



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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Eulogies, children, 1968-1985.

Eulogy For Monte J. Fine

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 13, 1972

"The beautiful has vanished and returns not," Samuel Coleridge's quotation is apt. There is no point in masking the sad truth. This is a cruel and bitter hour. Our gray skies and the wet are an appropriate environment for our purpose. A life rich in youth, love and joy has been wrenched from us. There is no explanation. How shall we accept the death of one taken in the sweetness of his youth? How can we explain the death of one who had taken only a few steps towards manhood? We cannot. The calculus of life and death is a mystery to us. Our tradition was wise when it enjoined us: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for these are beyond your understanding."

We have not come together to understand, but to accept, to find somehow the strength to go on. This hour is a challenge to our hearts and our mind, for ultimately the only adequate response to death is a reaffirmation of life. Plutarch, the Roman historian and biographer, was at his post with the Army when the news reached him of his child's death. The letter which he sent home to his wife has been preserved. Its honesty and courage speak the essence of this moment.

"The messenger you sent to tell me of the death of my little son missed his way. But I heard of it from another.

I pray you let all things be done without ceremony or timorous superstition. And let us bear our affliction with patience. I do know very well

what a loss we have had; but, if you should grieve overmuch, it would trouble me still more. He was particularly dear to you; and when you call to mind how bright and innocent he was, how amiable and mild, then your grief must be peculiarly bitter. For not only was he kind and generous to other children, but even to his very playthings.

But should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when he was alive only afflict us now, when he is dead? Or is there danger that, if we cease to mourn, we shall forget him? But since he gave us so much pleasure while we had him, so ought we to cherish his memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. And such reasons as we would use with others, let us try to make effective with ourselves. And as we put a limit to all riotous indulgence in our pleasures, so let us also check the excessive flow of our grief. It is well, both in action and dress, to shrink from an over-display of mourning, as well as to be modest and unassuming on festal occasions.

Let us call to mind the years before our little son was born. We are now in the same condition as then, except that the time he was with us is to be counted as an added blessing. Let us not ungratefully accuse Fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that we desired. What we had, and while we had it was good, though now we have it no longer.

Remember also how much of good you still possess. Because one page of your book is still blotted, do not forget all the other leaves whose

reading is fair and whose pictures are beautiful. We should not be like misers, who never enjoy what they have, but only bewail what they lose.

And since he is gone where he feels no pain, let us not indulge in too much grief. The soul is incapable of death. And he, like a bird not long enough in his cage to become attached to it, is free to fly away to a purer air. For, when children die, their souls go at once to a better and a divine state. Since we cherish a trust like this, let our outward actions be in accord with it, and let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm. "

"Let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm. " We must accept with what dignity we can summon. The Roman meaning is the same as that of Job's: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blest be the name of the Lord. "

Monte Fine, young man blessed with fine qualities, graced with an abundance of good spirits, joyous, warm, sensitive beyond his years to the feelings and needs of others, tender and loving in every relationship, has been taken from us. Monte warmed the hearts of all who knew him for his way was open, uncomplicated and pleasant. There was a sweet and appealing cheer in his manner. His was a radiant warmth of person which endeared him to everyone. Monte allowed you to come close and so many felt close and it is that closeness which brings us here.

Our Bible tells a story not inappropriate to this hour. King David had a young son especially beloved to him. Unfortunately this boy was

stricken with a frightening illness. David was overwhelmed with anxiety and fear. Endlessly he paced through the rooms of his palace. He shouted a thousand frantic orders. His dress was in disarray and his speech was often unconnected. Time and again he stopped to shout out a prayer to God for the recovery of his son. The lad died. The courtiers were afraid to tell the king the sad news, yet the king sensed his son's tragic fate. Then strangely instead of ranting and railing, his spirit became calm. He became again the gentle, kindly man that he had once been. He went to his room and he ordered food to be brought. He put on fresh clothes and in all things took up again the business of living. His friends asked him concerning this strange behavior. His answer contains a lesson I would say we might all take this day to heart. "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said: who knoweth whether the Lord will not be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he will not return to me."

Monte knew what it meant to feel and he would have felt keenly now, but he also was a youngster of overflowing love and I know that he would ask his family to rise above their tears, to remember not the bitter fact of his death, but the years of happy moments and of shared living. He would pray that those he so dearly cherished might be granted sufficient strength to pick up again the staff of life's adventure, to begin again to live expectantly and to find some measure of happiness, consolation and peace in the days and years ahead.

Amen

Linda Greenbaum

How do you talk of sudden tragedy - of the arrow that strikes noonday, of broken dreams and lasting memories, of deep love and of shattered hearts? What thoughts can help us face the cruelties of life? I wish I had the wisdom to find words which would explain the terror of life. I confess I have none.

We build our lives as if life could be managed handily. Children are rewarded for diligence. The conventional wisdom suggests that if we work hard and are faithful and honest in our relationships, disciplined in our efforts; accomplishments and the accolades of a grateful community will be ours. It happens sometimes. It does not happen at other times. So much of life lies beyond our control. We are thrust into this world and bundled out of it. Some of us are fortunate in birth. We are well-born or talented. Others of us are fortunate in life. We remain healthy or live out our days in a secure place; but most earthlings make do with much less. Security, health, longevity, talent, escape them. Perhaps that is why so much of the traditional wisdom assumes a righting of the balance in some heavenly future.

Of Heaven I know nothing. Of this earthly existence I know only that I must accept the possibilities and the unpredictability of the human condition; events I cannot bend or master or circumvent. Man is capable of nobility and sacrificial love and of the ugliest violence. I suspect that the sum of human wisdom is contained in two statements: "live with courage" and "live each day as fully, as wisely, as sensitively and humanely as you can." I do not know why Linda died so young and in this way. I do know that she is a martyr to the violence of our society, an innocent victim of the wild side of life. I do know (and I cherish the knowledge)

that Linda lived with great courage and extracted from each day whatever possibility and wisdom it contained for her.

Quiet waters often run deep. Behind her pleasing face and manner a fine mind was at work. Linda took life seriously and observed life carefully, and especially in recent months put her thoughts and feelings into striking poetic language.

Time
See what's become of me?
No longer am I the carefree child
on a picnic in the forest,
When I roamed through the vast woods
of eternity, seeking peace of mind
Those fresh sunwarmed days of happiness
and security
I'm on the brink of child and adulthood,
problems, and people to impress.
Balancing on a beam of uncertainty
just what have you done to me
time?

A woven web of delicate lace
spun softly through the fragrant tree
Winter has landed upon my face
but love won't share this beauty with me.
If our distorted world
Was created by man's mind,
When our souls are stripped
What is left of mankind?

Never is language more awkward than when we need it to suggest what we feel when death strikes close to those for whom we care. No words can undo tragedy. What words can mitigate the hurt? We can only speak with our tears, our love, mute evidence that we share in a community of sadness. We can only state the obvious: she is at peace. Perhaps this, too, ought to be said: Death strikes

indiscriminately; saint and sinner, a child crossing the road, passengers passing through an airport. No plans, no precautions can stay the occasional unbidden and unwanted intrusion of death into our lives. Death cannot be escaped, but it can be transcended. Again, I turn to Linda's poems.

No One Alone

In the waterlogged field
emptiness
Stood the rose
A single flower
Casting a shadow
of beauty
The rose
dewdrops glistening on
Soft red-mellow petals
though everything may
be dead
beauty lingers on. . .

Beauty lingers on. A rose which delighted our every sense has been plucked cruelly and senselessly from our garden. The rose no longer lives, but we can still see its bright color and glorious shape - the bright promise of its bloom. Beauty lingers on.

Death cannot deny us our memories. I have thought much of Linda's choice of a rose. A rose is a private flower and Linda must have had a natural affinity to it, for she was a private person, a woman with her own mind. Linda had no patience with put on or sham, with vain display or the status games people play. She loved simple things, honesty, openness, the outdoors, God's clean world.

I am a natural person. I love being outdoors and into nature. It could be that it is my only escape from reality, but I know that I have never felt so good as when I am near the earth.

I have had many experiences related to poetry, but never really classified them as poetic experiences.

Climbing a mountain and reaching the top is quite an experience for anyone. I have climbed many mountains in Maine during the summers. I must say there is nothing more thrilling, and refreshing as looking down at a green valley, wind blowing up against your face, and feeling whole and free as a bird. These words cannot even express the ecstasy of being really alive, and having your senses alert to all living, breathing, pulsing, sounds, smells and movements. That was living. If it were possible, I would do it all my life - Because it is one of the few times that I am 99% satisfied, and happy with myself.

I also love to ride my bicycle. I don't exercise rigorously, but I do often ride to the Shaker Lakes and contemplate. This is when my creativity (which is not too much) shines through. Before my very close friend moved, I went down to Horseshoe Lake and contemplated for a few hours. Those were truly beautiful moments. I write poems down there.

Linda responded to the majesty of the mountains. She was quieted by the depths of the lake. Her ear heard the harmonies of music and she delighted to express herself through her piano. Linda's years were happy years within the love and security of a good and stable family. Linda had enjoyed many opportunities - security and love - yet for all her privileges and advantage she had somehow also recognized that life has its wild side, that life is an unpredictable enterprise. I found this comment on Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality: "Nature brings beauty to everyone, but human nature is not always so nice. Man has evil ways. While nature is so simple and perfect. Man is not." Hearing this simple truth spoken in her direct way I find myself commanded in a way I have seldom been before to discipline my life and my actions and do what I can to heal the pathology of our world.

Her home was a happy secure place - you would have thought that Linda would have grown up carefree - let the heavy thoughts wait yet awhile - but Linda was not a child of make-believe; she had thought deeply about life and she had thought of death, and she was not afraid: "All death does is strip our bodies, but it can never take our souls. Death takes a second to happen but a person's spirit always lives on in the minds of people that love them."

On the cover of her Poetry Journal Linda had written: "There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm." Many adults I know lack her realism. With reverence I would add to it a poem, a favorite of mine.

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

How does one find "strength in what remains behind?" By training ourselves to look beyond the cruelty of death to the beauties of life, the shared feeling - the tender moments - Lionel, Dotsie - you will never be as you were but you can be encouraged by the many loves and hopes which are still yours and by the knowledge that life does not end with the body any more than a beautiful song ends when the last note is sung. Much remains. Memories abide like a sweet benediction.

There are your sons. There is the love that you share. I know you will find the courage to face each day for I have seen your courage these first days. May God sustain you.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 5, 1976



Rachel Leah Kendis

I wish there were words adequate to our feelings. There are none. A precious life has been snuffed out, really, before it would have begun in the ordinary course of events. Two fine young people and all the skills of the medical profession fought to keep Rachel alive, but it was not to be. The hardest of all decisions had to be made, ^{NOT TO ALLOW} ~~that~~ technology should ^{TO} ~~no longer~~ intrude ^{ANY LONGER} into Rachel's existence. ^{WILL HAVE DECISION THAT ALTHOUGH IT MAY BE UNWISDOM NOT TO BE} Our science ^{IMMUNE} ~~has~~ allowed us to invade God's domain. ^{AM} We have only begun to recognize how emotionally difficult these decisions are.

I cannot speak of Rachel's nature. All that we know of her is that she was beautifully formed and that she fought to live. I can speak of the wonderful sustaining love of her parents and of the skillful ministrations of those who nursed and cared for her. There was never a moment in which she was not loved. ^{AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES} When philosophy fails sometime a story can be helpful.

The Bible tells us that King David had a young son who was especially beloved. Unfortunately, the boy was stricken with a frightening illness. The king was overwhelmed with anxiety and concern. He paced restlessly and endlessly through the rooms of his palace. He shouted a thousand frantic, sometime contradictory, orders. His dress was in disarray and his speech was often unconnected. He would stop again and again to shout out a prayer to God for the recovery of his boy. The lad died. David's courtiers and advisers were afraid to tell him the sad news. Somehow, the king sensed his son's fate and then, strangely, instead of ranting and raving his spirit became calm. He became again the gentle, compassionate man he had once been. He went to his room and put on fresh clothes. he ordered food to be brought and took up again the

reins of his responsibilities. His advisers were amazed by this unexpected behavior and they asked him about it. His answer contains a message all of us can take to heart. "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said: Who knows whether the Lord will not be gracious to me, that the child may live. But now he is dead, but he will not return to me."

The sages said that there are three ways to accept the sorrows which life brings. On the lowest rung are those who weep. On the higher rung are those who remain silent, and on the highest rung are those who turn their sorrow into a song. Rachel's death cannot be explained. There is no way to ease ourselves through grief, but we can turn sorrow into a song. The love which was invested in Rachel has not been lost. It binds close. Sharing her struggle to ^{live} ~~existence~~ we have ^{Feltman} ~~sensed~~ the ^{Fragility} ~~fragility~~ of life and none of us ^{can} ~~will~~ ever be ~~as~~ insensitive to ~~anxiety~~ ^{anxiety's} or another's concerns.

God willing, there will be ^{live} ~~another life~~ and the support and love which will be offered will be our song.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 26, 1985

Daniel Koslen

Life is mostly froth and bubble
Two things stand like stone -
Kindness in another's trouble
Courage in your own.

How shall we talk of courage, of beauty, of a loving nature, of death? When the possessor of courage, beauty and love is close by we smile, we touch. Life is full. When death snatches from us a beloved we are reduced to silence. We cry in our hearts - there is pain, anger, bewilderment - and we come together as we have now for reassurance. Grief is cold. We need to be warmed by the presence of friends. We want to know that we are not totally bereft - alone. It is not the words of our service that bring comfort, but the fact that we are here - together - close.

Daniel's death shakes our sense of life's appropriate balance. Why one so young? Why one so good, so gentle, so kind, so sensitive? We ask but there are no answers. Job was not the first, nor will we be the last, to be puzzled by life's unpredictability, why some are of few days while others live long. Job found his balance in a simple faith, "The Lord gives, the Lord takes away, blessed be the name of the Lord." The poet found it wise to remind himself what God offers man.

God hath not promised
skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
all our lives through;
God hath not promised
sun without rain,
joy without sorrow,
peace without pain,
But God hath promised
strength for the day,
rest for the labor,
light for the way,
grace for the tired,
help from above,
unfailing sympathy,
undying love.

A rabbi suffered the death of a beloved young disciple at the age of twenty-eight. The Talmud reports that he eulogized him with these words: "To what can we liken Buna's fate? To a king who has hired workmen for his garden. The king notices that one of

the workmen labors efficiently and expertly. After several hours he calls him over and walks with him about the garden, conversing on various matters. In the evening when the king pays the workmen he gives to the capable man the same pay as to the others. The latter protest: 'He has worked only two hours and we have worked for eight.' True, answers the king, but he accomplished more in two hours than you in eight.

Life is not measured by length but by intensity and achievement. Some live long and leave no trace behind. Others, in a brief moment, create a brilliant symphony or painting, or by the pattern and quality of their lives set an unforgettable example. Danny lived with a grace and calm intelligence which were by themselves moving and compelling. He was thoughtful of others in a sensitive way which belied his youth; and touched those of us who knew to the root of our being. When tempted to self-pity or anger or irresponsibility, Danny's courageous example was a silent reproof. After I visited with Danny I often thought of this short verse.

Life is too brief between the budding and the falling leaf
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf for hate and spite
We have no time for malice and for greed
Therefore, with love, make beautiful the deed
Fast speeds the night.

"With love make beautiful the deed." The poet's praise suggests Danny's way, young and zestful despite pain, willing to face each day though he could not live as his friends did, a young man who was manly and wise beyond his years. He possessed reserves of understanding which we do not normally associate with the young - a competence which allowed him to handle complicated feelings and situations with rare grace and ease.

Illness, prolonged treatment, pain, his sunshine years shadowed, fate might well have soured Danny and made him tense and bitter, but he remained open, caring, alive to the feelings of others, welcoming of friendship, concerned with the future.

Of late grief has become something of a faddish subject. Most everyone has read Kubler-Ross and speaks knowingly of the stages of anger and denial which accompany illness

and grief; and talks passionately of the need for frank and open discussion of such feelings. There is, of course, wisdom in this learning, but as Danny showed us, not everyone finds it necessary to verbalize every doubt and every fear. His was the strength which can conquer anger and frustration. He would not allow the day to be sicklied with worry or self-pity, nor friendships burdened by his fears. Illness was part of his life, not the whole of it, and through it all Danny remained open to the world about him, to sports, to television and books, to his family, to his friends. I found him often out visiting good hospital friends. I doubt that Danny knew the old Confucian saying: "You cannot prevent the birds of sorrow from flying over your heads, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair." Yet, that wisdom was instinctive with him. He set his face towards every day.

Just a few weeks ago I came to Danny's hospital room on Shavuot and confirmed him before his family. It meant much to him and to all of us. It was an act of commitment to life. It was a statement of faith conquering fear. It was a joining with family/ How close he felt to his mother and brothers and what support he received. Illness can become a burden, pulling people apart. Danny was never a burden, never cloying or dependent; always full of life, joy, hope.

What can one say to you who loved him most? Your lives will never be the same. A precious part of your being has been wrenched from you; but you are strong people of strong stock. You loved deeply and well - you nursed tenderly, selflessly, and sensitively. You must recognize that in so many ways you have been blessed beyond the ordinary measure. You have lived with a son and brother of rare quality. Part of the measure of your grief is the measure of his worth. He helped build tight that special sense of family which binds you close even as you helped him find joy and love in each day. His memory will always be bright and encouraging. May God grant you strength.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 28, 1979

Deborah Landau

Life is mostly froth and bubble
Two things stand like stone -
Kindness in another's trouble
Courage in your own

Today we must talk of courage, of beauty, of a loving and undaunted spirit, of death.

When we are close to one who exhibits courage and is endowed with a beautiful and undaunted spirit, life is full and satisfying. When death snatches away such a one, the day turns dark and we grope for some evidence that life is more than a brief and hapless struggle. When we try to think our way through our bewilderment, we discover that life does not yield to logic. What comfort, then, can be ours? Facing death and grief a community comes together not so much to find answers as to overcome loneliness. Grief is cold. Grief is lonely. We need the reassuring presence of friends. It is not the words of our service that brings comfort but the fact that we are here - together - close. We need to learn again that we are not totally bereft.

Deborah's death reminds us that there are no guarantees in life. Some lives, like Deborah's, end young; and we ask why. Why one so able, so sensitive, so full of potential? We ask, but there are no answers. Job was not the first nor will we be the last to be puzzled by life's mathematics. He found his balance in simple faith: "The Lord gives, the Lord takes away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." A modern poet found that though God does not guarantee us a particular number of years, He does provide us with sufficient capacity to make something of each day.

God hath not promised
skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
all our lives through;
God hath not promised
sun without rain,
joy without sorrow,
peace without pain,
But God hath promised
strength for the day,
rest for the labor,
light for the way,
grace for the tired,
help from above
unfailing sympathy,
undying love.

All of us know deep down in our hearts that the measure of life is not one of length but of intensity and achievement. Some live long, wasted years and when they die hardly a trace remains of their passage. Others, in a creative moment, complete a brilliant symphony or speak the words which transform another's life. Some live on the surface. Others savor the richness of each moment. Deborah's days were brief but full and fulfilling.

At sixteen, at a time when most adolescents tremble before the many possibilities of their lives, Deborah had to face illness and limitations. At a time when most adolescents feel themselves immortal, Deborah had to face the real possibility of death. Some might have broken under the strain. Deborah held herself together. She steadfastly continued her studies and her preparations for a life in medicine. One can only marvel at her determination not to be defeated by life and to remain open to friends and to new experiences. She succeeded and, as a consequence, hers is a fulfilled life. Far more than many who live the four score years which tradition tells us is the full measure of life, far more than she perhaps knew herself, her nobility and grace enhanced the lives of others. Self-pity or irresponsibility were simply inconceivable in the face of her achievement.

Medicine is not only a noble profession but an all-consuming and emotionally demanding activity. Some in medicine are tempted to ease their burden by hiding from the emotional needs of patients behind a cloud of laboratory tests and the busy schedule of their lives. I suspect that those who have been taking their medical training along with Deborah and have watched her fight pain and fatigue to complete her work will always see Deborah in their patients and because of her be better physicians who accept the responsibility of treating clients as human beings and not diseases, as people whose courage gives them a rightful claim on a physician's full and active concern.

Illness can corrode the spirit and turn us into lesser humans. It takes a person of special quality to accept pain and anxiety without becoming bitter,

to accept the help of others without embarrassment or anger and be willing to leave one's room and go out into the world despite feeling that one's physical presence is somehow unwelcome. Deborah did not hide from life and because of it these difficult years have left us with an afterglow which is both beautiful and affecting. She has provided whatever relief it is that this hour expresses. The shadowing of what should have been her sunshine years might well have soured her on life and love, but she remained open, caring, eager to experience life's opportunities, welcoming of friendship, responsive to music, able to laugh, able to master the tests and responsibilities which are part of the academic initiation.

Of late, the patterns of illness and grief have become something of a faddish subject and many speak knowingly of various stages of anger and denial and talk passionately of the need for frank and open discussion of these feelings. There is, of course, some wisdom in all this, but the greater wisdom, as Deborah showed us, is the simple proof that the human spirit can sublimate and transcend those feelings and transform them from tragedy into triumph. Instead of dwelling endlessly on illness, Deborah concentrated on the day, on her future, on ideas of interest. She would not allow the day to be sicklied over with self-pity or to have her mind invaded and possessed of maudlin thoughts or to have her friendships burdened by her fears. Illness was part of her life but not the whole of her life. I doubt that Deborah knew the old Confucian saying, "You cannot prevent the birds of sorrow from flying over your head but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair," but this wisdom was instinctive to her. She set her face towards every day.

What can one say to you who loved her most? A part of your very being has been wrenched from you. You moved heaven and earth to provide her with the finest medical care. You saw to it that the doors of academic opportunity remained open to her. You nursed selflessly and tenderly. You gave of yourselves without stint. You answered her questions thoughtfully and were always at her

side. Much has been demanded of you and more will be demanded of you. You faced daily the frustration of our inability to change life's unwanted circumstance. You prayed and your prayers were not answered except in the end when Deborah was spared a protracted death. Now your challenge is to find again a faith in life's possibility. Certainly, such a faith lay at the root of Deborah's spirit and animated her every act. I hope you recognize that even now you have been blessed in many ways beyond the ordinary measure. You have lived close to a daughter and sister of rare quality. In part, because of her, your lives have focused on that which is essential rather than on the trivial, on the human rather than the superficial. She helped build tight that special sense of family which binds you close.

Bernard, you and Lucille have spoken to me of Deborah's down-to-earth realism. Let me conclude in that spirit with this poem:

What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

How does one find "strength in what remains behind?" By training ourselves to look beyond the cruelty of death to the beauties of life, the shared feeling, the tender moments. You will never be as you were, but you can be encouraged by the knowledge that life does not end with the death of the body any more than a beautiful song ends when the last note is sung. Much remains. Deborah saw to that. Her memories will abide as a sweet benediction.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 4, 1985

Richard Levine

How do you talk of sudden tragedy - of the arrow that strikes at noonday, of broken dreams and lasting memories, of deep love and of shattered hearts? What thoughts can help us face the cruelties of life? I wish I had the wisdom to find words. There is no explanation. Our minds race seeking understanding, wondering why, but the questions remain unanswered. To live is to face that sudden moment when our world falls apart for no apparent reason, without premeditation or blame.

We build our lives as if life could be managed handily. We reward children for diligence. Conventional wisdom suggests that if we work hard and are faithful in our relationships and disciplined in our efforts, ultimately we will achieve greatly and enjoy the accolades of a grateful community. It happens sometime. It does not happen at other times. So much of life lies beyond our control. We are thrust into this world and bundled out of it. Some of us are fortunate at birth and are born talented or well placed. Others are born into poverty and limitation. Others of us are fortunate in life. We possess healthy bodies and live out our days in a secure place; but most humans have to make do with insecurity, ill health, illness and uncertainty. Perhaps that is why so much of the traditional wisdom assumes a righting of the balance in some heavenly future.

Of heaven we know nothing. Of this earthly existence I know only that I must accept the possibilities and the unpredictability of the human condition. There are circumstances which I cannot master or circumvent. There is the accident which cannot be foreseen or avoided. Shall I worry myself asking why? If I do so I will find no answer. Indeed, what we need now desperately is not a solving of the enigma of death but simply strength in the face of death. What we need is the courage to keep on - a long view - a faith which can sustain.

At a time such as this we turn instinctively to the long wisdom of our ancient faith and its teaching of a quiet fortitude. To us death seems so final. Our tradition reminds us that death is also a translation of the soul to a new intimacy with God. How we do not know, but we do know that God brought us into life and

sheltered us here and so He shelters us into eternity. The dead lose life only to gain God.

It seems inexplicably cruel for one so full of life, so full of potential, so happy in his youth to be taken from us. It is cruel, but our faith reminds us that whenever we die, young or old, we leave behind memories - we do not die to those who loved us. Who knows how many lives have been touched significantly by the example of a bright-eyed young man graced with an excellent mind, full of life, brimful of happiness, rejoicing in each day. Zest and drive are compelling virtues, and so is decency. We do not change our ways because of the logic of an argument or a classroom lecture but in response to compelling example. I remember today Ricky as a young child who needed attention and the courage to face his classes and classmates. Over time he managed by an act of will to overcome his timidity and his fears and to grow up into a confident young man who was ready and willing to challenge life. His fears overcame the challenge and his fine record in the classroom testifies to how well he met that challenge. Courage is compelling.

Rickey was a young man blessed with fine qualities, an abundance of good spirit, bright, sensitive beyond his years to the feelings and needs of others, tender and loving in every relationship. He showed his patience in the thoughtful attention he lavished on his grandparents. He brought an eager and inquisitive intellect to our conversations and to his classes. He filled each day with satisfying zest, activity, companionship - a rare zest for life. He managed his relationships with people of all ages with a fine sensitivity. These memories will not be lost. Death cannot deny us our memories.

Never is language more inadequate than when we try to suggest what we feel at a moment such as this. No words can undo tragedy. How can words mitigate the hurt or express the depth of our feelings? We speak best now with our tears. They offer mute, but clear, evidence that we share in a community of sadness. We can only say the obvious - Rickey is at peace. The hurt is ours, not his.

Perhaps this, too, ought to be said. Death strikes indiscriminately. No plans, no precautions can stay the unbidden and accidental intrusion of death into our lives.

Rickey was surrounded with love and returned that love all his days. He enjoyed a wide circle of friends and he lived in a home which exuded comfortable and encouraging love, a place of happiness.

How does one find strength in what remains behind? By training ourselves to look beyond the cruelty of the hour to the love that remains, by allowing others to express their/our love. Phyllis and Alan, you will never be as you were, but you can be encouraged by the many loves and hopes which are still yours and by the knowledge that life does not end with the body any more than a beautiful song ends when the last note is sung. Much remains. Memories abide like a sweet benediction.

Your son and your daughter are with you. There is that wonderful love that you share and there are now the bonds of tenderest memory. I know that you will find the courage to face each day for I have seen your courage these first days.

May God sustain you. Our love is yours.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 20, 1980

Bonnie Mandel
It is a warm, ^{clear}~~beautiful~~ summer day but ^{NONE OF US HAVE EYES FOR ITS BEAUTY}~~it is a cold and bitter day for us.~~

This is a leaden and difficult hour. Even as we review and praise the grace and beauty of our beloved, we protest the intrusion of death. When ^a~~the~~ loved one dies in the fullest ^{new}~~of~~ years, the hurt is raw and real. It is doubly so when the beloved dies early and we seek some explanation, not only of the nature of life but of life's justice.

What understanding can be ours? I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot solve for you the equations of God's mathematics nor justify to you God's decisions, though I affirm their justice. "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the substance of faith. "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." This is the key insight of ancestral wisdom. Life is a gift not of our choosing. Death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our arrival. We cannot schedule our departure. All that we can do is affirm the opportunity which is life and to make the most of its blessing. An hour can be rich in achievement or hollow and without purpose. Years may be barren. The greatest of poetry and art can be created in a few hours. There are some who live so sweetly that their every action brings blessing and happiness. These, though they die young, die fulfilled. They have already passed along an overflowing measure of kindness and love.

I affirm this also, that death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but a translation of the soul into a ^{new}~~new~~ dimension of memory. We cry now not for those who have passed on but for those who have been left behind. The loss and loneliness is ours. ^{HER PAIN IS OVER}~~She~~ is at peace. We are bereft. She is with God. We are alone. Her peace is timeless - our loneliness, a daily burden.

She was responsive to other human beings, a sensitive and open friend, eager to help the young, open their minds and their hearts to the beauty which exists in life and which she had discovered there. Her emotions were full and warm and loving and she expressed them in her own special way.

What more can be said? What more need be said? Each of us cherishes his own special legacy of memory. Those who are nearest and dearest recall love of the few intense years that they shared. Bonnie was young in years, but wise in many ways. She had filled each day brimful. She was never one to look back on life with regrets and she would not now have regret or grief cloud over her memory.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit.



Daniel Jeremy Silver

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

Betsy Reich

Monday, November 18, 1968

It is a dismal, wet day, a measure of our feelings. The world is gray -- a cold and bitter place. Our hearts are heavy with the burden of sudden and tragic death. Our minds race on seeking explanation, wondering why. There is no explanation. Nothing that we did or did not do could have averted this tragedy.

Throughout the long centuries survivors have exhausted themselves asking why. There is no solution. God's ways are not our ways, his thoughts are not our thoughts. What we need desperately now is not understanding of the riddle of death but strength in the face of death. What we need is the courage to keep on -- a long view -- a philosophy which can sustain. It is well, therefore, to turn to our ancient faith and to such encouragement as it offers.

What is death? To us death seems so final. It is, but faith reminds us that death is also a translation of the soul into a new intimacy with God. How? This we do not know. But as God brought us into life and sheltered us here, so does he shelter us unto eternity. The dead lose life only to gain God. Why one so full of life, so graceful, so happy? To us such a death seems unexplainable, cruel. It is cruel. But our faith reminds us that whenever we die, young or old, we leave behind memories which hallow and bless.

Who knows how many lives have been touched significantly by the example of a bright-eyed youngster graced with an eager mind, full of life, brimful of happiness, rejoicing in each day. Zest and innocence are compelling virtues, and so is decency. Even the decency of one much younger and must less known. We do not change our ways because of a preacher's sermon or a classroom lesson, but in response to the life

of another. Her friends learned the virtue of a helping hand, of a warm sensitive spirit. Teachers touched again the inspiration which had brought them to their profession. Parents are less sympathetic with whimpering selfishness in their children. For in childhood Betsy led a life of grace and beauty. What more can be said? What more need be said?

To her family Betsy was a daily source of joy and happiness. All that could be done for her benefit and for her blessing was done. Yet, we cannot sustain life in those for whom God has other plans. All that we can do is to be thankful that we were able to encourage her and to make her happy during each day here on earth.

It is the wisdom of our people not to attempt to speak words of comfort at this hour. Words cannot convey what we feel. No words can bridge the chasm which has opened before us. We can only extend the hand of friendship to those who have been so grievously stricken. Our Bible tells a story not inappropriate to this hour. King David had a young son especially beloved to him. Unfortunately, this boy was stricken with a frightening illness. David was overwhelmed with anxiety, fear. Endlessly he paced through the rooms of his palace. He shouted a thousand frantic orders. His dress was in disarray and his speech was often unconnected. Time and again he stopped to shout out a prayer to God for the recovery of his son. The lad died. The courtiers were afraid to tell the king the sad news, yet the king sensed his son's tragic fate. Instead of ranting and railing, his spirit calmed. He became again the gentle, kindly man that he had once been. He went to his room and he ordered food to be brought. He put on fresh clothes and in all things took up again

the business of living. His friends asked him about his strange procedure. His answer contains a lesson we might all take this day to heart. "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said: Who knoweth whether the Lord will not be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, but he will not return to me."

Let us somehow knit up the ravelled pattern of our plans, conquer our grief, and return again to life.

Daniel Jeremy Silver



ALAN - Carolyn - Bruce
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ~~CILBERT AND MOSE MENDELSON~~

AND DR. DAVID AND EMILY KAIN AND SON

~~Wednesday, June 14, 1967~~

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

It is ^{6am} a summer day but none of use have eyes for its beauty. ^{A Fitting} ~~Our~~
~~ENVIRONMENT FOR OUR DELIVER~~
world is gray ~~a cold and dismal~~ place. The tidal wave of our tragedy
has overwhelmed us. Death came to this family swiftly and devastatingly
as the destruction which wasteth at the noonday. There are no words. We
have not yet come alive from repeated blows so as to be able to voice
comfort to those for whom this loss is the closest. Only God can comfort
them. Only their strength can sustain them.

There are no explanations and no reasons. We can only offer each
other a loving and steady hand. What we can assert is simply a common
citizenship in a community of sadness. Grief binds us more closely, and our
closeness begins to thaw the cold. As we touch each other ^{WE} and draw warmth
against the loneliness and the hurt ^{AND} ~~we puzzle its strange twists and~~
~~uncertain~~ing.

~~IN THE NAME OF GOD~~
To the living -

Death is a wound. Its name is grief.

Its companion is loneliness.

Whenever it comes - whatever its guise,

Even when there are no tears -

Death is a wound.

But death belongs to life -

as night belongs to day

as darkness belongsto light

as shadows belong to substance-

As the fallen leaf to the tree,

Death belongs to life.

It is not our purpose to live forever.

It is only our purpose to live.

It is no added merit that a man lives long.

It is of merit only that his life is good.

A wise man once said, there are two rules: Accept life for what it is; seek in life all that it can offer you. This is the way of wisdom and the way of faith. Some mistake faith for a jejune optimism. Faith is not simple ^{WITH ALL ITS STRANGE TWISTS -} nor easy but an acceptance of life for what it is. Despite sudden death and swift change faith stubbornly insists that life is worth the living; there are deeply moving moments of tenderness and love; there is the innocent pleasure of childhood and the suffusing pleasure of a task well done.

I derive what consolation I can at this hour from an unshakable conviction that ^{OUR LOVED ONES} ~~Clara, Molly and David~~ ^{Family} accepted life for what it is, and sought in life all that it had to offer. ^{IN THEIR OWN VERY PRIVATE WAY,} They reached out to share and to care, to love, to learn, to understand, and to achieve. Their lives were never easy ^{BUT THEY ALWAYS CLUNG TOGETHER} for each dared to be open, to expose his feelings, to explore life's meaning. They measured life not in years but in intensity and in growth. They knew that life is not a goblet to be emptied but a measure to be filled. Their lives were graced with that sensitive dignity which marks a human being as a child of God.

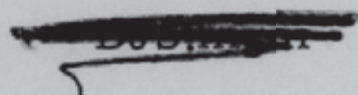
I do not know what lies beyond the born of time. I do know ^{THAT} they are with God - released of all pain. The pain is ours. I do know that the finest memorial we can build to them is a memorial of love - such a love as seeks to understand and to accept the responsibility and the opportunity of our lives. They lived eagerly, searchingly, and gracefully. Can we do less?

~~THE MONUMENT OF THE SPIRIT~~

When I pass out and my time is spent,
I hope for no lofty monument.
No splendid procession marching slow,
Along the last long road I go;
No pomp and glory I care for then,
When I depart from the world of men.

But I'd like to think when my race is through
That there will be in the world a few
Who'll say, 'Well, there is a good man gone,
A man is as great as the dreams he dreams,
As great as the love he bears
As great as the values he redeems,
And the happiness he shares.
A man is as great as the thoughts he thinks,
As the worth he has attained,
As the fountains at which his spirit drinks,
And the insight he has gained.
A man is as great as the truth he speaks,
As great as the help he gives,
As great as the destiny he seeks,
As great as the life he lives. "

Amen.



PLUTARCH'S LETTER

The messenger you sent to tell me of the death of my little daughter missed his way. But I heard of it through another.

I pray you let us bear our affliction with patience. I do know very well what a loss we have had; but, if you should grieve overmuch, it would trouble me still more. She was particularly dear to you; and when you call to mind how bright and innocent she was, how amiable and mild, then your grief must be peculiarly bitter. For not only was she kind and generous to other children, but even to her very playthings.

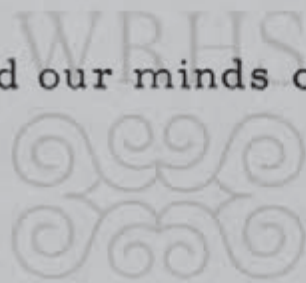
But should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead? Or is there danger that, if we cease to mourn, we shall forget her? But since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. And such reasons as we would use with others, let us try to make effective with ourselves. And as we put a limit to all indulgence in our pleasures, so let us also check the excessive flow of our grief.

Let us call to mind the years before our little daughter was born. We are now in the same condition as then, except that the time she was with us is to be counted as an added blessing. Let us now ungratefully accuse Fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that we desired. What we had, and while we had it, was good, though now we have it no longer.

Remember also how much of good you still possess. Because one page of your book is blotted, do not forget all the other leaves whose reading is fair and

whose pictures are beautiful. We should not be like misers, who never enjoy what they have, but only bewail what they lose.

And since she is gone where she feels no pain, let us not indulge in too much grief. The soul is incapable of death. And she, like a bird not long enough in her cage to become attached to it, is free to fly away to a purer air. For, when children die, their souls go at once to a better and a divine state. Since we cherish a trust like this, let our outward actions be in accord with it, and let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm.



Susan Ligan
Robert M. Maudner

^{Susan}
The sudden death of a ~~friend~~ ^{man} has shaken and saddened us all. Bob's life was at its full tide. Death came for him "as an arrow which flies by day and as destruction which wastes at noonday." We have not yet come alive from the stunning blow so as to be able to speak words of comfort to those to whom this loss is the closest. Only God can comfort them. Only their own inner strength can sustain them. Only the knowledge that in death he whom they now mourn is completely worthy of their sorrow; as in life he was of their great love and devotion.

At this bitter hour I am reminded of the ancient counsel: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for they are beyond your understanding." Life is a gift not of our choosing; death is a fact not of our willing. We do not schedule our birth. We cannot delay death. All that we have is but lent to us. It is not ours to explain the far mystery but to affirm the possibility which is life and make the most of this blessing. A day can be rich in achievement or empty of meaning. The greatest of poetry and art can be created in a few brief hours and there are those, not without talent, who live many years - hollow and barren years. Fortunately, there are those who live so nobly and so well that their every day brings blessing and is a joy. These, though they may die before life has run its full course, die fulfilled. Their life has yielded an abundant harvest.

This, too, I affirm: death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but the translation of love into a new intimacy of memory. We cry today for ourselves. The loss and the pain are ours. He is at peace. He is with God. His peace is timeless. It is our loneliness that is a daily burden.

We meet here as friends and our sense of community helps to soften the bitterness of this hour. Yet, there is no point in denying its cruelty and the hurt. A precious life has been taken from us. ^{Susan} Bob was cut down in his prime. ^{AS SHE ENTERED THE} He deserved ^{THE MOUNTAINS} a full life - she deserved more - goodness deserves life; there is no explanation; but we can thankfully say ^{THE VALUE OF LIFE - REMAINS} that Bob used each day granted him fully and well. In the years that were his he

Despite what seems to be pointless cruelty, his early death - in ^{the early} ~~the~~ ^{young} ~~young~~ ^{no young} ~~no young~~ ^{but} ~~but~~ ^{ALSO TO} ~~ALSO TO~~ ^{no cruelty & silence many} ~~no cruelty & silence many~~

I READ ONCE AN ESSAY WHICH BEGAN: WE LIVE IN A WORLD
OF BEAUTY, BUT FEW OF US OPEN OUR EYES TO SEE IT, WHAT A
DIFFERENCE ALL PLACES WOULD BE IF OUR SENSES WERE TRAINED
TO SEE AND HEAR. SUSAN HAS EYES WHICH REGISTERED BEAUTY AND
FROM ^{childhood} ~~an~~ ~~earliest~~ ~~years~~ SHE EXPRESSED THIS ASSOCIATION IN
LINE AND COLOR, WORDS DID NOT COME EASILY, BUT IMAGES
DID AND ~~she~~ ^{her} WORK REVEALS TO US A ~~person~~ ^{person} OF ~~sensitivity~~
AND FEELING. — "EVERY ARTIST" A PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE SAID, ~~has~~ ^{has}
"A BRUSH IN HIS OWN SOUL" — SUSAN'S WORK MAKES CLEAR
THAT SHE LIVED INTENSELY AND WITH FEELING — AND HER DAYS THROST
FEW ^{daily} ~~were~~ ^{TESTED}

THIS IS NOT AN EASY AGE IN WHICH TO GROW UP — THERE ARE
SO MANY CHALLENGES TO BE MET — TO MANY ~~confusing~~ ^{options} AND
PROBLEMS — SUSAN DID NOT ESCAPE ~~THESE~~ ^{THESE} PROBLEMS, BUT
SHE ALWAYS CONTINUED HER ART — ~~she~~ ^{she} SHE NEVER STOPPED
SEARCHING AND GROWING. THERE WAS NO THANKS WHICH SAYS
THAT THROUGH ~~storms~~ ^{STORMS} WE GROW. THE FAMILY WAS ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~affected~~ ^{affected}
BY THE STORM — AND IT IS A TRIBUTE TO SUSAN'S
SPIRIT THAT SHE NOT ONLY FACED HER FATHER'S DEATH WITH
COURAGE, BUT ALSO FORTH LEFTERS ABOUT OPERATIONS AND ~~family~~ ^{family}
WHICH HELPED HER GROW

I DON'T KNOW, NO ONE CAN KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO
SANDY AND KAREN — EXCEPT TO ~~open~~ ^{open} THEIR LOVE — TO TELL
THEM OF NO WAY IN WHICH SANDY TOUCHED OUR LIVES — TO
STAND WITH ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~words~~ ^{words}

A Thing of beauty is a joy forever
Its loveliness increases; it will
never pass into nothingness, but
still will keep a ~~power~~^{power} about for us, and sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health,
Ann quiet breathing

