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Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

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Day of Atonement, 1925.

Yom Kippur 1925*

date uncertain

It calls us back - the and the lost to the bosom of the synagogue. I mean not only the synagogue of prayer. Prayer is of course the very soul of the synagogue - the synagogue discovered prayer, and taught men the prayer of heart and life for the sacrifice of . Many of us have lost the gift of prayer, and so have lost their way to the peace and consolation which come with prayer. The synagogue means more. It means (?) keeping (I mean?) faith with those who still suffer from and discrimination. It means (I mean?) loyalty to an ideal of universal brotherhood. "My house shall be a house of prayer for all peoples".

Israel, said a great philosopher of the middle ages, is the heart of humanity. Israel gives the spiritual life-blood to mankind. Its heartbeats are the rhythm of religious progress. If Israel is the heart of humanity, the synagogue is the heart of Israel. We live as it lives. It is not ~~XXXXXX~~ our eleemosynary(?) institutions, our hospitals and orphanages, which are the heart of Israel. The synagogue gave rise to them all. They were born in the synagogue. Other blessed agencies for the relief of suffering and want will yet come forth out of the synagogue. But the spiritual dynamo which drives all our efforts, the motivating impulse, the radiating centre of our life is the synagogue. The Synagogue means the love of the Torah, the fostering of Jewish learning and education, of purity and nobility. It means the pursuit of justice and the practice of mercy, and the walking humbly with God. It means loyalty to the magnificent life of one brotherhood, in the fatherhood of one God.

One prayer which sums up the message of the Day is:

(Hebrew see p 1 over)

- Young and old, bonded in faith, united by common memories and hopes, shall through faith and works, through loyalties and high consecration do the will of our Heavenly Father.

2. (portion missing?)

Spain was not the only land where the ~~JEW~~ Jew improvised such rudimental sanctuaries for his faith, nor was the 15 century the only century. At no time was the life of the Jew so secure, and his fortunes so high that he could build for himself synagogues to rival the beauty and grandeur of cathedrals and mosques. Only a happy people, whose life is grounded in permanence and security, and a prosperous one, can build such architectural monuments to the spiritual yearnings of its life. A wandering people must carry its Ark of its Covenant along with it on its wanderings, and when it rests for a space, it can at best set up a temporary tabernacle to house its sanctities. Oftentimes it is compelled to carry its shrine in its own heart, hidden from the ~~hateful~~ hateful gaze of men.

So that, our synagogues are as a rule humble ~~and~~ structures, many poor and unattractive. With the few exceptions in the larger metropolises and those of recent years, you will find nowhere ~~in~~ in the old world synagogues of vast naves, and towering spires, columned in strength and pinnacled in aspiring glory, edifices whose windows, flushed and intense with tint and color hold in their imbued life all the passion and joy of a free creative people, and whose vast overarching domes suggest the spaciousness of its life. It is only in recent years, and in the lands of freedom, that our people has

begun in the confidence and joy of its new-found freedom, to match in stone and marble the beauty of its faith. As a rule you will find the houses of Israel in prayer of the old world ~~XXXXXX~~ gray and bleak and small, in narrow streets and crowded-out spaces, where once the ghetto stood in all its mean abjectness. Tourists do not seek them out for there is little there to catch and hold the eye. Unless it be the eye of one who knows the shabby dress in which the world always cloaks its dreams...

I suppose the artist Sargent who painted the synagogue had these unattractive, unpretentious (fanes,) houses of worship of Israel in mind when he represented (depicted) the synagogue as a withered, haggard old woman, sitting among ruins, while the church as a beautiful young woman of spiritual charm and loveliness. So it must appear to all who look from without, to all who see things and not through things.

But to those who see from within what unearthly beauty do they discover within those very grey walls. "How beautiful thy tents, O Jacob!" What splendor of heroic faith, of matchless loyalty, of dauntless courage, dwells there! The beauty which others sought in the gothic column and classic frieze the Jew sought in the line and contour of a spiritual structure. The outer walls may have been unsightly. The inner shrine was of matchless perfection. Beneath a low roof, within barren, unadorned walls, he reared a sanctuary of rare spiritual artistry. The poetry and romance of his life found expression in its pious hymns and chants, in the intellectual vigor of his mind, in study and speculation of its sacred tomes, the passions of his soul in the sacrificial ideals of justice and truth, nurtured there. The synagogue was a living, breathing presence, and the pious worshippers could truly exclaim - It is a better day in thy courts than a thousand elsewhere.

Do you wish to know, cries a modern Hebrew poet, the source whence thy slaughtered and massacred brothers drew the strength to face death smilingly.

Do you wish to know whence they found that patience, fortitude and endless consolation to bear the burden of a beaten, bounded life. Do you wish to know where they treasured the mighty spirit of the race which remained indomitably young amidst the aging toll of the centuries. Come with me to the synagogue, where in the gathering gloom of a setting winters (day? Sun?) you will find, perchance, two or three sons of thy people, worn and wearied of life, children of the exile, bent over a holy book, forgetting their perplexed lives in a page of the Talmud, or in the chant of a psalm of David. and you will see with your own eyes the treasure house of thy people's spirit. And you will stand upon the threshold of the Temple of our life.

If you were to ask me what is the greatest creation of the Jew, I would say the synagogue. No institution of Israel so adequately expresses ~~XXX~~ its spirit. The synagogue was born in exile, in the Babylonian exile, after the Temple in Jerusalem was destroyed. It continued to exist after the return from captivity and the rebuilding of the Temple. It was the creation of the masses, of the laymen. It was democratic. It had no priesthood. It had no hierarchy. It had no sacrifices. It was a place of prayer, study and assembly. Born of the people, it wandered with the people. Wherever fortune cast the sons of Israel there they met and founded a community whose rallying center was the synagogue. It harbored the genius of the race. There the ~~XXXX~~ youth was taught. There the rabbis fashioned the law to meet the advancing life and needs of the people. There ~~MM~~ stranger was welcomed and the poor and needy succored.

The synagogue, in its hold upon the lives of the people, soon eclipsed the Temple in Jerusalem, and when the Temple was destroyed a second time, the synagogue took complete possession of the life of our people. In and

Israel turned to the synagogue. It became the refuge of the persecuted spirit of our people during the dark ages. It was treasured and safeguarded. "Do you wish to know -"

Oftimes the synagogue witnessed the saddest of tragedies. Oftimes, during the Crusades, it was forced to see its children tortured to death within its very walls, and the sacred scrolls defiled. Oftimes it witnessed its sons and ~~daughters~~ daughters putting each other to death with thier own hands rather than fall into the hands of the savage mob. In our day ~~XXXX~~ it witnessed such tragedies as in the bloody Ukraine. Did you read the story of the Jewish community of Sokolovko? One of five hundred wiped out by the massacring hords ~~XX~~ in the Gehenna of the Ukraine.

It was on Yom Kippur Day, 1921, and the entire community of Sokolovko was assembled in the synagogue. Kozakov, the bloodiest of the Cossack band of devils and his hordes entered the town, broke into the synagogue and commanded the elders to take the scrolls from the Ark and march round the synagogue singing and dancing as is the custom on the Day of the Rejoicing with the Law. It amused him to see the frightened and defenceless Jews thus parade in forced merriment before him. He then commanded that they march to the square of the town, with their rabbi at the head of the procession. The venerable patriarch divined the tragedy that was awaiting them, and so he requested his people to turn towards the Ark and to repeat with him seven times *(see msg for Hebrew?)* The Lord, He is God! - The battle cry of the meek and the lowly who fight without arms the battles of the Lord of Hosts. And then he led them with head erect and unfaltering step to the open square. They were lined up in a semi-circle, the rabbi in the center, the elders dressed in white, for it was Yom Kippur Day, on either side of him. A brutal order rang out, and 188 men, women and children - the whole community of Sokolovko, were shot down. *(see msg for Hebrew?)*

The synagogue heard that cry of the unfortunate,

and stored it away for the ages, along with other cries, and other scenes.

It is of these scenes, and these cries, that the synagogue is built. ^{**} Whether we worship in marble fanes or humbler sanctuaries, this is the synagogue which must enfold us in its mantle of dreams and memories.

** Not of stone and brick but of heart throbs, of life beats, of incident(?) and crisis, of events and history, of quality and character. A people, it is said, is composed of the dead, even more than of the living. It is so with the synagogue.

It is well that we should build when God has blessed us with peace, and freedom and affluence, sanctuaries of strength and beauty. "Shall we dwell in houses of cedar and the Ark of God within curtains!" A city said the rabbis, whose roofs are taller than the roof of its synagogue will be destroyed. If our lives are fairer today and more spacious, happier and more secure, our synagogues, their symbol and expression, must likewise be more spacious and fair. But the spiritual shrine which the outer walls encompass must be of the same exquisite ideality, the same profound simplicity, the same soul-stuff and heart-throb, the same memories and associations, as that which dwelt within the synagogue of Sokolevko, or in the ~~XXXXXXXX~~ secret fanes of the persecuted in Spain.

This is the theme and message of the Kol Midre legend - the faith of those whom adversity swept. God must be our faith. The synagogue which they built out of the blood, and tears, the joys and the sorrows, the faith and dreams of their lives must be our synagogue.

of purity and ~~humility~~ ^{solidity} It means the pursuit of
justice and the practice of mercy, and the walking
humbly with God — It means loyalty to the
^{majority} ~~unanimous~~ ^{one} ~~unanimous~~ hope & ~~unanimous~~ ^{one} brotherhood
and in the ~~present~~ ^{future} one God. ~~the~~

One prayer which sums up the message
of the May is ~~God is with us~~ ^{part of our life} ~~God is with us~~ ^{God is with us}

Young and old, bound in faith
united by common memories and hopes
shall their path and work, their loyalties
and high consecration ~~death will~~ ^{death will} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ
Heavenly Father



years, and in the lands of freedom that the people
has begun ~~allowed to~~ in the ~~curriculum~~ and
joy of its new found freedom, to ~~express its~~ ^{in watch}
by Americans, mainly the As a rule
beauty of its faith.



9
You will find the houses & prayer of Israel, pray, and
bleat and small, in narrow streets and crowded-
out spaces, where once the ghetto sank short in ^{all} its ^{ways} abject-
ness. Tourists do not seek them out for there is little
there to catch and hold the eye. Unless it be the
eye of one who knows the shabby dress in which the
world always chatters its dreams...

I suppose the artist Sargent who painted the Syn-
agogue had these unattractive, unpicturesque houses &
worship ^{of Israel} in mind when he represented the Synagogue as
a withered, haggard old woman, ^{sitting} among the ruins. *
While the Church, he represented as a beautiful
young woman of spiritual charm and ^{firmness}.
So it must appear to all ^{who look down on them} outsiders, to all who see
things and not their things.

But to those ^{who see} who are within, and see from within
what unearthly beauty do they discover ^{within} those very
gray walls. What message of "How beautiful are thy
hills, O, Jacob!" What splendor of heroic faith, of
matchless loyalty, of dauntless courage, dwells
there! What teacher's memories! What spirit
hovers round the sacred ^{and} altar, what voices speak
from out its muffled tones of sacred love!

Who you wish to know, cries a modern Hebrew poet,
the voice whence they slayeth and massacred
brothers drew the strength to face death smilingly
Who you wish to know whence they ^{found} that patience,
^{strength} and endless consolation to bear the burden
of a broken, wounded life. Who you wish to know
where they ^{met} ^{the} ^{spirit} which

The beauty which others sought in Gothic columns
and classic frieze, the Jew found in the ~~beauty~~
and ornament of his ~~own~~ ^{spiritual} synagogue structure. He built his The outer
walls were unimposing may have been un-
symmetrical. The inner shrine was of matchless
perfection - beneath a low roof ~~unadorned~~ ^{dotted + barren}
~~what unadorned walls -~~ he raised a sanctuary
of rare spiritual artistry. The poetry and
romance of his life found expression in poems,
songs, chants and legends. The intellectual vigor
in study, and speculation, the passion of his
will in the sacred ~~rites~~ ^{prayer} of justice and truth.
nurtured there - The Jew ~~was~~ ^{was} the synagogue
was a living, breathing presence, a beloved
radiant presence, and the Jews' worship
could truly exclaim: It is better a day
in thy courts than a thousand elsewhere.
If you were to ask me —

remained undiminishedly young amidst the aging tide
of the centuries. Come with me to the Synagogue, where
in the gathering storm, ^{in the day of our} a ~~wonderful~~ ^{stormy} day, you will
find, perchance, two or three ^{of Jews} ^{who have} ^{been} ^{with}
worn and weary of life, children of the Exile,
justifying their perplexed lives in a ^{way} page of the Talmud,
or in the chant of a psalm of David, and you will
then see with your ^{own} eyes the treasure-house ^{of the people} ~~and~~ spirit.
And you will stand upon the threshold of the Temple
of our life."

If you were to ask me what is the greatest
~~spiritual~~ creation of the Jew, I would say The Synagogue.
No institution of Israel so adequately expresses its
spirit. The Synagogue was born in Exile - in the
Babylonian Exile, after the Temple in Jerusalem had
been destroyed. It continued to exist after the
return from captivity and the rebuilding of the
Temple. ^{It was the creation of lay men, It had}
^{no priesthood. It had no sacrifices. It was a}
Place of prayer, study and assembly. ^{It was}
the people, ^{It wandered with the people. Wherever}
Jehovah cast the scattered sons of Israel,
there they met and founded a community
whose rallying ^{center} ~~point~~ was the Synagogue -
It harbored the genius, the sage. There the youth was
taught. There the Rabbis furnished the law to meet
the advancing life ^{and word} of the people. There too the stranger
was welcomed, and the poor & needy received.

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The Synagogue, ^{which held upon the hearts of the people} soon eclipsed the Temple in Jerusalem, and when the Temple was destroyed a second time the synagogue took complete possession of the life of the people. It became the refuge, the preserver of spirit of the people during the dark ages, its history. ^{under its} ~~Amongst its pleasant walls, and low roof, among~~ the worn, yellow tones, ^{the Jews} he found his world, ^{He had his remainder} ~~world without was denied him.~~ And it was a beautiful world, in which God and his messenger dwelt - love, faith, hope, and truth. Oftentimes the Synagogue witnessed the bloodiest tragedies - Oftentimes, as during the Crusades, it was forced to see its children ^{thrust} ~~put~~ to death ^{within} its very walls, and the sacred scrolls defiled. Oftentimes it witnessed the sons and daughters, ^{putting} ~~putting~~ each other to death rather than ^{fall} ~~fall~~ into the hands of the ^{heathen} ~~heathen~~ ^{savage} ~~savage~~. Oftentimes it witnessed such tragedies as occurred in one day - just 2 years ago in the bloody Ukraine. This is the story of the Jewish community of Sokolovko? one of five hundred wiped out by the murdering hands ^{in the ghettos} of the Ukraine.

It was on Yom Kippur May, 1921, and the entire community of Sokolovko was assembled in the synagogue. Hozator, the bloodiest of the Cossack band of devils, came upon the and his hands entered the town, broke into the synagogue and commanded the elders to ^{take the} ~~take the~~ ^{scrolls from the} ~~scrolls from the~~ and march round the synagogue singing ^{and dancing} as is the custom on the day of the

It was known there and supported. 'Uls
gm with h Krom -



Reproach with the law. It amused him to see the
frightened and defenceless Jews thus parade in forced
^{prerogative} ~~levity~~ for his ~~at~~ before him. He then commanded that
they march to the square of the town with their
Rabbi at the head of the procession. The venerable
patriarch reviewed the tragedy that was awaiting
them, and so he requested his people to turn
towards the ark and repeat with him seven
times ~~prayers~~ ^{the} ~~Lord~~ ^{He is} ~~God~~ ^{God!} - the battle
cry of the meek and the lowly who fight without
arms the battles of the soul & Herbs - And he then
led them with head erect and unflinching steps
to the pen square. They were lined up in a semi-
circle, the Rabbi in the center, the elders decreed in
white for it was Yom Kippur day, on either side of him.
A brutal order rang out, and 188 men, women
and children - the whole community of Sokolko,
were shot down. ~~Those who did not lie, were~~
~~stabbed and sent to death -~~

The Synagogue heard that cry & the unflinching -
~~prayers~~ ^{prayers} ~~to~~ - and it shored it away for the ages -
along with other cries, and other scenes. It is, there
scenes, and there cries that the Synagogue is built.
~~It is built of heart throbs, and whether we worship~~
in marble fanes or hunchler pantheons, this is the
synagogue which ^{must} ~~uphold~~ us in its mantle ~~which~~ of
dreams and memories - And, this synagogue - so
^{the memory of our past - the promise of our future} ~~rich in Jewish associations~~, the faithful song the ev-
erlast to this day exclaims: "It is better a day in the
courts than a thousand elsewhere -"

A people, it is said, is compared to the dead, even more
than to the living. It is so with the synagogue.

red of stone and brick but of heart throbs
of life, beats of incident and crisis ^{of events}
of history, of quality and character. ~~and~~



It is well that we should build when God
has blessed us with peace and freedom and
affluence, sanctuaries of strength and beauty.
Shall the ark of God dwell in houses of
cedar and the ark of God within curtains?
A city, said the Rabbis, whose roofs are
faller than the roof of the synagogue will
be destroyed. — If our lives are ~~pure~~ today
and new spacious, happier and new secure
our synagogues — ^{their} symbol and expression — must
likewise be new spacious and fair. But the
spiritual shrine ~~of the~~  the walls encompass
must be of the same exquisite idealism, the same
profound simplicity, the same soul-stuff and
heart-thrust, ^{the same profound and ardent} as that which dwelt within the
synagogue of Skolostko, as in the recent pictures
the ~~represented in Spain~~ ~~Museum of Madrid~~ legend —

This is the theme and message of the Holbrook
legend. The faith of those who in adversity ~~built~~ ^{perpetuated}
~~synagogues~~ God must be our faith — The synagogues
which they built out of the blood, and tears, the joys
and ^{faith and dreams} strains, their lives must be our synagogues.

1. Such men face death with serenity. There are men who fear death, because they have wasted their lives. There are ~~even~~ men who welcome death because they are tired of life. True men face death with equanimity, neither fearing nor wishing it; a natural act.

I know the night is near at hand:
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn leaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day:
When at Thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

---Silas Wier Mitchell



1. Such men face death with bravery. - There are
men who fear death, bec. they have no other life.
There are men who welcome death bec. they are tired
of life - There are men face death with graciously
neither fearing nor resisting it - a natural act.

1. I know etc. —————



I know the night is near at hand:
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are decolor'd, dry;
But I have had the day.

yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.
— Solas Weiss Mitchell



Yom Kippur 1925 (memorial service)

You think of your dead. What do you recall? Their physical appearance? It is probably very vague by now, the picture of your beloved. Even ^{are} when they ~~were~~ alive we have at times difficulty in remembering how they look. Do you think of the commonplace acts of their days, the countless acts which they in common with all other human beings perform. Hardly. Even in their life they did not particularly impress you. Faults? Failings? The grass has long ago closed over any weaknesses which may have been theirs. We do not remember what charity would forgive and forget. What do you recall? Their sweetness, beautiful qualities, companionship, the fine influence which they exerted on your life. Their true self. What is our true self? Not our corruptible bodies, etc.

The memory of our dear ones should inspire us to emulate their true selves, to become like them an influence, a memory that someone will treasure. And what more imperishable monument can we ask for in this transitory world, than to have someone say, long after we have returned to our kindred at rest, "I had another, and she was the soul of goodness; she gave her love and her life, her youth and her beauty to us. She ~~was~~ never wavered in the face of sacrifice. I had a father, once, the soul of honor. He gave his manhood to build a home. He taught me honor and integrity. Men loved him for his kindness, admired him for rectitude. I had a son once, and I was so proud of him - manly and upright, thoughtful and devoted. He radiated warmth and strength. I had a friend once. He invited me into the sanctuary of his soul. He shared his thoughts and dreams? Is this not immortality? Ovid - parents slave to leave children wealth!

not

And does this dictate to us the kind of life we should live? Purposeful?

(portion missing?)

1. You think I am dead. What do you recall? Their physical appearance? It is probably very vague by now, the picture of you beloved. Even when they are alive we have trouble differently in remembering how they look -

2. Also you think of the commonplace acts of their days - the countless simple acts which they in common with all other human beings performed. Usually. Even in their life they did not practice virtues you.

3. Faults - failings? The years have long ago closed over any weaknesses which may have been there, and does not remember what it chiefly would forgive, and forget.

4. What do you recall?

1. Their virtues, beautiful qualities, companionship, the fine influence which they exerted on your life. Their true self. What is our true self? Not an corruptible body etc -

2. The memory of our dear ones should inspire us to emulate their true selves - to become like them an influence - ~~some~~ a memory that some one will forever - ~~it~~ what more inimitable monument can we ask for in this transitory world - than to have some one say - long after we have returned to our kindred dust - "I had a mother, and she was the soul of goodness; she gave her love, her life, her youth, her beauty, to me - she was never washed in the sea of sin - I had a father over the soul of honor. He gave his manhood to build a home. He taught me honor and integrity - Men loved him for his kindness, admired him for rectitude. I had a son once, and I was his friend - mainly raising him - that fine talent - He studied the sciences of strength." I had a friend once he invited me into the sanctuary of his heart. He shared his thoughts and dreams - Is not this immortality? Dr. David - Parents strive to leave children wealth. 3. And does not this dictate to us the kind of life we should live? - Purposeful?

The decree is not irrevocable. The initial handicap
of man is not fatal. Man can ~~overcome~~ ^{wrap} his
the bundles which destiny has placed in his
way. His load is heavy, but the race can be
run to victory. But how? how? What
power is there that can break the hold of the
minister forces upon man; ~~ignorance~~. The power is
the power of aspiration, and the way is the
way of Right. Br. + Charity. (at)



Scarus
tant
seraph. seraph.
Lorde - stone

3
The ~~way~~ ^{power} is the ~~way~~ ^{power} of aspiration! However ~~far~~ heavy the
odds against us, however seemingly insurmountable the
~~inherent~~ ^{inherent} obstacles our duty is ~~plain~~ ^{clear} - we must strive
to surmount them! Our task is ~~then~~ ^{to} our finite
powers to stretch ^{sure to} infinity, to get the ideal into
our ~~the~~ ^{this} very makeshift of our mortal frame.
We are not gods and yet it is our divine duty
and privilege ^{and right} to express infinite beauty through the
pitifully inadequate tools of paint and brush, of
chisel and stone, through a piece of wood and
a few faint ~~sketched~~ ^{sketches} sketched ~~it~~! We are
not gods omnipotent, and yet it is our heroic
task to express infinite goodness through common-
place acts and relationships, and infinite
justice through the daily humdrum of trade and occupation.
Our wings may be the wax wings of Icarus,
but like him we expect (nevertheless) soar to
the skies even if they betray us when we
near our goal, and hurl us to our doom!
The power which frees man is the power of God as we aspire.
6. ~~The way is the way of aspiration!~~ Our very weakness,
is in a sense our strength. Our frustrations are
our opportunities. Were we all-powerful, our
achievements would bring with them no satis-
faction. One is never proud of having vanquished
a child, or having outwitted a blind man.
The strength of our opponent lends relish to our
victory, even ~~as~~ ^{though} it renders it difficult and
often impossible, a perfect world would be for
man a useless world. The presence of sin, for example,

4

in the world, imminent and real, always crouching at the door, dangerous and powerful, ready to attack the strongest and the best of us, keeps men morally alert just as the presence of the enemy keeps the soldier vigilant and fit; and it is this moral guardianship, this ethical self-discipline in the face of a relentless foe, which constitutes the whole glorious epic of human life. —

7. Our prayer promises us that the fateful sentence can be amended thus persistent aspiration, and it also indicates the three-fold manner of this aspiration. 2nd - Repentance! What is Rep.? It means return. Return to what? To our ideal self. We have all some intimations of what we ought to be, of what we should like to be; if every man carries in his heart a picture of himself as he would wish himself to be, and which he is proud that he would like to be proud of, his higher self. Himself - freed from taint and blemishes which are the result of sin, our common frailties, that is man's true self - & man's goal! Every sin which he commits is a departure from that ideal, a turning aside, a back-sliding, a throwback to the jungle-life. 2nd is the act of forcing one self to return to his ideal self - to be true to his highest self —

1- In the act of true Repit. it is not so important that a man should be perilously depressed or sorry for his misdeeds, that he should beard over his offences, and afflict himself. 2nd it is all important that he should

This imaginary picture of ourselves is the lodestone, as it were - It attracts us, and moves forward and upward. It is the moral way we're full.



in a world in which the good will ultimately triumph,
~~in which the~~ in which man plays a purposeful
and creative role, in which ideals are real
and efforts spiritual efforts not in vain —



[illegible]

Rep. matter in at all with our
and the third way of ~~which~~ ^{as they say} that is the third way of perfection
9. ~~And partly~~ 2733! ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~third~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way} of perfection
it resembles or the mutual ~~cooperation~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
basis of common dependence and the community
of human interests. True charity is based not
only upon the fundamental principle that all wealth
belongs to God. "The earth is the Lord's and the
fullness thereof." True charity derives ^{not only} from the realizing
that ~~not only~~ that all our gifts are all the
great things of life like beauty and genius are
gifts of God. Not only from the fact that all
men ~~are~~ ^{have} a common humanity & are
brothers. True charity springs also from
the recognition that we can fulfill our life's
destiny & growth & development only through the
helpful cooperation of other men, & our neighbor
& our fellowmen.

Cultural debt is a matter of reciprocity or
task as we just. We partake as we share. Our
own lives cannot be perfected in isolation. It
is in social life, and activity, in free exchange
of doubts and certainties, in aid given and
received in mutual cooperation, that our
lives blossom forth to fruition. — Hence
if man wishes to aspire, the way is the way
of broad helpfulness — "Charity, then, which
implies the recognition of the ^{other} ^{true} brotherhood of needs
and interests, and the interdependence of all men, ~~is~~
makes us at one with our fellowmen. Even
as prayer makes us at one with God, ^{thus with}
with ourselves —

10. And this is the meaning of Atzma'ut. — It seeks
to reestablish the unity of our lives, to integrate
our sp. existence, by pursuing the way which leads
to our highest destiny — the way where these roads
converge — Faith (אמונה), Love (אהבה) and the
purity (טהרה).

of selflessness — a ^{poor old man} ~~poor old man~~ Rabbi on Atonement Day came
to a famous Rabbi and said, Master, I am old and feeble
and I have not yet ^{sufficiently} ~~prepared~~ myself. I am afraid that God will
not forgive me. And the Rabbi promptly answered, Old
man, think less of yourself and more of the world. It
is not enough to keep away from evil, so that your
hands are clean. You must ^{purify} ~~do~~ good, so that
other hearts are happy. You remember your
sins. It is enough. God forgets the sins ~~that we~~
remember, even as he remembers the sins
we forget. But there is the great world and
men who ^{live in their want, misery & suffering} ~~live in their want~~ cannot distinguish between
right and wrong. Go to them and make atonement
for them. by your love. Wipe out your sin and
their in ~~a common~~ great service of love —



1. There is a great prayer -

2. It is of course evident ... cast in poetic mold

3. R. Pr. Ch. ancient evil decree. What evil decree?
DIX... Thistles.

4. Is this decree irrevocable? doomed to dungeon-house
Q - The decree is not irrevocable... handicap... burden.
- load - How? what power?
(b) As we aspire to be true to ourselves (221b),

5. The Power is the power of aspiration. However heavy the odds
(a) of course we are not gods - Wings & arms

6. And as we aspire, our very weakness may become our strength
(a) a perfect world would be for man - Sin -

7. Our prayer indicates that the decree can ... and also indicates
~~three~~ ^{way} ~~fold~~ ^{ways} ~~measures~~ of aspiration.

1. 221b - Return. - To what?

2. Not so important - depressed, brood

3. True R. induced by sense of Honor -

4. 221b is self-restraint, one with ourselves.

8. Second way of aspiration is Prayer (215x) ... lifting

1. Soul wishes to be free - 211c.

2. Prayer makes us at-one with our God.

9. Read the Third way... Charity. 213b.

1. True charity, derives 2. Cultural Development

2. A pious old man -

3. Charity makes us one with our fellow-men.

10. This is meaning of At-one-ment - Unity. Integral
- points way which leads to our highest destiny -
- embrace -



There is a great prayer in our liturgy recited on the afternoon of the Day of Atonement called ^(Hebrew - see p. 1 of mss) "We shall declare the might and the holiness of this day". The solemn and awesome Day of Atonement". The prayer in superb imagery depicts God as the great judge, who on Yom Kippur causes all souls to pass before Him, like as ~~XX~~ the shepherd causes his sheep to pass under his rod, and pronounces sentence upon them all. "How many are to pass away, and how many are to be born. Who are to perish by the sword and who by hunger. Who shall have repose and who shall be troubled. Who shall become poor and who shall become rich." The whole catalog of human weal, and woe is enumerated. The judgements thus pronounced are irrevocable. But, ^(Hebrew - see p. 1 of mss) concludes the prayer, "Repentance, prayer and charity avert the evil decree".

It is of course evident at the very outset, that this prayer is cast in a poetic mold. It should not be taken literally. God's eternal justice is not dispensed on one day of the year only. Every day, man is upheld by His eternal laws, and every day the process of retribution operates with unfailing certitude, in the life of man. Again, it is clear that this prayer should not be interpreted in a purely materialistic way. It has a profound spiritual implication which far transcends its apparent surface meaning.

Repentance, prayer and charity avert the evil decree! What evil decree? Why, not only the decree of death, or affliction or physical want which may be the lot of an individual. But also, and more so, the fatal decree of finitude and limitation which was pronounced upon all mortals at the very beginning of time. From its very origin the race of man is enmeshed in sin and ~~XXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ "caught up in the corrupted currents of existence". Imperfection is inherent in his very nature. Physically man is full of infirmities and maladjustments which bring disease and death to his door. Mentally he is circumscribed by his narrow experience and by his faulty senses and engulfed in vast ignorance. And morally he is the constant victim of overpowering passions and

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the sharpest appetites. Man began his career in the jungle and the jungle instincts and tendencies are his today. This is the "primeval curse", the ancient doom of man. Even those who believe that man began his career in some earthly paradise will recall that even in that primeval paradise there already lurked the dark and wily serpent of sin which proved man's undoing. This is the fate which hangs over ~~XXXXX~~ man like a pall. It is involved in his very humanity. Man was not created seraph or angel, but man, *(Hebrew - see p. 2 of mss.)*, of earth and blood - cold inert earth and hot raging blood. When the earth was still forming, say the rabbis, it produced thorns. There is no vineyard without thorns. There is no garden without weeds. There is no life without sin.

Is the decree irrevocable? Is man doomed to the dungeon-house of his jungle instincts, his turpitude and his blindness. Can man never rise above his limitations, to a freer and fuller life? Our prayer gives the unequivocal reply; it also points the way. But repentance, prayer and charity avert the evil decree. The decree is not irrevocable. The initial handicap of man is not fatal. Man can overleap the hurdles which destiny has placed in his way. His load is heavy, but the race can be run to victory. But How? How? What power is there that can break the hold of the sinister forces upon man? The power is the power of aspiration, and the way is the way of Repentance, prayer and charity.

As you aspire to be true to yourself, which is *(Hebrew - see p. 2 of mss.)*, and true to your neighbor, which is *(Hebrew - see p. 2 of mss.)*, and true to your God, which is *(Hebrew - see p. 2 of mss.)*, do you avert the tragic decree of your finitude - and moral inadequacy. The power is the power of aspiration! However heavy the odds against us, however seemingly insurmountable the inherent obstacles our ~~XXXXX~~ duty is plain. We must strive to surmount them! Our task is clear: through our finite lives to strive to reach infinity. Into this sorry makeshift of our mortal frame to fit the ideal. We are not gods and yet it is ~~in~~ our divine duty and privilege

to express infinite beauty through such pitifully inadequate tools of paint and brush, of chisel and stone, through a piece of wood and a few taut strings stretched over it! We are not gods, omnipotent, and yet it is our heroic task to express infinite goodness through commonplace acts and relationships and infinite justice through the daily humdrums of trade and occupation. Our wings may be the wax wings of Icarus, but like him we must soar to the skies even if they betray us when we near the goal, and hurl us to our doom!

The power which frees man is the power of aspiration. Our very weakness, is in a sense our strength, our frustrations are our opportunities. Were we all-powerful, our achievements would bring with them no satisfaction. One is never proud of having vanquished a child or of having outwitted a blind man. The strength of our opponent lends relish to our victory, even though it renders it difficult and often impossible. A perfect world for man a useless world. The presence of sin, for example, in the world, imminent and real, always crouching at the door, dangerous and powerful, ready to attack the strongest and the best of us, keeps men morally alert, just as the presence of the enemy keeps the soldier vigilant and fit; and it is this moral guardedness, this ethical self-discipline in the face of a relentless foe, which constitute the whole glamorous epic of human life.

Our prayer promises us that the fateful sentence can be annulled through persistent aspiration and it also indicates the three-fold manner of this aspiration. *(Hebrew - see p 4 of MSS)* *(Hebrew - see p 4 of MSS)*
 - Repentance! What is ? It means return. Return to what? To our ideal self. We have all of us intimations of what we ought to be, of what we would like to be. Every man carries in his heart a picture of himself as he would wish himself to be, one of which he would be proud, his higher self. Himself - freed from those taints and blemishes which are the results of our common frailties. That is man's true self, and man's beckoning goal! The imaginary picture of ourselves is the lodestar of our lives - it attracts us, and moves us forward and upward. It is the moral

magnetic pull. Every sin which he commits is a departure from that ideal, a turning aside, a backsliding, a throwback to the jungle-life. *(Hebrew see p 4 of mss)* is, therefore, the art of forcing oneself to return to his ideal self - to be true to the God in him.

In the act of true repentance it is therefore not so important that a man should be terribly depressed over his misdeeds, that he should brood over his offenses, and afflict himself. It is all-important that he should make the determined effort to set himself right with himself, to correct the whole course of his life by the compass of his own ideal, to establish a new contact between himself and the advancing ideal of himself from which he had been deflected. True repentance is induced by a sense of honor,

Give me the man who has a high enough conception of himself, and of his place in society, and in the universe, who is proud of his gifts and talent and manhood and of his destiny and I will show you a man who more than any other will keep himself free from sin and wickedness. He will not stoop to sin, for sin is to him a degradation, a lowering of self, a cheapening of self. He will refrain from wrong not because he is afraid of punishment, human or divine, but because he will besmirch himself in his own eyes. He will lose his self-pride which is man's dearest possession. *(Hebrew - see p 5 of mss)* is therefore, self-restoration - it makes us one with ourselves.

The second way of aspiration is the way of faith - *(Hebrew - see p 5 of mss)* . Prayer is the lifting of our souls to the point of highest ascent - God. *(Hebrew - see p 5 of mss)*

. The mechanical prayer of petitioning is bad, which never ascends. "Words without thoughts never to heaven go". When a man truly prays, he performs an act of self-translation, acknowledging his faith in ~~YNN~~ a supreme goodness, and justice. His soul makes the gesture and resolves to be attuned to the infinite soul of this universe, to be at one with the calm and steadfast spirit hovering over it. Prayer is the soul's wish to be saved from the in its path, from the chains of evil habit and inclination which

hold it captive in this lower world. When a man prays with ^(Hebrew - see p. 6 of mss), with

^(Hebrew - see p. 6 of mss), with exaltation and fervor, joyously and eagerly, these chains, of themselves, fall away; man is free, free for a rapturous communion with all that is best and noblest in his world. Prayer makes us at one with our God even as repentance makes us at one with ourselves!

And the third way of aspiration is ^(Hebrew - see p. 6 of mss). Charity. I prefer to hear and cite its kindness or mutual helpfulness on the basis of common interests. True charity is based not only upon the fundamental principle that all wealth belongs to God. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof".
 not only
 True charity derives from the realization that all the great things of life like beauty and genius are gifts of God. Not only from the thought that all men suffer a common humanity and are therefore brothers. True charity springs also from the recognition that we can fulfill our life's destiny of growth and development only through the helpful cooperation of other men, of our neighbors, of our fellowmen. Cultural development is a matter of reciprocity. We take as we give. We partake as we share. Our own lives cannot be perfected in isolation. It is in social life and ~~XXXX~~ activity, and free exchange of doubts and certitudes, in aid given and received, in mutual inspiration, that our lives blossom forth to fruition. Hence if man wishes to aspire, the way is the way of broad helpfulness, of selflessness - a pious old man on Atonement Day came to a famous rabbi and said: Master, I am old and grey, and I have not yet sufficiently repented. I am afraid that God will not forgive me. And the rabbi promptly answered: Old man, think less of yourself and more of the world. It is not enough to keep away from evil, so that your own hands are clean. You must pursue the good, so that other hearts are happy. You remember your sins. It is enough. God forgets the sins we remember, even as He remembers the sins we forget. Out there in the great world are men who because of their want and misery and suffering cannot distinguish between right and wrong. Go to them, and make atonement for them. Wipe out your ~~XXX~~ sin out there in the great ser-

vice of love. True charity, then, which implies the recognition of the confraternity of needs and interests, and the interdependence of all men, makes us at one with our fellow men, even as prayer makes us at one with God, and repentance with ourselves.

And this is the meaning of Atonement. It seeks to ^{re-}establish the unity of our lives, to integrate our spiritual existence by pointing the way which leads to our highest destiny - the way where ^{three} ~~XXX~~ roads converge - faith, love and () honor.

(Hebrew - see p. 71 of mss)

