



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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University of Judaism, Los Angeles, High Holy Days Seminar,
correspondence, notes, and speeches, 1981.

ROSH HASHANAH

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Our fathers believed that the Torah was, actually, the word of God. Obviously, every word was freighted with meaning. God never spoke idly. Phrases which we take as embellishments or synonyms they believed represented separate and new thoughts. In chapter 25 of the book of Genesis the editor describes the death of the elderly patriarch, Abraham: "Abraham died in good old age, an old man and full of years." Zakan vesaveyah - to us the terms zaken, old, and saveyah, full of years, are synonymous, but to our fathers they described special states. Death approached Abraham when he was zakan and somehow did not claim him; then at another time when he was saveyah, full of years, he actually died.

Many a legend was invented to explain what happened to Abraham between the time he was a zakan and approached by Death and the time he was saveyah when he actually died. In one of these we are told that the angel of death came down to demand Abraham's soul and that Abraham refused to give it up. He told the Angel of Death that he would not agree to die until he had been shown all that any man could know about God's world. Abraham was a favorite of God who had proven his loyalty over and over again; when this message was brought back to the Throne of Glory, God acquiesced and sent down the archangel, Michael, to be Abraham's guide. Michael took Abraham hither and yon and showed him all the countries and the peoples of the earth. He showed him the gate of birth and the gate of death. Then he took Abraham into Heaven and showed him the Palace and God's Court and all that was to be seen there. Then saveyah, full of years and full of wisdom, Abraham gave over his soul to death. This at least is the story as it is told in a short and little known scroll, The Testament of Abraham, written some

1800 or 1900 years ago by a Greek-speaking Jew of whom we know nothing except that he wrote this imaginative fancy.

According to the Testament of Abraham, when Michael brought Abraham up into the heavens, the place Abraham was most eager to see was the divine court, the place where all souls are judged. As they approached the court, a great, tall crystalline building, they saw a throng waiting outside. Each man is judged singly. The shofar would sound, summoning in turn each soul into the court. There they stood before the bar of divine justice. A massive table was the major piece of furniture in the well of the court. An angelic notary sat at that table who was responsible for a voluminous ledger in which all the lines of each person's life were written, all that he had done. The notary would read out the record of each life; and after sentence had been passed he would inscribe God's decision at the bottom of the page.

The image of a judgement day on which each and every mortal must appear before God to be judged according to his quality and his deeds is shared by the major religions of the Western world. Christianity and Islam tend to concentrate on the image of a posthumous judgement. They teach that when each person dies he comes before God's court, his record is read out and he is assigned his eternal place in heaven, hell or limbo. Judaism tended to emphasize an annual judgement day, a yom ha-din, on which each person appears before God to render account for the management of his life. Our fathers seemed to have felt that the image of a single posthumous judgement emphasized the theme of conviction rather than the possibility of correction. Scripture taught that God desires not the death of the sinner, but that he live, that he repent of his ways and return to God, to goodness. When a man was damned to hell for eternity he lost and God lost. So our fathers emphasized a recurring judgement, which took place when there was still time to refashion our lives and undertake new obligations. This theme is implicit in every element of the New Year's Day liturgy. When we greet each other on

the New Year what do we say? Not simply leshanah tovah, may you enjoy a good year, which would be like saying: 'may your lottery ticket come up this year,' or 'may Dame Fortune smile upon you.' Rather, we say leshanah tovah tikatevu, may you be inscribed for a good year. To be inscribed suggests that a judgement will be made. We are not pawns of some implacable fortune, the future is not simply a matter of luck. What we are determines what we will be and what our children will be. What we do counts.

The author of the Testament of Abraham was an imaginative man. He describes at some length the operation of this heavenly court. Two angel-officials stand before the bench: Dokiell and Puruel. Dokiell's function was to hold the scales of justice. As the registrar angel read out each person's deeds and declared them bad or good, he separated these categories and put them on a scale; and according to the balance so the judgement. Dokiell's activity dramatized the idea that no one is judged by a single notorious act, for good or for ill. The court takes into account the whole context of a life. We are judged by what our lives really are like and not by what they seem to be to others. God judges our entire biography and not a single moment of weakness or bravery.

Puruel carried in his hand a censor, a pan full of burning coals. One by one he passed each deed through the fire and tested it to see whether it was tempered, true, a jewel, or whether it was paste, counterfeit, flammable. There is goodness and there is the semblance of goodness. They are not the same thing. When one is well born, rich and healthy, it is easy to be patient, gracious and understanding. It is not so easy when one has very little, is badgered by the society and lives in a world where no one really cares about the courtesies. Patience, then, comes hard and so do all the gentler virtues. Married to a mate who is successful, attractive and healthy, who brings excitement into one's life, it is easy to be devoted and loyal; but it is not so easy to be loyal when one is married to an invalid or to one whose spirit is sicklied over by fear or frustration. There is goodness and the semblance of goodness. It is

part and ultimately to be part of the fabric of our social order. Goodness ennobles life,

easy to give largely of monies which we have gained by gambling with our excess, and when the government makes it almost profitable for us to give, and quite another to give precious time, to give what we can never replace and to do so without thought to any side benefits.

There is goodness and there is the semblance of goodness.

The Testament of Abraham is an apocalypse -- a prediction of the future based on secret knowledge. It can be described as a childish fancy. It is fancy. Abraham never visited the heavens. There is no Dokieli or Puruel. There is no archangel Michael. There is no Rosh Hashanah assize "up there" if there is an "up there." But this image is a useful one woven of major themes of our faith. Each person is judged. What we do counts. The way we live determines much about our future.

It's a very hard faith to hold on to, this faith that we are measured and are judged by our whole lives. Each of us has some private little sin which we like to trot out during the holidays; smoking, eating too much, gossiping too much. We talk about it openly during the rest of the year and so when we come to services on this yom ha-din we make this weakness the major term of our confession; but that's not what judgement is all about, the judgement which takes in the entire range of our activity, which speaks to us of the honesty of our relationships, of the standard of our morals; of the quality of our love; the steadiness of our loyalty to friends and family; of dependability and honor; of the willingness of our service to those who can not benefit us; and of our acceptance of those who are different from us -- all these are elements of the life for which we must render an account, but, do we?

Cynics insist that this world is a biochemical accident and that there is only one operative law, the law of survival. They insist that the only real standard by which actions are judged is success; did it work. If you get away with it, it's right. Judaism insists that there is only one law in this world, the law of God's providence. Only as we are righteous, sensitive and truthful, can we expect decency to exist in the relationships of which we are a part and ultimately to be part of the fabric of our social order. Goodness enlarges life.

Callousness diminishes it. We were given duties and a promise, the covenant. "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat of the goodness of the earth. If ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured by the sword." If we are good, good comes to us. When we are selfish or greedy or callous or cold-hearted, we are punished and we deserve that punishment. This teaching is basic Judaism. It was taught in the Bible. It was taught by our sages, prophets and teachers. It has been taught whenever Jews have come together on the New Year and reminded themselves of the Day of Judgement and looked at themselves as God might see them, as if they were standing before the bar of the divine court.

To the ancients the gods were capricious. Luck, chance, Moira, Dame Fortune, ruled the day. Jews spoke of God as dependable. We imagined Him as the supreme dayan, as the ultimate judge, before whom all must give account for their lives, the righteous and merciful judge who would judge us honestly, mercifully and sensitively.

The times have made all of us cynical and, even as we admit that the trial image is a compelling one, we dismiss it as naive. Decency exists in the hovel as well as in the luxury home and the decent but poor subsist in that hovel. Many say: I do what I want to do and no more. Don't try to frighten me with bogey men. No one watches me and keeps tabs. I pay my taxes. I vote. I live by the same rules as my competitors. No one can demand more of me. God does. Judaism does not teach a least common denominator morality. It speaks of the divine spirit within every man -- of the need to live by a standard that is lifneh v'lifnim meshurat ha-din, above and beyond the average. God's law requires the highest, the most loving commitment. It's a law of demand, a law of ultimate obligation.

It's not easy to affirm divine providence. It's not easy to find the principle of justice when the world is as we know it. It's not easy to believe in justice when we see Israel constantly condemned before the so-called bar of justice of the United Nations, or when we see more of the advantages of our society flowing to those who have least need of them. The

eye on the main chance and walk away from genuine impulses. The is goodness of the world

problem of Job is, of course, our problem. Here is a young child who dies in infancy and there is a Martin Bohrmann living on in comfort in Uruguay. The problem of Job is the problem we all must face -- we can't blink it away. Our senses, the headlines, bring into daily evidence the cruelty and injustice of life. It's particularly hard for us, as Jews, who affirm that God is the judge, and who live with the memory of the six million who died, certainly, for no crime of their own. The survivors met in Israel last month and the West German Chancellor promised the Saudi's new offensive weapons the month before. Everyone, or at least most everyone, admits Israel's right to exist as they send atomic fuel and engineers to her sworn enemies. We see the miracle of German economic revival, the prosperity of those who organized the death camps, and we say, where is the principle of justice? We look at Israel, the pioneers, the displaced, the refugees, who ask only for a bit of respite, and who have had to send their sons into battle year after year simply to survive. Four times in less than thirty years these pioneers and these displaced, these refugees, have had to fight for their little bit of breathing space and that struggle is not over and few really appreciate its desperation. In the real world of diplomacy, the art of diplomacy is to write white papers to justify self interest, oil and market penetration. There are more Arabs than Jews. There is money to be made selling another atomic reactor to Iraq and the few, the victims, suddenly become in the eyes of the world expansionists, imperialists, a threat to peace, at fault.

It's not easy to affirm God's justice and principle of divine providence. Yet, on a day like this we know there's really nothing else that we can do. It may not be true, but we must live as if it is true. The affirmation of justice and moral responsibility is our sanity and the key to such sensitivity as we possess. If life is absurd, decency is irrelevant and character is inconsequential. If life is absurd, all that we call civilization, all that separate us from the beasts stands in the way of survival. To be caring, loving, charitable and open-minded become not only inconsequential but suicidal. All that matters is that we survive, so keep your eye on the main chance and walk away from generous impulses. The do-gooders of the world

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Rosh Hashanah

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easy when one has very little, ^{is} ~~feels~~ badgered by the society and knows ~~that no~~ ^{lives in a world where} ~~one out there~~ ^{about no consolation} really cares. Patience, then, comes hard and so do the ~~other~~ ^{all the gentle} virtues, of grace. Married to a mate who is successful, attractive and healthy, who brings excitement into one's life, it is easy to be devoted and loyal; but it is not so easy to be loyal when one's ~~mate is~~ ^{is married to} an invalid or ~~when their~~ ^{to one who is} spirit is sicklied over by fear or by frustration, ~~when one needs to nurse and to care and life is~~ ^{is narrowed by this relationship}. There is goodness and the semblance of goodness. It is easy to give largely of monies which we have gained by gambling with our excess, ^{and} when the government makes it almost profitable for us to give, and ~~another to give precious time, to give up what we can never replace~~ ^{and to do so} ~~for somebody~~ ^{without thought to any real benefit} in need. There is goodness and there is the semblance of goodness.

The Testament of Abraham can be described as a childish fancy. It is fancy. There is ~~obviously~~ ^{is an angelical production of an future hand} no Dokiell or Puruel. There is no archangel Michael, Abraham never visited the heavens. There is ~~not even an actual court~~ ^{no Rock Haulung ASSIST} "up there" if there is an "up there." But this image is ~~not a childish one for it is~~ ^{a useful one} woven of major themes of our faith. Each person is judged. What we do counts. The way we live determines much about our future.

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only one operative law, the law of survival. They insist that the only real standard by which actions are judged is success; ~~might makes right~~ ^{did it work,}. If you get away with it, it's right. Judaism insists that ~~this world conforms to God's design~~. There is only one law in this world, the law of God's providence. Only as we are righteous, sensitive and truthful, can we expect decency to exist in the relationships of which we are a part and ultimately to be part of the fabric of our social order. We were given ~~obligations and~~ duties and a

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promise, the covenant. "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat of the goodness of the earth. If ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured by the sword." If we are good, good comes to us. When we are selfish or greedy or callous or cold-hearted, we are punished and we deserve that punishment. This teaching is basic Judaism. It was taught in the Bible. It was taught by our sages, prophets and teachers. It has been taught whenever Jews have come together on the New Year and reminded themselves of the Day of Judgement and looked at themselves as God might see them ^{as} if they ^{were standing before the bar of} ~~actually appeared before~~ the divine court.

Such is our faith and such is the basis on which we have tried to structure our communities. What was a Jewish community? It was a group of people who came together in common purpose. How was it organized? It was organized according to the divine law, according to the halacha. Who had legitimate authority in the community? Not an aristocrat, not a tyrant, not a king, but the dayan, the judge, the man who was competent in God's law, who understood due process, judicial procedure, the Torah and Talmud. God's law presented the mandate and constitution of our existence.

To the ancients the gods were capricious. Luck, chance, ^RMoine, Dame Fortune, ruled the day. Jews spoke of God as dependable. We imagined Him as the supreme dayan, as the ultimate judge, before whom all must give account for their lives, the righteous and merciful judge who would judge us honestly, mercifully and sensitively.

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~~It's not easy to hold on to this emphasis on justice or to the thought that~~
~~all of us must render account for our actions. It would be much easier if we~~
~~could say, as many say: I do what I can do and that's all there's to it.~~

DONT TRY TO ENFORCE ME WITH BOOBY MANS
 There's no one who watches me and keeps tabs. No one ^{can} demands more of me than
 I pay my taxes. I vote. I
 live by the same rules as
 my competitors

God does. Judaism does not teach a least common denominator the ordinary very modest responsibilities. That's enough, but that way does not satisfy God's law. His law requires the highest, the most loving. ~~It is a~~ ^{it's} law of commitment, a law of demand, a law of ultimate obligation.

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It's not easy to affirm divine providence. It's not easy to find the principle of justice when the world is as we know it. It's not easy to believe in justice when we see Israel ^{constantly condemned} always in the wrong before the so-called bar of justice of the United Nations. What we don't need is another evidence of the ~~injustice of life~~. The problem of Job is, of course, our problem. ^{Here is} There's a young child who dies in infancy and ^{There is a Martin Beharman living on} a man like Generalissimo Franco who lives in power and privilege deep into his old age. The problem of Job is the problem we all must face - we can't blink it away. Our senses, the headlines, bring into daily evidence the cruelty and injustice of life. It's particularly hard for us,

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EVERYONE, ON AT LEAST MOST EVERYONE, ADMITS
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as Jews, who affirm that God is the judge, ^{AND} ~~to find confirmation of our faith,~~
^{who} to live with the memory of the six million who died, certainly, for no crime of
their own. We ask where is justice? The survivors met in Israel last month
and the West German Chancellor ^{from 1960} ~~protested~~ the Saudi's new offensive ~~weapons~~ the
month before. We see the miracle of German economic revival, the prosperity of

those who organized the death camps, and we say, where is the principle of
justice? And we look at Israel, the pioneers, the displaced, the refugees, who
asked only for a bit of respite, and who have had to fight every year after
^{Year after year struggle to survive} settlement only to stay alive. There were only a few shepherds and bedouin and

a few pious who prayed for the coming of the messiah, had lived there for
hundreds of years, a wasteland, a swamp, barren hills and barren fields, who
asked only for the privilege of coming to this blasted place and building cities,
farming the land, planting the hillsides, building schools, turning the land
green for their sweat and their sacrifice, that was all they asked for. And,
of course, what happened? They made the land green and suddenly all who were
about that land decided they wanted it for their own. Four times in less than
thirty years these pioneers and these displaced, these refugees, have had to
fight for their little bit of breathing space. ^{AND} That struggle is not over and
few really appreciate its desperation. In the real world of diplomacy, the art
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There are more Arabs than Jews. There is money to be made selling another
atomic reactor to Iraq and the few ^{no claims} suddenly become in the eyes of the world
expansionists, imperialists, a threat to peace. Somehow they are at fault.

It's not easy to affirm God's justice and principle of divine providence.
Yet, on a day like this we know there's really nothing else that we can do. It
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^{1. NO WAY OF SURVIVAL} need ~~not~~ ^{not} separate us. To be caring, loving, charitable and open-minded become ~~not~~

^{ONLY} inconsequential. All that matters is that we survive, so keep your eye on the

main chance and ~~live~~, walk away from other responsibilities. But as Jews we

^{live that way} cannot. That's not the way we are or we wouldn't be here ~~this~~ ^{to} night. The

reward of the good deed, the ^{sages} ~~rabbi~~ said, ~~sometimes~~ is the good deed itself. No one

^{promised us that} and nothing more, ~~that is what we've been conditioned to believe~~. To give up

our faith in God's justice is to accept madness and that we cannot do, and so

^{we} we hold on to this faith and we take a long look into history and see that we

are no longer in the cave, that there is civilization, and over time men have

^{learned something of life} learned something of life. Many have set a fine example through their lives.

There is evidence of the operation of God's justice. The greedy or those who

sought only of what they could get and what they could take and what was, to

their immediate advantage, all the great empires of the world, are no longer.

Faith in divine providence is just that, a faith. It is the leap beyond the

evidence. It is an acceptance of that which we cannot prove because if we want

to remain human we have no other alternative. Many years ago when my father sought

to say many of these same things to you on a night such as this, he recounted

^{perhaps you know the story} to you an episode retold by the medieval chronicler of Solomon Ibn Verga.

Ibn Verga was one of nine hundred thousand who ^{suddenly} were driven out of Spain in 1492,

when ^{that great} ~~that~~ great community was given a choice, baptism or exile,

and give three ^{months} ~~weeks~~ in which to make the choice. Most who fled went to the

^{nearest} ~~nearest~~ country, to Portugal. ^{when} For six years they began there to rebuild their

lives but six years later they were driven out of Portugal by that same

child of destiny

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ship of its kind.

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combination of a militant church and a militant monarchy. Solomon Ibn Verga ^{about 1100} tells the story of a number of those who fled from Spain to Portugal and then ^{at a certain time} driven out of Portugal boarded a ship to nowhere. They went to one port and to ^{port} another seeking asylum. They were ^{no one would allow them to disembark} turned back. Some died of

starvation, ^{Where} some died of scurvy. Finally, only a few were left alive. The

captain of that ship finally simply drove his ship ashore to an empty spot on

to the coast of North Africa, and ordered the few remaining refugees off. Ibn ¹¹⁵

Verga tells of one family, as they walked away from the ship the wife collapsed

and died of disease and starvation. The man and his two sons struggled on ^{until}

Finally, they too fell ^{fainted} ~~benumbed~~, fainting, under the hot African sun. When the

father ^{regained consciousness} ~~became conscious~~ he found that his two sons ~~who lay beside him~~ were dead.

Solomon Ibn Verga put this prayer into the mouth of that father: "Lord of the

Universe! you are doing a lot to make me abandon my faith. Know then, truly,

that despite the dwellers in Heaven, I am a Jew and a Jew I shall remain, and

nothing that You have brought upon me or will bring upon me shall avail."

When a Jew dies the last words that are spoken at the side of his bed are these: "Blessed be the judge who judges truly. And when a Jew appears, according

to the legend, before the heavenly gates and asks for admission he's asked only

one question: Did you ^{patiently} ~~confidently~~ await God's deliverance? Did you really and

truly believe that God would redeem, that there was reason to hope? Did you give

your ^{mind over to the heavenly, calculation doubt} ~~life over to self-pity, to the shadows?~~ I can't prove from the headlines ^{to you}

God's justice is active. I find it written in every line of our history but I

^{I believe it is I know my life has been} ~~can't prove it. I can't see nor make clear to you this night the light at the~~

end of the tunnel - justice, freedom, peace, all the things for which we pray.

Our problems ^{and many, but I can't} ~~seem to multiply, but friends, dear friends, let us say with the~~ ^{I give you}

child of ^{The Blinker} ~~Toblinka~~:

OF A

people are not for

to wait for the
of a ^{people}

ROSH HASHANAH - 1971

The Shofar is formed not manufactured. I can imagine a shepherd in ancient Israel bending down beside the carcass of a ram, picking up its horn, breathing into the narrow end and surprising himself when his silent breath suddenly becomes a shrill blast. Man is nothing if not clever. Society discovered that such a blast carried farther than any human cry. In ancient Israel the shofar played the same role church bells did in medieval Europe. It summoned the community to assembly; it warned them of impending attack; it announced the turn of the month and the coming of the new year. In its description of the new year celebration our Torah uses these nouns:

יוֹם הַשְּׁמִינִי, יוֹם הַקֹּדֶשׁ, יוֹם הַשְּׁבוּעוֹת - - a day of holy rest, a day consecrated by the sound of the holy shofar, a holy convocation.

At first the ceremony must have been quite simple. The shofar was simply a summons; "come to the altar in the shrine to offer the appropriate ceremonies to God." As the new year's day gained in significance, our people were unwilling to leave the shofar in its simplicity. They wove into its call the basic teachings of our faith; the teachings that men ought to remember each year; and they did so in the traditional Jewish way, by relating to the shofar a number of references to it found in the Biblical text.

Thus we find in the Book of Exodus that when Moses and the children of Israel approached Mt. Sinai where Moses would receive the commandments and

the children of Israel would affirm the Covenant, their progress was surrounded by שנין קדוש נאיר שפ, the blast of the shofar in rising crescendo. Using this text our teachers wove into the new year's day message all of the duties and of the obligations which rest on us because of the Covenant at Sinai. Our fathers saw the new year as full of possibility but they had no time and little patience with empty and innocent hope. The promise of the new year could be man's only if he was worthy of it, only if he was willing to discipline himself to obey the law and do right, his duty. The future is not fated. Our destiny is not in the stars but in ourselves, in our willingness to do the right, to obey God's will. So the shofar associated Rosh Hashanah with Mt. Sinai, with the law; and a simple celebration of the new moon of the new year became a sacred celebration of reconsecration.

In time this theme was deepened by another Biblical association. Abraham, the first Jew, the prototypical man had been the first to say "I will obey God's will." In the Book of Genesis we are told Abraham was put to the test of his convictions, as ultimately each of us is put to the test of our varied professions. Abraham's test was an awful one. He was told to sacrifice that which was more precious to him than life itself. In the last moment, God was unwilling to take from Abraham his son's life. According to this biblical legend, a ram was caught by its horn in a thicket nearby, a surrogate sacrifice. Our tradition transformed that horn into the great horn of hope, the great shofar of deliverance. It was taken up by the

angels into heaven and will be sounded from heaven to announce deliverance. Isaiah prophesied, "In the end of days the shofar shall be sounded and all the exiles lost in the land of Assyria shall be gathered into the Holy Land." Apocalypics foresaw a messianic time when that great shofar would be sounded and all that is crooked would be made straight, all that is evil would be rectified and man would live in peace and freedom. The Rabbis added their hope. They looked to a time when that great horn would be sounded not only to announce the messiah and Israel's redemption, but the resurrection of the dead.

Israel's triad of hopes - - national deliverance, the messianic age and resurrection - - would be fulfilled when the great shofar would be blown. Similarly duty, sacrifice, hope - - the great triad - - the basic truths of Jewish thought, were associated with the sound of the shofar. Rosh Hashanah strikes all the fundamental themes. So much for the tradition and now a question. Has this tradition, however high-minded, however ancient, any bit to it? Any meaning for us? Or is it simply an interesting archaism?

I was explaining the shofar the other day to a group, much as I have explained it to you, and one of the young men who was there turned to me and said: "Rabbi let be. The shofar is a natural instrument. It can speak to me. I can have a genuine experience with the shofar, but I want Nothing of your anecdotes or your legends, of your truths and of your traditions. You give me history and I have no time for history. I live

in me. This day, this moment, is the only reality I know." I asked him, "What then will the shofar mean to you come Rosh Hashanah?" And he answered, "I do not know. Whatever it means, it means. We will see." The young man spoke the language of his generation but his thoughts are not limited to his generation.

Our generation is burdened with civilization. We are tired of explanations. We have no patience with footnotes. Ours is the age of the happening, of immediacy, of improvisation. The great virtue is to be genuine. We are unwilling to have our feelings filtered through another, to be told what we must do and how we must react to a given moment. We want to react openly. We have no patience with the closely reasoned. The emphasis is on the simple and the direct. The artificial, that which is created by human artifice, art, is dismissed out of hand. We have promulgated an eleventh commandment. . The open, the instinctive, is our way of responding. "you shall be uninhibited.." The young in their energy go further. Burdened by the complexity of the city, they seek the small towns. Burdened by the simplicities of suburbia they took to farms. They find our tastes too precious and they find our wardrobes conventional and dress without thought, adopt natural foods, the simplest of diets. Even their idiom bespeaks this drive for simplicity. Occupation is simply getting bread; a place to live is a pad, a blanket on the floor; and the esthetic experience and esthetic pleasure is "Hey wow!" But it is not a generational manner. Again and Again I have heard the not-so-young, the middle-aged and those beyond middle-age say: "Life is too complex, I'm fed up. I live in so many worlds I don't know

who I am anymore. I haven't got the energy to try to solve all the problems which face me. I turn on the news and in ten minutes I am presented with twenty cataclysmic problems; each of them infinitely complex and I don't know how to divide my concerns or my energies so I turn off the television. I have stopped reading the newspaper. I haven't got the emotional energy to cope with it all.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, civilization was what man dreamed of. We said: "As man civilizes himself; peace, justice, freedom and learning will come into our world. The higher a nation's civilization, the better off it is." But today, we know, deep down, that civilization is a fraud, and broods discontent. Civilization has brought us an economy no one understands; a world afraid not only of war, but of terrorism; the broken home. The violence ridden city, a transportation system which can be paralyzed by a few thousand controllers. Civilization is complex so we seek simplicity.

Once upon a time, country life was seen as rude, rustic, uncouth; now the good life is country life, the simple life. Somehow we glorify the country, touching mother earth, going back to nature, back to the womb, back to our beginnings. For the young it is the commune. For the not so young, it is Australia. Whatever be the goal, the urge is the same and that urge is understandable. Civilization has made us chopped up people. We are parents; we are husbands or wives; we have a particular profession; we are citizens of a certain country; we are committed to certain political ideals; we are devoted

to a certain religion and each of these worlds preaches a different set of values, extols different cultural attitudes, demands of us a different set of priorities, each would have us be wholly committed to it, each pulls us in a different way. We are pulled and turned and twisted. Our multiple worlds have destroyed much of our taste for any world. We want only to be ourselves, simple, integrated human beings.

We are chopped up people and we are badgered people. Every day a thousand voices offer us a thousand solutions to the problems of the world; and each of the solutions offered conflicts with the one we were given a minute before. We are offered an old morality and a new morality and no morality. We are told disarm for peace and arm for peace. We are told to be loyal in marriage yet to do our thing. We are told to keep close the ties of love and of the importance of erotic experience. We are given so much to think about, we don't know what to think. We are given so many options that we don't know where to begin.

To our fathers all that I told you earlier about the shofar was natural, as natural as the air that they breathed. They had been taught these traditions from the cradle. They were reminded of them at home and at school as well as in the synagogue. Most of us have to be reminded of these traditions by a Rabbi on Rosh Hashanah night. They are no longer instinctive to us, natural to us. We must be instructed in them. Very little is natural anymore.

We are chopped up people, we are badgered people but more than this we are unmanned. In less advanced societies, however rigorous life was, man had a sense that he could control his immediate existence. He knew he had to depend largely on himself and there was strength in that awareness. Today we have to depend upon experts to manage our relations with our government, all the complicated forms and procedures; to explain to us what we should eat and how to keep our health; when a doctor explains to us our problems, we often hardly understand what he means. An agreement today is no longer a handshake. . It involves lawyers and pages of small type. The fact that we are dependent upon so many experts, and no longer enjoy the sense that life is largely within our control, had increased our frustration and anxiety.

No wonder so many of us long for the simplicities of another year. I know these feelings. I too am pulled this way and that. I too want to be whole. But I put before you the question whether the way to achieve the wholeness, the integrity, the sense of peace and ease of spirit which we seek is to court simplicity and openness and to cast aside the inherited wisdom of mankind, what we call civilization; and to disparage the past and all its learning and all of its institutions.

I am troubled because simplicity may be a trap. I know of people who have responded instinctively to their emotions and regretted it for a lifetime.

You can be attracted to a person who is highly charismatic but who is not for you. I first heard men counsel other men to cast off the conventions of society, not to be trammelled by the past, to listen to their instincts, to listen to their blood; forty years ago and the voice was guttural and the voice was in German - - Nazi leaders speaking to Hitler's youth.

Those who speak to us as if there were something naturally good about man lie. Those who say that if we could somehow revert to the primitive we would instinctively act with basic decency, are victims of a cruel illusion. The cave man was not only ignorant but a brute and brutal. He was a creature of instinct. He reacted aggressively to anything which he thought threatened him and he was threatened by almost everything. His life was narrow, circumscribed and filled with fear. He was a troubled and tortured person, altogether a dangerous creature. Yes, man today is dangerous, yes, we have the capacity to destroy the world; but at least most of us are no longer human beasts. Many manage to live with a degree of ease in society, sublimating our more aggressive instincts. Why? Because we have been civilized.

There man's natural goodness is an illusion. We are born full of potential but not potential angels. Those who exuberantly describe for us the sensitivity and the service of those who have gone out into the grey parts of our communities, to the slums, to the poor, to the outcasts and given them of their love and now justice for them describe real men and women, but these acts do not prove innate goodness.

These people are not acting out of any primal instinct from goodness. They were conditioned from the cradle in the values of western civilization. In their homes and their schools their consciences were formed. For years men talked to them with the voice and the responses of civilization, of God, beauty, and morality. Conscience is not a given thing. It is not a genetic inheritance. Conscience is a capacity. Conscience can be conditioned by the values of war or by the values of our Torah; indeed, by any set of values. It all depends upon the way in which the people are reared. The achievement of the Lamed Vavniks is, in an unacknowledged way, a triumph of western civilization, the very set of attitudes which so many now disparage.

But what of the pressures, what of the fact that we are chopped up into so many little parts. What of the fact that so many of us are confused as to what our values really are. I am convinced that today's moral lethargy to take an active stand, is due to confusion and our unwillingness rather than indifference. We simply don't know anymore what we believe. How shall we integrate the many cultures in which we work, study and live? I submit that keeping the image of the simple shofar before us, shutting off civilization, is not the way; rather, I submit, what we must do is to listen to the teachings which our faith has deliberately added to the natural sounds.

Where does wisdom begin? There are two ways in which men have traditionally searched for wisdom, and only two. One is a Greek way, the other

is the Hebrew way. The Greek way, the way which has been followed by modern man is symbolized by the motto which was chiseled over the Academy in ancient Athens, "Know Thyself." Socrates suggested that way to man. Seek to understand yourself and you will somehow cut through the superstitions and conventions which are handed down to you and you will find freedom and the truth that you seek. Socrates lived a noble life and died a noble death. In his teachings, he was father of the Cynics who after him came to mock and to scoff; who are so good at tearing down other people's values, but not at building up and healing a consistent scheme of values of their own. Wherin lay Socrates' fortune? He set us on a hapless task. There is no center in anyone of us which we can scalpel down to and take out and examine and say, "Here, this is the self." The self is a process. It is not a thing; the self is always in the process of becoming, becoming requires planning, looking ahead. Nothing is gained by stopping dead in our tracks until we can answer an unanswerable question.

We are constantly being shaped by our senses, our mind and our experiences; these change and interchange. The search leads to questions, searching, penetrating questions but not to answers, not to values, not to an ultimate scheme of life.

The other way, the Hebrew way, is typified by the motto which can be found over the Ark in many synagogues, "Know before whom you stand - -"

אניח דאק'ן יסד. The Hebrew way was to leave off the ultimate questions of theoretical definition: what is justice, what is truth, what is beauty; and to concentrate on commandment and response. The Jewish people have always been a people on the way, moving from one culture to another; always the stranger; but wherever we were, whatever culture we were in, we had a rule, a specific set of duties, of dos and don'ts. You shall not murder. You shall not steal. You shall not commit adultery. You shall not bear false witness. You shall establish community. You shall establish family. You shall give of your substance as due to the community. You shall protect the naked, the widow, the orphan. You shall establish justice in your state. In whatever community or culture we find ourselves, these rules have application and hold true. If you obey them, your life will have integrity; because at whatever level you lead it, in whatever world or culture you find yourself, if you apply these basic rules, you will live worthily. Judaism is a faith for men and women on the way. Where we are going we know not. But along the way, here are some basic rules which will help you keep your balance. Abide them and you will find that integrity, that peace with oneself which you seek. The ultimate questions will not be answered nor will all the world's problems be solved; but your life will be consistent, meaningful.

The new year dawns. According to the religious calendar it is the 5742nd year in human history. Whatever its proper number, next year will be much like all the years in the past -- a year fraught with danger, a year of complexity, a year of strife and noise, a year of violence and a year of possibility. During that year many will turn away to defeat and frustration from the overwhelming challenges we all face. They will seek within themselves for a truth which cannot be found, and life will somehow stop for them. This is not the way. Seek the truth which lies in doing your duty, living with your family, living at your best. Let the Shofar speak to you of responsibilities; call you to the Mitzvot. If you do then I promise you life may still be shadowed by dark headlines. Your worship may still be accompanied by the voices of the violence of our city; and Israel may still live under the threat of oil and war, but you will find the peace, the wholeness that you seek. You will sleep well, work usefully and be satisfied with your life -- and what else would be needed to make 5742 a good year?

DEAL WITH VISUAL -

Colors -

Colors = makes better use of color
charts = colored notes = color notes -
color = symbol = people like
unoriginal Draw Signs

Signs = continued - color = just continuing in same

found & instituted the deducted substituted -

Colors - names - songs

GIVE IT A LOT OF CONTINUITY - one of several people

need - same of your journey [River - Tree]

Notes / present
Told
Notes



Notes

Notes

next = memory

Notes

Notes

Notes

as' feel

Notes

Day after - running notes for journey up
Bullhead - after Boney Bank -
comp. journey = very interesting

No Holy man need be a stake of penalty = penalty at

alter - H.P. before alter penalty = YK
Not named NO SAINTS - 1/31 1/2 2/4 2/4 1/2 3
1/31 1/2 2/4 2/4 1/2 3

But can = not would not of reality 1/31 2/4 3

energy = in real real reality not of reality

Shawl + revelations - under long hair House 7
one revelation

White - death - Beauty, of our ALUMENESS

PARTIAL of Y.I.K. - most - shel - most ALUMEN

End on difficult beauty - been conferred

|| Revelations - Phil Takes to rob death of time

A) Revelation of Phil - for of Revelation

Revelation to will die - staying of Time

2 most revelation - SIN - heavy -

but revelation of partially

B) Revelation of Revelation
Revelation of Revelation - general revelation

Revelation - conferred

Revelation - revelation - revelation

most to revelation revelation

C) Revelation of Revelation of Revelation

MYGIC - shutting out - Revelation in mind -

LISTENING with That END -

Revelation ! MAN MUST

Revelation in life to no other work -

Only MAN does life seem simple

|| Only on Y.I.K. - NOT whole year || SIN - revelation partially

YOM KIPPUR
Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

Yom Kippur is also known as the *Yom Kippur*, the white fast. The colored curtain in front of the Ark is taken down and replaced with one of solid white; the same exchange is made for the mantles which cover the Torah, indeed, to accent their whiteness, they are stripped of all silver ornamentation. If you were to enter a traditional synagogue tonight you would see it as a restless sea of white. On Kol Nidre night alone of the evenings of the year, worshippers don the white long prayer shawl, the Tallit, and will remain so attired throughout the Day of Atonement. An older custom yet brought the medieval Jew to his synagogue dressed in a long flowing white robe, a white wrap-around, called a Kittel -- a seamless, pocketless, white garment which would eventually be his shroud.

Why the association of Yom Kippur and whiteness? I remember as a youngster being set the task of declaiming an oration about the flag which began "White is the color of purity, red is the color of valor, blue is the color of justice . . ." I don't know how accurate these color definitions were, but it is true that in the West white has been a traditional symbol of purity. We swaddle our children in the white of innocence. We dress our brides in virginal white. Hospitals insist that those who deal with patients be dressed in antiseptic white. . . . White is the color of purity and so universal has been this identification that the sociologists tell us it led men to adopt white as the color of our shirting, as proof that they were not engaged in dirty or menial occupations; that their lives were above blame; that they were eminently respectable "of clean hands and pure heart." As an aside I suspect that the change from white to colored cloth which has taken place in the last few years is not simply a change of style but represents a final philosophic separation on our parts from various

long-lived and lingering medieval concepts of purity which defined purity as dispassion, as an avoidance of all that is physical and sensual, in short all those definitions which sharply separate body and soul and declare the flesh corruptible and weak.

The Romans dressed their juries in white togas as if to say: here are men who are pure of heart and pure of intention, whose judgment can be accepted and respected. From that day to this in the West, white has been the symbol of a peculiar and particular virtue, purity; a virtue which looked on man as engaged in a struggle to overcome that which was physical within him, to free his soul from the trammels of the flesh; a virtue which looked upon all that was sinful and enjoyable and physical as somehow suspect; which sought to make man not so much a confident earthling as to transform him into an angelic being. If anyone were to visit us on Yom Kippur and see the white on the altar, they understandably would assume that we are celebrating the virtue of purity. But I would remind them, as I remind you, that the association of white with Yom Kippur antedates the movement of the Jew into the Western world and that the extirpation of the physical is not the Jewish way.

If you read our ethical literature you find two themes occurring and reoccurring throughout. The first is this -- *אל תהיו צדיקים גמורים* -- do not be overly righteous; do not be rigid and unbending; do not be so concerned with what are the conventional manners or morals in your day that you lose all sympathy, empathy and compassion, all ability to be flexible -- your humanity. Scrupulosity taken to the extreme is a neurosis, not a virtue.

The second theme that you will find throughout our literature is this -- *אין אדם צדיק לגמרי* -- there is no man so righteous that he sins not. The man or woman whom you most respect is here tonight; has spoken the confession with you, fully conscious of his or her guilt, fully recognizing the need to confess sins. We are born human beings, we die as human beings. Perfection belongs only to God.

Another Yom Kippur will take place a year from now and another the year following,

and each year the best of us will have a full litany of sins to confess.

29th 27th 19th

ל' ס' ל' -- man is man not angel nor can he ever be. It is important that we recognize that Yom Kippur speaks not of an ideal which is unnatural or supernatural; that Judaism does not demand a degree of saintliness, of holiness, which is beyond the attainment of each and every human being. Each of us is born a bundle of contradictions and impulses. And as we mature we grow in discipline; we grow in judgment, but we will never attain complete self-discipline and our judgment will never be infallible. Each of us lives with some dignity and some coarseness. Each of us has principles and each of us makes compromises. At times each of us speaks untruth. At times each of us does that which is unworthy. We would not be human if this were not so. What we seek tonight is not a moment of transfiguration which will suddenly wrench us from our human state to some angelic level; but a moment of encouragement, the sense of relief and hope which will allow us to feel confident that we can start again; that we can somehow face the new year with confidence and courage.

If white does not represent the virtue of purity what then does it represent? I believe it represents two ideas: one drawn from the depths of the human spirit; the other drawn from the depths of our Jewish teaching. In the days of the second temple on Yom Kippur, the High Priest would enter The Temple clothed in the glorious golden robes of his office. So garbed and accompanied by his accolytes he would perform the initial ceremonies of the day. But when it came time to mount the steps to the innermost sanctuary, to the Holy of Holies, where he, as representative of the people, would make the great Confession to the God, a tent hastily was erected and the Levites took off the garment of gold and replaced it with one of pure white linen. So dressed, he appeared before God.

Instinctively we associate evil with the dark. We speak of sin as a stain on the character. We speak of an evil man as possessed of a dark soul and of a perverse person as someone who lives in the shadows. When we effect reconciliation we have a sense of being

cleansed, of having washed our souls, of having scoured our insides. We are white, we have become clean. The darkness has been lifted from our soul and it is again clean washed. Long before, psychologists described for us how guilt-ridden people sometimes wash their hands over and over again as if by this physical act they will wash away the stain they feel within them. A Psalmist used the imagery of stain and cleansing when he asked God for forgiveness: "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; Cleanse me and I shall be as white as snow." A prophet Isaiah cried out to the people: "Wash you, make you clean. Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes. Cease to do evil. Learn to do well." Then, "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The association of white with penitence, repentance, atonement and forgiveness, with all the psychological mechanisms involved with Yom Kippur, are elemental to man's perception of his inner life.

When we sin we bring darkness to our souls, not only the darkness of guilt but the darkness of alienation, of separation from those we love best, and from ourselves at our best. When we manipulate others, when we live a coarse or calloused life, we create distance, darkness between us and our mate, between us and our parents, between us and our children, between us and ourselves, between us and our God. We force ourselves to live in the shadow, within the darkness, tense, uptight. And when we manage a reconciliation, when we go to those whom we have abused or mistreated and say "Forgive me. I was wrong." "Forgive me. I was selfish. I apologize. Let me be your friend again," then somehow, not only is a weight lifted from our soul but light floods our being. We sense that we are again in the daylight. We can talk again to that person easily, directly, without pretense.

This simple truth was graphically illustrated for me a few weeks ago. I had scheduled a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Foundation of Jewish Culture and we decided we would meet at the airport since men were flying in from here and there. The meeting room had no windows. We had an open, easy, pleasant meeting and then suddenly

in the middle of our discussion all the lights at the motel went out. We found ourselves in pitch darkness. We went on talking, there was nothing else we could do. And it was fascinating because a meeting which had been open and easy suddenly became tentative and freighted. Men could not see each other and now every phrase was prefaced -- "I hope you understand" "Please take what I am going to say in the right way." Darkness had interposed distance between men who were friends and who had come in common purpose. Wronging another imposes just such darkness onto our relationships with others and our relationship with God, the most important relationship of all. This darkness is real and the sense of relief is bright and exciting, when we have the courage to ask forgiveness, to confess errors, to seek to open up relationships again.

When the High Priest descended to the altar court after having made the ritual confession, two goats were brought before him. One was selected for the day's sacrifice, the other became the scapegoat. The High Priest placed his hands on its head and so symbolically laid on that goat the burden of sins of the people. The Azazel, the scapegoat, then was driven out of the compound of the Temple and out of the gates of Jerusalem into the wilderness; and the people felt light again, relieved. They could face the new year because they began with a clean slate, the dark lines of sin had been erased from their souls. There is darkness, there are shadows, in each of our lives and we, and we alone, have put them there. We have put them there by the way in which we have lived. Each of us has been selfish and self-centered; has spoken in anger and in bitterness; has been vindictive and cruel. Only confession and reconciliation can bring light into our lives. Only we can say, "I am sorry," and ask forgiveness. Only we can say to God, "I am sorry that I have abused and wasted my talents and faltered in my duties, and been careless of the rules and opportunities with which you have blessed me." If we can be reconciled, and God will always welcome us back, then light, joy come into our lives.

I spoke of a second meaning for the white of the altar. I said that that meaning derived from a conscious and deliberate teaching of our people. To explain I would ask you to remember that many of our customs and ceremonies began long ago in Oriental environments entirely different from ours. When we think of death we think of black, of crepe. In the Middle-East white is the color of mourning. The body was laid out under a white sheet and buried in a white shroud. The medieval Jew was buried in a white kittel, his white shroud; and he wore this garment of death in the synagogue on this day. When the High Priest made his confession in the Temple, he was dressed in white not because he was a penitent but because he was as if dead. God was in the Holy of Holies and if the priest stumbled or stammered or was hypocritical God would strike him dead -- so went the ancient legend.

What has death to do with Yom Kippur? We don't like to think of death. Judaism has tried to avoid morbid preoccupation with death. We have not been told to make elaborate preparations for whatever lies beyond. Our people never built pyramids nor did they bury their dead with utensils and food for the future journey. What then has death to do with Yom Kippur? Simply this. Yom Kippur wants to tear us away from our normal preoccupation with life. We are born into a mother's loving arms. We are raised and socialized by a family. We go to school with others. We form friendships with our peers. All of our lives we live with and among others. They grace our lives and, hopefully, we grace theirs. It is hard for one who is caught up in the bonds of relationship-life, to recognize that despite all the ties of love and family and friends, he is ultimately alone. Death is aloneness. No one can die for us. We cannot ask another to be our surrogate, to take our place. When we die we die and no one else. To face death is to face the reality of our aloneness. The basic decisions we make -- the decisions which have to do with the quality of our lives, the ends and purposes of our being -- these decisions we make alone and we alone must accept

the consequences. The quality of these judgments, their direction and their possibility, depend ultimately on what is within us not on what others tell us ought to be our values. Today we are encouraged to face death so that we will face the loneliness of responsibility -- and its ultimate significance

There are two ways of living, are there not? One is a joyous way, the other grey and drab. I can have joy and be an unknown who leads a quiet life; or my life can be grey though I have all the possessions that another dreams of acquiring. What makes the difference? A sense of personal worth. A feeling of the propriety of what I am doing. A feeling that I am using each day as fully and as wisely as I can. No more can be asked of me. No more can I ask of myself.

On an October day in 1913, a twenty-six year old young man born to privilege, a university instructor in philosophy, went into a small, unfashionable synagogue in Berlin. He had never been there before and he had come on a paradoxical mission. He had decided to become a Christian, to convert. His reasons were a compound of conviction and convenience; he had not found in Judaism a message that touched his soul. For reasons of which he himself may not have been entirely clear, he had decided to convert but only after having gone through a last authentic Jewish experience. He would give Judaism, in a sense, one last chance. What happened to this man, Franz Rosenszweig, on that Yom Kippur day we do not know. He kept his privacy and never wrote about it. But that day made Judaism live to him. In that synagogue he found for the first time the bite, and the power, and the truth of the Jewish message. Years later, writing about Yom Kippur, he used the same black-white death-life images that I have placed before you tonight.

On the Day of Atonement the shawl is worn as the true attire of death. Man is utterly alone on the day of his death. When he is clothed in his shroud and in the prayers of these days he is also alone. They too send him, lonely and naked, straight before the throne of God. In time to come

God will judge him solely by his own deeds and the thoughts of his own heart. God will not ask him about those around him -- what they have done to help him or corrupt him. He will be judged solely according to what he himself has done and thought. On Yom Kippur he can face the eyes of his judge in utter loneliness as if he were dead in the midst of life. Utter loneliness - dead in the midst of life.

Who of us will have the power, the will today, tonight and tomorrow to dwell on death as the beginning of a consecrated life. Think what it would mean to acknowledge those elements which we cannot bend to our will or make over, to live recognizing the exigencies of time and place and circumstance, to accept ultimate loneliness and ultimate responsibility, to find the texture, the context, the drive, the goal which is true, meaningful and valid for us and us alone.

Death appears again and again in the liturgy of this day. The old myth has it, and perhaps it is not a myth, that on this day God sits in the heavenly court and a record of each of our lives is passed in review before Him and that on the basis of His review God decides who shall live and who shall die. This is no nursery tale. It speaks of physical death -- who shall go down to the grave and who shall be alive twelve months from now -- but it speaks really of that which is a living death. Isn't routine, vulgar existence a living death when there is so much more to life? Each of us has the capacity to be more vibrant, more alive, more sensitive, more emphatic, more useful than we are now; to give more of ourselves; to share more of our wisdom, of our understanding; to be more alive.

How alive are you? How much of you is dead? Joy comes with a sense of worth. How worthwhile is each day, this day? How much of you is alive? How much of you could be alive? I truly believe that righteousness, devoted living, delivers from death.

R.H.

1) Superficial

2) Her name is Mary

3) Cook - Spence - 2140 118

Confession - "New stuff" - 2 conf. with Spence so far released -

Refused - moved '72

Rev. Belato - Suicide '76

So 2 put to place Spence - "new stuff" - under - but no
journal was in which I'd see

Have you seen material diff. a explain relation

12000 2018 2140



2140 118

Based on some info - unit - but one says fresh
record - also some of ~~family~~ - - include a and

more info 2 2140 118 2140 118

Conrad to your article Massachusetts -

Heard (journal of Refused)

DEAPING THE RABBIT

FRANC. K. Yedovitch -

13' Front 630000

minutes - Today 1 Unethical Talk - Could

of matter days of concern - don't want

used to think that her mother's

health depends on my way in

her 2140 118 2140 118

INCIDENTALLY POINT OUT THAT PASSAGE IN TEST & F AS -

Michael Scott - Abraham, Moses & David is born
then Mike is 100 years old

1) not changing (boundary)

$$Q_{UV} \text{ and } P_{015} = P_{150}$$

Al = 1000 - 600 Wild boar, 400 Tr. 9 Rem

2) $\mu_{\text{eff}} = \mu_{\text{Bronn}}$ Wasserstoff Atom Ad. 1.2.10

[illegible]

3) NON TUNCEVA

A $\frac{1}{2}$ - 660 mm. D.O.R.

~~2~~ - close button

Ab = Länge, 60° Fläche des Trapez. 1000

voice from heaven. Re Michael — Government changed
Ab aside = lost

Interviewed by Michael
for Top WRMS AB - ASIDE - COST OF ACU

10/1/1941 - 10/1/1941
 10/1/1941 - 10/1/1941

he 300 ~~in the~~ in the park fire = 66 + 66

destiny continuation

Since Ag has not increased, so balance money

Since AB has not signed
on directly \rightarrow in contrast with

Sinner: To live - repeat -

Quantity of money - otherwise God never to have

IN ORDER TO BE RECONCILED - God follows
course of history. Then there he announced

[Kub. - more than 1000 years old
82 books - to be told Day of Redemption
God's command
To judge nations]

Teshuvah פירוש
The word is from the root שׁוּב
to return. It is a noun
meaning "return, repentance, atonement".
"I shall God's word return with extent."

LC 35 אמרי
According to the word it was said

Had Rabin ענין
שׁוּבָה - with 405 - before it
was - for the word, but - be
many SAUL and

What was Israel writing for? He cannot believe

God's word will come true
"Yet 40 days I moved with to destroy
By speaking words - pushed sealed down of it."

Covenant שׁוּבָה
Teshuvah

Teshuvah שׁוּבָה
Teshuvah

דונש בן־לברט

Dunash ben Labrat

ואמר: אל תישן

ואמר: 'אל תישן! שמה יין יין.
עלי כר עם שושן וכפר נא־הלים.
בפרדס רמונים וחסר וגנים
ונשעי נענים ומיני הא־שלים.
ורגש צנורים והקטת בנורים
עלי סה נשרים במים ונבלים.
ושם כל עץ מונח, ומה פרי צנף.
וצפור כל כנף ירנן בין עלים.
והגוי־היונים כהנים נגונים.
והחורים עונים והמים בחלילים.
ונשמה כערוגות בשושנים סוגות.
ונגנים החוגות במיני הלולים.
ונאכל מסתקים ונשמה מזרקים
וננהג בענקים ונשמה בספלים.
ואקים בבקרים אני לשחט פרים
בריאם ובחרים, ואילים ונעלים.
ונמשח שמן טוב ונקטיר עץ רטב.
בטרם יום קטב יבואנו – נשלים!'

THE POET REFUSES AN INVITATION TO DRINK

He said: 'Do not sleep! Drink old wine, amidst myrrh and lilies, henna and aloes, in an orchard of pomegranates, palms, and vines, full of pleasant plants and tamarisks, to the hum of fountains and the throb of lutes, to the sound of singers, flutes and lyres. There every tree is tall, branches are fair with fruit, and winged birds of every kind sing among the leaves. The doves moan melodiously, and the turtle-doves reply, cooing like reed pipes. There we shall drink among flower-beds fenced in by lilies, putting sorrow to rout with songs of praise. We shall eat sweets as we drink by the bowlful. We shall act like giants, drinking out of huge goblets. And in the mornings I shall rise to slaughter fat choice bulls and rams and calves. We shall anoint ourselves with fragrant oil and burn aloe incense. Oh, before doom overtakes us, let us enjoy ourselves in peace!'

גער תיהו: 'לם, לם! עלי זאת איך תקדים –
יבית קדש וקדוש אלהים לערלים!
בבסלה רפרת ונעלה כתר
והכל אמרת בלצים ובסילים.
וצדקת הגיון בתורת אל עליון
ותגיל – ובציון ירוצון שועלים.
ואיך נשמה יין ואיך גרים צין –
והיינו אין, מאוסים ונעולים!'

But I reproached him thus: 'Silence! How dare you – when the Holy House, the footstool of God, is in the hands of the gentiles. You have spoken foolishly, you have chosen sloth, you have uttered nonsense, like the mockers and fools. You have forsaken the study of the Supreme God's law. Even as you rejoice, jackals run wild in Zion. Then how could we drink wine, how even raise our eyes – when we are loathed and abhorred, and less than nothing?'

יוסף אביתור *Joseph ibn Abitur*

תְּעִתִּי, אֱלֹהִי CONFESSIO

תְּעִתִּי, אֱלֹהִי, כִּי אֲנִי חִסְסִתִּי וּפָשִׁי
וְאֵלֹהֵי שִׁבְתִּי חֲרָבָן עַל מִקְדָּשִׁי.
פָּשָׁעֵי הֵם לְכַדּוֹנִי וְגַם כִּי בִחְשִׁי,
כִּי עֲוֹנֹתַי עָבְרוּ רֹאשִׁי.

I know, my God, that I have done violence to myself, that I have brought destruction upon my Temple. My own crimes have trapped me, my lies have risen up against me; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

אֲנֹכִי הַחֹטֵא וְהָרַע מִתְחַלְתִּי,
כִּי לְכַדֵּי הַצָּוֹן וְאִין בָּאֵתֶר וּלְתִי.
גַּם לֹא יִתְעַרֵּב וְרַעְיִי בְּנִסְיִלְתִּי
וְהַבִּשְׁתָּה הִיא סוּתִי וְכִלְמָה מִלְּבוּשִׁי
כִּי עֲוֹנֹתַי עָבְרוּ רֹאשִׁי.

I am the sinner, the evil-doer, from my very inception. I alone am guilty, no other is at fault; no stranger shall have any part in my downfall. Shame is my garment, disgrace my clothing; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

דְּבָרֵי יִרְשִׁיעוֹנִי וּשְׁפָתַי יַעֲנוּ כִּי,
הֵן בְּצִוּוֹן חוֹלְלִתִּי וְעַמִּי נוֹלַד חוֹבִי,
וְכֹל יִחַסְתָּנִי אִמִּי וְכֹל גִּדְּלִנִי אָבִי.
אִין פָּשַׁע כְּמוֹ פָּשָׁעִי אֲשֶׁר הוּא לִי לְמוֹקְשִׁי
כִּי עֲוֹנֹתַי עָבְרוּ רֹאשִׁי.

My very words convict me, my lips bear witness against me. Indeed, I was brought to birth in iniquity, and my guilt was born with me. My mother conceived me in guilt, my father reared me in it. There is no crime like mine, it sets a snare for me; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

וּלְתִי צוּן כָּל יוֹם, רַחֲמֵי צוּן הַיּוֹם.
חֶטֶא יוֹם אֶחָד אֵלּוּ פֶקֶד עָלַי אִים.
שְׂכַעְתִּי בְּאִין מְקוֹם וְלֹא אֶמְצֵא לִי סְרִיוֹם.
רְאוּ מָה עָשָׂה חֶטְאִי וּמָה שָׁלַם לִי סָפְשִׁי
כִּי עֲוֹנֹתַי עָבְרוּ רֹאשִׁי.

This day's crimes alone – not even counting those of other days – would suffice. If the Dread One were to punish me for the sins of a single day, I would sink without any foothold, and would find no redemption. See what my crime has done, how my folly has repaid me; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

יָד אוֹכֵבִי מִצָּאֵתִי וּנְסַלְתִּי בְּיַד צוֹנֵרִי.
כִּי הִכְעַסְתִּי לְיוֹצְרִי וְגַם מְרַדֵּתִי בְּצוֹרִי.

My assailant found me out, I fell into the hands of my enemies, because I angered my Creator and rebelled

לא משלתי ביצרי לכן משל בי צרי.
אין צדון בעוונתי ואין יקש בנקשתי
בי עוונתי עברו ראשי.

against my Rock. I did not curb my passion; now my enemy curbs me. There is no guilt like mine, no trap like the trap set for me; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

מי האיש החפץ להמית נפשו בידו –
נהנה לו אני נעונוי, ולא יהנה הוא לברו;
סוף ולאש לא ירצה בזה לא איש ולא עברו.
אני עתתי במי ששעי. מי ידלני מרפשי?
בי עוונתי עברו ראשי.

If any man should wish to die by his own hands, my sin and I shall join him, and he will not be alone. No man, not even a slave, would desire to live from such a beginning to such an end. I swim in a sea of crime; who will lift me up out of my filth? *For my sins have swept over my head.*

עשוקים הם בני אמי, חססם ודינם עלי.
פטור לא יפטרוני דם טפי ועוללי.
צורי. בי אני הרגתיים בחטאתי ומעללי.
נדי היא פצצתי וחססי עלי נפשי
בי עוונתי עברו ראשי.

My mother's sons are oppressed; I must answer for the violence done to them. O my Lord, I shall never be purged of the blood of my children and infants, for I killed them with my sins and misdeeds. My own hand wounded me, my own self did me wrong; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

קמו בי עוונתי ולא מצאתי חקוקה.
רמה דם עלי וקאוני ביד רמה.
שמים נאדץ או ראו בי נקמה.
אני אבדה בלילי שנה, בשבתי ובחורשי
בי עוונתי עברו ראשי.

My iniquities stood up against me, I could not stand my ground. They raised their hand high over me, charged at me defiantly. Then heaven and earth saw their vengeance upon me. Now I weep every night, all year long, and on Sabbaths too, and on New Moons; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

תעבוני כחי תחת, שגאוני צבא מגצל.
ידעו בי אני נחשב. ראו בי אני נגצל.
צורי, מה אשר אעשה, מה אשר אפעל?
שעה שועי ופלולי והט אונן למו רחשי
בי עוונתי עברו ראשי.

The dwellers of the underworld detest me, even the host of the impure abhor me. They sense that I am loathsome, they see that I am soiled. My Lord, what shall I do, what can I do? Oh, turn to my cry and my plea, listen to my prayer; *for my sins have swept over my head.*

חסץ מה לי בחיים, הנאה אין לי במותי.
חטאי עלי בחיי, ובמותי אשקטני.

I have no pleasure in life, I have no enjoyment in death. My sin afflicts me in life, my guilt in death. Hasten to me

חַוְשָׁה לִי וְצַרְנִי. אֵל יוֹצֵר וְשֹׁמֵחַ.
סָלַח פְּשָׁעִי וְחִישׁ יִשְׁעִי, מֶלֶכִּי גּוֹאֲלִי וְקֹדֶשִׁי
בִּי עֲוֹנוֹתַי עָבְרוּ לֵאשִׁי.

and help me, O God, maker of my
soul. Forgive my crime, speed my
salvation, O my King, my Redeemer,
my Holy One; *for my sins have swept
over my head.*

יִצְחָק אִבְנ־כַּלְפָּן

Isaac ibn Khalfan

בְּעַת חֶשֶׁק יַעֲרִנִי

THE RETREAT

בְּעַת חֶשֶׁק יַעֲרִנִי, אֲדַלֵּג
כְּאַיִל לַחֲזוֹת עֵינֵי כְבוֹדָה.
וְאִבּוֹאָהּ, וְהֵן אִמָּהּ לִנְגִידָה –
וְאִבִּיהָ וְאֶחֱיהָ וְדוֹדָה!
אֲשׁוּרָנָהּ, וְאֶמְנָה לְאַחֲוִירִי,
כִּאלֹו לֹא אֲנִי רָצָה יְדִידָה.
יִרָא מִמֶּנּוּ, וְעֲלִיהָ לִבִּי
כִּלְבֵּב אִשָּׁה מְשַׁבֶּלֶת יְחִידָה.

When desire arouses me, I leap like a
deer to see my lady's eyes. But when I
come, I find her mother there – and her
father and her brother and her uncle!¹
I look at her, then quickly turn away,
as though I were not her beloved. I am
afraid of them, and my heart mourns
for her like the heart of a woman bereft
of her only son.

פְּנֵי תֵּבֶל

THE WORLD AND HER
CHILDREN

פְּנֵי תֵּבֶל כְּצוּאָר הַמַּצְרֵעַ –
לִכֵּן הֵרִיק בְּסַנִּינָה צֹדָקָה;
וְהוֹצֵל בְּעֶרְךָ אוֹהֶבֶיהָ.
וּגְלוּי מַעֲרָם – תִּקָּה חֲקִיקָה.
לִכֵּן רוּם לְלַעֲנָה, אִם תִּהְיֶה כִּיל,
וְהִרְאָם בִּי תְרוּמַת מִתִּיקָה.
וְרוּחַ חֶרֶבֶךָ מִרֵּם בְּנֵי אִישׁ,
וְלֹא תִשְׁמַע אֲלֵיהֶם קוֹל נִאֲקָה.

The World's face is like a leper's neck.
Therefore, it is only right to spit in her
face; it is fitting and proper to cast
one's sandals at the nape of her lovers
and to strip them bare. So, if you can,
make them drink deep of wormwood,
but pretend to satisfy them with sweet
drinks. Then make your sword drink
deep of men's blood, and do not heed
their groans. Show no mercy to high or

1. Or 'betrothed'.

Yizkin

On S.T. all become trees. The Third Reading is

22222 11.21 - and Sect 34 - Eastern side - or

300000 of old day midanah (lateral pride) - 3 pygmalion

Based on deeds to survive

7th of God

affection of Scholarship

S.T.

There -

1) measure of diffusion of card of house - with just and

2) referred of misdeed

(should in not any just)

3) loss of deeds

4) 2/3 deeds used to mark in some

5) Let at 20 year in the past - not at all



6) But still you - are very kind about

He was - frankly in the past of the past

Now DATE 1:51

Why to every beginning for a few more days of life !
God not will be - now is not an answer

Why - Wiesel, MESSENGER OF GOD

|| To reach all life and death - no one
has right to give it up

הִדְעַתְּם, יְדִידֵי?

ZION'S PLEA FOR PARDON

הִדְעַתְּם, יְדִידֵי? הַצִּי בָּרַח מִמְּלוֹנִי!
מִתִּי יָשׁוּב מַעֲוִי?

Have you heard, my friends? The
Gazelle has fled from my dwelling.
When will He come home to me?

יָגִיד לָכֶם כְּרוּבִי:
אַחֲרֵי נִשָּׂא לִבִּי
אֵיךְ אִשָּׁא מַעֲצָבִי?
לֹא יָדַע, בָּהֶם שֶׁהֵעֵלָה עִמּוֹ בָּל שְׁשׁוֹנִי,
עַל מִי נָטַשׁ יְגוֹנִי.

If only my Cherub would tell you how
I am to bear my sorrow after He bore
away my heart! When He flew away
with all my joys, He did not know
whose hands I would fall into, grief-
stricken.

צָר לִי צָר עַל וָדוֹד:
סָר מִעָלַי כְּבוֹדִי,
אוֹר יִפְצְתוּ וְהוֹדִי.
אֵי יָמִים שֶׁסִּחֲתוּ יִשְׁפּוּ לִפְתַּח עַל לְשׁוֹנִי,
וְעִנְקָיו עַל גְּרוֹנִי?

I am in anguish because He is gone.
His glory has left me, and the glow of
His beauty and splendour. Where are
the days when His lips dropped sweet-
ness on my tongue like the honeycomb
and His necklaces hung on my throat?

חֲנוּתִי אֵיךְ שָׁכַחְתָּ?
שִׁעְשׁוּעֵי אֵיךְ וָנָחַם?
וַיִּדְדוּת, בֵּין נָגִי חָם
הִרְאָה לִי כְּאֶמֶת, עַתָּה אֲשֶׁר מוֹסִתִּיו שָׁם בְּמוֹנִי
וַיִּצָּא אֶת הַמוֹנִי?

How could He forget His favours to
me? How could He forsake my delights
and the love He showed me in Egypt,
among the sons of Him, when He sent
His portents against my enemies and
led my people out?

קָרַע יָם סוּף לִפְנֵי,
הִרְאָה אוֹרוֹ לְעֵינֵי,
דָּבָר דּוֹדִיו בְּאֶזְנוֹי,
וַלְסָדְרוֹ אוֹיְבֵי סָר, אֵלֵי חֵין קוֹל פַּעֲמוֹנֵי
וַלְרִים קַנְמוֹנֵי.

He split the Red Sea before me; He
revealed His light to my eyes; He spoke
words of love in my ear and He came –
my Beloved – into His room,¹ to the
lovely sound of my bells and the
fragrance of my cinnamon.

1. The Tabernacle.

עָבַרְתָּ חֻקֵּי וְצִוֵּי.

הַעֲבִיר מִנִּי יִדְדוֹת

וְנִקְבְּרוֹת נִחְמָדוֹת.

הִשָּׁב לִי שְׂשׂוֹן יִשְׁעֶךָ, וְאִם עָבַר לֹאשׁ וְדוֹנִי -

גַּא הַעֲבֵר אֶת עֲוֹנוֹי!

Because I did not keep His statutes and commands, He did not keep His precious love for me. Oh, restore to me the joy of Your deliverance; and though my insolence has swept over my head - I pray You, sweep away my guilt!

לִי אֶבְנֵי-אֶלְתֵּבָאן

Levi ibn Altabban

לְקִרְאָת מְקוֹר חַיִּי

THE AWAKENING

לְקִרְאָת מְקוֹר חַיִּי אֶתֵּן מִנְּפִשִּׁי.

טָרַם יִשְׁכַּחֲנוּי יָמִים לְאַדְמָתִי.

לִי חֶכְמָה נִפְשׁ, רוּחַ מְרֻדָּת.

כִּי הִיא לִכְנֶס מִתְּכַל תְּרוּמָתִי!

וְיִהְיֶה לִּכְבִּי עַד מִבֵּין לְאַחֲרֵי־יִי

כִּי יוֹם תִּנּוּקָתִי תִּהְיֶה חֲקוּקָתִי -

יוֹם יַעֲמִיד מַעֲשֵׂה בִי לְעִשְׂתִּי.

יוֹם יֵאָסֶף אֶלַי רוּחִי וְנִשְׁמָתִי.

I shall turn to the fountain of my life, before time returns me to the earth. If only my soul, which is bent on folly, had the wisdom to know that it alone is my treasure in this world! If only my heart would rouse itself and understand my end: that the very day on which I sleep will be my awakening - the day He summons all my deeds to face me, the day He recalls my spirit and my soul to Himself.

יְיָ, לְכַבּוֹת וְנִמְקָרוּ

PRAYER IN TIME OF
DROUGHT

יְיָ, לְכַבּוֹת וְנִמְקָרוּ וְנִשְׁשׂוֹת קָדְרוּ,

כִּי שָׁמַיִם נִצְעָרוּ וַיִּחְסְרוּ הַמַּיִם.

וְכִסְתָּה כְּלִמָּה פָּנֵינוּ, כִּי רַבּוּ עֲוֹנוֹנוּ,

וּמִרְדָּנָה צִינֵינוּ דִּמְעָה וְעֵסְעִפִּינוּ יָלּוּ מַיִם.

בְּהִצָּצַר עֲנִיִּים בָּאנוּ בְּבִשְׁת פָּנִים,

הַעֲנִיִּים וְהַבְּלִיָּים, מִבְּקָשִׁים מַיִם.

Lord, our hearts are filled with fear and our souls with gloom, for the sky is locked and there is no water. Shame covers our faces: so great is our guilt; our eyes run with tears, our eyelids are moist with water. Now that the clouds are stopped up, we come shamefacedly, paupers and wretches, to beg for water.

1) ADULT-
SPRINGS

1) On arrival under Dik - Why me - My not -
ACCEPTANCE of bones - RYHOT

2) There is ^{balance of} ~~balance of~~ life

אני לא רואה
אני לא רואה

manuscript seen - 10/10 1/2

אני לא רואה
אני לא רואה
אני לא רואה

3) שני דברים -

אני לא רואה



אני לא רואה

1) TO TOUCH ALL LIFE

SACRED - NO ONE CAN TAKE IT

אני לא רואה

1) legible could see some

2) LIVE AS A MAN WHO FIGHTS AGAINST
LIFE EVEN AGAINST GOD

אני לא רואה

2) my mind is clear

3) AT END OF LIFE NO ONE IS THERE -
could understand

3) more

DEATH
→
human faith
visions

Have seen bones - Believe -

Is not justice - fear of unknown -

Justice has not protected from death

even from young people

4) שני דברים -

Have faith CAN you survive

1) 2) 3) -

1) 2) 3) -

1) 2) 3) -

with one human faith human victory

many about Fascination with death

MASSACHUSETTS
STONE

Jud reaction to Egypt

Abomination of Egypt

1) Solomon ibn Venera

2)



Yizkor Sermon
Daniel Jeremy Silver

The synagogue devotes a significant section of every service to the remembrance of our dead. Each worship ends with the recitation of the mourners' Kaddish and the reading of a yahrzeit list. On the last day of festivals and Yom Kippur we add a special liturgy of remembrance, hazkarat nesahamot, the mention of the souls. This liturgy is better known as yizkor - "may God remember" - the opening word of its most familiar prayer.

Historians of religion will tell you that the kaddish and yizkor took shape some fifteen hundred years ago and that they emerged from folk piety rather than scholastic theology. Towards the end of the Biblical period a marked change took place in popular attitudes towards the afterlife. Hitherto vague images about immortality began to harden. Sheol had been an indeterminate place. Heaven and the lower world began to be vividly described. People had happy dreams of the rewards that awaited and nightmares about the punishments. Some would be blessed eternally and others would be condemned. In Daniel, perhaps the last Biblical book to be written, we find these new ideas phrased clearly: "Many of them that sleep in the dust shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to the reproach of everlasting abhorrence." The concept that when a person dies they are judged and that that judgement determines their place in eternity became central in Jewish life during the Hellenistic era and has dominated the religious life of western man until our day.

The fate of the dead became an overriding concern. Preachers reminded their flock that each act is weighed, so be careful so as to be worthy of Heaven. The problem was the inconstancy of the human condition. Perfection belongs only to God. "There is no man so righteous that he sins not." How, then, insure our entry into Heaven? There were many answers: a good life; repentance before death; gifts to charity; acts of supererogation; and the popular faith added another form of insurance - prayers in behalf of the dead and charity

given in their name came to be considered as effective ways to open Heaven's doors. The idea that prayer and charity can insure one's entry into Heaven probably became popular on the analogy of court life. Presents, bakshish, and formal petitions to a sultan were proven ways of gaining his favor. The worship of the Jew began to fill up with intercessory prayer. Fathers came to value their sons not only for their immediate value in the family business but because a son would say Kaddish for them and help their soul into Heaven. Yizkor took form in this world of simple piety and superstitious faith. The rabbis did not fully approve. Thoughtful texts survive which reflect the feelings of rabbis firmly opposed to the practice of praying for the dead. Hai Gaon, a head of Babylonian Jewry in the tenth century, argued that intercessory prayer was pointless since "only the actual deeds of a person during his lifetime count before God." But as is so often the case, the people's will to believe and need to believe overwhelmed scholarly strictures about what to believe.

Opposition to yizkor ceased a thousand years ago when history gave this service a new and compelling significance. Yizkor became a memorial for our martyrs and a commitment to Jewish survival and community solidarity. The Jewish people have never been secure, but these past ten centuries have been particularly cruel. The millenium of pain began with the Crusades, when the soldiers of Christ, setting off to reclaim Jerusalem, proved their piety by killing all non-believers who happened to be in their way. The only non-believers in their way were Jews. As the Crusaders moved down the Rhine from Angevin England and Norman France, the soldiers reddened that river's waters with Jewish blood. It was a brutal time.

The unarmed Jewries of the time had no defense against such violence. The martyr can only hope that those who survive will not allow the ugly deed to be forgotten. Haman wins when martyrs become statistical footnotes in little-read histories. Those who survived the Crusader massacres were determined to remember their dead. How? What would be appropriate? Whole families had been killed. There was no one to recite the Kaddish for them or

to stand up for them during yizkor. The Jewish people would do the family's duty and pray for the souls of the martyrs. Memor-buchs, lists of martyrs, circulated in the European synagogue and the names inscribed were read aloud during yizkor. Yizkor came to express the national will to live. A family could be murdered, but the family of Israel would not forget. Yizkor expresses the faith that civilization will prevail. Decency, goodness, cannot be obliterated. Each of us dies, but the tasks we leave undone are taken up and continued.

These things do I remember; through all the years
 Ignorance like a monster hath devoured
 Our martyrs as in one long day of blood
 Rulers have arisen through the endless years
 Oppressive, savage in their witless power
 Filled with a futile thought: To make an end
 Of that which God hath cherished.

Yizkor binds us to our people and to corporate tasks. In naming our dead we make the silent promise to continue and complete what they began. As one modern theologian has put it: we will not give Hitler a post-humous victory.

In our day yizkor has taken on still another dimension. We no longer take these prayers literally. Few of you came here to intercede for a loved one's entry into Heaven. You came simply out of love. Some of us believe in an afterlife. Others do not. Few of us are still burdened by vivid Dantesque images of Heaven and Hell. We look on such concepts as Heaven and Hell as medieval. For us death is peace - an end to the stress and anxieties of every day. For us death is the cessation of pain. Our dead are with God. The prayers this hour are for us and not for our dead.

Why are we here? Perhaps the most powerful stimulus to duty is the obligation of love, sacrifice and example which has been laid upon us by our parents, teachers and loved ones. Memory commands. We can dismiss another's reproof, but not their example. When tempted to compromise standards, we hear our parents say: no, that is not the standard of our family. We try to live up to the example of rectitude or charity which was set by a parent. Their causes and concerns become ours. Their patience with others and respect for another's

decency warns us against manipulating or using people. Their lack of prejudice commands us to be colorblind. We remember their willingness to set their work aside and spend time with our anxieties, and such memories prod us to take time from our busy schedule to listen to another's need and to respond to it.

Why are we here? Because our memories help us defeat loneliness. Childhood is full of people. The young are cared for and loved. Youth is a time of friendship. Adolescence is a clutch of intimacy. We marry. We form a family. We find a few good friends, and over the years, one by one, these are stripped from us. Grandparents die, parents, teachers and counselors of our youth. Friends disappear or die. A mate dies, perhaps a child. Age is a lonely time whose emptiness has been compounded by the social mobility of our day. Loneliness shrivels the soul. Memory warms the soul. Loneliness kills; but as long as we can remember, we are not alone. As long as we can summon up intimacies shared, conversations that enlightened, joys that transcended the ordinary, the memory of a protective arm over our shoulders, we are not alone.

Memory lightens the burden of life. The child who has never entered the synagogue tends to be frightened of yizkor. He fears yizkor will be a cold and anxious time. It is not. We leave this moment encouraged, warm and enhanced. Our memories are among our most precious possessions.

A final word. Many are tempted to look upon the memorial moment in purely moral terms. Our parents have placed the responsibility of family in our hands. Our teachers have left us the task of building civilization. Those who healed us bid us to heal others. Those who were patient with us demand that we be patient in our turn. The compelling example of those whose lives inform our own is infinitely bracing, but I would suggest that the basic message of this hour transcends the moral imperative: it is the emotional truth of the significance of closeness, of family, of intimacy and love.

Few whom we mourn were truly saintly. All whom we mourn had their failings and

foibles. The mere fact of death does not ennoble. Our dead struggled to lead a good life, but did not always succeed. Yet, we remember them with love. We remember in love all who were close. We love them despite their failings. We love them because they loved us. No more.

Let us go back a moment to Yizkor's humble beginnings. Yizkor came into being because ordinary people wanted to help out their dead. Yizkor was born because ordinary people recognized that no one is perfect - no one could be that sure of entering Heaven. Yizkor speaks first of love and only then of character and nobility. Our dead were not saints any more than we are. Yet, they cared about us. They opened themselves to us and in doing so they gave us life.

I remember the child who told me, "Don't talk about my father's surgery that took him away. I loved him when he was home with me." Yizkor stands opposed to the aggressive self-involvement of our age. Yizkor reminds us of the precious gift of self - of love. It is good to achieve, but it is essential that we care, that we take the time, that we give of ourselves, that we turn to another, openly and easily. Yizkor suggests that the ultimate gift of self is not one of achievement or success, but is one of openness and feeling and caring and sharing. He who offers himself, she who involves herself, those who care are those who give life to the living.

YOM KIPPUR

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

For the most part the Industrial Revolution passed the shtetl by. A pleasing vignette is told of the first reaction by one small Polish Jewish community to a horseless carriage. The Yeshiva students were dazzled. They wanted explanations, and so they turned to the one of their number who had been to Warsaw and who was reputed to have read forbidden books. They asked this "scientist" to explain this latter-day miracle. "Ch," he said, "it's simple. You take a rectangular frame and you put four wheels at the corners of it." "Then you tie these wheels with a wire. You get it?" "We get it." "Then you take these wires and you bind them in a box in the center of the frame. Inside the box is a horizontal wheel which turns. Do you get it?" "We get it." "Above the horizontal wheel there is a series of smaller wheels. Do you get it?" "We get it." "On top of the smallest of the wheels there is a peg and a wire that runs from the peg to the cab of the car. Do you get it?" "We get it." "When a motorman pushes a button at the end of that wire, the wire turns, the wheels turn, the lower wires turn, and the large wheels turn; and this is what makes the car run through our streets." "Oh," they said, "Now we understand."

I submit that, despite the vast refinement in man's technical knowledge, we are as over-confident of understanding life as these Yeshiva students were of understanding magnetoes and electricity. Life, someone has said, is a miracle wrapped in a mystery. Life simply is. The knowledge explosion has helped us understand many of life's mechanisms; the miracle remains untouched and pristine. Science is a useful tool with which to moderate the natural environment in which we live, but science cannot give us control of the terms of life or make us masters of our destiny.

We can learn a great deal about process, about 'how'; but we know next to nothing about purpose, about 'why'. The universe is. Life is and it is impossible for us to go behind that statement.

The scientific cast of mind likes to understand and control, to feel that ultimately everything is explicable, and not surprisingly, in our scientific age many have opted for doctrines of determinism. Life, they say, is predestined. What happens to us is inevitable. It's imprinted in our genes. We are like the spider's prey, enmeshed in a web, and struggle as we will we cannot break free. Freedom is an illusion. Our ability to make decisions and to change the direction of our lives is more illusion than real. Even our thought processes are conditioned. Those who think this way have gone back to some of the most primitive doctrines of the human race. All ancient religions assumed that the gods controlled human life. God opens the womb. God touches the child with His talents. God commands, and the human slave must obey. In the end God cuts the thread of life when it pleases him.

The Eastern religions taught the doctrine of Karma - the iron rule of destiny. Man's only escape from pre-destination was a hard-won release into nothingness. The Greeks believed in Moira, inescapable fate. Man was pursued by fate; and, try as he would, he could not escape it. The hero was the man who pursued his goals in the full knowledge that his fate would ultimately wear him down and overwhelm him.

The premonition that the world out there is controlled by ominous and dangerous powers often went hand in hand with the sense of being controlled from without. There is a dark coloration to most of the world's literature. The future is written in shadows. There are dark wraiths and awesome spirits, avenging angels, and demonic presences that lie in wait for the human being and put obstacles in his path, which try to beguile man and to possess his soul. Writers describe the human being as flotsam, a bit of oceanic debris tossed hither and yon on the surface of the rolling, surging seas. There is motion, of course, but man does not control the motion. Man is controlled by the intersects of the stars, by the winds, by the

gods, by the wiles of the devil, or by the iron laws of economics. The image of the human being as broken kindling cast about on the ocean waves appears not only in the stoic philosophies of the second century and the Hindu philosophies of the pre-Christian centuries, but in the existentialist literature of our day. Though we no longer speak of man being bedeviled or possessed, we do speak, do we not, of suppressed anger, of animal instinct, of the innate violence of human nature. How many think of human nature as a roiling tempest which we can control for a time but which, ultimately, explodes and whips away the mask of civilization and decency which we carry about, revealing the human being as the animal he is.

If we are subject to an implacable destiny; if there are powers out there which prevent our achieving any of the goals for which we hope; if there are, in here, deep fires burning, hidden preserves of evil which we cannot control, then all that we are about this evening, all that Yom Kippur stands for, is a travesty.

Yom Kippur speaks of Teshuvah, of repentance, of the possibility of a new start. Determinist philosophies say that that which is crooked cannot be made straight. Yom Kippur says the crooked soul can be straightened out. A tear of remorse; the will to change habits and goals; the determination to bring yourself up from the plane of coarseness and vulgarity, to the level of sensitivity, warmth and love - these do allow man to step up in life. Tomorrow we will read in our Torah the command, "Choose life that ye may live." It is a meaningless command if it means simply 'don't commit suicide'. In fact, it says much more. 'Become a human being.' We can choose life because life gives us the opportunity to choose between animality and humanity, between bestiality and civilization, between living that is no life at all and living such as befits a child of God.

Yom Kippur affirms the possibility of renewal. Its command is: set for yourself higher sights. Set out on a new course. What thoughts and experiences permitted our ancestors to hold this hope of renewal? What led them to speak of Teshuvah, the possibility of rehabilitation and growth? Did they deny the great surging majesty

which is the universe? Did they deny that man was in many ways controlled and conditioned by circumstances over which he had no power? Not at all. Judaism shared with other ancient philosophies the knowledge that man does not decide to be born or what bundle of talents shall be his or the conditions of our life or the length of our days - over these we have no control.

Judaism was not afraid to look at this awesome power straight on, unblinking. Most people shuddered before this power, raw authority, God as autocrat, but Judaism affirmed a God who was both Eloheinu and Avinu, both sovereign and father, both majestic and merciful. Judaism knew and experienced the storm. The storms that buffeted man were brutal, cold and chilling, but the storm also brings the rain which refreshes the earth and cleans the air. Judaism looked at death. Death is cruel. Grief is bitter, but if there is no death there is no life. If there is no death there is neither place nor opportunity for another generation. Jews knew pain, the bitter, searing pain of defeat and exile. Pain is often hardly bearable, but pain sharpens our awareness of pleasure. Pain breaks down the walls of selfishness and teaches what it means to be sympathetic, all that is implied in the word, 'fellow feeling'. Judaism knew full well that this is not the best of all conceivable worlds; but, were the earth paradise, what place would there be for that exhilaration which comes from high moral challenge? Where would we find the satisfaction of achievement? Of life?

Our fathers never claimed that they could describe God's purposes. "God's ways are not our ways", they said, "and God's thoughts are not our thoughts." But they had seen enough and experienced enough to recognize that God is not only power, majesty, the storm, but the order, love, the Father, the shepherd who is with us when we walk into the dark valleys.

Our God was not such a power as men acknowledge when they speak of devils and dark riders of the night. There is no fear-born mythology in Judaism.

Does Judaism deny the force of chance? Luck? Not at all. How often do we

say Mazel Tov? Are we not, all of us, in some ways creatures of circumstances? Of course we are. There is a merit gap between what we are and what we might be. Industry, hard work, determination cannot guarantee success. Judaism turned to the man of wealth and said, "Let not the rich man glory in his wealth", boast not. You have worked hard, perhaps, you have been agile and nimble, but so was your grandfather who lived on the edge of poverty in a small town in eastern Europe. He was not less industrious, no less vigorous, and no less determined than you. The only difference is that he lived in a poor world and you live amidst abundance.' Judaism turned to the man of power and said, "Let not the strong man glory on his strength", boast not of your position; do not say I am here because I have been daring and talented beyond the ordinary. What if you had lived during the long bitter years of Jewish ostracism when your people was outcasts and nowhere welcome? Indeed, Judaism suggests that we ought not boast even of being alive. How many of us are alive because we were born at a time when childbirth was no longer a mortal danger? How many of us are alive for no better reason than because a grandparent packed his bags and moved the unborn generations beyond the range of Hitler's anger?

Pride is the besetting sin of this generation. We look about and see ourselves as successful men and women. There is affluence. There is security. There is prestige. There is respectability. There is Jewish influence and Jewish power. How much of it is due to us? How much of it is due to luck? Is it merit or mazel? We judge others with many of the same smug assumptions by which we judge ourselves. How many have been honored in this community not because of their personal worth but because of their corporate worth; not because of the decency of their lives or the wisdom of their judgment but simply because they were in the right business at the right time and made a great deal of money?

Judaism neither denies the powers beyond nor the spinning of the wheel of fortune. Where, then, lies our freedom? What freedom does Yom Kippur address? Yom Kippur addresses the inner man. Yom Kippur talks about the standards by which

we should live, the truths that we should speak, the vision which could guide us on a meaningful way, the relationships which should properly be sacred, the standards by which we should manage our home and our human relationships. Here is a world which is your world, into which no one can step or intrude. Here you make the irreversible and basic decisions, the decisions which determine the quality of your life. If you are eager for learning you will never be ignorant. If you are willing to love, to share, you will never be an outcast. If you are willing to care you will never be without a calling. If you are willing to reach up nothing that another man does can pull you down.

There are some who live by pressures, ambitions and programs not of their own design. There are some who are pushed hither and yon by their passions, fears, neighbors, even their children. They are common people. . . ordinary people. . . bemused, some of them besotten. They are tragic figures, are they not? They are not free men for we are only as free as we make ourselves free. And what makes us free? Judgment, will, learning, determination and love. Teshuvah. We can be free only if we are resolved to grow and improve.

Two worlds compete for the soul of man - the world out there with all its allurements, and the world in here. We cannot control what happens to us out there. We can resolve to work with discipline, to be vigorous in pursuit of our ambitions and to focus every skill we possess on achieving a certain end; but there are no guarantees that we will be successful. We may be passed over. Another may be offered the opportunity. Out there there is a large element of chance, but in the inner world there is a greater correlation between purpose and result. Who can destroy my integrity? Who can say, "you shall not love"? Who can tell me not to speak the truth? Who can deny me the opportunity to rejoice in beauty, to respond to music, to grow in knowledge or to respond to the grand ambitions of civilization?

Yom Kippur asks me, as it asks each of us, to look carefully at this private world - not at what others say about me, not at my nob description, not at my ma-

terial situation; but at my soul. Am I satisfied with my standards? Am I happy in my relationships? Have I held on to convictions? And each of us, as he asks these questions, sheds a tear of remorse for the man we might have been, a tear of regret for the woman you might have been; for none of us has fully measured up to our own expectations, much less God's expectations of us. None of us can say, "In wealth or in poverty, in success or in failure, I have walked the way I have set for myself; I have been truthful always with myself and God."

And so, for each of us, this is an hour of Teshuvah, of turning back to that vision of ourselves we set so long ago; of turning back to our true self and of adopting those disciplines which will allow the true "I" to emerge. We are free only when we are walking our way by our standards, and when we are free we not only find peace of mind but bring hope into our world for we are not unlike a stone dropped into a pond whose ripples reach the furthestmost shore. And so it is in life. The single deed performed in love reaches down the centuries and to the far corners of the earth.

Spend an hour with a child, a child who is convulsed with fear and fright. Reduce the tension of his anger. Be patient. Teach him by your calmness and presence that he need not fear all the people thronging out there; and, somehow, and in some way, every person that child will touch in his life will have been touched by you. Make your home a place of wholesomeness, a place of encouragement and love; and all who walk out its door each morning will bring happiness into the world. Ultimately, the decency which is yours reaches out and touches mankind; and in that long-range effect lies our hope that some day and in some way we will break the iron ring of bitterness and strife which binds us to violence and cruelty and achieve an iron ring.

Yom Kippur climaxes with a great prayer. It is called U'netshaneh Tokef, 'let us recall the majesty of this day'. The prayer describes the powers without, the circumstances and destiny we cannot control.

Who shall pass on and who shall be healed? Who shall live in security and whose lives will suddenly be on quicksand? Who shall have success and who shall be smashed low? Who shall be fortunate and who shall be unfortunate?

The climax of this prayer is the very lesson I have sought to leave with you, that of Teshuvah, the

Prayer, repentance, thoughtfulness, the discipline of social concern, all that is involved in the private decisions of life mollify and mitigate the stern decree.

Yes, we are destined. Yes, there is a chance; and, yes, there is another chance, Teshuvah. Let us not overlook our last chance.

