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

Series III: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.

Sub-series B: Sermons, 1950-1989, undated.

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Yom Kippur, 1965.

EXCERPTS FROM YOM KIPPUR ADDRESS

GIVEN BY RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

THE TEMPLE

October 5, 1965

Death exposes the exaggeration and illusions which mis-shape our lives. Conceits are quickly forgotten. No one can reconstruct from a skeleton the color of a man's skin, the number of his civic honors, or the address at which he lived. Tonight we must face the cruelest truth of all, that there may be no civilization to pass on to our children. A happy future is an illusion. There is no evidence that the nation's have moved beyond policies of economic greed and naked power which can only lead to war.

Is there hope? Hope is remote, but we are not prisoners of some satanic fate. The work of peace is man's work and the work of peace begins in our private lives. It is the tenderness with which a parent teaches decency and understanding. It is the happiness and the sense of wholeness which pervades a loving home. It is our impatience with economic and social indignities which blight the lives of neighbors. We will make our contribution not on the rostrum of the United Nations but in sincere repentance and through the decencies of our lives. Will our change of heart assure a peaceful world? I do not know. But surely, this is where we must begin.



Yom Kippur Sermon

The Temple  
Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver  
October 5, 1965

#150

Yom Kippur, my dear friends, offers us a preview of death. This is the fast day. By denying the flesh, we remind ourselves of its impermanence. Our forefathers, on this day, wore a long white cloak, the self same garment which would be their burial shroud. But there is more to this day than a concern with death. Yom Kippur promises life - a new and better life. Our altar is decked in white, the white of atonement. We are to be forgiven. The evil decree will be rescinded and we can look forward to the new year in confidence and in hope. Life and death. Opposites, yet complimentary. Antipodes yet woven of a single creative scheme. Neither can be understood apart from the other. Neither has meaning without the other. Intertwined as they are, they reveal their wisdom only by way of paradox and it is this paradox that I would examine with you this evening.

"How is man to live? Let him learn to die. How is man to die? Let him learn to live." These rhetorical questions and their enigmatic answers rest on the observation that living is an acquired skill. Normally we think of life as the natural consequence of birth. This is true only in the most limited sense. How often have you heard someone, perhaps yourself say, "This is no life." Behind that sigh there may be the heartbreak of a bitter marriage or the sheer exhaustion of a fruitless assault on success, or perhaps simply the melancholy of one up in years who looks back on a humdrum career. Each sigh is the summation of a unique biography, but each is the self same confession of failure.

"What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die. What must a man do to die? Let him learn to live." There are some who say that this sigh is inevitable.



There is no more to life than this. Every dream is but a dream. Every hope will be dashed. There are contemporary voices who tell us that life is a genetic accident, a riddle to be sure, but a riddle without a solution. All of philosophy is but guess work, the shadow of wisdom. There are no teachings to be absorbed, only burdens to be borne.

Our life is ticked off as a long day's journey into the night, and as an arduous and hapless journey at that. And so you hear, 'I can't make sense of it all.' 'Perhaps there is some meaning to the struggle and all this exertion, to my tears, to my frustrations - I don't know. All I know is this - that I work hard and have only a few years of strength; I intend to make the most of them.'

Judaism, dear friends, rejects the validity of this profession of futility. Yom Kippur rests on the assertion that there is meaning to life. Life is a long day's journey into light. Judaism is based on the creative wisdom of God. Life is not an accident but according to God's plan. Tomorrow at the very close of our day of worship, at Neilah time, we will rise and repeat seven times this terse doctrine. *יְהוָה יְהוָה* The Lord, He is God.

*יְהוָה יְהוָה* The Lord, He is God. Life is not a chemical accident, a cosmic jest, pointless, hapless. Life corresponds to God's creative wisdom.

*יְהוָה יְהוָה* The Lord has established it. There is meaning. We are here because God placed us here.

Three thousand years ago the prophet, Elijah, became impatient with the excuses and the equivocations of his generation. "How long will you halt between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him. If Baal be God, follow him." To follow God, is to accept the high ethical disciplines of our Scripture. To follow Baal is to accept the pointlessness of life and to enjoy the pageantry and the



indulgence of the fertility cults. To our ancestor's everlasting credit that day they accepted God.

Our generation is not unlike theirs. We halt between two opinions. We are part-time saints and part-time sinners. We are timid in our virtues and timid in our vices, timid in our faith and timid in our skepticism. At times all virtue seems insubstantial. Life seems a maelstrom which swallows up in its maw all of our goodness and the decency, kindness and the kindly. Other times, as tonight, we speak fondly of the decencies, and the purpose and place real hope in family loyalty, in sensitivity to another's feelings, in the service of a city's welfare. How long will you halt between two opinions? If the good be worthwhile, do it. If life be a noisy parade, go to it and live it up.

Tonight we have only one option. Life is God ordained. There is sound and there is fury but it signifies something. Behind all the noise there is harmony; behind the kaleidoscope of events which surrounds us, there is stability. We accept a responsible vision, such is our faith and it is reasonable. "See I have set before you this day life and death. Choose life." This is our faith. Indeed, this is our observation and our experience. The Elijah story is a miracle story. In some wondrous way, Elijah caused his sacrifice to God to flame up, while the sacrifice which was being offered by the priests of Baal remained damp and sodden. Elijah made God's presence manifest on Mt. Carmel. He offered proof. We too have proof - not the proof of miracle but the proof of experience. Every school, every settlement, every hospital, every library, every playground, every treatment center, every free institution, every free land is proof that the good, the substantial is worth the doing. What is civilization if not visible proof that goodness is worth the doing. Light can be wrenched out of darkness, healing out of



pain and order out of chaos.

Our paradox is worth exploring. There is wisdom to be learned, and guidance to be gained. "What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die."

Death teaches us to recognize the supreme value of time.

The clock of life is wound but once  
and no man has the power  
to tell just when the hand will stop,  
at late or early hour.  
Now is the only time you own.  
Live, love, work with a will  
Place no faith in tomorrow,  
The clock may then be still.

You and I do a great deal of talking about death, but we tend to believe ourselves immortal. Our acts reflect this fancy. We procrastinate. We fritter away opportunity, schooling, the precious free hours. We say to ourselves, 'there is yet time.' We delay the quiet hour of intimacy with our parents. We defer acting on promises made. We neglect apologizing to a friend that we have misused. We put off registering for community service. "There is time." Delay, Procrastination, Tomorrow. Rare is the man who uses each day to its full measure. Rare is the man who says, 'I can't count on tomorrow!' Rare is the man who lives by the discipline of time, who will undertake to do today what should be done today. If there is reconciliation to be sought, he seeks it today. If there is love to be expressed, he expresses it today. If he must take himself in hand and refashion his life, he does it now. To each day, the actions necessary to it.

More often we are like the child in the confectionery or toy store. We are dazzled by the array of delights spread before us. We want to touch, to finger, to experiment, to taste. We completely forget that mother told us to meet her



ten minutes ago. Is it not true that we are dazzled by the abundance about us? We want touch, to taste, to experience, to try everything, to acquire everything and in this latest model. Our lives become a desperate rush to taste everything and acquire everything. We have no time for ourselves, for our marriage, for our family. Until one day, the death of a friend, an anniversary, retirement, jolts us awake and suddenly we find that it is too late. We are married to a stranger. Our children are grown and gone. Our friendships have withered.

'What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die.' If the beginning of death's wisdom is to recognize the supreme value of time, the fullness of death's wisdom is to recognize the mist of exaggeration and illusion which surrounds our lives. How quickly the grave covers over our fancy airs and our conceits, all our social pretensions, the family connections of which we are so proud, the good looks over which we take such care. No one can reconstruct from a skeleton the figures of a man's bankbook, the number of his civic awards or the size of the house in which he lived. "The silver cord is snapped asunder, the golden bowl is shattered."

"What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die." The fullness of death's wisdom is to recognize the mist of exaggeration and illusion which surrounds and shapes our lives. I do not know what we will think of when we knock at death's door but I suspect that we will muse rather soberly on life and reflect how one by one our ambitions were stripped from us. When we were young we set out to reform and clear of the mist of illusion and exaggeration which normally surrounds him. Death conquers the world. We had not yet learned how obstinate and how indifferent the world can be. Later we said to ourselves, at least we will convince our friends our day and age. We accept death rather philosophically for the sake of our and our associates of the rightness of our views. We did not yet comprehend the children. We are the harvest and they are the seed. Our death is their opportunity. But what if our death does not make room? What if we die together? The mind recoils from considering a common grave. Yet I ask you for clear evidence that



obstinacy or the mulishness of human nature. Then we said, at least our children will grow to cherish the values we hold dear. Youth has a mind of its own. "The silver cord is snapped asunder, the golden bowl is shattered." It would be wonderful, would it not, if we could learn early in our lives, death's wisdom. How much misery and grief mankind would have been spared if those who set out confidently to reform the world and been frustrated by human nature, had not turned against the world and sought to impose their worldly view by tyranny. How many of us, frustrated in our ambitions, withdrew from life, withdrew from citizenship, soured on our family and embittered their lives with our frustrations.

"What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die." The fullness of death's wisdom is to recognize the mist of illusion and of exaggeration which surrounds and shapes our lives. Each of us knows those who pay an occasional debt to religion in the hope that they can guarantee themselves a comfortable eternity. We have seen those who, under the sentence of death, set about frenetically setting their biographies in order, begging forgiveness, protesting their love, guilt-ridden by self-made nightmares. Their protestations of love are no longer listened to. They try to buy back their guilt but they cannot escape from their self-made nightmares. It is then that I have known the truth of the ancient teaching. "The righteous are considered living even when dead and the wicked are considered dead even when living."

"The silver cord is snapped asunder, the golden bowl shattered."

"What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die." Let him learn to walk clear of the mist of illusion and exaggeration which normally surrounds him. Death compels us to face many cruel truths, but none more cruel than its judgement on our day and age. We accept death rather philosophically for the sake of our children. We are the harvest and they are the seed. Our death is their opportunity. But what if our death does not make room? What if we die together? The mind recoils from considering a common grave. Yet I ask you for clear evidence that



our world has shaken off the habits of national greed and of power grab which traditionally have plunged us into a blood bath every quarter of a century or so. I plead with you to find for me evidence that our terrible weapons of human butchery will not be used in the bloody game of international rivalry. If you are childless, and you take some comfort from the statistics of the death game, I ask you to find for me, the evidence that if a few hundred thousands do survive, they will have the wherewithall, the natural resource with which to begin civilization over again. The truth is that we have so exhausted the readily available coal and iron and metal, that if man is stripped of his complex industrial machine, it cannot again be put together.

"What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die." To think only these thoughts is madness. We cannot keep our sanity and admit that our children's death warrant is signed. Yet our world plunges on towards the inferno. What's for it then? If we are passive and men of habit, only madness, turning into ourselves, a denial of life. But there is another way. We spoke of paradox. What must a man do to die? Let him learn to live. Beyond confession there is atonement. Beyond death there is life. The Chassidim tell of a famous Zaddik who lay on his death bed. He rallied about him his favorite disciples and spoke to them his last teaching: 'When I was young, I felt that my faith was of such power that I could inspire the world. I failed. Later on I felt that my faith was so strong that I would at least change the heart of the congregation. I failed. Then I felt that at least I would inspire my children by my example of love and I failed there too. Now I know that I should have begun where I have ended - by strengthening my soul.' There is in each of us, the capacity for spiritual greatness, for growth, for kindness, for love, for decency beyond anything we can imagine. However,

that the work of peace, like the work of war, is human work. Peace and war



generous we are in our feelings, we possess greater capacities of love. And so it is that each year we return and make confession and seek repentance, move from contrition to resolution, from one level of life to a higher. We are surrounded by a world of exaggeration and illusion. We blame our failings and our feelings on others. Our vanity is quick to blame another's honesty. Our children fail, so we accuse the times, the school, their friends. There is no peace, we blame the politicians. We fail in our business, we blame the administration, we blame our competitors.

Tonight the searchlight is turned inward. We look at ourselves and though we are good people, and responsible, we recognize that there are levels of decency, many levels of response which we have not yet begun to achieve, even to admit! If death has stripped us of the blindfold of illusion, now honesty floods our being. We see what lasting achievement is yet within our power. But wait, I can hear you say, 'Rabbi, you disappoint me, how can you raise the spector of total destruction, and console me with thoughts of private virtue.' I did not mean to console you. I am not consoled. I find no evidence that the nations of the world are aware of the lateness of the hour or that they are willing to give up their privilege and their petty prerogatives to yoke themselves into a world community. Peace requires political solutions and there is no evidence of solid act beyond all the diplomatic high talk. Even this grand nation of ours, so rich in a tradition of decency, shows no willingness to yoke its prosperity and its privilege to the poverty, the misery and the ignorance of the world. I am not consoled and I do not mean to console. There are no guarantees that there will not be a third world war. I mean only to preach the ancient teachings of our people and our statement of a patient hope. For it is our teaching and our faith that the work of peace, like the work of war, is human work. Peace and war



are human creations. There is no inevitable fate. And it is our teaching, also, that the work of peace begins in the quiet private world of parents and children, of husband and wife, of the heart seeking repentance. There is an old proverb among our people that he who would move a mountain must begin by carrying away the small stones. And so it is in life. If we raise a son, a daughter, to be proud of the disciplines of honor, to understand that it is more important to share than to own, that living is not daring but doing, a son and daughter who has enjoyed love and knows how to love, we will have sent out into the world, a peacemaker. One who does not need to vent neurotic violence on his neighbor. If our home is filled with love and joy, those who live there are nourished and encouraged and strengthened and do not spend the day nagging at others, taking from others, roiling human relationships, or imposing the lust for power on the community. The work of peace is the work of the teacher and the work of the tutor. The work of peace is the work of one who opens the door of opportunity and of one who extends the hand of friendship. The work of any one who will encourage a single life. The work of peace is quiet work.

"What must a man do to die? Let him learn to live." The fullness of life's wisdom is to recognize the infinite capacity of the human soul for growth—the infinite capacity of the human soul for growth. We recognize it tonight, do we not? We recognize it even as contrition and remorse fill our hearts. It is not that we have lived a wicked life. It is not that we are sinners in the criminal sense. Not at all. We are responsible citizens, parents, men of honor in affairs. What then? How comes this sense of contrition? Here we are and in here is the realization of the man and woman we might have been. There is always the man and the woman we can yet become. There is always the challenge of Yom Kippur, repent, improve, atone.



"What must a man do to live? Let him learn to die. What must a man do to die? Let him learn to live." I know that I have not placed before you a solution to the problems of the world. I am convinced that the problems of the world will not be solved in speech or even in conference but in the quiet and the silence of repentance as it works its magic within men's hearts. This, at least, is the beginning of peace.

תשובה ורחמים וחסד  
אשר לא ידענו

Prayer, charity and decency, goodness can avert the evil decree. So it is written. That is our faith. What else have we to live by?





[illegible][illegible]

What small a man do to Queso?  
He want Queso to do  
to Queso,  
Queso

[illegible]

1-40

There are those who say <sup>that</sup> right is too <sup>infinite</sup> ~~of~~ and. Every human is doomed.  
Every hope must be dashed.  
~~To living~~ They are, centering upon man that every such question as  
What can not expect to be targeted any useful  
one can ~~not~~ <sup>actually</sup> be proved. ~~We~~ can not expect to be targeted any useful  
understanding of the art of living, Then simply insist on, "Life is a game  
accident, Life is unreliable to be sure - but ~~it~~ <sup>selecting</sup> no results to"



may seem to have least little sense of direction, life is hooked off -  
a long days journey into night and an adventure and perhaps is going at  
 that, - & no you know "I can't make sense of it all. Perhaps <sup>after</sup> all <sup>my</sup>  
 things, I have some ~~adventurous~~ purpose, I just don't know. All I know is  
 that I want to live and want to live a few years of ~~adventure~~ - I'm going to  
 make the most of what I have" - but <sup>after</sup> ~~after~~ all David  
 is a man

[illegible][illegible]







What need a man do to live?

Let him learn to die

The fullness of death's shadow exposes the terror of unpreparedness  
at death's unavoidable arrival. The young people were  
over an intention, the world shall be under your foot, the  
dead are put on, the great clouds in which the dead rest peace,  
the family connection are put as round about, death for us

But what is of the dead your task. No one can reconstruct  
from the sketch the color of a man's face, the number of his  
ancient signs, or the address of each to be dead. "The  
sinner dead is a ruined creature the golden bell is  
strutted"

What need a man do to live?

Let him learn to die

WRHS



The fullness of death's shadow exposes the terror of unpreparedness &  
death's unavoidable arrival. No one can know what will  
pass through his mind when he finds himself at death's door. But  
surely one would notice it and then have one by one left his  
belongings as well in the fullness of his days. Years - are not  
sent to us as refuge the world, we have never lost  
now the strife & indifference the world can do. But - we  
are certain that we could with our find a more active and  
helpful of our renew. We have also experienced the intensity  
& moderation of the human spirit. Let us not be slow to  
remember - we will have our children to make what we



I want a book which has all the new ideas - Books of the series  
 and tragedy are most ought to be spread up and would be most  
 early on death's humble teaching - For here we get out to  
 reform the world - are frustrated - and led by unwilling  
 company (are well, by the world)

What must we know about the land?

Let him learn to do

[illegible]

What must a man do to love?

Let me ~~learn~~ to let

The fullness of death's ~~unseen~~ <sup>express</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~expression~~ <sup>of</sup> regret &  
death will ~~not~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~unseen~~ <sup>unseen</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup>  
 as to how many unseen ~~unseen~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~than~~ <sup>than</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup>  
 judgment on our history, we must ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~for the sake~~ <sup>for the sake</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~children~~ <sup>children</sup>  
 on death is our life opportunities. But how can we  
 accept death if we are not opportunities for an  
children and young children, the world is to work







life in the unworldly life - big ideas and the small  
light of ideas or conversations - I don't think I'm required of  
me. When men are still surrounded by an illusion and  
are quick to criticize - to see unhidden faults - are ready to  
inquire and are blame the one who speaks truth - are  
secretly as thundered and are blame the one who speaks truth - are  
inward and loose - their children find us and are blame  
the family interference - please the children and are blame  
the center of the world -

By themselves has found us of the center of the world - and are the most  
in an eye - and are at least some home and could not  
a trivial being place - we are to be of the world here  
are handicaps should not be there  
and are not able to do it



But what - I can hear you say - that has been your idea  
the spirit of the Hyphese Circle and could not with  
little of private matter, I do not wish to convey you. I  
am not convinced. Could you speculate of your do not change  
the way of mutual friend, I for the time at last. I for  
there is little suspect of mutual love and mutual order.  
These mutual intended mutual and I do not see any of it  
are colored mutual challenges to show our freedom or  
abundance perhaps - entirely - these are of our family.

~~the spirit of the world~~



the lesson of appointing actual men with parallel - ~~being~~  
~~possess~~ ~~radical~~ ~~to~~ ~~renew~~ ; ~~any~~ ~~rather~~ ~~thought~~ is  
 part of a program for the ~~kind~~ of our children. / The ~~new~~ ~~thing~~ ~~piece~~  
 not ~~with~~ ~~your~~ ~~beliefs~~ ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~idea~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~U.S.~~



Dear friends, I have not offered you a presentation against WRHS  
- and the public looking at the validity - but here - considered  
well. No matter is possible. Every act of belonging blame  
someone, how much have been usual in many in some  
many stake and memorably against is not. The end of a  
parent is the mark of peace - and the understand - a difference  
and careless of many parents in the world of Wend  
discovery of them. / Every man is under of these principles  
which have been helped by the public looking at them and  
have been family which to find a single friend in the area of fighting  
for the benefit to the condition of the world  
area of discovery, how much have been in the public looking  
the mark of peace - WRHS is the public looking at them and  
the mark of peace and the public looking at them and









1965

ROSH HASHANAH

TEMPLE

Torah: Abe Luntz  
Torah: Bert Krohngold

SEVERANCE

Torah: Irving Sadugor  
Torah: William A. Schumacher

YOM KIPPUR

Morning

TEMPLE

Reader: (pp. 170-202) Raphael Silver  
Torah: Ernest Siegler  
Torah: Ed Friedman

SEVERANCE

ToRah: Fred Rivchun  
Torah: Ralph Hurwitz

YOM KIPPUR

Afternoon

TEMPLE

Jonah: Max Eisner (pp.296-299)  
Reader: Jared Faulb (pp.262-267)  
Reader: Sheldon Guren(pp.267-272)

Torah: Paul Meldon  
Torah: William M. Neye



SEVERANCE

Jonah: Leonard Sternberg(pp.296-299)  
Reader: Dr.Marvin Dorfman(pp.262-267)  
Reader: Leonard Himmel(pp.267-272)

Torah: Jack Gladstone  
Torah: Fred Heiber



## YOM KIPPUR - 1965

## Announcements

## The Temple

## Yom Kippur Evening

MORNING SERVICES for the Day of Atonement, Wednesday, October 6, at 9:30 a.m.

A CHILDREN'S SERVICE will be held at 1:30 p.m. Wednesday, October 6th. Parents are invited to accompany their children and to sit with them during the services.

AFTERNOON SERVICES will be held at 2:45 p.m. for the Day of Atonement, Wednesday, October 6.

THE DOORS OF THE TEMPLE WILL BE CLOSED at the start of the MEMORIAL SERVICE and will remain closed until the end of the Concluding Service.

Owner 15-17

B.P. 13



Ind. 10-28-1965

Document on hand a new song!



YOMKIPPUR - 1965

CHILDREN'S SERVICE

Announcements

The Temple

SERVICES FOR THE FESTIVAL OF SUCCOTH will be held on Monday morning, October 11th  
at 10:30 a.m.





1965  
YOM KIPPUR

MEMORIAL SERVICE

"Naked came I from my mother's womb and naked shall I return there." Our faith takes a realistic and unromantic view of birth and death. Man enters the world with a cry and leaves it with a cry. He comes into it weeping and leaves with weeping. On entering the world his hands are clenched as if to say "the whole world is mine, I shall inherit it" but when he departs his hands are spread as if to say "I have inherited nothing from the world." It is to the credit of our wisdom that <sup>IT INSISTS WE</sup> ~~we have always been counseled~~ <sup>LIFE ON ITS OWN TERMS,</sup> to accept the bitter ~~in life~~ without blinking and <sup>THE END WITHOUT FEAR</sup> ~~faced up to life in all its harshness.~~

Life is bruising. Life is brief. Neither wisdom nor wealth <sup>CARRIES ANY WEIGHT</sup> is of any use the other side of the grave. All philosophies agree on this, but some are so discolored by childish pique and petulance that life is <sup>PICTURED</sup> ~~seen~~ as a worthless thing. If we cannot have things our way - heaven on earth - we want no part of it. Burdened by the fear of death and puzzled by death's unpredictable timing many a philosophy <sup>SOURS</sup> ~~turns its back~~ on life and advises man not to expect <sup>N EITHER</sup> any <sup>JOY</sup> pleasure or peace of mind. ~~Typical~~ The brilliant Greek tragedian Sophocles wrote, "Not to be born is past all saying best, but, when a man has seen the light this is next best by far - that with all speed he should go thither whence he has come." If the suit is not cut to our taste we declare <sup>IT</sup> ~~life~~ unsuitable and either cultivate a sardonic disdain or else dream of some golden land beyond the grave which no one has ever seen and which, in fact, may not be.

The Psalmist had a first-hand <sup>KNOWLEDGE OF</sup> ~~acquaintance~~ with pain and <sup>GRIEF</sup> ~~anguish~~ "Out of the depths I call..." "My soul is sated with troubles, my light draws nigh unto the grave, I am counted with those who go down into the pit. I am become as one that has no help, set apart from men like the slain that lie in the grave."



Yet we find in the psalms, indeed in the whole Bible, an eagerness for life and a simple pleasure in <sup>being here</sup> ~~being~~ which is absent in <sup>ENTIRELY</sup> ~~Sophocles~~ and in <sup>MOST PHILOSOPHIES</sup> ~~most other faiths~~.

"I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord." Our people walked a bitter history. They felt the sharp edge of the sword, the racking pain of illness and the <sup>SEARING</sup> ~~explosive~~ anguish of <sup>TORMENT AND EXILE</sup> ~~sudden death~~. Where did they find their ~~faith~~

<sup>IMPORTANCE</sup> ~~faith in life~~ <sup>THEIR EAGERNESS GREW OUT OF THEIR FAITH - THEIR</sup> ~~this amazing assumption~~ that life can be joyous and pleasing. Our ~~faith was born~~, I believe, in a subtle and wise understanding of God.

Death was not to be feared. <sup>FOR BOTH</sup> God ordains life and death. ~~Death is a basic~~ element in ~~God's creative plan~~. The seed permits the harvest and the harvest must be cut to permit next year's sowing. Leaves must fall from the ~~tree~~ for the new buds to <sup>have</sup> ~~find~~ the room to grow. Within our bodies there is a constant process of death and <sup>RENEWAL</sup> ~~rebirth~~, catabolism and metabolism. Each generation gives birth to its successor and must give way for the young to come into their proper place and responsibility.

We do not know what lies beyond the grave. We do not know what lies before birth. We do know that we have no memory of pain or loneliness and we are confident that when we die we will be near God and have peace.

<sup>JUDAISM'S APPRECIATION OF LIFE WAS BORN OF FAITH AND</sup> ~~Our pleasure in life was born also of experience~~ <sup>AND</sup> of memory. ~~This hour~~ <sup>IS BORN OF FAITH AND</sup> ~~is set aside for recollection~~. Recall to mind the tenderness and the decency of those whom we have loved and lost - a father's patient strength - a mother's sheltering wisdom - a husband's gentle encouragement - a wife's silent understanding, a child's eagerness and innocence - a friend's fine achievement. As we pass these memories before our mind we recognize that death <sup>holding Fear For</sup> ~~cannot~~ <sup>FOR</sup> ~~cow~~ man. These were strong and proud people. Here were vigorous and generous human beings. There was love and sometimes ecstasy. There was accomplishment and sometimes a true nobility, there was goodness in their lives, peace in their homes and confidence in their hearts and there were the dark hours, the struggle to make one's way, The



when loved ones had to be left behind, illness, infirmity, death. Our dead were neither innocent nor ~~naïve~~. <sup>sheltered</sup> They had felt the full weight of life's ~~insecurity~~, yet they lived without whimpering or complaint. They said with Hezekiah "the living, the living, praise Thee as I do this day." Our memories give the lie to all postures of despair. <sup>MAN CAN CONQUER THE</sup> ~~The opportunity for life~~ <sup>PARKNESS</sup> ~~overcomes its uncertainty~~. There is the thundering sky and there is the bright sunshine. Our memories give us a courage, a faith to reach out, to explore, to ~~date~~ <sup>to</sup> adventure, to climb, to love, to share, to laugh.

Let us go one step further into the faith that finds meaning in life. <sup>IT WAS</sup> Job <sup>AN</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>JOB WHO</sup> ~~overwrought when he~~ <sup>came</sup> cried out "Naked ~~am~~ I out of my mother's womb, Naked shall I return there." His children, his health, <sup>has been taken from him</sup> his world had suddenly opened under him. Yet, <sup>in truth</sup> ~~truly~~, he was not naked at his birth, he was born into a physician's skillful arms and into his mother's love - into civilization and into a family. Nor do we die naked. We die into God's arms, and when we die not all is ~~erased~~. There is the memory that we leave behind and more than memory <sup>we have raised in love</sup> there is the accomplishment, the home, the business, <sup>we have honorably established</sup> the books we have written, the counsel we have given, the opportunity we have lent. The rabbi's say that there are those who leave life to the living. Are we not our parent's teaching? In marriage did we not grow into another's vision, <sup>A</sup> did not ~~our~~ friends sacrifice <sup>INTERESTS</sup> and spur our ~~flagging citizenship~~? We live in a world of libraries and schools of music and beauty, of law and justice, of synagogue, of healing. How came all these? <sup>AND THE GIFT TO US OF OUR</sup> ~~Is civilization not the creation of the dead?~~ <sup>IS</sup> ~~Is civilization not the triumph of life over death?~~ Moses is not dead. He lies in the sanctuary. Akiba, Maimonides, Dr. Silver, they are not dead, they are here, they gave us their Bible and our teaching, our building and the abiding. // Drop a stone into the water and in a moment it is gone, but there are a hundred ripples circling on and on and on. Say an unkind word. ~~this moment~~ and in a moment it is gone but there are a hundred ripples circling on and on and on. Say a word of cheer and splendor and in a moment it is gone, but there are a hundred ripples circling on and on and on.



NAMES TO BE READ AT MEMORIAL SERVICES YOM KIPPUR 1965

MEN

SOL ABRAHAMS  
RALPH ABRAMSON  
JACK COHEN  
SAMUEL J. COHEN  
EDWIN R. COLE  
JUDGE SAUL S. DANACEAU  
SAMUEL DEVAY  
A.B. EFROYMSON  
THEODORE R. FELBER  
ARTHUR FRIEDMAN  
DR. MAURICE D. FRIEDMAN  
NORMAN FRIEDMAN  
EDWARD I. GROSS  
EMANUEL GROSS  
S. HAROLD GROSSMAN  
JOSEPH H. HAAS  
HARRY HART  
LOUIS HERMAN  
HARRY HIMMEL  
HENRY A. HOLLANDER  
JACK HOLSTEIN  
MAX ICOVE  
LOUIS A. KATZ  
BEN R. KERN  
SAM H. KLEIN  
MORVAY W. KRAMER  
HARRY KROHNGOLD  
MAX KURJAN  
ARTHUR A. LEDERER  
HARRY LEFF  
GEORGE G. LEONARD  
J.W. LERNER  
NATHAN H. LEVICH  
JACOB LEVIN  
SOLOMON LEVIN  
MITCHELL LEVINE  
CHARLES N. LEVITT  
JEROME S. MALEVAN  
SAMUEL J. MESSING  
CHARLES S. MILLER  
AL H. MOSS  
MYER LIBSON NEARING  
MILTON PRINCE  
SIDNEY B. ROSENBAUM  
BENJAMIN ROSENBLUM  
MICHAEL ROVNER  
EVERETT RUBINSTEIN  
GEORGE L. SAMUEL  
HENRY G. SEED  
BERNARD SELLIGMAN  
LEONARD C. SHANE  
LEWIS M. SHARP  
DR. ISADORE B. SILBER  
OSCAR LOUIS SILVER  
JOSEPH SIMON

DR. WILLIAM SIRAK  
DAVID G. SKALL  
MOSHI SOMEKH  
DR. ALVIN R. SPIRA  
ARTHUR STERN  
DAVID TOBACMAN  
KARL TOBIAS  
GILBERT TRAMER  
MICHAEL TREGOB  
MAX S. UBERSTINE  
JULIUS WEINGART  
WILLIAM WIRTSHAFTER  
SHELDON L. WOHLWERTH  
DR. IRWIN E. YOELSON

WOMEN

SENTA R. BERGER  
JEWELL BERNSTEIN  
CELIA BLUMENTHAL  
ROSE CAMPEN  
MARGUERITE F. DEMBE  
JEANNETTE DEMMING  
HELEN DEWALD  
ETHEL FREILER  
HENRIETTA GOODMAN  
ELIZABETH GREEN  
LEAH N. GREENE  
PATTY GREENE  
LENA GREENFIELD  
BERTHA GROSSMAN  
GERTRUDE HARTEVELD  
KITTIE HUEBSCHMAN  
JULIA KAPLAN  
FLORENCE KATZ  
FRIEDA KATZ  
YETTA FIRTH KLEIN  
GERTRUDE KLEINMAN  
STELLA KORACH  
RHEA KRAMER  
ESTHER LEBBY  
MARY MALBIN  
STELLA MARKS  
MABEL NEWMAN MARK  
STEPHANIE MEYERS  
MINNIE RUBIN MILLER  
ELSE NATHAN  
IDA NEYE  
ELSA S. ROGAT  
IRENE ROTH  
EVELYN SAKS  
JENNIE K. SAMPLINER  
RAE T. SCHOEN  
GOLDIE SEIDMAN

FLORINNE M. SELLIGMAN  
NAN SELTZER  
CLARA SHIELDS  
BERTINE PORRIS SILLINS  
LENA TRONSTEIN  
TILLIE TRONSTEIN  
ROBERTINE WEIL  
SOPHIE WEIL  
MINNIE WEINBERGER  
RAE WEINSTEIN  
ESTHER WEISBERG  
FLORENCE J. WERNER  
FLORENCE F. WIRTSHAFTER



*Bertha Garson*