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Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

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Day of Atonement, 1922.

Sin. Yom Kippur 1922

Of all the sins a man should atone for most on Yom Kippur are the sins against himself. For men sin more against themselves than against each other. Man is not half as cruel to others as he is to himself.

What man is there who hath not had reason to weep over the misery which he had himself brought into his life, the manner in which he has wasted his own life's opportunities, and squandered the gifts and energies of mind and soul. The most tragic sins of men are the sins against their own immortal souls.

I would rather not speak of sin. Sin implies wickedness. But men are not wicked, they are foolish. Sin is folly. Sin is ignorance. Sin is the blind groping after happiness. Call a man X"fool" but not "sinner" -

(Hebrew see p. 1 of MSS)

And men are most foolish and blind the and ignorant when it comes to ordering of their own lives, to the controlling of their own destiny.

You who have seen young men destroy the strength of their soul and body in reckless abandon; you who have seen young women grind the jewel of their soul into dust in pitiful ignorance; You who have seen men embittering their lives with a consuming passion for wealth; and women pampered by luxury into physical and mental decay, know how much more difficult it is for man to be good to himself than to others, to be just to himself than to others.

How few make the most of life and of the things of this life. We are each given K a life to live. It matters little whether it be long or short. The value of a painting is not determined by the size of the canvas. It matters little whether it be full of sorrow or joy. The beauty of a landscape lies as much in the sun upon the mountain as in the shadows across the valley. We can make that life rich with untold experiences. We can widen it to include the sweeping horizons. We can meet life like a swimmer plunging in, XXXX shouting gaily, swimming laughing and shimmering upon the undulating waves.

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Life may be a journey to far-away lands of enchantment, a journey of adventure, delight and discovery. There is so much that is thrillingly new at every turn in the road!

And yet how few lives have that wealth of experience, that sweep of horizons, that thrill of movement, that romance of adventure! Many of us never venture out beyond ~~KNE~~ our little circle, content to sit among the sheep-folds and listen to the pipings for the flocks, too timid or too lazy to sally forth and roam the wide world of God. How many men do you know whose days are wretchedly the same, all the time, rising in the morning, working through the day at a job which may have interest but no inspiration, consuming the evening in time-soothing pastime and yawning themselves to sleep, day after day, year after year. Good men! Kind men! But, oh, such machine-made men, such automatons. Men in the image of an adding machine but not in the image of God!

How many of our lives are rutted and grooved! How little of brilliancy there is in them, how little of ecstasy. They never ascend to great heights. They never descend to great depths. They are just dull, pedestrian. They are neither romantic for they possess no individuality, for classic for they are not disciplined. There are some lives that are feverishly active but they have only noise, ~~KNN~~ tone paint but no color. There is no theme. There is no harmony to them.

I sometimes think that wars come into the world because society needs some tonic, some stimulant for its nerves, something to deliver it from its dull ~~KNNKINNY~~ monotony.

But life was not meant to be dull. Life was meant for happiness and for animating experiences and for creative effort which lead to happiness. The Lord has no delight in the somber men and the soured look. "Serve the Lord with gladness, come before Him with song". The Lord loves the gay adventurer,

the happy traveller, the pilgrim to the distant shrine. The . But what sin-offering shall a man bring who deprives himself of the wine of the spirit, the warm, exhilarating aspirations of human life? He sins against his immortal soul.

(Hebrew - see p 4 of ms)

"The merciful man is good to his own soul".

And how many men make the most of the things of life. How many men ^{road} have into the quickest ~~way~~ to hell. Our faith has never idealized poverty. Poverty is responsible for as many knaves, ~~as~~ many thieves, as many crimes, as wealth. Poverty has stunted the growth of as many men as wealth. But while the poor man is unfortunate, the rich man who misuses his wealth is a fool. Wealth can be used for self-culture and self-development. Wealth can offer wider opportunities for leisure which in turn may be utilized for the study of life and to beautify the world in which one lives. Wealth may help men to attain happiness more easily because happiness is found in unhampered creative effort, and wealth enables one to give full play to the creative interests of the mind and soul. But how many do it. They destroy in wealth its one blessing - its one value - that of yielding happiness. One can readily appreciate the prayer of the sage - "Two things have I required of Thee - deny me not them before I die: Give me neither poverty nor riches;" *(Hebrew: see p 4 of ms)*

For too few men know the uses of wealth and by that very gift they sin against their soul.

And how many men sin against themselves by the abuse of their bodies. I mean not so much the immorality. I mean the pampering of oneself with surfeit and satiation. Men cloy themselves with comforts and luxuries until life loses its relish. We sin against ourselves when we indulge in enervating luxuries, when we deprive them of the hard but wholesome discipline or restraint and moderation, of work!

We lose hold of things - nervous wrecks - and then we become the unfortunate seekers after health. Everything centers around our little, tired, af-

flicted body - even our religion. When the soul is dead nothing but the frailties of our body remain, and they are so exacting. Our bodies can never be well, when our souls are sick. A pampered body and a starved soul, a beautiful ~~xxx~~ tree whose roots have ^{been} withered. It must die. Our souls starve because we deny them the food of effort and enterprise and discipline and ambitious planning and problems to solve.

The Psalmist prayed not for a "body free from pain but for a new heart and a right spirit".

And how many abuse thier minds, their God-given faculty of thought. Some by refusing to think. Thought is effort! It is hard to think. It is easy to accept. Men would rather believe what is rumored or said or written than to think for themselves. We read the books that please and do not trouble us. Others who think but do not act. And many who sell their thoughts, their independence for a pottage of lentils. Writers and journalists, and other clever men. We sin against our soul. We desecrate the shrine. It is sacrilege.

Men sin against themselves when they destroy or abuse faith. Adam -

This is the message of Yom Kippur - sin not against thyself - O sin of God! etc.

Everyone today is eager to reconstruct the world. External. Our hearts ~~xxx~~ must be right. We speak so much of social service, of improving others.

Keep yourself free - your soul healthy - your mind active - your faith strong and use the things of life to serve your higher self..

How many men do you ^{know} whose days 3
are wretchedly the same ^{all the time} - rising in the morning,
working then the day at a job which may have
interest but no inspiration, consuming the
evening in some ^{sort of} pastime and jawning
themselves to sleep - day after day - year after
year! Good men! Good men! but Oh such
machine-made men, such automatons. Men
in the image of an adding machine but not
in the image of God!

How many of our lives are rutted, rutted,
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never ascend ^{to great heights}. They never
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romantic for they possess no idealism,
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active but they have ^{only} noise ^{but} not
tone, paint ~~and~~ but not color. There is
no theme. There is no harmony to them.

I sometimes think that cars come with
the wind because society needs some
tonic, some stimulant for its nerves,
something to deliver it from its dull monotony.

III. But life was not meant to be dull & ^{life} ~~life~~ ^{life} was meant for happiness and for ~~happiness~~ ^{experience and creative spirit} to happiness. The land which leads to happiness has no delight in the counter, union and the source of ~~experience~~ ^{look}. "See the land with gladness, come before them with song" - The land loves the gay adventurer, the happy traveller, the pilgrim to the distant shrine. The Mozzante! But what sin - offering shall a man bring who departs himself of the voice of the spirit, - the warm, ~~extinguishing~~ ^{extinguishing} aspirations of human life ^{WRHS}   against his immortal soul.

~~IV. And how few make the most of the things of life.~~
 301 bit Roy 102 - The magnificent man is good to his own soul - ~~But good to his~~ ^{own soul!} ~~Isn't camp~~ ^{Isn't camp} ~~can find it~~ ^{can find it} if one little bit - and one little desire - let it soar ~~than~~ ^{than} high and wide. Let it ~~soar~~ ^{soar} ~~itself~~ ^{itself} in the ~~fold~~ ^{fold} of experience and life. And it is not a difficult task. For there is more of real adventure to be found in pages from their home than in years of travel in foreign lands.

many men have turned wealth
into the cheapest goods and to Hell.
Our faith has never regarded wealth as
itself wicked - we have never idealized



V. And here few men make the most of
the things of life.



6.
One can readily appreciate the prayer of
the sage - "Two things have I requested of
thee - deny me them not before I die: Give
me neither poverty nor riches." (Eccl. 5:10)
For too few know the uses
of wealth and by that very gift they
sin against their soul!

VI And how many ~~men~~ ^{men} sin against
themselves by the abuse of their bodies.
I mean not so much the immorality
of it. I mean the pampering
of the self with superfluous and satiation,
when they ~~themselves~~ ^{themselves} with comfort and
luxuries until life loses its relish.

We sin against ourselves when we indulge
in excessive luxuries - when we deprive them
of the hard but wholesome discipline of restraint
and moderation - of work!

VII. And how may a man turn their minds -
their God-given faculty for thought.

1- Some by refusing to think. ~~It is~~
~~hard~~ Thought is effort! It is hard to think.
It is easy to accept. Men would rather
believe in what is rumored or said or

written than to think for themselves -
we read the books that please and do not trouble us -

2- Others who think but do not act.

3- And many who sell their thought, their
independence for a pot of gold & butchery -
writers and journalists - and other slaves
men -

WRHS
we sin against God
shine - It is so



we desecrate the

VIII. Men sin against themselves when
they destroy a whole ~~their~~ faith.

- Adam -

~~that~~ free from pain
body - but
my ut spirit " -

new heart
at

And a
(6) 6A



IX. This is the message of your Kippur - 8
I'm not against myself - O Son
of God! etc.

Everyone today is eager to learn -
about the world - & know. - Our
wants must be met.
We speak so much of social service,
& improving themselves.

Keep your life free - your soul
healthy - your mind active - your
faith strong and use the things
of life to serve your higher self.