



Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

Featuring collections from the Western Reserve Historical Society and
The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives

MS-4787: Abba Hillel Silver Papers, 1902-1989.

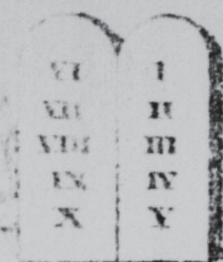
Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

Reel
168

Box
61

Folder
1086

Sublime Failure, New Year, 1916.



From the Pulpit



"SUBLIME FAILURE"

By Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver

Dedicated
to the
Men and Women who are seeking the "King"
in the
"Dark Chambers of Life."

When the Temple of Jerusalem, the embodiment of Israel's spiritual cravings, was at last completed and the vast throngs of exalted and worshipful Israelites filled the immensity of the sanctuary to witness its dedication, King Solomon arose, and spreading his hands priestwise, he blessed the people. To-night when you, the descendants of these men whose loving hearts and zealous hands builded the sanctuary, are assembled in this house of worship to re-dedicate the Temple of your faith and to consecrate anew the sanctuary of your lives to the glory of God, the minister, like Solomon of old, is prompted to invoke God's blessing upon you. It is good to see you all, young and old, sons and daughters of the covenant gathered in this House of God, summoned hither by the irresistible appeal of this sacred day, and its hallowed associations, and out of the fullness of my heart, which is to-night stirred with memories and emotions, I would feign bless you. You, my brother and sister, whose lot during the past year had fallen in pleasant places, who dwelt in the sunshine of God's favor beside the still waters of peace and prosperity, who neither knew the storms of adversity nor felt the stings of sorrow, I would bless you with continued happiness. I would pray to our kind and loving Father that your life may flow on during the coming year as it did during the past year as gently as a purling stream unruffled and undisturbed. And you, my brother and sister, who felt the hand of unkind fate during the year that is now passing, whose hearts ached at the loss of dear ones or whose spirits were weighted down by the burden of disappointed hopes, I would bless you with surcease from sorrow and respite from the afflictions of your souls. I would petition our compassionate Father to soothe your aching hearts and lift your crushing burdens, to grant you a year wherein you may reap in joy now that you have sowed in tears.

To-night, also, my thoughts linger in love upon the people of Israel whose peculiar genius has endowed this day with its wealth of meaning, and I would feign pronounce the same blessing which King Solomon uttered on that memorable day: "Blessed is the Lord that hath given rest unto his people Israel." But I cannot. For my people to-night are not at rest. Thousands are this night wanderers upon the face of the earth, driven from their homes and their hearths by the fury of devastating war and by the hate of oppressors. Thousands are this night eating the bread of affliction moistened in tears. And from their tried and troubled hearts there ascends to-night to the throne of the all-merciful God a fervent prayer that the new year may bring to them a blessed release from all their tribulations, that it may reveal unto their longing eyes a rainbow of promise now that the storms of suffering have broken over them.

It is the tragic experiences of our people during the past year that should form the theme of my discourse this evening. But I shall not cast a pall of gloom over this festival which has at all times been regarded as a Yom Tob a day of spiritual rejoicing for our people, by dwelling upon the somber and the darker hues that limn the physical vicissitudes of the major part of our people to-day.

Rather out of the pathos of Israel's life shall I draw the inspiration for my message of Hope this evening. Even like unto Ezekiel of old who sent his spirit to the Valley of Dried Bones to receive inspiration for his message of Life, so shall I draw the strength for the gospel of Hope and Faith and Courage which I would preach to-night from the misery and the suffering of my brothers.

Has it ever occurred to you, my friends, what a pathetic failure, measured by conventional standards, Israel as a nation has been. Weighed in the balance of national aims and aspirations, how pitifully wanting Israel is found. Deprived of his home, a vagabond among the peoples of the earth, scattered and broken, subject to the play of Fortune and the whims of tyrants, Israel can boast of none of the prerogatives that makes a nation great.

Belgium's pride is wounded because an enemy is in possession of its land. Poland's soul is outraged because a stranger has usurped its government. Ireland's spirit is restive because her independence is gone. Italy is sacrificing thousands of its sons to redeem a strip of her conquered soil; and France is sacrificing millions. They all know that invaded territory and loss of independence means a depreciated status of nationhood, a loss in rank and influence, in a word, national failure. What a dismal failure is Israel, then! His land the possession of strangers, himself the shuttlecock of Fortune! What a dismal failure! What a wretched bankrupt!

Ah! but what a sublime failure! What a noble bankrupt! * * *

The nations of the earth having no eternal purpose to serve, no eternal mission to fulfil, know only too well that loss of power and independence and territory means ultimate national and cultural extinction. A nation once politically weakened is inevitably doomed to absorption. So Babylon grew weak and vanished. So Assyria paled and died. So Egypt grew faint and expired. So Greece lost power and passed into oblivion. So Rome languished to its doom. The nations of the earth whose life is bound up with the things of the earth are subject to the change and transitoriness of mundane existence. Hence they are afraid of failure; for failure spells death.

But Israel whose life is wrapped up with the things of the spirit, Israel who conceived at the very dawn of its history a purpose which transcends all national limitations, a mission which is independent of all earthly pomp and circumstance, a destiny which is coeval with human progress and coeternal with life itself, Israel can dare to fail. For failure for Israel spells not death but life, a richer and fuller life, a greater incentive, a larger outlook and a stronger will.

Temporary failure, Israel knew, was rendered certain by the very scope of his vision and magnitude of his task. In a world enmeshed in imperfections, a world which "is Rome or London, not Fool's paradise," his vision of human perfection was doomed to successive failures. But Israel could not listen to the longing heart and the yearning soul of the world, to "the still, sad music of humanity," without responding to its magic appeal. He resolved to face failure in all its grimness and awfulness, just so he could bring a brighter motif into the dark music of humanity.

And Israel, the sublimest failure of history, has also been the father of sublime failures. A race of spiritual giants sprang from his loins who wrestled with the ills of life and failed! Moses, the redeemer of his people, whose heart was the bleeding threshold over which the children of Israel stepped into the Promised Land, was a failure, slandered and

threatened and betrayed by the very people whom he served, dragging his tired limbs through waste and desert lands and finally, with the great goal of his life just within his reach, dying a disappointed and broken old man. Jeremiah, too, an exile in a foreign land, his soul feeding upon the wormwood of his people's great calamity, stoned to death at last by the hands of the very ones for whose sake he had emptied the alabaster box of his life of all its happiness and filled with bitterness and tears, Jeremiah, too, was a tragic failure. And he whom a whole world calls Master, the Jew of Galilee was a supreme failure. And Akiba martyred by the Romans, was a failure. And Spinoza the maker of lenses whereby people could discover new heavens, anathematized and excommunicated was a failure. And Heine, too, the inspirer of Young Germany; the "brave soldier in the wars of the liberty of mankind," hounded by his enemies and racked by pain on his mattress grave, was a failure! So were they all the brave, the great, the noble liberators of the world, the emancipators of mankind. Failures, all! So was Socrates, the light bringer of Hellas, who was forced to read his failure in a cup of hemlock! So was Savonarola, the "unarmed prophet" of Florence, who thundered against a corrupt clergy and an immoral age, led through "a crying, howling mob, spitting, kicking and striking him," tortured to extract confessions, hanged from the gibbet and then burnt and his ashes thrown into the River Arno!

So was Bruno, the father of modern science, the prophet of the new day, incarcerated for eight long years and finally sent to the stake at Rome! So was Galileo, whose spirit lived among the spheres of heaven, forced to stifle the cry of new revelations within him to deny his own spiritual offspring! So was Francisco Ferrer, the Prometheus of Spain, who fought ignorance in the church and state, court-martialed and shot! They were failures all, but ah! what sublime failures! What successful failures!

For the highway of civilization is marked with the milestones of these failures. It is these indomitable spirits who were too big for success, that urged their way "To find the Western path right through the gates of wrath", who nursed the light of progress in the Goshen-land of their soul while all about them was darkness! God be thanked for sending men into our world who have the faith and the courage to push aside immediate success which means ultimate failure and chose immediate failure which means ultimate triumph.

It is this thought that I would leave with you to-night. When you pray for blessings and successes for the coming year, pray also for the power of that supreme beatitude which is this: Courage and vision to fail! Pray that you do not become the

THE JEWISH COMMUNITY BULLETIN

slave of mean and ephemeral successes! Pray that you be blessed with an ideal which will bring you failure, yes and pain and heartaches, but also ultimate glory and triumph. Pray that you may add to your lives something of the eternal and the infinite, the vision, the gleam, the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream." Then will you be kin to these immortal spirits who failed but whose voices blend to-day into the mighty Oratorio of Civilization. . . . Then will your heart beat true to the rhythm of life and your feet will mark time to the music of the spheres.



"SUBLIME FAILURE "

by

Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver

Dedicated

To the Men and Women
who are seeking the
King in the dark
Chambers of Life....

When the Temple of Jerusalem, the embodiment of Israel's spiritual cravings, was at last completed and the vast throngs of exalted and worshipful Israelites filled the immensity of the Sanctuary to witness its dedication, King Solomon arose and spreading his hands priestwise, he blessed the people. Tonight when you, the descendants of these men whose loving hearts and zealous hands built the sanctuary, are assembled in this house of worship to rededicate the Temple of your faith and to consecrate anew the sanctuary of your lives to the glory of God, the minister, like Solomon of old, is prompted to invoke God's blessing upon you. It is good to see you all, young and old, sons and daughters of the covenant gathered in this House of God, summoned hither by the irresistible appeal of this sacred day, and its hallowed associations, and out of the fullness of my heart, which is to night stirred with memories and emotions I would feign bless you. You, my brother and sister, whose lot during the past year had fallen in pleasant places, who dwelt in the sunshine of God's favor beside the still waters of peace and prosperity, who neither knew the storms of adversity nor felt the stings of sorrow, I would bless you with continued happiness. I would pray to our kind and loving Father that your life may flow on during the coming year as it did during the past year as gently as a purling stream unruffled and undisturbed. And you, my brother and sister, who felt the hand of unkind fate during the year that is now passing, whose hearts ached at the loss of dear ones or whose spirits were weighted down by the burden of disappointed hopes, I would bless you with surcease from sorrow and respite from the afflictions of your souls. I would petition our compassionate Father to soothe your aching hearts and ease your crushing burdens, to grant you a year wherein you may reap in joy now that you have sowed in tears.

Love Of People Of Israel

Tonight, also, my thoughts linger in love upon the people of Israel whose peculiar genius has endowed this day with its wealth of meaning, and I would reign pronounce the same blessing which King Solomon uttered 'on that memorable day: "Blessed is the Lord that hath given rest unto his people Israel." But I cannot. For my people tonight are not at rest. Thousands are this night wanderers upon the face of the earth, driven from their homes and their hearths by the fury of devastating war and by the hate of oppressors. Thousands are this night eating the bread of affliction moistened in tears. And from their tried and troubled hearts there ascends tonight to the throne of the all-merciful God a fervent prayer that the new year may bring to them a blessed release from all their tribulations, that it may reveal unto their longing eyes a rainbow of promise now that the storms of suffering have broken over them.

It is the tragic experience of our people during the past year that should form the theme of my discourse this evening. But I shall not cast a pall of gloom over this festival which has at all times been regarded as a Yom Tob a day of spiritual rejoicing for our people, by dwelling upon the somber and the darker hues that mark the physical misadventures of the year.

Message of Hope

Rather out of the pathos of Israel's life shall I draw the inspiration for my message of Hope this evening. Even like unto Ezekiel of old who sent his spirit to the Valley of Dried Bones to receive inspiration for his message of life, so shall I draw the strength for the gospel of Hope and Faith and Courage which I would preach tonight from

the misery and the suffering of my brothers.

Has it ever occurred to you, my friends what a pathetic failure, measured by conventional standards, Israel as a nation has been. Weighed in the balance of national aims and aspirations how pitifully wanting Israel is found. Deprived of his home, a vagabond among the peoples of the earth, scattered and broken, subject to the play of Fortune and the whim of tyrants, Israel can boast of none of the prerogatives that makes a nation great. Belgium's pride is wounded because an enemy is in possession of its land. Poland's soul is outraged because a stranger has usurped its government. Ireland's spirit is restive because her independence is gone. Italy is sacrificing thousands of its sons to redeem a strip of her conquered soil; and France is sacrificing millions. They all know that invaded territory and loss of independence means a deprecatd status of nationhood, a loss in rank and influence, in a word, national failure. What a dismal failure is Israel, then! His land the possession of strangers; himself the shuttlecock of Fortune! What a dismal failure! What a wretched bankrupt!

Ah! but what a sublime failure! What a noble bankrupt!

Loss Of Power

The nations of the earth having no eternal purpose to serve, no eternal mission to fulfill know only too well that loss of power and independence and territory means ultimate national and cultural extinction. A nation once politically weakened is inevitably doomed to absorption. So Babylon grew weak and vanished. So Assyria paled and died. So Egypt grew faint and expired. So Greece lost power and passed into oblivion. So Rome languished to its doom. The nations of the earth whose life is bound up with the things of the earth are subject to the change and transitoriness of mundane existence. Hence they are afraid of failure; for failure spells death.

But Israel whose life is wrapped up with the things of the spirit, Israel who conceived at the very dawn of its history a purpose which transcends all national limitations, a mission which is independent of all earthly pomp and circumstance, a destiny which is coeval with human progress and coeternal with life itself, Israel cannot fail. For failure for Israel, spells not death. But life, a richer and fuller life, a greater incentive, a larger outlook and a stronger will.

Temporary failure, Israel knew, was rendered certain by the very scope of his vision and magnitude of his task. In a world crumpled in imperfections, a world which "is Rome or London, not Fool's paradise," his vision of human perfection was doomed to successive failures. But Israel could not listen to the longing heart and the yearning soul of the world, to "the still, sad music of humanity," without responding to its magic appeal. He resolved to face failure in its grimness and awfulness, just so he could bring a brighter motif into the dark music of humanity.

Father Of Sublime Failure

And Israel, the sublimest failure of history, has also been the father of sublime failures. A race of spiritual giants sprang from his loins who wrestled with the ill of his people, whose heart was redeemed through blood over which the blood of Israel stepped into the promised Land, was a failure, slandered and threatened and betrayed by the very people whom he served, dragging his tired limbs through waste and desert lands and finally, with the great goal of his life just within his reach, dying a disappointed and broken old man. Jeremiah, too, an exile in a foreign land, his soul feeding upon the wormwood of his people's great calamity, stoned to death at last by the hands of the very ones for whose sake he had emptied the alabaster box of his life of all its happiness and filled with bitterness and tears. Jeremiah, too, was a tragic failure. And he whom a whole world calls Master, the Jew of Galilee was a supreme failure. And Akiba martyred by the Romans, was a failure. And Peter, the mother of Lies, whereby people could discover new heavens, authorized and excommunicated was a failure. Aand Heine, too, the inspirer of Young Germany, the "brave soldier in the wars of the liberty of mankind" hounded by his enemies and racked by pain on his deathbed, was a failure! So were they all the brave, the great, the noble liberators of the world, the emancipators of mankind. Failures all! So was Socrates the light bringer of Hellas who was forced to read his failure in a cup of hemlock! So was Savonarola, the "unarmed prophet" of Florence, who thundered against a corrupt clergy and an immoral age, led through "a crying, howling mob, spitting, kicking and striking him," tortured to extract confessions, hanged from the gibbet and then burnt and his ashes thrown into the river Arno!

Bruno, Father Of Science

So was Bruno, the father of modern science, the prophet of the new day, incarcerated for eight long years and finally sent to the stake at Rome! So was Galileo whose spirit lived among the spheres of heaven, forced to stifle the cry of new revelations within him to deny his own spiritual offspring! So was Francisco Ferrer, the Prometheus of

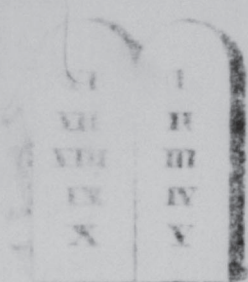
Spain, who fought ignorance in church and state, court-martialed and shot! They were failures all, but ah! what sublime failures! What successful failures.

Highway Of Civilization

is marked with the milestones of these failures. It is these indomitable spirits urged their way "To find the Western path right through the gates of waste" who nursed the hope of progress in the Goshen-land of their soul while all about them was darkness! God be thanked for sending men into our world who have the faith and the courage to push aside immediate success which means ultimate failure and chose immediate failure which means ultimate triumph.

It is this thought that I would leave with you tonight. When you pray for blessings and successes for the coming year, pray also for the power of that supreme beatitude which is this: Courage and vision to fail! Pray that you do not become the slave of mean and ephemeral successes! Pray that you be blessed with an ideal which will bring you failure, yes and pain and heart-aches, but also ultimate glory and triumph. Pray that you may add to your lives something of the eternal and the infinite, "the vision, the gleam, the light that never was on sea or land, the





From the Pulpit



"SUBLIME FAILURE"

By Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver

Dedicated
to the
Men and Women who are seeking the "King"
in the
"Dark Chambers of Life."

When the Temple of Jerusalem, the embodiment of Israel's spiritual cravings, was at last completed and the vast throngs of exalted and worshipful Israelites filled the immensity of the Sanctuary to witness its dedication, King Solomon rose, and spreading his hands priestwise, he blessed the people. To-night when you, the descendants of these men whose loving hearts and zealous hands builded the sanctuary, are assembled in this house of worship to re-dedicate the Temple of your faith and to consecrate anew the sanctuary of your lives to the glory of God, the minister, like Solomon of old, is prompted to invoke God's blessing upon you. It is good to see you all, young and old, sons and daughters of the covenant gathered in this House of God, summoned hither by the irresistible appeal of this sacred day, and its hallowed associations, and out of the fullness of my heart, which is tonight stirred with memories and emotions, I would feign bless you. You, my brother and sister, whose lot during the past year had fallen in pleasant places, who dwelt in the sunshine of God's favor beside the still waters of peace and prosperity, who neither knew the storms of adversity nor felt the stings of sorrow, I would bless you with continued happiness. I would pray to our kind and loving Father that your life may flow on during the coming year as it did during the past year as gently as a purling stream unruffled and undisturbed. And you, my brother and sister, who felt the hand of unkind fate during the year that is now passing, whose hearts ached at the loss of dear ones or whose spirits were weighted down by the burden of disappointed hopes, I would bless you with surcease from sorrow and respite from the afflictions of your souls. I would petition our compassionate Father to soothe your aching hearts and lift your crushing burdens, to grant you a year wherein you may reap in joy now that you have sowed in tears.

To-night, also, my thoughts linger in love upon the people of Israel whose peculiar genius has endowed this day with its wealth of meaning, and I would feign pronounce the same blessing which King Solomon uttered on that memorable day: "Blessed is the Lord that hath given rest unto his people Israel." But I cannot. For my people to-night are not at rest. Thousands are this night wanderers upon the face of the earth, driven from their homes and their hearths by the fury of devastating war and by the hate of oppressors. Thousands are this night eating the bread of affliction moistened in tears. And from their tried and troubled hearts there ascends to-night to the throne of the all-merciful God a fervent prayer that the new year may bring to them a blessed release from all their tribulations, that it may reveal unto their longing eyes a rainbow of promise now that the storms of suffering have broken over them.

It is the tragic experiences of our people during the past year that should form the theme of my discourse this evening. But I shall not cast a pall of gloom over this festival which has at all times been regarded as a Yom Tob a day of spiritual rejoicing for our people, by dwelling upon the somber and the darker hues that limn the physical vicissitudes of the major part of our people to-day.

Rather out of the pathos of Israel's life shall I draw the inspiration for my message of Hope this evening. Even like unto Ezekiel of old who sent his spirit to the Valley of Dried Bones to receive inspiration for his message of Life, so shall I draw the strength for the gospel of Hope and Faith and Courage which I would preach to-night from the misery and the suffering of my brothers.

Has it ever occurred to you, my friends, what a pathetic failure, measured by conventional standards, Israel as a nation has been. Weighed in the balance of national aims and aspirations, how pitifully wanting Israel is found. Deprived of his home, a vagabond among the peoples of the earth, scattered and broken, subject to the play of Fortune and the whims of tyrants, Israel can boast of none of the prerogatives that makes a nation great.

Belgium's pride is wounded because an enemy is in possession of its land. Poland's soul is outraged because a stranger has usurped its government. Ireland's spirit is restive because her independence is gone. Italy is sacrificing thousands of its sons to redeem a strip of her conquered soil; and France is sacrificing millions. They all know that invaded territory and loss of independence means a depreciated status of nationhood, a loss in rank and influence, in a word, national failure. What a dismal failure is Israel, then! His land the possession of strangers, himself the shuttlecock of Fortune! What a dismal failure! What a wretched bankrupt!

Ah! but what a sublime failure! What a noble bankrupt! * * *

The nations of the earth having no eternal purpose to serve, no eternal mission to fulfil, know only too well that loss of power and independence and territory means ultimate national and cultural extinction. A nation once politically weakened is inevitably doomed to absorption. So Babylon grew weak and vanished. So Assyria paled and died. So Egypt grew faint and expired. So Greece lost power and passed into oblivion. So Rome languished to its doom. The nations of the earth whose life is bound up with the things of the earth are subject to the change and transitoriness of mundane existence. Hence they are afraid of failure; for failure spells death.

But Israel whose life is wrapped up with the things of the spirit, Israel who conceived at the very dawn of its history a purpose which transcends all national limitations, a mission which is independent of all earthly pomp and circumstance, a destiny which is coeval with human progress and coeternal with life itself, Israel can dare to fail. For failure for Israel spells not death but life, a richer and fuller life, a greater incentive, a larger outlook and a stronger will.

Temporary failure, Israel knew, was rendered certain by the very scope of his vision and magnitude of his task. In a world enmeshed in imperfections, a world which "is Rome or London, not Fool's paradise," his vision of human perfection was doomed to successive failures. But Israel could not listen to the longing heart and the yearning soul of the world, to "the still, sad music of humanity," without responding to its magic appeal. He resolved to face failure in all its grimness and awfulness, just so he could bring a brighter motif into the dark music of humanity.

And Israel, the sublimest failure of history, has also been the father of sublime failures. A race of spiritual giants sprang from his loins who wrestled with the ills of life and failed! Moses, the redeemer of his people, whose heart was the bleeding threshold over which the children of Israel stepped into the Promised Land, was a failure, slandered and

threatened and betrayed by the very people whom he served, dragging his tired limbs through waste and desert lands and finally, with the great goal of his life just within his reach, dying a disappointed and broken old man. Jeremiah, too, an exile in a foreign land, his soul feeding upon the wormwood of his people's great calamity, stoned to death at last by the hands of the very ones for whose sake he had emptied the alabaster box of his life of all its happiness and filled with bitterness and tears. Jeremiah, too, was a tragic failure. And he whom a whole world calls Master, the Jew of Galilee was a supreme failure. And Akiba martyred by the Romans, was a failure. And Spinoza the maker of lenses whereby people could discover new heavens, anathematized and excommunicated was a failure. And Heinie, too, the inspirer of Young Germany; the "brave soldier in the wars of the liberty of mankind," hounded by his enemies and racked by pain on his mattress grave, was a failure! So were they all the brave, the great, the noble liberators of the world, the emancipators of mankind. Failures, all! So was Socrates, the light bringer of Hellas, who was forced to read his failure in a cup of hemlock! So was Savonarola, the "unarmed prophet" of Florence, who thundered against a corrupt clergy and an immoral age, led through "a crying, howling mob, spitting, kicking and striking him," tortured to extract confessions, hanged from the gibbet and then burnt and his ashes thrown into the River Arno!

So was Bruno, the father of modern science, the prophet of the new day, incarcerated for eight long years and finally sent to the stake at Rome! So was Galileo, whose spirit lived among the spheres of heaven, forced to stifle the cry of new revelations within him to deny his own spiritual offspring! So was Francisco Ferrer, the Prometheus of Spain, who fought ignorance in the church and state, court-martialed and shot! They were failures all, but ah! what sublime failures! What successful failures!

For the highway of civilization is marked with the milestones of these failures. It is these indomitable spirits who were too big for success, that urged their way "To find the Western path right through the gates of wrath", who nursed the light of progress in the Goshen-land of their soul while all about them was darkness! God be thanked for sending men into our world who have the faith and the courage to push aside immediate success which means ultimate failure and chose immediate failure which means ultimate triumph.

It is this thought that I would leave with you to-night. When you pray for blessings and successes for the coming year, pray also for the power of that supreme beatitude which is this: Courage and vision to fail! Pray that you do not become the

THE JEWISH COMMUN

slave of mean and ephemeral successes! Pray that you be blessed with an ideal which will bring you failure, yes and pain and heartaches, but also ultimate glory and triumph. Pray that you may add to your lives something of the eternal and the infinite, the vision, the gleam, the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream." Then will you be kin to these immortal spirits who failed but whose voices blend to-day into the mighty Oratorio of Civilization. . . . Then will your heart beat true to the rhythm of life and your feet will mark time to the music of the spheres. . . .