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Speeches, 1953-1990, undated.

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American Jewish Archives website.

...Miss Thompson is not an unbiased political commentator and newspaper columnist; she is the official spokesman for an Arab sponsored organisation known as the American Friends of the Near East. This fact was not established at either the Economic Club meeting or in the newspaper articles reporting the address. Her official association with the propaganda arm of the Arab League is sufficient to justify doubt in the credence of her words.

Miss Thompson's charges re-echo the arguments of Arab chieftains. She asserts that the "aggressor" state of Israel with its "expansionist" program represents a threat to the stability of the Near East; she decries the hapless plight of Arab refugees "exiled by the Israelis" and she avers that by its favorite treatment of Israel, the United States has alienated the Arab world at a time when Arab friendship is so essential in the not-so-cold conflict against Soviet Russia...

...The State of Israel has no expansionist policy now nor was it ever the aggressor in the war against the Arab nations. On November 29, 1947, after months and years of careful study and investigation, the General Assembly of the United Nations accepted the Palestine Partition Plan of its own Sub-Committee, thus giving international sanction to the establishment of the Jewish state. On May 14, 1948.... and in accordance with the resolution of the U.N. General Assembly, the State of Israel was proclaimed. Immediately thereafter, Arab armies of many nations crossed the Israeli border on all sides, determined to put a quick end to the infant state by driving the Jews into the Mediterranean Sea. Arab leaders had miscalculated; on the one hand, they over-estimated their own strength - the Arab soldier had nothing to fight for (he was and still is the despised vassal of his lords) and he had nothing to fight against (his Israeli brother had increased his well-being a thousand fold); on the other hand, the Arab leaders under-estimated the determination of the Jews who, though small in number, were fired by a two-thousand year old vision and by the memory of two thousand years of martyrdom. The Arab

leaders miscalculated, but their intention was crystal clear: they were the aggressors, they invaded Israel and they acted in violation of a resolution of the United Nations, the family of nations to which they belonged and to which they promised allegiance and obedience.

The Arab nations still are the only aggressors in the Near East - an occasional Israeli counter-raid of a retaliatory nature to the contrary notwithstanding. Again and again, through the official declarations of its foreign ministry and through the delegates in the halls of the United Nations the State of Israel has proclaimed its willingness to conclude a lasting peace pact, but again and again the representatives of the Arab League have declined to sit in council.

...Talk of Israeli imperialism is claptrap, utter nonsense. The brutal fact of the matter is that Israel cannot hope to survive without peace, and no one knows this better than the Israelis who daily face privation precisely because there is no peace, because the armies demanded by the threat of war represent a strain on the nation's energy and economy which it can ill afford if it is to build the inner strength indispensable to bare survival.

Israel needs peace. Israel can survive only in a world of peace. And Israel knows it.

Miss Thompson expresses great concern for the plight of the Arab refugees living in the putrid camps of the Jordan plain. We share this concern, I dare say, in a more profound manner than does Miss Thompson. For we know the real meaning of words like exile, and camps, and refugees. But here too not just half but the entire truth must be told. These refugees - some 500,000 - were not exiled by the Israelis; they were urged to leave by their compatriots and leaders who promised to give them Jewish properties the minute the legal owners were thrown into the sea; theirs was a calculated risk; they gambled on an Arab victory and lost. The over 100,000 Arabs who chose to remain in Israel were permitted to retain their holdings and are now respected citizens of the new republic. Israel, moreover, has done

its share to help the self-exiled DP's; over 40,000 Arab refugees have been re-absorbed by the tiny State of Israel; the Israeli Treasury has twice released blocked sterling; and offers for restitution of confiscated lands ^{has been} made. The Arab leaders, on the other hand, have done nothing for these refugees; any one of the members of the Arab league could readily absorb all of them in a tiny corner of its vast domains while at the same time benefiting its internal economy. However, Arab chieftains, vegetating in Capri or on the French Riviera, choose to perpetuate the plight of their brethren as a political expedient.

A final word about ~~the~~ so-called Arab good will toward the United States and the value of the Arab League as an ally in the East-West conflict. The effectiveness of the Arab League can certainly be questioned - since the combined forces of the Arab armies were unable to cope with the citizen army of Israel, one may well wonder how they would fare against the mechanized power of Soviet Russia.

...While there is no guarantee whatsoever that Arab will be on the side of America in the unhappy eventuality of a conflict between Russia and America, there is every reason to believe that they mean to use American guns against Israel, a proven friend of the United States. Those who support the shipping of American guns to the Arab countries assure us that this will not happen, that these guns will not be used against Israel; yet they make this assurance in the face of repeated Arab declarations and proclamations that their real enemy is not Russia but Israel and that they would willingly sacrifice 10,000,000 Arab lives in order to ^{or} terminate the Jews.

Arab good faith toward the United States has never been established, and yet Miss Thompson speaks with bold assurance of the time honored friendship between the Arab countries and our own, a friendship which - or so she claims - has been impaired only recently by American support of Israel. Has Miss Thompson forgotten that twice in one generation Arab leaders and their legions

were allined with America's enemies in their fight to extirpate democracy?
Has Miss Thompson forgotten that both in the First, as well as in the
Second World War, it was the Jewish soldier of the Jewish Brigade, and not
the Arab légionnaire who fought side by side with the American GI in
the heroic struggle to preserve world freedom?
Miss Thompson may have forgotten. America will not forget. Americans
of good will everywhere will remember and recognize their real friends.

As Driven Sand...The Problem of the
Arab Refugees

We are pleased to welcome to this sanctuary and to this service in addition to our regular worshippers, the men and women of the Worcester Zionist District. They are here, to help us celebrate the Festival of Israel's Independence, the anniversary of that fateful day eleven years ago when a dream of the centuries was consummated and Israel was re-established as a free and independent people in its own homeland. We are too close, still, to the event to evaluate it properly, too close to appreciate its worth, but, surely, in the perspective of the ~~xxx~~ years, 1943 will take its place among the stellar dates of our history and the fifth of Iyar will shine bright in the firmament of our festivals.

We American Jews do not celebrate the achievements of our brethren in Israel alone. We are happy in the knowledge of the not inconsiderable part we ourselves played in the consummation of that searching and heroic hour. American Jews rose to the occasion splendidly. We knew how to close ranks. We acted with wisdom, dignity and courage. We spoke effectively to the hearts and minds of the American people and its leaders in government. And we lent material support with a generosity unmatched in the annals of any people. In truth, it is acknowledged by all ~~and not in the least by our Israeli brethren~~ - that what was achieved ^{is} ~~was~~ due in large measure to the magnificent labor of Jews in our land.

But, of course, the benefits of that achievement have come to bless not only our Israeli brethren, nor only the hapless masses of European and African Jewry; they have come to bless us as well. And perhaps the greatest of gifts which came to us from the establishment of the State of Israel is the knowledge that we live no longer in exile. This is not to suggest that our life on these shores has ever been burdensome in the slightest, nor do we ever anticipate that American Jews in substantial numbers will feel impelled to leave these welcoming and protecting shores. In truth, America is our land, and Israel can only be the non-political, the purely spiritual center of our lives as Jews. Nonetheless, the term 'galut' - or exile in its classical sense has been destroyed, for when a people can of their own free will return to their ancestral home. they are not in exile; only compulsory banishment spells exile. The curse of Cain, the curse of being an outcast and a wanderer over the face of the earth has been removed from us, and everywhere one senses increasing confidence and resolution. Our status and dignity have been enhanced, in our eyes and in the eyes of all who see us.

Unhappily, the State of Israel was born of conflict. Immediately upon its establishment by international agreement it was invaded by its neighboring states and a terrible war ensued. The State survived, to be sure - the few against the many, the weak against the strong, a modern David felling the colossus enemy - but the scars of that conflict still are visible, and its poisoned fruit has come to plague us.

Perhaps the most serious consequence of that war's terrible alchemy is the problem of the arab refugees - men, women and children in the hundreds of thousands, living in squalor, hapless, homeless, with no relief in sight. Their plight should give us cause to think and do in any event, but all the more so because for the very first time in our history, we who were the perennial victims of aggression are pictured as the oppressors, a victim people is portrayed as persecutor. Let there be no mistaking that. Uniformed public opinion, especially here in America, by and large is antithetic toward Israel in this one respect, giving the impression that Israel is basically at fault and responsible for the refugee problem. What is worse, many American Jews re-echo these sentiments, if not ~~vocally and consciously~~ ^{or else}, they give expression to a sense of guilt in the feeling of discomfort which seizes them when this subject is broached. Obviously there is much that is problematical in our understanding of the refugee situation, and we do well to consider this problem from time to time, in order that we might answer the unbeliever and for the sake of our own assurance.

Let us ask and answer three questions crucial to this problem: who is responsible for the existence of this problem...who bears the onus for its continuance...who has the capacity for its solution...

How did the problem arise? Arabs and Israeli's differ in their answer to this fundamental query. Arabs claim that their Palestine brethren were driven out by the advancing Israeli armies, that they were compelled to leave their homeland by Israeli's determined to seize their property. Israeli's deny this accusation. They insist that the vast majority of Palestinian Arabs left of their own volition and at the behest of their leaders who sought to clear the battlefield for the slaughter after which the Arabs would return in triumph.

International investigations by and large have tended to support the Israeli position in this matter. The Research Group for European Migration problems reported:

"As early as the first months of 1948 the Arab league issued orders exhorting the people to seek a temporary refuge in neighboring countries, later to return to their abodes in the wake of the victories Arab armies and to obtain their share of abandoned Jewish property."

In a contemporary record, and writing in a Lebanese newspaper, Msgr. George Hakim, the Greek Catholic Archbishop of Galilee had this to say:

"The refugees had been confident that their absence from Palestine would not last long; that they would return within a few days - within a week or two. Their leaders had promised them that the Arab armies would crush the Zionist ~~gangs~~ gangs very quickly and that there would be no need to fear a long exile."

The Jewish argument is backed not only by international authorities such as these but also by the fact that those Palestinian Arabs who remained in Israel were permitted to retain their holdings and are now respected citizens of the State of Israel and accorded equal rights with their Jewish compatriots.

But let us for the sake of argument admit that not all Arabs left Palestine at the best of their Arab leaders, that many chose to flee the country because they were truly afraid of the consequences which Jewish occupation would bring in its train, still, it cannot be denied that the refugee problem is the consequence of the war, and the war of aggression was launched by the Arabs - the Arabs themselves admit that, in truth they boast of it and promise a second round. ~~If there had been no war against the people of Israel, there would be no problem of Arab refugees today, so that once you have determined responsibility for the former, you have determined responsibility for the latter.~~ The syllogism is compelling in its logic: ~~who is responsible for the refugees, those who started the war...who started the war...the Arabs...ergo...the Arabs must bear ultimate responsibility for creating the refugee problem.~~ *Answers for the refugees* *Started the war*

That is how this problem was created...we now come to examine why it endured...

There is certainly nothing natural in the prolongation of this problem for over eleven years. All the normal impulses of history would have promoted a rapid solution. Since 1945 no less than forty million ~~massive~~ refugees have been created by military and political conflicts (since 1945)...in every other case a solution has been found by the ~~integration of the refugees into their host countries:~~ in Korea, in Vietnam, in India, in Pakistan...but not in the case of the Arab refugees, less than 2% of the total refugee mass

Why? The answer is not far to seek...the Arabs do not want to help their brethren... they want to preserve the Arab Israel conflict in full virulence. The plight of the refugees appears in their eyes not as a human and moral problem but as a political problem which they are determined to keep intact, lest the whole structure of Arab belligerency be undermined at a central point.

A Mr. Gallway, representative of the UN in Jordan gave perhaps the most robust definition of this approach. Here is what he had to say in 1954:

"It is perfectly clear that the Arab nations do not want to solve the Arab refugee problem...they want to keep it as an open sore, as an affront against the United Nations and a weapon against Israel. Arab leaders don't give a damn whether the refugees live or die."

It might be noted, marginally, at this point that not ~~only~~ ^{all} the Arabs who live in camps are refugees from Palestine. It is estimated by neutral sources that as many as 250 000 Arabs came not from Palestine but from Arab lands and after the war was over, choosing the camp life on United Nations relief to their far more squalid life as beduins and felahins.

Israel, on the other hand, has recognized a responsibility for these refugees. The Israeli treasury has twice released block sterling from Arab accounts in Israeli banks, but the Arab leaders don't permit the refugees to draw on funds which are theirs. Innumerable offers for restitution of confiscated lands have been made - when a Jew acquires property formerly held by Arabs he makes deposits on a special restitution account awaiting eventual settlement for disbursement - but all these offers have been refused. Over 45 000 camp refugees have been re-admitted into Israel under a family reunion plan...all have been integrated into the economy of Israel, made self-sufficient and granted full citizenship.

Perhaps even more important, during this eleven year period, Israel integrated 450 000 Jews from Arab lands alone, Jews who were expelled from Iraq, from Yemen, from Syria, from North Africa...before they left, they were stripped of all estate, property, and material possession. Had the Jews lacked a sense of moral responsibility, they could have had a powerful political weapon, by compelling their brethren to live in camps on Cyprus perhaps and asking international support in their behalf. One might think that

Arab leaders would at least integrate an equal number of Arabs and give them the properties stolen from the Jews. But no! Arab chieftains, vegetating in Capru or on the French Riviera chose to perpetuate the plight of their brethren as a political expedient. Not only do they refuse to offer aid toward a solution, they ~~xxx~~ expend every effort to prevent a solution with a zeal and an efficiency worthy of a better cause...

Our final question - who has the capacity for a solution...again, the answer is the arabs... Time does not permit us to expand on this point, but suffice to say, that in every other refugee problem faced in recent year, integration has been the answer, that is to say, the integration of refugees into their host countries: nine million homeless Koreans, a million refugees from the conflict in Vietnam...8 $\frac{1}{2}$ million Hindus leaving Pakistan for India, 700 000 Chinese refugees in Hong Kong, 13 Million German refugees from the East European States, ~~1200~~ thousands of Turkish refugees from Bulgaria...450 000 refugees from Arab lands arriving destitute in Israel and an equal number converging from the remnants of the Jewish holocaust in Europe -- these form the pathetic armies of the world's refugee population. In every case the countries in which these refugees sought shelter, permitted them to integrate and to live in peace...why not the Arab nations also, especially when we consider the blood relationship between host and refugee, and the fact that anyone of the members of the Arab States could readily absorb all of the refugees in a tiny corner of its vast domains while at the same time benefiting its economy.

No, we need feel no sense of guilt as far as the Arab Refugee problem is concerned. For the responsibility of the Arab States is the central issue in the refugee debate; and their responsibility is three fold. Theirs is the initiative for its creation...theirs is the onus for its endurance. And above all - theirs is the capacity for its solution. When we ask ourselves the three crucial questions - how the problem arose, why it still exists and how it can be solved, we come back inexorably to Israel's Arab neighbors. They alone hold the key to the past and the gateway to the future...

Let the Arabs open their gates to their kinsman as we have opened ours. Let the barbed wire barricades fall. Let the refugees move freely towards the new economic opportunities opening in the Arab world...let the new liberated arab governments see in these refugees what many other countries have found the refugees to be...not a burden but a

potential reinforcement of their new societies and cultures. Let Arab govern ents join with the world and with Israel in an effort to remove this tragic ~~night~~ Arab problem from the Arab world. Let this be done and great reawards and blessings willfall to the thepeoples of the Middle East and to the peop es of the world.

The Problem of the Arab Refugees

Pleased to welcome men and women of Worcester Zionist District
they are here to help us celebrate Israeli Independence Day
anniversary of that fateful hour 11 yrs ago
we are too close, still, to the event to evaluate it
surely 1948 will be stellar date, 5th of Iyar will shine
bright in firmament of our festivals

American Jews celebrate for themselves also
played not inconsiderable part in consummation of dream
rose to occasion splendidly
closed ranks
acted with wisdom, dignity, courage
spoke to fellow Americans, leaders
gave with a generosity unmatched

Benefits of that achievement have come to bless us also
end of exile
we will not leave...happy here...Israel center of our
lives only in non-political sense
exile in its classical sense over...when people can
return, not in exile, compulsory banishment spells
exile...
the curse of Cain has been removed from us...
everywhere, increasing confidence and resolution...our
status enhanced...own eyes, eyes of those who see us

Unhappily State born in conflict...invasion...war...the State survived...the few against
the many, the weak against the strong, a modern David conquering his colossus enemy...
yet scars of conflict still visible...its poisoned fruit has come to plague us.

Gravest problem...Arab refugees...hapless plight...
Their state should give us cause to think and do under any
circumstances, but all the more so, because for the very
first time in our history, we who were the perennial victims
of aggression are pictured as the oppressors...a persecuted
people stands accused as persecutor.

Uninformed public opinion holds this view...non Jews by and large antithetic to Israel
on this score...Jews also...if not vocal then expressed in the discomfort which seizes
them when problem is discussed.

Let us ask and answer three questions crucial to problem

How did the Problem Arise?

Arabs say: Palestinian Arabs driven out by advancing Israeli armies

Jews say: Vast majority left of own volition and at the behest of their leaders...
arabs who remained, were treated well...over 160 000...retained properties
have full citizenship.

International commissions support Jewish position -
Research Group of European Migration: "As early as the first months of
1948 the Arab League issued orders exhorting the people to seek a
temporary refuge in neighboring countries, later to return to their abodes
in the wake of the victorious Arab armies and to obtain their share of
abandoned Jewish properties..."

Msgr. George Hakim, Gr. Catholic Archbishop of N. Galilee: "The refugees were confident that their absence from Palestine would not last long...that they would return in a few days...within a week or two at the most. Their leaders had promised them that their armies would crush the Zionist gangs very quickly and that there would be no need to fear a long exile."

But let us for the moment admit that not all Arabs left Palestine at the behest of their leaders, that some actually left because they were afraid of what would happen to them under the Israelis, still it cannot be denied that the refugee problem is the consequence of the war, and the war was started by the Arabs

they do not deny it...they promise a second round...

the syllogism is compelling in its logic:

those who started the war are responsible for refugees

Arabs started the war

ergo: they must bear ultimate responsibility...

Why did the problem endure?

Nothing natural about prolongation of the problem...since WW II...forty million refugees...all resettled...except Arabs who constitute 2% of total

Why? Answer not far to seek...Arabs do not want to help their brethren...they want to preserve the Arab Israeli conflict in its full virulence...plight of the refugees in their eyes not a human or moral problem...it is a political problem which they are determined to keep intact lest the structure of Arab belligerency be undermined at a crucial point...

Mr. Gallaway, UN Representative in Jordan in 1954 gave most robust definition of this policy: "It is perfectly clear that the Arab nations do not want to solve the refugee problem...they want to keep it as an open sore, as an affront against the United Nations and a weapon against Israel. Arab leaders don't give a damn, whether the refugees live or die..."

Note marginally: a great many refugees did not come from Palestine, came from other Arab countries - neutral observers estimate as many as 250 000 - preferring UN camp life to life as be'otim and felahim.

Israel has done much for Arab Refugees

Released blocked sterling - twice - and twice refused

Offered Restitution for properties taken from Arabs

Special restitution account opened; every Jew who buys property formerly held by Arabs makes deposits in this account

45 000 Refugees have been re-admitted under family reunification plan

Even more important: 450 000 refugees/ Jews from Arab countries have been integrated during this eleven year period - Jew expelled from Iraq, Yemen, Syria, Egypt, North Africa...before they left, their properties were taken away...

Had Jews lacked sense of moral responsibility they would have kept these fellow Jews from Arab countries in camps, seeking international support and creating an issue...we had sense of moral responsibility

Arab leaders might at the very least integrate 450 000 refugees and give them properties stolen from Jews...but no, they ~~persist~~ to vegetate on Capri and the French Riviera and choose to perpetuate the plight of their brethren as political expedient...

Not only do they refuse to aid, they do everything in their power to hinder solution,

Who has the Capacity for a Solution

Of possible alternatives, repatriation and integration, in every other instance of refugee problems, latter was solution, that is to say, the integration of ~~xxxxxx~~ refugees in host country, in country in which they sought refuge:

- 9 million Koreans
- 1 million refugees from conflict in Vietnam
- 8½ million Hindus from Pakistan
- 700 thousand Chinese in Hong Kong
- 13 million Germans from the East
- 450 Jews from Arab countries
- 450 Jews sorry remnant of Europe

these constitute the pathetic armies of the world's refugees from 1945...and in every case, host countries permitted refugees to integrate economically and politically... why not the arabs, especial when you consider expanse of their territories...

No, we Jews need have no sense of guilt as far as this problem is concerned...the responsibilities of the arabs is central to the debate: their responsibility three fold:
theirs initiative for creation
theirs onus for endurance
their capacity for solution

When we ask our three questions, we inexorably come back to Israel's arab neighbors... they have the key to the past, the gateway to the future...

Let them open gates as we have done

Let barbed wire barricades fall...

Let them move forward to new opportunities...

Let govts recognize these refugees not as burden, but as potential reinforcement...

Let arabs join with Israel and other world govts in working toward solution

Let this be done, and great blessing will come to Middle East and world.

BASS VIOLS FOR HEAVEN

Ma Nouro Hamokom Hazeh
Eyn Zeh Ki Im Beys Elohim
Vezeh Shaar Hashomayim

How full of awe is this place
Surely, this is none other than the House of God
And this, the gate of heaven.

Once again we have reached this holiest ^{Day} day of the Jewish year, ^{Yom Kippur} Yom
Kippur, the day of ^{at} atonement. Again, we stand before the throne of God
and lift our voices in prayer. We call on God as master of our destinies.
May He judge us with mercy and seal us in the Book of Life for blessing.

We are assembled in the courtyards of the Almighty heeding a mandate
as exalting and as enduring as the everlasting hills.

It is a mandate from on high: Hikon Likras elohecho yisroel... Prepare to
meet thy God, O Israel...

It is a mandate from out of the past, a voice from yesteryear...
the voice of seer and sage... the voice of hero and martyr...
Who among us today does not sense this swell and surge of the past,
this throb and thrust of Israel's ancient history...
Our prayers are the prayers of the past, our songs the songs our
fathers sang a thousand years ago...

We stand here, also, in answer to a summons from within:
Our souls seek solace and sustenance... we long for inner harmony...
we yearn for inner peace... Weary of seeking without finding... weary of
journeying without arriving, we turn from our daily toil to the rest
and quiet of the House of Prayer... Here the noise of the market place is
hushed... here the clamor of commerce is silenced, and in the quiet of
worshipful devotion, we can hear and heed the divine command:
Be still, and know that I am God.

To hear the voice of God above the market place, to listen for it
through the clamor of the world...

Is not this the leitmotif of the ^{Rolv Arne}~~the~~ symphony, the essence of
its mandate?

follow not the multitude to do evil...

turn not aside after the many to pervert justice

listen rather to the voice which summons you

that still, small voice which calls even from out of the earthquake, wind,
and fire ravaging the world.

Implicit in this mandate is the conviction that man is the master of his
fate, not its slave, that he can shape the circumstances of his life and
need not ~~cede~~^{yield} to them.

Life is not the creature of circumstance...

Indeed, in the whole universe and everything that is,
life alone, life by its very nature, is the antagonist of circumstance.

Inanimate things all drift...water flows to the sea, taking the
path of least resistance...

But life climbs the mountains, conquers the wilderness and reaches for the sky...

If there is a law of life, then surely, it is this:

that ~~life~~^{it} is meant to master circumstance.

At the human level it is meant to master even its own circumstance -
the obstacles within as well as the barriers without...

The spirit conquers all things when the spirit will it
and no excuse remains

when we fail to live as we ought...

Away, then, with the delusion that the world is too much with us,
its currents too strong,
that we do evil only because others do wrong.
We sin because we choose to sin.
We do shoddy and shabby things because we are impelled by shoddy and
shabby reasons.
We burn with the fever of ambition,
not because others are ambitious,
but because ambition's fever is burning in us.

Thus does ^{lost Hymns} ~~Yon Kippur~~ speak to us:

Never mind what others think or ~~say~~ say! Never mind what others do!
Yours is the power, [†] yours alone the task:
to correct fault and failing,
to change bitter to sweet,
to bring light where there is darkness,
and truth where falsehood reigns.

To cling to the vision of the good even in a world filled with noisy evil
Is not this our task also as a people, our historic mandate as Jews
to pursue the ideal no matter what
to persist in the quest for its realization
in the face of opposition
despite defeat,
yea even at the risk of incurring a world's displeasure

Rabbi Judah, editor of the Mishna

saw this mandate implicit in the name we bear
the name IVRI, Hebrew

Other sages of his day saw the name related to the Hebrew root ever, meaning accross
and they saw it as referring to the fact that Anraham the first Hebrew
came from accross the river Eurphrates when he netered Canaan

Not so taught rabbi Juday

Ivri does come from ever meaning accross

but it referes not to Anraham's geographic location and migration
but rather to the fact that ideologically Abraham stood on the one side
and the whole world of his day was accross from and opposed to him

"If you want to be an Israelite, therefore, continued Rabbi Judah
if you mean to be a warririo of God struggling with men for the ideals which are HIS
you must mustere at time the strength to be a Hebrew,
to stand alone against the world,
to be the one agai st the many


The Jew -- alone against the world

Rabbi Judah's admonition is given present day relevance by the events of the week
just passt...

I refer, of course, to the massacre in Munich, the fullness of whose horror still elludes
us.
Did we not feel, we Jews -- I certainly did -- alone against hae world...

Oh yes, there was an outpouring of sympathy from the civilized world
but that was only of a moment
even while the dead lay yet unburied, the fun and the games resumed,
and we were left along in our grief.

A day ago-- was it only a day, it seems an ^{eternity} age --
~~George~~ ^{U.S. Ambassador} ~~Ambassador~~ Bush of the United Nations spoke to some leaders of American Jewry
and in effect confessed that world body's impotence.

I cannot even bring you a message of ~~sympathy~~ -- this is a direct quote --
i cannot even bring you a message of ~~sympathy~~ from our crazy organization.
~~And I confess that we~~
~~And we certainly~~ don't know what to do ^{about it all}.

if you have some good ideas,

plans which will be accepted by others too,

please, please let me know...

Israeli consul Rivlin responded to ^{BUSH IN} ~~him~~ barely subdued anger

"If that is so," he said,

if the United Nations is indeed impotent

if America with all its ~~power~~ resources is powerless to deal with this terror

then Israel once again is alone

and Israel will do what it must do."

I ~~fully~~ agreed with Rivlin when he spoke.

Let Israel do what it must do

And later on that night, when Israelis interviewed on television
spoke of their need for vengeance

I offered a not so silent Amen

Smite the ^{AMALEK} ~~enemy~~...

let ^{HIS MEMORY} ~~Amalek~~ not be forgotten

BS BLOTTED FROM THE EARTH

But even while I spoke as I did
some contrary feelings began to stir within me,
doubts began to trouble,
questions to gnaw

Is this ^{really} the way?

Is it the way of the Jew?

If we better the instruction of our enemies, do we not become like them?

And then on a less idealistic, more pragmatic level if you will:

Is vengeance as an instrument of policy ^{really} effective?

Does it not beget the need of counter-vengeance, thus deepening ^{Violence in its never ending process} the process of violence?
~~Will not the parents of the children, who those who were killed~~
Is not this precisely what has happened ^{in the past}?

with each incident the fury ^{mounts} increases and the body-count of slaughtered innocents ^{multiple} mounts.

And yet, and yet...

what else is there to do, what other recourse at Israel's command?

Can we ask our brothers to face guns with words and terror ^{is it} with noble sentiments?

Our desperate dilemma is reflected in a talmudic parable which tells ~~the story~~ about
a small, distant country, high in the mountains, completely isolated by them,
whose people came to their king with a desperate problem of their own

new harvest...akes people mad
if we don't eat we starve, but if we eat, we go craze
king considered...rendered judgement
since no other food available, we have no other choice but to eat of it
"but let us at least know that we are mad"

In a world ruled by force, we may have no other choice but to respond to force with force
but let us at least know that ~~we are mad~~ we are mad.

It is madness, this way of the world,
Violence does not put an end to violence...

it never has in all of mankind's bloody history

It is always a part of a process

If the process is not halted and the violence resolved

it breaks out again - and with far greater savagery --

in a different time and in a different place.

WITH THAT HISTORIC PERSPECTIVE WHICH IT OFFERS
Rosh Hashono reminds us of this truth:

And with this reminder our clarion call

the Jew alone against the world'

reshifts from its physical to its ideological dimensions - ON OUR TASK AS JEWS

to assert the ideal in the face of the worldly real, ~~this is our task...~~

to remember those values which the world makes us forget

to persist in the quest for ~~its~~ realization

in the face of opposition

despite ~~the~~ defeat

yea even at the risk of incurring the world's displeasure.'

This too is a kind of madness I know'

~~the~~ madness of idealism, ~~the~~ madness of prophecy --

but this is our burden as a people,

the burden which tradition has imposed upon us

to this ~~we have borne~~ ^{burden we bore} witness throughout the ages

It is the madness which alone gives meaning to our martyrology...

There is a tale told in the literature of our people which strikes this theme

It is a tale with which you may be familiar but which bears retelling at a time like this

It was penned by that master craftsman of Jewish literature, J.L. Peretz

IT is entitled a bass viol for heaven...and it tells the story of some klesmorim

of a small town orchestra in Eastern Europe.....

To be in harmony with the heavenly orchestra
This is the mandate of our faith and of this day
to assert the YES of faith in defiance of a thousand voices crying NO
To see beauty where others find only ugliness,
love where others offer hate
to muster the strength for mercy against those passions which cry for vengeance
and to hear the sigh of peace, to perceive its plaintive whisper
~~against~~ above the howl and the shriek of war.

May this mandate be fulfilled in our loves
May the time not be distant when ~~xxx~~ men everywhere
-- the Arabs and the ^{Jews} ~~israelis~~ too --
will lie together as the lion and the lamb.

May this New Year witness a renewal of our faith
a regeneration of heart and spirit in young and in old
And may we all be inscribed in God's Book of Life
for a year of health and contentment
of creative endeavor and peace.

Amen

Review - The Cold Wind and the Warm

It is a privilege which I greatly appreciate to have been asked to participate in this program. This is not the first time that I stand before you. If I am not mistaken, this is almost an annual affair. Certainly I have addressed this group no less than three or four times before. And since this is so, I am profoundly moved and deeply honored by this expression of your regard. Let me assure you, however, that I reciprocate it fully. I hold few other organizations in as high esteem. You are dedicated to a noble purpose, and you live up to your ideal.

I am reminded of a story told in the folklore of our people about two parents who could not agree on a name for their newborn child...(what's in a name)... the moral of the story is clear: a name alone cannot bring honor to a man, a man must bring honor to his name. Similarly with organizations: a lofty name, a lofty goal itself is not enough; the members of the organization must live up to the name, they must fulfill the goal. And that is precisely why I respect you so much, that is why I can never say no when you call on me to help. Not only are you dedicated to noble purpose. You come so close to its fulfillment, and none knows that better than I whose father's last hours - painful though they were - were softened and made bearable thanks to the work of your hands. For this I and mine will always be grateful. In truth, you respond to the psalmist's cry: al tashlicheni l'eyes sikno, cast me not away in mine old age...the parents of our community need not be afraid to be cast off in their old age...they will always have a home to fill their latter days with warmth.

a decree against polygamy which made it virtually impossible for the dead man's brother, in most cases himself married, to fulfill this law. Subsequent rabbinic legislation in effect countermanded the Biblical law considering such a marriage adulterous, tantamount to incest. A man was permitted to marry his dead wife's sister, ~~and~~ and still is, in truth, such a marriage is regarded a mitzvah. But a woman may not marry her dead husband's brother. In short, Dan Eisner's parents, as traditional Jews, could not possibly have insisted that their second son marry Myra. To do so would have meant the condoning of incest.

What was probably involved here was Halitzah, the ceremony in which the levirate marriage was rejected. According to the Bible, the dead man's brother has the right to reject his brother's widow. To do so, he must make public proclamation and she in turn must pull off his shoe, spit and recite a prescribed formula. This particular custom is still maintained by orthodoxy. Indeed, it is mandatory. A widow cannot remarry if her husband's brother is alive, without undergoing Halitzah. Myra probably refused to do so, and for this reason incurred the wrath of her parents and her parents in law.

Be that as it may, though Behrman is at fault here, his overall recollection of Jewish life is sound ~~and~~ and he portrays it vividly and with warmth. An array of traditional types pass before our eyes and we cannot help ~~in~~ but respond to them with warmth. There is Ida, the indefatigable matchmaker, an amateur to be sure, but eager to bring love to the lonely. She is a true Mrs. Malaprop. To give you some idea, she hears, now and then from the field marshal in Chicago who has a store bigger than filenes...

when an older man declares his love for a lady less than half his age she advises her young friend:

at our age, marriage is steam heat in the ~~winter~~ winter and ice boxes in the summer...

and she certainly pegs poor Willie Lavin when she tells him: educated you are, but bright you aren't...

Ida is ~~just~~ ^{play's} one of the dominant roles, luminously portrayed by ~~Mary~~ Stapleton, but there are other characters, equally lovable, and equally typical of Jewish life. There is Willie Lavin, the undisciplined dreamer, a luftmensch, with his head in the clouds and his feet not on the ground but where his head is. There is Toby Sachar, ~~the~~ ^{play's} talented, studious young boy. There is Toby's father who is more at home in the pages of the Talmud than on the shelves of his grocery store. ~~and~~ There is Norbert Mandell, the rich Jew, who takes to non Jewish ways such as riding horses and who always refers to himself in the third person. And there are many more. All people we knew, no matter whence we hail, from Worcester or elsewhere. All people we can remember with affection.

When the Worcester account was first published many critics felt that Behrman was too critical of his old neighbors. Rabbi Olan, for instance, in a published review decried Behrman's distant objectivity, his failure to identify himself with the subjects of his writing. Such criticism will not do as far as the play is concerned. It is crystal clear that Behrman loves everyone of his characters and he makes the play goer love them also.

Which brings me to a crucial question, one which must be uppermost in the minds of Worcesterites who see the play. How close is Berman to describing ~~the~~ events as they really happened. More important, how close is he to the truth in his description of people. Were they as he described them. Is that the way he really saw them?

I know a great many people were hurt by what was written, feeling that they or their friends were unjustly maligned, that ~~the~~ truth was perverted. ~~My personal opinion~~ My personal opinion holds with those who see the Cold Wind and the Warm primarily a work of art and Behrman as an artist. And an artist, when all is said and done, is not a photographer. He does not merely record ~~precisely~~ what he sees. He builds on what he sees ~~and~~ fashions something anew. The ~~re~~ evidences of actuality can always be discerned, to be sure, but the end result is as far removed ^{as}, say, a dress from the mannequin. The dress maker uses the mannequin to give shape to her creation, and the dress to some extent is restricted by and reveals the mannequin's form, but the dress is not the mannequin and the mannequin is not the dress.

In essence, the play centers about young Toby who, ^{perhaps} manifestly, is Behrman himself. And all other action is meant to ~~portray~~ depict the constellation of influences which molded Behrman's character and life. And because these influences were primarily in the realm of ideas and ideologies, the characters are drawn in extreme form, becoming, as it were, symbols and not people of flesh and blood. Certainly the real Willie Lavin was not as irresponsible as he appears in the play, but in the play he is the symbol of undisciplined yearning, and consequently had to be portrayed in such a light. Certainly, Myra wasn't as will of the wisp and flighty in real life as she is depicted on the stage, but in the play she becomes the symbol of the ever elusive dream and consequently had to be presented in ~~an extreme manner~~ such an extreme manner.

The basic ideological conflict of Behrman early life, was the conflict between the ~~unrestrained creative impulse~~ unrestrained creative impulse and the demands of self discipline. The former is represented by Willie Lavin, the latter by Toby's father, Mr. Sachar. Mr. Sachar's ~~life~~ stands for law, for tradition, for self discipline. He ~~could~~ appreciate the dream to be sure, and he loves the dreamer, but the voice of duty was strong within him, and he heeded its demands. ~~Willie Lavin does not hear this voice, or if he does he chooses to disregard it. He knows no limitations, no law, no self restraint. He seeks the dream, without the willingness to offer the sacrifices necessary for its attainment until the dreams unrestrained fires consume him, and all its promise and his talents turn to ashes.~~ Willie Lavin does not hear this voice, or if he does he chooses to disregard it. He knows no limitations, no law, no self restraint. ~~He seeks the dream, without the willingness to offer the sacrifices necessary for its attainment until the dreams unrestrained fires consume him, and all its promise and his talents turn to ashes.~~ He seeks the dream, ^{alone} without the willingness to offer the sacrifices necessary for its attainment until the dreams unrestrained fires consume him, and all its promise and his talents turn to ashes.

It is this conflict which gives the play its enduring, universal value. There is a Willie Lavin in each of us, but life cannot be lived with Willie Lavins alone. There must be Sachars as well. There must be limitations, boundaries, disciplines, even as ~~the~~ lightning has to be tamed and chained by copper before it can be transformed to creative use. ~~Freedom without law is anarchy. Love without restraint is lust. Life without duty is an empty dream, a vain illusion.~~ Freedom without law is anarchy. Love without restraint is lust. Life without duty is an empty dream, a vain illusion.

Mr. Behrman reminds us of this truth. And ^{because he does} ~~so~~ in eloquent, forceful manner, he renders us great service for which we must be grateful.

Man that is born of woman, Is few of days
and full of trouble...He cometh forth like
a flower and withereth. He fleeth also as
a shadow and continueth not...Betwixt morning
and evening he is shattered, he perisheth
forever...

Another Yiskor service summons us to an hour of loving remembrance. Once again we are ready to recite our memorial prayers. Once again we are gathered in solemn assembly, prepared to contemplate the end of life, even as we remember the many precious ties of friendship that have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Death - we do not like to think of it or speak of it, and yet we must, for we cannot ignore our latter end: *אנחנו יושבים על האפר* Of dust we are and unto dust we shall return.'

Brutal fact compells us to view our life as a slow and relentless dying. Every moment we live ^{also} is a moment we die... There is a pertinent tale told in the literature of our people about a prince who, on the day that he succeeded his father to the throne of Persia, summoned all the wise men of his kingdom to his presence. Telling them that he wished to benefit by learning about the mistakes of the past, he commanded: "Write me a history of the world, and make certain that it be complete."

After a lapse of twenty years the learned men reappeared before the king, followed by a caravan of camels, each bearing a hundred volumes. The king engrossed in affairs of state, expressed his gratitude but pointed out: "I am now middle aged, and even if I live to be old, I shall not have time to read such a long history - Abridge it!"

After laboring fifteen more years, the learned men returned, followed by only three camels, each bearing a hundred volumes, and reported: "Here is our new work, we believe that nothing essential is omitted." But the king, grown older and ailing, demurred ~~and~~ demanded further abridgment.

(2)

Ten years later, they came back again, followed by a young elephant bearing only a hundred volumes. "This time," they said, "we have been exceedingly brief." "But not sufficiently so," replied the king, "condense and make haste

They five years later the sole surviving wise man appeared, ~~the sole surviving wise man appeared~~, walking with crutches and leading a small donkey bearing one large book. "Hurry," called an officer of the court, "the king is at the point of death." "I die," grieved the king, without knowing the history of mankind." "Not so, Sire," answered the aged man of learning, "I can compress it for you in three words: They were born, they suffered and they dies."

Here is human history in its epitome, and the history of every man: We are born, we suffer, ~~we die. There comes a day when each man by himself and for himself must make trial of the vast unimaginable beyond.~~ ^{And then we die.} ~~And~~ ^{aid} that is why we cannot escape the summons of our faith which bids us speak and think of death though we like it not.

The contemplation of our ^{ultimate} inevitable ~~latter~~ end ^{has} its unhappy consequences; No one can deny, for instance, that the thought of death casts a shadow on the joy of life; but it also has its benefits. It is good for us, once in a while to stop and listen to the beat of the surf on the shores of eternity. It is well, once in a while, to cleanse ourselves of the fascinations and allurments of this world by bathing in the still and solemn waters of imagined death. Oh, what a coolness it can give to the fever of man! What a check and restraint it can be to heated passions! What a moderation it can impart to overexcited imaginations and desires!

The thought of death can teach us much. The irrepressible Reaper is also an irresistible preacher. Each wound death inflicts, each breach he ^{effects} ~~creates~~ with his shattering might, each link he ruthlessly tears from the golden chain uniting family and friend, each of these, each ^{desolate} ~~gloomy~~ ruin left in the wake of his purging power preaches an eloquent sermon. And what is that sermon's theme? Two words only, two thoughts, two ideas, and yet they embrace ^{our entire} ~~the totality~~ of life: humility and love... That is the sermon of death: ^{O Thou who art} ~~you who are made of~~ dust ^{art} ~~and are~~ destined to return ^{into to} ~~to~~ dust - be humble and learn how to love!

Not long ago a great preacher made a profound impression with the very first words of his funeral oration eulogizing a great ~~industrial giant~~ ^{illustrious man of state}. Slowly, lifting his eyes as he stood in the pulpit, he swept them in silence over all that magnificent funeral pomp. Then he fixed them on the lofty bier where rested the body of this ~~illustrious~~ ^{would famous} man. And after a long silence he said: My brothers, God alone is great...

Here is the first great sermon of death. Anovoh - humility. It teaches us to know the simple and stirring truth that when life is gone, nothing that life possessed is worth anything at all.

The logic of this message is as compelling as it is pitiless: In death everyone is alike, let no one therefore ^{in life} presume to exalt himself over another... ^{merely because you possess more than another}. You men of substance who glory in your wealth. When death comes, what remains? - An everlasting nothing....

You men of influence who boast of your connections. When death comes, what remains? An everlasting nothing....

You men of consequence who preen in the honor that is bestowed upon you. When death comes, what remains? An everlasting nothing...

Everything disappears, everything vanishes, everything ceases to exist. Only one thing lives on, ^{after you are gone + that only} ~~and that only~~ in the memory of others: your dignity, your character, your deed. Let ~~this~~ therefore be the only standard by which we measure our fellow man ~~and ourselves~~: his dignity, his character, his deed. Not wealth, nor possession, nor honor, nor influence ought determine our ~~REFARD~~ judgment - only the man, how he lives and what he does.

This is the insight which comes to us so clearly in the presence of death, when we stand over the coffin of a dear one who was near to us in life. When we behold rigid, ~~immutable~~ features once filled with warmth ~~but~~ now immutable - eyes that see no more, lips forever silent, a mouth which cannot speak, a mind whose capacity to think has been destroyed, a heart which never again will respond to beauty and to love... then and then only do we know our own frailness, our own feebleness, our own nothingness. We become humble, death has made us humble...

O Thou who art of dust, art destined to return to dust - be humble!

(4)

When a dear one is taken from our midst and lowered into his narrow grave, deep anguish afflicts the bereaved, bitter tears bedim their eyes. However this anguish is engendered not only by the sorrow of loss, but also by a feeling of transgression not yet expiated, of wrong not yet undone. Many of the tears spilt over the graves of dears ones are tears of regret brought into being by the feeling that somehow or other we have been remiss in our actions toward those who are no more. Who among us, bereaved, has not experienced this sense of reproach? Who among us, standing over the 'lone couch of everlasting sleep' has not been tormented by the thought: "Would that I had shown more love before his eye was dimmed forever!"

Here is the second great sermon of death. It bids us love while yet we can. It bids us hold fast to ~~the~~ every precious thing in life while yet we may.

One of the great tragedies in life is our want~~on~~ disregard for that which is dearest to us. Somehow or other we manage to hurt the very ~~thing~~ ^{people} we love the most. We are careless, ~~wantonly careless~~, of that which is most precious to us in life.

^{Our} neglect may have its root in the illusion that we can always apologize that we can always make amends. Death's sermon ^{serve} ~~comes~~ to remind us that there ^{comes the} ~~is a~~ time when our actions ^{are} ~~are~~ irrevokable, a time when it will be too late. Death calls out to the husbands and wives who love one another: "How precious is your lot in life in that you love. Do not be casual with your good fortune, love one another while yet you may." Death calls out to every son and daughter: "How precious are your parents. Do not hurt them in the impatience of your youth, too soon they will be gone." Death calls out to every parent: "How precious is the gift of your children. Never be too busy for the wonder and the miracle of them. All too soon you will be gone from them." Thus calls out death and urges us to hold the world tight, to embrace and love one another with all our hearts and all our souls and all our might. For life is precious, ineffably precious, and we are careless, wantonly careless of it.

This is the insight which comes to us so clearly in the presence of death, that awesome moment when we recall with anguish the many wrongs which cannot be undone. This is the great sermon of death!

It is not a message of gloom, for it addresses itself not so much to the past as to the future. It holds forth the consoling thought that ~~what~~ we cannot make up with the dead, we can make good with the living.

(To be sure, it is impossible to go through life w/out a harsh word Love, then, your dear ones while they are still near. Not every day can bring sunshine; rains and storms are inevitable concomitants of existence. This only is death's fervent plea: Let not the sun go down without forgiving, let not the night descend without clasping hands and joining hearts. Don't tempt destiny. It ~~can break~~ ^{can break} fearsome vengeance. A single, fleeting moment, can bring eternity between you and the one you love.

O Thou who art of dust, art destined to return to dust: Learn ~~the~~ to love while yet you may.

In a few moments now we will recall with loving remembrance our dear ones who are no more, and as we do so, ~~we may feel~~ ^{we may feel} the message of death's sermon ~~will~~ ^{will} sink into our hearts and cause us to mend our ways. May love and humility become our ~~our~~ ^{our} guarding angels, ~~our~~ ^{our} guiding and ~~merciful~~ ^{merciful} us as we walk along the way of life. Then will our final hour find us prepared, come when it may. And though we will be gone - as we must, for we are of dust and unto dust we must return - one thing will remain forever: the memory of our being and doing, of our humility and the love with which we embraced all men as brothers.

Then will those who come after us find blessing in ~~remembrance~~ ^{remembrance}, and, though walking through the valley of the shadow of death, they will be enabled to exclaim: ~~Yea~~ ^{Yea} 'tis The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures...He leadeth me beside the still waters...He restoreth my soul...He guideth me in straight paths for His name's sake...Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me...Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies...Thou hast anointed my ~~head~~ ^{head} with oil my cup runneth over....Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Amen

DO WE SEEK CONVERTS
JUDAISM: A MISSIONARY RELIGION

1000000 or 1777?
The Ten commandments - recited a moment ago and forming a part of the scriptural lesson read in synagogues all over the world on this Sabbath day - represent the loftiest precepts of ^{the Torah} ~~Judaism~~. These commandments are the supreme confession of creed in the religion of the synagogue, summarizing in unmatched simplicity and comprehensiveness the duties incumbent upon man, man's duties toward his God, man's duties toward his fellow man.

The decalogue is ultimate proof of the universality of Judaism. Its injunctions are addressed not only to the Jew; they are intended to be binding upon every human being, Jew and Gentile alike, and both Jew and Gentile ~~have~~ have recognized their power. The words of the decalogue are written upon the walls of every church, synagogue and mosque; they are engraved on the heart and soul of every human being. Never will their power cease. The thunder and lightning at Sinai marked not only the birth of the Jewish people. The flames (of fire) that enveloped Sinai, and the sounding of the shofar heralded also the birth hour of that Religion of the Spirit which was destined in time to illumine the souls and order the lives of all the children of men.

The universal intent and appeal of Israel's central doctrine should suffice to establish the truth that Judaism is not a parochial religion whose sole interest is self-perpetuation within ^{Hebrew} ~~Hebrew~~ ranks ~~alone~~, but rather that it is a missionary faith giving its adherents the task of carrying its truths ^{beyond} (without) the bounds of the Jewish people in the fervent hope that in the not too distant future, men everywhere will recognize that the God worshipped and proclaimed by Israel is One, that He alone is God, Who was, Who is, and Who ever will be.

Judaism is a missionary religion in the full ~~sense~~ sense of the word. As long as the choice was ours we have ~~always~~ sought and still do seek and welcome converts to our faith. This affirmation may come as a surprise to many, for in recent years we have had no organized missionary religion and as a result the average Jew supposes that Judaism is not hostile, is at least indifferent to the reception of converts. This is an erroneous impression; any such hostility or indifference would constitute a denial of our faith. The mission of Israel provides ^{us with a} ~~the~~ ^{raison d'être} ~~its own existence~~; it alone gives meaning to Jewish striving and Jewish martyrdom, to our history of pain and degradation.

The germ of the missionary conception of the Jewish religion can be found in the Bible, notably in the famous passage which introduces the ten commandments:

לְבָרְכֶךָ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְלִשְׁמֵךְ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ

"Ye shall be unto me a Kingdom of priests and a holy people." The phrase 'a kingdom of priests' implies more than a people leading a ~~and~~ consecrated, albeit self-contained life. It means a consecrated people whose message, travelling beyond its own confines, will bring holiness to others. Just as an individual priest presupposes the existence of a congregation to whom he ministers, so does a ^{kingdom} ~~nation~~ of priests presuppose a world awaiting a priest people's ministrations.

Solomon, in dedicating the first Temple at Jerusalem, expressed the hope that strangers will be attracted to the worship of God, and he asked God to hear their prayer in order that His fame may spread further and His worship be extended.

The call of Israel's prophets is unmistakable: ^{הוֹדוּ לַיהוָה כִּי יִשְׁמַח בְּכֶם וְיִשְׁכַּח אֶת כָּל עֲוֹנוֹתֵיכֶם}
cried Isaiah, "I the Lord, have called Thee in righteousness, and have taken hold of Thy hand and led Thee and set Thee for a covenant of the peoples for a light unto the nations, to open the eyes of the blind, to lead out the prisoners from the dungeon and those that dwell in darkness from the prison house." Micah envisages the 'end of days' as the time when all men would flow like unto a mighty stream to God's house calling out: "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the House of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us of His ways and we will walk in His paths." This vision was summarized in the powerful Isayanic dictum:

וְיִקְרָא בֵּיתִי בֵּית תְּפִלָּה לְכָל עַמִּים

"For My House shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples."

The Bible abounds with tales of converts and their achievements. Abraham certainly made mission his life's task and his success as a missionary gained him his place as father of our people. Jethro, father in law of Moses, is listed as a convert to Judaism; his name graces the Torah portion read today, that all important Sidrah ^{including} ~~Samide~~ the Ten Commandments. Numerous Biblical references to "fearers of heaven" indicate that a great many non Jews were attracted to the Jewish faith, especially in the post-exilic period. Ruth the Moabitess, mother of David the legendary progenitor of the Messiah, was a convert to Judaism. Most modern scholars agree that the Book of Ruth was written as a protest against the particularistic policies of Ezra and in

order to show that a foreign born woman can assume and fulfill properly the religious obligations incumbent upon the Jew. Nearly every woman who converts to Judaism assumes "Ruth" as an additional name, and Ruth's famous utterance "Thy people etc" form part of the traditional conversion ceremony.

During the Hellenistic period of Jewish history, particularly under the rule of the Maccabbes, a vigorous, organized movement on the part of Jews was launched. A school for the training of professional missionaries was established and extensive propaganda literature was prepared. Extra Biblical sources both Jewish and non-Jewish leave no doubt as to the success of this movement both in Palestine and in the Diaspora. Converts were eagerly sought and obtained in large numbers.

The destruction of the Second Temple did not dampen Jewish missionary zeal. The enthusiasm of the rabbis received a back-handed compliment from Mathew who, quoting Jesus, accuses the Pharisees of "travelling to the ends of the earth in order to make one convert." Most Religious School children are acquainted with the familiar story of the heathen who challenged both Shammai and Hillel to teach him Judaism while standing on one leg. This Aggada reflects the favorable attitude of Rabbis toward converts: Hillel does not reject the heathen's unreasonable demands, he wins him with kindness and consequently emerges as the real hero of the story. The rabbis were eager for converts and friendly in their treatment of them and successful in winning them. The list of Rabbinic proselytes includes Roman noblemen and women and the entire royal house of the kingdom of Adiabene. Many of the Rabbis quoted in the Talmud were converts: Shemaya and Abtalyon head the list of former non-Jews who ultimately assumed spiritual leadership in Jewish life. Aquila, who translated the Bible into Greek, and Onkelos who prepared the first and now standard Aramaic translation of the Bible, both were proselytes. No wonder then that the Rabbis welcomed and revered new-comers to the Jewish faith: Said Resh Lakish: "The proselyte who converts is dearer to God than Israel when they stood on Mount Sinai. Why? Because had they not seen the thunder and the lightning and the quaking of the mountain and the sound of the shofar they would not have accepted the Torah. But this one who saw none of these things came, surrendered himself and accepted upon himself the Kingdom of Heaven. Can any be dearer than he?"

Only after the Talmudic period, in the early middle ages, did Jewish missionary zeal wane. But note that it was external and not internal pressures that brought about a change in the Jewish attitude toward converts. By that time both Christian and Islamic rule had become increasingly oppressive; ultimately the death penalty was set for the non-Jew who accepted Judaism as well as for the Jew who received him. Only then, only as a result of this outer force and compulsion did an attitude of indifference toward proselytism become dominant in Jewish life.

Such a program can do us no harm; it will do us much good. Converts have always proven themselves as faithful as born Jews if not more so - and we need not go beyond the confines of this sanctuary and congregation to find evidence for the truth of this assertion. Moreover a more positive attitude proselytism will add to the spiritual well being of the born Jew - it may well impell us all to ^{be sure} appreciate ^{the} the heritage which others are eager to share. It will ~~not~~ make us less hesitant and less apologetic about our faith.

This surely is the most discouraging sign on the American Jewish scene - this defensiveness about Jewishness. The ^{nature of the} Tercentenary celebrations of this year and the brotherhood meetings of this month are a good case in point. Instead of coming before the non-Jew and asserting the ~~particularity~~ and uniqueness of our belief in an effort to gain an understanding for such a belief, we water down our faith before the non-Jew by repeating ad nauseum that we are ~~like~~ ^{we become the great universalists & apologize for everything that is particular} really like him in every way. And what is the result, the inevitable consequence of such fawning - we ~~do not~~ do not gain the respect of the non-Jew and we lose our own respect, our self respect. In trying to be everything, we end up being nothing. In refusing to assert our mission others and we ourselves have come to believe that we have no message.

We need not be defensive ~~if~~ about our faith. We need not apologize for Judaism. Judaism is not an untried religion. Judaism has been tried by the test of centuries. It has added beauty and meaning to the lives of countless generations. It has attracted the ~~worship~~ admiration of the world's greatest thinkers and visionaries. It has given impulse to other great religions; it gave birth to the synagogue the church and the mosque; it produced the authors of the old and the new testament. ^{And} It enabled its own adherent to bear and to accomplish what no other people would or could.

Let us be true to our tasks. Let us shout the Ten Commandments from the roof tops. Let us proclaim our faith in one God and in One humanity, boldly, fearlessly, with the courage of our convictions. Then surely God's blessing of old will be fulfilled: "Thou hast prevailed, O Israel, Yea Thou shalt prevail."

Amos.

Again we have assembled with joyful hearts
to sing in thy House to sing thy praise & thanksgiving
unto thee for all thy

Unite us all Israel - the nation, Jew &
Gentile young & old in truth in love & in peace
Amen.

Education for What?
Do the Russians have the Answer?

Surely no other happenings of recent years have stirred American complacency more profoundly than have the gigantic strides-forward taken by Russia in the vanguard of science. Here is a domain and talent we deemed peculiarly our ^{own} ~~own~~; 'know how' is American by divine right - or so we thought. But then came the sputniks and mutniks, embarrassingly accentuated by our own all-too-well publicized failures. And now, still another satellite made in Russia is racing through the heavens, orbiting, for all we know, around the sun. No longer can we disdain Russian inventiveness as a pale reflection of American creative genius. Within a generation - before our very eyes, as it were - an essentially agrarian society shackled by feudalism has been transformed into a highly industrialized nation poised to conquer space.

Since success in science is the fruit of learning - and in turn, God-given talent alone is not enough in this or any other sphere - Russian progress has led to an agonizing re-appraisal of the American educational system. Nary a day passes without some article on the subject claiming our attention, or a newscast recording public utterance which urges change, in the curriculum, or in the class schedules, or in the teaching technique, all in an effort to remedy what is termed the 'patent failure of our schools.' Only a few days ago, the Carnegie Foundation and Dr. Conant published what may well be a classic report on America's secondary schools. And here in our own Temple, the matter is receiving not inconsiderable attention. Our opening Forum program addressed by Dr. Hynek was devoted to this problem, and in May, before our Brotherhood, Dr. Morris Cohen of M.I.T. will submit his judgments based on an extensive tour of Russia and its schools.

Although specific recommendations vary, an over-all tendency in conclusion can be perceived. Usually a sharp ^{and} non-too-comforting contrast is drawn between American and Russian education: quantitatively - Russian student receive more class instruction in ten years than do ours in twelve - and qualitatively, in the subject matter taught. Russian education apparently stresses the practical: the sciences, mathematics, theoretical and applied, introducing such disciplines as integral calculus and astro physics at a ^{grade level} ~~a~~

in which our own students have barely mastered the elements of Euclidian geometry. American education, on the other hand, is heavily weighted with the impractical - the humanities, the arts and literature, areas of concern which have no immediate bearing on scientific advance. Most commentators are agreed that the Russian way is the better way - certainly when judged by the result - and that we had better emulate them if we hope to keep pace in the race. You will recall that Dr. Hynek and Mr. Mott differed only in their prognostications - the one was hopeful, the other despaired of the future - Both were equally firm in insisting that intensification in instruction and impassioned concentration on the sciences are indispensable to our survival.

When men of such consequence speak, it is not easy to question, but fortunately some thoughtful voices of dissent are heard. Dr. Hildebrand of our congregation who served on the panel raised vital objection, and it is a pity that his challenge wasn't given opportunity for wider exploration. Survival - for what purpose, he asked, education - to what end. After all, our struggle for supremacy is not for the sake of supremacy alone. Presumably, we are dedicated also to the preservation of a way of life, of a civilization. Are we wise, then, to urge that our education sharpen the weapons for survival alone and at the expense of those disciplines - the humanities and arts, that nurture the very ideals which give meaning to our existence.

His point is well taken. We mean to survive and to survive we must be strong. There is no doubt about it...the truth is bitter...but we live in such a world. Our capacity to retaliate is a mighty deterrent to aggression, just as surely as an equal demonstration of determined force would have put an end to Hitler's glory march much sooner, when his armies crossed the Rhine, or when they poured into Austria, or when they trampled under ~~fast~~ heel the tender shoots of Prague's democracy. Wistfully, tearfully, we think of the terrible tragedy that might have been averted had we spoken to Germany then as we speak to Russia now. And so we need be strong today, and with a strength born of technological competence.

Yet strength alone is not enough - not for us. Bread alone is not enough for us. There is a realm of the spirit we need to enter, there are values whose continuance we seek: freedom, faith, the sanctity of the single soul. Take them away, and we stand

not a jot and tittle different from our enemies. How vain our striving would be then! When like counters like, when dehumanized technology is pitted against dehumanized technology, it matters little who emerges victor.

^{work} Certainly America's problem ^{is} ~~is~~ not exclusively technological in nature. ^{It is a} spiritual ^{problem} to a vital degree, so that inventiveness alone is insufficient to the need. Consider, if you will, the troubling issues of the day, issues whose solution is as crucial to survival as are the demands of defense: integration, democracy in labor's ranks, yes, even the needs of our education. Technologists, however competent, ~~or~~ ^{scientists} ~~science~~, however imaginative, cannot take us far to a solution here. What is needed, rather, is competence in a sphere more elusive and less practical by far, for we deal here in the realm of value. That is precisely why our education cannot defer to the utilitarian alone. Its task is greater than the advance of national power. It must provide the judgment and the understanding which will make that power and its exercise responsible.

Let those who are blinded by the success of Russian education recognize this difference in purpose - for ^{the} Russias system is shaped solely in the interest of the state and to advance its power. Let them remember also some consequences of this difference: A state controlled system of education is highly uniform in substance, it cannot allow for the varying needs ^{of different regions} which our own system of local control achieves. A state controlled system serving the cause of national power cannot pause to take into account the needs of ~~the~~ students ~~for~~ themselves. The needs of the state will always come first and those who cannot meet them are weeded out though they might well profit from education in a sphere of lesser consequence to the state. More dangerous still, a state and power centered system of education is firmly authoritarian and cannot bide dissent. The schools become arms of the state, teachers are state-officials and divergence of opinion ~~are~~ ^{is} deemed ^{an} acts of disloyalty if not outright treason. We have seen what can happen to academic freedom when the state assumes control. Alas, too many of our free ^{institutions} universities buckled to its demands. But at least there were ^{we saw the university} ~~others~~ more courageous - Harvard and Pusey of note - who rode out the tide of McCarthyism.

All this does not mean that all is perfect with education in our land. And while a slavish imitation of the Russian way would prove disastrous, there are many of its aspects we would do well to emulate. Certainly we must admire a nation which puts a larger percentage of her smaller national income into public education than does the United States. And as a consequence, her teachers are better paid, on a par with doctors and leaders in industry - is there any reason, for instance, why the teachers of our community, having invested nearly twenty years of their lives in education and more in experience should be limited to a maximum salary of six thousand dollars per year. (And) her scientists are provided with superb laboratory ^{a research} facilities and they are ~~accorded~~ a respect so rarely giving in our country to its intellectuals what with our traditional disdain of egg heads and the like.

We can well stand in awe of Russia's total commitment to education, a passion so great that a fantastic percentage of its adult population continues study long after graduation from school and by means of correspondence courses, and hackies read books while waiting for a fare; a passion so effective that within one generation a rate of illiteracy nearly highest in the world then has been reduced to two point five percent, somewhat lower than the rate of illiteracy in the United States.

Yes, and the example of Russia might well cause us to take a second look at our permissive teaching techniques and subject matter. In Russia, apparently, an hour of school, ~~appe~~ means an hour of uninterrupted serious work. Here, too much of our school time is spent on ancillary activity: assembly programs, school plays and trips to the fire department and the bakery. As for subject matter, though we do right to resist the pressure toward specialized training and insist on broader studies, we have added too many pleasant courses to the curriculum. Classes in 'leisure time adjustment,' ^{social} 'clog dancing,' and 'how to know when you are really in love,' hardly merit credit toward a degree, as Admiral Rickover so effectively pointed out, and yet they are ^{commonplace} in many high schools and universities throughout the land.

These things we ought to change and should change soon, not so much in reaction to Russia's ^{challenge} or in slavish imitation of ~~its system~~ ^{her way}, but because our education demands such change for

its fulfillment, the fulfillment of its purpose which is to raise a generation of men and women both capable of survival and worthy of it.

Our inquiry has taken us a long way. Its essential message is one of caution lest in the heat of battle and heeding the counsel of despair we lose the very values which give meaning to our striving. Here is a fearful paradox revealed by history, that in fighting our enemies we often copy them, that in the stress of serious challenge we assume ourselves the very attributes we ^{during} ~~fight against~~ ^{seek to achieve}.

Far back in Hebrew history, so the second Book of Chronicles informs us, Judah won a war over Edom and Amaziah the Judean king came back in triumph to Jerusalem. But then we read that he brought the gods of the children of Edom and set them up to be his gods and bowed to them and offered sacrifice to them. Thus Amaziah won a mighty victory, but then he worshipped the god of his beaten enemy. ^{shall} ~~Will~~ we repeat his mistake, or will we heed the words of the prophet who ^{387 887 212 1213 211} spoke to Amaziah saying: "Why ~~do you worship the gods~~ ^{do you seek} ~~this~~ ^{you} hast thou sought after the gods of ~~the~~ people, gods who have not delivered their own people out of ~~the~~ ^{your} hand?"

"FACING THE FUTURE"

CHRISTIAN JEWISH DIALOGUE

Chicago, November 1990

My task this morning is to help conclude these meetings by discussing how we might "face the future together." With the help of our morning cup of coffee - - without which some of us might hardly face the day, let alone the future - - and with Bishop Griswold's opening prayer to brace our souls, I should be able to begin.

If truth be told, I am ever loath to prognosticate, to speak of the future, mindful of the Chinese proverb which holds that "to prophesy is exceedingly difficult, especially with respect to the future." Yesterday's forecasts are inevitably mocked by today's events, and there simply is no telling what shape the future will take.

Moreover, there is a noise beyond the walls of this room and this lovely hotel that makes talk of the future even more difficult. I speak of the noisy present - - the roaring of a world that is in a state of vast historical change, a world in which opportunity and peril have become near synonymous.

It is a world reverberating with the crash of Communism, the crumbling of the secular religion of Marxism. It is a world in which the forthright preachings of the Jewish prophets - - yes, and the sermon on the mount - - have found renewed relevance greater than the most pervasive "isms" of the past century.

It is a world creeping from beneath the terrible shadow of the mushroom cloud only to find itself broiling beneath the hot sun in a thinning atmosphere.

Indeed, as the dance of death between the superpowers winds down, crises that transcend economic systems and national boundaries are gaining international attention. The search for a solution to such issues as "Whither our planet?," or the AIDS crisis, or the global impoverishment of women and children - - these and like issues bring us face-to-face with questions of personal responsibility and communal responsibility and how we should live in relation to creation. All of these questions and more touch on the very core of our respective religious traditions. They are the very questions that demand our joint response. And over the past several decades, we have demonstrated our ability to speak with one voice and to act in concert on these and like concerns.

I never cease to wonder at the transformation which our respective communities have undergone in their relationship one to another: erstwhile foes become trusted co-workers, indifference and suspicion replaced by mutual respect - - and all this in less than a generation . . . more progress in twenty five years than in all the centuries before!

In many ways, these changes are a tribute to the best values of that blessed land in which we live. I speak especially of that pluralism to which America is so passionately devoted; "e pluribus unum . . . out of many - - one" is our nation's proudest motto. To be sure now, the ideal and the real do not always coincide, in this sphere as in any other: all groups have their share of those who disdain the dialogue, who would rather revile and scorn and hate. . . But since World War II, the gap between the grasp and the reach has been substantially narrowed. The United States has become a genuinely multi-ethnic, multi-religious and increasingly multi-racial society. I mean, where else but in America can you hear a Salvation Army band play Hava Naqila!

But the effectiveness of our dialogue is due to something more than a receptive environment.

It is due, in the first instance, to our willingness to be honest with ourselves, to engage in what Jewish tradition calls a chesban hanefesh, a self-reckoning of the soul.

Every journey to our fellow men and women is a first a journey inward into our own existence. We made this painful inward journey, all of us. Somehow, we mustered the strength to do so, to confront our past and present imperfections, to wrestle with the demons in our own souls, and because we did, we were able to reach out to others and face the future together.

But the effectiveness of our dialogue is due not only to the fact that we were honest with ourselves, but also and above all, to the fact that we have learned to be honest with one another. We do not mince words or feed each other pabulum. We do not say only what we think will please the other to hear, but always the truth as we perceive it. And because this is so, we have been able to withstand the several shocks to Christian Jewish relations during the past few years: the ugliness of the Carmelite convent controversy, the upsetting papal reception of Kurt Waldheim and Yassir Arafat, the trespasses by Jewish fundamentalists in Israel against Orthodox Christian properties and people.

Our readiness to be forthright with one another has given our relationship a force sufficient to weather these tempests, to maintain contact, and to pursue our common agenda despite divergent and even conflicting views and feelings on this or that

particular event or issue. Indeed, here is the ultimate test of dialogue: the ability to face tough dilemmas together, to learn to disagree agreeably, while still preserving mutual respect and good will.

It is in this spirit that I would like to make some brief comments concerning Israel and its role in the Middle East. It is important that we understand each other on this subject, lest this become an issue of contention so sharp that we will all pick up our marbles and go home.

Let me say at once that as a Jew and as a Zionist, I want to see a negotiated settlement to end Israel's occupation of the Westbank and Gaza. I am a dovish public critic of the abridgment of human rights in the territories. I believe that there is a Palestinian people and it deserves human rights and political dignity.

But I also know that Israel is a feisty democracy; that open debate rages in that free land and nowhere else in the Middle East, and that there is a need for Arab counterparts of Israel's Peace Now movement. But there are none. None in the Middle East, none to nurture the trust of the Israelis, none to help them overcome their deep sense of vulnerability.

It is a sense of vulnerability which I myself feel, let it be confessed; for I experience myself at this podium less as a president of a multi-million member religious community, less as a secure citizen of our powerful United States, and more as a German Jewish refugee from Hitlerism, a Jewish survivor on the banks of that long river of European anti-Semitism, to which Christian churches constituted the major tributary. After all, the shoa did not happen in a wilderness or amongst primitive peoples, but in the heart and center of European and Christian civilization. And the slaughter was engineered by leaders of a nation that stood in the van of progress, whose universities were Mecca for seekers after truth, whose poets were world figures, and the symphonies of whose composers are still played wherever orchestras assemble. I studied at these universities, I valued that poetry, I thrilled to that music - - but then came that whirlwind of destruction which decimated my people, among them many I knew and loved.

And so I see in myself how personal and communal vulnerability remain paramount in the Jewish psyche, and on a level that most of our Christian allies cannot comprehend, and because they don't, the depth and concreteness of Jewish devotion to the state of Israel remains a mystery to them.

To be sure now, there is a difference between perception and reality. I fully recognize the disparity between my feelings of personal vulnerability as a Jew, and my knowledge of that actual

- - if tenuous - - historical empowerment that Jews have experienced during the past four decades. No longer are we the meek of the earth, as we were for millennia. Having survived the Nazi genocide, we have now, in the state of Israel gained a degree of secular power, power enough, we pray, to prevent our "meekness" from ever again leading to victimization; power as well to test the conscience of the Jewish people and to test our mettle as peacemakers. And this is precisely why I have made it my task as a religious leader, to help heal the Jewish psyche and to prepare the Jewish people for the challenges of peacemaking.

Those challenges, I might add, have been greatly complicated by the outrages perpetrated upon Kuwait by Iraq, and by the Palestinian willingness to embrace the murderous Saddam Hussein as a would-be liberator. Israel and the Jewish people once again are face-to-face with the implacability and unrelieved historical animosity of its foes - - Saddam Hussein, a liberator indeed! For the PLO, it seems, Zionism is a greater demon than chemical warfare. For the PLO, maximalist dreams have greater currency than maximalist body-counts among Kurds and Iranians and Kuwaites. . . .

And throughout all this, Israel is being instructed to "lay low," so as not to fracture the Arab alliance against Iraq! Lay low, lest the sight of us incite anti-Semitism!

How facile, also, the analysis that the heart of the Middle Eastern problem is the plight of the Palestinians. Solve that and all else will fall into place. What a naive conception this! Even if modern Israel had never been created, re-emerging in history out of the ashes of the holocaust, Iran and Iraq would have slaughtered each other, Arab fratricide would have cannibalized Lebanon, Syria would have butchered Christians and trained their artillery on Palestinian refugee camps there as they did, and Iraq would still be seeking to devour its neighbors.

Jewish vulnerability is likewise at its height in Eastern Europe, where the dissolution of totalitarian "order" has brought forth, among its fruits, the bitter grapes of resurgent anti-Semitism. Where are these masses of Russian Jews to go if not to Israel? All other ports are virtually closed to them. . . . America has a ceiling of 40,000 per annum. And who is ready to receive the hounded and harried black Jews of Ethiopia if not Israel? Note, if you will, and note well, that this was the first time in recorded human history that blacks were taken from one continent to another not in chains but in love!

All this is not to say that Israel is above reproach, it clearly is not. Much has happened there that is sobering: ethnic and religious tensions have dangerously heightened. There has been a devaluation of values among Israelis, more materialistic, more

like the values of the rest of the world; and the reality of conquest has functioned like a chronic disease draining vital resources - - most especially the precious resource of morale. We Jews know all of this, are painfully aware of it. The Israelis know this, too. There are qualms and there are doubts and many self-accusing lines can be and are spoken.

Nor is Israel above the critical judgment of others. We Jews will have to learn that non-Jews, and that includes Christian clergy, have the same right to criticize Israel as we do; and that to automatically equate their criticism with anti-Semitism is religious McCarthyism.

But there is a need for greater balance and understanding, and I implore the Christian churches, which clearly cannot afford to carelessly ruffle the feathers of Islam, neither to vent all of their moral indignation against Israel at a time when its actual and psychological vulnerability is at its height.

Cardinal O'Connor's recent article in Catholic N.Y. reflected such a balance and hence was gratefully received by the Jewish community. The Vatican's willingness to establish formal diplomatic relations with Israel would also be of immense help in allaying Jewish fears and helping to heal the Jewish psyche and to overcome its terrible sense of isolation. The Catholic Church's failure to do so buttresses, in Jewish eyes, the ongoing Arab effort to de-legitimize the Jewish state, to wipe its name off the maps, and off our lips, and eventually off the historical record altogether.

Now, I am reconciled to the fact that we will never see fully eye to eye on this issue. Nor is this the sole contemporary matter to cause tension between our communities - - and others will surely arise. Nonetheless, we will be able to pursue our common agenda, if we continue to be forthright with one another, if we will listen to each other not just with the hearing of the ear, but also, and above all, with a hearing of the heart.

In our search for allies, none of us requires, and we Jews certainly do not look for, ideological congruence, for a full agreement on each and every issue before we join forces. We Jews can, for example, disagree with the Roman Catholic Bishops on abortion and birth control but still work with them full heartedly on such burning issues as nuclear disarmament and economic justice. We can disagree with many of our Protestant colleagues on matters affecting the Middle East, but still join them in the quest to achieve racial harmony and to overcome world hunger. Indeed, we Jews are determined to join with them and anyone else to amplify and pursue these issues with all the resources at our command.

Aye, these issues require the united response of the entire religious community, do they not?

Consider our demeanor as a nation: Here we are, the wealthiest country on earth, yet thirty four million of fellow Americans are living in debasing poverty, fully one-sixth of all children, nearly half of all African-American children - - and they have lost the faith that this is a society which gives a damn for them. Aye, Reaganomics has tightened this nation's belt 'round the neck of the poor.

Here we are, with medical technology and savvy that brings the ailing to our hospitals from all over the world yet fully one-third of our own people are without medical insurance, without the ability to receive care from the hospital and medical professionals of their choice.

Here we are, able to project military force to the farthest reaches of the globe, and yet we are unable to safeguard our own city streets.

Here we are, built to the pinnacle of power and substance by the joined labors of countless immigrants, and yet without the morally committed leadership who could lead us beyond the racism and bigotry that disturb the American dream.

As citizens of the world, moreover, the American record is worse than negligent. We participate unthinkingly or callously in what Father Theodore Hesburg calls our "Systemic Geographical Discrimination." Our population, comprising less than 5% of the world population, consumes 25% of its daily calories and energy. Our children confront the frightening prospect of a glutted market for college graduates, even Ph.D.'s, while Southeast Asian children too often never step foot in a school room. Our people are overfed and overweight, but in South America systemic malnutrition is causing mental retardation on a wholesale scale across a generation of newborns.

We are only the 11th among the developed countries in per capita giving of foreign aid - - and apart from military aid, we are dead last. And then we look with pity and despair upon swollen bellies, the shrunken limbs, the hopeless poverty, and the senseless violence - - look with pity and despair, rather than with a sense of deep personal responsibility and t'shuva, with soul-felt repentance.

Yes, consider our demeanor as a nation. And consider also, if you will, how we live in relation to the world, to this planet earth, how we take God's handiwork and despoil it: the sweet air He gave us to breathe and the fresh water with which he blessed us, the fertile green which delights the eye. Instead of acknowledging and making proper use of all these gifts, we poison

them. "We tear apart the ozone, we carbonize the oxygen, we acidify the refreshing rain."

No, it isn't carelessness or callousness which makes us do all this! It is greed, that corrosive material of our time. We too must join hands to counter!

The depletion of the rainforests and the daily extinction of still another species is not a function of the "human condition." It is the work of a specific peasant forced to slash and burn for want of his own land. It is the work of a specific cattle rancher selling meat to the chains, those "fast food" spots that burgeon when a culture becomes too insanely pressured to take pause for a blessing before the meal.

The Exxon Valdez disaster in Alaska, or the radioactive disaster zone of Hanford, Washington, or the proliferation of every form of cancer in our society, are not the "price of progress." They are the price of profit, the price of corporate thinking about human values, the price of a materialism so corrosive that it can rupture an oil tanker's hull or a nuclear reactor's containment vessel.

Such so-called "political" or "economic" matters are religious in their essence - - and in their solution. The dichotomy between the "secular" and the "religious" between "activism," and "commandment" is diminishing to the point of irrelevance in our world. And we in the religious community should stand together at the forefront of the struggle to integrate politics and the spirit as we turn this century.

It is true, is it not, that Judaism and Christianity are oblique paths that join us not only in the past, but in the future. The arrival of a redeemer is central to the vision of both faiths, and the preparation of the human race to be worthy of that arrival - - to herald with our works of love - - is central to our respective undertakings. Rabbi Jochanan ben Zaccai, the savior of Judaism at the time of the rebellion against Rome, put this matter well:

"If you hold a seedling in your hand and you hear the people shout, 'The Messiah has come, you must plant the seedling first and then come out to greet the Messiah.'"

In a somewhat like vein, the Great Midrash declares:

"All the calculated dates of redemption have passed, and now the matter depends upon repentance and good deeds."

To all this, I would add only that the very spirit of our times is more responsive to religion's message than it was in the past. An ever increasing number of people are experiencing a void in their inner lives and are longing for something of more during worth. Reason has been dethroned from its pedestal as the ultimate source of salvation. Science is no longer seen as the saving grace of humanity. People everywhere are beginning to sense that scientific rationality, unless in constant dialogue with the spirit of God, serves only to multiply and to enlarge the scope of our sins; that as the spirit within us withers, so does everything we build about us.

Thus does the yearning for the sacred grow in our day. We all of us can feel it. The very air we breathe is tense, a wind blows through space, and the tree-tops are astir. Men and women are restless, but not with the restlessness of those who have lost their way in the world and have surrendered to despair, but rather with the hopeful questing of those who want to find a new way and are determined to reach it. It is a searching after newer and truer values, for deeper, more personal meaning, and for a sense of human community that can enlarge the joy of our achievements and lend consolation to our sorrows.

These men and these women are in the grip of a great hunger which, like all "great hungers feeds on itself, growing on what it gets, growing still more on what it fails to get." The prophet Amos spoke of such a hunger when he said:

"Behold the day cometh saith the Lord God
that I will set a famine in the land
not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water,
but of hearing the words of the Lord."

Can you find a more vivid limning of the very body and spirit of our age? Can you paint a more vivid portraiture of the Great Hunger that has seized us? Never before, in recent history, has there been a greater yearning for those ideas and ideals which our synagogue and churches enshrine. Never before has the lack of these ideals so imperilled our very existence.

Let us therefore build our faith structures and strengthen their core!

Let us therefore, Christian and Jew, bestir our members to the task of repairing our hideously fractured world!

Let us lead them to seek the Holy, for they will find God wherever they seek God in truth!

And this above all, let us recapture our own faith, faith that supreme creative function of the human mind. Faith which cries YES in defiance of a thousand voices crying NO, which sustains

love where others hate, which hopes where others despair, which upholds human decency where others yield to an untamed savagery. Yes, that faith which by a magic all its own raises all things out of their native dust and exalts them to the empyrean or lasting worth.

Kein vehi ratzon thus may it be God's will.

Sermons

Fighting our Fears
Yiskor - Passover

"O Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him; or the son of man that Thou takest account of him; man is like unto a vanity, his days are as a shadow that passeth away. In the morning, he flourishes and groweth up; in the evening he is cut down and withereth."

Thus sang Israel's ancient singer and his ^{SAD} song sets the spirit of this solemn Yiskor ^{service} ~~hour~~ when we consider the swift flight of the years and our thoughts turn to those whom God hath taken from our midst. Another Pessach has come - another Pessach is ^{about to} ~~gone~~. We sit within these hallowed halls and look about us - sorrowfully look about at empty pews symbolic of our lost beloved. We sit within these hallowed halls and remember - mournfully remember past festivals, happier feasts, happier, because they were shared by those who are no longer with us. Not one among us is untouched by the harsh hand of sudden loss. All of us have tasted of the ^{bitter} cup of life run bitter? Some drank more deeply than others, to be sure; some bear fresh wounds in their hearts, the anguish of others is more remote, yet still remembered, still felt. All of us have moistened our morsel of bread with the tears of love lost forever.

The tragedy of death is always numbing - no matter whether those who die ^{are} ~~were~~ young or old, whether they ^{are} ~~were~~ torn from the midst of their labors or whether they ^{are} ~~were~~ well advanced in years ^{when they are taken}. It is a painful sight to see a strong and sturdy tree overthrown by violent storm, wrenched from its roots, broken like a thin weed. Equally painful is the sight of a vast and venerable tree ^{vainly striving} ~~(lingering with vain strife)~~ against the decay which age and infirmity inevitably brings. ^{"We are} ~~No~~ ^{consumed in Thine anger, O Lord. Our days are speedily gone - we fly away..."} ~~vatedoshu - ban enesh vatechashvehu. Yomov ketseil ever...~~

~~are as a shadow...~~

More grievous than the sense of loss, is the feeling of fear that besets us at an hour such as this. Dread awe fills our inmost being; strange terrors threaten to choke our breath - the awe of the unknown - the terror that we too will be afflicted. Who knows what the future will bring? Who knows what agonies will befall us before next we gather to recite our Yiskor prayers.

The arrow of death is on the bow drawn by the silent marksman - of this we can be certain, as certain as if ~~the~~^{that} marksman were actually in front of us, on this pulpit, taking aim. Who is ~~to~~ his mark and when will he release the string. Mi Yichyeh umi Yomus. Who will live and who will die, who shall come to a timely end and who to an untimely end, will we be at peace or will we be afflicted and tormented. These are the questions that haunt us at a time such as this.

We all are afraid. The dark pall of fear hangs over us. The morbid fear of death engendered by the knowledge of the certainty of death.

Oftimes such terror is more than mere torment. It can become ^{to fear} ~~to fear~~ poison which itself destroys the fibre of life. ~~To fear~~, without reason, where there is no cause to fear - this is our gravest weakness. We do well, therefore, to speak about our hidden feeling and seek ways of overcoming them.

Of course, our fears can never be entirely eradicated - nor ought they to be. In a limited way, they have their value, both on a physical as well as a moral plain. The fear of pain helps us to avoid the causes of disease. The fear of want helps us to fight recurring want for ourselves as well as for others. Fear is very much like a kind of alarm clock which rings in our minds to warn us of approaching danger (and which bestirs us to evade them).

The fear, or at least the thought of death is (also) not unwholesome. Once in a while it is good for all of us to stop and listen to the peounding of the waves of time against the shores of eternity. The thought of death can teach us how to live and how to treat our fellow being. The thought of death can well provide a check to our feverish passions and finally close the eye which never seems satisfied ^{with} ~~in~~ seeing. The thought of death can teach us the stupidity of greed, greed which goads us ruthlessly to acquire what we must ultimately relinquish anyway.

Fears do have their value, as long as they do not become morbid. What marks the difference between healthy and unhealthy fears is, in the first instance, the extent to which they overshadow and over power our actions - fear which blackens all senses can serve no good purpose. And in the second place, the value of fear is set by the proportion of fact over fancy which prompts it. ~~Not to fear where there is good reason to be afraid is foolish. Equally absurd is fear where there is no reason for it as senseless and as foolish as to fear where there is good reason to be apprehensive.~~ However, If we permit our imaginations to raise, beyond the real evil, phantoms of evils yet unborn, we are doomed. This is true of the fear of death. Unrestrained imagination ^{here} makes coward of us all, and cowards, as Shakespeare put it, die not once but many times.

How can we overcome unreasonable fears - that ^{lost helplessness} (degrading) feeling which makes us afraid to live. There is a lovely story in the literature of our people which suggests an answer to our pressing question.

Once upon a time the illustrious Rabbi Meir sat in the academy on the Sabbath day, instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died. His wife carried them to her bed chamber and spread a white covering over their bodies.

When the Sabbath ended, Rabbi Meir returned to his home and asked, "where are the children?" "They went to the academy, answered his wife." I waited for them and I did not see them," said Rabi Meir. Then his wife gave him a bowl of wine, he made Havdalah and asked again. "Where are the children." She answered, "they have gone out and will return." She then served the meal and when he was done his wife said, "Rabbi, I have a question to ask." "Yes, my wife." "Some time ago, a person entrusted some jewels into my custody, and now he demands them of me, should I give them back? "This is a question which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. → Whosoever has anything in trust for another, must return it to its owner "Well, I did not want to return it, without your knowing of it."

And ~~speaking~~ ^{her husband} thus, she took ~~Rabbi Meir~~ by the hand and brought him into the room and over to the bed and drew back the ~~covers~~ ^{sheet} that ~~lay~~ ^{covered the body} on her children. ~~She~~ ^{Rabbi} cried out, my children, my children, the light of my eyes!" The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said: "'dst thou not teach me that we must restore that which was entrusted ~~by~~ our keeping." Only then did Rabbi Meir reply: "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

This moving tale gives a threefold answer to our quest[^] How can we gather strength for our hour of darkness: acceptance, duty and faith can avert the evil decree.

The wife of Rabbi Meir did not rebel against her fate. She accepted the inevitable without illusion or despair. This is the first step ^{life without fear a} to a ~~courageous~~ ^{flourishing} life! the shattering of those fanatsies we find so comforting and the acceptance of life as it really is.?

One of our favorite illusions is the belief that we human beings are the be all and end-all of existence and that the universe circles in its sphere to serve our ends. ^{This is one of those illusions that makes death so difficult to accept} Nothing can be further from the truth. We are a part of that universe and move with it. Change is the rule of life - change, relentless change - that is the destiny of all that lives. Like a river, issuing from some obscure mountain, life moves on and on until it reaches the eternal sea. We might as well accept this fact. To fight it is to fight God and nature and to smash our heads against the rock of the inevitable, and reap a harvest of pain.

The second step toward a life without morbid fear is the step of duty. Rabbi Meir's wife did not permit the death of her sons to move her from the path of duty which life imposed upon her - she prepared her husband's supper, she brought out the Havdalah cup and candles. Each human being has his task in life ^{and} that no one can take away. Let the mother take care of her children, let the teacher proclaim his truths, let the ~~business~~ man do his utmost. If life turns sour then at the very least, each can say: I have done my duty. I have done my best. (My hands are clean.)

Having taken the pathway of acceptance and ^{the step} duty we need take a final step along the road of faith. The faith which says "I will" even while fear grumbles "I cannot." The faith which brings the sun to life, which has the power to lift us out of the pit of depression. The ^{faith} ~~which~~ which teaches us that we labor not in vain, that each good deed, no matter how powerless it seems to us, helps in the creation of a newer world, a better world, a world where men will not have to be afraid of life because life will be kinder and better than it is now. Is not this the promise held forth by our Haftarah: And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb...and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

"Fear not, O Jacob my servant, and Jeshurun whom I have chosen."

This is the comforting message that Judaism brings at this hour when we recall our dear departed, when we remember the happy days that have gone with them. Life is good and sweet. Let us yield to it. Let us accept its obligations. Let us sing our song of

faith so that in our darkest hours ^{early} we will be enabled to say with ^{with the songs of alah} Rabbi Meir, yes, even with Job before him: "~~Adonei nissan Vaadonoi lekach jehi sheim adonoi mevorach. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord.~~

Into thy house we place
~~These books for good & evil~~
~~We should be redeemed.~~
~~O Lord of Truth "~~

Into thy hands I commit my
Thou art my Shepherd, I shall
not want

102-5

The Golden Calf - An Ancient, Evernew
Story

We welcome the Worcester Council of Jewish Women to this Temple and to this service as our special guests of honor. The members of the Council have achieved universal acclaim for their self-less devotion to many a cause of human kindness. In our own community, we recognize them especially for their fine work in the area of DP ^{ADJUSTMENT} acclimatization; their eager efforts have helped many of our brethren who ^{so} narrowly escaped from the cauldrons of Europe find a new home and build a new life in ^{a great new land} (the home of the brave and the land of the free.) May tonight's worship service serve to re-awaken within the hearts of all Council members a worshipful devotion to all the lofty ideals to which their organization is so nobly consecrated.

Our Torah portion for today tells an ancient, ever new story - the story of the golden calf. The details of this story are familiar to all of us: how after the proclamation of the ten commandments, Moses remains on Sinai for forty full days and forty nights, and how the people, missing Moses and despairing of his return, demand a more visible God, a God more concrete than the voice from on high. Aaron, after some misgivings, accedes to their request and fashions a calf of molten gold, saying: ^{הָאֵלֹהִים} ^{הָאֵלֹהִים} ^{הָאֵלֹהִים} This is Thy God, O Israel. How prescient, how omniscient of the future, these words of Israel's ancient priest. "This is Thy God, O Israel - a golden calf." Gold was a god of Israel in ^{old} days; it continues to be a god in our own day. What is more tragic, oft~~times~~ we do not worship even a calf of real gold - the mere illusion of that gold suffices to turn our hearts from Sinai.

Worship of ~~idols~~ Aaron's idol brought death and destruction upon our fathers. Its adulation serves us no better. Its bastard breed is envy, greed, and hatred. Thus it was, and thus it is and thus it will be until men cease to be beguiled by gold's false glitter.

One of the tragic paradoxes of our age is the unhappiness of life in the face of ever increasing prosperity. We live in a world of unequalled opportunity; we dwell in the midst of unexampled opulence enjoying luxuries inaccessible to a Croesus millenia ago. And yet we are unhappy. And yet we find our lives dreary and dull and monotonous. We regard ourselves the most pitiful generation in the history of man.

The resolution of our paradox is not far to seek: ^{it is a resolution emphasized by our Trench on L. for today} happiness is not directly proportional to prosperity. When prosperity increases, happiness does not of necessity increase. Our enjoyment of life does not depend upon external possessions; it depends rather on the internal values we cherish in our hearts. What life comes to mean to us is the result, not of what is out there in the world, but rather what is inside of us and what we bring to the world and how we react to ^{which} ~~what~~ is about us in the world.

To be sure, now, life is not a bowl of cherries accessible to all ^{it} ~~fi~~ we but reach. No life is unmarred by pain. There is real tragedy in every life, there is ample room and reason for real sorrow. No sensitive, thinking man can go through life without an occasion ^{ask} asking: why, why did it have to happen. But strangely and tragically enough, it is ~~all~~ too often the most prosperous, the most fortunate among us who despair of life.

We all know this to be so. We all know people who fit in this category.

^{Stories about the m. constitution} ~~It is~~ the favorite ~~story~~ plot of the Hollywood movie, and ^{are} ~~it is~~ repeated to us ad nauseum by the platform speaker. Nevertheless ^{search} ~~it~~ does contain a germ of truth. The unhappy rich man, whose only ^{nearest about} life is business, who seeks release from boredom in ephemeral thrills, and the happy poor man, who ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ has a genuine interest in life. He gives pleasure to all and everything gives him pleasure. Oh, yes, one more thing: he lives in physical darkness and is led through life by a seeing-eye dog

I have another friend. He runs a refreshment stand in the post office building in my home town. He greets all customers cheerfully. He has a genuine interest in everything that goes on about him. He is married, he has two children, he lives in a rented flat. He is very happy. He enjoys every minute of his life. Everything gives him pleasure. Oh yes, one more thing: he was blinded in the last war and follows a seeing-eye dog.

This is a harsh but wonderful true contrast
~~Here we have a common contrast~~ people living in affluence, yet bored by it all and constantly questioning the worthwhileness of ^{life} ~~his~~; and another man, buffeted about and hurt ^{by} ~~the contrast~~ life, still holding on and cherishing every precious moment of that life.

Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that poverty and pain are indispensable pre-requisites to happiness. We ought not however to assume and act upon the belief that prosperity alone can bring a life of meaning. Gold is a means to happiness, no one can deny that, but not if we melt it and make of it a God. The difference between a life well spent and a life of drudgery, lies not in the wealth and comfort available, but rather in what each person brings to life. It is not life which is not worth living, but the lives we lead which are not worth living.

We are unhappy men, because we are empty men, hollow men, stuffed men, as TS Elliot reminds us: "shape without form, shade without color paralyzed force, gesture without motion."

We are unhappy because we bring nothing to the world, we do not react to what is in the world. The cheap little penny is so close to our eyes that we cannot see the sun.

We have fashioned an idol of gold and in the process have become like unto idols ourselves: we have eyes, but we see not, we have ears, but we hear not. And yet there is so much to see and so much to hear.

Consider the world of nature about us: There is beauty of earth and sky wherever we are - it beckons to us - it pleads with us to share and to enjoy - but we do not see - we choose not to see - yet men will travel through the land, ^{mark a useless vessel to enable us to find a way} with their heads buried in a mystery novel or a scratch sheet, completely oblivious to all of nature's ^{grandeur} ~~beauty~~.

Consider the world of music ~~and~~ of literature, and of art. Veritable treasurehouses of ecstasy are available to us, but we choose not to hear. Men and women prefer to sit over card tables or in smoke filled bars, listening to gossip and filling their ears, ~~and~~ made to hear things of beauty, with the din of ugliness and unseemliness.

Consider the world of our friends who can enrich our lives with friendship and with love. And yet, how many of us choose our friends not by what they are, but by their income bracket; not by what they know and how they feel, but rather how they can be of advantage to us, ^{how} whether they can advance us socially or not. This surely is the most evil consequence of our ways: it is judging of men by ~~their pocketbooks~~ ^{their pocketbooks.}

Let a man be successful in business, and he is revered by all; let him ~~fail~~ and he becomes the ~~disparaged~~ ^{disparaged} object of universal derision, ^{all his former friends} and he becomes the despised fool. ^{Life has to offer} And as a consequence, we ^{deny} deprive ourselves and the entire world ~~of life's~~ most precious gift: friendship and love. ^{a former friend}

Yes, consider it from any perspective: life depends upon the liver; like every other blessing, it derives its value from its use alone. Life is empty, only when we are empty. Life is filled with beauty only as we give ourselves in beauty. Life can be sad or sweet, meaningful or meaningless, as we choose to fashion it.

We human beings were blessed with eyes wherewith to see. But men ought not to see with eyes alone - the heart can see and hear as well. Man lives life nobly only as he responds with his heart. The glitter of gold can catch our eyes. It cannot touch our hearts. Let us not be blinded by its dust. Let us develop our inner faculties: our minds and our hearts, our love and our faith. Thus, giving to life, we will be enabled to say with the sage of old:

It is good that we are here.

Amen.

MODERN IDOLS

We are very happy to welcome the members of the Council of Jewish Women to our Temple and this service in observance of Council Sabbath. The Council, upholding the high standard set by Jewish women's organizations everywhere, has rendered many a valuable service to the American Jewish community. Its members well merit our recognition and applause.

The Haftarah selection for today, taken from the Book of Isayah, contains an incisive indictment of idolatry. This is an oft repeated theme in Scripture. One of the ten commandments prohibits idol making and worship. In every book of the Bible, beginning with Genesis and the story of Abraham, on through the prophets, to the holy writings and notable the psalms, we are enjoined again and again to refrain from serving Gods of wood or stone who profit not, who have eyes but do not see, who have ears but do not hear, who have mouths but cannot answer those who plead for help: Joutzrei Pessel Kulom Tohu They that fashion a graven image are all of them vanity, and their valuable things shall not profit.

The adulations of idols is the mark of the primitive man. In the light of modern science and modern sensibility the service of a piece of stone or block of wood is ~~absurd~~ superstition, plain and simple. Unfortunately, we modern have not outgrown this primitive absurdity - we still serve idols, idols in a modern garb. No longer do we pray to images, to be sure. we do not have false Gods in a religious sense. But we do affirm with equal fervor false ideals; we do uphold and translate into practice principles which have been proven wrong by our experience. ^{Because of} ~~In our~~ ^{indifference - our inaction in thought + action} ~~social life, in our political life in our religious life we persist in~~ ^{as usual} ~~holding on to ideas which always were and are and will be as fruitless,~~ the images of old. These false ideals, they are our modern idols.

We see them all about us - in our religious life, in our social life, in our political life, idols everywhere. ^{In our innermost being} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ we know them for what they are, but their false lustre blinds us to the truth; the screaming of the idolworshippers hypnotizes us into following the masses; like flotsam, devoid of life and consciousness we permit ourselves to be carried along by the stream of life; we drink deeply of ^{that stream & its water} ~~its water~~ the taste of which ^{is} ~~turn~~ bitter in our mouths.

Chiefest of these idols, the Zeus on the Olympus of our personal lives is God Success. How fervently we sing his praise. How willingly we offer sacrifice in its behalf. Success, the goad of greedy ambition. Success, the whip of ruthless competition. ^{success which we have ever vows} Success which ~~promises~~ to bring us happiness but never does.

~~Our~~ ^{is ours, the God Success} modern God is made of gold. We measure man by what he owns, the properties he possesses, the powers he wields. No longer do we say, "I am what I think" or "I am what I do." But rather do we say, "I am what I own," "I am what I possess." In reality we haven't moved very far from the idol worshipper of old. The ancient work man chose a tree, took part of it to build a house, another part to make a fire to warm himself and cook his meals and with the remainder he made a God. We modern take the money, the means to useful ends - it can build our homes and warm our food - and make of ~~it~~ this mean an end, the god of all our aspiration.

In recent years, influenced no doubt by our market economy, a society geared to buying and selling, ruled by the laws of supply and demand our worship of success has taken a novel twist. A new standard of success has been added. We measure man, not only by what he owns, we judge him by his ^{by his ability to} ~~quote~~ personality ~~unquote~~, by the extent to which he can impress others with his capabilities or his possessions. "I am as you desire me," is the new motto.

When all is said & done,

We feel ourselves to be pretty much of a commodity which has to be sold, and what matters is not so much what we are but how attractive we can make ourselves to others. The bedside manner becomes more important than ~~skill~~ in diagnosis; a pretty smile more significant than the ability to type or take dictation. Skill is still important, but the decisive factor is always the personality, the ability to sell oneself. The various references and forms which I am asked to complete now that our high school seniors are ready to go on to College offer ample evidence of this trend. I am asked whether our youngsters are 'cheerful' physically attractive, ambitious; what their family background is, what clubs their parents belong to and whether they know the right people. In short, we have become like salesmen who in order to sell their product ~~who~~ don't so much point out its merits as they first work like the dickens to sell themselves. * ① TURN

Nothing. Nil. Zero.

And having sold ourselves, what have we, and what are we. In our anxiety to be what others want us to be we fail to develop our real self, we fail to cultivate our ^{unique} potentialities ~~and~~ ^{are} left with nothing. Happiness is not ours for we ~~are~~ ^{our} ~~are~~ seized by the horror of nothingness.

No one can deny it. No one can deny that nothingness once the pseudo-pros of possession and personality success are pulled from under our feet. I know this to be true in myself. That is why we drive all thought from our minds. That is why we fill ^{all our waking hours} ~~our free time as well as~~ ~~our working days with~~ furious physical activities: a quick trip around the world with as many stops and as little time in each stop as possible. A few hours free, an evening off: out to the beach, the golf-course, back home for a change and a quick martini, out for dinner, on to a show back home again to the mad flicking of the TV set for still another movie. All because we are afraid to be alone with ourselves one single moment. because we dread the nothingness we know ourselves to be.

~~It might be noted that this is merely that this is merely meant the Jew as group to explain the people~~

~~It might be noted that this is merely meant the Jew as group to explain the people~~

This selling psychology leads us as a people to may explain our failure in public relation. We Jews are always selling ourselves instead selling Judaism. We try to win public favor for Jew instead of obtain public acceptance of Judaism under principles.

Worship of success does not bring happiness. Happiness can only be found in the striving to ~~improve~~^{find} oneself, to improve oneself, to complete oneself. A new thought expresses, a personal problem surmounted, a willing response to the need of others, the smile of gratitude in the eyes of those we help all these are worth infinitely more than monetary reward and the fawning approval of those who demand a smile and uniformity. Sech~~e~~ Mitzvah Mitzvah. The reward of virtue is virtue itself. Or another Jewish thinker of a later age, Spinoza put it: Happiness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself.

Chassidic legend tells us that Sussya of Hanipol, the Tzaddik once prayed to God: Lord, I love you, but not enough. I want to feel you. Let me be like one of the angels who are penetrated by your awesome Name. God heard ~~his~~^{his} prayer and His name penetrated the hidden heart of Sussya as it comes to pass with the angels. But at that, Sussya crawled under the bed like a little dog and cried: Lord, let me love you like Sussya again. And God heard him this time also. ~~xxxxxx~~^{We are all men}, like other men. We see and hear and eat and sleep like other men. But what we are is our private possession. Each of us is endowed with unique capacities which are his alone. Let no one say therefore, I want to be like another man. ^{I am what you want me to be} Let him say rather with the sage of old:

"(what) I am is only mine
and belongs to me and to nobody else;
to no other man
not to an angel nor to God -
except inasmuch
as I am one with Him."

We have seen one of our modern ideals crumble before our eyes and become a facade. There are many others of course. We all know them, of course, know them by name: Power, greed, we know them by their motto their slogan. Might makes right. You can't change human nature. War is an inevitable part of life. We know them all. We know the destruction they bring. We ought not to serve them. We ought to fight them.

*with way of love
or being*

Especially we Jews , ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ descendats of Abraham who stepped on the stage of history by smashing theidols fashioned by his father. We Jews who cal ourselves by the name of Jacob, Jacob surnamed Israel becase he wrestled with the angel of God, because he ws destined to struggle with men for the true ideals of the true God. Our task in life is to shatter idols, idols worshipped by a world misled. Idols in our religious life. Idols in our social life, idols in our politica life. Idols everywhere. Idols whichmust be destroyed if the world is to move forward to that millenium when all mankind will recognize tht supreme ideal called God.

May ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ he be with us. The sur~~g~~ the storms will subside - the sun will shine ag~~an~~ - a new heaven ad a new eath will be ours.

"GOOD-BYE GOD, I'M GOING TO COLLEGE"

Our three speakers, home from College and warmly welcomed to our congregation and ^{this} ~~the~~ pulpit have certainly taken the wind out of my sails. Not just that their eloquence and powers of delivery will be difficult to match, but also, because the thought expressed in their talks take much of the force and meaning of my own discourse announced for this evening, "Good-bye God, I am ^{going} ~~off~~ to College."

Times certainly have changed and ideas with them. I feel old and out of fashion, for taking a 'cue from my own college days, I fully anticipated to hear a somber and sobering report on the low state of religion and Judaism on the campus, if not an ~~attack~~ open and passionate attack against those who persist in clinging to a position which science experience has demonstrated to be untenable. It is with some embarrassment, because of my sermon and its title, but also with much rejoicing that I note that the citizenry of the campus is no longer ashamed to affirm a belief in God and that it is seriously endeavoring to gain the insights offered by religion, its prophets and its thinkers, in short that "God" and "College" are no longer ^{incongruous} ~~an anachronism~~, even if there is some doubt about the necessity of "Jewishness" as a part of that God belief.

When I went off to College My own approach to religion was not quite as mature. I accepted my father's admonition to be firm in faith along with my allowance ^{check} and then proceeded to spend both with equal alacrity. After my first whiff of philosophy and the sciences I quickly rejected the religious attitudes transmitted by my parents, abolishing God entirely along the way. I felt certain that this disbelief was the true mark of the grown man and with pride I joined the company of self styled atheists. It took me a long while to learn that I was merely rejecting something I ~~did~~ know well if at all. In my naivete, I had pictorialized religion, or rather God as a patriarch seated on his celestial throne looking down upon and judging man, at times with sternness and at times in love.

My early college atheism, then, amounted to no more than this: I rejected the belief in the existence of an old man in the sky.

Had I heeded my father's words of advice, I would have learned this truth much earlier in life. My father always told me to read the Bible. And my early perplexity and its solution finds strange parallel in the pages of the Scriptures. We find this parallel in the very story we read today, in the story of the early life of Moses. Moses too left home, at an early age; a very early age, to study foreign ways in foreign palaces. When ^{he} he was young and immature he stayed within those foreign palaces; he did not feel himself a Jew; he did not want to see his squalid brethren. Only when he grew up did he venture from the kingly courts. The scriptural narrator records:

Exodus 2:21-22
"And it was when Moses had grown up that he went forth to see his brethren, and he saw their suffering."

As long as
~~While~~ Moses was young and immature he stayed with Pharaoh. *alone*
While Moses was young and immature, he did not feel at one with Jews; He regarded himself an Egyptian prince and relished his princely privileges. Only when ^{had} he grew up did he feel constrained to seek out his brethren, Only when ^{he had grown} he grew up did he feel their suffering. It was this recognition ^{the work} this identification with his people which marked Moses as a man, ready to assume his role as leader and champion of his people. The acceptance of Jewishness was, and still remains the mark of the ^{person of the mature} mature Jew.

I did not know this when I went to College. I did not believe in God and I had little to say for Jewishness as a religion. And I felt sooooo sophisticated and mature.

I did not believe in God. In fact, I knew backwards and forwards every argument against the existence of God. I could refute the cosmological, the teleological and even the ontological proofs of God with the very best of them. And I was happy. Unfortunately, I graduated from Philosophy I

and I suddenly realized to Philosophy II and the III and IV that by abandoning the God idea I had laded from the frying pan into the fire, that if there were troubles difficulties in believing, there were even greater ~~difficulties~~ in disbelieving. I could not explain, for instance, how the atheists blind workings of matter and of energy could have produced the rational world, or how human freedom and human intelligence would have been the results of brute mechanical necessity. I watched the miracle of living organisms under a microscope, I looked at the stellar spaces, stimulated by my astronomy teacher, and then I listened to the heroic strains of Beethoven's Ninth symphony conducted by Toscanini and I could no longer re-echo the atheist's logical creed that life is "merely a physiological process with only physiological meaning."

advance
The sciences course were no help in bolstering my disbelief. I discovered to my dismay that the scientist proposes no immutable unchallengeable ^{facts} ~~rule~~ but rather that he posits hypotheses accepted not for certainty but for ^{their} ~~the~~ probability, for plausibility, for ~~practicability~~, their practicality, the very reasons advanced for the belief in God.

^{source}
of all an unexpected ~~source of knowledge~~ ^{source}
The most telling blow came from ~~the Marxian dialectics~~ ^{the Marxian dialectics}, from my studies of Marxian dialectics via the political science course. The ^{dialecticians} ~~communists~~ start out by saying that they are atheists, that they believe in mechanistic processes alone. Yet they go beyond ^{that} ~~it~~. They say that there is a force in history which makes their enterprise reasonable, which guarantees the victory of the proletariat. They don't call this force God, they call it dialectical materialism. With all their talk about atheism, they ^{can} ~~could~~ not make sense of their movement, or demand sacrifice ~~for~~ ^{from} their adherents without some cosmic backing.

And with all my own talk about atheism, I soon realized that I did not have to be ashamed to affirm belief in religion which complements true science by investing fact with meaning and which ^{works} ~~strives~~ for perfect

justice among men without the false doctrines of ~~materialism~~ ^{social gospels} who while striving to solve mankind's problems destroy the life and liberty of the individual man.

One other question reminds - about which some doubts were raised even in the ^vmids of our college friends - the question of Jewishness any the necessity of the particular. Is not the God-belief alone enough? What do I get out of my Jewishness, to justify expenditure of time and energy in acquiring and maintaining it?

For one - and it is a very practical reason - the materials of Judaism are closest at hand. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ It would be uneconomical to seek elsewhere, particularly when the language of the Jew is so familiar to me - I mean the symbolic language: the Torah and the Sabbath candles already mean something to me, the cross does not. Beyond this, my life is made more meaningful by the heritage of three thousand years of Jewish history - I feel at one with all the great worthies of the Jewish past. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXX
XXX~~
~~XXXXXX~~ And I need this feeling of belonging. I can identify myself with a Moses or a Mendelsch or the Baal-schem Tov. I could not feel this bond to Ignatius Loyola or to Luther. Finally, and most important, even though in the realm of God believe all religions achieve analogous results, Judaism does have a character of its own, a uniqueness of approach - and note, I said uniqueness, not superiority - which satisfies me personally more than the approach of other religion. A few random examples will suffice to prove this point. The emphasis on learning and study is more pronounced in Judaism, than in other religions. In Judaism, unlike in other religions, salvation is not the object of the individual alone, but of society as well & holiness is not reserved to a given place or to a few ~~people~~ individuals in a generation; it becomes the goal of all the people. Again, Judaism, in contrast with

with other religion is not overly concerned with matters of creed. It is less interested in that Jews should think alike than that they shall strive and sacrifice to translate into action the same moral objective. In brief, then, while I share with other liberal religionists ~~the~~ large areas of affirmstion, Judaism provides me with a special approach which satisfies me, while at the same time serving as a stimulus to other persuasions.

This then is the message of the day - the reasonableness of the God belief and the particular values of Judaism. I add to ~~tham~~ message a word of caution. No ne denies the right of any Jew to reject his past, but that right carries with it a prior obligation - the obligation first to understand what is being rejected. That is my plea, study before you reject, ^{which understand before you reject} and perhaps, nay surely, you will finds as thousands of individuals through countless generations have found and insisted that Judaism has endowed their life with meaning, with significance, with beauty. Then it will be said of each and every one of us as it was said of Moses: ^{Vejetzeh el} Vajigadal ^{we} and it was when he had finally grown up, that he went out and found his brethren.

HABIT IS A THIEF

ADONAY
Hashivenu Elecho Vena^oashuvo
Chadesh Yomenu Kekedem

Restore us unto Thee O Lord and we shall be restored
Renew our days as of old

Once again, we are assembled in the courtyards of the Almighty,
heeding his summons to judgment

Again, the shrill, sharp shouts of the shofar shake us from our complacency with their demand for a reckoning of the soul.

Again, we are confronted with life's eternal challenge:

Where art thou man?

Where are you in your world?

So many days and years of those allotted to you have passed and how far have you gotten in your world?

Are you all that you could have been, all that you might have been?

Behold the sea of time, unceasing in its surge,
wave succeeding wave it swells and there is no holding its flow.

Its currents are strong, swiftly they sweep us along.

WHY Only yesterday, or so it seems, we gathered here, - For 101 years Y.A. saw -
a full year before us, then -

days and weeks and months without end...

But end they did and on they flow

reckoning little of our clocks and calendars with their petty markings of time and seasons.

These do not, cannot stay the ^{rides} ~~sea~~ of time.

Its waves rush on...relentlessly...pounding eternity's shore.

Would that we could stay time's unceasing flow
^{at least}
or find release from its torrents...

Is not this the longing which impels our worship on this New Year's ~~day~~^{celebration},
our longing for life's renewal?

Fervently, we cling to its assurance that life can be reborn.

Hayom Haras Olom _ _ _

Today is the Birthday of the World.

Each year the universe is born anew, and ~~so is~~^{with} man.

His inner force can be restored, his inner being reborn.

The 'new heart' and the 'new spirit' are an ever-recurring miracle of life.

It is to the realization of such a miracle in each of us that this
great holy day is dedicated

~~Here~~^{Here} is the burden of its plea, '

the essence of its hope

the glory of its promise

...a new beginning is possible for man...

...a new beginning is possible for ~~us~~^{us}...

Restore us, then, O Lord and we shall be restored

Renew our days as of old.

NOW OUR FIRST, OUR FOREMOST

~~Foremost~~

Our first prayer ^{is} for the renewal of life itself, ^{His} ~~for~~ still another year of being...

~~Grant life~~

Inscribe us in the Book of Life, for Thy sake, Lord of Life.

We pray this though we know that ^{the gift we seek} ~~life~~ is not unmingled in its ^{blessing} ~~joy~~.

Its cup runs bitter as well as sweet for all.

^{Life} ~~It~~ brings ~~to~~ us not just the ^{beautiful} ~~pleasant~~ things which we ^{crave} ~~desire~~,

but also the fearsome things, in ^{finite} ~~infinite~~ variety, from which we shrink.

Who among us has not been stunned by the tragedy of life touching too close to its loveliness:

a little child, flourishing today, ~~then~~ disfigured by disease tomorrow...

a man strong and confident one day and then crumbling like a ^{castle} ~~house~~ of sand built by children on the shore when the ~~tides~~ of destiny ~~well~~ flow in...

plenty and poverty...

righteousness and rottenness...

beauty with its sting of evanescence...

the laughter of ^{loved ones} ~~life~~ and then, too soon, the ^{stillness} ~~silence~~ of the grave.

There is no life without such cruel contrasts and yet we pray for it, assured that being is better than non-being, life better than death, no matter what its demands.

Our mood finds expression in a tale of bitter-sweet humor, told in the literature of our people, about a humble laborer, who walked along his toilsome road with shoulders bent, weighed down by heavy burden.

Utterly spent, despairing of the future, he threw his ^{bundle} ~~burden~~ to the ground and called on God to release him from his misery, to take his life.

Lo, and behold, the angel of death appeared unto him and asked: "Did you call me, son of man?" "I did," was the laborers frightened reply, "I-I, need some help. Please help me place this burden - back - on my shoulders."

^{no matter what is offered}
In such a manner do we choose life, ~~no matter what~~. We live not as we wish,
but as we can.

~~Of course~~
Of course we want more. We all want the good things of life:
the vigor of health

the comfort of wealth

the inspiration of ^{love & joy} beauty

But if these joys cannot be had without the penalty of equal sorrow
we seek them both and pray for strength to face ^{the dark} ~~what we must~~ with dignity.

"Man is not born to suffer," taught the sages, "But neither is he on earth
merely to seek joy. The worth of his life is measured not by the balance of
pleasure over pain, but ^{rather} by what he does ^{with} ~~by~~ what he finds on earth."

And thus we pray for life: Chadash Yomenu

A haunting refrain gives voice to our longing: Renew our days as of old.

But even as we ask for life, we know that it is more than life that we need.
Mere physical existence does not satisfy us; it is not a proper end itself;
alone it does not justify our ~~struggle-for-existence~~ striving. In addition,
we require a sense of worthwhileness in being, born of a purpose which gives
reason to the struggle for existence. That is why we pray not only for the
renewal of our days but also for the renewal of our ways, for the rebirth
of those ideals which ~~enoble~~ life with meaning.

We all cherish such ideals.

Off in a distance we see a vision of what life ought to be,
of what we mean it to be.

But even as we ask for life, we know that it is more than life that we need.
Mere physical existence is simply not enough

it does not satisfy us by itself

Alas
it does not ~~really~~ give us fulfillment

In addition we require a sense of worthwhileness in being
born of a purpose which gives reason to the struggle for existence.

To put the matter simply, we need ideals, *for without them life is empty*
for ideals alone have the power to invest life with meaning.

→ Think of it if you will:

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

add righteousness to a city and you have a community

add truth to a pile of brick and mortar and you have a school

add justice to the unceasing round of far spread human effort and you have civilization

~~add~~ add religion to the humblest human edifice and you have a sanctuary

Take them all together,

exalt them above their present imperfections

add to them the Brotherhood of God and the Fatherhood of man

and you have the temple of the future, man's millenium, the ultimate pattern of
his ideal vision.

What is true for man's outer and communal life

is true for us as well...and that is why we ^{NEED} pray

not only for the renewal of our ~~ways~~, days

but also for the renewal of our ~~days~~ ways,

for the rebirth of those personal ideals which ennoble our lives with meaning

We all cherish such ideals...~~at least there was a time when we held them~~

and off in a distance we always see a vision of what life ought to be

of what we ~~meant~~ and mean it to be. *

^{Somehow}
~~often~~ ^{the} ~~vision~~ ^{our vision becomes blurred}
We never altogether abandon these dreams, yet somehow we lose the way to
their attainment. **GOETHE - DIARY HUMBLEST MOMENT**

^{choose a different metaphor - HE}
The Swedish novelist Strindberg ^{once} compared life to an orchestra,
an orchestra which "always tunes up but never begins to play."

Sometimes we are like that - instrument in hand, wondrous music ^{before us} ~~within us~~,
but we ^{don't begin to play} ~~fail to break out into~~ song.

If there is a note of sadness in our backward glance, then surely it is this:
The music we wanted to play, but never did,...

The life we meant to live but didn't...

that cause we almost made out own - but we could have been defeated,
we could have been humiliated, been made to suffer - and so we did not make
that cause our own...

^{the} ~~that~~ word of truth we might have spoke^d, but turth has ^{its} price and we didn't
want to pay it

Embattled self-centerdness, we nearly conquered ^{it or near} - how ^{close} ~~close~~ we came to
victory?

Justice too was calling to us, and the clean winds of righteousness blowing
through our lives... ^{Alas!} But we turned away.

~~Close~~ Close to the loveliness of life but failing to touch it.

^{Songs in the soul}
Wondrous music ~~within us~~, but only ^{stillness} ~~silence~~ without.

Many are the reasons for this failure

our pronness for procrastination

^{the} ~~our~~ fear of what others may ~~say~~ think or even say

~~our simply inertia, inertness, our incapacity to move from the trodden path.~~

^{to get out of the net}
~~or perhaps only simple inertia~~ ^{indolence}

in ertness

^{will-}
our incapacity to move from the trodden path...

"Habit is a thief," taught ^{the Bratskover Rabbi RABBI NACHMAN} ~~Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav.~~ ^{grandson of the}

And what does habit steal from us?

It ~~steals~~ our freshness,

the ability to see, to hear, to taste and feel anew,

to think with a fresh, unbiased mind.

~~Habit~~ robs us of the strength, the will to change the way.

"The man who yield his life to such a thief is ^{but} a fool," taught Nachman

"~~Foolishly~~ He sins against his ^{own} soul, ^{foolishly} ~~committing a wrong~~ ^{he} ~~against himself.~~ ^{he} ~~himself.~~"

~~The~~ life he might have lived is lost,

lost in the "no Mans Land" of the "Lives We ~~Nearly~~ Live" — but ^{rarely reads} ~~never~~

^{then is another reason why we} ~~precisely~~ ^{W U - 1944.}

This ~~is~~ why we welcome this day of days,

these precious hours of worship

which lift us from the trodden path, up to a higher plane,

where there is distance and altitude, sky and horizon

Here we can recover our sense of direction,

here regain our vision of the good.

Here we are reminded that though the gift of life is in the hands of God,

^{its} ~~their~~ way, the inner life, is ^{ours only} ~~man's~~ alone to restore.

HELP US ~~PROGRESS~~ IN OUR ^{HOME WAY} ~~PROGRESS~~
THE SYNAGOGUE CAN ~~NOT~~ ^{CAN} ~~SERVE~~ ^{STILL -} ~~US~~ ^{IT CAN} ~~HELP US~~ ^{REDEEM US} ~~REDEEM US~~

THE

Still one other force impels our worship.

It is our quest for the renewal of faith, for the rebirth of our belief in God.

We don't mean formal, institutional religion now,

not creed, not ritual, not even worship.

We mean, rather, an inner force, an inner spirit,

a reliance which sustains, a power which transforms.

Judaism pre-supposes this kind of inner devotion, for whatever else we
may mean by the Jewish religion, ^{— ceremony, conduct or tradition —} at its core there is a concept of a
continuing covenant with God. And whatever our particular idea of God may be,
faith in him means more than verbal ~~profession~~ profession,
more than intellectual perusasion
much more, indeed, than a refined doubt sublimated into a hesitatnt assumption.
Faith demands an all consuming inner conviction, involving the full
faculties of man, ~~his~~ heart and mind and will and spirit too, all of
them blending ~~rapturously~~ into a rapturous communion with the divine.
This is faith. This is what we mean by belief in God.

Those whose approach to religion is primarily intellectual may well
disagree, but the blunt truth of the matter is that there is no Judaism
where there is no ^{inner} numinous experience. Our faith requires a consciousness
of the holy, Kavonoh leading to ~~Devekus~~ ^{flames} ~~flows~~ into a cleaving, into a commitment, into a full-hearted response to the
divine command:
yea even as that of ^{Abraham} ~~Moses~~ when he ascended Moriah
or that of Moses when he saw his vision of the burning bush
or that of Israel's children when they stood round Sinai and having seen the
lightning and heard the thunder and the voice of God as did their teacher Moses
they proclaimed: ~~we see this day~~ hajom hazeh roinu ki elohim jedaber es ho-odom.
We see this day that God does speak with man.

Again, there will be voices of objection: Coem now, rabbi, do you really
believe this? Do you mean to tell me that God actually talked to Moses, that
the children of Israel really heard his voice. Why that is placing stock in
miracles, in supernatural events, which we moderns cannot possibly
accept.

And yet, when all is said and done, it does not matter, does it, whether we accept the Biblical story in its detailed, literal sense, or merely, as we should, as an interpretive account. In either case, the fundamental truth remains the same: our fathers had a direct experience of God. Whatever it was that really happened, they knew for certain that God revealed himself to them. They knew it with a knowledge of the heart, a knowledge greater than the knowledge of the mind, transcending logic or reason or the testimony of witnesses. They knew it as the artist knows beauty though he cannot touch it. They sensed it as men sense love though they cannot see it with their eyes and yet their lives are transformed by such a love.

Oh how empty, how shallow our own faith is compared to this!

We have our synagogues, to be sure, and we attend them.

We cherish the principles of our faith and pray the world to keep them.

We recognize our ties to the world wide community of Israel and we support our brothers, munificently, wherever they may be.

We even believe in God, some of us do, in an intellectual sort of way. — *And so we tell ourselves yes.*
But something is missing, my friends, something which makes the difference between cold, conventional religion and its vital transforming reality. That something our fathers discovered, and we need discover it too.

We need to, desperately, for while routine religion suffices to sustain us in our lighter hours, once life runs out into its depths, why then we need a deeper faith. When death takes those we love...when our children slip through our arms...when dread disease makes waste our strength...when we think or even say: now I have reached the bottom of the ~~seas~~ ^{sea}, now I can go no deeper and yet we go deeper, why then we need a different kind of faith, then we need the kind of faith that led the Psalmist to exclaim: gam ki elech bege tsalmoves lo iro ro ki atto imodi...yea though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for though art with me.

A few Grief hours hence the shofar will be sounded
~~These then are the thoughts which move us as we gather in our synagogues and~~
~~heralding the end + the beginning~~
~~listen to the struggling blasts of the shofar herald the passing and the birth~~

still another year. *We know its familiar tones:*

Like the swell and surge of the sea,

like the thunder of the flaming skies

its echoes resound over our heads: first a wail, then a rumble, and
at last, a victorious cry.

Our own lives speak to us

The stress and strain, the pain and the passion *of life our day*
ring out of each note of the ram's horn and fill us with ~~dread~~ *tremor* and with awe.

Yet how jubilant are those final tones, the accents of the *last* ~~great~~ Tekiah

they speak to us of life ~~renewed~~ *REBORN*

restored by faith

~~RENEW~~ *enhanced* by the nobility of human deed.

Help us, God, to hear and heed *their* ~~this~~ call.

Then will our prayer of *this* judgment hour be fulfilled,

and no matter how many or few the *how* ~~number of~~ days allotted to us

we will have been inscribed for a *life* ~~year~~ of blessing.

~~Amen. Amen.~~

90 and 01
Hashivenu Elecho vena ~~ashuvo~~
Chadesh Yomenu Keketem

Restore us unto Thee O Lord and we shall be restored
Renew our days as of old.

Nothing in all the world is as important as the mutual approach of two human beings, as the meeting of two men. Whenever and wherever such a meeting occurs, the event is fraught with tense dramatic import - it is a clash of two wills, an impact of two lightening laden clouds, a collision of two worlds. The participants may not even be aware of it, but the future course of many people may well depend upon their meeting and its issue.

We recognize this truth readily enough when the masters of great nations meet. When a Roosevelt and a Churchill joined hands on a boat in Mid Atlantic, the world knew that it was given an impulse in a new direction. This day also, everyone on earth awaits with bated breath decisions at the summit.

But even the most casual meeting of two men may be fraught with meaning for the future. Once upon a time, an Egyptian courtier named Moses, impelled by idle curiosity, strolled about and watched some slaves build pyramids; the resulting, unintentioned meeting of a man and his brother initiated the chain of events which led successively to the vision of the burning bush, to the Exodus, to Sinai, to the birth of a people, a faith, of many faiths, to all of Western Civilization.

A meeting of the most commonplace people in the most trivial of circumstances may serve ends unknown, purposes undreamed by the participants; their actions and reactions in word and deed can well bear fruit far beyond their immediate concern and intent. ✓ The ^{behavior} mutual approach of individuals, moreover, ~~more often than not~~

sets a pattern for society as a whole; the approach of nations to one another, ^{more often than} ~~more~~ not mirrors the manner in which individuals meet. Nothing in all the world is as important and can be as portentous as the casual meeting of two men.

It would be well, therefore, if we were to re-examine the manner in which we as individuals approach our fellows, especially those among us who are so quick to decry immorality in society and among nations. Is there a moral law that governs our human approach?

Human + substance of the matter, that

The whole atmosphere of our living requires drastic change, along with our distorted human psychology. We cannot afford to have our best impulses choked off by the thought that every man is either a potential enemy or victim. We need a new approach to our fellow man, and the right approach is not one actuated by the profit motive, by self-seeking but rather by seeking that other self who is our brother man. ~~Only when Moses recognized the slave as his brother did he qualify to lead his children to Sinai.~~

We must learn to approach each human being with candor and with perfect trust which casts out all fear and suspicion. If we suspect none, none will suspect us. At the very least, we will do our share toward lessening the amount of suspicion in the world, and toward creating that atmosphere of good will in which love can breathe without suffocation.

~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ This above all we ought remember: The most fruitful soil for universal good will is not so much in the larger relations, in the mutual approach of nations and worlds; the most fruitful soil for universal good will is in the every day human approach, in the everyday meeting of men. It is here, where we stand and in the seemingly trivial meetings of life, that the larger destiny of man is woven.

Let us acquire the truly human approach. Let us remember that every man we meet is a child of God, and that in meeting him we should appeal to a God and strive to reach the God-in-him. Let us breathe and radiate good-will. Let us absorb it at every pore; Let us steep all life in love. Perhaps we will then acquire the strength to approach even an avowed enemy in the same spirit of goodness and godliness which impelled the immortal poet to exclaim: "My neighbor drew a circle that shut me out, .. Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout... Love and I had the wit to win... We drew a circle that took him in."

Amen.

gives us the opportunity to come in touch
with our fellow's innermost self, it is letting
his nature play us out
enabling us to be enriched by the mutual
impact of our two souls

Is love really as strong as all that, can it stand up to evil, can it conquer hate? Is it really possible to requite evil with good and to triumph?

These questions bear no categoric answer, for love has never really been tested as a universal guide in human relations. But this much we do know: Vindictiveness even in a just cause is wrong, and no wrong can make a right, ^{no matter how noble} no ends can justify evil means: Ferdinand LaSalle once wrote:

Show me not the end without the way
For ends and ways on earth are so entangled
That changin one you change the other too
And different ways bring different ends in view.

Evil will ever produce evil, force will ever ellicit counterforce. No war can put an end to wars, no act of vengeance can convert a sinner into a saint. Love may be a distant ideal, love's ideal that the best protection is non-protection may be a foolish dream. But surely it is past doubt that non-resistance is better than ever resistance, for ever resistance has ever failed to secure the peach in whose behalf it was applied.

Why not give love a chance. ^{What know?} We may find that guileless good ^{will} can ^{yet} avert wrong doing; turning the other cheek once, may prevent the necessity from ^{Why not try it.} ~~turning the other cheek again.~~ After all, we know what happens when we hit back. The Talmud relates that ~~xxxx~~ Rabbi Meir, when once vexed by the conduct of some lawless men, prayed that they should perish. His wife the sage Beruriah, reminded him of the Scriptural Passage - Jettamu Chatoeem, Let sin cease out of the earth - and she interpreted it to mean - Yettamu Chato-eem, Velo Chotteem implying that our efforts should be directed against the sin and not the sinner. In a parallel Chassidic passage we are told of the father who came to the Baal Shem Tov with the complaint that his son had forsaken God, that he was a delinquent. "What shall I do," cried the hapless father. The Holy Rabbi replied: "Love him more than ever before." It may well be that love for sinners is still the best weapon against the sin that is in them.

The sword of pursuit is double edged, it cuts the wielder as well. Knowing our own motives, we distrust the motives of others. We live in an atmosphere of fear, and we fear no created thing as much as our own kind. We still feel instinctively that every man we meet may dig his teeth into our vitals to drink our life-sap. Suspicion breeds suspicion. Heart never goes out to heart, and eyes are constantly looking askance.

Moving in vicious circle, our fears impel quickened pursuit. Since any man we meet may have designs upon us, why not be beforehand and plot against him. Does he want to take advantage of us? We will first take advantage of him. Does he want to use us? We must use him first. Let him be the victim of our guile, before we consent to become the victim of his ruse. Such is the rule. And with such a rule to guide human approach, what wonder that war is the dominant feature of life individual and social. (Call it contest, call it competition, call it what you will - it is war.) What is the ruling motive of international relations? War. What is business? War. What is our social life, our political life? War, war, war...

~~Have I been too violent, too vehement, too outspoken? Should I speak more gently.~~
I know that I exaggerate to make my point - there is much goodness in the world, much kindness, love, in others, in ourselves...unhappily, too often we fail to develop this love within us, fail to recognize it in others...and in the process persistently fail to achieve the peace for which we yearn. The gates of Eden are open, ^{blindly} we choose to live in the jungle.

Here is life's real tragedy. ~~We have not yet fully grasped the power of love as a human asset, as a factor in civilization.~~ We know the unhappiness of living in an atmosphere sur-charged with ill will, yet we do not make use of those forces within us ^{about us} and within others which can change all that. We simply have not yet grasped the power of love as a human asset, as a factor in civilization.

~~Here~~ It would be well, therefore, if we were to re-examine the manner in which we approach our fellow human being, especially those among us who are so quick to ~~approach~~ ^{deem} immoral in society & among nations. Is there a people law that governs ^{the individual} ~~the~~ human approach?

Our usual strategy which we employ in our contacts w/ others fails to disclose any such lofty moral imperative. Strategy & morality have nothing to do w/ one another. All is said to be fair in war & love, and all seems fair in the great war game of life, ~~we close our quarry by use~~

~~When a new Pharaoh arose in Egypt
Millenia ago, in Egypt when a new Pharaoh
arose who knew 'not Joseph', he initiated his
oppressive policy against ~~the~~ ^{his} people who served him
with the words 'is not my son come let us deal
wisely with them'. ~~we~~ ^{not} too deal wisely with our fellow
man, ~~not~~ wisely in the sense of wisdom but wisely in
the sense of wit! Our purpose is single: who can
outwit whom?~~

✓
We close our quarry by means whose very foulness adds zest to the hunt. We approach our fellows w/ the deep view of somehow ~~to~~ using them to our own advantage that is our first thought in accosting them. Apart from such possibility of gain there seems no earthly benefit in facing our neighbor, in looking them squarely in the eye, in clasping hands - exchanging thought w/ them.

Our usual strategy which we employ in our contacts with others, ^{unhappily} fails to disclose any lofty moral imperative. Strategy and morality have nothing to do with one another. All is said to be fair in love and war, and all seems fair in the great war game of life.

We chase our quarry by means whose very foulness adds zest to the hunt. We approach our fellows with the chief view of somehow using them to our advantage; that is our first thought in accosting them. Can they help us in business? Can they advance us professionally? Will they add to our entertainment, or perhaps ^{enhance} our social prestige. Apart from such possibilities of gain, there seems to be no earthly benefit in facing our neighbors, in looking them squarely in the eye, in clasping hands and exchanging thoughts with them. ^{Our Scriptural policy} Millenia ago, in Egypt, when that new Pharaoh arose who knew not Joseph, he ~~just~~ initiated his oppressive policy against our forefather by proclaiming: Ho-vo Niss-chak-mo Lo...Come, let us deal wisely with them. We too deal wisely with our fellow man, ~~but~~ wisely, not in the sense of wisdom, but wisely in the sense of wit. Our purpose is single: who can outwit whom?

When all the camouflage, all the facades ~~shown~~ provided by proper etiquette and our unique capacity to rationalize are removed, pursuit, brutal, calculating pursuit remains as the underlying passion of the human approach. We are jungle born and still run each other up a tree. The Torah of the voracious tooth, the law of the rapacious claw, is deeply engraved upon the tablets of our hearts, more potent by far than the impress of law and law-books. All later revelations and revolutions, all efforts at human betterment through the centuries, have not succeeded in altering our fundamental nature/

~~Moreover~~, ^{for} Our morbid motivations are well hidden. We know how to smile. Man alone, among God's creatures was blessed with a smile, and it is a most dangerous special gift. Far more deadly than the claw of the tiger is the smile of man. If words, according to Cavour, were given us to hide our thoughts, our smile was given us to hide our venom.

One of the more fascinating chapters of our Torah portion which contains also the familiar story of Noah and the Flood, is the account of the Tower of Babel and its architects who saw destruction. The story is familiar to all of us - we read it a moment ago - how soon after the generation of the flood, the dwellers of Babylon sought to build a tower, not an ordinary tower to be sure, but a structure whose uppermost ^{parts} ~~part~~ would reach the very gates of heaven. God on high, sitting in the council of his angels and considering the doings of men, determined to frustrate their plans; he came down to earth, destroyed the tower and scattered its builders to the ^{four} ~~far~~ corners ^{the world} ~~of all lands~~.

Why so harsh a judgment? Why shouldn't men be permitted to build high? Is not man preeminently a builder, was he not placed upon earth ^{by God himself - charged with the task} ~~to~~ conquer its depths and its heights? Our text gives scant explanation. The rabbis of the Talmud, attempting to discover the deeper meaning of Scripture, found ~~the~~ reason for God's wrath not so much in the building of the tower itself, but in the purpose which motivated its construction. The men of Babylon, said the rabbis, designed their tower to defy God. They stormed the heavens ~~which they thought to reach~~ for no less a reason than to wage war against the deity. That is why God had to frustrate their plans. That is why they were condemned to everlasting exile.

^{In other words} the generation of the ^{tower} ~~which~~ ^{was} judged not so much by ^{their} ~~its~~ doing, but by ^{their} ~~the~~ designs, the former was acceptable - there is nothing wrong in building high, the spirit within man will always seek the heights. But their purpose was evil - and the purpose ^{itself} ~~is~~ as important in the eyes of God as is the deed. ^{then} Here ^{is} a two-fold standard by which the worth of every generation is determined: deed and design, performance and purpose, accomplishment as well as aspiration. ^{here} ~~It~~ is the measure of every man: the means by which we live and the ends for which we live.

In estimating the worth of our own generation, we surely need not hesitate to apply the measure of means. We are distinguished in its mastery. One after another the forces of nature have been harnessed to our service - from ^{hissing} ~~steam~~ to the imperceptible

vibrations of the ether. We build higher than the men of Babel dreamed to build.

The very spaces of the universe beckon to our reach. And we possess, as no previous generation even in its imaginings possessed, the means of living. But when we turn from means to ends, when we apply the measure of the goal, the measure of purpose, our supremacy over the past no longer is apparent.

We remember, for instance, our fathers of yore, the generations who journeyed from Sinai to Zion bearing the tablets of the Law. Judged by their means, these beduine like wanderers were crudely primitive in every way. But when we think of the things for which they lived - the Ten Commandments, the Law of Moses, the vision of the burning bush - when we remember these we know that the desert stretches of Sinai and Judea are more significant in the spiritual history of man than all the well-built boulevards of Paris and Chicago.

Or we think of the prophets and their disciples, few in number but great in mind, who first created and then preserved the world's most precious heritage. We think of Amos, a pruner of sycamore trees, or of Micah, a simply peasant, or of Jeremiah, a lonely wanderer in exile. The means by which they lived were crude indeed: their dwelling was a cave or at best a humble hut fashioned of sun-dried brick; their sustenance was the fruit of the earth torn from the soil with their own fingers; a donkey or perhaps a camel were their swiftest means of transportation. But then think of the ends for which they lived, think of their work and their words, think of them, study them, drink them in, for they are unmatched in beauty, unparalleled in wisdom, they are the foundation stone of all the dreams and visions of all the seers and sages of all the lands and all the ages.

There can be no doubt about it. Everywhere, when we compare ourselves with the past with reference to the means of living we are supreme, but when we turn our attention to the ends for which we live a different picture presents itself. We may possess more knowledge than our fathers, but we are surely no more wise. Our sense of beauty is no more refined than theirs; our ethical sensibilities certainly haven't deepened *W*

deepened since their time. If anything they are more shallow, less noble, for the very best of our inventive genius is dedicated not to the cause of life, but to the cause of its destruction.

The brilliant American naturalist and philosopher Henry David Thoreau aptly summarized our modern problem. Speaking of the society in which he lived he said that it possessed "improved means for unimproved ends"- and what was true a hundred years ago is doubly true today.

As a generation, and often as individuals, we find ourselves in the predicament of ~~Alfred~~ ~~Thackeray~~ Huxley the eminent British novelist who was called upon one day some years ago to deliver a lecture in London. On the afternoon of his engagement, he retired to his hotel room in order to make preparations. So deeply was he immersed in his work that he was unaware of the passage of time and when he finally looked up, he noticed to his dismay that the hour of his scheduled appearance had already passed. Quickly he gathered his papers, ran downstairs and hailed a taxi/ He pleaded with the driver to hurry: "Please drive quickly, don't let anything stop you, I am very late" and again he buried himself in his notes. After a few minutes he turned to his driver with a pertinent question: "I'm sorry, young man, but did I tell you the place of my destination?" "No," answered the driver, "I haven't the faintest idea where I am going, but I'm driving as fast as I can."

Is not this our predicament? Is not this our crucial problem? We are always in a hurry but we don't know where we are going. We build higher and higher, we travel faster and faster, we accumulate and elaborate and multiply the means of living, but always the means and rarely the spiritual ends of life.

If course not, taking our generation as a whole we are by no means happy.
Are we any happier because of it? ~~As a generation we certainly are.~~ Our poets, who perceive sense the pulsebeat of society more surely than anyone else tell us that we live in an age of anxiety, in an age of fear. With all ^{with all our} our accumulated wealth ~~we are probably~~ ^{resources, with all the scientific means at our command we} ~~the most unhappy generation in all history...~~ ^{are probably the most unhappy generation in all history.} And what is true for our generation as a whole, is true for so many individuals among us, when we concern our selves with the means of living rather than with the ends for which we live. We think so often, that if we only have more means we will be

And what is true for society as a whole, is true for its members individually. So many among us are discontent, dissatisfied, supremely ^{disillusion} unhappy - and the reason is the same. It is because we stress means to the exclusion of ends. We think that the things by which we live alone can bring us happiness, but we are wrong. The means of life are only the underpinnings of existence. They are important as such, but they are never a source for satisfaction. Happiness is a matter of finding something or someone to live for. We are men, not animals. We are not dogs to be satisfied when a few bones are flung in our direction, though they be cars, or ranch homes or color-television sets. There is something else in us that makes for the very essence of our humanity; and that is our irrepressible need ~~not~~ to live for something worthwhile.

What are the objects worthy of our service and in whose service we can find our happiness? What are the ends for which we should live? They are not far to seek. We need not soar into space to find them. We need not cross these seas to discover them. They are close at hand that we may do them. We speak of them whenever we gather in this sanctuary for prayer, when ever we turn to the pages of our sacred lore... Truth is an object worthy of our service: to discover it, to practice it, to transmit it to others...

Beauty is a goal which we can well ^{achieve} ~~make our own~~: to recognize it in its manifold aspects, to hold it dear wherever it is found, to add to the loveliness of the world by fashioning things of beauty with our own hands and in our own lives...

Love is an ideal for which we can live: to approach all men with candor, to seek in them the kindred spirit, to draw them near and to serve them with all our heart and soul and might...

These are the ends for which we should live and in whose service we can find our happiness. If we do not, if we cannot find something worth living for, some beauty to create, some goodness to achieve, some truth to discover, if we cannot acquire some spiritual aim for our life, then we will not be happy and not all the accumulation of means for our life can make us happy.

This is the truth which comes to us as we re-read the ancient story of Babel's generation and its men who masters of the means of their day for they could build higher than any other people, but whose purpose was ^{ignoble} ~~evil~~ and hence they saw destruction.

It is a truth which each generation of men must face in its own way: the means of life to what end? To what purpose all we have and own. Here is a question which we of our generation certainly cannot escape, precisely because we are so wealthy, because we are so powerful, because our hands are full to the overflowing with the means by which men live.

May we use our many blessings to noble purpose. May our amazing means of production enrich not only individuals or particular groups, but may it alleviate also the poverty of men and nations everywhere. May the amazing speeds with which we flash accross the skies, help us to bring, not speedier death but speedier healing everywhere, may it ^{cause us to be in} ~~serve to bring us into~~ ever closer contact with our brothers in ^{our} all lands. May all we have and own be utilized to serve the cause of beauty, the cause of love and truth, the cause of life.

These ideals are close at hand. ^{that we might do them} ~~God has set them before us.~~ They are not only near, they are ^{actually} seeking us. Halevy, the mystic poet of the Middle Ages once exclaimed: "I have sought thy nearness O God, with my whole heart have I called upon Thee, but when I went forth to find Thee, I found that Thou hadst been seeking me." Our ideal is seeking us. The ends for which we ought to live are near. God has set them before us. May we choose them well, that we might live!

Amen.

I

THE IRON AND THE TREES (Chaye Sor)
Reflections of a Rabbi on
Armistice Veterans Day

In a profound and penetrating Midrash, we are told that when iron was first created, all the trees of the world ^{began to} tremble and raised their voice in protest against God: "You aren't fair, O God," they cried. "Why do you create iron? Surely it will be used to cut us down!" Said God to the trees: "Why do you tremble? Does it not take a wooden handle to make an axe? Let none of your wood enter iron, and not one of you will be injured."

This meaningful story is typical of the many analogies from nature drawn by the inspired creators of Judaism's literature. The Bible itself makes frequent references to nature, and to trees especially, comparing men to them. The Torah ~~is~~ is called the "etz chayim" the tree of life. The righteous man is likened to a palm tree, an "erez balvonon," a cedar in Lebanon; and the evil doer, to a barren tree unable to give shade or fruit. In our own Torah portion, Chayei Sarah, read a moment ago, the point is emphasized that Abraham bought the field of Machpelah together with all the trees which were on the land. We are also told that God appeared unto Abraham "be-ilonei mamre" among the trees of Mamre, and that it was in a grove of trees that Abraham first called upon the name of God. In the Book of Deuteronomy, these oft recurring suggestions are expressed in unmistakable terms: "ki ho-odom eitz ha-sodeh" - man is like the tree of the field.

The analogy of ~~man~~ scripture is ^{apt} ~~ade~~ enough - many ^{he is} is like a tree, a walking tree. The same struggling life that courses in the veins of man, thrills through the veinlets of the leaf. The same insistent vital force that sends the little sapling from inert earth into the sturdy trunk, pounds itself through the frame of man also. The glory of bud and blossom, of berry and ^{birth} fruit, is paralleled in the ~~blossoming~~ and growth of children, in all the strength and grace of grown men and beautiful women. The same ultimate des-

tiny enmeshes men and trees alike: the days of our years fall away, ^{even} as falling leaves herald nature's decay. And like the trees of our Midrash who gave their wood to the striking iron, ^{all the} man too lends ^{at his} strength and creative energy to forces which threatened to destroy ^{him}.

The point is pertinent. Today we observe Veteran's Day, Veterans Day, once known as Armistice Day and renamed, undoubtedly, because we ^{can} no longer bear the shame and hypocrisy of hailing the anniversary of the day which was to mark the end of all wars, even while ^{we} remember ^{the} the many victims of the many wars since 1918. In a few moments we will recall the names of Jewish young men who shed their life's blood on many a field of battle even after Flanders. A change of name cannot obliterate ^{such memories} remembrances. This day, ^{then} whatever be its name, ^{stands as the} ~~remains the~~ horrible symbol of man's insanity ^{and} of his ^{persistent} failure, his incapacity to curb his morbid passion for self destruction.

Inanity it is; how else can you describe the ^{arrangement for mass} ~~group~~ ^{population} behavior which we ^{conveniently} call war. We moderns scoff at the uncivilized ^{action} ~~behavior~~ of ancients who sacrificed their ^{chosen} sons on the altars of Moloch; yet ^{modern} we, ~~of all nations~~, select our best young men ~~and women~~, use all our scientific skill to make certain that they are sound of mind and body, and then in one mighty holocaust offer ~~ten~~ millions of them on the battlefield of one war. What happens after a war is more irrational still: during the struggle every participant ^{is} ~~was~~ convinced that he ~~was~~ in the right, that God ~~was~~ on his side, and that the enemy is a cruel, irrational fiend who must be destroyed to save the world; but a few days after the mutual slaughter is over, the enemies of yesterday are our friends, the friends of yesterday are our enemies, and again in full seriousness we begin to paint them with appropriate colors of black and white.

~~Insanity it is -- how else can you describe the actions of a civilized nation~~ ^{world}
~~in which democracy and science and religion have had their full opportunity~~
~~for centuries~~

Again III
It may have been an inspired idea to deposit the body of an unknown soldier in the national memorial of various lands. And yet when one stops to think of it, ~~is not this also strange to say the least~~ ^{IS NOT THIS ALSO}, an indication of insanity! A whole world, a so-called civilized world, pauses in its work to acclaim the colorful pageantry and patriotic oratory flourishing around the unrecognizable body of a soldier blown to bits on the battlefield. That is strange, *that is awfully insane!*

When you stand before the tomb of ~~xx~~ the unknown soldier ^{at a time} when the panoply of military glory decks it with music and color, are you thrilled? I am not, not any more, nor is anyone else who has seen the monster war as he really is. The sweet sound of drum and fife along the marching street cannot obliterate the memory of maimed bodies and burned flesh, of widows tears and broken old mothers and the whole dark butchery without a soul.

Again, the world stands at the crossroads of hope and fear. Again the best of our youth and the finest discoveries of man's genius stand poised to plunge and cast us all into the dark abyss. Again, as did our fathers before us, we cry out in anguish: "How long, O Lord." When will men finally learn that war accomplishes nothing, that war helps nothing, that war cannot dethrone the wrong nor enthrone the right." This surely is the conclusion forced upon us by the conditions of our world today - a time of treachery - when a Kremlin makes a pact with Cairo, Moscow and Mitzrayim shake hands and former super-sadists of Europe's Sodom and Gomorrah change their shirt from brown to olive drab and proudly strut in the ranks of democracy's armies!

Most disappointing of all is the despair of our day and especially the cynicism in the ranks of veterans who instead of fighting for peace with the same vigor and courage they exhibited in war, are all too ready to follow the pied piper down the road to destruction. Only last week, Pope Pius had occasion to reprimand ^{Catholics all over the world} ~~Italy's~~ Veterans for a similar lack of faith in peace, and we in our country recently faced the sorry spectacle of ^{America's} ~~our country's~~ leading veteran's unit undermining our only hope for ultimate world accord, the United Nations.

Even within the ranks of Jewish Veterans we find too many who lightly toy with the thought of the next war and who ^{swallow} cheer the ^{blatant} ranting of demagogues ^{whose mouth} and war mongers. ^{brothers w/whd conquest - OUR} Their memory seems too short - forgotten are the horrors of war - forgotten also that we are the sons of Abraham, the seeker of justice and peace and the descendants of the Psalmist who invoked God's wrath against those who obstruct peace "Bizar ameem Kerovous Yechpotsu Scatter Thou the nations who delight in war." ^{Ps 68-31} ^{בְּזֵר עַמִּים קְרֹבוֹת יִחַצְצֵן Ps. 68,31}

But what can we do about it, you will say; what can I do, I who am only an individual. I can't swim against the stream of life. I want a world of peace to be sure, but my lone voice is lost in the wilderness.

There is so much that the individual can do, and he can begin to exemplify in his own personal life and by the vigorous practice of its principles, the peace which he would establish in the world at large. He can himself be a man of peace. He can walk and work among mankind without discord or ill will. He can love all men of every race, religion, nationality or class, and greet them wherever met as friends and brothers. He can banish prejudice and hatred and fear from out of his world, though it be a world no larger than a neighborhood or simple home, Just to prove is our own person, among our own individual relationships that peace is practicable, that we can live in harmony with all men, that love, when really tried with sincerity and courage does not fail - is there any higher or more fundamental service than this!

What can you do? You can talk out when others are silent. You can say man when others say money. You can stay up when others are asleep. You can give life big meanings when others give life little meanings. You can say love when others say hate. You can say every man, even when others say only one man. What can you do? You can give yourself to life even when other men refuse themselves to life. "Bakesh Sholom Veroudfe-hu Seek ye peace and pursue it!"

"Ki Ho-odom eytz hassodeh - Man is like the tree of the field" We resemble the tree - let us learn a lesson from the tree!

5
Trees grow upward - so should men.

Tree with their green leaves and tenderly tinted blossoms seek the light - so should men.

Trees ^{thrust} ~~force~~ their branches ^{heavenward} ~~upward~~, seeking the heights - so should men.

Trees by their very shape and function serve as a symbol of aspiration - why not men?

Trees are rooted in the soil of centuries - let ~~xxx~~ us also draw nourishment from the heritage of the past.

And let us also, like the trees of our Midrash, refuse to lend our strength as a ~~handle~~ ^{man} to the forces that would seek our destruction

Then will ~~xxxxx~~ ^{man}, as the ultimate development of history, stand forth under the heavens as the tallest and fairest plant of them all.

Then will the Psalmists blessing be fulfilled

We will be ~~like~~ the tree planted by
streams of water,
That bringeth forth ~~the~~ fruit in its season
And whose leaves ~~do~~ not wither
And in whatsoever we do, we shall prosper.

Amen

וְהָיָה כְּעֵץ מְצוּלָה
בְּאֵרֵי מַיִם חַיִּים
וְהָיָה וְהָיָה
וְהָיָה וְהָיָה
וְהָיָה וְהָיָה
וְהָיָה וְהָיָה

Italian Farmer story

In actuality, I don't know what madness possessed me to accede to your request to address this gathering. During ~~the~~ the past few month here in Worcester, my oratorical ego has received no small jolt. Everytime I attend ~~an~~ local function, I hear another so-called layman of the Worester Jewish Community deliver a talk which far exceeds in eloquence anything I have to offer. This city is truly a well-spring of orators, and as I look about me it seems to me that the elite of this talented troupe is concentrated on the Worester Zionist Board. Doubly then do I appreciate the privilege of being honored by you.

Today we mark Chanukah, the Feast of lights, the festival of rejoicing commemorating the rededication of the Temple following its desecration by the Syrian hosts. It is my favorite holiday - and I am certain that I do not stand alone in this preference. I like the spirit of friendship, of religious fervor, of joy in living and in giving which mark this day.

The Maccabbes~~y~~ have often been called the forerunners of the modern day Chäutzim. There is much truth to this analogy - in both cases a strong small few dared face a host of obstacles and prevailed. Most certainly the memory of Judah and his band of ~~g~~ citizen soldiers strengthened the vision of Zionist thinkers and leaders and followers. Their courage was ever bolstered by the recollection of the heroism of our fathers long ago.

Unfortunately, this analogy is not applicable in its fulness, not yet, in any event. ^{For you see} ~~The~~ Mattathias was not just a soldier, a Judean, a citizen of Judea fighting for the political independence of his country. He was also a Hebrew, an Israelite, a true descendant of Abraham Isaac on of Jacob who wrestled with men for the idea of God. The struggle of The Maccabbes had its nationalistic overtones, but at its root it was a struggle for religious independence, for the right of

His
each man to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his
belief. Today we celebrate Chanukah on the 25th of Kislev. The
25 th of Kislev two thousand years ago was not
the day of a great military victory, it was the day on which the
Temple was re-dedicated. By lighting the Chanuka tapers for eight
each and every year
consecutive days we do not call to mind a forced march of eight days
or a slaughter~~ed~~ of eight days or a victory of eight days. By
lighting the tapers we call to mind the eight days of prayer and
purification following the reconquest of the Temple. ~~And~~ ~~inexhaustible~~ while
the chalutzim, the modern day Maccabbes have duplicated and even
exceeded the achievement of their protagonists of af another millenium
in the nationalistic sense - both drove the enemy to the border -
they have not yet emulated them in a religious sense. The land of
once again hordes
Israel has been cleared of ~~the~~ enemy, but the Temple has not yet been
rededicated.

Needless to say, I do not refer to a physical rebuilding and rededicattion
of a Temple on the Mount of Olives. I refer to the rededication of
the soul, to the rededication of a people to its spirituals principles
to its ideals.

That such a spiritual rededication has not yet taken place can
not be denied. From the very beginning of the creation of the state
of Israel the conscience of the Jew was disturbed by reports of
extremities and excesses. During the war for liberation, such
violations were regarded as an inevitable concomitant war. But then
came the armistice and the incidents continued, beginning with the
assasination of a man of peace and ending with the event of the past
month, that debacle which shocked world Jewry into the realization
that Israel is far from being that great experiment of humane
government which we envisioned, that the establishment of the state
for Jews has not brought about the fulfillment of the prophetic hope:

וְיָשָׁבוּ יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּאֶרֶץ חֵלֶק
וְיִשְׁלַח יְהוָה בְּיָמָם
וְיִשְׁלַח יְהוָה בְּיָמָם

Let us not delude ourselves into believing that it was brawn and brute force which alone established the state. Force helped, to be sure, but it was a spiritual idea which impelled that force, it was a spiritual motive which directed the blow. No victory would have been possible without the visions of an Isayah, without the poetic utterances of a Jehudah Halevy, without the Chovevei Zion ~~and their spirit~~ those leaders and pioneers of Zionism who were suffused with a religious spirit. No victory would have been possible had not ~~many~~ millions upon millions of Jews in countless generations every single day three times a day recited the benediction: Velirusholayim Ircho Berachamin Toschuv - Return, O God, with mercy unto Thy city Jerusalem. No victory was possible, ~~nevertheless~~ is possible without such spirit.

It is not too far fetched to assume that only through the faith which gave it birth can the state of Israel retain its vitality.

We have every reason then to beat our breasts and say Chotonu: We have sinned. We might as well be honest about it. Cheshbon Hanepesh, a sincere self-introspection is a time honored tradition of Judaism. It is health for the mind of the individual and for the mind of ~~the~~ ~~nation~~ a people. We can forgive the man who sins when he is hard pressed, but there is no need to justify and defend that sin. Chotonu We have sinned.

^{self}
However, this confession of guilt does not give others the right to criticize us. Let no non-Jew raise his voice against the Jew - ^{whether he wear a ~~diplomat~~ ~~the chieftain of the flock of the diplomat~~} ~~be he man of cloth or a general of the army.~~ Only the innocent ^{reproach} ~~has a right to~~ ^{+ the man who remains silent when the blood of his brother is spilled is guilty.} ~~the guilty.~~ Where were these same right honorable gentlemen when millions upon millions of Jews were gased, burnt alive and buried alive. Where were they when the hair of Jewish corpses was torn out by the roots and stuffed ~~into~~ ^{into} mattresses, ~~wherever~~ ~~they were~~ when the gold fillings of their ^{teeth} ~~teeth~~ were deposited in the Reichsbank, when their fats became soaps, their bones superphosphates

and the rest of them was mixed with manure and spread on the ground for fertilizer. Where were these right honorable gentlemen when Jewish children were turned loose on an open field and became living targets for the Wehrmacht. They did not speak up then. Let them remain silent now.

It might be noted marginally that Hitler was never excommunicated by the ^{Goering and Goebbles} ~~Catholic~~ Church.

But, of course, we Jews ourselves must not remain silent. We dare not remain silent. The stakes are too high. The survival of our people is at stake. I am not among those who say give money and don't give advice. Give money, by all means, never cease to give, but also concern yourself with the spiritual welfare of ~~the~~ your brethren in Israel. Our own future is involved, very much involved. What purpose is there to struggling against ~~mass~~ individual assimilation in America while countenancing mass assimilation in Israel. And if by some misfortune and because of our indifference or lack of courage to speak up the State of Israel should ~~be~~ come to be what many Israelis want it to become, a "state like any other state" then that is just what we will have - mass assimilation, total destruction. Kol Israel Arevim Zeh be Zeh - All Israelites are responsible one for another.

On Chanukah we Jews are want to recite the Hallel prayer. One of the poignant of verses included in the Hallel is the Psalmist's cry: Ono Adonai Malto Naphhi...O my God, do save my soul, my soul, not just my body.

This, once again, is our prayer on the Chanukah of the year 5714. Almighty God, source of justice who judges man by the standards of justice but also with compassion and with love. we turn to Thee in hope as did our fathers. Extend thy help and protection to all men on earth. Fill them with a love of freedom and of justice

that tyranny may vanish and the reign of righteousness be established everywhere on earth. "Uphold the hands of our brothers who toil to rebuild Zion. In their pilgrimage among the nations, Thy people have always turned in love to the land where Israel was born, where our prophets taught their imperishable message of justice and brotherhood and where our psalmists sang their deathless song of Love for Thee and Thy love for us and all humanity. Ever enshrined in the hearts of Israel was the hope that Zion might be restored, not for the opportunity to play state and soldier, not for pride and vainglory, but as a living witness to the Truth of Thy word which shall lead the nations to a reign of peace." Grant us all strength that with Thy help we may bring a new light to shine upon Zion, so that in our lives and in our times we will see the fulfillment of the prophetic yearning:

Jewish War Veterans

Happy indeed are we to be privileged to behold and to participate in the exercises of this ~~selem~~ day - the installation of our officers, ~~the an installation~~ which marks the completion, the crowning effort of a successful year for the Jewish War Veterans organization of our community. The work of this past year, reflected as it is in the dignity and splendor of this well-attended gathering speaks well for the leaders of this organization. However, this is a day not only for congratulations, though many here are worthy of it; it is a day not alone for praise to be bestowed though many here are surely deserving of it; but it is a day for earnest self-consecration and introspection. It is a day on which we must take stock of the values of this institution, of its powers and possibilities, of its duties and its responsibilities.

in the course of
Much has been said this past year concerning the specific functions and activities of the Jewish Warveterans: its Americanism program, its program for the relief of fellow veterans, its hospital work, the insurance plan and the blood donor project. I will not ~~have~~ ^{here} repeat this program which was outlined ^{only recently} ~~so well~~ by a panel and ^{is} ~~will~~ ^{is} on its way to being translated into action by the work of our committees. I would speak rather of a responsibility which is far more fundamental, than all the other activities, a responsibility which perhaps because of fear, or perhaps because of indolence ^{we have} ~~has been~~ shirked, ^{and} ~~a responsibility~~ which alone justifies the existence of this or any other veteran's group - the responsibility to fight with every fibre of our being for the preservation of peace, to fight for it so that in another generation or two ^{+ in the lives of our children} there will be no need for an organization such as this, an organization made up of the ^{same} survivors of ^{in (generation wars)} ~~a war~~ which brought nothing but death and destructions in ^{their} ~~its~~ wake.

Who else should fight for peace if not the veteran? And if the veteran does not fight for peace, who will. After all, we and we alone know what war really is like. The civilians receive only second hand reports

A curious psychological process ^{seems to} take place. While we are in the army we have a civil and healthy dislike for military ways & ways of war. Now that we are out a feeling of nostalgia remains and we say at best: I fought a war, let someone else fight a war also.

I will never be able to understand why war veterans ^{left} ~~are~~ so small a voice in the council of those who work for peace; If our own understanding did not guide us, surely we should long ago have heeded the admonition of this country's first war veteran, President Eisenhower ^{fore} who set peacemaking as our most task! ~~When all is said and done, who~~ should fight for peace if not the veteran, and if the veteran does not wage a fight for peace who will. After all, we and we alone know what war is really like. The civilian received only a second-hand report - in euphemized newspaper articles and glossed-over photographs expurgated and glossed over to spare his sensibilities. Our children read of wars in text book - a third-hand report - which more often than not idealizes war, speaks of its triumphs and its glories and forgets to mention grime and grim death. The other day I picked up the latest edition, brought up to date of a family history text. Chronicaling the end of the second world war the author, in one brief sentence, speaks of the Allied armies ^{slowly} ~~rapid~~ breakthrough the Po Valley and the painless ^{to} conquest of Milano. ^{happened to be among those who broke} ~~I was in on that break through~~ the Po valley - ^{I recall no story} ~~all I recall is~~ wiping a ^{stomach} ~~seating~~ face with a bloody shirt-tail. I ^{a part of} ~~was in on~~ that painless conquest of Milano - ^{But all I} ~~I can only remember the~~ ^{picture of} ~~watching~~ a soldier carrying the naked bleeding corpse of a four year old child, and a man just back from work searching despairingly for his wife and children buried under the ruins of his home. Yes it is we who have crouched with crawling stomach in fox-holes or cringed before plexiglass as we ^{it is we who} ~~atched~~ flak coming up at us, ~~we alone~~ know what war is. ^{only} ~~And we alone~~ can fully know what peace is.

To be sure it is not

Not always ~~is it~~ our fault that we veterans are not represented in the council of nations. The same fellows who so eagerly provided us with a seat in a fox-hole or the cockpit of a plane have not ^{or really} allowed us to sit in the gilded chairs at the peace conference. They say that ~~xxxxxxx~~ fighting is for the young, but voting and peace making for maturer minds. Surely if we can be trusted to brain a Nazi private

with the butt of a Springfield rifle, or do some pin-point bombing around a great cathedral, we ought to be capable of knocking a few heads together with the butt of our logic - our moral logic.

The task is set. ^{it is difficult and} ~~The task is great.~~ The Time is short. You read the newspapers as well as I do. The record at Hiroshima: total destruction several square miles, 10 000 dead. Anticipated effect of the H bomb: 700 times greater - beyond the expectation of scientists, said President Eisenhower at his news-conference last week, out of their control - total ^{area of} destruction - upward of two hundred square miles - two hundred square miles - ^{understand} what ~~does that~~ ^{import} ~~mean~~ ^{it} - a bomb dropped on Boston could wipe Worcester from hear to eternity.

What is happening here. How did we permit it to happen. ~~Why?~~ All of man's noble gifts, his education, his science, his very civilization turned, not toward the promotion of peace and happiness among mankind, but twisted to find deadlier ways to kill and to destroy in the wars that are to be. Forgotten that noble concept of man's divinity. Neglected utterly neglected those lofty words of Israel's ancient prophet. For it Not by might, nor by power, but my spirit says the Lord of hosts.

Yes, our task is ^{set} ~~set~~, and it is a task not just for leaders, but for all of us, those who are here and even those who are not here today. When a ship is in danger every man must be ready to take the pilot's place, everyone must be prepared to take the helm and steer the ship to safety.

^{responsibly} Don't underestimate this power, your power as an individual. Don't say "what can I do about it? After all I can't be expected to swim against the stream of life." We are all pulled along by that stream of life, to be sure, but we are an active part of that stream and unlike flotsam - that dead piece of drifting wood, we human beings have the power to direct that stream's course. Hiroshushu Nesuno - Freedom has been given.

If we go along with ~~xxxxxxx~~ it, the stream gains momentum; but if we stop, even though we stand alone, the stream loses force by just that much; and if there are more of us, and there are, millions upon millions of others, who think as we do, who feel as we do, who dread the thought of total destruction even as we do, that mighty torrent of life ~~xxx~~ may after all be re-channeled from the course leading to certain death to the course of love which will bring peace.

Even talk, simple everyday small talk is of significance in this struggle for world peace. Talk creates an atmosphere, a climate of opinion, and that atmosphere ultimately determines our actions. The leaders of the United Nations constantly tell us that the biggest obstacles they face is not the recalcitrance of great leaders but rather the indifference and pessimism of people everywhere who deprecate their every effort, when, upon the contrary, the moral support and encouragement of people everywhere would strengthen their hand for peace. Panic fear created by thoughtless talk, by empty slogans, can well paralyze us into doing nothing or hypnotize us in doing the wrong thing. Only calm and conscientious consideration of the dangers will create the courage and the maturity which alone can match the menace.

Here then is the real installation, the real dedication of this hour. It is a self-dedication. It is the assumption of ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ the holy task of peace making by this group. It is the assumption by each and everyone of us assembled here to do of the determination to maintain our hope for and to persist in the struggle for world peace. If, because of indifference or self-indulgence we yield to the blandishments of men whose mouth froth with the talk of war and quick victory, then all our activities and meeting will be to no avail, worse yet, then all ^{our} those comrades in spirit who died for our country in many wars will have died in vain. If we live to prate and to proclaim our faith in one God and one humanity, then, and then only to vindicate their heroism and they sleep in peace.

There is a beautiful legend told by the Jewish sages that God sent down from the heavens the Book and the Sword and said to his children on earth: You shall have to choose one or the other. Either the Book or the Sword. If you choose the book you must reject the sword; if you choose the sword, the book will be destroyed. Civilization and the sword cannot go hand in hand - our ancestors knew this in a spiritual sense, we, of the Hydrogen Age know these in an imminent physical sense. The sword or the book, war or civilization, heaven or hell, death or life. Which shall we choose? That is the question which we must answer.

The Book of Job is counted among the great masterpieces of literature, as a classic in the art of writing...

This view is held not only by pious souls who turn to scripture for comfort and inspiration...

Even the somewhat less religious who approach this work strictly from a literary point of view see it in this bright light. Thus Thomas Carlyle says of the Book of Job: "It is the greatest thing ever written with pen...there is nothing written in the Bible or out of it of equal literary merit."

The reasons for this universal high acclaim are not far to seek:

To begin with the author of the Book of Job was a master craftsman.

With just a few strokes of his pen character is developed and plot unfolds...thus in the twenty odd verses of the prologue three full scenes are presented - God and Satan in heaven, Job in prosperity on earth and Job in his travail - in spite of this brevity - each of protagonists emerges fully and there is no lacking in dramatic impact...

A Thomas Mann surely would have taken three or more chapters of many pages each to cover as much ground and how much space a Jones of Some Came Running Fame would have consumed..

Moreover it ought be remembered that the original Hebrew has just about half as many words as the English translation of the Book of Job with which most of us are familiar

The author of the Book of Job, moreover, was a master of emotion, and much of the power of the work must be ascribed to this capacity...

At its very beginning, Job awakens what Aristotle said is necessary to the appreciation of tragedy - a sense of pity, pity for the helpless victim of antagonistic faith...

And as the story unfolds, pity gives way to admiration and admiration rises to a mood of sublimity in the chapters of the whirlwind, a mood sublime unmatched in the history of literature.

The appeal to passion alone still does not fully explain the power of Job, for it is no mere emotional tempest...beneath the passionate controversy there is a core of brilliant thought appealing to the intellect alone

It was the author's purpose to ~~shake~~ the complacent view of tradition which saw a causal relationship between the moral life and good and evil and he does so with a precision of a master surgeon wielding his scalpel...

Every avenue of a highly complex problem is explored..

Every shading of thought is brought to light...

And all this is achieved without diminishing the plays dramatic impact...

Job appeals to the mind and heart alike the reader is moved to think as well as to feel.

And finally, our response to the work is heightened by its theme... The subject with which the author deals is one that touches every life and is never completely solved...

Every generation and every land has its Jobs, Jobs in the millions...in every epoch of history millions of people are swept into poverty, bereavement, and even unto torture and death by causes which are not even remotely connected with their own merits and demerits

Moreover, the problem is more that something which we observe in the world about us...sooner or later the problem is one which is personally experienced by each and every one of us...

Perhaps you are familiar with the tale told concerning woman mustard seed...

Each one of us has a date with adversity and it is a date which adversity will not let us forget...the cup of life runs bitter as well as sweet for all...sooner or later in life each one of us is compelled to cry out:

Why...why did it have to happen...

parents cry it when their children reared with so much care grow up to bring them nought but disappointment...

fathers cry it when children are denied luxurious which others readily gain...

wives cry it when the love they hoped to find in life is sullied...

the diseased cry it bearing an agony keener than they can suffer

and children cry it broken heartedly, at the grave-side of their parents....

Why...why did it have to happen?

Is there any wonderment why men of every age have turned to the Book of Job for comfort and inspiration...the author, though unknown, is immortal in memory...

And surely it is no wonderment that artists of every generation are challenged to approach the same theme in an attempt to emulate the master of old...

The latest of these attempts is a three act drama entitled J.B. written by Archibald MacLeish....

A MacLeish as you know is chief librarian of the Library of Congress and a poet of established reputation...

Play was first produced last summer by Yale Dramatic Society Now it is on Broadway in a production which achieved critical acclaim...

some dissenting voices to be sure, yet no less an authority than Brooks Atkinson calls it greatest play of the century

Let me say at once, that I am among the minority who consider J.B. something less than a masterpiece...

I dislike to be in the minority, especially when literary critics of eminence are arrayed against me...

Perhaps our difference in judgment is rooted in the difference of approach - judged by the standard of Broadway productions

J.B. ranks high indeed - but you see our ~~xxxxxx~~ avenue of approach is the Biblical book of Job, and when measured against this absolute standard, the new play is bound to lose in lustre

Moreover, I only read the play - had I seen it acted its impact might have been greater...It is interesting to note in this connection, that when the play was first produced at Yale and there had less superior acting, critical acclaim was not as unbounded in enthusiasm as it was on Broadway...

Be that as it may, I am in the minority, and I cannot join in the thundrous applause with which MacLeish's play was greeted...

GOETHE IN HIS
FAUST

MAHN IN HIS
MAGNUM

ROBERT FRANK
MAKING OF REASO

The fact that a playwright concerns itself with profound ideas does not insure him against writing a bad play...many such a play profound though the theme, is no more than abstract and pedantic...

Neither does siding with the angels assure a playwrights success... such plays are prone to be pious and preachy...

It need not be so to be sure, but we are afraid that the author of JB has fallen into both snare...

And he falls into a third trap, which is not getting his ideas straight in the first place...

Here is my first substantial objection to JB. McLeish is curiously muddled about his theological subject matter and his words and meanings often part company...

The Biblical Book of Job concerns itself with the problem of evil and the nature of Divine Justice: how can a good God permit evil to come to a goodman...

The frame of reference in the Book of Job is a world ruled by God.. God's authority is never questioned...as a matter of fact, Job's rebellion is magnificent just because God is so palpable and so terrifying to him...

God does not rule the world of McLeish's J.B. This becomes at once apparent with the introduction of the heavenly antagonists...In the Biblical Book as you will remember, Satan is only one of the minions of God...one of his angels...it is God who gives him the authority to do evil to Job...

Not so in McLeish's JB...Mr. Zuss, who plays God, and Nickles who plays Satan are equally independent and have equal power, if anything the latter emerges the stronger... The world of JB is a godless world, it is not ruled by an all powerful deity and consequently the problem of evil does not exist...there is pain in such a world, to be sure, and suffering, but not evil in the theological sense, requiring a justification of the ways of God to man...

JB therefore is not about evil and God's justice...it is a play about nihilism versus the affirmation of life...how can we justify life in a meaningless, godless world, that is its crucial question....

Now there is no denying that this is still a substantial subject matter. Perhaps it is even more pertinent today than the Biblical Book of Job...

But unfortunately, though understandably, the grand rhetoric of the Bible charmed Mr. McLeish into appropriating it. Throughout JB passages from the Bible are cited, on nearly every other page..

And since these passages familiar to the reader in their original context have an entirely different meaning, the result is not only confusing but slightly embarrassing...

In JB as in the Book of Job God is finally heard as the 'voice out of the whirlwind.' But alas, in JB he sounds like a tempest in the wrong tea pot. He shouldn't be in the play at all...

My second major objection involves ~~xxx~~ the central protagonist.

Somehow or other J.B. does not excite our admiration as does Job...

He emerges rather as a pious dullard, a narrow minded, conceited person obsessed by his own virtue...

when he is sorely afflicted, he is not even spirited enough to utter more than a few words of rebellion for all his pain

when his wife Sarah tells her children how much their father likes people he ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{says} ~~utter~~ ^{observes} ~~this~~ ^{the} ~~magnificent~~ ^{same} observation: Come on Solly, there are plenty of people I don't like, but I like them being people, though...

Juvenile Delinquency and the Community

Rabbi Schindler

Mr. chairman, colleagues, friends: It is a privilege which I greatly appreciate to have been asked to address this spirited gathering, sharing the speaker's rostrum with my distinguished colleagues, the Rev. Dr. K. ~~Glendon~~ ^{Rev. Dr. K. Glendon} and ~~Rev. G.~~ ^{Rev. G. Glendon}. In the matter of harmonious interfaith relation, the Worcester community is surely second to none - this very meeting is a point in evidence. Here, ^(in our community) every man is ever ready to lend a helping hand in any endeavor ^{which} works toward the realization of our common goal. Here, clergymen of ~~all~~ ^{different} faiths ^{easily} work hand in hand toward the preservation of our common spiritual heritage. There is no reason, of course, why this should not be so: though we may differ in specific doctrine we are all brothers in spirit, ^{moved by the same thoughts, aims &} impelled by the same motives, ~~moved by the same~~ ^{shares a message from} ideals, and ~~servants of~~ the same ~~God~~ of Life before whom we all stand in awe and humble reverence, always.

The problem we discuss this night is part of our common concern. It is our ~~mutual~~ ^{common} responsibility. Indolence may incline us to say: our community is composed of units - the individual, the family, the church - let each unit tend its own hearth. Nonetheless, society is also a unit, albeit composite, and even as the individual parts of a body are responsible for the workings of the whole person, as the individual members of a family contribute to its total strength, as the devotion of ^{each} congregants assures the success of a church, so does the action of every single individual in a society affect the well being of the whole, and hence the well being of every other member of ~~that~~ society. Mutual responsibility is the inescapable law of our life. { Even as the individual can be guilty of a sin, so too can society be a participant in a moral wrong. There is only one difference between the sin of the individual and the sin of society. Individual responsibility can definitely be allocated. The sins of society ^(on the other hand) are everybody's sins and yet nobody's. When the community of which we are a part is guilty of some great crime, that crime is something for which, in a sense, you and I are not responsible at all and for which, in a deeper sense, we are all responsible together, ~~for we all participate in our community.~~

When something goes wrong in a community, we are inclined to say: "They should do something about it." or "they did this terrible thing." But who is the "they" that is responsible. Is it you and I? You say not, but if not who then? The councilmen, the mayor - are they not our instruments, the ^{spokesman} ~~mouthpieces~~ for their people? Is it the fault of the teacher, the merchant, the newspaper man, the man in the street? ^{Just} ~~who~~ is responsible! The truth is that the sin of a community is nobody's ^{sin} exclusively, and yet it is everybody's sin for we all participate in it. Conversely, of course, the virtue of a society, though it may not necessarily reflect the good deed of each of its members, adds to the well being of all. Every man shares ^{that community's} ~~the~~ blessing.

And so it follows by logical necessity, that since the rearing of a son is the father's highest obligation, the welfare of youth must be a community's supreme concern. "The words which I command thee this day shall be upon thy heart, thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children..."

Precisely ^{what} ~~which~~ aspect of youth welfare is the community's concern? There are many ways of help, even as the causes of delinquency are many, and all ^{of them} ~~are~~ are inter-related; Not a few and well entangled are the strands which make up the rope ^{that} ~~which~~ can either pull our children out of the mire or choke their breath on the hangman's gallows. The home is an all important factor, to be sure, but is not the family also the community's concern; shall not and do not community agency's ^{also} ~~work~~ work to mend a broken home? In practice, ^{therefore} it is impossible to allocate well-defined areas of responsibility - to say that this is the family's job, this the church's, this the community's. Nonetheless, for the sake of discussion and study we can disentangle and lay bare the ~~sepa~~ ^{separate} strands.

The two major areas of essential community concern in the matter of youth ~~are~~ (a) the school, and (b) those agencies which deal with our youth's use of leisure time.

The school is more than a market place for knowledge. It is a place where attitudes are formed and life patterns are set. It is the place where emotional maladjustments can most readily be recognized and adjusted before they are too deeply imbedded in the fibre of our children's ^{way of} ~~personal~~ life.

In the matter of leisure time, it is the community's responsibility to create and to support settlement houses, community centers, boys and girls clubs and other agencies equipped with both qualified leadership and adequate facilities capable of guiding youngsters into ~~at least socially harmless if not~~ positively constructive channels.

A look at our own community reveals that we have much to be proud of and thankful for.

Our school system is served by many well intentioned and dedicated souls who labor dilligently and well to ~~XXXXXX~~ secure our future. Certainly, there is room for improvement - those who lead our schools are the first to admit it and in turn we should heed their request for better facilities, for more adequate funds which will permit them to plan a curriculum flexible enough to meet the needs of different types of children, funds which will permit them to attract the kind of teachers skilled in coping with ^{young people's} ~~the~~ emotional difficulties. ~~of our children~~

Our youth activity agencies are many and effective. It may amaze you to know, even ~~as~~ I was surprised and pleased to discover, that eleven of the thirty major agencies supported by the community chest serve youth exclusively, and that 35 000 children benefit by ^{study} ~~man~~ service. Forty six percent, ^{or} nearly half of the community chest's budget is allocated to ^{youth} ~~these~~ organizations. These figures do not take into account the ^{many} ~~various~~ community chest agencies, ^{particularly} ~~especially~~ the ^{family + psychiatric} ~~various~~ case work agencies who indirectly serve the cause of youth. No wonder that Worcester rate of juvenile delinquency is infinitesimal! ^{Here} ~~also~~ ^{as in tornado + flood relief} also, other communities can well sit up and take notice.

Certainly, once again, not everything is ^{better} perfect. Greater co-ordination is desireable, much of the work is unplanned ^{some of these services are duplicated.} I understand, though, that our community council plans to establish ~~advisory~~ ^{youth} committees charged with the task of coordinating the work of the various agencies.

A more serious lack obtains in the area of parks and recreations. In 1949 the Worcester Community Council prepared an exhaustive recreation study exposing many ^{doing} ~~errors~~ ^(in our city's program) ~~errors~~. Most of this study's valuable recommendations have not yet been effected.

I refer specifically to the need for an adequate number of trained and experienced recreation ~~xxxx~~ workers who can supervise ^{the} use of ^{our} park facilities. Such a program exists, to be sure; unfortunately a major share of its work is restricted to the summer months, and though ~~the~~ present leaders ~~the~~ undoubtedly are dedicated men, an adequate number of ^{group} recreation workers is not available. ~~This problem is uppermost in mind because I pass several of the city's play areas two and three times a day, and I am acutely aware of some of the pitfalls and dangers. May I stress that I do not urge the creation of a special park police who will keep our children from converting our parks into out door parlors and gambling casinos. I merely and strongly endorse, the community council report's urgent plea for recreation therapists, physical education teachers, group supervisors or the like, trained to teach skills and attitudes and to initiate activities that will aid our young people to utilize their leisure time in a constructive and acceptable manner.~~

One ~~Other~~ ^{has not been} ^{I refer to}
~~still another~~ area of youth concern ~~is~~ yet ~~un~~mentioned: those agencies charged
 with the task of dealing with the transgressor. Again we are uniquely blessed
 with a sympathetic police juvenile department, and with ~~a~~ sage and sensitive
 juvenile court justices, ^{who} understanding ~~of~~ ^{who are endowed} our young people's needs and ~~imbued~~
^{an abundant capacity for} with ~~the quality of~~ mercy. In this area of retribution and correction I would
^{the advice given} urge upon ~~all~~ ^{by} a wise rabbi to the father of a delinquent boy. "What shall
 I do with my son?" cried the unhappy man. "Love him more than ever," ^{before} was the
 rabbi's ^{sage} reply.

My friends, we have had a birds-eye view of a serious problem. Much more could and should be said, of course, but an inroad into thought has been made. The sum and substance of our message is really one of ~~love~~^{confidence} and faith, confidence in our capacity to meet all obstacles, and faith in our young people. They give us much reason for worry, to be sure, even as we ourselves added many a grey hair to our parents' ^{mothers'} head. Basically, they are sound in spirit and heart, and they will respond to the best, provided, we as adults, refrain from pandering to their lower instincts and appeal to them at their best.

(Rev. Schindler p.5)

A famous European dramatist wrote a play about a master craftsman who ^{during a time of terror} had fashioned a beautiful church bell and then ^{chimed by the water} sank it to the bottom of lake. Every once in a while, ^{just great} the muffled sounds of that bell rose from the deeps waters bring ^{could} joy to the heart of its maker. There is such a bell in the ~~present~~ of our youth; it is attuned to an appreciation of beauty and truth and love. May God give us the wisdom and ^{patience} ability to reach and elicit its vibrant tones. Then will Isayah's glorious vision be fulfilled and men everywhere beholding our children will ~~xxxxxx~~ say of us: "They did not labor in vain nor bring forth for terror; theirs ^{is} the seed, blessed of the Lord."

Many preachers on the American scene, particularly those whose counsel appears in newspaper columns and popular magazines, assure us that there are really very few problems in life which cannot be overcome with the proper attitude. Applying the theories of practical psychology and utilizing some of its terminology, these pulpiteers in print insist that the thought orientation of man is crucial in determining success in life, and they advise us that so long as our mental perspective is affirmative enough, inevitable victory will crown whatever we may undertake to do.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Life just isn't as accommodating as all that; it does not yield so readily to man's desire. He who does as he dreams is the exception rather than the rule. We all have our visions to be sure, but sooner or later life comes along and tells us: Stop! You can't! And then we have to turn from our first choice and learn to live with the second best.

To one who reads biography, this comes to be a matter of course that he takes it for granted. The roster of history's great is replete with the names of those who achieved lasting fame, not in the field of their first choice, but rather in an area entirely unrelated and only after their preference was denied ~~to them~~ by failure. Whistler the artist, for example, wanted to be a soldier and failed at West Point because he could not pass chemistry. "If silicon had been gas," he used to say, "I would have been a Major-General." Instead he failed in soldiering, half-heartedly tried engineering and then took to painting, and with remarkable success. Sir Walter Scott wanted desperately to be a poet, but he failed; he was always overshadowed by contemporary bards. Finally he took to writing prose, reluctantly at first; all his early ^{books} ~~novels~~ were published anonymously; he did not want anyone to know that he was writing novels. And yet, this second choice opened for him the doors to an immortality denied to many of his contemporary poets.

Most of you undoubtedly have heard of Heinrich Graetz the eminent Jewish historian. In his younger years one passion possessed his life: he wanted to be a rabbi. He studied with diligence, attended Germany's leading rabbinical seminary and finally assumed the post of spiritual leader of a small congregation. But when he was called on to deliver his initial sermon, he lost his lecture notes and in his confusion became so tongue-tied that he was

There is a second source of strength in the hour of defeat. It is the voice of our duty to others, especially those who care for us and who rely on our help. Their need demands that we turn from the self-centered plaint: "Oh what has become of me" to the challenge: "What is there within me now, which, if developed, can serve their betterment.

The trouble with so many of us when we face failure is that we begin to feel sorry for ourselves. We take refuge in self pity and indulge in bemoaning our lot. "Oh if fate had only decreed it otherwise," we cry "What a remarkable person I could have been, but not now." Of all the attitudes to take about defeat, this surely is the worst - to accept defeat with a feeble excuse, to have a dream destroyed and to do nothing but weep. For you see, to turn defeat into victory requires great strength. Self pity does not lend such inner quality; but pity for others will.

Wise indeed was the sage who said that nothing in all the world can make a man so strong as a cry for help. You walk down a street, utterly exhausted, so tired that you would like to lie down on the curb and go to sleep; suddenly there is a cry; there has been an accident, someone is hurt, and you will never know how tired you are until it is all over.

Or a mother is completely fatigued. She has been telling her friends for weeks that there is nothing left of her, and then a child falls ill and needs her. Week after week, by night and by day, she stands by and never thinks of getting tired. In all truth is there anything that makes a man as strong as a call for help.

Moses in Midian was sustained by his faith in God, but he was also strengthened greatly by his concern for others. The cry of his brethren in bondage more than any other force inspired his courage. The Biblical author is explicit in marking the sense of identification with others as the maturing point in the lawgiver's life. Vajigdal Moshe Vayetze el echov, vajar besivlosom...And it was when Moses went out unto his brethren and saw their plight, that he grew up. It was the unselfishness of Moses, his generosity, his concern for the ~~the~~ fate of ^{his brethren} ~~others~~, which opened the door of his brightest future.

This then is the conclusion of the matter: that because Moses had these two elements in his life, as soon as he came to Midian his thoughts were filled not with defeat, but with victory: because his faith in God was great enough to give him the conviction that a higher destiny awaited him beyond the first failure, and because he mustered the capacity to turn

For one thing, religious faith undoubtedly played a great role, faith in God and in His providence. Whatever else was shaken when Moses came to Midian, his conviction was still there, nay if anything it was reaffirmed if not born anew in the vision of the burning bush, that God had a purpose for his life, that if God had led him to Midian there must be something in Midian worth discovering, that God's purposes include the desert as much as the Nile, that God never leads any man into any place where all the doors are shut.

Altogether the most beautiful story in the Bible deals with this very theme, for it was a similar faith in God's providence which sustained Joseph when he was confronted with his second choice. Joseph, son of Jacob who in his youth was destined to succeed his father as leader of the tribe, for that was the significance of the coat of many colors...but then he was stolen from his home, cast into the pit, pressed into servitude, lied about by his master's wife, thrown into the dungeon...whatever else was challenged during the years of his humiliation and disgrace, Joseph's faith in God remained strong and when at last those penitent and frightened brothers stood before him, you remember what he said: I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. And now be not grieved nor angry with yourself, that ye sold me hither... lo attem shelachtem oussi, ki hoelohim...it was not you who sent me hither, it was God.

A people's history ~~xxxxxxx~~ bears a similar message for it was precisely such ^a faith ~~in~~ ^{her} ~~a higher destiny~~ which sustained our fathers when Israel was confronted with ~~the~~ second choice, when the Temple was destroyed and our forbears became wanderers in many lands... They would much have preferred to remain on ^{sacred} ~~holy~~ soil, this surely was their first choice, but when they were forced from the holy land, they saw in their exile not defeat, but purpose: "There must be a reason for our dispersion," they said, "surely it is our task to bring the message of the One God to the four corners of the world." And thus it was that in our people's darkest hour her noblest ideal, the ideal of Israel's mission, was born.

Here then is the first demand of the hour of defeat and disillusionment: faith in a higher destiny, the conviction that if one road is closed, another can lead to as beautiful and meaningful a goal, the capacity to find a worthy second choice and to say of it as did our fathers: Gam zu letovo...this too can be for good.

laughed off the pulpit and out of his congregation. He turned to scholarship instead and wrote his monumental History of the Jews - the first attempt in nearly two thousand years to chronicle the events of Israel's past. His work gave him a name which could not have been his had he been the rabbi he aspired to be, indeed his findings and his writings as historian have enhanced the quality and beauty of sermons delivered by countless rabbis in every corner of the sphere.

I do not think that we stretch historic truth beyond the point of credibility when we assert that Moses, whose life story is recalled in today's Torah portion, assumed leadership of the tribes of his people only as a second choice. Raised as prince in Pharaoh's court, his early years surely were filled with the dream of one day ruling Egypt. Destiny did not permit that dream's fulfillment: Moses was a foundling, he was suspected of being a slave by birth; more powerful claimants to the throne demanded recognition and he was forced into exile. An inner struggle of no small consequence must have raged in his soul while he was keeping the flock of Jethro in Midian - hope and despair, faith and disappointment wrestling for dominance. ~~When the dream of leadership was shattered, he was forced to choose between two paths: one of despair and one of faith.~~ Finally he determined on his second choice: "They will not let me be a prince of Egypt ... They call me slave...so be it...I will be a slave and lead my brethren to freedom." Moses took his limitation and transformed it into a masterpiece, and thus it was that a despised and rejected people became the spiritual leader of the world.

Wanting the fleshpots of Egypt and getting the manna of Sinai...how familiar an experience this is! But to take Sinai, the second best, the broken plan, the left-over of disappointed expectations, and to make of it the greatest opportunity - how much less familiar that is! Yet as one reads the story of human life, one sees that powerful living has always involved such a victory as Moses won in Midian over his own soul and his own situation.

Is there anyone here who has not tasted failure, whose fondest dreams have not been shattered on the rocks of stark reality? As we watch the young people in our Religious School and in our Youth Groups, and when they tell us of their ambitions and their plans, we often wonder what they will do when they face this inescapable experience. When they are shut off from some Egypt and land in a desert, will they know how to handle that? Will they have the spirit and the attitude to make of it their finest chance? Since this is so unavoidable an experience, we can well ask what it was in a Moses ^(what it is in any man) that enabled him to turn ~~his~~ defeat into a victory.

from self-pity to ^asympathy for others. There is nothing in that spirit or consequence that cannot be transferred to our lives.

It is related of Michelangelo that one winter in Italy he went to a quarry to get a block of stone. He felt that if he had the right piece of marble, he could really fashion a masterpiece. But when he got there, he found that all other artists had been there before him and there was but one jagged irregular piece left. It was good for nothing. He sat down and wept because he foresaw a winter of idleness. But as he cried, through his tears it seemed ~~to him~~ he saw the outline of something that could be made. He had the discarded block of stone crated to his shop and worked diligently for many months. When he was done, he had created one of the greatest masterpieces of sculpture in history known and beloved everywhere as the "Boy David." He was later to say of it: "Its outline was dictated by the imperfections of the block - the bend of the head, the twist of the body, the arm holding the sling." They were all there in that jagged, irregular piece of rock.

As we confront our inevitable moments of failure in life - the unfulfilled expectations, the shattered hopes, the broken fragments of our dreams, let us take heart in the knowledge that oftentimes from the despised, rejected and misshapen things are made the masterpieces of life.

Amen.

Sermon by Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Yizkor - Shemini Atseres 1957

LEAVING THE BOOTH

Blessed art thou in thy coming...
Blessed be thou in thy going forth.
- Deuteronomy 28:6

May these words of Israel's great lawgiver and prophet reach fulfillment in our lives as we prepare to bring to an end another cycle of festival and feast. Blessed was our coming - manifold the blessings we received within these sacred halls. Each holy day brought its own peculiar gift: Rosh Hashono, the backward and the forward glance; Yom Kippur, the opportunity for introspection; Succos stirred us to thanksgiving with its reminder of God's enduring care. But now the hour of parting is near. The feast of Conclusions is here, the time for the leaving of the booth. We pray that the many divine influences which touched us here will linger on throughout the year and invest with loveliness and beauty all we undertake to do. Thus will we be blessed in our going forth.

The sweet sorrow of parting fills us at this hour and our somber mood is deepened by a sadness in the world of nature. The melancholy spirit of autumn is in the air, clouds gather in the sky, and leaves are showing the tints of their imminent decay. So it is and so it ever will be: all grass must wither and all fairness of the world must fade.

It is a fitting time to turn our thoughts to the contemplation of a more poignant parting, the leave-taking of man, child of nature and bound to its inexorable law of birth and growth and ultimate decay. It is this thought above all others which impels our presence in the House of God tonight; we are gathered in solemn assembly to recite the prayers of Yizkor and to speak still another farewell in memory to those who have been taken from us.

Each one of us at this hour remembers someone he has loved and lost: a mother or father, a husband or wife, a child or friend. Some among us are opening older wounds, memories of a more distant past; others, alas too many, are still numbed by the anguish of recent bereavement. This is the first time that your rabbi recites the Memorial Service not only as a spokesman for others, but for himself as well and for his loved ones. His words and prayers rise from out of the depths of his afflicted soul.

Two days ago my father was led to his lasting abode. The final farewell was spoken in this very sanctuary, and properly so, for the synagogue was his life, this community his pride and joy. Judaism and the Jewish people were the passion of his soul - his heart encompassed 'k'lal Yisroel' - whenever Jews cried out in

agony, my father heard and suffered and his beautiful poems lent wings to their prayers. His being was filled with love and beauty and everyone whose life was intertwined with his, however fleetingly, was touched with something of its loveliness. It was my father who inspired me to be a rabbi. Whatever I will do of good in my life is his doing. His life was a blessing. May his memory be for blessing.

Our faith enjoins us to be grateful for everything God chooses to bestow. In this hour of our common sorrow we thank God for the lives of our loved ones which in His goodness He gave and in His wisdom He took away. Precious were the gifts which came to us through them; the fruit of their doing still ennobles our being. Boruch dayan ho-emess...Blessed be the Judge of Truth.

We are gathered here not only to mourn, not only to awaken sorrowful memories, but also to seek solace, to find soothing balm for the wound of our heart. We need comfort, consolation, the courage to face the future with spirit undismayed.

Whence this comfort? Where the source of such strength? We may find a measure of it in the knowledge of tragedy's universality, in the truth that we are not chosen for affliction in bereavement but that we bear a destiny common to every man alive. Sooner or later we all must face the death of our dear ones; and sooner or later we too will hear the summons which comes from the unknown beyond.

It is a summons which is undeniable; no man, however mighty, can escape its call. We may think that we are strong and durable. We may boast of our power, we may glory in our might, but when the truth is seen and told, we are as frail and as perishable as the Succoh which we leave this day. Our strength is no stronger than the strength of this booth thrown together in haphazard fashion: a few sticks in the ground, an improvised wall or two, a leaking roof, no shelter at all against the gusts of autumn, only a temporary dwelling erected for use during seven days...or is it seven decades? We are the booth - fragile and lacking in power.

The reminder of man's common destiny and its acceptance may not hearten us; but it may serve to overcome at least a portion of our pain. For much of our anguish in bereavement is rooted in resentment, in the belief that we are chosen for affliction, that we are singled out for sorrow. Or else our anguish grows out of remorse, out of the wistful thought that things might have turned out otherwise had only we dealt otherwise. Let us take solace in the knowledge that things must turn out as they have, for life means that eventually death must come and complete it - life simply may not be had on any other terms.

There is another source of strength in the hour of bereavement. It is the voice of duty. The voice which calls us from the

thought of the past to the demands of the present, from the silence of the grave to the thinking and doing of life.

Each of us has his duty in life - the preacher his pulpit, the mother her children, the husband his business, the poet his songs. Bereavement does not relieve us of these obligations. There is work to be done, there are duties to be met, there are promises to be kept. In short, there is a life which must be lived, for life, whatever else it may do to us, it cannot take from us the tasks which it itself imposes upon us, and it is in the performance of these tasks that we can find the courage to continue life.

To follow the pathway of duty is surely the finest way of rendering homage to the dead. We do not honor them by weeping. We do not honor them by wailing. We do not hallow their memories by watering their graves with our tears. We honor them best when we live as they desire...when we cherish causes they embraced...when we serve the living whom they loved in life.

Some months ago, Mr. Schaftel, our beloved sexton, visited the sick bed of an older woman who wept bitter tears when she told him that her children, who live in our city, had not found the time to visit her. Some days later, Mr. Schaftel chanced to be at the cemetery and saw one of her daughters. He told her of her mother's plight. She seemed surprised; she had not bothered to call her mother for some time; she did not even know that her mother was in the hospital. Why was she in the cemetery? To recite memorial prayers over the grave of her father.

Lo zu haderech - this is not the way. The living ever have a greater claim upon us than the dead. The noblest tribute to the dead is not the tribute of idle weeping, but the tribute of beneficent works. Hugging a tombstone is no way to remember their worth - the better way by far is fervently to espouse the cause of life.

There is still another thought which can give us comfort in the hour of bereavement. It is the thought of God; it is our faith in His goodness - our conviction that He who creates all life will not abandon those we love to the eternal midnight of the tomb.

Here is a faith which I affirm with greater assurance now than ever before in my life, for at this very moment the sense of my father's continued presence is stronger than the knowledge of his death. The words he spoke, the beauty he created, the love he gave in life will warm and guide me always. These precious endowments were never chained to his bodily frame, to the cells of his brain, or to the fibres of his heart. They came from a spirit within him, and beyond him, and this spirit will live on for everlasting blessing.

The belief in immortality is our soul's invincible surmise. In the hour of despair and desolation, when our fondest hopes are

shattered and we speak to unresponsive clay and weep over motionless forms, this thought alone can ease the bitterness of our grief. The hope for life eternal shines brightest in our darkest night. It is in the desert of our affliction that we behold its radiant flame.

Only through these healing balms can sorrowing man attain his peace: by accepting pain as the unavoidable ingredient of life, and death its inevitable conclusion; by making a determined effort to turn from the grave to life, resolutely to meet its call to duty; and, finally, to crown all these with faith in God, with the conviction that He who placed man on earth and gave him a mind to seek truth, and a heart to perceive love and beauty will not crush it all forever.

May these thoughts give us comfort and support at this hour as we prepare to leave the booth of our feast and to recall our loved ones who have left the booth of earthly life. May they enable us to find the valley of the shadow of death not a place whose darkness and gloom will envelope us forever, but rather as a place of temporary sojourn, a place we merely walk through. And having walked through it with baited breath perhaps, and with pain and grief, may we come to that which lies beyond, where there is light, the light of new hope, the light of new life.

Then will we be enabled to pray with the psalmist of old:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want..."

Amen.

The sentiment against the death penalty has gained much force in recent years. Arguments for and against its abolition are heard even outside the hallways of courts and legislative chambers. To kill or not to kill the man who killed - here is a question of current concern, and the debate is stimulated as much by the past as by the present. The present always offers its cause celebre: the Adams affair and Scotland Yard in England, the Chapin Baby Sitter Case in our own nation and state, even now our governor's council is deliberating the fate of a man, ~~murderer~~ ^{his infamy, is} a building contractor, convicted for the murder of his wife. ~~The voice of the past~~ ^{is} is heard through its written record and Meyer Levin ~~through~~ ⁱⁿ his best-selling Compulsion has resurrected for us an ancient crime as well as Clarence Darrow's powerful plea for the extirpation of the death penalty as a vestige of jungle existence.

To kill or not to kill the man who killed. This is not just an academic problem far removed from our personal concern. The deeds of a free society are no more and no less than the aggregate reflection of the deeds of ~~an~~ ^{the} individual ^{member} of that society. The sins of ~~society~~ are our sins as well for we all have a share in it. When a state convicts a man the state does so in our name; the record is quite clear on this point - every indictment and sentence begins with the words: the people of the State of Massachusetts against Kenneth ~~Chapin~~ ^{Chapin}, or the people of the State of Massachusetts against Dominik Bonomi. And when a man is executed ^{by the state} we kill him, just as surely as if we ourselves were to pull the switch, as if we ourselves were to drop the pellets of cyanide through the trap doors of his execution chamber.

Capital punishment is a question of particular concern to religious people, for all too often religion is invoked in support of its institution. The lex talionis of Biblical fame, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' is regarded its theoretic foundation. Does not the Bible say 'whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed'? Does not the Bible itself rule the death penalty as punishment for certain crimes? - Thus speak those who support capital punishment and in doing so they betray a thoroughgoing ignorance of Judaism's history, a transcendental ignorance of its nature and its spirit.

To begin with, the law of retaliation must be considered in the framework of the age in which it was promulgated. It was written at a time when vengeance was the law of the land - when two eyes were demanded for one and a whole tribe was slain for the death of a single person. Thus it represents an ethical advance for its time. But Judaism did not cease its development in Biblical times. Judaism evolves continuously, and soon this law was interpreted to mean 'the value of an eye for an eye, the value of a tooth for a tooth.' Thus the rabbis presage 2500 years ago the theory of 'just compensation for damage done' which still forms the basis of most civilized codes of law.

As for the death penalty prescribed by Scripture, Rabbinic interpretation rendered their execution virtually impossible. Circumstantial evidence was deemed inadmissible; two eye witnesses to a crime had to be found, eye-witnesses who had time to foreward the criminal of the consequence of his deed. A rabbinic court which, in the 70 years of its existence, ordered the execution of one criminal is referred to in Jewish literature as a "murderer's Sanhedrin." Rabbi Tarfon and Rabbi Akkibah speaking of its work exclaim: Illu hoyinu besanhedrim, lo ne-herag odom me-olom, had we been members of this Sanhedrin, no man would have suffered such penalty. In our own day, every responsible Jewish religious leader opposes the death penalty as a violation of the religious mandate: Lo Tirzoch, Thou shalt not kill, for that is what capital punishment is - murder, made all the more terrible because it is invested with the ^{sanction} ~~approval~~ of society.

The death penalty cannot be justified on religious grounds. Its historic ~~origin~~ and basic motivation is the desire for revenge, and revenge is expressly prohibited by our faith: Lo Sikkom ve lo Sitor, thou shalt not revenge, neither shalt thou bear a grudge. Moreover it is a passion which cannot find satisfaction. During the war years - if you will permit a personal reference - I stood over the dead bodies of German soldiers and felt empty, and I saw my comrades kick these self same corpses out of a sense of frustrated revenge. The desire for revenge is the fruit of an arrogant spirit. Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord ^{Q.H.M.} ~~Q.H.M.~~. Real strength and inner satisfaction comes not from the surrender to but rather from the overcoming of this passion.

It is argued that hanging is a powerful deterrent of ^{CRIME} (cry). Many people are convinced that without capital punishment murders would increase. Actualities do not bear out this

contention. In the several states of our land, and in those countries of the world where the death penalty has been abolished - in Denmark and Finland, and Belgium, and Austria, and Israel, and New Zealand, and, more recently England, there is nothing to show that the rate of murder has gone up. Most murders are crimes of passion, and the passionate man does not weigh the consequence, and when he does, life imprisonment is as great a deterrent as death.

upon the contrary

Hanging may well have the opposite effect. It may actually stimulate crime, because it places a low value of life. Wherever and whenever that happens, the crime rate goes up. There are always more murders during and after a major war - after all what is a life more or less in a sea of murder and destruction. The execution of a criminal has a like effect. Criminals do not die at the hands of the law. They die at the hands of men - and calling this legal does not alter the nature of the deed. Ultimately it is the deed that teaches. Murder and capital punishment are not opposited that cancel one another. They are similars that breed their kind.

The death penalty is discriminatory legislation. It discriminates against the poor - top flight legal talent is not available to them, nor do they have money for protracted appeals. Capital punishment discriminates against minorities - juries are made up of human being, and when a man joins this distinguished panel he does not automatically lose his prejudices. In the South, negroes are convicted more readily than white men - one need only recall the Emmet Till case to establish this truth.

Perhaps the most telling argument against the death penalty is its irretrievability. Once a mistake is made it cannot be recalled, and mistakes are made. Only a few weeks ago we were shocked to read in the newspapers that the governor's call commuting the death sentence of a criminal came two minutes too late - the telephone lines were tied up - the poisoned pellets had already dropped into the gas chamber and no resuscitation was even attempted. Five years ago in England a man was convicted of murder, primarily on the testimony of his neighbor. Last year this neighbor confessed to the crime, when six more bodies were found imured in the cellar of his home. When an innocent man is executed and the principle of a life for a life is applied, who shall atone for the death of the innocent man: the judge, the juror, the district attorney, the executioner, or perhaps even one of us in whose name he was executed?

What is the alternative - not freedom for the convicted man to be sure, but rather life imprisonment, imprisonment coupled with a ^{serious} program of rehabilitation. Judaism urges this course when it enjoins us to hate the sin and not the sinner, to extirpate the evil and not the evil doer. Born of a spirit of vengeance, rationalized as a deterrent, our penal system ought to be civilized by transforming it into an educational force.

Is this too expensive? Is it too uneconomical for the state to feed, and clothe and educate a murderer convicted for life? Believe it or not, ^{here we have} ~~this~~ is one of the most common objections to the commutation of the death penalty and, unhappily, the ^{attorney general} ~~XXXXXX~~ of our State shares ~~this~~ view. No more wicked and immoral reason could be given. As a matter of fact, most ~~prisoners~~ produce enough to support themselves in terms of state expenditures. But more fundamentally, are we to kill men and women in cold blood because it is too expensive to maintain prisons to house them? If the terrible problem of life and death is to be decided on the basis of dollars and cents we have little reason to be proud of our civilization.

Rehabilitation does work

^{Required}
compare ~~book~~ - work done in prison library
school system
malaria experimentation
~~Prison system~~
Rathenau's assassin - lived to do good for Jews

To kill or not to kill the man who kills. Religion knows only one answer. Life is given by God. It is His alone to take.

The world is tragic enough; heavy is the responsibility of those who add to its pain. The repetition again and again of these ghastly human sacrifices to the idol of retributive justice is a disgrace to our legal system. It is a disgrace to every man, and especially the one who call himself religious, who does not lift his voice against it.

May the considerations of this hour ^{awaken} ~~increase~~ within all of us ^{a fresh} ~~the~~ reverence for life. Life is precious - those among us who mourn a dear one tonight, or who themselves walked through the valley of the shadow of disease and death know that. Life is ineffably precious. Let us not waste it. Let us hold fast to it with all our soul and with all our heart.

Amen

It has often been suggested that ours is essentially a market-place ~~economy~~ ^{Culture}. The ways of commerce dominate our thinking and our doing even beyond the economic sphere. We buy and we sell wherever we are and whatever we do. "Everything has its price" is the motto by which we live; if you want something you have to pay for it and the secret of success is to get as much as possible for as little as possible. So we approach our economic life, so we approach our social life, so we approach ^{your cultural life, in} education and music and literature and art.

So we measure ~~our~~ our religious life. Consider for a moment the slogans of modern faith: "The family that prays together stays together," "Leave your problems in the pew!" "Do you want peace of mind, come to Temple on Friday or go the church on Sunday." ^{role} ~~Such~~ time honored a religious virtue as charity is urged and practiced on the basis of an enlightened self-interest: our government sends millions to underdeveloped continents in order to secure the ^{of their people's voluntary} allegiance in the event of a war; communities spend money on slum clearance in order to avert social unrest; ^{delinquency} and the peculiar fiscal structure of our nation enables individuals to be ^{as} virtuous ^{as possible} without too high a cost - after all, charity is tax deductible.

Basically, it must be admitted that we are right in applying the measure of the market place to all aspects of our existence, for when all is said and done, everything in life does have its price. This is not to suggest for a moment that money can acquire all, yet some form of payment has to be rendered for everything of worth. Education demands prior diligence, art requires self-discipline, freedom cannot be obtained without the willingness to make decisions, beauty has the unavoidable sting of transiency, and every moment of our pleasure exacts an equal measure in pain. Even great faith, religion, does not come without effort, without sacrifice - is not this the spiritual lesson behind the sacrificial legislation enumerated in our Torah portion for today? Judaism too demands its payment, no longer in the sacrifice of animals, to be sure, but rather in the sacrifices of the heart and the spirit, through disciplined worship, through study, through charity, ^{selah} sometimes, as our history amply attests, through persecution and suffering and death.

As a matter of fact, not only does the good in life have its price, the evil also exacts its payments - not necessarily in legal retribution, sometimes we can escape that - but even the man who doesn't get caught renders payment for the evil that he does. The comfort of indolence is compensated by insecurity; the ease which comes with the surrender of one's obligation to make decisions is repaid with the lash of servitude; every thrill of a dissipated life demands a counter sacrifice - there is nothing self-indulging or self-pampering about dissolute living - the man who chooses it has to surrender something - more often than not he gives up the very things that most render life worthwhile - self respect, the respect and love of others - and thus he throws diamonds on the counter in order to buy dust.

Life really offers no choice between self-indulgence and self sacrifice. That is a mere trickery of words. We can only choose between two different kinds of sacrifice: for good or for evil; and we can determine the object of our sacrifice; but however we choose, we have to pay.

הַצֶּדֶק עֲלֵינוּ כְּכֶסֶף וְהַיָּסוּד עֲלֵינוּ כְּחַיִּים, וְהַיָּסוּד עֲלֵינוּ כְּחַיִּים וְהַצֶּדֶק עֲלֵינוּ כְּכֶסֶף
"Balance the material loss involved in the observance of a Mitzvah against the spiritual gain, and the material gain accruing from transgression against the spiritual loss" We either pay dust for diamonds or diamonds for dust, one or the other, we can take what we want, the good or the evil, take it and pay for it.

Moreover, note this strange fact - it is the thought which gave impulse to my sermon - when we choose evil we get what we want at once, but when we choose good we have to pay for it before we get it. The youth in college who chooses an idle life can have that at once, today he can start that, he will pay for it afterwards. But the one who wants to have a degree with honors cannot get that today; he must pay for it before he gets it in hard work and self discipline. In short, life is like the market place in this respect also: it can be had on the installment plan, we can buy now and pay later, but by the time we get through paying for it it has depreciated to the point of no return just as surely as we have to trade in our old car long before the last payment has been made. The 'cash and carry,' the 'earn now and pay later' approach, on the other hand, offers a life of far more lasting worth.

Just why the world and life were made like that, I do not know, but so it is. And that is why wrong is so attractive; its gains can be had very quickly, nothing has to be paid in advance. Evil can be had on the installment plan. But, believe me, the bills do come in eventually, and what is worse, what is far more tragic, when the bills do begin to come in for our wrong doing, they are not all presented to us. Those who love us have to pay also, those whom we really do not want to hurt, they too have to pay for it. The great choices, on the other hand, the long term aims that mean high character, high intelligence, great service, the bills for all these come in first, we must pay in advance, with self control, self dedication, self discipline, but the goods are worth their price. When the matter is at last presented to the judgment of retrospect and we look back upon our choice, we know then that it was worth it. No remorse fills us then, no regret of wasted days and lost opportunities, no reproach of 'years which the locusts have eaten,' of time that flies and cannot be recaptured.

Perhaps our persistent failure to achieve our ideals is rooted in this law of life, in our violation of its mandate to sow first and reap later. Many of us, nay, surely most among us reject ~~any~~ the evil and choose the good - we aim for the highest the noblest, the loftiest in our communal and in our personal life, but we fail to achieve these heights, precisely because we don't want to pay the price and in advance.

The nations of the world now are presenting a fearful illustration of this truth. Have we not chosen peace? Is not that what we want? If anyone should ask for war would he not be howled down in indignation? It is peace we want - we can be certain of that. But the price of peace - ~~The~~ necessary surrender of national sovereignty, the cessation of power politics, the ending of competitive armament, the shift of our economy from self-centered nationalism to cooperative internationalism, the overcoming of racial prejudice, the ^{with} building of a real government where such suspicious remnants of the old order as the veto power of the Security Council have been overpassed - these conditions of peace, these indispensable prerequisites to its achievement, these we shrink from. Give us peace, we say, but not the cost of it. And in rejecting the cost of peace, we forget the price which follows a declaration of war - a price far more fearsome than anything demanded by peace.

Is not this truth operative also when it comes to some of our more personal values? We aim high. We all want Jewish homes, faithful marriages, the religious training of our children, integrity of character, public usefulness. Asked in general, would we not say that these are our very choices? But the cost, have we sat down and counted that? Are we paying the price for what we say we want? What good does it do to choose the end and then not choose the means that alone can reach ^{them} ~~it~~? ^{Here} ~~here~~ is our favorite hypocrisy - to make a lovely choice, and then to decline to pay for it.

To be sure now, there are many here now who will say that when it comes to the problems confronting them what we have said is totally irrelevant, for something has happened to them which they did not choose, a calamity falling on them like fate, unwanted and lamentable - illness, bereavement, betrayal, poverty, or crippling handicap. What we have said may seem to them no more and no less than cruel irony - take what you want and pay for it - No! ^{Silent Sufferers} cry the ~~here~~ ~~and~~, life makes you take what you do not want.

But even here a power of choice is still available. How ^{do we} ~~will~~ handle ~~your~~ ^{we} adversity? What will ^{we} ~~you~~ make of it? ^{we} ~~You~~ can choose. ^{we} ~~You~~ can become embittered, despondent, faith all knocked out of ^{us} ~~you~~ and cynicism withering ~~your~~ ^{we} soul. Or ^{we} ~~you~~ can choose another attitude. The most stimulating lives we know have suffered the bludgeoning of faith fate but still have chosen an unconquered faith, an undefeated spirit. ^{Remember a Stammering Moses, a ~~blond~~ Job, a blind Victor, a Beethoven who could not hear} ~~As a great poet once~~ ^{(all of them were ~~also~~ a great poet once said, who} ~~like~~ wounded oysters ~~that~~ have mended their broken shells with a pearl. That attitude costs too, but how inspiring it is to all who see. Take that attitude and pay for it, for your sake and for the sake of those still near and dear to you in life.

Something else needs be said; someone here tonight surely has been thinking of it. We do not pay for everything. We get some things free. The homes we came from, great books, great music, great art, the great heritage of our people and our faith ^{this beautiful Temple} all these belong to the realm of ^{benedictions} ~~benedictions~~ we inherit without money and without price. We may not pay for everything - that's true, but it has all been paid for - by our fathers who ^{sacrificed to} ~~preserved~~ our faith, by the dedicated artists and those who stood by them who created our music and our literature and our art, by our parents who built our homes and nurtured us, by ~~and~~ the leaders of this community who contributed to erect this magnificent sanctuary. So must

we, in like manner, contribute where we cannot collect. So must we sow where we cannot reap - ^{for why should we not plant trees which will give fruit & shade to those who come after} ^{us even as we have eaten the fruit of trees planted long before we came into this world.}

Life on the Installment plan - we can have it if we want it, but not if we are wise.
If we are filled with true wisdom and understanding we will sow first and reap later.
we will provide the perseverance which is the pre-requisite of knowledge and growth;
we will muster the self discipline which is the foundationstone of the faithful home;
we will assume the responsibilities of making decisions to earn our freedom; we will
surrender our power to pay the price of peace. And we will meet the demands of faith:
through worship, through charity, through ~~sacrifice~~ ^{leading to the meaning of sacrifice}. Is its price too high? If a man
can truly and confidently say: The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
if he can say it even in adversity, in moments of defeat, why then he has the very best
that life can offer.

Amen.

Yiskor for Yom Kippur
Our days on earth are like a shadow...Not as
the shadow of a wall...not as the shadow of a
tree...but as the shadow of a bird in flight.

These words of Scripture and of comment by our rabbis bespeak the mood which fill us at this hour as we gather in solemn assembly for still another service of remembrance. Our days on earth are as a shadow. The wind passeth over them and they are gone. Life flows through our fingers like precious grain from a loosely fastened bag.

In many ways Shemini Atseres underscores the message of life's evanescence even more than does Rosh Hashono and Yom Kippur, for this is a festival of many endings, each deepening our awareness of ^{time's} ~~life's~~ relentless onward flow:

A moment ago, we brought to an end a cycle of Scriptural readings... This service marks the end of 'sukkos', and we prepare to leave the booth, itself a symbol of human frailty...

Shemini Atseres brings to an end our sacred season as a whole - the stirring accents of the shofar and the moving strains of the Kol Nidrei are now only memory, ever weaker, ever fainter echoes in the soul... And beyond these sacred walls, in the world of nature, in the greater sanctuary of God, delicately tinted leaves tremblingly holding fast to life whisper the end of nature's season.

Surely, this is a fitting time to consider a more personal and a more poignant ^{parting} ~~end~~, the end of man, child of nature and bound to its inexorable laws of birth and growth and ultimate decay. ~~And so we turn our thoughts once more to those whom death has taken from our midst.~~ It is this thought above all others which bestirs us to worship ^{thought} as we turn our thought once more to those whom death has taken from our midst.

Each of us, at this hour, remembers someone he has loved and lost: a mother or father, a husband or wife, a child or a friend. Some among us are opening older wounds, memories of a more distant past. Others, alas too many, are still numbed by the anguish of recent bereavement. But however great or small the sweep of time since their passing, ^{we still mourn} we still lament our loss, for we still remember, remember the happiness that was ours when they were near, the care they gave ^{us} in boundless measure, the love which sweetened our days. Their image lives within us still - a silent secret of the ^{soul} heart - and will remain with us forever.

No, we need no service of remembrance to remind us of our loss 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. We are here, ^{not to be undisturbed but to be consoled} rather, ~~in quest of solace~~, to find healing for the wounds of heart. We need comfort, consolation, the courage to meet the future with spirit undismayed.

Is there a balm for Gilead? Can one assuage grief? Is it possible to still the anguish of bereavement? ^{To be sure} Of course, there is no easy formula which can send us cheerfully from the silence of the grave to the tasks and responsibilities of life. But religion has wrestled with this human situation since man first confronted the sadness of life, and its thinkers ^{have} gained an insight which ^{may} ~~might~~ help us ^{to us in our} ~~also~~ ^{quest for peace of soul.}

As we turn the pages of our sacred lore we note at once that our fathers were not restrained ~~to~~ lay bare their sorrow. They expressed their grief quite visibly. They rent their mantles and sat upon the ground and wept with voices aloud. The Bible records that even ~~a~~ David, strong and courageous as a fighter, was unashamedly disconsolate when his son lay dying. He slept in dust and ashes, refusing to stir when others sought to raise him. He cried aloud, beseeching for the child, and fasted days on end.

Here is tradition's first counsel in the matter of bereavement: It is good for a man to express his grief. It is normal for a person to mourn and to weep in the face of the loss of a loved one. Modern science underscores tradition's teaching with its reminder that the repression of natural feeling can lead to mental illness if not to physical pain.

The late Rabbi Liebman, master of religion as well as ^{in his classic Peace of Mind} psychology, made this ^{central in the matter handling} a rule for the handling of sorrow: ~~in his classic "Peace of Mind."~~ - let ^{always} a man express as much grief as he actually feels.

This seems simple advise to follow, except for the tendency in our times to be ashamed of showing feeling. We make a virtue of repressing our emotion. We deem it strong and proper to be restrained in weeping. Enter a house of mourning and you hear talk of ^{anything} everything except the dread reality of death. Friends ^{try to} distract the mourner from his sorrow as if, by speaking of lighter matters, they can ~~hide~~ ^{hide from} or even remand the ~~harsh~~ ^{ever} decree.

~~Modern~~ ^{Sometimes} religion too often shares in the conspiracy to help a mourner escape the reality of his loss. It arranges poetry and music in a manner entirely too pleasing for the occasion. Death ought not to be made pretty. It ought to be seen for what it is. Our tradition prescribes that a mourner sit in his home for a full week with the signs of ~~his~~ grief visible upon him. Those who call are enjoined to let him talk about his loss and what it means. That is good psychology. And it is good religion. When ^{David} his son died, David did ^{he} what is normal for a man who sustains great loss, "he mourned for his child and wept for him."

An old legend tells us that when Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden he turned to God in sorrowful lament: Oh Lord, where will I find comfort, how can I ease my misery, how soothe the pangs of heart. In response to his plaintive call, God presented Adam with a precious gift - a tear - and He said: This saline drop is endowed with healing power. In times of sorrow it will wash away your grief. In moments of despair, it will ~~wash~~ ease the anguish of your soul.

Tears are heaven's gift ^{to man} and we need not be ashamed to use them. We are foolish if we fail to avail ourselves of their healing balm, if, because of shallow pride, we compound the sorrow of bereavement with the agony of reluctant tears. Weeping is the palliative of sorrow. It is the first demand of the hour of bereavement.

There is a second insight into this matter revealed by the account of David. He knew the limits of mourning and did not make a career of it. "And David arose from before his dead," we ^{read} are told in the Bible, and we are told that he turned with resolute determinations to the tasks and responsibilities of ~~life~~ ^{statehood}.

Even as we need guard against the danger of stoic self restraint in mourning, so ought we to avoid the opposite extreme: a surrender to sadness. We should ^{never} ~~not~~ luxuriate in our grief or yield to its obsession. There are people who do just that, who turn their sorrow into a permanent melancholy until it becomes an emotional indulgence... Sometimes they are impelled by an all too tender ego, viewing their tragedy not as an inevitable ingredient of life but rather as a personal blow: Why did this happen to me, they cry, what did I do to deserve such fate...

Or ^{perhaps they are} ~~they may be driven~~ to excessive mourning by an excessive sense of guilt, by the weighty burden of the knowledge that there ^{are many} ~~were~~ things they might have done but failed to do. We all of us lack here! Too many tears at the graveside of a loved one are tears of regret as we are filled with the reproach of kindness left unspoken, of love unfilled. ^{And yet, when all is said & done,} But there is nothing we can do for the dead. We cannot erase our guilt by erecting marbles of stone or withdrawing into the shell of grief. We can atone for the wrong of the past only by returning to life, by doing justly and dealing kindly with the living who are the heirs of the dead.

To turn from the stillness of the grave to the voice and doing of life is not only just and right. It is the very gate of wisdom. But this "turning" can never come from without. We cannot sit back and expect others or something to ~~make~~ us from our melancholy. The strength to leave the shell of sorrow can only come from within. It requires a determined assertion of the will. And we can begin, first of all, by putting our sorrow to work.

For you see,
Every emotion is a form of energy which can be put to work, and sorrow is ^{no exception} ~~as powerful as any~~. Some of the world's ^{finest things in the line of song, as perhaps poetry is the} ~~most exalted~~ music was born of ^{unhappy} grief. Think of the Kol Nidrei, if you please; its stirring strains did not ^{pour from} ~~break from~~ the heights of ^{sunny} ~~joy and~~ good fortune; its melody ^{rose} ~~poured~~ forth from out of the depths of a people's afflicted soul. Some of the greatest poetry ever written has come from sorrow, and not necessarily sorrowful poetry. What begins with ^{grief} ~~sorrow~~ can end in exaltation.

To be sure, now, it is not given to all of us to fashion things of deathless beauty, to create great music and art. But we too can put our sorrow to work, by allowing it to deepen our understanding of other people, by employing our bitter experience to counsel and to comfort those who, like ourselves, are sorrow stricken.

There is a parable drawn from the pages of American folklore which makes this point so well. Once upon a time, a man visited a fruit orchard and saw an apple tree so loaded with fruit that all around the laden branches were propped to keep them from the ground. When he exclaimed about it, the owner of the orchard said: "Go look at that tree's trunk, near the bottom." The man looked and saw that the tree had been badly wounded, with a deep gash. "That is something we have learned about apple trees," said the owner, "When a tree tends to run to wood and leaves and not to fruit, we wound it, we gash it, and almost always, no one knows why, this is the result: ^{the wound} ~~it~~ turns its energies to fruit."

we all know people like that *if we* *of whom this is a parable*

~~We all know~~ wounded apple trees in the human orchard, of whom ~~that~~ ^{this} is a parable, men and women who transform the sorrow of their own bereavement into fruitful blessing for others. And so can we, by calling an end to our mourning of self pity, ^{if we} by meeting the demands of the living, by making use of our sorrow to help their needs.

Here, then, is tradition's counsel in the task of handling sorrow: ^{on the one hand} it confronts us with the reality of death enjoining us to give expression to our grief; ^{on the other} but it challenges us ~~also~~ to face the reality of life and its rightful demands, demands which are ^{just as} more compelling ^{as is} by far than the duty to pay homage to the dead.

May these thoughts give us comfort and support at this hour as we prepare to leave the booth of our feast and ~~to~~ recall our loved ones who have left the booth of earthly life. May they enable us to find the valley of the shadow of death not a place whose darkness and gloom will envelope us forever, but rather as a place of temporary sojourn, a place we merely walk through.

And having walked through it, with bated breath perhaps, and with pain and grief, may we come to that which lies beyond, where there is light, the light of new hope, the light of new life.

Then will we be enabled to sing with the psalmist of old:

Adonai Roi Lo Echsor

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,,,

He maketh me to lie down in greenpastures

He leadeth me beside the still waters

He restoreth my soul.

He guideth me in straight paths for his Name's sake.

Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies

Thou hast anointed my head with oil, My cup runneth over

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life

And I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

Long 4 1145

Militant Radicalism - Salvation or Doom
for the Jew

The narrative recorded in the chapters of scripture recited on this Sabbath, "Parshas Vo-eyro," is of great significance to Judaism. It is of great meaning in the ~~growth~~^{annual} development of our people, ~~Israel~~. First among the Biblical tales told in childhood, it is recalled to mind every single year during the seder service on Passover. It is the story of the ten plagues and the exodus from Egypt and it portrays in ~~appropriate~~ vivid language that most dramatic moment in the life of Moses, when, standing before the sullen tyrant Pharaoh, he calls out with a boldness born of faith: "יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יֵצֵאנוּ מִמִּצְרָיִם"

"Let my people go that they may serve me." These stirring words, first proclaimed by Moses, have become a ^{TOSCAN} ~~clarion~~ call of liberty; they have become the rallying cry of all who yearn for freedom. "Let my people go that they may serve..."

[It is perhaps because of such determined opposition to tyranny, because of its steadfast insistence on universal freedom, that Judaism has often been designated a religion of revolution and the Jew a radical. This myth found recent re-iteration in the crucial Vitt letter of the ill-advised Ladejinsky case. There is no substance to such a charge. Judaism admits no social unrest; Judaism is not even particularly interested in the structure of society; its paramount concern is the individual who makes up society. It seeks to change, not the established ^{social} order, but the human soul within that order, whatever it might be.

Our spiritual leaders have always taught loyalty to the government as a primary obligation of the religious Jew. ^{and like all Jews} "Seek the peace of the city wherein ye dwell," cried Jeremiah, and Rabbi Hanina thoughtfull comments in the Mishna: ^{לֹא יִשְׂרָאֵל יִבְרָכָה אֲדָמָה אֲשֶׁר לֹא הָיָה בָּהּ מֶלֶךְ} "Pray for the welfare of the government since were it not for the fear of it, men would swallow each other alive."

Only when freedom was at stake, only when the right to worship God was taken from ~~them~~ the Jew, did the rabbis countenance ~~insurrection~~. The Exodus from Egypt was that - "let my people go that they may serve me," freedom for service to God was the demand of Moses. The struggle of the Maccabees was essentially a fight for religious freedom. The one recorded political rebellion of Jewish history, the revolt against Rome in ~~132~~ the year 132 ended in dismal failure. Bar Kochba received the support of only one responsible political leader. The overwhelming majority of rabbis rejected his ways; and their leader Jochanan ben Zaccai actually collaborated with the occupying authorities and ~~happily~~ ^{readily} submitted his people to Roman rule once he was assured that he could establish an academy at Javneh and that the Jews would be permitted to worship God without molestation. It is significant that in the judgment of the Jewish people, Jochanan ben Zaccai and not Bar Kochba emerges as the real hero of the Roman ^{WAR} ~~war~~.

[Even when a government was ill-disposed toward Jews did the rabbi exact loyalty and obedience to the state. In such a case they urged upon their people the Talmudic ^{advice} ~~injunction~~: "withdraw and await the Messiah" preferring a dismal existence to the risk of still worse condition attendant upon revolutionary change.

There is good reason for the basic conservatism of the Jew - his history has conditioned him to be fearful of radical change. Wherever there ^{is} ~~was~~ an upheaval of a political or economic nature, he ^{is} ~~was~~ the first ^{to suffer} ~~victim~~; incumbents and insurgents alike made him their prey - to the one he ^{is} ~~was~~ the instigator of revolt, to the other, symbol of oppression. And no matter who ^{is} ~~was~~ the victor the Jew ^{is} ~~was~~ always the victim.

It is oftentimes assumed that revolutions ^{since} ~~advance~~ ^{make} human liberty ^{their professed cause} ~~and that~~ therefore all minorities, but especially the Jews, reap good. This theory is at variance with the brutal facts of history. No revolution has ever benefited the Jew.]

The Reformation fought against absolutism, but once victorious, its leader hounded the Jews - even while Luther's opponents, the peasants, sacked Jewish ghettos. The French revolutionaries proclaimed freedom for all, but somehow took two years before they could get themselves to grant equal rights to Jews - in the meantime the Jews of France suffered as they had never suffered before; Voltaire, great humanitarian was second to none in his hatred of the Jew. Napoleon carried the banner of 'liberty, equality and fraternity' to all four corners of the earth - at home he demanded the assimilation of the Jews, forcing the rabbis to sanction intermarriage and to renounce all bonds between the Jews of France and other Jews. (Much) similar^{too} was the pattern during the constitutional revolutions in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

A final case in point is the Russian Revolution of more recent vintage. From its very inception it attacked the Jew as the symbol of bourgeois society and the Jewish religion as the theoretical foundation of ~~Western~~ Judeo Christian Humanitarianism. Marx is well known for his rabid antisemitism; Lenin, Kautzky and Stalin also expressed their determination to liquidate the Jew, if not physically, then at least spiritually, through forced assimilation, by taking away from the Jew that which gives him life - his faith and culture.

To be sure, (^{outside} without) the ~~defender~~ borders of USSR, Communists the world over, pose as the staunch defenders of all minorities, including the Jews and quickly seize every opportunity to jump to their defense. Marx himself set the pattern when, in 1843 he wrote to a friend:

"...I have just been visited by a representative of the Jews who solicited my support for an equal rights petition... Repugnant as Judaism may be, it is our obligation nonetheless to whack away at the powers of the state..."

Communists eagerly exploit instances of antisemitism in other lands to sow panic among Jews and discontent among the people.

Within the borders of Russia, the communists have isolated two million Jews from all contact with the outer world. Institutions of Jewish religious and cultural self-perpetuation have been destroyed. Thousands have been arrested and exiled for "Zionist espionage." In 1929, and again in 1936, Russia gave silent support to the Arab rioters in Palestine. In 1939, after the Hitler Stalin pact, communists denounced the Jews as "war-mongers for opposing Hitler. More recently, the Russians erected a statue to Chmielnitzky, Ukrainian rebel who stands second only to Hitler as mass exterminator of the Jews. The Prague trials and the doctor's plot, admitted by the Kremlin to be a frameup, are current history. In Russia, as in every other revolution, the Jew became a victim.

The unfortunate presence of some Jews in the ranks of political radicals has been a source of confusion in the mass mind. The number of such Jews has always been exaggerated - by willful propagandists or in the minds of hypersensitive Jews. As a matter of historic fact, [the vast majority of world Jewry turned a deaf ear to the social revolutionaries. Their materialist conception of man as the exclusive product of his political or economic society clashed sharply with the traditional Jewish concept of man ^{by God} endowed with freedom. Jews, moreover, were not at all eager ^{to desert} constitutional democracies which had finally brought them freedom. Those who were seduced by the siren-call of social revolution were Jews by birth only. In their convictions, they had long ^{before} ago severed all identification with their people. Many chose radicalism as a means of giving vent to their self-hatred.] It was the Jewish radicals who organized dances on Yom Kippur day and who paraded in front of ~~the~~ orthodox synagogues with cigarettes dangling from their sneering lips.

Here in America the picture was and is no different - the radical element among Jews is a minute minority. ^(MINUSCULE) To be sure, in the 1920, Jews, together with many ~~other~~ ^{of other faiths} American liberals and intellectuals followed the progress of the Russian Revolution with ~~eager anticipation~~ ^{great interest}. During the great depression many succumbed to the fascination of the experimental. The trials of 1936 and the Hitler-Stalin pact of '39 taught them better and revealed the revolution for what it really was. The great experiment became the God that failed. The ranks of local sympathizers was rapidly decimated. Those few who remained, ~~retinalizing a Hitler-Stalin pact~~ and the Prague trials, are woefully ignorant or emotionally unstable.

As a matter of fact, within the ranks of labor, it was the Jewish unionist and his leader who first warned against the dangers of inflation. ^{communists} Already in the 1920's communists were expelled from the International Ladies Garment Worker's Union, from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and from the Millinery Workers, all predominantly Jewish unions. Labor unions such as the Automotive Industry unions composed primarily of non-Jews did not act until the late thirties. Jewish labor leaders like Strasser and Gompers and Hillman have deservedly received the applause of Jew and Christian alike for their political sagacity and their unflagging commitment to democracy.

The sum and substance of our message is crystall clear. Militant radicalism has always brought doom upon the Jew - whatever his own preference - whether incumbent or insurgent or neutral - he was ~~left~~ the victim left alone ^{to sit} amid his ashes and his dead. That is why the Jews have always counseled against radical social upheaval, preferring to find their ^{evolutionary} and the world's salvation in constitutional change.

This is not to say that the Jew must shun progressive movements. We have always, and will always fight in behalf of all ^{good movements} ~~causes~~ ^{which} ~~advance~~ ^{lead} the cause of human ~~freedom~~ ^{liberty} and social justice with all the lawful means at our command. Anything less would be a denial of our birthright as American and as Jews.

Above all else, we ^{will} ~~ought to~~ remember ^(the truth proclaimed by Judaism) that the betterment of the individual is the indispensable pre-requisite to the betterment of society. All social order (and super-national structure) rests ultimately upon the integrity of the single man. We will pray for the ethical maturing of other men. We will labor dilligently for our own self-improvement. Thus will we be meritorious of God's good favor, yea even His mighty hand and His outstreched arm which He held out to our father's in the days when Moses creid out: Shallach es ami vajav-duni - Let my people go that they might serve me.

Amen.

O God let there come a time when a new star will gleam in the great universal night, a star of radiant righteousness & justice - Speed the day when all they can see that star when they can dream their dream & speak their thoughts undaunted & unafraid worshipping together the one God of a united humanity Amen.

The Mystery of Memory

Yiskor - Shemini
Atseres

Shemini Atseres is a holiday of many ~~addings~~. A moment ago, we ended a cycle of Scriptural readings. This festive service as a whole brings to an end our sacred season; the mighty accents of the shofar calling us to prayer and repentance are now only memory, ever-weaker, ever-softer echoes in our souls. Outside, in the world of nature, in the greater sanctuary of God, ~~yellowing~~ ~~shining~~ leaves ^{tremblingly} holding fast to life whisper the end of nature's season. And we here, gathered in solemn assembly, prepare to contemplate the most personal and most cruel of all ends, the end of life.

Another Yiskor service summons us to an hour of loving remembrance - remembrance which surely is God's sweetest gift to man. We can not do without it, without memory, even as we cannot live without hope. The brute lives only for the moment - the time that NOW is; but man lives in the past as well as in the present and the future; he has a memory, and from it draws his inspiration, hope for the time ahead. Memory and hope - ^{perhaps} ~~surely~~ these are the ^{two} ~~two~~ angels of whom the rabbis say ^{that} they accompany man through life, the 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 affection, the other pointing to the distant future, brightening up the goal and giving hope. Both together form the wharp and whoof of human history, helping man in his upward striving to overcome death and defeat and to turn each tear of disappointment (into a pearl of virtue), each trial of yesterday into the triumph of tomorrow.

Let this be my thought for tonight - memory, its mystery and its blessing - especially as it touches on the tender theme of Yiskor - ⁽¹⁾ memory which has the capacity to dull the point of piercing anguish, ⁽²⁾ memory which can transform our uneasy feeling of guilt into lofty, life ^{restoring} ^{giving} resolution, ^{remembering} God's sweetest gift to man, the still and stilling waters beside which each soul can well ^{intone} ~~exclaim~~:

^{the Lord is} ~~Thou art~~ my shepherd, I shall not want."

Memory can bind the sores of life; it can help ease the pain of many wounds.

Handwritten signature

Pain, anguish - who among us has not felt its (venomous) sting. It comes upon us with suddenness, seizes us with all its brutal might, robs ^{us of} our rest and peace, stirs the depths of our being and drives us to the point of desolation. ^{As you} ~~Anguish~~ - need I describe it, you know it ^{as well as} ~~better than~~ I - it is the desperate cry of the tortured soul, the violent outburst of the mortally wounded spirit.

Is it possible to assuage anguish, at once to break its power ~~What is a word?~~ with words of reason or consolation? ^{Of course not.} What is a word, shouted against the driving storm, the surging waters, the turbulent seas; the word is swallowed ^{up} by the roar of the waves, its force is spent against the billows' rage. Anguish is like a storm; it cannot be appeased with words; it thinks only of itself and its own sorrow, cries out against God and the world, and turns a deaf ear to all pleadings of reason and thoughts of consolation.

But fortunately, all storms subside, even the storms of our soul. Time ^{moves} ~~passes~~ on and with it goes our anguish. The further we are from the hour of our ~~trial~~ ^{travail}, the milder is our pain, the more tranquil the waves of our spirit. Now, finally, there is room within us for comfort, consolation, courage, for hope and its twin-spirit, memory, memory which calls to ^(momentary) mind ~~pain~~ and sorrow, to be sure, but also ^{the} ~~also~~ days and years of ~~sorrow~~ ^{joy} and rejoicing, of full life and love spent together with those who are no more. Memory does not forget the evil, but it recalls the good as well, the blessing ^{also, not only} ~~together with~~ the curse. Memory is like the autumn sun suffusing falling foliage and fading flowers with its golden glow.

When time removes us from the moment of our sorrow, there is room within us also for the consoling voice of reason once again re-enforced by memory, the memory of what we have been taught and what we have always experienced, namely, that death is universal, that we ~~are~~ all subject to the same law of life and might as well submit to it with courage and with dignity. Much of our anguish arises from ~~the~~ ^{our} erroneous belief that things might have turned out otherwise. The voice of reason bids us take solace in the knowledge that things must turn out as they have, ^{precisely} ~~precisely~~ ^{we are all subject to the same law of life.} There is a tender tale taken from the literature of our people which tells of a mother bereaved crying out in her anguish:

"O God, restore my son to life, give him back to me, or I will perish in my affliction!" And miracle of miracles, the still small voice ^{of God} was heard to ^{say} answer: "So be it, my child, but first you must bring me as an offering a little seedling, a tiny grain of ^{wheat} ~~seed~~; not any kernel, to be sure, but one taken from a home untouched by tragedy, where no mother or father died, no son or daughter, servant or friend." On wings of hope, the mother hurried from door to door knocking on poor man's hovels and rich men's palaces alike. Everyone was more than pleased to give her the sought for seedling, but when she ^{asked} ~~said~~: "Did you ever lose a son or daughter, a father or mother, a son or friend?" they answered her with wonder: "Woman, do you know whereof you speak? Are there not few of the living and ^{many} ~~more~~ of the dead." ~~From door to door, From village to village and from city to city she hurried and always found the same reply:~~ ^{From village to village and from city to city she hurried and always heard} "Oh yes, we also lost a dear one." Weary of foot, the mother finally returned to God and bowed her head in silent prayer. At last, at least, she had found solace in the knowledge that we are all ^{brother in destiny} ~~subject to the same law of life and death.~~ Odm jessoudo me-ofor ve-soufo ~~me-ofor~~ - Man is born of dust and to dust he must return."

Here then is the first great blessing of memory: it breaks the thorn of sorrow, ~~assuages~~ misfortune's bitter sting, by giving us the half-consoling awareness of tragedy's universality, and by bringing us closer to those who are gone, calling to our mind not only their loss, but, beyond it, the many beautiful words and deeds of their life. Memory is immortality on earth - it enables us to bridge the gap of eternity separating us from our dead, and to speak of them as though they were alive, in our midst, able to hear our every word. Is it not even so in this awesome hour, the awe-filled moment of Yiskor? Heeding its summons, we think of our dead, and as we think of them, they come to life, their image appears before our soul's searching gaze, we feel them with us, near us, about us. Once again we can consider their precious ways, their deeds of lovingkindness, the true and beautiful words they spoke. Thus does memory bless - it unites the past with the present and the future, ^{cherishes} ~~weaving~~ a golden aureole around persons and places endeared by affection and sweetness.

Memory also assuages our feelings of guilt, replacing ~~it~~ ^{them} with life-affirming resolut.

My friends, so many of the tears spilt over the graves of dear ones are tears of regret engendered by the sense of transgression not yet expiated, of wrong not yet undone. Even those ~~among us~~ who dealt kindly with the dead during their life have the feeling that somehow or other ~~they~~ ^{they} have been remiss in ~~their~~ ^{their} actions toward ~~those who are no more~~ ^{them}. Who among us, bereaved, has not experienced a sense of guilt? Who among us, standing over the "lone couch of everlasting sleep," has not been tormented by the thought: "Would that I had done this or that - perhaps ^{or he,} he might still be mine."

An uneasy feeling of self-reproach ~~is present even when the~~ ^{stirs the & disturbs the souls of the} bereaved ^(even when they) know full well that their relationship to those taken from them was one of perfect harmony. A feeling of guilt is the natural reaction of the healthy toward the diseased, of the living ^{toward the dead} ~~in the presence of death~~. The afflicted will never be able to laugh again, the dead will never be restored to life. We ~~know~~ ^{sense} this ^{in the presence} ~~at the~~ ^{a disease of death} moment of bereavement, and we know also, that our life will go on and that ^{eventually} ~~ultimately~~ we will laugh again. ^{this} ~~This~~ knowledge implants ^{which} the seed of self-condemnation which ^{ultimately} sprouts into the anguished cry: "Would that I had shown more love before his eye was dimmed forever!" Such self-reproach is the child of excessive anguish; it is the product of the moment - and vanishes with vanishing time.

However, and alas, there are ~~moments~~ ^{pangs} of conscience which do not pass with passing time; they seize us at the death bed of a dear, give us no quarter, ^{never} give us ~~any~~ ^{no} rest, because we know that they are founded in truth, and the awareness of that ^{used} ~~truth~~ shakes us to the roots of our soul. Self reproach so founded does not leave us readily. Deeply imbedded in our ~~conscience~~ it casts its lasting shadow over our life. Is there one among us whose remembrance of the dead is darkened by such a shadow? Only God can know, and the ^(who sits in heavy silence) ~~man~~ weighed down by the cognizance of his guilt.

But no matter how heavy the burden of ^{cruel} ~~a~~ conscience, memory can yet relieve its weight - here it shows its greatest blessing - here it reveals its real power. To be sure, memory can not undo what is done, it cannot remove the cause of guilt, but it can transform the sense of self reproach into atoning resolution.

5

Memory points to the living as the rightful heirs of the dead. ^{By uniting} the past ^{with} the present ^{and the future} and ^{thus} teaches us to know that what we cannot make up with the dead we can make good with the living. The shackles of guilt ^{are} ~~can be removed~~ ^{loosened (sundered)} by the pledge of love: I will undo the wrong, ^{erasing} ~~building~~ erase the guilt, not by means of an excessive death cult, not by ~~building~~ ^{erasing} memorials of marble, but by doing justly and dealing kindly with the living who are the heirs of the dead. § Thus does the remembrance of the dead stir our conscience and ^{good} ~~lead~~ us on to nobler purpose. It transforms our feelings of ^{regret} ~~guilt~~ into the earnest resolution: I want to serve the living in order to honor the dead.

My friends, in a famous painting, hope is ^{represented} ~~expressed~~ in the figure of ^a ~~a~~ young woman, a smile playing on her lips, her gaze fixed on distant horizons. The ^{portrait} ~~picture~~ of memory is of a different sort: we picture it in the form of an ~~elder~~ woman, sitting with head in hand, musingly turning the pages of a book. We know that book, it is the Sefer Hasichronous, ^{the book of remembrance} the book of our life. We, ourselves fill ^{its} the pages of that book with the ^{finger of our industry} ~~finger of our industry~~, the ^{work of our hands} ~~work of our hands~~ ^{the stylus of our labor} ~~the stylus of our labor~~. ^{May the reflections of his sacred home lead us to} Let us search our souls and heed our ways so that, when the final page will have been ^{written} ~~turned~~, and, long thereafter, future generation will re-read its ^{chapters} ~~pages~~, our book of life will reveal the story of ^{a man} ~~a man~~ who may have sinned much and erred in many ways, but whose soul was pure, pure in its love and fidelity, pure in ^{its} ~~its~~ purpose and ^{its} ~~its~~ striving. Then will our children also find blessing ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ remembrance, and ^{though walking} ~~strengthened~~ by ^{its} ~~its~~ soul restoring ^{power} ~~power~~ they will be enabled to proclaim with full faith: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want!"

write in the Psalm

The Mystic Fount

Happy are we to behold and to participate in the ceremonies of this solemn hour, dedicated as it is to the installation of the new leaders of our congregation - those ^{honored} few who have been chosen for offices of trust, because they ~~have~~ ^{have} kept trust in the past, because over and again they demonstrated their love for ~~the synagogue~~ ^{the synagogue}, their ^{great} devotion to this Temple. We greet them with affection and offer fervent prayer that strength and dignity will mark their doing always.

Happy are we also to participate in these ceremonies of welcome to our new members, for this is the second duty of the heart which gives occasion to our celebration. Throughout the congregation tonight are those who joined our Temple during the past year. Some are newcomers to our community. Others, though long time residents, have only recently determined to share our fellowship. Still others are our very ^{own} sons and daughters of this congregation, confirmands of its Religious School, who are now adult and able to assume the responsibilities of individual membership. ~~But~~ whatever the course which brought them here, we ^{welcome} ~~welcome~~ them all with equal ^{warmth} ~~arms~~. Their presence ^{adds strength and} ~~adds strength and~~ precious links to the golden chain of love and duty which binds us one unto another.

A bond of love and duty: our common love is Judaism, our duty, to maintain its central institution - the synagogue...not this building for its own sake, not its many varied activities for ~~their~~ own sake, but all as ^{the} ~~an~~ expression of ^{our} ~~an~~ ideal...the synagogue - a place where men can seek God in the community of their fellows in faith.

The synagogue ^{has always been} ~~is~~ Judaism's chief pillar. Our people could not have survived without it. Born in exile, it kept alive the flame of Israel's faith even while the dust of the Temple's ruins mingled with the dead ashes of its burnt devotions. Its everlasting ^{light} ~~light~~ alone ~~sheds~~ ^{sheds} light ^{and warmth} ~~and warmth~~ pierced the darkness of our ^{aimless} ~~aimless~~ wanderings. It was our home when we had no home, our land when we had no ^{land} ~~land~~. It enabled us

to speak the proud language of our faith even while we voiced the babble of many peoples. When furious they assailed us, the synagogue proved a tower of strength, bringing refuge, comfort, hope, lifting the yoke of bondage from the oppressed of our people. Beaten down and crushed by tyrants' rage, they came into the sanctuary and lifting their tear-stained faces heavenward they felt free, for there they ^{saw} ~~sensed~~ themselves priests as indeed they were, princes of God, proud scions of His people.

Chayim Nachman Bialik, that Titan of Hebrew verse, captured the meaning of the synagogue ^{in Judaism} in what is perhaps his most magnificent creation. 'Im yesh es naf'sh'cho, lodaas...' he sang... If thou wouldst know....

If thou wouldst know the mystic fount from whence
Thy wretched brethren facing slaughter drew
In evil days the strength and fortitude
To meet grim death with joy, and bare the neck
To ev'ry sharpened blade and lifted ax;
~~Or pyres ascending, leap into the flame and~~
~~And saintlike die with 'Echod' on their lips; -~~

If thou wouldst know the mystic fount from whence
Thy wretched brethren drew...

...
Divine condolence, patience, fealty
And iron strength to bear relentless toil;
With shoulders stooped to bear a loathsome life
And endlessly to suffer and endure; -

If thou wouldst know the bosom whither streamed
Thy nation's tears, its heart and soul and gall...

...
...the mother merciful
who saved her loved son's tears with tenderness
And steadied lovingly his faltering steps

If thou wouldst know, O humble brother mine, -

....
Go to the House of Prayer...
Thy heart will tell thee then,
That thy feet tread the marge of our life's fount
That thine eyes view the treasure of our soul

This is what the synagogue meant to us, it was Israel's fountain of everlasting life, and this is what it can continue to mean to us, this is what it can be for us, so long as we maintain it in its essential purpose:

AS A HOUSE OF PRAYER, as a place where ^{men can find God} ~~men seek God in the community of~~
~~skilled & aspiring souls~~
~~their fellows in faith.~~

It is this very purpose which is often lost in the maze of synagogal activity. Judging by the response alone, one might think that Brotherhood and Sisterhood programs, ~~or~~ ^{and} committee work, ~~or~~ Board Administration ^{are} the heartbeat of Temple life. They are not. They are indispensable to its existence to be sure, and the more extensive our participation in them, the better. But they are only means to an end, not the end itself. They constitute the bread without which, as the rabbis taught us, there can be no Torah. But they must ^{never} ~~not~~ be mistaken for the Torah. Not even Temple attendance itself comes to the heart of the matter, at least not if people come to the synagogue in response to an engraved invitation, or because their favorite organization has a special service, or because they want to hear the rabbi expound on a subject of interest. The heart of the matter is ^{work} ~~prayer~~. ~~The ultimate goal of every Temple activity is to lead us into the sanctuary, better to school us in the art of prayer.~~

^{How prayer}
~~It~~ is an art which cannot readily be mastered. It requires constant, loving care, as does every other discipline of life. And because it is essentially an inner, creative experience, prayer demands the nurturing of certain inner qualities, ^{person} ~~virtues~~ without which its mastery is made impossible.

To begin with, prayer requires humility. Only the humble man can pray for ^{he alone} ~~only~~ he deeply feels the need of it. In all great matters the sense of need must precede the ~~experience~~ discovery of the experience. Of what possible use, as an instance, to most of us is higher mathematics? Most of us can go on month after month ^{for the rest of a lifetime} ~~and~~ never think of higher mathematics. But were we ^{building a} ~~bridges~~ ^{striving} ~~trying~~ to span great rivers, ^{why} ~~then~~ we would have to know a great deal about ~~higher~~ ^{to have} higher mathematics.

^{Before we can pray we must feel the need of it. A proud man doesn't.}
So it is with prayer. ~~A proud man feels no need of it.~~ He thinks that it is by the strength of his own hand ^{only} ~~alone~~ that he is what he is and

that he has what he has. ^{Not so} The humble man, ^{He} however, knows that there are tasks in life which are too difficult for him, that there are moments in life which are too much for him alone, and hence he longs for communion with God. Is there anyone here so strong, so wise, that he can face the future with assurance, each task in life, its every moment. If there is, he will not know what we are talking about, nor will he care. ~~What~~ What to him is all this higher mathematics? But can it be that this is true of anyone here today?!

The Rimanover Rabbi used to say: the highest rung a man can reach is to master all wisdom and knowledge and then to pray, pray like a little child. Humility is the first need of worship, and the second need is patience, perseverance, the willingness to await its blessings.

People expect too much too soon in prayer. They come to services sporadically. They saunter in, they saunter through, they saunter out. And ~~having~~ gained but little, having given so little, they come no more. ^{But} great things are greatly arrived at. We cannot saunter in to a concert hall and half heartedly listen to a Beethoven symphony and expect to be stirred as we should and could. What is needed here, and in prayer, is patient expectation and self discipline before the amplitudes of spiritual life are open to the soul.

Among the most loyal worshippers of our ^{syn} Temple are the alumni, if we may call them that, of our daily services. At first they came, duty-bound, to recite the Kaddish. But they come again and again, not just to Friday evening services, but to week-day services as well and long after their period of mourning is over. Patient waiting and habitual continuance have taught them the value of prayer.

The art of worship requires still another virtue - courage, daring, strength for prayer is not just comforting and reassuring, it can also be searching and demanding.

Many a life has been changed by prayer - from a life of ease to a life of peril, from a life of comfort to a life of sacrifice - for prayer rebukes the evil of the world and bids our help for those who are in stress. "Call on me and I will answer thee," said God through Jeremiah, "and I will show thee great and trying tasks." If a man lacks the courage to reckon with this possibility, he better not begin to pray.

Prayer rebukes the evil in our own life. It reminds us of the values the world makes us forget. Out there, in the world of every day life it is so easy to get by with out conscience. Out there, there are we can always find other people who live lives far worse than ours. Out there, there is a moral darkness which obscures the gray shades of our own compromises and surrenders. ^{But here} In the sanctuary, we are brought face to face with the ^{very best} ~~most high~~ and ^{measure} enjoined to ^{against} mend our way. To do that, we need courage, strength, the daring to go against the multitude.

Is not this the very process which has taken place tonight to some degree. We came here in a spirit of self satisfaction, to offer thanks for the ^{increased} strength of this congregation, for the excellence of its leadership. But having prayed together, and meditated together, we find that numerical growth is not enough, that administrative pre-eminence is not enough, that so many of our programs though well conceived and supported are insufficient to our task. Our ^{how many} ~~worship~~ has challenged us to a life of prayer, to the ^{constant} quest for communion with God.

^{needed more} ~~May we~~ nurture the ^{covered} ~~qualities needed for~~ prayer - humility, patience, strength - and ^{through our} ~~in~~ prayers bring to fulfillment the promise and the mandate of this hour, ^{dedicated. They will we could have} ~~add~~ strength to the synagogue, and it will be again what it has always been, a mystic fount of life for Israel, ^{Recreated} a ~~fountain of~~ strength for each of us. ^{fountain of life and}

The Myth of Sovereignty
Vayero

Nearly all great personalities of Israel's past whose lives are recorded in Scripture, are remembered for some particular virtue, some quality of life above all others which marked their thinking and their doing. Thus, a Job is remembered for his patience, David for his courage and Solomon for his wisdom. Abraham, whose life story is told in today's Torah portion, is revered especially for his hospitality, for the warmth with which he welcomed strangers.

The Biblical author records how our venerable patriarch sat near the door of his tent, a door which was never closed, in order that he might miss no passers-by to whom he could offer the hospitality of his home. Despite the heat of the sun and feebleness of limb - for he was well advanced in years by then, a full ninety-nine and barely recovered from his recent circumcision - nonetheless, when three strangers appeared in the distance, Abraham ran forth to meet them and pleaded with them to stay: Al no Ta-avoru...Please do not pass me by. Come into my dwelling. Let me wash your feet. Rest in the shade of the tree until I can provide you with food and with drink.

The seed which Abraham planted grew well, and the open door of the nomad's tent has inspired manifold and dominant expression in our faith. Subsequent scriptural authors exalted the shepherd mood of hospitality to such a degree, that God Himself is described as Host and we his guests: Ta-aroach l'fon-nai shul-chon....sang the singer of the psalms... thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. The rabbis of the Talmud deemed the duty to welcome strangers more weighty by far than the duty to welcome God in prayer and when they prescribed the ceremonies attendant upon Judaism's most impressive feast, they opened the order of worship with a hymn to hospitality. Ho Lachmo Anvo, we chant as we gather 'round the seder table and raise its central symbol...this is the bread of affliction which our fathers ate in the land of Egypt. Let all who are hungry come and eat. Let all who are in want come and celebrate. The above written

Hospitality is more than a social grace. It goes beyond the deed of opening the door and providing food and shelter. It is a spiritual quality which involves the giving of the heart and mind, which demands an outreaching of the entire human personality.

Certainly Abraham gave more than of his flock to strangers. His heart and embraced them as he stooped to wash their feet. In truth, his heart went out to many who never neared his tent, even to those who were beneath him in worth, when he spoke up in Sodom and Gomorrah's behalf. He knew that the hospitality of the heart is not restrictive in its scope, that it cannot be selective, that it can never be reserved only for a given few. Social grace accompanied by social exclusiveness is mockery. The open heart embraces all: stranger and friend, the high and the low.

It is in this larger sense of the term, that Abraham's chief virtue is of meaning to us. It spurs our feeling beyond our doing. It bids us draw wide the circle of our friendships and compassions, draw it more extensive by far than the circle embraced by the physical hospitality of our homes.

Even as hospitality in its spiritual sense demands an open heart, so does it require an open mind, a mind receptive in its approach to others, receptive to their thinking, receptive to new ideas. Abraham possessed such a mind. He never permitted it to congeal, to be closed to new thoughts. His thinking was plastic, ever requickened by new ideals, ever remoulded by new experiences. And once he perceived new truth he smashed the old as vigorously as he did his father's idols; and what were they if not the symbols of outmoded thought!

The remembrance of Abraham's virtue should lead us not only to openness of hear, but to openness of mind. It should inspire us to be grateful for every new thought that comes our way.

Abraham's mandate is not easy to fulfill. Most among us as soon invite a houseful of guests than entertain a single new idea. We find it easier to set the table than to reset the framework of our ^{thoughts} ~~ideas~~.

Our reluctance to rethink grows with the challenge: the more daring the new truth, the more unyielding our refusal to accept it. Take the idea of universalism which prays our support in the field of world affairs. Though we sense in our saner moments that nothing less will fill our desperate need, we continue to cling to ^{concepts} ~~notions~~ long outmoded, to the idea of nationalism, ^{sovereignty, a notion} ~~and idea~~ which once held good ^{to be sure} - in a larger, simpler, less integrated world - but which is of little worth and validity in a world of total economic and social interdependence.

Nationalism is the ~~modern~~ idol which modern Abrahams would have us smash, the belief that self determination is the panacea which ^{can} ~~will~~ heal the worlds ills, the hope that peace can be secured, ^{through treaty arrangement} ~~by guaranteeing the independence~~ ^{with} ~~of~~ sovereign ^{states by the} ~~nations~~ and assuring ^{of} a proper balance between them, a balance in numbers and a balance of the military force ^{at} their command. It is a hope which has been proved and proved again a vain illusion. It is a left over from the dead past. It is a passion which ^{is self destroying} ~~destroyed the freedom~~ of many nations - ~~more sovereign states where devoured by counter-nationalism than were created by it.~~ ^{It} ~~It is a passion which contains the seed of inevitable conflict - counter nationalism~~ ^{invariably} ~~breeds counternationalism~~ - as it did in the Balkans and as it does in the near East and as it will do wherever new nations are hewn out of old. It is a passion which international ^{negotiations will never} ~~relations cannot~~ assuage, so long as they recognize the supremacy of the sovereign ^{state} ~~nation~~ and prevent the integration of peoples into a supra-national society: for an not time in history and upon no occasion was it possible to reconcile and to maintain peace between distinct and conflicting groups of men ^{who are} ~~driven by the~~ ^{very} same emotion.

Our espousal of sovereignty and our insistence on its inviolability is all the more foolish because it is a myth, an empty dream, ^{a fictional} ~~nothing~~ ^{balance w/ the realities of our time.} ~~more or less than fiction.~~ No present day nation is independent and ~~by any stretch of the imagination~~ sovereign in its decisions. Each nation, no matter how strong, has become a shuttlecock of decisions and actions taken by other states.

~~Certainly sovereignty is a myth in the military field.~~
This is true when it comes to decisions of a military nature. The United States of America, so unwilling to yield one iota of its national authority, categorically refusing to grant the right to any world organization to interfere with the sovereign privileges of Congress to decide upon matters of war and peace, was in 1941 forced into war by a decision made exclusively by the Imperial War Council in Tokyo. To insist that the declaration of war by Congress following the attack on Pearl harbor was a sovereign act is the most naive kind of hairsplitting. When Truman sent American troops to Korea, his act was not the exercise of independent authority; he reacted to a prior decision made in Peking. And if, God forbid, another war of grave dimensions should come upon us, again our participation in it will not be an exercise of sovereign power, it will be a decision forced upon us by a prior decision made in Moscow. ^{we have no choice} ~~There is no sovereignty~~ in the military field.

Sovereignty is myth ^{also} in the economic ^{sphere} ~~field as well~~: our regulation of production, our tariff rate, our monetary policy all ^{are} ~~is~~ determined to a ^{not by} ~~great extent~~ ^{our needs alone but also} by the needs and demands of other nations in the world. Not even our moral decisions as a nation are sovereign in the true sense ~~our determination to support this or that nation in the Middle East is determined not so much by our understanding of justice but rather by our~~ in reaction to a decision made or one we fear ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{may} ~~will~~ be made by other sovereigns controlling the flow of some of our oil.

Why struggle to retain that which is only a wisp of the imagination, the child of wishful thinking. Why not surrender that which is only elusive in our hand. Surely no one will deny that what we need is not more

nationalism, not even inter-nationalism in the sense that it strives to deal solely in the matter of the relation between states, recognizing their sovereignty supreme. What is needed is universalism. A creed and a movement clearly proclaiming that its purpose is to create peace by a legal order between men beyond and above the existing nation structure.

These are the thoughts which come to us as we review the life of Abraham, Abraham, founder of our faith and revered especially for his hospitality. The rabbis of old had a saying that the "actions of a father are a guide to the life of their sons" We are the children of Abraham truly when we follow his life's pattern, when we emulate his dominant virtue not only in its restricted physical sense but ~~excessively~~ especially in its more exalted spiritual sense, by opening our hearts and by opening our minds. ~~Our~~ ~~function~~ to the influence of new ideas and new experiences. Our function in life is to shatter idols, idols worshipped by a world misled: idols in religion, idols in our social life, idols in our political life, idols everywhere, idols which must be crushed if the world is to move forward to that millennium when all mankind will recognize the truth of that supreme ideal called God.

Let us remember also that Abraham, though his gaze envisaged the destiny of a nation, concerned himself with the individual, was ready to give his all for the sake of the one human being who happened to stray his way. So too in our day, the most fruitful soil for universal good will is not so much in the larger relations of life, in the mutual approach of nations, but rather in the every day human approach, in the every day meeting of men. It is ~~here, where we stand, and in the way of our approach~~ ^{by the manner of our approach to every human being who} ~~to every human being, where we stand, that the larger~~ ^{crosses his path it is here} destiny of life is woven.

Amen.

A "NEW LOOK" IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY

by Alexander M. Schindler

A marked change can be perceived, in recent years, in the attitude of Christian theology toward the Jew. This change is especially apparent in the writings of Protestantism's leading thinkers, men like Tillich and Niebuhr, who assign to Judaism and the Jew a role more vital by far than that which was conceded by their predecessors.

Only last month, national attention was called to an article by Reinhold Niebuhr which appeared in the pages of the C.C.A.R. Journal. In this essay, to be included in his forthcoming volume "Pious and Secular America," the author calls for a prompt end of Christian missionary activity among Jews. "The Christian majority," Niebuhr writes, "must come to terms with the stubborn will to live of the Jews as a peculiar people, both religiously and ethnically. The problem can be solved only if the Christian and Gentile majority accepts this fact and ceases to practice tolerance provisionally in the hope that it will encourage assimilation ethnically and religiously." These words herald a new spirit, an approach to the Jew radically divergent from that of the past.

The traditional Christian attitude to the Jew can best be described as a kind of ambivalence, a curious blend of approval and disapproval, of acceptance and rejection.

On the one hand, Christian theology always recognized its indebtedness to Judaism. No attempt was ever made to obscure common ancestry, and the common approach to the ultimate, the daughter did not deny her parent. On the contrary, classical Christian writers insist that their faith could not have come into being without the preparatory work of Judaism, the Election of Israel is posited as the indispensable prerequisite to the Selection of the Church, Jesus is portrayed as a believing and practicing Jew, and every page of the New Testament cites for support passages which are drawn from the Bible common to both religions.

For this reason, believing Christians welcome Jews to their midst and see them as witnesses to the truth of Christianity. By practicing his faith in modern times, the Jew

preserves for the modern Christian many of the beliefs and practices of original Christianity, and, by his very life, lends flesh and bones to her founding personalities. So long as there is a Jew alive, believes the Christian, no one can claim that Christianity is built entirely on a myth.

Unhappily for the Jew, Christianity's recognition of her Jewish origins is not her sole dogma concerning him. And while Christian theologians affirm that God's revelation through Moses preceded revelation in Christ, they add that the latter has superseded the former, negating it in its entirety. A new covenant has replaced the old; the teachings of Moses no longer are in effect. What is more, he who heeds them, he who maintains the old in face of the new, denies himself salvation and God's favor does not rest upon him.

When seen in this light, Judaism becomes a dry and brittle thing, in every way the fossil of which Toynbee spoke. And the Jew who follows his faith in modern times emerges as a kind of museum piece, interesting for his historic worth, but certainly an anachronism, for he has fulfilled his part on the world's stage and should long ago have shed his mortal coil.

~~When seen in this light~~ Herein lies the root of Christianity's ambivalent attitude in its natagonistic aspects, for the Jew has steadfastly refused to accept this restrictive role. He continues to cling to Judaism ^{as a living thing,} and he lives, lives as a Jew with nothing to indicate the foretold decrepitude. His existence as such, and in limited numbers is welcome, but when his existence is coupled with flourishing growth, he serves not as a witness, but as a goad to Christian teaching.

It might be noted marginally, that Christianity's ambivalent approach is reflected even in the terminology which classical scholars employed to describe the sons of our people. In any passage which ^{says} ~~speaks~~ of Judaism's adherents in favorable terms, mediaeval writers invariably refer to them as 'Hebrews.' In all other passages, especially in those of less favorable nature, they call them just 'Jews.'

Thus it is, that the Jew's stubborn determination to live as a peculiar people is a puzzlement to believing Christians and a defiance of their dogma. In the past this challenge was met with a two pronged counter-attack: That of containment, on the one hand, in ghettos, to hinder the ^{numerical} ~~physical~~ growth of Jews. And on the other hand, a redoubling of Christian efforts to convert the Jew. Unhappily, these policies all too often culminated in terrible excesses, as they did in mediaeval Europe and during the counter-reformation in Spain.

In our own day, thank God, a new approach can be discerned. No longer is reality pressed to the suit the mold. The mold is adjusted to the demands of reality. Christian dogma is adjusted to come to terms with the truth of Jewish survival.

In calling for a halt of Christian missionary activity among Jews, Reinhold Niebuhr continues to say:

"...these activities are a wrong, not only because they are futile and have little fruit to boast for their exertions; they are wrong because the two faiths are sufficiently alike for the Jew to find God more easily in terms of his own religious heritage..."

And thus, for the first time in two thousand years, we believe, a leading Christian thinker suggests that God speaks to Jews even in our day.

These words bring gladness to the heart of every Jew, for they herald the effacing of an ancient wrong, a calumny which gave cause and excuse to our harassment of the centuries. Surely it is no coincidence that these stirrings of Christianity's liberalizing attitude should first be heard in a land which long ago gave us political equality and legal security.

These stirrings of a new spirit would bring joy to the heart of Christendom as well, for they herald the neutralizing of a poison which infested its body too long. In the final analysis, the policy of calculated antagonism to the Jew, whatever be its source, is fatally sure to evolve into anti-Christianity. One cannot long heap calumny and

injury on the parent without also doing harm to the child. Most certainly, no strength has ever been added to the Church by those pitiable souls who converted from an oppressed and rejected minority, bringing themselves to ~~the pews of pews~~ ^{without} its pews, not in search of spiritual renewal, but as a sign that the world ^{has} destroyed their soul.

Not long ago, a great teacher of religion in our land was asked how he would deal with religious prejudice, how he would conquer its evil, and he replied: "You cannot fight a fog." One must wait for the sun to dispel the fog, for the light of greater understanding to disperse the clouds of bigotry and ill will.

The fuller dawning of this light may not be too far away. Its early glimmerings can already be perceived. And when it comes in its bright glory, its piercing rays will re-reveal a truth taught ages past: "Have we not all one father, ha^{ll} not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?"

*1 copy
sent to office*

There is a great teacher of the Bible who once gave a commandment to his people, indeed, we read his words only last week as part of our Torah portion: (V'o-hav-to l'rei-a-cho ko-mo-cho..). thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. And there is a teacher in the New Testament who reiterated this self same precept as one of the two chief commandments. Christians and Jews have been reading these books and repeating these principles for nigh-to fifty generations; volumes, expository and exegetical, have been written on this subject by the shelfful; sermons have been preached on this text which, if laid end to end vertically, surely would attain to a height far beyond the reach of the mightiest of man made rockets. And yet, neither Christians nor Jews, in their relationship one to another, have distinguished themselves in the obedience of the commandment to love one's neighbor. They have not ascended to the height of vision sung by their common poet: Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

To a great extent, this inability must be ascribed to a weakness in man, and not to a weakness inherent in the beliefs he professes; more often than not, the source of mutual hatred is the individual's incapacity, be he Christian or Jew, to live up to the nobler principles of his faith. A famous churchman aptly described this failing when he said that men have just enough religion to hate, but not enough to love one another. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that theological differences are a divisive element in human life and that militant creeds do contain the seeds of conflict which pit a man against his brother.

In the resolving of social conflict, a full understanding of opposing views is indispensable. We Jews have certainly not been remiss in the matter of self-examination, if anything we go overboard in our self-criticism. But we could do with a more ^{thorough} ~~careful~~ examination of Christianity's views, and we do well ^{to} carefully to consider those aspects of Christian theology which speak of the Jew and which mold the attitude of Christianity's adherents.

JUST WHAT IS

The traditional Christian approach to Judaism and the Jew can only be described as a kind of ambivalence, a curious blend of attraction and repulsion, of acceptance and rejection.

On the one hand, Christian theology clearly recognizes its indebtedness to Judaism. No attempt is made to obscure common ancestry and the common historical approach to the ultimate, the daughter does not deny the parents. On the contrary, Christians insist that their faith could not have come into being without the preparatory work of Judaism...the Election of Israel is posited as the indispensable forerunner of the Selection of the Church...Jesus is portrayed as a believing and practicing Jew...and every page of the New Testament cites for support passages which are drawn from the Bible common to both religions.

For this reason, believing Christians welcome Jews to their midst and see them as witnesses to the ~~truth~~^{truth} of Christianity. By practicing his faith, the Jew preserves for Christians the beliefs and many of the ceremonies of original Christianity, and he lends flesh and bones to her founding personalities. So long as there is a Jew alive, no one can say that Christianity is built entirely on a myth.

The practical consequences of this attitude are not too far to seek. Thus the study of Jewish ways becomes an intrinsic part of Christian education. In our own community, week in week out, Sunday School classes and Church groups come to the Temple and join us in worship. When a meeting of the Ministerial Association is held here, and addressed by a rabbi or a Jewish scholar, more Protestant Ministers assemble in this Jewish house of worship than at any other time or place throughout the year. And Rabbi Klein and I are constantly invited to speak to varying Christian groups. - (As a matter of fact we address so many church groups in the course of the year, certainly well over a hundred between us, that I sometimes feel that our salary, such as it is, ought to be paid, not by Temple Emanuel, but rather by the Greater Worcester Area Council of Churches. Let not my levity obscure the fact that we are overjoyed at all times to participate in any program which aims to further understanding between the various segments of our community.)

To return to our train of thought, and unhappily for the Jew, Christianity's recognition of her Jewish origins is not her sole dogma concerning him. And while Christian theologians affirm that God's revelation to Moses preceded His revelation in Christ, they add that the latter has superseded the former, nullifying it in its entirety. *A new covenant has replaced the old. The teachings of Moses no longer are in effect. What is more, he who lived, then he who maintains the old in face of the new denies himself salvation + God's favor does not rest upon him.* When seen in this light, Judaism becomes a dry and brittle thing, in every way the fossil of which Toynbee spoke, and the Jew who follows his faith in the modern age emerges as a kind of museum piece, interesting for his historic worth, but certainly an anachronism, for he has fulfilled his part on the world's stage and should long ago have shuffled off this mortal coil.

Herein lies the root of Christianity's ambivalent attitude, for you see, the Jew has steadfastly refused to accept this restrictive role. He continues to cling to Judaism as a living thing, and he lives, lives as a Jew with nothing to indicate the foretold decrepitude. His existence as such is welcome, but when his existence is coupled with flourishing growth, he serves not as a witness, but as a goad to Christian teaching.

(It might be noted marginally, at this point, that this ambivalence is given expression even in the terminology which so many Christian writers use in describing the sons of our people. In those passages in which mediaeval theologians had to report anything which they feared might arouse the sympathy of Christians for Judaism's adherents, they spoke of them as 'Hebrews.' In all other passages, especially in those of less complimentary nature, they invariably refer to them as just 'Jews.')

Thus it is, that the Jew's stubborn determination to live as a peculiar people is a puzzlement to believing Christians and a defiance of their dogma. In the past, this challenge was met with a two-pronged attack: that of containment in ghettos on the one hand, and on the other, a redoubling of efforts to convert the Jew. These policies too often culminated in terrible excesses as they did in mediaeval Central and Eastern Europe, and during the counter-reformation in Spain. But in our own day, thank God, a new approach can be discerned. In the writing of modern theologians we can

discern the beginnings of an adjustment of Christian dogma, in an effort to come to terms with the reality of Jewish survival.

The modification of Catholic doctrine which now concedes the possibility of salvation without the church is one indication of this new approach. More clear cut evidence can be found in the writings of Protestantism's leading spokesmen such as Tillich and Niebuhr who utterly reject Toynbee's fantastic judgment of the Jew as a fossil and who, in their belief structure, assign to Judaism a role more vital by far than that which was conceded by their predecessors. Only last week, an article by ^{Reinhold} Niebuhr appeared in the pages of the C.C.A.R. Journal, the publication for reform rabbis, which, incidentally, is now edited by Rabbi Klein. In this essay, which will also appear in Niebuhr's forthcoming new book, the author calls for a prompt end of Christian missionary activities among Jews. "These activities are a grievous wrong," he writes,

"not only because they are futile and have little fruit to boast for their exertions. They are wrong, because the two faiths are sufficiently alike for the Jew to find God more easily in terms of his own religious heritage..."

And thus, for the first time in two thousand years, we believe, a leading Christian thinker suggests that God speaks to Jews, even in our day.

These words bring joy to the heart of every Jew, for they herald the effacing of an ancient wrong, a calumny which gave cause and excuse to our harassment of centuries. Surely it is no coincidence that these stirrings of Christianity's liberalizing attitude should first be heard in a land which long ago gave us political equality and legal security. May freedom find us as strong as did oppression in our stubborn will to live, to live as Jews.

These stirring of a new spirit should bring joy to the heart of Christendom as well, for they herald the neutralizing of a poison which infested its body too long. In the final analysis, the policy of calculated antagonism to the Jew, whatever be its source, is fatally sure to evolve into anti-Christianity. One cannot long heap calumny and injury upon the parent without also doing harm to the child. Most certainly no strength has been added to the Church by those who joined its ranks from an oppressed and rejected minority, bringing themselves to the font of chapel and cathedral, not in token

of their quest for renewal of spiritual life, but as proof that the world without has slain their souls.

Not long ago, a great teacher of religion in our land was asked how he would deal with religious prejudice, how he would conquer its evil, and his answer was, "You cannot fight a fog." One must wait until the sunshine dissipated the fog, until the sunlight of a higher intelligence and finer sympathy dispel the mist of prejudice and ill will.

The fuller dawning of this light may not be too far away. Its early glimmerings can clearly be perceived. And when it comes in its bright glory, its piercing rays will re-reveal a truth taught ages past: (Ha-lo ov echod l'chulonou, ha-lo el echod b'ro-onu...) Have we not all one father, has not one God created us? Why then do we deal treacherously, brother against brother.

Amen.

PEALE'S POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

It is a privilege which I greatly appreciate to have been asked to address the membership of ~~the~~ Worcester Hadassah. Throughout the country the Worcester Zionist District has an enviable reputation, as an active, well integrated organization. Looking about me, I can well see why this is so. Again, the women prove to be the real source of strength and I can once again attest to the truth of the Talmudic legend I read with one of my study groups only this morning. It seems...

(Adam -- rib -- God -- thief etc)

To which all men, not excluding bachelors say a hearty Amen.

Let me begin by making a confession: this is the first time that I review a book before an audience. In the past, my book report activities were limited to school assignments, and working on the assumption that teachers never read the papers submitted to them, I satisfied the requirement by merely presenting on paper an expanded version of the Table of Contents and Preface. This then is not only the first time that I review a book. It is the first time that I read the book which I am about to review.

Beginners are entitled to mistakes. I made a serious mistake.

I should have read the book before I even consented to review it.

~~Incidentally, Robt Klein, my senior colleague and friend, finds himself~~
I picked Norman Vincent Peale's the Power of Positive Thinking

on the strength that for over a year now it has been the nation's leading best seller in the non-fiction class, and has received some critical acclaim as the worthy successor to Dr. Liebman's Peace of Mind. I have read the book, and I do not agree with the critics. It is no masterpiece of inspirational literature. It is ~~an~~ interesting, at best, certainly not inspiring - and the author himself, in his preface, admits that it is no literature. If, in reviewing this book, I will deter you from wasting your time in reading a book which mass suggestion might otherwise force to read, my time will have been well spent. But, of course,

that is not the purpose of public book review. Book reviews ought to stimulate the desire to read and to think which I still urge upon you, with fibre of my being every ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ as the world's only fountain of youth, the only medicine which can keep men young and alive.

Incidentally, my senior colleague and friend Rabbi Klein finds himself in pretty much the same boat: he too consented to review a book and announced the topic before reading it - Bellow's Adventures of Augie March, only to discover to his horror that it is merely a fictionalized version of Kinsey's Reprt of the Human Female - doubly intensified. What a rabbi can do with that is hard to say.. Of course, you will all want to know the time and place: Tuesday, February 10th, 2:30 in the Sisterhood Room of Temple Emanuel.

Norman Vincnet Peale is minister of New York's impressive Marble College Church. Through his radio programs, newspaper and magazine articles he has achieved national reputation. As a minister he has concentrate on the pastoral aspects of his calling: he spends much of his time helping individuals cope with their personal problems. Several psychiatrists are members of his church staff - symbolizing Dr. Peale's basic approach - which, incidentally was shared full heartedly by the late Rabbi Liebman, and which has stimulated much of this interest in inspirational literature - to wit, that psychiatry and religion are not ~~xxxxxx~~ mutually exclusive, but rather that they complement one another in man's struggle to solve his personal problems.

Dr. Peale is convinced that a religious faith is not something abstract, something divorced from life, something piously stuffy, but rather that religion is a part of all life, an aid to life, a scientific procedure for successful living. So much the good. Every religionist will agree. It is in the matter of translating religion into tools which can help men that the area of doubt arises.

The author's thesis is really very simple and is aptly summarized in the

book's title: The Powers of Positive Thinking. Thought has Power. Thought does influence our lives. If we think well, we will do well; if we think evil, we will do evil. More specifically, if we think ill of ourselves, we really won't amount to much, and conversely, if we think well of ourselves, if we keep telling ourselves: I am wonderful, I am magnificent...well, that's just what ^{we} / will be? wonderful, and magnificent.

That, quite simply, is the essence of his thesis: think hard about what you want to achieve, and you will achieve it. If you cannot talk before an audience think of yourself as a eloquent orator and you will become one. If your husband loves you no longer and has stayed away nights - and this is an actual ~~example~~ illustration from Dr. Peale's book - think of him sitting in his arm chair with a pipe in his hand and slippers on his feet, and eventually that is where he will be. If you cannot sleep at night because of turbulent thoughts, think of a peaceful scene, or read some poem with soothing words and all your troubles will vanish. If you lack energy, tell yourself that you are young and strong, and you will regain all energy. (page 16)

Now I think that this is too simple an approach. I do not deny the power of hope, hope is the most etc etc.....But to have real hope a man must take cool count of the realities of his situation. ^{There are many who} ~~delude themselves~~ ~~proclaim~~ into infirmities, who have imaginary maladies. But there are many who have real problems, and thinking them away does not remove them. A cripple can proclaim from now till doomsday that he is whole, he we remain a cripple; and a woman who is alone can repeat with fervor: I am not alone, I am not lonely... these words will never replace the warmth of true companionship.

Now, Dr. Peale, believes also, that this feeling of personal confidence can be gained and maintained by reading the Bible, particularly the Book of Psalms with its message of comfort and quite confidence. That is undoubtedly true, and his suggestion of frequent Bible study and reading ought to be taken to heart

Here then in brief, are my conclusions about Peales Powers fo Positive Thinkin
His basic ~~thesis that religion is a part of~~ tenet, that thought is power,
that hope leads to success, and that the Bible and prayer re-inforce hope
are sound. His practical conclusion, that mere thinking is enough, is too
limited. It may be that this limited approach to thinking and to prayer
will wash away the delusions and lead to real thought, and to profound
prayer. If this be so, his work will bring blessing to all of us.

Thank you.

The One and the Many (Mishpatim)

Social reconstruction, a concern for the reformation or rather the reforming of society has often been called the central purpose of religion. From the pulpit of countless religious institutions and through the social action emphasis of its program, the impression has been conveyed that a concern for the welfare of society is the true mark of the religious man and that ~~a true son of faith~~ ^{the pious soul} must devote all effort to make the society in which he lives conform to some mystical ideal society envisaged by religious tradition.

Such a conception of religion's central aim is false. Religion is not concerned with society; its message involves primarily the individual within that society. The prophets of Israel whose formulation of the religious ideal is still central to our faith never sought to change the social order of their times; they sought to change the individual member of that order no matter what its particular form, and when they spoke of the Messianic age they pictured no particular communal organization; their dream of the Messianic world was nothing more or less than a composite of perfected individuals.

Judaism's prime concern with the individual finds re-emphasis in our Torah portion for today: ^{וְלֹא תִלְךָ אַחֲרֵי הָרֹב} "If thou shalt not follow the multitude to do evil!" ^{נֶעֱלָם} "Never mind what others do, we are told here. Never mind the evils of society or the wrong inherent in its structure. Worry about yourself. See what you can do with yourself. Here is the true emphasis of Judaism: the individual, not the group - the one and not the many."

To discover what we can do with ourselves is no easy task. In many ways, the individual presents a more complex problem than does society. Perhaps that is why preachers often prefer to deal with matters of national or even international consequence. I myself find it much easier to talk of that than to speak of the dialogue which each individual carries on with himself.

And yet, we must speak of it. We must deal with ourselves. We must learn what we can do with ourselves, if only because Judaism bids it, but for other reasons as well.

Consider for a moment the unavailability of ^{our} ~~his~~ problem. Willing^{ly} or not, we have ourselves on our hands, and try as we will, we can't get away. Sometime ago, a cartoon pictured a woman on ship-board saying to a travelling companion: "I took this trip just to get away from myself." It takes more than a sea trip to do that; it takes death itself and if we who believe in immortality are correct, even death will not succeed. When we consider the feverishness with which people live, when we ask why^{ly} they drive themselves so furiously even in their leisure time in an unremittant hunt for entertainment, why they occupy themselves with such trivialities, the reason is plain - we try to run away from ourselves; with hectic excitement and stimulation we try to blot out the protests, to anesthize the pains, to escape the pursuits of our real selves. A few among us succeed in this escape, but only to end up in an asylum. ^{With most of us, in} ~~Sooner or later~~ our real self catches up ^{with us} ~~with us~~ and we have to come to terms with it.

This is one of ^{life's} ~~life's~~ inevitables: sooner or later we have to deal with ourselves. Other problems a man may shunt off, find proxies for, discover substitutes to care about, but not this. We can't avoid ourselves - not if we want to achieve the inner peace for which we yearn.

Furthermore, whatever we do with ourselves makes a difference to the world. ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{ultimate} ~~major achievement of mankind~~ ^{is all in the hands of the individual} ~~is all in the hands of the individual~~. Whatever, ~~for instance,~~ a Moses did for his people went back to an inner struggle within himself - that time on a lonely desert stretch alongside a humble hyssop bush when he and his real self agreed that he had been called by God to lead his people from servitude to freedom. All that a modern Moses, a Herzl, accomplished goes back to the moment when with the blatant noise of an evil multitude dinning in his ears he came to grips with himself and said: to overcome this, I dedicate my life. Whatever was ever accomplished - not just for our people, for the world and in whatever field - whether in art or music, in morals or science, in social reform or religion - all of it goes back to the most intimate searching experience of humankind - an individual discovering what he could do with himself.

This truth applies not only to great men, to the creative geniuses whose influence determines the course of mankind's history. It applies to every man alive, and no matter how limited his endowments. Whatever the least among us does with himself makes a difference to the world.

Do you doubt it? Do you feel that what you do with yourself is insignificant, is empty of any consequence to the world, especially in a day such as this when economic and nationalistic forces rage across the planet like some Caribbean hurricane? Still, what you do with yourself makes a difference, ^{it makes a difference} to begin with to the people with whom your life is intertwined. No one lives in a vacuum; there are at least some people for whom the most important thing in the world is the way you handle yourself. You know who they may be - father, mother, lover, wife, husband, children - what you do ~~with yourself~~ carries in its hands more destiny for them than anything else ^{under the sun} ~~in the world~~. But their lives in turn are intertwined with the lives of others, and they touch other lives still until ^{the} chain of intertwined lives constitutes a world - for this world's sake then what each of us does with himself makes a difference.

Translate all this in terms of one the most pressing social problems of our age - world peace. Here our thoughts usually center on the United Nations, on such questions as national sovereignty, an international police force, tariffs and world wide economic control. That such problems are critically important and their solution indispensable is obvious. But we ought not forget that such international political arrangements are superstructures which must be built on something in the minds and hearts of individuals, on the ethical, the intellectual and spiritual foundations adequate to sustain them.

When did a United Nations succeed - with Israel, France and Britain - yes, because these are founded on the ideals the international nations themselves ~~and the majorities of their constituent members~~ superstructure espouses. The United Nations is helpless ^{in the case of} ~~with~~ Hungary and Russia, because there is no ethical and spiritual basis here to sustain the superstructure.

"If the foundations be destroyed," cried the writer of the 11th Psalm, "what can the righteous do?" That verse conjures up a picture full of contemporary meaning: righteous people trying to build an international government superstructure, putting in the best of their wisdom and labor only to discover ^{at last} that in the minds and hearts of still too many individuals or groups of individuals there is lacking the ethical and spiritual basis adequate to uphold it.

You may remember what happened to the Great Wall of China which was built over many decades

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in the hope of lending that continent enduring protection from attack. In three short years it was penetrated - not ^{by} ~~not~~ an enemy ^{agile} ~~able~~ enough to scale the heights, not by ^{an adversary with} ~~enemies strong~~ enough to smash the stone, but because one single keeper of the gate permitted himself to be bribed. It was the individual element that failed and to this day it is the individual who constitutes at the same time the greatest danger and the loftiest hope for world accord. Whatever the least among us does in the way of ~~maximizing~~ getting the best out of ^{himself} ~~ourselves~~ makes a difference here and in every other area of world concern.

But not only is this task of dealing with ourselves unavoidable, ~~maximizing~~ not only is it important to others, it offers a most fascinating approach to practical living. People often complain to the rabbi that time lies heavily ^y upon their hands, that they are bored, that they simply don't know what to do. Would that I were a painter ^{such people say} or a musician or a writer that I could create. But what greater ⁺ more malleable material for creation is there than the self? What other ^{What other} ~~material~~ ^{material} for creation is so universal And we are so close at hand. We may not be pioneering cosmologists or even explorers of the stratosphere, but we can explore the possibilities of ourselves ^{we can} ~~and~~ see what, with God's help, we may succeed in doing with ourselves. That is within our reach.

We face suffering, let us say, ~~personal pain~~ the anguish which comes from the pain or loss of dear ones. That is difficult. In the face of pain we can have a dreadful time with ourselves. We are tempted to collapse into plaintiveness and fear. Yet, after all, suffering is a part of life; it is one of life's inevitables. Do we ask for a golf course without bunkers that we ask for life without pain? Let us see then what we can do with ourselves, joining the honourable company of the many who by well-sustained endurance have lifted the estimate of man's moral possibilities and from the land of suffering have brought back insights never to be found on easier ground.

by through accident or illness.

Or we face a handicap. ^{At the start} we thought we were a thousand acre farm. Now we know the truth. A one acre lot - that is what we are and the ^{soil} ~~land~~ is not too good. We are handicapped by limitations within and by obstacles without. Shall we give way to despair?

Or shall we remember how much good in the world ^{has come} from people who have faced greater obstacles, far more serious handicaps than we do. Shall we recall the life of a Helen ^{unable to see to hear to speak at birth} Keller and be inspired by her precept. How often in the interior silence of her life ^{she} ~~she~~ must have said to herself: Things being what they are, still, let me see what I can do with myself.

Or you face none of these things we have been speaking of. You are not confronting suffering or handicap or moral defeat. You are strong, gifted, ardent for life. Ah then, see what you can do with yourself. Make the most of yourself. ~~for the sake of others,~~ *Say to yourself that the one thing in the world not here fifty years ago is ME. Get out of yourself all the best in yourself, for your own sake. Get out of yourself all the best in yourself, for the sake of others,*

for your own sake. Here is an approach to living that his forefather created
Do not follow the multitude infinitely satisfied with the message of the
~~Do not follow the multitude~~ Here is the central lesson of
~~Do not follow the multitude~~ religion: the object of its message is the one, not the many, and it bids the individual
to be primarily concerned with himself, before he attempts to ~~in~~ work for the many.

Is this message too inward and psychological? Does it shut its eyes to the problems of the world which are external and sociological. These two problems cannot be seen apart they are one and the same. One inevitably leads to the other. A person concerned with getting the best out of himself invariably will be concerned with the world, for the conditions of the world impinges on individuals and either impedes or helps the development of the self. *But the self comes first* As a modern poet put it: to thine own self be true, and it must follow as night the day, thou canst ~~then~~ not then be false to any man. And ~~as~~ a sage of our people long before him said: If I am not for myself, who will be for me, but if I am only for myself, what am I. And if not now, when?

Amen.

Personal Relationships in a Time of Crisis
Parshas Toledoth.

According to Voltaire, brilliant French philosopher and master of satire, the only thing left to do in a disordered world is to forsake it and dig in one's own garden. At least, this is the opinion he brought forth from the lips of Candide, most illustrious of his creations. There may be some, no doubt, who will agree with him and call his dictum sound advice. Others among us may fain to disagree. Be that as it may, the matter is hardly worth disputing, since, whether sound or otherwise, it is advice that simply cannot be taken.

Human beings cannot withdraw from the world. They cannot live their lives as though there were nothing of life beyond themselves that they need be troubled with. If they confine themselves to their garden, the world will invade their garden. Sooner or later, the very problems they seek to avoid and ~~to~~ take no part in trying to solve will wash away their barricades and engulf them. There are no ivory towers, no havens of retreat, no islands of refuge where the modern individual can live in isolated splendor. Wherever he goes, the issues of the age ^{will} overtake him and make their relentless demands.

Not only do these issues make claim on our time ^{and attention}. Their temper affects our personal relationships as well. The climate of the outer world inevitably is reflected in the inner world. In times of peace and relative prosperity, the bond uniting husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, usually is strong and secure. In times of crisis, these bonds are weakened and often break. Thus it is, that divorce and juvenile delinquency are ~~the~~ concomitants of social discord; a troubled society brings trouble into the lives of families and friends.

The process of this impact is not difficult to trace. To begin with, in times of stress, people are worried about what goes on in the world and worried people, even as sick people, are inclined to be unduly

unduly sensitive and demanding in their personal relationships. They are prone to visit their resentment especially on those they love, as if love gave them that privilege, and they rely on their loved ones for love's sake to bear it.

Moreover, in times of crisis, there is an overall weakening of social values - war, for instance, cheapens ~~the worth of~~ life not only ^{on} ~~on the~~ fields of battle, but everywhere - and consequently the values of the home are undermined as well. Invariably all sorts of doubts creep in. Is there anything whatever worth it? The world outside seems to be pulling apart: can the inner world be held together? In the outer world everyone seems to be only for himself: is it really any different in the home?

It is here, surely, that we need to stop and give ourselves a chance to think the matter through. After all, personal relationships are the foundationstones on which society is built. Their erosion spells inevitable doom. ~~If we countenance their crumbling we deny~~ ^{we destroy} all hope for a better order. ^{But} We need not ^{Countenance the decay -} ~~surely~~, for ^{alone and while} the destiny of these relationships is in our hands, ~~in our hands only~~. Our voice may be weak in the council of nations; it is all powerful in the circle of family and friends. In short, while we cannot keep the world from our garden, we certainly need not permit ~~it~~ ^{the world} to destroy its precious plants.

^{That is why} ~~As Jews~~, we do well therefore, ^{As we well might and strengthen our lives} every once in a while, to reconsider ^{those} virtues which the authors of our faith have always deemed vital in the relationship 'bein odom l'chaveiro' between man and man.

Truth is one of these virtues: the wisdom to withhold nothing that should be revealed, the capacity to speak with the courage of one's convictions. The rabbis of the Talmud were unrestrained in their exaltation of this quality. "Truth is one of the three pillars on which the world rests."

taught Rabbon Shimon ben Gamliel. "It is the very seal of God," added Rabbi Chanina. And a third sage pointed out that the Hebrew word for truth 'emes' is composed of the first, the middle and the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet - the alef, the mem, and the tav - and this, not by sheer chance, but only to teach us that truth is the beginning the middle and the end of all things.

Candor is an indispensable ingredient of the human approach. Friendship cannot survive without it, nor can a family. Our Torah portion, read a moment ago, underscores this need, with its reminder that it was an untruth, a lie in the matter of the birthright which forced ^{one father} Jacob into exile and a life time of toil and travail. As a matter of fact, rabbinic lore has made Jacob a symbol of our people and Esau the prototype of Israel's enemies, so that, in accordance with rabbinic thinking it is no exaggeration to say that the martyrology of our people can be traced, in its inception, to a lie, *a violation of the law of truth*

The highest law that a husband and wife, a parent and child, a friend and friend can learn is to live with each other in a spirit of utter frankness. To conceal what the other has a right to know is to erect barriers which separate; deception damages the relationship that should unite and enfold the intimate circle. Two people may and will differ on many important matters - but they cannot conceal the truth from each other and practice deception without ^{doing} ^{since} ~~violating~~ the sanctity of their relationship.

Truth, then, is the first pillar of our personal relationships, and the handmaiden of truth is respect which, as its root denotes for it comes from the latin verb respicere, meaning 'to look at', involves the ability to see the partner of a relationship as he is. It involves the willingness to recognize his individuality, to cherish it, to permit it to unfold in its own peculiar way.

Thus seen and understood, the concept of respect implies foremost the absence of exploitation. We cannot hope to establish or maintain a bond with others if we seek them for some ulterior motive. The man who selects his friends for their use alone, for social or economic advantage, say, is quickly found out and denied the response of sympathetic understanding which selfless friendship alone evokes.

The ideal of respect - 'kibbud hab'rjous' our fathers called it, the ^{rec-}~~hon-~~ ^{deriving} ~~oring~~ of honor to God's creatures - precludes also all tendency to dominate. There is no room for the authoritarian approach in the circle of family and friend. Unfortunately, there are too many who follow its course: husbands who seek to dominate their wives, wives who are unduly possessive, or parents who go totalitarian with their children, who want them to do certain things or live in a certain manner, not for any good reason but simply because they say so or ^{they} think so. Among such people are often those who consider themselves good liberals in their political thinking. Yet if the problems of the outer world are to be resolved on the side of freedom, freedom must prevail in the inner world ^{as well}.

Somehow we must come to understand that separate persons are always separate persons, distinctive individuals with minds that can meet with other minds but cannot be absorbed or merged. Nothing is achieved by the attempt to dominate. Browbeating can never cure dissension. What must be sought is patient, reasonable attitudes, honesty and fairness in discussion and, if necessary - and quite often it may be necessary - agreement to differ. Even a married couple is composed of two people with two minds and two wills, and in spite of the words of the marriage ceremony, these two will not in all respects be one. Marriage at its best, is the ^{blend} ~~union~~ of two individuals on the basis of the preservation of each individuality, so that the two may move through life much like two independent melodies which rise and fall and blend with one another to form the harmony of wondrous music.

The last and perhaps the most important ingredient of firm personal relationships is a sense of responsibility, the willingness to answer the needs, expressed and unexpressed, of another human being. To be responsible means to be able and ready to respond. Jonah did not feel responsible to the inhabitants of Niniveh. He, like Cain could ask: Am I my brother's keeper. The loving person responds. The life of his brother is not his brother's business alone, but his own as well.

There are many Hebrew terms which approach a definition of this virtue: Ahavo, love, is one; rachameem, compassion, is another. Moreover, it is a virtue which finds varying expression, depending on the nature of the relationship. Between parents and child it refers most often to the care for physical needs and for mental development. Between friend and friend it speaks primarily of psychic needs. In the love between husband and wife it involves a response to all these and more, to the total human personality. But whatever ^{the term + who love} the particular application, responsibility, compassion, love all involve not just feeling but doing. They describe not so much a state of being, but an act of giving.

In truth, we cannot conceive of one without the other, of responsibility without care, of compassion without extended help. Love is not love without an active concern for the life and growth of that which we love. When seen in this light, and contrary to the conviction of most young people, the moment of wedlock is never the culmination of love; it is only the beginning and only a possibility for the building of love. Love before marriage is a feeling, a romantic sentiment, at best; only after the marriage can it be translated into a doing for one another and thus attain to its truer nature.

These then are the threads which go into the making of the bond uniting family and friend: truth, respect, responsibility. These are the virtues we must nurture if we want to preserve our personal relationships against the winds of the world which are blowing harshly upon us.

Some weeks ago, I chanced to tell a story to the young people of our religious school which has its application here also. It is about a king who lived many centuries ago but who was endowed with a very curious mind and one day he determined to know if people lived on the moon. It occurred to him that if a loud enough noise were ~~made~~ sent up from the earth, it might be heard on the moon and its people, if there were any, would give answer. Orders went out throughout the kingdom, instructing all people to gather in their village squares and at the appointed signal to give a mighty shout. The ~~appointed~~ ^{properly selected} day arrived: all subjects were ^{men women & children} assembled. The signal was given, and lo and behold - there was utter silence - every one had remained silent because he wanted to hear the great sound himself.

Some of the finest things in the world are left undone, because we wait for others to do them. Some of the finest relationships in the world are destroyed because we take our cue from others allowing the standards of a time of crisis to affect our closer circle.

We needn't ^{to} surely. ^{And if we do, who knows} ~~On the contrary,~~ ^{may} we can even reverse the process, and instead of allowing the outer world to invade our personal lives, we can make our personal lives invade the outer world. Our more immediate problems, if mastered will make us stronger and wiser to deal with all other problems. The inwardness of our lives can provide the moral reinforcement needed by society. Yes, if we attain to it, the flame that burns in our homes, kindled by our friendships and our loves, can be carried with us wherever we go, lighting the way before us, warming the desolation of the world.

^{Give us enough such men & enough such women}
Grant us this, O God, and the impossible will yet be possible.

Amen.

K21
T.1

Please make it short, Rabbi!
The Role of the Sermon in the Service

Courtesy, politeness, a friendly manner, while not a cardinal virtue in life, still tends to make man's life on earth so much more palatable and pleasant. A friendly countenance or comment costs nothing - yet it is mankind's best adornment, more beautiful than costly garments or precious gems. "אֵלֶיךָ בָּרְכָהּ כָּל אִישׁ וְאִשָּׁה" - 'Greet every man cheerfully,' taught the Tannah, Shammai; and another author of the Mishna equates 'd e r e c h e r e t z' with 't a l m u d t o r a h', making good manners the indispensable pre-requisite to the attainment of knowledge and wisdom.

This emphasis on considerate behavior finds curious confirmation in our Torah portion for today. Our scriptural selection portrays that happy moment in the life of Abraham when a heavenly messenger promises ~~the aged~~ ~~patience~~ the birth of a son. Sarah, ~~however~~, exhibiting a talent which was to be inherited by generations of her daughters, manages to eavesdrop and ~~overhear~~ the conversation. Her reaction is not too confident; she merely laughs, saying: "After I am waxed old, shall I have pleasure, my Lord being old also?" In the very next verse, God asks Abraham: "Why did Sarah laugh, saying, will I of a surety bear a child who am old!" Rabbinic commentators were quick to notice that while Sarah had, in fact, referred both to her own advanced age as well as to the extreme age of her husband, God only mentioned the reference to herself, to wit, 'why did Sarah laugh, saying: shall I bear a child, I, I only, who am old?' God was clearly guilty of a half-truth - but only, ~~as such~~, in order not to give cause for quarrel between husband and wife. ~~for surely Abraham would have been angry had he heard that Sarah considered him old. The rabbis conclude that~~ Half-truths, or ~~white~~ white lies are permitted provided their intent is to ~~preserve~~ spare the feelings of a fellow human being.

In describing the mutual regard that obtains between a rabbi and his congregation, the terms courtesy and consideration can certainly be applied, for kindness rules all aspects of this relationships, all areas, that is, except one, the pulpit, the weekly sermon, where sensibilities and civilities are frequently forgotten. In the sound and fury of his reprimands, the rabbi all too often bares his claws, and after he has had his say, he growls like a mother lion in defending the offspring of his mind, misbegotten as that offspring might have been. As for the congregation, too many of its members don't even await a sermons delivery but greet the rabbi with the k unkindest, most unreasonable request of them all: Please, Rabbi, make it short, will you! Have you ever heard of an actor who was asked to cut the lines of ^{his} play, or a musician, and a mediocre one at that who ~~was~~ ^{is} asked to play less and not more, to skip some movements in a ~~symphony~~ ^{sonata}. But even a Piatigorsky of the Pulpit is asked to be brief, and, I suppose, can count himself lucky not to have a modern day Benjamin Franklin sardonically remark: "None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing."

Not always was the sermon in such low repute. At one time it played a central role in the life and the growth of the Jewish Community. One need only regard the ~~hundreds-of~~ thousand upon thousand sermons collected in hundreds upon hundreds of volumes which make up the vast mass of literature known as the Midrash to sense the significance of the sermon in the religious life of our fathers.

The sermon, incidentally, represents the unique contribution of the Jew to world religion. While the founders and leaders of various religions gave occasional public addresses, there is no evidence of such addresses as part of a regular religious service prior to the development of the synagogue. But once the sermon was established, it spread far and wide and was eagerly accepted by Christianity and Islam.

The birth of preaching was a bi-product of the general tide of democratic liberalism which swept through Jewish life in the days of the second commonwealth. It was a part of the movement which meant to wrest religion from the stranglehold of the monarchists and the priests. The prophets and teachers of Israel wanted to create ^(in the literal sense of the word, a kingdom of priests & a holy people) an entire nation in which everyone, from the humblest workingman to ~~the most learned~~ ~~scholar or~~ the most munificent philanthropist would achieve a knowledge of God. ~~They wanted Israel to be, in the literal sense of the word, a kingdom of priests and a holy people.~~ The Synagogue became the institution which broke the power of the centralized priesthood by establishing a minor sanctuary, a people's temple in every town and hamlet of Israel. And the synagogue sermon was the instrument which gave religion to the people.

If every one was to be a priest, then everyone had to learn God's word and its meaning. Therefore the Scripture was read in every synagogue and at every service; it was translated into the vernacular (during the days of the Second Temple the Jewish people spoke Aramaic and not Hebrew); ⁺ after the literal translation, the scriptural passage was interpreted and the interpretation developed into the sermon. Through the reading and translation of Scripture the people gained a knowledge of Law; and through the interpretations they learned how the Law was to be applied in the give and take of their personal lives.

This double purpose of the original sermon points to the role the sermon ought to play in our day. A sermon is to instruct - and it ^{is meant} is to improve; it must educate and ^{it must} edify.

A sermon is meant to give knowledge of Torah. In Judaism study has been lifted to the level of a religious principle - Talmud Torah Keneged Kulon - ^{Study of the Law supersedes all other religious instructions} ~~and there is no such thing as a Jew, uninformed of his Jewish heritage~~ ^{religion} is no Jew. And a sermon which does not add at least one single is no sermon.

4 used this B. he.
The hope that it will be some day.

It might be noted, marginally, that the very reading of the scripture as part of the service ~~has~~ long ago, marked a revolution in the religious life of man. At one time, the sacred books of religions were the exclusive ^{possession} ~~protection~~ of priests and scribes. Not so in Judaism. A Jew, uninformed of his Jewish heritage is simply ^{not} a Jew. And a sermon which ~~only~~ does not add to the Jewish knowledge of the congregation, a sermon which merely re-echoes the daily press ^{the writing up} or popular pundits, is no sermon.

However, a good sermon must do more than impart ^{knowledge} knowledge; ~~it must~~ ^{it must} ~~show how that knowledge is to be applied in life.~~ A preacher is not just a teacher; ~~and a sermon is~~ more than a lecture. A good sermon aims beyond the mind; ^{it seeks to} ~~and touches~~ the heart and the soul of the worshipper. It ~~aims~~ intends to transform religious truth into the moral fibre of man. And it purposes to answer the doubts and the yearnings of the human soul.

Here the preacher faces his most difficult task ^{for one} who can fathom the needs of the soul; ~~and who dare set himself as the arbiter of man's deeds.~~ ^{A wit once pointed out that} ~~if preaching were only teaching it would be easy.~~ ^{it is more} ~~than an intellectual exercise.~~ It demands the best self, the soul of the preacher. Words which aim at the heart must come from the heart. Words of reproof ^{especially} are not easy either; ~~who dare set himself as the arbiter of men's deeds.~~ Every preacher knows too well that the failings he sees in other stir his soul also. ^{And} Feeble ^{is the} comfort ^{offered by} is the admirable observation that preachers are "like torches - a light to others, waste and destruction to themselves."

Such is the purpose of the sermon, such was its power, such can its power be, if good preachers be found - and if men be found who will listen with an understnd heart. Not always is the failure of ~~a~~ sermon the fault of the preacher; sometimes the listeners ~~are~~ are ^{to blame}.

For one, congregations often expect too much; it is impossible to be stirred by every sermon; even the ultra modern scientifically designed machines of an automobile factory produce an occasional lemon, - why not extend the same courtesy to a preacher, frail human that he is. Again, congregations often expect the wrong thing. They come, not to be enlightened, but to be entertained; they judge the sermon by its garb and not its body, looking for the emphatic gesture or flashy phrase rather than the truth of the message. A sermon is not meant to enetrtain; an entertaining, scinitllating sermon may lead people to praise the preacher, but a good sermon will lead people to praise God. In other words, people who listen to a sermon ^{ought to remember that they} constitute not an audience but a congregation.

Finally, so many people receive little from a sermon because they are not prepared to receive much. Our fathers were thoroughly conversant with the subject matter presented to them by the preacher. Moreover, they prepared themselves for every sermon, by reading and rereading the Torah portion of the week. When the preacher announced his text, they knew the text already and were eagerly awaiting the new insights the preacher would provide, ~~to something that was known to them.~~ The sermon topics are still announced, well in advance.

Why not give some thought to the theme before coming to the synagogue. Why not read the Torah portion of the week in advance, to look for a text that would seem appropriate and meaningful to you. Increased knowledge might well obviate the most common charge levelled against preachers or lexturer, to wit, that they speak over the audience's head. A similar complaint lodged against a professor of philosophy elicited the following reply: gentlemen, I talk to where your heads ought to be, not to where they are.

We have assayed the role of the sermon in the synagogal service. Much more could be said of course, but certainly the title of our discourse precludes a lengthier treatment. We have found that a good sermon aims to fulfill a double task, to ~~apply to the~~ inform and to inspire, to apply the timeless lessons of the past to the timely needs of the hour and its men. We have also discovered that good sermons ^{not only} require good preaching, but ^{also} beyond that good listening.

A sermon can have great effect upon the lives of men and nations - the enemies of freedom recognized ^{such} its potentialities by silencing the pulpit wherever they ~~appear~~ ^{ought} to dominate the minds of men. Sermons can give hope to the despondent, and light to those who sit in darkness. Sermons can bring happiness into the lives of men and women. Sermons represent the sole remaining vehicle for the Oral Law in our time. ^{They are the} ~~It is the~~ one instrument which ^{has} preserved prophecy and assurance ^{hold out the} of continued revelation.

Having said all this, ~~and~~ having set these lofty goals, I ought to step from this pulpit never to preach again. And yet why not continue. ^{What is wrong with leaving it} ~~Why not have~~ the reach exceed the grasp. We take comfort in the familiar Midrash which speaks of a king who lost a precious pearl. Does he not recover it by means of a two-cent candle?

Amen.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION: A JEWISH VIEW

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The American Jewish community's approach to the complex of problems encompassed by the title "Religion and Education" can best be understood as the effect of an interplay of inner and outer forces, of the ideal and the real, of Jewish theology and Jewish history; it is the product of a people's faith shaped on the anvil of its experience.

The monism which characterizes Judaism - its steadfast insistence of God's unity and its attendant unitary conception of human nature - clearly calls for the most comprehensive possible understanding of education's role, for the summary dismissal of any effort to compartmentalize it into well-defined, only thinly related segments labelled "secular" and "sacred." On the other hand, the life experience of Jews - their persecution in lands where church and state were one, the whiplash of anti-semitism which they and their children were made to feel in state-religion oriented schools - have made them espouse the ideal of the 'secular' public school and, thus, to qualify the concept of education which flows from their faith.

In this manner, Jews stand in the vanguard of the struggle to maintain the principle of separation wherever Church and State meet on the American scene; they resist the intrusion of denominational instruction and observances in the public classroom even as they oppose, with vigor, the assignment of public funds to church established schools. At the same time, their essentially religious world view leads them to understand that not all religious concerns can be excized from the public school curriculum, that every system of education worthy of the name must strive to awaken awareness of life's spiritual dimension and foster devotion to the values which emanate therefrom. American Jews are confident that the public school can serve these ends without invoking the sectarian symbols and sanctions of institutional religion, without transmitting the teaching and forms even of those great faiths from which our spiritual and moral values are ultimately derived.

Judaism's View of Education

Because it is one of the oldest religions of mankind - its adherents scattered through all the world, their faith challenged by many varied winds of thought - Judaism, understandably enough, is not a simple faith. It is, rather, a complex system of life and thought, embracing many points of view and distinctive only in its totality, in the singular integration of diverse details. There is, thus, no single Jewish philosophy of education; the religious literature of the Jew sounds many variations on the theme. Still, a leitmotif can be perceived among the descants, allowing us to speak of a Jewish view of teaching and of learning.

Central to this view is Judaism's concept of man which holds his nature to be a blending of body and soul, of matter and of spirit. Man is made of the dust, yet there is something in him which has its source in the divine and enables him to achieve communion with it. Because he was fashioned in the image of God, he can encounter God, if only he seek Him. "Man is not cut off and isolated from the universe, but a part of it. Somehow he can reach out and understand it. Man may be limited and small, but he can grow toward God because something in him corresponds to God."¹ The realization of this potentiality latent within him, the attainment of communion with the divine, constitutes man's essential task; it is the infinite duty which has been laid on finite human life.

Education is a principle means for life's fulfillment; "a man needs to study, so that he may become himself."² The unlearned man can never be pious; he may will to find God, but he does not know the way; he perceives the design but he lacks the tools and has failed to master the craft. Learning is the key to the universe; man becomes God-like, holy as God is holy, only as he grows in the knowledge of His world and Word.

Education is a means, not the end. Though prizing knowledge above all earthly possessions, Judaism ascribes no worth to study for study's sake alone. "He who has knowledge of the Torah but no fear of God, is like the keeper of a treasury who has the inner keys, but not the outer keys. He cannot enter."³ The goal of learning is the refinement of a sensitivity to the divine; the beginning and the end of wisdom is the fear of heaven.

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1. Eugene B. Borowitz, Philosophies of Education, ed. Philip H. Phenix (New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1963), p. 87.
 2. Ibid., p. 88
 3. Sabbath, 31b

Judaism's conception of human nature is unitary. Its dualism, such as it is, is not rigidly drawn. It speaks of body and of soul but sees them bound in indissoluble union. Certainly the body is not burdened with all sin, nor is the soul given credit for all virtue.

To what may this be compared? To a king who owned a beautiful orchard which contained splendid figs. Now, he appointed two watchmen therein, one lame and the other blind. One day the lame man said to the blind, "I see beautiful figs in the orchard. Come and take me upon thy shoulder, that we may procure and eat them." So the lame bestrode the blind, procured and ate them. Some time after, the owner of the orchard came and inquired of them, "Where are those beautiful figs?" The lame man replied, "Have I then feet to walk with?" The blind man replied, "Have I then eyes to see with?" What did he do? He placed the lame upon the blind and judged them together. So will the Holy One, blessed be He, return the soul to the body and judge them as one.⁴

Man is not a loose federation of two or even three separate states - body, mind, spirit - but, rather, is he a composite of these correlative principles of being.

The implications of this conception for the understanding of education's task is clear. Its function is all-encompassing. It cannot be divided in any manner or restricted in any fashion. One cannot refine the competence of mind while oblivious to the needs and potentialities of body or blind to the values and final purposes which are born of man's spirit. The development of the total man is every teacher's concern; all life is education's proper province.

Judaism's reluctance to ascribe a final duality to human nature extends to the nature of man's universe. Here too, no artificial divisions are made, no realms sequestered from the horizons of inquiry which a man can properly pursue. "There is no not-holy, there is only that which has not been hallowed, which has not yet been redeemed to its holiness."⁵

4. Sanhedrin, 91a-b

5. Martin Buber, Hasidism (New York: The Philosophical Library, 1948), p. 135.

The history of the Jew reveals no parallel to the warfare of theology with science which mars the history of Christendom. Scientific inquiry was usually encouraged and given free reign. As one example, a twelfth century curriculum sets the following order of studies: reading, writing, Torah, Mishnah, Hebrew grammar, poetry, Talmud, philosophy of religion, logic, arithmetic, geometry, optics, astronomy, music, mechanics, medicine, and lastly, meta-physics.⁶ The array of Jewish scholars who coupled knowledge of Jewish law and lore with equal competence in the sciences is impressive; the leading contributors to the development of Jewish theology invariably ranked among the foremost scientists of their day. Moses ben Maimon (usually called Maimonides) offers classic proof; he was Talmudist and philosopher, astronomer and physician; his mastery of rabbinics was sufficiently great to have future generations of Jews designate him as a "second Moses;" his philosophical writings, seeking to harmonize Judaism and Aristotelianism, reveal an equally excellent grasp of Greek thought; and his scientific works - two volumes on poisons and their antidotes, a book on sexual intercourse, essays on asthma, on hemorrhoids, on hygiene, and a commentary on the aphorisms of Hyppocrates - were consequential enough to merit translation and re-publication throughout the eight centuries since they were first written, most recently in English, by Johns Hopkins University, on the occasion of a Maimonides anniversary.

6. Joseph ben Judah ibn Aknin, Cure of Souls (12 Century), chapter 27. Ibn Aknin's criteria for successful teaching may interest the modern reader; The teacher must have complete command of the subject he wishes to transmit, he must carry out in his own life the principles he wishes to inculcate in his pupils; he must exact no pay for his teaching; he must look upon his pupils as if they were his own sons; he must train his pupils to lead an ethical life; he must not be impatient but come to his pupils with a happy countenance; and he must teach his pupils according to the range of their intellectual capacities.

The study of nature is not inimical to the pursuit of the religious life - so teaches Judaism; it is a pillar on which the life of faith rests; God can be known only through its free and unrestricted service.⁷ The student of science ought never be hindered in his quest by theological pre-suppositions; the "Torah is not a code that compels us to believe in falsehoods."⁸ A contradiction between the teachings of Judaism and the findings of science can only be apparent, never real, and calls for the careful re-evaluation of both. Either may be at fault - tradition misunderstood or scientific method poorly applied - and if the conclusions of science prove correct, tradition must yield the point and modify its understanding of the Word.

Nothing which serves to expand the adventurous horizon of man's mind should be excluded from consideration in the life-long educative process. The science, the wisdom, the skills of the world are as significant to man as are the teachings of tradition. They all of them are necessary if he is to fulfill the purpose inherent in life.

That purpose must be served. If it is not, knowledge - whatever be its kind - is vain; "the end of the matter, all having been heard: revere God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."⁹ It is in this spirit, that the modern Jew voices his prayer:

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7. Moses Maimonides, The Guide of the Perplexed, Part I, Chap. 55. Cf. Sabbath, 75a.
 8. Levi ben Gerson (Gersonides) in The Wars of the Lord, quoted by W. Gunther Plaut, Judaism and the Scientific Spirit (New York: Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1962), p. 6. His book offers a superb exposition of the problem under discussion.
 9. Ecclesiastes 12:13

O Lord, open our eyes, that we may see and welcome all truth, whether shining from the annals of ancient revelations or reaching us through the seers of our own time; for Thou hidest not thy light from any generation of Thy children that yearn for Thee and seek Thy guidance.¹⁰

When thy speak these lines, at their weekly Sabbath services, and when they translate into their lives as they hopefully do, the ideal implicit in them, Jews keep alive the ancient prophet's dream - a dream superbly characteristic of Judaism's view of learning-which envisages man's future as a time when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea."¹¹

Faith Tempered by Experience

This then is the compelling religious conception which governs Judaism's approach to education: Study is a never-ending task in life, a vital means for its fulfillment; all realms of knowledge, not just religious disciplines, but the sciences of man and nature too, and the humanities, are encompassed by this mandate; and all learning must be made to serve the end of faith, this end alone, the principal object of being--to help the I encounter the Eternal Thou.

It is a conception which still holds sway for Jews, at least for those who define their Jewishness primarily in religious terms. Its modification, to which we alluded in the introduction, is not one of substance, but one of detail, and it applies, in the main, to American Jews whose recent history witnessed their mass migration from central Europe to America.

10. Union Prayer Book, Part I (Cincinnati: Central Conference of American Rabbis, 1940), p.34

11. Isaiah, 11:9

Jews were made to suffer grievously in the lands of their origin; their existence was in continuous jeopardy, their religious life severely circumscribed. Invariably, their persecution was most relentless where Luther's dictum-cuius regio eius religio -- determined the relation between church and state, where rulers told the ruled how to worship God and priests told rulers how to execute State affairs. By the time Jews came to these shores in substantial numbers, the alliance between Protestant dissent and secular humanism had yielded its richest fruit; the principle of religious freedom was well established and the concept of voluntariness in matters of faith had become a corner-stone of American law. Here Jews found safety; here they found freedom in a measure rarely matched in the two thousand years of their wandering. Little wonder that they attributed their liberties primarily to the principle of separation, and that they are boldy zealous in its defense!

The sharp and comforting contrast between the old and the new was strikingly manifested in the realm of public education. { In Europe, only a handful of Jewish children were granted admission to government established school; the lucky few who were thus chosen had to make a payment of blood for their privilege; they were subjected to stinging indignities, insulted and assaulted, to remind them of their inferiority, to make them appreciate the gracious gift bestowed. { Whatever their ultimate purpose - the state was hardly guiltless, after all, state-appointed teachers condoned or even encouraged such incidents - } these expressions of anti-Semitism invariably were cloaked in the garment of religious bigotry, given occasion by class prayers (always alluding to the crucifixion), by school observances of festivals (Easter was ever a propitious time to resuscitate the blood libel), and

by the caustic commentaries of teachers in interpreting the Biblical text. Not so, in America! Here the Jewish immigrant found governmental schools whose doors were opened wide to welcome his children, whose teachers and administrators accorded them treatment fully equal to that extended to all other students. Again, the American Jew attributed his blessing primarily to the principle of separation, to the circumstance that the American public school had been divested of those denominational dimensions that so distressed him and his children elsewhere.

Thus it was, that American Jews became champions of the 'secular' public school, learning to reverence it as a "precious gift to be passionately protected and preserved."¹² Indeed, they would be remiss, totally lacking in human virtue, were ^{we} they to offer a lesser degree of appreciation.

Here we confront the modern-day modification of Judaism's traditional approach to learning. Today's American Jews recognize the worth of disjoining the educational process, conceding the possibility of its departmentalization. They isolate sectarian instruction from general education, limiting the scope of public education by withholding the former from its concern.

The modification is modest indeed. It involves a peripheral change, not an alteration in essence. It constitutes a division of labor, as it were, and not a dichotomy of final purposes. The goals of education, public and private, remain the same. The public school can well serve religion's ultimate concerns without also teaching religion in any formal sense.¹³

12. Leo Pfeffer, Creeds in Competition (New York: Harper & Bros., 1958), p.60.

13. Eugene B. Borowitz, op. cit., p. 93. Also, Anson Phelps Stokes and Leo Pfeffer, Church and State in the United States (New York: Harper & Row, 1964) p. 355.

THESE THEN ARE THE REASONS OF LOGIC + EXPERIENCE WHICH LEAD
Maintaining the Wall -- Religious Observances

American Judaism offers substantial, unaccustomed unanimity in its approach to the many issues affecting the adjustment of church and state in the realm of public education. The response is uniform and unequivocal, always applying the principle enunciated by the highest court, "separation means separation, not something less."

Every ritual expression of religion in the public elementary and high schools is rejected on this basis, from the recitation of prayers to the devotional reading of the Bible, from the singing of sacred songs to the observance of sectarian festivals, not excluding joint religious celebrations.'

WE OPPOSE ~~RELIGIOUS~~ READING EVEN WHEN IT IS NON DEN

Long before the Supreme Court rendered its decision in the Engel v. Vitale case, American Jews asserted that state laws requiring or permitting the recitation of prayers are wholly inconsistent with the Establishment Clause - even when these prayers are chosen for their "non-denominational" quality or composed with this intent in mind.¹⁴ Moreover to be true to its essential nature, prayers must be personal, particular, passionate; it cannot be neutral or detached. Here, Jews share fully the view of Tillich who holds the "unspecified affirmation of God" to be "irrelevant," a "rhetorical-political abuse" of religion in its finest sense.¹⁵

14. Jews never acquiesced in lower court rulings which held the Lord's Prayer to be "non-denominational." Although the words, when taken literally, are not at variance with Jewish teaching, sacred usage over many centuries by Christians have made this prayer wholly Christian. As such, it violates the conscience of the Jew. The Lord to which the prayer's title refers is not God as Jews conceive of Him, but Jesus of the Christian tradition. Indeed, the words are the words of Jesus drawn verbatim from the Gospels.

15. Pau Tillich, The Courage to Be (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1952), pp. 182-184.

Politicians, dictators, and other people who wish to use rhetoric to make an impression on their audience like to use God in this (unspecified) sense. It produces the feeling in their listeners that the speaker is serious and morally trustworthy. This is especially successful if they can brand their foes as atheistic.

The rote recitation of 'neutral' prayers holds forth no hope for the attainment of a meaningful religious experience; it is form without substance, an empty gesture bereft of spiritual significance. Nor can such recitation, without further comment by the teacher or discussion by the class, be seen to serve the ends of character education; the expectation that the mechanical mouthing of prayer formulas will steel the moral fibre of the student runs counter to reason, counter to evidence, counter to all accepted theories of learning.

What is true for 'neutral' prayer is true for non-denomination Bible reading - not when the Book is studied as part of a great literature course, but when it is ordered as a daily exercise in religious devotion. Such Bible reading virtually constitutes compulsory attendance at a religious service. Jews fear, further, that in this manner, Christological ideas at variance with the Jewish understanding of the Bible will be transmitted to their children.¹⁶ The Bible is not a non-religious book; and the hypothesis that it is a "non-denominational" book must similarly be put to serious question.

Theological differences among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews have necessitated each group authorizing its own translation of the Bible. These theological differences resulted in frequent and prolonged controversies in the 19th century, when in numerous instances Catholics asked the courts to ban the reading of the King James Bible and when even Protestant groups fought among themselves as to which denominational translation should be declared nondenominational.¹⁷

16. Why the Bible Should Not be Read in the Public Schools, pamphlet issued by the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

17. Statement of the Commission on Social Action of Reform Judaism to the Senate Judiciary Committee, on October 3, 1962, opposing several resolutions which sought to modify the first amendment. Submitted by Rabbi Richard G. Hirsch

Again, as in the ^{case}~~use~~ of prayer, the hurried, perfunctary recitation of tests, can never further, but only retards, the advancement of either religion or moral education.

Jewish opposition to school observance of holy days, particularly its celebrations of Christmas and Easter - the singing of carols, the presentation of nativity and crucifixion plays, the display on school property of manger scenes - has been a cause of considerable community tension and of serious interreligious misunderstanding. Hopefully, the preceding paragraphs have helped to clarify the issue somewhat, by showing that a consistent application of the principle of separation makes this opposition mandatory.

Christmas and Easter are, after all, religious holidays in the specific sense of the term; they are sectarian, denominational festivals. They celebrate the birth and death of Jesus who is the founder of the Christian faith. The nativity scene is a hallowed symbol of Christ's birth. Christmas pageants are representations in word and dance of profoundly religious, Christian ideas. And Christmas carols derive from the music of the church; their words have origin in its sacred liturgy.

Manifestly, Christmas and Easter are not national or cultural holidays, and thoughtful Christians should be as offended as are Jews by the effort to obscure or to diminish the theological content of their celebration.

The fact that Christmas music is mixed with such other "holiday" music as "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth" in no way changes the situation. . . . If Christmas is a holy day of great religious importance, Christians should be the first to rebel against its vulgarization in the public schools. Indeed, many sensitive Christians have joined in the campaign to "Put Christ Back into Christmas."

But it is with a sense of sadness that we observe how very few Christians have seriously objected to the cheapening of their sacred day.¹⁸

In a sense, Jews long for the restoration of at least some of the stern standards of colonial New England whose Puritans prohibited the public celebration of Christmas, who barred all "pomp and pagan revelry" in the observance of the day, insisting that it be marked in conduct with a solemnity befitting Christianity's most holy hour.

The attempt to assuage Jewish sensitivity by instituting joint holiday observances fails in the desired effect. ~~Then~~ American Jews are particularly discomfited by the Christmas-Chanukah union which, principle aside, gives currency to a grave misunderstanding of their faith when it equates a relatively minor festival of Judaism with a feast of the greatest moment to Christendom. The springtime twin-observance is only slightly more appealing; Easter and Passover hardly strike a heavenly harmony of theme. But what is infinitely more important, a principle is at stake, and principle will not be compromised. Joint observances of religious holidays in public school are no less a breach of the American ideal than are the celebrations of a single faith.

Religious Education and the School Curriculum

The problem of religious instruction in the public school is vexing in its perplexity, more intricate by far than are the issues of religious observance. Its ramifications are many and well-entangled, forming a Gordian knot which, so the better part of valor dictates, cannot be cut in a single bold stroke, but must be unravelled with infinite patience and care.

18. Marvin Braiterman, Religion and the Public Schools (New York: Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1958), pp. 25, 26.

Two possible approaches, both extreme, can readily be rejected and require no lengthy elaboration. Sectarian indoctrination on public school premises clearly constitutes a breaching of the wall; indeed, it was ruled to be so by the Court in the historic McCollum case. The opposite alternative, the elimination of all religious concerns from general school teaching, is neither desirable nor feasible of fulfillment; one simply cannot teach without transmitting some religious data; one cannot convey a full understanding of contemporary culture without, in the very least, recognizing religion's role in the making of its essential elements - its music, literature, and art, its morals and its law. This view, too, is supported by Court opinion; in the Schempp-Murray majority decision, Justice Clark took pains to point out that the banning of devotional Bible reading and the injunction against the recitation of the Lord's Prayer do not by any means import that the study of the Bible for its "literary and historic qualities" or the study of religion "when presented objectively. . . as part of a secular program of education" constitute a violation of the First Amendment.

But the objective transmission of religion's historic contribution to civilization hardly qualifies as religious teaching. Can religion itself be taught in the public school - its tenets and its values - without partiality, without the substitution of indoctrination for learning? This is the question that yields no ready answer and continues to trouble the waters of inter-group relations on the American scene.

A number of proposals have been put forward, in recent years, which aim to allow the teaching of religious tenets without doing violence to the principle of separation. They build on the assumption that there are fundamental principles of faith which all religions share, which can be isolated, organized in unit form, and then transmitted as the common, non-denominational core of faith.

American Jews do not embrace such efforts with a full heart. They agree, of course, that a common core exists, that the great religions of the world do indeed hold many views in common, allowing for full cooperation between them. Jews doubt, however, that these tenets can be isolated from the context of the religious current without destroying their essential nature and without vitiating all that is spiritually meaningful in every faith. Religious ideas and their forms are inseparably intertwined; both are sanctified by faith. The moment they are separated, form loses its essence and the idea is robbed of its force.

Phrasing and style become supremely important and indeed matters of conscience, as is evidenced by the fact that churches differ not as to the content of the Lord's Prayer, but as to its wording. There is not a single thought in that prayer to which a devout Jew could take exception. Yet it is for him a Christian prayer which Jewish tradition and his own religious sensitivity enjoin him from reciting. It is only a person emancipated from religious tradition who speaks of forms as the "externals" of religion. How meaningful then can a common core of belief be that does not have the support of a tradition which includes symbols, memories, powerful emotional associations.¹⁹

More than this, once an idea is abstracted from one form and is cast into another form, the idea itself undergoes substantive change. When the principles of a faith are isolated from their tradition and combined with other principles similarly extracted, something entirely new emerges. This, doubtless, is what the American Council on Education had in mind when it criticized the common denominator plan on the ground that it might "easily lead to a new sect - a public school sect - which would take its place alongside the existing faiths and compete with them."²⁰ Rabbi Richard G. Hirsch, in his testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee makes this pertinent and incisive comment:

Public school sponsorship of non-denominational religious exercise (and teaching) potentially establishes a new major faith - "public school religion." For a brief but a significant time during the school day, the school becomes a

19. Rabbi Morris Adler, "Religion and Public Education: A Rationale," in the Journal of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, April 1955.

20. American Council on Education Studies (April, 1947), Vol. XI, No. 26, p. 19

house of worship, the teacher becomes a religious leader, the class becomes a congregation, and the members of the school board are enshrined as founders of the new faith. How are the ritual, theology, and spiritual heritage of the "new public school religion" determined? Through divine revelation and interpretation by theologians? No, by public boards, commissions and courts, elected or appointed through the secular, political process.

Still another, more practical matter must be considered. Once such a common core curriculum is actually developed²¹, how can we be certain that teachers will transmit this teaching without partiality toward their own religious commitment? Are we reasonable to expect them to suppress their own deep devotions and commitments? More important, by far, and assuming, for the moment, that the impossible is possible, just what religious values would such objectivity in teaching yield? Proper religious instruction calls not for objective detachment, but for passionate involvement. "There is no more ineffective way of teaching religion than to give an "objective" account of religious history. For this means robbing history of the inner meaning and the specific elements of faith and truth."²²

These arguments manifestly mitigate against all non-denominational or inter-denominational religious education plans advanced thus far. This is the considered view of the American Jewish Community on the subject:

We are opposed to (all) attempts by the public elementary and secondary schools . . . to teach about the doctrines of religion. Without passing on the question whether or not such teaching is inconsistent with the principle of separation of church and state, we believe that factual, objective and impartial teaching about the doctrines of religion is an unattainable objective. Any attempt to introduce such teaching into the

21. An unlikely happenstance. Agreement is difficult to reach. In New York City, for instance, representatives of the Protestant Council of Churches, the Roman Catholic Archdiocese and the Board of Rabbis met for many months of painstaking study only to conclude that agreement was hopeless.

22. Reinhold Niebuhr, quoted by Rabbi Morris Adler, op. cit.

public schools poses the great threat of pressures on school personnel from sectarian groups and compromises the impartiality of teaching and the integrity of the public school educational system. Our opposition to such teaching rests on these grounds.²³

If religious doctrines cannot be taught, what of moral and spiritual values, can they be drawn from the matrix of religion which brought them to be and kept alive without continuing dependence on their source?

Here, American Judaism voices a somewhat more optimistic view.

Insofar as the teaching of "spiritual values" may be understood to signify religious teaching, this must remain, as it has been, the responsibility of the home, the church, and the synagogue. Insofar as it is understood to signify the teaching of morality, ethics, and good citizenship, a deep commitment to such values has been successfully inculcated by our public schools in successive generations of Americans. The public school must continue to share responsibility for fostering a commitment to these moral values, without presenting or teaching any sectarian sources or sanctions for such values.²⁴

This mandate is not easy to fulfill. It requires the delicate disjoining of the educative process which, as indicated, historic Judaism did not deem possible - the abstraction of the ideal from its original form, the separation of ethical values from their life-giving tradition. Modern American Judaism encourages this departmentalization only because of its profound regard for the 'secular' public school, because of the school's proven ability to transmit religious values apart from denominational doctrine and without sectarian bias.

To be sure, spiritual and moral values cannot forever be maintained without reference to their source; faith is the necessary condition of their continuance; they gain their fullest dimension only when they are woven into the tapestry of a rich religious life. That is why Judaism insists on an intensive program

23. Safeguarding Religious Liberty, Position Paper issued by the Synagogue Council of America and the National Community Relations Advisory Council through its Joint Advisory Committee (October, 1962), p. 7.

24. Ibid., pp. 4, 7.

of religious instruction in the synagogue²⁵ and on the development of meaningful religious life-patterns in the home.

Be that as it may, the public school cannot be enjoined from transmitting ethical and moral concepts, religious though their origin is. To begin with, these concepts cement our democracy; they form the faith of this land; their preservation is vital toward the fulfillment of the American dream. Moreover, were we to keep our schools from fostering moral values, we would deprive them of their reason for being and then we might as well give up the enterprise of public education. A school which does not seek the moral development of its students is no school at all; all education worthy of the name is essentially education of character.

An Aid to Religion and a Challenge:

What has been said, concerning the proper goals of public education, should serve to refute the charge that our schools are "Godless," "atheist," and "anti-religious," that they create, of necessity, an antagonism to faith and institutional religion. On the contrary, the spirit of religion, though not its forms, can animate the atmosphere with which the school surrounds its students. And in this atmosphere our children can grow, intellectually and spiritually, precisely in a manner in which we as religious people want them to grow.

25. It might be noted, in this connection, that the Zorach decision did not end the Jewish community's unfavorable response to the released and dismissed time programs. The following objections are usually offered: such plans threaten the principle of separation; the amount of religious instruction which can be given is negligible; more often than not, school authorities put pressure on students to attend religious school classes; those who refuse to be 'released' are rarely if ever given meaningful general instruction; they serve to emphasize religious differences in a public arena, indeed, Jewish children at times attend Christian classes for fear of disclosing their religious differences.

When the Jewish community espouses the cause of the 'secular' public school, it does not use the adjective in its philosophical meaning. Our determined opposition to doctrinal instruction extends with equal force to the dogmas of scientific naturalism. We do not want the school to teach our children that reality is limited to the 'seen,' ~~or~~ ^{that} empirical science and logic are the only proper tools in man's quest for knowledge. We do not want the school to teach our children that spiritual values are 'purely subjective,' ~~or~~ ^{that} religion is thus but a branch of psychology, revealing the vagaries of man's mind and the caprices of his emotional life, no more. Even as the teacher is debarred from teaching principles which pre-suppose the acceptance of religious doctrines, so is he debarred from teaching principles which pre-suppose the acceptance of anti-religious doctrines.

'Secular,' as the Jewish community applies the word to the public school, means not 'irreligious' but 'non-denominational', 'non-sectarian,' intended for pupils of all religious persuasion, and even for those whose parents affirm no faith. What it means is that the state - enjoined by law from establishing any one religion - without endeavoring to provide for all education but leaving many of its essential aspects to church and home, undertakes to give moral and mental training and instruction in secular subjects of consequence to all future citizens - the entire process being conducted in an "atmosphere of social idealism."²⁶

Jewish opposition to doctrinal instruction in the public classroom rises in no small measure from the fear that such teaching, in seeking to meet the conflicting demands of competing religious groups, will not further but hinder the advance of religion. 'We urge a broad interpretation of the first amendment, precisely because

26. Stokes and Pfeffer, op. cit., p. 355

we want religion. If we were truly secularists, we would encourage such things as non-denominational prayer in the public schools as a tool by which to make life and faith less sacred, less passionate. . . the worst thing that could happen to the churches and the synagogues would be to . . . (develop, in the public school) a religion which would consist of a set of meaningless, watered-down, non-sectarian platitudes."²⁷

Thus the problem of religious education can never be solved by shifting the burden of responsibility for its advancement from church to public education.²⁸ It will be solved only when church and synagogue recognize their full and final responsibility in this realm and take the matter of religious education much more seriously than they have in the past.

When organized religion spends more for religious education than for its choirs; when it plans its program of religious education with the fervor with which it promotes evangelistic campaigns; when it is more proud of its schools than of the size of its congregation or the beauty of its architecture; when it selects ministers of education with the same care it chooses its preachers and when it invests its attempts at educating the young with the importance it ascribes to its weekly Sabbath service - then shall it have begun to cope with the problems of religious education.²⁹

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27. Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath, President of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, in testimony before the House Judiciary Committee, May 12, 1964.
28. In their classic study of Judaism's approach to the major social issues of our time, Albert Vorspan and Eugene J. Lipman suggest that the church's dissatisfaction with its own religious education efforts is responsible for pressures urging the regionizing of the public school. See their Justice and Judaism (New York: U.A.H.C., 1959), pp. 51, 52
29. Rabbi Morris Adler, op. cit.

In this manner, the public school both aids and challenges the religions of America in their quest to transmit the heritage of faith. It aids the synagogue and church by fostering a devotion to the values which they share. It offers them challenge, by imposing on them the duty to transmit the doctrinal beliefs and practices which give these values sanction

President John F. Kennedy perceived this challenge and expressed it well when, immediately following the Court's announcement of the Engel v. Vitale ruling, he declared: "The Supreme Court has made its judgment. Some will disagree and others will agree. In the efforts we are making to maintain our constitutional principles, we will have to abide by what the Supreme Court says. We have a very easy remedy here, and that is to pray ourselves. We can pray a good deal more at home and attend our churches with fidelity and emphasize the true meaning of prayer in the lives of our children."

Welcome to your Father's House, all you who seek peace in the midst of life's struggle, all you who yearn for rest and refreshment of soul from the turmoil of existence. This holiest of days offers healing to each bruised heart - it holds out to each of us the sweetest of gifts: God's love and blessing.

How full of awe is this place - truly this is the place of God!
How full of awe is this hour - this is the hour of our Lord! Once again we stand at the parting of two eternities - an endless past, and an endless future before us, the yesterday and the tomorrow. Once again we feel the relentless onward rushing of time - another year is gone...another year begins. Once again the shrill, sharp sounds of the shofar shake us from our complacency:

T e k i o h T e r u o h T e k i o h

Awake ye sleepers, awake from your sleep! Awake ye dreamers, awake from your dream! Ponder your deeds...and ponder also that season follows season...after spring comes the summer and maturity...and then autumn...and the leaves fall...~~and the pages on our calendars fall even as the leaves fall...~~and who dare say: what doest Thou, O God?

Tekioh, Teruah, Tekioh - the long unbroken tone, then the broken, stacatto sounds, and then again an even longer unbroken tone. Each of these calls has a meaning - and in the Book of Numbers we are given ^{their} a clear interpretation:

אֶת־הַשּׁוֹפָר וְהַבָּצִלְעָן וְהַמִּצְפֵּן וְהַמִּשְׁבָּח וְהַמִּשְׁבָּח וְהַמִּשְׁבָּח
"On the day of your rejoicing and your festivals
ye shall sound a Tekiah... but

אֶת־הַשּׁוֹפָר וְהַבָּצִלְעָן וְהַמִּצְפֵּן וְהַמִּשְׁבָּח וְהַמִּשְׁבָּח וְהַמִּשְׁבָּח
"when war comes to your land and an enemy oppresses
you, you shall sound a Teruah...the broken sound."

The Tekiah denotes happiness and joy. The Teruah represents sadness and sorrow, wailing and lamentation.

Tekioh, Teruoh, Tekioh, joy, sorrow, sadness, gladness...are not these the very emotions which fill our inmost being on this sacred day. Our first impulse is one of joy: Rosh Haschono is a festive occasion, and we gather ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ a festive mood, eager to thank God for the many, many blessings with which our lives are crowned.

All too quickly though, our festive mood changes to one of solemnity and sorrow. For we look about us and see that not a few of our dear ones are ^{no longer} ~~not~~ with us. So many loved ones have not reached this day and we weep when we remember the warmth of their real presence.

We weep because we miss them. We weep also because there is so much we want to say to them and so much we want to do for them and we cannot because they are not here. ~~to hear us~~. It is frightening to realize how careless we often are with those who are most precious to us. Children disregarding their parents, parents their children, brothers their brother, husband and wife indifferent to each other - until calamity strikes, and then we cry and beat our breasts. ^{+ say} chotonu...we have sinned...we did not mean to say that ^{to you}...we did not mean ^{we did not mean to deal falsely} to speak harshly...we do love thee...but there is none to heed...^{there is} and none to help.

Oh, if we could only learn to forbear and to speak softly. If we could only remember that whatever we do now and whatever we say now will be lived over at some future time in memory. No tear has ever been spilled ^{though} for too much love shown, ^{for} ~~and~~ too much kindness expended. A great many tears have been shed for having dealt too harshly, with too much severity. The rabbis of old had a saying that one ought to live each day as if it were ones last day on earth, to which we fervently add: ^{live with you dear one,} live with your brother as if it were his last day on earth.

The shofar changes its tone. The Tekuah of sadness becomess the tekiah of gladness. Many are not with us, to be sure. But the best of their lives is with us. Their kind deeds, the beautiful words they spoke are treasured^S in our hearts - silent secrets ~~in~~ ^{within us bringing} our hearts, comfort~~ing~~, and consol^{ation}ing. And after all, we are here, ⁱⁿ in good health, surrounded by many of our friends and we join with them in the fervent ^{benediction} ~~prayer~~ of thanks: Boruch, she-he-chi-yonu ve-ki-je-mo-nu ve-hi-gi-yo-nu laz-man hazeh Praise be Thou O Lord Our God, who hast kept us in life and hast sustained us and hast brought to this hour.

And so the shofar sounds, with its insistent voice, like the hammer-blows of fate, again and again, Tekioh, Teruah, Tekioh, joy, sadness, ^{laughter} joy, ~~gladness~~ weeping, and again laughter. Is this not the pattern of our personal lives, the pattern of the life of every man? We began^d our year with a Tekio ^{with} hope, with firm resolutions for self-improvement, for self-betterment. We were aware of our many endowments; minds to know, eyes to see, hands to build, hearts to touch with pity. We were aware of these gifts and we meant to use them ^{for} ~~to~~ good ~~advantage~~.

Now the day of judgement has come again and we are called upon to review the past year of our life, with its successes and its failures, its hopes and disappointments, its achievements and its barrenness, its conquests and its surrenders. ~~And~~ the Tekuah note fills our hearts when we have to admit that there were more of the latter than the former, more failures than successes, more surrenders than conquests, when in our Cheshbon hanefesh we have to recognize our failure to make the best of our endowments, ^{when we have to admit} the extent to which we have fallen short of the ideals we set for ourselves. Our tradition frequently compares life to a book ^{a book} in which ~~man~~ ^{we mean} wants to write one thing, yet write another. Surely this is the most humiliating moment in our lives - when we compare what we have written with what we wanted to write.

But again the shofar changes its call to a Tekiah bidding us to look more to the future than to the past, pleading with us not to permit the thought of past failure to depress us as much as ^{we allow} hope for future victory ^{to} should enthuse us. Tikku Bachodesh Shofar - Blow the horn at the new ~~year~~ ^{year}---proclaims our scripture--to which the rabbis add - tikku shofar lehischadshus - blow the shofar for renewal--blow the shofar to proclaim a new spirit, a new heart, new hope -- this is the central message of the New Year Day -- life has many beginning ^(Life is not one straight line beginning at one point & ending at another) -- one can always start anew -- one can always make another beginning -- Hamechadesh bechol yom tomid ma-asey bereshis - God ^(Himself, we are told) renews daily the work of creation.

"Why should man while living worry over ~~xxx~~ his failings of which he is the controlling master" - insists our tradition. ^(Mend your errors & they will become warnings, incentives for growth & nobler striving) Life moves on. Abide not moaning amidst the ruins of the past, ~~but~~ ^{Forward} is the clarion call of the shofar! Leave the failings ^{to} of the past. ^{Begin anew. Hamechadesh bechol yom tomid ma-asey bereshis} ~~God also renews daily the work of creation.~~

Tekio - Teruah - Tekioh. Joy, sadness, joy. Is not this the whole history of our people, with its lights and its shadows, its triumphs and its tragedies. Our story began with a Tekioh - we all know the glories of Israel's past; and we all know also how our Tekioh was broken into a Teruah: the Temple was destroyed and exile was followed by expulsion and terror, persecution and massacre, destruction and grim death.

But the Teruah was not the final sound for our people, we know this also. We of this generation ^{have been} are privileged to hear the ^{giving of a new spirit} new sound. the sound of a new Tekioh. The State of Israel has been established in our day - who would have thought this possible only ten years ago it still seems like a dream -- the tear stained prayers of a thousand years finally answered -- the downtrodden, the beaten the crushed finally permitted to breathe anew.

And we here in America are inaugurating a new century, our fourth century of life in the land of the free.

I do not want to dwell too long on the general - I am anxious to let the sermon of this morning remain a personal matter but who can refrain from commenting on this signal event in our history.

Right here, also, is an appropriate ^{moment} ~~event~~ for a personal confession.

^{A year ago} I left the protecting walls of the seminary ~~a year ago~~, and in my youthful exuberance ~~and ignorance~~ ^{went out into} I ~~came~~ to the community. Surely my early sermons ^{reflected this spirit} ready to recriminate and to reproach. After one year ~~here~~ I know better - for I found here a vital community, a warm community, a community busily sowing the seeds of its ~~and~~ self-perpetuation. I found here a community whose members were capable of rising to ~~the lofty~~ ^{new} heights of love and of generosity which are a challenge confronted them.

What is true here is true everywhere in our land. Let no one ^{therefore} slur the American Jewish Community, for so what it accomplished. It was the American Jewish community which ⁱⁿ ~~absorbed~~ the short span of seventy years ^{absorbed} ~~nearly~~ 5 000 000 Jews who would otherwise have perished in the death camps of Europe. It was the American Jewish Community, composed of those very immigrants of whom we spoke, which lavished its help on Jews of other lands with a generosity unprecedented in the history of ^{even in the history of our people} any people. It was the American Jewish Community which through its financial and political support made possible the most remarkable event in all recent history, the creation of the state of Israel. Surely this American Jewish Community is worth of our praises and prayers, is deserving of God's blessing for many more centuries of creative endeavor.

Tekiah, Teruah, Tekiah...we have heard these calls...heard them re-echo in our personal lives and in the lives of our people and our community. We wait for one more sound...a sound for which we have striven and wept and bled...we wait for the Tekiah Gedolah... the great Tekiah which will herald that age when all hatred will cease and men everywhere will ~~live~~ live together as brothers.

§ Is this too much to hope for, to ~~xxxx~~ wait for, to work for?

I do not think so, for I hold in my hands a little medallion, a little copper coin. It was fashioned over two thousand years ago when the Roman legion first entered the holy land. Some seven hundred years after this medallion was coined, the mighty Roman empire tumbled from its great height, beaten and crushed, never to rise again. On the face of this coin, the following words are inscribed: Judea est perdita...Judea is destroyed, the Jewish people is demolished for ever more. Here I am, two thousand years later, a rabbi in ~~an~~ Israel, heralding the beginning of still another year of Jewish life a year, which we hope and pray will spell the beginning of another golden Age in Jewry, the Golden Age of American Jewry.

Amen.

Sept. 1955 Rosh-ha-shanah 1955

Rosh Hashonoh

Once again we are assembled in our synagogues on this great Judgment Day. Once again we have entered the courtyards of the Almighty, seeking our people, our God, yearning to find ourselves. For many centuries, back to the dim dawn of our history, this day has summoned us to stand up and be counted before the throne of God. Once again, we ^{have} responded, as did our fathers in countless generations.

How strange the power of this awesome day! What ^{magic} ~~power~~ does it wield? What force is it, what all-pervading, all-absorbing power compells the response of those who cannot be touched at any other time!

Perhaps it is that sacred spark within us all longing to find its Source, for surely there comes a moment in the life of every man when he must reach beyond himself and his day-by-day existence, when, like parched earth, he thirsts for the dew of heaven, when, filled to the (loathing) with earthly pleasures, over-weary of earthly struggles, he ^{hungers} ~~strives~~ for something higher, loftier, for the word of God, for the godly itself. Our Days of Awe answer this need in man - hence their irresistible power. For a brief hour, at least, we are lifted above ourselves, above the human, all-too human, which holds us apart, and we stand united in the knowledge that we are all the children of One God, al members of one people, all brothers of one faith and one destiny, (albeit) that common destiny is often one of pain and degradation.

There is another force which binds us on this day. It is an inner force, undiminished through the years, untouched by the experiences of our years. It is our longing for life, our will to live no matter what expressed in that most fervent of holiday prayers:

זָכוּרֵנוּ לְפָנֶיךָ יְיָ מֶלֶךְ חַי וְקַי
"Remember us unto life, O King, who delightest in life,
and inscribe us in the Book of Life, for Thy sake, O God
of life."

Remember us unto life! Here, my friends, is one prayer that is genuine - the prayer for life - made genuine by the poignant awareness of this hour which bids us look about and remember those who lived but live no more. It is a prayer made real by the stark and ever more pressing realization of our own inevitable end. Time's [?](fatal) wings do ever forward fly...and every day we live is a day we die.

The determination to live is the law of life, standing firm, like a rock at sea, unmoved by the seething waves of fate. To be sure, there are times when, buffeted about by the ill winds of fortune and the evil doings of our fellowmen, we think our zest for life (to have) waned; but no sooner does the pressure lessen, and our ^{love}(impetus) for life surges forth anew, mightier than e'er before. The horizons of our fortune may darken, one ray of hope is enough, gives us enough strength to herald the ^{sun}~~storm~~. The affirmation of life is the passion of our soul. Of this we seem certain: being is better than non-being, life better than death, no matter what, now matter how cruel the blows of life itself.

There is no life without adversity. Man is born in pain and lives to experience much pain. The year now past has taught this truth to each of us in one form or another: some among us stood ~~by~~ the fresh graves of dear ones, others faced dangers, dread disease, some were bent by need, others by debt, some were ravaged by the waters of a violent flood, others torn by the pangs of (writhing) conscience. For some the cause of anguish was real enough, others were beset by fears of what might be, by the dread born of morbid imagination.

Nor will the ^{coming}~~new~~ year be free of pain. There is no panacea, no all healing wonderdrug for all life's ills. There ^{can be}~~is~~ no heaven on earth though there be peace on earth.

We know this also, know it well...

And still we ask for life, devoutly, fervently "זכורנו לחיים חתום ביום הזה" - Remember us unto life, O Thou who delightest in life." We ask for ~~life~~ in obedience to an inner voice, ask for it because we are Jews whose religion, more than any other, has set life's affirmation as man's noblest task. ~~אמרו~~ "Choose ye life" enjoins the Torah, the ~~אורח חיים~~ the Law of Life. Judaism teaches that while man is not born to suffer, neither is he on earth merely to seek joy. Judaism sees life a duty - and its worth, not in the balance of pleasure over pain, but ⁱⁿ what a man does with his brief span on earth.

There is a second part to our prayer ~~אמרו~~ "inscribe us in the book of life." This is not, as one might ordinarily assume, a poetic ~~repetition~~ ^{restatement} of the opening phrase, "remember us unto life." Life alone, a bare existing ^{a mere being}, is the gift of all living creatures, of animals as well; but only man can have a book of life. ^{Indeed} ~~The emptiness of merely~~ ^{as man} ~~living devoid of doing which satisfies the beast would be unbearable for man, more insufferable by far than any other pain.~~ ^{A book recording his use of life} That is why we ask not only for life, but even more fervently for a book of life, a book in which we will not only be inscribed but into which we ourselves ^{can} ~~may~~ write with the finger of our industry, with the work of our hands, with the stylus of our labor; a book ^{which} ~~whose pages~~ will not be empty when we are summoned before the throne of God but ^{white pages} ~~which~~ will reveal the traces of our existence by recording not alone what we enjoyed and how we suffered, but ^{also} how we labored and what we achieved.

It is the writing of this book which transforms the animal into ^{the} man, which gives meaning, value, purpose to our ^{existence. It is labor which} ~~lives. And new~~ ^{pages} ~~pages~~ ^{are} opened ^{over} ~~for us~~ by the hand of God every year, nay every morning of our lives.

~~And every year, every morning, the pages of the book of life are opened for us by the hand of God, and we are able to write upon them the record of our lives, of our joys and sorrows, of our labors and achievements.~~

וְהָיָה כְּמִנְיָן

Not all books of life are equal in length - some have many pages, others, alas, all too few - ~~the book of life has many pages and is personal and all life will have~~ But fortunately, it is not the span, but rather the content that determines life's worth. The Rabbis of the Talmud who searched the scriptural text most carefully, noticed that in the passage read as the Torah portion on Rosh Hashono the word ^{זָקֵן} meaning "age" appears for the very first time in all of Scripture. ^{וַאֲבֹרָהָם זָקֵן} "And Abraham grew old and advanced in years." Building a strange and fantastic legend on this fact they proclaimed: ^{לֹא הָיָה זָקֵן} "There was no old age until Abraham's time." At first glance this appears an absurd notion. ^{What do they mean there was no old age until his time?} Does not the Bible itself record the many years allotted to and ^{Adam} ~~Abraham~~ and to a Methuselah? How can we conceive of men living without growing old? And yet, behind this legend, quaint and exotic, our rabbi's convey a profound truth. They tell us ^{the truth} that a person may live without growing old, that life and maturity are not just a matter of years. Some ^{men can} ~~they can~~ capture eternity in the span of a fleeting hour, for others a life of many years spells no more than early death.

Here, when all is said and done, we have come upon the central theme of Rosh Hashono, ^{upon} the ringing challenge of this holy hour, which bids us search our souls and ~~looker truthfully~~ face without ~~self~~ deception that most agonizing of all questions: Where art thou, man? Where are you in your world? So many years and days of those allotted to you have passed and how far have you gotten in the world? Are you all that you might have been, all you could have been?

We spoke of life as the attribute common to animal and man alike, and of the book of life which marks man created in the image of God. Man, the animal, or man the near-god - how is it with us? The catalytic agent which transforms man from one to the other is the spirit of the divine which was breathed into him. To the extent that that spirit is active ~~the spirit is active~~

Man ^{but} approaches to that exalted state which holds him "little lower than the angels." to the extent that it is dead within him he becomes the brute. An eternal struggle goes on within man between these two opposing forces, one dragging him down ^{into the mire} to the level of a beast, the other lifting him up among the stars. 2

To what extent does that struggle take place within us, and who has the victory? To what extent do higher things occupy our mind? What striving is there after the development of our spiritual potentialities of the capacities of our souls? How many of us read or think or discuss? ^{How many of us give way to our God given impulse of} How many of us try consciously to improve ourselves? To how many of us has life become merely a matter of making as much money as possible in order to indulge ourselves as much as possible? In how many of us is the spark of the divine moribund, at the brink of extinction?

Blessed the man who can honestly say: Yes, I have risen to the level of my potentialities, I have done my best. Woe unto us who can only beat our breasts and groan: Chotonu, We have sinned. Woe unto us who are filled with the reproach of wasted days and lost opportunities, with the regret of the years which the locusts have eaten, of time that flies and cannot be recaptured.

^{Today is the birthday of the new year} And so, we sit in solemn assembly and pray not only for life but ^{even here} ~~also~~ for a book of life. ^{דברך דברך דברך דברך דברך דברך} A new year is dawning. One part of our lives is gone, another page has been turned, a page covered with writing or blank as we willed. ^{it} But a new year is dawning, and a new page is before us.

May it record a life of ^{fulfilled} opportunity, of ^{fulfilled} ~~actualized~~ potentiality, so that, when ^{in the inevitable course of years} the final page is turned it ^{will} ~~will not have to be said of~~ us: ^{How wonderful how wonderful} ~~what a pity~~ ^{here is another flower that has never unfolded its buds.}

How wonderful, how ^{beautiful} a life which like a flower has ^{finally} unfolded to bloom. Amen

"Restore us unto Thee, O Lord, and we shall be restored, renew our days as of old."

ROSH HASHONO 5718

There is a difference between one and another hour of life in their authority and subsequent effect. There are hours of gaiety and cheer, when our mood is merry and our spirit light. And there are other hours, fewer by far than the first and all the more real and precious for their depth, when life reaches beneath the surface and touches the soul - moments of trial, moments of faith - when we confront some profound abyss of experience, and the deep within us seeks an answering deep.

Of such a weight and nature is this twilight hour of the vanishing year which summons us to the House of God for prayer and for meditation.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterfalls...

The psalmist's words come as close as any to expressing the solemnity which stirs within us at a time like this when, in the stillness of the hour, we hear the rushing of the waves of time, their relentless pounding against eternity's shores, when, pausing for a brief moment at a turning in life's flow, we leave the familiar waters of the past and fearfully prepare to enter the current ahead, those waters of tomorrow, whose depths are unfathomed, whose course is yet to be charted.

Behold, the sea of time, unceasing in its surge, wave succeeding wave, it swells and there is no holding its flow. Day adds unto day, week to week, the years vanish, and who dare say: what doest Thou, O Lord? Twelve full moons have passed since last we stood here for judgment. Our prayers for a year of life were answered, praised be His Holy Name! But alas, not all our pleas were heard with equal favor, for many loved ones are here no more; they have reached their horizon and are gone out of sight... that is our mortal lot in life...and yet they live, - within us; their best is with us, when we remember, as we do on this Remembrance Day, their thoughts, their deed of lovingkindness - tender treasures in the heart, consoling, sustaining, comforting. Thus is love triumphant over death. The spirit of man soars high, untouched by the billows of man's spirit, untouched by time - here is a truth which gives meaning to the message of this day, the message of life's renewal. Man's body may be bound to the seasons. Their passing leaves wounds which will not heal. The flesh cannot be born anew. Not so the soul of man. His inner force can be rebred, his inner being reborn. The 'new heart' and the 'new spirit' are an ever-recurring miracle of life.

It is to the realization of such a miracle in each of us that this great holy day is dedicated. Here is the burden of its plea, the essence of its hope, the beauty of its promise: that a new beginning is possible for every life. Each movement of the Rosh Hashono symphony unfolds the theme of renewal: the music sings its song, the shofar shouts its demands, the prayers give voice to our longing. Renew our days, renew our days as of old...

Foremost is our yearning for the renewal of life alone, our plea for still another year of being. Grant life and health, O Lord, to loved ones, and to us.

We pray this, though we know that life is not unmingled in its blessing. Its cup runs bitter as well as sweet. The world gives us not only

the pleasant things that we seek, but also the horrible and cruel things in infinite variety from which we shrink.

Who among us has not been stunned by the tragedy of life touching too close to its loveliness: a little child, beautiful today, crippled tomorrow... a man, strong and confident one day and then crumbling like a house of sand built by children on the shore when the tides of destiny flow in... plenty and poverty... righteousness and rottenness... beautiful homes and hospital wards... the laughter of children, and then their weeping at the graveside of a parent.

There is no life without such cruel contrasts, and yet we pray for it, assured that being is better than non-being, life better than death, no matter what its demands. Our mood finds expression in a tale of bitter-sweet humor told in the literature of our people about a humble laborer who walked along his toilsome road with shoulders bent, weighed down by a heavy burden on his back. Utterly spent, despairing of the future, he cast his bundle to the ground and called on God to redeem him from misery, to take his life. When lo and behold, the angel of death appeared and asked: "Did you call me, son of man?" "I did," was the laborer's frightened reply. "I need some help. Please help me place this burden back on my shoulders!" In such a manner do we choose life, no matter how weary the weight of the world. We live not as we wish, but as we can.

To be sure now, we desire greater gifts, as wealth. We all want the good things of life: the vigor of health, the comfort of wealth, the warmth of love, the inspiration of beauty. But if these joys cannot be had without the penalty of equal sorrow, we seek them both and pray for strength to face the dark with dignity. "Man is not born to suffer," taught our sages. "But neither is he on earth merely to seek joy. The worth of his life is measured, not by the balance of pleasure over pain, but by what he does with what he finds on earth."

And thus we pray, thought not without trembling - a haunting refrain gives voice to our longing... Our yearning for still another year of life.

But even as we ask for life, we know that it is more than life that we need. Mere physical existence does not satisfy us; it is not an end in itself; alone, it does not justify ~~us-it-is-not-an-end-in-itself~~ our striving. In addition, we require a sense of worthwhileness in being, born of a purpose which gives reason to the struggle for existence. That is why we pray, not only for the renewal of our days, but also for the renewal of our ways, for the renewal of our dedication to those ideals which ennoble life with meaning.

We all cherish such ideals. Off in a distance, we see a vision of what life ought to be, of what we mean it to be. We never altogether abandon such a dream. But somehow or other in life our vision becomes obscured and we lose the way to its attainment. The Swedish novelist, Strindberg, once compared life to an orchestra, an orchestra "which always tunes up, but never begins to play." Sometimes we are like that - instrument in hand, wondrousome music before us, but we don't break into song.

If there is a sadness in our backward glance, here it is: The music we wanted to play, but never did... The life we meant to live, but didn't...

That cause we almost made our own - but we could have been defeated, we could have been ridiculed, or perhaps we preferred the comforts of ease - and so we didn't follow our vision... that spirit of unselfishness with which we hoped to meet our fellow men - but then we met the world, and reeling with the fever of its contests we said: the strong alone survive - and failed to conquer our selfishness... or take the love with which we sought to bind our married life - but love has its price and we might have had to pay it, in constancy, devotion, sacrifice - instead we yielded to the lure of passion, and we lost our love.

How poignant it is that we come so close to the loveliness of life and fail to grasp it... not just in its larger avenues, but in our day by day experiences also, when lesser virtues elude our hold: gratitude unspoken... forgiveness withheld... goodness restrained... love unfulfilled. Music within us - but not a sound beyond our lips.

The reasons for our failure are not too far to seek. Indolence is one, our proneness for delay another, the weakness of the flesh a third; but over and above all, our passion for conformity, our mania to follow the multitude. How can we do good, when others do evil, we say. How can we be honest in a world dishonest in its every reel... how tender love to people who know only hate?

The world is too much with us - a warring, grating, confounding world. We must away - where there is distance and altitude, sky and horizon. That is why we welcome this day of days, these precious hours of worship, which turn us from the world without to the world within and help us recover direction. Here we are reminded of the values the world makes us forget. Here we regain our vision of the good, for here we listen to words of Torah... Torah, the sum of all ideals which give worth to life. That is why our fathers called the Torah a 'tree of life' and the passage in which they spoke of it as such is juxtaposed to our text in prayer: we pray whenever we turn to the ark. "It is a tree of life to them that hold fast to it," and then we add: "Renew our days as of old." The renewal of ideals gives meaning to the renewal of life.

Still another longing impels our worship. It is our quest for the renewal of faith, for the rebirth of belief in God.

We don't mean formal, institutional religion now, not creed, not ritual, nor even worship. We mean, rather, an inner spirit, an inner force, a reliance which sustains, a power which transforms... the kind of faith that sustained our fathers in ages past... the kind of faith which brought them hope in exile, patience in adversity... the faith which gave them strength to bear relentless toil and endlessly to suffer and endure...

Yea, even the faith which gave countless martyrs of our people the fortitude to meet grim death with joy, and bare the neck to every sharpened blade and lifted ax; or, pyres ascending, leap into the flames and saint-like die with the 'sh'ma Israel' on their lips.

Oh, how empty, how shallow our own faith is compared to this. We have our synagogues, to be sure, and we attend them. We cherish the principles of our religion and pray the world would keep them. We recognize our ties to Klal Yisroel and support our brethren wherever they may be. We even believe in God, many of us do, in an intellectual sort of way, and so we call

ourselves Jews. But something is missing, my friends, something that makes the difference between formal and conventional religion and its vital transforming reality. That something our father discovered, and we need discover it too.

We need to desperately, for while routine religion suffices to sustain our lighter hours, when life runs out into its depths, we need a deeper faith... when death takes those we love, when children slip through our arms... when dread disease makes waste of our strength... when we say or think: now we have touched the bottom of the sea, now we can go no deeper, and yet we go deeper... then we need a different kind of faith, then we need the kind of faith that moved the Psalmist to proclaim: "Yes, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

And thus we pray most fervently.

Restore us unto Thee, O Lord, and we shall be restored... renew our days as of old.

Such then is the purpose of this great holy day. "Renewal" is its banner, the renewal of our ideals... the renewal of life... the rebirth of faith.

"161 דאגה א'ת' 3 י'א'ת'
Kashme in with Thee, O Lord & we
shall be restored, renewed days as gold"

Rosh Hashono 5718

There is a difference between one and another hour of life in their authority and subsequent effect. There are hours of gaiety and cheer, when our mood is merry and our spirit light. And there ~~are~~ other hours, fewer by far than the first and all the more real and precious for their depth, when life reaches beneath the surface and touches the soul - moments of trial, moments of faith - when we confront some profound abyss of experience, and the deep within us seeks an answering deep.

Of such a weight and nature is this twilight hour of the vanishing year which summons us to the House of God for prayer and for meditation.

א'ת' 3 י'א'ת' ק'ת' ל'ת' א'ת' ל'ת' א'ת' ל'ת'
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy
waterfalls...

The psalmist's words come as close as any to expressing the solemnity which stirs within us at a time like this when, in the stillness of the hour, we hear the rushing of the waves of time, their relentless pounding against eternity's shores, when, pausing for a brief moment at a turning in life's ^{flow} stream, we leave the familiar waters of the past and fearfully prepare to enter the current ahead, ^{those waters of time now,} a current whose depths are unfathomed, whose course is yet to be charted.

Behold, the sea of time, unceasing in its surge, wave succeeding wave it swells and there is no holding its flow. Day adds unto day, week to week, the years vanish, and who dare say: what doest Thou, O Lord? Twelve full moons have passed since last we stood here for judgment. Our prayers for a year of life were answered, praised be His Holy Name! But alas, not all our pleas were heard with equal favor, ^{for many} ~~There are~~ loved ones ~~who are here no~~ more; ^{they} ~~who~~ have reached their horizon and are gone out of sight. ^{What is our lot will be... And yet} And yet they live, - within us; their best is with us, when we remember, as we do on this Remembrance Day, their thoughts, their words, their deeds of lovingkindness - tender treasures in the heart, comforting, consoling, sustaining. Thus is love triumphant over death. The spirit of man soars high, ^{untouched by} ~~above~~ the billows of time.

Man's spirit untouched by time - here is a truth which gives meaning to the message of this day, the message of life's renewal. Man's body may be bound to the seasons. Their passing leaves wounds which will not heal. The flesh can not be born anew. ~~But~~ Not so the soul of man. His inner force can be restored, his inner being ~~can be~~ reborn. The 'new heart' and the 'new spirit' are an ever recurring miracle of life.

It is to the realization of such a miracle in each of us that this great holy day is dedicated. Here is the burden of its plea, the essence of its hope, the beauty of its promise: that a new beginning is possible for life. ^{Each} Every movement of the Rosh Hashono symphony ^{unfolds} ~~ascends~~ to the theme of renewal: The music sings its song, the shofar shouts its demands, the prayers give voice to our longing. ~~וְיָבֹרֵךְ אֶתְכֶם בְּכָל יוֹם וּבְכָל יוֹם וּבְכָל יוֹם וּבְכָל יוֹם~~
Renew our days, renew our days as of old...

Foremost is our yearning for the renewal of life ^{alone} ~~itself~~, our plea for still another year of being. Grant life and health, O Lord, to loved ones and to us.

We pray this, though we know that life is not unmingled ^{in blessing} ~~joy~~. Its cup runs bitter as well as sweet. The world gives us not only the pleasant things that we seek, but also the horrible and cruel things in infinite variety from which we shrink.

Who among us has not been stunned by the tragedy of life ^{touching} ~~smuggling~~ too close to its loveliness: a little child, beautiful today, crippled tomorrow... a man, strong and confident one day and then crumbling like a house of sand built by children on the shore when the tides of destiny ^{flow} ~~roll~~ in... plenty and poverty... righteousness and rottenness... beautiful homes and ^{hospital wards} ~~insane asylums~~... the laughter of children, and then their weeping at the graveside of a parent.

There is no life without such cruel contrasts, and yet we pray for it, assured that being is ^{is} better than non-being, life better than death, no matter what its demands. Our mood finds expression in a tale of bitter-sweet humor told in the literature of our people about a humble laborer who walked along his toilsome ^{road} ~~way~~ with shoulders bent, weighed down by a ~~heavy heart and by the heavy~~ ^a burden on his back. Utterly spent, despairing of the future, he cast his bundle to the ground and called on God to redeem him from ~~his~~ misery, to take his life. ^{when he believed} ~~Immediately~~, the angel of death appeared and asked: "Did you call me, son of man?" "I did," was the laborer's frightened reply. "I need some help. ^{please} ~~Will~~ you help me place this burden back on my shoulders!" - ^{In such a manner as} ~~Thus~~ we choose life, no matter how weary the weight of the world. *We live not as we wish, but as we can.*

To be sure now, we ~~We live, not as we wish, but as we can.~~ ^{as well} Our desire is for greater gifts, ~~to be sure.~~ We all want the good things of life: the vigor of health, the comfort of wealth, the warmth of ^{love} ~~beauty~~, the inspiration of beauty. But if these joys cannot be had without the ~~equal~~ ^{equal} penalty of ^{equal} sorrow, we seek them both and pray for strength to face the dark with dignity. "Man is not born to suffer." ^{taught our sages} ~~our fathers~~ taught. "But neither ~~is~~ he on earth merely to seek joy. The worth of his life is measured, not by the balance of pleasure over pain, but by what he does with what he finds on earth."

And thus we pray, though not without feeling
~~we pray for the renewal of our days.~~ *a haunting refrain gives voice to our longing...*
~~we pray for the renewal of our days.~~ *our yearning for still another year of life.*

But even as we ask for life, we know that it is more than life that we need. ^{mere} Physical existence ~~alone~~ does not satisfy us; it is not an end in itself; alone, it does not justify our striving. ^{In addition} We require a sense of worthwhileness in being, born of a purpose which gives reason to ^{the} ~~our~~ ^{for its sake} struggle. That is why we pray, not only for the renewal of our days, but also for the renewal of our ways, for the renewal of our dedication to those ideals which ennoble life with meaning.

We all cherish such ideals. Off in a distance, we see vision of what ^aought to be, of what we mean ^{it} to be. We never altogether abandon ^{these} ~~these~~ ^{life} dreams. But somehow or other in life our vision becomes obscured and we lose the way to ^{its} ~~their~~ attainment. The Swedish novelist, Strindberg once compared life to an orchestra, an orchestra "which always tunes up, but never begins to play." Sometimes we are like that - instrument in hand, wonder-some music before us, but we don't break into song.

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The music we wanted to play, but never did...The life we meant to live, but didn't...

That cause we almost made our own - but we could have been defeated, we could have been ridiculed, or perhaps we preferred the comforts of ease - and so we didn't follow our vision...

that spirit of unselfishness with which we hoped to meet our fellow man - but then we met the world, and reeling with the fever of its contests we said: the strong alone survive - and failed to conquer our selfishness... or take the love with which we sought to bind our married life - but love has its price and we might have had to pay it, in constancy, devotion, sacrifice - instead we yielded to the lure of passion, and ^{we} lost our love.

How poignant it is that we come so close to the loveliness of life and fail to grasp it...not just in its larger avenues, but in our day by day experiences also, when lesser virtues elude our hold: gratitude unspoken...forgiveness withheld...goodness restrained...love unfulfilled.

MUSIC within us - but not a sound beyond our lips
~~Why? Why do we do it? Why do we stifle our impulse for good?~~

^{all} Yes, the faith which gave ~~Israel's~~ ^{of our people the} countless martyrs to fortitude to meet grim death with joy, and bare the neck to every sharpened blade and lifted ax: or, pyres ascending, leap into the flames and saintlike die with the 'shema' ^{asked} on their lips.

Oh, how empty, how shallow our own faith is compared to this. We have our synagogues, to be sure, and we attend them. We cherish the principles of our ^{religion} ~~faith~~ and pray the world would keep them. We recognize our ties to Klal Yisroel and support our brethren wherever they may be. We even believe in God, many of us do, in an intellectual sort of way, and so we call ourselves Jews. But something is missing, my friends, ~~something~~ ^{that} makes the difference between formal and conventional religion and its vital transforming reality. That something our fathers discovered, and we need discover it too.

We need to desperately, for while routine religion suffices to sustain our lighter hours, when life runs out into its depths, we need a deeper faith ~~for support~~...when death takes those we love, when children slip through our arms...when dread disease makes waste of our strength...when we say ~~and think~~ ^{we}: now ~~we~~ ^{we} have touched the bottom of the sea, now ~~we~~ ^{we} can go no deeper, and yet we go deeper...then we need a different kind of faith, the we need the kind of faith that moved the Psalmist ^{to declare} ~~when he~~ ^{said:} ~~Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death. I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.~~ ^{Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death. I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.}

And thus we pray ^{with} ~~for~~ fervently. ^{וְיָשׁוּבָנוּ אֵלֶיךָ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ} Restore us unto Thee, O Lord and we shall be restored...renew our days as of old.

Such then is the purpose of this great holy day. "Renewal" is its banner the renewal of our ideals...the renewal of life...the rebirth of faith.

אבותינו אבותינו
Our father our King, inscribe us for blessing
in the book of life...

With this fervent prayer on our lips and in our hearts, we prepare to greet the New Year, prepare to lift the curtain of our future beneath whose impenetrable veil lies all that tomorrow may bring. Grant life and health and happiness, O God - this is our earnest plea. We can hear it from the lips of parents who seek God's grace for their children; we can read it in the eyes of children who need their aging parents near just a little longer; we sense it in the tender kiss with which a husband greets his loved one on this New Year's day; we can feel it in the handclasp of every faithful friend. Grant life and health and happiness, O God. This is the devout prayer of a rabbi, who stands in the pulpit before his God, blending his petitions with those of his people to send a sacred song of supplication to Him who is enthroned on high.

Once again we are assembled in the courtyards of the Almighty heeding His summons to judgment. Again the shrill sharp blasts of the shofar shake us from our complacency with their demand for a 'cheshbon-hanefesh' for a reckoning of the soul, for honest self-appraisal. Again we are confronted with life's towering challenge: Where art thou, man? Where are you in your world. So many days and years of those allotted to you have passed and how far have you gotten in your world? Are you all that you could have been, all that you might have been?

The hour of our judgment is essentially a humbling one. In the eddy of emotions swirling within us now - sorrow and joy, hope and doubt, confidence and despair, following each other in rapid and relentless succession, - this surely is our dominant mood, humility, ^{in the first place} a humility tempered by shame. It is a humility born of the painful awareness of our transience, a shame engendered by the recognition of the pitiful impotence of vaunted human power and achievement.

The Day of Remembrance reminds us of life's evanescence and we are humbled.

Tulaw

How quickly the year has passed. It seems only yesterday that we were gathered here, a full year before us, each of its months a meadow of hope, each day a lovely flower blossoming on that ~~meadow~~ ^{field}. We were happy and confident then, as we looked ahead, giving no thought to the years ultimate conclusion. But leaves fall and flowers fade and the ~~years~~ ^{months} glide silently by, reckoning little of our clocks and calendars and their petty markings of times and seasons. Our days are as a shadow that passeth away, they are speedily gone, they fly away...

But ~~is it really~~ ^{does} time ~~that~~ ^{really} flies, is it ~~time~~ ^{really} that passeth as a shadow? ~~Is not~~ ^{Is not} time ~~in~~ a concept 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 into dust, but time will remain in its proud majesty, symbol of eternity. No, time does not pass. We pass ~~away~~. 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 a hundred years, yea even by reason of strength a hundred and twenty, the highest span ~~of life~~ allotted to ~~man~~ ^a man, what are these years in contrast with eternity. Are not a thousand years in God's sight as ^a yesterday when it is past, as a watch in the night, a grain of sand along the shore, a tiny drop in oceans vast, ~~unending~~...

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, we sense the sinking of the flood of past existence into the gaping abyss of eternity and we are humble.

The backward glance of one year humbles us also with its reminder of human frailty, of man's utter helplessness against ~~the adverse blows of~~ ^{relentless} fate.

Many of us learned this lesson in all too many ways in the months just past. Here and innocent baby was torn from the arms of loving parents; there a young wife with ~~her~~ little children was bereft of a loved one and provider; dread disease maimed one ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~another~~ ^{another}; ~~was~~ ^{was} told that ~~he~~ ^{he} had only a few months to live. The joy of life turned to aching grief... the burden of pain and misery heavier ~~grew~~ ^{grew} ~~month by month~~ ^{month by month} ~~day by day~~ ^{day by day}.

Against such tragedy we are all of us without recourse; no power on earth can stay the blows of destiny's iron hand. Though the rich man offer all his treasure and the man of power wield all the influence at his command, disease will not cease its ravagings, ^{nor} ~~and~~ ^{while} the dead ~~will~~ return to life. We are all ~~of~~ the witnesses or victims of endless anguish which finds us helpless. The Day of Remembrance teaches us this truth and we are humble~~ff~~.

Perhaps the most humiliating aspect of our self-appraisal is the recollection of defeat ~~in~~ an area where we might have been victorious: our moral losses, our failings and fumbings in the field of duty and responsibility. We are shamed when we compare what we wanted to be, what we could have been, nearly were, and then admit, without deception what we really are.

Someone once asked the Rabbi of Ger: "Why do people always weep when they read the prayer: Man is born of dust and unto dust he will return? If a man sprang from gold and turned to dust it would be proper to weep, but not if he returns whence he has come." The rabbi replied: "The origin of the world is dust, ^{and} ~~that~~ man has been placed in it that he may raise the dust to spirit. ^{But alas} ~~that~~ man always fails in the end, and everything crumbles into dust... ~~the process~~"

Dust raised to spirit. How many of us can honestly say that we have fulfilled ^{his} ~~our~~ task. ^{What means to be sure} We ~~have~~ the ~~precious~~ ^{precious} are our many endowments: minds to know truth, eyes to see beauty, ears attuned to harmony, hearts to stir with pity and to dream of justice and of a perfected world.

What have we done with these endowments? Where was the wine of life and the soft voice of its yearning? Where was the song of day and the silent wonder of the night? Where were spring and summer? The petals on the grass, the wings in the air? Where were they?

^{Was the beauty + the dream} Where ~~were friendship love and beauty~~ ~~All of them snared and reeled, snarled and tangled~~ ~~in the twists and turns of yard after yard of long thin paper tape, ticker tape, symbol~~ ~~of our lust and our greed.~~

~~Again the backward glance of our judgment hour fills us with humility and shame.~~ ~~Wah~~

Again the backward glance of our judgment hour fills us with humility and shame. At last we realize that we contribute really very little to our world, that we receive from life more than we have power to give to life. As the years glide silently by they influence our course more than we can influence theirs. We are beggars at God's door and not bestowers.

~~But~~ ^{AND YET} humility is not ^{our} final emotion on this day. Even as the wail and rumble of the shofar's Teruah is resolved by the resonant cry of the final Tekiah, so is our feeling of humility ultimately redeemed by a sense of gratitude and faith. After all, transience and frailty and defeat do not give a complete summary of life's meaning - there is much permanence also, ~~and much~~ ⁺ strength and many a victory.

Upon the contrary, these very shadows give greater lustre to the light of our lives. Our awareness of life's brevity makes us more conscious of each precious day and hour we are allowed on earth. Our cognizance of human frailty, the pain we see or suffer increases our sense of thanks for our many blessings, for those countless gifts of life we take for granted, in wanton carelessness, until their loss again affirms their real worth.

To thank God for what we do have, for each gift he chooses to bestow - this surely is the ultimate mandate of our day, the lesson of our meditation. It is a lesson which was brought home to me with poignant force by a member of our community not long ago. Last year his son was stricken with polio; near death for many ~~years~~ ^{second in a row} months, he was left completely paralyzed. A month or so ago, the father stepped forth joyfully, his eyes overflowing with tears of gratitude. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "my son can move ~~the toes of one of his feet~~ ^{why, we} ~~may~~ ^{he} even be able to teach him how to use a typewriter with his ~~feet~~ ^{but} hands."

^{What is our complaint, my friends + where is our gratitude?}
"Thank God, my son can move a toe... Oh God, how blind we often are to our good fortune, how ~~wantonly careless of our many blessings!~~ ^{how}
Beggars ~~at the door~~ ^{standing} at the door of the universe, it behooves us not to expect with ~~hungry~~ ^{glad} eyes ever more munificent gifts - more flowering, more fruitage, more gladsome quivers of the happy flesh. But rather it becomes us to pray with humble hearts that whatever be the gifts ~~granted us~~ ^{bestowed}, they may stir within us an ever growing sense of wonder and of thanks.

As for the thought of our moral failings, our fumbings in the field of duty, these also need not leave us to humility and despair. Here ^{too} ~~also~~ the shadows serve to accentuate the lights and many a defeat is redeemed by victory. Who among us cannot lay claim to a noble thought, an encouraging word, or a deed of loving kindness which helped another along the way.

We remember also the lives we ^{nearly} ~~almost~~ lived - the visions we almost followed, the truths we almost spoke, the embattled self-centeredness we nearly conquered. And knowing how close we came to these ~~att~~ ideals, we know also that we can attain to them, that we can lead the lives we nearly lead, lives large and generous, bold and adventurous, ~~warm~~ lives great in the scope of their thought, warm with imagination, courageous in an act of faith, magnanimous in forgiveness, smilingly victorious over setbacks and disasters. ~~the~~

~~Again, our ^{their} ~~humble~~ ^{is replaced by respectation + hope.}~~
These are the thoughts which move us as we gather in our synagogues and listen to the struggling blasts of the shofar herald the passing and the birth of ^{the} ~~a~~ year. Like the swellant the surge of the sea and like the thunder of the ^{flaming} ~~skies~~, its echoes resound over our heads: first a wail, then a rumble, ~~at last~~ a victorious cry.

Our own lives speak to us. The stress and strain, the pain and passion of our days ring forth from each note of the ram's horn and fill us with humility and awe. Yet how jubilant are those final accents of the Tekiah, accents which foretell the ultimate glory of life, a life filled with joy and blessing, a life enhanced by the nobility of ^{human} ~~our~~ deeds. Is not this unique: Humility redeemed by faith, the sorrow of life transformed into the song of life.

As the year glides silently by, may the promise of that final tekiah be fulfilled in our lives. May we come to recognize the good with which our ^{days are} ~~life is~~ crowned, the many gifts which are ours in abundance, yea even in a greater measure than the sorrow with which we are afflicted; and may we in gratitude for all we have, heed the call to live, to live from the fulness of our hearts, to live as we might live.

Then will ^{his judgment} ~~the~~ prayer of ~~our day~~ also find fulfillment, and no matter how great or small the number ~~of our days on earth~~, we will have been inscribed for a life of blessing.

Amen

כ"ב ט, ה'תשפ"ד
ב"ה כ"ב

"Let us affirm the majesty and the holyness of this day, for it is one of awe and dread. On this day, O God, Thy dominion is exalted, and Thy throne of judgment is established..."

Wed. eve.

TO WESTPORT
IN TIME FOR MY
RETURN

I often wonder, my friends, whether anyone belonging to another religion or to none can realize the impressive solemnity which comes upon us at a time like this when, in the stillness of the night, we seem to hear the rushing of the waves of time, when, standing at a great milestone, at a passing, as it were, of two eternities, an endless past and an endless future before us, we bid a farewell in tears to all that was yesterday and fearfully prepare to lift the curtain of the future, which, beyond its impenetrable veil, carries all that tomorrow may bring. And, amidst the stillness and trembling awe is heard the voice of God on high, who says to each of us: "אלהים יתברך ילך לפניך" The Lord who walketh before thee, shall ever be with thee. He will not forsake thee, be not dismayed."

Another year glides silently by and our soul regards its march in thoughtful contemplation. How fleeting are the days of our years...a wind passeth over them and they are gone. Life flows through our fingers like ^{so much} precious grain from a loosely fastened bag. It eludes our grasp. It eludes us often because we do not hold on fast enough, because in wanton carelessness we fail to greet each moment of existence with full awareness. It eludes us also, simply because such is its nature, such its law; ultimately, life calls us to ^{relinquish} ~~surrender~~ everything it brings. // Here is one of life's imponderables: we are asked to embrace the world even while we must surrender it; we are enjoined to greet each moment of existence with full awareness, even while we ^{are compelled} ~~have~~ to return life's gifts. One of the poets of the American Rabbinate, the late Milton Steinberg, pointed to this paradox in one of his most brilliant creations: man rises only to fall, he wrote, we receive countless blessing in life, only to relinquish them at last. The Rabbis of the Talmud put the matter in dramatic simplicity: ...

"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 to life, for it is wonderful, full of a beauty and a
worth, full of a grandeur that break through every pore of God's own world. We
know that this is so, that life is passing wonderful, but all too often we recognize
this truth only in our backward glance, when we remember, as we do tonight, what
was and what is no more. Here is 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; but we remember also, and with far greater pain, that we did not see the 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 they were filled
with the din and noise of our petty discords. These are the remembrances which bring
us to reproach. It is a poignant thing especially to realize how careless we often
are of life's most precious gift, the love of our loved ones: parents disregarding
their children, children their parents, brothers their brother, husband and wife
indifferent to each other, until calamity strikes and then we beat our breasts and cry:
yhn
chotonu, 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.

How wantonly careless we often are of our blessings 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 soul and might. Hold
fast to life, while yet ye may.

How blind we often are to our good until it is too late:

Thornton Wilder makes this point in what has become a classic
of American Drama...Perhaps you remember it, the play Our Town
In this play a young woman

She chooses her 16th birthday and as she comes upon the scene
Momma Poppa

But nobody looks and nobody listens and all the business

Goodbye Momma, good by papa Grover's corners

clocks ticking

hot hot baths

newly ironed dresses

and lying down and getting up again...on earth

you are all...

Does anyone care?

Is not this the malady...we are blind, blind to so much of the
beauty of the world. We walk about on a cloud of ignorance,
travelling, we spend and waste time

The rabbis of the Talmud put the matter tersely:

ADAM BA' BA-OLAM BEYOBYEEM 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 that art of living is to know when to hold fast and when to let go.

Surely we ought to hold fast to life for it is wonderful,

full of a beauty and a worth,

full of a grandeur which breaks through every pore of God's own world

We know that this is so that life is passing wonderful

but all too often we recognize this truth only in our backward glances

when we remember, as we do this day, what was

and then realize, with a sadness and remorse, that it is no more.

That was Kivie but that was not the whole of him.

There were other elements which went into his making and defined his essence...
his children for whom he cared and in whose accomplishments he took so much pride
his grandchildren and his great grandchild, those jewels of his crown
and above all there was Emily
of all earthly goods his most precious
standing by his side
giving quiet assent to everything he did
bringing him grief only when she was not well or near
Emily, Kivie's wife: his love, his thought, his joy.

And now he is no more,
and because he was what he was and is no more we weep
Alas for those who are gone and whose like will not soon appear again
And yet our faith enjoins us not to mourn overly long, nor to live cloistered
behind the walls of an ill controlled grief
Never to tarry in the valley of weeping but to turn it rather into a place of
many springs.

In the midst of life's losses we are to think of life's gifts
in the midst of life's sorrows we should remember life's joys
in the midst of life's depair we must cling to life's undying hope.

Nor are these losses apart from these gifts.

These joys from these sorrows, these griefs from these hopes.

Our losses grow from our gifts -- whatever is given is taken.

Again, our hopes grow out of our very losses - whatever is taken, is in some
form given back again...

Our sorrows are but joys softened into the tenderness of aching recollection
and our tears, our tears are naught else than our remembered smiles.

But if our tears are naught more than our remembered smiles
let the soft remembrance of the smiles of our better days
glisten even through our tears
let our darkness never be so dark but that there shine through it the light of hope.
And let this hope not be the last refuge of the disconsolate
but rather a strong life-giving force bent upon enhancing human existence in all
of its manifestation.

Is not this what Kivie would have us do could lips now silent speak
to turn from death to life
to further causes he advances
to love the living whom he loved in life...
to smile, aye to "keep smiling" even through our tears.

Let us resolve to do so
then will we give substance to the promise inherent in our words
that the memory of the righteous is indeed for blessing.

Amen.

For all of the fine words that attend our most significant life ceremonies, there is, nearly always, a hand gesture that marks the actual moment of transformation and passage. At a wedding it is the exchange of rings. God help the photographer who fails to click the shutter at that moment! At a funeral it is the first handful, or spadeful, of dirt thrown upon the casket. Mourning truly begins with that gesture of finality. At a birth it is--or was, before the advent of new age birthing procedures--the slap on the behind that brings forth the newborn's first, gasping cry.

And at a college graduation? Only when the sheepskin is handed to you, followed by a handshake--only then will you all sigh and cheer and no longer secretly fear that some computer somewhere has made a mistake that will force you to repeat your English comp. course. Commencement has genuinely occurred when you walk the aisle back to your seat clutching the diploma in your hand.

I want to freeze that gesture for the next few minutes so that we can feel its full resonance. Specifically I want to share with you some of the parallels that I see between this moment of commencement, of beginning, in your lives and moments of commencement in the life of the human race. That may sound a bit grandiose to you--yet I would maintain that such an exploration is an essential quest of the religious life. Just as biologists tell us that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny"--that the

individual human fetus, as it develops, goes through the stages of species evolution--so do our religious texts instruct us that the patterns of our individual lives reflect the cosmic whole; that the moments of our days are vessels of eternity; that we are, each of us, fashioned in God's image. The psalm with which I began, Psalm 90, supposedly authored by Moses, humbles us with its proclamation that in God's sight "a thousand years are like yesterday that has past." Yet in our sight, too, each moment, if paid full attention, can be an epoch.

"A man comes into the world with his hands clenched," says one of my favorite Jewish proverbs. "He dies with his hands open." Today you are entering the world with clenched hands, holding tight your diplomas. You are, in a sense, newborns. I know that thought may offend the sophisticates among you who feel that they have suffered enough term papers and final exams to last a lifetime. All of that, however, is but the birth canal through which you will now enter your careers and your independent, adult lives. Of course your fists are clenched: perhaps in reluctance to let go of these four years of campus life and the childhood that preceded them; perhaps in anticipation of the struggles to come in our predatory world. Your fists are clenched; that is a reflex of infancy.

That reflex is considered by many scientists to be evidence of our evolution. One of the most outspoken humanists of our day, Dr. Carl Sagan, in his book The Dragons of Eden, speculates that the clutching reflex of babies is a holdover from the days when we were arboreal creatures, living in the treetops, when a timely clutching reflex in response to being startled may well have served to prevent a fatal fall. Most evolutionists at the

very least see significant connections between the development of our opposable thumbs and our high intelligence. Homo Sapiens, as we immodestly call ourselves--the Wise Man--is distinguished by an intelligence for tool-making, a harmony of brain and hand represented by our ability to grasp.

The Book of Genesis speaks of this human characteristic as well, but in a tone of warning, even of curse. Our fall from the Garden of Eden is sealed by God's curse upon Adam and Eve that they will have to labor, she in childbirth, he in agriculture. The curse for eating of the Tree of Knowledge--the fruit of which you have all been gnawing these four years--is a human hand that can, and must, grasp tools.

But what kind of curse is that, you might ask. Is it not our goal to become dextrous, to fashion our lives as we would like them to be? Does not the infant strain to be able to grasp, and hold, and use, the things of this world? Is that not what power is all about?

"Yes," I reply to you, "and go at it. Take a hold of life and squeeze every drop of experience and goodness from it. Don't allow our mass society to spoonfeed you and assign you a place. Find your own sustenance, and define your own place. Only be warned: the first act to arise from our clenched hands was Cain's act of murder. So beware the clenched hand, for it speaks not only of power, but of fear--a deadly combination."

Power and fear--power as antidote to fear--that is the psychological reality that motivates the clenching of our hands. To grasp an object brings new power to the infant, yes. But it also brings the recognition that the object is not a part of the self; that the self has boundaries, a beginning and--o, horrors!--an

end; that the self is separate, and alone, and naked, and dependent, and will have to cry and howl and clench those fists even tighter in order to survive. This, I believe, describes the inevitable, primal experience of growing up that recapitulates, in each of our lives, the fall from Eden, from blissful merger into painful individuation. I have no doubt that, for all of your joy this commencement day, as you are reborn into the world from the womb of this college you are bound once again to undergo that feeling of fall, exile and alienation.

Of course, we survive our falls from Eden, but not without cost. In the Bible it takes but one generation to internalize the exile and seal shut the gates of the soul. Whereas Adam, in a cry of joy to his God, can say of Eve, "This one at last is bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh," their son Cain is capable^{only} of asking the same God, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Within one generation, the clenched hand has turned into a fist. Within one generation, humankind has forgotten how to open the hand, how to reach for another's hand. Within one generation, the "other," once seen as part of the self, has become a threat, something to be conquered or obliterated.

Still you may be asking, What has this Biblical exegesis to do with your graduation from Lafayette College?

Just this: that you not forget the second half of the gesture of commencement, the handshake. It is more than a congratulatory salute, much more. It is an offer of support, a reminder that you are not alone in your strivings, however solitary you may feel. It is a reminder to you to open your hands, each day, to other human beings, to give, to receive and to pray. It is a reminder to you to allow your hand, the hand that works, that creates,

that strikes, to have a sabbath.

Open your hand to give. Once upon a time, when the fabric of human community was not so torn by modern history's violent forces of displacement, giving was an act that was inextricably bound with one's sense of belonging. In Judaism we have the concept of tzedokah, which, feebly translated, means "charity." But the Jewish concept of charity is not of an individual act of kindness. Tzedokah is a communal obligation. One gives because one belongs to a community that has needs. One gives because it is unthinkable not to give.

Today, in America, it is becoming highly thinkable not to give. Community is a scarce commodity in our country. Though we are bonded by traditions of tolerance, these often translate into mutual indifference rather than creative interaction. Crisis or tragedies such as the space shuttle disaster seem the only ceremonies that we truly share, with the electronic media serving as our house of worship. Even our precious democracy is becoming fossilized; we are smugly apathetic and contentedly ignorant. And our lack of a social safety net--America ranks low in the industrial world in its caring for the elderly, the poor, the handicapped, the everyday citizen--breeds a sense of desperate necessity, a concern for our own well-being and little more.

Now, I am not here to give a political speech. Whatever your political views, whatever your belief system, whatever you might propose as the cure for the deep-seated alienation that plagues our country, I entreat you to give: to open your hand, and with it, your heart. I entreat you to search for that sense of belonging, which is more, far more, than a perch on the ladder of success. Don't allow our culture's "Have a nice day" smile to lull you into

believing that you're having a nice day. "Where there is too much," says a Yiddish folk proverb, "something is missing"--and in America there is too much of "Have a nice day." What is missing are the people who will bother to define what makes for a nice day--a defining that often demands nonconformity and sacrifice.

On the most personal level, such nonconformity might mean taking friendship seriously in an age when geographic and economic mobility have made our social roots shallow indeed. It might mean dealing with marriage as a sacrament, not an experiment, and parenting, as mothers and fathers, with the same vigor and commitment with which you pursue your careers. It might mean handling money as a tool rather than as a toy or, even worse, as a holy object. It might mean wearing your education as a skullcap and not a crown, as a garment of humility and not of pride, for what have these four years really gained for you but the knowledge of how little you know and the desire to know more?

Open your hand to receive. It has been said that the opposite of love is not hatred; the opposite of love is apathy. Likewise I say that giving and receiving are not opposites. Both are open-handed gestures of love; their opposite is indifference.

To my mind, being indifferent in America is a prodigious feat, for the panoply of cultural treasures, the rainbow of races and ethnicities and ideas, the sheer, creative force of our national enterprise, are as grand as a mountainful of wildflowers. Yet how little of this beauty we are ready to receive. How narrowly most of us perceive America's cultural spectrum. How confined we are by our so-called tastes. Even in this bicentennial year of the Statue of Liberty--a statue that was given a voice by a Jewish

woman, Emma Lazarus, author of the famous sonnet that declares to the world, "Give me your tired, your poor"--even in this year, Americans remain a peculiarly provincial people. We sunbathe on Caribbean beaches without being aware of the fecund Caribbean culture that has blossomed on America's own East Coast. We listen and dance to rock music without detecting the black blues and gospel sounds that echo within the top forty. We debate policy and assign tax dollars for Latin America without hearkening to Latin America's own voices, including a generation of the most dynamic novelists in our hemisphere.

We export Coca-Cola to China, Disneyland to France, jazz to Scandinavia, designer jeans to the USSR, MacDonald's hamburgers to just about everywhere--yet we view this as a one-way commerce. We fail to realize that our most precious resource of all--the American people--are indeed imported from every part of the world.

I spoke early in this sermon of worlds within worlds, of how individuals reflect the cosmos. The United States of America is such ~~is such~~ a miniature of the entire earth: not merely a white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant corn belt, but also an African plain, an Asian mangrove forest, a Mideastern desert, a Caribbean island. It is our manifest destiny not to imprint our corporate logos on every continent, but to conduct ourselves as a proud community of immigrants, a cross-section of our contentious earth living in creative harmony under a superb body of law. America's role in the world should not be as policeman but as teacher; America's symbol in the world should not be a raised fist but the Statue of Liberty's "lamp beside the golden door." But in order to present that shining light to the rest of the world, we must first

look in the mirror and recognize our own diversity, our many faces.

That means each of us. I am not speaking here of an abstract patriotism; I am speaking of concrete citizenship. As Americans we have the opportunity and the calling to open our hands and receive gifts from dozens of cultures, races, religions and creeds. Yes, we need to focus, to specialize, to claim what is our own, in order to get on in life. You had to select a major subject in order to graduate from Lafayette, and if you go on to graduate school you will find yourself intensifying and narrowing your academic focus. Yet the progressive tendency in academia today is towards cross-disciplinary education, stressing knowledge as a component of philosophy rather than as a mere tool of power. Thus medical students are increasingly exposed to courses in ethics and other humanist disciplines; thus scientists in every field are becoming increasingly aware of the social implications of their work; thus anthropologists, sociologists, political scientists and others in the social sciences find themselves more and more often in the same classrooms and lecture halls. Hands and minds are being joined, in academia and way beyond, to find wholistic solutions to what are very much the global problems confronting our species and our world. Hearts and voices are being joined in the prayer that concludes the 90th psalm: "Let the work of our hands prosper, O prosper the work of our hands."

"A man comes into the world with his hands clenched; he dies with his hand open." Perhaps we are, at last, learning to open our hands before being humbled by death, if only because, in this

nuclear age, we are perpetually humbled by death: by the spectre of the mushroom cloud, which rises up on the horizon of our lives like a giant fist, like Cain's fist at the altar of sacrifice. Perhaps we are at last learning to open our hands because we have seen the horrors that the clenched hand has wrought. Perhaps we are at the dawn of a time of true giving and receiving, of "Live Aid" in perpetuity--"We are the world, so let's start giving"--as our former senses of self, of boundary, of property, of nation, become obsolete in the face of the Great Equalizer. For "in the foxhole," as we used to say during World War II, "there are no atheists." Today the whole world is a foxhole, and there is no feeling, thinking human being who is not, in whatever way he or she finds suitable and conceivable, praying for the redemption of the human race.

"Bliss was it," wrote William Wordsworth in 1805, "in that dawn to be alive,/ But to be young was very Heaven." To have the strength in your hands to seize the time, to seize the world, to shape a destiny out of the clay beneath your feet; and to have the strength in your heart to sanctify time, to heal the world, to join your clay-stained hands together in prayer--these are the glories and virtues of this moment in your lives. "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth," said Benjamin Disraeli, Britain's great statesman. He understood that the hand opened in youthful love is far more potent than the hand that opens in aged surrender.

So I open my hands to you, welcoming you as my inheritors and as guardians of posterity. Mazeltoy to you all, and God bless the work of your hands.

Schindler: Rosh Hashana
Union Temple, Brooklyn.
Rosh Hashana 5750

Once again, my friends we are gathered here at this turning hour
of the year.

Once 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.

Once again, we respond as did our forbears through countless generations

How quickly the year has gone by.

Life is a mist...silvery...tremulous;

It appears for a time, then swiftly lifts
and all that is left is memory.

It is good to be here...to feel your presence...

to draw the strength which flows from this companionship.

Yet there is a sorrow intermingling with the joy of our renewed embrace.

Too many who were with us last year are here no more.

They have reached their horizon and are gone out of sight.

We miss them....We lament their passing...

But there is the solace

-- feeble at first but growing stronger in time --

which comes with the gift of memory..

"So long as we live they too shall live,

for they are now a part of us as we remember them."

Now, as those of you who have worshipped here over the years know,
I have made it my habit to devote at least one of my
two high holy day sermons each year to 'inyane d'yoma,'
to events of the day.

My sermon on Yom Kippur, God willing, will be of a more reflective
nature -- unless, of course, some other crisis erupts.

Today, I want to give you a Jewish perspective,
or rather my perspective, of three events
that affected the life of our people during the year just past:
the rescue of Russian Jewry, German Unification,
and, last but not least, the crisis in the Persian Gulf.

I begin with Russian Jewry, and in my musings concerning their
dramatic and massive exodus it occurred to me, that
in all of Jewish history, there have been no more than
ten or so dates that will be remembered as long as there are
Jews to remember them.

Most generations of Jews have lived and have died without ever
witnessing the decisive turns of Jewish history.

Yet within the lifetime of our generation,
those clouds parted not once but twice
and we have seen the turning with our own eyes.

First was the Kingdom of the Night, the Shoah.

Then was the rebirth of the Republic of Hope.

And now there is the Reunion,

the great homecoming of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands
of Jews from the Soviet Union.

For the Jews of Israel the new freedom means the renewal of a dream
that some had supposed was obsolete,
the chance to refresh the authentic purposes of the
Jewish national home.

There are 14 million refugees awash in the world.

Most of them have no place to go.

But the Soviet Jews do have an option.

They can go to Israel.

This is the purpose for which the state was created and which justifies
our every effort to secure its future..

For the Soviet Jews, the new freedom means at last the chance
to build a life far from the quickening curse of anti-Semitism.
Glasnost may have given a greater freedom to the Russian people;
but it also gave license to racists who now feel free to spew
their venom.

Glasnost may have opened the political process.

But after nearly a century of iron, tyrannical rule, there is no
political opposition in most of the Eastern European countries.

The only available challenge to the communist party comes from
enthnic groups: the Lithuanians, the Latvians, the Estonians,
and their like,
and all of them, without exception, have histories of endemic
Jew hatred.

In consequence the nature of the present immigration from Russia
is different from that of the 70s and 80s.

The earlier Soviet imigrants were positively motivated.

They were Zionists.

They wanted to be free to lead Jewish lives.

Today's aliyah is motivated by fright.

It is an escape from looming danger.

But freedom is not free.

To bring masses of Soviet Jews to Israel means to provide housing
schools, jobs.

That task is monumental.

60% of the new arrivals are professionals.

Among the first 100,000 to arrive were

- 150 world class scientists,
- 1,200 mathematicians and physicists
- 6,750 engineers of various kinds
- 1,300 nurses
- 3,000 doctors
- 1,320 dentists

How is Israel to absorb all these, and the 1/4 of a million Russian Jews
expected next year.

Her unemployment rate exceeded 10% even before the influx.

And how is Israel to fund all this absorption.

Fully 50% of its present operating budget is required
for debt service.

Plainly it is our task, as American Jews, to provide the resources that
will translate the dream of freedom into the reality of reunion.

It is unthinkable that the Jewish people will allow this glorious
opportunity to shrivel,
that we will allow ourselves to be remembered
as the generation that had history in its grasp
-- and then let go of it.

For that is what is here at stake:

together it has been given us to write a new chapter of Jewish
history,
to make possible a new beginning,
to bring new life to our people and our dream,
-- the dream of freedom, of peace, of home.

In this Book of Life, it is we who must inscribe our name.

* * *

A brief word about German unification.

About a week ago, a reporter from LeMonde called me from Paris,
to ask me how American Jews are reacting to these developments
and I told him that the response was mixed,
almost generational in its nature.

My mother, who lived through two world wars in her-life time
is certain that history is about to repeat itself,
that a reunited and economically powerfil Germany poses
threat to world peace.

My children, on the other hands, were struck by the the wonder of it all
relieved by the realization that the tearing down of the walls
spelt an end to the hazardous superpower confrontation.

I found myself, and still do, somewhere in the middle between these two views, even as I am of the middle generation.

Intellectually, I am able to accept the inevitability of German unification,

but emotionally I shuddered when I watched TV as the Berlin wall was torn down and I saw the German Parliamentarians in Bonn rising to a man to sing their German national anthem with zeal and zest.

The words were new, but the melody was old and I remembered the earlier version:

"Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber alles, ueber alles in der Welt."
Germany, Germany, supreme in all the world.

It is the singing of this song that made me shiver.

Still, I am somewhat relieved by the knowledge that the newly united Germany will not be neutral, that it will be firmly anchored in the European community, as well as in NATO.

Only that can provide restraint upon its power.

German or you see, neutralism would have been only the first stage of German nationalism.

WWII and the 45 years since then may have eliminated Germany's imperial urges;

yet left to itself, to its excitement about itself, and to its almost chilling economic force,

Germany would almost certainly have recovered some of its previous pre-Adenauer notions about its manifest destiny.

History suggests that German power cannot be restrained by a balance of other powers.

That always led to war.

And there are, in any event, no other powers in Europe to act as balance

No, Europe itself must be the balance

But it cannot be that balance without its relationship to American power.

That is the critical point, and this is why I am satisfied that the united Germany will not be neutral but firmly anchored in the European community and NATO.

* * *

And now to the crisis in the Persian Gulf,

and what a sharp reversal in mood it has been since last we were assembled.

Indeed, our Jewish year began with hope:

walls crumbled, as I have said;

the deadly clutch in which the superpowers were locked had loosened and the threat of a nuclear holocaust seemed to recede.

But only for a time.

The guns of August changed all that.

Their thunder reminded us that aggression still menaces humankind and that free nations must be ready to resist it.

If anything, the peril is greater than it was before the older world balance turned.

Saddam Hussein commands a powerful military machine.

His weaponry is replete with conventional and not-so-conventional arms and he has demonstrated his readiness to wield them.

The world simply will not be safe so long as Iraq has the kind of military arsenal that Hussein has built up.

Just think of what our quandary would be today had not Israel disrupted Iraq's quest for nuclear capability ten years ago.

The civilized world, led by the United States

must, therefore, seek more than Hussein's withdrawal from Kuwait, or even his toppling from power.

It must do what it can to contain Iraq's terrifying military capability.

That goal makes a diplomatic solution more remote, and the outbreak of war more likely.

Israel, of course, is at special risk.

Just as anti-Semitism was the cement that bound the Nazi conspiracy, so does the Iraqi leader seek to unite the Arab world with his anti-Israel rhetoric, his calls for a holy war.

Israel is further imperiled by the projected sale of American arms to Saudi Arabia -- 20 billion dollars of sophisticated weaponry -- a sale of unprecedented magnitude.

America asserts that it will not fuel the arms race, especially in the Middle East.

Does the Saudi arms sale serve such an end?

America has always promised Israel that it would maintain her qualitative edge.

How can it possibly do so after such a massive sale.

And who is the guarantee that these technologically superior arms will not fall into more radical Arab hands than are the Saudis of today! It has happened before

- the AWACS sent to the Shah subsequently became available to Khumeini --
- American state-of-the art tanks and planes sold to Kuwait are now in the hands of Hussein's storm troopers.

Israel is at risk militarily, but there is also a diplomatic risk to the Jewish State now that the U.S. has access to bases in ME countries other than Israel.

Israel has been asked to keep a low profile,

whilst America draws closer to other Arab states.

That conveys the notion to one and all that Israel

is a hindrance and not a help, a burden rather than an asset.

That is a flawed analysis, to be sure.

But the present diplomatic constellation is scarcely favorable.

A weakening of US Israel ties could well ensue.

Either way, Israel stands to lose:

if America wins, it will be inclined to reward the cooperative Arab States...

but if America fails to win, that is to say, if it buys some face saving compromise, Israel will have to face Iraqi power by itself.

All these are long term dangers, of course.

From the more immediate perspective, some of the tension marring US Israel relations of late have been relieved.

Israel's intelligence proved more astute than our own.
Her widely ignored warnings about Iraq's aggressive designs
were validated,
even as was her strategic analysis that the Palestinian issue
cannot be resolved apart from a wider accord with the
Arab nations.

Here, incidentally, is the one shaft of light
in an otherwise gloomy sky:
that the menace of Iraqi militancy and the awareness of their
own vulnerability will impel some more of the Arab states
to join Egypt in reaching an understanding,
if not de jure then at least de facto, with Israel.
Logic and reason call for a regional alliance embracing the Saudis,
Jordan, Egypt, even Syria, and Israel
-- if only the Middle East were more amenable to logic and reason.
But the opportunity, the other side of the coin of crisis,
is indisputably there.

A requisite for such an accord is Israel's readiness to reach an
agreement with the Palestinians.

The Palestinian issue simply will not go away,
and the longer the strife persists,
the more intractable its resolution becomes.

I know full that the peace process once initiated will perforce
result in a territorial compromise.

Still, I favor it, not just on moral but also on more pragmatic grounds.

The maintaining of the status quo by force is dangerous
from a security point of view.

How can Israel possibly defend herself with a million and three-quarter
Arabs within her own borders.

Israeli Artabs, once the most patriotic of citizens have been
radicalized, and they will remain a timebomb inside Israel
so long as this issue is unresolved.

The enemy is in the land.

It is rather like a boat.

It is better to have the water outside the boat than in the boat.

The Westbank and Gaza are a danger to Israel only when they are inside
of Israel.

It is noteworthy to mention in this context that that infamous
double standard by which the world judges Israel is
operative once again.

Saddam Hussein sets the tune.

"How can the Western World insist that Iraq withdraw from Kuwait,
even while it countenance Israeli occupation of the Westbank."

So bellows Hussein, and, alas, the Pat Buchanans and Evans and Novaks
of America re-echo his absurd analogies.

It is an outrageous analogy.

The two situations are not at all alike.

Iraq invaded and raped Kuwait in a naked act of aggression.

Israel did not invade the Westbank in 1967.

Quite the contrary.

It pleaded with King Hussein to stay his hand,

but duped by Nasser, Jordan's legions invaded Israel and lost
the Westbank in consequence.

Israel's seizure of the Westbank is analogous rather to Poland's
occupation and annexation of German territories,

Germany invaded Poland in 39 as you will recall.

The Soviet army threw the Nazis back and in the process

Poland occupied a portion of East Germany..

Now, is anyone in the free world demanding that these territories
be retransferred to Germany?

Of course not! Quite the opposite is true!

Chancellor Kohl had to abjure any claims to those Polish-held

once German lands before the Allies would give him the green light
to unify the two Germanys.

Ah, the double standard,

but when confronted with this charge the world always says:

we expect so much more from Israel...

we hold it to a higher standard...

Unfortunately, it is a standard far higher than that to which

the rest of the world adheres and that includes the Western
civilized nations.

When the British were in charge of Palestine, entire villages were razed
more than 3000 Palestinians were killed

in 1939 alone over 109 were hanged....

and now Prime Minister Thatcher denounces Israel

for deporting political activists.

French conduct during the Algerian war was marked for its
indiscriminate violence and systematic use of torture.

And the Algerian rebels did not have it in their charter to conquer
France as do the Palestinians Israel.

Charles Krauthammer put it well

"The conscious deployment of a double standard
directed at the Jewish State and no other State in the world
the willingness to condemn the Jewish state for things
others are not condemned for
this is not a higher standard.
It is a discriminatory standard.
And discrimination against Jews has a name too.
The word for it is anti-Semitism."

All this, as we have already indicated, does not absolve us or
Israel from moral responsibility.

The Palestinian problem cannot be ignored.

The settlements policy requires strictest scrutiny from this
perspective.

And even understanding Israel's desperate need to defend herself
against terrorism,

we are under no obligation as American Jews to put our 'hechsher'
on excessive force applied to keep a restive Arab
population in check.

Aye. we still have a long ways to go before Israel becomes the
pattern of our ideal vision.

We know this...The Israelis know this too.

There are qualms and there are doubts, and many self-accusing lines
need to be spoken.

But we speak these line ourselves about ourselves.

Let the leaders of no other nations speak them, especially not the
leaders of the Arab world.

Let them be silent for all time to come.

Let them not dare to raise one hand in accusation.

Their hands are drenched in blood comingled with oil.

Come to think of it, let them do what they want.

We will continue to do what we have always done,
dreaming our dreams, laboring for their fulfillment.

We are not about to collapse under the weight of pernicious libel
ot contemptible verbal abuse.

We have suffered far worse and survived.

And so agaiunst the schemings and the maledicions of our enemies,
we will extend our stake in Israel.

Yes, we Reform Jews too.

We will not yield.

We will stay.

And we will build.

Roy Rosenberg Testimonial
American Judaism @ An Evaluation

Italian Farmer Story - In Roy Rosenberg's case, of course, 'so big a da honk' is indicated. I am reminded of a story about a Young Priest - A rabbi called upon to speak at the testimonial to a colleague had best take this advice in its obverse, don't just shake your head, say ~~VOWNNNNNNNNNN~~.

Needless to say, I am most proud and pleased to behold and to participate in ^{joyous} the exercises of this hour dedicated to the honor of a colleague. Though I am a stranger to most of you, I am a good friend of your beloved spiritual leader, impelled by the same motives, moved by the same thoughts and ideals, and a servant of the same Lord of Life before whom ~~we~~ ^{we} stand in awe and humble reverence this night and always.

You do well to honor Roy, not only for his sake but for your own. A community that honors its leaders honors itself. And you have chosen a fitting way of rendering that honor, by demonstrating your determination to maintain those institutions which produced a leader of his kind.

The Hebrew Union College produced Roy even as it molded me and every other rabbi serving the over five hundred congregations here in America and elsewhere. The brilliant scholars staffing our alma mater taught us what we know, influenced the processes of our thought and fanned the flame of our ideals. Our College has done as much as any other institution barring none toward the survival and revival of Judaism in our land.

This is not to say, of course, that Roy is entirely a product of the College. He ^{to it} came, endowed with many fine talents, utilized his time diligently and hence emerged as an especially proud product. Surely I need not extol his virtues as a congregational leader; here you know him better than I. We, his schoolmates and colleagues ^{know}, respect him for his keen mind, his scholarly attainments, and his boundless devotion to our common spiritual heritage.

It was a custom of our fathers to invoke upon every male offspring the blessing: God make Thee as Ephraim and Manasseh. Ephraim and Manasseh, you will remember, were the two sons of Joseph, blessed by their grandfather Jacob just before his death. The Biblical commentators of our people tell us that the two sons of Joseph weren't at all alike, ^{first} they were of opposite natures. Ephraim was a scholarly sort, diligent, industrious in the study of ^{scripture} ~~the law~~. Manasseh was more worldly, a man thoroughly familiar ⁱⁿ with the thought and ways of the Egyptian people in whose midst he lived.

14 Jacob, who knew them, ^{who} surely knew their differences, blessed them both, and ~~blessed~~ blessed us by saying, may you be like unto Ephraim and Manasseh, not Ephraim singly or Manasseh, but like unto both as if to say, may you have the qualities, the gifts of both; for both are indispensable to the Jew, especially to ^{a leader} ~~the Jew~~ of the Jewish people.

It is a blessing which has found happy fulfillment in your Rabbi. God has endowed him with the gifts of Ephraim and the gifts of Manasseh. He is primarily a student of the Torah, of Jewish tradition. But he is also steeped in modern culture, and, thoroughly familiar with modern ways, he ^{ably} can represent our people ^{+ its faith}. It is because he is such a unique combination of Ephraim ^{and} Manasseh, that his ministry promises to be such a blessed one! ^{add to all this, of course a gentle sense of humor + a spirit of genuine devotion + you have the measure of the man.}

To us, the celebrants, this occasion has a special significance. It enjoins us to emulate his ways. The rabbis ^{of the Old Testament} tell the story of a ~~king's~~ king's son who was ^{most} anxious that everyone should know that he was a prince. "My father," he once cried, "let the people know that I am a prince." "Would you have the people know that you are my son," answered the king, then don the regal robes and put on my kingly crown, and show the people with what grace and honor you wear them." Even so does this occasion speak to us. Would ^{you} share the glory of this hour, would ^{you} partake of the honor given to your rabbi, why then you must don the robe of service and wear the crown of the Torah so nobly born by him.

(In discussing the theme of my talk for tonight)

The chairman of your dinner arrangements committee asked me to give ^{my impressions} a young rabbi's impressions of the American Jewish community. I feel presumptuous to do so; my experience is far too limited to permit a considered evaluation. And yet my thought concerning your communal life has undergone ^{decided} ~~marked~~ changes since my ordination only three years ago, and I would like to share some of my observations with you.

I must begin with a personal confession. When I left the protecting walls of the seminary three years ago, I was filled with a sense of self righteousness and self power. Don Quixote-like, I mounted a white charger ready to do battle against the evils besetting Jewish communal life. In my youthful exuberance I came to the Worcester Jewish community ready to recriminate and to preach, and my early sermons certainly reflected this spirit. It did not take me too long to know better for I found a vital community, a warm community, a community busily sowing the seeds of its self perpetuation. I found a community whose members were capable of rising to lofty heights of love and generosity when a real challenge confronted them.

My supreme confidence in American Jewry's future ~~has~~ ^{my confidence} bolstered especially by ~~what~~ ^{the working w/ youth} with the young people of our communities. I ~~have~~ ^{am} spend much of my time on a local regional and national level ~~working with youth~~ - all under the aegis of the National Federation of Temple Youth, a subsidiary organization of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. Oh how I wish that each of you could come to our convales and institutes ~~and share the thrill of wisdom~~ ^{the devotion and} the creative skill of our young people. I would want you to listen to their lively discussions on serious subjects demanding rare insight. I would want you to share the warmth of fellowship engendered by their communal singing in the dining room or about a camp fire ~~circle~~. I would want you to join them in their devotions and listen to their own prayers ^{expressing their faith} ~~which speak of their dreams~~. Then you too would see visions, comforting visions of a future that is secure.

No, no one can slur the American Jewish community. It has done and is doing much to assure its self-perpetuation, a perpetuation which represents more than mere survival, a perpetuation which spells growth and ^{ever -} greater strength. ^{American Jews have} ~~It~~ ^{has} done much also for world Jewry. It was the American Jewish community which, in a short span seventy years has absorbed nearly 5 000 000 Jews who would otherwise have perished in the death camps of Europe. It was the American Jewish community, composed of those very immigrants of whom we spoke, which lavished its help on Jews of other lands with a generosity unprecedented in the history of any people. It was the American Jewish community, which, through its financial and political support, made possible the most remarkable event in ^{recent} ~~modern~~ Jewish history, the creation of the State of Israel. Surely this American Jewish community is worthy of our praises and prayers, is deserving of God's blessing for many more years of creative endeavor.

If there is to be one discordant note in my evaluation of American Jewish life it is in the area of public relations, of our relation to the non-jewish community. I do not refer to the attitude of the non Jewish Community to the Jew - it is wholesome and good, and I speak as one who was old enough to sense the real attitude of the non-jew to the Jew in even pre Hitler Germany. My disappointment finds its root in the approach toward the non-jew of Jews themselves, manifested in their individual actions as well as in the methods employed by some of our communal relations organizations.

So may in our midst still believe that Jews should be heard and seen as little as possible. ^{They feel, for instance, that} ~~We~~ are not to be identified with any causes about which the American people in general are divided, lest we channel the wrath of the opposition against Jews.

They are overwhelmed by the thought that the Jews are a minority and that being so they must seek the good will of the majority, cater to its whims and accept its prejudices.

It has been ^{also} suggested in some quarters that good public relations for the Jews can be developed ~~by~~ through the same tactics employed by business firms in selling ^{their} ~~products~~. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Unfortunately these business firms cultivate the friendship of the public in order to sell their product. As such they are unconcerned about spiritual principles. They are not the advocates of a religious philosophy. But ~~Judaism is~~. Judaism's task is not to win public favor for Jews, but rather to win public acceptance of its noble teachings. Judaism seeks first the applause of God and the commendation of history. It cannot compromise on its basic beliefs for the sake of good public relations. If centuries ago our ancestors ~~had~~ ^{had} consulted public relations ~~experts~~ ^{experts} about how to win good will they would have been told that they could ~~win good will~~ ^{gain favor} by the abandonment of their religious heritage, of their faith in God, of their adherence to the second commandment which states that "thou shalt have no other Gods before me." Our fathers did not court ill will. They did not ~~relish~~ ^{relish} living in ghettos being ~~expelled~~ ^{expelled} periodically, seeing their sons and daughters burned at the stake. But they refused to buy good public relations at the expense of their religious convictions. For them they lived and if need be for them they died.

In actually of course, this ^{suggested} approach bears ill fruit, or at best no fruit at all. The non-Jew respects that Jew who is most firm in devotion to his faith ^(he will respect + despise the kowtow). When all is said and done the best public relations for Jews in the American scene can be achieved through Judaism. The best good will publication for Jews in America is the Bible. The best method of winning the applause of the American community is by filling regularly the shrine dedicated to the worship of the one God and by upholding and maintaining Judaism, that Judaism which has fashioned civilizations, that Judaism which ~~has given birth to~~ ^{has} produced the authors of the old and the new testament, that Judaism which gave birth to the synagogue, the church and the mosque. It is that Judaism which ^{won} ~~has~~ the applause of history.

If we are true to our tasks, we shall live to further great convictions about one God and one world and one humanity, about the equality of men of all races and of all nations and of all degrees of education in the ^{eyes} ~~sight~~ of God and in the sight of man. To this we must testify today on the American scene.

Away then with the conceit of timidity. Away with the emotion 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 ~~xxxx~~ with our roots deep in American soil. Children of a faith whose co-religionists were with Columbus when he discovered America, whose sons were with Washington at Valley Forge; who wore the uniforms of the blue and the grey, who died in Belleau Woods, at Guadalcanal, on the beaches of Sicily and the plains of France, and who until very recently were rotting in the putrid ^{prison} camps of North Korea. We are Americans. We elect to be Jews. We reject the suggestion 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 pay for strength to stand for it when it is ~~xxx~~ unpopular. We shall champion brotherhood among ^{rates hell} ~~all nations, even with Russia~~, whether a public referendum ^{on the subject} would endorse or reject it. We are not chameleons who change color to suit majority opinion. We hold great truths and champion great principles, and we shall exercise our rights as full-fledged American citizens and ~~we shall~~ disseminate our faith with the boldness of conviction, with the courage of truth and with the heroism of soldiers on the field of battle.

Have I been too violent, too vehement, too outspoken. Should I have spoken more gently. But I remember the millions upon millions of Jews who went the way of martyrdom al kiddush hashem, for the sake of our faith. I remember the thousands upon thousands of Jewish young men who spilled their life's blood in many a war for America's freedom. I remember ^{especially} my own good friends Bill Levy and Herman Goldstein who ~~were~~ ^{were} torn to shreds at my side in Italy. They did not die that Jews in America should be ~~weak~~ ^{weak}. They died that all in our lands might have equal right. If, because of fear of ill will, we are timid about exercising these rights, then they died in vain. But if we exercise them to proclaim in to practice the faith in one God and in one humanity, then, and then only, do we vindicate their heroism and they sleep in peace.

This is my one disappointment and my one prayer as I look upon the American scene from the limited perspective of a fledgling rabbi. ^{All in all though} I am supremely confident in the future of American Jewry, in the future of our faith..

^{Is} ~~Is~~ ^{an empty delusion a vain illusion?} a vain hope? I do not think so, for I hold in my hands a little medallion, a copper coin. It was fashioned over two thousand years ago when the Roman legions first entered the holy land. Some seven hundred years after this medallion was coined the mighty Roman Empire tumbled from its great height, beaten and crushed, never to rise

again. On the face of this coin, the following words are inscribed: Judea est perditā.

Judea is destroyed. The Jewish people is demolished forever more. Here I ~~am~~ stand, two thousand years later, I and another Rabbi in Israel, facing a group of young and proud Jews ^{all} eager and determined to add ^{still} another link to the golden chain of Judaism which binds us to the past and will bind us to generations yet unborn. ~~May it be so.~~ May it be so. Amen.