



RABBI SAMSON RAPHAEL HIRSCH

MEMORIES OF FRANKFORT

(Aus der Schützenstrasse)

by

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To Alexander Leitner

216 2nd

Hermann

London
2/8/55

INTRODUCTION

I wrote this little book some thirty years ago in loving memory of my parents Moses and Johanna Schwab.

The years which have passed have seen the annihilation of European Jewry, among it many of the Jews of my native town Frankfort-on-Main. "Alas for those who are lost and never found".

The memories of the paradise of our childhood are the only treasures which the barbarians could not destroy. I hope that with the translation of "Aus der Schützenstrasse" I may be privileged to revive for a fleeting moment in the reader's mind recollections of a noble epoch, and to renew my tribute to a generation which played so great a part in fashioning the ideals which have inspired me throughout life.

Hermann Schwab.

London, Tamuz 5715.

July, 1955.

THE RABBI

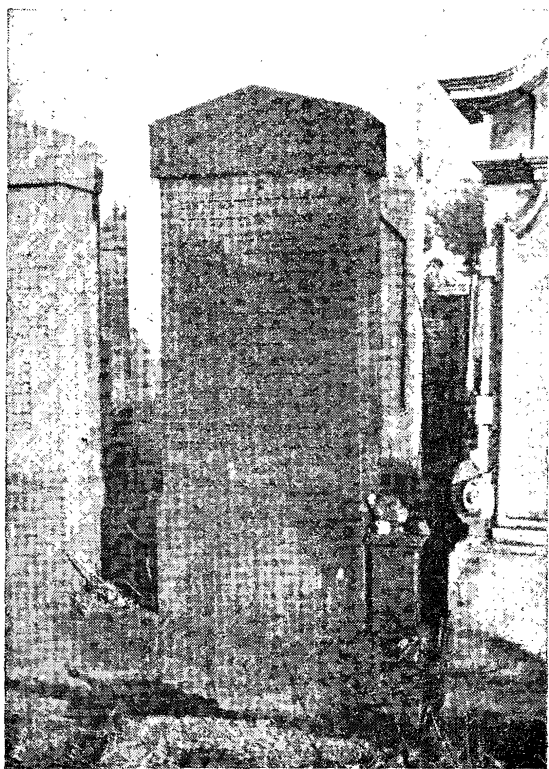
Forty years ago on a summer morning, we children were taken for a walk along the "Promenaden", the green belt which surrounded the old town of Frankfort-on-Main. We were not far from the "Schoene Aussicht", close to the bank of the River Main where Samson Raphael Hirsch lived, when my brother, my senior by two years, took hold of my arm and whispered: "The Rabbi". We stopped. Accompanied by one of his grand-daughters, Samson Raphael Hirsch, stooping slightly, but with firm steps, passed by. He raised his hat to the two small boys who stared at him with curiosity. His dark eyes were lit up by a kindly smile on beholding two members of the third generation of his community. I have never forgotten the friendly gesture of the Rabbi whose venerable figure had become part of my life at a very early stage. He had arrived at Frankfort, so I was told, when my father himself was a little boy. The Synagogue of our community, the so-called 'Religions-Gesellschaft', rose in the beginning of the fifties, but about twenty years later the Rabbi called upon his 'Kehillah' to rebuild it for a growing congregation. Above its main entrance there was an inscription "Bet Tefillath Jeshurun" in gold letters, the word

Jeshurun written with two 'wawim', explained by the Rabbi as an expression of devotion and piety. The Synagogue was not only the spiritual home of the community, it was their cherished possession, and few of its members would miss a service.

The foundation of a secondary school followed that of the Synagogue, and the Rabbi at first took on all the necessary functions himself as its administrator as well as its headmaster and teacher. Many young teachers of his choice became subsequently known as of outstanding capacity. There was David Hoffmann, Principal of the 'Berliner Rabbinerseminar', Samuel Dessau, Headmaster of the Jewish Secondary School in Fürth, a renowned poet; Heinrich Heinemann, the gifted and learned educationist and Abraham Sulzbach, author and Jewish historian.

My father, who was born in 1846 was one of the first pupils of the school. He often told us of his schooldays, when lessons finished at 7. End of term examinations took place in public and lasted a full week. Visitors were asked to set the subject for an essay which had to be written without further preparation.

Every morning a member of the school committee stood at the entrance of the school to see whether the children came up to the requirements of cleanliness asked for by the school authorities. This gentleman once attended a lesson about Greece, its history and its culture. He was neither well acquainted with Jupiter and Pallas Athene nor with Mars and Hermes, and he listened



TOMBSTONE OF SAMSON RAPHAEL HIRSCH

with growing bewilderment. Suddenly he said, "Herr Doktor, may I ask a question?" "Of course," the teacher replied. "Children," said the visitor in great excitement, "I hope, you don't believe it." The children laughed, and the teacher reassured this best friend of the school that the subject under consideration could not do any harm.

Among the highlights of my father's school reminiscences was the celebration of Schiller's hundredth birthday on November 10th 1859. He was one of the three pupils carrying the school-flag with the inscription 'Torah im derech erez', when all schools were assembled to attend the unveiling of the Schiller statue on the Rossmarkt in Frankfurt. On the same day the birthday was solemnized in the school, and the Rabbi as headmaster delivered one of his inspiring addresses, starting with the blessing "Who has given of thy wisdom to mortals". The Rabbi quoted Schiller's poems about human greatness and the lofty aims of mankind, the roots of which were to be found in the writings of our sages. He closed with the words of King David, "But of Zion it shall be said, this man and that was born in her."

From the synagogue and school in the fifties and sixties the scene shifts to Friday evenings in my parents' house in the eighties and nineties. Here, we children heard for the first time the Rabbi's articles in the monthly 'Jeschurun'. The 'Jeschurun' was published by Rabbi Hirsch between 1854 and 1870, and my grandfather, one of the first members of the newly-founded 'Kehillah', had

collected the issues in bound volumes which had become a precious part of our library. There was no one who could read these articles better than my father and he accompanied his reading with personal recollections. Among the essays were addresses, given by the Rabbi on special occasions, and we listened spell-bound to the Rabbi's words and our father's commentary. A speech was delivered in the synagogue to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the battle of Leipzig. It was not easy in 1863, in the town of Frankfort, to picture Napoleon, whose troops had pulled down the walls of the Frankfort Ghetto, as a defeated enemy of Prussia.

Many a time our father also told us about the origin of the Rabbi's translation of the Pentateuch which was as yet a secret to us. The commentary of the book of Genesis was composed from lectures, given before an audience of deeply attentive people. Among those present were three shorthand writers, Mendel Hirsch, the Rabbi's eldest son, Heinrich Heinemann and my father, and the commentary on Genesis was written from their notes. In the first edition Hirsch has proffered his thanks to his helpers. The lecture over, my father, who was also the Rabbi's neighbour, used to see him, at his desk near the window of his study, working without a break. The smoke of a pipe rose from the paper which his indefatigable hand filled with small letters.

But my father not only spoke of the Rabbi in synagogue and school and of his books. There

were many things, great and small, which my father had lived to see as the Rabbi's disciple and friend. There were the recollections of the Rabbi's marriage addresses and especially his words at my parents' wedding. At the end of the seven benedictions he paused for a moment and then he said: "My son and my daughter: You have just drunk together from one cup in this holy hour. May all your life with all its happenings be like one draught from one cup. Then sweetness will be double sweet and bitterness only half as bitter." The words of my parents are gone, but the magic of those Friday evenings accompanied me through the vicissitudes of life.

Now I shall try to speak of those memories which are my own. It was about 1885, and there were still three years granted to me to look into the sunset of the Rabbi's life. He stood before us, surrounded by the love and admiration of his community. We were told once again that he was the founder of a new epoch in the history of German Jewry, that his were the works of a genius, and we were proud and happy that he was our Rabbi. We heard his sonorous voice when he was called up to the Torah, when he recited the prayer for the 'Kaiser' and when he read the 'Shofar' sounds to the 'Baal Tekiah' in the solemn hour of 'Rosh Hashanah'. When he followed the threefold call on 'Simchat Torah' and ascended the steps of the 'Almemar' as 'Chatan Torah'—then our shyness disappeared before his friendly smile. And then his sermons. We boys gathered round the pulpit. The 'Shamash', also an old man, carefully closed the

back door of the pulpit, which was fitted with a seat, but the Rabbi never sat down. He stood upright, in his hands a small 'T'nach'. It did not matter that we could not understand all the Rabbi was saying; some things we did, especially the addresses to the 'Bar-Mitzvah' boys. On these occasions we made a particular effort to get as near as possible to the pulpit, but the 'Shamash', in a silent but threatening gesture, turned us back.

There was, however, one sermon which I could fully understand and which I have not forgotten. It was on 'Yom Kippur', 1888, a few minutes before night-fall. Over a thousand men and women were standing in silence. The majesty of the departing day filled the Synagogue, and from the gas-candelabra rose waves of dim light to the ceiling, veiled in shadow. From my father's seat in the middle of the Synagogue I could see that the pulpit was set up, and there was a whisper that the Rabbi would preach. I hastened to the foot of the pulpit. This time there were no boys, except myself. The Rabbi stood in his 'Kittel' and 'Tallit'. I saw his shining white hair under his white cap and his eyes wandering silently through the synagogue. Then he spoke. He spoke of the last Amen of the last 'Kaddish'. He asked his 'Kehillah' not to forget it. "Whenever there may be an hour of fear and sorrow, when good intentions and faithful promises might fade in the coming year, then say 'Amen' my brothers and sisters and 'Yom Kippur' will return to you with all its blessings." "Say 'Amen' my brothers and sisters." Once again his voice came with deep emotion from the pulpit and, helped by

the 'Shamash', he descended the steps and went to his seat. The sound of the 'Shofar' rang through the synagogue. It was the Rabbi's last sermon.

In the month of Teveth of the same year the life of the Rabbi came to its end. On the eve of the twentyseventh my father went out after supper, and my mother told us that the Rabbi was very ill, and the community had assembled to say 'Tehillim'. The next morning we learnt that my father had come home very late, and although we were on holiday, we did not dare raise our voices. A hush had fallen over the house. When we went out in the dreary December morning we learned that the Rabbi had died. The news of his death silenced the praying voices in the Synagogue. A child knows little of life and death, but I suddenly felt that the Rabbi had left us for ever. Twentyfour hours later, the pupils of our school stood among the thousands from Frankfort and many towns and villages in Germany in front of the Rabbi's house. The vast crowd was in deep mourning. There are not many hours like this in the life of man, and those who waited for the 'Aron', which was slowly coming down, must have had the feeling that a light was extinguished before their eyes to be kindled anew in the realm of immortality.

The funeral procession started. In front of the hearse walked the pupils of the top form of our school. Behind it, after the Rabbi's sons and relatives, we boys, in a curious mixture of pride and embarrassment. When we had turned into the 'Schützenstrasse' I suddenly understood the real

meaning of this mighty procession. The doors of our synagogue were thrown open. I saw the lights glowing through the daylight, but there was no one in its corridors or halls. The building stood in deep solitude and silence when its Rabbi was passing for the last time.

The funeral was like a black ribbon drawn through the town of Frankfort. We children had to leave it at the first crossroad—so I was unable to listen to the 'Hespedim' at the 'Bet Olam'. But the small boy who might not have understood the words of grief and wisdom near the open grave, had felt the grief of the synagogue in its audible stillness. When the multitude surrounded the 'Bet Olam', the 'Chevra Kadisha' saw only one way by which it could enter, and part of the wooden fences, which enclosed the cemetery, had to be pulled down. Then the 'Hespedim' began, but before they came to an end, it was time for the 'Minchah' prayer. In the light of the setting sun they buried the Rabbi in the first row of the silent mounds. They put a 'Sefer Torah' near him, its letters yellowed.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

I do not know when I saw the Synagogue first. It belonged to us, and we loved it. The Synagogue was not a work of architectural beauty, but for us children there was nothing on earth that was more beautiful than the Holy House in the 'Schützenstrasse'. We admired its imposing height, the noble feature of the Holy Ark and the pillars, which at the same time served as girders of the womens' gallery. We took a pride in the curtains of the Holy Ark in velvet and brocade, blue and red, not to forget the white ones for the 'Yamim Hanoraim'. We gazed at their golden embroidery and their sparkling stones and watched eagerly when the passing days of the year brought them to the front of the Synagogue. We carefully touched the big gilded 'Menorah' standing near the Holy Ark and enjoyed the light streaming from the 'Ner Tamid'.

There was no end of talking about the garlands and flowers on 'Shavuot', the 'Lulavim', wandering like a forest of palm branches on 'Succoth' and the procession of the 'Sefarim' with all their ornaments on 'Simchat Torah'. We tried in vain to sit on one of the padded seats in the front row of the Synagogue which were reserved for Baron Rothschild who, however, never came as he had his own private Synagogue.

No less inspiring was the sale of the 'Aliyoth' and 'Mitzvoth' on Fridays and the days before the 'Yamim Tovim' after the morning service; we were always very pleased to learn that prices were going up. Indeed, there was no great or small thing in 'Shool' which did not invite our attention and our affection, and there was not a stone in its walls which was not dear to us. On weekdays we never used the front entrance but a small side-door which brought us more quickly to our seats.

The Synagogue seat was of great importance. The best ones were situated near the front, but those in the centre also had their special value. In the front one sat near to the 'Chazzan', but in the centre one had a better view of the 'Almemar'. In my childhood our father's seat was in the shadow of the 'Almemar' and I was able to see and hear every part of 'Kriat Hatorah'. Generally I sat on my father's knee, shared his 'Chumish', and felt very comfortable. This was a much better position than that I occupied in later years, when I had to wander from one seat to another, always hoping that the seat-holder would not appear. My hopes were often disappointed, and I was left between the aisles, but my love for the spiritual and the more earthly affairs of the Synagogue was not impaired.

The large corridor of the Synagogue changed on Sabbaths and 'Yamim Tovim' into a cloakroom, and its attendants were our friends. Both these gentlemen were good humoured, knew everything about the congregation and even understood some Hebrew words. There was also the courtyard of the

Synagogue which was of importance to us. On every 'Erev Pesach' one big fire was burning, and the whole congregation brought the remnants of 'Chametz', to be burnt before saying 'Kol Chamirah'. We watched the flames; its smoke very often disappeared into a blue spring sky. On the eve of 'Hoshanah Rabbah' water-tubs, filled with 'Hoshanot', stood in the courtyard, and we came to collect them for the next morning.

As time went on the child's love for the Synagogue changed into a deeper understanding. There were now problems of a different kind which filled the heart of the young man. One far-off day I stood longingly outside the closed Synagogue. Through its windows I saw the 'Ner Tamid', like a star, peacefully shining through the Holy House.

I left my native town in 1900. But the memories of my childhood accompanied me like a melody which died away, but still filled my heart. Seven years later the 'Kehillah' took leave of its Synagogue. The 'Grossschul' was no longer large enough, and they moved to the beautiful Synagogue in the 'Friedberger Anlage'. I could not say good-bye to the 'Shool' in the 'Schützenstrasse', but I was told of the solemn farewell service. Julius Friesländer, the famous 'Chazzan', chose for the 'Kaddish' of the weekday 'Minchah'-Service the tune of 'Neilah'; the grandeur of 'Yom Kippur' rested over the Shool, when its gates were closed for the last time.

The old Synagogue remained empty, but the love of its children kept its memory alive in many

parts of the world. After the first World War, however, it became another victim of the inflation of the Mark—and had to be sold, and now we had really lost it. But not only the 'Shool'. Together with it died the generation of our childhood, with its 'Tefilloth', its hopes and its sorrows, its smiles and its tears.

The golden letters on the wall fell to the ground, and the last of its splendour disappeared.

But still, dear old Shool! You stand before my eyes imperishable, and I hear the prophet's words: "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me".

III

THE COMMUNITY

It was not only the Synagogue - its visitors also were dear to us.

We knew them all and we also knew their hobbies, their whims and their habits. We loved them and most of all those who were kind and indulgent to us. We knew those who were the last to finish the 'Shemoneh Esreh', who recited the 'Berachoth' when called up to the Torah with special 'kevanah' and who danced best with the 'Sefer' on 'Simchat Torah'; we knew those whose 'Lulavim' had the tallest 'Hadassim' and those who beat their 'Hashanot' on 'Hoshanah Rabbah' till the last leaf had dropped. What we did not know, and what was more than a child could understand, was the secret of the golden age of the 'Kehillah', the youthful enthusiasm for everything that belonged to it. 'It is and it is good' - was the foundation stone whereon the 'Kehillah' rose to its greatness. Compared with other German Jewish communities the 'Kehillath Jeschurun' in Frankfort was but young, about half a century old, but, nevertheless, it had the character of an old 'Kehilla' with all its established institutions. Any newcomer would soon be captivated by its spirit and regard himself as a 'Frankfurter', defending vehemently even the most

unimportant 'Minhag'. There were occasions, too, for grumbling and criticism, but on the whole there was "peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near".

Among the visitors of the Synagogue the members of the Committee were looked up to by us children with awe and respect, although we knew nothing of their duties, performed behind closed doors. But there was one distinguished gentleman, the so-called "Deputy" of the Synagogue Committee who held our deepest interest and admiration. He had his special seat in front of the Synagogue, opposite that of the Rabbi. He was the first to follow the 'Sefer Torah' when it was taken from the Ark, and the last when it was brought back to it. Needless to say, we children wished in our heart of hearts to be in his place. Every month another warden took his place, and among them was one gentleman who, year after year, stood at the 'Omed' a quarter of an hour before the beginning of the service, to recite the daily portion of 'Tehillim'. And from 'Pesach' till after 'Succoth' the morning service started at 6. a.m.! Another 'deputy' was a 'specialist' who prepared the three 'Sifre Torah' on 'Simchat Torah' eve for the coming morning with the greatest skill and fervour. We gathered round the 'Almemar', not to miss any of his movements. But there were also many visitors without title or office who were old and respected, and the whole congregation rose when they slowly walked to their seats. No less admired were the 'Chazzanim' on 'Rosh Hashanoh' and 'Yom Kippur' who, without real musical training, never-

theless trained a whole generation in 'Chazzanuth'. More than a thousand visitors listened to their 'Tefillah', distinguished alike by devotion and harmony.

There were few empty seats when the service started. There was no difference between Monday or Tuesday morning and none between Sunday afternoon or any other. On 'Rosh Chodesh' or 'Chanukah', on 'Purim' or 'Chol ha-Moed' only back seats were available. That there were no vacant seats on festivals was accepted as a matter of course.

The Community, however, not only stood together in brotherly understanding in their Synagogue, the third pillar of the lofty fabric of the 'Kehillah', 'Tsedakah', also rose before our eyes in all its greatness. Our congregation was like a High School of 'Gemilut Chesed', and we children were the beginners in it. We witnessed many a conversation, after the service, in one corner of the Synagogue or another. Sometimes a word escaped the whispering voices, and it was always help and assistance which was discussed in those small circles.

In the Synagogue as well as outside it we were one great family who celebrated their joyful events together, and mourning in one house was felt in many houses. Small wonder that the tender flower of gratitude could readily develop in so fertile a soil. Not only the words and the deeds of those who had passed were not forgotten, the merits of the men and women of the present were willingly acknowledged. Thus I grew up in the spirit of such

appreciation and I learnt to understand the wisdom of our teachers, 'a community is never poor and will not die.' Here was such a community, built up on the love and devotion of hundreds of people who saw in its institutions the happiness and the centre of their life. For us children, indeed, it was the symbol of eternity.

"One generation passeth away and another generation cometh." The 'Kehillah' of my youth is no more, but the memories of my childhood cannot be lost and became part of my life :

"Many waters cannot quench love.
Neither can the floods drown it."

IV

THE CHAZZAN

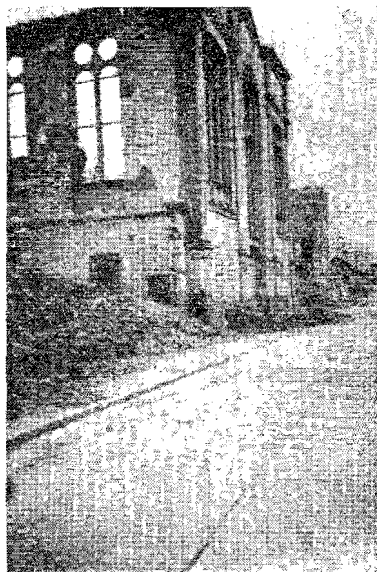
Every Friday afternoon, an hour before 'Minchah', a gentleman, meticulously dressed in a black suit, used to walk slowly the short distance from his house through the "Promenaden" to the Synagogue. The distinguished gentleman in his shining top hat was our 'Chazzan', Julius Friesländer.

Generally a 'Chazzan' is an official who has an agreement with his Board of Management which he terminates if a better position is offered to him. It was not so with Mr. Friesländer. Of course he was a 'Chazzan' and surely one of the best 'Chazzanim' in Germany during the last century. But he also was one of the prominent figures of the Synagogue and a friend of its Rabbi. Without Friesländer the work of the Rabbi would have lacked the beauty of Sabbath and Festival and the solemnity of the 'Yamim Hanoraim'. To him 'Chazzanuth' was not a profession - it was a call which led him to the steps of the 'Omed'. In his heart he was not an official of his 'Kehillah', he was their servant before the throne of Almighty and interpreter of their prayers. His 'Kehillah' took pride in him, and generation after generation shared this feeling.

Friesländer himself often said that he had never been a great singer. But his 'Chazzanuth' was of high perfection. And so was his appearance : his progress through the Synagogue and his dignified stand before the 'Omed'; his opening and closing of the Holy Ark; his hand raising the 'Kiddush'-cup or shaking the 'Lulab' - "every inch a king" in the realm of the 'Tefillah'.

My childhood memories are interwoven with Friesländer's melodies. There was the first 'Selichot'-day. My brother and I rushing in the early morning to reach the 'Shool' at 4 o'clock. We arrived a few minutes too late, and when we entered, Friesländer's voice in prayer welcomed us. I well remember how the brightness of the 'Shool' contrasted with the darkness of the silent street. The voices of the Holy Assembly were like a flood which rose and fell. The 'Pizmon' started. Like a praying child Friesländer's voice began softly to rise from verse to verse till it embraced the 'Kehillah' with the greatest fervour.

There are no words for the feelings which filled my heart. I had forgotten that outside the Synagogue a new day was dawning, and the holy words carried me away to a world which is beyond time and space. From the first of the 'Selichot' days the way went on to the sacred hours of 'Rosh Hashanah' and the holiness of 'Yom Kippur'. Again it was Friesländer who led us from the first blessing till the last 'Kaddish'. His melodies were also sung at home, and I shall never forget, how my mother, coming from 'Shool' on 'Kol Nidre', sang the dreamy



RUINS OF THE SYNAGOGUE
IN THE SCHÜTZENSTRASSE
1945

melody of Friesländer's 'Yigdal', when I was still too little to go to the Synagogue.

The 'Yamim Hanoraim' over, 'Succoth' came with its songs, crowned by a 'Simchat Torah' embellished by Friesländer with the joyous Polish 'Minhag'. It was unforgettable for a child to watch him with the dignity of a High Priest conducting the Service on 'Yom Kippur' and some weeks later his dance with the 'Sefer' on 'Simchat Torah', the serene expression of 'Simcha shel Mitzvah' on his face.

But it was not only in the months of Elul and Tishri that Julius Friesländer's greatness appeared; it was also demonstrated on every Sabbath. It never seemed to be the same 'Lechu Nerananu' on Sabbath eve, and Friesländer taught us at the 'Almemar' the words of our sages, always to say a 'Tefillah' as if it was being said for the first time. The same festive tranquillity which was spread over the arrival of the Sabbath returned at the hour of its departure with the singing of Shir Hamaaloth (Psalm 128), composed by I. M. Japhet. I do not know whether there was another synagogue in Germany where the Sabbath ended in such solemnity. Friesländer stood in his Sabbath robes on the 'Almemar' just as on Friday evening, his song accompanied by the Synagogue choir, conducted by Japhet himself. The community stood in silence in winter and summer and joined the last words: 'And see thy children's children. Peace be upon Israel'. Sometimes even week-days were turned into festival days for us children, when the other 'Chazzanim', for one

reason or another, were not available. Not to mention those weekdays of a special character like 'Rosh Chodesh' or 'Chanukah', when the services were always Friesländer's prerogative.

Gone are those days of childhood, gone Friesländer's tunes, but very often in the twilight hours of life fragments of those beautiful songs come back to me. Be it the melancholy tune of 'Av Harachamim' or the 'Kiddush' of the festival or the 'Berachoth' of Chanukah which was one of the greatest events of our Jewish year. During the repetition of the 'Shemoneh Esreh' we children looked yearningly to the big 'Menorah'. Friesländer ascended slowly upon its steps; he was no longer a young man, and his hand with the large candle trembled a little. But his voice was still beautiful, and we listened to the miracle of 'Chanukah' as if we had seen it ourselves.

For more than half a century Julius Friesländer stood at the 'Omed' of the Synagogue in Frankfurt, but in Iyar, 5678 "he was gathered to his people". According to his wish not a word of praise was spoken when he was laid to his rest. But even so, there was mourning without lamentation. His 'Kehillah' were so imbued with grief about his passing that they thought to hear his unforgettable melodies in the stillness of the 'Bet Olam' as a last farewell.

V

THE BET OLAM

United as they were in prayer and devotion they went the same way for their last journey, the members of our 'Kehillah' - the way to the 'Bet Olam'.

I was still a boy when it was my fate to follow the coffin of my dear mother. I went as in a dream. I saw the wheels of the black carriage turn unceasingly. We went through streets which I had never seen, and after an hour the houses were left behind, and the town disappeared. Suddenly the carriage stopped. A door was opened, and the 'Aron' carried into the Prayer Hall which stood at the entrance of the 'Good Place'.

First there was silence; then, after the prayer 'Hazor Tamim', words of mourning and thankfulness were spoken, and there were tears also in the eyes of strangers.

From this hour I knew the way to the 'Bet Olam' and I also knew those who served the messenger of death in humility, the members of the 'Kippe', the Holy Brotherhood. Very often death crossed their way; they bowed before its majesty but they did not fear it any longer. In my childish imagination

they seemed to be immortal. People passed away, old and young and even children who were pupils of our school, but they always stayed at their places; upright, serene, even smiling, and in my heart I wished to be one of them.

When my father, my brother and I visited the cemetery every year we went along silently. There were not many graves on the 'Bet Olam', as no more than about twenty years had passed since the first of the members of the community had been laid to rest. In the first row there was the resting place of the Rabbi. His tombstone crowded with big and small stones, placed there by loving and devoted relatives and friends. Not far from the Rabbi's grave there rested our friends, neighbours or acquaintances. On their tombstones we read of wisdom or knowledge of Torah and of loving-kindness to the living and the dead. We read of the grief of a wife for her husband, of children for their parents. There were stones which mourned the benefactor or the president of our 'Kehillah', and also one which told of the teacher who till the last days of his life had taught the 'Alef Bet' to the beginners of our school. We had known them all who once walked like us in the sunshine which now spread consolingly upon the solemn stillness of their graves.

All this went with the years of my childhood. Very often my longing thoughts were with the 'Bet Olam' in Frankfurt. When I saw it again it was summer, sometimes Tammuz, on the Yahrzeit of my parents, and a friendly sky looked down upon the lonely wanderer. My foot rested before the tomb-

stones, the borderline of 'the Day which is wholly a Sabbath.' Golden threads from beyond those pillars of stone bind our lives together with the souls of those who had left us.

A large part of the 'Bet Olam' is no longer known to me, and I am a stranger among its paths. The names inscribed on the tomb-stones, however, are those of the generation of my childhood, and I walk between their places of rest as I did once between their seats in our synagogue.

It was the same road which they took, the members of our 'Kehillah' - from the earthly peace of the Schützenstrasse to the eternal peace of the 'Bet Olam'.

GLOSSARY

Almemar	Dais in the centre of the Synagogue.
Aliyoth	Call-up to the Torah.
Aron	Coffin.
Av Harachamim	Prayer for the martyrs. (Father of Mercies).
Baal Tekiah	The official who blows the Shofar.
Bet Olam	Cemetery, (House of Eternity).
Chatan Torah	Bridegroom of the Torah on Simchat Torah.
Chazzan	Reader.
Chevra Kadisha	Holy Brotherhood.
Gemilut Chesed	Kindness in every form.
Grossschul	Great Synagogue.
Hazur Tamim	The first prayer at a funeral service.
Hesped	Funeral oration.
Hoshanot	Willows used in the service of Hoshanah Rabbah.
Kehillah	Jewish community.
Kehillath Jeschurun	Name of the community in the Schützenstrasse in Frankfort.
Kittel	Shroud (old German).
Kol Chamirah	Declaration made prior to the burning of leaven on the eve of Passover.
Kol Nidreh	Eve of day of Atonement.
Kriat Hatorah	Reading of the Torah.
Menorah	Chanukah candelabrum.
Minhag	Jewish custom.
Mitzvoth	Commandments; also applied to duties, performed at the reading of the Torah.

Ner Tamid	Everlasting light.
Omed	Reader's desk.
Pizmon	Poem; part of the Penitential prayers.
Selichot	Penitential prayers.
Shofar	Ram's horn.
Shool	Synagogue (old German).
Shemoneh Esreh	Amidah (The eighteen blessings).
Simcha Shel	
Mitzvah	Joy in the fulfilment of a commandment.
Tehillim	Psalms.
T'nach	Holy scriptures.
Tsedakah	Charity.
Yamim Hanoraim	New Year and Day of Atonement. (The awesome days).
Yamim Tovim	Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles. (The goodly days).
Yigdal	Hymn said on weekdays and sung on Sabbaths and Festivals.