



THE JACOB RADER MARCUS CENTER OF THE  
**AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES**

**MS-915: Joshua O. Haberman Papers, 1926-2017.**

Series A: Sermons and Prayers, 1940-2016.

Subseries 1: High Holidays, 1941-2016, undated.

---

Box

2

Folder

2

Sermons and notes, 1961.

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

---

# Book of Life

What do I imagine its pages to be?

You can spend - TIME  
exhaust - life

You can invest -  
improve  
enrich life

You can ~~sacrifice~~  
dedicate life

Or you can make it part  
of the eternal record - the  
BOOK OF LIFE

" April 3, 1961

<sup>n</sup> Book of Life — for Friday before  
Rosh Hashana

① Content — not paper — value marks the  
worth of the book

Not the number of pages, not the thickness or smoothness of the  
paper, but the message — Not the material, but the  
spiritual content represents the essence of book.

In life too not the material circumstances — our clothes, our  
physical appearance — but the spiritual qualities mark the  
man

Appeal : What do we do to enhance the

Content of our life?

(a) Reduce material greed & over-emphasis on  
money & body

(b) Do something for the mind —

THINK <sup>over</sup> <sup>old</sup> knowledge  
STUDY — gain new  
knowledge  
Reflect — Meditate

Prayer is the expression of concern over  
the content of our lives

② COMMUNITY The hard covers protect book —  
represent our parents or youth  
In mature years parents' place is taken by the  
Community.

The Community too preserves a person & keeps the pages of his life from being scattered & lost

(a) We are remembered thru the Community

Community (keeps) records & celebrates the high points of personal life - birth  
Bar Mitzvah - Confirmation  
Marriage  
death

(b) Community protects individual

In time of crisis, individual Jew is upheld & defended by his people. The people to whom he gave in better years, now gives back to him in such days of persecution  
e.g. first Jew in New Amsterdam aided by European Jewry - now American Jew returns his aid

The hard covers protect soft pages from being shuffled & torn  
i.e. The individual Jew's Civil Rights, etc. protected by Jewish organization

(c) Community keeps back clean i.e. as parents guided moral life of child so community now guides moral life of adult. It exerts pressure, it supplies to him the norms of tradition, it sets the standards which guide & give strength to the individual as the hard covers strengthen the book

Appeal : This period of relative prosperity & safety should not deceive us as to individual self-sufficiency

No Jew can long be without the aid of his people  
The time has not yet come when each can safely go his own way & sit peacefully under his own vine or fig tree...

This is no time to separate oneself from the people

(a) - Show up at Federation Dinner & give  
~~Don't act so irritated and blaze~~

"I've heard that story before"

Since you've heard it - but how soon the heart grows cold - we need to be emotionally revitalized as Haggadah says on p. 20

"Even if everyone <sup>of us</sup> were wise & learned, we still must relate this story year after year...."

The story of oppression is always in danger of being forgotten to soon - we must try to identify ourselves with it year by year

(b) Same applies to ~~the~~ organization work  
~~Don't~~ Don't act "above it" Don't be a full claiming exemption  
~~that~~ on the grounds you don't like to be bothered  
You wouldn't like the community to say that to you  
in your day of trouble - Don't be ridiculous in saying such things  
Bears you  
But what you get out of organization  
but what you ~~of~~ do for them is, and should be, your chief concern

No one is too old, or too sophisticated or too busy or too long active to earn retirement from communal work - whoever discharges himself has a dishonorable discharge.

### 3) Creator

Is there a book without an author?

Can there be a life without a creator?

Some of us are looking for logical evidence outside — but the strongest evidence for God is inside. We ourselves with our spiritual capacities are a reflection of the author.

We believe in God not primarily on the strength of rational proofs but on the strength of an irrefragable creative feeling which we suppress & create.

Appeal : At this high holiday time we have an especially sharp awareness of God and His bestowal upon life an uncommon elation & exaltation. With God on our heart & mind, every moment now seems "festive".

We need for this spark of inspiration to die out after Y. Kippur. Renew it every Sabbath — the day set aside for remembrance of Creator — the day designed to give life its festive glow — Come to Temple!

# YIZKOR THE JEWISH SCENE



## "IF I HAD ONE YEAR TO LIVE"

By Rabbi Bernard Harrison

If I had one year to live--I would want to live longer--but would console myself with the hard medicine that no one lives forever. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep--to sow--and to reap--to be born and to die. If I had a few years--I would want to be loved, for myself--with all my frailties and my strength--and if I can't hold to my love so long--Then I would find consolation in this--That it is better to have loved deeply, sincerely, fully, and lost--than never to have loved at all.

If I had but a short time to go--I would want to live it so that my children would remember me kindly, lovingly and with pride in their hearts for what good qualities I may have been blessed, and for them to walk in my footsteps--this memory of me, a spur and inspiration to them. And, if my parents survived me, and my brothers and sisters--to remember what joy I may have brought them and forgive what hurt I have done them and above all, that we had each other for even a little while. If I had a short time to go--I would want to do something I could take pride in--my chosen work. If I were a builder, to build one beautiful, as nearly perfect home, as I could. If I were a physician to bring back to health, at least a few who are in mortal danger. And if I could not do more, to console myself with this--

That homes were built before me and will be after me; that lives were saved and will be saved--and if I were to live a hundred years I could not build all the houses and bring back to health all the ill in the world. And so, with what time is allotted for me--I would want to do my work so that my colleagues would take pride in it--and be honored in our association. And if I had a little while to be here--I would want to win to myself the love and companionship of friends, friends who would respect (Cont'd. on P. 12)



# THE DISTAFF SIDE

## A FINAL FLING

The Antique Show was a delightful success, thanks to the efforts of the co-chairmen, Doris Swiss and Jane Kravitz. We hope everyone was able to see the colorful displays that graced our rooms and to enjoy the tasty tidbits available at the Sisterhood Snack Shop.

We will conclude our Sisterhood year this week with the regular meeting on Wednesday, May 17. The exhibit of the work of G. R. Jewish artists promises to be stimulating. We look forward to an informative talk by Mrs. Jane Onway, Supervisor of Art Education. In addition, all mothers and grandmothers attention! The art work of your nursery school students will be proudly displayed. So come and beam with pride at the creations made by your little darlings!

Next on the program are our traditional Confirmation Services on Shavuous, or Sunday, May 21. We have a class of thirteen youngsters this year who anticipate eagerly their big day. We hope everyone will attend the services at 10 A.M. and the reception in the evening.

To close our year with the traditional family feeling so important to Judaism we will cater a Family Sabbath Dinner on Friday night, May 26. This is the last regular service of the season and a fitting time for our families to gather and worship together before the summer really begins. Reservations are being taken by Carol Singer, Ch 12923. The dinner will be served at 6:30 P.M. at a cost of \$1.75 for adults and \$1.00 for children. Please call Carol and make your reservations as early as possible.

Lois N. Plous

President



# TEMPLE EMANUEL



1715 E. FULTON STREET

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

DR. HARRY ESSRIG, RABBI

## SABBATH SERVICES

Friday, May 19, at 8:15 P.M.

Rabbi Essrig will speak on:

"THE VIRTUES OF A BROKEN HEART"

Mr. Maurice Glaser will serve as soloist,  
with Mrs. Arthur N. Densem at the organ.  
Mrs. David Weiss will bless the candles.  
Mr. Willard Perlman will recite the Kiddush.  
Mr. Samuel Horowitz will assist with the  
Torah.

Pour: Mrs. Joseph Kastner  
Mrs. Samuel Weintraub

Hosts: Mr. & Mrs. Morton Binder  
Mr. & Mrs. Harold Braudy  
Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Horowitz

Ushers: Mr. Ben Z. Plous  
Mr. Charles Reider

Vol. 13 May 17, 1961 No. 37

## THE RABBI'S CORNER



We have only recently discovered the importance of the emotional side of life. Yet we find it rather difficult to put into practice the truths that we have so eagerly acquired. We remain creatures of habit and victims of ingrained ideas. Change comes hard for most of us. Hence most human beings still don't realize that emotional release is good for them. Too many of us become upset over an emotional flare-up or pride ourselves on the self-control that we manifest most of the time. Appreciation of the role of the emotions in the economy of the body is but slowly dawning in the mind of 20th century man. It will be a long struggle indeed before he finally emancipates himself from the old taboos.

We have been led to believe that it is good to bottle up our feelings. We have supposed that to be emotionally healthy we must never become ruffled, angry or disturbed. The model that has been held up to us emphasized calmness, moderation, equanimity. We were expected to be well modulated in our reactions, regardless of the provocation. It is only since the work of Freud and his disciples blazed a new path for the understanding of human behavior that we stopped being so fastidious about expressing ourselves. We then learned that the self-contained people might be the sickest of all. Those who show unusual self-control to the outside world may resemble boiling cauldrons of anguish and apprehension within. We can be full of tensions on the inside while seemingly relaxed outwardly. And this of course is not good for us.

Our emotional outburst are meant to serve a purpose. These flare-ups can be put to constructive use. If we paid attention to what they were telling us, they could become curative experiences. We therefore need not coddle or shield ourselves against emotional displays. We must not go through life as though walking on eggshells. The complete avoidance of emotional expression will harm the human organism.

(Continued on Page 11)

## TEMPLE BOOK NOOK

THE RABBI'S CORNER (Cont'd. from P. 2)



You see, the emotions have been built into our system for a reason. When a person has a pain, he is usually happy that the body has developed this amazing telegraphic system. For if we were not to experience pain, we would not be impelled to track down its cause and grapple with its symptoms. The sensation of pain is the alarm system which the body sets off and we hasten immediately to the rescue of the diseased part to find out what is wrong. Emotional reactions are likewise nature's warning that something is wrong. Some irritant is at work inside of us; we must seek to understand what is bothering us; we must bring out the latent angers, hostilities, fears, if we wish to heed nature's warning on both counts. Emotional outbursts have a health-preserving function to a large extent. They save us from a total crackup sometimes, for otherwise we would accumulate so much tension and conflict inside that we would burst out of our emotional seams. The emotions are the best safety valve available to man. We must become more successful engineers of our bodies and develop clear and free paths of expression for what bothers us.

We have been afraid of our emotions, because we have not know how to cope with them. Hence we sought to thwart them! It is now time to change our attitude. Our emotions are to be accepted for what they are. Our problem is largely one of management, of learning how to discharge them. This art may be acquired. Man is the most adaptable mechanism yet invented. The basic pattern which nature has set for us is quite satisfactory. However we must discover how to operate this very precious mechanism. We must accept the natural-divine forces as they exist in man and use them for the purposes originally intended. When we do that, we will discover that we need not fear our emotions. We may bring them out into the open so that we might learn to cope with them.

Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman  
Temple Har Simai  
491 Bellevue Ave.  
Trenton 8, N. J.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>DAY</u>	<u>EVENT</u>
May 17	Wednesday	Sisterhood Luncheon
19	Friday	Sabbath Services
21	Sunday	Confirmation Services
26	Friday	Family Dinner and Services
28	Sunday	Closing Religious School
June 3	Saturday	M. Paul Kravitz Bar Mitzvah

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

### "IF I HAD ONE YEAR TO LIVE" (Cont'd.)

me and love me whatever my weaknesses and faults, and remember only those good qualities I may possess.

And finally, if I had but a short time left--I would be charitable to all men--irrespective of their creed or color. I would try to do what good I can to my fellowmen and leave the world a little better, the happier, the nobler for my having been in it. And if I could not stay longer here--I would find consolation in this--the grandest sepulcher of all is not where my remains may be laid, but to have found a home in the minds of men. And I would want this to be remembered by my beloved, my children, and my family, my colleagues and my friends--"Remember that I lived -- Forget that I died."



MEMORY - SYMBOLIZED BY ARIADNE'S  
RD TEMPLE (THREAD)

LOS ANGELES 5, CALIFORNIA

MAY 2, 1961

DR. MAGNIN SAYS . . .



"With all our wealth, we are poor. With all our speed, we can find no place of security whereon to lay our heads. With our miraculous means of communication, we are unable to

hear the still small voice that alone can bring comfort and hope to our bruised spirits. We are beggars sitting on bags of gold. Or should we say, bags filled with explosives?

Fortunately, Ariadne's thread which can lead us out of the dilemma is close at hand. All we have to do is reach for it. It was spun out of the minds and hearts of the greatest spiritual geniuses who ever lived — the Prophets of Israel. These Galileos of the spirit discovered the noblest religious teachings that the world has received up to their time, and, I believe, after it. In fact, they were centuries ahead of their day and age.

"They brought religion to its highest peak. To ignore them is to court death and destruction in any era. To accept their message and apply it individually, nationally and internationally, is to embrace salvation and survival."

# BULLETIN

OF THE  
**WILSHIRE BOULEVARD TEMPLE**  
(CONGREGATION B'NAI B'RITH)

636 So. Hobart Blvd. • Los Angeles 5, Calif.  
Telephone DUnkirk 8-2401

PUBLISHED WEEKLY FROM AUGUST TO JUNE

### RABBIS:

EDGAR F. MAGNIN, D.D., L.H.D., S.T.D.  
MAXWELL H. DUBIN, LL.B., D.D.  
ALFRED WOLF, M.H.L.

The Rabbis of the Temple would appreciate being advised of any Congregants to whom they may be of service in any way.

George Piness, M.D.....*President*  
Gerald Wm. Burg.....*Executive Secretary*  
Charles Feldman.....*Director of Music*  
B. Ernest Ballard.....*Organist*

Please advise the Temple Office of change of address or telephone number.

*The Temple is affiliated with and is a supporter of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations*

### TEMPLE USHERS

Howard Meyerson, Director

#### Friday Evening, May 5

DeWald M. Baum, Honorary Captain  
Henry Melczer Alvin Saltzman

Nathan Spilberg

Sisterhood Welcome Committee

Mrs. Howard Meyerson

Mrs. Alvin Saltzman

#### Saturday Morning, May 6

Jones Wolf, Honorary Captain  
Ernest L. Bloch Bernard Gilbert  
Howard Solomon

### TOBIAS KOTZIN TO BE HONORED FRIDAY NIGHT



The third annual Significant Achievement Award will be presented to Tobias Kotzin at the Men's Club Sabbath Service on Friday evening, May 5. The award is presented in recognition of outstanding service to the Temple and its auxiliary organizations.

In addition to extremely generous financial support, Mr. Kotzin has given much of his time, and contributed effective and constructive work, to every aspect of Temple affairs.

### MEN'S CLUB—SISTERHOOD INSTA

Sunday Evening,

SATELLITE ROOM, MIF

Hal Sandack and his

Social Hour at 7:00 o'clock; Di

Reservations: \$8.50 per person,

For reservations or information telephone N  
or Mrs. Nathan Merchasir

Checks payable to the Men's Club, 636 S.

C  
mo  
An  
Gro  
Mr  
J. C  
be  
We  
gra  
An  
par  
im,

I  
tur  
hea  
ing  
nel

M  
der  
wil  
Ch  
del  
rec  
Rel  
Me  
Vic  
Fog  
Gin  
Jose  
Hov  
Dai  
T  
par

normalize the situation. We will have to spend a great deal of money on armaments and troops. But even if we manage to put down the rebellion, we still face an even more difficult and serious problem: to make the colored element return to work once again in peace with the white element. The work of a century, overturned in a month . . ."

For himself Salazar disclaimed any color prejudice: "I have many Negro friends," he said. "Both the doctor who handles my lab exams and my X-ray diagnostician are colored." On the other hand, he added, "No one is more racist than the Negro toward the white man."

Huddled in his leather armchair, his feet neatly encased in old-fashioned high boots, Portugal's fading dictator suddenly seemed very weary. "Maybe," said Salazar, "I have lived beyond my time."

## CEYLON

### Sinhala Without Tears

During her first ten months in office as the world's first woman Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, 45, has a record of more trouble than accomplishment. She has alarmed foreign investors with continual threats to nationalize foreign oil companies, and foreign diplomats by her close relations with the Communists and Trotskyites who supported her election. She dismayed the island's 800,000 Roman Catholics by nationalizing their schools. Last week she had to call out the army before she could quell the latest wave of opposition.

One million Ceylonese Tamils, who migrated from the Indian mainland as long as two millennia ago, but who still speak their own language and practice the Hindu religion, were in a state of near rebellion over the government's proclamation of Sinhala, the language spoken by the 6,750,000-strong Buddhist majority, as the official tongue of the land. Although



T. S. Sotyan

CEYLON'S BANDARANAIKE  
Second thoughts with dry eyes.

the controversial "Sinhala Only" law was passed in 1956 under the administration of the late Prime Minister Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike, it was his energetic widow Sirimavo who first set out to enforce it early this year. In the Northern and Eastern provinces where the Tamils are concentrated, government offices were picketed, government vehicles blocked by Tamils lying down in the roadways before them. With local administration paralyzed, the Tamils established their own postal service, defiantly prepared to form their own police force and even hinted at establishing their own autonomous state. Last week some 1,000,000 Tamil-speaking Indians, who provide the labor force for Ceylon's plantations, went out on strike in sympathy.

At this threat to the island's basic economy, Widow Bandaranaike acted swiftly. She went on the radio, declared that "the nation cannot be held to ransom by threats," ordered general mobilization of the armed forces, sent troop reinforcements scurrying up to the Tamil areas. She decreed a state of emergency, under which strikers could be jailed for up to five years, and imposed curfews on principal Tamil communities. She banned the Tamils' Federal Party, tossed into jail more than 70 of its leaders, including all but one of its Members of Parliament. Swiftly, the rebelliousness of the widow's opponents subsided. At week's end the Indian plantation laborers resumed work, and the government claimed that absolute quiet had returned to the Tamil areas.

Since Prime Minister Bandaranaike had also imposed total censorship on all news reports about the troubles, the claim was impossible to verify. But it was clear that the widow's chief concern was for the views of the Sinhalese majority, whose votes had elected her, and who, through the years of British dominion, had been eclipsed by the better-educated Christians and the more industrious Tamils. And those who had mistaken the widow's campaigning tears for womanly weakness were having dry-eyed second thoughts.

## INDIA

### The Shivering Maharajah

Portly Sir Hari Singh was maladroitness a lover in his youth, despotic as a Maharajah in his prime and, in his declining years, the man who stuck the world with the Kashmir problem. Last week he died after a heart attack at the age of 65. Republic of India flags in Jammu City were lowered to half staff, stores and businesses reverently closed, and thousands shuffled through the streets in mournful procession.

As a pukka youth in London, Sir Hari made his first headlines when, in the company of a Mrs. Maudie Robinson, he was surprised in a hotel room by a man claiming to be Mrs. Robinson's husband. Before young Sir Hari discovered that the man was not her husband and that he was the victim of one of the world's oldest blackmail games, he had paid \$750,000 to the conspirators, among them his own British aide. Eventually, the truth



Associated Press

KASHMIR'S SIR HARI SINGH  
Mourned in spite of it all.

came out and the case went to court, where Sir Hari's own counsel, Lord John Simon (later Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer), described his client as "a poor, green, shivering, abject wretch." Sir Hari returned home to face the wrath of his uncle, the then Maharajah, who banished him to a remote jungle estate for six months and made him perform ritual acts of humiliation and penance.

**Living It Up.** When uncle died in 1925, Sir Hari took over as Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. The coronation was splendid (Sir Hari wore diamond earrings and his pony a bejeweled caparison), and the British government, which encouraged maharajahs in those days to shore up its colonial rule, spent \$1,000,000 to celebrate. But the ensuing rule proved less glittering. Although Sir Hari had a yearly income of \$10 million, a silver-plated airplane, and a Versailles-sized palace up in Kashmir at Srinagar—now one of the Orient's most luxurious hotels—he spent much of his working time suppressing opponents to his despotic rule.

**The Unfinished Room.** In 1947 Sir Hari haggled with the newly independent states of India and Pakistan to see which would give him the best deal for relinquishing Kashmir. Some 77% of Kashmir-Jammu's inhabitants are Moslem (and therefore inclined toward Pakistan), but Sir Hari was a Hindu.

The decisive moment came when Pathan warriors from Pakistan invaded the vale of Kashmir and cut the electric supply to Srinagar palace. Sir Hari promptly fled to Jammu, taking with him an 85-vehicle convoy loaded with his possessions, including polo ponies, and necklaces from the temple gods. He also took along most of his own army, while unabashedly appealing to Nehru to come to the aid of the Kashmiri people. In return he offered to sign an instrument of accession by which Jammu and Kashmir became part of India. Nehru, who nour-

Superstition - Delatry is not yet dead

YIZKOR-DEATH

ishes a sentimental attachment for Kashmir because his forbears come from there, called it a deal, sent in the Indian army, which fought the invaders for 15 months until the U.N. arranged a cease fire. Ever since, India has based its claim to Kashmir on that accession, has steadfastly refused to hold a plebiscite (which it would probably lose) unless Pakistan talked the Pathans into withdrawing (which Pakistan has no intention of doing). The issue has poisoned relations between India and Pakistan ever since.

In time, Sir Hari abdicated his rule over the state, was given an allowance of \$100,000 a year from the grateful Indian government, moved to Bombay and devoted himself to the breeding of polo ponies. But he was best known for the apartment building he started in Bombay, in which a team of masons was permanently employed to alternately tear down and rebuild the walls of one room. A fortune teller had warned Sir Hari that he would die the moment the building was completed.

### SIERRA LEONE

#### Newest Nation

"Late jam sessions, midnight until unconscious," advertised one nightclub. In Freetown's magnificent harbor, gaily painted paddle boats carrying names like *God Never Hurries* staged a regatta. To the beat of tom-toms, 150 bare-breasted girls snaked past Sierra Leone's Prime Minister, Sir Milton Margai, and his guests of honor: Britain's Duke of Kent, Liberia's William Tubman, Nigeria's Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, U.S. Special Representative Thurgood Marshall. At midnight some 15,000 celebrators jammed Freetown's stadium, sang the hymn *Lead, Kindly Light*, watched as spotlights dimmed on the Union Jack atop the flagpole, cheered ten seconds later as a new green, white and blue flag fluttered in its



Associated Newspapers  
BEAUTY QUEEN & PRIME MINISTER MARGAI  
After the ball, problems to face.

place. At that moment, little Sierra Leone (slightly larger than West Virginia; pop. 2,500,000), Britain's first colony in Africa, became independent.

Sierra Leone got its start as a colony in 1787, when an agent of British Anti-slavery Crusader Granville Sharp leased what is now Freetown from a local tribal chief and set it up as a haven for destitute freed slaves from England. The British thoughtfully provided the new settlers with a boatload of white British prostitutes to get the population under way. In 1808 Sierra Leone formally became a British colony, and rule was gradually pushed inland to embrace the indigenous tribes as well. The British discovered diamonds in Sierra Leone's river beds in 1930, and the nation now supplies one-fourth of the world's diamonds to the great De Beers diamond trust.

A retired physician, wily, wiry Sir Milton, 65, has his work cut out for him. For all Sierra Leone's wealth in diamonds, some 85% of the population is illiterate, and per capita income is a meager \$56 a year. Eight of ten Sierra Leoneans eke out a living on the land, but the nation must still import foodstuffs. "We will need help to develop our natural resources," says Sir Milton, adding pointedly, "and we would like to look first to our old friends." Firmly pro-Western, Margai has already made Sierra Leone the twelfth member of the Commonwealth. Conspicuously absent from the festivities were his left-leaning neighbors, Ghana's Nkrumah and Guinea's Touré. The chief opposition party is heavily backed by Nkrumah, and when its leaders threatened to disrupt the freedom celebration, Sir Milton forehandedly jailed 31 of them.

As the first Western aid contribution, Britain has pledged the new nation some \$21 million to help improve agriculture and to develop Sierra Leone's iron and diamond resources.

### THE CONGO

#### Under the Gun

This time the Congo tragicomedy had the locale to fit its zany plot. It was little Coquilhatville, a cluster of dilapidated huts and buildings on the hottest, wettest spot along the whole 2,900-mile Congo River. Here the Congolese dignitaries had chosen to gather for their latest round of unity talks, perhaps on the assumption that the sheer discomfort of the place would force an early settlement.

The 280 sweating delegates and aides were gavelled to order by President Joseph Kasavubu. But order is not easy to come by in the Congo. The talks had hardly begun before Katanga's proud, stubborn Moise Tshombe exploded with wrath at a deal that Kasavubu had made with Tshombe's archenemy, the U.N. The deal: to help clear foreign military advisers—including Tshombe's—from Congo soil.

Storming out of the crowded hall, the 41-year-old Tshombe ordered his plane prepared for departure. Next day, he called in the press, fell to his knees to



Associated Press  
TSHOMBE AT COQUILHATVILLE AIRPORT  
After the sitdown, stalemate.

demonstrate for the benefit of photographers how "vassal" Kasavubu "bowed to the U.N." Then he announced he was leaving for home, and that the other Congo leaders were not worth talking to anyway. "For the last ten months, while we in Katanga have been working to build up our country, they have been loafing around chasing power, cars and women," sneered Tshombe. With that, Tshombe headed for the airport, where his private DC-4 waited.

But the local garrison of Congolese soldiers had no intention of letting one man wreck the talks—particularly the one with most of the money. As Tshombe and his aides drove up, a squad of angry, shouting troops with submachine guns hauled them from their limousines and pushed and cuffed them back to the airport terminal. Soon several of Kasavubu's cabinet ministers were on the scene, urging Katanga's boss to return to the talks. "If that's the way you run the Congo, good luck," retorted Tshombe. He sat down in an old wicker armchair and refused to budge or even to eat until he was freed. "I am a prisoner," he declared hotly.

Kasavubu's army commander, Major General Joseph Mobutu, flew in from Leopoldville and dropped by to greet Tshombe jauntily. "What's all the trouble?" he inquired pleasantly of the sullen prisoner, who sat sipping soda water as six of his Belgian aides were loaded into a plane and flown back to U.N. headquarters for questioning.

After two foodless days in the wicker chair, Tshombe agreed to accompany one of Kasavubu's aides back to town. But he insisted stoutly he would not return to the conference table. Mobutu's soldiers just shrugged. They surrounded Coquilhatville with machine guns and roadblocks, blandly advised all the politicians that not a single one of them would leave town until they reached some kind of agreement.

P. 1 / Snow's futile  
fight to shut out  
death

P. 2 - Montefiore





Amely 7/16 1961

### THE UNIVERSAL HERITAGE

Sorrow is the observe side of love. To ask for immunity from sorrow is to ask for more than a special dispensation granted to no other. It is to ask that we love not, gain no friends or devotedly serve any cause. To enter into any relationship of deep meaning is to run the risk of sorrow. When we become parents, or link our life to another's, or find a friend, we inevitably expose ourselves to the pangs of separation or the grief of injury or illness or death. But let us for a moment consider the alternative. One meets people whom life has wounded deeply. Fate dealt them a harsh blow. A dear one died, or a friend betrayed a trust. A hope failed of fulfillment or a kindness was repaid with ingratitude. They decide never again to give hostages to life. Life is not going to find an exposed flank in their case. They will not open their hearts in trust; they will not permit acquaintance to ripen into friendship; they are prepared to forego love, family, children. They are resolved that no human being will become so dear to them that his passing will bring grief. They protect themselves against sorrow. But they also shut out the possibilities of joy, companionship, the richest and most vital satisfactions of life.

We shall be helped in maintaining our balance during life's trials if we remember that sadness is the universal heritage of mankind. The contingency of pain is the only condition on which love, friendship and happiness are ever offered to us.—Morris Adler.

### CO-OPERATION PLEASE

To avoid conflict in dates, groups within the Congregation are asked to clear with the Temple office before scheduling an event rather than after plans have been completed for a specified date and it becomes difficult to make changes.

*Y. Zhar*

# Six Months to Live

*This unusual and moving article is taken from the book "In the Midst of Life," which the author wrote while he was facing the prospect of certain death. Thomas Bell died last January, a few weeks after he completed his book*

Condensed from "In the Midst of Life"

THOMAS BELL

**N**OW AND THEN the whole thing becomes unreal. Out of the middle of the night's darkness, or bringing me to a sudden, chilling halt during the day, the thought comes: This can't be happening to me. Such things happen only to other people. Not to me. *Me* with a malignant tumor? *Me* with only a few months to live? Nonsense. And I stare up at the darkness, or out at the sunlit street, and try to encompass it, to feel it. But it stays unreal.

I ask myself why this had to hap-

pen to me. And if, nevertheless, against all reason and justice, me, why couldn't it have waited a few years? I realize that I've already lived almost 20 years longer than my father, who died at 39, but in all honesty I find that small comfort.

I don't feel like a man who has only a little while left to live. And when I try to imagine what death will be like, I do not think of myself as lost, obliterated, in some vast nothingness; on the contrary, I survive, a spectator contemplating not without emotion our living room without me reading in my armchair,

our bedroom with my bed empty, our house without the sound of my voice in it; while outside its walls all the people I used to know here in Santa Cruz go about their business as usual in a world obviously unaware that I am no longer a part of it.

ON MY WAY home from the barber's the other afternoon my steps slowed as I approached the corner to the south of our stationery store, the side street on which Mr. Brown has his funeral parlor. Should I, shouldn't I? I knew I couldn't put it off much longer.

Mr. Brown has a handsome place set back from the sidewalk, a cottage-like office attached to a much larger chapel, and the whole, odd in California, is vaguely reminiscent of a New England church with its white paint and slender pillars and brick-paved porch. I peered through the screen door into the office, and Mr. Brown's son rose quickly and came toward me. I explained that I wanted his father to give me an estimate on a funeral, the minimum. We stood talking, he keeping his voice low, as a service was in progress. We talked mostly of other matters than my funeral, which I thought he needn't have taken quite so casually. He mentioned that he



AUTHOR of six novels and numerous short stories which have appeared in leading periodicals since 1930, Thomas Bell also operated, with his wife, a stationery and gift shop in Santa Cruz, Calif.

would play the organ, and I suggested he play anything except "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," a favorite of my wife's; I didn't want it to become associated for Marie with death and funerals.

Several days later the elder Mr. Brown and I got down to the actual negotiations, if that is the word. Some depersonalization is perhaps inevitable when a transaction involves the exchange of money, but still I couldn't help feeling a bit disappointed. Mr. Brown asked me my name, birthplace, year of birth, father's name, survivors and so on. I might have been applying for a license of some sort, and in a sense I suppose I was: the right to die legally.

As I rose to leave, Mr. Brown made some joke about showing the folder to my wife, and I replied that I'd go after him with a baseball bat if he did. We said good-by, and I went out into the sunshine. I felt pleased with myself, as if I'd got a not-too-pleasant job out of the way; there was an even greater feeling of having one more thing settled. I can understand now how people can face death with their minds more at ease if they've "taken care of everything," got everything cleared out of the way, first. I don't know why it should be so; for what can it possibly matter to them what happens after they are gone? But of course while they're still living it does, and they are still living.

It wasn't until that night, after we were in bed, that Marie asked me

what had taken me so long that afternoon, and I invented a story about meeting somebody. I actually had, but he hadn't kept me as long as I made it seem in the telling; his days, too, are numbered, I'm afraid—but then, he's 86.

THOSE who drop dead unexpectedly obviously do not experience death; one moment they are "in the midst of life," as the Book of Common Prayer puts it, and the next moment they are dead. They have missed dying altogether. And dying must surely be placed among the two or three supreme human experiences.

I can imagine it easily enough. In my time I've been made ready for three major operations, and after the first one I knew what to expect: the anesthetist's needle, and then unconsciousness. After the first one I made a deliberate effort to catch myself slipping into that unconsciousness, to experience it rather than to be caught unawares. I visualized it as a sort of swift darkness, inconceivably fast, but not so fast that (being prepared) I couldn't see it coming. I never did, though. Not once. Only much later did I realize that I had experienced all there was to experience, that it *was* a darkness so swift one could never see it coming, or feel it happening. Dying, it seems to me, must be pretty much like that.

Often I say to myself, there surely are better ways of spending my last days than in doing what I have always done. But what are these better

ways? Newspaper reporters have asked people in the street what they would do if they suddenly learned that they had only a few weeks or months to live, and have received the usual answers. Some would go around the world and some would devote the rest of their lives to doing good—its nature not specified—to others; this one would go on a roaring drunk, that one spend his days in meditation and prayer, this other blow out his brains. For the speakers standing in a busy street, death was only a word in a game begun by a stranger. Death has been more than a word to me for many months, but I am no wiser than they, no wiser now than I was a year ago.

AND THEN there is Marie. Sometimes I think I feel sorrier for her, more afraid for her, than for myself. Perhaps if we'd had children I'd feel differently. I keep forever wishing that I could make what is coming easier on her. But how can I, except by not dying? And how can I do that?

Dear Marie, dear wife. What can I say? I am so conscious now of the living richness of our years together. We've made a good pair. We've been angry and impatient with each other; we've hurt and offended each other; we've been bad-mannered, stupid, mean, irritating, cruel and dull. But none of all that ever really mattered because there was always more than enough of the good things to make the bad unimpor-

tant. Perhaps it would be easier on both of us now if we hadn't had it so good; but that's a small and miserly way of looking at it. I'm glad we've had so many years together. That we can't have a dozen or so more is sheer bad luck; but the years we did have are still ours.

Your grief and loneliness won't last. As the days go by, you'll discover that life is still worth living, that things are still worth doing. Time is the greatest of healers. Time and work. And in time you'll make another discovery: that your grief has been replaced by memories, and that all the memories—this is the miracle—are pleasant ones. And from then on that's how it will mostly be: you'll have a headful of memories and all of them pleasant. And from then on, whenever you think or speak of me, you won't cry or feel sad. You'll smile. You'll remember me and smile.

What more could any husband want?

I STOPPED the car at the Bay Street stop sign, and a boy went by riding his bicycle no-hands, his arms folded across his chest and on his face a pride so intense it gave him a kind of glory. He was obviously riding not along Bay Street but on some golden highway between the planets.

"Did you see the look on that boy's face?" Marie asked.

"I saw it."

I squeezed between parked cars into the little alley and drove around

to the back of our store. There I found the sunshine making a delicately lacy shadow of a dried weed on a concrete wall, and as I parked our car and struggled clumsily from behind the wheel I looked at it and reflected that I should take a picture of it. But unless I made the print myself it would be pointless to, so I never shall, for my lack of strength has put an end to my picture making, just as my going-to-the-library days are over because I can no longer climb the steps, and even my portable-typewriter carrying is done with, now that it is no longer portable by me.

Sitting on my stool in the tiny office behind the shop, I watch the people passing in the street. The doorbell tinkles and Bill Herbert comes in, among the most faithful—with his son-in-law Kenneth—of my blood donors. When word got around that I needed blood (I have been getting a transfusion a month for almost a year now), the response both surprised and touched me. Neighboring storekeepers and customers volunteered, even a traveling salesman; and when I expressed my gratitude they brushed it aside. "We've been giving it anyhow; now we'll just tell them it's for you." I suppose the same thing could happen in a big city, but I have my doubts.

When I return to the shop at five after an errand, the wind has grown blustery. The sun is beginning to set, aiming at a spot just back of the firehouse and McKane's jewelry

store. The sky is still bright, though it has taken on the hard, bare, wind-swept look that foretells a cold night. Inside the store, Marie is standing back of the counter, her hands clasped in front of her. There is the quiet, restful air of a store at the end of the day.

"What's happened to all the customers?" I ask.

"The wind blew them home."

I glance at the big clock. "May as well close up."

Marie gets the plastic bank bag from the safe and begins emptying the cash register; I go to the door and start bringing in the magazine racks. Just then a rather well-dressed man comes in. "Closing?" he asks.

"Just about."

"Well, I won't be long. I just want some cards."

In five minutes the newcomer has picked out a hundred Christmas cards to be imprinted, given Marie some \$16 to pay for them and is on his way again, he and Marie parting like old friends.

As the door closes I remark that that was certainly a quick sale, and Marie explains: he'd come into the store the previous week, complaining because his wife wanted a bun warmer as a hostess gift and there didn't appear to be one in the whole of Santa Cruz. In fact, most of the store clerks didn't even know what

he was talking about. Marie had called several places and luckily found one that had exactly what he wanted. She told him how to get to the store—he was from out of town—and sent him on his way.

"That's why he came here to get his cards," Marie went on. "He said he'd rather get them from us because we'd been so nice about the bun warmer."

"Good for him. And good for you."

We leave a few minutes later. Outside Marie shivers. "Feel that wind! And look how dark it is already."

"It's near the end of October. It's going to get dark a little earlier every day."

There is still some brightness in the sky to the south, enough to make sharp silhouettes of telephone poles and rooftops, and vivid jewels of neon signs. Lower down in the street, it is darker and every car in the stream of homebound traffic has its headlights on.

"You stay here while I get the car," I tell Marie. "No use carrying that typewriter all the way to the back."

So I leave her there and go into the alley alone, stumbling on the loose rocks. The dusk is much thicker in the alley. But then, we're nearing the end of October, and the dark comes a little earlier every day.



*Basic Arithmetic.* A six-year-old girl informed me that two plus two does not always make four. "Two raindrops plus two raindrops," she pointed out triumphantly, "make a puddle."—Contributed by James Stewart-Gordon

Worshipping the Almighty Gift

### 3 Billion Christmas Cards in '61 Stem From One Made in 1450

Continued on Page 33, Column 3

the last minute, just because they got one from us!

Who invented Christmas cards, anyway?

Perhaps the last question is the only one to which there is a reasonably firm answer.

#### Earliest Known Greeting

The earliest known holiday greeting was a crude woodcut printed in the Rhine Valley in 1450. Actually a New Year's card, it showed the Christ Child standing in the bow of an ancient galley manned by angels. Mary was seated by the mast.

The first Christmas card is attributed (after proper scholarly controversy) to John Calcott Horsley of the Royal Academy. He was a painter and illustrator for Sir Henry Cole, the inaugurator of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. The Horsley-Cole card of 1843 showed a festive family scene over the legend:

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You."

It did not arouse much enthusiasm. Puritans frowned on the display of conviviality. But in 1846, 1,000 copies were lithographed, hand-colored and sold by a shop at 12 Old Bond Street.

#### 5,000,000 a Year by 1850

In the United States, Louis Prang, who reached New England from Germany in 1850, produced the first American Christmas cards—twenty-five years later. By 1850, he had 300 employees who turned out 5,000,000 cards a year. Prang originals are still a collector's delight.

But the cards didn't become big business until after World War I. Improved techniques in the graphic arts, plastic decorative materials and broadened scope for designers pushed up volume. A whole new impetus came in 1950, with the first "studio," or contemporary, originals. (These took in the "sick" cards, which have never sold as well on Christmas as on other holidays.)

The cycle of card production now starts as much as eighteen months ahead. That is, cards now on sale were in the planning, "doodling" or "jam session" stage as long ago as June, 1960.

The Christmas line was all ready for the trade last spring. In its July issue, the Greeting Card Magazine (published by the producers of Corset and Brassiere Magazine) advised its readers editorially not to stand idly by under "bombardments and appeals to abandon Christmas card sending," often coupled with the suggestion to send the card money to a specified charity instead.

#### View of the Trade

The card people take a very dim view of such appeals, just as the candy industry was once outraged by the ad, "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet." The attitude of the greetings men is, boost your own business

also bought the work of moderns like Cecil Beaton and Rowland Emmet.

Mr. Hall's texts still include Edgar Guest, whose insidiously accurate lyrics—

Christmas bells are ringing clear  
At this happy time of year  
—are the despair both of amateur imitators and serious poets, although for vastly different reasons.

But Mr. Hall, the best-known single figure in the business, also uses texts by Paul Engle, W. H. Auden, Ogden Nash, Phyllis McGinley, Archibald MacLeish and T. S. Elliot.

The great bulk of Christmas cards are retailing this year for 5 cents to \$1 a card. But Woolworth's has a boxed bargain of fifty assorted cards for 77 cents. Quality cards range up to \$1.50 each.

About 30 per cent of the business is in "P. G." cards. The initials are standard trade usage for "personal greetings." These are cards on which the emphasis is usually more on the art than on the message. The sender has his own name, and sometimes his own brief message, printed or engraved.

Women spend hours going over P. G. books. In general, women buy far more cards than men and take longer to make a purchase. Their gloves—particularly black suede—tend to smudge cards, and dealers try to get them to take off their gloves while browsing.

"One woman told me her gloves were cleaner than her fingers," a Fifth Avenue retailer said. "I told her, 'That may be, Madam, but you can wash your hands right over there.'"

Women tend to be deadly serious while mulling over "counter"—individual—cards. They don't often ask advice. When they do, some clerks find them unreasonable.

#### Card for Philatelist, 14

"We have cards for sons, baby brothers, godsons, nephews, and even one for a 'very special boy,' whatever that is," said a clerk at a department store display. "But this woman, she wanted one for a 14-year-old nephew with blond hair and a stamp collection. What can you do with somebody like that?"

Public attacks on Christmas cards, or on the tradition of sending them, rarely prosper. Some men in public life may say privately that the whole thing has got out of hand and is a nuisance. One once suggested that a central bureau ought to be established, say in Chicago. It would process lists of names automatically, and all the sender would have to do would be pay.

But for obvious reasons, people rarely say such things for publication. A British M.P. who once declared he was tired of Christmas cards and would stop sending them was flooded with the finest cards the British craftsmen could produce—and was thus rebuked by being shamed.

Perhaps the most ungrate-

### CUSHING DECRIES 'PAGAN' HOLIDAY

#### Cardinal Is Among Several Who Warn on Christmas

By JOHN WICKLEIN

Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston made a plea over the week-end to keep "modern pagans" from taking Christmas away from Christians. And a columnist for his archdiocesan newspaper asked parishioners this year to "cut Christmas back" to its religious essentials and curtail the current "emotional binge."

In New York, the Rev. Dr. Julius Mark, senior rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, said that Jews should not contribute to the secularization of the holiday by picking up, with no thought of the religious content, its "Christmas party" aspects.

These protests against the rising commercialism of Christmas were in line with those made last week by the Rev. Dr. Edgar S. Brown Jr., director of worship of the United Lutheran Church.

Dr. Brown, writing in the Dec. 6 issue of The Lutheran, had said the religious significance of the day marking the birth of Jesus was being swallowed up in "an orgy of commercialism."

#### Gift-Giving Not 'Big Part'

Cardinal Cushing, in his "News Notes" column in The Pilot, said there was danger that neo-pagans would destroy "the loveliest day in our church calendar." Christmas, he said, should not take part in such a paganing process.

"Gift-giving is not the big part of Christmas preparation," the Cardinal said. "After all, Christmas is Christ's Mass. To celebrate a mass by excessive eating—not to say with excessive drinking—would be a sacrilege."

In the same issue, Msgr. George Casey wrote that many campaigns had been organized to "put Christ back in Christmas." The results, he said, have been a bit on the pathetic side. Christ may have nudged Santa Claus off the Christmas cards of the pious, he said, but it all adds up to "just more business and more distraction."

"What is needed," Msgr. Casey said, "is a cutback on the whole thing—the cards, the gifts, the parties and the emotional binge."

"In the best of families, where the intentions for a really Christian Christmas are strong, the shopping, mailing, planning, rehearsing and organizing for the day get to be too much ever without trying."

They leave no time, let alone desire, he said, for contemplation of the Babe of Bethlehem. "It is too much to expect,"



The New York Times  
Richard Cardinal Cushing

Msgr. Casey said, "that we should cut out all the excitement and start over, but we

could do worse. The first Christmas was a good precedent. We cannot believe otherwise than that it was the way Divine Providence wanted it, for His own purposes, humble, hidden—except from the angels—bare, even bleak."

In a statement yesterday Dr. Mark, a Reform rabbi, said:

"I sympathize wholeheartedly with my colleagues of the Christian faith—both Catholics and Protestants—who have been protesting against the commercialization and the paganization of Christmas."

"I have the utmost respect for the convictions of my Christian neighbors, to whom Christmas is a solemn feast memorializing the birthday of their Savior."

In keeping with this, he said he thought Jews should not promote the tinsel, commercial aspects of the event.

"Some Jews say that it's a

national holiday," Rabbi Mark commented. "Well, it isn't. It's a religious holiday, a solemn occasion, not a time for the rejuvenation of the Roman saturnalia."

Jewish families, he said, should not adopt the Christmas parties and the Christmas trees—cultural trappings of the day. Some Jews excuse the trimming of a Christmas tree on the ground that it had a pagan origin, the rabbi said.

"It's wrong for us to tell our neighbors that their religious celebration is pagan," he asserted. "The Christmas tree today, regardless of its origin, has a specific religious significance. But suppose we do believe the tree is something that is pagan—why should we celebrate something that is pagan?"

REMEMBER THE NEEDIEST!

### New York Telephone man awarded

## Vail Medal for Initiative and



The highest telephone honor employees can receive is the Vail Medal. It is given only for outstanding acts of initiative and courage performed in connection with their work, or in which their training as telephone people is an important factor.

Recently the New York awarded the Vail Medal to Thomas R. Woodford. His story is "spirit of service" is typical everywhere, who training and skills to make helpful in every possible

Thomas R.

SYRACUSE INSTALL

At 1 a.m., April 14, 1961, Station Hotel, near Sky Woodford and the other rived, the three-story, 10 flames. Woodford helped from a second-story room owner. Forced out by a second attempt, also brother went in but was conscious man. Then V and managed to find through a window. On gen into the man's lumb stored. Shortly after caved in and crashed



### NEW YORK TELEPHONE

Part of the nationwide Bell Telephone System

There's "SOMETHING EXTRA" about owning an OLDS F-85!

There's a



in your future!



Excelsior's dividend anticipated

at

the  
rate  
of

4%

a year  
on 2-YEAR  
SAVINGS

3 3/4% regular plus an extra 1/4% on 2-year savings for the quarter beginning January 1, 1962 with the continuance of favorable earnings on deposits of \$5 or more.

Interest dividends paid from day of deposit—compound-ed 4 times a year.

... and it's easy to bank by mail — we pay the postage

93rd year  
**Excelsior**  
SAVINGS BANK

Main Office:  
221 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19

Branch Office:  
66th St. & 2nd Ave.

Member Federal Deposit  
Insurance Corporation

the other fellow's. In terms of Christmas cards, the trade journal reduced it to this:

"Christmas cards spread joy and cheer. Send as many as you can."

Many dealers say that the trend in the last few years has been noticeably, if not overwhelmingly, back to conventional symbols, styles and colors. Some note that the word "Peace" on a card seems to have an increasing appeal.

This is taken to reflect greater concern with international tensions. More tasteful art is regarded as a direct rebuttal to the "sick" cards, which reached a peak in 1957.

There was actually a case of a so-called Christmas card involving a four-letter vulgarity. But by and large, as one retailer puts it, "You don't have to clean up Christmas—it's pretty clean to begin with."

#### Good Taste Is Pledged

The Greeting Card Association has its own creed. Members pledge the production and distribution of cards conforming to "accepted standards of good taste, good morals and good social usage."

On general Christmas cards—as opposed to those with a specifically religious theme—the floral motif leads this year with 10.3 per cent. Winter scenes, animals and birds, people and "bold titles" are next. "Floral" most often breaks down into poinsettias, mistletoe and holly.

On religious cards—up to 30 per cent of the total, as against 10 per cent a decade ago—the favorite symbols are Madonnas with 18.2 per cent, manger scenes, the Holy Family, Three Wise Men, and so on.

Cartoons—in the broader category of studio-contemporary, taking in original drawing as opposed to traditional art reproduction—amount to 5 per cent of the general line.

Studio cards include the quality work of an artist like Chuck Gruen. He knows that it is "not going to hang in the Louvre," but he expects it to make "even wealthy people chortle." Apparently it does. Last year, Gruen's best-seller was a flight of streamlined doves, in different colors, all headed one way across the card. The message was simply, "A world of good wishes."

But the studio category also takes in the gag cards. An odd-looking child, on an odd-looking Santa's lap, is listening. The inscription: "Lies, lies, lies."

And perhaps the nearest to a surviving beatnik card has a long text beginning:

"Like, greetings \* \* \*  
"Just thought I'd drop a few crazy lines and let you know that I'm digging Christmas—ville the most this year \* \* \*"

One retailer said he was offered a Christmas card showing a bomb exploding down a chimney.

"What's funny about it," he asked, "the fall-out?"

Joyce Clyde Hall of Hallmark Cards, whose 1961 line includes reproductions of Da Vinci, Rembrandt and Van Gogh, has

circumstances under which Christmas cards were banned arose at Sing Sing prison in 1958. Edward Eckwerth, in the death house for a murder in Yonkers, sent cards to the town's detective bureau and to the Westchester District Attorney who had convicted him.

#### 'Attempted Mockery'

On the grounds that such greetings were "in bad taste" and could involve "attempted mockery," Warden Wilfred L. Denno said prisoners could no longer send cards to such officials.

Eckwerth was executed on May 22, 1959.

This year's public Christmas card controversy was touched off by the Daughters of the American Revolution. The society's National Defense Committee urged members not to buy the cards sold by the United Nations Children's Fund.

The head of a chapter in Barneget, N. J., quoting from The National Defender, published by the organization's Washington headquarters, declared that the UNICEF cards were part of a "broader Communist plan to destroy all religious beliefs and customs."

Mrs. John F. Kennedy showed the way she (and many other Americans) felt about such a point of view. The First Lady ordered ten boxes of the 1961 UNICEF cards.

#### Attlee Is 'Further Improved'

Special to The New York Times.

LONDON, Dec. 10 — Earl Attlee, who suffered a heart attack Thursday, was said today to have "further improved." A spokesman at Amersham Hospital, Buckinghamshire, which the former Labor Prime Minister entered with a gastric disorder, added: "He had a restful day and his progress is maintained." Lord Attlee is 78 years old.

#### ADVERTISEMENT

##### CAMP WIGWAM FOR BOYS, MAINE

Mr. Abraham Mandelstam (Mandy) of Camp Wigwam for Boys, Harrison, Maine, has purchased the half interest of his associate, and is now sole owner and director of Camp Wigwam. He is, as he has always been, very active in the conduct of Camp Wigwam, and intends to continue so. His friends may contact him, as heretofore, at 40 West 72nd Street, New York City. CAMP WIGWAM is recorded in the Congressional Record, is mentioned in Time Magazine, September 10, 1961 in the Jerome D. Salinger story, and lists among its many prominent alumni—Richard Rodgers, District Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Alfred Simon, N. Y. Times W.P.A. executive, author and composer; Frank Loesser, William Zerkendorf, Sr.

The following have had their sons at Camp Wigwam: a former Premier of France, Pierre Mendes-France, the late Oscar Hammerstein II; the late Josef Hofmann, pianist; Leo F. Rowinsky, discoverer of Kodachrome; Jacob Blaustein, Baltimore; Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, Cleveland; Professor Jacob L. Lohlander, the late eminent economist of John Hopkins University.

(CAMP HIAWATHA FOR GIRLS, Near Falls, Maine, is the sister camp.)

## Every engine an eight ... every inch an OLD.

Enjoy up to 185-h.p. performance from a full eight-cylinder engine!

Drive it and you'll discover... there's nothing to match the smoothness and zip of proved V-8 action! And it's yours in every fabulous, fun-to-drive new F-85! Dashing new Cutlass models feature the ultra high-compression Cutlass 185 Engine—an aluminum V-8 that puts 185 horsepower at the tip of your toe! And every F-85—sedan, station wagon, convertible or low-priced club coupe—has smartness to match its liveliness... stirring new style... tasteful appointments... Olds quality and reliability!



**CUTLASS COUPE.** 185-h.p. V-8 zip and bucket-seat sportiness are standard equipment in the smart new Cutlass Coupe—and in its lively companion model, the all-new Cutlass Convertible!

# OLDS-F-85

In a class by itself... in the low-price

SEE THE '62 OLDSMOBILES... AT YOUR LOCAL AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER



UN'SANE TOKEF.....A.W. Binder

This outstanding prayer-poem of the High Holiday liturgy depicts the Heavenly Court in session, with the Almighty remembering things forgotten and sealing our destiny. Musically, it features a wide range of modes and motifs: the majestic music of the Heavenly Court, the peal of the Shofar at which even the angels tremble, the soothing pastoral of the shepherd mustering his flock, the tearful supplication of "who shall live and who shall die" and the humble sigh of "man's origin is dust and he returneth to dust." Finally, the music soars into the promise: "But Thou art ever our living God and King."

ATO VOCHARTONU.....A. Katchko

Overall theme:

THE JEWISH HIGH HOLIDAYS  
Talk before L'Oron's Club Sept 1961  
Minnis Sept 1962

Developed as Eve  
Rosh Hash 1962  
Sermon

1. ~~God~~ is World Judgment
2. Individual Counts
3. There is Hope

# DIVINE GUIDANCE IN HUMAN AFFAIRS

Bible opens on Universal theme of Creation - In the Beginning God - ~~Much left unsaid~~

1) 10/12/62

Brotherhood of World - Greater is not an absolute land/ord/dep  
 this is not easy to believe.  
 Considering the state of affairs in our world today  
 High probability seasons make it more considerable evidence

World is vulnerable  
to Communism  
of isolation  
is catching up with us

Is this our world  
ever created?  
maybe many before  
not changed as we  
are about to do

## 1) HISTORY IS RECORD OF WORLD COURT

Heavenly grand jury is in session

Bullet in flight thinks it is destroying the law of gravity  
but, only for a while, soon the fastest bullet will  
follow the curve of the trajectory & come down

indifference  
apathetic  
stares  
INTEGRATION

So - similar -  
Robert L. Stevenson

You may think you get away with it but  
that fall you self retribution will bring you  
down.  
Often it takes a persecution or  
CASTRO - ~~for the hands~~  
to everybody soon or late, that  
sit down to a banquet

of consequences"

### All under God's Judgment -

this idea accounts for solemnity &  
seriousness of High Holy Season

Love & hate

Denial does not  
require confession to deity  
but to self!

I don't believe in quick changes  
Sin is too deep to be  
washed out - it must  
be expected

Repentance without "letting go"  
is without value  
from taking bath holding  
a lump of dirt

AMERICAN JEWISH

► A mother who had a spat with her  
little girl tells me that her daughter  
ran out of the house after leaving a  
poison pen letter. It said, "Dear  
Mommy, I hate you. Love, Karen."  
-JEROME M. BEATTY.

You must try  
SACRIFICE

Mantle-step  
Business-step  
Cubby corners  
Start with  
True Confession  
& God will give  
you power  
of regeneration

3) yet There is hope

MAN VS ETERNAL BACK SLIDER  
We have 10 Comm. as 35 million ans to enforce them!

God not only stern Judge but also a God of love - He does not want us to be destroyed. - He has slain us a way. He helps us by gift of special power

Divine Sentence postponed - 10 days probation

Don't despair - with fatalistic attitude  
Moses: Life & death are in your hand

Enlist support of departed:  
Visit Graves

Choose life

Man can change his case by changing his inner nature

Sound of Alarm - Shepherds

NOT PRETTY HARMONIOUS SOUND BUT DISSONANCE OF HEART

Why not a pretty French horn?

A call to make war against sin

LOCAL CONFLICTS

Piercing Speaking Alarm sounds like modern music

Corrupt

Generous at heart Love & Hate NO TIME FOR PEACE OF MIND

God loves repentent sinner & forgives: A penitent is

the comfort pillar in Pulpit

Painful

FAST - self punishment  
Hunger is pain - sacrifice // Necessary to ease a confirmed Reconciliation + Faith - but

"A NOISE OF WAR"  
(THE COLD WAR)

Rosh Hashonah Eve.  
1961

The Bible tells us that when Moses and Joshua walked down together from Mt. Sinai, they heard a very disturbing noise. The sacred mood which they had experienced was broken by unwelcome sounds of alarm from below. Said Joshua to Moses:

וַיִּשְׁמַע יְהוֹשֻׁעַ אֶת-הַשָּׁמַיִם וַיֹּאמֶר אֶל-מֹשֶׁה  
וַיֹּאמֶר מֹשֶׁה אֶל-יְהוָה וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוָה אֶל-יְהוֹשֻׁעַ

Ex 32.17

THERE IS A NOISE OF WAR IN THE CAMP....

My friends, it is impossible this year to escape the noise of war that reaches us from all sides. To paraphrase the psalmist: if we flew up to the heavens or sought to hide in the bowels of the earth, or winged our way to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there would this noise of war follow us, for the danger is global...

In the first few days after President Kennedy's address to the nation at the end of July, over 500 people in Mercer county alone called the Civil Defence office for information about fall-out shelters. How ironical, just as man conquered outer space, to be compelled to dig underground....

~~Every day~~ Every day the noise of war grows louder and more alarming: calling up of reserves, troop-movements to Europe, Russian and American tanks facing each other, resumption of nuclear testing..... what next ?

People keep saying, IF WAR COMES..

There is no "if" --- we are already at war. Call it cold war or a phony war, ---but peace it is not.

We must look ahead into a very long time of tension and testing and teetering on the brink , not just years but possibly for the rest of our life-time. And in this mighty contest for the mind of man and control of the earth, we shall be waging not one, but 3 wars simultaneously:

1. The war of Nerves
2. The war of Production
3. The war of Ideas.

\*\*\*\*\*

(1. The war of nerves)

The most astonishing thing in this war of nerves is our very late awakening; after years of minding our own business and paying little attention to Russian advances, we were dealt skillfully, brutally and in swift succession one blow after another, in the race for space, in Laos, in Cuba, in Latin America, in Berlin....

The story is told of an Englishman, a Frenchman and an American who were captured by cannibals in Africa. The cannibal chief turned out to be an Oxford graduate. Courteously he offered to each of his captives one last wish. The Englishman wanted to read once more his favorite poem and was given "The Oxford Book of English Verse" The Frenchman asked for a final gourmet meal, and was treated to an exquisite African delicacy. When his turn came, the American said: "I would like a good swift kick in the pants."

He landed 15 feet away, pulled an automatic from his shirt and made the cannibals run for their lives, and saved the day.

His somewhat startled friends asked him why he let them get into this mess in the first place, when he had a gun on him all the time.

He shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Well, you know us Americans. Before we can do anything,

we've got to have a good swift kick in the pants!"

It seems we've had it --- and now we really hurry and hustle.

Now we realize that we must jump ahead militarily, scientifically and economically to have a fighting chance against Khrushchev, ---

which proves once more that peril is one of the major stimulants in human history.

In this war of nerves, let us get over the notion that danger is all bad. It is not. Out of dangerous situations have come some of the finest things in life..... Peril pulls the trigger and what explodes is the power packed into us by Providence.

Whoever laid down the ground-rules for the evolution of life, set it up in such a way that superior strength is developed under pressure.

Theodore Roosevelt once pointed out that never, throughout our history, had a man who lived a life of ease, left a name worth remembering.

Someone else said: Trouble more often makes than breaks a man:

Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott;

Put him in prison and you have a John Bunyan;

Bury him in snow at Valley Forge, and you have a Geo. Washington

Have him born in abject poverty, and you have an Abraham Lincoln

Paralyze his legs, and you have a Franklin Roosevelt...

For growth of character we need not only sunshine of happiness, but also rainfall of tears.... The string that knows no tension, knows no music and life without stress produces no greatness...

What we should pray for in this war of nerves is not "God save us from this trouble," but "God strengthen us for it"

This war of nerves may spur us on to undreamed of progress...the development of atomic power, the exploration of space, the automation of industry, the production of wealth, science and medicine, may all be accelerated as we mobilize all our national resources.

AMERICAN JEWISH  
ARCHIVES  
( 2. the War of Production)

The second war in which we are engaged is the war of production. This is the oldest of all wars ---it began when Adam was expelled from paradise and told to eat bread in the sweat of his brow....

It has always been difficult to feed mankind but now, the population explosion may make it impossible. Starvation of unprecedented magnitude may drive whole nations into a frenzy of revolutionary violence.

India, e.g., expects to gain 187 million additional population in the next 15 years. Her annual per capita income is now \$69 and if all goes well, says Nehru, it may go up to the munificent sum of \$111 per capita in 15 years. Our annual per capita income in America is \$2000 --- India's is \$69, can we possibly appreciate the kind of life they must have?

Imagine all the world reduced to a village of 1000. 60 of these 1000 villagers would be Americans --and these 60 people would make half the income of the entire town. Each American would own 15 times as much as any of the others <sup>940</sup> who for the most part would go hungry every day.



80 % of the entire human population, according to the U.N. have never had and will not have in the foreseeable future what an American family takes for granted as a good square meal ...tell that to your child if he complains about your food....

Contrast with these crying, desperate needs the uses to which America puts her unbelievable wealth: We are spending more on greeting cards than on medical research; more on jewelry than on basic science; 3 times as much on chewing gum than on scholarships, ---and it is estimated that only one of our national amusements, off-track gambling, runs up a total of 50 billion, I said 50 billion dollars, a year. Compared with this kind of spending, our Marshall plan, the "Alliance for Progress, and the entire Foreign Aid program are merely crumbs off our table.

What has our wealth done to us as a nation?

It has made us greedy, lazy and criminal. We are bent upon killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Our work habits have become slovenly, our business ethics corrupted.

White Collar employees, from clerk to executive stole at least 1 billion dollars from their employers, from postage stamps to whole warehouses this past year, which is twice the take of all nation's ~~knave~~ professional burglars and thieves....Kickbacks and bribes are estimated to have gone up to 5 billion dollars a year.

No one has yet figured out the fraudulent charges by all kinds of mechanics for hours not labored and parts not furnished...

Mr. average man hates to be a sucker, if cheating is general, he wants to be in on it --and so padding expense accounts is a national sport as illustrated by Frank Gibney's story in the "Operators" about the little business luncheon in a high class

restaurant, of 3 elegant gentlemen.

When the bill came each insisted on paying for it.

Said the first, "I'm in the 80 % bracket, it will cost me only 20%"

Don't be foolish, said the second, I'm in the 100% excess profits bracket, and it won't cost me anything.

But I, said the third, I'm on a cost plus contract, as he picked up the bill --- "I'll make money."

A few days ago, I asked a garageman what it would cost me to have a tinted phte glass window installed in my car. He answered, why don't you smash it yourself with a rock and let the insurance co. pay for it ---they all do it. Well, I don't believe all do it, but enough are doing that kind of thing to boost our insurance rates a few percent each year.

And tell me, what do you think is the effect of the following little conversation I over-heard at the air-port: a mother was seeing off her teen-age girl on a flight to Miami. Said the mother after a parting embrace. Now telephone me as soon as you arrive, --you know how ? Do you know how ? Of course, you know, it's the person-to-person long distance gimmick of asking for a person you know is not there, namely yours~~elf~~, to signal safe arrival, by courtesy of Bell Telephone. What amazing parental stupidity: hundreds of dollars for a luxury trip, but not one dollar for honesty. 10 years of Sunday School cannot wipe out one such lesson in cheating casually administered by the father or mother the child is supposed to honor...

We talk about the communist threat to the Free enterprise system, but the real threat is from within. We speak of communist subversives, but the real subversion is the work of such pillars of society as the executives of 29 electrical companies, including General Electric and Westinghouse, convicted this year of price fixing, contract rigging and monopolistic conspiracies that made a mockery of fair competition.

WE JEWS ARE HEAVILY INVOLVED IN THE MORAL FAILURE OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN. We share guilt. Have we nothing to contribute

to American ethics? What does it mean to be a Jew?

Should we not rise above the general standard?

We must be different --- what else does it mean to <sup>be</sup> the chosen people?

We may assimilate in manners, but not in morals.

We must be a light unto the nation.

The Talmud says: "Cleanse yourselves, and then cleanse others."

The first step in raising moral standards is self-criticism.

Ethics is not a mass-product, it starts with yourself.

Discipline, whether among children or adults, is not popular in America today... And a whole lot of new ethical codes in companies,

in industries, in labor and professions, do not meet the situation.

Every page in the Bible cries out to you and says:

"The code of ethics has to be inscribed on the tables of your heart" it is a personal, individual proposition.

THIS IS THE DAY OF DECISION AND FOR CHANGING BASIC ATTITUDES.

We miss the point in assuming that the job of religion is merely to inform us of our ethics, if that were all, you need to hear it only once, and you would be quite right in saying, why come back, I've heard it already.

But no, it is not to inform, but to fortify and to habituate ---

The Congregation is not an information agency, but a training ground for moral behavior and requires constant practice.

The great Rachmaninoff, on a train-ride would take a dummy piano key-board out of his suit case and practice finger exercises for several hours. He never missed a day. So, in Religion, prayer and ethical study must become regular habits to preserve the sensitivity of the heart, to make our moral response instant and irrepressible.

AMERICAN JEWISH  
ARCHIVES



### 3. WAR OF IDEAS

The first and last battle-field in any war is the mind of man. That's where war begins and there it continues long after the shooting has stopped. It is much easier to kill an evil man than to wipe out the evil it self. Nazi criminals were done to death at Nurnberg, but their spirit still lingers in many a mind.... Surely we are engaged in a war of ideas.

Remember, how Khrushhev shook his finger at us and shouted:

Americans, your grandsons will be communists!

Will this prophecy come true, <sup>2</sup> ~~or maybe the opposite~~ will Khrushhev's grandchildren live in a Free World?

All depends on how successfully we wage this war of ideas.

~~There~~ There are, I believe, 3 rules of ideological warfare.

1. We must again address ourselves to the whole world.

At the birth of our contry in 1776 America captured the imagination of ~~the~~ all mankind. The shot fired at Concord was the shot heard around the world. People paid attention to us because we had important things to say:

We addressed our Declaration to the whole world; as stated in the pre-ample:

"A decent respect to the opnions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation ----and we boldly proclaimed our principles: the equality of man, <sup>his</sup> ~~their~~ unalienable rights; life liberty and the pursuit of happiness... a government whose pwers are dervied from the consent of the governed...

These doctined caused an ideological earthquake whose tremors were felt in all civilized lands and shook every seat of despotism.

Lafayette, returning ~~from~~ to his native France , hung on his wall a framed copy of the American Bill of Rights and next to it an empty frame. Visitors were told:

"The empty frame is intended to contain a similar document for France."

America ~~then~~ in those days, was the model, the hope, the dream of youth of lovers of freedom and visionaries of the future.

Nobody in those days spoke of the Ugly American but of that new man in the new world who, in the words of John Adams had conceived

" A grand scheme ~~and design in Providence~~ for the illumination and emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the earth."

All this has changed. Today, our most sensitive writer , William Faulkner asks:

"What has happened to the American Dream?

~~We dozed, slept and it abandoned us."~~

Much too long we have let ~~Russia~~ <sup>the Communists</sup> do the talking and planning for the rising working class and the rising new nations.

Practically all the so-called "bright young men " in Asia and Africa are Moscow oriented ---why?

Because Moscow has been oriented toward them.

The Communists ceaselessly addressed themselves to the world.

A year ago the Soviet Communist party published 97 slogans for May Day with the emphasis on complete liquidation of colonialism and a production drive to overtake the United States.

Where are our slogans ?

We must awaken from our stupor and give unto the down-trodden of the earth a star of hope to follow.

2. The 2nd rule of ideological warfare is: Our means must match our ends. Our misbegotten and miscarried invasion of Cuba last spring was not so much a military as a moral disaster for America.

Surely we should oppose the tyranny of Fidel Castro, Khrushchev and other dictators, but not stoop to their methods.

When you fight a monster, said Nietzsche, beware lest you become a monster.

How can we expect ethical behavior from our individual citizens, when the government is unethical in its conduct?

Him, only him the shield of God defends,  
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.

3. The final rule of ideological warfare is this: WE MUST KNOW

We should know not only our own government, but also something about communism and its political creature, the Soviet State.

~~Yesterday's~~ Yesterday's newspaper reported that more high-school  
superintendent oppose than favor the teaching of a subject  
such as "World communism , what it is and how it works"

---What intellectual provincialism bedevils our educational system?  
don't we want our youth to know the difference between democracy and  
communism?

Essentially what is that difference?

It is not a difference in ~~aims~~<sup>goals</sup>: America and Russia want the same  
things for their people: Material Abundance  
and, a maximum of freedom --yes Russia wants it too

Where we differ is not in the aims but in the methods.

The method of communism --coercion -- is based on a low estimate  
of man. Its philosophic premise, dialectical materialism,  
views man as nothing more than a lump of clay, to be shaped by society  
at will, who must be trained and brainwashed like Pavlov's dog  
and driven to his task ---until little by little those tasks  
will be second nature to him and ~~the~~ coercion may then be relaxed....



Our method of democracy is essentially the method of free choice, based on a high estimate of human nature. We are willing to take the risks of freedom on the assumption that man is capable of making a prudent choice, if fully informed, that he is ethically motivated, if properly reared ~~is our tradition~~. We too believe that he will be driven to his tasks, not from the outside, but from within, not by coercion, but by his conscience, self-propelled by his moral discipline, as Bernie Baruch said: "Our only freedom is the freedom to discipline ourselves."

The whole system hinges on the ethical core in man on his spiritual endowment, which must be developed --- now who will worry about this ethical core, the conscience of America, America, when right to kept right, And when wrong, to be set right ?

Who will instruct, guide and prod our conscience ?

Will the labor unions have this ethical concern?

Will the N.A.M. ?

Or our politicians, or the state dept ?

This, my friends, is the job of religion.

The function of Judaism is to be the conscience of our society.

God help America if that function is deserted, if you allow the ethical foundation of America to crumble and collapse.

Remember this: Every time you ignore the call of the synagogue and are absent from your place, you are like a sentinel fallen asleep on guard-duty -----and the penalty for that will be the death of integrity, death of our way of life, death of democracy and death of our people.

Surely, life and death are in our hands, and we have the power to choose.

We are in the midst of the greatest technological revolution in history. It is possible to abolish poverty, to conquer man's worst diseases, to stamp out illiteracy... we have the conditions and the beginnings of world government, and the desperate need is to make it stronger and effective, AND THERE IS NOTHING SO POWERFUL AS AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME.

There will be one government for the entire world, if it takes decades to do it, what remains to be decided is only whether such a world government will resemble the Communist dictatorship or our form of democracy....

It will be ours, if we can, in this war of nerves, intensify our efforts and, in this war of production, raise our standards of creative and honest work, and, in this war of ideas, recapture the ethical grandeur and vision of the founding fathers....

Let us not fear the new year, nor dread the future.

It may well be that the future will answer us, as Moses answered Joshua on that day at Mt. Sinai: No, what you hear is not the voice of them that shout for war, but the voice of them that are singing....

Oh, may God grant that the noises of war we are hearing now be changed for us also into shouts of Halleluyah into songs of joy, as men, all over the world, unite for prosperity and for peace.

Amen.

*This morning we shall consider the following question*

You and I face a world situation in which forces of staggering size are involved: what chance is there for the individual to play a part, to change, to improve the world and bring it back to sanity, ~~to the sanctity of life,~~ to peace?



Rosh Hash. Morning.  
1961



An almost universal day-dream is picturing yourself as a world-leader who by a few well chosen edicts straightens out the world. Of course, we don't tell anybody about such daydreams because of their immodesty and improbability, but once in a while all of us have the notion that "if only I could run the show for a while, I could clean up this international mess." Now, friends, your dreams of greatness are not altogether idle dreams: there is one type of greatness which everyone can attain:

If you study the biography of some of the spiritual giants in the Bible --such men as Abraham, Moses and the prophets, you will conclude that their mental brilliance and eloquence place them far above the average man, but in one respect we could match them, and, strangely this is the one quality they all have in common:

We read in Genesis; ch.22

"And God put Abraham to the test and he said to him "Abraham, Abraham."

And he answered:

'H)

Here am I

We read in Exodus, ch. 3:

And God called out of the midst of the bush, and said: "Moses, Moses,"

And he answered:

'H)

Here am I

We read in Isaiah, ch. 6

I heard the voice of the Lord, Whom shall I send, and who will go for Me?

Then I said:

'H)

Here am I

\*\*\*\*

By now, I am sure, you can guess that the common element in these great men is the sameness of their response, expressed by a single Hebrew word:

'H) Here am I..... They differed very much in personality and ability, but they were alike in their moral earnestness. As soon as they

grasped a great need, a task that had to be done, they accepted it as their personal responsibility.

This moral earnestness: Knowing the need and feeling responsible, is the kind of greatness of which we, too, are capable.

Our own powers for good would be enormously increased, if only we too responded as promptly to the tasks that challenge us in our life:

'L D

--- one Hebrew word, yet it has 2 distinct meanings:

1. INITIATIVE --MORAL COURAGE
2. PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT

1. INITIATIVE: MORAL COURAGE

Hinneni --- Here am I --- the first thing to do, if you want to influence anything, is to learn to speak out;

'L D

Here am I, is the moral courage to step out of the crowd and let people know where you stand.

A woman in England announced recently that in protest against the build-up for war, she was going on a strike of silence; she vowed not to talk one day a week as long as this crisis persisted. Personally I don't see how her method would help anyone, except possibly her husband...(who probably gave her the idea)

SILENCE IS NOT AN EFFECTIVE FORM OF PROTEST.

Usually it is the sign of cowardice, not courage.

A national magazine once carried the following memorable piece, entitled THE SILENT ONE :

He is the silent one.

He never speaks up on issues.

He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper.

He never writes his congressman.

He is quiet as a clam.

And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy.

How could Democracy succeed... if all of us, like this silent trouble-maker, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticism ?

The Silent trouble - maker! Remember Sacco and Vanzetti? --those 2 poor fellows, immigrant anarchists, condemned to die in the 20ies for a crime which, it was widely believed, they had not committed. There is a whole literature now with evidence that their conviction was a travesty of justice. That trial will forever lie heavily upon the conscience of America. Convinced of their innocence, some of the country's most brilliant jurists tried to save Sacco and Vanzetti, Felix Frankfurter among them as one of the leaders in that movement. A few more lawyers, says Felix Frankfurter in his autobiography, with courage to act publicly on their privately expressed opinions, could have swung the tide ---but they would not speak out.

WHY NOT ?

Frankfurter explains: "People want to avoid unpleasantness.

Why stick your neck out? <sup>They</sup> ~~People~~ want to be <sup>invited</sup> ~~asked~~ to dinners at certain houses. They want to become grandmasters of the Masonic Lodge...Some ~~are held back by~~ <sup>are held back by</sup> their wives....!

My friends, ~~maybe you never had to speak out on a matter of life or death,~~  
~~and~~ all of us are challenged, day by day, to speak out on matters of right <sup>OR</sup> ~~and~~ wrong: When, e.g. a customer or a client, sounds off with

a piece of monumental prejudice --- do you respond

W.D. (Here am I)

this is my chance to straighten out this fellow, to correct and possibly change one other human mind? Or do we say, this is none of my buisness -- why lose a sake -- and so, in the words of Amos,

we sell out THE RIGHTEOUS FOR SILVER  
AND THE NEEDY FOR A PAIR OF SHOES.

This is not the time and place to discuss in full detail the Trenton Charter Reform movement and I would not condemn from this pulpit whatever stand anyone has taken on this <sup>vital</sup> political ~~issue~~ issue, but what I do condemn is the attitude:

"I don't want to get involved" or  
I'm in favor but I don't want my name on any petition !

The sin ~~of the century~~ of the century is the sin of silent consent --- the sin of remaining silent when justice and right command us to speak up, ~~yet we do not for fear of being branded different or suffering unpleasant consequences.~~

and the fruit of that sin was revealed to all the world at the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem ---

Eichmann testified: "I never was an anti-Semite. I was only a nationalist"

And He said: "When I saw the bodies of the Jews for the first time, I could not grasp what was happening. I was shocked and shaken."

Pressed to state his own feelings about the Nazi extermination of the Jews

Eichmann <sup>said:</sup> answered:

"I saw in the murder of the Jews --in the extermination of Jews -- one of the most hideous crimes in the history of mankind."



but he explained, he had no choice, he was bound by the orders of his superiors.

That of course was a lie ---he ~~didn't have~~ always had a choice, what he did not have was the will, the courage to say <sup>)))</sup> HERE AM I

~~abandonment~~ This policy of extermination is wrong ; it's monstrous, ~~and...~~

The crime: ~~was~~ Mass-murder

The cause: abdication of personal responsibility,  
stifling the voice of conscience  
No moral courage.

2. PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT: I MYSELF, NO SUBSTITUTE

<sup>)))</sup> means something else: Personal involvement: I, not a substitute, shall act in this situation .....

An advertisement recently caught my eye: It described a new gadget, the size of a small table radio, and when you plug it in near a baby's ~~in~~ crib, this gadget simulates the sound of mother's heart-beat which, ~~says~~ the advertisement, will be comforting and reassuring to the baby. This peculiar machine is called "THE MECHANICAL HEART-BEAT COMFORTER."

One of the evils of our time is the replacement of the heart, the loss of the personal touch, the mechanization and dehumanization of our relationships. People want detachment, disengagement, ~~they don't~~ ~~want to get involved~~. Involvement means bother --and so we invent substitutes for ourselves.

Turgenyev tells of a beggar who accosted him on a cold winter night. Returning from an elegant party to his coach, he saw

this poor man, stretching out a withered hand. Quickly he reached into his pocket and not finding any change, he said, a bit embarrassed, "SORRY, BROTHER, BUT I HAVE NO MONEY."

Answered the beggar: "You have already given me much, ---  
you called me brother."

Though the world surely needs material gifts, it needs brotherliness even more. People wait and hunger for a human response ~~to their pain~~, yet most of us would rather give money than of ourselves.

OUR PHILANTHROPY HAS ACQUIRED A MECHANICAL HEART ---

it is all campaigning, driving --organizing --~~but there is no more~~ *I miss people who say*

111D

Here am I --- ~~my~~ my feeling heart, my compassion.

People in need are a bother to us: we run away from the lonely;

we can't listen to the heavy-laden; we avoid eyes that ~~seek our~~ *verily turn to us for*

sympathy and friendship.

*of course,* We need big organization to raise big money --but the mailing of a check is not charity if it doesnot involve the heart of the giver....

The Bible says: TAKE UNTO ME AN OFFERING ....

Should it not say GIVE UNTO ME AN OFFERING ?

Take is right, say our sages, for in true charity, the giver not only gives, but also takes, he must take away from the act of benevolence a deeper feeling of solidarity and identification with his fellowman, a sense of gratitude to be able to give, a glow of inner satisfaction

love of fellow-man!

Last year's total gift to charity by American Jews was close to a  $\frac{1}{4}$  billion dollars ---now that's a wonderful, a brilliant, record unmatched by any group in the world, but there is another side to these statistics not published, but well known to us:

The Problem of the Absentee Giver

who will give money, but not do a stitch of work for the drive  
who will mail his check but not pick up a single card to solicit  
someone else --- who will tell you bluntly:

I won't come to meetings, I won't go to the Opening Dinner!

He wants the whole burden to fall on the professional staff ---

For him, charity is a business -- a mail-order business --  
no longer a personal act of helpfulness in which brother meets  
brother in the joy of a good deed.

They say charity begins at home --- and I believe that too, so let's take a look at our homes:

A few weeks ago, I visited an elderly lady. She was sad and lonely. "Meet my paper-child" she said, as she pointed to a letter in her hand. "I don't see my son, just his letters," she explained.

"My paper-child" --- have you stopped to think how many of our personal relations are reduced to paper ?

A letter replaces the personal visit

A check replaces benevolence

~~amdmihmxbihimrphacsexpamemikmiora~~

A single subscription in a stationary shop replaces thoughtfulness --- birthday ~~grams~~ and anniversary cards will be mailed ~~for you~~ automatically....

A dollar bill replaces parental attention

One of the leading educational theories nowadays is the cash and candy method of handling children. Don't take time to explain, plead and argue out a point with your child --- just bribe him, buy him out.

A current braodway play, Critic's Choice, shows us a father, who, every time he wants his son out of the room, <sup>says</sup> saying to the boy:

Sonny, go eat a cookie!

If the child is annoyed, stuff an icecream cone in his mouth....

If he is bored and wants you to do something with him, give him money and say: "Go, have a good time! "

Summer camps and day camps used to stress the health and character values of their program. Now, they stress the fact that they relieve parents of their children during the summer. A New England camp advertised with the slogan:

LET CAMP SUNNY-LAND  
TAKE THEM OFF YOUR HAND

One teen-age camper wrote a poem:

Bless the dear clinic that weighed me with care,  
 And the nursery school teacher who toothcombed my hair.  
 And the youth movement worker, so care-worn for me.  
 And my mother, God bless her, whom <sup>seldom</sup> never I see.

The quality of our home depends upon a parent willing to respond to his child's need with <sup>)))</sup> Here am I, not a substitute....  
 There is a segregation, more cruel than in the south, right between the generations in our own families.

In many a home, parents and children, "on the level of profound personal experience, live apart in totally different worlds:  
 Children today experience their highest moments of exaltation in a children's world in which there is no room for parents. ....  
 and unless a fellowship of spiritual experience is reestablished, the parent will remain an outsider to the child's soul.

We appreciate what we share, we do not appreciate what we receive.  
 Friendship, affection is not acquired by giving presents.

Friendship, affection comes about by two people sharing a significant moment, by having an experience in common. "

(Abraham Heschel  
 'To Grow in Wisdom'  
 p 20-21)

Expect little ~~ammunition~~ from your son in return for the gift of a Thunderbird ---there is no substitute for genuine personal relationship. <sup>family</sup>

How foolish our people are in neglecting those solemn occasions provided by ~~our religion for the home~~ <sup>Judaism</sup> on the Sabbath and on the holidays....

If only I could <sup>convince</sup> ~~make~~ the parents of Bar Mitzvah <sup>Pre-</sup> Confirmands and Confirmands that their job is not to send the child to Temple but

go with him and share with him week after week something sacred, our people, our God --- <sup>I saw a beautiful scene recently - A father put his prayer book away <sup>in order</sup> to read out of the book his young son held in his hand and put ~~his~~ his arm around the boy next to him in the pew.... How much can be expressed through this gesture - affection - assurance - the common bond of faith.</sup>

There is no substitute for personality.

What the nucleus of the atom is in the realm of physics, the influence of a single personality can be in the realm of personal relations --the biggest force known to man.

Yes, each of <sup>us</sup> shapes history, each of us can mightily influence events in the chain-reaction of person-to - person relationship, provided that you respond to your immediate environment with all your being

W<sup>d</sup>

with initiative, moral courage

W<sup>d</sup>

~~with~~ investing and involving all of yourself.

As a great and saintly rabbi <sup>imparted the lesson of his life to</sup> ~~counselled~~ his favorite disciple with these words:

When I was a youth, ~~I wanted~~, I wanted to change the world, but could not

When I became a man, I wanted to change my city, but could not

When I grew older, I wanted to change the members of my own family, <sup>and failed,</sup>

Now that my days are numbered, I realize that if I had only changed myself, I might have succeeded in all others.

"ILLUSIONS"

Not Nidee 1961

Some years ago, there was an organization known as AMERICA FIRST . --- We are not sorry that it dissolved and we don't want it back; its isolationism and ~~foreign~~ <sup>National</sup> nationalism are out of date. But we could use its name to describe a deeply felt wish for America . A nation so favored materially as America should be first, and not second, in the more important advances of civilization: More leadership is expected from us in Science

in Education  
in social Reform

and in defining <sup>the</sup> future goals for mankind

Our problem is that of initiative. We are not leading but lagging behind in too many things....

Woe to the nation that loses initiative --

and you can say ~~so also~~ <sup>that</sup> of the individual; <sup>also</sup>

Woe to the man who lets go of the steering wheel <sup>of</sup> life.

Have you ~~already~~ <sup>ever</sup> passed through a phase in ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> life ~~---and you have~~ ~~found~~ ~~that~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~no~~ ~~longer~~ ~~steering~~ ~~but~~ ~~drifting,~~ ~~not~~ ~~acting~~ ~~but~~ ~~only~~ ~~reacting?~~ ~~---and you have~~ ~~the~~ ~~distinct~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~that~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~no~~ ~~longer~~ ~~master~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~fate,~~ ~~and~~ ~~captain~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~soul?~~

You and I, in our personal lives, sooner or later, are bound to get into situations that will deprive us of our initiative, of the power to determine the next steps in life ---it might be a major illness, or a business failure, or the loss of position ---or perhaps a grave family responsibility ? or heavy financial burdens limiting sharply our freedom of action ?

When this happens, the chance of a come-back, the possibility of resurgence, hinges on our stamina, on our tough-mindedness, on our ability to stand up and take it.

One person who could teach us much about the art of recapturing the initiative in life, was Ezekiel.

He tells us "THE SPIRIT ENTERED INTO ME AND SET ME UPON MY FEET"

(Ez.3.1)

Yes, he was down and out ---as a young man he had lost his future. Destined for the priesthood at the Temple in Jerusalem, his career was cut off when the Babylonians came and dragged him ~~off~~ into exile ~~together with thousands of his fellow citizens,~~ hundreds of miles away from the Temple, away from his career, from honor and security. Yet, something happened that lifted Ezekiel out of despair and restored his morale:

|| "Son of man, stand upon thy feet ---and Ezekiel reports:

"THE SPIRIT ENTERED INTO ME AND SET ME UPON MY FEET"

What spirit was it ?

1:116

We shall assume tonight that all of us could use a little boost, a little encouragement and inner strength for these trying times. What sort of spirit is it that could raise our morale for the struggle of life ?

~~what~~ Ezekiel gives us a clue as to ~~the spirit~~ <sup>what</sup> it was that fortified him against all set-backs, and braced him for the uncertainties of the future.

It was a spirit which made him, in his own words: "harder than flint" |||  
(3.9)



*don't imagine it was*  
 Now ~~it was certainly not~~ a physical roughness or brutality ---  
 Ezekiel could be so tender and compassionate -- ~~but~~ what he gained was  
 a mental toughness, which we today, might call a hard-boiled realism.  
 He was tough on wishful thinking, tough on illusions.  
 There were especially 3 <sup>kinds of</sup> illusions which he did his very best to destroy  
 and which we too must overcome if we are ~~amamntamgatmamxomxfactmagainam~~  
 to hold a position of strength in life.

1. THE ILLUSION OF FALSE SECURITY

The first illusion Ezekiel tried to destroy was the illusion of  
false security. // Our people in Babylonia were being misled by a shallow  
 optimism. False prophets, the Madison A.e. boys in exile, kept reassuring  
 the people that soon everything will be alright, ~~just what the~~ *nothing to*  
~~people wanted to hear~~ but Ezekiel faced the truth squarely: *worry about*

"THEY HAVE LED MY PEOPLE ASTRAY, SAYING:  
 "PEACE," BUT THERE IS NO PEACE "  
 (Ez.13.10)

The spirit which entered Ezekiel and set him on his feet was  
 the courage to rid <sup>oneself</sup> ~~himself~~ of a false sense of security and face  
 unpleasant truth.

*only*  
 If Ezekiel had lived in Germany, he would have <sup>saved many Jews, by telling them</sup> ~~told our German~~  
~~what~~ what he told his people in Babylonia:

"You have eyes that see not and ears that hear not" (12.2)

Many German Jews might have been saved if only they had taken seriously  
 the reality of Hitler. Their gracious homes, <sup>their</sup> beautiful furniture and  
~~brass~~ silver-tea sets proved to be their undoing.

~~With~~ These lovely tokens of culture gave them the illusion that they

were still living in a civilized society --their fine homes inspired a false sense of security ---they would not face the truth and take action..

How many a family relationship in our own homes suffers from this surface normalcy, illusions of well-being, the false security of family belonging, but the reality is not good. Things on the outside can be very deceptive, everything may seem like it always was:

People getting up at the accustomed time, greeting one another with the accustomed phrases, doing chores, conducting business, everything seems to be in order, proper and civilized, yet underneath the decay of relationship progressed to an alarming degree...

A new widely advertised out-door game is called "SLIP AND SLIDE" These words well describe our moral condition: slipping and sliding.

Love in marriage, love between parents and children, love between sisters and brothers, is always on the slip and slide.

Who said love is constant? This is one of our greatest illusions.

We want love to last, we vow eternal love to each other, but it is the most inconstant of all relationships, ever changing, gaining or losing, depending on what we contribute to the relationship in feeling, in sacrifice, in manner and in mind, <sup>growing or contracting</sup> in the common range of interest, ~~and~~ in family relations, the moment you stop being lovable and respected, you become repulsive and contemptible --Love decays instantly, when it does not grow stronger.

*to admit failure - to make confession*

Is not this the tough job for Yom Kippur ---to be honest with yourself?  
to take a long deep look at the battlefield of our soul --to see what is  
left of integrity, what principles ~~our~~ have been ~~damaged~~, *broken*  
what standards ~~broken~~ lowered,  
what loyalty abandoned,  
what love lessened ?

Rabbi Sussja of Hanipol made it a habit to record on a little slip of  
paper everything he did each day. In the evening before going to bed  
he would take out that piece of paper, read it, and often the writing would  
be washed away by his tears...

*To Make Confession*

YES, FRIENDS, WE TOO NEED TO STIR UP OUR SENSE OF SHAME AND  
REMORESE .

Take a look at the quality of our Jewishness:

Perhaps 9 out of 10 Jews think of Yom Kippur as one great  
big reunion --a sort of Home-Coming to dear old Alma Mater.  
There are people here tonight we never see or hear from the rest of the  
year ---who don't ~~work~~ give, don't study, don't work for any Jewish  
cause --but tonight they are here. They wouldn't miss this Yom Kippur  
demonstration of ~~our~~ solidarity. They are here to show that they belong.  
They remind me of that fellow on the west coast who participates <sup>occasionally</sup> in

~~a~~ ~~laborer~~ strike, marching up and down the picket line , no matter what the  
cause. <sup>He is not a laborer and not active in any union yet</sup> He carries a big sign that reads simply "SHAME"

Asked to explain himself, he answered:

"I figure this <sup>sign</sup> ~~poster~~ covers anything, and it gives me a feeling of  
belonging."

A feeling of belonging ---that's all they want.

More than one parent tells me, we are not religious, you know, we just want a feeling of belonging for ourselves and our children.

Well, friends, we don't want you to cry "SHAME" with us once a year in an empty demonstration of belonging.

What good is Jewish belonging as a substitute for Jewish living?  
Crowds of Jews staging an annual rally --but look over the crowd one by one and what do you see?

Hearts without a Jewish thought, homes without tradition, books without Jewish content. What kind of children come out of such homes and what are their values? A colleague recently asked his confirmation class "What do you want most in life now?" The majority replied: "More than anything else, we want our parents to join the country club."

These Jews, whose only bond with us is social, are not really Jews but anti-antisemites, <sup>they may say</sup> their religion is ~~nominal~~ Judaism but it is only the religion they least object to.....

Such nominal Temple membership will give you nothing but a false sense of security, such belonging is meaningless. It will not give you the spirit that will set you upon your feet and fortify you against the uncertainties of tomorrow...Without spiritual effort there is no spiritual reward....

## 2. ILLUSION OF SCAPE GOATING

2/ My friends, the 2nd illusion Ezekiel opposed was that of shifting blame. When things went badly, the people immediately looked for a scapegoat, as they always do; it's not our fault, but that of our fathers that we were exiled. They made up a proverb:

The fathers have eaten sour grapes,

And the children's teeth are set on edge. (18.3)

Not so, replied Ezekiel, don't blame your troubles on former generations:

"The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father,  
neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son."

(18.20)

To blame our calamities on others is almost 2nd nature with us.  
It has been said:

Every man needs a wife because a lot of things  
go wrong which you can't blame on the government.

People will come up with the most incredible excuses rather than admit  
their own fault:

An 88 year old man in Oklahoma City, driving a motor scooter  
without a license, explained to the traffic court:

"I did not apply for a license because I thought  
you had to be accompanied by a parent. #

We all blame our troubles on others. What's wrong with the world?  
It's the leaders, of course, the statesmen, the diplomats --  
it's always "they" -- those others who are making trouble.

Today, the U.N. opened a most fateful session. Hammerskold is dead.  
Will the U.N. fall apart? If it does, it will not be because of  
political shortcomings in that organization.

Winston Churchill once said that the League of Nations prior to  
world war II could have worked successfully if, and that is a mighty big  
"if" -- the intelligence and conscience of the world had really  
backed it up all the way. ~~if people had gotten behind it and been willing to pay the price of~~  
But the League collapsed, as the U.N. might collapse,  
collapse, not because of faulty political structure, but because the  
ethical and spiritual foundations underneath it were not adequate.

It is an illusion to think of peace in purely political terms. Changes in political personnel, from Stalin to Malinkov to Khrushchev, and from FDR to Truman to Eisenhower and to Kennedy have changed absolutely nothing as far as the danger of war is concerned. The crux of the problem was ~~recently~~ <sup>sharply</sup> identified by one of America's wisest old men, Judge Learned Hand, who passed away last month at the age of 89. A few weeks before his death he granted an interview to a reporter and the conversation turned on William Shirer's book "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" which had affected him very deeply.

Judge Hand stared into space with the patient wisdom of age, and he said to the reporter:

"You know, the trouble is that it isn't just the Nazis. It isn't just the Russians --- it's human nature. Human nature through the centuries. We all have totally unreasonable and cruel ambitions.

It's human nature, defective, delinquent human nature.

"we all have totally unreasonable and cruel ambitions."

We all want to push ahead in front of the line ---

We all try to take advantage of others in small and great things...

If you want an insight into human nature, <sup>you don't have to go to Columbia University</sup> I suggest you serve as usher at one of our high holiday services out there in the Temple foyer and you will see how totally unreasonable, inconsiderate attitudes, contemptuous of the rights of others, break through the facade of a civilized exterior. Some members last <sup>year</sup> Rosh Hashona handed in blank pieces of paper for tickets and we even received admission tickets from the year 1960..... ~~and~~ more than one usher got nothing but tongue-lashings for his troubles ~~from~~ from members he was trying to help....



And he told them that famous dream of a heap of dead bones coming to new life as soon as God's spirit moved them...

With the right spirit, your revival can begin here and now...

ARE WE NOT ALSO, FRIENDS, PLANNING TO DO ALL THE GOOD THINGS SOME OTHER TIME AND SOME OTHER PLACE? *We are always in the way place — wait if only I were up here.*

A man by the name of Russel H. Conwell some years ago wrote a speech which he delivered more than 5000 times. It was entitled "ACRES OF DIAMONDS" and told about a rancher out west who went looking for a fabulous treasure, thousands of miles away, not realizing that it was buried right on his own ranch.

The important things are not far away, neither in space nor time, but they are all within your reach and you may begin immediately:

*One of most prominent tragedians was that of*

Tolstoy, saintly man -- genius, felt great pity for poor Russian peasants -- late in life <sup>he</sup> put on peasant clothes to live as they did --- wrote many articles and books on the theme of brotherly love

But in a letter to a friend he wrote about his own wife:

"I often speak coldly to her, even in a hostile manner.

Never have I ~~entreated her~~ <sup>entreated her</sup> told her everything simply, lovingly, softly... <sup>h</sup> ~~but what ought to said to her,~~

~~I say to God."~~

<sup>Tolstoy's</sup> And ~~his~~ wife wrote in <sup>her</sup> <sup>own</sup> diary:

"How very little kindness his family gets from him!

And his biographers will tell how he helped the laborers to carry buckets of water."



Many an idealist<sup>or</sup> civic leader talks about mankind, ...the good of humanity.. peace and respect for rights and dignity of all nations, his eyes are in the stars, but ~~right along treats his own family shabbily....~~ *how shabbily he treats his own family*. We are a generation that talks big and fails dismally in the socalled little things;

We are going to the moon but still can't get to the heart of our neighbor, we ~~we~~ send a spaceman flying 18.000 miles per hour, but can't teach our children to respect the call of a parent at 5 miles per hour....We'll put thousands of dollars into a college education saving fun for our son, but won't give him 30 minutes of companionship.... we read 10 critical book reviews each week, but not a single book..... we say, next summer I'll go thru the whole Bible, but we won't read it, a page a day, which is the only way to read it,.....

Ezekiel resisted the fallacy of the elsewhere and promptly stood up for the task of the moment, the spirit enetered into him and set him upon his feet.

year

It is recorded that in the 1780 an eclipse completely blacked out the sun and mid-day changed into midnight. People were terrified and the Connecticut legislature, then in session, considered a motion of adjournment. A certain Col Davenport rose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am against an adjournment.

It is either the day of judgement, or it is not.

If it is not, there is no need of adjourning.

If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty.

I MOVE THAT CANDLES BE BROUGHT, AND THAT WE PROCEED TO BUSINESS."

Today civilization is in eclipse --and a temporary darkness of barbarism has suddenly fallen upon mankind.

There are many who would ~~escape~~ ~~the~~ ~~serious~~ ~~business~~ ~~and~~ ~~responsibility~~ ~~at~~ ~~hand~~ ~~and~~ ~~escape~~

~~that~~ adjourn the serious business and responsibility at hand and escape into all sorts of illusions --- ~~that~~ the false security of <sup>people memberships and</sup> empty belongings,

~~of~~ shifting responsibility upon scapegoats --- ~~and~~ <sup>of</sup> abandoning immediate tasks for distant times and places,

This is the time for Jews to bring forth their ancient candle of reason and <sup>of</sup> moral truth and <sup>patiently</sup> carry on all that is lawful and right by the light of Torah:

A WITNESS TO THE AGES AS THEY PASS  
THAT SIMPLE DUTY HATH NO PLACE FOR FEAR...

Until the spirit of God will enter all men  
and set them upon their feet  
in unity and brotherhood

Y. Zhar

(1961)

(1)

## How to respond to death:

Some become despondent - lonely, forsaken  
Others become angry, bitter resentful

But those who follow Jewish standards will  
meet death of dear one creatively seeing

Life as a relay race - he departed,  
having run his course of life, is passing on  
the staff to you to carry it forward

That is meaning of Kaddish - the  
mourner steps forward to say the prayer not  
to the departed, nor in defense of the departed  
but in the name of the departed i.e.

we take the places left vacant by one departed  
and recite the praises of God for those whose voices  
have become silent — In other words

The mourner acts as a replacement for the departed  
within the Gemara. — This is symbolic  
of the large Hesh that falls upon us to replace  
the departed in the performance of all mitzvos.

We must not allow death to  
diminish the force of righteousness  
in his world

And so, byel Jews, following death  
of a dear one not only said the kaddish  
prayer in his name, but ~~took~~ took upon  
themselves a special study assignment ~~to~~  
enable <sup>more</sup> students to carry on their study so  
that the light of Torah not be diminished  
by death — Also, they would make  
memorial donations to charity so  
that the basic mitzvah of benevolence not  
be lessened by death

But we can go further — true  
devotion to a departed is shown not  
by an emotional outburst but by  
intensifying our own devotion to  
all good causes our departed served  
In his sense the Talmudic saying is  
made real "The righteous even after death  
are called living — because the causes they loved  
and served are being kept alive in their name."

The essence of these remarks  
inspired David Rosenberg  
to take upon himself a study -  
program leading toward an M.A.  
degree, when shortly after his  
father's death, he heard me  
speak on his subjects in Temple

~~Memorial~~ The Biblical text we shall consider together in this hour of Memorial is from I Sam. 20.18 And <sup>the young prince</sup> Jonathan <sup>son of King Saul</sup> said to <sup>his friend</sup> David "THOU SHALT BE MISSED, BECAUSE THY SEAT WILL BE EMPTY" ..... My friends,

A good name, says the Book of Proverbs (22.1) is better than great riches. The sayings of the fathers elaborate on that statement "There are 3 crowns in life, the crown of royalty, the crown of priesthood and the crown of Learning, but the crown of a good name excels them all .

These statements are not theories but observations which correspond to the facts in human nature. No matter what we have and what we achieve, it means little to us without the recognition, and respect shown us by our fellowmen. ~~The drive for recognition, the desire for approval are basic to human nature.~~

It is therefore perfectly normal for us to wonder what people really think of us. We are never quite sure. Does not even the most ardent lover ask over and over again, do you still love me? We know that people seldom tell us to our faces what they think of us. Usually the truth comes out only when we are absent.

It was therefore a tribute of the highest order when Jonathan said to David who had planned to leave the royal court of Saul:

"THOU SHALT BE MISSED, BECAUSE THY SEAT WILL BE EMPTY"

Of all the things Jonathan could have said to his parting friend, this was the most meaningful tribute: We shall notice your absence, <sup>the empty</sup> we shall miss you.   
 <sup>there will be no one to fill it</sup>   
 Seat, X

Such a compliment says everything good in a few words ---

Post - Please retype  
3 carbons

Tom Kippur 1972

YIZKOR

"Thou Shalt Be Missed"

The moment of parting is a moment of truth. You can tell the true feeling between people by the way they say good-bye to each other.

One of those revealing moments is described in the Book of Samuel (I Sam.20.18) The Young prince Jonathan, son of King Saul bids farewell ~~to his beloved friend David.~~ to his beloved friend David.

As they part one from the other, Jonathan says:

תִּפְּדֵנִי מִיָּד יְהוָה וְעַתָּה אֵיךְ יִפְּדֶנּוּ

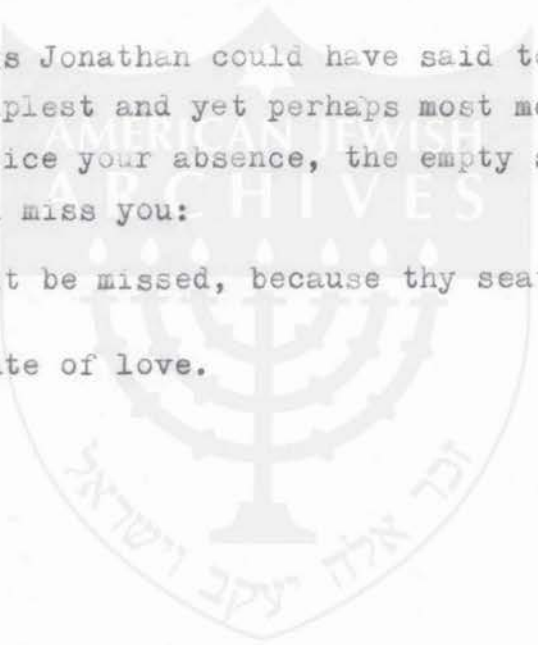
THOU SHALT BE MISSED, BECAUSE THY SEAT WILL BE EMPTY.

Of all the things Jonathan could have said to his parting friend, this was the simplest and yet perhaps most meaningful farewell:

We shall notice your absence, the empty seat will not be filled. We shall miss you:

Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.

It was the tribute of love.



"we miss you beloved ones"

Oh how we would want our departed to hear these words ~~✓~~---Is not this the essential meaning of this hour --an expression of yearning? a sigh with the hope that somehow the souls of our beloved might <sup>take</sup> notice that their place has not been filled <sup>that</sup> --there is still a void in our hearts --their seat has remained empty. *This is more than an hour of memory and yearning; -- it is also reconciliation with the dead*  
 Proverbs says:

HEAR , MY SON, THE INSTRUCTION OF THY FATHER,

AND FORSAKE NOT THE TEACHING OF THY MOTHER... (pr.1.8)

When we think of our <sup>departed</sup> parents ~~we find~~ we find that death has not diminished their influence, in many ways it has only made us more conscious of their worth and loveliness....

The father whom in our youth we battled whose instruction we resented, whose old-fashioned ideas we rejected, gradually changes, in retrospect, with the passage of years --and little by little we realize that maybe what's missing in our life is precisely that parental standard, <sup>which we once opposed</sup> an old standard but not really obsolete, ~~as~~ with growing experience & maturity we rediscover the wisdom of the father ~~and~~ and maybe for the first time <sup>but</sup> are listening to his admonition with the ear of memory.....

And how ~~we~~ we tried to escape ~~the~~ a mother's ever watchful eye, how embarrassed we used to be by her ~~her~~ extreme concern --- those endless questions ~~as to whether we were warmly dressed, had eaten enough, and~~ where we were going and what happened and who said what ?

Yes, then it annoyed us --but now, how we wished there might still be someone around who cared <sup>so</sup> much about us, and asked these questions again.



3 -

Mother

She always leaned to watch for us,  
Anxious if we were late,  
In winter by the window,  
In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,  
Who had such foolish care,  
The long way home would seem more safe  
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,  
She never could forget!  
And so I think that where she is  
She must be watching yet,

Waiting till we come home to her,  
Anxious if ~~we~~ are late --  
Watching from Heaven's window,  
Leaning from Heaven's gate

"the watcher" by Margaret Widdemer

You never know what people will miss most --- and what they will best remember you for. An 18 year old boy wrote the following letter after his father died in an air-plane crash:

"The last time I saw my dad, <sup>letter</sup> he was typing some business and I was getting ready for bed. He was bare-backed, and as I passed him, I slapped him on the back. In an instant he grabbed for my ankle. He missed but I stumbled and nearly fell.

I'll never forget the smile that played on his lips as I tripped past. It was the last time I ~~was~~ to see him...

A smile. that 's what I'll remember. ...To me it is the remembrance of the past 18 years, of love and kindness, understanding and patience. A smile is a priceless possession...."

A good question to ask is who would miss us and what for, if we too suddenly vanished? ~~xxxxxxx~~ Our own family, for sure, --at least for a while; what would they miss?

It is strange that what most men put first in their own scale of responsibility, namely providing ~~the~~ financial ~~means~~, rarely ~~ever~~ gets any mention after the man's death...

I have yet to hear anyone in ~~the~~ a family say we miss our provider...  
Soon enough,  
~~When~~ One way or the other, the financial support rendered by a father is replaced ---but the place that remains empty is his place in the heart..... ~~xxxxxxx~~ guidance, companionship, words of patience, encouragement ---it is for these qualities that we are missed most....

Would friends miss us? ~~what kind of friend have I been?~~  
~~Just a card-playing friend --? ~~xxxxxxx~~ soon enough another 4th hand for bridge will be found.~~

Would we be missed in the congregation? Is our name linked with the history and achievement of ~~the congregation~~ *worthy causes*  
Would we be missed in the wider community?  
Have we earned a place that cannot be quickly filled?

Has there been anything in your life so far that people would remember with a blessing?

How tragic when a life ceases to be of consequence to anyone!

Sigmund Freud had the great misfortune of a father who left nothing worth remembering. When his father died, Freud wrote about him:

"His life was over, ~~ing~~ before he died."

"So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom."

It is ~~not~~ <sup>never</sup> too late to reconsider the life we lead ...

It is still in our power to vastly increase its value to others, to elevate ~~our standing~~ ourselves in the esteem of the community, to occupy a place in the ~~hearts of people~~ hearts of people.

The voices of our departed have been silenced, but their lives speak to us --their examples are ~~not~~ a permanent faculty of teachers ~~that we can learn from~~ and as we think of them we know, of course, that what mattered ~~was~~ <sup>more than</sup> anything <sup>material</sup> they gave us, ~~it~~ <sup>was</sup> everything they were ~~and~~ and meant to us as persons....

Parents ---for whose devotion there is no replacement,  
a husband or wife --- whose love and companionship even in memory  
still strengthen us  
children, whose <sup>se</sup> voices & laughter surpassed all our pleasures  
a brother or sister ~~in~~ in whose death a part of ourselves seemed to  
die....

.....  
Death is the mysterious revealer of life. It takes away those who are dear to us, but it transforms them in our hearts and in our memories. We see their merits more clearly. We feel their influence more strongly.

.....  
SHALL WE , SOME DAY, BE MISSED AS MUCH, AS WE NOW MISS THESE OUR DEPARTED<sup>z</sup>  
A very wise man once said;

"Remember , on the day of your death,  
everything you possess in the world will belong to somebody else,  
But what you are, will be yours forever...."

.....  
They are not dead who live  
In hearts they leave behind.  
In those whom they have blessed  
They live a life again,  
And shall live through the years.....

.....  
Amen...

