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Transcribed by Kara Kralik 06/02/2020

May 1st 1945

New Hebrides

Dear Ones,

As I wrote the date it occurred to me that today is the 8th anniversary of my Bar Mitzvah. How well I recall those bicycle rides to Cumberland Avenue and my lessons with Rabbi [Modes].

All the excitement of the preparation - next best thing to a wedding, I imagine! I can remember that Friday evening services went off alright [*sic*] - I didn't miss too many cues!- and the next day, standing on the Bima, reciting my little speech which must have had many faults although it took as its theme the idea of a "sacrifice without blemish," I can remember that although I tried to look all around, I could see only you, Mother - I guess it has always been that way, my looking to you and to the home which you and Daddy have made for Helen Barbara and me. In everything I say or do or think can be seen your mold and your influence and your guidance. That is my greatest blessing.

And it is my wish for you and Daddy on Mother's Day this year, which like 8 years ago, marks my entry into the responsibilities of maturity and manhood, that I may be able to prove in my every thought and action that I have deserved you, my parents.

All my love,

Sumner