

Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

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Blazing a Trail Through Life, 1920.

LECTURE BY RABBI ABBA H. SILVER, ON "BLAZING

A TRAIL THROUGH LIFE," AT THE TEMPLE, EAST

55th STREET AND CENTRAL AVENUE, FEBRUARY 1,

1920, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We are indeed living in a wonderful age, and for no one is this age more wonderful than for the young went and the young woman. This age is wonderful because it is an age of youth. It is controlled by the impulses which characterize youth, and not old age. Our civilization today, our culture, our literature, our institutions are experiencing the pulsating throb of passionate, youthful ideals.

come, settle down to the staid, quiet, slow-moving life of age. (and those who are engaged at present in endeavoring to chill there warm currents of progressive thought in our land are engaged upon a futile task.) Our civilization to-day is wonderfully elastic, yielding, plastic, wonderfully susceptible to new ideas and new influences. You cannot stifle progress, you can not incarcerate the on-rushing spirit of the world, take, especially in our own land of freedom where men and women have had the tradition of a century of freedom. One cannot narrow or confine these fine, out-rushing and explosive ideas of the new life of today. Not even the absurdities of a Mr. Palmer, not

even the stupidities of a Mr. Sweet, not even the vulgarities and blunders of all the heresy hunters of our day
will succeed in aging and stultifying the spirit of
youth that is abroad in the land.

New, youth will make mistakes, but it is only by mistakes that we learn and achieve, and we want young men who are joing to continue the fine work of today and carry it on into the future. We want more especially the men whom life has favored, the sen who have enjoyed the privileges of education, of fine culture and an inspiriting environment, to lead in the world, the keep of the world young.

Unfortunately, the generation of the young men today, also of the young Jewish men and women today, is a generation of mediocrity. The are characterized by a frightful sameness. It is ordinary, very ordinary. man young man, and the young Jewish man and woman today, especially of the comfortable middle class, lack/# 3 cortain individuality. He is stamped with the stamp of class his group, and he seldom rises above the average of his class He lacks personality; he lacks spiritual initiative; he lacks spiritual enterprise and adventure. has all the virtues but also all the vices of the middleclass. He has a mind that, in spite of its training, is e very ordinary, mind. It is uncritical uncritical. a mind that takes its clue from the sentiment and opinion.

hand information, it is a mind that feeds on secondis a newspaper type of mind, it is a mind that is not
critically analytical, the does not separate the chaff
from the grain, that accepts rumor for truth.

The young man and woman of today, and the young Jewishman and woman of the middle class -- I mean, my friends, the ones I meet daily and come in daily contact with -- lack that lift, that enthusiasm, that transfiguring something which is characteristic of so many of the youngcompelling er generation in European lands. Their one desire in or these young people life is to get on or pass by someone. It is not Blaneful altogether foulty ambition to get on, to succeed, but I am afraid that the ambition is altogether too utilitarian: it too practical, it is too circumscribed; it is too The morals of the average young man of the midselfish. dle class are not bad, but they are not good. He does un lock are not virtuous, and cortainty not vicious, but they and women has a sense of but his charity and of kindliness, his and her life ais not domany one powering inated by sense of level service of their kinsmen and his of their people feller men. province Now, I do not desire to indulge in a general

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indictment. I know there are splendid and beautiful

But you will ague with me
exceptions to what I am saying, but I do helieve that if

you and I are really frank that we must come to acknowledge
the fact that the average young man and woman of our class

Class

-3-

they have fine qualities, there and women. They are frell of p But their promise is soldon frelp Perhaps they miss the knowledge Perhaps-they lack something which is characteristic of so many of the rounger generation a geropeza ignée. Marie en desire in life is to ret on or oggs by someons else. It is not as ALTOPOLICE Hawa Maisan Dillor To Cont. on. be sheeted. But I in all the the the state of the it is too or the too or one to the too or it is too service. The more service average roung man of the mine ale older are not out the test are not ere caple off of victors, out they are not virtions, and user that charity, and or bindliness, his and her life its hot four that some it is the politice of the same and between .signess at aff. to you, I do not deales to indisting in a deneral " inti west bree binnelds ore exect word I . tonminteni expections to what I om saving, but I do holionelibed. I

to feet the the everage young man and women of section

embelwante to a to a teat that en teat to a start one I bus up.

which we want rejaid today lack something. Is it a lack of spirituality?

Is it a lack of moral firmness? Is it a lack of vision?

Is it a lack of purpose? What is it?

of some of the fundamental things that go into the making of a successful life. I would have them incultated with them holy convictions that would save their lives from the morass of the ordinary and the average, and the plain and the uninteresting and the dowd. They all have gifts, and they all have capacities, and they all have latent powers, but somehow the atmosphere, the environment, the traditions of their group deaden, they extinguish the spark they make in their souls.

If I were to speak to them I would say to them, "Friends. you must fire get into your life a tone of confidence, which the average member of the middle classes lacks -- confidence not in your power to make a success in business or in your profession, but confidence to make of your life something supremely and superbly beautiful. I would try to have you gain of faith in yourself that are it within y cresselves to you, everyone of you, combecome a path-finder, one who will blaze a new trail through life. I would have you become conscious of the greatness, of the divinity, that is within you, but that which you are daily stifling and on can blose a new grant through the holding under. You can become a path-finder in any profession that you choose for yourself. You can develop your gifts and your talents to the nth power. "

4

Know thyself. You do not give yourself a chance. to know yourself, because you do not give your powers and your talents, all of them, a chance to express themselves You delimit and circumscribe and confine your lives; you have no confidence in yourself. I would great Believertille and the score of people who will tarent we with at me and say that I am inspired by the foolhardiness of and may horse dead way I grant when youth, that I lack expersince, that I do not know ways of the world, that I am arrogant; I would rather undertake to do that tremendously big thing rather than undertake to do a pittance, a tid-bit or reality, and have people say, "He is a practical, commonsense individual." In the doing of the big things I might commit tremendous blunders, but I might also gain tremendous inspiration. I might touch the very robe of the shachina. She Chin of God Himself.

"Gain a sense of dignity, a sense of dignity which will come as a direct result of this confidence that I would have you bring into your lives. Not to do things because people will praise you for them, but because your soul prompts you to their performance. And to keep yourself not from doing certain things/because people will censure you but because your soul revolts against the doing of these things. To feel that your soul is of God, something holy and something noble, is to keep you from doing those things that taint and defile and lower ."

"I would not be a quack doctor or dentist or a cheap lawyer, or a juggling real estate members, or a cheating, profiteering retailer, or a loud, dishonest salesman, or a bond manipulator, or a thumb-screw landlord, not because these things are to the discredit of men, but because my soul would not permit me. "That is the feeling that you and I ought to have. It is stooping, it is wallowing in the mud.

I would urge young men to keep themselves free
of the social taint, not because it will devastate their
physical lives, but because they will be besmirching their
God-given soul; because it is cheap; because it is not
the fine and the decent thing for brave men to do:
Because it is a confession of a moral debatcle, of a
moral disease, of a weakness, of a destruction of a
soul-discipline; because it is soft and weak. A sense
of dignity in life--that is of supreme importance.

sense of unity in their lives — What is character.

Character is nothing else but the harmonious organization of war life. What is culture? Culture is nothing else but the sum total of a beautiful and perfectly organized life. The cultured man does everything which rings true. Every act of his life is an emanation of his soul.

Every word, every expression is part of him; it is not occidental disjointed, it is not sporadic, it is not something of and by itself, but it is all part of a great unity in a soul.

A man who is a good husband, and a good friend and a charitable individual, but is a contemptible cheat in his business, lacks character. Why? Because there is no unity, there is no harmony, there is no honesty in his soul-organization. The mirror of his soul is cracked. The glass is all there, but it is not unified; it does not reflect the soul.

Your life must be dominated by one idea or it is a heap of links that are disjointed. There must be a controlling motif, just like a symphony is a motif, that occurs and recurs constantly, that holds the tones together, so must your life have the theme, the motif that will hold Italiansther. It must ring true, all of it.

If you have no idea back of your life, your life will be just a succession of discordant notes struck here and there, with no thought, with no idea, with no melody.

confidence, a sense of dignity, a sense of unity, and also a sense of obligation. The world owes you and me nothing. The world is not indebted to us for anything. We are indebted to the world for everything. There is not merit at all attached to superior mental endowments. If you have a fine mind you deserve no credit for it at all. That was given to you. You deserve no credit for having inherited wealth. If you have been blessed with a beautiful body, you deserve no especial commendation for it. That is your good fortune.

Merit is bestowed only upon the usage of qualities

liberal and abundant endowments of our lives, of mind and soul, that determines the credit that the world should bestow upon us. Nothing is more beautiful than a beautiful soul in a beautiful body. When you translate the beauty of yourself into the beauty of your soul, when you translate the mental equipment of your mind into acts of social beneficence, when you, in other words, become a blessing through the things with which you were blessed, then you are indeed deserving of merit and commendation.

A college education is a social investment.

Society invests in you and society anticipates a dividend appen its investment. If you utilize a college education merely for personal adornment, merely to give you an air of superiority, merely to justify yourself of exclusiveness, merely to make you an intellectual snob, then society has made an unfortunately poor investment in you. Society trains you because it needs leaders, because it needs path-finders, because it needs men and women to cut their way throughthe tangle and the wilderness and point the way for other men and women to follow.

And those who have enjoyed the privilege of higher education but have hegged their education unto themselves, without going forth into the highways and byways of life to share it with other men, have not paid

their honest debts to society. They stand accused of supreme selfishness.

There is something wrong with our education The European university will turn out young men and women who have a divine spirit of restlessness in them: young men who will initiate things, young men who will go forth with tremendous purposes in life, ready to do, whether it is to destroy or to create. But they are dynamic. They have translated their learning into emotions and ideals. The Latin quarter or the campus of a Europen university may become, as it has in the past, the starting point in a national uprising, in a revolution. The American campus will never become the battlefield for No revolution will ever begin in a college any ideas. campus. It is just the difference between an education aimed solely at polishing an individual, at finishing him -- the finishing school, at making him acceptable, refined, and dignified, and the college education which aims at a liberal education, a liberalizing education, an emancipating education, a dynamic education.

You men and women who have passed through the halls of universities and colleges do not forget that you are the emissaries of our civilization, that you are the trustees for the future. Do not forget that whereas society has enabled you, in some measure, to reach the peak and the pinnacle, that the millions in the masses are still groping in the dark of the valley. Do not for



a moment think that because men speak so honorably today of high wages, that all our social problems have been solved, that there is no poverty, and no misery, and no ignorance, and no superstition, and no hate, and no vulgarity, and no greed in the world. Nine-tenths of humanity are still groping in the fogs of the valley below, and it is your sacred duty to take the torch that has been placed in your hand and descend into the valley. That is where you belong. A social servant is what you are and what you ought to be.

A few days ago I read a book which I would recommend to every young man and woman within the sound of my voice, to read. It is called, "An American Idea." is the life of Carlton H. Parker, written by his wife. Mr. Parker died a year or two ago. He was professor of economics at the University of Washington. During the war Mr. Parker settled more strikes than any man in the He was the entrusted agent of the govern-United States. ment in all the terrible labor disputes and difficulties of the great Northwest. But/is not what he achieved that It is his life. The charelle is the supremely beautiful thing. This man was a miner, and a stevedore, and a farmer, and a doctor of philosophy. This manbegan his college life with one ideal--ramely, to get as much adventure, as much real relish and zest out of life that he possibly could. He was not going to rut heelf and routine himself, and

from the very start.

as that might be. He was going to wait, to experiment with his life, to try many things, to see the world, to see men of all classes, to live with men and work with them, and suffer with them, and them to understand them.

Up to the last year of his life, Carlton H. Parker had a terrible struggle to make ends meet. He was blessed with a wife that understood him and that understood life itself. She. too. was eager not for the success of life, not for the position of life, but for the adventure of life. for the God that is to be found in the adventure of life. Carlton H. Parker found, as most of us come sooner or later to find, that the real adventure of life is to be found not in traveling to foreign lands and distant shores, that sooner or later become terribly monotonous, but that the real adventure of life is to be found right where you/around the corner from you, in the manifold relationships that you can establish with your fellowmen, and in trying to understand them, their needs, their aims and their ideals; in reading yourself into their circumstances, and reading out of their souls some inspration for your souls; in spiritual adventure; being constantly on the alert for new ideas and new impressions and new sensations. That is the thing that makes life worth while, and that is the thing that so many of our young men and women of the middle class completely miss.

19

If I were to compose a creed for my own guidance through life, if I were to organize my life with the idea of becoming happy-not the sort of happiness that most people look forward to; this world is not a world of fools or a fool's paradise; we cannot be on the tiptoe of ex calerners excitement and pleasurable excitations all the time; have our sorrows and our disappointments and our failures and our bereavements, -- but if I were to organize my life, aiming towards the greatest amount of real happiness that I could get out of it, I would write down my creed something like this: first of all. I believe in myself. believe that God gave me as much of Himself as he gave unto any other being. I believe in the dignity and the nobility of the soul which God implanted in me. Even as I believe in myself I believe in my fellowmen, for they are like unto me in gifts and capacities. I believe in work. I believe in the adventure of life. I believe in saving my soul from wealth and from poverty, and from all physical circumstances of life, for I am greater than them, and they cannot touch my God-given soul and never growing old ... and the wrinkles and the deflated

10

physical constitution ought hever to make me old in soul and spirit. I believe in never growing surfeited with by living, in never cramming my soul full of life, in never and has taky properly the cup of life. I believe in disciplining myself to hunger sometimes, so as the second s

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owe a debt to humanity and the mind which He gave unto me is pure, and the mind which He gave unto me is pure, and the mind which He gave unto me in fine and active, and the education which society gave unto me, is an investment. I believe in service, first as a payment of a just debt, and, secondly, as the only avenue by which men and women ever can find or ever have found real, soul-contentment, and soul-satisfaction happing.

average and commonplace, and medicere. The one ambition of my mortal days would be to try to break through the mostal clouds and give myself a chance to rise above the dead level of medicrity, and then to raise others to lead, even as I first am content to follow--to be a path-finder, to blaze a trail through life. . . .