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In a Lighter Vein, 1979.

In A Lighter Vein
Daniel Jeremy Silver
March 11, 1979

Those of our faith who visit the synagogue during the reading of the Megillah are sometimes non-plussed by the seemingly irreverent reception accorded the reading. On Purim the traditional synagogue features a noisy congregation armed with noisemakers and determined to drown out every mention of the arch fiend, Haman. There is joyous handclapping when Esther and Mordecai undo the arch-villain.

Our neighbors are not accustomed to having any part of the Bible treated with anything but a solemn hush. In their sanctuaries the Bible folio which sits apart, high on some pedestal, and at an appropriated place in the service a reader intones in proper tones the reading of the week. Somehow, the Bible, all twenty-four books of it, represent the same level of revelation.

Our tradition remembers a time when the Bible was not a bound volume but a series of separate scrolls, and a different reception was accorded each of the scrolls. We keep a Torah, the first five books of Moses in the Ar-, not the whole Bible. Our word for Bible, Tanach, suggests we look at holy writ as a collection of writings, some of the most profound wisdom, divine in origin; others of significance, and still others as literature and valuable but not necessarily inspired documents. There is a reason that for each of the books of the Bible ultimately was included in the Tanach but not all these readings involve the claim of the text's being revealed. Thus, sometimes when the overly new seek to find a higher moral purpose in some texts there is none to be found, and pious explanations contribute only misunderstanding. I can show you shelf upon shelf of theological explanations of the Song of Songs. The beloved and the lover represent God and Israel or the Church and the Christ. These songs cannot be simple love ditties. There must be some higher symbolism here. The doctrine of the chosen and the choosing peoples is

of significance; but it is not the implicit in the Song of Songs. The Song of Songs is nothing more nor less than a collection of rather short, mostly moving love poems and marriage songs which were well-liked by our fathers and which survived because they were well-liked. They speak not to the doctrine of chosenness but to a healthy-minded attitude towards the body, towards feelings, towards love, towards pleasure, a health attitude which, unfortunately, centuries of metaphysical explanations hid from the faithful.

Parts of the Bible are never read liturgically. The Torah is read through annually. Parts of the prophetic books which are aposite to readings of the Torah are read. Many psalms are included in our liturgy, but the deadly, dull chronologies of the priestly historians are passed over in silence and the book of Esther is read with irreverence. Why so? Because the story is irreverent. Despite a spate of volumes which purport to find some higher moral purpose in Esther the moralists usually describe Esther as that ultimate heroine who is safe in the palace and protected by royal favor nevertheless exposes herself to save her people. I have no argument with the virtue of loyalty to the people of Israel; but such is not the theme of the book of Esther. Esther is an essentially non-religious book. What sermon can you make out of a book which begins with a chapter-long description of a royal bash which lasted for a hundred and twenty days and a hundred and twenty nights and is described with infinite detail. Esther then moves on to what might well be daytime television at its worst, a backstairs description of how Persian models were prepared for a beauty contest: what cosmetics they wore, who did their hair, how much it cost, what eyebrow pencils they used and so on. The young girls must have hung on every line; but, believe me, this is not the stuff of which good sermons are made.

Mordecai is a hero but what kind of good Jewish hero would fulfill his

role as guardian of a lovely young Jewish thing, his niece by preparing her for the life of a courtesan? Esther is hardly a good upright Jewish woman of valor. Remember, Mordecai used his neice so that as a favorite in the royal harem her presence would improve his standing at the court. What good Jewish uncle would suggest to his neice that she deny her Jewishness and eat without fuss whatever non-kosher food was served from the royal kitchen? What good Jewish uncle would send his daughter to a modeling school instead of a religious school? Yet, that is what Mordecai did. If this book were a religious book when Israel was threatened with destruction someone would get down on his knees and pray to God for deliverance. "Out of the depths I called upon the Lord and He answered me with great encouragement." The name of God never once appears in the book of Esther. Neither Esther nor Mordecai prays for help in their plans to undo Haman. They succeed because of their native shrewdness. They manage because of their knowledge of court intrigue, not because God intervenes and delivers His people.

The book of Esther is not in the Bible because it has a religious message. It is in the Bible because it is a good story and was well-loved, just as the Song of Songs. After you have hunkered down in Cleveland through the long winter cold you begin to sing when the earth begins to revive, and when the voice of the dove is heard in the land. Purim is our Mardi Gras. In every culture there has been a moment when you cast off the burdens, the gray, the dank, the gloom of winter, when you mothball the heavy winter coat and begin to think of spring clothes, spring cleaning and planting in the yard.

If you were to ask me what excuse the more sober-minded authorities gave themselves to explain why Esther is in the Bible, I would answer because of the only dull section of the book, the concluding chapter. Here we have a verbatim report of a letter written by Esther and Mordecai to the Jews of Persia, enjoining upon them the observance of the Purim holiday.

In the year 722 B.C.E. the Assyrians came west, conquered Syria, Lebanon and the northern kingdom of Israel and took the ten tribes into exile. This became the familiar Lost Ten Tribes though, in fact, they were not lost at all but simply settled down in what is today Iraq. About one hundred and twenty years later the Babylonia of Nebuchadnezzar overthrew the Assyrians and, in its turn, sent armies to the Mediterranean. This time the southern kingdom, Judah, was conquered and its nobles and upper classes were taken eastward into an eastern exile where they joined the Lost Ten Tribes.

The first diaspora community endured its special history. It developed its own tradition, including , a prototype of the synagogue. Its history spawned its own holidays, including Purim. We do not know what Purim celebrated originally, but, certainly, some ancient deliverance.

In the fourth century the Greeks, under Alexander the Great, conquered the Middle East. All the world became one kingdom and all Jews were united again under one authority. The Judeans of the east wanted to now include Purim in the annual calendar of festivals. However, there were some who said only festivals ordained in the Torah were to be required. The Judeans would not give up; and so, on the authority of a purported letter from a queen and powerful prime minister of centuries past, they gained the upper hand and Purim became an annual festival. The book of Esther is simply a debater's final summation of these casts. It is included in the Biblical canon to authorize the springtime festival.

I look upon Esther as a relic of our history which has no immediate relevance, but it does remind me of the fact that so much of the living culture of our people was and remained unwritten. Ours was essentially an oral culture. Most existed in stories. To be sure, there was a high culture: the wisdom literature, the commandments, the prophetic literature, which quickly went from oral to text; but most of the culture was folk literature and remained oral.

Twentieth century historians and anthropologists remind us through their research that the so-called classic writings of antiquity are only the tip of the iceberg

so far as the output of any ancient civilization is concerned. If you read Plato and Aristotle you are reading the thought of a minority of a minority of the Athenian community who were well-born, literate and had the leisure to spend time walking along the Porch or in the Academy discussing the great philosophic themes. Only a small proportion of the Athenian community could read and write. The books that survived do not deal with Greek civilization but the civilization of a miniscule Greek elite.

When I was in college many were puzzled when they discovered that Socrates was not only the ultimate rationalist, but a man possessed of a daimon, a little spirit who sat in his ear and told him the truth when Socrates could not find his way through an argument. Where had the daimon come from? The daimon was a familiar of the earthy folk culture of Greece which was more robust and less erudite than that of the schools. Here was a culture full of superstition, mystery, magic, gods, and all manner of colorful, dramatic and dynamic imaginings. To be sure, the folk culture also was full of earthy wisdom, that which philosophers often dismiss as common sense. Ninety percent of historic cultures are hidden from us. The spirit survives only in story and song which have been passed down through the centuries by storytellers, troubadors, elders and parents.

Insofar as we can record these stories they reveal the living heart of the people. Unfortunately, what remains of such oral culture is being lost at a rapid rate today and that loss is a great loss for mankind. As the radio is distributed throughout the world and as television follows not far, this oral culture disappears and people are homogenized by a media culture which begins in one or two commercial centers and represents just the values of the people who have control of these institutions. And so the wee spirits and the mother's wisdom and the old wives' tales and the tall tales disappear and we become more like each other and less interesting. There is advantage to homogenization. We understand each other better; but there is a cost. We lose identity. We lose a rich tradition. I find I worry more about the impact of the media upon Jewish consciousness than about the lack of Religious School hours with your children.

Why? Because unless such stories become part of the soul, of the living substance of their lives, of what once defined Jew will be lost and we will have become ciphers.

The book of Esther is the only book in the Bible which comes directly from the folk culture. Most is lost, but some of the folk tradition remains. Yitzhak ben Zvi, the first President of the State of Israel, was a fine linguist and Arabist. He began an institute whose purpose was to save this folk culture. His colleagues took on the great inventions of the modern world, the tape recorder, and went out to visit in Yemenite, Iranian and Moroccan homes not to survey the young about the future, but to talk with the old about the past. They asked the elders to recall the stories they heard from grandparents and storytellers and simply turned on the tape recorder. These stories were later transcribed and analyzed. Much is lost, but at least, we have prevented much from being lost and we know a little bit more about what it was like to be a Jew from the inside, in the bosom of the family, in the classroom, when grandparents talked to grandchildren, on a Saturday afternoon in the shtetl when the magid spun out his stories.

It turns out that many of the stories are familiar to us from other sources. Folk tales cross cultural lines as easily as books do; yet, these stories generally re-fract also some of the specialness of the Jewish culture. Socrates is transformed into a Hebrew-speaking Isaiah; and Alexander the Great becomes King David; and both heroes quote Torah.

A story or two then, chosen at random, from the folk culture.

This is the story of a tailor and a rabbi. The rabbi wanted a pulpit suit. He was a rather vain man and he wanted to be sure that the pulpit suit would fit exactly. So he went to Warsaw and asked those who should know to name the best tailor. There were a number of opinions, but most agreed on the capital. A tailor, whose shop was on a small side street who was known as the best workman in cloth in Warsaw. The rabbi went and told the tailor: 'I need a pulpit suit.' He was shown cloth: 'I'd like it in a week'. He returned seven days later. The suit was not ready. 'Come back in another week'. He came back fourteen days later and tried on the suit which fit perfectly.

After he paid for the suit he said: "Tell me, my friend, how is it that God created the world in a week and it took you two weeks to make this suit of clothes?" The tailor smiled: "Look at yourself. It fits perfectly, doesn't it? Now, look at the world."

A story from Marakesh. The Jews of North Africa carried the litter bearing their dead out of the town to the cemetery. There is a phrase in our tradition: "Charity redeems from death." Tzedakah tasil mi-mavot. It was the custom to give charity at death. When a person was deathly ill or had died the superstition was that the gift sped the soul into heaven. In any case, it was a nice way of remembering the dead through a deed which was gracious and helpful.

In Arabic the word takah means a gate or a portal. In Marakesh the road to the Jewish cemetery led through a small village. A Muslim lived in that village and day after day, except on Shabbas, he saw the livyah, the procession, accompanying of the dead. In front of the procession a man would walk, reciting what sounded like takah, takah. He heard takah, gate. He went to a Jewish business friend and said to him: "Tell me, why do the Jews keep saying takah, takah, gate, as they take their dead to the cemetery?" And the businessman did not trust this man and tried to put him off. He couldn't. Finally, he said, "I'll tell you. It is a great religious secret. We know that you Muslims own the keys to heaven and your faith holds that only Muslims enter Paradise, that the archangel Gabriel stands at the gates of heaven and allows in only those who have affirmed the Koran. But we have a secret. Around the corner from the gate there is a little hole in the wall, a takah, only big enough for a soul to squeeze through. As we take our dead to the cemetery we say takah, takah, to remind them to use the little hole as a way to get into heaven. This Muslim was a pious man. He was determined to see that heaven remained a restricted subdivision, so he bought himself all the necessary masons' equipment - trowel, cement, bricks, put these in a coffin, then he plunged a dagger into his heart so that he could get up to heaven and plaster over the takah, the gate!

Theology? Yes, in a sense. Our tradition included many who held that the righteous of all people enter heaven. History? Yes, in a revealing sense. Our people were always a minority people. They were not found to debate publicly with the majority about their imperialistic cosmic views, so such a story said exactly what they wanted to say.

A father had a prodigal son who was a no-goodnik, a spoiled brat. The son would not come to work in the family business. He spent his days loafing and his nights carousing in the coffee houses with the riff-raff of the community. Nor was he above ending the evening in the house of ill repute. He also had a temper. The father was not blind. He could have done many things. He might have disinherited the boy. He might have lectured him. Instead, he bided his time, paid little attention to him. The son kept staying out later and later, but the father made no comment. The father's time to die came. He called his son to him and said: "My son, you have been a disappointment to me. Somehow, I have not been able to give you the right kind of guidance. Now that I am about to die, I would like to make three requests. They are not hard and I would like you to agree to them."

"Tell me first what they are and I will see." "Fine. My first request is that if you go to a coffee house, don't go before two o'clock in the morning. The son who had always associated late hours with fun thought, that is easy enough. "I will agree. What's your second request?"

"If you go to a house of ill repute, do not go until the cock crows." The son generally went to these places early in the wee hours and again the request seemed easy. "Well enough. What is your third request?"

"When you are angry sleep a night on your anger before you act on it."

"That is easy enough."

The father died. The son performed the usual funeral rites and after the Shiva week was over he was ready to go back to his old ways. The first night when he decided to go to the coffee houses he remembered he had promised his father not to go until two o'clock in the morning. He napped and woke up at two o'clock, dressed and walked to

the coffee house. He walked in fresh on his drunken friends. Their mouths are full of mush. Nothing much they said made much sense. They are laughing at things which are not laughable. For the first time there was a distance. Instead of joining in he went home. A few days later he decided to visit a lady of easy virtue. Again, he waited until the cock crowed. He went to sleep. At the first light of dawn the cock crowed and off he went, to a well-known address. He knocked. The woman opened the door. She was ravaged by the night. He looked at her with fresh eyes and wondered how could he have been attracted by this woman. He turned away and went home. There is nothing left to do but enter the family business. The man marries. Some time later he has to go on a long journey. He comes home a little bit earlier than expected and as he enters the darkened house he hears his wife whispering endearments in the night. Flushed with anger he is about to burst in; but he remembers his promise not to act in anger until he slept on it. He returned to his caravan. The next morning he comes home ready to wreck vengeance on an unfaithful wife. His mother meets him at the door with a baby in her arms. "This is your child". Suddenly he recognized that his wife had been whispering endearments to the baby. Presumably, he lived as a controlled adult ever after. In the language of the oral tradition there are more ways than one to raise a child; and if you're lucky and know an applicable story maybe the advice will work; if not, the audience will at least have had a good time.

One more story, then I am finished. A man had a large flock of goats and the flock was led by a particularly large he-goat who had the bad habit of wandering off and taking one of the fair milk goats with him. Generally, when the billy goat would return the milk goat was no longer with him. After this had happened a number of times, the farmer told his shepherd son: "The next time that the billy goat wanders off, follow him. Perhaps he is a demon who is deliberately herding our goats and we should kill him. Perhaps he has taken them to a place where we will not be able to find them and bring them back. And the boy watches the billy goat. When the goat moves out the boy follows. They climb for almost a day. Then the billy goat and the milk goat who is

with him go deep into a cave. The boy follows behind as the goat goes further and further into the cave until he approaches a little fissure through which light streams. The billy goat inches through the fissure, the milk goat follows, and so does the boy. Being slim and young he is just able to push his body through. He finds himself in Paradise: green pasture, verdant trees, song birds, the sun sparkling just like today, everything anyone has ever imagined paradise to be. The billy goat begins to munch on the young green grass and all about are the milk goats he had brought in earlier. The boy decides to go back and bring his father. This place is much better than their farm. He returns to the crack in the same wall but from his side. He cannot work his way through. He is caught in paradise, a terrible fate; but he wants his father with him. How to manage this? Obviously, the goat goes back and forth, so he writes a note: "Dear father, follow the goat and he will bring you to paradise. He ties the note to the foot of the billy goat and the billy goat returns to the cave. The boy waits expectantly for his father. Back home the father is waiting anxiously for his son. Finally he sees the goat descending the mountain. Now he is convinced that the goat is a demon. He has led away the milk goats and now his son. In anger, he takes a knife, kills the goat, only then, discovering the note: "Follow the goat and he will bring you to paradise." Where is the future hope? It is real, but no one has been there and returned. A simple story, one a child can understand, theology made simple.

There are a thousand and one such stories in the living tradition of our people. These are the stories of which the scroll of Esther reminds us, product of a folk culture which was vibrant and rich, if sometimes excessive. Folk culture gave substance and color to Jewish life. If reading of the book of Esther on Purim has any meaning for us, it lies in the fact that we are reminded that our homes, to be Jewish, have to be where family is alive, full of action, story excitement, fantasy - the elements of a folk tradition.

So have a good Purim. Tell a good story. Bring your grandchildren this afternoon and your children and let them enjoy being Esther and Mordecai and Vashti. Life is in

imagination. Don't be too serious with them today, or most days; yet, help them understand that something alive and bright and full of beauty existed in Jewish life.



By virtue of the foregoing it is hereby ordered that the sum of \$100.00 be paid to the said plaintiff for the sum of \$100.00.

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, partially obscured by a watermark.]

the current - not any
more - in the past years and it is not likely to change
this situation - the only way to improve the situation is by changing the policy

Series of the present - but not the entire
 life - and not in the present - as a whole
 human - as a whole

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more blunt about ~~emotions~~ / less amount of
ambiguity / almost see as love in life as need
in the cup - A RELEASE - need - A NEED
A better future

on Sat after noon - we will meet out -
the Tom felt gotten in the meeting of a man
sympathetic - engine - man, father from
storehouse, some WRHS case - the story was
has come to see - case in the middle of the case
may be the table
part part
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part table

the other case in case of the same with - the
table from - part, case, on table - not
This is not entire with - the need last year
entire - table part need on part -
comedy - action not entire with the man
office man - LAUREN (TOM) (ENTRANCE)

context.

When the question was asked a second time, (Hebrew), the answer was given (Hebrew) ^{החכם אינו המדען} The wise man is the man who translates his learning into living.

There is no virtue in knowing all that you can know about the statistics of poverty, ^{of millions of people} the ~~sociology~~ of urban blight, if you do not work to eliminate this social-economic curse. There is no virtue in erudition if it does not contribute to the effectiveness of your living. ^{Translate into an action plan}

Another time when they ask the question (Hebrew) Who is the wise man? The rabbi ^{החכם} answered (Hebrew) The wise man is the man who can learn from every other man, from every experience, from every situation, and from every relationship. It is wisdom at this level with which ^{the} folk ^S legend of our people deal. There is no fine spun logic here. Simply illustration after illustration, moving tale after unforgettable tale. There is no systematic theory, only life in the raw, life as ^{the} an impoverished, but proud people lived over the long centuries, ~~and the~~ ~~erudition of the every day.~~

The common human problems of the child who will not accept the yoke of his responsibilities, the young man of many talents who is care-free and careless. I suppose ^{if} the Magid had been an educational director he would say that this young man needs to be exposed to a wide variety of vocational opportunities, but he was only a magid, so he simply told a story.

^{MANAHESS} The story of a father who lived in Marake perhaps a hundred years ago. He had an only son ^{to do his own} and ^{to do his own} this boy was of the grasshopper people. He delighted in wine, women and song and he had no interest in the father's business, ^{or} and ~~less~~ in settling down and beginning a family of his own. Some fathers under this condition would disinherit their sons ^{Sink} and some fathers ^{until} would lecture their sons so ~~often~~ that they were tuned out. This father had ^{had no effect} tried every approach to no avail. Death approached

and this father drew the son to his bedside and said to the young lad: 'I love you my boy and have tried to instruct you in the way that you should go but you would have none of it. I will not now impose a deathbed vow ^{CONDITIONS -} upon you because I know that when I die you will quickly break the vows. I will simply ask that you accept three restrictions. ^{OF YOUR TIME} They are not burdensome, and you would do me a great favor if you will accept them.' "What are they, Father?" "When you go to the coffeehouse to carouse with your friends, do not go before two o'clock in the morning." ^{THE} The boy readily assented. "When you go to the house of a woman of easy virtue, do not knock on her door until the cock crows." The lad ~~again~~ assented. "And when you are angry, do not act on your anger until you have slept on it." ~~And to this too,~~ ^{THE} the boy agreed. The father died. The days of mourning were completed. The young man decided to return to his friends in the coffeehouse. But, he remembered the father's stipulation and took a nap. At midnight, he dressed. He went to the coffeehouse and he saw there his friends already sodden and incoherent ~~and he~~ ^{HE IS AN OUTSIDER -} was no longer one of them. He returned home. Several days later, he decided to visit a woman friend ~~but~~ ^{HE} again, he remembered the father's timetable ~~and~~ ^{HE} went to bed and got up just before dawn. He knocked on ~~her~~ ^{THE} door. She opened the it. ^{OF A WOMAN'S BEAUTY, HE REMEMBERED} Her face was swollen with the ravishes of the night. Her beauty was long gone, and without a word, the young man turned and returned home. He settled down. He entered business. He married. ^{AFTER HIS MARRIAGE} Several months ~~later~~ a caravan took him far away on business. He was gone for many months. He returned unexpectedly in the middle of the night ~~and he~~ ^{HE} tiptoed to his wife's bedroom ~~where he~~ ^{HE} heard her whispering endearments. ^{HE WAS AT THE DOOR} He was so filled with anger, he was ready to murder her but remembered his father's third stipulation ~~and he~~ ^S returned to his camels ^{TO RETURN TO} and ~~waited to be~~ announced next morning. At dawn he entered the family

villa and he saw his mother playing with a little boy in the courtyard. "Whose child is this?" "Yours, my son, he was born while you were away." He realized that the baby's crib was in the mother's room and it was to the child that the mother had whispered her dearments. ^{And} the once prodigal son blessed ^{the} his wise father. ^{U MONO WAYS TEN ONCE TO SKIN A CAT - TO HELP A CHILD ACHIEVE A DREAM} The Magid very rarely drew the moral of the story. He simply placed an unforgettable ^{could as} image before the people and let it sink in and ^{they would} as best they could apply it to their lives.

The Magid ^{ed.} could turn abstract theology into a story. The Jews among whom he lived lived among the Moslems and the Moslems much like the medieval Catholics insisted that they controlled the key to the Kingdom, that no one except a Moslem could enter Paradise. The Jews who had been taught that the righteous of any people have their place in heaven always wondered about the exclusive rights other religions claimed in heaven. ^{ABSTRACT OF SUBDIVISION} The story was told of an Arab who happened to live by the Jewish cemetery. Whenever a Jewish funeral passed by, he heard the Jews say to one another, "(Hebrew)" "Righteousness delivers from death." ^{BY AN ARAB} Now, he knew no Hebrew.

^{DIAN FORD 1223} Sedakah sounded like Taka which is Arabic for a portal, a narrow gate. ^{HO} This man wondered why the Jews as they went out through the cemetery ^{always} spoke of a ^{always so} portal, so he went to a businessman, a Jew he knew and he asked. The Jew tried to put the man off. ^{TAKA - TAKA - A} He said "It's a great religious secret. ~~I can't tell you it.~~" But the man would not be put off. Finally the Jew said: "Well, I'll tell you. This is the story. We Jews know that heaven is reserved for the Moslems, that you alone have the keys to the Kingdom. But we have a great secret. ^{Also} We know that right ^{has been} about the large gate of heaven ^{can be} is a very small porthole cut into the wall, just enough for a soul to inch its way in, ^{so} we go behind our dead ^{use} as they go to the cemetery to remind the corpse ^{that by using} this little hidden portal he can get into heaven!

The more the Moslem thought of this taka, this portal, the more disturbed he was

that Jews should elbow their way in where they're not wanted. ^{So} What was his solution? He prepared his coffin. He put some clay, some mortar tools and a mortar board in the coffin. He took his dagger and plunged it into his breast. He would get to heaven to close up the portal before any Jew could ^{MAN S} ⁰¹⁵ ~~enter into~~ it. Such theology, I submit to you, anyone can understand.

^{believe} ^{supersede} Life for these Jews was difficult. The margin between survival and failure was a narrow one. Many of these stories reflect the difficulties and yet the laughter through tears which was the attitude of our people. The Dayan, the judge, of one of these little communities ordered a new set of trousers. The tailor promised that he would have the trousers ready within a week. A week passed by and three days more. ^{Then} ^a Only then did the tailor appear with the trousers. The Dayan tried them on. They fit perfectly. They were well made and he was very happy with them. He paid for the goods. Then he turned to the tailor and said. "Tell me, how is it that God required only 6 days to make the world and ^{el} you require 10 days to make a simple pair of trousers?" The tailor thought for a moment and answered, "My trousers fit perfectly, do they not? They are well made and without blemish. ^{LOOK} ~~Take a good look~~ at the world."

^{What was talked about} In this world of ^{into David's brain} tension and danger, the Jew longed for the Messiah, for safety. He invested all his hopes in the promise of divine intervention. The Messiah would come down and bring about the redemption of Israel. The story is told of two elderly scholars. They had spent their life in study, fasting and prayer. Their piety was famous throughout the country-side where they were known as holy men and saints. These two men dreamt of hastening the Messiah's coming. They thought that because of their holiness they could go to the Holy Land and their prayers might somehow hasten his arrival. But they lived in Casablanca, a thousand miles from Jerusalem and they had no money. So they

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Kaddish

Friday

Sunday MARCH 11, 1979

Those who passed away this week

EDYTHE REESE

SAM RINGLE

Yahrzeits

ADELE JOSEPH YELSON

FRANK I. KLEIN

ARTHUR FRIEDMAN

JACOB BASS

JULIE BAER

DR. JOSEPH SCHWARTZBERG

IGNATZ ASCHERMAN

JOSEPH H. GROSS

MATILDA DANZIGER GOODMAN

JUDITH MEYERS

ESTELLE K. SCHAFER

DOROTHY LEVITT

MINNA G. KERN

MORTON EUGENE GOLDBERG


MORRIS LOUIS LEVINE

ETHEL ROSENTHAL NAGUSKY

SOL M. KOLISKEY



Your TEMPLE Calendar — Clip and Save

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
11 SERVICES 10:30 a.m. The Temple Branch Rabbi Silver will speak on IN A LIGHTER VEIN PURIM CARNIVAL 2:30 - 6:00 p.m. The Temple Branch	12	13 PURIM TWA Activities 10:00 a.m. - Branch Fellowship & Study Group Rabbi Stephen Klein 10:45 a.m. - Branch TMC LUNCH WITH THE RABBI Commerce Club 12 noon - 1:30 p.m. Temple Board Meeting 8:00 p.m. - Branch Religious School Board Meeting - 8:15 p.m. - Branch	14	15 <i>ELIZABETH DAVIDSON</i> <i>BRIAN TAYLOR</i>	16 Services - 5:30 p.m. The Temple Chapel	17 Shabbat Services 9:45 a.m. - Branch Bar Mitzvah COLIN DAVIDSON 11:00 a.m. The Temple Chapel
18 SERVICES 10:30 a.m. The Temple Branch Rabbi Silver will speak on EINSTEIN - THE JEW	19	20 TWA Activities 10:00 a.m. - Branch Fellowship & Study Group Rabbi Stephen Klein 10:45 a.m. - Branch	21 TWA Board Meeting 10:00 a.m. - Branch TMC Board Meeting 8:00 p.m. - Branch	22 	23 Services - 5:30 p.m. The Temple Chapel	24 Shabbat Service 9:45 a.m. - Branch
25 SERVICES 10:30 a.m. The Temple Branch Rabbi Silver will speak	26	27 TWA Activities 10:00 a.m. - Branch Fellowship & Study Group Rabbi Stephen Klein 10:45 a.m. - Branch	28	29	30	31 Shabbat Service 9:45 a.m. - Branch Bar Mitzvah BRUCE ROTH 4:30 p.m. The Temple Branch Services - 5:30 p.m. The Temple Chapel
APRIL 1 SERVICES 10:30 a.m. The Temple Branch Rabbi Silver will speak	2	3 TWA FIRST TUESDAY 11 a.m. - Shop & Socialize 12 noon - Lunch 1 p.m. - Beryl Rothschild Fellowship & Study Group Rabbi Stephen Klein 10:45 a.m. - Branch Mr. & Mrs. Club Board Meeting - 8:00 p.m.	4	5	6	7 Shabbat Service 9:45 a.m. - Branch Bat Mitzvah MIRIAM FRIEDMAN 11:00 a.m. The Temple Chapel Bat Mitzvah RENEE WHITE 5:30 p.m. The Temple Chapel SENIOR YOUTH GROUP THEATRE PARTY Services - 5:30 p.m. The Temple Chapel