

Sept. 29/62

Dear Reverend Suyuki,

When I left San Francisco I had hoped to write to you in a different way than I write now. Winnipeg is like San Francisco except that you and the temple are not here. But it would be closer to the truth to say that you are all here in my memory and in my heart, yet I am not strong enough to act properly. Among the Jews of Eastern Europe during the 18th and 19th Centuries there was a very strong revival of religion in the heart. There were many Masters and many disciples. There is a story about one disciple who ~~was unable to~~ lived in a village far from his Master and was unable to go to him more than a few times each year. He was asked whether it was not hard on him to be unable to sit at his Master's table every Sabbath evening. He replied that it was hard, ~~and~~ but that he always reminded himself that if the whole world knew of his Master they would all come to his table every Sabbath evening, and the table would have to be so long to seat them all ~~that he could not sit any closer to his Master than that it would reach all the way to his own village~~; so even though he could not go to his Master's village he could still sit at his table. I think of this story often, but I have sat down only five or six times. Each day my life tells me that I must sit daily, yet I have not done so. Please help me. My wife will sit with me.

Lynne sends you her greetings, and greeting to your wife from both of us.

Yours truly,
Saul Barkov