



THE JACOB RADER MARCUS CENTER OF THE
AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES
A DIVISION OF HEBREW UNION COLLEGE – JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION

MS-630: Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler Digital Collection, 1953-1996.
Series C: Speeches and Eulogies, 1953-1996.

Box
24

Folder
2

Speeches, 1976-1978.

For more information on this collection, please see the finding aid on the
American Jewish Archives website.

An Unbroken Unity of Pain

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler, *President*
Union of American Hebrew Congregations



WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING **33rd Anniversary Commemoration**

Temple Emanu-El
New York, N.Y.

April 25, 1976
25 Nisan, 5736

An Unbroken Unity of Pain

**Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler, *President*
Union of American Hebrew Congregations**

**WARSAW GHETTO UPRISING
33rd Anniversary Commemoration**



nce again we are assembled in this sanctuary.
Once again a sacred service of remembrance summons us
here.

Not that we really need this hazkarah lest we forget.
We need no reminders.
We remember too well.
Memories come . . . to interrupt our sleep . . . to still our
laughter . . . to fill our silence with the voices of the
past.

Our memories are haunting, hurting.
They still make us stagger.
The pavement sinks under the feet, the walls spin round,
the world reels.
We cannot stop it even if we would.
We cannot pluck out the remembrance of the shoah from
us,
its anguish pierced too deep.
The bitterness has eaten into our sinews,
dissolved our flesh into festering sores,
reduced the very spirit of our lives to sparkless, blackened
ashes.

And our response to these aching memories is silence.
It must be that, it always will be that—a silence.

For our speech has been stifled by darkness,
and our suffering is of a kind which has no tongue.
The martyrology of the Jew is one long stillness,
an endless, silent scream reaching for the heavens,
—where God was silent too.

And yet we must speak, for we are the spokesmen of the
dead.

It is our duty to be their witnesses.

They struggled to survive, "not only to survive, but to
testify."

Those who lived through and outlived this evil do not need
to speak;

the yellow badge is burned on their flesh for all to see.

But their ranks are thinning;

the generations come and go.

Memory fades.

And there are those who have determined to wipe its slate,
to make it seem as if these things had never been.

And so we must speak—and meet, and write—
however faltering our tongue and unavailing our speech.

And we begin and seal this task as did our fathers
with words hallowed by the centuries of our martyrdom:
Yitgadal, v'yitkadash sh'mey rabba

It has been ordained that this prayer be repeated six
million times.

People must never forget why this is so.

Suffering is often called a mystery,
It is truer to speak of it as a revelation;
for it enables us to see what we often fail to see,
to feel what the world inclines us not to heed.

The first of these truths which issues from the ex-
perience of anguish is the awareness of our essential
unity as a people.

As we were brothers in death so are we brothers in life.

And we resolve to act as brothers should.

Wherever there is a Jewish community which is embattled,
our help will be forthcoming.

Wherever there is a single Jew in danger,
in whatever country or continent or the remotest corner
of our far flung world,
there will we find him.

There will we reach out to him, offering our hand, our
heart, our life.

Never more will it be said:

that we had eyes but did not see,

that we had ears but did not hear,

that we had mouths but that we failed to speak.

Aye, we are one and indivisible.

Our life forever demands involvement with a larger fate—
the fate of Israel.

The individual Jew is a lie and a fraud when he is more
an individual than he is a Jew.

He emerges whole, authentic only when he surrenders
himself to the cause of his people.

There is a second truth which emerges from the
experience of our anguish—
not just the awareness of our essential unity as Jews,
but that awareness, also, which speaks to us of a common
humanity.

We are bound to one another, all humans are, in an
unbroken unity of pain.

We cannot deny this reality.
True, the shoah is sui generis, unprecedented in its evil;
there is a chasm, a yawning gorge of blood which
separates it from all other cataclysms engulfing modern
man.

Still, it is only one fearsome road leading into the abyss
of human evil.

Our age has many pathways sinking into this hell:
starvation in the midst of plenty,
the archipelagos of Russia,
a rain of death all over this earth.

A velt brennt brider, nit nor unzer shtetl.

The world is aflame, not just our villages.

And so there is a second resolution forged on the anvil
of Jewish suffering:

we will not stand idly by the blood of our brothers—
not our own blood,
nor the blood of our brother man.

For Jewishness can never be defined only in parochial
terms;

we see the saving of the world as the necessary precondition
of our own redemption.

Is this too much to ask?

Can we really rise above our sorrows to sense the sorrow
of others?

Can those eternally rejected by mankind nonetheless retain
their faith in man?

Ask the survivors, they did!

Des Pres' study of the anatomy of life in the death camps
has established it for all time to come:

there was a nexus, a connecting link, between staying
alive and staying human.

Survival in the camps did not at all import a war to the
death against all.

To the contrary, survival depended fully on an essential
humanness, on a decency,

on an "active sense of conscience and of dignity."

As a Belsen inmate recalled, in words most beautiful to
hear:

"Even when in death, we remained in the midst of life."

It is possible to rise above our sorrows.

At any rate, this is what we Jews have always been
challenged to do.

Reb Yaakov Yitzhak, der Yid, the Jew, may well have had
precisely such a challenge in mind when he said:

"Nissim, miracles, are relatively easy to perform.

It is infinitely more difficult to be a Jew."



We meet to remember the heroes of Warsaw,
the Jews of the ghetto who fought unarmed,

with empty hands facing guns and tanks, the most fear-
some weapons of war.

They may have perished
and yet they prevailed,
for at least they set the way in which they themselves
would die.

We remember with honor all who were seared by the
shoah
those who survived and those who, alas, did not survive.
They too were heroes, for heroism comes in many forms.
And one such form assuredly is this:
to cling to a humanity in the innermost circle of hell.

Their remembrance and example give us strength
to turn from death to life,
to love where others hate,
to hope where others despair,
to retain our belief in humankind
and the conviction that, in spite of everything, there is a
meaning in life and in human history.

Thus do we give substance to the words of our tradition,
those words which we repeat six million times—and more:
Yitgadal, v'yitkadash sh'mey rabba
Magnified and sanctified be the Name of God.

Warsaw Ghetto
Service of Remembrance
April 25, 1976

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

Once again we are assembled in this sanctuary.

Once again a sacred service of remembrance summons us here.

Not that we really need this hazkarah lest we forget.

We need no reminders.

We remember too well.

Memories come...to interrupt our sleep...to still our laughter...to fill our
silence with the voices of the past.

Our memories are haunting, hurting.

They still make us stagger.

The pavement sinks under the feet, the walls spin round, the world reels.

We cannot stop it even if we would.

We cannot pluck out the remembrance of the shoah from us,
its anguish pierced too deep.

The bitterness has eaten into our sinews,
dissolved our flesh into festering sores,
reduced the very spirit of our lives to sparkless, blackened ashes.

And our response to these aching memories is silence.

It must be that, it always will be that -- a silence.

For our speech has been stifled by darkness,
and our suffering is of a kind which has no tongue.

The martyrology of the Jew is one long stillness,
an endless, silent scream reaching for the heavens,
-- where God was silent too.

And yet we must speak, for we are the spokesmen of the dead.

It is our duty to be their witnesses.

They struggled to survive, "not only to survive but to testify."

Those who lived through and outlived this evil do not need to speak;

di gele late, the yellow badge, is burned on our flesh for all to see.

But our ranks are thinning;

the generations come and go.

Memory fades.

And there are those who have determined to wipe its slate,

to make it seem as if these things had never been.

And so we must speak -- and meet, and write --

however faltering our tongue and unavailing our speech.

And we begin and seal this task as did our fathers

with words hallowed by the centuries of our martyrdom:

Yitgadal, v'yitkadash sh'mey rabba...

It has been ordained that this prayer be repeated six million times.

People must never forget why this is so.

Suffering is often called a mystery.

It is truer to speak of it as a revelation;
for it enables us to see what we often fail to see,
to feel what the world inclines us not to heed.

The first of these truths which issues from the experience of anguish is
the awareness of our essential unity as a people.

As we were brothers in death so are we brothers in life.

And we resolve to act as brothers **should**.

Wherever there is a Jewish community which is embattled,
our help will be forthcoming.

Wherever there is a single Jew in danger,
in whatever country or continent or the remotest corner of our far flung world,
we will reach out to him, giving our hand, our heart, our life.

Never more will it be said:

that we had eyes but did not see,
that we had ears but did not hear,
that we had mouths but failed to speak.

Aye, we are one and indivisible.

Our life forever demands involvement with a larger fate -- the fate of Israel.

The individual Jew is a lie and a fraud when he is more an individual than he is a Jew.

He emerges whole, authentic only when he surrenders himself to the cause of his people.

There is a second truth which emerges from the experience of our anguish --
not just the awareness of our essential unity as Jews,
but that awareness, also, which speaks to us of a common humanity.
We are bound to one another, all humans are, in an unbroken unity of pain.

We cannot deny this reality.

True, the shoah is sui generis, unprecedented in its evil;
there is a chasm, a yawning gorge of blood which separates it from all other
cataclysms engulfing modern man.

Still, it is only one fearsome road leading into the abyss of human evil.

Our age has many pathways sinking into this hell:

starvation in the midst of plenty,
the archipelagos of Russia,
a rain of death all over this earth.

A velt brennt brider, nit nor unzer shtetl...

The world is aflame, not just our villages.

And so there is a second resolution forged on the anvil of Jewish suffering:

we will not stand idly by the blood of our brothers --

not our own blood,

nor the blood of our brother man.

For Jewishness can never be defined only in parochial terms;

we see the saving of the world as the necessary pre-condition of our own redemption.

Is this too much to ask?

Can we really rise above our sorrows to sense the sorrow of others?

Can those eternally rejected by mankind nonetheless retain their faith in man?

Ask the survivors, they did!

Des Pres' study of the anatomy of life in the death camps has established it for all time to come:

there was a connection between staying alive and staying human.

Survival in the camps did not at all import a war to the death against all.

To the contrary, survival depended fully on an essential humanness, on an "active sense of conscience and of dignity."

As a Belsen inmate recalled, in words most beautiful to hear:

"Even when in death, we remained in the midst of life."

It is possible to rise above our sorrows.

At any rate, this is what we Jews have always been challenged to do.

Reb Yaakov Yitzhak may well have had precisely such a challenge in mind when he said:

"Nissim, miracles are relatively easy to perform.

It is infinitely more difficult to be a Jew."

We meet to remember the heroes of Warsaw,
the Jews of the ghetto who fought unarmed,
with bare hands facing guns and tanks and planes
and yet they prevailed
for they set the way in which they themselves would die.

We remember with honor all who were seared by the shoah
those who survived and those who, alas, did not survive.
They too were heroes, for heroism comes in many forms.
And one such form assuredly is this:
to cling to humanity in the innermost circle of hell.

Their remembrance and example give us strength
to turn from death to life,
to hope where others despair,
to love where others hate,
to retain our belief in humankind
and the conviction that, in spite of everything, there is a meaning in
human history.

Thus do we give substance to the words of our tradition,
those words which we repeat six million times -- and more:

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'mey rabba...

Magnified and sanctified be the Name of God.

NFTS

11/9/76

By way of introductory comment, I cannot
refrain from saying a word or two about the
election

And to express my prayerful hope that the possibilities
which where in this election will actually
be fulfilled.

The possibility of a moral renewal for America.

This hope was expressed by the candidate
himself

It was symbolized by that rather remarkable
coalition which brought him to power
The Southern white power structure
and the blacks and those other disenfranchised
of our land

It is a hope which was furthered by those religious
convictions on which he manifestly
drew for much of his strength.

Carter's religious professions never troubled me.

True, they sounded strange to Jewish ears

But I saw them primarily as a clash of
religious symbols, a difference of cultural
externals and not of substance.

The substance was very much akin

His concept of rebirth is not so far removed

from that spiritual rebirth of which the prophets spoke

And certainly the God to whom he prays;
the God of Israel and all mankind.

Be that as it may, I see in our president-elect
a man of clear potential for greatness

May this promise be fulfilled

May our next four years be sweet

May our new president lead us into
the future with confidence, compassion
and strength.

Now I want to acknowledge the presence on our bimah
of a very special person
of the First Lady of Reform Judaism,
Miss Jane Evans.

Many of you have heard the news by now,
the news that both cheers and pains us,
of her forthcoming retirement.

Jane has served the Reform Movement as the Executive Director
of the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods
for forty-two years now.

No one else has served us longer,
none more faithfully, more selflessly,
and more productively

As her friends and the beneficiaries of her countless kindnesses,
we are delighted that at long last

Jane will allow herself a richly deserved rest;

As her fellow workers, who rely on Jane's judgment
and tact and wise counsel,
we do not know how we shall manage without
this rarest of persons.

We salute her and wish her many years of
good health, joy
and fulfillment.

Remarks A.M.Schindler
ZOA Convention - New York City
September, 1976

(Rabbi Tref...)

*Strongly recommend
Son my repr
L. Schindler*

It is a privilege which I appreciate

to be here and to participate in these proceedings.

I really don't know what I am doing on this rostrum and in this companionship.

The ZOA usually has speakers of rare ability and international renown.

Kotonti mikol hachasodeem - I am really not worthy of all this honor.

I said YES to your invitation in no small measure because of my affection for
your leadership

I speak of Joe Sternstein your President to whom I feel bound ^{as a kindred spirit} by great affection
He is forthright and forceful, a man of courage and conviction.

I speak also of Jaques Torzcyner

the Eminence Grise of this organization, its hidden power

~~who~~ ^{most treasured} has become my most valued companion and guide

as I strive to find and fight my way through the highways and byways of
Jewish communal life.

Of course, I deem it an especially great honor to share this rostrum with Chaver Dulzin

He is truly a leader of world renown - polished, well-mannered, gallant, urbane

In TRUTH, it is this evening's diadem setting of it (to make it)
~~I am really that lesser stone which makes~~ (the central jewel shine all the more brightly

I am flattered to be on display with him,

As for a
 Now to our real topic, "Israel Diaspora relations"

Let me say at once that the subject did not exactly ~~stimulate me~~ ^{turn me on} ~~to a favorable response~~ ^{intrigue me overly}

This is not at all to suggest that I do not have strong thoughts ^{and} ~~or~~ feelings
 in this matter

But I am weary to give voice ^{to them} ~~to them~~

I have expressed them so often

From the very beginnings of my tenure as the chairman of the Presidents Conference

I have asserted my conviction that there is a ~~xxxx~~ twofold need

in the relationship between these two communities:

the need for frankness

and the ~~xxxxxxx~~ need for mutual respect - -

^{not} the the dominance of one over the other

not the subservience of one to the other

but rather a relationship which ^{full} ~~was~~ ^{assumes} equality - -

an equality of integrity, ^{an equality} of intelligence ^{an equality} and of moral worth.

I ~~am~~ weary to give voice to these sentiments

~~xx~~ ich hob gor moire that people are weary to hear them

Still I agreed to come here, and to replay this ^{melodrama} ~~theme~~ ^{once} again,

mindful, perhaps, of the lesson inherent in the story which is told

concerning a wise man, a just man who once came to Sodom and Gomorrah to ~~preach~~ ^{preach} virtue.

At first the people listened, out of sheer curiosity

but then they ceased to listen, ^{but} the just man spoke on...

Finally a little child tugged at his robe and asked:

"Why do you keep on talking. No one listens, ^{Look!} You won't change them."

And the just man replied.

~~But the just man replied:~~

"I know they won't change, but ^{if} I don't keep on preaching I might change."

And so let us keep on preaching my friends, even if others don't ~~here~~ ^{hear}!

Lest we lose our self-respect, ^{lest we lose sense} and the ~~sense~~ of our own worthiness.

I really cannot understand why so many Israelis find our assertion of independence quite so troubling

why they view it with so much forboding.

The insistence on our community's integrity does not at all imply a denial of our responsibility!.

It does not diminish our ~~determination~~ devotion to Israel,
It does not detract from
 or our determination to offer our most vigorous support.

If anything it enlarges our capacity to ^{give} ~~offer~~ this support.

As I said of Israel Television some weeks ago,

employing a metaphor which may not be too elegant but which, nonetheless, is apt:

~~Every once in a while we American Jews get the feeling~~

~~that we are seen as cows~~

~~cows to be milked for financial and political support~~

~~to be allowed just an occasion MOOO for good form and then sent off to graze.~~

~~Well, my friends, When I am facing an adversary~~

~~When I am surrounded by ~~my~~ enemies~~

~~I don't want a cow as my companion~~

~~I want a man~~ — a cow merely to be milked — —

a man with a heart

~~a~~ a man with a mind —

~~and~~ a man who can think

and with all the troublesomeness his capacity for independent thought ~~brings~~ ^{to be} brings to ~~be~~!

PRAY TELL IS WRONG
 And what's ~~wrong~~ with frankness?

Is truth a higher or a lesser form of support?

When I earnestly believe that my brother is making a mistake,

do I render him a service by swallowing my tongue and stiffling my doubt?

We American Jews do not lack the capacity for thought

We are perforec even more sesitive than is anyone else

to the vibrations of American public opinion and to the beat of American power
and we owe it to Israel to share our perceptions and our insights.

Of course all this cuts two ways.

As a leader of the American Jewish community

which I am for better or for worse

I want, I need to have Israels judgments on everything we do.

No subject is excluded ~~for~~ from this discourse

I do not ^{need} ~~want~~ to be flattered

I do not want to be courted

I want the ~~clear~~ ^{clear} ~~truth~~ ^{p/20} truth,

~~for only the truth can serve me.~~

Only the truth will serve us

There can be no relationship between Israel and American Jewry

unless both sides take care to preserve its frankness.

From ~~their~~ ^{such their} loyal mediation the entire nation, in both its parts, will be ~~built~~ ^{prebuilt}, built,
~~on this foundation alone can it stand.~~ ^{the truth will be seen}

AND ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF TRUTH HOW CAN IT ENDURE

Marginally noted, I have never employed my call for a full and free discussion as a pretext to give weight only to those opinions which are akin to mine. MY CALL IS NOT A COUS FOR BERSERK OR ANXIOUS ELSE Jaques Torczyner and Joe Sternstein will be able to testify

that they have had as much weight ~~in~~ as ever before in ~~the~~ determining the directions of the American Jewish community And their views and mine are not congruent in all respects they are supposed to be right wing and I am supposed to be left wing.

I say "supposed" for our differences,

indeed, those differences which obtain on the American Jewish scene ^{Far less consequential} are ~~infinitely more narrow~~ than people assume or the press proclaims.

^{Are} We ~~are~~ not divided on fundamentals

our ~~essential~~ unity has never been disrupted.

Recent events have brought us even more closely together, ~~still~~.

The argument that ~~Israel should~~ peace will ensue if only Israel were more forthcoming,

~~that argument~~ has lost considerable force ^{of course}

Who ^{can} will ask Israel today to "take more risks for peace,"

to accept the verbal assurances of the Arabs,

however haltingly given and cloaked in casuistry,

that "non-belligerency is available now

and peace a generation hence,

if only Israel be more yielding.

Well, look at Lebanon and see:

Arab words are spoken but lightly

alliances are formed and broken with practices ease

cease-fires are pledged then violated even before they go into effect

and all this between brothers,

blood brothers, butchering one another in inhuman civil strife/

The world has been measuring the Middle East with two measures:
 the one exacting a stern morality from Israel
 the other bending, most malleable,
~~capable~~ capable of accomodating itself even to the horrors of Beirut.

And so we have come ^{more} closely together in the Jewish world,
 even in the tactical realm.

But all this is no matter,
 what matters is our essentially unity.

The center must hold.

And so long as the center holds, all else is permitted
 -- dispute, dissent, diversity, dissimilitude,--
 all these are vital for a creative Jewish continuity.

The relationship between Israel and American Jewry may defy a precise definition,
 but we do have a historical parallel to guide us.

2,500 years ago Babylon remained as a great Jewish center,
 even though the Second Commonwealth of Israel had been established.

^{Now} ~~These~~ These ancient centers were not monistic in their approach to Jewish life.

Quite the contrary, there often were the most bitter of debates
 between the masters of Jerusalem and ^{the masters} ~~those in~~ Babylon.

Heated though the dialogue was,

it did not disrupt the fundamental unity of Jewry...

If it had, there would be no debate today between the leaders of Israel
 and the leaders of ^{the 20th} ~~world~~ Jewry.

What went into the making of ^{their} ~~this~~ fundamental unity?

It was not, alas, the ideal of a ^{universal} homecoming;

^{in 1948 when those who left} Few, indeed, of the Jewish community of Babylon returned to restore the land.

AND SO THE RABBIS OF JERUSALEM TAUGHT:
 "AS THE DOVE COULD FIND NO REST SHE RETURNED TO NOAH'S ARK
 HAD SHE FOUND REST SHE WOULD NOT HAVE RETURNED.
 SO IT IS WITH ISRAEL AND THE DIASPORA"

Nor did Babylon and ^{ancient} Israel remain united because they held the same view
 They remained united because they knew that they were one people
 that they shared a common destiny
 and that it was their mutual sacred task to preserve Jewish life.

Even so it is today,

with us

between modern Israel and the free Jewish communities of the world

Homecoming is still not our common theme

"the dove has found rest for the souls of her feet and does not return to Noah Ark"

Nor are we ~~one~~ one because we think alike in every respect

we are ^{no} ~~no~~ drone, no monotone, no single sound without variation in pitch

But we do sense our common destiny

with every fibre of our being ~~do~~ we sense it

and we bear ~~alike~~ together the yoke of servitude to our people

most willingly and gladly do we bear it

And so we are one

and we will be one

and as one we will prevail

Ken Yehi Ratzon.



REPORT of the PRESIDENT
of the UNION of
AMERICAN HEBREW
CONGREGATIONS to the
BOARD of TRUSTEES

NEW YORK CITY

MAY 21-23, 1976

It is good to greet you, my friends and colleagues of the Union Board. Nothing in all the world gives me greater heart than this companionship. A movement invariably receives the kind of leadership which it deserves. The Reform Jewish community has reached great heights; it has attained to a ripened maturity. And its leadership is a leadership of excellence. The men and women who are assembled in this room give us good reason for pride and satisfaction and confidence in our future.

I salute the Chairman of our Board whose very being symbolizes the new spirit of openness and integrity which has come to mark our doing; he leads us gently and gracefully and yet with great strength. I salute you all, and I admire and thank you for those many fine qualities of heart and mind you bring to our work. If I have one regret it is this: that we do not draw as fully as we might on those rich resources of spirit which you are prepared to give to us. And that we do not have the chance to be with one another as often as I wish.

We meet in the springtime of the year and in full harmony with this season our spirits are high. The hoopla of the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, in spite of the crass commercialism of many of the programs and projects, seems to have buoyed our faith in America and in the future. Few indeed are the lugubrious predictions of imminent disaster for America and the world. If anything, the pessimists of yesterday have changed their tune to a happier melody.

The prestigious Club of Rome stunned the world less than five years ago with its report The Limits to Growth. Their message was simple and direct. Earth can no longer sustain unlimited expansion; there are clear limits to the resources available to us. The Club's report stimulated a

world-wide concern for conserving our natural resources and resulted in an ecology movement of no small proportions.

Now they tell us that they misread their computer printouts. The earth is not in dire straits. Expansion and growth are indeed possible. In fact, they are vital to our survival on this planet.

So, too, Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute. A pessimist of great reknown, he counseled all who would hear about the bone-chilling dangers of nuclear war. Now he tells us, almost in a euphoric tone, that the world is heading to an era of almost unprecedented affluence. Dangers exist, of course, but man has the capacity to overcome them all.

We Jews -- who gave the world its sense of history -- find it difficult to comprehend such a rapid, massive swing in the world view of our highly respected economists and scientists. Our experience through the millenia has taught us the delusion of euphoria even as it has demonstrated the dangers of an absolute despair.

The biblical prophets spoke words of comfort, divre tanchumim, to the exiled, to the depressed, to the broken of spirit. But to those who were too comfortable, too much at ease with themselves, too confident, they spoke divre tochachot, words of reprimand, of chastisement. Perhaps they sought to instruct us early in our history that the balanced view must always prevail, that we must remember, that the past is always nipping at our heels, even as we must continue to hope that a brighter future is within reach.

"Balance" -- is the lesson of Jewish history. It is a balance which we mean to maintain, in our lives and in our work.

CRUCIAL WORK REMAINS

And so the euphoria of these post-Watergate, Bicentennial days does not blind us to the fact that much crucial work remains to be done to repair those grave fissures which have surfaced in American life. At our Board meeting, we will be dealing with resolutions affecting two of the most urgent issues.

One deals with the protection of civil liberties and the right of privacy. I spoke at great length on this subject in my State of the Union address, but the resolution which flowed from my message did not reach the floor at the Biennial. It is even more urgent today than it was then. In the months which have elapsed, the Pandora's box of startling revelations of gross violations of our own so-called intelligence agencies of the rights of American citizens, has been widely publicized. Public ardor for controlling our intelligence agencies, and bringing them under democratic authority, has waned as the American public, already dispirited, has turned its attention to Mary Hartman and other distractions. Yet there are few items so crucial in our agenda as the reaffirmation of the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Action is needed to preserve necessary intelligence functions both at home and abroad, yet to put an end to an arrogance in which the intelligence agencies have acted like imperial masters holding sway over the American people. The timeliness of this resolution is enhanced by the fact that the Senate is about to vote on a resolution to establish an effective monitoring committee to place our intelligence agencies in responsible check. Religious voices committed to liberty and to the processes of law should be speaking out loud and clear, and I hope that the Board will join with the Commission on Social Action in doing this through the adoption of this resolution.

A second resolution deals with economic justice in America. Speaking for myself, I find it a moral crime that we seem to have made the weakest segments of our society -- the elderly, the sickly, the weak, minorities, etc. -- bear the heaviest burden of our fight against inflation. It is galling that we must tighten our belts by cutting food stamps, vetoing day care centers and cutting back on health facilities while adding billions on to an already elephantine defense budget in a mindless reflex action because one political candidate for the presidency attacks another on the demagogic ground of "we ain't number one." The right of every adult to gainful work is a fundamental moral principle which, it seems to me, transcends partisan politics and goes to the heart of public morality. If our Jewish heritage has any relevance to the contemporary scene -- and I think it has a great deal -- it says that the community as a whole cannot shun its responsibility for more than seven million people abandoned to a jobless fate with resultant family tensions, disintegration and mounting crime. There is an evil insanity about our social priorities and while Judaism cannot be said to choose between political parties and candidates, it can be said that it comes down on the side of health and life and that it is profoundly offended by a situation in which the wealthiest nation in the history of the world cannot find a way to provide minimal standards of decency in housing, jobs, health and education for its own people. Accordingly, I urge you to associate this Board of the UAHC with the splendid resolution brought in by the Commission on Social Action entitled "Economic Justice."

ISRAEL AND THE AMERICAN SCENE

I also urge your support for a third resolution entitled "Israel." Because of the pressure of time, this resolution, too, was not reached at the General Assembly. Because of the kaleidoscopic events that have taken place

in Israel and the Middle East in the past several months, the Commission on Social Action last month revised and updated the resolution on Israel. The Commission, by overwhelming vote and after exhaustive consideration, added a paragraph to the previous resolution, calling upon all parties in the Middle East to avoid any actions which will exacerbate tensions and thus throw up new obstacles in the path toward peace. As you will see, The Commission resolution went beyond generalities and criticized specific steps which the Orthodox zealots in Israel have forced in recent months, including the march of Gush Emunim through the West Bank, Jewish prayer at the Temple Mount, acts which challenge the authority of Israel's government even as the offend our religious convictions.

Why should we express such critical judgments in public, and especially at such a delicate time? The immediate answer is as follows: the government of Israel, trapped in a very difficult -- if not impossible -- coalition system, is being subjected to fierce pressures to declare the West Bank non-negotiable because it is "divinely endowed." It is very important that within Israel and within the Jewish world, there be moderate countervailing views to balance such extremist pressures. Secondly, there can be very little doubt that disorders in the West Bank, which obviously reflect deep grievances, are portrayed in American television and the press and have a potential for deep and negative impact on American public opinion. We American Jews who are more sensitive to the vibrations of American public opinion than anyone else could be, owe it to Israel to share our perceptions and our insights. There are risks of criticism, including the risk that there will be misinterpretations in the public press (as has already happened with this resolution in The Washington Post). The resolution was intended by the Commission to be a recommendation to us, the Board and the Central Conference.

The risk on the other side -- that is, of keeping silent because the timing is wrong, circumstances are wrong, etc., etc. -- is to me an even greater one. If, as some of us believe, Israel may be drifting into dreadful errors, do we do a service to her by swallowing our tongues and suppressing our doubts? As Chairman of the Presidents Conference, I have fought for a more open relationship with greater reciprocity and frankness, and I think it would be a sad day if the UAHC, of all of the constituents of the Presidents Conference, refuses to say a word of loving criticism, if indeed we believe that the criticism is valid and vital.

Two further comments in this connection: I do not want the fact that I am the Chairman of the Presidents Conference to be in any sense a constraining force on the Union. My newer, added post perforce serves to restrain my own public voice; I have a sense of responsibility to the office which I hold and my public statements must reflect the consensus of the Conference's constituency. But this more personal responsibility does not bind the Union nor do I want it to bind the Union. I want the Union to be what it has always been, a fearless spokesman for the truth as it conceives it, both within the Jewish community and on the larger American scene.

A second comment, and this concerning Breira. I wish to assert that there is not an identity of views between this ideological group and the Reform Jewish community as a whole. Ordinarily such a statement would be tautologous. But at a recent meeting of the Social Action Commission, members of Breira distributed Breira literature to the press which was on hand to cover our meeting, thus undoubtedly contributing to that misinterpretation which ensued, and so I feel compelled to speak, as I do. Again, let me underscore that I value the right of dissent and that I am pledged to this prin-

ciple even within the framework of the established American Jewish community. But our movement as a whole cannot be committed to a particular ideological stance until each of its planks is submitted to the scrutiny of and then affirmed by a majority of our constituents.

OUR FAMILY OF CONGREGATIONS

In our own family of congregations, there is much to lift our spirits. In my travels to and from across this land, it has become clear that the eclat, that splendor of renown and influence which once was ours has returned. In the days and months since our Dallas Assembly, it has become clear that we turned the corner. The mood across the land retains that spirit of openness which we created then, and we will do everything to make certain that this spirit will prevail.

The promises we made then were not empty promises. Full disclosure on MUM was mandated and full disclosure has been made. The MUM Committee, under the wise guidance of its Chairman, Howard Wilkoff, and the devoted labors of its staff, Rabbi David A. Mersky and Mrs. Fayvelle Mermey, completed this exacting task and a copy of the report was sent to all our congregations well in advance of the time prescribed. At Dallas, the appointment of a broad-based committee to study the total structure of the Union was also promised. Mr. Donald S. Day of Buffalo, one of the Union's vice-chairmen, undertook the responsibility of guiding this effort. Three meetings of the committee have already been held including two two-day sessions. Documents and questionnaires are being developed for distribution to all our congregations, and sectional hearings have also been planned, so that the resulting recommendation will be the shared work of the widest possible representation.

There is virtually no congregation that has been untouched by the work of the Union this year. And this, my friends, is not rabbinic hyperbole. Our presence has been both open and enunciated -- and it has been subtle and unarticulated.

- . Our 13 regional directors, joined in full force by their counterpart lay leaders, have traveled hundreds of thousands of miles to all parts of the United States and Canada, visiting virtually every one of the congregations affiliated with us. This is no small task, for even the most far flung of synagogues benefits from personal visits of staff for teachers' institutes, meetings with members of boards of trustees, and participation in worship services.
- . Our national program staff has traveled far and wide to represent the Union at important occasions in the life of the congregation, but also to conduct workshops for groups of congregations on such diverse themes as Jewish Education (Rabbi Daniel Syme and Rabbi Lewis Bogage of our Philadelphia office), Gerontology (Rabbi Sanford Shapero), Small Congregations (Richard Sternberger), Worship (Rabbi Sanford Seltzer) and Social Action (Albert Vorspan and Rabbi David Saperstein of our Religious Action Center in Washington). We are grateful to non-staff members who have given generously of their time to conduct workshops under the auspices of our regions. In particular, we thank Rabbi Herbert Bronstein of North Shore Congregation Israel, Glencoe, Illinois (Worship), Rabbi Raymond Zwerin of Temple Sinai, Denver (Jewish Education) and Rabbi A. Stanley Dreyfus of Union Temple, Brooklyn (Worship).
- . Our eight camps have served as centers of Jewish learning for adults and young people throughout the year. This testifies not only to

the viability of these camp-institutes as the ideal setting for informal Jewish education, but further emphasizes the fact that the affective or experiential educational approach gives great impetus to the more structured academic approach of most of our schools.

- . Each three weeks, a packet of program materials is sent to rabbis. Included in these mailings are ideas and detailed courses of study for the religious school, for adult education, for special events such as the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, the Centennial of the Hebrew Union College or Yom HaAtzmaut. Frequently, credit is given to the UAHC as the source of these programmatic ideas.

More frequently, we are remembered only in spirit.

Our staff of men and women of great dedication and devotion do most of our programming on a shoe-string. We have no vast reserve of endowment funds to provide a large research staff and temporary personnel for each activity. We do not seek special grants for each new project, although it is perhaps time that we did take this approach to reduce the pressure on the sorely battered budget of the UAHC. Indeed, it must be stated very clearly that over the last several years, while there have been increases in the monies raised for the UAHC and the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion by MUM and RJA, the total budget of the Union has increased at a rate less than inflation. Thus, in the words of Lewis Carroll in Through the Looking Glass, "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run twice as fast as that."

NEW PROJECTS AND PROGRAMS

All of which makes it "curiouser and curiouser" that our staff are able,

not only to keep up, but to add new programs such as these now on the drawing board, to be implemented this summer and fall:

. The Greene Family Camp in Bruceville, Texas, will open its doors this summer to its first campers. I want to again express our deep gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Greene and their children for their munificent gift which made this camp possible. Rabbi Solomon K. Kaplan, our Southwest Council regional director, has no limits to the scope of his talents. This is the second camp he has created with the enthusiastic cooperation of singularly dedicated lay leaders in Texas, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas. To serve with Rabbi Sol as associate director in this Jewishly growing part of America, and as director of the Greene Family Camp, we welcome Rabbi Lawrence Jackofsky.

. Two new projects which capitalize on our generation's growing dependence on the computer are being launched at this very moment. One program -- literally -- is in membership retention. I need not remind you of the high mobility rate of Jews, as well as the general population. Other than accident, we have no systematized way of telling congregations in a new community that former members of a Reform synagogue are moving to town. We have developed a system of doing this through the address changes which we receive from the U.S. Postal Service. Thus, this July, congregations will begin to receive from us computer printouts of new Reform Jews in their area, with an indication of their former congregation as well. Secondly, names of those with Jewish surnames moving into a new area will be sent to congregations through a different computer program. These two projects have come to fruition through the devoted and energetic efforts

of Myron Schoen, director of synagogue administration, and his Commission on Synagogue Administration, ably led by Lillian Maltzer of Detroit.

. The eclat to which I have referred earlier has also returned to the UAHC's publishing program. This summer and fall, a strong list of 12 new books will appear. These volumes -- all new in their approach -- will be marked by our characteristically fine design and high style. Among those new publications, I want to call your special attention to Bechol Levavcha (With All Your Heart) by Rabbi Harvey J. Fields. Designed to be used with the new CCAR prayerbook Shaarei Tefila (Gates of Prayer), this text will involve young people and adults in working through an understanding of prayer as well as the individual prayers themselves. Also, Rabbi Martin A. Cohen of the HUC-JIR New York School and Dr. Jack Zevin of Queens College of the City University of New York, have prepared a new history series for the junior high years based on the inquiry technique. Students will be able to ask questions and find the answers for themselves using new materials provided on such themes as Jewish identity and Jewish survival. Our publishing program serves as a vital part of our constitutional commitment to the cause of Jewish education.

. The Department of Education has launched several new programs for 1976-1977. Tested and successful teaching materials will be available to congregations on a subscription plan under a new scheme known as E³ - Experimental Educational Materials. Teachers and principals in areas where there are no formal programs may become certified through the department. An exchange of new educational programs

being developed in congregations takes place through the periodic bulletin "What's Happening?" These programs, and the on-going work of the department, are presided over most effectively by the Commission on Jewish Education under the chairmanship of Rabbi Jacob P. Rudin and Rabbi Martin S. Rozenberg and by Rabbi Daniel Syme, acting director of education. Mr. Abraham Segal, teacher of teachers, retired on December 31 after a decade of service to the UAHC nationally, and more than forty years of singular devotion to the cause of Jewish education. There is no greater teacher than Abe. We wish him health and happiness in his new found leisure. But we know his leisure will not be too great since he has several books waiting to be completed. Rabbi Syme will be joined in the department of education by Rabbi Steven Reuben, as assistant director. Rabbi Reuben, now an intern in the department, will be ordained next weekend at the New York School of HUC-JIR, and brings to us enormous experience in Jewish education as well as a music gift which can only stand him in good stead with our teachers and students.

There is one activity of the Union which by its very nature goes unheralded but is nonetheless of inestimable worth to our congregations. I refer to our Commission on Rabbinic-Congregational Relationships which operates so effectively under the co-chairmanship of our vice-chairman James M. Albert and Rabbi Randall B. Falk representing the CCAR. This Commission has done much to help rabbis and congregations in bringing about amicable solutions to sometimes very difficult and poignant problems. Theodore Broido has served as the staff director responsible for the on-going work of this Commission and his unquestioned talents as negotiator have been responsible for

much of its success. He has remarkable strengths in this realm of our doing and we are indebted to him as are the many rabbis and congregational leaders whom he has served in this worthy if exhausting and emotion-draining work.

. The sun hardly ever sets on UAHC youth activities. Something is always happening, involving young people here and abroad. This year, several new programs are being instituted on Rabbi Stephen A. Schafer's usual economy budget. In the field of international education, in cooperation with the Department of Education and Culture of the World Zionist Organization and the Israel Ministry of Education, a new one-year 11th grade program at Kibbutz Ein Dor will be instituted. The curriculum will be accredited in American high schools. College education has been flourishing this year with its College Programming Workshops and the college-colloquia through the Sambatyon program, sponsored jointly with the National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods. Machon Kaplan is a new program named in memory of our dear friend, Kivie Kaplan. The Washington Religious Action Center will play host to an internship program in politics and Jewish study developed in cooperation with HUC-JIR. Rabbi Avram Arian, a rabbinic intern this year, will join our staff full-time, immediately after his ordination at the New York School of HUC-JIR next week. Ramie has had long experience in our camps and as a youth director. His expertise will continue to add lustre to our program. Susan Lippman has been doing extraordinary work with the National Federation of Temple Youth as assistant director. We recognize her unique abilities by naming her associate director.

OUR DEDICATED STAFF

I think you will agree with me that our spirits have every right to be buoyed by our on-going program as well as the innovations this year. Our staff truly is the most creative in the entire Jewish community. In addition to Rabbi Reuben, Rabbi Arian and Rabbi Jackofsky, we will soon welcome Rabbi Stuart A. Gertman, now of Westchester Reform Temple, as associate director of the New York Federation of Reform Synagogues; Cantor Norman Swerling, now of North Shore Congregation in Syosset, as director of the Joseph Eisner Camp-Institute in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and Mr. Aron Hirt-Mannheimer of Los Angeles as the new editor of our newspaper Reform Judaism.

There are two other members of the staff whose titles are being modified slightly to reflect more accurately the scope of the work which they actually do. The first, though not the least among them, is Edith J. Miller who has managed my office and affairs for four years now -- and this is her second tour of service for a total of 11 years here at the Union. Her's assuredly is more than a service of the mind and hand, but rather a service of the heart. Her understanding of the work of the Union and the responsibilities of its executives as well as of my own manifold peculiarities, have made my job easier and the impact of what we hope to accomplish more telling. She has indeed been in fact the President's Administrative Assistant and I am pleased to designate her as such and to recommend her for tenure.

Rabbi Leonard A. Schoolman wears many hats hereabouts, so many in fact that it is difficult to tell at times, just what the focus of his tasks is. The unvarnished truth of the matter is that whenever something important needs to be done, we throw it at him assured in the knowledge that it will be

done and done well. He is thoughtful and careful; he has purpose and is perseverent. And so we are pleased to give him a most responsible position, that of coordinating our effort in the programmatic realm as the Union's Director of Program. In August of this year, he will have completed eight years of service with the Union and I will be pleased to recommend him then for tenure.

Rabbi Richard S. Sternberger, the Mid-Atlantic Council Director and head of our special task force on smaller congregations, has also concluded eight years of service, the minimum required for tenure, which I am pleased to grant him now. Richard -- a Captain in the Naval Reserve, incidentally -- is the very epitome of the Union's regional director: a jack and master of all trades affecting congregational life. He has but one purpose: to lift the level of Jewish literacy to deepen Jewish commitments. He has fulfilled their purpose splendidly and we are honored to count him in our company.

At the recent meeting of our Executive Committee, I announced the granting of tenure to Joshua M. Dwork, and I confirm his appointment herewith and for the record. Josh's effectiveness as our comptroller has been hailed and is well known to all. The tour program -- which he, with the help of Irvin Husin, created and nurtured -- gives promise that he can do much more than control the outflow of funds. We wish him success, not just for his sake but for ours, too.

I cannot leave these thoughts and words of tribute to staff members who have achieved a milestone in their careers without saying still another word about Al Vorspan who is truly the cement which binds our Union and without whose wisdom and strength I could not function, none of us really could.

And so our work goes on, and our determination to pursue our tasks, doing our utmost with the resources at our command. The work is great, but we are blessed with many who stand at our side. The times are trying, but we persist nonetheless. Even the knowledge of our defeats does not dismay us. We will rise above them.

For this is what we Jews have always been challenged to do: to rise above our sorrows and our pain, to turn defeat into victory and tears into joy. It is this challenge which the Chassidic master may well have had in mind when he said: "Nissim, miracles, my friends, are relatively easy to perform. Z'iz a sach schwerer tsu zain a yid. It is infinitely more difficult to be a Jew."

- ALEXANDER M. SCHINDLER

Major portions of this report were prepared by Rabbi Leonard A. Schoolman and members of the program staff.

TO TRANSFORM DARK MEMORY INTO BRIGHT HOPE

Our past, our dead fathers still live for us
And bid us think of life and not of death.
Of life to which they lent their passion
To which passion they gave the glory of their spring.
Our future has spoken and we listened
And as we listened
The great chorus of life began again.
And amid the awesome orchestra
of seen and unseen powers
and destinies of good and evil
Our shofar sound moce more
a note of daring
and of hope
and of unyielding will.

TO TRANSFORM DARK MEMORY INTO
BRIGHT HOPE,
~~SADNESS TURN TO JOY~~
~~THE TASK OF THE~~

~~OUR DEAD FATHERS~~

OUR PAST, OUR DEAD FATHERS STILL LIVE FOR US
AND BID US THINK OF LIFE AND NOT OF
DEATH.

OF LIFE TO WHICH THEY LENT THEIR PASSION
TO WHICH ^{PASSION} ~~THEY GAVE~~ ^{THEY} ~~AND~~ THE GLORY OF ^{THEIR SPIRIT} ~~SPRING~~

OUR FUTURE HAS SPOKEN AND WE LISTENED
AND AS WE LISTENED

THE GREAT CHORUS OF LIFE BEGAN
AGAIN

AND AMID THE AWESOME ORCHESTRA
OF SEEN + UNSEEN POWERS

AND DESTINIES OF GOOD + EVIL

OUR ~~TRUMPETS~~ ^{SHAW} SOUND ONCE MORE
A NOTE OF DARING

AND OF HOPE
AND ~~THE~~ ^{OF} UNYIELDING WILL
OUR MOUTH IS FILLED W/ LAUGHTER + OUR LIPS W/ REJOICING
FOR LAUGHTER ~~ARE~~ THE ONLY PATH
TO DO GREAT THINGS FOR US
WE ARE REJOICED

~~ASSOCIATE~~

~~YOU HAVE~~

THANK FO

THANK YOU EVEN MORE

This is a day of sorrow

Sorrow ⁱⁿ the remembrance of things past

of that grim abysmal night 37 years ago

when the shattering of glass all over Germany

gave a first sounding of the storm

of that whirlwind of destruction

in which 6 million of our people perished

THIS IS A DAY OF SORROW ⁱⁿ THE KNOWLEDGE OF THINGS PRESENT

A DAY WHICH ~~WILL~~ ^{LONG} LIVE IN FAME

WHEN JUSTICE ^{again} WAS PERVERTED

AND OUR PEOPLE ^{again} ONCE ~~WAS~~ TRAVELED

But this is also a day of determination

a time to do what we have always done

to transform dark memory into ^{bring} hope

to take the sherds of our shattered hopes

and to refashion them into a thing of beauty

Our young people provide us with a reason for hope

when we look at them we catch a ^{glimpse} glance of the future

and we like what we see...

Our young people want to be heard

they want to give expression to their feeling

Philip Jordan - a Board member of the UAHC and the President of NTTY

will speak to us in a moment,

to introduce what he has to say

our young people...so very precious in our eyes...

asked me to re-read these lines from my presidential message

312 (Right)

312

211 879-7487

1-555-644-140

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON SOVIET JEWRY

February 17, 1976

- - - Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

It is a privilege which I greatly appreciate to be here and to participate in these solemn exercises which mark the beginnings of Brussels II. We are here to renew a covenant which we concluded five years ago, and to regain a strength which we realized herethen.

I stand before you as one of the spokesmen for American Jewry. We have come here nearly 500 strong to represent a community of millions. We join with our brother Jews from fifty lands, from every corner of this battered globe of ours and in a unity which transcends our myriad differences.

It is a unity cemented by a common commitment, by a determination which defies despair, by a tenacity which asserts -- against all chance and history and reason -- that Israel lives, that this stiff-necked people of ours has a will-to-be which is invincible, that neither the indifference of many nations nor the malevolence of our enemies suffices to prevail against us.

In this place, five years ago, we unfurled a banner of hope. We shook the skies with a mighty cause: the cause of Soviet Jewry. The cry was loud, our cry for Jews entombed in Russia. Many heard us. Our voice evoked a resonance.

The conscience of the world was touched; our cause was placed on the moral agenda of mankind.

The Jews of Russia heard us and took heart; a hunger seized them, the hunger for self-identity, and they asserted it with ever increasing force.

The Russians heard us too. To be sure now, they denounced our conference as a provocation; they called us rabble-rousers; they labeled our efforts as an "impudent attempt to interfere in internal affairs." And yet they listened. Grudgingly that mighty empire gave ground. And slowly and ever so surely, those grim and massive gates creaked open.

And now we are here on the eve of Brussels II. Our mood, alas, is vastly changed. We must face facts honestly. Slogans cannot obscure them. The tide of our cause has receded.

The dream of yesteryear has crumbled to the dust.

The gates are shutting again. Nearly 200,000 Jews who have applied for visas are still not allowed to leave. They are subjected to villification, to dismissal from employment, to expulsion from school. They are exposed to capricious conscription, to arrests and trials and prolonged imprisonment.

A pall has descended on the Jews of Russia, though their spirit miraculously is not yet broken. A pall has descended over our entire movement. We nearly won; oh how close we came to victory! We could almost see and touch and feel those

hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews reunited with their people, flying toward them on the wings of the Jackson amendment.

But today, a short day later, we are immobilized by doubt and by self-recrimination and by a bitter discouragement.

This is not a moment of exultation, then, not by any manner of means. All the more so because it comes at a time when we Jews are embattled on so very many fronts. When the nations of the world, in council assembled, have allowed themselves to be reduced to a lynching mob baying and yelping at the heels of the Jewish state, hurling obscenities against our people, besmirching our faith. No, this is not a time for celebration! It is a time, rather; for solemn renewal, for rededication, for a determined re-gathering of our strength.

We simply must begin again, there is no other way. We must resume and intensify our protest. We must reassert our demand for a free movement of peoples, of all peoples, of Jews and dissenters alike.

We must summon the civilized world to insist that Russia abide by those conventions to which she has subscribed, and many, most of these conventions not in the least among them the Helsinki Accord assert the right to migrate as the inalienable right of man.

Now we Jews are not cold war warriors, none of us are; we all of us favor detente. Only a lunatic will opt for confrontation in this thermonuclear age. But detente is a two-way street, if it is not it is nothing, a sham, an illusion. Detente is not a cul-de-sac -- a dark and twisting alley open only on one end. For the sake of world peace if not for the sake of our people, we cannot allow the Soviets to mock their own commitments.

But we must do more than that. We must go beyond the demand for free emigration to insist on the right of Russian Jews to live as Jews, to exist as a distinctive religious, cultural and national entity.

Whatever our future success in the struggle for Soviet Aliyah and there is still a possibility for such a success, perhaps in the wake of another trade agreement between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., the vast majority of our fellow Jews are likely to live on in Russia. What meaning, pray tell, their physical survival, if they do not survive as Jews.

They are presently denied this possibility. The father who teaches Torah to his children takes a dreadful risk. Jews are afraid to speak Yiddish in the street, or to pour out their souls in Hebrew in their synagogues because their synagogues are infested with informers.

They dare not approach the government or even their own leaders with religious requests. All institutions supportive of Jewish life have been demolished. There simply is no means to transmit the tradition, to communicate our culture to future generations.

Hedrick Smith estimates that fully one million Russian Jews have already opted for assimilation. One million sons and daughters of Israel driven away from us by these chill and stormy winds of their spiritual holocaust.

And so we must widen our demands for emigration to encompass other liberties. And this, among much else, is what we seek:

Synagogues and schools and authentic yeshivot - not just Soviet style geriatric centers;

The publication of pamphlets and books and texts on Judaism in Russian - and not in a language which the younger generation of Russian Jews alas no longer commands;

Teachers Colleges which are open to the many expressions of modern Jewish life - not just dingy attics for a handful of harmless elders who express themselves in ways irrelevantly alien to the modern, educated Russian Jew.

Let the word go out from this place to the leaders of the Soviet Union. "We welcome your words pledging a free flow of ideas and information and of peoples. We are fully prepared to hear your ideas and to examine your information and to meet your people; but we expect a reciprocal response! We have a cargo of our own to ship to Russia - a cargo of ideas, convictions, of information and beliefs; we want to send our people there with suitcases full to the overflowing, the very best of our people - rabbis and teachers, scholars and artists, poets and thinkers. Our purpose is to help our brothers get their bearings, to find their Jewish feet, to stretch their Jewish sinews. Your response to us, Russia, will be the litmus test of your sincerity. For then it will be for all the world to see whether your policy of detente is truly authentic or merely a snare and a delusion."

Thus do we return to our tasks anew, and in some newer ways. In the Talmud we are taught, "He who can protest but fails to do so, is an accomplice in the act." And so we lift our voices loud in protest. We speak because we are enjoined as Jews to do so. We speak because we do not want to commit the sin of silence a second time in the same generation;

We speak because we want the Jews of Russia to know that we have not forgotten them, that they are not alone.

Aye, let the word go out from this place, the word of Israel the people: The Jews of Russia are our brothers, they are the flesh of our flesh, their soul is bound to ours inextricably.

Who are they? They are Jews!

What are they? They are Jews!

What will they remain? Jews, aye - Jews, forever Jews!

To this great end, we pledge our energies and our sacred honor.

Dedicatory Remarks
Kibbutz Yahel
Rabbi A. M. Schindler

file

It is with tender awe that I approach this moment and this place.

The words of the Biblical poet strike a responsive chord within me

וְהוּא מְלֵא מֵאָוָה
כִּי הוּא הֵיכַל יְהוָה
וְזוֹ הוּא הַדֶּלֶת לַשָּׁמַיִם

How full of awe is this place
Surely this is none other than the House of God
and this is the gateway to heaven

This Torah scroll which I hold in my hand
is a gift to Kibbutz Yahel from the Reform Jewish community of America
It is a token of our affection for its builders,
a sign of our admiration for their devotion and their courage.

This Torah replicates our generation's experience.
Once housed in a synagogue in Prague,
it was plucked from the ashes of the shoah,
preserved by the Progressive Synagogues of Great Britain.
And now it will serve as a beacon of this place
which is dedicated to the building of our future.

By bringing our Torah here,
the Reform Jewish community demonstrates the full flowering of its return to Israel,
Israel the people and the land,
that greater Israel to which our lives are pledged.

The act of giving makes its demands on the giver.

It bids us acknowledge that the sons and daughters of Yahel are our very own
the flesh of our flesh,
their soul bound to ours inextricably.

It enjoins us to remember,
lest we continue in our complacent way,
that they build not just for themselves;
they build for us as well.

And because they do and they are our own,
we must always ask and answer:
do we build for them as well?
are we fully worthy of their noble deed?

May this place continue to be sacred,
for the greatness of its promise and the beauty of its fulfillment.

Ken yehi ratzon.

EULOGY

ROBERT STEIN

By Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Temple Israel
Westport, Connecticut

January 5, 1977

With heavy hearts we gather in this sanctuary. Great is our grief... bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul, for a chord is loosed...the silver chain is broken, tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Our sorrow is suffused with no little anger, with a resentment...a bitterness of spirit. There is, after all, not only the loss of what was... there is also the loss of that which might have been, which should have been. What a tragic waste. Why? Why did it have to happen? Why are Thou so far from our help at the voice of our supplication?

Oh, I suppose in the bitter end death came as a kind of release... But why the pain? Why the dread disease? Why those monstrous demons which destroy a man?

There is no answer to this why of suffering. There lives no man who knows the answer. There is no book which yields an answer. We stand before life's towering mystery and we have no other choice but to accept, to see these cruelties as life's inevitable part: plenty and poverty, righteousness and rottenness, beauty with its sting of evanescence, a man strong and powerful one day then crumbling like a castle of sand built by children 'long the shore when the tides of destiny roll in...No, there is no life without such cruel contrasts. Life simply cannot be had on any other terms!

Let us start the process of acceptance even now. Let us take at least the first few tentative steps which lead from the silence of the grave to the tasks of life. It is a fitting way to begin our final farewell to Bob Stein.

And what shall I say of him? How shall I describe the quality of Bob's life, the essence of his being? These cannot be captured by mere words. They were too great, too grand for that. And so I do not even know where to begin. I could not possibly praise him enough. Let me say only that it was an honor to have known a man such as this, to be with him so often, and to have him call me friend.

Bob was an extraordinary human being...heroic in his proportions... both the outer and the inner man, in a sense replicating life itself with all of those contrasts of which I spoke...He was proud and yet humble, he seemed always in a dudgeon yet he was easy and eager to please, he was contentious but playful, rough and tough, yet ever so soft and gentle.

He was driven within and intense - - but at the same time he was also ebullient, exuberant, oftentimes outrageous in his good humor. He lived life fully, he luxuriated in just being, breathing, living. No moment of existence went by unawares. He seized each golden minute of his life, with all his heart and soul and might.

If he would have heard himself designated a believing and an observant Jew, he would have mocked the description. And yet he had a respect for institutional religion. He brought his children here and he served this institution in countless ways.

I, for one, never knew a prouder, more fiercely loyal Jew. He wore his Jewishness as a plume, determined to keep it untarnished, prepared to fend for it unto his last. Connie tells us that during World War II he was among the first to liberate a concentration camp and immediately patched a yellow star atop his American uniform, wearing it as a badge of honor for all the Germans to see.

He called himself a political conservative, an arch reactionary, if you will. But he had the instincts of a warm-blooded liberal, and invariably acted out of his essential humaneness. In fact, he was more liberal than most liberals I know because most of us are so concerned with the welfare of the group that we forget about the individual.

Not so Bob. The individual was at the end of his universe. He cared about each person and not just about people. No predatory collectivism for him, only and always man, not men! To see Bob with someone who had fallen low was to see Bob at his finest.

Joining the Volunteer Fire Brigade and driving the town ambulance all hours of the day and night - that was Bob.

Sensitive to the needs of a total stranger and responding to this need without restraint - that was Bob.

Helping people desperately in need of help. Giving them not just mind and substance, but his heart, his very being too. All this without a word to another. Innumerable hidden deeds of human kindness, known only to giver and to receiver and all the more precious for their tender privacy - that was Bob.

Now I don't mean to portray Bob Stein as some kind of saint. How could I...after all, I was among those several who are here today, alas, to whom he fondly referred as "my fellow degenerates." Bob Stein was no angel ...he was not a saint. He was just a man---but what a man.

Of course, he was at his finest as the man of his family. He was a noble parent, an entirely worthy father. No gift of life was sweeter to him than his daughters, Peggy, Judy, Betsy. They were his pride, his most precious possession. He rejoiced in their joy, suffered their pain, he gloried in the splendor of their attainments.

Of course he loved those whom they loved. Their husbands whom he regarded as his sons - Charley and Michael - their children, his grandchildren, the jewels of his crown.

He loved his wife, his Connie...the companion of his life these thirty years. He loved her to a fault. He protected her, if anything, too tenderly, as if she were a rare and delicate plant which indeed she was for him.

His was a love which was requited in full measure, by wife, by children, by all. They respected him, they cared for him, they adored him -- and he knew it. No remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever, there is nothing whatsoever they could have done more or failed to do for him, their love demonstrated over and again in life was the noblest tribute a man could possibly desire.

And now he is no more and because he was what he was and is no more we weep. Weep because a bright and shining star has been torn from the firmament of our lives. And our lives are the darker and the colder because of it.

And yet not all is gone. AHAVA AZA MIMAVET. Love and memory can bridge the chasm which separates the living from the dead. Even as we speak of Bob, the sense of his continued presence is greater than the knowledge of his death. The words he spoke, the beauty that he fashioned, the love he gave us in such abundant measure, these will warm and sustain us always. These precious endowments were never bound to his physical frame, to the cells of his brain or the fibers of his all too great heart. They came from a spirit within him and beyond him and this spirit will live on for everlasting blessing.

This spirit sustains us now in the hour of our bereavement. It will help us break through its darkness to the light which lies beyond. For this is what Bob would have us do could lips now silent speak, to turn from the silence of the grave to the tasks of life, to cling to that life which he embraced so fervently, to love those whom he loved in life.

No, death certainly sets no end to our love, this above all we know as we speak our final words to thee our noble friend. We love you still and we will remember you forever.

With heavy hearts we gather in this sanctuary. Great is our grief... bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul, for a chord is loosed...the silver chain is broken, tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Our sorrow is suffused with no little anger, with a resentment...a bitterness of spirit. There is, after all, not only the loss of what was... there is also the loss of that which might have been, which should have been. What a tragic waste. Why? Why did it have to happen? Why are Thou so far from our help at the voice of our supplication?

Oh, I suppose in the bitter end death came as a kind of release... But why the pain? Why the dread disease? Why those monstrous demons which destroy a man?

There is no answer to this why of suffering. There lives no man who knows the answer. There is no book which yields an answer. We stand before life's towering mystery and we have no other choice but to accept, to see these cruelties as life's inevitable part: plenty and poverty, righteousness and rottenness, beauty with its sting of evanescence, A man strong and powerful one day then crumbling like a castle of sand built by children 'long the shore when the tides of destiny roll in...No, there is no life without such cruel contrasts. Life simply cannot be had on any other terms!

And yet not all is gone. AHAVA AZA MIMAVET. Love and memory can bridge the chasm which separates the living from the dead. Even as we speak of Bob, the sense of his continued presence is greater than the knowledge of his death. The words he spoke, the beauty that he fashioned, the love he gave us in such abundant measure, These will warm and sustain us always. These precious endowments were never bound to his physical frame, to the cells of his brain or the fibers of his all too great heart. They came from a spirit within him and beyond him and this spirit will live on for everlasting blessing.

This spirit sustains us now in the hour of our bereavement. It will help us break through its darkness to the light which lies beyond. For this is what Bob would have us do could lips now silent speak, to turn from the silence of the grave to the tasks of life, to cling to that life which he embraced so fervently, to love those whom he loved in life.

No, death certainly sets no end to our love, this above all we know as we speak our final words to thee our noble friend. We love you still and we will remember you forever.

Let us start the process of acceptance even now. Let us take at least the first few tentative steps which lead from the silence of the grave to the tasks of life. It is a fitting way to begin our final farewell to Bob Stein.

And what shall I say of him? How shall I describe the quality of Bob's life, the essence of his being? These cannot be captured by mere words. They were too great, too grand for that. And so I do not even know where to begin. I could not possibly praise him enough. Let me say only that it was an honor to have known a man such as this, to be with him so often, and to have him call me friend.

Bob was an extraordinary human being...heroic in his proportions ...both the outer and the inner man, in a sense replicating life itself with all of those contrasts of which I spoke...He was proud and yet humble, he seemed always in a ~~dug~~ ^{du}geon yet he was easy and eager to please, he was contentious but playful, rough and tough, yet ever so soft and so gentle.

He was driven within and intense -- but at the same time he was also ebullient, exuberant, oftentimes outrageous in his good humor. He lived life fully, he luxuriated in just being, breathing, living. No moment of existence went by unawares. He seized each golden minute of his life, with all his heart and soul and might.

Insert A

Joining the Volunteer Fire Brigade and driving the town ambulance all hours of the day and night - that was Bob.

Sensitive to the needs of a total stranger and responding to this need without restraint - that was Bob.

Helping people desperately in need of help. Giving them not just mind and substance, but his heart, his very being too. All this without a word to another. Innumerable hidden deeds of human kindness, known only to giver and to receiver and all the more precious for their tender privacy - that was Bob.

Now I don't mean to portray Bob Stein as some kind of saint. How could I...after all, I was among those several who are here today, alas, to whom he fondly referred as "my fellow degenerates." Bob Stein was no angel... he was not a saint. He was just a man--- but what a man.

Of course he was at his finest as the man of his family. He was a noble parent, an entirely worthy father. No gift of life was sweeter to him than his daughters, Peggy, Judy, Betsy. They were his pride, his most precious possession. He rejoiced in their joy, suffered their pain, he gloried in the splendor of their attainments.

Of course he loved those whom they loved. Their husbands whom he regarded as his sons - Charley and Michael - their children, his grandchildren, the jewels of his crown.

He loved his wife, his Connie...the companion of his life these thirty years. He loved her to a fault. He protected her, if anything, too tenderly, as if she were a rare and delicate plant which indeed she was for him.

His was a love which was requited in full measure, by wife, by children, by all. They respected him, they cared for him, they adored him -- and he knew it. No remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever, there is nothing whatsoever they could have done more or failed to do for

him, their love demonstrated over and again in life was the noblest tribute a man could possibly desire.

And now he is no more and because he was what he was and is no more we weep. Weep because a bright and shining star has been torn from the firmament of our lives. And our lives are the darker and the colder because of it.

If he would have heard himself designated a believing and an observant Jew, he would have mocked the description. And yet he had a respect for institutional religion. He brought his children here and he served this institution in countless ways.

I, for one, never knew a prouder, more fiercely loyal Jew. He wore his Jewishness as a plume, determined to keep it untarnished, prepared to fend for it unto his last. Connie tells us that during World War II he was among the first to liberate a concentration camp and immediately patched a yellow star atop his American uniform, wearing it as a badge of honor for all the Germans to see.

He called himself a political conservative, an arch reactionary, if you will. But he had the instincts of the warm-blooded liberal, and invariably acted out of his essential humaneness. In fact, we was more liberal than most liberals I know because most of us are so concerned with the welfare of the group that we forget about the individual.

Not so Bob. The individual was at the end of his universe. He cared about each person and not just about people. No predatory collectivism for him, only and always man, not men! To see Bob with someone who had fallen low was to see Bob at his finest.

Trust P.

With heavy hearts we gather in this sanctuary.

Great is our grief...bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul

for a chord is loosed...the silver chain is broken.

Tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Our sorrow is suffused with ^{NO LITTLE} anger,

with a resentment...~~with~~ a bitterness of spirit.

There is, after all, not only the loss of what was...

there is ^{ALSO} the loss of that which ^{MIGHT} ~~could~~ yet have been, which should have been.

What a tragic waste? Why? Why did it have to happen? ^{WHY ART THOU SO FAR FROM OUR HELP AT THE VOICE OF OUR SUPPLICATION?}

Oh, I suppose in the bitter end death came as a kind of release...

But why the pain?

Why the dread disease?

Why those monstrous demons which destroy a man?!

There is no answer to this why of suffering.

There lives no man who knows the answer.

There is no book which yields an answer.

We stand before life's ^{towering} ~~inscrutable~~ and painful mystery

and we have no other choice but to accept,

to see these ^{CRUELITIES} ~~contrasts~~ as life's inevitable part:

plenty and poverty

righteousness and rottenness

beauty with its sting of evanescence.

a man strong and powerful one day

then crumbling like a castle of sand built by children 'long the shore when the

tides of destiny roll in...

No, there is no life without such cruel contrasts.

Life simply cannot be had on any other terms.

Let us ^{start} ~~begin~~ the process of acceptance even now.

Let us take at least the first few tentative steps which lead from the
silence of the grave to the task(s) of life.

It is a fitting way to begin our final ~~tribute in memory~~ farewell to Bob Stein.

And what shall I say of him?

How shall I describe the quality of ^{Bob's} ~~his~~ life, the ~~essence~~ of his being?

These cannot be captured by mere words.

They were tooo great, too grand for that.

And so I do not even know where to begin.

I could not possibly praise him enough.

Let me say only that it was an honor to have known a man such as this,
to be with him so often
and to have him call me friend.

Bob was an extra-ordinary human being...

heroic in his proportions...both the outer and the inner man ~~also~~

in a sense replicating life itself with all of those contrasts of which I spoke...

he was proud, yet humble

he seemed ^{he was + EAGER} ~~always~~ in a dudgeon yet easy to please, and ~~eager to please~~

he ^{was} contentious ~~but~~ ^{peace-loving} playful

rough and tough yet ever so soft and so gentle.

He was driven within and intense -- ^{AT THE SAME TIME} ~~yet he lived life~~ ^{BUT HE WAS ALSO} ebullient, exuberant,
oftimes outrageous in his good
~~and xxx~~ He lived life fully humor

he luxuriated in just being, breathing, living

No moment of existence went by unawares

He seized each golden minute of his life, with all his heart and soul
and might.

^{designated}
He If he would have heard himself a believing and an observant Jew
he would have mocked the description

And yet he had a respect for institutional religion

He brough his children here

and he served this institution in countless ways.

I, for one, never knew a prouder, more fiercly loyal Jew.

He wore his Jewishness as a plume

determined to keep it untarnished

prepared to fend for it unto his last.

Connie tells us that during Worl War II he was among the first to liberate
a concentration camp

and immediately patched a yellow star atop his American uniform

wearing it as a badge of honor for all the Germans to see.

^{AN ARCH}
He called himself a political conservative, ~~a right wing~~ reactionary, if you will
^{WARM BLOODED}
but he had the instincts of the liberal, ~~if you will~~
and invariably acted out of his essential humaneness.

In fact he was more liberal than most liberals I know

because must of us are so concerned with the welfare of the group that
we forget about the individual.

Not so Bob~~by~~...

The individual was at the end of his universe.

He cared about each person and not just about people.

No predatory collectivism for him,

only and always man, not men!

To see Bob with someone who had fallen low was to see Bob at his finest.

4

Joining the Volunteer Firebrigade and driving the town ambulance
all hours of the day and night

- that was Bob

Sensitive to the needs of a total stranger and responding to this need
without restraint

- that was Bob

Helping people desperately in need of help
Giving them not just mind and substance, but his heart, his very being too
All this without a word to another
innumerable ~~deeds~~ hidden deeds of human kindness
known only to giver and to receiver and all the more precious for their tender
privacy

- that was Bob.

Now I don't mean to portray Bob Stein as some kind of saint
How could I...

After all, I was among those several who are here today, alas,
to whom he fondly referred as "my fellow degenerates."

~~Hexxxxx~~ Bob Stein was no angel...he was not saint.

He was just a man -- but what a man.

Of course he was at his finest as the man of his family.

He was a noble parent, an entirely worthy father.

No gift of life was sweeter to him than his ~~children~~ daughters ^{BEGGY, JUDY, BETSY}

they were his pride, his most precious possession

he rejoiced in their joy

suffered their pain

he gloried in the splendor of their attainments.

5
Of course he loved those whom they loved

their husbands whom he regarded as his sons — CHARLY AND MICHAEL —
their children, his grandchildren, the jewels of his crown.

And he loved his wife, his Connie...

the companion of his life these thirty years.

he loved her to a fault

IF ANYTHING
he protected her too tenderly

~~if anything~~ as if she were a rare and delicate plant
which indeed she was for him

His was a love which was requited in full measure

by wife, by children, by all

they respected him, they cared for him, they adored him

-- and he knew it

no remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever

there is nothing whatsoever they could have done more or failed to do FOR HIM
their love for him

demonstrated over and again in life

was the noblest tribute a man could possibly desire.

And now he is no more

and because he was what he was and is no more we weep

weep because a bright and shining star has been torn from the firmament of
our lives

and our lives are the darker and the colder because of it.

(6)
And yet not all is gone

AHAVA AZA MIMAVET

Love and memory can bridge the chasm which separates the living from the dead

Even as we speak of ^{Bob} ~~him~~, the sense of his continued presence is greater
than the knowledge of his death

The words he spoke

the beauty that he fashioned

the love he gave us in such abundant measure

these will warm and sustain us always

These precious endowments were never bound to his physical frame

to the cells of his brain or the fibres of his all too great heart

They came from a spirit within him and beyond him

and this spirit will live on for everlasting blessing.

This spirit sustains us ^{our} in the hour of bereavement

it will help us break through its darkness to the light which lies beyond

~~But~~ For this is what Bob would have us do could lips now silent speak

to turn from the silence of the grave to the tasks of life

to cling to that life which he embraced so fervently

to love those whom he loved in life.

No, death certainly sets no end to our love

this above all we know as we speak our ^{words} ~~words of final farewell~~ to thee our
noble friend

We love you still

and we will ^{re} ~~remember~~ you forever.

CONFERENCE OF PRESIDENTS OF MAJOR AMERICAN JEWISH ORGANIZATIONS

515 PARK AVENUE

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

PLaza 2-1616

Cable Address: COJOGRA

ADDRESS BY

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Hadassah Banquet
Tuesday, 23 August 1977

Let me muster for you just a few facts -- arms for our arsenal -- which we well might need for the political struggle which lies ahead.

Let there be no mistake. Sweat and struggle lie ahead. Did you know, for instance, that Jerusalem was never the capital of any independent state other than under Jewish rule? To be sure, Moslems and Christians revered their holy places, but they attached no great importance to the city itself, deeming it but a provincial township. Indeed, under the Crusaders, once-proud Jerusalem was reduced to a desolate hamlet of no more than 3,000 souls.

By contra-distinction, Jerusalem has always been the capital of the Jewish People. It has never been without its Jewish community -- not for a year, not for a month, not for a single day -- in our long and tortuous history. By 1844, Jews constituted the largest community of Jerusalem. Since 1876, they have been in the majority. Nonetheless, 20 years ago, Israel was prepared to consider a U.N. proposal for the internationalization of the city. The Arabs rejected it.

During their abortive effort to strangle Israel in the hours of her birth, Jordan invaded Jerusalem and annexed the Old City. No international conference drew lines. It was war and conquest which divided the city and which set its boundaries. In 1949, the Jordan-Israel armistice agreement called for: a free access to the holy places; the use of the cemetery on the Mount of Olives; and of Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus.

None of these agreements were ever honored. Jews were barred from the Western Wall. Yeshivas and synagogues were systematically destroyed. The tombstones of the cemetery -- 38,000 -- were desecrated; some used for toilet seats in Jordanian military encampments. Even certain Moslem and Christian citizens of Israel were denied entry to their shrines. And who here can forget that most cruel deed: the massacre of doctors and nurses on their mission of mercy to Mount Scopus.

When Jerusalem was reunited and the link with its past renewed, the barbed wire and gun emplacements were removed and gardens flourished in their place.

During these past ten years, aside from isolated acts of violence -- stimulated in the main by subversive elements who came not from within but without Jerusalem's sacred walls -- Arab and Jew have lived together in peace and prospered because of their unity. The sanctity and the immunity of the holy places has been preserved and men of all faiths are free to worship at those shrines which remain the spiritual centers of their religion.

And so our claim to a united Jerusalem as the capital of Israel is just. It is justified by our faith. It is given ample and triumphant vindication by the manner in which we held our trust -- ever more -- No, Jerusalem will not be divided again. Not so long as

breath heaves in our lungs and blood pulses through our veins.

But I must turn to my task and speak not of Jerusalem as a pawn on the chessboard of international diplomacy but rather of that Jerusalem of our dreams.

Is there anyone here, indeed, anywhere throughout the world, who has stood upon the hills of Judea and looked down on our holy city and not felt moved and profoundly stirred to the innermost parts of his being. It is good to stand in Jerusalem; to feel the strength which emanates from there, to breathe that air which is the very life of our soul. Jerusalem, whose space is filled with the voices of the past, whose stones are the frozen echoes of eternity. Jerusalem of hope, where waiting for God was born, where the expectation for everlasting peace came into being.

What has Jerusalem meant for the Jewish People?

It was our sustaining memory and hope. It became the over-arching symbol and embodiment of our ideals and it was and remains the source of our faith. Are not these the two guardian angels of whom the rabbis say accompany a man through life -- one on the right, the other on the left? The one holding fast in loving tenderness things of the past, persons and places endeared by memory and by affection; the other pointing to the distant future, brightening up the goal and giving hope. Both together form the warp and woof of human history, helping man in his upward striving to overcome death and defeat and to turn the tears of yesteryear into the laughter and the triumph of tomorrow.

Jerusalem was never abandoned in our national consciousness. Throughout our wanderings, thrice daily did we pray: "Return us in mercy to the City of Jerusalem, rebuild it soon in our days, establish speedily the throne of David."

Yearly, a day of fasting, Tisha B'Av, was set aside to mourn the destruction of the Temple and pious Jews would keep one corner of one room in their houses unpainted to remind them of this national calamity. And, at the conclusion of our most sacred day, Yom Kippur, even as at the conclusion of our most sacred home festival, the Seder, we solemnly intone: "L'Shanah Ha-bah B'Yerushalayim." Thus did the Jew keep Jerusalem ever fresh in his heart and in his dreams.

I know many incidents in the long and eventful life of our People which dramatize this point, but none is more dramatic and more poignant than the story which is told concerning Golda Meir when she was Ambassador to Russia.

During her very first year she repaired, as was her wont, to the synagogue on Yom Kippur. While she was thronged on her way to and from services, during the service itself she received no special recognition. She sat in the women's gallery by herself. No one approached her. No one deferred to her. The service moved through its full-day liturgy. There was the customary humming of prayer, the sighs, the cries. Everyone proceeded at his own speed, held in rein now and then by the chanting of the "Ba'al Tefilla." But then, at the end of the service, a sense of the mysterious filled the synagogue and as if by command -- though none was given -- women and men rose in their seats and, in unison, with a full voice, they proclaimed: "L'Shanah Ha-bah B'Yerushalayim. Next year, O God, next year in Jerusalem."

Jerusalem was our faithful memory and the hope for its restoration and our return sustained as always. Jerusalem became, also, the over-arching symbol of our ideals. This city, "It must become a great light to the nations," we are taught in Pesichta Rabbati. It must be the world's teacher, its moral guide.

An ancient legend holds that the site of the Temple itself was chosen because it was

on this very spot that two brothers rendered an act of human kindness, a deed of love to one another. This very name is etymologically related to the word Shalom, and peace is surely the brightest star in the firmament of Judaism's commandments.

It is the ideal, and the ideal only which gives meaning to life.

You add love to a house and you have a home.

You add righteousness to a city and you have a community.

You add truth to a pile of red brick and you have a school.

You add art and imagination to a series of arches and spirals and you have a cathedral.

You add religion to the humblest edifice and you have a sanctuary.

You add justice and mercy to the far-flung rounds of human endeavor and you have a civilization.

You take these all together, exalt them above their present imperfections, add to them the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and you have Jerusalem, the Temple of the future, the ultimate pattern of man's ideal vision.

Jerusalem is also the source of our faith.

I will eschew theological terminology and speak not of God but rather of that sense of the holy which is a necessary precondition of Jewishness. A knowledge of our history is not enough for that. Nor does a system of morality suffice to define the Jew when that morality is seen merely as a projection of the human mind. For you see, to be moral, a man needs to know that what is highest in spirit is also deepest in nature, and that the ideal and the real are at least, to some extent, identified not merely evanescently in our lives but enduringly in the universe itself. To be Jewish demands also a sensitivity to the holy, an ability to respond with wonder and with awe to the essential mystery of life.

Jerusalem, so Heschel taught us, is not divine: "Her life depends on our presence."

Alone she is silent.

When we are there she is a proclamation.

Alone she is a widow.

When we are there she is a bride."

And so we will go up to Jerusalem. And we will bring our children there. Some will come for a time and some will remain for always. There we will build homes and schools and hospitals and countless institutions of higher learning.

We will build synagogues too.

I dream of one such synagogue, overlooking the ancient city. The easternmost wall of that synagogue will be made of glass; yes, even the wall of the Ark against which our sacred scrolls will be framed. And through that glass we will see the walls of our Holy City and the Tower of David and the Mount where waiting for God was born.

Then Jerusalem will live and we will live.

All Israel will live.

"Ken yehi ratzon -- thus may it be God's will."

Memorandum

19 December 1978
DATE _____

To: EDITH J. MILLER

From JOANNE JAHR

THE SPEECH. I have enclosed two alternate page 3s; one in which Hadassah is mentioned; one in which I cut out the mention of Hadassah.

I also enclose a copy of the original. For your interest.

Disregard his sexism -- he pretty effectively cuts women out of God-yearning and God-touched, Amen. However, I am certain that the good women of Hadassah didn't notice and, if they did, couldn't have cared less. Nevertheless, it is beautiful. Because he is a poet as well as being a rabbi.

Regards.

A large, stylized handwritten signature, likely of Joanne Jahr, consisting of a large loop at the top and a long, sweeping tail that curves back up.

Conference of Presidents
515 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

A Salute To The CCAR Journal

Alexander M. Schindler

I TAKE SPECIAL pleasure in saluting the *Journal* of the Central Conference of American Rabbis (henceforth to be known as *The Journal of Reform Judaism*) in this, its Silver Jubilee issue, on the completion of twenty-five years of continuous publication. My salutations and congratulations are, of course, directed to the men who have been responsible for producing these one hundred issues—its editors. All of these have been rabbis, alumni of the Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion, members of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and spiritual leaders of synagogues belonging to the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. Their task has always been arduous, frequently time-consuming in the extreme, and sometimes painfully thankless. Yet all have served without the slightest material compensation, motivated only by the desire to promote the cause of Judaism in general and Reform Judaism in particular. All of us who work in the Reform movement, and especially rabbis, owe an enormous debt of gratitude to the five distinguished colleagues who have carried the burden of editing the *Journal* since its inception: Rabbi Abraham J. Klausner (1953–58), Rabbi Joseph Klein (1958–64), Rabbi Daniel J. Silver (1964–72), Rabbi Joseph R. Narot (1972–75), and Professor (also Rabbi) Bernard Martin (1975–).

During the last quarter century the *Journal* has been one of the major instruments for deepening the spiritual and intellectual life of the Reform movement in the United States and abroad. Not all the articles in it have been of imperishable value (nor were they intended

ALEXANDER M. SCHINDLER is president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations in the United States.

to be), but a great many, contributed by highly competent thinkers and scholars, (most of them formally identified with Reform Judaism but some not), have stimulated our minds and compelled us to ponder more profoundly the problems of Judaism in our day.

Jewish theology, for instance, was a subject that was given relatively little attention in Reform circles before the establishment of the *Journal*. Perhaps it is still not treated with sufficient diligence, seriousness and depth. But the *Journal* was largely responsible for initiating and, over the years, maintaining in our midst a high level of discussion about the meaning of belief in God, Torah, Israel, *Mitzvah*, Covenant, and other theological issues which are central to the Jewish tradition and without which Judaism is reduced to a mere practice of folkways and a vague nostalgia for ethnic identification. The process of theological definition and redefinition in modern Judaism cannot, in principle, be brought to a final conclusion. We shall not, in our time, arrive at any Jewish *Summa Theologica*. I am confident that the *Journal* will maintain theological discussion within the Reform movement in the future and bring us new insights and ideas that will provoke our minds and—even, perhaps, on occasion—inspire our hearts and souls.

In the last twenty-five years the American Jewish community has undergone very considerable changes—some for the better, some for the worse. The pages of the *CCAR Journal* have been filled with valuable analyses of the transformations that have taken place. But it is not only analytic description that has been given us; we have also been enriched by serious evaluations. Praiseworthy developments have been given their due, and institutional decay and dysfunction have been the object of jeremiads and diatribes—in some cases, to be sure, overstated, but in many very much on the mark. The *Journal* has not been deliberately iconoclastic, but it has shown remarkably little veneration for sacred cows, even those that pasture in our own Reform grazing lands.

The American synagogue, too, has changed radically during the span of the *Journal's* existence, and these changes have been recorded and critically discussed in many of its articles. Perceptive rabbis of congregations have offered us acute observations on the transformations that have occurred under the impact of historical circumstances; others, equally perceptive, have offered us valuable prescriptions for infusing new vitality into the synagogue and for directed change that will make it more effective in serving its classical purposes. Naturally, not all of us have always been in agreement with everything published in the *Journal* in this area, or—for that

matter—in any other, but we have never failed to be impressed with the sobriety and thoughtfulness of most of what has been offered us.

Concomitant with the transformation of the synagogue have, of course, been changes in the role of the congregational rabbi. Immediate and practical responses have been necessary, and the best ways of making these have been delineated in various pieces in the *Journal*. But it is heartening to note that our colleagues have not been content with “practicality” and “professionalism” in the crassest sense of these terms. Many rabbis have pondered seriously the fundamental religious significance of their work and have sought to formulate its theoretical and philosophical foundations and to discover how they can contribute most to the welfare of that total, organic, and ever-changing entity that is the Jewish people.

For the Jewish people as a whole the State of Israel has been the basic reality and focus of concern during the last quarter century. In the first flush of enthusiasm over the fulfillment of the quasi-messianic vision of Theodor Herzl and the other great creators of modern Zionism, few could have imagined that so many fateful problems would emerge following the establishment of a Jewish state. The special character of Israel as a nation, the nature of Israeli society, the place of religion in the legal and political order of the state, the problem of achieving a just and lasting peace between Israel and the Arab countries—these are only a few of the major issues that have bedeviled Jews both in Israel and the Diaspora. Provocative and intelligent discussion of these vital questions has appeared frequently in the *CCAR Journal*. None of them, regrettably, has been solved, nor does any solution appear imminent. But the *Journal*, I am sure, will continue to wrestle with these problems in the same spirit of profound commitment and warm friendship to Israel that it has manifested in the past. It will bring the reflections on these issues of some of the ablest minds in the Jewish world to its readership—a readership, which I am pleased to note, includes the faculty and students of several hundred colleges, universities, and theological seminaries whose libraries subscribe to it.

The relationship of American Jewry to the larger American society, especially its Christian sector, has been another major area to which the *Journal* has addressed itself. Despite the general climate of goodwill between various religious groups now prevalent in the United States, serious tensions and potentialities for explosive confrontations, particularly in regard to the State of Israel, lie not far below the seemingly placid surface. The *Journal* has been a powerful element in maintaining dialogue between the Jewish and Christian

worlds. I have no doubt that it will continue the dialogue with forthrightness and dignity.

The themes I have mentioned thus far hardly exhaust the rich and varied content of the *Journal* in its first twenty-five years. Limitations of space and time do not permit even an allusion to the host of other areas with which its essays and articles have been concerned. But I would be remiss if I did not mention my appreciation for the numerous exemplars of religious and aesthetic creativity that have appeared in its pages—poems, prayers, meditations. These, I am sure, have been a source of delight to many readers besides myself. Nor can I refrain from at least a passing reference to the valuable, critical reviews of many fine volumes of Judaica contained in practically every issue. The books that have been reviewed in the *Journal* have usually been of prime importance to rabbis as well as to everyone with a serious interest in Judaism and Jewish life, even though the *New York Times* and the *Saturday Review* may not give them any attention.

For twenty-five years the *CCAR Journal* has served not only Reform Judaism but *Kelal Yisrael*, and it has done so nobly and well. May it follow the same course for many years to come. May it receive that wider readership within our lay constituency which it solidly deserves. To its present editor and his successors I say: *Tzelah u-rechav!*

It is good to be here, good to be with colleagues from whose companionship we ~~always~~^{always} draw great strength.

My congratulations to Jerry Malino.

His selection for the highest honor which is ours to bestow is much merited.

Certainly, I am indebted to him.

I began my career in New England, the dean of whose rabbinate he was even then.

He became my mentor, my model, the image of the rabbi I would always aspire to be.

We are all of us indebted to Ely Pilchik for that concern with which he guided us these past two years.

He truly cared for us -- our pain was his, our joy his gladness.

He gave eloquent voice ^{to} ~~our~~ need, even in those dark hours of his own most cruel need.

Assuredly, he is a master maggid: bright, brilliant, witty, with just the necessary touch of wick^edness to puncture pomposity and self-conceit!

It was Ely's meshugas which places me in my present predicament, his conceptualization that three successive sessions of our Conference be devoted to the task of defining the pillars of our tradition: God, Torah and Israel.

In this session the word Israel is to be given new dimension.

Ely made light of the labor.

~~Just now~~ "Just ~~now~~ read Silver's paper on the subject," he ~~said~~^{said}, "and bring it up to date!"

What folly on his part to expect this, what presumption on mine to do so.

Abba Hillel Silver ~~was~~ remains the dominant ideologue of our generation.

He was an orator of extra-ordinary force,

~~His~~ words flowing from a rich reservoir of Jewish learning which was his very own.

Moreover, he possessed those political skills

which enabled him to effect change,

to transform our community,

to move it in new directions.

^{led us}
He ~~taught~~ at a time when Reform was intoxicated with universalism,
^{when it} ~~and~~ had cut itself off from virtually all ^{of} its particularistic roots.

The word Israel was used as but a vague universalistic expression

in the framework of a Glaubensbekenntniss --

Judaism as a confession of faith existing ^{entirely} outside the framework of peoplehood!

That paper, to which Ely referred me, was delivered 50 years after Pittsburgh,
a year before Columbus.

Listen to Silver's incisive critique of that first platform's definition
of "Israel:"

A messianic hope not bound up with the restoration of Israel
in Palestine is simply not found in Jewish literature...
not from the time of Second Isayah to our own day...
except, of course, in the writings of those Reformers
and some of the Hellenistic apocalyptic writers who, through
allegories and other devices, attempted to universalize
the teachings of Torah, so as to impress the non-Jewish world
with the excellency of the Jewish faith...
National restoration was the very heart of the Messianic ideal
from its very inception. To substitute for this national ideal
an anti-national, purely transcendental, nebulous Messianic Age
on the plea of religious evolution, is to be guilty not of revision
but of distortion. It is both new and counterfeit.

~~Silver's view ultimately prevailed,~~

~~and granted that cataclysmic historical events gave them both tragic and~~
~~triumphant vindication.~~ ^{validation.} ~~Whatever the impelling motive, logic or experience, more likely both,~~
~~We accepted these views, taught them to our laymen,~~ ^{the known} ^{loyalty}
~~and they, on their part, bettered our instruction.~~

Silver's views ultimately prevailed.

Cataclysmic historical events gave them ~~both~~ tragic and triumphant validation.

And whatever the impelling motive -- logic or experience, more likely both --

we accepted these teachings,

transmitted them to our layety

and they, on their part, bettered ^{our} ~~the~~ instruction.

The result is a Judaism as truncated as that which Silver bemoaned:

a people restored, but only little of that ~~w~~ faith which limns its purposes...

a nation reborn, but only participation by proxy in its life...

a civilization repaired, yet ^{denuded of} ~~denied of~~ its essential religious dimensions.

Not only our layety is to blame ^{for this plight}.

We too, the leaders of American Jewry, have sinned.

It is ^{after all} ~~we~~ who have allowed the political state to become the life-supporting
system of the synagogue,

either because we ourselves have abandoned the hope for a vigorous
and creative Jewish life in America,

or simply because we find it less difficult to focus on Israel in our
thinking and our doing

rather than ^{to} come to grips with those critical issues of faith which confront us
as a religious community.

Yet if we fail to come to grips with these issues

our efforts to build a Reform Jewish community in Israel will also not avail us,

^{for then} ~~then~~ we will be morally and religiously bankrupt wherever our people and
our synagogues are.

Thus we inflict irreparable harm, on ourselves and on Israel too when we suffer her to remain the surrogate synagogue, when we allow, as we do, our Jewishness to consist almost entirely of a vicarious participation in the life of the state..

There is a greater Israel which sustained us through the many years of our being. It is not isomorphic with the political state.

And it is this greater Israel which we must nurture to endure.

* * *

The mandate to involve ourselves in those issues which affect all humanity is a consequential component of this larger Israel.

The call to the cause of national restoration~~was~~ was not meant to ⁵constrain this component or to cast it behind.

Indeed, the geography of the Messianic Age is etched into the very hills and valleys of the Holy Land.

Will not the Torah go out from Zion and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem?

The particular exists only for the sake of the universal

-- this is Judaism's conviction --

even as the Kingdom of God will not be built by "uprooted individuals but only by "live cells" rooted in that national reality called Israel.

Fackenheim's assertion of 'the duty to be,' the new 614th commandment,~~was~~ must also be seen in this light.

It is not only that we must cling to our ~~individuality~~ identity in a world which seeks to crush the individual;

humanity requires us for this toilsome, redeeming task.

"That pain which Israel suffers is no pain...

only the pain which Israel and the nations share is truly a pain."

Ultimately, the faith of the Jew must express itself in a concern for all humankind.

Thus we diminish the name "Israel" when we identify ourselves only with the Jewish people and fail to feel the pain of the world!

And we bear false witness to Judaism on the American scene when we become but a single issue constituency!

And we do not truly spread the Word of God from Jerusalem,
when we follow those blind fanatics

-- the Gush Emunim and others --

who bury themselves in the particularity of the land

and do not see that religious dimension of our tradition which embraces our neighbors as well!

Is all this too much to ask?

Can we really rise above our sorrows to sense the sorrow of others?

Can those eternally rejected by humankind nonetheless retain their faith
in ^{man's} ~~human~~ potentiality for good?

We did it in days not so distantly gone by!

One might even say that we stayed alive precisely because we stayed human.

~~Our~~ Jewish survival is born of an essential human^eness,
of an active sense of conscience and of dignity.

As a Bergen inmate put it, in words most beautiful to hear:

"Even when in death, we remained in the midst of life."

At any rate, this is what we have always been challenged to do.

אברהם אבינו עומד במרכז העולם
The Jews stands at the very center.

We are Halevy's heart of the world."

And we cannot abandon our place, simply because of the pain and the suffering
which moves through the heart of the world.

The greater Judaism reaches outward, to embrace humankind.

It reaches upward too,

The very name was given to us on a mountaintop, in a time of striving.

It came to us from God Himself,

hence it is more than a name

it becomes, in effect, a definition.

It compels us to recognize ^{the} ~~that~~ critical religious component

of that unique phenomenon which lives at the center of the world.

This component, too, was not meant to be constrained or cast behind

by the call for national restoration;

quite the contrary, national restoration was seen as a means for its enlargement.

It was, in no small measure,

~~The need to refocus on these essentials was, in no small measure,~~

~~a reason~~ which ^{moved} ~~impelled~~ me to make my ^{modest} recent recommendation

that we engage in the conversionary effort.

I urged this policy not only for the sake of 'others' or to increase our number, but for our inner well-being too.

The process of reaching out requires a prior searching within.

Perforce, it will compel us

to correct our self-perception, and to confront our convictions,

to establish once and for all just what we believe

and how deeply we believe it.

Our Conservative colleague, Harold Shulweiss, perceived this likely consequence and offers it as his primary reason for supporting my proposal:

"We need such a program not just for the stranger," he wrote.

"There are latent values for our community as well.

Knowing how to answer is as important for the Jewish responder as it is for the non-Jewish questioner."

Something happens to the student who is called upon to teach.

Something happens to the self which is open to another.

Something happens to the Jew who is ~~asked~~ asked to explain the character of his tradition to one outside the inborn circle.

Most Jews have taken Judaism as a biological gift,

a consequence of birth which is lived in incestuous company.

Unchallenged, they take the spiritual and moral insights of Judaism for granted or, more correctly, reduce its imperatives to the ethnicity of food taste, hand-gesture, and voice inflection.

Called upon to interpret the spiritual conscience of Judaism to others,

the Jew may gain for himself a new self-awareness, ^{new} self esteem, and a new ~~responsibility~~ ^{responsibility} articulat~~ness~~ ^{ness} his convictions

Be that as it may; The meaning of the name Israel is multi-dimensional, and our community's preoccupation has become too narrow, too monistic.

"Israel" encompasses religious and moral values, the universal concepts, the mandate of mission, the Jewish people itself --

and not just national ~~aspirations~~ attachments.

And it is this total program of Jewish life which we, the religious leadership, must nurture --

~~in order~~ to be true to our name

and to retrieve the strength of our life

* * *

We must press forward on this wider road ~~now~~ of our destiny. ~~We must~~

We dare not wait until we are relieved of ~~that over-riding responsibility~~ ^{the demanding duty}

to secure the safety of the State, ~~of Israel~~ ^{of Israel} ~~medinat yisrael~~

Peace will not come to Israel, alas, not in our day.

We must press forward on this wider road of our destiny.

We cannot, dare not delay until we are relieved of the burden to care for the
safety of Israel

Those who believe that this burden has now been lifted from us delude themselves.
They live on airy hopes.

Of course, I am encouraged by the events of these days!

Something ~~new~~ new is astir in the Middle East

At long last, one Arab nation has come to terms with the existence of Israel,
and recognizes her right to live in security and peace.

Yet is is but a formal peace, skeletal, if you will
and still requiring²⁵ the sinews of common endeavor
and the flesh and blood of human contact:

joint economic ventures beneficial to both nations

Egyptian tourists thronging to Jerusalem

Israelis flocking to Luxor and to Abu Simbal, to see those wonders
which our fathers built

In such a manner will peace take on aspects of reality.

This day, we celebrate only its beginning and only an opportunity.

Moreover, danger²⁶clouds darken the horizon.

The Camp David negotiations theoretically assumed Sadat's ~~Arab~~ Arab spokesmanship.
In fact, he held no such mandate.

Thus, Israel continues to face enemies, to the East and to the North,
nations who have not yet given their YES for an answer
who are at no table to give their answer.

Scuttlers of the peace abound, those who want to wreck it,

seizing on ^{any} ~~any~~ means to do so

^{the} maiming ^{of} limbs

^{the} searing ^{of} flesh

the slaughter of the innocents ^{is likely} ^{wider --}
~~Their blood-soaked arena~~ ^{dimmed tide} ~~is likely to sweep even~~ ^{reach}
~~their bloody arena~~ ^{is likely to widen, even reach these shores.}

American Jews ^{might} ~~may well~~ find themselves target ^{of} terrorist attacks.

Another foreboding factor is American foreign policy.

Its course remains problematic.

I, for one, am not at all persuaded that the Carter administration has altered its fundamental thrust.

That thrust is well-rooted, ~~in the administration~~

It even ante-dates the inauguration in that it reflects the ~~nearby~~ ^{+ Fondly} long-held
 convictions of ^{the administration's} ~~our government's~~ principal policy ^{makers} architects.

The goal is a comprehensive solution, preferably reached at one stroke.

^{THIS} ~~It~~ is an entirely worthy goal -- in theory.

Too often, alas, it is illusory in practice.

When its pursuit ^{enters} ~~enters~~ the realm of the intractable,

and ~~then~~ requires the assent of the intransigent,

comprehensiveness negates itself,

And the "best," becomes the enemy of the "good."

Sadat and Begin turned toward each other precisely for this reason.

Both dreaded the Geneva scenario.

Both despaired of its success.

They opted for the attainable "good" rather than the elusive ^{for} "best."

And now they need time

-- time to give substance to their formal agreement

-- time to nurture that trust which may embolden ~~them~~ ^{others}

to take risks for peace

-- time for a moderate ~~Ar~~ Palestinian leadership to develop

so that Israeli - Palestinian co-existence on the ^West Bank

and in Gaza will have its slim chance for success.

Will they be given this desperately needed time?

The evidence suggests otherwise:

Item: Within days after the intialling of the first Camp David agreement Asst. Secty of State Saunders is rushed off, on his disasterous mission to Amman.

Item: Two days before the signing of the finnal summit text President Carter is interviewed on ^{Cairo} Television and resumes his efforts to cosmetize the PLO

No evidence of any alteration here!

The committment to comprehensiveness remains unaltered.

It is almost as if the forging tof the Cairo-Jerusalem axis is but an interlude, a necessary diversion from the central task.

Indeed, Dr. Brzezinski virtually called it that:

only the first if innermost of three ⁿcoⁿcentric circles
the second involving Jordan and the moderates
and the third reserved for Syria and Russia.

Here then is the fear:

that soon, too soon, those issues which we had thought removed from the American agenda will make their reappearance: negotiations with the PLO, Russians as guarantors of the peace, virtually total withdrawal, including the East of Jerusalem, *et cetera*.

And here also lies the essential danger:

That the reach for the perimeter of those concentric circles will be so rapid and relentless that the center will not hold and even the bi-lateral agreement will crumble.

I do not mean to dampen our joy,
merely to set a bound to our expectations.

Nor do I mean to belittle what was accomplished.

Quite the contrary, the signing of the peace treaty is of the
greatest moment.

It has enormous symbolic worth,
and it holds forth the promise of transforming the Middle East.
But if the promise is to be fulfilled,
Egypt and Israel must be given sufficient time
time to give their fragile peace its chance to cohere and to
hold fast.

Be that as it may,
those who believe that the demands of our devotion to medinat yisrael
will soon lessen are sadly mistaken.
That will not happen, alas, not in our time.
If anything, these demands will intensify.
And this is why we cannot delay in moving forward on the wider
road of our people's destiny
that road which takes in not only national attachment~~s~~,
but also religious and moral values, the mandate of mission,
and the Jewish people itself.

My final comments relate to the concept of Jewish peoplehood as an aspect of the 'greater Israel.'

We are a people.

Essence and existence are joined within us.

Our faith forever demands involvement with a larger fate,

-- the fate of Israel.

The individual Jew is a lie and a fraud

when he is more of an individual than he is a Jew.

He emerges whole, authentic only, once he surrenders himself

to the cause of his people.

Reform Jews have come to accept and act upon this truth.

In the two score years since Silver spoke,

we have moved from thy sidelines to the center,

turned from detached observance to a passionate involvement

in Jewish life.

Our involvement in the community is as ~~an~~ avid as that of any *other* of its segments.

Certainly, it is less qualified.

We, and only we, accept all Jews without questioning their integrity or authenticity.

Our commitment is to community and pluralism alike.

Others do not share this wider commitment.

They examine our credentials,

impugn our Jewishness,

and seek to undermine the legitimacy of our movement.

As a glaring case in point, institutional orthodoxy's definition of Israel ^{assuredly} does not include Reform Jewry.

In response, there are those who suggest that we become somewhat more adaptive in our practices, more halachically conforming in order to reduce hostility and to gain greater acceptance for Reform Judaism especially in the State of Israel.

I reject this notion, ~~xxx~~ categorically do I reject it because it is a wrong and because it is inefficacious.

Cocnilliatory change is alien to the essential spirit of Reform. Our practices do require continuing reappraisal, and if that reappraisal recommends change, let change come. But a change adopted to appease, is a change for the wrong reasons. It substitutes political for religious judgements and thus does violence to our essential nature.

Whata's more, the concilliatory effort will be barren in its effect. The orthodox definition of Israel includes us as "sinners," but not as we are.

The only option offered is full surrender.

Nor am I persuaded by the argument that whilst ~~xxx~~ institutionally orthodoxy cannot be won, the wider Jewish community will be more amenable to Reform once we take on the appearance of halachic confromity.

Dick Hirsch will forgive me, and Dave Marmour too.

The 'mah yomru hayehudim' rings no more pleasing to the ~~ix~~ ear than did the 'ma yomru hagoyim.'

There is, after all, an imperative: the "mah yomar adonai!"

Why, then, should we ape beliefs and practices which we have
long ago rejected as antithetical to our deepest values?

It will not avail us.

And if we become sycophants,
truckling for favor by pretending to be what we are not,
we will not deserve to win acceptance,
from orthodoxy or anyone else.

Our ideological progenitors did not forge Reform Judaism
to have us trade it in for a tinsel imitation of tradition!

We owe Halacha a vote, not a veto

-- as Jerry Malino once so tersely put it --
and we owe ourselves that self respect
which we can earn only by holding fast to our ideals.

Why do we think so little of ourselves and romanticize others?
Why do we persist in judging the best of orthodoxy against the
worst of Reform.

Yes, orthodoxy is rich and meaningful and beautiful in many ways.
But it has its aberrations no less abhorrent than our own:
fanatics who paint swastikas on synagogues in Brooklyn
as a protest against the state
or who shout "anti-semitism" when a Rabbi Bernard Bergman
is sent off to jail for gouging the elderly
or who risk the delicate governmental coalition in Israel
with their fixation on ~~territorial~~^{the} sanctity of sand.

We have nothing to be ashamed of, my friends, and can walk with
head held high. I for one intend to do so, as I have.

For whatever achievements may have come were built upon the
reality of my identity as a Reform Rabbi,

as a proud exponent of the principles of RJ
which has much to teach to all of our neighbors including the orthodox Jew

Judiasm survives best when pluralism is the rythm of ~~life~~ the Jewish society.

Where a politicized orthodoxy prevails, stale repression, fossilized tradition and ethical corruption ^{often} hold sway.

This is the danger in Israel itslef.

But

When Reform is free to challenge

to compel thought

to affirm the power of Jewish ethics

to press change against the crust of habit

there can be found new energy, and a new vitality..

The Jewish world -- indeed, the entire world -- requires us

but only if we are true to our role

as goad and innovator and ^{the} renewers of life.

Address at Mount Scopus, Bublick Prize, Hebrew University: Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
July 1978,

It is with no small measure of awe that I approach the rostrum today.

This very setting is awe-inspiring in its grandeur and its meaning. Who does not tremble standing on this mount? Its space is filled with the voices of the past. Its stones are the frozen echoes of eternity. The soil on which we stand is sanctified by the blood of Israel's kedosheem. This mount is also the source of our hope. It is the place where "waiting for God" was born, where the expectation for ever-lasting peace came into being.

I am awed also by the award with which you have honored me, and by the lofty companionship which I now join because of it. In all justice--and even allowing for that chutzpah, that supreme self-confidence which is the badge of our rabbinic tribe--I must protest! I do not merit to be rubriced in a roster which contains such names as Ben-Gurion, Sukenik and Truman. Their towering achievements of a life-time dwarf my own modest efforts by far.

I really accomplished very little. And I received far more than I gave. I simply merged my life with the life of my people and in doing so, my life attained to a completeness, to an authenticity.

As Jews, we have no choice but to do precisely that. Our life forever demands involvement with a larger fate--the fate of Israel. The individual Jew is a lie and a fraud when he is more an individual than he is a Jew. He emerges whole, authentic, only when he surrenders himself to the cause of his people.

I realize full well that awards such as this are really more symbolic than they are personal. And it is as a symbol that I accept it.

I accept the Bublick prize in behalf of American Jewry, and American Jewry is altogether worthy of it. We are a proud community, a self-confident community, and this above all: we are a united community.

Rabbi Alexander Schindler--July, 1978

Solomon Bublick, I have learned, was a simple Jew, a proster Yisroel, but also an Ohev Israel. There is no higher madregah on the scale of our values. Solomon's brother, Gedaliah, was a Yiddish journalist, a member of the Mizrachi and a right-winger at that. I don't know how kindly he would have taken to having a Reform rabbi designated as the recipient of the prize which bears his family's name. But we American Jews have changed in this regard. We have learned that that which unites us is infinitely greater and weightier than that which divides us, that those adjectives by which we categorize ourselves--"Orthodox," "Conservative," "Reform," "Secular," "Zionist," "Non-Zionist,"--are precisely that: qualifying adjectives and not nouns. The noun is "Jew." Woz mir zennen zennen mir ober yiden zennen mir.

Of course, not every American Jew agrees with every policy of the Israeli government, present or past. The pluralistic nature of our community precludes so homogeneous a reaction. We are not servants of a particular party. We are not the instruments of any governmental coalition. But we are united by a sacred mission: the security, the safety of Israel. And we are impelled by a common love: an abounding love for the people of Israel.

We American Jews mean to uphold Israel's hands, not only by preserving our unity, but also by giving voice--strong, unfettered voice--to our convictions. Of course, we are still plagued by a few mahjofesdicks, by those who love to bask in the reflected glory of malchus. There are still a few in our midst who urge us to keep a low profile, who want us to be heard and seen as little as possible, lest we incur the wrath of the mighty. But American Jewry--in its preponderant majority--rejects this counsel, this caution of cowardice. "Shtadlanut" has seen the end of its day. Quiet personal diplomacy has brought us nothing but grief--look at the Thirties and see! No longer will we allow ourselves to be beguiled by the blandishments of those who sit in places of power.

Nor will we be intimidated by them. We will not commit the sin of silence a second time in the same generation.

We will serve Israel in one more way still: we will come here to this land and to our people.

Jerusalem, so Heschel wrote, is not divine. Her life depends on our presence. Alone, she is silent. When we are here, she is a proclamation. Alone, she is a widow. When we are here, she is a bride.

And so we will come here and bring our children here--some will be here for a time and some for always. Here we will build our institutions: our synagogues and schools, our kibbutzim and our camps. Many of our children hopefully will study right here, at this superb institution of learning, and they will stand on this beautiful, hallowed mount.

Then Jerusalem will live. All Israel will live. Ken Yehi Ratzon.

ה'תש"ב
אשר יללך אלך י' 136

SCHINDLER
p. 1

No small measure

It is with awe that I approach the rostrum ^{today} ~~this day~~

This very ^{setting} ~~place~~ is awe inspiring in its ^{grandeur} ~~beauty~~ and its meaning.

Who ^{does} ~~will~~ not tremble standing on this mount.

^{its} ~~The~~ space ~~about us~~ is filled with the voices of the past

^{its} ~~These~~ stones are the frozen echoes of eternity.

The soil on which we stand is sanctified by the blood of Israel's kedosheem

This mount is also the source of our hope.

It is the place where "waiting for God" was born

Where the expectation for everlasting peace came into being.

I am awed also by the ^{ward} ~~ward~~ with which you have honored me
and by the lofty companionship which I now join because of it.

I ^{shall} ~~will~~ justice — and even allowing for ^{chutza} ~~that~~ supreme self-confidence, that chutzpah
which is the badge of our rabbinic tribe — I must protest

I do not merit to be rubriced in a roster which contains such names as
Ben-Gurion Sukenik and Truman ^{- De Narva}

Their ~~towering~~ achievements of a life-time, dwarfs my ^{own} ~~far more~~ modest efforts ^{by far}

I really ~~really~~ accomplished very little

And I received far more than I gave

I ^{simply} ~~merely~~ merged by life with the life of my people
and in so doing, my life attained to a ^{complexities} ~~wholeness~~, to an authenticity.

As Jews we have no choice but to do precisely that

Our life forever demands involvement with a larger fate — the fate of Israel

The individual Jew is ^{alike} ~~alike~~ and a fraud when he is more an individual than he is a Jew
He emerges whole, authentic only when he surrenders himself to the cause of his people

2 words such as this are really
 I realize full well that ~~this words are~~, in the final analysis, more symbolic ~~than they are~~
 than they are personal.

And it is ^{as a symbol} ~~in this spirit~~ that I ~~never~~ accept it.

I ^{in behalf} accept the Bublick prize ^{although} for American Jewry
 And American Jewry is worthy of it.

We are a proud community

a self-confident community

And this above all: we are a united community.

^{on} Solom Bublick I have learned was a simple Jew, a proster Yisroel, but ^{also an} ~~and~~ Ohev Israel
 there is no higher madregah ~~than that~~ on the scale of our values,
 Solomon's brother Gedaliah was a yiddish journalist
 a member of the mizrachi and a right-winger at that
 I don't know how kindly he would have taken to having a Reform Rabbi designated as
 the recipient of the prize which bears his family's name.

But ^{we} American Jeww have changed in this regard.

We have learned that that which unites us is infinitely greater and weightier ~~than that which~~
 that which divides us

that those adjectives by which we categorize ourselves

— "orthodox," "conservative," reform," "seclar," "Zinist" "non-Zionist," —
 are precisely that: ~~ad~~ qualifying adjectives and not nouns

The noun is Jew

Woz mir zennen zennen mir ober yiden zenen mir.

Of course not every American Jew agrees with every policy of the Israeli government
 present or past

the pluralistic nature of our community precludes so homogeneous a reaction

We are not the servant of a particulat party

We are not the instruments of any governmental coalition

But we are united by a sacred mission: the secure the safety of Israel

And we are impelled by a common love: ^{an abundance} ~~of~~ love for the peoppe of Israel.

mean to,

by

by those

But

the caution
of cowardice

THE

many to study here in this hallowed place

our synagogues
to our children hopefully
Many will study night

He

The Jerusalem will live. All Israel will live. Ken Yehi Ratzon.

5
Repentance makes still another demand upon us:

It bids us ~~xxxx~~ assume responsibility for our actions.

It asks us not only to confess our wrong, but to bear the blame for what we do.

We are not too ~~well~~ ^{easy} disposed to ~~beed~~ ^{be} this madate.

We do not like to take on the burden of ~~responsibility~~ ^{our guilt},

Grudgingly we may advance the first step to repentance

-- we may admit that we did wrong --

but then we quickly add, and thereby fail to take the necessary second step,

that we were caught ~~not~~ ^{not} in a web of our own spinning

but that others are responsible for what we did.

OMER ATZEL ARI BACHUTZ

"A sluggard ^{always} says 'there is a lion in the streets...if I go out I will be slain!'"

The author of the book of proverbs well recognized our ~~tendency to scapegoat~~ ^{repentant for blaming others}.

His ~~by-word~~ ^{word} finds never-ending proof in our lives.

And yet we moderns sneer at our ~~fathers~~ ^{forebears} who offered a sacrificial lamb for their sins.

We call their way uncivilized, primitive, repugnant

and yet we look with equal eagerness for ~~someone~~ ^{someone} ~~to bear the burden~~ ^{to bear the burden} of our guilt.

~~For someone else or for something~~ ^{For someone else or for something} ~~we emphasize the "something" for~~ ^{we emphasize the "something" for} our favorite scapegoats are impersonal:

the environment to which we were and are exposed,

both psychological and sociological,

the homes we live in

our economic circumstance

the social circle in which we move, the social system under which we live

and, beyond ~~these~~ all these, the experiences of our youth and infancy

yea even the factor of natural selection,

the kind of parents who conceived and reared us, and their parents before them.

On these and the like we shift the blame for all that we have done or left undone.

Some years ago, I chanced on a cartoon which -- with wry humor --
encapsuled our weakness in this regard:

A highschooler just presented ~~what was obviously~~ his father with what was obviously a shameful poor report card from school. The caption put the following challenge into the boy's mouth:

"Tell me, dad, to what should I ^{attribute my failure} ascribe all this...to heredity or my environment?"

Well yes

Is not this precisely what we do, so much of the time...we find our scapegoats!

And the cumulative effect of all ^{our blaming} this scapegoating leads to the ultimate sin:
a denial of the self...

a refusal to recognize any autonomous power within ^{us} man,

Everything is said to come from without and nothing from within..

And so the sinner, we say can find his atonement

not in a House of God and through the act of confronting his conscience with the ideal
but rather on a psychiatrist's couch where the evil of his past experience can be uncovered
where he can be re-educated, re-conditioned ^{or, mostly adjusted to live with that evil}
^{appropriately come to terms with that evil}
^{above / resigned to live with himself}
^{in his case}

Please don't misunderstand me.

I do not mean to denigrate a ^{science} ~~sense~~ which nor its practitioners ^{which has} ~~who have~~ brought
healing and peace of mind to many...

But too often alas ~~this~~ science is abused...

when it does not extirpate the evil but enjoins us to live with it
when it seeks to adjust us to the norm ^{-- to the is rather than the one} of the world and thus impedes the process
of inner transformation.

pm

Certainly it would be wonderful if we could solve all our problems
by stretching out on the psychiatrist's couch
and while a patient father substitute is listening
we pour out the doleful story of our woes.

Alas for our all too tender egos! Alas for our neurotic world!

Alas for our faded dreams and disillusioned, wishful thinking!

Alas for the whole wretched business and, especially, alas for us!

Is this the picture? Is this the final story?

Or can we break out from our plush-lined prison of self-pity?

Can we say quite simply and plainly that we ~~can~~ keep on doing wrong while we know the right and that, therefore, we are sinners.

Shall we allow our conscience to take its proper place?

And this above all, shall we expect something from the will and its potential power within us?

Surely it is time that we made such a reckoning.

For when we deny the existence of the independent ^{will} ~~will~~ we detract from our humanity we ~~obliterate~~ obliterate that very quality which lifts us above the ^{things} ~~dumb~~ brute world.

When we deny the existence of the independent will we ^{deny ourselves} ~~close the door~~ forever on some of life's most precious moments - of glory ^{moments} ~~(in achievement)~~ --

for how dare we claim credit for the beauty and the goodness that we fashion if everything which we create comes from without and nothing from ~~xxx~~ within.

When we deny the existence of the independent will, we deny also the possibility of progress we choke all hope for human betterment

for how can we improve the world if we are helpless to improve the single self.

This at any rate is Judaism's conviction:

that man has the will, if he but use it, and the power... ^{will + the}

IM CHATOECHEM CASHANIM KASHELEG YALBINU

Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be whiter than snow

Every sinner can be a saint, every Jacob can become an Israel

if only he wrestle with his God.

In a word that we can lead those lives we sream to live"

lives large and generour

bold and adventurous

lives great in the scope of their ~~imagination~~ desire

Warm with imagination...magnanimous in forgiveness

smilingly triumphant over set-backs and over disasters.

This, at any rate, is Judaism's conviction

that man has the will, if he but use it, the will and the power

Of course Judaism is not blind to the evil of the world

nor is it oblivious to all those forces which act upon man and constrain him

But ~~that~~ at the same time Judaism refuses to see man as a sinner who must sin,

whose sin is existential, whose transgression is inevitable

it sees with him rather the seeds of self improve, it insists

IM CHATOEICHEM KASHONIM KASHELEG YALBINU

Though your ~~skx~~ sins be as scarlet they shall be whiter than snow

Every sinner can be a saint

every Jacob can become an Israel if only he wrestle with his God.

Michaelangelo had an intriguing conception of his art.

When he was asked just how he could fashion such sculptures of deathless beauty out

of massive ^{inert} stone, he replied...

I did not fashion that beauty...

it was always there within the stone

I merely perceived it through the stone and then patiently chiselled away

at those rocks which imprisoned ^{it} ~~this form in all its~~

~~I merely set it free... this form in all its beauty which was there~~

This is Judaism's conception of man

In the unhewn rock of our lives there is great goodness.

Its call is unmistakable within us

the call to live from the fullness of the heart

We can hear it

we can heed it

and having done so once we can do so over and again

In a word, we can lead those lives we dream to have...

lives large and generous, bold and adventurous

lives great in the scope of their desire, warm with imagination

magnanimous ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxfaithxxxx~~ in forgiveness, courageous as an act of faith

smilingly triumphant even over setback and sin and disaster.

Oh how we yearn for such lives

and we can live them if we meet the demands of repentance.

self-recognition

the willingness to carry the burden of responsibility for our deeds

and not in the least a determined exercise of that will with which we are

assuredly endowed

And so we pray on this Atonement Day

-chotnu...ovinu....poshanu...

we have sinned, , we and no one else

we have transgressed - willfully, nothing else compelled us

we ourselves have dealt perversly

And so we pray on this Repentance Day ~

---chotonu---ovinu---poshanu

we have sinned, we and no oje else

we have transgressed - willfully, nothing else compelled us

we ourselves have dealt perversely.

In a few brief moments now ^{many} some of us will leave this house, ^{3 God} some will remain
most of us will return ^{later} for more hours of prayer and of meditation

As part of our afternoon service we will be reading from the Book of Jonah

We know this story well

how he was sent by God to Niniveh to warn its citizens of the inevitable
consequence of their evil.

But Jonah revolted against God...

he refused to be the bearer of his tidings, lest Ninivehs men and women repent and live
for they were the sword enemies of the Jewish people
and ^{Jonah} he desired their destruction.

And ^{he} therefore ~~Jonah~~ was punished,

He was punished because he denied the conditional nature of God's decree

because he confused God's hatred of the evil in man with hatred of the evil man

as if the ~~man~~ evil man is evil in his essence

condemned forever to be wicked

beyond all hope of redemption.

This is precisely why the Book of Jonah fits so well into our Yom Kippur service

and it encapsules all that we have been saying:

The very essence of the Day of Atonement is faith

^{human} freedom ~~rejection of fate~~ ^{known} faith in providence but a denial of fate

^{human nature} faith in redemption and a rejection of doom

^{revelation} faith in man + his capacity for ~~transformation~~ ^{in his power to choose between evil} hatred of the evil in man but faith in his capacity to conquer ^{life & death}

^{impels our work today} Such a faith is the quintessence of our prayers

For on this Day of Days we pray for Niniveh -- FOR ALL THE NINIVITES OF THE WORLD

FOR THE NINIVITE IN EACH OF US

4K

[Handwritten signature]

Our God and God of our Fathers
Let our prayers come before Thee.
Turn not away from our supplication,
FOR WE ARE NOT SO PRESUMPTUOUS AND STIFFNECKED AS TO SAY THAT WE ARE WHOLLY RIGHTEOUS
AND HAVE NOT SINNED

For verily we have sinned,

...chotanu...ovinu...poshano...

we have sinnned...we have transgressed...we have dealt perversely

These words of contrition

taken from the pages of our prayerbook

constitute the supreme confession of the Jew.

The VIDUI these lines are called

and the rabbis of old ordained that they be spoken in the the last hour of life
by the dying person

or, if he can no longer speak,

~~that they be spoken~~ by a ^{relative} ~~rabbi~~, or a friend in his behalf.

The VIDUI was included in the liturgy of Yom Kippur, as we ^{know,} ~~have seen~~

and our fathers recited it on ^{that} ~~this~~ day as if ^{Y.M. it is the day} ~~this day were~~ indeed their last ^{DAY} on earth.

^{as they did} ~~Standing~~ in their synagogues, *[Handwritten signature]*

wrapped in their talesim,

and beneath them garbed in long white tunics made of linnen,

the kittel, their shrouds, their robes of death.

We of our generation approach this prayer and the Day of Atonement in like spirit
and though our outer garment no longer conforms to the custom of the past
our inner being nonetheless responds to this day as did our fathers.

We too hear its summons to judgment,

We too affirm ~~an~~ its dread and majesty and, tremblingly, obey its call:

to pass beneath the shepherds staff

^{walk} ~~aye~~, to ~~pass~~ before God ^{who counts his flock,} ~~who sets the span of life and seals its destiny.~~

WHO COUNTS IT'S ~~FLOCK~~ SHEEP

WHO SETS THE SPAN OF LIFE + SEALS ITS DESTINY.

Rosh Hashon^{ah} and Yom Kippur are Days of Awe and awesome is the mood which fills us
~~as we contemplate our lives, our past,~~

as we heed the mandate which bids ~~us~~ search the soul.

Is there anyone here who approaches the throne of judgment with assurance?

Is there anyone here so righteous that he sinneth not?

God knows the secrets of the soul...nought is hidden ~~from~~ ^{from} his sight.

Somber ~~though~~ our sentiments might be

the fundamental force impelling our worship is really one of hope

for Yom Kippur ^{reminds} ~~speaks to~~ us not only of man's evil,
~~as it reminds us of his capacity for good.~~
^{as it focuses our attention on}
~~it reminds us also of his capacity for good.~~

~~This is the central theme~~ Whatever there is of darkness in our contemplation of the past
^{is meant primarily}
~~serves only~~ to enhance the light of our hope for the future.

We are reminded of our failings not to debase us, not to cast us into gloom

but to inspire us to higher and to nobler striving.

We confess our sins not so much out of a sense of our own unworthiness

but rather with full faith that out ^{of our} ~~feels~~ of feebleness new strength can come.

That we can, if we will, turn every tear of disappointment into a pearl of virtue,
every defeat of yesterday into the laughter ^{of} ~~the~~ triumph of tomorrow.

The gates of repentance are opened ~~on~~ on this day

and beyond them ^{we find the} ~~there is~~ healing balm for hearts bruised by the knowledge of sin:

atonement —

reconciliation —

peace.

God's pardon, and with it the pardon that comes harder still:

the forgiveness ^{where with} ~~for which~~ we forgive ourselves

the renewal of our self-esteem.

"REBIRTH" "respect."

The rewards of repentance ^{Carl Henry} ~~is~~ good, but its road is toilsome to traverse.

Exacting demands are made of those who seek its way:

scrupulous self-judgment

a cognition of responsibility for ones actions,

a determined assertion of the will.

Without such disciplines, atonement ~~xxxxx~~ cannot be attained;

their ~~exerce~~ alone can help us enter its gates.

Honest self judgment is the first demand of repentance:

the ability to acknowledge transgression,

the willingness to say when we have sinned that we have sinned,

the strength to speak this truth.

not only ~~in communion with others~~ in conformance to a rite by rote ~~in service~~

not only in communion with others and to God, in service of the lips

^{Speak the truth}
but to the self as well.

^{How did the prophet put it?}

"Deceitful is the heart above all things and it is desperately weak."

Jeremiah spoke these words and he knew man well.

He knew his weakness for deception.

Long before psychiatry, he knew that men will lie to make the wrong seem right,

lie to one another,

more tragic still, lie to themselves....

Lies spoken to the self are fraught with ~~graver~~ graver consequence by far

than are lies spoken to another.

To begin with no one else can challenge ^{them} ~~their truth~~

for no one else can know what mind speaks to heart in solitude.

Moreover, so long as a person continues to lie to himself

so long as he refuses to know the truth about himself

so long will he ^{CONTINUE TO DO} ~~be doing~~ anything and everything except what needs to be done:

the task of inner transformation.

4

Thus it is that the way to repentance begins with self-recognition.'

When a man cheats he should call it cheating.

When he does shoddy and shabby things for shoddy and for shabby reasons, he should say so.

When he is greedy, he should call it greed.

When he is burning with the fever of ambition, he should say that ambition's fever
is burning within him.

Whatever it is he should call it by its honest name
and not try to justify it on the basis that it is something else.

He should see the wrong as in him, as a part of him
in all respects, make an honest reckoning with himself.

When he gets ready to sell out his idealism, he should say to himself:

I'm about to sell out my idealism.

And if you say that a man who speaks thus to himself is not likely to sell out his idealism
that is precisely why he should say it.

Call a wrong a wrong and you are half way to resisting it.

Call evil and evil, ~~and it ceases to burn within you~~ and its intensity wanes...
passion consumes you
It ceases to burn within you.

Thus ^{it is that} self-recognition ^{is} something more than the resolving of an inner conflict.

It is the beginning of a transformation.

the conception of a new heart and new self
And this is why we pray on this Repentance Day:

...chotnonu....ovinu....poshanu...

...we have sinned....we have transgressed...we have dealt perversely.

(Hebrew)

These words of the awesome _____ prayer strike responses as we assemble in the courtyards of the Almighty heeding His summons to judgment. Again, the shrill, sharp sounds of the shofar shake us from our complacency with their demand for a chesbon hanefesh, for a self-reckoning of the soul. Again this most fervent supplication surges from the soul. Inscribe us and those we love, inscribe us for blessing in the book of life.

How quickly the year has passed! It seems only yesterday that we were gathered here, a full year before us then, each of its months a meadow of hope, each day a lovely flower blossoming on the field. But leaves fall and flowers fade. The months glide silently by, reckoning but little of our clocks and calendars with their petty markings of times and of seasons. Our days are as a shadow that passeth away, They are speedily gone, they fly, like the shadow of a bird in flight.

We say that time flies, but does time really fly? Is it really time which passes as a shadow? Is not time an aspect of infinity? It was, a million years ago, and will remain a million years hence

~~(cont.)~~

← unending and unchanging as space.

↳ Humanity may sink into nothingness, the stars in their heavens may

← cease to be. Mighty massive mountains may crumble in the dust.

But time will remain in its proud majesty, ^{the} symbol of eternity.

No, time does not pass. We pass, We who are born of dust are destined to

— return to dust in time--and in a world which will lament us a

— day and forget us forever.

Mortals in immortal time are we...finite atoms of infinity. And though

← we live to be our three score years and ten, or even by reasons of

← strength, four score years, what are all these in contrast with

← infinity? Are not a thousand years in God's sight but as yester-

← day when it is past, as a watch in the night, as grains of sand

← along the shore, or tiny droplets in oceans vast?

Thus does the Day of Remembrance teach us to know life's brevity. In the

— stillness of this awesome hour, we hear the rushing of the waves of

— time, their relentless pounding against eternity's shores. We

— sense the sinking of the flood of past existence into the gaping

— abyss of ever-lastingness.

Now the shortness of life confronts us ^{with} a contradictory task: on

the one hand, the speed of life's forward motion compels us to hold

fast lest it elude us. On the other hand, the inexorability of

this very forward thrust requires that we reconcile ourselves to

life's inevitable end. A great poet of the American rabbinate,

the late M. St., pointed to this paradox in one of his most

*Ellen
Steinberg*

beautiful creations. We are asked to embrace the world, he wrote, - even while we must surrender it. We are enjoined to greet each moment of existence with full awareness, even while we are compelled to return life's every gifts.

The rabbis of the Talmud put the matter tersely--and in the starkness of its brutal reality:

ADAM BA BA-OLAM BEYODAYIM KEFUTZOT
A MAN COMES INTO THIS WORLD WITH HIS FIST CLENCHED
WHEN HE DIES HIS HAND IS OPEN

We begin by grasping. Ultimately, we must surrender, and the art of living is to know when to hold fast and when to let go. Surely we ought to _____ for it is beauty full of wonder and worth...
_____ know this is so...passing wonderful...
recognize truth once

Cling to life...that is life's first commandment, and most men heed it only in the last when life threatens to ~~e~~clude them. Then they cling to it--go to any hospital and see. Then they scratch for it with their very fingertips until the nails crack and the skin breaks and bleeds, all in the effort to halt the ravagings of dread disease.

But until then, until then most of us are blind. We walk about on a cloud of ignorance. We trample on the feelings of those about us. We spend and waste time as though we had a million years to live, always at the mercy of one self-centered passion after another.

Is this not the real reason of the remorse which fills us at this parting hour of the year? We remember a beauty that faded, a love which is no more. We remember, also, and with far greater pain, that we did not see that beauty when it flowered, that we failed to respond with love to love when it was tendered.

Wasted opportunities...neglected endowments...unappreciated blessings. Beauty which found us blind, heavenly harmonies unheard by our ears, because our ears were filled with the din and clatter of our petty discords. These are the remembrances which bring us to remorse.

It is a poignant thing especially to realize how careless we often are of life's lost, precious gift: the love of our loved ones. Parents disregarding their children, children their parents, friends their friends, husband and wife indifferent to each other, until calamity strikes and then we beat our breasts and cry: "Chotonou, we have sinned. We did not mean to say this to you. We did not mean to deal falsely. We did not mean to speak harshly...we do love thee---but there is none to hear and there is none to heed.

Your rabbi speaks not just to those before him, but to himself as well. He, too, runs blindly. He runs when he works, he runs when he plays. He runs incessantly, he knows not where. He does not even know whence, most likely from himself, afraid to face the self, fearful to find the .

And so, he, too, is filled with remorse of gifts neglected, the

laughter of children, the tender (love) of a wife, unseen, unanswered.

Where are they? Where is the wine of life and the soft voice of its yearning? The song of day and the silent wonder of the night? The petals on the grass and wings in the air? Where are they? They were there but we did not see. We had ears but we did not hear. We do not know...we do not understand...we walk in darkness. How wantonly careless we are of life's gifts until it is too late. Like birds whose beauty is concealed until their plumes are spread against the sky, our blessings brighten only as they take their flight.

brought

Here surely is a needful lesson by our meditation. Life is precious. It is ineffably dear. Never be too busy for the wonder and the awe of it. Be reverent before each dawning day, greet each hour, seize each golden minute. Cling to life with all your heart and might and soul. Hold fast to life while yet ye may.

Hold fast to life, but not so fast that you cannot let go. Here is the second side of life's coin, the opposite pole of its paradox. We have to learn how to let go, how to surrender.

Life means growth. To grow involves not merely the acquisition of new qualities, of new characteristics, it means also the surrender of older qualities, their casting off. We are not eager to learn this lesson, especially when we are young, for when we are young we think that the world is ours to command, that whatever we desire with the full force of our passionate being can actually be achieved. But sooner or later

Lullaby for Miriam

Richard Beer-Hofmann

Sleep, my child - sleep now and rest!
See there the sun, how it wanes in the west,
Reddening hills as it breathes its last breath.
You - you know nothing of suns and of death,
Turning your eyes to the glare and the light.
Sleep, there are so many suns for your sight,
Sleep, my child - my child, sleep on!

Sleep, my child - the evening wind blows.
Know we from where it comes? Whither it goes?
Dark are all ways, deep hidden and wild,
Yours and mine too and all others, my child!
Blindly we go, all alone do we go,
None can to none be a mate here below -
Sleep, my child - my child, sleep on!

Sleep, my child, and heed not my song!
Meaning for me does it carry along,
You hear but echo of wind and of sea,
Words - the whole harvest of life may be!
What I have gained, down my grave it will go,
None can to none be an heir here below -
Sleep, my child, my child, sleep on!

Asleep, my Miriam? - Miriam, my child,
We are but banks of a river, and wild
Flows through us blood of our past, rushing loud
On to the morrow, unresting and proud.
In us are all - none, none is alone.
You are their life and their life is your own -
Miriam - my life, my child - sleep on!

Translated by Sol Liptzin

SCHLAFLIED FÜR MIRJAM

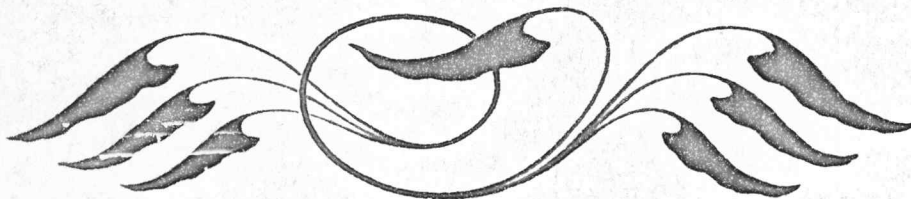
Schlaf mein Kind — schlaf es ist spät!
 Sieh, wie die Sonne zur Ruhe dort geht,
 Hinter den Bergen stirbt sie im Rot.
 Du — du weißt nichts von Sonne und Tod,
 Wendest die Augen zum Licht und zum Schein:
 Schlaf, — es sind so viel Sonnen noch dein,
 Schlaf mein Kind, — mein Kind schlaf ein!

Schlaf mein Kind — der Abendwind weht;
 Weiß man woher er kommt, wohin er geht?
 Dunkel, verborgen die Wege hier sind,
 Dir, und auch mir, und uns Allen, mein Kind!
 Blinde — so gehn wir, und gehen allein,
 Keiner kann Keinem Gefährte hier sein, —
 Schlaf mein Kind, — mein Kind schlaf ein!

Schlaf mein Kind — und horch nicht auf nicht!
 Sinn hat's für mich nur, und Schall ist's für dich;
 Schall nur, wie Windeswehn, Wassergerinn,
 Worte — vielleicht eines Lebens Gewinn!
 Was ich gewonnen gräbt mit mir man ein,
 Keiner kann Keinem ein Erbe hier sein —
 Schlaf mein Kind, — mein Kind schlaf ein!

Schläfst du Mirjam? — Mirjam, mein Kind,
 Ufer nur sind wir, und tief in uns rinnt
 Blut von Gewesenen, — zu Kommenden rollt's,
 Blut unsrer Väter, voll Unruh und Stolz.
 In uns sind Alle. Wer fühlt sich allein?
 Du bist ihr Leben, — ihr Leben ist dein, —
 Mirjam, mein Leben, — mein Kind, schlaf ein!

RICHARD BEER-HOFMANN



Beer-Hofmann's poem as it first appeared in PAN in 1898.
 (From the LBI Collections)

Among the early admirers of the *Schlaflied* was Rainer Maria Rilke. In a letter to Ilse Blumenthal-Weiss (now a staff member of the LBI), dated April, 1922, he wrote: "I have admired the *Schlaflied* beyond measure since I became acquainted with it (when it was published so magnificently in the pages of "Pan"). In later years I was privileged to gain boundless admirers for the poem which I knew by heart. When I lived in Sweden for half a year it went so far that people from other farm houses sent their car to ours, as one would call for a doctor, so that I might recite the verses to virtual strangers who had heard of the extraordinary beauty of the poem."

PERIODICALS COLLECTION EXPANDED

Important acquisitions of microfilm reproductions have been made as part of the LBI project to complete its collection of more than 700 periodicals, published by or for Jews during the 19th and 20th centuries. The project, which continues to progress well, is funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Among the latest items to which additions were made are numerous volumes of the publications of various German-Jewish youth movements. Several of these publications are now complete, and the Institute is probably the only library in the United States today that houses complete sets, in original print supplemented by microfilm, of at least nine youth movement publications, including: *Blau-Weiss Blätter*, *Der Bund Kameraden*, *Jung Israel*, *Führerschaftsblätter des Esra* and *Kameraden*. Many other publications in this group, which totals forty, have been greatly augmented although not yet completed.

The latest progress in the LBI Periodicals Project was made possible through the cooperation of the Jewish National and University Library, Jerusalem; The Central Archives of the History of the Jewish People, Jerusalem; and The Central Zionist Archives, Jerusalem, which enabled the Institute to obtain microfilms of missing volumes.

Upon completion of the government-funded project, this collection of research material, accessible in one central location, will greatly facilitate scholarly work in German-Jewish history and related fields. The LBI has recently been notified that the National Endowment for the Humanities has extended its funding of this project for an additional year.

life confronts us with its dread realities: with illness, with poverty, with death, with the voice of duty. And then we realize that no matter how beautiful may be the things we crave, fate may nonetheless forbid them; and no matter how wonderful may be life's gifts, destiny may nonetheless ordain their ultimate return.

Few of life's blessings escape this harsh decree, none, in fact,.. none excepting one's memory and love. Ultimately we must surrender everything...everything we have...everything we are.

We must surrender our loved ones. Here is a portion of reality which is not too remote from us on this day of judgment as we look about us and see in our mind's eye the many loved ones who sat near us once and are no more. Ed Elman. They have reached their horizon and are gone out of sight. That is our mortal lot in life; we must surrender our loved ones.

And we must surrender our very selves. Life is never a being, it is always a becoming, a relentless flowing on. We move through every stage of life, each with its entrances and its exits--the infant becomes the boy, the boy the man, and there is simply no turning back.

Pity those among us who will not heed life's call for renunciation. Their lives are all the darker for their refusal to face the undeniable. We all know such people: men who outgrow the dreams of their childhood days, women who cling too desperately to a youth which is escaping them,

parents who cannot let their children go, who will not let them free to live their own lives. Or think of those poor souls who hold too fast to the love and memory of someone who has been taken from them, leading their lives in melancholy, cloistered behind the walls of an ill-controlled grief. For there must be a surrender even to this, an end to mourning and a return to the tasks and responsibilities of life.

When Rabbi Bunam, renowned Chassidic master, was lying on his death bed, his wife wept bitterly, whereupon he reproached her saying: "Don't you know that all my life was given me, merely that I might learn how to die." Life is the great teacher in the art of renouncing. To deny its mandate is to deny the inevitable. To heed it is not only just and right/ It is the very gate of wisdom.

Our meditation has confronted us with a two-fold demand of existence and it is puzzling in its paradox: on the one hand we are told to cling to life---on the other hand we are enjoined: learn how to renounce. How can we do both and at the very same time: More important, why should we do it? Why should we fashion things of beauty when what we fashion will ultimately be destroyed: Why should we give our hearts in love when those we love will ultimately be torn from our grasp?

Rosh Hashanah, which confronts us with life's paradox, also offers its resolution, for on this day we see our lives as through windows that open on eternity, and then we know that though our flesh is finite, our spirit born of flesh is infinite, that though our days may end, our deeds on earth do weave a pattern that is timeless.

The good we do on earth is not interred with our bones. The

beauty that we fashion cannot be dimmed by death, The love we give in life lives on, long after we are gone, to warm the loves of others. When Chanayoh ben Teradyon, noblest of Jewish martyrs, was burnt at the stake, wrapped in a scroll of the Law, his pupils, who witnessed his terrible agony, cried out: "Our master, our teacher, what seest Thou?" ...and he replied: "I see the parchment burning, but the letters of the Law, they soar on high." Even so it is with us. Our flesh may perish... our hands may wither...but that which they create, in beauty, and in goodness, and in love, lives on forever.

And so we turn to Him who is enthroned above our praises. Many prayers pour from our lips, many supplications surge from our soul, but none, surely, is more earnest and more incessant than our prayer for life... life mysterious and marvelous...life warm and wonderful...this daily victory over illness and over death...this breath in the lungs... this dance in the limbs...this song of blood in the veins...life to which we cling with all our might while yet we may.

(Hebrew) On Rosh Hashanah it is decreed, "and on Yom Kippur it is sealed. May we and all our loved ones be inscribed for another year of life and health, and may our lives be filled with much that is beautiful, and good, and true, Amen. Thus may it be.

Amen.

ON ROSH HASHANA IT IS WRITTEN ON FOR KIPPAH IT IS
QVINI MAIKENU KITVENUE BESEFER CHAYIM TOVIM
OUR FATHER OUR KING INSCRIBE US FOR BLESSING IN HIS BOOK OF LIFE
THESE WORDS OF THE ANSWERING PRAYER STRIKE RESPOND
Once again, my friends, we are assembled in the courtyards of the almighty

heeding his summons to judgment

Again the shrill sharp sounds of the shofar shake us from our complacency

with their demand for a cheshbon hanefesh, for a self-reckoning of the soul

Again this most fervent supplication surges from the soul

inscribe us and those we love

inscribe us for blessing in the book of life.

How quickly the year has passed

It seems only yesterday that we were gathered here

a full year before us then

each of its months a meadow of hope

each day a lovely flower blossoming on that field, . .

But leaves fall and flowers fade

The months glide silently by

reckoning but little of our clocks and calendars with their petty marks of times

and of seasons

Our days are as a shafow that passeth away

they are speedily gone

they fly -- like the shadow of a bird in flight . . .

WE SAY THAT TIME FLIES.

But does time really fly? Is it really time ^{which passes} ~~that passeth~~ as a shadow?

Is not time an aspect of infinity?

It was --- a million years ago -- and will remain a million years hence

unending and unchanging as space .

Humanity may sink into nothingness

the stars in their heavens may cease to be

Mighty massive mountains may crumble in the dust

but time will remain in its proud majesty

~~the embodiment of~~
symbol of eternity.

No, Time does not pass...WE pass.

WE who are born of dust are destined to return to dust

IN time and in a world which will lament us a day and forget us forever.

Mortals in immortal time are we...finite atoms of infinity.

And though we live to be our three score years and ten

or ~~or~~ even by reasons of strength ~~one~~ ^{four score years} hundred and ~~twenty~~

what are these ^{all} ~~years~~ in contrast with ^{infinity} ~~eternity~~.

Are not a thousand years in God's sight but as yesterday when it is past

as a watch in the night

~~a~~ grain of sand along the shore

~~a~~ tiny droplet in oceans vast.

Thus does the Day of Remembrance teach us to know life's brevity.

In the stillness of this awesome hour,

we hear the rushing of the waves of time, ^{shores} ~~their~~ relentless pounding against eternity

we sense the sinking of the flood of past existence into the gaping abyss of ^{everlasting} ~~eternity~~.

The shortness of life confronts us with a contradictory task:

the speed of life's forward motion compels us to hold fast lest it elude us...

and yet the inexorability of this very forward thrust requires our reconciliation

to ^{life's} ~~its~~ inevitable ^{end} ~~loss~~.

One of the great poets of the American rabbinate pointed to this paradox in one of his most beautiful creations...

We are asked to embrace the world -- he wrote -- even while we must surrender it.

we are enjoined to greet each moment of existence with full awareness

even while we are compelled to return ^{every} life's gifts.

The rabbis of the Talmud put the matter tersely — *in the starkness of its brutal reality,*

ADAM BA BA-OLAM BEYODAYIM KEFUTZOT
A MAN COMES INTO THIS WORLD WITH HIS FIST CLENCHED
WHEN HE DIES HIS HAND IS OPEN

We begin by grasping

ultimately we must surrender

and the art of living is to know when to hold fast and when to let go.

*SURELY WE OUGHT TO HOLD FAST FOR IT IS BEAUTY
FULL OF WONDER & WORTH... GRANDER BEAKS
KNOW THIS IS 'SO... PASSING WONDERFUL... RECOGNIZE TRUTH ONLY*

Cling to life... that is life's first commandment

most and ~~most~~ men heed it *ONLY IN THE LAST* ~~sooner or later~~

~~More often later also,~~
~~but they heed it only~~ when life threatens to elude them...

then they cling to it — *go to any hospital, see —*

then they scratch for it with their very fingertips

until the nails crack and ~~bleed~~ *the* skin breaks & bleeds

all in the effort *desperately*
struggling to halt the ravagings of disease

But until then — —

until then most of us are blind

we walk about on a cloud of ignorance

we trample on the feelings of those about us

we spend and waste time as though we had a million years to live

always at the mercy of one self-centered passion after another.

Is not this the real reason of the remorse which fills us at this parting hour of the year?

We remember a beauty that faded, a love which is no more.

We remember *we also* -- *and* with far greater pain,

that we ~~xxx~~ did not see that beauty when it flowered,

that we failed to respond with love to love when it was tendered/

Wasted opportunities... neglected endowments... unappreciated blessings...

Beauty which found us blind... heavenly harmonies unheard by our ears...

because our ears were filled with the din and clatter of our petty discords...

THESE are the remembrances which bring us to remorse.

4

It is a poignant thing especially to realize how careless we often are of life's ,ost
precious gift: the love of our loved ones. :

parents disregarding their children, children their parents
friends their friends, husband and wife indififerent to each other
until calamity strikes and then we ~~exxxand~~ beat our breats and cry:

chotonu(we have sinned

we did not mean to say this to you

we did not mean to deal falsely ~~we~~

we did not want to speak harshly...

we do love thee ----

but there is none to hear and there is none to heed...

~~He~~ The rabbi speaks not just to those before him but to himself as well

He too runs blindly

he runs when he works ~~he~~ he runs when he plays

he runs incessantly, he ~~knows~~ knows not where

he does not even know whence...

most likely from himself....afraid to face the self... *fearful to find the self.*

and so he too is filled with the remorse of gifts neglected

laughter
the ~~smile~~ of the child,
tender mother's
the ~~need~~ of the ~~mate~~...

unseen, unanswered...

~~Where are they all...where did they go?~~

~~Where are they...they were there and~~

WHERE IS

the wine of life and the soft voice of its yearning
the song of day and the silent wonder off the night
the petals on the grass and wings in the air

~~they~~ Where are they? they were there but we did not see.

We had ears but we did no hear

we do not know ...we do not understand ... we walk in darkness...

4

How wantonly careless we are of life's gifts until it is too late

Like birds whose beauty is concealed until their plumes are spread against the sky

our blessings brighten only as they take their flight

Here surely is a needful lesson brought by our meditation

Life is precious

it is ineffably dear

Never be too busy for the wonder and the awe of it

Be reverent before each dawning day

greet each hour

seize each golden minute

Cling to life with all your heart and might and soul

Hold fast to life

while yet ye may....

6
Hold fast to life...but not so fast that you cannot let go. Here is the second side of life's coin, the opposite pole of its paradox. We have to learn how to let go, how to surrender.

Life means growth. To grow involves not merely the acquisition of new qualities, of new characteristic, it means also the surrender of older qualities, their casting off. We are not eager to learn this lesson, especially when we are young, for when we are young we think that the world is ours to command, that whatever we desire with the full force of our passionate being can actually be achieved. But sooner or later life confronts us ^{with its dread realities} with illness, with poverty, with death, with the voice of duty. And then we realize that no matter how beautiful may be the things we crave, fate may nonetheless forbid them; and no matter how wonderful may be life's gifts, ^{destroy} fate may nonetheless ordain their ultimate return.

^{None in fact... none excepting once memory & love}
Few of life's blessings escape this harsh decree. Ultimately we must surrender everything...everything we have...everything we are.

We must surrender our loved ones. Here is a portion of reality which is not too remote from us on this day of judgment as we look about us ^{see} and in our mind's ^{ED ELMAN} eye the many loved ones who sat near us once and are no more. They have reached their horizon and ^{no trace} are gone out of sight. That is our lot in life; we must surrender our loved ones.

And we must surrender our very selves. Life is never a being, it is always a becoming, a relentless flowing on. We move through every stage of life, each with its entrances and its exits - the infant becomes the boy, the boy the man, -and there simply is no turning back.

Pity those among us who will not heed life's call for renunciation. Their lives are all the darker for their refusal to face the undeniable. We all know such people: men who never outgrow the dreams of their childhood days....women who cling too desperately to a youth which is escaping them...parents who cannot let their children go, who will not let them free to live their own lives.

Or think of those poor souls who hold too fast to the love and memory of someone who has been taken from them, leading their lives in melancholy, ^{cloistered} ~~hidden~~ behind the walls of an ill-controlled grief. For there must be ^{a surrender} ~~an end~~ even to this, ^{an end to} ~~a surrender~~ of mourning and a return to the tasks and responsibilities of life.

When Rabbi Bunam, renowned Chassidic master, was lying on his death bed his wife wept bitterly, whereupon he reproached her saying: "Don't you know that all my life was given me, merely that I might learn how to ~~renounce~~ die." Life is the great teacher in the art of renouncing. To deny its mandate is to deny the inevitable. To heed it is not only just and right. It is the very gate of wisdom.

Our meditation has confronted us with a two-fold demand of existence and it is puzzling in its paradox: on the one hand we are told to cling to life...on the other hand we are enjoined: learn how to renounce. How can we do both, and at the very same time? More important...why should we do it? We should we fashion things of beauty when what we fashion will ultimately be destroyed? Why should we give our hearts in love when those we love will ultimately be torn from our grasp.

Rosh Hashono, which confronts us with life's paradox, ~~also~~ offers its resolution, for on this day we see our lives as through windows that open on eternity, and then we know that though our flesh is finite, our spirit born of flesh is infinite, that though our days may end, our deeds on earth do weave a pattern that is timeless.

The good we do on earth is not interred with our bones. The beauty that we fashion cannot be dimmed by death. The love we give in life lives on, long after we are gone, to warm the lives of others. When Chanayio ben Teradyon, noblest of Jewish martyrs, was burnt at the stake, wrapped in a scroll of the Law, his pupils, who witnessed his terrible agony cried out: "Our master, our teacher, what seest Thou"...and he replied: "I see the parchment burning, but the letters of the law, they soar on high." Even so it is with us. Our flesh may perish...our hands may wither...but that which they create...in beauty...and in goodness....and in love...^{forever,} ~~that lives on for all time to come.~~

8
And so we turn to Him who is enthroned above our praises. Many prayers pour from our lips...many supplications surge from our soul, but none, surely, is more earnest and more incessant than our prayer for life...life mysterious and marvelous...life warm and wonderful...this daily victory over illness and over death...this breath in the lungs...this dance in the limbs...this song of blood in the veins...life to which we cling with all our ~~heart~~ might while yet we may.

יְהוָה יִשְׁמַר אֶת יְהוּדָה / יְהוָה יִשְׁמַר אֶת יְהוּדָה On Rosh Hashono it is decreed, and on Yom Kippur it is sealed. May we and all our loved ones be inscribed for another year of life and health, and may our lives be filled with much that is beautiful, and good, and true. Amen. Thus may it be.

Amen.

OUTREACH: THE CASE FOR A MISSIONARY JUDAISM

Address of

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

President

Union of American Hebrew Congregations

to the

Board of Trustees

HOUSTON, TEXAS

DECEMBER 2, 1978

It is good to be here, my friends, good to be re-united with the leaders of Reform Jewry, with men and women from many congregations and communities but of one faith, bound together by a common sacred cause. Your presence here gives us much strength as does your work throughout the year. We are what we are because of you, a product of those rich gifts of mind and heart you bring to our tasks.

It is good to have our number enlarged by the presence of leaders and members of our Southwest congregations. We are grateful for your hospitality. You are true sons and daughters of Abraham whose tent, so the Midrash informs us, has an opening on each of its sides so that whencesoever a stranger might near he would have no difficulty in entering Abraham and Sarah's home.

We are grateful for the sustaining help which you have given us over the years, your material help, and the time and talents and energies of your leaders who have always played an indispensable role in our regional and national councils.

It is not my intention this night to give you a comprehensive report of the Union's activities -- as I do at these Board meetings from time to time -- but rather to offer a resolution which recommends the creation of an agency within our movement involving its every arm which will earnestly and urgently confront the problem of intermarriage in specified areas and in an effort to turn the tide which threatens to sweep us away into directions which might enable us to recover our numbers and, more important, to recharge our inner strength.

I begin with the recognition of a reality: the tide of intermarriage is running against us. The statistics on the subject confirm what our own experience teaches us:

intermarriage is on the rise. Between 1966 and 1972, 31.7 percent of all marriages involving a Jew were marriages between a Jew and a person born a non-Jew. And a recent survey shows that the acceptance of such marriages among Americans in general is on the rise, most dramatically, as we might expect, among Jews.

We may deplore it, we may lament it, we may struggle against it, but these are the facts. The tide is running against us, and we must deal with this threatening reality. Dealing with it does not, however, mean that we must learn to accept it. It does not mean that we should prepare to sit shiva for the American Jewish community. On the contrary, facing and dealing with reality means confronting it, coming to grips with it, determining to reshape it.

Most often, Jewish education - more of it, and better - is put forward as the surest remedy to intermarriage. And, indeed, there is some evidence that suggests that the more the Jewish education, the less the likelihood of intermarriage. But alas, it is not always so. As the Mishnah long ago averred, "Not every knowledgeable Jew is pious", not every educated Jew is a committed Jew.

Nonetheless, we believe in Jewish education, for its own sake as well as because we believe it a powerful defense against the erosion of our people. The bulk of the resources and the energies of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations is invested in programs of formal and informal education of which we are justly proud. We operate summer camps and Israel tours and youth retreats, college weekends and kallahs and teacher training institutes. We generate curricula and texts and educational aids. And some 45,000 youngsters participate each and every year in the programs which we sponsor.

We know that such programs are our first line of defense in the battle against intermarriage. We know as well, however, that they are an imperfect defense, that even among those who are exposed to our most ambitious efforts, there are hundreds, if not thousands, who will intermarry. There is a sting to the honey of freedom.

But we know also that Jewish education is not "wasted" even on those who do intermarry. Study after study informs us that is the Jewish partner of an intermarried couple who is most likely to determine whether or not there will be a conversion to Judaism, and whether or not the children of the couple will be raised as Jews. The richer the background and the stronger the commitment of the Jewish partner, the less likely is the absolute loss.

Most simply stated, the fact of intermarriage does not in and of itself lead to a decline in the Jewish population. As Fred

Massarik, one of our leading demographers, has observed (MOMENT, June 1978), "That decline - if a decline there be - depends on what the Jews who are involved in the intermarriage actually do."

As important as Jewish education is, in this context, I believe that there are other steps we can - and must - take if we are to deal realistically with the threat which intermarriage presents to our survival. And it is on three such steps that I want to focus my attention.

The first of these has to do with the conversion of the non-Jewish partner-to-be. It is time for us to reform our behavior towards those who become Jews-by-Choice, to increase our sensitivity towards them and, thereby, to encourage growth in their numbers.

In most communities, the UAHC offers "Introduction to Judaism" courses, and congregational rabbis spend countless hours providing instruction in Judaism. History and Hebrew are taught, ideas explored, ceremonies described. But there, by and large, our efforts ends. Immediately after the marriage ceremony, we drop the couple and leave them to fend for themselves. We do not offer them help in establishing a Jewish home, in raising their children Jewishly, in grappling with their peculiar problems, in dealing with their special conflicts. More important still, we do not really embrace them, enable them to feel a close kinship with our people.

On the contrary: If the truth be told, we often alienate them. We question their motivations (since only a madman would choose to be a Jew, the convert is either neurotic or hypocritical). We think them less Jewish (ignoring that they often know more about Judaism than born Jews). Unto the end of their days, we refer to them as converts.

A colleague of mine recently received a letter from one who elected to become a Jew:

Dear _____:

I know that I personally resent being referred to as a convert - a word that by now is alien to my heart. My conversion process was nearly ten years ago - I have been a Jew for a long time now. I think, eat and breathe Judaism. My soul is a Jewish soul though I am distinctly aware of my original background and birthright. This does not alter my identity as a Jew. If one is curious about whence I come or if indeed "am I really Jewish," the answer is categorically "Yes, I'm really Jewish - a Jew-by-Choice." I shall continue to grow and to search as a Jew. My "conversion process" was just that - a process which ended with the ceremony. From then on I was a Jew.

Such Jews-by-Choice have special needs and we need special guidance on how to meet those needs. What, for example, is to be done where a convert is more enthusiastic than his/her Jewish-born partner? And what of the past of the new Jew? He may have broken with the past, but in human terms he cannot forget, nor should he be expected to, his non-Jewish parents or family, and, at special times of the year, say Christmas or Easter, he may well feel some ambivalence. And what of the difficult process through which one learns that the adoption of Judaism implies the adoption of a people as well as a faith, of a history as well as a religion of a way of life as well as a doctrine? May this not sometimes seem overwhelming to the new Jew?

It is time for us to stop relating to the new Jews as if they were curiosities, or as if they were superficial people whose conversion to Judaism reflects a lack of principles on their part, a way of accommodating to their partners-to-be. We should do that for their sake, and also for our own. For we need them to be part of our people. They add strength to us only if they are more than a scattering of individuals who happen to share our faith. Newcomers to Judaism, in short, must embark on a long-term naturalization process, and they require knowledgeable and sympathetic guides along the way, that they may feel themselves fully equal members of the synagogue family.

Let there be no holding back. It was Maimonides himself, answering a convert's query, who wrote:

You ask whether you, being a proselyte, may speak the prayers: "God an God of our Fathers" and "Guardian of Israel who has brought us out of the land of Egypt," and the like.

Pronounce all the prayers as they are written and do not change a word. Your prayers and your blessings should be the same as any other Jew...This above all: do not think little of your origin. We may be descended from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but your descent is from the Almighty Himself.

* * *

But we must look beyond conversion. Most of the non-Jewish partners to intermarriage do not convert to Judaism. Such data as we have suggest that two out of every three intermarriages involve a Jewish husband and a non-Jewish wife, and in these cases, one out of four wives converts to Judaism. In the one third of intermarriages which involve a Jewish wife and a non-Jewish husband, the incidence of conversion is much, much lower. But we also know that in very many cases of intermarriage without conversion, there is a "Jewish drift"; Massarik informs us, for example, that "nearly fifty percent of non-Jewish husbands, although they do not formally embrace Judaism by their own

description nonetheless regard themselves as Jews."

I believe that we must do everything possible to draw the non-Jewish spouse of mixed marriage into Jewish life. The phenomenon of Jewish drift teaches us that we ought to be undertaking more intensive Jewish programs which will build on and build up these existing ties, this fledgling sense of Jewish identification. If non-Jewish partners can be brought more actively into Jewish communal life, perhaps they themselves will initiate the process of conversion. At the very least, we will dramatically increase the probability that the children of such marriages will be reared as Jews.

Nor can we neglect to pay attention to the Jewish partners of such marriages. Frequently, they have felt the sting of rejection by the Jewish community, even by their own parents. They may feel guilty, they may feel resentful, they are almost sure to feel some confusion and ambivalence toward active involvement in the community. They may feel inhibited out of a sense of regard for their partner's sensibilities, or out of embarrassment in the face of a community they think will be hostile to their partners.

We must remove the "not wanted" signs from our hearts. We are opposed to intermarriage, but we cannot reject the intermarried. And we cannot but be aware that in our current behavior, we communicate rejection. If Jews-by-Choice often feel alienated by our attitudes and behavior, how much more alienated do the non-Jewish spouses of our children feel?

We can also remove those impediments to a fuller participation which still obtain in all too many of our congregations. Even the strictest halachic approach offers more than ample room to allow the non-Jewish partner to join in most of our ceremonial and life cycle events. The halachah permits non-Jews to be in the synagogue, to sing in the choir, to recite the blessing over the Sabbath and festival candles, and even to handle the Torah. There is no law which forbids a non-Jew to be buried in a Jewish cemetery.

And as for the children born of such a marriage; if the mother is Jewish then the child is regarded as fully Jewish. But if she is not, even Orthodox Judaism, provided the consent of the mother is obtained, permits the circumcision of the boy, his enrollment in religious school and his right to be called to the Torah on the occasion of his bar mitzvah - and everlastingly thereafter, to be considered a full Jew.

All this is possible under Orthodoxy. How much the more so within Reform, which has insisted on the creative unfolding of halachah.

As a case in point, why should a movement which from its very birth-hour insisted on a full equality of men and women in religious life unquestioningly accept the principle that Jewish lineage is valid through the maternal line alone? In fact, a case can be made that there is substantial support within our tradition for the validity of Jewish lineage through the paternal line, and it is this kind of possibility which we should begin energetically to explore. I am not scholar enough to propose an instant revision in our standard practice; but I do think it is important that we seek ways to harmonize our tradition with our needs.

It may well be that when we have done that, our collective wisdom and our concern for Jewish unity will lead us to conclude that there are certain privileges which simply cannot be extended to non-Jews. If that proves to be the case, then I am confident that the thoughtful non-Jew who is favorably disposed to Judaism will recognize and respect what we have concluded, and will understand stand that conversion remains the path of entry to the totality of what Judaism has to offer.

Let no one misinterpret and infer that I am here endorsing intermarriage. I deplore intermarriage, and I discourage it. I struggle against it, as a rabbi and as the father of five children. But if all or our efforts do not suffice - and, manifestly, they do not do we really to banish our children, to sit shiva over them? No. Our task then is to draw them even closer to our hearts, to do everything we can to make certain that our grandchildren will nonetheless be Jews, that they will be part of our community and share the destiny of our people.

* * *

I now come to the third and likely the most controversial aspect of the matter. I believe that the time has come for the Reform movement - and others, if they are so disposed - to launch a carefully conceived Outreach program aimed at all Americans who are unchurched and who are seeking religious meaning.

It would be easy to tip-toe here, to use obfuscatory language and be satisfied to hint at my purpose. But I will not. Unabashedly and urgently, I propose that we resume our vocation as champions of Judaism, that we move from passive acceptance to affirmative action.

No, I do not have in mind some kind of traveling religious circus. I envisage instead the development of a dignified and responsible approach. Let us establish information centers in many places, well-publicized courses in our synagogues, and the development of suitable publications to serve these facilities and purposes. In short, I propose that we response openly and positively to those God-seekers whose search leads them to our

door, who voluntarily ask for our knowledge.

I do not suggest that we strive to wean people from the religions of their choice, with or without the boast that ours is the only true and valid faith; I do not suggest that we enter into rivalry with all established churches. I want to reach a different audience entirely. I want to reach the unchurched, those reared in non-religious homes or those who have become disillusioned with their taught beliefs. I want to reach those seekers after truth who require a religion which tolerates - more than tolerates, encourages - all questions. I want especially to reach the rootless and the alienated who need the warmth and comfort of a people known for its close family ties, a people of ancient and noble lineage.

The notion that Judaism is not a propagating faith is far from the truth. It has been a practiced truth for the last four centuries, but it was not true for the forty centuries before. Abraham was a convert, and our tradition lauds his missionary zeal. Isaiah enjoined us to be a "light unto the nations" and insisted that God's house be a "house of prayer for all peoples." Ruth of Moab, a heathen by birth, became the ancestress of King David. Zechariah foresaw the time when men of every tongue would grasp a Jew by the corner of his garment and say, "Let us go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

During the Maccabean period, Jewish proselytizing activity reached its zenith: schools for missionaries were established, and by the beginning of the Christian era they had succeeded in converting ten percent of the population of the Roman Empire - roughly four million people.

It is true that the Talmud insists that we test the sincerity of the convert's motivations by discouraging him, by warning him of the hardships he will have to endure as a Jew. But the Talmud also says that while we are "to push converts away with the left hand" we ought to "draw them near with the right."

After Christianity became the established religion of the Roman Empire, and later, again, when Islam conquered the world, Jews were forbidden to seek converts or to accept them. The death penalty was fixed for the gentile who became a Jew and also for the Jew who welcomed him. Many were actually burned at the stake, and the heat of the flames cooled our conversionist ardor. Even so, it was not until the 16th century that we abandoned all proselytizing efforts; only then did our rabbis begin their systematic rejection of those who sought to join us.

But this is America and it is 1979. No repressive laws restrain us. The fear of persecution no longer inhibits us. There is no earthly - and surely no heavenly - reason why we cannot reassume our ancient vocation and open our arms to all newcomers.

Why are we so hesitant? Are we ashamed? Do we really believe that one must be a madman to embrace Judaism? Let us shuck our insecurities; let us recapture our self esteem; let us, by all means, demonstrate our confidence in the value of our faith.

For we live in a time when millions of our fellow-Americans are in search of meaning. Tragically, many of the seekers go astray, and some fall prey to cultic enslavement. Searching for meaning, they find madness instead.

Well, Judaism offers life, not death. It teaches free will, not the surrender of body and soul to another human being. The Jew prays directly to God, not through an intermediary who stands between him and his God. Judaism is a religion of hope, not despair. Judaism insists that man and society are perfectible. Judaism has an enormous wealth of wisdom and experience to offer in and to this anguished world, and we Jews ought to be proud to speak about it, to speak frankly and freely, with enthusiasm and with dignity.

* * *

There is tension in the air; there is trouble in our hearts. Men and women are restless, in quest. But the restlessness is not born of despair, the quest is not the child of hopelessness. People want meaning; they want to find a way that makes sense, and matters, and they are determined to succeed. Properly addressed, responded to with sensitivity, the quest becomes an adventure of the spirit, the discovery a nourishment to a hunger that is growing day by day. The prophet Amos spoke of such a hunger when he said,

Behold, the Day cometh, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine into the land. Not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.

Has the spirit of our age ever been more vividly captured? Is there anywhere a more striking metaphor for our time?

And have we not, we Jews, water to slake the thirst and bread to sate the great hunger? And having it, are we not obliged - for our own sake as well as for those who seek that which we have - to offer it freely and proudly?

* * *

RESOLUTION

Rapid demographic change is doing much to affect the future of American Jewry. Among the significant and critical demographic trends are: the growth of mixed-marriage, the decline of the Jewish birth-rate relative to the general population, and an increase in the numbers of non-Jews converting to Judaism. These trends require our profound, serious and continuing attention. They call for creative leadership so that we reach out to shape our future and do not become passive products of forces beyond our own control.

Accordingly, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, at its Board meeting in Houston on December 2, 1978, resolves:

- 1) To intensify our formal and informal Jewish educational programs within the Reform synagogue and the Reform Jewish movement to stimulate positive and knowledgeable Jewish identification.
- 2) To develop a sensitive program of welcoming and involving converts to Judaism, recognizing that those who choose Judaism in good faith are as authentic in their Jewish identity as those who are born Jewish.
- 3) To develop an effective Outreach program by which the Reform synagogue can seek out mixed married couples in order to respond to the particular emotional and social stresses in their situations and to make the congregations, the rabbi, and Judaism itself available to them and their families.
- 4) To plan a special program to bring the message of Judaism to any and all who wish to examine or embrace it. Judaism is not an exclusive club of born Jews; it is a universal faith with an ancient tradition which has deep resonance for people alive today.
- 5) To implement these principles, we call upon the Chairman of the Board to appoint a special task force of members of the Board, to examine these recommendations for implementation in all program departments of the UAHC and to report back to the Spring 1979 meetings of the Board.

November 6, 1978

Leonard Fein, Editor
MOMENT
462 Boylston Street
Boston, Mass. 02216

Dear Len:

Enclosed is an article I did for MA'ARIV. It was translated into Hebrew for publication in Israel. I thought you might find it to be of interest for the readers of MOMENT.

With fondest regards and looking forward to having you with us in Houston, I am

Sincerely,

Alexander M. Schindler

A JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM
REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS

by

ALEXANDER M. SCHINDLER

Although my official term as Chairman of the Presidents' Conference ended last July, from a substantive point of view the Camp David agreements really brought the years of my service to their full cycle.

This is a proper time for the backward glance, and I am grateful for the opportunity provided by Maariv to set my impressions pen to paper. It will be impossible, though, to offer anything comprehensive in the framework of a single article. My experiences were too diverse for that. They encompassed a change of administration in America and Israel alike, and that emotion-laden roller-coaster ride of events which began with the peace initiatives of last Fall and culminated in the full vindication of Israel's negotiating stance in the Maryland summit a month ago.

Let me focus, then, in this initial essay, on my journey to Israel immediately following her national elections. This trip gave me my first chance for serious conversations with Menachem Begin and set the course of our future relationship.

* * * *

The Likud victory stunned the American Jewish community, especially her establishment. Most of our national organizational presidents had spent a life-time working with the leaders of Israel's Labor Alignment, so much so that they had come to identify them with the State; Labor was Israel and Israel Labor. Now, suddenly, all the familiar landmarks were gone.

Many had met Begin, to be sure, but they really didn't know him. And the little they knew, they didn't like. He was a man from the right, a radical, an extremist in word and deed. They were afraid of the unknown, afraid of those direction for the future which his past presaged, afraid of how the American people would react to this new leadership.

I, too, was taken aback. I had accepted the conventional wisdom which predicted a diminution of Labor's plurality but still left the Alignment in power. Yehuda Hellman, the Conference's devoted Executive, called me late on election day to confirm the final count; and I spent the remainder of the night adjusting to the new reality and weighing the options which were open before us.

I had but little choice. As Conference Chairman it was my overriding task to maintain the unity of American Jewry in support of Israel, and there clearly was no way

to summon support for a nation without also calling for the support of her democratically elected government.

In any event, I felt it only just and right to give the newly elected Prime Minister an opportunity to form his government, to refine his program, and to present it to his nation, to America and the world.

On the morrow, I sent the Prime Minister designate a congratulatory cable pledging our community's support, and I called on America's Jews to provide this support.

I reminded them that we were never "the servants of a particular party or the instruments of a governmental coalition" but rather that we are "impelled by love for the people of Israel" and by the "sacred obligation to secure their safety." The Israel Bond Organization was especially helpful in making certain that this message reached every city, town, and hamlet of our country.

The media was not at all receptive to the voice of patience. To be sure, the New York Times adopted a 'wait and see' attitude, perhaps reflecting Washington's still uncertain reaction -- when it comes to Israel the New York Times almost always dances to the tune which the oval office plays. But most other columnists and editorial writers had a field day in invective. They sharpened their talons and feasted on Begin. He was held personally responsible for all acts of terror in the Middle East, those which were committed in the past and those which would yet be committed in that war which

was now imminent because of his election. "Begin (pronounced like Feigen)^a" screeched TIME Magazine, limning the level of the day's editorial discourse.

For 48 hours I sat by the phone, calling reporters, answering their calls -- to no avail. I sensed that some dramatic gesture was needed to gain attention, and I conceived of a quick trip to Israel following which, perhaps, someone would listen. ~~to the~~

By curious coincidence, Begin's son, then studying at an American university in the West, called me up to bemoan the media's tone and to ask what I, what he could do to alter things. I suggested the Israel journey and asked him to ascertain his father's reaction.

On Friday, May 24th, the Presidents' Conference met with Stuart Eizenstat in Washington to be briefed concerning the Carter administration's unfolding domestic program. Privately, I told Stuart of my projected journey; he thought it a good idea and asked me to come to The White House immediately on my return to the States. Officials at the State Department had a like reaction.

Not so the Israel Embassy! I had asked Yehuda to cover that base while I was en route to see Habib at State.

And when Hellman finally caught up with me at the National Airport, he told me that Simcha Dinitz had earnestly urged him to restrain me from going to Israel. "Why should Alex commit himself so soon," he said, "it is unseemly for him to do so. Why so great a hurry? Begin may not even be able to form a government. Besides, he is not well."

Dinitz had always counselled me wisely. He was and is a superb spokesman for his nation; indeed, I subsequently urged Begin to keep him in Washington as long as possible. This time, however, I felt that Simcha's view was distorted, that he saw things through partisan rather than patriotic lenses. And so I disregarded him.

In curious contrast, Chaim Herzog's instincts had been sounder. He was on television fending Begin's rights within an hour after the election results were announced. As usual, directives of the Foreign Ministry were slow in coming; each man was on his own.

Be that as it may, while still at National Airport, I dropped some coins into a pay phone, reached Begin at the Sharon Hotel in Herzliyah, wished him a "shabbat shalom" and set the hour of our meetings.

* * * *

As matters transpired, we delayed our journey for a day, because of Begin's sudden hospitalization. There were some further endeavors to dissuade us from going. Zalman Abramov counselled: "I've known Begin the better part of my life. He is rigid and will never change. I agree that he may not be able to form a government. But even if he does, he won't last long." Still, I persisted in my judgment and on motze Shevuot -- as soon as Kaddishai assured us that Begin would be strong enough to see us -- Yehuda and I explained.

Derech Eretz demanded that we visit Rabin first. He had re-seized the reins of the prime-ministership for the transition period and held office. But Moshe Raviv, who met us at Lod, as was his wont, whisked us off to see his minister first.

Allon, while dismayed by the election results, seemed not dejected. He is, by nature, a cheerful, optimistic man. In fact, when we entered his office he sat pencil in hand carefully counting the Knesset votes to show how Begin might just miss in his efforts to gain majority support -- assuming, of course, no Labor defections and a holding-of-the-line by Dash.

But he, too, must have realized all this was wistful, wishful thinking, for in our conversations -- just as soon as I had given him a brief report on reaction in America -- he addressed me not so much as Chairman of the Preisdents' Conference but rather as the head of America's Reform Jewish community. He spoke of the World Zionist Organization and his desire for increasing involvement in its work. He felt that this forum could provide the Labor Party an opportunity to regroup its forces and to develop new leadership. And he wondered whether the Reform movement and Labor might not find common ground for cooperative endeavor here. I readily agreed that while no permanent alliance was likely, given our ideological affinity as manifested by many past joint ventures with the Kibbutz movement and in particular with its Ichud faction, ground for common work would indeed be found.

Early next morning we met with the Prime Minister. Rabin was in a mellow mood, loose, loquacious, most gracious in his reception.

This was a refreshing departure from past pattern. Our earlier meetings had always been most formal, cold in fact, a quick in and out, a mumbled word or tow^(w), no give-and- take to speak of, scarcely a contact of the eye. It was difficult to escape the conclusion that the Presidents' Conference and those organizations of which it is comprised did not rank very high on the scale of the Prime Minister's worths. At times, I even harbored the suspicion that the Presidents' Conference was deemed not so much an instrument to marshall support of America's Jews but rather to "manage" them, to keep them out from under foot.

Be that as it may, at our final meeting, Rabin was most kind. He analyzed the then-present problems confronting Israel in the foreign policy arena, evincing his considerable grasp pf the geo-political factors at play.

The only other member of the "old guard" with whom we had a lengthy meeting on this journey was Shimon Peres. We met with him late one afternoon in the misrad sar habitachon. The Defense Minister was dejected. He felt spent. He likened his burden in leading the election campaign to that of a pilot compelled to "fly a plane with two of its wings sheared off." He did confess, though, to some "lightness of spirit" which came with the easing of ultimate responsibility to other shoulders.

Navon was present at this meeting and joined our conversations which took on something of a nostalgic tone what with its remembrances of things past. Turning to the future, I urged Navon seriously to consider the presidency of the World Zionist Organization, for which his name had already been informally proposed. It seemed so natural a course, given that affection and esteem in which Navon is held by Jews of every kind in every corner of the world. Little did I know then that he was destined for far higher office. His gifts of mind and spirit are rich. He will bring further honor to that already highly honored post of Israel's presidency.

* * *

One of my purposes in coming to Israel was to do what little I could to enlarge the coalition of the emerging government. Political considerations were not at all at play in my thinking. I was moved solely by my desire to maintain American Jewish unity: the broader the representation of Israel's administration the larger the number of American Jews who will identify with it. Josef Burg, the genial, statesmanlike leader of the Mavdal -- in whose company I always delight for I always learn from him -- understood our problem at once. "What you don't need," he said, "is a government which is narrowly clerical-fascist in its make-up," using these terms not in their ordinary meaning but rather metaphorically, to dramatize the issue in all of its stark reality.

Dash was the natural first target. Levenson of Bank Hapoalim, who was on our flight, shared my concerns and conclusions and urged me to see Yadin as soon as possible. While still on the plane, then, I radioed ahead to make arrangements. With that chutzpah to which I am frequently prone, my message -- relayed courtesy of the El Al pilot via Eli Eyal, my very good friend and one of Yadin's lieutenants -- read something like this: "The issue no longer is electoral reform. The issue is foreign policy. Urge you to join the government as quickly as possible."

Yadin was good enough to give us a good deal of his time. We met at least twice, the first time for two full hours. Our conversations revealed my ignorance of Israel's political system and the wide gap obtaining between its mode of operation and politics on the American scene. As a case in point, when I enjoined Yadin to move quickly, to approach Begin at once to offer his support and to set his party's counter requests, he replied something to the effect that "Dash has 15 seats, let him come to me." About all I could do was lamely to reply that the American pattern is different. When Kennedy won the presidency by a fraction of one per-cent, but little over 100,000 votes out of the tens of millions cast, nonetheless he was the President and everyone came to him. "In America, late-comers don't catch the bus or when they do get only a back seat. He who gets there first ends up with the best. Sometimes he even becomes Secretary of State."

Yadin impressed me as a man who cannot easily make up his mind or else was so constrained by the divergent forces within his own party that he could not move. This may not be a fair assessment, I was only an interested spectator as it were and this is how I saw the play. I was not in on the actual negotiations and the other side may well not have been willing to deal.

At midnight, after our first Yadin session, we received a call from Dan Patti^r's wife, Yael, to tell us that Dayan had just been proposed as the Foreign Minister of the new government.

* * *

Dayan's designation pleased me. Here, at last, was one familiar landmark which American Jews would recognize, a leader with whom they could readily identify. His abilities were ^{widely} rightly-recognized, and in America the events of 1973 left none of those deep wounds which still were bleeding on the Israel scene; Dayan's reputation remained virtually untarnished. His familiarity with the mindset of the Arab world was well known and he was perceived to be ^a flexible, skilled negotiator. On more than one occasion Kissinger had told me: "I could not have successfully concluded Sinai II without Dayan's imaginative projections and I say this even though Dayan has frequently taken issue and belittled me."

I called the Foreign Minister-designate to congratulate him and offered to arrange a meeting with Sam Lewis. Wisely, Dayan declined, deeming such a meeting prior to

his confirmation premature.

Subsequent events, I fully believe, vindicated Begin's choice. Once the fuller story is told and heard, we will learn just how significant a role Dayan played in those events which culminated in a separate agreement between Egypt and Israel.

* * *

Our breakfast session with Weizman merits mention. Ezer was understandably exuberant and took just pride in his role spearheading the Likud election victory. Chosen to be the Minister of Defense, he had already been briefed concerning the state of Israel's forces and resources and was most pleased with what he learned. He was especially impressed with that quantity and quality of weaponry with which the United States had resupplied Israel since '73.

I found Weizman much more even tempered and serious than on previous occasions. I first met him some months earlier, at a social gathering in the home of mutual friends, Zvi and Rolly Efron, where I adjudged him a man of volatile temperament -- impulsive, impetuous, volcanic, ever ready to burst forth. It is this irrepressible quality, I believe, which gives him so much of his charm but which also keeps many from according him that complete confidence for highest office to which his endowments and leadership qualities may well entitle him.

Even during our pre-election meeting and now again at our breakfast -- all this long before the Sadat Jerusalem journey -- Weizman expressed his conviction that a Likud government could and would achieve a separate peace agree-

ment with Egypt and even Syria. It is an assurance which did not waiver until his Salzburg meetings with Sadat. When five American Jewish leaders, I among them, sat with Begin, Dayan and Weizman on the day before Camp David, Begin was supremely confident; Dayan more cautiously so ("I am not at all pessimistic; I see many openings"); Weizman felt that the opportunity had slipped through Israel's fingers and despaired of the summit's success. His wit had not dampened as had his confidence, for when Begin introduced him as "our Sadatolog," Weizman quickly rejoined "I am glad you did not call me your Sadatist, Mr. Prime Minister."

* * *

My ultimate purpose in coming to Israel, of course, was to meet with Begin, to get to know him and his program so that on my return to America I could help reshape his image which the media had so grossly distorted.

I met Begin twice and at some length, first in the hospital and the second time in his modest ground-level, two room Tel-Aviv apartment. Our conversations were somewhat constrained by the circumstances of our meeting. In their substance they were not memorable by any manner of means. A hospital room with its inevitable flow of doctors scanning the chest and nurses administering pills does not exactly lend itself to that intellectual probing which such an occasion ordinarily demands. Yet I honestly feel that I got to know the man. For oftentimes when you observe a man's reaction in moments of stress or when you see him in the setting of his home, surrounded by friends, responding to his wife and she to him, why then you can learn a great deal more about him than you can when he wears the

mask of the ideolog engaged in debate. You get to know him with a knowledge of his heart, to feel him, as I felt Begin - and I responded to what I felt.

I felt him to be a man of integrity, moved by the highest ideals of our people, in whose pattern of worths the quest for peace is a predominant design.

I sensed his abounding love for the Jewish people, which makes everything else, even the machinery of the State, but an instrument of that peoples will and need.

The mystic within me, though other directed, responded to Begin's mystical love for the land.

But I also felt his respect for the integrity of every Jewish community, not just for those communities built on holy soil.

I don't mean to suggest that Begin "can't do wrong by me." He has pursued policies with which I disagree, said things which made me shudder with dismay. In a word, "by me" Begin is no saint, nor angel, just a man - but what a man.

I always felt free to give expression to my disagreements when I deemed them of sufficient worth; he always listened with respect. When he rejected some counsel I offered he always took the trouble patiently to explain just why he could not do as I hoped. He was the first Israeli leader, sometimes I think even the only Israeli, who ever said to me, "I think you've got a point."

The candor of our relationship was set even at the hospital when I told Begin that his Kadoum appearance did not exactly serve to soften his image. He mumbled something about "what's wrong with holding a Torah, rabbi?" I replied, "there is

indeed nothing wrong with holding a Torah, it's what you said when you held that Torah that was troublesome." He grumbled some more and I added, "do you want me to tell you what I think you want to hear or rather what I believe to be true?" Of course, he wanted the truth, he said, what else could he say. But he always accepted it no matter how unpleasant and always he listened.

This, then, was the making of what an Israeli journalist called "the oddcouple." Yet given our common commitments, which are far more fundamental than our differences (right vs. left, traditional vs. reform, etc) our relationship is not so odd after all. It is fed by the fire of the nekuda yehudit, of the pintele yid.

I returned to America to say what in all candor I had planned to say no matter what, but could now say with deepfelt conviction: that Begin is a patriot; that he desires above all to bring peace to his people; that I deem him capable of making the transition from candidacy to incumbency; and that while he is an ideolog from one end of the political spectrum, he would undoubtedly be "sucked in by the center," as Walter Lippman put it; compelled to respond to the consensus of the nation. I said all this at The White House. I reported it to Secretary of State Vance. I said it again at the press conferences which followed these visits. I repeated it to the entire American Jewish community which, I strongly suspect, would have remained united in its support of Israel even without me and my journey - but perhaps I helped a little.

RETHINKING THE INTER- MARRIAGE CRISIS

81

FRED MASSARIK

"MOMENT"

JUNE 1978

"Intermarriage is the preeminent threat to Jewish survival."

Obvious, isn't it? Year after year, as the statistics become more and more grim, the panic increases. Especially since the late 1960's, when estimates placed the intermarriage rate for Jews at near forty percent, the widespread assumption has been that America's Jews are marrying themselves out of existence.

But that which is obvious is not always true, and while there is some merit to the assumed link between intermarriage and population decline, this link deserves very careful examination. And when it is examined in all its complexity, we learn that many current articles overstate considerably the danger we face. They follow a long-

Fred Massarik is Professor of Behavioral Science at the Graduate School of Management, UCLA. His books include Leadership and Organization—Mathematical Explorations in Behavioral Science as well as many articles on population and the American Jewish community. He has served as Scientific Director, National Jewish Population Study, and as President of the Association for Humanistic Psychology.

standing tradition of panic-sowing which, on the basis of inadequate and complex data, has predicted the destruction of American Jewry through its own devices. My own perspective is very different.

The very first thing we need to notice about intermarriage studies—and let us, for the time being, define intermarriage as most people understand it, simply as a formal marital union between a person who is Jewish, by one definition or another, to a person who, before the marriage, is not Jewish—is that if a Jewish man and a Jewish woman who might have married each other, instead both marry non-Jews, we now have two marriages where there would have been one.

Now, if we have two marriages where there would have been one, if only half the children are raised as Jews, there will be as many Jewish children as there would have been if the two Jews had married each other. So, too, if both raise their children as Jews, then there will be even more Jewish children than there would have been without the two intermarriages.

In short, the fact of intermarriage does not necessarily lead to a decline in the Jewish population. That decline—if decline there be—depends on what the Jews who are

involved in intermarriage do.

And the research findings show that it is by no means the case that all, or nearly all, children of intermarriage leave the Jewish fold. On the contrary—if the female parent is Jewish, chances that the children will be raised as Jews are extremely high, nor are they insignificant, even though they are lower, when it is the father who is Jewish.

By and large, it appears that the net loss in Jewish upbringing of about one half of all "potential" Jewish children is counterbalanced (other things being equal) by the doubling of the number of marriages. Long-term, it is even conceivable that the fact of intermarriage might lead to some Jewish population growth, rather than the decline which is widely assumed or the stand-off which is more nearly the actual present case.

(Indeed, there are other nascent social trends which may have a much larger impact on Jewish population in this country than intermarriage has. The number of people, Jewish included, who now opt for the single life appears to be increasing. Some of the "permanent" singles may, of course, adopt or raise children out of wedlock, but the net impact of the growing tendency to reject marriage will, if

Pattern I
In-marriage

	husband	wife
when meeting	J	J
at wedding	J	J
later in life	J	J

(P. 2)

Pattern II
Inter-marriage

	husband	wife
when meeting	J	Non-J
at wedding	J	converts to J
later in life	J	converts to J

(wife converts)

Pattern III
Inter-marriage

	husband	wife
when meeting	Non-J	J
at wedding	Non-J	J
later in life	Non-J	J

(husband does not convert)

Pattern IV
Inter-marriage

	husband	wife
when meeting	Non-J	J
at wedding	Non-J	J
later in life	J?	J

(Non-Jewish husband drifts to Jewishness)

it continues, act as a brake on Jewish population growth—or even as an accelerator to Jewish population decline. Nor can we be sure that the new legitimacy attached to the “gay life” will not have a similar effect.)

If only it were quite that simple. It isn't. Intermarriage is not only a problem for the community, it is a problem for those who study it. And for them, the problem starts with the very definition of the term itself. The first question is, for each husband and each wife, whether the person is Jewish, not Jewish, or is of some ambiguous religious-ideological status (part Jewish, etc.) at three different time periods—when meeting the prospective spouse, then again at the time of the wedding (since there may have been a premarital conversion), and then still again later in life (that is, after the wedding ceremony).

Homing in still further, we have two kinds of formal conversions—one in, the other out of Judaism—and we have also to take into consideration a “drift” towards or away from Jewish self-description. This additional element produces a bewildering range of possibilities and patterns, as can be seen in the first diagram.

The first pattern is simple enough: a marriage between two Jews (in-marriage). The second pattern describes a Jewish husband who chooses a prospective spouse who is not Jewish at the time of their meeting, but who converts to Judaism before the wedding and is now, therefore, part of a Jewish marriage. The third refers to a situation in which the non-Jewish husband remains non-Jewish, while the wife continues in her Jewishness, resulting in a “typical” intermarriage: husband non-Jewish, wife Jewish. In the fourth pattern, the non-Jewish husband “drifts” into Jewishness, without benefit of conversion, thus creating a quasi-Jewish family setting. (Other patterns can be readily inferred from these examples.)

It is apparent, in short, that there are many different family situations which are described by the

term “intermarriage.” When rates of intermarriage are cited, it is important to know what kinds of marriages are included and what kinds are excluded.

The impact of conversion on intermarriage is considerable. Available data suggest that among non-Jewish wives, nearly forty percent claim conversion to Judaism. Actual percentages may be somewhat smaller, probably a shade below thirty percent. Conversely, among non-Jewish husbands, the rate of conversion to Judaism is probably not more than three percent. But here is where we see the phenomenon of “Jewish drift:” between forty and fifty percent, by their own description, regard themselves as Jewish.

This is, obviously, a very important phenomenon. Just as there are different degrees of Jewish commitment among people who were born Jews, so, too, are there different degrees of commitment to their non-Jewish religion by non-Jewish marriage partners. When such commitment is slight, as seems often to be the case, there is considerable readiness to embrace Jewish values or selected ritual aspects of Jewish life—the more so, of course, when this pleases the Jewish spouse. In other words, there are degrees of non-Jewishness; the non-Jewishness of the non-Jewish partner may be absolute in a halachic legal sense, but it is variable in the life and behavior of the couple.

Similarly, there is, for some Jews involved in intermarriage, a drift away from Judaism. The interesting question here is whether such a drift is greater among the intermarried than it is among in-married Jews. And the intriguing possibility, which surely violates most of our preconceptions, is that precisely because there is a drift towards Jewishness among some intermarried non-Jews, and a drift away from Jewishness among some in-married Jews, the quality of Jewish life may be as rich among some intermarried families as among many of the in-married.

The central point, then, is that knowing the rate of intermarriage

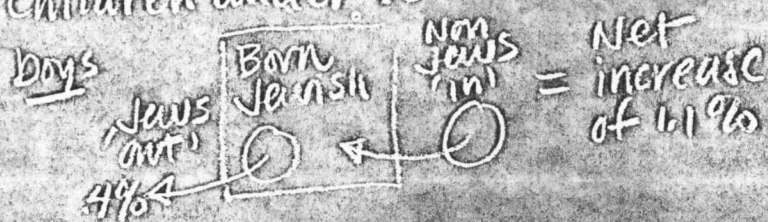
does not tell us nearly enough. What we are really after is data on the effects of intermarriage that is directly relevant to an understanding of the quality of Jewish life. Let us, therefore, turn to the data.

The National Jewish Population Study (NJPS), conducted in 1970-71 under the auspices of the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds, is the only comprehensive country-wide inquiry focused exclusively on the Jewish population of the United States. The NJPS philosophy was to “cast the broadest possible net” in defining Jewishness, an approach which differs from the traditional by including a much wider variety of Jewish “styles.” While the rapidity and volatility of social change mean that the data of the NJPS study are somewhat dated, reviewing those data is still useful.

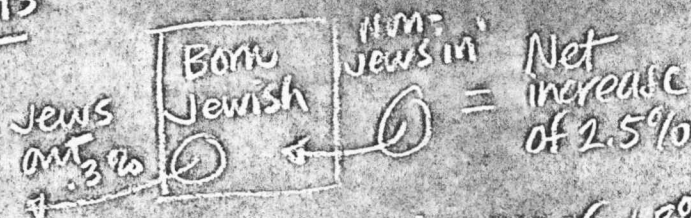
In the diagram (p. 32) two groups of particular concern for Jewish survival can be examined: children under ten, and adults in the most critical reproductive age, twenty to twenty-nine. (In view of the burgeoning intermarriage rate in the late 1960's, the adults included in this group are of special relevance, since they are more likely than other groups to be involved in intermarriage.) Now suppose that we start with all those who report that they were born Jewish, and use that as our base line—100 percent. The question we want to ask is whether this 100 percent is increased or diminished by the process of intermarriage. We can work our way towards the answer by comparing the number of “Jews out”—those who overtly leave Judaism, by conversion or by other explicit disaffiliation—to “Jews in”—the non-Jews who convert to Judaism or who abandon their non-Jewish identities for some kind of commitment to Jewish life. (Here we can see the virtue of the all-inclusive approach of the NJPS. It excludes only those who explicitly deny all Jewish antecedents, such as their parents' Jewishness. Because of that, the study reflects reasonably well the outflow from Judaism, which most such studies

Inflow and Outflow

Children under 10



girls



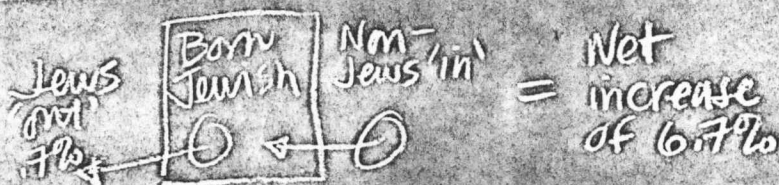
All children show a net increase of 1.8%

Adults, 20-29 years old

men

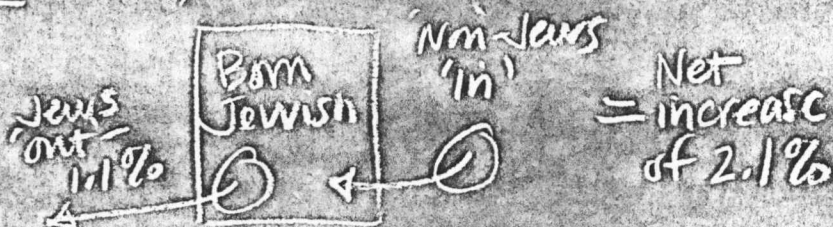


women



Adults show a net increase of 2.3%

All people, under 10 and 20-29 years old



do not pick up.)

When we examine the data, we see that for both children under 10 and for adults in the 20-29 category, inflow into Jewish population exceeds outflow from Jewish population. With the "born Jewish" as the 100 percent base, we find a net increase of 1.8 percent for the children and of 2.3 percent for the adults. The combined net increase for the two age-groups is just about 2 percent.

There are, however, some interesting exceptions and variations among the several age and sex categories. The loss to the Jewish population is greatest for male adults, where a 2.5 percent outflow is not fully counterbalanced by a compensating inflow, leading to a net decline of 1.7 percent below the original level of the Jewish born. But for adult females, the picture is sharply different. Here, primarily as a result of conversions to Judaism associated with marriage of initially non-Jewish women to Jewish men, a net increase of 6.7 percent above the "born Jewish" base is registered; inflow exceeds outflow by a nearly 11 to 1 margin.

This form of analysis focuses on relative change in Jewish population, beyond levels provided by Jewish birth. Therefore, it does not address the issue of total 'raw' numbers. In the example we have been dealing with, we note that adults who were in their early twenties at the time of the study were born during the post-World War II baby boom, while the children under ten were born during period of declining birth rates. As we can see in the next diagram, the actual number of adults in the ten year span 20-29 significantly exceeds the number of children in the ten year span from birth to ten. This contrast holds for both the born-Jewish and the non-Jewish groups. There are nearly one-quarter more adults than there are children. Since mortality and immigration are of minor consequence for the two age groups we are looking at, it is evident that having children has greater impact on the size of Jewish population than inter-

marriage has. In the language of the demographer, fertility is a more critical factor in determining Jewish population size than identity change or intermarriage.

If fertility is more important than intermarriage, and if, in any case, the net effect of intermarriage may be an increase in Jewish population rather than a decrease, why the panic about intermarriage? What has captured the attention of people, evidently, is the growth in the rate of intermarriage, independent of its effects. The fact is that in the mid-1960's, the Jewish intermarriage rate rose from its prior level (typically less than 10 percent) to more than twice that level, and then doubled again in the late 1960's, moving to some 40 percent.

We must be very cautious here. The figures cited refer to the intermarriage rates for marriages established within specified five-year intervals. A significant increase in the intermarriage rate for one five-year grouping is then superimposed on an "inventory" of already existing marriages, many of them formed years ago when the intermarriage rate was very much lower. Accordingly, while the trends of the 1960's appear to be continuing, they are adding intermarriages on top of an older base constituted mostly by in-marriages. That is why it is important to distinguish between the proportion of all existing marriages that are intermarriages and the proportion of intermarriages among marriages formed within a specific time period. Given current trends, the proportion will be considerably higher for marriages formed within more recent periods than for the entire population of the married.

I cannot here address at length the issue of the quality of Jewish life as it is affected by intermarriage. No one conclusion describes the complex data. Rather, we need to separate consideration of various marriage types. The data confirm the logic discussed earlier: Jewish life patterns differ between marriages in which the Jewish partner is a man and those where the

Jewish partner is a woman. Further, important differences appear when the non-Jewish spouse has converted to Judaism. Here, quite clearly, the result is a Jewish marriage in every sense of the word, with heightened commitment to Jewish life, including synagogue membership and attendance, as well as activity in Jewish community organizations. Yet the line of cause is not clear: Jews who end up in marriages involving conversion by non-Jews may in fact come from more positive Jewish backgrounds to begin with. Once again, we can see that we are not dealing here with absolute categories. The prospect of conversion to Judaism may well be contingent not only on the degree of commitment to his non-Jewish religion of the non-Jewish spouse, but also on the degree of commitment to Judaism of the Jewish spouse. (We may assume, indeed, that the higher the commitment of the Jew to Judaism, the greater the likelihood that a romantic attachment to a non-Jew will be to a "weak" non-Jew, one with a relatively low commitment to his non-Jewish faith—and, therefore, a "riper" candidate for conversion.)

The evidence does, in fact, show that there is a strong relationship between the nature of Jewish upbringing and both the likelihood and kind of eventual intermarriage. Those who are in-married are, as we would expect, more likely to describe their upbringing as "strongly Jewish." And Jewish husbands with non-Jewish wives are less likely to report a "strongly Jewish" upbringing than Jewish wives with non-Jewish husbands. (Unfortunately, from the standpoint of Jewish population, there are a good many more intermarriages where the husband is Jewish than where the wife is Jewish.)

There is little doubt that the Jews of the United States will continue to experience a high rate of intermarriage. Since the NJPS study of 1970-71, several additional studies, all more limited, have been conducted. These tend to substantiate the assertion that the rate will continue to be high. It is worth noting

here that studies of Jewish intermarriage are almost never comprehensive enough to provide us with genuinely representative intermarriage statistics. Most intermarriage studies, in order to provide enough "cases," are based on a search for intermarried families. This leads the researcher to look for visible intermarriages, those in which the Jewishness of the Jewish partner is openly acknowledged—intermarriages involving conversion to Judaism, or those known to the rabbinate, or those still connected in some way to Jewish life. Obviously, such high visibility presents a distorted picture. It tends to exclude from consideration those who truly seek to escape from their Jewishness. Hence the studies we have, and the portrait of the intermarried that emerges from them, cannot be taken as accurate representations of all the intermarried.

What can we learn from all this? Above all, we must avoid the temptation, ingrained though it be, to leap to doomsday conclusions.

Intermarriage in its widest sense need not imply Jewish population loss nor even inevitable decline in the quality of Jewish life. Intermarriage is a variable, not a constant; intermarriage creates risks, but it creates opportunities as well. Given the prospect of a continuing high incidence of intermarriage, it may be that more resources should be invested in maximizing the opportunity that intermarriage presents, rather than in focusing all our effort on affecting the rate itself. This "heresy" is not a back-door way of saying that intermarriage is "good" for the Jews, or that efforts to affect the rate of intermarriage are necessarily doomed. It is a way of saying that intermarriage is considerably more complex a phenomenon than we have generally assumed, and that the intelligent investment of communal resources—among other things, in updated studies of the phenomenon and its effects—may provide startling benefits to a community for which survival remains a pressing problem. ★

Remarks of
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

March 23, 1978
New York, N.Y.

COMMUNITY MEETING WITH PRIME MINISTER BEGIN

This is a most appropriate day for our gathering, for today is Purim, that bitter-sweet festival of agonizing memory and vindicated hope. It is a day which bespeaks our mood of the moment: once again we are beset; seething waters threaten to carry us away. But we will not let them. The torrents will not sweep over us, for the Eternal Himself is our help.

Somehow, we Jews have always found that inner strength which enables us to transform troubled memory into sustaining hope. The Jew hopes. He remembers and he hopes. He hopes not just when hope comes easy, but also when earthly reason defies all hope. Then especially does the Jew hope. He hopes until hope creates from its own wreckage the good which it contemplates.

And so, no matter how grim the atmosphere, we will continue to hope and to work for peace, assured that no matter how grave the difficulties in the way we will overcome them and attain that peace for which we yearn.

On Purim we remember Haman, his cruel descendants and those who preceded him, especially Amalek and his tribe who attacked our wandering fathers most cowardly, assaulting not the warriors but the innocents: women and children, the feeble and the old. You remember the story: How Moses and Aaron and Hur ascended a mountain and only so long as Moses was able to hold his hands high did the tide of the battle turn in favor of his people. When his hands grew weary, Aaron and Hur stayed them up, the one to the right and the other to the left, holding them steady until the going down of the sun. Thus did Israel prevail and the evil decree was averted.

In like manner do we pledge to uphold the hands of Israel's leader. And in like manner, we will prevail.

We fulfill this mandate by maintaining our unity, which we manifestly have. Let those who speak of its weakening come here and see. Let them come here, and hear and feel. Their delusions will quickly be dispelled.

Of course, not every American Jew agrees with every policy of the Israeli government, the pluralistic nature of our community precludes so homogeneous a reaction. We are not the servants of a particular party, nor are we the instruments of any governmental coalition. But we are united by a sacred mission: to secure the safety of Israel. And we are impelled by a common love; an abounding love for the people of Israel.

We are all of us Jews -- and as we proclaimed to the world in 1975 -- whether we use the small "z" or the large "Z" we are all of us Zionists. The land of Israel which is Zion and the children of Israel who constitute the Jewish people and the God of Israel are all bound together in a triple covenant. At no time in our history have we ever stopped praying or longing or working for Zion. And we shall continue to do so unto the rest of eternity.

We uphold the hands of Israel's leadership not only by preserving our unity but also by giving voice -- strong, unfettered voice -- to our convictions.

There are those in our midst who urge us to keep a low profile, who enjoin us to be heard and seen as little as possible lest we incur the wrath of the mighty. We reject this counsel. Shtadlanut has seen the end of its day; quiet, personal diplomacy has brought us nothing but grief and betrayal. Look at the thirties and see! No longer will we allow ourselves to be beguiled by the blandishments of those who sit in places of power.

Nor will we be intimidated by them. We will not commit the sin of silence a second time in the same generation. As Americans we have the right to speak. We have earned that right a thousand fold and more -- by giving rich gifts of heart and mind and substance to this land and the blood of our brothers and our sisters who fought and died for America in many a war of freedom.

How strange a change! Yesterday they mocked us for behaving like lambs allowing ourselves to be led to the slaughter. Today they want us to be lambs. Well, these lambs are going to do a little bleating along the way! In fact, we won't be lambs we will be lions.... roaring lions of Judah.

And so we will speak the truth as we see it:

when promises are broken we will say so...

when we see a wrong we will call it a wrong wherever it is committed...

when pressures are exerted on Israel we will say that pressures are exerted on Israel...

when we sense that our country is selling out its idealism for petrodollars, we will say that our country is selling out its idealism for petrodollars...

Whatever the evil is, we will call it by its real name and not justify it on the basis that it is something else.

Away then with the counsel of timidity!

Away with the caution of cowardice!

Away with those who would flatter themselves into the good graces of the powerful!

Away with those who have no convictions!

Away with those who would beg for good-will and toady for favor!

Who are we? We are Americans with our roots deep in the soil .
of this land.

We are also Jews.

We reject, most utterly do we reject the concept of protective
mimicry.

We shall stand for the right as God gives us to see that right,
stand for it when it is popular and pray for the strength to stand for
it when it is not.

We are not chameleons who constantly change color to suit
majority opinion.

We hold great truths and we champion great principles,

And we shall stand by them resolutely pledged to attain them,
with the boldness of truth, with the courage of our conviction, and
with the heroism of soldiers on the field of battle!

Only in such a way will we serve America...

And in this way, too, we will uphold the hands of Israel's
leader and her people.

And with our heads and hands held high,

All Israel will prevail.

#

Relys

Some time ago, an Israeli journalist published an article in ~~Israel's~~
leading daily, the Maariv, in which he spoke of the relationship between Israel's
these lines
Prime Minister and the author of ~~this xxxxxx~~, then the Chariman of the
Presidents Conference. Stressing the wide divergences of these paths which
brought us together (- the Prime Minister a traditionalist, I a Reform Rabbi;
the Prime Minister the leader of Israel's ~~extreme~~ right, I ~~was~~ someone who had always
espoused causes left of center in the approach to Israel's domestic and foreign policies) -
thr Maariv journalist expressed his wonderment that we were able to make common
cause, indeed that our relationship flowered beyond the functional to develop strong
bonds of personal affection, and so he labelled us "an odd couple."

His puzzlement ~~is~~ understandable. I certainly did not anticipate ~~xxx~~ such a turn of
had known -- even before his election --
events. I ~~knew~~ Mr. Begin, of course, by reputation and through his writings. We
met sporadically

His puzzlement was understandable. I certainly did not anticipate such a turn
of events. I had met Mr. Begin, of course, even before his election and our
mutual approach had always been most courteous. I even fedded for him once or twice --
at Brussels II Steering Committee when I seconded some motion which he ~~had~~ proposed,
and during a Prsidents Conference visit ~~for~~ to Israel when I insisted ~~along with~~
~~xxxxxxx~~ on his right to appear before us and on our need to hear from him
and from other ~~xxxx~~ opposition leaders. In the main, however, I knew ^{Begin} ~~him~~ only
by reputation and through his writings and what I knew did not presage our close
companionship of later years. His message was too alien to my ears.

The turning point came with his election victory and my journey to Jerusalem which

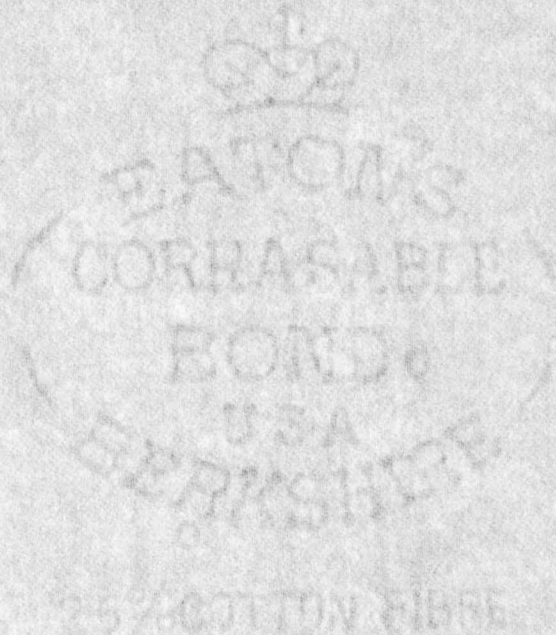
^{proceeded}
~~came~~ in its wake. This journey ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ -- which is interesting for its ^{many}
other ^{circumstances} aspects ^{of} gave me my first chance for serious conversations with Menachem

Begin and set the course of our future relationship.

*

*

*



K'vod Rosh Hamemshala

honored guests...companions...precious friends.

I am deeply moved by this occasion
by the words which have been spoken
by your presence which bespeaks your care.

^{even}
I cannot give voice to my feelings...they are too deep for that.
My response can only be a silence.

^{It}
~~They~~ must be that and always will be that - a silence.
for the stirrings of the soul within me are of a kind which knows no tongue.

Let me say at once that this is NOT a 'farewell,'
not if God grants me health and strength.

I simply cannot withdraw from the service of my people.
The burden of Jewish leadership may weigh heavy.
But it has been passed on to me, and now I have to carry it.
I have rolled up my sleeves and taken it on my back,
-- and nothing will ever make me set it down again.

You best put that into your next report to Washington, Sam.
They haven't heard the last of Schindler yet!

I am glad that you are here, of course, Ambassador Lewis, Sally, (Dick + Marina)
for it gives me the chance to tell you publicly
how very much I admire you and your work and the foreign service
and how devoted I am to that land which we both call our own.

America is a noble land, a bounteous land, a land of infinite endowment.
Her animating spirit is lofty...

her vision, at its finest, ^{is} as high as the Rockies and as sweeping as the Texas plains.
America opened her doors wide to the Jewish people over the ^{years} centuries
and ^{gave} offered us freedom and opportunity unparalleled in our history.

^{Moreover,} The United States remains Israel's ^{true} one ally
offering life-sustaining aid ⁱⁿ in abounding measure
These things we will never forget!

I am indebted to many who are here tonight:

to my colleagues of the President's Conference who supported me in every way

To Yehuda Hellman, the Conference's able and articulate executive
a fiercely loyal son of Israel
who has become my close companion and valued friend

to my mother who gave me life twice
when she bore me
and when she rescued me from that whirlwind of destruction in which
one third of our people was consumed

and to my wife who loves me and whom I love for what she is
not only beautiful in countenance but also beautiful in deed
~~my soul's far better part, my truer, dearer half.~~
^{eyes}
In her ~~countenance~~ have I seen the eternal.

And last but not in the least I am indebted to our host,
to the Prime Minister of Israel
to my friend Menachem Begin.

A local newspaper once described us as the 'odd couple,'
and on the surface ~~of it~~, it is odd, this friendship of ours
I, a man from the left and a reform rabbi to boot
he from the right and a traditional Jew

And yet, my friends, we do speak a common language ~~where heart touches heart~~
We both affirm one passionate conviction:
that the Jews of the world are one — one and indivisible!

We are one because there is a reality of which both this state and our world
communities are but modes of manifestation.

That undergirding reality is AM YISRAEL.

The machinery of the state and the structures of the dispersion alike are its extensions;
they both are but instruments of the people's will and need.

This is the conviction which binds us into a relationship
which is not so odd after all.

And this is why I feel bound to ~~love~~ Menachem Begin
Soul touching soul

As David was bound to Jonathan.

I will let you in on a secret.

When I came here last May, immediately after the elections

I had pretty well made up my mind what I was going to say on my return even
before ^{I left the U.S.} ~~my departure.~~

After all, I needed to unify the American Jewish community.

There was a danger of its fragmentation.

And I knew of no way to retain support ^{for} of a nation and its people

without at the same time ^{demanding} ~~seeking~~ support for its democratically elected government.

Moreover, I was incensed by the rantings of the media

who denounced this man as a terrorist, ~~sight unseen~~, unfit for office

even before he had the chance to form his government

to evolve its program

and to present it to his people and the world.

And so I had determined to return to America with words of reassurance no matter what.

But when I came here and met the man

When I sensed his intelligence, his integrity,

his manifest devotion to our mutual sacred cause

Why, then, I was able to say what I said with ~~the~~ full, unqualified conviction:

that I deem Menachem Begin to be a true patriot - not just a partisan ideologue

that I see him fully capable of making the transition between candidacy and

incumbency

in a word, that he is a statesman with but one passion:

to bring peace to his people

peace with security

peace with dignity and honor.

I do not feel my trust in any sense betrayed.

Israel has had firm leadership these past twelve months

And Israel is stronger because of it.

Her bargaining position has certainly improved *over the year*
 Just think of some of those nightmares which are behind us:

The Joint Russo-American Declaration of Oct 1, 77...

That maddening Geneva scenario with its maze of multitudinous task-forces.

The demand to make the PLO a negotiating partner

and to create an independent Palestinian State

All these appear to have been dropped from Washington's agenda

— at least for the time being.

THESE GAINS HAVE THEIR
~~All this has had its~~ cost in public opinion and even in Congressional good will.
 (At times unnecessarily so — Israel's stagecraft is not as astute as her statecraft)
nothing in life is free.
 But in the final analysis ~~there is no such thing as a free lunch~~
 National security simply must take precedence over good public relations.

Don't misunderstand me!

I do not advocate the blind pursuit of a hard-nosed foreign policy.

THE ~~its~~ *at this base* string can be ~~drawn~~ *(DRAWN)* too tightly and there is always the danger that ~~it~~ *they* will snap.

Leadership requires not only strength but forbearance,

the wisdom to know when to hold fast and when to let go.

The ability to determine *precise will* that moment provides the ultimate test of Menachem Begin's statecraft.

There is no reason to doubt that he will meet this test

for his flexibility has also been demonstrated.

Contrast, if you will, his peace plan with that proposed by Cairo yesterday.

How saddened I was to read it.

These were not the words of the man I met in Aswan six months ago, *President Sadat*,
 who spoke to me of his yearning for peace

EGYPTIAN and of his full understanding for Israel's security needs.
Cairo's Peace Plan
~~They~~ *her* represent a hardening of ~~Egypt's~~ diplomatic arteries!

I hope that Washington will notice that this plan represents *also* a regression
 from President Carter's *own* Aswan formulation ~~he~~ *he* ~~welt~~

which the Israeli government has fully accepted,

and that at long last there will be an end to libel that Israel is the sole and
 solitary obstacle to peace.

~~Maximalist~~
 She manifestly is not.

We all know the real reasons, *why there is no peace + for the relentless one-sided pressure on Israel*
THESE REASONS
~~They~~ are rooted in the realm whose coinage is the petro-dollar.

Gam Zu Yaavor...this obstacle too will be overcome.

We refuse to yield to despair.

We continue to cling to hope, *yea even the hope for peace.*

It is our duty as Jews to do so.

When I was a little boy, my father, zichrono livrachah, took me to Warsaw where we visited the shtibel of the Umaner Chassidim,

the devotees of Reb Nachman, the Bratslaver Rebbe.

It was a shtibel like other such shtibels with but one remarkable exception

Carved into the wood of the synagogue's sacred ark was not the usual inscription

da lifne me attah omed...know before whom ye stand

but rather a Yiddish phrase

yidn zait sich nisht misyaesh...Jews do not despair

Remember, if you will, the setting in which I read this affirmation.

This was the Warsaw of the middle thirties, the days of the gathering storm

The ax was already lifted

its blade well sharpened

the pyres piled high ready for the burning...

Still, this summons to hope.

I later learned that this had been the rebbe's favorite saying,

his constant, life-long admonition to his followers.

"Jews do not despair...*never*...never despair."

This experience made its lasting impression

The Bratslaver's saying is seared into my soul.

Words like despair and gloom, hopelessness and doom simply are not a part of my

life's ^{vocabulary} ~~philosophy~~

And what if reason dictates otherwise?

Well, then, reason must be transcended

For when the philosopher postulates "I think, therefore I am"

The Jew within me emphatically replies, "I believe, therefore I live!"

And so I believe...

I believe in peace and the possibility of its attainment

I believe that when the final page is turned, America will be true to her loftier vision and not forsake her friends

I believe in the unity of the Jewish people and the strength which flows from it.

And this above all, I believe, in Netzach Yisrael...in the invincibility of Israel.

we will overcome the perils of the present, prevail against them.

God has promised us this land and that our seed will multiply

And so we will remain here *bring our children.*

we will
and deepen our stake ~~here~~ in *the* race

We will not yield.

We will stay and we will build.

NY 8

My message of reassurance ^{initially} received almost universal acceptance, at ~~first~~ ~~it asserted itself and prevailed in many~~ But as the months passed and especially during the Sturm und Drang of the ^{US} Post Sadat ~~Jerusalem~~ American visit, doubts sprang up and skepticism prevailed in many quarters.

^(President in Israel)
Then a high ranking American official ^{President in Israel} counselled me & Henry, I well remember a pleasant afternoon spent at the pool-side of Sam Lewis's palatial Ambassadorial residence ^{where} in which he counselled me, and through me

the Presidents Conference to restrict our activities to pressures for US Economic and military aid ^{for} Israel ^{but} and to ~~stay away from~~ be silent on all ^{not} ~~political~~ issues affecting the negotiations. "I don't believe that stuff you have been peddling at the State Department and White House. ^{'lessie'} I don't believe that Begin's present hard stance is merely a negotiating posture. I very much fear that his ~~That~~ final card will not be the ~~xxxxxxx~~ one you expect and ^{peace demands} for which we hope."

Especially painful was the diasaffection of my erstwhile companions of the left and many of my close friends who felt that I had been had, that I had allowed personal feeling to blind me to reality and that my personal support ^{for Begin} ~~had~~ was actually a hindrance to ^{the} peace in that it encouraged Begin in his obduracy. There was ^a ~~one~~ heated session of the UAHC's Executive Committee when ^{One of my good friends, a leader of Reform Judaism} the Chairman of Reform Judaism's Religious Action Commission accused me of "betraying" him and those causes for which we had always stood.

Anguished as I was, I ~~nonetheless~~ understood ~~this reaction of my friends~~ my friends' reactions. And though I ~~met~~ ^{was} made certain that their views be given a full and fair hearing within the American Jewish community and ^{faithful} ~~also~~ ^{retard} undertook to ^{just} relay them to Israel's leadership, ~~I~~ ^I nonetheless clung to my fundamental conviction that in the end Begin would be a statesman and not an idologue, responding to the consensus of his nation and ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{his people} and guiding ~~them~~ to make those hard choices which peace required.

Anguishes as I was, I understood my friends. I even shared some of their specific reservations. I made certain that their views were given a ^{voice} fair hearing within the American Jewish community and faithfully undertook the task of ~~xxx~~ relaying them -- not through the front pages of the NY Times, ~~xxxxxx~~ but privately -- to Israel's leadership. There they were given a full and fair hearing ^{by him} which reinforced my own conviction that in the end Begin ^{fuller} would be a statesman and not an ideologue, responding to the consensus of his nation and guiding his people to make those ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{choices} which peace required.

I believe that in the end my faith was requited. To be sure mistakes were made, especially in the realm of Israel's stagecraft which was never quite as effective as her statecraft.

The toughness of her negotiating position yielded ^{rich} ~~its~~ fruit. Think of some of those snares which are no longer under foot because of it: the involvement of the Russians as guarantors of the peace, the cleansing of the PLO as a fit partner for the negotiations, the demand for an independent Palestinian State now, the Geneva scenario which had assigned ⁱⁿ ~~a~~ veto power to ~~the~~ ^{as well} hardliners and the ~~rejectionists~~ ^{rejectionists} -- all these have been dropped from Washington's agenda, at least for the time being.

~~When it became necessary, Begin was flexible, and he properly~~ ^{And he saved the world peace prize because of it.} ~~Begin's final card was a statesmanlike flexibility. He led his country to take~~ ^{serious} risks for peace: the return of all of the Sinai to Egyptian sovereignty; the dismantling of the Rafiah salient settlements, the recognition of Palestinian Arab claims and ~~much~~ much, much more. Indeed, if there is ^{an apprehension} ~~an apprehension~~ in Israel today it is that these risks are too great and grave.

My own great fear ~~is that~~ ^{from} ~~is that~~ suggested by the ill-timed Saunders mission -- is that the American government will not allow either Israel or Egypt ~~the~~ ~~sufficient~~ sufficient time to ~~adjust~~ ~~adjust~~ adjust to the new realities which Camp David created ~~and which must be accepted immediately, and which must be accepted immediately~~

^{When he} ~~In resisting~~ these undue pressures, ^{as he must} ~~In resisting~~ them, Prime Minister Begin will find me at his side -- ^{a future} ~~in the next~~ installment of the "odd couple."

The Likud victory stunned the American Jewish community, especially her establishment. Most of our national organizational presidents had spent a life-time working with the leaders of Israel's Labor Alignment, so much so that they had come to identify them with the State; Labor was Israel and Israel Labor. Now, suddenly, all the familiar landmarks were gone.

Many had met Begin, to be sure, but they really didn't know him. And the little they knew, they didn't like. He was a man from the right, a radical, an extremist in word and deed. They were afraid of the unknown, afraid of those direction for the future which his past presaged, afraid of how the American people would react to this new leadership.

I, too, was taken aback. I had accepted the conventional wisdom which predicted a diminution of Labor's plurality but still left the Alignment in power. Yehuda Hellman, the Conference's devoted Executive, called me late on election day to confirm the final count; and I spent the remainder of the night adjusting to the new reality and weighing the options which were open before us.

I had but little choice. As Conference Chairman it was my overriding task to maintain the unity of American Jewry in support of Israel, and there clearly was no way

to summon support for a nation without also calling for the support of her democratically elected government. In any event, I felt it only just and right to give the newly elected Prime Minister an opportunity to form his government, to refine his program, and to present it to his nation, to America and the world.

On the morrow, I sent the Prime Minister designate a congratulatory cable pledging our community's support, and I called on America's Jews to provide this support. I reminded them that we ^{are} ~~were~~ never "the servants of a particular party or the instruments of ^{given} a governmental coalition" but rather that we are "impelled by love for the people of Israel" and by the "sacred obligation to secure their safety." The Israel Bond Organization was especially helpful in making certain that this message reached every city, town, and hamlet of our country.

The media ^{here} ~~was~~ not at all receptive to the voice of patience. To be sure, the New York Times adopted a 'wait and see' attitude, perhaps reflecting Washington's still uncertain reaction -- when it comes to Israel the New York Times almost always dances to the tune which the oval office plays. But most other columnists and editorial writers had a field day in invective. They sharpened their talons and feasted on Begin. He was held personally responsible for all acts of terror in the Middle East, those which were committed in the past and those which would yet be committed in that war which

was now imminent because of his election. "Begin (pronounced like Feigen)^a" screeched TIME Magazine, limning the level of the day's editorial discourse. 5

For 48 hours I sat by the phone, calling reporters, answering their calls -- to no avail. I sensed that some dramatic gesture was needed to gain attention, and I conceived of a quick trip to Israel following which, perhaps, someone would listen. ~~to me.~~

By curious coincidence, Begin's son, then studying at an American university in the West, called me up to bemoan the media's tone and to ask what I, what he could do to alter things. I suggested the Israel journey and asked him to ascertain his father's reaction.

On Friday, May 24th, the Presidents' Conference met with Stuart Eizenstat in Washington to be briefed concerning the Carter administration's unfolding domestic program. Privately, I told Stuart of my projected journey; he thought it a good idea and asked me to come to The White House immediately on my return to the States. Officials at the State Department had a like reaction.

Not so the Israel Embassy! I had asked Yehuda to cover that base while I was en route to see Habib at State.

And when Hellman finally caught up with me at the National Airport, he told me that Simcha Dinitz had earnestly urged him to restrain me from going to Israel. "Why should Alex commit himself so soon," he said, "it is unseemly for him to do so. Why so great a hurry? Begin may not even be able to form a government. Besides, he is not well."

Dinitz had always counselled me wisely. He was and is a superb spokesman for his nation; indeed, I subsequently urged Begin to keep him in Washington as long as possible. This time, however, I felt that Simcha's view was distorted, that he saw things through partisan rather than patriotic lenses. And so I disregarded him.

In curious contrast, Chaim Herzog's instincts ^{were} ~~had been~~ sounder. He was on television fending Begin's rights within an hour after the election results were announced. As usual, directives of the Foreign Ministry ^{had been} ~~were~~ slow in coming; each man was on his own.

Be that as it may, while still at National Airport, I dropped some coins into a pay phone, reached Begin at the Sharon Hotel in Herzliyah, wished him a "shabbat shalom" and set the hour of our meetings.

* * * *

As matters transpired, we delayed our journey for a day, because of Begin's sudden hospitalization. There were some further endeavors to dissuade us from going. Zalman Abramov counselled: "I've known Begin the better part of my life. He is rigid and will never change. I agree that he may not be able to form a government. But even if he does, he won't last long." Still, I persisted in my judgment and on mötze Shevuot -- as soon as Kaddishai assured us that Begin would be strong enough to see us -- Yehuda and I enplaned.

Derech Eretz demanded that we visit Rabin first. He had re-seized the reins of the prime-ministership for the transition period and held office. But Moshe Raviv, who met us at Lod, as was his wont, whisked us off to see his minister first.

Allon, while dismayed by the election results, seemed not dejected. He is, by nature, a cheerful, optimistic man. In fact, when we entered his office he sat pencil in hand carefully counting the Knesset votes to show how Begin might just miss in his efforts to gain majority support -- assuming, of course, no Labor defections and a holding-of-the-line by Dash.

But he, too, must have realized all this was wistful, wishful thinking, for in our conversations -- just as soon as I had given him a brief report on reaction in America -- he addressed me not so much as Chairman of the Preisdents' Conference but rather as the head of America's Reform Jewish community. He spoke of the World Zionist Organization and his desire for increasing involvement in its work. He felt that this forum could provide the Labor Party an opportunity to regroup its forces and to develop new leadership. And he wondered whether the Reform movement and Labor might not find common ground for cooperative endeavor here. I readily agreed that while no permanent alliance was likely, given our ideological affinity as manifested by many past joint ventures with the Kibbutz movement and in particular with its Ichud faction, ground for common work would indeed be found.

Early next morning we met with the Prime Minister. Rabin was in a mellow mood, loose, loquacious, most gracious in his reception.

This was a refreshing departure from past pattern. Our earlier meetings had always been most formal, cold in fact, a quick in and out, a mumbled word or ^{low} no give-and- take to speak of, scarcely a contact of the eye. It was difficult to escape the conclusion that the Presidents' Conference and those organizations of which it is comprised did not rank very high on the scale of the Prime Minister's worths. At times, I even harbored the suspicion that the Presidents' Conference was deemed not so much an instrument to marshal support of America's Jews but rather to "manage" them, to keep them out from under foot.

Be that as it may, at our final meeting, Rabin was most kind. He analyzed the then-present problems confronting Israel in the foreign policy arena, evincing his considerable grasp pf the geo-political factors at play.

The only other member of the "old guard" with whom we had a lengthy meeting on this journey was Shimon Peres. We ^{met} ~~met~~ with him late one afternoon in the misrad sar habitachon. ←

The Defense Minister was dejected. He felt spent. He likened his burden in leading the election campaign to that of a pilot compelled to "fly a plane with two of its wings sheared off." He did confess, though, to some "lightness of spirit" which came with the easing of ultimate responsibility to other shoulders.

Navon was present at this meeting and joined our conversations which took on something of a nostalgic tone what with its remembrances of things past. Turning to the future, I urged Navon seriously to consider the presidency of the World Zionist Organization, for which his name had already been informally proposed. It seemed so natural a course, given that affection and esteem in which Navon is held by Jews of every kind in every corner of the world. Little did I know then that he was destined for far higher office. His gifts of mind and spirit are rich. He will bring further honor to that already highly honored post of Israel's presidency.

* * *

One of my purposes in coming to Israel was to do what little I could to enlarge the coalition of the emerging government. Political considerations were not at all at play in my thinking. I was moved solely by my desire to maintain American Jewish unity: the broader the representation of Israel's administration the larger the number of American Jews who will identify with it. Josef Burg, the genial, statesmanlike leader of the Mavdal -- in whose company I always delight for I always learn from him -- understood our problem at once. "What you don't need," he said, "is a government which is narrowly clerical-fascist in its make-up," using these terms not in their ordinary meaning but rather metaphorically, to dramatize the issue in all of its stark reality.

Dash was the natural first target. Levenson of Bank Hapoalim, who was on our flight, shared my concerns and conclusions and urged me to see Yadin as soon as possible. While still on the plane, then, I radioed ahead to make arrangements. With that chutzpah to which I am frequently prone, my message -- relayed courtesy of the El Al pilot via Eli Eyal, my very good friend and one of Yadin's lieutenants -- read something like this: "The issue no longer is electoral reform. The issue is foreign policy. Urge you to join the government as quickly as possible."

Yadin was good enough to give us a good deal of his time. We met at least twice, the first time for two full hours. Our conversations revealed my ignorance of Israel's political system and the wide gap obtaining between its mode of operation and politics on the American scene. As a case in point, when I enjoined Yadin to move quickly, to approach Begin at once to offer his support and to set his party's counter requests, he replied something to the effect that "Dash has 15 seats, let him come to me." About all I could do was lamely to reply that the American pattern is different. ^{RB} When Kennedy won the presidency by a fraction of one per-cent, but little over 100,000 votes out of the tens of millions cast, nonetheless he was the President and everyone came to him. "In America, late-comers don't catch the bus or when they do get only a back seat. He who gets there first ends up with the best. Sometimes he even becomes Secretary of State."

Yadin impressed me as a man who cannot easily make up his mind or else was so constrained by the divergent forces within his own party that he could not move. This may not be a fair assessment, I was only an interested spectator as it were and this is how I saw the play. I was not in on the actual negotiations and the other side may well not have been willing to deal.

At midnight, after our first Yadin session, we received a call from Dan Pat^sir's wife, Yael, to tell us that Dayan had just been proposed as the Foreign Minister of the new government.

* * *

Dayan's designation pleased me. Here, at last, was one familiar landmark which American Jews would recognize, a leader with whom they could readily identify.

His abilities were ^{well} rightly-recognized, and in America the events of 1973 left none of those deep wounds which still were bleeding on the Israel scene; Dayan's reputation remained virtually untarnished. His familiarity with the mindset of the Arab world was well known and he was perceived to be ^a flexible, skilled negotiator. On more than one occasion Kissinger had told me: "I could not have successfully concluded Sinai II without Dayan's imaginative projections and I say this even though Dayan has frequently taken issue and belittled me."

I called the Foreign Minister-designate to congratulate him and offered to arrange a meeting with Sam Lewis. Wisely, Dayan declined, deeming such a meeting prior to

his confirmation premature.

Subsequent events, I fully believe, vindicated Begin's choice. Once the fuller story is told and heard, we will learn just how significant a role Dayan played in those events which culminated in a separate agreement between Egypt and Israel.

* * *

Our breakfast session with Weizman merits mention. Ezer was understandably exuberant and took just pride in his role spearheading the Likud election victory. Chosen to be the Minister of Defense, he had already been briefed concerning the state of Israel's forces and resources and was most pleased with what he learned. He was especially impressed with that quantity and quality of weaponry with which the United States had resupplied Israel since '73.

I found Weizman much more even tempered and serious than on previous occasions. I first met him some months earlier, at a social gathering in the home of mutual friends, Zvi and Rolly Efron, where I adjudged him a man of volatile temperament -- impulsive, impetuous, volcanic, ever ready to burst forth. It is this irrepressible quality, I believe, which gives him so much of his charm but which also keeps many from according him that complete confidence for highest office to which his endowments and leadership qualities may well entitle him.

Even during our pre-election meeting and now again at our breakfast -- all this long before the Sadat Jerusalem journey -- Weizman expressed his conviction that a Likud government could and would achieve a separate peace agree-

ment with Egypt and even Syria. It is an assurance which did not waver until his Salzburg meetings with Sadat. When five American Jewish leaders, I among them, sat with Begin, Dayan and Weizman on the day before Camp David, Begin was supremely confident; Dayan more cautiously so ("I am not at all pessimistic; I see many openings"); Weizman felt that the opportunity had slipped through Israel's fingers and despaired of the summit's success. His wit had not dampened as had his confidence, for when Begin introduced him as "our Sadatolog," Weizman quickly rejoined "I am glad you did not call me your Sadatist, Mr. Prime Minister."

* * *

My ultimate purpose in coming to Israel, of course, was to meet with Begin, to get to know him and his program so that on my return to America I could help reshape his image which the media had so grossly distorted. I met Begin twice and at some length, first in the hospital and the second time in his modest ground-level, two room Tel-Aviv apartment. Our conversations were somewhat constrained by the circumstances of our meeting. In their substance they were not memorable by any manner of means. A hospital room with its inevitable flow of doctors scanning the chest and nurses administering pills does not exactly lend itself to that intellectual probing which such an occasion ordinarily demands. Yet I honestly feel that I got to know the man. For oftentimes when you observe a man's reaction in moments of stress or when you see him in the setting of his home, surrounded by friends, responding to his wife and she to him, why then you can learn a great deal more about him than you can when he wears the

mask of the ideolog engaged in debate. You get to know him with a knowledge of ^{the} his heart, to feel him, as I felt Begin - and I responded to what I felt. ←

I felt him to be a man of integrity, moved by the highest ideals of our people, in whose pattern of worths the quest for peace is a predominant design.

I sensed his abounding love for the Jewish people, which makes everything else, even the machinery of the State, but an instrument of that peoples will and need.

The mystic within me, though other directed, responded to Begin's mystical love for the land.

But I also felt his respect for the integrity of every Jewish community, not just for those communities built on holy soil.

I don't mean to suggest that Begin "can't do wrong by me."

He has pursued policies with which I disagree, said things which ~~brought me~~ ^{filled me with} ~~made me shudder with~~ dismay. In a word, "by me" Begin ~~is no saint, nor angel, just a man - but what a man.~~

[✓] I always felt free to give expression to my disagreements when I deemed them of sufficient worth; he always listened with respect. When he rejected some counsel I offered he always took the trouble patiently to explain just why he could not do as I hoped. He was the first Israeli leader, sometimes I think even the only Israeli, who ever said to me, "I think you've got a point."

The candor of our relationship was set even at the hospital when I told Begin that his Kadoum appearance did not exactly serve to soften his image. He mumbled something about "what's wrong with holding a Torah, rabbi?" I replied, "there is

indeed nothing wrong with holding a Torah, it's what you said when you held that Torah that was troublesome." He grumbled some more and I added, "do you want me to tell you what I think you want to hear or rather what I believe to be true?" Of course, he wanted the truth, he said, what else could he say. But he always accepted it no matter how unpleasant and always he listened.

This, then, was the making of what an Israeli journalist called "the oddcouple." Yet given our common commitments, which are far more fundamental than our differences (~~right vs. left, traditional vs. reform, etc~~) our relationship is not so odd after all. It is fed by the fire of the nekuda yehudit, of the pintele yid.

I returned to America to say what in all candor I had planned to say no matter what, but could now say with deepfelt conviction: that Begin is a patriot; that he desires above all to bring peace to his people; that I deem him capable of making the transition from candidacy to incumbency; and that while he is an ideolog from one end of the political spectrum, he would undoubtedly be "sucked in by the center," as Walter Lippman put it; compelled to respond to the consensus of the nation. ~~I~~ I said all this at The White House. I reported it to Secretary of State Vance. I said it again at the press conferences which followed these visits. I repeated it to the entire American Jewish community which, I strongly suspect, would have remained united in its support of Israel even without me and my journey - but perhaps I helped a little.

* *