



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

3

Folder

3

Sermons and notes, 1974.

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

CLEMENCY ABOVE JUSTICE

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman

SELICHOT
Saturday, Sept. 7, 1974

If any person in our Congregation tonight holds himself blameless and has no feeling of guilt, that person is misplaced. Or, perhaps I should say, such a person is not merely a sinner but a confirmed one, an impacted sinner, a sinner whose sin is ~~so deep~~ so deep that it has become concealed from his own consciousness.

Tonight our concern is not with justice but with clemency. That is what Selichot is all about -- begging for clemency, for forgiveness.

In a way, Selichot is a contradiction of Rosh Hashanah. Rosh Hashanah is the Jew's supreme affirmation of the rule of law in the universe. God has established the world by law and has built into the very fabric of the creation of man the foundations of justice. In a kind of mythological metaphor, our sages picture God on His throne of judgment calling the Heavenly Court into session. The Books of Life are opened and each creature's sentence is considered by God on the scale of merit or de-merit. In some cases the sentence may be temporarily deferred, but it cannot be escaped. The demands of justice must be fulfilled.

On Selichot we are not repudiating the supremacy of justice. We are not denying the need to give compensation for every offense and injury, the need for correction and restitution. But, tonight,

we recognize that such justice in many cases would not be enough. Restitution and correction, though fundamental, is not sufficient.

Imagine a prankster who has hammered nails into a wall. Later, he regrets the misdeed and tries to correct it by pulling out all the nails. Would this be undoing the wrong he did? Indeed not. The situation is not fully restored because the wall remains marred and defaced with holes from which the nails had been extracted. Similarly, every sin, even after it has been removed, leaves us marred with traces of corruption. There is need not only for restitution but for renewal. However, the renewal and restoration of the situation to its original condition often goes beyond our power. After we have done all we can, there still remains the trace of evil which not even justice can remove. At this point, mercy, clemency, forgiveness must enter into the process of moral rehabilitation.

One of our greatest Hebrew and Yiddish writers, I. L. Peretz, wrote a story which illustrates the necessity for clemency with which we are concerned on this Selichot night. He tells about a poor man, Berel, the tailor, who is supposed to have lived in the East European town of Berditchev.

Berel, the tailor, was a pious man with deep faith in God. But one day, just before the High Holy Days, Berel did not appear as usual in the synagogue. When he missed prayer time several days in

succession and Selichot approached, the little congregation in the village became concerned and would not start the service without Berel, the tailor. Had pious Berel turned into an unbeliever? Had the devil taken possession of him? Rebbe Levi Yitzchok, the Berdivitcher Rebbe, decided to send the shamash to fetch Berel. In a little while the tailor arrived in old clothes, disheveled, without his tallis or prayer book.

Softly the Rabbi asked Berel to explain his behavior. Berel seemed relieved at the opportunity to unburden himself. But, there was one thing he had to know, he said to the Rabbi, before he made his confession. Was it true that during the approaching High Holy Days God would forgive only the sins man commits against God but not those man commits against his fellow man? The Rabbi nodded his head affirmatively,

"Every Jew knows that, Berel. Before your sins against man are forgiven, it is not enough to offer repentance. You must undo the wrong you have done to your fellow man."

"In that case," said Berel, "I cannot pray with you. There is no hope for me because the wrong I have done cannot be corrected."

The congregation was shocked at Berel's words. What terrible thing had the tailor done? The Rabbi quickly silenced the buzz of whispered conversation that rippled through the congregation. There was absolute silence as the Rabbi turned his head upward and stood as though he were listening to some message from above.

"You have created a stir in heaven, Bereġ," said the Rabbi finally. "Why are they talking so much about you?"

Suddenly Bereġ broke down; tears flowed as he told his story. One day, the Polish baron sent for him. In the baron's own carriage he was taken to the great palace and was put to work there sewing a fur lining into the baron's overcoat. He was given ten beautiful fur skins for lining. But, being an expert tailor, he had been able to do the job with only seven. The three remaining skins, he thought, would give his family enough to eat for a while. What the baron had promised to pay him for the job was so little.

The Rabbi interrupted,

"You mean you took the three skins for yourself?"

Answered Bereġ, "Tailors have been doing that for generations. And you know as well as I do, Rabbi, a custom is often stronger than the law. Besides, Rabbi, you will never know how my heart was pounding as I left the palace with the three fur skins stuffed inside my jacket. Can you imagine what they would have done to me if I had been searched and the deed discovered? They would have thrown me to the mad dogs of the baron. I would never have left the palace alive."

Bereġ concluded his story by telling the Rabbi and the congregation how, with the approach of Rosh Hashanah, his conscience began to bother him. Even if it is a custom (to steal among others)

a Jew must not break the law. This truth became clearer and clearer. He had sinned against a man, a rich man, a powerful man -- but what was the difference, rich or poor, he had sinned.

At this point the Rabbi and the congregation began to understand Berel's problem. Everyone knew what a brutal man the baron was, how he had killed servants for slight offenses, how he had whipped and tormented Jews whom he generally hated. How could Berel return to the baron and confess that he had stolen goods from his palace! It would be like imposing a death sentence upon himself.

Again there was silence. All eyes turned to the Rabbi.

Rebbe Levi Yitzchok closed his eyes as though he wanted to listen within. He swayed gently from side to side and then a smile came over his face and he said,

"Go home, Berel, get your tallis and say Selichot prayers with us. You have won your case. God will listen to mercy instead of justice and forgive you even if you have not obtained the baron's forgiveness."

The clear point of Peretz' story about Berel, the tailor, is that restitution and correction according to the demands of justice are not always possible. Tonight, we must be thinking of situations beyond repair. We must be dredging up from the depths of our memory wrongs which can never be righted. We must be thinking of persons whom we have offended and died before we could

make our peace with them. We must be thinking of persons whom we injured yet are beyond our reach. We must be thinking of the kind of offenses, such as betrayals and infidelities, which, if confessed to the injured party, would open old wounds and cause still greater damage by our very attempt at correction. In all such cases where the demand for justice simply cannot be satisfied, we must rest our case on clemency and throw ourselves, so to speak, on the mercy of God. This is the true meaning of Selichot.

This explains also the very late hour of this service.

By ancient Jewish law, every court case must be decided during the day time. No court was allowed to meet at night. The underlying idea is that a case of justice should be examined in the light of truth and at a time when judges and witnesses are most alert -- during day time and in the full view of the public.

On Selichot, we come before God in the secrecy of the night. We ask to be exempt from the regular process of justice. We come for plea-bargaining. We know that our petitions for forgiveness circumvent strict justice. Yet, we count on God to be more than just, to deal with us on the scale of love and mercy. All that God demands in return is that we be humble in His presence. Note the sequence of Micah's great statement,

"What does the Lord, thy God, require of thee: only to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before the Lord, thy God."

Understand it this way. In the first place, meet the demands

of justice. If you cannot do that, throw yourself upon God's love and mercy but, in that case, the very least you must do is "walk humbly before the Lord, thy God."

AMEN



CLEMENCY ABOVE JUSTICE

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman

SELICHOT
Saturday, Sept. 7, 1974

If any person in our Congregation tonight holds himself blameless and has no feeling of guilt, that person is misplaced. Or, perhaps I should say, such a person is not merely a sinner but a confirmed one, an impacted sinner, a sinner whose sin is impacted, that is to say so deep that it has become concealed from his own consciousness.

Tonight our concern is not with justice but with clemency. That is what Selichot is all about -- begging for clemency, for forgiveness.

In a way, Selichot is a contradiction of Rosh Hashanah. Rosh Hashanah is the Jew's supreme affirmation of the rule of law in the universe. God has established the world by law and has built into the very fabric of the creation of man the foundations of justice. In a kind of mythological metaphor, our sages picture God on His throne of judgment calling the Heavenly Court into session. The Books of Life are opened and each creature's sentence is considered by God on the scale of merit or de-merit. In some cases the sentence may be temporarily deferred, but it cannot be escaped. The demands of justice must be fulfilled.

On Selichot we are not repudiating the supremacy of justice. We are not denying the need to give compensation for every offense and injury, the need for correction and restitution. But, tonight,

we recognize that such justice in many cases would not be enough. Restitution and correction, though fundamental, is not sufficient.

Imagine a prankster who has hammered nails into a wall. Later, he regrets the misdeed and tries to correct it by pulling out all the nails. Would this be undoing the wrong he did? Indeed not. The situation is not fully restored because the wall remains marred and defaced with holes from which the nails had been extracted. Similarly, every sin, even after it has been removed, leaves us marred with traces of corruption. There is need not only for restitution but for renewal. However, the renewal and restoration of the situation to its original condition often goes beyond our power. After we have done all we can, there still remains the trace of evil which not even justice can remove. At this point, mercy, clemency, forgiveness must enter into the process of moral rehabilitation.

One of our greatest Hebrew and Yiddish writers, I. L. Peretz, wrote a story which illustrates the necessity for clemency with which we are concerned on this Selichot night. He tells about a poor man, Berel, the tailor, who is supposed to have lived in the East European town of Berditchev.

Berel, the tailor, was a pious man with deep faith in God. But one day, just before the High Holy Days, Berel did not appear as usual in the synagogue. When he missed prayer time several days in

succession and Selichot approached, the little congregation in the village became concerned and would not start the service without Berel, the tailor. Had pious Berel turned into an unbeliever? Has the devil taken possession of him? Rebbe Levi Yitzchok, the Berdivitcher Rebbe, decided to send the shamash to fetch Berel. In a little while the tailor arrived in old clothes, disheveled, without his tallis or prayer book.

Softly the Rabbi asked Berel to explain his behavior. Berel seemed relieved at the opportunity to unburden himself. But, there was one thing he had to know, he said to the Rabbi, before he made his confession. Was it true that during the approaching High Holy Days God would forgive only the sins man commits against God but not those man commits against his fellow man? The Rabbi nodded his head affirmatively,

"Every Jew knows that, Berel. Before your sins against man are forgiven, it is not enough to offer repentance. You must undo the wrong you have done to your fellow man."

"In that case," said Berel, "I cannot pray with you. There is no hope for me because the wrong I have done cannot be corrected."

The congregation was shocked at Berel's words. What terrible thing had the tailor done? The Rabbi quickly silenced the buzz of whispered conversation that rippled through the congregation. There was absolute silence as the Rabbi turned his head upward and stood as though he were listening to some message from above.

"You have created a stir in heaven, Berel," said the Rabbi finally. "Why are they talking so much about you?"

Suddenly Berel broke down; tears flowed as he told his story. One day, the Polish baron sent for him. In the baron's own carriage he was taken to the great palace and was put to work there sewing a fur lining into the baron's overcoat. He was given ten beautiful fur skins for lining. But, being an expert tailor, he had been able to do the job with only seven. The three remaining skins, he thought, would give his family enough to eat for a while. What the baron had promised to pay him for the job was so little.

The Rabbi interrupted,

"You mean you took the three skins for yourself?"

Answered Berel, "Tailors have been doing that for generations. And you know as well as I do, Rabbi, a custom is often stronger than the law. Besides, Rabbi, you will never know how my heart was pounding as I left the palace with the three fur skins stuffed inside my jacket. Can you imagine what they would have done to me if I had been searched and the deed discovered? They would have thrown me to the mad dogs of the baron. I would never have left the palace alive."

Berel concluded his story by telling the Rabbi and the congregation how, with the approach of Rosh Hashanah, his conscience began to bother him. Even if it is a custom to steal among others,

a Jew must not break the law. This truth became clearer and clearer. He had sinned against a man, a rich man, a powerful man -- but what was the difference, rich or poor, he had sinned.

At this point the Rabbi and the congregation began to understand Berel's problem. Everyone knew what a brutal man the baron was, how he had killed servants for slight offenses, how he had whipped and tormented Jews whom he generally hated. How could Berel return to the baron and confess that he had stolen goods from his palace! It would be like imposing a death sentence upon himself.

Again there was silence. All eyes turned to the Rabbi.

Rebbe Levi Yitzchok closed his eyes as though he wanted to listen within. He swayed gently from side to side and then a smile came over his face and he said,

"Go home, Berel, get your tallis and say Selichot prayers with us. You have won your case. God will listen to mercy instead of justice and forgive you even if you have not obtained the baron's forgiveness."

The clear point of Peretz' story about Berel, the tailor, is that restitution and correction according to the demands of justice are not always possible. Tonight, we must be thinking of situations beyond repair. We must be dredging up from the depths of our memory wrongs which can never be righted. We must be thinking of persons whom we have offended and died before we could

make our peace with them. We must be thinking of persons whom we injured yet are beyond our reach. We must be thinking of the kind of offenses, such as betrayals and infidelities, which, if confessed to the injured party, would open old wounds and cause still greater damage by our very attempt at correction. In all such cases where the demand for justice simply cannot be satisfied, we must rest our case on clemency and throw ourselves, so to speak, on the mercy of God. This is the true meaning of Selichot.

This explains also the very late hour of this service.

By ancient Jewish law, every court case must be decided during the day time. No court was allowed to meet at night. The underlying idea is that a case of justice should be examined in the light of truth and at a time when judges and witnesses are most alert -- during day time and in the full view of the public.

On Selichot, we come before God in the secrecy of the night. We ask to be exempt from the regular process of justice. We come for plea-bargaining. We know that our petitions for forgiveness circumvent strict justice. Yet, we count on God to be more than just, to deal with us on the scale of love and mercy. All that God demands in return is that we be humble in His presence. Note the sequence of Micah's great statement,

"What does the Lord, thy God, require of thee: only to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before the Lord, thy God."

Understand it this way. In the first place, meet the demands

of justice. If you cannot do that, throw yourself upon God's love and mercy but, in that case, the very least you must do is "walk humbly before the Lord, thy God."

AMEN



Introduction for 1974

DRAFT OF ROSH HASHONAH SERMON

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who kept us alive, sustained us and brought us unto this day.

I ought to add to this beautiful, traditional blessing which we recite upon celebrating a major festivity, a special, private blessing. On a strictly personal level this Rosh Hashonah marks a minor anniversary in my relationship with you. It is the fifth time that I have had the privilege of ushering in the New Year with you. There is a prayer in my heart for all of you, for your health and well being. As I look around I am conscious of the presence in this Congregation of many young people at whose Bar Mitzvah or Confirmation I officiated, of many young couples whom I have united in marriage or whose marriage I blessed from this pulpit, of many new members who have joined our Congregation in recent years and of many families of long standing membership whom I have come to know better as I came to share their joys and sorrows in the course of these years. I take pleasure in the thought that I am no longer a newcomer in your midst. As I look around, I see even so many whose faces are familiar as regular participants in our weekly Sabbath services--and I also see those many others^{of}/whom I can say that I have seen them here at least five times since my arrival in 1969.

Tonight I'm struck by the contrast between the predominant mood of this year and that of previous years. During the last several years, a whole cluster of problems clamored for our attention: the youth revolt, the drug scene, the crisis-torn Middle East, the endless fighting in Southeast Asia, the pathetic struggle of Soviet Jewry for basic human rights.



Add words of appreciation for kindness shown me for encouragement of co-workers for wise counsel of friends for generosity of the congregation

This year, one single issue dominates our thinking, our conversation, our concern.

Watergate monopolizes our attention and not merely because the mass media have featured it so prominently. Like Adam and Eve after eating the forbidden fruit suddenly realized that they were naked, so Americans, all of a sudden, find themselves exposed, shamed and humiliated. Down at the pit of our stomachs is a terrible feeling of letdown. A system of government, deeply believed by us as the finest ever conceived by the mind of man, has been shaken to its foundation.

Do you remember the medieval Jewish legend of the golem? The golem was a robot, created out of clay, giant size, and brought to life through the great and saintly, miracle-working Rabbi Loew of Prague. God revealed to Rabbi Loew the secret of animating the robot as well as putting an end to him if that was necessary. After inscribing, with certain blessings, upon the robot's forehead the Hebrew word which means "truth" and consists of three letters, aleph, mem and tav, the golem would spring into life and do the rabbi's bidding. After performing numerous tasks for the benefit of the hard pressed Jewish community of Prague, the golem one day got out of hand and Rabbi Loew was forced to destroy him. He did it by erasing from his forehead the first letter, aleph, which turned the word "truth" into the word "death." Instantly, the golem disintegrated.

There is a profound message in the ancient legend. Take away truth or integrity from the head of the giant, whom we may name America, and the colossus collapses.

Although the courts have not yet rendered the verdict, it appears to many Americans as though the marks of truth had vanished from the countenance of the President and the highest officials of the land. We are deeply apprehensive that this great nation might disintegrate with the general loss of trust and confidence between the different levels of authority and then, between the people at large. What would happen to a world whose peace and stability rest upon the precarious balance of power, if one of the principal nations, namely ours, can no longer be counted upon to hold up its share of responsibility? And what may we expect internally when patriotism and a sense of all embracing national unity and purpose, already in perilous decline, must suffer the shock of seeing in the highest national leadership, bound by solemn oath to maintain law and order, the plotters of sordid crimes, conspirators in burglaries, architects of deceit? How will all this affect John Doe's resolve to live as a law abiding citizen and to file an honest income tax return?. What happened to the moral will of little people when their leaders exhibit contempt for law? How long will the arms and legs stay clean when the head is filthy?

Now, you don't have to be the world's greatest psychologist to recognize that there is another side to the Watergate scandal. If candor be the rule of the day, as it must at this time of soul searching, we might detect within ourselves a trace of glee at this whole ugly affair. It is difficult to deny that the invisible "imposter" within us, namely the shady side of our own character, is simply delighted that the labels

of delinquency and corruption can be pinned prominently upon people other than ourselves. In fact, the wicked heart within is full of smiles that the glaring searchlight of moral scrutiny has been turned away from us and now focuses upon those higher-ups who, guilty as they may be of the specific malfeasance with which they are charged, might now, in addition, be blamed for everything else that's wrong with the country, with our way of life, even with ourselves.

Some months ago in mid-year a cartoon appeared depicting a bearded man, marching with a large placard, on which were inscribed the words:

"Repent now; avoid the Yom Kippur rush!"

There isn't a rabbi in the country who wouldn't welcome a more even distribution throughout the rest of the year of the massive patronage the synagogue experiences that one day of the year. In fact, it has often been suggested that if confession and repentance have such drawing power, why not offer it to individual Jews on a daily personal basis, just like the confessional of the Catholic church?

There is no use trying. We know it wouldn't work with us. When it comes to repentance, we do not seek it on an individual basis. We prefer to take our repentance together, collectively. It accords with one of the deepest insights of Judaism, namely that, morally speaking, we are all involved and implicated ~~with~~ one with the other. The Talmud states it in the often-quoted principle

"All of Israel are responsible, one for the other."

Let us apply this principle now to the nation and say: All Americans, Jews, Christians and those of no faith, share responsibility for the moral climate of our land. I should like to suggest to you how certain character failings in the principle figures of the Watergate scandal, far from being exceptions in an ethically pure nation, are actually representative of a widespread, sub-surface, moral corruption which may be even more destructive than the well publicized delinquencies among our higher ups.



Was not
delivered

PEACE, PEACE, BUT THERE IS NO PEACE!
By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
September 16, 1974
Erev Rosh Hashanah

Of all the good wishes and blessings which we exchange at this time, there is one which surpasses them all. Since time immemorial, we have recognized it as the foundation of all social and personal well being. It is, of course, the blessing of shalom, of peace.

Shalom is the culmination of all of our prayers. Every major section of the prayer book ends with the petition for shalom, including the Kaddish which, in its closing paragraph, invokes God as

"..the One who makes peace on earth as in the Heavens."

Already in Biblical times the simple word, shalom, was the greeting for all seasons, in arriving and when leaving, as though to suggest that the beginning and end of every human encounter should be peace.

What is the true meaning of shalom? The English word, "peace," is an essentially negative concept: the absence of hostility, non-violence, the calmness of inactivity. The root meaning of shalom, however, is a positive idea. It means "wholeness." It stands for the inner well being achieved through fulfillment and completion. Shalom suggests a positive value of contentment, the end of all fretting and frustration when we feel complete, when we have achieved what was missing. Shalom means the wholeness of unity,

when dreams and reality become one; when divisions are healed and there is a coming together.

The vision of shalom is expressed in Psalm 133:

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity."

After a soaking rain, a venturesome rainworm stuck its head out of the mud and looked around and five inches away saw another worm do the same thing. Said the first worm:

"Who are you?"

To which the other replied, "Silly, I am your other end!"

Would that all of us recognized this simple truth as we meet a stranger and wonder, "Who is he?" If only a voice within told us "Silly, he is your other end; he's part of you."

Whenever people will come to recognize that we are all one creation, that each of us is part of the other and that we can never be complete until we all come together in unity and thus repair the wholeness of humanity -- that, my friends, will be the beginning of true and lasting shalom in the world.

"How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of the messenger of good tidings, that announceth peace," (Isaiah 52.7) declared the Prophet, Isaiah. Then as now we're straining our eyes to behold signs of peace. Fervently we pray, as Jews in all of our synagogues on every place of the globe that we might hear the tidings of peace and see the prospect of more unity in the human family so that "everyone might sit under his own vine and fig tree with none

to make them afraid."

How tragic that persons and nations are moving apart instead of together;

How tragic that there is more alienation and less reconciliation;

How tragic that in the race between world war and world peace, the latter is falling behind and the hands on the clock of the nuclear holocaust are ominously close to the flash point at midnight which will be the doomsday of this good earth.

A few days ago Secretary General Waldheim of the United Nations, in his annual report to the General Assembly, spoke of an "almost universal sense of apprehension" about the direction which the world might be heading, coupled with feelings of helplessness and fatalism." He noted the proliferation of nuclear devices, the increasing tendency of the super powers to make nuclear material available to their client states and spoke of the unimaginable dangers for the survival of the human race.

"Apart even from the threat of nuclear war by design," he said, "there will be a tremendous increase in the risk of nuclear war by accident, miscalculation or misinterpretation" including the possibility of the acquisition of nuclear devices by criminal elements.

How tragic that with the need for peace so urgent, so desperate, the betting in the international community is on the side of war. Everywhere, the armaments race has been accelerated.

Even the sub-continent of India, where Mahatma Gandhi once walked from village to village in his sandals and loin cloth as a living symbol of non-violence and peace, has joined the club of nuclear powers. At an enormous sacrifice of her national resources which she could ill afford to waste, India exploded her first atomic bomb this year. Last week there was a report from Calcutta about a typical dilemma of a middle income class Indian: should his two year old child be given milk every day or should it be given to his 73-year old father, who is a diabetic?

"I couldn't afford to give both of them milk," said Mr. Sen Gutta, an educated 31-year old man. "I thought about it a long time. The baby is getting the milk."

The vast majority of the people of India have an annual income of about 1/10 of that of Mr. Sen Gutta. Their lot and their suffering can only be imagined.

This is the price the world must pay for moving apart instead of together. Now we can understand the ethical priority which our sages assigned to shalom. Said Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai, who spent thirteen years of his life hiding in a cave because of war and persecution;

"Great is shalom for all blessings are contained in it."

His contemporary, Shimon ben Halasta, agreed. "There is no way to bless except through peace."

How tragic that we, the people who gave to the world the word and the concept of shalom should ourselves be caught in a

seemingly ceaseless and bottomless conflict.

Whenever I think of Golda Meir's statement at the Press Club here in Washington a few years ago, tears come to my eyes. She was asked,

"What do you really think of the Arabs?"

After a moment of silence, she answered very quietly,

"I can forgive them for killing our sons, but not for making our sons killers."

A few days ago I joined with a crowd of people at the White House in welcoming Israel's new Prime Minister Itzhak Rabin, on his state visit with President Ford. The following day I saw Mr. Rabin again at a reception in the Israel Embassy. All night he was surrounded by a glittering assembly of men of influence and power including Rockefeller, Kissinger and Shlesinger. There were few smiles. I could not help but notice the unrelieved somberness in Mr. Rabin's face. It conformed to the somber mood of the White House dinner of last Thursday night which, according to newspaper reports, was in striking contrast with the gaiety and entertainment on a similar occasion when King Hussein visited with President Ford only weeks ago.

Mr. Rabin, ~~as a friend~~, reflects the true mood of our people in Israel. As I was able to see first hand on both of my visits to Israel during the last six months. Israelis are extremely tense and tight lipped these days. The Kissinger shuttle diplomacy, by

general consensus, has only stalled the outbreak of new hostilities. A vast majority of Israelis expect war again by November or January at the latest.

I was still in Israel when Turkey invaded Cyprus and bombed its open cities. It shattered the last trace of confidence some Israelis had in the peace keeping power of the United Nations. Cyprus had all the international guarantees against aggression you can name: membership in the U.N., a permanent U.N. peace force stationed in Cyprus, a large British military base and a common commitment by the United States as well as the Soviet Union to the independence and integrity of Cyprus. But, when Turkish bombs and armor chewed up nearly half of the island, the world watched and did nothing.

Israeli newspapers were quick to drive home the spine-chilling lesson. This is what happens to a small country which entrusts its independence to international guarantees.

That is why Israelis today are bracing for the next round for which her Arab neighbors are fully prepared and which, Israelis are convinced, can only be held off by the power of deterrence.

That is why men up to the middle fifties are being called up every few months for military maneuvers and each time they say goodbye and hug their children and grandchildren they sing with sarcasm the line of the popular song

"I promise you, little daughter of mine, that this will be the last war."

A few days after the triumphant Six Day War, the then Chief of Staff, General Itzhak Rabin, said that there would be no celebration of Israel's stunning victory:

"The joy of our soldiers is incomplete. The men in the front lines were witness not only to the glory of victory, but the price of victory; their comrades who fell beside them bleeding. The terrible price which our enemies paid touched the hearts of many of our men as well. It may be, said General Rabin, "that the Jewish people never learned and never accustomed itself to feel the triumph of conquest and victory, and we receive it with mixed feelings."

No conquerer in recent memory had spoken thus -- but then there had not been Jewish conquerers for a long, long time. We are the only people on earth that will not be happy with conquests.

Even our most militant statesman in modern times, Ben Gurion, believed that a bad-peace is better than a good war.

As conquerers, we are beggars for peace.

Is there no one among our adversaries who would clasp the hand of shalom which had been held out to them for so many years?

This spring, at last, one remarkable young Egyptian woman publicly dared to respond with a shalom of her own. Sana Hassan, a bright 28-year old journalist, daughter of the former Egyptian ambassador to Washington and wife of an Egyptian senior diplomat,

became the first Egyptian citizen to make a study tour of Israel with her government's permission. Her article in the NEW YORK TIMES, "An Egyptian's Vision of Peace" was greeted by all of us with joy as proof of a new conciliatory attitude on the part of Egypt toward Israel. She expressed the longing for peace and normal relations with Israel, for people-to-people contact, for free travel and study in each other's country, for joining hands in wiping out poverty and in building up a prosperous Middle East.

What was the real feeling of Egyptians about Sana Hassan's article? At this time, no one really knows except that her husband found it necessary to divorce Sana Hassan since the article apparently did not meet with official approval. However, to demonstrate our own deep desire for peace, I want to take this opportunity to let you know that I have invited Sana Hassan to speak at Washington Hebrew Congregation on December 15th, with or without the consent of her diplomatic ex-husband.

Let us now, at least for a few moments, lift the challenge of shalom out of the realm of politics into the area of private, personal experience. It is conveyed to us in what must undoubtedly be the world's most familiar blessing of peace, the three-fold benediction which, since Biblical times, has been one of our most sacred prayers:

May the Lord bless you and keep you

May the Lord cause His countenance to shine upon you
and be gracious unto you

May the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give
you peace.

What do these words mean?

"Bless you and keep you" -- the word "bless," according to all of our commentators, refers to tangible gifts such as material prosperity, wealth, success.

Special attention, however, should be given to the remaining words of the sentence, "and keep you." A more literal translation would be "and watch over you." Please note that it is not your material prosperity and wealth that needs watching, but you, yourself. It is not your means and not your possessions but you, your soul, your inner life, that is in need of special protection. Against whom? Against yourself!

The successful business man needs protection against success becoming an obsession with him so that it topples all of his values and destroys his friendships, his family life and ultimately his mental and physical health.

If ~~you~~^{you} have not yet seen the currently playing motion picture "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," I suggest you do. Its hero is a young, second generation Jewish immigrant's son who is a true go-getter and makes it. Kravitz has charm but he's also ruthless. A natural rival of his older brother, young Kravitz above all wants respectability and people around him, including his own father, strongly hint that money is the way to get it. He succeeds jumping up the ladder and on the backs of people whose love he betrays one by one. It is the kind of success that can only^{really} be measured in loss. In the end, he acquires all the land around the beautiful lake in

Laurentian Mountains which he dreamt to possess. He now, too, is the boy wonder who made good. But there is no place for friendship or love in the heart of a man whose profession becomes his obsession. The picture ends with Kravitz planning his future financial empire, barely conscious of the fact that he has lost all the intangibles, the things money can't buy.

Duddy Kravitz is the biography of every opportunist. It fits to a "T" those coming young careerists whose lives became enmeshed with one another in the Watergate conspiracy, sacrificing their moral values and human decencies on the altar of ruthless victory. It fits even the privileged class of men and women whose lives are stuffed with money and have nothing to live for except their soul-destroying cult of comfort. They run from resort to resort, ever more bored, tragically unable to do what they so desperately are trying, namely to run away from their empty inner selves.

"May He cause His countenance to shine upon you and be gracious unto you

May He lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace."

What is the shining light which is associated with the blessing of peace? Our commentators say it is the insight, the ethical 20-20 vision which enables us to sort out a right scale of values so that we might retain our sensitivity, the loyalty and love of family and friends.

Our ethical duty to love others carries with it the mandate to make ourselves lovable to them as well.

The blessing of shalom is a call for the recovery of our wholeness, for equal time and equal attention to our spiritual as well as our material needs.

What is true of nations is also true of individual persons: we all need wisdom commensurate to our possessions, the wisdom to use beneficially our earnings, our productivity, our jobs, our careers, even our technology. We are today in a universal state of crisis because material progress has run ahead so far of our spiritual growth. We have come apart and there will be no shalom until we can bring together mind and matter, body and soul, and match ample means with rightful purposes.

Conclusion

A peasant once came to the city for the first time. Everyone looked at him because his garments were shabby and very old fashioned. So, he went into a store and purchased a new suit. When he returned home and put on the suit, it did not fit at all. He hurried back to the store and complained to the clerk:

"The suit you sold me does not fit."

The clerk looked at the peasant and nearly burst laughing.

"Of course it does not fit. You put the new suit on over your old suit! You must remove your old garments first and then put on the new."

So it is with the New Year which we are ushering in tonight. All the abundance, all the opportunity that lie ahead for the nations of the world as well as for each of us as individuals are like a new suit of clothes that will fit us well only if we can discard some of the old outworn habits of greed and ruthlessness. A better world is possible because you and I are changeable.

Think of these lines as you look toward the New Year:

My days are full of blunders,

Oh, how I've always yearned

To live one life for practice. . .

Another when I've learned.

Let us resolve and pray ^{with} ~~with~~ all of our hearts that the year ahead will be free of the blunders of the past.

AMEN

PEACE, PEACE, BUT THERE IS NO PEACE!
By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
September 16, 1974
Erev Rosh Hashanah

*Not
Delivered*

Of all the good wishes and blessings which we exchange at this time, there is one which surpasses them all. Since time immemorial, we have recognized it as the foundation of all social and personal well being. It is, of course, the blessing of shalom, of peace.

Shalom is the culmination of all of our prayers. Every major section of the prayer book ends with the petition for shalom, including the Kaddish which, in its closing paragraph, invokes God as

"..the One who makes peace on earth as in the Heavens."

Already in Biblical times the simple word, shalom, was the greeting for all season, in arriving and when leaving, as though to suggest that the beginning and end of every human encounter should be peace.

What is the true meaning of shalom? The English word, "peace," is an essentially negative concept: the absence of hostility, non-violence, the calmness of inactivity. The root meaning of shalom, however, is a positive idea. It means "wholeness." It stands for the inner well being achieved through fulfillment and completion. Shalom suggests a positive value of contentment, the end of all fretting and frustration when we feel complete, when we have achieved what was missing. Shalom means the wholeness of unity,

when dreams and reality become one; when divisions are healed and there is a coming together.

The vision of shalom is expressed in Psalm 133:

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity."

After a soaking rain, a venturesome rainworm stuck its head out of the mud and looked around and five inches away saw another worm do the same thing. Said the first worm:

"Who are you?"

To which the other replied, "Silly, I am your other end!"

Would that all of us recognized this simple truth as we meet a stranger and wonder, "Who is he?" If only a voice within told us "Silly, he is your other end; he's part of you."

Whenever people will come to recognize that we are all one creation, that each of us is part of the other and that we can never be complete until we all come together in unity and thus repair the wholeness of humanity -- that, my friends, will be the beginning of true and lasting shalom in the world.

"How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of the messenger of good tidings, that announceth peace," (Isaiah 52.7) declared the Prophet, Isaiah. Then as now we're straining our eyes to behold signs of peace. Fervently we pray, as Jews in all of our synagogues on every place of the globe that we might hear the tidings of peace and see the prospect of more unity in the human family so that "everyone might sit under his own vine and fig tree with none

to make them afraid."

How tragic that persons and nations are moving apart instead of together;

How tragic that there is more alienation and less reconciliation;

How tragic that in the race between world war and world peace, the latter is falling behind and the hands on the clock of the nuclear holocaust are ominously close to the flash point at midnight which will be the doomsday of this good earth.

A few days ago Secretary General Waldheim of the United Nations, in his annual report to the General Assembly, spoke of an "almost universal sense of apprehension" about the direction which the world might be heading, coupled with feelings of helplessness and fatalism." He noted the proliferation of nuclear devices, the increasing tendency of the super powers to make nuclear material available to their client states and spoke of the unimaginable dangers for the survival of the human race.

"Apart even from the threat of nuclear war by design," he said, "there will be a tremendous increase in the risk of nuclear war by accident, miscalculation or misinterpretation" including the possibility of the acquisition of nuclear devices by criminal elements.

How tragic that with the need for peace so urgent, so desperate, the betting in the international community is on the side of war. Everywhere, the armaments race has been accelerated.

Even the sub-continent of India, where Mahatma Ghandi once walked from village to village in his sandals and loin cloth as a living symbol of non-violence and peace, has joined the club of nuclear powers. At an enormous sacrifice of her national resources which she could ill afford to waste, India exploded her first atomic bomb this year. Last week there was a report from Calcutta about a typical dilemma of a middle income class Indian: should his two year old child be given milk every day or should it be given to his 73-year old father, who is a diabetic?

"I couldn't afford to give both of them milk," said Mr. Sen Gutta, an educated 31-year old man. "I thought about it a long time. The baby is getting the milk."

The vast majority of the people of India have an annual income of about 1/10 of that of Mr. Sen Gutta. Their lot and their suffering can only be imagined.

This is the price the world must pay for moving apart instead of together. Now we can understand the ethical priority which our sages assigned to shalom. Said Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai, who spent thirteen years of his life hiding in a cave because of war and persecution;

"Great is shalom for all blessings are contained in it."

His contemporary, Shimon ben Halasta, agreed. "There is no way to bless except through peace."

How tragic that we, the people who gave to the world the word and the concept of shalom should ourselves be caught in a

seemingly ceaseless and bottomless conflict.

Whenever I think of Golda Meir's statement at the Press Club here in Washington a few years ago, tears come to my eyes. She was asked,

"What do you really think of the Arabs?"

After a moment of silence, she answered very quietly,

"I can forgive them for killing our sons, but not for making our sons killers."

A few days ago I joined with a crowd of people at the White House in welcoming Israel's new Prime Minister Itzhak Rabin, on his state visit with President Ford. The following day I saw Mr. Rabin again at a reception in the Israel Embassy. All night he was surrounded by a glittering assembly of men of influence and power including Rockefeller, Kissinger and Schlesinger. There were few smiles. I could not help but notice the unrelieved somberness in Mr. Rabin's face. It conformed to the somber mood of the White House dinner of last Thursday night which, according to newspaper reports, was in striking contrast with the gaiety and entertainment on a similar occasion when King Hussein visited with President Ford only weeks ago.

Mr. Rabin, ~~my friends~~ reflects the true mood of our people in Israel, as I was able to see first hand on both of my visits to Israel during the last six months. Israelis are extremely tense and tight lipped these days. The Kissinger shuttle diplomacy, by

general consensus, has only stalled the outbreak of new hostilities. A vast majority of Israelis expect war again by November or January at the latest.

I was still in Israel when Turkey invaded Cyprus and bombed its open cities. It shattered the last trace of confidence some Israelis had in the peace keeping power of the United Nations. Cyprus had all the international guarantees against aggression you can name: membership in the U.N., a permanent U.N. peace force stationed in Cyprus, a large British military base and a common commitment by the United States as well as the Soviet Union to the independence and integrity of Cyprus. But, when Turkish bombs and armor chewed up nearly half of the island, the world watched and did nothing.

Israeli newspapers were quick to drive home the spine-chilling lesson. This is what happens to a small country which entrusts its independence to international guarantees.

That is why Israelis today are bracing for the next round for which her Arab neighbors are fully prepared and which, Israelis are convinced, can only be held off by the power of deterrence.

That is why men up to the middle fifties are being called up every few months for military maneuvers and each time they say goodbye and hug their children and grandchildren they sing with sarcasm the line of the popular song

"I promise you, little daughter of mine, that this will be the last war."

A few days after the triumphant Six Day War, the then Chief of Staff, General Itzhak Rabin, said that there would be no celebration of Israel's stunning victory:

"The joy of our soldiers is incomplete. The men in the front lines were witness not only to the glory of victory, but the price of victory; their comrades who fell beside them bleeding. The terrible price which our enemies paid touched the hearts of many of our men as well. It may be," said General Rabin, "that the Jewish people never learned and never accustomed itself to feel the triumph of conquest and victory, and we receive it with mixed feelings."

No conquerer in recent memory had spoken thus -- but then there had not been Jewish conquerers for a long, long time. We are the only people on earth that will not be happy with conquests.

Even our most militant statesman in modern times, Ben Gurion, believed that a bad peace is better than a good war.

As conquerers, we are beggars for peace.

Is there no one among our adversaries who would clasp the hand of shalom which had been held out to them for so many years?

This spring, at last, one remarkable young Egyptian woman publicly dared to respond with a shalom of her own. Sana Hassan, a bright 28-year old journalist, daughter of the former Egyptian ambassador to Washington and wife of an Egyptian senior diplomat,

became the first Egyptian citizen to make a study tour of Israel with her government's permission. Her article in the NEW YORK TIMES, "An Egyptian's Vision of Peace" was greeted by all of us with joy as proof of a new conciliatory attitude on the part of Egypt toward Israel. She expressed the longing for peace and normal relations with Israel, for people-to-people contact, for free travel and study in each other's country, for joining hands in wiping out poverty and in building up a prosperous Middle East.

What was the real feeling of Egyptians about Sana Hassan's article? At this time, no one really knows except that her husband found it necessary to divorce Sana Hassan since the article apparently did not meet with official approval. However, to demonstrate our own deep desire for peace, I want to take this opportunity to let you know that I have invited Sana Hassan to speak at Washington Hebrew Congregation on December 15th, with or without the consent of her diplomatic ex-husband.

Let us now, at least for a few moments, lift the challenge of shalom out of the realm of politics into the area of private, personal experience. It is conveyed to us in what must undoubtedly be the world's most familiar blessing of peace, the three-fold benediction which, since Biblical times, has been one of our most sacred prayers:

May the Lord bless you and keep you

May the Lord cause His countenance to shine upon you
and be gracious unto you

May the Lord life up His countenance upon you and give
you peace.

What do these words mean?

"Bless you and keep you" -- the word "bless," according to all of our commentators, refers to tangible gifts such as material prosperity, wealth, success.

Special attention, however, should be given to the remaining words of the sentence, "and keep you." A more literal translation would be "and watch over you." Please note that it is not your material prosperity and wealth that needs watching, but you, yourself. It is not your means and not your possessions but you, your soul, your inner life, that is in need of special protection. Against whom? Against yourself!

The successful business man needs protection against success becoming an obsession with him so that it topples all of his values and destroys his friendships, his family life and ultimately his mental and physical health.

If you have not yet seen the currently playing motion picture "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," I suggest you do. Its hero is a young, second generation Jewish immigrant's son who is a true go-getter and makes it. Kravitz has charm but he's also ruthless. A natural rival of his older brother, young Kravitz above all wants respectability and people around him, including his own father, strongly hint that money is the way to get it. He succeeds jumping up the ladder and on the backs of people whose love he betrays one by one. It is the kind of success that can only^{really} be measured in loss. In the end, he acquires all the land around the beautiful lake in

Laurentian Mountains which he dreamt to possess. He now, too, is the boy wonder who made good. But there is no place for friendship or love in the heart of a man whose ~~pos~~session becomes his obsession. The picture ends with Kravitz planning his future financial empire, barely conscious of the fact that he has lost all the intangibles, the things money can't buy.

Duddy Kravitz is the biography of every opportunist. It fits to a "T" those ^{cunning} coming young careerists whose lives became enmeshed with one another in the Watergate conspiracy, sacrificing their moral values and human decencies on the altar of ruthless victory. It fits even the privileged class of men and women whose lives are stuffed with money and have nothing to live for except their soul-destroying cult of comfort. They run from resort to resort, ever more bored, tragically unable to do what they so desperately are trying, namely to run away from their empty inner selves.

"May He cause His countenance to shine upon you and be gracious unto you

May He lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace."

What is the shining light which is associated with the blessing of peace? Our commentators say it is the insight, the ethical 20-20 vision which enables us to sort out a right scale of values so that we might retain our sensitivity, the loyalty and love of family and friends.

Our ethical duty to love others carries with it the mandate to make ourselves lovable to them as well.

The blessing of shalom is a call for the recovery of our wholeness, for equal time and equal attention to our spiritual as well as our material needs.

What is true of nations is also true of individual persons: we all need wisdom commensurate to our possessions, the wisdom to use beneficially our earnings, our productivity, our jobs, our careers, even our technology. We are today in a universal state of crisis because material progress has run ahead so far of our spiritual growth. We have come apart and there will be no shalom until we can bring together mind and matter, body and soul, and match ample means with rightful purposes.

Conclusion

A peasant once came to the city for the first time. Everyone looked at him because his garments were shabby and very old fashioned. So, he went into a store and purchased a new suit. When he returned home and put on the suit, it did not fit at all. He hurried back to the store and complained to the clerk:

"The suit you sold me does not fit."

The clerk looked at the peasant and ~~nearly burst laughing~~, said:

"Of course it does not fit. You put the new suit on over your old suit! You must ^{first} remove your old garments ~~first~~ and then put on the new."

So it is with the New Year which we are ushering in tonight. All the abundance, all the opportunity that lie ahead for the nations of the world as well as for each of us as individuals are like a new suit of clothes that will fit us well only if we can discard some of the old outworn habits of greed and ruthlessness. A better world is possible because you and I are changeable.

Think of these lines as you look toward the New Year:

My days are full of blunders,

Oh, how I've always yearned

To live one life for practice. . .

Another when I've learned.

Let us resolve and pray with all of our hearts that the year ahead will be free of the blunders of the past.

AMEN

We need not wait to be reborn to live a new life.
We can experience spiritual rebirth now and change
our life if we truly try to apply the lessons of the past year
to this new year

"THOU ART THE MAN"
Postscript to Watergate

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Monday Evening, September 16, 1974
Eve of Rosh Hashanah

It says something about the nature of man that it is difficult to find a leader in history, however great and heroic, whose record was not at one time or the other tarnished by scandal. This applies even to the most famous and beloved of all the rulers in Jewish history, King David. When King David committed adultery with Bathsheba and also arranged for the killing of her husband, Uriah, you can be certain that there must have been at least the attempt of a cover-up. Evidently, David's special assistants underestimated the investigative skill of Nathan, the Prophet. Somehow, he got wind of the sordid affair and there was one thing which in Nathan's mind became perfectly clear. He knew immediately that clemency for the king would be inappropriate. But, Nathan had a problem. How do you tell the king that he is a criminal? Nathan solved his problem by bringing to David, who was not only king but also the supreme judge of the land, a law case. In a certain village, a rich man with many flocks wanted to extend hospitality to a travelling guest. But, being too miserly to slaughter a lamb of his own large flock, the rich man took away the little lamb of a poor neighbor, his only possession, and served it up as dinner for his travelling guest.

When King David heard of this case, he became infuriated.

"By God, that man deserves death. He shall pay restitution--four-fold the value of the lamb because of what he did because he had no pity."

And Nathan said to David,

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

After Nathan pointed out to King David how he, who had a harem full of wives, had deprived another of his one and only beloved spouse, the King broke down and cried,

"I have sinned." (II Samuel 12.7-13)

In this land of course, the people are king. "We, the people," represent the supreme level of power and justice. We have been rightly angered by that long and unsavory chain of conspiracy, burglary, perjury and obstruction of justice known as the Watergate scandal. We have been shamed and humiliated by evidence of bribery, graft and misappropriation of funds by high officials with the connivance of the President himself. We have been infuriated by the brazen insolence of a President who encouraged and protected his associates in all this even while running on a platform of law and order. What hypocrisy! What arrogance!

We, the people, want the guilty punished. But, if Nathan, the Prophet, were to face us in this hour, he would surely turn on us with the same bluntness with which he turned on David and say to each of us, THOU ART THE MAN!

If there is need for a moral housecleaning at the White House, and indeed there is, there is just as great a need to do the same in your house and in my house. For two years we were fascinated as leader after leader of the administration walked the plank. We watched them squirm in the merciless close-up of the TV screen: Dean, Kleindienst, Mitchell and then the President himself. We delighted

in this triumph of justice, but are our own hands clean?

For example, we were appalled at the crass influence peddling and bribery all the way up to the Ovan Chamber the Howard Hughes fund and the milk fund. And so forth, but, is bribery and influence peddling so uncommon in our own daily lives? In New York, and I suppose in many other cities, it is said that it is hard to find a building inspector, fire inspector or elevator inspector who does not expect an illegal gratuity --and equally difficult to find are those property owners who will not gladly comply and offer the bribe.

When you enter a very crowded restaurant and slip the chief waiter a special tip so that he might seat you and your party ahead of the waiting line, what do you call that?

THOU ART THE MAN!

We were rightly shocked at Watergate trial findings that various officials and associates of the former President shamelessly appropriated campaign funds for their own personal use. What dishonesty!

During the past year, the New York Police Department has been testing the integrity of its force by dropping wallets containing cash with identifications and recording with hidden cameras the action of policemen finding such wallets. Thirty percent of the policemen pocketed the money and never reported their find. This month, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association turned a similar integrity test on the general public and showed that the public's rate of dishonesty was 84%.

Shoplifting has become a national epidemic as widely accepted as pilfering ashtrays and spoons as souvenirs. It is estimated that one out of seven customers is a shoplifter, or petty thief. The rip-off has become a *popular* form of amusement for our youth. What is happening to the Seventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not steal"?

THOU ART THE MAN!

We may rightly object and say, there is a big difference between the delinquency of ordinary people and that of a national leader. Is not the President obligated to set an example of veracity, honesty and integrity? Indeed, he has a special obligation. But, what about the special obligation of parents to act as moral leaders of their children?

Did you hear of the sweet little girl who was asked by the conductor on the train how old she was. She replied, "Here on the train, I'm eleven, but at home, I'm twelve."

Do you never falsify the age of your children in order to get by with a cheaper child's ticket?

And what about the gimmicks adults teach their children with reference to long distance calls for free? Says the parent to the child leaving on a little trip, "When you get there, just call back person-to-person and ask to speak to yourself; we'll know that you have arrived safely and the call won't cost us anything."

Safe -- except for the moral injury. What remains of the moral authority of the parent when it is sold out so cheaply?

THOU ART THE MAN!

Will Watergate energize the moral fiber of the nation? Now that time-tested Biblical ethics have regained relevance and even politicians begin to believe that "honesty is the best policy," shall we, the people, take our own daily morals more seriously? Shall we purge ourselves of habits of petty cheating and chiseling?

Oh, how we relished the stories of Richard Nixon's income tax shenanigans. At last, the IRS caught a big fish in its net. So, this was the preacher of law and order?

The gap between preaching and practice, between appearance and reality, defines the full extent of hypocrisy. Now, consider this very day and Yom Kippur and our own gap between appearance and reality. What an outpouring of people! What a show of religiosity! But the day after all this religious flag waving, the majority of us will relapse instantly into spiritual apathy and emptiness.

One of our contemporary poets tells us of a sudden yearning she had to return to the Congregation of her parents after long years of absence. I'm going to pray with my Congregation, she said, "to make my spirit strong." She saw humble and devout people who were drawing strength from prayer:

But no fund of faith was there for me
Only emptiness and doubt
For years I had put nothing in--
What could I hope to draw out!

If you miss the power of religion, most likely you have done nothing for it. When, at some future day, the props are knocked out from under you in some personal crisis, there will be little comfort for you in religion unless you have been working at it all the time.

On the walls of a certain physician's office hangs this rhyme:

God and the doctor, all men adore
When sickness comes, but not before.
When health returns alike requited,
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted!

If this is not hypocrisy, what is?

THOU ART THE MAN!

In the chronicle of the fall of Richard Nixon, the event most directly responsible for his resignation was the release of the last transcripts of tapes on August 5th, which proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that the President himself had participated in the

cover-up conspiracy.

Now let's face it. I mean, consider our own personal cover-up conspiracy not once, but all through our lives. The concealment and cover up of culpability is the most deeply ingrained human reflex to guilt. The first thing Adam and Eve did after eating the forbidden fruit was to hide themselves from God's searching gaze (Gen. 3.8) and, when discovered, Adam promptly shifted blame on Eve and Eve on the beguiling serpent. (Gen. 3.12-13)

We are no different today. Instead of struggling against sin, we try to deny its existence. We have developed a whole vocabulary of cover-up words. It's just like Ron Ziegler referring to lies as mis-spoken or inoperative statements. A destructive child is not wrong but maladjusted. Misconduct by any person is no longer evidence of evil but a neurosis or complex. Infidelity is not a moral offense but a sign of emotional immaturity. We're willing to admit to mistakes only, but not sins.

The dishonest clerk who short-changes you calls it a mistake.

The student caught cheating apologizes for his mistake.

The parent who had time for everything but his child later acknowledges his mistake.

We make our capital sins look like oversights, inadvertant errors. We have performed a neat, semantic trick. By sticking new labels on the old sins we are trying to declare sin "inoperative."

In olden days when people heard
Some swindler huge had come to grief,
They used a good old English word
And called the man a thief.

But language such as that today
Upon man's tender feeling grates
So they look wise and simply say
He re-hy-po-the-cates.

New York's famous variety store of Hammacher-Schlemmer has
come out with a newly patented fat man's mirror. By an ingenuous
device you can make this mirror reflect an accurate image of your
head, but from the nec down you appear slenderized.

Now, the obese person can play a game with himself. As he
steps up to the mirror, he says:

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Don't tell me I'm the fattest of them all!

And presto -- you see a pleasing illusion of yourself.

But, even without such trick mirrors, we manage quite well
to cultivate a deceptive self-image:

The faked concern when we couldn't care less.

The appearance of interest when we are bored.

The phony compliment that hides resentment.

The polite smile when, in fact, we are hostile.

When it comes to a covering up of truth --

THOU ART THE MAN!

Richard Nixon's former speech writer, Pat Buchanan, said, on hearing the news of Nixon's resignation, "The new puritanism will be short-lived."

I hate to think that the national ordeal of Watergate might go to waste. Yet, this is an absolute certainty if we do not each privately set our own moral and spiritual house in order.

Now that Nixon is out, it is time to get tough with ourselves. It is time to tighten up our own moral standards. It is time to put a stop to those everyday compromises with truth and honesty which spread like a contagion and create a general climate of corruption.

No more petty influence peddling and bribery,

No more chiseling, even if the victim is a corporate giant like the telephone company.

No more twisting of integrity through loopholes in the law.

No more self deception which is the basest of all hypocrisies.

The moral tone of a nation is simply the multiplication of individual morality. The mayor of a little town in ancient Israel once proposed a simple way of insuring a sufficient supply of wine for times of shortage. Let a huge vat be placed, he said, into the center of the market square and every Shabbat let each head of a family pour a small bottle of wine into it. If ever we run short of wine, we shall all have a ready supply. The idea was enthusiastically accepted. A few months later, the first shortage

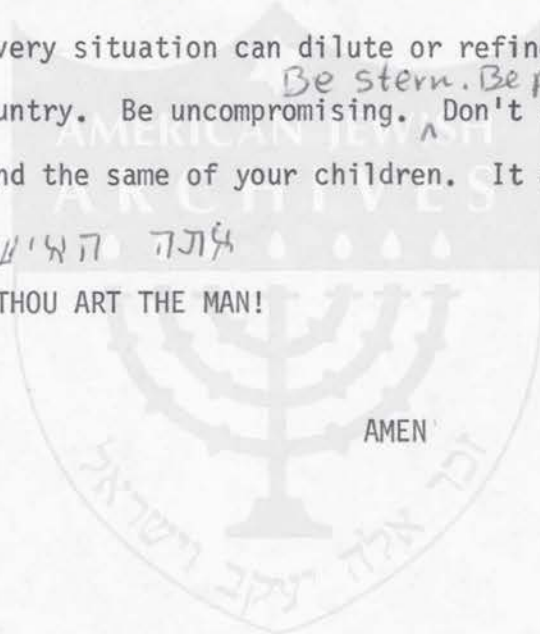
occurred and people lined up ⁱⁿ the market square for their allotment of wine. To the consternation of all, when the spigot was turned, all that came out of it was water. The townspeople had been pouring water into the vat, each depending on the other to contribute wine and thinking that a little water would make no difference.

Remember, your personal life, your every word and deed, your example in every situation can dilute or refine the moral quality of the country. *Be stern. Be puritanical.* Be uncompromising. Don't dilute your principles. Demand the same of your children. It all depends on you:

אלוהים הוא

THOU ART THE MAN!

AMEN



Ereve Rosh Hashonah

Habakkuk - Man of faith

At the turn of the Jewish year, a year that has taken a heavy toll on human life, that has witnessed so much violence and lawlessness, we ask, Where is God?

It is hard, indeed, to maintain faith. Everything, the yet unchecked ^{advance} success of the tyrants, the long prolonged war, the injustices committed free of punishment make this an urgent question, Where is God?

God's government of the universe appears doubtful; even the deeply religious person begins to ask, Where is God?

One does well to remember that our troubles and fears and doubts are nothing new. People have had them before. ~~ms~~ Our ancestors have travelled the torturous road of persecution. They have born the violence of tyrants. They have seen the righteous suffer and the wicked triumph. ~~They have gone through the same crisis of faith, and they have had the same gnawing doubts as we; yet, while many of us modern Jews have lost ~~human~~ faith, our ancestors were carried across the sea of troubles on the wings of a faith that could not perish.~~ The story of the prophet Habakkuk exemplifies the crisis and subsequent triumph of faith.

Habakkuk must have lived in a time similar to our days. Not right but might ruled, and our prophet became impatient; where was God, he asked. For this is what he said one day:

Cross-Reference Repentance
Spiritual Self-Improvement
God Experience

IS PRAYER OBSOLETE?

"WHEN PRAYER BECOMES 'VITAL'"

Rosh Hash MORNING

1979
Reworked by R. Hash
MORNING 1974

Every American coin has inscribed on it a line from the Latin poet Virgil consisting of 3 Latin words ~~which have become the motto of these U.S.~~
E PLURIBUS UNUM

OUT OF DIVERSITY COMES UNITY

~~Despite the outward appearance~~ ^{we are} ~~of a nation~~ ^{apparently} divided into many states, ~~there is~~ ^{yet} underneath ^{is} the reality of solid national unity:

There are situations when this motto should be reversed, when we have ~~only~~ the ~~outward~~ appearance of unity, but the reality of diversity and division.

A good example is a congregation united in prayer. They are all together in one place, they read from the same book, ~~they speak~~ ^{and often} in unison, yet underneath there is great diversity.

The external forms of worship give an impression of uniformity, but what a difference in spirit between person and person! ~~the quantity of our prayers is identical,~~ ^{what a difference in the}

~~but not the quality, nor the~~ attitudes and feelings with which we make the offering of our lips.

The story is told that the great Italian actress, Eleanora Duse, ^{obtained} ~~got~~ a contract from her manager before coming on tour in America, guaranteeing that every hotel room in which she stayed would be kept at exactly 73 degrees. This was in the days before air conditioning and automatic thermostats, and the manager was in a quandary as to how to meet the provisions, until someone suggested extracting mercury from a thermometer and filling the tube with red ink up to the marker for 73 degrees. The actress was tremendously impressed by the comforts of American hotels, but did remark on one occasion how strange it was that 73 degrees in Chicago seemed so much colder than the same temperature in New York.

Today, the official religious thermometer of the congregation is set very high, but you and I know that from individual to individual our actual devotional temperature ranges from hot to cold. ~~We are all in~~

It's the identical act of worship, but inwardly each person registers a different degree of interest and fervor..... We are concerned about prayer because all is not well with it. For example, its lopsidedness: So much of it on 2 days, and so little of it the rest of the year.

(UP p.257) *אשר באה האלהות ללמד את ישראל*
In the fight against ~~the forces of evil~~, the Jew relies upon

3 weapons: REPENTANCE, PRAYER, and CHARITY. Of these 3, prayer, once the strongest has ~~now~~ become the weakest weapon in the arsenal of Judaism. It used to be the answer to every problem, but today it is a problem itself and we must look for the answer.

Is prayer obsolete? Are you really missing anything important in your moral and spiritual development if you do not practice prayer?
~~WHAT VALUE, WHAT MEANING IS THERE IN PRAYER~~
IS ITS

FOR THE MODERN JEW ?

① PRESERVES OUR MEMORIES

Karl Marx gave atheists one of their strongest arguments:

"Religion," he said, "is the opiate of the people"

It is an escape; a way of forgetting reality.

I wonder which religion he had in mind. Jews always prayed, not to forget, but to remember.

The parting words of Moses describe one of the prime objectives of worship:

זכור ימים עתידין

"Remember the days of old,

Consider the years of many generations (Dt.32.7)

Jews are a people of memory. Every ritual, every occasion is tied up with the memory of an event of joy or of sorrow.....

Our holidays are our collective memory:

Bitter herbs on Pesach to remind us of our forefathers who were slaves in the land of Egypt ---- To forget that would mean the loss of the most tender spot in the Jewish heart, our sympathy for the down-trodden, our passion for freedom.....

Chanukah Candles speak to us of courage and self-sacrifice...

The Succah with Essrog and Lulav are reminders of God's bounty in nature

Sabbath candles revive the mystery of creation: And God said, Let there be light, and there was light..... And when the Jew stands up for Kaddish

---how he remembers his beloved, his childhood, his God !

Israel Baal Shem Tov, founder of Hassidism over 200 years ago, said:

"Remembrance is the root of Redemption." ---a profound thought if you bear in mind the utter helplessness of the amnesia victim.

A person without memory turns into an idiot.

Failing to remember the past , we are doomed to repeat it.

There is no culture no progress, no redemption from the evils of yesterday, if we do not remember.

② PROMOTES SELF-JUDGEMENT & IMPROVEMENT

Because so many memories crowd the Jewish mind on Rosh Hashonah, this festival is also known as יוֹמֵנוּם הַזֶּה DAY OF REMEMBRANCE.

A large section of the prayerbook which was read today is entitled

שִׁוּבוֹת רֵמִינִינֵנוּ REMEBRANCES. But, there are some remembrances which

are too private for the prayerbook. They are ~~only~~ imprinted on the

tablets of our hearts ---memories of those who used to sit at our

side on this day, ^{the} radiant face of a mother, the firm handclasp of

a father, the voices of children, brother and sister. Our recollections

mingle with feelings of remorse and guilt; things we left undone,

haunting memories that shame us:

(G. K) Chesterton tells the parable of ^{a sensitive} an architect ^{who, at} the sight of an ugly structure, ^{would suffer physical} pain, verging on apoplexy. One day he took a walk in London, and saw a new house, its ugliness made him almost faint. He was so afraid that he might see the house again that he took the only sure way of avoiding the sight of it: he moved into it himself.

^{Then} of course, the house became so familiar that he never really saw it again, and he lived happily ever after.....

We never really see what we live in. We get so adjusted to things as they are, that ^{we uncritically accept them,} ~~we never really see what we live in.~~ Some wise man gave us this advice: JUST STAND ASIDE AND WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

Of all the benefits of prayer, this is one of the greatest. When you are all done ^{reciting your} gift list before God, you will sooner or later ~~stand~~ to stand aside and watch yourself go by. The confessional element is never absent from ^{and} worship, leads you into a critical review of yourself.....

A man once called the manager of a store and asked: "Sir, can you tell me how Joe, your new ^{office} messenger boy, is coming along." ---"Just fine, he's alright, replied the manager, "but who are you?" The voice replied: "I'M JOE, THE BOY, JUST CHECKING UP ON MYSELF" That's what prayer does for you, it helps you check up on yourself,

"SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART
TRY ME, AND KNOW MY THOUGHTS"

③ LEADS INTO DIRECT RELIG. EXPERIENCE

So far I have dealt with prayer as a stimulant to our memory and to our critical self-judgment. But now let me relate it to an altogether different problem ---the problem of 2nd hand living. Instead of being active participants in life's significant experiences, we, ~~we~~ often, are merely spectators or witnesses to it... *P*. "Always a bridesmaid but never the bride" the saying goes. The entertainment industry and the pulp magazines are selling us huge chunks of second-hand living, that is, the ^{excitement} illusion of great passions and adventures which we do not experience ~~in our own life~~ ^{ourselves} ~~ourselves~~ but get a chance to watch as spectators.

Is our ^{Craving} hunger for amusement ^{an indication} the craving of a rather empty and unfulfilled life? In an address before the Fund for the Republic, *Dr. Pabli* Abraham ^{Josh} Heschel called attention to the dehumanization of modern man. "Man has forgotten how to be alone and how to digest life's experiences. He runs from his family and cannot sit still. He cannot enjoy a moment or a beautiful sight. Instead of enjoying the sight, he takes a picture." *P*

We no longer trust ourselves, our own instincts. We lean on all kinds of crutches and read every How-to-do-it book on the market: "How to be Young" & "How To Grow Old" How to Think Positively & How to Have Peace of Mind. "How to Meet a Spouse" & How to Honey-Moon and ^{is there a mother who would dare raise a baby without Dr. Spock's book?} ~~of course Dr. Spock's How to Raise a Baby.~~

Our opinions on almost everything are the adopted opinions of others. We read the columnists' interpretation before we read the news itself. Instead of books we read book-reviews. In a recent cartoon, one person asks another at a cocktail party if he has read a certain book, and the latter answers, "NOT PERSONALLY"

The fine order and decorum ~~soft~~ inhibit the individual. The old orthodox shul at least lets you ^{own} speed and emotional fervor; ^{there's} loss of orderliness, yet the service is more of an individual experience.

That's what's the matter with us: ~~few~~ ^{confused} of the ~~many~~ ^{few} things we do are truly personal choices, done really personally.

The more out of the more of a performance of worship - but to a large extent this emphasis is genuine involvement. We prefer to be spectators - just an alibi for non-participation. We seem to be afraid of

Especially in Religion. Do you know the greatest weakness of organized religion? The fact that it is organized too well. ^{in our well controlled service,} There is not enough personal discovery. Not enough individual ^{striving} searching and struggling with ideas, not enough private reflection.

Religion begins to mean something only when the ~~tradition which has been handed down to us,~~ becomes first-hand experience.

Solomon Schechter, late president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, once said: YOU CANNOT LOVE GOD WITH YOUR FATHER'S HEART

How well you know that, ^{I mean} those of you who can't get over a sense of personal distance from Judaism. It's all well and good that ~~you~~ ^{we} have a great history, brilliant scholars, saints and sages and many books, from the Bible and Prayerbook down ---but what has it got to do with you the individual, with your own throbbing heart?

Some fine day, ^{I hope that} you the individual, ^{will} have to pick yourself up and say:

"I don't care what the Rabbi is trying ^{to perform} ^{in public} to do for me, and what my forefathers did by bequeathing unto me this great heritage ^{Judaism} ^{I shall study}

I'm going ^{to look into it myself; I read & pray alone} ^{I shall} to Temple to work things out for myself, to do some ~~my own thinking~~ thinking of my own. ^{I'm going to develop personal Judaism} ^{= strictly private religious practice}

The chief purpose of the Temple, as I see it, is not to ~~give you~~ ^{replace the strictly personal aspects of Jewish experience with public practice but rather to let} a religion ready-made to take home, but to give you a chance to ^{observe in public} sit by yourself and to reach out to God in the stillness of your own thoughts. Theoretically you could do that any place, any time, but in actual practice, if you do it at all, you will do it in a place of prayer.

Out

Times have changed the form of prayer and also our habits,
but not the basic value of prayer:

Prayer ~~It~~ ^{It} voices the most important memories of our people

Prayer ~~It~~ ^{It} leads to profound introspection, to the recognition
of our shortcomings which marks the beginning of
character-improvement

Prayer ~~It~~ <sup>It is the ^{best way of turning} channel through which the official text-book religion
^{into personal experience} becomes something deeply personal....</sup>

The prayer ^{experience} ~~is~~ ^{is} the most beautiful ^{flower} ~~product~~ ^{product} of religion but it
does not grow ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~it is~~ ^{it is} not cultivated daily

~~It is~~ ^{Unlike many other things, the quality of prayer affects its quality. The more you pray}
~~if your moral and spiritual life means anything to you,~~ ^{the better you will pray}
~~there is no substitute for the practice of prayer.~~

If calm reasons don't persuade you to practice prayer,
you may count on your instinct to drive you to it
in time of crisis. For the old adage is still true

Man's Extremity is God's opportunity. ~~Amos~~

Cont. Sermon "What is Prayer?" p. 6/7

IS PRAYER OBSOLETE?
or
"WHEN PRAYER BECOMES VITAL"

Rosh Hashanah Morning
1974

The story is told that the great Italian actress, Eleanora Duse, obtained a contract from her manager before coming on tour in America, guaranteeing that every hotel room in which she stayed would be kept at exactly 72 degrees. This was in the days before air conditioning and automatic thermostats, and the manager was in a quandary as to how to meet the provisions, until someone suggested extracting mercury from a thermometer and filling the tube with red ink up to the marker for 72 degrees. The actress was tremendously impressed by the comforts of American hotels, but did remark on one occasion how strange it was that 72 degrees in Chicago seemed so much colder than the same temperature in New York.

Today the official religious thermometer of the congregation is set very high, but you and I know that from individual to individual our actual devotional temperature ranges from hot to cold.

It's the identical act of worship, but inwardly each person registers a different degree of interest and fervor. . . . We are concerned about prayer because all is not well with it. For example, its lopsidedness: So much of it on 2 days, and so little of it the rest of the year.

In the fight against evil, the Jew relies upon three weapons

REPENTANCE, PRAYER AND CHARITY. Of these 3, prayer, once the strongest, has become the weakest in the arsenal of Judaism. It used to be the

answer to every problem. Today it is a problem itself and we must look for the answer. Is prayer obsolete? Are you really missing anything important in your moral and spiritual development if you do not practice prayer?

WHAT IS ITS VALUE FOR THE MODERN JEW?

1. Preserves Our Memories

Karl Marx gave atheists one of their strongest arguments. "Religion," he said, "is the opiate of the people." It is an escape; a way of forgetting reality. I wonder which religions he had in mind. Jews always prayed, not to forget, but to remember. The parting words of Moses describe one of the prime objectives of worship:

"Remember the days of old,

Consider the years of many generations (Dt. 32.7)

Jews are a people of memory. Every ritual, every occasion is tied up with the memory of an event of joy or of sorrow. . . Our holidays are our collective memory: Bitter herbs on Pesach to remind us of our forefathers who were slaves in the land of Egypt -- to forget that would mean the loss of the most tender spot in the Jewish heart, our sympathy for the down-trodden, our passion for freedom. . . Chanukah Candles speak to us of courage and self-sacrifice. . . The Succah with Essrog and Lulav are reminders of God's bounty in nature. Sabbath candles revive the mystery of creation: And God said, Let there be light and there was light. Women who themselves experience creation in giving birth were privileged to remember Creation by lighting candles. And when the Jew stands up for Kaddish-- how he remembers his beloved, his childhood, his God!

Israel Baal Shem Tov, founder of Hassidism over 200 years ago, said: "Remembrance is the root of Redemption." -- a profound thought if you bear in mind the utter helplessness of the amnesia victim. A person without memory turns into an idiot. Failing to remember the past, we are doomed to repeat it. There is no culture no progress, no redemption from the evils of yesterday, if we do not remember.

2. Promotes Self Judgment and Improvement

Because so many memories crowd the Jewish mind on Rosh Hashanah, this festival is also known as DAY OF REMEMBRANCE.

A large section of the prayerbook which was read today is entitled REMEMBRANCES. But, there are some remembrances which are too private for the prayerbook. They are imprinted on the tablets of our hearts -- memories of those who used to sit at our side on this day, the radiant face of a mother, the firm handclasp of a father, the voices of children, brother and sister. Our recollections mingle with feelings of remorse and guilt; things we left undone, haunting memories that shame us.

As life goes by -- we often seek a token
Of former love that's faded with the years
We wait with tears to hear words left unspoken
And hearts are broken -- as life goes by.

As life goes by -- what small things often blind us
We make a mountain out of every slight.
And thus lose sight of Love that ought to bind us
While hatreds grind us -- as life goes by. . . .

Are there ever memories without some regrets? Inevitably, the hour of prayer turns into an inventory of conscience. This makes Rosh Hashanah DAY OF JUDGMENT. Sooner or later every prayer

becomes introspection and self judgment which moved the Psalmist to
exclaim

SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART,
TRY ME, AND KNOW MY THOUGHTS
(Ps. 139.23)

G. K. Chesterton tells the parable of a sensitive architect who,
at the sight of an ugly structure, would suffer physical pain, verging
on apoplexy. One day he took a walk in London, and saw a new house.
Its ugliness made him almost faint. He was so afraid that he might see
the house again that he took the only sure way of avoiding the sight
of it. He moved into it himself. Then, of course, the house became
so familiar that he never really saw it again and he lived happily
ever after. . .



becomes introspection and self judgment which moved the Psalmist to
exclaim

SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART,
TRY ME, AND KNOW MY THOUGHTS
(Ps. 139.23)

G. K. Chesterton tells the parable of a sensitive architect who,
at the sight of an ugly structure, would suffer physical pain, verging
on apoplexy. One day he took a walk in London, and saw a new house.
Its ugliness made him almost faint. He was so afraid that he might see
the house again that he took the only sure way of avoiding the sight
of it. He moved into it himself. Then, of course, the house became
so familiar that he never really saw it again and he lived happily
ever after. . .

We never really see what we live in, *namely ourselves*
We get so adjusted to ~~things~~ ^{we} ~~they~~ are, that we come to
accept ^{ourselves} ~~them~~ uncritically.

A wise man gave us this advice: JUST STAND ASIDE AND
WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Of all the benefits of prayer this is one of the
greatest. When you are all done reciting your shopping
list of petitions before God, you will , sooner or later,
stand aside and watch yourself go by. The confessional
element is never absent from worship. It leads you into
a critical review of yourself.

A man once called the manager of a store and asked:
"Sir, can you tell me how, Joe, your new office boy, is
coming along?" "Just fine, he's alright," replied
the manager, "But, who are you?"

The voice replied: "I'm Joe, the boy, just checking up on
myself."

That's what prayer does for you; it helps you check up on yourself, as the Psalmist put it:

SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART
TRY ME AND KNOW MY THOUGHTS (Ps. 139.23)

3. The Way of Direct Religious Experience

So far, I have dealt with prayer as a stimulant to our memory and to our critical self-judgement. But, now let me relate it to an altogether different problem, the problem of second-hand living. Instead of being active participants in life's significant experiences, we, often, are spectators or by-standers: "Always a bridesmaid but never the bride" the saying goes.

The entertainment industry and the pulp-magazines exist on our need for vicarious experience and so they are selling us huge chunks of second-hand living, the excitement of great passions and adventures which we are not allowed to experience as participants but rather as spectators.

Is our craving for amusement and vicarious experience an indication of an unfulfilled, ~~even~~ empty life? ←

In an address before the Fund for the Republic, ~~the~~ *our* Jewish philosopher Abraham Joshua Heschel, called attention to the dehumanization of modern man:

"Man has forgotten how to be alone and how to digest life's experiences. He runs from his family and cannot sit still. He cannot enjoy a moment or a beautiful sight. Instead of enjoying the sight, he takes a picture."

We no longer trust ourselves, our own instincts. We lean on all kinds of crutches and read every How-to-do-it book on the market: "How to be Young" and "How to Grow Old" "How to Think Positively" and "How to Have Peace of Mind" "How To Meet a Spouse" and "How To Honey-Moon" ----- and is there a young mother who would dare raise a baby without Dr Spack's book ?

Our opinions on almost every subject are adopted from others. We read the columnists' interpretation before we read the news itself. Instead of books, book-reviews. In a cartoon, one person asks another at a cocktail party if he had read a certain books, and the latter answers: NOT PERSONALLY.

That's what's the matter with us: Few of the things we do are truly personal choices, ^{We are not authentic persons. Unaccustomed to being ourselves} ~~to~~ enlist our whole being as participants, especially in Religion. he find it difficult

We make a big to-do about decorum and the aesthetics of worship, but ^{I have long suspected that} this emphasis is just an alibi for nonparticipation. The more artistic the worship service, the more we can sit back and watch it as spectators.

Do you know the greatest weakness of organized religion? It is organized too well. At least in the less formalized old orthodox shul a person could pray at his own speed, give a yell when he felt like it and reach his own emotional level.

In our well controlled services, there is not enough individual striving, ~~mm~~ not enough personal discovery, not enough individual self-expression, ^{and therefore not enough interest and fervor.} Religion begins to mean something only when it becomes first-hand experience.

Solomon Schechter, late Pres. of J.T.S., once said:
YOU CANNOT LOVE GOD WITH YOUR FATHER'S HEART.

Some fine day, I hope that you, the individual, will pick yourself up and say: "I don't care what the rabbi, or Cantor or Choir are ^{publicly} trying to perform for me. From now on I shall look into Judaism myself; I shall read, study, pray alone. I shall do some thinking of my own. I shall develop my personal, private Jewish religious practice ---and then come together with the congregation to share and compare notes.

I can almost hear a number of people in the pews say: Rabbi, you're wasting your time. I am no more going to try private prayer than I care for public prayer. To me all prayer is an exercise in futility.

What's our answer to those for whom prayer is dry as dust [?] and a tedious mumbling of words without feeling and meaning?

Who promised you that religious feeling would come easy like water out of a faucet? ^{intellectual & spiritual goal} What worthwhile thing is gained without struggle?

In ancient India a man asked for the way to God. Buddha, in reply, grabbed the man's head and held it under water for quite a while and when the inquirer came up gasping for air, Buddha said to him: "When you want God as much as you wanted air, then will you find Him."

Cool Reasons; logical arguments, are not the only persuaders to religion. Your instinct will drive you to it at the right moment, most likely in time of crisis. There is truth in the maxim:

MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

See type for balance of this page (and back side)

Can you acquire
at short range?
Case of student who signed himself became at end of 4 years he did not acquire wisdom as promised in catalog converts

and surely you cannot live long before you meet with personal crisis when your assumptions are shattered, when what you relied on comes in - when you stand at threshold of life & death & see yourself

feelibly done and when the old call come
to you Adam Where not Then
Where are you at you point in life
Where are you in the universe?

pick yourself up and say: "I don't care what the rabbi, or
Cantor or Choir are trying to perform for me. From now on
I shall look into Judaism myself; I shall read, study, pray
alone. I shall do some thinking of my own. I shall develop
my personal, private Jewish religious practice ---and then

I can almost hear a number of people in the pews say:
Rabbi, you're wasting your time. I am no more going to try
private prayer than I care for public prayer. To me all prayer

is an exercise in futility.
What's our answer to those for whom prayer is dry as dust
and a tedious mumbling of words without feeling and meaning?
Who promised you that religious feeling would come
easy like water out of a faucet? What worthwhile thing is

gained without struggle?
In ancient India a man asked for the way to God.
Buddha, in reply, grabbed the man's head and held it under
water for quite a while and when the infatuxer came up gasping
for air, Buddha said to him: "When you want God as much
as you wanted air, then will you find Him."

Cool Reason's logical arguments, are not the only persuaders
to religion. Your instinct will drive you to it at the right moment,
most likely in time of crisis. There is truth in the axiom:

MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

See page
for balance
of the page
(and back)

Handwritten notes on the left margin, including "The way to God" and "Buddha's story".

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including "and still you cannot..." and "the way to God is..."

A favorite parable of the Baal Shem Tov was about a fiddler who played so sweetly that all the people in the room began to ~~begin~~ dance. Then, a man passed by the window and looked, without however seeing the musician. To him, all he saw seemed the action of madmen, foolish and void of meaning.

We can never appreciate the world of prayer ~~from~~ from the outside. We must step in and expose ourselves first to the sound and music of prayer before it can truly affect us, privately. This is the true role of the public worship service. The sanctuary is not primarily a place for ~~argument~~ ^{religious exhibits or lectures} but for ^{religious} experience, and sufficiently often it must be.

We must not be like children on Halloween, who ring the doorbell and run. But that's exactly what the High Holy Day Jew is doing. He comes Rosh Hashanah and after Yom Kippur, he runs.

How long does it take a human being to learn how to walk? A year or so? Wrong! It takes a life-time.

Because if you are ~~bed-ridden or~~ immobilized for a few months, you won't be able to stand on your feet until you practice walking all over again. So it is with regard to our spiritual capacities, ^{Regular} ~~uninterrupted~~ practice is the pre-requisite of proficiency. The less we pray, the less meaningful prayer becomes.

Throughout changing times, human needs remain the same, and that is true of prayer. In spite of many new obstacles and distractions, prayer is as essential to our spiritual life, as air is to our physical survival.

If Prayer is our Problem, it is also our opportunity
in religious growth

Prayer voices the most important memories of our people.

Prayer leads to profound introspection, to self-assessment,
to self-judgment and self-improvement.

Prayer is the only way of turning text-book religion into
personal experience

Prayer is a rare flower which needs daily cultivation.

The more you pray, the better you will pray. Amen

Try it this year. Amen.



answer to every problem. Today it is a problem itself and we must look for the answer. Is prayer obsolete? Are you really missing anything important in your moral and spiritual development if you do not practice prayer?

WHAT IS ITS VALUE FOR THE MODERN JEW?

1. Preserves Our Memories

Karl Marx gave atheists one of their strongest arguments. "Religion," he said, "is the opiate of the people." It is an escape; a way of forgetting reality. I wonder which religions he had in mind. Jews always prayed, not to forget, but to remember. The parting words of Moses describe one of the prime objectives of worship:

"Remember the days of old,

Consider the years of many generations (Dt. 32.7)

זכור ימות עולם
היו שנים רבות

Jews are a people of memory. Every ritual, every occasion is tied up with the memory of an event of joy or of sorrow. . . . Our holidays are our collective memory: Bitter herbs on Pesach to remind us of our forefathers who were slaves in the land of Egypt -- to forget that would mean the loss of the most tender spot in the Jewish heart, our sympathy for the down-trodden, our passion for freedom. . . . Chanukah Candles speak to us of courage and self-sacrifice. . . . The Succah with Essrog and Lulav are reminders of God's bounty in nature. Sabbath candles revive the mystery of creation: And God said, Let there be light and there was light. Women who themselves experience creation in giving birth were privileged to remember Creation by lighting candles. And when the Jew stands up for Kaddish-- how he remembers his beloved, his childhood, his God!

Israel Baal Shem Tov, founder of Hassidism over 200 years ago, said: "Remembrance is the root of Redemption." -- a profound thought if you bear in mind the utter helplessness of the amnesia victim. A person without memory turns into an idiot. Failing to remember the past, we are doomed to repeat it. There is no culture no progress, no redemption from the evils of yesterday, if we do not remember.

2. Promotes Self Judgment and Improvement

Because so many memories crowd the Jewish mind on Rosh Hashanah, this festival is also known as *יום הזכרון* DAY OF REMEMBRANCE. A large section of the prayerbook which was read today is entitled *זכרונות* REMEMBRANCES. But, there are some remembrances which are too private for the prayerbook. They are imprinted on the tablets of our hearts -- memories of those who used to sit at our side on this day, the radiant face of a mother, the firm handclasp of a father, the voices of children, brother and sister. Our recollections mingle with feelings of remorse and guilt; things we left undone, haunting memories that shame us.

As life goes by -- we often seek a token
Of former love that's faded with the years
We wait with tears to hear words left unspoken
And hearts are broken -- as life goes by.

As life goes by -- what small things often blind us
We make a mountain out of every slight.
And thus lose sight of Love that ought to bind us
While hatreds grind us -- as life goes by. . . .

Are there ever memories without some regrets? Inevitably, the hour of prayer turns into an inventory of conscience. This makes Rosh Hashanah *יום הדין* *יום הדין* DAY OF JUDGMENT. Sooner or later every prayer

becomes introspection and self judgment which moved the Psalmist to exclaim

SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART,
TRY ME, AND KNOW MY THOUGHTS
(Ps. 139.23)

G. K. Chesterton tells the parable of a sensitive architect who, at the sight of an ugly structure, would suffer physical pain, verging on apoplexy. One day he took a walk in London, and saw a new house. Its ugliness made him almost faint. He was so afraid that he might see the house again that he took the only sure way of avoiding the sight of it. He moved into it himself. Then, of course, the house became so familiar that he never really saw it again and he lived happily ever after. . . . We never really see what we live in, namely ourselves. We get so adjusted to who we are, we come to accept ourselves uncritically.

A wise man gave us this advice: JUST STAND ASIDE AND WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Of all the benefits of prayer this is one of the greatest. When you are all done reciting your shopping list of petitions before God you will, sooner or later, stand aside and watch yourself go by. The confessional element is never absent from worship. It leads you into a critical review of yourself.

A man once called the manager of a store and asked,
"Sir, can you tell me how, Joe, your new office boy, is coming along?"

"Just fine, he's alright," replied the manager. "But who are you?"

The voice replied, "I'm Joe, the boy, just checking up on myself."

That what prayer does for you; it helps you check up on yourself, as the Psalmist put it:

SEARCH ME, O, GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART
TRY ME AND KNOW MY THOUGHTS
(Ps. 139.23)

3. The Way of Direct Religious Experience

So far, I have dealt with prayer as a stimulant to our memory and to our critical self-judgment. But now let me relate it to an altogether different problem, the problem of second-hand living. Instead of being active participants in life's significant experiences; we often are spectators or by-standers: "Always a bridesmaid but never the bride," the saying goes.

The entertainment industry and the pulp-magazines exist on our need for vicarious experience and so they are selling us huge chunks of second-hand living, the excitement of great passions and adventures which we are not allowed to experience as participants but rather as spectators.

Is our craving for amusement and vicarious experience an indication of an unfulfilled, empty life?

In an address before the Fund for the Republic, our philosopher, Abraham Joshua Heschel, called attention to the dehumanization of modern man:

"Man has forgotten how to be alone and how to digest life's experiences. He runs from his family and cannot sit still. He cannot enjoy a moment or a beautiful sight. Instead of enjoying the sight, he takes a picture."

We no longer trust ourselves, our own instincts. We lean on all kinds of crutches and read every How-to-do-it book on the market: "How to be Young" and "How to Grow Old" "How to Think Positively" and "How to Have Peace of Mind" "How to Meet a Spouse" and "How to Honey-Moon" --- and is there a young mother who would dare raise a baby without Dr. Spock's book?

Our opinions on almost every subject are adopted from others. We read the columnists' interpretation before we read the news itself. Instead of books, book-reviews. In a cartoon, one person asks another at a cocktail party if he had read certain books and the latter answers, "NOT PERSONALLY."

That's what the matter with us. Few of the things we do are truly personal. We are not authentic persons. Unaccustomed to being ourselves, we find it difficult to enlist our whole being as participants, especially in Religion.

We make a big to-do about decorum and the aesthetics of worship, but I have long suspected that this emphasis is just an alibi for non-participation. The more artistic the worship service, the more we can sit back and watch it as spectators.

Do you know the greatest weakness of organized religion? It is

organized too well. At least in the less formalized old orthodox shul a person could pray at his own speed, give a yell when he felt like it and reach his own emotional level. In our well controlled services, there is not enough individual striving, not enough personal discovery, not enough individual self-expression and therefore not enough interest and fervor. Religion begins to mean something only when it becomes first-hand experience.

Solomon Schechter, late President of J.T.S., once said,
YOU CANNOT LOVE GOD WITH YOUR FATHER'S HEART.

Some fine day, I hope that you, the individual, will pick yourself up and say, "I don't care what the rabbi, or Cantor or Choir are publicly trying to perform for me. From now on I shall look into Judaism myself. I shall read, study, pray alone. I shall do some thinking of my own. I shall develop my personal, private Jewish religious practice -- and then come together with the congregation to share and compare notes.

I can almost hear a number of people in the pews say,
"Rabbi, you're wasting your time. I am no more going to try private prayer than I care for public prayer. To me all prayer is an exercise in futility.

What's our answer to those for whom prayer is dry as dust? And a tedious mumbling of words without feeling and meaning?

Who promised you that religious feeling would come easy like water out of a faucet? What worthwhile intellectual or spiritual goal can be reached without struggle? For example, can you acquire wisdom at short range? It reminds me of an actual legal case. A student

who graduated the University of Buffalo later sued the University because after having earned his Liberal Arts Degree, this student argued that, contrary to the statement in the catalogue that liberal education would lead the student to wisdom, he was certain that he had not become wise. Spiritual sensitivity is certainly no less difficult to develop than a logical mind or wisdom.

In ancient India, a man asked for the way to God. Buddha, in reply, grabbed the man's head and held it under water for quite a while. When the inquirer came up, gasping for air, Buddha said to him,

"When you want God as much as you wanted air, then you will find Him."

Cool reasoning and logical arguments are ^{the} not/only converters to religion. Your instinct will drive you to it at the right moment, most likely in time of crisis -- and you can be absolutely sure that you will meet with personal crisis before too many years have passed. Events will happen which will shatter your assumptions or destroy the foundations of your sense of security such as financial reverses or a breakdown of health or that menace which comes to all mortals when you stand at the very threshold of life and death and you feel terribly alone. Then, the old call will come to you as it did to Adam:

"Where art thou?"

Where are you at this point in life? Where are you with all your former smartness and power? Where are you, little nothing, in this vast universe?

There is truth in the old saying,
"MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY."

A favorite parable of the Baal Shem Tov was about a fiddler who played so sweetly that all the people in the room began to dance. Then a man passed by the window and looked, without, however, seeing the musician. To him, all he saw seemed the action of a madman, foolish and void of meaning.

We can never appreciate the world of prayer from the outside. We must step in and expose ourselves first to the sound and music of prayer before it can truly affect us privately. This is the true role of the public worship service. The sanctuary is not primarily a place for religious exhibits or lectures but for religious experience, and sufficiently often it must be.

We must not be like children on Halloween, who ring the doorbell and run. But that's exactly what the High Holy Day Jew is doing. He comes Rosh Hashanah and after Yom Kippur he runs.

How long does it take a human being to learn how to walk? A year or so? Wrong! It takes a life-time. Because if you are immobilized for a few months, you won't be able to stand on your feet until you practice walking all over again. So it is with regard to our spiritual capacities. Regular practice is the pre-requisite of proficiency. The less we pray, the less meaningful prayer becomes. Throughout changing times, human needs remain the same, and that is true of prayer. In spite of many new obstacles and distractions, prayer is as essential to our spiritual life as air is to our physical survival.

If prayer is our problem, it is also our opportunity in religious growth. Prayer voices the most important memories of our people. Prayer leads to profound introspection, to self-assessment, to self-judgment and self-improvement.

Prayer is the only way of turning text book religion into personal experience.

Prayer is a rare flower which needs daily cultivation.

The more you pray, the better you pray.

Try it this year.



Rosh Hash
1974
& Succot morning
1975 J

JUDGMENT BY HONEY

Rosh Hashonah is known as a day of judgment and therefore this is a serious day. There is something very strict about it. The old year is over and we are supposed to think about the way we have acted at home, with friends, in school -- whether we were good, or bad; whether we were kind and sharing or mean and selfish. I am sure each of us has done something he is ashamed of and for which he is sorry. Some of us would like to forget about those bad things we have done -- but there is no use trying to hide and cover up. There are no secrets before God.

This is also a day of sweetness. It is an old Jewish custom to eat a little honey on Rosh Hashanah to make us think of all the sweet and good things in life, how much more thoughtful and loving we could all be towards each other. We taste of honey and hope that all the good things we do in the New Year will leave a sweet taste with everyone.

My favorite Rosh Hashanah story which I now want to tell you is called "The Judgment of Honey." It tells us something about bad but also about good people.

Have you ever done something wrong and wished that nobody would find out? For example, have you broken something very valuable and quickly swept away the pieces so that no one would know the damage you have done? Or, have you taken something that belongs to another person and when someone asked you about it, you would not tell how you got it?

There is one thing you can be sure of: the truth will always come out. It may take a little while, but in the end the bad things

but also the good things we do are found out and we receive either the punishment or the reward we deserve.

I want to tell you about a man who thought that nobody would ever find out the wrong he had done and how a young boy discovered the secret of his wrongdoing.

A long, long time ago a Jewish woman lived in Ashkalon in the land of Israel. She had no husband, no sisters or brothers, no children. She lived alone in a little house. One day she decided to go on a trip to Jerusalem. But, it worried her to leave her home alone. She had saved up a number of gold coins for her old age when she could no longer be able to work. Those coins filled up half a pitcher. Could she leave this small treasure in the house while she was away for several weeks? What if a stranger came in, saw the pitcher and discovered the coins in it?

The woman decided to fill the pitcher with honey so that no one might see the coins inside the pitcher. Slowly she poured the golden, sticky honey into the mouth of the pitcher, smiling to herself as she kept thinking how the sticky honey would not only hide the coins but hold them down to the bottom of the pitcher. Then she took the pitcher to her neighbor next door and asked him to be good enough and keep her honey in storage until she returned from Jerusalem.

After a few days, had passed, her neighbor had a party and needed some honey for a cake. Having not enough honey of his own, he remembered the woman's pitcher and said, "I'm sure she won't mind it if I borrow a little of her honey, as long as I fill up her pitcher with honey again before she returns."

As the man poured out the honey from the woman's pitcher, he soon enough saw the shiny coins inside. He became very excited, took a spoon and scooped out all the coins he could find.

"If I keep the coins and fill up her pitcher with honey just the way it was before, she would never know. Oh, how lucky I am," said the man to himself. "I have found a treasure and no one will ever know."

When the woman returned from her trip to Jerusalem, she came to her neighbor's house, asked for the pitcher, saw that it was filled with honey as before, thanked him and took it back home, not knowing that her neighbor had stolen all the money that had been in it. Back in her own house, she immediately lit a candle, held it close to the mouth of the pitcher to make sure that the coins were still in it. Seeing only honey, she became frightened and began to pour out the honey from her pitcher into a bowl. Maybe she had not been able to see the coins with all the honey on top. Imagine her shock when she found the pitcher empty and all the coins gone.

She burst into tears, ran back to her neighbor and said, "There were many gold coins in the pitcher. It was all the money I saved for my old age. Don't deny that you took the money. You are the only one who could have taken it. I trusted you -- now give me back the money you stole."

The neighbor shook his head and said, "Woman, how dare you call me a thief. You brought me a pitcher which you said was full of honey. You said nothing about coins in the pitcher. Go home and don't bother me again."

There was nothing the woman could do but run to the Judge of Ashkalon and tell him her sad story. "My neighbor is not only a thief but a liar," she cried. "Please help me get my money back. Let there be justice in Israel."

The judge felt in his heart that the woman was telling the truth but how could anyone prove that the man had stolen the money? "Do you know of any witnesses who might have seen the man take the money out of the pitcher? Or are there witnesses who could prove that there was money in the pitcher to begin with?"

"No, no," cried the woman, "I wanted no one to know and kept it a secret. You must believe me, your Honor. I put all the money I had into the pitcher and covered it with honey for safe keeping. You must believe me!"

The judge shook his head and said, "My dear woman, I'm sorry. I want to believe you but if there are no witnesses to prove your story I can't pass judgment on the man and call him a thief."

The woman just covered her face with her hands and sobbed, "What shall I do? What shall I do? God help me! God help me!"

It so happens that the young son of the judge, by the name of Solomon, was in the courtroom when the woman had told her story. Suddenly, he turned to his father and said, "If you will call this woman's neighbor who is suspected of theft to the Court and if you will have this woman bring her pitcher with honey, I may be able to find two witnesses to back up her story."

So it was done. The woman brought her pitcher of honey and the man to whom she had entrusted it for safe keeping stood in front of the judge and denied everything.

"This woman is dreaming. There were no coins in the pitcher and I took none. Does this woman have any witnesses to prove her story?" asked the man.

The judge had to admit that so far no witnesses could be found. Turning to his son, Solomon, the judge said in the hearing of the crowded courtroom, "My son, you heard the story of this woman and you thought that you could find two witnesses. Where are they?"

Then young Solomon walked over to the woman, took the pitcher in his hand and said, "I believe we shall find a few witnesses." And with these words, he smashed the pitcher on the floor and quickly bent down to pick up the pieces -- and just as he had expected, he found several small gold coins that had stuck to the ⁱⁿside of the pitcher near its mouth, after the honey had been pured out. Those were a few of the coins the thief had not been able to scoop out. Young Solomon picked up two of these little coins, still sticky with honey, held them up and said, "Here are two witnesses which prove that the woman told the truth."

Her neighbor, taken by surprise, broke down and confessed before the judge what he had done. The judge made him return the money to the woman and four times more as was the law in Israel. And then he said, "Remember the words of our Torah: "your sin will find you out" -- and you cannot hide your wrongdoing. Our God is a God of justice who sees to it that the truth always comes out, in the end, that wrongdoing is punished and that good is rewarded."

Whenever you taste a little honey, or something sweet
remember that there is a good God, that goodness will win
out in the end.

May the New Year be sweet for all of us as we try to do
that which is good at home, in school, at work and at play.

AMEN



DETERMINED

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Kol Nidre Night
September 25, 1974

The story is told that the Prussian king, Frederick the Great, who was an enlightened skeptic, once debated the possibility of miracles with his philosopher in residence, the cynical Voltaire. "Show me one real miracle in our world today!" King Frederick challenged his philosopher friend. Voltaire answered,

"Your Majesty, I give you the Jews."

The survival of the Jews as a united people with an unbroken sense of continuity for three and a half millennia, while all the great empires of antiquity crumbled and disappeared together with the nations that founded them, is one of the authentic miracles of history. We Jews are perhaps the people least aware of this abnormality of our history since we have gotten used to being alive. We take our existence for granted. The non-Jewish world still looks at us with amazement.

This summer a Danish millionaire, the 34-year old Thorkild Kirstensen, donated one million Danish kroner to Israel. When asked what had moved him, a Danish gentile, to make this entirely unsolicited gift to Israel, he explained that his awareness of the Jews was originally kindled by Hebrew inscriptions on tombstones he passed as a child on the way to school. He said,

"Those letters had a mysterious and unreal effect on me. How was it possible for a people whose ancestors had been driven out of their land some 1900 years ago by the Romans to end their days in my provincial Danish home town of Aaldorg? Since then,

my wife and I have met many descendants of this people around the world, in Moscow, Mongolia, China, and indeed they are alive."

Mr. Kirstensen concluded his explanation with this remark,

"While most nations of the world have long been absorbed, at a time where values are changing continuously, I have found a people who are still holding on to their faith and ideals."

The essentially miraculous nature of Jewish survival is not lessened if, upon further probing, we come to understand certain factors which at least partially explain the wondrous phenomenon of Jewish survival.

Perhaps the key factor is a certain quality of Jewish character deeply rooted in our consciousness -- and this is brought out in an actual historical incident related to us in the Bible.

One of the most gifted leaders in our history, Joshua, the successor to Moses and conquerer of the Promised Land, had learned a very important lesson from his many years of national leadership. He came to be convinced that you can't make people do what they really don't want to do themselves. And so, on the eve of his retirement from public service he organized a national assembly and put before the people the absolutely unique and astonishing question as to whether or not they wanted to remain Jewish. I don't know of any other incident like that in all of human history, a people being asked to vote in a plebiscite for or against continuation in their own identity. You can read up

on it yourself. It is chapters 23 to 24 of Joshua. It is Joshua's resignation speech. The conquest of the Promised Land had been successfully accomplished. Now, Israel was like any other nation, a people with a land of its own. What of Israel's future? Should the Israelites remain different from all the nations of the Middle East round about them? Joshua evidently was deeply aware of the fact that the Israelites were attracted to the morally and sexually highly permissive culture of the surrounding nations. Their sensuous religious cult included orgies. Their temples, largely supported by sacred prostitution, functioned somewhat like massage parlors today. The Bible gives evidence that, under the circumstances, Israelites were not averse to interfaith activity. In this cultural confrontation, it was foreseeable that the spiritually refined and sophisticated Hebrew faith in an invisible God coupled with a tightly disciplined moral code would run a poor second on the level of popular attraction to the colorful pagan cult all around. Joshua realized that the extremely demanding Torah way of life was unenforceable from above. If the people did not recognize its validity, you might as well forget it. So he gave them a choice. He told the national assembly:

"We have come a long way, from Egyptian slavery to freedom. If, from this point on, it seems undesirable for you to serve the Lord, our God, choose whatever religion you want. But, as for me and my family, we are determined to be loyal to our God."

When the people shouted that they would do likewise, Joshua expressed doubt as to their determination and, in fact, tried to talk them out of it:

"You can't do it; our God is very holy and demands your undivided fidelity."

The people shouted him down and insisted that they wanted to serve God. Finally, Joshua yielded and said:

"Now you shall be witnesses against yourselves that you have made this choice." (Joshua 24.15 to 22)

We are Jews today because, in spite of occasional desertion and backsliding, generation after generation of Jews essentially remained loyal and determined to hold on to their distinctive religion and moral code. Do not underestimate the power of determination in history as well as the conduct of your personal life. No ideal in this world of ours stands a chance of being realized without determined people. Most of us want the same things in life, but we differ in our determination, in our willingness to struggle and sacrifice in order to achieve them. Everything hinges on determination.

1. Determination, Key to War and Peace

The preamble of the United Nations charter begins with the words:

"We, the people of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war. . ."

It is a noble, strong statement of purpose. When the United Nations was created at the end of World War II, there was indeed determination on the part of the overwhelming majority of civilized mankind to unite in a policy which would make future wars impossible. Why, then, has the United Nations put in such a disappointing performance? Why are we, according to the nuclear time clock, only a few minutes away from the hour of doom? Two weeks ago, Secretary General Waldheim of the United Nations spoke gravely about an "almost universal sense of apprehension." Nothing seems to be able to stop the world's drift toward nuclear war. Last Monday Henry Kissinger confirmed mankind's worst fears. A nuclear catastrophe is threatening. He said:

"We have no guarantee that some local crisis, perhaps the next, will not explode beyond our control."

The insanity of the world's nuclear armament race is underscored by the participation in it of some of the world's most impoverished nations. India, which does not have a penny to spare, where even so-called well-to-do middle class families must choose between feeding their babies or dependent grandparents, is now exploding nuclear devices at the cost of billions of dollars. The nuclear club is no longer exclusive. More and more nations have access to nuclear devices which, of course, magnifies the danger. In Henry Kissinger's words,

"Political inhibitions are in danger of crumbling. Nuclear catastrophe looms more plausible -- whether through design or miscalculation, accident, threat or blackmail."

Why cannot the United Nations put a stop to all this?

For the same reason that the United Nations has not been able to stop the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. For the same reason that the United Nations did not succeed in stopping Vietnam, or Korea, not to mention the eruption of other bloody wars in Asia and Africa within the last quarter century. The truth is that although the United Nations preamble spoke of determination to prevent war, its member states don't have it in reality. The United Nations is afflicted by the same disease which killed its predecessor, the League of Nations.

Lincoln Steffans has preserved for us the exact historical moment at the peace conference in Versailles, which sealed the fate of the League of Nations from its very inception. The French Prime Minister, Clemenceau, suddenly turned to the leaders of the Allied Powers, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George of England and Orlando of Italy and asked them bluntly whether they really meant what they said about wanting "permanent peace." They all affirmed. Then Clemenceau made a list of the sacrifices from each country that would be required: the surrender of arbitrary imperial power, the giving up of special privilege, the tearing down of tariff walls, the adjustment of economic inequalities and the removal of restrictions on immigration. One by one the assembled leaders protested that they were not prepared to do these things, -- not yet.

"Then," said Clemenceau, "you don't mean peace; you mean war!"

The acid test of determination is sacrifice. Open frontiers, free trade and a fair sharing of all resources, not only oil but also metals and minerals and food represent the kind of sacrifice of special advantage and sovereignty which, so far, none of the nations is seriously considering. Which means, they're not determined to have peace.

2. Jewish Determination

Are we Jews different in our power of determination?

The English socialist, Richard Crossman, was eye witness to one of the decisive moments in Jewish history. It was shortly after the declaration of the State of Israel. Seven Arab nations instantly began their invasion of the tiny splinter of territory which the United Nations had sanctioned as a Jewish state. Crossman noticed that in the midst of desperate fighting Ben Gurion shuttled back and forth between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem which was all but cut off from the rest of the Jewish state. No matter what, Israel was determined to hold on to its historic capital. Shortly thereafter, Crossman came to Berlin just as West Germany was struggling to preserve Berlin as its capital city against the Russian siege. But it was a half-hearted struggle and so Richard Crossman put it to West Berlin's mayor, Ernst Reuter:

"The Jews really mean to be a nation --- how about you Germans?"

Because we meant it, we succeeded. Our determination to keep the land of Israel and Jerusalem was tested during the last 26 years, every year, every day, in the War of Independence, in the Sinai Campaign of 1956, in the Six Day War of 1967 and last year this very day.

I received a poem from the author, Milton Hoffman, of our wider community entitled, "I Have Lived a Year Since Then."

I have lived a year since then
And heard a mother's cries
My son, my son won't come again
He, too, was one who died

I've lived a year since then
Yom Kippur's here once more
What shall we say unto the men
Who fell in that dread war?

What can we say to our people in Israel who last year worshipped in the synagogues as we are worshipping today? Suddenly, the guns opened up and within twelve hours 70,000 Egyptians crossed the Suez Canal. Facing them in the Bar Lev line were only 800 Israeli soldiers. In the north, Syria, Iraq and Jordan threw 2,700 tanks into the battle with Israel, then having only 70 tanks in position. In the ensuing weeks more armor was employed for the destruction of Israel than in any previous tank battle in history. When the fighting ended three weeks later, Israelis stood at the gates of Damascus and were only thirty miles away from Cairo. 2,456 Israelis laid down

their lives, comparable to the loss of 250,000 men if we put it in American terms.

I was in Israel twice since last October. Every home has been smitten with death or injury. There is bitterness in the hearts of the Israelis that in spite of their stupendous sacrifice, the Israelis were not given to taste the fruit of their dearly bought victory. There are now signs on buses to keep the front seats free for war injured cripples who have become a common sight. Peace is far away.

I met a middle-aged woman in Rosh Pinnah. She is a third generation Israeli and mother of four children, a daughter, two grown sons, one presently a tank commander on the Syrian border, and a baby. I was surprised and asked what decided her to have the baby? She answered:

"With as many wars as we are bound to have in our lifetime, who knows what will happen to our older children. We want to make sure that some, at least, will survive."

Will our people's determination last?

OUR COMMITMENTS

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Kol Nidre Night
September 25, 1974

This summer a Danish millionaire, the 34-year old Thorkild Kirstensen, donated one million Danish kroner to Israel. When asked what had moved him, a gentile, to make this entirely unsolicited gift to Israel, he explained that his awareness of the Jews was originally kindled by Hebrew inscriptions on tombstones he passed as a child on the way to school. He said,

"Those letters had a mysterious and unreal effect on me. How was it possible for a people whose ancestors had been driven out of their land some 1900 years ago by the Romans to end their days in my provincial Danish home town of Aalborg?"

Mr. Kirstensen concluded,

"While most nations of the world have long been absorbed, at a time where values are changing continuously, I have found a people who are still holding on to their faith and ideals."

"A people who are still holding on. . ." Is there an explanation?

One of the most gifted leaders in our history, Joshua, the successor to Moses and conquerer of the Promised Land, ~~had learned deeply believed that~~ had learned from experience that a very important lesson from his many years of national leadership:

"You can't make people do what they really don't want to do themselves." And so, on the eve of his retirement from public service, he organized a national assembly and put before the people the absolutely unique and astonishing question as to whether or not they wanted to remain Jewish.

Joshua evidently was deeply aware of the fact that the Israelites were attracted to the morally and sexually highly permissive culture of the surrounding nations. Their sensuous religious cult included orgies. Pagan temples, largely supported by sacred prostitution, functioned somewhat like massage parlors today. The Bible gives evidence that, under the circumstances, Israelites were not averse to interfaith activity. Joshua realized that the extremely demanding Torah way of life was unenforceable from above. If the people did not recognize its validity, you might as well forget it. So he gave them a choice. He told the national assembly:

"If, from this point on, it seems undesirable for you to serve the Lord, our God, choose whatever religion you want. But, as for me and my family, we are determined to be loyal to our God."

The people shouted him down and insisted that they, too, wanted to serve God. Joshua yielded and said:

"Now you shall be witnesses against yourselves that you have made this choice." (Joshua 24.15 to 22)

We are Jews today because, in spite of occasional desertion and backsliding, generation after generation of Jews essentially remained loyal and determined to hold on to their distinctive religion and moral code. Do not underestimate the power of commitment, of determination in history as well as in the conduct of your personal life. No ideal in this world of ours stands a chance of being realized without determined people. Most of us want the same things in life, but we differ in our determination, in our willingness to struggle and sacrifice in order to achieve them. Everything hinges on determination, on commitment.

1. Our Personal Commitments

This is the time for each of us to re-examine his personal commitments. How are we living up to them?

Think back to your wedding day. You made the commitment of partnership in life. What is the quality of your relationship with your spouse? Are you taking a consumer attitude toward marriage, asking only what is there in it for me? Or, are you sensitive to your own obligations as partner? What are you doing to help and enhance your spouse?

Andre Maurois said that marriage is an edifice that needs to be rebuilt every day. Are you working at your marriage to keep it at its finest level? Or, are you letting it depreciate to the point of self liquidation?

When you brought a child into this world, you made another commitment. ^{You made a contract, with God. You would be a custodian of life.} Your child represents your most assured contribution to the future of mankind, for better or for worse. How seriously do you take the role of parent? How high a priority do you assign to being with your child?

Still another very personal commitment of yours is in need of review. You were, early in life, Bar or Bat Mitzvah or confirmed. Through these public ceremonies and later through your affiliation with the Congregation, you accepted a commitment to Judaism.

Where do you stand as a Jew? Over and over again you have read the prayer which is part of the Shema: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . ." It calls on you to study Torah day and night. Have you ever seriously undertaken a regular study of any aspect of Judaism? Have you ever gotten into Bible, Mishna, Talmud, Kabbala-mysticism, Hassidism and the classic as well as modern existentialist Jewish philosophers?

Are you contented to remain the ignorant descendant of a people 3,500 years old, who, in the words of Abraham Heschel, "is like a messenger who forgot the message."

Jakob Presser, in his novel "Breaking Point," tells about an assimilated young Jew in the Westerbork concentration camp in Holland. This youth is selected for extermination. He breaks down, not because he must die but because he would now die, for being a Jew, without ever having known what it was to live as a Jew!

no real problem

Jews for Jesus kids Jews for Nothing — few confused, sincere Legions of total strangers

stand for nothing know nothing are nothing as Jews. estranged & lots of them.

Do you have a plan for studying at least the basics of Judaism before your own lease on life runs out? expires

If by chance you have been forming some new resolutions about some of the things we were talking about, what will happen to those resolutions the day after tomorrow?

We say we want to be better spouses, better parents, better Jews -- but ~~we don't~~
Last year I made a list of things, That I resolved to do, I'll use that list again this year It's still as good as new.

What power is there that can really make a change in our life and in our ways? Some say give us a good reason, show us the advantage ^{of Jewish studies} and we shall consider it. Experience proves otherwise. Reason has a very limited effect on human behavior. Consider as example the nationwide anti-nicotine campaign. For years the public has been informed through every available advertising channel that smoking is harmful. Men who smoke less than a half pack a day still have a death rate about 60% higher than that of non-smokers.

Cigarette smokers, we are told, have 70% more heart attacks than non-smokers; and even mild smokers are seven times as likely to die of lung cancer as non-smokers.

Now, wouldn't you think that this should scare people off the cigarette habit? The fact, however, is that consumption of cigarettes jumped 10% in a single year, according to recent statistics.

What does this say about human nature? Or, about the value of public information?

It says that knowing what is good, does not necessarily lead you to do it.

Our great philosopher, Martin Buber, once received a woman from New York who made the suggestion to him about some educational work that might be undertaken in a kibbutz.

"Are you prepared to do this work yourself?" Buber asked.

When she declined, Buber explained as nicely as possible that he did not think ideas were worth pursuing unless their advocates were prepared to put them into practice themselves.

The world is choking with good ideas. We know how good justice is; how good brotherhood is; how good peace is. We're full of great ideas -- ~~but very poor in~~ ^{what we need are} people committed to put

them into practice in their own lives. *If there is one real purpose for the synagogues and organized Religion, it is to take the meandering good-will of people ~~and turn it into commitment. That's what we are here for, to~~ ^{turn out more committed Jews.}*

What is the essence of commitment?

It is a decision, fortified by sacrifice. The obvious price for decision is that if you decide one thing, you must give up other options. For example, if you decide to get married, you cannot also cling to the license of bachelorhood. ~~Or, if you take one job, you must give up opportunities in other vocations.~~

When Charles Lindbergh made his historic trans-Atlantic flight, the lone eagle concentrated on the top priority which was to take a maximum amount of fuel on his flight. Every superfluous amenity, including radio equipment, was sacrificed to fuel load. He even had light boots made to save precious ounces. As it happened, he reached France with barely a drop of extra fuel in his tank.

It's a perfect illustration of the relationship of sacrifice to commitment. Once you know what you want, you must be single-minded and cut out every other interests.

Every serious commitment calls for sacrifice, the giving up of minor for major values. This applies to our personal commitments as well as the great goals and commitments of nations.

2. The World's Commitment To Peace

The preamble of the United Nations charter begins with the words:

"We, the people of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war. . ."

It is a noble, strong statement of purpose. When the United Nations was created at the end of World War II, there was indeed determination on the part of the overwhelming majority of civilized mankind to unite in a policy which would make future wars impossible. Why, then, has the United Nations put in such a disappointing performance? Why are we, according to the nuclear time clock, only a few minutes away from the hour of doom? Two weeks ago, Secretary General Waldheim of the United Nations spoke gravely about an "almost universal sense of apprehension." Nothing seems to be able to stop the world's drift toward nuclear war. Last Monday Henry Kissinger confirmed mankind's worst fears. A nuclear catastrophe is threatening. He said:

"We have no guarantee that some local crisis, perhaps the next, will not explode beyond our control."

Why cannot the United Nations put a stop to all this?

For the same reason that the United Nations has not been able to stop the Turkish invasion of Cyprus or Vietnam, or Korea, not to mention the other bloody wars in Asia and Africa within

the last quarter century. The United Nations is afflicted by the same disease which killed its predecessor, the League of Nations.

Lincoln Steffens has preserved for us the exact historical moment at the peace conference in Versailles, which sealed the fate of the League of Nations from its very inception. The French Prime Minister, Clemenceau, suddenly turned to the leaders of the Allied Powers, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George of England and Orlando of Italy and asked them bluntly whether they really meant what they said about wanting "permanent peace." They all affirmed. Then Clemenceau made a list of the sacrifices from each country that would be required: the surrender of arbitrary imperial power, the giving up of special privilege, the tearing down of tariff walls, the adjustment of economic inequalities and the removal of restrictions on immigration. One by one the assembled leaders protested that they were not prepared to do these things -- not yet.

"Then," said Clemenceau, "you don't mean peace; you mean war!"

The acid test of determination is sacrifice. Open frontiers, free trade and a fair sharing of all resources, not only oil but also metals and minerals and food represent the kind of sacrifice of special advantage and sovereignty which, so far, none of the nations is seriously considering. Which means, they're not determined to have peace.

3. Commitment to Jewish Survival

Are we Jews different in our power of determination? Our determination to keep the land of Israel and Jerusalem was tested during the last 26 years, every year, every day, in the War of Independence, in the Sinai Campaign of 1956, in the Six Day War of 1967 and last year this very day.

I received a poem from the author, Milton Hoffman, of our wider community, entitled "I Have Lived a Year Since Then."

I have lived a year since then
And heard a mother's cries
My son, my son won't come again
He, too, was one who died

I've lived a year since then
Yom Kippur's here once more
What shall we say unto the men
Who fell in that dread war?

What can we say to our people in Israel who last year worshipped in the synagogues as we are worshipping today? Suddenly, the guns opened up and within twelve hours 70,000 Egyptians crossed the Suez Canal. Facing them in the Bar Lev line were only 800 Israeli soldiers. In the north, Syria, Iraq and Jordan threw 2,700 tanks into the battle with Israel, then having only 70 tanks in position. In the ensuing days, more armor was employed for the destruction of Israel than in any previous tank battle in history. When the fighting ended three weeks later, Israelis stood at the gates of Damascus and were only thirty miles away from Cairo. 2,456 Israelis laid down their lives, comparable to the loss of 250,000 men if we put it in American terms.

I was in Israel twice since last October. Every home has been smitten with death or injury. There are now signs on buses to keep the front seats free for war injured cripples who have become a common sight. Peace is far away. There is bitterness in the hearts of the Israelis that in spite of their stupendous sacrifice,

they were not allowed to taste the fruit of their dearly bought victory. *One super-power saw to that!*

I met a middle-aged woman in Rosh Pinnah. She is a third generation Israeli and mother of four children, one presently a tank commander on the Syrian border, another son about to join the army, a grown daughter, and a baby nearly 20 years younger than his sister. I was surprised and asked what decided her to have this baby rather late in life. She answered:

"Who knows what will happen to our older children. We want to make sure that some, at least, will survive."

Will our people's determination last?

There are signs of cracking in Jewish morale. The harsh consensus of public opinion is "you can't win and you must not lose." A popular song tells of a young father returning home from the front and hugging his infant daughter. The refrain is sung by Israelis with a sarcastic inflection:

"I promise you, my little daughter, that this will be the last war."

How long can a small nation, completely encircled by enemies, keep up its guard day and night? *We American Jews are all that is left to Israel to depend on. We are their only reliance.*

How determined are we not to let Israel down? Now there is talk of stepping up immigration of Russian Jews to Israel from thirty to sixty thousand a year. Who will pay the billions of dollars needed for their settlement?

Are we ready to cut down on our luxuries so that we can do more for the only land in the world where Jews are always welcome? Last year the American Jew responded with a big heart to Israel's desperate need in time of battle. I ~~even~~ know of some people in our own Congregation who cancelled their winter vacations so that they might increase their gifts to the UJA. How many of us will follow so beautiful an example and sacrifice some of our frivolities for ^{their} survival? This ~~act~~ would prove commitment, determination.



A benign destiny made us the largest, most prosperous and freest Jewry in all of our history. If Joshua were to stand before us now, he could say to us as he did then,

"Now you have what you want; you can turn your back on your past and on your people; you can disappear and blend in with the people around you. The choice is up to you.

If, in response, we protest our loyalty and insist: ~~that~~ *No, No,*
"we want to stand by our people, *we are loyal Jews" -- then* let our mouths ~~be~~ *our* witness against us that the choice we have made must be paid for in sacrifice. If we are truly determined, Israel will survive. But, oh what price may yet have to be paid, by us in money, by them in blood!

Conclusion

Immediately ahead of us, my friends, I see times more tense and dangerous than any ever experienced by the human race. Nothing short of genuine determination coupled with sacrifice on the part of all nations can halt the steady drift to nuclear catastrophe.

Nothing short of heroic determination by our people, coupled with enormous sacrifice, can save us from another holocaust and insure continued Jewish survival.

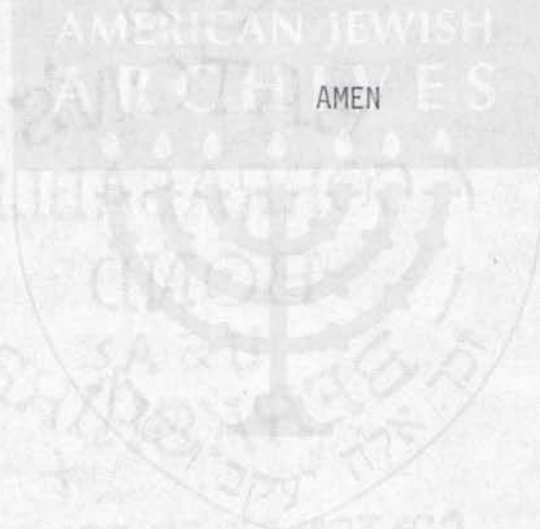
Nothing short of personal determination, coupled with daily sacrifice of personal comfort, freedom and self indulgence can turn us into better Jews and morally more effective persons.

We have been told about a mountain traveller who tried to make his way alone through high terrain covered with snow. Greatly fatigued after the long climb, he struggled bravely against

the desire to sleep which was fast overcoming him. He knew that if he fell asleep, death would inevitably follow. Just then, his foot struck against a human body half buried in the snow. The next moment the traveller held him in his arms, rubbing the frozen man's limbs. The effort to restore his life brought back to himself warmth and energy, and was a means of saving both men.

It may well be that our concern and sacrifice for our brothers abroad will awaken us out of our own slumbering apathy

as Jews. ^{The effort to save them may revitalize us and help us} By helping others, we may be helping ourselves more ^{get over our spiritual fatigue} than we realize.



OUR COMMITMENTS

DETERMINED

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Kol Nidre Night
September 25, 1974

The story is told that the Prussian king, Frederick the Great, who was an enlightened skeptic, once debated the possibility of miracles with his philosopher in residence, the cynical Voltaire. "Show me one real miracle in our world today!" King Frederick challenged his philosopher friend. Voltaire answered,

"Your Majesty, I give you the Jews."

The survival of the Jews as a united people with an unbroken sense of continuity for three and a half millennia, while all the great empires of antiquity crumbled and disappeared together with the nations that founded them, is one of the authentic miracles of history. We Jews are perhaps the people least aware of this abnormality of our history since we have gotten used to being alive. We take our existence for granted. The non-Jewish world still looks at us with amazement.

This summer a Danish millionaire, the 34-year old Thorkild Kirstensen, donated one million Danish kroner to Israel. When asked what had moved him, a ~~gentile~~ gentile, to make this entirely unsolicited gift to Israel, he explained that his awareness of the Jews was originally kindled by Hebrew inscriptions on tombstones he passed as a child on the way to school. He said,

"Those letters had a mysterious and unreal effect on me. How was it possible for a people whose ancestors had been driven out of their land some 1900 years ago by the Romans to end their days in my provincial Danish home town of Aalborg? ~~Since then,~~

~~my wife and I have met many descendants of this people around the world, in Moscow, Mongolia, China, and indeed they are alive."~~

Mr. Kirstensen concluded ~~his explanation with this remark,~~ :

"While most nations of the world have long been absorbed, at a time where values are changing continuously, I have found a people who are still holding on to their faith and ideals."

~~The essentially miraculous nature of Jewish survival is not lessened if, upon further probing, we come to understand certain factors which at least partially explain the wondrous phenomenon of Jewish survival.~~

out

~~Perhaps the key factor is a certain quality of Jewish character deeply rooted in our consciousness -- and this is brought out in an actual historical incident related to us in the Bible.~~

"A people who are still holding on..."

"Is there an explanation?"

One of the most gifted leaders in our history, Joshua, the successor to Moses and conquerer of the Promised Land, had learned a very important lesson from his many years of national leadership: ~~He came to be convinced that~~ "you can't make people do what they really don't want to do themselves." And so, on the eve of his retirement from public service he organized a national assembly and put before the people the absolutely unique and astonishing question as to whether or not they wanted to remain Jewish. ~~I don't know of any other incident like that in all of~~

~~human history, a people being asked to vote in a plebiscite for or against continuation in their own identity. You can read up~~

out

out
on it yourself. It is chapters 23 to 24 of Joshua. It is Joshua's resignation speech. The conquest of the Promised Land had been successfully accomplished. Now, Israel was like any other nation, a people with a land of its own. What of Israel's future? Should the Israelites remain different from all the nations of the Middle East round about them? Joshua evidently was deeply

aware of the fact that the Israelites were attracted to the morally and sexually highly permissive culture of the surrounding nations. Their sensuous religious cult included orgies. Pagan temples, largely supported by sacred prostitution, functioned somewhat like massage parlors today. The Bible gives evidence that, under the circumstances, Israelites were not averse to interfaith activity. In this cultural confrontation, it was

foreseeable that the spiritually refined and sophisticated Hebrew faith in an invisible God coupled with a tightly disciplined moral code would run a poor second on the level of popular attraction to the colorful pagan cult all around. Joshua realized that the

extremely demanding Torah way of life was unenforceable from above. If the people did not recognize its validity, you might as well forget it. So he gave them a choice. He told the national assembly:

~~"We have come a long way, from Egyptian slavery to freedom."~~

"If, from this point on, it seems undesirable for you to serve the Lord, our God, choose whatever religion you want. But, as for me and my family, we are determined to be loyal to our God."

When the people shouted that they would do likewise, Joshua expressed doubt as to their determination and, in fact, tried to talk them out of it:

"You can't do it; our God is very holy and demands your undivided fidelity."

The people shouted him down and insisted that they ^{too} wanted to serve God. ~~Finally,~~ Joshua yielded and said:

"Now you shall be witnesses against yourselves that you have made this choice." (Joshua 24.15 to 22)

We are Jews today because, in spite of occasional desertion and backsliding, generation after generation of Jews essentially remained loyal and determined to hold on to their distinctive religion and moral code. Do not underestimate the power of **commitment, of** determination in history as well as ⁱⁿ the conduct of your personal life. No ideal in this world of ours stands a chance of being realized without determined people. Most of us want the same things in life, but we differ in our determination, in our willingness to struggle and sacrifice in order to achieve them. Everything hinges on determination, **on commitment.**

Every serious commitment calls for sacrifice, the giving up of minor for major values. This applies to our personal commitments as well as the great goals and commitments of nations.

2. ~~Determination, Key to War and Peace~~ ^{THE WORLD'S} COMMITMENT TO PEACE

The preamble of the United Nations charter begins with the words:

"We, the people of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war. . ."



It is a noble, strong statement of purpose. When the United Nations was created at the end of World War II, there was indeed determination on the part of the overwhelming majority of civilized mankind to unite in a policy which would make future wars impossible. Why, then, has the United Nations put in such a disappointing performance? Why are we, according to the nuclear time clock, only a few minutes away from the hour of doom? Two weeks ago, Secretary General Waldheim of the United Nations spoke gravely about an "almost universal sense of apprehension." Nothing seems to be able to stop the world's drift toward nuclear war. Last Monday Henry Kissinger confirmed mankind's worst fears. A nuclear catastrophe is threatening. He said:

"We have no guarantee that some local crisis, perhaps the next, will not explode beyond our control."

The insanity of the world's nuclear armament race is underscored by the participation in it of some of the world's most impoverished nations. India, which does not have a penny to spare, where even so-called well-to-do middle class families must choose between feeding their babies or dependent grandparents, is now exploding nuclear devices at the cost of billions of dollars. The nuclear club is no longer exclusive. More and more nations have access to nuclear devices which, of course, magnifies the danger. In Henry Kissinger's words,

"Political inhibitions are in danger of crumbling. Nuclear catastrophe looms more plausible -- whether through design or miscalculation, accident, threat or blackmail."

Why cannot the United Nations put a stop to all this?

For the same reason that the United Nations has not been able to stop the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. ~~For the same reason that the United Nations did not succeed in stopping Vietnam, or Korea, not to mention the eruption of other bloody wars in Asia and Africa within the last quarter century.~~ The truth is that although the United Nations preamble spoke of determination to prevent war, its member states ^{no longer share this determination} don't have it in reality. The United Nations is afflicted by the same disease which killed its predecessor, the League of Nations.

Lincoln Steffans has preserved for us the exact historical moment at the peace conference in Versailles, which sealed the fate of the League of Nations from its very inception. The French Prime Minister, Clemenceau, suddenly turned to the leaders of the Allied Powers, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George of England and Orlando of Italy and asked them bluntly whether they really meant what they said about wanting "permanent peace." They all affirmed. Then Clemenceau made a list of the sacrifices from each country that would be required: the surrender of arbitrary imperial power, the giving up of special privilege, the tearing down of tariff walls, the adjustment of economic inequalities and the removal of restrictions on immigration. One by one the assembled leaders protested that they were not prepared to do these things, -- not yet.

"Then," said Clemenceau, "you don't mean peace; you mean war!"

The acid test of determination is sacrifice. Open frontiers, free trade and a fair sharing of all resources, not only oil but also metals and minerals and food represent the kind of sacrifice of special advantage and sovereignty which, so far, none of the nations is seriously considering. Which means, they're not determined to have peace.

Israel's Peoples
3. COMMITMENT TO JEWISH SURVIVAL
2. The Jewish Determination

Are we Jews different in our power of determination?

The English socialist, Richard Crossman, was eye witness to one of the decisive moments in Jewish history. It was shortly after the declaration of the State of Israel. Seven Arab nations instantly began their invasion of the tiny splinter of territory which the United Nations had sanctioned as a Jewish state. Crossman noticed that in the midst of desperate fighting Ben Gurion shuttled back and forth between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem which was all but cut off from the rest of the Jewish state. No matter what, Israel was determined to hold on to its historic capital. Shortly thereafter, Crossman came to Berlin just as West Germany was struggling to preserve Berlin as its capital city against the Russian siege. But it was a half-hearted struggle and so Richard Crossman put it to West Berlin's mayor, Ernst Reuter:

8-13

"The Jews really mean to be a nation --- how about you Germans?"

Because we meant it, we succeeded. Our determination to keep the land of Israel and Jerusalem was tested during the last 26 years, every year, every day, in the War of Independence, in the Sinai Campaign of 1956, in the Six Day War of 1967 and last year this very day.

I received a poem from the author, Milton Hoffman, of our wider community entitled, "I Have Lived a Year Since Then."

I have lived a year since then
And heard a mother's cries
My son, my son won't come again
He, too, was one who died

I've lived a year since then
Yom Kippur's here once more
What shall we say unto the men
Who fell in that dread war?

What can we say to our people in Israel who last year worshipped in the synagogues as we are worshipping today? Suddenly, the guns opened up and within twelve hours 70,000 Egyptians crossed the Suez Canal. Facing them in the Bar Lev line were only 800 Israeli soldiers. In the north, Syria, Iraq and Jordan threw 2,700 tanks into the battle with Israel, then having only 70 tanks in position. In the ensuing days more armor was employed for the destruction of Israel than in any previous tank battle in history. When the fighting ended three weeks later, Israelis stood at the gates of Damascus and were only thirty miles away from Cairo. 2,456 Israelis laid down

their lives, comparable to the loss of 250,000 men if we put it in American terms.

I was in Israel twice since last October. Every home has been smitten with death or injury. There is bitterness in the hearts of the Israelis that in spite of their stupendous sacrifice, the Israelis were not ^{allowed} given to taste the fruit of their dearly bought victory. There are now signs on buses to keep the front seats free for war injured cripples who have become a common sight. Peace is far away.

I met a middle-aged woman in Rosh Pinnah. She is a third generation Israeli and mother of four children, ~~a daughter, two~~

~~grown sons~~, one presently a tank commander on the Syrian border, ^{another son about to join the army, a grown daughter} and a baby. ^{nearly 20 years younger than his sister} I was surprised and asked what decided her to have ^{rather late in life?} this baby. ~~the baby?~~ She answered:

~~"With as many wars as we are bound to have in our lifetime,~~

"Who knows what will happen to our older children. We want to make sure that some, at least, will survive."

Will our people's determination last?

There are signs of cracking in Jewish morale. The harsh consensus of public opinion is, "you can't win and you must not lose." The optimism of former years has vanished. A popular song which tells of a young father returning home from the front and hugging his infant daughter, ^{issued by} has the refrain, which Israelis ~~sing~~ with a sarcastic inflection, "I promise you, my little daughter, that this will be the last war."

The nation has stoically resigned itself to a grim existence comparable to the rebuilders of Zion 2,500 years ago who, under Ezra and Nehemiah worked with one hand while the other held the sword, ^{They had to be} ready to repulse the hostile Arabs who then, too, waited for the moment of weakness in which to destroy them.

How long can a small nation, completely encircled by enemies, keep its guard up, day and night?

How determined are we not to let Israel down? The average Israeli pays \$800 taxes out of an income of \$2,000. Moreover, his currency has an inflationary purchase power shrinkage of some 35% each year. A couple working full time on three jobs can barely make it.

Now there is talk of stepping up immigration of Russian Jews to Israel from thirty to sixty thousand a year. Who will pay the billions of dollars needed for their settlement?

Are we ready to cut ^{down on} our luxury vacations and curtail the purchase of jewelry and other costly gadgets so that we can ^{do more} ~~do more~~ ^{for the preservation of the only} more in securing the one land in the world where Jews are always

welcome? Last year the American Jew responded, with a big heart ^{even thousands of some} to Israel's desperate need in time of battle. ^{who} A few people in our own Congress ^{who} cancelled their winter vacations so that they might make their gifts to the USA. How many of us will follow so beautiful ^{an} ~~an~~ ^{example} and sacrifice ~~some of our frivolities~~ ^{some of our frivolities} for Survival?

This alone would prove ^{commitment, determination}

OUR COMMITMENTS

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Kol Nidre Night
September 25, 1974

This summer a Danish millionaire, the 34-year old Thorkild Kirstensen, donated one million Danish kroner to Israel. When asked what had moved him, a gentile, to make this entirely unsolicited gift to Israel, he explained that his awareness of the Jews was originally kindled by Hebrew inscriptions on tombstones he passed as a child on the way to school. He said,

"Those letters had a mysterious and unreal effect on me. How was it possible for a people whose ancestors had been driven out of their land some 1900 years ago by the Romans to end their days in my provincial Danish home town of Aalborg?"

Mr. Kirstensen concluded,

"While most nations of the world have long been absorbed, at a time where values are changing continuously, I have found a people who are still holding on to their faith and ideals."

"A people who are still holding on. . ." Is there an explanation?

One of the most gifted leaders in our history, Joshua, the successor to Moses and conquerer of the Promised Land, had learned a very important lesson from his many years of national leadership: "You can't make people do what they really don't want to do themselves." And so, on the eve of his retirement from public service, he organized a national assembly and put before the people the absolutely unique and astonishing question as to whether or not they wanted to remain Jewish.

Joshua evidently was deeply aware of the fact that the Israelites were attracted to the morally and sexually highly permissive culture of the surrounding nations. Their sensuous religious cult included orgies. Pagan temples, largely supported by sacred prostitution, functioned somewhat like massage parlors today. The Bible gives evidence that, under the circumstances, Israelites were not averse to interfaith activity. Joshua realized that the extremely demanding Torah way of life was unenforceable from above. If the people did not recognize its validity, you might as well forget it. So he gave them a choice. He told the national assembly:

"If, from this point on, it seems undesirable for you to serve the Lord, our God, choose whatever religion you want. But, as for me and my family, we are determined to be loyal to our God."

The people shouted him down and insisted that they, too, wanted to serve God. Joshua yielded and said:

"Now you shall be witnesses against yourselves that you have made this choice." (Joshua 24.15 to 22)

We are Jews today because, in spite of occasional desertion and backsliding, generation after generation of Jews essentially remained loyal and determined to hold on to their distinctive religion and moral code. Do not underestimate the power of commitment, of determination in history as well as in the conduct of your personal life. No ideal in this world of ours stands a chance of being realized without determined people. Most of us want the same things in life, but we differ in our determination, in our willingness to struggle and sacrifice in order to achieve them. Everything hinges on determination, on commitment.

1. Our Personal Commitments

This is the time for each of us to re-examine his personal commitments. How are we living up to them?

Think back to your wedding day. You made the commitment of partnership in life. What is the quality of your relationship with your spouse? Are you taking a consumer attitude toward marriage, asking only what is there in it for me? Or, are you sensitive to your own obligations as partner? What are you doing to help and enhance your spouse?

Andre Maurois said that marriage is an edifice that needs to be rebuilt every day. Are you working at your marriage to keep it at its finest level? Or, are you letting it depreciate to the point of self liquidation?

When you brought a child into this world, you made another commitment. Your child represents your most assured contribution to the future of mankind, for better or for worse. How seriously do you take the role of parent? How high a priority do you assign to being with your child?

Still another very personal commitment of yours is in need of review. You were, early in life, Bar or Bat Mitzvah or confirmed. Through these public ceremonies and later through your affiliation with the Congregation, you accepted a commitment to Judaism.

Where do you stand as a Jew? Over and over again you have read the prayer which is part of the Shema: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . ." It calls on you to study Torah day and night. Have you ever seriously undertaken a regular study of any aspect of Judaism? Have you ever gotten into Bible, Mishna, Talmud, Kabbala-mysticism, Hassidism and the classic as well as modern existentialist Jewish philosophers?

Are you contented to remain the ignorant descendant of a people 3,500 years old, who, in the words of Abraham Heschel, "is like a messenger who forgot the message."

Jakob Presser, in his novel "Breaking Point," tells about an assimilated young Jew in the Westerbork concentration camp in Holland. This youth is selected for extermination. He breaks down, not because he must die but because he would now die, for being a Jew, without ever having known what it was to live as a Jew!

Do you have a plan for studying at least the basics of Judaism before your own lease on life runs out?

If by chance you have been forming some new resolutions about some of the things we were talking about, what will happen to those resolutions the day after tomorrow?

We say we want to be better spouses, better parents, better Jews -- but who says we mean it?

*Last year I made a list of things
That I resolved to do,
I'll use that list again this year
It's still as good as new.*

What power is there that can really make a change in our life and in our ways? Some say give us a good reason, show us the advantage, and we shall consider it. Experience proves otherwise. Reason has a very limited effect on human behavior. Consider as example the nationwide anti-nicotine campaign. For years the public has been informed through every available advertising channel that smoking is harmful. Men who smoke less than a half pack a day still have a death rate about 60% higher than that of non-smokers.

Cigarette smokers, we are told, have 70% more heart attacks than non-smokers; and even mild smokers are seven times as likely to die of lung cancer as non-smokers.

Now, wouldn't you think that this should scare people off the cigarette habit? The fact, however, is that consumption of cigarettes jumped 10% in a single year, according to recent statistics.

What does this say about human nature? Or, about the value of public information?

It says that knowing what is good, does not necessarily lead you to do it.

Our great philosopher, Martin Buber, once received a woman from New York who made the suggestion to him about some educational work that might be undertaken in a kibbutz.

"Are you prepared to do this work yourself?" Buber asked.

When she declined, Buber explained as nicely as possible that he did not think ideas were worth pursuing unless their advocates were prepared to put them into practice themselves.

The world is choking with good ideas. We know how good justice is; how good brotherhood is; how good peace is. We're full of great ideas -- but very poor in people committed to put them into practice in their own lives.

~~However,~~ Morally and spiritually effective persons not only know what they want, but are committed to doing it.

What is the essence of commitment?

It is a decision fortified by sacrifice. The obvious price for decision is that if you decide one thing, you must give up other options. For example, if you decide to get married, you cannot also cling to the license of bachelorhood. Or, if you take one job, you must give up opportunities in other vocations.

When Charles Lindbergh made his historic trans-Atlantic flight, the lone eagle concentrated on the top priority which was to take a maximum amount of fuel on his flight. Every superfluous amenity, including radio equipment, was sacrificed to fuel load. He even had light boots made to save precious ounces. As it happened, he reached France with barely a drop of extra fuel in his tank.

Every serious commitment calls for sacrifice, the giving up of minor for major values. This applies to our personal commitments as well as the great goals and commitments of nations.

2. The World's Commitment To Peace

The preamble of the United Nations charter begins with the words:

"We, the people of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war. . ."

It is a noble, strong statement of purpose. When the United Nations was created at the end of World War II, there was indeed determination on the part of the overwhelming majority of civilized mankind to unite in a policy which would make future wars impossible. Why, then, has the United Nations put in such a disappointing performance? Why are we, according to the nuclear time clock, only a few minutes away from the hour of doom? Two weeks ago, Secretary General Waldheim of the United Nations spoke gravely about an "almost universal sense of apprehension." Nothing seems to be able to stop the world's drift toward nuclear war. Last Monday Henry Kissinger confirmed mankind's worst fears. A nuclear catastrophe is threatening. He said:

"We have no guarantee that some local crisis, perhaps the next, will not explode beyond our control."

Why cannot the United Nations put a stop to all this?

For the same reason that the United Nations has not been able to stop the Turkish invasion of Cyprus or Vietnam, or Korea, not to mention the other bloody wars in Asia and Africa within

the last quarter century. The United Nations is afflicted by the same disease which killed its predecessor, the League of Nations.

Lincoln Steffens has preserved for us the exact historical moment at the peace conference in Versailles, which sealed the fate of the League of Nations from its very inception. The French Prime Minister, Clemenceau, suddenly turned to the leaders of the Allied Powers, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George of England and Orlando of Italy and asked them bluntly whether they really meant what they said about wanting "permanent peace." They all affirmed. Then Clemenceau made a list of the sacrifices from each country that would be required: the surrender of arbitrary imperial power, the giving up of special privilege, the tearing down of tariff walls, the adjustment of economic inequalities and the removal of restrictions on immigration. One by one the assembled leaders protested that they were not prepared to do these things -- not yet.

"Then," said Clemenceau, "you don't mean peace; you mean war!"

The acid test of determination is sacrifice. Open frontiers, free trade and a fair sharing of all resources, not only oil but also metals and minerals and food represent the kind of sacrifice of special advantage and sovereignty which, so far, none of the nations is seriously considering. Which means, they're not determined to have peace.

3. Commitment to Jewish Survival

Are we Jews different in our power of determination? Our determination to keep the land of Israel and Jerusalem was tested during the last 26 years, every year, every day, in the War of Independence, in the Sinai Campaign of 1956, in the Six Day War of 1967 and last year this very day.

I received a poem from the author, Milton Hoffman, of our wider community, entitled "I Have Lived a Year Since Then."

I have lived a year since then
And heard a mother's cries
My son, my son won't come again
He, too, was one who died

I've lived a year since then
Yom Kippur's here once more
What shall we say unto the men
Who fell in that dread war?

What can we say to our people in Israel who last year worshipped in the synagogues as we are worshipping today? Suddenly, the guns opened up and within twelve hours 70,000 Egyptians crossed the Suez Canal. Facing them in the Bar Lev line were only 800 Israeli soldiers. In the north, Syria, Iraq and Jordan threw 2,700 tanks into the battle with Israel, then having only 70 tanks in position. In the ensuing days, more armor was employed for the destruction of Israel than in any previous tank battle in history. When the fighting ended three weeks later, Israelis stood at the gates of Damascus and were only thirty miles away from Cairo. 2,456 Israelis laid down their lives, comparable to the loss of 250,000 men if we put it in American terms.

I was in Israel twice since last October. Every home has been smitten with death or injury. There are now signs on buses to keep the front seats free for war injured cripples who have become a common sight. Peace is far away. There is bitterness in the hearts of the Israelis that in spite of their stupendous sacrifice,

they were not allowed to taste the fruit of their dearly bought victory.

I met a middle-aged woman in Rosh Pinnah. She is a third generation Israeli and mother of four children, one presently a tank commander on the Syrian border, another son about to join the army, a grown daughter, and a baby nearly 20 years younger than his sister. I was surprised and asked what decided her to have this baby rather late in life. She answered:

"Who knows what will happen to our older children. We want to make sure that some, at least, will survive."

Will our people's determination last?

There are signs of cracking in Jewish morale. The harsh consensus of public opinion is "you can't win and you must not lose." A popular song tells of a young father returning home from the front and hugging his infant daughter. The refrain is sung by Israelis with a sarcastic inflection:

"I promise you, my little daughter, that this will be the last war."

How long can a small nation, completely encircled by enemies, keep up its guard day and night?

How determined are we not to let Israel down? Now there is talk of stepping up immigration of Russian Jews to Israel from thirty to sixty thousand a year. Who will pay the billions of dollars needed for their settlement?

Are we ready to cut down on our luxuries so that we can do more for the only land in the world where Jews are always welcome? Last year the American Jew responded with a big heart to Israel's desperate need in time of battle. I even know of some people in our own Congregation who cancelled their winter vacations so that they might increase their gifts to the UJA. How many of us will follow so beautiful an example and sacrifice some of our frivolities for survival? This alone would prove commitment, determination.



A benign destiny made us the largest, most prosperous and freest Jewry in all of our history. If Joshua were to stand before us now, he could say to us as he did then,

"Now you have what you want; you can turn your back on your past and on your people; you can disappear and blend in with the people around you. The choice is up to you.

If, in response, we protest our loyalty and insist that we want to stand by our people, let our mouths then witness against us that the choice we have made must be paid for in sacrifice. If we are truly determined, Israel will survive. But, oh what price may yet have to be paid, by us in money, by them in blood!

Conclusion

Immediately ahead of us, my friends, I see times more tense and dangerous than any ever experienced by the human race. Nothing short of genuine determination coupled with sacrifice on the part of all nations can halt the steady drift to nuclear catastrophe.

Nothing short of heroic determination by our people, coupled with enormous sacrifice, can save us from another holocaust and insure continued Jewish survival.

Nothing short of personal determination, coupled with daily sacrifice of personal comfort, freedom and self indulgence can turn us into better Jews and morally more effective persons.

We have been told about a mountain traveller who tried to make his way alone through high terrain covered with snow. Greatly fatigued after the long climb, he struggled bravely against

the desire to sleep which was fast overcoming him. He knew that if he fell asleep, death would inevitably follow. Just then, his foot struck against a human body half buried in the snow. The next moment the traveller held him in his arms, rubbing the frozen man's limbs. The effort to restore his life brought back to himself warmth and energy, and was a means of saving both men.

It may well be that our concern and sacrifice for our brothers abroad will awaken us out of our own slumbering apathy as Jews. By helping others, we may be helping ourselves more than we realize.



based on
1966

HONORING THE DEAD THROUGH WORK FOR THE LIVING

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman

Yizkor - Yom Kippur
September 26, 1974

The Book of Joshua opens with the following words:

"Now it came to pass after the death of Moses. . .that the Lord spoke unto Joshua, saying: 'Moses, my servant, is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan.'" (Joshua 1.2)

What is so striking about this statement is the matter of fact way in which the death of our greatest prophet is stated, and the haste with which Joshua is called back to his task:

"Moses is dead, now arise."

The way to surmount grief is to rise as soon as possible to the tasks left unfinished.

* * * * *

I wonder if you sense the message of our text in relationship to this hour? There is danger, friends, that this service of memorial might produce no more than the incense of sentimentalism, a teary-eyed mood of self pity as we count our losses.

There is emotional relief in having a good cry. It does make us feel better, but does it help anyone else? What good does it do to our departed? What good is it to the living, to people other than ourselves? Does feeling sad and having a cry really honor the departed?

The Bible suggests a different way of meeting bereavement:

"Moses, my servant, is dead, now arise" -- do the work he left behind, cross that River Jordan, carry on in his stead.

The Biblical, the authentically Jewish response to bereavement is to turn away from one's own wounded feelings as soon as possible and pay attention to our tasks.

When Victor Hugo was banished from his beloved France, to the Island of Gurnsey, the heartbroken writer would, during the first few days of his enforced exile, climb a cliff, select a pebble and stand in deep meditation before throwing the pebble down into the water. He seemed to derive great satisfaction from performing this simple ritual each day. Some children watched him throw these pebbles into the water. Finally one of them grew bold enough to ask,

"Why do you come here to throw these stones?"

Victor Hugo answered,

"Not stones, my child; I am throwing self pity into the sea."

We must not waste grief selfishly upon ourselves. It honors not the departed when we indulge in self pitying sorrow. There is only one way to honor the dead, -- and that is to carry on their tasks, to do, in their name, what they can no longer do themselves.

When death strikes the home, some become despondent. They feel forsaken, helpless. Others become bitter, resentful. But, those who follow the spirit of Judaism will meet the death of a

dear one creatively. The event becomes for them a call to redoubled effort as was true of Joshua after the death of his beloved master:

"Moses, my servant is dead, now arise."

The life of mankind is a relay race. Each of us runs a small portion of the way and the survivor's first task is to pick up the torch that falls from the hand of the dying, to carry it forward in his name so that the light not go out.

Rabbi Tarfon said:

"It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but neither are thou free to desist from it altogether."

No person completes his work. No one reaches his true destination here on earth. Each of us stops somewhere along the way and those who come after us must not desist from the work which was left undone.

The most unbearable thought for a true Jew is to die without anyone to say Kaddish after him. What gives such supreme importance to the prayer?

In the recitation of the Kaddish the mourner steps forward to say a prayer not to the departed, not in defense of the departed, but in the name of the departed. The mourner symbolically takes the place left vacant by the dead and recites praises to God in behalf of the one whose voice has been silenced by death.

We, the survivors, should consider ourselves "the reserves" for the unfinished jobs here on earth. We must immediately try and fill the void caused by death. The passing of a person must not diminish the force of righteousness in this world.

Every death leaves a legacy of unfinished tasks as a challenge to those who are left behind. A beautiful tradition still observed by loyal Jews is to turn mourning into a source of spiritual enrichment by taking upon oneself a special assignment of Torah study to be pursued in the name of the departed. For example, "I shall study the Book of Psalms, or some other part of the Bible, in memory of my dear mother or father." If unable to study themselves, many of our people have chosen the alternative of giving financial help to students of Torah so that they might pursue this sacred task in the name of the departed in order that the light of Torah not be diminished by the death of any of our people. Later the custom was expanded to remember all sorts of charities in memory of a dear one so that the basic mitzvah of benevolence not be decreased because of the death of our dear one.

I once heard the story of an elderly widow who used to visit her husband's grave every week. She would be taken to the cemetery in a big black chauffeur-driven limousine, as close to the graveside as possible. Then the chauffeur would help her out of the car as she tried to hobble along on two walking sticks, apparently bent over with pain. She would stand silently at the grave and then let her chauffeur place a huge bouquet of flowers near the tombstone.

An old, black cemetery attendant, having watched this scene many a week, one day said to the lady:

"What a shame that these beautiful flowers go to waste so soon. You know they just last a day. These flowers could make some sick people in the hospital very happy."

The lady just looked at him in silence and the cemetery attendant was immediately sorry for having said what he did.

Many weeks passed thereafter and the cemetery attendant wondered what happened to the lady. She never returned, until many months later when, to his complete amazement, he saw the same black car but this time the lady herself was at the wheel. She stopped at her husband's grave, opened the door and walked out, without her two canes, looking at least ten years younger. This time, she brought no flowers but stood quietly at her husband's graveside for a few moments and then returned to her car. As she spotted the old cemetery attendant, she said to him,

"I want to thank you for your good advice. I have been taking flowers to the hospital every week and I believe it has made many patients a little happier, but it has done wonders for me."

She smiled and drove off.

It has been said that "more than you can do for a cause, the cause will do for you." Life becomes worthwhile when it is dedicated to worthy purposes.

"Moses, my servant, is dead, now arise"- - do his work!

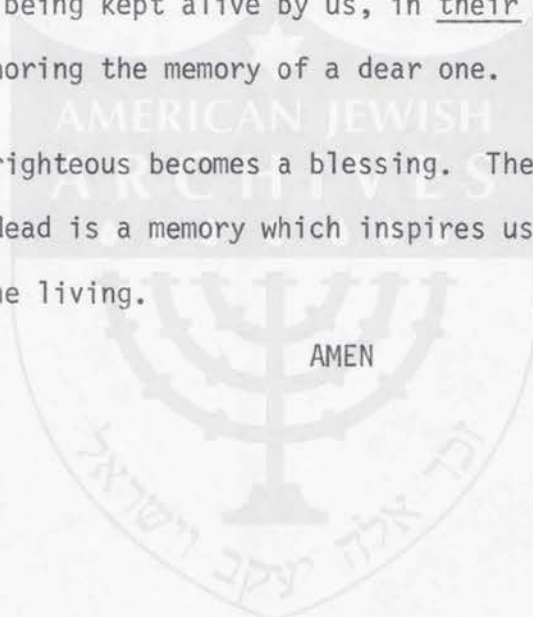
True devotion to a departed is shown not merely through an outburst of feeling, but also by intensifying our own efforts and contributions to good causes which the dead can no longer serve themselves.

The Talmud says:

"The righteous, even after death, are called living."

This is true if the good causes they loved and served in their lifetime are being kept alive by us, in their name. It is the best way of honoring the memory of a dear one.

The memory of the righteous becomes a blessing. The highest tribute we can pay to the dead is a memory which inspires us to perform acts which bless the living.



My Remarks

at High Holy Day Institute

2nd Session

Friday

Sept 20, 1974

"What Makes Y. K.

OUR HOLIEST DAY?"



WHAT MAKES YOM KIPPUR OUR HOLIEST DAY? / ONLY TIME High Priest entered Holy of Holies

Build-ups to Yom Kippur as our Holiest Day

Preparation	Lev 16:3 Lev 23:27-32 Lev 25:9-10 Release of slaves
-------------	---

10 Days of Penitence
 Selichot Rosh. H. Shub. Shuvah y. kippur
 based on Hos. 14

Underlying Theology: In absence of God as Judge
 No accountability
 No transgression - No sin
 No need for forgiveness

Any Proof? Nature's Amoral Nature raw in Tooth and Claw

Supreme message: Human beings experience guilt
 Possibility of Human Improvement
 God's forgiveness is conditional
 (a) Recogn. of guilt then Remorse & Confession
 (b) see patterns of consequences in history
 (c) Restitution
 (d) see patterns of consequences in history
 evil begets evil - and is self-destructive

KAPPAROT - Isaiah 18 "Though gemsons be wed."
 (White) fowl - (if not available, duck or fish)
 Pregnant woman (rooster & hen)

Swing around one's head 3 times
 holding it with left hand while placing
 right hand on fowl's head - (like a special animal in Temple days)

Charity distribut. on before y.k

→
Big Pre-Yom Kippur Meal
Mikveh

YAHRTZEIT (CANDLE)

FAST — 5 Abstentions: No eating
No drinking
No washing or anointing (cosmetics)
No leather shoes
No ^{sexual} Cohabitation

&

SABBATH OF SABBATHS / שבת שבת

WHITE GARMENT — in imitation of ministering
angels

KITTEL — Shrouds — reminder of death &
penitence

NO GOLD → Golden calf

{ Tefilla & Zakah — offering for penance to all
Kol Nidre

Read from
New Conservative
Machzor

"AVODAH" High Priestly Ritual (Arodah) 603-15

The same part Lev 16. 5-10, 15, 21-22

Keeping the Priest in Perfect Purity as Israel's Deputy
before God

YOM KIPPUR

364

50/9/30/5

364 - one day less than year
Satan can rule but not
Yom Kippur - no strife
no contentment
no peace

/500
T---

Yom Kippur A TEMPLE "IN TIME"

Just as sanctuary is one in SPACE

God is not confined to either but omnipresent
yet y.k. has effect of bringing us nearer God for
rest of year.



Roul Wash 1979

Valley of Elsewhere

New Year Do we want change of
everything? What do you not want?
What do you want? What do you
want to change? What do you
want to expect of change
what you hope.

Contentment for ~~it's~~ ~~Humid Street~~ prayer

Discontent for things not
to change.

Is desire (Friend - Civilly &)

necessarily
fact better? → its discontent
Randy born met the need
it desires he needs it.

Rebate in this of some

change to lack of
Self respect

to Conformity

the New Conscientism

Crazy design ^{stupid &}
~~change for sake of change is~~ ^{costly}
unnecessary waste of
money

The commercially induced
change of (main line)
fashions

What are the values
unaffected by change?

Resistance to change is
related to deep loyalty,
attachment, love of what is
— respect & self respect

Resignation Change
from Twi Shlecken to
Twi Shlelee

The kind of change we
need:

Justice



True repentance, unlike mere regret, is
one of the most important deed achievements.
It is the freedom to change, to undergo improvement
to experience moral renewal & rebirth.

For us Jews, the task of Repentance is the
chief theme of our most sacred day Yom Kippur
and its possibility remains our brightest
hope for the future.

Rosh Hashanah 1974

This Year in History

In most pulpits the
evening is generally
devoted to an analysis
of the year's highlights
turning

Exhortation: I have in past avoided ~~the~~
the message of this solemn ^{in ^b reviews} of the events of the year because
I could not see the challenge to the individual
after all, whatever the course of history — what
can anyone of us do to change it?

Now I see it differently. History is the
confluence of all of our lives. Each of us,
know it or not, is a maker of history.
In reviewing & analyzing the events of
the year I shall point out how our
personal action or inaction played a
role in the shape of history.

✓ Yom Kippur War

The Fall of Days

✓ Watergate

The rise & decline
of Nixon

✓ Terrorism — Koryst Shomons
Missile

✓ Kissinger & Disengagement

✓ The PATTY Hearst Kidnapping
& the SLA

✓ Detente & Soviet Jewry

✓ The Case of Selkowitz
✓ Jerry Ford
✓ Cyprus

Books of The Times

Gulf of Archipelago
All the President's Men
ALIVE