



## Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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### **MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.**

Series III: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.

Sub-series A: Events and Activities, 1946-1993, undated.

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Eulogies, men, A-E, 1957-1989.

JE I ABRAMS  
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ~~MR~~ 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 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.

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 meaning & value - value of self & of others</sup> ~~His was~~ sound. His laughter warm. His humor full and contagious but never sharp or vindictive. His mind keen and sound.

<sup>MR. ABRAHAM</sup>  
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.

But joyously recall



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.

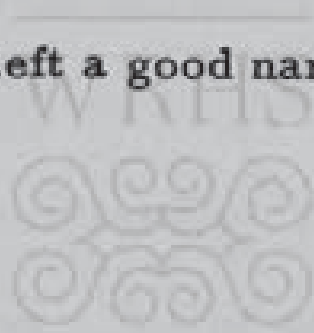
Dr. Applebaum was an immigrant boy. He came to these shores from Lithuania and never took for granted the opportunity and the freedom that this land offered him. Child of a tradition which filled the mind, Dr. Applebaum was blessed with a keen perception and distinguished intellectual abilities and he 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~~ <sup>his</sup> 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

Fae

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. <sup>A</sup> 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~~ ~~in himself~~ the spirit of open and considerate neighborliness which we like to think <sup>is</sup> ~~to be~~ 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>A</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>To serve the</sup> 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>medical</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





Benson

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, privilege to be able to make a contribution, however trifling, to a movement that has both material and spiritual significance, and finally, 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.

May I close with a brief quotation by quoting the words of the late Walter Rattens, who spoke here 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 achievement and for human rights so earnestly. Never before have we the divine elements in the human personality." 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 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.



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 desply-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.

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

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We see the fullness of another's life, his words, his dignity, his sacrifice, and Recall what the poet divine, John Donne, wrote: "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 are ours."

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Mighty and dreadful,  
For thou art not so,  
For, those, whom thou thinkest, thou dost overthrow,  
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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  
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decade after he left our city, so many remember and have come to pay

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.

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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.

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.

FEBRUARY 26, 1989

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER





# 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

I SUSPECT THAT EACH OF US WOULD ADMIT TO SOME  
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 GROWTH.

JAMES BOWMAN CAN SET FOR US A FINE EXAMPLE. AS WE THINK BACK OVER HIS LIFE

*Jack Kohn*  
JACOB SINGER

NOVEMBER 17, 1957

OUR HEARTS OVERFLOW WITH GRATITUDE TO GOD. HIS 72 YEARS WERE FULL YEARS. YEARS  
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 ~~REMARKABLE~~ <sup>TRAGIC</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 ~~BE MADE~~  
THE LESSON OF TODAY'S GRIEF MAY BEAR THE SEED OF TOMORROW'S GLORY. <sup>THAT OUR DECISIONS AND COMMITMENTS NOW  
TO-DAY</sup>

*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 72 <sup>almost 70 years</sup> 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>COURAGE</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 AND DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT, <sup>A Home</sup> IN WHICH THEIR CHILDREN GREW UP INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD. TOGETHER THEY ENJOYED THE PRIVILEGE OF GRANDCHILDREN CROWING 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 give ~~the~~ <sup>us</sup> love and beauty in life and <sup>death</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> ~~even~~ <sup>even</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> find ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~beauty~~ <sup>beauty</sup> ~~throughout~~ <sup>throughout</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> - Take courage - Take courage and begin again to make 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>and</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>the</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>PROFESSORIAL</sup> ~~service~~, a ~~service~~ <sup>PROFESSION</sup> for which our nation and we, 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>God</sup> ~~him~~ for the half-century of <sup>or</sup> ~~vital manliness~~ <sup>and</sup> 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>#</sup> Jerome Braun was a serious man. He was a student, <sup>he was</sup> well read <sup>almost</sup> in many fields. He took nothing on faith, so 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 even 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.



Alfy could talk and he could listen. He never had to be asked what for a helping hand. Indeed, he generally offered help before it was asked. His humor was full and warm and never cruel or sarcastic. Others were quick to notice his needs and quality and not by any artificial standard of social creed and color. Alfy loved the freedom and vision of this country and in all ways a good neighbor and a good citizen - an example of the best of America's national character.

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