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Yom Kippur 5714

Once again we have reached this holiest day of the Jewish Year - Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. Once again we enter our sanctuary and pray in the words of our teacher Moses:

"S'lach na la-avoun ha-om hazeh - Pardon, we beseech Thee, the iniquity of this people!" And once again we are anxious to hear the divine response: "Vajomer Adonai Solachti Kidvorecho - And the Lord said, I have forgiven even according to Thy word."

We are not alone in our prayers. "Atem Nitzovim Hayom Kulchem... All of you are standing before me this day...your leaders, your elders, your little ones...even the stranger that is your midst." We are not individual Jews in an isolated community. All Israelites, in all lands approach God this day, and their ~~prayers~~ ^{pleas} mingle with ours to form one mighty psalm of supplication ascending on high. The past is with us this day. The ~~prayers~~ ^{pleas} and the tears of our fathers lend wings to our own prayers and carry them to the very throne of God. In the stillness, the silent awe of this ^{solemn} hour we ~~seem to~~ ^{cannot} sense the presence of those who went before us - their souls seem to shape the ^{very} shadows that move to and fro about us - the souls of seer and sage...of Moses ~~and~~ ^{here to} Isayah ~~and~~ Jeremiah - the souls of ^{heroes} martyrs...of Judah ~~and~~ Bar Kochbah...of Hanina ben Teradyon...of Trumpeldor ~~and~~ the men and women of the Warsaw Ghetto...the souls of 1 220 000 little children butchered by the masters of a recent day...^{They too are} ^{with us} "Lema-anom im lo lema-aneynu" For their sake, o God, if not for ours, ^{on} ~~he~~ Thou our prayer, and forgive.

This holiest of days was given us for blessing; it opens heaven's holiest treasure house to bring peace where there is no peace and forgiveness where there is only hatred; ^{it is here to} ~~it~~ offers love and warmth to those who are alone and lonely.

Surely this is the most terrifying of all experiences - loneliness. Surely nothing is more fearful than the thought of being continuously alone. "Woe unto him who is alone" cried the Ecclesiast, and long before him, the author of Genesis wisely declared "It is not good for man to dwell alone."

And yet, for some strange reason, life forces us to be alone. We come into this world alone. Each of us is created as a separate entity, not identical with anyone else, and we are constantly aware of this our uniqueness. ^{Again,} When we reason, ~~though~~ others may stimulate our thoughts, ^{but when it comes to} ~~when we make~~ the final decision, we make ^{have to} it alone. And when we leave this earth, again we are alone, no one is with us then. / And yet we cannot bear to be alone, to be unrelated to our fellowman. Our happiness depends on the closeness we feel with ^{to others} ~~our fellowmen~~, with past and future generations. Here is the great paradox of human existence: on the one hand we must strive for independence, for the preservation of our uniqueness and particularity; on the other hand, ^{in order to be happy} ~~for the sake of our happiness~~, we must seek closeness and oneness with others.

Our Jewish faith, profoundly sensitive to the needs of the human soul, ^{shows} ~~gives~~ us a way out of our dilemma. ^{For} Our fathers, with rare insight and vision, created a Day of Atonement which is really a day of at one-ment; a day which teaches us how to be at one with others even while we are at one with ourselves. What magic does this day wield? What strange and mysterious force can achieve that inner and outer harmony?

There is nothing mysterious about this force, nor is it far from us, for it is the core of our faith the heart and soul of Judaism. ^{and} It is proclaimed in the basic principle of our religion:

Ve-ohavto le-rey-acho ko-mochu
Love your neighbor, even as you love yourself.

Love, love is the ^{one} ~~only~~ force which strengthens our own ^{souls while at the} ~~souls~~ and yet ~~same~~ ^{gives us the capacity} to touch the souls of our fellowmen and feel at one with ~~them~~.

Now, love is a very confusing word. We speak of our love for candy, and our love ^{for} a work of art. We say that we love the downtrodden people ^{for} ~~is~~ all corners of the earth; and we say that we love our beloved. People say that nothing is easier than love, and that the difficulty lies only in finding the right object, the right partner. Nothing is further from the truth. Every human being has the capacity to love, but to realize love is one of the most difficult of ^{tasks} ~~achievements~~. Love cannot be achieved unless we have a knowledge of the object of our love and hence respect it. Love cannot be realized unless we have a sense of responsibility ~~and~~ toward that which we love and care for it. In other words, love is not a passion ^{are} which we overcome, it is a state which we achieve ^{only by work, laboring & sacrificing} ~~through labor~~ for something or for someone.

Is not this the very lesson of the biblical book of Jonah read on this Yom Kippur day? You ~~are~~ all familiar with the details, how God tells Jonah to go to Niniveh and to warn the inhabitants to mend their ways lest the wrath of God befall them, and how Jonah - after his abortive escape which lands him in the illustrious belly of the whale, finally does reach Nineveh and does preach his message of doom. The men of Niniveh repent and mend their ways, and God forgives them and decides not to destroy the city. Jonah is angry, he demands justice, not mercy and love. Finally he finds comfort under the shade of a plant which God had made to grow for him to protect him from the sun. When the plant wilts, Jonah again becomes ~~angry~~ and complains to God. And this is God's ~~answer~~ ^{reply}:

"Thou hast had pity on the gourd for which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow, it came up in a night and perished in a night; and should not I have pity on Niniveh, that great city wherein there are more than six score thousand persons and much cattle?"

God's answer to Jonah is ^{my glaze} clear. God ^{feels} ~~explains to~~ Jonah that to love is to labor for something and to make it grow. One loves that for which one labors and labors for that which one loves.

The noblest, purest love known to man is the love of a mother for her child. Is there such a thing as a mother's love without also a mother's labor, labor in bringing the child into the world, labor in rearing it? Surely it is no coincidence that the Hebrew term describing God's love for men is Rachamim, from the root Rechem, meaning ~~womb~~ ^{womb}. God is called Rachamono-one who is filled with parentlike love for his children. Moses, in his finest hour, cried out: Adonoi, adonoi, O Lord, Lord who art possessed of lovingkindness. And all of Judaism's ethical demands on man are encompassed in the phrase: Rachamono Libbo Boi - God does not want fasting, and weeping, and sacrifices, ~~he~~ wants only the heart of man.

This is the burden of my message and the central ^{admonition} ~~message~~ of this holiest of days which bids each of us to find love. You have the capacity to love, O Man. Find it within your power to realize that love. You can realize it by working for other. And if you do you will help yourself and grow in stature, you will also finally find that elusive bluebird of happiness. You will love others, others will love you. You will be at one with yourself, ^{at one} with others and with God.

Perhaps a brief glance at the opposite side of the ledger will give us a better understanding of our fundamental theme. The Baal-shem-tov used to say: one cannot really appreciate the light unless one has experienced the dark. The opposite of love is hate, hatred bred by envy, and who among us has not felt its sting.

^{but only is our neighbor's}
~~The~~ proverbial grass of our neighbor is greener, his job is better - you see he has ^{important} ~~better~~ connections - his home is more luxuriously furnished - we simply must have as big a living room - his wife is ^{or as beautiful} so much more glamorous - ^{yes but} of course, he can afford to buy her the ~~app~~ a ~~fitting~~ wardrobe ^{that brings out her best}.

And what is the inevitable result? ^{of us} Fretting and complaining and broken homes. Does envy make us happy? ^{it fills us with} ~~no~~ It makes us sick ^{and bitter}. Does it least help our own cause, does it challenge us to improve ourselves.

Of course not, we are too busy coveting our neighbor's good fortune to see the good resources in our own lives and to build on them. We even manage to ruin the lives and futures of our children by comparing them enviously with others: other children have better grades in school -

~~what's the matter with you!~~ Other children know how to play piano, they can tap dance, ~~my~~ ^{how} can't you practice - and in the process ^{of comparing, coveting} we are blinded to and ~~are~~ ^{free} to cultivate the talents our children do possess.

Not even our religious life is immune to this disease - here too so many of actions, and the resulting failures, are outgrowth of envy and not love. In the Bible we are told that ~~when~~ ^{when} the high priest entered the holy of holies on Yom Kippur he wore a simple white robe, ^{when} ~~during~~ during the rest of the year, his garments were adorned with gold and silver and tinkling bells. But on Yom Kippur he entered unadorned, in ^{pure} ~~simple~~ white. Our rabbis, with prophetic insight offer this explanation. On Yom Kippur, the High Priest came before God to ask for His forgiveness.

How could he ask for pardon while wearing gold and silver, ^{gold} the damning evidence of man's greed, ~~XXXXXXXX~~, gold which would have reminded God of the sin of the golden calf. Need ^{we celebrate} ~~it be spelled out~~. In our day we ^{are} come before God garbed in our most ostentatious calculated to arouse ~~the~~ ^{our} envy in others. Our fathers came to the Kol Nidrei service wrapped in their kittles, ~~these~~ simple linen shirts, their shrouds!

I know I speak too harshly...forgive me...^{you know well enough} ~~and believe me that the same~~ ^{that since you haven't also filled} passions, and failings, and hates and conflicts fill a rabbi's ~~heart~~ ^{heart} soul.

When all is said and done, the relationship between a rabbi and his congregation is very much like that of the two men who chanced upon each other in a deep, dark forest. The one had been lost for days, and could not find his way home. He hailed his new friend with eagerness: Thank God I found you, show me the way out of this forest. (cont'd)

The other replied: I too am lost, I also have been wandering around for many days. But this I can tell you: Do not take the way I have been taking. It will lead you astray. And now let us look for a new way out together.

So it is with us. One thing I can tell you: the way we have been following this far we ought follow no further, for ~~tha~~ way leads one astray. But now let us look for a new way together, let us find the way to love.

In a few hours we will reach Neilah, the closing service of this holy day. Again we will rehearse the ancient prayer formula: Pessach lonu sha-ab, be-eyes ne-ilas sha-ar...O_gen Thou the gates at the time of the closing of the gates. The gates of prayer are closing. The gates of mercy are always open. We can enter them. We can learn to love. Others may not give us much cause to love, but after all, there is enough sinass chinom in the worl, enough baseless, senseless hate; surely we can afford a little senseless, reasonless love. Ahavas Chinom, a little Who knows? Perhaps our love will be strong enough, powerful enough to ~~en~~voke ~~kima~~ the love of others. Haboucher amo Yisroel Beahavo... Yevorech es amo Behavo. May He who chose His people in love, bless His people with love.

Amen.

Yom Kippur Morning

Welcome to your father's house all ye who seek peace in the midst of life's struggle, all who have strayed away from the path of duty and responsibility and have become estranged from your God and your fellow men. This holiest of days offers healing to each bruised heart, it opens heavens holiest treasure house to hand us all the sweetest of all gifts: God's forgiveness and love: כ' אלול תש"ס

~~For on this day He will grant you atonement to purify you from all your sins. Before the Lord shall ye be pure.~~ For on this day He will grant you atonement to purify you from all your sins. Before the Lord shall ye be pure."

Forgiveness is the promise of this day, its precious gift; we need it much, ^{desperately} little though ~~be~~ ^{might be.} our merit. It is related of the Chassidic saint, Levi Yizchok of Berditchev, that during the solemn period between New Year and the Day of Atonement he stood at the door of his house, dull and listless, altogether out of harmony with the season, indifferent to its call of repentance, when suddenly a cobbler walked by, looking for work. Spying the rabbi he called out: Have you nothing that needs mending? Have I nothing that needs mending, Levi Yitzchok echoed reflectively, and then his heart contracted within him and he wept. He wept for his sins, for all those things in his soul and life that needed mending, the scuffed places, the split seams, the run down edges, the ^{in his heart} ~~breaks~~ of which, being a saint and hence an expert on the state of souls, he was all too well aware.

Have you nothing that needs mending? Here is the ^{ringing challenge the} ~~soul-searching~~ ^{question} of Yom Kippur - and if a saint could only ^{keep in} ~~answer~~ what must we do, we who stand guilty of almost every single transgression enumerated in our 'al chet, ⁱⁿ our confessional?

We too can only beat out breasts and weep and pray with Moses: אני חטאתי לפניך
"Pardon I beseech Thee, the iniquity of this people." And having thus submitted ourselves to God's judgment we stand with bowed heads and contrite hearts and prayerfully await the divine reply: וה' אמר "And the Lord said, I have forgiven according to thy word."

We do need pardon on this day and always. We seek atonement. We long to be at one with God, at one with our fellow man...

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Yom Kippur holds forth the promise of divine forgiveness. But it does not offer remission for the sins which we commit against our fellow man. To obtain his pardon we must redress the wrong and reconcile the aggrieved, ^{perhaps most important} and we must learn to be forgiving ourselves. ^{He who waives his right} of retribution is forgiven all his sins." Here is a central theme of our day: the law of reciprocity in forgiveness. It teaches us to know that if we are to merit pardon ourselves, we must first learn to pardon others.

He who forgives, he shall be forgiven - a noble thought, a lofty sentiment, and yet how difficult in execution! ^{here at one time} All of us have been hurt to the innermost recesses of our hearts in one way or another: through slander, humiliation, the deprivation or destruction of some dear possession, a promise broken, a trust betrayed, by friend or mate, ~~Marjorie~~ by husband or wife. Who among us, thus wounded, has mustered the strength to forgive? Often we refrain from retaliation, to be sure, and we say that we forgive but 'we cannot forget.' Yet to say this is just another way of saying that we do not forgive. We remember the hurt and continue bitter in resentment.

The road to forgiveness is not easy to travel, often we lose our way, and yet we must discover it and traverse it if only that others may find the way to pardon us.

The first step along that ^{road} ~~way~~ most assuredly is the recognition that the alternatives to pardoning wrongs: - bitterness, vindictiveness, the desire to get even, to retaliate - are all ^{of them} essentially self-destructive attitudes. It may be true, as someone has said, that 'revenge is the sweetest morsel to the mouth,' but it almost always does more harm to the one who eats it than to anybody else. The dreams of vengeance may be sweet, but their fulfillment is ~~empty~~ empty and their price too dear.

Revenge can lead to a fantastic self centeredness engendered by ^{self} an obsession of the injury done ^{to them} that there is little mind or heart for anyone or anything else. We all know ^{such people} lives consumed by ancient wrongs, wives and husbands, for instance, in broken marriages, who, decades after the breach, still talk of nothing else than the injustice done them and who, in consequence, are burdens to their friends, and, by preventing themselves from making new lives, their own worst enemies.

People who hate kill off a part of their own nature - the best part, and because they do all their relations have something of a death in them. They kill off the kindness in other people, the natural friendliness that is offered them, the spontaneities that make life joyous and beautiful. Wherever they go, these people, they are killers of the soul. Yet there is nothing that they do to other people that is anything like as harmful as what they do to themselves. Human beings are not like serpents immune to their own venom: in poisoning others, they poison themselves.

The inescapable fact of the matter is that our hearts simply aren't large enough to harbor both hatred and love. One or the other must give way, and where there is no love, life perishes. Recognizing this truth, we may find our way to forgiveness, and forgiving, others will pardon us.

Another
~~A second~~ step which may *lead us in the direction* ~~give us the strength to forgive~~ is the frank admission of our guilt, the recognition of the mutuality of sin *in this matter* ~~whenever there is an injury~~. Only the man who thinks himself all good is quick to condemn - self-righteousness is the hand-maiden of vengeance. He who recognizes his own failings knows how to pardon.

"There is no man on earth so righteous that he sinneth not" we ought to remember this truth when we seeth with the wrath of righteous indignation. We ought to remember, when we resent slander, that we too have slandered. And when we chafe with the pain of our humiliation we ought to recall how often we have trampled upon others and shamed them.

Knowingly or unknowingly we often injure others. We even hurt the people we love and who love us: ^{our} parents, our children, our mates and friends. It is a strange and wistful thing how ~~prone~~ we are to visit our resentment upon them, as if love gave us this privilege, and we rely on our loved ones for love's sake, to bear it. Do we want them to understand that we mean no evil, to understand and to forgive? Then we too must understand those who have offended against us.

A rabbi once gave a coin to a man of evil reputation. When his followers reproached him he replied: why should I be more particular than God who gave the coin to me?

Forgiving love is possible only for those who know that they themselves are not all good, who feel themselves in need of forgiveness. Admitting this need, we may find it in our hearts to pardon others, and others will pardon us.

Our final step along the road to forgiveness is understanding, the capacity to see others as we see ourselves, and the recognition of those forces beyond the individual's control which motivate his deeds.

יחזיקו כבודו של אדם אחר "Judge not your fellow man until you stand in his place,"
Here is ^{one} rule of life we might do well to follow, particularly in the case of those who injure us. From without ^{they} ~~the~~ offender appears a villain, but the moment we think ourselves in his place ^{the moment we stand} ~~we~~ see him as we see ourselves, we discover that he is ~~not~~ ^{not} really ~~so~~ ^{poor, soul} unlike us, that he too is a frail ~~human being~~, with our limitations, and our fears and our thirst for life. In short, we discover that he is us - only the position is reversed - and that from his point of view he has every right to consider us the villain.

And if, per chance, on thinking ourselves in his place, we ^{should} ~~discover~~ that he is really somewhat less the man, we can ~~then~~ at least appreciate the reasons of his failure: beginnings, noble for us, ignoble for him - opportunities available to us, closed to him - brothers helpful to us, indifferent if not treacherous to him. A Chassidic rabbi ~~once~~ taught: cherish no hate for your brother who offends because you have not offended like him. If he possessed your nature, he might not have sinned. If you possessed his nature, you might have offended as he has done. A man's transgression depend not entirely on his free choice, but often upon circumstances far beyond his power.

To see others as we see ourselves is the surest means to pardon. Ultimately, of course, there is only One who can see ^{others as we see ourselves} ~~man as they really are~~ and weigh them ^{us} one against the other. And in His sight the differences between the good man and the bad man are insignificant. Let us then, like Joseph of old, face our brothers who offend and ^{meet} ~~forgive~~ them saying: fear not, for am I in the place of God. Thus forgiving we ~~will~~ ^{be} ~~may~~ find forgiveness.

Here then is the three-fold path to oneness, to at onement, to atonement: the recognition of hatred's self-destroying ^{nature} ~~attribute~~, the cognizance of our own need for forgiveness, and the capacity to see others as we see ourselves. This is the sum and substance of my message.

It is a simple ~~idea~~, an unassuming theme. Some may prefer a more ^{learned} ~~precise~~ exposition. The preacher himself was tempted by metaphysical flights ~~and~~ by problems of national and international consequence. And yet, when all is said and done, ~~are not~~ our personal problems ^{are so} much more important than all other problems ~~which are~~ ^{rather are only} ~~for~~ ^{former} ~~are not~~ the ~~former~~ and out-growth of the ~~latter~~, ~~are not~~ the sins of society ^{are} merely an overgrowth of the sins of the individual? ^{How for instance} ~~We cannot expect~~ ^{can we expect the} communities of our land ~~to~~ speed integration as long as we ourselves refuse to deal graciously even with those more akin to us in faith ^{and} ~~or~~ color? ^{How} ~~We cannot~~ demand that nations apply the law of love so long as we ourselves, in our simple, everyday relations, resolutely continue to bear a grudge and dream of vengeance? The most fruitful soil for universal good-will is not so much in our larger relations as in the every-day human approach, in the ~~evry~~-day meetings of men. It is here, where we stand and in these ~~seemingly~~ trivial meetings, that the larger destiny of men is woven.

He who forgives -
A beautiful custom of great moral worth prevailed in the synagogues of a not too-distant past. On the eve of the day of Atonement, ^{just before Kollel} men and women moved about the synagogue and accosted one another with a plea for forgiveness. We would do well to re-institute this custom and to do it one better, by not only asking for forgiveness but by singling out those who injured us ^{and} ^{with the feeling} greet ^{for} them saying: I forgive you, you are my brother.

~~Yes~~ - we need forgiveness from somebody - shall we not give it? Is there not enough pain and unhappiness in the world without our adding to its sum? Must we not all of us suffer disease and hunger, watch those we love die, see life slip from our fingers and dreams fade? Has not each heart its full share ^{of pain}, that we must seek revenge and fill the cup to overflowing? ~~Let us not tear ourselves from one another with our~~
~~hate. The world is cold enough. Let us rather huddle together for warmth and hold~~

~~hands for comfort, so that in this terrifying business of living we may find some~~
~~that I foresee that if life must have its sorrows it may be as slight as~~
~~we can make it - that we may spread as much happiness as the broken ones~~
~~then happiness will come to others & we will meet to have ^{the things which we need} say to each other "I have"~~

Let us not tear ourselves from one another with our hatred. The world is cold enough.
Let us rather huddle together for warmth and ~~comfort~~ hold hands for comfort, so that
in this this terrifying business of living we may find some rest and surcease. That
if life must have its sorrow, it may be as slight as we can make it. That we may
spread as much happiness as lies within our power to bestow *between this day*
& dark veil we lead to the world beyond
surely Then happiness will come to us and we *may even hear* ~~will merit to~~ hear the voice of our God call
~~us out~~ Solachti Kidvorecho - I have forgiven according to thy word.

Amen.



Our God and God of our fathers. Let our prayers ^{and} come before Thee. Turn not away from our supplication, for we are not so presumptuous and stiffnecked as to say that we are wholly righteous and have not sinned. But verily, we have sinned. ^{וְכָל} We have sinned. We have transgressed. We have dealt perversely.

These words of contrition, taken from the pages of our prayerbook, constitute the supreme confession of the Jew. The 'vidui' these lines are called, and our fathers ordained that they be spoken in the last hour of life, by ^a the dying person, or if he cannot speak in his behalf by a rabbi or a friend. They included the vidui also in the liturgy of Yom Kippur, as we have seen; and they recited it on that day as if it were their last on earth, as they stood in their synagogues, wrapped in their talleisim, and beneath them garbed in long white tunics made of linnen - the kittel, their shrouds, their robes of death.

We, of our generation, approach this prayer and the Day of Atonement in like spirit, and though our outer garment no longer conforms to the custom of the past, our inner being responds to this day as did our fathers. We too hear its summons to judgment. We too affirm its dread and majesty and trembling ^{they} ~~and~~ its call: as sheep who pass beneath the shepherd's staff, we pass before the Lord, and he appoints the span of life and ^{seals} ~~decrees~~ its destiny.

In truth, Rosh Hashono and Yom Kippur are ^{our} Days of Awe, and awesome is the mood which fills us as we contemplate ~~the~~ past, as we heed their mandate which bids us search the soul. Is there anyone here who ~~can~~ approach the throne of judgment with assurance? Is there anyone here so righteous that he sinneth not? God knows the secrets of the heart and naught is hidden from His eyes.

Somber though our sentiments may be, the fundamental force impelling our worship is really one of hope, for Yom Kippur speaks to us not only of man's evil. It reminds us also of ^{his} ~~our~~ capacity for good. It teaches us to know that out of feebleness new strength can come, that we can, if we will, turn failure to fulfillment. The gates of repentance are opened, and beyond them there is healing ~~ban~~ for hearts bruised by the knowledge of sin: atonement, reconciliation, peace...God's pardon and with it the pardon that comes harder still, the forgiveness wherewith we forgive ourselves, our self respect.

The rewards of repentance are ^{many &} ~~massive~~ good, but its road is toilsome to traverse. ~~Exacting~~ demands are made of those who seek its way: scrupulous self-judgment, the cognition of guilt, a determined assertion of the will. Without such disciplines atonement is impossible. Their exercise alone can help us reach its gates.

Honest self-judgment is the foremost demand of repentance: the ability to acknowledge transgression, the willingness to say when we have sinned that we have sinned, the strength to speak this truth, not only in communion with others and to God, but to the self as well.

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

^{spoke these words & he} Jeremiah ^{man} knew ~~us~~ well. He knew ^{his} ~~our~~ weakness for deception. Long before psychiatry, he knew that men will lie to make the wrong seem right, lie

^{lead} to others, ^{work} and lie to themselves... ^{And this we read in the} ~~the author of the~~ ^{book of proverbs}

^{a sluggard always says: a lazy man} Omar Otzel Ari Bachutz ~~the sluggard~~ says: "There is a lion in the streets.

If I go out, I shall be slain!" ^{as the} ~~an~~ ancient by-word ^{over & again finds} ~~finds frequent~~ parallel in our lives, in infinite variety...

^{insolent boys} the ~~lazy~~ student who blames his failure on a teacher's grudge ~~against~~ him...

the man who cannot ~~make~~ a go of it and finds the fault alone in that the fates are evil...

the selfish, pampered person, who cannot find or keep a friend and then takes refuge in the pretense of pre-eminence: I am too good for them, too cultured for their taste...

or husband ^{the} and wife who fail to bring to wedded life the love they pledged, and, with the broken fragments of their ^{fondest dreams} hearts before them, seek solace in a lie. "If only he brought more money." ^{she} cries ~~she~~ ^{she}...and he "My wife just doesn't know me!" thus placing guilt at every door except ^{their} ~~his~~ own, ~~inconsistency~~.

^{Such} Lies spoken to the self are fraught with ^{greater consequence for} ~~greater harm~~ than lies told to another. To begin with, ^{no one else can challenge the truth} they go ~~unchallenged~~, for no one else ^{can know} what mind speaks to heart ^{in solitude} and ~~question it~~. Moreover, so long as a person continues to lie to himself, so long as ~~he~~ ^{he} refuses to know the truth about himself, ^{so long will he} ~~he will, forever~~, be doing everything except what needs be done - the task of ^{inner} transformation.

Thus it is, that repentance begins with self recognition. When a man cheats, he should call it cheating. When he does shoddy and shabby things for shoddy and shabby reasons he should say so. When he is greedy he should call it greed. When he is burning with the fever of ambition, he should say that ambition's fever is burning within him. Whatever it is, he should call it by its honest name and not try to justify it on the basis that it is something else.

He should see these ^{wrong} ~~things~~ as in him, as a part of him, in all respects ~~that~~ make honest reckoning with himself. When he gets ready to sell out his idealism, he should say to himself: I'm about to sell out my idealism. ^{And if} you say ^{that} ~~a man~~ ^{who speaks thus to himself is} ~~that~~, he would not likely sell out his idealism, ^{that} is precisely why he should say it. Call wrong a wrong and you are halfway to resisting it. ^{Call evil and evil, and its} ~~seductive powers are cut in~~ ^{it ceases to be an attraction} half. ~~Self recognition is more than the resolving of confusion...it is the beginning of transformation.~~

That is why self-recognition is more than the resolving of inner conflict. It is the beginning of ^a transformation. And that is why we pray of this Repentance Day: *Lord God, I have sinned. We have transgressed. We have done perversely.*

Repentance makes still another demand upon us. It bids us assume responsibility for our actions. It asks us not only to confess our wrong, but also to bear blame for what we do.

in hell
We are not disposed to heed this mandate. We ~~are~~ ^{do} not ~~agreeable~~ ^{like} to take on the weight of accountability. We ~~do not like it~~. Grudgingly we may ^{advance} ~~take~~ the first step to repentance - we may admit that we did wrong - but then we quickly add - and here we fail to take the ~~second~~ ^{second} necessary ^{second} step - that we were caught in a web, ~~not~~ ^{of our own spinning,} that others are responsible for what we did.

Moderns
We ~~deem repugnant and long ago rejected~~ the custom of our fathers who ~~killed a chicken or a goat as sacrifice for their sin.~~ ^{And though we deny we action their way} And yet, we look with equal eagerness for someone or for something to bear the burden of ~~our~~ ^{we} guilt. I emphasize the 'something', for our favorite scapegoats are impersonal: the environment to which we ^{next are} ~~are~~ exposed, both sociological and psychological, the homes we live in, our economic circumstance, the social circle in which we move, the social system under which we live; and beyond these, the experiences of our youth and infancy, yea even the factor of natural selection, the kind of parents who conceived us, and their parents before them. On these and like we shift the blame for all that we have done or left undone.

As for the
The independent will of the self, ^{if ever is} it rarely considered in our judgment. ^{we} We do not blame our failings on its weakness. As a matter of fact, we moderns are inclined to doubt its existence entirely. ^{really do not recognize} We ~~see no auto-~~ mous power in man. *Everything comes from without, & nothing from within.*

And so ~~it is~~ with sin, ~~we are told or believe~~. ^{we ascribe it to} Its source is also without ^{we believe} and not within man. ~~It is the consequence~~, not of a weakness of the will, but rather ^{to} of some environmental or hereditary force which acts upon ^{us} him. And the sinner ^{reason} can find atonement, not so much in the House of God and through the confronting of his conscience with the ideal, but rather on a psychiatric couch where the evil of his ^{but} ^{like} environment can be uncovered, where he can be re-educated, reconditioned, or ^{adjusted} to it.

Now there is much truth in all this thinking. The world about us does influence us much. Its forces mold our doing. Long ago the rabbis proclaimed: ^{אדם רע או ישר אינו ידוע עד שיבדוק} The Judge not ^{your} fellowman until you stand in his place. By this they meant to say that we should not be quick to condemn our fellowmen, for we cannot possibly know or sense the adverse influences which bring them to their evil.

And so ^(of the interaction of society & man) Yes, and we use ~~this truth~~ ^{our knowledge} to good purpose when ~~we employ it~~ ^{we employ it} to understand and forgive someone else, when it leads us to correct those aspects of society which can bring a man to wrong. But when we use this knowledge ~~of the inter-action between society and man~~ as a scapegoat, when we employ it ^{so much} not ^{to} to forgive others, but to forgive ourselves ^{now fast} too readily, when we blame society ^{for} everything we do, then we commit a grievous wrong, for again we will be busy with everything ~~except~~ what needs be done - the task of inner transformation.

^{Certainly} ~~Sure~~ it would be wonderful if ^{we could solve all our} ~~we could solve all our~~ problems ^{simply} by stretching out on the psychiatrist's couch and, while a patient father substitute is listening, pour out the doleful story of our woes. Alas for our all too tender egos! Alas for our neurotic world! Alas for our faded dreams and disillusioned wishful thinking! Alas for the whole wretched business, and especially alas for us!

My friends. In a few brief moments now, we will leave this House, but then we will return for more hours of prayer and meditation. As part of our afternoon service we will be reading from the Book of Jonah. We know his story well, how he was sent by God to Niniveh to warn its citizen of their evil. But Jonah revolted against God, He refused to ^{be the bearer of his message} ~~bring His word to Niniveh~~ lest its men repent and live, for they were the enemies of Jonah's people and he desired their destruction. And ^{therefore} ~~thus~~ he was punished, in dramatic fashion. He was punished ^{because} ~~because~~ he ^{denied} ~~destroyed~~ the ^{con} ~~traditional~~ nature of God's decree, because he confused God's hatred of the evil in man with hatred of the evil man, ^{as if the} ~~as if the~~ evil in man ^{is} ~~were~~ evil in essence and beyond hope, condemned forever to be wicked, and with no road of repentance open ^{to her} ~~to him~~.

That is why the Book of Jonah fits so well into our Yom Kippur service and it epitomized all that we have been saying. The very essence of the Day of Atonement is ^{faith} ~~faith~~ in Providence ^{but} ~~and~~ a denial of fate, ^{but} ~~faith~~ in repentance and its redeeming power, hatred of evil in man and ^{but} ~~the~~ ^{faith} ~~hope~~ that he ^{conquer} ~~will~~ conquer it. ^{And here} ~~And here~~ is the essence of our prayer, ^{that we recognize our capacity} ~~that we turn from evil and do the good, recognizing our power to do so.~~ We ^{on this great day} ~~pray~~ most fervently for Niniveh, for all the Niniveh's in the world, for the Niniveh in each of us.

Amen.

faith in Providence
faith in the repentance + its redemptive power
faith in man + his capacity to choose that power

Faith also, is the essence of our prayer - for
on this day we pray for Niniveh ---
for all the N's in the world
" the N in each of us."

'Der Segen des Lichts'

1960 Malden
Yom Kippur Morning

... וְכֵן נִשְׁמַח בְּחַיֵּינוּ וְנִשְׁמַח בְּחַיֵּי כָל אֶחָד מֵעַמּוּנוּ

"As a shephard seeketh out his flock, counting his sheep as they pass under his staff, so dost Thou, O God, cause every living soul to pass before Thee, appointing the measure of every creature's life, and decreeing its destiny."

שְׁמַח וְשְׁמַח

My friends, if there is a time of sanctity in our (profane) lives, if there is a moment when the curtain we have drawn to separate us from our father in heaven is raised, and we experience, however fleetingly, a sense of communion with God; if there is a day, when that sacred spark within us, which slumbers during the year, is awakened to a bright and burning flame, it is this Day of Days, this ^{הַיּוֹם הַזֶּה} This Sabbath of Sabbaths, with its haunting melodies and plaintive prayers which touch our heartstring, and express the unspoken yearnings of our soul, the tearful plaints of our spirit. All through the long Day of Atonement the sacred service ebbs and flows - at times it sinks, reminding us of debasement, sorrow, sin, - but then it rises (up) again, giving ^{us} the assurance of God's sweetest gift to man, His forgiveness and His love.

שְׁמַח וְשְׁמַח

Yom Kippur is a day of many moods; a veritable eddy of emotions whirls in our breast; feelings of joy and of sorrow, of confidence and apprehension, of faith and fear follow each other in rapid and relentless succession. We would be hard put to single out one mood as dominant, but if there is such a thing as a leitmotif in the symphony of our sentiments, it is that sad and solemn sense of awe which fills our inmost being on this day, that strange and awesome terror which besets us ^{as} ~~when~~ we contemplate our life, our past, and, especially, our future, which beneath its impenetrable veil, carries all that tomorrow may bring.

²
Rosh Hashono and Yom Kippur are, in a very real sense, just what our fathers called them, ^{יְמֵי פֶּחַד וְיְמֵי אַוֶּה} Days of Awe, Days of Fear. We are all of us afraid this day, afraid of the future ^{and} ~~as~~ what it may bring, afraid because we know the past because we know life and all the cruel things it can inflict on us.

We are afraid because we know that every man has his date with adversity, ~~because we know~~ (that) The cup of life runs bitter as well ~~as~~ sweet for all. Everyone, at one time or another, must cry out in anguish: "Why, why did it have to happen..."

Men cry it, when their struggle for success in life has failed and their dear ones vainly plead for comforts others gained; women cry it, when the love they hoped to find ^{is} ~~was~~ sullied; parents cry it, when their ~~children~~ children, reared with so much tender care, grow up to bring them naught but sorrow and disappointment; the diseased, cry it, suffering from keener agony than they can bear; and children cry it, brokenheartedly, over the graves of their parents. *Why did it have to happen*

We are afraid because we know that we too will meet adversity and fearfully wonder whether, and if so, when, and ~~in~~ what form, it will strike us: *Is it in the form of a sword?* Who will live and who ~~will~~ die, who will finish his allotted time on earth and who will not...who will perish by fire, by water, by ~~the sword or by the plague~~ *perilence by the sword*, ~~who~~ who will be cast down and who will be exalted."

Fear is our dominant emotion on this day, and our dominant desire - comfort, consolation, courage to face our trials, the spiritual strength born of an answer to the agonizing "why" of suffering.

Alas, it is ^{an} ~~a~~ answer which cannot be forthcoming. "Why...why suffer...why was there ever anything at all...and why, if ~~everything~~ ^{the world, the universe} had to be, was it made as it was, with evil, as well as with good..." One must be God himself fully to answer that, ~~or~~ to comprehend the answer, could it be written down. To expect an explanation ~~that~~ that will plumb the depths of the ~~mystery~~ ^{mystery} of suffering is to cry for the essentially impossible.



There is no answer to the why of suffering. The best we can do is to pray for strength - strength to meet our fate with dignity. And we can ask for the wisdom to recognize in our sorrows and wrest from them the ~~spark~~ ^{few precious} of blessing hidden within ~~these very sorrows.~~ ^{them} For there are blessings in our ~~misery~~ ^{misery}. ~~For there are consolations even in our adversity,~~ ^{Some don't} if only we are wise enough to discern them; ~~even~~ ^{even} the evil of our life can be tamed to serve the good. The very staff which strikes us can become the staff of our support. This is the spiritual truth the author of the Book of Job bequeathed to us when he exclaimed: Shall we ~~accept~~ ^{receive} the good at the hand of God and not the evil also? *Yes, we will receive the good and not the evil also.*

To begin with, adversity can give us inner strength. It can give us inner strength because it must be overcome. Every overcoming of an obstacle demands a struggle, and this struggle strengthens and steels our spiritual and moral fibre, our character.

In our readings of the biographies of great men, we always admire particularly that man who has mastered a personal crisis, who, though reared in poverty, for instance, or facing physical disability, nonetheless persevered and won. And we often wonder, as we read these life stories, whether such men would have reached their goal, had they not been born on the heights of good fortune, had they not challenged laboriously to grapple from dark night to light. Their misfortune was at the same time their great fortune. They did not succumb to it, they faced it, they made use of it, and the resulting struggle, revealed or produced their great strength.

AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

A great artist once won the unbounded admiration of his audience, when, in the middle of a concert, the A string of his violin snapped, and he calmly proceeded to finish the difficult concerto on the three remaining strings of his instrument. Here is the human problem in ^{its} epitome. Getting music out of life's remainders after the break has come; winning the battle with what is left from defeat; being imprisoned, like a Joseph, and rising to dominion; or outmatched, like a David and conquering his Goliath with a pebble; or like a Franz Rosenzweig, helplessly crippled and without the faculty of speech, dictating a major philosophical work by pointing painfully to the individual letters of an alphabet board on his bed, and spelling out letter after letter, word after word, sentence after sentence, chapter after chapter of his voluminous ^{book} ~~work~~ - dependent on his wife for help in the transmission of each ^{and} ~~at~~ every syllable. - - Nothing in human life is so impressive as courage, and no one can deny that more often than not adversity has had its share in developing essential qualities.

Was it not so with our people and its life-story of perpetual pain and unmatched martyrdom. Was it not precisely this history of ever-during anguish that made us

4

~~which~~ and leave a deep scar, but surely in addition to ~~the~~ remembered anguish there ~~comes later~~ a wide band of the crown.
is the warming knowledge that we have been tested and have not been found wanting.

אִם נָשְׂאָה אֶת עַל מַעַל שָׁמַיִם וְנִסְּתָה לְפָנָיו וְנִסְּתָה לְפָנָיו וְנִסְּתָה לְפָנָיו Shall we receive good at the hand of God and
not evil also? Adversity gives strength.

compensating blessing of adversity
 Shall we receive good
 gives strength.

ind. It arouses our sympathy
 a leveller which tears down the
 low.

am better...

What it takes we can't help but ~~be~~ prepared

But then misfortune enters the world of man and knocks on our door. Now, at last, we begin to understand. In our pain, we begin to sense the pain of others. In our anguish we begin to grasp the anguish of others. ^{Finally} ~~At last~~, we realize that misfortune does not necessarily presuppose a blemished life deserving of condemnation, that it can come to any man, without fault, and should evoke, not condemnation, but pity and sympathetic help. We become kind; sorrow has made us kind.

This, surely, is the most significant lesson adversity provides. It impells us to be mild in our judgment of others. It teaches us that no matter whether we walk along the high roads of life or stumble in its deep valleys, we are all at one in our dependence on destiny. ^{אין אדם נפרד מן הכלל} "There is a wheel in the world" - it turns, - today finds us on top, tomorrow may well find us lower - who among us dare ^{say} ~~guarantee~~ ~~now~~ it will be otherwise? We are all brothers in life, all ^{אנשים} ~~brothers~~, brothers in pain. Let us live as brothers should.

^{Adversity} ~~Adversity~~ gives us understanding, and so we exclaim with the pious sufferer: "Shall we receive good at the hand of God and not evil also." Sorrow makes us kind.

Adversity can yield one more blessing still. It can make us just a little bit more appreciative of the good which we disregard in wanton carelessness as we walk through life.

Perhaps you remember the Play Our Town by Thornton Wilder...it has become a classic of American drama. In this play, a young woman who died in childbirth is permitted by the stage manager to return to earth for just one day. She chooses her 16th birthday as the one she would like to relive, but as she comes upon the scene so familiar to her, she notices to her dismay that everyone is too busy to appreciate the thrill of that day. "Mama, papa, let soul sit one another," she cries out, "just for a moment now we have each other." But no one looks and no one listens, and all of the business of life goes on. She cannot bear it any longer and begs to be taken back, but before she goes she turns to speak her farewell:

"Good bye, Mama, good bye Papa. goodbye Grovers Corners...good-bye to clocks ticking, and hot baths, and newly ironed dresses, and lying down and geeting up again...on earth you are all too wonde ful for anyone to realize you." She turns to the stage manager. "Tell, me," she asks, "does anyone on earth realize life while he lives it, every, every minute." "No," he replies, "the poets and saints, maybe they do some." and t en the girl turns to the world and speaks her final words. "That's all human beings are, blind people."

Is no this the malady which afflicts us. We are blind, blind to so much of the beauty that is in the world. We walk about on a cloud of ignorance, trampelling on the feelings of those about us, we spen and waste time as though we had a million years tolive, always at the mercy of bne self centered passion after another.

Oh yes, we remember the good times we had in the long ago, but we failed to appreciate those self same times whn we actually lived through them. We look at pictures taken yesteryear, they bring us memories of wonderful days. We remember a walk with a friend, a twilight hour spent with a loved one, the first time we came our of the hospital after a lon: illness, and saw the earth, the sky, the sun, embraced our loved ones. How wonderful these were, but we did not knowit t en. How wonderful these are, but we do not knowit now. We are too busy, too much concerned with either regretting the past or dreading the future, too much involved in getting and in spending, we are too blind.

Adversity remindsus of this t uth. It reminds us that what we have can be taken away. It pleads with us, therefore, to be more awa e of what we have. When one loveis taken away, it enjoins us to offer a double measure of lðve to those who remain. In demands that we confront each day with the psalmists conviction: Ze hayom....this is the day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it.

Adversity reminds us of this truth and so we say with long suffering Job of Old:

Shall we receive the good at the hand of God and not the evil also
Sorrow deepends our love for the blessings which remain.

These then are the consolations of adversity, the blessings of sorrow, the good which

comes to us from the evil, the silverlining of the storm clouds which are as much a part of our existence as sunshine and good fortune. Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that the blessings of sorrow compensate us for its curse. There is anguish which cannot be forgotten, wounds which will never heal, But if we fail to recognize and win at least these blessings, if, because of our adversity we rebel against life, why then we will be left with nothing, nay with worse than nothing, for we will be denying ourselves to those who depend on our love.

Ultimately it matters no whether we understand our fate. What matters is that we bear it with dignity. For this above all we know. Sorrow comes from God, even as it leads to God. Rooted in the divine, it carries us aloft to the eternally divine.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.

Amen.



KEVAKORAS ROE EDKO MAVIR TSONO TACHAS SHIVTO

As a shepherd seeketh out his flock
counting his sheep as they pass beneath his staff
So mayest Thou O God pass every living soul to pass before Thee
Appointing the measure of every creature's life, and decreeing its destiny.

My friends, if there is a time of sanctity in our profane lives

If there is a time when that curtain we have drawn between ourselves and God is lifted
and we experience, however fleetingly, a sense of communion with the divine,

If there is a day when that sacred spark within us - which slumbers through the year -
is awakened to a bright and burning flame...

Then surely, it is this day of days, this SHABBAT SHABBATON, this Sabbath of Sabbaths
with its plaintive prayers and its haunting melodies

which touch the heartstring and express the unspoken yearning of the soul.

All through the long day of atonement the sacred service ebbs and flows.

At times it sinks, reminding us of debasement, sorrow, sin

But then it rises up again, giving us the assurance of God's sweetest gift:

his forgiveness and his love.

Yom Kippur is a day of many moods.

A veritable eddy of emotions swirls within us

feeling of joy and sorrow, confidence and apprehension, faith and fear
follow each other in rapid and relentless succession

We would be hard put to single out one mood as dominant

But if there is such a thing as a leitmotif in the symphony of our sentiments,
then surely it is that sad and solemn sense of awe, that trembling which seizes us,
as we contemplate our past and our present
as we strive to pierce the veil of our future.

Rosh hashono and Yom Kippur are precisely what our fathers called them:

Yomim Nouroim - Days of Awe, Days of Fear.

We are all of us afraid today - afraid of the future and what it may bring

afraid because we know the past

because we know life and all the cruel things that it can do to us.

We know that every man has his date with adversity

It is a date which adversity will not let him forget.

The cup of life runs bitter as well as sweet for all

It brings us not just those beautiful things we crave

but also those fearsome things, in their 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 young woman, beautiful and healthy today, ravaged by disease tomorrow

A man strong and confident one day, the crumbling like a castle of sand

built by children 'long the shore when the tides of destiny roll in

plenty and poverty...righteousness and rottenness...beauty with its sting of evanescence...

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

We are afraid because we know that we too will meet adversity

and fearfully we wonder when and in what form it will strike us.

MI YICHJE UMI JOMUS...MI BEKITSO UMI LO BEKITSO

who will live and who will die...who will finish his allotted time on earth and who will not

who will perish by fire, by water, by pestilence and by the sword.

who will be cast down and who will be exalted...

Fear is our dominant emotion on this day, and our dominant desire:

comfort, consolation, the courage to face our fate,

the spiritual strength which is born of an answer to the agonizing 'why' of suffering.

It is an answer which is not forthcoming

Why...why suffer...why was there ever anything at all...

and why if something had to be was it made as it is, with evil as well as with good...

One would have to be God Himself to answer that, or to comprehend the answer could it be written down...

To expect an explanation which will plumb the depths of the mystery of suffering is to expect the essential impossible.

There is no answer to the "why" of suffering

All we can do is pray for courage

that inner strength we need to face our fate with dignity...

And we ^{can}ask ask the wisdom to recognize in our sorrows and to wrest from them those sparse few blessings which are hidden within them

For there are consolations even in our sorrow, if we are but wise enough to discern them

The evil of life can be tamed to serve the good

the very staff which strikes us, can become the staff of our support.

Perhaps this is the truth which the author of the Book of Job bequeathed to us when he cried out:

GAM ES HATOV ^UNEKABEL MEES HO-ELOHIM VE-ES HORA LO NEKABEL
Shall we accept the good at the hand of God, and not the evil also.

Adversity can be made to yield its good.

To begin with, it can give us inner strength, for adversity must be overcome
Every overcoming involves a struggle,
and this struggle steels our inner fibre.

In reading the biographies of great men
we are always struck by those among them who mastered a personal crisis
who, though reared in poverty or facing some physical disability,
nonetheless managed to persevere.

We might well wonder whether such men would really have reached their goal
had they been born on the sunny heights of good fortune
had they not been challenged to struggle from dark night to light.
In some ways their misfortune was at the same time their greatest fortune
They did not succumb to it...they confronted it...they made use of it...
and the resulting struggle revealed and steeled their strength.

A great artist once won the unbounded admiration of his audience
when in the middle of a concert the A-string of his violin snapped
and he calmly proceeded to finish the difficult concerto on the remaining three strings
of his instrument

There is the human problem in its epitome:

Getting music out of life's remainders after the break has come,
winning the battle with what is left from defeat,
being imprisoned like a Joseph and rising to dominion,
or outmatched like a David and conquering his Goliath with a Pebble,
or like a Franz Rosenzweig, hopelessly, helplessly crippled,
and deprived of the power of speech,
nonetheless completing a major philosophical treatise
by pointing to the individual letters of an alphabet Board before him,
painfully spelling out letter after letter, word after word, sentence after sentence,
paragraph after paragraph of his voluminous work ---
entirely dependent on his wife for the transcription of each and every syllable.

Nothing is human life is so impressive as courage, as guts,
and there is no denying that adversity has its share in developing essential qualities.

Suffering can make us strong.

It also serves to make us kind.

It awakens our understanding for others.

Not unlike death, it is a leveller which tears down the barriers separating men.

Life is a struggle. It claims its sacrifices.

And when destiny's iron hand seeks out and strikes its victims

it does not consider rank or wealth

It knocks on poor man's hovels and on rich man's palaces alike.

But we choose to ignore this truth. We erect barriers which hold us apart from others,
as if we were of a different breed, as if we were from a different world.

We lack understanding for those whom we regard below our station in life.

Our judgment of others is blunt and harsh.

When we see someone who stumbles, our sense of self-adulation is aroused,

we do not ask the reason for his failure, we only smirk and damn

and with this condemnation express the preelings of our proud hearts:

thank God. I'm not like that...I did not go his way

Ah, but then misfortune enters the world and knocks on our door.

Now we begin to understand. In our pain we begin to sense the pain of others.

In our anguish we feel the anguish of others.

At last we realize that misfortune does not necessarily presuppose a blemished life
deserving of condemnation,

that it can come to any man without fault

and should evoke not condemnation but pity and sympathetic help.

We become kind....

Sorrow has made us kind.

This surely is the most significant lesson adversity provides:

it impells us to be milder in our judgment of others,

it sensitizes us to them.

It teaches us to know that no matter whether we walk along the high roads of life
or stumble in its deep shadows

we are all at one in our dependence on destiny.

GALGAL HU BO-OLOM...there is a wheel in the world ... it turns...

today we are on top...tomorrow may well find us lower...

who among us dare assert with assurance that it will be otherwise.

We are brothers in life and brothers in pain.

Then why not live as brothers should.

Adversity can teach us one more lesson still.

It can make us more appreciative of the good we receive from life
good which we disregard in wanton carelessness ^{as we stumble through life} ~~too often, if not all the time.~~

Thornton Wilder, in his classic Our Town, dramatizes this point

in what has become my favorite passage of American drama.

In this play, as you will recall, a young woman who died in childbirth

is permitted by the stage manager to return to earth for just one day.

She chooses her 16th birthday as the day which she would like to re-live.

But as she comes upon the scene so familiar to her,

she notices that everyone is far too busy to relish the thrill of the moment.

"Mama, Papa, let look at one another," she cries,

"just for a moment, while we still have each other..."

But nobody looks and nobody listens and all of the business of life goes on.

She begs to be taken away, but before she leaves, she speaks these ^{tearful} lines of farewell"

"Good-bye mama...good bye papa,...good-bye Grovers Corners...
good-bye to clocks ticking and hot baths and newly ironed dresses...
and lying down and getting up again...
on earth you are all too wonderful for anyone to realize you."
She turns to the stage manager. "Tell me, " she asks,
"does anyone on earth realize life while he lives it, every, every minute?"
"no," replies he, "maybe the poets and the saints, maybe they do some."
And then the girl turns to the world and speaks her final lines"
"That's all human beings are, blind people."

Is not this the malady which afflicts us.
We are blind, blind to so much of the beauty that is in the world.
We walk about on a cloud of ignorance, trampelling on the feelings of those about us,
we spend and waste time as though we had a million years to live,
always at the mercy of one self-centered passion after another.

Oh yes, we remember the good times we had in the long ago,
but we did not know it then.

We look at pictures taken yesteryear...they bring us memories of wonderful days.
We remember a walk with a friend, a twilight hour spent with a loved one,
the first time we came out of the hospital after an illness
and saw the earth, the sky, the sun, embraced our loved one.

How wonderful these experiences were, but we did not know it then
How wonderful they are, but we do not know it now.

We are too busy,
too concerned with either regretting the past or dreading the future,
too much involved in getting and in spending,
we are too blind.

Adversity reminds us of this truth.

It reminds us that what we have ^{will surely} ~~can~~ be taken away.

It enjoins us therefore to be aware of what we have...

to greet each moment with full awareness

to cling to every day of our lives, with all our heart and soul and might,
while yet we may.

These then, are the consolations of adversity

the blessings of sorrow,

the good which can come to us from evil

the silver lining of those storm clouds which are as much a part of our existence
as is sunshine and good fortune.

In truth, we ~~can~~ exclaim with the sufferers of old:

"Shall we receive the good at the hand of God, and not the evil also?"

Please don't misunderstand me.

I do not say that the blessings of sorrow compensate us for their curse.

There is an anguish which cannot be forgotten,

There are wounds which never heal.

But if we fail to recognize and wrest at least these blessings ^{hidden} ~~from our sorrow,~~ ^{hidden in our sorrow}

if, because of our adversity we rebel against life, ^{and deny it}

why then we will be left with nothing,

nay with less than nothing,

for we will destroy also those who still depend on our love and strength.

Ultimately, it matters not whether we understand our fate.

What matters is that we bear it with a dignity.

For this above all we know:

Sorrow comes from God, even as it leads to God.

~~R~~ooted in the divine, it carries us aloft to the eternally divine.

Adonoy Oris vishi...the Lord is my light and my salvation.

Amen.

1
Rabbi Schindler
Yom Kippur, 1976

KEVAKORAS ROEH EDRO
MAAVIR TSONO TACHAS SHIVTO

As a shepherd seeketh out his flock
counting his sheep as they pass beneath his staff
so doest Thou O God cause every living soul to pass before Thee
appointing the measure of every creature's life
and decreeing its destiny.

My friends, if there is a time of sanctity in our profane lives
if there is a moment when that curtain we have drawn between ourselves and our
father in heaven is lifted

and we experience, however fleetingly, a sense of the communion with the divine
if there is a day when that sacred spark within us which slumbers through the year
is awakened to a bright and burning flame

then surely it is this day of days, this Sabbath of Sabbaths,
with its haunting melodies and plaintive prayers

which touch the heart and give voice to the yearnings of the soul

All through the long day of atonement the sacred service ebbs and flows

at times it sinks, reminding us of debasement, sorrow sin

but then it rises up again,

giving us the assurance of God's sweetest gift

His forgiveness and his love.

NOW STRANGELY ENOUGH

Rosh Hashono and Yom Kippur are not really Jewish holidays, thematically speaking.

Of course these are the most sacred days in the calendar year of the Jew

But their message has no predominant Jewish connotation in the ethnic sense

THEY CELEBRATE NO SIGNIFICANT HISTORIC EVENTS ARE CELEBRATED IN THE HISTORY OF OUR PEOPLE
no references to particular and dramatic events in the history of our people

Pessach speaks of the Exodus from Egypt, Shevuoth reminds us of Sinai

Chaunuka and Purim ^{RECALL} remind us of our people's deliverance

those times when the few triumphed over the many

when and right prevailed over might.

Not so Rosh H'shono and Yom Kippur

These precious days speak to us not so much as Jews,
as the sons and daughters of a particular folk, of a distinctive grouping.

rather
They speak to us as individuals, as men and women, as human beings.

They seek the self reckoning of ~~our soul, our universal soul~~ ^{universal the single soul}

~~IT IS A SELF RECKONING WHICH COULD BE DEMANDED OF THE NOW JEW AS WELL~~
They confront us with life's insistent, persistent challenge: ^{AT OF THE JEW}

where art thou man,

where are you in your world?

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

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

~~EVEN SO~~

~~Nonetheless~~ ^{did speak} On Rosh H'shono, I spoke to you essentially of our responsibility
to our fellow Jews

~~I sought to awaken the awareness of~~ I spoke of our oneness, of our solidarity.

^{ch} insisting that our life forever demands involvement with a larger fate

-- the fate of Israel.

~~I remind you that~~
In all truth, the individual Jew is a lie and a fraud when he is more an individual
than he is a Jew

^{He} He emerges whole, authentic only, once he surrenders himself to the cause
of his people.

But today, on Yom Kippus I want to restore the balance, to underscore the
counterpoint ^{AS IT WERE}

to speak of those duties of the heart which extend beyond our more communal
boundaries and embrace the world.

After all, we are not just Jews, we are human beings ^{as}
and ^{so} I want to awaken not just the awareness of our essential unity as Jews ^{IN YOU} ^{CITIZENS OF THIS LAND} ^{RESIDENTS OF THIS CITY}
but that awareness also which speaks to us of a common humanity.

THERE IS A NEED TO MAKE THIS COUNTERPOINT (3)
BECAUSE THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF TODAY
HAS NARROWED ITS AGENDA OVERLY MUCH
WE HAVE OUR JEWISH PRIORITIES AND PRECIOUS
LITTLE ELSE.

I SPEAK NOW PRIMARILY OF THE AMER JEW COMMUNIT
THERE HAS BEEN TOO GREAT AN INWARD TURNING
PARTICULARISM IS RAMPANT IN THE NAME OF STANCKIT / HERE
OUR WAGONS ARE DRAWN IN A TIGHT-KNIT CIRCLE
AND WE DIE WITHIN
NO LONGER DO WE ASK
WHAT DOES THE LOAD REQUIRE OF US
BUT RATHER DO WE PROBE:
IS IT GOOD OR BAD FOR THE JEW?

There is a need to make this counterpoint,

because ~~I am very much afraid that~~ the Jewish community of today

~~has become a community which has narrowed its overriding agenda overly much.~~

I SPEAK PRIMARILY OF AMERICAN JEWS

Particularism is rampant in the name of ethnicity.

THERE IS TOO GREAT AN INWARD TURNING

~~A survival ethic is beginning to replace those religious ethical values~~

~~OUR WARONS ARE IN A TIGHT KNOT CIRCLE + WE DIG WITHIN~~
of our tradition which we presumably represent.

~~WE HAVE OUR JEWISH PRIORITIES AND ALL ELSE IS NEGLECTED~~

~~We no longer ask: what does the Lord require of ~~them~~ us?~~

DO WE ASK
but rather: is it good or bad for the Jews.

POO WE ASK THIS

When this question is asked in its narrow, selfish, provincial ^{source} terms,

^{the} its implication is crystal clear:

Keep silent -

keep silent about the duplicity of the administration, because the administrations

has done so ~~very~~ much for Israel.

keep silent about amnesty, because ^{AMNESTY} it is unpopular and ^{its ESPOUSAL} may engender antisemitism

keep silent about the plight of the cities, because ^{the president does not want to aid the CIA} the President holds

Israel ~~in his hands~~ destiny in his hands;

keep silent about CIA because it ^{the LAWLESSNESS + RUTHLESSNESS} ~~probably~~ collects intelligence that is

helpful to Israel and vice versa

keep silent about the FBI because reckless ^{how} it has been, it ~~probably~~ also

snoops on Arab students and on the ^{KEAT} ~~Islamic right~~

and above all keep silent ^{CONCERNING} the swollen Pentagon budget which has a life all its own

because we know ^{that} Israel desperately needs ~~xxxxx~~ America's arms

Keep silent...silent...forever silent.

And thus ^{is} a noble Jewish community ^{WHO'S SONS + DAUGHTER ARE}

^{the Descendants} ~~the sons and daughters~~ of the prophets

~~been~~ ^{TEWIS} reduced to a narrow, self-righteous, inward looking defense league,

~~there~~ IS A TENDENCY WHICH ^{REQUIRES A} ~~SHOULD BE~~ REVERSED -

THIS INWARD TURNING

AND THE DOMINANT MANDATE OF YOM KIPPUR ENJOINS

US TO DO SO

Even self-interest, alone

a more knowing, enlightened self-interest

SHOULD IMPULSE US TO ^{to} requires a broadening of our concerns, & widening of our horizons.

After all we do

We cannot serve our needs alone,

We need the understanding of others,

their advocacy,

their sustaining help.

Why should a ^{technique} BAYARD RUSTIN raise his voice for Sovier Jewry if I am indifferent to the plight of ~~the~~ hungry in America's black ghettos?

Why should Roy Wilkins endorse our every pro-Israel resolution if I ignore the racial rantings of a ~~Cabinet~~ ^{CABINET MEMBERS} teeming hungry of America's black ghettos.

We Jews enjoy an influence in America far beyond ^{THAT} ~~in strength~~ accountable by our numbers ^{strength}

and one reason is surely this:

because we are involved in the electoral process

~~and~~ because we share in the life of this community in all of its aspects

because there are Arthur ~~leavitts~~ ^{Leavitts} and Emil Baars and countless ^{other} Jews ^{with} ^{of} ^{+ serving} serving our country in places high and low.

Israel depends on a strong American Jewry.

Well, American Jews can be strong only in a land which is truly free

which is racially decent ^{economically} and just.

WHICH OFFERS THE FULLEST POSSIBLE EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY ~~But something more than an enlightened self interest should move us.~~

TO MEN OF ALL NATIONS + CREEDS ~~Our deep felt convictions as Jews are at stake~~

AND ALL DEGREES OF WEALTH + EDUCATION

IN THE SIGHT OF GOD + MAN

But something more than an enlightened self-interest should ~~bestir us~~.

^{TO THE WORLD...}
Our own suffering should move us too,

it should sensitize us to the pain of others and bestir us to help.

^{MY FRIENDS WE JEWS ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES TO SUFFER}
~~Not just Jews but all human beings~~

^{ALL HUMAN BEINGS}
are bound to one another in an unbroken unity of pain.

We cannot deny this reality.

^{the holocaust}
True the shoah is sui generis, unprecedented in its evil

there is a chasm, a yawning gorge of blood which separates it from all other
cataclysms engulfing modern man,

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

Our age has many pathways sinking into this hell:

starvation in the midst of plenty

the archipelagoes of Russia

a rain of death all over this world

a velt brennt brider n' nit nor unzer shtetle

the world is aflame, not just our homes.

An ancient rabbi once said that no one can be human unless his heart is broken.

Well, our Jewish hearts were broken in every generation, including our own
and one meaning of this suffering must be this:

we will not stand idly by the blood of our brothers

not our own blood nor the blood of our brother man.

YES, OUR PAIN SHOULD MAKE US SENSITIVE TO
THE PAIN OF OTHERS,

AND SHOULD LEAD US TO TURN ~~OUTWARD~~ NOT
INWARD BUT OUTWARD TO THE WORLD

AND SO SHOULD
~~FACT~~

JEWISH
CONVICTION

(7)

Our commitments as Jews, our most solemn commitments are also at stake here.

FOR ~~JUDAISM~~ ^{CANNOT BE} ~~was never ever~~ defined ^{ONLY} just in parochial terms.

Our tradition always saw the saving of the world as the necessary precondition of Jewish redemption.

And ~~as~~ drawing on the well-springs of our faith, we Jews do have something to say about the assault on liberty in America about the national retreat on social justice about the hideous neglect of the urban problem and about hunger in a world in which famine has become the expected way of life -- or rather of death.

Aye Judaism is a passionate commitment to life to this world, to human values and these values are sorely needed to keep man human in this callous world

These values alone give meaning to our survival as a people.

For if in order to survive AS A JEW

I must turn ^{my} ~~our~~ back to the world,

IF IN ORDER... MYSELF
separate ~~ourselves~~ from human kind

IF... 1978
and emulate the violence, the callousness, the bigotry, the narrowness of our enemies

I JUST AS LEAVE GIVE UP MY JEWISHNESS +
why then ~~perhaps~~ it would be just as well were we to shuffle off this mortal coil.

אולי זה רק זה
אולי זה רק זה

IS LIKE A CORPSE
LIKE A BODY WITHOUT A SOUL

To be a Jew is to be something more than a surviving, endangered species.

To be a Jew is to be a goad to the conscience of mankind.

to be a circumcized heart of flesh and not of stone

to be a part of the civilizing and humanizing force of the universe

To be a Jew is to defy despair, though God may tary

To be a Jew, as God told Abraham thousands of years ago

is to be part of a great an enduring pople, yes,

but also to be a blessing unto all mankind.

INSERT (A)

And so, on this great and holy day we turn to God in prayer.

We pray for ourselves, for our people, for all mankind.

As American Jews we pray esepcially that we will have the courage and the strength

to traditions of our heritage and of this land
 before
 A AMERICA HAS BEEN GOOD TO US IT HAS GIVEN US MUCH
 AND SO WE RESOLVE TO RETAIN ITS IDEAL TO STRUGGLE FOR
 to fight against repression and for freedom
 THEIR FULFILLMENT

against indecency and for equality

against ^{CORRUPT} ~~convulsion~~ and for justice

against fear and for hope...

in a word that we who have found this place such a pleasant place ^{to be} will do

our utmost to keep it so FOR ALL ITS CITIZENS
 AND WE HEREBY HIGHLY RESOLVE TO
 to make America America once more.

THUS MAY IT BE WRITTEN & SEALED IN THE BOOK OF LIFE

W.H. AUDEN THAT PREEMINENT POET OF OUR GENERATION
WHO DIED LAST YEAR

HE ONCE WROTE A LINE WHICH IS ^{SEIZED} ~~ARE~~ INTO MY SOUL
AND CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF MY MESSAGE:

WE MUST LOVE ONE ANOTHER OR DIE,
HE WROTE

WE MUST LOVE ONE ANOTHER OR DIE
AND OF COURSE WE DON'T
AND OUR CIVILIZATION IS DYING BECAUSE OF IT
DYING OF GREED AND HATE AND FEAR
DYING OF THE SICKNESS WHICH COMES

OF NOT LOVING AS AUDEN WARNED
AND WHEN THE WORLD DIES WE JEWS DIE TOO

AND SO, ON THIS GREAT HOLY DAY

10

WE TURN TO GOD IN PRAYER

WE PRAY FOR OURSELVES, FOR OUR PEOPLE, FOR ALL MANKIND

WE PRAY ESPECIALLY FOR THE COMMUNITY IN WHICH WE LIVE

THIS BEAUTIFUL + SPACIOUS LAND

WHICH HAS BEEN GOOD TO US

WHICH HAS ENDOWED US WITH SO VERY MANY GIFTS

WE RESOLVE TO SEEK ITS PEACE

TO REPAIR ITS FOUNDATIONS

TO RESTORE ITS DREAM

TO ASSUME OUR FULL + EQUAL SHARE IN THE EFFORT,
IN THE STRUGGLE

AGAINST REPRESSION AND FOR FREEDOM

AGAINST CORRUPTION AND FOR ~~JUSTICE~~ RIGHTEOUSNESS

AGAINST INDECENCY AND FOR TRUTH

THESE ARE THE IDEALS ON WHICH THIS LAND IS BUILT

THESE ARE THE IDEALS WHICH MADE AMERICA GREAT

AND ONCE THEY SHINE AGAIN

~~UNBLEMISHED~~ UNTERMINISHED

IN ALL THEIR ~~GREATER~~ SPLENDOR

AMERICA WILL BE AMERICA AGAIN

MAY THIS BE WRITTEN + SEALED IN THE BOOK OF LIFE

Perhaps you are familiar with the story that is told concerning an archeologist who placed an ad in the New York Times which read as follows: Wanted. Man six foot four inches tall, college graduate, adventurous spirit, to accompany scientist on an expedition into the heart of Africa. On the morning following the appearance of this notice, bright and early, a Jewish man appeared at his door and announced: "I am here in response to your ad." The archeologist looked at him somewhat quizzically and exclaimed: "But are you six feet tall." "No," replied the latter, "I guess you can see that I am not much more than five feet four." Well, then, perhaps your schooling is extraordinary and then your height won't matter. What colleges did you attend, what training did you receive?" Frankly, sir," ^{and} said the other, "I didn't manage to get past high school." "Are you at least an adventurous spirit?" "No," replied the applicant, "I must confess that I am so timid that I won't even leave my house unless my wife forces me." "What in the world are you doing here, then," thundered the archeologist. "Didn't you read my ad? Didn't you see that I specifically requested the services of a man six feet four inches tall, with sound training in the sciences, and possessed of an adventurous spirit?" "I did, sir," replied the Jewish man. "I came, merely to tell you, that on me, you shouldn't count."

We laugh when we hear this story. Imagine! A man responds to an ad though he knows that he cannot meet the required need, nay, without even having the slightest intention of meeting that need. And yet, we too are guilty of such failing, at times. Consider this: invitations to attend meetings or to join organizations are also advertisements of a kind. Often we respond to them with our physical presence ^{alone} ~~only~~ we attend the meeting, we join the organization - even while knowing full well that we lack the capacity or the willingness to offer fuller commitment. Extraneous reasons ~~compel~~ ^{compel} our response: social pressure, gregariousness, ~~our~~ irrepressible curiosity, anything and everything except commitment, a wholehearted affirmation of the cause which bleads our presence and support.

Now we of Temple Emanuel sent out an ad, as it were. We announced that a service would be held here tonight, and a great many have responded, men and women, boys and girls. Is this more than generous numerical response indicative of a wider identification with

All this collective activity is but an outer expression of an inner devotion to Judaism whose flames burn bright in the heart of our youth. Moreover, it is a flame which warms them not only in the synagogue, but even without these sacred walls. They feel secure in their Jewishness, much more so than did we of an older generation in the days of our youth, and they wish to be identified as Jews wherever they go. There is no shame^{here}, no hiding, no fear, only a pride in faith.

Their sense of assurance is reflected in many ways, some significant, others apparently trifling, such as in the display of Jewish symbols^{Star of David, Mezuzah, etc.}. While from a strictly theological and intellectual point of view. I hold no great brief for the wearing of charms - as Rabbi Klein is fond of saying: a mezuzah is a doorpost and doorposts are simply too heavy to be worn about the neck - still I heartily applaud the spirit which motivates their display. In my younger years, I and my contemporaries would never have dreamed to reveal our identity in so brazen a manner. Wherever possible we chose to hide our Jewishness when in contact with the non-Jewish world. Alas, justice triumphed poetically: the generations ashamed of their Jewishness were compelled to wear its badge.

The enthusiasm of our young people for Jewish identification is manifested in more serious concerns. This past summer, at our camps for Temple Youth, we conducted an intensive study designed to test the Jewish attitudes of our teen age population, and its conclusions^{Let me share some of these results. For instance} are highly revealing. Nearly nine six percent, for instance agreed with the statement that "if it were possible for Jews to have a choice, undoubtedly they would chose to be reborn as Jews," and many added that if non Jews had an opportunity to know Judaism, many would embrace it. I asked a similar question of adults not long ago. Their reaction was just the opposite. "Why in the world should a non Jew want to become a Jew," they asked.

The study of teen age Jewish youth revealed that our young people are not overly concerned with anti-semitism. They are cognizant of its existence, to be sure, but they have no sense of threat to their security. A similar frame of mind is evinced in their reactions to Israel. ~~A Council for Judaism would have little success in recruiting among them~~

"Israel is the goal of my people," wrote one young man. "I've never been there, but in a way, I consider it my homeland. Sure, America is my home, but Israel is my country also, whether I am there or not..."

the ideals for which this sanctuary stands? I dare not answer for all who are assembled, but I can speak for the younger people who are here tonight...my extensive association with them gives me this assurance...They did not come here to tell us that on them we shouldn't count. They are here, upon the contrary, to assure us that we can count on them. They are here to tell us that Judaism can count on them. They are here because they are committed, fully and intensely committed to the cause of our people and its faith.

Surely nothing in present day Jewish life is more heartening than this, eclipsing in significance even the creation of the State of Israel, for the latter bespeaks physical rebirth ^{especially} while the presence of youth in the synagogue holds forth the beautiful promise of spiritual continuance. There was a time not long ago, no more than a generation, surely within the memory of many here, when fathers bemoaned the spiritual death of their sons, when the synagogue resembled much a moshav ²'keneem, an institution for the aged, attracting no more than a handful of old men and a handful of old women. Not so today. Children, once more, are gathered 'round the altar of the Lord, and they have come to bless us.

When weighed in the balance of active participation alone, Temple Emanuel can well be described as a congregation for youth. Consider the thousand pupils who attend our Religious School each day a week. Think of our Sabbath services and our holyday services which attract an equal number - it is only a pity that their parents ^{do} ^{feel} are not ^{compelled to be} at their children's side in the pew, but at least the children are ^{there}. Think of our High School program, completely voluntary, which still attracts the greater portion of our confirmands and in whose behest last year we added a third year of intensive study to our curriculum. And think, especially, of our Temple Youth Group whose members prefer lectures to dances, programs of social service to entertainment and who chose to write their own prayers and to create new expressions of worship for their regular meditations.

Lest you believe that our congregation is unique, look about you and see: young men and women two hundred strong not counting our own, from every part of our region and beyond, each of whom could be the bearer of equal good tidings.

Such answers reflect a wholesome sense of belonging to the Jewish group, an almost conscious casting in of their lot with Jews the world over.

We asked our teen agers some pointed questions in an effort to determine just how they evaluate the Jewishness of their parents. There was an equal division - about half ~~were~~ ^{felt their} ^{near proper} ~~satisfied with their parents' Jewishness,~~ the others ^{ditto} ~~were~~ not - but no matter what their estimate, the underlying attitude was the same, for the former were pleased with the Jewishness of their parents, while the latter were critical of their lack. One young lady wrote:

"My parents aren't good Jews. Their Judaism is all put on. I don't think they feel it in their hearts. Unless someone feels religion the way I do, you are not really a good Jew..."

wrote another,

"There is a difference between my folks and me how we look at religion. I plan to build my whole life around religion. My folks aren't too good as Jews. We used to have a Christmas tree..."

wrote a third,

"They aren't good Jews, there should be more religion in the home..."

Fancy such change in attitude. A generation ago the plaint would have been just the opposite. "Our parents are too traditional, too old fashioned," would have been the answer then.

Our teen agers frown on intermarriage and because it is often the first step in this direction they frown on interdating. Their desire for Jewish identification expresses itself also in their demand for more ritual both in the synagogue and in the home. "By all means let us have more Hebrew in the service," said one young lady. "That's one way of telling that you are in a Jewish house of worship." As for ritual in the home, one boy had this to say, and his answer is typical. "We have candles for Chanuka, and we have a seder of a sorts, mostly the food, of course, and little of the story. I wish my parents would light candles on the Sabbath also. That way you now you are Jewish, and you should be proud of it."

The case has been made, I think.
It is amply evident that the feeling of our youth for Judaism is strong and enthusiastic, and that this feeling represents a radical divergence from the sense of insecurity in their identity as Jews which marked the younger generation no more than 2 decades ago.

Lest the young people present feel just a bit too proud of their attitudes and in defense of the older generation, it should be said that the ~~Jew~~ status of Jews in America and in the world has considerable improved of late. Twenty years ago, Jews lacked the economic security they enjoy today. Twenty years ago they lacked in social recognition. ^{which they are lacking now,} Twenty years ago antisemitism was virulent - in its violent forms in Europe, culminating as it did in the martyrdom of six million of our brethren - and here in America also in somewhat calmer yet equally insidious form, here in America where economic and social ^{disabilities} restriction were commonplace. In a word, it is just a little bit easier to be a Jew today and to be firm in proclaiming one's Jewishness.

Again, it ought be said, to the merit of the older generation, that in spite of their uncertainties, in face of their many insecurities and obstacles, they ~~did not fail~~ nonetheless mustered the wisdom and the strength to build the instruments of Jewish survival. They are the ones who struggled and succeeded to improve the status of Jews in our land. They are the ones who built this house of worship and others equally glorious - with their program of intensive religious education and other meaningful activity. They are the ones whose imagination conceived the movement of synagogue youth. And all these, the work of their hands, gave birth to the fruit of pride in faith which marks the younger generation.

One more word must be said, and this by way of admonition to our youth. Mere pride in faith alone is not enough. Mere sentiment is not enough. To come to fuller and more beautiful flowering, these sentiments must find expression in deed - not just the deed of ritual - the kindling of candles, the chanting of prayer and song, ^{but} ~~Primarily, these feelings of pride must find expression~~ in the ethical deed, the deed of human kindness, in the practice of justice and love between man and man.

Curiously ^{unhappily enough} enough, our study of teen-age Jewish Youth revealed the greatest weakness here. So much of their idealism is ^{blind} ~~blind~~ - the mere rehearsing of pious phrases - and they betray grave unawareness of social problems. Little wonder. The ^{members of the} younger generation simply has it too good. Their life does not take them into the poorer sections of our community. They have no personal involvement with the social problems of the world. Poverty, to them, is an empty phrase - ^{dimly} ~~echoing~~ from a distant land or from out of the

distant past, It is no living reality to them and consequently they are not really concerned.

And yet these problems are a reality, ~~no less than they ever were, even in America~~
~~albeit in amore subtly form.~~ ^{upon whose result} The survival of the world depends on their resolution,
~~in a more immediate sense than ever before.~~ Somehow a sense of awareness for them must
be born in our youth. Their future demands it. Their Judaism demands it. For
Judaism is not sentiment alone, nor is it form alone. It is the blending of these two
with morality into an indissoluble living unity. Judaism demands that religious
pride and exaltation be transformed into a force for daily living, ^{in order that we may} exalting the ^{day by day}
approach of ^{man} ~~man to man.~~

We are confident that this awareness will be born for the spirit from which it springs
is there in the heart of our youth. A famous European dramatist once wrote a play about
a master craftsman who fashioned a beautiful bell and then, during a time of terror and
of war, to prevent its capture by the enemy, he sank the bell to the bottom of a lake.
Every once in a while, stirred by the waters of the ~~mill~~ the deep, the bell would
^{ring} ~~sound~~, and its muffled sounds would reach the craftsman bringing joy to his heart.
There is such a bell in the soul of our youth. It is attuned to an appreciation of
beauty and of truth and of love. May God give us the wisdom and the patience to reach
and elicit its vibrant tones. Then will Isaiah's glorious vision be fulfilled and all
those who behold our children will say of us that we "did not labor in vain nor bring
forth for terror, that ours is the seed blessed of the Lord."

At the turn of the 18th century a mighty religious movement swept through Eastern Europe, and brought new life and hope to the tired and despondent masses of the ghetto. The movements name - Hassidism, and its founder, the Baal Shem Tov, master of the good name.

The rabbis of the late middle ages had demanded cold obedience to the law, the torah, the commandments of God as mans supreme duty. Obey every iota every dot of every mizwo outlined in the Torah and its commentary the Talmud - these rabbis admonished the Jew - and you will bring nearer the coming of the Messiah and the Kingdom of God. Learn the law, study the law, day and night and then obey. That was their message to the masses. Under such philosophy of life Jewish society in the ghetto became rigidified and was split in two - an aristocracy of wealth and learning developed for only the rich could afford to study, and so the rich joined hands with those who learned - and began to snob the poorer less educated man as a lesser Jew, a man not fit to stand before his master.

But along came Hassidism, and with it a new emphasis. A stress upon the sense of mystical ecstasy in the communion of God and man; upon the joyful affirmation of life; upon democracy and brotherhood between the rich and the poor. And upon the moral values of the religious system. It does not matter whether you do much or little, said the Hassidim, it does not matter whether you work in the field, or in the shop or in the Talmud school - what matters is that you direct your heart to heaven. Baal Shem Tov, instead of

teacher in a little school - rather than drill his pupils in the aleph bes, took them out into the fields, among the trees and birds and flowers and taught them God through nature - not the book. In short the hassidim showed the Jews that one can serve God, not only through obedience, but through joy in life, through love of God.

One remarkable aspect of Hassidic teaching was, that they did not convey their lessons by writing didactic volumes and preaching mussar - sermons of reproach. The disciples of the baal shem tov went from town to town and converted thousands to their way of thinking, by merely telling a parable or two, a simple story.

Tonight I will emulate these spiritual ancestors of ours and tell a story. Not only because I admire the Hassidim which I do, very much; and not only because I want to reward you - the saving remnant - who braved these walls twice in one day. But because I share the belief of recent educators that a picture is worth a thousand words, and a story, after all, is just a picture. And the story I will tell you tonight is one - to paraphrase the rabbis - that comes and says: Rabbi, preach about me, will you

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On Rosh Hashono and Yom Kippur we are told ~~that we must~~ to
we have a double duty. We must rectify our relations between
God and man; and we must rectify our relation between to our fellowm
~~man-and-man~~. Our story for this evening simplifies our
task exceedingly, for it reduces our double duty to one.
Now we know that serviceto the one is service to the other
too, that by ^{loving and} serving our fellow man we love and serve God.

Amen

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



How full of Awe is this place, surely this is none other than the House of God and this is the gate of heaven.

Mountain - Field - House - These metaphors reveal three conceptions of God, three expressions of religion, each of them different, and yet, each of them indispensable to a fuller understanding of faith.

Abraham spoke of religion as a mountain. Mountains are massive in extent and height; they ever evoke a sense of spiritual grandeur and exaltation. In the mystic speculation of Judaism, mountains occupy a unique place and our sacred lore is rich in references to their significance. Abraham brought Isaac to a mountain. Moses ascended a mountain to hear the voice of God and once again to see the Promised Land before his death. Elijah summoned the Priests of Baal to ~~take~~ a mountain for their final and dramatic test of faith. The Temple was erected on a mountain. And the Psalmist in the hour of dark despair, lifted his eyes unto the mountains to seek the help of God.

In all of these instances it appears that our ancestors had a feeling that there is something mysterious about mountains and hill tops, that they somehow can furnish man with a clairvoyance which he does not ordinarily possess. And thus it is that the mountain has become a symbol of ^{man's} ~~spiritual~~ communion with God, a sign of spiritual exaltation, of that mystic upward reach of the soul which sweeps man out of his every day self and carries him aloft to God.

Moments of ecstatic communion are not commonplace in life, but they can be found. Moses ^{did} ~~found it~~ when he saw the vision of the burning bush and heard a voice exclaim: "Cast off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Isayah ^{did} ~~discovered it~~ when he saw the ~~angels~~ and heard call one unto another: "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory." Mystics through the ages discovered ^{sublimity} ~~it~~, even to the Chassidim of our own day, for it was their sense of at-one-ness with God which impelled them to an ~~ecstatic~~ self-sacrificing service of man. Poets wrote sublime verse, artists fashioned lasting beauty, composers created consummate music captured and enraptured by the magic of divine communion.

We too, the humbler people of the earth, have our moments of revelation; we too catch glimpses of eternity and God: at times when we see an unusual manifestation of beauty in nature, or when we behold the miracle of new growth birth and continued growth, or when we respond to the love of a loved one. Or at times the sense of the sacred seizes us in the silence of prayer, in moments of worshipful devotion - and then we know that there is God.

Such revelation is the essence of religion - Abraham taught us this truth when he compared religion to a mountain; a mystic sense of communion is central to every living faith. It is central to faith, but it is not the whole of faith, though many would have it so. Frequently people come to the rabbi and say: "Religion is a matter of an inner mood. Forget your services and your fixed order of worship. I pray when the spirit moves me - and the spirit just doesn't happen to move every Friday night at precisely 8:15 P.M. I am stirred to worship when I listen to exquisite music or when I see a beautiful sunset. That is my religion." But when we ask such a man to tell us in all truth how often, say in the course of the past year an inner experience actually moved him to come to worship or to lift his voice in prayer he is compelled to admit that he is too preoccupied with the tasks of life and that the mood for worship has not descended upon him once during the entire period.

The reason for this failure is not far to seek. It is rooted in the truth that the mountain peaks of spiritual exaltation precious as they may be do not suffice for a well rounded faith. Man cannot live perpetually on mountain tops. Far more often we live on the plains or even in the valleys of human existence, and for life in the valleys the lightening flashes of religious exaltation must somehow be transformed into a force for daily living, a force which is readily accessible and constantly applied.

One such transformation is ethics, religion's regulation of human conduct. Isaac stressed this element of faith when he compared religion to a field. The field is a symbol of man's labor with man. Isaac perceived the heart of religion in the field of human endeavor, in the practice of justice and lovingkindness between man and man.

Who would deny the primacy of ethics in religion? Did not the spokesman of God himself proclaim: It hath been told thee of man what is good and what the Lord doth require of thee, only to do justly and to love mercy? And yet, again it must be emphasized that though morality is indeed a vital element of faith, it does not constitute the whole of faith, though many would make it so. All too often a rabbi is challenged on this point: "Religion is right conduct," someone will say, "its purpose is to make man good. As for God, who needs him? We need no synagogue or church to make us good. We need no preacher or teacher, no Bible or prayerbook. Morality is the kernel of religion, the rest is only husk, let's throw it away and good riddance..."

But the evidence is clear today that the kernel of ~~religious~~ morality cannot long be preserved without the protective husk of religious belief and practice. Germany taught us this truth, and Russia bodes to repeat the bitter lesson. How is it that human beings can kill their brother man in cold blood? What was wrong with the Nazi guards of Auschwitz or the Russian tank troopers in the streets of Budapest? Where was their natural feeling of pity for the helpless, where was their instinctive sympathy for the weak? The reason is not far to seek. These nobly sentiments are neither natural nor instinctive. Mercy and justice and sympathy are the distillations of centuries of moral and religious training. This training was consciously and deliberately denied in Germany, and that is why its sons could grow up to poison and to kill.

Now it is true, that there are many people in the world who exhibit the noblest qualities of life though they have long ago surrendered formal adherence to faith; there are men and women in the world by the thousands, millions who love truth, and practice kindness and search for beauty, though they have never entered a synagogue or church or mosque. But we must not forget that the ideals by which these people live are not inborn impulses. They are the recipients of the religious training of pious ancestors. They themselves may not believe in God, but their fathers and forefathers did, and because they did ~~they~~ ^{and in} obedience to divine command, ~~taught their children~~ they taught their children to love and honor man.

Morality may be the essence of faith, but it cannot long survive unless it is sustained by faith in God and perpetuated by religious instruction and practice. Jacob reminded us of this truth when he compared religion to a House. The House is a symbol of the synagogue and the school. Jacob taught us that if religious insights and ethical values are to be permanent and concrete, they must be embodied in a house, in an institution dedicated to God.

Jacob was right. A sense of ecstasy and communion with God may be indispensable to faith, but where are we attuned for such communion - surely only in the disciplined service of the synagogue with its beauty in prayer and music and rite. Morality may be the ultimate test of religion's sincerity - but where are ethical values preserved and taught in the synagogue - in its prayer and in its instruction. It is the house of God which brings men together, inspiring them with a sense of solidarity and with faith in the ultimate victory of their cause.

Commenting upon a verse in our Torah portion: the voice is the voice of Jacob but the hands are the hands of Esau, a legendary tale of the Talmud relates that once the nations of the world entered before Abnimos the weaver. They said to him: Can we attack this nation? He said to them: Go and pass before their Houses of Study and their Houses of Prayer. If you hear children chanting you cannot attack them. But if you do not hear children chanting you can attack them. Thus our father assured us: the voice is the voice of Jacob - so long as the voice of Jacob is heard in Houses of Prayer and Study, the hands of Esau will not prevail.

Field, Mountain, House - these metaphors reveal three conceptions of God, three expressions of religion, each of them different, but each indispensable to a fuller understanding of faith. At its finest religion seeks a sense of immediacy with God. Religion's ultimate test lies in the extent to which its teachings are practiced between man and man. But that is not enough. The beliefs and practices of religion require a center, a House of God which can keep these ideals resolutely before man. Bringing each generation to the wells of spiritual power. When faith, morality and ritual are welded together into a living unity, religion can inspire men to work toward the fulfillment of ancient dream and promise, the coming of the day when "men shall do no evil and work no destruction on all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Am en

וַיֵּצֵא יִצְחָק לְהִמָּדֵת בַּשָּׂדֶה

And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide, and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold there were camels coming... And Rebecca lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she alighted from the camel.. and she took her veil and covered herself.. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sara's tent, and she became his wife and he loved her...

These lovely lines, taken from our Torah portion for today, provide a most fitting setting for our service dedicated as it is to the younger married set of our Temple, the Mr. and Mrs. Club, and we are delighted to welcome its members to this service as our guests of honor. Young marriage is a time of romantic love, and our Torah portion tells a story of love, the story of Isaac and Rebecca, their meeting and their marriage.

The preacher is tempted to expound on this very subject, to speak of marriage and of love. Prudence bids him forbear. As Rabbi Klein so often reminds me ~~know~~adays, the first year of my marriage is over, and it is high time that I turn from love to the more serious subjects of life.

Nonetheless, my point of departure will be the same. The text of our sermon remains the verse read a moment ago: "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide. However, the development of our text will take a different direction. Its ultimate theme is suggested by the Rabbis of the Talmud, when, in a striking comment on this passage they declared that each of the patriarchs had a different conception of God, a different view of religion. Abraham, they said, pictured his faith as a mountain, for when he brought his son to Mount Moriah he declared: ה' ל' מ' On the mountain the Lord may be seen. Abraham's son Isaac compared religion to a field; our text provides scriptural proof: $\text{וַיֵּצֵא יִצְחָק לְהִמָּדֵת בַּשָּׂדֶה}$ And Isaac went forth to meditate in the field; his meditation was prayer, he prayed to God in the field, he found his God in the field. Jacob, on the other hand, compared religion to a House, for does not the Bible tell us that when Jacob saw his vision of the ladder ~~ascending~~ reaching heavenward with angels ascending and descending upon it he cried out:

וַיֹּאמֶר יַעֲקֹב הַיָּדָה הַזֶּה וְהָאֵל עָמַד עָלָיָהּ

וַיֹּאמֶר יַעֲקֹב הַיָּדָה הַזֶּה וְהָאֵל עָמַד עָלָיָהּ

To Rise Above Sorrow

An old legend tells us that when Adam, the first man, was driven out of the garden of Eden, he came before his Maker and cried out in ^{his} despair: "God, where will I find comfort in my loneliness...how can I ease my misery...how can I soothe my grief." In response to his plaintive cry, God presented Adam with a precious gift - a tear. "This saline drop," said God, "this tear-drop is endowed with healing power. In times of sorrow it will wash away your grief, in moments of despair it will ease the anguish of your soul."

Time, even into Ours
Since Adam's day man's plaint remains the same. Oh God, how can we overcome the sorrow that is our lot in life...how can we rise above it? Pain's balm, the tear, is still available to us, but tears are not enough, not always. There is a sorrow which is beyond all tears, a pain which chokes the channels leading to their healing source. There are times in life when we cannot even weep; and even if we could all tears on earth we ld scarcely serve to ~~wash~~ quench our furnace burning hearts.

When all is said
And yet, we have to meet life's central challenge to the spirit. Somehow, somewhere we must find the strength to bear our burdens and to turn from despair to hope, from the gloom of grief, to the light of life. After all, life must go on, no matter what our losses. Life must go on, and a life of absorption in sorrow is only half a life...it denies its better part...the good which redeems the evil...the light which illumines the dark. Life must go on, for life is not wholly ours. It belongs also to those whose life we touch, whose soul is twinned to our soul. Whatever we do to narrow our life, narrows their life ~~also~~; whatever darkens our life is their blight as well. And they have a right to expect our full participation in life, in its tasks and responsibilities, especially those whom we love and who love us the most. No, life is not wholly ours. It is also God's who wounds and heals, who ~~costs~~ ^{costs} us down and ~~costs~~ ^{lifts} us up again, who gives and takes our sorrow, who ^{et} eternal arms will surely uphold us on our lonely journey through the shadows.

Surely, we must learn to bear our burdens. Burdens rightly borne are helps to living. Burdens wrongly borne are hindrances, obstacles barring our onward quest through life.

But how can we learn to bear our burdens? Some people say that time is the great teacher, the great healer, time can help us forget, ^{thereby} forget all evil. But do we really want to forget our sorrow, ought we do forget it? Of course not. The man who consciously drives all gloom from his mind, lives as narrow a life as the man who nurses his grief. They both ^{of them} are sick - perpetual hilarity, the constant quest to escape gloom, is as severe an illness as melancholia. They both deny reality in its fulness, they both live only half a life.

There is a sadness in life. This sadness can not be wiped away, merely by ~~saying~~ ~~that~~ forgetting it, by saying that it does not exist, by thinking positive thoughts, by whistling in the dark. Moreover this sadness has its place. Even as the light illumines the dark, so does darkness intensify our vision and appreciation of ^{light}. The sadness of life is a help to living. It can make us more sensitive, more understanding, more grateful for the good in life; it can bring us closer to the greatness which is always trying to lay its touch upon us; or, in shorter, more familiar words, ^{Sadness} ~~it~~ can help us grow a soul.

When we confront life's central tests - our defeats and our losses - a complete forgetting is as wrong and ill of consequence as a complete remembering. There is only one alternative: to forget in part and to remember in part. A man can do that, he has this double gift from god, this precious talent, the gift of selective remembrance. We ^{if we wish} can exercise a wise control over the things which we want to lay up in our memory, and the things which we wish to wipe from it.

What ought we to forget and what ought we to remember? The one great criterion is life. That which is a drag upon life is best forgotten; that which can help us in our onward journey ought to be retained in the treasure house of our memory.

~~What ought we to forget and what ought we to remember? The one great criterion is life. That which is a drag upon life is best forgotten; that which can help us in our onward journey ought to be retained in the treasure house of our memory.~~

When we suffer defeats in life, the memory of our humiliation and our shame can only hinder us, whereas, the thought of our past mistakes can help us grow. When we suffer illness and incapacity, the memory of our pain can only serve to darken our future; the thought of our resilience and our perseverance can brighten all we do. When death strikes close to home and a dear one is taken from our midst, the thought of our personal loss will prove depressing, even as the remembrance of the dead, the good and the beautiful things they did in life, must prove inspiring. It is thus that the burdens we bear, bear us, if we bear them rightly. And to bear our burdens rightly means to forget wisely and to remember nobly.

To remember only that which can be transformed into hope - here is the ^{wonderous} secret of endurance. The test is unfailing. Mankind proved this long ago by transforming the memory of the dead into the hope of everlasting life. The nations of the world prove this with their patriotism, which transforms the names and events of the past into an inspiration for the future. Our own people, Israel, proved this by turning the memory of suffering into the hope of universal salvation. Outcast and disfranchised, Israel aspired after liberty and justice for all on earth. Without honor, and driven from its home, it wove the strands of its national grief into the hope of One Kingdom for all. The very blood which Jews shed was poured into the veins of the world, so that, at some distant day, the light ^{for} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~small~~ men might be quickened. The Jew remembered Zion but only to transform that memory into the dream of future redemption for Israel, for ~~all~~ mankind.

So let every man test his burdens by the light of this thought. Can these burdens be turned into blessings? Can each painful memory be sublimated into a glorious hope? If so, that memory ought to be retained; if not, the thought of that experience merits only extirpation.

It is as if a man bore the parcel of memories on his right shoulder and the bundle of hope on the left. Let him find out if he can shift his load from the memory shoulder to the hope shoulder. If he cannot, there must be something wrong with himself, there must be something unworthy in his reaction to pain. If he can, if his load sits

even better on the left than on the right shoulder, he has answered life's ~~challenge~~ bravely.

In this manner can we rise above our losses of the moment and turn from grief to life: by forgetting wisely, by remembering nobly, by hoping heroically.

In the midst of life's ~~struggles~~ losses we must think of life's gifts. In the midst of life's sorrows, we must remember life's joys. In the midst of life's ~~own~~ failures, we must remember its conquests. In the midst of life's despairs, we must cling to life's undying hope.

Nor are these losses separate from these gifts, these joys from these sorrows, these griefs from these hopes. One is the child of the other. ^{(6) / 12 / 19} Whatever is given is ultimately taken away. But whatever is taken is given back again. When someone dies, we ^{may} lose our love for them and they love for us ~~at~~, but ^{only for a} ~~at first~~ ^{remembered} ~~only~~. Ultimately that love returns to us through remembrance; and ~~that~~ love is more secure, more lasting than ⁱⁿ our love ~~during~~ life, for love during life is buffeted about, ^{it} ~~and~~ rises and falls as it gives way to the stresses and strains of living; ^{while} ~~but~~ the love of remembrance is eternal. The 'ahavah rabbo' ~~the absolute~~ ~~of~~ of life's morning, gives way to the 'ahavas olam' ~~the absolute~~ of life's night.

May these thoughts help us to turn to life with courage ^{may it fill us with the desire} not to plunge into despair, never to yield to the obsession of sorrow, never to live cloistered behind the walls of an ill controlled grief - but to turn from the silence of sorrow to the noise of the city, from the stillness of the grave to the tasks and responsibilities of life. May our sorrow never be so dark but that there shine through it the ^{light} of hope. And may that hope not be the last refuge of the disconsolate, but rather a mighty, life-giving force, bent upon enhancing life wherever we may find it.

Thus, bearing our burdens nobly and courageously, we will surely merit God's sustaining help and the fulfillment of his promise: l'hotzi mi'beis keleh yoshvei choshech" to bring to bright light those who dwell in darkness. Amen.

It is with a measure of apprehension that I approach my tasks this morning. It is no small matter for a ~~preacher~~ minister to address his fellow ministers, for a preacher to preach to fellow preachers. I feel very much like someone confronting a volcano, nay, volcanoes eething to erupt and I appreciate the forbearance, the heroic self-restraint you must exercise to listen to another of your kind knowing full well that you could do so very much better yourself. But then, you will have the opportunity to erupt just a little bit later on and I pray that your lava will not be too searing.

I regret much that I could not be with you yesterday. What I heard during the concluding hours last night proved to me that I miss much. I fear also that because of my absence I may touch on subjects which you have already covered exhaustively. If so, forgive me.

To begin with, let me say that I appreciate the opportunity these dialogues afford. It is good to know first hand what we believe. It is good to know what our respective commitments really are. We may not be able to avoid conflict in this manner...unhappily, there is no proof that knowledge, intellectual perception of opposing view inevitably leads to understanding and harmony. No one can claim, as an instance, that a Paul Blanchard's intensive study of Roman Catholicism ipso facto made him a friend of the Catholic Church. It is quite possible to grasp an opposing position intellectually, to understand that position fully, and yet to oppose it with a passion. Still, by getting together and by listening to one another we may discover that our areas of agreement are far wider in scope than we may have imagined allowing united action; and, perhaps even more important, we can together stake out the groundrules which will make our ~~unavoidable~~ conflict *unavoidable through* creative and socially productive.

Conclusion
Conflict can be productive. This is the faith on which America is built. Our economic system is predicated on the assumption that the greatest temporal good to the greatest number is most likely to be achieved if individual businessmen are free to compete on the open market for public patronage of their goods. Moreover, we are committed to this system not only in material wares, but in spiritual wares as well. Justice Holmes once declared that "the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the free market"...and over and over again the Supreme Court has ruled that the first Amendment must be interpreted to guarantee all faiths "equal access to the market of souls."

Competition among religious cultures, moreover, is consistent with the concept of cultural pluralism which was once and has become again the ^{accepted} pattern of the American Dream. It was Jefferson's treasured gift to the sons and daughters of this blessed land which we failed to appreciate fully only during those xenophobic years following World War I that not so proud period of our history which bequeathed to us among many other ills its shameful heritage of restrictive immigration laws. Hopefully, most segments of our community have outgrown this stage of adolescent nationalism with its ideal of the single American type cooked to order in the melting pot. And we can agree once again with Jefferson that "uniformity of opinion is no more desirable than uniformity of face and stature" that therefore the preservation of distinctive values is a real contribution to the richness and depth of our common American life.

If this be so - and here surely is an area of common agreement - we must come to recognize that ~~divergent~~ religions in their divergence are slowly becoming the sole source of the material for a pluralistic culture. There was a time when we could rely on the immigration of divergent ~~groups~~ ethnic groups to provide us with the varying melodies of the American symphony. This is no longer so. Immigration has become only a negligible drizzle into the vast ocean of America's population so that ethnic origin ~~has ceased to be~~ is ceasing to be a significant element in the make up of our country's culture. A new primary source for cultural pluralism is needed and religious competition is the only answer. In a word, the pluralism that was once sustained by the large scale immigration of diverse ethnic groups must now be nourished from the competitive creativity of the diverse religious groups which make up the American Community.

How fortunate for us that this be so, for even if it were not so we would still have to be true to the dictates of our faith, would we not? There is no religion without commitment. To whomsoever He will send us we will go, and whatsoever He will command us, we will speak.

But it is so. We can be true to our faith without diminishing the grandeur of the American Dream. Upon the contrary: our commitment exalts that dream. That is why we should never be afraid if the adherents of a particular faith seek to reshape the institutions of American culture according to their own scale of values, yes even if they seek to reshape America's laws to conform to their moral code. If the established pattern is correct, the new challenge will be successfully met. If the new challenge will result in some modification of the established way, why then it can safely be assumed that at the modification, if it lasts, will have been worthwhile. Out of such never ending competition comes America's pluralistic culture, ever dynamic, ever changing, ever reflecting the stresses and strains of the multitudinous and contradictory elements, and yet, somehow, coming out as the substantially harmonious orchestration of these components. This process is [^]creative competition.

But competition is not creative by its very nature. It can also be destructive, when it is ill controlled and leads to acrimony and violence. That is why we must carefully create and preserve those devices which control competition in the religious sphere and help it to ~~remain~~ remain socially productive.

Perhaps the phrase 'controlling' competitions is poorly chosen, for the very first of these safeguards is, in a sense, the absence of control. I mean, of course, a free society, a state which keeps its hands off, a government which does not exert pressure in favor of a particular religion.

Perhaps because of its libertarian spirit in matters theological, and surely also because of its long history as an oppressed minority, the Jewish ~~people~~ religious group has always been filled with sympathy for the dissenter, not just for the dissenter within ~~religion~~ the body religious, but also for the secularist who dissents against all religion. Here is one reason why the American Jewish community has always insisted on the broadest possible interpretation of the first amendment, even as the Court ruled in the Everson and McCullom cases to wit that these amendments divorce the church and the state most thoroughly, that they impose upon the government an obligation to abstain from religious affairs and from granting ~~tax~~ financial or other governmental aid to religious institutions. In a word, we believe that the government is to be neutral, not merely as between different religions, but also as between religion and non religion, and indeed even between religion and anti religion.

The Jewish position on almost every single public issue, domestic or foreign can be gauged by this measure: does ~~it~~ a particular measure in any manner either directly or indirectly, yea even to the slightest degree detract from the thoroughness of the separation of church and state, if it does, we are against it, unequivocally. This explains our opposition to the introduction of religious teaching in the public schools and the release time program; this explains our unyielding objection to direct or indirect aid for parochial schools whether they be Christian or Jewish. This is what explains, ultimately, our opposition to compulsory Sunday laws.

The Jewish issue of State Church Separation quite obviously is opposed to the approach of Catholicism as we understand this approach. The Church views the first amendment as a ^{governmental} ban against the preferential treatment of a particular religion, but not as a ban against religious activity in its entirety, in other words, that the government may provide aid to religion, provided this aid is extended to all religious groups equally. We understand this view. We disagree.

The stand of Protestantism perplexes us. On the one hand we see its efforts to introduce religious teaching into the Public Schools; on the other hand we note its violent opposition to the use of public funds either directly or indirectly for parochial schools. If the former is affirmed, we cannot see how opposition to the latter can be justified on constitutional or any other grounds. Fearfully we feel that Protestantism cannot long continue thus to enjoy the best of all possible worlds.

Jewish insistence on the literal interpretation of the first amendment should not be taken for mere secularism. We simply don't see how any other interpretation will safeguard our liberties. The separate but equal doctrine failed in the realm of race relations; why assume that it can succeed in the sphere of religion. The government may well begin to allocate its support on an equal basis; ultimately the sheer numerical weight of the majority religion will begin to shift the balance of support. The bitter lesson of our experience in many lands has taught us this truth. We do not oppose religion, God knows. Religion is the very breath of our life, the be all and end all of our existence as a distinctive group. We simply prefer a secular state to state religion, choosing to support our religious life with the means available to the adherents of our faith alone. We are convinced that the best way to keep from these shores the religious bloodshed, the persecution, the intolerance which plagued mankind in the old world, is to maintain a high wall of separation between church and state in the new world.

I would speak of one more safeguard which will keep us from the excesses of religious competition. It is an inner safeguard, it is a safeguard which each faith must place on itself. I speak of the need to limit religious chauvenism, the excessive claim of infallibility in the knowledge of God's way, the refusal to recognize at least the sincerity of those who dissent.

There are motifs stressing exclusiveness and choice in every faith. There must be counter motifs also. In Judaism we have the dictum: every righteous person among the nations has a share in the world to come. Similar universal strains must be found in every religion affirming that the God who is the father of all of us would not deny his favor to any of his children who earnestly seek to find Him. And if we cannot grant this, at least we cannot grant the freedom to err, the freedom to make a mistake.

To me perhaps the most beautiful aspect of ~~the Jewish~~ Judaism is just this strain, this claim of uncertainty in the claim of exclusive truth -

Confession

Concessions would eliminate worst elements of our competitive process.

preclude use of force

" suppression of activities

Verbal blows -

appeal to emotion

constant questioning of motives
rather than power being

To me must be also largest

If such a spirit could be ministered our competition would be a wholesome one, then we could make headway in the shaping of our common culture.

free to faith

help to preserve & deepen in beauty

The American ideal which to many of us is the crown jewel of Western civilization & by extension therefore the proud creation of our common faith for it is the ideal common to all our fathers

which give dominant shape to western civilization

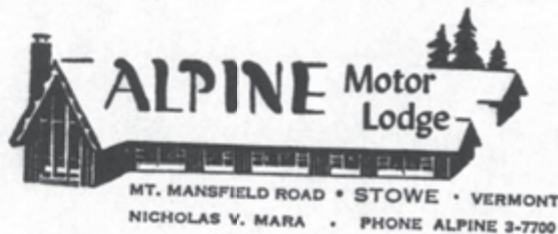
Religions on the American scene make their contribution to this pattern. They constitute a source for the materials which go into the making of a pluralistic culture. Religious values shape America's values; religious forms give form to the life of all Americans. Moreover, as Leo Pfeffer perceptively pointed out, the religions of America are slowly becoming the primary resource for cultural divergence in our land. There was a time when we relied primarily on the immigration of divergent ethnic groups to give us the varying melodies of the American symphony. But immigration has become an insignificant force here. Numerically, it has been reduced to an insignificant trickle, especially when compared to that vast ocean which is America's population. Moreover, loyalty to ethnic traditions weakens with each new generation born in this land. But the religious loyalty of these newer generations is deepened (if students of American society are correct) and it is out of this loyalty ~~that the sustaining strains of~~ ^{the sustaining strains of} American pluralism can grow.

How fortunate for us that this be so, for even if it were not so, we would still have to be true to the dictates of our faith, would we not? There is no religion without commitment. There is no faith without consecrated deed. To whomsoever He will send us, we will go; and whatever He will command us we will do.

But it is so. We can be true to our faith without diminishing the grandeur of the American dream. Upon the contrary, our commitment exalts that dream. That is why we need not be fearful when the adherents of a particular faith try to refashion the life or even the laws of America in the light of their conviction. It is their duty to their faith, their right as citizens of this land. So long as our society is free, and the members of other faiths are true to their convictions, there will always be counter-efforts. Compromises will be made, modifications will ensue, a reshaping of our institutions will be the consequence. That is the American process, the growth pattern of our pluralistic culture, ever growing, ever changing, ever responding to the demands of many opposing elements and withal emerging as a harmonious whole.

8
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RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

RELIGIOUS COMMITMENT IN A

FREE SOCIETY.

Seething
It is with a measure of apprehension that I approach my tasks this morning. It is no small matter for a minister to address his fellow ministers, for a preacher to preach to fellow preachers. A colleague, faced with a similar duty saw himself as confronting a volcano, nay volcanos ~~seething~~ to erupt, and I appreciate the forbearance, the heroic self restraint you must exercise to listen to another of your kind, knowing full well that you could do so very much better yourself. But then, you will have the opportunity to erupt just a little bit later on, during our discussion period, and I pray that your lava will not be too searing.

I regret that I could not be with you during the entire period of your deliberations. What I heard in the concluding hours last night proved to me that I missed much. I fear, also, that because of my absence I may touch on subjects which you have already covered exhaustively. If so, forgive me.

To begin with, let me say that I appreciate the opportunity these dialogues afford. It is good to hear first hand what each of us believes. It is good to know what our respective commitments really are. We may not be able to avoid conflict in this manner. Knowledge, or rather the intellectual perception of opposing views does not inevitably lead to harmony; it is quite possible to grasp an opposing view *a contrary position* intellectually, to understand a ~~contrary position~~ fully, and yet to oppose it with a passion. Still, by sharing our views, by expounding our reasoning to one another, we may discover areas of agreement far more extensive than we might have imagined. Or, at the very least, we can together set down groundrules which will make our interaction, our conflict, ~~unavoidable though it be~~, creative and socially productive.

Competition can be productive. This is a major credo in the faith that is America. Our economic system is built upon this precept, assured that our material well being is enhanced when businessmen are free to compete on the open market for public patronage of their goods. Our world of thought and spirit is built on similar foundations - though there are those in every age who would deny it - and we agree with Justice Holmes that "the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the free market."

facile
Thus it is that cultural pluralism has become the accepted pattern of the American dream. We do not seek ^{to create} a single American type cooked to order in the melting pot. Uniformity of opinion is no more desirable to us than is uniformity of feature. And we see in the continuance of distinctive ways and values a deepening, an enrichment of the American way of life.

~~Religions on the American scene have many, overlapping, and interlocking~~

The Dybbuk, which we are about to see, is a classic of Jewish literature. Written at the turn of the century, it immediately captured the imagination of the Eastern European Jewish masses. Through translation into most major languages, but also in the original Yiddish and in Hebrew, the Dybbuk has been performed in the chief theaters of the world. No less than three times did the Dybbuk reach Broadway - a Yiddish version by the Marics Schwartz troupe, the Hebrew Version of the Habimah and an English translation starring Judith Anderson in the leading role of Leah. In recent years two operas were written, based on the theme of the Dybbuk - one Italian version, and an English opera produced last year by the City Center Opera Company.

The spiritual sphere in which Chassidism lives and has its being is Chassidism - this was the last great religious movement in Jewry, before the positivistic temper of a scientific era undermined all religious belief.

The founder of Chassidism was Israel Baal Schem Tov, a saint a rabbi, known to later generations simply as the Besht. Before he came to the fore Judaism was well on its way to being mummified. The study of the Talmud and its innumerable commentaries had absorbed the entire intellectual energies of its men of learning. The greatness of the scholar consisted in his ability to inwrangle Talmudic tangles rather than in opening new horizons of thought. Piety meant a fear inspired observance of the countless little things permitted or forbidden by the law, and the religious Jew was fear ridden lest he forget to do this or that at the prescribed moment. Judaism became essentially legalistic and intellectualistic; emotionalism was identified and feared as the mysticism out of which grew the false Messianic movements which brought so much disaster to Judaism.

The Baalshem tore apart these heavy clouds. He saw rigid law as the creation of man, and not the creation of God. He saw the world as a mystic whole ~~xxxxxxx~~ of which man is an integral part - man could become a part of God by constantly increasing his love of God.

The immediate effect of his teaching was that it put an end to the pre-eminence of the scholar. The pious, god loving unlettered found himself on an equal plane with the ~~next~~ greatest scholar. The fear of transgressing the law vanished - God looked for purity of heart, not for external piety. Hope supplanted despair, gloom gave way to good cheer, and Jews sang and danced in a mood of pious ecstasy.

It was Ansky's purpose, in writing the Dybbuk, to present life in a Chassidic community, a life hovering on the boundary between two worlds, the world of reality, and the faith created world of supernatural forces.

The specific folk-lore upon which the dybbuk is based, was the mystic belief that ^{some} ~~the~~ souls ~~of~~ of the dead can find no rest, and thus pass into the bodies of living, in the form of a Dybbuk until they have attained purity.

The first words that come to my lips as I stand before you on this Sabbath day is a fervent prayer for the speedy recovery of Rabbi Klein. May he be with us soon and in full strength able to teach and to preach to interpret the words of the very God of ^{LOVE} ~~Love~~ before whom we all stand in awe and humble reverence tonight.

The sermon which Rabbi Klein ^{hoped} ~~intended~~ to deliver tonight ^{was arranged for him} ~~is~~ entitled: "How Essential is Law to Judaism?" ^{In his message Rabbi Klein} ~~in which he~~ intended to discuss the proposed Reform Shulchan Aruch which is ^{meant} to be a Code of Ritual Practice incumbent upon all members of reform congregations. This subject forms the core of the controversy around which the latest issue of American Judaism Magazine is built. ^{Most of you have this magazine in your home; I commend the pertinent article to your consideration.} I hope you will forgive me ^{if} I do not address myself to the theme chosen by Rabbi Klein for himself. When all is said and done, a sermon is very much like a jacket or a suit, it fits only one person well, another cannot wear it. To be sure now, preachers very frequently speak about the same thing, and they utilize similar or same ideas. After all, the primary source for all rabbis is the same: the Bible, the Midrash, the holy literature of our people and our faith. And yet each preacher, if he is a true preacher, adds something of his own - he speaks not only from memory, ^{from his} he pours out his heart and his soul - ^{the} ~~each~~ ^{he presents here} idea passed through the fire of his feeling and his thought. That is why no one preacher can speak the words of another.

I will diverge from established practice ^{of this temple} in still one other way. I will not base my sermon for tonight on the scriptural passage of the week. I will base my sermon rather on an experience which fell to my lot not too long ago.

This is not to say that I reject the convention which requires that a sermon begin with a text - a verse from scripture or from rabbinic literature which summarizes the theme that is to be presented by the preacher. But what is a text, when all is said and done. It is the experience of some man boiled down to the size of an epigram. →

At some time in the past a great prophet or Saint wrestled with the basic problems of life, he contemplated this universe and then proceeded to distill his experience into a single line for those that would come after him. That is a text.

But it is not only ~~the~~ great people - saints and prophets and heroes — who contemplate God and life and death. We too ~~like~~ the plainer folks of the earth, live and laugh and suffer, we too catch glimpses of eternity and the things that people do. There are texts in us too, in our every day commonplace experiences, if we are only wise enough to discern them.

One such experience, a textual experience, fell to my lot not so long ago. There was nothing dramatic about its setting - at least it was a commonplace setting for a century used to war and death. There was nothing too unusual in the circumstance of my experience. And yet to me it was a moment of discovery, a moment of revelation.

It happened during the Second World War. Our Company was quartered in an Italian Farm house somewhere in the Po valley. It was a cold wintry ^{A DAY} day filled with violence, the violent storms of nature, the violent ragings of men. Bombers ~~thundered~~ and fighters screamed overhead; ~~from the~~ ^{thundered} ~~not too far distance~~ the rumbling of deadly guns was heard. A little boy, perhaps five or six, ^{old} scampered across the court yard; ~~the boy was~~ ^{he was badly} ~~frightened~~ ^{FRIGHTENED BY THE NOISE + BY THE PRESENCE OF STRANGE MEN} tears trickled down his cheek. ~~Suddenly~~ ^{Suddenly} his mother appeared ^{AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE} She said nothing. She merely opened her arms and smiled. The boy ran to her; ^{no longer was he afraid} he stopped his weeping; he was ~~at peace and safe~~, ^{he was at peace}.

This is my experience, that is all there is to it, ~~and yet so long as I live I shall never forget that moment.~~ A little boy frightened by noise a mother saying nothing yet bringing peace - a simple, commonplace experience - who has not shared it at one time or another in his life. and yet so long as I live I shall never forget that moment.

Now that I have had time to think about this experience, and I do think about it often, I know why ^{Respect and} it made such a profound impression upon me. ^{it} This experience taught me the value of silence, ^{for it} this experience taught me the strength of silence. This experience brought into sharp contrast ^{loud} the blatant voice of evil with the quietness of spiritual force, the thunderstorm of war and a mother's love - the one obtrusive, boisterous, the other inaudible, imperceptible - and it was the mother's love which prevailed.

It is always so. Silence always triumphs over noise. To be sure, we human beings are sensitive to noise, loud things ^{claim} our attention - but they do not hold our attention. Spiritual forces which make no noise reach deeper, take hold harder and last longer than any other forces.

History should long ago have taught us this truth? All that made noise in ancient ^{Greece} Egypt is gone, but the Illiad and the Odyssee and the Dialogues of Plato, the dream of beauty and the love for truth, these still remain. All that made a noise in Israel of old is gone, yea even the Temple, with its ^{pagentry} ^{the priests + their} ^{these} priests and their pagentry and trumpets have vanished; but the faith of the Psalmists and the insights of the prophets have not vanished.

This truth is not just a historical matter. It finds ample evidence in our time as well. Books of violent adventure can be read once, the silent simple poem can be read over and over again. A life of violence may claim attention and hit the headlines of the tabloids; a silent man in a sleepy village - Einstein in Princeton - leaves a more profound and lasting impression on mankind. ^{Silence is still the best reply to defecation} Thought is silent; love is silent; growth makes no noise. Creative power works in stillness - and yet without these forces nothing would be, nothing would exist:

"there is no speech, there are no words
neither is their voice heard...
And yet their line is gone out through all the world.

A rabbi of the Talmud assigns silence an important role in the acquisition of knowledge: Syog lachochmo shessiko, the safeguard of wisdom is silence. On the surface of it, this seems like strange advice - gaining wisdom through silence - silence seems too negative too passive a quality for the gaining of knowledge.

And yet, here too silence triumphs. After all, if we want to learn, we have to listen, in order to listen we have to keep ~~xxxxx~~ silence. The trouble with most of us is that we talk - talk is fine - it is natural to talk - there is only one fault with constant talking, when you talk you cannot listen, and if you don't listen you cannot learn. This surely is what another rabbi meant when he said: All my life I ~~xxx~~ have lived among the wise and found nothing better than silence.

Listening is not enough to the acquisition of wisdom. Many wise men who can teach us much, do not live near enough to us that we might listen to them. Many lived centuries ago. We can still learn from them by reading their books. ~~Again then,~~ if we want to read, we have to keep silence. And if we want to understand and learn to apply what we read we have to think, and thinking requires silence...again it is a silence, the silence of reading and thinking which opens for us the treasure house of wisdom.

We can find God only in silence. He speaks not in the blatant voice of evil but with a still small voice. We can find him if we seek him, not in ~~the~~ turbulence and din of violence but in quite place, ^{in the stillness of worship} ~~by still waters,~~ kindness where beauty dwells and truth is found, where ~~xxx xxx~~ rules, yea we can find Him where a mother silently opens her arms to embrace her child with love.

If we could all only learn and act upon this truth, if we could all only recognize that the inward force we so desperately need cannot be found in noisy places. And that is where we foolishly look for it even when we don't have to: ^{the moment we hear a full house} we rush out with our cars along a noisy highway speeding to get into a night-club filled with smoke and noises of discord, ^{we rush} then back again to our houses just in time to flick the ^{TV} dials in a desperate effort to catch the ~~late~~ late show...all because we are afraid to be alone with ourselves one single minute, because we are afraid of silence.

We need our souls restored, but thundering airplanes and falling bombs do not restore the soul, no, nor ^{raffling can} ~~clanging~~ ^{clanging} subways and shouting crowds and all of the other blaring noises of our busy days. Only in quiet places, by green pastures and beside the still waters can God restore our souls.

This is the insight that came to me one cold wintry day in Italy when I stood watching a mother embrace her child: the value of silence, the strength of the still small voice.

~~Silence is the heart of wisdom~~

The destiny of creation is in the hearts of forces that make no noise.

Let us respond to ^{the force} ~~this force~~ of silence. ^{They} ~~It can~~ bring us a heart of wisdom. ^{they can} ~~It~~ can provide us with an inward reinforcement of spiritual power.

^{they can} ~~It~~ will help us find our way to God, yea even the God on High who looks down upon His ^{noisy} ~~quarrelsome~~ children and says: "Be still and know that I am God."

Amen

1
This evening, as you have heard, it is my task
to extend the remarks which I made in the concluding section
of last night's presentation
when I spoke of theology as one of the 'new frontiers' of
Reform Jewish education
as an aspect of our work which will receive increasing emphasis
in the years ahead.

Stave FORWARD for PRACTICAL -
When we speak of theology

(and I trust this is what the program chairman had in
mind when he selected and assigned my topic)

we speak not so much of a specific discipline
of a realm of knowledge, an intellectual structure which we
wish to impart to our children

But we refer rather to the wider task of creating and
deepening their faith.

The teaching of specific concepts is an important aspect of this
greater task

But it is not sufficient for the need

For we want to give our children not merely a knowledge concerning
God, but also, and even more important, the knowledge of God

We mean not only to enlarge their mind

But to direct their will

and to touch their heart, as well.

very appreciative

Theology, when seen in this light, is not one segment of the
curriculum,

It emerges rather as a theme which permeates the whole
a leitmotif which dominates each ^{+ everyone} of its parts.

It is with this broader understanding of the term theology, then,
that we approach the subject of our discourse

" Teaching Theology to our children "

The subject is admittedly broad

Too broad, perhaps, and the danger of voicing vague generalizations
confronts us

(I resisted the assignment on that score, as Rabbi Mintz
will tell you)

Let me begin by posing some general principles

alluding to their concrete applications on various levels
of our school

And in the hope that our subsequent discussion will give us
further opportunity to reach concrete conclusions.

4

The first of these general principles is the proposition that the essence of any subject may be taught to any one at any age in some form, and that as a consequence we ought never to underrate our children's capacity to grow in knowledge and understanding.

Jerome S. Bruner of Harvard University, who perhaps more than anyone else is responsible for fomenting the revolution of thought which has transformed the American School system, makes this proposition the very corner stone of his theory of education. In The Process of Education, his report as the director of a national conference of scholars, scientists and educators he writes:

"We begin with the hypothesis that any subject can be taught effectively in some intellectually honest form to any child at any stage of development. It is a bold hypothesis and an essential one in thinking about the nature of the curriculum. No evidence exists to contradict it. Considerable evidence is being amassed that supports it."

Repeat
I call your particular attention to the adjective "intellectually honest" which he employs.

The principle of integrity is inextricably interwoven with our first proposition.

We can teach a great deal more than what we ^{often} think,

But what we teach

and whatever the form in which we cast our teaching

Its substance must be honest

in full conformance with the convictions which we ^{ourselves} affirm, as adults.

6

We can teach a great deal more than what we often think,
but what we ^{teach} ~~teach~~ must be intellectually honest
true to our ~~own~~ convictions as adults -
this is the first principle which we should have in mind
in approaching our tasks.

The second proposition flows directly from the first
and focuses on the noun of our proof text
the form which we choose to transmit the the knowledge of God
must not only be intellectually honest
it must be intelligible to our children.

Our students can indeed be made to understand a great deal
but we must speak to them in a language which they understand
approaching them on their level
in the realm of their actual living experience.

"To speak to little children of metaphysics" -
our brilliant colleague and my predecessor, Dr. Borowitz
once wrote, "to speak to them of ontology, or providence
or omnipotence, is worse than silence, for in silence
God, at least, is not locked out."

To reach our children with our teaching we must think
in terms of what they feel and know.

Even the youngest of our children have experiences which give
birth to the religious spirit

experiences with wind and sun and rain

with seeds and flowers and fruit

with insect life and animal life and human life

with birth and growth and death

Out of such experiences, and man's grappling with them, all religions
have sprung

Out of such experiences, the faith of our children will spring and
burgeon as well.

WE CAN HE

In this manner we provide them with meaningful content for concepts whose names they hear but do not understand as yet. We give them the raw materials out of which the God belief is formed even though we wisely refrain from designating it as such.

What are some of these raw materials which go into the making of a life of faith?

A bare listing will suffice. You know them well, can even add to what I offer:

- a sense of beauty and of order
- a feeling of confidence and trust
- the capacity for wonderment
- an awareness of the relationship between human life and the life of the world
- a respect for life itself and its great worth
- the knowledge of man's potentiality for good

~~an appreciation of the difference between poetry and prose~~

poet vs. prosaic in trees, birds, in sun

the realization that there is a world of the spirit, a world which though extra-physical has a reality all its own.

the work of poets, e.g. - T.S. Eliot -

Limitless are our opportunities as teachers to provide these raw materials to our charges

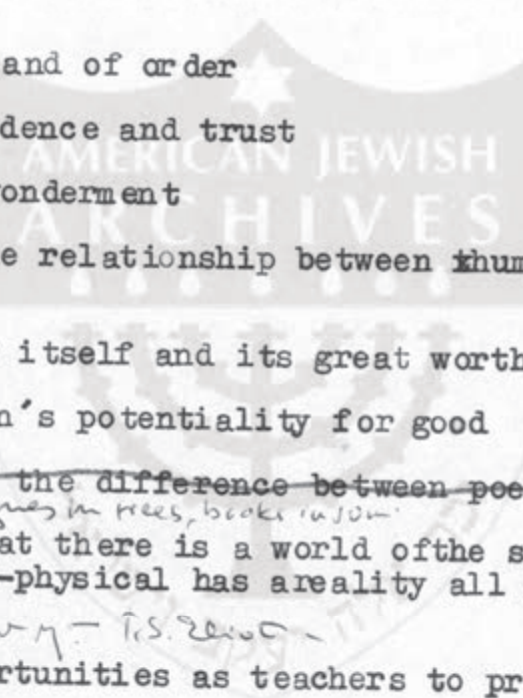
We can find them in the experiences which our children actually have or those which we create for them in ~~class~~ school as well as ⁱⁿ the experiences of others which we relate to them in our teaching

I will not insult your intelligence and imagination as teachers by telling you concretely and in great detail just how you can exploit these opportunities

Indeed the ways are infinite in number.

Let me give only one ^{illustrate} example, so that you may know precisely what I ^{have in} mean ^{mind}

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H₂O - steel, rocky waters also practical work Rilke Earth's green covers

Our strictures against abstract considerations
against the teaching of theology as a discipline
with all of its traditional categories
does not apply in the upper grades of the school
Here the children are able to deal with the broad abstractions
involved

Here they actually manifest a need for system and logical
consistency
and we ought to meet this need with every resource at our command.

Let me voice only one note of caution here:
We do not enough when we present our children with a ready made set
of values
or even if we trace their unfolding from genesis to present state
When we do, our students will listen to us politely,
perhaps even with interest, but surely no more
They will not give their hearts and minds in full involvement
until we explore these concepts in their fulness
until we expose them to the winds of challenge which come from
contemporary thought

THIS THEN IS THE SECOND -

More than this, we have to establish the particularism of our ^{INTELLIGIBLE}
ideas and ideals, to justify their designation as Jewish.
For you see, the lines of cultural demarcation have become somewhat
blurred in our time
Values which at one time could readily be identified as Jewish
have today become part and parcel of general society's
constellation of ideals
at least so it appears to our young

and this is why they want to know just why they should remain
Jewish

why they should continue to be practicing and believing Jews
not just as a matter of *pietaetsgefuehl*, of loyalty to a tradition
merely because it is a tradition

but in order to gain for themselves and to preserve for others
those values which we insist on designating characteristically
Jewish



The rabbis of old insisted that an event such as this should be an occasion for the outpouring of a powerful lesson for life.

"Mere sentiment melts away," they said, "while a truth taught remains engraved upon the mind to be a joy forever.

In seeking a subject appropriate for such a lesson tonight, I finally determined to speak to you about the goals theological and philosophical which underly reform Judaism's program of religious education.

It is a subject with which I have been concerned of late, but it is as subject which is also close to the thinking and doing of the man we honor. The advancement of Jewish education has always been uppermost in Max's scale of concerns for Jewry. You know this on a local level. You may not know that he was recently appointed to the Commission on Jewish Education, national policy making body for Reform Judaism in the realm of religious education, a body representing both the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

In any event, a knowledge of the goals of our religious education effort is not just the concern of rabbis and educators and administrators. All who are interested in Jewish survival, all who have a share in the religious rearing of our young ^{and there is not many who do not so involve} must have a knowledge of them.

The moral and spiritual generation, creation of man can well be likened to the fashioning of an elaborate mosaic. It is a mosaic created not by one but by many artists, each adding individual stones at different times. Unless the grand design is known to all, unless that design is followed always, the mosaic will never be completed, at least not in the fullness of its potential beauty and no matter how rare and radiant may be the single stones added by the single craftsman.

^{Robert Siegel}
~~Mr. Siegel~~ suggested that we spend ^{moments} our ~~hours~~ this day in re-considering the goals, theological and philosophical, which underly Reform Judaism's program of religious education. We do well to do so; he gains no wind who has no port in view. Nor is the designation of this port, of these goals, the concern of rabbis and administrators alone. All who have a share in the religious rearing of our young must have a knowledge of them.

The moral and spiritual generation, creation of man can well be likened to the fashioning of an elaborate mosaic. It is a mosaic created not by one but by many artists, each adding individual stones at different times. Unless the grand design is known to all, unless that designed is followed always, the mosaic will never be completed, not in the fullness of its potential beauty, and no matter how rare and radiant may be the single stones added by the single craftsman.

My hesitation, my apprehension is ^{still further} deepened by the awareness that in this audience are men and women more knowledgeable than I by far - my colleagues of the rabbinate my fellow panelsists and, not in the least, Abraham Siegel, whose blandishments beguiled me to accept this invitation.

Their contributions toward the advancement of Jewish education are many and meritorious. They have a life time of experience in endeavors in which I have scarcely been tested. ^{And in this presence I can well speak the words of David} HINENI HE-ONI MIMA-AS. Behold, I am poor in deeds.



It is a privilege which I greatly appreciate to be here tonight and to participate in this service. Although I am a stranger to most of you, your rabbi. I have known him for many years, know of him for many more ^{years} and I ^{have always} respect him for the many qualities of mind and heart he brings to his endeavors, for his integrity, his knowledge, his kindness - for the ability to transmit these ideals meaningfully articulated in the written and the spoken word and in the manner of his life. If it is true that a congregation ^{deserves} the kind of leadership it ^{merits} has, why then these words are meant not for him alone, but for all the sons and daughters of this holy congregation.

Our service unites the parents and the teachers of this religious school in a ^{worship team} service dedicated to Jewish Education.

The combination of ~~parents and teachers~~ is not in appropriate by any means. ^{For the consideration of} Our tradition equates the two. In the pages of our religious literature the teacher is often given the ^{appellation} title "Av" father, parent. In one dramatic passage ^{an} one of the Amoraim went so far as to decalze than when a lad his father and his teacher are held in captivity: PODE ES RABBO V'ACHAR KACH PODE ES OVIV...the teacher must be rescued even before the father.

Now Rabbi ~~Gosman~~ suggested

When death takes those we love...when our children slip through our arms...when dread disease makes waste our strength...when we think or even say, now I have reached the bottom of the sea, now I can go no deeper and yet we go deeper, why then we need a different faith, then we need the kind of faith that led the Psalmist to proclaim: GAM KI ELECH BEGEI TSALMOVES LO IRO RO KI ATTO IMODI...Yea though I I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for though art with me.

These then are the levels of the committment which we seek: knowledge leading to deed, then soaring into a rapturous communion with the divine.

This is the design of the mosaic which we mean to fashion. It is a pattern not just for the future but for the present also. The kind of Jewish adults we want our children to become is precisely the kind of Jewish adult which we ought to be. Indeed, our children can never, will never be what we are not. Emerson taught us this truth lojg ago when he proclaimed that he "who speaks as books enable, as fashion dictates only babbles, not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach. Only he can give who has. He only can create who is. Courage, piety, wisdom, love, they can teach.

And this is why we honor Max Berman, is it not? Because of what he has, because of what he is...*because he is a prophet in his life long the history of the*
Because he demands from others only what he gives of himself:

in integrity

in devotion

and in love

9

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

There we have it - "a vague folk tradition, not a genuine faith which has ^{an} impact on the conduct of its adherents." Is not this the inevitable consequence of a teaching which emphasizes appreciation rather than commitment, the presentation of a religion which makes no demands on its adherents, ^{who asks for nothing} where every man does what is right in his own eyes.

Is not this the consequence of the ethical inconsistency with which we confront our charges: the preaching of one standard, but the practice of a standard diametrically opposed, the ^{practicing} preaching of spiritual values within the synagogue - but the relentless, unceasing quest for material success without, adults who ^{instruct} teach children to ^{lead} pray but who ^{never} do not pray themselves, who do not even believe.

Is there any wonder that our children see through ~~our~~ us, that they ^{recognize} rebel against this hypocrisy for what it is and when they get to college they ^{preach as truth} preach what their elders may not have preached but what ^{they sincerely practiced}

10

Aye, and is not this the consequence of a Jewish education which stops just short of ~~its~~ fulfilling its ultimate purpose - the implanting of faith, the clarification and intensification of man's relationship to the divine. For this above all is what we want our children to be - believing Jews; this above all is what we want them to attain: a mature and an abiding faith in God.

We come here upon a crucila problem for, quite ibviously Reform Judaism is not unkfied in its theological pre-suppositions. There are those among us who are humansist naturalists, to whom God is an impersonal force, sustaining, or rather constituting the physicla and moral law which binds the universe. There are others, and I count myself among them, whose approach to theology is more traditional, to whom God is the Creator, Revealer and Redeemer, ~~Who~~ fashioned man and gave him the power to eneter into a dialogue with the divine. These divergences in theological position make it difficult to offer a unified philosophy of Jewish education.

With all that, even the naturalists will agree than their faith is more than just an intellectual excercise, that it involves feeling as well as thinking, that it demands the affirmation of the heart as well as of the mind. And both naturalists and supernaturalists are at one in their agreement that under no circumstances must the theological enterprise be dâsdained and neglected, certainly not in our approach to religious education.

Indeed, Reform Judaism's Comission on Jewish Education, enjoins us as the "primary goal of our educational effort "to inspire our children witha positive and abiding faith in the Jewish religion."

Now, whatever else we may mean by the Jewish religion - ceremony, conduct, tradition - at its core there is a concept of a continuing ^{Covenant} relationship with God. And whatever our particular idea of God may be, faith in Him means more than verbal profession

more than intellectual persuasion much more indeed than a refined doubt sublimated into a hesitant assumption. Faith demands an all consuming inner conviction, involving the full faculties of man, his heart and mind and will and spirit too, all of them blending into a rapturous communion with the divine. This is faith. This is what it means to believe 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 without the numinous experience. Our faith requires a consciousness of divine presence, KAVONOH leading to D'VEIKUS, a sense of reverence which flames into a cleaving, a commitment, a full heated response to the divine command: as that of Abraham 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 ~~heard~~ seen the lightening and heard the thunder and the voice of God as did their teacher Moses they proclaimed: HOYOM HAZEH ROINU KI JEDABER ELOHIM ES HO-ODOM We see this day that God does speak with man.

B2

when death takes those we love...when our children slip through
our arms...when dread disease makes waste our strength...when we
think or even say: now I have reached the bottom of the morass,
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 proclaim: GAM KI ELECH B'GEI TSALMOVES LO IRO RO
KI ATTO IMODI...yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

These then are the three levels of the commitment which we seek:
knowledge leading to deed then soaring ^{Crystalline} to communion with the Divine.

This is the design of the mosaic which we want to fashion -
and ^{my} you are the ^{craftsmen} ~~artisans~~ whose creative talents will ^{help} make it to be.
Our simile is not ill chosen, for teachers in truth are artists,
artists of the spirit. They seek to fashion beauty not in silver
nor in gold but in the living soul of man. And surely that person
who can take a little child, an earth bound creature and work out in
hi the divine image will one day rise higher by his work than
any a tist genius who ever lived and wrought upon the eart. For
there is no material like human nature, and there is no dignity like
working in it and there is no grandeur like success in such a working.

May we be true to our noble calling, then having heard and heeded
the divine command we will merit also to witness the fulfillment of
His promise: Thou hast prevailed, O Israel...yea, thou shalt prevail.

17
Again, there will be voices of objection: Come now rabbi, do you really believe this, do you mean to tell me that God actually spoke to Abraham, that the children of Israel really heard His voice? Why that is placing stock in miracles, in supernatural events which we modern cannot possibly accept.

When all is said & done
And yet ^{it} does not matter, does it, whether we accept the ^{Biblical} story in its detailed literal sense or merely as an interpretive account: in either case the fundamental truth remains the same: our fathers had a direct experience of God. Whatever it was that really happened, they knew for certain that God revealed Himself to them. They knew it with a knowledge of the heart, a knowledge greater than the knowledge of the mind, transcending logic or reason or the testimony of witnesses. They knew it as the artist knows beauty though he cannot touch it. They sense it as men sense love though they cannot see it and yet their lives are changed because of 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 even recognize our ties to the K'LAL YISROEL and support our brothers wherever they may be. We even believe in God, some of us do, in an intellectual sort of way. But something is missing, my friends, something that makes the difference between cold, conventional religion and its vital transforming reality. That something our fathers discovered, and we need discover it too.

We need to, desperately, for while routine religion suffices to sustain us in our lighter hours, when life runs out into its depths, why then we need a deeper faith...

~~Underlying~~
 With all that, ~~the~~ realities of Jewish life in America make it impossible to use Hebrew as the primary tool of the educational process. English will have to ^{serve that purpose} ~~be that tool~~ and our children will read the great documents of Judaism largely in translation. But the use of the vernacular need be no hindrance to commitment; after all, our children live ~~and grow~~ physically and intellectually by means of their native tongue and there is no reason to assume that they cannot grow spiritually ^{by the same means} ~~through it as well~~. The admonition of Maimonides gives us assurance; though positing the study of Hebrew as a ^{most} noble Mitzva, he nonetheless proclaimed that "it does not matter whether one studies the subject in Hebrew, Arabic or Aramaic; the main point is to understand the subject. To study is all that ^{really} matters."

The Sidra of today - Parshas Mishpotim, the 21 chapter of the Book of Exodus opens with the laws regulating the acquisition of Hebrew slaves. These laws are noted for their humaneness, especially when we consider the time in which they were promulgated. No Jew was to be enslaved for all time - not against his will anyway. Every seven years was designated as a shemitha year, a year of release - and when it came around all slaves had to be freed and their property returned.

The author of this law - ^{once} again revealing a profound understanding of human nature - envisages the possibility that a slave may wish to renounce his freedom, that he may prefer the security of servitude to the duties of freedom. We read in our text:

Veim Omar Joumar Ho-eved: Ohavti Es adoni
But if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, I will not go out free; then his master shall bring him to the judges (to repeat before them his determination to be free) and then he shall bring him to the door or the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever.

The Jew who voluntarily renounced his freedom ~~xxx~~ had his ear placed against the door-post and pierced with an awl, and thus he bore for all time and for all to see the ineradicable mark of shame, the sign of bondage of a man who was offered freedom but renounced it.

^{inner}
The meaning of this strange ceremony has been explained by two masters of our talmud: Rabbi Jochanan ben Zaccai and Rabbi Simeon and though their explanation differs in detail, their interpretation teaching the identical lesson. Rabbi Jochanan ben Zaccai said:

"Why was the ear ~~fixati~~ chosen above all other organs of the body? Because the Holy one, blessed be he said: It is the ear which heard my voice saying: for unto me are the children of Israel servants, they are my servants, not the servants of servants, yet this man went and acquired a master for himself - let his ear be bored."

Rabbi Simeon expounded:

"Why the doorpost? The Holy One blessed be he said: the door and the doorpost were witnesses in Egypt when I passed over them and proclaimed: For unto me are the children of Israel servants, they are my servants, not the servants of servants - yet this man acquired for himself a master - let him be bored against the doorpost."

In this striking manner, two distinguished rabbis of the Talmud, separated in time by nearly two ^{hundred} ~~thousand~~ years teach the all important lesson and meaning of freedom for the Jew: man is free in order to serve God. Man must choose freedom in order to be free for the service of God. Self enslavement is a denial of God, a denial of manhood, a denial of the Torah.

Once again Scripture reveals its profound understanding of human nature as well as its timelessness. Ever and again, since the time of Moses, men, as individuals and as nations, have surrendered liberty for security. Ever and again, since the days of Moses men have of their own free will chosen servitude ~~because they were afraid to be free.~~ because they were afraid to be free.

We need not go far back in history to find evidences of this self-enslavement impulse in nations. Post World War I Germany was in chaos. An infant Republic struggled manfully to meet the problem. The democrats needed time and help - government is more difficult if you rely upon voluntary aid, rather than slave labor - if, instead of dictating you respect and take into account divergent points of view. But the people were tired of thinking, of struggling. They wanted to be told what to do. They wanted security quickly. They chose a leader who promised efficiency - and he brought efficiency, efficiency in war and murder. A ~~man~~ invaded France was in chaos. Again the people were afraid, afraid to take the helm themselves. And they chose another dictator ^{Pétain} who promised efficiency - and efficiency he brought, efficiency in treason.

Dai Remiso Lechachimo - a word to the wise is sufficient say the rabbis. Both the German and French Republic's constitutions were sound, unassailable documents of freedom. But it takes more than a

piece of paper to defend a deocracy. It takes men who have faith in democracy. Who believe that democracy works in times of trouble as well as in times of peace. ~~Whom believe that freedom can be~~
~~protected by suspending freedom~~ Who are not afraid of the duties of freedom. Who are not afraid of the dangers of freedom. Who believe that freedom cannot be protected by suspending freedom. Who will not permit themselves to be seduced by the sweet song of sirens who promise security the quick and easy the efficient way. There is an old German proverb which we might well take to heart:

Surely it is the most stupid calf
That runs to the butcher to be cut in half.

Surely it is a most stupid calf
that chooses the butcher who will cut it in half.

The ~~impulse~~ disease of auto-slavery is not limited to nations. Its malignant tentacles reach out and infest the individual as well. Many men, afraid to be free, choose slavery. Men, of their own free will serve many masters.

I do not refer to physical bondage. The feudal plantation owner system has been abolished. Even here, I suppose, there are still many who surrender freedom for security. The hardy pioneer, the man who strikes out for himself, is an increasing rarity.

However, I refer primarily to mental and to emotional bondage.

Men are slaves to their passions. The lust for money, temper, rage, prejudice, enslaves their lives. We speak of the binding power of drug and drink. Men greedy for money are slaves, no matter what their gold may buy. Men who rage are slaves no matter what concessions their raging may obtain. Men who hate are slaves, no matter what their hatred will procure and destroy. They are slaves to their emotions. And a man who submits to his emotions is not free, and he is not happy. Emotional freedom is not easy to attain. Esc hu gabor

Men are also intellectual slaves, they become the servants of ideas. They hear an idea from another and accept it, or they make up their mind at an early age and then refuse to budge from their point of view. It's far easier to hold on to old ideas than to seek out new ones. Any challenge to that old idea is regarded as a personal attack. And men of ideas are suppressed as subversives.

Progress cannot long occur when the impulse to think is stifled.

~~Scientist~~ ~~Prophet~~ ~~Religion~~
~~Jerusalem~~ ~~Judea~~ exiled a Jeremiah, Athena poisoned Socrates, the Holy Roman Empire silenced Galileo. All three lost power. Scientists are non-conformists. Thinkers are non-conformists. Prophets are non-conformists. Permit them to think and progress is assured. Stifle them - then men and nations and civilizations will perish.

A hassidic rabbi once exclaimed: The real slavery of Israel in Egypt is that they had learned to endure it. To which we might piously add: and no slavery is more abject than that which is self imposed. And men and nations do, of their own volitions ~~choose~~ choose masters for themselves.

Most tragic is the sight of Jews who elect bondage. Redemption from slavery is the keynote of our existence, the beginning and the end of our ^{being} ~~existence~~. From that point of view one must acknowledge that Hitler was right in viewing the existence of the Jewish people as a danger to his nefarious scheme. Totalitarianism, the abandonment of the right to think, the subjection of the individual to the will of one man is contrary to the innate spirit of Judaism. No greater compliment was ever paid to the Jew and his teaching than that it was singled out as the arch enemy of Nazism; and though it has cost us untold sacrifice, if the doctrine of freedom has emerged, it was worth the awful cost.

Not every man can claim his freedom. Some men ~~are~~, alas to many are pressed into slavery by brute force. But when the day of freedom dawns, and man of his own volition chooses slavery, let him be branded with the badge of shame forever. He has renounced his manhood, betrayed his Judaism, profaned his God. "Unto me are the children of Israel servants, they are my servants saith the Lord of hosts and the servants of God cannot be slaves to men



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Today is the 144th Anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Today we join all Americans in honoring the memory of the greatest of all Americans. We pay a tribute in memory to the one and only hero America has given to mankind - Abraham Lincoln.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we do this. Ordinarily, the adulation of a national hero is out of harmony with the spirit of a religious service. But we do not honor ^{Abraham} him for what he did - ^{through} and his achievements were great & he emancipated the slaves and preserved the Union. We revere him for what he was: a human being of rare humanity, of profound humility, a man of faith and fortitude in the midst of vast tribulation, a giant, rising from the clg of the common life yet suffused with the splendor of ^{uncommon} eternal love.

Abraham Lincoln was a Tzaddik - a saint, in the full sense of the word. He was one of the Chassidei Umous Ho-culom - one of the righteous men among the nations of whom the rabbis said that they will ^{be awarded} merit an honored place in the world to come. His name can well be pronounced within these holy halls when we call the roll of the great saints of the Jewish past. Like unto a Moses and Isayah and Jeremiah, Lincoln was fired ~~with~~ by a lofty ideal. He fought for it. He suffered for it. He died for it. He was a ^{A worthy} Tzaddik - a saint.

Jews have always admired the saint - our tradition ~~has always~~ insisted that we do ^{him} the ~~saint~~ honor, but ^{but} for our sake, not for the saint's sake. Great men do not need our praise. We recount their ^{saintly} deeds in order to improve ourselves. Lincoln ~~himself~~ expressed this thought so eloquently when he spoke of the self-dedication of the living rather than the hallowing of a stone or piece of ground. A Lincoln day celebration is meaningless unless we try to reate Lincoln's life to our own. The customary and loved practice of reciting the tales of the holy men in our ~~past~~ ^{a lot} is purposeless unless we strive to pattern our lives by their example.

emulate

Can we do this. Can men ~~aspire to be~~ a Moses or an Isayah or a Lincoln. Is not holiness a gift from God limited to a given place or age, granted only to a few rare individuals in a generation.

By curious coincidence our Torah section for today gives us the beginning of an answer to this ^{inquiry} ~~searching~~ question: We read in today's parasha:

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And thou shalt speak unto all that are wise-hearted, whom I have filled with the spirit of wisdom, that they make Aaron garments to sanctify him, that they may minister unto me"

"that they make Aaron garments to sanctify him..."holiness, here is likened to a vestment, a piece of wearing apparel, that can be made by man, that is obtainable by his will. It is a raiment which can be fitted to man's needs, lengthened or shortened as the wearer or the season may demand. It is visible; it is concrete; and its vesting is made the indispensable requirement for the service of God.

of each & every one of us.
Holiness is within our reach, our power. All of us should become holy.

And we can become holy by emulating the attributes of saintly men.

We can be as it were, vessels for ourselves garments of holiness, all we need is the proper thread.

An eminent Chassidic Rabbi once gave his last coin to a man of evil reputation. When his students and followers reproached him for it, he replied: Shall I be more particular than God who gave the coin to me? This parable points to the first of the virtues inherent in the makeup of holiness; it is the first mark of the great man, the saint...humility. All great men are humble; Moses meekly exclaimed: Mi onochi ki elech, who am I that I should go." Abraham cried: I am but dust and ashes. Isayah, faced with the glory of Divine revelation, cried out: "Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips..." And it was a Lincoln who wrote: "I must say in candor that I do not think myself fit for the presidency."

The greater a man, the more humble he becomes, for he is conscious of his limitations and comes to recognize more clearly that boundless realm of

knowledge which is forever closed to him. Only the truly gifted knows how little he actually knows. Only the truly great knows how little he really is.

Isn't it always so. The do nothings boast most of their achievement. The know-nothings brag most of what they know, or rather don't know. (It is something like the preacher who in the margin of his prepared sermon manuscript wrote: argument weak, yell like hell). The rabbis of the Talmud drew an unforgettable simile when they pointed out that a tree rich in fruit is dragged to earth by its fruit and its branches hang meekly downward. But a tree that is barren and withered stands upright without bending, stretching its branches vaingloriously into the sky. The opposite emotion of humility - pride - deludes one into a false feeling of achievement and stifles advance. Humility alone can assure progress; only the humble knows how little has been done, and how much is yet to be done and he does it.

The second mark of the great man, the second sign of the existence of holiness is the constant striving for self-improvement. Man is the handiwork of God and his most precious possession is the faculty of free will, the chance to make himself/

"See," charged Moses, "I have set before thee this day life and good and death and evil, choose then life..." and the rabbis emphasized: "Everything is in the hands of heaven save the fear of heaven." Here is one domain where man alone holds sway. The power to rule ^{his} ~~one's~~ destiny is in the hands of man. ^{code + carry}

Lincoln made himself - this quality more than any other endeared him to the world. Born in ignorance, adversity and want, he rose. By sheer self-mastery, and effort, and struggle, he rose. He may have had to walk a mile to borrow a book, but he borrowed the book and he read it. He may have had to read his book through the long hours of the night and by the dim light of a log fire, but he read it. and he rose. He may have had

had to climb, as it were, with bleeding hands upon the rungs of knowledge.
but he did and he rose.

We have well-stocked libraries, well-lit rooms, well-staffed schools,
and ample leisure. We don't read, and we don't rise. And then we complain
that the fates are against us. To be sure, the agencies opposing man
- environment, physique, society - are mighty. But man has modified them
all and can continue to mold them to serve his ends. Man can make himself.
And with man making there is no limit that can be set to human achievement,

The golden rule sets forth the last great sign of saintly living. "Thou
shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Love must be the primary principle
in dealing with our fellow man, a limitless love, a love that knows no
bounds, a love ~~that is not just for this or that man~~ not just for this or that man
but for all men, regardless of race or nationality, regardless of wealth
or position. "Love ye the stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of
Egypt." You were not just strangers in Egypt, you were lowly slaves
despised by all. And yet, even the lowest must be honored, for he too
is a creature of God.

Lincoln was a man of great love. The story is told that one day he was
out driving with a friend, when he discovered along the road several
young birds that had fallen from their nest. He insisted that his companion
stop and he immediately proceeded to return the birds to their nest.

"My friend," said Lincoln, "you may laugh, but I could not have slept well
tonight if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my
ears." Is it to be wondered that the man who heard the cries of young
tender birds, should not have failed to hear the cries of thousands
of human souls bound by the shackles of slavery and bondage?

with such a love in him of Christ, with
"Love thy neighbor as thyself." A world cannot exist half slave and half
free."

And so, within the realm of our own religious heritage, and embodied in the image of the man we honor today and with this service, we come to see true holiness as it affects our lives. Humility, self-improvement, reverence and love for all that lives - these three become united in the hearts of those who strive for holiness within their own lives.

^{Al}
Veossu Bigdei Aaron Lekadsho "Thou shalt make Aaron garments to sanctify him" The threads of Aaron's garments are still available and we can weave them into a garment to cover ourselves. It is not a garment that can be woven in one day or in one year or even in one decade. The weaving of it occupies a life; but even in the weaving of it we come to place a bit of holiness, a bit of greatness into our lives each day. We may not be able to finish the task - we cannot all be an Aaron, a Moses or a Lincoln - but we can attain to certain aspects and find true comfort and happiness, comfort in the knowledge that others too are weaving a garment such as this, happiness in the realization that by our lives and our deeds we sanctify the world and bring the Kingdom of God nearer to the earth

Amen