Mornings and Mourning: A Kaddish Journal

E. M. Broner

I am amputated, inconsolable. My Dad has died.

Eighty-five is more than the proverbial three score and ten, but if it is the life of one's father, one's history, then how can it be concluded? He has stories still untold, and there are stories I can never tell him. There is the support I will not receive; there is his wife left to grieve.

"Our life was like a Great Books Club," said my mother. "We read, we discussed." Now she will turn the pages silently.

I will have to make up my Dad, fictionalize, mythologize him. Most of all, I will have to find a way to mourn him.

I consult friends. "Whatever you do, it won't be enough," one warns me. I decide to do enough. I will mourn rigorously, vigorously. I decide to attend daily services at an Orthodox synagogue. I have read Chaim Potok. I have seen the Orthodox on the Upper West Side, joyously preparing for holidays. I innocently think my coreligionists will be delighted to have me in their midst.

JANUARY 16, 1987

I appear at my neighborhood synagogue at 7:45 A.M., the work force of the city already pouring out of PATH trains from New Jersey, out of the Lexington and Seventh Avenue lines. The shopkeepers have swept or hosed down their walks. The news vendors have spread out their wares at dawn. So it is no surprise that the doors of the synagogue are unlocked.

I enter to find a small *davening* (praying) room on the street level. Only one person is sitting there, a gaunt, gray-haired woman. She sits behind a clothes rack on wheels with a curtain stretched across it. The curtain serves as a *mekhitza* (partition). I smile uncertainly and sit across the aisle.

"Here, here!" Doris points to her bench. "They make us sit here, behind the *shmate* (rag). That shit Schlomo said it was too see-through and put a *tallis* (prayer shawl) over the rack. I don't know whether the men on the other side are standing up or sitting down. I don't know whether the ark is opened or closed. I don't know if it's summer or winter.

"Damn 'em to hell," she continues, "especially Schlomo and that miserable Ornstein and that freak Joshua."

She's giving me the characters, but what's the plot?

"I rush in only at *kaddish* time to pray for my sister and rush back out again. I wait in the corridor. I won't sit behind the *shmate*. Let 'em all burn in hell."

I see Doris only once more at morning *davening* because she is finishing her *kaddish* time. I don't know that soon I'll be talking just like her.

JANUARY 28

They are all ancient. The *shamash* (sexton), addressed by his occupation, is ninety-five—and not the oldest. He has a competitor in Rodney, ninety-seven. Although the *shamash* dresses for the job, Rodney takes out his uncomfortable teeth, shuffles in slippers, eases open the buttons of his shirt so he can flap in the room.

The *shamash* counts the crowd. He doesn't have the required ten Jewish men, a minyan, to read the *kaddish, barakhu*, and *keddusha*. So he goes out on the street to hunt for more. No matter how hard-pressed these men are to get the required ten, I am never counted in the crowd.

"Here comes half a man," the *shamash* chuckles as he greets me each morning. "Too bad; I need a whole."

On my second morning, the *shamash* goes out the door of the shul and returns with his find—a whole man, though a street cuckoo. This bird hoots and crows throughout the prayers.

One bulky congregant with a short white beard confronts me aggressively. He must be the accursed Schlomo.

"Stay behind the curtain, lovely lady," he says. "We can't look at you during prayers."

Doris must have been a "lovely lady" also. The lace curtain is the kind one would have seen in a 1930s living room or parlor. Schlomo pulls the clothes rack across my instep saying, "You dazzle us."

The elderly *shamash* says, "Don't bother her. She's not bothering you."

He will prove to be my ally in the months of daily services, a cranky, bawling-out ally.

Fred, a widower and a joker, tells a joke a day. His jokes are often God jokes or Miami Beach jokes. Sometimes God appears at Miami Beach. This is a God joke:

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There is a religious old coot who places all power in the hands of the Lord. A great flood comes to his town and a car comes by. The water is up to his doorstep, but the old man shakes his head. "God will provide," he says. The water rises to the second story of his house. He's hanging out of the window. A rowboat floats up to the window. "No," refuses the religious man. "God will provide." The water rises in town and valley. The old man is on the roof of his house, clinging to the chimney. A helicopter flies overhead and lets down a ladder. "No," says the old man. "God will provide." The old man dies and goes to heaven. He meets the Lord. "How could you let me die when I believed in you?" cries the man. "Schmuck," says the Lord. "Who do you think sent the car, the boat, the plane?"

January 29

I won't hide out in the corridor as Doris did. I stand next to the curtain, not behind it.

"Cover the young woman," says an elder.

They always refer to me as "young," though I'm in my middle years. They think of it as gallantry, I as dismissive.

The *shamash* ignores the complainer. He has business on his mind, bawling-out business. "If you neglect reading one word of this prayer," he says, tapping the page, "then your father won't get up there. He'll lie here flat like a matzo."

My father clearly needs leavening.

"Hurry," says the *shamash*. "We can't wait all day. We have to get to work."

Not so. Most of the men have a long day stretching out before them: coffee at the counter of a luncheonette, a visit to the local library, a bet on the Belmont races, a meeting, they hope, with someone on the bench near their building or while standing in the supermarket check-out line.

After *davening,* the men invite me for *kiddush,* the after-service munchies.

"Give yourself a lift," says Fred. "Give the day a push-up."

The *shamash* shuffles quickly to the *kiddush* room, turning to tell me, "There are three things old men love: *davening,* herring, and schnapps." He pauses. "Maybe four," he says. "Sex."

"Sex?" I ask.

"Sure, lady," he says. "Stick around!" He swings his cane jauntily.

My Dad would have shaken his head in amusement at this whole scene. He would have rubbed his hands to warm them from the stiffening arthritis, and chuckled, "Don't let that material go to waste, Esther. Use it."

January 30

I find myself challenged each morning by the others. Will I move just a bit behind the curtain?

"Never," I say, attaching myself firmly to the bench, rolling the curtain on its wheels away from me.

Would I mind not getting my own prayer book, just waiting for it to be set on my bench?

"Never," I say, going to the cabinet.

Would I dress in a seemly fashion, cease from wearing slacks this winter?

"Never," I say and go down to the Emotional Outlet, which is having its winter sale on lined pants.

February 12

I have disturbed some of the regulars, especially those cursed by Doris: Schlomo, the new-coined Jew; Ornstein, a rabbi without a congregation; Joshua, Black, Orthodox, and gay. Schlomo and Joshua are followers of the strict Orthodoxy of Rabbi Ornstein. There are others, not necessarily part of this cabal, who also look upon me with disfavor—like the professor, a stern martinet who covers his face with his long, fringed *tallis* and turns his back upon me when he prays. If he pokes his head out of the *tallis,* if he happens to catch my eye, he flicks his *tallis* at me. I feel as if I am being shooed away like some farm animal.

Rabbi Ornstein approaches me and says, "You are misbehaving in my house. We are Orthodox here and do not allow women to show their faces."

I look unblinkingly at him. He pulls the clothes rack in front of me. I push it back.

"Listen, lady," he says. "You have no business here."

"I have as much business as you," I say. "And this is not your house."

He is enraged. "Lady, there's no place for you here."

"You have nothing to say about it," I say, and try to open the prayer book, but he pulls loose the curtain from the rack, throws it over my head, and seems to attempt to strangle me! It's so startling, this little *shteeble,* this small room, the scene of such melodrama.

"Get out, lady!" he yells.

I give him the knee and pull loose.

"Don't call me 'lady,'" I yell back, as nuts as he is. "Call me doctor."

"I know what I'll call you—*zona,* whore," he says.

The men in the room are startled. That is not a word thrown around lightly. Fred, the jokester, looks unusually serious, even hangs his head. Larry, a retiree, the former button man, nods at me to have courage when, flushed, I try to continue with the service. The professor shakes his head at both of us. "Two wrongs do not make a right," he says, turning his back on both houses.

February 14

A cabal forms that lasts the whole eleven months of my saying *kaddish*. The nice rabbi of the synagogue is concerned. More than anything he wants *shalom bayit* (peace in the house). But, without his regulars, how will he ever get up a minyan? Ornstein, Joshua, Schlomo, and their constituents have started an earlier minyan which meets at 6:45 A.M. They only occasionally peek into ours. The rabbi phones the grocer or the hotel manager; or he stands by the front door, leaving it slightly ajar, and tries to hook a fish. The life of this sweet man is not easy.

The professor often joins the earlier minyan, or, if prevailed upon by the rabbi to be the tenth man, he *davens* in the corridor, pacing back and forth like some disturbed ghost under his great prayer shawl. One or another of the group peers into the *davening* room and, upon catching a glimpse of me, refuses to enter.

One morning Joshua enters the prayer room for our minyan. He leans toward me across the separation and asks, "Don't you know the difference between men and women? You're an educated woman. I shouldn't have to explain to you that this is the way it is, this is the law of separation. You've got to obey the law."

I whisper back, "Don't *you* send me to the back of the bus!"

I begin to feel my skin prickle. I am the only minority in the group. In these quarters any man is acceptable, superior to me.

Does my Black coreligionist, who rejects my presence here, elsewhere feel his own skin like an ill-fitting coat, like a wrinkled rhinoceros hide? Does he hear whispers and does he try to sit more and more compactly, as has become my wont?

February 16

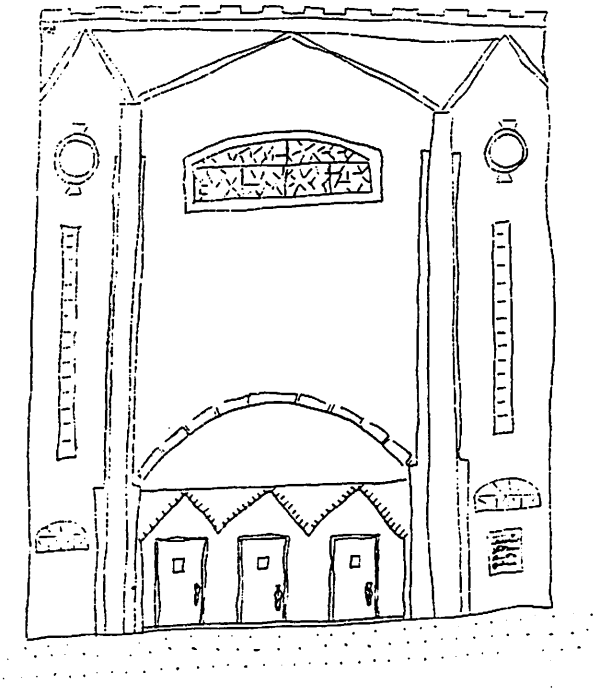
A new curtain is in place. The rabbi cracked his ankle on the old clothes rack.

"A person could break something in this place," he said.

"Only the heart," I said.

For safety's sake, and in order not to be sued, the clothes rack is replaced with a most peculiar *mekhitza*: shower curtains hung from hooks. It is opaque. It will please everyone, the rabbi says. When I enter, the room becomes quiet. The men await my reaction. It is mid-week, and I am not teaching. Instead, I am going to the "Y," carrying my string bag. I open the bag and reach between the towel and shampoo for the bathing cap. I tuck my hair into the white cap, open the shower curtains, and *daven*.

I take to carrying sharp little scissors to poke holes in the plastic curtains. Within a few days the curtains are replaced with the third *mekhitza*.



During my tenure behind the shower curtain I change my style of dress. I go midtown to Macy's and come back with outerwear that Schlomo could truly call "dazzling." I wear jackets and a raincoat in Day-Glo colors. One of the jackets is a phosphorescent purple; another, jade green leather. My raincoat is a glorious, garish orange. The men blink when they gaze in my direction. They cannot dull me. No wonder Orthodox women dress so well. It's their way of fighting invisibility.

Fred tells me, "I wish I had the courage to wear loud clothes, but I'm shy. I respect your bright outfit." I know he's saying he cannot talk out but recognizes my right to take a stand. He tells jokes to ease the strain, another God joke:

> Irving wants to win the Lotto. He looks in the paper one day, another day, one week, another week, month after month. He prays, "Please, God, let me win today." He does not win.
>
> "Why, O Lord?" he cries. "Why not me? Why can't I win the Lotto like all the others?"
>
> The sky parts, there is a great light, and a voice thunders, "Irving, meet me halfway. Buy a ticket."

February 25

The third *mekhitza* is in place—a doubled-over lace curtain hanging from the old shower hooks. Schlomo, the hippie-turned-Hasid, tells the rabbi that he wants to say *kaddish* for his father but that he can see my face, which spoils it for him. The rabbi's kind face is before me, his hand raised. I duck, thinking he is going to strike. He does in a way. He draws the drapes. On the other side the men are shadows. I, on my side, must also be a shadow. The shower hook slips so that the

rabbi is stuck there attaching it while I try to say *kaddish,* distracted by his hovering over me. I leave the shul chilled, as if a funeral sheet were pulled over my face, or a bridal veil were tied over my head, or a chador were hung over my entire body.

February 27

This morning Joshua leans forward and says, "Don't you know you are sowing dissent? You are spoiling the services." He is hissing now. "You should know a woman's place." I lift the curtain to look at him. I have heard the men giggling about "the colored *fegele.*" "Don't you know, Joshua," I whisper, "that in this place we are both women?"

He looks at me with hatred. His gaze shifts quickly, fearfully to those on his side of the curtain.

Oh, Joshua, we are both freaks. Why can't we shake on it?

The joker is desperately thinking up another joke to make me laugh. Fred tells his joke, a Miami joke:

> In Miami a man and a woman are sitting at the side of the pool. They're both elderly, but she has a nice tan while he's a pasty white. "Why do you look so sick?" she asks him. "I've been in jail," he says. "Really? What on earth for?" "For killing my wife," he tells her. She looks at him. "Then that means you're single," she says.

I don't laugh. Is this about killing women and still being forgiven?

The *shamash* bawls me out seriously today.

"This *keddusha* is the holiest of prayers. Look at your posture, one foot in front of the other, slouching. Stand like a soldier, Madam. You're facing the Almighty."

"*Shamash,*" says the rabbi, "Not so rough."

"The *shamash* is right," I say. "He honored me by observing me, first of all, and, second, by correcting me."

March 6

We wait a long time for a minyan. The rabbi and the professor are both late. The rabbi had taken the professor to the Emergency Room. He had fallen, wrenching his shoulder and breaking his arm. He is a stern man, a distinguished professor emeritus.

But I stop in the rabbi's office and see the professor sitting there, arm in a sling, shoelaces dangling. I bend to tie his laces. "No!" he says. I ignore his objections and retie the laces. "So you won't trip," I say. I am crouched there, when I suddenly feel his hand upon my head. I look up, surprised: he has avoided glance and touch these weeks. "Thank you," he says, his eyes full of tears. "We're here to help each other," I tell him.

I begin to see that this little *shteeble* is full of lonely, elderly widowers or single men, their days stretching emptily before them.

I am beginning to feel secure enough in this place to take action.

I write to a group of women friends:

> Dear Minyan Mates,
> As most of you know I have been saying *kaddish* for my father for seven weeks at an Orthodox shul. It's been an education for all of us, I who am counted or discounted as half a man, the others who thought they were safe on an island of males.
>
> I now need you, my sisters. I wish to have a minyan of women to attend the morning service on Sunday, March 29.
>
> I want them to know that where I stand, a shadow extends. I want them to know that we women are there, and we will invade to honor our dead.

March 23

The professor rushes over to ask me about my ailing mother's health. I look across the room—the sun bright, the morning about forty-six degrees—and I think that I really love about half a dozen men in this room, like going to camp and loving your bunkmates. How can I ever explain this feeling to my cofeminist friends?

The professor and Fred invite me to join them afterward for coffee—that's Instant in a styrofoam cup. The professor, still in pain from his broken arm, says, in his formal manner, "I wanted to tell you, Madam, that what Rabbi Ornstein did when he so attacked you was wrong. We talked about it afterward, and we all felt bad for you. And we want you to know how welcome, even liked, even well-liked, you are, and that we hope that after your time of *kaddish* you continue to join us."

March 25

Our cranky *shamash,* shaking his cane, is walking less steadily. I help him down the stairs, and he puts his cane ahead of him, off the stair, and leans on that cane in the air. If I do not hold onto his arm, he will slide down the whole flight.

Grace Paley phoned worriedly yesterday. She's concerned about my "action" at shul. Grace said, "The object of politics is peaceful transformation. I worry that what you are doing Sunday will hurt matters, not help them."

March 29

A great day. We women begin jamming in. The men trickle in slowly, not even a minyan by 9:00 A.M. But my women have risen early, schlepped down from the Upper

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award ceremony drew many loose ends together, completing a kind of cycle. Goldwyn (né Goldfish) was the producer of one of my father's last films. Uncle Julie was in the audience. So was his ten-year-old son, Philip, named for his identical twin. Jimmy and Liz, grown up, were in the auditorium, too. Alfred Hitchcock, for the Christians, gave a speech and handed over the prize. Thus did the film industry, which had played such a large role in making my childhood *Judenrein,* now bestow upon me—and for a play so Jewish it would make *Abie's Irish Rose* look like a crowd-pleaser at Oberammergau—its imprimatur.

Still, there were no happy endings. Katrin was in Munich, recovering from a recurrence of tuberculosis she had contracted during the war. I was already preparing for my trip East. Little did I know I would not return—at least not for more than a few days at a time—to the West Coast again. "Include me out": that is not just a wacky Goldwynism. It is a description, canny to the point of genius, of the lives that Jews lived on the screen, and beneath the white clouds and peacock blue of the painted sky. □

MORNINGS AND MOURNING

(Continued from p. 22)

West Side, the Upper East Side, Brooklyn. I am proud.

Seven of us are the Seder Sisters, with whom I have celebrated a third Seder, the Feminist Seder, for the past twelve years. We are about to have our Bat Mitzvahs. There is *Ms.* editor Letty Cottin Pogrebin, dressed like a religious woman, filmmaker Lilly Rivlin, psychologist Phyllis Chesler, and artists Bea Kreloff and Edith Isaac-Rose. Michelle Landsberg, a respected Canadian journalist, is new to the group.

We are rich in therapists, lest our presence cause more than distraction. There is Lily Engler, a psychiatrist, and Arlene Richards, a psychotherapist. And my youngest daughter Nehama sits next to me, standing when I say *kaddish.* Bella Abzug phoned in her regrets. She had to go out of town. "Remember," she said, "that I said *kaddish* for *my* father." All those long years ago, the lone woman in the shul.

In the place where I have always been alone, they spill over onto the rows reserved for men, and the *mekhitza* doesn't cover them. The men have to sit within close range of women, and we have to *daven* together.

"Soon there'll be more of them than of us," one sourpuss complains, crowded on his bench.

We have a nice *kiddush* with lox afterward. The sourpuss eats plenty, and I hear another *davener* say nostalgically, "Remember the old days when there was herring, lox, bagels? And the women were serving us. Remember how nice it was?"

The *shamash* leaves smiling and carrying a little bag of leftovers, including a jar of herring, one of the four reasons to live.

APRIL 22

A crazy scene. One of the cabal blithely pulls the curtain closed. I say, "Only the rabbi touches the curtain."

Schlomo and others join in: "According to Jewish law, you don't even have a soul. We are responsible members of the congregation. You aren't even a person in the eyes of the shul. You aren't a member. You can't vote." (In the sixty-some years of the synagogue's existence women have never been allowed to become members.)

They're interrupting the *davening.* The reader is Ralph, a caring fellow in his thirties who has finished saying *kaddish* for a parent and is staying for the pleasure of the company. Today is no pleasure for him. His back is stiff, his *davening* distracted.

At the end of the service Ralph says to me, "Tomorrow you bring the scissors and I'll cut down the *mekhitza.*"

I bring sharp scissors the following morning, but Ralph's not there. I think to myself, Why do I wait for him to cut the strings? Why not do it myself? I leave after the service and determine to return the next morning and do the deed.

When I arrive the next morning, the *mekhitza* is lying crumpled on the floor, the strings hanging from the ceiling. The rod is broken, the curtain slashed; the debris is piled in the corner with Ralph's card upon it.

Our *shamash* is ill, so ninety-seven-year-old Rodney, the substitute, is there. He does not feel kindly toward me.

"Is this your work?" asks Rodney.

"No," I say, stunned.

"I did it," says Ralph. "I cut the strings, I broke the rod, I slashed the curtains, I put them over there in the corner, and I left my calling card on top."

Larry, the button man, comes in and raises an eyebrow.

"I did it," says Ralph. "I cut the strings, I broke the rod, I slashed the curtains, I put them over there in the corner."

Fred, too, comes in. He is in the middle of a joke but stops laughing when he sees the curtain is down. He looks at me.

"I did it," says Ralph. "I cut the strings, I broke the rod, I slashed the curtains, I put them over there in the corner."

Then the rabbi comes in, stops, covers his face.

I walk out of the shul with Ralph. "I couldn't come in yesterday," says Ralph. "I was so upset by the attack. I realized he was attacking you only because you were a woman." I wanted to say, *"Boker tov, Eliahu"* ("Good morning, Elijah").

April 29

Our *shamash* is out, pneumonia. There is something missing in the morning, a crankiness, an orderliness, a sweetness.

May 8

A new curtain is lying unassembled in the rabbi's office. It is a beige cheap thing.

I don't attend the minyan the next morning. I won't stand behind the curtain.

It shocks me to think how much energy, thought, time, even money, the synagogue has spent these past four months to keep one woman in her place.

May 19

My beloved *shamash* has passed away. I hear there is going to be a service around the coffin in the shul.

"It's not allowed!" says the fanatical trio. "You can't have a body in the shul."

At noon the limousine parks in front of the shul. We gather. The coffin is a smooth, plain box which the elderly men carry with great difficulty through the door.

"We bring something sacred into the shul," says the rabbi. "This *shamash* was part of the shul for fifty years. He is like the ark. He has to be here so the very walls can weep."

The new *shamash* is my enemy, Rabbi Ornstein. He struts around, testing the pulleys on the curtain.

May 22

I tell the rabbi I am leaving the shul, but he says, "I have made a scene on your behalf. I tell this fellow Ornstein, 'Call off your cohorts. Leave Esther alone.'"

"Esther is a *moredet,* a woman who casts off tradition," says Ornstein.

The rabbi becomes angry. "I will stand by the synagogue door. I will dismiss the service if you continue to harass her. You may be a *shamash,* but I have *yichus,* connection, through my great-grandfather, grandfather, and father—all Hasidic rabbis. You, Ornstein, know the teachings of my great-grandfather, the chief rabbi of Prmeshlam, and my grandfather, the rabbi of Zicsloiv, and my father of Noldwarno. I will call down curses from my great-grandfather, my grandfather, and my father if you don't leave this woman Esther alone."

Fred is standing there. "Darling," he says, "You can't ask for more than that."

"Come," says the rabbi. "Look at the new *mekhitza,* so modest, so neat."

I stand there looking. Fred tells another Miami-plus-God joke:

A grandmother and her grandchild are at the beach in Miami. She is enjoying watching him with his little pail and shovel in the sand by the water, splashing and laughing in his little sunsuit and cap. Suddenly a great wave comes and washes away the baby.

"You do this to me!" the grandmother cries to the heavens. "To me, who always kept kosher and made holidays and was a good person."

There's a clap of thunder, and another wave washes ashore and there is the little grandchild. The woman feels him all over, looks up at heaven and says, "There was also a hat."

Is Fred saying that I'm not satisfied with being washed up on shore?

June 2

I still won't obey the rules, and, toward summer, I receive a phone call from a young lawyer, active in the synagogue.

"You don't want to jeopardize the gains we're trying to make for women, do you?" he asks.

"What, exactly, are the gains for women?"

"Membership. It has a very good chance, unless you continue to alienate us."

"They'll vote against women becoming members because I won't stand behind the *mekhitza*?" I ask.

"It would certainly influence them," he says. "Everything could be lost."

"But everything is in the basement," I say. "Everything is in that little room, where I am every day hidden from view. That's where it is, and if you forget that, there's nothing you can do for women."

"If you're not satisfied with our policy ..." he says.

I don't hang up on him. I turn the receiver down and wait until no sounds come from it before I put it back in the cradle.

I've been fired.

JUNE 8

The rabbi comes to our loft. He has a plan:

"Your husband will be voted in as a member. Then Tuesday night the shul will vote for the first time in sixty years to give membership to women. For sure, you will be a member.

"Then, in September, you and your friends—remember Doris?—will attend a membership meeting, and you'll talk about the *mekhitza* and you'll talk in a sweet voice, like this"—his voice becomes high-pitched—"Ladies and gentlemen ..."

"You could say that the *mekhitza* is a symbol and that it might as well be a bank of flowers. Would you agree to a bank of flowers?"

I agree, if it's not too high, too dense, if it's not the redwoods of California.

The rabbi becomes happy and begins singing a tune. *"Simkha G'dola"* he sings. "It's a new song, very big with the Hasidim." Happy Occasion.

He presses the button for the elevator, and I hear his cantorial voice as the elevator descends, *"Simkha G'dola."* □

This piece is dedicated to my father, Paul Masserman.

THE BEAST

(Continued from p. 38)

lives was not altogether surprising.

Those of us who are willing to look are now finding culture in the lives of our more distant cousins in the animal world. Elephants, for example, communicate in ways we are only starting to comprehend—not just through touching and audible trumpeting, but also through infrasonic (low-frequency) calls that carry vast distances, and by way of pheromones and vomeronasal organs, a type of perception for which we have no descriptive word even though it is characteristic of many animal species.

Elephants have a complex social structure, with female-bonded groups at the center and a multi-tiered network of relationships radiating out from them, encompassing the whole population of an area. Ritualized greeting ceremonies express and cement bonds, and vary depending on relationship and length of separation. If a close family group is separated and then reunited, the greetings will be intense and excited—the elephants will run together, rumble, trumpet, scream, click tusks together, entwine trunks, flap ears, urinate, and defecate.

There is no single uniform "elephant": a matriarch who is irritable and tends to go off on her own is unlikely to maintain a closely knit group, but when bonding is close, family affection is intense. Consider the following report by Cynthia Moss, describing what happened when poachers shot Tina, a member of an elephant group Moss had been studying:

> The other elephants crowded around, reaching for her. Her knees started to buckle and she began to go down, but Teresia got on one side of her and Trista on the other and they both leaned in and held her up. [Soon, however,] blood gushed from her mouth and with a shudder she died.
>
> Teresia and Trista became frantic and knelt down and tried to lift her up ... and Tallulah even went off and collected a trunkful of grass and tried to stuff it into her mouth. Finally, Teresia ... straining with all her strength ... began to lift her. When she got to a standing position with the full weight of Tina's head and front quarters on her tusks, there was a sharp cracking sound and Teresia dropped the carcass as her right tusk fell to the ground. She had broken it a few inches from the lip well into the nerve cavity....
>
> They gave up then but did not leave. They stood around Tina's carcass, touching it gently with their trunks and feet. Because it was rocky and the ground was wet, there was no loose dirt; but they tried to dig into it with their feet and trunks and when they managed to get a little earth up they sprinkled it over the body. Trista, Tia, and some of the others went off and broke branches from the surrounding low bushes and brought them back and placed them on the carcass. They remained very alert to the sounds around them and kept smelling to the west, but they would not leave Tina. By nightfall they had nearly buried her with branches and earth. They then stood vigil over her for most of the night and only as dawn was approaching did they reluctantly begin to walk away, heading back toward the safety of the park. Teresia was the last to leave. The others had crossed to the ridge and stopped and rumbled gently. Teresia stood facing them with her back to her daughter. She reached behind her and gently felt the carcass with her hind foot repeatedly. The others rumbled again and very slowly, touching