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Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

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What a man thinks about on his birthday, 1956.

WHAT A MAN THINKS ABOUT ON HIS BIRTHDAY

ABBA HILLEL SILVER

January 29, 1956

What does a man think about on his birthday? Well, it all depends on the man, and on what birthday he is celebrating. If it's his twenty-first birthday, he is likely to entertain a certain set of thoughts which may be quite different from the set of thoughts which he would be entertaining if he were celebrating his sixty-first or seventy-first birthday. And much depends also on the temperament of the man - and upon his experiences - and upon all the things which led up to the particular birthday which he was celebrating.

At the age of twenty-three, John Milton, the famous English poet, was already complaining:

"How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
stolen on his wings my three and twentieth year!"

And the poet Byron, wrote on the day that he completed his thirty-sixth year:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."

So at twenty-three, Milton believed himself robbed of his youth, although some of the greatest poetry which he wrote, he composed when he was sixty, when he had written "Paradise Lost", and Byron at thirty-six, felt that his life had withered utterly.

But at the age of ninety, Tennyson, at the close of a long creative life, was preparing himself, without any sadness of farewell, for the one clear call which would summon him to put forth to sea again - on another exciting journey - which would carry him

beyond the bourn of time and place - confident that he would meet his Pilot face to face, when he had crost the bar.

So a good deal depends upon the man. Different people think of different things on their birthdays. Children and young people and sometimes older people, think of birthdays in connection with birthday gifts. It is not that they are mercenary, or that they are covetous, or that they lack sentiment. Not at all, but everybody likes to receive presents. It is something unearned, and unexpected, although when we fail to get them we feel that we have somehow been denied something which we really earned and had a right to expect. I must confess, that in my youth, and later on, in the early days of my ministry, my birthdays had some such practical interest for me. I recall that I used to enjoy smoking, and on my birthday my friends would remember me with boxes of cigars - enough to last me until my next birthday. But then I stopped smoking, and the word got about that I wasn't smoking any more, so that the boxes of cigars stopped coming on my birthdays, and there were no substitutes, so that I lost interest in the possible practical import of my birthdays. And I find no particular excitement in the fact that on each birthday, I am a year older. I have never craved venerability, and I have never sought to impress people with my weight of years.

In this regard I am very much like my "zelig" mother, who died at eighty-seven, but who was never older than sixty! Whenever she was asked, in her later years, how ~~old~~ she was, she would answer that she wasn't exactly sure, either sixty or fifty-nine! And my "zelig" father would nod his head, as if in agreement, and with a rather roguish gleam in his eye, he would utter just two words, "higher mathematics." Mother had arrived at her own system of

calculation - a sort of "higher mathematics" which completely ignored the calendar commonly in vogue among other people.

And when you come to think about it, there is something quite deceptive about our calendars. Take the year in which we are now living, 1956 A.D. (anno Domini) 1956 since the birth of Jesus. But actually Jesus was born in 4 B.C., so that this year 1956 should actually be 1952. And then somewhere around the year 1582, Pope Gregory the XIII decided to reform the calendar, and decreed that October 5th of that year should be followed not by October 6th, but by October 15th, and arbitrarily pushed the date ten days ahead, so that today's date, January 29th, should actually be January 19th. Calendars are really strange things. We begin the year, which should begin actually in the spring, we begin the year illogically in mid-winter, in January. We begin the day, which should begin at dawn, in the darkness of midnight. And we give strange names to our months. We call our ninth month of the year, September - and September actually means the seventh month. And the same way with the tenth month, October. October means the eighth month. And the eleventh month we call November. Actually, November means the ninth. And December, which is our twelfth month, actually means the tenth. And our days - the days of the week are named after non-existent Pagan Gods and Goddesses, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday -- so much so that Quakers will not call the names of the week by the names we use, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, but call them the first day, the second day and third day, the same as the Jews do in their Hebrew calendar. And the Jewish calendar is equally confusing. The year begins in Nisan, but we celebrate New Years seven months later in Tishri. And this year is 5716, since creation, on the calendar. And everybody knows that nobody knows when the world was created. And certainly the world has been in existence hundreds of

thousands of years.

When I was born, my parents recorded the date of my birth as the sixth day of Shebat, in the year 5,653. But the sixth day of Shebat, in the Jewish Lunar Calendar, may correspond to any date between the eighth and the twenty-eighth day on the ^{solar} calendar. So that when I was registered in public school, and my teacher asked me the date of my birth, I was in a quandry. I couldn't tell this lovely Irish woman that I was born on the sixth day of Shebat in the year five thousand six hundred and fifty three. Nor could I tell her that I was born somewhere between the eighth and the twenty-eighth of January, inclusive. So that I settled with hard determination, on January 28th and to this day when I observe my birthday, I don't know who is fooling who. So that, except for dating letters and checks, I too, as I grow older, am inclined like my mother "zelig" to ignore the calendar altogether, with all its dubious and deceptive reckoning of time. And I shall soon be inclined to exercise the privilege of Pope Gregory the XIII, only, in reverse. I shall have October 15th followed ^{every year} by October 6th, and so I shall get younger every year, as I get older.

And there is another reason why I shy away from birthdays. I was given a wonderful birthday party, as you may recall, three years ago. It was celebrated here in this community and in quite a number of other communities in this land and abroad. It was all very pleasant, but it made me conscious for the first time of my age. I convinced myself, that I should feel older, if only out of deference of my friends who were celebrating my birthday. I couldn't let them down. They said I had reached a milestone and I had to display this milestone that I had reached. And so I began talking about advancing age and began acting accordingly. And just quite recently I was beginning to free myself from this hypnotic spell of the calendar, when the Chairman

of The Temple's Men's Club came to me and suggested that I ~~see-k~~ speak at the service this morning on "What a Man Thinks About on His Birthday", and then I felt myself back again with the old man calendar. Back again in a world of sad and lugubrious reflections, which a man who has passed an important milestone in his life, ought to be indulging himself in. And I was reaching for the text - went right back to the Book of Ecclesiastes * * * * Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, and then I bethought myself of the "higher mathematics" of my "zelig" mother, and I stepped out deliberately of the solar calendar and the lunar calendar, into this pleasant world of just being alive.

As a child I was taught to welcome each new day - each new day - with thanksgiving. Always to remember that life is good and is a gracious gift of God. Always to be thankful to Him, who in His mercy gives light to the earth, to all who dwell upon it, and who in His goodness renews daily the work of creation. * * * * * How manifold and how glorious are His works! I was taught to view the world, and all that is therein, always with wonderment, with reverence, with delight and with thanksgiving. Each day a new creation! Every day a fresh beginning!

And as we grow older, and the number of these thrilling renewals diminishes - as of necessity it must - the value of each day becomes ever more precious - more desirable.

Each day, whether in youth, or in middle age, or in old age, each day is something timeless, something date-less- something which has nothing to do with the calendar, something limit-less in its possibilities.

Each day is a birthday - the rebirth of oneself to a new and gloriously exciting world. "When one has much to put into them, a day has a hundred pockets". This is a profound saying of Nietche.

"When one has much to put into them, a day has a hundred pockets." And it is a supreme privilege, as the Psalmists put it, "To walk before the Lord in the Land of the living," and "to see all the goodness of God * * * * in the land of life."

A good deal depends upon a man's temperament - upon a man's training, as regards his attitudes towards life and time. In my childhood I was taught to bless God for His bounty. And in our home there wasn't an unusual bounty of things -- to bless God for his bounty. For bread and fruit and wine, for spices and fragrant plants, and for all the goodness and the beauty and the joy that are in the world. I remember that I was taught the words of a famous rabbi of long ago, Rabbi Judah: "In the spring, when a man goes forth and sees beautiful trees swaying in the breeze, he should stop and offer a prayer;" and this is the prayer which he should offer - "Blessed is the Lord for having created a world in which nothing is wanting and for having fashioned living things and beautiful trees and plants to delight the heart of man." Delight which never diminishes with advancing years of a man's life.

I listened to the joyous blessing which was always chanted at wedding feasts, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who hast created joy and gladness, bridegroom and bride, mirth and exaltation, pleasure and delight, love, brotherliness, peace and friendliness." And I have never lost that grateful feeling for life rather the blessings of life have taken on profounder meaning as they become illumined with memory and personal experience.

So a good resolution, my friends, on any birthday, is to try not to lose the awareness of the privilege of living, nor the spirit of thanksgiving for its manifold gifts. There are all too many people who squander these gifts. Some are not even aware that they are gifts. Some are blind to the color and deaf to the music of the world --

"They have eyes that see not and ears but hear not." In a world where there are so many opportunities for self-expression and fulfillment for growth and development, there are people who are simply enclosed and congealed and frozen. Never give themselves a chance to expand, to open up, to invite the world to come into their lives. In the very midst of their families, of wife, or husband or children, some people remain benumbed as it were, self-centered, solitary. Their lives do not link up with other lives, In a community where friendship and neighborliness may be had for the asking, may be had for the seeking, there are people who remain secluded and alone, as if they were living on a desert island. And so, if one is really inclined to take stock on his birthday, here are items to check off. And it is never too late - never too late to make the fresh start - never too late to seek the newer world - never. That's one good resolution to make. Not to lose the awareness of the privilege of living. Not the privilege of having, or accumulating, or amassing-- not outer trappings - not things, but simply the sheer privilege of being alive in a living thrilling world where one can derive so much enrichment of soul, elevation of mind and profound satisfactions. Never to lose the spirit of thanksgiving and the manifold gifts which are within the reach of everybody.

And another good resolution to make on one's birthday regardless what that birthday is, and especially for one whose ~~sun~~ sun has begun to enter the western skies, is not to relinquish work, not to abandon plans, dreams, but to adjust one's work, or take on new work, more suitable to one's years and more congenial to one's ultimate interests in life.

"God pity the little that's left of a man
When the last of his dreams is dead."

wrote a poet. "God pity the little that's left of a man, When the last of his dreams is dead." We die when our work is done, and when

our last dream is ended. We can continue to exist, but we are dead, if we have no more work to do in the world, no gleam to follow, no hope to reach up to, nothing worth while to do. A man should always live, whether he is twenty, or fifty or seventy or eighty, with much work still to be done. Always aware of the fact that there is still much work to be done. That he is trying to do it. * * * The day is short. * * * * But the work is much. There must always be that tension and pressure in one's life to make one feel alive. We must never permit ourselves to rust in inactivity. The years should bring us the philosophic mind, but not the inert mind, not the sluggish mind, not the mind that deliberately goes into the stupor of sleep.

The oncoming years will probably quiet the wild tumult of our earlier ambitions. The advancing years will probably quiet the chaos of our youthful passions. We will probably wish to return from much restless wanderings to our old accustomed altars, to the restfulness of the habitual ways of life. That's all right. That is as it must be. But we should never abandon the eager quest of the tranquil mind, or turn away from the untraveled roads of knowledge - or of self-improvement - or community service - or helping in all things which build the good society. Of planting for the future - for the next generation, even as others have planted for us of this generation. We must never lose sight of our responsibility to the past and to the future. I am sure that the years will teach us the vanity of many things, but they should also instruct us in the enduring value of many things. They should give us a true scale of priorities. Sometimes during the heat of our furious pursuits of our middle age, of our youth, we are not in position to fix upon priorities in life -- which should have prior claim upon our energies, upon our loyalties -- which come first and which are secondary. As we get older comes the seasoned wisdom which teaches us that in the years that remain certain things ought to claim

p riority of us. But to these priorities of life we should devote ourselves with utmost energy and with all the garnered wisdom of our days. The day is short - the work is much. Each age has its gifts - its tasks - its opportunities. There is beauty in the dawn - there is also beauty in the evening sky. There is a flame in sun rise - there is also glorious flame in sunset.

One of the ^{great} famous rabbis who founded the famous school in Babylonia, one of the leading rabbis of the Talmud, composed a beautiful prayer which is incorporated in our prayer book and is recited on the Sabbath which ushers in the new ~~month~~ month. It is a good prayer to recite on the Sabbath which ushers in a New Year. And it is a good prayer to recite on any birthday. And this is the prayer:

May it be thy will, O Lord our God and God of our fathers, to renew unto us this coming month, this coming year, for good and for blessing. O grant us long life, a life of peace, of good, of blessing, of sustenance, of bodily vigour, a life marked by the service of God and the fear of sin, a life free from shame and reproach, a life of prosperity and honor, a life in which the love of the Torah and the service of God shall cleave to us, a life in which the desires of our heart shall be fulfilled for good.
Amen. (Selah.)

I don't know of a lovelier prayer that any man could recite on his birthday and it is the prayer that I recite this morning.
Amen.

Asterisks denote the omission of the Hebrew.

1) What Does a Man Think About on His Birthday? sermon 829

Well, it all depends on the man - and on what Birthday
it is he is celebrating

If it is a man's 21st - he likely to think ~~about~~ enter into
other thoughts - that if it is his 61st or 71st.

And much depends ~~on~~ also on the upbringing, the
man - and his experiences during the years leading up
to the birthday which he is celebrating.

At the age of 23 - John Milton - was already com-
plaining: "How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of
youth, stolen on his wings my three and twentieth year!"

And Byron wrote on the day that he completed his
36th year: "My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone"

At 23 - Milton ~~felt~~ ^{believed} himself robbed of his youth
And Byron at 36 - felt that his ~~days~~ ^{life} ~~was~~ had
withered away.

But at 90 - Benjamin Franklin - at the close of one long, creative
life - was preparing himself ^{without any solemnity or parade} for the
world without ^{the} clear call which -
another Franklin journey - what would any man brand

this morning, Turn and Place - confident that he would see his Pilot face to face, when he had crossed the bar.

2) Different people think of diff. things on their birthdays.
Children and young people and sometimes older people too think of birthday gifts. It isn't that they are mean ceremony - or conventions - or lack sentiment - but every body likes to receive presents - It is something unearned and unexpected - even then and when we fail to get them we feel that we have been denied something which we have really earned - and had a right to expect.

WRHS AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES
② I must confess that in my youth - and in the earlier days of my marriage - my birthdays had some real practical interest for me - I recall that I used to enjoy smoking and on my birthdays very friendly would remember me with boxes of cigars - enough to last me until my

next birthday
But then I stopped smoking - and would get around that I wasn't smoking any more - and the boxes ^{would} ~~would~~ have ^{been} ~~been~~ no substitutes - so that I lost interest in the practical interest of my birthdays -

3). And I find no particular statement in the fact that (3)
on each birthday I am a year older. I have never craved
venerability! I have never sought to impress people
with my weight of years!

4). In this regard I am very much like my "Zelig" mother
who died at 67. But who was never older than 60!
Whenever she was asked in her later years how old she
was - she would answer that she wasn't exactly 60 -
either 60 or 59! My "Zelig" father would then nod
his head as if in agreement - and with a royal
sneer on his eye - he would utter just two words -
"higher mathematics." Mother had arrived at her
own system of calculation - which completely ignored
the calendar commonly in vogue! - dreadful, it

5). When you come to think about it there is considerable
incongruities (depths) in our calendar!

Take the year 1956 A.D. - Actually, Jews are born 4122.
So that 1956 should really be 1952.

Somewhere around the year 1582 - Pope Gregory XIII
reformed the calendar - and decreed that Oct 2nd, that
year - should be followed not by Oct. 6th but by Oct.
15th - and arbitrarily pushed the date few days ahead!

So that to-day's date - Jan. 29 - should actually be Jan. 19th.

Calculations are really funny things - We begin the year elliptically in mid-winter Jan. 1; we begin the day & really elliptically in the third darkness, midnight!

We call our 9th month, the year - September - about month 7th
October ... 8th
November ... 9th
December ... 10th

Days - Pagan gods & goddesses - Ladies. Year

6/ Had the Jewish calendar is a really unreliable conspiracy. The year began in 1515. But we abstract the year - 7 months later in 1522. And we maintain that the world was created 5716 years ago - when began them that the world is numbered, thousands / years -

7/ When I was born - my parents recorded the date of my birth as 6th / Oct in the year 5653. But the 6th / Oct in the Roman calendar may correspond to any date but the 25th in the 28th January in the War calendar. When I went to school and was asked for my birth date, I said I couldn't remember the date, the 6th / Oct - we could tell he that I am born somewhere between the 5th and the 25th, Jan. included - So I settled with fixed determination on Jan. 28. - and when I calculate

my birthday - I never knew who is looking whom! 15

8. / So that, except for reading letters and sheets, I, too, as I
get older am inclined, like my mother ^{is} to ignore the
calendar and its very ambitious and deftly reckoning of
time.

and I shall soon ^{be inclined to} perceive Pop Suzuki's paradox -
only on the reverse - I shall have made Oct. 15th followed by
Oct 6th - and so get every year younger as I get older!

9. There is another reason - why I shy away, butters -
I was given a wonderful birthday party 3 yrs ago - here
and the way it took and altered

It was all very pleasant - but it made me for the first
time very conscious of my age

I cringed in my mind that I should feel older - and depress
to my friends who celebrated my birthday

I couldn't let them down - They said that I had reached
a milestone. It was up to me to display the milestone

I began talking about advancing age - and acting

~~being~~ accidentally
I was fortunate to free myself from this hypnotic spell

When the chairman, Mavis Ould - "What a man thinks
about on his birthday!" - and I was right back again -
in the world of sad and lugubrious reflections - which
is a man who had passed a so important milestone in life
should enter his!

And I felt Tatt - 1/20 5/20 -
and then I better myself, with the 'pig' - "high mathematics"
and I kept out, the solar & lunar calendars into
the pleasant world, just being alive!

10/ As a child I was taught to welcome each new
day with thanksgiving - always to remember that life is good and
to be good to all - who in His mercy gives light
to the earth and to all who dwell upon it. and who in
His goodness renews ~~the~~ daily the world's creation!
How many old are 12/10 - How many old are

They work!
I was taught to view the world and that is there in
with wonderment with reverence, with delight, with gratitude
Each day a new creation! Every day a fresh
beginning!

And as one grows older, and the number, then

peace and friendship -

I have never lost that grateful feeling for life ~~which~~ with my advancing years. - Rather - the ~~the~~ blessings took on far greater meaning as they became identified with memory and personal experiences.

11) ^{So} A good resolution - not to lose this awareness, the privilege of being alive - of the spirit of thanksgiving for its manifold gifts -

Some regard these gifts - some are not even aware that they are gifts - some are blind to the color and deep of the music, the in world - Eyes have they...

In a world where so many opportunities exist for expression and fulfillment, they are frozen and rendered, in the very credit, their families - wife, and children, when one's duties may seem deep, the well-spring, but - they are solitary

In ~~the~~ ^{an} community - where friendship and neighborliness are to be had for the seeking - they remain secluded - and ~~separated~~ alone

If one is inclined to talk about on his best day - here are items to check off - And it is never too late to make a fresh start

12) It is never too late to seek a new world

12) Another good resolution ^{on this best day} - ^{- again when your heart is} ~~is~~ ^{not} to relinquish work, but as plans or dreams, but to take on a fresh and new work - a talk on new work more

suitable to our years - and more congenial to our retained (9
interests in life.

" God pity the little that's left of a man

" When the last of his dreams is dead"

We die when our work is done, and when our last dream is
ended.

But a man should always live with much work still

to be done - ~~the road~~ ~~always beyond the grasp~~ - pl.

~~We must never permit ourselves to rest in inactivity~~

The years should bring the philosophic mind - but not

the ~~sluggish~~ mind

~~We~~ the years will probably greet the world turning
of our earlier ambitions - and the chaos of our passions -

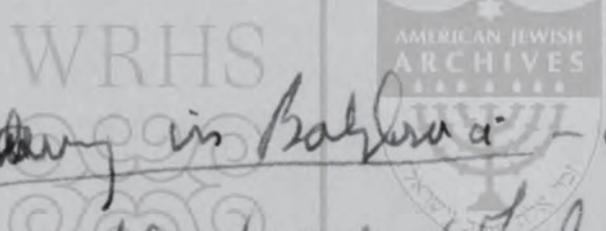
We will probably wish to return from the restless
wanderings to our old accustomed altars, to the restfulness
of the habitual ways - ~~to~~

But we should never abandon the orderly quest
of the changed mind - or turn away from the untrodden
roads of knowledge - or self-improvement - or generosity
service - or helping in all things which build the
good society -

The year will level as the variety of many things. They should also instruct us in the enduring value of things. They should give us a ^{temperature} scale of priorities. To these priorities in life - we should devote ourselves with ~~the~~ all the energies and all the powerful wisdom of our lives.

13/ Each age has its gifts - its tasks - its opportunities
 - There is beauty in the dawn - but also in the evening sky
 - There is a plan in sunrise - but also in the midnight

14/ Rab - leading reading in Baltimore - center of Rabbinic Studies
 composed a beautiful paper which is incorporated in the Prayer Book and is recited on the Sabbath when in the new month - new year



The Temple Bulletin

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Vol. XLII JANUARY 29, 1956 No. 15

The Temple Men's Club

FAMILY DAY

at

The Temple

Sunday, January 29th

10:30 o'clock

For all members of
The Temple and their families.



*The family that prays together...
is the family that stays together*

*See. Music worth
- Jewish Performance
'Service Stars'
Leon Goldberg - Music Director
with families
Rabbi Silver's (Kiss)*

RABBI SILVER

will speak on

*Ira Hershman
'Secret Weapon in the
Middle East'*

- Middle East - Turkey

What A Man Thinks About On His Birthday

Following the service, Temple Men's Club members and their families
will gather for brunch in the Lincoln Room of the Wade Park Manor.



Friday Evening Service
5:30 to 6:10

Saturday Morning Service
11:15 to 12:00

The Temple Bulletin

The Temple

Congregation Tifereth Israel
(Founded 1850)

Rabbis:

Abba Hillel Silver, D.D., Litt.D., D. H. L.

Earl Stanley Stone, M. H. L.

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SWEETBRIAR 1-7755

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

This Sunday morning Rabbi Silver will speak on "What A Man Thinks About On His Birthday."

On the occasion of Family Day, members of The Temple Men's Club will participate in the services. Assisting with the reading of the service will be Mr. Edward Coben, Mr. Dave Immerman, Dr. Irwin Levin, Mr. Lawrence Lurie, Mr. Abe Nebel and Dr. Sol Sogg. Mr. Ben Lewitt will render a violin solo in the musical portion of the service.

Following the service a delicious brunch will be served in the Lincoln Room of the Wade Park Manor. A musical program will be offered by Jerry Sein, Baritone, and The Ben Lewitt Trio, comprised of Ben Lewitt, Violin; Florence Geschwind Lewitt, Cello; and Mrs. Joseph Terr, Piano.

MUSIC FOR SUNDAY

Organ	Third Sonata, I—Preludio	Guilmant
	Andante	Dickinson
	Suite III—Andantino	Boellman
Opening Psalm—Mah Tovu		Spicker
Bor'chu (Congregational)		Sulzer
Sh'ma - Boruch (Congregational)	Traditional	Sulzer
Mi Chomocho (Congregational)		Moses
Kedusha		
Silent Devotion—May the Words	Rubenstein	
Mrs. Strasser and Choir		
Before the Address		
Second Violin Concerto	Wieniawski	
II Andante		
	Mr. Ben Lewitt	
Olenu—Va-anachnu	Goldstein	

MOTHER-DAUGHTER FATHER-SON LUNCHEONS FEBRUARY 5th - 12th

The annual Mother-Daughter, Father-Son luncheons are scheduled for February 5th and February 12th, respectively, in Mahler Hall at 12:30 P.M.

Entertaining the mothers and daughters will be The Tracy Twins, confirmants of The Temple, who will sing many of their current hit records; and Candy Lee, popular and versatile young dancer and singer, in an unusual skit. As an added attraction, Joe Berg and The BY JUPITER Players will present "The Brave Little Tailor."

Novel favors for the girls, and prizes and awards for both mothers and daughters, will add to the gayety of the event.

Entertainment for the Father-Son luncheon will be provided by The Sherman Puppeteers, who will do an unusual dramatization entitled "The Mystery of The Bewitched Puppet Theatre." After the performance Mr. Sherman will explain and demonstrate the extraordinary construction and manipulation of his puppets, which in itself will prove to be a highly amusing and entertaining feature of the program.

There will be favors, prizes and awards for all!

Since Mahler Hall is limited to 500 guests, do not delay to get your reservation in.

THE TEMPLE ILLUMINED

The community will be delighted to learn that our beautiful Temple will hereafter have exterior illumination. After months of study, the lighting fixtures have been installed and The Temple will shine through the dark hours of the evenings throughout the year.

This is in keeping with the illumination of some of the other important public buildings in the University Circle—The Art Museum—Severance Hall—The Medical Library—The Epworth Euclid Methodist Church and other buildings.

NOTICE TO PARENTS

Because of the Mother-Daughter Banquet being held in Mahler Hall on Sunday, February 5th, parents are requested to call for their children at the classroom doors at the close of the Religious School.

REMINDER A NIGHT WITH RABBI STONE

HIGH SCHOOL MEETING
Sunday, January 29th - 8:00 P.M.
at the home of
CONNIE LURIE
3125 Euclid Heights Blvd.

MR. AND MRS. CLUB TALENT SHOW

The Mr. and Mrs. Club Talent Show which will be presented some time in April is off to a wonderful start. The cast has been selected, preliminary readings have been completed, and the group is entering into the phase of serious rehearsing.

Producer Lionel Greenbaum, Director Dr. Morton Shaw and Business Manager Stanley Lowitt feel certain that a good show is in the making.

T. W. A. BIBLE STUDY COURSE

The Temple Women's Association's Bible Study group has been meeting regularly every other Monday since November 21st and will continue to meet through the month of March.

Rabbi Earl S. Stone is leading a group of women who find in religion collateral security, inner unity and continuity, in a study of the Prophets, beginning with Amos the herdsman. In the prophets we find answers to our problems, based on moral principles, righteousness and justice. Our questions are not always profound. We are continually relating the happenings of biblical times to those of the present day. "How did the Prophets assemble an audience without benefit of radio or television?" We question whether complacency, materialism and lack of faith will ever disappear, since the Prophets with their eloquent trumpeting could not prevail against them for long.

By studying the Bible we learn to keep the past alive and to cope better with the ideas of the present.

Mrs. Joseph R. Gould is chairman and Mrs. Oscar Hornsten, secretary of The Bible Study Group. The next meeting will be on Monday, January 30th.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The flowers which will grace the altar on Sunday morning, January 29th, are contributed in memory of Anne Kane, by her children.