Recommendations for Your Library
A Presentation by the Sydney Taylor Book Award Committee
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Fast Asleep in a Little Village in Israel
by Jennifer Tzivia MacLeod
KUKURIKU called the rooster.

Meooooow, meooooow

yowled the cat in the dry hot yard.

Zzzzz, Zzzzz

buzzed the mosquito. Mrs Strauss opened the window. (The mosquito flew into a corner.)

"Sheket!"

she called to the cat in the yard. "Quiet!"

Back in bed, Mrs. Strauss rolled over and tried to go to sleep.
Mrs. Strauss pulled the pillow over her head. *Kukuriku,* crowed the rooster, who sounded thirstier than ever. 

*Ta ta, ta ta, ta ta ta,* buzzed the mosquito. *Meeeeeow, meeoooow,* yowled the cat, daring the radio to drown her out. *Lalalalalalala, lalalalala,* wailed the radio.

wailed the radio of the makolet man downstairs, announcing that his grocery store was open for business: cool drinks, hot coffee, fresh soft pita. There was no silence here.
The Bagel King by Andrew Larsen
Zaida brought bagels in winter, spring, summer and fall.

He brought them through snow, rain, heat and gloom. Zaida had been bringing bagels for as long as Eli could remember.
Warm.
Chewy.
Salty.
Bagels were the best thing about Sunday.
The best thing, that is, except for Zaida.
What Was the Holocaust? by Gail Herman
All About Anne by Anne Frank House
A Queen in Jerusalem by Tami Shem-Tov & Rachella Sandbank
Pictures by Avi Ofer
“These are our talented weavers,” says Boris. Then he says to the weavers, “Quickly, everybody! We must create a robe for a queen!”
The smiling weavers crowd around Malka. They busily measure, cut, sew and tie, and suddenly—magically—Malka is wrapped in a long beautiful robe, woven with gold threads.
“And now, Malka, my queen, will you permit the Bezalel artists to paint pictures of you in your beautiful costume?” asks Boris. He leads a very excited Malka to yet another hall, and straight to a chair at the front of the room.

Malka sits in the chair, straight and queen-like, facing the art students. They look at her and paint. She has to keep still, and that is not easy, but a real queen knows how to behave.

When they are finished, Malka gets up to look at the paintings. She discovers that each artist has painted her slightly differently, and yet she can recognize herself in each of the paintings.
‘I hope that one day you will come back here as a student,’ says Boris. Malka smiles and goes on her way, towards home.

It is cold, but nobody minds. Everyone stops to look at Malka. There has never been a queen like this in the streets of Jerusalem.
AUTHOR’S NOTE

Malka, the heroine of this story, is the author’s invention, but Boris Schatz was a real person—a sculptor and a painter, born in Russia in 1867. His dream was to open the first art school in Jerusalem; a place to study and create art, painting and sculpture, and other beautiful crafts like weaving and jewelry-making. Boris fulfilled his dream when, in 1906, he established Bezalel, an art school in Jerusalem which is still active today.

As a young man, Boris studied painting and sculpture in Russia and Paris. At first his work was unknown, but little by little he became known as an artist.

His sculpture of Judah Maccabee was exhibited at a big show in Paris. Important people from all over the world visited the exhibition, among them the king of Bulgaria who was so impressed by Boris’ sculpture that he invited Boris to be the chief artist of the Bulgarian kingdom. Boris also founded a royal school of art in Bulgaria.

Boris then decided to establish an art school in Jerusalem. The Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design has existed in Jerusalem for more than a hundred years.
Orphan Monster Spy by Matt Killeen
And There Was Evening, And There Was Morning
by Ellen Kahan Zager & Harriet Cohen Helfand
**Day Four**

The sun, the moon, and stars that shine,  
High above to mark off time,  
God set in place so we’d find our way,  
Evening to evening, and day to day.

And there was evening and there was morning, a peaceful day.
Day Five
God filled the earth with pikes and jays,
Gagging geese and manta rays,
Birds that soar across the sky,
Fishes swimming, gliding by.

And there was evening and there was morning,
a noisy day.
If You Don’t Have Anything Nice To Say by Leila Sales
The Language of Spells by Garret Weyr
We Can Find a Way by Dina Rosenfeld
Bitter and Sweet by Sandra V. Feder