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Series 3: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.  
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Eulogies, men, A-E, 1957-1989.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ~~MR~~ J E I ABRAMS  
JAMES BOWMAN

Thursday, June 25, 1970

Merciful Father, out of the depths we call unto Thee. When the chastening pain of sorrow and the tender emotion of sympathy turns us, half in grief and half in sweet remembrance, to a deep inner searching, we stand bowed in humility before the wonders of Thy creation and the wisdom of Thy ways.

In the darkness of bereavement we are drawn closer together. Hand in hand we wander through the familiar streets and dwelling-places of cherished memory, hoping to brighten our way with the light of remembered love, of feelings unforgotten and ties unbreakable.

From the first moment of man's self-consciousness, he has reached out to tear away the veil of Thy hidden truth and to uncover the meaning of his life and death. Who on earth can plumb the depths - or ascend the heights - or transcend the horizon of our hopes?

Child-like we often rebel against accepting death as a part of the whole pattern of life itself. We overlook the rich treasure of blessings Thou has put within our reach; and, pursuing vain desires beyond our human bounds, we waste Thy gifts in deperate frustration.

Then in the revelation of a profound experience, we are taught what life can really mean. We begin to understand how richly we have been endowed, if only with the gift of life, no matter how long or short. We begin to realize with what embracing fulfillment one may live even in a moment. We become aware of the magnificent use to which we may put Thy gifts - measured not in the span of time, but in the greatness and goodness and fullness of living.

In our maturer faith, we believe that love and the creative power of life are stronger than death, and not even the deepest pain of separation can destroy the hours of fulfillment we have known, nor thwart the promise that life still holds.

For such a faith in life - for the maturity, the strength and the courage to sustain it; for the wisdom to teach it to others in their hour of need, we lean upon Thee, O God, and upon the blessed memory of those whose lives, now ended, have enriched our experience and deepened our understanding.

To the living -  
Death is a wound. Its names 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 belongs to 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.

JOE ABRAHAM

~~M. James Bowman~~ was a basically decent and fine human being. He was devoid of vanity and of pretension. He believed in goodness and spoke truth. He had no patience with those who mocked the basic decencies, or scoffed at the essential virtues. ~~His friendships were solid.~~ His pleasures were unostentatious. His tastes were simple. <sup>He knew nothing of vainglory - was of self pity</sup> ~~His way was sound.~~ <sup>His laughter warm.</sup> His humor full and contagious but never sharp or vindictive. His mind keen and sound.

JOE ABRAHAM

His judgements sure. ~~Mr. James Bowman~~ took life with a smile and helped many to smile. He knew men as individuals for what they are. He had no patience with labels. A man was either honest or devious. His religion or background or race were irrelevant to character. One of the highest of tributes our people could

## SIMON ANGART

We are met as friends to offer a eulogy of love and respect to the memory of a strong and caring man, a life-long neighbor, and good friend, Simon Angart. As always, each of us has brought his own memories. Mine focus on a quiet and courteous man who came to our services week in and week out, a proud, caring Jew who respected ideas and the intellect and who was endowed with a good mind which reached out to understand our changeful and confusing world. Sy was the kind of member who silently imposes on a rabbi the duty to prepare carefully for he knows someone is listening carefully; someone who has come with an honest desire to grapple with the issues that concern us all.

All of us knew Sy as a man to whom courtesy and good spirits were instinctive. Sy kept his own counsel, never tried to impose his will and faced his own problems. An old man told me once people can be divided between lifters and leaners. The leaners take, demand, turn dependence into an art. The lifters willingly accept the burdens of life and close their lips to self-pity. They are grateful for the day. Sy was a lifter and his spirit carried others along with him.

By profession an engineer, by birth a native son who was trained in our schools and at Case, Sy spent his professional life in government service. There probably were greater opportunities for wealth elsewhere, but Sy was not a greedy man; and he relished, I am sure, the privilege of being able to return to his country and community in full measure the gift of freedom and opportunity which was his birthright. Colleagues knew him as a reliable and pleasant co-worker, one who accepted responsibility and was thorough and imaginative in all he did. Wherever he went, Sy made friends by the openness of his personality, the obvious decency of his demeanor and his good spirits and good humor. He was not one to elbow another aside. There was not a manipulative bone in him.



Sy enjoyed his work and his leisure. He loved sports. He loved his family. He made us appreciate the psalmist's poem that "greatness of heart is the life of a man" - a man of joyous heart lightens the life for others. He had a talent for friendship and for family. It was in the intimate circle of his family that he found his greatest satisfaction. Sy was handy and his home always reflected his interest in order and the beautiful. He loved to work outdoors and his garden was green and fruitful.

He and Anne enjoyed together a happy and satisfying marriage and a home in which they raised their son and their daughters in love and to respect the values which were so important to them. In this home they were made to know that they were respected for themselves. No greater pleasure came Sy's way than the moments of family togetherness. He loved to watch his children grow up into the fine people he always knew they would be. He loved to play with the children. The young and the not so young opened instinctively to him. He was a people person.

Memories do not die. A beautiful, happy, humane and honorable 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. Echoes linger on. Memories abide like a sweet benediction. These precious memories which Sy bequeathed to you - to all of us - will encourage and sustain us in the hard days that lie ahead.

This, too, should be said. Sy loved life too much to have you sickly your lives with grief. His spirit was one with the poet, Edgar A. Guest.

Shed not too many tears when  
I shall leave.  
Be brave enough to smile.  
It will not shorten howso'er you grieve,  
Your loneliness, the while.  
I would not have you sorrowful and sad,  
But joyously recall

The glorious companionship we've had  
And thank God for it all.

Don't let your face grow tear-streaked, pale and wan.  
Have heart for mirth and song,  
Rejoice, though for a little time  
I've gone,  
That I was here so long.  
For if I thought your faith would  
fail you so  
and leave you so distressed  
That sobbing to my body's grave you'd go  
My spirit could not rest.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 9, 1985

An honored and respected member of our community has died. Dr. Herman Applebaum was a healer of men, a friend to many and a fine human being. Throughout his long and distinguished life he met every responsibility and obligation honorably and sensitively and with fine spirit and warmth.

Dr. Applebaum was an immigrant boy. He came to these shores from Lithuania and never took for granted the opportunity and the freedom that this land offered him. Child of a tradition which filled the mind, Dr. Applebaum was blessed with a keen perception and distinguished intellectual abilities and he soon directed these to the field of medicine. Medicine was for him a life-long dedication. He thrived to its intellectual challenge and rejoiced to be helpful. He looked on disease as an enemy to be overcome. His skills were highly developed and disciplined. He wrote, he researched, he persevered but he was not an academic physician in the sense that patients were simply statistics in some experiment. He knew his patients and spent time with them. His manner was easy and careful and his patients became his friends as well as grateful admirers. From morning until night, until the illness of his latter years, Dr. Applebaum responded to every call made on him, responded willingly and without thought to the cost on his time and on his energies. Respected by his colleagues he was revered by his patients. He was a quiet unassuming man whose manner belied his pre-eminence in his chosen profession. His mind was always alert and it was a pleasure to talk to and be with him. He was as much aware of the political and intellectual world of the day as of the developments in his own field.

What Dr. Applebaum meant to those here who were nearest and dearest, they know best. He was an extremely private person, and I know he would not have us intrude upon those relations which were closest and dearest. He and Hilda established a home with an honorable and solid foundation. They brought into the home learning and culture and love and empathy. They rejoiced in the achievements of their daughters and in time of their grandchildren. They faced the good and the bad with courage and dignity. I know that God will give them the courage to face this grief and turn back to the responsibility of life.

Dr. Applebaum had lived a full time well beyond the four score years. He lived a good life. He left a good name. What more can be said. What more need be said.

## Charles Auerbach

I rise with a heavy heart to speak these words of tribute to the memory of a good friend. I have known Charles Auerbach and his family since I was a lad. Charles shared with my father a deep and active concern with the Jewish people and Jewish learning. Charles traveled endless miles and labored for endless hours to help create the State of Israel and to sustain the State against detractors and enemies. Charles shared the Zionist vision and his keen, perceptive mind understood and had mastered the complex politics of the issue. There was no question that could be asked that he could not answer and no relevant issue which he had not researched. Thoroughness, intellectual discrimination, a fine historic sense, a sharp awareness of political reality - all these were part of Charles' intellectual armor and helped to make him one of the finest and most competent spokesmen for our people in the land.

Charles was born into an intensely Jewish environment and he received a classic Hebrew education. One of the blessings of my rabbinate has been his constant presence in the congregation. He had read the books. He understood my references and my illustrations. He always had something pertinent to add. It is good and bracing to speak to those who know and to know that there are in the congregation those who have no patience with vagueness or rhetoric and demand that you bring to the subject critical learning as well as commitment. When Charles approved, I knew that I had measured up. Charles was blessed with an agile and perceptive intellect which was wedded with his amazing vitality and his ability to work hard and long. He never stopped until he had mastered a subject. It was only natural that in this country Charles should turn from Talmud to law, the two disciplines ~~that~~ require the same acumen and intelligence. His move from the yeshivah to the law school was not an unusual one among the young men of his generation, but many who took this road began to

neglect the interests of Torah when their minds began to bear on American law.

Charles retained throughout his life his love of his people, his love of their learning and his love of God. These were central elements in his spirit. Nor was his learning just an intellectual game. Charles knew no greater joy than when he led the congregation in worship. The songs and the prayers of our people came familiarly and tenderly to his lips.

Charles served as a lawyer in our community for nearly sixty years and he served with distinction and with honor. His word was his bond. As you would expect, his work was meticulous and methodical and complete. He was a lawyer's lawyer. No case went forward until it was thoroughly researched. Charles was more interested in the theory of the law than the manipulation of laws. Inevitably this man, who was captivated by principle and legal theory, became a teacher, <sup>a</sup> demanding, incisive and respected teacher. To Charles the law was a profession and a commitment and not simply a spade to dig with, the way to achieve a good livelihood. I know that he spent more hours than he needed to on every case. Charles' intellect and soul were intimately bound together.

Charles was a small man who walked tall. I often puzzled over his seemingly boundless energy. I do not know where he found the time or the vigor to do all that he did, but I do know that throughout his long life he never ceased to find days and weeks to give to the United Jewish Appeal and to Israel, traveling on behalf of his people; and the time to spend the endless hours necessary to care for his law practice and his clients and his teaching. Somehow, with it all, he found time for a vast amount of reading. His library was his most cherished possession. He knew his books.

Some years ago I asked Charles to write for me an article. I was then editor of the Journal of the rabbis and I felt that it would be of interest to have his views on

the philosophy of Martin Buber. Charles went at the task with typical enthusiasm. He read or reread everything that Buber ever wrote. He wrote and rewrote, relating Buber's philosophy to the central problems of our day. He produced a real tour de force, a fine piece that many a full-time historian of philosophy would have been proud to write. He achieved more than I could publish. Charles never stinted on his time, his energy or his work. If Charles had any failing it was an inability to rein himself in. He did not know how to skim a book. He sometimes told an audience more than they wanted to know. He afforded himself little time for leisure. Intensity was instinctive to his nature and it made him an attractive man for his commitments and his passions and his intellectual interests were compelling. You sensed in Charles the undaunted Jewish spirit.

Charles invested himself fully in his work, his scholarship, his practice, in friendship and in family. Conversation was never idle. His involvement with those who were nearest and dearest was total. He was blessed by a marriage that was full of love and tenderness. He and Cele built together a good home in which they raised their son to value the traditions which were central to their lives. They immersed themselves in him. They took great pride in his accomplishments, his marriage and their grandchildren.

Charles had reached the four score years. At a time when other men retire to quiet pleasures, Charles threw himself into the curriculum of a new law school and into its teaching. He did so despite the great loss that he suffered with Cele's death and the sense of loneliness which overcame him. These last months were not easy. Charles was a fighter and all of us must be grateful that God granted a quiet death to this man of energy and dignity, of quality and intellect, a death which did not deprive him of the sense of self.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

Ben

Ben Baiman

Civilization is the triumph of determined and great-hearted men over the jungle without and the best within. We are met around the bier of a civilized man, Ben Baiman. He was a man of reason and of spirit who developed all of the disciplines of character and of honor which separate the human beast from the human being. Mr. Baiman's way was the way of responsibility and hard work. He demanded more of himself than of anyone else and saw others for what they were and was utterly devoid of the prejudice which judges another on the basis of class or caste or color. Born without great advantage he found his way in the publishing industry from the work bench to executive responsibility. Advancement came to him because of his merit and not because he was always struggling for advancement. Mr. Baiman knew how to work and he knew when to work and when not to work. He was not a greedy man or overly ambitious nor self-indulgent. His goals were not the acquisition of money or of power but the deeds of his responsibility as husband and father and an opportunity to participate in the culture and exchange of ideas of his time.

He was a man of great dignity and great charm. He never imposed himself upon others. He was good-natured and thoughtful. There was nothing of the backslapper or hail fellow well met about him. He was a man of discrimination and friendship was for him a real gift and a deep obligation reserved for a very special few. Mr. Baiman established for himself a name for competence and ability in his industry. He was respected for his opinions. His word was his bond. He worked in a world of ideas as well as a world of business. His mind was always well-stocked and his conversation interesting. He was a hard worker, but



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he was more than a worker and when illness forced him to husband his energies and ultimately to retire he was able to settle in a family existence easily and naturally. What he meant to those closest and nearest they know best. It is not for us to intrude upon the love which he shared these many years with his beloved wife and son and daughter and their families. But surely this can be said. . .

MAURICE SINGER  
Memorial Tribute to Jacob Ulmer

"Naked came I from my mother's womb and naked shall I return there. "

Our faith takes a realistic and unromantic view of birth and death. Man enters the world with a cry and leaves it with a cry. He comes into it weeping and leaves accompanied by weeping. On entering the world his hands are clenched as if to say "the whole world is mine, I shall inherit it;" when he departs his hands are spread as if to say "I have inherited nothing from the world. " It is to the credit of our wisdom that it insists we accept life on its own terms, the bitter without blinking, the end without fear.

Life is bruising. Life is brief. All philosophies agree on this, but some are so discolored by childish pique and petulance that life is pictured as a worthless thing. If we cannot have things our way - heaven on earth - we rationalize what is at base, self-pity. Burdened by the fear of death and puzzled by death's unpredictable timing many a philosophy sours on life and advises man not to expect either joy or peace of mind. The Greek tragedian, Sophocles, wrote, "Not to be born is past all saying best, but when a man has seen the light this is next best by far - that with all speed he should go thither whence he has come. " If the suit is not cut to our taste we declare it unsuitable and either cultivate a sardonic disdain or else dream of some golden land beyond the grave which no one has ever seen and which, in fact, may not be.

The Psalmist had a first-hand knowledge of pain and grief, "Out of the depths I call. . . My soul is sated with troubles, my light draws nigh unto the grave, I am counted with those who go down into the pit. I am become as one

that has no help, set apart from men like the slain that lie in the grave." Yet we find another and more dominant note in the Psalms, indeed in the whole Bible, an eagerness for life and a simple pleasure in being alive. Our way may be brief, but the view is often breath-taking. "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord." Our people walked a bitter history. They felt the sharp edge of the sword, the racking pain of illness and the searing anguish of torment and exile. Was it not an impertinence for them to declare that life can be joyous and pleasing? How could they? Their appreciation and eagerness grew out of their faith, their subtle and wise understanding of God. Death was not to be feared for God ordains both life and death. The seed permits the harvest and the leaves fall from the tree for the new buds to have a place to grow. Within our bodies there is a constant process of death and renewal, decay and growth. Each generation gives birth to its successor and must give way for the young to come into their proper place and responsibility.

Judaism's affirmation of life was born of faith and of the many memories of those who remained faithful to their spirit. Recall the tenderness and decency of those whom we have loved and lost: a father's patient strength, a teacher's sheltering wisdom, a husband's gentle encouragement and silent understanding, a child's eagerness and innocence, a friend's fine achievement. As we pass these memories before our mind we recognize that death held no fear for such as these. Here were strong and proud people. Here were vigorous and generous human beings. Here was love and sometimes ecstasy. There was accomplishment and sometimes a true nobility, there was goodness in their lives,

peace in their homes and confidence in their hearts; and there were the dark hours, the struggle to make one's way, the heartache when loved ones had to be left behind, illness, infirmity, death. Our dead were neither innocent nor sheltered, yet they lived without whimpering or complaint. They said with Hezekiah "the living, the living, praise Thee as I do this day." Our memories give the lie to all postures of despair. Man can conquer the darkness. There is the thundering sky and there is the bright sunshine. Our memories give us a courage, a faith to reach out, to explore, to dare, to adventure, to climb, to love, to share, to laugh.

Let us go one step further into the faith that finds meaning in life. It was an overwrought Job who cried out: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, naked shall I return there." His children, his health had been taken from him; his world had suddenly opened under him. Yet, in truth, he was not naked when he came into his world, he was born into a physician's skillful arms and into his mother's love; into civilization and into a family. Nor do we die naked. We die unto God's arms, and when we die not all is erased. There are the memories that we leave behind and more than memory there is the accomplishment, the home we have maintained in love, the profession we have honorably discharged, the books we have written, the counsel we have given, the opportunity we have lent. The rabbis speak of those who leave life to the living. Are we not our parent's teaching? In marriage did we not grow into another's vision? Did not a friend's sacrifice spur our flagging interests? We live in a world of libraries and schools, of museums and welfare centers, of law and justice, of synagogues, of healing institutions. How came all these? Civilization is the

creation and gift to us of our dead. Civilization  
is the triumph of life over death.

Dr. David Barben

A wise man observed: "Life, happy or unhappy, successful or unsuccessful, is extraordinarily interesting." David found life interesting.

Whenever we met I found him caught up in the ideas we were talking about or in the program we were watching or in the people we were with. It's not that he exuded nervous energy, David was a quiet, disciplined man; but, rather, he saw life with ever fresh eyes and took a special joy in the opportunities each day afforded. David made the most of each meeting and his life, therefore, was a rich and full one indeed.

David was born in Russia and came here as a child. He had to work hard to make his way. Though I did not know David in those years, I can imagine the quiet determination with which he went about getting his schooling and earning his way into his chosen profession. Some who have had to work hard for their success become so caught up in money and material rewards that these become the focus of their lives. That was not David's way. Success was friendship, a chance to share his healing art. David's dentistry was of the highest order, a profession and a service. None who came to him for help was asked whether they could pay nor did David seek a wealthy practice. He found fulfillment in being able to alleviate pain and in serving through his skill, he asked no more.

David never compromised his professional standards or his honor. In his private, as well as his professional, life he had a warm and pleasant way about him. He was full of good fun. He was a gentleman - for he is truly gentle who does the gentle deed. I know of few men who were less status-conscious and few who were gentler and considerate of their fellow human beings. He had no need to hold office or to have his name in the paper. He lived quietly. Happiness lay in his work, in friendship, and though he and Lil were not privileged to have children of their own, in his contacts with young people he enjoyed talking about their hopes and anxieties. His spirit was as youthful as theirs and they responded instinctively to an adult who treated them with respect and did not put them down.

David had a good and well-stocked mind. He and a close circle of friends would come to The Temple on Sunday morning, have coffee, argue the politics of the day, and then come late into the balcony of the sanctuary in time for the lecture. Piety was not his long suit, but David was a devoted Jew and interested in all aspects of Jewish history and deeply committed to the survival of Jewish people and to Israel. He would listen to what was said and if we happened to meet later he would always have a kind comment and a good question.

A good son, a loving brother, David married late. He and Lil were well suited and for the more than thirty years they enjoyed together they rejoiced in a close-knit bond of shared interests and concerns and built together a solid marriage. Each was sensitive to the other's needs, took part in the other's careers, enjoyed the chance to travel together, and cared for the other when care was needed.

The days of our years are three score and ten, or by reason of strength four score years. David's years had reached full measure, and this man of quiet dignity, so full of kindness and sensitivity, would not have wished to live longer without the strength and capacities which had always been his.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 31, 1983

JACK BASKIND

"Seek not to explain God's ways to man, for they are beyond your understanding." This sage advice, spoken by our teachers millennia ago, remains valid. We cannot explain death's intrusion into life any more than we can explain life's original intrusion upon the primal emptiness. None among us has a superior wisdom to share. Indeed, the purpose of this hour is not philosophic. Rather, we are met as a community of sadness and a community of faith to remind ourselves that death is not unrelieved loss but the transformation of personality into a new intimacy of memory.

Death is not oblivion but a translation. As the children of Israel neared the Promised Land, God told Moses that he was about to die and did so using a somewhat surprising phrase: "Behold your days grow near to die." Commentators were intrigued by the choice of words. Do days die? Surely not. What was implied was the truth that while the routines of daily living end at death, that part of us which transcends these routines lives on with God and in the hearts and minds of those who knew us. We use this hour to remind ourselves of the precious qualities of our dead. In doing so there is a measure of healing. We learn that we are not utterly bereft.

Shortly before his death, Albert Einstein met a discouraged Princeton University undergraduate and, sensing his distress, struck up a conversation in the course of which Einstein is quoted as saying: "Try not to become a man of success; rather, try to become a man of value. He is considered successful in our day who gets more out of life than he puts in. A man of value will give more than he receives."

Jack Baskind was a man of quality who gave to life far more than he demanded of it. A trained pharmacist, <sup>Jack</sup> ~~who~~ brought the highest and most meticulous standards of his profession to bear on his every responsibility, <sup>his way was to be</sup> hard-working, responsible, a thoroughly honest human being. ~~A~~ man of great personal warmth and innate courtesy, Jack made friends wherever he went. People instinctively knew that here was a man of the highest quality.

Jack was a native son, raised in our schools, who <sup>Lived</sup> ~~represented~~ ~~seated in himself~~ the spirit of open and considerate neighborliness which we like to think <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ the hallmark of our <sup>community</sup> ~~city~~. He made his store into a community center. Children felt welcome and could be guaranteed a sweet. Adults knew they would be listened to and treated well and that no personal service would be withheld. During a time of change when many fled from the change, Jack and his life-long partner remained <sup>Neighborhood</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>To serve the</sup> ~~new~~ new community as willingly and thoughtfully as they had served the older. Jack was utterly free of snobbish pretension or prejudice. He judged others by their quality and not by any artificial standard of color or class or social status. 1 FROM 3

There is a line in our Psalms which Jack may or may not have known but whose spirit reflects his own. "Gladness of heart is the life of a human being." Jack never begrudged the long hours or the responsibilities of his profession or family. He saw the possibilities in every day and rejoiced in its opportunities. Whatever his private cares, he kept them to himself. His thoughts were always to the needs of others. In brief, he was a most agreeable man. That is not to say he did not have strong opinions. Jack was well-informed and concerned, <sup>but as you would expect</sup> He was not one to impose his



views on others. Nothing delighted him more than an opportunity to lend a helping hand to young people entering one or another of the medical professions.

Jack was a man of seemingly boundless energy <sup>the kind of man who doesn't</sup> and when he <sup>retired</sup> went to work with the same spirit which had characterized him all his life, helping to serve the <sup>multitude</sup> ~~institutional~~ needs of the JCC and becoming a friend and confidante to all who crossed his path. Until his last illness, he felt himself young and delighted in the ability to be with and among and to serve. Jack was essentially a family person. His friendships were lasting and open. His hospitality was warm, his spirit encouraging. This man whose heart was so full of love was blessed with a great love. He and Lillian enjoyed together the closest of intimacy for nearly six decades. They worked together, planned together and rejoiced in their family together and shared many years of happiness as well as the inevitable moments of trial and concern. Their home was a warm and secure place in which they raised their daughters with love and with respect for their capacity. No pleasure was greater for them than to watch their daughters grow into their talents and establish themselves in their careers and bring into their lives the sons they never had and in time grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A dutiful son, a thoughtful and caring brother, a loyal and devoted husband, a father who was a tower of strength and someone who was simply a pleasure to be with, a grandfather whose spirit was ever young, Jack came to the fullness of his years surrounded by love and respect, a man who must have known how well he was thought of.

The Bible tells us that the days of our years are three score years and ten or even by reason of strength some four score years. Jack's life had passed that mark and I suspect that during these last weeks of illness he recognized that his life had run full course. He had known the exuberance and happiness of youth, the long satisfying life of summertime, work and the respect of family in autumn in which he had been able to bring happiness into the lives of others, and now the time of peace, to be again with the God in whom he had faith, knowing that his memory will always be blessed by those who knew him.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 8, 1986

Despite the eulogies that have been pronounced, I cannot help thinking of the two cows that were standing by the pasture fence bordering the highway, when one of those big stainless steel tank-trucks came along. Lettered on the side of the truck were the words: "Superior Milk" - "Pasteurized" - "Homogenized" - "Irradiated" - "Enriched with Vitamin D". And as the truck went by, one cow turned to the other and said: "Makes you feel kind of inadequate, doesn't it?"

"Inadequate" is far too mild a word, of course, to describe the feelings of one who deserves no encomiums, because he has been adequately compensated for whatever efforts he may have put forth in promoting the welfare of his people and of his community-- compensated because of the joy he has found in service.

We read in our ritual: "Many are the tasks still unperformed, the plans unfulfilled, the dreams unrealized when we are called to our eternal reward." It seems to me that Mrs. Russell Sage must have been motivated by that thought, that "divine discontent", when she said at a dinner which honored her for establishing the munificent Russell Sage Foundation in memory of her husband: "I deserve no commendation, no encomium for what I have done, because all that I have done, and all that I can do, is so little, so insignificant in comparison with what needs to be done."

I am grateful to the late Frances Stern, of Boston, who, as a volunteer social worker, interested me as a college freshman in welfare activities. It was from her that I learned that the greatest thing in life is not a brilliant mind, but rather a comprehending spirit-- a sort of power to take the world unto yourself and be one with it. And I learned, too, as the years rolled on, that material possessions are too often evanescent--a delusion; that it behooves us to be our brother's brother rather than our brother's keeper; that what we keep, we lose--

ended here on earth. It has been good to be warmed by the sun, to rejoice in the beauties of nature, to have had the heart gladdened by a flower and the mind illumined by a star; to have loved a gracious and blessed woman, to have looked into the eyes of an innocent child and caught a glimpse of divinity showing in them. It has been good to work and often to struggle for the attainment of unattainable ideals, to aspire, to do the day's duty, to achieve something, however limited in scope, to assist in building the world of the spirit, of truth, of right and of goodness. And if there is a future after the grave has closed upon me, I welcome it as I welcome everything from the Giver of all good gifts. I accept in advance whatever destiny is mine. If retribution awaits me, then, to speak with Moses Mendelson, I take that, too, from my Father in heaven. If joy awaits me, I thank Him in advance. But it was good to live, even if life on earth were all that there is of conscious existence for the individual. The joy of living at all has been sufficient for me. If I have been only an insignificant reed through which the Eternal played an individual melody, it has been glory enough for me to have been that tiny, feeble but individual voice in the chorus of countless spirits whom He has orchestrated for the mysterious Kingdom of the spirit which He is building. And if, when my work is done, He sees fit in His unfathomable wisdom to cast me aside like a broken shard and to say, "It is over", I shall still believe it was a joy to serve Him and that it was the manifestation of His grace for which I shall continue to thank Him so long as there is breath in me on this earth.

The shadows are lengthening for me, the twilight is here. My days of old have vanished. They have gone glimmering through the dream of things that were. Their memory is one of supernal beauty, watered by tears and coaxed and caressed by the smiles of yesterday. And after our generation is gone, when our tasks are ended, and we shall all lie

with a little earth and much sky above us, if men still live and struggle, may they have learned from their bitterness and their failures, and, through their gropings and disappointments, may they have found truer truths and finer loyalties which will shine above them and above us like a firmament of stars.

The stirring times in which we live afford untold opportunities and corresponding challenges. A new world is in the making. Never before have we Americans been striving for truth, for intellectual achievement and for human rights so earnestly. Never before have we Americans been so internationally minded. A new world--a better world is in the making. We must assume the solemn responsibility and the tremendously vital task of fashioning that world, not on the pattern of civilizations that once prospered and then crumbled into oblivion, but rather on the pattern of better understanding and good will, and I am hopeful that we Jews can see ourselves not only in the front line of political, religious, educational and philanthropic activity, but also, in cooperation with men and women of other faiths, in the front line battling against the onslaughts of selfishness and materialism and against the rise of injustice, whenever and wherever it may rear its ugly head. When we see our work and our responsibility in that form, we can understand the vitality, indeed the supreme significance of our task--the task of training knowing and dedicated Jews to contribute their distinctiveness in knowledge and in philanthropy to a richly diversified and deeply committed democratic society--the Great Society, if you will. It is a task exciting in its possibilities and challenging all of us who are privileged to shoulder the tremendous but none the less enviable burden.

(It is an honor of inestimable worth to receive this cherished tribute at the hands of the people who have collaborated with me these many years in causes dear to them and to me.) It has been a priceless

privilege to be able to make a contribution, however trifling, to a movement that has both material and spiritual significance, and finally, to quote the words of John Dryden: "What has been has been, and I have had my house."

{ May I close with a brief exhortation by quoting the words of the late Walter Rathenau, that unforgettable hero of the spirit?: "We are here not for the sake of possessions, nor for the sake of power, nor for the sake of happiness. We are here that we may elucidate the divine elements in the human personality." }

Roger Bercu

This is a bitter hour. Tragedy has struck. A precious life has been taken from us and we have not yet recovered sufficiently from the blow so as to be able to speak consolation to those to whom this loss has been most grievous, only God can comfort them, only their inner strength can console them. I have no special wisdom which can explain why some are weakened and cut down in their prime - nor have I the power to set the matter straight. I cannot solve for you the equations of life and death nor justify before you God's decisions. Over the years I have learned the truth of the humble wisdom of the rabbis: Seek not to explain God's ways to man because these are beyond your understanding.

~~I only know this. We share in a community of sadness. I have lost a life-long friend. Roger and I go back to junior high school where we were among those who cared about their studies. Over the years our lives have crossed again and again: socially, in our occasional forays on the golf course, he was my insurance man, I was his rabbi. From our long association I can testify that Roger bore himself always with a rare grace and a deep seriousness. His spirit was warm, generous and humane; but it was also accepting of responsibility. A perfectionist, Roger never left a task half-done. He gave an opinion only when he had thoroughly researched every aspect of the problem. He worked willingly and never begrudged the time his profession demanded. Though Roger was cut down all too early, each of us knows that he had to his credit many lifetimes of accomplishment.~~

This is a time for faith, to accept what we cannot understand. Death is a void which only faith can bridge. Roger had a deep and close religious faith. He knew what Job meant when he affirmed "the Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." He knew that life is a gift not of our choosing and that death is an exchange not of our willing. He knew that if we do not determine when we live or how long, we

do determine how well. Roger energetically and wisely affirmed the possibility which is life. Roger had numbered his days well for his was a heart of wisdom.

Death is part of God's wisdom and best left His, but life is ours and a meaningful life is the proof of such wisdom as we possess. Not all deaths are alike. Some carefully husband their days. Others spend them carelessly. Some leave no memorial. It is as if they had never been. Some, by the beauty of their lives, establish their own immortality. It is as if they never cease to be.

When I first heard of Roger's death a line of medieval Jewish poetry surfaced in my mind: "Grace was in his soul; generosity in his heart, and his lips were ever faithful. Roger was a quiet, straight-forward, straight-backed, upright man. Guile and deceit were foreign to his nature. He established in his profession a reputation for thoroughness and rectitude. He could be trusted not only because he spoke the truth always, but because his soul was full of sensitivity and concern. Roger suffered genuinely, deeply, when another was hurt. I never knew him to turn down someone in need or a worthwhile cause.

Grace was in his soul. We hurt for him these last years when he was stripped of the fullness of his strength, but his lips were sealed to self-pity, and even when the burden of understandable depression sat on his shoulders, Roger fought back. He continued to work. He rebuilt much of his strength. Illness often diminishes a person. Roger grew through his experience. He never stopped reading. He never turned away from his friends. Week after week he would be in this sanctuary to be with his God and because he wanted to hear what I had to say and to work through what he felt on a particular issue.

Through it all he never lost the dignity, the fineness of spirit or



the concern for others which were such a basic feature of his nature. Your presence here in such numbers testifies not only to the quality of his friendship and to the respect in which he was held in the whole community, but to his strength of will. Whatever his burden, Roger did not cut himself off from life. I do not know whether he knew the quotation: "Keep your fears to yourself and share your courage with others," but I know that its wisdom was instinctive to him.

Generosity was in his heart. Few of us can recall Roger speaking a bitter or malicious word about another. I know I never heard him gossip or speak vindictively. What I/we heard was a ready welcome: interest in our work and our family, serious talk about the problems of the day. Roger cared for another's worth, not his accidental qualities of wealth or social status. I often felt that he carried in his soul a utopian vision of the world as it ought to be, and was determined at least to turn his little part of that world into a manifestation of the calm, the beauty, and the love which were the colours of his vision. Indeed, for a man of Roger's strength of will, he was surprisingly romantic. He was not one to talk about his feelings, but unbidden tears of joy or sorrow came easily to his eyes.

I mean it as a mark of respect when I say that Roger was in many ways old-fashioned. He dressed with care. He found joy in his work. He watched his words and kept his feelings private. His word was his bond. He cared about his country and his faith. His home was his pleasure. He was father to his family whom he watched over with loving and protective care.

Family lay at the center of Roger's emotional world. He came from a loving home and worked easily and well with his father. Over the years he and Don worked together intimately and successfully as brothers and partners, a challenge which required great tact and understanding. His home was a place of beauty and calm where he and Elaine enjoyed a close, love-filled

marriage. They shared common hopes and values as they faced together the joys and the sorrows; and together they built a home in which their daughter and sons found protection, encouragement, love and a good measure of understanding. There was tenderness in this home and warmth. Roger was easy to talk to, be with, patient as a listener, wise as a counselor, gentle as a father. Roger faced illness and death with rare courage. You who loved him faced with him the days of trial with a brave courage born of love. Roger is now at peace. His pain is over. You who loved him must summon a courage which will match his. His life was devoted to your happiness. I know he would want me to counsel you not to spend your lives grieving. He will be with you always, encouraging you as he always did, and hoping that you will follow his way, live responsibly, live lovingly - live.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 4, 1981

## **MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO LOUIS S. BING**

**July 10, 1970**

**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 belongs to 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.**

Let us begin this meditation on life and death with a clear acceptance of death's finality. There is no truth and no benefit in embroidering words which seem to deny that which has happened. There is no benefit in believing that those we have lost are simply asleep, or that they have only temporarily gone away. Death is a brutal enough wrench without adding the frustration of hopeless hope.

There is no mortal power which can withstand death. For all of our vaunted science and of our modern wisdom, we can not avoid the grave. Why should we fear to say so? Why should we be afraid to admit that our frame is dust and our end dust, that to love is to lose, and that to grow close is to know the bitterness of parting. Is death really such a frightening prospect? Is it not rather elemental to life, a natural thing, a deliberate piece in God's scheme. What was it that the wise man, Ben Sirah said. 'Fear not the sentence of death. Remember, rather, them that have been before you and that come after you, for such is the sentence of the Lord over all flesh. There is no inquisition in the grave whether you have lived ten or a hundred or a thousand years.' As God protects us in birth and in life, so does He shelter and protect us in death and beyond. Our friends, our loved ones have gone a common way. They do not walk alone. They walk a way which God has charted and designed for them.

Let us speak of death straightforwardly. I know that if many had been less evasive or delicate with their loved ones, they would have been far less confused in their grief, far more certain of the next step, of how to regain the ladder which leads up from the valley of the shadows. The heartache of confusion cuts as close to the quick flesh as the knife of grief. We try when it is too late to read what another had in mind, his hopes and his dreams. How much simpler and how much wiser it would have been had we spoken of death and of the burdens which will remain.

Recall what the poet divine, John Donne, wrote:

Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful,  
For thou art not so,  
For, those, whom thou thinkest, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me...

This Christian preacher was far more confident than we of a final resurrection. Yet we share his reassurance that "those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow, poor death, die not." Death does not cancel quality nor vision, the truths we have set on paper, the truths that we have spoken quietly to our children, the love which we have whispered, our example of patient forbearance and of quiet strength.

Like shadows gliding o'er the plain  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass;  
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

He lived, - he died; behold the sum,  
The abstract, of the historian's page.  
Alike in God's all-seeing eye  
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly, --

To crowd the narrow span of life  
With wise designs and virtuous deeds,  
So shall we wake from death's dark night  
To share the glory that succeeds.

"A good life," the Rabbis said, "hath but few days, but a good name endureth forever." "The righteous," so they said, "are living even when they are dead." The life of an individual ends, but not the good things which a man has built, nor the high causes which he has served, nor his memory, nor his influence.

We may have outlived our family, but they are alive in us. We transcend death not only in the genetic inheritance of our children, but in influence, through the indelible imprint of personality, through our identification with the timeless things of the spirit. And here we touch the fundamental meaning of this service. It is not an occasion to speak some magical incantation for the safety of our dead. Nor has it advantage for us if we do not more than open the floodgates of tears. This is the hour of remembrance. It is the hour which highlights virtue and quality. We see the holiness of another's life, his worth, his dignity, his sacrifice, and we not only recall, but we resolve. We shall not be unworthy of our heritage. We shall not be unworthy of the love which we enjoyed. We shall not be unworthy of the sacrifice made for our benefit. His work, his love, his aspiration, his hope shall be completed in us. His dreams are ours.

The sudden death of Louis S. Bing has left us all saddened and bereft. Though I confess that when I first heard of Louis' death I thanked God for having given this man of dignity, the dignity of a sweet death. From his youth Louis Bing had walked a strong and steady way. There are those who pass out of life and their place is scarcely missed. There are others who, because of certain qualities of character and certain capacities of heart so endear themselves to their community and to a large circle of friends that their passing creates a deeply-sensed and deeply-mourned void. Louis Bing was such a man. He built a cherished memorial for himself through his years of devoted and effective service to many of the most important **SIGNIFICANT** welfare institutions of our community. He served faithfully and well and won the admiration of those who worked with him for his vigor, his attention to detail, his grasp of detail, his steadyness of purpose, and the breadth of his sympathies. In retrospect all of us, I believe, were just a bit surprised when we reviewed the many truly responsible positions of community leadership Louis Bing had filled. He had worked quietly yet with obvious efficiency and competency.

## MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO LOUIS S. BING

Friday, July 10, 1970

Merciful Father, out of the depths we call unto Thee. When the chastening pain of sorrow and the tender emotion of sympathy turns us, half in grief and half in sweet remembrance, to a deep inner searching, we stand bowed in humility, before the wonders of Thy creation and the wisdom of Thy ways.

In the darkness of bereavement we are drawn closer together. Hand in hand, we wander through the familiar streets and dwelling-places of cherished memory, hoping to brighten our way with the light of remembered love, of feelings unforgotten and ties unbreakable.

From the first moment of man's self-consciousness, he has reached out to tear away the veil of Thy hidden truth and to uncover the meaning of his life and death. Who on earth can plumb the depths - or ascend the heights - or transcend the horizon of our hopes?

Child-like, we often rebel against accepting death as a part of the whole pattern of life itself. We overlook the rich treasure of blessings Thou has put within our reach; and, pursuing vain desires beyond our human bounds, we waste Thy gifts in desperate frustration.

Then, in the revelation of a profound experience, we are taught what life can really mean. We begin to understand how richly we have been endowed, if only with the gift of life, no matter how long or short. We begin to realize with what embracing fulfillment one may live, even in a moment. We become aware of the magnificent use to which we may put Thy gifts - measured not in the span of time, but in the greatness and goodness and fullness of living.

In our maturer faith, we believe that love and the creative power of life are stronger than death, and not even the deepest pain of separation can destroy the hours of fulfillment we have known, nor thwart the promise that life still holds.

For such a faith in life - for the maturity, the strength and the courage to sustain it; for the wisdom to teach it to others in their hour of need, we lean upon Thee, O God, and upon the blessed memory of those whose lives, now ended, have enriched our experience and deepened our understanding.

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Its companion is loneliness.

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Even when there are no tears -

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O Father, in whose mighty hand  
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## SAUL BISKIND

LET US BEGIN THIS MEDITATION ON LIFE AND DEATH WITH A CLEAR ACCEPTANCE OF DEATH'S FINALITY. THERE IS NO TRUTH AND NO BENEFIT IN EMBROIDERING WORDS WHICH SEEM TO DENY THAT WHICH HAS HAPPENED. THERE IS NO BENEFIT IN BELIEVING THAT THOSE WE HAVE LOST ARE SIMPLY ASLEEP, OR THAT THEY HAVE ONLY TEMPORARILY GONE AWAY. DEATH IS A BRUTAL ENOUGH WRENCH WITHOUT ADDING THE FRUSTRATION OF HOPELESS HOPE.

THERE IS NO MORTAL POWER WHICH CAN WITHSTAND DEATH. FOR ALL OF OUR VAUNTED SCIENCE AND OF OUR MODERN WISDOM, WE CANNOT AVOID ILLNESS OR THE GRAVE. WHY SHOULD WE FEAR TO SAY SO? WHY SHOULD WE BE AFRAID TO ADMIT THAT OUR FRAME IS DUST AND OUR END DUST, THAT TO LOVE IS TO LOSE, AND THAT TO DRAW CLOSE IS TO KNOW THE BITTERNESS OF PARTING.

IS DEATH REALLY SUCH A FRIGHTENING PROSPECT? IS IT NOT RATHER ELEMENTAL TO LIFE, A NATURAL THING, A DELIBERATE PIECE IN GOD'S SCHEME? WHAT WAS IT THAT THE WISE MAN, BEN SIRAH SAID: "FEAR NOT THE SENTENCE OF DEATH. REMEMBER, RATHER, THEM THAT HAVE BEEN BEFORE YOU AND THAT COME AFTER YOU, FOR SUCH IS THE SENTENCE OF THE LORD OVER ALL FLESH. THERE IS NO INQUISITION IN THE GRAVE WHETHER YOU HAVE LIVED TEN OR A HUNDRED OR A THOUSAND YEARS." AS GOD PROTECTS US IN BIRTH AND IN LIFE, SO DOES HE SHELTER AND PROTECT US IN DEATH AND BEYOND. OUR FRIENDS, OUR LOVED ONES, HAVE GONE A COMMON WAY. THEY DO NOT WALK ALONE. THEY WALK A WAY WHICH GOD HAS CHARTED AND DESIGNED FOR THEM.

QUIET STRENGTH.

RECALL WHAT THE POET DIVINE, JOHN  
DONNE, WROTE:

DEATH BE NOT PROUD, THOUGH SOME  
HAVE CALLED THEE  
MIGHTY AND DREADFUL,  
FOR THOU ART NOT SO,  
FOR, THOSE, WHOM THOU THINKEST,  
THOU DOST OVERTHROW,  
DIE NOT, POOR DEATH, NOR YET  
CANST THOU KILL ME. . .

THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER WAS FAR MORE  
CONFIDENT THAN WE OF A FINAL RESURRECTION.  
YET, WE SHARE HIS REASSURANCE THAT "THOSE  
WHOM THOU THINKEST THOU DOST OVERTHROW,  
POOR DEATH, DIE NOT." DEATH DOES NOT  
CANCEL QUALITY NOR VISION, THE TRUTHS WE  
HAVE SET ON PAPER, THE TRUTHS THAT WE  
HAVE SPOKEN QUIETLY TO OUR CHILDREN, THE  
LOVE WHICH WE HAVE WHISPERED, OUR  
EXAMPLE OF PATIENT FOREBEARANCE AND OF  
QUIET STRENGTH.

"A GOOD LIFE," THE RABBIS SAID, "HATH BUT FEW DAYS, BUT A GOOD NAME ENDURETH FOREVER." "THE RIGHTEOUS," SO THEY SAID, "ARE LIVING EVEN WHEN THEY ARE DEAD."

THE LIFE OF AN INDIVIDUAL ENDS, BUT NOT THE GOOD THINGS WHICH A MAN HAS BUILT, NOR THE HIGH CAUSES WHICH HE HAS SERVED, NOR HIS MEMORY, NOR HIS INFLUENCE.

WE MAY HAVE OUTLIVED OUR FAMILY, BUT THEY ARE ALIVE IN US. WE TRANSCEND DEATH NOT ONLY IN THE GENETIC INHERITANCE OF OUR CHILDREN, BUT IN INFLUENCE, THROUGH THE INDELIBLE IMPRINT OF PERSONALITY, THROUGH OUR IDENTIFICATION WITH THE TIMELESS THINGS OF THE SPIRIT. AND HERE WE TOUCH THE FUNDAMENTAL MEANING OF THIS SERVICE. IT IS NOT AN OCCASION TO SPEAK SOME MAGICAL INCANTATION FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR DEAD.

NOR HAS IT ADVANTAGE FOR US IF WE DO  
NO MORE THAN OPEN THE FLOODGATES OF TEARS.  
THIS IS THE HOUR OF REMEMBRANCE. IT IS  
AN HOUR WHICH HIGHLIGHTS VIRTUE AND  
QUALITY. WE SEE THE HOLINESS OF ANOTHER'S  
LIFE, HIS WORTH, HIS DIGNITY, HIS  
SACRIFICE, AND WE NOT ONLY RECALL, BUT  
WE RESOLVE. WE SHALL NOT BE UNWORTHY OF  
OUR HERITAGE. WE SHALL NOT BE UNWORTHY  
OF THE LOVE WHICH WE ENJOYED. WE SHALL  
NOT BE UNWORTHY OF THE SACRIFICE MADE FOR  
OUR BENEFIT. HIS WORK, HIS LOVE, HIS  
ASPIRATION, HIS HOPE SHALL BE COMPLETED  
IN US. HIS DREAMS ARE OURS.

AND PATRON OF TENNIS IN ISRAEL. HE WAS A  
MAN OF IMMENSE ENERGY AND VISION. HE  
CAME FROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS, BUILT A FINE  
BUSINESS, AND BECAME A LEADING CITIZEN OF  
OUR COMMUNITY.

WE HAVE COME TO PAY A PUBLIC TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FOR A GOOD CITIZEN, AN ENTERPRISING BUSINESSMAN, A GOOD FRIEND, AND A GOOD JEW, SAUL S. BISKIND. HIS DEATH HAS SADDENED US ALL EVEN THOUGH WE KNOW THAT LIFE IS FINITE AND THAT HE HAD LIVED NEARLY 4 SCORE YEARS IN STRENGTH AND IN DIGNITY.

SAUL MET THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE LAW AND THEN OF BUSINESS CAPABLY AND RESPONSIBLY. HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT PROBITY. HE SAW LIFE WHOLE. HE WAS AN EXCELLENT TENNIS PLAYER. IN ADDITION TO HIS OWN INTEREST IN THE SPORT, HE WAS AN AVID FAN AND PATRON OF TENNIS IN ISRAEL. HE WAS A MAN OF IMMENSE ENERGY AND VISION. HE CAME FROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS, BUILT A FINE BUSINESS, AND BECAME A LEADING CITIZEN OF OUR COMMUNITY.

SAUL WAS A HAPPY MAN, THERE WAS USUALLY A SMILE ON HIS FACE, AND ALWAYS GOOD CHEER IN HIS VOICE. HE WAS A GOOD MAN WHO LIVED BY A HIGH CODE OF CIVIC DUTY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

ALTHOUGH NOT A RELIGIOUS JEW, SAUL WAS A GOOD JEW. ISRAEL AND THE EVENTS OF THE DAY WERE OF GREAT CONCERN TO HIM. HE WAS ALWAYS PREPARED TO MEET HIS OBLIGATIONS.

SAUL HAD MANY FRIENDS AND HE DESERVED THEM. NO REQUEST FOR TIME OR ATTENTION WENT UNANSWERED. HE WAS DEPENDABLE AND LOYAL. MANY WHO ARE HERE TODAY WERE WITH HIM OVER THE YEARS.



THERE IS A LINE FROM PROVERBS,  
"GLADNESS OF HEART IS THE LIFE OF A MAN."  
SAUL'S SPIRIT WAS ALIVE TO LIFE'S MANY  
RESPONSIBILITIES. HE WAS NOT ONE TO  
COMPLAIN, HE WAS VISIONARY. HIS THOUGHTS  
WERE ALWAYS CONCERNED WITH DEVELOPMENT  
AND GROWTH.

MANY BUSY MEN SPEND LITTLE TIME WITH  
THEIR FAMILIES. SAUL FOUND THE TIME TO  
*do with (how)*  
~~SERVE~~ AND TO BE FATHER TO HIS 3 CHILDREN  
AND 6 GRANDCHILDREN. HE AND ROSALIND  
ENJOYED THE RAREST OF INTIMACIES,  
PARTICULARLY THE PLEASURE OF SEEING THEIR  
2 SONS, DANIEL AND EDWARD, AND A DAUGHTER,  
EVE, GROW INTO THEIR TALENTS AND  
CAPACITIES, AND THE SPECIAL JOY OF SEEING  
6 GRANDCHILDREN FOLLOW AFTER THE FAMILY  
TRADITION.

SAUL WAS GRACED BY RELATIVELY GOOD HEALTH UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO, AND WAS ABLE TO LIVE A FULL LIFE UNTIL ALMOST HIS FINAL DAY. A GOOD MAN, HE WILL BE SORELY MISSED.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

FEBRUARY 26, 1989

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO M. JAMES BOWMAN

Thursday, June 25, 1970

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 belongs to 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.

M. James Bowman was blessed by God with unusual length of days and he blessed his years by the gentleness of his spirit and the vital quality of his person. Mr. Bowman was a basically decent, always gracious human being, a man utterly devoid of vanity or of pretension, who lived by the rule of goodness and spoke the truth. He had no patience with those who mocked the basic decencies, or scoffed at the essential virtues. His friendships were solid. His pleasures were unostentatious. His tastes were simple yet finely honed. His eyes were clear and unusually receptive to the colors and harmonies of life. His way was sound. His laughter warm. His humor full and contagious but never sharp or vindictive. His mind keen and sound. His judgments sure. M. James Bowman knew the meaning of work, but he took life with a smile and helped many to smile. He knew men as individuals, for what they are. He had no patience with labels. A man was either honest or devious. His religion or background or race were irrelevant to his quality. One of the highest tributes our people could make to a man was to speak of him as ish tam v'yasher, a simple man and just - simplicity is probity, not cunning; understanding and not shrewdness.

M. James Bowman through the years was a faithful member of The Temple. He wore his faith comfortably and quietly; and, crucially he lived by its teachings. He was a man of deed not of oratory, a man who had a special awareness of the beauties of every day and a wonderful talent which permitted him to translate this awareness into colors and forms others could appreciate.

What more can be said? What more need be said? A fine human being has been taken from us. He was not one to seek notoriety or public acclaim, but far more than many who strut the public stage, he merits our respect and our admiration. For surely it is no small matter to have brought integrity to one's life, understanding to one's friendship, security and love to one's family, and devotion to one's God.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

*Jack Kohn*  
JACOB SINGER

NOVEMBER 17, 1957

WHENEVER DEATH COMES, IN YOUTH OR OLD AGE, IT IS UNEXPECTED. THOUGH IT IS ORDAINED THAT THE DAYS OF OUR YEARS ARE THREE SCORE AND TEN, EACH OF US CONTINUES AS IF TOMORROW IS INEVITABLE. WE SELDOM PAUSE TO TAKE TO HEART THE BASIC FACT OF ALL LIFE - THAT THE NUMBER OF OUR DAYS IS FINITE. WHEN TODAY IS PAST THERE MAY NOT BE A TOMORROW. IT IS THE RARE AND UNDERSTANDING PERSON WHO DOES NOT FRITTER ~~AWAY AND~~ WASTE HIS PRECIOUS HOURS IN AIMLESS PURSUIT, WHO IS CONSCIOUS OF OLD AGE WHILE A YOUTH, WHO TRULY UNDERSTANDS THE ~~nature~~ <sup>transience</sup> OF SICKNESS WHEN HE IS FULL OF STRENGTH, WHO SO FILLS HIS LIFE WITH MEANINGFUL ACTIVITY AND GENTLE KINDLINESS THAT WERE GOD TODAY TO DECREE HIS END HIS LIFE WILL HAVE HAD ITS FULFILLMENT.

HOW CAN WE MEASURE LIFE? THERE ARE THOSE WHOSE STAR SHINES BUT BRIEFLY, BUT THEY COMPACT MUCH OF LIFE'S BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITY IN A BRIEF SPAN. SHEER LENGTH IS NOT LIFE'S MEASURE. I SUSPECT THAT LIFE'S TRUEST GAUGE IS THE STANDARD OF ACCOMPLISHMENT AND SELF-FULFILLMENT. I DO NOT MEAN BY THIS ~~THE~~ ACHIEVEMENT OF PUBLIC FAME OR THE ATTAINMENT OF WEALTH. I MEAN OUR AWARENESS OF OUR OWN WORTHWHILENESS. I MEAN ACHIEVEMENT WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF OUR FAMILY, WITHIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF OUR COMMUNITY. HAVE WE MADE FULLEST USE OF OUR TALENTS? HAVE WE MADE THOSE CLOSEST TO US HAPPY THROUGH OUR LOVE? HAVE WE LIVED BY A STANDARD OF MORALITY WORTHY OF OUR OWN SENSE OF PERSONAL DIGNITY? HAVE WE SET AN EXAMPLE TO OUR CHILDREN BY WORD AND DEED? I SUSPECT THAT EACH OF US WOULD ADMIT TO BOTH SUCCESS AND FAILURE. I SUSPECT THAT EACH OF US IS HIGHLY CONSCIOUS OF WASTED OPPORTUNITIES, OF SELFISH COMPROMISE. I SUSPECT THAT EACH OF US WOULD LIKE TO LEAD A FULLER AND RICHER AND BETTER LIFE. WE PROMISE OURSELVES TOMORROW WILL BE DIFFERENT. DEATH REMINDS US THAT THERE MAY BE NO TOMORROW. LET US HOPE THAT THE LESSON OF TODAY'S GRIEF MAY BEAR THE SEED OF TOMORROW'S GLORY.

*That our decisions and commitments must be made to-day*

*Jack Kohn*  
~~JACOB SINGER~~ CAN SET FOR US A FINE EXAMPLE. AS WE THINK BACK OVER HIS LIFE

OUR HEARTS OVERFLOW WITH GRATITUDE TO GOD. HIS <sup>about 70 years</sup> 72 YEARS WERE FULL YEARS, YEARS RICH IN FAMILY AND IN FRIENDSHIP, YEARS OF <sup>ACHIEVEMENT</sup> ~~COMPLETION~~ IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION ~~AND~~ IN CIVIC ENTERPRISE. MR. SINGER WAS DEDICATED TO THE LAW. HIS PRACTICE WAS FOR HIM A PROFESSION OF SERVICE. FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY IT AFFORDED HIM THE OPPORTUNITY TO HELP MEN WHO NEEDED HIS AID. IT ENABLED HIM TO <sup>HELP</sup> MAKE THIS COMMUNITY A BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE. IN FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS HE WAS FIGHTING FOR THE WELL-BEING OF ALL. WHEN MEN ABIDED BY THE LAW, A TRULY JUST AND FAIR SOCIETY WAS IN THE MAKING. AT THE VERY CORE OF HIS PERSONALITY THERE WAS EMBEDDED A BELIEF IN JUSTICE AND RIGHT SUCH AS FILLED THE HEART OF THE HEBREW PROPHET. THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE MR. SINGER LIVED UP TO THE STRICTEST STANDARDS OF HIS PROFESSION AND LIVED A LIFE OF EXEMPLARY SERVICE ~~AND~~ <sup>WAS A</sup>

MR. SINGER HAD A DEEP RESPECT AND ABIDING LOVE FOR HIS FAITH. IT TAUGHT HIM THE PROPHETIC PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE AND RIGHT. THE TEACHINGS OF THE TORAH WERE DEAR TO HIM. ITS WORSHIP WAS A WELCOME DISCIPLINE OF WHICH HE AVAILED HIMSELF REGULARLY. JUDAISM'S WAY OF LIFE WAS HIS. THE TEMPLE AND ALL IT STOOD FOR WERE IMPORTANT TO HIM. FEW MEN IN OUR CONGREGATION CAN MATCH THE REGULARITY OF HIS ATTENDANCE AND THE DEGREE OF HIS INTEREST. THROUGH THE ALCHEMY OF LOVE MR. SINGER TRANSLATED HIS OWN POSITIVE ATTITUDE TO JUDAISM TO HIS FAMILY. ~~CERTAINLY~~ HIS FAITH ENCOURAGED HIS SON TO UNDERTAKE THE DIFFICULT MISSION OF THE RABBINATE, <sup>W HERE</sup> ~~AND~~ HE PROFESSED A VOCATION DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF GOD AND OF OUR FELLOW-MAN. THROUGH FORTY YEARS OF HAPPY MARRIAGE MR. SINGER BROUGHT ONLY HAPPINESS AND STRENGTH AND UNDERSTANDING TO HIS BELOVED WIFE. TOGETHER THEY BUILT A HOME STRONG IN LOVE <sup>A Home</sup> AND DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT, IN WHICH THEIR CHILDREN GREW UP INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD. TOGETHER THEY ENJOYED THE PRIVILEGE OF GRANDCHILDREN GROWING STRONG IN MIND AND IN BODY.

IN HIS LAST ILLNESS MR. SINGER EVIDENCED THAT STRENGTH AND CHARACTER WHICH WERE SO MUCH A FEATURE OF HIS PERSON. HE <sup>ACCEPTED</sup> ~~ACCOMPLISHED~~ HIS DESTINY, <sup>HE</sup> ~~AND~~ DID NOT COMPLAIN AGAINST FATE. HE SOUGHT TO ENCOURAGE THOSE WHO CAME TO VISIT. HE WOULD <sup>HE NEVER COMPLAINED</sup>

ASK NOW THAT THOSE WHO ARE NEAR AND DEAR TO HIM TAKE COURAGE. THAT THEY REMEMBER  
NOT ~~OF HIM~~ THAT HE HAS DIED, BUT THAT HE LIVED. That he lived to you then  
love and being on lip and <sup>in the best of</sup> that he would want you to find  
that love and being confident and up ahead - Take courage -  
in his own way - Take courage and begin again to walk  
life's way.

JEROME BRAUN

January 5, 1962

We are here in ~~tribute and~~ respect to a friend whose presence will be lovingly missed. Our hearts are heavy, our minds close to the reality of death. Mystery looms before us. No one knows what lies beyond the bourne of time and space. We can not mark the road our beloved now walks. Yet there is no fear in our hearts, for death is both an end and a beginning, a conclusion and a commencement. In death as in life we walk with God. As He sheltered and protected us in life, so does He sustain and encourage us unto eternity.

To think of death is to confront mystery. Death does not demand understanding, rather it demands that we reacquaint ourselves with life. For death underscores the value of life, the privilege of life, the imperative to use our lives wisely. "Teach us, O Lord, to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom." For each of us there is an allotted measure of days. What we do not accomplish within that time is forever undone. Some squander their time. The wise compress and compact into their days many lifetimes of accomplishment. What is accomplishment? Fulfillment of our talents, repayment of the debt of love that we owe to our family and friends, enlistment in the service of God.

We are assembled in tribute to a beloved friend and companion. As we rehearse his talents, the qualities of Jerome Braun's mind and person, we are impressed by his energy and effectiveness but even more by the sum of his accomplishments. Jerome Braun was by training and conviction a man of the law. He viewed the law as a profession. He had little patience with those who used its license for personal gain. To Jerry the law offered opportunity for ~~complete acts~~ of personal service and for a ~~supreme~~ commitment of person to the democracy he loved so well. He rejoiced in American freedom. He felt blessed by his citizenship, and he was resolved to repay, through government



service, the debt of obligation each of us recognizes but most of us seldom fully discharge. Of old, the prophets of Israel counseled <sup>lead</sup> ~~government~~ officials <sup>should</sup> ~~to~~ seek justice and ~~to~~ establish rectitude and righteousness in the gates. This was Jerry's goal and torment. His energies were ever marshalled to root out ~~the~~ self-serving, to discredit <sup>lead</sup> greedy, to protect the wellbeing of the people. Intellectual honesty, moral courage, probity and principle, these were the four foundation pillars of Jerry's <sup>PROFESSIONAL</sup> ~~service~~, a ~~service~~ for which our nation and we, <sup>PROFESSION</sup> as citizens, are deeply grateful.

It is difficult at this hour to understand the purpose of God's decrees. Jerome Braun was a good man, a gentleman, unselfish, high minded, full of love for his family and affection for his fellowmen. Yet he was not destined to live out the fabled three score years and ten. God's ways are <sup>NOT</sup> ~~indeed~~ undecipherable <sup>by</sup> ~~to~~ man. Shall we doubt God's goodness? Even in this hour of deep grief, can we not bless <sup>lead</sup> ~~him~~ for the half-century of <sup>or</sup> ~~vital manliness~~ <sup>vital manliness</sup> ~~vigor and energy~~, of tireless dedication ~~to the law~~, of happy friendship and of abiding love. Jerry's life was ~~all too~~ brief, but <sup>rich in</sup> ~~full of~~ accomplishment. ~~Each of us was blessed because God allowed this man of high principle and fine spirit to live among us.~~ <sup>Indeed,</sup> It is not the length of a man's life but the use of his talent which establishes its meaning. <sup>He was</sup> ~~Jerome Braun was a serious man. He was a student,~~ <sup>almost</sup> well read in many fields. He took nothing on faith, so <sup>he</sup> ~~did not take to himself~~ conventional prejudices which pass from man to man. ~~We live in a pleasure seeking and acquisitive age, an age which expects much of its government but by and large returns little to it. We complain, but we do not serve. Jerry served and did not complain. He served us, though a far greater reward could have been his in private practice. He served because it was right to serve, because in troubled times only the foolish lead untroubled lives.~~ One cannot but think of Jerome Braun but as a quiet man. He bore himself with dignity. He seemed to possess that rare quality which we call peace of mind. He was at peace with himself, a peace

surely to rise above their tears, to retain ever in love his memory and to remember in the years ahead not so much the bitter fact of his death but the blessed memory of his life. He prayed that they might enjoy fully the beauty of life. He hoped that their lives would be full of blessing, so now he would pray that they might be granted strength sufficient to begin again life's adventure, to walk again eagerly along life's way and to find again in the days ahead the beauty of life which he sought to paint for them.

Alfred Brock

When I heard of Alfy's death, a phrase from the British philosopher, Bertrand Russell, came to mind: "The happy life must be, to a great extent, a quiet life for it is only in an atmosphere of quiet that true joy can live." Alfy chose to live a quiet life, and I am confident that it was a life that brought him true joy. Somehow, quite early, he managed to sort out his priorities - a rare achievement. Most of us stumble about a good bit before we separate what is important to us and what is not.

Alfy decided that he wished to be people oriented rather than power-oriented and that the well-being of those who were dear to him represented a better use of his time and effort than the search for great wealth. Throughout his life he proved a thousand times over that he would not sacrifice the quality of these relationships for a chance to reach the top of some greasy pole and attain what others call success.

Our world is full of people who elbow one another for small advantage and who slap one another on the back in a counterfeit of friendship. Alfy was not one of these. He walked his way, a sensitive, kindly and self-possessed way. He knew his mind, but unlike many self-confident men he seemed not to need to impose his views on others or on his times.

Alfy could talk and he could listen. He never had to be asked twice for a helping hand. Indeed, he generally sensed need before it was spoken. His humor was full and warm and never cruel or ascerbic. Others were judged by their deeds and quality and not by any artificial standard of social status, creed and color. Alfy loved the freedoms and vision of this country and was in all ways a good neighbor and a good citizen - an example of the best in America's national character.

I do not know if he had ever come across a little bit of verse which I read some time ago, but he certainly understood its merit.

If I thought that a word of mine  
 Perhaps unkind and untrue,  
 Would leave its trace on a loved one's face,  
 I'd never speak it -

Would you?

If I thought that a smile of mine  
 Might linger the whole day through  
 And lighten some heart with a heavier pact,  
 I'd not withhold it -

Would you?

Alfy was a dependable friend, an easy and pleasant companion, a gracious and courteous host, a fine and honorable human being.

The Bible describes Noah as a simple man and straight, and in so doing described Alfy. Simplicity is not innocence but an uncomplicated understanding of life's basic values; the recognition that wisdom will not be found in some tortuous calculus of moral values but in a life led according to the straightforward standards of civilization: the truth should be spoken, one's word is one's bond, community, friendship and family are essential loyalties. We must live for others as well as ourselves.

The Bible does not often describe or define that illusive term, happiness, but the Book of Proverbs tells us, "Happy is the man who is content with his lot." Alfy radiated contentment. Certainly, he brought calm and a quiet joy with him. With him you felt not only at ease but pleased with life itself. He made others sense the quiet joys that were his and feel the better for it.

A dutiful son, a considerate and caring brother, Alfy was full of love and, fortunately, was blessed by God with a great love which was fully requited. He and Margie shared an intimacy which never lost its luster. Their marriage was founded securely on trust and shared purpose. Each was the other's best friend as well as helpmate. They found happiness together and together enjoyed each day's simple joys. Together they faced life's inevitable challenges, strengthening each other in the dark moments even as they rejoiced together in

its bright ones. Their home was a secure and happy place in which they raised their two sons tenderly, companionably, to fulfill their special talents. No happiness was greater than the joy of watching them grow into the fullness of their capacity and build their lives around those simple and straight-forward values in which they had been raised. Margie's and Alfie's love easily reached out and embraced the two women who became their daughters and, of course, another generation coming behind. Nothing pleased Alfie more than the continuing closeness of his sons and their families and the sense of the continuity of the generations.

Alfie was cut down just short of the three score years and ten which the Bible describes as the days of our years. He deserved more - goodness deserves life - but none of us has a guarantee; and we must be grateful that he died before the pain and weakness of disease robbed him of his dignity and his very special qualities. The good should not be broken and Alfie was not broken - he was his sweet, thoughtful self to the end.

I do not know what Alfie would want to have said, but I am sure that one of his concerns today would be, as it always was, the well-being of those dearest to him. He would want them to keep his memory sacred in the ways which would be most pleasing to him. He lived for their happiness and would want them to find the strength to turn again to the sunshine which brings warmth and to those activities which bring contentment. Alfie was one of those who left life to the living and he would not want your lives limited in any significant way by his death.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 14, 1985

HARRY BRODER

LET US BEGIN THIS MEDITATION ON LIFE AND DEATH WITH A CLEAR ACCEPTANCE OF DEATH'S FINALITY. THERE IS NO TRUTH AND NO BENEFIT IN EMBROIDERING WORDS WHICH SEEM TO DENY THAT WHICH HAS HAPPENED. THERE IS NO BENEFIT IN BELIEVING THAT THOSE WE HAVE LOST ARE SIMPLY ASLEEP, OR THAT THEY HAVE ONLY TEMPORARILY GONE AWAY. DEATH IS A BRUTAL ENOUGH WRENCH WITHOUT ADDING THE FRUSTRATION OF HOPELESS HOPE.

THERE IS NO MORTAL POWER WHICH CAN WITHSTAND DEATH. FOR ALL OF OUR VAUNTED SCIENCE AND OF OUR MODERN WISDOM, WE CANNOT AVOID ILLNESS OR THE GRAVE. WHY SHOULD WE FEAR TO SAY SO? WHY SHOULD WE BE AFRAID TO ADMIT THAT OUR FRAME IS DUST AND OUR END DUST, THAT TO LOVE IS TO LOSE, AND THAT TO DRAW CLOSE IS TO KNOW THE BITTERNESS OF PARTING.

IS DEATH REALLY SUCH A FRIGHTENING PROSPECT? IS IT NOT RATHER ELEMENTAL TO LIFE, A NATURAL THING, A DELIBERATE PIECE IN GOD'S SCHEME? WHAT WAS IT THAT THE WISE MAN, BEN SIRAH SAID: "FEAR NOT THE SENTENCE OF DEATH. REMEMBER, RATHER, THEM THAT HAVE BEEN BEFORE YOU AND THAT COME AFTER YOU, FOR SUCH IS THE SENTENCE OF THE LORD OVER ALL FLESH." THERE IS NO INQUISITION IN THE GRAVE WHETHER YOU HAVE LIVED TEN OR A HUNDRED OR A THOUSAND YEARS. AS GOD PROTECTS US IN BIRTH AND IN LIFE, SO DOES HE SHELTER AND PROTECT US IN DEATH AND BEYOND. OUR FRIENDS, OUR LOVED ONES, HAVE GONE A COMMON WAY. THEY DO NOT WALK ALONE. THEY WALK A WAY WHICH GOD HAS CHARTED AND DESIGNED FOR THEM.

RECALL WHAT THE POET DIVINE, JOHN  
DONNE, WROTE:

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HAVE CALLED THEE  
MIGHTY AND DREADFUL,  
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THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER WAS FAR MORE  
CONFIDENT THAN WE OF A FINAL RESURRECTION.  
YET, WE SHARE HIS REASSURANCE THAT  
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"A GOOD LIFE," THE RABBIS SAID,  
"HATH BUT FEW DAYS, BUT A GOOD NAME  
ENDURETH FOREVER." "THE RIGHTEOUS," SO  
THEY SAID, "ARE LIVING EVEN WHEN THEY  
ARE DEAD." THE LIFE OF AN INDIVIDUAL ENDS,  
BUT NOT THE GOOD THINGS WHICH A MAN HAS  
BUILT, NOR THE HIGH CAUSES WHICH HE HAS  
SERVED, NOR HIS MEMORY, NOR HIS INFLUENCE.

WE MAY HAVE OUTLIVED OUR FAMILY,  
BUT THEY ARE ALIVE IN US. WE TRANSCEND  
DEATH NOT ONLY IN THE GENETIC INHERITANCE  
OF OUR CHILDREN, BUT IN INFLUENCE,  
THROUGH THE INDELIBLE IMPRINT OF  
PERSONALITY, THROUGH OUR IDENTIFICATION  
WITH THE TIMELESS THINGS OF THE SPIRIT.  
AND HERE WE TOUCH THE FUNDAMENTAL  
MEANING OF THIS SERVICE. IT IS NOT AN  
OCCASION TO SPEAK SOME MAGICAL  
INCANTATION FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR DEAD.

NOR HAS IT ADVANTAGE FOR US IF WE DO NO  
MORE THAN OPEN THE FLOODGATES OF TEARS.  
THIS IS THE HOUR OF REMEMBRANCE. IT IS  
THE HOUR WHICH HIGHLIGHTS VIRTUE AND  
QUALITY. WE SEE THE HOLINESS OF ANOTHER'S  
LIFE, HIS WORTH, HIS DIGNITY, HIS  
SACRIFICE, AND WE NOT ONLY RECALL, BUT WE  
RESOLVE. WE SHALL NOT BE UNWORTHY OF OUR  
HERITAGE. WE SHALL NOT BE UNWORTHY OF  
THE LOVE WHICH WE ENJOYED. WE SHALL NOT  
BE UNWORTHY OF THE SACRIFICE MADE FOR OUR  
BENEFIT. HIS WORK, HIS LOVE, HIS  
ASPIRATION, HIS HOPE SHALL BE COMPLETED  
IN US. HIS DREAMS ARE OURS.

WE ARE MET TO PAY A PUBLIC TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO A GREAT-HEARTED HUMAN BEING, A GOOD FRIEND, A GOOD NEIGHBOR, AND A GENTLE MAN, HARRY BRODER. HARRY WAS CAREFUL IN ALL OF HIS PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS. HE LIVED BY A HIGH SET OF VALUES AND WAS NOT EASILY SILENCED WHEN THERE WERE ISSUES OF CONSEQUENCE. HE LED A LIFE DEDICATED TO SERVICE. HE WALKED A WAY WHICH WAS HIS INDIVIDUAL WAY, WITH DIGNITY AND COURAGE AND HE GAINED, IN SO DOING, OUR RESPECT.

HARRY WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO MANY. HE LIVED BY AN UNUSUALLY FINE CODE OF SERVICE AND SENSITIVITY. AS A TEACHER AND AS A CITIZEN, HE DISPLAYED THE HIGHEST CONCERNS FOR THE WELL-BEING OF EVERYONE. HE HAD MANY FRIENDS AND DESERVED THEM.

HE LOVED SAILING, WINTER SPORTS,  
TRAVEL; HIS INTERESTS WERE BROAD, HUMANE,  
AND CARING. HE WAS A GOOD  
CONVERSATIONALIST AND A JOY TO BE WITH.

*HE* WAS A MEMBER OF THE SHAKER HEIGHTS CITY  
COUNCIL, OF THE LIBRARY BOARD, OF THE  
AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE, AND MANY OTHER  
ORGANIZATIONS;—THERE WAS HARDLY ANY  
ACTIVITY OF WORTH IN OUR COMMUNITY OF  
WHICH HE WAS NOT A PART. A GOOD NEIGHBOR  
AND A GOOD FRIEND, HARRY WILL BE LONG  
REMEMBERED AND MUCH MISSED.

HIS FINEST SERVICE WAS AT THE UNIVERSITY, IN THE WORLD OF LEARNING. HE HAD A GOOD MIND AND HUNDREDS OF YOUNGSTERS AT CASE WERE WELL INTRODUCED TO THE HUMANITIES THROUGH HIS EFFORTS. IT WAS A SHAME WHEN THE MERGER REDUCED HIS TEACHING ROLE, BUT HE CONTINUED IN UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION AND AS DEAN OF ADMISSIONS.

THERE ARE MANY WHO SERVE BROADLY BUT WHO NEGLECT THEIR MOST INTIMATE TIES, THE TIES OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILY. HARRY DID NOT SUFFER FROM SUCH BLINDNESS.

HE WAS BLESSED WITH THE FINE LOVE OF PEGGY, AND TOGETHER THEY SHARED LIFE'S INTIMACIES AND HOPES AND ESTABLISHED A FINE HOME IN WHICH THEIR 5 CHILDREN WERE RAISED TO APPRECIATE THEIR PARENTS' VALUES -- RESPECT FOR INTELLIGENCE, THE PUBLIC GOOD, HONESTY. THEY WERE ENGAGED BY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS, AND THE FINE WAY IN WHICH THEY RAISED THEIR CHILDREN, JOHN, DOUGLAS, ERIC, EMILY, AND ELIZABETH, TO THE VALUES IN THEIR HOME SET THEM ON THE PATH OF SUCCESSFUL LIVING.

NO JOY CAME TO PEGGY AND HARRY WHICH WAS GREATER THAN THAT OF SEEING THEIR CHILDREN GROW UP AND BECOME FINE ADULTS AND SENTIENT HUMAN BEINGS.

THERE WERE BATTLES WHEN THE CHILDREN WERE YOUNGER. HARRY WAS A GOOD IF NOT PASSIVE FATHER, AND HE TOOK GREAT PLEASURE IN THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF HIS CHILDREN, AND MORE RECENTLY OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

HE LIVED A FULL LIFE AND ONE OF CONSEQUENCE, AND HIS INFLUENCE WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MARCH 3, 1989

HARRY BRODER

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"HATH BUT FEW DAYS, BUT A GOOD NAME  
ENDURETH FOREVER." "THE RIGHTEOUS," SO  
THEY SAID, "ARE LIVING EVEN WHEN THEY  
ARE DEAD." THE LIFE OF AN INDIVIDUAL ENDS,  
BUT NOT THE GOOD THINGS WHICH A MAN HAS  
BUILT, NOR THE HIGH CAUSES WHICH HE HAS  
SERVED, NOR HIS MEMORY, NOR HIS INFLUENCE.

WE MAY HAVE OUTLIVED OUR FAMILY,  
BUT THEY ARE ALIVE IN US. WE TRANSCEND  
DEATH NOT ONLY IN THE GENETIC INHERITANCE  
OF OUR CHILDREN, BUT IN INFLUENCE,  
THROUGH THE INDELIBLE IMPRINT OF  
PERSONALITY, THROUGH OUR IDENTIFICATION  
WITH THE TIMELESS THINGS OF THE SPIRIT.  
AND HERE WE TOUCH THE FUNDAMENTAL  
MEANING OF THIS SERVICE. IT IS NOT AN  
OCCASION TO SPEAK SOME MAGICAL  
INCANTATION FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR DEAD.

NOR HAS IT ADVANTAGE FOR US IF WE DO NO  
MORE THAN OPEN THE FLOODGATES OF TEARS.  
THIS IS THE HOUR OF REMEMBRANCE. IT IS  
THE HOUR WHICH HIGHLIGHTS VIRTUE AND  
QUALITY. WE SEE THE HOLINESS OF ANOTHER'S  
LIFE, HIS WORTH, HIS DIGNITY, HIS  
SACRIFICE, AND WE NOT ONLY RECALL, BUT WE  
RESOLVE. WE SHALL NOT BE UNWORTHY OF OUR  
HERITAGE. WE SHALL NOT BE UNWORTHY OF  
THE LOVE WHICH WE ENJOYED. WE SHALL NOT  
BE UNWORTHY OF THE SACRIFICE MADE FOR OUR  
BENEFIT. HIS WORK, HIS LOVE, HIS  
ASPIRATION, HIS HOPE SHALL BE COMPLETED  
IN US. HIS DREAMS ARE OURS.

EDWARD NORMAN  
SHERMAN CAHN

The meaning of death is beyond our grasp. A moment such as this is a time not for speculation but for a simple expression of Job's faith: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." This is a time to put philosophy behind us and to accept as patiently as we can the unpredictable mathematics of life.

Death is beyond comprehension but death is not without instruction. Death insists that we consider the preciousness of each day. Perhaps that is why our faith suggests that we reread the 90th Psalm: "The days of our years are three score years and ten or even by reason of strength some four score years. Yet is their pride but travail and vanity. It is speedily gone and we fly away. So teach us, O Lord, to number our days, that they may get us a heart of wisdom." Caught up in our daily routines we often forget that our days are not limitless. Today may be the only opportunity we will have to offer ourselves in service or to speak words of love and encouragement.

The mystery of death is beyond our comprehension. The message of death touches the preciousness of each day. The challenge of death is to accept the hard truth that one who had been an intimate will no longer be with us. We want to deny, but we cannot and must not. There is a new reality and we must learn to live with it.

To grieve is to experience a number of conflicting emotions. On the one hand we are grateful that the agony of disease is over. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. At the same time we begrudge the loss of one who was infinitely precious to us. Any number of conflicting feelings move in our souls. No relationship is without stress. We lie to ourselves if we picture any friendship or family relationships as always satisfying. Inevitably, there are moments of distance and dispute. Each of us has his or her own set of emotional capacities and moral sensitivities. We go at life differently. We see life differently. We

judge everything and everyone from our private biases. Everyone seeks fulfillment and satisfaction but not all of us can express our feelings consistently or express our love and pride in others as easily as we might wish.

~~In~~ <sup>At</sup> this ~~his~~ <sup>place</sup> home, surrounded by those who knew him best and loved him dearly, I can only try to find words which will somehow express what you have told me of a strong, self reliant, <sup>vital</sup> compassionate man, a man of steady and certain conviction, who took life as it came and looked on life without fear or illusion, who did not fear death, knew birth implies death, yet who was confident that determination and will would allow the strong to shape life to their purposes.

His faith was that of the poet's:

The clock of life is wound but once,  
and no man has the power to tell  
Just when the hands will stop  
at late or early hour

Now is the only time you own  
Live, love, toil with a will  
Place no faith in tomorrow  
For the clock may then be still

Sherman took on the responsibilities of family and profession willingly and in good times and bad discharged them honorably and with skill. He knew what was right and he would do only that which was right. A fair man, he demanded no more of others than he asked of himself - A compassionate man of warm heart, he was always ready to help those in need for he understood the struggles they faced.

Sherman had an eye for the colors and beauties of life. He loved to capture them in film and he found relaxation and fulfillment whenever

he could touch nature in the raw as he did on the farm when he could live the simple, uncomplicated existence which represented to him all that was basic and essential.

Sherman was not easy on himself nor on those he loved. He worked hard. He was a determined man - yet his was the determination of those who truly care. No one grew up in this home who did not know that values were truly important, that worth is measured, not in dollars or status, but in character.

As we spoke yesterday, I was touched by the quiet depth of love which coursed through this family. Sherman and Barbara were each others helpmates as well as intimates. It is rare that you find today people like James, Dennis and Betsy, grown children who can talk as candidly and with as much loving understanding of their growing up and a parent. Here was a love which was combined in a special way with critical respect. Here was a love which reached perhaps more easily to another generation coming behind who will follow in the values of this family.

Sherman was not one for public display. He would not have wanted this moment to be elaborate or full of fullsome praise. Indeed, I would like to close with a poem:

I do not want the gaping crowd  
To come with lamentations loud,  
When life has fled.

I do not want my words and ways  
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise,  
When I am dead.

I do not want strange curious eyes  
To scan my face when pale it lies  
In silence dread.

Nor would I have them, if they would,  
Declare my deeds were bad or good,  
When I am dead.

I only want the steadfast few  
Who stood through good and evil, too,  
Through friendship's test.

Just those who tried to find the good,  
And then, as only true friends could,  
Forget the rest.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 11, 1987



## Harold Chattman

We have met to pay a tribute of respect to Harold Chattman, a cherished neighbor and respected fellow citizen. Harry served for many decades at the bar of our city bringing credit to his profession and justice to those who required it. He was blessed with an alert and retentive mind. He read widely, was delighted in ideas, was passionately committed to the value of learning and was as at home in the far away places of history as in the events of the day. His horizons were wide and his view always had point and basis. Harry was a good and loyal friend and, for all of his joy in life, a reserved and quiet human being. He never sought to impress another and was always eager to lend a helping hand, to listen patiently or to quiet fear. He walked life's highway with dignity and until these last months of illness his was a determined and purposeful stride for he possessed a rare sense of community and an unflagging vision of a better world. He was devoted to the cause of justice and to making opportunity available to all.

His chosen profession was the law and in it he found intellectual excitement and the challenge of a grand idea. He served his clients ably. He served the community willingly. The law was for him a sacred profession and he cherished its high standards. The law was the focus for Harry's mind.

His family was the focus of his heart. He and his cherished wife enjoyed a truly rare romance, one which blossomed with the years. Together they had built their home

They found constant pleasure in each other's company and brought to their home and to their sons the example of a rare love of the substantial qualities of life.

Harry has blessed us with wonderful memories which will offer encouragement and comfort in the days ahead. The remembrance of a humane service remains alive

in the hearts of a grateful community. Words of wisdom are heard again by those who have been guided and advantaged. The touch of love continues to warm and encourage.

"In the way of righteousness there is life."

What he meant to those who were nearest and dearest in the intimate circle of family life they know best and in that knowledge I am sure they will find in the days to come comfort and solace and renewal of strength.

the memories of more than four decades of blessed companionship and tender love and devotion. What boon more precious can one ask of life? His sisters and his children's children will cherish a noble example, the memory of a father who lived his faith, who loved deeply, who won the respect of his community.

~~Death~~ Death, sooner or later, invades every home and brings separation, sorrow and loneliness. But if you will accept what is inevitable and hold on to what survives, to what is imperishable and inalienable, to the beautiful and uplifting memories of blessed years lived in comradeship, of hope and trials and experiences of joy and sorrow shared in common, you will find both the courage and the wisdom to carry on and to move through the present darkness to the light of the ongoing day and our daily duties, tasks and responsibilities. May God give you and all your dear ones this comfort, wisdom and courage.

Then poem

## Louis Cohen

We are met to pay a public tribute of respect to a lifelong friend and neighbor whose indefatigable energy and great strength of will carried him successfully through life, indeed, far beyond the fabled four score years. I did not have the privilege of knowing Louis Cohen, but his family and friends describe him as a private person, caught up all his years in the responsibilities of business, a man of great animal energy. He took pride in his body and its skills, a sportsman who throughout his years rejoiced in skating and bowling in the fine and physical frame which God had given him.

Where most men are satisfied to work and then to retire into well-earned leisure, Louis continued to devote his time and energy to his responsibilities until he was well up in the nineties. His work was his pleasure, his fulfillment.

Louis was not interested in public acclaim or public display. He was not a joiner. In life he found two fine women with whom he shared his life and his years. Nothing pleased him more than to go to work with one of his sons.

I don't know what Mr. Cohen would have said at this moment. He was not one who was delighted to have a fuss made over him, but this poem might be appropriate.

I do not want the gaping crowd  
To come with lamentations loud,  
When life has fled.

I do not want my words and ways  
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise,  
When I am dead.

I do not want strange curious eyes  
To scan my face when pale it lies  
In silence dread.

Nor would I have them, if they would,  
Declare my deeds were bad or good,  
When I am dead.

I only want the steadfast few  
Who stood through good and evil, too,  
Through friendship's test.

Just those who tried to find the good,  
And then, as only true friends could,  
Forget the rest.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 9, 1983

A TRIBUTE TO JUDGE SAUL DANACEAU

June 2, 1965

by Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

Dear Friends:

We have gathered to pay a loving tribute to the memory of one who has been suddenly taken from our midst. We were not prepared for his death, yet, as always, we must accept the burden which now is ours. Yet, even as we brood over our loss, we are conscious of blessing - many years of friendship and association with a truly decent human being. Judge Saul Danaceau walked life's highway quietly and with reserve, yet his was a determined and purposeful stride. Saul was possessed by a rare sense of public responsibility and by an unflinching vision of a better world. To the end of his days he was enlisted and of ardent spirit. His step had not faltered. Yet, in time, all men must die. Happy, therefore, the man who departs this earth with a good name, whose record here is one of high service and fine citizenship. Happy the name of Saul Danaceau, and so it will remain, for the memory of a good man is always a blessing.

I know of few who can lay claim to a life-long citizenship. From his service in the first World War to his tenure as judge among us, Saul devoted his unique qualities of mind and person to the well-being of this city and its people. No man can long serve a community and not stumble against the vagaries and the selfishness of others. What gives a man the strength to persevere and press on - what keeps him from withdrawing into private concerns? - Surely such a man requires a rare sensitivity, some would call it humanity and a powerful faith. Saul was sensitive and humane and visionary. He did not blink at man's frailty, yet he never lost his conviction of man's potential. Lawyer, prosecutor, judge, these men have

daily reason to be cynical of the human animal. Saul was lawyer, prosecutor, judge and he never wavered in his faith that man was capable of his own redemption; that a just law, an adequate learning and decent living could free men to their decency.

Ours tends to be an age given to caustic gossip and self-pity. It was good and encouraging to know a man who never degraded his neighbor, who held no grudge against society, who never shrugged off responsibility - or hope. Saul was a judge among us, learned in the law, dedicated to the principle that the law is of men and for man - a tool of human progress. It is written in our ancient texts that "one is forbidden to act as judge in a domineering and arrogant manner" and that "he should exercise his authority in the spirit of humility and with respect for his fellow man. The judge is forbidden to treat people who disrespect though they be ignorant, nor should he flaunt his authority even among the lowly and uninformed. He must bear patiently the cumbrance and burden of the community as had Moses our teacher, of whom the Bible says, he was a judge to Israel, "tender as a father carrying his sucking child." So our tradition and so it was with Saul. His authority was the authority of reason, never of anger. He won leadership because he won respect. He never demanded attendance. Self-efacing and circumspect except in matters of principle, he was a good man, a good friend, a wholly decent human being.

It is not idle to review our religious tradition in our tribute to Judge Danaceau. Throughout his life Saul cherished his Temple. He was ever attentive in his duty to God. He often spoke of his faith as a source of encouragement and understanding. Saul was a good Jew and a learned Jew, well read, understanding of the reach of our teaching. Saul was a good Jew and a vigorous Jew. He devoted himself to the work of Jewish reconstruction

and to the establishment of the State of Israel. His faith was alive - vigorous, meaningful.

Saul's public record has become part of the history of our city but he was so much more to us than a public figure; he was the kindly friend and the welcome companion. His speech was agreeable, his mind flexible and alert. He never imposed himself upon others and wherever he came he brought his good spirits and a pleasing humor.

What he meant to those who were nearest and dearest in the intimate circle of family life, they know best and in that knowledge I am sure they will find in the days and years to come, comfort and solace and renewal of strength. His beloved wife Selma will treasure the memories of forty five years of blessed companionship and tender love and devotion. What boon more precious can one ask of life? His children and his children's children will cherish a noble example, the memory of a father who lived his faith, who loved deeply, yet with restraint, who won the respect of the community and yet was always himself, gentle and kindly.

Death, sooner or later, invades every home and brings separation, sorrow and loneliness, the touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is forever stilled. But if you will accept what is inevitable, and will hold on to what survives, to what is imperishable and inalienable, to the beautiful and uplifting memories of blessed years lived in comradeship, of hopes and trials and experiences of joy and sorrow shared in common, you will find both the courage and the wisdom to carry on and to move through the present darkness to the light of the on-going day and our daily duties, tasks and responsibilities.

May God give you, and all your dear ones, this comfort, wisdom and courage.

## Lester Colbert

We are met to pay a public tribute of respect and affection to the memory of Lester Colbert, a lifelong member of our community, a strong man of good character, a hard working man of strong convictions. Men leave many types of legacies to their family: some leave great wealth, others a well-known name, others social status, but our tradition tells us that the legacy of a good name is the most precious of all. Lester Colbert's name is synonymous with honor and rectitude - a good name.

Death came to Lester unexpectedly - as an arrow strikes at noonday - and it is still hard for us to associate death with this vigorous man. Only yesterday he was physically active, enjoying his retirement, full of energy which he could release in the sports he loved so well. Lester was enjoying a well-deserved rest after the driving years in which he had bent each energy towards his profession as engineer, towards his business and towards providing for his family. Yet, all men must die and, surely, if any of us could prescribe our demise it would be at a time when our responsibilities have been discharged and before disability and dependency set in.

God blessed Lester with a special talent for the mechanical and the technical, talents which could be put to good use to provide the power our community required for industry to develop. As is often the case, ease <sup>in the</sup> of handling numbers and problems went hand in hand with musical skill. As a young person, Lester played the piano exceptionally well. Throughout his life he rejoiced in the symphony and threw himself into listening. Lester's ability to see the symmetry of a technical problem and to come up with an acceptable solution, combined with hard work and a determined approach allowed him to face each and every challenge courageously and effectively. Lester won success as he was determined to - without cutting corners, honestly solving the problems presented, a man of his word. Men turned to him because they respected his ability and his person.



Lester was a good citizen, informed, alert, proud of the freedoms and opportunity of this land, ready to serve it in any way that he could, appreciative of this country's laws and freedoms. Lester was a good Jew, a lifelong member of our congregation. He found in the Biblical emphasis on honor and family a complement to his own understanding. Lester found many an opportunity to serve ~~and was~~ a member of our Board as well as President of our Men's Club. ~~Lester did not simply sit~~ he ~~served~~. Lester had special knowledge of buildings and maintenance and for many years he was responsible for the supervision of the plant of our most important social service institutions of our Jewish community. Lester was a good neighbor, always willing to lend a helping hand. He carried his own burden and helped others to carry theirs. Essentially a private man, Lester's friendships were significant, lifelong, an opportunity to share ideas and experience. There was nothing of the social climber about him. Lester was without side. He judged others by what they were and by what they accomplished. He was not one to use another human being.

Lester was a careful man, careful of others, careful of his word, careful of detail, careful of his person. He was never one to leave loose ends hanging. He was not given to idle talk or gossip. He was mannerly and correct as well as good-

natured and empathetic. Lester was a man of his own mind, but he was not a selfish person. He was <sup>A private person yet full of love</sup> ~~looked on with respect~~ as well as love <sup>growth</sup> by his family. There was mutual respect <sup>in all his basic friend ship and family relationships</sup> ~~here~~. Lester was fortunate to find early a good and loyal helpmate and he and <sup>Ruth and Gary</sup> Ruth ~~built~~ a strong home in which they raised their daughter and their son to respect

the values which were central to their being. They took pride and rejoiced in them <sup>in</sup> and

<sup>Dea. families and</sup> in the generations that came ~~yet~~ behind. Lester was a <sup>respected man and</sup> ~~private man~~ and he would not <sup>willingly</sup> ~~have us~~ invade the privacy of <sup>my</sup> ~~these~~ relationships which <sup>certainly we could not be invaded but</sup> were most central to him. Surely,

this can be said. Even when he could not relax to <sup>AND EXPRESS IT,</sup> ~~enjoy a moment~~ <sup>INCOMING, FULL</sup>, his love was unmis-  
 takable. <sup>LOVE</sup> He was, above all else, dependable. He planned and worked for the happiness  
 of those who were nearest and closest and I am sure that, realist that he was, he would  
 have them ~~now~~ <sup>AND</sup> keep close and bright his memory, <sup>A</sup> turn back to the ways of life and find,  
 each in their own way, the fullness of its opportunity.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 20, 1977

## Ralph A. Colbert

Ralph A. Colbert, in whose memory we have assembled, knew these truths. He based his life on them. All his long and successful life Ralph looked to the strength of the city's institutions, <sup>of</sup> justice, and lent them the support of his fine mind and talents.

# Ralph was the son of modest parents, the exceptional son. He was valedictorian of his class in high school and in law school, also a Phi Beta Kappa at college. Matriculating in college at the age of sixteen, he not only established a wonderful record academically but was a member of the tennis and debating teams and active in theater. Theater was a love which never waned. All his life he could be seen at local plays or in New York and elsewhere, watching Shakespeare or some modern play, and enjoying it. # A lawyer, serving with a single law firm all of his active career, Ralph proved himself to be a thoroughly humane person, calm, judicious, conservative of the best in our way of life. Liberal in spirit, he was able to see the possibility of change. Ralph knew the importance of a carefully reasoned outlook and steady goals. He was not one to speak without being informed. There were few subjects which touched on the crucial issues of the day on which he did not keep himself thoroughly informed.

# He was able to see the good in most everyone. A person's faith or social status mattered not one wit. What mattered was his quality and character. Ralph demanded first-rate work of himself, he knew the value of the first-rate as a bench mark for human achievement. A man of rock-ribbed honor, Ralph demanded honor and character of his associates. He judged men by careful standards. He did not ask more of them than he asked of himself.

Ralph looked on life fully, without flinching. I suspect he had few illusions. He was devoted to his country, to its freedoms, to its system of justice, to all that passes for human culture to which he was bound by profession and deep personal commitments. Ralph was an innately courteous man, a calm man, controlled, a gentle man. Though Ralph was a man of convictions, he always had time for the helpful deed, to pause to listen. Courtesy and respect for a friend, for an associate's feelings, were instinctive to him.

Ralph was a man of law. Law was not only a lifelong vocation but a profession, not only a profession but a faith. He saw the law as a strategy for decency among civilized men. To serve the law was a lifelong privilege. He served the law well even as he served his clients well. Ralph earned the reputation not only as a lawyer of ability but as a lawyer of consequence. His reputation is attested to by the success of his practice, by the honors colleagues showered on him and the many offices of trust to which he was nominated. He was devoted to the law as that agency which establishes community and the possibility of civilization.

With professional success came responsibilities both within the law and without. Men placed confidence in him and turned to him for advice. There were those who asked Ralph to give guidance to their businesses and their foundations. He managed all these responsibilities impressively and carefully.

Ralph was a respected member of our Jewish community. In the 1950's he was for five years chairman of our Jewish Community Relations Council and he served on the Board of Montefiore Home for the Aged. In so doing he continued a tradition which had

brought him into the service in the second World War, a service he could have avoided because of age and marital status. As you can imagine, he served nobly and well. Ralph was more than a man of the law. He was gracious in friendship, cultivated, alert, ever thoughtful, careful of dress, courteous, even courtly, a good man and a loyal friend. To the last moments of his life, his mind remained as vigorous as his spirit. His spirit seemed never to age or to draw in on him.

What he meant to those nearest and dearest they know best. This much can be said, that he and Dorothy enjoyed nearly ~~two~~<sup>two</sup> decades and a half of intimate and fulfilling partnership. They planned together, worked together, played together, enjoyed homes that were both beautiful and full of good feelings. Love is shown in many ways. One of the most beautiful is the gift of a revered name and legacy of imperishable memories. The sages say the memory of a righteous man is ever a blessing, so shall we be blessed whenever we recall this just, vital and energetic man, a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good friend, who worked and lived so faithfully among us.

May God comfort all the members of this family whose personal grief is, of course, greater than ours. His children and grandchildren will find, I am confident, in the oncoming years great consolation, a host of significant memories which Ralph has bequeathed to them. They will be encouraged by his indomitable will in ways they can now only dimly perceive. "They never die who live in the hearts of those who love them."

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 28, 1987

## RALPH A. COLBERT

RALPH A. COLBERT, IN WHOSE MEMORY WE HAVE ASSEMBLED, KNEW THESE TRUTHS. HE BASED HIS LIFE ON THEM. ALL HIS LONG AND SUCCESSFUL LIFE RALPH LOOKED TO THE STRENGTH OF THE CITY'S INSTITUTIONS OF JUSTICE, AND LENT THEM THE SUPPORT OF HIS FINE MIND AND TALENTS.

RALPH WAS THE SON OF MODEST PARENTS, THE EXCEPTIONAL SON. HE WAS VALEDICTORIAN OF HIS CLASS IN HIGH SCHOOL AND IN LAW SCHOOL, ALSO A PHI BETA KAPPA AT COLLEGE. MATRICULATING IN COLLEGE AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN, HE NOT ONLY ESTABLISHED A WONDERFUL RECORD ACADEMICALLY BUT WAS A MEMBER OF THE TENNIS AND DEBATING TEAMS AND ACTIVE IN THEATER. THEATER WAS A LOVE WHICH NEVER WANED. ALL HIS LIFE HE COULD BE SEEN AT LOCAL PLAYS OR IN NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE, WATCHING SHAKESPEARE OR SOME MODERN PLAY, AND ENJOYING IT.

A LAWYER, SERVING WITH A SINGLE LAW FIRM ALL OF HIS ACTIVE CAREER, RALPH PROVED HIMSELF TO BE A THOROUGHLY HUMANE PERSON, CALM, JUDICIOUS, CONSERVATIVE OF THE BEST IN OUR WAY OF LIFE. LIBERAL IN SPIRIT, HE WAS ABLE TO SEE THE POSSIBILITY OF CHANGE. RALPH KNEW THE IMPORTANCE OF A CAREFULLY REASONED OUTLOOK AND STEADY GOALS. HE WAS NOT ONE TO SPEAK WITHOUT BEING INFORMED. THERE WERE FEW SUBJECTS WHICH TOUCHED ON THE CRUCIAL ISSUES OF THE DAY ON WHICH HE DID NOT KEEP HIMSELF THOROUGHLY INFORMED.

HE WAS ABLE TO SEE THE GOOD IN MOST EVERYONE. A PERSON'S FAITH OR SOCIAL STATUS MATTERED NOT ONE WIT. WHAT MATTERED WAS HIS QUALITY AND CHARACTER. RALPH DEMANDED FIRST-RATE WORK OF HIMSELF, HE KNEW THE VALUE OF THE FIRST-RATE AS A BENCH MARK FOR HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT. A MAN OF ROCK-RIBBED HONOR, RALPH DEMANDED HONOR AND CHARACTER OF HIS ASSOCIATES. HE JUDGED MEN BY CAREFUL STANDARDS. HE DID NOT ASK MORE OF THEM THAN HE ASKED OF HIMSELF.

RALPH LOOKED ON LIFE FULLY, WITHOUT FLINCHING. I SUSPECT HE HAD FEW ILLUSIONS. HE WAS DEVOTED TO HIS COUNTRY, TO ITS FREEDOMS, TO ITS SYSTEM OF JUSTICE, TO ALL THAT PASSES FOR HUMAN CULTURE TO WHICH HE WAS BOUND BY PROFESSION AND

DEEP PERSONAL COMMITMENTS. RALPH WAS AN INNATELY COURTEOUS MAN, A CALM MAN, CONTROLLED, A GENTLE MAN. THOUGH RALPH WAS A MAN OF CONVICTIONS, HE ALWAYS HAD TIME FOR THE HELPFUL DEED, TO PAUSE TO LISTEN. COURTESY AND RESPECT FOR A FRIEND, FOR AN ASSOCIATE'S FEELINGS, WERE INSTINCTIVE TO HIM.

RALPH WAS A MAN OF LAW. LAW WAS NOT ONLY A LIFELONG VOCATION BUT A PROFESSION, NOT ONLY A PROFESSION BUT A FAITH. HE SAW THE LAW AS A STRATEGY FOR DECENCY AMONG CIVILIZED MEN. TO SERVE THE LAW WAS A LIFELONG PRIVILEGE. HE SERVED THE LAW WELL EVEN AS HE SERVED HIS CLIENTS WELL. RALPH EARNED THE REPUTATION NOT ONLY AS A LAWYER OF ABILITY BUT AS A LAWYER OF CONSEQUENCE. HIS REPUTATION IS ATTESTED TO BY THE SUCCESS OF HIS PRACTICE, BY THE HONORS COLLEAGUES SHOWERED ON HIM AND THE MANY OFFICES OF TRUST TO WHICH HE WAS NOMINATED. HE WAS DEVOTED TO THE LAW AS THAT AGENCY WHICH ESTABLISHES COMMUNITY AND THE POSSIBILITY OF CIVILIZATION.

WITH PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS CAME RESPONSIBILITIES BOTH WITHIN THE LAW AND WITHOUT. MEN PLACED CONFIDENCE IN HIM AND TURNED TO HIM FOR ADVICE. THERE WERE THOSE WHO ASKED RALPH TO GIVE GUIDANCE TO THEIR BUSINESSES AND THEIR FOUNDATIONS. HE MANAGED ALL THESE RESPONSIBILITIES IMPRESSIVELY AND CAREFULLY.

RALPH WAS A RESPECTED MEMBER OF OUR JEWISH COMMUNITY. IN THE 1950'S HE WAS FOR FIVE YEARS CHAIRMAN OF OUR JEWISH COMMUNITY RELATIONS COUNCIL AND HE SERVED ON THE BOARD OF MONTEFIORE HOME FOR THE AGED. IN SO DOING HE CONTINUED A TRADITION WHICH HAD BROUGHT HIM INTO THE SERVICE IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR, A SERVICE HE COULD HAVE AVOIDED BECAUSE OF AGE AND MARITAL STATUS. AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, HE SERVED NOBLY AND WELL. RALPH WAS MORE THAN A MAN OF THE LAW. HE WAS GRACIOUS IN FRIENDSHIP, CULTIVATED, ALERT, EVER THOUGHTFUL, CAREFUL OF DRESS, COURTEOUS, EVEN COURTLY, A GOOD MAN AND A LOYAL FRIEND. TO THE LAST MOMENTS OF HIS LIFE, HIS MIND REMAINED AS VIGOROUS AS HIS SPIRIT. HIS SPIRIT SEEMED NEVER TO AGE OR TO DRAW IN ON HIM.

WHAT HE MEANT TO THOSE NEAREST AND DEAREST THEY KNOW BEST. THIS MUCH CAN BE SAID, THAT HE AND DOROTHY ENJOYED NEARLY A DECADE AND A HALF OF INTIMATE AND FULFILLING PARTNERSHIP. THEY PLANNED TOGETHER, WORKED TOGETHER, PLAYED TOGETHER, ENJOYED HOMES THAT WERE BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND FULL OF GOOD FEELINGS. LOVE IS SHOWN IN MANY WAYS. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IS THE GIFT OF A REVERED NAME AND LEGACY OF IMPERISHABLE MEMORIES. THE SAGES SAY THE MEMORY OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN IS EVER A BLESSING, SO SHALL WE BE BLESSED WHENEVER WE RECALL THIS JUST, VITAL AND ENERGETIC MAN, A GOOD CITIZEN, A GOOD NEIGHBOR, A GOOD FRIEND, WHO WORKED AND LIVED SO FAITHFULLY AMONG US.

MAY GOD COMFORT ALL THE MEMBERS OF THIS FAMILY WHOSE PERSONAL GRIEF IS, OF COURSE, GREATER THAN OURS. HIS CHILDREN AND GRAND-CHILDREN WILL FIND, I AM CONFIDENT, IN THE ONCOMING YEARS GREAT CONSOLATION, A HOST OF SIGNIFICANT MEMORIES WHICH RALPH HAS BEQUEATHED TO THEM. THEY WILL BE ENCOURAGED BY HIS INDOMITABLE WILL IN WAYS THEY CAN NOW ONLY DIMLY PERCEIVE. "THEY NEVER DIE WHO LIVE IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO LOVE THEM."

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

OCTOBER 28, 1987



Bob Danaceau

9/11/76

The sense of sudden tragedy sits heavy on us and stills the tongue. There are no words of consolation that can be spoken to those who have lost a loved one in the prime of his life at the height of his powers. It is times like this that I am reminded of the truth spoken by our sages "Don't seek to explain God's way to man for they are beyond your understanding." I have no explanation of the mathematics of life. All I can say to you is that we share a community of grief, of sorrow and of love and that out of that sense of community healing can and will come. Bob Danaceau was a quiet, kindly man, great-hearted, high-minded, always aware and sensitive to the needs of others. It is not easy to be the son of a well-known father. There is always an exaggerated sense of responsibility to a good name. A wise man in both things, Bob did not seek to develop his father's name but like the Judge he saw the law as a concern for justice and an opportunity to serve. The law did not interest him as disputes over contracts are adjusted or corporation's profits mechanized. It was an opportunity to meet the average person in the course of some private family need. To straighten out those problems and bring to them some measure of security and peace of mind. Bob Danaceau was a good lawyer. He was careful to the rights of his clients but he was always aware of the larger demands of justice and peace. He was never simply a professional. He was a good friend, loyal, uncomplicated, warm-hearted, good-humoured, easy. Prepared always to be helpful. Bob prized the free traditions of our nation. Citizenship was a blessed responsibility. He was one with the galitarian spirit of our nation. He judged people of character and quality, not by wealth and family. He was unpretentious, undemanding, uncomplicated. The type of man the Bible calls \_\_\_\_\_, simple man and just. Simplicity is not innocence but an unswerving dedication to basic virtues. Justice is not simply the law but a concern for the rights of all and the recognition of every right entails some consequence today. Bob carried his burdens and many more. Bob was a good son

and brother. He and Ruth enjoyed nearly a lifetime of love which was both intimate and full of trust and friendship. Together they built a home which reflected their values and in which their daughter and son were able to grow up with encouragement and providing by example rather than severe discipline. It is a close family and a happy one. Bob took great pleasure in his home and in his growing family. What more can be said, what more need be said. Bob took no delight in elaborate ritual. Perhaps let me close with this short proverb:

I do my thing - and you do your thing

I am not in this world to live up to your expectations

and you are not in this world to live up to mine

You are you and I am I

and if by chance we find each other, it's beautiful

And if not it can't be helped.

## HAROLD DEMBE

This is a bitter hour. Tragedy has struck. A precious life has been taken from us and though over these last months we knew that the end was inevitable, there is still a terrible sense of loss. None of us has yet recovered sufficiently from the blow so as to be able to speak consolation to those for whom this loss is the most grievous. Only God can comfort them. Ultimately, only their inner strength will carry them through. I have no special wisdom which can explain why some are weakened and cut down in their prime - nor the power to set the matter straight. I cannot solve for you the equations of life and death nor justify before you God's decision. Over the years I have learned the value of the humble wisdom of the rabbis: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for these are beyond your understanding."

This is a time for faith, not for philosophy. We often must accept what we cannot understand. Hal was a man of faith, a good and loyal Jew. A lifelong and active member of our congregation, a teacher in our Religious School, he believed in God and shared the concerns of our people. He was a man who appreciated Job's simple declaration of faith: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." He knew that life is a gift not of our choosing and death a reality we cannot turn aside. He knew that if we do not determine when we live or how long, we determine how well. Each day Hal found the possibility inherent in the moment. He had a heart of wisdom for he knew all days must be carefully numbered and used and he brought to each day a zest for life, a willingness to serve and a great sense of love and concern for others.

Death is part of God's wisdom and best left to Him. But life is left to us, and a meaningful life is the proof of such wisdom we possess. Some carefully husband their days, others waste them carelessly. Those who do leave no memorial. It is as if they have never been. Those who live carefully and caringly establish their immortality. That was Hal's way.

When I first heard of Hal's death, a line of medieval Jewish poetry surfaced in my mind. "Grace was in his soul, generosity in his heart and his lips were ever faithful." Hal was a quiet, seemingly uncomplicated, straight-backed, gentle man - for he is truly gentle who does the gentle deed. Guile and deceit were

foreign to his nature. He worked hard and honorably. Those he worked with always came to value his capacity and his character. Hal was essentially a people person. He loved to be out and among. He cherished friends and cultivated them carefully. He was a good friend, a welcome companion, one who brought pleasure to others. He was the soul of courtesy. I never heard him try to impose his will or ideas on another. He suffered when another was hurt and was always the first to offer help. In offering help he offered himself. He was a kind and sensitive man.

I came to know Hal when I returned to The Temple over thirty years ago. My first impression was of a man whose face was always sheathed in a smile. For some this is simply a pose, for Hal it was a revelation of his soul. He had a truly sunny spirit. He wanted others to be happy. He was good humored. I never heard him speak acidly of anyone. He was always willing to find the good in another.

An old man told me once people can be divided between lifters and leaners. The leaners take, demand, turn dependence into an art. The lifters willingly accept the burdens of life, the responsibility of making their way, providing for their families, and the obligation of citizenship. They are grateful for the day. Hal was a lifter and such was the ebullience of his spirit that he carried others along with him.

Grace was in his soul, generosity was in his heart. His lips were ever faithful. We hurt for Hal these last months as he fought against an unremitting disease. But he was a lifter. He continued to work almost to the very end. He never lost his dignity. Just a few weeks ago at The Temple's Annual Meeting he met me with a smile and his first words were to ask about my health.

Family stood at the center of Hal's emotional world. A caring son and brother he was blessed by that rare gift, a fully satisfying love. He and Shirley built a home which was a place of calm and good feeling, of tenderness and warmth, where they enjoyed a life filled with intimacy and shared purpose. They shared common hopes and values and faced as one the challenges everyone faces. God blessed them with a son and daughter and they offered them protection, encouragement, and a respect for

their individuality. There were the inevitable challenges and many joys, the joy of welcoming good friends into their home and their lives, the joy of travel, the joy of watching their children grow into fine adulthood, and finally, most recently, the joy of watching another generation following behind.

Hal is at peace. His pain is over. You who loved him must now summon a courage which will match his. His life was devoted to your happiness. I know he would not want you to spend your lives walled off in grief. He was one who liked to get out and among and that is the way he would want you to live. The memories he established will strengthen you and he will never be far away.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 7, 1987

## Irwin Duchon

We are met to pay a public tribute of respect and affection to a good friend, Irwin Duchon, a lifelong member of our community, a warm-hearted and generous-spirited friend, a hard-working man of good character and unquestioned honor. Men leave many kinds of legacies to their families and friends: some leave great wealth, others a well-known name or social status. Our tradition tells us that the legacy of a good name is the most precious of all, and Irwin's name will remain ever synonymous with honor, hard work, citizenship and simple decency.

Irwin was blessed with a special talent for music. He enjoyed his instrument but I have always thought of music as a reflection of the spirit of the man. Some men need to tell us constantly who they are and how important they are. Irwin allowed the music of his life to speak for him. He always greeted me with a smile. I never heard an angry word cross his lips. I never heard him badmouth or gossip. When there was need he was the first to volunteer. When we decided to begin a blood bank at the Temple it was Irwin who agreed to organize it.

Irwin had a special talent for friendship. He was dependable, a good listener, full of good humor. He saw the foibles of the human comedy but he was never embittered by any experience. He had worked with his hands and he worked with his mind. From early on he accepted the responsibilities and duties which go with work and earned respect for his accomplishments. Some men have never disengaged themselves from what they do. Their mind focuses only on sales and dollars and profits. Irwin was one of the few successful business people whom I never heard speak of business. He spoke to the things that interested you. Though he had not had the opportunity to prepare himself at a university he was well informed. He enjoyed all that makes for culture: music, theater, books. He sought out people who did interesting things and with varying intellectual capacities.

Irwin was a good Jew. He found in the Biblical emphasis on honor and family a complement of his own understanding. He found in the intellectual interests of the pulpit reflections of his own concerns. At The Temple he found many opportunities

to serve as he did in the larger community. His term as President of the Temple Men's Club was a distinguished one. He won the respect of his peers and their friendship. He spoke of retiring but he was not a man who would have taken to being idle. His mind was too active, his interests too many. Far more successfully than most, he accomplished in mid-life a change of careers, displaying, in the process, the range and quality of his mind. He was a man of his own mind, a private person. He was never one to impose his attitudes and never ready to share fully life's experiences.

Irwin died too young - for us, but at least we can be grateful that the God who gave us this man of infinite sweetness gave him a swift death. We can be comforted that he left behind memories which will linger long. I do not know what lies beyond this place, but I do know that he is at peace with the God in whom he had faith. Dorothy, you and Irwin built a good home, full of love and encouragement. Together you drew pleasure out of the growth and competence of your daughter and of your sons. You enjoyed a happy marriage. The measure of our grief is always the measure of our love. Your loss is great but what he left behind is imperishable.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 29, 1980

Ernest Dworkin

The sudden death of a dear friend has shaken and saddened us all. Ernie's life was at high noon when death came "as an arrow which flies by day and destruction which wastes at noonday." Stunned, we struggle to find words of comfort for ourselves and especially for those to whom this loss is the closest. But in truth, only God can comfort them. Only their inner strength can sustain them.

When we are hurt it is hard to keep a clear mind. This is a good time to remind ourselves of the wisdom of our tradition - "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for these are beyond your understanding." I don't know - no one knows - why Ernie was taken from us so suddenly. The Psalmists suggest that "the measure of our years are three score years and ten." Ernie had barely passed the mark of two score years and ten. We feel that he was cheated. I do not know - no one can solve the riddle of life. Life is a gift not of our choosing; death is a fact not of our devising. We do not schedule our birth. We cannot deny death, so rather than waste energy fruitlessly, puzzling the far mystery, our faith suggests that we accept what is and invest ourselves in making the most out of each day's possibility. That was Ernie's way. Such was the quality of his spirit, his strength of character, his patience with life's trials, his capacity for friendship and his instinctive generosity that Ernie accomplished in fifty-one years what many do not achieve in eighty or more. As we review his life we recognize the measure of his achievement.

Ernie was not one to waste time wondering if more was asked of him than of another; he went his way cheerfully, doing what needed to be done. Some people cannot escape from the grip of envy. Ernie was inner-directed. He enjoyed what his work provided, but he had no need to compete with anyone. He went his way, doing what he knew to be right. He had no need for any social status save that which comes naturally to those who work honorably, share generously and live up to the values they profess.



When I first heard the sad news, a favorite comment of the rabbis came to mind: "Blessed is he who bequeathes to his family a good name." Ernie inherited a good name from his parents - hard-working, good folk - and he cherished their honor and his. His word was his bond. His way was straight. He thought of others before he thought of himself. He never asked of others what he was not willing to do himself. He was a good citizen who was generously concerned with the welfare of the community.

Another line from our tradition also leaped to my mind. It comes from the Book of Psalms: "Gladness of heart is the life of a man." I don't know if Ernie knew this text, but it captures the warmth of his spirit. I always felt that there was a source of quiet joy somewhere deep in his soul. We were always greeted with a smile. His interests were always to our welfare and family. His humor was full and warm - never bitter. His way was generous and gentle. He had his beliefs, but he did not try to impose them on others. A wise man wrote: "Bitterness imprisons life; a joyous heart releases it. Bitterness paralyzes life, a joyous heart empowers it. Bitterness sours life; a joyous heart sweetens it. Bitterness blinds life; a joyous heart anoints its eyes." Ernie was blessed with a joyous heart. he lived a quiet life. His pleasures were simple - a lovely view - clean and orderly surroundings - golf. Ernie was not a natural athlete, but I have a feeling that the manicured orderliness and beauty of the course touched a responsive chord in his soul. He loved clean, simple surroundings. He was an orderly and disciplined person in all he did. Ernie dressed carefully but without ostentation. He liked to live comfortably, but he was indifferent to display.

A quiet man, Ernie was not a loner. He had a host of friends because he brought to his friendship a happy spirit, a lively and honest interest in their lives and a willingness to put himself out and to be helpful. His was not the hail fellow well met slap on the back boisterousness which sometimes passes for

friendship but a much calmer and stronger tie, a real pleasure in company, an instinctive empathy with those who shared his world. Friendship can be defined as a relationship in which one can be sincere. Sincerity, and therefore friendship, were among Ernie's natural endowments.

Ernie was born into a close-knit family and these ties were infinitely precious to him. The youngest child by a goodly number of years, he might have become a spoiled darling, but in fact he became to his brother and sister a strong and reliable friend and companion. In real life the challenges of a family business sometime pulls brothers apart. It takes wisdom, restraint and character to create and sustain the sense of easy partnership the brothers shared.

Ernie was a lifelong and valued member of our Temple family - a good Jew who generously supported the needs of our people and our community. God was good to this man and blessed him early in life with a partner who was fully responsive to his love and who shared his values. Renee and Ernie shared an intimacy which never lost its luster, a marriage securely founded on trust and openness. They were each other's best friend as well as helpmate. Together they established a home full of warmth and affection in which their sons and daughter grew to value and cherish the closeness of this family and its fine standards. Each was encouraged to develop their special talents and Ernie knew no greater joy than that of watching his fine young adults fulfill their promise and become the kind of people in whom he could take pride.

Ernie was cut down in his prime. He deserved more - goodness deserves life - but he is with the God in whom he had implicit faith and he has left us vital and blessed memories. We have lost a good friend, a respected neighbor, a fine citizen. Ernie's name will long be sweet on our lips and we are grateful to God for at least this - that He allowed us to know this fine and good man and that when He took him back to Himself He granted him boon of a swift, painless death. Of this, too, I am sure, that if Ernie had any regrets about today it

would be that he might have caused pain to those he loved by his death. He lived for their happiness. May they find in the days and months ahead the courage to turn back to life and find in each day the sunshine and the joy that he would want them to know.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 3, 1985

*Emile's*  
Mr. Jack-Kohn

We are met to pay our last tribute of respect to one of our midst who has passed from our sight. As always at such an hour we stand grief-laden before the curtain of death. We cannot draw that curtain aside. What awaits beyond is forever hidden from our view.

In time each of us will pass beyond this divide. When we do, we will not know what awaits us there. Yet we will cross over in faith — in the faith that a kind God and father, who has given to us life, will not forsake us in death. As he welcomed us into this life and protects us here, so will he shelter us and sustain us unto eternity. That he will be near us we will be sure. We need not fear for heaven will support us.

To face death is to be reminded of life's swift passage. Our youth seems only yesterday, our days so few. To face death is to be reminded of the uses to which we must put our life. We do not know what lies beyond. We do know the nature of that service of love and kindness, of gentleness and courage, which we must tender here and now, and since we do not know when our hour may come, is it not folly for any of us to put off our generous instincts and our honest impulses, feeling that there may yet be time? There may never be time. We are not masters of our destiny. We do not determine when we are to die. To live our days, however, long they be, ably and well is the burden and the challenge of life.

We are met to pay our last respects to Jack-Kohn, *Emile's* a father and devoted husband, a gentle, fine man. His great warmth of person, and good spirits and kindly nature made him beloved to all. Some men and women live out their lives in the public eye. Some of these accomplish great things, other not. Some men live out their lives in the quiet circle of their family and friends. Some accomplish much, some do not. Mr. *Emile's* ~~Kohn~~ lived his days ~~courageously~~ *intelligently* and meaningfully in the bosom of his family and in the intimate circle of his friends. He ~~filled his days with~~ *activity*. He was a source of comfort and counsel to a legion of friends. None who came to him for advice or in need was turned away emptyhanded. There was a warmth

spirit and a friendliness about Mr. Kohn which was contagious. Those who knew him best rejoiced in his companionship and eagerly sought out his

In his personal life Mr. Kohn knew the meaning of hard work and the importance of <sup>high</sup> standards. He never compromised with what he knew to be the right. He lived always in the hope that by his actions he might bring happiness to others. In a hundred quiet ways, for thousands of quiet days, Mr. Kohn encouraged and supported all that is meaningful and vital in our society. Above all else, Mr. Kohn was a family man. He was close to his parents. He was a ~~constant source of strength~~ to his ~~sisters and his brothers~~. His marriage to his beloved <sup>Lillian</sup> Rose was truly a marriage made in heaven. For well over four decades their love and unflagging devotion was a joy to behold. Together they reared a <sup>son</sup> ~~child~~ in a home full of love. Together they taught their child much of the meaning and purpose of life.

To his family, Mr. Kohn has left many intimate memories whose privacy must be respected. He has left them also the responsibility of sustaining the closeness of those family ties which were to him so important. I do not know what Mr. Kohn would wish to have spoken at this hour. I suspect, however, that he would ask his loved ones to be strong in their grief and remember that his every effort was dedicated to their happiness. He would have them respect his memory, but he would not have them distort their lives because of his loss —rather he would have them continue to see the beauty and color of life, and though they must walk life's way forever alone, walk it with the eyes through which he taught them to see life and with the hope he taught them to find life.

He has gone the way of all flesh, to his long home -- and his dust will return to the earth as it was. But his good, purposeful, and utterly adequate life, which has meant so much to family, friends and community -- has surely not ended with his physical death. His influence and example will carry on, guiding and inspiring others, especially <sup>those</sup> ~~them~~ who knew him best and loved him most.

<sup>Leop. S. Roth</sup>  
~~Leop. Roth~~ was a valuable member of our community. He contributed to its progress. He was a man of initiative, of confident outlook, of integrity and of high standards of conduct.

He was a proud and loyal citizen. America gave him the opportunity to realize the talents and ambitions of his life. He was part of the heroic saga of a country where men can grow in freedom.

<sup>He was a faithful member of the Household of Israel -- loyal to his faith and his people. He was an honored member and ~~Trustee~~ of our Temple.</sup>  
He was a faithful member of the Household of Israel -- loyal to his faith and his people. He was an honored member ~~and Trustee~~ of our Temple.

He gave fullest expression to the noble traditions of his people -- the traditions of generosity, compassion, helpfulness. He responded generously and eagerly to all good causes. He understood the responsibilities and the stewardship of wealth.

There are three crowns --

כתר חכמה  
כתר כהונה  
כתר מלכות  
כתר של 216

What he meant:

wife - companionship  
children - grand children - relatives -

In an E. Edition over the knowledge of the 216  
at a point of time where some life is being saved - and more

## MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO LEON MITNICK

August 9, 1968

A disciple once asked his master: "I venture to ask my master about death." The wise tutor replied: "While we do not know about life, how can we know about death?"

Life is a mystery, and death is an even greater one. Who can fathom the enigma of existence, or comprehend the ways of the creator who ordained the law of growth and decay, birth and the time of singing, death and the time of tears.

Since death is the common lot, our sages have counselled us to lay this fact close to our hearts, and in the very house of mourning to learn the wisdom of living.

Death inevitably stirs within us deep and somber reflections. We are made sharply aware of the uncertainty and the fugitive character of our lives, of the swift passage of our days, of the things which we cannot bend to our will, nor master, nor circumvent - the hard, ineluctable facts of our destiny. We are brought unwillingly to face the limitations of our power, the sharp boundaries of our human condition. "All flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust." We come suddenly to fear that the cherished dreams which sustain us, our hopes and plans and ambitions, may come to an abrupt end at the brink of an early grave.

If we lay these things to heart, if we come to understand that "death," as the poet put it, "plucks my ears and says, Live - I am coming," we shall acquire in the very house of mourning salutary instruction in the difficult art and discipline of living. And we shall acquire it.

Before the silver cord is snapped assunder

And the Golden Bowl is shattered

And the pitcher is broken at the well

And the wheel falls shattered into the pit,

And the dust returns to the earth as it was,

Our hearts will not be filled with despair but with humility. We shall learn how carefully to number our days, one by one, how to husband and treasure them, and how to fill each day with at least a grain of what is eternal. We shall gain perspective on all our enterprises and ambitions, and a truer insight into value and meaning and purpose.

A famous rabbi was called upon to speak words of consolation at the funeral of a beloved disciple who had died young. He took as his text a verse from the book of Ecclesiastes: "Sweet is the sleep of the laboring man, whether he eat little or much." He interpreted this verse to mean: "Sweet shall be the sleep of the man in death who has labored faithfully and honorably in life, whether he lived few years or many." The value of a man's life is not determined by the number of years that he has lived, but by the manner in which he has lived them. It is not how long, but how? Some men, declared our rabbis gain immortality in one brief hour, while others drag along through years of barrenness and futility until they are lost unnoticed in the unheeding sands of oblivion. "People ask, " wrote the famous author Tolstoi, "Why do some people die so young, when they have lived so little?" "How do you know that they have lived so little? This crude measure of yours is time, but life is not measured in time. This is just the same as to say: Why is this saying, this poem, this picture, this piece of music so short? Why has it not been drawn out to the size of the longest speech or the largest picture? As the measure of length is inapplicable to the greatness of productions of wisdom or poetry, so— even more evidently— is it inapplicable to life. How do you know what inner growth this soul accomplished in its short span and what influence it had on others.

Life, my dear friends, that quickens us all, gives us our hour of sun and ecstasy, and then wears us down through sadness, sickness and defeat into the dust.

Blessed, indeed, is the man whose life does not end in the dust, but continues



creatively in other lives, and abides in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and ennobled by his influence and example. This is his sure link with immortality.

Our sages said: "It has been taught that all men must die, and death must come to all." Happy, then, is that man who departs this world with a good name. <sup>DAVID S. LOEB</sup> ~~Leon~~ has departed this world with a good name. A good name, we are told in Holy writ, is more valuable than the most precious oil. There are three crowns according to our teachers of old - the crown of royalty, of priesthood, and of learning.

But the crown of a good name excells them all. ~~The crown of a good name belonged to Leon~~ <sup>brother - self-reliant - ideal - proud</sup> ~~to Leon~~ <sup>He was a man of wide human sympathies. The scope of his generosity was never narrow or parochial. His compassion went out to all men who suffered or were in need, regardless of their race or creed. Jewish philanthropic agencies, both local and national, and worthy causes, here and abroad, received his generous and constant support. <sup>He was a man of wide human sympathies. The scope of his generosity was never narrow or parochial. His compassion went out to all men who suffered or were in need, regardless of their race or creed. Jewish philanthropic agencies, both local and national, and worthy causes, here and abroad, received his generous and constant support.</sup> The words of Job come to mind at this time:</sup>

I delivered the poor that cried,  
The fatherless also, that had none to help him.  
The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me;  
And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.  
I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame,  
I was a father to the needy; and the cause of him that I knew not, I searched out.

> <sup>Boken Abe's book - a book of wisdom - a book of wisdom</sup>  
Man's finest qualities are not always visible. They are deeply enshrined

in the hidden recesses of the human heart. And it is the heart which God searches, and knows, and desires.

<sup>Sidney David</sup>  
~~Leon~~ was a dedicated citizen, proud of his beloved city and country and eager

to serve them in all ways. In his business career, he was a man of integrity. Whatever he achieved was the result of hard work and perseverance, and in the face of obstacles and initial discouragements. His life-story is one with the story of a whole

generation of men who, by their labor, enterprise and self-reliance, helped to build the strong communities of our nation.

~~Leon was a loyal member of the household of Israel, faithful to his God and to his people.~~ What he meant to his nearest and dearest ones, to his beloved wife Lill, his faithful companion of many years, and to his children and grandchildren, they know best, and in that knowledge they will find, in the oncoming days, a sustaining strength and consolation.

In this hour, ~~you, the members of his family,~~ feel keenly the bitterness of bereavement and loss. ~~There is no adequate word of comfort which can be offered to you at this time when the burden of loss is upon you. But time will bring its healing, and in the days to come you will find, I am sure, both pride and comfort in the beautiful memories which Leon has left you.~~

"In the way of righteousness is life.  
And in the pathway thereof there is no death."

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

ARTHUR ENGLANDER  
~~Burton~~  
JACK ALTMAN

October 31, 1963

"Seek not to explain God's ways to man, for they are beyond your understanding." This wise counsel was set forth by our Rabbis centuries ago, yet it is still valid. How can we explain death's intrusion into life? How can we explain the sudden passing of one who, though rich in years, was still so sound in mind and spirit, so full of energy and vitality, so busy with his responsibilities, ~~and~~ ~~so capable of great service~~. If we pose Job's query, "Why?" we will not be able to answer it satisfactorily.

"God's ways are not our ways, and God's thoughts are not our thoughts." We cannot begin to fathom God's purpose.

"Seek not to explain God's ways to man, for they are beyond your understanding." I have no superior wisdom to share with you. All that I or anyone can do, dear friends, is to share in the community of sadness. All here were ~~Burton's~~ ~~Arthur's~~ ~~Jack's~~ ~~friends~~ ~~of~~ ~~our~~ ~~community~~ ~~of~~ ~~sadness~~. All here were Jack Altman's friends. Ours was a friendship born of respect and admiration. Our grief is a measure of that respect. Our need is to renew the faith of our fathers, that death is something more than unrelieved tragedy and that it is, in fact, the beginning of a new intimacy with God. Death is not pain, but the cessation of pain. Death is not an empty darkness, but a translation of companionship into the intimacy of memory. Those who have been close to us ~~and who have served as examples to us~~, never die. Life has bound us together and death has no power over such ties.

As the Children of Israel approached the Promised Land, God made known to Moses the certainty of his imminent death. The Biblical phrase bears repetition. God chose these words: "Behold, Moses,

Jack Altman - 2

Ed. N. Altman

That is why we can  
21. 21st - 22nd  
ignored - doubt not  
oblivion - but light  
was a light

your days grow near to die." Do days die? No. There is always another dawn. <sup>The language of the Bible</sup> ~~What was meant is the truth that~~ in death only our days come to an end; <sup>our being</sup> ~~while~~ our presence remains ~~was~~ much as it was. When in our tradition the Rabbis wished truly to honor the memory of a just and good man, they described him as having left life to the living. This phrase is singularly apt at this hour. ~~Our community~~, all of us, enjoy a finer and more abundant life because of ~~Jack Altman's~~ presence among us. He was one of those fine human beings who, in a quiet and unassuming way, carry their responsibilities and more as citizen, as <sup>neighbor</sup> ~~businessman~~, and as friend. ~~One~~ was always struck by the gentle dignity of his person. A reserved and kindly man, he was never one to intrude himself upon others or to impose his authority harshly. He avoided the noisy hurly-burly which engulfs so much of our society. He was at peace with himself. Indeed, ~~his integrity and his wholesomeness were immediately sensed.~~ Men and women respected his good sense and his business acumen. But most of all they admired his wholesomeness. He was the same within as without, kindly, warm, unassuming, honorable, <sup>thoughtful</sup> ~~and~~, and full of a bubbling but quiet joy. He was of a piece, cut from the cloth of human decency. To his friendships he brought constancy, sound wisdom, <sup>perceptive</sup> ~~good~~ good sense, and a mind alert to the sweep and to the color of life. To our city he brought a civic virtue which knew no prejudice. <sup>To his humor he brought</sup> Hard work and self discipline <sup>which</sup> knew no complaint, and a sense of honor which established his word as a symbol of trust. He gave life to the living. As <sup>an outstanding</sup> ~~a~~ and honorable member of our business community, he gave us all a new respect for economic enterprise. In a hundred unheralded generosity <sup>to many</sup> he gave us ~~all~~ a new <sup>old - 21st - 22nd - a new respect for a broad and clear charity.</sup> ~~respect for a broad and clear~~ charity. In his long and abiding friendships

Dr. Sidney H. Englander

Sidney was a good and decent human being, devoid of vanity or pretension. He is truly gentle who does the gentle deed. The English philosopher, Bertrand Russell, once wrote, "the happy life must be, to a great extent, a quiet life for it is only in an atmosphere of quiet that true joy can live." Sidney was a quiet man. He did not seek public acclaim. He rejoiced in his <sup>chosen</sup> profession of dentistry. He was happiest in the give and take of companionship. He believed in the right and he spoke the truth. He had no patience with those who mocked the basic decencies or scoffed at the essential virtues. His pleasures were unostentatious, ~~His~~ tastes were simple, ~~His~~ judgment was human. His citizenship was of the highest order and offered without any desire to let his service be known. He was a man of principles and stubborn in his principles for there was only one way to go. Somehow, whenever we spoke I thought of the Bible's description of Noah: a simple man but straight. Simplicity is not innocence but integrity, being the same without as you are within, the knowledge that you do not need another's approval. To be straight is to be a person of honor who discharges every responsibility properly without thought of the cost to himself. Usually, the man of such simplicity and straightforwardness is a man of warmth and good humor for he has few pretensions and is sensitive to the more comic, human, aspects of life.

Sidney's life had deep roots in our community. Indeed, the need for rootedness is characteristic of him. He was not one to change professions or offices. Once friendship had been extended and reciprocated it was lifelong. There was nothing of the back-slapping, hail fellow well met spirit about him, but his friendship enveloped you and you knew you were comfortable and secure within it.

Sidney was competent in his chosen profession. He knew that his service to his patients was of the highest order. He offered himself as well as his skill and his patients became his friends. His practice was a joy and a fulfillment because it was not simply a livelihood but a way of life, an art, an expression of himself, a giving of himself.

Sidney was a lifelong member of our congregation, a good man, a good Jew. His pleasures were as simple as his principles were straight. God rewarded him with close

ties of family: a sister who shared his interests as well as the lifelong ties, a devoted wife whose love was full and together with Mildred they built a home which was full of good cheer and encouragement, a place of happiness where their two sons could grow up to fine manhood and fond memories. These last years were not easy. Life takes its toll of us but Sidney was always surrounded with love and care. There was no sense of loneliness or estrangement but only of affection. A realist always, I suspect that Sidney did not begrudge death when it came. He knew that death was part of life. I am sure that in death he would want those nearest and closest to remember him with love and that he lived for their happiness.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

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