



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.

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Eulogies, men, F-J, 1958-1989.

DR. SIDNEY FORMAN

The sudden and unexpected death of a good friend has saddened and shaken us all. Few of us had realized that Sid had passed the Biblical mark of three score years and ten. In every way he was still in his prime, a vigorous man possessed of a vital spirit. Death came to him swiftly and unexpectedly; to use another Biblical phrase, "as an arrow which flies by day and as destruction which wastes at noonday." None of us have sufficiently come alive from this stunning blow so as to be able to speak words of comfort to those for whom this loss is the closest. Only God can comfort them. Only their own inner strength and the certain knowledge that he whom they mourn is completely worthy of their sorrow can sustain them.

Our sages remind us, "Seek not to explain God's ways to others for these are beyond your understanding," and over the years I have increasingly appreciated the wisdom of this teaching. What can anyone say? How can the unexplainable be explained or the unacceptable made acceptable?

This I do affirm. Death is not pain but the absence of pain. Death is not oblivion but the translation of physical presence into the new intimacy of memory. We cry today for ourselves. The loss and pain are ours. He is at peace. He is with God. His peace is timeless. It is our loneliness which is a daily burden. We meet here as friends and a sense of being part of a community of sadness helps in its own way to soften the bitterness of this hour. Yet, there is no point in denying the hurt and the pain. A precious life has been taken from us. Sid deserved more - men of quality and attainment always do. There are no explanations, but there is the comfort of knowing that Sid rejoiced in life and left us many wonder-

ful memories.

We know more about life than death, and wisdom and experience tell us that life is measured by achievement and not by length. It is not how long but how well. A wise man always, Sid, I believe, would have agreed with Emerson's comment, "Men ask for long life, but 'tis deep life or grand moments that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical." Life to Sid was a gracious gift from God not to be squandered or wasted on vain purposes. He gave each day his best effort.

By profession a dentist, a recognized and respected elder in his chosen field, Sid offered his ministry of care with great skill and discipline. He was meticulous in his work. Dentistry was a commitment and not simply an occupation. He was in the office early and late - a professional in the finest sense of the word. He was not only dextrous and thorough, technically proficient, but on top of every new study and research. His patients received state of the art treatment and were looked after by a gruff man who they knew took their anxieties and needs to heart.

Sid was a good, steady, decent, hard-working man. He did not have an ounce of pretense in his makeup. Raised in a home which gave him love and guidance but could not provide him much in a material way, Sid made his own way. He worked at many menial tasks to pay for his education and did so with good will. He was in his heart of hearts not only self-possessed but essentially optimistic. Sid learned early to face life with courage and not to be deterred. He had the can do attitude of the self-made man who believes, because of his own experience, that if you put your mind to it every chal-

lenge can be met and every obstacle overcome.

A self-contained man, Sid had no need for what passes for social status or public honors. He knew he had the respect of his colleagues and the grateful respect of his patients and that was enough. The slap-on-the-back pretentiousness which in our age so often passes for friendship was utterly foreign to his spirit. Though a good conversationalist and a courteous companion, he rejoiced in the quiet of his home or a walk in the open air. He had little need for the idle diversions which suburban social life sometimes provide. A thoughtful man and well read, Sid shared our people's traditional respect for learning. He spoke his mind, but his humor was never acid. Beneath the disciplined surface, one sensed an essential gentleness and generous heart. Certainly, he demanded nothing more of others than he asked of himself. Certainly, he was a compassionate human being who shared another's hurt and set out to help another before being asked to do so.

God had given Sid a strong and well-coordinated frame and he delighted in sports and games. The beauties of nature delighted him. Nothing pleased him more than to work in his garden or to take a long walk in the countryside. A bright autumn day such as this would have pleased him.

Sid had no love of display. He would have wanted this service to be as simple and spare as it could be. Yet, one further thought should be added. This hard-working, responsible man had a rare capacity for love. He was a dutiful son, a considerate, thoughtful brother. He and Shirley shared a romance that did not pale with the years. They shared the pleasures of building a life and family together, not only intimacy but friendship. The home they established

was full of good values in which they raised their daughter and son with wisdom and care, encouraged to develop their talents and taught to see the joyous possibilities of life. If Sid could ask for a memorial it would be no more than this, that those he loved so dearly keep fresh his memory, not in grief but in life.

I do not know, and I have never known, what is the best way to die, but I suspect that there are many worse ways to go, when one is still hard at work at a satisfying profession, conscious that he has earned the deserved respect of those he values and surrounded by the love of a close-knit family. Our sages often said that the reward of doing a good deed is the deed itself. Sid's life was its own reward.

September 20, 1985



Daniel Jeremy Silver

Eugene Freedheim

In 1960 Eugene Freedheim delivered the baccalaureate address at Western Reserve University's School of Law. He spoke to the graduating class of the practical tasks which would be theirs, the need to research thoroughly issues of fact and precedent, the importance of meticulous attention to detail, the need to curb illusions of omniscience which might keep them from seeking the advice of colleagues in areas of law in which they were not fully versed, care for language in drafting their briefs. It was a measure of the speaker that he took for granted the graduates' acceptance of the ethical standards of their profession and their commitment to the justice system. Eugene did not linger over what was to him obvious. He knew that it is the way a person handles the everyday challenges which ultimately determines the quality of a career.

Years ago I read a phrase which has remained with me. "God is in the detail." Noble sentiments are easily said. We meet - or fail to meet - the test of character in the way we manage the intimate details of our lives. Eugene Freedheim was thorough in preparation, careful of language, not at all arrogant about his knowledge, a lawyer to and for business, not a businessman lawyer. He did not offer the sentiments expected at a graduation but a synthesis of the disciplines and commitments which distinguished Gene Freedheim as lawyer and human being.

He concluded this speech with an anecdote. Apparently, shortly before his death, Albert Einstein met a discouraged 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."

Eugene Freedheim was a man of value and his values were sound, honorable and humane. Born into the rugged hill country of Colorado, Eugene was straight-backed, open of spirit, self-disciplined and forthright - qualities history associates with the hardy souls among whom he spent his youth. Eugene accepted the

necessity of first-rate work as the benchmark of achievement and consistently demanded first-rate work of himself. A man of rock-ribbed integrity, he demanded integrity of his associates. He judged others by careful standards and asked no more of them than he asked of himself.

The law requires a high degree of intelligence, a good memory, and a fighting spirit. Gene had all of these. But he had much besides: a particularly strong sense of duty, the conviction that you owed your community commitment of the same order as you brought to the management of your private affairs. Nearly two thousand years ago Hillel advised his generation: "Separate not your well-being from that of the community." Hillel's wisdom was instinctive to Gene. There are few institutions of service or culture in our city which did not benefit from his wisdom and active support.

When I returned here nearly 30 years ago to be rabbi of The Temple, I wanted to know how the community was organized in terms of public welfare. I turned to Gene who willingly gave me in the middle of a busy business day several hours of his precious time. He was a born teacher. I still remember the ease with which he mapped out for me each institution and its purposes, its strengths, capacities and limitations. Whether it was the Welfare Federation or the Family Service Association or Mt. Sinai Hospital or the National Conference on Social Welfare or any of the other human welfare agencies in which he was involved, Gene gave willingly of his time and advice. He did so because he cherished a noble vision of a just society where human needs are met and the arbitrary divisions of class or race or faith no longer act as barriers to true community.

A lawyer is particularly exposed to people's ambitions and greed. The law can easily dissipate someone's faith in human nature. Gene was not a romantic, but he never abandoned his youthful conviction of the possibility of a society where justice would temper the competitive urge and there would be work and the necessities for all. Some embark on community service out of romantic sentimentality. Eugene knew that charity is an erratic sentiment and his practical

vision required him to be concerned with political and economic structures. He preferred being effective to being noticed. I always thought of Eugene as the quiet crusader - the man of vision who sees what can and needs to be done and gets it done without fanfare. Gene knew his mind and spoke his convictions, but he was more interested in practical results than scoring debator points.

Eugene Freedheim was a lifelong member of this congregation and a proud Jew. His spirit was one with that of Amos and Micah. Justice must be pursued. Principles were all important. The seal of God is truth. There were duties which must be discharged. During the 1950's when the shadow of Senator McCarthy lay heavy on the land, Eugene, then president of the Cleveland Bar, helped provide defense lawyers to those charged under the Smith Act who otherwise would not have found proper representation.

It says a good deal about our culture - and it is not at all flattering - that many associate careful standards, unbending honor and a sense of duty with pursed lips and a puritanical spirit. Eugene Freedheim was a warm-hearted man, innately courteous, accessible, unpretentious. He loved good talk and a good story. His humor was warm and full without ever being acid. He was the soul of courtesy. If his judgement of another was unflattering he kept it to himself. An avid reader, he loved good music and took delight in travel to the far places of the world where he could learn more about this fascinating planet and its people. The hail fellow slap on the back boisterousness which sometimes passes for the art of friendship was utterly alien to him. He was reserved but not aloof. Gene had a circle of lifelong friends who found him a welcome, interesting and pleasant companion. He talked intelligently of the interests and concerns they shared. He never imposed his worries on others. He always had time to be helpful.

Some men of prominence become self-satisfied and self-enclosed in their eminence. Eugene remained open to life. He sought out younger people and was eager to see life from their perspective. He did not become rigid in his principles because he knew that each generation faced a new set of challenges.

There are those around whom strong winds always seem to be swirling. Their egos are demanding. They seek the prerogatives of office rather than the privilege of serving. They try to win by intimidation. Eugene's way was no less accomplishful, but it was that of sweet reason and transparent conviction. He did not pound the table. He advised. He encouraged. He did what needed to be done and you knew that he had no hidden, selfish agenda. He told those law graduates a quarter century ago: remember, once you agree to serve a client you must not set your interests above his. . .

Some serve their communities effectively but neglect those nearest and dearest. Eugene was as fully and sensitively involved with his family as with his community. He and Mina enjoyed nearly six decades of intimate partnership. They came from the same world and shared many of the same values and commitments to family, culture and society. They faced together the inevitable challenges and raised their daughter and their sons to respect and enjoy family and to respect the high standards which were theirs. As his slide shows made abundantly clear, Gene knew no greater satisfaction than the recognition that his children had grown into their promise, earned the respect of friends and community and were, in turn, raising families shaped by values which he held precious.

When he was with his grandchildren, in whom he found such joy, Eugene would take them, one by one, on an expedition so that he could respond to each as an individual. He was not one to say 'you must do what I have done.' He cared that each would find a satisfying place and fulfilling work - their place and their work - and carry on honorably, carefully, and with concern for the larger good.

Eugene's life had run full cycle. He had known the springtime of youth, the challenge and fulfillment of a long summer of responsibility and achievement, an autumn of useful activity, secure in the respect of his community, and now winter had come - the time when we long for peace. A wise man always, I am sure

Eugene did not regret his death. His strength had ebbed. He is at peace.

Perhaps the most beautiful legacy anyone can receive is the gift of a respected and honored name. Gene Freedheim, a man of value, left this legacy and much besides. All of us will 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.

"They never die who live in the hearts of those who love them."

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 21, 1984



EULOGY FOR MAX FREEDMAN - FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1967

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

Life quickens us all and gives us our sun and ecstasy. Life wearies us all and wears us down through sadness, sickness and age into the dust. Blessed indeed is the man whose life does not end in the dust but continues creatively in other lives. Blessed is the man whose spirit lives on in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and inspired by his presence. We establish our own immortality. Some pass away and are scarcely missed. Others in their passing leave a void which is deeply felt and long deplored. They have made themselves integral to the decency of their community. They have made themselves essential to their family and their friends.

Max Freedman was so much a part of this city and of our lives that it is difficult to accept the reality of his death. But death comes even to the boldest. Happy then is the man who departs this world with a good name. The name of Max Freedman has been a good name in our community since he first came among us. And so it will remain. It will long be cherished for the memory of a good man is always a blessing.

Max came to Cleveland in the freshness of his maturity. His energy was unflagging. His will was unshakable. His mind was agile and alert. He asked more of himself than of any associate. His honor was as rock-ribbed as his will. His word was his bond. His principles were clear and consistent. In a surprisingly short time Max established himself in the first rank of our business community. He was blessed with a quick mind and a retentive memory. He read widely and was as much at home in the

affairs of the world as in the management of his affairs. His mind was receptive and curious and he delighted to meet and to know men of many interests and occupations. All his days he was devoted to his people Israel. Max realized that the most desirable use of life was to spend it for something that would outlast it. He linked up his existence with causes that transcend the limitations of any single life. The scope of his generosity was neither narrow nor parochial. His compassion went out to all who suffered or were in need regardless of their rank or race. Max might have made his own the ambition of Job.

"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 as I to the lame.
I was a father to the needy, and the cause of him that
his country, I knew not, I searched out.

Max was devoted to his interests and consistent in them. He was the same in his youth as in his age - steady, determined, fascinated by and dedicated to the ministry of healing. For a time while he was a young man he had studied to become a physician. In his success he devoted the best of his energies to the medical needs of this city, especially to the needs of Mt. Sinai Hospital. He labored indefatigably and gave unstintingly so that this place of healing could provide the finest care and medicine available. He dreamt of establishing Mt. Sinai as one of the great hospital centers of the nation, and during the years of his leadership he set it well on the way. Max understood that healing is more than a hospital. He was devoted to the cause of medical education. He worked for our Home for the Aged. He contributed as much as any layman in this city to the quality of medical care available to us.

There were other consistencies in Max's life. In his home he had known the grace of Jewish life. In early schooling he had been exposed to the noble history of our people. All his days he was devoted to his people Israel, to the relief of their suffering, to the rescue of the displaced, to the building of Zion, to the strengthening of Jewish life on these shores and in this freedom. Such was the depth of his devotion and the community's respect that he became president of the Jewish Community Federation. He brought to that office his customary keenness of judgment and his usual decisiveness and sense of action. Our community felt itself blessed in his leadership.

Max was a loyal member of the household of Israel, faithful to his God and to his people. He was a dedicated citizen, faithful to his city, to his country, eager to serve in the cause of freedom, justice and opportunity. Our people often spoke of the dead as having abandoned life and its burdens and its problems to the living. The phrase also means "The good when they die leave life" - more abundant life - "to the living." They have enriched and augmented the lives of those who survive them.

What he meant to you, his loved ones, his beloved wife, his children, his family, you know best. In that knowledge I am sure you will find in the days to come a great measure of pride as well as comfort and consolation. In this bitter hour no adequate words of comfort can be offered to you but the measure of his goodness. Time will bring healing and in the days to come you will find a secure pride in the beautiful memories which Max has left you.

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

SAMUEL FRIEDMAN

As Donnie, Sadye and I talked yesterday, Sam Friedman's great grandchildren were playing about the floor at our feet. I suspect that their presence and the sense of family continuity which they created will have given this gentle and kind man great pleasure. He was never more himself than within the intimate circle of his family. The dyspeptic English writer, Samuel Johnson, once observed that illness turns a man in on himself and spoils his spirit. Sam Friedman was living proof that a great heart will not be defeated by illness and pain.

Sam came to our city some fourteen years ago. A native and lifetime citizen of Baltimore where he had been educated and had worked honorably, Sam and Sadye came here to be with their daughter when retirement and illness made this change desirable. Sam left behind a good name. He had worked honorably. He had lived without any need for public display. He had lived happily within the close circle of his brothers and sisters and their families and the disciplines of traditional Jewish life in which he had been raised.

When he was still full of his strength, Sam took pleasure in sports and games and all his life he loved to walk out into the world to see and enjoy its color and variety.

Still waters often run deep. Sam was a thoughtful man who read widely and who was well informed on the issues of the day. As they spoke I saw a man who had discharged each of the many responsibilities of life with wisdom and courage and who, as son, brother, husband, father, had been a joy to be with and know.

Friendship is a cherished quality. Sam was always patient with another's needs and loyal to their concerns. Love was the

gift of a lifetime, steady, encouraging and supportive. He and Sadye built together a home in which their daughter was encouraged to develop her talents even as she was given always the support of love and the fine example of character and quality.

There is a time to be born and a time to die. The long months and years of illness had sapped Sam's strength and I am sure that he had no wish to continue further an existence which recently cut him off from the richer world and placed heavy responsibilities on those whose happiness he always sought.

Daniel jeremy Silver

September 17, 1985



I do not want the coming crowd
To come with loud-tongued lead,
When life has fled.

I do not want to hear and say
Rehearsed, perhaps with ready praise,
When I am dead.

I do not want strange voices
To echo my face when I am dead
In silence dead.

HAROLD GALVIN

I recently came across an observation which comes close to capturing the grace of Harold Galvin's life: "Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength." Harold was a gentle man, a man of innate courtesy, of infinite patience and an instinctive sensitivity to human need. He is truly gentle who does the gentle deed.

An old man told me once that there are two kinds of people, lifters and leaners. The leaners turn dependency into an art. They take. They never have enough and are full of self-pity. Lifters carry others along with them. They accept the ordinary burdens with good will and great dignity and are pleased to be able to share whatever good fortune they enjoy. They go their way quietly.

Harold was never more the man of gentle strength than during these last cruel weeks of illness. People often speak facilely of the quality of life, but few have the courage and the wisdom to say, 'that's enough, no more.' Harold did not run away from death any more than he ran away from duty and responsibility. He preferred death to a non-life, to constant disability.

Those of quiet strength generally choose to live quietly. Harold did, and I am sure he would not want this service to be elaborate. His deeds speak for him. Sometime ago I came across a poem which has long been a favorite of mine and whose spirit I think he would appreciate.

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.

Yet, a community needs to speak of its gratitude for the many services Harold rendered to us. Harold was a good and concerned citizen who interested himself in all the institutions of our city which contribute to everyone's health, well-being and happiness. He was a good Jew who understood the prophet Amos when he said, "Justice, justice, shall you pursue." Harold translated his faith into an active commitment of service to the Jewish people, Israel, and to men and women of all races and backgrounds.

He was not one to carry placards or demonstrate publicly. His way was to work diligently for the allocations which would enlarge available services and to supervise the institutions which serve to make sure they were properly administered and sensitively run. Over the years Harold developed a particular interest in the area of services to the aged. Typically, long before many recognized the crucial importance of such services in an aging society, Harold was hard at it helping to transform what was known then as an "old folks home" into a first-class center of medical and social care for the elderly and the incapacitated.

When our tradition wished to speak of men like Harold they used the phrase: Ish tam v'yasher, a simple man and straight. Simplicity is not innocence but integrity, being the same within as without: that is being without pretense or deviousness, a person whose son and daughter the opportunity, the freedom, to become themselves. Like most families in our changing and stressful

of rock-ribbed honor and unquestioned probity. The man who is simple and strong is an essentially humane person; one who is not only involved in his own life but who has time for others; one who has no need to strut on the public stage; one who rejoices in the natural pleasures, the outdoors, friendship, the wonderful variety of human culture, good conversation, ideas, one who does not draw to himself airs of pretense or superiority. Harold was an ish tam v'yasher.

Harold's interest in the law was founded not only on the intellectual challenge involved but on his interest in justice and his recognition of the importance of law in creating and maintaining a free and healthy social order. Some view the law as a spade with which to dig into the mother lode of American prosperity. Harold saw the law as the tool with which a free society organizes itself so as to provide the rights and opportunities deserved by all.

In an age of boisterous slap-on-the-back companionship which masquerades as friendship, Harold's friendships were warm and open. He rejoiced in the company of lifelong friends who shared his interests and concerns and was always willing to take time to lend a helping hand or a listening ear. He was not only a good friend but good company. His humor was warm, never acid. He preferred to listen than to impose views on others. He had traveled widely and had many good stories to tell.

As you would imagine, these special qualities marked his life within the intimate circle of his family. Harold was a good son and brother. He and Marjorie fashioned together a life full of love, meaningful challenge and active interests. Together they offered their son and daughter the opportunity, the freedom, to become themselves. Like most families in our changeful and stressful

society, there were times of tension, but Harold's love, quiet strength and great good sense held them together. Harold provided the solid foundation which never gave way.

Marjorie has asked me to end this memorial service with a few lines from the poet Rilke which speak to the values which they shaped.

Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart
and try to love the questions themselves. Do not now
seek the answers that cannot be given you because
you would not be able to live them. And the point is,
to live everything. Live the questions now. Perhaps
you will gradually, without knowing it, live along
some distant day into the answer.

July 24, 1985



Daniel Jeremy Silver

Dr. Howard Gans

A sudden tragedy has brought us together for this moment of tribute to one with whom none of us associated the possibility of death though he had reached the fabled four score years. Dr. Howard Gans died in the fullness of his strength, still busy with the medical practice which was so dear and significant to him. Howard had seen patients the morning of his death. The event typifies the man. Howard was so vital, such an ardent spirit, so dedicated, so quick-minded, so responsive, so busy with surgery and healing and his patients that he made us forget, and often forgot himself, that he was mortal and that time had taken a toll of his strength.

I thought of him, as so many of you did, as elemental. Somehow, he was always at hand when he was needed, encouraging, advising, offering his exceptional skills, spending time not only in surgery but with his patients, answering their questions and supporting them in their fears. Many here can testify how he pulled them through a difficult time not only medically but psychologically. His skill was superb and his strength was contagious. But all men must die and so we are here in the silence of our grief, nursing our hurt, yet grateful that God granted this man of dignity dignity and strength to the end.

Howard was a good Jew and a lifelong and loyal member of The Temple. His service and medicine were part of his family inheritance and his Jewishness. Twenty-two hundred years ago a teacher in Jerusalem, Ben Sirah, wrote these words:

Honour the physician with the honour due unto him, for the
uses which ye may have of him: for the Lord has created him.
For of the most High cometh healing, and he shall receive
honour of the king.
The skill of the physician shall lift up his head: and in the sight
of great men he shall be in admiration.
And God hath given men skill, that he might be honoured in his
marvelous works.
Then give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him:
let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him.

Would that we were not forced now to let Howard go from us for we still have need of him.

What consolation can be ours? In our tradition when a life is taken from us we light a candle of remembrance. At first glance this symbol might seem inapprop-

riate. A life has been snuffed out. Should we not extinguish the candle? Not so. The ritual of kindling reminds us that decency and wisdom and love and wise counsel and noble example are not snuffed out by death - these qualities live on creatively in other lives. The vital presence of a man who lived for others, who sacrificed his leisure and the opportunity to serve his fellow man, who spared no energy to save another's life or lift his spirits, such a life is not erased by death any more than a beautiful song is obliterated when the last note is sung. No song is stilled whose echo remains in the hearts of men.

Howard was a straight-forward, straight-backed, upright man - a fighter for what he knew to be right and necessary. Guile and deceit were foreign to his nature. His lips were sealed to pettiness or self-pity. Strong of purpose, his heart was full of love and sympathy. His innate, inner grace was such that it was always a pleasant experience to be in his company. You knew he had strong convictions - yet, you also knew that he had a special capacity to listen and be light. He knew what was right and when the issue was professional or ethical he backed down to no one. He was a fighter, but not pugnacious; indeed, exceptionally gentle. Howard did what he felt needed to be done and never asked, 'what will it demand of me'. He practiced his medicine, medicine of the highest order, because that was the only medicine he could practice. His primary thought was for his patient, the person whom he was treating, and he always treated the whole person - body and spirit.

I do not know whether Howard knew a favorite quotation of mine; "Keep your fears to yourself and share your courage with others", but I do know that its wisdom was second-nature to him. He never showed fear. His step never faltered. An infinitely gentle man within, he could be obstinate when it came to the standards of medicine and surgery. Throughout his life Howard remained captivated and excited by medicine's intellectual challenge. He looked upon medicine not simply as a body of received knowledge and practice but as an ever expanding body of knowledge and skill. He never stopped reading and learning and his skill was always up-to-date

as well as rich with the wisdom of experience. His hands were skillful, his mind was able and his heart was sensitive. No question was dismissed out of hand. No call on his services was ruled out as inconvenient. He had no time but he made time.

As much as Howard was admired as a surgeon, so he was respected and admired as a person. I found him to be an unpretentious, infinitely courteous, and interesting companion, a cultivated man. His mind was occupied with medicine but it was rarely preoccupied to the point of distraction. Howard was a private person but when he was out with his friends he was a good listener, an interested and interesting companion, for he was alive to the problems of the day and genuinely interested in the thoughts and activities of others. Howard was a prodigious worker but he also knew how to relax and I suspect that he was able to work well beyond the years when most men retire because he could refresh himself with an evening of friendship, music or the pleasure of working with his hands.

Above all, Howard was a wise man who knew something of the meaning of life. He had and he kept lifelong friends who rejoiced in his spirit, respected his person and enjoyed his company. A dutiful son, a helpful brother, an attentive, responsible and loving husband and father, Howard was always a tower of strength within the intimate circle of his family as within the larger circle of his service. Knowing Howard as I did, I know he would not have us intrude on the intimacy of these relationships which were so central to him. I think he would want those whom he loved and encouraged always to draw now on the strength he had encouraged in them and find the will to turn from death to life, from this darkness to the sunshine and warmth which he sought for them in life. You are blessed with wonderful memories and I know you will find encouragement in them as you face the challenges and opportunities that lie ahead.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 5, 1981

ROBERT GARSON

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND HAS SHAKEN AND SADDENED US ALL; BOB GARSON'S LIFE WAS AT ITS FULL TIDE; DEATH CAME FOR HIM AS AN ARROW WHICH FLIES BY DAY, AS A DESTRUCTION WHICH WASTES AT NOONDAY; WE HAVE NOT YET COME ALIVE FROM THE STUNNING BLOW SO AS TO BE ABLE TO SPEAK WORDS OF COMFORT TO THOSE TO WHOM THIS LOSS IS THE CLOSEST; ONLY GOD CAN COMFORT THEM; ONLY THEIR OWN INNER STRENGTH CAN SUSTAIN THEM; ONLY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WHOM THEY NOW MOURN IS COMPLETELY WORTHY OF THEIR SORROW IN DEATH, AS HE WAS OF THEIR GREAT LOVE AND DEVOTION IN LIFE;

WHAT COMFORT CAN BE OURS? I HAVE NO ARCAINE WISDOM TO SHARE WITH YOU; I CANNOT SOLVE FOR YOU THE EQUATIONS OF GOD'S MATHEMATICS NOR CAN I JUSTIFY TO YOU GOD'S DECISIONS, THOUGH I AFFIRM THEIR JUSTICE; I CAN ONLY REPEAT THE FAITH OF OUR PEOPLE; "THE LORD HAS GIVEN, THE LORD HAS TAKEN AWAY, BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD;"

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ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS TO AFFIRM THE POSSIBILITY WHICH IS LIFE AND MAKE THE MOST OF THIS BLESSING; A DAY CAN BE RICH IN ACHIEVEMENT OR EMPTY OF MEANING; THE GREATEST OF POETRY AND ART CAN BE CREATED IN A FEW BRIEF HOURS AND THERE ARE THOSE, NOT WITHOUT TALENT, WHO LIVE MANY YEARS--HOLLOW AND BARREN YEARS; FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE THOSE WHO LIVE SO NOBLY AND SO WELL THAT THEIR EVERY DAY BRINGS BLESSING AND IS A JOY; THESE DIE FULFILLED; THEIR LIFE HAS YIELDED AN ABUNDANT HARVEST;

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HE HAD NO NEED FOR SHALLOW FRIENDSHIPS OR SMALL TALK. HIS LIFE WAS CLEARLY FULFILLING. EACH DAY WAS FOR HIM A RARE AND RICH EXPERIENCE. ALL THE IDEAS AND COLORS OF THE CHANGING SCENE WERE TO BE SAVORED. THERE WAS SO MUCH THAT WAS CONSEQUENTIAL THAT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR THE SUPERFICIAL OR THE TRIVIAL.

BOB'S ROOTS GO DEEP INTO THE SOIL OF OUR CITY AND HE HAD ABOUT HIM MUCH OF THE SELF-RELIANCE, THE ABILITY TO CUT DOWN TO ESSENTIALS, THE RESPECT FOR HONEST WORK AND THE QUIET DIGNITY WHICH ONE ASSOCIATES WITH THE PIONEER. WORK WAS NOT A BURDEN BUT A FULFILLMENT, AN HONORABLE UNDERTAKING WHOSE RESPONSIBILITIES HE DISCHARGED NOT ONLY WITH SKILL BUT WITH UTMOST RECTITUDE. HIS WORD WAS HIS BOND. HE NEVER TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ANOTHER'S MISTAKE OR WEAKNESS.

BOB WORKED HARD AND HONORABLY. HE WON NOT ONLY PERSONAL SUCCESS, BUT HE EARNED THE RESPECT OF COLLEAGUES AND COMMUNITY. HE HAD A SPECIAL CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP, A WARM SMILE, THE ART OF SPEAKING A KIND WORD, A READINESS TO HELP IN SMALL THINGS AS IN LARGE, LOYAL. BOB COMBINED DRIVE AND GENTLENESS, DETERMINATION AND WARMTH. HE MANAGED TO SEE THE BEST IN EVERYONE. HE WAS WITHOUT SIDE, A MAN WHO HAD NO NEED FOR POSTURING AND NO DESIRE TO STRUT ON THE PUBLIC STAGE.

THE PHRASE THAT CAME TO MIND WHEN I HEARD OF BOB'S DEATH IS THAT "NOTHING IS SO STRONG AS GENTLENESS AND NOTHING SO GENTLE AS REAL STRENGTH." BOB WAS A GENTLE MAN AND THEREFORE A GENTLEMAN.

BOB HAD A RARE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP AND THE RARER TALENT OF BEING GENUINELY INTERESTED IN PEOPLE OF ALL AGES AND BACK- GROUND. BORN INTO ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RESPECTED FAMILIES IN OUR COMMUNITY, HE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO LIMIT HIS CONTACTS AND INTERESTS TO ANY ONE GROUP OR SOCIAL SET. HE WAS A GOOD CITIZEN.

BOB WAS A GOOD JEW IN THE SENSE THAT HE WAS A COMMITTED AND VALUED MEMBER OF OUR COMMUNITY, AND THAT THE ETHICAL VALUES OF OUR TRADITION WERE INSTINCTIVE TO HIM. I DON'T KNOW IF HE KNEW THE HEBREW PHRASE, ISH TAM VEYASHAR, A SIMPLE MAN AND STRAIGHT, BUT I FIND THIS PHRASE WHICH THE BIBLE FIRST APPLIES TO NOAH AS SINGULARLY APPROPRIATE TO HIM. SIMPLICITY IS NOT INNOCENCE BUT INTEGRITY, BEING THE SAME WITHIN AS WITHOUT, A PERSON WITHOUT PRETENSE OR DEVIJUSNESS. TO BE STRAIGHT IS TO BE A PERSON OF ROCK-RIBBED HONOR AND UN- QUESTIONED PROBITY. I THINK OF AN ISH TAM VEYASHAR, A SIMPLE MAN AND STRAIGHT, AS AN ESSENTIALLY HUMANE PERSON, ONE WHO IS NOT SO INVOLVED IN HIS OWN CLIMB TOWARD SUCCESS THAT HE HAS NO TIME FOR ANOTHER. I THINK OF AN ISH TAM VEYASHAR, A SIMPLE MAN AND STRAIGHT, AS ONE WHO INVOLVES HIMSELF WITH THE CAUSES THAT MAKE FOR THE STRENGTHENING OF A COMMUNITY AND AS ONE WHO WILL GIVE OF HIMSELF AS WELL AS HIS SUBSTANCE.

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BOB HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN BUSINESS AND HAD A LONG LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO HIS CREDIT, AND HE MIGHT WELL HAVE SOUGHT THE HEADLINES, BUT THAT WAS NOT HIS WAY; HE REJOICED IN THE QUIET LIFE AND IN THE CLOSE CIRCLE OF LIFELONG FRIENDS; HE WAS HAPPIEST IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY; PHYSICALLY ACTIVE AS A YOUNG MAN, BOB NEVER LOST THE PLEASURE OF SPORT AND COMPETITION--HE PLAYED GOLF THE LAST DAY BEFORE HE WENT TO THE HOSPITAL; HE NEVER IMPOSED HIMSELF BY FORCE OF WILL OR POSITION, AND HE NEVER SUBSTITUTED FORCE FOR REASON; A MAN OF CONVICTION, HE SPOKE HIS CONVICTIONS WITHOUT DISSIMULATION BUT NEVER IMPOSED HIS VIEWS; HE LISTENED--A RARE ART;

THE WARMTH OF HIS WELCOME, THE FRIENDLINESS OF HIS GREETING AND THE QUIET OF HIS MANNER WERE AMONG THE MOST STRIKING FEATURES OF HIS PERSON; BOB'S HUMOR WAS WARM AND UNCOMPLICATED; MORE THAN MOST MEN I KNOW, HE HAD THE CAPACITY TO SEE THE HUMOR IN MOST SITUATIONS AND THE SENSITIVITY NOT TO TAKE HIMSELF TOO SERIOUSLY; HE LEFT THE COMPLICATIONS OF LIFE TO OTHERS AND LIVED BY THE RULE OF GOOD WORKS AND GOOD SENSE;

BOB CAME FROM A CLOSE-KNIT FAMILY; HE WAS BLESSED WITH A HELPMATE WHOSE LOVE AND SPIRIT MATCHED HIS OWN; TOGETHER HE AND MARGE BUILT A HOME WHICH WAS FULL OF LOVE AND WARM ENCOURAGEMENT IN WHICH THEY RAISED THEIR SONS INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD; THEIR LOVE WAS CLOSE WITHOUT BEING CONFINING; THE TIES OF A GROWING FAMILY WERE CAREFULLY NURTURED AND SOME OF THEIR DEEPEST PLEASURES CAME IN THE JOYS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THEIR GRANDCHILDREN -- LISA, JENNIFER, HEATHER, GREGORY, JESSICA;

AGE TAKES ITS TOLL; BOB HAD PASSED THE FOUR SCORE YEARS. YET, THAT COHERENCE OF PERSONALITY WHICH WE SENSED THROUGH ALL THE YEARS REMAINED HIS; A MAN OF DIGNITY, HE DID NOT WANT OTHERS TO SEE HIS PAIN AND HIS LIPS WERE SEALED TO SELF-PITY; A VIGOROUS AND OPTIMISTIC MAN, HE REMAINED CONFIDENT OF TOMORROW; HE DIED AS HE LIVED, A GOOD MAN, A STRONG-HEARTED MAN WHOSE SPIRIT WAS OPEN AND WIDE; HE WILL BE LONG AND LOVINGLY MISSED;

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

FEBRUARY 15, 1988



Memorial Tribute to

Robert Garson

February 15, 1988

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND HAS SHAKEN & SADDENED US ALL. BOB GARSON'S LIFE WAS AT ITS FULL TIDE. DEATH CAME FOR HIM AS AN ARROW WHICH FLIES BY DAY, AS A DESTRUCTION WHICH WASTES AT NOONDAY. WE HAVE NOT YET COME ALIVE FROM THE STUNNING BLOW SO AS TO BE ABLE TO SPEAK WORDS OF COMFORT TO THOSE TO WHOM THIS LOSS IS THE CLOSEST. ONLY GOD CAN COMFORT THEM. ONLY THEIR OWN INNER STRENGTH CAN SUSTAIN THEM. ONLY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WHOM THEY NOW MOURN IS COMPLETELY WORTHY OF THEIR SORROW IN DEATH, AS HE WAS OF THEIR GREAT LOVE & DEVOTION IN LIFE.

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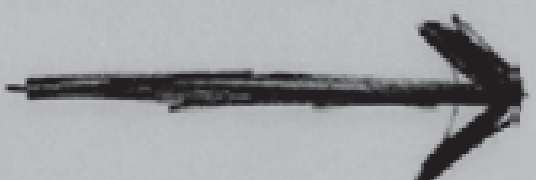
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DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

February 15, 1988

David Gimp

This is a memorial hour when we bring to mind the essential goodness of him whom we mourn. There is a beautiful custom among our people which has us light at such an hour a candle of remembrance. As a symbol, this kindling of light seems, at first glance, passing strange. Would it not be appropriate to extinguish a light? Has not death extinguished the bright presence of someone dear and near? In their wisdom our sages sought to remind us that death is not an end but a translation, a step up, a closer intimacy to God. By this light our sages remind us that death does not strip us bare but leaves us with warm memories, recollections which continue to burn brightly. Of these we are never deprived. In a very real sense those whom we love never die.

During this memorial hour we pause to sketch out the basic outline, the richer meaning by which David Gimp lived out his life. I do not know if David knew the line in our Bible which reads: "Gladness of heart is the life of a man"; yet, the Psalmist's philosophy seemed instinctive with him. He dearly loved life's adventure and its challenge. He richly appreciated its richness and color and variety. He met each day with a buoyant strength. He had an eager, original turn to his mind which saw the challenge of each day and the opportunity implicit in each experience. He lived broadly and without timidity. He lived fully but never grossly. By his friendliness and his good spirits, his instinctive generosity of self, he made others appreciate the laughter and the happiness which can be found in life, and he lightened their burden. All who knew him rejoiced in him. David lived a full life and was ripe in years - yet, so vital was his spirit that it is hard, even now, to associate him with death.

David came from a large and close-knit family and the ties of love and mutual respect were always dear and precious. He never separated his well-being from those that he loved. Strong and physically active, David rejoiced in his body and in his athletic talents - baseball - and set out, as so many young men have, to experience life to the fullest. As a young man he had many jobs, a satisfying stint in the Navy

in the first World War, and then his long and successful career in business. Unfortunately, men of energy are often emotionally destroyed by an early heart attack or illness, but David met those challenges as he met every other - with quiet courage and without a word of self-pity. His education was private rather than formal and unceasing. He read voraciously. He was talented with his hands and understood machinery and science. He was interested in all that makes for culture. His mind and his spirit can be described as zestful, first-rate.

David had no need for the headlines or broad acclaim. He lived with those for whom he cared, his mind roaming freely over the earth. He saw others for what they were and asked not whence they came or after the accident of their birth. It was a blessing that this man of unbounding love found great love. He found his greatest happiness in the intimacy of his home, in the happy warmth of a joyous marriage, in the closeness of family ties and, especially, his affection for and pride in his daughter. They shared good times and the bad in a rare intimacy of interest and of spirit.

What more can be said? What more need be said?

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 10, 1979

SAM GIVELBER

"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 HE 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 PEEVE 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. 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 FIRST-HAND KNOWLEDGE OF PAIN AND GRIEF: "OUT OF THE DEPTHS I CALL; ; MY SOUL IS SATIATED WITH TROUBLES, MY LIGHT DRAWS NIGH UNTO THE GRAVE, I AM COUNTED WITH THOSE WHO GO DOWN INTO THE PIT; I AM BECCME 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;

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;

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;

WE ARE MET TO PAY A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO A LONG-TIME FELLOW CITIZEN, A HARD-WORKING MAN WHO BUILT ONE OF THE FINE INDUSTRIES OF OUR COMMUNITY, A GOOD NEIGHBOR AND A GOOD FRIEND -- SAM GIVELBER;

SAM CAME TO THIS COUNTRY WHEN HE WAS 12 YEARS OLD, AND HE ALWAYS APPRECIATED ITS FREEDOMS AND JUSTICE; SAM WAS A MAN OF STRONG AND HOTLY-HELD OPINIONS, BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS ABOUT INSTITUTIONS OF CULTURE AND CONCERN;

SAM LIVED FAR BEYOND THE FABLED FOUR-SCORE YEARS; HIS LAST DAYS WERE DIFFICULT ONES, BUT HE LIVED ALWAYS WITH A SENSE OF HIGH PURPOSE, WHETHER IT WAS FOR HIS ALMA MATER, CASE SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE, THE TECHNICON, OR THE INSTITUTIONS OF HIS PROFESSION; AN ENGINEER BY TRAINING, SAM BUILT UP A BUSINESS WHICH BECAME A MAJOR PART OF THE CONSTRUCTION LIFE OF OUR COMMUNITY; HIS WORD WAS HIS BOND; HE WAS THE SOUL OF INTEGRITY IN HIS BUSINESS, AND PEOPLE KNEW INSTINCTIVELY THAT THEY COULD TRUST HIM;

SAM WAS NOT A HAIL-FELLOW-WELL-MET; FRIENDSHIP WAS A PRECIOUS GIFT, RARELY GIVEN; ONE HAD TO APPRECIATE SAM'S CONCERNS IN ORDER TO APPRECIATE HIS CONVERSATION; SAM WAS A GOOD JEW; HE HAD BEEN TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF THE OLD WORLD BUT HE QUICKLY CONFORMED TO AMERICAN PATTERNS; HE WAS A ZIONIST, A GOOD FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S, A COLLEAGUE WITH HIM IN MANY TASKS HAVING TO DO WITH ISRAEL; SAM RESPECTED LEARNING, AND WE WERE ALWAYS PROUD THAT THE TEMPLE COMMANDED HIS MEMBERSHIP AND ALLEGIANCE;

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WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID? WHAT MORE NEED BE SAID?

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JANUARY 10, 1988

Sam Beckett

1

"NAKED CAME I FROM MY MOTHER'S WOMB & NAKED SHALL I RETURN THERE."

OUR FAITH TAKES A REALISTIC AND UNROMANTIC VIEW OF BIRTH & DEATH. MAN ENTERS THE WORLD WITH A CRY & HE 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 PEEVE AND PETULANCE THAT LIFE IS PICTURED AS A WORTHLESS THING; IF WE CAN NOT HAVE THINGS OUR WAY ---HEAVEN ON EARTH--- WE RATIONALIZE WHAT IS, AT BASE, SELF PITY; BURDENED BY THE FEAR OF DEATH & PUZZLED BY DEATH'S UNPREDICTABLE TIMING, MANY A PHILOSOPHY SOURS ON LIFE & ADVISES MAN NOT TO EXPECT EITHER JOY OR PEACE OF MIND. IF THE SUIT IS NOT CUT TO OUR TASTE, WE DECLARE IT UNSUITABLE & 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.

_a_2

THE PSALMIST HAD FIRST-HAND KNOWLEDGE OF PAIN & GRIEF:
 "OUT OF THE DEPTHS I CALL;;;MY SOUL IS SATIED 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 & MORE DOMINANT NOTE IN THE
 PSALMS, INDEED IN THE WHOLE BIBLE, AN EAGERNESS FOR
 LIFE & 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
 & THE SEARING ANGUISH OF TORMENT & EXILE; WAS IT NOT
 AN IMPERTINENCE FOR THEM TO DECLARE THAT LIFE CAN BE
 JOYOUS & PLEASING? HOW COULD THEY?

THEIR APPRECIATION & EAGERNESS GREW OUT OF THEIR FAITH,
 THEIR SUBTLE & WISE UNDERSTANDING OF GOD; DEATH WAS
 NOT TO BE FEARED, FOR GOD ORDAINS BOTH LIFE & DEATH;
 THE SEED PERMITS THE HARVEST, & THE LEAVES FALL FROM THE
 TREE FOR THE NEW BUDS TO HAVE A PLACE TO GROW;

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 & 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;



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.

WITHIN OUR BODIES THERE IS A CONSTANT PROCESS OF DEATH & RENEWAL, DECAY & GROWTH; EACH GENERATION GIVES BIRTH TO ITS SUCCESSOR & MUST GIVE WAY FOR THE YOUNG TO COME INTO THEIR PROPER PLACE & RESPONSIBILITY;

JUDAISM'S AFFIRMATION OF LIFE WAS BORN OF FAITH & OF THE MANY MEMORIES OF THOSE WHO REMAINED FAITHFUL TO THEIR SPIRIT; RECALL THE TENDERNESS & DECENCY OF THOSE WHOM WE HAVE LOVED & LOST: A FATHER'S PATIENT STRENGTH, A TEACHER'S SHELTERING WISDOM, A HUSBAND'S GENTLE ENCOURAGEMENT & SILENT UNDERSTANDING, A CHILD'S EAGERNESS & 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 & PROUD PEOPLE; HERE WERE VIGOROUS & GENEROUS HUMAN BEINGS; HERE WAS LOVE & SOMETIMES ECSTASY; THERE WAS ACCOMPLISHMENT & SOMETIMES A TRUE NOBILITY, THERE WAS GOODNESS IN THEIR LIVES, PEACE IN THEIR HOMES, & 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;

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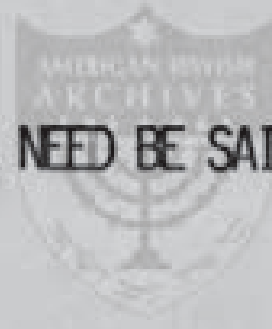
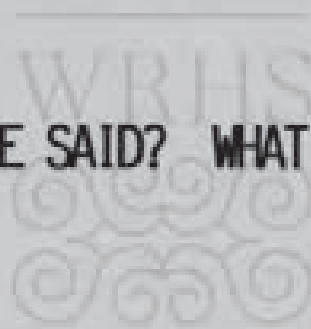
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WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID? WHAT MORE NEED BE SAID?



JOSEPH GLASER

THE DEATH OF A GOOD FRIEND HAS SHAKEN AND SADDENED US. JOSEPH GLASER'S LIFE HAD REACHED FULL TIDE. HE LIVED A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE. WE HAVE NOT YET ADJUSTED TO THE LOSS SO AS TO BE ABLE TO SPEAK WORDS OF COMFORT TO THOSE TO WHOM THE LOSS IS CLOSEST. ONLY GOD CAN COMFORT THEM. ONLY THEIR OWN INNER STRENGTH CAN SUSTAIN THEM. THEIR CONSOLATION IS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WHOM THEY NOW MOURN IS COMPLETELY WORTHY OF THEIR SORROW IN DEATH, AS HE WAS OF THEIR LOVE AND DEVOTION IN LIFE.

WHAT COMFORT CAN BE OURS? I HAVE NO ARCAINE WISDOM TO SHARE WITH YOU. I CANNOT SOLVE FOR YOU THE EQUATIONS OF GOD'S MATHEMATICS, NOR CAN I JUSTIFY TO YOU GOD'S DECISIONS, THOUGH I AFFIRM THEIR JUSTICE. I CAN ONLY REPEAT THE FAITH OF OUR PEOPLE: "THE LORD HAS GIVEN, THE LORD HAS TAKEN AWAY, BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD." I AM REMINDED OF THE ANCIENT COUNSEL: "SEEK NOT TO EXPLAIN GOD'S WAYS TO MAN FOR THEY ARE BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING." LIFE IS A GIFT NOT OF OUR CHOOSING. DEATH IS A FACT NOT OF OUR WILLING. WE DO NOT SCHEDULE OUR BIRTH. WE CANNOT DELAY DEATH. ALL THAT WE HAVE IS BUT LENT TO US.

ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS TO AFFIRM THE POSSIBILITY THAT IS LIFE AND MAKE THE MOST OF ITS BLESSINGS. THE GREATEST ART AND POETRY CAN BE CREATED IN A FEW BRIEF HOURS, YET THERE ARE THOSE, NOT WITHOUT TALENT, WHO LIVE MANY YEARS--HOLLOW AND BARREN YEARS. FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE THOSE WHO LIVE SO NOBLY AND WELL THAT THEIR EVERY DAY BRINGS BLESSING. THESE DIE FULFILLED. THEIR LIFE HAS YIELDED AN ABUNDANT HARVEST.

THIS, TOO, I AFFIRM: DEATH IS NOT PAIN BUT THE CESSATION OF PAIN. DEATH IS NOT OBLIVION BUT THE TRANSLATION OF LOVE INTO A NEW INTIMACY OF MEMORY. WE CRY TODAY FOR OURSELVES. THE LOSS AND PAIN ARE OURS. JOE IS AT PEACE. HE IS WITH GOD. HIS PEACE IS TIMELESS. IT IS OUR LONELINESS THAT WILL BE A DAILY BURDEN.

WE ARE MET TO PAY A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND LOVE TO A FRIEND WE WILL KEENLY MISS. JOE WAS AN OLD AND RESPECTED MEMBER OF OUR COMMUNITY. HE RESPECTED HONEST WORK AND HAD THE QUIET DIGNITY ONE ASSOCIATES WITH THE PIONEER. WORK WAS NOT A BURDEN BUT A FULFILLMENT, AN HONORABLE UNDERTAKING.

HE DISCHARGED THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF WORK NOT ONLY WITH SKILL BUT WITH UTMOST RECTITUDE. HIS WORD WAS HIS BOND. JOE WORKED HARD AND HONORABLY. HE NEVER TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ANOTHER'S MISTAKE OR WEAKNESS. HE WON NOT ONLY PERSONAL SUCCESS BUT THE REGARD OF COLLEAGUES AND COMMUNITY. HE HAD A WARM SMILE. HE KNEW THE ART OF SPEAKING A KIND WORD. HE WAS READY TO HELP IN SMALL THINGS AS IN LARGE. HE WAS LOYAL. HE COMBINED DRIVE AND GENTLENESS, DETERMINATION AND WARMTH.

JOE HAD A RARE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP. AMONG HIS FRIENDS HE WAS KNOWN AS A SPORTSMAN. HE LOVED TO HUNT AND TO FISH AND-- MOST OF ALL--TO PLAY GOLF.

THE PHRASE THAT CAME TO MIND WHEN I HEARD OF JOE'S DEATH WAS: "NOTHING IS SO STRONG AS GENTLENESS AND NOTHING IS SO GENTLE AS REAL STRENGTH." JOE WAS A MAN OF STRONG OPINIONS BUT HE SHAPED THEM GENTLY, THEREFORE A GENTLEMAN.

JOE WAS A GOOD JEW IN THE SENSE THAT THE ETHICAL VALUES OF OUR TRADITION WERE INSTINCTIVE TO HIM. I DON'T KNOW IF HE KNEW THE HEBREW PHRASE, ISH TAM VEYASHAR, A SIMPLE MAN AND STRAIGHT. I FIND THIS PHRASE, WHICH THE BIBLE FIRST APPLIES TO NOAH, AS SINGULARLY APPROPRIATE TO JOE. SIMPLICITY IS NOT INNOCENCE BUT INTEGRITY. I THINK OF ISH TAM VEYASHAR, A SIMPLE MAN AND STRAIGHT, AS ONE WHO TAKES KNOWING PLEASURE IN NATURE, GOOD TALK, BOOKS. AN ISH TAM VEYASHAR DOES NOT DRAW TO HIMSELF AIRS OF PRETENSE OR SUPERIORITY. JOE HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN BUSINESS AND HAD A LONG LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO HIS CREDIT. HE REJOICED IN THE CLOSE CIRCLE OF LIFELONG FRIENDS. HE WAS HAPPIEST IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY. JOE CAME FROM A LARGE AND CLOSE-KNIT FAMILY. HE WAS BLESSED WITH A HELPMATE, HENRIETTA, WHOSE LOVE AND SPIRIT MATCHED HIS OWN. TOGETHER THEY BUILT A HOME WHICH WAS FULL OF LOVE AND WARM ENCOURAGEMENT, IN WHICH THEY RAISED THEIR DAUGHTER ROSELYN AND THEIR SON, DONALD, INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD. THEIR LOVE WAS CLOSE WITHOUT BEING CONFINING. THE TIES OF A GROWING FAMILY WERE CAREFULLY NURTURED. SOME OF THEIR DEEPEST PLEASURES CAME IN THE JOYS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THEIR GRANDCHILDREN.

AGE TAKES ITS TOLL. JOE HAD NEARLY REACHED FOUR SCORE YEARS AND TEN--YET HIS PERSONALITY REMAINED COHERENT, HIS, A MAN OF DIGNITY, HE DID NOT WANT OTHERS TO SEE HIS PAIN, AND THROUGHOUT THE YEARS HIS LIPS WERE SEALED TO SELF-PITY. HE WAS A VIGOROUS AND OPTIMISTIC MAN, CONFIDENT OF TOMORROW. JOE DIED AS HE LIVED, A GOOD AND STRONG-HEARTED MAN WHOSE SPIRIT WAS OPEN AND WIDE. HE WILL BE LONG AND LOVINGLY MISSED.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 28, 1989



SAMUEL E. GOODRICH

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.

SAM WAS OF ANOTHER GENERATION. HIS FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES SPEAK OF HIM AS A MAN WHOSE SOUL WAS FULL OF THE JOY OF BEING ALIVE, A GENEROUS AND KIND FRIEND, A BUSINESSMAN RESPECTED FOR DECISIVENESS AND INTEGRITY, A GENTLEMAN, COURTEOUS ALWAYS, EBULLIENT BUT NOT COARSE, A ZESTFUL MAN WHO DRANK THIRSTILY FROM THE WINE OF LIFE.

SAM WAS BORN AT A TIME WHEN OUR WORLD STILL FUNCTIONED AT A SLOWER PACE. HIS CHILDHOOD WORLD LACKED MANY OF THE AMBIGUITIES WHICH NOW SURROUND US. A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN, WILLING TO WORK HARD BUT MAKE HIS WAY, THIS BRIGHT YOUNG MAN WAS TRUE TO HIS SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY. SAM'S APPROACH TO LIFE WAS DIRECT. HE REJOICED IN THE CHALLENGES OF BUSINESS. HE HAD GOOD INSTINCTS ABOUT PEOPLE AND OPPORTUNITIES. HE WAS NOT AFRAID TO TAKE A CHANCE. HE POSSESSED A PHYSICAL PRESENCE WHICH WAS FULL OF ENERGY. HE LOVED SPORTS AND THE OUTDOORS. HE HAD AN EASY AND OPEN MANNER, A SPIRIT WHICH KNEW THAT LIFE COULD BE FUN. HE HAD MANY GOOD AND LIFELONG FRIENDS BECAUSE HE WAS A FRIENDLY SORT, AN EASY AND CONVIVIAL PERSON TO BE WITH. HE DRESSED WELL BUT WITHOUT OSTENTATION. HE TRAVELED WIDELY AND RESPONDED TO THE MANY EXPERIENCES OUR WORLD OFFERS.

SAM MARRIED LATE, BUT HE AND LIBBIE WERE ABLE TO ENJOY TOGETHER MANY YEARS OF HAPPINESS AND TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE OF RAISING A DAUGHTER THROUGH DIFFICULT AND TUMULTUOUS TIMES. THEIRS WAS A LOVELY

HOME IN WHICH FRIENDS WERE MADE WELCOME AND WHICH THEY OPENED UP FOR THEIR DAUGHTER THE MANY OPPORTUNITIES OF LIFE. A MAN OF INFINITE COURTESY AND GREAT SENSITIVITY, SAM WAS NOT ONE TO LIVE ALONE. HE WAS BLESSED THESE LAST YEARS WITH THE FRIENDSHIP OF A WOMAN TRULY WORTHY OF HIM.

THESE LAST MONTHS OF ILLNESS AND WEAKNESS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN EASY FOR THIS PROUD AND CONFIDENT MAN. THERE COMES A TIME WHEN LIFE SEEMS TO BE A BIT TOO MUCH, BUT IF WE CAN CAST OUR MINDS BACK OVER THESE LAST MONTHS OF DISABILITY AND REMEMBER THE VITAL, UNIQUE PERSON THAT SAM WAS, THE MAN HE TRULY WAS, I AM SURE WE WILL GAIN MUCH COMFORT AND THAT SURELY IS THE IMAGE HE WOULD HAVE US RETAIN OF HIM. HE WAS ALIVE TO LIFE AS HE WOULD WANT US TO BE.

I DON'T KNOW IF SAM KNEW A POEM WRITTEN SOME YEARS AGO, BUT THE POET'S SPIRIT, I BELIEVE, WAS HIS OWN.

ONE DAY MY LIFE WILL END; AND LEST
SOME WHIM SHOULD PROMPT YOU TO

REVIEW IT,

LET HIM WHO KNOWS THE SUBJECT BEST
TELL YOU THE SHORTEST WAY TO DO IT;

THEN SAY, "HERE LIES ONE DOUBLY

BLEST."

SAY, "HE WAS HAPPY." SAY, "HE KNEW IT."

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

AUGUST 21, 1987

IRVING GRAND

Let us begin this meditation on life and death with the clear acceptance of death's finality. There is no truth and no benefit in words that deny what has happened. 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 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? 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.

We are met to pay a public tribute of respect for a good citizen, a good friend, a good Jew, Irving Grand. Irv lived quietly among us. He met all the obligations of business with a ready hand, despite an almost constant battle with illness. He was a fighter. He was a man of great probity. He saw life whole and was not bowed by it. In the ordinary run of events, there are the good times and the bad. Irv had many good times. But he faced health problems, and these last twenty years or so he was often racked by pain. Yet, he faced each day with a smile and tried to make each person alive to the possibilities he sensed in life.

A good friend to many, a caring friend, Irv took life as it came to him. He did not complain, though God knows he had plenty he could have complained about. Essentially Irv was a man of family. He and Riv enjoyed a happy marriage of over forty years. They raised their daughters, Lynda, Nancy, and Susan to respond to their love, took great pride in their husbands, and in their five, almost six, grandchildren. It is a closeknit family that worked together, played together, and met life's challenges as one. Irv and Riv were good together. They built together a fine home in which they raised their

children to respect the values that were important to them, They spoke openly of love and all the healthy feelings of life and they faced the difficulties of life with courage and with capacity. Now Irv has been taken from them. It's a cruel blow. But there is the sense that he had reached the end of his tether and I think he would not have begrudged his death. We transcend death not only in our children but 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 to the safety of our day. Nor has it advantage for us if we only 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.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 9, 1988

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.

I.L. Grand, led printing firm

Irving L. Grand was president of Grand Printing Co. for 35 years.

The business, at 7100 Euclid Ave., was founded by his father in 1928.

Mr. Grand, 70, of University Heights, died yesterday at Lakeside Hospital of heart failure.

He was a member of University Heights Masonic Lodge 732 and was a 32nd degree Mason and a Shriner.

Mr. Grand served in the Army for five years during World War II. He was a captain

with the 1st Armored Division in Europe.

A golfer, he was the 1961 club champion at the Lake Forest Country Club, to which he had belonged for 30 years.

He is survived by his wife, Riviette; daughters, Linda Cohn, Susan Jacob and Nancy Axelband, all of University Heights; five grandchildren; and a brother.

Services will be at 1 p.m. tomorrow at Berkowitz-Kumin memorial chapel, 1985 S. Taylor Rd., Cleveland Heights.

RECORD OF FUNERAL

* NAME OF DECEASED IRVING GRAND JOINED 9-1-51
 DATE OF DEATH 10-7-88 DATE OF FUNERAL 10-9-88 AGE 70
☐ NON-MEMBER RABBI OFFICIATING Rabbi Daniel J. Silver
☒ MEMBER CEMETERY Mayfield
 TIME OF FUNERAL 1 P.M. FUNERAL HOME Berkowitz-Kumin

*Member	SURVIVORS	RELATIONSHIP	ADDRESSES
*Rivietta Grand	(wife)	2455 Milton Road	University Hts., Oh. 44118 - 381-6308
*Lynda Cohen	(Mrs. Harold)	24161 Greenlawn Ave.	Beachwood, OH 44122 - 381-3435
Nancy Axelband	(Mrs. Gary)	4482 Baintree	University Hts. 44118 - 382-3820 (Over)

FAMILY AT:

TEL. NO. .

Jack Green

We must not hope to be mowers
and to gather the ripe gold ears
Unless we have first been sowers
and watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it
this mystical world of ours
Life's field will yield as we make it
a harvest of thorns or of flowers.

I do not know if Jack Green knew these lines, but his life was at one with its spirit. Intellectual discipline, focused energy, self-control, courtesy and probity - these are the qualities which were essential to Jack's nature and which enabled him to enjoy a well-deserved harvest of flowers. A quiet, hard-thinking, hard-working man, a consumately honest man, Jack Green's imagination will and effort catalysed the establishment of one of the major financial institutions of our city. Trained in the law and possessed of a first-rate mind, Jack was of that rare breed who are willing to take chances when the skies seem the darkest. In the depth of the Depression when many had given up their dreams, Jack and his partner held on to theirs and laid the foundations of a respected and eminently successful enterprise.

Jack wanted these services to be simple. He had no need to strut on the public stage. If he had had his way there would have been no eulogy. His achievements, he felt, spoke for him; as, indeed, they did. I think he would have appreciated a poem which is one of my favorites.

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.

But family and friends agree that something of the respect and admiration in which he was held by us and by our community should be voiced here. We knew Jack as a cultured and humane person. Management today has become an academic study and those who teach this so-called science suggest that the best executives do not involve themselves personally with staff so that their minds are free to concentrate on the big picture and the larger decisions. Jack understood what was important, but he was a human being as well as an executive. He cared about people. He cared about those who worked for him and with him, and insofar as it was possible, he saw to their welfare and well-being. They were his family, and his door and his time were always open to them.

Some successful men are swallowed up by their work. Jack's friendships were substantial. Jack was a good and gracious companion, courteous always, his humor generous, his concerns broad, never petty. He knew his own mind and was not one to put on airs. He was respected for himself as well as his accomplishments.

Men who have earned their success and know their worth are sometimes prone to take on airs. Jack was an unassuming man who had no need to be other than himself. Self-possessed, patient, master of his own mind, he never mocked the basic decencies or scoffed at the simple virtues. His friendships were solid, his values straight, his pleasures unostentatious. One of the highest tributes our people can pay is to speak of a man as *the good one*, a simple man and just. Simplicity is good sense, not cunning, openness, not calculation;

being the same without as within.

A man's quality is often best seen in the nature of his most intimate relationships. We cannot be other than we are to those who are closest. They know us without our public face. As you might expect, Jack was surrounded by love and admiration. He was blessed with a true helpmate and a great love. For the past forty-six years he and Norma have shared the good and the struggle, achievement, challenge, and intimacy. Together they built a home full of warmth and encouragement in which their daughter was raised to appreciate that which is meaningful and right and beautiful in life. Together they shared the pleasure of her achievements, her family, and the promise of their grand-daughters who have given them great pleasure.

These last years have been years of retirement and illness, but Jack's active mind and rich experience were always available to those who continued the work that he had begun. He remained active, retained his interest in the business and managed carefully the affairs of his family. He and Norma rejoiced in each other, in travel, in shared interests, and in all the wonderful things our world has to offer.

All who admired and respected Jack Green are saddened by his death, but we are grateful that it came easily and that to the end Jack was able to retain the dignity and the competence which made him the man he was.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 25, 1982

~~370111~~
EULOGY FOR ~~CHARLES BARNETT~~

March 28, 1969

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

~~Samuel~~ Kena
~~Are~~ Nabel

ALBERT GREENSTEIN

Life, my dear friends, 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. In this world we establish our own immortality. There are those who die and their passing is scarcely noted. They have made hardly any impression on the roll of life. Others, in their death leave behind an imperishable legacy and a sorry void which is long and deeply felt.

~~ALBERT GREENSTEIN~~
In the death of ~~Charles Barnett~~, his beloved family and those nearest to him, have sustained a deep personal loss. ~~AND A~~ ~~OUR FRIENDS~~ ~~OUR COMMUNITY~~ ~~AS WELL~~, has suffered the loss of a most valued and valuable ~~CITIZEN~~. ~~COMPANION~~ Our Temple has lost a distinguished and honored member and all of us will long miss a loyal and cherished friend.

~~ALBERT GREENSTEIN~~
When I first learned of ~~Charles~~' death, I thanked God for having given this ~~man of dignity~~, the dignity of a relatively sweet death. ~~FROM HIS YOUTH~~ ~~CHARLES~~ had walked a strong and steady way. He had assumed, without complaint, the responsibilities of family and business. Others depended on him. He asked only to help and to serve. A verse from the Book of Psalms came to my mind: "Mark the man of integrity and behold the upright man for there is posterity for the man of peace." This phrase describes him for ~~Charles Barnett~~ was a wholesome human being, a man of integrity. The pattern of his life was clear, unmistakable and unbroken. He was an honorable man, possessed of an unfailing sense of duty. His life was firmly set in the moral certainties. You could always count on him when moral issues were involved. He was a wise and peaceful man, warmhearted, courteous, friendly, and eager for another's happiness; loyal in friendship, steadfast in responsibility. For such a man there is

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~~ ¹⁴⁴⁰⁵ of another's life, ~~his worth, his dignity~~, his sacrifice, and we not only recall, but we resolve. We shall not be unworthy of our heritage. We shall not be unworthy of the love which we enjoyed. We shall not be unworthy of the sacrifice made for our benefit. His work, his love, his aspiration, his hope shall be completed in us. His dreams are ours.

The sudden death of Louis S. Bing has left us all saddened and bereft. Though I confess that when I first heard of Louis' death I thanked God for having given this man of dignity, the dignity of a sweet death. From his youth Louis Bing had walked a strong and steady way. There are those who pass out of life and their place is scarcely missed. There are others who, because of certain qualities of character and certain capacities of heart so endear themselves to their community and to a large circle of friends that their passing creates a deeply-sensed and deeply-mourned void. Louis Bing was such a man. He built a cherished memorial for himself through his years of devoted and effective service to many of the most important ^{SIGNIFICANT} welfare institutions of our community. He served faithfully and well and won the admiration of those who worked with him for his vigor, his attention to detail, his grasp of detail, his steadiness 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.

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.

Dike 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.

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.

posterity. His life does not end with death for his influence and example are treasured by all who moved within his sphere. His memory abides as a sweet benediction.

^{Sam} Charles was a gentle man but never weak. He was sensitive, considerate, tactful. His humor was warm never acid or ugly. His spirit was light and gay without being irresponsible. Courteous, and considerate always, ^{Sam} Charles was a loyal and trusted friend. He was never one to preach, indeed he preferred few words to many.

^{Sam} Charles was one of those indefatigable men of spirit and vision and skill whose energies built strong the sinews of our community. He knew the meaning and the fulfillment of hard work - the pleasure of accomplishment, the significance of a sound economy to a sound community.

Generally, men who have earned their success know also the vanity of pretention. ^{Sam} Charles was of that fine company who have no need to be other than themselves. Self-possessed, patient, master of his own mind. ^{Sam} Charles never mocked the basic decencies nor scoffed at the simple virtues. His friendships were solid.

His values were straight. His pleasures were unostentatious, simple.

Through the lifetime of sweet service ^{Sam} Charles established the meaning of his years. Our consolation is that he has left a legacy of fine and ennobling memories. All deaths are not alike, even as all lives are not of the same pattern. When death comes to a man whose gifts were broadly shared, whose quality was widely known, such a death can no longer be looked upon as stark tragedy. When that life has been graced with rare intimacy and love, with the affection of family and with the high regard of the community, such a life, even in death, brings with it a measure of solace.

A man is as great as the dreams he dreams
As great as the love he bears
As great as the values he redeems,
And the happiness he shares.
A man is as great as the thoughts he thinks,
As the worth he has attained,
As the fountains at which his spirit drinks
And the insight he has gained.

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Dr. William V. Gross

One of the great figures of the century, Albert Schweitzer, wrote, "The one essential thing is that we strive to have light in ourselves. When people have light in themselves it will shine out from them. Then we get to know each other as we walk together in the darkness without having to pass our hands over each other's faces or to inquire into each other's hearts." A bright light shone from Dr. Billy's heart - the light of a man totally committed to the well-being of others.

Ours is an impatient age, he was patient. Ours is a selfish age, he was open-hearted, free with his time, giving of his skill. Ours is a competitive age, he was the most cooperative of men. He asked, 'what can I do for you' and never calculated what another must do in return. Ours is an ambitious age, his was the way of service. Ours is an impersonal age, he met his youthful patients and their parents as individuals whose needs and anxieties were as important to their well-being as medical treatment.

Pediatrics and William Gross were made for each other. The openness and the straight-forwardness of the young mirrored his own spirit. Children have not yet learned to wear the masks which adults put on. Bill somehow never put on a mask. He did not need or want to protect himself from others. In the best sense of the word, he was an innocent. He responded from the heart. He never calculated. Pretense and cunning were missing from his makeup.

Dr. Billy's death came as a shock to all of us and since there is a tendency to assume that those who live quietly will always be there, many of us, for the first time, recognized how important he was to us. His concerns were always directed to others and we forgot that he had his own concerns, that his own health might not be of the best. There aren't many such people in our world and when one dies, the entire community suffers a great loss. When such a death comes to one who has not retired from responsibility, our sense of loss is compounded. That is why we are here in such numbers on this dark and cold first day of winter. As always, when

death intrudes unexpectedly into our world and deprives us of one who so obviously merited our respect, we cry out for understanding. What consolation can be ours?

Our tradition suggests much of its wisdom through ritual. We are advised to light a candle of remembrance at the hour of death. At first blush, this custom seems passing strange. A life has been snuffed out. It would seem appropriate that we extinguish a candle, but the rabbis saw beyond the obvious. To kindle a light is to remind ourselves that love, wise counsel and noble example are not snuffed out by death. At first the darkness seems unrelieved, but as the days pass we discover that those who live well establish their own immortality. In the years ahead, Bill's memory will be as compelling as his presence was inspiring all his days. The vital presence of one who lived for others, whose heart was open to the world, who lived to help and to heal - such a life is not ended by death any more than a beautiful song disappears when the last note is sung. No song is stilled whose echo remains in our hearts.

Bill was a highly skilled and capable physician. Dr. Billy cared for my children as he cared for many of yours and for many of you. Whenever we had need of him he was there. He brought not only all the knowledge and the tools which modern medicine possesses but himself. Bill did not hide behind his technical skills. He was first and always an empathetic human being. He would show a magic trick to an anxious child. He would listen as long as necessary to the anxieties of the parents. He came to your home when others might have insisted that the child be brought to their office. For some medicine has become largely a means to acquire wealth and status. Dr. Billy's medicine was a commitment of self. He gave of his time, his energy, his skill and, literally, of his life's blood. Bill served lovingly and he would have agreed with the philosopher who wrote: "Love is always building up. It puts some lines of beauty on every life it touches. It gives new hope to discouraged ones, new strength to those who are weak, new joys to those who are sorrowing. It makes life seem more worthwhile to everyone into whose eyes it looks."

We reveal ourselves in many ways. When Dr. Billy came to the house, his dog was always in the car. Even as he moved from place to place, he needed to share his love. No one, great or small, should ever be lonely.

Dr. Billy was childlike in his openness and lack of pretense, but he was not at all childish. His skills were finely honed. When a difficult medical decision had to be made, he made it carefully and decisively. He was thorough and careful of detail. Until he was satisfied that he had understood the problem, he kept at it until an appropriate diagnosis could be made.

For all his accomplishments, Bill was a humble and unpretentious man. There was no room in his spirit for professional rivalry. He had no desire for public plaudits and he had no appetite for possessions. It was the moment of meeting and the prospect of healing which were precious to him. Bill was easy to be with, not only because he was an agreeable man full of warm, good humor, but because he never tried to impose his concerns or his opinions. He was a good listener. He never looked past you. He was never impatient when others took advantage of what leisure he had to question him about their health. Bill did not have about him even a trace of the hail fellow well-met, slap-on-the-back boisterousness which sometimes passes for friendship. His was a quiet way, good conversation, the exchange of concerns, the sharing of one's self.

It is fitting that these services be held here. Bill was educated in our school, confirmed at our altar, a lifelong and close member of our Temple family. I remember the years Bill would close his busy office to drive to Conestoga where we held our Confirmation Camp so that he could be our doctor for the weekend.

Bill lived his faith even as he lived his pride in this country's freedom and sense of justice. He served in war and in peace - out of gratitude for the blessings this land affords us - blessings he never took for granted.

Bill grew up in a close-knit and loving family and the ties of family and love were always the most precious to him. He was a caring and devoted son,

a thoughtful brother, a sensitive, patient and encouraging father, a loving, tender and supportive husband. Bill gave himself wholly to his patients, but he never allowed his professional life to intrude upon the wonderful times this family spent together. He knew how to give love and how to accept love. At home his mind was never elsewhere. He and Donny enjoyed a good and solid marriage, each was the other's best friend, and established a gracious and happy home where their sons and their daughter were encouraged to develop their interests and their skills, to be themselves.

Bill knew no greater pleasure than the moments so shared. He rejoiced as his children grew into their competence and built fine lives for themselves and he easily and happily welcomed the son and the daughters they brought into his family and the grandchildren that followed. Bill had the wisdom to allow his family to be itself. He did not impose his way. Perhaps because of that, in more ways than he could possibly have hoped, things went his way.

Our sages tell us not to try and explain the mathematics of life and death because when all is said we do not understand them. I do not know why Bill died when he did, but I do know that he established through his life a name for goodness and that you who loved him most, for whom this day is so dark, will discover that you have not been robbed of all that made him so precious to you. Those whom we love and who were truly worth being loved live on. The words they spoke in wisdom, the challenges they met quietly, these memories remain, encouraging, compelling, comforting.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 12, 1984