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Series A: Sermons and Prayers, 1940-2016.

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

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Sermons and notes, 1975.

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Bible is full of exhortations against idolatry, yet
 The modern Jew finds these chastisements irrelevant,
 since he is hardly guilty of belief in false Gods.
 What we are guilty of is not belief in a false god,
 but a false belief in the true God

Our religious life is full of make-beliefs
 pretense
 lip service

We erect huge sanctuaries, but pay no heed to their teachings

We mouth words of love ^{it is difficult to} ~~with~~ "with all my heart... soul... might"
 but ~~see~~ ^{sign} of such passion or commitment

We speak of the love of neighbor as our highest ^{ethical} command —
 yet in reality exhaust our efforts in pampering
 ourselves — spending more money on ^{luxury} vacations than charities

We "cry aloud and spare not" when we feel victimized
 by unfairness & injustice — but are loath to
 struggle for the rights of others.

Most of all we insist on doing our own thing
 The sin that describes us best is that of one
 self-centered pride which ^{according to} Deut. 8:17-18 ^{persuades to say inwardly,}
~~the Lord has done it all~~ ^{אני עשיתי} ^{אני עשיתי} ^{אני עשיתי}
 my ^{own} power and the might of my hand have done it all
 In other words — We ignore God — We go astray as though

There were no other law than our own will and desire.

We go far away — yet as a people we also ^{come} back!

Tonight's service marks a reversal of the ^{usual} direction in our lives. Ordinarily we drift away from God
Tonight we begin a new search ^{for God} a new Return
This yearning for God gives this night its special tenderness.

R. Ethelred of Lizingh once spoke hopefully of alienated Jews in form of a parable (see the sels - "Judaism" 444)

Father - son passing thru a dense forest hand in hand.
Boy sees strawberry patch — pulls away

Father: "Run along but when you think you're gone already too far, shout Father Can you hear me and I shall answer you
AS LONG AS WE HEAR EACH OTHER
WE SHALL KNOW THAT WE HAVE NOT

LOST EACH OTHER

During year Jews are enticed by the tinsel and glitter of many alluring attractions and distractions. We want our fill of money, opportunity & fun.
When Hpl. Hkd. approach, Jews ~~are~~ pursue in pursuit of health, power, pleasure & joy, but "Father Can you hear me"

If in the course of these Sacred days
 at sound of Shofar - or while hearing the ~~prayer~~ ^{reading}
 strains ~~of~~ of the Kol Mele - or during any of the prayers
 and meditations - you experience in your heart
 some feeling of the Sacred
 a sense of awe
 the prodding of Conscience
 if you experience the joy of purification
 the comfort of inner reassurance

that still small voice
 that makes you
 feel still smaller

On side of these ^{any of these feelings} God's responds to your call.

We may be like orphan children - but we are
 not lost. As long as we ~~lift up~~ ^{lift up} our voices
 in prayer - which say Father Can you hear
us?
 We shall be answered and find it
 possible to return.

Aaron Zeitlin: I Believe

last stanza: We cannot let go of each other
 not He of me, nor I of Him
 You say "Israel" when you say "Elohim"

In every invocation of God in the VNE there is also
 a call on Israel to hear - Tonight Israel hears unto
 God.

WHERE ARE YOU?

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

Rosh Hashanah is a day of judgment in both the active and passive sense. We judge and are being judged. We judge ourselves in personal stocktaking; tradition calls it the [?] personal account which we render within our own souls. And we are being judged by God. We stand, in the graphic language of ~~religive~~ imagination, before the throne of the Almighty, to be tried and convicted. The verdict, we are told, will decide our destiny, for better or for worse, for joy or sorrow, for life or death.

Do all Jews believe this? Certainly not! If every one of us truly believes that we stand naked before the all-seeing eye of the Almighty, there would be no need for so many grave and solemn warnings which mark the awesome ritual of this holy day. The fact is that many of us, perhaps the majority, need to be persuaded that we cannot just do our own thing, that life is not a game of solitaire.

Yet, not too far below the smooth surface of our smug self assurance, there is a deep and all-pervasive sense of dependence and accountability, a feeling, indeed an inner certainty, that we're not alone, that we are subject to a higher Will, that we're part of an incredibly complicated game whose rules must not be broken and that the great Player opposite us

responds to our every move with irresistible power and purpose.

The Encounter

Hasidic lore tells of an encounter which how, all of a sudden, there burst upon a man's consciousness the truth that he stands before God. Rabbi Shneur Zalman, who witnessed Napoleon's march on Moscow, was thrown into the prison fortress of Petersburg on false charges that the Hasidic movement which he led was subversive to the social and political order of the state. He was awaiting trial when the commander of the fortress entered his cell. The officer, himself a man of some culture, seeing the majestic and quiet face of Shneur Zalman, was impressed by the quality of the prisoner under his care and struck up a conversation about some questions which had occurred to him in reading the Scriptures. Finally, he got to the point that had been troubling him:

"How are we ~~to~~ to understand the curious statement in Genesis 3.9 that God, the all-knowing, had to look for Adam in Paradise by asking, 'Adam, where are you?'" Rabbi Shneur instantly recalled the verse in its context: "And the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord, God, amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord, God, called unto Adam and said, 'Where are you!'"

Turning to the officer, Rabbi Shneur said,

"You believe, don't you, that the Scriptures are eternal, that they say something to every generation?"

"I believe this," said the Russian.

"Well, then," replied Shneur, "in every era, God calls to every man: where are you in your world? So many days and years allotted to you have already passed -- how far have you gotten in your world? God says, at this point in your life, how far along are you?"

Rabbi Shneur's interpretation turns the question into an exclamation, a challenge. The whole incident of God looking for Adam in Paradise must be understood as a parable of the human condition. ~~Man~~ Man is always trying to hide from responsibility and seeking to ignore the One before whom life's account must be rendered. We are notorious escape artists. We pretend not to hear the demands and the claims that are being addressed to us. We turn human existence into a system of hide-outs, trying to hide

1. From others.
2. From ourselves.
3. From God.

Yet, somehow the call, , pursues us. Suddenly a moment comes when the question ~~xxx~~ , "where are you?" gets through to us. For many, if not all, Jews, that moment when suddenly we feel accountable, addressed and challenged to

explain our life, that moment of stock-taking, of orientation, of examining the direction of our life, is this very night of Rosh Hashanah.

1. Hiding From Others

, where are you?-with reference to other people. This is certainly an appropriate time to reconsider our relationships with others. Have we drawn closer or drifted apart? Where are you, means, where do you stand with the people in your life?

Martin Buber in his philosophy of the dialogue, perceptively and profoundly analyzed the nature of the human being who will not open himself to genuine communication with another person. The conditions of modern life are such that generally speaking we no longer relate to others but use them. The other person is not a subject to respond to but an object to be handled and manipulated. We make conversation with but do not really speak to the person, heart to heart. We answer questions but do not respond to the need these questions suggest. We make love, but do not love.

What a different life it could be for all of us if only we managed to crawl out of our shells, out of our hiding places of self centered existence! If only we could perceive in the depths of our hearts the call , where are you, man?

Why don't you answer the call of your fellow-man?

The noted author, Mark van Doren, remembers when he was an eighteen or twenty year old student, living at home in Illinois. One night he heard his father's heavy footsteps, climbing up to his son's third floor attic room, where the boy was ~~xxxxxx~~ reading or writing or doing something. Mark knew that his father was hungry for conversation, for a moment shared. But, all he would say to his father was an absent-minded "hello" as he looked away from him.

"I clammed up. I waited. And he went downstairs again...I didn't forget that for forty years. I finally wrote a poem about that incident to cleanse myself of it:

He will remember this
And loathe the hour
When his fair tongue,
Malingering, stood still.

Think of those in your own home, think of family members, think of those who might be your friends and hunger for your attention, for your companionship. We live side by side with people who are so close to us and yet how little, meaningful exchange of thought and feeling there is between father and son, between mother and daughter and even between those who vowed to be partners in life. Can you hear the silent question of those

around you who wonder: Where are you? Where is your heart?
Where are your thoughts?

2. Hiding From Ourselves

In some respects, the most cruel and tragic neglect is not the neglect of others but of ourselves. ,
man, where are you? is also the pathetic cry of our own ~~xxxxxx~~ soul concerning ourselves. We become strangers to ourselves, why?

That little gem of a book, Ecclesiastes, which is attributed ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to the wisest of all kings, Solomon, repeats several times a characteristic expression:

"I communed with mine own heart"
(Ecc. 1.60)

Or, "I said in my heart," (Ecc. 2.1, 15)

And again, "All this I laid to my heart." (Ecc. 9.1)

These phrases are typical of a mind which is constantly searching out its own innermost recesses; they reflect a person not afraid to face himself, to explore his own view and feeling of existence.

How many of us commune with their own hearts or look deeply into their own feelings? In the hustle and bustle of our over-active lives, we lose touch with the core of our own inner being. This process of self-alienation is the malaise

of our civilization. We keep going going in our treadmill existence, no longer knowing what our goals are or whether anything we do is still worthwhile. We don't know because we don't bother to ask. , man, where are you? Where are you going?

We don't take the time to re-examine our changing purposes and priorities in life. Too many of us get into an existential rut. We continue to go through the motions of our accustomed way of life, based upon goals which we outgrew long ago -- and then spend the rest of our lives aching with boredom. The root cause of boredom is self-alienation which happens when we no longer respond to our genuine, authentic self, as Dylan Thomas discovered when, pausing in the midst of aimless drinking and chatting, he said:

"Somebody is boring me, I think it's me."

There must be in our Congregation tonight a number of young and mature and older men and women whose basic sense of existence is a feeling of being trapped. They way they are ~~xxx~~ fed up and put the blame on this or that condition of their life. My hunch is that the problem is not with their circumstances, jobs, homes, money or lack of it, but in themselves,

in a deep discontent with themselves. What we need is not a change of fortune but a change of heart. The cure lies in the recovery of our true selves, in the recognition of new goals and purposes which must replace those that have become meaningless. Only then will come a new burst of interest, drive and will to achieve.

Man, where are you? You are not today what you were yesterday. The search for our true self must be pursued day by day and more so as we grow older. Man, where are you? means: Man, have you faced up to the really big questions of your existence? How, for example, do you face aging? Have you thought through what values remain after you have made your money and won your promotions? What do you do when more and more of everything becomes pointless? What values remain when you are no longer needed by children as the provider of shelter, allowances and tuitions? What else will you be able to contribute to your family, to your community? What are the possibilities of meanings, of satisfactions, of achievement in the sunset phase of life?

A Hasidic master was fond of telling the story of the highly organized man who would write out a check list of all of his belongings at night before he went to sleep:

My shoes are in the closet;

My trousers are folded over the chair;

My shirt is near my trousers;

And then, after mentioning a few more items in their proper places, he ended the list with the statement:

"And I am in bed."

Awakening in the morning he was gathering his belongings according to the check list; he found his shoes, trousers, shirt and so forth in the places he had recorded. And then, coming to the bottom line he said, "And I am in bed." He rushed to his bed, pulled back the covers and, not seeing himself there, kept asking, "where am I? where am I?"

The predicament of this systematic fool describes only too well the condition of many of us. We arrange everything in life just so, but let our own inner ~~selves~~ selves get away from us. We have accurate records of our bank accounts, stocks, properties and other assets but permit our true self to slip away from us. Ayecha , where are you, O my soul? Where are you?

3. Hiding From God

The Kabbalists speak of the human task with a graphic phrase, "The breaking of the shell." The divine spark, the living spirit of man, is encapsuled, imprisoned. We seal ourselves

off from others, from ourselves and most assuredly from God. Yet, if we strain our attention we shall hear God calling unto each of us: "Ayecha , Where are you, my child?"

You wonder how God calls you? The author of the 139th Psalm jubilated in the knowledge that God was even closer than his own skin:

"Thou hast knit me together in my mother's womb
Thine eyes did see my unformed substance
There is not a word in my tongue
But, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether."

For him, the question, where is God, turned into the exclamation, where is there a place where God is not?

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

Don't look for God as though he were a needle in a haystack. Nor, should you expect God's voice to come to you in a thunderstorm; it is a "still, small voice," perhaps no more than the inner certainty that God is with you as the 23rd Psalm says:

"Thou art with me."

If you listen closely, you will hear God calling you every moment. He taps out his signal of love ythrough every heartbeat which maintains your wondrous rythm of life. He is your gracious host through every breath of air you breathe, through every bit of nourishment you take. You are maintained at the table He has

set before you.

No, you are not alone. Your life in itself makes absolutely no sense. Whatever meaning your life has lies in its connection with something much bigger than you. Deep down in your heart you know that you are answerable to a Will other than your own. This the great Yiddish poet, H. Leivick, whose life was a constant struggle between agnosticism and faith, expressed in the haunting poem entitled "A Voice."

A voice calls out: "you must!"

Must what? Oh, Voice, explain!

Instead of an answer I hear

That call again.

I peer behind the door,

I dash at every wall,

I search though no one strange

Has sent that call.

I've known them all my life,

The caller and His call. . .

Summary

Tomorrow morning, when you hear the blast of the Shofar, I ask you to understand each sounding of the Shofar as God's voice calling unto you: Ayecha, where are you man?

Where are you in your personal relationships? Are you listening to the needs of others?

Where are you, that is, where is your true self? Are the goals and tasks you pursue your goals and your tasks? Do you really want what you are after? Do you pause to listen to the voice of your own soul?

Where are you when God calls you? Are you holding your ears and shutting your eyes so as not to be conscious of His presence?

Appeal

The story is told of a father and son walking together when they came upon a strawberry patch at the edge of the forest. The boy could not resist the enticing sight of big red strawberries and immediately broke away from the father's hand and disappeared, looking for the biggest fruit to pluck.

After a while, the father exclaimed:

"My son, my son, where are you?"

There was no response. Again the father cried out,

"My son, be sure you stay close enough so that you can still hear my voice when I shout 'where are you?'"

As long as you can hear this question, "where are you?" you are not yet lost.

Too many of our appeal have broken away from the close and intimate bond of religious faith. They have scattered in

all directions looking for the pleasures of this world. However, do not yet think of yourself as lost. As long as you can hear God's voice, "where are you?" you can quickly return and be with God.

Our people's presence here during these Holy Days proves that we are still attentive to God's voice calling, "man, where are you?"

May you hear God's call -- and turn to Him with all your heart.



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Rosh Hashanah Eve 1975
Friday, September 5, 1975

WHERE ARE YOU?

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

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וַיִּקְרָא אֲדָם וַיֹּאמֶר אֵלָיו "Where are you!"

Turning to the officer, Rabbi Shneur said,

"You believe, don't you, that the Scriptures are eternal, that they say something to every generation?"

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"Well, then," replied Shneur, "in every ~~era~~ ^{age,} God calls to every man: ^{וְיָדַע} "IC where are you in your world? So

many days and years ~~elapsing to you~~ ^{of your life} have already passed -- how far have you gotten in your world? ~~God says,~~ ^{At this point in your life,} how far along are you?" ^{וְיָדַע}

Rabbi Shneur's interpretation turns the question into an exclamation, a challenge, ^{Where are you Now!} ~~the whole incident of God looking for Adam in Paradise,~~ ^{hiding} must be understood as a parable of the human condition. ~~Man is always trying to hide from responsibility, and seeking to ignore the One before whom life's account must be rendered. We are notorious escape artists. We pretend not to hear the demands and the claims that are being addressed to us. We turn human existence into a system of hide-outs,~~ ^{and cop-outs} trying to hide

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Yet, somehow the call, ^{וְיָדַע}, pursues us. Suddenly a moment comes when the question ~~xxx~~ ^{וְיָדַע}, "where are you?" ^{finally} gets through to us. For many, if not all, Jews, that moment when suddenly we feel accountable, addressed and challenged to

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Martin Buber in his philosophy of the dialogue, ~~perceptively and profoundly~~ analyzed the nature of the human being who will not open himself ^{his} to genuine communication with another person. The conditions of modern life are such that, generally speaking, we no longer relate to others but use them. The other person is not a subject to respond to but an object to be handled and manipulated. We make conversation with but do not really speak to the person, heart to heart. We answer questions but do not respond to the need ^{of the questioner} ~~these questions suggest.~~ We make love, but do not love.

What a different life it could be for all of us, if only we managed to crawl out of our shell, out of our hiding place, ^{out of our} ~~of~~ self centered existence! If only we ^{listened to the seeking, searching} ~~could perceive in the~~ depths of our hearts the call ^{of our brother man} ~~of our brother man~~, ד'ו"ח, where are you, ~~man?~~

Call of our brother man,

~~Why don't you answer the call of your fellow-man?~~

The noted author, Mark van Doren, remembers when ^{as} ~~he was~~ ^{he lived} an eighteen or twenty year old student, ~~living~~ at home in Illinois. One night he heard his father's heavy footsteps, climbing up to his son's third floor attic room, where ~~the~~ ^{he} ~~boy~~ was ~~xxxxxx~~ reading or writing or doing something. Mark knew that his father was hungry for conversation, for a moment shared. But, all he would say to his father was an absent-minded "hello" as he looked away from him.

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Think of those in your own home, think of family members, think of those who might be your friends and hunger for your attention, for your companionship. ^{People may live side by side and yet} ~~We live side by side with~~ ^{are each in a different world.} ~~people who are so close to us and yet~~ how little meaningful exchange of thought and feeling there is between father and son, between mother and daughter and even between those who vowed to be partners in life. Can you hear the silent question of those

Add to top of page 6 - 62 -

The sin of not listening has become institutionalized. It is national policy not to hear the other side. Nations jam each other's radio broadcasts and censor one another's publications. What a shock it was for Americans ~~to learn that Pres. Ford refused to attend an important gathering~~ cancelled plans to attend a gathering at which Solzhenitsyn ^{was listed as speaker} ~~of the~~ West "Detente" suffer a set-back there the outspoken criticism of the Soviet Union by one of her greatest sons!

How sad to see the president ^{so despaired to} ~~Thorn~~ the sponging assent of ~~a brave spokesman~~ ^{a brave spokesman} for the ~~persecuted and oppressed!~~

There can never be detente, relaxation & conciliation, in private or public life, when one ~~side~~ side does not listen to the other.

How can wrongs be righted, ~~and~~ ^{and} grievances be settled, when no one pays attention?

around you who wonder: Where are you? Where is your heart?
Where are your thoughts? [^] Add 62

2. Hiding From Ourselves

In some respects, the most cruel and tragic neglect is not the neglect of others but of ourselves. ^{→ 3"10, (the question,}
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"Somebody is boring me, I think it's me."

There must be in our Congregation tonight a number of young, ^{or} ~~and~~ mature, ^{or} ~~and~~ older men and women whose basic sense of existence is a feeling of being trapped. They say they are ~~sax~~ fed up and put the blame on this or that condition of their life. My hunch is that the problem is not with their circumstances, jobs, homes, money ~~or lack of it,~~ but in themselves,

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provider of shelter, allowances and tuitions? What *besides money,*
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The predicament of this systematic fool describes only too well the condition of many of us. We arrange everything in life just so, but let our own inner ~~self slip~~ ^{self slip} away from us.

~~We have accurate records of our bank accounts, stocks, properties and other assets but permit our true self to slip away from us.~~

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For him, the question, where is God, turned into the exclamation, ~~where~~ is there a place where God is not?

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

Don't look for God as though ~~He~~ **He** were a needle in a haystack. Nor, should you expect God's voice to come to you in a thunderstorm; it is a "still, small voice," perhaps no more than the inner certainty that God is with you as the 23rd Psalm says:

"Thou art with me."

If you listen closely, you will hear God calling you every moment. He taps out his signal ~~of love~~ through every heartbeat which maintains your wondrous rythm of life. He is your gracious host through every breath of air you breathe, through every bit of nourishment you take. You are maintained at the table He has

set before you. He enters into your thoughts, as you ~~set~~ direct your thoughts to Him.

No, you are not alone. Your life in itself makes absolutely no sense. Whatever meaning your life has lies in its connection with something much bigger than you.

Summary

~~Jewish law does not require of one to sound the shofar but to listen to its sound~~
Tomorrow morning, when you hear the blast of the Shofar,

I ask you to understand each sound ~~the~~ of the Shofar as God's voice

calling unto you: Ayecha, where are you man? ^{Tomorrow when you hear the shofar, please}
consider this Jewish law does not say "Every Jew must sound the shofar" but every Jew must listen to its sound.

The key sentence of our faith says ~~וְשָׁמַעְתֶּם~~ "Hear, O Israel"
Listen, O my people! God calls you today as He called
Adam and Eve וְיָדַעְתֶּם, where are you?

where are you in your personal relationships? Are you listening to the needs of others?

Where are you, that is, where is your true self? Are the goals ~~and tasks you pursue~~ you pursue your goals and tasks? Do you really want what you are after? Do you pause to listen to the voice of your own soul?

Where are you when God calls you? Are you holding your ~~ears and shutting your eyes so as not to be conscious of His~~ ^{is it true that you are not even} presence?

You are accountable. You must answer for the way you live! Deep down in

your heart you know that you are answerable to a Will other than your own. This the great Yiddish poet, H. Leivick, ~~whose~~ ^{life was a constant struggle between agnosticism and faith,} expressed in ^{his} the haunting poem entitled "A Voice."

A voice calls out: "you must!"

Must what? Oh, Voice, explain!

Instead of an answer I hear

That call again.

I peer behind the door,

I dash at every wall,

I search though no one strange

Has sent that call.

I've known them all my life,

The caller and His call. . .

Amen

WHERE ARE YOU?

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

Rosh Hashanah Eve
Friday, September 5, 1975

the legend says the
 On Rosh Hashanah we ~~judge and are being judged, we judge~~ *the heavenly court is called into session and every creature*
~~ourselves~~ *tradition calls it the* ~~60th / 70th~~ *in the heavenly*
~~for Judgment~~ *upon every creature*
~~accounting of our soul.~~ *And we are being judged,* ~~600 / 700~~ *Court,*
~~before the throne of the Almighty.~~ *The verdict,*
~~we are told, will decide our destiny, for better or for worse, for~~ *prosperity or poverty,*
~~reward or punishment,~~ *for sickness or health*
~~for life or death.~~

Do all Jews believe this? Certainly not! Many of us,
~~perhaps the majority,~~ *act as though life were a game of solitaire. They*
~~need to be persuaded that we cannot just do~~
~~and assume that we make all the moves, that everything depends on our~~
~~own ability and will: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul"~~
~~not alone, that we're part of an incredibly complicated game whose~~
~~rules must not be broken and that the great Player opposite us~~
~~responds to our every move with power and purpose.~~

The Encounter

~~We are told~~ *We are told*
~~Hasidic lore tells~~ of an encounter in which, all of a sudden,
 there bursts upon a man's consciousness the truth that he stands
 before God. Rabbi Shneur Zalman, who witnessed Napoleon's march
 on Moscow, was thrown into the prison fortress of Petersburg on
 false charges. One day the commander of the fortress entered his
 cell. The officer, himself a man of some culture, was impressed
 by the quality of the prisoner under his ~~care~~ *charge* and struck up a
 conversation about ~~various~~ *various* questions which had occurred to him ~~while~~ *while* reading the

many +
pass
They do not
really believe

Scriptures. Finally, he got to the point that had been troubling him:

"How are we to understand the curious statement in Genesis 3.9 that God, ~~the all-knowing,~~ ^{who is supposed to know everything} ~~had to look~~ ^{when looking} for Adam in Paradise, ~~by asking,~~ ^{had to ask:} 'Adam, where are you?'"

Rabbi Shneur instantly recalled the verse in its context:

"And the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord, God, amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord, God, called unto Adam and said, וַיִּקְרָא 'Where are you!'"

Turning to the officer, Rabbi Shneur said,

~~"You believe, don't you, that the Scriptures are eternal, that they say something to every generation?"~~

~~"I believe this," said the Russian.~~

~~"Well, then," replied Shneur, "In every age, God calls to every man: וַיִּקְרָא where are you in your world? So many days and years of your life have already passed -- how far have you gotten in your world? At this point in your life,~~

of duty — וַיִּקְרָא , how far along are you? ^{As for you, God says, *וְאַתָּה, אַתָּה עֲשֵׂה*} ^{what have you done with your life?"}

Rabbi Shneur's interpretation turns the question "where are you?" into an exclamation, a challenge, where are you NOW ^{-- as compared to where you should be!} Adam, hiding

in Paradise, must be understood as a parable of the human condition. Man is always trying to hide from responsibility. We pretend not to hear the demands and the claims that are being addressed to us. We turn human existence into a system of hide-outs and cop-outs, trying to hide

1. From others.
2. From ourselves and
3. From God.

Yet, somehow the call, *ה'נו*, pursues us. Suddenly a moment comes when the question, *ה'נו*, "where are you?" finally gets through to us. ~~For many, if not all, Jews, that moment when suddenly we feel addressed, accountable and challenged to explain our life; that moment of stock taking, of orientation, of examining the direction of our life, is this very night of Rosh Hashanah.~~

1. Hiding From Others

ה'נו, where are you? - with reference to other people. Have we drawn closer or drifted apart? "Where are you," means, where do you stand with the people in your life?

Martin Buber in his philosophy of the dialogue, analyzed the nature of the human being who will not open himself up to genuine communication with another person. The conditions of modern life are such that, generally speaking, we no longer relate to others but use them. The other person is not a subject to respond to but an object to be handled and manipulated. We make conversation with but do not really speak to the person, heart to heart. We answer questions but do not respond to the need of the questioner. We make love, but do not love.

What a different life it could be for all of us, if only we managed to crawl out of our shell, out of our hiding place, out of

Dictation

our own self centered existence! If only we listened to the seeking, searching call of our brother man, *וְיִשְׁמַע*, "where are you?"

The noted author, Mark van Doren, remembers when, as an eighteen or twenty year old student, he lived at home in Illinois. One night he heard his father's heavy footsteps, climbing up to his son's third floor attic room, where he was reading or writing or doing something. Mark knew that his father was hungry for conversation, for a moment shared. But, all he would say to his father was an absent-minded "hello" as he looked away from him.

"I clammed up. I waited. And he went downstairs again....I didn't forget that for forty years. I finally wrote a poem about that incident to cleanse myself of it:

He will remember this
And loathe the hour
When his fair tongue,
Malingering, stood still.

Think of those in your own home, think of family members, think of those who might be your friends and hunger for your attention, for your companionship. People may live side by side and yet are each in a different world. How little meaningful exchange of thought and feeling there is between father and son, between mother and daughter and even between those who vowed to be partners in life. Can you hear the silent questions of those

וְיִשְׁמַע Where are you? Where is your heart?
Where are your thoughts?

Insert
Poem
"Not Understood"

around you, ~~who wonder:~~ ² ~~ד-ג"י~~ , where are you? Where is your heart? Where are your thoughts?

The sin of not listening has become institutionalized. It is national policy not to hear the other side. Nations jam each other's radio broadcasts and censor one another's publications. What a shock it was for Americans to learn ^{in early July of} that President Ford ~~cancelled plans to~~ ^{had} ~~attend a gathering at which Solzhenitzyn was listed as speaker.~~ ^{refused to} ~~test~~ "Detente" suffer a set-back through the outspoken criticism of the Soviet Union by one of her greatest sons!

How sad to see the President ^{on the eve of our own Independence Day} turn a deaf ear to the agonizing dissent of a brave spokesman for the persecuted and oppressed!

There can never be detente, relaxation and conciliation, in private or public life, when one side does not listen to the other, ~~How can wrongs be righted and grievances be settled~~ when no one pays attention!

2. Hiding From Ourselves

In some respects, the most cruel and tragic neglect is not the neglect of others but of ourselves. ~~ד-ג"י~~ , the question, "man, where are you?" is also the pathetic cry of our own soul concerning ourselves. We become strangers to ourselves. Why?

That little gem of a book, Ecclesiastes, which is attributed to the wisest of all kings, Solomon, repeats several times a characteristic expression:

"I communed with mine own heart" (Ecc. 1.60)

Or, "I said in my heart," (Ecc. 21, 15)

And again, "All this I laid to my heart." (Ecc. 9.1)

These phrases are typical of a mind which is constantly searching out its own innermost recesses.

How many of us commune with their own hearts or look deeply into their own feelings? In the hustle and bustle of our over-active lives, we lose touch with the core of our own inner being. This process of self-alienation is the malaise of our civilization. We keep going in our treadmill existence, forgetting what our goals are or whether anything we do is still worthwhile. *אנחנו*, man, where are you? Where are you going?

~~We don't take the time to re-examine our changing purposes and priorities in life.~~ Too many of us get into an existential rut and spend the rest of our lives aching with boredom. The root cause of boredom is self-alienation, a form of self-rejection, as Dylan Thomas perceived when, pausing in the midst of aimless drinking and chatting, he said:

"Somebody is boring me, I think it's me."

There must be in our Congregation tonight ~~a number of~~ young, or mature, or older men and women whose basic sense of existence is a feeling of being trapped. They say they are fed up and put the blame on this or that condition of their life. My hunch is that the problem is not with their circumstances, jobs, homes, money, but ~~in themselves~~, a deep discontent with themselves.

אנחנו, where are you? You are not today what you were yesterday. The search for your true self must be pursued, day by day, and more so, as we grow older. Man, where

Dictation!

-7-

Retirement
Don't wait for crises or
disturbances to present you
& compel you to make
drastic changes. — Fresh
beginning
empty nest
syndrome

are you? means: Man, have you faced up to the really big questions
of your existence? How, for example, do you face aging? What is there to strive for
~~values remain~~ after you have made your money and won your promotions?

What goals remain when you are no longer needed as the provider of
shelter, allowances and tuitions? ^{Most women, in particular, need to anticipate the empty nest syndrome.}
~~What, beside money, can you give~~
~~contribute to your family, to your community?~~ What are the
possibilities of meaning, of satisfaction, of achievement in the ^{later}
~~sunset phase~~ of life? ←

~~A Hasidic master was fond of telling~~ ^{is told} The story of the
~~highly organized man who would write out a check-list of all of~~ ^{decided to}
his belongings at night before he went to sleep:
My shoes are in the closet;
My trousers are over the chair;
My shirt is near my trousers;
And then, after mentioning a few more items in their
proper places, he ended the list with the statement:
"And I am in bed."
The next morning he gathered his belongings according to
the check list; he found his shoes, trousers, shirt and so forth
in the places he had recorded. And then, coming to the bottom
line "And I am in bed," He rushed to his bed, pulled back the covers
and searched and searched but could not find himself.
The predicament of this systematic fool describes only too
well the condition of many of us. We arrange everything in life

just so, but ~~let our own inner self slip away from us.~~ ^{then lose sight of our own self.} וְיָשׁוּב

Where are you, O my soul? Where are you?

3. Hiding From God

The Kabbalists speak of the human task with a graphic phrase, "The breaking of the shell." The divine spark, the living spirit of man, is encapsuled, imprisoned. We seal ourselves off from others, from ourselves and most assuredly from God. Yet, if we strain our attention we shall hear God calling unto each of us:

" וְיָשׁוּב , where are you, my child?"

You wonder how God calls you? The author of the 139th Psalm ^(cont. p. 9) jubilated in the knowledge that God was even closer than his own skin:

"Thou hast knit me together in my mother's womb
Thine eyes did see my unformed substance
There is not a word in my tongue
But, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether."

For him, the question, where is God, turned into the exclamation, is there a place where God is not?

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

Don't look for God as though He were a needle in a haystack.

Nor, should you expect God's voice to come to you in a thunderstorm; He enters your thoughts as you direct your thoughts to Him. He speaks to you in a "still, small voice," perhaps no more than the inner

certainty that God is with you as the 23rd Psalm says:

"Thou art with me" וְיָשׁוּב וְיָשׁוּב

a whisper of your conscience,
a moment of awe,
a sense of the Sacred,

Insert after 1st p 9

He enters your thoughts as you direct your thoughts to Him. He speaks to you in a "still, small voice," perhaps no more than the inner

~~At the end of the world~~
"You are with me"

Cont. here →

If you listen closely, you will hear God calling you every moment. ~~He enters your thoughts as you direct your thoughts to Him~~ He taps out his signal through every heartbeat which maintains your wondrous rythm of life. He is your gracious host through every breath of air you breathe, through every bit of nourishment you take. You are ^{truly being} maintained at the table He has set before you. ~~He enters into your thoughts as you direct your thoughts to Him.~~

Insert here last § from previous page

No, you are not alone. Your life in itself makes absolutely no sense. Whatever meaning your life has lies in its connection with something much bigger than you.

Summary

Tomorrow when you hear the Shofar, please consider this: Jewish law does not say "every Jew must sound the shofar," but "every Jew must listen to ^{the Shofar} ~~its sound~~." The key sentence of our faith says ~~Prose to me~~, "Hear, O Israel." Listen, O My people! God calls you today as He called Adam and Eve: ~~והיה~~, where are you?

Where are you in your personal relationships? Are you listening to the needs of others?

Where are you, that is, where is your true self? ^P Where are you, when God calls you? ~~You are accountable. You must answer for the way you live!~~ Deep down in your heart you know that you are answerable to a Will other than your own. ^P This the great Yiddish poet, H. Leivick, expressed in his haunting poem entitled "A Voice."

3. Hiding From God

The Kabbalists speak of the human task with a graphic phrase, "The breaking of the shell." The divine spark, the living spirit

of man, is encapsulated, imprisoned. We seal ourselves off from others, from ourselves and most assuredly from God. ~~Yet, if we strain our attention we shall~~ ^{Each of us is in need of a spiritual breakthrough.} hear God calling ^{you} ~~unto each of us.~~

" שמע, where are you, my child?"

You wonder how God calls you?

I know that many of us have no sense of encounter with God. ~~He seems so remote as to be virtually non-existent even on a day such as this.~~ He seems so remote as to be virtually non-existent even on a day such as this.

~~moment.~~ He taps out his signal through every heartbeat which maintains your wondrous rhythm of life. He is your gracious host ~~in~~ every breath

of air you breathe, through every bit of nourishment you take. ~~Nature~~ ^{God's creation} are literally ^{sets a table before me and keeps me alive in the presence of countless forces of destruction.} being maintained at the table He has set before you.

Don't look for God as though He were a needle in a haystack.

~~He is ^{not} a very present whether or not we are aware of Him~~ ^{He is ^{not} a very present whether or not we are aware of Him} Nor, should you expect God's voice to come to you in a thunderstorm;

^{may our} He enters ~~your~~ ^{we think of} thoughts as you direct your thoughts to Him. ^{As we seek Him, He} He speaks

^{may come toward us as} to you in a "still, small voice," a whisper of your conscience, as a moment of awe, ~~a sense of the sacred,~~ ^{and as nothing more} perhaps ~~no more~~ than the inner

certainty that ~~God~~ ^{He} is with ~~you~~ ^{us}, as the 23rd Psalm says: שמע אלהים

"Thou art with me", ^{whether or not you have experienced the presence}

of God, ~~no~~, you're not alone. ~~Your life in itself makes absolutely~~

~~no sense.~~ Whatever meaning your life has, lies in its connection with something much bigger than you.

Summary

The key sentence of our faith says *וְשׁוֹמְרֵי* "Hear,
O Israel..." Listen, Oh my people! God calls you today as he
called Adam and Eve. *וְיָכַח*, where are you?

Where are you in your personal relationships? Are you
listening to the needs of others?

A man who had been condemned to die in the electric chair
was asked if he had a final statement to make. *He thought of the many kindnesses extended to him on his last day, that had been spread before him as his last meal, and gazed at*
many reporters, photographers and officials who surrounded him and
then said, quietly, "If I'd been shown so much attention when I was
a boy, I would not be here today." *Lives maybe saved through attention!*

Are you attentive to others, [?] to your own inner self, [?] to God? [?]

Deep down in your heart you know that you are answerable to a Will
other than your own, ^{that you must pay attention to a call.} This the great Yiddish poet, H. Leivick,
expressed in his haunting poem entitled "A Voice:"

A voice calls out: "you must!"

Must what? Oh, Voice, explain!

Instead of an answer I hear

That call again

I peer behind the door,

I dash at every wall,

I search though no one strange

Has sent that call.

I've known them all my life,

The Caller and His call. . .

AMEN

WHERE ARE YOU?

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

Rosh Hashanah Eve
Friday, September 5, 1975

On Rosh Hashanah, the legend says, the heavenly court is called into session and every creature must pass before the Almighty for judgment, -- for prosperity or poverty, for sickness or health, for life or death.

Do all Jews believe this? Certainly not! Many of us act as though life were a game of solitaire. They assume that they make all the moves, that everything depends on ^{their} our own ability and will: "I am the master of my fate. I am the captian of my soul!"

They do not really believe that we are part of an incredibly complicated game whose rules must not be broken and that the great Player opposite us responds to our every move with power and purpose.

The Encounter

We are told of an encounter in which, all of a sudden, there bursts upon a man's consciousness the truth that he stands before God. Rabbi Shneur Zalman, who witnessed Napoleon's march on Moscow, was thrown into the prison fortress of Petersburg on false charges. One day the commander of the fortress entered his cell. The officer, himself a man of some culture, was impressed by the quality of the prisoner under his charge and struck up a conversation about various questions which had occurred to him while reading the Scriptures.

How many breasts are aching, how many spirits pass away --

Not understood!

O God, that men should see a little clearer

Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!

O God, that men would draw a little closer

To one another, and they'd be nearer thee --

And understood.

(Walter Eccles)

The noted author, Mark Van Doren, remembers when, as an eighteen or twenty year old student, he lived at home in Illinois. One night he heard his father's heavy footsteps, climbing up to his son's third floor attic room, where he was reading or writing or doing something. Mark knew that his father was hungry for conversation, for a moment shared. But, all he would say to his father was an absent-minded "hello" as he looked away from him.

"I clammed up. I waited. And he went downstairs again....I didn't forget that for forty years. I finally wrote a poem about that incident to cleanse myself of it:

He will remember this

And loathe the hour

When his fair tongue,

Malingering, stood still.

~~Think of those in your own home, think of family members,~~
~~think of those who might be your~~ ^{Are there persons} ~~or~~ ^{are there} ~~friends and~~ ^{who} ~~hunger for your~~
attention, for your companionship. [?] People may live side by side

"The spirit of Munich has by no means retreated into the past; it was not a brief episode. I even venture to say that the spirit of Munich is dominant in the 20th century. The intimidated civilized world has found nothing to oppose the onslaught of a suddenly resurgent barbarism, except concessions and smiles."

We may well ask whether the Nation's Spirit of '76 is being replaced by the spirit of Munich? Has the trauma of Vietnam ~~triggered~~^{triggered off} a national stampede away from all responsibility for freedom and justice in the world? Is the persecution and oppression suffered by others none of our business? Who would have dreamt that a substantial ~~block~~ of public opinion and their political representatives are minded to turn down the joint plea of Egypt and Israel for the help of one or two hundred American technicians in the supervision of the newly agreed-upon troop disengagement?

Odd Nansen, the son of the famous Norwegian explorer, ended his book on life in a Nazi concentration camp with the following words:

"Dear Reader, I shall stop now. ~~This book. . . may have been heavy going but~~ When you go to your bookseller ~~for a new one~~ don't say to him: 'now I've had enough of those wretched prison books. ~~Give me some better kind of thing.~~ I can't stand any more of that misery.' Dear Reader, the worst crime you can commit today, against yourself and society, is to forget what happened and sink back into indifference. What happened was worse than you have any

pausing in the midst of aimless drinking and chatting, he said:

"Somebody is boring me, I think it's me."

There must be in our Congregation tonight young, or mature, or older men and women whose basic sense of existence is a feeling of being trapped. They say they are fed up and put the blame on this or that condition of their life. My hunch is that the problem is not with their ~~circumstances~~, jobs, homes, money, but a deep discontent with themselves.

אי"כ ה , where are you? You are not today what you were yesterday. The search for your true self must be pursued, ~~day by day~~ ^{constantly}, and more so, as we grow older. Man, where are you? means:

Man, have you faced up to the really big questions of your existence?

Don't wait for a crisis, illness or bereavement to shock you into a total reconsideration of your life. It is wise to mentally prepare long in advance for the shifting of gears in life. What is there to strive for, after you have made your money and ~~won~~ your promotion? What goals remain when you're no longer needed as provider [?] of ~~shelter, allowances and tuitions~~? Mature women, in particular, are the need to anticipate the "empty nest" syndrome. What ~~other~~ ^{middle and} possibilities of meaning, satisfaction and achievement in the latter phases of life? How do you face aging? This threshold of the New Year is a good point in time to look back and to look ahead -- and to get hold of yourself:

אי"כ ה , where are you, O my soul? Where are you now and where are you going?

3. Hiding From God

The Kabbalists speak of the human task with a graphic phrase, "The breaking of the shell." The divine spark, the living spirit of man, is encapsuled, imprisoned within each of us. We seal ourselves off from others, from ourselves, and most assuredly from God. Each of us is in need of a spiritual break-through. ^{We need to be spiritually liberated and sensitized.} Do you ~~really~~ hear God calling you, *דו"ק*, "where are you, my child?"

I know that many of us have no sense of encounter with God. He seems so remote as to be virtually non-existent, even on a day such as this. You wonder how God calls you.

He taps out His signals through every heartbeat which maintains your wondrous rythm of life. He is your host through every breath of air you breathe, through every bit of nourishment you take. Nature, God's creation, literally sets a table before me and keeps me alive in the presence of countless forces of destruction.

Don't look for God as though He were a needle in a haystack. He is very present, whether or not we are aware of Him. He may enter our thoughts as we think of Him. As we seek Him, He may respond to our search ⁱⁿ a whisper of our conscience, as a moment of awe, and, perhaps, as no more than the inner certainty that He is with us, as the 23rd Psalm says, *יְהוָה אִתִּי*, "Thou art with me."

Whether or not you have experienced the presence of God, you are not alone. Whatever meaning your life has, lies in its connection with something much bigger than you.

WHERE ARE YOU?

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Finally, he got to the point that had been troubling him:

"How are we to understand the curious statement in Genesis 3.9 that God, who is supposed to know everything, when looking for Adam in Paradise, had to ask: 'Adam, where are you?'"

Rabbi Shneur instantly recalled the verse in its context:

"And the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord, God, among the trees of the garden. And the Lord, God, called unto Adam and said, אַדָּמָה, 'Where are you!'"

Turning to the officer, Rabbi Shneur said,

"In every age, God calls to every man: אַדָּמָה, where are you in your world? So many days and years of your life have already passed -- how far have you gotten in your world? As for you, God says, Ivan, you are a man of forty -- אַדָּמָה, how far along are you, what have you done with your life?"

Rabbi Shneur's interpretation turns the question "where are you?" into an exclamation, a challenge, where are you NOW -- as compared to where you should be!

Adam, hiding in Paradise, must be understood as a parable of the human condition. Man is always trying to hide from responsibility. We pretend not to hear the demands and the claims that are being addressed to us. We turn human existence into a system of hide-outs and cop-outs, trying to hide

1. From others
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Yet, somehow the call, *הוֹרֵא*, pursues us. Suddenly a moment comes when the question, *הוֹרֵא*, "where are you?" finally gets through to us.

1. Hiding From Others

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Martin Buber in his philosophy of the dialogue, analyzed the nature of the human being who will not open himself up to genuine communication with another person. The conditions of modern life are such that, generally speaking, we no longer relate to others but use them. The other person is not a subject to respond to but an object to be handled and manipulated. We make conversation with but do not really speak to the person, heart to heart. We make love, but do not love. We answer questions but do not respond to the need of the questioner.

One of the turning points in Martin Buber's life and philosophy was a visit by a student who had come to him for counsel. Just then, Buber's mind was elsewhere. His thoughts had soared to great heights that very morning. He felt inspired -- and, so, this student's visit was something of an intrusion. Still, Buber was quite courteous and tried to answer the young man's question. But, it was not enough to respond to the question ^{only,} and not to the person and his need. The next

day, the young man's body was fished out of the river.

Buber never forgave himself for having failed this young man in the hour of his need. Yet, the encounter, or non-encounter insofar as Buber had not opened his heart or mind to the man -- taught him the difference between mere communication and true dialogue:

"I answered only the questions and so I failed to see through, to the man, behind the questions."

We are all guilty of such neglect. More often than not we speak to another person without entering into any kind of relationship.

... Yet, the person who talks to us not only wants to inform us of something, but, sometimes also wants to reach out, seek a relationship, and needs help.

What a different life it could be for all of us, if only we managed to crawl out of our shell, out of our hiding place, out of our own self centered existence! If only we listened to the seeking, searching call of our brother man, אני, "where are you?"

If only we tried to understand each other's need a little better:

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood,

We move along asunder --

Our path grows wider, as we go down the years,

We marvel and we wonder why life is life,

And then we fall asleep --

Not understood.

.....

How many breasts are aching, how many spirits pass away --

Not understood!

O God, that men should see a little clearer

Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!

O God, that men would draw a little closer

To one another, and they'd be nearer Thee --

And understood.

(Walter Eccles)

The noted author, Mark Van Doren, remembers when, as an eighteen or twenty year old student, he lived at home in Illinois. One night he heard his father's heavy footsteps, climbing up to his son's third floor attic room, where he was reading or writing or doing something. Mark knew that his father was hungry for conversation, for a moment shared. But, all he would say to his father was an absent-minded "hello" as he looked away from him.

"I clammed up. I waited. And he went downstairs again....I didn't forget that for forty years. I finally wrote a poem about that incident to cleanse myself of it:

He will remember this

And loathe the hour

When his fair tongue,

Malingering, stood still.

Are there persons in your own home, are there family members, or friends, who hunger for your attention, for your companionship? People may live side by side

and yet are in different worlds. How little meaningful exchange of thought and feeling there ^{sometimes} is between father and son, between mother and daughter and even between those who vowed to be partners in life. Can you hear the silent questions of those around you? אייך, Where are you? Where is your heart? Where are your thoughts?

The sin of not listening has become institutionalized. It is national policy not to hear the other side. Nations jam each other's radio broadcasts and censor one another's publications.

What a shock it was for Americans to learn in early July, on the eve of our Independence Day, that President Ford had refused to attend the AFL-CIO dinner in Washington at which Alexander Solzhenitsyn was listed as speaker. After misleading the public with several false explanations, including the slur that there was a question about Solzhenitsyn's mental stability and the insinuation that he had come to the United States only to promote the sale of his books, White House aides finally came out with the real reason which was fear on the part of the President that "detente" might suffer a setback if he listened to the outspoken criticism of the Soviet Union by the Russian novelist.

The President's refusal to listen proves the point Solzhenitsyn had made in his Nobel Prize lecture as spokesman for the millions who still languish in the prison camps of Gulag Archipelago:

"The spirit of Munich has by no means retreated into the past; it was not a brief episode. I even venture to say that the spirit of Munich is dominant in the 20th century. The intimidated civilized world has found nothing to oppose the onslaught of a suddenly resurgent barbarism, except concessions and smiles."

We may well ask whether the nation's Spirit of '76 is being replaced by the spirit of Munich? Has the trauma of Vietnam triggered off a national stampede away from all responsibility for freedom and justice in the world? Is the persecution and oppression suffered by others none of our business? Who would have dreamt that a substantial block of public opinion and their political representatives are minded to turn down the joint plea of Egypt and Israel for the help of one or two hundred American technicians in the supervision of the newly agreed-upon troop disengagement?

Odd Nansen, the son of the famous Norwegian explorer, ended his book on life in a Nazi concentration camp with the following words:

"Dear Reader, I shall stop now. When you go to your bookseller don't say to him: 'now I've had enough of those wretched prison books. I can't stand any more of that misery.' Dear Reader, the worst crime you can commit today, against yourself and society, is to forget what happened and sink back into indifference. What happened was worse than you have any

idea of. And it was the indifference of mankind that let it take place."

2. Hiding From Ourselves

In some respects, the most cruel and tragic ^{indifference and} neglect is not the neglect of others but of ourselves. ^{אנחנו}, the question "man where are you?" is also the pathetic cry of our own soul concerning ourselves. We become strangers to ourselves. Why?

That little gem of a book, Ecclesiastes, which is attributed to the wisest of all kings, Solomon, repeats several times a characteristic expression:

"I communed with mine own heart? (Ecc. 1.60)

Or, "I said in my heart," (Ecc. 21, 15)

And again, "All this I laid to my heart." (Ecc. 9.1)

These phrases are typical of a mind which is constantly searching out its own innermost recesses.

How many of us commune with their own hearts or look deeply into their own feelings? In the hustle and bustle of our over-active lives, we lose touch with the core of our own inner being. This process of self-alienation is the malaise of our civilization. We keep going in our treadmill existence, forgetting what our goals are or whether anything we do is still worthwhile. ^{אנחנו}, man where are you? Where are you going?

Too many of us get into an existential rut and spend the rest of our lives aching with boredom. The root cause of boredom is self-alienation, a form of self-rejection, as Dylan Thomas perceived when,

pausing in the midst of aimless drinking and chatting, he said:

"Somebody is boring me, I think it's me."

There must be in our Congregation tonight young, or mature, or older men and women whose basic sense of existence is a feeling of being trapped. They say they are fed up and put the blame on this or that condition of their life. My hunch is that the problem is not with their jobs, homes, money, but a deep discontent with themselves.

דן ד"ר, where are you? You are not today what you were yesterday. The search for your true self must be pursued constantly, and more so, as we grow older. Man, where are you? means: Man, have you faced up to the really big questions of your existence?

Don't wait for a crisis, illness or bereavement to shock you into a total reconsideration of your life. It is wise to mentally prepare long in advance for the shifting of gears in life. What is there to strive for, after you have made your money and your promotion? What goals remain when you're no longer needed as provider? Mature women, in particular, need to anticipate the "empty nest" syndrome. What are the possibilities of meaning, satisfaction and achievement in the middle and latter phases of life? How do you face aging? This threshold of the New Year is a good point in time to look back and to look ahead -- and to get hold of yourself: דן ד"ר, where are you, O my soul? Where are you now and where are you going?

3. Hiding From God

The Kabbalists speak of the human task with a graphic phrase, "The breaking of the shell." The divine spark, the living spirit of man, is encapsuled, imprisoned within each of us. We seal ourselves off from others, from ourselves, and most assuredly from God. Each of us is in need of a spiritual break-through. We need to be spiritually liberated and sensitized. Do you hear God calling you, ^{from within?} דו כ"ו , "where are you, my child?"

I know that many of us have no sense of encounter with God. He seems so remote as to ^{be} virtually non-existent, even on a day such as this. You wonder how God calls you.

He taps out his signals through every heartbeat which maintains your wondrous rythm of life. He is your host through every breath of air you breathe, through every bit of nourishment you take. Nature, God's creation, literally sets a table before me and keeps me alive in the presence of countless forces of destruction.

Don't look for God as though He were a needle in a haystack. He is very present, whether or not we are aware of Him. He may enter our thoughts as we think of Him. As we seek Him, He may respond to our search in a whisper of our conscience, as a moment of awe, and, perhaps, as no more than the inner certainty that He is with us, as the 23rd Psalm says, 'פנח ה' א'י, "Thou art with me."

Whether or not you have experienced the presence of God, you are not alone. Whatever meaning your life has, lies in its connection with something much bigger than you.

Summary and Conclusion

The key sentence of our faith says *שמעו קול ה' אלהינו*, "Hear, O Israel..."
Listen, Oh My people! God calls you, as he called Adam and Eve: *איהו*,
"where are you?"

Where are you in your personal relationships? Are you listening to the needs of others?

A man who had been condemned to die in the electric chair was asked if he had a final statement to make. He thought of the many kindnesses which were extended to him on that last day; he looked at the full course feast that had been spread before him and he gazed at the dozens of reporters, photographers and officials who surrounded him, and then said quietly, "If I'd been shown so much attention when I was a boy, I would not be here today....."
Lives may be saved through attention!

Are you attentive to others? To your inner self? To God?

Deep down in your heart you know that you are ^{being called and} answerable to a Will other than your own, that you must pay attention to a Voice that calls you. This, the great Yiddish poet, H. Leivick, expressed in his haunting poem entitled "A Voice"

A voice calls out: "you must!"
Must what? Oh, Voice, explain!
Instead of an answer I hear
That call again.

I peer behind the door,
I dash at every wall,
I search though no one strange
Has sent that call.

I've known them all my life,
The Caller and His call. . .

AMEN

STONE SOUP

A Family Service Sermonette
for Rosh Hashanah

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
September 6, 1975

I would like to tell you a story about a miserly little lady who lived by herself in a little house at the edge of the forest and ~~the~~ very important lesson she learned from a poor stranger. This little lady loved three things: 1) She loved to eat. 2) She loved to save up money and had jars, full to the top with coins. 3) She loved cats because cats don't eat very much. It made this little lady very happy that she did not have to share ~~much of~~ her food with her cats.

There was one thing she hated, -- and that was poor people! She just hated the idea of having to give anything away and whenever she saw a beggar she looked the other way, pretending she didn't see him. That's how miserly she was.

One day, in the late afternoon, she heard a knock on the door. When she opened, she saw a stranger who looked rather poor. Immediately she shut the door and said,

"Nobody is here."

The stranger said, "Don't be silly, lady, I saw you. Let me just have a word with you."

She: "What do you want?"

He: "I don't want anything."

She: "If you don't want anything, then go away."

He: I just want to boil up a little water in one of your pots. (He was really very hungry and hoped the woman would offer him a piece of bread or something to eat)

She: Go away!

but, she held the door shut and said

He: "All right, my dear lady, I'll go away and tell my secret to someone else."

These words of the stranger made the little lady very curious: "What secret are you talking about?" she asked.

He: "I can teach you how to make stone soup; all you need is water and my magic stones and you can make the most delicious soup any time you want. But I won't tell you my secret if you don't open up and let me in."

She: The idea of making soup just out of water and stones excited the little lady. What magic did the stranger have? She opened the door and asked him to tell his secret.

The stranger said: "Instead of telling you all about my secret, I shall show it to you. All I need now is a pot and water and, of course, a hot stove."

Immediately the little lady filled up a pot with water and put it on the hot stove. Then she watched as the stranger pulled out of his pocket three round stones which he dropped into the pot. "I almost forgot something very important," he said. "I must have a stirring spoon."

The woman handed him her big wooden stirring spoon which the stranger immediately dipped into the pot and began to stir as the water heated up more and more.

After a little while, he pulled out the spoon with a little bit of water on it, tasted it and said, "This is going to be great soup, delicious -- but, I tell you, it will taste even better if we

put a couple of potatoes into it. Do you by chance have potatoes?"

"Of course," exclaimed the woman and hurriedly gave him a handful of potatoes.

Quickly the stranger peeled the potatoes and put them into the pot.

Impatiently, the woman watched the stranger stir the soup again and after a little while, she asked: "How does the soup taste now?"

The stranger once more dipped the spoon into the pot and tasted the liquid. "Mhmm...it is just great--only I think an onion and a little salt and pepper would do wonders for it."

Quickly the lady gave him what he had mentioned and after stirring it some more and tasting again the soup which was now close to boiling, the stranger said, "This is the best stone soup I have ever made -- but, it will really taste heavenly if we could add to it a meatbone maybe with a little meat on it."

"Oh, I know just what you mean," said the woman excitedly. And she gave him a large bone with lots of meat on it.

Quickly the stranger dropped the bone into the pot and kept stirring the soup which was now boiling. Meanwhile, the woman could hardly wait to taste this marvelous stone soup about which the stranger raved so much.

"Is there anything more you need?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," answered the stranger. If you have a few vegetables left over such as carrots or peas, it will just make our stone soup a little thicker and it will be the best you've ever tasted."

This, too, and more which the stranger suggested the woman supplied most eagerly and after letting it boil for another ten or fifteen minutes, the stranger told the woman that the great moment had arrived. He dipped the spoon into the soup and after tasting it said, "It is ready."

Quickly the woman set the table with two bowls, one for the stranger and one for herself. The poor stranger who had been nearly starving could hardly wait for his first meal and can you imagine how amused he was when the little woman, after swallowing the first few spoons of soup, exclaimed: "You are a true magician, to think that you can make such delicious soup merely from water and stones."

There's an important lesson we can all learn from this story. Many of us are just kidding ourselves, like this little woman, that you can get something good out of nothing. In reality, the stone soup tasted as good as it did, only because so many other ingredients were added to it, little by little, particularly, onion vegetables and meat. It is that way in life. If you want to get something good, you have to put effort into it.

Consider, for example, this morning Bat Mitzvah. About six months ago, Karen Gural regretted that she had not learned Hebrew in her earlier grades and missed being Bat Mitzvah. She asked, "Is it too late for me to have this honor?" We told her that if she studied hard enough, and put enough effort into it, she could be called to the Torah any time she was ready. Her

achievement is not magic but the result of concentrated study.

Among the best things in life are good friends -- but we don't win friends by magic. We must do our part, be kind, willing to share and ready to do things for others -- only then will others come to like us and wish to be our friends.

It is the same way with great achievements in the arts and in sports. You do not win a race, or paint a beautiful picture or play an instrument well -- just by magic! You must put in a lot of practice before you can do anything well.

And this holds true even of our religion. Judaism is tasteless if you put nothing into it. **But**, if you put into your way of life the knowledge of Torah, the legends and history of our people and the beautiful Jewish customs, songs, dances and festivals, Judaism will taste great and you will enjoy being Jewish.

All I want to say, one of our great rabbis said some 2000 years ago "ACCORDING TO THE EFFORT IS THE REWARD."

BABELISM OR HEBRAISM

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman

Kol Nidre Night
Sunday, Sept. 14, 1975

The unity of the Jewish people is a source of unending amazement to the student of history. No ethnic community on earth combines as many variety of culture, ideology, language, race and nationality. We Jews exist today because somehow we have been able to submerge all these differences in an over-all sense of common identity. Whatever our divisions, there is still one Jewish people.

Yet, there are differences, differences in our self image as Jews, differences in priorities. In Israel, the major question Jews ask is who is a Jew? What are the minimal qualifications for belonging to the Jewish people? Could a born Jew join another religion and still be a Jew? Is being Jewish purely a matter of birth or is it primarily religious commitment? Who is a Jew, is a hot question in Israel.

In countries outside Israel, especially in the free Western world, the important question is not, who is a Jew, but why is a Jew? What is the object of our continued Jewish existence? What does the world need a Jewish people for? What would be amiss if we were not Jewish? In the free, democratic world, Jews have the option to be Jews or drop out. Therefore, why be Jewish is a live question.

To answer this question, to be or not to be a Jew, we must examine the original situation ⁱⁿ which Jews entered history. The Bible, curiously, does not open up with the history of our people, but, for eleven long chapters, Genesis, the first book of the Bible, stretches out a vast canvas on which is depicted the universal story of man, from the creation of the cosmos to the proliferation of the human family and its division into many different nations.

Finally, in Chapter 12 of Genesis, the first Hebrew ~~is~~ who is identifiable by name, Abraham, makes his appearance. Now, the introduction Abraham gets is mystifying, in fact, shocking. Out of the clear blue sky, without a single word about his previous life or qualification, Abraham is told by God:

"I shall make of you a great nation.

Be Thou a blessing.

For in thee all the families of the earth will be blessed."

Why was Abraham singled out at that point and what exactly is the meaning of these two Hebrew words
"be thou a blessing?"

If you do not understand the world situation in which the Bible places the rise of Abraham and his people, you miss the main point of the Bible and it will be difficult to answer the question, why is a Jew?

Abraham, the Ivri, the Hebrew, is explained through a play on the word sever, which means "on the other side," as being a man who by his very nature is a dissenter. Abraham is the type that stands on the other side. This man, Abraham, is chosen by

God immediately after the collapse of the project to build history's most famous high rise, the Tower of Babel.

The Tower of Babel and Abraham's entrance into history are closely connected. They represent, in effect, a contrast between two approaches to life, two different value systems, two eternal options for man: Babelism and Hebraism.

A venerable interpretive tradition in the Midrash (Rabbah 64.4) makes Abraham a contemporary of the generation of the Tower of Babel.

"At the time of the building of the tower, Abraham was 48 years old and we find that he took no part in their scheme."

Why did Abraham disassociate himself from the builders of Babel?

All our commentators agree that the builders of Babel represented a generation of brilliant, inventive genius and great organizing talent. They achieved a communication breakthrough, a common language. They created a population center. Settling in the world's most fertile valley, they compensated for the lack of natural rock in that area by creating their own durable building material. They invented brick, the basis of a mighty new civilization:

"Come, we will build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven and we will make for us a name, lest we be scattered on the face of the earth."

The myth of the Tower of Babel no doubt echoes the rise of history's first urban civilization. Why would Abraham range himself in opposition to it?

The Midrash supplies the answer. The builders of Babel reared a structure of immense height. Technologically they were enormously successful. However, morally they fell to a new low. When, after hoisting a load of bricks to the top of the tower, a person would accidentally drop some of the bricks to the ground, the builders became furious. But, when a human being accidentally fell off the tower and died, no one paid any attention. In other words, a gap appeared between material progress and human concern.

It is against this background that we must understand the rise of Abraham in the very next chapter of the Bible, Genesis 12. He is clearly presented by the Bible as a contrast to Babel. Abraham did not make a name for himself by any power or tower. He did nothing in a material way to dazzle the eye. Yet Abraham stands out by virtue of the inner qualities which enable him "to be a blessing."

It should be obvious by now that I'm really not talking to you about Babel but about our own civilization and not about Abraham but the challenge to you and me.

Material vs Moral Power

Thirty years ago, almost to the day, the United States raised the curtain on the nuclear age. European refugee scientists, in partnership with the American genius for organization and production, under the so-called Manhattan project, conquered the atom and opened the way to unlimited power. Said President Harry

Truman, jubilantly,

"We have spent two billion on the greatest scientific gamble in history and won!"

Like the generation of Babel, we made a name for ourselves. Indeed, we had built a monument to man's technological genius far more impressive than the tower of Babel. What was the condition of the human heart thirty years ago? How did that technologically brilliant generation measure up on the scale of moral sensitivity?

The answer was soon given in the first use of our newly discovered nuclear power. We dropped atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The devastation rivalled all descriptions of hell. When the smoke settled on the twisted fields left over from these two cities, some 200,000 human beings were no more. Many had been literally vaporized leaving behind only shreds of scorched clothes sticking to carbonized skin. What of those who survived?

Only four weeks ago in Sacramento, California, U. S. Navy corpsman Terry Fell was laid to rest by his wife and three children. Mr. Fell had gone ashore from a U. S. hospital ship in Nagasaki, Japan in August, 1945. It was just a short stop, ten days after the atom bomb had wiped out the city. Soon after the landing, Mr. Fell lost most of his hair as did the rest of the crew. Symptoms of a mysterious ailment persisted throughout the thirty years that followed until Mr. Fell succumbed to malignancy a month ago. An autopsy showed that his body was completed cancer-ridden. So far, 60% of the crew who had been on the same hospital ship likewise came down with cancer. Of the surviving population of Hiroshima

and Nagasaki, 340,000 people are still suffering the after effects of radiation. Clearly the majority are doomed as was U. S. Navy corpsman Terry Fell.

What has been the reaction of this brilliantly inventive generation to all such horror and suffering? The victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki drew very few tears around the world. Each of the major powers, except Japan, has since hurried to produce its own nuclear arsenal so that today all life on earth could be wiped out many times over -- a capacity for which we have invented the new word, "overkill."

So, behold modern man, perched on the dizzy heights of his technological triumph, more powerful than ever, -- yet also more terrorized than any previous generation in history. Trembling and waiting and trembling at the thought of the unthinkable, the holocaust to end all holocausts, modern man now reckons with the possibility of all life coming to an end. The last thirty years have witnessed a steady rise of violence. Daily we hear of more kidnapping, hijacking and assassinations and there is none who can sit under his vine and fig tree unafraid. What a grim joke -- so much power and so much fear!

If this is modernity, we Jews reject it. We dissent from a civilization without mercy, without heart, without trust. We're gathered here tonight as the children of Abraham. Instead of gloating over our technological wonders, we weep over the lack of compassion in our world. We read a headline such as "Oil Rich

States Import 36 Billion Dollars in Goods - Mostly Military Hardware" -- and we cry out against such madness which drives nations, east and west, to squander their wealth on armaments while 460 million people the world over are starving to death.

Should there not be a universal day of atonement to bring mankind to its senses? Where is the voice of humanity that says, "We are sorry!"

Ironically, we Jews who have been the victims far more than the perpetrators of violence, are the only people in the world who have made remorse a national experience of the highest importance. Let other nations boast of their power ~~while~~ while Israel fasts with contrite heart to express ~~the~~ shame and remorse at human wrongdoing. Every Jew who observes Yom Kippur at this point in history helps redeem somewhat the dignity of man and keeps alive a flickering hope of moral rebirth. For, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said,

"Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue!"

The Conquest of Outer and Inner Space

This late July, the United States and the Soviet Union put the capstone upon another Tower of Babel. Come, said the White House and the Kremlin, let us make a name for ourselves as the two super powers in the world. Let us end 18 years of space rivalry by linking up in space and show the world how united we are! So, Apollo and Soyuz, each took off on its rockets and -- how magnificent -- with hairline precision the American and Russian spacecraft linked up in outer space and our three astronauts and Russia's two cosmonauts

shook hands, talked, smiled, ate and pledged friendship to each other.

At an expense of many hundreds of millions, we have proven that Russians and Americans can meet above the globe in outer space. When will the day come when an American and Russian housewife will be free to visit each other's homes here on earth? When will Russian Jews be allowed to speak with any of their brethren from abroad without harrassment and police interrogation? When will a Jew in Moscow be permitted to join his wife and children in Jerusalem? Need we say more to illustrate the vast gap between progress ~~and~~ in technology and stagnation in human relations?

Let us view the problem a little closer to home. The Metropolitan Washington area is economically one of the most progressive areas in the world. There is a furious pace of building and rebuilding and billions are being spent on a new subway transportation system, the finest in the world. We enjoy more than a fair share of America's wealth. The rate of ownership of private automobiles is tops but so is the theft of automobiles. In 1974, more than 17,000 vehicles were stolen in the Washington metropolitan area, and the number of burglaries, muggings, rapes and murders in the streets remains among the highest in the land. Why are we such great city builders but such poor builders of moral character?

Because our way of life is the way of Babel. Our houses are bigger and better but the attention to the values of home life is less and less. We spend many hours and fortunes on interior decorating but devote neither thought nor time nor effort to the

beautification of our inner life and feelings. Would that we cared for our souls with half the concern we give to the maintenance of our automobiles. We get upset over every little dent or scratch on a fender, but shrug off the bending of principles and the scratches on our moral code in the conduct of our lives. We rear our children with the feeling that they must succeed -- succeed in what? In getting ahead, in accumulating wealth, in building their own Tower of Babel. Do any of our schools grade a child for the quality of the heart by which one becomes a better person, such as kindness, helpfulness, generosity and compassion?

What point is there in our fabulous communication gadgets, the telephone, walkie-talkies and beepers, which keep us in touch with people miles away, when we do not know how to have a heart to heart talk with our own family? What good are our tape recorders and cassettes when we have no thoughts worth recording and make no time to think?

You

xWe, who pursue success, who race on to ever greater heights,

you ~~wax~~who are builders of our own Towers of Babel to make a name for yourself, do you recognize the folly of your lopsided living in Karl Krauss's poem:

What crazy existence is this we've led,

That so undermined us?

We have kept pace with progress and rushed straight ahead

And left ourselves behind us.

The chief, perhaps the only purpose of this most sacred day of atonement and reconciliation is to re-order our personal priorities, to re-examine and re-direct our lives so that we not keep offending and hurting others and ourselves. What human qualities, which moral values do you now sacrifice in the hot pursuit of power and wealth? Is every success worth the price we pay?

The tragedy of a life consumed by wrong values is brought out in Rembrandt's moving portrait of Saul, the envious king who, at the peak of his power, was left alone with none to love or trust. Rembrandt shows Saul in all his regalia, standing near the window of his palace and wiping his tears in the fold of the gold brocaded curtain. What good is all this splendor when there is no love to share?

Another year lies ahead, -- will you keep building your Tower of Babel unmindful of friendship, companionship and the love and joy of your home?

Appeal

The sensitive individual who confronts this hell bent, power drunk greedy age of ours may well ask what chance do I, a single individual, have to influence an age with all these destructive and demeaning tendencies? Who can swim against the stream?

I would answer you with Elie Wiesel's story of the pious Jew who, after experiencing the savagery of the Nazis, persisted in his fervent daily prayers even while the Nazis continued looting, beating and killing the people in his village. Said his wife, "do you think your prayers can change such human monsters?"

He answered, "Until now I prayed to change their cruel hearts. Now, I am praying so that they should not change me."

You may not be able to change the world, not even your own community, but you must, as a true descendant of Abraham, stand aside and disassociate yourself from the builders of Babel. The attainable task of the Jew in our time is to keep himself morally and spiritually sensitive, to hold on to the qualities of the heart, generosity, compassion, justice, the very qualities which bring us the only enduring satisfactions in life. To be a Jew is to continue the task of Abraham:

"Be thou a blessing!"

AMEN

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BABELISM OR HEBRAISM

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman

Kol Nidre Night
Sunday, Sept. 14, 1975

✓ The unity of the Jewish people is a source of unending amazement to the student of history. No ethnic community on earth combines as many varieties of culture, ideology, language, race and nationality. ~~We Jews exist today because somehow we have been able to submerge all these differences in an over-all sense of common identity. Whatever our divisions, there is still one Jewish people.~~

✓ The differences among us are so many that even a Jew has trouble defining himself.

~~Yet, there are differences, differences in our self image as Jews, differences in priorities. In Israel, the major question Jews ask is who is a Jew? What are the minimal qualifications for~~

For some time we have been asking the question

✓ belonging to the Jewish people? ~~Could a born Jew join another religion and still be a Jew? Is being Jewish purely a matter of birth or is it primarily religious commitment? Who is a Jew, is a hot question in Israel.~~

✓ I thought I should like to pose another question

~~In countries, outside Israel, especially in the free Western world, the important question is not, who is a Jew, but why is a Jew? What is the object of our continued Jewish existence? What does the world need a Jewish people for? What would be amiss if we were not Jewish? In the free, democratic world, Jews have the option to be Jews or drop out. Therefore, why be Jewish is a live question.~~

To answer this question, to be or not to be a Jew, we must examine the original situation ⁱⁿ which Jews entered history. The Bible, curiously, does not open up with the history of our people, but, for eleven long chapters, Genesis, the first book of the Bible, stretches out a vast canvas on which is depicted the universal story of man, from the creation of the cosmos to the proliferation of the human family and its division into many different nations.

Finally, in Chapter 12 of Genesis, the first Hebrew ~~ix~~ who is identifiable by name, Abraham, makes his appearance. ~~Now, the introduction Abraham gets is mystifying, in fact, shocking. Out of the clear blue sky, without a single word about his previous life~~

~~About his~~ qualification, Abraham is told by God:

"I shall make of ^{thee} ~~you~~ a great nation.

Be Thou a blessing.

For in thee all the families of the earth will be blessed."

Why was Abraham singled out at that point? ~~and what exactly is the meaning of these two Hebrew words "be thou a blessing?"~~

If you do not understand the world situation in which the Bible places the rise of Abraham and his people, you miss the main point of the Bible and ~~it will be difficult to answer~~ ^{its} ~~to~~ the question, why is a Jew?

Abraham, the Ivri, the Hebrew, ^{the word Ivri} is explained ~~through~~ ^{as a} ~~derivation~~ ^{derivative} ~~from~~ ^{play on} the word ~~Ever~~, which means "on the other side," ~~as being a man who by his very nature is a dissenter.~~ Abraham is the type ^{the typical dissenter} that stands on the other side. This man, Abraham, is chosen by

God immediately after the ~~collapse of the project to build~~ ^{debacle of} history's most famous high rise, the Tower of Babel.

The Tower of Babel and Abraham's ~~entrance~~ ^{entry} into history are closely connected. They represent, ~~in effect, a contrast between~~ two approaches to life, two different value systems, two eternal options for man: Babelism and Hebraism.

A venerable interpretive tradition in the Midrash (Rabbah 64.4) makes Abraham a contemporary of the generation of the Tower of Babel.

"At the time of the building of the tower, Abraham was 48 years old and we find that he took no part in their scheme."

Why did Abraham disassociate himself from the builders of Babel?

All our commentators agree that the builders of Babel represented a generation of brilliant, inventive genius and great organizing talent. ~~They achieved a communication breakthrough, a common language. They created a population center.~~ Settling in the world's most fertile valley, they compensated for the lack of natural rock in ~~the~~ ^{the} area by creating their own durable building material. They invented brick, the basis of a ~~mighty~~ ^{and mighty} new civilization:

"Come, we will build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven and we will make for us a name, lest we be scattered on the face of the earth."

The myth of the Tower of Babel no doubt ~~echoes~~ ^{reflects} the rise of history's first urban civilization. Why would Abraham ~~range~~ ^{place} himself in opposition to it?

The Midrash supplies the answer. The builders of Babel reared a structure of immense height. Technologically they were enormously successful. However, morally they fell to a new low. When, after hoisting a load of bricks to the top of the tower, a person would accidentally drop some of the bricks to the ground, the builders became furious. But, when a human being accidentally fell off the tower and died, no one paid any attention. In other words, a gap appeared between material progress and human concern.

Introduction

It is against this background that we must understand the ~~rise~~ of Abraham in the very next chapter of the Bible, Genesis 12. He is clearly presented ~~by the Bible~~ as a contrast to Babel. Abraham did not make a name for himself by any power or tower. He did nothing in a material way to dazzle the eye. Yet Abraham stands out by virtue of the inner qualities which enable him "to be a blessing."

~~It should be obvious by now that I'm really not talking to you about Babel but about our own civilization and not about Abraham but the challenge to you and me.~~

Material vs Moral Power

Thirty years ago, almost to the day, the United States raised the curtain on the nuclear age. European refugee scientists, in partnership with the American genius for organization and production, under the so-called Manhattan project, conquered the atom and opened the way to unlimited power. Said President Harry

and Nagasaki, 340,000 people are still ^{today} suffering the after effects of radiation. Clearly the majority are doomed, as was U. S. Navy corpsman Terry Fell.

What has been the reaction of this brilliantly inventive generation to all such horror and suffering? ^{Very few tears have been shed around the world for} ~~the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. drew very few tears around the world.~~ Each of the major powers, except Japan, has since hurried to produce its own nuclear arsenal so that today all life on earth could be wiped out many times over -- a capacity for which we have invented the new word, "overkill."

So, behold modern man, perched on the dizzy heights of his technological triumph, more powerful than ever, -- yet also ~~more~~ terrified, ~~than any previous generation in history.~~ Trembling and waiting and trembling at the thought of the unthinkable, the holocaust to end all holocausts. Modern man now reckons with the possibility of all life coming to an end.

^{What a century: 2 world wars, the Nazi holocaust and the atomic holocaust} ~~On the contrary, brutality is on the rise. have witnessed a steady rise of violence.~~ ^{and the end of violence is nowhere in sight!} ~~the last 40 years~~

~~and there is none who~~ ^{No one} can sit under his vine and fig tree, unafraid! What a grim joke -- ^{a generation} ~~of~~ so much power and so much fear!

If this is modernity, we Jews reject it. We dissent from a civilization without mercy, without heart, without trust. We're gathered here tonight as the children of Abraham. Instead of gloating over our technological wonders, we weep over the lack of compassion in our world. We read a headline such as "Oil-Rich

States Import 36 Billion Dollars in Goods - Mostly Military Hardware" -- and we cry out against such madness which drives nations, east and west, to squander their wealth on armaments while 460 million people the world over are starving to death.

Should there not be a universal day of atonement to bring mankind to its senses? Where is the voice of humanity that says, "We are sorry!"⁽¹⁾ Why is it that the world which adopted our seventh day of rest; which, by and large, recognizes the universality of the Decalogue and the greatness of our Bible, never attempted to adopt the Day of Atonement? Elements of Hanukkah may be found in ~~the~~ Christmas, ~~observance~~; traces of Passover are basic to ~~the~~ Easter, ~~celebration~~ and our Sukkot festival became the model for Thanksgiving, but Yom Kippur, somehow never appealed to the world at large.

Have the nations nothing to regret? ~~as~~ as Dr. Samuel Johnson said,

"Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue!"

The Conquest of Outer and Inner Space

This late July, the United States and the Soviet Union put the capstone upon another Tower of Babel. Come, said the White House and the Kremlin, let us make a name for ourselves as the two super powers in the world. Let us end 18 years of space rivalry by linking up in space and show the world how united we are! So, Apollo and Soyuz, each took off on its rockets and -- how magnificent -- with hairline precision the American and Russian spacecraft linked up in outer space and our three astronauts and Russia's two cosmonauts

shook hands, talked, smiled, ate and pledged friendship to each other.

At an expense of many hundreds of millions, we have proven that Russians and Americans can meet above the globe in outer space. When will the day come when an American and Russian housewife will be free to visit each other's homes here on earth? When will Russian Jews be allowed to speak with any of their brethren from abroad without harrassment and police interrogation? When will a ~~man~~^{Muslim} in Moscow be permitted to join his wife and children in Jerusalem? Need we say more to illustrate the vast gap between progress ~~and~~ in technology and stagnation in human relations?

Let us view the problem a little closer to home. ~~The~~ Metropolitan Washington ~~area~~ is economically one of the most progressive areas in the world. ^{Over the years there has been} ~~there is~~ a furious pace of building and rebuilding and billions are being spent on a new subway transportation system, the finest in the world. We enjoy more than a fair share of America's wealth. The rate of ownership of private automobiles is tops, but so is the theft of automobiles. In 1974, more than 17,000 vehicles were stolen in the Washington metropolitan area, ^{as fast as we make them we steal them,} and the number of burglaries, muggings, rapes and murders in the streets remains among the highest in the ^{world.} ~~land~~. Why are we such great city builders but such poor builders of moral character?

Because our way of life is the way of Babel. Our houses ~~are~~ bigger and better but ^{our} ~~the~~ attention to the values of home life ^{moral and spiritual} ~~has~~ become miniscule. ~~is less and less.~~ We spend ^{much time} ~~many hours~~ and fortunes ~~on~~ interior decorating but devote neither thought nor ~~any~~ effort to the

beautification of our inner life and feelings. Would that we cared for our souls with half the concern we give to the maintenance of our automobiles. We get upset over every little dent or scratch on a fender, but shrug off the bending of principles and the scratches on our moral code in the conduct of our lives. We rear our children with the feeling that they must succeed -- succeed in what? In getting ahead, in accumulating wealth, in building their own Tower of Babel. Do any of our schools grade a child for the quality of the heart by which one becomes a better person, such as kindness, *honesty* helpfulness, generosity and compassion?

What point is there in our fabulous communication gadgets, the telephone, walkie-talkies and beepers, which keep us in touch with people miles away, when we do not know how to have a heart-to-heart talk with our own family? What good are our tape recorders and cassettes when we have no thoughts worth recording and make no time to think?

You ~~are~~, who pursue success, who race on to ever greater heights, ~~who~~ who ~~do~~ build ~~your~~ your Tower of Babel to make a name for yourself, *consider please* do you recognize the folly of ~~your~~ lopsided living *of which* Karl Krauss's poem speaks:

What crazy existence is this we've led,

That so undermined us?

We have kept pace with progress and rushed straight ahead

And left ourselves behind us.

~~We are ahead~~
~~We are behind~~

The chief, perhaps the only purpose of this most sacred day of atonement and reconciliation is to re-order our personal priorities, to re-examine and re-direct our lives so that we not keep ^{on} offending and hurting others and ourselves. What human qualities, which moral values do you now sacrifice in the hot pursuit of power and wealth? Is every success worth the price we pay?

The tragedy of a life consumed by wrong values is brought out in Rembrandt's moving portrait of Saul, the envious king who, at the peak of his power, was left alone with none to love or trust. Rembrandt shows ^{King} Saul ^{bedecked} in all his regalia, standing near the window of his palace and wiping his tears in the fold of the gold brocaded curtain. What good is all this splendor when there is no ~~(love to share?)~~ *peace of mind,* and no love to share?

Another year lies ahead, -- will you keep building your Tower of Babel unmindful of friendship, companionship and ~~the~~ love [?] ~~and joy of your home?~~

Appeal

The sensitive individual who confronts this hell bent, power drunk greedy age of ours may well ask what chance do I, a single individual, have to influence an age with all these destructive and demeaning tendencies? Who can swim against the stream?

I would answer you with Elie Wiesel's story of the pious Jew who, after experiencing the savagery of the Nazis, persisted in his fervent daily prayers even while the Nazis continued looting, beating and killing the people in his village. Said his wife, "do you think your prayers can change such ~~human~~ monsters?"

He answered, "Until now I prayed to change their cruel hearts. Now, I am praying so that they should not change me."

You may not be able to change the world, not even your own community, but ^{you can keep your own moral integ. by ~~not being~~} *indeed,* you must, as a true descendant of Abraham, stand aside and disassociate yourself from the builders of Babel. The attainable task of the Jew in our time is to keep himself morally and spiritually sensitive, to hold on to the qualities of the heart, generosity, compassion, justice, the very qualities which bring us the only enduring satisfactions in life. *To be a Jew is to ~~continue~~ fulfill*
~~the task of Abraham's task~~ *ה' אלהינו*
"Be thou a blessing!"

AMEN

BABELISM OR HEBRAISM

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

Kol Nidre Night
Sunday, Sept. 14, 1975

The unity of the Jewish people is a source of unending amazement to the student of history. No ethnic community on earth combines as many varieties of culture, ideology, language, race and nationality.

Ordinarily, however:

The differences among us are so many that even a Jew has trouble defining himself. For some time, we have been debating the question, who is a Jew? What are the minimal qualifications for belonging to the Jewish people?

Tonight I should like to pose another question, not who is a Jew but why is a Jew? What is the object of our continued Jewish existence? What would be amiss if we were not Jewish?

To answer this question, to be or not to be a Jew, we must examine the original situation in which Jews entered history. In Chapter 12 of Genesis, the first Hebrew who is identifiable by name, Abraham, makes his appearance. Without a single word about his qualifications, Abraham is told by God:

*1
p3

^{There}
"I shall make of thee a great nation. וְאֵתְּנֶךָ בְּרָכָה
Be thou a blessing so that
For in thee all the families of the earth will be blessed."

Why was Abraham singled out at that point?

What was

~~if you do not understand~~ the world situation in which the

Bible places the rise of Abraham and his people, ~~you miss the main~~ ^{2. The whole message of the Bible} and the question, why is a Jew? ^{Why is a Jew?} - hinges on the answer.

The myth of the Tower of Babel no doubt reflects the rise of history's first urban civilization. Why would Abraham place himself in opposition to it?

The Midrash supplies the answer. The builders of Babel reared a structure of immense height. When, after hoisting a load of bricks to the top of the tower, a person would accidentally drop some of the bricks to the ground, the builders became furious. But when a human being accidentally fell off the tower and died, no one paid any attention. In other words, a gap appeared between material progress and human concern. Technologically they were enormously successful. However, morally they fell to a new low.

It is against this background that we must understand the introduction of Abraham in the very next chapter of the Bible,

Genesis 12. ^{*1 - fr. p1 Abraham} He is clearly presented as a contrast to Babel. (X)

Abraham did not make a name for himself by any power or tower. He did nothing in a material way to dazzle the eye. Yet Abraham stands out by virtue of the inner qualities which enable him "to be a blessing."

Material vs Moral Power

Thirty years ago, almost to the day, the United States raised the curtain on the nuclear age. European refugee scientists, in partnership with the American genius for organization and production, under the so-called Manhattan Project, conquered the atom and opened the way to unlimited power. Said President Harry Truman jubilantly, *that day*:

"We have spent two billion on the greatest scientific gamble in history and won!"

Like the generation of Babel, we made a name for ourselves. Indeed, we had built a monument to man's technological genius far more impressive than the tower of Babel. What was the condition of the human heart thirty years ago? How did ~~that~~ *our* technologically brilliant generation measure up on the scale of moral sensitivity?

The answer was soon given in the first use of our newly discovered nuclear power. We dropped atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The devastation rivalled all descriptions of hell. When the smoke settled on the twisted ~~steel~~ left over from these two cities, some 200,000 human beings were no more. Many had been literally vaporized, leaving behind only shreds of scorched clothes sticking to carbonized skin. What of those who survived?

Only four weeks ago in Sacramento, California, U. S. Navy corpsman Terry Fell was laid to rest by his wife and three children. Mr. Fell had gone ashore from a U. S. hospital ship in Nagasaki, Japan in August, 1945, ~~It was just a short stop,~~ ten days after the atom bomb had wiped out the city. ~~Soon after the landing,~~ *Within a few days,* Mr. Fell lost most of his hair as did the rest of the crew. Symptoms of a mysterious ailment persisted throughout the thirty years that followed until Mr. Fell succumbed to malignancy a month ago. An autopsy showed that his body was completed cancer-ridden. So far, 60% of the crew who had been on the same hospital ship likewise *have* come down with cancer. Of the surviving population of Hiroshima

and Nagasaki, 340,000 people are still today suffering the after effects of radiation. Clearly the majority are doomed, as was U. S. Navy corpsman, Terry Fell.

What has been the reaction of this brilliantly inventive generation to all such horror and suffering? Very few tears have been shed around the world for the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Each of the major powers, except Japan, has since hurried to produce its own nuclear arsenal so that today all life on earth could be wiped out many times over -- a capacity for which we have invented the new word, "overkill."

So, behold modern man, perched on the dizzy heights of his technological triumph, more powerful than ever, -- yet also terrorized, trembling and waiting and trembling at the thought of the unthinkable, the holocaust to end all holocausts. ~~Modern man now reckons with the possibility of all life coming to an end.~~ What

a century: two World Wars, the Nazi holocaust and the atomic holocaust and the end of violence is nowhere in sight! Daily we hear of more kidnapping, hijacking and assassinations. ~~No one can~~

~~sit under his vine and fig tree, unafraid! What a grim joke -- a generation of so much power and so much fear!~~

If this is modernity, we Jews reject it. We dissent from a civilization without mercy, without heart, without trust. We're gathered here tonight as the children of Abraham. Instead of gloating over our technological wonders, we weep over the lack of compassion in our world. We read a headline such as "Oil-Rich

The prevailing mood on this globe was inadvertently expressed by an 11 yr old school girl who wrote a letter "The world is divided into 2 hemis-f-e-a-r-s spelling fear-r-s."

This is the age of Fear, the age of anxiety.

~~such~~ ~~such~~

States Import 36 Billion Dollars in Goods -- Mostly Military Hardware"
-- and we cry out against such madness which drives nations, east and west, to squander their wealth on armaments while 460 million people the world over are starving to death.

Should there not be a universal day of atonement to bring mankind to its senses? Where is the voice of humanity that says, "We are sorry!" Why is it that the world which adopted our seventh day of rest; which, by and large, recognizes the universality of the Decalogue and the greatness of our Bible, never attempted to adopt the Day of Atonement? Elements of Hanukkah may be found in Christmas, traces of Passover are basic to Easter, our Sukkot festival became the model for Thanksgiving, but Yom Kippur, somehow, never appealed to the world at large.

Have the nations nothing to regret?

Ironically, we Jews, who have been the victims far more than the perpetrators of violence, are the only people in the world who have made remorse a national experience, ~~of the highest importance.~~
~~but~~ ^{while} other nations boast of their power, ~~while~~ Israel fasts with contrite heart to express shame and remorse at human wrongdoing. Every Jew who observes Yom Kippur at this point in history helps redeem something of the nobility of man and keeps alive a flickering hope for moral rebirth, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said,

"Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue!"

The Conquest of Outer and Inner Space

This late July, the United States and the Soviet Union put the capstone upon another Tower of Babel. Come, said the White House and the Kremlin, let us make a name for ourselves as the two super powers in the world. Let us end 18 years of space rivalry by linking up in space and show the world how united we are! So, Apollo and Soyuz, each took off on its rockets and, how magnificent, -- with hairline precision the American and Russian spacecraft linked up in outer space and our three astronauts and Russia's two cosmonauts shook hands, talked, smiled, ate and pledged friendship to each other.

At an expense of many hundreds of millions, we have proven that Russians and Americans can meet above the globe in outer space..... When will the day come when an American and Russian housewife will be free to visit each other's homes here on earth? When will Russian Jews be allowed to speak with any of their brethren from abroad without harrassment and police interrogation? When will a man in Moscow be permitted to join his wife and children in Jerusalem? Need we say more to illustrate the vast gap between progress in technology and stagnation in human relations?

Let us view the problem a little closer to home. Metropolitan Washington is economically one of the most progressive areas in the world. Over the years there has been a furious pace of building and rebuilding and billions are being spent on a new subway transportation system, the finest in the world. We enjoy more than a fair share of America's wealth. The rate of ownership of private automobiles is tops,

but so is the theft of automobiles. In 1974, more than 17,000 vehicles were stolen in the Washington metropolitan area; as fast as we make them we steal them, and the number of burglaries, muggings, rapes and murders in the streets remains among the highest in the world. Why are we such great city builders but such poor builders of moral character?

Because our way of life is the way of Babel. Our houses get bigger and better but our attention to the moral and spiritual values of home life has become miniscule. We spend much time and fortune on interior decorating but devote neither thought nor effort to the beautification of our inner life and feelings. Would that we cared for our souls with half the concern we give to the maintenance of our automobiles. We get upset over every little dent or scratch on a fender, but shrug off the bending of principles and the scratches on our moral code in the conduct of our lives.

Insert #1 *as dictated*

We rear our children with the feeling that they must succeed -- succeed in what? In *getting top grades,* *getting ahead,* *in* *of others* accumulating wealth, in building their own Tower of Babel. Do any of our schools grade a child for the qualities of the heart by which one becomes a better person, such as kindness,

honesty, helpfulness, generosity and compassion? *Who tells our children that the most important task, the only task in life, is בְּתוּחַ בְּרָכָה Bethou a Blessing!*

What point is there in our fabulous communication gadgets, the telephone, walkie-talkies and beepers, which keep us in touch with people miles away, when we do not know how to have a heart-to-heart talk with our own family? What good are our tape recorders and cassettes when we have no thoughts worth recording and make no time to think?

What good are our mechanical wonders, when the soul is dying of spiritual starvation?

You, who pursue success, who race on to ever greater heights,
who build your Tower of Babel to make a name for yourself, consider
please the folly of ~~lopsided living~~ ^{such} ~~of which Karl Krauss's poem speaks:~~ ^{as} ~~put it:~~

What crazy existence is this we've led,

That so undermined us?

We have kept pace with progress and rushed straight ahead

And left ourselves behind us.

The chief, perhaps the only purpose of this most sacred day
of atonement and reconciliation is to re-order our personal priorities,
to re-examine and re-direct our lives so that we not keep on offending
and hurting others and ourselves. ~~What human qualities, which moral~~

~~values do you now sacrifice in the hot pursuit of power and wealth?~~

Is every success worth the price we pay?

The tragedy of a life consumed by wrong values is brought out
in Rembrandt's ~~moving~~ ^{great} portrait of Saul, the envious king who, at
the peak of his power, was left alone with none to love or trust.
Rembrandt shows King Saul, bedecked in all his regalia, standing
near the window of his palace and wiping his tears in the fold of the
the gold brocaded curtain. What good is all this splendor when there
is no peace of mind, and no love to share?

Another year lies ahead, -- will you keep building your
Tower of Babel unmindful of friendship, companionship and love?

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The sensitive individual who confronts this hell-bent, power
drunk, greedy age of ours may well ask what chance do I, a single
individual, have to influence an age with all these destructive and
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I would answer you with Elie Wiesel's story of the pious Jew who, after experiencing the savagery of the Nazis, persisted in his fervent daily prayers even while the Nazis continued looting, beating and killing ~~the people in his village.~~ Said his wife, "Do you think your prayers can change such monsters?" *asked his wife*

He answered, "Until now I prayed to change their cruel hearts. Now, I am praying so that they should not change me."

You may not be able to change the world, not even your own community, but you can keep your own moral integrity. Indeed, *you can* ~~you must~~, as a true descendant of Abraham, stand aside and disassociate yourself from the builders of Babel. The attainable task of the Jew in our time is to keep himself morally and spiritually sensitive, to hold on to the qualities of the heart: *reference* generosity, compassion, justice, ~~the very qualities which bring us~~ *are* the only enduring satisfactions in life. To be a Jew is to fulfill Abraham's task *הווינו ברכה* "Be thou a blessing!" *inspired*

AMEN

BABELISM OR HEBRAISM

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

Kol Nidre Night
Sunday, Sept. 14, 1975

This sacred and tender night of Kol Nidre is one of those moments when the thousands of extremely diversified Jewish communities throughout the world, like magic, become unified. Suddenly we are again one people, as we share the same profoundly religious emotions.

We Jews have an uncanny sense that makes us be where the action is. Throughout history we have tended to settle in centers of civilization. As long as Europe was at its height, the bulk of our people lived in Europe. With the ascendancy of the United States and the Soviet Union, we find a shift of Jewish population toward these two super powers. It was no different in the very beginning of Jewish existence. Ancient historians place the origin of the Jewish people in Mesopotamia, the cradle of civilization, the area which gave rise to the Babylonian Empire whose capital city was fabulous Babel. The greatness of Babel is still reflected in the biblical story of the tower of Babel.

All our commentators agree that the builders of Babel represented a generation of brilliant inventive genius. Settling in the world's most fertile valley, they compensated for the lack of natural rock in the area by creating their own durable building material. They invented brick, the basis of a new and mighty civilization:

בָּנֵה נִבְנֵה עִיר וְטוֹרֵם וְנִבְנֵה עִיר וְטוֹרֵם וְנִבְנֵה עִיר וְטוֹרֵם
בָּנֵה נִבְנֵה עִיר וְטוֹרֵם וְנִבְנֵה עִיר וְטוֹרֵם וְנִבְנֵה עִיר וְטוֹרֵם

"Come, we will build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven and we will make for us a name, lest we be scattered on the face of the earth." (Gen. 11.4)

A venerable tradition [in the Midrash (Rabbah 64.4)] tells us that Abraham, history's first Hebrew, was a contemporary but also a dissenter from the generation of the tower of Babel:

בְּצֹר הַפְּלִיטָה הָיָה אַבְרָהָם אֲבִינֵנו אֲבִינֵנו אֲבִינֵנו
וְלֹא נָסַח מִן הַבְּנֵי אֲנִי אֲבִינֵנו אֲבִינֵנו אֲבִינֵנו

"At the time of the building of the tower, Abraham was 48 years old and we find that he took no part in their scheme."

In fact, the generic term, "Hebrew," עִבְרִי is explained as a derivative from the word, עֵבֶר, which means "on the other side." Abraham is the type that stands on the other side, the oppositionist, the typical dissenter. This man, Abraham, is chosen by God immediately after the debacle of that notorious high rise, the tower of Babel.

Why did Abraham disassociate himself from the builders of Babel?

The Midrash supplies the answer. The builders of Babel reared a structure of immense height. When, after hoisting a load of bricks to the top of the tower, a person would accidentally drop some of the bricks to the ground, the builders became furious. But when a human being accidentally fell off the tower and died, no one paid any attention. In other words, a gap appeared between material progress and human concern. Technologically, the builders of Babel were enormously successful. However, morally, they fell to a new low.

It is against this background that we must understand the introduction of Abraham in the very next chapter of the Bible, Genesis 12. Babel and Abraham represent two different approaches to life, two different value systems, two basic options for man: Babelism or Hebraism.

Material vs Moral Power

Thirty years ago, almost to the day, the United States raised the curtain on the nuclear age. European refugee scientists, in partnership with the American genius for organization and production, under the so-called Manhattan Project, conquered the atom and opened the way to unlimited power. Said President Harry Truman jubilantly that day:

"We have spent two billion on the greatest scientific gamble in history and won!"

Like the generation of Babel, we made a name for ourselves. We gave evidence of our technological genius. But, what was the condition of the human heart? How did we measure up on the scale of moral sensitivity?

The first thing we did with our newly discovered nuclear power was to drop atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The devastation rivalled all descriptions of hell. When the smoke settled on the twisted steel left over from these two cities, some 200,000 human beings were no more. Many had been literally vaporized, leaving behind only shreds of scorched clothes sticking to carbonized skin. What of those who survived?

Only four weeks ago in Sacramento, California, U. S. Navy corpsman Terry Fell was laid to rest by his wife and three children. Mr. Fell had gone ashore from a U. S. hospital ship in Nagasaki, Japan, in August, 1945, ten days after the atom bomb had wiped out the city. Within a few days, Mr. Fell lost most of his hair as did the rest of the crew. Symptoms of a mysterious ailment persisted throughout the thirty years that followed until Mr. Fell succumbed to malignancy a month ago. An autopsy showed that his body was completely cancer-ridden. So far, 60% of the crew who had been on the same hospital ship likewise have come down with cancer. Of the surviving population of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, 340,000 people are still today suffering the after effects of radiation. Clearly the majority are doomed, as was U. S. Navy corpsman, Terry Fell.

What has been the reaction of this brilliantly inventive generation to all such horror and suffering? Very few tears have been shed around the world for the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Each of the major powers, except Japan, has since hurried to produce its own nuclear arsenal so that today all life on earth could be wiped out many times over -- a capacity for which we have invented the new word, "overkill."

So, behold modern man, perched on the dizzy heights of his technological triumph, more powerful than ever, -- yet also terrorized, trembling/and waiting/and trembling/at the thought of the unthinkable, the holocaust to end all holocausts. What a century: two World Wars, the Nazi holocaust and the atomic holocaust and the end of violence is nowhere in sight! Daily we hear of more kidnapping, hijacking and assassinations. The prevailing mood on this globe was

inadvertently expressed by an 11-year old schoolgirl who wrote, "The world is divided into two hemis-f-e-a-r-s, spelling ^{spheres} f-e-a-r-s. This is the age of fear, the age of anxiety.

If this is modernity, we Jews reject it. We dissent from a civilization without mercy, without heart, without trust. We're gathered here tonight as the children of Abraham. Instead of gloating over our technological wonders, we weep over the lack of compassion in our world. We read a headline such as "Oil-Rich States Import 36 Billion Dollars in Goods -- Mostly Military Hardware" -- and we cry out against such madness which drives nations, east and west, to squander their wealth on armaments while 460 million people the world over are starving to death.

Should there not be a universal day of atonement to bring mankind to its senses? Where is the voice of humanity that says, "We are sorry." Why is it that the world which adopted our seventh day of rest; which, by and large, recognizes the universality of the Decalogue and the greatness of our Bible, never attempted to adopt the Day of Atonement? Elements of Hanukkah may be found in Christmas, traces of Passover are basic to Easter, our Sukkot festival became the model for Thanksgiving, but Yom Kippur, somehow, never appealed to the world at large.

Have the nations nothing to regret?

Ironically, we Jews, who have been the victims far more than the perpetrators of violence, are the only people in the world who have made remorse a national experience. While other nations boast of their power, Israel fasts with contrite heart to express shame and

remorse at human wrongdoing. Every Jew who observes Yom Kippur at this point in history helps redeem something of the nobility of man and keeps alive a flickering hope for moral rebirth, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said,

"Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue!"

The Conquest of Outer and Inner Space

This late July, the United States and the Soviet Union put the capstone upon another tower of Babel. Come, said the White House and the Kremlin, let us make a name for ourselves as the two super powers in the world. Let us end 18 years of space rivalry by linking up in space and show the world how united we are! So, Apollo and Soyuz, each took off on its rockets and, how magnificent, -- with hairline precision the American and Russian spacecraft linked up in outer space and our three astronauts and Russia's two cosmonauts shook hands, talked, smiled, ate and pledged friendship to each other.

At an expense of many hundreds of millions, we have proven that Russians and Americans can meet above the globe in outer space.... When will the day come when an American and Russian housewife will be free to visit each other's homes here on earth? When will Russian Jews be allowed to speak with any of their brethren from abroad without harrassment and police interrogation? When will a man in Moscow be permitted to join his wife and children in Paris, New York or Jerusalem? How do we reconcile our scientific triumphs in global communication with the barbaric refusal of the Soviet state to let its chess champion, Boris Spassky, marry the Frenchwoman he loves? In

this connection, we learned only yesterday that our mighty partner in the outer space link-up is still forbidding 18 Russian citizens to join their married spouses in the U.S.A. Need we say more to illustrate the vast gap between progress in technology and stagnation in human relations?

Let us view the problem a little closer to home. Metropolitan Washington is economically one of the most progressive areas in the world. Billions are being spent on a new subway transportation system, the finest in the world. We enjoy more than a fair share of America's wealth. The rate of ownership of private automobiles is tops, but so is the theft of automobiles. In 1974, more than 17,000 vehicles were stolen in the Washington metropolitan area; as fast as we make them, we steal them; and the number of burglaries, muggings, rapes and murders in the streets remains among the highest in the world. Why are we such great city builders but such poor builders of moral character?

Because our way of life is the way of Babel, the way of materialism! Our houses get bigger and better but attention to moral and spiritual values at home has become miniscule. Compare the time we spend on interior decorating and cosmetic grooming with the nearly total neglect of our inner spiritual life! Compare the neglect of our souls with the maintenance of our automobiles! We get upset over every little dent or scratch on a fender, but shrug off the bending of principles and the scratches on our moral code in the conduct of our lives.

The decline of morals is reflected in our everyday speech. We have become as squeamish about moral categories as the Victorians used to be about sexual taboos. As illustration, I would cite the current campaign of the business community against shoplifting. What is the most widely advertised slogan against this kind of epidemic thievery?

"Shoplifting is dumb."

Is it no worse than that? Why not call it wrong, immoral, evil! Why not condemn a delinquency in moral terms?

In this age of Babelism, the shameful thing is not being immoral, but being less than smart.

Although the Talmudic sages revelled in learning, there was no question in their minds that moral education stood higher than intellectual sophistication. Said Rabbi Eleazar ben Azariah:

"What may a person be compared to whose intelligence surpasses his moral character? He is like a tree of many branches but few roots. Such a one is easily overturned at the first blast of the storm."
(Pirke Avot 3.22)

The anchor of personal and social stability is not mere knowledge but moral commitment.

We rear our children with the feeling that they must succeed -- succeed in what? In getting top grades, in getting ahead of others, in accumulating wealth, in building their own tower of Babel. Do any of our schools grade a child for the qualities of the heart by which

one becomes a better person, such as kindness, honesty, helpfulness, generosity and compassion? Who tells our children that the most important task, the only task in life, is **פִּיךָ בְּרַכָּה** Be thou a Blessing!

The recent decision of the Washington Hebrew Congregation to build a new suburban religious school on our 13-acre site in Potomac should be welcome news to all who care for the strengthening of moral and spiritual values in the lives of our youth. You have our promise and pledge that this future structure will not be an institutional tower of Babel. We are not thinking of another imposing building to enhance our prestige. We want a true center for learning, blending the beauty of simplicity with utility.

More important than the building itself will be the spirit radiating from within through the work of dedicated teachers. To make certain that our educational program and its spiritual quality have priority over mere brick and mortar, we have already appointed to our staff our first full time educational director.

However, it is not enough drop off children for religious education while parents drop out of Jewish learning and living. Never before have Jewish adults been in greater need of balancing their own material progress with a replenishing of their moral and spiritual resources.

You, who pursue success, who race on to ever greater heights, who build your own tower of Babel to make a name for yourself, consider

please the folly of such lopsided living, as Karl Krauss put it:

What crazy existence is this we've led,

That so undermined us?

We have kept pace with progress and rushed straight ahead

And left ourselves behind us.

It is high time to catch up with the better part of ourselves!
It is time to recover the precious qualities of the heart! The chief, perhaps the only purpose of this most sacred day of atonement and reconciliation, is to re-order our personal priorities, to re-examine and re-direct our lives so that we not keep on offending and hurting others and ourselves.

Appeal

The sensitive individual who confronts this hell-bent, power drunk, greedy age of ours may well ask what chance do I, a single individual, have to influence an age with all these destructive and demeaning tendencies? Who can swim against the stream?

I would answer you with Elie Wiesel's story of the pious Jew who, after experiencing the savagery of the Nazis, persisted in his fervent daily prayers even while the Nazis continued looting, beating and killing. "So you think your prayers can change such monsters?" asked his wife.

He answered, "Until now I prayed to change their cruel hearts. Now, I am praying so that they should not change me."

You may not be able to change the world, but you can keep your own moral integrity. You can, as a true descendant of Abraham, stand aside and disassociate yourself from the builders of Babel. The attainable task of the Jew in our time is to keep himself morally and spiritually sensitive, to hold on to the qualities of the heart.

To be a Jew is to reject the values of Babel in the words of the prophet,

Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom
Neither let the mighty man glory in his might,
Let not the rich man glory in his riches;
But let him that glorieth, glory in this,
That he understandeth and knoweth me, the
Lord of mercy, justice and righteousness,
For in these things I delight, sayeth the Lord.

(Jeremiah 9.22-23)

To be a Jew is to bring delight to such a God. It is to fulfill Abraham's task, **פִּיךָ בְּרַכְתִּי**, "be thou a blessing."

AMEN

THE FAST THAT I HAVE CHOSENDRAFT

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

Kol Nidre Night
Sunday Evening, Sept. 14, 1975

Reform Judaism's leniency toward ritual is one of its outstanding traits. There is, however, one notable exception -- and that is the Yom Kippur fast. It remains for us as mandatory and sacrosanct a ritual as it has always been in every branch of Judaism throughout the ages. Why do we fast?

The question is as old as Yom Kippur itself. It was raised powerfully as the central theme of Isaiah's great Yom Kippur day sermon which is tomorrow's Haftarah:

"Wherefore have thee fasted?" (Isaiah 58.3)

Ask Isaiah. With biting sarcasm, the prophet mocks those "who bend over like the tall grass" making a big show of their physical exhaustion as though the fast were an endurance contest; or, who act like mourners while they fast, not without a touch of exhibitionism. Isaiah's point was that if we fast merely to gain attention or cheap emotional release without affecting our basic moral and spiritual attitudes, the fast would be profaned, it would be a vain and hypocritical act.

Clearly, the fast in and of itself is of no importance. Its value lies in deeper meaning to be associated with it. What should the fast mean to us on this most solemn day?

1. An Expression of Remorse

In the first mention of the fast, the Biblical sage speaks of it as a form of self affliction (Lev. 23.27). By fasting, we are symbolically inflicting upon ourselves a measure of punishment. We who have caused pain to others now voluntarily subject ourselves to pain. It is a most solemn way of saying "sorry."

These are the only people in the world who have turned remorse and the quest for forgiveness into a national experience of the highest importance. Why is it that the world which adopted our seventh day of rest; which, by and large, recognizes the universality of the Decalogue and the greatness of our Bible, never attempted to adopt the Day of Atonement? Elements of Hanukkah may be found in the Christmas observance; traces of Passover are basic to the Easter celebration and our Sukkot festival became the model for Thanksgiving, but Yom Kippur somehow never appealed to the world at large.

Have the nations nothing to regret? In Sacramento, California, the wife and three children of a former U.S. Navy corpsman, Terry Fell, are in mourning. Exactly 30 years ago, Mr. Fell went ashore from a hospital ship in Nagasaki, Japan, ten days after the dropping of the atom bomb. A few days after the landing, Mr. Fell lost most of his hair, as did other members of the crew. An autopsy showed that his body was completely cancer-ridden. About 60% of the crew of his hospital ship has likewise come down with cancer during the last 30 years as a result of that short stopover ten days after the dropping of the atom bomb.

In Hiroshima and Nagasaki, where the atomic death toll has so far exceeded 200,000, another 340,000 people are still suffering the lingering after effects of radiation.

No century in human history has compiled a bloodier record than ours: two world wars, a series of holocausts, a universal spread of terrorism and assassination and a staggering rise of the crime rate in every so-called civilized country, the free world, the Soviet Union, Japan, -- you name it -- wherever we go you hear about the ever-growing brutalization of life. Should there not be some universal expression of shame and remorse? Where is the voice of humanity that cries out: "We are sorry!" A new law of history has emerged: the more horrible the atrocities, the less protest, the less outrage, the less remorse. Ironically, we Jews who, above all peoples, have been the victims far more than the perpetrators of hatred, slander and violence -- we are the only people on earth who set aside a full day for the public confession of our wrongdoings. Individually, few of us would claim to be devout and observant. Yet, as a people, collectively, we still qualify for the Biblical role of the priest people among the nations. On this day we represent whatever is left of the conscience of humanity and keep alive the flickering hope of moral rebirth. For, as long as human beings are still ~~XXXXXXXX~~ capable of feeling shame and remorse, there is hope, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said:

"Where there is yet shame

There may in time be virtue."

Yet, our sages look upon remorse as a rather limited ethical value. The Rabbi of Ger, a great Hassidic leader, once cut short a disciple who prolonged his highly emotional confession of sin with the comment:

"He who has done ill and talks about it and thinks about it all the time remains contaminated as long as he does not cast the base thing he did out of his mind. Rake the dirt this way, rake the dirt that way, it will always be dirt. Have I sinned -- or have I not sinned -- what does heaven get out of it? In the time that I am brooding over it, I could be stringing pearls for the delight of heaven. That is why it is written: "Depart from evil and do good" -- Turn entirely away from evil, do not dwell upon it, and do good. If you've done wrong, counteract it by doing right!"

From all of this we conclude that the expression of regret is useful as the first step in the struggle against evil. But, the most serious shortcoming of remorse is that it is wholly negative; it is merely the repudiation of evil, not yet a commitment to do good.

2. The Fast As Expression of Sympathy

This leads us to another and higher meaning of the fast which no one has put in clearer terms than Isaiah:

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, to welcome the poor to your

house, to cover the naked and that you hide not yourself from your own flesh?" (Is. 58.7)

Our fast must not only express a radical discontent with my own moral inferiority, but lift my attention to the needs of others. It should be a demonstration of sympathy, of compassion, of altruism. By fasting we join the impoverished masses for whom hunger is a daily experience. It is an act of self identification with the starving have-nots in the world. It is a ritual, similar in its psychological effect to the substitution of matzoh for bread on Pesach in order to better identify with the generation of the *exodus* who had no time to leaven their dough. So, let us fully experience this one day of hunger in order to feel so much the more deeply sympathy with the needy, the homeless, those whom Isaiah elsewhere calls the "tempest tossed" of humanity, a phrase which Emma Lazarus quoted in her famous sonnet on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty which speaks of the "wretched refuse, the unwanted of this earth." Today through the fast we descend to the suffering masses of mankind and share their agony so that, in the days to come, we might be moved to help them more generously.

It is relatively easy to meet the material needs of your brother Jew and brother man, once you recognize the moral obligation to help and not to "hide yourself from your own flesh." To give money is just a matter of signing a check. But how can we share

a people's psychic agony, such as frustration, sorrow, anxiety, resentment and bereavement? These are the bitter ingredients of our people's mood in Israel today. It is almost impossible for the American Jew, in his unparalleled freedom and prosperity and sense of security, to realize the kind of pressure Israelis must live under day by day.



FIRST DRAFT

THE FAST THAT I HAVE CHOSEN

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Clearly, the fast in and of itself is of no importance. / Its value lies in deeper meaning to be associated with it. What *then* is the real *meaning* of ~~should~~ the fast ~~mean to us~~ on this most solemn day?

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^{Jews} These are the only people in the world who have turned remorse and the quest for forgiveness into a national experience of the highest importance.

Start
here :



In Hiroshima and Nagasaki, where the atomic death toll has so far exceeded 200,000, another 340,000 people are still suffering the lingering after effects of radiation.

No ~~century~~²⁸⁸ in human history has compiled a bloodier record than ours: two world wars, a series of holocausts, a universal spread of terrorism^{kidnapping} and assassination, ~~and~~^{Everywhere one observes} a staggering rise of ~~the crime rate in every so-called civilized country~~ⁱⁿ the free world, the Soviet Union, Japan, -- you name it -- wherever we go ~~human respect~~^{for the dignity & sanctity of life has declined}. Should you hear about the ever-growing brutalization of life... Should there not be some universal expression of shame and remorse? Where is the voice of humanity that cries out: "We are sorry!" A new law of history has emerged: the more horrible the atrocities, the less protest, the less outrage, the less remorse. ~~Ironically, we Jews who, above all peoples, have been the victims far more than the perpetrators of hatred, slander and violence -- we are the only people on earth who set aside a full day for the public confession of our wrongdoings.~~ [Individually, few of us would claim to be devout and observant. Yet, as a people, collectively, we still qualify for the Biblical role of ~~the priest people~~^{a kingdom of priests} among the nations.] On this day we represent ~~whatever is left of~~ the conscience of humanity and keep alive the flickering hope of moral rebirth. For, as long as human beings are still ~~people~~ capable of feeling shame and remorse, there is hope, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said:

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What is the ^{main} cause for the progressive brutalization of life?
How can this trend be reversed?

The Shortcoming of Remorse

-4-

Yet, our sages look upon remorse as ~~a~~ rather limited ethical value. The Rabbi of Ger, a great Hassidic leader, once cut short a disciple who prolonged his highly emotional confession of sin with the comment:

"He who has done ill and talks about it and thinks about it all the time remains contaminated as long as he does not cast the base thing he did out of his mind. Rake the dirt this way, rake the dirt that way, it will always be dirt. Have I sinned -- or have I not sinned -- what does heaven get out of it? In the time that I am brooding over it, I could be stringing pearls for the delight of heaven. That is why it is written: "Depart from evil and do good" -- Turn entirely away from evil, do not dwell upon it, and do good. If you've done wrong, counteract it by doing right!"

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ONE'S OWN OBITUARY

By Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman
Washington Hebrew Congregation

Yom Kippur Memorial Service
September 15, 1975

Several books have been published under the title FAMOUS LAST WORDS. These are the last utterances people made with their dying breath -- some are wise; others absurd; and a few are striking, thought-provoking statements like those famous last words of the Egyptian king which are remembered in our Torah. Pharaoh, who rushed into the Red Sea in hot pursuit of Israel, exclaimed, moments before the receding waters overwhelmed him:

I WILL PURSUE, I WILL OVERTAKE

I WILL DIVE THE SPOIL -- MY LUST SHALL BE SATISFIED. . .

[Ex. 15.9)

No sooner spoken, and Pharaoh himself was overtaken, by plenty of water which he was free to divide up with his soldiers on their horses and chariots, more than enough to satisfy his thirst... and his lust forever...

I wonder if you realize how well Pharaoh's last words describe the aims in life of many, if not most, people...

"I will pursue, I will overtake..."

With most people life becomes a running race -- getting ahead, beating the competition....with other values fading into background.

Already early in life, our children at school are not seeking knowledge for its own sake or growth in wisdom and goodness; they are competing for honors and awards. The stress is on getting to the top, pursuing and overtaking those that are ahead.

In adult life, the word "pursuit" has become synonymous with profession or occupation. What is your pursuit? means what is your job, your work? A successful person is one who beats the competition.

"I will pursue, I will overtake. . .

I will divide the spoil, my lust shall be satisfied..."

Alfred Tennyson in his famous poetic line spoke of life as "NATURE, RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW." Life with all its pushing and shoving resembles wild animals fighting among themselves with tooth and claw for the lion's share. . .

I wonder, did Pharaoh ever realize the emptiness of his life? A great mighty ruler behaving like a wild beast -- having no other purpose than to pursue and put his bite on the weak and helpless. . .

Maybe he was too busy to think about it. . . Maybe nobody every told him the folly of his ways -- a life dedicated to pursuit and plunder. . .

Some years ago someone wrote the biography of one of the world's most famous and honored men -- Alfred Nobel, great inventor, who established the Nobel prize for peace and other worthy achievements.-- The book revealed a fantastic turning point in Nobel's life: His brother had died. The newspaper, believing it was Alfred who had passed away, wrote the obituary of his life. Nobel read it, at first amused but then growing very angry and upset. The article told of the fortunes he had amassed in the munitions business, arming the nations of the world for war. It referred to him as a cold-blooded and ruthless war-monger.

Then and there, Alfred Nobel, deeply ashamed at the reputation he had gained, decided he would change the opinion of the world about him. He established the Nobel Peace Prize and, later, other international awards for science and literature which brought fame and honor to his name throughout the world as a benefactor of mankind.

What was it that shocked Nobel into changing his way of life? He saw the truth -- about himself!

AT YIZKOR, AT THIS TIME OF SERIOUS REFLECTION, WE SHOULD PRETEND TO READ OUR OWN OBITUARY -- for the same reason: to see the naked truth about ourselves, the truth others are perhaps too kind to tell us to our faces, but which we, in our own hearts, know only too well. What would our obituary be if it appeared today?

Will it ^{be} the story of strife and pursuit? Will it be the story of a ceaseless race, a chase, whose sole object is to get to the head of the line? What will be missing in the story of our life? Will there be good deeds for which we shall be gratefully remembered?

Will people say after us:

May his memory be for a blessing!

Pharoah thought he was a great hero.

To satisfy his lust, to win and to conquer and take vengeance-- these things marked the hero in Pharoah's eyes. Too bad he never heard Ben Zoma's wise words:

"Who is a hero? He who controls his lust

He who can master his evil impulse and urge.."

Our ideal is not Pharoah -- not to satisfy one's lust, but to conquer it -- is the Jewish ideal; not to take vengeance but to turn an enemy into a friend is our goal. .. not only to pursue and take and divide the spoil, but also to give, bestow, to help others should be our aim; not only to succeed but also to win love and respect should be our hope.

Shall we achieve it before our obituary is written?

Nobel changed the course of his life by sheer accident. He saw truth, by chance, in a moment of illumination. YIZKOR tries to create such a moment for every one of us, a moment of truth, of self-discovery and self-judgment. As we, in these tender moments of remembrance, think of our own departed, we judge them more accurately in the perspective of time. We recognize with a greater degree of fairness their achievements, the obstacles they overcame, the temptations they resisted, the sacrifices they made. We see now how much wiser they were than we judged them to be and see also how often they were right when we believed them to be wrong.

We remember how much they did for us and wonder whether we have matched their goodness and generosity and whether we, ourselves, will, with the passing of years, be remembered as well as our dear ones.

Like Alfred Nobel we may still enhance our name and reputation. It is not likely that we shall have his opportunity of reading our obituary before we leave this world. But, we can still see to it that a better one will be written when our time has come -- by improving our way of life now and in the years which may still

be granted unto us.

Our task in life is not to pursue and overtake; our task is not to get ahead of others -- but to surpass ourselves.

AMEN



INTRODUCTION TO KOL NIDRE NIGHT SERMON

Once again, our people have experienced the mystique of the Kol Nidre. The unknown genius who created the chant gave the Jewish soul its voice, a melody of pathos and tenderness. A love song if ever there was one. It begins softly like a whisper, befitting the humility of the tormented conscience; it rises to its crescendo so that you can almost visualize the Jew straightening out his back and standing erect before his Maker, joyful at last in the glow of reconciliation and new love; and it ends with quiet serenity.

In tonight's service, we underscored symbolically the unity and equality of all Jews. The rabbis, cantor and some of the officers of the Congregation entered through the same door as everyone else, in keeping with the idea that we are equals in our moral delinquency, equals in the need to rid ourselves of guilt, equals in our yearning for forgiveness, equals as petitioners who come in from the outside, so to speak, eager to return, to be received into the brotherhood of Israel.

ON READING
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Already early in life, our children at school are not seeking knowledge for its own sake or growth in wisdom and goodness; they are competing for honors and awards. The stress is on getting to the top, pursuing and overtaking those that are ahead.

Then and there, Alfred Nobel, deeply ashamed at the reputation he had gained, decided he would change the opinion of the world about him. He established the Nobel Peace Prize and, later, other international awards for science and literature which brought fame and honor to his name throughout the world as a benefactor of mankind.

What was it that shocked Nobel into changing his way of life? He saw the truth -- about himself!

AT YIZKOR, AT THIS TIME OF SERIOUS REFLECTION, WE SHOULD PRETEND TO READ OUR OWN OBITUARY -- for the same reason: to see the naked truth about ourselves, the truth others are perhaps too kind to tell us to our faces, but which we, in our own hearts, know only too well.

What ~~would~~ ^{will} our obituary be if it appeared today? *What will it be when our time has come?* Will it be the story of strife and pursuit? Will it be the ~~story~~ record of a ceaseless race, a chase, whose sole object is to get to the head of the line? What will be missing in the story of our life? *Will it be full of ugly chapters of bitterness & vindictiveness - or beautiful inspiring through examples of kindness & forgiveness?* Will there be good deeds for which we shall be gratefully remembered?

Will people say after us: *צבנוני אברהם* ←

"May his memory be for a blessing!"

examples of kindness & forgiveness?

Pharoah thought he was a great hero.

To satisfy his lust, to win and to conquer and take vengeance-- these things marked the hero in Pharoah's eyes. Too bad he never heard Ben Zoma's wise words:

"Who is a hero? He who controls his lust

He who can master his evil impulse and urge.."

Our ideal is not Pharoah -- not to satisfy one's lust, but to conquer it -- is the Jewish ideal; not to take vengeance but to turn an enemy into a friend is our goal. .. not only to pursue and take and divide the spoil, but also to give, bestow, to help others should be our aim; not only to succeed but also to win love and respect should be our hope.

Shall we achieve it before our obituary is written?

Nobel changed the course of his life by sheer accident. He saw truth, by chance, in a moment of illumination. YIZKOR tries to create such a moment for every one of us, a moment of truth, of self-discovery and self-judgment. ~~As we~~ In these tender moments of

remembrance, ^{we} think of our own departed, ^{we survey their lives for models worthy of emulation;} ~~we judge them more~~

~~accurately~~ In the perspective of time, ~~We~~ recognize with a greater degree of fairness their achievements, the obstacles they overcame, the temptations they resisted, the sacrifices they made. ^{Now,} We see ~~how~~ how much wiser they were than we judged them to be and ~~also~~ also how often they were right when we believed them to be wrong.

often by not doing what we would have wanted at the time

We remember how much they did for us and wonder whether we have matched their goodness and generosity and whether we, ourselves, will, with the passing of years, be remembered as well ^{are} as our dear ones.

Like Alfred Nobel we may still enhance our name and reputation. It is not likely that we shall have his opportunity of reading our obituary before we leave this world. But, we can still see to it that a better one will be written when our time has come -- by improving our way of life now and in the years which may still

be granted unto us.

P

~~Remember that~~ In this race on earth
there are no winners - as the Psalmist said: "The race is
not to the swift; no one makes the finishing line."

Our task in life is not to pursue and overtake; our task is
not to get ahead of others -- but to surpass ourselves.

AMEN



It is against this background that we must understand the introduction of Abraham in the very next chapter of the Bible, Genesis 12. Babel and Abraham represent two different approaches to life, two different value systems, two basic options for man: Babelism or Hebraism.

Material vs Moral Power

Thirty years ago, almost to the day, the United States raised the curtain on the nuclear age. European refugee scientists, in partnership with the American genius for organization and production, under the so-called Manhattan Project, conquered the atom and opened the way to unlimited power. Said President Harry Truman jubilantly that day:

"We have spent two billion on the greatest scientific gamble in history and won!"

Like the generation of Babel, we made a name for ourselves. *We gave evidence of our technological genius.*
~~Indeed, we had built a monument to man's technological genius far more impressive than the tower of Babel. But, what was the condition of the human heart, ² thirty years ago? How did our ~~technologically brilliant~~ *we* ~~generation~~ measure up on the scale of moral sensitivity?~~

~~The answer was soon given in the first use of our newly discovered nuclear power. *supplied the answer waste* We dropped atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The devastation rivalled all descriptions of hell. When the smoke settled on the twisted steel left over from these two cities, some 200,000 human beings were no more. Many had been literally vaporized, leaving behind only shreds of scorched clothes sticking to carbonized skin. What of those who survived?~~ *thing we did with our newly*

remorse at human wrongdoing. Every Jew who observes Yom Kippur at this point in history helps redeem something of the nobility of man and keeps alive a flickering hope for moral rebirth, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said,

"Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue!"

The Conquest of Outer and Inner Space

This late July, the United States and the Soviet Union put the capstone upon another tower of Babel. Come, said the White House and the Kremlin, let us make a name for ourselves as the two super powers in the world. Let us end 18 years of space rivalry by linking up in space and show the world how united we are! So, Apollo and Soyuz, each took off on its rockets and, how magnificent, -- with hairline precision the American and Russian spacecraft linked up in outer space and our three astronauts and Russia's two cosmonauts shook hands, talked, smiled, ate and pledged friendship to each other.

At an expense of many hundreds of millions, we have proven that Russians and Americans can meet above the globe in outer space.....

When will the day come when an American and Russian housewife will be free to visit each other's homes here on earth? When will Russian Jews be allowed to speak with any of their brethren from abroad without harrassment and police interrogation? When will a man in Moscow be permitted to join his wife and children in ^{Paris, New York or} Jerusalem?

Need we say more to illustrate the vast gap between progress in technology and stagnation in human relations?

How do we reconcile our scientific triumphs in global communication with the barbaric refusal of the Soviet State to let its chess-champion Boris Spassky marry the Frenchwoman he loves? In this connection, we learned only yesterday that our mighty partner in the outer space link-up is still forbidding 18 Russian citizens to join their married spouses in the USA.

Let us view the problem a little closer to home. Metropolitan Washington is economically one of the most progressive areas in the world. ~~Over the years there has been a furious pace of building and rebuilding and~~ Billions are being spent on a new subway transportation system, the finest in the world. We enjoy more than a fair share of America's wealth. The rate of ownership of private automobiles is tops, but so is the theft of automobiles. In 1974, more than 17,000 vehicles were stolen in the Washington metropolitan area; as fast as we make them, we steal them; and the number of burglaries, muggings, rapes and murders in the streets remains among the highest in the world. Why are we such great city builders but such poor builders of moral character?

Because our way of life is the way of Babel, the way of materialism! Our houses get bigger and better but attention to moral and spiritual values at home has become miniscule. Compare the time we spend on interior decorating and cosmetic grooming with the nearly total neglect of our inner spiritual life! Compare the ^{neglect} ~~care~~ of our souls with the maintenance of our automobiles! We get upset over every little dent or scratch on a fender, but shrug off the bending of principles and the scratches on our moral code in the conduct of our lives.

The decline of morals is reflected in our everyday speech. We have become as squeamish about moral categories as the Victorians used to be about sexual taboos. As illustration, I would cite the current campaign of the business community against shoplifting. What is the most widely advertised slogan against this kind of epidemic thievery?

"Shoplifting is dumb."

Is it no worse than that? Why not call it wrong, immoral, evil! Why not condemn a delinquency in moral terms?

In this age of Babelism, the shameful thing is not being immoral, but being less than smart.

Although the Talmudic sages revelled in learning, there was no question in their minds that moral education stood higher than intellectual sophistication. Said Rabbi Eleazar ben Azariah:

"What may a person be compared to whose intelligence surpasses his moral character? He is like a tree of many branches but few roots. Such a one is easily overturned at the first blast of the storm."
(Pirke Avot 3.22)

The anchor of personal and social stability is not mere knowledge but moral commitment.

We rear our children with the feeling that they must succeed -- succeed in what? In getting top grades, in getting ahead of others, in accumulating wealth, in building their own tower of Babel. Do any of our schools grade a child for the qualities of the heart by which one becomes a better person, such as kindness, honesty, helpfulness, generosity and compassion? Who tells our children that the most important task, the only task in life, is **יֵן אֵינְךָ**, Be thou a Blessing!

The recent decision of the Washington Hebrew Congregation to build a new suburban religious school on our 13-acre site in Potomac should be welcome news to all who care for the strengthening of moral and spiritual values in the lives of our youth. You have our promise

and pledge that this future structure will not be an institutional tower of Babel. We are not thinking of another imposing building to enhance our prestige, ^{We} ~~but~~ want a true center for learning, blending the beauty of simplicity with utility.

More important than the building ^{itself} will be the spirit radiating from within through the work of dedicated teachers. To make certain that our educational program and its spiritual quality have priority over mere brick and mortar, we have already appointed to our staff our first full time educational director, ~~the very~~ ~~gifted and creative,~~ Selma Sage.

However, it is not enough to drop off children for religious education while parents drop out of Jewish learning and living. Never before have Jewish adults been in greater need of balancing their own material ^{progress} ~~concerns~~ with a replenishing of their moral and spiritual resources.

You, who pursue success, who race on to ever greater heights, who build your ^{own} tower of Babel to make a name for yourself, consider please the folly of such lopsided living, as Karl Krauss put it:

What crazy existence is this we've led,

That so undermined us?

We have kept pace with progress and rushed straight ahead

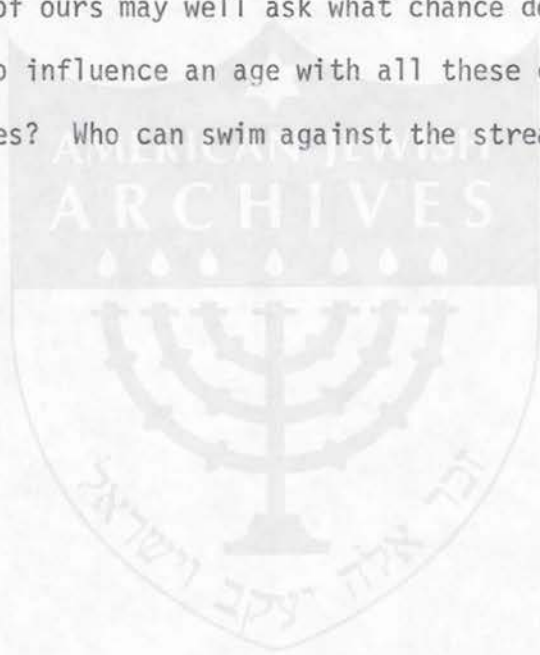
And left ourselves behind us.

*It is high time to catch up with the better part of ourselves!
It is time to recover the precious qualities of the heart!*

← The chief, perhaps the only purpose of this most sacred day of atonement and reconciliation is to re-order our personal priorities, to re-examine and re-direct our lives so that we not keep on offending and hurting others and ourselves.

Appeal

The sensitive individual who confronts this hell-bent, power drunk, greedy age of ours may well ask what chance do I, a single individual, have to influence an age with all these destructive and demeaning tendencies? Who can swim against the stream ?



I would answer you with Elie Wiesel's story of the pious Jew who, after experiencing the savagery of the Nazis, persisted in his fervent daily prayers even while the Nazis continued looting, beating and killing. "So you think your prayers can change such monsters?" asked his wife.

He answered, "Until now I prayed to change their cruel hearts. Now, I am praying so that they should not change me."

You may not be able to change the world, ~~but you can keep your own moral integrity.~~ but you can keep your own moral integrity. You can, as a true descendant of Abraham, stand aside and disassociate yourself from the builders of Babel. The attainable task of the Jew in our time is to keep himself morally and spiritually sensitive, to hold on to the qualities of the heart.

To be a Jew is to reject the values of Babel in the words of the prophet,

"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom
Neither let the mighty man glory in his might,
Let not the rich man glory in his riches;
But let him that glorieth glory in this,
That he understandeth and knoweth me, the
Lord of mercy, justice and righteousness,
For in these things I delight, sayeth the Lord.

(Jeremiah 9.22-23)

To be a Jew is to bring delight to such a God. It is to fulfill Abraham's task, *וְיִבְרַכְךָ וְיִשְׂמְחֶיךָ*, "Be thou a Blessing."

AMEN

Let us view the problem a little closer to home. Metropolitan Washington is economically one of the most progressive areas in the world. Over the years there has been a furious pace of building and rebuilding and billions are being spent on a new subway transportation system, the finest in the world. We enjoy more than a fair share of America's wealth. The rate of ownership of private automobiles is tops, but so is the theft of automobiles. In 1974, more than 17,000 vehicles were stolen in the Washington metropolitan area; as fast as we make them we steal them, and the number of burglaries, muggings, rapes and murders in the streets remains among the highest in the world. Why are we such great city builders but such poor builders of moral character?

Because our way of life is the way of Babel, ^{the way of materialism!} Our houses get bigger and better but ~~our~~ attention to ~~the~~ moral and spiritual values ~~at home~~ ^{Compare the time we spend on} ~~life~~ has become miniscule. ~~We spend much time and fortune on~~ ^{and cosmetic grooming, with the nearly total neglect} interior decorating but devote neither thought nor effort to the ~~of our inner spiritual life!~~ ^{Compare the care of} ~~beautification of our inner life and feelings.~~ Would that we cared ~~for~~ our souls with ~~half~~ the concern we give to the maintenance of our automobiles! We get upset over every little dent or scratch on a fender, but shrug off the bending of principles and the scratches on our moral code in the conduct of our lives.

The decline of morals is reflected in our everyday speech.

~~Under the pretext of trying to be more "natural," we are debasing ourselves to the animal level. We have given the green light to~~

coarseness in manner, in appearance and in self expression. Filthy speech is in, while the vocabulary of moral refinement is on the way out. In the days of Teddy Roosevelt, the idea of what is just and fair and good was conveyed by the concept of a square deal. A square person meant a straight and upright person. Today the word "square" has an uncomplimentary connotation. We have become

as squeamish about moral categories as the Victorians used to be about sexual taboos. As illustration, I would cite the current campaign of the business community against shoplifting. What is the most widely advertised slogan against this kind of epidemic thievery?

"Shoplifting is dumb."

Is it no worse than that? ~~Why not call a spade a spade? Why not call stealing, stealing? Why not call it wrong?~~ Why not condemn a delinquency in moral terms? ^{immoral, evil!}

In this age of Babelism, the shameful thing is not being immoral, but being less than smart.

Although the Talmudic sages revelled in learning, there was no question in their minds that moral education stood higher than intellectual sophistication. Said Rabbi Eleazar ben Azariah:

"What may a person be compared to whose intelligence surpasses his moral character? He is like a tree of many branches but few roots. Such a one is easily overturned at the first blast of the storm."

(Pirke Avot 3.22)

The anchor of personal and social stability is not mere knowledge but moral commitment. As surely as a parent would fail his child by denying him moral and religious education, so our Temple would fail the Congregation by not providing the best possible religious school for its families. The recent decision of Washington Hebrew Congregation to build a new suburban center for religious education should be welcome news to all who care for strengthening the moral and spiritual values in the lives of our youth and our plans should receive your greatest possible encouragement and support.

We rear our children with the feeling that they must succeed -- succeed in what? In getting top grades, in getting ahead of others, in accumulating wealth, in building their own tower of Babel. Do any of our schools grade a child for the qualities of the heart by which one becomes a better person, such as kindness, honesty, helpfulness, generosity and compassion? Who tells our children that the most important task, the only task in life is ה'ה ערה,

Be thou a Blessing! What good are our mechanical wonders when the soul is dying of spiritual starvation?

What point is there in our fabulous communication gadgets, the telephone, walkie-talkies and beepers, which keep us in touch with people miles away, when we do not know how to have a heart-to-heart talk with our own family? What good are our tape recorders and cassettes when we have no thoughts worth recording and make no time to think?

Insert
dictation

You, who pursue success, who race on to ever greater heights,
who build your tower of Babel to make a name for yourself, consider
please the folly of such lopsided living, as Karl Krauss put it:

What crazy existence is this we've led,

That so undermined us?

We have kept pace with progress and rushed straight ahead

And left ourselves behind us.

The chief, perhaps the only purpose of this most sacred day
of atonement and reconciliation is to re-order our personal priorities,
to re-examine and re-direct our lives so that we not keep on offending
and hurting other and ourselves.

The tragedy of a life consumed by wrong values is brought out
in Rembrandt's great portrait of Saul, the envious king, who, at the
peak of his power, was left alone with none to love or trust.

Rembrandt shows King Saul, bedecked in all his regalia, standing
near the window of his palace and wiping his tears in the fold of the
gold brocaded curtain. What good is all this splendor when there is
no peace of mind, and no love to share?

Another year lies ahead, -- will you keep building your Tower
of Babel unmindful of friendship, companionship and love?

Appeal

The sensitive individual who confronts this hell-bent, power
drunk, greedy age of ours may well ask what chance do I, a single
individual, have to influence an age with all these destructive and
demeaning tendencies? Who can swim against the stream?

JOH - H. Holy Day Institute 1975 / What's real meaning of אֱלֹהִים?

Ten Days of Teshuvah

SHUVA IN RABINIC
SOURCE & Philos. Thought
FATALISM (epistology)
Humanistic Pride:

Win Ernest Henley "Star"
Invictus
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

Extremes of Dependence & Self-reliance
2 pagan ways:

Jewish Way of Free Will.

(Ber 33 b.) All is in the hand of heaven except the fear of heaven

R Meir (Abot 4.12) If you neglect Torah, many causes for neglecting it will present themselves.

Tanh. Beshullach 5.19.f.117a If a man wants to hearken to God, God will help him hear His voice.
If a man wishes to forget, God will also help him...
(Mentef. Ankel # 534 # 535)

○ Kant's View of Physical world of causation
Spiritual universe of freedom

PS 19

Heimann Cohen: (see Bergman p 50-51)

Nature created "man", but not "manhood"

Sensitivity toward interhuman relationships is our own creation, a 2nd creation based on our

Capacity for inner change, re-creation through "Return" purification - which illustrates Correlation

Ezek. 18.31 Make you a new heart

God participates in our re-creation Ezek 36.26-27 A new heart I will give you

He helps us acquire Himself and a new spirit will I put within you

Invictus

Wm Ernest Henley
(888)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever God may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winc'd nor ached nor ailed
Under the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed
It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

Maimonides

4 Stages of teshuvah

1. Confession: i.e. Recognition of sin precedes remorse.
Confession leads to arousal of will to repentance.

Elements of Confession

1. Knowledge - Hilket: The ignorant cannot be pious.
Education
Free Press
2. Humility - Admission of moral defect
3. Implied recognition of interdependence between Community & Individual
Since Confession must be public

2. CESSATION OF WRONG-DOING - CORRECTION
Remorse is not enough Ps. 34 Turn from Evil a Do good

R. Adah b. Ahava (Tanit 16) A sinner who confesses but does not correct his ways, but persists in wrong attitude, is like man who washes himself in bath yet holds dirt in his hand.

Lament. 3. 41 Let us lift our hearts with our hands (deeds) to God

Read Maimonides y. hippur Anthology p. 44/5

3. RESTITUTION - y.h. atones only between God & man

4. Proof of true Return: Not sinning when tempted
Glorification of repentance: In place of repentant sinner
(Berachot. 34b) not even perfectly righteous can stand

Inescapable Responsibility

Holy Days
1975

Am I my brother's keeper?

4000 years of historical experience answer

If not your brother's keeper - then your brother's
victim

You're either part of solution, or part of the problem
[code & closure?]

Interlocking human destiny - responsibility
of mutual

It has been told three 0 times

For World

For Fellow Jews

For your own family - marriage within group
you don't marry an individual
" marry into a family, into a people

High Holy days Theme - Tets 1975

Spence's — The input determines the output
Applies to
Ourselves
spiritual growth
Overcoming/outrages - Friendship.

3 kinds of Jews at Mt Sinai

1. Only under pressure
2. Take my children! Pedagogical Jews
3. Committed (N.A. 11 2001)
First do, then speak (Rosenzweig)

Where are they, now?

"Identify"

You can't do your own thing - always.

The Fast. True fulfillment is not possible without sacrifice of some part of ourselves.

Montefiore story: We really mean it. Difference between profession & practice
Judaism as way of life.

The trinity of Jewish values & their interdependence
פנייה — Torah Study
פדיון — High standards for money
פירוש ענין — Ethics

Your Kipper

Retype pages 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

with more margin on bottom, so
as to distribute copy evenly
over these 5 pages

Sick May Understand Relationship to God

April 11, 75

Religious News Service

MENLO PARK, Calif.—A priest who specializes in pastoral care of the sick told participants in an institute for hospital chaplains here that a person who is ill “may be closer to understanding more accurately, theologically, where he stands in relation to God.”

“It may be that our human task in confronting illness is to realize that illness intensifies the sometimes mysterious relationship between God and His fragmented image on earth,” said Father Raymond K. Smith, director of the Department of Pastoral Care, St. Mary’s Hospital, San Francisco.

Father Smith spoke at the two-week Pastoral Institute for General Hospital Chaplains at Vallombrosae Retreat Center, Menlo Park. The institute was sponsored by the National Association of Catholic Chaplains and drew priests and physicians from across the U.S.

The priest said that those who are ill often become aware, “often with remarkable clarity, of their earthly imperfection . . .”

And he added that in so doing those who are ill come in-

tuitively to the conclusion that reason never provided in a healthy state—“that the meaning of life . . . in this moment, facing deprivation of wholeness,” brings an awareness that the struggle “to make certain of God and salvation is ended.”

Speaking of the Sacrament of the Sick, he emphasized the importance of its community approach and its ability to prevent a paternalistic attitude toward the sick.

“It seems,” he said, “that considerable observation of sickness has revealed a considerable amount of selfishness generated and embraced by the patient. Self-pity makes a lot of demands upon others—the doctor, the nurse, the chaplain, the family.”

“We don’t serve the person well unless we name this propensity to the patient when it is observable to us,” he added.

Food Price Protests

Reuter

LAHORE, Pakistan, April 10—Thousands of workers demonstrated here against sharp increases in government controlled food prices.

service.
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Sixth jo
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Wors. 7:45
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9:00 an
10:00 ar
10:30 an
11:00 ar
4:00 p
9:00 ar

1975

Trigger Conf. Class Discussion on Visiting
a dying friend: (1) How would you handle situation?
(2) What is the real problem in our awkwardness
or embarrassment? (Coping with Death)

Ann Landers

Dear Ann Landers:

I'm a 10th-grade student and recently learned that my eighth-grade teacher is dying of cancer. He was one of the best teachers in the entire school. Several of us went back to visit him even when he wasn't our teacher any more. He always found time to talk to us.

I would like to see that wonderful person again, but I've heard he has lost a great deal of weight and is very pale. I'm afraid the shock of seeing him might be very upsetting. I wouldn't know what to say. Please help me think straight. I am—Confused And Frightened In Ontario.

Dear Confused:

Go to visit your teacher today. Simply say, "I came to thank you for being one of the best teachers I've ever had."

Behave as if it were an ordinary visit. Don't stay too long. Keep the talk cheerful and pleasant. You'll never know how much your presence will mean to him.

Pass the word to other students. Urge them to drop by also—calling first, of course, to establish a convenient time. Too many people wait to give flowers to those who can no longer smell them.

Dear Ann Landers:

I laughed when I read the letter from the woman whose husband slept with a heating pad that got tangled around her neck, but he didn't want her to sleep in a separate bed.

Since others are willing to write about "right-to-sleep laws," I have begun to regard the mattress as a territorial stake-out—like a football field.

We have a happy marriage, and I adore my husband except for his bedtime behavior. After years of sleepless nights, my right jaw began to pop out of place, my right shoulder started to hurt and my right hand ached from the moment I woke up till noon.

A physician and two dentists attributed the problem to sleeping exclusively on my right side on too soft a mattress. Why did I sleep on my right side? Because the big ox wanted me to keep his back warm while he flung open the windows and kicked off the covers. He liked to sleep on his right side. So I froze, complained, and wore a sweater and socks to bed.

When the rights of women surfaced as an "issue," I cranked up my courage and purchased a firm orthopedic mattress for the spare bedroom. I now sleep there when my spine has to be flat, or I get cold.

Do you know what happened to our marriage? It's better than ever! I don't miss my aches and pains, and he doesn't miss a complaining me. I should have done it years ago.

—Right Turn

Dear Right:

Another example of solving a problem by discussing it. Too many people suffer in silence when four or five well-worded sentences could put an end to an annoying situation. Silence may be golden, but words can be diamond-studded, if you choose the right ones and say them at the right time. Cheers, woman!

Dear Ann Landers:

Is it proper for two married sons and a daughter to chip in and buy their mother a wedding ring?

Our parents have been married for 35 years. Mom's wedding band must have come from the dime store. It is worn thin and looks like junk. We want to buy that dear lady a lovely replacement. Is it proper? A, B and D.

Dear A, B and D:

What a sweet thought—but the answer is no. A wedding ring should be given by the husband. Slip Pop a check and put a bug in his ear.

Where Art Thou?

2010

These words pregnant with meaning. They were intended to bring home to Adam the vast difference between his lot then and his former state, between his supernatural size then, and his shrunken size now; between the Lordship of God over him then and that of the serpent over him now.

Ginsberg Legends - I p. 76

Where art thou? How far have you come down
from your ideal size

The quality of mercy
has been
all over world

Even we Jews have
spread mercy the
cheek both transact
of pity - which is
Minimal

HIDING FROM OTHERS: The public & private
THE SIN of Not Listening: The sin of not listening
The 3 sins of Indifference: ① Not to listen ② Not to respond
③ Not to help Not to speak out

This is one of the great public applications
of the ethics of dialogue
in the conditions of our world
- of Ford's Refusal
to see a knee Selznitz



See on food Calling us lucky moment

p 10-11

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

Rosh Hash Shema

Sept 5 1975

1

Where Are You 2

ON READING — ONE'S OWN OBITUARY

7/25' 100
April 7, 1961
May 1, 1967

by Rabbi JON
WTC

Tom Hopper, Central
Service
Sent 15, 1975

Several books have been published under the title:

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

These are the last utterances people made with their dying breath

---- some are wise and profound; others ^{absurd} outright funny;

and a few are striking, thought-provoking statements like these

famous last words ^{of the Egyptian king which are remembered in our Torah} quoted in Today's Torah portion.

Pharoah who rushed into Red Sea in hot pursuit of Israel
exclaimed, moments before the receding waters overwhelmed him:

Ube yoduk meic firo

I WILL PURSUE, I WILL OVERTAKE

I WILL DIVIDE THE SPOIL -- MY LUST SHALL BE SATISFIED....

Ex. 15.9

And no sooner spoken, and Pharoah himself was overtaken,

by plenty of water which he was free to divide up with his ^{soldiers}
~~on the horses and chariots,~~
~~fellow Egyptians,~~ more than enough to satisfy his thirst.....

and his lust forever.....

I wonder if you realize how well Pharoah's last words
describe the aims in life of many, if not most, people.....

" I will pursue, I will overtake "

With most people life becomes a running race ---getting ahead,

beating the competition.... with other values fading into background:

Already early in life our children
in school ^{seeking} are not gaining knowledge for its own sake
or growing in wisdom and goodness; ^{they are competing}
~~but making honor, roll, winning awards,~~ ^{and} the stress is
on getting to the top, pursuing and overtaking
those that are ahead....

^{adult}
In life, the word "pursuit" has become synonymous with profession or occupation.

What is your pursuit? means what is your job, your work?

A successful ^{person} ~~man~~ is one who beats the competition

" I will pursue, I will overtake.....
I will divide the spoil, my lust shall be satisfied.... "

^{Alfred} Tennyson in his famous poetic line spoke of life as

" NATURE , RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW "

Life with all its pushing and ^{shoving} ~~striving~~ ^{resembles} ~~like~~ a big cage of wild animals fighting among themselves with tooth and claw for the lion's share.....

I wonder, did Pharoah ever realize the emptiness of his life?
A great mighty ruler behaving like a wild beast --having no other purpose than to pursue and put his bite on the weak and helpless...

Maybe he was too busy to think about it.....
Maybe nobody ever told him the folly of his ways --a life dedicated to pursuit and plunder.....

^{Some years ago}
~~Recently~~ someone wrote the biography of one of the world's most famous and honored men ---Alfred Nobel, great inventor who established the Nobel prize for peace and other worthy achievements.---

The book revealed a phantastic turning point in Nobel's life:

His brother had died, ~~the~~ newspaper, believing it was Alfred who had passed away, wrote the obituary of his life.

Nobel read it, at first amused but then growing very angry and upset.

The article told of the fortunes he had amassed in the munitions business, arming the nations of the world for war.

It referred to him as a cold-blooded and ruthless war-monger.

Then and there, Alfred Nobel, deeply ashamed at the reputation he had gained, decided he would change the opinion of the world about him. He established the Nobel Peace Prize and, later, other international awards for science and literature which brought fame and honor to his name throughout the world as a benefactor of mankind.

What was it that shocked Nobel into changing his way of life? He saw the truth --about himself !

at this time of serious reflections
AT YIZKOR, IS ~~A MOMENT WHEN~~ WE SHOULD PRETEND TO READ OUR OWN OBITUARY --for the same reason: to see the naked truth about ourselves, --the truth others are perhaps too kind to tell us to our faces, but which we in our own hearts know only too well. What would our obituary be if it appeared today?

Will it be the story of strife and pursuit?
Will it be the story of an ~~endless~~ *ceaseless* race, a chase, ~~an unending~~ whose sole object ~~was~~ *is* to get to the head of the line?
What will be missing in the story of our life?
Will there be ~~at least~~ one good deed, for which we shall be gratefully remembered?

Will people say after us:

אשר יצאנו

May his memory be for a blessing !

Pharoah thought he was a great hero.--

To satisfy his lust, to win and to conquer and take vengeance

--these things marked the hero in Pharoah's eyes.

Too bad he never heard Ben Zoma's wise words:

Who is a hero? He who controls his lust

He who can master his evil impulse and urge

Our ideal is not Pharoah--not to satisfy ~~one's~~ lust, but to conquer it --
is the Jewish ideal,

not to take vengeance but to ~~make~~ turn an enemy into a friend is

our goal. *not only to pursue and take and divide the spoil, but also to give, to bestow, to help others should be our aim, not only to ~~succeed~~ succeed but also to win love and respect should be our hope.*

Shall we achieve it before our obituary is written?

Shall we leave enemies or only friends behind?

Insert: Dictation on tape!

Nobel changed course of his life, ^{he} by accident.

He saw truth, by chance, in a moment of illumination.

YIZKOR tries to create such a moment for everyone of us --

a moment of truth, of self-discovery and self-judgement.

so that like Alfred Nobel we might turn a reputation, ^{may it enhance our name and} ~~from~~ from evil

to good... *we will have self-satisfaction*

Our task in life is not to pursue and overtake

not to rob and divide spoil and satisfy our lust ---

but as someone so well said ~~mmm~~: *on*

on YOUR BIGGEST TASK IS NOT TO GET AHEAD OF OTHERS,

BUT TO SURPASS YOURSELF.... *ourselves*

we control ourselves but we can write our destiny by improving our way of life

INTRODUCTION TO KOL NIDRE NIGHT SERMON

September 25, 1974 ^{14 1975}

Once again, ^{we} ~~our~~ people have experienced ^{felt} the mystique of the Kol Nidre. The unknown genius who created this chant gave the Jewish soul its voice, A melody of pathos and tenderness. A love song if ever there was one. It begins softly ~~like a whisper~~, befitting the humility of the tormented conscience; it rises to its crescendo ^{suggesting our growing confidence as we, so to speak} ~~so that you can almost visualize the Jew straightening~~ out ^{our} ~~his~~ back and standing ^{our God hopeful} ~~erect~~ before his Maker, joyful at last ~~in the glow~~ of reconciliation and new love; and it ends with ~~quiet~~ serenity.

of all Jews

In tonight's service, we underscore symbolically the Unity & equality transition from dark gloom to radiant joy by entering the Temple, with its lights dimmed, emerging into new light after the Kol Nidre chant. The rabbis, cantor and some of the officers of the Congregation entered through the same door as everyone else, ^{this suggested} ~~in~~ keeping with the idea that we are equals in our ~~moral delinquency~~, equals in the need to rid ourselves of guilt, equals in our yearning for forgiveness, equals as petitioners who come in from the outside, so to speak, ~~eager to return~~, to be received into the brotherhood of Israel.

A very personal experience ^{recently} underscored this truth for me.

Signature