There are moments and events in our lives that we will never forget. For many these are very personal, when we met our spouse, when a child was born, when they took their first steps. Still there are other moments, those shared by an entire generation, they form indelible images in our minds eye, they define our era and our generation. When my father was a child those moments were crystallized by newspaper headlines, and grainy black and white TV images. Those pages now yellowed with time, still retain the headlines that marked the defining public moments of his life from childhood to maturity. In big and bold type, they scream with an awesomeness that cannot be contained within the margins of a page “Pearl Harbor Attacked”, “War is Over”, “State of Israel Declared”, “Kennedy Shot”, “Man Walks on Moon”, “Nixon Quits”. I remember as a child my dad taking out the newspaper pages and telling me of the events they so boldly declared. But these headlines were not mine, the events they spoke of did not happen in my lifetime, or if they did I was too young to notice. The garbled memories of static filled radio broadcasts or grainy Black and White images of man landing on the moon, or the march for civil rights on Washington, that I see rebroadcast now on the history channel, they are just that for me History, I didn’t live through them and so it is difficult for me to appreciate its magitude. How do we translate and transmit the important moments of one generation to the new generation? How to share our enthusiasm out amazement, our sense of discovery with those who have never known anything else?

Every generation has these defining moments, and in each generation they are carried over a medium that is specific to that generation, mine are the brilliant color images of television. News broadcasts, and special reports that my parents or teachers made me watch, telling me at the time that I was witnessing history, that I should

remember this moment the rest of my life. Wonderfully I do remember many of those moments, they are forever engrained in my mind, I remember them and know now, what I could not begin to appreciate then, that I was a witness to history, I was watching something happen that was unexpected, or had never happened before. It happened in my lifetime, it defined my era, and the world was forever changed from that time forward and I was there.

As a child I remember my mom and dad sitting me down in front of the family room television to watch Anwar Sadat's airplane land in Tel Aviv. I remember a few months later watching Sadat, Begin and Carter shake hands at Camp David when peace was first struck between Egypt and Israel. I remember my parents crying, and me, like many little kids, trying to comfort them, saying it was going to be okay. Their reply still echos within me, my mom held me close and said, yes it is going to be okay. That moment began a peace process, that with starts and stops has continued to this day. Children born after me, never knew an Israeli and Arab people that were not trying to make peace.

One day in Sunday school, they brought us into the sanctuary and placed a big TV in front of the ark. On that screen a man who I only knew by name, a name I could not pronounce walked across a bridge, and into the arms of a a small waiting crowd of people. His name was Natan Sharansky and for most of my childhood we had been marching to free him and other refusniks from the Soviet Union. I had a silver bracelet with his name on it on my wrist. The Rabbi watched with tears in his eyes, he said that this was a moment we should all remember, how the Jewish people united together freed this man. I knew I would remember the moment, because it was the first time I ever

watched TV in Temple. I asked the Rabbi if I could take off the bracelet now and his response troubled me, he said keep it on till they are all free. We don't ware bracelets for refusniks anymore, they are all free.

When I was in college, the professor stopped the class, and again a TV was rolled in, this time we watched as Yitzhak Rabin shook hands with Yassir Araffat in the White House lawn. For weeks we had heard the debate about whether or not they would shake hands, what if Arafat wanted to hug or kiss him as he was prone to do. In the end it was the most memorable awkward embrace I have ever witnessed. About a year later on a Sunday morning I was flipping channels, and saw the news flash that they had shot the man that shook Arafat's hand. I woke my wife and we laid together in bed watch the news and crying, images of yahrziet candles, weeping soldiers and his grand-daughter Noah's eulogy still fill my mind. We knew then that the Jewish world would never be the same, we had assassinated one of our own, we cried over that as well.

And so it was on a Monday morning when I woke to the news that Joseph Leiberman, a traditional Jew from Connecticut had been named as the vice-presidential candidate on the democratic ticket, that I knew the world as I had known it had changed forever. For the whole day I sat glued to the TV. Heard reporters talk intelligently about the responsibilities of a traditional Jew, the intricacies of Jewish law concerning breaking the Sabbath. I collected news magazines with headlines that read, "Gore shows Chutzpah", "Leap of Faith", one tabloid declared, "Mazel Tov!". The world as I had previously known it had indeed changed forever, and it happened in my lifetime, I was there and within a generation few would recall that a Jew had never before run for executive office. I don't need a VCR, I will never forget that moment.

We live in remarkable times, few generations of Jews have known, if ever the security and acceptance that we now enjoy in the United States. Joseph Lieberman is but the latest and greatest achievement for our community. Book stores all across the country have their shelves filled with Judaica books, super markets feature aisles of kosher products. It seems not a year goes by without at least one major film of Jewish content or subject matter. Earlier this month the Today show culminated and entire summer of wedding preparations with the global broadcast of a Jewish wedding held in Rockafeller square. The fact that the event received so little recognition or commentary in the world press, is evidence of just how far we have come since those dark days of thinly vailed anti-semitism portrayed by Gregory Peck in A Gentleman's Agreement. The wedding just happened, the Rabbi sang the blessings in Hebrew, the bride accepted the ketubah, the groom stepped on the glass and no one thought it anything out of the ordinary. Except maybe those Jews watching at home, I for one breathed a considerable sigh of relief when I did not see a minister standing under the chuppah with the Rabbi. I sat waiting for the other shoe to drop, waiting to see just how this would go bad for us, because I could not fathom that it would not.

We have been programmed by our tradition, by our history, by the prayers we say in this service to constantly mourn and bewail the tradgies that have befallen our people. When have been called the Ever Dieing People