

Friday Evening Message – 7 August 2020

Recent moments that have brought me pride and hope

Pride

The recent controversy over the anti-Semitic rants on Twitter of the grime artist Wiley briefly captured the headlines about a week ago. Once again, we Jews were cast as the arch manipulators, the puppeteers, and charmingly told we should ‘hold some corn’ - that’s urban slang for being shot. There was outrage, condemnation from politicians and celebrities and a Twitter strike. But where’s the pride you ask? Certainly not in Wiley’s egregious, inarticulate and ill-informed rants. No, it stems from our daughter Lily’s eloquent response. She was understandably disturbed by the attacks and responded with great poise, and from a position of distressing personal experience.

The response to Wiley’s tweets shows antisemitism is forgotten in the age of anti-racism

Your performative activism seems to be waning

1 WEEK AGO

 Lily Whear | Opinion

You can read her response for yourself in [this opinion piece](#) for *The Tab* newspaper. It received supportive comments from many readers who had had similar experiences and

were grateful that Lily had raised these issues. As Jews we often find it difficult to stick our heads above the parapet and make ourselves seen and heard *as Jews*. We have become all too familiar with the possible consequences after centuries of Jew-hate. But Lily spoke out bravely and I could not be any prouder of her.

Hope

One of the joys of my daily commute is the chance to listen to music. It is a rare pleasure to be able to indulge my eclectic musical tastes without distraction for an hour or so. A few weeks back as I drove home from school, I heard an interview on the radio with a young cellist called Camille Thomas. They played from the inspiringly titled album *Voice of Hope* that she had recently released.



One of the tracks they played was her interpretation of Max Bruch’s *Kol Nidre* which we have become accustomed to listening to in shul on Kol Nidre. Follow [this link](#) to listen for yourself. The rest of the album is equally stunning; at times inspirational, stirring and uplifting, then deeply melancholic and plaintive in a manner that is uniquely that of the cello. There is also an arrangement of Ravel’s *Deux mélodies hébraïques*. I heartily recommend it.

Well where did July go? And to think the High Holy Days will be with us in little over a month now.

Shabbat shalom,

Peter Whear

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