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132 Greveland St.  
Springfield, Mass. 01108

August 10, 1976

Dear Rabbi Lamm,

Ruth and I were delighted (almost) at the news of your becoming president of Yeshivah University. I say "almost" because I know how administrative responsibilities can cut into one's time and energies and detract from one's teaching and scholarly (and in your case, rabbinical and homiletic) pursuits. Nevertheless, Yeshivah University, and especially its students and faculty, will be the real beneficiary of your new appointment; I only hope that the enrichment of Yeshivah U. will not lead to the impoverishment of the rabbinate and the world of scholarship. In any event, congratulations and our very best wishes for a successful tenure as president (I wish we had as good a person running for the presidency of our country).

Excuses for not answering one's correspondence always sound limp, but sometimes in this life we have to limp along as best we can. If I am guilty of epistolary neglect, at least it is benign, but I do apologize, especially since when I resurrected your previous letter this week, I also came across the "hand-outs" that you enclosed -- Shelley's "Dear Master of the Universe" and "The Master's" masterful response, and "To a Hundred and Twenty?" Yes, we definitely would appreciate your continuing sending us your "hand-outs," which we don't regard as "hand-outs" but as gifts.

I also went back to your many reprints and to the correspondence we have managed to maintain for these last eighteen (significant number, that eighteen) years, and besides renewing pleasant reflections, it made me sad to realize how rarely we've had the chance to see you. Our visits to N.Y. are very infrequent (maybe once a year, primarily on family business) and yours to Springfield are understandably even more infrequent. Perhaps we can, at some not too distant date, arrange a mutually convenient time and place; it is a consummation devoutly to be wished (as Shakespeare would say).

Once again, Ruth joins me in sending congratulations and extending to you and Mindy our warmest wishes.

Cordially,

*Thien*

P.S. I thought you might be interested in this poem by Rabindranath Tagore. Despite his Indian and non-Talmudic background, I feel he would be very much at home in the Talmud -- especially the Aggadah.

I slept and dreamt  
That life was joy  
I awoke and saw

That life was duty  
I acted and beheld  
Duty was joy.