



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.

Alfred Brock

When I heard of Alfie'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." Alfie 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.

Alfie 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. Alfie 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.

Alfie 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. Alfie 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 straight-forward 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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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
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TRUTHS WE HAVE SET ON PAPER, THE TRUTHS
THAT WE HAVE SPOKEN QUIETLY TO OUR
CHILDREN, THE LOVE WHICH WE HAVE
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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
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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.

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.

DID NOT SUFFER FROM SUCH BLINDNESS.

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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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~~ ^{at} this ^{place} ~~his~~ 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, ^{vital} 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, 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.

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To come with lamentations loud,
When life has fled.

I do not want my words and ways
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise,
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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 waivered 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 cumberance 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 ^{in the} 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 ^{A private person yet full of love} ~~looked on with respect~~ as well as love by his family. There was ^{growth} mutual respect ^{in all his basic friend ship and family relationships} ~~here~~. Lester was fortunate to find early a good and loyal helpmate and he and ^{Ruth and son} 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, and

^{Dear friends and} in the generations that came ~~yet~~ behind. Lester was a ^{reserved man who} ~~private man~~ and he would not ^{willingly} ~~have us~~ invade the privacy of ^{relationships} ~~these~~ relationships which were most central to him. Surely,

this can be said. Even when he could not relax to ^{AND EXPRESS IT,} ~~enjoy a moment~~, ^{INSTEAD, FILL} his love was unmis-
 takable. ^{LOVE} 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~~ ^{AND} keep close and bright his memory, ¹ 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^{at}, justice, and lent them the support of his fine mind and talents.

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9 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.

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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~~^{two} 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



Ender's
Mr. Jack-Kahn

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-Kahn, *Ender'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. *Ender* ~~Kahn~~ 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 ^{company}. In his personal life Mr. Kohn knew the meaning of hard work and the importance of ^{high} 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 ^{Lillian} ~~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 ^{son} ~~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.

What he meant:

Wife - companion

Children - grand children

For Mr. Kohn, the most important thing was to be a good person

at all times of his life and to leave a good name behind him

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 ^{those} ~~them~~ who knew him best and loved him most.

^{Ben Zeev}
~~Irving~~ 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.

He was a faithful member of the Household of Israel -- loyal to his faith and his people. He was an honored member and ~~Trustee~~ ^{Vital Interest in the life and future of Israel} 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 --

כבוד
כבוד
כבוד
216 פל

What he meant:

wife - companionship
children - grand children - relatives -

In an E. Cohen son was remembered - 'a 557 p"t: 128
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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. ~~DAVID S. LEBENBERG~~ ~~Leon Mitnick~~ 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 Mitnick. 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.~~ ~~The words of Job come to mind at this time:~~

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.

> ~~Broken David's bones - reached in David's - reached in David's~~
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.

~~Sidney David~~
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 Englander's~~ ~~and~~ ~~Jack Altman's~~ friends. Yours 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 for 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

E. N. Altman

That is why we can
21. Right - another
signed - should not
obtain - but right
was a right

your days grow near to die." Do days die? No. There is always another dawn. ^{The language of the} ~~What was meant is the truth that~~ in death only our days come to an

end; ^{OUR BEING} ~~while~~ our presence remains ~~just~~ ^{as} 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~~ ^{his} 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 ^{very often} ~~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, ^{thoughtful} ~~not just~~, 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, ^{perceptive} ~~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. ^{To his humor he brought} Hard work and self discipline which

knew no complaint, and a sense of honor which established his word as a

symbol of trust. He gave life to the living. As ^{an authority} ~~a fine~~ and honorable

member of our business community, he gave us all a new respect for economic enterprise as

enterprise. In a hundred unheralded generosityes he gave us ^{to many} ~~all~~ a new

~~respect for a broad and clear charity.~~ ^{Old - life - a deep respect against adversity} 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 ^{chosen} 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

May 29, 1980

