



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

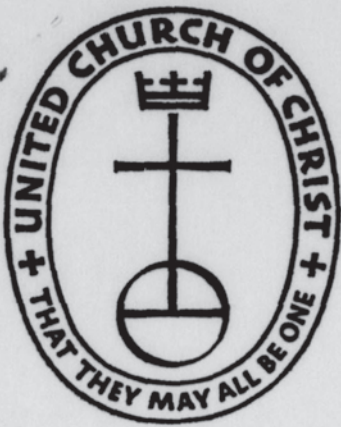
Series II: Subject Files, 1956-1993, undated.

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United Church of Christ, Vermilion, correspondence and speech,
1968.



United Church of Christ (Congregational)

990 State Street, Vermilion, Ohio 44089

February 12, 1968

Telephone (216) 967-5212

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver
The Temple, E. 105th St. and Silver Park
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Rabbi Silver:

Thank you very much for your interest in being a preacher for one of the services during our sesquicentennial year. We are flexible as to Sunday dates and would be pleased to accept any date convenient with you. The following dates would probably be best -- June 30, July 7, or July 14th. After that time a large part of our congregation is away from here.

Our intent in these services is to discuss issues, movements, and ideas facing the church today and in the future. Other preachers through the year are listed on the inclosed sheet. May I suggest that your sermon be addressed to the question of the basis for and possible limits to Judaic-Christian dialogue? I offer this only as a suggestion and we will honor any topic you choose.

Thank you very much for your kindness in considering this invitation.

Cordially yours,

Louis E. Bertoni

Louis E. Bertoni, Minister

The Rev. Erston Butterfield, President Ohio Conference
United Church of Christ
"The United Church and the Ecumenical Church"

The Rev. B. Bruce Whittemore, Executive Secretary,
Greater Cleveland Council
of churches.
"The Church and the City"

The Rev. George Simons Roman Catholic Chaplain
Lorain County Community College
"The Church Amid a New Reformation"

Mr. Roger Crawford, Associate Director, Lorain County
Economic Opportunity Committee
"The Church Amid Racial Crisis"

The Rev. William Nelson Past President, United Church
Board for World Ministries
"The Challenge and Scope of Our Work Abroad"

February 15, 1968

**Dr. Louis E. Bertoni
United Church of Christ
990 State Street
Vermilion, Ohio 44089**

Dear Dr. Bertoni:

**I will be happy to participate in your sesquicentennial year.
I can be with you on Sunday morning, June 30th.**

**If it does not do too much damage to the institutional focus
of your series, I would like to speak on "The Lost and Found
Generation." I would deal with the questions of values and of
commitment. It is the kind of thing I say to my own people and
I think it is necessary to be said. If this is not acceptable,
please do not hesitate to say so.**

With all good wishes, I remain

Sincerely,

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DJS:rvf

UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST
(CONGREGATIONAL)

990 STATE STREET
VERMILION, OHIO 44089

March 26, 1968

TELEPHONE (216) 967-5212

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver
The Temple
E. 105th and Silver Park
Cleveland, Ohio

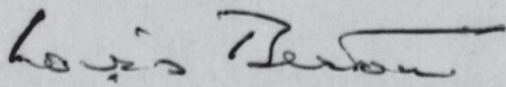
Dear Rabbi Silver:

I am very pleased that you have so kindly consented to preach at our worship service on June 30th as part of our sesquicentennial year. The topic you suggested - "A Lost and Found Generation" will not be outside the focus we have chosen for this occasion.

It would be helpful for us to have a photograph to use in newspaper announcements of the service and also a brief biographical sketch for our church newsletter. Your choice of scripture readings would also be helpful.

Once again, thank you for your kindness in accepting this invitation. We are looking forward to having you with us.

Cordially,


Louis E. Bertoni, Minister

Sent 3/28/68/mgm

UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

(CONGREGATIONAL)

990 STATE STREET
VERMILION, OHIO 44089

June 19, 1968

TELEPHONE (216) 967-5212

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver
The Temple
E. 105th and Silver Park Blvd.
Cleveland, Ohio 44106

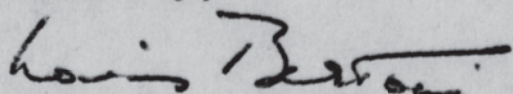
Dear Dr. Silver:

The congregation is looking forward with anticipation to your preaching here on June 30th, at 10:30 a. m. I will act as worship leader and will be responsible for the service, except that we usually ask the visiting preacher to pronounce the benediction. We can discuss this and any other questions you may have about the order of worship just prior to the service. We would be pleased to use whatever scripture reading you wish to offer in conjunction with your topic.

The church is located on State Route 60, about four blocks south of the center of town. The center of town is the second traffic light past the bridge over Vermilion River. You will turn left on Route 60 and follow the route signs. The church sits back from the street, on the right side, and there is a sign near the street with the name of the church.

Our usual honorarium is fifty dollars, plus travel and will assume this is satisfactory unless we hear from you.

Sincerely,


Louis E. Bertoni, Minister

SUNDAY - JUNE 30

If you take the shoreway from your home it becomes 6 & 20 which is a more or less direct route into Vermilion and would bring you to route 60 where the church is located. But - - - if you take this route you pass through Lakewood, Bay Village, Avon Lake, Sheffield Lake, Lorain and Amherst, Ohio. These communities all have very slow speed limits, 25 mph up to 35 mph until you pass Lorain, Ohio, which is over an hour's drive to that point.

My suggestion is to rather go south from your home, that is , to get from Warrensville Center Road onto route 8 to Alexander Road. Turn right onto Alexander Road ~~w~~ (going west) which becomes Pleasant Valley Road. Pleasant Valley Road becomes Bagley Road and Bagley Road becomes Berea Road. From Berea Road in North Olmsted you pick up the Ohio Turnpike which is route 80 and becomes 80&90 and get off at the Elyria interchange #8 which is route 57. From route 57 turn left onto 25⁴ which ~~runs into 58~~ becomes ~~alternate~~ temporary 2. ~~Take 58 back to 58 north to route 2 (the alternate 2)~~ which dead-ends to the Ford plant and pick up 6 which takes you over the Vermilion River, then onto 60. Then follow Rev. Bertoni's instructions in the letter.

This latter route affords speed limits from 40 mph up to 70 mph on the turnpike and I feel you will make much better time, less traffic and beautiful scenery.



United Church of Christ (Congregational)

990 State Street, Vermilion, Ohio 44089

Telephone (216) 967-5212

July 3, 1968

Dr. Daniel Jeremy Silver
The Temple
University Circle at Silver Park
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Dr. Silver:

Enclosed is a check to cover the honorarium and traveling expense for your visit with us on June 30. The congregation was most interested in meeting and hearing you. The response to your sermon was enthusiastic. The Sesquicentennial Committee is pleased that you were able to participate in our anniversary year. June 30 was a memorable occasion in the life of our church.

Under separate cover we are returning the photograph we received from you for use.

With all good wishes to you and your congregation, I am

Cordially yours,

Donald Hoffman
Donald Hoffman

Chairman

Sesquicentennial Committee

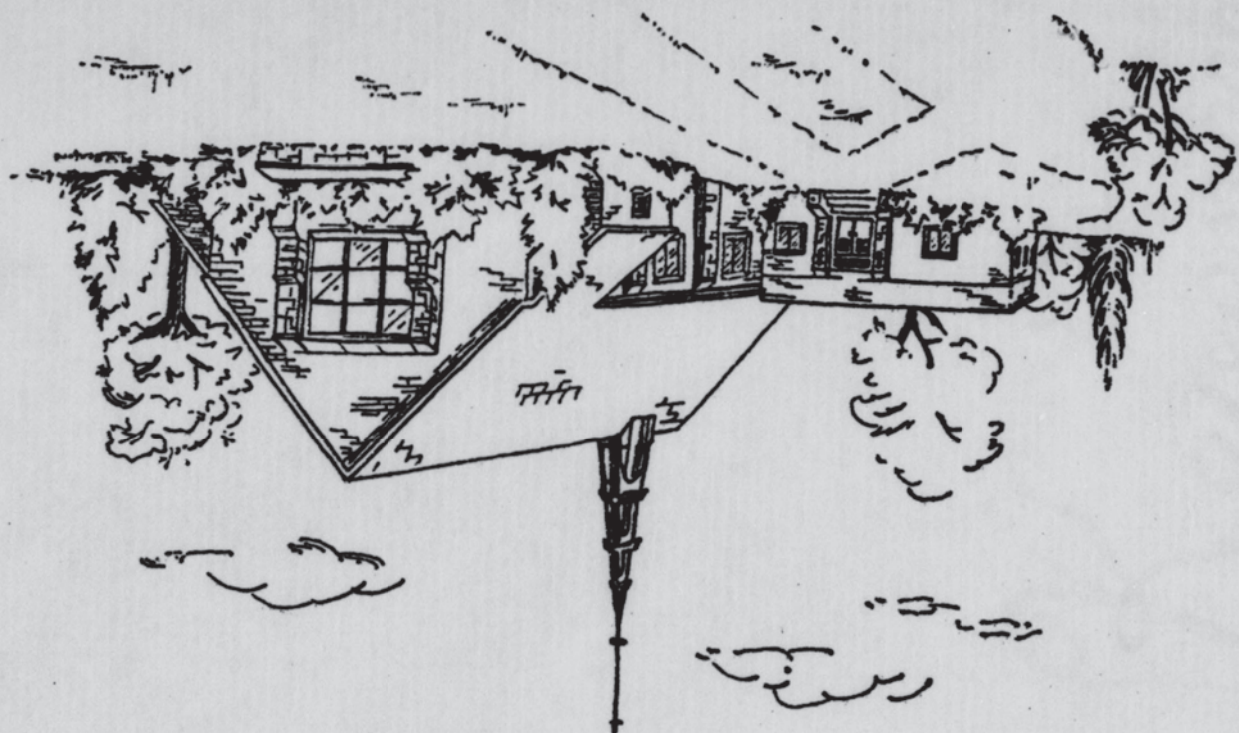
DH:dn



July 5, 1968

Dear Dr. Silver,

Please accept my personal thanks for your kindness in participating so willingly in our ses-
quicentennial observances. I hope that the occasion was not too tedious or awkward for you. It was a pleasure to meet you and to talk with you briefly. I would



welcome any future opportunity
for conversation. As a more personal
token, please accept the copy of Nellie
Sach's poems, O the Chimneys I am
sending you separately.

My wife joins in sending our
greeting to Jonathan.

Sincerely,
Louis Bertoni

July 8, 1968

Reverend Louis E. Bertoni
United Church of Christ
990 State Street
Vermilion, Ohio 44089

Dear Dr. Bertoni:

It was a pleasure being with you and to join in
your sesquicentennial. I enjoyed the morning
and I hope that I added something to your cele-
bration. Please, when you come to Cleveland,
drop by The Temple for lunch so that we can
spend a little time together.

Sincerely,

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DJS:rvf

July 10, 1968

Mr. Donald Hoffman
Chairman
Sesquicentennial Committee
United Church of Christ
990 State Street
Vermillion, Ohio 44089

Dear Mr. Hoffman:

It was a privilege to participate in the Sesquicentennial of the United Church of Christ. I pray for continued growth and success.

With all good wishes, I remain,

Sincerely,

DJS:mgm

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 10, 1968

Mr. Donald Hoffman
Chairman
Sesquicentennial Committee
United Church of Christ
990 State Street
Vermilion, Ohio 44089

Dear Mr. Hoffman:

It was a privilege to participate in the Sesquicentennial of the United Church. I pray for your continued growth and success.

With all good wishes, I remain

Sincerely,

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

DJS:rvf

THE LOST AND FOUND GENERATION^{1) EACH LETTER}THE TEMPLE^{2) SUPERFLUOUS}Sunday, May 14, 1967<sup>3) NOTHING WHOLE EXCEPT
BROKEN HEART</sup>Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver^{4) TOY}

Marshall McLuen has made himself somewhat of a cultural phenomena with his ^{pundit} and prophecy about our changing society ^{THE EFFECT ON} and our systems of communications. His writing is ^{SOMEWHAT} opaque, ^ghomic, and insofar as I understand his thesis it is this: That as we have progressed from an era of type to an era of a ^{pic} ~~picture~~ and to ^{an} ~~the~~ era of film ^M we have little by little lost the distance which separated us from the scene that we observe. It was possible to hear the ^{NEWS} ~~current event~~ or to ^{EVEN TO SEE A STILL} ~~see some~~ shot of the scene and yet remain ^{INDIFFERENT} ~~somewhat~~ a stranger to it. It was part of your world but you were not part of it. It was real, but not that real to you. Today, thanks to the ~~miracle~~ of the Telestar satellites, news pictures are sent instantaneously across the globe. We follow scenes, the conclusion of which is not known to those who are broadcasting ^{then} ~~it~~, and as Mr. ^{McCluen} has said, we ~~can~~ sit in our living rooms and see our own sons being shot in Viet Nam. ~~And~~ lest you feel that this is ^{simply a sermon illustration} ~~wild prophecy~~, Thursday, this week, I picked up our newspaper and I read a story from LaGrange, Georgia. A mother and father sat ~~watching~~ a battle scene from Viet Nam on television when suddenly their son appeared on the screen. They saw him fall a victim of a Viet Cong booby trap. 'That's Landon,' Mrs. Morrill sobbed, ^{AS} ~~and the field around~~ their son exploded before their eyes.

The demilitarized zone, the back alleys of our cities, run right through the center of our living rooms. Reality has shattered the four walls of our privacy. Will it or not the world is part of our lives. None of us can

separate himself out, draw himself off into some brackish backward waters, of some quiet pool and allow the current of history to pass him by. ~~We are all swept along by history.~~ This intrusion of reality into our lives has a profound effect upon us, but especially upon our children.

Many of us came ^{alive} ~~along into~~ the world when we were 12, 13, 14 or 15. Our children are coming alive to this world at 8 or 9. Think back for a moment upon your own childhood. Some of you were born as I was born in the last years of the 1920's. Our first awareness of ^{The} ~~this~~ outside world, the world outside of our family, came during the depression. Now we ^E know about the breadlines and we ^E know about the men who were selling apples on the streets and we ^E know about the lockouts and about the violence, ^{but} ~~and~~ We went to school each morning. We played in the school yard each afternoon. Our homes were calm. ^{The} The world was carefully kept out. The depression was of our world but we were not in that world. We ^{READ} ~~wrote~~ about the depression much as we might have ^{read} ~~written~~ about some ancient history, some great cataclysmic ^{WESTSIDED WITHOUT FULLY FEELING} event of the past, ~~some warped~~ its implications, its meanings, its incidents, its people, its tragedy, its glory, ^{meaning} ~~but not its personal need.~~ It took us a long time to realize that the economic cycle, the dangers of unemployment, the ^{FORCE} ~~possibilities~~ of the mob, the [?] ~~human proletariat~~, ^{WERE REALLY} ~~would be~~ part of our lives ^{AND THAT WE HAD TO BE INVOLVED, ACCORDING TO MALLORAN} ~~till we died.~~ The ^{The} Technological revolution in communications has finally and irrevocably destroyed ~~that~~ distance which we had as young people from our world. Our children no longer have it.

I came ^{Through} ~~into~~ my adolescence during the Second World War. And of course, ^{I PINNED FLAGS ON MAPS} ~~I~~ read about it but it did not become my war and I did not become a part of it. I did not sense the maelstrom, the violence, the meaning, until I was in high

school and I saw ^{my friends as} the seniors signing up for the draft and being measured for their uniforms. My nine-year old has already asked me, 'dad, if I have to go into the service in which branch do I have the least likelihood ~~of~~ of being killed? That is the difference between what was once presumably a secure, middle-class ^{american} home and what we mistakenly believe to be today a secure middle-class American home. Our children are caught up in the maelstrom of the world. The world is theirs. You and I have read a great deal of late about the so-called ^(NEVER TRUST A GOD OVER 30 AND SO ON) generational gap. Well, I submit to you that the generational gap begins in the glare of the television tube. Some have said that it begins in the explosion of knowledge. ^{True,} Sure our children are taught with different techniques in our schools, but if you examine what they know it is not so different from what we knew. Their curriculum is not so different than ours was. Some have said that the generational gap begins in the changing environment, the technological revolution, ^{IN THINGS} True, ^{MY SONS TRAVEL FARTHER FASTER, BUT} much has changed, but how much remains the same? The generational gap is a psychological and emotional fact, not a technical, not an intellectual fact. If the habits of our young people in a lover's lane are somewhat different than they were a generation ago the answer, I submit, lies not in the pill but in the child. Not in the fact that there are certain securities and safeguards for them that were not available, but that he is inside a different person than we were then. We were sheltered. He is of the world. He resents the sheltering. He wants to experience, to experiment, to know, to feel, to live. And we? As his parents we continue as if nothing has changed. We seek to protect, to build high the walls, not wanting our children exposed to the ugliness of the world. Their youth is so short--- we want them to enjoy it. We act as if Humpty Dumpty hadn't fallen off the wall, as if we could put the pieces together again, ~~and~~ we can not. There is no

point in beating our breasts and pulling our hair and rationing television to Captain Kangaroo, ^{IF NOT ON OUR SET THEN} what the child wants to see he will see on the set next door. This new world of communications, this new reality is a part of his life ^{AND} A part of the life of his peer group. He can not escape it. ^{There is no} ~~It~~ is that point ⁱⁿ I am trying to put ^{blinders} reminders on. Because those of use who live as if the world was ~~never~~ what it was a generation ago, ^{do our children no favors to} ~~devastate our child,~~ dissipate ^{we} ~~his energy,~~ try his ability to relate to ~~relate~~ to the world.

I had a young person, one of your own, tell me not so long ago, that throughout his childhood he had the sense that he was sitting in the ballroom of an ocean liner. He was watching a great gala. Everybody was talking brightly and dancing up a storm and everyone knew that the ship was flooding and would soon dive under the waves. He said, ^{no violence} MY PARENTS acted as if there was no war, ^{no violence} no confusion to life. They danced on. ^{And} When I asked them ^{FAMILY} ~~help~~, help me, help me to join the world, ^{OR} they said, 'we don't want you going down to Hough to tutor ^{about} and working as a recreation specialist. It is too dangerous.' And when I spoke to them ^{EMPHATIZE} my wanting to know and to feel they spoke to me of ^{DEGREES} studies, and ^{GRANES} books and hand-me-down knowledge. I don't want hand-me-down knowledge, second-hand knowledge. Life isn't a spectator sport. I wanted to be a part of the world and my parents pushed it away from me. They made me feel that what was out there was not only ^{ugly} outwardly but demonic, devilish, panic, ^{satanic} that it was something to be feared. //

What happens to a child who is brought up to fear the world out there, outside the four walls of his home, outside the green lawns of the suburbs, ^{the world that is} ~~is it~~ a dangerous, devilish, ugly world, and unredeemable world? What happens to that child? He quickly finds confirmation of his ^{despair} ~~beliefs~~ and he turns away from an ugly world that he never ^{MADE} ~~met~~. He turns away from it and denies it and seeks to live within, by drugs, by LSD, experimentation with all the emotions of life

He turns off the world. He signs off from it and becomes a member of the lost generation. The vacant stare, ^{the empty look} ~~He~~ ^{he} looks only for the moment, There is no past, There is no future and the moment is terrifying. ^{my} Trying to protect ^{our} ~~their~~ children from the ugliness of life we often destroy their ability to relate to life as it is. If a child is strong enough and not that overly sensitive that he will not turn the world off, he lacks often because of the inadequate training we give him in life, an ability to relate effectively to it.

How many of these children today are Don Quixote's [?] Crusaders with a thousand windmills and a thousand enemies to overcome? It matters not what slogan is written on the placard, the placard is the thing. The protest is the all important element. They are angry with life and they strike out this way and that, always against this world because they have never seen in their home an example of a parent who would pick one cause, one service, one relationship, one activity and stick to it. All they have heard is ~~the~~ grumbling, the complaint against the evils of the world. Oh they have seen an impulsive act here and now, ~~their~~ ^a parents going out to join a crusade, but they have heard also the rationalizations for having turned aside, for having turned back. Lacking focus, lacking an example from ~~the~~ ^a parent who somehow walked out into the confusion, out into the cold world and was not frightened by it and was accepted in it, they ~~play~~ ^{fight} against it with might and main. They fight the shadows and the enemies, the world it is and the world they only assume it to be. And they waste their energieies, destroy the young adulthood of ~~his~~ ^{their} life, ~~for~~ ^{But} one can not fight the world.

You have to join the human race, even as our children have been made a part of that race. Many of us are shackled by a training that taught us that life is something other than living. That life was a round of eating,

working, leisure, sleep, Eating, working, leisure, sleep, Eating, working, leisure, sleep. There were no depths. And the hope? The hope is really to turn off life. ^{from} ~~To~~ get out ^{of} in the mainstream, out of the hustle and bustle, to escape into the green fields and the green forests and the greenness of money.

We lived in an unreal world and often unconsciously out of a mistaken kind of love we tried to teach our children that this is the world. ^{It} It is not. Our children are paying a terrible price for this mistraining. They know that the world is a fearful place. They know that they may be called upon to die in their youth. The last fifty years have been years of confusion and ^{madness} and cruelty and hate beyond description. They want no part of another ^{Fifty} ~~sixty~~ years made of the same. They are tired of parents who tell them, it's too ugly out there, don't get your hands dirty, don't get in the muck. There is so much I can give you, so many things I can provide for you. Stay out of life. Stay away from the political arena, stay away from ^{FROM VISTA} the Peace Corps, stay away from crusades and responsibilities, mind your P's and Q's, keep your hands clean and neat and all will be well, until one day the world will open up and all of us will be sucked into the

^{It is} The time, it seems to me, to recognize that if we want happy children and successful adults, we don't need any more neat psychological recipes on how to raise our children, neat formulae by which to guide the governments of our homes, because our home is no longer the thing, the media. ^{The world} ~~The wave~~ is the media, ^{the world} ~~the wave~~ is the center of the child's life. If we want happy children let us create for them a happy world. ^{we} If we want children who know how to live and how to feel and how to love and how to labor and how to think and how to be aware and how to be effective, let us think and labor and dare and go out there and find out what the world is like.

It is time that you and I ^{re} discovered some of the basic themes and teachings of our religious tradition. Jewish ethics begins with a simple statement that most of us push aside because we don't want to hear it.

"Woe unto them who are at ease in Zion." Woe unto them who are at ease in Shaker Heights and Pepper Pike and Cleveland Heights and Beachwood, South Euclid. Woe unto us who have mistaken leisure and life existence for living. To exist is simply to labor, to eat, to work, to do, and sleep. To live is to dream, to be aware, to feel, and be sensitive to love, to act, to react.

The economists are constantly talking about the ^{growing rise in} ~~great~~ standards of living in the United States in this century. I submit to you that the standard of living has remained at a constant low and rather drab. It is ^{LEVEL} ~~the~~ standard of existence that has risen. We have much more but I don't believe that we know much ~~x~~ more about how to live. ~~What it means to feel;~~ ^{How to throb} with the thrust of life; ^{How to accept life for what it is and find adventure} and meaning and purpose and fulfillment in it. "Woe unto them who are at ease ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ Zion." Woe unto us who are so fat in the soul that we are no longer sensitive to the real world. Woe unto those of us who translate to our children a definition of life which begins in material things and speaks in purely physical responses and ends in a purely surface life. Woe unto those of us who do not know what it means to ~~gave~~ a holy cause, who do not know what it means to dare or to disapprove, what it means to reach out into the ^{world} ~~real into the~~ and to react to the world, to share its loves and its fears and its hopes its failures and not to be frightened, not to be afraid of it.

Judaism is a lean ^{faith} spare ~~thing~~. It is an urgent ^{faith} ~~thing~~. Go out, establish righteousness, seek justice, do the right, dare to be among the heroes of mankind.

"Woe unto them who are at ease in Zion." Our faith is a wise faith. It is a realistic faith. It knows that the problems of the world are many and we are not going to solve all of them. ^{2'18 11'8} It is not upon us ~~us~~ to undo all the evils of the past or to remake the world after our own image. Yours is not the work to complete, neither are you a free man to desist from it. We know that we can not be Messiahs, any of us, but we also know that the wise man walks into life and lives and takes his child along with him. The wise man does not deny that life is what it is, ~~life~~ ^{life} grief, and unpredictable. There are no promises and there are no ~~guarantees~~ guarantees. But if he refuses to live life as a spectator, ^{if} he refuses ^{To Play} to simply ~~go~~ ^{go} along from morning to dusk, he will determine something about his life, the path he will follow, the priorities which will be his, the feelings which he will dare, ~~He~~ he will teach his child to build his soul, not to another human being but to life itself, to bare his heart to emotion and to seeing and feeling, the feelings ~~which he will have~~ and to uncertainty and greatness.

We speak of a lost generation. The younger generation is lost because their parents are lost, and if we are lost and they are lost we have simply lost our grip on reality, our hold on the world. ^{WE} have slipped out of life. We found a neat little place for ourselves, very comfortable, and we work hard to maintain that place ~~in that~~ which is, however, not a part of the world. It is out there, ~~The~~ the world where half the people go to bed every night with nothing in their bellies and in a world where one fourth of the people are not literate, ~~a~~ ^{we are} a world where only a push button away from ^{you} this little world out there. This is not life - it's a dream, a mirage, and some day ^{will} ~~to~~ become a nightmare.

All that I have been trying to say to you this morning ^{is} ~~summed up~~ ^{is} in a poem written by a young Israeli, and I conclude with it.

As we stand on the edge of a crag, a great
wind began blowing,

All drew back disheveled, but I, I grasped the
sledgehammer, preserved here from a generation
back,

Began to strike the rocks, and the wind answered,
Amen, Amen, Amen.

