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SHLOSHA DVARIM TSARICH ADAM LEIMOR BESUCH BEISO EREV SHABBOS IM CHASHAICHA.

"A man is required to say three things in his home on Sabbath eve as darkness sets in." These three statements required by the Rabbis are especially pertinent this Sabbath eve, for today is not only the eve of Saturday, but the eve of Yom Kippur which is known as SHABBOS SHABBASON, the Sabbath of Sabbaths. Many of you may be familiar with this text, for it is part of the Mishna we recite every Friday Night in this synagogue. And these questions must be asked BSUCH BEISSO, within the home, by each man of his family, and by every man, woman and child of himself as he probes into the deep chambers of his own conscience, within his heart and mind. For this moment too is IM CHASHAICHA, shrouded in darkness, the darkness of uncertainty; there is a cloud of doubt and a pall of mystery which veils the future as we wonder what strange things the new year will bring.

I wish we could be sitting together in your living room. I'd like to pull up a chair along side you. On Kol Nidre night I do not want to talk at you, not even to you; I want to talk with you. And together let us ask of ourselves those questions. First, let us ask: ISSARTEM? Have you given the tithe? In Biblical times the Jew was required to give one tenth of all his earnings as MA'ASER, as a form of charity-taxation. And every Jew must give MA'ASER, not as a voluntary contribution, but as a form of tax. For what we have is not our own to do with as we please. We are only trustees, administrators of G-d's estate. The true worth of a man is measured not by what he accumulates but by what he gives to others; not by what he possesses but by what possesses him; not by what he has but by what he is. Certainly, therefore, one of the most basic elements in true, worthy living is an affirmative answer to the question "ISSARTEM?", are you ready to share what you have.

The most obvious need for sharing, is the sharing of material possessions, of money, with individuals and communities and an entire nation which is in need. Let no one say that American Jewry does not give MA'ASER, does not share its earnings with charitable organizations. It does. But how little that is compared with the phenomenal, staggering

amounts spent on unnecessary luxuries, wasted on fleeting and transitory pleasures. With apologies to Mr. Churchill, we can say that "never have so many given so much for so little". We tend to overlook the really important things in life, and we concentrate on what is really so little in value and meaning, and on that little we spend billions. On Kol Nidre, then, we have got to answer properly to the question ISSARTEM - have we shared the right amount with the right causes.

But not only does ISSARTEM mean the sharing of money and substance, it also means the sharing of time and self and personality. We must learn to give of ourselves to our family, and particularly to children. We want to give our children those things we did not have - music lessons, dancing, bicycles, and private schools - but we forget to give them the things we did have - a share in the lives of our parents, closeness and warmth and intimacy between father and son, mother and daughter. A friend of mine overheard the following incident in a store recently: A busy and impatient couple asked the clerk for toys for an 8-yr, old. "Our son wants to have something very badly. Get us a toy for him". It took the clerk several minutes and still she could not find the right plaything. Impatiently the man said to her, "Now don't you know what a child wants? Can't you hurry it up and give it?" "I'm sorry", replied the young lady, "but what your child wants is not a toy, but a father and mother. We don't sell that here". My friends, ISSARTEM? Do we share ourselves and our personalities with our children? ISSARTEM? - do we share with our relatives and friends, do we share a pleasant smile, a warm handshake, a kind word, a sympathetic ~~smile~~ tear? ISSARTEM? - do we share our time with the synagogue, not leaving the great burden of hard work on the shoulders of a few stalwart and hardy individuals who night after night and year after year carry on the business of the congregation? Do we share the burdens of the HQuse of G-d? Do we share in its financial problems and its other difficulties? That question ISSARTEM must be answered - affirmatively.

The second great question every person must address to his or her own conscience is also framed in one word: EIRAVTEM? - have you made the "ERUV"? According to Jewish Law it is forbidden to walk beyond a certain distance outside the city limits. However, the Rabbis designed a legal device called ERUV, which is a symbolic act of establishing residence outside the

the city. Thus, by virtue of ERUV, I enlarge and broaden my narrow and restricted boundaries. And O how meaningful is this peircing question on the eve of this Sabbath of Sabbaths! How desparately we need to establish an ERUV in our lives, to extend the boundaries which hem us in to narrow interests and petty desires and shallow pleasures, which limit and restrict our freedom of thought and action. How necessary it is to find new interests, to see new horizons, to open new vistas.

I sometimes marvel at the strange paradox of a successful and intelligent businessman who, in his capacity of merchant, knows the secret of the ERUV and the importance of expansion. This same man who in his office will seek to expand trade, look for foreign importers, seek new avenues of commerce, this same man forgets about the ERUV when he comes to Shul! The fact that it has not expanded physically in 30 years does not seem to bother him. The fact that the synagogue has the potentiality of ERUV, of opening new horizons for people who come to it, that it can endow them with new and strange experiences which they never dreamed of, the fact that the synagogue can broaden their limits - that has never occurred to him.

Friends, this Rabbi, unlike so many of those here tonight, <sup>has</sup> ~~I have~~ never had the opportunity of travelling extensively. I was born, raised and bred in this city. And yet, <sup>with all due modesty through no virtue of my own</sup> when I was all of eight years old I had seen more of the world than many people do in a life-time. For I was priveleged to study in a Yeshiva, where my teachers provided me with an ERUV, with a broadening out of my vistas; they taught me to transcend the narrow limits of a schbolroom and extend my limits to every corner of the world and every moment of history.

<sup>yes,</sup> \* I was sitting at a scratched-up desk in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn, but <sup>^</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>^</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>^</sup> I was at that mountain in the Sinai Desert. I shuddered and perspired with fear as I saw, in the company of hundreds of thousands others, as I saw Moses Rising like a giant, lifting the Tablets way over his head, and smashing them at the foot of the mountain in consuming anger. I heard the cries and the shouting and the dead silence that followed. I was there too. <sup>yes,</sup> \* I was sitting in a dingy room in Williamsburgh where ~~gar~~ sanitation was slow and unhealthy <sup>^</sup> odors crowded the room and the lighting was bad, but I was in Jerusalem and I was present

in the Holy Temple at the SIMCHAT BEIS HA'SHO'AIVAH celebration where I smelled delightful incense and saw the old sage R. Yochanan juggling torches as if he were a spry youngster. I laughed and thrilled at scenes so strange that they have not been seen since. I had an ERUV. So I was there too.

able to visit

\* From that one musty room on Wilson St. ~~But~~ I was <sup>able to visit</sup> in Persia too, holding my breath in terrifying suspense as Daniel and his friends entered the fiery furnace. I was in Palestine ~~Spain~~ too and wept bitter tears as before my eyes I saw my "hero", the lofty poet Yehudah Halevi, killed as he entered the Holy Land, <sup>hurling to kiss its earth</sup> trampled under the feet of a vicious Arab's horse. I was in Jerusalem too and studied at the feet of R. Judah the Prince as he expounded the Mishna, and I was there too when the beastly Romans executed the martyred R. Akiva and my ears heard him pronounce in awe and reverence his last words SHMA YISROEL..... Yes, the ERUV of Jewish education transported me from that classroom to Persia ~~and Spain~~ and Jerusalem. And I was in Spain too, in Spain of the Inquisition, and I was there on a Kol Nidre night together with a Marrano family deep in a secret cellar which was damp, musty and entered only by a secret trap-door. I was there while one of us remained as "look-out" to guard against inquisitors, and the others chanted Kol Nidre, knowing well that this might be their ruination. I was there too.

So that even a child, friends, can make himself an ERUV, expand his limits, broaden his horizons. And any man coming into this synagogue can stand in one place reciting the Shmone-esrei, not moving at all, as required by law, and still expand: go back to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, stretch out to Yerushalayim, see ahead to the days of the Messiah. We have got to get us an ERUV, to expand.

Why is it, you ask, that so few children and so few adults do broaden their horizons? Why do so few even attempt to transcend their narrow limits?

It is because there is darkness in the world, the terrible darkness of ignorance. Where there is no school for these children, where there is no synagogue for these youngsters and for men and women to enlighten them and show them the way to ERUV, there can be no expansion and stretching of limits. And therefore, say the Rabbis, the last of the three things a man must say is not a question but a sharp, absolute, positive commandment: HADLIKU ES HA'NER, light the candles, kindle the lamps!

Give your help to this House of G-d and so enlighten the thousand who pass by these doors every day and are still hemmed in by narrow and shallow restrictions. HADLIKU ES HANER.

(\*) This synagogue is open every day of the year from early morning till night, giving people the opportunity to deepen their lives and expand their views ~~and to~~ and to find new reasons for living. Do not let our lights dim and do not prevent them from getting of this benefit. HADLIKU...

(\*) This synagogue sponsors a Senior League where young men and women, mostly from out-of-town and away from home for the first time, can spend pleasant and inspired evenings in a Jewish atmosphere. Here we give them an ERUV - we take them out of the narrow circle of the busy office and the snatched lunch, of the same dull and fruitless routine, away from that ever present danger of inter-marriage. Here we expand their personalities, here we introduce them to far corners of our Jewish History, to the wonders of our Bible and literature. Here our ERUV is called Adult education and lecture series. Do not allow these candles to be extinguished. HADLIKU....

(\*) This synagogue is a Center. Here national organizations have branch meetings. Here Mizrahi Women meet. Here do Rabbinical Organizations congregate. Here do youngsters enjoy a social-hall and gym. Friends, keep the torch aloft - HADLIKU....

(\*) Here in the middle of the business center of the city is a lone Sanctuary of the spirit, the only light of faith and purity and integrity in midst of the marketplace. Here on 34 St. can people find a refuge in the warmth of prayer and contemplation, in the comforting serenity of worship. HADLIKU...

(\*) → *Russian Jewry - not known today!!!*  
Now is the EREV SHABBOS IM CHASHAICHA. At the advent of a new year, dim uncertainty and doubt surrounds us. What will this year mean for each of us and our families? At a time of this sort let us keep our consciences clear. Let us appear worthy before G-d. Let us dispel this CHASHAICHA, this darkness of doubt, this darkness every man feels within him by announcing in chorus: "Yes, we will respond to the call of HADLIKU ES HANER". Respond, my friends, light the candle, dispel the darkness, and may G-d grant that we and all of Israel have a year of light and brightness and shining fortune.