

By Ricci (Rubin) Doctrow

Class of 1972



My years at the Yeshiva Academy were filled with learning, laughing, and lots of adventure!

I fondly remember the old playground in the parking lot, Mrs. Silver teaching the girls how to jump rope (I still jump rope), playing hop scotch, the “turtle” on the playground, playing softball with the boys, gym class, sneaking out to the candy machine in the stairwell outside of the lunchroom, and being with so many friends every day! So many stories to tell and not enough room in this article.

I started school in first grade in a very large class of 31 and graduated ninth grade with 14 classmates. I remember walking and riding my bike to school with my cousins and my older brothers (Lutzie, Stu, Bert), and the day my little sister (Traci Rubin DeBroff) was born while I was in first grade. Reaching the chalkboard was a stretch for me back then as I wrote my sister’s name on the board! Plays, model seders, science class, typing class, Spanish class, having Mrs. Hartman (my aunt) as the school nurse, and so many wonderful memories flood my mind as I write this short article. It is funny that I was asked now to write about my days at the Yeshiva since I just substituted for the school last week after many years away from teaching.

One thing I **do not** remember, was a boy named Mike Doctrow who was a year ahead of me. I only met him after I graduated ninth grade and started at Susquehanna High School in tenth grade. We fast became friends and then dated through high school and college and then married. Only after we met at the bus stop in 1974 did we realize how our lives crossed in the Harrisburg Jewish community. We both attended Chisuk Emuna Congregation, both hung out at the JCC, and both went to elementary school together, and we only lived 2 blocks away from each other!

We wanted our children to have the same kind of community experience that we enjoyed growing up and accomplished this by sending our daughters to the Yeshiva (The Silver Academy). They also spent most of their younger years at the JCC and benefited from all the good things that you can get from living in a small, close knit community.

Emily Freeburn, Rebecca Doctrow, and Annie Doctrow all attended the same elementary/middle school that their parents attended. All four of their grandparents were great supporters of the school for many years.

The school’s warm, caring, and loving atmosphere is the same as when Mike and I were kids. I must say, thankfully the school has changed with the times, but continues to offer a great secular and Judaic education. It truly helped our kids to appreciate their Jewish heritage and love of being part of a special community! We hope that our grandchildren will benefit from this same special experience wherever they live.