

MS-630: Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler Digital Collection, 1961-1996.
Series C: Speeches and Eulogies, 1967-1996.

Box Folder 26 4a

Speeches, 1953-1990, undated.

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columnist; she is the official spokesman for an Arab sponsored organisation known as the American Friends of the Marr Fast. This fast was not established at either the Foonomic Club meeting or in the newspaper articles reporting the address. Her official association with the propagation 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 Fast; 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 andyears 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 UaN. 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 Jewe into the Mediterranean Sea. Arab leaders had miscalculated; on the one hand, they over-estimated their own strength - the trab 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 I raeli 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 martrydom. 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 not withstanding. Again and again, through the official declarations of its foreign minstry 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 imperilaism 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 that 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 nations 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.

Niss 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 Israeli's; 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.

and the value of the Arab League as an allyin the Fast-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.

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 terminate the Jews.

Arab good faith toward the United States has never been established, and yet wies 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 onex 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 ar, 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.



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 consumated 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 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 celbrate the achievements of our brethren in Israel alone. We are happy in the knowledge of the not inconsiderable part we ourselves played in the consumation of that searching and heroic hour. American Jews rose to the occasion splendidly. We knew how to close ranks. We acte 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 turth, it is acknowledged by all -- and not in the least by our Israeli brethren - that what was achieved 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 spititual 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 confid noe and resolution, Our status and dignity have been enhanced, in our eyes and in the eve 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 visble, 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, lving 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 agression 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 an tithetic toward Israel in this one respect, giving the impression that 'srael is basically at fault and responsible for the refugee problem. What is worse, many American Jews re-echoe these sentiments, if not vocally and consciously, they give expression to a snes of guilt in the feeling of discomoft 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 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 invistigations by and large have tended to support the Israeli position in this matter. The Research Groupfor 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 Lebansese newspapre, Msgr. Geroge Hakim, the Greek Catholic Archbishop of Gallilee had this to say:

"The re ugees 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 hands 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 problem is the consequence of the war, and the war of agression 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 risponsibility for the former, you have determined responsibility for the latter. The syll gism is compelling in its logic: who is responsible for the refugees, those who started the war...who started the war...the Arabs sergo...the Arabs must bear ultimate repponsibility for creating the refugee problem.

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

There is certainly nothing natural in the prolongatio; 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 parking 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 Vietname, in India, in Pakistan...but not in the case of the Arab refugees, less that 2% of the ttl ref.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 an moral problembut as a political problem

which they are determ ned to keep intact, lest the whole structure of Arab belligerency

be undermined at a central point.

A Mr. Gall way, 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...the / want to keep it as an open sore, as an afront 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 enly the Arabs who live in camps are refugees from Palestine. It is estimated by neutral sources that as meny 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 treausry has twice released block sterling from Arab accounts in Israeli banks, but the Arab leaders don't permit the refuggees to draw on funds which are theirs. Innumerable offers for restitution of confiscated lands above been made - when a Jew acquires property formerly held by Arabs h 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 fmaily reunion plane..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 \$55,000

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

meterial 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 behald. One might think that

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

Our final question - who has e 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 face 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... Immediately million Hindus leaving Pakistan for India, 700 000 Chines refugees in Hong Kong, 13 Million German refugees from the East European States, in the sands of Turkish refugees fro, Bulgaria... 150 000 refugees from Arab lands arriving destitute in Israel and and equal number converging from the remnants of the Jewish holacaust 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 wast 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 re ugee 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 capaity for its solution. When we ask ourselves the three curaial questions - how the proble arose, why it still exists and how it can be solved, we come back inexorably to 'srael'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 freeltowards 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 with Arab problem from the Arab world. Let this be done and great reawards and blessings willfall to the thepeoples of the "ddle "ast and to the peoples of the world.



Pleased to welcome men and women of Worcester Zionist District

they are here to help us celbrate Israeli Independence Day anniversary of that fateful hour 11 yrs ago we are too close, still, to the event to evaluate it surely 1948 willbe stellar date, 5th of Yyar will shine bright in firmament of our festivals

American Jews celbrate for themselves also

played not inconsiderable part in consumation of dream rose to occasion spledidly 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 willnot leave...happy here...Is rael 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 conlict...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 agression are pictured as the oppressors...a persectuted 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 behst of their leaders...
arabs who remained, were treated well...over 180 000...retained properties
have full citizenship.

International comissions support Jewish position Resaerch Group of European Migration: "As early as the first months of
1948 the Arab League issued orders exhorint the people to see 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 Archbishob of N. Galillee: "The efugees 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 tat their armies would crush the Zionist gangs very quickly and that there bould 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 conseq ence of the war, and the war wassta ted 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 atarte 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 preseve 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 deter ned to kee intact less 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 srael. Arab leaders don't give a damn, whether the refugees live or die.."

Note marginally: a great many refugees did no come from Falestine, came from other arab countries - neutral observers estimate as any as 250 000 - preferring UN camp life to life as be uins and felahins.

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 ew who buys property formerly held by Arabs makes deposits in this account 45 oco 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 lacke sense of moral responsibility they would have kept these fellow ews from Arab countries in camps, seeking international support and creating an issue...wehadsense of moral responsibility

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

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

Who has the Cpacity 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 heatxeauxtries refugees in host country, in country in which they sought refuge:

9 million Korans

1 million refugees from conflict in Vietnam

82 million Hindus from Pakistan

700 thousand Chinese in Hong Kong

13 million Germans from the East

450 Jews from Arab countires

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 no the arabs, especiall when you consider expanse of their territotires...

No, we Jewsneed have no sense of guilt as far is this problem is concerned...the responsibilities of the arabs is central to be 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 wre barricades fall ...

Let them move forward tonew opportunities ...

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

Let arabs join with Israel and other world gyts in working toward so ution Let this be done, and great blessing will come to Middle ast 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 of the Jewish year, your Kippur, the day of 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 everlastin 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 Von Kippur 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 seed 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 the 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 Your Kippur speak to us:

Never mind what others think or say, wever 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 filed 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 accrdoss 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

Did we not feel, we Jews -- I certainly did -- alone against hae world...

us.

Oh yes, there was an outpouring of sympathy from the civilized world but that was only of a moment even whole 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 age -
Colore, U.S. Bruhmal -
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 frm our crazy organization.

And we certainly don't know what to do flout it all

plans which will be accepted by others too,
please, please let me know...

Israeli consul Rivlin responded to barely subdued anger

If that is so, he said,

if the United Nations is indeed impotent

if America with all its present 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 enenemy...

HIL MEMORY BS

let Amalek not be forgotten BLOTTED FREN THE EARLING

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

(lally Is this 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 effective?

Violence in never ending process Does it not beget the need of counter-vengeance, thus deepening the process of violence?

Is not this precisely what has happened in the part ! mounts

Multiple,

with each incident the fury increases and the body-count of slaughtered innocents 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 with noble sentiments?

Our desperate dilemma is reflected in a talmudic parable which tells thexetex about a small, distant country, high in the mountains, completely isolated by them, whose !eople came to their king with a desperate problem of thier 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 rueld by force, we may have no other choice but to respond to force with force but let us at least know that wexerexxthisxisxisxidexwayxefxmadmesexx we are mad.

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 savegry -- in a different time and in adifferent place.

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 idological dimensions - ON OUR TASK AS JEUS to assert the ideal in the face of the Wordly real, this is our task...

to remember those vakues 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 worlds displeasure.'

the madness of idealism, the madness of prophecy -but this is our burden as a people,
the burden which tradition has imposed soon us

builden we bore
to this we have born 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, JL 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....

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 whimper

against above the howl and the shriek of war.

May this mandate by fulfilled in our loves

May the time not be distant when exe men everywhere

-- the Arabs and the 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 crfeative endeavor and peace.

Amen

Review - The Cold Wind and the Warm

It is a privilege which I greatly appreciate to have been asked to partici pate 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 addressedd 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 few other organizations in so 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)... a man must bring honor to has name. Similiarly with organizations: a lofty must live up to the name, they must fulfill the goal. And that is precisely me to help. Not only are you dedicated to noble purpose. You come so close hours - painful though they were - were softened and made bearable thanks to truth, you respond to the psalmist's cry: al tashlicheni l'eys sikno, cast me 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 has dead wives sister, but and still is, in truth, such a marraige is regarded a mitzvah. But a woman may not marry her dead husbands 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 condonin of incest.

What was probably involved here was Halitzah, the ceremony in which the levirite 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 husbandos brother is alive, without undergiong Halitza. Myra probably refused to do so, and for this reason incurred the wrath of her parents and her parents in law.

Be that 45 it may, though Behrman is at fault here, his overall recollection of Jewish is sound we and he portrays it vividly and with warmth. An array of traditional types pass before our eyes and we cannot help to but respond to them with warmth. There is Ida, the indefatigable matchmaker, an mateur to be sure, but eager to bring love to the lonely. She is a true hrs. Walaprop. To give you some idea, she hears, now and then from the field marshall in Chicago who has a store

bigger than filenes... when an older man declares his love for a lady has than half his age she advises her young friend:

at our age, marriage is steam heat in the warmer winter and ice

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

Ida is incident one of the dominant roles, luminously portrayed by 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, in the role of the ground but where his head is. There is Toby Sachar, in the role of his more at home in the pages of the Talmud than on the shelves of his grocery store.

There is Norbert Mandell, the rich Jew, who takes to non Jewish ways such as riding horses and who always ref rs 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 paay is concerned. It is crystall clear that Behrman loves everyone of his characters and he makes the pacy goer love them also.

Which brings me to a crucial question, one which must be uppermost in the minds of Worcesrites who see the play. How close is Berman to describing its 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?

In essence, the play centers about young Toby who, manifestly, is Berman himself. And all other action is meant to puritary depict the constellation of inluences which molded Bermans 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 tobe 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 anxiety and extreme manner.

There is a Willie Levin in each of us, but life cannot be lived with Willie Leving 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. There were there are transformed to creative use. There were the transformed to creative use.

Mr. Behrman reminds us of this truth. And deing so min 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

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 me must, for we cannot ignore our latter end: [37] [36] 37 [36] at af dust we are and unto dust we shall return.

Every moment we live 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 gratituted 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 caels, 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.

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

The 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 and frem wedie the born, we suffer himself must make trial of the vast unima cannot escape the summons of our faith which bids us speak and think of death though we like it not.

ultimate + The contemplation of our inevitable latter end has its unhappy consequences; No one can deny, forinstance, 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 irresistable preacher. Each wound death inflicts, each breech he with his shattering might, each link he ruthlessly tears from the golden chain uniting family and friend, each of these, each 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 ty of life: humility and love ... That is the sermon of death: O Thom who are made of dust and ere destined to return 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. 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 man. And after a long silence he said: My brothers, God alone is great...

Here is the first greatermon of death. Anovoh - humility. It teaches us to know the simple and stirring trath 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 presume to exalt himself over another... Howevelve You men of substance who glory inyour wealth. When deth comes, what remains? - An everalasting 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...

one thing lives on, and that only in the memory of others: your dignity, your character, your deed. Let the therefore be the only standard by which we measure our fellow man and ourselves: his dignity, his character, his deed. Not wealth, nor posession, nor honor, nor influence ought determine our 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!

When a dear one is taken from our midst and lowered into his narrow grave, deep anguish afflicts the bereaved, bitter tears bedin 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 spillt over the graves of dears ones are tears of regret brought into being by the feeling that somehow or other we have been remissin 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 wanter disregard for that which is dearest to us. Somehow or other we manage to hurt the very trains we love the most. We are creless. The stone of that which is most precious to us in life.

that we can always make amends. Death's sermon comes to remind us that there are time when our actions irrevokable, a time when it will be to 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 pauth, 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 wond r 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 allour hearts and all our suls 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 be past as to the future. It holds forth the consoling thought that we cannot make up with the dead, we can make good with the living.

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 bring the 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 to love while yet you may.

Then will those who come after us find blessing in remembrance, and, though walking through the valley of the shadow of death they will be enabled to exclaim: nonk ki 170 3 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 Thystaff they comfort me...Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies...Thou hast amointed my with oil my cup runneth over...Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all thedays of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

In a few moments now we will recall with loving remembrance our dear ones who are no more, and as we do so may the message of death's sermon sink into our hearts and cause us to mend our ways. May love and humility become our two guarding angels, guiding and message us as we walk along the way of wife. The 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, our humility and the love with which we embraced all men as brothers.

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DO WE SEEK CONVERTS
JUDAISM: AMISSIONARY RELIGION

The Ten commandments - recited a moment ago and forming a part of the scriptural lesson read in synagogues all ever the world on this Sabbath day - represent the loftiest precepts the load.

Of Jaddisma 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 alike 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 the truth that Judaism is not a parochial religion whose sole interest is self-perpetuation within the truth faither. But the perpetuation within the truth that it is a missionary faith giving its adherents the task of carrying its truths (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 mesense of the word. As long as the choice was ours we have addition 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 the raisson d'etre functionary; it alone gives meaning to Jewish striving and Jewish martrydom, 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 com andments:

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 smi consecrated, albeit self-contained life. It means a sonsecrated people whose message, travelling beyond its own confines, will bring holiness to others. Just as an individual priests pressuposes the existence of a congregation to whom he ministers, so does a matter 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: \(\text{Sin} \) \(23\text{N} \) \(\text{Indicated} \) \(\text{Sin} \) \(\text{Indicated} \) \(\text{Indicat

The Bible abounds with tales of convetts 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 particular 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 Wessiah 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 function.

During the Hellenistice 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 Diasporah. Converts were eagerly sought and obtained in large numbers.

The destruction of the Second Temple did not dampen Jewish missionary zeal. The enthusaism of the rabbi's 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 oneleg. 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 amixfriend; y in their treatment of them and successful in winning them. The list of Rabbinnic prosleytes inculdes Roman noblemen and women and the entire royal house of the kingdom of Adiabaane. Many of the Rabbis quoted in the Talmud were converts: Shemaya and Abtalyon head the list of former non-Jews who ultimately assumed spirtual leadership in Jewish life. Aquila, who translated the Bible into Greek, and Onkelos who prepared the first and now standart 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 Singai. 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 increasing oppressive; ultimately the death penalty was set for the non-Jew who accept Judaism as well as for the Jew who receives 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.

And still conversions continued; and still despite the pain and degradation of Jewish life is the ghetto, non Jews continued to throw in their lot with Jews eager to share the spiritual hopes and yearning of our faith.

The Eastern European Jews, in making their annual pilgrimage to the grave of the Viler Gaon never failed to stop at the tree marking the place were the Polish Count Potocki was burned at the stake for accepting Judaism. More recently, Aime Palliere, A Catholic Priest found his way from Rome to Israel; his spiritual autobiography, The Unknown Sanctuary stands as a classic of modern Jewish letters. After World War II, the world was startled to hear of the Italian village all of whose denizens accepted Judaism; they prepared for conversion under the fascists and during the Nazi occipation of Italy; today they reside in Israel.

Shill surface the fauthenticated recent report that in the past few years over 100000 Japaneese have asked to be admitted to Judaism.

Here in the United States, well over 2000 nen-Jews enter Jewish ranks annually - the great majority of them in connection with inter-marriage; but about 7 to 10% or about 150 without such an involvement. This number is gradually increasing.

The record of history is unmistakable, and the mandate of our religion is crystal clear.

Judaism enjoins us to carry the teachings of our faith like matter a light unto the nations, a and at all times our message has found willing, eager ears. There is no reason why, living in a lnad of freedom, we should not shake off an adverse attitude toward proseltysm foisted upon us by oppressive rulers in hostile lands. We do have a message which can win thehearts and mand of modern man, and we ought not to be bashful in telling the world about it.

Needless to say, no program of force, or bribery, or soul-snatching is recommended. Herein the mission of Israel always differed from the evangelism of other religions. The rabbis never countenanced the use of force to gain their ends; not were they are presumteous as to say that Judaism is the only road to salvation. Jewish thinkers always shared the view of the Hindu sage who taught that each religion is a pearl on the necklace adorning God.

All righteous people of the world have a share in the world to come. What is suggested is arprenized program of education which willhelp those who do not feel at home in the spiritual dwellings of other faith, or who have nong, to find their wat to the svagogue. the spiritual home of the Jew.

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 senctuary and congregation to find evidence for the truth of this assertion. Moreover a more positive attitude proseltysim will add to the spiritual well ebing of the born Jew - it may well impell us all to appreciate the heritage which others are eager to share. It will purps make us less hesitant and less apologetic about our faith.

This surely is the most discouraging sign on the American Jewish scene - this defensiveness water of the Tercentenary celebrations of this year and the brotherhoodmeetings 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 have the gust unique let a great the following the lampling that is the result, the inevitable consequence of such fawning - we improve way. And what is the respect of the non-Jew and we lose our own respect, our self respect. In trying to be excepting, 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 mf about our faith. We need not apologize for Judaism. Judaism is not an untried religion. Judaism has been tried by the test of senturies. It has added beauty and meaning to the lives of countless generations. It has attracted the weeking admiration of the worlds 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 te new testament. 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.

auren.

agojn me have assembled with joyf leed here! !!
to sing in They Itains to sing they proise + Keantigis

Contile young rold intute in love + in place

ARCHIVES

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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 are; 'know how' is American by divine right - or so we thought. But then came the sputniks and mutniks, embarassigly accentuated by our own all-teo-well publicized failures. And now, still another sattelite 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 nationed poised to conquer space.

Since success in science is the fruit of learning - and in turth, 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 a non-too-comforting contrast is drawn between American and Russian education: quantitatively - Russians 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 schences, mathematics, theoretical and applied, introducing such disciplines as integral calculus and astro physics at 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 agression, just as surely as an equal demonstration of determined for ce 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 fant 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.

Certainly America's problem is not exclusively technological in nature. It is a spiritual 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. Sechnologists, however competent, as solved, however imaginative, cannot take us far to a solution here. What is needed rather is competence in a sponere more clusive 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 excercise responsible.

Let those who are blinded by the success of Russian education recognize this difference in purpose - for 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 lifferent up on for the warying needs 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 that 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 centeres system of education is firmly authoritarian and cannot bide dissent. The schools become arms of the state, teachers are state-officials and divergence of opnion are deemed acts of disloyalty if not outright treason. We have seen what can happen to academic freedom when the state inglitution assumes control. Alas, too many of our free universities buckled to its demands. But be soul our verso at least there were athers more courageous - Harvard and Pusey of note - who rode out the tide of McCarthyism.

Allthis does not mean that all is perfect with education in our land. And while a slavish imitation of the Russian way would prove disasterous, 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 payed, 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 facilities and they are faccorded 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 course, 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 Sates.

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, apparents and hour of uniterrupted 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,' 'classed dancing,' and 'how to knwo when you are really in love,' hardly merit credit toward a degree, as Admiral Rickover so effectively pointed out, and yet they are 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' thallenge or in slavish imitation of its system, 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 essentail 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 fight against.

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 enemity. With we repeat his mistake, or will we heed the words of the prophet who spoke to Amaziah saying: "Why incommonwarshipxthexageds this hast thou sought after the gods of the people, gods who have not delivered their own people out of they 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 Nagila!

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 pablum. 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 And the slaughter was engineered by leaders of a civilization. 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

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 Kuwaitees. . .

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 <u>Catholic N.Y.</u> 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 the 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 yehi ratzon thus may it be God's will.



Lermons

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 flourished and groweth up; in the evening he is cut down and withereth."

Thus sang Israel's ancient singer and his song sets the spirit of this solemn Yiskor 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 gome. 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 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 were young or old, whether they were torn from the midst of their labors or whether they were well advanced in years. 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 lingering with vain strife against the decay which age and infirmity inevitably brings. No odom, consumed in Thine again, O lood. Our days are opening one - her fly array vatedochu - ben enosh vatechashvohu. Yomov kotsoil over

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 willbe aflicted. 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 marksman were actually in front of us, on this pulpit, taking aim. Who is 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 aflicted 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 morbio fear of death engendered by the knowledge of the certainty of death.

Oftimes such terror is more than mere torment. It can be poison which itself destroys the fibre of life. To reason, where there is no cause to fear - this is our graves 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 pan 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 dangers and which bestirs us to evade them.

Once in a while it is good for all of us to stop and listen to the peunding of the waves of time against the shores of eternity.

The thought of deth can teach us how to live and how to treat our fellow being. The thought of death on well provide a check to our feverish passions and finally close the eye which never seems satisfied which goads us ruthlessly to acquire what we must ultimately relinquish anyway.

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. To fear where there is no reason is 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 fearof death. Unrestrained imagination makes cowæd of us all, and cowards, as Shakespeare out it, die not once but many times.

How can we overcome unreasonable fears - that (degrading) feeling which makes us afraid to live. There is a lovely story in the literature of our people which suggests and 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 Havadalah 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.
Whoseever 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 wheaking thus, she took Rabbi Neir by the hand and brought him into the room and over to the bed and drew back the covers that lay on her children. Secried 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: ""idst 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 to a courageous 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. Nothing ca 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 face. 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 husbands supper, shebrought out the Havdalah cup and candles. Each human being has his task in life p that no one can take away. Let the mother take care of her childdren, let the teacher proclaim his truths, let thebusiness 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 duty we need take a final step along the road of faith. The faith which says "I will" even while fear grumbles "I camnot." The faith which brings the sun to life, which has the power to lift us out of the pit of depression. The matrix 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 a newer world, a better world, a world where men will not have to be a 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 knwoledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

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"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 we will be enabled to say with Rabbi Meir, yes, even with Jeb before him: "Adone's nessan Vaadono's lekach jehi sheim adono's meverach. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken sway, blessed be the Name of the Lord.

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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 ADDIST MEDIT area of DP acclimatization; their eager efforts have helped many of our brethren who narrowly escaped from the cauldrons of Europe find a new home and build a new life in 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 a fashions a calf of molten gold, saying:

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 orden days; it continues to be a god in our own day. What is more tragic, of these 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 Wayyon Aaron's ideal 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 properity. We live in a world of unequalled apportunity; we dwell in the midst of unexampled appalence enjoying luxuries inaccessible to a Croesus millenia age. Analyst 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: happiness is not directly proportional to prosperity. When properity 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 what is about us in the world.

To be sure, now, life is not a bowl of cherries accessible to all 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 asking: why, why did it have to happen. But strangely and tragically enough, it is alke too often the most propserous, the most forture to among us who despair of life.

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

The about he maniful and the start plot of the Hollywood movie, and it is repeated to us ad nauseum by the platform speaker. Nevertheless and does contain a germ of truth. The unhappy rich man, whose only life is business, whose seeks release from boredom in ephemeral thrills, and the happy poor man, who remembers 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.

Here we have a common contrasts people living in affluence, yet bores by it all and constantly questioning the worthwhileness of histail; and another man, buffethed about and hurt thexasthisms life, still holding en and cherishing every precious moment of that life.

Don't misundersated 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 proposerity 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 dradgery, lies not in the wealth and comfort available, bur rather in what each person brings to life. It is not life which is not worth living, best the lives we lead which are not worth living.

We are unhappy men, because we are empty men, hellow men, stuffed men, as TS Elliet reminds us:

"shape wi thout 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 mear.

Consider the world of nature about us: There is beauty of earth and sky wherever we are - it beckens 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, with their heads buried through in a mystery novel or a scratch sheet, completely oblivious to all of nature's gradered to the see - yet men will travel through the land, with their heads buried through the land, with the ir heads buried through the land, with the property of the second to the second traveled through the land, with the property of the land, which is the

Consider the world of music and of literature and of art. Veritable treasurehouses of xecstacy are available to us, but we choose not to hear. Men and women prefer to sirt over card tables or in smoke filled bars, listening to gossip and filling their ears, town 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 pf advantage to us, wather they can advance us socially or not. This surely is the their pocketbooks.

most evil consequence of our ways: t is judging of men by this reflection ways: t is judging of men by this reflection for the first and he have the despised fool. An as a consequence, we despite ourselves and the entire world reflects most precious gift: freindship and love.

Yes, consider it from any perspective: life depends upon the liver; like every other blessing, it derrives 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, meaningfull 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 develope 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 womens 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 commadments 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 the ble things shall not profit.

The adulations of idols is the mark of the primitive man. In he light of modern science and modern sensibility the service of a place of stone or block of wood is xbxxxx superstition, plain ad 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 traslate into practice principles which have been proven wrong by our experience. In our social life, in our political life in our religious life we persist in 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 innermost being
in our political life, idols everywhere. REENTARMENTALEM

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 previous to bring us happiness but never does.

our modern God is made of gold. We measure man by what he own, the properties he posses, 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 meas and withthe remainder he made a God. We modern the money, the means to useful ends - it can build our homes and warm our food - ad make of it this mean a end, the god of all our aspiration.

In recent years, influenced no doubt by our market economy, a society geared to buying ad selling, ruled by the laws of supply and demaid 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 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.

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 iportant than still 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 whther our youngsters are 'cheerful' physically attractive, ambitious; what their family background is, what clubs their parents belong to and whither 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.

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 develope our real self, unique
we fail to cultivate our potentialities and are left with nothing Happiness is not ours for we our

No one can deny it. No one can deny that nothingness once the pseudoprops os possession and personality success are pulled from under our
feet. In know this to be true in myself. That is why we drive all
thought from our minds. That is why we fill our free time as well as
our working days with furious physical activities: a queik 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 momemnt. becase we dread the nothingness we know ourselves to be.

that He sucled besets the party from that this relengestholog legal the a people + may appear on falling in publice relation. The jews are allery selecting ourselver insteam selling judain the ty to wer public form for per instead of obtain publicacciple of pule ou nobe principle

Worship of success does not bring happiness. Happiness can only be find found in the striving to example oneself, to improve hneslef, to complete oneself. A new thought expresses, a personal problem summounted, a willing response to the need of others, the smile of gratitude in the eyes of those we helpé all these are worth infinitely more than monetary reward ad the fawning approva of those who demand a smile ad uniformity. Seche Mitzvah Mitzvah. The rewed of virtue is virtue itself. Or a 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 property prayed to God: Lord, I love you, but not enough. I want to fee you.

Let me be like one of the angels who are penetrated by your awesome his

Name. God heard **Examples** prayer and His name penetrated the hidden heart of Sussya as it comes to pass with the angels. But a that, Sussya crawled under the bed like a little dog ad cried: Lord, let me love you like we are all men Sussya again. And god heard him this time also. **Exemption**Exe

"(what) I am is only mine and belongs to me ad to nobody else; to no othe man not to a 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 false ideals which bring us to ruin a facade. There see many others of course. We all know them, of course, know them by name: Power, greed, we know them by sheir motto their slogan. Might makes right. You ca't change huma naure. 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.

Especially we Jews , NEXXEMENTALEMENTALEMENTALE ACTION descendants of Abraham who stepped on the stage of history by smashing theidols fashioned by his father. We Jews who call 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 political life. Ifols everywhere. Idols whichmust be destroyed if the world is to move forward to that millenium when all mankind will recognize the supreme ideal called God.

May ****************************** he be with us. The surgethe storms will subside - the sun will shine again - a new heaven and 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 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 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 mukkanakanakatak 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 embarassment, because of my sermon and its title, but also with much rejoicing that I note that the citizenby of the campus is no longer ashamed to affirm a belief in God and that it is serious; y endeavoring to gain the insights offered by religion, its prophets and its thinkers, in short that "God" and "College"are no longer an enechronism, even if there is som 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
check
father's admonition to be firm win faith along with my allowance and then
proceeded to spend both with equal alacrity. After my first whiff of
philosphy 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 dow know well if
at all. In my naivite, I had pictorialized religion, or rather God
as a patriatch seated on his celestial throne looking down upon and
judging man, at times with sternness and a 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 if 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 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:

"And it was when Moses had grown up that he went forth to see his brethren, and he saw their suffering."

Winte Moses was young and immature he stayed with Pharao. 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 he grew up did he feel constrained to seek out his brethren, Only when he grew up did he feel their suffering. It was this recognition 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, ad still remains the mark of the 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 soooo sophisticated and mature.

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

and I suddenly realized to Philosphy II ad 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 itfiesties in disbelieving. I could not explain, for instance, how the atheists blind workings of matter and of energy could have produced the rationa world, or how human freedom and human intelligence xould have been the results of brute mechanical necessity. I watched the miracle of living organisms under a micoscobe, Illoked a the stells 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 "mrely a physiological process with only physiological meaning."

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

The most telling blow case from knexetragesix free from my studies of Marxian dialectics via the political science course. The eemmunists start out by sping that they are atheists, that they believe in mechanisti processes alone. Yet they go beyond M. They say that there is a force in hostory which makes thair enterprise reasonable, which gurantees the victory of the proletariat. They don't call this force God, they call it dialectica materialism. With all their talk about atheism, they exalt not make sense of their moevement, or demand sacrifice form their sherents without some cosmic backing.

And with all my own talk bout 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 ad which strives for perfect

justice among men without the false doctrines of district material 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 mids 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. Ixamxiamitiam 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 INNEXXXX And I need this feeling of belonging. I can identify myself with a Moses or a Mendelsoh 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 affirmation, 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 Judaiam. I add to them message a word of caurtion. 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, and perhaps, nay surely, you will finds as thousands of individuals throug 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: Vajigadal? A and it was when he had finally grown up, that he went out and found his brethren.

"ADONOY

Hashivenu Elecho Vena-ashuvo 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 alotted 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.

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 see of time.

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

Would that we could stay time's unceasing flow or find release from its torrents...

Sloson

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

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

Hayom Haras @lom _ _ _

Today is the Birthday of the World.

Each year the universe is born anew, and so is 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

Lefe
This 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...

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

NOW OUR FIRST OUR FOREMOST

Our first prayer is for the renewal of life itself, for still another year of being...

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

We pray this though we know that the is not unmingled in its joy.

Its cup runs bitter as well as sweet for all.

It brings to us not just the pleasant things which we desire,

but also the fearsom 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, flourishing today, them disfigured by disease tomorrow...

a man strong and confident one day and then crumbling like a house of sand built by children on the shore when the times of destiny rell flow in...

plenty and poverty...

righteousness and rottenness...

beauty with its sting of evanescence...

the laughter of life and then, too soon, the silence of the grave.

There is no life without such cruel contrats 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 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."

In such a manner do we choose life, no matter what? We live not as we wish, but as we can.

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

the comfort of wealth
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 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 by what he does by what he finds on earth."

And thus we pray for life: Chadesh 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 justfy our struggel-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 emoble 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 existenece is simply not enough

it does not satisfy us by itself

it does not really give us fulfillment

of what we meant and mean it to be. =

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

To put the matter simply, we need ideals, for willow'r fleen life is long of for ideals alone have the power to invest life with meaning.

Thinkg 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

This 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 remple of the Ruture, 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 pray
not only for the renewal of our mays, days
but also for the renewal of our mays ways,
for the rebirth of those personal ddeals which ennoble our lives with meaning
Wwe 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

Shelow ne Coe our vision becomes blurede

We never altogeher abandon these dreams, yet somehow we lose the way to their attainment.

GOETHE - DIALY HUNGLEST MONEY.

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 within we, but we 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 din'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...

that word of truth we might have spoke, but turth has a price and we didn't want to pay it

Embattled self-centerdness, we nearly conquered - how close we came to

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

Sones in the Soul Wondrous music within us, but only silence without.

Many are the reasons for this failure

our pronness for procrastination

our fear of what others may say think or even say

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

It have cold inertia indolence

our incapacity to move from the trodden path...

"Habit is a thief," taught Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav. grander of Mandal Machine of Bratslav.

It seeels our freshness.

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

to think with a fresh, unbiased mind.

Habit robbs us of the strength, the will to change the way.

"Foolighty he sins against his soul, committing a wrong against himself."

The life he might have lived is lost,

lost in the "no Mans Land of the Lives We Welly Live!" - but week los

This is precisely 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 hnads of God, it can way, the inner life, is man's along to restore.

THE ST NAGOGOE CAN FLES SERVE MOTHER POLLOSE TO STILL - 17 CAN HELP US RECOON IL

THE

Still one other force impels our worship.

It is our quest for the renewal of faith, for the rebirt 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, 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, more than inetellectual perusasion

much more indeed than a refined doubt sublimated into a hesitatnt assumption. Faith demands an all consuming inner conviction, involving the full

Faith demands an all consuming inner conviction, involving the full faculties of man, he heart and mind and will and spirit too, all of them blending repturously 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 numinous experience. Our faith requires a consciousness of the holy, Kavonoh leading to devekus, a sense of reverence which flows into a cleaving, into a commitment, into a full-hearted response to the divine command:

yea even as that of 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 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 testomony of witnesses. They knew it as the artost knows beauty though he cannot touch it. They sensed it as men sense love thought 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 recongize our ties to the world wide community of Israel and we support our brother, munificently, wherever they may be.

We even believe in God, some of us do, in an intellectual sort of way. And so we call
But something is missing, my friends, something which makes the difference
between cold, convnetional 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 the value of the sustain our lighter hours, once life runs out into its dephths, why then we need as deeper faith. When death takes those we love...when our children slip though our arms...when dread disease makes waste our strength...when we think or even say: now I have reached the bottom of the markets, 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 brief houghts which move us as we gather in our synagogues and heralding the land + the beginn herald the passing and the blitch

estill another year. We know its four liaretones:

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 lifes speak to us

The stress and strain, the pain and the passion of the courd day ring out of each note of the ram's horn and fill us with dread and with awe. Yet how jubilant are those final tones, the accents of the great Tekiah they speak to us of life renewed REBORY restored by faith

NEWS enhanced by the nobility of human deed.

Help us, God, to hear and heed this call.

Then will our prayer of this judgment hour be fulfilled, and no matter how many or few the number of days alotted to us we will have been inscribed for a year of blessing.

Amen. Amen.

Hashivenu Elecho venashuvo Chadesh Yomenu Kekedem

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

Nothing in all theworld 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 be ar fruit far beyond their immediate concern and intent. The mutual approach of individuals, moreover, more often than not sets a pattern for society as a whole; the approach of nations to one another, mixe mirrors themanner in which individuals meet. Nothing in all theworld is as important and can be as portentuous 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?

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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-seekin but rather by seeking that other self who is our brother man. Only when Moses recognized the slave as his brother did he qualify tolead 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.

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 trivila meetings of life, that the larger destiny of man is woven.

Let us acquire the truly human approach. Let us remember that every may we meet is a child of God, and that in meeting him we should appeal to a 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 goodliness and godliness which impelled the immortal

Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout...Love and I had the wit to win...We drew a circle that took him in."

with our fellows immost self, it in letting luabling with he emide by the winturd pack of our two sours

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 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 only 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 behast it was applied.

The Court Why not give love a chance. We may find the guileless good can 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 Tamud relates that when 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 gin 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 to told of the father who cae to the Baal Shem Tov with the complaint that his son had forsaken God. that he was a delinquented. "Wht shall I do." cried the hapless father. The Holy Rabbi replied: "Love him more than ever before." It may wellbe that love for sinners is still the best weapon against the gin 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 bethe 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.

Have I been too violent, too vehemnt, too outspoken? Should I speak more gently.

I know that I exaggerate to make my point - there is much goodnessin the world, much kindness, love, in others, in ourselves...unhappily, too often we fail to develope this love within us, fail to recognize it in others...and in the process persistently fail to ac ieve the peace for which we yearn. The gates of Eden are open, 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 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.

theeft would be well therefore if we were to re- examine The manner in allice we cyproad our fellow human being, especially there among us who are so quich to approach on dear incernals governs the human expensel. I there a worke low that Our usual strategy which we cample in our contacts wo other fails to disclose any such lofty worse imperation. Shategy + moraling have nothing to do of one another. all is said to be for in hear + look, and all seems for in the great was joure of life When a tien Phieras own in the thoras

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Our usual strategy which we employ inour contacts with others 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? Willthey add to our entertainment, or perhaps 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. Millenia ago, in Egypt, when that new Pharao arose who knew not Jospeh, 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, New wisely, not in the sense of wisdom, but wisely in thesense of wit. Our purpose is single: who can outwit whom?

When all the camouflage, allthe facades mixem 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, Gur morbid motivations are well hidden. We know how to smile. Man alone, among God!s cceatures 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.