



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.

Series II: Subject Files, 1956-1993, undated.

Reel
19

Box
7

Folder
240

East Shore Unitarian Fellowship, correspondence and speech,
1963-1964.

FENN COLLEGE

CLEVELAND 15, OHIO

SCHOOL OF
ENGINEERING

PHONE
PROSPECT 1-0250

August 14, 1963

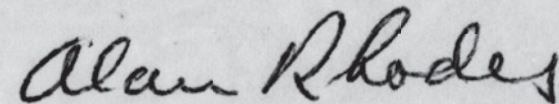
Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver
The Temple
University Circle at Silver Park
Cleveland 6, Ohio

Dear Rabbi Silver:

Thank you for consenting to speak to the East Shore Unitarian Fellowship; May 31 is fine. We shall communicate with you again about four weeks in advance of that date.

We are looking forward to your visit and appreciate your kindly assistance to our group.

Cordially yours,



Alan Rhodes

mab

- 4/10/64
- 1) Bio & photo
 - 2) Exact title of your talk
 - 3) Someone will stop in to tell you about their organization & give you info on how to get there - will call for appointment
 - 4) Your talk for about 30 minutes

MR. ROGER
LOOFBOUROW

Mr. Roger Loofbourow
Crobaugh Laboratories
3800 Perkins Avenue
Cleveland 14, Ohio

Dear Mr. Loofbourow:

As you requested, I am sending to you enclosed a glossy photograph and a biographical sketch of Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver. I would be grateful if you will return the photograph to me when you have finished with it.

Rabbi Silver will advise you of the title of his talk at a later time.

Cordially yours,

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DJS:lg

9464 State Route 87
Novelty, Ohio 44072
May 18, 1964

Rabbi Daniel Silver
The Temple
University Circle and Silver Park
Cleveland, Ohio 44106

Dear Rabbi Silver:

In planning the service for Sunday, May 31, 1964 we have asked Mr. Kenneth O'Connell to act as lay leader. He will be in touch with you to get the title of your sermon and to discuss the detail of the service with you.

This will confirm the information given to your office that the service is at 10:30 A.M. in Greystone Manor in Mentor. Mr. O'Connell will give you directions for getting to Greystone.

Our budget provides an honorarium of \$25.00 for the speaker. I trust this will be satisfactory to you.

I want to express again our appreciation of your willingness to come and speak to us during a period when there are many demands on your time.

Very sincerely,

Rodger W. Loofbourow
Rodger W. Loofbourow
Program Chairman

cc Mr. Kenneth O'Connell
12590 Rock Haven Road
Chesterland, Ohio

Center belt to 306

306 turned off on 306 - South

1/2 mile - 615 leaves left (Kittling)

Boys to Livingston means

Don (Graham)

SUNNY ACRES
CUYAHOGA COUNTY TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL
RICHMOND ROAD
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44122
464.9500

Trustees
NATHANIEL R. HOWARD
Chairman

THOMAS F. PATTON

WILLIAM C. TREUHAFT

JOSEPH B. STOCKLEN, M.D.
Controller of Tuberculosis
for Cuyahoga County

HUGH B. KELLY, M.D.
Director of Hospital

June 2, 1964

Rabbi Daniel Silver
The Temple
University Circle and Silver Park
Cleveland, Ohio 44106

Dear Rabbi Silver:

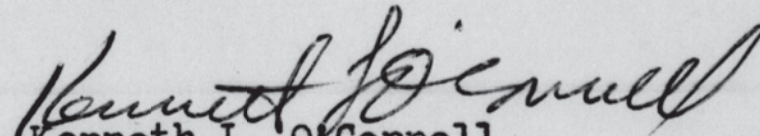
On behalf of the congregation at East Shore Unitarian Church I would like to take this opportunity to express our deep and sincere thanks for the wonderful sermon you delivered Sunday, May 31st.

Your talk was stimulating and challenging. It is my sincere hope that our suburban congregation will take to heart the challenges toward a better society that you outlined for us.

Personally it was a great privilege to participate with you in the conduct of this service.

Thank you again for taking time from your busy schedule to share with us your experiences and point of view.

Sincerely,


Kenneth L. O'Connell
Director of Rehabilitation

KLO:ab

cc Rodger W. Loofbourow
9464 State Route 87
Novelty, Ohio 44072

5/31/64
Mentor

#120

HOT MONTHS AND FRAYED TEMPERS
America Looks Ahead to the Summer

The Temple
Sunday, May 10, 1964

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

The changing present often ^{illu}~~eliminates~~ the practices of the past. I have in mind this morning an editorial convention employed by the men who, two thousand years ago, canonized and compiled the Bible. These men received the ancient parchments of our people and held them most sacred. Every scrap of parchment was part of the revealed word of God. They did not tamper with it. Yet in one case they boldly and unabashedly changed the received text. Whenever a Book of the Bible ended with a harsh sentence, with a bitter word, they would add to it a sentence or two which mitigated the bluntness and the cruelty spoken. They were of the conviction that the men who in subsequent generations would read the Bible should not ~~read~~ ^{LEAVE} it with fear and with trembling.

Let me illustrate their operation with the sturdy prophet, Amos. Amos spoke his mind always and often, ~~but~~ He did not mute nor tone down the catalogue of sins with which he faulted his people. He called greed greed, and folly folly, and indolence and apathy sin. Amos was concerned with an immediate and total moral reformation of Israel.

" יִקְרֹא " יִשְׁכַּח " -- "Seek God and live."

" חַסְדֵּי לֹא יִשְׁכַּח יְהוָה יִשְׁכַּח " -- "Seek ye good, and not evil, that ye may live." Amos was exercised that his people see ~~that~~ the depths of their degradation and pull themselves up out of the ~~moral~~ mire

and reform their ^{WAY OF} ~~own~~ life. But he had little hope for such a reformation. He felt that the nation was too fat and too smug and too complacent to achieve it.

And so it is perhaps not to have been unexpected that the nine short chapters which remain to us of the teachings of Amos end with a bitter sentence: "And all the sinners of thy people shall be cut down by the sword, yea, even they who say, 'Evil shall not confront us nor o'ertake us?'" ~~Now~~, the editors of the Bible, the canonizers, were unwilling to leave this ending stand as it was, and they rummaged about in the spiritual tradition of our people and our prophetic inheritance, and they found a ^{MORE} ~~most~~ sanguine and redemptive paragraph written much in the style of Amos, but to quite other purpose:

And I will return the captivity of My people,
And they shall rebuild the waste cities
and dwell therein.
And they shall plant for them vineyards
And they shall drink the wine thereof.
And they shall make for themselves gardens
And ~~they~~ shall eat the fruit thereof.
My people shall no longer be plucked up ~~out~~ of
Out of the land which I have given them.

Now, our modern critical and literary tastes are offended by this tampering with the received text, ~~for~~ ^{we} do not like to see attributed to an author that which was not of his own writing^s. Besides, it seems to spoil the literary ^{took} ~~MERIT~~, the tone of the whole. It is as if we ~~xxx~~ the Greek tragedy, "Medea," and added to it a Mother's Day poem. Somehow, this "keep your chins up, boys" message doesn't fit in with the strict, stern strictures of this ancient prophet.

And yet, of course, the literary conventions of the ancients were not ours. The greatest of the ancient historians, Thucydides, Josephus, Plutarch, were not at all abashed to put speeches made out of whole cloth, invented by themselves, into the mouths of ancient heroes.

For they said that it was far more important to give the reader a sense of the flow of history, of its meaning, than it was to report, in detailed accuracy, the facts as they had occurred.

And it is true that it is far more exciting and informing to read a ^{RATHER} popular account of some event than an academic thesis, with ~~its~~ ^{The} ~~whole~~ ^{formidable} paraphernalia of academic scrupulosity.

But more to the point, or rather more to our point this morning, is the simple ^{TRUTH} ~~proof~~ that the Bible was not written primarily for its literary effect. It was written to have an effect -- an effect on the lives of the individuals and of the people who read it. The Bible is a sustained challenge to man to be up and doing in the service of God. It is literature which must lead to action, not to appreciation, to a way of life rather than to some fine piece of critical and appreciative writing. And those who edited the Bible were fully conscious of this, and of another elemental emotional and psychological truth, and that is that when man despairs, when our lives are covered by a pall of futility, we not only lose confidence, but we lose our willingness to engage ourselves in life. Despair drains our strength. Prolonged despair drains us of our willingness to be part of the adventure, to undertake the responsibilities of daily life. And protracted despair saps and destroys the integrity of human personality. Personality disintegrates in hopelessness. This has been proven again in our age ^{were} in the studies which ~~have been~~ made of the inmates and those who survived the Nazi Concentration horrors. ^{IF YOU ARE INQUISITIVE AND} And if you would see a ^{LIVING} ~~concrete~~ example of this truth, notice the young idlers who stand about in our city streets. By ^{CLASS} ~~caste~~, by economics, by education, and oft-times by ~~a~~ race, they are disqualified from taking part in the promise. American ~~community~~. They are " ^{DOWN SIDE} ~~DOWN SIDE~~ " -- outside the camp, outside the mainstream of American life, And they know this

ALBERT subconsciously. They are afraid to open themselves up to expectation. They have ceased to hope. They are lethargic, easily coerced, easily led, shiftless. Why? Because they have no confidence that good can come to them, that life can have meaning. They have turned in on themselves, to protect themselves from being hurt. ~~And~~ at most they can be roused to a momentary peak of excitement, but that is all. ^{you} ~~And we~~ need to feel confidence, hope in the future, in order to take responsibility in the present, for today.

And so these ancient editors of ~~our~~ people were saying, in effect, the Bible is a single, sustained challenge to man. Amos was a very much exercised prophet. He was concerned -- vitally concerned -- with the moral laxity of his day. He was concerned -- mightily concerned -- ~~for~~ with the disintegration of the social ~~progress~~ ^{FABRIC} which he saw all about him, and ~~and~~ He wanted a reformation, / such a man would not have wanted the writings which remained of his teachings to leave anyone with the impression that he despaired of life. He might have despaired of the ability of his own generation to reform themselves, but surely he would not have wanted anyone in another generation who read his teachings to use them as an excuse for apathy, for ^A moral surrender, for a turning away from responsibility. Man can be man only when he hopes.

~~XX~~ I have thought often, these past weeks, of this ancient editorial convention and of its underlying meaning. It seems to me to say something very ^{REAL AND} ~~revealing~~, very near. I spoke recently to a convocation of collegians. My theme was broadly theological, and yet the very first question put to me after the lecture was this, "Rabbi, what do you despair of most in modern life?" ~~And~~ how many conversations have we all taken part ~~of~~ in these past weeks, as

all of us have become increasingly concerned with the mounting racial tensions in our city. How many conversations ^{MIRROR} ~~leave~~ this image? "I don't know." We shrug, and we sigh. "I don't know, ~~it~~ all seems so complicated. Where do you start? Is there really any solution? ~~And~~ it is as if our mass media, the film, were beginning to present to us a grisly and ghastly future, to prepare us for just such a failure. A film may make good fun of those who build the bomb and the military who manage it. But the bomb drops. A film may imagine a military attempt to subvert the democratic institutions ^{OF OUR} ~~to their~~ government, but the imagination insists ^{THAT THE GOVERNMENT,} the ~~dem~~-democracy, can be subverted. And when we pictured race, the clash of prejudice, it is pictured always in its most cruel and pathological form, and the end seems ^{TO BE} ~~to be~~ inevitably the death of the saint and the triumph of evil.

You and I have had gall and wormwood in our craw, these past months. There has been precious little joy in being an American. We have lived through political and racial assassination. We have heard the jungle curse of ^A ~~the~~ mob unleashed. We have seen racial demonstration and racial demagoguery of the ugliest sort. Incident has piled upon incident, until we want to cower and to hide ourselves away from the ^{GRIM} ~~gloomy~~ headlines which come pounding in daily upon us. And our day has ~~not~~ been made the more easy from our realization of our ~~own~~ PARTICULAR AND individual responsibility. ^{FOR THIS WELLNESS} To be an American, these past several years, ~~this past decade,~~ has been largely to pay one's taxes, to curse the communists, and to trim one's hedges. The larger responsibilities of the city, citizenship, has been a much neglected virtue. We ~~have~~ left the city. We fled from it, and from responsibility. We built ~~houses~~ counter-cities, cities with a minimum of problems, ~~and~~ in which we could manage our affairs with a minimum of inconvenience. And we recognize

this, and we admit it. What troubles me most is that we seem to enjoy this verbal confession. We seem paralyzed, unable to move beyond it, sunk in self pity, and apathy. You can get any group of Americans to admit the sins of the past decade. "Yes, we should have found a new basis for our taxes." "Yes, the ^{LEVEL} ~~matter~~ of our Welfare is scandalous." "Yes, we should have left ^{NH} ~~in~~ the city ^{OR AT LEAST WE SHOULD} ~~, if not,~~ to have established metropolitan government so that we continue to have a line, a connection with the city." "Yes, but I live now in the country, in the suburb. I have no vote in the city. What can I do?" "I have sinned," or "I have transgressed." "But I am not yet ready to renew, to undertake, to strike out into new responsibilities." Around any dinner table you can get a group of citizens of ~~this city~~ to agree that we need metropolitan government. And then we scrape back our chairs, get up from the table, thank our hostess, and go about our routine. And that's the sum and substance of it.

I ask myself why. What has happened to the innocent confidence which was once the strength of our nation? What has happened to our feeling ^{FOR} of the American promise that here in a great land, ~~a~~ a rich, God blessed land, we would achieve a nation founded in justice and in decency and in righteous principle. What has happened to our confidence? Why do we assume that ¹⁹⁸⁴ ~~1983~~ must be a bitter year of robot men living in an ugly jungle ^{CITY} ~~system~~? Why are we afraid? Why can't we move beyond an unbecoming statement of our guilt? I am afraid that we have lost confidence in ourself ^{VS} and in our fellowman. How often do we speak in some such vein? "I -- I have no prejudice. But I have to, after all, consider my business associates, my neighbors, the temper, the way of life in the city. I have no prejudice, but they -- ~~they~~ -- they can't come too fast. They -- they -- can't ask too much of me. I have no

prejudice. ^{BT} You can't, after all, change human nature."

Poppycock! Nonsense! It's human nature to hate those who have attacked you, waged war against you, destroyed the best of your youth, but what ~~did~~ our nation do at the end of the Second World War? We flaunted so-called human nature, we rebuilt and financed our erstwhile enemies. President Kennedy and Governor Wallace share a single human nature. Human nature is what we make of it, and ^{we} ~~we~~ Jews know it. Otherwise, how explain the ambivalence of our attitudes. When we speak of Gentile prejudice towards Jews, we assume that human nature, prejudice, can be changed. How else explain the multimillion dollar anti-defamation and defense enterprise which we have undertaken--our scanning of textbooks, our clerical institutes, our dialogues. They all are based on the assumption that human nature can, and it does in fact, change.

But turn the coin. When we speak of white prejudice towards the negro, human nature, that is prejudice, ~~cannot~~ be changed. It is somehow elemental, part of the genetic stuff of the universe.

Nonsense. Human nature is what we will it to be. Men have come out of the South and become of the great liberals of our nation. Human nature is what we will it to be. Why judge human nature by the young toughs bustling one another and knifing one another on the streets? If you want to see human nature, go down into the Hough area and see the teams of teachers, nursery school supervisors, counselors, recreation leaders, preachers who are working in the Community Action for Youth in ~~an~~ joint blessing of human conservation. There is human nature. If you want to see human nature, see your own decency; don't judge from the ugliness of the few bigots and demagogues.

Why are we paralyzed by fear? Is it ^{that} ~~that~~ we do not know what is demanded of us? Oh, yes, sweeping institutional change is required, and required now. But statesmen and leaders have long since outlined the directions we must take. We need the Federal Civil Rights Bill, which is nothing more than a basic statement of universal citizenship and citizenship rights, and we need its proper enforcement. We need a broad-based poverty program to blot out the blight of the slum from our city^{ies} and the poverty from our countryside. We need a jobs corps. We need social insurance against the cost of automation, our own triumph. We need to remake our educational institutions so that they have a new and sounder financial base and so that they can operate in the blighted, ~~of~~ culturally deprived areas of our city in such a way as to take the place of the home, so that they are open from dawn to midnight, not only with classroom teaching, but with the clubs and the counseling and the guidance and the recreation which these children so desperately need.

↑ We need a new concept of juvenile correction and juvenile rehabilitation. We need all this and more.

Now, this is not a Democrat's program, nor a Republican's program, nor a vague idealist's program. It is the only solution to the realistic problems of the day. President Eisenhower knew it. It is he who pioneered the basic programs of urban renewal and of Federal aid to education. President Kennedy knew it. It is he who pioneered the Federal civil rights bill and medical care and medical insurance for the indigent and for the aged. And President Johnson knows it, for has he not pioneered in the attack on poverty? This is not an ideological program, a program of "isms" which corresponds to any one theory of

economics or any one theory of government. It is a simple statement of the sweeping institutional changes required by a vastly and radically changed world -- our own.

Every three or four decades or so America does need precisely such a major transformation of institutions. We had it in the early 1930's, and out of this economic reorganization came our own present prosperity. We need it today, and out of our change will come the prosperity and the blessing of the generations yet to come.

Yes, we know the ^{way} ~~road~~, ^{though} ~~if~~ we fear to take it. ^{still} ~~if~~, when a man speaks hopefully, optimistically of tomorrow, he is more than likely to be put down as naive. There are styles in philosophy as there are styles in dress or in art. And ~~in~~ philosophy, in the world of writing, ~~in~~ the world of the academy, ~~in~~ the world of conventional wisdom, it is simply not fashionable now to speak of this as a hopeful generation, to speak of responsibility and our ability to secure the American dream. "How," they say to me, "can you speak hopefully of the future? Have we not had in this century two butchery wars? Do we not live under the bomb, the threat of mass annihilation and cindering? Have we not known depression and social upheaval? How can you look about you and see ~~the~~ prejudice rampant, the mob unleashed, and still speak hopefully of tomorrow?"

Well, my friends, no people has had a longer crusade or pilgrimage into agony than our own. None has more reason to know the ferocity of the human beast. Yet none -- none -- puts a higher valuation on man. "Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels." For every sinner there is a saint. For every destroyer there are ten who build. We have not only warfare, but we have a civilization. Look about you. Are not

the very problems we fear the statement of our own accomplishment? We fear overpopulation. What is overpopulation, really, but a statement of the triumph of medicine, of a human achievement? We fear the bomb. But what is the bomb, basically, but a statement of the triumph of man's science? We fear unemployment. What is unemployment, basically, but the triumph of our engineering -- human engineering? We fear the racial revolution. We ask ourselves, why did it have to come now, bothering me in my security? It came now because now we have a prosperity, a humanly engineered prosperity which has reached down into the submerged classes, brought them a ray of sunshine, ~~into their lives~~ ^{AND THEY WANT, THEY} to insist they will step out into the light. ↗

And miraculously, we can bring them in. There is enough, and more, for all ~~of us~~. WRHS AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

Now we have no reason to fear ourselves, ^{OR} ~~to~~ fear human nature. America is blessed with a rich human resource, and a rich national prosperity. We have a fine, high minded inheritance of thought and ^{and} conviction, /of ideals, which we need only recapture. We need not fear the future.

How, then, shall we confront it? These past weeks our newspapers and magazines have been filled with jeremiads and dire predictions of the summer. They say to us, in effect, when this heat begins to swelter, when the streets steam, when your heels stick in the viscous tar, tempers ~~will~~ flare ~~easily~~. The summer will be one of sporadic and ever more ugly violence. They use a military term -- violence will escalate, incidents will escalate in ugliness during the summer. And probably they will. America the good, the basic, the decent, the moderate, the middle America is just beginning to shake itself loose and come alive again. We are

just awakening from a decade of lethargy ~~and~~^{AND} sleep. We have not yet met head-on the needs of the hour. There will be violence. There must be. But need we hope for a future only of violence, of ^{an} America pulling itself apart, polarizing into two extreme camps? An America which has lost a sense of its own integrity and unity and citizenship? No. We know the ~~road~~^{WAY, IF} ^A We can only pull out of ourselves the ~~worth~~^{WILL}. What we need, in effect, is to write a new last paragraph to each and every grim story which we read in our newspapers, a constant reminder to ourselves that there is no fated destiny, that our future is of our own making, that everything in our history, in our wellbeing, in our nation and its economy conspires to greatness, to solution, to hope.

"The long, bitter captivity of the people shall be redeemed, and we shall rebuild the waste cities, and we shall live in them. And our people -- all of us -- shall no longer be plucked up out of them, saith the Lord."