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This Is My God, But Is This My Faith? A Rabbi Reviews Herman  
Wouk's Assessment of Judaism, 1959.



THIS IS MY GOD  
BUT IS THIS MY FAITH

A Rabbi reviews Herman Wouk's assessment of Judaism

The Temple  
November 22, 1959

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

Now forty-four years of age, Mr. Herman Wouk is one of the most celebrated of American novelists and playwrights. He is a Laureate of the Pulitzer Prize; his play, The Caine Mutiny Court Martial, not only won critical praise, but enjoyed an extended Broadway run and the financial success of being turned into a Hollywood spectacular.

As a man of national prominence, all of Mr. Wouk's publications merit and receive wide dissemination. In his latest work, This Is My God, Mr. Wouk has moved from his usual fields of the novel and of the theater and has written a personal statement of faith, and already this little book has climbed to fifth rank among all the non-fiction best-sellers in our nation. This Is My God is an easy and an attractive book to read, but it is an extremely difficult book to classify. It is, ~~first of all~~, a profession of faith, not a confession of faith. It is personal; Mr. Wouk writes what he believes and not what others have told him he should believe; but it avoids being intimate and largely autobiographical. Perhaps the best analogy that we might draw from the world of contemporary literature is to say that This Is My God reminds us of an extended biography of credo such as Mr. Edward Murrow used to gather under the title This I Believe.

What makes This Is My God of particular interest to the pulpit is the content of Mr. Wouk's faith. He believes in and happily practices Judaism. Mr. Wouk is an observant Orthodox Jew. He prays regularly at his synagogue; he observes the Sabbath; he practices in his home all of the ritual dietary laws of our tradition. And I know of no other work in recent literature which so successfully, so in-



timately and so beautifully portrays the inner meaning, <sup>the</sup>inner significance of Orthodox Jewish life.

I enjoyed reading This Is My God. I enjoyed reading it because it is the work of a master craftsman, a man who knows his literary trade and avoids the usual ponderous cliches in which most people describe religious forms. I enjoyed reading This Is My God because I kept thinking to myself how much this book would contribute to the understanding between Jew and Jew, and to the understanding between non-Jew and Jew. This is a book which is affirmative, non-apologetic, passionate and yet utterly without prejudice towards any other faith. It is a book which speaks of the heart and not of the surface, of the essential and not of the superficial, and it is a book which cannot but help communicate its warmth, its love, its breadth of understanding and of tolerance. And I enjoyed reading This Is My God because I feel it to be a volume of some historical significance. During most of the last century and a quarter, writers who were of Jewish background tended to be angry with or opposed to or ignorant of Judaism. From Heinrich Heine to Boris Pasternak Jewish authors and writers of the quality of Leon Feuchtwanger, Berthold Auerbach, Gertrude Stein, Sholom Asch, have either largely ignored Jewish themes or have cavilled against Judaism and against the Jewish people. And the burden of their argument was largely this -- that Judaism represented the past. It was archaic, it was out-dated. It was outmoded. It was irrelevant, and that being Jewish prevented them largely from immersing themselves fully in the onrush of modern liberal twentieth and nineteenth century life. The last century in sum have been periods which could hardly be called stable periods in our Jewish history. Our people were thrust out of the ghetto by the grant of citizenship, thrust into a life for which they were not totally prepared and to which their religion could not easily adapt. As the University replaced the Yeshivah, as the concert orchestra replaced the cantor, as the free, neighborly, optimistic tolerant life of America replaced the century-hardened hatreds of



Europe, as atomics and mechanics replaced medieval science, a new Jew emerged -- a man who responded to different stimuli, who had developed different esthetic tastes, who needed to be communicated with with a new language, and whose faith was not easily adaptable to this new communication, this new level of esthetic taste, and this new language. And so we have the literature of neglect, bitter denial, and of self-hate.

But I have been noticing recently that there has been a new spirit in the literature written by authors who are Jewish, an affirmative, positive spirit. They thrill to the experiences of Anne Frank and of the Warsaw ghetto and of the creation of the State of Israel. And they have begun to picture American Jewish life, not in terms of the vulgar and the vulgarity and the coarseness which it has at some points, but in terms of its wholesomeness and its naturalness -- the Harry Golden-Leo Rosten type of portrayal. Somehow Judaism has come of age. It has learned to communicate. It has learned to be modern. It has learned to shake off the medieval dress, ~~that~~ <sup>youthfulness</sup> the heart of gold, the ~~manufactured~~, and the relevance of Jewish life pushes through. And now, finally, after a literature of affirmation, a proud literature full of herces, we come to a man, a writer of first rank, who publicly publishes a statement of belief. He believes in a Jewish God. He ~~believes~~ believes in prayer. He believes in the prophetic tradition and in the priestly tradition which underly all that we have and which we prize. And in a sense, This Is My God represents the capstone of a new approach to Judaism by our writers, who, after all, are sensitive cultural barometers, who reflect verbally what we feel deeply and sometimes cannot express, <sup>that</sup> Our faith is today enlightened and enlightening, and that we have somehow successfully come through a very difficult century of stress and of strain, that we are now thoroughly up to date.

Unfortunately, I have already heard some whisper that This Is My God is not what it purports to be, not the sincere beliefs of a sincere man, but a slick public relations piece, the wedding of Yeshivah University, where Herman Wouk



teaches, and Madison Avenue. That is a sad commentary on our age. We have been so surrounded by half-truths and warped words that we can no longer recognize the ring of sincerity and of truth when we hear it. But unfortunately, we are bombarded with propaganda and with publicity, and it is all too easy to understand how many can cast a jaundiced eye at all that they hear and at all that they read. But Mr. Wouk has publicly been known to be an observant Jew for many years now, and he is a man of such status and of such financial success that no one could possibly believe that he needs to portray himself in these terms for some personal reason of gain. And furthermore, to read this book is to know that these are the words of a believing man. They are not the words of a paid pen, but of a determined heart.

What of this belief? What is its nature? Is it a profound belief, or is the belief of an adolescent who once learned of Judaism by rote and who has maintained his Jewish beliefs without challenge and who now simply returns to you mechanically, as if he were a record, what was once impressed on his heart? This is the work of a mature man, of a man who has known doubt, of a man who has known denial, of a man who has known suffering. What led Mr. Wouk to his affirmation of Judaism? In one of the true truly autobiographic sections of this book, he has offered us this as his explanation:

It was my lot to reach quite young what many people consider the dream life of America: success by my own efforts, a stream of dollars to spend, a penthouse in New York, forays to Hollywood, the companionship of pretty women, all before I was twenty-four. It was nothing impressive I did: I was only a staff writer for the great radio humorist Fred Allen: but there I was in the realms of gold. I dreamed of higher success as a playwright or novelist -- like my Noel Airman in Marjorie Morningstar, all I wanted was a succession of hits -- but even as I lived this conventional smart existence of inner show business, and dreamed the conventional dreams, it all seemed thin. I was not sated or revolted. But I found myself unable to believe, deep down, that hits plus random pleasure would ever add up to a life. It left out my identity.



Now we can search in the book for other, more personal clues to Mr. Wouk's motivation. We will find the deep veneration and love which he held for his scholarly, saintly grandfather, who seems to represent the heart, the learning, the substance of Jewish life in a home which otherwise would have accepted Jewish life on its surface, most superficial values. And to read the biography, the clippings which are available on Herman Wouk is to recognize that here was a man who went through the conventional rebellings, the life in Greenwich Village, the life of denial, a denial which extended to his marrying outside of his faith, but then who began in his late twenties to grow up, to mature into responsibility. He went through four years of active combat duty in the Second World War, with the United States Navy, and certainly the long, quiet hours of anxiety and tension must have contributed to his thinking and to his maturity. And finally, at the very moment of his first great critical acclaim by the American people he suffered the heart-searing loss of his first-born son, and this, too, must have led him to question and to doubt. And undoubtedly, did we know further facts, we could find in this superficial search for motivation other reasons for Herman Wouk's return to faith.

For when all is said and done, is not his reason the reason of every man -- that we find at some time in our lives that "hits plus random pleasure" -- we can translate it "work plus random pleasure" -- simply does not add up to a sufficient life. It leaves out our identity.

I am reminded of Alfred Nobel, the great donor of the Nobel Peace Prize. Mr. Nobel was a driven man through most of his life, driven for one goal -- the acquisition of money. A noted chemist and engineer, he devoted his life to the development of ever more potent explosives, to the exploitation of oil reserves around the world. He was a warmonger and an arms merchant. And then, by a strange set of coincidences, Alfred Nobel was forced to read his own obituary. His brother died, and the reporter who had been at the hospital reported to the



Stockholm newspapers that it was Alfred Nobel who had died. And when Mr. Nobel read the hastily written obituaries the next day he found in what little esteem his countrymen held him. The extent of one's will hardly makes a single line of type in an obituary. Mr. Nobel had been a lifetime bachelor, he had no ties, he had no friends, he had no community interests, simply the interest in making money. Reading his obituary, he was shock, and, shocked, he began to think and to reassess, and out of this reassessment began a life's work which led to the establishment of the Nobel Peace Prize.

If This Is My God had no other virtue -- and it has many -- it would be worth the reading simply because it reminds us that each of us must seek a consecration in life above life's many confusions, that we must ask why it is that we toil and labor and weary ourselves under the sun, that we must ask ourselves if we have sacrificed our families for our businesses, sacrificed our communities for our society, or foresworn our God in our concern with ourself.

Why is it that we labor? What are we really attempting to do with our energies? Time is passing; our energies are being frittered away. Has our life any real purpose? Have we any real identity as a human, contributing, God-like being? It is said that Benjamin Franklin once remarked that the only book which he ever read were the books that he had written himself. I did not write This Is My God, and I do not wish to attack the book, but I feel that at least in one respect, because of its wide dissemination the record ought to be made straight.

This Is My God attempts to do two things. First, it attempts to give you a picture of the inner life, the personal significance of Judaism as seen by an Orthodox Jew, and in vigor, in freshness, in drama it is uniquely successful. Secondly, This Is My God attempts to assess the achievements and the future of contemporary Jewish life, and it is in this assessment that Mr. Wouk makes his most serious mistakes. Mr. Wouk thinks of all <sup>the</sup> movements of religious liberalism as movements which he calls "dissenting". Under the dissenters he throws in



the Reform movement, the Reconstructionist movement, the Conservative movement -- anyone who has broken at all from the strict Orthodox fold. And he holds that these dissension movements have no vitality of their own, no dynamic which causes them to throb and to pulsate and which gives them meaning. They are simply watered-down versions of the true faith. They are simply sops which have been given by some to people who want a minimal form of religious life. "The formula of dissent," Herman Wouk writes, "made a pleasant compromise for people who wanted an easier life than the law asks, who had little training and yet wanted a taste of Judaism." There is nothing that is essentially, fundamentally positive about these movements of dissent. They have no life of their own. Indeed, Herman Wouk seems to say that there is an inevitable progression. Once one has broken with the tradition in its most strict form -- with Orthodoxy -- he goes to a Conservative congregation, he goes then to a Reform congregation, he leaves the Reform congregation for the larger disaffiliation and assimilation.

"There has been a well known cascading", he writes, "from Orthodox to Conservative, from Conservative to Reform groups. The dissenting movements can scarcely wish for the disappearance of Orthodoxy. Their existence more or less depends on a main body of Mosaic followers who write the holy scrolls, study the classics, keep faith at its picturesque maximum and provide a reservoir of strength and renewal for the less demanding denominations. The greatest weakness of both Conservative and Reform Judaism is their tendency to run down without constant infusion of Orthodox-trained new blood."

Now, Mr. Wouk can be excused for not knowing you -- second, third, fourth generation Reform Jews. But he cannot be excused for not having read the available sociological studies and statistics which have shown time and again that of the few who assimilate, who move without, the vast majority leave directly from traditional Orthodox homes, and not from the doors of a Conservative or a Reform synagogue. Nor can Mr. Wouk be excused for not having realized that Reform and Conservative Judaism represents something more basic, more vital, more elemental, more essential. They are not movements of ease, but of necessity. They are movements which came into being because it was self-evident to the Jew



that it was far better to drive to the synagogue on the Sabbath than not to go there at all because he now lived at too far a distance to walk. They exist because it seemed superfluous to the modern Jew to maintain a traditional law which had once well organized and controlled the Jewish community but which was now superfluous as we came as citizens under another law, a law which once had ennobled but now sometimes worked hardships, a law which maintained that the woman whose husband was declared missing in action could not remarry until it could be proven by actual witnesses to his death that he had died, although the state allowed her to pick up the shattered fragments of her life. It seemed anachronistic to maintain a law which said that a divorced woman who fell in love and was loved by a decent citizen of the community whose ancestors two thousand years ago happened to be priests could not marry that man. Reform, -- dissent -- exists because the critical spirit, the philosophic spirit, the scientific spirit of our century could no longer accept the belief in a personal messiah -- as the Bible had not accepted that belief; -- because we could not pray for the reestablishment of the Temple and of the sacrificial cult because God forbid that that cult be reestablished; because we could not include in our prayers a plea for the resurrection of the body because we -- and the Bible -- did not believe in the resurrection of the body. Reform -- dissent -- exists because we wished to bring our women into our congregations at our side, to reflect the essential spirit of Jewish life which has always venerated the woman, rather than the legal spirit of Jewish life which reduced her to second place, which held that she must sit in the balcony while we sit downstairs, or sit at one side of a barrier while we sit at the other. Religious dissent exists because we wanted a wider variety of musical experience in our synagogue than simply the sung voice; because we wanted a greater dignity to our services; we wanted our emotional experience of prayer to be one in brief rather than one which was so extensive as to be too demanding of time. The religious dissent, my friends, came into



being because Judaism was clothed in Medieval clothes, and because it had so long been dressed in these clothes that many had forgotten that these clothes in themselves were reforms, that the religion of the nineteenth century was different from the religion of Maimonides, that the practices of Maimonides were different from the practices of Akiba, that the practices of Akiba were different from those of Ezra, and that the practices of Ezra were different from those of David, and that the practices of David were different again from those of Moses. These practices of Medieval Jewish life -- this Medieval dress -- prevented many from realizing the heart of gold which pulsated in the Jewish framework, and we insisted, we demanded, that it become apparent to all that there was this heart of gold -- this vital, essential, elemental affirmation of God, of prayer, of the dignity of man and the importance of justice and of righteousness.

These Herman Wouk has overlooked. He has forgotten that it is because there were religions of dissent that there is any Judaism today, that had it not been for the creation of Reform and of its sister Conservative faith and approaches there would be simply a continuous streaming out, a continuous denial, where today there is a religious revival and religious reaffirmation. Indeed, the reverse case could be made out -- that it is not Reform which is the easy discipline but Orthodoxy which is the easy discipline. It is much easier to know that there is some authority to which you can go to find the answer to all of your questions, who will tell you exactly what must be done and what must not be done, what must be practiced and what must not be practiced, than to seek a form of worship which is not only discipline but creative, which demands that you creatively, affirmatively involve yourself in the creation of new disciplines, which demands that you experiment as well as affirm.

But having said this, it remains true that This Is My God is a healthy tonic to an age which has moved beyond skepticism, but has not yet removed into piety. We have built great synagogues, we have established fine educational



institutions. There is a religious revival -- in quotation marks -- in our Jewish people as in America generally. But you and I know that prayer is still practiced by absence, that God is still affirmed as an ideal rather than as a living vitality, that there are few who can affirmatively, easily, unaffectedly speak of these spiritual essential significances of Jewish life without feeling that they are somehow unmodern, outdated, passe. Herman Wouk is a modern man. He is fully aware of science and of its implications. He is fully aware of the new spirits of philosophy and the new learning of the social sciences. And it is good to know, it is heartwarming to know that he affirms as you affirm, less articulately perhaps, by your presence at services that there is a God, that there lives a God, and that we affirm that God.

"As for me", he writes, "I declare my faith that our history is not meaningless, and that nihilism is a hallucination of sick men. God lives, and we are his people, chosen to live by his name and his law until the day when the Lord will be one and his name one. We are nothing at all, or we are a people apart, marked by history for a fate embracing the heights and the depths of the human experience. We live; and we live in a time when we can draw breath in freedom and renew our starved-out strength.

"Chosen for what?" the captain of an Israeli luxury liner said to me with a bitter smile that showed that he had come from Nazi Germany. "Chosen for sorrow?"

For that too; that is a truth we know. This choosing was not a choosing that - to this hour - any other nation would ask for. The Jews had descended from Abraham. The knowledge of God was in their blood. They said "yes" at Sinai because they could do no other, and they entered on a history more dark than bright, more blood-stained than green. But that history is their name, their meaning, and our glory."

Amen.



## The Problem of Prayer

God cannot be much of an Almighty, it has long since been observed, if anything we say in prayer is new to him, or useful, or capable of having an effect. If God exists, he is omniscient. If he knows everything, he knows the future, including any future prayers that we may utter. If he knows the future, it is for practical purposes fixed; and if the future is fixed, prayer is waste motion, the moving of pieces after the game is over. I figured out this neat dead end, or read it somewhere, at the age of twelve or thirteen, and maybe I stopped praying for a while; I cannot remember.

But if I did I started again pretty soon. Dead end or no, a man wants to praise God for the marvels of life, and to ask to be spared its terrors if possible, and to give thanks for what he has in hand, in health, family, and work. He wants to, that is, if a sense will not leave him that God is there. In Judaism praying for benefits is a very small part of the liturgy. Most of it is commitments of one's fortunes to God, and meditation on sacred writings which put in clear words the few great points of our religion. Its daily aim is a renewal of religious energy through an act which declares one's Jewish identity and one's hope in the Lord.

As to whether any material difference in this life results from prayer, who can say? How does one set up the controls of the experiment? One can spin paradoxes about God in action by the hour; they prove nothing at all, and since the eighteenth century they have mainly interested sophomores. Huckleberry Finn prayed for a fishing pole, and got a pole and no hooks, whereupon he gave up religion as an economic recourse. It is a perfect parable. Nevertheless Moses prayed and Miriam was cured of her leprosy. Whether she would have been cured without the prayer, there is no earthly way of knowing. If you believe in fatality, prayer is nothing. If you believe in God, the prayer of a man is an



event; not necessarily a decisive event, or we would all have our fishing poles with hooks when we wanted them, but a new element in a situation, like a birth.

No doubt there is much sanctimoniousness in the world, and a lot of empty mumbling is passed off as devotion. A man of urbanity may feel embarrassed at taking part in ceremonies where that sort of thing can occur. I am not sure my urbanity is quite up to the mark. Sometimes, all too often, my own praying has been depressingly mechanical. But sometimes I have felt a sense of communication with the Force that took the trouble to give me life.





It was my lot to reach quite young what many people consider the dream life of America: success by my own efforts, a stream of dollars to spend, a penthouse in New York, forays to Hollywood, the companionship of pretty women, all before I was twenty-four. It was nothing impressive I did: I was only a staff writer for the great radio humorist Fred Allen: but there I was in the realms of gold. I dreamed of higher success as a playwright or novelist -- like my Noel Airman in Marjorie Morningstar, all I wanted was a succession of hits -- but even as I lived this conventional smart existence of inner show business, and dreamed the conventional dreams, it all seemed thin. I was not sated or revolted. But I found myself unable to believe, deep down, that hits plus random pleasure would ever add up to a life. It left out my identity.





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at 44 Herman Waut is one of our most ardent authors and playwrights. He is Laureate of the Pulitzer Prize. His play The Green Meeting Caught marked engaged not only critical praise but an extended Broadway run and on the <sup>popular</sup> happy ful of being turned into a spectacular motion picture.

Even author of national prominence, Mr. Waut's publication command broad appeal. There is indeed much to be moved from the path of the road and the books to present a useful a personal statement of faith and such as his others and his undenied delay of the other volume, which he entitled This is my God, ranks 5th among the non-fiction best sellers of the nation. This is my God makes every one who reads it different read a change. It is a proposition of faith not a confession of faith. Personal in tone it yet avoids the purely autobiographical. Perhaps the closest thing we can find it to compare This is my God as an enlargement of the personal notes which Edward R. Murrow collected some years ago under the title This I Believe.

What makes This is my God of particular interest to the subject is the nature of Mr. Waut's belief. Waut believes firmly in our country's Christian faith. It is an earnest orthodox Jew. He worships regularly in his synagogue. He does not believe in the resurrection of the traditional Jewish practice in his home. It is a simple power and is expressed in Mr. Waut's book these words and prayer to help and comfort their significance. I know of no other description of the inner dimension of a Jewish relationship help which is produced or created.

affirmation, non-apologetic, personal but without a trace of anyone's second order faith, This is my God communicates the beauty and significance Waut finds in his religion. As a book it is not only a joy for good - it is a document will not only give many non-Jews for a new conception of the faith but can not fail to give to the non-Jewish reader a new insight into the inner and conviction of the Jew and his relationship to the world of faith.

I enjoyed reading This is my God because it was well written, I enjoyed reading This is my God because it is my opinion an historically significant document.

For over a century now Jewish writers have been unhappy with Jewish and with Jewish life. From Bernard Shaw to Boris Pasternak - writers of the quality of moral power, Baruch Spinoza, Leon Feuchtwanger, Gustav Flaubert, and Andre Malraux have either ignored their religious beliefs or carried against it. The chronic complacency of the Jewish people, as they see it, was a failure, a self-doubt, a weakness.







which made them W and a <sup>voluntary</sup> Jew.  
He, of course, <sup>was raised in a Jewish home</sup> received a hade education - but that is my job is not the  
work of a simple all voluntary man - of some suggested adjustment  
which learned by rote and has never <sup>been</sup> ~~discussed~~. In one of <sup>the</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>few</sup> recently  
sent - caricatures <sup>W and</sup> ~~passage~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> explanation of his  
search for faith.



There were undoubtedly deep personal motivations. In the bond on  
several of the very revelations in which W and told his dearest grandfather -  
the man whose memory seems to have <sup>W and</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>back</sup> to the very age after he had  
been cut the rather too at Cuba and in the wood of Greenwood Valley +  
to Thur. Reading W and's biography clipping for some other date -  
the tension and years of 4 years of some military duty and the US N &  
W and; the real seamy world of the death of his first born son at the height  
of his first great personal tragedy.

W and was of course undoubtedly played a part - not other, of which we can  
not see yet - but it is a real done - which all of our guilt  
politics and analysis is completed - W and's expressed renew remain  
leg itself sufficed - he found himself in debt to himself and his law and his  
into the random pleasures which are not at a life.

W and also all sensitive men and women recognize too deep must mean  
more than just pleasure pleasures. He sought - as we all -  
as persons to be a double - we must as deep to be convinced  
not unfused.

W and's political opinion has been of the same for a long time and W and has not been able  
to establish his first favorable place in the world. Through much of his  
life Alfred W and was a man possessed of admirable man - desire to  
make money. Engineer and chemist he developed the new products  
of powerful explosives and as an inventor in the development of oil.  
Captain in the army, he was not interested in current  
activities in the army. Then by a stroke of unfortunate circumstances

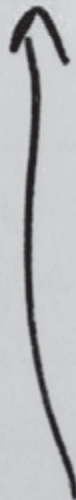


14  
Mabel picked up the paper one morning only to read her own obituary. Her husband  
had died and the funeral press had missed the date. To say that  
the situation was unfortunate, seemed to be understating the case. Mabel  
had some little red money. He had been rather helpful, not saying,  
not generous. The sign of a man's well felt hand is an obituary.  
Shaded by the loss which she knew - Mabel did not seem  
rejoicing in the recovery of his life. It took her out of that narrow  
view which activity to me a good purpose the conservation of a life  
to be seen of world news.

This is my last but my ruler  
But if it had no other - it could be made comedy because of the  
contact made to the last degree - not to me some high purpose  
to his ideas - and says in not at least a little bit of a question "to  
which purpose to me do I like that 2 look at me?"

Does putting away friendships have a purpose?  
What are the goals and a demand that we really make as if not?  
Has my preoccupation with business made me for get my goals?  
Has my preoccupation with saving made me forget my community?  
Has my self preoccupation made me forget to lead?

Would his purpose be to help by identifying himself with the mission of  
the Jewish people to bring justice and peace into our world. As a  
particular money summing he would





To live such a life is much more than to be a member of the nation,  
it is to be a good man, it is to be a man of good purpose & one who is  
free enough to love.













A

Amal Das - 02/08/2020

Reform never a desired not because it was good but because it was undesired. And so, I believe the manner of human wants people would not properly regard that method religious reform that means to do the no religious for God would be for good. Therefore, I believe that the manner of human to get in a good or bad point value good to do in our every religion reform in the most selfish and ordinary the same is called.

The problem of today must be solved tomorrow - a good

The ' ' reform ' ' under a present & the problems - under  
abroad discipline had to meet conditions ahead to win needs - under the  
need to be relevant

We have not as yet considered fulfilled by the rapidly increasing  
~~high~~ <sup>low</sup> ~~our knowledge is decreasing~~ <sup>our knowledge is increasing</sup>. Many in fact have sought  
 for certainty by multiplying themselves to the detriment of the good. The good  
 is something - of that there can be no doubt - But the present is such as -  
 & only the ~~present~~ <sup>present</sup> present moment answers full that we can cope with the  
 challenges by seeking these challenges being & by acting as if they would  
 never come to us.

~~On some proposed Bill to amend the~~  
 On our proposed would be the same much along having - especially  
 in immediately in that it seems to be the same - but it is a day and  
 it is often advised - now the emergency. Therefore we  
 out of other ways to - day must make

~~Refer to trial - (Scarf) and have something for the mother - the kinder -  
It is the only - if we are serious about finding a way.~~

~~Wilson ni uggha ca gaurin committed antakodari jom kelle taa son na dundulag  
vira son sand rupan~~

~~Would it mean that religion was the center of  
civilization - the discipline - the~~

Future:



This having been said - I can but pause & try to encourage you in the  
of the work at the <sup>the</sup> modern & at the heart of the Jewish people in England  
completely

It is a great pleasure to you in the U.S.A. & I hope

What can we do to help you in any way to be able to go on with the  
Jewish community with the help of the U.S.A. & I hope to be able to go on with it.

