



## 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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What Did They Mourn at Kent?, 1971.



Kent State - May 4, 1971

"Sun and stillness. Looking down the jade green waters, you see the monsters of the deep playing in the reef. Is this a reason to be afraid? Do you feel safer when the waves hide what lies beneath the waters?"

--Dag Hammarskjöld

Why have we come?

Four died swiftly, suddenly -- too young. We have come in respect to their memories.

But have we? Do such conventional sentiments hide deeper, more frightening truths? Most of us did not know these four. Had they not died in the white glare of national publicity, we would not now know their names.

They lived -- yes! But do we know why they lived, what tugged at their souls?

They died -- yes. Were they martyrs who chose death deliberately to consecrate a cause? Were they frightened bystanders fatally drawn to campus excitement? Were they innocents who forgot that guards have guns and that power protects itself with bullets? Were they only passing by?

I have come because I was asked to come. Someone wanted this memorial to be consecrated by words of faith. But "Pious words do not a memorial make." No earthling can know what God is thinking -- about leaders who promise "peace, peace, but who do not make peace," who send soldiers to silence those who cry for an end to war and to hypocrisy -- about the flood of consoling words being spoken to those who suffered loss and wounds. Take heart. The winter is past, springtime has come, the terror is over, all will be well. Be comforted their death strengthened many. I wonder if God does not smile knowingly, resigned at yet another classic image of human folly: The righteous perish and no one takes it to heart.



Legend tells that one day man spoke to God. "Let us change about. You be man and I will be God, just for one day." God smiled gently and asked man, "Aren't you afraid?" No, are you?" "Yes, I am", God said. It is easy to be God, divine, but even God trembles to be human -- a human who must contemplate that this hour's significance may lie only in the bathos, its maudlin posturing, its cathartic effect on our fears.

Ask yourself why. Why were they shot? Why this tragedy? And listen for an answer. Forget all certain answers, the words, the speeches, they are too sure. You know how you and those like you can take advantage of the flood of feelings that flows so full. But that is strategy not understanding. Listen to your silence. Do not impose your urgency on these feelings. For whom did that bell toll that day, but for thee?

Ask why. Why did they die? As I listened to the silence, I heard another's silence -- the voice, minor-keyed, of a psalm. The voice of another lonely human puzzled by life's vagaries: "Then sought I to understand this, but it was too hard for me."

Why did they die? I do not know. Man's ways are set in folly. I only know that to some these deaths became symbolic. Many die every day, many die senselessly. These four died to history.

I wonder: did we need their deaths to shock us into wakefulness? Certainly, their deaths tore the last shreds of American pride.

We had accepted life as violent -- but violence happened in Viet Nam. We had accepted death as a statistic -- if the bodies counted were yellow. Soldiers fired at demonstrators, at the unwanted, the unwashed, the alien -- but not at ordinary, middle-class kids with middle-range ideas. Here were frightened American youth throwing stones -- at frightened American youth. Here were



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frightened American youth firing live bullets at frightened American youth.  
Why the fright? We -- they -- were caught in the whirlwind.

Was it the whirlwind of Viet Nam? Was it the whirlwind of law and order -- of racial hate, of property and privilege, of urban violence? Was it the whirlwind of parents who do not listen to their children and children who cannot speak to their parents? I do not know. I know only what others have found in this violence -- fear -- a dagger pointed at their souls -- a warning against the present.

Once we had a dream. America knew itself to be different -- blessed. There was enough for everyone, an open frontier, an abundant technology. We spoke feelingly of equal justice and the American promise -- for each man a share of a golden future. America the beautiful.

We spoke these words each Fourth of July.

The fourth of May taught the innocents that this drama was a/childish fantasy. History is not a dark headline about the follies of others, but the dark scroll of our own stupidity.

But many have not seen or chosen to see the pretension gap between dream words and dreary reality. In America a respectable man goes to work in an office which has no blacks, eats at a club which has no Jews, lives in a suburb which prohibits public housing, sends his children to a school, where they will meet those just like themselves, gives a few dollars to charity and his vote to those who promise lower taxes -- "Less help to those bums on welfare" -- and he is unhappy with the war in Viet Nam because we did not win it.

Oh beautiful for smoky skies, for endless littered streets. Each goes his own way confident that this is the only way. The human landscape



is pockmarked with gaps -- between the races, between the generations, between self righteous men.

The respectable are shabby. Their children see the hypocrisy of respectability but do not see their own posturings -- a cult of freedom which is little more than an excuse for indulgence, a passion for change if it is exciting and there are others milling around, a contempt for history which dooms the contemptuous -- and their society -- to relive history's grimmer times, a childish desire for instant gratification and instant political achievement, and a thirst for crusade if it has style -- driving to the revolution in an Alfa-Romeo.

History has caught up with us. We are not different. We are inconstant, instinct-ridden worldlings, pompous in our pretensions, who declare our privilege righteous and occasionally engage in selective outrage.

History has caught up with us and gives us little reason to be confident about man's capacity to sort out his priorities, to set sensitivity over ambition, to set a moment of human grace against a lifetime of calculation.

History records many May 4ths.-- Right does not inevitably triumph over might -- and might often proclaims itself to be right.

History does make cynics of us all. History is dark, and the only light we carry is in our soul -- a small dim flame which says -- yes,

You can,

You must,

"Toss me about, but you will not best me.

Bruise me, but you will not turn me into a beast.

Confuse me, but I will hold fast to my conviction that every human life is sacred, that in each there is a decency which can respond.



A voice calls by: "You must!"  
Must what? O voice, explain!  
Instead of an answer, I hear that voice again.

I've known them all my life,  
The caller and the call.

It cries: "You Must, You Must"  
And only God can tell  
Whether Must is my redemption  
or Must will be my hell.

(H. Levick)

I know that to love is to lose, that to live is to be bruised. To be able to find the deep source of joy, of laughter in ourselves, that's the test. To be able to respond to the warmth that tempers the chill, the duty that claims the soul. I call it God, some call it steadiness, others grace. Call it as you will. If you have it, you can push on without pushing others out of your way.

I am only one, but faith says to me, to each of us, you are the one:  
"Care, though many be calloused. In our heedless world feel hurt for another's pain, work for another's justice and your own, maintain reason when the mob howls war peacefully for peace."

Live for your soul -- not for your self. There is no goal, there are no guidelines, but there is gentleness and goodness. There is no certainty, but there is challenge. I think often of what God said to Abraham: "Leave your house, your roots, your customary ways, set out." "Where shall I go?" Abraham asked. "Go. On the way, you will be shown the way. Remember only: be always a blessing."

"May their memory be for a blessing."

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver  
The Temple



# Nonviolence Marks KSU Rites

★ From First Page

grenades, were stationed inside the building and in a bus not far away.

ROBERT DIX, KSU board of trustees president, spoke to the demonstrators and urged nonviolence.

"It took a great many years to build this institution," Dix said, "You should respect it. I ask you to do nothing to precipitate trouble here at this time. You've got to help us."

Most students applauded him. A marijuana cigarette was passed to him but Dix refused. His refusal was cheered.

IN THE COURSE of the afternoon, a few draft cards and university identification cards were burned, along with copies of the campus newspaper, the Daily Kent Stater.

One student appeared in a Richard Nixon mask. A helicopter hovering overhead was greeted with both peace signs and obscenities.

The sit-in demonstration, urged by the May Day Coalition, claiming to represent the campus' activist factions, followed an 11 a.m. ceremony on the Commons. The ceremony concluded with the Victory Bell tolling seven times — for the four dead Kent State students, for the two students killed at Jackson State College in Mississippi, and once for "victims everywhere of war, hatred and repression."

SOME 7,000 STUDENTS attended the university-sponsored memorial event on the Commons. About 5,000 attended the May Day Coalition assembly on a hill near Rockwell Library which followed.

The biggest applause at the morning assembly followed remarks by Dean Kahler, a university senior wounded by national guardsmen last year and now paralyzed from the waist down.

Kahler spoke from a wheelchair decorated with a peace symbol, an STP decal, a Playboy Club sticker, and a "Keep Kent Green" sign.

Some in the audience wore sweatshirts

that said: "Kent is United."

"I DON'T KNOW whether I'm happy to see you again," Kahler said haltingly. "The four deaths are hard to take because they're meaningless. All of us here, your willingness to end the war, shows that nonviolence can work."

"I can't find the words," he continued. "It's very hard for me to speak to you. This Vietnam war killed four of our brothers and sisters. Now Kent has to play an important role in ending this war. We shouldn't be afraid to get our heads busted for nonviolence."

"I only wish," Kahler concluded, "that the television cameras were not here today. They do not add to the beauty of our campus."

THE REV. JESSE JACKSON, national director of Operation Breadbasket, who spent Monday informally "rapping" with the students, urged his audience not to "destroy the system."

"We're within the system, a part of it," he said. "It's like a car. The President is driving the car—he may be misguided, crazy, a killer. But, brother, I'm gonna tell you you're riding in the trunk of that car. And if that car goes over the cliff, then we're gonna die. What we've got to do is seize that steering wheel."

"We are going to act as free men, not only with a clear conscience but with a clear head, not just against a killer but against killing, not just against a liar but against lying," the Rev. Mr. Jackson continued. "The question is not who killed President Kennedy or Dr. King or the kids at Kent or the kids at Jackson—but what killed them."

"AMERICA IS NOT a mean nation. It is a sick one. And we're gonna have to be the healers."

"Hell no," he concluded, his arms extended in the peace sign, "no more war, no more killing. We're a new people. It's our time—nationtime, peacetime."

His address was received with lengthy applause and peace signs.

As the crowd trooped over the green to the knoll near Rockwell Library—the university had banned unauthorized speakers

—the first dozen students to participate in the sit-in took positions at the main entrance.

NATIONALLY KNOWN lawyer Mark Lane, frequent escort of activist actress Jane Fonda, appeared as one of the May Day Coalition's unauthorized speakers, dressed in new Navy bell bottoms, an Army jacket and a new pair of engineer boots. But by the time Lane began his speech about Vietnam atrocities, much of his audience was encamped in front of the library, listening to a different speaker.

The mass sit-in was carried out with great fanfare and hoopla.

"Sit down, sit down, join us," the crowd chanted.

When a Yippie (Youth International party) leader's mother appeared and sat down beside her son, the crowd cheered wildly. The Yippie leader threw his arms around his mother and kissed her.

AS THE SIT-IN continued, a relatively small audience listened to the memorial's final speaker five blocks away, Yale University President Kingman Brewster Jr.

"If a society will not listen to criticism," Brewster said, "even radical criticism, it turns disagreement into epithet. It transforms dissent into disruption."

"If a new idea cannot hope to receive a fair hearing in competition with the old, then rational persuasion gives way to ruder and cruder ways of registering dissent," Brewster said.

"IF ALL CHALLENGE is suppressed, if law serves the end of power rather than of justice, the conscientious are tempted to strike back, in disregard of law," the educator said.

"An aroused public is demanding honesty and is becoming increasingly impatient with half-truths and non-truths. An aroused public is increasingly outraged by official invasions of freedom and privacy."

Observers agreed that Brewster reflected the tone of the day when, in the final sentence of the final memorial, he said:

"With courage, light and love we may climb out of the valley of the shadow whose memory brings us here."

**GIVES AUTOGRAPH —**  
When he finished his address at the noon assembly Rabbi Daniel J. Silver of The Temple was asked for his autograph. He complied.





'O God, God'

to look ahead.

of Vietnam, Cambodia--

Rise up, Tokyo girls,

Roman boys,

against the common foe.

into a blizzard!

Punish the punishers!

carnation after carnation,

choke every lying throat

with earth and root!

the spinning blades of mine-layers!

block the cross-hair sights,  
drive your sting into the lenses,

nettles!

lotus of the Nile

of planes pregnant

with the death of children!

to find yourselves sold  
at higher prices.

thrust a sharper thorn a little deeper

into the fuel tanks of bombers.

Bullets are stronger than flowers.

Stems are too fragile,

petals are poor armor.

taking a gun in her hands,

of the people's wrath!

If even flowers rise,



Flowers & Bullets 1/25/50 Shunko

Of course: Bullets don't like people  
who love flowers.  
They're jealous ladies, bullets,  
short on Kindness.  
Allison Krause, nineteen years old,  
you're dead,  
for loving flowers.

When, thin and open as the pulse of conscience,  
you put a flower in a rifle's mouth

"Flowers are better than bullets," and said,  
that

was pure hope speaking.

Give no flowers to a state

that outlaws truth;  
such states reciprocate

with cynical, cruel gifts,  
and your gift, Allison Krause,  
was the bullet

that blasted the flower.

Let every apple orchard blossom black,  
black in mourning.

Ah, how the lilac smells!

You're without feeling.  
Nothing. Nixon said it:

"You're a bum."

All the dead are bums.

It's not their crime.

You lie in the grass,

a melting candy in your mouth,  
done with dressing in new clothes,  
done with books.

You used to be a student.

You studied fine arts.

But other arts exist.

of blood and terror,  
and headsman with a genius for the axe.  
Who was Hitler?

A cubist of gas chambers.

In the name of all flowers

I curse your works,  
you architects of lies,

maestros of murder!



# Kaddish

Friday

May 7

Sunday

9

Those who passed away this week

ANNA KLOPPER

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SIDNEY S. ROBERTS

MEYER SELZMAN

## Jahrzeits

JOSEPH C. ROTBART

ROSETTA HAYS

NETTIE TOFFLER

BELLE KLEIN

EDWARD ARONS

LIONEL BENSON

CAROLINE KLAUS

CAROLINE R. EISENMAN

JOSEPH M. GOLDWASSER

ERNST ALTSCHUL

PEPI NEWMAN WIESENBERGER

RICKIE L. HABER

MANUEL WEINBERGER

LUDWIG MULLER *Mule*

CHARLES R. FINN

LOUIS HORKHEIMER

ISIDOR R. COPPERMAN

EDWARD A. WEISKOPF

ANNETTE SILVERMAN

MATTIS Y. GOLDMAN

*Matis*

ABRAHAM KROHN

DOROTHY FRANKEL

BENJAMIN HART

MORT A. UNGER

MIRIAM BLUM RICHMAN

LUCY JOSEPH BING

DINNIE BENSON BENJAMIN

WILLIAM J. BIALOSKY

SAYDE R. MANDEL

KAL B. SMITH

EDWARD J. MEISEL

DR. JESSE M. BELBER

*Belber*



The small platform was not a great distance from where the  
4 started but soon suddenly with very little time and least way 4.  
There was a small wooden platform. 3 or 4 thousand started -  
bowed - sometimes squatted on the ground - and 1 or 2 started and  
went back behind or stood in a group to see something, to see  
what were a dozen heated TV cameras - but I don't know  
~~anything~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ - in 4000 - INSTANT NOTION  
- but detailed every ~~single~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~

8 ~~minutes~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
the platform ~~just~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~and~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~all~~ ~~say~~ ~~is~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
some who claimed to ~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
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This was held at 7, 1971 - for the first time to  
some of our ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
the ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
near the hall - the ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
body of 200 can see 1 or 3 men at the same. We had to  
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map. Most are with ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
They came - about 1000, coming, leaving, peace,  
repeatedly -  
at 11.45 am, also about 11.45 am, movement near wall  
of the hall of attention

~~Because of the platform was not seen at all by any one of the platform workers~~  
It was a very big and noisy. The ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
still was - but it was very ~~platform~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~by~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~platform~~ ~~workers~~  
and the of K.S.U. 1000, but I don't know about it



don't into the coin, Exaggeration on not the subject was day.

The President agreed to meeting - Bob White as a brother  
bulwarked - Robertson and referred  
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on needs, the has already received - col 62 who had to receive the  
money in College handling request - and don to be at ASU,  
- could between a committee would not be at ASU,  
band of a national committee politically correct  
possibilities of national policy, the more was needed -

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There was quiet but really played attention, the same  
was also a bullet field - a mission was no one for speech

lookers - a student spoke - a play - the still not lost -  
a fully under stand - the whole not lost -

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- a few under standing - a mission - careful note -  
careful review - the was not needed in the document  
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Keep United  
Keep Keep One

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There had been a year review committee needed



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was for him an improvement

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new life style - occurred after last visit - to be improved -  
Chas. could survive - kind of interest - But -

in recovery period

he - quite - long time - some time ago but can  
to be used

WRHS



|| New life 1950  
under study

a letter

to Shelley by presented for study - kind of study -  
advice received from KSU - kind of study in recovery period -

Travis - revised for study -  
Stated - Force called - 6 months ago when called

The power of blood - recovery - to study study study study

see - last parent  
and  
recovery  
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The power of blood recovery - on May 1, 1970 in blood



should ykld had met - should to yd out of Peace Conference  
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 Rev. James J. ...

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new / united

WRHS  
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 new / united



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 new united united united united







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month

WRHS



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