
know who these are: about 90% of the Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza supported the recent Intifada.

And just in what direction would we "coercedly transfer" these two million Arabs? To Jordan, to Egypt, to Syria? And would these countries supinely accept our dumping all these people on their borders? Or would they react with military force?

Reichel says that those Arabs who were not expelled would live under Israeli jurisdiction, not with rights equal to those of the Jews but with rights "above those accorded to most Arabs in most Arab countries". In other words, they would be second-class citizens but would still be better off than most Arabs in most Arab countries.

This is the same as saying that in America one should give blacks less than equal rights with whites, because they would still have more rights than the blacks do in Haiti or Sudan or Angola.

Robert Alberg
Tel Aviv, Israel

♥ Endthoughts ♥

Incident in Jerusalem

Sarah Magid

The city is Jerusalem, Israel. A charming city with high stone walls and thousands of shops lining the narrow streets. And I've never seen so many people! Walking, talking, laughing, praying; it's all in the people of Jerusalem. It was a beautiful spring day in May of 1992. The sky was blue and everything was peaceful. My class from the Anglican School was in high spirits as we walked

from school to the Old City for Jerusalem Studies class. The Anglican School is a private school attended by Jews, Arabs and Christians from all parts of the world. I walked with my best friend and some other kids as well. We approached the stoplight just a siren went off.

The day was Israeli Memorial Day, a day to remember the Jews killed in the Israeli-Arab wars. When the siren goes off on this day, everyone, even drivers, stop and stand in silence for a few minutes of memorial. Suddenly, the peace evaporated and thick tension took its place. We were no longer just friends laughing and joking together. We were rivals. The Jews against the Arabs. The Arab kids didn't want to stop out of respect. We stood in stony silence for the few minutes of the siren. Then we went on our way but the feeling of hate did not leave us. As we walked on, we argued. "Why should we show respect for someone who killed our people?" the Arab kids asked angrily. "And why shouldn't you show respect for all the Jews that died?" the Jewish kids demanded. Our friendship and unity as a class had been replaced with hate, anger and timeless grudges.

Then my friend, my open-minded best friend, who always knew what to say, said something I'll never forget. She stepped between the feuding groups and looked at all her friends and classmates. "Stop it. All of you. I don't want to hear any more about this. Just remember: there is only one race. The Human Race." And with that she stepped back, sat down and continued eating her lunch, oblivious to the impact of her words.

Kids looked at one another and smiled sheepishly. We were friends again and the incident was soon forgotten. But I will never forget those words she spoke and the importance of them. They are something that needs to be remembered for life. Because we need to keep together the most important race. The one that includes us all. The Human Race. □

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