

confirmed at Temple Albert. Then I taught religious school, along with other members of the community, in the basement of the Baptist Church. Our Christian brethren have always been most generous in sharing their facilities before we had a temple of our own, and afterwards when we ran out of space on the High Holidays.

During World War II, Bruns Hospital was open-an Army Hospital that cared for the wounded. So on Friday nights my father conducted services in the Chapel, and the local community was also invited to attend. Many of our doctors and nurses who came to Santa Fe to practice, did so because they were stationed or cared for at Bruns.

My first introduction to the outside world of Jewish life was when I left Santa Fe to attend college at Sophie Newcomb in New Orleans. That was a real eye opener for the "country bumpkin!" It was a surprise for me to learn that I could only be rushed by a Jewish sorority, and that generally speaking, all of the Jewish students were pretty much ghettoized, a far cry from my life in Santa Fe. But it was probably the best thing that ever happened to me, because, not only did it teach me about the outside world, but it was there that I met, and latter married Abe Silver, my husband of 42 years. We were married in Santa Fe in my grandmother's home by Rabbi David Shore from Albuquerque. After that Abe and I lived in Virginia where he was stationed in the Air Force.

When we returned to Santa Fe in 1952, the corner stone was laid for the temple that we now know as the upper sanctuary. That was truly a proud day for the Jewish community, and when it was completed we thought it meet our needs for ever-never dreaming of how fast the population would grow.

The temple seated a little over 100 people and the basement served as a social hall and Sunday school combined, and had a very kitchen. I'll never forget the community Seders, which the sisterhood doing all of the cooking complete with gefiltefish made from scratch. All of the children especially loved them because they sat at their own table, with their own bottle of wine. It was a wonderful meeting place for onigs and all of our life cycle events. Bar and Bat Mitzvah receptions were held there as were many wedding receptions. It was a much simpler time!!!

After the temple had been open for a few years the congregation finally had enough money to hire a part time rabbi. We had a series of retired rabbis, the last of whom was Rabbi Abraham Schindling, who lived Albuquerque and traveled here every Friday and Saturday to conduct services and lead the religious and Hebrew school. He was much loved by the congregation and especially the children, our own included. It was through him that our daughter Carolyn was a first Bat Mitzvah recipient of the Temple, and John, Margaret, and Carolyn were Confirmed.

Obviously their religious training was far different from mine had been, but again growing up in Santa Fe gave them a special comradery with their friends, as I had with mine as I was growing up.

We were finally able to hire an almost full time Rabbi, and that was when Rabbi Leonard Heldman arrived. The Temple grew and grew and soon we were bursting at the seams, and soon a drive was started to raise money for a new temple.