



## 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVERY INSTITUTION OF MERIT  
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LOUIS LUX

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO LEON ~~WERNICK~~

~~BY RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER~~

August 9, 1968

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

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

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

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



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

All deaths are not alike, even as all lives are not of the same pattern. When death comes to a man whose gifts were broadly shared, whose quality was widely known, such a death can no longer be looked upon as stark tragedy. When that life has been graced with two wonderful loves, with family and with the high regard of a community, such a life, even in death, brings with it a measure of solace.

A man is as great as the dreams he dreams  
As great as the love he bears  
As great as the values he redeems  
And the happiness he shares.  
A man is as great as the thoughts he thinks,  
As the worth he has attained,  
As the fountains at which his spirit drinks  
And the insight he has gained.  
A man is as great as the truth he speaks  
As great as the help he gives,  
As great as the destiny he seeks,  
As great as the life he lives.

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

their tribute of respect.

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

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

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

E. Dennis Lustig

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 27, 1984



2  
Dr, Harry Lyons

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

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

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

Let us speak of death straightforwardly. I know that if many had been less evasive or delicate with their loved ones, they would have been far less confused in their grief, far more certain of the next step, of how to regain the ladder which leads up from the valley of the shadows. The heartache of confusion cuts as close to the quick flesh as the knife of grief. We try though it is too late to read what another had in mind, his hopes and his dreams. How much simpler and how much wiser it would have been had we spoken of death and of the burdens which will remain.

Recall what the poet divine, John Donne, wrote:



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

His daughter Marilyn wrote this about him.

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

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



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

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

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

~~daughter Tammy.~~

SOUGHT

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

He exemplified the teachings of Micah:

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



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



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

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He rejoiced in the quiet of his home or a walk in the open air. He had little need for the idle diversions which suburban social life sometimes provides. He was an infinitely compassionate human being who ~~shared in~~ shared in another's hurt<sup>Av</sup>, set out to help ~~another~~ before being asked to do so.

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

The home that they established was filled with good ~~values~~ values <sup>(4) 5 12</sup> in which they raised their daughters with wisdom and care and encouraged each to develop her own talents, taught them <sup>to</sup> to see the possibilities of life.

I believe that if Harry could ask for a memorial it would be no more than this, that those he loved so dearly keep fresh his memory, not in grief but in life. He would address that thought particularly to his grandchildren and great grandchildren whose many skills represented <sup>for him the</sup> a rich future for the family and for themselves.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 18, 1988



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 9, 1984

## Eulogy - Israel Margolin

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

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

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

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

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





ISRAEL MARGOLIN

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ~~EDGAR~~ MAHN

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1970

THE TEMPLE

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

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

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

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

and more dominant note in the Psalms, indeed in the whole Bible, an eagerness for life and a simple pleasure in being alive. Our way may be brief, but the view is often breath-taking. "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord."

Our people walked a bitter history. They felt the sharp edge of the sword, the racking pain of illness and the searing anguish of torment and exile. Was it not an impertinence for them to declare that life can be joyous and pleasing? How could they? Their appreciation and eagerness grew out of their faith, their subtle and wise understanding of God. Death was not to be feared for God ordains both life and death. The seed permits the harvest and the leaves fall from the tree for the new buds to have a place to grow. Within our bodies there is a constant process of death and renewal, decay and growth. Each generation gives birth to its successor and must give way for the young to come into their proper place and responsibility.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

I do not want the gaping crowd  
To come with lamentation loud  
When life has fled  
I do not want my words and ways  
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise  
When I am dead.

I do not want strange curious eyes  
To scan my face when pale it lies  
In silence dread  
Nor would I have them, if they would,  
Declare my deeds were bad or good  
When I am dead.

I only want the steadfast few  
Who stood through good and evil too  
Through friendships test  
Just those who tried to find the good  
And then as only true friends could  
Forget the rest.

Bernard Martin

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

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

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

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

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



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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 17, 1982



Jay J. Marx

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

July 11, 1976



WINNING IS FUN  
SURE

BUT WINNING IS NOT THE POINT

WANTING TO WIN IS THE POINT

NOT GIVING UP IS THE POINT

NEVER BEING SATISFIED WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE

IS THE POINT

NEVER LETTING UP IS THE POINT

NEVER LETTING ANYONE DOWN IS THE POINT

PLAY TO WIN  
SURE

BUT LOSE LIKE A CHAMPION

BECAUSE IT'S NOT WINNING THAT COUNTS

WHAT COUNTS IS TRYING

# MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ED MEISEL

May 11, 19 70

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

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

During this ~~memorial hour~~ we pause to sketch out the basic outline, the richer meaning by which Ed Meisel lived out his life. I do not know if Ed knew the line in our Bible which reads, "gladness of heart is the life of a

man," yet the Psalmists philosophy seemed instinctive with him. He dearly loved life's adventure and its challenge. He richly appreciated its richness

and color and variety. He had an eager, original turn to his mind, which saw

the challenge of each day and the opportunity implicit in each experience. He

lived broadly and without timidity. He lived fully but never grossly. By his

friendliness and his good spirits, his instinctive generosity of self he made

others appreciate the laughter and the happiness which can be found in life,

and he lightened their burden. All who knew him rejoiced in him.

Ed was a man of great energy and high vision. By temperament he was a pioneer, a builder. Raised in the open spaces of mid-America he not

only loved this land and its peoples and tradition, but he became one with its



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

<sup>for his 100th b'day party</sup>  
We were proud that ~~over a half century~~ Ed ~~joined us as~~ as a member of The Temple. He carried out in life the highest ethical commands of our tradition. His honor was true. His spirit was <sup>generous</sup> unflagging. His spirit was <sup>his motto - "hazak hazak v'emats"</sup> humble. <sup>his motto - "hazak hazak v'emats"</sup> His interests were broad. His motto was "hazak hazak v'emats" -- <sup>be strong and of good courage.</sup> be strong and of good courage.

"A man is as great as the dreams he dreams,  
As great as the love he bears,  
As great as the values he redeems,  
And the happiness he shares.  
A man is as great as the thoughts he thinks,  
As the worth he has attained,  
As the fountains at which his spirit drinks,  
And the insight he has gained.  
A man is as great as the truth he speaks,  
As great as the help he gives,  
As great as the destiny he seeks,  
As great as the life he lives."

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

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

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

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

*but <sup>would</sup> have - but -  
but no real pit!*

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

"I do not want the gaping crowd  
To come with lamentations loud,  
When life has fled.  
I do not want my words and ways  
Rehearsed, perhaps with tardy praise,  
When I am dead.  
I do not want strange curious eyes  
To scan my face when pale it lies  
In silence dread.  
Nor would I have them if they would,  
Declare my deeds were bad or good,  
When I am dead.  
I only want the steadfast few  
Who stood through good and evil, too,  
Through friendship's test,  
Just those who tried to find the good,  
And then, as only true friends could,  
Forget the rest."

Amen

*228*

## Eugene Meister

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

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

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

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

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



Eugene worked hard and honorably. He won not only personal success, but the respect of colleagues and community. He was not only an irrepressible salesman, but a trusted companion and a good and pleasant friend. For all of his drive, Eugene never seemed restless. He had a special capacity for friendship, a warm smile, the art of speaking a kind word, a readiness to help in small things as in large, loyal. Eugene combined drive and gentleness, determination and warmth. He managed to see the best in everyone. He was without side, a man who had no need for posturing and no desire to strut on the public stage.

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

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 13, 1977

Charles Melsher

~~TELLEH, MELSER~~

~~MEMORIAL SERVICE~~

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

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

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

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

Irwin Kramer -2-

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

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



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

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

HE WAS ALSO A STRONG, HARD WORKING MAN  
MILTON HAD NO PRETENSIONS OF PLACE OR  
POSITION & HE ACCEPTED THE ORDINARY BURDENS  
OF WORK & RESPONSIBILITY WITH GOOD WILL  
& GREAT DIGNITY. A MODEST MAN OF MODEST  
NEEDS, HE WAS PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO SHARE  
WHATEVER GOOD FORTUNE CAME HIS WAY.

## MILTON MEYER

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

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

HE WAS ALSO A STRONG, HARD WORKING MAN. MILTON HAD NO PRETENSIONS OF PLACE OR POSITION & HE ACCEPTED THE ORDINARY BURDENS OF WORK & RESPONSIBILITY WITH GOOD WILL & GREAT DIGNITY. A MODEST MAN OF MODEST NEEDS, HE WAS PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO SHARE WHATEVER GOOD FORTUNE CAME HIS WAY.

WHEN OUR TRADITION WISHES TO SPEAK OF A MAN LIKE MILTON, WE USE THE PHRASE ISH TAM V'YASHER, A SIMPLE MAN & STRAIGHT. SIMPLICITY IS NOT INNOCENCE BUT INTEGRITY, BEING THE SAME WITHIN AS WITHOUT. IT IS BEING WITHOUT PRETENSE OR DEVIOUSNESS, A PERSON OF UNQUESTIONED PROBITY. A MAN WHO IS SIMPLE & STRONG IS AN ESSENTIALLY HUMANE PERSON, ONE WHO NOT ONLY IS INVOLVED IN HIS OWN LIFE BUT WHO HAS TIME FOR OTHERS. HE IS A MAN WITHOUT ENVY, GRATEFUL FOR WHAT HE HAS, NEVER TOO BUSY TO OFFER A CHEERFUL GREETING OR A WARM SMILE.



MILTON WAS NOT ONE WHO NEEDED TO STRUT THE PUBLIC STAGE. HE FOUND DEEP SATISFACTION IN FRIENDSHIP. HIS FRIENDSHIPS WERE WARM & OPEN. HE REJOICED IN THE COMPANY OF LIFELONG FRIENDS TO WHOM HE WAS ALWAYS WILLING TO LEND A HELPING HAND & A LISTENING EAR. HE WAS NOT ONLY A GOOD FRIEND BUT GOOD COMPANY. HIS HUMOR WAS WARM & NEVER ACID. HE PREFERRED TO LISTEN RATHER THAN TO IMPOSE HIS VIEWS ON OTHERS. THERE IS A LINE IN A SONG HE MAY HAVE KNOWN. "HE CAME TO US WITH NAUGHT SAVE LOVE." THIS THOUGHT CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF HIS BEING.

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

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

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

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

MAY 12, 1989



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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

MAY 12, 1989

IRWIN MILNER

Friday

Dear Rabbi:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

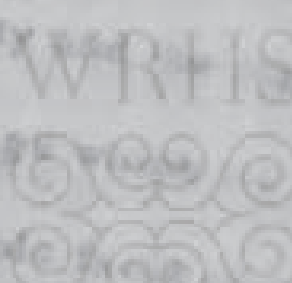
He became ill about five years ago at which time he sold his business and retired. He had eye surgery several times which speeded up a vascular disease causing his mind to deteriorate. During the last months of his life he became almost totally dependent upon others for his care. My parents have always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

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

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

Sincerely,

*Dana Katz*



Before the silver cup is shattered  
And the Golden Bowl is shattered  
And the pitcher is broken at the well  
And the wheel falls shattered into the  
And the dust returns to the earth



## MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO LEON MITNICK

August 9, 1968

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER