

**From:** [David Kraemer](#)  
**To:** [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)  
**Subject:** FW: One Person's Daily Response to Communal Fear  
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**From:** Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>  
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**Subject:** One Person's Daily Response to Communal Fear

**Curley Addition Census** (the little slice of “Pleasantville” in Mendota Heights that Phyllis and I have lived in since 1988) 1 walker(me) 2 cars 50 minutes through the mist  
Nope, I think my Tuesday thought has been placed on the backburner forever.  
As I set out today, in a little misty weather, I began my walk retracing the steps I regularly took on the Sabbath and holidays as I walked to the synagogue for services. Naturally, or subconsciously however you define that, my mind wandered back to the world of religion and how far it has taken me in my life. But as I turned a corner, both physically, and obviously, metaphorically—my mind wandered back to Prof. David Fellman's Constitutional Law class at the University of Wisconsin (still one of my favorite semester courses I ever took) and my sense that somehow my early engagement with Political Science was now coming home to roost. And having begun to have my mind think back to Madison, Wisconsin—suddenly I spent the rest of my walk focused on three people-- Anne Minahan, Allen Pincus and Rosemarie Carbino. (I realized that the jump that I made was actually a gift of Rabbi Ishmael and his 13 Principles of Interpretation which I study rather quickly each morning. The 13<sup>th</sup> principle is that when two competing texts conflict with one another, one waits until a 3<sup>rd</sup> text arrives to resolve the matter-but I digress)  
Anne Minahan and Allen Pincus were framers of a serious “systems model” of Social Work Practice—comprising 4 distinct elements in any healthy and proper social work undertaking. The construct, first published and brought to light the year I began my studies in Madison (1973), would define the contours of my life for the last three years I was there—74-77—when I left with both my Bachelor's and Master's degrees in Social Work. I dabbled in Political Science along the way as well, but most of my energies were devoted to completing my master's degree as quickly as possible—so I could get on with my life. And get on I did. Though I spent a year as a Social Worker at a chronic care hospital in Boston, I was pretty determined to spend my life serving the Jewish community. And for most of my professional life I did so. For two years after ordination, I worked at JTS doing recruitment for its 4 schools. It was a wonderful time to be doing so—as I was privileged to recruiting and engaging with the first generation of women who would become Conservative rabbis. And then for the next 33 years, I had the distinct honor of creating a shul community together with many folks willing to share in the heavy lifting that was necessary. The story of Beth Jacob has been documented over the years by many, but most importantly lived out in the lives of so many people for whom the shul was a cornerstone of their life and a living embodiment of what community really is supposed to look like. And that's how my mind ended up thinking and praising a mentor who will never fully realize the impact she had on one scrawny and fearful young student who graced the halls of [425 Henry Mall](#) for 3 years.

Every social work student had a supervisor at their placement and in addition was in a group cohort for supervision at the school. That supervisor was also your “advisor” in the department. As luck would have it, I ended up with Rosemarie. I think our group was comprised of 12 people, 9 or 10 women and 2 or 3 men. That was pretty much the ratio of students in the school. (That was true except somehow in Al Kadushin’s “Principles of Supervision” class which saw the numbers completely reversed. It was something I never really understood until someone told me that county social service departments paid for social workers to take his class so they could “advance” from the front lines.)

In any event, over the two years I spent in her classes and in meeting with her, Rosemarie somehow made the theoretical construct of Pincus and Minahan become an intuitive piece of my approach to life and my professional outlook. She did it so well that I never really understood that until late in my rabbinate when I began to look back at the work I had done and suddenly I saw it all through the lens of Allen Pincus and Anne Minahan as mediated by Rosemarie Carbino. Indeed, most of how I have approached my life has probably been a result of my early interactions with her over 40 years ago. The model became so second hand that it was not a model anymore but simply how I was living my professional life—both in my career and in my encore career. And then, and here is the whole point of the writing today, I realized on this walk this morning that my entire approach to **“transforming one’s eating style”(TOES—sometimes referred to by the euphemism dieting)** was a result of the lessons learned both theoretically and operationally in the school of Social Work during the mid-1970’s. Indeed, while my work on the pulpit and my dabbling’s in public service appear to be distinct undertakings, they are both only a result of the formative narrative that was shared in my college days by those three individuals and countless others—beginning with my first social work class taught by Fred Seidl. And maybe, one day, I will finally admit that even my personal life has been totally framed by the construct of social work practice—identifying both the theories enduring strengths and its limited failures. Shabbat Shalom Have a glorious weekend

Morris

(for new additions—I have been writing an unedited daily musing piece each morning after my now standard 40 minute walk. I believe this is my 16 or 17th daily piece)

Sent by my iPad