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JUDAISM IN OUR PERSONAL LIVES

THE FUTURE OF THE JEWISH FAMILY:

The need to reconstruct the roles and value  
priorities of the family

Lecture #2

I don't know what masochistic drive leads you to return, but my own motivation is perfectly clear. I come here for the joy of being introduced. I feel fortunate to be introduced by such a generous and warm-spirited friend as Julius Fligelman. If he is short on objectivity, he is long on magnanimity.

Our theme this evening is the family and it is understandable that in dealing with its concerns, we will be citing statistics. Still, <sup>w</sup>~~it~~ will be less concerned with statistics and more with the existential realities which pertain to the troubled family and especially the Jewish family. The difference between talking existentially and talking statistics is wisely illustrated by a Jewish story. A woman whose husband had abandoned her went to a Rebbe to find out whether or not he would return. The Rebbe was busy studying so she spoke to the Shamus who wrote out a kvitel, a note indicating her problem. The Shamus went to the back room, showed the kvitel to the Rebbe and the Rebbe wrote his response. The Shamus returned and advised the woman "The Rebbe says that you are not to be afraid. Your husband will return. But I tell you that he will not return." She replied angrily, "Who are you to tell me that he will not return when the Rebbe says he certainly is going to return?" The Shamus answered "The Rebbe sees only the kvitel. I see the face."

Our concern is not derived from the kvitel, from sociological accounts of anomie and alienation. Our concern comes from the agonized abandoned woman, with her joyless face; with those who come to me and my colleagues filled with resentment, rage and frustration. The well-dressed, well-tanned, externally successful are mostly too proud to admit their sadness, the crumbling

character of their family, lovelessness of their lives. What a wonderful face we put on for each other. Everything is fine. Your son is fine, my son is fine. Your daughter is fine, my daughter is fine. My wife is fine, your wife is fine, our family is fine. But beneath the appearance of well-being, there is much bleeding. We are dying as a family. The kvitel stares us in the face. In a 70 year period in America, from 1870 to 1940, the population in America increased twofold; marriages increased threefold; and divorces increased 20 fold. In 1971, we recorded 768,000 divorces in the United States of America, one out of every four first marriages end in divorce. If we count all marriages, one out of every three marriages end in divorce. In the Sunshine States, the 1970 record indicates 173,000 marriages and 114,000 divorces. For every 100 couples married, 66 are permanently divorced. However persuasive our theological and ideological arguments in praise of Jewish love and marriage may be, the present trend of family disintegration in our society refutes our noblest ideals. In its wake a cynical logic emerges which points to marriage as the major cause of divorce.

I need no statistics to be reminded of the tragedies about us. She, married for less than a dozen years, came to me because she was facing divorce. What concerned her were her two daughters, the eldest of which, having heard of the pending divorce, threatened to do away with her life. She had asked her mother "Tell daddy I promise I won't be bad anymore," because she was convinced, as so many young children in similar situations are convinced, that she is responsible for the terrible separation.

The younger daughter grows sychophantically attached to the mother, hanging onto her skirts, afraid that she too will be abandoned. She lives under the threat of the undelivered punch. "The altar sheds tears over him who divorces. The Lord hates sending away." (T. GITTIN 90b)

Two parents, stammering their embarrassment, came to see me because their 12 year old daughter had run away a second time. My San Fernando Valley is not so green. The police reported last year that 2,723 young children ran away, children from the ages of 11 to 17. We are witness to a contagious tragedy which is no manifestation of some private, isolated psychological disorder, but of a widespread sociocultural pathology. Something is eating away at the core of the family. No matter how hard the Rabbis preach about the home being a MIKDASH M'AT--a sanctuary in miniature, it is far from being a holy institution today.

Some sociologists and psychologists predict the dissolution of the family. Some like R. D. Laing and David Cooper advocate the death of the family. Alvin Toffler in his celebrated Future Shock gathered the prognostications of futurologists who prepare us to accept the marital trajectory of sequential polygamy. There is a new wisdom in playing the game of marital musical chairs. A new psychological "art of disrelating" is being developed. Ties to family, ties to friends, ties to associates must be painlessly severed if we are to enjoy the upwardly mobile spiral that is part and parcel of the dynamics of success.

The death of the family is a universal threat. For Jews it is a special threat because our religious civilization is rooted not in dogma or doctrine but in a people who sees itself as a

world extended family. You and I may not share the same theology or ritual practice but we know ourselves to be of the same mishpocha. That is one of the major insights of the story of Genesis which concludes by tracing our ancestry to father Jacob. We have a common fate and a common faith that grows out of our familial status. So for the Jew, the death of family mortally wounds the ground of our faith. Historically, the Jewish family served as the portable roots of our people. All the tales of migration and settlement and resettlement, Joseph and the brethren and Jacob in Egypt, our parent's experience from the old country to this country, Soviet Jews from behind the iron curtain to Israel, are legends of the solidarity and the interdependence of the Jewish family.

Our artists have portrayed the mishpocha as the great shock absorber of the resentments, insecurities, and threats to our own life. Researchers like Srole and Langer in their important study ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the mental health in the metropolis are amazed by "the impairment limiting mechanism" of the Jewish family which protects them from psychoses. They speak of "the homeostatic support of family" evident in the virtual immunity of the Jew from the afflictions of suicide and alcoholism. Are we prepared then as a people to allow the death of the family, the source of our health, our sanity and our morality? Is there no wisdom amongst us to withstand the corrosive acids of middle class modernity?

#### THE SIKETEL FAMILY

Fiddler on the Roof nostalgia <sup>is no guide to our perplexity.</sup> would be misleading if at this point we would turn to the myth of the glorious past. Not

simply because Fiddler on the Roof nostalgia does not tell it like it was, but because we cannot go home again nor, in truth, do we want to go home again. What we must do is to salvage the Jewish family by restructuring the roles of the members of the family and by wrestling with the middle class values which threaten the warmth and strength of the Jewish family.

Fiddler on the Roof is not our world. It presents the dramatis personae of our imagined notion as to what the shtetel mishpocha once was. The papa sings, "Who has the right as master of the house to have the final word at home." The mama says "Who must know the way to make a proper home, a quiet home, a kosher home." The son sings "At three I started Hebrew School, at ten I learned a trade. I hear they picked a bride for me: I hope she's pretty." The daughter declares "Who does mama teach to mend and tend and fix, preparing me to marry whoever papa picks." That's not ~~all in the Jewish family. Not in my family and not in yours.~~

#### THE PAPA

The papa is not the master of the house nor does he want to be master of the house. I have heard his complaints. He has ~~involuntarily~~ been sucked into the vortex of career, profession and business. ~~He says~~ He has a tiger by the tail. Papa is driven by some mysterious, inscrutable, ubiquitous force that makes him expand in order to stay alive because, ~~if~~ he doesn't, his murderous competitors will eat him up alive. Demands upon the middle class father are limitless. There are no price and wage controls on his aspirations because there is no accepted ceiling on his standard of living. There is no SHADDAI, no God

who says "enough." The criterion of success is insatiable and the expectation level is without limits. Success demands are omnivorous. They devour every moment of his life. The cocktail party, the country club, the golf course, are not his private joys. He consumes liquor in order to consummate deals. Papa's condition, Herbert Marcuse characterizes as the "introjection of totalitarianism" into his daily business and leisure time. Papa is not Tevye. He is certainly not Hayim Topol. There is no song or dance in him. He does not speak with God. He is too spent for poetry, too drained for idealism. The world of ritual, the world of choreography, the world of wine and candles and spice box are all alien, nonutilitarian, nonprofitmaking domains. His life has been taken over by the values and ideals of the marketplace. He is no ogre. He knows no other way to express his fidelities, his Jewish loyalties, except to buy. And so he buys tickets, scholarships, raffles, bonds, membership; he buys his belonging, his believing and his behaving. He turns into "the alimony Jew," a man willing to support Judaism but refusing to live with it.

What can we rightly expect of this driven man? We have set upon the male figure, the father, the middle class mythology of masculinity. To be masculine in the middle class means to be independent, to be industrious, to be competitive, to be manipulative. Can we expect that on seeing the mezuzza he becomes transformed into a playful, warm, cooperative, poetic, husband and father? The home and the job make contradictory claims upon him. With all of the gifts of compartmentalization, he cannot leave his business or career back in the office. Man is not so

manipulable to be turned on and off. He remains torn between the demands of father and husband, and the demands of a middle-class male success. His split consciousness does not prepare him to be master of the house. He does not want the final word at home. He is psychologically drained. He may play the game of "pater familias" once in a while, ~~he~~ may bark out some orders but ~~of course~~ nobody is going to listen to him. To be listened to you have to invest time and patience and he has neither time nor patience. So he mutters his half-serious resentment that he gets no respect at home.

Papa <sup>grows</sup> ~~becomes~~ increasingly invisible and incomprehensible at home. To compensate, he is forever buying a father surrogate for his son or daughter: baby sitter, scout master, youth director, camp counsellor, piano teacher, karate expert, and the great electronic pacifier, TV in living technicolor. He also buys the Rabbi as father. In Professor Leonard Fein's recent study, "Reform is a Verb," the investigators sought to determine what the congregant regards as the outstanding quality for a good Rabbi. The respondents did not speak of the Rabbi's erudition, his ability to speak, his piety, but primarily of his capacity to relate to young people. Everybody wants a papa for his children. The child knows that he is condemned to living with an ersatz papa. Arnold Green, the distinguished social psychologist, maintains that the middle class child knows that he is unwanted, that he is an economic and psychic drain upon the family. Part of the scenario of the death of the family is the missing father.

## THE MAMA

But if the papa is too absent, the mama is too present. If the papa is too passive, the mama is too aggressive. How has the Jewish mama become so easily caricatured as a domineering, protective, semi-hysterical bearer of children, chicken soup and the extra sweater? How is it that she who is freer now than ever before, she who has been gifted with more kinds of labor-saving devices, more leisure and more affluence than ever before, has become so restless, so subject to brooding depressions?

Consider the built-in contradictions of the middle class female. For 15 years, from kindergarten through college, she has been exposed to the same intellectual experience to which the boys have been exposed. She has been exposed to mathematics, chemistry, physics, philosophy and art. With matrimony, it all drops away. She is expected to surrender her talents, her dreams, her unfulfilled potentiality because she is married. Every once in a while it may gnaw at her. What could she have been before she became Marjorie Morningstar.

She is married, free to find her contentedness through someone else. At the end of the day when her husband comes home, she is to be dressed cheerfully, answering the door chimes like Loretta Young, greeting her Garcia who come with a message from the outer world. But Garcia is too tired. He wants only a cigar and slippers.

Unmarried, she is a failure; married she has fulfilled mama's expectation. Mama says, "My son-the doctor," but "My daughter-the doctor's wife." Her glorious years, her best years, will be in pregnancy, when the children are two or three years old because

she is needed. When the children get older and enter the school years, she becomes the great family teamster. The perennial chauffeur, she is ever driving for the growth of others. When the children turn adolescent, a new crisis sets in. The adolescent child wants autonomy and mama needs purpose. The adolescent cries "Please mother, I'd rather do it myself" and the mother is petrified because she is psychologically unemployed. She has become a mutilated self. When the children outgrow her, she turns once again to the husband. His world is strictly off limits. It is like living with an atomic scientist, working at secret projects at Los Alamos. He will tell her nothing and she knows nothing. At funerals we Rabbis discover what it means for two people to live together without sharing anything. She knows shockingly little about his career or interests.

Her critical years are between 39 to 59. If one can speak of postpartum depression, one ought to speak of postparental depression as well. Without child care, what can she do? She can enter into what Veblen called the "occupation of ceremonial futility." She can wash, dust, mop, cook and make beds. But is that a job for a nice Jewish girl with a B.A.? The TV commercials have their fingers on the pulse of America. The commercials know the boredom and the frustration of the little home-maker. Betty comes in to share some coffee with Mary, who is delighted for the break from her pseudo-occupation. They talk and I often wonder what it is that they have to talk about. The detergent commercials and the instant dinners show the women smartly dressed and leaving home. Colonel Sanders has liberated her from the home.

But where does she go? The tragic elements of the middle-aged, middle class woman are analyzed by Professor Pauline Barth, Professor of Sociology and Psychiatry at the University of Illinois Medical Center. She notes that the Jewish woman more than any other ethnic group shares the highest degree of depression. You cannot expose a girl to her intellectual, esthetic and idealistic potentialities and then condemn her to a life of vicarious existence.

She has to live for everybody except herself. What is her success? Her success is the success of others. And so she becomes a nagging, demanding, driving woman. She becomes Minority Whip of the House. The middle class papa and mama of our times are not happy with their roles.

#### THE SON

How does the son fare? The son is caught in the trap of the nuclear family. The extended family has shriveled to two parental gods. There is no zayda, bubba, cousin, uncle or aunt around. Again we have been caught by the need to move up the ladder. If you move up, you have to move out. Vertical mobility requires horizontal mobility. The extended family becomes excessive baggage. We Americans move a lot. Toffler tells us of the average American who moves 14 times in his lifetime. Forty million Americans change their home address at least once a year. And so the son is left with nobody but two gods who absorb him with a personality of love.

With papa away most of the time, mama becomes the sole companion of the single child exercising her control. But the

control is not that of, let us say, the Polish family. There is no beating, no smacking the child. There is something more absorbing. No physical punishment is as powerful as the implicit threat of the withdrawal of love, the dread of "disappointing" the parental gods. Do you know what it means for a child who depends so much upon your love that you are disappointed in him? There is an old Jewish joke that asks, "how do you say 'disappointed' in Yiddish?" I have often wondered why they picked on that word. I suspect that it is because you do not say "disappointed." You do not say it with your mouth, nor with your hands. You say it with a look that terrorizes.

The middle class child is born into a competitive meritocracy. Everything is measured and tested, everything is compared from birth to death. Weight, height, intake, Silver Star, Gold Star, IQ. SAT, 3.5, 3.8, 4.0. From that innocent remark "Let my son play something for you" to the bribery of a dollar for every A that you bring home, there persists the relentless pressure to perform, to achieve, to excel. The child of the middle class has become precisely what Marshall Sklare describes as "a naches-producing machine."

David Reissman writes of the many failures of students who because they cannot be brilliant, deliberately or unconsciously fail so as to be relieved of the pressure. They will oversleep on examination day, or will not find time to prepare for it because they have found an excuse. If they had only prepared they would have been brilliant, outstanding. Is there any wonder that we hear about term papers and research papers

bought and sold on the academic black market. What would you not do not to avoid being a disappointment to your mother and your father. What if I am not brilliant. What if I cannot make 3.4 or 3.5, or 3.8 or 4.0. What if I am not academically gifted. Is quantitative measurement to be the criterion of my whole worth. What do you say about my kindness, my spontaneity. What do you say about my love, my unselfishness. I have yet to hear it said "My child is kind," unless the child is an academic failure. We are paying a severe price for the great performance of our children. I submit a significant factor in the increased drop-outs of Jewish young people from college, a large element in the appeal of meher baba and the Jesus people is the revolt against the exaggerated pressures upon the young to perform. An affective revolution that prefers feeling to performance, that prefers feeling to achievement, that prefers feeling to winning stands opposed to the academic and vocational pressures which ignore the idealism, passion and sensibilities of the young.

#### THE DAUGHTER

What of the daughter? What does she absorb from the atmosphere of the suburban matriarchy that we have described? Is the mother a proper model of what a wife and mother should be? Are the portraits of Philip Roth and Bruce J. Friedman correct? Has the middle class Jewish girl become Brenda Patemkin? In suburbia, Jewish girls are called J A P S, Jewish-American Princess. It means a girl who is spoiled, narcissistic, a demanding replica of her mother. Is this a true characterization? Professor Werner Cahnman, writing on the issue of inter-marriage, reports that

young Jewish men "feel oppressed by the expectations of the relentless pressure of obligations to which they will be subjected in the families of prospective Jewish spouses." He finds that they have a preference for gentile girls because with them they do not feel the great pressure to achieve in the marketplace and to remain docile at home. Professor Cahnman sounds a warning that Jewish girls learn to compete more efficiently. In my study when I speak to young people, Jewish boys often complain that Jewish girls are materialistic and demanding, and Jewish girls in turn complain that Jewish boys lack poetry.

#### A SECOND LOOK AT THE FAMILY

The family is an interdependent unit. The family is linked together so that if there is a stress upon one member of the family, it places a strain upon the other. Therefore, the kind of social typecasting that we thrust upon each other boomerangs upon us all. Let us return to the super-mother. As a child I remember that popular Yiddish song which made me cringe. I never understood my discomfort. The song was "Mein Yiddisha Momme." "How few were her pleasures. She never cared for fashion styles. Her jewels and treasures, she found them in her baby's smile. Oh, I know that I owe what I am today to that dear little lady so old and gray, to that wonderful Yiddisha momme, momme mine." I had no objection to the maudlin sentimentality of the lyrics. But something in this song frightened me. It placed a guilt upon me. I loved my mother too much to want her to deny her pleasures. Who asked her for such an awful altruism? Who asked her for such terrifying self-sacrifice? How easy that martyr role becomes an anxiety-producing love. To say "no" to mama became the greatest

betrayal imaginable.

In a study of the east European shtetel, Life is With People by Zbrowski and Herzog, a Jewish folk tale is retold which must have sent terror into the hearts of its listeners. A young man begs his mother for her heart in order to please his betrothed. Because she is a super-mother, she cuts out her heart and gives it to the young man who eagerly runs with it to his betrothed. He stumbles and the heart falls to the ground and is heard to cry out, "Did you hurt yourself, my son?" There is a mother and a mother-in-law with revenge.

I do not want to perpetuate that sick altruism upon my wife or upon my daughter. Normal altruism grows out of self-esteem else it turns into a perverted form of egoism which endangers us all. The Jewish woman must be freed from that confining role for her sake and for the sake of her family. Those women who cannot find fulfillment in the vicarious joys of others must be liberated from the household and the obsessional supervision of her children. Contrary to the argument that once she is "allowed" to express her potentialities outside the home, she will soon wear the pants in the family, the woman becomes aggressive at home because it is the only outlet for her competence.

To restructure her role as super-mother is a task not to be lightly undertaken. As we argued at our first meeting, love requires compassion and compassion means suffering. It has to cost something. When my wife goes to school or when she engages in serious organization commitments, my children and I may not expect dinner on the table on time. The menu may not be as varied

as before. The chores of the home will have to be shared with the husband and with the children. The family calendar will have to consider her life. If you love somebody, you want to see that person happy; and you cannot be happy unless and until you have expressed your potentialities.

The father too must be liberated. If we are to regain the father, then the pressures to have him achieve must be reduced even if it calls for a lower standard of living for the family. Morality aside, the middle-class is living psychically above its needs. We cannot afford the luxury of trading the family for material prosperity. What good are stolen moments of our vacations when they are bought by draining his psychic energy. If we free ourselves from the cultural mythology which defines the woman as dependent, gossipy and panicky, we must equally free ourselves from culturally perverse definition of masculinity. Who says that to be masculine means that you have no sensitivity, no feeling, no sense of dependence. Why are these the monopolistic traits of woman?

We have equally to free our sons from the grinding pressure to get into prestige universities, to carry his Phi Beta Kappa key, to "make it." We have to look at his affective life, to honor his character, to respect his sensibilities, to become aware of his spiritual needs.

#### MIDDLE CLASSISM IS NOT JUDAISM

Now, I speak mostly of the middle class because we Jews in America are overwhelmingly middle class. And while there are many compatibilities between middle class values and those of Judaism, we have reached the point where the conflict between the

two cannot be ignored. I do not mean to deny the advantages and the positive values of the middle class. We Jews have done exceedingly well with the emergence of the middle class in the 18th century. We are gifted with creative assimilation. We are like all other people, only more so. We emerged out of the aristocratic and feudal system of ascribed status in which you were measured by the social class or religion to which you belonged into a functional status in which the important question was what can you do within three generations, we managed to de-proletarianize ourselves. The values and ideals of the middle class may find support in the Judaic value system. But we must beware of the identifying middle classism with Judaism.

Intellectuality, worldiness and individualism are middle-class values which may be found in Judaism. Certainly Judaism encourages belief in intellectuality, in the rational mastery of the world. There is a confidence that the world can be transformed by knowledge and by effort. It is true that we have inherited from our tradition an essential meliorism which did not allow us to succumb to fatalism, to the decrees of destiny.

But Jewish intellectuality was attached to a moral purpose. There was always a moral teleology which informed Jewish rationality. When a Jew offered thanks to God for gracing him with knowledge and understanding, it was not for knowledge to become smart, to gain degrees, to accumulate wealth or fame. Jewish intellectuality was directed towards "maasim tovim," towards the practice of good deeds, towards the moral transformation of the world. The Rabbis compared learning which exceeded good deeds to trees with many branches and few roots. The Rabbis

warned that "He who occupies himself with study alone is as one who has no God." When the moral end of intelligence is cut off, we are left with a calculative intelligence. Our children are not opposed to wisdom. They are repelled by manipulative intelligence. I do not think that young people rebel because of the intellectual demands placed upon them. They are not indolent nor untalented people. They rebel against investing so much energy for such an amoral end. They are not that impressed with status homes, cars and vacations as are the children of the depression years. It is not anti-intellectualism they are manifesting, but the need for some superordinate cause to justify that kind of self-sacrifice. They are a post-holocaust generation who have seen how readily intellectuality may be prostituted for the most banal of ends. The German doctors and professors have taught them the amorality of knowledge and titles. Many young people are today concerned with the motivation and with the purpose of intellectuality. We must not blur the distinction between middle class smartness, calculative intelligence and Jewish moral intellectuality.

The same need for distinction applies to the worldliness of Judaism. We Jews celebrate life and the goodness of life. We have often heard cited that remarkable section in the Talmud yerushalmi which declares that in the end of our days we will have to account for all the permissible good things in this world which we did not enjoy. A related midrashic parable compares the denial of the joys of this world to an invited guest who sits at the banquet table touching nothing. Not to eat and drink is to shame the host. We who are guests in God's world insult the host by asceticism. But again, Jewish worldliness was always connected

with moral purpose. The earth is given to man means that he is responsible for its preservation and for its repair, for tikkum olam. This kind of this worldliness is of a different order from that of an exploitative materialism and hedonism; Jewish this-worldliness is not found in the catered culinary gorgies at Bar Mitzvahs and weddings and which are properly scorned by the popular writers of our generation. The prophetic this worldliness is radically different from the acquisitiveness and consumptionary styles associated with the middle class.

The same applies to the values of individualism. I need not belabor the point that from Sodom and Gemorrah and throughout our history the dissent of the individual against any authority that claims infallibility for itself is celebrated. The recent exchange between Golda Meier and the Papal head of Rome, was the most recent exemplification of that wonderful religious audacity, that wonderful kind of religious individualism which would not allow this Jewish leader to be humbled by Pope or prince. Again, that Jewish individualism is not the same as the manifestations of middle class individualism we are experiencing. Jewish individualism is attached to a moral community. Golda Meier's individualism was concerned with the defense of the community whereas the individualism fostered by middle class values is concerned with privatism, egoism, and the supremacy of the self beyond the community. In our last lecture we will detail the corrosive effect of such privatizing individualism.

Much of the stress and strain we have been discussing in family life are perversions of Judaic values. Love, individualism, industry and intellectuality are ambiguous and ambivalent energies.

We Jews of the middle class have been blessed by bilaam. According to a number of rabbinic commentaries, the maledictions of bilaam were turned into benedictions, but ironically those benedictions turned later into curses. We are wisely admonished. The blessing of affluence can be to us a curse. The power of love and industry and intellectuality are double-edged swords. We need the warmth and value orientation of the Jewish family. We need its stability so that we and our children are not swept before the maelstrom of an overly-competitive, depersonalizing middle-class culture.

But the Jewish family cannot act as a selective principle, discriminating the kernel from the husk of middle class values, until it becomes internally sound. To preserve the Jewish family requires a reappraisal of the roles superimposed upon its members and of the values of Judaism which have been twisted out of shape.

It will require collective intelligence and courage to live against the grain of middle classism. We have history on our side. In eras of violence, we Jews did not shed blood. In environments of illiteracy, our people read and wrote. Amidst drunkenness, we remained sober without vows of abstinence. Surrounded by murder and suicide, we cherished the sanctity of life. Now, in a society riddled with mindless materialism, purposeless pressure, joyless hedonism and loneliness, we can restructure the family.

But it cannot be done alone. No family is an island entire of itself. Familism, the retreat of individuals into the insularity of their individual families, is counter-productive. For

familism is another form of sterile narcissism. The traditional Jewish family's strength lay in its rootedness in community. Without the value support of that sub-community, the Jewish family could not have managed to live against the grain of mass society.

The interdependence of the Jewish family and the Jewish community brings us to our concluding lecture. The therapy of the lost individual of whom we spoke in our first lecture, depends upon the solidity of the family whose character is informed by the community of faith to which it belongs. We turn next to the Synagogue community and its therapeutic role.