



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 V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

Reel
172

Box
62

Folder
78

70th anniversary of Washington Hebrew Congregation, 1922.

THE SYNAGOGUE

≡ ≡

Address at the seventieth anniversary of The Washington Hebrew Congregation, May, 1922

The two noblest achievements of the Jewish people are a book and an institution - the one the Bible, the other the synagogue. I do not wish to speak this evening about the Bible, that marvelous and authentic record of all the varied and fretted moods of human life, a human document which is divine because it is so profoundly human; but I do want to say a word about the institution of the synagogue.

No other institution in Jewish life so adequately and so completely expresses the genius of the Jew. It was born, as you well know, in the Babylonian exile. It was the creation of Jewish laymen. It was never dominated by a priestly hierarchy. It never had a cult of sacrifices. It is the most democratic institution which the genius of the Jew evolved in three thousand years.

When the Jew returned from exile, he brought the synagogue back with him, and the synagogue gained the position of affection and devotion on the hearts of the people even during the Temple's existence. In the synagogue the youth were taught; the Rabbis expounded the law to meet the advancing needs of life; the stranger was welcomed, and succor was given to the needy and distressed. When the Second Temple was destroyed, the synagogue gained complete possession of the life of Israel. And throughout the dark centuries of exile and wandering and oppression the synagogue was the refuge and sanctuary of the soul of our people. Having been born of the people it wandered with the people, and because it was a wandering tabernacle, the synagogue was never comparable in its physical aspects to the marvelous cathedrals and mosques which other peoples and other religions builded. In the Jewries of the old world you do not find synagogues that are resplendent in their physical form; most are bleak and small and unadorned. You will find them in out-of-the-way places. Tourists are not attracted by them, because there is little in them to attract the eye, unless it be the eye of him who knows in what shabby garments the world always clothes its most precious ideals.

I can understand why a painter like Sargent would represent the synagogue as an old, haggard woman, sitting among the ruins of life, while ^{he} representing ^{ed} the church as a radiant young maiden, full of beauty and spiritual charm. Sargent, not being a Jew, saw only the physical synagogue. He could not find there those towering domes and spires, those marvelous columns pillared in grandeur, those naves suggesting the spaciousness and aspiration of unencumbered lives, and those stained-glass windows which hold within their imbued passionate glory all the creative hopefulness of a free people.

Those things one cannot find in the gray, ~~black~~ sanctuaries of the old world. It is only in recent years that our people, enjoying a bit of freedom and prosperity, have begun to erect synagogues which in their physical expression body forth the grandeur of the spirit within. It is altogether proper that we Jews ^{who} have been favored by God with freedom and prosperity, should express our overwhelming gratitude for these gifts of benign Providence, and our deep reverence for the sanctities of our faith by building shrines whose bodily form ^{is} ~~shall be~~ worthy of the spiritual splendor of our faith. Shall we dwell in houses of cedar and the spirit of God dwell behind curtains? The Rabbis wisely said that a city, ^{whose rooftops} ~~the roofs of whose~~ houses are taller than the roof of the synagogue, is doomed to destruction. The synagogue should, by its physical aspect, symbolize the prominence which it occupies in the life of the community.

But whether our synagogues rival in beauty the religious houses of

an
"Ark"

13

other peoples or not, the synagogue is a thing quite apart from the house which enshrines it. Throughout the Middle Ages, and in many parts of the world to this day, within these bleak houses, unattractive to any eye except to the eye that can see ~~through things~~ into the ~~heart~~ heart of things, within these dank walls and beneath these dark ceilings, the Jew ~~always~~ ^{raised} reared for himself a spiritual ^{s - (i.e.)} synagogue of matchless artistry. Where others sought to express their faith in Gothic column, or in classic frieze, the Jew expressed his ^{faith} in spiritual contours. The hunger for the beautiful in his life found satisfaction in hymn and psalm and liturgic chant. His intellectual vigor and energy expressed themselves in the study of the Talmud and the sacred law of his people, and his passion for justice poured itself into his sacrificial loyalties to all that was true and noble in life. The world without could see only the drabness, the little structure in the dark ghetto alley; but the Jew within could exclaim, "How beautiful are Thy tents, O Israel!"

The ~~great~~ Hebrew poet Bialik ^{S in one of his} asked ~~in one of his~~ poems: "Do you wish to know, my brother, whence your people drew that courage to endure the hatred and cruelty of twenty centuries? Do you wish to know how the spirit, amidst the agony of all the centuries of your race, remained young? Do you wish to know what saved the spirit of your people from breaking under the crushing blows of ceaseless adversity? Come with me, my brother, and I will take you in the quiet hour of some setting day into a little village, perhaps on the far away steppes of Russia, or in some forsaken spot of Poland or Lithuania, and there taking you by the hand I will lead you to a little ramshackle structure, and there in the gathering gloom you will find perhaps three or four of the sons of your people, wearied with age, bent with the burdens of life, poring over some ancient tome or ^{intoning} ~~in~~ in a melancholy chant some Psalm of David, and there, my brother, you will stand on the threshold of your people's immortality; there you will see the temple of your people's eternal life. / . / . / . "

495

A

The synagogue witnessed through the long centuries all the heroic moments of our people's experience, from the day it left Palestine and was scattered over the face of the earth. Whether it was the ~~crypto-synagogue~~ in Spain, or the Rhenish Synagogue during the Crusades, or the nameless synagogues in the five hundred towns devastated in the Ukraine this last decade, the synagogue saw the pathos and the tragedy, the suffering and the loyalty, the undaunted courage and the resplendent faith of its children, and treasured those memories, and out of those memories the synagogue is fashioned.

Let me tell you the story of the synagogue of Soklovka. It happened in 1921, ~~just four years ago~~ not in the Middle Ages. It was Yom Kippur Day, and the Jews, man, woman, and child, were assembled in the synagogue. Word came that Kosakov, the ~~rabbi~~ leader of a band of Cossacks, had entered the town. Kosakov came to the synagogue, followed by his tribe of assassins, and commanded the Jews to take out the scrolls from the Ark and march around the synagogue, dancing and singing as is the custom on Simchas Torah, the Day of the Rejoicing ~~with~~ the Law. It amused this Cossack to see these Jews dancing before him in forced merriment. Then he commanded them to march to the public square. The rabbi, divining what about was to happen, commanded his flock to turn toward the Ark and together with him repeat the verse: ~~ה' הוא יהוה~~ "The Lord, He is God", seven times, as is the custom on the Day of Atonement, that battle cry of the weak and the helpless, who have been called upon to wage without arms the battles of the Lord of Hosts. Then with brave step he led his congregation to the square of the city. They were lined in a semi circle, men, women and children - the men ~~in~~ in the center dressed in white, for it was Yom Kippur - and at a signal they were all shot down.

The synagogue heard that cry, "The Lord, He is God!" and treasured it along with other cries ~~of~~ from the ages, and it is of these cries and these sights and these scenes, of these sanctities and sublimities of a people's life, that our

synagogue is builded. That is why wherever a few of the sons and daughters of Israel find themselves, almost instinctively they come together and build, with their humble means, a ^{Syna}synagogue.

The synagogue is dear to us, not only for its historical associations and memories, but also for the things it represents, for the immortal phrases which it uttered during its long career, for the ideals of which it speaks to us. The synagogue speaks to us first of God. In the beginning, God! In the end, God! In the change and transitoriness of life, God! In sin and death and suffering and pain, God! The source of all, the goal of all, the creative purpose, the all-wise intelligence, the good friend, the beloved, God! The synagogue speaks of man, the child of God; of man made in the image of God, of man's life, holy because God is holy. The synagogue speaks of all mankind, of one brotherhood of human beings, because our Father is one, and all are beginning His children. In the ~~beginning~~, and in the end, God!

I wish that we would open the doors of our homes and the doors of our hearts a little more and let God enter. I wish that our children would grow up a bit more conscious of that never-failing friend who walks beside them on the road of life, always whispering in their ears the word of courage and hope. In the midst of the trials and tribulations of their lives, they will need God. Some day they will find themselves standing before an open grave, the grave of a dead hope, or of something dearer even than hope, bereft of all, and they will need God, the comforter and the consolation. Of Him the synagogue spoke first, and will speak now.

Then the synagogue speaks of freedom. I said a moment ago that the synagogue was a democratic institution, the creation of the masses of Israel. It is. It most accurately represents the democratic passion of the Jew. I have often listened to people who have tried to explain why some non-Jews do not like Jews. I have heard people say that the Jew is disliked because he is too bright, and others because he is too dull; too rich, or too poor; too callous, or too sensitive. Somehow, I did not hear the one true explanation of anti-Semitism. We are hated as much for our virtues as for our vices. We are hated because implanted within us from the beginning of time there is a passion for freedom which we ourselves cannot repress, even as the prophet could

not repress the word of God, which was like a burning flame within his bosom.

From the days when Abraham smashed the idols of his father; from the days of Moses, who emancipated the slaves; from the days of the prophets who sought to lead the imprisoned out of the prison houses; right through the Middle Ages, when the Jew was the harbinger of intellectual freedom to Europe; to the days when the sons and daughters of our people, the political exiles of Russia, are incarcerated on the angry steppes of Siberia, the Jew ^{has been} ~~was~~ the slave and the master of an overwhelming passion for freedom. It was inborn in him when our ancestors were nomads in the wilderness. Among them there were no kings, no princes, no potentates. Each was the equal of the other. In the great wilderness our people was nurtured in freedom. When they came into Palestine they had no king. When, driven by the emergency of an invading army, they cried, "Give us a king", Their priest, Samuel, denounced them for a lack of faith. After the return from the Babylonian Exile, the Jews for hundreds of years had no kings. Their priests governed them. Since the ^{of the Second Temple,} ~~Second~~ destruction, for almost nineteen hundred years, the Jew ^{has} lived in all parts of the world, a fairly unified people without ruler, without king, without pope - free men, who ^{have} submitted to authority only when that authority was based on scholarship and spiritual primacy.

That is why the world hates us. Wherever you find Jews, there you will find a group of people who resist repression and tyranny. There you will find sons and daughters of Israel crying for the breaking of chains; there you will find intellectual people who call upon their fellowmen to destroy all privilege. That is why the dark forces of reaction, the forces of illiberalism, hate him. They fear the two-edged sword of prophecy in his hand, his passion for justice and freedom.

Another great ideal which our synagogue preached was peace. We hear a great deal ^{about} of peace nowadays, and yet the church, which always claimed to be the peacemaker, is not leading ⁱⁿ the work of peace. It is my firm conviction that the church ^{has} today ~~two~~ two alternatives. It must either assume a role of aggressive leadership or a role of pious irrelevancy. And the church will assume leadership only when it will rise above the state, and regain its own prophetic voice. The church has been the lackey,

the servant of the state. During the Middle Ages it competed with the state for supremacy. Since then the church, having lost its role as competitor, assumed the role of ally. It has in many countries become a state church. During the last war, almost every church was a state church. The Christian Church of Germany was German first, and only secondarily a church of God. And so with the English Church, and the French Church, and the American Church. Only as the church breaks from its entanglements with the state, from being compelled to underwrite the policies of the state, will the church assume the role which the prophet once held. Then will the church be able to enkindle the will of the peoples for peace. The synagogue, which from the days of Isaiah, preached peace and called upon men to turn their swords into plowshares, continues to this day the champion of international justice and peace.



70th Anniversary - Washington (D.C.) Congregation -

You are to be felicitated of course, my friends, upon this auspicious occasion. Seventy years in the lifetime of an institution is not a long period of time, although it is almost the allotted period of human life. But in the United States seventy years in the lifetime of any institution is considerably long, when one remembers that our very Government is only one hundred and seventy years old.

You are to be felicitated upon a great record of achievement covering these seventy years. Naturally a Jewish Congregation in the City of Washington is not a Congregation unto itself only. Being located in the city of our National Government it assumes inevitably a national scope in importance, to which the eyes of American Jewry are frequently turned.

You are to be congratulated too upon your spirit of youth and vigor to which your chairman referred this evening. You are not an old congregation at all. You have the vision and the hopes and the high ambition of youth. You wish to expand in the future. You should, to the full measure of your capacity, expand. The handful of men who seventy years ago founded this Congregation has been supplanted by one of the great congregations of America. And American Israel is today anticipating expansion of your Congregation on a scope commensurate with the importance of your institution in this the center of our National life.

You are to be congratulated too, friends, upon the great leadership which you enjoy, and which you have enjoyed for almost a quarter of a century. It is not given to many congregations to be shepherded by a man of light and leading, of scholarship and vision of the type of Dr. Simon. Many outside of this congregation have followed his leadership. Taken all in all, this ought to be for you a great day of spiritual exaltation, a day of renewal of sacred vows, and high resolves for an even more illustrious career in the years to come.

I have no particular message to bring to you this evening, friends.

I should like to say a word, if I may, about the very institutions, whose three score years and ten of existence you are celebrating - the Synagogue. The two noblest achievements of the Jewish people are a Book, and an Institution - the one the Bible, the other the Synagogue. I do not want to speak this evening about the Bible, that marvelous and authentic record of all the varied and fretted moods of human life, a human document which is divine because it is so profoundly human, but I do want to say a word about the institution of the Synagogue.

No other institution in Jewish life ~~is~~ so adequately and so completely expresses the genius of the Jew as the Synagogue. It was born, as you well know, in exile, in the Babylonian exile. It was the creation of Jewish laymen. It was never dominated by a priestly hierarchy; it never had a cult of sacrifices. It is the most democratic institution which the genius of the Jew evolved in three thousand years.

When the Jew returned from the Babylonian exile, he brought the Synagogue back with him, and the Synagogue in Jerusalem ~~existed even while the Temple gained~~ *even during the Temple's existence* the position of affection and devotion in the hearts of the people. In the Synagogue the youth was taught, the Rabbis expounded the law to meet the advancing needs of life, the stranger was welcomed, and succor was given to the needy and distressed. When the second Temple was destroyed the Synagogue ~~complete~~ possession of the life of Israel. And throughout the dark centuries of exile and wandering and oppression the Synagogue was the refuge and sanctuary of the soul of our people. Having been born of the people, it wandered with the people, and because it was a wandering tabernacle, the Synagogue was never comparable in its physical aspects to the marvelous cathedrals and mosques which other peoples and other religions builded. In the Jewries of the old world you do not find synagogues that are resplendant in their physical form; they are bleak and small and unadorned. You will find them in out of the way places. Tourists are not attracted by them because there is very

little in them to attract the eye, unless it be the eye of him who knows in what shabby garments they would always clothes its most precious ideals.

I can understand why a painter like Sargent would represent the Synagogue as an old, haggard woman, sitting among the ruins of life, while the Church he represented as a radiant young maiden, full of beauty and spiritual charm. Sargent, not being a Jew, saw only the physical manifestations of the Synagogue, and he could not find there those towering domes and spires, those marvelous columns pillared in grandeur, those naves suggesting the spaciousness and aspiration of ~~the Christian people~~ *unnumbered lives*, and those stained glass windows which hold within their imbued passionate glory all the creative hopefulness of a free people.

Those things one cannot find in the gray, black synagogues of the old world. It is only in recent years that our people enjoying ~~abundance of freedom~~ and prosperity, have begun to erect synagogues which in their physical expression body forth the grandeur ~~of~~ the spirit within.

And it is altogether proper that we Jews who have been favored by God with freedom and prosperity, should express our overwhelming gratitude for these gifts of benign Providence; and our deep reverence for the sanctities of our faith, by building shrines, whose bodily form shall be worthy *of the spiritual* ~~of the spiritual~~ splendor of our faith.

Shall we dwell in houses of cedar and the spirit of God dwell behind curtains? The Rabbis wisely said that a city, the roofs of whose houses are taller than the roof of the synagogue, is doomed to destruction. The Synagogue should, by its very physical aspect, symbolize the prominence which it occupies in the life of the community. Some day, I hope, this community too will build in this city, where ~~the great~~ *other* religious bodies are ~~building~~ *erecting* sanctuaries worthy of their faith, a sanctuary to the God of Israel, beautiful in form, corresponding to the ~~beauty~~ beauty of the Spirit.

But whether our Synagogues rival in beauty the religious houses of

other peoples or not, the synagogue is a thing quite apart from the house which enshrines it. Throughout the middle ages, and in many parts of the world to this day, within these bleak houses, unattractive to any eye except to the eye that can see through things into the very heart of things, within these dank walls and beneath these dark ceilings, the Jew always reared for himself a spiritual Synagogue of matchless artistry. Where others sought to express their faith in Gothic column, or in classic frieze, the Jew expressed his in spiritual contours. The hunger for the beautiful in his life found satisfaction in hymn and psalm and liturgic chant. His intellectual vigor and energy expressed themselves in the study of the Talmud and the sacred law of his people, and his passion for justice poured itself into his sacrificial loyalties to all that was true and noble in life. The world without could see only the drabness, the little structure in the dark Ghetto alley; but the Jew within could exclaim "How beautiful are Thy tents, Oh Israel!"

The great Hebrew poet Bialik asked in these poems: "Do you wish to know, my brother, whence your people drew that courage to endure the hatred and cruelty of twenty centuries? Do you wish to know how the spirit, amidst the agony of all the centuries of your race, remained young? Do you wish to know what saved the spirit of your people from breaking under the crushing blows of ceaseless adversity? Come with me, my brother, and I will take you in the quiet hour of some setting day into a little village, perhaps on the far away steppes of Russia, or in some forsaken spot of Poland or Lithuania, and there taking you by the hand I will lead you to a little ramshackle structure, and there in the gathering gloom you will find perhaps three or four of the sons of your people, wearied with age, bent with the burdens of life, poring over some ancient tome or intoning in a melancholy chant some psalm of David, and there, my brother, you will stand on the threshold of your people's immortality; there you will see the temple of your people's eternal life. . . . "

The synagogue witnessed through the long centuries all the heroic moments of our people's experience, from the day it left Palestine and was scattered over the face of the earth. Whether it was the Crypto Synagogue in Spain or the Rhenish Synagogue during the Crusades, or the nameless synagogues in the five hundred towns devastated in the Ukraine in the last decade, the Synagogue saw the pathos and the tragedy, the suffering and the loyalty, the undaunted courage and the resplendent faith of its children, and treasured those memories; and out of these memories the Synagogue is fashioned.

Did you ever hear the story of the little town of Sokolovka in the Ukraine? Let me tell you the story of the Synagogue of Sokolovka. It happened in 1921, just four years ago; not in the middle ages - just four years ago. It was Yom Kippur day and the Jews, man, woman and child were assembled in the synagogue. Word came that Kosakov, the ruthless leader of a band of Cossacks had entered the town. Kosakov came to the Synagogue, followed by his tribe of ruthless assassins, and commanded the Jews to take out the scrolls from the Ark and march around the synagogue, dancing and singing as is the custom on the day of Simchos Torah, the Day of Rejoicing with the Law. It amused this Cossack to see these Jews dancing in forced merriment before him. Then he commanded them to march to the public square. The Rabbi divining what was about to happen, commanded his flock to turn toward the Ark and together with to repeat the Verse: "Adonoi, hu, ho-Elohim; adonoi, hu, ho-Elohim- The Lord, He is God," seven times as is the custom on the Day of Atonement. That battle-cry of the weak and the helpless, who have been called upon to wage without arms, the battles of the Lord of Hosts, "Adonoi, hu, ho-Elohim!" And then, with brave step he led his congregation to the square of the city. They were lined in a semi-circle, men, women and children - the men in the center dressed in white, for it was Yom Kippur,- and at a signal they were all shot down. . . .

The Synagogue heard that cry, "The Lord ^{He} is God!" and treasured it along with the other cries of the ages, and it is of these cries and these sights and these scenes, of these sanctities and sublimities of a people's life, that our

Synagogue is builded. That is why the Synagogue is so beloved by us; that is why your eighteen ancestors who came to this city, among the first things which they did was to build a synagogue; that is why ~~wherever~~ a few of the sons and daughters of Israel find themselves, almost instinctively they come together and build, with their humble means, a synagogue.

The synagogue is dear to us, not only for its historical associations, for its memories, but also for the things it represents, for the immortal phrases which it uttered during its long career, for the ideals of which it speaks to us. The synagogue speaks to us first of God. In the beginning, God! In the end, God! In the change and transitoriness of life, God! In sin and death and suffering and pain, God! The source of all, the goal of all, the creative purpose, the all-wise intelligence, the good friend, the beloved, God! The Synagogue speaks of man, the child of God; of man made in the image of God, of man's life, holy because God is holy. The Synagogue speaks of all mankind, of one brotherhood of human beings, because our Father is one and all are His children. In the beginning, and in the end, God!

I wish that we would open the doors of our homes and the doors of our hearts a little more and let God enter. I wish that our children would grow up a bit more conscious of that never-failing friend who walks beside them on the road of life, always whispering in their ^{ears} ~~the~~ the word of courage and hope. In the midst of the trials and tribulations of ^{their lives} ~~this life~~, they will need God. Some day they will find themselves standing before an open grave, the grave of a dead hope, or of something dearer even than hope, bereft of all, and they will need God, the comforter and the consolation. Of Him the Synagogue spoke first, and will speak now.

Then, the Synagogue speaks of freedom. I said a moment ago that the Synagogue was a democratic institution, the creation of the masses of Israel. It is. It most accurately represents the democratic passion of the Jew. I have oft ~~all~~ listened to people who have tried to explain to me and to others why some

non-Jews do not like Jews. I have listened to discussions about anti-Semitism. I have heard people say that the Jew is disliked because he is too bright, and others because ~~too~~ dull; too rich, or too poor; too calloused or too sensitive. Somehow, I did not hear the one true explanation of anti-Semitism.

We are hated just as much for our virtues as for our vices. We are hated, friends, because implanted within us from the beginning of time there is a passion for freedom which we ourselves cannot repress, even as the Prophet could not repress the word of God, which was like a burning flame within his bosom.

From the days when Abraham smashed the idols of his father ~~from~~ the days of Moses who emancipated the slaves; from the Prophets who sought to lead the imprisoned out of the prison houses, right through the Middle Ages, when the Jew was the harbinger of intellectual freedom to Europe; to the days of Heine, the great liberator of Germany; to the days when the sons and daughters of our people, the political exiles of Russia *incarnated* of Siberia, the Jew was the slave and the master of an overwhelming passion for freedom. It was inborn in him when our ancestors were nomads in the wilderness, for tens of thousands of years. ~~among~~ them there were no kings, no princes, no potentates. Each was the equal of the other. There out in the great wilderness our people was nurtured in freedom. When they came into Palestine they had no *emergency* king. And when driven by the *emergency* of an invading army, they cried, "Give us a King." Samuel denounced them for wanting a king. After the return from the Babylonian exile, the Jews for hundreds of years had no kings. Their priests governed them. For a short period after that they were their own rulers. Since the second destruction, for almost nineteen hundred years, the Jew lived in all parts of the world, a fairly unified people without ruler, without king, without pope - free men, who submitted to authority only when that authority was based on scholarship and spiritual primacy.

That is why the world hates us. Wherever Jews find themselves, there

you will find a group of people who are resting under repression and tyranny. There you will find sons and daughters of Israel crying for the breaking of chains; there you will find intellectual people who call upon their fellowmen to destroy all privilege. That is why the dark forces of reaction, the forces of illiberalism hate him. They fear the two-edged sword of prophecy in his hand, his passion for justice and freedom.

Another great ideal which our synagogue preached was peace. We hear a great deal of peace nowadays, and yet the church has not played the role of leadership in bringing about peace. The church which always claimed to be the peace-maker, is not leading in the world of peace. It is my firm conviction that the church today has two alternatives. It must either assume the role of aggressive leadership or the one of pious irrelevancy. And the church will assume leadership only when it will emancipate itself from the State, when it will rise above the State, and regain its own prophetic voice. The church has been the lackey, the servant of the State. During the Middle Ages it competed with the State for supremacy? Since then, the Church having lost its role of competitor, assumed the role of a lackey. It has in many countries become a State church. During the last war, almost every church was a State church. The Christian Church of Germany was German first, and only secondarily a church of God. And so with the English Church, and the French Church, and the American Church. Only as the church breaks from ^{its} ~~the~~ entanglements with the State, from being compelled to underwrite the policies of the State, will the Church assume the role which the prophet once held. Then will the church be able to enkindle the will of the peoples for peace; to set in motion another crusade for everlasting comity and peace among men. The Synagogue, which from the days of Isaiah, preached peace and called upon men to turn their swords into ploughshares, continues to this day the champion of international justice and peace.

Friends, a great institution is yours; a blessed institution is yours. Give it of your loyalty and your enthusiasm! Feed the fires upon the altar!

Teach your children; give them the faith of the patriarchs, the vision of the prophets, ~~the piety~~ ^{the piety} of the psalmist, the wisdom of the sages, and the hallowed memories of the martyred spirit of our heroic forbears.

Do not strip Judaism to a mere cult, a mere ethical formality^{See}, a few bits of charity, the support of a few ~~alms~~ ^{eleemosynary} ~~synary~~ institutions.

The dynamo, the propelling impulse, the radiating center of Jewish life has always been the Synagogue. Other great institutions of healing and charity will in the years to come be derived from the spirit of the Synagogue. But the Synagogue is central. Give unto the Synagogue your loyalty and your reverence, and may God bless you in the years to come with an added measure of His eternal spirit.

