



## Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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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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Rosh Hashanah, 1967.



## The Temple

October 4, 1967

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

This year Rosh Hashanah comes at a time when men hesitate to look ahead for fear of what they may see. The Shofar sounds a rousing summons to a soul-weary generation. Rarely has the message of Rosh Hashanah and the contemporary mood been so completely mismatched. Not that the year 5727 was a calamitous year; civilization did not come to an end, our homes are unscathed, rather it was a dismal year -- a year full of dark and shadowy portents. The Greeks gave to us democracy and democracy ended in Greece. The war in Vietnam grew more vicious and more senseless; the stench of death mingled with apprehension of the future; the danger of a broader conflict. The nation was faced with its most dangerous political rift and its most serious moral crisis since the Civil War.

To be sure, in June of this last year, Israel had a grand deliverance. A magnificent gamble paid off in a military victory. But there was no peace. And before June and after June the great powers of the world, east and west, without compunction, sent arms and men to train the armies of nations pledged to Israel's eradication. Africa was racked with bloody internecine fighting, China endured a rebellion run amuck. The specter of Nazism rose in Germany, the shadow of anti-semitism lengthened across the Communist world, and its ugly words were spoken by racist fanatics in our own nation. The fires of the black ghetto roared in our cities and shrill, ugly and violent words filled the air of the white ghettos. Men wondered during this last year about human decency. Where were the signs of progress?



Now, every year has its crisis. What made last year unique was its psychic cruelty. The burden of our history stripped us of the comfortable assumption that there is an institution out there which will smooth things over, that the nation will somehow muddle through. We looked to the United Nations to keep peace. We saw the United Nations hasten a war with its precipitate removal of the Emergency Force from Sinai. We looked to diplomacy to arrange negotiations between nations -- peace; instead, we heard empty words, self-serving words which debased the coin of human hope. While diplomats were meeting, endlessly meeting, to organize a Geneva arms control pact, their governments announced, each and every one, massive increases in their nuclear arsenals. We looked to our own nation for vigor, maturity, sanity, and we found our nation paralyzed by Vietnam and mesmerized by military solutions which promised only higher casualty lists and a broader war. We had serious problems with the Other America, the disenfranchised and abused America. We determined some years back to wage war on poverty. Last year it became clear that that war had never been joined. Prudence, fear, ideology, prejudice, combined to turn a war against poverty into a few demonstration projects, a skirmish action, which did no more than reveal what we were not doing.

The headlines were dark. Behind the headlines there were portents darker yet. For each bit of news, each crisis was in its own way a vivid symbol of the deeper problems of the human race, the problems which by and large we are content to sweep under the carpet and to put aside; the problems of population, the problems of ignorance, the problems of poverty, the problems of the increasing gap between those who have and those who have not, the technological shock, the abuse of our natural resource.



Last year, as in the years before, nations continued to elbow and to claw, each for its own narrow advantage, on a shrunken globe which can support life and decency only if there is a united world -- wide attack on the ills which beset all of us. Last year the nations of our world spent each week more for armaments, more for guns, tanks and planes, than they spent during the whole year for population control and to eliminate starvation. Our own nation spent more every day on luxuries than it spent the entire year on clean air, clear water, living space and conservation. Last year we heard that there were 300 million more illiterates in our world than there had been ten years before, and a third of a billion more who suffered from malnutrition.

That was the year that was. Understandably man's mood was one of disillusionment, bordering on despair. Fatalism and futility were in the air. Men said: 'the old desk-chair diplomacy, which busied itself in writing carefully contrived white papers to justify dark deeds, and the old armchair citizenship, token contributions, taxes and annual visits to the polling places are not enough. The world needs a new vision, new institutions, a new heart, otherwise there is no hope. And some said: there is no hope. Some of the youngest simply cut their ties to life. Some of the most idealist and the most innocent simply walked away. They would have no part of a world they never made. They asked only that that world not brutalize them and destroy their remaining moments. They found what consolation they could in love, in aimlessness, and in the dark loneliness of the inner depths. Many more turned life off though they professed shock at the long hair, bare feet and LSD. These were addicted, not to drugs, but to the good things of life, the luxuries. They resigned quite as completely but more genteely. They built high walls against the surging problems and the sweeping masses. They asked only to live and let live, to let be. They wanted no part of our world problems.



They had no time, no time but for themselves.

The world heard last year, again and again, the demeaning rhetoric of excuse. Some simply scoffed at government. They found every reason to condemn those who lead. They said 'every man can be bought.' They mocked as if mockery was in itself a form of citizenship. Some held up for contempt all the traditional virtues of mankind. They looked on life not as a responsibility, but as an endurance contest. They said, ask not of us, for we ask not of ourselves. Some complained and whined about a world for which they were not responsible, which they had never made, forgetting that their children, our children, are being born into a world of our making.

It was a strange year. Man was not at his best. Excuse, the whining of children was heard from many adult lips. But, the Shofar sounds. The clarion summons. A different voice intrudes upon our conscience. The Shofar is demanding and insistent. The Shofar says simply: Your problems are human problems, and since they are man made they are capable of human solution. The Shofar says look to the imagery of Rosh Hashanah. You know it well. There is a book, a ledger -- The Book of Life. And God inscribes on that book, on one page or another, our fate, our destiny. Some for blessing, some for harm. God does not write aimlessly. He is no creature of fancy. He is the judge. In a sense we guide His hand. We have written the verdict by our deeds, by our glory or by our failures. Man's destiny is man's. The years will be dismal if we lead dismal lives. A folding of the hands, a throwing up of the hands, a turning within, a turning away from the world breeds the very disaster which fatalism predicts.

are human aspirations. Think not that you are unique. True, you can not know the



But the energetic man who is willing to reach out and who dares to scale the heights and to dream the dreams of the race; such a man can bring light to the dwellings of men.

The shofar sounds. Have we the courage to hear its call? Fear speaks through us as we listen to its sound, and fear makes us say, there are casualties in every war. You summon us to a battle, a battle against the forces of evil where we can be hurt and die. A thousand young men died this June in Israel. Many who sought only to help have been beaten on our streets by those whom they came to aid. Nations do not, and have never been known to care tenderly for their saints and their prophets. How can you ask me to be a soldier in the front line? The Shofar answers. Yes, there are casualties and there is danger. But what profit is there in hanging back? Do you want to be a prisoner of your fears and of your timidities, judging everything by what others may say, fearing to speak your mind, fearing to dare your dreams? Do you want to serve a life sentence shuffling along from assigned task to assigned task, confused and bemused? Is that life? No! It is a living death.

What is life? Life is to love deeply. Life is to labor purposely. Life is to dare and to care. All else is sheer existence. Yes, you may be a casualty, but you will have lived.

The Shofar sounds. And as we listen to its call we speak uncertainly to ourselves. You say, I am only one. I am alone. What can I do against the tides of man? I cannot change human destiny. The Shofar answers: I do not summon you alone. I summon the congregation. And congregations do respond. You are not here alone. You are with your neighbors and your friends. Your hopes are human hopes. Your aspirations are human aspirations. Think not that you are unique. True, you can not know the



private thoughts of another. True, the mores of our competitive society teach you to be suspicious of your neighbor and your neighbor of you. True, modern life has broken down the family unit until it has become unstable; and has cut the ties that once bound men in the community. Unfortunately, alienation is the sociological curse of your age, but it does not testify against human nature. There is something in men, in almost all men, which responds to my call. Your dreams are their dreams. You are not unique. You are not different. If you wish to translate my call into the traditional imagery of our people, say that in each man there is a spark of the divine. In some it may be sniffed out. In others it burns but dimly; but it burns, and provided with oxygen and air, kindling and wood it will blaze forth. Work with others to create the goodness, the stability and the wholesomeness of your society and you will find many joining hands with you. Think not you stand alone.

Again we hear the rousing cry of the Shofar horn and again timidity speaks through us. Timidity has us say, I am an ordinary man, father, mother, I do what I can. I am not a sculptor of human destiny. I do not hold history in my hands. What can I do against the storm clouds which are gathering all about us? The Shofar answers: I do not summon simply the princes of the people, I summon all Israel, the high and the humble. I summon the prince and the pauper. I summon the artisan, the teacher of the children, the parent, the child himself, all. Think not, my friend, that peace is a treaty, signatures on paper. How many treaties have been signed between France and Germany? Is there peace? What is peace? Peace is wholesomeness. A stable society. Peace is a happy home. Peace is a school which inspires and encourages and enlightens. Peace is that friendship which cancels the loneliness of age. Peace is the helping hand which breaks anyone free of his fears. Peace is care and sympathy.



Think not that freedom is revolution or that only the man who raises high the banner and shoots the gun is a champion of freedom. Freedom exists because of men who are silent and compassionate, because of men who have conviction and yet understand that there are other points of view. Freedom exists because men think and understand the complexities which must underlie and undergird judgment. Freedom exists because there is stability and wholeness and sanity in human society. Justice is not a burning proclamation, complicated language in a musty tone. Justice is your relationship with your neighbor. Justice is your understanding of the obligations of citizenry and duty. Justice is your patience with people of other persuasions. Justice is **your** ability to master inherited preconceptions and prejudice. Civilization is the achievement of all or it is the achievement of none.

Moses brought a mixed rabble out of Egypt, a rag tag of people. And though he was second to none among men, he could not mould that rag tag into a nation. No leader however exalted in his passions and principles can take a people which is not whole, not sound, unconcerned, disinterested, selfish and create from that people a nation which is sound and hale. No society of dignity, no society of freedom will for long tolerate a leader who sets his dream above the need to serve.

The Shofar sounds. Weariness speaks through us. I have worked, I have labored, I have spoken and argued and given and served and cared. I am tired. Send another. And the Shofar answers: I summon all men. The veterans and the draftees. Those who have served and those who have yet to serve. But there are many ways to serve. If you can no longer be among those who destroy the high walls of hate, be among those who have the patience and courage to teach and to take care and to tutor. There is a place for every man, for every skill and for every age. The Shofar summons each of us.



Weariness speaks again, near exhaustion. I have labored and I have championed and I have sought that blessed day. There is no more in me to give. I am burnt out. I am tired. What more can you ask? And the Shofar answers: I do not summon you to the battle line. I summon you to the synagogue. I summon you to touch base with the tradition, the grand and noble traditions of your people. I summon you to sense again the surging power of your history, the nobility of your heroes, the grandeur of your law. I summon you to draw close to your God and draw upon his inspiration. If I had not summoned Israel to the synagogue in each of her generations Israel would have been broken. Her spirit would have been drained and she would have fallen victim of the ill winds of fate. Here, within these walls, our people has found encouragement and renewal. So, I summon you to pause, to think, and to draw waters of joy from the wells of salvation. Draw on the ever fresh vision of our people. Catch your breath. Catch hold of your faith and you will find unexpected resources of strength and understanding.

On Rosh Hashana we read the section in our Torah which tells of the sacrifice demanded of Abraham. A sacrifice is demanded of every man. The cost to Abraham is far greater than he ever imagined. Life's charge upon us is greater than we had bargained for. Abraham meets the test. He is willing to take all that he has and to offer it to the service of God and man. He sets out on his journey. He has no hope of reprieve, and yet as he sets his son upon the altar there is a surrogate sacrifice, a ram is caught by its horns in the thicket. That ram's horn is our Shofar, the symbol of our hope.



We can not penetrate the mists of time. We can not be certain that our utmost effort will avert the evil which we fear. But the Shofar sounds, and is an inescapable summons and the call of hope. Fear not, ye children of men, that your hand is too short to save. Do not be paralyzed by doubts. Yours is not to visit the future but to make it come if you can.

So, the year has drawn to a close. A dismal year. A year filled with dark portents, and the New Year opens, an unknown year, filled with uncertainty.

The Shofar reminds us of a simple truth. Tomorrow is not known. It is not fated. It need not be evil. It need not be disastrous. It can be a time of sunshine. It can be warm and daylight. The Shofar calls. Will we not answer?





The hour is late, the way is long. There are many obstacles and many perils. Grant us the strength, oh Lord, to struggle for hope in our world. Help us to understand that our responsibility begins close at hand in love and friendship and citizenship. Grant that this day may encourage us to set aside our <sup>Fears</sup> ~~illusions~~ and our <sup>ANXIETIES AND</sup> ~~conceits~~, to serve Thee with our whole heart.

pl 485 p 011.2

TL Shapiro sends. Duty call. ~~and other things~~, OL Rand,

3

pl 485 p 011.2





R.H. from time of expectations for a moral, neutral, hesitant to lead, ahead  
for fear of what it might find. The Shapton seemed a nervous, nervous to a  
generation which is weary of the struggle. The year over most of the man  
are remarkably mis-matched: 5727 was not a celebration year - civil war  
did not fully exist - but it was a disarm year fully dark portrait.

Democracy which began a process - ended in chaos.

V.N. became more mischievous & more serious. The stand of death  
mingled with the foreboding of defeat & a fear of a long, hellish war.  
This nation was faced with it most serious political up &  
down since the Civil War.

A desperate gamble brought about a dramatic victory but no  
peace & the great power - and a secret - continued to justify  
the unconquered & triumph of material pledged to sweep a regular  
off the earth.

Before settled with bloody battle seen - China sought a  
revolutionary union - India under transition

The spirit of Wagner's song conveyed the shades of anti-semitism  
darkened the Communist nations and would be heard on the  
lips of proud states of both sides in a war.

The theme of Deliver & Nature went up in flames while the  
white skulls & orange & red. were shed with cut and  
a brotherhood of racial hate, inevitably any partnership had to be  
called to restore some semblance of order to a world already with  
strident calls to sound war.







man was handed to me as a security as a character judge makes info  
can be successful and if there is a united & united attack on the devising  
points & the valuation of spending. Yet the nation still need more on ground  
unpleasant any more by the on the united of propaganda in the decade, but  
nations also needs now a better way of to in been in, been needs,  
valuing opics - connections very even. There not confusing & known best  
less the 300M now advised, to by the 10 years ago & the now suffers  
from in devaluation.

from a consultation.

\$722 made it down ~~and~~ over the city boundary - when containing the city boundary line,  
an annual used to the public, & back down the boundary - carefully recorded  
under paper to prints include dead - offered no hope for business, now  
1 year or any year. Many more or less nothing recorded. They should be heard in

under Quinced days - none found & power for all over example of  
centuries - 2 shattered - some of her cells to go  
"I told you so" showed the City  
AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES  
replied

[illegible]

by low beams, low under feet, 1 to USD  
marginal from left quadrant in field.  
Add a more refined view  
Calculate the good view of left view  
Handwritten good view of left view

could not give up Lucien or Lucille; but we  
against the friend Lucille "I am a lot like - and I am like". Their Lucien  
was no self  Lucille; but had no time for the Lucille; and the Lucille

became infamous "daring pilot"  
5727 was heard with the dead electric of several. Some men  
could be beginning of point. - 2 mutual modest for celebrating. one







~~Heavenly!~~

The Shepherd must have seen us. The <sup>Jerusalem</sup> ~~Jerusalem~~ <sup>religions</sup> ~~religions~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~could~~ of  
all people has ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> a policy of discrimination throughout the long  
centuries. We say the day is dark & the pastoral day. The Shepherd asks  
what year has been free of danger. Do you really imagine that you have not  
the rule of history? What hope had Israel under the Temple when  
flames of the <sup>same</sup> ancient crushed & decommissioned by the men of Rome  
all company being? What hope had Israel when it was dispersed  
to beast in the medieval midnight? What hope had Israel when it  
was attacked by a conterit of power? Yet in the darkest days men  
listened to my call, marshalled their coercive, maintained been defiant,  
expressed on. — & when to-day one the power of darkness? & then not Israel  
kept at peace in the sea?

The Shepherd reminds us that we are not full not from the source  
of beliefs but from feelings of conviction. The source has recessed in  
running away. Our person is undisturbed — but that it —  
under undisturbed does not make it into revelation. Main problem one  
man made problem & hence undisturbed of human selection. The history of  
R.H. pattern had misleading our fact in the degree of clarity. And  
units but not indiscriminately, the judge of be sure is in units  
see judging on an decision. And such the revelation and see  
wait — There also feel the word — remember intended the  
even question, There also best translation — & struggle for deceit  
as fitted the seen possibilities, The time is late + the fact  
disputed only if no deliberate & relates to animal fact.











[illegible][illegible]

trial: Almeida declared: It is true! we purchased 8 lbs  
of common yeast & sold it as pure yeast -  
that is all! A number of times we have sold it  
as pure yeast.

[illegible]

We cannot speak of it!  
The Shepherd answers: "I have seen you."  
We are the strengthening of your faith,  
of love, of peace, of joy, of hope.  
We are the strength of your life.



of land -

~~renewed~~ & renewed.

The unknown can yet light

you, we will see that interest by it.

small leaf 2 or 3

of life -