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Yom Kippur, 1978.

Yom Kippur Sermon
Daniel Jeremy Silver
October 11, 1978

U'nataneh Tokef is one of the most beautiful of the many meditations which fill the Yom Kippur service. If you are in your seats this afternoon early enough you will hear the majestic melody to which this meditation has been set. The U'nataneh Tokef deals with God's judgment; not a cataclysmic judgment which many believed would come at the End of Days, but a private judgment passed on each of our lives, and this morning I would like to use ideas of the U'nataneh Tokef as a frame with which to talk over with you some of the themes of Yom Kippur.

According to those who have done the research, the U'nataneh Tokef was shaped in the synagogues of Palestine during Geonic times. It quickly achieved consecration through familiarity and martyrdom. When the Crusades broke out in Europe at the end of the eleventh century a rather fanatic bishop of Alsace gave to the leading sage of a small Jewish community a bitter choice between baptism and death. The sage chose to die. The faithful insisted that the lines of U'nataneh Tokef, of this meditation about God's judgment, were the last words to cross his lips.

This Yom Kippur of ours has gone through a number of significant transformations. Yom Kippur began modestly. At first there was little which would have suggested the greatness Yom Kippur would achieve in Jewish life. During the age of the Israelites, Yom Kippur was simply a day of purgation for the local shrine. The priest would perform a sacrifice of expiation. The community believed that through this sacrifice and other priestly acts their shrine was cleansed of contamination, of demons, exorcised, so that it remained a fit place to carry out the ceremonies of God. It was the priests of the Second Temple who turned the emphasis of this day of purgation away from shrine purification to the cleansing of the human soul. During the days of the Second Temple the central act of Yom Kippur was the confession of the High Priest. On

that day, and on that day alone, the High Priest was dressed in pure white and, so attired, presented himself before the Devir, the Holy of Holies. He entered this otherwise unapproachable space where he offered a formula of confession to God for his sins and for the sins of the people. The community needed to be reconciled with God. Inevitably, over a year, the dross of evil and indifference entered every life. Presumedly, while the High Priests made the national confession, the individual confessions were made by all. In time Yom Kippur became the day in which each searched their souls for evidence of sin or indifference. With the destruction of the Temple in the year 70 of this era, it was no longer possible for these sacred rites to take place in the shrine. The rabbis brought the liturgy of confession into the synagogue and deepened and democratized its impact. It is at this time that the familiar myth originated which tells that on Yom Kippur God announced His judgment on each of us. On Rosh Hashanah our case is heard. Evidence is taken and written down. On Yom Kippur the record, having been reviewed, judgment is announced.

Actually, this myth is a projection of a now uncommon political practice. When royalty was in the ascendant, the king would use either his birthday or his coronation day as an annual occasion for the announcement of promotions and honors and the ratification of the decision made by his chief judges in the cases of political prisoners. That day those who were to be released were released and those who were to be executed were summarily executed. What was more natural for those who believed that God was the King of Kings, a royal figure in heaven, surrounded by angelic courtiers, but to believe that on the holiest day, Yom Kippur, God announced the sentence which had been determined for each of us. This myth, of course, explains the rather strange verb we use when we greet one another during the holiday season - la shanah tova tikatevu - may you be written for a good year. What does it mean to be "written" for a good year? May

you be written down in the ledger of God's court for a good year. The traditional greeting for Yom Kippur was le shanah tova tikatevu ve'tekahtemu - may you be written and sealed in the book of life for a good year; when the decision is finally confirmed, sealed, may the decision be a happy and auspicious one for you and for yours.

Many generations believed that this was truly the day on which God announced the sentence and the atmosphere which they brought to Yom Kippur was one of anxious anticipation. Our Piyyut, the religious poem, begins by affirming this mood: "Let us declare the sacred power of this day for it is a day of awe and of holy dread." It goes on to speak of God sitting in judgment, carefully listening as the journal of our lives is read out and noting the recommendations submitted by those angel-recorders who dealt with our case on Rosh Hashanah. All that is there to be read out is read out. Everything is listed, even those acts that we have conveniently forgotten. God passes judgment: "who shall live and who shall die, who in the fullness of years and who with his life abbreviated." The Piyyut adds that God does not want the death of the sinner, but that he repent of the evil of his ways and live." How can we avert an unwanted sentence? "Repentance, prayer and acts of compassion can avert an evil decree." We first see God enthroned in judgment. Then we see God passing a merciful sentence, slow to anger and full of mercy, willing to accept repentance, willing to accept a changed life as evidence of our contrition.

This myth is no longer creditable. Even the imagery is anachronistic. We live in a democratic age and no longer think of God as the King of Kings; nor do we assume God to be up there, surrounded by some kind of angelic court. Our world has put behind those cultural patterns of an annual sentencing day which once gave a sense of reality to this story. To be sure, the Queen of England has a day on which she announces honors and titles and some State Governors use the Christmas season to announce pardons

and amnesties; but there is very little in our environment which supports the imagery of this rabbinic myth. The myth has lost credibility, but it has not lost its imaginative force. It is helpful to imagine ourselves this day standing before God and rendering account for the conduct of our lives. You see there is a judgment. Life is a gift of God and each of us ultimately must render account for the use or the misuse which we make of God's gift.

We are, for the most part, responsible people. There are times during every year when we take ourselves in hand and scrutinize our actions and characters, look carefully at ourselves in the mirror of our soul. At such times we ask ourselves if we are managing our lives well; if we are carrying out effectively the plans which we set down; if we have progressed in our studies; if we have grown as human beings. But, generally, we judge ourselves according to the conventional values of our society. We tend to assume that what is affirmed by our society, neighborhood, the values of middle-class America, are good and right. Many of these values are valid and good; but not all, or not even most. It is a worthwhile task then to examine ourselves not in terms of the conventional standards of respectability and community service, but according to a higher code: are we living up to our God-given talents and capacities and are we being careful stewards of the opportunities God has given us.

I sometimes fancy myself in God's court room. I like to think of myself as sitting alone in a back row as a certain folk stand before the bench of justice. Who are these folk? They are the men and women who were selected as honorees for one or another of these inevitable city-wide dinners run by this or that good cause. I like to imagine that these honorees begin their defense by reading the effusive, eulogistic citations they received. Then I like to listen as God reads out the unvarnished journal of their lives. But, of course, Yom Kippur is not a day to rejoice in the discomfiture of others. It is we who must be discomfited. We are in the dock. We must render account for the

stewardship of our lives; we who are so full of excuses and rationalizations, we who so easily and conveniently forget what it is convenient for us to forget; we who manage to put a good light on quite mean and tawdry acts.

Imagine yourself in the dock. "The journal entry indicates that you did not do anything this last year about the major problems of your community: poverty, race, aging. How do you account for this?" "I gave money to various charities." "You gave a pittance. You gave to be rid of the solicitor, not because you saw the need." "But a man first must take care of his family and himself. Moreover, I didn't have the time." "It says here that you put away a good bit of money and that you wasted a good bit of time every day. It says here that a friend needed to talk and you were busy." "But I did have an appointment, I had to go." "There was a telephone, you could have excused yourself - Isn't it true that you did not want to get involved?"

"Again, it says here that you did a good bit of complaining last year about your life. You were not satisfied with it. You wanted to be more, to do more, to do more exciting things. You complained that you were burdened by children and by elderly parents. What I see is a great deal of self-pity." "But my life is heavy with responsibility." "Whose life isn't?" "There was a chance to do other things." "I didn't have the time to do something about it." "Is it that you did not have the time or that you did not have the will?"

Recently I had occasion with a university class to review the basic meditations of the Yom Kippur service. When we read the U'nataneh Tokef one of them entered an immediate objection: "I can see the sensitizing value of the idea of judgment. This image suggests an effective role-playing image, but I really do not see the value of the sentencing. It enduces fear. Who shall live and who shall die, who in the fullness of age and who in a foreshortened span of years." Moreover, it suggests a perspective

which is simply not true. There is no direct relationship between the quality of a life and longevity. Now, despite the seeming truth of her observation I was not willing to grant it immediately. Isn't it true that those who drink too much or smoke too much or abuse their bodies with drugs, in fact, sentence themselves? Do they not foreshorten their lives? Isn't it true that one who burns the candle at both ends burns the candle down sooner? Don't we all know those to whom the old English doggerel applies? "He spent his health to get his wealth and then with might and main he spent his wealth to get his health again."

I am convinced that the anonymous author of Unetaneh Tokef had read Job. I know that he was aware that in our tradition there is no dogmatic assertion of a direct relationship between character and longevity or between worth and success. There are a lot of sinners who are successful and there are a lot of good people who are financial failures or who never have a chance. The poet who obviously knew his Judaism knew the teaching s'har mitzvah mitzvah, "the reward of the good deed is the good deed itself." We do what is right because it should be done. I trust that he knew the other interpretation of this text: that the reward of a good deed is another good deed. In measure, as we discipline our lives and train ourselves to be sensitive, we develop a more sensitive soul. If you need something done go to a busy man. If you need a dependable person go to one who has such a reputation. In measure, as we train our mind to be aware of the whole range of possibilities in life, we make it possible for our mind to really consider the full range of these possibilities. Every mannerly act helps shape us into a gentle lady or a gentleman. Every conscious discipline increases our capacity to act responsibly and gives us control of our impulses and lusts, and the freedom to stand above and be conscious masters of our actions. The reward of a good deed is another good deed. The reward of many good deeds is a life in which it is progressively easier to act wisely and empathetically. Conversely, the consequence of a sin is another sin. Those who are

coarse and vulgar become increasingly common. Those who give in to the animal become more animalistic. Vulgar and cruel folk were not born. Years of indulgence, of moral laziness and bad manners and careless living made their crudeness possible. The consequences of one sin is another sin. The consequences of many sins is a mean and common life. The reward of one good deed is another good deed. The consequences of many good deeds is a life of quality.

There is judgment. We are sentenced. The sentence is not passed annually on this day in some heavenly court. It is implicit in life itself. We are accountable. We are what we have allowed ourselves to become, but we need not remain that which we are now. "God does not desire the death of a sinner", the hollow life, the empty life, the vulgar life, "but that he repent of the evil of his ways," he repent of laziness, indifference, indulgence and carelessness, "and live" - truly live.

Over the years I analyzed the serious subjects that you have raised with me in conversation. Two issues stand out above all others. The first deals with grief, death, dying; the second with the quality of life. "Rabbi, I have worked hard. I have had a measure of success. I have met my responsibilities. I am at the stage where life should be giving me a good bit of pleasure. But my children are gone. I hardly know them. My wife is involved in her own work and I am not sure I really know her any longer. For me each day is more of the same: the same people, the same small talk, the same games. Surely, rabbi, there is more to life than that." Of course, there is, but you have to make it so and you will not make it so by complaining now. There is no sadder experience for me than to stand at the bedside of someone who has just been told that to avoid another heartache, an attack that could be fatal, he must take his life in hand, develop new, more moderate disciplines and find other avenues of pleasure and fulfillment. I know that this man has worked twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day for the past thirty years. His life has had little in it besides work and accumulation. Whatever talents he had as a

child, whatever interests he had as an adolescent, whatever capacities he had as a young man, he has allowed to rust and atrophy. He is a work machine. I know he will agree with the doctor: "yes, I have to do something about my life. Yes, I have to take myself in hand, but I also know that he lacks the capacity to do so. He has not prepared himself for any other kind of life. In all probability, as soon as he gets back a measure of his strength he will revert to type and go back to the old, now potentially fatal, routines. I have seen it happen so many times.

You cannot allow talents to atrophy from childhood and assume that suddenly at some point in your fifties or sixties you will be able to summon up the musical talent in which you never trained yourself, or the eyes which once saw line and forms or the mind which was interested in history or culture if their senses have been used exclusively for decades for more limited tasks. Just as a child who pays no attention to his school work will not be prepared to present himself at some graduate school as a qualified candidate, so none of us can spend the thirty or forty adult years totally involved in worldly things and assume that we are prepared to summon up strengths and capacities which were once there and which would be useful now, but which have atrophied from lack of attention. We are what we have allowed ourselves to be.

How then do we begin to turn our lives around, to give our lives a broader focus. "Repentance, prayer and charity can avert the evil decree." What is repentance? Repentance is not the reading of a litany of confession from a prayer book, though that may be part of a useful ritual. Repentance is not a tossed off resolution about our favorite sin. Each of us has a sin we like to talk about. We smoke too much. We talk too much. We eat too much. We talk about that sin whenever sins are being discussed and it doesn't mean a thing. Repentance is a much more serious business which has to do with turning our life back to the capacities and sensitivities which were once there - back

to God. When do we know that we are contrite and have made repentance? When we recognize ourselves as full of self-pity; when we actually see the martyrdom we claim because of family responsibilities which we know are really not overwhelming; when we see the selfishness of all the talk about living our own lives, doing our own thing, not being caught in the trap of family responsibility; when we remember the little girl who only wanted to please her mother. When have we made teshuvah? We have made teshuvah when a tear courses down our worldly cheek; when we who are so proud of being worldly, wise and realistic, who prate that it's a dog eat dog world and no one's going to eat me; when we claim that the full truth is an answer to the question what's in it for me. Finally, to remember the little boy who brought his favorite toy to school for the poor children. How do we know when we have made teshuvah? We remember the young idealist who at fourteen cried for the black school children in Alabama, and the youngsters who were being shelled in the shelters of the kibbutzim. Before we were so world-weary. Before we said so glibly: there are no saints and there are no sinners and the poor are not saints and, therefore, have little claim on us. Teshuvah begins when we crack the shell of self-involvement, the materialistic shell, the worldly shell, that most of us build up to keep too much feeling from reaching our souls. It's not good to be too soft-hearted, but when you build that shell so tight that your soul has no capacity to expand, to be generous, to be impulsive or spontaneous, when you are emotionally corseted, your life is not satisfying to God and cannot be fully satisfying to you. We are humans, not machines, put on earth to get, acquire and succeed.

How do we begin to induce God to change the sentence? By learning to shed the tear. Once the tear has been shed, once the shell has begun to break, then we must begin to develop our disciplines; then we must seriously take our lives and train our souls to feel and our minds to think along other lines. Here is the explanation of worship and congregation, the coming together. Here, every week, we are reminded that we are

under God. Here, every week, we are with the like-minded and the like-concerned, with those who care or would like to care. We need that sense of community. Indeed, I am fascinated how widespread the need for congregation is even in the popular world. Here, there and everywhere little groups of people have come together to encourage one another, to reinforce newly acquired disciplines, to raise their consciousness and keep it high. There are groups of those who were once alcoholic who came together to reinforce the discipline of withdrawal. There are groups of those who are divorced and who find themselves single parents who come to share experiences and tell each other, 'you can lovingly and successfully raise your children.' The difference between such groups and tefillah, of worship, is simply this. Here there is congregation, community; but here, unlike there is also the sense of being under God. It's not enough just to cope. We must learn to lead a consecrated life. The tear, the discipline and, ultimately, the deed - avert the evil decree - acts of compassion, generosity and social concern, acts in which we give of our time and give of ourself. We've got to act on our resolutions and the resolutions that we must act on require that we give ourselves more largely to others.

After last Yom Kippur a gentle soul came up to me to complain about the language of the prayerbook. "Rabbi, the language of the prayer book is too harsh. The words are hammerlike. I know I am not perfect. I have my weaknesses, but I am not a sinner. I certainly am not perverse." Well, self-righteousness is a perversity. I confess that the label "sinner" does not bother me. Indeed, I find it is one of the most comforting of all the labels that I bear. What is sin? Sin is the measure of the distance between that which I am able to do and that which I do. You do not sin when you cannot achieve the act. That I am a sinner means that I can be more - better - than I am now. One of the problems of our self-indulgent age is that we do not like to label acts what they, in fact, are. We are masters of euphemisms. There are no sinners out there, only

neurotic people or compulsive people. There are some who have psychological problems, and others who were misshaped by their childhood, but there are no sinners. The problem with euphemisms is they reduce the range of human possibility. They suggest I must always be much as I am now while the idea that I am a sinner suggests how much higher I can climb, how much more I can make of myself than I have up till now.

Over the years I have discovered that those I know to be the gentlest, the kindest and the most humane are those who know themselves to be sinners. It is the self-righteous and the self-assured, the worldly, who insist that they are not sinners. The gentle and the compassionate soul knows how far he/she has yet to grow. The smug person, the self-confident person, the person who sees only their own material success has no further to go - and how wrong he is.

Yom Kippur champions possibility. Here I am, sinner. Here is the list, the unvarnished journal of my sins: the compromises, the cowardices, the manipulative and callous acts that I have performed to be sure I will never be perfect. Next year I will again sin, but I certainly can improve on my record. I can take my life in hand. I recognize that I need to turn my life around, to turn it from its worldly focus on the self and to focus it more on God, to turn it from its focus on acquiring to a focus on sharing, loving, caring and giving.

I am not one who believes that children are angels, but I do know that before life hardens the child, before the drive to achieve and succeed becomes dominant there are talents and there are impulses and many loves in the child's soul that might be developed. You remember them, don't you? Do you recognize how you suppressed them through the years. This Yom Kippur find again the child in you and by discipline and hard work begin to recover the negotiated capacities of your soul. God desires not the death of a sinner: a life which is dull, dragging and unsatisfying; but that the sinner re-

pent of such a life - enlarge his soul and live. Live as you were meant to live, a life capable of love, of generosity, of feeling, a life in which you are fully aware of the possibilities of civilization, art, music, literature; a life which puts behind the meanness of some of your habits, so that in time you will be able to stand confidently before God, knowing that you have not only succeeded in the ordinary terms of that word, but you have succeeded as God would want you to.



You have just heard one of the most powerful medieval
~~arguments~~ of the 7th century. Naturally, the U.T. is heard
every day in the afternoon -- at a time when many are not
yet in their seats, I am told Mr. Locke is however
there present at noon -- not only but some of you might
be sure a disputed will come of the one of the high moments
of the history -- but because I should like to
spend a few minutes talking about the U.T. Test

Essentially, the U.T. is a meditation on God's judgment --
not the Catholic judgment but many believed would
come at the End of Days -- but the present judgment to
which the land's subject every day is subjected. This test was
developed in the 10th century of Christianity perhaps 600 years ago.
During the medieval period collected in the Example of the "Test".
The meditation was inspired by revelation. In
general history of the Christianity of myself I see the
idea of the small land first concerning the test
which relates by deeds, that eye -- common
of myself deeds deeds and the judgment repeated over
he did will These revelations of God's judgment in his

eyes.

The U.T. is not a prayer -- in the sense of prayer
is particular. Rather it is given freely to be performed to

is in ~~the~~ next card the Text of a U.P. begins

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day. It is a sacred and full of dread. This

as the day went on, and the sun was low in the sky.

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and the same of the same - same same

any person's notes - -



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... of Y.K. ...

$\frac{1}{2} \text{H}_2\text{O}$

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or money also

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after - but I was very busy with

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Repentance - Part and Center of the heart & feelings are
 turned to and received - The suffering of God in
 love is now held by the suffering of God and

Page

of water and necessity to form - with some and
the details of the service; but that was for the benefit

and Quito

[illegible]

LIFE IS A GIFT OF GOD
AND EACH OF US IS ACCOUNTABLE FOR
OUR USE OR MISUSE OF THAT GIFT.

[illegible]

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- use the result in removal - - The value and not
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and B. Freed in standard pay only - but by the
The 1457 14 1457

4777 1880

ALL DEPTOS DEVILS - That was not needed -

ALL THESE DEVICES
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and to forget / and have a strong planned

at least for any purpose or act of violence.

The use of χ^2 is restricted - then in
only 2 ways are, 1. test hypothesis of no relation between
but the method is not at all reliable to self analysis - but
the value is the P of tail

[illegible]

1st. To prevent me from any to consider
 but -- I suggest yourself more study before
 the board meet -- the journal of your dog is
 very well set -- You will be there for a time to
 read -- You must -- But I think to go on
 important -- You are released -- You would
 have telephone -- You could have been sent --
 will really happen -- but you don't want to be
 crushed.

"Then we need to be very careful of a strong
impression in all our papers, on a scale - the
impression - 2 years to be needed to make - the least
small impression - a picture - the never end
hard - then - every - your ticket - "I had to
work hard to do - 2 had to take care of my own - my
friend think of all the time you were at."

In your journey in the dark - there will be
excess for subjects to your journey will need:
"I am myself a little happier" - - in the
excess for long distances
a little more for essentially
my own thing -



We are large enough to ^{Y.K.} make a mistake -
But the major is a unified one - and the
purpose of our major is a practical
one - - the major is no day of practical -
We are justified - Every letter is practical -
Rogers was Y.K., had a word to discuss
the OT - indeed all the new OT of the OT -
much a unified class, we had a unified

It is not a matter of fact - it is a matter of opinion.

Why?

I am not a Jew - I am a Christian.

And the Jewish Council - 20. Council

And the Jewish Council - 20. Council

Language with the Jews - 11. Council

And the Jewish Council - 20. Council

And the Jewish Council - 20. Council

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And the Jewish Council - 20. Council

open meeting -- The new chapters are
 printed; the new volume of the master
books -- If the record of the past year is to be

great deal about
 planning to see

WRHS
 American Jewish Archives
 1000 1st St. N.E.
 Washington, D.C. 20002
 Tel. 202-638-2000

Inventories | Collections | Accession -
any other one or more will be added

my ~~attempt~~ effort to have an idea
than an idea
more an idea

Reference on Imports

Dear to you I have enjoyed the subject
most to me would be to see another
with you ~~and I am sure~~

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subject called 3 lines come to mind - How can

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some people
some people will
to some people

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and 11 find - younger see for no
past time

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and 16 acres -

It takes effort - You make 50,000 - You have
 to work long the hard work you're sure
 about you - You're not to be sure - make sure
 How do you know about your bank work - then
 a man is less you sure

When you are working to solve any problem
 brought to your attention - and for
 the past several years the man
 who has held the reins in being
hard headed - "resolute" - and
 always - "stubborn" - and for the

When you are in the
 United States you are
 always subject to the
 6 weeks and the 100 days
 and can not see out of it
 and can not see in.

When you remember how it felt to me -
really was - about ^{that} a long while
in London and French Port. in Europe -
more ~~the~~ upward - morally and
about you have become - who are
longer really are about rightly outside
you can help

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forerunner and see yourself in the land

Tuplin is a lover

Tuplin is a reformer

See under
Day under

and land forerunner as old 364

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~~The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the report of the Committee on the subject of the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, as passed by the House of Representatives on the 12th of July, 1890.~~

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Memorial Service
Daniel Jeremy Silver
October 11, 1978

When a child is born the families rejoice. When someone dies all mourn. I understand, but I wonder. Nobody knows what kind of person the child will become or what his destiny will be. Is there not reason to rejoice when someone leaves behind a fine reputation, respect and love, and if his death has been a kind one?

This thought was expressed by our sages nearly two thousand years ago. They knew that we rejoice for the promise of the child and that we grieve for the ending of relationship, but they also knew that these national feelings sometimes betray us into taking an extravagantly romantic view of life. So our literature is full of cautionary texts: "man that is born of a woman is in a few days full of trouble"; "we enter the world with a cry and leave it with a cry"; "on entering the world the child's fist is clenched as if to say the whole world is mine and when he dies his hands are spread as if to say 'I can carry nothing away with me'".

The sages were not dour folk. They knew that for most of us life is a mixture of sunlight and shadow, of rapture and sorrow - that there are moments, and sometimes long untroubled periods of love, joy and fulfillment. Judaism did not teach, as did most other philosophies, that life is a hapless burden. Our sages did not counsel us to resign ourselves to the bruising of life. We were encouraged to choose life, which is to say, to live vigorously. "Rejoice O young man in your youth and let your heart cheer you in the days of your youth and walk in the ways of your heart." Life is brief. Life is bruising. But the view can be grand and the voyage invigorating.

Why then the emphasis on life's shadows and sorrow? In part, certainly, to restrain expectations. If we expect too much of life we cannot enjoy what we have because of an ever present sense of frustration. Happiness consists in enjoying what we have, not in having more than we need. "Happy is the person who is satisfied with

his lot. " "The heart is never satisfied. " There was also another reason. If we value life too highly death becomes a fearsome enemy and we fight too hard against it. Death is as natural to our existence as birth, and as necessary; and that which is natural should never be feared. "Since nature's works be good/and death does serve as nature's work/why should we fear to die? /Since fear is vain/but when it may preserve/why should we fear that which we cannot fly? " (Sidney).

"There is a time to be born and a time to die" and there is a time to struggle to stay alive and a time to give up the struggle. There are reasons to fear dying. Protracted dying can be an endless agony. Indeed, dying is one of the few aspects of life which have been made more painful because of progress. Pneumonia once was the friend of the aged. Now penicillin stands in the way. When dying is a bitter experience of tubes, tests and surgery it is a frightful and unnecessary agony both for the patient and for those whom they love and love them. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. There is no reason to fear death. The dead are with God.

Our society needs to develop more reasonable approaches to dying and some of us still need to cultivate more reasonable attitudes towards death. Our ancestors talked of death more directly and accepted death somewhat more readily than we. Some explain this by the fact that they were confident of immortality. Perhaps, but I rather think that their openness derived from the fact that they had not declared war on death. In our hospitals death is the enemy. There is jubilation when death is defeated and a sense of defeat when the battle is lost. For those whose bodies are not worn out such a victory is a blessing. For those whose bodies are debilitated such a victory is little more than a life sentence to a mattress grave. Because of medicine's success our society has accepted the false notion that death is ever and always the enemy. It is not. Death is merely another phase of being. In death we go from God

to God. There are many things worse than death - hopeless, debilitating illness, the loss of dignity. I experience no greater pain than when a critically ill person who wants to die tells me that his family is conspiring to keep him breathing.

We go from God to God, but each of us takes a different way. I do not remember who said it, but the phrase sticks in my mind: "Life is not lost by dying. Life is lost minute by minute through each dragging day."

The Talmud reports: The righteous are called alive in death. The wicked are dead even when alive." Of all the creatures on earth man is the only living thing which can transcend the limits of birth. A flower remains a flower; cattle remain cattle. The child can grow up into a human beast or into a human being. Our fear should not be that our lives will end, but that they may never begin. When a star implodes and dies its light continues to stream out for centuries. So it is with the good and the loving. When they die their light continues to brighten the hearts and spirits of grateful family and friends.

Judaism's view of life and death is, above all else, honest. During this memorial hour let us follow suit. As usual, the ritual of Yizkor and the familiar memorial hymns have stimulated us to list in our mind family and companions who have died. In death some of these have remained close to us. Their love is still palpable. Their advice is still heard. Their example still encourages. Others have slid away from us. We remember them only on ceremonial occasions like this one. They are no longer in the living part of our soul. What brought this about? They - and we - made it so. Not all lives are alike. Not all people are noble or caring or wise. There are wasted lives and wonderful lives and lives of uncertain quality. Those who remain alive to us meant something to us because they had the time to care and to encourage. Their convictions could not be bought and their feelings were not counterfeit. Those we remember only on ceremonial occasions had lives which were of less significance - to us.

In this sense we establish our own immortality by the quality of our lives, but again, let us be honest. There were some fine people, people of significance, whom we never appreciated or opened up to because of our own limitations and problems. We can only ask forgiveness for our part in relationships that went sour. The worth of a life cannot be measured by the numbers who remember. The worst tyrants of the past remain well-known.

The history books have kept Haman and Attila alive - and will long tell of Stalin and Hitler; but they will not tell of the father whose labor provided shelter and support, whose strength provided a model for our manhood, whose convictions strengthened ours when we were challenged; nor will they tell of the mother who understood our anxieties and soothed our fears, who delighted in our joy and taught us, through her love, to love. The message of this hour is not to live so that you will be known, but to live so that you are satisfied with the quality of your life. To quote our Yizkor prayer: "Grant, O Lord, that when the time of our departure comes, we may look back without sorrow upon the life we leave."

Here, at this moment and alive, are a husband's courage and quality, his honor and his tenderness, his concern for institutions which support our community. Here is a wife's courage and quality, her honor and tenderness, her concern for family, friends and community. Here are the memories of those we hardly knew or may not have known at all, those of quality and courage who stood fast for our faith and for all that makes for civilization. Here is the humbling obligation that we owe to others for all the help and courage which has made life possible. We were not born into loneliness but into love. We were not born into an empty world but into a world filled with knowledge and supporting institutions.

When someone we love dies, in the first flush of grief, we often ask, 'what have I to live for?' The answer is clear. We live to keep alive the family they loved, the principles to which they were committed, their finest visions. We live to continue the work of civilization. We live to serve and bless others, so the hour of memorial is an hour of commitment. We live to fulfill the talents they recognized and to express the spirit they sensed in us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver



NAMES TO BE READ AT MEMORIAL SERVICES YOM KIPPUR 1978

CHARLES AARON	ANNA GEIGER	PAULETTE SHORE MEYERS
ELIZABETH ABRAMS	SADIE GOLDURS	GISSELLA MITZMAN
ESTHER LIEBERMAN ADLER	EDWARD GREEN	SYLVIA MORITZ
PHILIP B. ARNOLD	LILLIAN HOLTZMAN	EMANUEL NEBEL
LENA NEIDES ARNSON	DANIEL JASKULEK	JENNIE NEUMAN
NORMA ARSHAM	GEORGE KANTOR	PHILIP R. NOLL
DELLA Z. AURBACH	GILBERT G. KAPLAN	RENEE PARTIN
BENJAMIN BARANCIK	ESTHER MORSE KATZ	MARGIE PASTON
BEATRICE BARNETT	STANLEY A. KEMPNER	SAM G. PICKUS
FANNY BEHAL	DAVID KLEIN	EMANUEL POGRASS
ELLA BIALES	FRED KLEIN	MELVA PRENTKE
RUDOLPH C. BINDER	DR. JOSEPH KLEIN	SADIE PRICE
SADIE BODEK	LILLIAN KLEIN	HILDA REICH
CHARLES COLMAN	DR. LEON KOCHMAN	MAX ROBBINS
RENETTA DIAMOND	ERNEST KORMAN	LENA ROBINSON
ALTA EHRLMAN	LILLIAN KORMAN	TILLIE ROGOFF
CHARLES EINHORN	BERTHA KOZMAN	SAM ROSENBERG
MILDRED B. EISENBERG	ABE KRAMER	CHARLES G. ROTH
NORMA EISENBERG	DR. STUART S. KUTLER	LILLIAN ROTHSCHILD
JULIA B. ENGLANDER	ESTHER LANDAU	ROY S. SAMPLINER
LEO FEDERMAN	ANNA LANDY	MARSHA SANDMAN
EVELYN FEIN	RUTH LEDERER	EDWARD A. SCHWARTZ
FLORENCE FLEISCHER	IRVING LEVINE	DORA SEGEL
ALBERT FRIED	NORMA LEVINE	ABRAHAM M. SELTZER
LILLIAN S. FRIEDMAN	RUTH SCHLANG LEVINE	MARTHA SERLIN
AGNES N. FRIES	NORMAN E. LEVY <i>Levy</i>	PAUL SHERWIN
ARTHUR GANS	BEN LEWITT	SAMUEL SILBERBLATT
DR. MORRIS E. GANS	DOROTHY LICHT	WILLIAM N. SKIRBALL
	MARIA LISSAUER	DR. MYRON E. SPECK
	BESSIE MARX	

NAMES TO BE READ AT MEMORIAL SERVICES YOM KIPPUR 1978

JENNIE SPITZ

ELSA STEINER

HELEN STERNGLANZ

DR. LEONARD G. STEUER

BERNICE SUDMAN

SAMUEL STILLMAN

BESSIE VEROVITZ

JULIUS VIDOR

LOREN B. WEBER

LEON G. WEIL

SAM WEINBERG

ADOLPH WEINBERGER

ALBERT S. WEISS

AARON M. WEITZMAN

IRENE WISE

MABEL WODICKA

MYRON E. WOHL

WILLIAM HOWARD WOLOWITZ

