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Yom Kippur, 1968.

#234
YOM KIPPUR - 1968

Rabbi DANIEL J. SILVER

In the ~~Book~~ ^{these} of Proverbs, in our Bible, Israel sings the praises of wisdom. In a number of ~~its~~ ^{these} hymns wisdom is personalized, made to seem as it were flesh and blood. At one point a very strange request is put into the mouth of wisdom.

"Oh, my son, give me your heart." We normally associate wisdom and the head, intelligence, ~~and~~ the mind. The Bible again and again equates wisdom and the heart, as if to underscore the thought that the heart has reasons of which reason is unaware.

In our tradition there is a keen awareness that many decisions of our life are made by the heart, our souls, not by the rational, ~~logical~~ categories of logic. Hillel said it for all of us when he observed 2,000 years ago, "the place that my heart loves there my feet lead me." Each of us could write chapter and verse from our own personal history.

I should like to speak to you this evening heart to heart. In terms of emotional response. In terms of our awareness, of our sensitivity ^{the} to surge and sweep of light out there and in here. I would like you to judge what I have to say not by the sophistry of my argument, but by its significance. I would like to see if we can break through the mask of words, the blanket of vocabulary ~~with~~ with which we surround feeling, with which we imprison our response to life, which we use as justifications and rationalizations, not to dare, not to care. Indeed, when our prophets imagined ~~the~~ ^{A GRACIOUS AND GENTLE SATURDAY, they spoke not only in terms of golden cities and happy places, but as a time when God would give us} a new heart, the longer the heart of stone, hearts, flesh, blood, heart beat.

Tonight, my friends, on this, our holiest moment, ^{not your ears but your heart} lend me for a moment, and listen with your heart to a story and to the day, to this holiness, to the great world that is ours, ^{to the} and a mystery that is ^{life} ~~ours~~ and to the fear that is life, and to the confusion that is life, and to the hope that is life. Listen at first with your heart to a story. It was told at first by a Hasid, some two centuries ago, whose name was Hanuch. He told of a very stupid man. A man who was so stupid that when he went

to bed at night and awakened in the morning he could not remember where all his clothes were placed. So paralyzed was he by this inability to get dressed in the morning that he ~~was~~ afraid to go to bed at night. Finally, by a feat of great mental energy he arrived upon a scheme. You know what he did. He made a list. He took paper and pencil and as he got undressed he wrote, shoes, under the bed, socks, on top of the dresser, and sure enough when he woke up the next morning and looked, there was his list, and there were his shoes under the bed and there were his socks on his dresser. He happily and very pleasureably got dressed and when he was all dressed up he found that he couldn't move. He was still paralyzed. And Hanuch tells us what went through this foolish man's head. I'm all dressed up, I found all my clothes, ^{but} ~~and~~ now, where am I? Where in the world am I? And that ends this story. Except for Hanuch's observation, where in the world are we?

We don't like this comparison between ourselves and a stupid man, but I suggest that there is more truth to it than we might tend at first glance to acknowledge. We, too, have made lists. We call our lists research. We call our lists science. We have observed the law, we have observed the natural phenomena, and we have used these lists to give us some control over the world to ameliorate human condition. And so modern man is all dressed up, very expensively ^{though} ~~but~~ not always neatly, but where is he? Why did he get dressed up? Where is he going? Where in the world am I? I used to believe that I knew where I was. The goals were very clear. I was on my way, ^{to} school; ^{to} graduate school; ^{to} a profession, to life. But, really, where in the world am I and wherein the world are any of us? Do we know? Are we sure? Some of us are very sure. We carry around with ^{ourselves} ~~us~~ very neat little boxes in which we have very neat little philosophies. We believe in family responsibility. We believe in financial security. We believe in rectitude and honor. We believe in a modicum of civic concern and charity. And thank you very much we are doing quite well. We are living up to each of these categories. But, I wonder, if we

can be quite that ~~sk~~ sure and confident., that we know where we are and where we are going. And we are so sure that we are walking straight ahead on the right way that we are not going backwards, or circling purposely in an endless culdesac. Most of these neat little philosophies that some of us carry ~~xxx~~ around with ourselves are very good for us and for those who are exactly like us. Though we live in an age of dissent, and where we think about a particular dissent, a particular act, or a particular demonstration, certainly all of us, except the most obdurate among us, are confident that we can no longer be confident. WE have had it pointed out to us how much emotional carnage is wrecked in some families in the name of family responsibility. Who among us is not convinced that financial security for one may be abuse of another.

Our philosophy may be nothing more than pretention. What we conceive to be virtue may be, in fact, vanity, empty of all meaning, purpose. Where in the world am I?

There is a great big world out there. It's frightening. It's turbulent, perhaps absurd and certainly sometimes violent. Do these selfish truisms we carry around with ~~xxx~~ ourselves, which we call philosophy, are they really equal to the needs of understanding, that surging, sweeping phenomena, which is reality? Oh yes, it's sufficient if we tame life and call it by a word life. We de-fang it, we housebreak it. But that isn't what life really is. Is it'?

Where in the world am I? Let me give you another image. Each of us is climbing through life on his own ladder. We've set our goals. We've set our hopes - we're climbing high. But ultimately, what is the real question as to whether we are going to climb high and safely? Whether the ladder is resting on ^{secure} firm foundations. Whether it is set in cement or concrete which will hold it fast. Many of us start climbing before we are sure of the foundations. And then when we get up several rungs, and are suddenly buffeted with a cool ^{CRUEL} unexpected blast of wind, we are paralyzed. In our fear and trembling we pull our ladder down on top of ~~xx~~ ourselves and destroy ourselves.

Life is full of risks. But, at least, let's not climb the ladder in false confidence, with a sense of assurance, which life itself can not give us. Assuming that this little neat plot of land we call home, this little piece of existence which we call our own, has high walls which keep out all the unwanted clamor, all the unwanted people, all the unwanted weather, all the confusion and the turbulence and the violence.

What I would like to do this evening when we are talking not mind to mind, but heart to heart, is to take a walk with you on the wild side, into reality. Into the whirlwind. Into the storm. To raise questions which have no answers but which must be asked. To ask questions which we can not answer with assurance, and which we must somehow cancel. Where shall we begin? Let's begin right here.

This is Yom Kippur. This is our synagogue. Let's begin with our people and with its history. Let's begin not by remembering the shining faces of our children and our grandchildren which we left at home after our last Yom Kippur meal, but let's look for a moment at 6 million ghosts. Men, women and children who might very well be worshipping here this evening. Who can not and never will. Who were methodically butchered. And let's ask ourselves what these ghosts say to us. about that pleasure some of us derive from the little courtesies and the little welcomes that are given by the so-called people of good will, whose governments did not enlarge their quotas, whose planes did not bomb the tracks to the death camps, whose foreign ministries and foreign officers suppressed the news of genocide. Let's ask ourselves, as we look in the face of these ghosts whether we are really doing our children a favor when we talk to them of nice people, the dignity and decency of human nature. When we forget how easy it was for those good German ~~bureaucrats~~ bureaucrats who had been organizing the traffic of foodstuffs, machine goods, ^{to} change over and to move the paper which organized the traffic of human beings and their death. Who cared? Who cares? That's one question we must face tonight.

Since this is a day of faith let's ask the questions which are raised against faith when we walk on the wild side. We say our words of tradition rather glibly most of us most of the time. We speak them because they are written here in the Book. We speak them because we are confident that whatever our little failings and errors in the past year they were not that significant. God will forgive. We will have ~~atonement~~ . We will be at one again with Him, with God. Let's look at these ghosts. And let's remember how they said these prayers during those five, six Yom Kippurs in the concentration camps. What did they think? What did they feel? What did they mean when they said 'hatanu' - we have sinned. Avenu, ^{HAVE} we are transgressed. Pashanu, we have done perversely. Could they really believe that whatever their private failings merited that monstrous tragedy in which they were caught? What did they think as they said and spoke of God as, 'the One who controls life and decides when death shall come.'? Was it God? Or some subordinate of the camp commander. And what did they think as they pleaded with God. 'sh'ma ko lenu. 'Hear our prayer. 'Have mercy. Have passion upon us.' When they beat their fists hopelessly against the heavens and the heavens were unyielding and God was silent. What was in those prayers? What feeling? What reality? Do we respond to that reality? Or do we take all of this as a rather simple performance, perfunctory, ceremony. They died for their faith. How many of us can live for our faith? Which is the easier?

One, who somehow survived the concentration camps, Eli Wiesel, is creating much of the ethos of the camps in some of his legends. One deserves being told this night when we are trying to break through the layers of convention and of comfort to respond to life as it is by feeling. He tells a story of a forty-year old Rosh Hashiva, a scholar who was the head of a Talmudic Academy. He had been condemned to Auschwitz to one of the labor gangs. He had been there for some months. His health was now broken. His strength was now quickly ebbing from him. The time was

would soon approach when he would be useless as a laborer and he would be enrolled in one of the lists to be sent to Dachau, to the death camp. It is the day before Yom Kippur. He suddenly ~~breaks~~^{broke} the silence that ~~is~~^{was} ordered and turns ~~to~~^{ed} to ~~the~~^{ed} a partner of his in the chain gänge, and ~~says~~^{said}: "I made a decision. I'm not going to fast." His partner ~~is~~^{was} a simple man. His response was "I think that is a wise decision. We will survive only as long as we have strength and we need food to remain strong, certainly God doesn't want us to hasten our death. I don't think he will be displeased." And Rosha Hasheva said to him: "You don't understand at all." "I've been without food many days and I can be without food for another day. That is not the issue. All this time now that I have been in the camp I had faith that God knew what He was doing. And now I no longer believe that. If He knows what He is doing it's serious. And if He doesn't know what He is doing it is more serious yet. I am not going to fast." Night came and the next morning when the men were forced to work and late in the afternoon Hasheva broke his silence and he said: "I have a confession to make. I fasted." "There was no answer. He said: "I didn't fast for the reason that everyone else fasted, I kept remembering those days before the war when on Yom Kippur those who wanted to mock God, to shout in anger against Him, would go to some cafe in the center of the city and there publicly on Yom Kippur would order a meal. Now, here in the camp, the only way we can show our anger with God is not by denying his observance but by observing it. Therefore I fasted."

Now, whether we deny or whether we affirm, whether we rail in anger or accept ~~passionately~~^{passionately} and lovingly, at least here there is feeling, here there is honesty, here there is a response to life. How it throws into shoddy relief our own calculation, our cold-heartedness, our ~~unwillingness~~^{unwillingness} to face life as it is and to make some basic fundamental, integral response to it. How, in this bleeding, tearful, crying world, can any of us continue to live, with all the smug assurance of comfortable, convinced people? What shall we say? How can we respond? On the level of the intellect

• On the level of the categories of pure reason, there is no response. You face the absurdity of Auschwitz; you face the cruelty of the holocaust. There is no intellectual explanation that you can give, which justifies God. Which establishes the presence of justice in our world.

What response can we make to it? A theologian said not so long ago that God died at Auschwitz. He was very wrong. God did not die at Auschwitz. If anything ~~He~~ became more powerful. Powerful to the point that ~~He~~ was frightening, fearsome, and perhaps monstrous. If anything, God became at Auschwitz what ~~He~~ had seemed to be to primitive man. The all-powerful being was utterly indifferent to human need and to human destiny. I remember one who survived one of the camps who said to me once: "God did not die at Auschwitz, but I wish He had." What response can we make? Can we justify God? Can we justify man? And, most crucially, can we justify ourselves?

The answer which we must make, the stance which we must take, is a stance of faith. Feeling. Care. Bravery. Moral, spiritual courage. I use the word faith deliberately.

The ancients were reasonable people. They knew the sudden advent of the storm. They knew how their ranks were decimated by the plague. They knew they were powerless before all terrors of nature and of man. And, it is utterly logical to conceive of the great power, to label it God, to think of God as fearsome. As awesome, ^{that} our only ~~frightening~~ response to God can be one of fear and trembling. And, if our ancestors came to the faith that they did come to, and assumed that God was not malevolent, but benevolent. There was the universe that cared. That in that great mystery which surrounds us there is not only the darkness but divinity. That Moses and Jeremiah came to this conviction. They did not come to it out of reason but in faith. They somehow looked into the storm and they saw something there and it seemed significant. They looked into the horror and they saw the holy.

They looked into t ragedy and they saw majesty. What gave them that strength to see? We do not know. What gives us the strength to carry one? Will? Courage? Determination? Doggedness I will not be beaten to my knees. I will not be craven. I will not be cowardly. What is it? Ego? Courage? Faith? Label it what you will. It is a response to life.

If modern man has any prototype , my friends, it is Job. For Job, like the modern man, couldn't deny the existence of evil. Job had been beaten and he had been bruised, and Job knew that all the rationalizations and all the conversation of his comforters was irrelevant, worrisome, bothersome. We have all suffered personal pain, grief, the loss of someone we loved. And we all know how those words so well meant didn't really hit the mark. At least he ~~was~~ spared the ~~m~~ignity of a paralyses and would not have wanted to live his days without being whole and complete. And those words really did not help. They covered over. They band-aided an issue without getting down to the reality and to the depth and to the loss and to the loneliness, and to the hurt and to the fear. And so it was with Job. And so I submit it is with us .

All the theologians and all the philosophizing which has been given to us to justify the holocaust and justify the death of the six million; to justify all the violence and all the indignity and all the cruelty of our world misses the mark. Like Job we can not be satisfied intellectually. But, Job somehow hung on. There is something in man which will not give in, which will not cave in, which will not become craven. Job was told by his wife: "curse God and die." Job was told by his friends: "If you don't accept our justification, there is no justification." Yet, Job held on to his integrity. And so, somehow, have we. So somehow, must we. We must hold on.

And then, you remember the story of Job? God spoke to Job out of the whirlwind. God spoke to Job out of the mystery. And God did not excuse His actions. God did not justify what He had done to him. "I only wanted to test you Job, I didn't really mean it." God did not speak of the tragedy. He simply spoke of His majesty . He did

not speak specifically of man. He spoke of creation. He spoke of ultimate things. Somehow Job came to understand the divinity which is somehow wrapped up in the doggedness, which is itself a mystery all about.

Can we find ^{AS} ~~what~~ Job found? -- ~~the~~ this faith? To do so we must care. We must care enough to dare. Dare to expose ourselves to the world as it is. Dare to accept a description of life which is far from comforting, far from comfortable. To dare to look on faith for answers where there are no answers. To deny ourselves a faith which gives us false security. "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil for thou art with me." Till I walk to the shadow when I come suddenly against the brick wall of the gas oven, and there is no place to turn, and there is no place to go. One who is willing to expose himself to life as it is. One who is willing, not only to reason about business and security and advancement and achievement and his status and place in society, but one who is willing to respond to life in the raw. To feel. To care. Such a man will come, I think, as I have come to realize that beyond the mental confusion there is offered to us, through our heart, a sense that the universe does have a heart. That somehow, despite all the darkness, and all the redness of hurt, despite it all, there is purpose and there is hope. There is a majesty which outweighs the tragedy.

I have come more and more to believe in an old cabbalistic observation of our people. The Messiah will come in the darkest midnight of our history. Strange? Intellectually perhaps not satisfying, but perhaps spiritually so. Strange, that whenever Israel has suffered, Israel has been renewed. When our people were driven off into Babylonian Exile the Diaspora began. ~~When~~ We are now not only concentrated in one place but in many places. We drew understanding and great meaning from exposure to many cultures and the homeland and the Diaspora strengthened one another. And when Rome came and Judea was crushed under the iron boot, The Temple was destroyed, the synagouge came into its own. And now our faith is not

in just one place but in many places . It had a new start. Freedom, and in learning and in spirit. When the Inquisition came and put the screws and the torch to our people and demanded that they accept a faith which they had no desire to accept, we found the Kol Nidre, the great hymn of loyalty to the faith, which has summoned us, as it summoned us tonight, to come again to be renewed. And when the Cossacks and the Smelnitzky in the 17th century swept across Europe, and killed, as did Hitler in his day, one in three, we found a new source of joy in our faith. We found hassidism. And from Auschwitz there is Israel.

Does it satisfy the mind? It does not. Does it justify the dead? It does not.

Can it be a response to faith? It can.

Where, in the world, am I? I am in a tradition of my people. I will not give the a victory to the enemy. He sought our death. I seek our life.

Where, in the world, am I? I stand with those who are faithful to the image of civilization, who will give justice and freedom a try, and die in the effort.

Where, in the world, am I? I am in the synagogue on the holiest night of our year and I seek to give my heart to God.

Amen

EXCERPTS FROM YOM KIPPUR SERMON by Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

The Temple - October 1st, 1968

These are cruel times. It is not easy to have faith in God or man. Like Job the modern finds the phrases of hope and faith hard to utter. His whole experience casts doubt on the existence of decency in man's world and of justice in God's. God was silent to Job's outrage. God was silent at Auschwitz. Job sat with the comforters and found their words wearisome. We have listened to our comforters and found their justifications threadbare.

Will God speak to us out of the whirlwind? Will we, too, sense that the darkness contains divinity? Perhaps, but only if, like Job, we find the courage to face the violence without flinching.

Courage is the first requirement of faith. The second is caring. A man who lives only for himself has no room for God or man. It takes courage to care for the weak and for the poor in a world which is careless of life and indifferent of feeling; but, faith can awaken only in the soul of a man outraged by kill ratios and beady-eyed calculation.

Can we find faith? Yom Kippur suggests we can. Yom Kippur makes the promise that behind all our pretense and pettiness there is significant potential. Beyond alienation there is atonement. Beyond the world there is the divine - if we dare to believe in man and in God, if we care to live for man and for God, we may find our way back to hope and faith.

In the body of paragraph number - the paragraph - your
paragraph 1. In one such paragraph number make a stage
place - and one 2 number also to right

15 20 40 50 60

my son, you no year heart

Normally the words number and the word, I might associate
number & the heart number in both the heart the number of which
reason is number. It is the heart number

The brain & the heart number the words, I would say it "To be
place my heart know, my feel very as" - and we all know it

As a man's heart, as the man.

I want to speak to you about the heart & heart, I want you
to ~~understand~~ ^{regard} the ~~significance~~ ^{significance} of the heart & heart, I want you to
understand, however it is not good to ~~understand~~ ^{understand} to be too far

It is a new heart to
will number, ~~understand~~ ^{understand} to be ~~understand~~ ^{understand} a feeling
We are all know - the people are know & the number are

know - the number ~~understand~~ ^{understand} number to know know
understand as a man, who are perfect ~~understand~~ ^{understand} a feeling

future - the people of it as a time when men would ~~understand~~ ^{understand}
understand to be ~~understand~~ ^{understand} to feel - when the heart would

~~understand~~ ^{understand} ~~understand~~ ^{understand}, when God would ~~understand~~ ^{understand}

and the ~~understand~~ ^{understand} of - the story - ~~understand~~ ^{understand} heart & replace it

will, ~~understand~~ ^{understand} a new heart - a ~~understand~~ ^{understand} of - a heart of

believed ^{his child} ~~himself~~, but he could not feel better.

There is humility story - about his long life : "7

Out as he is at 14 miles "

more of an approach. humility's unflattering impression; but
it suggests more could be much used to be done, the
kind of making best - in analyzing the whole from a
her own (the world); more home believed was quite
rememberable consideration of the human condition, modern
is a superiority, if not always testfully and really desired -
but also the fact of the story " Let's not bring up unpleasant

knowing only he is not deserving

are 2 ? "



Where is the world at 2 ?

To say that 2 is a limited one - a less particular
date in our computer space by itself but not really
glance, the world is needed and not less of
TIME and PLACE but of SIGNIFICANCE AND MEANING.
Where are 2 in terms of particular very valued world
to be mine? Where are 2 in terms of significant being
meaningful existence? Are 2 in the right way a
going to be anyway any - as returning a whole world
some and do see?

There are many rather confident people who are
not at all puzzled by such questions. They believe much
less unfettered liberal philosophy which would mean an
unstable & unhelpful world by which to judge and govern

- Desires:
- personal security
 - personal honor
 - respectable family living
 - moderate wealth

and according to these CRITERIA, which you may reach,
they are doing quite well.

We live in an age of democracy & of the news &
public has brought us nothing but has made
clear to all and to most adequate test of personal
security may refer to another special principles - that
no sense of responsibility may cause one to keep silent about
facts & conditions which ought to be uncovered - that
respectable family living of the news material
dishonesty & the business & the news material
are really all more intention and more of the
so called material are really quite unstable principles
are really quite unstable principles

They are right for you happen to be American, wealthy, model
class, well-educated gentle - but under any circumstances
which end of the road up or down is the purpose to check
up in life not in education valuable foundation - &
before we look to you up, we look to the back to the
ground which small support on the if nothing else is left
least recognize the reality the fact is that of public also the
the reality the fact is that of public also the
reality the fact is that of public also the

at all least defanged humanistic vision which
we will accept in the future of the world which
There is nothing more important than the fact is that of public also the



reputable fact being in the future of the world which
which can be used to show the reality the fact is that of public also the
should of us, which is the fact is that of public also the
to be given, if we have not prepared ourselves for life
as it really is - the reality the fact is that of public also the
decisions at present knowledge after the fact is that of public also the
choice between the two paths is the fact is that of public also the

When shall we begin looking at it as it is ? Then
in Y.R. There is the reality the fact is that of public also the

making more even road, 1/4 lb. passed, 2 lb cool dry and ready

" 2 Linn & conference to go, then home
2 found

2 points, does he mean. But not for the
same reason, not all of them, but all
of them. Not for the ~~same~~ but a great
too. Therefore to say, you see, some few
selected should be given. and to
say, on public grounds in Y.K.,
here, it is to be chosen to put out some
more to be in the hands.

6. For the entire the random time is added for this
train is added to the total time for the
the entire by the total for the

But only? and you are no longer a
 scholar.

[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]

What - to prevent suicide; but definite - an
indifference, being as unwilling as the lowest of all;
and not least feel a few - unhappy - being
with agony - affliction - order - very unpleasant
but believed indifference - no more present.

~~The first~~

The 1st rule for mental being to come - But can
and ought be unavoidable results of suicide? A few years ago
a Belgian suicide had not been at all unavoidable, he was
happy, had not yet been at all unavoidable, as the unhappy
to give us peace - to see the peace which he
had been for years.

WRHS



promises over the once common had to be concerned,
multiplied, unhappy of unhappy to be being &
have read, once had a chance and only;
had not yet at all unavoidable but I will be had.

Sandwich and Julian suffered and would not for
the cause to give us peace and Julian. The
million men at the first to million to die. They

within the frame of the Y.H. Library is one of the most ancient
& precious manuscripts of our people. D D 516 501

These things do a revealing, Through the years
Symptoms like a monster with severed
Our minds as in one day of instant
~~Butter have been coming to the~~

When was full? How much long just it?
How can we? I speak to you just - deliberately -
Facts is a challenge to expand & deepen the
REASON and action and will and power and energy
to listen to your voice and your need to participate
& your freedom utilized.

The world is a complex man, The world
needs a new order of thought & action,
the flame, the new & reasonable order
the world, the powerful and useful fact and action
really not one and just one, the world
needs the new order of thought & action,
we must know the new order of thought & action
but simple, clear, just, powerful and useful

~~See notes, to [unclear]~~

I know of no more medals than the job. Our
medals' or more but. Like job we are not accepted
pup medals - seemed up to us by medals
fossil medals find medals in any way.
be some special part? You'll be a better person for your
suffering? We do not stand medals as we are
will intended medals medals
now medals medals

I am sure
 that you will not believe that I am
 bitter for my own sake - I am bitter to prevent
 anyone else from being so - I am bitter
 to prevent anyone else from being so - I am bitter
 to prevent anyone else from being so - I am bitter

Need not long labor to make possible to
state of mind.

Take for me for the possibility that long my the
under girdle and a girdle is the word my name

but no logical analysis would be made and doubt, the
first said, - effort to get, if you do not accept an
argument, you have no other alternatives but to say yes?

For reason which we could never understand and
to himself the job refused to do, - on the other, was
because as far as ^{CONTINUOUS} ~~the continuous~~ building the future of
the people here & the world, because like job was
would not "come out of this" - had to be done
a meeting in month building would not finish, "a
meeting was a piece" - a small amount of building
from - part as the WRHS AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES it does happen.
job would not finish last 3 days, the head was -
national hope - on committee - until it was
and continued to be out of the building, so it would be
on - without hope in committee - for 20 years
are used not only for the meeting, but also for
more - 4 days in still no answer - but also
to be an answer. Last did not come in justice the
peace & doubt to be a answer, the also with religious jobs
decision, but rather would the creative power

You know is rightly - ~~declared~~ but ~~it is not~~
~~declared~~ - ~~it is not~~
not of ~~declared~~ but by divinity - which is not
declared it is undivided - all of which power
is now declared at the undivided - which is not,
just ^{had} declared it TRAGEDY - ~~was to be~~
TRAGEDY, the steel did not fully intended, but he
could not double - offer

I do not prepare to undivided to Holocaust, 2
are followed by the undivided
consequences of the undivided - undivided -
that 2 undivided - undivided & undivided
undivided & undivided - undivided &
2 undivided - undivided - undivided &
the undivided - undivided - undivided &
as undivided 2 undivided - undivided - undivided &
on the undivided - undivided - undivided &
1st Temple was destroyed, the undivided - undivided &
attention to undivided - undivided &
involved in undivided - undivided &
was the 2nd Temple was

~~delivered~~ the ~~agony~~ ~~delivered~~ to ~~himself~~ - ~~and~~ ~~was~~
~~red~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~himself~~. The ~~delivered~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~ - ~~the~~
~~himself~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ - ~~delivered~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~ - ~~the~~
~~himself~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~ - ~~the~~ ~~himself~~
~~delivered~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~ - ~~the~~ ~~himself~~
~~delivered~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~ - ~~the~~ ~~himself~~

June 1 -

Perhaps you have understood me - I hope so. I am
aware of many aspects to the heart matter to be
included. I would agree that the heart has been mentioned
repeated times and known, I would agree that it can
be perceived from one at a distance - and perhaps to do
this may well be one of many ways enough to be
heard to be heard to be heard.

