



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

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

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

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

JAMES KIRK
Lawrence Levy

The sudden death of a dear friend has shaken and saddened us all. ~~His~~ ^{Jim} 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. ~~Levy was cut down in his prime. He~~ ^{Jim} 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 ~~he~~ ^{Jim} established

^{MODERATE} a reputation in the law not only for competence but for ^{COMMISSION} integrity, not only for ^{INFESIA} success but for ^{BY PERSONAL} commitment ^{TO THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL WELLBEING OF HIS PATIENTS} 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
~~David S. Kahn~~

The meaning of death is beyond our grasp. A moment such as this is a ^{NOT FAR SPECULATION BUT} 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 ^{UNPREDICTABLE MATTER OF LIFE} ~~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." ^{CAUGHT UP IN} ~~Entranced~~ 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 ^{PROXIMATE} ~~disability and illness~~ is ^{OVER} ~~no more~~. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. At the same time we begrudge the loss of ^{ONE} ~~those~~ ^{WHO WERE INF. UNCONSCIOUS TO US} ~~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 ^{SILENCE} ~~and~~ ^{AND DISGUST} ~~or unfeeling.~~ Each of us has his or her own set of emotional capacities and 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 or weave~~ ^{SHOULD OWN LOVE} a meaning into our life which is generally approved. ~~Some love easily and steadily.~~ ^{AND PRIDE IN OTHERS AS EASILY AS WE MIGHT WILL} Others keep their feelings bottled up, ~~and find it difficult to disentangle themselves~~ ^{FROM THEIR OWN SENSE OF LOVE AND} from private concerns.

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~~ ^{man}. ~~MR. ROTHMAN WAS A MAN WHOSE~~ ^{his} GREAT WARMTH OF PERSON, ^{and} 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 ~~competently~~ ^{manfully} IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY AND IN THE

INTIMATE CIRCLE OF HIS FRIENDS. HE FILLED HIS DAYS WITH ^{useful} 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 OCCASIONS ^{out his} ~~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 ^{Rose} ~~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

Robert K. K...
Henry Shagoff

The sudden death of a dear friend has shaken and saddened us all. ^{Bela} ~~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. ^{Bela} ~~Mark~~ was cut down in his prime. He deserved more - goodness deserves life; there is no explanation; but we can thankfully say that ^{Bela} ~~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}

Grace and Peace

A GOOD SON CLOSE ALWAYS TO HIS FATHER
A good son close always to his father
A good son close always to his father
3
ELEANOR, Ma

he loved his family. Their happiness was his. With ~~Donis~~, ~~Ma~~ shared joy and sorrow, intimacy, fulfillment. Her family became his. ~~Ma~~ was always ready to listen, support, encourage, love. Together they established a happy home, secure in love, founded on mutual understanding, a warm, happy, encouraging place. Here love and laughter were never far from the surface. Together they raised their ~~children~~ ^{daughters} to know the good values and happy possibilities - to know that they were respected and loved for themselves.

What more can be said? What ~~more needs to be said?~~

^{Oh} Except this. You are together still. Memories do not die. A beautiful, happy, humane and honorable life does not end with the death of the body any more than a beautiful song ends when the last note is sung. Much remains. Echoes linger on. Memories abide like a sweet benediction. These precious memories which ~~Ma~~ ^{But} bequeathed to ~~Donis~~, to their ~~son~~ and daughters - to all of us - will encourage and sustain us in the hard days that lie ahead.

This, too, should be said. ~~Ma~~ ^{But} loved life too much to have you sickly your lives with grief. His spirit was one with the poet, Edgar A. Guest.

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 4, 1980

Death is a void only faith can bridge. This is a time for faith, to accept what we cannot understand. ^{Be} ~~Mark~~ was a realistic man who ^{I suspect} 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.

^{Be} ~~Mark~~ was never manipulative or devious. He knew where he stood. The rules he lived by were clear. ^{Be} ~~Mark demanded a great deal of himself and he~~ looked for and ^{without side} found the best in others. ^{Be} He took remarkably little interest in the status games people play. ^{Be} ~~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 ^{Be} ~~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.

^{Be} ~~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, ^{Be} ~~Mark~~ had love in his heart, love of life, love of people, and that special love which gives all and shares fully. ^{Be} ~~Mark loved~~ ~~deeply~~. 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 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.

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.

Kush

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. Mazal 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



DEATH

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 or thrive
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 of age, it is the avoidance of responsibility, freedom to do nothing - negative

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



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~~^lughed 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
TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

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 ~~WERE~~ WERE CLOSEST TO HIM TESTIFY TO THE INTEGRITY OF HIS CHARACTER, ~~THE UNDERSTANDING OF HIS MIND, THE DEPTH~~ ^{to the penetration of his intellect} OF HIS SENSE OF FELLOW-FEELING AND 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

PRIDE, AND HE EXEMPLIFIED THESE VALUES IN HIS BUSINESS AS IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE. MR. LIPTON WAS LOYAL IN FRIENDSHIP. FRIENDSHIP WAS WITH HIM A MATTER OF MUTUAL RESPECT. HE NEVER USED HIS FRIENDS, NOR DID HE FORSAKE THEM WHEN THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE SPUN ANOTHER WAY. ALWAYS READY WITH GOOD COUNSEL AND INCAPSULATED WISDOM, THOSE WHO HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF ENJOYING HIS COMPANIONSHIP CHERISHED THAT PRIVILEGE MOST HIGHLY. ABOVE ALL ELSE, MR. LIPTON WAS LOYAL TO HIS FAMILY. HIS MARRIAGE WAS BUILT ON THE SOUND FOUNDATIONS OF PROFOUND LOVE AND MUTUAL RESPECT. HE WAS ALWAYS WILLING TO PUT HIMSELF OUT FOR THE SAKE OF HIS BELOVED WIFE AND THEIR CHILDREN. THEIR HAPPINESS TOOK PRECEDENCE OVER HIS EASE OR REST. HE GUIDED HIS CHILDREN WITH LOVING FIRMNESS AND TOOK GREAT PRIDE IN THEIR GROWTH INTO MATURITY. THE BONDS OF FAMILY WERE IMPORTANT TO MR. LIPTON, AND HE TRANSMITTED THIS TO THOSE CLOSEST TO HIM.

I WOULD NOT _____

