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EULOGY FOR ROBERT L. ADLER

delivered by

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

**Temple Sholom
July 7, 1995
Chicago, Illinois**

With heavy hearts we gather in this place to speak words of final farewell to Bob Adler whose care sustained us, whose zest for life inspired us, whose soul's sublime song filled our own lives with a wondrous harmony

The agonizing 'why' of suffering remains unanswered, does it not? Why? Why did it have to happen? Why this relentless law of life that exacts the price of sorrow for each of its joys, the penalty of loss for each of its gifts.

To be sure, now, Bob nearly reached those four score years that Scripture allots to the strong. Still, he was so vital, so energetic, so life-affirming to the very end. And so we mourn not only the loss of his life, but also the loss of all that yet might have been.

There is precious little that we can say by way of comfort to Jean and Steven and Sandy and Ruth, to their spouses and children. Words provide but scant balm for wounds as grievous as is theirs, but at least we can offer them that 'chatzi nechama,' that measure of consolation that comes with the knowledge that they do not sorrow alone.

Many others feel an aching emptiness this day. Indeed, though I have been in the rabbinate now better than two score years, I remember few other occasions that have summoned the presence of so very many people - among them the foremost leaders of our nationwide community. Their presence here manifests that Bob Adler's death is widely felt, that it blights the whole of the House of Israel.

Your rabbis count themselves in this companionship of sorrow. We do more today than give voice to the complaints of others. We, too,

are sorrow stricken. Our friend is no more. We, too, will miss his presence and feel the want of his tireless care.

My instinct tells me not to be overly mournful in my comments now, not to deepen sorrow here but to recall happier moments, not to make this a solemn service of remembrance, but rather a celebration of Bob's life. I feel that this is precisely what Bob would want his final tribute to be. He was too life-affirming to have this hour dampened and darkened by dirge, by somber strains of sorrow.

Still, we cannot fully repress our sadness. Our sense of loss is too great - deepened as it is by the greatness of the gift that was ours. Tears too are a fitting tribute to Bob, for what are tears when all is said and done if not remembered smiles.

It is altogether fitting and proper that Bob's final tribute be held in this place. After all, this is the matrix from which he sprang. The synagogue was his spiritual womb.

He loved his congregation, Beth Am, which Temple Sholom now enshrines. He served as its president, as did Jeanie's father before him. He gloried in its past and ceaselessly strove to secure its future. He did everything he humanly could to add to his Temple's outer strength and inner beauty.

But more than institutional pride was involved in all this. It touched rather on Bob's commitments, on his deep rooted beliefs. He was the son of the synagogue in the sense that his actions were motivated largely by the awareness of his Jewishness and its demands. Judaism was his vital force. It was the force that gave his life its vibrancy and essential direction.

Now, an inspiriting force as strong as was Bob's needed a more extensive arena for expression.

First, he found that wider sphere of service in this city and its Jewish community.

Later, he reached out to serve American Jewry as a whole through several of its central organizations, the United Jewish Appeal, the Council of Jewish Federations, the Jewish Welfare Board (now the JCC) whose peers made him first among equals by choosing him as their national president.

I certainly can attest to his manifold services to the UAHC, the congregational arm of North American Reform Jewry. Countless were the ways in which he advanced our work. Locally, regionally and nationally. And whatever he undertook to do, he did with all his might.

But the most worthy, the most precious of his services to us was his stewardship of the Rabbinic Pension Board. He was its architect, its long-time guiding spirit. He travelled the length and breadth of this land to extend its sway. Generations of Rabbis and Cantors and Educators and Administrators are now enabled to live out their lives in security and dignity thanks largely to Bob's vision and to his perseverance.

His guardianship of our religious community was intelligent and forceful. Though small in height, once Bob ascended to leadership, he was in full command. Then he towered over the tumultuous masses like a giant, that giant of the spirit that he was.

Ultimately, Bob's helping hand reached out to embrace the Jewish people throughout the world, when he worked to strengthen AIPAC and especially as a Governor of the Jewish Agency for Israel. He held several key positions on its Board, most notably the chairmanship of the Budget and Finance Committee on Aliyah and K'litah which enabled the ingathering and absorption of Jews from

every corner of our far-flung world. The initial surging wave of immigrants from the Former Soviet Union took place on his watch as did the miraculous rescue over one short weekend of 17,000 Ethiopian Jews. That was the first time in human history that blacks were taken from one continent to another not in chains but in love.

He travelled to and fro across this globe of our^s, not just back and forth to Israel, four or five times a year, but to many other lands and continents as well, never husbanding his strength, ever ready to respond when help was needed. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Bob might well have lived longer had he spared himself more. But that was not his way. He simply could not say NO. He was as one obsessed whenever and wherever help was required.

Let this, then, be that measure of consolation we offer to Jean and Steve and Sandy and Ruth, to all the immediate bereaved: that they do not mourn alone. The entire Jewish people has lost a jewel of its crown. Its very soul has been lacerated. Its heart aches with an unspeakable pain.

Truly a bright and shining star has been torn from the firmament of our lives, and our lives are darker because of it. Yet the remembrance of Bob Adler can brighten our way as did his life.

't'hi nishmato tizrurah bitzror ha-chayim'

May his soul be bound up in the bond of lasting life.

Robert Adler Eulogy
A.M.Schindler

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(no new P)

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Amen

FUNERAL SERVICE OF DR. MAURY LEIBOVITZ

June 3, 1992

Greenwich Reform Temple

Eulogy for Maury Leibovitz

June 3, 1992

Greenwich Reform Temple

Maury always wanted me to speak here at Rabbi Lennick's temple so he could see me without having to travel so far. Well, I don't think this is exactly what either of us had in mind.

Maury and I grew up together in St. Paul, Minnesota. We were first cousins, along with Ruth Parkhouse and Leonard Cohen, who are with us today. Maury became one of my very dearest friends in all the world. Shirley and I had grown so close to Maury and McLeod and the boys that the void, for us, as for you, is aching and vast.

Maury was perhaps the most extraordinary person I ever knew. I personally could never quite go with Maury in his faith in the transmigration of the human soul. I am still not convinced in general, but about Maury himself I have absolutely no doubt. There is no conceivable way that fierce energy, that powerful consciousness, that driving force of nature could possibly be stilled or even dimmed. His lust for life, his invincible will, his reverence for the life of the spirit, must transcend all barriers. He is probably already out there organizing a Special Seder for the elderly, or painting another canvas, or checking on the progress of the gardens, organizing a reunion of family

members, saying Alla Kalla and certainly doing a review of this event. I can almost hear him: "Al, don't dwell on the negatives." And even if that is a sentimental conceit, conjured up to comfort us in our sorrows, at the very least Maury Leibovitz will be present within us caring and speaking and roaring with laughter in our memories; and those memories will resonate in our hearts, for the rest of our days.

Maury not only taught us about the art of living -- fully, and passionately -- but he even taught us about dying. For the past 18 months, he was living on borrowed time. He knew it. It would have been natural to retreat from life, to focus all energies on personal survival, to idle the motor. Not Maury. He and his beloved McLeod plunged into plans to enhance their Greenwich home with wondrous and resplendent gardens. He gave of himself to JASA and last month inspired 175 seniors at a special Passover Seder he funded, revving up their tired motors with his own youthful power, even though he was older than many of them, exhorting them to shout with him in chorus: Live with dignity, live with joy! He practiced what he preached, to the last moment.

A creator and benefactor of the UAHC Committee on Substance Abuse, he presided over one of the most exhilarating conferences any of us ever attended -a Colloquium on Substance Abuse and Judaism, on

a golden day at his home last month. While some of us there talked about techniques of recovery, Maury was the rabbi, whose own life was the sermon, searching in Jewish traditions for the spiritual meaning of recovery and renewal.

For me, a stick-in-the mud who stayed in one job for 40 years, the number of varied careers of Maury Leibovitz is awe-inspiring. A tremendously successful certified public accountant, as a young man with his own burgeoning firm in Beverly Hills, he apparently got bored with success, feeling, in the words of his friend and teacher, Dr Perry London: "that accounting was the source of a good living but it was not necessarily enough to live for." So he went to Zurich and became a Jungian psychologist, with its ceaseless search for meaning. Coming back to California - he gained admission to Graduate school, despite some official resistance that at the age of 46 he was too old for a PhD. He graduated with all A's and all honors in January, 1968.

Then in 1972, he went to Knoedler and started still another major career. And if running a leading art gallery in New York City were not challenging enough, he recently began painting on his own. He painted with zest and boldness. The day before he died, while Carole Anne and Carlos, were planting the new garden, Maury sat on a chair like a Toscanini, orchestrating everything, calling out:

"more blue! more yellow!" That evening he painted his last canvas - describing it as his best work. He left us on a high. So many careers, so prolific, so creative. A Renaissance man. Indestructible.

I know some of the things that made Maury so unique a person. His life was colored by memories of an impoverished childhood, where he lost his father at an early age, and where he and his newspaper route had to help support a struggling family. He transmuted that experience into becoming, with cousin Ruthie, the galvanizing force that held our far-ranging Swidelsky family-circle together, with its many re-unions, usually with Maury presiding and cheer-leading.

With his immediate family, his sons, Brian, Josh and Shaun - he was bonded so deeply that he was in constant telephone conversation with each of them. Mutual love, raucous humor, and simple delight and pride, joined them all at the hip. When that feisty crew, which then included Mark olav ha-shalom, toured China together, it must have been the most tumultuous event since the original Gang of Four! Brian says he was the emperor, we were the princes.

To quote Perry again "Maury early found out that poor is not good for you. But he found out, too, that Jewish is also not so good for you if your people are homeless and despised and others are

trying to kill them. He recovered from poverty, but never from Jewishness, which has been a major motif of his life." It took 3000 years to make a Jew like Maury, and that imprint is eternal.

Did you ever know somebody who walked down the street, passed a senior citizens facility, and strolled in and said what do you need, maybe I can teach, how can I help? From that came his involvement with JASA, his sponsorship of the remarkable Legacy program to validate the lives of older people, and his sponsorship of the Mayerhoff Institute.

Did you ever know anybody who intervened so positively in so many lives? As one example of so many, in a letter dated May 8, Marc Kaminsky thanked him for enabling him to complete the work of the late Barbara Mayerhoff, the superb anthropologist. Marc wrote:

"If, many years from now, in some Legacies Project of the future, I am asked 'to tell a story of something that happened that changed the direction of your life,' I will speak of you ... and how ... you entered my life and opened the gates to a more useful life for me."

Maury took delight in meeting people, greeting strangers on the beach or at the next table at the restaurant, and ending up with

new friends. He met Armand Hammer at such a restaurant encounter. When he visited us in Hillsdale, he took a walk on our country road, and passed our taciturn neighboring farmers who are notorious for their non-communicativeness. We watched, astonished, as he said, "Hi there, I'm Maury Leibovitz. How long have you been farming? Where did your parents come from? How can you tell one cow from the other? Do they have names?" They did and Maury ended up on the side of the road, in an engaging conversation with four farmers and seven cows. "You should have your neighbors over for lox and bagels," he instructed us. We will.

Maury had the money and the opportunity to rest on his laurels. To Maury, that would not be resting but rusting. He preferred to pour out his energies, to share his blessings and good fortune. He embodied the Passover theme: "to know the hearts of the stranger."

But despite all this, Maury had more than his share of grief. I know of few people since Job who have suffered the anguish and the tragedy which Maury endured. To bury two children goes beyond human suffering. Jewish tradition says only a person whose heart has been broken can be a whole person. Maury transformed his suffering into personal growth and deeper compassion for others. A less thoughtful or more selfish person would have hugged his pain to his

bosom and told the world to kiss off. Not Maury. He triumphed, defying the laws of gravity. He injected sparkle and laughter and mid-summer festivities and touches of color and elegance and spontaneity into the lives of each of us. With the tender love and devotion lavished upon him by Carole Anne and the excitement of family gatherings with his beloved sons, and the unique support system provided by Carlos and Louisa, who became a warm part of the family network, and the embracing friendship of all of us, Maury seemed to give and to experience more happiness in the last years of his life than ever before.

The blanket of roses covering Maury is McLeod's personal gift of love; but the years they shared was the greatest gift of all, a work of art. He looked out the window Sunday morning, surveyed the newly-planted garden and said to Carole Anne, "What a beautiful view! A beautiful day!"

Each of us in this room had been enriched because Maury touched our lives with beauty and joy. His memory will be a blessing and a glorious garden forever.

Dr. Maury Leibovitz, Art Dealer And a Clinical Psychologist, 75

Dr. Maury P. Leibovitz, a psychologist and an art entrepreneur who was also active in Reform Judaism, died on Sunday at his home in Greenwich, Conn. He was 75 years old.

He died of a heart attack, said his cousin, Albert Vorspan.

At his death, Dr. Leibovitz, who had a Ph.D. in clinical psychology, was vice chairman and president of Knoedler-Modarco, which operates three divisions: M. Knoedler & Company, one of New York City's oldest art galleries; Knoedler Publishing, and the Hammer Galleries. A former accountant for the Occidental Petroleum Corporation, Dr. Leibovitz was a close associate of Dr. Armand Hammer, the corporation's late chairman, and was his partner in

the purchase of Knoedler's in 1971. At Knoedler Publishing, Dr. Leibovitz was instrumental in signing the prolific print maker LeRoy Neiman and in the lucrative marketing of his art.

Dr. Leibovitz also owned the estate of the sculptor Jo Davidson, and recently donated a Davidson sculpture of Gertrude Stein to the newly rehabilitated Bryant Park in Manhattan, adjoining the New York Public Library. The full-length statue is to be dedicated this year.

In addition to his interest in psychology and the art business, Dr. Leibovitz was involved in Jewish causes. He was the chairman of the Committee on Drug and Alcohol Abuse of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the central body of Reform Judaism in North America. He was also the national chairman of the organization's Polish Judaica Project, and president of the board of directors of the Myerhoff Center, which is concerned with furthering Jewish culture.

He was born in 1917 in St. Paul, and majored in business and accounting at the University of Minnesota. In 1946, after serving in the Army, he began practicing as a certified public accountant in Beverly Hills, Calif. He joined Occidental in 1960.

While at Occidental, he enrolled at the University of Southern California to study psychology. He went on to study Jungian psychology in Zurich, receiving a doctorate from the University of Southern California in 1968. He was appointed to the post of assistant professor at the university, and left in 1971, moving to New York to join Knoedler.

Dr. Leibovitz's companion was Carole Anne McLeod of Greenwich.

He is survived by three sons, Bryan, of Davis, Calif., Joshua, of San Diego, and Shaun, of New York City.

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Greenwood Reform Temple

S Schindler: Service and Eulogy
Murray Leibovitz, June 3, 1992
Maury

Cello Prelude.
Rabbi - Opening Prayers and Psalms...

AMS:

With heavy hearts we gather here
to say farewell to Maury Leibovitz
who meant so very much to all of us,
whose care sustained us,
whose zest for life inspired us,
whose buoyancy and spiritedness filled our own days and lives
with laughter and with love.

It is altogether fitting and proper that our words of final tribute
be spoken in this place.

After all, this is Maury's synagogue.

This is where he repaired for worship.

This is where he was stirred to the depths of his being
when a cello -- his favorite instrument --
intoned the Kol Nidre's solemn strains.

P Perhaps more to the point, ^{MAURY} ~~Murray~~ was a man of radiant faith,
not in the conventional conception of the word, to be sure,
but in a much more profound sense:

I speak of that faith which is the inverse of despair,
the faith in our direction, our justice, our future,
the faith in the ability of the Jew, nay of every human being,
to endure the struggle and to prevail.

Our hearts go out to McLeod and Brian and Joshua and Shawn.

They feel the loss most keenly,

yet there is precious little that we can say to them.

Words bring but scant comfort at a time like this.

But perhaps the knowledge that there are others who share their sorrow

will bring them at least a chatzi nechama,

a half measure of consolation.

There are many such others who mourn today,

and I count myself in this companionship of sorrow.

I too am bereft; I too will miss ^{Murray's} Murray's presence

and feel the want of his tireless care.

No, word do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do.

How can one encapsulate a man's life in just a few words

his attainments, his passions, his dread and his dreams

these cannot be embodied in mere language

and certainly in ^{Murray's} Murray's case they were too grand for that.

Still, we must give voice to our feeling.

And so at this service of remembrance, we will hear from

one of ^{Murray's} Murray's fellow craftsmen, the artist, LeRoy Nieman.

Then some tender lines of remembrance written by his son Josh,

but giving voice to the feelings of Brian and Shawn as well,

those three sons whom Murray loved with an abounding love,

in whose accomplishments he took such extra-ordinary pride,

A BRIEF POEM ~~READ~~ BY BRIAN RECITED BY BRIAN
And finally, after a brief cello interlude,

we will ^{hear} here a more extensive eulogy

^{Murray's} by Murray's cousin and constant friend, Al Vorspan.

R Murray's life, in so very many ways,

was a constant questing for the sacred, for spirituality.
He was haunted by a hunger for the holy.
He always responded with wonderment
to the essential mystery of life.

Unlike most of humankind, Murray was not a creature
in bondage to his eyes,
among those who insist that only seeing is believing,
that only the visible is fact.

He sought, rather, to penetrate the world of the unseen.
He recognized that the invisible world has a reality all its own,
and that its force may well be more intense than is the force
of the world that is seen.

This, in a sense, is what his love of art in every form was all about:
music, dance, painting, sculpture, landscape architecture.
He fathomed and felt their power to heal us, to make the spirit soar.
He understood that art is spirit from the realm of the unseen,
conveyed by means of matter.

R And so it altogether fitting and proper
that we take leave of Murray within these holy halls. —

And what a difficult leave-taking it is.
He was such a rare and precious human being.
His death leaves us all bereft.
It diminishes our strength.
A star has been torn from the firmament of our lives,
and our lives are the darker because of it.

new page
[then] AMS:

Nitparda hachavila...a cord is loosed,
the silver chain is broken,
tender ties of love and friendship have been torn asunder
by relentless death.

Let me confess or rather assert with a pride
that I go along much further than does Al with Maury's faith
in the transmigration of the human soul.

This or other concepts of immortality,
may not be demonstrable by sensory experience.
Nonetheless we can hold ^{it} to be true and valid from inferential
evidence.

If those rich gifts of mind and spirit with which a ^{Maury} Murray was endowed
all end at the grave, God is a terrible wastrel.
To have given us so much and to destroy it all ~~before it is fulfilled~~
is an irrational act.

The universe is too orderly for that.

And so I believe with the great Chassidic master,

Menachem Mendel of Kotzk,

that "death is only a matter of going from one room to another,
and ultimately to the most beautiful room of all."

P Both Al and I fully, fervently agree, of course, ^{as do?}
that our deeds on earth weave a pattern that is timeless.

Our parents live on through us, and we will live on through our
children.

The institutions we build endure, and we will endure through them.

Shakespeare was wrong; the good is not interred with our bones.
The beauty that we fashion cannot be dimmed by death.
The love we give in life lives on long after we are gone,
to bless the lives of others.

When Chanayo ben Teradyon, noblest of Jewish martyrs,
was burned at the stake wrapped in a Scroll of the Law
his pupils who witnessed his terrible agony cried out:
"Our master, our teacher, what seest thou?" and he replied:
"I see the parchment burning, but the letters of the Law,
they soar on high."

R And so it is with ^{*away*} Murray.

His eyes may have dimmed, they have, alas,
his hands are withered,
but that which they created in beauty and goodness and truth,
lives on for all time to come.

And beyond the immortality of the deed,
there is the immortality of memory.

ki ahava aza mivmavet - love is stronger than death.
It endures.

It can bridge that fearsome chasm
which separates the living from the dead.

Even as we think of ^{*away*} Murray,

the sense of his continuing presence is greater
than the knowledge of his death.

So long as we live he, too, shall live,
for he is now a part of us as we remember him.

Murray

Murray assuredly believed in that.

Whenever there was an experience which he treasured and shared with others he was wont to say:

"Freeze this moment in your memory...remember it always."

There are many such moments imbedded in our memories, as we say Shalom to Murray...

a 'shalom' which means not just good-bye, but hello as well; it is not a final parting but merely a momentary farewell until soul touches soul once again.

DR. MAURY P. LEIBOVITZ

Dr. Maury P. Leibovitz is president of Knoedler-Modarco, Inc., the parent company of the prestigious M. Knoedler & Co. in New York City, which is the oldest art gallery in the United States, and president of Hammer Galleries, which has been one of the leading galleries in representational art for the last fifty years.

Dr. Leibovitz was born in St. Paul, Minnesota in 1917 and majored in Business and Accounting at the University of Minnesota. After serving as a Second Lieutenant in the Infantry during the Second World War, Dr. Leibovitz opened his practice in 1946 as a Certified Public Accountant in California. From that date to 1960 he was the senior partner in the firm of Leibovitz, Zimmerman and Satin in Beverly Hills.

In 1960 he became the consultant to Dr. Armand Hammer and Occidental Petroleum Corporation and was primarily responsible for all the mergers and acquisitions of Occidental Petroleum. Also during that period--from 1960 to 1971--he received his Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology from the University of Southern California and was Assistant Professor of Clinical Psychology at the University of Southern California.

Since 1971 Dr. Leibovitz has been actively engaged in the art business as president of Knoedler-Modarco, Inc.

Dr. Maury Leibovitz is above all a humanitarian, and he is involved in many charitable causes. He is especially interested in programs involving the elderly. For two years he taught a course in Life Review at the Stein Senior Center. He was active in a program to train leaders to teach life review courses at the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, and he is currently funding a similar program at the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged where he is Vice President of the Board of Trustees. In 1990 his foundation gave a grant to JASA to sponsor LEGACIES, a story-telling writing contest for the elderly which has attracted national attention. In addition, his foundation has funded a drug and alcohol abuse program at UAHC.

Dr. Leibovitz is on the national board of Very Special Arts, an international organization dedicated to providing opportunities in the arts for individuals with mental and physical challenges that they might achieve elevated levels of expression and self-confidence.

Dr. Leibovitz is president of the board of the Myerhoff Center which is dedicated to completing the unfinished works and carrying on the legend of Barbara Myerhoff in the field of Jewish aging and culture. He is funding two major programs: researching the Myerhoff papers towards publishing a multi-volume series on the culture of aging, and the Living History Program, which will gather personal stories from the elderly in which they offer examples of late life growth, creativity and spiritual development.

Dr. Leibovitz is a member of the C. G. Jung Foundation and funded an important symposium under their aegis on Jung and anti-Semitism.

Dr. Leibovitz was national chairman of the Polish-Judaica Project, is a benefactor of the Metropolitan Museum in New York City and has a room named in his honor at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington D. C. He has been a member of the Lotos Club since 1980.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:

Dr. Maury P. Leibovitz
Knoedler-Modarco, Inc.
19 East 70th Street
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[212] 794-0581

October 8, 1991

(also
U.S.C.
fund)

Introducing Honoree Dr. Maury P. Leibovitz

Perry London
Dean, Graduate School of Applied and Professional Psychology
Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey

It occurred to me too late that I might be the wrong person to introduce Maury Leibovitz. I know too much about him. A typical speaker for an occasion like this, I think, is likely a relative stranger to the honoree. This may be some advantage because it allows him or her to concentrate on the person's material, academic, or artistic accomplishments and on his or her generosity in the evening's connection.

Not me. I, like the others here who know him long and well, am so accustomed to Maury Leibovitz's accomplishments and his generosity in so many ways that I don't wish to bore him, or them, or myself with a recitation of them. (Much of it is printed on your invitations anyway.)

My introducing Maury tonight, on the other hand, presents a rare opportunity, one for me to tell you, not so much what he has done for USC which, believe me, has been plenty, but who he is, personally, not just professionally. After almost thirty years with him, where we have alternated with each other in roles of friend, brother, student and teacher, I do feel equipped to do that. It is not something one often finds in print.

A caveat, however: Maury has asked me to reminisce about some of our adventures over the years together and also with Al Marston. I will do a little but not a lot of that. For one thing, there are too many anecdotes to tell. For another, I want to avoid the "prenuptial dinner death syndrome." This is an often fatal condition which happens to people who attend weddings of brides and grooms who have friends and relatives. "Prenuptial syndrome" is the effort of bridesmaids and brothers to bore wedding guests to death by recalling in public every trivial encounter they ever had with the principles. I will try not to produce it in you.

I want to attend more to six of the inner qualities of Maury Leibovitz than to his superficial accomplishments. You will not likely meet such a one again in this lifetime. And much of the way he has lived his is an object lesson in how to live.

I first came to USC in 1963 and directed the clinical psychology program for some years. The university was rapidly expanding under President Norman Topping, and my mandate was to renovate its large clinical program. We were

even then among the oldest and first accredited programs in the country, but we were then bottlenecked by 103 ABD students and too few faculty. Psychology was a deservedly favored department in the university and clinical was just then assigned to Kerckhoff Hall, the beautiful mansion and estate at 734 W Adams Blvd, complete with carriage house and rose garden.

About two months after I got here, I was teaching an undergraduate Personality class one morning when my teeth fell out. Not all of them, but the front ones, which were a bridge. I struggled to lecture while holding them in with a finger. The students, average age about 19, seemed to think that the only purpose of teeth is osculation and eating and did not sympathize with my need for teeth in lecturing. After class, however, an older student introduced himself and offered to send me to a terrific dentist friend of his (Sy Pine, who is with us tonight). He sent, I went, Sy fixed, and there began a fast friendship between me and Maury Leibovitz. In addition to all else, we were both from the Midwest and both lifelong old Zionists (from the era when "Palestinian" meant a Jewish person who settled in Palestine).

Maury's life, I also soon learned, was pervaded by memories of a very poor childhood, where he early lost his father and supported his family, and it was also pervaded by an awareness of being Jewish. He early realized that poor is not good for you. But he found too that Jewish is also not so good for you if your people are homeless and despised and if others are trying to kill them. He recovered from poverty, but never from Jewishness, which has been a major motif of his life.

I will spare you details of his U.S. Army life in World War II (he didn't like it much), his coming to California afterwards (he liked it a lot), his creation of a very successful accounting firm in Beverly Hills, and his subsequent Boredom. But this brings me to Maury Leibovitz

Qualities 1 and 2: The first is a kind of benign restlessness Maury has always had, and the second is that he has a lot of nerve (not Chutzpa, but the nerve to do things and change things): Maury gets bored and moves on when he has used up a topic. Accounting was the source of a good living, but it was not something good to live for. Psychology, especially Jungian psychology, with its endless search for meaning, was different.

So -- he went to Zurich, studied Jungian psychology, was analyzed, and came home deciding to be a Clinical Psychologist. We met at USC soon after, as he was leaving accounting.

This brings me to Leibovitz Quality #3: Fidelity: Maury has the ability to take on new things without abandoning old causes, friends, or values. He left his accounting partners, all of whom he had hired and trained, with a prosperous business of their own, and he stayed connected with them for years as their eminence grise. (He also persuaded them to buy new furniture for the business and give all their old furniture to our Clinical Program -- so tonight's fund is far from his first major donation to USC, and many of you here, unbeknownst to yourselves, have been sitting comfortably on his largesse for many years).

As I have hinted, Maury and I had in common as much personal as professional: In addition to bad teeth, this included a mutual love of opera, of tennis, of humor, of psychology and of Jewish religion. We were almost weekly kicked off the tennis courts of Beverly Hills and Rancho Park -- not so much because we were poor tennis players as because we did so much giggling and laughing that we disturbed the serious players.

Maury took all his Ph.D. training with me. Since he graduated, he has earned a total of \$25 as a licensed psychologist, though he, Al Marston, and I briefly ran a weight reduction business together. That venture had three results: First, the main thing it reduced was our incomes. Second, it produced some professional publications and, for Al Marston, a distinguished reputation as a therapist in this area. Third, I lost money and gained 25 pounds.

But I digress. In 1964, Maury gained admission to graduate school. It is hard to believe today, but there was some resistance to admitting him because of "age." At 46, he was plainly too old to earn a Ph.D. Even so, he headed his brilliant entering class from its first day and graduated with all A's and Honors in January, 1968.

Maury's dissertation originated, like so much of what he has done, in his own experience. He wanted to study visual imagery because, he said, he did not have any. I, whose mental life had long been a psychosexual holocaust precisely because of an overabundance of visual imagery, knew that he was lying. He went to the literature, found that Sir Francis Galton and many other great scientists had no such imagery, and went on to do an outstanding dissertation. Since then, we shared many publications in many journals.

In the middle of his graduate training, the Six-day war intervened, and Maury and I dropped everything else for some months to do publication relations work on behalf of Israel's and America's friendship. It was intense work, during which Quality 4 now appeared. It reappeared a couple years later, when Maury began his outstanding "paraprofessional program" and yet again when he turned his professional interest to the psychological needs and abilities of the aging.

Quality 4: Maury has always had the rare ability to influence people to do what they ought to do -- by a combination of confrontation and example. He has always suffered from what one might call "inspired impatience" with sloth, stupidity, cheapness, and phyness. Time alone prevents me from copious illustration.

As you know, Maury went to Knoedler's art gallery in 1972. What is not printed in your blurbs is that he is himself a talented painter, whose own work is better than a lot of what the galleries sell, including some of Knoedler's. He didn't like the art business at first because, he said, "Commercial values dominate everything, not esthetic values." Even so, when he once put me in a small room to use the telephone, he said: "Perry, try not to kick that Cezanne on the floor. Some lady wants to pay me half a million dollars for it."

Enough memorabilia. We have never been long out of contact, and the quality of our contact is hinted, I hope, by my brief anecdotes. But there are two more qualities of Maury Leibovitz I want to speak to because they are at the essence of this man's personality and his humanity:

Quality 5: Maury Leibovitz has always lived by a rule which says: Keep living despite all. This man has suffered adversity and tragedy in his life of such profundity and pain that a less thoughtful or weaker man would long since have given up the ghost -- or more likely, given up his interest in serving others. Maury has not only survived, but he has come back from tragedy and adversity living and loving to the fullest, free of self pity and self indulgence and carrying on his multiple causes.

The reason may lie in the 6th and final quality I wish to note:

Quality 6: Maury never stops asking What does it all mean? What is life all about? Since I know him and, obviously, since long before that, Maury has struggled to

discover and come to terms with the meaning of his own life and the role in it of his contributions to others. He has never resolved that question, as I believe a human being never can on this side of the Hereafter -- but he has never stopped struggling with it. It is what sent him to Jungian psychology, to Jewish religion, to his doctorate, to a lot of weird and quirky places I will not mention, and to a lifetime of service. It has been a life inordinately rich in meaning, if not wholly decipherable, and inordinately well lived.

So much for introduction. A last personal note: Maury, for three decades you and I have shared fun and shared heartache. It all began at USC. For me, there could be no greater honor, privilege or act of love now than to consummate that collegial connection to this institution and this program with this evening's celebration.

Please come up to the podium and permit me to present you with a commemoration of it.

called in #294.48 1 day
June 2

Leibovitz, Dr. Maury P. The Board and Officers of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations mourn the death of a friend and benefactor. A great humanitarian and renaissance man, Maury was a source of strength in many aspects of our doing, especially by sparking and sustaining our Committee on Substance Abuse. We mourn his loss and convey heartfelt sympathy to all his loved ones.

Melvin Merians, Chairman
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler,
President

NY TIMES /June 2 - 1 day

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RABBI ALEXANDER M. SCHINDLER • UNION OF AMERICAN HEBREW CONGREGATIONS
PRESIDENT 838 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, NY 10021-7064 (212)249-0100

VIA FAX/ 3 pages

MEMORANDUM

June 10, 1992

From: Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

To: Rabbi David Davis

I'll be seeing you tomorrow night and I look forward to what I am certain will be an elegant and lovely evening. In order not to delay the process, I am faxing this memo to you.

It was good of you to offer to intercede in Joshua Leibovitz's behalf and I am grateful. His dad, Dr. Maury Leibovitz, who died just last week, was a dear, dear friend of the Union as well as Rhea and mine. Before he died, he asked me whether there is anything that I could do to help get his son into UCSF Medical School-- in other words, in a sense I consider this to have been his dying wish, at least the last requested of me and so I really want to do what I can. As I told you, Josh was already accepted by the UC of Irvine Medical School and is on the waiting list of UCSF Medical. Since you requested that I tell you a little bit about him I append the memo which was included in his letter of application.

With gratitude and fond regards.

Joshua Lebowitz P.1/2
630 S. Cedros Ave
Solana Beach, CA 92075

Personal Statement

Medicine fascinates me because it involves the application of altruistic qualities with scientific knowledge. A career as a doctor will permit me to integrate my ability in science with my capacity to communicate and empathize with others. Being a physician would be both mentally challenging and emotionally rewarding, allowing me to engage my interests, while enabling me to make a contribution to society.

My objectives before college were not concentrated on becoming a doctor. Art and music were more appealing to me then. I started playing piano at the age of five and have remained committed to it since. It has added much happiness to my life by giving me an outlet for creative expression. Throughout high school I studied classical music intensively. Practicing required tremendous amounts of time, and my high school academics suffered in the process. During college, I played with a jazz improvisation band, as well as many other musical groups, giving me the opportunity to perform and share my music with others.

Music was not the only artistic discipline that intrigued me. During my freshman and sophomore years, I was fortunate to work for Upstairs Art Gallery in Los Angeles. My responsibilities grew rapidly while working there. Originally assigned clerical tasks, I was later placed in sales and eventually became the gallery's assistant director. This experience brought confidence in both my interpersonal and leadership skills, while facilitating growth in my knowledge of art.

Upon entering college, I was unsure about what to study. Influenced initially by my flair for art and music, my interests were partial towards the liberal arts. It surprised me to learn that I possessed a strong aptitude and desire for science and mathematics. Taking these classes offered an exciting analytical challenge unparalleled in other spheres of my learning. After intending to study biophysics while at UCSD, I found my focus gravitating toward biology, leading me to major in biochemistry and cell biology. This exposed me to some of this field's applications within modern medicine. I found this intriguing and realized a medical career would allow me to continue my scientific education, while enabling me to be involved in a profession that was oriented toward serving others, and humanistic in nature.

To increase my understanding of clinical medicine, I volunteered at Children's Hospital in San Diego- an extremely valuable experience. My responsibilities there were primarily to console

Joshua Leibovitz P.2/2
630 S. Cedros Ave
Solana Beach, CA 92075

sick children who were often terminally ill. Given the opportunity to know these children intimately was very fulfilling, although at times sad. I like to think that I affected these children positively by helping them feel less isolated in the hospital. Seeing the joys that medicine brought these children was greatly satisfying, and made me realize the true gifts attainable as a physician.

Working throughout college has been important because it has increased my sense of responsibility. Teaching has been one of the most pleasurable of these experiences. While at UCSD, I was fortunate to be a teaching assistant for a number of classes. During my senior year, I taught an upper division biology laboratory class. This was extremely challenging, due to the advanced level of both the course material and the students. My experiences working for a professional tutoring service have also been important, permitting me to work on an individual basis with many students. Teaching has helped enhance the effectiveness of my communication skills, particularly, my ability to convey difficult concepts.

I have also been absorbed in various laboratory studies over the last two years. Currently, I am working for a pharmaceutical company (Amylin Corp.) studying diabetes. My position encompasses a wide range of projects, ranging from monoclonal antibody production, to assay development and design. Our department is concerned with the peptide Amylin and its role in blood sugar metabolism. Working there has been inspiring because it has facilitated my involvement in research whose applications affect human pathology, something I find appealing. In addition to this, I am presently assisting in the writing of a book for Scripps Clinic. This book will be published in 1993, and will encompass general information on vitality and health. This experience is exciting, in that it is an opportunity to combine health science and communication.

I feel the skills I've developed thus far, would enable me to become an excellent physician. My desire, and abilities to work with others, together with my intellectual interests, make medicine the perfect profession for me. I understand the commitment and sacrifice that lie ahead, but believe the rewards associated with this profession make it worthwhile. I am highly enthusiastic about entering this new and challenging stage of my development.

Reflections on the life of Menachem Begin
Presidents' Conference Hazkarah
March 11, 1992

Nitparda Hachavila

"The chain has been severed...it is riven!"

These words, spoken by Rabbi Judah Hanaasi, when he was told
of the death of his friend Antoninus, reverberate within us now.

A cord is loosed...

The silver chain is broken...

Tender ties of love and friendship have been torn asunder
by relentless death.

Menachem Begin was an altogether remarkable human being.

History will rank him among our generations' foremost leaders.

The many decades he spent in the underground and in the wastelands
of political opposition did not blunt his ability to govern,
indeed, they honed it.

He left an imprint on Israel deeper than most of her Prime Ministers.

And he achieved what eluded all others:

a peace agreement with at least one of the Arab nations,

His death leaves us all bereft.

It diminishes our strength.

Truly a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives,
and our lives are the darker because of it.

Unhappily Malcolm did not ask me to speak until just a few hours ago,
so this will be by no means the kind of ~~resped~~ I would want to give,
no polished evaluation of Begin's life and work.

I will speak, rather, words which flow from the heart,
random personal reflections and reminiscences,
some dabs of paint, as it were, with which
a sharper and more vivid picture might some day be drawn.

Let me begin my saying that I valued Menachem Begin as a friend,
and I am proud that he called me that, too.

It was an unlikely friendship, to be sure
-- Leibel Fein called us an Odd Couple --
after all, our political inclinations diverged rather sharply,
our religious inclinations too;

he was a non observant traditionalist

I, a Reform Rabbi, with not a few radical ideas.

It was a friendship fostered in the first instance
by political necessity:

how could I as Chairman of the President's Conference fail to
support the democratically elected Prime Minister of Israel?

But over time that friendship blossomed and became strong enough
to survive many a bitter dispute.

We argued violently one night, till the early hours of the morning;
it was during his second term when the Lebanese War took a
disasterous turn.

But before we parted we still embraced, and he generously said:

"all this has nothing to do with our more personal relationship...
it is on a different, deeper plane, where soul touches soul."

And so I do more today than give voice to the complaints of others.

I too am sorrow-stricken;

~~**~~My friend is no more.

Begin possessed qualities not often found in political leadership, alas.

He was an honorable man.

He cared about the truth as he perceived it.

He refused to diverge from it,

either to please a friend or to appease an enemy.

There was no venality about him, none whatsoever.

He could not be bought at any price.

He lived simply -- in a small unpretentious two-room apartment --

before he assumed office and after he left it.

He had none of the imperiousness, the contumely, the arrogance which others in high office too often assume.

He was always chivalrous, cordial, approachable, unaffectedly kind.

He certainly was perseverant in the quest to achieve his vision of Israel's good.

He followed that inner star relentlessly,

risking everything in its pursuit.

Even defeat did not sway him from his course.

This quality above all others is what marked him the statesman,

for it is only the statesman and never the politician who is willing to suffer political defeat in the pursuit of goals

which may not be attainable in his lifetime.

Everyone assumes that in his retirement, as a virtual recluse,
Begin was a "lonely, bitter, and depressed man."

That simply is not so.

I spoke to him often during those years,

indeed just two weeks ago, on the day before that final seizure
which ultimately claimed his life.

There was none of that in his voice ever.

When he left office, he may have been saddened, angry, frustrated
-- but bitter, never!

Whenever he met defeat, he withdrew within himself
to take stock,
to seek alternate avenues
to find a better way to fight.

That was the pattern of his life.

Witness the equanimity with which he faced his more personal
afflictions:

Throughout his years in office he was beset by serious ailments.

On the eve of his election he had a heart-attack.

He suffered other cardiac incidents while in office.

He was in frequent pain.

But there was never a plaint,

neither against fate nor against man --

and the work went on.

I was drawn to him above all by this quality:

He was an ohev yisrael in the richest sense of that word.

He saw the state as a means to serve the Jewish people,
~~to~~^{not} the people as mere servants of the state.

He loved all Jews, whatever their color, ethnic origin,
ideological stance or religious bent.

Remember that it was he who defied the Orthodox establishment
by insisting on the rescue of Ethiopian Jewry...

"they consider themselves Jews, they live as Jews,
they share the fate of our people...that is all that matters,"
he said, "let us free them and bring them home."

These are the Jews, mind you, who trace their lineage by the paternal
line,

who are considered Jews because their fathers are Jewish
though their mothers might not be.

This was also the first time in human history that blacks were taken
from one continent to another not in chains but in love.

Menachem Begin effected that.

Aye, he loved his people and their land with an abounding love.

He also relived their historic faith

not their religious faith so much,

but rather that faith which is the inverse of despair,

which was infused into the very fibre of our being,

"mixed with our blood" from our beginnings,

the faith in our direction, our justice, our future,

the faith in the ability of the Jew to endure the struggle and to
prevail.

I suppose that Begin will forever be associated with the Camp David agreements.

He brought peace to Israel, at last for a time,
and on one front.

Begin never received enough credit for that,
Sadat reaped much of the glory.

But Begin was the first to make a move...
and I was with him when he made it.

It happened at the American Ambassador's 4th of July party,
where ~~all~~ of Israel's leadership was wont to assemble.

I stood near Begin when he suddenly turned to Yechiel Kaddishai,
his faithful friend, and said: "Is the Roumanian Ambassador here?
I want to talk to him."

Kaddishai found him and he and Begin wandered off for a brief chat.

Some weeks thereafter, I heard of Begin's projected visit to Roumania,
the first country after America he was to visit.

I wondered about that, but ultimately was able to make the link.

He went to see Coucescu, Sadat's close friend, to assert the earnestness
of his desire to seek accomodation with Egypt.

A few months later, came that meeting between Dayan and Egypt's Foreign
Minister in Morocco.

Then came Sadat's dramatic visit to Jerusalem,
and 16 months thereafter Camp David.

CEAUSESCU,

However cool that peace might have been, it held,

It has withstood much buffeting

Sadat's assassination,

the Lebanese War, even Desert Storm.

But it held...and it was Menachem Begin who took the first step
towards peace.

Begin was not just the leader of a nation;

he was above all a deeply feeling human being.

He adored his children...~~Shassiah~~ and Leah...

and his son Benjamin,

in whose political success he took much pride

-- the son seems to have inherited his father's integrity.

But above all, did Menachem ⁶loved his wife, Alizah,

the companion of his life and soul.

Oh how he loved her, with an abounding love.

No diplomatic seating in Washington for him;

he revised the protocol by insisting that his wife

be ^uset_^ed at his side, always.

He once told me a tender story.

My wife, Rhea, had asked him whether Alizah had suffered from Asthma

always or developed it only later on in life, to which he replied:

"When I first proposed to her, she said 'before I respond,
I must tell you a secret: I have asthma,' whereupon
I said to her: 'and before you respond I must tell
you a secret: the day will come when I will be arrested
and jailed'."

And so, together they walked the way of life,
drinking from its one cup, when it ran bitter, when it ran sweet,
giving new meaning to the words: husband, wife, and marriage.

Now, I realize that I drew Begin larger than life
omitting those failures and weaknesses to which he
no less than others was prone.

Our tradition enjoins us to do so,
to omit a critical evaluation on an occasion such as this.
Still, it would be a distortion of the man
and a violation of that code of rigid honesty by which he lived
were I to ^Rpotray him as flawless, as a Tsaddik or even a malach
He was no angel, no saint -- just a man
-- but what a man.

He lived the kind of life, many of us dream to live.
A life large and generous,
bold and adventurous,
a life greast in the scope of its desire,
magnanimous in forgiveness,
courageous as an act of faith,
smilingly triumphant even in the face of set-back and disaster.

And so it is that Menachem Begin's death leaves us bereft.
It has diminished our strength.
Truly a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives,
and our lives are the darker because of it.

T'hi nishmato tserura bitzror hachayim

Memorial Service for Jonathan Fink
UAHC, May 11, 1989

Schindler: Service and Eulogy

Marc Liebovitz Feb 13, 1987

STEVEN DOBOS
Cantor sings or Rabbi reads "adonai ma adam." (p. 64.)

With heavy hearts we gather in this sanctuary.

Great is our grief...bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul.

For a chord is loosed, the silver chain is broken,

tender ties of friendship and of love

have been torn asunder by relentless death.

We are here to remember Jonathan Fink, whose life came to so

cruel an end just a few days ago.

He shared the bitter fate of too many of our time.

An entire generation of young people, going to waste.

their abilities and their possibilities

what they were and what they might have been...all going, gone.

It is a calamity...a disaster...a terrible defeat for civilization

and for life.

We weep for Jonathan,

weep for what was:

a young man brimming with the love of life,

exceedingly handsome, intelligent, caring.

with attainments far greater in their measure than could be

expected from someone so tragically short in years.

We weep also for all that might have been:

for joys unrealized...for task undone...

for hopes thwarted...for love blighted...

for challenges unmet..

Our hearts go out to the bereaved...

to his father, his brothers, to friends who loved him deeply.

We can offer them only our silence.

Let their tears fall on us.

Let their anger break against us.

Let our love and our caring speak for us.

No, words do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do.

How can one encapsulate a man's life in just a few words

what he was and what he meant to be

his attainments, his passions, his dread and his dreams

these cannot be embodied in mere language

they were too grand for that.

Still, we must give voice to our feeling.

And so at this service of remembrance, we will hear from Jonathan's

brother...

I will read some lines written by his father.

And then we will have some words from Ross,

Jonathan's colleague at Baruch college.

But first let us find a measure of comfort

in the enduring words of that precious jewel of the Great Psalter,

the 23rd Psalm.

We recite together...

Read from Gates of Prayer, p. 546

Matthew:

And now I read lines written by Paul Fink, Jonathan's father.

"My son Jonathan was a remarkable human being.

His life bore testimony to the fact that the spirit can conquer
all adversity.

Jonathan was my third son, and as chance would have it,
the most difficult for his parents in his early years.

He even had difficulty coming into this world.

The first trip to Yale New Haven hospital resulted in false labor,
and the second, after 24 hours, required induced labor.

By the time he was four or five, it became obvious to us and to his
pediatrician that he had a problem.

His development did not take its normal course.

We took him to many doctors.

He was subjected to a barrage of tests -
all to no avail - we received no answers.

By the sheerest coincidence, a life-time friend of Enid's had a child
whose symptoms were not unlike Jonathan's.

Her research had been more fruitful, and she was able to give
Jon's syndrome its proper name: dyslexia.

In those days little was known concerning this disability.

We did what we could, sought the best professional help,
enrolled him in special classes and schools.

Jonathan coped as best as he could,

but real progress was slow in coming.

Slow that is, until Jonathan himself became old enough
to understand his impairment.

Then he began to take control of his own life and learned how
to deal with his disabilities.

He and he alone, not others, surmounted them.

Let me illustrate:

He attended a small, private high school in Massachusetts,
as a day student.

Its rigid academic demands must have strained him inordinately.
Yet he said nothing.

But when he came home each day in mid afternoon,
he would lock himself in his room and not emerge until dinnertime,
when he felt that he had recovered sufficiently
to be with his family.

He began to develop disciplinary patterns designed to overcome his
handicap,
so that the academic career on which he determined early on
would not be adversely affected.

I remember one summer in his early teens, when he spent his entire
vacation on the lawn of our house at Vineyard haven,
reading from morning to night,
plunging through massive volumes authored by such writers as
Checkov, Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky.

That must have been exceedingly difficult for him.

Yet he persevered.

He also took control of his educational future.

We wanted him to go to Cicago University, his mother's alma mater.

He wanted to go there too.

But he had the self-understanding to know that he was not yet ready
for its sophisticated ambience.

And so he ^told us that for a time he would go elsewhere,
to a less competitive school.

I emphasize that he told us what he would do.

That was to be his pattern thenceforth.

He was in command of his own life.

Ultimately, of course, he did go to Chicago,

for four years and two degrees,

then on to Columbia University for 2 1/2 years and 2 more degrees.

And finally he went to Harvard,

for a doctorate which he attained in the incredibly
short time of three years.

Thereafter, he taught college, authored two books,

and was finishing a third, when his life was cut short.

I conclude as I began:

Jonathan's life bore testimony to the truth that the spirit can conquer
adversity.

May his life be an example to ^{all of} us ~~all~~."

The words of a father on the lips of a rabbi and his friend.

And now we will hear from Ross.

Musical interlude....

Read meditation on page 547...

then 552...

then kaddish....

E U L O G Y

FRANCES FROST

By:
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

July 27, 1987
Temple Israel
westport, Connecticut

With heavy hearts we gather in this place to say our words of farewell to Frances Frost who meant so very much to all of us, whose care sustained us, whose zest for life inspired us, whose buoyancy and spiritedness filled our own days and lives with laughter and with love.

The agonizing "why" of suffering remains unanswered, does it not? Why? Why did it have to happen? Why this relentless law of life that exacts the price of sorrow for each of its joys, the penalty of loss for each of its gifts?

Our hearts go out to Ted and to their children, Andy and Allison ... and Fran's mother too. They feel the loss most keenly, yet there is precious little that we can say to them. Words bring but scant comfort at a time like this. But perhaps the knowledge that there are others who share their sorrow will bring them at least a half measure of consolation.

There are many such others who mourn today, and I count myself in their companionship of sorrow. I, too, am bereft; I, too will miss Fran's presence and feel the want of her tireless care.

Ted -- Fran's Ted -- enjoined me not to be overly mournful in my comments today, not to evoke sorrow here, but rather happier memories, not to make this a solemn service of remembrance but rather a celebration of Fran's life. Ted is right, of course ... this is precisely what Fran would want her final tribute to be. Still, we cannot repress our sadness fully and only radiate cheer. Our sense of loss is too great ... deepened as it is by the greatness of that gift that was taken from us. Tears are also a fitting tribute to Fran, for what are tears, when all is said and done, if not remembered smiles.

Fran was too young, far shy of that four-score years that Scripture alots to the strong. She still had so much to give and we to receive and so we weep not just for the loss of her life but for the loss of all that might have been.

Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do. How can one encapsulate the life of a human being in just a few words what she was and what she meant to be, her attainments, her passions, her dread and her dreams these cannot be embodied in mere language. They were too grand for that.

Though Fran's life was brief, she lived it fully, with a fierce intensity and zest. Her years were tragically short, but she gulped life down with an unquenchable thirst. Many people live much longer, husbanding their energies, deferring their pleasures. Not so Fran. She luxuriated in just being. She allowed no moment of her existence to slip by unawares. She seized each golden moment of her life, with all her heart and soul and might. This surely was at the core of her character: her vitality, her spiritliness, her exuberant embrace of life.

It was a life which was given its force by a mission, one might almost say by an obsession. I speak now of her determination to share her inner confidence and strength with others. She literally willed people to be cheerful, to cling to hope. It was as if she said to them not "have a happy day," but rather, "MAKE a happy day!" "Good things can happen only in the sun" -- that was the guiding principle of her life.

There never lived a more caring human being, a truer friend! Yet she gathered into her embrace not just those who stood near, but even those who touched her life but fleetingly. Thus, about a year ago, Ted took Fran to a New York hospital to find new remedy, perhaps some new way to restore her to fullness. After two days of fruitless testing, their hopes were frustrated. At first, Fran was angry: "Those were wasted days," she said, "they took two days away from me." But then she quickly reconsidered: "Perhaps they weren't really wasted days," she mused, "I was able to do some good." You see, she had spent the time between her own diagnostic tests to walk up and down the hospital hallway, encouraging other patients and their relatives, all of them total strangers -- until she spoke to them. That was Fran!

It was undoubtedly this capacity to give herself to others that dictated the choice of her profession and made her such an effective teacher. Naturally, she didn't choose to most pleasant path of her vocation. She took a road less travelled by far, teaching in not one but four schools to serve the special needs of the disadvantaged. In and out of the classroom, she fought for those kids, and they knew it. That is why they came to her hospital room in unprecedented number to express their concern. They knew that Fran had made herself a bridge over which they could walk -- from darkness to light, from despair to hope.

She certainly never allow Ted and her children to despair, to relinquish hope. She never spoke to them of her illness or her fears. She always assured them that all would be well. Was it a game she played? I do not think so! She believed in herself, in the healing power of hope. And when the end approached there was a mystified look on her face as if to say: how could it be? where did I fail? Of course, she didn't fail. Death did not conquer her. She fought him off furiously, magnificently and wrestled from him four full years of life.

When the end came, so Ted told me, he held Fran's hand, and as she drew her final breath he felt a strength surging from her to him and through him to his children.

It is a strength that flows to us even now, when we remember Fran. It steels our own resolution to turn from death to life.... life which she embraced so lovingly... life to which she clung so fiercely... life for which she fought so gallantly and with uncommon courage.

Aye, a leaf has fallen gently to the ground, but the trunk remains firm and strong. And once the Winter has past and spring has come, new leaves will spring from its branches.

AMEN.

Eulogy for Fran^{es} Frost
Temple Israel, Westport
July 27, 1987

§ With heavy hearts we gather in this place
to say our words of farewell to Frances Frost
who meant so very much to all of us
whose care sustained us
whose zest for life inspired us,
whose buoyancy and spiritedness filled our own days and lives
with laughter and with love.

§ The agonizing "why" of suffering remains unanswered, does it not?
Why?
Why did it have to happen?
Why this relentless law of life that exacts the price of sorrow
for each of its joys, the penalty of loss for each of its gifts?

§ Our hearts go out to Ted
and to their children, Andy and Allison...
and Fran's mother too.
They feel the loss most keenly,
yet there is precious little that we can say to them.
Words bring but scant comfort at a time like this.
But perhaps the knowledge that there are others who share their sorrow
will bring them at least a a half measure of consolation.

§ There are many such others who mourn today, and I count myself
in their companionship of sorrow.
I too am bereft;
I too will miss FRan's presence and feel the want of her tireless care.

§ Ted -- Fran's Ted -- enjoined me not to be overly mournful in my
comments today,
not to evoke sorrow here, but rather happier memories,
not to make this a solemn service of remembrance
but rather a celebration of Fran's life.

Ted is right of course...This is precisely what Fran would want
her final tribute to be.

Still, we cannot ~~fully~~ ^{Fully} repress our sadness, and only radiate cheer.
Our sense of loss is too great...deepened as it is by the
greatness of that gift that was taken from us.

Tears are also a fitting tribute to Fran,
for what are tears, when all is said and done,
if not remembered smiles.

§ Fran was too young, far shy of that four-score years that Scripture
alots to the strong.

She still had so much to give and we to receive
And so we weep not just for the loss of her life
but for the loss of all that might have been.

§ Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do.
How can one encapsulate the life of a human being in just a few words
what she was and what she meant to be
her attainments, her passions, her dread and her dreams
these cannot be embodied in mere language
they were too grand for that.

§ Though Fran's life was brief, she lived it fully,
with a fierce intensity and zest.

Her years were tragically short, but she gulped life down with an
unquenchable thirst.

Many people live much longer,
husbanding their energies, deferring their pleasures.

Not so Fran.

She luxuriated in just being.

She allowed no moment of her existence to slip by unawares.

She seized each golden moment of her life, with all her heart and
soul and might.

(This surely was at the core of her character:

her vitality, her spritliness,

her exuberant embrace of life.

§ It was a life which was given its force by a mission,
one might almost say by an obsession.

I speak now of her determination to share her inner confidence
and strength with others.

She literally willed people to be cheerful, to cling to hope.

It was as if she said to them not "have a happy day,"
but rather, "MAKE a happy day!"

"Good things can happen only in the sun"

-- that was the guiding principle of her life.
~~only in the sun."~~

§ There never lived a more caring human being, a truer friend!
Yet she gathered into her embrace not just those who stood near,
but even those who touched her life but fleetingly.
Thus, ~~several months~~ ^{about a year} ago, Ted took Fran to a New York hospital to find
new remedy, perhaps some new way to restore her to fullness.
After two days of fruitless testing, their hopes were frustrated.
At first, Fran was angry: "Those were wasted days," she said,
"they took two days away from me."
But then she quickly reconsidered: "Perhaps they weren't really wasted
days, " she mused, "I was able to do some good."
You see, she had spent the time between her own diagnostic tests
to walk up and down the hospital hallway,
encouraging other patients and their relatives, all of them total
strangers -- until she spoke to them.
That was Fran!

§ It was undoubtedly this capacity to give herself to others
that dictated the choice of her profession and made her such
an effective teacher.
Naturally, she didn't choose the most pleasant path of her vocation.
She took a road less travelled by far, teaching in not one but four
schools to serve the special needs of the disadvantaged.
In and out of the classroom, she fought for those kids,
and they knew it.
That is why they came to her hospital room in unprecedented number
to express their concern.
They knew that Fran had made herself a bridge over which they could
walk -- from darkness to light, from despair to hope.

§ She certainly never allow Ted and her children to despair,
to relinquish hope.

She never spoke to them of her illness or her fears.

She always assured them that all would be well.

Was it a game she played?

I do not think so!

She believed it herself, in the healing power of hope.

And when the end approached there was a mystified look on her
face as if to say: how could it be? where did I fail?

Of course she didn't fail.

Death did not conquer her.

She fought him off furiously, magnificently
and wrested from him four full years of life.

§ When the end came, so Ted told me, he held FRan's hand,
and as she drew her final breath he felt a strength
surging from her to him and through him to his children.

§ It is a strength that flows to us even now, when we remember Fran.
It steels our own resolution to turn from death to life...
life which she embraced so lovingly...
life to which she clung so fiercely...
life for which she fought so gallantly and with uncommon
courage.

8 Aye, a leaf has fallen gently to the ground,
but the trunk remains firm and strong.

And once the winter has past and spring has come,
new leaves will spring from its branches.

EULOGY

YEHUDA HELLMAN

May 19, 1986

By:

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

I stand here with heavy heart to bid farewell to a friend, to take a final leave of Yehuda Hallman who meant to very much to me, to all of us.

The words of Rabbi Yehuda Hanassi strike a responsive tone within us:

Nitparda hachavila
a chord is loosed
the silver chain is broken
tender ties of love and friendship have been
torn asunder by relentless death.

Yehuda Hellman was too young, far shy of that four-score years that Scripture allots to the strong. He still had so much to give and we to receive. No longer will he return to us, nor to his home. His place will know him no more.

Our hearts go out to Aviva and to Yehuda's children, to Jonathan and Dorlee and Pini too. They feel the loss most keenly, yet there is precious little that we can say to them. Words bring but scant comfort at a time like this. They provide little balm for wounds of the heart as grievous as is theirs.

Still, we can offer them that 'chatzi nechama', that measure of consolation that comes with the knowledge that they do not sorrow alone. Many others feel an aching emptiness this day.

Indeed, though I have been in the rabbinate better than thirty years now, I do not remember another occasion such as this which summoned the presence of the leaders of virtually every segment of our vast and vibrant community.

Our presence here makes manifest that Yehuda Hellman's death is widely felt, that it blights the whole of the house of Israel.

This knowledge, too, might bring them a measure of comfort; Yehuda's death was not painful at all, not even for a moment. He died on the Sabbath day, doing what he loved to do and always did so well, standing before an audience of his fellow Jews turning their thoughts and hearts to Jerusalem, and they, in rapt attention fully responsive to his ideas and wit.

He was only about ten minutes into his speech, when suddenly he paused -- God brushed his lips, as it were -- neshikat adonai -- and he fell into my arms. softly, peacefully, as if asleep.

He was lucid, to the very end, and sprightly too. In introducing him to the audience, I told them that I had seen Yehuda as early as 5 o'clock that morning restlessly wandering about the lobby and I wondered why. And he replied, without a second's hesitation, "I was looking for a newspaper. Unfortunately, I couldn't find the Times out here, and now I don't know what I am against."

He called Waldheim "an outstanding nobody" and shrugged off the United Nations by quickly adding: "an organization gets the kind of executive director it deserves."

Unwittingly, Yehuda thus provided his own epitaph. The Conference of Presidents which he has led these many years now, almost since its inception, has attained to a pre-eminence in American Jewish life principally because we had the kind of executive director we deserve.

In his final comments, Yehuda spoke with pride about the present-day strength of the American Jewish community. He adjudged that our force and influence exceeds that of Spanish Jewry in its Golden Age. It is a force which he nourished. It is an influence which he primarily nurtured. Conference Chairmen came and went; Yehuda insisted that they stand center stage. But it is he who wrote the script and gave the Conference its essential direction. We are what we are because Yehuda Hellman led us.

Yehuda was also that thing most rare and hard to find: a constant friend. He was a sheer delight to be with. In his presence I dared to be myself. And in a time of need, he was also there, a strong hand in the dark to me, to many others.

To be sure, the greatest measure of Yehuda's care was given to those who stood closest to him, his wife, his children, and their children. Oh, how proud he was of them, how he basked in the glory of their attainments: Aviva and her books, Jonathan and his successful entry into the bar, and Dorlee and Pini and their important work and above all their children, Yehuda's grandchildren, they were the jewels of his crown.

It is a love which was fully requited by them, and he knew it. He knew that you loved him, Aviva, even as he loved you, with an abounding love.

And now he is no more, and because he was what he was and is no more we weep. Truly a bright and shining star has been torn from the firmament of our lives, and our lives are the darker because of it.

Yet his memory can brighten our way as did his life.
The nishmato tserurah bitsror hachayim.

Schindler: Helman Eulogy
May 19, 1986

I stand here with heavy heart to bid farewell to a friend,

to take a final leave of Yehuda Helman

who meant so very much to me, to all of us.

The words of Rabbi Yehuda Hanassi strike a responsive tone within us:

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Yehuda Helamn was too young, far shy of that four-score years

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He still had so much to give and we to receive

No longer will he return to us, nor to his home.

His place will know him no more.

Our hearts go out to Aviva and to Yehuda's children,

to Jonathan and Doralee and Pini too.

They feel the loss most keenly,

yet there is precious little that we can say to them.

Words bring but scant comfort at a time oike this.

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This knowledge too might bring them a measure of comfort:

Yehuda's death was not painful at all, not even for a moment.

He died on the Sabbath day,

doing what he loved to do and always did so well,
standing before an audience of his fellow Jews
turning their thoughts and hearts to Jerusalem,
and they, in rapt attention
fully responsive to to his ideas and his wit.

He was only about ten minutes into his speech, when suddenly he paused

-- God brushed his lips, as it were -- neshikat adonai --
and he fell into my arms, softly, peacefully, as if asleep.

He was lucid, to the very end, and sprightly too.

In introducing him to the audience, I told them that I had seen

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Yehuda was also that thing most rare and hard to find:
a constant friend.

He was a sheer delight to be with.

In his presence I dared to be myself.

And in a time of need, he was also there,

a strong hand in the dark to me, to many others.

To be sure, the greatest measure of Yehuda's care was given

to those who stood closest to him,

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and above all their children, Yehuda's grandchildren,

they were the jewels of his crown.

It is a love which was fully requited by them, and he knew it.

He knew that you loved him, Aviva, even as he loved you,

with an abounding love.

And now he is no more,

and because he was what he was and is no more we weep.

Truly a bright and shining star has been torn

from the firmament of our lives,

and our lives are the darker because of it.

Yet his memory can brighten our way as did his life.

the nishmato tserurah bitsror hachayim

E U L O G Y

JUDGE EMIL N. BAAR

By:
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

November 14, 1985
Union Temple
Brooklyn, New York

With heavy heart we gather here this day to bid farewell to a friend, to take our final leave of Emil Baar who meant so very much to all of us. Only two months ago, on Rosh Hashono, he stood at this very pulpit, as he was wont to do, year after year these many years, to recite the Torah blessings and to read its lessons. His voice rang true and strong then and we all rejoiced. But now our laughter has turned to tears, our joy to a bitter sorrow, for his voice is stilled and his luminescent eyes are closed forever.

To be sure now, Emil lived a long and full life. He was granted far more than the four-score years that Scripture allots to the strong. Indeed, some of us were here a year or so ago, to celebrate his second Bar Mitzvah, his 13th year after the 80, his 93rd birthday. Nor did advancing age ravage him as it does so many others; he was alert of mind and spirit to the very end. Still, his dying is not easy to accept, is it? He was such a precious human being. The feeling persists that he had much more to give and we to receive. And so we mourn his death and stand bereft.

Your rabbis count themselves in this companionship of sorrow. We do more today than give voice to the complaints of others. We too are sorrow-stricken; our friend is no more. We too will miss his presence and feel the want of his tireless care.

* * *

How fitting it is that Emil's final tribute be held right here in this place. After all, this is the matrix from which he sprang. This synagogue was his spiritual womb.

He loved Union Temple. He glorified in its past and ceaselessly strove to secure its future. He worshipped here week-in week-out, even long after he moved from this community, often travelling by subway from his distant home. He did everything he humanly could to add to this Temple's outer strength and inner beauty. And his peerless years of highest leadership are properly acknowledged on this sanctuary's eastern wall.

But much more than institutional pride was involved in all this. It touched rather on Emil's commitments, on his deep-rooted beliefs. He was a son of the synagogue in the sense that his actions were motivated largely by the awareness of his Jewishness and its demands. Judaism was his vital force. It was the source that gave his life its vitality and essential direction.

Now an inspiriting force as strong as was Emil's needed an even wider arena for expression, and he found it when he became active in the UAHC and was ultimately chosen as its national head. His leadership of America's Reform movement was intelligent and forceful. Though short in physical stature, once he ascended the rostrum he was in full command. Then he towered over the tumultuous masses like a giant, that giant of the spirit which he was.

Emil was instrumental in the Union's acquisition of Camp Eisner. The Reform rabbinate must be forever indebted to him, because it was thanks largely to Emil's careful nurturing that the Rabbinic Placement Commission was established. And most important of all, there would be no Religious Action Center in Washington today had not Emil been in the chair when the issue was debated. Maurice Eisendrath and Kivie Kaplan both acknowledged it at the time. And Al Vorspan attests to it today. They may have been the enthusiasts, but it was Emil and Emil alone whose fairness and forcefulness carried the day and gave the dream its substance.

At first flush Eisendrath and Baar seemed an odd couple the one liberal, nay, radical, the other conservative, the one impatient, the other judicious, but they became the closest of friends and made for a highly effective team. Their commonalities exceeded their differences, for you see, Emil, though a life-long Republican was by no means a conservative of the tooth-and-claw kind. He was conservative in the sense that he sought to conserve time-honored values. But he was as decent and sensitive and as compassionate as any liberal I ever met. In terms of sheer human emotion, he was probably more feeling than was Eisendrath, and Maurice would have been the first to admit it.

Witness, if you will, some of Emil's other major involvements, most notably with the Jewish Braille Institute, and with the Jewish Hospital of Brooklyn and with New York's Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. All of them reflect that caring for others that was at the essential core of his being. His professional life was guided by a like concern -- his career in the law and his decisions as justice on New York's highest court. Always, he was moved by a compassion that stirred within him and which he saw as emanating from the deepest well-springs of Judaism.

Obviously, the greatest measure of Emil's care was given to those who stood closest to him: his brothers and sisters, his nephews and nieces and friends. During one life-time he was fortunate enough to win the love of two lovely women Millie and Grace both beautiful in countenance and deed, kind to him as he was ever kind to them. And though he was never blessed with children, he made the children of his relatives and friends his own and they adored him, fully reciprocating his great love. I always marvelled at the manner in which he was able to span the ages in drawing people close to him, from the oldest to the youngest, especially the latter, for when you saw Emil with young people you saw him at his finest: listening to them with patience and care, giving them encouragement, sound advice, always wearing his heart on his sleeve.

And now he is no more, and because he was what he was and is no more we weep, weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay, weep because a bright and shining star has been torn from the firmament of our lives, and our lives are the darker because of it.

Yet his memory can brighten our way as he did throughout his life. He was always an exemplar - a role model for many. He always taught us so very much, even in his latter years which he met with so much wisdom and grace.

Then he taught us that growing old is a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form;

That nobody grows old merely by living a number of years; that people grow old only when they give up their idealism and their hope.

He taught us that whilst the passing years may wrinkle a man's face, only cynicism and alienation can wrinkle his soul.

Emil's face was smooth till the very end and so was his soul. May it ever be bound up in the bond of everlasting life.

AMEN.

EULOGY FOR

REGINA " REGGIE" PORT

by

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

June 24, 1985
JCC of White Plains

With heavy hearts we gather in this sanctuary to say farewell to a friend, to bid a final adieu to Reggie Port who meant so much to all of us, whose friendship sheltered us, whose strength in adversity inspired us, whose steadfast help sustained those institutions to which our lives as Jews are pledged.

The agonizing "why" of suffering remains unanswered, does it not? Why? Why did it have to happen? Why this relentless law of life that exacts the price of sorrow for each of its joys, the penalty of loss for each of its gifts? Oh, I suppose, in the end death was not grievous for Reggie. It may well have come as a kind of deliverance. It finally ended her intolerable anguish. But why the illness, this dread disease that so ravages a human being, that death can only be seen as a merciful release?

Reggie was too young, far shy of that four-score years that Scripture allots to the strong. She still had much to give and we to receive -- and now we stand bereft. No longer will she return to us, nor to her home. Her place will know her no more.

Our hearts go out to Charles, and to their children, Fran and Jenn. They feel the loss most keenly, yet there is precious little that we can say to them. Words bring but scant comfort at a time like this. They provide no balm for their wounds of heart. But perhaps the knowledge that there are others who share their sorrow will bring them at least a 'chatsi nehama,' a half measure of consolation.

There are many such others who mourn today, and we, your rabbis, count ourselves in this companionship of sorrow. We do more today than give voice to the complaints of others. We too are bereft; our friend is no more. We too will miss Reggie's presence and feel the want of her tireless care.

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How fitting it is that Reggie's final tribute be held right here in this place. After all, this is the matrix from which she sprang. This synagogue was her spiritual womb.

I speak of something more than institutional identification now. I speak rather of her commitments, of her deep-rooted beliefs. She was a daughter of the synagogue in the sense that her actions were motivated largely by the awareness of her Jewishness and its demands. Judaism was her vital force. It was the source that gave her life its vitality and essential direction.

She served this synagogue for the better part of her adult life, adding to its inner beauty and its outer strength. The significance of her services were recognized when she was elected an officer of JCC and then chosen to represent this temple in our highest national councils, as a member of the Union's Board of Trustees.

She certainly never chose the easiest means of serving these and other institutions of human love. She chose rather that most burdensome and yet quintessential of all institutional tasks: she raised money; she scratched and scraped together those material means without which spiritual ends simply cannot be served.

Where others lacked the guts to do so, she had it, and prevailed. She prevailed also because she was energetic and determined. Once her mind was fixed on a course, she was relentless in its pursuit; there was no deflecting or checking her. On her desk was a sign which read: "Be reasonable, do it my way!" That was Reggie, and it doubtlessly made her the despair of those who worked with her, but because of it she succeeded. She had a dauntless, tenacious will, and because she did, she molded the world to herself.

Reggie also had a well-refined sense of the fitness of things. Everything had to be just so, in the proper place, in perfect harmony. Only yesterday I learned that when she was young she studied music. And before she was married, she was a couturier, a designer of fine fashions. And later on she took up painting and some of her works now adorn her beautifully appointed home. All this did not really surprise me, for I always sensed her desire for becomingness, for aesthetic proportion.

Perhaps it was this yearning for wholeness which led her to withdraw from her friends and even from her family to some extent during the last few months of her life. She did not want anyone to see the ravages of her illnesses, to see her less than whole, to know her less than perfect.

All this was Reggie, but there was still more, for at the very core of her being there was a caring for others. She was essentially good and kind. She loved people. She cared for them. She wanted to help them in their need. Just think for a moment of those institutions on which she lavished her greatest care: The Jewish Guild for the Blind, The Counselling Center, The New York Association for Crippled Children. These were the people who evoked her concern: the solitary souls, the lost souls, the disabled in body and spirit.

She celebrated her own birthdays by giving parties to blind children. When she went about raising money for good causes and stumbled on people in need, she gave them money and helped them find work. Her favorite rabbinic teaching was the Maimonidean injunction which holds that the highest form of charity is to help people help themselves.

Among her papers her children found the following fragment of a French poem:

"I shall pass through this world but once.
Any good, therefore, that I can do or any
kindness that I can show to any human being
Let me do it now.
Let me not defer or neglect it, for
I shall not pass this way again."

Reggie lived by that maxim, and because she did her life was a blessing.

Obviously, the greatest measure of Reggie's care was given to those who stood closest to her. Oh, how she loved her daughters. How she gloried in the splendor of their attainments. She demanded much of them, I am sure, but only for their good.

And, of course, she loved Charles, the companion of her life and soul these many years, Together they walked the way of life, drinking from its cup when it ran bitter, when it ran sweet, giving true meaning to the words: husband, wife, and friendship.

It is a caring and a love which was returned in full measure by her daughters, and by Charles too. There never was a better, more patient husband -- and she knew it! No regrets of an unrequited love need fill them now or ever.

It is the very love -- coupled as it is with affectionate remembrance-- which will continue to bridge the chasm that separates the living from the dead. And thus it is that Reggie's name will continue to be in our midst, an inspiring model and exemplar of devotion to God, to Judaism, and to the Jewish people.

As for Reggie herself, hopefully she has now found her rest under the sheltering wings of God's presence.

She has outsoared the shadow of our night
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch her not and torture not again.

Amen.

E U L O G Y

THEODORE K. BROIDO

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
August 14, 1984

Temple Emanu-El
New York, N.Y.

With heavy hearts we gather in this sanctuary to say farewell to a friend, to bid a final adieu to Ted Broido who meant so very much to all of us, whose counsel guided us, whose care upheld us, whose strength in adversity inspired us.

The agonizing "why" of suffering remains unanswered, does it not? Why? Why did it have to happen? Why this relentless law of life that exacts the price of sorrow for each of its joys, the penalty of loss for each of its gifts? Oh, I suppose, in the end death was not grievous for Ted. It even came as a kind of deliverance. It finally ended his intolerable pain. But why the illness, this dread disease that so ravages a man, that he yearns for death to bring him release?

Ted was too young, only fifty-six years old, far shy of that three-score years and ten that Scripture allots us. He still had so much to give and we to receive -- and now we stand bereft. No longer will he return to us, nor to his home. His place will know him no more.

Our hearts go out to Sally, to Ted's children, Andrea and Billy and Steve and Tom, their spouses, Sally's children, too. And, of course, to Joe, Ted's faithful brother. They feel the loss most keenly, yet there is precious little that we can say to them. Words bring but scant comfort. Yet perhaps the knowledge that there are others who share their sorrow will bring them at least a "chatsi nehama," a half measure of consolation.

There are many others who mourn today and your rabbis count themselves among them. We do more now than give voice to the plaints of others. We speak for ourselves as well. We, too, are bereft; our friend is no more. Indeed, I wear this atarah (against the custom of Temple Emanu-El but with Ronnie's permission) because Ted himself gave it to me with so much love.

How fitting it is that Ted's final tribute should be held right here in this place. After all, this is the matrix from which he sprang. Temple Emanu-El was his spiritual womb. And when he grew older he enlarged his love-guarded home, but only to encompass the building across the street. And then the two became his entire life: Temple Emanu-El and the U.A.H.C.

This phrase sounds platitudinous and hyperbolic: "The Union was his Life" and yet in Ted's case it is descriptive of reality. This is what the Union was -- Ted's life. He lived it, he breathed it, he seized it with all his might until it became his very own. It was the blood that coursed through his veins, the breath that heaved in his breast, the song that danced in his limbs. The Union was his vital force, the source that gave him strength and life.

Of course I don't mean a building or an institution now. I mean rather the unique conception of our faith which these two buildings enshrine: American Judaism, Reform Judaism in all of its manifestations - worship and camping and youth and social action and the embrace of Israel and the Jewish people. These are the ideas and ideals that stirred within Ted and bestirred him to serve with all his heart and soul and might.

Ted was a pious, believing Reform Jew. The phrase was no oxymoron for him, no juxtaposition of contradictory, incongruous words. He was a Reform Jew and he was pious, he truly believed. He often told me how deeply he appreciated the visits of Steve Jacobs to his hospital bedside and who began his pastoral calls not with the customary friendly chatter, but rather with the words: "Come now, Ted, let's pray" and the two of them prayed.

Ted cared for people. He may not have been the most efficient of administrators, but he was superior in this: he cared for his staff. He forgave them their failings. He defended them even to a fault. He insisted on the equal treatment of all whether they were clerks in the mailroom or executives on the 9th floor.

He favored no one, well almost no one, for there is one prejudice to which Ted himself would have confessed: he loved rabbis. I don't mean rabbinic members of the Union staff now, but rabbis as a whole, rabbis anywhere, rabbis everywhere.

Maybe it all goes back to Samuel Goldenson, erstwhile Senior Rabbi of Emanu-El who was Ted's idol or to the fact that Ted really wanted to be a rabbi and could have been and maybe should have been. Whatever the reason, the Reform Rabbinate never had and never will have a better friend than Ted. His work in the realm of Rabbinic Pension and Placement and especially Conciliation was without peer. Countless rabbis throughout this land owe their continuing careers or their ability to retire with security and dignity only to Ted.

When I saw him for the last time in the hospital, his voice could scarcely be heard and his thought patterns no longer reflected a logical sequence. He was heavily drugged or his excruciating pain did not allow him fully to focus. Still, here and there I could catch some snatches: "Important meeting ...Conference...Tuesday (that's today)...must talk to Joe Glaser...have him call me..." These random phrases, coming as they did from his fevered mind, demonstrate how deep-rooted his concern for the rabbinate was.

It is a caring and love which was requited in full measure, by the rabbinate, by the Reform Jewish community in its entirety -- and Ted knew it!

How wonderful it was that he recovered sufficiently from his heart operation and its fearsome complications to be able to attend the Board meetings of the Union and the Convention of the Conference in June so that he could feel what his life and being meant to all of us. Indeed, Joe Broido assesses and I concur, that Ted would never have recovered from that first operation were it not for the tender friendship with which he was surrounded by the far-flung family of Reform Judaism. It was their love alone which succeeded in pulling him out of the very valley of the shadow of death.

It is this love -- coupled as it is with affectionate remembrance-- which will continue to bridge the chasm that separates the living from the dead. And thus it is that Ted's name will remain in our midst as an inspiring model and exemplar of devotion to God, to Judaism, and to the Jewish people.

And for Ted himself, hopefully he has now found his rest under the sheltering wings of God's presence.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night

Envy and Calumny and hate and pain

And that unrest which men miscall delight

Can touch him not and torture not again.

AMEN

Eulogy: Steven Pines
Delivered by Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
October 20, 1982
Temple Shaaray Tefila, Bedford, New York

My friends, we are gathered in this house of God impelled by a common sorrow summoned by the sad duty to speak a final word of farewell to Steven Pines who is torn from our midst. These holy halls usually reverberating with festive song, today are filled with the plaintive strains of sorrow for a chord is loosed, the silver chain is broken, strong bonds of family and friendship are torn asunder by cruel death.

Why? Why did it have to happen? Why, o God, art Thou so far from the voice of our supplication. There is no answer to these "whys" of human suffering. If the truth be told, we do not even know the questions! The questions are a silence... The answers are a silence.... Both are an endless silent scream reaching to the very heavens -- where God is silent too.

Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do. But especially is this true today, because Steven's death came with such a suddenness, so long before his time and wilfully, violently. And so the regret that normally comes with the death of someone we love is magnified, intensified.

Guilt and sorrow intermingle within us. Indeed, the sense of culpability almost overpowers our sense of loss. The questions gnaw, they interrupt our sleep, they never cease to torture. Is there anything we could have done to avert all this? Is there anything we might have said to forestall this tragedy? Alas, there isn't! No one here brought it to be. No one here could have prevented it. It simply happened. It is life -- life which brings us not only those beautiful things we crave but also those fearsome things in their infinite variety from which we shrink.

In the final analysis every human being is really alone. He is born alone. He is born alone and destined to die alone. Those about him can be supportive, yet their role performance is only secondary. The real struggling goes on in the individual soul. Even so it was with Steve. He lived in a tunnel, as it were, beneath the sea. The voices of family and friends came only from afar. He could scarcely hear them. He could not respond to them. The sea pounded on relentlessly and gave him no surcease, until in the end he could no longer suffer it.

There is no need for guilt, then, none whatsoever. But there is a need for sorrow, for mourning. Our sense of loss is fully justified, the loss of what he might have been and the loss of all that he was.

Steve, at his best, was really something, was he not? He was tall, handsome, striking in appearance. He was intelligent and used his mind exceedingly well. It was an inventive mind. While he was yet in college, he began a successful venture based on his original idea which found its imitators and grew into a veritable industry. He was remarkably articulate. Read some of his letters and see! His perceptions were profound, and the manner in which he gave them expression was extraordinary.

These letters attest to his sound value system. His standards were very high. But he imposed them primarily on himself. With others his judgments were far more mellow. Perhaps he was too open here. Many friends disappointed him. They took advantage of his all too trusting nature. But he forgave them quickly. He was exacting only with himself.

He cared for others, he truly did. He had a passion for life and for people. That is made amply manifest in those superb photographs which he took wherever he went. They bear lasting testimony to his essential decency. He clearly saw what others are too blind to see. He sensed what others are too dulled to sense: The suffering of humankind. And so he captured it on film for all to sense and see and to respond.

Aye, Steve at his best was really something, was he not? An altogether precious sensitive human being. And that is precisely how we should remember him. Not by weeping. Not by wailing. Not by watering his grave with our tears. But by emulating him at his finest: When he thought and felt and cared.

And so let us turn to one another in love. This is a time not for recrimination but for reconciliation. When the circle of family and friends grows smaller, we must resolve to make it stronger by reinforcing each of its links with an even greater love.

As for Steve, may he find that repose which life in his latter years denied him, that calm which he so desperately sought: He has out-soared the shadow of our night, envy and calumny and hate and pain and that unrest which men miscall delight can touch him not and torture not again.

~~impelled~~ by

STEVEN PINES

10/20/82

Eulogy

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impelled by a common sorrow

summoned by the sad duty to speak a final word of farewell

to Steven Pines who is torn from our midst.

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^{Precisely}
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~~May he find that peace~~ which he so desperately sought:

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envy and calumny and hate and pain

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his latter years

MIRIAM ROSENBLUM, Z.L.

It is with a heavy heart that we gather here now. These hallowed halls which usually reverberate with festive song, today are filled with the plaintive strains of sorrow. For a chord is loosed, the silver chain is broken. Tender ties of love and friendship have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort. We cannot find them, except, perhaps, in the knowledge that we share a destiny common to every human being. We are all of us travellers along the same road which leads to the same end. Scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave. We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil. But long before the grasp approaches the reach, everything vanishes into nothingness.

Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do. But especially is this true today, for a rabbi speaks not just for those who stand at a greater distance. He speaks for himself as well - - - - - and he strives to give voice to the deep-souled feelings of those who are most precious to him.

The first of these feelings assuredly is a sadness -- a hurtful, biting sadness that life had to end in such a way. No mellowing of days here, no softening as with sunset glow. It was a bitterness...a pulling down of pride...a mosaic of pain. Her final state -- and memories -- a heap of tumbling stones that once were builded stronger than a city wall.

No justice this, no truth in action, no earthly reason. Unless, of course, you follow the logic of the Book of Job that there are times when God tests our faith in the furnace of affliction. Well, if He did, then Miriam Rosenblum was clearly not found wanting.

Like Rhea, I learned to admire her most in this - her courage...her ability to take life's blows... her dauntlessness in defeat. I saw her during some of those terrible moments...the death of her husband, the anguish of burying a child, the decaying of her being - the loss of beauty and of memory which she sensed so keenly and the bodily pain itself. I never heard her complain...like Bontsche -- Job-like -- she was silent, a pained, puzzled look in her eye, and yes some tears, perhaps, even those mostly when she was alone. But never a plaint...neither against man nor against God... she suffered silently and always clung to faith.

Yes, she maintained her faith, even as she was a faithful daughter of her people. She identified herself with the Jewish community and furthered its work. She marked the Sabbath and the holidays, relishing especially those festival observances which united her family. She loved the land of Israel and labored to add to its strength.

Miriam was also endowed with an exceedingly well-refined sense of beauty. She was gladdened by it, she felt drawn to it, she surrounded herself with beautiful china and furniture and figurines. Here was another reason why she loved her daughters so much, because they were all of them and altogether comely -- and she delighted to adorn them with comely things.

Miriam herself was fair to see, most pleasing to the eye, especially her countenance, her hair, her eyes, her pleasing balanced features. She was aware of that and took pride in it and was stung by beauty's evanescence. I remember one most painful moment in the hospital when Rhea helped her walk about and they passed a mirror and Miriam cried out: "don't let me look in there....I don't want to see myself." It was the only time she raised her voice. She did not want to see herself as she was then because she knew that she would not see herself as she was once -- beautiful in countenance even as she remained beautiful in deed.

The essence of her beauty was love and the ultimate object of her love was her family, her husband, her daughters, her brother, her grandchildren - all nine of them : Shary and Sue and Steve and Amy and Lisa and Debra and Josh and Judy and Jon -- and Jessica --- she loved them fiercely. She took pride in their attainments, she fought for their well-being, much like a mother lioness protecting her young.

True, she had difficulty in giving physical expression to that love. She simply could not reach out and touch and I suspect that she herself was frustrated by this inhibition. Nor could she really verbalize her love - -find words in praise. Maybe it was her Yankee breeding - - the New Englander's traditional reserve, although I suspect an inhibition of a more ancient vintage, the 'keyn ayin horah' kind. She simply did not want to give an evil eye. But let there be no doubt about it...she loved, with an abounding love.

Bob and Chuck and I felt that love, too. Although we joked at times that we would never make it, after all we were only family members by marriage and not by blood. Still we felt her love and we reciprocated it with a full heart.

Who knows...maybe it was a lesser care...if only to a narrow degree. Isn't it always so? It must be so. It is the law of life: "All love begins and ends in motherhood. It roams enough, but having run the circle it (finally) rests at home." That was Miriam.

Of course, she loved Jim most of all, she shared his life, she suffered his pain, she gloried in his gladness. And when he died, though she lived on, her joy in life was gone.

That was Miriam: beautiful, and caring, and splendidly courageous. May the remembrance of her life and way guide our doing always.

Surely, it will enable us to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, to move through despair to hope, to turn from death to the tasks of life renewed.

This is the only manner in which we can do her honor, not by weeping, not by wailing, not by watering her grave with our tears. Only by living as she did and she desired, by turning to one another by loving those whom she loved in life.

As for Miriam...may she be granted that sweet sleep which eases and heals every kind of pain.

May 24, 1982
Alexander M. Schindler

Those who know me well know I'm an inveterate letter writer. Maybe I inherited this from Daddy or from Aunt Goldie. In any event, it's how I am most able to express my deepest feelings.

Dear Mother:

I've always told you how very special you were to me, to all of us. We felt your love, too. True, you couldn't always verbalize your love - still we heard you. You couldn't always demonstrate your love, still we felt it.

Certainly, you provided us with everything a mother could, responding generously to all our wants, trying your best to instill your values. We kicked when you took us to task but even when we did we knew that you were right. You did whatever you did because you wanted us to have the best.

Still, I did not know you fully until these latter years and especially these months of your painful illness. It was then I came to sense the real you. Your guts! Your resolve! Your courage! Your command of this whole damn illness from start to finish. Oh, such dignity! Such beauty! Such character! Real class! I've always admired you! I've always loved you but in the last few months I've come to understand why. It was you and you alone who made the unbearable bearable.

It wasn't just your illness. There were other, perhaps even more severe blows which came much earlier.

When Dad died, on whom you relied so much, you picked yourself up, went back into the office, learned to shift for yourself and asked nothing of us.

And when Judy died, you cried to yourself. You couldn't understand why but still you managed to cope in your own way!

What a magnificent example for all of us, but especially for your grandchildren. Though they cried for you these months, you gave them a legacy, a legacy of strength and courage.

When we were very young, we thought you strict and maybe you were. Austere maybe. Brittle maybe! But what a woman.

I've often thought, a lawyer in that day and age. What could you have done in our days with all our new freedoms. I suspect you could have done it all.

We will love you always.

Love,

Rhea

5/24/82

Once sublog retyped,
we will have to
make 4 copies —

- ① Rhea
- ② Oebra
- ③ Phoi
- ④ Susie

On ^{Susie} desk

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But because you were our mother, ~~we~~ thank you.

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Yes, she maintained her faith, even as she was a faithful daughter of her people. She identified herself with the Jewish community and furthered its work. She marked the Sabbath and the holidays, relishing especially those festival observances which united her family. She loved the land of Israel and labored to add to its strength.

Miriam was also endowed with an exceedingly well-refined sense of beauty. She was gladdened by it, she felt drawn to it, she surrounded herself with beautiful china and furniture and figurines. Here was another reason why she loved her daughters so much, because they were all of them and altogether comely -- and she delighted to adorn them with comely things.

Miriam herself was fair to see, most pleasing to the eye, especially her countenance, her hair. her eyes, her pleasing balanced features. She was aware of that and took pride in it and was stung by beauty's evanescence. I remember one most painful moment in the hospital when Rhea helped her walk about and they passed a mirror and Miriam cried out: "don't let me look in there....I don't want to see myself." It was the only time she raised her voice. She did not want to see herself as she was then because she knew that she would not see herself as she was once -- beautiful in countenance even as she remained beautiful in deed.

The essence of her beauty was love and the ultimate object of her love was her family, her husband, her daughters, her brother, her grandchildren - all nine of them : Shari and Sue and Steve and Amy and Lisa and Debra and Josh and Judy and Jon -- and Jessica --- she loved them fiercely. She took pride in their attainments, she fought for their well-being, much like a mother lioness protecting her young.

True, she had difficulty in giving physical expression to that love. She simply could not reach out and touch and I suspect that she herself was frustrated by this inhibition. Nor could she really verbalize her love -- find words in praise. Maybe it was her Yankee breeding -- the New Englander's traditional reserve, although I suspect an inhibition of a more ancient vintage, the 'keyn ayin horah' kind. She simply did not want to give an evil eye. But let there be no doubt about it...she loved, with an abounding love.

Bob and Chuck and I felt that love, too. Although we joked at times that we would never make it, after all we were only family members by marriage and not by blood. Still we felt her love and we reciprocated it with a full heart.

Who knows...maybe it was a lesser care...if only to a narrow degree. Isn't it always so? It must be so. It is the law of life: "All love begins and ends in motherhood. It roams enough, but having run the circle it (finally) rests at home." That was Miriam.

Of course, she loved Jim most of all, she shared his life, she suffered his pain, she gloried in his gladness. And when he died, though she lived on, her joy in life was gone.

That was Miriam: beautiful, and caring, and splendidly courageous. May the remembrance of her life and way guide our doing always.

Surely, it will enable us to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, to move through despair to hope, to turn from death to the tasks of life renewed.

This is the only manner in which we can do her honor, not by weeping, not by wailing, not by watering her grave with our tears. Only by living as she did and she desired, by turning to one another by loving those whom she loved in life.

As for Miriam...may she be granted that sweet sleep which eases and heals every kind of pain.

May 24, 1982
Alexander M. Schindler

It is with a heavy heart that we gather here ^{Now} ~~today~~
These hallowed halls which usually reverberate with festive song
Today are filled with the plaintive strains of sorrow
for a chord is loosed
the silver chain is broken
tender ties of love and friendship have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort

We cannot find them

except, perhaps, in the knowledge that we share a destiny common to every human being

~~Scarcely ushered into life~~ We are all of us travellers along the same road

which leads to the same end

Scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave

We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil

but long before the grasp approaches the reach

~~EVERYTHING~~
~~it all~~ vanishes into nothingness.

Words do not come easy at a time like this they never ever do

But especially is this true today

for a rabbi speaks not just for those who stand at a greater distance.

~~he speaks for himself as well~~ — — — —

~~and he strives to give voice to the deep-souled feelings~~

— — ~~AND~~ ^{the} he strives to give voice to ~~these~~ deep-souled feelings
of those who are most precious to him.

Yes, she maintained her faith,

even as she was a faithful daughter of her people.

She identified herself with the ^{Jewish} community and furthered its work

She marked the Sabbath and the holidays,

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~~xxx~~

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she surrounded herself with beautiful ^{objects} ~~things~~ ^{objects}

^{furniture & china & figurines}
Here was ^{another} ~~one~~ reason why she loved her daughters so much

because they were all of them ^{so all together} ~~beautiful~~ ^{comely} --

— and she delighted to adorn them with ^{so comely} ~~beautiful~~ things.

himself herself

She too was fair to see, most pleasing to the eye, especially her countenance
her hair, her eyes, her ~~balanced~~ ^{pleasing} ~~features~~ ^{balanced features}.
she was aware of that, and took pride in it

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4

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~~This is a very real thing~~

True, she had difficulty in giving physical expression to that love

She ~~was~~ simply could not reach out and touch

and I suspect that she herself ^{was} frustrated by this inhibition
~~NOR COULD SHE REALLY VERBALIZE HER LOVE --~~
~~And sometimes she chose criticism as a way of showing her care.~~
~~I never heard her criticize anyone for whom she did not care.~~
^{FIND WORD IN PRAISE}

^{Although} Maybe it was her Yankee breeding -- the New Englander's ^{traditional} reserve
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5
OF COURSE SIT

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Mixixxxx

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^{to turn} ~~from death to life~~ ^{the task is, RENEWAL} ~~reborn~~

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Maybe here is the ultimate reason why people followed him, why they always chose him to play the first violin. Because he respected the second fiddler of life. Because he knew that life's orchestra needs not just first violinists but second fiddlers too, in order to create beyond a single melodic line the harmony of life's most wondrous music.

Thus Irv wrote -- you heard his beautiful words but a moment ago, so sensitively selected and read by Rabbi Zedek -- "The concept of God's oneness is devoid of meaning when any of us degrades another. It retains meaning only when we follow the Biblical rule: love thy neighbor as thyself."

Respect for others, a regard for the integrity of their views no matter how divergent. This was the quintessential component of Irvin Fane's leadership qualities.

Of course, Irvin was the first violin of his family.

He was a noble parent, a worthy father. No gift of life was sweeter to him than his children. They were his pride, his most precious possession. Oh, how he rejoiced in their joy, how he gloried in the splendor of their attainments.

He loved them not only well, but with wisdom also. He did not dominate them. He did not hold them with possessiveness. He did not fetter them with his love. On the contrary, he encouraged, insisted, gave them the freedom and the means to live their own lives in their own way.

And he loved those whom they loved, their wives whom he regarded as his daughters, and their children, his grandchildren, the jewels of his crown.

And he loved Bernice, the companion of his life and soul these many years. Irvin and Bernice, they were truly inseparable. Theirs is a love story which spanned 51 years. Together they walked the way of life, in perfect union and devotion to each other, drinking from one cup of life, when it ran bitter, when it ran sweet, hallowing all things with true companionship and love.

It is a love which was returned in full measure by his wife, his children, his friends. They respected him. They cared for him -- and he knew it. No remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever. Their love for him, demonstrated over and over again in life, was the noblest tribute that Irvin could possibly desire.

And now he is no more.

And because he was what he was and is no more we weep; weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay; weep because truly a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives and our lives are the darker because of it.

And yet not all is gone, is it?

Memory and love are here to offer healing balm. They enable us to bridge that fearsome chasm which separates the living from the dead.

The words which Irvin Fane spoke, the beauty which he fashioned, the love he gave in life, all these will warm and guide us always. These precious endowments were never bound to his bodily frame, to the cells of his brain, or to the fibers of his all too great heart. They came from a spirit within him and beyond him. And this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

Thus is the truth of the liturgical passage established.

נשמתו של אברהם בן אברהם

His soul is bound up with the bond of lasting life.

It is with a heavy heart that we assemble here this day to speak our final words of farewell to Bella Michel who has been taken from us. Great is our grief. Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul. For a chord is loosen...the silver chain is broken...tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort. We cannot find them, except perhaps in the knowledge that we share a destiny common to every man. We are all of us travellers along the same road which leads to the same end. Scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave. We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil and in the end everything we are and want to be vanishes into nothingness.

It is the suddenness of Bella's death which stunned us so. This was no soft sunset ...no gentle falling of an autumn leaf. A chilling, violent gust tore her from the tree. And the abruptness of it all staggers us and leaves us bereft.

And yet there is a measure of comfort even in this, for she was at the fullness of her strength to the very last day...this is what she surely wanted. She would have resented and been deeply pained by the waning strength and the increasing dependence which a lingering illness brings.

Her name was Bella, Bella Michel. I confess the name sounds strange to my ear. I knew her as Oma. This is what her grandchildren called her, and their friends, even as did I. It was a way of expressing a relatedness which went beyond the ordinary, which touched not just the eye but also the heart. Still, her parents called her Bella, and she was aptly named for she was beautiful. I will always remember her as such. It is not so much that her features were well balanced, though they were, or that they were of the most classical contours. There was a serenity within her, a refinement, a radiance which illumined her being with beauty.

She was a determined woman, strong of will, unyielding in her tenacity. There was no bending her once she had set her mind on a course. She was always in charge. It was she who clothed and fed her children even while they were interned in war-time France. It was she who found their way to freedom and safety. It was she who remained the calm balancing center of her family even in her latter years. Oma was fiercely independent. She always wanted to do by herself. Why go to a restaurant when you could cook. Why buy a garment when you can sew. Why take a cab when you have feet with which to walk. No one could ever really give her anything. She much preferred to give herself.

Perhaps it was this quality of independence and strength of will which made her admire the Israelis so much. She saw those self-same qualities in them. She appreciated their stubbornness, their unyielding determination to survive. She regularly read the Jerusalem Post. She avidly seized on every morsel of news from the Middle East. She was as familiar with the hills and valleys of Judea as she was with the streets of New York. There was never any doubt in Oma's mind that Israel will prevail. She was an optimist at heart...and in everything. She looked up, not down, forward not back, out not in, and she always lent a hand.

She lent a hand, she helped, because she cared. People sense this, and that is why they responded to her, why even strangers adopted her as their own. When her grandchildren brought their friends to her house, they called her Oma too. Oma didn't mean "grandmother" to them. It meant relative. It meant friend. As a matter of fact, they didn't even sense an age-differential regarding her, rather as their contemporary -- probably because she approached them as her equal. She was open-minded...as Sarah wrote in a loving essay prepared for one of her classes: "Oma is willing to hear anything, see anything and possibly even try anything, for she has a constant wish, to learn to teach, to share. Oma can relate to all, and can accept most anything." Oma had an open mind. And she had an open heart.

Of course the greatest measure of Oma's care was extended to those who stood closest to her. Her daughters..Eve and Ruth, and those they loved...and their children, her grandchildren, Daniel and David and Sarah - and Eric and Paul. Oh how she loved them, how she gloried in the splendor of their achievements.. They were her most precious possessions, the very jewel of her crown.

It is a love which was returned in full measure. Everyone loved her and she knew it. No remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever.

But now, Oma is no more and because she was what she was and is no more we weep, weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay. Weep because a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives and our lives are the darker because of it.

And yet not all is gone, is it. Love is stronger than death. Loving memory has the power to bridge that terrible chasm which separates the living from the dead. The words which Bella Michel spoke, the beauty that she fashioned, the love she gave in life, these will warm and sustain us always. These precious endowments were never chained to her physical being, to the cells of her brain or the fibers of her all too great heart. They came from a spirit within her and beyond her. And this spirit lives on for ever lasting blessing.

It is this spirit and the knowledge of its everlasting nature which moves us to turn from the silence of the grave to the task of life for this above all is what Oma would have us do could lips now silent speak. She would bid us to embrace life...to hold fast to those worths which it offers and to bestow a double measure of love on those who remain and whom she loved.

Only in this manner will we render her a lasting tribute in memory. We will not honor her by weeping. We will not honor her by wailing. We do not honor her by watering her grave with our tears. We honor her best when we live as she desired, when we cherish causes she embraced, when we love the living whom she loved in life.

As for Oma...Bella...we bid her farewell. May she find peace beneath the sheltering wings of God's presence for ever and Aye.

Sunday, May 2, 1982
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Eulogy for Bella Michel

Eulogy

Bella

Michel

Eve Weiner - est pot.
Reuth Schwartzman NY

It is with a heavy heart that we assemble here this day
to speak our final words of farewell to Bella Michel
who has been taken from us

Great is our grief.

Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul.

For a chord is loosed...the silver chain is broken...

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Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort.

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It was she who remained ^{Calvin} the balancing center of her family even in her latter years.

and she always lent a hand.

She lent a hand, she helped, because she cared.

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And their children, ~~xx~~ her grandchildren, the jewels of her crown,
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Oh how she loved them,

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THEY WERE HER MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS

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Of course, Irvin was the first violin of his family.

He was a noble parent, a worthy father. No gift of life was sweeter to him than his children. They were his pride, his most precious possession. Oh, how he rejoiced in their joy, how he gloried in the splendor of their attainments.

He loved them not only well, but with wisdom also. He did not dominate them. He did not hold them with possessiveness. He did not fetter them with his love. On the contrary, he encouraged, insisted, gave them the freedom and the means to live their own lives in their own way.

And he loved those whom they loved, their wives whom he regarded as his daughters, and their children, his grandchildren, the jewels of his crown.

And he loved Bernice, the companion of his life and soul these many years. Irvin and Bernice, they were truly inseparable. Theirs is a love story which spanned 51 years. Together they walked the way of life, in perfect union and devotion to each other, drinking from one cup of life, when it ran bitter, when it ran sweet, hallowing all things with true companionship and love.

It is a love which was returned in full measure by his wife, his children, his friends. They respected him. They cared for him -- and he knew it. No remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever. Their love for him, demonstrated over and over again in life, was the noblest tribute that Irvin could possibly desire.

And now he is no more.

And because he was what he was and is no more we weep; weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay; weep because truly a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives and our lives are the darker because of it.

And yet not all is gone, is it?

Memory and love are here to offer healing balm. They enable us to bridge that fearsome chasm which separates the living from the dead.

The words which Irvin Fane spoke, the beauty which he fashioned, the love he gave in life, all these will warm and guide us always. These precious endowments were never bound to his bodily frame, to the cells of his brain, or to the fibers of his all too great heart. They came from a spirit within him and beyond him. And this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

Thus is the truth of the liturgical passage established.

נשמתו צבירה בצנור החיים

His soul is bound up with the bond of lasting life.

Gechiel Kaddishai
16 Ben Zion St #10
Tel Aviv

Hassiah Milo
do

HAZKARAH - MOSHE DAYAN

BY

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

November 17, 1981

למנוח משה

"The chain has been severed...it is riven!"

These words -- spoken by Rabbi Judah when he was told of the death of Antoninus -- reverberate within us now as we prepare to speak still another tribute in memory to Moshe Dayan. A cord is loosed! The silver chain is broken! Tender ties of love and friendship have been torn asunder by relentless death!

Moshe Dayan was a rare and precious human being. He ranked among this generation's foremost leaders. Though never elected to highest office, he left an imprint on his nation larger than that of most of her Prime Ministers. Because he was there, Israelis everywhere felt more secure; even when they rejected him politically, they nonetheless looked to him to legitimize courses of action and to step forward in a time of crisis. Because he was there, men and women of good will in many places retained the faith that the impossible might yet be that the dream of Arab-Israeli coexistence is not a vain illusion.

Dayan's death, then, leaves us all bereft. It diminishes our strength. Truly a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives, and our lives are the darker because of it!

The words of a "summing-up" which this occasion demands do not come easy. They never do. But especially is this so in this instance, because Dayan was not a simple man. He was bewilderingly complex. His qualities were many-faceted, disparate, oftentimes paradoxical. He was the hardened soldier with a poet's sensitive soul. He was the loner who was able to evoke the devotion

of thousands. He was the commander who held death in combat not as the end of life, but rather as its "fullest, most powerful expression;" yet it was this very commander who invariably acted as a restraining force in combat, holding the advance to cautiously drawn lines in order to limit casualties. Aye, men come to life in their paradoxes, do they not!

Still, how can one deal with so complex a personality, how to encapsulate his life in a few brief paragraphs? There are some aspects of his being which emerged as dominant and which can help us understand just how Dayan was able to capture and enrapture people.

The first of these essential qualities assuredly was his bravery. He was daring. He had guts. Fearless in battle, he never asked his men to go where he himself was not prepared to lead, and this courage was infectious. He suffered set-back without losing heart; he never permitted defeat to deter him.

I know that there were reports in the Israeli press that Dayan died "a lonely, bitter, depressed man." What nonsense this! Surely he felt frustrated, foiled. But bitter? Never! When he met defeat, he did not brood. He merely withdrew within himself to take stock, to seek alternate avenues, to find another, better way to fight.

Witness the equanimity with which he faced his more personal tragedies. He was constantly beset by ailments. He admitted to being hard of hearing. Old wounds caused him constant pain. But there was never a complaint - neither against fate nor against man - and the work went on. He said of his condition recently:

"I've lost one eye, had a finger clipped, busted my back, paralyzed a vocal cord, and had cancer of the colon. So I'm no Olympic athlete, so what! I hope you believe me. I find it very hard to convince other people. I don't mind dying. I never have -- I just don't give a damn."

There were many other things, lesser things, he really didn't give a damn about: conventions in dress and manner, diplomatic niceties, parties and small talk and jokes and toadies to flatter the ego. People, generally, bored him, especially party politicians.

But there were some things Dayan cared about deeply and foremost among them was the truth as he perceived it. He followed that inner star relentlessly, risking everything in its pursuit. He said what he had to say, no matter how painfully it clashed with conventional wisdom. He did what had to be done, regardless of party or personal motivations.

I know of few foreign ministers who relinquished -- as did he -- their high place voluntarily, on a matter of principle. I know of only one, in fact. It is Cy Vance who graced this podium tonight. How appropriate then that he should speak and be with us. Dayan regarded Secretary of State Vance above all other representatives of this great nation. He respected his integrity, his essential humanness -- and so do we all.

Be that as it may, Dayan found his Jordan and crossed it and never looked back. This phrase is from a poem of his own, dedicated to his children, in which he bad them each to take up his own stick and shoulder his pack and find his very own Jordan to cross. Dayan found his own Jordan and crossed it, and when he did the man who did not excel as a politician became the far-seeing statesman. For it is only the statesman and never the politician who is willing to suffer political defeat in the pursuit of goals which cannot be reached in his own life-time.

In the conceptualization of these goals, Dayan was daring and ingenious. Here, too, he broke all patterns -- thinking the unthinkable, dreaming the impossible dream. He always ran ahead, where there were no trodden paths.

At the core of it all was his conviction that the Arab-Israeli conflict is capable of a resolution and that the key to that solution is co-existence:

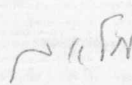
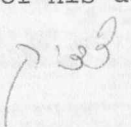
Arab and Jew, living together, in dignity and in peace. Whatever advances that goal he favored, whatever impeded it he denounced.

Some of his ideas doubtlessly were flawed. Others were brilliantly conceived, and he effected them whenever it was possible for him to do so, oftentimes unilaterally and without reference to constituted authority: open bridges...a liberal occupation policy...his readiness to return the Sinai for normalization, and the like. Let there be no doubt about it: the peace such as it is would not have been except for Dayan.

Dayan knew, of course, that the present peace is but tenuous and fragile. He also knew that the co-existence for which he yearned and toiled is but a distant, almost unattainable goal. He was, after all, a realist, a thoroughly practical man. Still, the dream continued to fascinate him and he continued to believe in it.

Perhaps the poet within him saw what others could not see: that the beginning point for a better world is the belief that it is possible, that the wistful dream is the necessary first step of its unfoldment.

Not just the poet but the Jew within him saw all this. And he was that: a caring, believing Jew. He loved his people and especially their land with an abounding love; his poetry and prose on the subject have a lyrical, almost mystical quality. He also shared the historic faith of Jews -- not their religious faith so much, but rather that faith which is the inverse of despair which was infused into the very fiber of our being, "mixed with blood" from the very beginning; the faith in our direction, our justice, our future. The faith in the ability of the Jew to endure the struggle and to prevail.

I draw Dayan almost larger than life, omitting those failures and weakness to which all humankind is prone. Our tradition encourages us to do so, on an occasion such as this. Still, it would be a distortion of the man and a violation of his devil-may-care nature, were I to portray him as a  or even . He was no angel, no saint -- just a man, But what a

man! He lived the kind of life many of us only dream to live. A life large and generous, bold and adventurous, a life great in the scope of its desire, magnanimous in forgiveness, courageous as an act of faith, smiling triumphant even over set-back and disaster.

In the Talmud we are taught that when we recall the thoughts and words spoken by the departed *אנחנו א/כ"ב נחמנו* then "lips silenced by death quiver anew with life." Our final words then will be Dayan's. They are taken from his latest book, Breakthrough, and speak of a recurring dream, one that he had also during the night before he went into the hospital for cancer surgery:

"In this dream," he writes, "I am climbing a hillside just north of my childhood village of Nahalal, between Haifa and Nazareth. The peak is covered with rich foliage, terebinth and oak and cyclamen...sprouting between the rocks in winter. At the top is a cave, with just enough space for me to lie down comfortably on a mattress of dust from peeling walls and roof, and earth and leaves swept by in wind and rain. I have climbed the hill to get to this hideaway, not out of fear, not because I am being pursued by someone who means me harm. My feeling of peacefulness is prompted not from the safety of my refuge, but from the achievement of my aim -- to lie on a blanket of soft earth and rotting leaves, in a cave hidden among bushes somewhere on a hill that looks out over the valley of Jezreel, to lie quietly, to rest, to forget all, to think of nothing..."

אנחנו א/כ"ב נחמנו

11/17/81

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Eulogy for Judith Ruth Shapiro

It is with a heavy heart that we meet here this day. We have shared sorrow before as a family, but this moment is unlike any other. Judy's death came before her time and willfully.

And so the regret and guilt which normally come with death of someone we love is magnified, intensified. Guilt and sorrow intermingle within us. One looms almost as large as the other. The sense of regret almost overpowers our great sense of loss.

And yet this should not be so! There is nothing which any of us did which brought this to be. There is nothing which any of us failed to do which could have stayed her hand.

Mother, you gave her life and love -- all her life; Debby, you opened your home to her as long as you could without destroying yourself; Rhea, you literally tried to force your will to live into her being; Shari, Susie, you did as much as your mother would accept from you, she could accept no more from her children; Chuck, you were generous, loving, patient, noble in your virtues; we are all of us indebted to you, all admiring of you.

Others stood at a greater distance -- Bobby, Bruce, Marge, Cynthia -- and yet we too were supportive.

And so there is no need for guilt!

Of course, we said things we shouldn't have and failed to say what we should -- all of us did at times. But so did Judy herself, did she not? It is the way of life, and we must accept it as its inevitable part.

Look at our tragedy in such a way: Judy suffered an incurable disease, as incurable as cancer, or ask the stroke which felled father. All of the doctors to which she went could bring her no healing. The medicines they prescribed were of no avail. She lived in a tunnel, as it were, beneath the sea. Our voices came only from afar. She could scarcely hear them. She could not respond to them. And the sea pounded relentlessly and gave her no rest. Until she could bear it no longer.

There is no need for guilt then. But there is a need for sorrow. Our sense of loss is fully justified -- the loss of what might yet have been, the loss of what assuredly was.

Judy, at her best was really something. She was beautiful, was she not, and she loved beautiful things. Her taste was well refined; she could tell the metal from the dross. Can any of us, will any of us ever forget the beauty of her home, the loveliness of her garden, and her well-spread, comely table when she played host to us.

She was intelligent and used her mind well. She read voluminously and with good judgement.

Judy had high standards. -- and this may have been her undoing. She imposed these standards on others. But she was equally exacting with herself.

She was gifted with humor. She could laugh, when she was well, and make others laugh.

She cared, yes, she did. She had a passion for life and for people. When someone was in need, she was at his side. And she was a fighter for the right. When she saw a wrong, she had to correct it. When she saw someone wronged, she rose in defense.

What was that motto she chose for herself when she campaigned for office?
More Punch with Judy! That was Judy, at her best.

And that is how we should remember her. Not by weeping. Not by wailing. Not
by watering her grave with our tears. But by emulating her at her best:
fighting for the right, fashioning things of beauty, loving the living whom
she loved in life.

And so let us turn toward one another in love. This is a time not for
recrimination but for reconcilliation. When the circle of family and friends
grows smaller, we must resolve to make it stronger by reinforcing its links
with an even greater love.

As for Judy, may she find that surcease which life denied her. May she rest
beneath God's wings and find that peace she sought ...

She has out-soared the shadow of our night;
envy and calumny and hate and pain
and that unrest which men miscall delight
can touch her not and torture not again.

A MEMORIAL PRAYER

by

RABBI ALEXANDER M. SCHINDLER

Out of the depths we cry unto Thee O Lord our Heavenly Father,
Great is our grief,
bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul.
Holy halls which usually re-echo to festive songs of praise,
today are filled with the plaintive strains of sorrow,
for this synagogue's servant is gone out of sight.
His beautiful voice has been silenced.
Those soaring wings of song which carried our prayers to the
throne of God are withered.

The pain is more grievous still, because it comes closer to the heart.
Friends miss their friend.
A wife stands bereft of her husband - the companion of her life
these many years.
Children are denied the nearness of an exceptionally caring father.
Nispordah Hachavila!
A cord is loosed...the silver chain is broken...
Tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by
relentless death.

Why? Why did it have to happen?
Oh, in the end, I suppose death came as a sort of release.
But why the sickness at all, this dread disease which makes waste
a man?
Why, Oh God, art Thou so far from help at the voice of our
supplication?

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort.
We cannot find them,
Except perhaps in the knowledge that we are all Acheem L'Tzurah,
brothers in agony, brothers in pain.
We are all sojourners along the same road which leads to the
same end.
We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of
ceaseless toil.
And in the end everything we have and everything we are vanishes
in death.

Our faith enjoins us to acknowledge Thee as the Author of
Darkness and not just Light,
To realize that good and evil both come from Thy hand.
In this moment of our sorrow too we are to thank Thee.
We thank Thee then for the life that was,
for the precious gift which was ours in the being of Paul Kwartin.

We thank Thee for the brightness of his mind,
for his incisiveness of thought,
which made him an eager student and an able teacher alike.

We thank Thee for the intensity of his devotion to our people,
which led him to dedicate his life to the synagogue and the
task of its upbuilding.

We thank Thee for his well-refined sense of taste,
his superb standard of excellence,
which enabled him to make of this synagogue a shrine for
lovers of liturgical song.

We thank Thee for his greatest talent,
his magnificent voice,
which resonated through these halls, throughout this land and world,
a voice which was altogether beautiful to hear,
and which gave most meaningful expression to the unspoken
yearnings of our soul.

We thank Thee for his great love
with which he surrounded those who stood far and those who stood near
and which gave true meaning to the words:
Husband, father, friend.

And now he is no more.
And because he was what he was and is no more we weep,
weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay,
weep because a most beautiful song of our lives has been stilled,
and our life is more muted, less melodious because of it.

And yet all is not gone.
Love is stronger than death.
It can bridge the fearsome chasm which separates the living
from the dead.
The words which Paul spoke,
the beauty which we created with his song,
the love he gave in life,
will warm and sustain us always.
Those precious endowments were never bound to his physical frame,
to the cells of his brain,
or to the fibres of his great heart.
They came from a spirit within him and beyond him,
and this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

As for Paul,
may he find his rest beneath the sheltering wings of Thy presence.
Grant us comfort, and grant him peace.

Amen

A. MEMORIAL PRAYER
by Ral

OUT OF THE DEPTHS WE CRY UNTO THEE O LORD OUR HEAVENLY FATHER,
GREAT IS OUR GRIEF,
BITTER THE ANGUISH WHICH AFFLICTS OUR SOUL.
HOLY HALLS WHICH USUALLY RE-ECHO TO FESTIVE SONGS OF PRAISE,
TODAY ARE FILLED WITH THE PLAINTIVE STRAINS OF SORROW,
FOR THIS SYNAGOGUES SERVANT IS GONE OUT OF SIGHT.
HIS BEAUTIFUL VOICE HAS BEEN SILENCED.
THOSE SOARING WINGS OF SONG WHICH CARRIED OUR PRAYERS TO THE THRONE OF GOD
ARE WITHERED.

THE PAIN IS MORE GRIEVOUS STILL, BECAUSE IT COMES CLOSER TO THE HEART.
FRIENDS MISS THEIR FRIEND.

A WIFE STANDS BEREFT OF HER HUSBAND - THE COMPANION OF HER LIFE
THESE MANY YEARS.

CHILDREN ARE DENIED THE NEARNESS OF AN EXCEPTIONALLY CARING FATHER,
NISPORDAH HACHAVILA!

A CORD IS LOOSED...THE SILVER CHAIN IS BROKEN...

TENDER TIES OF FRIENDSHIP AND OF LOVE HAVE BEEN TORN ASUNDER BY RELENTLESS
DEATH.

WHY? WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN?

OH, IN THE END, I SUPPOSE, DEATH CAME AS A SORT OF RELEASE.

BUT WHY THE SICKNESS AT ALL,

THIS DREAD DISEASE WHICH WASTES A MAN?

WHY, O GOD, ART THOU SO FAR FROM ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ HELP AT THE VOICE OF OUR
SUPPLICATION?

VAINLY DO WE LOOK FOR WORDS OR THOUGHTS OF COMFORT,

WE CANNOT FIND THEM,

EXCEPT PERHAPS IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WE ARE ALL

ACHEEM L'TZURAH, ¹⁰⁰⁰ BROTHERS IN AGONY, BROTHERS IN PAIN.

WE ARE ALL SOJOURNERS ALONG THE SAME ROAD WHICH LEADS TO THE SAME END.

WE MOISTEN OUR ^{Morsel of} BREAD WITH ^{tears + with} THE SWEAT OF CEASELESS TOIL,

AND IN THE END EVERYTHING WE HAVE AND EVERYTHING WE ARE ~~ALL POSSESSIONS~~ ~~LOST DREAMS~~

~~IT~~ ²⁵ VANISHES IN DEATH

OUR FAITH ENJOINS US TO ACKNOWLEDGE THEE AS THE AUTHOR OF DARKNESS

AND NOT JUST LIGHT,

TO REALIZE THAT GOOD AND EVIL ^(new line) BOTH COME FROM THY HAND.

IN THIS MOMENT OF OUR SORROW ^{TOO WE ARE TO} ~~THEN~~ ^{WE THANK THEE THEN} WE THANK THEE FOR THE LIFE THAT WAS,

FOR THE PRECIOUS GIFT WHICH ~~WAS~~ OURS IN THE BEING OF PAUL KWARTIN.

WE THANK THEE FOR THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS MIND,

← FOR HIS INCISIVENESS OF THOUGHT,

WHICH MADE HIM AN EAGER STUDENT AND AN ABLE TEACHER ALIKE,

WE THANK THEE FOR THE INTENSITY OF HIS DEVOTION TO OUR PEOPLE, ~~AND OUR FAITH~~

WHICH LED HIM TO DEDICATE HIS LIFE TO THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE TASK

OF ITS UPBUILDING.

WE THANK THEE FOR HIS WELL-REFINED SENSE OF TASTE,

HIS SUPERB STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE,

WHICH ENABLED HIM TO MAKE OF THIS SYNAGOGUE A SHRINE FOR LOVERS OF LITURGICAL

SONG

WE THANK THEE FOR HIS GREATEST TALENT,

HIS MAGNIFICENT VOICE,

WHICH RESONATED THROUGH THESE HALLS,

← THROUGHOUT THIS LAND AND WORLD,

~~XXXXXXXX~~ A VOICE WHICH WAS ALTOGETHER BEAUTIFUL TO HEAR,

AND WHICH GAVE MOST MEANINGFUL EXPRESSION TO THE ~~INNERMOST~~

← UNSPOKEN YEARNINGS OF OUR SOUL

WE THANK THEE FOR HIS GREAT LOVE

WITH WHICH HE SURROUNDED THOSE WHO STOOD FAR,

← AND ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO STOOD NEAR

AND WHICH GAVE TRUE MEANING TO THE WORDS:

HUSBAND, FATHER FRIEND,

AND NOW HE IS NO MORE.

AND BECAUSE HE WAS WHAT HE WAS AND IS NO MORE WE WEEP,

WEEP OVER MOTIONLESS FORM AND UNRESPONSIVE CLAY,

WEEP BECAUSE ^{A MOST} ~~AN~~ ALTOGETHER BEAUTIFUL SONG OF OUR LIVES HAS BEEN STILLED,

AND OUR LIFE IS MORE MUTED, LESS MELODIOUS BECAUSE OF IT.

AND YET NOT ALL IS GONE.

LOVE IS STRONGER THAN DEATH.

IT CAN BRIDGE THE FEARSOME CHASM WHICH SEPARATES THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD.

THE WORDS WHICH PAUL SPOKE,

THE BEAUTY WHICH HE CREATED WITH HIS ^{SONG} ~~VOICE AND HEART~~

THE LOVE HE GAVE IN LIFE,

WILL WARM AND SUSTAIN US ALWAYS.

THESE PRECIOUS ENDOWMENTS WERE NEVER BOUND TO HIS PHYSICAL FRAME,

— TO THE CELLS OF HIS BRAIN,

— OR TO THE FIBRES OF HIS GREAT HEART.

THEY CAME FROM A SPIRIT WITHIN HIM AND BEYOND HIM,

AND THIS SPIRIT LIVES ON FOR EVERLASTING BLESSING.

AS FOR PAUL,

MAY HE FIND HIS REST BENEATH THE SHELTERING WINGS OF THY PRESENCE.

GRANT US COMFORT, AND GRANT HIM PEACE.

AMEN

Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE UNION OF AMERICAN HEBREW CONGREGATIONS

SCHOOL OF SACRED MUSIC
CANTORIAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

40 WEST 68 STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y. 10023

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October 31, 1978

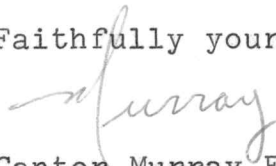
Rabbi Alexander Schindler
Union of American Hebrew Congregations
838 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10021

Dear Rabbi Schindler:

I speak for the alumni of the School of Sacred Music who mourn the passing of our colleague, Paul Kwartin. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend the funeral services for Paul, which I understand were most beautiful. I also know that you participated in the service and would very much appreciate receiving from you a copy of your remarks which we would like to include in the next edition of the Cantorial Alumni Association publication, Shalshelet.

With best wishes to you and yours for a New Year of fulfillment and blessing, I am

Faithfully yours,



Cantor Murray E. Simon

/d



ELIZABETH REESE

26 October 1978

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
UNION OF AMERICAN HEBREW CONGREGATIONS
838 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10021

Dear Rabbi Schindler:

I am the woman whose name you did not learn.

Thank you for sending the prayer you composed for Paul Kwartin. Mag was surprised and pleased to have your words. I intend to get all three eulogies to have them type set and dignified graphically for all the children.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Elizabeth Reese".

Elizabeth Reese
Consultant, Public Relations

230 East 73rd Street #4G
New York, N.Y. 10021

70 → Eric Kuller

EULOGY

KIVIE KAPLAN

Delivered by

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Temple Israel
Boston, Massachusetts

May 7, 1975

We are gathered in this sanctuary as Acheem Letzuro, as brothers in pain.

We are moved by a common sorrow.

We are summoned by the duty to speak a final farewell to Kivie Kaplan
who has been taken from us.

And thus it is that this holy hall

which usually reverberates with the sound of festive song

today re-echoes but the plaintive strains of sorrow

for a chord is loosed...the silver chain is broken...

tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

We all of us have lost a friend.

Let this be the first word of comfort which we speak

...to Emily...to Sylvia and Jean and Eddie, to all who were near and dear to Kivie...

when all is said and done, it is the only comfort we can offer.

Though your loss is the most grievous, you do not suffer it alone...

We too are bereft,

all of us who are assembled here today

and the many who are not and of whom this mighty throng is but a symbol,

men of every color and every creed, of all degrees of wealth and education in the
sight of God and in the sight of men

we all of us have lost our leader and our friend.

Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never do.

Oh, I suppose when it comes to the externals, material for words is certainly not lacking:
what Kivie said and what he did and how he did it

a treasure trove of beautiful memories on which we all can draw.

But we think now rather of the inner man and our response to him.

These feelings can never be measured by mere words, they were too grand for that.

Kivie walked, a giant among us...a giant of the spirit...a prince among men.

What did Kivie mean to me.

What did he mean to that family of congregations in whose behalf I speak...

First and foremost, Kivie was our conscience.

Nothing morally shabby escaped his watchful concern.

And when he saw a wrong he spoke his piece for justice
fearlessly, yet softly, never in self-righteous anger,
always insistent on those values which the world makes us forget.

His moral antennae were especially sensitive to power...

He disdained its pomp and would not brook its abuse.

He saw power a trust, springing from the governed and existing for them

And he held men of power accountable for its exercise

No one was exempted from this accounting

...neither the head of an institution, nor the ruler of men, nor even a tyrannical majority

the greater the power, the greater the abuse

Kivie always stood with the Psalmist:

absolute power belongs only to God.

Kivie's moral perceptions were rooted in the Jewish tradition.

Certainly he did whatever he did out of an awareness of his Jewishness.

Yet his care always extended beyond his own people to embrace the world.

This is the second area in which he made his impact on our Union of congregations
in that he embodied the essential unity of the universal and the particular.

His life gave lie to the notion that the two are somehow incongruous,
that the service to the one precludes a devotion to the other.

Jewishness mandates a concern for humankind -- so taught Kivie by example --

nor can humankind be served by a Jew without a prior coming-to-terms with his Jewishness
without a continuing replenishing of that matrix,
that enveloping element, in which the Jew takes life and form.

And so Kivie went about his way supporting just causes whatever their label.
When working for and among Blacks he did not hide his Jewishness; he wore it as a plume.
Sometimes I think he took no offense but pride when scurrilous articles and
letters referred to him as a "nigger loving Jew"
And when narrow minded Jews chided him to "worry about the Jews and not the Chicanos"
he delighted to have me tell them
just how much he had done for his people
here and in Israel and all over the world.
The door of Kivie's being was open to the world
And the post of that door was proudly adorned with a mezzuzah.

Lastly, and not in the least, we valued Kivie because the individual was at the end
of his universe.
He cared about man and not just about men
Nothing was good to him which ignored the individual
He did not let anyone be sacrificed for anything at all,
not even for some presumed greater good, which would come at some future time,
to generations yet unborn.
No predatory collectivism for him...only and always the individual man, not men.

Rare was that call or letter from Kivie which did not ask my help for someone
...a staff member, a colleague, a friend, a chance acquaintance, a total stranger,
it did not matter -- Kivie pleaded his cause.
Our last conversation was precisely on such a subject.
Kivie himself was always ready to help
giving not just of his substance but himself,
his time, his energy, his consolation, his heart.
When you saw Kivie with someone who was troubled you saw Kivie at his finest.
He gave the large gift, publicly, and properly, so acclaimed.
But he also gave much more: the hidden gift,
deeds of humankindness known only to giver and receiver and all the more precious
for their tender privacy.

That was Kivie but that was not the whole of him.

There were other elements which went into his making and defined his essence...
his children for whom he cared and in whose accomplishments he took so much pride
his grandchildren and his great grandchild, those jewels of his crown
and above all there was Emily
of all earthly goods his most precious
standing by his side
giving quiet assent to everything he did
bringing him grief only when she was not well or near
Emily, Kivie's wife: his love, his thought, his joy.

And now he is no more,
and because he was what he was and is no more we weep
Alas for those who are gone and whose like will not soon appear again
And yet our faith enjoins us not to mourn overly long, nor to live cloistered
behind the walls of an ill controlled grief
Never to tarry in the valley of weeping but to turn it rather into a place of
many springs.

In the midst of life's losses we are to think of life's gifts
in the midst of life's sorrows we should remember life's joys
in the midst of life's despair we must cling to life's undying hope.

Nor are these losses apart from these gifts.

These joys from these sorrows, these griefs from these hopes.

Our losses grow from our gifts -- whatever is given is taken.

Again, our hopes grow out of our very losses - whatever is taken, is in some
form given back again...

Our sorrows are but joys softened into the tenderness of aching recollection
and our tears, our tears are naught else than our remembered smiles.

But if our tears are naught more than our remembered smiles
let the soft remembrance of the smiles of our better days
glisten even through our tears
let our darkness never be so dark but that there shine through it the light of hope.
And let this hope not be the last refuge of the disconsolate
but rather a strong life-giving force bent upon enhancing human existence in all
of its manifestation.

Is not this what Kivie would have us do could lips now silent speak
to turn from death to life
to futher causes he advances
to love the living whom he loved in life...
to smile, aye to "keep smiling" even through our tears.

Let us resolve to do so
then will we give substance to the promise inherent in our words
that the memory of the righteous is indeed for blessing.

Amen.

EULOGY

LOUIS BROIDO

Delivered By
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Congregation Emanu-El of the
City of New York
April 7, 1975

We are assembled here

the representatives of a large community of Jews and American citizens

linked together into one family by a great common sorrow

and by our duty to pay a final tribute of respect and love to Lou Broido.

Deep is our grief. . . bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul.....

for a cord is loosed . . . the silver chain is broken.....

tender ties of love and of friendship have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Why? Why did it have to happen?

Why art Thou so far from our help at the voice of our supplication?

Here is a "why" for which there is no answer.

No man who lived or lives can give an answer to the agonizing why of suffering.

We stand before life's overpowering mystery

and we must see death and tragedy as life's inevitable part.

There is no life without its cruel contrasts:

a human being, whole and hearty today, disfigured by disease tomorrow.....

a man strong and powerful one day,
then crumbling like a castle of sand built by children 'long the shore,
when the tides of destiny roll in

plenty and poverty...righteousness and rottenness...beauty with its sting of evanescence...

the laughter of children, and then, too soon, the silence of the grave.

No, there is no life without such cruel contrasts,

life simply cannot be had on any other terms.

Perhaps there is a consolation here which we can offer,

to Dorothy, to Ted and Joe, to Henry, to all who are bereaved

this knowledge that they but share a destiny which is common to every man.

We are all of us strangers before God, sojourners as were our fathers.

Our days on earth vanish like a shadow

scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave

We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil

and in the end our hopes, our yearnings, our fondest dreams,

they vanish in death.

Our sorrow is great, because our gift was so very great

Lou Broido was a most precious possession

not only to those who stood near, but also to those who stood at a far greater distance.

He rightly claims a prominent place among the leading Jews of our generation.

Lou was that, in the first instance, a Jew who valued his Jewishness greatly.

He knew the meaning of Torah

He had a respect for intellect and learning and was a most knowledgeable Jew himself.

He read, and he thought and he taught -

- and he also DID !!

Lou understood well that Torah means something more than knowledge

that it involves also a quickening of thought into deed,

a spanning of that distance which separates midrash and maaseh, the mind and the hand

He led a Jewish life.

He was loyal to the synagogue and involved himself in its work

This very sanctuary and congregation in which we worship was entrusted to his guidance.

He sustained the synagogues supportive institutions, the Union and the College-Institute

He was the architect of that maintenance plan which guaranteed the past and future of that family of congregations for which I speak

And this, above all,

Lou expressed his Jewishness through the refinement of ethical standards in his personal and communal life,

through the development of a daily decency so high

that it demonstrated to us, to all the world,

that the prophets of Israel and their righteousness somehow lived in him.

Lou not only knew and acted Jewishly, he
also felt his Jewishness keenly.

He was, after all, a man, not just a mind and
he loved this people Israel with an abounding love

In this sense, Lou's leadership of the JDC must be seen as the very pinnacle of his Jewish
career.....

His duties as the Chairman of Joint brought him to every corner of our far flung world
Where he met his fellow Jews of every kind
the rich, the poor, the black, the white, the humble and the proud
he loved them all alike and served them all.

Nor was there ever anything parochial about his Jewishness

He followed the mandate of the rabbis
which bids is always to seek the well being of that community in which we live

He involved himself in efforts to regenerate this city's political life

He founded and led the Liberal Party

he attained to high city office, serving without recompense
bringing those talents of management and skill in negotiating which brought him
so much success in his career.

And thus, he helped New York and its people,

men of every race and creed

of all degrees of wealth and education in the sight of God and man.

The universal and the particular were united within Lou

He was as proud of his membership in the French Legion of Honor

as he was when the Hebrew Union College gave him an honorary doctorate.

We think now also of Lou Broido the man,

of his energy, his ebullience, his keen sense of humor,

of that brightness which even failing strength could never dim.

He was a master-craftsman in the art of living

and the essence of his talent was his zest for life itself

he luxuriated in just being, breathing, living

no moment of existence passed him unaware

he seized each golden minute of his life, with all his heart and soul and might.

Lou's love for life extended to those who filled it...

Ted, his son, provided us with an apt metaphor for this aspect of Lou's being

when he told me yesterday that he thought of his father's life as fulfilling that promise implicit in that benediction which was spoken when he entered the Covenant of Abraham

K'SHEM SH'NICHNAT LABRIT, KEN YIKANESS L'TORAH, L'CHUPAH, U'L'MASSIM TOVIM, So spoke his parents eight days after his birth.

"Even as he enters into this Covenant, so may he enter the Torah, the Chupah and good deeds."

The Chupah is the canopy of the marriage ceremony.

It is symbolic of that home which is to be established

Lou was indeed such a sheltering canopy, not only to his nuclear, but to his extended family

his brothers and his sisters, his nephews and his nieces

they all received an equal measure of his guidance and his care.

He was a good parent

no gift of life was sweeter to him than his children,

they were his pride, his most precious possession

He loved them not only well but wisely - he did not stifle them

And he loved those whom they loved,

their mates, their children, his grand-children,
they were the jewels of his crown.

And he was a noble husband...

to Lucy, to the end of her days

and then to Dorothy who brightened his final years

who cared for him with so much tenderness

whose brightness and ebullience matched his own so perfectly.

Lou Broido, a noble human being, an aristocrat, yet humanist a giant of a man.....

Aye, he lived the kind of life many of us only dream to live

a life large and generous, bold and adventurous,

great in the scope of its desire,

warm with imagination, magnanimous in forgiveness

smilingly triumphant over setback and over disaster.

Alas, for those who are gone, and whose like will not soon appear again!

And yet, not all is gone, is it

Not everything is interred with our bones

That which we create lives on, long after we are gone, to bless the lives of others.

When Chanayo ben Teradyon, noblest of Jewish martyrs was burned at the stake
wrapped in a Scroll of the Law

his pupils who witnessed his terrible agony cried out

"our master our teacher, what seest thou"

and he replied

"I see the parchment burning, but the letters of the Law, they soar on high.

Even so it is with us,

Our flesh may perish...our hands will wither,

but that ~~which~~ they create, in beauty and in goodness and in truth,

that remains, for all time to come.

And so the words Lou spoke,

the beauty he created so abundantly

the love he gave in life,

these will warm and sustain us always

these precious endowments were never bound to his bodily frame,

to the cells of his brain or to the fibres of his great heart

they came from a spirit within him and beyond him

and this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

It is this spirit and the knowledge of its lasting nature which brings us our final comfort

which gives us the strength to turn from the silence of the grave to the tasks of life

for this above all is what Lou would have us do, could lips now silent speak

to turn to life, that life which he embraced so fully

to offer care to those who fill it

to bestow a double measure of love on those who remain

Do not honor by weeping.

May we find the wisdom and strength to do so

Then will we give substance to those words which we now offer only as a promise
that we will remember Lou forever.....and that his memory will be for blessing. Amen.

A FINAL TRIBUTE

TO

ELISA MICHAELS BRICKNER

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

August 13, 1973

15 Av 5733

Martha's Vineyard Hebrew Congregation
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts

With heavy heart we meet here this day. Great is our grief.
Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul. For a cord is
loosed; the silver chain is broken, tender ties of love and
friendship have been torn asunder by sudden, cruel death.

There is no fate more terrible than this: The death of the
young. Parents grieving for a child.

RACHEL MEVAKAH AL BANEHA...

Rachel weeps for her children; she will not be comforted,
for her children are dead.

We come to give strength - our own strength fails us. We
come to fortify faith - but our faith falters. It is steadied
only by what we see here: a family fiercely determined to
face the future with spirit undismayed.

On his long, lone journey from Israel to this place, Balfour
wrote some lines which serve as substance for much of what I
say in my farewell to Elisa. Listen to his words, and sense
and share his faith.

"Elisa's death was an accident...nothing of either
the demonic or the divine is to be found in what
happened...God is not proving us...There is no
reason to curse Him...and there is no one to blame
for what has happened...Elisa was as eager to take
the trip as we were to have her go...what happened
could have happened anywhere...

"A great gift was ours...The Mind of the Universe shared a small measure of its greatness with us... in the form of a daughter whom we were privileged to bring into this world, help grow, train and enjoy ...we accepted the delight she gave us, suffered through those trials we laid on one another, rejoiced in her successes and achievements, cried at her failures and frustrations...and this for all too brief a time...

"And now we must separate ourselves from the physical part of her being...It is but that part of her which lived in time and space...but we retain and cling to that part of her which encompasses eternity, that reality which is without the limitations of time and space...

"Death is the turning from time to eternity - a wise man said. The measure of our capacity to confront death is revealed in the extent to which we understand and accept this truth."

We who come to bring comfort find it here, in Balfour's strength and in Barbara's too, in their determination to turn from death to life, from the silence of the grave to the sounds and tumult of being.

This turning from death to life will not be easy, because of the greatness of their loss. It is commensurate with their gift, for they were richly blessed. Elisa was a jewel.

Chronologically, she was only at the beginning of her life, late adolescence, seventeen, that "wonderful, tangled, tangling age... the adult and the child struggling to find their proper place within her"...a pose of independence masking her still fragile self...the tension of a girl "who knew that she was more gifted than others...that pleased her...she took fierce pride in her accomplishments..." but she also wanted to be a part of the group, fully accepted by her fellows. Those tensions were just beginning to resolve. "Things were finally falling into place for her," Barbara said. Bright promise nearly fulfilled.

Elisa sensed this too. In these lovely lines of her last published poem she speaks of her life's new beginning:

"Like the sunrise, my life is just beginning
It begins by sending out tentative rays
to discover the world.
Slowly its sphere of influence broadens
to include more than its own light.
Some of the clouds have been pushed away,
and some gray mist remains.
I wonder:
shall my life continue to follow the sun's course
on a burst of brightness mount to the sky..
travel the path to other horizons with sunbeams
set on a world made a little brighter by my passage
I can only hope..."

What a plaintive ending this -- "I can only hope" -- especially when read with the knowledge of that hope's frustration. Was it an intimation of mortality? She had the poet's gifts, and poets are cursed with the gift of foresight.

In the world of her emotions she may still have moved between the girl and the woman. But her ideals, her convictions, were well formed; there was nothing tentative about them.

She was a "deeply sensitive soul." The hurt of others was her hurt..."every injustice an injustice which offended her." Sham, pretense, hypocrisy repelled her. The Vietnam war made her angry and sick, because it "violated everything that was of value to her: life, national integrity, justice, honesty, humanity."

Things meant nothing to her...ideas did. She read, voluminously. Her parents could never "keep her in books." Her personal library was rich, reflecting the remarkable variety of her concerns.

As much as she enjoyed learning, she liked to teach. Barney and Adam know that...she was their mentor. She seemed headed toward a career in education, possibly Jewish education, perhaps even the rabbinate. "No one would have been surprised were that to have happened." Rebecca and Elisa, after all, were very much alike.

She revelled in her Jewishness. A year in Israel on Kfar Blum "sealed the love of the land and the language and the people into the very fiber of her being." She loved her Judaism, intelligently, She responded to the rituals of tradition. Reared in both, she felt as at home in a Conservative shul as she did in a Reform temple. Intellectually, though, she was a Reform Jewess. "She knew the difference between myth and fact, fable and truth, in matters religious, as she did in all other things."

Of course she loved life. She relished in just living, breathing, being. And she loved nature...one senses this to have been almost an obsession. The meadows and the trees, the sand and the sun and the sea, they were her desire, her special delight.

There is a poster in Elisa's room whose image haunts me. It is the picture of a girl astride on a horse, her head held high, her tresses flowing in the air. The caption reads:

"The wind meets me in a thunderous rush of being."

This is the way Elisa saw herself and was: rushing to meet life, eager to explore and learn all things, to plunge into nature and to probe it, to embrace the land and sea, in all their wildness and their mystery.

It is this nature which finally claimed her -- too soon -- and she finds her final resting place in a particular part of it she knew and loved, "a place most suited to her nature." There she sleeps. But the soul of her, that golden glowing, wondrous soul of her, lives on to shine upon another dawn.

We return to the words of a father and the thoughts of a mother:

"Alizah...we hold you very close...happiness was your name, and you were true to it. You brought us much joy...you must continue to do so..."

"But now it is hard. The wound of death is open and the pain hurts. It is a moment of searing. Thank all heavens that we have family and friends who surround us. Friendship does bring warmth. Only those who have suffered know that."

"We are not the first to lose a child, but the death of one so young, so brimming with the hope of what could be, so internally and externally lovely, that is indeed hard to face."

"Somehow we shall. The job of the living is to survive."

* * *

PRAYER

Jay Kaufman

Out of the depths we cry unto Thee, O Lord our heavenly Father
Great is our grief
Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul
For a cord is loosed
The silver chain is broken
Tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort.
We cannot find them
Except perhaps in the knowledge that we share a destiny common to every man
We are all strangers before Thee, O God,
Sojourners as were our fathers.
Our days on earth vanish like a shadow
Scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave.
We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil
And in the end our fondest hopes vanish in death.

Our faith enjoins us to accept evil from Thy hand as well as the good
To praise Thee in gladness and sorrow alike.

We thank Thee, then, for the life that was,
For the precious gift which was ours, though he is no more.

We thank Thee for his mind - active, vigorous, ever exploring...
For his spirit, ebullient in joy, triumphant in disaster
For his heart - warm, magnanimous, all embracing in its care and understanding.

We thank Thee for the devotion with which he served us,
The love with which he loved Thy people - Israel.

We thank Thee for the care with which he surrounded
Those who stood far and those who stood near,
A care which gave true meaning to the words: husband, father, friend.

In truth, he led the kind of life we only dream to live
He was the kind of person we want to be
And everyone whose life was intertwined with his however fleetingly,
Was touched with something of its essential goodness.

And now he is no more,
And because he was what he was and is no more we weep -
Weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay.
Weep because a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives and our lives
Are the darker because of it.

Be near us in the sorrow of our hearts
Send us comfort, consolation, courage...
Give us the strength we need to find our way from the silence of the grave
To the tasks of life...

Those tasks which he valued and served
And through whose advancement we will give him our finest tribute.

- Alexander Schindler

I N M E M O R I A M
R A B B I J A Y K A U F M A N

It is with a heavy heart that I rise to speak these lines
of tribute in memory.

Jay Kaufman was a close friend of mine.

I felt bound to him as David was bound to Jonathan.

The span of Jay's life was too brief.

He was cut down while still only on the threshold of his life ---
a life of service to his people.

Thus we mourn not only what we lost,
but the loss of what well might have been,
what would have been, had he been granted those years
which are normally allotted to man.

What was -- to be sure -- was sufficiently great;
a rabbi of several congregations,
the leader of one of American Jewry's dominant synagogue movements,
finally, executive head of B'nai B'rith with its many-varied
programs of world-wide effect.

In retrospect, Jay's years as the UAHC Vice President were his most productive.

Under his leadership that organization grew --

from three to sixteen regions,

from 250 to 700 congregations,

from perhaps a quarter of a million to one million souls.

He intensified its program of Jewish education.

He built and nurtured its extensive Jewish camping effort.

He was the architect of its Israel programs,

making firm those bonds which bind the state and the people of Israel.

He was a close friend of COJO's even in the days when

organizational limitations did not permit his direct participation.

The concept of a united world Jewry moved him deeply.

I do not know whether he conceived of the idea of a global

approach to Jewish education,

but I do know that it was he who kept the idea alive,

who prodded many to its care,

whose force of will alone brought

the garment of reality to the thought.

And now the Commission on Jewish Education is seen as

the *raison d'etre* for COJO in its larger, more fundamental sense.

Jay brought many gifts of mind and heart to his endeavors -

intelligence

industry

integrity.

The ability to transmit his ideas forcefully articulated
in the written and the spoken word
and in the manner of his life.

And this above all:

he was an *אהבה ארץ* one who loved the land
and the people of Israel with a passion.

A reform Jew, the word Reform was merely a qualifying adjective
for him -- his accent was always on the noun.

A mid-western American - he transcended the isolationist
mood of his environment to become a citizen of the Jewish world.
Certainly he was an *אהבה ארץ* in the more restrictive sense,
he loved the land, the soil, its trees -
Jerusalem was the capital of his heart.

There was a saying of the Rimanoover Rebbe which
became the leitmotif of Jay's life:

*אדם ואדם קצת מן הארץ והאדם הארצי
אדם הארצי ואדם הארצי
אדם הארצי ואדם הארצי*

And now he is no more.

And because he was what he was and is no more we weep.

Weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay,

weep because a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives
and our lives are the darker because of it.

אדם הארצי ואדם הארצי

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
COJO Conference
Geneva, July 1972