



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

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

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

Reel
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541b

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

NATHAN GUREN

I RECENTLY CAME ACROSS AN OBSERVATION WHICH COMES CLOSE TO CAPTURING THE GRACE OF NATHAN GUREN'S LIFE. "NOTHING IS SO STRONG AS GENTLENESS/NOTHING SO GENTLE AS REAL STRENGTH."

NATHAN WAS A GENTLE MAN, A MAN OF INNATE COURTESY AND INFINITE PATIENCE, AND AN INSTINCTIVE SENSITIVITY TO HUMAN NEED. HE IS TRULY GENTLE WHO DOES THE GENTLE DEED. NATHAN LIVED WITH A SONG ON HIS LIPS. HE HAD NO PRETENSIONS OF PLACE OR POSITION, & HE ACCEPTED THE ORDINARY BURDENS WITH GOOD WILL & GREAT DIGNITY. A MODEST MAN OF MODEST NEEDS, HE WAS PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO SHARE WHATEVER GOOD FORTUNE CAME HIS WAY.

HAS TIME FOR OTHERS.

NATHAN WAS A GOOD MAN & A GOOD JEW. HE PRAYED FREQUENTLY IN HIS OWN WAY. HE UNDERSTOOD THE PROPHET AMOS WHEN HE SAID, "JUSTICE, JUSTICE SHALT THOU PURSUE" & HE TRANSLATED HIS FAITH INTO AN ACTIVE COMMITMENT OF SERVICE TO ISRAEL & TO THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

WHEN OUR TRADITION WISHES TO SPEAK OF A MAN LIKE NATHAN, THEY USE THE PHRASE, ISH TAM V'YASHER, A SIMPLE MAN & STRAIGHT. SIMPLICITY IS NOT INNOCENCE BUT INTEGRITY, BEING THE SAME WITHIN AS WITHOUT. IT'S BEING WITHOUT PRETENSE OR DEVIUSNESS, BEING A PERSON OF UNQUESTIONED PROBITY A MAN WHO IS SIMPLE AND STRONG IS AN ESSENTIALLY HUMANE PERSON, ONE WHO NOT ONLY IS INVOLVED IN HIS OWN LIFE BUT WHO HAS TIME FOR OTHERS.

HE IS A MAN WITHOUT ENVY, GRATEFUL FOR WHATEVER HE HAS, NEVER TOO BUSY TO EXTEND A CHEERFUL GREETING OR FLASH A WARM SMILE. HE WAS NOT ONE WHO NEEDED TO STRUT ON THE PUBLIC STAGE BUT FOUND SATISFACTION IN THE NATURAL PLEASURES, FRIENDSHIP, THE OUTDOORS, SPORTS. UNTIL HE WAS WELL INTO HIS 40'S HE PLAYED BASEBALL. HE REJOICED IN PEOPLE, IN GOOD CONVERSATION. HE WAS NOT A MAN WHO GAVE HIMSELF AIRS.

NATHAN WAS AN ISH TAM V'YASHER. HIS FRIENDSHIPS WERE WARM & OPEN. HE REJOICED IN THE COMPANY OF LIFELONG FRIENDS WHO SHARED HIS INTERESTS. HE WAS ALWAYS WILLING 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 RATHER THAN TO IMPOSE HIS VIEWS ON OTHERS. THERE IS A LINE IN ONE OF THE SONGS HE LOVED TO SING, "HE CAME TO US WITH NAUGHT SAVE LOVE." THE SONG AND THE LOVE IT BESPOKE WERE THE ESSENCE OF HIS BEING.

AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, THESE QUALITIES MARKED HIS LIFE. NATHAN WAS A GOOD SON, A GOOD BROTHER. HE AND ROSIE FASHIONED TOGETHER A LIFE FULL OF SONG. SINCE THE TIME THEY WERE MARRIED BY MY FATHER 67 YEARS AGO, THEY DAILY SANG TO ONE ANOTHER OF LOVE AND OF DEVOTION, AND LIVED TOGETHER IN HAPPY HARMONY.

HAPPY, I THINK OF THEM AS EXPRESSING THEIR LOVE, THEIR JOY, & THE INWARD CONCORD, & HARMONY, & SPIRITUAL BEAUTY OF THEIR SOULS, BY SWEETLY SINGING TO EACH OTHER."

THEY BUILT A HAPPY HOME IN WHICH THEY OFFERED THEIR SONS THE OPPORTUNITY & THE FREEDOM TO BECOME THEMSELVES. THERE WAS GOOD ADVICE, OF COURSE, BUT MOSTLY JUST LOVE & FREEDOM. THEY WERE GOOD PARENTS, WARM GRANDPARENTS, AND DOTING GREAT-GRANDPARENTS.

I CAME ACROSS LAST NIGHT A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT BY JONATHAN EDWARDS WHICH, I BELIEVE, IS NOT INAPPROPRIATE TO NATHAN'S LIFE.

"THE BEST, MOST BEAUTIFUL, & MOST PERFECT WAY THAT WE HAVE OF EXPRESSING A SWEET CONCORD OF MIND TO EACH OTHER IS BY MUSIC. WHEN I WOULD FORM, IN MY MIND, IDEAS OF A SOCIETY IN THE HIGHEST DEGREE HAPPY, I THINK OF THEM AS EXPRESSING THEIR LOVE, THEIR JOY, & THE INWARD CONCORD, & HARMONY, & SPIRITUAL BEAUTY OF THEIR SOULS, BY SWEETLY SINGING TO EACH OTHER."

ROSIE & NATHAN KNEW THAT HAPPY
BALANCE OF SONG & OF SPIRIT WHICH MARKS
A TRULY HAPPY PERSON. THEY REJOICED IN
EACH OTHER FOR OVER 67 YEARS, & WE
REJOICED IN THEM, FOR IT IS AS THE
PSALMIST SAID, "GLADNESS OF HEART IS
THE LIFE OF A MAN."



DANIEL JEREMY SILVER



MARCH 29, 1989

(Mourners rise)

Reader

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא
 כְּרַעְוִתָּהּ. וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ. בְּחַיִּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
 וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל־בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעֶגְלָא וּבְזֶמַן קָרִיב.
 וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Congregation

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ. לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

Reader

יְתַבְרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא
 וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקוּדְשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ
 הוּא. לְעָלָא מִן כָּל־בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירָתָא. הַשְׁבַּחְתָּא
 וְנַחֲמָתָא. דְּאָמִירוֹן בְּעֶלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
 עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל צְדִיקָיָא. וְעַל־כָּל־מִן דְּאִתְפָּטֵר
 מִן עָלְמָא הַדִּין כְּרַעְוִתָּהּ דְּאֵלְהָא. יְהֵא לְהוֹן שְׁלָמָא
 רַבָּא וְחוּלְקָא טָבָא לְחַיֵּי עָלְמָא דְּאִתִּי. וְחֻסְדָּא
 וּרְחֻמֵּי מְרַקְדָּם מָרָא שְׁמַיָּא וְאַרְעָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
 יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מְרַשְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים. עָלֵינוּ וְעַל־
 כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו. הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ
 וְעַל־כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

(Mourners are seated)

Philmore J. Haber, around whose coffin we have assembled to offer our community's respect, knew these truths. He based his life on them. All his long and ever useful life Phil Haber looked to the strength of our city's institutions of support and learning. He gave of his time and of his great talents to its governance. He brought the strength of his mind and spirit into positions of leadership in the mayor's office, at the Board of Elections, and in the inner council of the political party of his choice.

I came to know Phil in the years of his prominence when he had already won for himself the respect of his colleagues at the bar and of both the general and Jewish community. I found him to be a thoroughly humane person, calm, judicious, conservative of the best in our way of life; yet, liberal of spirit and always able to see the possibility of change. Phil knew the importance of a carefully reasoned outlook and steady goals. Phil was not one to speak without being informed and there were few subjects which touched on the crucial issues of the day on which he did not keep himself thoroughly informed. Phil had no illusions about human nature, yet he was able to see the good in most everyone. A person's race or faith or social status mattered not one wit. What mattered was his quality and his capacity. Phil demanded first-rate work of himself and he knew the value of the first-rate as a benchmark for human achievement. A man of rock-ribbed honor, Phil demanded honor and character of his associates. He judged men by careful standards and he asked no more of them than he asked of himself.

Phil looked on life fully, without flinching. I suspect he had few illusions, yet I know he was devoted to this country, to its freedoms, to its system of justice to which he was bound by profession and deep personal commitment.

Phil was an innately courteous man, a calm man, controlled, warm, a gentle man, for though Phil was a man of conviction, he always had time for the helpful deed, to pause to listen. Courtesy and respect for a friend or associate's feelings were instinctive to him.

Phil Haber was a man of law. The law was to him not only a lifelong vocation, but a profession, not only a profession but a faith. He knew that only a society under well-considered laws could provide protection for all. He saw the law as a strategy of decency among civilized men. To serve the law was a lifelong privilege and he served the law well, even as he served his clients. Phil earned a reputation not only as a lawyer of ability, but as a lawyer of consequence. His reputation is attested by the success of his practice, the many honors colleagues showered on him and by the many offices of trust to which he was nominated. Phil was more than the dogged and skillful advocate. He was devoted to the law as that agency which establishes community and the possibility of civilization.

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

Phil was a respected leader of our Jewish community. He was one of the first to recognize the importance of a community council which could bring order to the energies of our community so that we might mobilize against the threat from without, the rise of Naziism and anti-semitism, and the need to establish a Jewish State. Phil was one of the first to recognize the importance of a Jewish national home. He served the cause of Zion long before it became popular. No issue that touched on

the strength or survival of the Jewish community escaped Phil's active concern. He was among the founders of our National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council. He was a defender of his faith who recognized that the support of our Jewish institutions required the support of all institutions and causes which make for a healthy and just community. He fought anti-semitism and discrimination of any and every kind. In an article published some years ago when Phil was celebrating his 50th year at the bar Phil is quoted as saying:

The rights we claim for ourselves we also defended for others. We recognized, and still recognize, that our rights will be secure only if the rights of all minority groups are secure. Today the struggle for civil rights is with a different group - the negroes - but the major issue remains the same. It is important that we treat others as we ourselves wish to be treated.

That was the man - open, just, concerned. Needless to say, The Temple was privileged to have as a lifelong member this man of great spirit and heart, who understood so completely the imperatives of our tradition. A number of years ago we recognized his loyalty to us and his standing to the Jewish people as well as his spirit when he was elected an honorary life trustee.

Phil was more than a public figure. He was gracious in friendship, cultivated, alert, ever thoughtful, well-read, courteous, even courtly, a good man and loyal friend. Until the last months of illness, his mind remained as vigorous as his spirit. His spirit seemed never to age or to draw in on himself.

What he meant to those nearest and dearest they know best. Phil was blessed with a close family and lifelong ties. He and Connie enjoyed nearly six decades of intimate partnership. They planned together and established a home which was

both beautiful and full of good feelings. Together they met the inevitable challenges and raised their sons in love. Love is shown in many ways. One of the most beautiful, certainly, is the gift of a revered name and a legacy of imperishable memories. The sages say that the memory of a righteous man is ever a blessing: So shall we be blessed whenever we recall this just, vital and energetic man, a good citizen, a good neighbor and a good friend, who worked and lived so faithfully among us.

May God comfort all the members of his beloved family whose personal grief is greater than ours. They will find, I am confident, in the oncoming years great consolation in the host of significant memories which Phil has bequeathed to them and they will be encouraged by his indomitable spirit in ways that they can now only dimly perceive.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 28, 1977

William Frank
Dr. Samuel Hantman

We have gathered in loving memory and in tribute of one with whom it is difficult to associate the reality of death. Dr. Sam Hantman was a healer of men. His every energy and skill was dedicated to the removal of disease and the renewal of life. He fought death in others and it is hard to accept that he has finally succumbed himself. When the hand of death is laid upon one who is close to us and essential in our world, when someone whom we admired and truly respected leaves us for that uncharted land beyond our ken, there is little that we can do but to accept our hurt and to sit in the silence of grief and puzzle the awesome mysteries of life and death and all the strange bafflements of our human destiny. Death is the ineluctable end - the common lot. Death can be delayed but it cannot be avoided. Death strikes down all our philosophies and pretensions. It is the riddle beyond human solution. It is the void which only faith can bridge. The only answer to death is to accept its justice as a part of the Divine wisdom. All our learning has not improved on the Biblical faith. "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Birth and death are the twin and inseparable gifts of a wise God. There is the morning of expectancy, the noonday of eagerness, the long afternoon of achievement, and the night of sleep when we are relieved of our burdens and another generation steps up to take our place. Death is part of God's wisdom - best left alone. But life belongs to us - and a meaningful life is the proof of such wisdom as we possess. At birth we are given opportunity. Careless of that opportunity our days become a wearisome routine and an unwelcome burden. Careful of that opportunity life becomes a graceful thing, indeed, a source of satisfaction and quiet pleasure. Birth is a promise which only our discipline and our wisdom fulfills and so it is that not all deaths are alike. Some there be who leave no memorial. They are forgotten as the fallen leaves of the last autumn. And there are deaths which bring their own measure of solace. When death comes to one

whose life was useful and full of achievement it can no longer be looked upon as stark tragedy.

Samuel Hahtman's death has that quality. Sam was a lifelong neighbor and friend, one of the truly beloved physicians in our community who throughout his useful life maintained the highest standards of his profession and always evidenced profound humane concern for all with whom he came in contact. Sam looked on medicine as a privilege, an ultimate fulfillment, a sacred ministry, and not simply a livelihood. To some medicine is a commercial undertaking. Sam's medicine was of the heart. Financial questions were never uppermost. His medicine was skillful and responsible. Sam never ceased to read and learn about his demanding art. He was always on top of the best research, but he knew that medicine was more than an intellectual challenge and a mental discipline. Sam never saw patients as numbers on a chart. At any time of the day or night he would put aside rest or leisure to answer someone's call for help. His concerns were personal and from the heart. No demand on his time was begrudged. I know of few men in our community who were so adored and respected. His patients knew that he saw them as his friends and not as interesting clinical problems. Our sages might have had Sam in mind when they wrote this tribute to the physician:

Honor the physician with the respect due him, for the use which you may have of him. The Lord has created him. Healing comes from God. The healer shall receive honor and the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head and in the sight of great men he will have respect and honor. So give place to the physician. The Lord has created him. Let him not go from you for you have need of him.

Sam was a quiet man, but he had a large circle of good and loyal friends who rejoiced in knowing him, who respected the quality of his mind, who enjoyed the special warmth of his humor, who knew he could be trusted in all things, a man of utmost rectitude whose pattern of life was clear and unbroken. Sam's word was his bond. No promise was made idly. Such are the demands of medicine that sometimes a physician sacrifices friendship and family to his career. Sam had time

for friends and his golf. His home was his center. He and Bea enjoyed together a happy and fulfilling marriage which sustained both, and built together a good and solid home, a warm and comfortable place full of good thoughts and good values where they raised their daughters in love, happily and successfully.

Sam served his profession until he could work no more. These last several years of retirement were not easy for this man of energy and skill. It is never easy to pull back from a world in which one has been totally involved and eminently successful. But it was a time of being together and he and Bea sustained each other and rejoiced in their family.

Sam's tastes were simple. He disliked ostentation. He would not have us embroider the moment, but surely, this must be said - we have lost a good and cherished friend. Our community has lost a devoted and competent physician and we are most grateful to God for having allowed us to share our lives with this man of rare quality and equally grateful that Sam will not suffer further incapacity. It was good and right that this man of quality should die with dignity.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 12, 1982

ALEXANDER

KEANS

~~ARTHUR A. NEIGER~~

~~February 28, 1964~~

~~Alexander Keans~~

BENJAMIN HART

There is a verse in the Book of Proverbs to the effect that "riches have no profit in the day of wrath, yet righteousness delivers from death." That wealth cannot stay the hour of leaving is self evident, yet one may properly ask how does righteousness deliver a man from death. Surely the good and the noble die as ^{truly} ~~well~~ as the base and the vulgar. Even the most righteous cannot permanently escape death. Nevertheless, the Book of Proverbs repeats this thought in another phrase, "In the way of righteousness there is life and in its pathway there is deathlessness."

For man, dear friends, there are two kinds of death, the universal fate when the body returns to the earth, and a death which is utter extinction, when a man abruptly ceases to be and it is as though he had never lived. His life has been erased and forgotten. It is from this second fate, the death of utter extinction, the death of never being remembered because one's life was not worth remembering, that a life of goodness and of dignity delivers us. A city long remembers its faithful children. Their names remain familiar with those who esteem merit and who understand worth. The memory of such honored dead continued to inspire and edify the living long after they themselves have found the peace and rest of the grave.

BENJAMIN HART

~~ALEXANDER KEANS~~

Our community ^{was} ~~is~~ far richer for the life of ~~Arthur Neiger~~ and poorer for his death. To him can be applied the Psalmist's verse, ~~For his kindness and truth were met together, charity and peace were blended.~~

~~Arthur Neiger~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ a vigorous and vital man, energetic in life, eager to experience the full range of life's color and adventure. There was always an aura ^{with} ~~about~~ him of quest and enterprise. His mind was keen to explore

new areas of thought. His ear was eager to welcome the full range of melody. His eyes sparkled as they drank in the abundance of ^{the variety} colors of the landscape. ~~Arthur Neiger~~ ^{All about} took pleasure in life, but he was not afraid

of its challenge nor too timid to ^{About leaving} leave conventional routines ^{He walked the} to test ^{way he} ~~out new theories and to make new acquaintances.~~ ^{chose - walked it with decision and courage} Arthur Neiger was a frank

and outspoken man, but ~~in a quiet way.~~ He was deeply committed to ~~all~~

~~that was good and healthy in the life of our city.~~ He saw his chosen ^{He was part of the fine tradition of our nation}

profession of the law as an opportunity to build solidly the foundations

of decency and justice ^{As his years went on he} and helped to gain for every man, rich or poor,

well born or humble, his opportunity and his birthright. The law was for ^{All}

~~Mr. Neiger~~ in the classic sense of the words, a profession, a commitment

of self ^{and} of skill. He was ^{Fascinated by its ideal and dignity} far more interested in the service he could

tender than in the advantage which he stood to accrue. He looked for the

best in others. He gave always the best that he had. Every statement of

need found an echo in his soul, and nothing human was ever alien to him.

^{when it posed} ~~Our tradition often speaks of death as~~ ^{found challenge of business}

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as having abandoned life, its burdens and its problems, ~~to the living.~~ The

phrase also means that good men when they pass away leave a more abundant

life to the living. They enrich and augment the lives of those who survive

them. What ^{Abraham} ~~Arthur Neiger's~~ life meant to you, his ^{beloved} wife, his ^{son} daughters, you ^{and}

~~their~~ families, you know best. In that knowledge you will find, I am sure,

^{and of} an unceasing source of pride, comfort, and consolation. Your years of

companionship were of a rare and beautiful quality. ~~For forty-five years~~

you walked together. You worked together. You confronted whatever tasks

*George of Andrew & self
relates to son
about 6 hrs*

and problems life brought to you, with a buoyancy of spirit which was nourished by your love for one another and by the conviction that nothing in life matters as much as each other's happiness and the wellbeing of your family. These precious recollections, the harvest of many years, are now yours to cherish. You, ~~his wife and his children~~ will be strengthened and guided, as you always were, by the example and inspiration ^{of one} ~~of a father~~ who loved with a rare understanding and who taught you the meaning of goodness and set for you a meaningful purpose.

What more can be said? What more need be said? We stand before the dark veil of death, which some day we too will be called on to penetrate. Let us, in humble submission to the One who ordains all things well whether we understand them or not -- and God's ways are often incomprehensible to us -- repeat the words which our forefathers spoke on all such occasions of sorrow. All that the Lord does is for the best.

JOSEPH HARTZMARK

TO HAVE LIVED LONG IS A
GIFT FROM OUR PARENTS' GENES
AND OF GOD. TO HAVE LIVED
LONG AND WELL IS A PERSONAL
TRIUMPH. JOE HARTZMARK LIVED
4 SCORE YEARS AND 10 AND HE
LIVED HIS YEARS WITH COURAGE,
VIGOR, GREAT WARMTH AND GREAT
SKILL. JOE WAS A HAPPY MAN.
THERE WAS ALWAYS A SMILE ON
HIS FACE AND GOOD CHEER IN HIS
VOICE. HE WAS A GOOD MAN WHO
LIVED BY A HIGH CODE OF CIVIC
DUTY AND PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

HE SPENT HIS YOUTH IN
CONNECTICUT WHERE HE POLISHED
HIS ATHLETIC SKILLS, PARTICULARLY
IN TENNIS. IN HIS YOUNGER
YEARS HE WAS ONE OF THE
FINEST AMATEUR TENNIS PLAYERS
IN THE COUNTRY. IN COMPETITION
AT TRINITY COLLEGE AND ELSEWHERE
HE SHOWED THOSE QUALITIES OF
MIND AND DETERMINATION WHICH
WOULD TAKE HIM FAR. HE
DEVELOPED AS A YOUTH ALSO A
GREAT LOVE OF MUSIC AND AN
ABILITY TO PLAY THE VIOLIN
AT A COMPETENT AND SERIOUS
LEVEL.

JOE WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO
MANY WHEN HE FOLLOWED HIS
BRIDE HELEN WEST TO CLEVELAND
HE BEGAN A CAREER OF SERVICE
WHICH HE CONTINUED FOR OVER
60 YEARS - SERVICE THAT WAS
COMPETENT AND RESPONSIBLE,
A HIGHLY RESPECTED BUSINESS
LEADER, AS A STOCK BROKER,
AND A GOOD ONE. JOE ADVANCED
QUICKLY IN HIS PROFESSION
BECAUSE OF HIS HARD WORK,
THE QUALITY OF HIS MIND, AND
HIS LIFELONG REPUTATION FOR
PROBITY. YOUNGSTER IN SUCH

A PROGRAM WOULD NOT HAVE TIME
TO GET INTO TROUBLE AND WOULD
DEVELOP MANY USEFUL SKILLS.

JOE WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO
MANY. HE HAD NO SIDE. HIS
CONCERNS FOR HIS FELLOW MEN AND
WOMEN WERE BROAD AND HUMANE.
THEY WON HIM SPECIAL ATTENTION
AS A 22-YEAR MEMBER OF CLEVELAND
HEIGHTS CITY COUNCIL, 7 YEARS
OF WHICH WERE SPENT AS VICE
MAYOR OF THE CITY. IN THAT
ROLE HE HAD MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS,
BUT I SUSPECT THAT THE ONE
WHICH PLEASED HIM MOST WAS THE
DEVELOPMENT OF LITTLE LEAGUE
BASEBALL. JOE WAS CONVINCED
THAT ANY YOUNGSTER IN SUCH
A PROGRAM WOULD NOT HAVE TIME
TO GET INTO TROUBLE AND WOULD
DEVELOP MANY USEFUL SKILLS.

JOE WAS A GOOD JEW, A
LIFELONG MEMBER OF THE TEMPLE.
HE SERVED IN MANY CAPACITIES
ON OUR BOARD OF TRUSTEES
AND FOR A TIME AS PRESIDENT
OF THE TEMPLE MEN'S CLUB.
HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE
BOARD OF THE JEWISH
COMMUNITY FEDERATION AND
GAVE HIS TIME AND ENERGY
TO MANY OTHER CAUSES.

JOE HAD MANY FRIENDS,
AND HE DESERVED THEM. NO
REQUEST FOR TIME OR ATTENTION
WENT UNANSWERED. HE WAS
DEPENDABLE AND LOYAL. HE
SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH A
CIRCLE OF LIFELONG FRIENDS.



THERE IS A LINE IN THE
BOOK OF PROVERBS WHICH READS,
"GLADNESS OF HEART IS THE
LIFE OF A MAN." JOE'S
SPIRIT WAS JOYOUS AND ALIVE
TO LIFE'S MANY POSSIBILITIES.
NEVER ONE TO COMPLAIN, HE
WAS A DELIGHT TO BE WITH.



INTO THE
CAPACITIES AND THE SPECIAL
JOY OF SEEING THEIR 6
GRANDCHILDREN AND 9 GREAT
GRANDCHILDREN FOLLOW AFTER
IN THE FAMILY TRADITION.

MANY BUSY MEN SPEND LITTLE
TIME WITH THEIR FAMILIES.
JOE SOMEHOW FOUND TIME TO
SERVE AND BE FATHER. HE
AND HELEN ENJOYED THE RAREST
OF INTIMACIES FOR MORE THAN
60 YEARS AND THE PLEASURE
OF SEEING THEIR 2 SONS GROW
INTO THEIR TALENTS AND
CAPACITIES, AND THE SPECIAL
JOY OF SEEING THEIR 6
GRANDCHILDREN AND 9 GREAT
GRANDCHILDREN FOLLOW AFTER
IN THE FAMILY TRADITION.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 23, 1988

I ALWAYS ENJOYED BEING
WITH JOE. HIS WAS ALWAYS
A HAPPY COUNTENANCE AND A
WARM FRIENDLY SPIRIT. HE
SEEMED TO FIND THE GOOD AND
THE BEST IN EVERYONE AND ON
EVERY OCCASION.

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 23, 1988

JOSEPH HARTZMARK

TO HAVE LIVED LONG IS A
GIFT FROM OUR PARENTS' GENES
AND OF GOD. TO HAVE LIVED
LONG AND WELL IS A PERSONAL
TRIUMPH. JOE HARTZMARK LIVED
4 SCORE YEARS AND 10 AND HE
LIVED HIS YEARS WITH COURAGE,
VIGOR, GREAT WARMTH AND GREAT
SKILL. JOE WAS A HAPPY MAN.
THERE WAS ALWAYS A SMILE ON
HIS FACE AND GOOD CHEER IN HIS
VOICE. HE WAS A GOOD MAN WHO
LIVED BY A HIGH CODE OF CIVIC
DUTY AND PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

HE SPENT HIS YOUTH IN CONNECTICUT WHERE HE POLISHED HIS ATHLETIC SKILLS, PARTICULARLY IN TENNIS. IN HIS YOUNGER YEARS HE WAS ONE OF THE FINEST AMATEUR TENNIS PLAYERS IN THE COUNTRY. IN COMPETITION AT TRINITY COLLEGE AND ELSEWHERE HE SHOWED THOSE QUALITIES OF MIND AND DETERMINATION WHICH WOULD TAKE HIM FAR. HE DEVELOPED AS A YOUTH ALSO A GREAT LOVE OF MUSIC AND AN ABILITY TO PLAY THE VIOLIN AT A COMPETENT AND SERIOUS LEVEL.

WHEN HE FOLLOWED HIS
BRIDE HELEN WEST TO CLEVELAND
HE BEGAN A CAREER OF SERVICE
WHICH HE CONTINUED FOR OVER
60 YEARS - SERVICE THAT WAS
COMPETENT AND RESPONSIBLE,
A HIGHLY RESPECTED BUSINESS
LEADER, AS A STOCK BROKER,
AND A GOOD ONE. JOE ADVANCED
QUICKLY IN HIS PROFESSION - *ARB*

These are good words

BECAUSE OF HIS HARD WORK,
THE QUALITY OF HIS MIND, AND
HIS LIFELONG REPUTATION FOR
PROBITY. YOUNGSTER IN SUCH

A PROGRAM WOULD NOT HAVE TIME
TO GET INTO TROUBLE AND WOULD
DEVELOP MANY USEFUL SKILLS.

4

JOE WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO
MANY. HE HAD NO SIDE. HIS
CONCERNS FOR HIS FELLOW MEN AND
WOMEN WERE BROAD AND HUMANE.
THEY WON HIM SPECIAL ATTENTION
AS A 22-YEAR MEMBER OF CLEVELAND
HEIGHTS CITY COUNCIL, 7 YEARS
OF WHICH WERE SPENT AS VICE
MAYOR OF THE CITY. IN THAT
ROLE HE HAD MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS,
BUT I SUSPECT THAT THE ONE
WHICH PLEASED HIM MOST WAS THE
DEVELOPMENT OF LITTLE LEAGUE
BASEBALL. JOE WAS CONVINCED
THAT ANY YOUNGSTER IN SUCH
A PROGRAM WOULD NOT HAVE TIME
TO GET INTO TROUBLE AND WOULD
DEVELOP MANY USEFUL SKILLS.

JOE WAS A GOOD JEW, A
LIFELONG MEMBER OF THE TEMPLE.
HE SERVED IN MANY CAPACITIES
ON OUR BOARD OF TRUSTEES
AND FOR A ^{TERM} ~~TIME~~ AS PRESIDENT
OF THE TEMPLE MEN'S CLUB.
HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE
BOARD OF THE JEWISH
COMMUNITY FEDERATION AND
GAVE HIS TIME AND ENERGY
TO MANY OTHER CAUSES.

JOE HAD MANY FRIENDS,
 AND HE DESERVED THEM. NO
 REQUEST FOR TIME OR ATTENTION
 WENT UNANSWERED. HE WAS
 DEPENDABLE AND LOYAL. HE
 SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH A
 CIRCLE OF LIFELONG FRIENDS. - Mary

of whom joined him in Ajo.

THERE IS A LINE IN THE
BOOK OF PROVERBS WHICH READS,
"GLADNESS OF HEART IS THE
LIFE OF A MAN." JOE'S
SPIRIT WAS JOYOUS AND ALIVE
TO LIFE'S MANY POSSIBILITIES.
NEVER ONE TO COMPLAIN, HE
WAS A DELIGHT TO BE WITH.

MANY BUSY MEN SPEND LITTLE
TIME WITH THEIR FAMILIES.
JOE SOMEHOW FOUND TIME TO
SERVE AND BE FATHER. HE
AND HELEN ENJOYED THE RAREST
OF INTIMACIES FOR MORE THAN
60 YEARS AND THE PLEASURE
OF SEEING THEIR 2 SONS GROW
INTO THEIR TALENTS AND
CAPACITIES, AND THE SPECIAL
JOY OF SEEING THEIR 6
GRANDCHILDREN AND 9 GREAT
GRANDCHILDREN FOLLOW AFTER
IN THE FAMILY TRADITION.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 23, 1988

JOE was a great friend

I ALWAYS ENJOYED BEING
WITH ^{Lin}JOE. HIS WAS ALWAYS
A HAPPY COUNTENANCE AND A
WARM FRIENDLY SPIRIT. ^{And the welcoming word.} HE
SEEMED TO FIND THE GOOD AND
THE BEST IN EVERYONE AND ON
EVERY OCCASION.

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 23, 1988

WALTON RINGE
JONAS HEIBER

April 15, 1960

We belong to a most ancient faith. Out of the experience of centuries our people has distilled much wisdom. Long since, they ceased to puzzle overmuch at the mystery of death, recognizing that death is an enigma beyond our fathoming.

Long since, they learned to face death without fear and with faith, for the mystery is beyond our comprehension. But we can all recognize that as God shelters us and sustains us in life, so will He protect us and sustain us until eternity. Job spoke this wisdom centuries ago:

The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

I am reminded at this hour of a testament left by a wise man, one who had lived well beyond the traditional three score years and ten:

"Were I to live my life over again, I should live it just as I have lived it; I neither complain of the past, nor do I fear the future; and if I am not much deceived, I am the same within that I am without. 'Tis one main obligation I have to my fortune, that the succession of my bodily estate has been carried on according to the natural seasons; I have seen the grass, the blossom, and the fruit; and now I see the withering happily, however, because naturally."

I suspect that ^{WALTON}~~Jonas Heiber~~, had he so ordered his thoughts, would have fully agreed. He had seen the grass, the blossom, the fruit, and the natural withering. Each season of his life had run its full course. In each he had found achievement and brought happiness. Life had turned full cycle and it had found rich reward indeed -- ^{THE YOUTH AND GLEAMING OF A LOVING FAMILY}~~marriage truly blessed by heaven, stable and happiness-~~
^{50 & 5}~~filled, a son grown into the fullness of fine manhood,~~ ^{children} grandchildren promising fair to carry on ^{in his} sweetness of spirit and integrity of person. ~~Jonas Heiber~~
was not one to seek public acclaim, yet in his life, by his gentleness of person and generosity of spirit, by his example of character and courage, in a hundred

Grandfather (WALTON)
(in the presence of) Family

Richard Feller
~~Paul Meldon~~

~~Richard and Elizabeth~~

~~Quesing - 40 years ago 40 years ago - 40 years ago - 40 years ago~~
I rise with heavy heart to speak this eulogy. ~~Paul was a good friend, a close~~
~~companion in the work of The Temple. Paul was one of the gentlest men I have known.~~
~~Every fiber of my soul cries out that he deserved a more generous fate than he was~~
~~dealt. I want to forget these last years of pain and incapacity - to block them out - and~~
~~to remember the calm, quiet man who walked gently among us, whose spirit was so~~
warm and open and generous. The Bible describes Noah as ish tam v'yashar, a simple
man and straight. Simplicity is not innocence, but constancy of character and consistency
of principle. Simplicity describes a person who is the same within as without, without
side or deviousness. You can depend upon the simple man to know what is right. His
actions bespeak his true self. He is dependable. He walks the straight way. Paul was
a simple man and straight.

There is a poem I love which says something of what I feel now, the grief
we share.

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.

LIFE NOT EASY -
YET LIFE CLOSER TO
SELF
QUIET - OWN COUNSEL
HUMAN NATURE AND
BLOOD CLOSER TO
FAMILIES AS ONE
HE RINGS - 35
YEARS OF SHARE?
FURTHER

Over the years of his health Paul lead a good life. ~~For these last years there are no~~
~~explanations. Job was reduced to silence and so are we. I do not believe that there~~
~~was a loss of his industry, the a reflection of his health~~
~~and the loss of his family~~

quiet acts of selfless service he exemplified ^Athe true nobility of human spirit. A wise man always, he had so ordered his days that their harvest was one of real accomplishment. Of him it could be said, as it was said of Job:

Thou hast come to thy grave in ripe age, like as a
shock of corn cometh in its season.

It is difficult to know what ought to be said at this hour. I was not privileged in life to know Mr. Heiber, and I deeply regret this lack. But I suspect that if he could reveal to us his will it would be that we remember not so much that he has died but that he lived, that he lived a long, full and complete life, that he rejoiced in the love of those closest to him, that he prayed for their happiness and wellbeing, and that he would not now want them to be overcome with grief, but rather that they, respecting his memory, return again to the ways of life -- that accomplishment and that contentment which was his fondest dream and hope.

Elmer had a convict mark - human-interpreted
custom in field

Lipidic marks of Bertha. Full Dec 5 and - Please set
be found in a separate copy of the volume -

Can't be had had enough of it

1 copy sent / given
Silvia

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.

Amen.



Dr. Arnold Heller

Some years ago I heard a friend of my father's speak words to which I instinctively responded, words which jumped into my mind when I heard the shocking news of Arnie's death. "People," Rabbi Freehof wrote, "once felt that ignorance was the only bar to social happiness. Now, having seen mass murder in the age of culture, we know that human happiness is barred by active evil in human character, callousness and active cruelty. There is so much man-made misery in the world that one begins to hunger for a little considerateness and a little patience. Whether or not this change of taste reveals a basic change in my personal motivation, I know that I have come to prefer a different type of person. I once liked clever people. Now I like good people."

I, too, like good people. I, too, believe the world desperately needs such people, and I know that Dr. Arnold L. Heller was just such a good man. In an impatient age, he was patient. In a selfish age, he was open-hearted, free with his time, giving of his skill. In a competitive age, he was the friendliest and most cooperative of men, always eager to share what he knew with others. In an ambitious age, his was the way of service. In an impersonal age, he had time to listen to everyone's needs and fears. In a success-ridden age, Arnie chose a field of medicine where there were no miraculous cures, no chance for international fame; only opportunity to strengthen the infirm and make life more comfortable for the elderly.

There aren't that many good men and women in our world, and when one dies an entire community suffers a grave loss. And when that loss comes suddenly to one who seemed to be in the fullness of his strength, taking a brief and well-deserved vacation from the rigors of his practice as Medical Director of Menorah Park, then the shock is numbing. Arnie was so much a part of so many lives, so skilled and so responsive that many of us had somehow come to think of him as elemental and failed to associate with him the inevitable limitations of strength and mortality. He was so great-hearted that we forgot that his heart was not

as strong as it should be. The events over the last few days have reminded us that all men - even the best - die and we are here in the silence of our grief, nursing our hurt, seeking some understanding with which to come to grips with our tragedy.

What consolation can be ours? In our Jewish tradition when a life is taken from us we light a candle of remembrance. At first glance this symbol might seem inappropriate. 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 for personal wealth to serve his fellow man, who through his skill and service added so much to the sum total of human happiness, 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.

Arnie was a straight-forward, highly skilled, intelligent man and physician. He practiced his medicine - medicine of the highest order - with all of the knowledge and tools which his field possesses, but in an old-fashioned manner. He treated the whole person, body and spirit. He listened to his patients' personal problems as well as to their physical symptoms. When they could not easily come to him, he went to them. For some medicine has become largely a means to acquire status and wealth. To Arnie medicine was a commitment, a profession. He was by nature forthooming, empathetic, caring. Arnie did not set out to establish a practice among the wealthy or powerful but among the infirm and the aging, and he spent a great deal of time selflessly seeking to strengthen institutions which would serve their needs. His was always an instinctive response to another's urgency. His soul had no room for selfishness.

I don't know whether Arnie knew the phrase: "Keep your fears to yourself and share your courage with others," but it expressed the way he lived. As

patient as he was with others, he was demanding of himself. There was something of the perfectionist in him for he was not satisfied till he had researched a case as far as he could take it. No question was left unanswered. No judgment was made too quickly. He had no time but he made time.

For all of his accomplishments as a physician, Arnie was a humble and unpretentious man. Though his mind was occupied with medicine, it was never preoccupied to the point of distraction. He came often to this room and we would often discuss points in a lecture or sermon which I had given. He was well-read and alert to the problems of the day. A good listener, a warm and responsive man, Arnie was able to see the humor in the confusions of life. His wit was keen but never mordant. His laugh was full-bodied and never at another's expense. Arnie did not allow himself much time for relaxation or leisure, but he had a wide circle of good friends who responded to the comfortable happiness of his person, to the generosity of his spirit and to the exceptional quality of his mind. They knew he could be counted on.

Above all else, Arnie was a human being, a man who had thought through the basic questions of value and commitment, a good and devoted Jew, a loyal and protective son and brother, a loving, tender and encouraging husband and a loving, steady and supportive father. Some are only committed to their work. Arnie was deeply committed to his work and to those whom he loved. He knew how to give love and how to accept love. He and Doris built a gracious, love-filled home where their children were encouraged and able to develop their skills of mind and person, and unconsciously given that kind of quiet example which allowed each, in their own way, to develop fully talents of mind and person. Arnie had no greater pleasure than to watch the fine lives they had made for themselves.

Your loss is great, but Arnie established through his life an unforgettable set of memories and in the years ahead you will discover - what is so hard to believe at this moment - that death does rob us of those whom we love and who are worth being loved. The words they spoke in wisdom, the challenges that they

quietly met, these memories remain, encouraging, compelling, comforting.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 10, 1982

That man is great, and he alone
Who serves a dish does not his own
For neither praise nor gift
Content to live and be unknown,
Whole is himself.



Louis Herman

We have come to pay a public tribute of respect and real affection to a truly good and gentle man, Lou Herman. For he is truly gentle who does the gentle deed. Lou Herman walked through life with great calm, steady purpose, and unassuming dignity, and wherever he went he brought his special quality of warmth and lightness of heart.

That man is great, and he alone
Who serves a greatness not his own.
For neither praise nor pelf
Content to know and be unknown
Whole in himself.

Lou was whole in himself, the same within as without, decent, kind, sensitive, willing to serve, thoughtful always, a dependable man, a doer. Lou never made you feel whatever pressure he faced. He made sure that his work was done, done thoroughly, competently and promptly. You never felt that he was pressed for time. Never one to procrastinate, Lou made sure each task was done betimes and fully, and he never begrudged the time kindness requires.

Thinking of Lou, I find myself drawn again and again to his special capacity for kindness. Lou always had time for another's need. He was always willing to volunteer for those necessary but unglamorous tasks which many avoid because their service may not be seen. Lou cared for the service, not approval. Some tire quickly of a swarm of details, Lou never let go of the task until it was done.

Watching Lou cope these last years with disabilities and illness, we saw unfold a profile in courage. The acerbic Sam Johnson observed that prolonged illness diminishes the man. It often does. All of us have watched people poison themselves with self-pity. Lou grew through these last difficult years. He might have turned away from the world. Instead, he turned to it. He didn't demand attention. He asked only for an opportunity to serve his community, his Federation, his Temple, his friends. When I think of Lou I think of those lines of Wadsworth's which I first heard years ago in a eulogy to F.D.R.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright:
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care;
 Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
 And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain

Lou was truly the happy warrior who turns necessity to glorious gain. Courteous always, thoughtful by instinct, possessed of a sound sense of values, unassuming by nature, Lou was also a man with a great capacity for friendship and good fun. He had - and deserved - a host of good, lifelong friends who knew they could trust his word, count on his support, and that time spent together would be satisfying and joyous.

Despite his infirmities, I think Lou felt himself blessed, blessed by the respect of his community, blessed by a circle of intimate and cherished friends, and doubly blessed by the love of family. Charlotte was the delight of his life, the center of his universe, his constant companion and support. They rejoiced together in the happy moments and joined together in shared purpose to meet every challenge. Their home was a quiet place, a warm inviting place, a place full of kindness. Here their sons were encouraged to believe in life's basic virtues, to prize friends and open feelings, and to follow their talents where they led. Lou knew no greater fulfillment than the accomplishment of his sons, the joy of their marriages, and the pleasures of his growing family. Lou's life was full of love, a blessed reward for the love he shared with others.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 9, 1982

Judge David Ralph Hertz

Reinhold Niebuhr was one of the more thoughtful theologians of our day. As the family and I talked about Judge Hertz's life, a sentence from one of Niebuhr's books came to mind: "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible; man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." Ralph's great capacity for justice led him to devote his life to strengthening and safeguarding democracy. He was one of Cleveland's exceptional citizens.

In many ways these commitments were nurtured in the rich soil of the Jewish tradition which he absorbed in his home. The eldest son of a family steeped in Torah, as a child Ralph studied the words of the prophet Amos who proclaimed to the world, "justice, justice, shall you pursue," and the arguments of the seer Samuel who had tried to convince his generation to resist the temptation to turn their problems over to a king. Traditional Jewish learning encourages the vision of the prophets and the prudence of the sages who insisted that moral passion must be wedded to practical knowledge, and Ralph learned his lessons well.

I often feel that the men of vision of the last generation, men like Ralph Hertz, were far more effective in their protests than those who today carry banners and concentrate on confrontation. Indignation is little more than a satisfying emotion if it does not lead to some effective remedy. It is much easier to point out a social evil than to find and put in effect a structural remedy. Ralph's soul cried out whenever one of God's creatures was abused and he knew the importance of marrying moral outrage to political know-how and legal scholarship.

God blessed Judge Hertz with a high intelligence, an instinctive optimism about the human condition, and a deep well of compassion and he exhibited those virtues in every aspect of his life. Well read and carefully informed, Judge Hertz brought understanding and insight to every relationship and conversation. Political life and the law were commitments of self rather than ladders to power or wealth. A man utterly without side, he set cause above personal gain.

It says a great 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. Ralph Hertz was a warm-hearted man, innately courteous, unpretentious, fair-minded. He loved a good speech and good music. His humor was warm and full without ever being acid. He was reserved but not aloof and he enjoyed a circle of lifelong friends, people of various interests and different walks of life, who found him a welcome, interesting and pleasant companion. Ralph reached out for new experiences. He was well traveled. A careful listener, he was always eager to hear what well-informed people had to say. His mind was committed but never closed to new ideas.

These last days, as a grateful community remembered one of its own, the phrase I have heard most is 'quiet strength.' There are some able people around whom strong winds always seem to be swirling. Their egos are demanding and their personality somehow overshadows their commitments. Once committed, Judge Hertz could not be dissuaded, but he did not pound the table. His way was that of sweet reason and transparent conviction. He did what needed to be done capably and you knew there was no hidden selfish agenda.

Some serve a community effectively but neglect ties of friendship and family. Judge Hertz cared for humankind, but he knew a special tenderness for those who were closest to him. A devoted son, a caring, dependable brother, Ralph Hertz was a loving and loyal husband and a wise and protective father who offered not only good counsel but constant encouragement. He and Marguerite established an intimate partnership full of love and shared interests. Together they built a home which they filled with all that enriches life, where all the many aspects of culture found a place, where friends were made welcome, where ideas were examined and discussed. Here their sons were raised to enjoy the ties of family and to respect the values of this family. Ralph was not a demonstrative man, but he knew joy when he watched his sons fulfill their promise and lead

lives devoted to those values which had always been precious to him. He rejoiced when they brought home the women who became his daughters; and, in time, the grandchildren who became as dear to him as life itself, each of whom brought such great joy.

Ralph's mind had a philosophic bent and I am sure that he did not fear the intrusion of death. He knew that his life had run full cycle and that he had earned the respect of a grateful community. He knew that his years had been blessed with intimacy and love and I am sure that he was grateful that his mind remained alert to the very hour of his death. God has reclaimed one of His own.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 15, 1985



EULOGY SPOKEN AT FUNERAL SERVICES OF

IRVING B. HEXTER

THE TEMPLE -- May 24, 1960

My dear friends: -

We are gathered here to pay our tribute of memory and affection to one with whom it is difficult to associate the thought of death. Irving B. Hexter was such a vital personality, so energetic, so full of the zest and color and eagerness of abundant life. There was always an aura about him of quest and enterprise. His was an ardent spirit, keen to explore new regions of the earth and to savor fresh contacts and experiences among his fellow-men.

But all men must die, and death comes even to the boldest and to those most enamoured of life. But happy indeed, said our sages, is the man who departs this world with a good name. The name of Irving B. Hexter has been a good name in our community -- and will so remain. It will long be cherished, for the memory of a good man is always a blessing.

In speaking of my ~~cherished~~ friend, ^{A. W.} ~~Irving Hexter~~, I can find no more appropriate words than those of the immortal Hebrew bard, Ibn Gabirol:

"Grace was in his soul,

And generosity in his heart

And his lips were ever faithful"

He was a ~~frank and outspoken~~ ^{straight} man. ~~At times he even affected a jocular brusqueness,~~ but there was never any bitterness ~~in his soul~~ or on his lips. There resided in him an innate, inner grace which communicated itself so readily and which made it so pleasant an experience to be in his company.

He looked for the best in others and gave the best he had. ~~He was a man of integrity in his business relations.~~ He worked hard to succeed, but in the pursuit of his ambitions he never sacrificed principles, never exploited and

Keep you free to yourself but share your energy ~~and~~ ^{and}

never trampled upon the rights of other men. He was generous of heart, and his generosity was not limited to any one class, or creed or race. Every just appeal found an echo in his soul, and nothing human was ever alien to him.

^{AW}
~~Irving~~ Hexter realized that "the great use of life was to spend it for something that will outlast it". And so he linked up his life with ^{redemption} causes which transcend the inevitable limitations of man's mortal existence on earth.

I recall the valiant services which he rendered during the dark years when bigotry grew and racial intolerance in the wake of the Nazi upsurge. He was chairman of the League of Human Rights, and, moved by fundamental American traditions and ideals which were dear to him, he gave inspired leadership to the men and women in our community who set about counteracting those pernicious tendencies in the life of our country.

Preeminently his interests over a period of many years were centered in organizing the war upon the dread scourge of humanity -- heart disease. To this cause, as a layman, he dedicated years of study and effort. To it he gave unstintingly of his time and his substance, and in this field he won national prominence and acclaim. He was vice-president of the American Heart Association and a few years ago received the Association's Gold Medal Award. He also founded the Hexter Laboratory for Cardio-Vascular Research at Mt. Sinai Hospital.

Such service is a living and continuing heritage and it will carry on the meaning and the mission of his life long after all that was mortal and physical of him has returned to its kindred dust.

Our people often spoke of the dead as "shavak chayim l'chol chai," as having abandoned life -- its burdens and its problems -- to the living. But the phrase also means that good men when they pass away, leave life -- more abundant life -- to the living. They enrich and augment the lives of those who survive them.

David Immerman

We have met to pay our community's tribute of respect and affection to the memory of a good, warm-hearted man - a friend - David Immerman. Some carry their burdens heavily; others, like David, possess a spiritual buoyancy which somehow allows them to see and find the possibility inherent in each and every meeting. David treated life as a welcome opportunity. He greeted you, and each day, with a smile. I always felt better after we had spent some time together. He would tell a good story or speak hopefully of some task you shared. I never heard an acid word or a word of self-pity cross his lips. He was at peace with himself - a happy man whatever the tensions of the day. I don't know if David knew the writings of the teacher, Ben Sirach, who lived and worked in Jerusalem over 2,000 years ago, but he shared a natural ancient master's wisdom. "Gladness of heart is the life of a man and peace of mind lengthens his days."

David was a vigorous, energetic man. He was blessed with an active and imaginative mind which sought out opportunity. David was not a passive person, but his determination flowed in deep, quiet channels. Some exude a nervous energy. David's way was calm. No one else sensed the energies which he poured into his work. What we did sense was the respect in which he was held by colleagues and customers who knew him as a thoroughly honorable man whose word was his bond and whose interest in them was genuine.

David possessed an original mind. He was always able to find a new way to solve an old problem. His mind was well-furnished since he never stopped thinking or reading or reaching out to understand his world. A true son of our people, David prized learning.

David possessed an open spirit. His judgements were always kindly. He was without side or pretension. His humor was always close to the surface and full of sympathy. He was not one to make cruel fun of others. David loved a good story and to tell a good story, and he could laugh at himself. He was a people person who loved conversation, meeting, learning about other lives and

in all ways a good and supportive friend.

David exuded steadiness, but he was never one to be idle. If he was not at work, he was searching out opportunities to serve. His hands were skillful, his interests broad, and whatever he did, whether in his business career or retirement, whether a new business or a restaurant activity, like swimming, he plunged into it with all his energies. David was not one just to sit, but for all his drive he seemed always to be at peace.

Your presence here in such numbers testifies to the reach of David's friendships. We're here because we liked him, respected his mind and spirit, and knew that he could be counted on. One of the most pleasing aspects of my rabbinic life has been the work we did together. David was a good and proud Jew. Our tradition's teachings about service and learning were at one with his philosophy. He was an essential part of the life of The Temple and he did not use his many offices in the TMC for any purpose but to enhance the services and strength of the congregation.

Some meet the world willingly but are ill at ease within the more intimate and intense bonds of family. David was, above all else, a family man, a devoted son, a caring brother, a loving partner and husband, a supportive and understanding father. He and Bea built together a close and satisfying marriage and a home full of wisdom and encouragement in which they nurtured their sons and daughter and watched with joy and pride as they grew into competent maturity.

These last months were hard. David was the prisoner of an unrelenting illness. He faced the pain and the anxiety with a steady courage and grace which was all the more remarkable because we knew that this was the way it would be. Through it all the family provided him support and love which buoyed his spirit and eased the pain. He was worthy of you and you were worthy of him.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 23, 1984

Harry Spelman

LEO ZUCKERMAN

(Harry Jacobson)

When I first heard of ~~Leo's~~ death, a sentence I read years ago, whose author I no longer recall, came to mind: "The reason a lot of people do not recognize an opportunity when they meet it is that it usually goes around wearing overalls and looking like hard work." ~~Leo~~ ^{Harry} knew how to roll up his sleeves and set to work and his energy and determination developed opportunities where no one else saw them and enabled him to build for himself and his family not only a fine business but a fine reputation.

~~Leo~~ ^{Harry} began like so many others, as an immigrant boy ^{of 2} who came to these shores with little except his wits and his will. Some were stunned by a new world. ~~Leo~~ ^{Harry} set to work and while still what we would call today a callow youth helped support his family by ~~making~~ ^{paying} ~~Number of newspapers on busy street corners.~~

Our rabbis were sensitive to the ways of the human spirit and they observed long ago that often what we begin to do out of necessity or a sense of responsibility, we find ourselves doing because it pleases us. ~~Leo~~ ^{Harry} worked long hours. He worked with his hands as well as his mind. Much of it was tiring physical labor, ~~now of a cross to the truth and the truth~~ but I suspect he would have understood the truth behind Thomas Edison's comment: "I never did a day's work in my life. It was all fun." ^{The new collection from a 1942} It wasn't all fun. There was the Depression. There were inevitable disappointments, but there was always the deep satisfaction of knowing that what he had built he had built with his own hands and what he had achieved he had achieved honorably. ~~Leo~~ ^{Harry} was a ~~man~~ ^{man} whose reputation was as solid as the work that he completed.

Corners were to be squared, not cut. His word was his bond. Even more than his business success, it was the good name which he had

earned with colleagues and associates which, I believe, gave him the greatest pleasure.

Chance, to a degree, determines for each of us our life situation. Leo was drawn by family connections into work which provided the satisfaction of being able to see the results of one's efforts. ~~He could watch a wall, a home or an office rise out of the ground and come into use and later he could drive by and see it standing tall and secure.~~

There was the pleasure of completion and the pleasure of challenge. ^{Many} ~~Leo~~ thought his way carefully through each and every problem which he faced and worked out a plan before he set to work. ~~He was a G.O. and a member of the G.O. - He did not believe in~~ He respected his craft and its tools and, being both craftsman and ~~contractor, he knew that a building cannot be thrown together, that~~ those who build in haste often repent as they rebuild. He built solidly and carefully. He had himself practiced each of the necessary crafts and had an artist's instinctive feel for his medium; an instinct told him what could be completed successfully and what could not, and such was his reputation that people learned to trust his instincts over the calculations of those who built on paper. He knew his business and never demanded more of another than he demanded of himself.

God endowed ^(Many) ~~Leo~~ with a strong physical frame, boundless energy and a sturdy spirit. He seemed never to tire. At an age when most of his contemporaries were comfortably retired, he was in his office long before anyone else and still at work when the energy of younger colleagues had waned. As you would expect, he was not daunted by obstacles. He believed that where there is a will there is a way. He looked for the possibilities rather than the problems. ~~Even in~~

these ~~last months of severe illness~~ he was full of plans for the future.

~~Harry~~ ^{Harry} was a loyal Jew. The calendar of the holidays and the patterns of Jewish life were part of his life and established in his home. At work he demanded honest and careful labor, but he fulfilled to the nth degree the Biblical commandment not to keep a laborer's wages from him even overnight. ^{As to those who worked with him} He shared our tradition's respect for learning, ~~and though circumstances had denied him the chance to spend much time in school,~~ he was determined that his daughter ^{Joel} should have every opportunity. ~~He honored his parents with respect and support. He was a loyal and caring brother who willingly carried the burdens of his family as well as his own on his strong shoulders.~~

In some people rectitude can be a rather dispassionate virtue. ^{Harry} ~~Harry's~~ strong sense of honor was coupled with an essentially generous spirit. No one ever needed to ask him twice for help. It pleased him when he was able to give of his substance to those institutions which contribute to the well-being of our community.

~~Harry~~ ^{Harry} was not of the generation that felt it necessary or right to let feelings hang out, but his loyalties and loves ran deep and they were rock solid. ^{Harry and Ethel} He and Ethel established a strong and solid marriage ^{which lasted 35 years} based on love and mutual respect, strengthened by the work that they shared and by the hopes that they shared. Together they faced the good times and the hard times and at all times ~~Harry~~ ^{Harry} provided for his loved ones and shielded them from whatever anxieties and concerns he may have felt. ~~He literally built their home and I suspect was deeply satisfied that he was able to provide his~~

beloved wife and daughter the surroundings which he had always hoped to make available. In that home ^{Plus my many years} ~~Leo~~ was raised with love and care, taught to value honest work and family, and encouraged to develop ^{Flora} ~~her~~ special talents. Nothing pleased ^{Harry} ~~Leo~~ more than to watch his ^{daughter} ~~daughter~~ become a respected member of our community, ~~establish~~ a good and solid marriage and a home which reflected the values Leo cherished. ^{His children} ~~Leo~~ brought to him the son that he had never had, and perhaps the greatest satisfaction of all, the chance to watch ~~three~~ ^{children} grandsons grow into strong, capable ^{adults} ~~men~~, continuing in their own way the traditions of their grandfather. Throughout his life ^{Harry} ~~Leo~~ had the great satisfaction of knowing that he was truly loved.

It's still hard to realize that this physically powerful man who never showed his age has finally succumbed. ^{The day will come} ~~He worked until~~ ^{when it is} ~~unconsciousness intervened~~ and throughout his illness kept his dignity and optimism, but even the strongest and best of us cannot deny our mortality. He is now at peace and this family has every reason to be grateful to God for having given them the rare privilege of knowing and being ennobled by the influence of such a man even as they are grateful to ^{Harry} ~~Leo~~ for having been the man he was and having bequeathed to them so many wonderful sustaining memories.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 23, 1985

ARTHUR JACOBS

WE ARE MET TO PAY OUR COMMUNITY'S TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP TO A GOOD AND HONORABLE GENTLEMAN, ARTHUR JACOBS.

ARTHUR WAS BORN IN GERMANY. HE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY BEFORE THE 2ND WORLD WAR AND BROUGHT HIS PARENTS AND HIS BROTHER WITH HIM. HARD-WORKING, OF STURDY STOCK, ARTHUR ESTABLISHED A FINE BUSINESS IN OUR CITY. HE WORKED AT IT UNTIL ILLNESS FORCED HIM TO SELL OUT.

AS A BUSINESSMAN HE WAS A PERSON OF UNAPPROACHABLE HONOR AND RECTITUDE WHOSE WORD WAS HIS BOND. AS A NEIGHBOR AND FELLOW CITIZEN HE WAS INTERESTED IN THE AFFAIRS OF OUR ^{CITY} ~~COMMUNITY~~, A GOOD CITIZEN. HE HAD A NUMBER OF CLOSE FRIENDS WITH WHOM HE DISCUSSED THE AFFAIRS OF THE DAY AND PLAYED BRIDGE. TWICE MARRIED, HE WAS BLESSED WITH THE LOVE OF A TRULY DEVOTED WIFE, ELAINE, WHO DID ALL THAT SHE COULD AND MORE FOR HIM IN HEALTH AND IN SICKNESS. HE WAS THE FATHER OF 3 CHILDREN, NOW GROWN INTO THEIR CAPACITIES. HE WAS A DEVOTED FATHER AND HUSBAND.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 29, 1988

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THESE LAST YEARS WERE NOT EASY
ONES. HE WAS STRUCK WITH DISEASE AND
FORCED TO RETIRE AND THEN TO GO INTO
A HOME. ^WHE WAS A MAN OF COURAGE AND
HIS LIPS WERE LARGELY SEALED TO
SELF-PITY. - ~~what more can be said~~



DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JUNE 29, 1988

I DON'T KNOW IF ARTHUR KNEW THIS
POEM, A FAVORITE OF MINE, BUT I SUSPECT
THAT IT CAPTURES THE SPIRIT IN WHICH
HE APPROACHED DEATH.

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.

Karl Joseph

These things are beautiful beyond belief
The pleasant weakness that comes after pain
The radiant greenness that comes after rain
The deepened faith that follows after grief
And the awakening to love again

Were I a musician I would try to weave this transcendent theme into a fugue and play it now; minor-keyed music for this memorial hour, signaling our sorrow that one who walked quietly and honorably among us is no more. Music was the man and music would speak more adequately than words what is in our hearts: grief for the loss of a friend, empathy and love for those closest and nearest, relief that pain is behind. Karl's soul was alive to melody. His life had the sense of balance and order, the reiteration of a few basic themes, the sense that everything is in place which are, at least to me, the hallmark of ^{The} ~~a~~ symphony. *Form*

Karl Joseph was a gentle man for he is truly gentle who does the gentle deed. He was a man of music and books, a gardener who delighted in nature's grace, a sportsman whose eye was pleased by the color and the clash of spectacle, a man of hearth and home and ~~his~~ pipe. The English philosopher, Bertrand Russell, once wrote, "The happy life must be, to a great extent, the quiet life for it is only in an atmosphere of quiet that true joy can live." Karl ^{had none} ~~was the very epitome~~ of the back-slapping, hail-fellow well met gruffness which one associates with elements of our culture. His was a private world and a quiet way. He was fortunate that the circumstances of his birth and place allowed him to create a world apart from the clamor of the everyday and he created a lovely and gracious place. He knew the meaning of work, of course; but it was as a private person in a private world that he truly came alive.

The American preacher, Philip Brooks, once wrote: "A man who lives right and is right has more power in his silence than another has in his words." I do not know if Karl knew these lines, but I know that their wisdom was instinctive to him. He was not one to raise his voice or to elbow another aside. When he spoke he spoke quietly and thoughtfully. His mind was well-stocked with knowledge of our world and its history, of civilization and culture, of music and its techniques, and he kept his own mind and

