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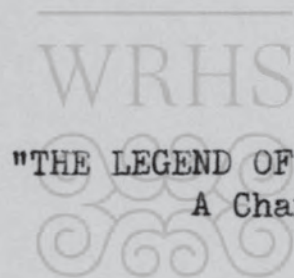
Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

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The Legend of the Buried Candelabrum, 1937.



"THE LEGEND OF THE BURIED CANDELABRUM"
A Chanukah Sermon

By
Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver

At
The Temple

On
Sunday morning, December 5, 1937

The most sacred symbol in the religion of our people is the Menorah, the seven-branched candelabrum. It is the oldest symbol. It was fashioned by Bezalel for Moses and was in the wandering sanctuary in the wilderness before the Children of Israel came to Palestine. The design of the Menorah is described in great detail twice in the Book of Exodus and again in the Book of Numbers.

This same Menorah was in the First Temple, the Temple which King Solomon built at Jerusalem. It stood in the Holy of Holies and its light shone from the table of ^{the} Shewboard and from the Altar of Incense. The same Menorah, or one similar unto it, was in the Second Temple. There was a legend that the Priests hid the Menorah just before the First Temple was destroyed and all trace of it was lost.

There was a Menorah standing in the same Holy of Holies in the Second Temple. It is the oil of that Menorah which was found in a little cruze after the Temple had been desecrated by the Greeks which miraculously was enough to last eight days that was responsible, so say the Rabbis in the Talmud, for the celebration of this Festival of Chanukah.

When Titus destroyed the Second Temple, all the precious vessels in the Temple were carried away from the Temple to Rome to be displayed in a triumphal procession. Among these precious objects was the Menorah. Titus had a great Arch built in the City of Rome to commemorate his victory over Judea. On the inside of the Arch, on the walls of the Arch he carved the figures of Jewish captives who were returning in triumphal procession ~~and~~ and one of them carried on his

shoulder a Menorah. The Arch of Titus still stands in the City of Rome one of the best preserved monuments of ancient Rome. So holy was this Menorah that a great deal of legend and mystery developed around it, quite naturally. The Rabbis said that the Menorah was fashioned out of one solid rock of gold. The gold was fashioned out of the Heavenly fires, out of the white, red, and black fires of creation. The seven branches of the Menorah symbolized the seven days of creation and the light of the Menorah came from the light of Heaven. The Menorah came to symbolize the faith of Israel for the Menorah gave forth light and light is the symbol of our faith and light is the greatest attribute which one can apply to God. "The Lord is my Light." "God is the light and soul of man." The soul of man is of the light of God.

Stefan Zweig, a well-known writer, who has written so many other fine and understanding books on Jewish life, notably among which is the great drama "Jeremiah", utilized this very symbol of the Menorah and built around it a legend which he called "The Buried Candelabrum". The Menorah having moved with Israel into exile from Jerusalem to Rome became, also, a symbol of the people in its wanderings, in its obscure destiny, its outreaching for light, for things of the soul. The return of the Menorah to Jerusalem became the symbol of the return of Israel to its home. The rich poetic fancy of the author plays upon this theme in great tenderness, with great reverence and gives us a very moving story as artistic as any of the legends which Christendom, for example, has built around the story of the "Quest of the Holy Grail" or round the argosy and the for the Golden Fleece."

It is the year 455 of the Common Era and Genseric and his Vandals are sacking the City of Rome. The great Roman Empire is in its last throes of desecration, decay. Systematically these Vandals are stripping the City of Rome of all its remaining wealth, "sine ferro et igne", without fire, without sword, quite systematically the Vandals go through the streets, houses, temples of Rome and carry away to be loaded on ships which will carry all the treasures of the Roman Empire to Carthage.

The Jews of Rome assembled in the house of one of their number on the left bank of the Tibre and they are praying. They are wrapped in white shrouds praying, fearful of what might happen.

In that prayerful host of people there appears a Jew Hyrcanus ben Hillel who is Master of the Imperial Mint who tells them that they have found it. One of the people turns to him and asks, "What is it they have found". "They have found the Menorah which had been hidden in the Treasury of Rome and the Vandals are about to carry it away to Carthage. He himself had begged Genseric to permit the Jews to keep the Menorah, and had said that the Jews were ready to pay ten fold the weight of the Menorah in Gold. He was refused. But he persisted. He was beaten and thrown out. What must be done now?

In the midst of this assembly there arises an old man eighty years old - Rabbi Eliezer who says that the Jews must go with the Menorah. "When the insignia of God wander, we must wander likewise." But only the old must go for the young must remain to carry on. Only men over seventy, and of them, if there are ten, they must go with the Menorah and with them must go one young child, one young lad who has to bear witness to the next generation. He will set eyes on the Menorah. That night, Rabbi Eliezer, ten elders and the little lad

of seven set out on the road to Portus, one of them carrying the precious holy Menorah. Through the night and the dawn they wandered.

Rabbi Eliezer takes occasion to explain to the little lad the meaning of the Menorah and the reason for the strange migration in the night.

"We walk along an ancient road, my child, on which our fathers and forefathers walked in days of yore. In ages past we were a nation of wanderers, as we have become once more, and as we are perhaps destined to remain until the end of time. Not like the other peoples have we lands of our own, where we can grow and harvest our crops. We move continually from place to place; and when we die, our graves are dug in foreign soil. Yet scattered though we are, flung like weeds into the furrows from north to south and from east to west, we have remained one people, united as is not other, held together by our God and our faith in him. Invisible is the tie which binds us, the invisible God. I know, child, that this passeth your understanding, for at your tender age you can grasp only the life of the senses, which perceive nothing but the corporeal, that which can be seen, touched, or tasted, like earth and wood and stone and brass. For that very reason the Gentiles, being children in mind, have made unto themselves gods of wood and stone and metal. We alone, we of the Chosen People, have no such tangible and visible gods (which we call idols), but an invisible God whom we know with an understanding that is above the senses. All our afflictions have come from this urge which drives us into the suprasensual, which makes us perpetual seekers for the invisible. But stronger is he who relies upon the invisible rather than on the visible and the palpable, since the latter

perisheth, whereas the former endureth forever. Spirit is in the end stronger than force. Therefore, and therefore alone, little Benjamin, have we lived on through the ages, outlasting time because we are pledged to the timeless, and only because we have been loyal to the invisible God has the invisible God kept faith with us.

"Child, these words of mine will be too deep for you. Often and often we elders are troubled because the God and the Justice in whom we believe are not visible in this our world. Still, even though you cannot now understand me, be not therefore troubled, but go on listening.'

"I listen, Rabbi," murmured the boy, bashful but ecstatic.'

"Filled with this faith in the invisible, our fathers and forefathers moved on through the world. To convince themselves of their own belief in this invisible God who never disclosed himself to their eyes and of whom no image may be graven, our ancestors made them a sign. For narrow is our understanding; the infinite is beyond our comprehension. Only from time to time does a shadow of the divine cast itself into our life here below. Fitfully and feebly a light from God's invisible countenance illumines our darkness. Hence, that we may be ever reminded of our duty to serve the invisible, which is justice and eternity and grace, we made the furniture of the Tabernacle, where God was unceasingly worshipped - made a Lampstand, called the Menorah, whose seven lamps burned unceasingly; and an altar whereon the shewbread was perpetually renewed. Misunderstand me not. These were not representations of the divine essence, such as the heathen impiously fashion. The holy emblems testified to our eternally watchful faith; and withersoever we wandered through

the world, the furnishings of the Holy Place wandered with us. Enclosed in the Ark of the Covenant, they were safeguarded in a Tabernacle, which our forefathers, homeless as are we this night, bore with them on their shoulders. When the Tabernacle with its sacred furniture rested, we likewise rested; when it was moved onward, we followed. Resting or journeying, by day or by night, for thousands of years we Jews thronged round this Holy of Holies; and as long as we preserve our sense of its sanctity, so long, even though dispersed among the heathen, we shall remain a united people.'

"Now listen. Among the furnishings of the Holy Place were the Altar of the Shewbread, which also bore the fruits of the earth in due season; the Vessels from which clouds^{of}/incense rose to heaven; and the Tables of Stone whereon God had written his Commandments. But the most conspicuous of all the furniture was a Lampstand whose lamps burned unceasingly to throw light on the Altar in the Holy of Holies. For God loves the light which he kindled; and we made this Lampstand in gratitude for the light which he bestowed on us to gladden our eyes. Of pure gold, of beaten work, was the Lampstand cunningly fashioned. Seven-branched was it, having a central stem and three branches on each side, every one with a bowl made like unto an almond with a knop and a flower, all beaten work of pure gold. When the seven lamps were lighted, each light rose above its golden flower^x, all beaten work of pure gold. When it burned before us on the Sabbath, our souls became temples of devotion. No other symbol on earth, therefore, is so dear to us as this Seven-Branched Lampstand, and wherever you find a Jew who continues to cherish his faith in the Holy One of Israel, no matter under which of the winds of heaven his

house stands, you will find in that house a model of the Menorah lifting its seven branches in prayer."

So he proceeds to tell Benjamin how this Menorah was like the great symbol of the faith of the invisible and the great spirit of Israel and he proceeds to tell him the whole history of the Menorah from the time of Bezalel and Moses to their own time. They finally come to Portus and see the Menorah loaded up to the boat. The little boy, Benjamin, agitated by all that he had heard during the night, tears himself away from his elders and attacks the slave who carries the Menorah to the gangplank. They fall in a scuffle and his arm is broken. Benjamin lives throughout his life with a withered arm. The ship sails away beyond the horizon to an unknown and obscure destiny.

And the legend goes on to tell how the years rolled on with the strange company who wandered that night from Rome to Portus - how finally none were left. All were gathered to their fathers. Only Benjamin remains, now a very ancient man, eighty years old. Death had spared him. He had seen kingdoms rise and fall but he himself survived. To what end? He knew not. They called him the man of the bitter soul because he had come through life with a withered arm which had touched the Menorah. Because he had seen the Menorah and because he was the sole survivor of those who had seen the Menorah, he was somehow linked up to the Menorah and with its return home.

On the Ninth Day of Ab, the Jews were assembled in the cemetery to mourn over the graves of their forefathers as well as to mourn over the destruction of the Temple. A stranger appears in their midst and brings the startling news that the Emperor of

Byzantium had attacked Carthage and had taken all the booty and had carried it to Constantinople. Among the booty carried away was the Menorah. The Menorah is again wandering across the sea to an unknown destiny. And Benjamin knows now why God had spared him. He who saw the beginning must now see the end. He must go to Byzantium to redeem the Menorah. The Jews of Rome send a young man along with Benjamin and gave him gold and silver with which to buy back the Menorah. They collected money of all the Jews in the diaspora to redeem the Menorah and just as eighty years before a company of Jews set out from Rome so again they set out in quest of the Menorah.

Benjamin comes to Byzantium. He is in the circus when the great procession marches in. Among the possessions is the Menorah, still unchanged as invincible as of old. His soul cries out "Ours, ours, for all eternity!"

He goes to the synagog at Pera. The synagog is crowded with Jews Not alone from that city but from neighboring cities as well. Envoys had been sent from the neighboring cities. They had heard that Benjamin was on way ~~to~~ to redeem the Menorah which he had seen eighty years before. Surely the Messiah must be at hand. Perhaps Benjamin was the forefunner of the Messiah. They kiss ^{the} ~~his~~ hem of his garment.

Benjamin is alarmed. He came here to see what had happened to the Menorah. He cannot perform miracles. But he is heartened by the fact that Zechariah, a goldsmith at the Treasury, had succeeded in doing what seemed to be impossible - he had arranged an audience for Benjamin with the emperor. Benjamin appeared before the Emperor. He brings him a gift taken from the site of the old

Temple of Solomon. He had heard that the emperor was about to build a church of St. Sophia. He brings him as a gift of good will the stone to be placed in the foundation of the church. In return he asks for the return of the Menorah for which the Jews would be glad to pay even ten times its weight in gold.

The emperor is bored. He dislikes the Jews. He dislikes all religions not of his faith. He says that if he is to permit the Menorah to go back to Jerusalem it will not go back in Jewish hands. It is to be sent to a church there. This would symbolize the triumph of his faith over the faith of Jewry.

Benjamin is shaken to his very depths by the decision of the king. He goes back to the synagog to report what had happened and to seek forgiveness and to bid the people farewell. His spirit was broken and he goes from the synagog in shame. Why was he picked out by God to be made the subject of mockery. He stumbles upon a pine tree and he falls asleep. He has a dream.

In his dream he sees a host of men wandering. He is in their midst. "In his dream, however, he had no inkling who these wanderers might be; but he felt brotherly sympathy for them, and their yearning and groaning in the unseen impressed him more lamentably than would have loud complaint.

"No one should be kept a wander like this, always through the darkness, and never knowing whither. No people can continue to live thus without home and without goal, always afoot and always in peril. A light must be kindled for them, a way must be shown them, or else this hunted, lost people will despair and will wither

into nothingness. Someone must lead them, must lead them home, throwing light on the path for them all. A light must be found; they need light.

"His eyes tingled with pain, so full of compassion was he for this lost people which, gently complaining and already reduced to despair, marched onward through the silent and lowering night. But as he, likewise despairing plumbed the distance with his gaze, it seemed to him as if, at the farthest limits of his vision, a faint light began to glow, the merest trace of a light, a spark or two, recalling the look of a will-o'-the wisp.

"We must follow that light," he murmured. "even if it be no more than a jack-o-latern. Perhaps, though it is a small light, we can kindle at it a great one. We must follow it and catch up with it, that light.

In his dream, Benjamin forgot that his limbs were old and feeble. Like an active boy, like the heathen god who was fabled to wear winged sandals, he speeded on his pursuit of the light. He pushed forward fiercely through the murmuring, shadowy crowd, which made way for him mistrustfully and angrily.

"'Keep your eyes fixed on the light, that light over there,' he called to them encouragingly. Nevertheless this depressed people moved on sluggishly, hanging their heads and groaning as they went. They could not see that distant light; perhaps their eyes were blinded with tears and their hearts enfeebled by their daily distresses. He himself, however, perceived the light ever more plainly. It consisted of seven little sparks which flickered side by side, looking like seven sisters. As he ran on and drew nearer while his heart throbbed violently with exertion and excitement, he saw that in front of him there must be a Lampstand, Seven-Branched,

which sustained and fed these little flames. That was but a guess, for the Lampstand itself was not yet visible. Nor could it be standing still, for it, too, was a-wander, even as the people who surrounded him were a-wander in the darkness, mysteriously hunted and driven by an evil wind. That was why the flames that flew before him did not show a steady light, nor a strong one, but were feeble and flickered uncertainly.'

"We must grasp it, must bring it to rest, the Lampstand," thought the dreamer, while the dream-image fled before him, 'for it will burn brightly and steadily and clearly as soon as it is at rest.'

"Blindly he ran onward to reach it, and nearer and nearer did he come to the Lampstand. Already he could see the golden stem and the upstanding branches, and in the seven knops of gold the seven flames, each of them blown flat by the wind, which continued to drive the Lampstand farther and farther across lowland and mountain and sea.

"Stay! Halt awhile!" he shouted. 'The people is perishing. It needs the consolation of the light, and cannot for ever and ever wander like this through the darkness.'

"But the Lampstand continued to advance, while its fleeing flames shone craftily and angrily. Then the hunter, too, grew wrathful. Summoning the last of his forces, for his heart was now beating furiously, he made a huge leap forward to grasp the fugitive Lampstand. Already his grip had closed upon the cool metal; already he had clenched his hand upon the heavy stem -- when a thunderbolt struck him to earth, splintering his arm. He yelled with the pain,

and as he did so there came an answering cry from the pursuing masses:

'Lost! For ever lost!'

"But see, the storm abated, the Lampstand ceased its wandering flight, to stand still and magnificent. Not to stand on the ground, in the air, firm and upright as if on an iron pedestal. Its seven flames, which had hitherto been pressed flat by the power of the wind, now streamed steadily upward in their golden splendour, giving off a more and more brilliant light. By degrees, so strong grew this light, that the whole expanse of heaven into which it shone was golden. As the man who had been struck down by the thunderbolt looked up confusedly to see those who had been wandering behind him through the darkness, he became aware that there was no longer night upon a trackless earth, and that those who had been following him were no more a wandering people. Fruitful and peaceful, cradled in the sea and shaded by mountains, was a southern land where palms and cedars swayed in a gentle breeze. There were vineyards, too, teeming with grapes; fields of golden grain; pastures swarming with sheep; gentle-footed gazelles at play. Men were quietly at work upon their own land, drawing water from the wells, driving ploughs, milking cows, sowing and harrowing and harvesting; surrounding their houses with beds of brightly coloured flowers. Children were singing songs and playing games. Herdsmen made music with their pipes; when night fell, the stars of peace shone down upon the slumbering houses.

"'What sort of country is this?' the astonished dreamer asked himself in his dream. 'Is this the same people that groaned and lamented as it fled through the darkness? Has it at length found peace? Has it, at long last, reached home?'

"Now the Lampstand rose higher in the sky and shone more gloriously. Its lights were like the light of the sun, illuminating sky and land to the very horizon. The mountain tops were revealed in its sheen; upon one of the lower hills gleamed white with might turrets a magnificent city, and amid the turrets projected a gigantic House built of hewn stone. The sleeper's heart throbbed again.

"'This must be Jerusalem and the Temple,' he panted. Thereupon the Lampstand moved on toward the city and the Temple. The walls gave way as if they had been water to let it pass, and now, as it flamed within the Holy Place, the Temple shone ~~xxx~~ white like alabaster.

"'The Lampstand has returned home,' muttered the sleeper. 'Someone has been able to do what I have ever yearned to do. Someone has redeemed the wandering Lampstand. I must see it with my own eyes, I, the witness. Once, more, once more, I shall behold the Menorah at rest in God's Holy Place.'

"As the winds carry a cloud, so did his wish carry him wither he wanted to go. The gates sprang open to admit him, and he entered the Holy of Holies to behold the Lampstand. Incredibly strong was the light. Like white fire, the seven flames of the Lampstand blazed up together in one huge flame, so bright that it dazzled and hurt, and he cried aloud in his dream. He awoke."

And as he awakes he finds the hand of his friend Zechariah on his shoulder. Zechariah wanted him to come to his workshop. He has something to show Benjamin. Benjamin went with him, he who was in the Treasury of the emperor. And Zechariah told him that he had the Menorah in the workshop. It was customary for him to pass on all valuable treasures. And it was also necessary for him to make replicas from time to time. He was determined to make

a duplicate of the real Menorah so that the spurious one could be sent away and the real Menorah could remain with them. And for seven days the artist worked and made an exact replica of the Menorah. It was made so perfectly in weight and measure that he himself was afraid ~~xx~~ that he would not know the difference. So he made a tiny mark in the pistil of one of the flowers.

Benjamin refused to do this. He thinks that it would be cheating and does not wish to capture the Menorah through cheating.

But what if the Treasurer himself were to make the selection? The Treasurer is called and is told that Zechariah had made this Menorah and he asks him to choose which is the one. He tosses a coin. To the Greeks fall the spurious Menorah and to the Jews remain fell the real Menorah. The real Menorah remained with Benjamin. Benjamin tells Zechariah to make a coffin and to place the Menorah in it. He will take it to Palestine.

Zechariah is astonished and asks in surprise, "A coffin?"

"Be not astonished. This matter, too, I have thought over during these seven days and nights - how we can best give the Lampstand peace. Like you, my first thought was that, if we should succeed in rescuing the Menorah, it ought to belong to our people, which should preserve it as the most sacred of pledges. But our people, where is it, and where is its abiding-place? We are hunted hither and thither, only tolerated at best whithersoever we go. There is no place known to me where the Lampstand could be kept in safety. When we have a house of our own, we are liable from moment to moment to be driven out of it; where we build a Temple, the Gentiles destroy it; as long as the rule of force prevails, the Menorah cannot find peace on earth. Only under the earth is there peace. There the dead rest

from their wanderings; if there be gold there, it is not seen, and therefore cannot stimulate greed. In peace, the Menorah, having returned home after a thousand years of wanderings, can rest under the ground.'

"'For ever?' Zechariah was astounded. 'Do you mean to bury the Menorah for ever?'

"'How can a mortal talk of 'for ever'? Who can tell, when man proposes, that God will dispose accordingly for ever? I want to put the Lampstand to rest, but God alone knows how long it will rest. I can do a deed, but what will be the upshot thereof I cannot tell, who, like a mortal, must think in terms of time and not of eternity. God will decide, he alone shall determine the fate of the Menorah. I intend to bury it, for that seems to me the only way to keep it safe - but for how long, I cannot tell. Perhaps God will leave it for ever in darkness, and in that case our people must wander for ever unconsolated, dispersed like dust, scattered over the face of the earth. Maybe, however, and my heart is full of hope, maybe he will one day decide that our people shall return home. Then -- you can believe, as I believe -- he will choose one who by chance will thrust his spade where the Menorah lies, and will find the buried treasure, as God found me to bring the weary Lampstand to its rest. Do not trouble yourself about the decision, which we shall leave to God and to time. Even though the Lampstand should be accounted lost, we, the Chosen People, fulfilling one of God's mysterious purposes, shall not be lost. Juast as the Chosen People will not fade out of existence in the obscurity of time, so gold that is buried underground does not crumble or perish as will our mortal bodies. Both will endure, the Chosen people and the Menorah. Let us have faith, then,

that the Menorah which we are about to inter will rise again some day, to shed new light for the Chosen People when it returns home. Faith is the one thing that matters, for only while our faith lasts shall we endure as a people."

And in this coffin they place the Menorah. And Benjamin takes the coffin with the Menorah to Palestine. And there he decides to bury it somewhere unknown to anyone, in secret and in silence. He hires a servant and together they wander out across the fields for miles and miles until they come to a spot under a tree where they dig a grave and place the Menorah therein. Benjamin pronounces the blessing of the dead in the hope of resurrection.

There, alone, he walks through the night. His work is done. His mission is fulfilled. He walks on as he did eighty years before then from Rome to Portus but now on the road between Joppa and Jerusalem. The next morning a traveler found him dead. But his eyes were full of life and in their pupils was the glory of Heaven reflected; and his lips were closed as though they kept the great secret. And the legend closes.

"A few weeks later, the spurious lampstand was likewise brought to Palestine, and, in accordance with Justinian's command, was placed beneath the altar in the church at Jerusalem. Not long, however, did it there abide. The Persians invaded the Holy City, seized the seven-branched candlestick, and broke it up in order to make golden clasps for their wives and a golden chain for their king. Time continually destroys the work of human hands and frustrates human design; and so, now, was the emblem destroyed which Zechariah the goldsmith had made in imitation of the Holy Candelabrum, and its trace for ever lost.

"Hidden, however, in its secret tomb, there still watches and waits the everlasting Menorah, unrecognized and unimpaired. Over it have raged the storms of time. Century after century the nations have disputed one with another for possession of the Land of Promise. Generation after generation has awakened and then has slept; but no robber could seize the sacred emblem, nor could greed destroy it. Often enough, a hasty foot passes over the ground beneath which it lies; often enough a weary traveller sleeps for an hour or two by the wayside close to which the Lampstand slumbers; but no one has the slightest inkling of its presence, nor have the curious ever dug down into the depths where it lies entombed. Like all God's mysteries, it rests in the darkness through the ages. Nor can anyone tell whether it will remain thus for ever and for ever, hidden away and lost to its people who still know no peace in their wanderings through the lands of the Gentiles; or whether, at length someone will dig up the Menorah on that day when the Jews come once more into their own, and that then the Seven-Branched Lampstand will its gentle diffuse/light in the Temple of Peace."

1- Most sacred symbol in 1/2 way - Bezalel ordered to fashion it for wandering
Sanctuary in wilderness. Its design described in fullest detail in Ex. & Num.
It was in first Temple of Solomon - Holy of Holies - Shone over Table of Shewbread
& Altar of Incense.
That M. - a snake on - was in 2nd Temple - There is a Creed that First
was hidden by priests - & all traces lost -
This 1/2 way - ^{Charnel House} - carried in triumph ^{King} Arch - Passages - Still stands
- the best preserved monument of Ancient Rome.

So Holy - mystic significance. 7 days of Creation. Center - Sabbath.
7 Heavens - Illumination from Heaven - Gold forked out
of white - red - black and Green Fires.
Light! Spirit! God is light - & soul, man is earth.

2/ S. 2. - who wrote so many other fine & understanding things at 1/2 way e.g.
"Jerusalem" - ~~a more recently "described symbol"~~ - utilized the ^{true} symbolic
value of M. for a beautiful legend which he creates in his "Book of
Homer" followed the Jews into Exile - to Rome - ^{in fact & history unknown} it became also a
symbol of the people of Israel - its wanderings - its struggle - its
striving for light, and the things, the spirit. The return, the M. to
its home - in P. - became a symbol of the people's return to its home-land.
The rich poetic fancy of the author plays with this intensity & reverence
motif with exquisite tenderness & reverence. The result is a moving
^{& exalting} and artistic creation comparable to the best legends which e.g.
Chaucer has woven round the Quest, the Holy Grail - or the
ancient round the "Argosy" of the Search for the Golden Fleece.

3/11 in the year 455 - Severus and his Vandals - are sacking Rome.
systematically "si ne ferro et igne", stripping all its wealth - loading
Caithope - 13 days.

Sever assembled in the house of a dyeer - on the left bank, Tiber -
- white shrouds - praying -

Hyrcanus b. Hillel - Master, the Imperial Mint - "they have found it"

To be carried off on the morrow - Portus - Caithope

He had begged - refused - when visited - beaten & thrown out
What must he do? R. Eliezer - oldest wisest - pure & clear 1.17.11 17
So yes, do - "Must go with it". "When the insignia of God
wander, we must wander Akumsi".

Only the old must go - men over 70 - of whom there are 10.
And one boy - "to bear witness to the next generation. He
will set eyes on M - and pass on knowledge & mission to posterity.
And that night - the Ten - and R. Eliezer - and a little lad of 7 -
Benjamin, young dyeer, set out on Road to Portus, following
the carts -

Through the night and the dawn they wander - R. Eliezer explains
to lad - meaning, M - and their strange migration. (37) 40

Benjamin attacks slave - scuffle - arm broken, lived on
with withered arm - ships sails away hey and ho in
carrying its sharp & precious freight

4/ The Legend goes on to tell - how the years rolled on - The strange
company - had all been gathered to their fathers. Only B. remained -
an ancient man now - 50 yrs older - death spared him. He
saw kingdoms rise & fall. Emperors reign & perish. He survived -
to what end? He knew not. They called him 1.17.11 Revered -
But hee. he had seen M - The old survivor - destiny looked up

with it - with its return to its home -

On 9th of Ab - Cemetery - Stranger from Carthage - Justinian,
Emperor of Byzantium - Took city - Proty - Carved off M.

For another triumph - M. again to wander. To cross seas.

B. knows now why God had spared him. Saw the beginning
must see the End. Must go to Byzantium! Redeem M.

Jews of Rome - send a young man with him - Give him gold etc
write letters - to collect funds -

And, as so yes before, accompany him on Road to Portus.

Circus - Parade of Vitorious army - carry M. - "unchanged,
undamaged and uninvincible" -

"Ours, ours, ours, for all Eternity".

Go to Synagogue at Pera - further side of Golden Horn
Crowded - europe - explained diaspora - Memah -
Kiss his garment - Weep for Day.

Benj. alarmed - What did they expect of him - Save her just to
see what would happen to M. - Mercedes.

Heartened by fact that, then Zachariah, a goldsmith at the
Treasury of the Emperor, arranged to have audience granted
by Emperor.

Stone from Temple of Solomon for "Hag'a Sophia" - Trifle

Bored - Hates Jews - Go to Jerusalem - but to Church
Theodora, under altar -

Shaken to depths - Pera - bid fare well - Failed -
Resentful - ~~III~~

5/. Flees from his shame into the night. Butter. Why was he perked out
of all men. Stumbles upon a pine tree - which kept watch over
a trunk. Fatigue over comes him - Dreams. Marching at the
head of a wondrous procession - Wanders all (111)

6/. Feels a Gentle touch - Zeechariah - Work shifts - Has the M!
- duplicator - reflexion - No one will be able to tell them
apart!

Within 7 days - Same size - hint - measures swept -
prised & one of flowers - tiny mark.

Benj. refuses - cheating - You receive one. You give back
another - God does not approve of Force - Without arms!

What if Treasures should hurry down for M?

Coin

A coffin. (134)

Softly place it - Parchment - lead tube - hermetically
sealed - Private & secret burial - Fun Keeper - Make
and his own servant!

Doubt - How dared he withhold from them the Truth (140)

Sign - Beast indicates exact place. Tree - open field -

Burial M. - 222.

Wakes them up - Near Ramleh - Eyes full, bright - In
their faces the glory of heaven reflected - Lips - firmly closed.

(148)

1. Most sacred - Bezabel - design -
Q in 1st Temple - Holy of Holies - Shone.
This M - or similar - legend - 2nd T. וְאֵלֶּיךָ
Titus - Arch - still stands.
So Holy - 7 days - Heavens - Illumined - Fires.
Light + Spirit - God is light - Man's Soul - אִנְיוֹן

2. Stephan Zweig - who wrote - "Jeremiah" utilized.

M., having followed - its fate -

The return -

The rich poetic Fayer - infinite tenderness + unbroken -



1. Willard - To play Tues. Wed.
2. Traffi Open " "
3. Goldfarb -

150

910

120

