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**MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.**  
Series 3: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.  
Sub-series A: Events and Activities, 1946-1993, undated.

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Eulogies, men, K-M, 1958-1989.

JAMES KIL  
Lawrence Levy

The sudden death of a dear friend has shaken and saddened us all. <sup>Jim</sup> ~~His~~ <sup>Jim's</sup> life was at its full tide. Death came for him "as an arrow which flies by day and as 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 in death he whom they now mourn is completely worthy of their sorrow; as in life he was of their great love and devotion.

At this bitter hour 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. It is not ours to explain the far mystery but 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, though they may die before life has run its full course, die fulfilled. Their life has yielded an abundant harvest.

This, too, I affirm: death is not pain but the absence 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 the pain are ours. He is at peace. He is with God. His peace is timeless. It is our loneliness that is a daily burden.

We meet here as friends and our sense of community helps to soften the bitterness of this hour, yet, there is no point in denying its bitterness and its cruelty. A precious life has been taken from us. <sup>Jim</sup> ~~Lawrence~~ <sup>Jim</sup> ~~was cut down in his prime. He~~ deserved more. Goodness deserves life. There is no explanation, but at least we can say that he used each day granted him fully and well. In the years that were his <sup>Jim</sup> ~~he~~ established

<sup>MODERATE</sup> a reputation in the law not only for competence but for <sup>COMMISSION</sup> integrity, not only for <sup>INFELIX</sup> skill but for <sup>AN IMPASSION</sup> commitment to high causes. ~~Larry was a good citizen, a quiet man with a~~  
~~host of friends, a hard-working man who bound close the ties of family.~~

He was no stranger to illness. Larry had had to face the possibility of death at an age most of us are thinking only of establishing our career and our future. It is a remarkable tribute to his courage and strength of will that he did not succumb to despondency or self-pity. Most would have become embittered and turned against life. Larry kept his good humor and his basic gentleness. He fought the shadows and despair. He fought to live and to the end he remained determined to make the most of each day granted to him. He was realistic about his future, but he never gave in to his fears. A poem by Dylan Thomas, a favorite of Larry's catches the indomitable spirit which was his soul.

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
 Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
 Because their words had forked no lightning they  
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
 Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
 And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
 Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
 Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
 Do not go gentle into that good night.  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

I grew to know Larry in two ways: as a father, careful of the rearing of his children, loving, tender, full of warm humor, yet determined that each should reach his full capacity; and as a friend whom I would visit in his pain, who faced limitations on his mobility and death with a courage that commanded admiration. Somehow, he always summoned the strength to pull himself back into life and into his profession and good spirits. It was a remarkable achievement, one I have rarely seen equaled. It grew out of the man himself and out of his faith, for Larry was a deeply pious Jew. He came to Temple on crutches and a wheelchair, somehow he came. His was a deep and all-encompassing faith in God, prayer and decency, and I would like to think that he found encouragement and renewal.

Many of you knew Larry as a colleague in the law and as a trusted adviser. You had spoken to me of a quality of his mind and of the attention he gave any problem. The rules he lived by were professional and clear. His word was his bond. He was forthright, never manipulative or devious. Many of you knew him as a kind and loyal friend, warm, empathetic, courteous, one who loved sport, good talk, sailing, the outdoors. Larry was remarkably without side. He seemed to take no interest in the status games people play. His spirit was open, rarely judgmental. He saw the best in others and brought out the best in them. His humor was warm, never a putdown. His friendships were constant but, most of all, he was a man of family. Their happiness was his. A loving and attentive son, a helpful and considerate brother, in all things a family man. With Stefanie, Larry shared tender love and an open and satisfying friendship, joy and sorrow, intimacy and fulfillment. Together they established a happy home founded on mutual understanding, a warm encouraging place. Together they kept their home light and happy. Here love and laughter, high standards and constant support were never far from the surface. Together they raised their children to know the good values and the happy possibilities, to know that they were respected and loved for themselves.

Larry's death has left a void. No words can minimize your loss but in many



ways you are together still. Memories do not die. A happy, humane and honorable life does not end with death any more than the song ends when the last note is sung. Echoes linger on. You will be reminded often of the moments that you shared, the words that were exchanged, the wisdom he offered and, most of all, I suspect, by the truly remarkable example of raw courage which was the hallmark of his life.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 24, 1980

## Marvin L. Kahn

The sudden death of Marvin Kahn has saddened all of us. To use the Psalmist's phrase, death came to Marvin as an arrow that flies at noonday, and most of us have not recovered sufficiently from the shock to be able to speak the familiar words of consolation. What we offer each other here is our presence - the fact that we are all part of a community of sorrow. In time I am sure we will be comforted that God gave this man of dignity the dignity of a sweet death. Until then our sense of being together warms us against the cold.

The 90th psalm reminds us the days of our years are finite and challenges us to number our days that we may get us a heart of wisdom. The foolish fritter away the opportunity that is life. The wise seize the opportunity of each day and fill it with a fine measure of achievement. Marvin was a striving, hard-working man. From his youth he walked a strong and determined way. Marvin was not a man to stand aside and watch life flow by. He was a doer - a builder. From the moment when responsibility was thrust upon him in his youth to the day of his death Marvin seized each opportunity and used each day to the fullest. He was a small man who walked tall. Every inch of his frame was compacted of energy and vitality. His mind seized a problem and would not let it go. His energies were resilient and allowed him to keep at his work long after others had gone home or settled for a less demanding routine. He not only raised himself rung by rung in one of the major corporations of our community, but was integral to its growth. None begrudged him success because he so clearly had earned it. Marvin saw to the heart of any matter. He understood human nature and he appreciated character and honor and loyalty, the qualities that were basic to his nature.

Marvin was of that persevering band of men who work to establish the economic strength of our community, men who know the meaning of endless hours of work and of responsibility for large sums and many lives, men who are not afraid to take chances. Obviously, such men are tough-minded, sometimes opinionated, and ambitious, but if it were not for their energy and their grit much of the prosperity and the economic health of the nation would never have emerged.

Some men who are caught up in the world of industry have no other world. Marvin's mind was alive to the issues of the day. He was a voracious reader, always well-informed. He had no patience with the trivial. He thought about politics as well as profits. He read fiction as well as the financial page. His soul delighted in song and melody. Music was a release and a joy. The garden was a release and a fulfillment.

Marvin had good friends, friendship was a matter of mutual respect. His way was not that of shallow camaraderie. He judged others for what they were, not for the accidents of birth or social position. He could be counted on to support all the useful institutions and needed charities of our community.

Marvin rejoiced in his success, but his greatest joy came within the circle of his family. His youth had been an endless series of moves in his adult life. His home provided the roots - the stability and encouragement which nourished his soul. He and Sylvia enjoyed a happy relationship. For nearly forty years they built together and planned together and shared the inevitable joys and sorrows of life and took great pride in the growth and promise of their son and of their daughter and in the noise and the love of their grandchildren. Marvin built his home solidly, as he did all else.

In these last years of success he built into a new home all of his dreams and expectations - it was to be his Promised Land. Here his soul could put down its roots and expand. Here was proof of his achievements, a place for the family that was so central to his being, room for music and song, and an outdoors to cultivate and make green. It is too bad, really, that Marvin's real aesthetic talents did not have a chance to be fully exposed. He had a good eye and a trained ear and a strong sense of line and color. There was something of the artist in this man which might have unfolded in the years ahead, but it is not given to any of us to cross into the Promised Land. We die always this side of the Jordan. Ours is the long trek, the test to walk with courage and perseverance. May God comfort his dear ones whose personal bereavement is greater than ours. They will be encouraged, I know, by the host of strong and significant memories which Marvin has bequeathed them.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 21, 1977

## SHERMAN KAHN

The meaning of death is beyond our grasp. A moment such as this is a <sup>NOT FAR SPECULATION BUT</sup> time 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 <sup>UNPREDICTABLE MATTER OF LIFE</sup> ~~mysteries of God's plan.~~

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." <sup>LAUGH UP IN</sup> ~~Rejoice~~ by 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 the thrust of conflicting emotions. On the one hand we are grateful that the agony of <sup>PROGRESSIVE</sup> disability ~~and death~~ is <sup>OVER</sup> ~~no more~~. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. At the same time we begrudge the loss of <sup>ONE</sup> ~~those~~ <sup>WHO WERE INFUSIONALLY PRECIOUS TO US</sup> ~~who have been central to our lives.~~ Actually, any number of conflicting feelings move in our souls. No relationship is without stress. We lie to ourselves if we picture any friendship as always satisfying. Inevitably, there are moments of distance <sup>SILENCE AND</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>AND DISGUST</sup> ~~or unfeeling.~~ Each of us has his or her own set of emotional capacities and <sup>PERSONAL</sup> sensitivities. We go at life differently. We see life differently. We judge everything and

everyone from our private biases. Everyone seeks fulfillment and satisfaction in life but not all of us can express our feelings consistently or ~~successfully~~ <sup>weave</sup> ~~or weave~~ <sup>and pride in others as easily as we must will</sup> a meaning into our life which is generally approved. ~~Some love easily and steadily.~~ Others keep their feelings bottled up ~~and find it difficult to disentangle themselves from private concerns.~~ <sup>and find it difficult to disentangle themselves from private concerns.</sup>

David Green was not an easy man. He worked hard. He was not easy on himself. He was not easy on others. He was a determined and creative businessman. He was not one to shirk responsibility. Those who knew him as companion and neighbor speak of a genial friend whose conversation was bright, full of verve and wit. He bore himself with dignity and was always full of optimism about the future. Whatever a day's frustration or defeat, he rose on the morrow eager to face the world.

David led a peripatetic life, but there was a solid core to his existence. This solid foundation was provided by his women: the mother he adored; the wife he cherished and to whom he was wholly devoted - whom he cared for in health and in illness; his daughters whose achievements and families were so solid; his granddaughters, each of whom became a woman of consequence in her own right. I cannot believe that a man whose women were of such quality did not himself exhibit meaningful qualities.

What more can be said? What more need be said? Each of us seeks his own destiny as best he can. David walked his own way and was rewarded in a special way.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 20, 1979

WALLACE RICH

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 to play it now. Music would speak more adequately than words what is in our heart - love, pain, empathy for an anguished soul, grief for a good friend, a sharp sense of personal loss. There are feelings which do not yield to language, mysterious elements which touch the limits of frustration and the heights of love. The theme of such a fugue: that time heals and that we will awaken from our grief and love again is both true and appropriate. However dark the night, there is always another dawn. Today a sense of finality weighs upon us, but if we persevere and keep going we will awaken again to feeling, and even joy.

Music expresses, it does not explain. I have no explanation. Life is fragile. At times like this we need not words but a sense that others link hands with us as we walk life's stormy way. We share in a community of love and of grief and are encouraged.

Almost unbidden a thought comes to mind. There is so much in our conventional wisdom which would have us believe that confidence and sunshine are the stuff of life. The unique prosperity and technology of our age has made us forget the older experience which knew life as freighted, shadowed and uncertain. The truth is that life is always a struggle with ourselves, with the situation in which we find ourselves and with dark voices within. Who of us sleeps easily and without care every night?

Another truth is that each of us is unique. Some are taller and others shorter. Some have a sturdy emotional frame while others are as sensitive as a spring flower. We must face life with what we are given and for some this is incredibly difficult. Life is full of unexpected turns and love does not conquer all. There are times when all the love and understanding a family can give cannot relieve the pain in another's soul. I often wish that we would talk to our children about the gray days as well as the sun-filled ones, about life as it is, with all of its uncertainty and confusion, about human need, as it is with all of its variety and complexity.

Life tests us all. Romantic innocents talk glibly of peace on earth, of joy unbounded and real security; but all honest philosophers insist that the way is hard, the burdens are many and nothing is certain. To live is to be bruised. No life is always calm and endlessly placid. At times we are pushed beyond our capacity to accept. At times we are driven by needs and passions we hardly understand and barely control. What may seem to an outsider a life of privilege may in fact be beyond our capacity to manage. It is well to keep in mind the old rabbinic saying: "Never judge another until you have stood in his place." Who knows the needs and fears which surge in another's soul? Who knows how another expresses his love. Ours is not to judge, only to grieve; to grieve a responsible and decent man, to grieve one who met every obligation as best he could, but ultimately found life beyond management.

Wallace was a lifelong member of The Temple. He was confirmed at our altar and had the privilege of seeing his so beloved son confirmed there in turn. He was a good Jew, a good friend to



many, a wholly responsible human being, a hard and honorable worker. What he lacked was good luck and the ability to express the deepest feelings that surged within. A diligent and loyal employee, he discovered late the full extent of the cruelty of the world. That cruelty was utterly foreign to his nature which was based on a favorite phrase: "A day when you can't cause a person to laugh is a day wasted." He believed that you gained success by showing capacity, not by elbowing people aside. Blessed with the love of his family, his son and most especially with a good and loyal wife, he still could not find it within him to speak of his anxieties and anguish. A proud man, he believed that one carried his burdens privately, and ultimately they overwhelmed him.

Now we stand here united, a community of sorrow, good and lifelong friends who cared and tried, a wife who stood fast, whose love never broke, whose care was always supportive. With us there are no words, only the music, the love, the grief which binds us close. I have no explanations, only concerns. I have no words, only the confidence that every night must end - that there is always a new dawn.

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now forever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 strength in what remains behind;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 which having been must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 10, 1987

## Dr. David Kallman

We are met in respect, love and admiration to the memory of Dr. David Kallman. By profession a physician, Dr. Kallman served with consummate skill and unbounded sympathy. His patients were his friends. He knew them not as case histories, but as human beings whose every concern became his. Dr. Kallman's medicine was professionally superior and exceptionally sympathetic. No demand on his time was begrudged. No concern of a patient was dismissed unheeded. No call for help was pushed aside because it was inconvenient. Dr. Kallman sought neither great wealth nor social status, but the reward of a sound body and a relieved mind. Is it any wonder that patients became friends and friends patients? Is it any wonder that he earned the esteem of his colleagues who respected equally the quality of his medicine and the humanity of his practice?

David was a small man who walked tall. He was straight-backed, upright, vigorous, dexterous - a fighter for what he knew to be right and necessary. Dr. Kallman did what he felt needed to be done. There was a right way and a wrong way. There was only one way. Guile and deceit were foreign to his nature. His lips were sealed to self-pity and pettiness. His heart overflowed with a great love of life. His was an open heart, full of empathy and consideration and love. His mind was determined, curious, bright, independent, well-trained. His spirit was warm, good-humored, kindly, considerate. It was always a pleasure to be in his company.

David came to these shores as a youth. As a youth he experienced all the hardships and challenges of an immigrant. Nothing was given to him. He had to make his way. Even as a youth he was responsible for others, yet, responsibility never hardened his spirit or made him selfish. His soul had no room for selfishness. His was an instinctive response to another's urgency. He studied and labored long hours

without complaint, with love, with fixed purpose and, wonderfully, he was always excited and fulfilled by his work. I would like to believe that David's spirit was rooted in and grew out of the traditional values of our people. David had a broad special knowledge of our Jewish tradition. His was a rabbinic tradition. Before he studied medicine he had mastered much of the Talmud. Jewish wisdom was second nature to him. Hard-headed, insightful, optimistic, pragmatic, principled, he was a quintessential Jew.

There are some who labor tirelessly and achieve professional claim, but who do so at the expense of the personal side of life. David Kallman was admired as much as a person as a physician. For all his accomplishments, he remained a humble and unpretentious man. He had little, if any, need for display or applause. Though his mind was occupied with medicine, it was never preoccupied to the point of distraction. He was well-read, alert to the problems of the day, sensitive, even tender to the feelings of others. There is a line in our book of Psalms which comes to my mind as I think of Dr. Kallman - "Gladness of heart is the life of a man." His spirit was effervescent, his humor warm, his sympathies broad, his loyalties lifelong and his life full.

Your presence here is itself a tribute to David's warmth, to the vitality of his spirit and to the quality of his friendship for he had been in our city for only a brief time. Others might have remained anonymous. David reached out and drew to himself a whole circle of friends. David reached out and served in any number of useful activities.

David was a good listener and an interesting conversationalist - a rare combination. Above all, he was husband and father, son and brother, a human being

who knew how to share love and how to accept love; as head of his family his hand was steady, his spirit determined, his judgement sound. A tender, loyal, devoted husband, his home was a place of love and full of blessing and of encouragement. His wife was his delight, his daughters were his joy, his grandchildren his fulfillment.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 3, 1977

MAX KATZ

July 11, 1960

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

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

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

We are met to pay our last respects to Max Katz. It was not my privilege to know Mr. Katz, but his friends and intimates speak of one who loved life, who had a zest for living, and who grew to accept not only the privileges but many of the responsibilities of life. Our sages say that man can be likened to the flowers of the garden. Some men burst into radiant bloom early in the springtime of their lives. Others put forth their blossoms much later in the season. Yet their budding also adds beauty and color. Mr. Katz found, in the late summer of

his life, happiness and the pleasure of sharing his destiny with one who was devoted to him. A man of many interests, his ideas matured with his years, and as friend, husband, and parent he learned the fulfillment that comes to every man when he transcends himself, when he gives to life more than he demands of it. Mr. Katz knew the meaning of work -- hard work. He was never one to shirk responsibility. He fulfilled every business obligation he undertook, for his good name was most precious to him. In an age much prone to be self-indulgent Mr. Katz set an example of determined labor and diligent application which all of us may follow with profit. Always a man of wit and charm, Mr. Katz became a gentleman generous of himself, grateful to those who brought him love and fulfillment. With his bride of his later years he built a marriage on the firm foundations of devotion and tenderness. Together they shared a rich and fulfilling experience. We pray that she may find consolation in the days ahead and that she will remember that her beloved would want her to walk again happily along life's way.

Richard Keller

My Dear Friends:

A sudden tragedy has brought us together in this hour of tribute to one with whom it is incredibly difficult to associate the thought of death. Richard Keller was struck down in the fullness of his strength, while he was still unfolding his talents onto the drawings, the designs and the work which was dear and significant to him. Dick was such a vital person, such an ardent spirit, so quick minded, so responsive to all that was beautiful and satisfying in our world, so determined to be part of a more just and more gracious community; that many of us came to think of him as elemental and we failed to associate with him the inevitable fact of mortality. Whenever we were together there was a smile on his face, an eagerness in his voice as he sketched with his hands and with words the vision that was in his eyes. But all men die and so we are here in the silence of our grief, nursing our hurt, seeking some understanding with which to come to grips with our tragedy.

When I first heard of Dick's death, a line from the Book of Psalms surfaced to my mind. "Gladness of heart is the life of a man." No life is easy. Dick knew the meaning of hard work but he never complained of the load. Though a big man, he walked lightly for he was buoyed up by an inner vision which lightened his whole being. He saw beauty and had that rare talent which can

turn an idea and a hope into concrete shape. He saw the beauty in every man. I have rarely met anyone so utterly without prejudice. Open-mindedness was not for Dick a conscious virtue but a natural way of life. Somehow he could only see men and women for what they were. He brought the warmth of his humanity into every relationship. His eye was always looking beyond today's responsibility to tomorrow's building. His mind was ever active. He would not accept tradition simply because it was familiar or change simply because it was new. He took pride in all that was well made and that which he made was well made, solid and substantial for he had invested his talent and himself in it. Dick was a straightforward, straight-backed, upright man. Guile and deceit were foreign to his nature. He had the straightness of the Puritan but he was never tight-lipped or dour. His innate, inner grace made it always a pleasant experience to be in his company. There is a laughter which is giddy -- that was not Dick's way -- and there is laughter which is full bodied, which begins in the depths of the human soul and can see the humor in every frustration --

With it all, Dick was a simple person. I know that he would not want any of us to embroider long phrases of an eulogy. Friendship was its own reward. Sometime ago I came across a poem whose lines I suspect Dick would have appreciated:



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.

What more can be said? What more need be said? To his friends and to his family and to his beloved Ve, Dick has left wonderful memories. All of us will remember his vital spirit, his probing mind, his deep social concern, his loyal friendship, his happy laugh. Fortunately we will be able to look and admire at the work of his hands and more fortunately yet, those who were closest and dearest will find their lives graced by grand memories which I know will bring encouragement and comfort.

My tradition describes those who, like Dick, as having left life to the living -- by which they meant that we are the better for their lives -- that what they accomplished continues creatively in us. Is there any finer memorial a man can have?

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 our purpose to live forever.  
    It is only our purpose to live.  
It is no added merit that a man lives long.  
    It is of merit only that his life is good.

*M. J. K.*  
~~MR. MOE L. ROTHMAN~~

January 11, 1959

WE ARE MET TO PAY OUR LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO ONE OF OUR MIDST WHO HAS PASSED FROM OUR SIGHT. AS ALWAYS AT SUCH AN HOUR WE STAND GRIEF-LADEN BEFORE THE CURTAIN OF DEATH. WE CANNOT DRAW THAT CURTAIN ASIDE. WHAT AWAITS BEYOND IS FOREVER HIDDEN FROM OUR VIEW.

IN TIME EACH OF US WILL PASS BEYOND THIS DIVIDE. WHEN WE DO, WE WILL NOT KNOW WHAT AWAITS US THERE. YET WE WILL CROSS OVER IN FAITH -- IN THE FAITH THAT A KIND GOD AND FATHER, WHO HAS GIVEN TO US LIFE, WILL NOT FORSAKE US IN DEATH. AS HE WELCOMED US INTO THIS LIFE AND PROTECTS US HERE, SO WILL HE SHELTER US AND SUSTAIN US UNTO ETERNITY. THAT HE WILL BE NEAR US WE WILL BE SURE. WE NEED NOT FEAR FOR HEAVEN WILL SUPPORT US.

TO FACE DEATH IS TO BE REMINDED OF LIFE'S SWIFT PASSAGE. OUR YOUTH SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY, OUR DAYS SO FEW. TO FACE DEATH IS TO BE REMINDED OF THE USES TO WHICH WE MUST PUT OUR LIFE. WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT LIES BEYOND. WE DO KNOW THE NATURE OF THAT SERVICE OF LOVE AND KINDNESS, OF GENTLENESS AND COURAGE, WHICH WE MUST TENDER HERE AND NOW, AND SINCE WE DO NOT KNOW WHEN OUR HOUR MAY COME, IS IT NOT FOLLY FOR ANY OF US TO PUT OFF OUR GENEROUS INSTINCTS AND OUR HONEST IMPULSES, FEELING THAT THERE MAY YET BE TIME? THERE MAY NEVER BE TIME. WE ARE NOT MASTERS OF OUR DESTINY. WE DO NOT DETERMINE WHEN WE ARE TO DIE. TO LIVE OUR DAYS, HOWEVER LONG THEY BE, ABLY AND WELL IS THE BURDEN AND THE CHALLENGE OF LIFE.

WE ARE MET TO PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS TO MOE L. ROTHMAN, A FATHER AND DEVOTED HUSBAND, A GENTLE, FINE ~~PERSON~~. MR. ~~ROTHMAN WAS A MAN WHOSE~~ GREAT WARMTH OF PERSON, <sup>AND</sup> WHOSE GOOD SPIRITS AND ~~WHOSE~~ KINDLY NATURE MADE HIM BELOVED TO ALL. SOME MEN AND WOMEN LIVE OUT THEIR LIVES IN THE PUBLIC EYE. SOME OF THESE ACCOMPLISH GREAT THINGS, OTHERS NOT. SOME MEN LIVE OUT THEIR LIVES IN THE QUIET CIRCLE OF THEIR FAMILY AND FRIENDS. SOME ACCOMPLISH MUCH, SOME DO NOT. MR. ROTHMAN LIVED HIS DAYS COURAGEOUSLY AND <sup>meekly</sup> ~~COMPELLED~~ IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY AND IN THE

INTIMATE CIRCLE OF HIS FRIENDS. HE FILLED HIS DAYS WITH <sup>useful</sup> MEANINGFUL ACTIVITY. HE WAS A SOURCE OF COMFORT AND COUNSEL TO A LEGION OF FRIENDS. NONE WHO CAME TO HIM FOR ADVICE OR IN NEED WAS TURNED AWAY EMPTYHANDED. THERE WAS A WARMTH OF SPIRIT AND A FRIENDLINESS ABOUT MR. ROTHMAN WHICH WAS CONTAGIOUS. THOSE WHO KNEW HIM BEST REJOICED IN HIS COMPANIONSHIP AND EAGERLY SOUGHT <sup>out his</sup> OCCASIONS ~~TO BE WITH HIM.~~ IN HIS PERSONAL LIFE MR. ROTHMAN KNEW THE MEANING OF HARD WORK AND THE IMPORTANCE OF HIGH STANDARDS. HE NEVER COMPROMISED WITH WHAT HE KNEW TO BE THE RIGHT. HE LIVED ALWAYS IN THE HOPE THAT BY HIS ACTIONS HE MIGHT BRING HAPPINESS TO OTHERS. IN A HUNDRED QUIET WAYS, FOR THOUSANDS OF QUIET DAYS, MR. ROTHMAN ENCOURAGED AND SUPPORTED ALL THAT IS MEANINGFUL AND VITAL IN OUR SOCIETY. ABOVE ALL ELSE, MR. ROTHMAN WAS A FAMILY MAN. HE WAS CLOSE TO HIS PARENTS. HE WAS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF STRENGTH TO HIS SISTERS AND TO HIS BROTHERS. HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS BELOVED <sup>Rose</sup> ~~WILLIAM~~ WAS TRULY A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN. FOR WELL OVER FOUR DECADES THEIR LOVE AND UNFLAGGING DEVOTION WAS A JOY TO BEHOLD. TOGETHER THEY REARED A CHILD IN A HOME FULL OF LOVE. TOGETHER THEY TAUGHT THEIR CHILD MUCH OF THE MEANING AND PURPOSE OF LIFE.

TO HIS FAMILY MR. ROTHMAN HAS LEFT MANY INTIMATE MEMORIES WHOSE PRIVACY MUST BE RESPECTED. HE HAS LEFT THEM ALSO THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SUSTAINING THE CLOSENESS OF THOSE FAMILY TIES WHICH WERE TO HIM SO IMPORTANT. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT MR. ROTHMAN WOULD WISH TO HAVE SPOKEN AT THIS HOUR. I SUSPECT, HOWEVER, THAT HE WOULD ASK HIS LOVED ONES TO BE STRONG IN THEIR GRIEF AND REMEMBER THAT HIS EVERY EFFORT WAS DEDICATED TO THEIR HAPPINESS. HE WOULD HAVE THEM RESPECT HIS MEMORY, BUT HE WOULD NOT HAVE THEM DISTORT THEIR LIVES BECAUSE OF HIS LOSS -- RATHER HE WOULD HAVE THEM CONTINUE TO SEE THE BEAUTY AND COLOR OF LIFE, AND THOUGH THEY MUST WALK LIFE'S WAY FOREVER ALONE, WALK IT WITH THE EYES THROUGH WHICH HE TAUGHT THEM TO SEE LIFE AND WITH THE HOPE HE TAUGHT THEM TO FIND IN LIFE.

## Dr. Joseph Klein

We are met to pay a public tribute of respect and love to Dr. Joseph Klein, a loving husband and father, a courteous and thoughtful gentleman, a cultured and cultivated citizen, a skilled and sensitive physician, who was blessed by God with extraordinary qualities of mind and spirit. Dr. Klein was a vital and vigorous man who, for considerably more than four score years, walked straight-backed, uprightly and with a great courage.

Dr. Klein was born in central Europe before the turn of the century and was educated in two great cultural intellectual traditions - Europe's science, art, music and literature, and Judaism's religious heritage and philosophy. As a young man he received an excellent Hebrew education and throughout his life he remained close in mind and spirit to Judaism and the Jewish people. Their faith was his. He trained himself as a physician and after service in the first World War came to America, to Cleveland, where he devoted a half century to the ministry of healing.

He was healer of the whole man, interested in the anxieties and loneliness of his patients as well as in their symptoms and pains. The combination of professional skill and personal warmth is an increasingly rare one in our age of specialization. It is good to have such a life as Dr. Klein's to remind us, however narrow our confidence when we deal with people, we must see them whole as human beings. Dr. Klein won the complete confidence of his patients because they soon became aware that he possessed not only the skill in the textbook but the intuitive diagnostic ability of the born physician. Medicine was to Dr. Klein much more than a livelihood. It was in the finest sense of the word a profession, a dedication. No call was too inconvenient, no visit too out of the way, no person in need was ever turned away.

I am reminded of those words from our tradition which begin:

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.

I was delighted to see Dr. Klein come to The Temple. He felt at home.

He was responsive to the teachings of our tradition and had about him an agreeable warmth and an eagerness to please, a quiet strength which was always encouraging. He was a good friend to many. He could be depended upon. His conversation was interesting and informed. He was willing to take another's burdens on his shoulders, but never imposed his worries on others. Above all else, he was husband and father. He and Martha built together a sound marriage and established a wonderful home in which their son was encouraged to develop his full potential. There was music in that home and there were books, ideas, and a sense of commitment to all that is important in the society.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 18, 1978

*Est. K...*  
~~Henry Shapiro~~

The sudden death of a dear friend has shaken and saddened us all. <sup>Bub</sup>~~Mark~~'s life was at its full tide. Death came for him "as an arrow which flies by day and as 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 in death he whom they now mourn is completely worthy of their sorrow; as in life he was of their great love and devotion.

At this bitter hour 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. It is not ours to explain the far mystery but 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, though they may die before life has run its full course, die fulfilled. Their life has yielded an abundant harvest.

This, too, I affirm: death is not pain but the absence 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 the pain are ours. He is at peace. He is with God. His peace is timeless. It is our loneliness that is a daily burden.

We meet here as friends and our sense of community helps to soften the bitterness of this hour. Yet, there is no point in denying its cruelty and the hurt. A precious life has been taken from us. <sup>Bub</sup>~~Mark~~ was cut down in his prime. He deserved more - goodness deserves life; there is no explanation; but we can thankfully say that <sup>Bub</sup>~~Mark~~ used each day granted him fully and well. In the years that were his he made a host of friends, gained a reputation for probity and bound close the ties of family.

*Engaged himself in cause w. a purpose*  
*peace and joy*

A gooder machine

6677207, 10a

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



B 4.

Shed not too many tears when  
I shall leave.  
Be brave enough to smile.  
It will not shorten howso'er you grieve,  
Your loneliness, the while.  
I would not have you sorrowful and sad,  
But joyously recall  
The glorious companionship we've had  
And thank God for it all.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 4, 1980



Death is a void only faith can bridge. This is a time for faith, to accept what we cannot understand. <sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark~~ was a realistic man who <sup>I Suspect</sup> accepted Job's practical advice: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He knew that life was a gift not of our choosing and death a fact not of our timing. His philosophy was to use each day to its utmost. He knew that both life and death are part of God's plan and need not be feared, that man must affirm that possibility which is life as energetically and as wisely as he can. This he did. He made us appreciate the psalmist perception that "gladness of heart is the life of a man", and a man of joyous heart lightens every life fortunate enough to cross his.

<sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark~~ was never manipulative or devious. He knew where he stood. The rules he lived by were clear. <sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark demanded a great deal of himself and he~~ looked for and <sup>without side</sup> found the best in others. <sup>Be</sup> He took remarkably little interest in the status games people play. <sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark~~ was a kind and loyal friend, warm, empathetic, willing to put himself out, courteous, ~~in a careful, almost old-fashioned way~~. His heart was full of love, and no service for a child or the aged was too much to ask of him.

When our people want to praise a man they sometimes use a phrase, ish tam v'yashar, "a simple man and just." I often thought of <sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark~~ in this context. Simplicity is not innocence, rather it is the ability not to be caught up in too many complications. Simplicity is the knowledge that much is demanded and that you had better leave off puzzling why and be up and doing. Simplicity is an instinct for the right and an openness of spirit, an unflagging optimism, being utterly without side, the same within as without.

<sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark's~~ spirit was open, rarely judgmental. He saw the best in others and brought out the best in them. His good humor was warm, never acid or a putdown. Above all, <sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark~~ had love in his heart, love of life, love of people, and that special love which gives all and shares fully. <sup>Be</sup> ~~Mark loved greatly. He~~ had a talent for friendship. He brought smiles and good feelings whenever he came. He delighted to help and to make others happy. We felt privileged to be called his friend but, most of all,

# MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ALLEN KLIVANS

by Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 17, 1967

*Samuel  
Seltzer*

Three years ago, after Yom Kippur, I received a letter from Allen. He had been moved by my Memorial sermon to prepare himself and us for this gray hour - which he willed to be of a piece with the whole fabric of his disciplined and carefully balanced life.

Allen faced his death with the same unblinking awareness and keen judgment with which he managed his life. He was kind enough to say that he agreed with the thoughts I had expressed and asked that I incorporate them into these remarks.

Let me rehearse then some of what I said at Yom Kippur.

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

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

Let us speak of death straightforwardly. I know that if many had been less evasive or delicate with their loved ones, they would have been far less confused in their grief, far more certain of the next step, of how to regain the ladder which leads up from the valley of the shadows. The heartache of confusion cuts as close to the quick flesh as the knife of grief. We try then 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:

We see the holiness of another's life, his work, his dignity, his sacrifice and we not only recall, but we realize. 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. We shall not be unworthy of his aspiration, his hope which he employed in us. His dreams are ours.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keep

### Lloyd Koenig

I first really came to know Lloyd Koenig when he and Marie joined a trip to Holland and Belgium sponsored by our TMC. I found him to be an easy companion, friendly and helpful in all respects. Lloyd possessed a great curiosity about Jewish history and the world in general. He wanted to know all he could about the way people of all kinds organized their lives and governed themselves.

Lloyd had a warm gentle humor. He saw the best in others and took obvious pleasure in people. While traveling with him those two weeks, I came to understand why he had so many lifelong friends and why people of all ages trusted him.

It also became clear that his life was centered on his family. It was not a matter of pictures and anecdotes, but of an everyday relationship. Lloyd had joined his son with him in business - a not uncommon occurrence; but what was uncommon was that they had managed many decades to share responsibility and challenge. To work in true partnership and then to rejoice together that they were able to have a third generation member join in their family effort. Business often tears a family apart. Lloyd had a wit and wisdom to see that this did not happen. I know few families as close.

As you might expect Lloyd was a good son and brother. He and Marie shared over sixty years of intimacy and fulfillment. Each was a true helpmate, each a loving, upbeat partner. Together they built a home in which Bob grew to competent adulthood, a place of love and encouragement. Bob's marriage to Lois gave them a daughter to love, and in time children had grandchildren. He knew no greater joy than to share in the joys and accomplishments of his grandchildren.

Many think that they must conquer the world in order to have happiness. The wise know that happiness is a state of mind. Happiness is not won by deeds of daring do; but by enjoying the everyday. Happiness comes from the knowledge that what one has done is the best that can be done. Lloyd had about him the quiet of contentment, the calm that comes to a man who knows that he has lived the way he wanted to live and has not compromised his ideals or convictions. Such a man is blessed. His spirit is of a piece and he is at peace. We can be grateful that God did not consign Lloyd to a mattress grave, that he died after only a brief illness, still his vital special self. Lloyd is with his God and we can only be grateful that God allowed us to share his spirit.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

## Julie Kravitz

The sense of sudden tragedy sits heavy on us and stills the tongue. No life escapes the unexpected and unwanted intrusion of accident or illness. Most of us become inured and fatalistic about such sudden reversals; but we are unprepared for the suffering caused by the vicious cruelty of some who call themselves men, and have no ready philosophic defenses.

These last days I found myself reflecting on a line in Scripture whose truth I have consistently tried to deny: "The devisings of a man's heart are evil from his youth." When we come face to face with the dark side of the human soul it is hard to sustain any faith in man's decency. At a time like this it is hard not to become cynical; yet, even as despair tugged at my soul, perhaps because despair tugged at my soul, I found I owed Julie yet another debt of affection. His memory sustains my faith in man.

I remember once expressing to him surprise at some particularly flagrant evidence of one person's callous manipulation of another. Julie responded calmly: "Don't be surprised. I've seen it all and more." Julie was a realist. You cannot begin to work at the age of eleven in a business where you are constantly rubbing against competitors and customers without accumulating daily evidence of man's cupidity and capacity for deceit. Julie knew that man could steal, and even kill; yet, somehow, he never allowed his knowledge of human frailty to corrode his soul. And he, himself, was the proof that man was capable of decency and goodness - that the human animal can transform itself into a human being. Julie's life is the proof we need, especially today, of the reach of the human soul: the love of which it is capable; the honor around which a life can be shaped; that some people are "little lower than angels."

We are fortunate if we meet along life's way a few human beings who confirm our faith in the possibilities of human nature. Julie was such a man. My last

contact with him was typical. He had called from Florida. Somehow, he had heard of an elderly woman who had been my father's secretary many, many years ago. She had been hospitalized and would need nursing care. Her sister, herself well up in years, was having difficulty finding a home. Julie did not know either woman, but his heart responded instinctively. He had called and found out what the situation was. Then he called me: "What can we do?" And together we did find a suitable placement.

Julie's heart was as warm as his smile. His empathy came naturally. Some cold-eyed folk equate compassion with innocence. They claim that the world is a jungle and that successful men of affairs are necessarily hardheaded. They have no time for an individual's needs. Charity should be organized. Julie was a hardheaded and successful businessman, God knows. No one pulled the wool over his eyes, yet, he never lost his ability to respond to any individual's need. It was always one heart responding to another.

Sometimes wealth misleads the possessor into the belief that he is different and better. Why else his success? Julie knew his wealth to be hard-won, but he accepted it also as an accident of good fortune. He had been fortunate to live in America when he did. He never assumed that he was superior to others. Mazel played a role in life. He lived without pretension. He never exchanged old friends for wealthier ones. I have known few men so impervious to the temptations and corruptions of wealth. Few set less store in social status or supposed pedigree. Julie never left behind a good friend or judged another's worth by his net worth.

I have known few men who could match Julie's energy. He was a fierce competitor who rejoiced in challenge. He retired several times but he could not sit still. He took as much joy in winning a hard-fought tennis game as in business success, but he played by the rules of the game. His word was his bond. He never cut corners. His honor was rock-ribbed.

The game metaphor is not quite apt. Business was not a game played for personal gain or glory. Business existed to serve the community, not to take from the community. Business was a challenge, to be sure; but, ultimately, it was justified because it served the common good by providing necessities and jobs.

These last days I have heard from those who run poverty centers and inner city youth groups; from hospital and university trustees; from groups concerned with the family and with race relations; all asking that I add their gratitude to this eulogy. I doubt that there is a single worthwhile cause in our city to which Julie did not make substantial contributions and he did so without ever making any demands in return. Julie did not seek immortality or position through his gifts, only the well-being of a community which had been good to him and the health and well-being of his neighbors and friends.

I - we - have lost a good friend. Julie was fun to be with. He was a good conversationalist and a welcoming host. He was up before most of us began to stir and when you met him late that night his mind was still alert and his energy full. He was eager to know about your life and your family, the things that were of interest to you. He loved to talk about the challenge of his business, but he never bragged. He had strong opinions about the affairs of the day, but he never demanded your acquiescence.

Julie was our friend and more than a friend. He was a leader of our people, a leader of rare ability and rare humanity. There is no Jewish institution in our town that was not strengthened by his mind and his substance. He not only gave but he gave joyously. He not only gave but he got others to give. He not only gave but he gave out of a clear perception of the needs of the Jewish people as we struggle to survive in difficult and demanding times. Early on he understood the importance of Zionism and the meaning of Israel to the survival of the Jewish people. Julie had



no patience with attitudes which would allow refugees to rot in limbo. There were to be no Jewish refugees. Everyone was to have his chance to build a life for himself in a place he could call home.

A good and faithful son of the Jewish people, Julie knew that ultimately Jewish survival depends upon the survival and well-being of all the communities of mankind. His vision was prophetic and not parochial. Wherever there was need there was Julie.

This man, whose heart overflowed with love, had a special place in his heart for his family. Over the long years this large family worked together and played together and stayed together and enjoyed each other and Julie was the focus of the enterprise and its guiding spirit. When decisiveness was needed he was decisive. When patience was required he had patience. He had high standards. How else was anyone to know his reach? He was not only a son, brother, husband, father and grandfather, but best friend and ready counselor and the proudest of fathers and grandfathers.

As we know all too well, there is no life without tragedy. A few years ago Julie suffered the death of his beloved Marie. Theirs had been a rare intimacy and true partnership in home, family and community service. Fortunately, this man, so full of love, found another and without in any way diminishing what had been before he and Georgene found together happiness and fulfillment and built a close and good life.

What more can be said?

Our tradition tells us that there is no legacy more precious than that of a good name. I can think of no one who has left a better name to his children and grandchildren. Our tradition tells us "the way of the righteous is life and in the pathway thereof there is no death." Julie was so much a part of our life and of the inner history of our community that for him there can be no death. His spirit

lives on and will not be forgotten. The highest praise which our tradition can offer is to say of a man that he has left life to the living, that through him the sum total of happiness and of possibility has been increased. I know of few who even begin to match Julie's gift of life to the living.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 4, 1979

## DEFINITION

Death comes like a shadow across the sun,  
That darkens happiness and silences all laughter.  
It grabs away our loved ones from us,  
To the dark shadow lands.  
Yet those who plant their seeds, and sow them well,  
And teach love to their children,  
Shall ever be remembered in the minds of men,  
For their gardens will always grow a harvest  
In the memories of those that knew and loved them.

## Bertram Krohngold

I heard about Bertram Krohngold's death in Jerusalem. I had just arrived to the city which represents our people's past and future and it was under its spell that I absorbed the fact of Bert's death. Jerusalem helped. Its walls and monuments speak of the continuing presence of the past. Jerusalem is the achievement of thousands of individuals over hundreds of generations: poets and sages; builders and business people; healers and teachers; parents and children. In Jerusalem you understand why when our tradition wished to honor those who have enhanced civilization they describe them as having left life to the living. Blessed, indeed, are those who strengthen the institutions and the relationships which bind people to each other and to their god. Civilization is the gift to us of those who have gone before. In this sense, as in so many others, we are indebted to Bert: we, our congregation, and our city.

Bert was a quiet and unassuming man. He was careful in his dress but not vain. He was courteous in manner out of instinctive respect for another's person. He was full of warm good humor for he was able to see the incongruities of life. I never heard him put anyone down. His spirit was gay but never acid or bitter. His was the way of kindness and encouragement. Bert was a lifter. In all the years we worked together I never heard him engage in sarcasm or vindictiveness. He brought out the best in others because you knew he would give you his best. Here was a man you could trust. His values were basic and good. They were not put on. You knew they came from within.

For all of his competence in business, and Bert was a successful and respected man of affairs, there was something delightfully innocent about him. Nothing pleased him more than to take out a few coins and delight children with his tricks. No title pleased him more than Uncle Bert and he took as much pleasure in those younger than himself as in friends of his own generation. He was constant in friendship, always willing to give of his time and of his self, full of decency and empathy, and always young of heart.

It is fitting that Bert's service be held in his sanctuary. Bert loved and served The Temple all his life. His faith in God was firm. He was comfortable with and deeply devoted to our people. He respected the basic traditions of our faith and guided his personal and public life by its principles. Our Temple has lost a valued member - a leader whose wisdom and interest contributed mightily to its strength.

Some delight in the prerogatives of office. Bert felt that it was a privilege to serve. He was our President for eight years and during those years he had time for everyone. He kept calm in the face of crisis and brought to each decision good judgment and that of basic wisdom and instinctive common sense which comes only with experience. He earned here, as he had in the business world, the respect of everyone for he was a man of quality and rectitude, a gentle man whose heart was always clearly in the right place. I turned to him again and again for advice and came to think of him as a second father.

Bert was everywhere welcome. He had friends from all walks of life for he was utterly without side. His was the way of the warm smile and the encouraging word. His word was his bond. His spirit was willing and joyous. He was always the first to offer his help. His sympathy for anyone in need was unbounded and his respect from people from all walks of life rested on their accomplishments and not on such irrelevant judgments as birth, class or social position.

There are those around whom strong winds always seem to be swirling. Their egos are demanding. They seek to compel others to their will. Bert seemed always to be surrounded by sunshine. His way was that of sweet reason. I never knew him to raise his voice. He advised. He encouraged. He supported. Selfishness seemed to have no place in his spirit. Bert remained always open to life. The children of lifelong friends became his friends for all of us recognized the youthfulness and openness of his spirit and we knew that our accomplishments, such as they were, gave him pleasure.

Seeing Bert for the first time you could not help but notice his calm and his good spirits. One who did not know him might have concluded that Bert was one of those rare individuals whose lives somehow escape the tragic - that the darker times had passed him by. Tragedy had not passed him by. His openness and joyousness were a tribute to his courage and his deep faith. He faced the cruelty of children who could not lead normal lives. There was the hurt and the shock of Hilda's death, yet through it all, Bert somehow remained himself: sweet, open, free of self-pity, concerned and sensitive to the needs of others. To know was to admire.

Perhaps he remained as he was because of his great capacity for love. I thank God that this man of open and uncomplicated feelings experienced love as a child in his home and was blessed twice in his adult life with a full love and tender intimacy of a good woman. These last years Connie and Bert built together a life of intimacy and contentment. They shared together fully a quiet autumn. These were truly happy years. They were deeply suited. Their home was a place of joy and a place of beauty. Their welcome was warm. You were met with a smile. Theirs was a relationship that seemed to have been blessed by the heavens and one which brought to Bert the joy of a new family and the most careful and loving support during these last months. No one could have been a more careful and caring helpmate.

We have lost a good friend and an important member of our community and this family has lost one who was the lynch pin of their lives; but we all recognize that he is at peace. Bert's life had run full cycle. He had known the springtime of youth, the challenge of a long summer of achievement, quiet autumn years, happy in his relationships. And now the cycle complete, God has taken him back unto Himself.

May the memory of a righteous man be for a blessing.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

## Leonard Labowitch

It seems strange to be speaking of Leonard in this room. I have spoken here often. Leonard generally listened behind the open door over there leading to his office. He listened quietly as was his way. He was near, ready to offer any service that might be needed. There is a stereotype abroad in our land governing funeral directors. Presumably, they are men in dark suits, full of false solitude, unctuous, concerned only with the profit from a funeral. It is an ugly stereotype and no one gave it more of a lie than did Leonard. Leonard served with an open heart, a genuinely sensitive spirit, with decency and honor. I found him always empathetic and sensible. He did what was required and did not try to be what he was not - rabbi or psychiatrist. On occasion when I asked him he served for nothing. He served as a friend. Leonard never imposed heavy emotions, but he was always sensitive to another's need.

I often sat in this house and talked with Leonard about life and death and the community. He had a kind and gentle word for most and, particularly in the days when I was young and anxious, he had a warm and gentle story to lighten my concern. He judged another by their quality and not by their pretension and he spoke his judgements softly. Leonard was not a hail fellow well-met. He was reserved - he loved his privacy - yet, there was always a quiet smile on his face and happiness in the meeting. He liked the quiet life. He loved his quiet home by the river. As you well know, he had trouble with his hearing and I often felt he used his disability to tune out the dissonance of life.

He was proud of his good name. Most of all, he was proud of his Edith, the one great love of his life. She, too, was a private person. They worked together and lived and traveled together and when Edith died he placed a single

stone by her grave, his name already on it, and from that day, really, he began to die. Life had lost its flavor.

Leonard was a good man, a good Jew. He had heard all of the eulogies and he knew all of the poems and paragraphs that have been written about death. When Edith died he asked me to read a poem that I had found some years before and months later, as we talked, he asked that it be read now.

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 want only 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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 9, 1976



William B. Levenson

We have come to this chapel and this building which Bill loved so well to pay a tribute of respect, affection and admiration to a good friend, a warm and sensitive human being, a man of learning who brought light and enlightenment to the children of our city.

I first met Bill in his natural habitat, the classroom. More years ago than I care to admit, he was my teacher in The Temple High School. The course he taught so competently dealt with a subject which was always of central interest to him. It was a course in ethics. As an educator, Bill was concerned not only with learning but with wisdom, not only with intellect but with character. His concept of the role of the teacher was the traditional Jewish vision of the rabbi - the teacher - who is concerned with a curriculum which centers on questions of value and meaning - on the whole human being. Bill agreed with the rabbinic proverb that "he whose learning exceeds the quality of his living, his learning will not be established." But why should I speak for a man always perfectly capable to speak his mind and frame his thought. Some years ago at a graduation at Case Western Reserve University, Bill had this to say.

"More than two thousand years ago Heraclitus observed, 'There is nothing permanent except change.' We in this century can add one footnote, not along is there change, but change at an increasing tempo.

"The Stone Age lasted for countless millenia; the Iron Age, thousands of years; steam and electricity, hundreds; atomic power, decades. No wonder Whitehead exclaimed, 'Events might outrun man and leave him a panting anachronism.'

"How can man keep up? To be sure good health, faith and good fortune are important, but I would speak of the acquisition of knowledge. Knowledge is cumulative. Like a snowball down an endless hill, it gains mass and momentum to the point where no man can contain it. The universal man of the Renaissance, a da-Vinci, is gone forever. The fact that man now must know more and more about less

and less is trite, but true.

"A paradox: the world is shrinking daily - within 24 hours we can reach any place on earth. And yet, if your next door neighbor were to speak to you in the technical language he uses daily, complete understanding would be difficult.

"There are other paradoxes. We have achieved remarkable advances in the control of nature and yet, rarely before have men been so resigned before the forces of society. There is a sense of detachment from the sources of power, defeatism in the face of nuclear holocaust.

"Another paradox: Never before have we had such miracles of communication at our disposal and yet, the ignorance of the average man concerning the issues of the day remains abysmal.

"You recall the familiar quotation from Keats - "Beauty is truth." All this is too true, but I would speak of a second kind of knowledge which is not cumulative. Whereas in science there is the reassurance of proof, the evidence of experience, in this realm there is only speculation, even faith and hope.

"The point is that in spite of the march of science with the resultant mass of data, men everywhere are still asking, what is life, what is death, what is truth.

"These are the primary questions., It's easy enough to tell young people that life is real and life is earnest, but all about them, as their elders preach the virtue of industry, there is the universal appeal to shorter hours, leisure and ease. A society whose credo is labor-saving, whose epitome is the push-button, whose status symbols are recreational, at the same time demands of its young people a standard of intellectual preparation never before equalled. The ambivalence is ironic, if not inevitable.

"The search for answers must be conducted anew by each generation. From time immemorial, man has asked, "What is happiness?" To the immature, regardless of age, it is the avoidance of responsibility, freedom to do nothing - negative

quality. But a wise Englishman, Sir Robert Gould, reminds us, "Real and abiding happiness does not spring from ease and idleness. Happiness comes from strain, tension, struggle, from grappling with the difficult and succeeding. Music comes from taut strings, not slack ones."

"By the year 2000 the scientific products of cumulative knowledge will have transformed the world and, yet, the thought processes of many citizens will have altered but little. There will still be grown men and women thinking in childlike patterns. As we get older the countless choices we need to make in life become more difficult. Black and white begin to fade. Larger areas of uncertainty, of gray, begin to appear. Justice is not absolute and instantly recognizable. More often it is as the great jurist, Learned Hand, put it, "The tolerable accommodation of the conflicting interests of society."

"In life we pass through several stages: first, ignorance, perhaps blissful; then partial information, often frustrating; later, sophistication, frequently shallow; and then for a blessed few, the mellowness of wisdom born of experience and ability coupled with a rich endowment of character.

"The world would be truly a wondrous place if all of us could achieve that last step. But in spite of all our educative forces, in school and out, the sad truth is that many will remain children, emotionally if not intellectually. They will grasp for the assurance of certainty and abhor the anguish of doubt.

"In the realm of politics, many will be more concerned with the right word than with the just cause, substitute emotion for thought, and pay homage to slogans. Childlike in thought and feeling, still dreaming of a world of fantasy, of heroes and villains, they will mistake prejudice for truth, invective for documentation, and passion for reason.

"It is in undeveloped minds such as these that hysteria will still breed. The McCarthys of history have a way of reappearing. A hysterical fear of propaganda gives way to an unreasoned clamor for censorship. A horror of one ism is transmitted into a naive acceptance of another. A panic as regards subversives

spreads into a plague of reckless character defamation.

"The poet, John Ciardi, wrote not long ago, "It is easy enough to praise men for the courage of their convictions. I wish I could teach the sad young of this mealy generation the courage of their confusions. Show me a man who is not confused and I will show you a man who has not been thinking. He will be a man who has not asked enough questions." He adds later, "Conviction is possible only in a world more primitive than ours can be perceived to be.

"Surely, we accept the need for asking questions, for getting the facts, for avoiding temptingly easy answers, but we must also avoid the counsel which may unduly deter action. We have seen catastrophe result when intellectuals engaged in dialectics while the less confused devils acted. The nightmare of pre-war Germany made it clear that faults of omission by many are as repulsive as acts of commission by a relative few. Edmund Burke wisely cautioned, "The surest way for evil to succeed is for good men to do nothing." Knowledge carries with it responsibility, an obligation to act, to participate in the light on one's best and considered judgment. The search for truth does not mean the avoidance of conviction. The intellectual must be more than a bland and detached observer of the social scene. In a world of change we need the poise of knowledge, the serenity of faith, the enthusiasm of purpose and the rewards of participation."

Bill was a man of knowledge, sincere in faith, enthusiastic in purpose, an activist. Bill loved to be in the classroom. He was always eager to carry his convictions into practice. Bill possessed a fine mind and a fair mind. He was well-read and he had read carefully. His was a broad love of all that comprises culture and a flexible mind, ever ready to seize new opportunities and to break out of conventional modes. Bill quickly saw the possibilities of the new electronic media. He established the first radio station designed to support the instructional program of a major school system. When the time came to move from the classroom into the role of supervision, Bill recognized the possibilities of

his new role and did not look back. His skill, competence and character allowed him to rise quickly until he became Superintendent of Schools, but he never forgot that teaching was a face-to-face enterprise which could not be reduced to charts and structure. Bill possessed an open heart and a warm smile. He was an unregenerate optimist. A man of infinite courtesy, there was not a trace of arrogance to him. He possessed a fine sense of his own person and of the dignity of others. He listened quietly and spoke only after a matter had been fully considered. He spoke what he felt to be the truth and not simply to please an audience.

Perhaps it is not surprising that this infinitely humane man was the last superintendent of education in our city to be truly concerned with the quality of education offered the individual child. Bill believed in an open society but he was not willing to allow the passions of the moment to force him to set aside the importance of excellence in instruction. After his years with the school system, Bill became a university professor. He delighted in the opportunity to sensitize another generation of teachers to his values and vision, but he was always ready to get out into the field and deal with practical issues.

I have always thought of Bill as a simple man. Simplicity is not innocence but the absence of guile. Bill was the same within as without. His courtesy was never calculated. He was not in that sense a political beast. The Bible describes Noah as "a simple man but straight." Simplicity is the recognition that there is only one way to go - the honorable, open and committed way. Bill had in his heart a dream of an America as an open and free society, secure in the hands of an educated, informed electorate, able to work out its destiny democratically because of the quality of its citizens. He saw his role as the development of that citizenry.

A man of passion, empathy and love, Bill was blessed with love, the love of a large family, the fulfilling intimacy of marriage. He and Ruth were true

soul mates and helpmates. Together they built a home in which there was encouragement, respect and joy. Here their daughters were given the opportunity to develop an appreciation for all that is good and valuable in civilization, to recognize their own capacities and to fulfill these in their own way.

If there is any consolation in this hour it is that this man of quality and dignity was spared any further attack on his dignity. Illness had not yet robbed him of himself or his smile and it would have been a tragedy had this been so. Bill will be deeply missed.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 12, 1982

Ben Lewitt

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. Music could speak more adequately than words what is in our hearts - grief for a good friend, hurt at being bereft of one whom we truly valued, empathy and love for those closest and nearest. Music would be appropriate at this moment. Ben's soul was alive to symphony and melody. The theme that time heals and that we will awaken from grief and hurt to love again is both fitting and true. However dark the night there is always another dawn. Today the pain lies heavy on us but if we persevere we will find the courage to await the dawn. Life tests us all.

A Psalmist put down the normal range of life as three score years and ten. Ben did not attain the full seventy years. For us he died far too young, yet, strangely, there is no sense of incompleteness. Ben accomplished much. Life, after all, is not measured by length but by achievement. God had been gracious to him and endowed him with fine talents of mind and spirit and he had disciplined these carefully. I know of no one who was a harder worker. I am sure there are few who were as devoted to the standards of the law or as knowledgeable in the law. His clients always received a full measure and more. He took life seriously. In some ways Ben was not a typical modern. Our age tends to be lax and unbuttoned and this was not Ben's way. He worked seven days a week. His was the way of unremitting study of the problem at hand, of a disciplined mind. He was devoted to his work and to his profession, to his clients and to the law.

Ben was a man of the highest principles and rectitude. He had the virtue of a stubborn adherence to basic principles. Ben was not an easy man. When it seemed

a matter of privilege he could be quite stubborn. He was not easy on himself. He knew that you pay a price for your standards. Ben was more than prepared to pay that price and he would have no truck with those who walked the low road. Simply put, the goals of social approval and financial success were not the goals of his life. Ben was determined to live honorably as a good citizen should.

Ben was not one to undertake any responsibility lightly. Through the years that he served as an officer and then as President of The Temple Men's Club he oversaw every detail with care and he managed every affair with dignity. During those years I came to value not only his person but his mind. I found him well read and informed. His talk was never idle or gossipy. Ben had strong opinions and he could be incredibly stubborn, but life had taught him that you cannot depend upon chance and that there is no virtue in going along with that which is dishonorable or selfish. A small town boy, he had worked hard and made his way through college and law school establishing along the way a brilliant record for scholarship and professional competence. He was a lawyer's lawyer. He was a fighter for his clients and for the values that he cherished.

A philosopher once told me that the beginning of wisdom was the recognition that life is brief and bruising. Ben's life was all too brief and along the way he had suffered a number of cruel blows. He was a fighter. He fought back and in this fight he was encouraged by the steady loyalty of good friends, by the respect of professional colleagues and by the love of his family. He and Florence established a true partnership of love. Together they faced the good and the bad, their hopes, their love of music and of culture. What more can be said? What more need be said?

Florence, you and Leni have lost a devoted husband and father. What he meant to you know best. I know that you will be encouraged in the future by noble memories.



What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now forever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
which having been must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 28, 1978

HABAT

When I heard of Paul Lipman's death a vignette from the Midrash came to mind. The birds noticed that when the winds blew, most trees ~~se~~<sup>l</sup>ughed in the breeze, yet the fruit bearing trees were silent. When asked about this strange fact, the fruit bearing trees answered quietly: "Our fruits are sufficient advertisement for us." Paul was a strong, quiet man who had no need to strut on the public stage; a reserved man, no one to push himself forward, a man whose deeds advertised his fine qualities. Paul thought deeply and imaginatively. He was a sensitive and compassionate person who always took into consideration the moods and well being of others and was always courteous and considerate. Hard, honest, highly professional work, self-discipline and a strong sense of values marked his daily efforts. I'm no longer sure who said it, but the words fit: "A man who lives right and is right, has more power in his silence than another has in his words."

On this cold winter day - much against our will, we face up to the death of a respected and admired neighbor and friend struck down in the fullness of his strength. Our hearts cry out for warmth, a word of comfort and explanation, but I have none to offer. I wish I had, but none of us can explain why someone as good and decent as Paul should be cut down in his prime. Our rabbis warned us a long time ago: "Seek not to explain God's ways to man for these are beyond your understanding." In their wisdom our people shaped this moment to be one of eulogy and encouragement, not of explanation. At least by calling to mind the quality of our dead, we cease to be mesmerized by the fact of death and remind ourselves

of what was and is truly important - the years of great hearted living. As we review a life such as Paul's grief begins to be tempered by gratitude. We recognize that we have been hurt, but that we have also been blessed; that the measure of our grief is somehow proportionate to the measure of his nobility of spirit. Death has no power over what we have shared and continue to share. Our dead continue to live with us. They continue to be a real force in our lives. Their lives reach out to ennoble ours. Paul's life can be seen as a tribute to the opportunities of our country - a country which he served sacrificially in war and peace. Born into a home of quality, but certainly not of wealth, he was deprived at an early age of the security of parents. Some might have complained and let their childhood shadow their whole lives. Paul calmly set out to fashion for himself a life of significant accomplishment. Self pity was foreign to his nature. Coming close to death in the service, he knew the value of each day and made the most of it.

Unfortunately, the stereotype of the self-made man suggests that he is brash, assertive, if not arrogant. Paul was quiet, reserved, a private person, always one to think of another's feelings and moods. He kept his counsel. He went his quiet, purposeful way. He rolled up his sleeves to do what needed to be done. Susan found a few lines of a poem which suggests her father's remarkable spirit.

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

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

People learned to respect Paul's mind and intelligence and took for granted the quality of his work. Never loquacious, what he said was always insightful and to the point. Through years of responsible effort, Paul earned the respect of colleagues and associates. His word was his bond. His essential decency was readily apparent. Those who have tried to describe their feelings about Paul have used these terms: a gentle man, the soul of courtesy, helpful, reliable, a calming influence. A disciplined professional, his interests were wide-ranging. I enjoyed talking with him. He read deeply and thought deeply about almost everything that affects us.

Still waters run deep. Paul, in his own private way, had earned for himself a circle of good friends and the respect of our community. Paul was a proud Jew who rejoiced in Israel's being and accomplishments and supported all the causes that sustain our community - a thoughtful Jew, the kind of man who makes it worthwhile for a rabbi to prepare carefully. We were proud that he found his spiritual home at The Temple.

Through hard work and true grit Paul earned his way and made his way. When he felt able, he opened his heart and life and was blessed with a soul mate worthy of him. He and Sandra established a solid marriage and built together a home based in love and

shared purpose. Together they shared the responsibilities and joys of family, the pride of watching their daughters grow into fine young womanhood, travel, hopes, real friendship.

We would have wished so much more for him, but knowing his gentle and thoughtful nature, Paul would have been the last of us to complain. He was always thoughtful. He lived to make others happy and I suspect if he could speak now, he would say: Remember me, but don't live in the shadows. Remember the hopes that we shared. Live well, keep our family's values, but find the courage to rejoice in each day as I always prayed you would.

There are no words which can explain or that can truly comfort, but Paul's memory, his thoughtful words, his fine character, will lighten your grief. His presence will be with you throughout your lives, a constant source of blessing.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 27, 1985

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

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

FROM DAUGHTER  
SUSAN

HAROLD A. LIPTON

April 3, 1959

WE ARE MET TO PAY OUR LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO ONE FROM OUR MIDST WHO HAS NOW PASSED BEYOND OUR SIGHT. AS ALWAYS AT SUCH AN HOUR WE STAND GRIEF-LADEN BEFORE THE CURTAIN OF DEATH. WE CANNOT DRAW THAT CURTAIN ASIDE. WHAT AWAITS BEYOND IS FOREVER HIDDEN FROM OUR VIEW.

IN TIME EACH OF US WILL PASS ACROSS THIS DIVIDE. WHEN WE DO, NONE OF US WILL KNOW WHAT AWAITS US THERE. YET WE WILL CROSS OVER IN FAITH -- IN THE FAITH THAT A KIND GOD AND FATHER, WHO HAS GIVEN US LIFE, WILL NOT FORSAKE US IN DEATH. AS HE WELCOMED US INTO THIS LIFE AND PROTECTED US HERE, SO WILL HE SHELTER AND SUSTAIN US UNTO ETERNITY. THAT HE WILL BE NEAR TO US WE CAN BE SURE. TO FACE DEATH IS TO BE REMINDED OF LIFE'S SWIFT PASSAGE. OUR YOUTH SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY, OUR DAYS SO FLEETING AND SO FEW. TO FACE DEATH IS TO BE REMINDED OF THE USES TO WHICH WE MUST DEDICATE OUR LIFE. IF WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT LIES BEYOND, EACH OF US KNOWS THAT SERVICE OF LOVE AND KINDNESS, OF GENTLENESS AND COURAGE WHICH WE MUST TENDER HERE AND NOW. AND SINCE WE DO NOT KNOW WHEN OUR LIFE MAY END, IS IT NOT FOLLY FOR ANY OF US TO PUT OFF GENEROUS INSTINCTS AND NOBLE IMPULSES, FEELING THAT THERE MAY YET BE TIME? THERE MAY NEVER BE TIME. WE ARE NOT THE MASTERS OF OUR DESTINY. WE DO NOT DETERMINE WHEN WE ARE TO DIE. IF OUR DAYS ARE NOT TO REMAIN FOREVER INCOMPLETE WE MUST FILL THEM WITH SERVICE TO MAN. TO LIVE OUR DAYS, HOWEVER LONG THEY BE, ABLY AND WELL IS THE BURDEN AND THE CHALLENGE OF LIFE.

WE ARE MET TO PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS TO HAROLD A. LIPTON, A FORTHRIGHT BUT GENTLE MAN, A DEVOTED HUSBAND AND LOVING FATHER AND GRANDFATHER. IT WAS NOT MY PRIVILEGE TO BE INTIMATE WITH MR. LIPTON, YET ALL WHO ~~KNEW HIM~~ WERE CLOSEST TO HIM TESTIFY TO THE INTEGRITY OF HIS CHARACTER, <sup>to the perfection of his intellect</sup> ~~THE UNDERSTANDING OF HIS MIND, THE DEPTH~~ <sup>of his sense of fellow-feeling and</sup> ~~THE~~ HONESTY OF HIS FRIENDSHIP AND HIS LOVE. MR. LIPTON WAS A MAN OF ABIDING LOYALTIES. HE WAS LOYAL TO THIS COUNTRY, WHOSE PROMISE OF FREEDOM AND OPPORTUNITY HE SO RESPECTED. HE WAS LOYAL BOTH IN WORD AND IN DEED, IN SENTIMENT AND IN MILITARY SERVICE. MR. LIPTON WAS LOYAL TO HIS STANDARDS. HIS WERE HIGH STANDARDS OF JUSTICE AND PROBITY. HE WAS A MAN OF BOTH CONVICTION AND





*Leonid L. L.*  
Memorial Tribute to ~~Emanuel~~ Margolis  
By Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver  
March 28, 1972

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

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

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

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

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

Before the silver cord is snapped assunder  
 And the Golden Bowl is shattered  
 And the pitcher is broken at the well  
 And the wheel falls shattered into the pit,  
 And the dust returns to the earth as it was,

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

A famous rabbi was called upon to speak words of consolation at the funeral of a beloved disciple who had died young. He took as his text a verse from the book of Ecclesiastes: "Sweet is the sleep of the laboring man, whether he eat little or much." He interpreted this verse to mean: "Sweet shall be the sleep of the man in death who has labored faithfully and honorably in life, whether he lived few years or many." The value of a man's life is not determined by the number of years that he has lived, but by the manner in which he has lived them. It is not how long, but how? Some men, declared our rabbis, gain immortality in one brief hour, while others drag along through years of barrenness and futility until they are lost unnoticed in the unheeding sands of oblivion.

"People ask," wrote the famous author Tolstoi, "Why do some people die so young, when they have lived so little?" "How do you know that they have lived so little? This crude measure of yours is time, but life is not measured in time. This is just the same as to say: Why is this saying, this poem, this picture, this piece of music so short? Why has it not been drawn out to the size of the longest speech or the largest picture? As the measure of length is inapplicable

to the greatness of productions of wisdom or poetry, so--even more evidently--is it inapplicable to life. How do you know what inner growth this soul accomplished in its short span and what influence it had on others.

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

Blessed, indeed, is the man whose life does not end in the dust, but continues creatively in other lives, and abides in the grateful remembrance of those who were strengthened and ennobled by his influence and example. This is his sure link with immortality.

Some men pass away and their place is scarcely missed. Others in their passing leave behind them a void which is deeply felt and long deplored. Emanuel Margolis was such a man. Our sages said "it has been taught that all men must die and death must come to all. Happy then is that man who departs this world with a good name." Emanuel Margolis has left behind just such a ~~good~~ name. He was a man of wide human sympathies. The scope of his generosity was broad. No one in need was ever turned aside. Emanuel had known what it was to be uprooted from his home and forced to leave a life of comparative ease and begin it again. <sup>when</sup> He came to these shores as a young man. He had worked with his hands until he <sup>made for himself an</sup> ~~found~~ the opportunity to work with his head and his hands. Emanuel accepted the burdens of life proudly and energetically. God blessed him with a strong frame and great vigor and he never stinted of his energies.

EVERY INSTITUTION OF MORTAL  
COMMANDS HIS SUPPORT

LOUIS LUX  
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO LEON ~~WERNICK~~

~~BY RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER~~

August 9, 1968

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

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

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

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

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

Before the silver cord is snapped assunder  
And the Golden Bowl is shattered  
And the pitcher is broken at the well  
And the wheel falls shattered into the pit,  
And the dust returns to the earth as it was,

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

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

inapplicable to life. How do you know what inner growth this soul May God  
in its short span and what influence it had on others.

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

Blessed, indeed, is the man whose life does not end in the dust, but  
continues creatively in other lives, and abides in the grateful remembrance  
of those who were strengthened and ennobled by his influence and example.  
This is his sure link with immortality.

<sup>LTU Next MGC</sup>  
~~Some men pass away, and their place is scarcely missed, while others  
in their passing leave behind them a void which is deeply felt and long deplored.~~

~~We are gathered here to pay our respects to one whom we all held in  
affection and esteem, and whose memory we will long cherish. Leon Mitnick~~

Our sages said: "It has been taught that all men must die, and death  
must come to all." Happy, then, is that man who departs this world with a  
good name. <sup>LTU 3 LTU</sup> ~~Leon Mitnick~~ has departed this world with a good name. A good  
name, we are told in Holy writ, is more valuable than the most precious oil.

← There are three crowns, according to our teachers of old - the crown of  
royalty, of priesthood, and of learning. But the crown of a good name excels  
them all. The crown of a good name belonged to ~~Leon Mitnick~~. He was a  
man of wide human sympathies. The scope of his generosity was never  
narrow or parochial. His compassion went out to all men who suffered or were  
in need, regardless of their race or creed. Jewish philanthropic agencies, both  
local and national, and worthy causes, here and abroad, received his generous  
and constant support.

compassionate man who worked and lived so faithfully among us. May God comfort his dear ones and all the members of his beloved family whose personal bereavement is greater than ours. May they find in the oncoming years great consolation. They will be encouraged, I know, by a host of significant memories which Louis Bing bequeathed unto them. "They never die who live in the hearts of those who love them."

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 two wonderful loves, with family and with the high regard of a 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.  
A man is as great as the truth he speaks  
As great as the help he gives,  
As great as the destiny he seeks,  
As great as the life he lives.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

their tribute of respect.]

Louis Bing belonged to the family of men of good will. His faith was to live responsibly, to do justly, to love mercy. He was a man of fairness and integrity. His word was his bond. His way always solid, carefully determined, his efforts always unstinting. His active career unfolded itself through the Depression and the war, in times that were confused and filled with menace. It was an age sick with all of the maladies of the spirit, class struggle and racial madness stalked the earth. Throughout these years Louis Bing held fast to the cherished values of civilization. He worked to bring a larger humanity to our city - he brought with him always a balanced judgment as well as a stout heart. Louis Bing was a realist who believed in the reality of an America which would fulfill its promise as a truly open and just society. He labored for the good of all. He knew men for what they were and had only contempt for those who saw the divisions of class, color, or race, rather than the unity of the human race. Words of prejudice never entered his mind, and, of course, did not cross his lips.

A responsible member of our Jewish community he lived proudly as a Jew and without mistrust of the world without. He was friend of all who deserved friendship. Louis Bing was a man of his own mind and his mind was eager, retentive, alive to the variety and complexity of life. He preferred deeds to words though he used words judiciously and well. His was the way of quiet friendship rather than hale-fellow boisterousness. Those who knew him as friend rejoiced in his kindness, his concern and his obvious interest in their welfare.

Louis Bing will be greatly missed but his memory will linger among us like a sweet benediction. Our sages said that a memory of a righteous man is ever a blessing. So we shall be blessed whenever we recall this just, concerned and



E. Dennis Lustig

Henry Thoreau said it: "However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it or call it hard names."

We would have understood had Dennis called life any number of harsh and bitter names, but that was not his way. Dennis was born a little man in a big world, but he made up his mind not to give in to self-pity or to retreat from active participation, and through the years he proved that he had the courage, the will and the ability to make a place and a name for himself. A wise man once observed: "Living is never to let your actions be influenced by your fears." I do not know - no one can know - what fears and tensions Dennis carried in his soul, but we all know that these did not affect his actions. His deeds were those of a man of indefatigable will who had taken his situation in hand and faced life head on.

I find it difficult to imagine the strength and resolve which each day required. Those who are fortunate in their health and physical frame tend to take good fortune for granted. We have our problems but they are not constantly with us. Dennis's limitations were inescapable. He was born into them. He could not leave them behind or get away from them by taking a vacation. I can only marvel that he did not fall heir to what is perhaps the least becoming weakness of our age, the tendency to blame our failures on our upbringing, our parents or the circumstances of our lives. Dennis did not blame the world or curse his fate - at least not publicly. He simply kept going. He would not give in to self-pity. He was determined to make the most of what he had.

Long before he could understand his fate, Dennis had to accept the fact that he was different. At a time when most children begin to explore all facets of life, Dennis had to recognize that many areas and activities were closed to him. He could not participate in sports and many forms of physical and emotional contact were denied him. Some treated him with a kindness which bordered on false solicitude. Others pulled aside. Others were true friends, but Dennis must have been aware that there would always be some tension in his relationships.

We would have understood if he had withdrawn into bitter silence, many do, or if he had taken out his anger in bitter aggression. Many do. Somehow Dennis kept himself in hand and shaped his life so that he would be part of the big man's world. Indeed, he chose a field in which big men compete - sports. Long before most children master the multiplication tables, Dennis had mastered the principles of most sports and such details as the batting and fielding averages of those who played in the major leagues. Not able to participate, he became a participant observer. He would be present at events in which big men compete and he would write about them. He would be in the arenas where big men display their courage and skill, share in their activities. He would face their courage with his. It took courage just to be there. He would match their skill with his. He would carefully and effectively describe what had taken place. No athlete he wrote about showed more courage on the arena floor than Dennis showed by climbing into the press box and carrying on as he did for twenty years in a big man's trade.

Some small people who are determined to make their way in life find that they can do so only if they build high walls against the intended and unintended hurt which a cruel world inflicts. Dennis knew pain, the intended pain of the boor, the unintended pain of false solicitude, and he remained open to life. It was a matter of will and of his good fortune in being blessed with a good sense of humor. Despite his anxieties and pain, Dennis had a warm and full sense of humor. He was a ready and easy companion who enjoyed the give and take of camaraderie, late hours and tall beers. Your presence here in such numbers testifies to the reach of his friendship and its quality.

No man is an island unto himself. Dennis could not have grown up as he did without the steady support of his parents, particularly the constant love, encouragement and good sense of his mother. Her love sustained him in good times and bad times. There are many good people in this world and many reached out to help Dennis by opening doors of opportunity for him and helping him over one hurdle and another. Joyce has asked me to particularly mention three - Hal

Liebowitz, Bud Rand and John Woods. There were many others. Blessed are those who help. Blessed also are those who can be helped. All of us know those so angry at their fate that they reject the support which might make life more bearable. Dennis accepted the support and encouragement which was offered to him and made the most of it. He did not ask for special favors. He worked hard. He had his frustrations, but he also had moments of triumph. He took justifiable pride in the fact that he was signaled out last year by the Associated Press for an award for having written the best news sports story of 1983.

Life takes its toll on everyone. Everything was more than twice as hard for Dennis. What most of us do without thought, getting in a car, walking through snow, required hard effort. I suspect that the effort he invested in his forty years corresponds in terms of physical cost to the effort most of us expend in the four score years which the Psalmist described as the measure of life. At forty Dennis's heart finally gave out. He is now at peace, but he must know that his life touched many. How can we whine or complain with his example before us? When our tradition seeks to praise someone they speak of him as having left life to the living. Dennis left life to us - a vision of courage for which he will always be blessed.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 27, 1984

Dr, Harry Lyons

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

There is no mortal power which can withstand death. For all of our vaunted science and of our modern wisdom, we cannot avoid illness or the grave. Why should we fear to say so? Why should we be afraid to admit that our frame is dust and our end dust, that to love is to lose, and that to draw close is to know the bitterness of parting.

Is death really such a frightening prospect? Is it not rather elemental to life, a natural thing, a deliberate piece in God's scheme? What was it that the wise man, ben Sirah said: "Fear not the sentence of death. Remember, rather, them that have been before you and that come after you, for such is the sentence of the Lord over all flesh. There is no inquisition in the grave whether you have lived ten or a hundred or a thousand years." As God protects us in birth and in life, so does he shelter and protect us in death and beyond. Our friends, our loved ones have gone a common way. They do not walk alone. They walk a way which God has charted and designed for them.

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 though 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. . .

The Christian preacher was far more  
 confident than we of a final resurrection.

Yet, we share his reassurance that  
 "those whom thou thinkest thou dost  
 overthrow, poor death, die not."

Death does not cancel quality nor vision,  
 the truths we have set on paper, the  
 truths that we have spoken quietly to  
 our children, the love which we have  
 whispered, our example of patient  
 forbearance and of quiet strength.

an  
 occasion to speak some magical  
 incantation for the safety of our dead.

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

We may have outlived our family, but they are alive in us. We transcend death not only in the genetic inheritance of our children, but in influence, through the indelible imprint of personality, through our identification with the timeless things of the spirit. And here we touch the fundamental meaning of this service. It is not an occasion to speak some magical incantation for the safety of our dead.



Nor has it advantage for us if we do not more than open the floodgates of tears. This is the hour of remembrance. It is the hour which highlights virtue and quality. We see the holiness of another's life, his worth, his dignity, his sacrifice, and we not only recall, but we resolve. We shall not be unworthy of our heritage. We shall not be unworthy of the love which we enjoyed. We shall not be unworthy of the sacrifice made for our benefit. His work, his love, his aspiration, his hope shall be completed in us. His dreams are ours.

The death of a good friend, Dr. Harry Lyons, has saddened us all even though we know that it came when his strength failed in the fullness of years.

His father had returned to the States when he was 12. He never lost his love for Zion and his interest in its welfare.

\* By profession a dentist, a respected elder in his chosen field, Dr. Lyons offered his ~~master~~ of care with great skill and discipline. He was meticulous in his work. Dentistry was a commitment, not simply an occupation. Those who could not pay would pay some day. His patients received state-of-the-art treatment and were looked after by a gifted man.

Dr. Lyons had a special kind of youth. He was raised in an intensely Jewish home and when he was 5 or 6 his father decided to move the family into Palestine where he spent much of his childhood. He attended heder and several yeshivot and all his life was a knowledgeable and practicing Jew. His father returned to the States when he was 12. He never lost his love for Zion and his interest in its welfare.

of togetherness.

His daughter Marilyn wrote this about him.

"My dad was a very humble, sensitive loving and caring person. He was inseparable from my mother during their 50 years of marriage. I think his only time away from her was when he would go to his office.

His sensitivity showed in his love for his family and his work. He also had a great feeling for Judaism. He was religious in his own way. Each Sunday when we were young, elementary age, he would drive us to The Temple and would engulf himself in the library. He loved to read and then he would attend Sunday morning services there. And afterwards we knew he would be there, waiting in Mahler Hall at 12:00 for us. He imbued within the family a love for Judaism. Every Friday night he would say kiddush and we would have a feeling of togetherness.

My dad always wanted to return to Israel and talked about it for years. As a youngster, his family lived in Kfar Saba. I prompted him to take out a passport so he and mom could join Herbie, me and the children to Israel. He just couldn't do it.

My dad took great pride in his artistic ability. As a younger man he took art classes in the evening and produced some lovely pastel and charcoal drawings. He shared his enthusiasm with me by teaching me how to draw. He spent hours showing me how to blend and shade and, above all, create. He loved to draw portraits.

My dad loved his dentistry. He was so proud of his denture work because he produced it himself in his own lab. He was so happy to be repairing people's dentures that many times he never charged his patients for his services. ~~He loved to come over our house. He would always talk dentistry to my husband and~~

~~daughter Tammy.~~

SOUGHT

Material values never counted in his life. He never ~~seek~~<sup>sought</sup> fame or fortune, even with his inborn talent. He was content with his portion in life.

He exemplified the teachings of Micah:

"It hath been told thee O man what is good and what the Lord doth require of thee, only to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

A self-contained man, Dr. Lyons had no need for what passes for social status or public honor. He knew that he had the respect of his colleagues and the grateful admiration of his patients and that was enough. A slap on the back had long well met pretentiousness which in our age passes for friendship was utterly foreign to his spirit.

Harry was a good, steady, decent, hard-working man. He did not have an ounce of pretense in his makeup. A humble man and somewhat shy, he made his own way. He loved all that we call culture. He learned early to face life with courage and not to be deterred. He had ~~ban~~-do attitude of the self-made man who believes, because of his own experience, that if you put your mind to ~~any and~~ every challenge can be met and every obstacle overcome.

A self-contained man, Dr. Lyons had no need for what passes for social status or public honor. He knew that he had the respect of his colleagues and the grateful admiration of his patients and that was enough. <sup>The</sup> A slap on the back hail fellow well met pretentiousness which in our age passes for friendship was utterly foreign to his spirit.

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 provides. He was an infinitely compassionate human being who ~~shared in~~ shared in another's hurt<sup>Av</sup>, set out to help ~~another~~ before being asked to do so.

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

The home that they established was filled with good ~~values~~ values <sup>in which</sup> they raised their daughters with wisdom and care and encouraged each to develop her own talents, taught them to see the possibilities of life.

I believe that if Harry 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. He would address that thought particularly to his grandchildren and great grandchildren whose many skills represented <sup>for him</sup> a ~~rich~~ future for the family and for themselves.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 18, 1988



The day is gray. The hour is bitter. Two precious lives have been taken from us suddenly, incredibly; and the wound is so fresh and cruel that we have hardly come to accept the tragic facts, much less be able to speak words of consolation to those to whom this loss is so overwhelming. There is no wisdom which can explain why the accidental so often intrudes so cruelly on our lives. The more experienced I become, the more I appreciate the wisdom implicit in the words, "Be strong and of good courage," with which so many of the Biblical figures approach those in mourning. Once I found the phrase cold and off-putting. Now it seems to me to say all that can be said. At a time like this we need strength. There are no answers and no explanations. It is strength, the courage to face the day, that we seek here.

There is strengthening in meeting as we do. We are here as a community of sadness and draw some renewal of strength from being together. Coming together as we have, because of the respect and love we share for two fine human beings, reminds us of the many ties which remain and of the high quality which human beings can attain. We are not alone, utterly bereft.

Death is final, but here we begin to learn again that death cannot deprive us of the moments we have shared, of all that another has meant to us. Our memories are all about us. Death is not oblivion but a translation of love into a new intimacy of remembrance.

When death intrudes into our world, the mind tends to toss up not only memories but often an unexpected line or two from what we have read. When Patti called me yesterday with the incredible news, a paragraph in the Bible, spoken several thousand years ago and under entirely different conditions, came unbidden to my mind. "Where thou goest, I will go/Where thou lodgest, I will lodge/Thy people shall be my people/and thy God my God/Where thou diest, will I die/and there will I be buried/The Lord do so to me, and more, also, if ought but death part thee and me."

Mel and Bob were together in business, together in family, together as responsible citizens of our community, and now, tragically, they are together in death. For many of us their relationship was our definition of friendship. Each day they provided chapter and verse to that familiar outline of friendship: "A true friend speaks freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeable."

Bob and Mel were bound together not simply by the practical necessities of business but by a complete trust, a trust rare in our world of ambition and competition, a trust founded solidly on that basic integrity which each had instantly recognized in the other. These two hard-working and honorable men achieved success through their own efforts - they were not born to privilege - and their success was the more satisfying because it was truly deserved and honorably earned.

Ever since they came to Cleveland nearly 30 years ago we thought of them as two who were one, and yesterday's accident has forever sealed that impression. They were one, but each was his own distinctive person and their special interests and individuality reminds us that the intimacy of a true friendship or a good marriage does not require that the partners be alike in all things; indeed, contrasting aptitudes and separate interests often deepen and strengthen the relationship.

Mel was a man who delighted in people and personal contact. When needed he never thought twice about giving of his time or his substance. He was a warm-hearted man of comfortable humor who rejoiced in his work and sought out and found the best in everyone. Business was a happy challenge. He was utterly without side and had no need to ever put on airs. Though a man of firm opinions, you sensed always that he could laugh at life's confusions and at himself, and you knew that whenever there was need he would be there. Mel was unpretentious, the soul of kindness, a man who possessed a first-rate mind, yet, who delighted to work with his hands.

Bob was a quiet, straight-forward, straight-backed, upright man. His standards were high, but he always asked far more of himself than of any other. He was reserved but not closed in. His every action revealed a deep sense of fellow feeling and compassion. The soul of courtesy, he was an interesting and interested friend, a man who never left a task half done. Bob possessed a questing mind. He was eager to understand his world. He read widely. He never stopped attending lectures. He was eager to master the machines and computers of our technological age. He spoke with assurance but without dogmatism. Guile and deceit were foreign to his nature.

I last saw the two together at The Temple just six days ago. They had come to give blood. This was the kind of simple and instinctive act of generosity we expected of them. Nor was it unusual that this gift of self be given through the congregation. Both were active and generous citizens of our Jewish community. Both had a deep faith in God and were committed to the survival of our people. Our holidays were part of the fabric which bound their families together. Bob visited Israel a few years ago, a visit which had not only fulfilled a life-long ambition, but unlocked within him some of the deepest loyalties of his spirit. He returned to study hebrew and he planned to return to help in the upbuilding of the land.

As friends, we mourn two good friends for the special person each was. As families, their loved ones grieve for both; yet, each grieves for those special ties of love and intimacy which they alone shared. Over the years Mel and Bob were wise enough to create that distance which would allow their families to develop their own way and so preserve the feeling of being one. They created space so there would be no distance.

None of us would intrude on this private world, but Mildred and Betty have both spoken of the special quality of their marriages, the years of joys, the sharing of a steady and unbroken love, challenges faced and overcome, their husbands' ability to keep ever fresh the deepest stirrings of love, their wisdom,

the special quality of the homes that they fashioned together where they welcomed family and friends and raised their children. Each spoke to me of the fierce pride and deep joy their husband took in their children, the special satisfaction they knew as they watched them grow into fine human beings and competent adulthood, of the pleasure they took in their marriages, and for Mel the special pleasure of being grandfather - and each spoke of how the uncles accepted and loved her neices and nephews as his own children.

The poet wrote, "Out of the earth, the rose, Out of the night, the dawn, Out of my heart, with all its woes, the courage to press on." Knowing the quality of Bob's and Mel's spirit, I feel certain that it is precisely this theme of encouragement that they would want spoken here. Each had discharged faithfully the obligations and responsibilities of life. They had lived courageously. They had lived to provide those they loved not simply material things but the opportunity to live the life abundant, and they would, I am sure, want you somehow to find the strength to persevere, to transcend grief, and to reach out again for the love, joy and opportunities which lie beyond today's shadows. They would have you live with the same courage they had shown every day of their lives, the courage to press on.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 9, 1984

## Eulogy - Israel Margolin

We are met to pay our memorial tribute of affection and respect to a strong and determined man, a dear friend and a good neighbor, Israel Margolin.

Israel lived a full, energetic and useful life. Life was never easy. As a young man he came to these shores and to this city by hard work, built for himself a fine business and established for himself a reputation of honesty and trust. His word was his bond. His work was honest. He gave full value. He was proud to be a builder and to be part of the growth of this city. Through his business not only did he support his family, but contributed to the well being and support of many. Life inevitably has its dark moments, but he met them without self-pity, carrying on with the same steady strength which was his hall mark. Israel was a good Jew, a friend to many and a good neighbor to all. For over half a century he was a loyal and participating member of The Temple. His daughters were raised in our school and he took pride in their achievement. Israel felt close to God and he understood the hard sturdy message of the prophets. He had need of this faith and though he and his wonderful helpmate, Rose, built a home steady in love and secure in purpose they had to face in these last years the terrible pain - the loss of two of their children. Here I saw Israel's true metal. Yes, he cried, but he went on and he gave an example to those who survived, courage, rare courage.

These last years were not easy years or good years for Israel. He deserved a kinder age for he had worked hard and honorably. He had loved

fully and loyally. He had done his share and more, but it is not in our power to control the best needs of men and all we can do is to live with honor and dignity even as Israel managed to do.

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

ISRAEL MARGOLIN

## THE TEMPLE

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

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

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

The Psalmist had a first-hand knowledge of pain and grief "out of the depths I call. . . My soul is eated with troubles, my light draws nigh unto the grave, I am counted with those who go down into the pit. I am become as one that has no help, set apart from men like the slain that lie in the grave." Yet we find another

and more dominant note in the Psalms, indeed in the whole Bible, an eagerness for life and a simple pleasure in being alive. Our way may be brief, but the view is often breath-taking. "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord." Our people walked a bitter history. They felt the sharp edge of the sword, the racking pain of illness and the searing anguish of torment and exile. Was it not an impertinence for them to declare that life can be joyous and pleasing? How could they? Their appreciation and eagerness grew out of their faith, their subtle and wise understanding of God. Death was not to be feared for God ordains both life and death. The seed permits the harvest and the leaves fall from the tree for the new buds to have a place to grow. Within our bodies there is a constant process of death and renewal, decay and growth. Each generation gives birth to its successor and must give way for the young to come into their proper place and responsibility.

Judaism's affirmation of life was born of faith and of the many memories of those who remained faithful to their spirit. Recall the tenderness and decency of those whom we have loved and lost: a father's patient strength, a teacher's sheltering wisdom, a husband's gentle encouragement and silent understanding, a child's eagerness and innocence, a friend's fine achievement. As we pass these memories before our mind we recognize that death held no fear for such as these. Here were strong and proud people. Here were vigorous and generous human beings. Here was love and sometimes ecstasy. There was accomplishment and sometimes a true nobility, there was goodness in their lives, peace in their homes and confidence in their hearts; and there were the dark hours, the struggle to make one's way, the heartache when loved ones had to be left behind, illness, infirmity, death. Our dead were neither innocent nor sheltered yet they lived without whimpering or complaint. They said with Hezekiah "the living, the living, praise Thee as I do this day." Our memories give the lie to all postures



We are met to pay a last public tribute of friendship, respect and love for a good and great-hearted man whom God has taken back unto himself. I did not have the privilege of knowing A. R. Marg, and I regret that fact for his close and loving family describe to me a man of good spirits and great calm and of fine values -- a steady and loyal friend -- a hard-working and honorable man. Mr. Marg was born in Riga; and, as a youngster, he made the long and frightening trip by himself to these shores -- he was a man of courage -- one who did what needed to be done. I do not know if A. R. knew the psalm which begins, "Gladness of heart is the life of a man," but somehow its spirit was instinctive to him. His heart was full, open, generous and indomitable.

He was a quiet man and a private person, yet full of love and fellow feeling. He found the quiet and intimacy of a small town more congenial than the bustle of a big city, and he was essentially the happiest with good neighbors close to the earth, close to the open air, living at a pace which seemed manageable. He worked hard but he wasn't driven as some men are to succeed, to gain great riches. He worked responsibly and gained the respect of his neighbors. His trade was that of jeweler, and he was not only clever with his hands and skillful, but he found fulfillment in his work.

A.R. was fortunate to find a good wife and together they built a happy home in which they raised their three sons with encouragement and understanding to appreciate the basic values of life and to find in life the joy that is possible in every day. It was a close-knit family. These ties were precious and fulfilling to him -- and sustaining in these last days.

When our tradition wants to praise a man, he often uses the phrase the Bible uses to describe to Noah, "A simple man and straight." Simplicity is not foolishness, but the quality of being the same without as within. Simplicity is not innocence but decency. A. R. was a good man, a simple

manman, satisfied with simple pleasures, satisfied by the basic relationships of life. He was not the kind of man who would desire a fulsome eulogy, full of high flown phrases. He judged others simply and directly by their actions.

I came across a poem once whose spirit I suspect A. R. would have approved:

I do not want the gaping crowd  
To come with lamentation 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 friendships test  
Just those who tried to find the good  
And then as only true friends could  
Forget the rest.

Bernard Martin

I rise with heavy heart to speak the eulogy of a friend with whom I shared scholarly interests as well as friendship during our entire adult lives. We sat in class together in a seminary. We traveled together to bi-weekly pulpits which were scarcely thirty miles apart, and shared the struggles earning our doctoral degrees while hard at work in congregational life. We spoke in each other's congregations. When the Chair of Jewish Studies, named in my dad's memory, was established at Case Western Reserve University, I was delighted to be part of the committee which nominated Bernie to its first occupant. He became a member of my congregation and I became a member of his department. We published books together. In turn we edited the Journal of Reform Judaism. I put up with his stories and he put up with my tales of the vicissitudes of congregational life.

As I look back, my role in the decision to bring Bernie to Cleveland was among my most successful activities. As a rabbi, Bernie brought the chair abiding respect, the insights and commitments of the Jewish tradition. As a scholar he brought a well-furnished mind, a finely honed critical spirit, a remarkable sensitivity to the complexities of human thought and action, a meticulous attention to detail, a clear and precise style, and an integrity which was unshakable. He was theologian and philosopher. His mastery of the ancient and modern languages allowed him to roam freely through the highways and byways of western thought. Bernie was anything but a parochial scholar. His doctoral thesis had been on Paul Tillich. He almost single-handedly resurrected the seminal existential work of Franco-Russian existentialist thinker, Lev Shestov. His scholarly output was prodigious, the many-volumed translation and updating of Zynberg's massive history of Jewish literature, a book on Jewish prayer, volumes on liberal Jewish theology on Rosenzweig, Buber and Shestov. He even produced a fascinating and carefully researched novel on Shabbatai Zvi.

Bernie was a careful teacher who sought to teach the same love of learning in his students that burned in his soul. In an era of great inflation Bernie maintained rather old-fashioned standards and was respected for them by his students. Generally, when I came into his office one or another was sitting in front of his crowded desk, talking over some personal or academic problem. It was in his office that the teacher and the rabbi merged. He was a helpful scholar, a good friend to the students in his classes and the Department of Religion which he chaired with distinction through the years.

Bernie had earned the respect of his academic peers. He was elected Fellow of the American Academy of Jewish Research. He was a founding member of the Association of Jewish Philosophy. He had been asked to become the editor of the publications of the Association For Jewish Studies. He was frequently invited to address the American Academy of Religion and the conferences of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. Bernie was respected for his learning and for his living. He translated his commitment to truth into active social concerns. Bernie was committed to all those forces in our society which encourage social justice and human freedom, and deeply devoted to all that sustains Jewish life. He was concerned that Jewish survival should be meaningful and that the community of which he was a part reflect in its actions the highest and finest levels of insight implicit in their traditions.

Let me speak of the man. Bernie rarely gossiped. When it was a matter of principle he did not bend easily. He sensed prejudice. He confronted the source directly. He was not given to do simulation nor was he one to limit his friendships to those of similar attainments. He kept up a large and continuing correspondence with many who had been close to him in his congregational posts. His ties with the rabbinate in and out of Cleveland were the friendliest. It says something of Bernie's strong sense of privacy and pride that he kept the physical problems which plagued him these last years largely to himself.

Bernie was an intensely private person. He kept his private and professional lives separate, and any problems he faced he did on his own with great strength and will. What he meant to those nearest and closest they know best. To his parents, brothers and sisters we can only offer our love, shared respect for one whom they loved, and the sense that we share in some degree your sorrow. To Nancy, Rachel and Joey we would speak of the love and respect that we share for your husband and father, and of our knowledge of the love he bore for you. None of us know why Bernie was struck down so early, but we do know he had somehow completed more than many do who are allowed much longer lifetimes, and that his work was of the highest quality and greatest significance.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 17, 1982

Jay J. Marx

We are met to pay a last public tribute of affection and respect to a good and kindly human being, a vital and warm person, a lifelong friend and true gentleman, Jay Marx.

There are those who seize each day's opportunity to use life wisely, and there are those who let life slip by. This is the reason that all deaths are not alike even as every life is different. Some live on the surface. They are afraid to involve themselves in the tight relationships of love and family. They fail to discipline their talents and when they die it is almost as if they had never been. When they die they are scarcely missed.

There are others, like Jay, who, to use an old rabbinic phrase, "leave life to the living." These are the people who seize every opportunity to care and to love and to reach out - to do. Their feelings encourage others even as their presence ennobles others. When they die there is a great void because they have become central to many lives.

Your presence here today in such numbers testifies to such a void and such a man. A man who lives beyond the fabled eighty usually has outlived his friends. His funeral is small. You are here in great numbers because Jay was alive and vital and his life touched many generations.

This week has been devoted to the history of our country. To think of Jay's life is somehow to participate in this historical cast of mind. Jay and his father before him were lifelong citizens of our community. His family touches the early days of settlement here, and he had about him much of the openness and friendliness, the love of the outdoors and the open spaces, the unflagging optimism and the instinctive respect for the freedom and opportunities of our nation which we associate with an earlier, more self-confident generation.

A hard worker, self-reliant, proudly erect, Jay looked taller than he, in fact, was. He faced each and every responsibility straight on. He worked hard and traveled far. Though he was often in another town he was never outside the circle of friends. Wherever he went his good mind and open personality and his obvious interest in others turned customers and casual acquaintances into friends.

There is a stereotype which describes the salesman as a hail-fellow-well-met, a slap on the back and a smile that disappears as soon as the sale is made. This was not Jay Marx's way. Friendly, yes, but never calculatingly so. Energetic, certainly, but never boisterous or loud. There was a smile on his face but it came from deep within and was never put on. I do not know whether Jay knew the line from the Psalms which reads "gladness is the heart of the man," but, surely, that philosophy was instinctive to him. Deep within there was joy and good feeling.

Jay was a lifelong member of The Temple, a good Jew, and as you would expect, his membership was one of service and of interest in others. He was a long-time member of our Usher's corps and an eager organizer of the Euclid Beach Temple picnic. There he would often tell me that the young do not play baseball as well as those of his generation. So be it.

Most of all, Jay was a man of family. He was a bit of a romantic, really more than a bit; and I suspect that deep down he believed that a good marriage, his marriage, had been made in heaven. He and his beloved Bessie enjoyed over six decades of the closest intimacy and constant love. They raised their daughters with encouragement, wisdom and love and took unceasing pride in their accomplishments and those of their grandchildren and of the great grandchildren who came behind. It was a close relationship, tended carefully.

I do not know what Jay would have us say in this hour. I am sure he did not begrudge the onset of death. Life had been good to him. He had known the spring of anticipation, of long summer accomplishment, a quiet autumn of work and respect. I suspect he would have us say simply this: your happiness was ever the source of mine. I pray that you will not remember the simple fact of my death but the long years of joy that we shared and that you will turn back to the ways of life, cherishing my memory, happy memories, and continuing to find together happiness and fulfillment.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 11, 1976



WINNING IS FUN  
SURE

BUT WINNING IS NOT THE POINT

WANTING TO WIN IS THE POINT

NOT GIVING UP IS THE POINT

NEVER BEING SATISFIED WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE  
IS THE POINT

NEVER LETTING UP IS THE POINT

NEVER LETTING ANYONE DOWN IS THE POINT

PLAY TO WIN  
SURE

BUT USE LIKE A CHAMPION

BECAUSE IT'S NOT WINNING THAT COUNTS

WHAT COUNTS IS TRYING

Ed knew the line in our Bible which reads, "gladness of heart"

man," yet the Psalmist's philosophy seemed instinctive when

he sang, "I have loved life's adventure and its challenge. He richly appreciates

and color and variety. He had an eager, original heart to live

the challenge of each day and the opportunity to live

lived broadly and without timidity. He lived fully and

friend, near and his good spirit, his instinctive grasp

others appreciate the laughter and the happiness which can

# MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ED MEISEL

May 11, 19 70

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

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 Ed Meisel lived out his life. I do not know if

Ed knew the line in our Bible which reads, "gladness of heart is the life of a man," yet the Psalmists philosophy seemed instinctive with him. He dearly

*He dearly loved people - youth - and their possibility*  
loved life's adventure and its challenge. He richly appreciated its richness  
*3011 30 P'6 - a simple man, simple - no*  
and color and variety. He had an eager, original turn to his mind, which saw

*little - aware - happy words - human smile*  
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. *Just my*

Ed was a man of great energy and high vision. By temperament he *just was*  
was a pioneer, a builder. Raised in the open spaces of mid-America he not *clones! -*  
only loved this land and its peoples and tradition, but he became one with its *Yoran*  
*Smile*  
*and*

spirit of enterprise, its sense of movement - cars, speed, progress, its open spirit. Ed was ever outspoken, straight in speech, without duplicity. With unflagging determination Ed built a fine business on hard work and the highest of standards. His word was his bond. His promise a certain guarantee. Ed was interested in all that concerned the well-being of his neighbors and our city. He secured life and livelihood for many in his family and out. He looked on all men for what they were and asked not whence they came or of whom they came or were born.

We were proud that <sup>for his 40th birthday party</sup> ~~over a half century~~ Ed ~~joined us as~~ <sup>was</sup> a member of The Temple. He carried out in life the highest ethical commands of our tradition. His honor was true. His spirit was unflogging. His spirit was <sup>60 years</sup> humble. <sup>his motto was "hazak hazak v'emats"</sup> ~~His interests were broad. His motto was "hazak hazak v'emats"~~ <sup>be strong and of good courage.</sup> <sup>But we had enough - 50 years</sup> <sup>1st</sup>

"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.  
A man is as great as the truth he speaks,  
As great as the help he gives,  
As great as the destiny he seeks,  
As great as the life he lives."

Essentially, <sup>for</sup> Ed was a man of family. He found his greatest happiness in the intimacy of his home, and the happy warmth of a joyous marriage, in the pleasure of <sup>his own</sup> ~~children~~ and grandchildren. Even as he blessed others <sup>so</sup> ~~he~~ was blessed here for he was able to find a truly worthy life companion, one whose indomitable spirit and constant love matched his own. <sup>So</sup> Together they established a gracious home and raised their ~~children~~ strictly, gently and wisely. They were privileged

to watch with pride their children each in their turn take their place in our community and as parents raise their families in wholesomeness and decency.

Darkness came into Ed's life. His beloved ~~Strane~~ <sup>strong</sup> was taken suddenly from her family - but Ed's was a love which took the bitter with the sweet; somewhere he found the <sup>steadiness</sup> to carry on, his lips sealed to self pity.

Much more could be said, but need it be said?

*Don't know - hard -  
but no self pity*

Ed was not a man given to many words. He judged men by their deeds and so he would be judged. When I heard of his death a well loved poem came to mind. I believe Ed might find it appropriate for his memoriam.

"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

*228*

## Eugene Meister

The life which quickens us all provides us our hour of sun and ecstasy and then wears us down with sadness, sickness and defeat into the dust. Blessed, therefore, is the man whose life does not end in the dust, but continues creatively in other lives and abides in the grateful remembrance of a community which has been strengthened and ennobled by his influence and example. We establish our own immortality. Some men pass away and their death is hardly noted, their place hardly is missed, while others leave behind them a void which is deeply felt and long deplored.

We are gathered to pay our respects to one whose memory we will long cherish, whom we hold in respect and esteem, Eugene Meister. The death of a loved one always brings with it a full measure of grief and sorrow. Death means loss and loneliness, the breaking of family ties. However, when death comes after a long and useful life our sorrow is somewhat mitigated and death is robbed of its cruelest sting.

Our tradition often speaks the 90th psalm at a time such as this:

The days of our years are three-score years and ten,  
Or even by reason of strength four-score years  
Yet is their pride but travail and vanity;  
For it is speedily gone, and we fly away  
So teach us O Lord to number our days so that  
we may get us a heart of wisdom.

The foolish fritter away the opportunity that is life. The wise seize the opportunity of each day and fill it with a fine measure of achievement. Eugene was not a man to stand aside and watch life flow by. From the moment when, as a youth, responsibility was thrust upon him, through a long and productive life, Eugene used each day to its fullest. He was a man of vigor and of physical energy. Eugene was determined to meet every duty and to complete every task, and he did so. He left his life as he had lived it - in order.

Eugene worked hard and honorably. He won not only personal success, but the respect of colleagues and community. He was not only an irrepressible salesman, but a trusted companion and a good and pleasant friend. For all of his drive, Eugene never seemed restless. 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. Eugene 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.

Eugene was a devoted son, husband and father. There was great love in this family and he knew no greater happiness than to care for the mother for whom he had deep respect, to share life and responsibility with his brother and sister, to share life with the wife he adored and to relish the accomplishment of his daughter and her family.

I still find it difficult to associate the fact of death with Eugene. I saw him but last week Friday. He was in pain and he sensed the ebbing of his strength, but a smile came on his face and, as always, a ready word of welcome came to his lips. We talked of many things, some serious, some simply routine. His eye was alert and so was his mind. I grieve that God has taken this man, but I am grateful that illness and pain did not break his spirit before his death - his was a spirit we shall long cherish.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 13, 1977

Charles Melshon

~~IRVING S. MELSHON~~

~~NEW YORK, N.Y.~~

Whenever death comes it comes unexpectedly. Even if the one we loved had been blessed with a full span of years we do not escape the open wound nor the aching emptiness of our grief. How wise, therefore, the ancient admonition, "Seek not to explain God's ways to man, for they are beyond your understanding." No man can explain death's intrusion, be it tardy or premature.

"Seek not to explain God's ways to man." I have no superior wisdom to share with you. I cannot solve for you the mathematics of life. I cannot rationalize for you God's decisions, though I affirm His justice and His wisdom. All that I or anyone can share, dear friends, is the community of sadness and the consolation of faith. Of this I am certain, that you and I have lost a friend whom we admired and took pleasure in and that the cruelty of this hour is ours, not his. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. Death is not weariness but rest, not oblivion but a translation of the spirit into a new intimacy with God.

What consolation can be ours? What will support us in the shadowed loneliness? A few lines from the ancestral wisdom run through my mind. "The righteous though he die early will be at rest." "Old age is not honored for its length nor measured by years." "Understanding is the gray hair of men." An upstanding life is the true mark of age. ~~Though still~~ <sup>Charles Melshon</sup> ~~young in years~~, one could never think of ~~him as a man~~ but as a man of broad sympathy and deep human understanding, a gentleman graceful in kindness, generous in spirit, deeply concerned with the wellbeing of friend and family.

What consolation can be ours? The comfort that one who walked life's highway with quality and dignity, with love and ability, quietly and helpfully leaves a legacy of abiding and ennobling memory, a heritage of good

deeds from which those who survive can draw strength and encouragement.

The righteous are called living even when they are dead. How true. Nobility imposes obligation. Memory imposes responsibility. Virtue commands respect. When the Rabbis wished to speak words of high praise they eulogized by speaking of such a one as "having left life to the living." <sup>Fittingly these words</sup> How ~~well~~ <sup>this</sup> phrase sums <sup>the</sup> life of ~~Irwin Kramer~~ <sup>Charles Melshon</sup>. How many friends seated here today were by him encouraged in their despair, soothed in their anger, quieted in their fears, comforted in their grief. There was no demand of friendship which ~~Irwin Kramer~~ <sup>he</sup> did not instinctively ~~and~~ <sup>answer</sup> ~~eagerly~~ meet. <sup>AND</sup> A good neighbor, a fine citizen, a loyal and abiding friend, he brought into countless lives a dimension of warmth and encouragement which lowered life's obstacles and gave to life a greater warmth. His were the services that no money can purchase -- the gift of one's self to ~~one's~~ companions. The ministry of service is a rare dedication, especially in this age where men are prone to buy their good deeds with a check or a contribution. <sup>Yet what service is more necessary -- for</sup> But ultimately it is the helping hand which we extend to a fellowman, the sympathetic ear, <sup>the</sup> encouraging smile which buoy up and sustain. <sup>Charles Melshon</sup> ~~Irwin~~ was consecrated to this ministry of service. He served his community. He served his congregation. <sup>He served his</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>many ways - CHARLENS VITSE SYNAGOGUE A GUIDANCE AND SUPPORT</sup> family, ~~he was an integral member of our Hebrew Corps, making the Temple~~ a place of welcome, eager to ~~accept the~~ <sup>accept the</sup> ~~work of God.~~ <sup>work of God.</sup> ~~He very much to our support because his whole life~~ <sup>was at one with the teaching of our faith.</sup> A man of honor, a loyal son of Israel, a faithful servant of God, a truly decent human being. <sup>Charles's</sup> ~~Irwin's~~ life was foreshortened. <sup>Yet</sup> Within its brief compass he compressed many a lifetime of humane service.



Now, the measure of our years is not their length. Some live far beyond the fabled three score years and ten. Their days are empty days, frittered away in empty pursuits. Others, like <sup>Chas. Mann</sup> ~~Irwin Kramer~~, succeed in compressing and compacting into a far shorter time far greater accomplishment. As a small meadow pool can sometimes reflect the full radiance of the sky, so such lives reflect the full range of opportunity and experience open to man. Depth of conviction, depth of <sup>humane</sup> commitment and deep, abiding love -- these were the fundamentals of <sup>h g</sup> ~~Irwin Kramer's~~ life. ~~His love for his wife and children was not only compelling but of a nature which knew full well how to share, how to sustain, and how to sacrifice.~~

I do not ~~know~~ <sup>he</sup> what ~~Irwin Kramer~~ would wish to have spoken in this hour, but I suspect that with his wish that his memory be ever dear would be coupled the prayer that those near and dear might, in the days ahead, find again that happiness and fulfillment which he hoped to make theirs and which together they had shared.

HE WAS ALSO A STRONG, HARD WORKING MAN  
MILTON HAD NO PRETENSIONS OF PLACE OR  
POSITION & HE ACCEPTED THE ORDINARY BURDEN  
OF WORK & RESPONSIBILITY 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

## MILTON MEYER

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

MILTON WAS A GENTLE MAN, A MAN OF INNATE COURTESY AND INFINITE PATIENCE, & AN INSTINCTIVE SENSITIVITY TO HUMAN NEED. HE IS TRULY GENTLE WHO DOES THE GENTLE DEED.

HE WAS ALSO A STRONG, HARD WORKING MAN. MILTON HAD NO PRETENSIONS OF PLACE OR POSITION & HE ACCEPTED THE ORDINARY BURDENS OF WORK & RESPONSIBILITY 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.

WHEN OUR TRADITION WISHES TO SPEAK OF A MAN LIKE MILTON, WE USE THE PHRASE ISH TAM V'YASHER, A SIMPLE MAN & STRAIGHT. SIMPLICITY IS NOT INNOCENCE BUT INTEGRITY, BEING THE SAME WITHIN AS WITHOUT. IT IS BEING WITHOUT PRETENSE OR DEVIOUSNESS, A PERSON OF UNQUESTIONED PROBITY. A MAN WHO IS SIMPLE & 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 WHAT HE HAS, NEVER TOO BUSY TO OFFER A CHEERFUL GREETING OR A WARM SMILE.

MILTON WAS NOT ONE WHO NEEDED TO STRUT THE PUBLIC STAGE. HE FOUND DEEP SATISFACTION IN FRIENDSHIP. HIS FRIENDSHIPS WERE WARM & OPEN. HE REJOICED IN THE COMPANY OF LIFELONG FRIENDS TO WHOM HE WAS ALWAYS WILLING TO LEND A HELPING HAND & 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 A SONG HE MAY HAVE KNOWN. "HE CAME TO US WITH NAUGHT SAVE LOVE." THIS THOUGHT CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF HIS BEING.

MILT HAD A GOOD EYE WHICH HE DEVOTED TO THE NEEDS OF HIS BUSINESS & TO THE PLEASURE OF CREATION. IN ANOTHER WORLD HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ARTIST. IN OUR WORLD HE WAS A CAPABLE DESIGNER WHO FULFILLED HIMSELF IN LINE & COLOR.

AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, THESE QUALITIES MARKED HIS LIFE. MILT WAS A GOOD SON & BROTHER. HE & DOROTHY FASHIONED TOGETHER A LIFE FULL OF THE MUSIC OF LOVE, THE MUSIC OF FAMILY, THE MUSIC OF SINCERE ACCOMPLISHMENT. SINCE THE TIME THEY WERE MARRIED BY MY FATHER 54 YEARS AGO, THERE WAS NO MOMENT IN WHICH THEY DID NOT HOLD HANDS, SHARE FULLY, LIVE TOGETHER IN THE HAPPIEST OF HARMONY.

DOROTHY & MILT BUILT A HAPPY HOME, A WELCOMING PLACE IN WHICH THEIR GOOD FRIENDS WERE WELCOMED, & THEIR SON & DAUGHTER GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY & FREEDOM TO BECOME THEMSELVES. HERE WAS GOOD ADVICE BUT MOSTLY KINDLY LOVE & FREEDOM.

MILT & DOROTHY WERE GOOD PARENTS WHO TAUGHT THEIR VALUES TO THEIR CHILDREN, & THE WARMEST OF GRANDPARENTS TO THEIR 5 GRANDCHILDREN. IN HIS QUIET WAY MILT WAS THE CENTER OF HIS FAMILY. HIS VALUES WERE BASIC TO IT, HIS SILENCE PREGNANT WITH MEANING, HIS EXAMPLE COMPELLING.

MAY 12, 1989

DOROTHY & MILT KNEW THAT HAPPY BALANCE OF CULTURE & OF SPIRIT WHICH MARKS A TRULY HAPPY PERSON. THEY HAD NO NEED FOR PUBLIC DISPLAY OR PUBLIC APPROVAL. THEY WENT THEIR OWN WAY, A GOOD WAY. THEY ACCEPTED ALL THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF LIFE & DID SO WILLINGLY AND QUIETLY. THEY REJOICED IN EACH OTHER FOR WELL OVER HALF A CENTURY & WE REJOICED WITH THEM, AS THE PSALMIST SAID, GLADNESS OF HEART IS THE LIFE OF A MAN. MILT WAS A QUIET MAN WHO POSSESSED A SENSITIVE & FEELING HEART.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MAY 12, 1989

IRWIN MILNER

Friday

Dear Rabbi:

The following are some notes which I have jotted down about my father, Irwin Milner. They may be of some help since you didn't know him too well. Use whatever you like: I hope they help you get a picture of the type of person he was.

He was good, (unbelievably so) sensitive, quiet, peaceful, humble, philosophical, intelligent and independent.

He was not sophisticated, well-traveled, worldly, or formally well-educated.

He had an excellent sense of humor - on the wry side - which did not leave him, even though he was very ill.

He used to say "Be good to people while they are alive so you don't have to go to cemeteries with guilt feelings afterwards."

Work, his Dental Laboratory, and his family were the main things in his life. He worked hard, and took pride in his business and the fact that it was run honorably. He also took pride in his personal work; that which he did with his hands. He was an excellent technician.

He was a loving and devoted husband, father, grandfather and brother. He truly cared about his family and his home. He always had time to sit down and work out our problems with us as they arose; he was aware of our needs and tried to help. For many years he bought antique silver pieces (vases, candelabra, platters, etc.) for our home and for his own personal enjoyment; not to impress others, for he truly loved their beauty and workmanship. He liked classical music and played the cello and played with the late Dr. Jerome Gross in an orchestra in his earlier years.

He loved nature and even after he became ill, made sure that there was seed in the bird feeder during the winter. He loved to sit by the window and enjoyed watching the birds eat, which he would do by the hour. Simple things like children and birds brought him contentment and happiness.

He was not a religious man in the ritual sense of the word because he did not fast, etc. However, he was a good Jew in the true sense of the word. He never cheated or overcharged the dentists for whom he did work. He waited willingly if they were unable to pay their bills. He lent money to many people when they needed help. He did it willingly and never pushed them to repay it. There were several times when it was not returned and he never asked for it. He was glad that he could give rather than receive. I am sure there were many times he helped others without mentioning it to his family. He was very good to the people who worked for him. He understood them, took a personal interest in them and their problems, always tried to be fair, and was ready when they needed help. He studied the Talmud as a child in Lithuania and one of his favorite sayings was, "The Talmud says, Know Thyself" - and he did. He never held a grudge or knowingly hurt anyone.

He liked people. He was not one for speech making but he enjoyed sitting and talking quietly in a small group or to an individual.



He became ill about five years ago at which time he sold his business and retired. He had eye surgery several times which speeded up a vascular disease causing his mind to deteriorate. During the last months of his life he became almost totally dependent upon others for his care. My parents have always been very devoted to each other and my mother did everything humanly possible to help him; even to the point of risking her own health. Despite his illness he never became coarse or crude; demanding or bitter. He never lost his dignity. Whoever helped to care for him said he was a fine man.

The passage from the Bible which best describes my dad goes something like this - I did not take the time to quote it correctly: "What Doth The Lord require? Only to do justice, to seek mercy, and to walk humbly with thy neighbor".

We loved him very much and we will all miss him.

Sincerely,

Dana Katz

## MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO LEON MITNICK

August 9, 1968

A disciple once asked his master: "I venture to ask my master about death."

The wise tutor replied: "While we do not know about life, how can we know about death?"

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

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

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

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

Before the silver cord is snapped assunder  
And the Golden Bowl is shattered  
And the pitcher is broken at the well  
And the wheel falls shattered into the pit,  
And the dust returns to the earth as it was,

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

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

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

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

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

Our sages said: "It has been taught that all men must die, and death must come to all." Happy, then, is that man who departs this world with a good name. Leon Mitnick has departed this world with a good name. A good name, we are told in Holy writ, is more valuable than the most precious oil. There are three crowns according to our teachers of old - the crown of royalty, of priesthood, and of learning. But the crown of a good name excells them all. The crown of a good name belonged to Leon Mitnick. He was a man of wide human sympathies. The scope of his generosity was never narrow or parochial. His compassion went out to all men who suffered or were in need, regardless of their race or creed. Jewish philanthropic agencies, both local and national, and worthy causes, here and abroad, received his generous and constant support. The words of Job come to mind at this time:

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

Man's finest qualities are not always visible. They are deeply enshrined in the hidden recesses of the human heart. And it is the heart which God searches, and knows, and desires.

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

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

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

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

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER