



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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12

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543

Eulogies, men, N-S, 1957-1989.

JOSEPH NEWMAN

November 3, 1960

The ancients described life as a search, a search for ourselves. How much truth there is to this observation. Our family, our culture, our friends conspire to make us after their own image. All life is a seeking out of our own person and personality. Joseph Newman's life was dedicated to the search for himself. It was not an easy life. The search was not always successful. Sometimes years were spent following ideas and ideals which ultimately had to be rejected. But Joseph Newman's life was one of consistency and of a consistent purpose. A man is born to be himself and to be true to himself. Joseph Newman spent his lifetime being true to himself, so there was in him great charity and compassion, a burning sense of justice, a keen sensitivity to the humanity which unites all men despite their caste or color or creed. There was love in Mr. Newman's life, a broad love embracing all men, a tender love bringing happiness and warmth to a wide circle of friends, a passionate love supporting and sustaining wife and family.

Joseph Newman was a man in search, in search of himself. Quick-witted, inventive, ingenious, his own search permitted him to see many of the foibles of others. Each society and group of men need a goad and a gadfly, someone who will prick the bubble of their pretensions, expose their vanities, and challenge them to greater achievement. Though much of his humor and barb seemed sharp and pointed, such jest can clean the air and make it possible for men to work more cooperatively and more creatively.

I would not and could not claim Joseph Newman had any interest in God or faith. The trained jester's eye can sometimes not separate the forest of worth from the occasional rotten tree. His critical spirit led him to be

disabused -- perhaps overly disabused -- of the values of ordinary men and women. Fiercely independent, he misprised any authority which he felt might constrict his activities. I suspect, however, that we differed largely in our methods rather than our goals -- that we were at one in our hope for a world of free men at peace with themselves and with their neighbor.

What comfort can I give to his grieving family? No words can bind the wound or make whole again the loss. Yet will they not always enjoy the blessing of the memory of a strong, vital, perceptive and consecrated husband and father, one who by his actions and by his search set for them and for his community standards and hope far beyond the ordinary.



ROBERT NEWMAN

A DISCIPLE ONCE ASKED HIS MASTER: I VENTURE TO ASK MY MASTER ABOUT DEATH?" THE WISE TUTOR REPLIED: "WHILE WE DO NOT KNOW ABOUT LIFE, HOW CAN WE KNOW ABOUT DEATH?"

LIFE ITSELF IS A MYSTERY, AND DEATH AN EVEN GREATER ONE. WHO CAN FATHOM THE ENIGMA OF EXISTENCE, OR COMPREHEND THE WAYS OF THE CREATOR WHO ORDAINED THE LAW OF GROWTH & DECAY, BIRTH & THE TIME OF SINGING, DEATH & THE TIME OF TEARS.

SINCE DEATH IS THE COMMON LOT OF ALL MEN, OUR SAGES HAVE COUNSELLED US TO LAY THIS FACT CLOSE TO OUR HEARTS, AND IN THE VERY HOUSE OF MOURNING TO LEARN THE WISDOM OF LIVING.

DEATH INEVITABLY STIRS WITHIN US DEEP & SOMBER REFLECTIONS. WE ARE MADE SHARPLY AWARE OF THE UNCERTAINTY & 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, & MAN SHALL TURN AGAIN UNTO DUST"
WE COME SUDDENLY TO FEAR THAT THE CHERISHED DREAMS WHICH
SUSTAIN US, OUR HOPES & PLANS & 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 & DISCIPLINE OF LIVING.

AND WE SHALL ACQUIRE IT
"BEFORE THE SILVER CORD IS SNAPPED ASUNDER
AND THE GOLDEN BOWL IS SHATTERED
AND THE PITCHER IS BROKEN AT THE WELL
AND THE WHEEL FALLS SHATTERED INTO THE PIT,
AND THE DUST RETURNS TO THE EARTH AS IT WAS."

OUR HEARTS WILL NOT BE FILLED WITH DESPAIR IN THE PRESENCE
OF DEATH BUT WITH HUMILITY. WE SHALL LEARN HOW CAREFULLY
TO NUMBER OUR DAYS, ONE BY ONE, HOW TO HUSBAND & 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 & AMBITIONS,
AND A TRUER INSIGHT INTO VALUE & MEANING & 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 IS
EAT LITTLE OR MUCH."

HE INTERPRETED THIS VERSE TO **MEAN:**
"SWEET SHALL BE THE SLEEP OF THE MAN IN DEATH WHO HAS LABORED FAITHFULLY & 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 & FUTILITY UNTIL THEY ARE LOST UNNOTICED INTO THE UNHEEDING SANDS OF OBLIVION.

"PEOPLE ASK," WROTE TOLSTOI, "WHY DO SOME PEOPLE DIE SO YOUNG, WHEN THEY HAVE LIVED SO LITTLE?" **[REDACTED]**

"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 BROKEN OFF AND NOT BEEN DRAWN OUT TO THE SIZE OF THE LONGEST SPEECH OR THE LARGEST PICTURE? AS THE MEASURE OF LENGTH IS INAPPLICABLE TO THE GREATEST OF PRODUCTIONS OF WISDOM OR POETRY, SO--EVEN MORE EVIDENTLY--IS IT INAPPLICABLE TO LIFE. HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT INNER GROWTH ~~HIS~~ SOUL ACCOMPLISHED IN ITS SHORT SPAN, AND WHAT INFLUENCE IT HAD UPON OTHERS?

LIFE WAS NOT AN EASY ROAD FOR ROBERT BUT HE REMAINED A WELCOME COMPANION WHEREVER HE LIVED. A LOVING FATHER, A DEVOTED HUSBAND, HE TOOK GREAT PRIDE IN THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF HIS CHILDREN AND GREAT PLEASURE IN HIS FAMILY.

ROBERT FOUND LIFE DIFFICULT, BUT HE NEVER STOPPED TRYING. UNTIL THE YEARS OF INVALIDISM OVERCAME HIM, HE WAS STILL TRYING.

LET US REMEMBER THAT DEATH TAKES BUT AN INSTANT, WHILE LIFE IS A CHAIN OF THOUSANDS OF MOMENTS & EXPERIENCES. THESE LAST DAYS LOOM LARGE NOW, BUT LET US REMEMBER THE YOUTH OF GRACE, THE HAPPY MOMENTS OF FRIENDSHIP, THE JOYS THAT ROBERT BROUGHT TO HIS FAMILY, HIS LOVE FOR BUNNY, THE LOVE WITH WHICH HE PLANNED HIS HOME--THE GOOD FATHER, A HOPEFUL & DETERMINED MAN.

SOMEONE ONCE SAID THAT TROUBLES ARE THE TEARS BY WHICH GOD
FASHIONS US FOR BETTER THINGS. MAY WE FIND THE STRENGTH
TO GROW THROUGH OUR GRIEF.

--DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

JULY 17, 1988



Handwritten signature: Philip Silver

Phillip Noll

When I first heard of Phillip Noll's death I thanked God for having given this man of sweet dignity the dignity of a sweet death. Phillip died in the fullness of his years and while still in the fullness of his strength.

A phrase from the book of Psalms comes to mind: "Mark the man of integrity for into posterity to the man of peace." The phrase describes Mr. Noll. He was a gentle, warm and wholesome human being - a man of integrity, a hard-working man who had the time for friendship and family - an open and agreeable man who thanked God each day for the privilege of life.

I suspect that Phillip was a happy man. He had a pleasant sense of humor. He bore himself with a becoming dignity which suggested pleasure in his own strength and body. He enjoyed sports and good companionship. He took pleasure in the challenge and variety and changing colors of each day.

No life is without its ups and downs and its challenges. Born to relative security - when the depression came there was need to begin again. Happy in a satisfying marriage there was the need to face loss and to begin again. Those who knew Phillip in those years speak of a man who took life in stride, who never allowed himself the indulgence of self-pity, who took each day as it came for what it offered.

Phillip was not a learned man. His wisdom was the wisdom of experience. He was an uncomplicated person who was the same within as without. You sensed in him an instinctive awareness of what is right and necessary and, more than that, the willingness to do the right. He was not one to pass up another in need. His spirit was generous and so was his hand. He never abused another human being. Phillip was a peaceful, courteous man, loyal in friendship, steadfast in responsibility, uncomplicated in his pleasures and in his feelings. Our tradition puts it this way

There is posterity for the man of peace. His life does not end in death. His spirit abides as a sweet benediction

Dr. Max M. Pomerantz

When death comes to a loved one, a light is extinguished and another light is kindled. This light of memory shines inextinguishably in the shadowed world of our loneliness. How blessed, therefore, the life which leaves behind it a glowing memory. Such a memory brings unceasing comfort to those who would otherwise be utterly bereft.

At such an hour as this it is a beautiful custom among our people to light a memorial lamp. Through this symbol we signify that our dear one has not vanished. His days' work may be over but his life is not. The flame continues to burn even in the night of death, much as a rare song can be heard in our heart long after the silence has enveloped it. For those who knew true love and true companionship there remains the legacy of pledged lives and precious remembrance. Theirs is a living legacy and a bright one.

Our lives are all too brief. The night comes all too soon, yet we are commanded to live for things which are eternal - for death and justice and love - to reach beyond our frail limitations to a godly and goodly way of life. At death those lives which partook of selflessness and love and service, those lives dedicated to the imperishable values of life, enter upon a spiritual existence where they continue with those who knew them and loved them. They have become a sweet benediction. It is as our teachers taught, "there is no death for the righteous."

At the death of Dr. Max Pomerantz his beloved family and those nearest to him have sustained, of course, a deep and personal loss. Their loss is shared by many for not only ~~was~~ Max a ~~man~~ ^{who} of a wide circle of friends, ~~but he had~~ ^{appreciated his qualities} of
to the worship and exalted by the insights of the Temple. Nothing more
more than that both of his sons respected learning and entered and
PERSON - he was a good and active person
LIT 124 - AND A DECENT MAN

MAX had through his ~~instant and successful~~ ^{was the admiration and respect of his} ministry of healing developed an exceptionally ^{professional} large circle of men, women, who were grateful for his skills and more grateful yet for his eagerness to serve, his sensitivity and his compassion. Max was a good man - as good within as he was without, ^{AND SETTLED FOR} Blessed by God. He might easily have achieved the conventional rewards of success. ^{BUT THE} ~~Max prized success,~~ ^{prized was} the success of a patient brought back to full health, the success of a ^{collect} ~~school~~ of podiatry brought up to the highest standards of the profession. He lived to serve. No demand on his time or on his energies was turned aside or went unanswered. Medicine excited him as an intellectual challenge and satisfied him as a ministry ^{provided him with an outlet for his human concern and sensitivity} of service, and he never gave to that ministry less than his complete devotion. As one might expect his service was sensitive as well as skillful - a patient was never a chart but a human being. Max was as patient in allaying fears as he was bold in ^{TREATMENT} ~~diagnosis and therapy~~. His medicine was personal and unhurried ^{AND NOT} as well as first rate.

What of the man within the physician? Max worked hard and he knew how to relax. ^{He lived for his work but he had friends from many walks of life} ~~He plunged himself into life and took great pleasure in people and~~ ^{friendship} His mind was wide-ranging, well-stocked and interested in many things. He rejoiced in good conversation and yet he judged people for what they were, not by their color or social status. I rarely met a man who was so completely without side or arrogance. ^{more need be said?}

Max was a good Jew. He served his God even as he served his profession. An early and ardent Zionist Max joined in the struggle for Israel and for her security. A life-long member of our congregation he came and was responsive to the worship and excited by the insights of the Temple. Nothing pleased Max more than that both of his sons respected learning and entered learned professions.

and that one devoted himself as a rabbi to the traditions of his fathers. The Temple was proud that Max had joined with us for there was nothing flighty or trivial about his belonging. He took on himself the moral and intellectual requirements of our faith and made them the very stuff of his being. Such a man could not help but be tender in his love, loyal and devoted to his family and wholly dedicated to their welfare. He and Gertrude shared nearly 40 years of happiest companionship and most devoted love. They labored energetically together and raised their sons in understanding and in love. They gave them love, ^{a quiet} ~~the~~ good example, ^{AND THE TRADITION THE VALUE OF IDEAS} ~~and they gave them their freedom, and they kept close always the ties~~ ~~of family.~~ Max's way was always a wise way - a way of reason and gentle encouragement, his one hope to communicate something of the priorities which were his in life, the sense of responsibility for life and for others, something of the possibility of a meaningful life. And in this, I suspect, he accomplished perhaps better than he knew.

Max was struck down at a time when many men begin to slack off and to look forward to quiet years. He was not to know that privilege, but he did know morally four decades of fine satisfying medical service. He did know that he had earned the respect of a large community. He did know that he was cherished not only by his family but by a large circle of friends and neighbors.

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

MAURICE RAPPAPORT

We are met to pay our community's tribute of respect and admiration to a longtime neighbor and good friend, Maurice Rappaport. Some years ago Maurie painted my portrait and I am grateful that I can now return the compliment ^{by} offering, a word picture of a fine citizen and good friend, a little man who lived tall, a quiet, soft-spoken man who knew his own mind and ^{never deviated from the straight} ~~went his own way~~, ^{a thoughtful man who shaped his life carefully according to his own design} ~~guided by a special inspiration~~. The English essayist, William Hazlitt, once wrote: "The most sensible men I know, taken as a class, are painters; that is, they are the most lively observers of what passes in the world about them and the closest observers of what passes in their own heads."

Maurie fits that description. He had a trained eye which ^{how the mind is filled into} saw the broad picture ~~and the detailed~~. Some artists see and paint. Maurie saw, thought deeply about what he ^{had seen} ~~saw~~ and painted. ^{He was an intellectual} ~~His mind~~ ^{was well-stocked}. He read a great deal and was never satisfied with a first impression or quick judgement. ^{His mind was well stocked} ~~The result was that~~ ^{as a result} he produced not only canvasses of compelling beauty, but ~~shaped~~ ^{designed and achieved} a life of ~~quality which he held with dignity and solid purpose~~. We hear a great deal about the artistic temperament and I suspect that Maurie had his moments, but there was an overriding steadiness to all that he did. ^{He was always under control} ~~His way was straight~~ ^{He shaped his own way}. ^{He knew} ~~He~~ knew all the contradictions to which humans are heir, but ^{he} ~~he~~ never lost his faith in the possibilities of life. His humor was warm, never ascerbic. He greeted everyone with a warm smile and you sensed his real interest.

Maurie was born into the close-knit world of Eastern European ~~Jews~~ where Jewish life was a warm and defining envelope and all his life the synagogue and the Jewish patterns of his childhood

continued to have importance meaning. Maurie was a good Jew. Week in and week out, he was at our services. he was satisfied by the music and ^{The} feelings of worship and stimulated by the ideas which were discussed. ^{He was committed to} God, Torah and Israel, the three central values of our tradition; ^{of} faith, a vision for the future, ^{to} the love of learning and the needs of the community ^{Israel} were instinctive ^{to} him.

European Jewish ^{I lived within a close knit culture, just like home} life was not only warm ^{in a world which looked on him with suspicion.} but marginal and insecure. Maurie instinctively understood the Zionist dream, the

need for a secure place where the values of our people could develop naturally. ^{Land was an essential category for Maurie,} ^{He} delighted in its shapes and colors ^{He} was drawn to the land. There was something mystical in that relationship. I remember his telling me

that he had never quite understood the bond he felt with the Badlands of the American West until he ~~took~~ a trip to Israel. There,

driving through the Judean wilderness to the Dead Sea, he saw again

^{as he familiar} the shapes and colors which had moved ^{in the most} him and had a sense of being at home. He recognized then that the West had somehow suggested

Israel and that he had ^{known} seen that home ^{There because he had some previous} in his mind's eye ^{before} before ^{OP FENAU's landscape.} he had even gone there. ^{the same}

Maurie was a man of good sense. He worked hard and never shirked duty. He made his own way out of immigrant poverty, ^{but} but ^{he never} ^{became so drawn out home} ^{he never} ^{lost the need for wages to divert him from his art.} Others might have stayed in Youngstown where Maurie became one of the youngest men ever to become a foreman at Youngstown Steel Mill, but the study of art in New York and life as a scenic designer, Maurie moved on to Cleveland where he established his display studio. The artistic temperament is supposed to be at the opposite end of

the spectrum from that of the business man. Maurie proved otherwise. He established one of the fine commercial institutions of our city and gained a fine reputation for first-rate and imaginative creations and responsible work. ~~His work was his~~ His work drew on his technical skills, but it was after work that he picked up his paints and brushes and I suspect there were no more absorbing and fulfilling moments than those he spent before the landscape, the Israeli scenes and the portraits of friends and family which filled his canvasses. Here was ^{a man - a person in the} fulfillment he carried on until his retirement ^{and the gallery which} provided him an opportunity to share intimately with those who shared his interests.

Always a man of good sense, Maurie never became so tied up in his talent that he did not have the time to nurture the most intimate ties of life. As a friend he was supportive, encouraging, loyal, an interesting conversationalist, a gracious host, ever courteous.

Life brought him love. He married the best friend of his youth. He and Rose established a strong and successful partnership based on love and common purpose. Together they established a home in which their daughter and son were encouraged by their example and their love to fulfill their talents. Together they faced the challenges of making their way, meeting their responsibilities and balancing out life's many demands. Together they faced the tragic death of their beloved daughter. Together they watched with pleasure the success of their son and the unfolding of the talents of their grandchildren. Together they reposed in the knowledge that they had earned the respect of their community and that their family was

bound close and that they shared their values.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 30, 1985



I do not know what Max would have said. I do know that his presence was a blessing to earth and Jewish and simple. He had faith in God. I am sure he did and was a good man. There is a power I have which perhaps he would find appropriate.

Max Robbins

We are met to pay a public tribute of respect to a hard-working and honorable man, a good Jew and a good man, Max Robbins. Like so many in his generation, Max was born in the old world and as a child found his way here. The immigrant background was rich in love and tradition, but poor in material things and Max, from the beginning of his life, had to set to work to make do. He worked hard, he worked well and he worked ^{humbly} ~~humbly~~ Max was ~~essentially~~ an uncomplicated person. He had no need to strut on the public stage or to display himself as anything but what he was, a basically decent human being, devoid of vanity or pretension, who met each responsibility of life patiently and with determination and took pleasure when pleasure was possible with friends and family. His pleasures were unostentatious, his tastes were simple, his spirit was warm. He rejoiced in life itself for he was able to take life as it came, with a smile.

Max had ~~many~~ friends in many levels of life, men and women who respected him for himself. Like many in his generation, he was eager for his children and he provided them with the education and as many of the opportunities as he could which he had missed.

For over sixty years he and Henrietta enjoyed a strong and good relationship and built a strong and love-filled home where they raised their sons and daughters and who grew into their maturity. Their accomplishments were Max's joy and the grandchildren were his delight.

I do not know what Max would have us say. I do know that his philosophy was down to earth and Jewish and simple. He had faith in God. I am sure he did not fear death. There is a poem I love which perhaps he would find appropriate.

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.

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



Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 27, 1977

Dr. George Rose

How does one speak the eulogy of a man so modest that he wished no eulogy to be spoken? Dr. George H. Rose was a quiet man. He did not ask public acclaim. Indeed, he had little patience with notoriety. Somehow, whenever we spoke I thought of the Bible's description of Noah, a simple man but straight. Simplicity is not innocence but integrity, being the same without as you are within, the knowledge that you do not need any man's approval. To be straight is to be a person of honor who discharges every responsibility properly without thought to the cost to himself.

There are some quiet folk who withdraw from the limelight because they are timid and feel inadequate. George was a courageous man and a strong man, extremely competent in his chosen profession in life. He was quiet because he was at peace with himself. He knew that his service to his patients was of the highest order. He knew that he was loyal and responsible in every important relationship. He knew that he judged others by their quality and not by superficial standards. He knew that no one would need to speak his eulogy because he had written it by his life: concern for all that makes for health and culture, full acceptance of the duties of citizenship, of obligation, loyalty and empathy in friendship, professional in his dentistry, an openness to love and to another's feeling in the circle of one's family and within a marriage.

His pleasures were as simple as his principles were straight. Until disability denied him the pleasure, he read widely and wisely. He rejoiced in music and good conversation. He enjoyed the simple pleasures of nature. He had good lifelong friends because he was without side or pretense. His name was sweet in our community because he added to the sum of human happiness. Above all else, he was a man of family and a loyal son, a thoughtful brother, a truly devoted husband. He and Adele had a rare identity of spirit. Each opened themselves fully to the other

and conserved the other one in their hour of need. His family became hers and her family became his. His last years were not the years of rest and ease that might have been. There was illness, weakness. The love these two shared bound them close and served as an example to all.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 10, 1979



was goodness and some times even saintliness. There were dark hours and there was courage to carry on. Our memories remind us that self pity is weakness, that those whom we have loved and lost prayed for our courage - for our ability to carry on - ~~to share - to aid - to love~~ ^{to take, close the family ties, to work} ^{vigorously and to find joy in life}

When I was young I was so sad!

I was so sad! I did not know,

Why any living thing was glad

When one must some day sorrow so.

But now that grief has come to me

My heart is like a bird set free.

I always knew that it would come.

I always felt it waiting there:

Its shadow kept my glad voice dumb

And crushed my gay soul with despair.

But now that I have lived with grief

I feel an exquisite relief.

Runners who knew their proven strength,

Ships that have shamed the hurricane:

These are my brothers, and at length

I shall come back to joy again.

However hard my life may be

I know it shall not conquer me.

Yom Kippur Memorial Service

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 14, 1967

When a person is born all rejoice. When he dies all weep. It should not be so. When a person is born there should not be rejoicing. Nobody knows what will be his destiny, whether righteous or wicked, fortunate or fated. On the other hand when he dies, it is an occasion for rejoicing if he departed with a good name and left the world peacefully.

This advice from our Talmud is typical of the realistic and unromantic view our faith takes of life and death. Man enters the world with a cry and leaves it with a cry. On entering the world his hands are clenched as if to say: 'The whole world is mine.' When he departs his hands are spread as if to say: 'I can claim nothing.' Judaism cautions us to accept life on its own terms - the bitter without blinking, the end without fear. We are asked to put away all pretense. Death is not a long sleep, a passing on or a temporary absence, ^{DEATH IS FINAL} ~~but~~ irrevocable and irreversible.

Ten strong things have been created -

A mountain is strong but iron can break it.

Iron is strong but water can extinguish it.

The clouds are strong but the winds can scatter them.

The wind is strong but the body can withstand it.

The body is strong but terror can break it.

Terror is strong but wine can assuage it.

Wine is strong but sleep can counteract it.

Death, however, is stronger than all.

Take
We must ~~live~~ with life as it is and ~~our faith teaches us that there is~~ ^{That simple Truth need} ~~no reason why we cannot accept~~ ^{NOT MAKE US MORBID OR MURDER, THE OCCASIONAL CRUELTY} ~~life with dignity and some grace. Judaism~~
~~can not park the~~ [^] ~~many beauties~~
~~looked at that night~~ ^{but is neither morbid nor} ~~murder.~~ We find in the Bible
both, "Woe unto me," and "Happy the man" - both ^{The} of pain and the promise of
life, ~~but above all the theme, "I shall not die but live and declare the works of~~
~~the Lord."~~

Death was not to be feared since it was part of God's plan. The seed
permits the harvest and the harvest must be cut to allow for next year's
planting. Each generation gives birth to its successor, and must give way for
the young to come into their proper responsibilities.

The burden of death rests on the survivor and not on those who die.

Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. We are comforted that when we die
~~There~~ ^{GRIEF IS BITTER} ~~the travail is ended. We know the pain of living~~ ^{WE ACCEPT IT KNOWING} ~~but also that the anguish of~~
~~loss~~ ^{OF} is a measure of our privilege - ~~and~~ not for a moment would we have been
without love. Friendship, Family

This ~~is the~~ hour of memorial ~~and our memories~~ remind us ~~that there~~
~~are~~ those who accept life without complaint and who ~~do~~ lead good and gentle
lives. When the heart weeps for what it has lost, the spirit laughs for what
it has found. Here is a father's wise restraint and patient strength - a mother's
sweet love deepened by gentle wisdom - a husband's courage and concern for
community - a wife's courage and concern for persons - a child's eagerness
and innocence - a friend's loyalty and fine achievement. Memories recall
those who were vigorous and able and committed. There was love and some
times ecstasy - there was accomplishment and some times true nobility - there

Isaiah Rosin

We are met to pay our tribute of love and respect to the memory of Isaiah Rosin, a quiet man of good character, a strong man of calm and gentle ways, a man ~~who was~~ blessed by God with a fine mind, an eye ~~which was~~ sensitive to beauty, ^{AND} an ear which ~~was~~ ^{NO JOKE} sensitive ^{IN} to the harmonies and melodies of the world, ^{Isaiah was} a good friend and a good neighbor who we will long and lovingly miss.

There is no life without its struggles. One cannot live nearly nine decades as Isaiah ^{without having to endure the} ~~did in a world in which we live~~ ^{convulsion} ~~with its~~ economic and political ^{dislocation} ~~convulsions~~, depressions and wars, and it is a measure of Isaiah's stature that he met each and every challenge with ^{STEADY} ~~quiet~~ courage, determination, that he walked the steady way using his skills and knowledge on whatever problem he faced, ^{Always} finding a way to support his family and to provide them not only with their basic material needs but with a sense of the possibilities of life and its beauties, a ^{NO LACK OF} ~~sense~~ of high purpose.

These last years were not easy ones. There was the failing of health and of sight, but it is a measure of the man that he ^{AND} ~~did~~ ^{NOT} ~~gave~~ in to self-pity or complaint, that he continued to touch ^{with} ~~the beauties of life~~, his garden, ^{AND} his music, to live with the calm ^{AND SUSTAINING} dignity ~~which had ever been Isaiah's hallmark.~~

Each of us has his own special memories. Mine go back to a day when Isaiah showed me some ^{some of the} ~~beautiful~~ pictures he had taken on a visit to Israel; another day when he and Betty brought to the Temple ^{with} great pride with some imaginative litographs which ^{though} ~~expressed~~ ^{showed} the proud sense of Jewishness which ^{had} ~~called their~~ home.

Born into a large family, Isaiah was blessed all his life with close and intimate ties and, most of all, with the blessing of a happy marriage. He and Betty were well matched. ^{They} ~~found~~ not only great happiness in each other but cared deeply ^{about} ~~about~~ ^{Nature} and

culture and the serious concerns of the world. Wherever life took them they established a solid happy home, one in which they raised their ^{DAUGHTER} son and their ^{SON} daughter with encouragement and love, ^{PERSONALLY} and in turn they were rewarded with an enlarged family and the pride of watching yet another generation of grandchildren following behind. Sometime the years separate a couple - not this couple. No one could have been more supportive, attentive and loving than Betty has ^{been} ~~these~~ ^{no less in her time of love, heart, and kindness} past years. They faced the good times and the hard times together and their reward was to be together. In a real sense ^{AND THAT} ~~that together-~~ness will never cease. Though death ~~does~~ rob us of the physical presence of someone we love, it cannot strip from us the moments that we shared, the words of encouragement which were spoken, all the memories which continue to speak to us over the years.

We have lost a good friend. The Temple has lost a valued member. Isaiah brought to the world much more than he asked of it. Therefore, it can be said of him the words which our sages said of a good man - "He has left life to the living." We and the world are the better off for his having been among us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

April 28, 1987

Sam Rosenberg

We have come to pay a community's tribute of respect and admiration to an honorable and strong-minded man, Sam Rosenberg. Sam's memory will long be cherished. He was held in high esteem because he wrote through a lifetime of high challenge and hard work a memorable biography of achievement.

Sam was of that breed of spirited and indefatigable men whose energies and enterprises contributed so much to the economic well-being of this community. From his youth to a begrudged retirement, he was the first to enter the store and the last to leave. Throughout his days he showed the determination, the perseverance, the vision and the courage of those who built solidly the great enterprises of our city. Sam was equal to the challenges of competition and of change; indeed, he thrived on challenge and work and delighted to test his mind and mettle against the needs of each day.

His store was his work and his mission, and Sam was ultimately loyal to its reputation and its people. He judged others as he judged himself, by a strict standard of performance and honor. He had no patience with reputation or the trivial facts of family status. A man was what he proved himself to be. Life is never easy. Sam was a man who responded joyously to the challenge.

Though he was essentially a private person, his friends knew him as a thoughtful and intelligent companion and as a delightful raconteur. They knew he could unbend with a good story and a hearty laugh; but, above all, they respected his dependability and his unshakable convictions.

Sam knew his mind and would not retreat from conviction or opinion; but there was also reason and logic to his principles. As you would expect of this man to whom loyalty was so precious, his sense of family was highly developed. The ties of family were ultimately precious. He was as careful of their well-being and as proud of their

achievements as he was of his business. Sam was responsible to the needs of his brothers and sisters. In the home that he and Anne so carefully built, there was a sense of purpose and a respect for standard. They raised their son and daughter to competent adulthood and took pride in their achievements and in those of their children.

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

Sam liked to make his point with a good story or quotation. Two quotations may not be inappropriate. The first is a saying of Emerson's: "So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man. When day whispers low - you must, the youth replies - I can." I do not know the source of the second quotation: "If any man is successful and powerful he comes under the law of God by which the higher branches must take the burning of the sun and shade those that are lower; by which the tall trees must protect the weak plants beneath it."

These lines seem appropriate to Sam's realistic and responsible spirit. As a realist he would not have begrudged his death. His life has turned full cycle. What he would ask simply is that those close to him retain his sense of honor and purpose and weave this into their lives.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 27, 1977

Charles Roth

The day is bitter. The winter cold is heavy on us, a fitting backdrop for the cold that is in our hearts and the heaviness of our feelings. One who is very much a part of our lives has been taken from us in the prime of his manhood far too early. We have not yet recovered from the shock sufficiently to be able to speak words of comfort but even as we are huddled here against the cold so we have huddled here, somehow there is comfort in the feeling of community of friends and we are not alone. We can face tomorrow. I have no explanation to offer to you of Charles's untimely death. He died swiftly and easily and without prolonged illness and that is a blessing. He died short of the fabled three score years and ten. . .

These words come to mind as we speak our public tribute of love and affection to Charles Roth, a good friend and a good neighbor, who will be long and lovingly missed. One could never be fully recompensed for the loss of a dear one. Proud and gracious memories and the lovely tribute of friends do help to assuage the pain of loss and loneliness.

Healing will come in many ways and from many sources, but there are many who share your grief and would hasten to bring you consolation for Charles was the friend of many people. His instinctive generosity of spirit communicated itself widely. He had friends in all walks of society and he made friends in all areas of his life. During his life Charles thought to strengthen the hearts of other people and to add to their peace of mind and to their happiness. He was a good spirit. He possessed a generous heart and a warm smile. His energies were vital. His companionship was welcome. He was a good sport. His joy of sports communicated itself.

Charles was a valued neighbor and friend. There was no call on friendship

which he did not instinctively answer. His was that service that no money can purchase. Charles's was not an easy life. From his youth he was yoked to the burden of hard work and responsibility. He discharged these without self-pity or protest. His energies were

Handwritten signature

Handwritten notes:
Himself - 1/1/1916
and person - 1/1/1916
nearly 1/1/1916

broad, his spirit vital, and whatever be the difficulty that faced him, and there were many, his spirit never broke nor did he ever protest against the burdens. Charles was young of spirit and the young would describe him as a people person. His circle of friends was wide and he was happiest within that circle and most especially within the circle of his family. His open heart took everyone in. He rejoiced in his home and his family. One of the great blessings of his life was his marriage and he and Dorothy established a happy home in which their daughter and their son were raised in love and encouragement to see the many possibilities of life. He and Dorothy built together a happy marriage and sweet home. They worked tirelessly together and they knew a great love.

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

January 29, 1978



Daniel Jeremy Silver

IRWIN ROTH

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.

"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 no 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.

There is no point in denying this moment's bitterness and its cruelty. A precious life has been taken from us. Jim deserved more. Goodness deserves life. We have every reason to rail at Jim's untimely death, but even as we do we are consoled that he used each day granted him fully and well. The measure of a life is not that of length but of use and Jim compressed into his years many lifetimes of gentle, compassionate and effective healing and service.

In the years that were his Jim established a reputation in medicine not only for competence but for compassion, not only for significant research but for the readiness of his response to another's need. Here was a man who did not hide behind office hours but served whenever he was needed and without thought to his own schedule.

Twenty-two hundred years ago a teacher in Jerusalem, Ben Sirah, wrote these words:

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

We wish we had not been forced to let Jim go from us for we have need of him. But he is dead and we can only pay him the honor which is his due. Jim's medicine was always of the highest order. In a world where cold efficiency often replaces empathy and sensitivity, Jim combined fine science with the finest of human qualities. Our tradition has a great deal to say about duty and responsibility, but it reserves a special place for those whose actions are lifneh v lifnim meshuratha-din, above and beyond what is generally expected. Jim was an above and beyond-er. He always had time and the patience to listen to the anxiety of his patients, to hear out their worries. He not only diagnosed but he encouraged. In an age where medicine has become an elegant science of technique and

analysis, Jim's practice was always technically proficient and a humane and empathetic art. His patients were people, not diseases. Their needs were real, not intrusions on his time. I know few men who thought as little about their own schedules or leisure.

It is appropriate that this memorial service should be held here in this sanctuary. Jim was a good Jew, a long-time member of the Temple as well as a member of our Board. He cared deeply about the values which our tradition upholds, particularly those which blend the worship of God - an ultimate concern with goodness and generosity, with respect for persons and an awareness of the divinity of each human being. Judaism is old-fashioned in one major respect: our teachings protest strongly against the reduction of any human being to a number and to any analysis which fails to take into account the specialness and individuality of each of God's children. Jim understood instinctively the importance of this tradition. His patients were not cases but a sentient and complex human beings. His profession was not simply to name the illness and prescribe an appropriate therapy but to treat the whole human being, his fears as well as his physical needs. Such medicine is time-consuming, but Jim never begrudged the time. Even in these last years when prudence might have suggested that he slow down, he didn't; there was so much that needed to be done. Whatever was demanded of him he did, he could do no less.

Your presence here in such numbers testifies far better than any words of mine to the respect and affection in which ^{Fred} ~~Jim~~ was held by our community. ~~I know him as you did, as a friend who was always gracious in manner, pleasant in conversation, forthcoming and willing to be helpful. I don't know how he managed it, but despite the incredible burden of his responsibilities he never seemed hurried, certainly he was never impatient.~~ ^{Fred} ~~Jim~~ thought first of the other. He spoke little, if at all, of his own cares. He never seemed to need to unburden himself to another. ~~I knew him as you did, as a companion whose mind was well furnished. Jim was well informed about matters far beyond his own professional~~

field, and had an amazing grasp of the most disparate of facts. His humor was a reflex of his innate decency, warm, never acid. He did not need to slap you on your back to proclaim his friendship. Unfailingly courteous, ~~Jim~~^{Frank} walked in gentleness and deserved the friendship which he instinctively called forth.

~~Jim~~^{Frank} was an essentially unpretentious person, utterly without artifice. His pleasures were simple, a quiet hour at home, ~~camping and trekking~~^{skiing} in the open countryside, easy conversation with good friends, ~~an hour if he could find it with~~^{a good 40 to 50 minutes straight} ~~his stamps or his coins~~^{his mind - travel}. He had little if any use for the status game that many people play or, indeed, for the competition which many find in games. He did not need to prove that he was better. His need was simply to offer the best that he could.

An old man told me once, people can be divided between lifters and leaners. ~~Jim~~^{Frank} was a lifter. He lifted the spirits of others even as he eased their pain and helped them regain strength and health. The only person Jim was hard on was himself.

Fortunately, this man of deep compassion was blessed with friendship and love and, most of all, with the happy, fulfilling intimacy of a good marriage. He and ~~Elaine~~^{Bea} shared a steady and unbroken love which stood strong against all the challenges of life. Theirs was a true sense of shared purpose reflected in the happy and secure home which they established and in which they raised their ~~sons~~^{daughter} and daughter and encouraged ~~them~~^{her} to live up to their special talents, to grow into themselves. This was a family that rejoiced to do things together, travel together, plan together, and that togetherness will stand them in good stead in the hard days that are ahead for they will draw strength from each other.

I am more and more convinced that such immortality as there is is of our own creation. We establish it by the quality of our lives, and I am firmly convinced that Jim established lasting memories and a presence which will be with you always.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 17, 1983

JAMES RUEKBERG

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 & PLAY IT NOW. MUSIC COULD SPEAK MORE
ADEQUATELY THAN WORDS WHAT IS IN OUR HEARTS--LOVE, HURT, EMPATHY
FOR A TROUBLED SOUL, GRIEF FOR A GOOD FRIEND. MUSIC WOULD BE
APPROPRIATE AT THIS MOMENT. JAMES' SOUL WAS ALIVE TO SONG
& SPORT. THE THEME THAT TIME HEALS & THAT WE WILL AWAKEN
FROM SHOCK & GRIEF TO LOVE AGAIN IS BOTH TRUE AND FITTING.
HOWEVER DARK THE NIGHT, THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER DAWN.

LIFE QUICKENS US ALL, GIVES US OUR HOUR OF SUN & ECSTASY,
& THEN WEARS US DOWN THROUGH SADNESS, SICKNESS, & DEFEAT
INTO THE GRAVE. LIFE GIVES US OUR HOUR OF YOUTH & BEAUTY,
OF SUN & ECSTASY, & THE CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE
THAT SUNSHINE & CONFIDENCE ARE THE STUFF OF LIFE.

WE FORGET THAT LIFE IS A STRUGGLE WITH OURSELVES,
WITH OUR SITUATION, WITH THE DARK VOICES WITHIN.
WHO OF US SLEEPS EASILY & WITHOUT CARE EVERY NIGHT?
I HAVE OFTEN WISHED THAT OUR EXPECTATIONS & THOSE OF OUR CHILDREN
COULD BE LOWERED A DECIBEL OR TWO, & THAT WE WOULD TALK TO THEM
OF LIFE AS IT IS, WITH STRUGGLES & CONFUSIONS.

LIFE TESTS US ALL. ROMANTIC INNOCENTS TALK GLIBLY OF
HAPPINESS, SECURITY & JOY, BUT THE TRUE PHILOSOPHERS KNOW
THAT THE WAY IS HARD & THE BURDENS MANY, THAT TO LIVE
IS TO BE BRUISED, AND THAT NO LIFE IS EVER CALM & ENDLESSLY PLACID.
AT TIMES WE ARE DRIVEN BY PASSIONS OR NEEDS WE CANNOT CONTROL
& DO NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND. THERE IS AN OLD RABBINIC SAYING
WHICH ALL OF US SHOULD REGULARLY PASS BEFORE OUR MINDS:

"NEVER JUDGE ANOTHER UNTIL YOU HAVE STOOD IN HIS PLACE."
WHO KNOWS THE PRESSURES, THE HOPES & NEEDS, THE SURGE OF
ANOTHER SOUL? OURS IS NOT TO JUDGE, ONLY TO GRIEVE--
TO GRIEVE A GOOD AN INTERESTING FRIEND, A GOOD SON AND FATHER.

--THE GOOD FATHER, THE HOPEFUL & DETERMINED MAN.

SOMEONE ONCE SAID TROUBLES ARE THE TEARS BY WHICH GOD
FASHIONS US FOR BETTER THINGS. MAY WE FIND THE STRENGTH
TO GROW THROUGH OUR GRIEF.

WHAT THOUGH THE RADIANCE WHICH WAS ONCE SO BRIGHT

BE NOW I DID NOT HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF REALLY KNOWING

JAMES RUEKBERG. THOUGH HE WAS RAISED IN OUR CITY & OUR TEMPLE,

HE WAS OF ANOTHER GENERATION. THOSE WHO KNEW HIM SPEAK OF

A GRACIOUS, GOOD-LOOKING YOUTH, A GOOD SON, AND A WARM FRIEND,

A MAN WHO LOVED THE SPORT OF ICE-SKATING & THE OUTDOORS.

IN THE PRIMAL SYMPATHY

LIFE WAS NOT AN EASY ROAD FOR ^{James} JAMES, BUT HE REMAINED A

WELCOME COMPANION WHEREVER HE LIVED. A LOVING FATHER, ^{a devoted father to his} HE TOOK

GREAT PRIDE IN THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF HIS SON & DAUGHTERS. ^{Grace}

^{James was of family}

^{James} JAMES FOUND LIFE DIFFICULT, BUT HE NEVER STOPPED TRYING.

UNTIL THE YEARS OF INVALIDISM OVERCAME HIM, HE WAS STILL TRYING.

LET US REMEMBER THAT DEATH TAKES BUT AN INSTANT,

WHILE LIFE IS A CHAIN OF THOUSANDS OF EXPERIENCES & MOMENTS.

THESE LAST DAYS LOOM LARGE NOW, BUT LET US REMEMBER THE

YOUTH OF GRACE, THE HAPPY MOMENTS OF FRIENDSHIP, THE JOYS

HE BROUGHT TO HIS FAMILY, THE LOVE WITH WHICH HE PLANNED

^{It is Love for ever} HIS HOME AND ~~IN WHICH AND THROUGH WHICH HE RAISED HIS CHILDREN~~

--THE GOOD FATHER, ~~THE~~ HOPEFUL & DETERMINED MAN.

SOMEONE ONCE SAID TROUBLES ARE THE TEARS BY WHICH GOD

FASHIONS US FOR BETTER THINGS. MAY WE FIND THE STRENGTH

TO GROW THROUGH OUR GRIEF.

WHAT THOUGH THE RADIANCE WHICH WAS ONCE SO BRIGHT
BE NOW FOREVER TAKEN FROM MY SIGHT,
THOUGH NOTHING CAN BRING EACK 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
JULY 15, 1988

PHILIP SAKS

As Harvey, Clarine and I spoke on Friday, an observation of Mark Twain's came to mind. "Duties are not performed duty's sake but because their neglect would make the man uncomfortable. A man performs but one duty - the duty of contenting his spirit, the duty of making himself agreeable to himself."

Philip Saks fulfilled honorably and well the duties incumbent on any man and he did so with a willing spirit. Some complain about their responsibilities or meet them out of a sense of heavy obligation. Philip Saks did not begrudge the obligations of being a provider or a responsible citizen or a family man. It pleased him to meet the many challenges of business, to support his family, to merit the respect of those he respected, to be a contributing citizen, and to know that he was effective in all that he undertook. His way was not only successful but satisfied his spirit.

Raised in an immigrant family which valued character, hard work and learning, his inheritance was a spiritual rather than a material one. In school and in business he had to make his own way and did it successfully. God had given him a fine mind which he developed and used carefully. Decisive without being impulsive, Mr. Saks thought through a problem before he plunged ahead. His was the way of calm determination.

God had also endowed him with physical energy which he focused directly on whatever challenge lay at hand. Again, his was a calm energy which achieved its purpose without making others uneasy and nervous by its existence.

Some men who seek success sacrifice their integrity in the process. Philip Saks' honor was rock-ribbed. There was only one

way, the right way. He was determined to provide his sons the legacy of a respected family name.

Unfortunately, I returned to Cleveland a year after Mr. Saks retired and moved south, so I knew him only from family occasions. It did not take long to see what others who knew him well have confirmed, that he was a man of instinctive and careful courtesy, of a quick intelligence and well-furnished mind; neat of habit, careful in dress and manner, an interesting companion who enjoyed talking about business and issues of the day and had no time for gossip; a vital spirit who delighted in the competition of business and games, a man who could be a good friend; a man who knew his mind and who had nothing about him of the hail fellow well met boisterousness which is the counterfeit of friendship.

Many find it difficult to accept the shifts life imposes on us. Mr. Saks was able to shape his life and find in each of its stages satisfying fulfillment. He had known the springtime of challenge and preparation, a long summer of responsible effort and acknowledged success, a pleasant autumn of retirement during which he gave others the advantage of his professional experience and developed new interests: stamps, coins, grandchildren.

Active men sometime let their goals draw them away from their families. Philip Saks' family was at the center of his thoughts. A loyal and loving husband, a strict yet encouraging father who challenged his sons to the mark and to develop their talents to the full, Philip Saks knew no greater pleasure than that of knowing his sons had earned for themselves places of respect in their communities and that they, in turn, were building families which would continue the values and tradition so dear to him. As his family enlarged,

so did his satisfaction. In his age, he knew that he had gained the respect and the love of those whom he loved and respected.

In the fullness of years, the time had come to put infirmity and illness behind. I doubt that Mr. Saks begrudged death. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain, and I am sure that he knew that he had performed his duties well and that his remembrance would always be sweet.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

October 6, 1985



LOU SANDERS

The meaning of death is beyond our grasp. A moment such as this is a time not for speculation but for a simple expression of Job's faith: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." This is a time to put philosophy behind us and to accept as patiently as we can the unpredicable mathematics of life.

Death is beyond comprehension but death is not without instruction. Death insists that we consider the preciousness of each day. Perhaps that is why our faith suggests that we reread the 90th Psalm: "The days of our years are three score years and ten or even by reason of strength some four score years. Yet is their pride but travail and vanity. It is speedily gone and we fly away. So teach us, O Lord, to number our days, that they may get us a heart of wisdom." Caught up in our daily routines we often forget that our days are not limitless. Today may be the only opportunity we will have to offer ourselves in service or to speak words of love and encouragement.

The mystery of death is beyond our comprehension. The message of death touches the preciousness of each day. The challenge of death is to accept the hard truth that one who had been an intimate will no longer be with us. We want to deny, but we cannot and must not. There is a new reality and we must learn to live with it.

To grieve is to experience a number of conflicting emotions. On the one hand we are grateful that the agony of disease is over. Death is not pain but the cessation of pain. At the same time we begrudge the loss of one who was infinitely precious to us. Any number of conflicting feelings move in our souls. No relationship is without stress. We lie to ourselves if we picture any friendship or family relationships as always satisfying. Inevitably, there are moments of distance and

dispute. Each of us has his or her own set of emotional capacities and moral sensitivities. We go at life differently. We see life differently. We judge everything and everyone from our private biases. Everyone seeks fulfillment and satisfaction but not all of us can express our feelings consistently or express our love and pride in others as easily as we might wish.

In this place as we pay our tribute of respect to a good friend and life long member of our community, ^{Samuel A. Sanders} ~~Lou Sanders~~, we think of a strong, vigorous, intelligent, generous spirited man who took life as it came and looked on life without fear. His faith was that of the poet's:

The clock of life is wound by 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
Life, love, toil with a will
Place no faith in tomorrow
For the clock may then be still

Abraham Schock

We have come to pay a memorial tribute of affection and respect for a strong and determined man, quiet, a good man, a good Jew, Abraham Schock. Abe was born into a large family and rejoiced always in the ties of affection and friendship. He was born into a hard-working family which had been settled in the farming community in Jersey and the vitality and the determination of his parents, character, spirit and energy became part of his life. They lived and worked for him as he lived and worked for his children. By dint of hard work and long preparation Abe prepared himself for the law, but the responsibilities of family led him into business and he worked long hours and long days to provide a good home, security, education and opportunity for those he loved best. In his work Abe established for himself a reputation of honesty and trust. His word was his bond. His customers were loyal because he was faithful with them. He was proud to be a builder and to be part of the growth of this city.

Abe was a quiet man, reserved. You sensed his interest in politics and ideas, but he was never a man who imposed himself by words. He listened and absorbed. He was handy and helpful and his eye noticed the beauties of life. His hand could turn easily to color and line. Abe came from an observant home. The love of our faith and its practice was part of the very nature of his being. He had received a good Jewish education. He knew Hebrew and rejoiced in ritual and he was alive to the requirements of Jewish survival in our time. For nearly half a century he was a member of our congregation. We were pleased and proud of his interest. This quiet man was warm and kindly. He had many friends and he delighted in companionship. By those with whom he shared the fraternal world he will be deeply missed. There was something so basic, open, quiet and peaceful and joyous about Abe that children, young people, responded to him instinctively. He delighted to be with them. He was

patient. He knew how to play and they knew that he had respect for what they were already and what they would become. His spirit was optimistic and hopeful. Among the poems that he had set aside was this one, dedicated to the youth of America.

HOW HIGH CAN YOU REACH?

By Joseph Grossman

When you are a baby, you are asked - "how high?"
And your chubby hands point up to the sky;
As you grow older, you wish to grow tall,
But that's not up to you, whether you smile or bawl.

While in school you have a goal to reach,
And all your instructor can do is to teach;
But the results you are expected to achieve,
Are strictly up to you, so as to avoid grief.

Only steady application of all your talents,
Will bring you joy and to your parents,
Who pinch, save and sacrifice to help you along,
In order to make your life like a joyous song.

With your school days over and facing the future,
The teacher is not at hand to prod and tutor;
Your task is to tackle the problems that appear
And if you aim high, there is naught to fear.

The height of your reach should be your aim,
In all you undertake and whatever you may gain;
Because you are judged only by honest endeavor
That may be achieved solely by work and feror.

To make your life worthy as you reach manhood,
Aiming high and cleanly - is all to the good;
Because you are judged only by what you achieved,
Through the very best in you - honestly believed

Abe had a great capacity for love, and thank God he found love in his family and marriage and in the lives of his children. Together, he and Shirley built a home in which they encouraged their children by example and offered them the opportunity for growth. What joy he took in their accomplishments, in their marriages and in their families. Their joy was his.

DAVID DIETZ
Science Editor of the
SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
Cleveland, Ohio

November 29th, 1949

Mr. Joseph Grossman
438 Guardian Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear "Uncle Joe":

I read your poem "How High Can You Reach"? with the greatest of interest. It is not only an excellent poem, but it contains a great deal of wisdom.

Your boundless energy is a constant source of amazement to me. With all best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
DAVID DIETZ

EUNICE PODIS
3562 Grosvenor Road
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

December 6th, 1949

Dear "Uncle Joe":

Once more I am moved to express my appreciation to you for sending me one of your thought provoking poems. I certainly agree with your sentiments that "none of us can reach too high"; it is only by continually striving for something that is just a little beyond our reach, that progress is made and success achieved in any field of endeavor. If every one would try to reach just a little higher than he thinks he can and bring out the best that is in him, this world would be a better place. Thanks again for thinking of me. With very best wishes to you.

Most sincerely,
EUNICE

I

When you are a baby, you are asked—"how high?"
And your chubby hands point up to the sky;
As you grow older, you wish to grow tall,
But that's not up to you, whether you smile or bawl.

II

While in school you have a goal to reach,
And all your instructor can do is to teach;
But the results you are expected to achieve,
Are strictly up to you, so as to avoid grief.

III

Only steady application of all your talents,
Will bring you joy and to your parents,
Who pinch, save and sacrifice to help you along,
In order to make your life like a joyous song.

IV

With your school days over and facing the future,
The teacher is not at hand to prod and tutor;
Your task is to tackle the problems that appear
And if you aim high, there is naught to fear.

V

The height of your reach should be your aim,
In all you undertake and whatever you may gain;
Because you are judged only by honest endeavor
That may be achieved solely by work and fervor.

VI

To make your life worthy as you reach manhood,
Aiming high and cleanly—is all to the good;
Because you are judged only by what you achieved,
Through the very best in you—honestly believed.

Dedicated to the Youth of America

Harold W. Scher

Life quickens us all and gives us our hour of sun and ecstasy and then weakens us down to sadness and sickness and defeat into the dust. Blessed, indeed, is the man whose life does not end in dust but continues creatively in other lives and abides in the grateful remembrance by those who were strengthened and ennobled by his influence and example. In this world we establish our own immortality.

In the death of Harold Scher his family and those nearest to him have sustained a deep personal loss. Though he lived far from here these last twenty years, this city recalls with respect and affection his achievements. We have suffered the loss of one whom we valued. The Temple has lost a lifelong and honored member whose roots go deep into our congregational community.

From his youth Harold Scher walked a strong and steady way. Through hard work, great skill and competence he rose to be head of one of the important commercial enterprises of our city. Harold's attention to detail, his grasp of essential principles, his respect for honest work, his fairness in all his relationships, his concern for the larger community, his honorable dealings, made his name an agreeable and respected one in our community.

Though he was born into a family which was already well-established, Harold responded to the challenge of the business world and worked indefatigably and selflessly at his various tasks. He assumed without complaint his responsibilities in business and in the family. Others depended on him. A verse from the book of Psalms comes to mind. "Mark the man of integrity and behold the upright man for there is posterity for the man of peace."

The pattern of Harold's life was clear, unmistakable and unbroken. He was an honorable man, possessed of an unfailing sense of duty. He was a fair-minded man

who looked not at a person's labels or race or social status, but to his competence. He was a serious man whose friendships were lifelong and loyal. He was a courteous man who treated others with basic respect for their quality. For such a man there is a posterity.

Harold grew up in a close-knit and loving family circle. The ties of family - roots - were important to him. He worked to keep these close ties. In a sense it is typical of him that he asked to be buried here, at home, among his own, close in death as he was close in life. In the years of his retirement Harold built new friendships, but most of all, he rejoiced in a fulfilling and happy marriage. Until his last illness the autumn years must have been contented years in which he enjoyed the fruits of his labor.

When death comes to a man whose gifts were broadly shared, whose quality was widely known, who has reached and passed the promised three score years and ten, such a death can no longer be looked upon as stark tragedy. When a life has been graced with the closeness of family and love and of the high regard of the community, such a life, even in death, brings with it a measure of solace.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

May 5, 1977

Sam E. Schumann

When I heard of Bud's death, a comment by the New England philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, came to mind. "When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the world, he takes him boldly by the beard and is often surprised to find that it comes off in his hand and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers." Bud was anything but a timid soul. His spirit was bold, adventurous, indomitable. He stood up to life and would not allow any obstacle to deflect from his goals. Bud was of that breed of spirited, hard-working and talented men whose energies and enterprises helped to build the economic base of this community.

A man of vigor and great physical energy, Bud was also blessed with a fine business mind. What he built he built solidly and well. He worked indefatigably and he worked honorably. Bud was not one to cut corners. His word was his bond, and he won not only the plaudits which inevitably come to the successful but the respect of colleagues and community.

Bud needed success, but he was not an essentially greedy man. Quite the contrary. His spirit was generous. His support of the philanthropic and welfare institutions of our community was willingly given and substantial. He gave to public causes and he gave quietly to those who came to him in need. Nor did his generosity end with a check. When he was determined that a drive would be successful it was successful. No card was uncovered. He would use every one of his natural skills as a salesman to make others respond as he knew they should.

Bud was not one to stand aside and let life's opportunities pass by. Whatever he did he did wholeheartedly. He worked hard. He played hard. He was not one to spend a quiet evening at home. He surrounded himself with people. He involved himself eagerly and willingly in the interests and activities of his friends. He needed companionship and he rejoiced in the free and easy camaraderie of men like himself.

his work and his name will be remembered gratefully.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 12, 1984

Bud thrived on challenge. He was always willing to do more than is necessary. He liked to win but he never gloated. He was not a devious person. He spoke his mind. He was not a manipulative person. He would never abuse another in order to gain some advantage. Bud was sensitive and caring of the needs of those who worked for him and always willing to be supportive. He earned their loyalty and their respect.

Bud possessed a strong sense of family. He spent his life in a family business. With his brother he worked in close association and together they managed all the difficulties which inevitably intrude on a relationship which transcends the purely professional.

Those whose energies are unbounded sometimes find it difficult to allow others the living space they need, but none in this family ever doubted Bud's love, his deep involvement in their well-being or the pride he took in their achievements. He was determined to provide, support and sustain. Those who were close lacked for nothing. His essential quality won for him the love and respect of two fine women. He wanted the best for Merle and Mark and the families they brought into his life. He cared deeply for their happiness.

These last years Bud had to face the first battle in his life which he could not win. Being the person he was, Bud could not accept illness or make his peace with disability. He fought as best he could, sometimes in ways which did little but show his frustration, but illness wears down the best of us and Bud was bruised and wearied in the struggle. When we met, I often thought of Prometheus in Chains and I, for one, am grateful that ~~now~~ the chains have fallen off and Bud has been spared any further disability. One cannot know, but I believe Bud welcomed death as a release from a life which no longer gave him pleasure or satisfaction and from fears of even more substantial disabilities. He is with God - at peace. Let us remember the man and not the shadow of the man - the strong, capable, friendly and generous man he truly was. This community owes him much and his name will be remembered gratefully.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

June 12, 1984

Arnold B. Schwartz

~~Ed. Friedman~~

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

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

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

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

Death inevitably stirs within us deep and 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 in the presence of death but with humility. We shall learn how carefully to number our days, one by one, how to husband and treasure them, and how to fill each day with at least a grain of what is eternal. We shall gain perspective on all our enterprises and ambitions, and a truer insight into value and meaning and purpose.

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

Abe Ansien

3

as in sweetest words
justly / abundantly

~~George Dickinson~~

George Dickinson has been taken from us at far too ~~early an age~~ ^{suddenly} there

was so much more that he could have accomplished with the graciousness of his spirit, the openness of his heart and the ~~force~~ ^{depth} of his mind, but ~~George~~ ^{Harold} had written

~~through his writings~~ ^{EVEN NOW} such a sweet biography of accomplishment that gratitude

is mingled with our grief. Our memories are full ^{as} and we recognize how full

his life was of ^{LOVE / FAMILY / FRIENDSHIP / SERVICE} ~~significant achievement~~. There is a line in the Psalms to the ef-

fect that gladness of heart is the life of a man and this insight goes to the root

of ~~George's~~ ^{Harold's} quality. George's life was ^{wide} ~~full~~ and open. There was always a

smile on his face and a gracious and kind word on his lips. You warmed to ^{his} ~~the~~

warmth and obvious interest ^{in you} ~~of his~~ person. ^{People in the industry seemed to be} George was a captain of industry,

energetic, determined, capable, a successful business man. There is a stereo-

type about such men - that they win high position in the difficult and ^{competitive} ~~demanding~~

world of commerce ~~and business~~ only by suppressing their human feeling. ^{And then leaving} The

myth describes these men as ruthless, cold, calculating and insensitive. George

was the very opposite - sympathetic, open hearted, person-centered. Every

morning and every night he stood at the portal of the plant and inquired with

genuine interest about the health and family of each and every employee. These

men and women were not his help, but his partners in a successful enterprise.

They were people to him, not production figures, friends and neighbors whose

needs he made his own. Let anyone who believes that ~~feeling~~ and business do

not mix look at this life and examine it well. Sympathy and success do complement

each other. Here they were joined with high quality, scrupulous honesty, stead-

fastness in responsibility and great physical and mental vigor to make a truly

successful human being.

Michael Joy Sherr
~~RALPH RUPPER~~

~~June 23, 1959~~

We are again summoned into the presence of death. One beloved and precious to us has been summoned by his heavenly Father. Whenever death comes it comes unexpectedly. Even if our departed has enjoyed a full measure of years we are never prepared for the open wound of aching emptiness which death leaves behind. ~~Even when death comes at its expected season it is difficult to accept God's purpose.~~ Though we acknowledge that a full and rich life is its own reward and that it is a blessing to be spared the lingering half-life of hopeless disability, it is always difficult to adjust to the fact of death.

How then shall we accept the death of one taken in the ^{SWEETNESS OF HIS YOUTH} first blush of his manhood? Our ~~confusion is great.~~ ^{TENTATIVE} How can we explain the death of one who was ^{TAKING} ~~only~~ ^{HIS FIRST STEPS TOWARDS} ~~beginning to reach out for the richness of life's experience?~~ ^{an attempt} We cannot. It would be wonderful were God's purpose revealed to us, but ^{then} ~~it is not.~~ ^{YET THOUGH THIS} ~~(Were it revealed we~~ ^{FOR UNDERSTANDING} ~~would then understand His plan and find consolation in His protective care,~~ ^{IDENTIFIED TO US} ~~surely even in this tragedy God acted only for our good.)~~ Unfortunately, within the framework of our limited human experience there is no way to explain this, our suffering. "God's ways are not our ways. His thoughts are not our thoughts. Just as the heavens are higher than the earth so are His ways higher than our ways and His thoughts than our thoughts."

Our challenge at this moment of confusion and grief is a challenge not to our mind but to our heart, for ultimately the only answer that we can make to the fact of death is to re-affirm our faith in God -- our faith in a loving and kind and just ^{FATHER} God, who continues to have our best interests at heart and to deal with us wisely and well. We have no alternative but to reaffirm with Job: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

^{Route 1} ~~Michael Joy Sherr~~ ^{Michael Joy Sherr}, a young man, blessed with all fine qualities, graced with many virtues, filled with an eagerness for life, enthralled by an immense vision of the future, has been taken from us. There was strength in this young man, but there

In our maturer faith, we believe that love and the creative power of life are stronger than death, and not even the deepest pain of separation can destroy the hours of ^{long and lonely} fulfillment we have known, nor thwart the promise that life still holds.

For such a faith in life - for the maturity, the strength and the courage to sustain it; for the wisdom to teach it to others in their hour of need, we lean upon Thee, O God, and upon the blessed memory of those whose lives, now ended, have enriched our experience and deepened our understanding.

To the living -

Death is a wound. Its name is grief.

Its companion is loneliness.

Whenever it comes - whatever its guise,

Even when there are no tears -

Death is a wound.

But death belongs to life -

as night belongs to day

as darkness belongs to light

as shadows belong to substance -

As the fallen leaf to the tree,

Death belongs to life.

It is not our purpose to live forever.

It is only our purpose to live.

It is no added merit that a man lives long.

It is of merit only that his life is good.

Life is brief and life is bruising. Life places many demands on us

and we meet these ^{calls} demands with such strength and wisdom as we can. The

ancients tended to describe life as a struggle, a struggle with ^{our judgment} ourselves to

understand what is demanded of us and the struggle to find within us ^{with our soul} enough

steadiness and courage to meet each test and each obstacle. Some are born

with a remarkable degree of equanimity of balance. Others are more

Prayer

Merciful Father, out of the depths we call unto Thee. When the chastening pain of sorrow and the tender emotion of sympathy turns us, half in grief and half in sweet remembrance, to a deep inner searching, we stand bowed in humility before the wonders of Thy creation and the wisdom of Thy ways.

In the darkness of bereavement we are drawn closer together. Hand in hand we wander through the familiar streets and dwelling-places of cherished memory, hoping to brighten our way with the light of remembered love, of feelings unforgotten and ties unbreakable.

From the first moment of man's self-consciousness, he has reached out to tear away the veil of Thy hidden truth and to uncover the meaning of his life and death. Who on earth can plumb the depths - or ascend the heights - or transcend the horizon of our hopes?

Child-like we often rebel against accepting death as a part of the whole pattern of life itself. We overlook the rich treasure of blessings Thou has put within our reach; and, pursuing vain desires beyond our human bounds, we waste Thy gifts in desperate frustration.

Then in the revelation of a profound experience, we are taught what life can really mean. We begin to understand how richly we have been endowed, if only with the gift of life, no matter how long or short. We begin to realize with what embracing fulfillment one may live even in a moment. We become aware of the magnificent use to which we may put Thy gifts - measured not in the span of time, but in the greatness and goodness and fullness of living.

Joseph Silber

We have gathered here to pay our tribute of memory and affection to one with whom it is difficult to associate the thought of death. Joe Silber was such a vital personality, so energetic, so full of the zest and color and eagerness of abundant living. His was an ardent spirit, keen to explore new regions of the earth and to savor fresh contacts and experiences among his fellow men. There was always about him an aura of quest and enterprise. But all men must die. Disability and death come even to the boldest and to those most enamored of life. We mourn their death, but they leave us strong memories, and when their lives have been tied to achievements of worth, their memory lives on with us as an example of what life can truly be.

The few months since his stroke must have been a time of terrible frustration for this determined man and for all who knew and loved him. I thought often of him and whenever I did I found that my thoughts led back to a few lines by one of the fine Hebrew poets of the Middle Ages, Solomon Ibn Gabirol.

Grace was in his soul
And generosity in his heart
And his lips were ever faithful.

Joe was a hard-driving, hard-working, determined man, but he never worked only for himself. He could be hard-headed, but his realism and his capacity generally were channeled to useful purpose, to causes greater than his own benefit. Joe was a proud man, confident, an excellent lawyer and administrator. There was no false humility about him, but his sense of self-worth was not arrogance, but an awareness of his ability and a determination not to fiddle life away on trivial tasks. Joe loved the law, its intellectual challenge, the test of one mind against another. He readily accepted professional responsibility. He was never timid, but the law was something more - a faith. Joe would not have liked others to have thought of him as a romantic, but

you could not speak to him long about this country, its freedoms and liberties, its traditions and history, without recognizing the depth of his faith in our national institutions. Joe was a citizen who cares and who did, who served our city and our country long and well.

When our country went to war he sought in every way that he could to enlist in its service. He was grateful for the privilege of spending months and years in Europe helping to provide for those that our armies had liberated and who could not allow to remain destitute. His boundless drive found support for thousands during a time of great need.

Joe was not only a devoted citizen but a devoted Jew. Hitler's attack on our people brought about the fighter in him. He did all that he could in the years of anti-Nazi boycott. After the war he remained in Europe to work with the Joint Distribution Committee, helping to provide for the two million Jewish displaced persons whose world had vanished and who the larger world was prepared to forget about. Twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day, he found food and clothing and transportation and provided opportunity.

He was not a patient man. It was not easy for him to sit still. He did not suffer fools gladly. He preferred action to talk. There was always a cause, a need, an outlet for his energies. When he returned to our country and resumed his career in the law, his place at the bar, he remained politically active and socially concerned. These last years he interested himself in cancer research and care and his energy and knowledge won him national positions in the councils of those committed to this crusade.

Joe was a frank and outspoken man. Joe was always informed, full of ideas, impatient, but there was never any bitterness in his soul or rancor on his lips. He possessed an innate inner grace which communicated itself readily. On meeting him you knew that this man was a man of principle and quality.

In his profession, in his business relationships, in all of his relationships, Joe was a man of integrity. He worked hard to succeed, but never sacrificed principles in the pursuit of ambition. His word was his bond. He spoke his mind. Joe respected a good mind and exceptional capacity, but he was no respecter of persons. He worked with many of the great of the land, but he judged each man fairly and no man was dismissed by the accident of his birth, class or race. If there was any single principle to his life it was that the true use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it.

Joe felt he had no time for sentiment and he worked hard to hide his private feelings, but he never hesitated to support another in his need. His friendships were lifelong. His sense of family was close and basic. Joe was fortunate that he found Jeanette who brought love, understanding and unflagging support to his activities. Restless men need someone who can rein them in and keep them from spinning off into the outer regions. Together they enjoyed years of deep intimacy and happy partnership.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

January 19, 1977

Myron Wohl

We have come through the gray wet of this November day to pay our last tribute of love and respect to a gentle and good man, Myron Wohl, whose sunny disposition and warm spirit stand in direct contrast to the weather. Myron will long be remembered and his memory will be cherished because he wrote through his life a pleasing biography of achievement and of quality.

I first came to know Myron in a book store. Some twenty years ago the Temple Men's Club began a series of annual retreats at the Oberlin Inn. I do not remember any longer the topic, but both of us had come a bit early and we set out to walk around the village square and found the campus book store. I learned three things about Myron that afternoon - that he had a well-stocked alert mind. He was well read and that he valued literature and learning. He was eager to know what could be known about the world and its affairs. I learned also that he was a good and caring Jew. He loved our people, the land of Israel, The Temple and his God. It was a source of joy to him to take off for a weekend of Torah. Finally, I learned that he was a warm and open and good-humored person with whom it was easy to strike up a conversation. I came through the years to place a high value on the friendship begun that day.

Myron worked hard all his life. He met and discharged honorably and well each of the obligations which rest upon a man and a father, but he was determined that life was to be something more than a livelihood. His inquisitive and eager mind led him to the law and though he combined business and law there was always the larger interest in trends and issues. Myron's mind was many-sided. He rejoiced in melody and in music. He had a good eye for color and line. He read widely. There was rarely a lecture or symposium at The Temple at which he was not present and I am sure that there were a dozen other forums in town where he was a regular customer. His spirit was eager to know and to have good experiences. He loved to meet people. He loved to think about different issues. He loved to travel. He traveled far, but wherever he went he

touched base with the Jewish community.

For all of his many interests Myron was essentially person-oriented. He was good company. He was a good listener. He had a fine sense of humor. You knew that his word could be trusted and no request of his time would go unanswered. There was an instinctive generosity of self which told you that he was not one to impose, but one to bear burdens, that he was one to find the best in everyone. As you would expect, this good, intelligent man was a good family man. He was close to his family. He and Jessie established a beautiful marriage and a solid and encouraging home. Myron was protective and solicitous and full of love, and together they raised their sons into competent maturity and took delight in their accomplishments and in their families. Myron somehow always found the possibilities in any experience, but I am sure there was no greater source of joy to him than the love that came to him from his children and his grandchildren.

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

Daniel Jeremy Silver

November 10, 1977

JUDGE JOSEPH H. SILBERT

I rise with a heavy heart to speak our community's tribute of love and respect for Judge Joseph H. Silbert. I have known Joe all my life. He was a good friend of my father's, a staunch ally of his in the struggle to establish the State of Israel, and a lifelong and valued member of The Temple. I knew him as a warm, compassionate, honorable man who all his life heeded the prophet Amos's command: "Justice, justice shalt thou pursue."

Years ago, Judge Learned Hand wrote that "if we are to keep our democracy there must be one commitment: 'thou shalt not ration justice.'" Judge Silbert's life was committed to democracy and justice. Born in Czarist Russia, a land which knew no freedom, Joe knew that this country's traditions of democracy and equal justice before the law must not be taken for granted. His professional life was devoted to the preservation and strengthening of the institutions which establish and sustain our country's political system.

I have been told that while still a student Joe already had determined that he would become a judge. This was not a dream of power or riches but of service. The bench is not a high road to material wealth.

The judge brought to his court a finely honed sensitivity to the needs of others, a deep respect for the structures which underlie our judicial system, a rock-ribbed sense of honor and absolute integrity. No one who appeared before him in the half a century that he served ever had to worry that another would receive special favor or that he would not receive a full and respectful hearing. Judge Silbert weighed the facts in hand without a thought to the position or status of those who stood before him nor was he

ever moved by the political passions of the moment.

Joe was born into a home which provided him love and a strong sense of value but few material advantages. He had to make his own way and he did so with great energy and remarkable good will. Unlike many raised in similar circumstances, Joe never was mesmerized by the need to possess.

Joe never judged anyone by the color of their skin, ethnic background or social status. He was utterly without side or pretention. Possessed of a good mind and remarkable common sense, Joe kept himself fully informed on the events of the day. He read widely. He knew what he felt and he spoke his mind, but he was always willing to listen to another's reasoned argument and he never dismissed as proof of some invincible ignorance a forthright and reasoned position which differed from his.

It takes a special commitment to the virtues of democracy to be willing to trust yourself to the will of the electorate. Voters do not routinely reward integrity or even years of dedicated service, but Joe trusted people's ultimate good sense - and he was not disappointed. Though he sweated out his campaigns, our community had the good sense to elect him to the State House of Representatives and then again and again to the bench. Such was the respect in which he was held that the last several times he stood for re-election, he was unopposed.

A good Jew and lifelong Zionist, Joe was a fighter for the survival of our people, but his interests were never parochial and no institution which served the city failed to command his support.

He knew that the well-being of a city depended not only on the four score years which the psalmists tell us measure the days of our years. He had won the respect of an admiring community.

its courts but on its schools, medical facilities and institutions of care, and the list is long of hospitals, homes for the aged and universities where he served with distinction.

One can serve a community so zealously that there is no time to cultivate friendship or nurture family. Emerson once observed: "Go often to the house of a friend, for weeds choke the unused path." Joe was a good and thoughtful friend. He possessed a warm and open spirit and always had time to listen to another's needs, to share in joys and sorrows of another's life. A man of gentle good humor, instinctively courteous, Joe had no time, but he made time - he never allowed the path of friendship to become overgrown by the weeds of disuse.

Joe was a loyal and supportive son and brother and a tender and loving husband and father. He and Estene were a good team. They built together a solid, happy marriage and established a home full of good feelings where friends were always made welcome - a home in which their daughters were raised tenderly and patiently and encouraged to develop their special talents. The interests of his family were always primary. He knew no greater joy than to share the accomplishments of his daughters as they fulfilled their promise and established, in turn, homes in which the values that he cherished were foremost. His daughters, their husbands and his grandchildren brought him the deepest joy.

There is a time to be born and a time to die. When Estene died some months ago something of Joe's vital spirit went to the grave with her. They had been so close in life that he found it difficult to think of life without her. Joe had reached and passed the four score years which the Psalmists tell us measures the days of our years. He had won the respect of an admiring community.

He was loved by friend and family. Age had not robbed him of dignity or independence. I believe, because we talked of it, that he did not want to face bleak years of growing disability. His life had turned full cycle. It was time. He is now with the God in whom he had such great faith and he is with us in the wonderful memories he left us.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 7, 1986



Ted Sindell

IT IS HARD AT SUCH A MOMENT OF LOSS TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING AND THE JUSTICE OF GOD'S DECREES. A LIFE, AN IMPORTANT AND PROMISING LIFE, HAS BEEN CUT OFF BEFORE ITS FULL MEASURE OF THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN. WE ARE TEMPTED TO QUESTION GOD'S GOODNESS.

YET AS WE REMEMBER THAT TED SINDELL LIVED AND HOW HE LIVED, WE MAY COME TO UNDERSTAND THAT EVEN IN SUCH A MOMENT AS THIS OUR HEARTS SHOULD OVERFLOW WITH GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR TED SINDELL'S FIFTY-ONE YEARS. THEY WERE FULL YEARS, YEARS RICH IN FAMILY AND IN FRIENDS - YEARS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION AND CIVIC ENTERPRISE. A HAPPY MARRIAGE, CHILDREN GROWING INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD, THE RECOGNITION OF HIS EFFORTS FOR THE LAW, A GROWING PLACE IN THE HEARTS, IN THE RESPECT OF HIS COMMUNITY - THESE FILLED TED SINDELL'S YEARS AND I AM SURE MADE THEM COMPLETE DESPITE THEIR BREVITY. MR. SINDELL WAS DEDICATED TO THE LAW. HIS PRACTICE WAS FOR HIM A PROFESSION OF SERVICE. IT AFFORDED HIM AN OPPORTUNITY TO HELP MEN WHO NEEDED HIS AID. IT ENABLED HIM TO MAKE HIS COMMUNITY A BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE. IN FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHTS OF ORDINARY CITIZENS, HE WAS FIGHTING FOR THE WELL-BEING OF ALL CITIZENS. HE HAD SEEN TO IT THAT EACH MAN RECEIVED HIS FULL SHARE.

TED SINDELL WAS NOT A TIMID MAN. HE WAS A FIGHTER. HE WAS WILLING TO CHANNEL HIS ENERGIES INTO CASES WHERE THERE SEEMED TO BE LITTLE HOPE. HE WAS WILLING TO EXPEND TIME AND EFFORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO COULD OFFER HIM LITTLE IN TERMS OF REWARD BUT A GREAT DEAL IN THE TERMS OF PERSONAL SATISFACTION WHICH COMES FROM HAVING SUCCORED SOMEONE IN NEED.

MR. SINDELL WAS A PIONEER IN THE FIELD OF MEDICAL LAW. HE HAD A PROFOUND RESPECT FOR FACTS AND FOR PRECEDENCE AND FOR THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE COMMON LAW. THE LAW WHICH HE PRACTICED WAS ERUDITE. HE WAS NOT GIVEN TO BLUSTER OR

BOMBARDMENT. HE WAS GIVEN TO STUDY AND TO A CONSTANT CONCERN FOR DETAIL. HE WAS BLESSED WITH AN INCISIVE MIND WHICH COULD PRESS TO THE HEART OF ANY ISSUE. HE WAS BLESSED WITH A MIND WHICH LOVED TO TEACH AND TO TRAIN OTHERS INTO THE INTRICACIES OF JURISPRUDENCE.

MR. SINDELL TRAINED INTO THE LAW HIS BROTHERS. THEY NOW HAVE THE OBLIGATION OF CONTINUING HIS SPIRIT AND HIS STUDIES AND HIS CREATIVE EFFORTS, AS WELL AS HIS WORK LOAD. HE BROUGHT HIS BROTHERS INTO A PARTNERSHIP IN THE LAW. TO HIM IT WAS IMPORTANT THAT FAMILY BE TOGETHER AND WORK TOGETHER. MR. SINDELL WAS THE ELDEST WHO PROTECTED AND PROVIDED FOR HIS BROTHERS AND HIS SISTERS. THEY LOOKED TO HIM FOR ADVICE, FOR GUIDANCE. EACH WILL NOW HAVE TO REDOUBLE HIS EFFORTS TO KEEP THE FAMILY UNIFIED AND DEDICATED, TO THE FINE IDEALS OF SHARING AND COMPANIONABILITY AND OF CIVIC AND RELIGIOUS SERVICE, WHICH MR. SINDELL HELD OUT TO THEM.

TO HIS CHILDREN, TED SINDELL HAS LEFT MANY A RICH MEMORY - THE MEMORY OF A FATHER, WHO IN HIS BRIEF LIFE, MEASURED UP TO THE HIGHEST STANDARDS OF PROBITY AND WAS CONSCIOUS ALWAYS OF HIS PERSONAL INTEGRITY AND OF HIS PERSONAL DIGNITY. HIS WAS A LIFE OF SERVICE. THEY COULD DO WORSE THAN BUILD TOWARDS LIVES OF SIMILAR SERVICE. HE HAS LEFT THEM ALSO THE MEMORY OF A MIND KEEN AND ALERT TO ALL NEW IDEAS, TO ALL CULTURAL INFLUENCES. HIS WAS AN INTEREST IN LIFE, IN ALL THAT WAS WORTHWHILE IN LIVING - IN BOOKS, IN ARTS, IN GREAT MUSIC, IN SCIENCE, IN ALL THAT MAKES FOR THE FULL MAN, FOR THE EDUCATED MAN. ONE OF THE REASONS THAT TED SINDELL LIVED SUCH A FULL LIFE WAS THAT HE WAS ABLE TO DRINK FROM ALL OF LIFE'S EXPERIENCES. WE WOULD HOPE THAT HIS CHILDREN, WHOM HE TRAINED BROADLY, WOULD CONTINUE TO INTEREST THEMSELVES IN ALL THAT IS WORTHWHILE IN OUR CIVILIZATION. HE LEFT TO THEM A LEGACY OF LOVE AND

COMPANIONSHIP - OF A LOVE WHICH WAS FREELY GIVEN AND INTELLIGENTLY GIVEN, OF A LOVE WHICH KNEW HOW TO SHARE, HOW TO SUSTAIN, AND HOW TO SACRIFICE. HE WOULD HOPE THAT THEY CONTINUE TO LIVE OUT THEIR LIVES IN LOVE, THAT THEY BRING INTO THEIR OWN HOMES THE LOVE WHICH THEY FOUND AT HOME.

TO HIS WIFE, TED SINDELL LEFT THE MEMORIES OF LOVE AND OF DEVOTION AND OF TOGETHERNESS AND OF INTIMACY WHICH NO MAN DARE GUESS. HE LEFT HER ALONE AND YET WRAPPED IN THE MANTLE OF MOMENTS SHARED, OF HOPES EXPERIENCED TOGETHER, OF COMMON EFFORTS, AND COMMON ASPIRATION, AND COMMON FULFILLMENT. WE CAN SAY REALLY LITTLE TO COMFORT HER IN HER GRIEF EXCEPT TO REMIND HER THAT TED SINDELL WOULD NOT HAVE HER MOURN OVERMUCH. HE WAS NOT GIVEN TO SELF PITY. THAT HE WOULD HAVE FOUND SOME PLACE WITHIN HIMSELF OF STRENGTH AND UNDERSTANDING SUFFICIENT TO REBUILD HIS LIFE WHATEVER DEFEAT MIGHT HAVE OCCURRED. I AM SURE THAT HE WOULD HAVE HER LOOK TO A TOMORROW FULL OF HAPPINESS, OF CHILDREN, AND OF GRANDCHILDREN, FULL OF A TOGETHERNESS OF FAMILY, FULL OF ^{the} CONTINUING FRIENDSHIP OF ALL THOSE WITH WHOM HE WORKED AND AND LOVED, FULL OF THE MEMORIES OF A RICH LIFE AND OF THE HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT FIND NOW, IN HER LIFE, WAYS TO SERVE HER COMMUNITY AND HELP THOSE IN NEED.

IN FAMILY AND IN FRIENDSHIP, YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION AS
CIVIC LEADER. MR. SINGER WAS DEDICATED TO THE LAW. HIS PRACTICE WAS FOR

WHENEVER DEATH COMES, IN YOUTH OR OLD AGE, IT IS UNEXPECTED. THOUGH IT IS
ORDAINED THAT THE DAYS OF OUR YEARS ARE THREE SCORE AND TEN, EACH OF US CONTINUES
AS IF TOMORROW IS INEVITABLE. WE SELDOM PAUSE TO TAKE TO HEART THE BASIC FACT OF
PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE. IN FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS HE WAS FIGHTING FOR
THE WELL-BEING OF ALL. WHEN MEN ABIDED BY THE LAW, A TRULY JUST AND FAIR SOCIETY
NOT BE A TOMORROW. IT IS THE RARE AND UNDERSTANDING PERSON WHO DOES NOT FRITTER
AWAY AND WASTE HIS PRECIOUS HOURS IN AIMLESS PURSUIT. IT IS THE RARE AND UNDERSTANDING
PERSON WHO IS CONSCIOUS OF OLD AGE WHILE A YOUTH, WHO TRULY UNDERSTANDS THE POSSIBILITY
OF SICKNESS WHEN HE IS FULL OF STRENGTH, WHO SO FILLS HIS LIFE WITH MEANINGFUL ACTIVITY
AND GENTLE KINDLINESS THAT WERE GOOD TODAY TO DECREE HIS END HIS LIFE WILL HAVE HAD ITS
FULFILLMENT.

HOW CAN WE MEASURE LIFE? THERE ARE THOSE WHOSE STAR SHINES BUT BRIEFLY, BUT
THEY COMPACT MUCH OF LIFE'S BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITY IN A BRIEF SPAN. SHEER LENGTH
IS NOT LIFE'S MEASURE. I SUSPECT THAT LIFE'S TRUEST GAUGE IS THE STANDARD OF
ACCOMPLISHMENT AND SELF-FULFILLMENT. I DO NOT MEAN BY THIS ACHIEVEMENT OF PUBLIC
FAME OR THE ATTAINMENT OF WEALTH. I MEAN OUR AWARENESS OF OUR OWN WORTHWHILENESS.
I MEAN ACHIEVEMENT WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF OUR FAMILY, WITHIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF OUR
COMMUNITY. HAVE WE MADE FULLEST USE OF OUR TALENTS? HAVE WE MADE THOSE CLOSEST
TO US HAPPY THROUGH OUR LOVE? HAVE WE LIVED BY A STANDARD OF MORALITY WORTHY OF
OUR OWN SENSE OF PERSONAL DIGNITY? HAVE WE SET AN EXAMPLE TO OUR CHILDREN BY
WORD AND DEED?

I SUSPECT THAT EACH OF US WOULD ADMIT TO BOTH SUCCESS AND FAILURE. I SUSPECT
THAT EACH OF US IS HIGHLY CONSCIOUS OF WASTED OPPORTUNITIES, OF SELFISH COMPROMISE.

I SUSPECT THAT EACH OF US WOULD LIKE TO LEAD A FULLER AND RICHER AND BETTER LIFE.

IN HIS LAST ILLNESS MR. SINGER EVIDENCED THAT STRENGTH AND CHARACTER WHICH
WE PROMISE OURSELVES TOMORROW WILL BE DIFFERENT. DEATH REMINDS US THAT THERE MAY
BE NO TOMORROW, THAT OUR DECISIONS AND COMMITMENTS MUST BE MADE TODAY. LET US HOPE
THAT THE LESSON OF TODAY'S GRIEF MAY BEAR THE SEED OF TOMORROW'S GLORY.

JACOB SINGER SET FOR US A FINE EXAMPLE. AS WE THINK BACK OVER HIS LIFE OUR
HEARTS OVERFLOW WITH GRATITUDE TO GOD. HIS 72 YEARS WERE FULL YEARS, YEARS RICH

IN FAMILY AND IN FRIENDSHIP, YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION AND IN CIVIC ENTERPRISE. MR. SINGER WAS DEDICATED TO THE LAW. HIS PRACTICE WAS FOR HIM A PROFESSION OF SERVICE. FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY IT AFFORDED HIM THE OPPORTUNITY TO HELP MEN WHO NEEDED HIS AID. IT ENABLED HIM TO HELP MAKE THIS COMMUNITY A BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE. IN FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS HE WAS FIGHTING FOR THE WELL-BEING OF ALL. WHEN MEN ABIDED BY THE LAW, A TRULY JUST AND FAIR SOCIETY WAS IN THE MAKING. AT THE VERY CORE OF HIS PERSONALITY THERE WAS EMBEDDED A BELIEF IN JUSTICE AND RIGHT SUCH AS FILLED THE HEART OF THE HEBREW PROPHET. THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE MR. SINGER LIVED UP TO THE STRICTEST STANDARDS OF HIS PROFESSION AND LIVED A LIFE OF EXEMPLARY SERVICE AND COURAGE.

MR. SINGER HAD A DEEP RESPECT AND ABIDING LOVE FOR HIS FAITH. IT TAUGHT HIM THE PROPHETIC PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE AND RIGHT. THE TEACHINGS OF THE TORAH WERE DEAR TO HIM. ITS WORSHIP WAS A WELCOME DISCIPLINE OF WHICH HE AVAILED HIMSELF REGULARLY. JUDAISM'S WAY OF LIFE WAS HIS. THE TEMPLE AND ALL IT STOOD FOR WERE IMPORTANT TO HIM. FEW MEN IN OUR CONGREGATION CAN MATCH THE REGULARITY OF HIS ATTENDANCE AND THE DEGREE OF HIS INTEREST. THROUGH THE ALCHEMY OF LOVE MR. SINGER TRANSLATED HIS OWN POSITIVE ATTITUDE TO JUDAISM TO HIS FAMILY. HIS FAITH ENCOURAGED HIS SON TO UNDERTAKE THE DIFFICULT MISSION OF THE RABBINATE WHERE HE PROFESSED A VOCATION DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF GOD AND OF OUR FELLOW-MAN. THROUGH FORTY YEARS OF HAPPY MARRIAGE MR. SINGER BROUGHT ONLY HAPPINESS AND STRENGTH AND UNDERSTANDING TO HIS BELOVED WIFE. TOGETHER THEY BUILT A HOME STRONG IN LOVE AND DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT - A HOME IN WHICH THEIR CHILDREN GREW UP INTO COMPETENT ADULTHOOD. TOGETHER THEY ENJOYED THE PRIVILEGE OF GRANDCHILDREN GROWING STRONG IN MIND AND IN BODY.

IN HIS LAST ILLNESS MR. SINGER EVIDENCED THAT STRENGTH AND CHARACTER WHICH WERE SO MUCH A FEATURE OF HIS PERSON. HE ACCEPTED HIS DESTINY, HE DID NOT COMPLAIN AGAINST FATE. HE SOUGHT TO ENCOURAGE THOSE WHO CAME TO VISIT. HE NEVER COMPLAINED. HE WOULD ASK NOW THAT THOSE WHO ARE NEAR AND DEAR TO HIM TAKE COURAGE. THAT THEY REMEMBER NOT THAT HE HAS DIED, BUT THAT HE LIVED. THAT HE LIVED TO GIVE THEM LOVE

AND BEAUTY IN LIFE AND THAT DESPITE THEIR GRIEF HE WOULD WANT THEM TO FIND THAT
LOVE AND BEAUTY THROUGHOUT THE DAYS AHEAD -- TAKE COURAGE AS HE WAS COURAGEOUS --
TAKE COURAGE AND BEGIN AGAIN TO WALK LIFE'S WAY.



but was born in a small town in Poland where the web of tra-
ditional Jewish life formed the fabric of daily life and he remained
throughout his life an active and devoted Jew. He not only lived

DR. SOL SOGG

I rise with a heavy heart to speak our community's tribute of love and respect to Dr. Sol Sogg. Sol's time had come. Illness had drained him of that special sweet energy which allowed him to fill his days with so many acts of competent and caring service. Age and disease had taken its toll as ultimately it must of all of us, but Sol's death serves to remind us that here was a man possessed of a truly rare kindness - one of that fine breed who are always willing to give of themselves.

By profession physician, Sol served with consummate skill and unbounded sympathy. Over the years medicine increasingly has become impersonal, but Sol was and remained a healer. He would not be simply a technician. His medicine was state of the art, but his approach was old-fashioned. His patients were human beings, not case histories. He listened to their questions and anxieties and was prepared to offer himself, his time, even material support when there was need. No call for help was pushed aside because it came at an inconvenient moment. Medicine was a commitment of self, a sensitive concern for the well-being of others, a profession in the highest sense of the term. Sol sought neither wealth nor social status, but the health and emotional well-being of those who came to him for care. Is it any wonder he won the esteem of his colleagues who respected the quality of his medicine and the humanity of his practice? Is it any wonder that patients became friends and friends patients?

Sol was born in a small town in Poland where the web of traditional Jewish life formed the fabric of daily life and he remained throughout his life an active and devoted Jew. He not only lived

as a Jew but thought as a Jew. The mind was the gift of a kind God, infinitely precious, a wonderful instrument with which to explore an almost infinite range of ideas and values. The mind had to be trained and disciplined. Sol never stopped studying. He kept abreast of a demanding and rapidly changing profession but never confined his reading to literature of professional interest. Once he retired, he would come to Temple each Tuesday to study Bible. I could count on his presence whenever we held an adult education series. I saw him at services week in, week out, and was always delighted to find him there for I knew that the service was meaningful to him, that he was listening to what I said with attention and that he would make an incisive comment which would challenge my own perceptions and assumptions. Judaism was an abiding interest but one of many. When he retired Sol enrolled at Tri-C where he threw himself into a wide variety of courses. The virtue of Talmud-Torah value, the virtue of a trained and developed mind, remained central to his being and showed in the wide range of his interests: music, the arts, chess, culture, history, politics, philosophy. Sol's mental appetite was insatiable.

Our tradition is said to rest on three foundations: Torah, learning; Avodah, worship and the religious disciplines; and Gemilut Hasadim, acts of kindness and sensitive concern, good deeds. Sol's life was based on this triad. He was learned, disciplined, and generous of himself. In friendship he was courteous, pleasant, supportive. In the community he was a good citizen, concerned, aware. He valued the fine traditions of this free land. Though he was of an age when he might have remained at home, when the war came he volunteered to serve as an act of grateful return for the many

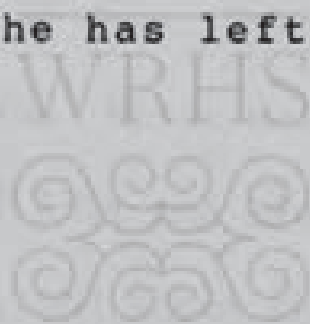
blessings which he and his had enjoyed here and because as a Jew he had to stand firmly against the evil that was then abroad in the world.

I do not know whether Sol knew the phrase, "keep your fears to yourself and share your courage with others," but it expresses the way he lived. Sol never, never imposed his concerns or anxieties on another. he was a lifter, not a leaner, the rock on whom others could depend. He was a giver, not a taker, a warm, sensitive, caring responsive human being. For all his accomplishments, Sol was a humble and unpretentious man who had little need for public acclaim. For all his knowledge, he was a good listener. He greeted you always with a smile. His first thought was to your well-being.

Sol never allowed the pressures of life to harden his heart or deaden his spirit. He was a fine physician, an exemplary citizen, a good and devoted Jew, a loyal and empathetic friend, a good son and brother, a loving, tender and encouraging husband, a steady supportive father. Some who are deeply involved in their work, nevertheless, neglect the ties of friendship and family. Sol was deeply committed to his work and to those whom he loved. He knew how to give love and how to accept love. He and Sally enjoyed together more than fifty-five years of rare intimacy. They came from similar backgrounds. Throughout the years their families remained intertwined as their lives were intertwined. They shared the same values and each in his quiet way was a person of strength and great good sense. Together they built a gracious and love-filled home where their families were always welcome and their son was encouraged to develop the fine qualities of mind and person which he had inherited from them and encouraged to share in the exploration of the

many splendors of this world which gave Sol such pleasure. No satisfaction was more complete than to be able to watch Richard grow into his capacity, fulfill his promise and pass on, in turn, to their grandson and grand-daughter their values and vision.

Sol had a practical side and was a realist. Life was precious and sacred, but he knew that every life is finite and that there comes a time when one needs to say 'enough.' I suspect that some-time ago he had said to himself 'enough' and I wish that his profession was not so organized that the process of dying has been unhappily and unprofitably lengthened. This man of quiet dignity deserved a quiet death. At least now he is at peace, at peace with the God in whom he had great faith and we can be at peace with the wonderful memories he has left to us.



Daniel Jeremy Silver

August 9, 1985

WILLIAM SPREI

January 6, 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 ^{in respect to} ~~to pay our last tribute of respect~~ to William Sprei. Here at this hour are those who knew and loved him best. It was not my privilege to know Mr. Sprei, but his family and his friends all testify to the basic honesty and integrity of William Sprei's person and to the essential goodness of his being. Mr. Sprei walked much of life's way alone, yet in terms of interests and family, of enthusiasm and awareness his days were full and generally happy. His spirit helped him to see life's adventure; his strength helped him to face life with firm resolve. His personality made his days full with loved ones and with friends.

MR. SOL STEINBERG

February 12, 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 A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO A FRIEND WHO KNEW WELL HOW TO FILL HIS DAYS WITH MEANINGFUL AND REWARDING ACTIVITY. SOL STEINBERG WAS BLESSED WITH RARE QUALITIES OF MIND AND SPIRIT. HE EXPLORED THE WORLD OF IDEAS AND ^{the} MANY HEMI-SPHERES OF HUMAN CULTURE. A BOOK WAS SELDOM FAR FROM HIS SIDE, AND HE WAS HIGHLY KNOWLEDGABLE IN ~~HISTORY AND POLITICAL THEORY~~ AND ALL THAT MAKES FOR SOUND JUDGEMENT

AND PROFOUND UNDERSTANDING. MR. STEINBERG BELIEVED IN THE IMPORTANCE OF ^{continuous} STUDY AND ~~continued~~

~~never abandoned his lifelong learning~~ CONTINUING THE CONTINUOUS STUDY. HE NEVER ~~allowed his mind to grow fallow~~ TO GROW FALLOW. THE

PRECOCIOUSNESS OF HIS YOUTH GREW INTO THE PERSISTING SELF-STUDY OF MIDDLE AGE.

HIS WEALTH OF KNOWLEDGE MADE HIM A DELIGHTFUL FRIEND. MR. STEINBERG COULD DISCUSS AN INFINITE VARIETY OF SUBJECTS WITH GREAT EASE AND GREAT UNDERSTANDING. IT WAS A REFRESHING EXPERIENCE TO ENJOY HIS FRIENDSHIP, AND THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY WAS MUCH SOUGHT AFTER. MR. STEINBERG TOOK HIS FRIENDSHIPS SERIOUSLY. A FRIENDSHIP ONCE ESTABLISHED WAS A FRIENDSHIP FOR LIFE. MR. STEINBERG WOULD GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO VISIT COMPANIONS OF OTHER DAYS. HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THEM, HIS INTEREST IN THEM WAS BOUNDLESS. MR. STEINBERG RELISHED HIS CONTACTS WITH OTHERS, AND HE BROUGHT TO THESE CONTACTS LOYALTY, WISDOM, AND THE SPICE OF A DELIGHTFUL SENSE OF HUMOR. A BORN RACONTEUR, HIS DISCUSSION OF ANY TOPIC, HOWEVER PROFOUND, WAS ENLIVENED BY HIS LIGHTNING-FAST WIT.

ABOVE ALL ELSE, MR. STEINBERG WAS A MAN OF FAMILY. ~~HE INVESTED HIS INTERESTS WITH LOVE MOST PROFOUNDLY WITH~~ HIS WIFE AND WITH HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, AND ALTHOUGH A SELF-CONTAINED AND RESERVED MAN, HE COMMUNICATED TO THEM THE LIMITLESS QUALITY OF HIS LOVE AND BOUNDLESS HOPES FOR THEIR HAPPINESS AND THEIR HEALTH. ALTHOUGH HE WAS OFTEN ABSENT IN THE PURSUITS OF A LIVELIHOOD HIS PRESENCE WAS ALWAYS FELT. THE HOME REFLECTED HIS VALUES, ESPECIALLY THE VALUES OF HONESTY OF HEART AND MIND WHICH WERE SO PRECIOUS TO HIM.

Edwin A. Strauss

We are met to pay a public tribute of love and respect to the memory of Edwin A. Strauss, a lifelong member of our community, a strong man of good character, a quiet man of strong convictions. Men leave many types of legacies to their families: some leave wealth, others fame, others social status, but the legacy of a good name is the most precious of all. Ed Strauss's name is synonymous with honor, quality and soundness of character - a good name.

Ed's roots go deep into the history of our city and our Jewish community. His family was among those who encouraged our congregation during its formative years. Ed had with him some of the pride of place and love of country which was the hallmark of the early settlers. He was a good citizen, informed, alert. He was a good neighbor, always willing to lend a helping hand. He was an active, industrious 'I'll carry my own burdens' man. Friendship and fellowship were significant, not only for the pleasures that they brought but as proof of the possibilities of community, of sharing. Ed was a good friend who could be counted on. He took other's problems upon himself and never imposed his needs on another. Ed was without side. He judged others by what they were and what they accomplished and not by family or class. Content within the fellowship of good men - good and true - there was nothing of the social climber about him. He who is truly gentle does the gentle deed - that was Ed's way.

Ed possessed an alert and well-furnished mind. He never ceased to be interested in the issues of the day or the problems of his chosen profession or the history and traditions of his faith community. I grew to anticipate that Kathryn and Ed would show up side by side and hand in hand at Temple lectures and First Fridays. Trained to be an engineer, Ed's life had its own thrust and he spent most of his days

as a man who helped others protect and insure their lives. With Ed insurance was not a selling game, but a profession and a statement of concern with the needs of others. He took their worries upon himself and made himself helpful. The sages describe some men as doing what needs to be done, others as acting lifne v'lifnim meshurat ha'din, above and beyond the line of responsibility. That was Ed's way. Ed was a careful man, careful of others, careful of the faith they placed in him, careful of his word, careful of detail, careful of his person. He never left loose ends hanging about. He was not given to idle talk or gossip. He was mannerly and correct as well as good-natured and empathetic. There was warmth in his heart and discipline in his nature.

Ed was blessed with many loves and he found great joy within his home and the circle of his children. There was a fine closeness here, a deep devotion. He took great pride in the maturity and accomplishments of his sons and his daughter, in their marriages, in their families, particularly in the next generation as they built their lives around the high principles that were central to his being. He and Kathryn worked together and built together a good and happy home in which they shared a rare identity of purpose.

What more can be said? What more need be said? We have lost a good friend, a good neighbor, a good man. May his memory be for blessing.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

December 13, 1976

Sylvester Traub

We are met to pay a public tribute of love and respect to a good and kindly man - a fine citizen, Sylvester Traub. Syl was a quiet and private person, hard-working, warm-hearted, a gentle man, for he is truly gentle who does the gentle deed.

Syl was blessed by God with a good, clear mind. Life fascinated him. His soul was atune to music, art, ideas. He kept abreast of all the news of the day, political as well as financial, and he kept about him a flexibility and a youthful idealism which in his later years was sometimes surprising for one of his material success.

Syl died just short of the fabled four score years and when I thought of his death a line which our Bible ascribes to Noah came to mind: Ish tam v yashar - a simple man and straight. Simplicity is not naivete but the constancy of one's values. Simplicity is not innocence but consistency of character. You can depend upon the simple and straight man to know what is right. He acts as he is. He walks a straight, honorable way. He is dependable. He has no illusions about himself and judges others for what they are, without thought to the accidents of birth or social position. He is loyal in friendship, warm, loyal and kind; ever youthful, for he is responsive to life, ever calm for he is at peace with himself. Syl had worked hard and met each obligation intelligently and competently. I always felt in him that sense of quiet satisfaction which it is a joy to behold and the hallmark of a fulfilled life.

A private man, Syl's world was that of lifelong friends and close family ties. Syl was near to his parents and to his brothers. He was full of love. He needed love. Fortunately, he was twice blessed with the love of a good and supportive wife. There was always a fine intimacy, mutual respect and deep devotion. Their happiness was his. Syl took great pleasure in the developments and accomplishments

of his daughter, in her marriage, in her family, in his granddaughters as they, too, grew into fine womanhood.

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

I am convinced that Syl did not begrudge his death. His life had come full circle and in each stage he had enjoyed love and known accomplishment. As a young man Syl had set for himself high goals which he accomplished during a long summer of achievement. His drive established a fine business which had grown with the years. Syl took pride in his success, deservedly so, for he had earned not only success but the respect of the community for his way was the way of honor. Syl had known the long autumn in which he had enjoyed the well-earned fruits of his labor and the admiration of friends and neighbors, and as winter set in he was spared the indignity of prolonged disability. His was a full life and I am sure that he would have those whom he loved remember not so much the fact of his death, but all that he had been and meant. He would have them, I am sure, keep warm his memory and turn back now to the ways of living.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

March 27, 1977

(Mourners rise)

Reader

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֶלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא
 בְּרַעְיוּתָהּ. וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ. בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן
 וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל־בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעֻלָּא וּבּוֹסָן קָרִיב.
 וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

Congregation

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ. לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמֵיָא.

Reader

יִתְבָּרַךְ וַיִּשְׁתַּבַּח וַיִּתְפָּאֵר וַיִּתְרוֹמֵם וַיִּתְנַשֵּׂא
 וַיִּתְהַדָּר וַיִּתְעַלֶּה וַיִּתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקוּדְשָׁא. בְּרִיךְ
 הוּא. לְעָלְמָא מִן כָּל־בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא. תִּשְׁבַּחְתָּא
 וְנִתְמַתָּא. דְּאִמְיָדִין בְּעֶלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
 עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל צְדִיקָיָא. וְעַל־כָּל־מִן דְּאִתְפָּטֵר
 מִן עָלְמָא הַדִּין בְּרַעְיוּתָהּ דְּאֵלֶּהָא. יְהֵא לְהוֹן שְׁלָמָא
 רַבָּא וְדוּלְקָא טָבָא לְחַיֵּי עָלְמָא דְאַתִּי. וְחִסְדָּא
 וְרַחֲמֵי מְרַקְדִּים מְרָא שְׁמֵיָא וְאַרְעָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
 יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מְרַשְׁמֵיָא וְחַיִּים. עָלֵינוּ וְעַל־
 כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

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

(Mourners are seated)

FOR THE SABBATH OF REPENTANCE

On this Sabbath of Repentance, O our God, open our hearts to its solemn call to turn from the vanities of life and consider our destiny in the light of Thine eternal truth. Help us to see whether we have indeed hearkened to Thy voice within us, and have done justly, loved mercy and walked humbly before Thee, or whether we have been negligent in the fulfilment of our duties and have strayed from the path of rectitude.

As we thus survey our life, we are filled with shame that we have fallen short of the purpose for which Thou didst send us hither, and have failed to use aright the manifold gifts which Thou didst bestow upon us. Humbly we confess that our intentions and our deeds accuse us before the tribunal of our conscience and convict us in Thy sight, O righteous Judge of the world.

O God of holiness, Thou knowest that we are but flesh, and in our weakness often yield to selfish indulgence. Create in us a pure heart, and a steadfast spirit renew Thou within us. Strengthen us in our resolve to mend our ways. Let our struggle with error and sin lead us to a clearer realization of the truth of Thy word and to a firmer adherence to Thy law of righteousness. Help us to remove every misunderstanding between ourselves and our fellowmen. O God, who art plenteous in mercy and forgiveness, do Thou establish peace and harmony within our souls, that we may be truly at one with Thee. Amen.

NORMAN SUGARMAN

"Seek not to explain God's ways to man, for they are beyond your understanding." This sage advice, spoken by our teachers millennia ago, remains valid. We cannot explain death's intrusion into life any more than we can explain life's original intrusion upon the primal emptiness. None among us has a superior wisdom to share. Indeed, the purpose of this hour is not philosophic. Rather, we are met as a community of sadness and a community of faith to remind ourselves that death is not unrelieved loss but the transformation of personality into a new intimacy of memory.

Death is not oblivion but a translation. As the children of Israel neared the Promised Land, God told Moses that he was about to die and did so using a somewhat surprising phrase: "Behold your days grow near to die." Commentators were intrigued by the choice of words. Do days die? Surely not. What was implied was the truth that while the routines of daily living end at death, that part of us which transcends these routines lives on with God and in the hearts and minds of those who knew us. We use this hour to remind ourselves of the precious qualities of our dead. In doing so there is a measure of healing. We learn that we are not utterly bereft.

Shortly before his death, Albert Einstein met a discouraged Princeton University undergraduate and, sensing his distress, struck up a conversation in the course of which Einstein is quoted as saying: "Try not to become a man of success; rather, try to become a man of value. He is considered successful in our day who gets more out of life than he puts in. A man of value will give more than he receives."

The world knew Norman Sugarman as a highly successful man, but I am here today, we are here today, because we knew him as a

man of value, a man whose values were sound, honorable and humane. Years ago I read a phrase which has remained with me: "God is in the details." Noble sentiments are easily spoken. We meet - or fail to meet - the test of character in the way we manage the intimate details of our lives. Norman was thorough in preparation, careful of language, a lawyer who researched thoroughly issues of fact and precedent, a professional who never allowed his attention to wander from the issues at hand and never used the law to displace justice.

A few days ago
 While Sandy and I were reminiscing ~~yesterday~~, he recalled an evening Norman had come home enraged. Someone had made an appointment and put forward a shady request. Norman was incensed that anyone who knew anything about him could imagine that he would even listen to such a suggestion. Norman was a straight arrow, a man who was not only scrupulous in his professional career but honest in every human relationship - manipulation was foreign to his nature. His personal life was as disciplined as his professional life.

I come here as a good friend, as a representative of the community where Norman was raised, and educated and where he spent much of his adult life. I come here as rabbi of the congregation where he was educated, confirmed, and married, the congregation where his children were confirmed, the congregation he served with distinction as trustee and officer. I come to say a tribute of respect to a man who earned our respect by his skill, hard work, and personal quality. Many of you must have wondered, as I often did, how a man who spent day and night at the law found the time Norman did for civic activity. Some find the time because the contacts and reputation that visible community activity can provide are valuable to their careers. Norman served for only one reason: it was right to return to the

community full measure for all that he had been given. Norman did not know what it meant to be devious. He was as he seemed. The Temple, the Endowment Program of our Jewish Community Federation, Case Western Reserve University, Dyke College, and many other Cleveland institutions flourish as they do today in no small measure due to his remarkable vision, energy and intelligence. Norman preferred being effective to being noticed. While others busied themselves declaiming the ills of the society, Norman set to work to strengthen those institutions which make life gentler and better for all. When he left Cleveland nine years ago, he left a city which had been significantly strengthened by his presence.

Norman truly cared about this country, its people, its laws and its freedoms. The son of immigrant parents, Norman developed early an abiding respect for the institutions of constitutional democracy which had made it possible for his family to enter, settle, and make their way. In government and out, in military service, and as a citizen, he willingly and faithfully served the commonweal.

I have met few men who have earned the kind of professional success he enjoyed who remained as indifferent to the glitter and the status which wealth and power can provide. Norman judged people by their merit and not by any artificial standard of status. He lived simply. His spirit was one with that of Amos and Micah: justice must be pursued, principles are to be lived, the seal of God is truth. It says a good deal about our culture - and it is not at all flattering - that many associate careful standards, intelligence, honor and a sense of duty with pursed lips and a puritanical spirit. Norman proved the falseness of that stereotype. He was warm-hearted, accessible, unpretentious, full of good humor, never one to impose he had achieved, but they knew that he wanted only the best for them.

his ideas on others. He loved good talk, a good story, and a well-conceived pun. His humor was never acerbic, never a put-down. He was utterly without side. Some men of prominence become self-satisfied and self-enclosed. Friendship was a quiet, lifelong commitment of self. The hail-fellow/slap-on-the-back boisterousness which sometimes passes for the art of friendship was utterly alien to him. He was instinctively courteous and thoughtful.

A lawyer, particularly a tax lawyer, is exposed, more than many, to people's ambitions and greed, and one would understand if his faith in human nature might have become somewhat jaundiced. Norman was not a romantic, but he never abandoned his youthful conviction in the possibility of a society where justice would temper the competitive urge, where there would be work and necessities for all. He saw life whole, yet never lost his instinctive optimism - perhaps because he came from a home bonded by love and fine values, where the sense of duty and family were strong. As you would expect, he was a devoted son and loyal brother. When it came time to build his own home, God was kind to Norman and turned his heart to a woman whose love was equal to his, who shared his hopes and values. He and Joanne were not only joined by love but by the similar wholehearted commitment to culture, service, family and character. Each became the other's best friend and constant support. Together they faced the dislocations of the war, the challenge of raising a large family. Together they built a secure home where their children were given steady love, high standards, and a sense of the possibilities implicit in their talents.

Being the quiet and unassuming man he was, I doubt that Norman's children recognized as they were growing up the prominence he had achieved, but they knew that he wanted only the best for them,

and that even when he did not have time he made time. The Jewish tradition teaches that there is no greater inheritance than that of a good name. Norman's children, now grown into the fine adults Norman always hoped they would become, and his grandchildren will always be blessed by the good name he has bequeathed to them. In the years ahead they will learn that an accomplishful, honorable and humane life does not end with death any more than a song ceases when the last note is sung. Echoes linger on.

I do not know what Norman would want to have me say as a final word. An intensely private man, he would probably have told me by now, "enough already." Norman did not talk of his illness or impending death, but I am sure he would want those closest to him, whom he encouraged always, to draw now on the strength he encouraged in them so that they will find in the days ahead the will to turn from death to life, from the darkness of grief toward the fulfillment which he sought for them.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

February 20, 1986

of despair. Man can conquer the darkness. There is the thundering sky and there is the bright sunshine. Our memories give us a courage, a faith to reach out, to explore, to dare, to adventure, to climb, to love, to share, to laugh.

Let us go one step further into the faith that finds meaning in life. It was an overwrought Job who cried out: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, naked shall I return there." His children, his health had been taken from him; his world had suddenly opened under him. Yet, in truth, he was not naked when he came into his world, he was born into a physician's skillful arms and into his mother's love; into civilization and into a family. Nor do we die naked. We die unto God's arms, and when we die not all is erased. There are the memories that we leave behind and more than memory there is the accomplishment, the home we have maintained in love, the ^{work} ~~profession~~ we have honorably discharged, the books we have written, the counsel we have given, the opportunity we have lent. ~~The~~ The rabbis speak of those who leave life to the living. Are we not our parent's teaching? In marriage did we not grow into another's vision? Did not a friend's sacrifice spur our flagging interests? We live in a world of libraries and schools, of museums and welfare centers, of law and justice, of synagogues, of healing institutions. How came all these? Civilization is the creation and the gift to us of our dead. Civilization is the triumph of life over death.

~~Edgar Allan Poe, around whose bier we have come to offer our community's~~

~~respect and admiration~~, knew these truths. Indeed, he built his life around them.

All his ^{long} ~~long and~~ useful life ^{was} ~~was~~ locked to the strength of our ^{city's} ~~city's~~ institutions of ^{law, education} ~~support and care~~, ^{in the cities where he lived - last 4000} ~~encouraged first rate education for our young,~~

^{IN WASHINGTON I had the privilege of knowing him in 1866. He} gave of his time and talent and substance to our universities and hospitals, our

^{Speak of my Royal and admiration for a man who} Symphony and Art Museum, all those centers of civilization where the truly lasting

^{men of our time would like to see a monument to him} and the grace-giving values of the race are preserved and presented. Edgar was a

^{What I shall write you - his life's work is}
^{This is his work}

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

LEON Wd
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO EDGAR HAHN

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

The Psalmist had a first-hand knowledge of pain and grief "out of the depths I call... My soul is sated 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

SANFORD W. SYNENBERG

The world's swiftest passenger plane, the Concorde, touched down in Cleveland yesterday. Sanford was to have been among its passengers. As a flight buff, he had looked forward to this trip as a chance to take part in an experience which he had long anticipated. It was not to be. Sanford was stricken on the way over. Fortunately, death came quickly. There was no protracted pain and this proud and active man did not have to suffer a single moment on a mattress grave. If death can ever be said to be kind, it is surely better for us when we leave looking to the future rather than hopelessly facing another pain-filled day. Having said this, the obvious must be added, that death is nonetheless cruel for those who love and are left behind.

In a way it seems fitting that Sanford should die on a journey. He had been on the road most of his adult life. An energetic, vigorous, restless man, Sanford delighted in movement and meeting people of all kinds and from all walks of life. He loved the fast changing experiences of every day. Sanford had a good mind and was well informed, but he drew much of what he knew from long conversations with those with whom his work and activities got him in contact. Sanford had a rare ability to draw another person out - to truly meet them. He liked people and most people responded in kind.

Sanford had a genius for friendship. He was considerate, courteous, affable, a good listener. He loved a good story and was always ready to lend a helping hand. There was not a shy or reticent bone in his body and he threw himself into each day and always sought for new experiences. Sanford lived fully but never grossly. He saw the humor of the human comedy, but mocked no one.

For some work is routine; for Sanford it was not only a responsibility but it was also a wonderful opportunity to explore the world and to meet and get to know people of all kinds.

Sanford came from a simple background and his approach to life was open and uncomplicated. There were responsibilities to be met and these were willingly undertaken. One's word was to be one's bond. The world was there to be experienced and God had given us eyes and a mind to be used in understanding as much about life as we can. Beauty was to be relished and it pleased him in his years of retirement to capture some of that beauty in his marquetry.

As you might expect, Sanford was open and loving. He and Betty built together a joyous and satisfying marriage. His energies and her patience were a good combination. Together they built a solid and happy home where their friends were welcome. Together they raised in a love-filled home their son and daughter to appreciate the possibilities of life, to value the ties of family and their own special talents. Sanford took great delight in his family, they were the center of his world, and I am sure nothing pleased him more than to provide what they needed and watch his children grow into fine maturity and develop their professional talents, except, perhaps, the precious and uncomplicated joy given him by his grandchildren.

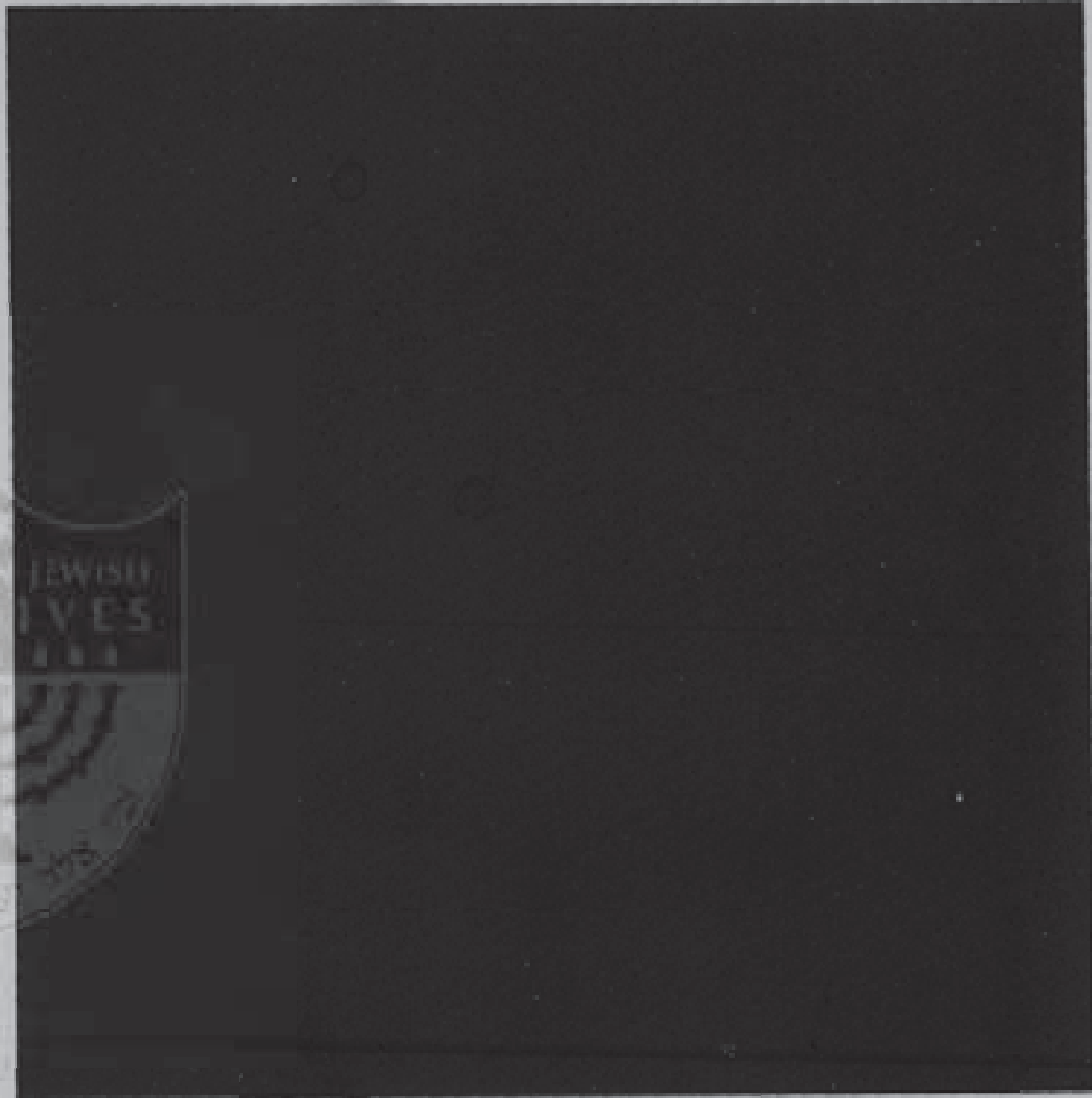
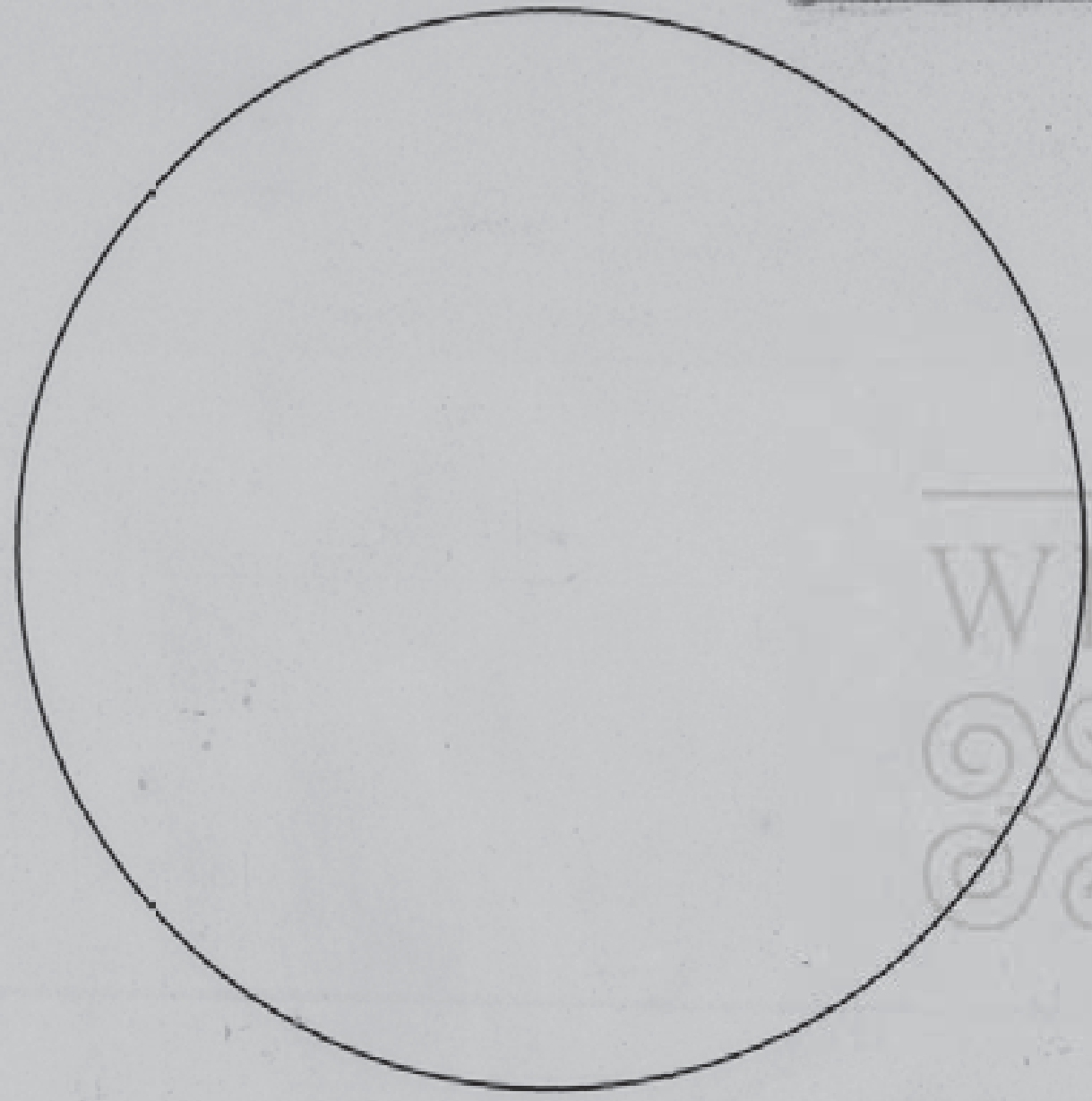
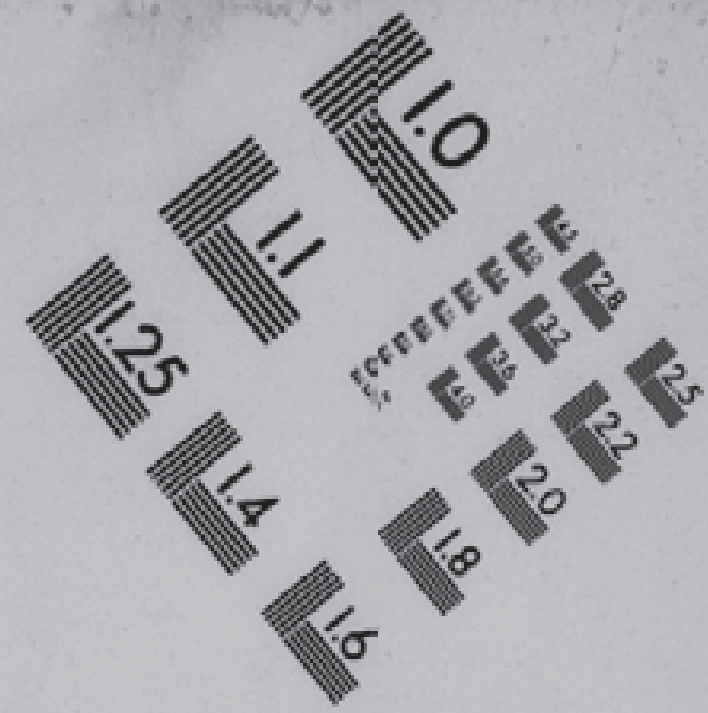
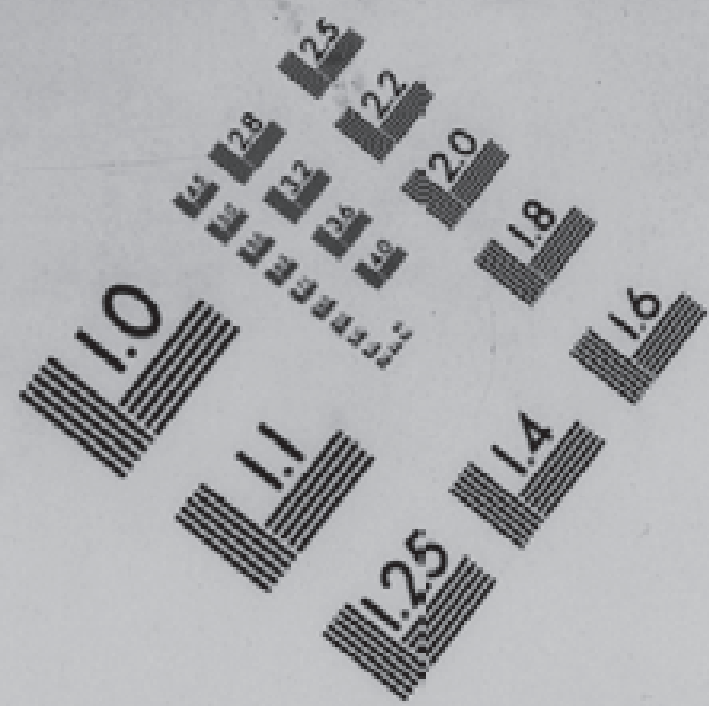
Daniel Jeremy Silver

September 27, 1985

**CONTINUED ON
NEXT ROLL**



THE WESTERN RESERVE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
10825 East Boulevard
Cleveland, Ohio 44106



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SHOULD MEASURE .25" AT REDUCTION

REDUCTION RATIO:

REDUCTION
RATIO 13X

