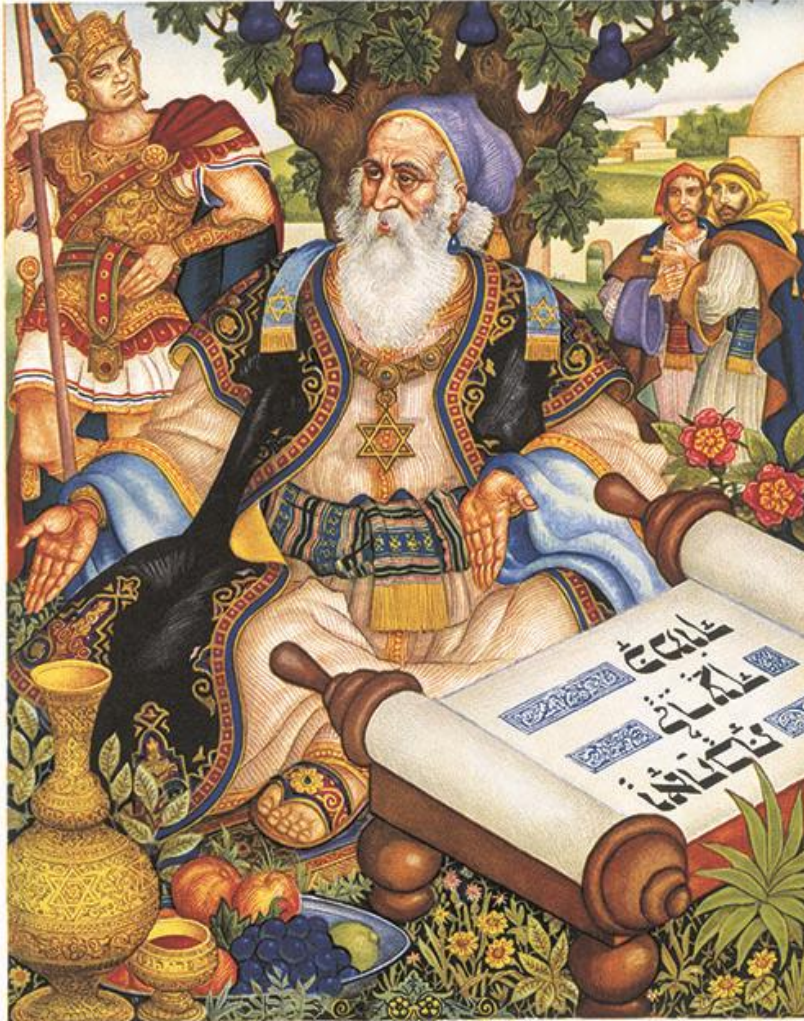


**2017 Sabbatical Project on the Hebrew Language: My Adventure in learning, remembering, and teaching (1959-2018).**



**This folder contains reflections by Prof. Bill Huntley about the years of learning the Hebrew Language, then remembering it for a decade, and finally some memories he has recalled of teaching as found in his scrapbooks, the *La Letra* yearbooks, notes written in the margins of the Hebrew Scriptures, and in emails and correspondences with former students over the 40 years.**

**The image to the left was an enduring inspiration of Rabbi Hillel sharing his summary of the Jewish Faith, apparently not only to two Jewish men, but to a Roman Centurion as well, thanks to Arthur Szyk.**

Hadassah Magazine 500 × 610 Search by image  
Justice Illuminated: The Art of Arthur Szyk

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Before this class began as I was pondering in the summer something new to add to the format of the Hebrew language course, I decided to keep the Simon et al *First Hebrew Primer* as the main textbook but to also use the Jacobs *Hebrew for Dummies* even though there were no Israelis to help me this semester, but that was wise because two first year students with strong backgrounds in Hebrew signed up and much preferred the non-Biblical focus of Jacobs.

Meanwhile I found a book review in the in January of Yehuda Amichai a famous Israeli poet:

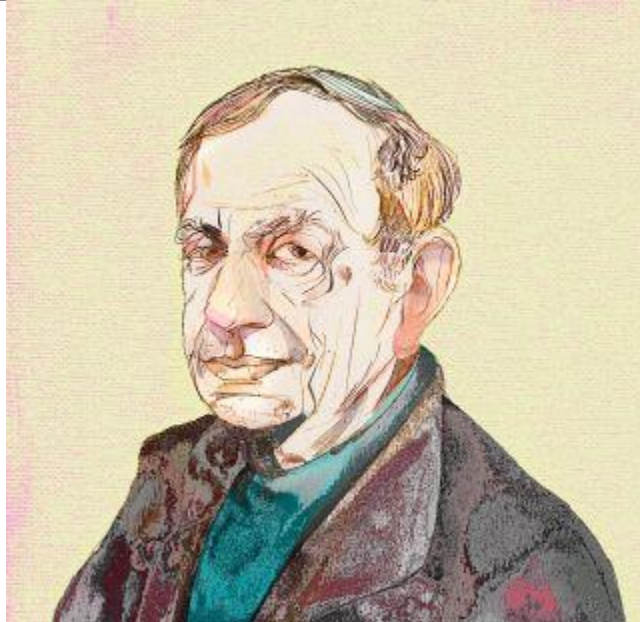
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# LIKE A PRAYER

*The poetry of Yehuda Amichai.*

By [James Wood](#)



Amichai's prevailing tone is direct, open, simple, hospitable, sensuous, witty. Illustration by Riccardo Vecchio; Source: ULF Andersen / Getty

“When we encounter a natural style, Pascal says, we are surprised and delighted, because we expected to find an author and instead found a man. Yehuda Amichai, who died in 2000, at the age of seventy-six, and is still Israel’s most celebrated poet, possesses that natural style: a human being speaks, in frequencies audible to all..” JAMES WOOD

So I sought and found a poem of his to use, thereby updating the 20 times teaching mostly Biblical Hebrew to a new level by adding a text by a 20<sup>th</sup> Century poet, who captured a strong Jewish memory of the meaning of ancient texts: **A Poem by Yehuda Amichai - All the Generations before Me**

Students of biblical Hebrew benefit from reading poetry by Yehuda Amichai. The Hebrew of the poem presented below will be intelligible to anyone with an elementary grasp of classical (biblical + rabbinic) Hebrew and at least a smattering of modern Hebrew. Amichai's language is rich in biblical and rabbinic allusions. The translation I offer is indebted to that of Harold Schimmel, but goes its own way on several occasions.

כל הדורות שלפני תרמו אותי  
קמעה קמעה כדי שאוקם כאן בירושלים  
בבת אחת, כמו בית תפילה או מוסד צדקה  
זה מחייב. שמי הוא שם תורמי  
זה מחייב.

All the generations before me donated me  
bit by bit so I might be erected here in Jerusalem  
all at once, like a house of prayer or a foundation for charity.  
It binds. My name is my donors' name.  
It binds.

אני מתקרב לגיל מות אבי.  
צואתי מטלאת בהרבה טלאים,  
אני צריך לשנות את חיי ואת מותי  
יום יום כדי לקים את כל הנבואות  
שניבאו אותי שלא יהיו שקר.  
זה מחייב.

I am approaching the age when my father died.  
My will is patched with a surfeit of patches,  
I must change my life and my death  
day by day and so fulfill all the prophecies  
they prophesied about me. So they do not become a lie.  
It binds.

עברתי את שנת הארבעים. יש  
משרות שבהן לא יקבלו אותי  
בשל כך. אלו הייתי באושוויץ,  
לא היו שולחים אותי לעבד,  
היו שורפים אותי מיד.  
זה מחייב.

I've passed the age of forty. There are  
jobs for which they will not take me  
on that account. If I were in Auschwitz,  
they would not have sent me out to labor,  
they would have instantly fed me to the flames.  
It binds.

יהודה עמיחי

Yehuda Amichai

The West runs the risk of becoming a “cut-flower” civilization. Its flower is the patient growth of the soil in which the plant was rooted for more than two millennia, yet violent forces have well-nigh succeeded in uprooting the plant and placing it in a vase filled with water spiked with a chemical to maintain a false freshness. The apparent elixir of youth works like magic. Yet it lasts but a day. Then the flower will die.

Jacques Ellul, a French philosopher, spoke of the forces of cultural self-hatred, and the intellectual stance that cheers them on, as *Trahison de l'Occident* “betrayal of the West.” On the other side, it is undeniable that apologists of tradition have given tradition a bad name. The result is the following: today the one who claims that the cultural edifice on which the West was built, from Socrates to Seneca, from Moses to Moses, from Genesis to Revelation, from Homer to Dante, from Aristophanes to Shakespeare, from Philo to Kant, is like solid rock, in comparison to which all other ground is shifting sand, seems like a voice crying in the wilderness.

Western tradition is forward-looking by nature; biblical tradition in particular has an eschatological focus. In the Bible, Zion is over and over again the locus of fulfillment of the most exalted promises. For good reason, one passage, Isaiah 2:2-4, rings a bell with almost every literate person. Others, like Isa 35:1-11 and 40:1-11, describe a return to Zion, have impressed themselves on the consciousness of generations of believers, and led eventually to the re-establishment of the Jewish people in that very place. Psalms 46 and 48 are among the most beloved celebrations of a place of cult in all of world literature.

The contrast, then, between Jerusalem as we know it and Jerusalem as we wish it sears the heart like a hot iron. The fundamental structure of this experience, sometimes referred to as cognitive dissonance, is typical of life and of religious life in particular. It is not just about ideas. It is about people who brought us to where we are. The poem by Yehuda Amichai presented above is comprehensible to Jews and

Christians alike – for that matter, by all human beings – and connected without difficulty to like examples of cognitive dissonance at the intersection of history and individual experience.

Vocalized Text

כָּל־הַדּוֹרוֹת שֶׁלִּפְנֵי תָרְמוּ אוֹתִי  
קִמְעָה קִמְעָה כְּדֵי שְׂאוּקֶם כָּאֵן בִּירוּשָׁלַיִם  
בְּבֵת אַחַת, כְּמוֹ בֵּית תְּפִלָּה אוֹ מוֹסַד צְדָקָה  
זֶה מְחַיֵּב. שְׁמִי הוּא שֵׁם תּוֹרְמִי.  
זֶה מְחַיֵּב.

All the generations before me donated me  
bit by bit so I might be erected here in Jerusalem  
all at once, like a house of prayer or a foundation for charity.  
It binds. My name is my donors' name.  
It binds.

אֲנִי מִתְקַרֵּב לְגִיל מוֹת אָבִי.  
צְנֹאתִי מְטִלֶאת בְּהֶרְבֵּה טְלָאִים,  
אֲנִי צָרִיךְ לְשַׁנּוֹת אֶת־חַיֵּי וְאֶת מוֹתִי  
יוֹם יוֹם כְּדֵי לְקַיֵּם אֶת־כָּל־הַנְּבוּאוֹת  
שֶׁנִּבְּאוּ אוֹתִי שֶׁלֹּא יִהְיֶה שְׁקָר.  
זֶה מְחַיֵּב.

I am approaching the age when my father died.  
My will is patched with a surfeit of patches,  
I must change my life and my death  
day by day and so fulfill all the prophecies  
they prophesied about me. So they do not become a lie.  
It binds.

עֲבַרְתִּי אֶת־שְׁנַת הָאָרְבָּעִים. יֵשׁ  
מִשְׁרוֹת שֶׁבִּהְיוֹ לֹא יִקְבְּלוּ אוֹתִי  
בְּשֵׁל כֶּה. אֱלֹהֵי הַיִּיטִי בְּאוֹשְׁוִיץ,  
לֹא הָיוּ שׁוֹלְחִים אוֹתִי לְעֵבֶד,  
הָיוּ שׁוֹרְפִים אוֹתִי מִיָּד.  
זֶה מְחַיֵּב.

I've passed the age of forty. There are jobs for which they will not take me on that account. If I were in Auschwitz, they would not have sent me out to labor, they would have instantly fed me to the flames. It binds.

הַיְהוּדָה עֲמִיחַי

For other poems by Amichai in Hebrew and in translation, see Yehuda Amichai, *Poems of Jerusalem and Love Poems, A Bilingual Edition* (Riverdale-on-Hudson: Sheep Meadow Press, 1992). Harold Schimmel's translation of the poem above is on p. 3.

When the fall semester started, there were 10 students. After mid-term there were seven.



Beyle, Vanessa D.



Huster, Ella S.



Kuroff, Alexandra J.  
(Allie)



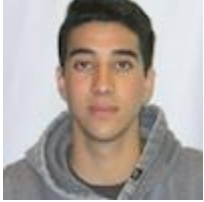
La Rue, Zachery R.

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Levy, Arie A.



Shalom, Omer M.



Wiens St John, Erin S.

---

Erin's self eval included the following comment:

I very much enjoyed taking Hebrew this year. I spent at least half an on Hebrew each day, for most of the semester, going through a chapter each week. I am somewhat conversant in Biblical Hebrew as a result, and have begun to read the Book of Ruth with some help. In addition, I undertook as my final project a twelve-line story about myself and my life. Each week, I have tested my writing and pronunciation with a native Hebrew speaker, who has affirmed my progress and helped me make corrections. I have attended nearly every Tuesday Hebrew session, and I have enjoyed playing around with the language with Bill and my class mates

Her comments gave clarity to what the class was all about.

She was in the early afternoon session with Allie Kuroff and Vanessa Beyle, all of whom made great progress in the pursuit of Ruth until the arrival in Bethlehem. The three some challenged each other and kept up with other, giving each other a sense of a very small class, almost like Oxford tutorials that a couple of them are planning to experience in their junior year. Their abilities will carry them far.

Ella, Zach, Omer, and Arie spent their afternoons mostly with the Jacobs Hebrew for Dummies which gave more focus on modern encounters of Hebrew expressions. They stimulated each other, for each brought different talents. Zach had a background in Spanish; Arie and Omer in Hebrew growing up and speaking Hebrew at home, and Ella was like my TA keeping track as to what all of us were doing and saying. She was also in the Hebrew Scriptures class, so often she made comments that took us back to the Biblical sense of things, as opposed for example to

trying learn as many birds as we could do, ones from ancient times and more modern ones as well.



In the same class is our sophomore Vanessa Beyle just to the left of Rabbi Jay Sherwood during our class trip to the Temple Emanuel in Redlands.



To Vanessa Behle's left is Alli Kuroff with her hands in her pockets.

Towards the end of the class, I tried to show of the moods of the Hebrew language around what we called "the story of the chicken". The *Qal* means "I ate a chicken".

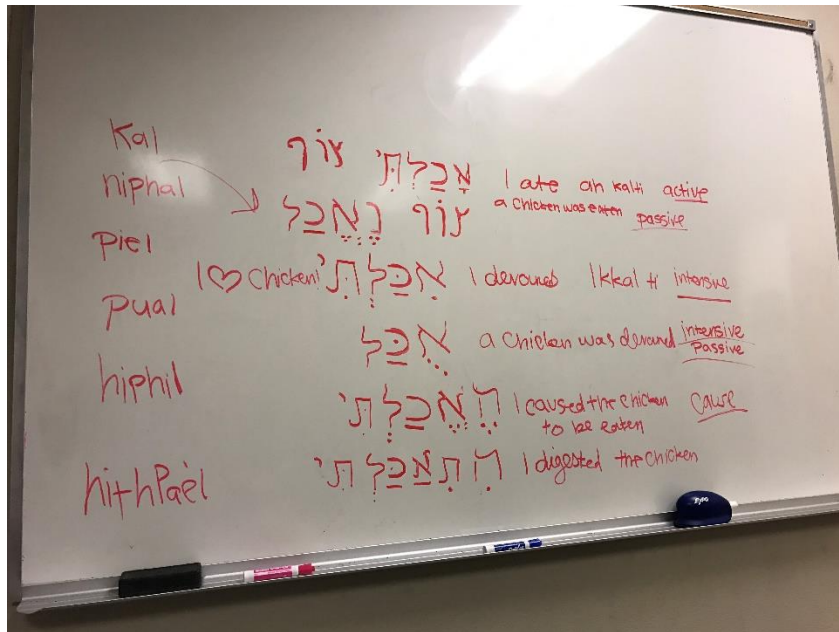
The *Niphal* means "a chicken was eaten".

The *Piel* means "I devoured a chicken".

The *Pual* means "a chicken was devoured" as the intensive passive.

The *HiPHeI* means "I cause a chicken to eat"

The *HiTHPa'el* means "I digested the chicken myself."



The students in this class seemed to enjoy writing this illustration of “chicken eating” more than I had expected.

Zach’s reflection on the course is as follows:

“LaRue, Zachery

Fri 1/6/2017 11:25 AM

To:

Huntley Jr, Bill;

Hebrew Class was interesting, and to me incredibly rewarding. While the structure was a bit eclectic, it concentrated heavily on assuring every student was confident when they took up the pen in order to write the aleph-beyt. Hebrew letters have a certain mystique to them, whether it is due to the strange knack for writing right to left, or possibly that the letters have remained largely unchanged for hundreds of years, or even the idea that numerical values exist in each letter, the act of writing in Hebrew is itself, a struggle. Yet even though it must have been frustrating, to have to repeat the letter and the vowels over and over again, Professor Huntley always remained cheerful and patient with all of his students (at least the four that were in the class ). My favorite experience was when we went to Temple and got to not only hear the Hebrew Language, but also see it, attempt to read it, and even attempt to read it. A tenant of anthropology is to learn about a culture by becoming immersed in it, and such an experience created a deep seated appreciation not only for the class, but also for the professor who so kindly teaches it.”

My fondest memory is captured in the image below:

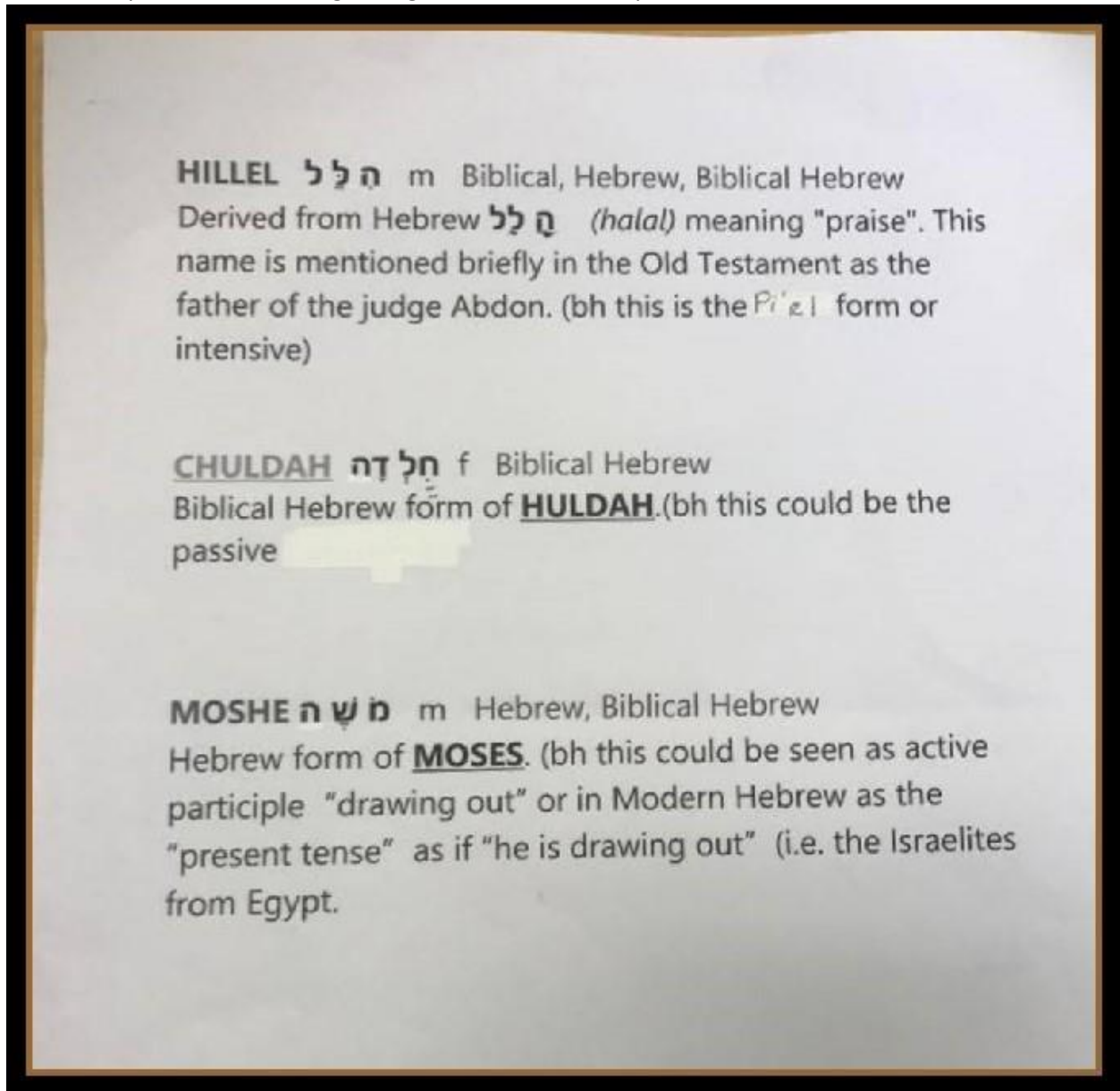
Also in the May term 2016 while I was teaching in Salzburg with 12 students we went to the Jewish Synagogue. I looked again at a picture of a Holocaust survivor and found four students with me that day had studied Hebrew with me. On the left with glasses was Michael Trobisch from the 2003 Hebrew Class. Also on the back row is Cierra smiling and just two persons to the right from Michael. Then I saw Hannah with glasses on the back row, now a senior Math major in Redlands., and finally on the for right with a green shirt is Chris McAffie from the 2015 spring class, now at Wake Forest Seminary in North Carolina



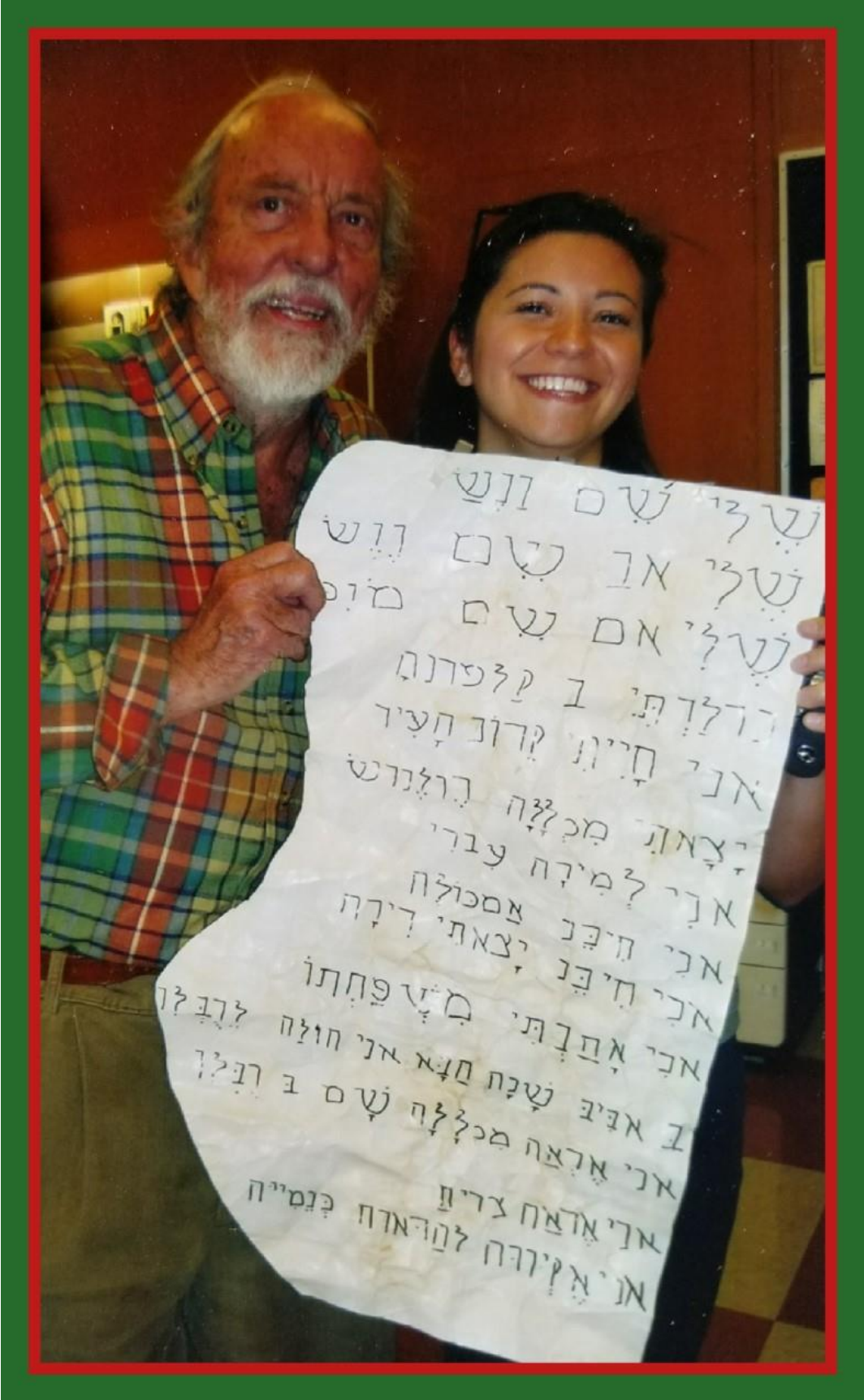
Here is the most important photo of May 2016 of the Jewish Synagogue in Salzburg with the 103 year old man who outlived the Nazis, even after being in 4 concentration camps. My students were much moved by him.

- Dr. Bill Huntley

So I came up with another image using Biblical names to capture the moods:



The stories that each student was to compose took on a special dimension as they were submitted. For example here Vanessa seemed to be inspired by the leather documents from the Dead Sea Scrolls and sought to make her story look very old.



שְׁלֵי שֵׁם וְנֶשֶׁ  
 שְׁלֵי אֵב שֵׁם וְנֶשֶׁ  
 שְׁלֵי אֵם שֵׁם מִזֶּס  
 הַדְּלֵדֵתִי בַּקְּלֶפְתָּנָה  
 אֲנִי חֵיִוֹן קְרוֹן חָעִיר  
 יֵצֵאתִי מִכְּלֵה הַרְלֹנְדֶשׁ  
 אֲנִי לְמִדָּה עֵבֶרִי  
 אֲנִי חֵיִבֵּן אֶמְסַכְּלֶה  
 אֲנִי חֵיִבֵּן יֵצֵאתִי לִירֵחַ  
 אֲנִי חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן  
 אֲנִי חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן  
 אֲנִי חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן  
 אֲנִי חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן  
 אֲנִי חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן חֵיִבֵּן

Two students in the class came with a strong background in Modern Hebrew, from families in which Hebrew was spoken and from visits to Israel. They learned for the first time, it seemed, to point the compositions they wrote by putting in the vowels. Here is an example of Omer Shalom's efforts. He also took the class in order to earn the LAF credit for a modern language, so he wrote the following paragraph, which I signed and took to Prof Frank Bright as chairman of the Modern Language Department, who proudly told me that both his daughters had had the *Bas Mitzva* ceremony and liked the study of Hebrew. Here is the form signed and sealed below:]



## **Conclusion:**

**As I conclude my Sabbatical project “An Adventure, learning remembering and teaching Hebrew” about where and with whom I learned Hebrew I want to thank the various scholars with whom I studied in those graduate school years, the hundreds of students who stimulated my mind and soul, the colleagues in my department, the deans, the VPAAAs, and presidents, some of whom knew I was teaching this somewhat unusual course in Hebrew Language and especially now for the gift of time to reflect and revive my spirit. I wish to thank my two brothers, Reid and Betts, for reading and making suggestions. Also my daughter Kimberley used her skills photographing many images.**

**In June as the last chapters were being written about Teaching Hebrew in the last 5 years, I happened to read a review of “Baywatch” which appeared this week in the Krikorian Theatre in Redlands and found that one adept character named “Ronnie Greenbaum” played by Jon Bass who was very good with computers was asked where he acquired his skills replied, “In Hebrew School!” Somehow those three words gave me a sense of what I had been writing about for 6 months. My first “Hebrew School” was in Princeton, although 30 years passed before I got a computer.**

**The process of trying to remember the elements I learned in graduate school was greatly facilitated by the fascination I have always had for Hebrew, and often I kept much of the work I did all those many years ago.**

**During my reflections over the course of the spring and summer of 2017, I realized that all I learned was in a context with other people; at Princeton in 1959 I was inspired by Charles Titsworth who shared his sense of music, which made the Hebrew vowels easier to remember, because he cast each as a musical note on various instruments from a flute to a tuba. No word from him in a decade, so perhaps he is performing in the Heavenly Stage now!**

**Next I remembered many of the teachers and fellow students in Europe who were of invaluable aid to me, as they made study of Hebrew in theological contexts as among the most interesting of subjects I had ever studied and gave it international importance with sometimes varied pronunciations. It was as especially true at Edinburgh where I experienced the excitement of exchanges in the “digs” with Scots, English, and other Americans**

**As the summer comes to an end, the days are getting shorter and cooler, so this Sabbatical project of where and when I learned Hebrew, how I managed to remember it, and finally what I actually taught and who my students were is coming to an end.**

**My biggest surprise is how many of the students I remembered and managed to find a way to connect. Alas, I could not remember all of them, and so the project remains open ended as more emerge with class reunions, Facebook links, and sudden flashes in the night as I recall yet another.**

**The research conducted was somewhat unusual in scholarly inquiry, for I looked in my scrapbooks finding pictures, assignments, projects, and especially the books I had used and inscribed words, comments and sketches. I also discovered I have 40 different yearbooks from the U. of R. entitled *La Letra* which had pictures of most of the students I had taught. Their youthful pictures inspired me with journeys back into our past. These journeys of memory took place as I was driving, eating, even sleeping over the last seven months.**

**I sometimes remembered the students who signed up to take Hebrew in the different settings in which the class was taught such as Larsen Hall, the School of Education, the Commons for breakfast, or the 2011 Etz Hadar Congregation on Texas Street. Often we went on field trips to Temple Emanuel in San Bernardino and later when it moved to Redlands for *Shabbat* or *Purim*. Friday night dinners with Hillel, or field trips with Dr. Lillian Larsen and Dr. Arlette Poland to Temple Isaiah in Palm Springs were special events with strong memories.**

**I was pleased to see that my reflections over the semester allowed me to see that four rabbis were of great help in my teaching of Hebrew, especially Rabbi Hillel Cohn. But Rabbi Len Zukrov taught one semester with me on campus and responded this summer with zest. Rabbi Jay Sherwood was most engaging here in the Congregation in Redlands and will be missed as he moved to Colorado. Finally Rabbi Jonathan Sacks from London sat with me for an evening in Venice in the synagogue and at dinner. Moreover, I got to meet Prof. Jacob Neusner who came from Florida as a speaker on campus and Ambassador Abba Eban who came as well, giving ongoing inspiration through his *Heritage, Civilization and the Jews* VHS productions.**

**When I managed to get some email addresses of graduates from the last ten years, or former Johnston students on Facebook, I was pleased; and they did not come all together, but in January, February, March, April, May, June and still July some keep coming. Several students were eager to respond, some even came to campus or sent me pictures, and in June Mara Block came from Boston to visit her folks and brought a bundle of documents which she had saved from our 2005-6 class that showed just what we had done not only in the reading of the Book of Ruth but also of Job.**

**Three students who responded did so because I had also taught their parents, making this journey of memory seem wonderfully long and more than just a one semester Sabbatical project. The opportunity to teach Jewish students at the University was both delightful and inspiring. To have some go to rabbinical seminaries made me proud; and to have others be willing to try to write the Masoretic vowels sometimes brought a challenge. Several of my students of Hebrew were later ordained in Protestant denominations as Methodist, Presbyterian, and Unitarian Universalist pastors or “elders”, and they made it seem that my effort to teach them Hebrew would live on in them.**

**As I began to collect and write, I found an old volume of *Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding at a yard sale and started reading it. Soon it seemed to have an effect upon me, for Fielding wrote about Tom’s teachers, his coming-of-age, his travels in UK and especially his**

romantic longing. Often Fielding shared some comments about political events of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century in England and especially London. Fielding included the costs of many things, in pounds and shillings. I decided to do so in dollars for my readers. I sometimes like Fielding I felt an intimacy with my imagined readers about a particular topic or verb, which I then tried to preserve as I “talked” to my readers, sometimes with a whisper and sometimes with verbs that suggested a shout or exclamation. So I acknowledge here a tribute to Fielding who made me alert to my readers, where something happened, how long it took to complete, how much it cost and who all was involved. Thanks, Henry Fielding, for making this booklet more fun to write, even if I often lacked a clear plot which *Tom Jones* had. But like the character “Tom Jones” I have been on a very long journey which has lasted from 1957 when I bought my first Hebrew Grammar and an inspiring pamphlet in an Oxford bookstore, which I still possess today

So thanks also to you “dear readers”, for “travelling with me” from the “I like IKE” era to the “I fear Trump” one. Recently I realized that Fielding would have used some political cartoons as the editor of a book on him did with an image of an 18<sup>th</sup> parade. So I went to the Armacost Library and found some *Time* covers that seemed to capture a moment in my memory of what a US President looked like, thus giving a contest sometime to the flashbacks in the past about learning, remembering and teaching Hebrew. I even found Karl Barth had made the cover as well, but none of my Hebrew teachers did.

As I looked back at student compositions over the decades in Redlands, I smiled as I remembered the first time I asked a class to write the “Oct Tamale” in Hebrew consonants and vowels. I smiled again when I saw the pictures of Luke Diggle and Abby Bowers with the toy animals, holding them up and pretending that the little animals could now speak Hebrew, and most of all I realized that to ask students to write their own autobiographies even if brief provides a lasting legacy of works in progress.

At the end, I must confess that even after 60 years, I am not fluent in Hebrew. In German language study it took only three years to be able to have developed and ongoing conversation; and after many

**trips to Japan and three years in classrooms, I can talk about everything I saw, ate, or was confused at the end of any day. But I studied Hebrew for 6 years, and the best I could do in speaking was one afternoon in Jerusalem, when meeting a recently arrived Russian, I could converse for about one hour at a bus stop and a ride together as to where we came from, what we were hoping to see tomorrow. I could not have given a lecture in Hebrew at any university there. BUT there has always been a kind of magical “unknown” about Hebrew. While in high school in two different temples hearing rabbis reading or cantors chanting, I was “hooked” and when I took the first course in 1959, I knew I never wanted to stop hearing or reading the ancient texts. Later I got interested in the history of the Hebrew language, the relationship to Aramaic or the shared roots as in Arabic. The poetry of Yehuda Amichai, the art of Chagal and Arthur Szyk, and the melody of “Hebrew Love Songs” sung by the U. of R. Music School singers gave me the chance to love the culture on different levels. When I discovered that “Tom Jones” would inspire my compositions after buying that book in January of this year, I remembered that I had seen the film while in Graduate School at Duke; and when I learned that my favorite author of a Genesis commentary, Robert Alter, had published what looks like a Ph. D. thesis entitled *Fielding and the Nature of the Novel* through the Harvard Press in 1968, I took to reading Tom Jones almost every day as if to capture an exciting journey as I tried to write this my amazing journey of my own.**

**This semester seems to have invoked a discipline of spirituality as an almost religious pilgrimage back into my past. One of my brothers called this project, a “veiled autobiography”; but it has been more than that, as I remembered the inspirations brought by a very diverse group of professors in Scotland, Germany, and in America, but especially I owe a debt to Hebrew Language teachers, all of whom are now dead.**

**But the reflections this spring and summer caused me to rejoice as I realized that I learned just as much from the almost 200 students who gave me inspiration to continue teaching Hebrew here for 40 years. All of my students of Hebrew were SPECIAL and somehow especially memorable. Perhaps it was the fact that classes were**

small. But there was often an excitement in the process of learning Hebrew. The students were inspiring as they caused me to learn new words, to remember grammar which might have been forgotten, and to look under different “stones” to see into the past. Each was to me somewhat like a “kindergarten student”, who learned a new alefbet in the first weeks, then learned to write from right to left, and how to make vowels in a new way by “hanging” them from the bottoms of characters, or how to double a character by putting a “dot” called a *DaGeSH* in the middle of a character, or another “dot” called a *HoLeM* over a *Vav*. Soon students could put the characters together in words and the words became sentences, and by the end of a semester the students could write a story about their own lives from birth or their beginnings *BeReSHiTH* all in the perfect tense, through the present expression of using the participles to capture something they were still doing such as walking *HoLeK* or *HoLeKeTH*, depending upon their gender. All the students were to end the story as what they might expect to happen in some future time with the imperfect as *eZKoR* “I will remember....”

As I assembled their homework or tests, I removed anything that resembled a number grade; but often I thought to myself, “Their handwritten documents were better than any I included in my own handwriting”. Thereby I felt successful, for some of my students could have been scribes in ancient times, and all of them could express themselves in a fresh new way with the Hebrew letters, often more readable than what they might have written in English.

Sometimes their work may have seemed “incomplete” but in every case it was something actually submitted, and I retained it for reasons I did not always know, so I can now affirm these compositions are still in the process of being completed, especially in the attempts of all to write a “story” in Hebrew. Thus I am suggesting, all the work is open to revision and updating, as I sent to students what I was to include in this Sabbatical Project, I told them I would allow them to revise what they wrote as long as I live. But I will not change the grade, for the grades now are NOT the purpose of this booklet.

