

From: [David Kraemer](#)
To: [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)
Subject: FW: An Existential Threat-one individual's response to communal fear Day 3
Date: Wednesday, July 15, 2020 9:41:32 AM

-----Original Message-----

From: Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>
Sent: Friday, March 20, 2020 9:56 AM
To: mojo210al@gmail.com
Cc: docgorin@aol.com
Subject: An Existential Threat-one individual's response to communal fear Day 3

Long before there was match.com, there was a delightful communal worker in Jewish life called the shadchan, the matchmaker. Many of you may be familiar with that concept from "Fiddler on the Roof" where 'Yenta the Matchmaker' plays an oversized role in the family's life.

My mother was a shadchan. Indeed she and her sister, my beloved aunt Mary(zl) formalized their life-long matchmaking skills for a few years in the late 80's and early 90's by running a formal such undertaking. The internet and timing destroyed their business venture, but it produced some wonderful relationships that endure to this day.

I tell you that because from an early age I must have internalized shadchanut (matchmaking) as a necessary life skill. My mom taught me that shadchanut was not simply about linking one person to another in a loving partnership-but was a necessary way to address all aspects of life. She would invite people to share a shabbat meal at our table who she thought should know each other. She spent her later professional years serving as an adoption and foster care social worker. It was the only type of social work she really should have done-for she connected people to one another in ways that forever changed their lives. In retrospect, I have come to understand that the early lessons I learned by simply watching my mom live her life became totally operational inside my own life. But here's the kicker. I really only unpacked all of this in the last few days. It was a result of the latest "match" I was privileged to make. There was a non-profit care clinic that was on the edge of folding as a result of the economic pressures brought on by covid-19. Were it to close, literally hundreds and hundreds of people would have been without any medical clinic that would ever see them for care. Out of the blue, I received an email from Susan Calmenson about a different matter. At the close of her email she said-"let me know if you know anyone our Foundation might reach out to". And then the teaching of our sages jumped out at me, (a teaching my mother may have never studied but did teach so well)-"what miracles has God been doing since the splitting of the Red Sea? Making Matches and it is just as difficult and equally important". And so a match made in heaven happened once again. As a result of the willingness of the Calmenson Family Foundation and the supporters of Dakota Child and Family Clinic willing to partner, we have bought the Clinic a little more life. Right now it is only for two more months. Like so many non-profits, this clinic operates with very little in reserves. We will have to make more matches in the coming months for many such groups. But when we do, thank Annie Arbitman Allen for simply being a good mom. Shabbat shalom Morris

Sent from my iPhone

Sent by my iPad