choices to save themselves and their families from religious persecution. This fills me with various emotions - anger, sadness, and gratitude.

Yet as I see my son taking full advantage of his own religious freedoms while pursuing his artistic passion and appearing in the role of Alex in this play, which shares a timeless story of family, courage, and faith, I am filled with the singular emotion of PRIDE.